THE AMERICAN BOY

Vol. VII. January, 1906. No. 3



Is an Athletic Boy

He plays hard when he plays.
He works hard when he works.
He needs the powerful muscles,
the strong bones, the keen eyes,
the clear brain, the rugged,
sturdy Health and Strength that
come from eating plenty of
pure, wholesome



Quaker Oats

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Single copy 10¢ A year 1.00

ATTENTION!

Twenty-five Thousand Boys

TWENTY-FIVE thousand boys will find at the bottom of the page opposite this one a notice to the effect that their subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY has expired, and that it is time for them to renew. Am I asking too much when I ask every boy of this twenty-five thousand to renew his subscription promptly?

You probably cannot understand how close I feel to every one of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is so close that when there is a discontinuance of a subscription, I feel that I have actually lost a friend.

KEEPING A FRIEND.—I cannot believe that my efforts in behalf of the boys lack appreciation in the heart of a single one of the readers of this paper, because I do not recall having received during the six years of my editorship a single letter from a boy complaining that THE AMERICAN BOY is not good, wholesome, interesting reading. On the other hand I can say, without exaggeration that I could fill a dozen store boxes with letters expressing the most enthusiastic regard for the paper; and, what is even more pleasant to me as an individual, I have thousands of letters expressing warm regard for me personally. This chorus of approval has made me proud—but not vain, I hope. It is indeed a great thing to be the friend and the helper of one boy; it is a hundred and twenty-five thousand times greater thing to be the friend and helper of a hundred and twenty-five thousand boys.

In fact, I feel sometimes like the father of a big family. And did ever a father lose a child that he did not think that child the very best one of the whole number? So it is with me; when I lose a subscription (which seems to me the losing of a boy out of my big family), it seems of more importance to me than the gaining of ever so many new ones. Indeed, what is the use of getting friends if one cannot keep them?

OUR AIM.—When THE AMERICAN BOY was established, over six years ago, we said, "We will publish a paper that every boy will want to read, and every boy's parents will want him to read." Think of that for a moment. There are many kinds of papers and books boys want to read which their parents do not want them to read; then there are many kinds of papers and books boys' parents want them to read which they themselves do not want to read. We argued that if we could please both sides, that is, the boy and his parents, we would be doing a great thing. That we have done it we feel assured because in six years we have built up the largest subscription list ever obtained by a publication for boys, and that, too, in the face of the fact that at the beginning nearly everyone prophesied another failure in this field. We know, therefore, that we have pleased both the boys and their parents. But we have not yet reached the mark that we set for ourselves. We want a better paper, and it is only by the help of the boys of America that we can improve both in the quantity and quality of what we have been giving them.

We want your renewal of subscription, therefore, for two reasons: First, because we do not want to lose your friendly interest, and, Second, because we need you to carry out our plans.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE.—We have bought in the last year a large amount of matter of great interest to boys, much of which is yet to appear in our pages, and it is of the very highest quality. We have been growing very particular of late, buying nothing that is at all doubtful and culling out carefully only the very best. As an illustration of the many good things we have in store, we point to a story the first chapters of which appear in this number, namely: "The Relief of the North-Branch Fort," by John Barr. This is a continued story of the kind that boys love to read, and it is by an experienced writer. Another continued story along a new line begins in this number under the title, "Denny, a Mule Driver." It is a story of a boy and a mule in the Pennsylvania coal mines. We know every boy will enjoy it. We have not the room to speak in detail of the more than one hundred stories that will appear in the 1906 volume, nor can we begin to enumerate the hundreds of leading articles, and literally thousands of items under the various department heads. We had, at first, thought of enumerating a few score titles, but it could only be a few score, and these would be but a drop in the bucket of what we have all ready for the type-setter and the printer.

IN CONCLUSION.—You have not outgrown THE AMERICAN BOY—even though you have become a voter. Thousands of grown-ups find interesting reading in its pages. No man, unless he has lost his boy heart, can fail to retain an interest in THE AMERICAN BOY. Now, we are sure that the year you have been with us has so attached you to the paper that you will not permit your subscription to lapse, nor miss a single number.

Will not every boy of the twenty-five thousand consider this a personal letter to himself, read it to his father or mother, and ask them if a better dollar's worth could come into his life during the coming year than what is contained in twelve issues of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Permit me to wish for every one of you a happy and a prosperous year, and to wish for myself and my associates a continuance of the pleasant relations with you that we have hitherto enjoyed.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,

Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.

The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 | DETROIT, MICH., JANUARY, 1906 | NUMBER 3



Stories Out of My Own Life

By THE EDITOR

No. 3--Won by a Cheat

YOU DO NOT remember the time when the walking fever struck the country, do you? Well, let me tell you about it.

It was a craze. How crazes start nobody can tell. They say the king of England sets the style for Englishmen's clothes. I do not know how that is. But somebody started the walking craze—and, doing it, did a good thing because he got people out-of-doors who never could have been persuaded to go out had it not been the style. Men, women, boys and girls all took to their legs and everybody was walking—walking—walking. There were walking matches everywhere—from the big Madison Square Garden in New York City, holding its thousands, to the little skating rinks and public halls in the small towns. Boys like to do what their elders do, so walking matches between boys of all ages were all the go. And such practicing! Boys thought nothing of walking ten miles at a stretch and after a brief rest ten miles back again. It made millions of aching, sore muscles, but it was a grand, good thing, for there's no better exercise in the whole gymnasium than a good, swinging walk. In fact you can get along without a gymnasium if you have two legs and room to walk. Just try a mile or two today. Hold your head up and your shoulders back. Throw out your chest. Bend your arms till your fists are on a level with your elbows. Strike out at a good, swinging pace. Breathe deep. Let the weight of the body come down on the ball of the foot, and after a mile of it see how your nerves tingle and your blood goes galloping through your body, carrying life to every part. You weak-chested, bent over, shamble-gaited, crooked, pale-faced boy, try it—and try it every day for a while, and see how soon you will be showing your muscles to your friends and throwing out your chest for your sister to thump with her little fist, and admiring yourself in the glass, as you dress in the morning. Oh, there's everything in getting a good body at the start, boys. Crooked trees become crooked when they are sprouts and it's when they are sprouts that they can be straightened—not when they are grown trees. Ten teams of oxen couldn't straighten for a minute one of the great oaks in the forest, but a child's hand can straighten the little sapling.

Straighten up now. Start right. Then when you become a man you can not easily be bent. What a difference there is between the little, weazened-up, bent over old man, who shambles along the sidewalk, and the tall, straight, white-haired old man who walks with ease and dignity by his side! But no more different than that crooked, loose-jointed, sickly-looking youth and the one who walks by his side, erect, firm-limbed, firm-gaited, and clear-eyed.

But to return to the walking craze.

It struck the college I was attending and every mother's son in the school and the professors, too, took to walking. Rain or shine, hot or cold, dust or mud, fair or foul, we walked. The country road to a town ten miles away was the favorite route, and any day—and particularly Saturdays—you might see from a dozen to half a hundred boys and men counting off the miles, racing against one another or against their own time, or fulfilling some vow they had made to make the trip once, twice, or more times a week.

I remember one day all the members of my class joined in a walking contest. The course was straightaway for the ten miles and back. No boy was allowed to run, and every fellow was on his honor. The start was to be made early in the morning.

Immediately after breakfast a sloshing rain set in. Back out? Postpone? Not a bit of it. We were boys, and to boys who are set on doing a thing such matters as rain and mud are mere circumstances. What boy is afraid of getting wet? But the road lay low, part of the way alongside a creek, and the soil was a sticky clay—something we well knew. But what of that? There was the indomitable spirit of healthy, vigorous, aspiring, never-say-die boyhood.

We lined up in the outskirts of town in a drenching flood. We could scarcely see the road before us. Already our boots—and many of us wore the rubber variety that came above the knees—were heavy with the sticky mire. "Go," shouted the starter, and off we went with long swinging strides, fists doubled upon our chests and teeth and lips tight closed. A short quarter of an hour and it was a dismal procession, but a plucky one. A half hour and, carrying pounds of clayey weights on our feet, we were dragging heavily. An hour and the water was out of the channels of the creek and over the roadway. Now a misstep might mean a bath, if not something worse. But one couldn't be wetter were he to lie down in the stream than we were already. An hour and a half and one of the boys fell by the wayside holding his side.

"A cramp, boys, I can't go on."

"Sorry, old fellow, see you later," and on we jogged. A little farther on a boy's shoe, or was it nothing but a great gob of mud, came off his foot and "one shoe off und one shoe on" he kept going A little farther a boy gave out—faint and dizzy he sat on a rock by the roadside, his head in his hands.

"I'll be with you, fellows, in a minute. Just a little groggy," he wailed.

A little farther on one fellow was helping another one through the water. He had lost the road. Like a good Samaritan one of his competitors—the enemy—had helped him find it. Two weary, heart-breaking, leg-torturing hours, and the leaders had done the ten miles and turned for home. The champion walker of our class turned second—but close behind the leader. There had ever been fierce rivalry between the two boys now in the lead. On, on these two went, struggling, reeling, falling, rising again, passing in the shadows of a fast gathering night the stragglers who kept pluckily on their way—now desperately determined to cover the ten miles one way at least. The rain continued, though now but a faint drizzle. The night came on—a night without moon or star. Still these two of the boys who started on that fearful trip were yet unconquered. The champion of the class had passed his rival and was fighting the contest of his life for a victory that would go down in college annals for many a year. He knew his competitor—his hated rival—was close in pursuit. Once he had stopped for breath and heard the splash, splash, splash behind him that told him the race was yet far from won. And then as he started again he felt a twinge of pain across the groin and then another. His heart almost stopped beating. Another such twinge and he could go no farther. Then he heard the rumble of wheels behind and the splash of horses' hoofs. A thought flashed across his mind. It almost made him reel with the suddenness of its coming. Why not? No one will know! For the space of two—three minutes a contest of forces raged within him more awful than any he had known in all his career as champion pedestrian of his class.

The horses and wagon drew close up behind him in the darkness. He reeled aside into the blackness to make room and to escape observation. It passed, the horses at a slow trot. It was the work of but a moment. The demon of evil conquered the boy that storm and flood and pain could not daunt or dismay. With a leap he flung himself after the vehicle, grasped with both his hands the tailboard and hidden from the view of the driver he hung on, half riding, half running—till a half mile from the starting point, on the edge of the town, he let go his hold and stood, hot and panting, in the middle of the road. Then, sitting down by the roadside, he waited, minutes—hours it seemed to him, till he should hear the footsteps of his competitor. Suddenly his ear caught a sound—a slow, uncertain tramp as of an old man stumbling in the dark. A rush of exultation swept him to his feet and off he went, walking in something of his old-time form straight down the way for the goal. Men met him many yards down the road. Torches lit up the scene and cheers filled the air, as he fell, almost unconscious, into the arms of waiting admirers. Five minutes later a face full of misery peered wildly out of the darkness into the burning glare of the torches swung high in enthusiastic welcome of the only man who kept the track with the champion.

If the cowardly trick of the victor of that day's awful race had never been discovered my story would have ended here. But there is another chapter—a sad one and a short one.

Two boys who had gone far down the road to meet the racers had stood aside to let a team and wagon pass them. Hanging to its tailboard they saw a bedraggled form and followed.

The next day a rumor went like wildfire throug' the college. It came to the ears of the champion.

(Continued on page 70.)



HE FELL, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS, INTO THE ARMS OF WAITING ADMIRERS

RELIEF OF THE NORTH BRANCH FORT

By JOHN BARR

"GEE CRACKY! I missed again."

"Don't swear, Jim. It won't make the balls go any straighter, and you know it isn't right. Try this one," and his sister handed him a freshly loaded rifle.

"Don't swear! I didn't swear. You don't know what swearin' is. You remember the chap me and Jack paddled up the river? Well, he showed us swearin' when we capsized, and he only laughed at what we said. Gee cracky ain't swearin' at all. My! I wisht I could shoot straight, and I wisht I knew where Jack is."

Here the boy handed his smoking rifle to his sister and received the loaded one in return. His face bore that pained expression of mingled sorrow and anger. He believed he had missed several shots and he was anxious to make a record in the presence of the soldier whose marksmanship he was wont to scorn. At the same time he was racked with anxiety as to the fate of his brother, Jack. The two had been widely separated when the alarm of Indians on the warpath had come, and on reaching the fort Jim had immediately been placed at a loophole to keep off the savages, his elder sister at his side to assist in loading. His anxiety about Jack had partly unnerved the little backwoodsman and he failed to see any effect of his own shooting.

His sister quietly reassured him. She poured the powder from a horn into a thimble and from the thimble into the muzzle of the gun. There was not the slightest unsteadiness in her hand and no grain of precious powder was lost. She might have been preparing some cooking in the security of her home for all the sign she gave of excitement.

"Don't be in a hurry, Jim," she said in an encouraging voice. "You're shooting oftener than any of the men."

She was now ramming into the rifle a small patch of that paper-like building stuff manufactured by hornets. The large nest had been captured during the winter, the material making excellent wadding. Carefully she selected a bullet she herself had cast. This followed the wadding so reluctantly that, after being forced down a few inches, it was necessary to swing the rifle so as to bring the end of the ramrod against the timbers of the stockade. Each swing forced the bullet a few inches down until it was tight against the wadding. Then she pulled the percussion cap in position and the gun was ready for use.

"I believe you've hit some of 'em even if you didn't see 'em fall," she said, trying to encourage him. "I can't believe you missed all the times you've shot."

"Seein's believin' and I can't see no dead Injuns."

"Oh, Jim, here comes a soldier."

Jim stood back from the loophole and turned to face the stranger.

"Young man," said the soldier, "Captain Mitchell sends his compliments to you. We've been watching your work and you've hit five of them. One crawled off and the others are where you left them. You're a good shot for such a young fellow."

Jim was so surprised at the good news that he simply said, "gee cracky!"

The soldier turned with a smile to walk away when Margie called to him. "Please, sir," she said with some hesitation, "is our brother Jack in the fort?"

"I don't know anyone's name," he said, "but there's a chap a little bigger than this boy; looks like him, too, and is good enough shot to be his brother. I haven't heard of any boys being killed, so I guess your brother's all right."

"What did he say the captain sent me?" asked Jim when the soldier was out of hearing.

"I don't know. I didn't quite understand, but whatever it is he's got it yet, for he didn't leave anything."

"I wish it was something to eat. I——" Jim was looking out the loophole when he spoke and something that he saw made him cut the sentence short. There was a sharp report, and as the smoke cleared away Jim jumped back and executed a war dance. "I got him, gee cracky, I got him. Look! You can see him sprawled out on the grass."

Margie stepped toward the opening, but the pat, pat of several bullets against the stockade checked her.

"I guess you got him, but his friends want to get you. I think they're all tryin' at us."

For a time the two stood in a safe place, while the outsiders concentrated their fire on the loophole from which the death-dealing shots had been coming.

A few minutes later a group of soldiers came up and the young rifleman received more compliments and was relieved from duty. Brother and sister ran across the open space where flint-headed arrows were falling frequently enough to render the place decidedly unsafe, and in a central building met the other members of the family. Jack and Jim were glad to see each other again, and each was pleased by the success of the other in shooting. After something to eat the two boys were sent to another building, where a lot of tired men and boys made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. All were weary with the day's work and anxiety, and soon all voices were hushed in deep sleep. Just before closing his eyes, Jack whispered to his brother:

"I'm going out tonight."

"Where?"

"To try and get past the Injuns and take word to the down-river fort."

"Well, I'm goin', too."

"I guess the captain won't let you. Well, let's go to sleep, for I'm awfully tired."

"Please don't go without me, Jack," pleaded the little fellow, but Jack was asleep.

Jim did not sleep at first. He knew how dangerous the night job would be and wished to be in it, but to nature he at last surrendered. A few hours later two soldiers passed quietly among the sleepers, scanning them by the light of the lantern.

"Here they are," said one of the soldiers.

"Which one?"

"The big fellow."

"Both small enough I should say."

They found Jim's arm across his brother, the little fellow having taken this way of guarding against being left behind, but Jack was instantly awake and gently withdrew himself from his brother's sleeping embrace. Lovingly he placed the little arm in a comfortable position without awakening its owner and followed the soldiers into the presence of an officer, who questioned him closely as to his intended plan of escape, his knowledge of the country, and other points bearing on his fitness for the dangerous undertaking. The examination was satisfactory and Jack was next conducted to a side room, where a few eagle feathers were fastened in his long, black hair, and he was otherwise dressed that he might pass for an Indian if seen in the night. His rifle, small and light, was corked tightly at muzzle and breach, for a dip in the water might injure it, and his powder horn was similarly safeguarded. Thus equipped, he was conducted to a well-guarded gate, which was opened silently. A soldier stepped out and a few minutes later returned.

"All clear as far as I can see," he muttered to the officer. "It's black dark and I think they're afraid to come close."

The officer looked at Jack as if regretting the sacrifice. "Are you ready, my boy?" he asked in a kindly tone.

"Yes, sir; and I'd like to get away before it's any lighter."

"All right. Be very careful and come back if you meet too much trouble. This gate will be watched and will be opened for you at any time. Now take good care. Good luck to you," and he patted the little fellow in a kindly way.

The boy passed quickly out of the gate and appeared to slide along the ground to the river a few yards away. Causing scarcely a ripple and making not the slightest sound, he ducked into the water and faded from sight of the men.

"Pretty smart boy," said the officer.

"He'll need all his smartness," replied the other in a despondent tone.

"You don't appear hopeful."

"When you know as much about Indians as I do you'll know why I have no hope. That boy'll be killed as sure as the sun rises tomorrow morning. He's got simply no chance."

By this time the two had reached headquarters, where Capt. Mitchell sat worrying over some rough maps. He looked up with a very anxious face as the report of the boy's departure was made, but voices outside interrupted the conversation.

"I want to go with my brother!" shouted Jim.

"You can't get in here," replied the sentry.

"Let me see the captain. I must go."

"What's the trouble out there?" asked Captain Mitchell.

"That's the brother of the boy that went out. He wants to go, too."

"Let him in," ordered the captain.

Jim was angry almost to the point of crying. His eyes were wet and his lips quivering, and there was rebellion in every inch of him as he stood before the captain. The latter looked at him with a kindly expression and said: "Well, my little man, you're the best shot in the fort. What can I do for you?"

"I want to go with my brother."

"But your brother's gone. You'd better take another sleep and shoot some more Indians for me in the morning. I need a lot of boys like you. There's no use in both of you going."

"Me and Jack always hunt together. I can't stay without him. Please let me go. He may need me."

"What do you think?" asked the captain, in doubting mood, turning to the two who had escorted Jack to the river.

"Might as well let him go; two chances are better than one," said one of the men. Then he muttered under his breath, "Neither will get through."

Jim's quick eye caught the movement of the lips and he correctly guessed what was passing in the man's mind.

"He will get through," he shouted defiantly. "Me and Jack can get past all the Injuns in the woods." Then turning to the captain, "Please let me go before Jack gets any farther away."

"I think," said the captain, noting the boy's eagerness, "we might as well let him go. He's a smart chap and may be a lot of help to his brother. We're in desperate straits and he's about as safe out as in. Fix him up and let him go."

Jim almost bounded to the door in his eagerness. He had no time to thank anyone. In the outer room he could scarcely restrain himself while being dressed. His rough disguise was almost the same as his brother's, and while preparing him the men explained their plan. He was to attempt to swim down past the Indian watchers. Then, if possible, steal a pony and follow the trail for forty miles through the woods to the large fort. If a pony could not be secured he must attempt the journey on foot.

It was still quite dark when the gate of the fort was opened a second time and Jim slid into the water just as his brother had done an hour earlier. Turning on his back he simply floated, letting the current take him along.

Down below the bend, where he knew the Indians were camped, there was a glow of watchfires that told of vigilance, and the little fellow kept out in the stream until near the point of land which hid the lower reach of the river. Here he noted that big fires on each side illuminated the entire width of the water. His original plan of passing down the dark center must be abandoned. Quietly he swam to shallow water and rested to think over a plan; to pass that patch of light appeared quite impossible and he feared that daylight would force him back to the fort with a defeat against him. He glanced over his shoulder to the fort and could dimly make out the outline of part of the stockade. As he looked he became conscious of some dark object moving down the river not far away. Crouching lower he watched, believing that some Indian was patrolling the river. Slowly the object came drifting with the stream. He was soon convinced that it was no Indian, and a little later recognized a lifeless tree. It was an old friend of his from far up the river. Coming down over the rapids one spring this huge forest king had caught among the rocks, and for several summers had formed a familiar object, partly submerged in the rushing water. Often had he and Jack worked their way out on its slippery trunk to spear fish as they fought their way up the stiff current. Jim looked on a little sadly as he realized that taking fish would now be more difficult, when suddenly a new thought came to him. Quietly he again launched himself forward and noiselessly swam to the floating tree. To climb on the trunk he knew would be to court disaster, so he secured a grip on one of the bare old

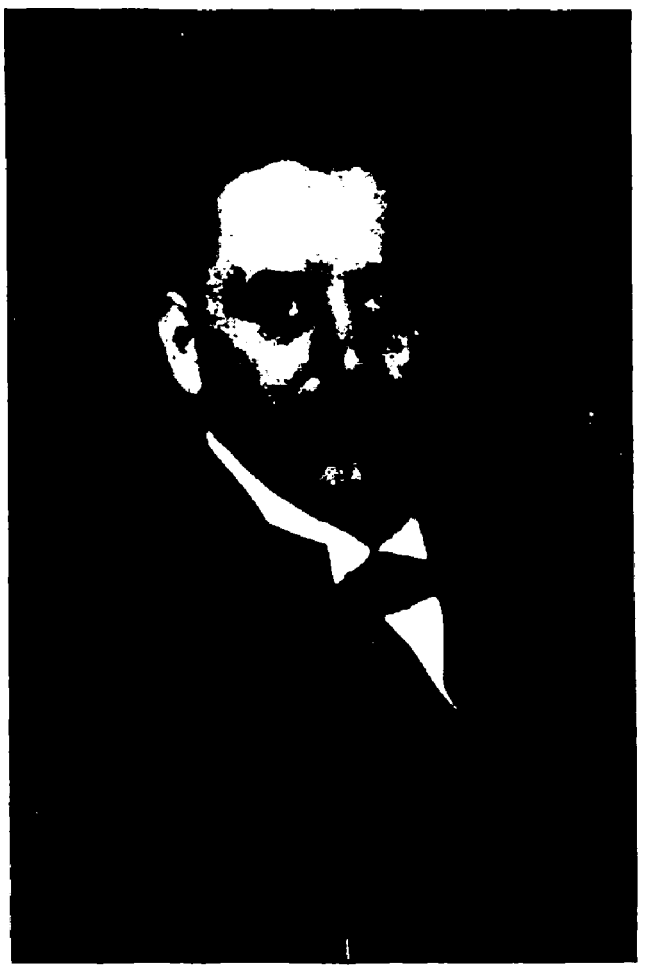


"OH, JACK, WAIT FOR ME! JACK, JACK"

branches. Around swung the tree like a living thing, the slight weight of the boy being enough to disturb the center of gravity, but it became steadier as the boy held on, his body submerged and only his head above water. Almost before he was ready the tree was entering the lighted zone, its white, barkless branches standing out boldly from the dark water. Jim held his breath and kept his head low. His precaution was well taken, for the tree had gone but a few feet into the light when there was a singing of arrows. Some splashed in the water near him, while others hit the trunk and stood quivering there. After the first volley there was a lull. Then he heard the splash of canoes and paddles and knew that the Indians were about to make a careful examination. Out came the canoes from each bank. Swiftly they approached and he could see the dark forms of the Indians against the bright watchfires. Lower and lower the little head went down into the friendly shelter of the water until scarcely a spot showed among the dead branches. The first canoe came alongside the trunk and an Indian pulled out one of the arrows. A few grunting words were spoken and then the canoe made a complete circle around the tree. By this time one from the other side of the river had arrived and a short consultation was held. Meanwhile the tree slowly passed out into the darkness and Jim crept cautiously into a more comfortable position. Back in the patch of light he could see the canoes returning shoreward and he knew the first danger of his journey was safely passed.

"I wonder how Jack got past?" he muttered. That Jack might not have succeeded never crossed his mind. He was far too loyal to entertain such a thought even for a passing moment. He simply wondered as to the strategy his brother had employed to get through.

Along the shore watchfires still twinkled, showing an encampment much larger than he had expected, but after passing around a second bend he found that both banks were in total darkness, and sliding off, he swam to shore and rested for awhile. But there was no time to lose. Already dawn was warming the eastern sky and he must be on his way soon or remain concealed all day. From tree to tree he worked his way back toward the watchfires, which were now burning low, closely scanning every object, but the Indians were not on the lookout for an attack from the rear, and just before daybreak he succeeded in securing a fine pony. He did not mount at once, but led the animal into the forest and was some miles away before he entrusted himself on its back. Well acquainted with Indians and their ponies, Jim had no trouble in making progress. He knew the forest paths for miles in all directions, and when the sun or stars were not shining to guide him, could tell the points of the compass by examining moss growing on trees. His chief anxiety now was to find the path his brother had taken. The best one was along the river bank, but Jim feared to take it lest Indians capture him. He figured that his brother would follow the same reasoning, and so took the next best way a little farther in the forest. When the rising sun had made it light enough he dismounted and carefully examined the ground. Yes, there were pony tracks and the dew had been knocked off the leaves. Some one had passed along there within an hour and he made up his mind that Jack was not far ahead. Mounting again he urged the pony forward, an the creature, tough and speedy, soon put a wide stretch of forest between Jim and the enclosure that held his father, mother, sister and neighbors. About noon, having reached a high piece



Very truly Yours
John Barr

THE AUTHOR OF "RELIEF OF THE NORTH BRANCH FORT"

of land, he spied some distance ahead a lone rider. With a yell he urged on his pony, but the fellow ahead, after a surprised glance backward, whipped his pony up in evident fright. On they dashed for an hour with their relative positions unchanged; Jim wondering why his brother should race away from him, while Jack finding himself followed and believing Jim to be still in the fort, thought he was pursued by an Indian who had seen him escaping with the stolen pony. Little by little Jack realized that his pony could not stand the pace and he felt that something must be done to avoid a fight. A little farther ahead he knew there was a creek and he determined to turn down this in an attempt to throw his pursuer off the track. With his pony almost ready to drop exhausted he reached the stream and turned down in the middle, where the swift water was a little more than knee deep. The cold water restored the animal and he dashed along while Jack bent low to avoid the overspreading branches. At a safe distance he dismounted, tethered the pony and scrambled back toward the pathway, thinking he might get a shot at his pursuer. It was a longer way back than he had figured, and he was just making his way through a thicket, when, away down in the hollow near the stream he saw the pursuing horseman flash through an opening. Instantly he recognized his brother Jim and sent up a shout of joy. But the distance was too great. Only a wild yell reached the ears of the little rider, and as the sound came from the rear, he at once jumped to the conclusion that he was pursued by Indians. Bending lower over his pony's neck he urged the tiring animal on, and scarcely glanced back for fear of seeing the whole tribe in full cry after him. It was useless for Jack to yell, so he worked his way back to his pony and set out in pursuit of his erstwhile pursuer.

Although weary with the day's fighting, young Eagle Wing, son of the chief, was about early on the morning of the second day of the siege, for he was anxious to see how his pony was being cared for, but to his dismay he could find no trace of the animal. Search revealed the fact that another of the best of the herd was missing, and a careful examination of the ground showed that both had taken the same direction. Quickly mounting one of the swiftest ponies and taking with him a bow, a number of arrows and a keen hunting knife, Eagle Wing was off in pursuit, while yet the sun had scarcely tipped the tallest trees with its first shafts of light. When Jack had failed to make Jim understand and was returning for his pony, young Eagle Wing, passed on in pursuit of Jim, and when Jack got back to the pathway, the Indian was between him and his brother.

A short distance beyond the stream Eagle Wing caught a glimpse of Jim and the stolen pony. His first impulse to rush on and fight was easily checked, for he was Indian enough to fear an equal combat. Knowing the woods well he left the path and took a short cut past a hill, intending to shoot Jim from ambush at a point a few miles farther on, but by mistake he reached the path again unexpectedly and was about to turn back and seek cover from which to shoot when Jim suddenly appeared. The latter was watching for Jack, whom he believed to be ahead of him, and the first intimation the Indian had that his scheme had failed was a joyous shout from the unsuspecting rider of the stolen pony.

"Oh, Jack, wait for me! Jack, Jack."

Thus calling, Jim rode on, waving his hands over his head and utterly unprepared for a hostile reception. Eagle Wing's answer was promptly sent. With deadly aim and all his strength he shot an arrow at the unsuspecting boy, who saw it just in time to dodge violently to one side. With a vicious hum it grazed him. It was immediately followed by another, but Jim was on his guard, and the second was knocked aside by the butt of his gun as Jim swung it to his shoulder. The bullet that now sped toward the Indian was only partly successful. The lack of time for aiming and the unsteady position of the shooter gave it a direction slightly less true than usual, but it snapped the string of Eagle Wing's bow, and the Indian, at once realizing that his advantage had been lost, wheeled his pony and dashed into the woods. Jim's first impulse was to follow, but he remembered the words of the officer at the fort, "Don't fight, don't hunt, just go straight ahead and get to the fort." Reloading as he went he urged his pony to a gallop and muttered, "Gee cracky, didn't I almost get it! I wonder where Jack is?"

Quickly ascertaining that he was not followed, the Indian returned to the path and determined to get back to his people. Mending his bow-string as he jogged along, he was suddenly startled by a voice in front of him.

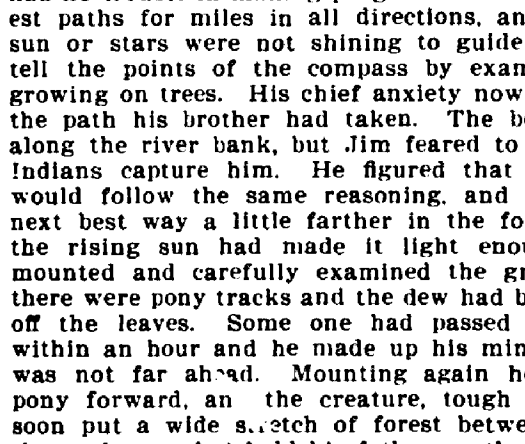
"Halloo, Jim! I've been trying to catch you ever since noon."

(To be continued.)

How to Make a Moccasin

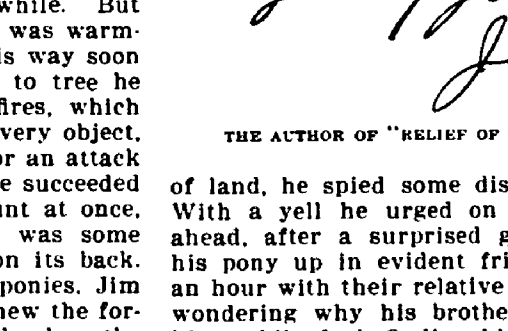
TAPPAN ADNEY IN RECREATION

THERE IS NOTHING better for wearing about the house, or when in camp or in a canoe, than an Indian moccasin. There are various kinds of moccasins, however, some of which, especially those so handsomely ornamented with beadwork, that I think rather unsuitable for rough wear; while those made of soft buckskin and moosehide are suitable only for winter wear in countries where the snow is dry, or in places where they do not get wet, as they soak up water like blotting paper. The Indians of New Brunswick and Maine make a moccasin for their own



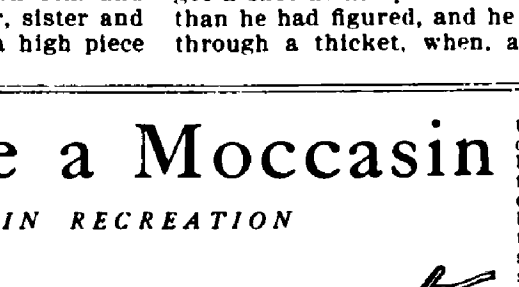
use which is very serviceable and may be easily made by anyone who can use a needle and thread and an awl. The material is a stout, but not hard and stiff ordinary heavy calf skin or cowhide. The Indian sometimes makes a very good pair out of the tops of a pair of old boots. A coarse sewing or shoemaker's needle, some waxed shoemaker's thread, and a slender awl are needed.

The Indian does not use such a thing as a "last," but cuts out the leather and judges its shape by the eye. The squaw —for it is the women usually who make the moccasins—takes the leather and places it in a pan of water to soak. The

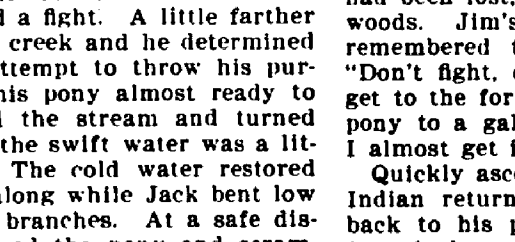


leather must be large enough to cut out two pieces shaped as in Figure 1, for each moccasin. The larger piece must be as long as the foot to be covered, and there should be at least two inches to spare besides. She takes a string and measures around the ball of the foot. The smaller piece will be exactly the same shape as the other, one-half as long, and somewhat less than a third of the distance around the foot; the two pieces edge to edge must be exactly the distance. In order not to spoil a good piece of leather, it might be well the first time to make a paper pattern to cut the leather by. The large and the small piece are then placed edge to edge and sewn together as shown in Figure 1.

The holes are made with the awl. About three stitches, as indicated, will bring out to the curves, and it is here



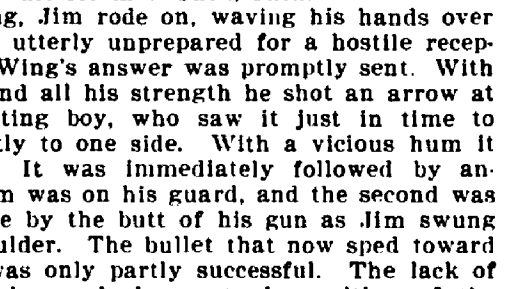
that a little judgment is required. The distance along the curve of the solepiece being at least twice as long as that of the other, it must be "crimped," about every quarter of an inch. This is done by taking each stitch in the sole about twice the length of the corresponding stitch in the top piece, or "tongue," as shown in Figure 2. If the crimps have been taken right the two sides will have the same number of crimps in them, and the final fastening will be exactly opposite the place of beginning. When the moccasin has been completed at this point it is placed upon a flat stone or board, and the sewing carefully pounded in. The future wearer then puts his foot into it, the back part is brought around behind the heel, and the edges of the leather notched with a knife. Then the moccasin is taken off and the spare leather, if any, is cut off by a straight square cut (Figure 4), and then while the edges are still together another little slit is made (Figure 4), to fit the round of the heel; but this is not cut through, there is left a little two-pointed "sail." The seam is then sewed up by an over-and-over stitch, which is also pounded flat, when the moccasin is ready for the strings.



Four double slits are cut along each side, and another in the middle of the tongue piece, as shown in Figure 5, and a leather string is run through, the ends crossing under the slit in the tongue, and carried over to opposite sides and passed either through a slit cut there for the purpose, or passed under the side string, as shown in Figure 5, and the moccasin is completed.

There are no "rights" and "lefts," as the moccasin after some wearing takes the form of the foot. A tan leather makes the nicest looking moccasin.

The lumbermen in many places use a moccasin made this shape out of oil-tanned leather which is nearly waterproof. Sometimes a leather top is sewn around the upper edge, the lacing string is dispensed with, and the result is a "shoe-pack," laced like a common shoe. But this is a "civilized" white man's contrivance, and not an Indian's. The Indians of Canada will take a moosehide moccasin made this way, sew a top four inches wide on, and fold the top around the ankle and lash it in place with a string which passes over the tongue of the moccasin and through two little loops at each side at the point where in our



diagrams the final sewing is done. This is their snowshoe moccasin. But the moccasin here described, if made large enough for several pairs of heavy socks, is also used in winter for the same purpose.

A Little Hero

Some pathetic incidents fall under the notice of officers of city courts. Out in Denver one day early in November a fifteen-year-old boy, Hector Miles, was brought into the Denver court. He had been working in a picture store at $5 a week delivering pictures. Accidentally he broke a frame. The proprietors insisted that he pay them 75 cents. The boy refused, saying that he needed the money to live on, whereupon his employers gave him a severe beating. The sequel was that the two employers were brought into court along with the boy. The boy told his story, from which it appeared that he was sending $4 out of his $5 weekly wages to his sick mother in a country town in Colorado, and with the remaining one dollar was managing to rent a garret room and find enough to eat. A bystander, hearing the story, took the boy to the office of the mayor and repeated to the latter the story he had heard from the boy's lips. The mayor then said to Hector: "I am proud, young man, to shake your hand. Write to your sick mother that your hard times are over. I want you to come out and live with me. I am only a mayor, but you are a hero." The mayor then gave Miles the job of taking care of his new team of black thoroughbreds, and promised that later on the boy should be sent to school.

How America Came by Its Name

By LOUISE B. MITCHELL

AMONG YOUNG students of history a feeling of prejudice may sometimes arise against Amerigo Vespucci, because America happened to be named for him instead of for Christopher Columbus. In fact, so many historians regard Amerigo Vespucci as a sort of historical interloper that they have unjustly accused him of wresting from Columbus "the glory of giving his name to the New World." Nowadays, it is generally conceded that previous to the memorable year, 1492, Europeans had certainly visited America.

From Icelandic chronicles we learn that in the tenth century Northmen founded Greenland and that about the year one thousand, A. D., Leif Ericsson, one of their Vikings, had explored the coast of America and, at a point near New Bedford, Mass., had founded a settlement which was called "Vinland," from the abundance of wild grapes growing there. If this, and other early explorations are at all authentic, the honor of naming the Western Continent could not have belonged wholly to Columbus on the ground of the existence of a prior right.

"The discovery of America was a very gradual process, not a single event," writes a noted historian; but adds elsewhere that "the contact of the Old and New World of the white man and the red practically begins in 1492." Every schoolboy and schoolgirl is familiar with the life of Christopher Columbus. The man himself, greatly helped posterity in this respect by leaving over seventy letters and reports—twenty-three of these having been written by his own hand. All of these have been published and given to the world. Besides this, his son, Ferdinand Columbus, a most accomplished scholar, wrote an able biography of his father, and a faithful friend of Columbus, Las Casas, has given such an excellent account of his life and actions that Washington Irving speaks of it as "the corner-stone of the history of the American Continent."

On the other hand, such a meagre sketch of Amerigo Vespucci is given in school histories that a more complete account may prove both interesting and instructive to all boys and girls. His name, Amerigo, is a form of the old German Amalrich, which means "the Steadfast." His birthplace was the old Italian City of Florence, where he was born in the year 1451. In his native city, on the walls of the old church of Ognissanti, there is a fresco of the "Madonna della Misericordia," painted by Ghirlandajo (the "garland-twiner"), a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, which has an interesting history. After being whitewashed in 1616, this long-lost picture was brought to light in 1898. Among the figures of which the painting consists there is a portrait of a youth said to be that of Amerigo Vespucci.

In appearance, Amerigo was of middle height, strong and somewhat thickset, and with aquiline features and olive complexion. His hair and eyes were black and his mouth was firm and refined. His character has been described as "modest and quiet, but somewhat playful in manner, mild in temper, but endowed with keen intelligence." He was the third son of a notary, of a family that was old and respectable and that had once been wealthy. He was educated by his uncle, a Dominican monk, and at an early age showed a great aptitude for natural philosophy, astronomy and geography, three studies that ranked very high at that period because of their commercial importance. He was also known as an expert in calculating latitude and longitude, in which he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries.

After school days were over, Amerigo was taken into the great commercial house of the Medici and seems to have led an uneventful life until he was nearly forty years of age. In his leisure hours he devoted himself to the study of geography and was such an eager collector of maps, charts and globes, that upon one occasion he paid "one hundred and thirty golden ducats" for a map drawn in 1439. He also became clever in making maps himself.

About 1490 he was sent to Spain as the confidential agent of the Medici, and a few years later we find him at the head of a large concern at Seville. As this house fitted out the second expedition for Columbus in 1493, it was about this time that the two men met and the relations between them thereafter seem ever to have been most cordial. The success of Columbus as an explorer inflamed Amerigo with a passion for discovery, and he finally abandoned business and sailed from Cadiz in 1497 in the expedition commanded by Admiral Hojeda in which he held the post of astronomer.

This expedition explored the Bay of Paria lying between the Island of Trinidad and the mainland and proceeded some hundred miles along the coast of South America. His second voyage under Admiral Pinzon, resulted in the discovery of a group of small islands in the Gulf of Mexico. Later in life he was allured by promises into the service of Emanuel, King of Portugal, and undertook two other voyages with Portuguese ships in 1501-1503. In attempting to discover a passage to Malacca, misfortune overtook him. He lost one of his ships, and it was only after undergoing great perils that the other five found refuge in All Saints' Bay on the coast of Brazil.

The monarch under whom he served gave orders that some of the remains of the ship "Victoria" in which Amerigo had made his last voyage should be suspended in the cathedral of Lisbon, but fulfilled none of the promises he had made. Amerigo subsequently returned to Spain and in 1508 was appointed Pilot-Major, when it became his duty to superintend the examination of all candidates for the position of pilot and to pass judgment upon their proficiency in practical astronomy and navigation. But he held this position for a few years only, for his death occurred at Seville in 1512.

As in the case of Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci also wrote a narrative of his "American" voyages; but, strangely enough, both of these great explorers died without having suspected the actual significance of the discoveries in which each had been concerned. A selection from the narrative of Amerigo at length found its way into Germany, and from there to the little town of Saint-Dié situated in one of the quiet valleys of the Vosges Mountains where the "blue-eyed, gentle René," Duke of Lorraine, had founded a college, which, in a two-fold manner, became curiously connected with the discovery of America. In the first place, it was there that "Imago Mundi" was written, the book which so powerfully influenced the thought of Christopher Columbus. Secondly, Martin Waldseemüller of Freiburg, Germany, was professor of geography at Saint-Dié about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and on April 25th, 1507, he published a little treatise entitled "Cosmographic Introductio" in which the letters of Amerigo Vespucci were translated into Latin and given as an appendix.

As the college had its own printing-press, three other editions of the book were published during the same year, and were eagerly sought after as being the first account of the wonderful discovery. The only known copy of the first edition is in the possession of the Lenox Library of New York City. In this rare book occurs *the first suggestion of the name America.*

After having treated of the division of the earth's inhabited surface into three parts—Europe, Asia, and Africa,—Waldseemüller speaks of the discovery of a fourth part which translated from the Latin reads as follows:

"But now these parts have been more extensively explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucci. Therefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerige, or America, i. e., the land of Americus, after its discoverer, Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women."

"Such were the winged words, but for which," quotes a writer, "the Western Hemisphere might have come to be known as Atlantis, or Hesperides, or Santa Cruz, or New India, or perhaps Columbia."

Martin Waldseemüller proposed the name only for that part of the land now known as South America and to which it was for some time restricted; but it was owing to his suggestion, also, and which was evidently quickly adopted, that America came by its name.

WON BY A CHEAT

(Continued from page 67.)

From that moment the boy who won the great twenty-mile race through the blinding storm became an outcast. Suspected, shunned, he became the thing he once loathed. He left college, and by a deliberate plan set out to win success in the wide world by any means, fair or foul. The decision by the roadside that night when the brave, strong, victorious youth became the deceiver, the make-believe the coward, the weakling, became a decision for life—for eternity.

PROSPECT HILL

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS



GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS

"PROSPECT HILL!"

Words that stir the blood, and thrill through and through the heart of every American boy, even as do Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Appomattox, Manila and Santiago, for well he knows that this historic eminence was the birthplace of our nation—the mightiest of any age.

Here, too, on New Year's day, one hundred and thirty years ago, was born the spirit of 1776, when was hoisted the first American Union flag that ever floated to the breeze, one of the most momentous events in the history of our country.

Prospect Hill is situated in the beautiful and historic city of Somerville, Mass., just across the Charles river from the famous old city of Boston, and perhaps not more than a mile to the westward of Bunker hill.

On the evening of the ever memorable April 19, 1775, in their wild flight from Lexington and Concord, the Britishers passed the southerly base of this hill, and here it was they encountered the fiercest firing of the day, and had not their flight been in such haste, baffling the massing of the patriots, right here at Prospect Hill the red-coated troops must surely have surrendered or been annihilated, as from all directions to this eminence came the sturdy, liberty-loving yeomen—our own grandsires.

June 17, old Prospect Hill again came into prominence. At Bunker hill, lack of powder had left the Americans without the means of fight, so they retired. Yet even as the English gloated over their Pyrrhic victory, the 4,000 patriots were, with characteristic energy and foresight, fortifying Prospect Hill, General Putnam in command. On Bunker Hill during that eventful day they showed that they could fight, and now at Prospect Hill they showed they could stand, and here they became a liberty-demanding nation.

From that time until the evacuation of Boston, March 17, 1776, there were stirring times on Prospect Hill, for not alone was it the strongest and most formidable fortification in the besieging lines, but it was the most important. It commanded both the basin of the Charles and the town of Boston, holding the enemy in check and protecting the American army, which was quartered in Cambridge, about Harvard university, scarcely a mile to the westward, and protecting also their powder magazine in the old powder house a little to the northward.

All the great leaders of our army were here on Prospect Hill—Washington, Lee (who was second in command), Putnam, Sullivan, Stark, Ward, Greene, and today, about a quarter of a mile to the westward, on the southerly side of Somerville avenue, stands the old General Greene homestead, beneath whose roof Washington often slept, and where oft-times Hancock, Otis, Adams and other patriots met in secret.

Another event of importance was the raising of the standard of the Third Connecticut regiment on Prospect Hill, July 18, 1775, the first time our American flag was unfurled to the breeze before an enemy.

The previous April, the General Asembly of Connecticut had voted to raise seven regiments for the defense of the colony. Each regiment had a different color, that of the Third being scarlet. It was this scarlet standard that General Putnam, a Massachusetts born boy, raised on Prospect Hill, while our artillery thundered a mighty salute and 20,000 soldiers cheered as only American soldiers can cheer. Over on Bunker Hill the Britishers heard it all and took alarm, at once parading themselves in battle array.

While the enemy persistently stormed our citadel with shot and shell, but little real damage was done; on the other hand, our riflemen were costing the Britons many lives by the accuracy of their marksmanship. Most of these sharpshooters were from Virginia and Pennsylvania, where from boyhood they had been accustomed to using the rifle.

Late in 1775 the Continental Congress appointed a committee of three—Franklin, Lynch and Harrison—to design a **"Union"** flag, and their conception—the first American Union flag—was first hoisted to the breeze January 1, 1776, on Prospect Hill (the very day on which our new Continental army was organized), and this same flag was in triumph carried by Ensign Richards into Boston on Evacuation Day—Evacuation Day in truth, for since March 17, 1776, the narrow, winding streets and avenues of dear old historic Boston have never known the flutter, in triumph, of an alien flag.

So may it ever be!

To return to the day of the birth of the spirit of '76. General Washington declared the new flag was raised in compliment to the thirteen colonies.

It contained thirteen alternating stripes of red and white. In the center of the flag were the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, indicating still the loyalty of the colonies to Great Britain. Not until June, 1777, was the original of our present flag made by Betsy Ross at Philadelphia.

Other events of interest took place on Prospect Hill, both during and after the siege, aye and they are still taking place. Here, from November, 1777, to October, 1778, guarded by the American troops under General Heath, were quartered "the flower of the British army," prisoners of war who surrendered at Saratoga.

Here in 1862, answering their country's call, mustered the soldiers of Somerville, whose record in the Civil War is well worthy of highest honor.

Hallowed spot!

In recent years the spirit of '76 again became rampant among the citizens of patriotic Somerville, and at a cost of $75,000, what commerce had left of the hill was purchased and deeded to the city. Today its sacred fields are covered with a beautiful park, sightly residences, well-kept streets and lawns, and last yet foremost, here stands Somerville's magnificent memorial to patriotism—a massive granite observatory.

It but remains for the American boys to guard our rich heritage of freedom. May we love and serve our country, not alone being willing to die for it, as did many of our fathers—but honor and defend it by living pure, patriotic and serviceable lives. And our flag—"Old Glory"—may we honor it as ever the symbol of union, liberty and equality.

An Awful Threat

"SPEAKING of punishment for youthful offenders against school discipline reminds me of an experience I had some time ago," said a public school teacher the other day.

"The boy's reputation had followed him to my classroom from several private schools, to which his indulgent mamma had sent him and from which he had been politely asked to depart. He was not one of those street arabs who often come into a classroom with quaint and impractical ideas of discipline, but one of that too numerous type known as 'mamma's baby.' The rod had been spared and so he was a real specimen of the spoiled child.

"While his classmates counted their candy money in nickels and dimes, he carried nothing less than quarters and half dollars, with plenty of the 'long green' to replenish his supply of change at all times.

"For all that he was not popular among his classmates and he certainly was a 'thorn in the flesh' of his teacher. I was about to give him up when as a last resort I consulted the principal.

"On the following day, in response to a note from that official, the school was honored by a visit from the boy's mamma. She was both surprised that Harold should be the occasion of any trouble and indignant that she had been obliged to come.

"When we had all assembled in the principal's office for a sort of court martial and had reviewed the numberless misdemeanors of which the boy had been guilty, the following crushing sentence was passed by the fond mamma:

"'Harold,' (adjusting glasses and looking very firm), 'your conduct has forced me to climb these four flights of stairs. I am tired, grieved and shocked. If you do not mend your ways I shall have to send you to Europe.'

"Harold seemed rather pleased and smiled in anticipation of the annoyance he could be.

"The principal calmly assured mamma that the threatened banishment would no doubt have a most salutary effect on Harold's future behavior and closed the case.

"Harold is now sojourning (in punishment for new and unheard of crimes against his teacher) in southern Europe."

Alto, Mich., Dec. 7, 1905.

W. C. Sprague, Editor:

Dear Sir—I received the book which was given as a prize for Pictorial Proverb A in November number of THE AMERICAN BOY, on Monday, December 4. I think it is a generous prize and thank you for it.

PERRY HARRIS.

American Boy Day in 1906

DETROIT, January 1st, 1906.

ALREADY inquiries are coming relative to the celebration of AMERICAN BOY DAY in 1906. This letter is designed to meet all inquiries on the subject.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY are prepared to co-operate with boys and their friends in the celebrating of AMERICAN BOY DAY in 1906 on any date they may fix as being suited to their localities.

WHAT AMERICAN BOY DAY IS.

AMERICAN BOY DAY is the name given to a day (date to be selected by the managers of the day in every locality where held), when boys and the friends of boys gather at some central meeting place and join in patriotic exercises, the leading performers on the program being boys. It is a boy celebration, bringing out the boy talent of the community under the lead and direction of adults. It is for all boys, whether readers of THE AMERICAN BOY or not, though, naturally, the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will take the lead in formulating plans.

HISTORY OF THE DAY.

Early in 1904 the managers of the St. Louis World's Fair undertook to set apart a day at the fair for American boys, calling it AMERICAN BOY DAY. Mr. William C. Sprague, the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, was given full charge of the day. He immediately set to work and obtained the best boy talent from all over the country in the way of boy orators, declaimers, musicians, gymnasts, and so on, and on the 5th of July these boys appeared on the stage of Festival Hall at the Exposition grounds, before the largest audience that up to that time had assembled in that great structure. For two hours the boys rendered a remarkable program. Immediately on the adjournment of the Festival Hall meeting the entire company paraded through the grounds to the Pennsylvania Building, where further exercises were held about Liberty Bell, during which one of the boys, in behalf of the boys of America, crowned the bell with a wreath of roses. From the Pennsylvania Building the company proceeded to the Michigan Building, where exercises were held, consisting mostly of the reading of letters from the president of the United States, and the governors of the various states.

So great was the success of the affair that it was asked on all sides that some such celebration be held every year. As it required someone to take the lead in the adopting of the suggestion, the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY volunteered to do so. The result was that in the following year, 1905, a like celebration was held on July 5th, at the Portland Exposition, Portland, Oregon, with Mr. Sprague as the master of ceremonies. The largest audience building on the grounds of the exposition was comfortably filled on the afternoon of that day, and one of the most interesting programs of the entire exposition was rendered by boys. At the same time a celebration was being held at Bedford, Pennsylvania, under the auspices of two of the teachers in the public schools; at Chautauqua, N. Y., and at Cairo, Illinois. Other minor celebrations were held in small towns under the auspices of boys' clubs.

THE PROSPECTS FOR 1906.

Already boys and their grown-up friends are preparing for celebrations for 1906. In San Francisco one of the leaders in boys' work has made great progress in interesting the citizens of San Francisco in a celebration that shall be truly municipal. Badges have been made and distributed to the pupils in the schools, and the talent is being selected. Boys and their friends are writing us from all over the country, asking how to go to work for this year. This indicates that while there will be no great exposition in 1906, there will be many celebrations of AMERICAN BOY DAY.

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT.

Get the interest and co-operation of the leaders in boys' work in your city or village. If there are no such persons, get the interest and co-operation of the principals of the schools, or some one or more of the teachers, the mayor of the city, the editors of papers, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and any and all persons or agencies that are interested in boys, or can be induced to become interested.

Have these persons gather at some convenient place and discuss the matter of a date for holding the celebration. Select any date that you please. Make it a day or an evening program, as you please. Having selected the date, notify the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY at Detroit.

The next thing to do is to find the best boy talent in the community. You can learn this by inquiry of the school teachers, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the club leaders, the Sunday School superintendent, and others. There are always boys, even in the smallest villages, who are specially fitted for delivering orations, reciting, singing, playing some sort of an instrument, doing athletic stunts, or entertaining in some way or other.

Appoint a program committee well in advance. Let the orations and declamations be on patriotic subjects. As the time draws near, THE AMERICAN BOY will furnish good subjects for orations, and will furnish the best of declamations, so that all that will be needed of the committee will be the selecting of the boys to take the parts. Let some one have charge of the musical part of the program who is fitted for selecting and training the talent.

Get the co-operation of the paper or papers published in your town. They will be glad to do everything for the enterprise. Furnish to the papers pictures of those who are to take part.

SUGGESTIONS GROWING OUT OF EXPERIENCE.

The following shows something of what the celebrations heretofore have embraced in their programs. No one celebration has had them all, however. Some of these you may adopt:

March from Tannhauser on the pipe organ. Music by Band of Fifty Pieces. Invocation by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Address of Welcome by a Boy. Response by a Boy. Five Minute Address by the Chairman of the Day (usually an adult). Salute to the Flag (a spectacular number on the program in which all join; the method of carrying this out will be explained by the Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY on request). Oration, "The Coming Man," by a Boy. Oration, "The American Government," by a Boy. Vocal Solo, "The Deathless Army," by a Boy. Vocal Solo, "Daddy," by a Boy. Recitation, Beecher's "American Flag," by a Boy. Letters from Prominent Men, addressed to Boys. Declamation by an Indian Boy. Greetings from the Boys of Japan by a Japanese Boy. Messages Read from Prominent Authors of Boys' Books. Gymnastic Work by a Team of Tumblers from the Y. M. C. A. Address, "The Heritage of the American Boy," by a Boy. Violin Solo, by a Boy. Solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," by a Choir Boy in costume. "The Lost Chord," by a Quartette of Indian Girls. Apostrophe to Liberty Bell, Composed and Recited by a Boy. Recitation, "The Unknown Speaker," by a Boy. Singing of THE AMERICAN BOY Prize Hymn (composed by a boy; prize given by the Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY). AMERICAN BOY DAY Prize Poem (Recited by its composer, prize being given by the Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY). Soprano Solo, "Love the Pedlar," by a Choir Boy. Sword Dance, by a Boy, in Scotch Highland costume. Vocal Quartette of Indian Boys. Recitation, "As the Moon Rose," by a Boy. Solo, "For All Eternity," by a Choir Boy. Recitation, "Marshal Ney's Last Charge at Waterloo," by a Boy. Vocal Solo, "My Own United States," by a Boy. Singing of "America" by the audience. Singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the audience. Violin Chorus, by eight Boys. Recitation, "Custer's Last Charge," by a Boy. Soprano Solo, "Sleep Little Tulip," by a Boy. Oration, "Abraham Lincoln," by a Boy. Twenty-four boy voices in "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Oration, "The Ideal American," by a Boy. Fantastic Drill in costume, by Boys and Girls. Welcoming Address, by the Mayor. Male Chorus, "All Hail, Land of the Free." Recitation, "Cheer, Cheer the Flag," by a Boy. Entire audience sings Keller's American Hymn. Bow and Arrow Drill, by five Boys in Indian costume. Oration, "The American Boy of Yesterday," by a Boy. Declamation, "Independence Bell," by a Boy. Oration, "Old Glory," by a Boy. Oration, "The American Boy of Today," by a Boy. Oration, "The American Boy of Tomorrow," by a Boy. Scarf Drill, by Boys. Piano Solo, by a Boy. Oration, "Americanism," by a Boy. Egg Race. Rabbit Race, and other athletic sports. Basket Dinner in the woods. Children's Chorus. Oration, "Our Country," by a Boy. Talk to Boys, by an adult. Cornet Solo, by a Boy Mandolin Club.

IN CONCLUSION.

A few persons can readily get the talent and obtain the use of a church or hall and do everything necessary to make the day a success. THE AMERICAN BOY will publish in its pages the plans of local promoters, and will help in the furnishing of declamations, letters from prominent men, formula for saluting the flag, and such other features as cannot well be provided locally.

All that you have to do is to find some man or woman who will undertake to correspond with us and take the lead in getting things started. We prefer to have a grown-up at the head of the enterprise, so that everything may pass off creditably and there may be no failure. Address THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Through Celestial Spaces

An Astronomer's Dream

By JOHN C. PACKARD

A TREMENDOUS contract! To explore the remote recesses of the visible universe and report to a waiting world!

* * * * * * *

A spin around the world by way of a preparation for our journey! We shall need a fast horse even here. 25,000 miles is no small distance. A railway train traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour by day and by night, without a stop, would require nearly 18 days! We must go faster than that. A cannon ball, hurled from a modern gun at the rate of 20 miles a minute, would carry us around the globe in a single day. That's not so bad. We will take the Cannon Ball Express. * * * How do you like such rapid transit? Flying, isn't it? Almost takes one's breath away. But then, it is a vast distance around the earth and one must travel fast. * * *

Back again from our trial trip, and now we are off upon the first stage of our journey. To the Moon—240,000 miles! Ten times our trial spin! * * * Ten days elapse. We are close upon our satellite—a cold, dead world with no sign of life or vestige of beauty.

We must hasten on. Above us is the genial sun, 93,000,000 miles away. Surely we must visit him, the central figure of our solar system, the "king of our little corner of the universe!" But 93,000,000 miles is a long distance. Let's figure a bit. Our Cannon Ball express travels at the rate of 25,000 miles a day. To travel 93,000,000 miles will take nearly 4,000 days, or about 11 years. We must go faster. Comets have been known to whirl around the sun at the rate of a million miles an hour! 93,000,000 miles? About four days. Let's try the Comet Express. Away we go. Makes your head swim. Rapid isn't it?—a million miles an hour. * * * Well, four days are soon over and here we are—a long way from home—upon a tremendous globe of fire, by the side of which our earth would appear no larger than a mustard seed beside a cannon ball. 330,000 earths to make one sun!

But time flies. We must away. To the nearest star! Untold billions of miles! Our comet is too slow. We must travel faster yet. Light speeds away at the rate of 186,000 miles a second—eight times around the earth in a second of time—to the moon while you are counting "one, two;" to the sun in eight minutes. Good enough. We will take the Sunlight Express. Ready! Go! Whew! Makes your ears tingle. * * * The earth is out of sight. The sun is disappearing—a mere speck—gone. Yet we are no nearer the stars than when we started. Millions of millions of miles! A tremendous distance. Four years and more at the rate of 186,000 miles a second! * * *

Arrived at last; travel-stained, worn and weary. * * * Such gigantic orbs! Full three times as big as our sun, a million times as big as our earth, and hot! Whew! * * *



CHILDREN OF THE GUATEMALAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

But there are other stars still farther off. Billions of billions of miles! A thousand years by the Sunlight express. Is there nothing faster? Imagination, alone. Thought travels at an infinite pace—speed without end; velocity beyond compare. Let's think a bit.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Here we are—at the limits of the visible universe. Vast! Vast! Vast! Our brain reels. The mind gives way. We cannot grasp such infinite dimensions. We look about us in our bewilderment and sigh for relief. * * * The calm spaces at length restore our senses. We look about us and humbly note that order and system still prevail on every hand. THE INFINITE GOD IS IN THE MIDST OF HIS INFINITE UNIVERSE.

Messages to American Boys From Two Western Governors

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH DAKOTA.

E. Y. Sarles,
Governor of North Dakota.

God bless our boys. The destiny of our republic is in your hands. Ever be ambitious to excel in all you undertake. "Be not weary in well doing."

Absolute integrity combined with energy and ability are highly essential. Boys, always be strictly honest, considerate and patriotic. You have my best wishes for success and happiness.

E. Y. SARLES.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.

Executive Chamber,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

To the Boys of America:

The world needs manly men. It is too true that not all who attain to physical manhood are worthy the name of men when measured by the moral and intellectual standards. The demand of the hour is for men who hold principle above desire for selfish gain, who can resist temptation, who want to do right because they love righteousness and who are honest in all things not because "honesty is the best policy" but rather because honesty is essentially right and is the only safe conduct in man's dealings with himself, his fellow man and his God. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Manly boys make manly men.

JOHN H. MICKEY,
Governor.

THE JOY CLAIM

A STORY OF THE NEUTRAL LANDS

By WILL LISENBEE

In Three Parts ✂ Part III

WHEN MARTHA looked up and saw the evil face of Peter Davis she closed her hand about the stump ore and faltered:

"I—I—don't know what it is."

"Give it ter me," commanded Davis, advancing and stretching out his hand. "I ken tell ye what it is."

Martha cast a startled glance at the intruder, and reluctantly laid the fragment of ore in his hand.

For several moments he stood examining it, a greedy look coming into his small, bead-like eyes.

"Whar'd ye git this, sissy?" he asked.

Martha pointed to the hole she had been digging.

"Think ye've found a silver mine, I reckon?"

"I don't know," answered Martha.

"Wall, ye hain't. 'Taint nothin' but mundic, and that ain't worth more'n rock."

Martha's face fell.

"I was digging out the spring when I found it," she explained. "I—I—thought maybe it was silver," and a lump rose in her throat.

A low, harsh laugh escaped the man.

"I wouldn't be tellin' any one about it," he said, trying to speak in a softer tone. "They'd be laughin' at ye, sissy, an' callin' ye a fool."

"There's no one to tell but my mother," returned Martha.

"Of course not, but ye needn't be showin' the stuff to any one that comes along."

Martha remained silent.

"Yer ma hain't been contractin' with ole Joy for the claim, has she?" he asked after a pause.

"No," she answered.

"That's right. The league hain't bothered ye, 'cause we 'lowed ye was havin' hard enough time since yer pa died, an' I didn't think yer ma could do anything ter get ye inter trouble." And with this he strode away, leaving Martha standing by the spring.

"I'll take a piece of this home and show it to mother, anyway," she said, stooping to pick up a fragment of the broken ore that lay at her feet. "I don't think old Davis would tell me if he knew it was gold."

"Then what are we to do, mother?"

"We'll haf ter contract with ole Joy fer the claim—if we don't someone else will."

"But where are we to get the money?"

"It don't have to be paid all at oncet, and I've got a hundred dollars that was paid on the note for the cattle we sold over in Missoury. We can pay that much down and have the contract draw'd up, and I reckon the mine will soon make us enough to pay the rest."

"But the leaguers, mother, won't they drive us away from the claim if we contract with Joy?"

"Mebby they will, but we needn't let them know about it. I reckon the man at the land office ain't goin' to tell 'em if we tell him not to do it."

"Then we must make the contract at once," answered Martha.

"I will go over to Baxter Springs tomorrow, and see what can be done," said Mrs. Babbett.

It was almost sunset when they returned to the cabin. Mrs. Babbett began to clear away the supper dishes, while Martha hurried across the prairie to look for the cows.

It was quite dark when she found the cattle and drove them in the direction of home.

She was just crossing the little ravine near the spring, and was making her way through a patch of sumachs, when the sound of voices near her attracted her attention.

Glancing to the left, she saw the dark forms of two men approaching from the direction of the spring.

Without hardly knowing why, Martha crouched in the sumachs and waited for the men to pass by.

"I'll tell ye what it is, Jim," said one of the men, whom Martha recognized as Peter Davis, "thar's a forchun in it, an' no mistake. It's a run uv pure lead ore, worth thirty-five dollars a thousand."

"But how are we goin' to profit by it?" asked the other. "We hain't got the claim."



"GIMME THAT PAPER"

It was almost supper time now, and turning about she walked in the direction of home. On reaching the cabin she found her mother busy preparing the evening meal.

"Look what I found in the well, mother," she said, holding up the piece of ore.

Mrs. Babbett took it, an exclamation of surprise escaping her as she did so.

"W'y, child!" she cried, in an excited tone, "it's lead ore as I live."

"Oh, mother! are you sure?" exclaimed Martha.

"Sure?—of course I am. Didn't I use to live in Galena, Illinois, when I was a leetle gal, and I know a piece of lead ore when I see it.

"Why, Mr. Davis said it was—something not worth more than rocks."

"And he lied when he said it. How did he come to see the ore?"

"He happened to come along when I was at work just as I found it," answered Martha.

A troubled look crossed Mrs. Babbett's face.

"He's up to some rascality," she said. "There's a fortune in a good lead mine, and its plain ter see that ole Davis knows it's lead and wants ter keep us ignorant of the fact."

"He told me not to mention it to any one," said Martha, "and now I see what his reasons were. Do you think he'll try to get the mine away from us?"

"I know he will if he has a chance, and we must watch him. But we'll take a look at the hole as soon as supper's over, and see what kind of a prospect it is."

A half hour later when they reached the spring they found that quite a pool of water had collected in the bottom. As soon as this could be bailed out Mrs. Babbett descended into the spring. She took the pick, and after making a close examination of the ground, came out bringing a large piece of mineral.

"It's a vein of 'float,'"* she said, "and may lead to somethin' good. But the claim hain't been contracted fer yit, and we're liable to lose it if people find out there's lead on it."

"That's just it; an' that's what I brought ye down hyar fer. Ye've got some money an' I hain't, so I takes ye in with me. We contracts with ole Joy fer the claim and the mine's ours. It'll make us both a forchun er I'm mistaken."

"But the widder; hain't she already contracted fer it?"

"Not by a jug full. I've seed to that, an' the coast is all clear."

"Hanged if this ain't the best thing I've struck in a coon's age," cried the other enthusiastically. "But it won't do ter fool about the business; we must git the claim at onct."

"That's my idee exactly, an' in order to make shore uv a good thing, I've decided that we must start fer Baxter Springs in the mornin' before daylight; that'll put us ahead uv the widder, even if she knows about the lead an' wants ter contract fer the claim."

The remainder of the conversation did not reach Martha, for the two men had passed beyond her hearing. But she had heard enough to convince her that they were plotting to rob her mother of her claim, and with a wildly beating heart she rose from her place of concealment and fled in the direction of home.

As soon as she reached it, she told her mother what she had overheard.

The poor woman was in despair.

"Thar's no remedy for us but to lose the claim, I reckon," she said, despairingly. "They'll be at the land office and have the claim contracted fer before I could git there to-morrow."

"But will the land agent sell them the land, mother, when they are not living on it?"

"Yes, child. The leaguers have made sich a war on the land agents that they are now selling to whoever comes, whether they're settlers or not."

"Then we have got to do something right away, or lose the claim."

"I'm afraid we can't do anything now till it would be too late."

"But, mother, they will not start to the land office till nearly daylight, tomorrow morning; there is yet a chance to beat them. I will go to Baxter Springs to-night."

"W'y child! what do you mean? It is twenty miles across a wild, unsettled country."

"But I know the way, mother, and can make the trip as well as not. Give me the money to pay on the claim, and the papers giving the location and I will start in a half-hour."

"My sakes! child, I'm feared for you to make the trip alone and——"

"Never mind, mother, I'm not afraid, and Dobby can carry me over the road as swift as a bird."

"Heaven bless you, my child," said her mother affectionately, putting her arms about Martha. "I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for you. You always seem to know what to do, and if you will go, may heaven protect you on your journey."

Pressing a kiss on her mother's cheek, Martha left the house for the sheds, and soon returned, leading Dobby, bridled, and with her mother's saddle girthed securely upon his back. Hitching the horse to a post, she entered the house to prepare for her journey.

"'Taint no use for you to start now, child," said her mother. "Better wait till nearly midnight—that'll put you ahead of ole Davis, and give you daylight to come back in."

"Perhaps you are right, mother, but I'll get ready now, and start whenever you think best."

When everything was in readiness for setting out, Martha and her mother sat down under the little kitchen shed and began to talk over their plans for the future.

"If we git the claim contracted for," said Mrs. Babbett, "I'm going to write to one of the mining companies over in Missoury, and mebby we can sell 'em the mine for a big price. They air always on the look out for new mines, and I reckon they'll send a man right up here if I let 'em know."

"But couldn't we work the mine ourselves?" asked Martha.

"Yes, we might do it, but it would take a good deal of money to git the work started, and that we hain't got. But we'll not sell unless we receive a good price, for we can work it if we have to."

It was nearly midnight when Martha mounted her horse to start on her journey.

"Here's the paper and the money, tied up in a handkerchief," said Mrs. Babbett, as she handed Martha a small parcel. "Jist tie it around your neck and you won't lose it."

Martha did as directed, and then bidding her mother goodnight, she rode away through the darkness in the direction of Baxter Springs.

A half hour's ride brought her to the old Military Road, then with a plain road before her and no chance of going astray, she urged her horse into a gallop.

A half hour later the moon rose out of the waste of prairie and cast a dull, red light across her path.

The strip of country through which she was passing was thinly settled, but now and then she would catch sight of some lone prairie cabin standing dark and silent in the high grass.

For an hour she continued to ride at an easy gallop, and then being satisfied that she was far in advance of Peter Davis and his companion, she reined in her horse and proceeded at a more leisurely gait.

It was nearly three o'clock when she reached the outskirts of Baxter. In the light of the rising moon she could see a row of white tents standing near the road.

She had barely time to note this, when with a little gasp of terror she saw the dark form of a man standing in her path with a gun.

"Halt!" The words came sharp and imperative from the figure in the road.

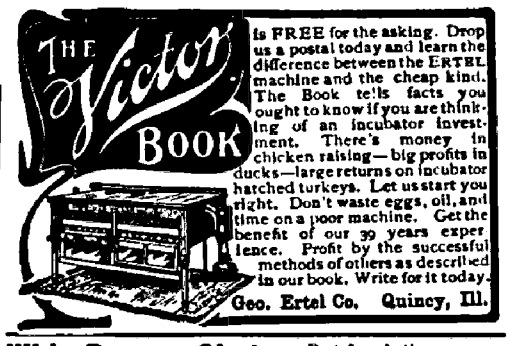
With an involuntary movement Martha reined in her horse and waited for the man to speak. The moonlight falling upon him, revealed the bright buttons and uniform of a soldier, and Martha rightly guessed that he was one of the company of troops that had lately been sent to that place.

"Who are you? and where are you going?" demanded the sentinel.

"I—I want to find the land office," she answered. "Can you tell me where I can find the agent?"

"You want to find the land office! and at this time of night?"

*A name given to a shallow vein of lead ore.



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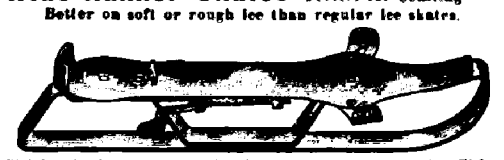
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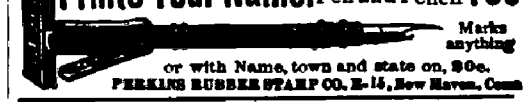
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There was a ring of suspicion in the man's tone, as he bent forward to scrutinize the girl's face.

"Surely you don't expect to find the office open at this time," he continued.

"I must see the agent on important business," Martha answered.

"This is unusual, and I shall have to detain you a few minutes at least," was the reply. "Corporal of the Guard!" he called in a loud voice, and in a few moments the form of a man in soldier's dress emerged from the darkness.

"Here is some one who has come from the country to see the land agent," explained the sentinel. "The time of her coming looked a little suspicious, so I held her."

"Very well," replied the corporal. "I will question her."

He walked to Martha's side as he spoke, and lifting his hat, said politely:

"Will you be kind enough to explain your errand here to-night, Miss? The threatened outbreak among the leaguers compels us to observe the strictest vigilance in these matters."

"I have come to see the land agent about my mother's claim," Martha answered. And she explained in a few brief words, the circumstances that had forced her to make the journey in the night.

When she had finished the officer turned to the guard and said:

"It's all right, Perkins. Let her pass."

Then signalling Martha to follow him, he led the way in the direction of the town.

Five minutes' travel brought them in front of a large two-story frame hotel where they halted.

"This is where the agent for the Joy lands is staying," said the officer, assisting Martha from her horse. Then hitching the animal to a rock near by, the two made their way to the hotel door. The house was closed and wrapped in darkness, save where a solitary light burned in the little office.

The officer's knock soon brought the clerk to the door, who quickly threw it open for the two to enter.

"Tell Major Cox, the land agent, that I wish to see him on important business," said the officer to the clerk as they entered.

"Yes sir," responded the clerk, as he disappeared to execute the order.

In a short time he returned, saying that the major would be down in a few moments.

Martha seated herself in a chair by a small table that stood in the office. In a few minutes the hall door opened, and Major Cox, the Land Agent, entered the room.

"Well, what is it, corporal? Are the leaguers becoming troublesome again?" he asked, glancing at the visitors.

"Here is a young lady who has ridden twenty miles to see you to-night," said the officer. "She and her mother have been having some trouble with the leaguers, it seems, and she wishes to speak with you about her mother's claim."

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the major, turning and bowing to Martha.

"Mother sent me here to contract with you for her claim," answered Martha. Then she told briefly, the story of their troubles with the leaguers, the death of her father, and last the scheme of Davis to get her mother's claim. "We knew he would be here early this morning to contract for the claim," she went on, "and there was nothing to do but for me to make the journey in the night or lose the claim."

"You are a brave girl, and did the right thing," said the major, approvingly. "You need have no fear. Your mother shall have the claim. Although the papers cannot be made out without your mother's presence, I will receive her payment on the claim which will secure it until she finds it convenient to come to town."

"Oh, thank you," said Martha, gratefully. "That will do. Here is a hundred dollars mother sent, and the paper giving the location of the claim." And she laid the contents of the handkerchief on the table.

After examining the paper and counting the roll of bills, the major said:

"I will make out a receipt for this money as paid on the claim indicated in the paper, which will be sufficient for the present, and as soon as it is convenient for your mother to do so, she can come to my office and the contract can be completed."

He took a book from his pocket and drew a receipt which he handed to Martha, adding: "If the leaguers give you any further trouble, just report the matter to me, and I'll see that you are afforded protection."

With expressions of gratitude Martha rose to take her leave.

"If you apprehend any danger in returning," said the officer, "I will see that you have a military escort to your home."

"No, no," said Martha, hastily. "I am not afraid." Then, thanking the officer for his kindness, she left the hotel.

Fifteen minutes later she had left the town and was riding rapidly in the direction of home, a sense of happiness at her heart at having been so successful with what she had undertaken; and there was something like a feeling of triumph in her breast as she thought how completely she had outwitted the unscrupulous Peter Davis.

The faint streaks of day began to appear in the eastern horizon as she emerged from the wooded hills north of the town and began her journey across the prairie.

A cool south wind blew through the long dewy grass; a lark sang from a neighboring patch of sumach, and the white-breasted bee-martin, rising from the top of a wild indigo weed, uttered a succession of sharp, discordant notes as he wheeled upward in pursuit of some insect, beating the air with his white and black wings.

The sun was throwing its first golden blaze across the prairie, when Martha rode through a narrow strip of timber that skirted the banks of Big Cow Creek.

Turning an angle in the road, she came suddenly face to face with Peter Davis and Jim Baker, who were riding in the direction of the town.

A frightened look swept over Martha's face as she pulled her horse to one side to allow them to pass.

An exclamation of anger and astonishment escaped Peter Davis as he recognized the girl.

"What in the name of Davy Jones air ye doin' hyar?" he demanded, reining in his horse.

"You have no right to inquire into my business," answered Martha.

"Haven't I. Wall, we'll see about that. What's that paper ye've got in yer hand?"

Martha, who had been carrying the land agent's receipt in her hand, now thrust it quickly into the bosom of her dress.

"The paper belongs to my mother," she answered.

"Yer mar, is it? Been contractin' with old Joy, has she?"

Martha remained silent.

"Gimme that paper!" demanded Peter Davis, spurring his horse up to the girl's side.

She drew back, a little cry escaping her lips.

"You—you have no right to it," she said. "It is not yours."

"I'll jist show ye whose it is." As he spoke he reached out to grasp Martha by the arm, but before he could do so she gave her horse a sharp cut with the end of the bridle rein. The animal sprang forward with a flash, and the next moment was galloping down the road with his rider, beyond the reach of the discomfited Davis.

Exclamations of rage and disappointment came from the man's lips, and wheeling his horse he started in pursuit. But he soon discovered that he could not overtake the girl on the horse he was riding, and he gave up the chase in disgust.

"It's no use ter go to the land office now," he said, as he rejoined his companion. "We've been beat by a girl, an' I reckon we orter go home an' try ter keep out uv the way uv the Fool-killer."

"That's about the size uv it," responded Jim Baker. "She's been an' contracted for the claim, an' we're outwitted."

"I'll have the leaguers after them," growled Peter Davis in a rage. "I'll teach 'em how to be contractin' with ole Joy after we've give 'em notice ter not do it."

"Mebby we'd better let the matter drop," suggested Jim Baker, after a short silence. "If it was to come out that we war goin' to contract for the widder's claim it might git us inter trouble—least ways it wouldn't do us any good."

"But thar hain't nobody goin' ter know it but us," said Peter Davis, "an' I reckon we hain't goin' to tell it."

"Mebby no one don't know it, an' mebby they do. If the widder hain't found out somethin' about it, how did she come ter go ter town in the night?"

"Thar may be somethin' in what ye say, an' I reckon the jig's up with us," answered Davis in a tone of disgust.

Meantime, Martha Babbett had kept her horse going at a swift gallop for a quarter of an hour. Then, glancing back and seeing that she was not pursued, she allowed her animal to proceed at a more leisurely gait.

It was nine o'clock when she reached home. She found her mother anxiously awaiting her return, and hastened to acquaint her with the success of her trip.

"They cannot get the claim away from us now, mother," said Martha, handing her mother the land agent's receipt. "He said he'd see that we got the land, and as soon as you can come to his office he'll draw up the contract."

"We owe all our good fortune to you, my child," said her mother, tenderly, putting her arms about Martha's neck. "Heaven only knows what I would have done without you. You have been my only stay since yer poor father died."

"Why, mother, I just had to do what I have done," she answered, kissing her parent and smiling through her tears.

Although Mrs. Babbett expected to have trouble with the leaguers, now that the claim had been contracted for, her fears proved groundless.

The leaguers soon discovered the folly of their lawless course and rapidly disbanded, leaving the settlers free to contract for their claims as they pleased.

During the fall the troops were withdrawn from the Neutral Lands, and peace between the Joy and anti-Joy factions were fully restored. Thus ended one of the most remarkable local warfares known in the history of the state.

Meanwhile the title of Joy to the Neutral Lands had been discussed at great length in Congress. In answer to the demands made by the settlers, the Hon. William Lawrence, of Ohio, the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Indiana, and the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, all members of Congress, formulated their opinion that the Cherokees had abandoned the lands and could not cede them to the United States, therefore they could not authorize a sale. It was also held that the lands having reverted to the United States, could not be sold without an act of Congress authorizing the sale. This opinion was entertained by many members of Congress, and much time was occupied by that body in attempting to legislate on the subject in order to carry it into practical effect. But the question of title had to be settled in the courts, the United States District Court for the District of Kansas deciding in favor of the Joy purchase.

As soon as the question had been settled, immigration poured into the Neutral Lands, and every vacant claim was speedily taken up.

The news of the discovery of lead on the Babbett claim spread through the surrounding country, causing considerable excitement among the settlers, and many prospect holes were sunk in that vicinity, but without success.

Not having sufficient capital to operate the mine on her claim, Mrs. Babbett sold it to a mining company of Granby, Missouri, for a sum of money sufficient to enable the little family to live in comfort, and to make substantial improvements on the claim.

Although no other valuable mines were found in that immediate vicinity, this discovery led to further prospecting in the country and finally resulted in the discovery of the great Short Creek lead district, which embraces some of the most valuable lead and zinc mines in the United States.

Martha Babbett became the wife of a prosperous farmer, and now lives in Southeastern Kansas, surrounded by all the comforts of a modern home; but she will never forget the dark days when she and her widowed mother were left to battle with the hardships and privations of life on a Joy claim.

(THE END.)

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The International Olympic games for 1906 will take place in Athens, Greece, from the 16th until the 26th of April. These games will take place in the Panathenian Stadium, which will hold 60,000 spectators. The American committee for these games has for its honorary president His Excellency, President Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, is the secretary of the committee, and Caspar Whitney is chairman.



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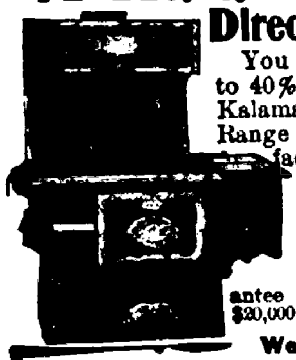

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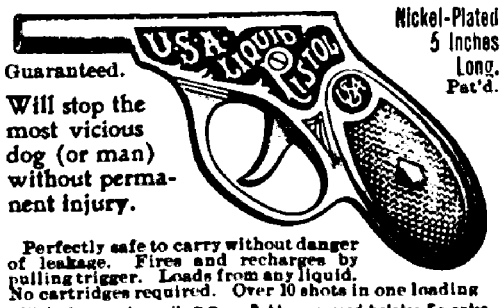

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DENNY, A MULE DRIVER

A STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINES

By LAFAYETTE I. PARKS







CHAPTER I.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

IN THE mountains of Pennsylvania lie many little mining villages. The one to which our story relates does not make a pretty picture, but it furnishes homes and a means of sustenance for the poor creatures who pass their monotonous lives there; and, perhaps, as many tender memories cling around its rude huts as there do about any other homes in all the wide world.

In one of the huts of this village Denny Roberts stands, gazing out through the darkness at a rapidly gathering storm toward the coal company's buildings, with a big lump in his throat.

Denny is not a coward, but there are times in many a boy's life when he feels that his lot is far from being a pleasant one, and that his trials are greater than a boy ought to be expected to bear. And if Denny Roberts is nearer to crying on this gloomy November day than ever before in his life, there is small blame to him, for Denny, let it be known, has burdens to bear that would discourage grown men.

Denny's father has been dead three years now, and ever since that awful day in August when Barney Logan, his face showing white even through the deep coating of coal dust, came hurriedly up to the door to tell Mrs. Roberts of the explosion in the mines that made her a widow, Denny, as the oldest member of the family left suddenly without means of support, has struggled along assisting his mother as best he could to keep the little family from starvation.

These burdens have made him old beyond his years, and today, as he thinks over the slim prospects for the coming winter, his heart is very sad, and he wonders in a vague sort of way what will become of them all if he fails to earn the pitiably small sum weekly, that is so necessary to keep the breath of life in their frail bodies. Not that he cares for himself, but there is Elsie, his merry little sister of six, and poor, little, crippled Ben, with his crooked limbs, pale face and unfailing courage—a prime favorite in the family. Denny could go hungry every day of his life for their sakes if necessary; in fact he has done so many times in order that they might have enough.

And now, as he chokes back the sobs in his throat and closes his lips tight in the determination not to give in, he turns and glances furtively at the pale, worried face of his mother. If the present crisis in their affairs has affected brave Denny, it has also added a heavy weight to the mother's heart. As he notes the drawn look about her eyes, his soul rises angry within him; he feels very bitter for the moment against a world that could be so heartless as to cause such a dear mother so much worry and suffering.

As this feeling of indignation grows within him, Denny regains his courage. He goes over to little Ben, who is lying on his shabby cot in a dark corner. Gently he soothes the little sufferer by kind words and funny antics, until at length poor Ben forgets his pain and bursts out laughing. At this unusual sound Mrs. Roberts turns toward them. Then the cloud that has hung over her brow all day lifts and she smiles softly to herself, thankful that her children can forget for a time their misery.

Denny, however, had been busying his mind all day over a project for helping the family, and now he speaks aloud his thoughts:

"I am going over to the works today, mother."

Mrs. Roberts looks up quickly, a shade of doubt coming to her face.

"It don't seem to do much good for you to go over there, Denny. They always say you're too small to be any good to them. I don't see what you can do."

"Well, I just won't let 'em put me off any longer. I'll see Mr. Harper—he's the head superintendent now. I'm just going to tell him that he's got to give me something to do." This very determinedly, while his mother shakes her head uncertainly.

"I don't know as it'll do any hurt to try, but then it don't seem much use."

"I know," continued Denny, "as long as Big Bill Grogan was boss over there I couldn't get in—he never liked any of us, though I don't know why. I never did anything against him that I can remember."

"But he's workin' in the mines yet, ain't he?" queried Mrs. Roberts anxiously.

"Yes, but he ain't the head one any more," answered Denny, triumphantly.

"Well, you know best, Denny, but I'm afraid you might get into trouble with that man if you should get to work in the mines."

"Never mind about me, mother," said Denny cheerily, getting up and kissing her fondly, "if I'm lucky enough to get in I'll tend strictly to business an' I guess nobody'll hurt me."

As he finished he picked up his hat and started toward the door manfully, calling back a breezy good-bye to Elsie and Ben and waving his hand to his mother who looked after him proudly as he vanished up the road toward the bridge.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH DENNY MEETS A FOE.

As Denny walked briskly along the rough road leading to the "works," he could not help thinking of the words of warning his mother had spoken concerning Big Bill Grogan. The man was an ill-tempered bully who never lost an opportunity of picking a quarrel, no matter with whom. Denny remembered now of having heard that when his father was alive Grogan and he had been enemies, and although he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind it would not leave him. He felt that Grogan would not be able to harm him in any way, but the uneasy feeling still lingered with him despite his efforts to shake it off.

He made his way to the superintendent's office and, upon his arrival, saw that something out of the ordinary had occurred, for the clerks were all talking very earnestly together. They did not notice Denny's approach and he might have waited a long time before getting any attention, but at this moment an inner door opened and Denny, turning in that direction, saw Superintendent Harper come out, and Bill Grogan with him. They were talking loudly and Denny could not help hearing the conversation.

"I tell you, Grogan," began Superintendent Harper, "this thing has got to be stopped. That's the second time this week someone has been hurt by that mule. We can't afford to have our hands crippled up like this. He'll be killing some one first thing you know."

"You can't expect me to watch everybody in the mine to see that they don't get hurt," answered Grogan sullenly.

"No, I don't," said the superintendent, "but it's your business to warn the drivers to watch out for Tim. He's a vicious beast always, and if he isn't handled with care there'll be a dead driver hauled out of the mine pretty soon. I'll hold you responsible for it, if there is."

"You can't get any one that knows Tim to drive him. If I'd tell 'em about his meanness that'd settle it, they wouldn't go near him."

"Well, I don't want to hear any more reports of this kind," said the superintendent as he turned on his heel sharply, while Grogan left the office with a lowering face and went back to the mine-shaft.

When the superintendent came into the office all the clerks had resumed their work, and Denny stepped forward. Now that he was in the presence of the man who could do so much for him, the lad felt his courage oozing away.

"Please, sir, I'd like to——" and then as the superintendent turned gruffly toward him, his voice stopped.

"Well, boy, speak out; what is it?"

Thus admonished, Denny quickly recovered his voice and stated his errand. As the boy told his sad story the man who inspired awe in others besides little boys like Denny, listened kindly.

"I don't know about it," he began, undecidedly. "I'm afraid you are not big enough to drive one of the mules; if you were, I might find a place for you."

"I may not look very big," replied Denny eagerly, "but I'm strong and can work as hard as any of the other boys. If you'll only give me a chance, Mr. Harper, I'll prove it to you."

"All right," said the superintendent, turning toward his private office, "you be on hand tomorrow morning, bright and early, at the mine-shaft and we'll give you something to do."

"Thank you, sir," said Denny; then, his face flushing with pleasure, he left the superintendent's office.

Mrs. Roberts, Elsie and little Ben were as much delighted over Denny's prospects of securing a situation in the "works" as was the boy himself, and the gloom that had hung about the little household was now lifted. Although the larder was dangerously near empty, they knew that with Denny employed regularly in the mines they would not starve.

Bright and early the next morning Denny arose and, kissing his mother and bidding her a cheery farewell, he started briskly off toward the "works." Upon his approach to the building that covered the mine-shaft he espied a crowd of men and boys waiting outside until the big doors should open. They had not long to wait, so that several of the boys who worked as mule drivers in the mine had scarcely finished their inspection of the "new boy" when the doors swung back and all pushed hurriedly into the building.

Once within the big, barn-like structure Denny, at a loss where to go, stood bewildered. He wanted to ask someone, but all hurried by paying little heed to him. When the room was nearly emptied, a man standing near the entrance of the mine-shaft called out angrily:

"Hurry up there, you boy, or you'll miss the cage!"

At this Denny hastened over, and in a few moments more found himself crowded closely with a number of mine-workers in the cage of the mine-shaft, on his first journey down into the midnight depths of the great coal mines. As the cage dropped slowly and steadily, the boy glanced around in the dim light cast by the flickering lamps on the miners' caps and scanned the faces of those nearest him. Most of them were neighbors and a few nodded familiarly, and this made him feel better, as the hurrying and strangeness of the scene had rather frightened him.

Finally the bottom of the shaft was reached and the men poured out of the close, hot cage like bees out of a hive, and started off in different directions into the dismal, underground passages that led off in several directions. As the men filed off Denny glanced about to see who was "bossing" the work underground and, to his dismay, saw coming out of the cage Big Bill Grogan, the man who had always cherished, for reasons unknown to the boy, a hatred against him.

As Grogan saw the lad shrinking against the side of the cage he recognized the son of his old enemy. Scowling, he laid his hand heavily on the lad's shoulder.

CHAPTER III.

DENNY IS INTRODUCED TO HIS CHARGE.

When Denny felt the weight of Big Bill Grogan's hand and looked up into the wicked face bent over him, his first impulse was to cry out for help. Grogan evidently divined the boy's intention and spoke up gruffly:

"Close up, now! Not a word out of ye, or ye'll be sorry!" Thus admonished the lad stifled his first impulse to cry out, but indignant at such treatment, he looked steadily into Grogan's face.

Grogan noticed the boy's attitude and decided that it would not do to handle him roughly, at least when there were so many men near at hand who would rush to the boy's assistance should he call for help. But even as he quelled his desire to harm the lad, another plan to get even with the son of his old enemy formed in his evil mind.

"Well, what brings you here, anyway?" asked Grogan, taking his hand reluctantly from Denny's shoulder.

"Superintendent Harper told me I could have a place and that I was to come here this morning," answered the boy.

"He did, hey," said Grogan, his respect for the boy increasing at the mention of the superintendent's name. "Well, I don't know what he thought a baby like you could do in a mine-shaft along o' men." Then he chuckled as he saw Denny color up at the allusion to his small stature.

"I'm as able to work here as any of the other boys," replied Denny stoutly.

"We'll see about that, we'll see," and he chuckled again as if he had thought of something very pleasant. His apparent good nature did not last long, however, and turning to Denny with an oath he said: "You can't loaf 'round this place, you got to work here ef ye stay."

"I'm ready to begin just as soon as I know what you want me to do," answered Denny quietly.

"You follow me an' I'll give you all ye want to do," and the boss started down one of the long, dark passageways, stretching off into the very bowels of the earth, while Denny scrambled along as best he might, keeping the great hulking figure of Grogan in view for fear he might lose him and then go astray in some of the tunnels that forked off from the main passage.

At length Grogan brought up abruptly where the passage widened out into a large, open space, and the sight that Denny saw here was a novel one indeed, one that did not fail to impress him. This open space had been hollowed out of the glistening anthracite coal and converted into a stable where the mules employed in the mines were confined when not at work.

Boys and men were hurrying hither and thither among the rows of mules, feeding, cleaning and harnessing them preparatory to the long day's work about to begin. In the gloom of the underground stable weird pictures were thrown against the rocky walls by the flaring lamps carried by the mine-workers. Denny was not given much of an opportunity to study the scene, however, for Grogan, leading him quickly down the narrow aisle between the stamping, kicking mules and halting at a stall where a large, dun-colored mule was busily feeding, said, pointing to the animal:

"Here's yer mule, young un, an' see that ye git him out to the cars on time with the rest o' 'em."

At these instructions from the boss Denny started briskly forward to enter the stall, but as he did so the mule laid back his long ears with a shrill squeal, and let drive viciously with his hind feet. Grogan had evidently been waiting for something of this sort, for, as the boy darted hastily aside, barely escaping the sharp heels of the animal, he chuckled in a pleased manner, remarking as he started away:

"He's a vicious beast, he is, an' youse got to watch 'im close," and with this parting injunction Grogan disappeared, leaving the lad to conquer the unruly mule as best he might.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Denny was not the kind of a boy to be easily frightened, however, and, besides, he was thinking just at this time of his hard-working mother in the little cabin across the river, and of the little mouths that must, in some way, be filled with bread.

He felt thankful that Grogan had given him a hint concerning the mule's disposition, although the words had been spoken, not as a kindly warning, but, as Denny felt, with secret satisfaction that the boy would be in constant danger of the mule's sharp hoofs and would perhaps give up his position in the mine. These thoughts passed through Denny's mind in a sort of confused way, but as he could not understand just why Grogan should hold a grudge against him and wish him out of the way, he concluded that after all it might be mostly his imaginings; so he resolved not to bother himself about the matter, but let things take their own course.

Denny knew enough about the temper of the mules worked in the mines to realize that he would be obliged to use the utmost caution when around the animal Grogan had placed in his charge; he felt that as long as he did this he would be in no great danger of injury. He had often noticed the different drivers unmercifully belaboring the poor brutes, and the pitiful cries of the suffering animals never failed to fill his heart with hot indignation against the men and boys guilty of the cruelty.

As Denny went about quietly harnessing his mule, angry cries and shouts from the drivers, mingled with the loud squealing of the mules that were being pounded into submission, fell on his ears. A large boy by the name of Sam, whom Denny slightly knew, came by at this time and, noticing the quiet that pervaded in Denny's stall, raised his lamp and peered into the boy's face; upon recognizing him he laughed boisterously. At this demonstration upon the part of Sam, several other drivers who were hurrying by stopped to inquire the cause of his merriment.

"Aw, why shouldn't I laugh?" said Sam in answer to their questions, at the same time pointing to Denny. "Wy, to be sure, 'e is a reglar crack at drivin' so they all say, an' I never thought of it," and he laughed again, while the others crowded up closer and peered at Denny with growing curiosity.

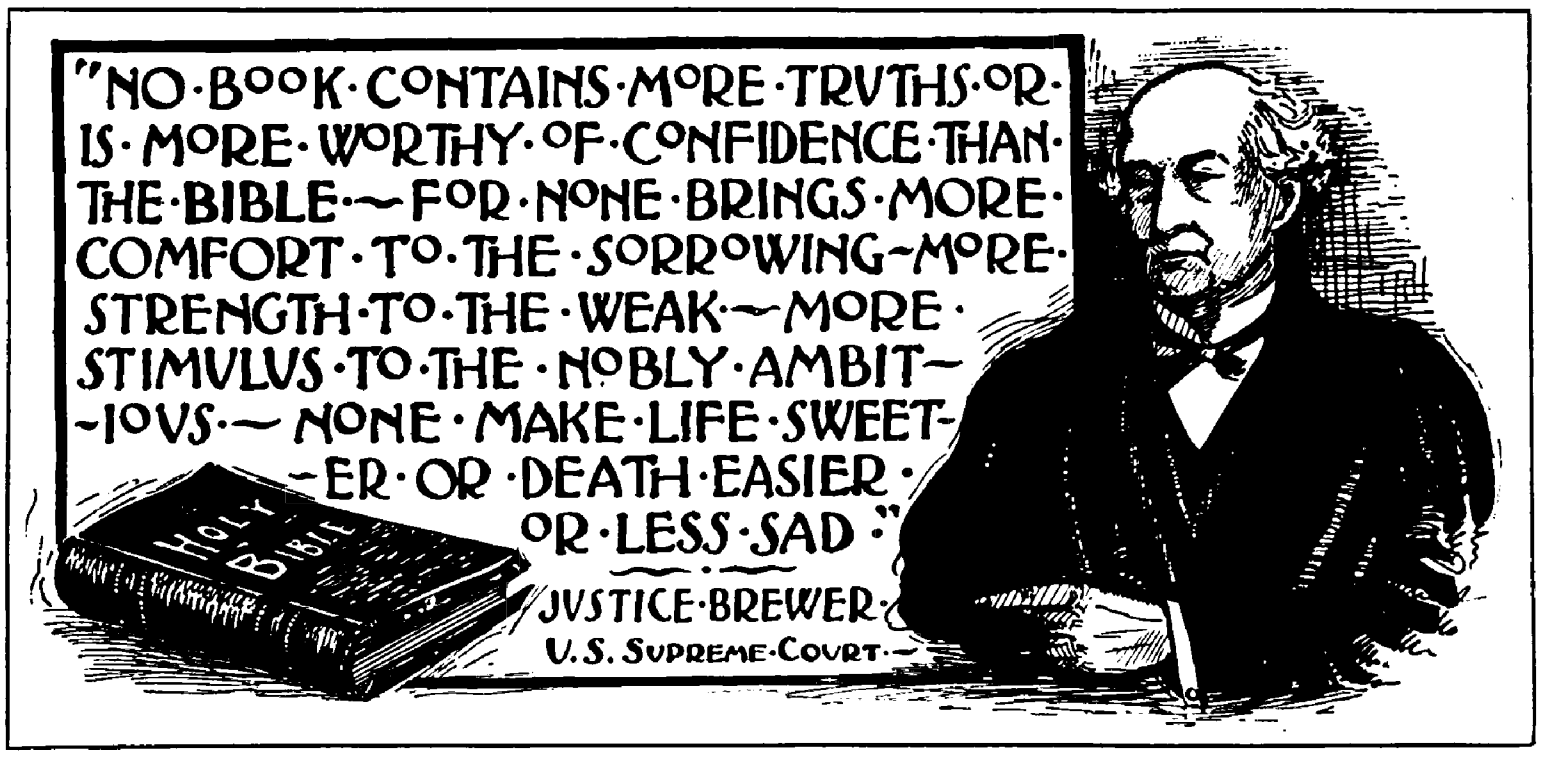
"What's the matter?" asked one out of patience with Sam's hilarity, "I can't see nothin' to laugh at."

Sam turned upon his questioner witheringly. "No, of course ye can't, stupid. I don't spose ye ever heerd tell o' Tim, the champeen mule kicker and all round fighter o' the Injun Ridge mines? Well, ef ye ain't, here he is an' I'll interjuce 'im to ye," and he waved his hand airily toward the mule in Denny's stall. "An' here," he continued, glancing contemptuously toward Denny, "is the champeen mule driver what's goin' to break 'im of his wicious habits."

At this heartless sally which Sam intended for wit, the other drivers gathered admiringly about him and laughed with keen enjoyment, while poor Denny felt the hot color flaming into his cheeks and his hands twitching with anger at the thought of what he was forced to suffer at the hands of the unfeeling Sam. But Denny resolved, and very wisely, too, to restrain his wrath, as he knew quite well that if he showed signs of displeasure the drivers clustered about him would only be the more pleased and would renew their efforts to tantalize him.



CRICKET ON THE ICE



Sam, however, had no intention of quitting, and was on the point of pursuing his annoying attentions further when the loud voice of Grogan was heard. The mine boss was a hard taskmaster and when his keen eye caught sight of the group of idle drivers his wrath instantly arose. Cracking a long donkey whip viciously he came toward the group in a towering rage and the men and boys scattered in all directions, leaving Denny alone for the time being.

The boy felt that his trials were just beginning, however, and that he would be compelled to suffer many such unpleasant things at the hands of the rough element employed in the mines. And now, too, he knew that Grogan was sure to take every advantage of him, for he had purposely placed him in charge of Tim, the vicious animal that Superintendent Harper had spoken of in the office the day before.

At the clang of a large gong the drivers led out their mules and filed down the main passage. Denny followed, thinking all the time he would give a good deal to be up on the surface, far away from the gloomy underground passages, the noxious odors and the clamor of the shouting, cursing drivers, who seemed to Denny more like demons of the infernal regions than human beings, as with faces covered with coal dust they darted about in the fitful glare of the lamps, shrieking and howling at the tops of their voices.

At length they emerged into a wider passage where the cars stood on the mine tracks. Denny was taken in hand by Grogan and given a car, and before many minutes had passed he was so hard at work with the others that he had not time to think about his surroundings, or the annoyances and dangers which might be in store for him.

It seemed to the toiling lad as though it must be nightfall before the signal was given for the drivers to stop for dinner. He had worked as hard as he possibly could every moment and was very glad for the brief rest he obtained while devouring hungrily the lunch his mother had provided for him.

The long, weary afternoon dragged out its slow length at last and, after caring for his mule, the tired lad rode to the surface in the cage.

When he arrived at home, black with dust, but cheerful and talkative notwithstanding his weariness, his mother, sister and brother overwhelmed him with questions concerning his first day's experience in the "works." It is needless to say that the evening passed by quickly, and Denny had not half finished his description of the eventful day when his mother warned him that it was time for bed if he wanted to be up in time for work in the morning.

(To be continued.)

BY RIGHT OF BIRTH

BY AN UNWRITTEN law of war every company of soldiers is entitled to a pet. In the States this object of military affection is generally a dog; he may be black or brown or white, he may be large or small, he may be a dog of pedigree or a cur of curs. But independent of size, shape or shade, if he learns to love a private soldier and to growl at an officer, he is then a true soldier dog; the men of his company give him the freedom of bunks and barracks; at pay-day they take up a collection and buy him a silver collar. And woe to Company F if they maltreat Company B's dog.

In the Philippines, Company B picked up a dog on its first campaign. So did Company F; likewise Company C. They were native dogs, lean and hungry; and finding that with Americans meals are a regular habit, they were glad to attach themselves to the Americans.

But Companies F and B soon discharged their dogs, which proved to be infested with fleas; and before long Company C found it convenient to trade its dog for a pet monkey. Companies F and B were for a time forlorn, without anything on which to lavish their playfulness and affection, and Company C seemed unduly happy in its new and amusing acquisition. Finally Company F recognized Ding, a chunky Chinese boy, as personal property, and Company B adopted Tommy.

"I comes over from 'Frisco wid a Spaniard about a year ago," said Tommy, by way of explanation. "But I finds I likes yous best, because yous is Americans. And so I brings me blanket over here, and I eats wid yous fellows and I hikes wid yous fellows 'cause I's an American. Sabe?"

He was an undersized boy about fifteen years old, whose early advantages had been few. From childhood he had been forced to provide for himself. Of education he had nothing. But he was honest, he was truthful, he was brave. When a man in Company B was sick—a daily occurrence—Tommy waited on him, hand and foot. He filled his canteen, he cooked his coffee and bacon, he ran to the doctor with a plea for quinine.

"De comp'ny's good t' me, and I don't go back on de comp'ny," he said, in his tough little way. "An American boy is always square wid his frien's. An' I'se an American."

Between Tommy and Ding, Company F's Chinaman, there was great rivalry. It began one afternoon when the two boys were foraging in a native barrio. Had there been two chickens in the little village there would have been no trouble; but when a bruised and battered Ding, with a mutilated and unfeathered chicken, returned to Company F at about the same time that a torn and scratched Tommy, without a chicken, returned to Company B, it was easy to imagine what had happened.

"He's bigger'n me," said Tommy. "But he's a Chino, an' I's an American. So I's de bes' man, and some day yous is goin' to know it. So is de fellows in Comp'ny F."

But Company F jeered at Company B, and made sneering remarks about the baby Company B was raising.

The regiment was at Angeles at the time of the chicken episode. Aguinaldo's men were on all sides of the town, and shots were exchanged daily. But there were no indications of an advance, and when topics of conversation became scarce, members of Company F strutted down to Company B's shacks and announced that Ding could whip Tommy with one hand.

Company B only scowled and looked black when these things were said, but Tommy took them more to heart. "Maybe he can lick me," said he, "but he'll know when he does it."

Once, after a payday, two soldiers of the regiment ran a foot race. That evening a Company F man shouted at Company B: "Our Ding can whip your Tommy! And he can beat him running! D'ye hear? Sabe?"

This was too much. Company B liked Tommy; by the unwritten law he was theirs, and they stood pledged to make a man of him. They could stand taunts about Ding whipping him because Ding was the larger boy; but they objected to having their favorite taking second place in everything.

"See here," said the Company B man who walked up to the rival company to accept the challenge, "if you fellows think your Chino can beat our Tommy in a foot race, why, put up your money for a purse for the winner, that's all. Company B will chip in an equal amount for the purse."

The date was fixed. Tommy went into training. At dawn of the race day the Filipinos on the north and west of Angeles opened a brisk fire. A general attack on the town was expected, and all the troops were ordered out to the trenches. Company B and Company F lay side by side on the eastern limits of the town. A thousand yards in front of them lay a small village that, at times, had been occupied by the Filipinos.

Suddenly cries came faintly from the village far in front of them. A moment later two small figures emerged from the shacks. At their heels was a third figure, much larger and clothed in the red trousers that distinguished Aguinaldo's chosen regiment. Down the road pattered two little fellows; close behind them the Filipino soldier followed in pursuit.

Company B's captain stood looking through his field-glasses.

"Tommy and Ding!" he muttered. "The young rascals have been foraging again!"

"Tommy and Ding!" yelled Companies B. and F. "Tommy and Ding!"

Pursued and pursuer were now in plain sight. It was impossible to fire at the Filipino for fear of hitting the boys. The little fellows were coming down the road neck and neck, holding their lead, and, barring accident, in no immediate danger.

"The race!" shouted a man in Company B.

"The race!" answered Company F. "The first boy over the trenches gets the money!"

Evidently the red-legged Filipino was ignorant of the position of the American trenches. He brandished a huge bolo in one hand, and seemed determined to catch the little foragers.

"Run, Ding! Run, Ding!" howled Company F.

"Run, Tommy, run!" yelled Company B. "It's the race. It's the race!"

"Faster, Tommy, faster! Get ahead of him!"

"Come along, Ding! Come and get your money!"

The rivals and their pursuer had approached to within a hundred yards of the American position before the Filipino soldier realized that he was running into his enemy's hands. He stopped, fumbled at his belt, and drawing a revolver, took quick aim at the little fellows ahead of him.

The bullets whistled harmlessly over them or fell short, but they added terror to Ding's speed. He gave one frightened howl and shot ahead of Tommy. Like an arrow he came toward his goal.

Company F yelled in triumph: "Ding wins! Ding wins!"

Down in the road an undersized boy stopped in his tracks. His rival was yards ahead of him. He waved his hand at the men in the trenches. The Filipino had stopped shooting.

"Give Ding de money!" Tommy shouted in his shrill voice. "Give Ding de money! I's an American! We don't run dat way!"

Quickly he faced about, drew from his pocket an old pistol, and sent a bullet at his pursuer. Then he dashed toward him.

"Surrender!" he screamed. "Surrender!"

In a minute the race was over. As the terror-stricken Ding dashed over the trenches, a red-legged Filipino, three hundred yards down the road, with only empty cartridges in his revolver, dropped on his knees and begged mercy from a small captor who, with empty pistol, stood threateningly confronting him.

A cheer went up from the trenches. It was not for Ding, the winner. Company F, to its credit, cheered as loudly as Company B, and all the cheers were for an undersized American boy who had captured a soldier of Aguinaldo's guard.

Some of the men wanted to go out to Tommy's assistance.

"Let him alone," said an officer. "If the boy captured him, let him bring him in. The prisoner is his."

And bring him in he did. Five minutes later a terrified Filipino walked into the American lines. He was followed by a small American boy with a grin on his face and an empty pistol in one outstretched hand.

"I turn de prisoner over t' you, sir," he said to Company B's captain.

To the north and west the firing had ceased. The Filipino attack had failed. Orders came to withdraw the troops and leave only the usual outposts in the trenches.

Company F held a whispered consultation. "Send Tommy over here!" they called to Company B. "We want to give him something."

"Give it to Ding!" called back Company B.

"No," answered Company F. "Ding's gone. We've had enough of him. We sent him to join the scratchy dog. Let Tommy come over for a minute."

And the American boy went. He returned rich in money as well as glory, for Company F had given him the purse which had been offered to the winner of the race.—Lt. Wassell, U. S. A., in Trinity.

To Purify College Athletics

President E. Benjamin Andrews, of the State University of Nebraska, proposes the following as tending to prevent irregularities in amateur sport in American colleges:

1. Let no man represent any college in any match until he has been in that college a year, failing in no study and gaining at least 60 per cent general average standing.

2. Promptly disqualify, whether during training season or midseason, any candidate or contestant who for a month falls below the general average named, or is guilty of any immorality, breach of training, or impropriety in play.

3. Require of every team member his written statement upon honor, detailing his revenue and means of support; money from home, wages, and for what, gifts, and from whom, etc., with the understanding that aught of misrepresentation in the amount will be discovered, and permanently blacklist the man throughout the association and the country.



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A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—*By E. S. TYLEE*



BEGUN IN MARCH, 1905

CHAPTER XV.

A MYSTERY.

WHEN THE BOYS came in to tea, on the day after the debate, they found the following notice posted on the board in the lobby:

Silas Q. Pickens' Scholarship Examination.

The Physics Scholarship is awarded to

J. M. Mainwaring, 95 marks.
T. F. Pongher, 77 marks.
E. W. Rashleigh, 54 marks.
Maximum 100.

The Chemistry Scholarship is awarded to

R. M. Briant, 91 marks.
H. L. Ascott, 84 marks.
W. B. Postlethwaite, 75 marks.
V. F. Roberts, 62 marks.

S. A. HARDRESS,
Headmaster.

There was already a congratulating crowd around Mainwaring and a somewhat smaller group encircling Briant. Both of the successful candidates took their triumph with calmness. In the case of Mainwaring the expected had happened, and although greater uncertainty had attached to the chemistry competition, the victory of Briant had been generally anticipated after his brilliant work on the first morning.

Carclough told us at tea that he had been pumping Henderson on the subject, and that the latter had mentioned that René had obtained full marks on that first paper of his, had fallen a little behind on the work of the afternoon, but had again distanced his rivals in the practical experiments of the second day. That the don at Manchester had pronounced Briant "a most promising young chemist," and that his report was to be forwarded to Mr. Pickens as a proof that his benefactions were being so well bestowed.

There was so much noise at the bottom of the second table that Mr. Villiers Brown thrice bounded from his own seat in his dear old impetuous way to quell it. Rage seems to swell him so that I am confident he will one day go pop. Then there will be mourning in the pleasant town of Sheffield and we shall have a little peace. The centre of the disturbance seemed to be Puffy Adams, who was holding forth to a select circle of admirers on the iniquitous character of the recent award and his own conviction that the second scholarship ought to have been given to Ascott, for whom Puffy had apparently conceived a profound admiration.

"Who's Henderson?" he asked scornfully, of a small boy who had mentioned the master's name as an authority. "What's he know about it? Why his father's a grocer at Birmingham, I tell you. I've seen the shop. Anybody can go there and buy a pound of tea. Of course the scholarship was given to Briant because he sucks up to Pickens. Jolly mean I call it, but some chaps will do anything s'long as they score. And now poor old Ascott will have to leave: the best three-quarter back in the school, bar none!"

"You were pretty thick with Pickens yourself a while ago!" remarked a neighboring friend.

"What's that you say? Well, naturally I looked him up, being a new fellow, and was kind to him, till I found out what sort of a fellow he was. Then, I dropped him like a shot!" Puffy's massive features assumed an expression of virtuous indignation. You don't catch me running after Pickens just because his pater's got a pile of tin. But those froggies don't mind how much dirt they eat. Pass the seed cake, please!"

"You're wanted in the study, Mordaunt," said Carclough to me as we left the dining hall. "Henderson is there, and my belief is there's going to be a row."

But when we reached the Chamber of Horrors, the doctor was sitting quite calmly in his great arm-chair flanked by the terrestrial and celestial globes, which are kept to awe the ignorant parent, and there was no trembling and expectant culprit present, unless it were Mr. Henderson, who indeed was wearing a somewhat downcast air.

"I sent for you, Carclough and Mordaunt, as the two senior boys," said the Head, addressing us. "Mr. Henderson has just made a communication to me which has troubled me exceedingly. But before I mention the matter to you, I must require your promise to treat it for the present as a confidential one. Have I your words for that?"

Carclough and I assented, wondering what could possibly be coming.

"It is in connection with the scholarship examination just concluded," said the doctor. "You are aware that Mr. Lane, of Owens' College, who conducted that examination, occupied, for two nights, the rooms of Mr. Henderson here, who was kind enough to offer to vacate them in favor of our guest, there being no other apartments so suitable. It was on the second evening of his visit that Mr. Lane came down to dinner, leaving on the table a handsome and valuable ruby ring which he habitually wore."

In fact we had all noticed and admired it.

"When Mr. Lane returned to his room some three hours later," continued the Head after an impressive pause, "he found the ring missing. The room showed no signs of disturbance and his papers were just as he had left them. The bedroom communicates with the sitting room, and it was necessary for the chambermaid, whose duty it was to put it in order, to pass through the latter, both going and coming. The maid declares that the ring was on the table when she left the rooms. The boys would be going to bed about an hour or so later. After that, and until the masters retired, no one would be on the dormitory story except the janitor. I imagine we may put him out of the question."

Here Henderson broke in, "Old Brown is as honest as the day, I am sure!"

"Just so!" answered the doctor. "But that very fact only makes the affair more bewildering. I may tell you that Mr. Lane has left the matter completely in my hands, and is only anxious that it should cause as little trouble and annoyance as possible. He particularly requested that the police should not be called in. Of course that step can only be delayed, unless the mystery is cleared up by other means."

"I suppose the servants have already been questioned, sir?" said Carclough.

"Discreetly, yes!" the doctor replied. "That is to say, there has been no systematic inquisition, but we have ascertained, through the matron, that none of them were near Mr. Lane's rooms after nine o'clock, when we know, with tolerable certainty, that the ring was still safe and sound."

"The maid closed the door, of course?" queried Carclough.

"Certainly," said the Head. "The window was open at the bottom, by the bye, as it was such a warm evening. But I think you will agree with me that, considering the narrowness of the ledge, and its height from the ground, it is out of the question that any marauder can have entered by that way."

"Then there is absolutely no clue?" said Carclough.

"None of any importance, I fear," said Henderson, answering the question, which was addressed to the doctor. "But here is a small shirt button which I picked up on the floor of the room. It is of a very ordinary sort, however."

He handed the small article to Doctor Hardress who inspected it gravely. It was imperfect, having been broken off close by the shank. The doctor then passed it to me. I studied it with a becoming seriousness, and gave it to Carclough, who put it into his pocket.

"Well, it seems that we must leave the matter for the present," said the doctor. "I may have something more to say to you in a day or two. I need hardly repeat what I said before of the necessity for preserving a discreet silence. I believe I can trust you both implicitly. Good evening!"

We left the study with the masters still in close conference. Carclough took my arm as we went out and guided me to his own den, where he planted me in one arm-chair and placed himself opposite me in the other, all in solemn silence. Then,

"I am in a dilemma, Mordaunt," he said.

"I'll call the matron if you like," I answered. "She will give you some of her celebrated soothing syrup!"

"No—don't humbug! I tell you, this is a serious matter. It is a jolly lucky thing that I have read Wilkie Collins and Sherlock Holmes, and all those beggars, and know how to go to work with the patient cunning of an expert. Listen to me! You saw how I bagged that button which Henderson found?"

"Yes," I said. "In fact I was surprised that he let you keep it."

"It is the way with these amateurs. They take a hasty glance at a thing and make up their minds about it at once. So it is with Henderson: a button with a beveled rim a mere shirt button is to him, and it is nothing more. But I have got eyes in my head and know how to use them."

"Well!"

"Well, the moment I saw this little article I examined the back for some distinguishing mark or stamp of the manufacturers. Of course there was no maker's name, there never is, but if you look at the brass back you will notice the initials J. D. and something that looks like Fr or Fl. Do you see?"

I did not see at first, and said so, but on closer inspection made out the letters of which the captain spoke. I complimented him on his sagacity.

"Oh, that is nothing," he replied with the modesty of true genius. "I sometimes think I ought to chuck Sandhurst and make the detection of crime my profession. Now do you see what you and I must do next?"

"Certainly," I said. "Find out what chap has got a button off his shirt, and nail him!"

I really thought I had scored, but Carclough looked mournful, and spoke quite reproachfully.

"Now, now, Mordaunt!" he said, "I thought you had a better edge on you than that. Of course that is what that duffer Henderson is doing. I'll bet you anything you please that he is interviewing Mrs. Mole at this very moment. Much good may it do him! I have a far superior plan, but never mind! An old hound like myself never gives tongue too soon. Only wait a day or two and I'll tell you who took the don's ring."

He stopped rather suddenly, and I was somewhat surprised to see him moving with swift but noiseless steps towards the door, waving to me at the same time to be silent. In the stillness that ensued a sound of heavy breathing was apparent.

Bang!

The door was violently pulled open and a shapeless mass of humanity fell forward into the room in a floundering sprawl. When Carclough had addressed a few forcible observations to it and kicked it a little, the mass sat up and began rubbing its elbows and other vulnerable spots. Puffy Adams, of course.

"Oh, I say, Carclough," he whined, "You might be a little more careful! I was just coming to ask you to lend me your Liddell and Scott, and it was so dark outside I couldn't find the handle of the door, and so—"

"And so you were feeling for it with your nose," said the captain sternly. "I'll teach you to come eavesdropping outside my study. I'll give you the finest swiping you ever dreamed of—." He looked round for a convenient weapon. Adams whimpered.

"Oh, please, Carclough, let me off this time! I swear I never thought of such a thing. And you can't catch a single word, the door is so thick, not a single word! I promise you I won't say anything about it, on my honor I won't!"

"On your what?" asked the captain, bamboo in hand.

"How could I help hearing what you were saying, when you talked so precious loud?" went on Puffy gathering courage as the captain stood irresolute. "Why it was jolly lucky that it was me. Might have been some leaky beggar who would go and repeat things. And you know what a patent safe I am."

"Get up!" Carclough sharply commanded.

"Well, promise you won't swipe me then!" stipulated Adams who evidently believed in Bunyan's good old maxim: "He that is down need fear no fall." "You mayn't think it but I'm no end delicate. You might say something for me, Mordaunt! Oh! You are a brute!"

For I had emphatically advised the captain to lay on and spare not.

"It's no good, Mordaunt," answered Carclough, laying aside the bamboo. "The fellow makes me too sick. I couldn't touch him. He's not worth it. Now you—you disgrace, get up this moment, and make tracks, before I change my mind."

Puffy rose with great alacrity and shuffled towards the door, not even waiting to brush off the dust he had gathered in his fall.

"I always said you were an awfully decent sort, Carclough," he said in a tone of much feeling. "I'll get ma to invite you to our place next holidays; you see if I don't. You will enjoy it!" Then he vanished, before the astounded and indignant captain could find words to express his emotions.

"Why didn't you swipe him?" I asked as Carclough sat down again. "The fellow will go and trumpet the affair all over the school."

"Oh! I don't think so!" answered Carclough. "He knows that I would make sausages of him if he did, and he won't risk it. All the same I'm extremely vexed with myself for not seeing that the lodge was properly tiled before we began. Sherlock Holmes would never have been caught like that. Never mind," he concluded, "Even Bonaparte made mistakes now and then. Hand over the chess board and we will have a game."

He gave me the odds of the Queen's Knight as usual but his thoughts were not on the game, and for once in a way I beat him easily. The massive mind of the captain was elsewhere perplexing itself with greater and more important problems.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE CIRCUS.

There happened to be no particular fixture for the Saturday following the events narrated in the last chapter; so Carclough for once left the Footer entirely in the hands of Villiers Brown, and invited Crickhowell, Anstruther, Baines, and myself to walk with him into Winston, which on that day only was ruled to be within bounds. It was market-day too; there was a traveling circus in the place; on the whole we expected to have a fairly decent afternoon.

There was only one person whom it was necessary to dodge. Beamish, the mathematical master, was spreading himself over the gymnasium, as we came through it on our way out, with a bland smile on his features, a wide-brimmed straw on his head, and a huge collecting tin, for botanical specimens, slung at his side. He knew this was an off-day for games, and this get-up signified that he was looking out for fellows to go geologising with him, and carry the great glass jar in which he puts the odopuses and mionbes and things he finds in the brooks. Puffy Adams went once, under the impression that the specimen tin contained sandwiches; and has abused Mr. Beamish horribly ever since.

Fortunately he is pretty shortsighted; and we got through without any fatality. The high road to Winston was full of carts and gigs going to market late, or returning early. We had a world of trouble in repressing Baines, who insisted on amusing himself by asking people whom he had never met about others who never existed. He always took off his hat, as he spoke, with an insinuating twirl; and then apologized profusely for the mistake. One red-faced country wife, whom he thus addressed, was so taken with his manners, that we heard her remark to a friend, as we moved on: "That's a well-spoken young gentleman, ain't he! I 'ope he'll find Mr. Mite, the cheesemonger, as he was inquiring after. Happen 'tis his father, poor young gent!"

Baines didn't half like it, for he is really pretty coxy about his relations. And we rubbed it in. So for the rest of the walk he was glad to let people alone; and we reached the town without further adventures.

The place was as crowded as it usually is on market day, and the noise was deafening. There was a pig loose in High street as we entered, and a lot of duffers driving him different ways in a vain attempt at catching him. We chipped in, and had a rousing hunt; beginning at the town clock and ending behind the counter of Potts, the chemist, where Baines bagged him with a neat, low tackle, quite beyond his usual form. In the course of the game the animal brought down two apple-carts, one crockery stall, and an old woman. I pass over the damage to Baines' waistcoat. Served him right for putting on such a showy thing!

As soon as we had got our wind and washed our hands at the hairdresser's, we made the round of the principal streets, which certainly did not take us long; and looked into the chief shops; that is to say, all the shops. Now and then we met other fellows from Crosscombe, but of course we took no notice of them, except those who were members of the Gang. Presently we hurried into Quarrender's, the confectioner's, where we had hare-soup to warm us up, and ices, afterwards, to cool us down. That brought us to half past two, nearly time for the circus, so we left the pastrycook's place, cosy as it was, and sallied out into High street again.

"There's Briant!" suddenly exclaimed Crickhowell, as we strolled along among the stalls. "I wonder what he is doing here, all by himself."

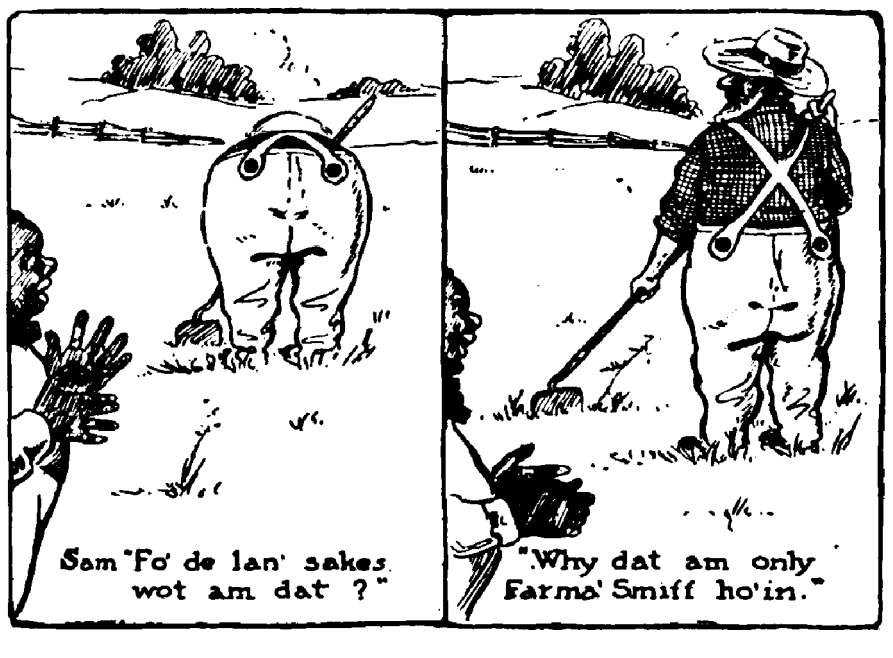
René was standing at the corner by the postoffice and did not at first see us as we aproached. Then he turned and with his usual flash of white teeth asked whether we were going to the circus. We acknowledged the fact. "I also," he said, with easy geniality.

"Bother the fellow!" exclaimed Anstruther aside, in a surly growl. Dropping back, Carclough with difficulty persuaded him to be quiet, and we went on together to where the circus tent was pitched in a low lying meadow on the skirts of the town.

High up in a sort of triumphal car a brass band brayed its loudest, to excite the public to part with their sixpences without regret. Not that they required much encouragement! It was so seldom that a show of that sort visited our quiet part of the country, and the yokels were so eager, that people were flocking in by thousands, and we were really lucky in getting any seats at all, though by paying two shillings we were admitted to a little enclosure where the benches were covered with baize. It was also disagreeably close to the dromedaries, which were pretty mangy.

It was rather a good show on the whole, for such a small place as Winston. There was some really clever wire-walking, and the trapeze performance was nearly as remarkable as it was on the posters. Anstruther of course lost his heart to the raven-haired young lady who, as La Signora Tuttifrutti, gave an exhibition on her trained horse Lightning; but all the other chaps were just as bad, and the way they stared at her was extremely amusing to a confirmed misogynist like myself. If they had as many sisters as I have they would not be so easily impressed. Nettie Terris is a nice girl though, I must say that.

But the greatest attraction of this particular circus came towards the end of the programme. Mademoiselle Lemare, the celebrated clairvoyante, was to exhibit her marvellous powers with which she had already astonished the principal crowned heads of Europe; who must be rather a weak-minded set, I should think, for I notice that there is



hardly a juggler going, who has not at some time or other excited their admiring awe. We ourselves had nothing on our heads but school caps, but every fellow immediately made up his mind to puzzle the clairvoyante, and show what a Rook the whole thing was.

Well, to tell the truth, the intended exposure did not come off. The mesmerist, who was the same man who had been spinning plates and swallowing fire earlier in the afternoon, set the young lady to sleep on a gilded sofa, and then walked swiftly round the ring touching in succession the various small articles presented to him by members of the audience. Rapid as he was, however, mademoiselle easily kept pace with him, and in answer to his impatient questions, gave him a full and accurate description of the walking-sticks, handkerchiefs and breast-pins that were offered. Baines thought at first he was going to score off her with a chewed piece of india-rubber. It did not baffle mademoiselle though, for she not only said immediately what it was, but added that it was the chief sustenance of an unfortunate young gentleman who was an inmate of a school where the diet was rather defective. There was a great roar of laughter at this, and Baines looked as if he wished he had not been so eager.

Then the mesmerist came on to Briant, who was sitting quite at the end of our row and did not at first seem inclined to test the clairvoyante's powers. But presently we saw that the man had succeeded in getting something from him, which he held as usual between thumb and finger, commanding his sleeping assistant to tell him its nature. The answer came immediately in the curious muffled tones which the clairvoyante had used all through her performance:

"An article of jewelry."

"Of what sort?"

"A ring!"

"Tell me immediately what sort of ring! Describe it to us fully!" cried the mesmerist with a stamp of his foot.

The lady was a little slower now: "It is a gold ring," she began in deliberate tones. "A gentleman's gold ring." She paused for a few seconds and then went on more rapidly. "A gentleman's gold ring with a red stone, a ruby, I think, in old-fashioned claw-setting. There is an inscription within it. I am afraid I cannot read the inscription!" Another pause and then a little joyous cry: "Ah! now I see it clearly, D," she was beginning to spell when Briant, whose face was scarlet, suddenly snatched the ring from the mesmerist's hands. The latter bowed as he relinquished it, and said to René with a sardonic smile:

"Has mademoiselle given a correct description of the ring?"

Then scarcely waiting for René's mumbled reply, he passed on, and in another moment had captured a pipe from a fat countryman, and was making the whole circus tent ring with laughter by requiring from mademoiselle not only the name of the article but also a short description of its owner. Then he demanded to be informed what the latter had dined upon that day and was told that it was beans and bacon. The chuckle-headed young farmer seemed as much delighted as anybody, and the performance ended amid general merriment. Two or three members of the crowd, however, did not join in this gaiety. Carclough and myself were only anxious for the whole thing to finish and the remaining items on the programme seemed to us unbearably long. We could not leave our seats without attracting the notice and surprise of our friends, so we sat on, feeling about as easy and comfortable as a cockchafer on a pin.

At last the elephants, which had been accompanying the patriotic airs played by the band in the gilded chariot, by banging big drums with their trunks, trooped out to the strains of the National Anthem, and everybody got up to go. The captain and I did not find it difficult to get separated from the rest of our party in the crowd, and when at last we were clear of that noisy entanglement, we found ourselves at the far end of the town, in a quiet, side street where we were tolerably safe from any interruption, inasmuch as the only living creature in sight was a large retriever dog lying in the very middle of the road.

"Now I know exactly what you are going to say," declared Carclough, as I began to express my feelings. "But please keep quiet a little longer! The case is not complete; and I must warn you against any hasty conclusions. You have no idea with what patient thoroughness I intend to work the whole thing out. Just come a few steps with me and you shall see something of my methods. I feel more certain than ever that I have found my true vocation."

He led the way down a narrow alley which took us into the High street just by the market place. The market was over and the square was deserted save for a few scattered stall-keepers who were already preparing to pack up and leave. We crossed the wide open space littered with loose straw and discarded cabbage leaves, to a large bow-windowed shop on the other side. The stock in trade seemed to be of a miscellaneous character, but consisted chiefly of fancy articles and curiosities of various kinds besides a large amount of cheap jewelry.

As we entered, an exceedingly stout old man rose from a small lathe at which he had been working, and advanced to serve us.

"You have some cards of cheap shirt-studs in the window!" said Carclough. The shopkeeper acknowledged the fact. "Will you let me see one if you please?"

The card was immediately handed to him by the obliging tradesman. Carclough solemnly inspected the studs and then handed them to me.

"What do you think of them, Billings?" he asked.

I was going to remind him that my name wasn't Billings, nor anything like it, thank goodness, when I caught the captain's eye. There was such a world of meaning in it, that I stopped short:

"What do you think of them, Ezekiel Billings?" repeated Carclough with another significant glance.

This was more than flesh and blood could endure. I thought they were beastly, and said so, glad to have something that I could abuse. Carclough handed them back to the man, and said that he would take them at sixpence, having apparently been decided by my strong recommendation. Then he felt in his pocket and fished out the stud that Henderson had found. This he handed to the man and asked him if he had any like it. The man said he had not, and added that the stud was of foreign make, probably French. I got another thrilling look from the captain. The old shopkeeper said that if we chose to leave the stud with him he might be able to match it. Carclough declined the offer, and we drifted out of the shop into High Street again.

By this time I was boiling with righteous indignation:

"What's the matter with you, Carclough?" I asked. "Why did you buy those rotten old studs which I should be ashamed to wear? And why in the name of Julius Caesar did you give me out to that old Crock as Billings and Ezekiel, too, which is worse?" I stopped, choking.

The captain was quite calm. "I am sorry if it annoyed you," he said. "It was the only name I could think of for the moment. But you must be able to see for yourself how important it is to cover our own traces. Otherwise the guilty person finding that we are on his track will take the alarm and we shall have our trouble for nothing."

"Seems to me," I remarked, "that if you think, as you appear to do, that Briant took the thing, that the straightest course would be to send for him and tax him with it. For the matter of that, it may be all a mistake. In fact I feel certain it is. Why, hang it! Briant saved Pickens' life, you know he did! Is it likely that a chap who would do that would go boning rings?" Then a sudden idea occurred to me. "Look here, Carclough, how do we know that old cuckoo didn't bag the ring himself?"

"We don't!" replied the captain. "The scientific crime investigator takes nothing for granted and suspects everybody. I hope you won't mind my saying, Mordaunt, that if any suspicious circumstances pointed to you as the marauder, I should consider them with an open mind, in spite of our close friendship and the sincere esteem which I have for you."

"Much obliged!" I said. "Same to you, sir, and many of them. But if this is what the detective profession leads us to, I for one mean to stick to Sandhurst. And now we'd better be nipping along to school, or else I fancy I know two scientific crime investigators that will probably get potted."

(To be continued.)



TWO BOYS, TWO BURGLARS, AND A TELEPHONE.

BY GLENN ALLEN MITCHELL

WHEN JOHN EVERETT was eleven years old, his people moved for the third time in two years. The first move had been from Cedar Falls, Iowa, to Portland, Oregon. Notwithstanding the wonders of the trip over mountains and plains, and the beauties of the new home city, John had many homesick longings for the boy playmates left behind.

The second change had been merely from one rented house to another in a better neighborhood. And it was there that the baby sister came to live with them.

The third move was into a lovely new home of their very own, built in a pleasant, growing suburb, a short ride from the business part of the city.

It was in the new home that John had the strange experience with the burglars, and helped, by his nerve and coolness, to capture them.

Robert Seeley was one of the boys in the new neighborhood. Robert was an older boy, a bright, clever lad nearly fifteen, at this time quite absorbed in the study of electricity. John was of course, soon aroused to great interest in the same subject.

Among other electrical toys and novelties, Robert owned a small telephone outfit, of the kind popularly known as a watch-case phone, and looked very much like the end cut off from an ordinary telephone receiver. One instrument at each end of the line served both as transmitter and receiver, and it required some agility to successfully carry on a conversation.

For several days, the boys amused themselves running short lines around the house, and holding conversations which generally consisted of "Hello, John!" "Hello Rob!" "Say, I can hear you. Can you hear me?" "Sure, can you hear me?"

Then Robert suggested, "Let's run a line between your house and ours."

"Can we do it?" asked John, rather doubtfully. "Sure thing," answered Robert, "I used to have a telegraph line between our house and another boy's where we lived before. I know we can make this work."

The two went to work with great zeal. Robert lived on the opposite side of the street in the next block, but there were no houses between, and after much rather dangerous climbing in and out of gable windows, and plenty of hard work, the boys succeeded in connecting the two houses by an overhead wire. A heavy wire was used for the main line and a very fine, covered copper wire ran down from the garret window, along the side of the house and under the sash of the kitchen window. Batteries were installed in the kitchens of both houses, grounders run down into the basements, and, to the boys' delight, when the little telephones were connected, they did excellent work.

Later, they added an electric call bell at each end of the line and Robert arranged a really ingenious little switchboard; but, at first, they called each other up by a shrill whistle, a sort of weird "Hoo, hoo!" that could be heard at some distance from the telephone.

After the novelty of their success had worn off, the boys tried more experiments. They began to run wires into different rooms. Along the sides of doors and windows, and under the rugs, ran their lines, and sweeping became a fine art. They carried the receiver around with them, and made connections and called each other up, whenever the spirit moved them.

Mrs. Everett thought matters had reached a climax when, on going upstairs for the night, she found John, whom she had supposed peacefully sleeping for an hour, lying in bed with his receiver at his ear, listening blissfully to the pianola that was being played at Robert's house. After that, the boys rarely failed to carry their telephones up-stairs and have a last good night talk before falling asleep.

The time came very soon, when the boys' telephone and particularly the connection between their two bedrooms, proved of vital service to the Everetts.

Mr. Everett's business included buying and selling of real estate and lands in different parts of the state. He was frequently absent from home, and often brought back with him, on his return, a great deal of money.

Keeping several hundred dollars in the house over night, as was often necessary, was a source of much anxiety to Mrs. Everett, and to relieve her mind Mr. Everett installed a small safe in his den or study.

This study was at the rear of the house and was merely an extension of the dining room. John's bed room was directly overhead, being in the rear on the second floor, while Mr. and Mrs. Everett had the room at the front of the house on the same side. A strip, dividing the two rooms, formed two closets, one for each room and a doorway had been left between the closets, so that it was possible, in case of sickness or for any other reason, to slip from one bedroom to the other without going into the hall.

One dark, rainy night in the early part of January, Mr. Everett reached home from a trip in the eastern part of the state, with over six hundred dollars in gold, besides several thousands in drafts and checks. Mrs. Everett was unusually nervous over such an amount remaining in the house over night, for the town had been having a regular season of burglaries. Robberies and hold-ups were of nightly occurrence, and so far the police had been unable to secure any of the thieves, or to put a stop to the outrages.

Even Mr. Everett acknowledged to a feeling of uneasiness and attended more strictly than usual to locking the house for the night. The baby, Mrs. Everett said, was their one comfort, for the restless, wakeful, little thing would surely prove an excellent burglar alarm, if any person tried to break into the house.

Once asleep, the softly falling Oregon mist lulled them all to deep oblivion, and it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Everett awoke with a start, to the realization that some one was in the room. She sprang up, and reached instinctively towards the baby's cradle, but a rough voice arrested the movement, "Keep quiet there," and poor Mrs. Everett became very much awake, as she looked up into a cruel, hard face near her own, and saw the revolver that the man held, pointed in her direction.

Another evil-looking man guarded Mr. Everett, who was slowly dressing himself. "Hurry up, now," said the second man, "all we want of you is to unlock that safe, and we don't want you to be all night about it, either. Sorry to disturb the lady, though," with a leer at Mrs. Everett, who faint and white, had sunk down on the pillow again.

Through Mr. Everett's mind flashed pictures of all that the loss of this money would mean to them. They were just beginning to feel that fortune was smiling on them, and then to lose so much would mean inevitable ruin. Oh, for some way to get assistance to them! Alone, he knew himself to be helpless, in the power of the burglars. Then, suddenly, the boys' telephone occurred to him. John had his 'phone in his room, he was certain. Could Mrs. Everett and John secure aid by arousing the Seeleys, while he kept the burglars occupied downstairs? Could he suggest the idea to his wife without arousing the suspicion of the men? It was worth the trial, anyway. He turned to Mrs. Everett, "Is there any probability that Robert can be aroused by this? Just a call over the telephone wakes him sometimes, you know." "I don't want the children to be frightened," he added hastily, to the men, speaking as if Robert were his own boy; for they were beginning to look at him rather suspiciously.

One of the men growled, "If you don't get a gait on yer, there'll be a rousing of all the innocents here, in a way not very pleasant to you, either. Come on, now, guess you needn't make a full dress toilet to crack that little jim crow safe of yours."

"I'll look after Robert," said Mrs. Everett, trying to speak bravely, for although she had grasped quickly at Mr. Everett's scheme, it seemed a very daring and impossible one. "But, do be careful, yourself. Let them take the money. What does the money count, compared with your safety?" Then to the men she pleaded, "Don't hurry him. Give him time."

"Now, don't you go worrying yourself, woman, so long as your husband behaves himself and helps us get at that cash, we'll give him reasonable time; but, if he tries any monkey work, we'll just put him out of commission and do the job ourselves. I guess we'll just lock you in your room about now, for we'd kind of like a half-hour undisturbed."

This, as they led Mr. Everett into the hall. For one instant, after the key turned in the lock, Mrs. Everett lay, shuddering; but the three had not reached the stairs when she sprang up. Thankful for the unsuspected opening through the closets into John's room, she hurried into his room, but still doubts and fears assailed her. Could she wake John without terrifying him? Could he rouse Robert. Could they telephone without being heard by the robbers in the room below?

She crept, first, to the door leading from John's room into the hall, closed and locked it, then went to the bed. A frightened little voice whispered, "What is it all about, mamma?" John was awake.

"There are burglars in the house, darling," she whispered softly. "They have heard about that money. They have taken papa downstairs to open the safe. Can you be a man now? Try if you can wake Robert over your telephone, and have him rouse his father and telephone from there to the police station for help. Hurry, for every minute counts! Put the receiver under the covers and be as quiet as possible."

When the familiar whistle sounded, it seemed to Mrs. Everett so loud and shrill that it must bring the burglars upon them. Again and again the call was repeated and no reply.

They were almost in despair, when they heard Robert's answering call, and Mrs. Everett smiled involuntarily, despite her suspense, when she heard John's every-day formula, "Hello, Robert, this is John talking."

And then, "Robert, there are burglars in our house. Papa has a lot of money here tonight, and they are making him open the safe to get it. Mamma and I are upstairs. Wake your father, have him telephone the police for help. Be quick, Rob, for fear the men will leave before the police come."

They heard Robert's startled exclamation and then a hurried "All right! I'll wake father at once." Then, there was silence. Scarcely daring to breathe they waited, John with the telephone at his ear. Minutes passed. No sound reached them from below. Then tension grew unbearable.

Then, there came a signal at the telephone. This time it was Mr. Seeley talking. He had called up the nearest police station, and three mounted policemen, who were at the station when his message came, had started instantly for the scene. In ten minutes, if the burglars lingered that long, their capture would be assured. Mr. Seeley added a word of cheer, asked a few questions, and then said he would try to telephone Mr. Bainbridge and Mr. Rankin, other neighbors, that they might be of some assistance, if necessary.

Then, John and his mother were left to their anxious waiting once more. Mrs. Everett ventured to creep out to the head of the stairs. The men already had the money. With a sinking heart she heard the clink of the gold. They were dividing their plunder at once, strange to say. They seemed in high good humor. One of them made a demand for something to eat and she heard her husband's voice, as he led them to the kitchen. With a fervent prayer that they might linger over their lunch, and a feeling of thankfulness that Mr. Everett was safe, Mrs. Everett stole back into John's room.

While they waited, John and she quickly and noiselessly dressed. Mrs. Everett ventured again into the hall to listen. The robbers were making preparations for leaving. There had been no further message from the Seeleys. Could it be possible that the promised aid would fail them? The men came into the front hall. Evidently they intended to leave boldly by the front door. With every nerve strained to the utmost tension, Mrs. Everett and John waited in the darkness at the head of the stairs.

They heard the men order Mr. Everett to remain quiet for fifteen minutes after they had gone, heard their rough laughter when they told him they would leave his watch for him to tell the time, heard them open the vestibule door. "Merciful Heaven," breathed Mrs. Everett, "will they escape after all?" Then the outer door opened, and—"Thank God, thank God," for a determined voice rang out, "Stand back there! You are my prisoners!"

Mrs. Everett's trembling fingers sought the electric button and the lower hall was flooded with light. With misty eyes she saw two thoroughly surprised and cowed men, facing three sturdy policemen. A second later, the click of the handcuffs was heard. They had captured the burglars, and saved the money.

Some half-hour afterward, the officers had bundled their prisoners into a patrol wagon and had driven away, Mr. and Mrs. Everett were listening to the congratulations of friends and neighbors who had been aroused, and John and Robert were receiving praise enough to turn most boys' heads, when some one asked, "Where is the baby? Has she slept through all this noise?"

The baby, whose fitful slumbers compelled the family to walk on tip-toe and to talk in whispers! Mrs. Everett gasped, "Bless the darling, I had entirely forgotten her." Then, from upstairs came a sudden, loud, compelling cry. The baby, their precious little burglar alarm, was awake.

BE PROMPT.

The prompt renewal of your subscription will be appreciated by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

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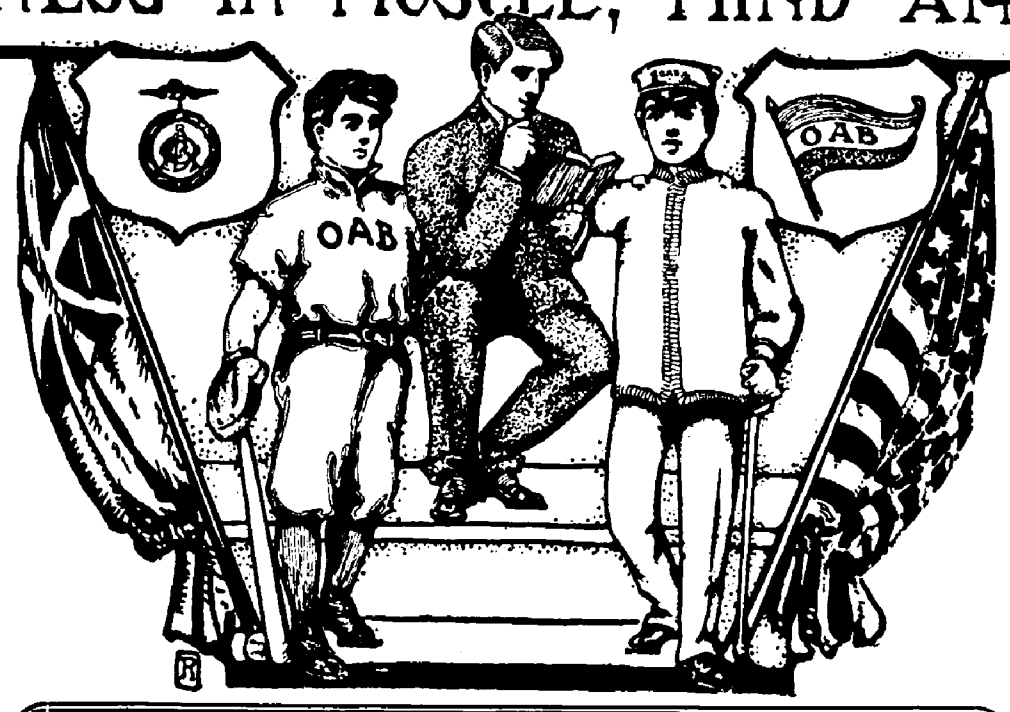
FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

Object:—*The* Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals

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

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

New Companies Organized

E. A. Mexia Co., No. 34, Division of Texas, Mexia, Tex. Wm. C. C. Claiborn Co., No. 7, Division of Arkansas, Moorefield, Ark. Mountain View Co., No. 17, Division of Colorado, Delta, Colo. John Evans Co., No. 18, Division of Colorado, Evans, Colo. Rogue Rex's Volunteers Co., No. 75, Division of Michigan, Rockford, Mich.

Company News

SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., acknowledges receipt of special prize for increased membership, and says "we are delighted with the book, pennant, and the picture of 'Old Abe,' which we have had framed." The book is being read at its meetings, a chapter at each. This company recently elected the following officers: Frank Smith, Capt.; Will Cralle, V. C.; Lester Banks, Secty.; Lesly Cassie, Libn. It has a membership of 24 and is in a most prosperous condition. ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOYS COMPANY, No. 5, Ogden, Utah, started company meetings again in October with a membership of 8 and more in prospect. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Robert Thorburn, Capt.; Harvey Snow, V. C.; Clarence Wright, Secty. and Treas., and Arthur Fell, Libn. The company intends to move to a larger club room shortly and will have a fully equipped gym. It has $3.00 in the treasury. It intends to go in for electrical experiments and will try to get together a lot of apparatus for that purpose. The secretary writes that the boys are very enthusiastic and hope to have a most prosperous year. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y. It would be strange to read the Company News without the report of this enthusiastic and prosperous company. This is its thirty-seventh report and there is no abatement of vim or earnestness in its members. During October it held five meetings and a delightful Halloween entertainment. A checker tournament, causing considerable excitement, is being held, and the victors will be awarded suitable prizes.



YOUNG AMERICANS ATHLETIC CO. No. 28, PETALUMA, CAL.

The members have revised the constitution and rules and printed copies will be distributed among the members. We shall be glad to have a copy. A new departure in the work will be the purchase of a printing press and the publishing of a regular monthly paper. As several experienced amateur printers will join the company and it has already on its roll capable illustrators, the paper will start out with every element of success. Don't forget to send a copy to headquarters. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., is an example of what a Company can do when its efforts are directed by an enthusiastic and energetic Company Counsel. On November 1st the members gave a Corn-night Masque Party at one of the member's homes, and had a most enjoyable time. When the time came to unmask there were many surprises. Members are much interested in the local Y. M. C. A., especially the gym, and it is expected the majority of the boys will join. This is a first-class idea. The company is continuing its helpful work for others, by visiting and taking flowers and books to a boy who lies in the hospital with a broken leg. A later letter brings to headquarters a warm welcome to attend the Second Annual Thanksgiving entertainment on November 29th. We have written expressing our regret at not being able to be there, but we are sure from the fine program being arranged that it will be a success. The members of the Boys' Club of St. John's Church are to be the guests of buildings of which the members have the use rent free. Its officers are: Miller Hughes, Capt.; Naylor B. Humphrey, V. C.; J. H. Henderson, C. C.; C. H. Schwartz, Secty.; Harry A. Boyd, Treas.; M. E. Williams, Libn. This company was awarded the second prize in one of the special contests for increased membership. Dues 5 cents a month, with fines for various offenses. This company is mostly interested in politics and as the members are divided on certain questions, lively the evening. HENRY CLAY COMPANY, No. 7, Wickliffe, Ky., has 9 members and about $3.00 in the treasury. It has also its charter framed, two O. A. B. pennants, and a bookcase with over 20 books. It has a club room on the second story of one of the principal meetings are held, but the company is harmonious and prosperous. MOVILLE HAWKEYE COMPANY, No. 59, Moville, Ia., has voted to extend the terms of its office holders from six months to one year. The members were entertained at supper at the home of the secretary and had a most enjoyable time. YOUNG AMERICANS ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 28, Petaluma, Calif., recently elected officers as follows: Earl Pressey, Capt.; York Hoffman, Lieut.; Willie Hoffman, Secty.; Donald McLean, Treas.; Harold Madison, Libn., and Emil Nicolaisen, Janitor. It has a fine clubroom and the members will fit up a gym. It has a football team and expects to play and win a good many games this season. The captain sends us a picture. FREE SOILER COMPANY, No. 73, Iron River, Mich., has eleven members, $4.00 in the treasury and meets at the homes of members each Wednesday evening. Its officers are: Peter Diederichs, Capt.; Raymond Mahon, V. C.; Frank Henley, Secty.; Joe Henley, Treas.; Gil. Williams, Libn., and Will Williams, S. A. GLENWOOD COMPANY, No. 51, Medina, N. Y., recently put in a supply of pop corn and cord wood for winter use. It holds meetings each Thursday evening and has started a library, the Company Counsel also giving the members the privilege of his library. It has $13.00 in the treasury. The company has limited its membership to 10. At a debate recently held it was resolved, that the negroes should have equal privileges and suffrage with the white people, immediately. The members are enthusiastic American boys. MOUNT LOWE COMPANY, No. 31, Los Angeles, Calif., recently received two new members, and has the following officers: Robert H. Mulks, Capt.; J. Sanborn, Secty. and Treas.; Jamie Averton, V. C.; Montgomery Beall, Libn. It has its charter neatly framed and has purchased an O. A. B. pennant. THE KNIGHTS OF JEWELL COMPANY, No. 34, Jewell, Kans., has now the following officers: John R. McClung, Capt.; Fred Gray, V. C.; Harold Sandborn, Treas. It meets in a private gymnasium and the members intend giving an amateur play soon. They are busy also planning other things to keep up the enthusiasm. TRUE BLUE COMPANY, No. 9, Hinkley, Me., regrets to report the resignation of several members on account of leaving the town, but new members are coming in and the company is doing well. The officers are: Earle Palmer, Capt.; Carl Dunbar, Secty. and Treas., and John Cayford, Libn. PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., has taken in a new member during November and has had a box social which netted the treasury $10.00, making $17.00 in the strong box. The members are trying to raise money to build a club house, and it looks as if they would succeed. Copy of Pamphlet costs 2 cents, Captain's Badge 15 cents, and Member's Badge 5 cents. THE SPRAGUE COMPANY, No. 71, Alliance, O., has elected the following officers: Floyd Randall, Capt.; Carl Rickard, V. C.; Ray Abegglen, Secty.; Alfred Abegglen, Treas.; Fred Shaffer, Asst. Secty. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening. It has a Company Counsel, and the treasury is rich to the extent of $3.75.



J. A. BROCKWAY, JR.
COMPANY COUNSEL OF SANGAMON BAY LEAF CO. NO. 45, DECATUR, ILL.

Extracts From Mr. Sprague's January "Company Letter"

I have to hear from one reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who, during 1905, was dissatisfied with any number of the paper. On the other hand, there have come to me stacks of letters praising it, not only for the splendid stories and the inspiring articles, but especially for the great help it has been to boys who desired to be and do something. And these evidences of appreciation have helped me, have helped my associates, and have caused us to determine that during 1906 no good means will be left untried, and no efforts of time, or money, or labor will be spared in not only maintaining the high standard already set, but in raising it. I am making no idle boast in saying that during 1906 THE AMERICAN BOY will in its stories, helpful articles and practical departments become a greater power than ever before in inclining boys to strive for what is truest and best in life; and as the members of our Order have already given valuable assistance in spreading a knowledge of THE AMERICAN BOY among others, I have every confidence that they will increase their efforts in this direction during the year upon which we have just entered.

SPECIAL PRIZES DURING 1906.

In order that the companies be stimulated to work for increase in their membership, it has been decided to continue to award special prizes during 1906. There will be twelve prizes awarded, viz.: Four first prizes, four second prizes and four third 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 "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 1906, the dates of closing the contests being March 31st, June 30th, September 30th and December 31st.

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 cannot show this.

Remember that these special prizes are given in addition to the usual commissions and premiums for obtaining new subscriptions.

This gives each company a splendid chance to decorate its club room and add to its library.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

We are glad to have company pictures capable of being reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY and to adorn our O. A. B. Picture Gallery, and every company is urged to have a picture taken and a copy sent to headquarters.



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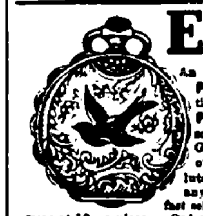

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BIRD STUDIES MADE BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF NORWAY

BY HARRY A. PECKHAM

"I THINK that this is an oriole, but the markings of his breast almost make me doubt it. There! There! I have a better view; now I am sure it is, and it is the first one of the season."

The speaker was one of a group of boys and girls in the neighborhood of the little village of Norway, Maine, who were trooping across the fields in search of songsters.

The study of birds that is being made in this little Maine village of scarcely three thousand inhabitants, its introduction into the public schools, and the interest taken in it by teachers and pupils alike is attracting the attention of men well known in the scientific world.

No text-books on the subject are used in the schools, excepting by way of reference. The fields are the class rooms.

The work of teaching the young people along scientific lines by out-of-door methods began some five or six years ago. The May, 1904, number of THE AMERICAN BOY contains an interesting article relating to the boys and girls and their instructors, and to that anyone interested in the subject is invited to turn.

The leader in the work is Mr. George R. Howe, of Norway. His assistants are such men as George K. Noyes, whose specialty is that of an artist-instructor.

The only return for their labor that these two gentlemen ask is that the boys and girls of Norway shall think along higher lines than do the average village boys and girls.

Many mornings you can see the classes making their way along the shores of Pennesseewassee Lake in search of water birds, or scattering through the woods and fields near the town in search of land specimens. Their investigations cover the whole of Oxford county, and are not confined to birds, but embrace ferns, trees, minerals and such things.

The membership includes several photographers. The result is that the boys and girls of Norway cover the walls of their rooms and dens with bird pictures, and many have interesting collections of minerals and jars full of preserved vegetable specimens.

For a long time it was believed that no such monstrosity as a double bird was ever found in the wild state, but the young Norway scientists found just such an animal. It was the myrtle warbler, with two heads and bodies.

Under the leadership of Mr. Howe they have given considerable attention to the spring mating song of the bird commonly called the Northern shrike, or butcher bird. This bird is classed as one of our most imitative songsters. He imitates very closely the spring peep of the frogs, the early trill of the toads, the clear notes of the red-winged blackbird, and the mew of the cat-bird.

The boys and girls thoroughly believe in Thoreau's maxim that "a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand." They have learned to respect the rights of birds and to protect them.

To illustrate how the students became acquainted with the birds, the other day during a walk by the lake the pupils with their teacher came upon two loons. Without a moment's hesitation the teacher whipped her note book from her pocket and read its description; then the opera glasses were brought into play, and the pupils became at once thoroughly familiar with this curious bird.

The boys have adopted a regular uniform for use on their trips. Its distinguishing feature is the white hat and white canvas shoes. As an outfit they carry white duck haversacks with apartments for provisions, alcohol for use in preserving, compass, drinking cup, hatchet, chloroform and formaline, blotters for preserving flowers, boxes for roots, leaves, etc., prospecting hammer and other things necessary in the work. The boy's pack does not often weigh more than sixteen pounds, including enough provisions to last for several days.

One of the aims of the movement is to teach the children to love wild flowers and to prefer them growing wild. They are never needlessly picked by this little company. It would seem that the good work has spread, for the Maine legislature has been trying to pass a law to protect the trailing arbutus. There is need everywhere of this same work of protecting the wild flowers, for in the older localities of our country the wild flowers are going fast.

The spirit of kindness developing in the boys and girls of Norway is spreading to the older people of the village, and Mr. Harriman, who has a store on one of the main streets of the village, makes a practice every morning of feeding the doves that have learned to come to him for regular feasts. The result is the doves in and about Norway are tame—so tame they will feed from the hand and light on the shoulder without fear.

Let Mr. Howe describe some of the experiences that happen when the boys go camping out: "Of all the varied sensations," said Mr. Howe, in discussing this outdoor work, "there is none that can equal the first night spent out of doors. During the daytime if everything progresses smoothly there is something to occupy the mind, and after supper is eaten and the great camp fire kindled the boys are all in anticipation of a much-talked-of sleep out of doors. They listen for the hooting of an owl or the shrill whistle of the loon, and can name the birds when they hear them a second time.

"When the tent is opened and the blankets spread out over the sweet smelling cedar boughs there is a general scramble for the softest spot, but I know they will not get to sleep as quickly as they expect. When the fire is raked and the last spark extinguished, darkness settles over the camp and the quietness has the effect of putting the boys into a state of mental agitation that makes sleep impossible for awhile.

"I recall one trip in particular in which the boys were uneasy. The sounds that earlier in the evening sounded so welcome now seemed near and wild. I was thinking over the day's happenings and planning for the morrow and did not notice the long drawn hoot of an owl over by the swamp, but one of the boys nearest me clutched my shoulder and whispered, 'What is it?'

"Assuring him there was no occasion for alarm, I was almost asleep when the plaintive cry of a loon had the camp in an uproar. Not one of the boys had been able to sleep, and now they were thoroughly frightened. Hastily striking a match I let the boys look into each other's blanched faces, when they all laughed and made another attempt to sleep. Twice during the night did a coon disturb our slumbers, and the peck peck at the edge of the swamp told me that a woodpecker was restless in his sleep. To the boys it sounded as if another camping party were near us. Once a heavy thump, thump, and the crackling of twigs caused the boys to whisper, 'A bear,' but a well-aimed club in the thicket had the effect of sending away a too sociable rabbit.

Such is the good work being done at Norway, Maine.

What shall we do with our young people, so many ask. Mr. Howe seems to have solved the problem. Teach them the value of out-of-door things, things that are real and fundamental; teach them nature in all her branches. There is no monotony in the woods and the water; every succeeding trip reveals new and added charms.

Winter is not without its interesting out-of-door life. The boys and girls of Norway, Maine, with their snowshoe outfits, keep up their investigations long after the snow flies.



SOME OF THE BOY NATURALISTS OF NORWAY, ME.

An Experiment in Feeding Hungry School Children

On the lower east side of New York City there are many little children who from the day of their birth to the time when they are able to earn their own living are improperly nourished. They come to the schools feeble from hunger and are in no condition to do the tasks assigned to them by the teachers. It is almost a hopeless undertaking to teach a child when its mind is constantly diverted by the pangs of hunger, and the New York Board of Education has come to realize the fact.

How to help these little sufferers, however, has been a hard problem to solve. The board has no right to provide this food, for it has no appropriation for such things. It can feed the mind with knowledge, for that has in view the making of good citizens, but to feed the body is to dispense public charity, and that is outside of the sphere of the public school system.

A way has been found, however, without evading the law and without giving the deed the appearance of alms.

In each one of the large schools of this large city there is a cooking school, where the girls are taught domestic economy. It has been found that the food cooked by these girls can be made to serve the excellent purpose of feeding those who come to school with an aching void, and this has been done and is being done in Public School No. 1.

The girls are learning to cook and the hungry children are being nourished with such foods as boiled rice, cereals, roast beef and the vegetables in season; puddings and custards form a part of the meal twice each week.

Not to have it an almsgiving, each child brings one cent each day to pay for the milk.

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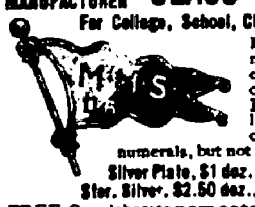
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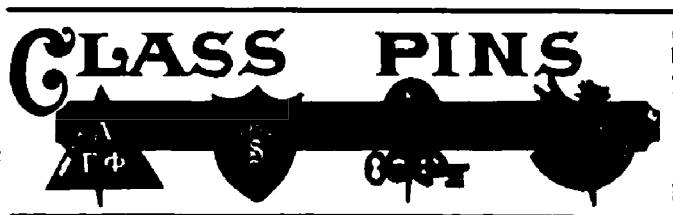
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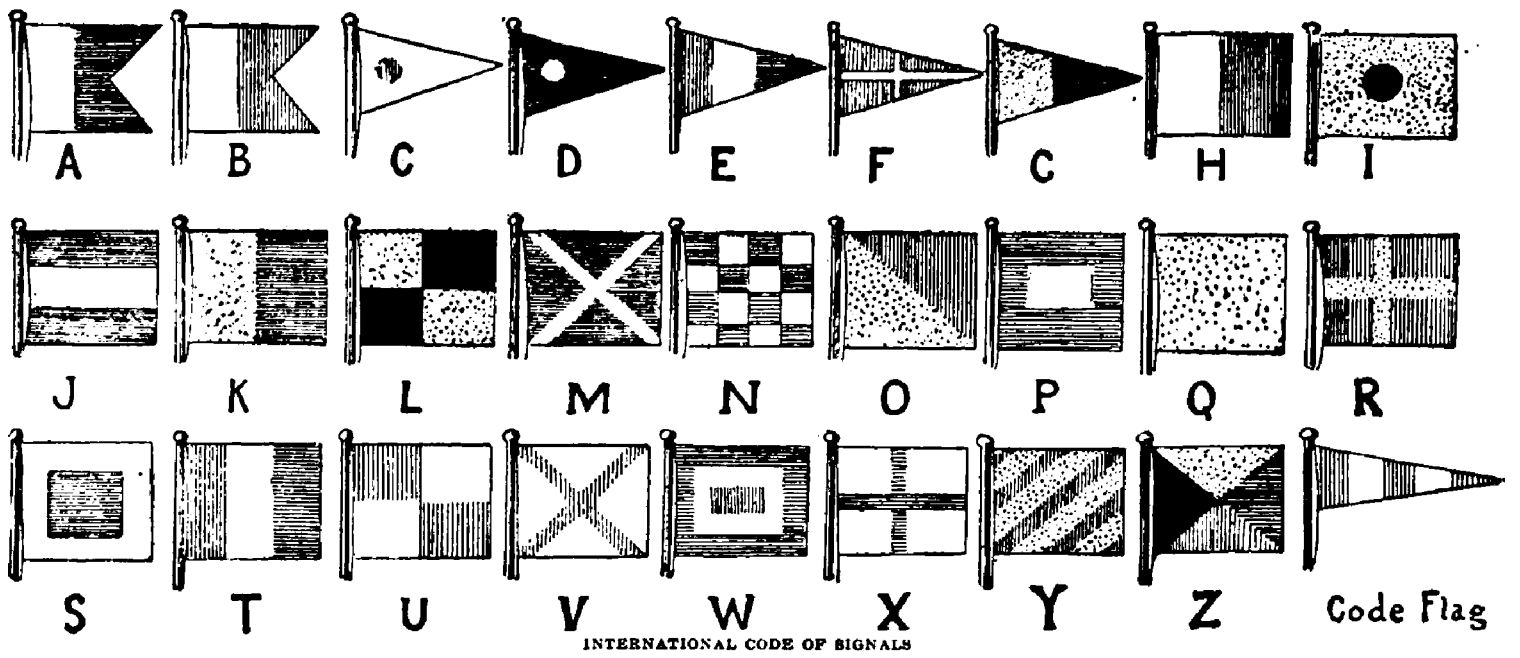
THE LANGUAGE OF THE SHIP

By GEORGE P. MOON



INTERNATIONAL CODE OF SIGNALS

THE LANGUAGE of a ship is a language of signs. But notwithstanding this circumstance, all possible questions may be asked and answered, and every item of information given in the fullest degree by its medium, even though the conversing crafts be miles asunder.

The alphabet of this silent tongue is usually flags of various shapes and colors. But should the distance between the ships, or between the ship and a signaling station, be too great for colors to be distinguished, or should the wind be blowing between the two so that the flags are end on, one of two other methods must be adopted. The first is to represent each letter by combinations of three shapes—a cone, a ball, and a drum. The second is to make use of a semaphore having three arms, the positions of which with regard to one side or the other of the post, and whether they are horizontal, upturned, or downturned, indicate the letter desired.

As the ships which speak to each other are frequently of different nationalities, it is necessary that the signal should be international or common to all; and this is so. And another desirable thing is also provided.

It will, I dare say, occur to you that if a message, even one of brief length, were to be spelt out letter by letter, the operation would be exceedingly tiresome and consume time that perhaps could be ill afforded. To remove these objections a code has been made out dealing with all matters marine, by means of which a hoist of flags (from two to four in number) indicate whole sentences. For example, the flags Q, D and S ask the question, "How does the land lie?" F, D, "Are you in danger?" And so on.

In the illustration of the flags here given of this international code of signals the various colors are indicated thus: Yellow by dots, red by vertical, and blue by horizontal lines. You will therefore, have no difficulty in picturing the true appearance of each.

It is only since January 1, 1902, that the code as here illustrated has been in exclusive use. The former code possesed no flags to represent the vowels; X, Y and Z have been added; and an alteration has been made in the design and colors of a couple of the other flags, F and L.

Prior to 1857 there was a multitude of signaling codes in daily use at sea printed in many languages, and the resulting confusion may be readily imagined. But in April of that year a committee appointed by the Board of Trade two years before "to inquire into and report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea," had their suggestions put into practical shape by the issue of the "International Code Book of Directions," which was adopted by all the nautical powers. This, as I have just said, has been entirely superseded by the improved version, introduced in January, 1901, after the two ran concurrently for a year.

You will notice that one of the flags—a pennant, or flag running to a point, having two white vertical stripes on a red ground—is termed the code signal and answering pennant. When in use as the first, it indicates that the International Code is being employed. When used as the second—as the answering flag—its significance is equivalent to, "I notice you are wishful to communicate with me."

When a ship desires to speak to another she opens the ball by hoisting her ensign with the code flag beneath it.

The ship spoken to immediately responds to the signal by hoisting the answering pennant at the "dip"—that is, two-thirds of the way up to, say, the masthead or peak.

The first then makes the desired signal, which may consist of two, three or four flags; but never more than four.

Should the second ship comprehend the signal, she makes known the fact by hoisting the answering pennant "close up," in which position it is retained till the signaling craft has hauled down her flags. It is then lowered to the "dip" again in readiness for the continuation of the message.

Should the signal be not distinguishable, or appear not to be applicable to the situation, the ship spoken to must intimate the fact by hoisting the proper flags for the purpose, keeping the answering pennant at the "dip" until the signal is thoroughly comprehended, when it is hoisted "close up."

Two-flag signals, from A B to Y Z, are urgent and of importance, and take up ten pages of the code book. "Want a pilot," P T; "Machinery out of order," R J, are examples of the nature of these hoists.

Three-flag signals occupy the greater part of the code book, from page 20 to page 421. The bearings of the compass run from A B C to A S T.

Then we have the names of the various coins of all countries; for example, A U Y equals a rupee, followed by the weights and measures, A Y I equals a ton, decimals and fractions, B C X equals .09, and auxiliary phrases—i. e., containing the auxiliary verbs, such as B H W, "They must not be."

The general vocabulary is indicated by the flags C X A to Z N P, and takes up the pages of the code book from 64 to 414. "Pilot has been sent to you," T J I, and "Must take in more ballast," F T S, may be given as illustrations.

The degrees of latitude and longitude, divisions of time, height of the barometer and thermometer, are signaled by a hoist comprising two flags under the code pennant; while figures from cipher to five millions are denoted by two flags over the code pennant.

Geographical signals are shown by four-flag hoists, such as: A U Y T equals Callao; A E H V equals London.

The code flag over one flag has various significances. For example, when it is over L, the hoist denotes that cholera, plague, or yellow fever is on board. Over I, "Have not a clean bill of health." Over E indicates that the flags which follow do not allude to the code, but must be, taken as representing the letters of the alphabet each stands for. This is the alphabetical signal, and is employed when a name or address is about to be spelled out letter by letter. The code flag over F and over G indicate, in one case the end of a word or dot between initials, and in the other that the alphabetical signals are terminated.

Numeral signal—i. e., that the following flags are to be taken as representing the figures assigned to each of them in a table found in the book—is made known by hoisting the code pennant over M. Over N indicates the decimal point, and over O the end of the numeral signal.

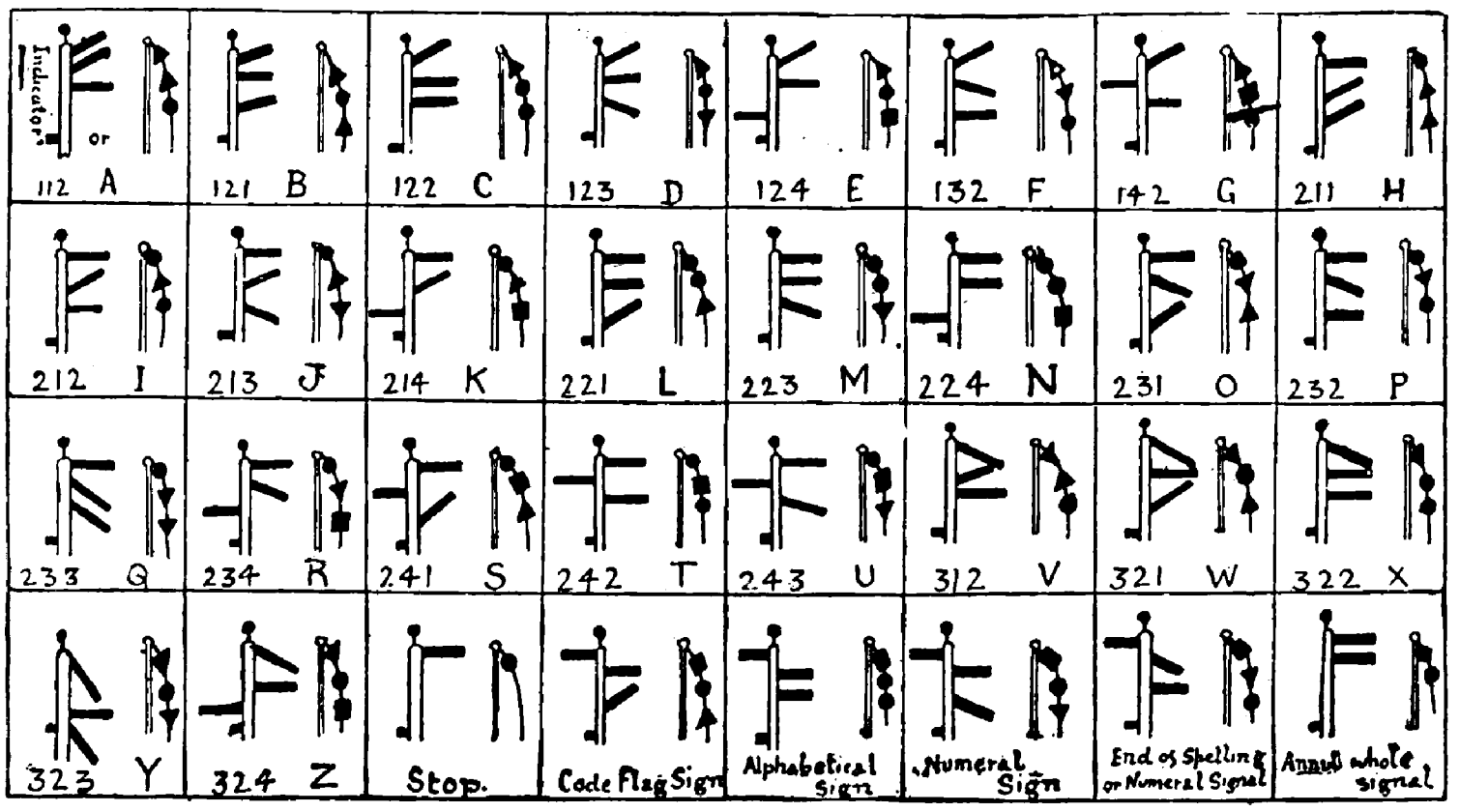
If the name or the number contain more than four letters or four figures, it must be given in more than one hoist; for four is the maximum number of flags of which a hoist must consist. And if a letter or figure be duplicated, or contained more than once in any name or number, such letter or figure "must, on its second occurrence, begin or be in a second hoist, and on its third occurrence, it must begin or be in a third hoist."

The illustration of the distant and semaphore signals is almost self-explanatory.

It will be noticed that each letter of the alphabet is indicated, in the distant, by a hoist of three shapes—a cone, a ball, and a drum; and, in the semaphore, by the inclination and position (with reference to the post) of three arms.

The cone with the point upward is termed number 1, and corresponds with the semaphore arm pointing upward. The ball is number 2, and is equivalent to the horizontal arm of the other. The down-pointing cone corresponds with the down-pointing arm of the semaphore, and is numbered 3. All these positions of the arm are on the side of the post opposite to the indicator. Number 4 is represented by a drum or by a horizontal arm on the same side as the indicator.

Owing to the fact that these distant and semaphore signals take more time than the flag system, requiring always two or more hoists, thirty-seven special urgent signals needing one hoist only have been provided in the Code Book; such as: "32. Short of provisions. Starving." "24. Want water immediately." "312. Is war declared?" The "Stop" signal indicates the end of the sentence.



SEMAPHORE AND DISTANT SIGNALS

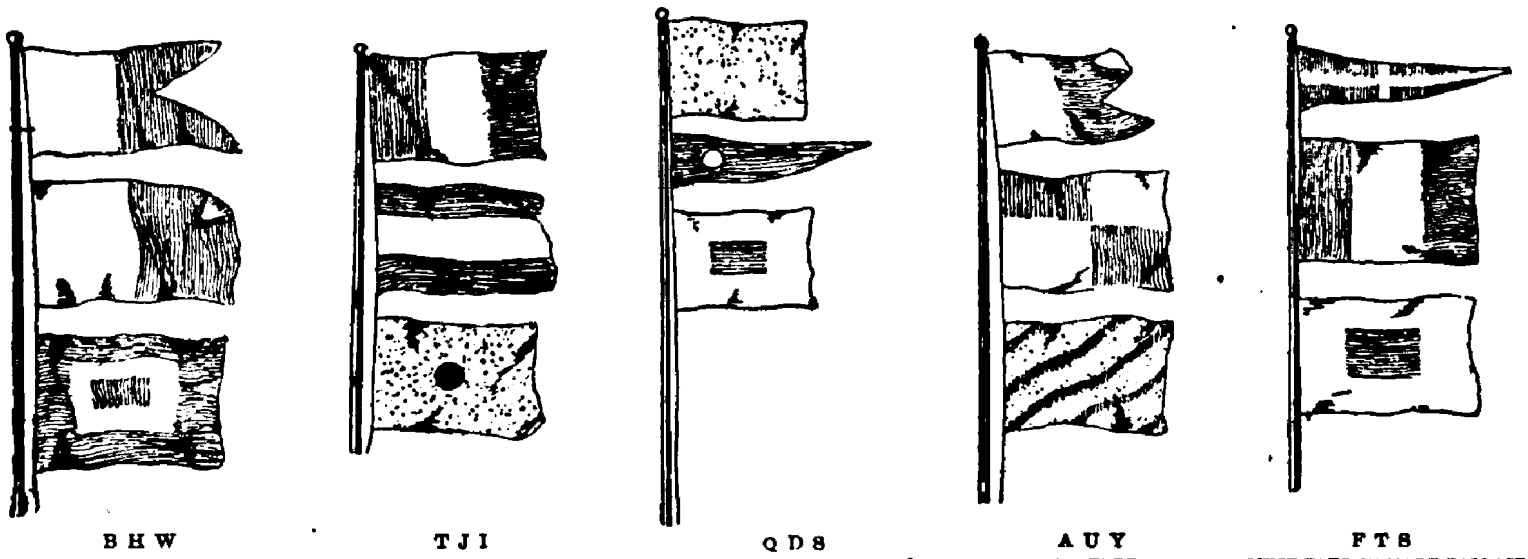
Boys' Books Reviewed

A FIRST BOOK OF ALGEBRA, by John W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. Both of these authors have had long experience in the work of teaching and this book dealing with this special branch of mathematics shows the results of that experience and most careful, painstaking and conscientious work. In the preface the authors state that as far as they know "this is the first beginners' book that graphically illustrates the fundamental rules, fundamental laws and facts, and incidentally brings out in bold relief the essential connection between arithmetic, algebra and concrete geometry." The twelve chapters in the book contain The Language of Algebra, The Equation, The four Simple Rules, Fundamental Laws, Factors, Fractions, Problems, Percentage, Simultaneous Equations, Symbols, Simple Equations, Ratio and Proportion, Involution, Square Root, Quadratic Equations, Radicals, Theory of Exponents, Radical Equations, Graphs of Functions. The many illustrations and exercises making and testing everything as the student proceeds make it a valuable work for school and college and teachers will find it of great use in the class room. The answers to the exercises are in the end of the book. 246 pages. Strongly bound. Price 50 cents. The Macmillan Co.

HEROES OF ICELAND, by Allen French, author of Rolf and the Viking's Bow, etc. The stories of far off olden times will never cease to thrill and delight the reader and listener: The Niebelungen Lied, Charlemagne, Roland of Roucesvalles, King Arthur and His Round Table, will never lose their interest, and Mr. French has in this book a story which in point of valor, faith, courtesy and all the grand virtues of the heroic age equals, if it does not surpass these familiar tales. It is a tale that stirs the blood; it shows us the life of our part ancestor, the Norseman, and upholds a high and heroic standard of courage. A book for any boy. The illustrations are by E. W. D. Hamilton. 297 pages. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

THE RACE OF THE SWIFT, by Edwin Carlile Litsey. This is a collection of seven stories of different animals, written by one who knows their habits and characteristics. The animals told about are: A mother fox, a hawk, a gray wolf, a wild cat, a raccoon, a coon dog, and a sheep dog "turned bad." The stories are finely told, showing the author to be a master of descriptive virile writing. Unlike many stories about animals, everything here stated is strictly within the range of probability. There is a touch of London's "Call of the Wild" in all of them. Readers of the book will not be confined to boys, as adults will enjoy it as well. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Ball are particularly good. A first-class book for a Christmas gift. 151 pages. Price $1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

THE GREGORY GUARDS, by Emma Lee Benedict. This is a good and well-told story, illustrating the truth of the advice of "The Preacher": "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Cyrus Gregory, owner of Gregory Lodge and Island, unable to walk because of spinal complaint, is administrator of a fund to help worthy boys to a start in life. Six boys are brought to the Island on probation, and because of attempts at robbery constitute themselves "The Gregory Guards." How Cyrus became poor because of a wicked trustee and how he again came into his own through the efforts of two of the boys he helped are all delightfully told in the book. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 302 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.



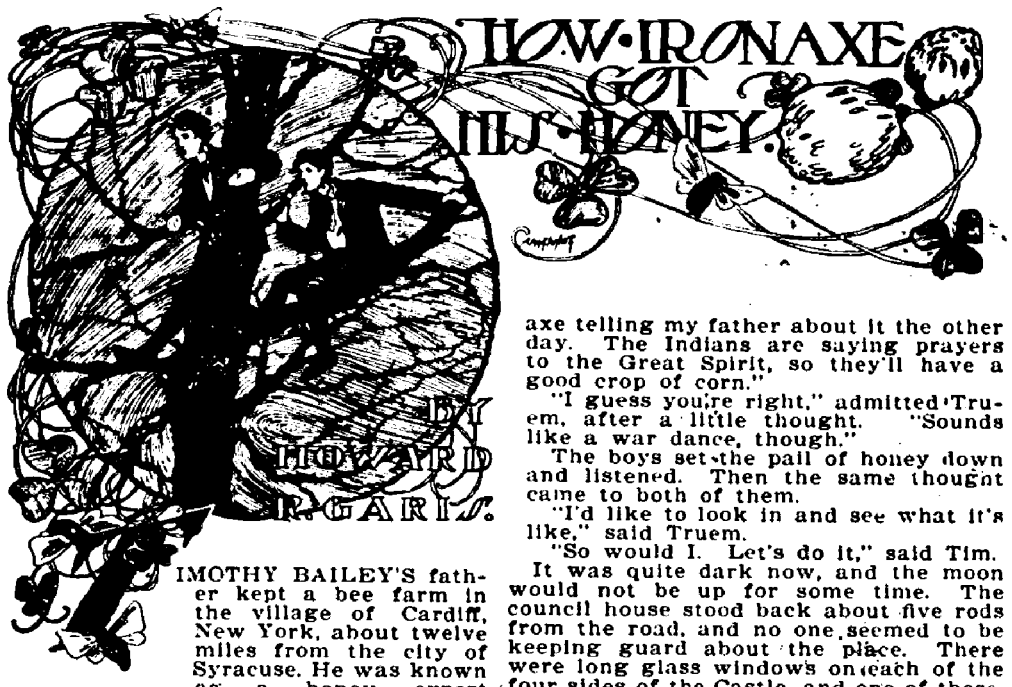
B H W
THEY MUST NOT BE

T J I
PILOT HAS BEEN SENT TO YOU

Q D S
HOW DOES THE LAND LIE?

A U Y
A RUPEE

F T S
MUST TAKE IN MORE BALLAST



TIMOTHY BAILEY'S father kept a bee farm in the village of Cardiff, New York, about twelve miles from the city of Syracuse. He was known as a honey expert throughout most of the Onondaga valley, so the sweet white clover, or darker buckwheat production of his bees found a ready market, not only among his neighbors but also at Syracuse.

Some three miles from Cardiff, northward toward Syracuse, was the reservation set aside by the government for the remnant of the tribe of Onondaga Indians. These red-men, a mere handful of a once powerful band, lived peaceful lives on their small farms. Some, who did not care to till the soil, found work with neighboring farmers, or even in the city, where they were employed as day laborers.

The Castle was the council house where, on somewhat rare occasions, the few warriors who still had the pride of the tribe in their hearts, met and kept up the traditions of their race. There were two factions among the Indians, namely, the Christian Indians, who accepted the teachings of the missionary and attended the church he had established, and the unbelievers, who clung to the old faith and traditions. Between the two, however, there was no bad feeling.

It was among the Indians, both Christian and non-Christian, that Bert Bailey found a good market for his honey, the red-men being very fond of the sweet stuff.

"Tim," called Mr. Bailey to his son, one evening just at dusk. "Tom Ironaxe down at the Castle sent word he wanted some honey. His boy brought me the money and said his father wanted the stuff tonight, sure. I was going to send the hired man down, but the horse needs a shoe, and so George has to take it to the blacksmith shop. Couldn't you take a walk to the Castle? It'll be moonlight coming home."

"I guess so, dad," replied Tim. "Is the honey heavy?"

"No, it's about ten pounds of broken comb, clover and buckwheat mixed. I had your mother put it in a milk pail, and tie some cheese cloth over the top. If you start now you'll be back by nine o'clock."

Tim didn't mind the six mile walk to the Castle and back, for it was a pleasant spring evening, and he knew many of the more civilized Indians. Ironaxe was one of the "wild" Indians, as they were called, though they were really far from being wild or savage.

"I'll start right now, dad," said Tim, and, taking the pail of honey, and stuffing his pockets full of molasses cookies, he went down the road, whistling merrily. On the way through the center of the village Tim met Truem Wright, his fifteen-year-old chum.

"Where you goin'?" called Truem.

"Got to take some honey to Tom Ironaxe at the Castle. Want to go 'long?"

"Sure."

The journey didn't seem such a task to Tim now that he had company. Though two boys may not be able to go on an errand in double the time of one, still, the way seems but half as long as it would to the single wayfarer. As for thinking the journey work, the boys talked too much to let that worry them. Thrusting a stick through the pail handle they carried the honey between them, and neither noticed the weight.

Almost before they knew it the boys had covered two miles, and were traveling down the slope that led into the reservation.

Now and then they passed log or slab cabins in which the Indians lived, and then they were fairly within the Indian village. To reach the home of Ironaxe they had to pass through the village and about half a mile beyond the Castle.

Usually the Castle was closed, for it was used only when the Indians who refused to be Christianized went through some of their old ceremonies in it. But this time, as the boys came opposite the building, they saw lights gleaming within.

"Wonder what's up," said Tim.

"Maybe it's a war dance," suggested Truem, catching his breath sharply at the idea.

As they came nearer, following the path that led past the council house, they heard from the interior, a low, monotonous chanting, interspersed now and then with yells. There was also a faint, rattling sound.

"That's what it is; a war dance!" exclaimed Truem. "Say, I'm going back. Come on."

"No," objected Tim, coming to a halt. "I've got to leave this honey for Ironaxe; he's paid for it and he wants it."

"But your father didn't know the Indians would be having a war dance," argued Truem. "He wouldn't want us to get hurt, even if Ironaxe didn't get his honey."

"This isn't a war dance," said Tim. "The Onondaga Indians don't have 'em any more. They're partly civilized. Say," he cried suddenly, "I know what all the excitement is about."

"What?"

"It's the green corn dance—succotash dance, the Indians call it. I heard Ironaxe telling my father about it the other day. The Indians are saying prayers to the Great Spirit, so they'll have a good crop of corn."

"I guess you're right," admitted Truem, after a little thought. "Sounds like a war dance, though."

The boys set the pail of honey down and listened. Then the same thought came to both of them.

"I'd like to look in and see what it's like," said Truem.

"So would I. Let's do it," said Tim.

It was quite dark now, and the moon would not be up for some time. The council house stood back about five rods from the road, and no one seemed to be keeping guard about the place. There were long glass windows on each of the four sides of the Castle, and one of these, the boys thought, would afford a glimpse within. They glanced all about them. The whole village was in darkness excepting the council house. Tim took the pail of honey and both boys moved cautiously forward.

A number of years ago, and at the time this adventure befell Truem and Tim, the Onondaga Indians were jealous of their tribal ceremonies. The green corn dance, the incantations over the white dog, and some other rites, were guarded from inquisitive eyes as closely as in the days of the wild wilderness life of the red-men. No paleface had ever witnessed the dances, though newspaper men had made several attempts, openly and otherwise, to gain admittance. At the present time it is different; the once noble Indian is not averse to letting the white men in at twenty-five cents a head, so that the green corn dance has degenerated into a shadow of what it was.



HIS FINGERS WERE SOON IN HIS MOUTH

But, up to this time, few, if any, whites had seen the ceremony, though Tim and Truem didn't know this. Nor did it enter their heads that they might be doing a wrong thing to thus intrude where they had no right.

Cautiously they approached the Castle, taking care to make no noise. Tiptoeing to one of the windows, they found to their chagrin that the Indians had daubed the lower panes with paint, so that it was not possible to see through them.

"Cracky!" whispered Tim, "but I'd like to look in, first rate. Just hear 'em yell!"

The noise inside was increasing. Tim set the pail of honey down on the ground, and looked about him.

"I have it!" he said, softly. "Those trees!" and he pointed toward two small ones growing near the council house. "We can climb them, and then we can see in through the top window lights."

Truem at once shinned up a sapling with an ease born of long practice.

Tim did likewise, having moved his pail of honey close to the base of the tree. Foot by foot the boys wiggled up until they could look right down into the interior of the Castle.

A strange sight met their gaze. In the center of the long room, on a slightly raised platform, sat an old Indian, who appeared to be a chief. He was attired in gaily colored blankets, and his black hair was crowned with a head dress of feathers. About him circled a score of braves. They each wore only a pair of trousers, and their faces, as well as the upper parts of their bodies, were gaily painted. Each Indian carried a dried gourd in his hand, the top and bottom of the vegetable having been cut away, and the openings closed with a dried pig's bladder. Inside the gourd were kernels of corn which rattled about like peas in a drum, striking the sides of the instrument and the skin heads with a sharp sound.

Violently shaking these queer rattles the Indians circled about the chief, each one uttering cries in strange, weird tones. Sometimes the voices were low and crooning. Then they reached a high pitch, only to sink again, like waves washing on a shore. First loud, then soft surged the song of the dancers.

Pagan though the belief and ceremony of the Indians might be called, they were imploring their God, the Great Spirit, as best they knew how, to grant them a plentiful harvest of corn, on which they depended for their winter store of food. They shook the dried kernels of the cereal within the gourds to emphasize their petition.

"Aye—ya-ya-ya-a-a-a! Ei-yi-yi-yi-i-i! Ha! Ya! Aye-ya-ya-a-a-a! Yip! Hi! Yi!"

Thus shouted the red-men, dwelling long on the vowel sounds.

Spellbound the two boys watched the performance. Faster and faster circled the braves. Louder and more impassioned grew the shouts. Sharper and sharper rattled the kernels in the gourds. They stamped their moccasined feet on the board floor with a noise like distant thunder. A dust arose making a haze in the room that almost hid the dancers.

"It's great, ain't it?" called Truem to Tim in a shrill whisper.

"Hush!" cautioned Tim, "some one might hear you. We don't want to be caught looking in. They wouldn't like it."

The boys were craning their necks, and leaning half out of the trees in order that they might not miss a single movement. They never heeded some one walking about on the ground below them, nor at Tim's whisper did they see a dusky figure stop as it was about to enter the Castle. The first thing they knew a heavy hand shook the tree in which Tim was perched, and a voice grunted:

"Come down, boy!"

"We're caught!" called Tim, sliding to the ground. "Run for it, Truem! If they get us they may kill us!"

Frightened almost out of their wits the two boys fell from the trees, and started off at top speed in the darkness.

After a few steps, Tim's course was suddenly checked, and he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and knew that an Indian had him. Captured, as he had been playing the spy, the boy shuddered and caught his breath.

True, the Indians were government wards and were not supposed to be violent, but, worked up to a frenzy by their ancient ceremonies, there was no telling what they might do.

"He's got me!" wailed Tim. "Run, Truem! Run home and tell the folks."

But suddenly the grip of the Indian's hand relaxed. He seemed to halt quickly, and then he stumbled. There was a rattle of tin, and the red-man muttered something in his native tongue. At the same instant he released Tim, who gave a wild glance backward as he leaped forward to freedom.

What the boy saw, by the light of the moon, that just then rose from behind the trees, almost made him stop and laugh. The Indian who had caught him, had, in running after the boy, come upon the pail of honey Tim left on the ground near the tree. In his haste the brave had put his foot in the ten pounds of sweet stuff, plunging his moccasin through the cheesecloth covering, and going right down to the bottom, where the sticky stuff held him as if it had been so much glue.

The Indian's exclamation of astonishment as he felt the clinging weight, was followed by a grunt of satisfaction as he reached his hand down and discovered what had trapped him.

His fingers covered with the sweet honey were soon in his mouth, and he was licking them as a bear does his paws, when he thrusts them into a wild bee nest. Then, heedless of the flight of the two young palefaces, he sat down on a convenient stone, pulled his foot from the pail, and muttered:

"Heap good!"

There he sat devouring the comb and juice, which trickled all over his face and hands. The pursuit of those who had sought to spy on the green corn dance was over as far as he was concerned. Let the other braves implore the Great Spirit for a plenteous harvest. Good fortune had come to him already.

Tim and Truem sped on, until, after a time, they stopped and discovered no one was after them. Then they settled down into a walk, their hearts beating wildly from the chase.

"My, but that was a close call," said Truem. "I wonder what made him stop chasing us. And where's the pail of honey?"

"Back there," replied Tim. "I guess ther ain't much left by now," and, laughing in spite of the scare, he told Truem what had happened.

"Did you give Ironaxe his honey?" asked Mr. Bailey, as his son reached home about nine o'clock.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Why not?"

"Another Indian got it first," and then he told his adventure.

The next day Tim took a second pail of the sweet stuff to Ironaxe. This time he went alone, and he made no stop at the council house. He found Ironaxe sitting in the shade of his cabin.

"I've brought you the honey," said Tim. "I was coming last night, but I lost the pail."

"Hu!" grunted the Indian, "that yo bucket, lil boy?" and he pointed to a milk pail, on the sides of which honey was smeared.

"It—it looks like it," Tim admitted, recognizing the pail. "Where'd you get it?"

"Foun' him las' night," grunted Ironaxe, without the trace of a smile on his face, though he glanced at Tim sharply. "Foun' him. Full honey. Step in pail honey like bear' Huh!"

Then he took the second supply Tim had brought.

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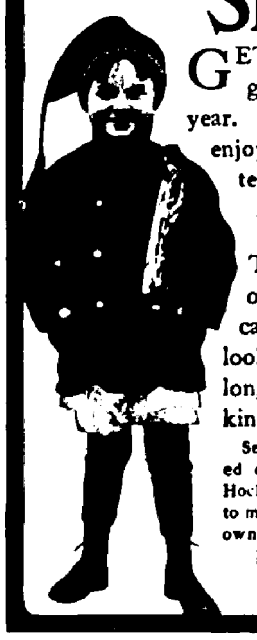

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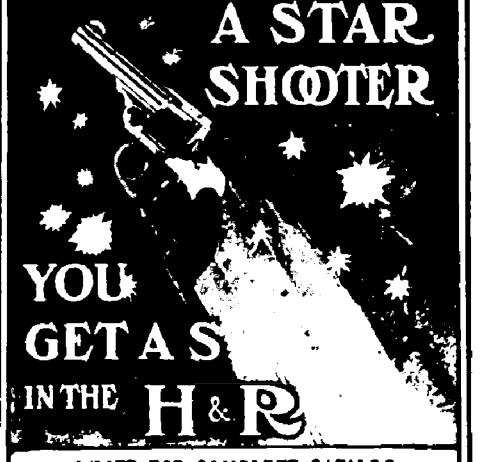

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HISTORY HEAD.

BY BAILEY MILLARD

"YOU DON'T look like a very husky brusher, young fellow," said the foreman to Cliff Harvey, the pale Berkeley student with the large head and the lean legs that did not begin to fill the suspiciously new denim trousers. "Do you really think you can cut brush?"

"I guess I can," was the reply with emphasis on the "can." "Let me try, anyway. I've got to do something," and he glanced, as he spoke, up the canon where under the hot Californian sun, a gang of Portuguese was gashing the side of a steep scarp for a railroad.

Cliff was trying to work his way through college. He was in his freshman year, and this was vacation time. Although he was the son of a poor bookkeeper, he had been the only boy in the high school who could have told you who the Ephesians were and given an idea of their ancient buildings, or could relate in detail Tamerlane's victories. Before he entered college Cliff was so far advanced in his studies of the ancient Greeks, Hebrews, Egyptians and Saracens that he astonished his instructor again and again by his knowledge, which had been gained in patient plodding over library books at home. He would have liked to go in for athletics, but he did not feel that he could spare the time. While the other boys were developing their muscles on the football field he was developing a memory for the dates of Caesar's conquests. He could hardly have explained to you what a touchdown was, but he could have given you the names of all the Assyrian monarchs known to historians.

As Cliff was preparing to work his way to a university he felt that he had little time for "fooling around" with other boys. So he rarely sought their society. The result was that he became shy, diffident and quite original. He had an abrupt, nervous way about him, and on the occasion of one of his rare visits at the home of a friend his hostess always trembled, as he could hardly touch a piece of china without breaking it. When he became excited over the discussion of a question in history his eyes would blaze and his hands would sweep about, so that all the bric-a-brac were in danger of destruction. By his school friends he was known as History Head. Whenever anyone wanted the date of a discovery or of a battle they went to him.

As his father could do very little toward helping him at college, Cliff, who was determined to graduate and become a professor of history, hit upon the brilliant idea of sleeping in a workman's shanty near the campus and living on oatmeal mush and hardtack. At the end of a month he wrote home a glowing letter to his father, showing how he had boarded himself for thirty-one days on one dollar and fifty cents. His father became alarmed and wrote to him that while he appreciated the spirit he showed he would have to take him out of college unless he ate more and better food.

Cliff had become thin and pale, but he had put a dozen "posers" to his instructor in history and had answered offhand as many "tra-" questions. The students hazed him unmercifully, but he didn't seem to care. Being in college, on any terms, was to him a sort of paradise.

And now in vacation time was his golden opportunity. He had scorned an offer of fruit-picking at $1.50 a day because he had read an advertisement of the S. P. Company offering $2.25 a day to railroad graders. The foreman did not like his looks, and said his hands were not the right shape for handling a shovel. He might be able to work with the brush-cutters, but he doubted it.

"Well, I'll give you a trial, anyway," said the good-natured boss. "There's an axe there. Look out you don't cut your tender feet with it."

Cliff grasped the axe handle firmly. It was the Handle of Opportunity to him. He set to work eagerly, and while he did not cut his feet he did blister his hands, and came near killing a Portuguese, close past whose swarthy face his axe whizzed.

In the afternoon of this first trial day, when the sun glared pitilessly down into the canon and the sweat and dust made Cliff's face almost unrecognizable, a calm, cool young man in "correct" outing clothes and a soft Panama hat came loitering by, smoking a cigarette. Cliff recognized the young man at once as Harold Sutliffe, a member of his class who belonged to the most expensive "frat" in Berkeley. He honed that Sutliffe would not recognize him, for he felt uncomfortable in his dirt and sweat; but Sutliffe, who was not of a social disposition, though he enjoyed lording it over the poorer students at college, stared hard for a minute and then took a few strides in Cliff's direction and said:

"Hullo, History Head. What are you trying to do here?"

"Brushing land for a railway grade," said Cliff rather shortly, swinging his axe.

"How do you like your brother dagoes?" asked Sutliffe with a smile.

"Oh, they're quiet; 'they' don't bother me," he answered.

"It's going to be a great road," remarked Sutliffe. "It's going to run right through Pine Gap to Bunkerville, 'way up in the Sierras. Dad's got the contract. That's why I'm up here. I didn't know he wanted me to help out on the books and the pay roll or I shouldn't have come. It's too much like work. I cut the job yesterday. I'm too keen to be trapped into anything like that in vacation time. But the fishing's pretty good up here this summer. I'm going to wet a line toward evening, when it's a little cooler. Gee! Ain't it hot now?"

"It is hot," said Cliff, swinging his axe against a scrub oak dangerously near Sutliffe. "But I don't mind it. Sweating hard like this is awful good for the liver."

"Glad you like it," said Sutliffe. "Well, by-by. Guess I'll go over to Bingham's camp and get into one of his hammocks. He's got a lot of good novels over there and it's cool under the pines."

Cliff's back was aching and the muscles of his arms were lame, while his blistered hands smarted as by fire, but there was no room in his thoughts for the seeming unkindness of the fate which offered a cool hammock and a book to his classmate and the hot sun and a brush axe to him. He saw ahead of him the post-graduate course and the professorship, and he clutched the Handle of Opportunity with firm, though painful fingers.

"You're getting the hang of it, young fellow," said the foreman, after Cliff had worked a week. "I guess you'll do, though you don't look tough."

Harold Sutliffe came around two or three times during that week. Once he came by with a fishing rod and a basket which he assured Cliff was full of trout. Cliff, having little curiosity on the subject, did not ask to see the fish, but he had his doubts as to their filling the basket, as Sutliffe was noted for his great yarns.

By the end of the fifth week, in the dry, hot month of July, the brush had all been cut for the grade and Cliff was set to work as a drill-holder in the tunnel. He liked the change. It was cool in the tunnel and though it was rather restricted as to view, he was not "bothering about scenery," as he said. He was at first afraid the strikers would hit his hands with their hammers, but this fear gradually left him. Sometimes he wanted to strike for a while to break the monotony of the work, but noticing how awkward he was, none of the men would hold the drill for him. They valued their fingers and wrists too highly for that.

One very warm Sunday evening Cliff lay before his tent flap, reading in the afterglow. It had been a day of riotous delight for the Portuguese, who had all been down to Shantytown and had come staggering back to camp, breaking the peaceful mountain quiet with their wine-inspired yells; but now they were all still, having settled down into drunken slumber. A dozen were prostrate behind the powder house and there was another sleeping group farther along down the gulch. Cliff was glad they had stopped yelling and had settled down to sleep, for he wanted to read. He was fated to be further disturbed, however, for the nearby pine needles cracked and Harold Sutliffe strolled down toward the tent.

"What are you reading, History Head?" asked the young man throwing himself down upon the ground and rolling a cigarette.

"Tacitus."

"Tacitus? You're on the dig all the while, ain't you? Don't you ever get tired?"

"Not of Tacitus—no. I wish they could find the rest of his 'Annals.'"

"Didn't know any of 'em had ever been lost. What do you suppose the missing ones were about?"

"Oh, all about the Julian dynasty," said Cliff. "Just think what the world has lost."

"What do you suppose the Julian dynasty was about, that is missing from the 'Annals'?" asked Sutliffe, who remembered how the boys at college had interrogated Cliff Harvey into white heats of classic interest and had enjoyed what they called his "historical hysterics." Harold baited him with a few more questions and then History Head was off in one of his rapt monologues, speculating freely and, perhaps, rather luridly, upon what the missing "Annals" contained. Meanwhile Sutliffe smoked his cigarette and threw the stump behind him. He was enjoying the wild sweep of History Head's arms, and the way his eyebrows worked and his bright eyes gleamed.

"But, now, Vespasian," Cliff was saying—"Vespasian wouldn't have done anything like that. Vespasian would have——"

He paused. A great glare of yellow light was shooting up behind Sutliffe. There was an abrupt ending of the supplement to Tacitus. History Head sprang to his feet.

"The woods are afire!" he exclaimed, pointing behind Sutliffe. "It was your cigarette. And the wind is right toward the powder house!"

He grasped a couple of empty sacks that were lying near, dipped them into a pail of water and handed one of them to Sutliffe.

"Take this," he said. "It's got quite a start, but I think we can manage it."

The fire blazed and crackled in the dry brush and among the resinous pine cones. It leaped halfway up a young bull pine and flashed in a grass clump at Sutliffe's feet.

"The powder house!" exclaimed Sutliffe. "Why, that isn't a hundred feet away! Excuse me. It's too close. You might be blown to little bits any minute."

"But the workmen!" shouted History Head, beating out the fire in the grass clump with his sack, and springing toward the roaring flames in the brush ahead. "There's a dozen men just behind the powder house and they'll all be killed. Get to work!" He flung at the flames like a thing possessed, scattering the brush heap with a pole and beating out the detached fires with his sack.

Sutliffe gave a frightened shout and ran away, shouting. "Guess that'll scare 'em up, and they can get away all right."

He did not know that the men were lying in a drunken stupor and incapable of heeding an alarm. But History Head knew. The fire was running quickly along the leaves and grass toward the powder house, near which was another pile of dead brush. Cliff thought that if the flames caught in this brush nothing could save the stupid men from destruction. His month of hard work in the mountains had made him very wiry and strong, and, as he fought the fire singlehanded he was reminded oddly of Theseus fighting his way to Athens. If he could slay this roaring, yellow dragon he could save many lives and ten tons of dynamite. Not once did he think of his own danger or of the fact that the lives he was trying to save were those of a lot of drunken Portuguese. To him each life was a life and worth fighting for. It occurred to him in his quick-breathing, hot-whirling strife, as he worked nearer and nearer the dynamite, that possibly he might arouse the sleeping men after all, and, as he swung his cinder-blackened stick, he shouted the first call that came into his head, bellowing it out between strokes. It was his college yell and it had never been more lustily given:

"Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
Cal-i-for-ni-a!
U. C., Ber-ke-ley,
Zip—boom—ah!"

Over and over again, while he beat out the flames, he gave the yell, but no one responded. He had made a great, black smoking circle to the right, but to the left the fire was running toward the powder house. On the windward side it had crept up to the tent over which it passed on its way to the creek where, at that end, it would probably stop.

It was with the frenzy of despair that Cliff saw the flames leap toward the brush pile next to the shanty where the high explosives were stored. He beat the fire with the sack and stamped on it with his feet, roaring out the college yell at the top of his voice.

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
Cal-i-for-ni-a!"

His heart sank as he saw a little tongue of flame, fanned by the wind, catch in an overhanging projection of the brush pile. The next minute the whole heap was a mass of leaping fire. He seized a shovel that lay near and, attacking the flames while he yelled, he scattered the brush back upon the burnt space and stamped the lower reaches of the flames with his hot, curling soles. He was close to the powder house now, his back against it, his face to the flames. He was fighting like a demon, and still yelling:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!
Cal-i-for-ni-a!"

The flames sent up an intolerable heat, and radiated against the side of the powder house. He ran for the water-pail, seized it and, coming back, dashed its contents over the side of the shanty. He had gained a new breath of cooler air by going back, and with this new stimulus, he beat and beat the fire until he saw it begin to dwindle and die. Then he scraped back the burning embers with his shovel and nothing remained but its ashes. He had conquered! The powder house and the workmen were saved!

Going around to where the Portuguese lay he poked at them with his feet. They sat up and jabbered angrily, calling him all sorts of names.

Edward Sutliffe, the contractor, hurried up from his cabin, accompanied by his son, Harold. On seeing the blackened face and singed eyebrows of History Head, Mr. Sutliffe extended his hand, with the most cordial thanks and congratulations.

"I know how it happened," he said. "Harold has confessed his carelessness about the cigarette and how he ran away and left you to fight the fire alone. I hope you were not injured in any way."

"No, sir; I'm all right," said History Head, hoarsely. "But, my books. I've lost my 'Tacitus,' my 'Caesar Interlinear' and my 'Condensed Gibbon.'"

"History books in a grading camp!" said Mr. Sutliffe, surprised. "Well, well!"

Harold had something to say on this point, and he said it in a way that showed his growing respect and esteem for History Head.

"And he's working like a Trojan to get through college. Can't you help him, father? He deserves it, doesn't he?"

"I should say he does," was the pleased reply of Edward Sutliffe. "A boy like that. I wish you, Harold—but I'll talk to you later. Mr. Harvey, I want to tell you that if you wish to go through college I'll see that you get through without having to work your way. I owe it to you. You're the bravest——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted History Head. "I'm grateful for your offer and regret that I can't accept it. All you can do for me is to let me keep my job. I didn't put out the fire for you, but for the men. I thought I could save their lives and I did. That was all."

"But you needn't work so hard," said Mr. Sutliffe. "I can save you all that."

"Work doesn't hurt me," said History Head, proudly. "It's just what a man needs. If you want to help me, please tell the foreman to let me stay on until the fifteenth of next month. That will make seventy-eight days, and at $2.25 a day, I shall earn $175.50 for my vacation's work, out of which, when my board is paid, I shall have $105. That's all I need for the sophomore year."

"And you, Harold," said Mr. Sutliffe, reproachfully, "spent over a thousand dollars as a freshman. All right, Mr. Harvey; I understand your scruples about not accepting aid from me, and I like your independent spirit. But if ever you need any help—you might get sick, you know, or something—be sure to let me know. As for the books you lost, you'll let me replace them, won't you?"

"Thank you. You're very kind. I will."

When History Head went back to college he found a big box awaiting him at his lodgings. In it were copies of the books he had lost and in addition a complete Macaulay in stout sheepskin.

"There's no use sending such a boy books bound in fancy covers," said Mr. Sutliffe, glancing about his own luxurious and little-used library and then at his wife. "He's not likely to bother about the outsides of the books; it's the insides he's after."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sutliffe, "and I'm glad such a boy has come into Harold's life. Our boy used to be rather hard on young men who were working their way in college; but last night he told me he was getting tired of going to you for every cent he wanted to use, and that next vacation he was going to strike out and earn some money of his own."

"Did he?" asked the father, his eyes a little moist. "That's the best news I've heard since he stopped smoking cigarettes."

"But it's too bad that boy won't let you give him a little money, continued Mrs. Sutliffe. "Harold says the poor fellow eats only two meals a day, and that's not enough for a hard-working student."

"No; I've thought it over, Annie, and I've come to the conclusion that though he may be faring rather slimly at times—which is certainly better than to overeat, as most rich boys do—the only real help I can give such a boy is my best wishes and good pay for a good day's work."



ROARING OUT HIS "RAH! RAH! RAH! CAL-I-FOR-NI-A!"

"No man is beaten until he admits it," so runs a gallant old proverb.

"It's dogged that does it," says the sturdy Cornish saw.

MONEY IN WEEDS

By E. M. HEAGAN

ONE OF the simplest and most novel ways for a boy to earn money is gathering the leaves and roots of weeds that grow by the roadside, and in the fields where they pester the farmer.

The most annoying weed the farmer has to deal with is "witch-grass," "couch-grass," or "quack-grass." It was regarded once as a good thing, but it has become a nuisance. It is a coarse grass growing in clumps of two or three stems from two to four feet high from a creeping, pointed root-stalk, and bears densely-flowered, spike-like heads resembling those of rye or beardless wheat. The stems are round, smooth, thickened at the joints, and hollow, bearing from five to seven sheath-like leaves. The grass is one of the most difficult weeds to eradicate on account of the long-jointed root-stalk, each joint of which is the source of a new plant.

These roots are caught by the harrow when the land is cultivated and it has to be dumped of its trailing burden at the edge of the patch. Here is the chance for the lad after money. The part of the grass most valuable to the pharmacist is the part most aggravating to the farmer. It is the long, tough, creeping root-stalk which creeps along just under the surface. In color it is pale yellow, smooth, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, with joints at intervals of about an inch, from which slender, branching rootlets are produced. The tip of a root is needle-pointed.

After the root-stalks have been collected and washed, the rootlets should be removed and the root-stalk cut into short pieces about two-fifths of an inch long. The lever-feed cutter that farmers use for cutting corn fodder is good for this work. The chopped roots should then be spread out to dry on shelves in a shed or barn where there is light and air. They should be spread thinly and turned from day to day until completely cured. This process takes from three to six weeks. Be near, for the bright, clean roots bring the highest prices.

In the drug trade "witch-grass" is known as triticum. As sold at stores it is in the form of small angular pieces, straw-colored, shiny and hollow. For medicinal purposes it is almost wholly an imported article. About 250,000 pounds are imported annually from Europe and the price paid is from three to seven cents per pound. In selling drugs, a sample lot, a handful, should be sent for inspection and quotation to the nearest commission merchants dealing in drugs, whose address may be secured at the home drug store. "Witch-grass" roots are best gathered in the spring when the land is under cultivation.

Later in the summer a new weed, the dandelion, is at its best for medicinal purposes. This common plant thrives everywhere but in the South. It is found in fields, in the rank roadside growths, and is especially annoying on lawns. The part of the plant valuable as a drug is its long top-root from twelve to eighteen inches long, thick and fleshy like a parsnip, dull yellow or brownish on the outside, clear white on the inside, odorless and very bitter. A thick, milky juice oozes from the root when it is cut or bruised. The time to dig the root is from July to September when the milky juice is thickening and the bitterness is increasing. The root should be thoroughly washed and dried. It wrinkles lengthwise in drying and decreases in weight one-half. Last year the imports of dandelion root amounted to 115,522 pounds and the price paid varied from four to six cents per pound.

Other weeds that are valuable as drugs, wholly or in part, are the burdocks, mullein, lobelia and tansy. Ambitious boys may pick up considerable money in collecting drugs for the market and even "grown-ups" may find it profitable. The modern manufacturer is successful in proportion to his ability to utilize the by-products of his factory. In the same way farmers and farmers' sons may convert the necessary evil by-products of their business, the weeds, into coin of the realm.

The Fitness of Things

"There is perhaps no department of the city public school system where the fitness of things can be taught with as excellent effect as in the Manual Training Department," said a New York City teacher the other day.

"We have for instance a boy making a book rack out of a piece of wood. He must decide upon size, making it suit the particular place where it is to be used; the kind of joint to hold the posts together, so that it may have the required stability; the form and shape of the supporting blocks, to avoid the appearance of crudeness. When he has the model constructed to comply with these tests of its fitness he is confronted with blank spaces which suggest the desirability of decoration. His first impulse will be to fill these spaces with copies of pictures,—perhaps prints of masterpieces in art. Soon, however, he will know that even a masterpiece looks out of place, except in a place for which it was designed by the artist; that the eternal fitness of things forbids painting a brilliant posey, however well done, on a block of wood designed to support books.

"Is it fit," the boy must ask himself, and in the answering of the question he develops a wholesome regard for the fitness of things.

Chester Harlan, Stockport, Iowa, who has been reading THE AMERICAN BOY for three years, sends us a few rhymes, in which he compliments the editor and expresses the hope that THE AMERICAN BOY may never cease to live. The lad shows talent as a rhyme-maker.

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The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of halftone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.

We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the proper piece of material and exactly how to cut—you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its right place—what kind of a nail to use—how to drive it—you drive it.

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Amateur Journalism Department

EDITED BY WM. R. MURPHY

The Bulletin Board

The Max-Par Amateur Press Club has been organized by Chester E. McCormick, at Knox, Indiana.

Smith Bros., Fergus Falls, Minn., have published an exchange list containing the names of papers published by members of the United Amateur Press Association.

M. B. Ferguson and C. Albert Haugh, both of Baltimore, are candidates for the presidency of the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association, whose convention was held in Baltimore January first.

The darling ambition of most amateur journalists is to print their papers in their own printing shops. Ezra D. Sargent, of Ezra, Kentucky, has reached the goal of his ambition in that respect and will print "The American Youth" in the future, as well as act as its editor.

The Gotham Press Club has just concluded the first six months of its history. During the six months it made several pilgrimages to points of literary interest. The following are the officers for the coming half year: President, J. Fred Crosley; Vice-President, Alice M. Heins; Secretary, Eleanor Keating; Treasurer, A. M. Adams; Official Editor, Robert R. Gregory. Indoor literary meetings are to be held this winter.

The Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club held its seventh birthday exercises the last week in October. This is probably the best all-round amateur press club in the country. It has a good membership list, publishes some of the best as well as oldest of the amateur papers of the country, numbers several laureateship holders among its members, and has not skipped a regular meeting during its seven years' history.

In order to take care of the 1906 convention of the United Amateur Press Association several New Yorkers have organized the New York Press-Literary Club, with the following officers: President, W. B. Dillon; Vice-President, Raymond Wilcox; Secretary, E. Keating; Treasurer, Ethelwyn Dithridge; Literary Editor, Harold B. Pratt. The last named is the organizer of the Stephen Decatur company of the Order of the American Boy.

The International Amateur Press Association, at its third annual convention, held at Albany recently, was not largely attended. However, much business of importance was transacted, including the adoption of a new constitution and the election of officers. The following will have the guiding of the Association during the coming year: President, George B. Bryan; Vice-President, J. J. Hennessy; Secretary, Charles A. Nichols; Treasurer, Nick Bruhl; Official Editor, A. M. Hamilton; Historian, David J. Welsh; Manuscript Manager, W. E. Eliot; Official Organ, "Friendship Junior"; Convention Seat, 1906, Niagara Falls. The reception committee, which consisted of David J. Welsh and David J. Powers, editors of "The Fairy Amateur," deserves credit for its efforts in behalf of the convention.



"THE MITE," (THE OLD AND THE NEW) AND ITS PUBLISHER M. BRADLEY NORTON

A Future Magazine Magnate

A remarkable record in amateur journalism has been made by M. Bradley Norton, a bright fifteen-year-old school boy of Olean, New York, who presents a fine combination of business energy and journalistic ability. He has increased the circulation of his paper, "The Mite," from less than one hundred to more than a thousand copies a month. It is a record to be proud of. Bradley must be making money, judging from the prosperous appearance of his advertising columns.

"Looking Backward" is an excellent review of the year's work by Frank P. Murphy and, barring a few omissions, is very accurate.

The American boy has only one equal, the American girl, and she is often a very efficient amateur journalist. Ada Parkhurst, of Wichita, Kansas, has issued a very dainty sheet, entitled "A Kansas Zephyr." It is printed in pale green and on paper of corn color. Several poems by the editress appear in the issue before us. They are well written, as are the editorial comments.

George Kilpatrick, of Memphis, Tennessee, whose portrait we printed some months ago, has "arrived" with his "The Boys' Companion," a neatly printed and arranged bimonthly. The only criticism we have to offer on the typography of the second issue is that the type seems to have been too heavily inked. We suggest that in future issues he omit matter clipped from other papers. It ought not to be difficult to secure original contributions.

The second edition of an interesting booklet entitled "A Talk with Recruits" has just been published by Paul J. Campbell, of Georgetown, Illinois, "wherein," says the motto, "are contained some things that were never told me." The booklet contains twenty pages full of interesting matter about amateur journalism. A number of the booklets have been given to the editor of this department for free distribution to AMERICAN BOY readers. The editor, by the way, has always many amateur papers on hand which he is glad to give to boys who send him a self-addressed, stamped wrapper.

"The United Amateur," edited by fourteen-year-old Paul J. Appleby of Sedalia, Missouri, is one of the best organs of amateurdom that we have seen for a long time. It is carefully edited, the official and the news matter being nicely balanced. Paul's work as editor of "The Chum" has already been praised in this department. "The United Amateur" is a bimonthly magazine of sixteen pages and cover, each seven by ten inches in size. The "Views and Reviews, by an Old Timer," in which Major A. H. Hutchinson sizes up the merits and demerits of various papers in an impartial way, is especially helpful.

Debating by Correspondence

Debates by correspondence have been quite the fashion in the amateur journalistic club world during the past year. The idea of inter-club correspondence debates originated in Philadelphia, the first being held between the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club and the Baltimore Amateur Press Club. The former won. The Baltimore Club, however, recently scored a victory against the Amateur Press Club of Chicago in a debate on yellow journalism. It might be well to form an inter-club debating league similar to the inter-scholastic debating leagues. Nothing is better for forming habits of logical thought and ease of expression, as well as habits of research, than debating. What do our readers think of the suggestion?

The Reviewer

Postal cards have several times served as the foundation for amateur papers. The latest in this line is "The Postal," sub-titled "A Maine Freak." Issued by William B. Tracy at Hinckley, Maine. Tracy is one of the best hustlers in the amateur ranks.

Neatly printed on green-glazed paper, the convention issue of "The Inland Amateur" of Champlain, Minnesota, presents a striking appearance. We are glad to note that this paper gives space to literary contributions.

Among the Boys

EWART P. JAQUES, Sterling, Ill., suggests that we find out the date of the birth of the first white boy born within the limits of the United States, and make that the date for "American Boy Day." The suggestion is not without its interest, but it would probably be a matter of impossibility to determine when the first white American boy was born.

Paul D. Adams writes from Findlay, Ohio, words of appreciation of THE AMERICAN BOY. Paul is unable to go to school because he was hurt recently by a street car running over his foot. Now he wishes THE AMERICAN BOY could come every day. He will be missed from school, where last term he won a medal for getting the highest average grade in his class.

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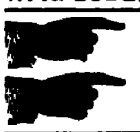

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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

Recovering Historic Warships Near Detroit

By J. OLIVIER CURWOOD



ONE OF THE RAISED WARSHIPS IN THE RIVER THAMES, ONTARIO, CANADA

AFTER LYING for nearly one hundred years under the water of the Thames river, near Lake St. Clair, three British warships lost in the days when Michigan was a vast wilderness are being recovered and will soon be brought to Detroit. Blackened by fire and pierced with shot-holes, these ships are romantic reminders of one of the most dramatic episodes in American history, and bring to mind stories with which every boy in the country is more or less familiar. On the decks of these vessels, which only a short time before their destruction were engaged in the great battle with Perry on Lake Erie, have walked some of the most famous characters in history. History says that on one of them, Tecumseh, the great warrior who planned to drive all whites from the middle west, held council; that Split-log, the terror of the Canadian wilderness, and Marpot, his equal in ferocity and daring, helped to plan there the great fight in which Tecumseh lost his life. All of these characters, with Proctor, Harrison, Johnson (who killed Tecumseh), Shelby and Cass have not only played their parts in history, but in fiction as well; and in many a thrilling story of those days have the boats now being recovered found a place.

That page of history partly made up of the adventures of the newly found warships reads almost like fiction. Perry had defeated the British on Lake Erie. Flying before a favorable wind several vessels escaped and came to Detroit. This was the moment when the sovereignty of the west trembled in the balance. If Proctor could defeat the Americans on land the Northwest Territory, including Michigan, Illinois and parts of Ohio and Indiana, would still remain under the British flag. Proctor determined to abandon Detroit and to choose his own battlefield on the banks of the River Thames. There, with his fleet of warships, Tecumseh, Split-log, Marpot and hundreds of Indian warriors, he would destroy the Americans and then return to Detroit in triumph.

But close behind the battered British warships came Perry, with the Niagara, Lady Prevost, Scorpion, Tigress and Ariel. Then came the pursuit up the Thames. The forest swarmed with savages, and again and again the vessels were ambuscaded from the shore. As the boats were fleeing, Proctor, Tecumseh and Split-log quarreled. The savages wished to fight—the British general to gain time. Proctor gained his point, and to retard the American fleet set fire to one of his ships and scuttled it in the river channel. A few hours later followed a second, but the Americans passed it uninjured. Each mile found Proctor's two remaining ships in a tighter corner. Then came the battle—the wilderness fight in which Tecumseh died, and with him the hopes of his tribe. The last vestige of the British fleet was destroyed, Proctor and his savage allies were scattered, and British power passed from Detroit and Michigan forever.

After that the Canadian wilderness became quiet again. Civilization centered around Detroit. As the years passed signs of the battle along the Thames passed away. Indians paddled up and down the river in their canoes. Wild beasts were almost undisturbed along its banks. And down under the still waters of the stream, battered, burned and with decks that had once run red with blood, slept the old warships.

The sleep was undisturbed. The Indian warriors who had once watched them from the shores passed into the Happy Hunting Grounds. Where they sank was no longer known. New generations came to live along the River Thames. Trees that were small in Tecumseh's day were now among the monarchs of the woods. Wild beasts passed away with the Indians, towns sprang up along the river, almost a century passed away.

Then a twentieth century boy, a youngster who loved to read of the old Indian days, and who, like most boys, wished that he had lived then, went in swimming—and knocked his head against the bow of a boat which Tecumseh had once fought to save.

This gave the general location of the sunken vessels, and led by C. M. Burton, of Detroit, a search for the historic warships was recently begun. The warship discovered by the boy swimmer was badly burned, but it was raised by Canadians and placed in Tecumseh Park, Chatham. When the Americans began, the river-bed was explored foot by foot. One day the diver at work came upon another of the ships, half buried under the drifting sand of almost a century. Signaling that he had made a discovery, he climbed upon the deck. Amidships were a large number of barrels and boxes, nearly all in a good state of preservation. These the diver soon found to be filled with cannon balls.

This boat has now been raised, and is shown in an accompanying picture. It is built of solid oak timbers, the bow being formed of a solid log. Much of the vessel's timber is burned black, and in places she is shattered, as though having stood a severe fire from an enemy. When found the vessel had no cannon or small arms aboard, a fact that puzzled the explorers until it was suggested that before abandoning their ship the British had carried off all weapons. A third warship has been located, entirely buried under a promontory that has formed over her during the last ninety-three years. Over this vessel is growing a large tree more than a yard in circumference. It is possible that when she is dug out not only ammunition but guns and other things of historical value will be found.

Boys' Books Reviewed

BOOKS REVIEWED HERE MAY BE PURCHASED OF THE AMERICAN BOY

THE HAPPY HOME, by Rev. J. B. Culpepper. The matter of this book is a lecture and a sermon. The home and how to make it happy is set forth in plain, simple talk. There are a number of verses and happy and apt illustrations which will make pleasant reading, and maybe increase the harmony of the home circle. 116 pages. Price 50 cents. Pickett Publishing Co.

THE CORLISS ENGINE, REFRIGERATION, ENGINES AND BOILERS AND SLIDE VALVE are four of a series of Practical Handbooks, all written by men who are authorities in their particular lines. They are intended for the young American who is anxious to succeed in his chosen work, and to such the books will be found very helpful. Price (each) $1.00. Spon & Chamberlain.

AESOP'S FABLES FOR CHILDREN, arranged by Nellie Perkins Dobbs. The arrangement here made of the work of the Greek fabulist is for the reading of children of tender years. The fables are told in the simplest language, and the large type, apt illustrations and general makeup of the book sufficiently carry out the purpose of the compiler. 141 pages. Price 50 cents. Crane & Co.

A LITTLE GARDEN CALENDAR for Boys and Girls, by Albert Bigelow Paine. This dainty little volume tells in language easily understood by little boys and girls a great deal about plants with traditions and fairy tales regarding their origin and characteristics, with a calendar, showing the different months in the year for planting and gathering as well as the taking care of the various species. The finely colored illustrations are from photographs taken especially for the book. A splendid guide to the simpler study of botany and one which boys and girls who love their gardens, will prize. 329 pages. Price, $1.00. Henry Altemus Co.

ON A LARK TO THE PLANETS, by Frances Trego Montgomery. The success which that most enjoyable work "The Wonderful Electric Elephant," received, demanded a sequel and this present volume is equally pleasing and delightful. The wonderful adventures which Harold and Ione and their friends the Prince and the little Princess encounter, the people and animals they meet, the countries they visit and the sights they see, set forth as they are by the author's able pen, entitle us to say that no more delightfully fascinating volume could be placed in the hands of boys or girls. The illustrations, in colors, by Winifred D. Elrod, are excellent, and the whole make-up of the book is above the average. 180 pages. Price $1.50. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

AT THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR, by Edward Stratemeyer. This volume forms the third of the "Soldiers of Fortune Series," in which we continue to follow the fortunes of the old friends of whom we enjoyed reading in "Under Dewey at Manila." Larry Russell and Luke Striker in the "Columbia," carrying a cargo for Japan, fall in with and are captured by a Russian cruiser and the life of the Russian man-of-war's man is described. The Russian cruiser is in turn seized by the Japanese and Larry and Luke taken before Admiral Togo. Ben Russell and Gilbert Pennington, who are officers in the Japanese navy, soon have the two heroes enlisting for the Mikado. At Port Arthur they have plenty of fighting both on land and sea until Stoessel surrenders and the victorious Japanese enter the city. Accurate descriptive and historical information have always characterized Mr. Stratemeyer's work, and the young reader will find this book not only intensely interesting as a story, but full of valuable instruction. A. B. Shute is responsible for the appropriate illustrations. 281 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

LITTLE PETER—Famous Children of Literature Series, edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. "Peter Simple," by Captain Marryat, for considerably over half a century has been the delight of boys and girls and grown-ups as well, and the editor has done good work in presenting the boyhood of Peter in a form suited to the younger readers who would find the entire novel too cumbersome. Peter is a brave, truthful, honest little chap, whom even the temptations and discouragements and hard knocks he receives fail to change. His adventures on sea and land, his experiences in prison and in the enemy's country with his great, staunch, big-hearted chum O'Brien cannot fail to interest and delight the young reader. There are fine illustrations by Bertha G. Davidson. 157 pages. Price, $1.00. Dana Estes & Co.

DEERFOOT IN THE FOREST, by Edward S. Ellis. The names Ellis and Deerfoot have become almost inseparable in the minds of the hosts of boys and grown ups, who have followed with interest and delight the adventures of the brave, young, Christian Shawanoe Indian. When, therefore, Mr. Ellis had him die in "The Last War Trail," a veritable storm of protest arose and calls for his revivifying were continuous. In obedience to the demand, Mr. Ellis has begun a series of books for boys with Deerfoot as the foremost character, and the present volume is number 1. The book contains everything in the way of excitement, thrilling incidents and hairbreadth escapes that any healthy boy could wish, and Deerfoot is just the same unerring shot and the same courteous, brave and gentle hero as he appeared in Mr. Ellis's former works. The book is illustrated in colors and will make a handsome Christmas present for any boy. 366 pages. Price $1.00. The John C. Winston Co.

THE BOY CAPTIVE IN CANADA, by Mary P. Wells Smith. It is well for American boys of today that such books as this should be written, describing the hardships and the sufferings of those brave pioneers who blazed the way that succeeding generations might have easier traveling. This, the second volume of the Old Deerfield Series, graphically and most interestingly describes the stirring experiences which befell little ten-year-old Stephen Williams during his wanderings with his Indian captors in Vermont and Canada and of his restoration at length to his family. The historical setting is authentic and the volume is sure to delight the boys. There are fine illustrations by A. E. Beecher. 352 pages. Price $1.25. Little, Brown & Co.

JIM CROW TALES, by Burton Stoner. A crow which Tom the farmer's son captures after infinite trouble, becomes, by kindness and patience, quite tame and talkative. On wet days when Tom has nothing to do the crow sits on his shoulder and tells him stories of how the forest animals live and all about what they do, and the reader will find them delightfully interesting and amusing. It is a book which will assuredly please the little folks. There are a great many nice pictures, some of them full page. 149 large quarto pages, good paper and clear type. Price $1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.



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In the wild state the elephant rolls in the mud and keeps his skin soft. In captivity neats-foot oil has to be applied and worked vigorously into the animal's hide, to his great enjoyment.

An Ogre of the Deep

By GEO. H COOMER

NOT LONG SINCE it came in my way to go on board a weather-beaten whaleship called the Andes, just in from a four years' voyage, during which she had circumnavigated the globe. Such a ship is always an interesting object to me, for there is that about her which speaks of many seas and many lands.

The Andes had a motley crew, com- Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, and Lascars from Madagascar, with a small sprinkling of Americans, the only men in her forecastle who made the round voyage in her.

She had brought home a white cockatoo, procured in New Guinea; a wild peacock captured in Java, after being slightly wing-broken; and two squalling richly-marked parrots, caught when young on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

Then, too, she had on board a sperm whale's jaw entire; the skull of a hippopotamus, taken after a fierce battle at least a hundred feet long—had got hold of our boat, and it was as if we were moored to a wharf by a hawser. The shorter ones could not quite reach us, but they were all around the other boat, and some of her men were already caught by them. We could hear Mr. Dale shouting to his crew 'cut! cut! cut' and saw them slashing away with their knives.

"In spite of all that we could do with our oars, the monster drew us closer to him, and we could see his shorter feelers as a whaleman's trypots.

"Our men were frightened almost to death, as well they might be; and no sooner did they see that the boat was held fast, than overboard they went on the opposite side, leaving the officer and myself to fight it out.

"'In with your oar, Jack!' cried Mr. Borden; 'we can do nothing in this way—grab a harpoon or take your knife!'

"Suiting the action to the word, he prising Portuguese from the Azores, caught up one of the irons and cut off the big tentacle at a blow.

"But just then, one of the shorter feelers reached him, seeming to cover him all over with the suckers that branched from it. Both his arms were confined, and he fell across the boat's gunwale as helpless as a baby. If ever I did quick work it was then—for it must be quick work, I knew, or he was gone. I cut him a little as well as the tentacles, but that couldn't be helped.

"Something pulled me over backwards just as I had set him free; and the next moment I was under water. The thought flashed through my mind that the monster was sinking and taking me down with him to make a meal of me at his leisure. But I felt that some one had hold of my clothing, trying to hold me back, and cutting at the suckers that held me.

"I went, perhaps, six feet below the surface, then bobbed up with the horrid spider-like branches dropping off from me where they had been cut by Mr. Borden's knife. He had plunged after me and severed my fastenings; but I was covered with blood, for he had cut me unavoidably, very much as I had cut him.

"We rose to find that the ogre was gone, sure enough, leaving the second of his two long tentacles in Mr. Dale's boat, as he had left the first in ours. Where he disappeared the water was left almost as black as ink from some matter that he threw out.

"The men who had jumped overboard were picked up unhurt, but Mr. Dale had lost one of his crew, a poor fellow who had been seized upon at the beginning of the battle and taken right out of the boat before he could be cut clear of those horrible feelers.

"We pulled back to the ship, taking our trophies with us, they being the arms and suckers which you see in that coil; and I never went up the side of the old Andes with a readier will than then. Her deck, I thought, was a very good place for me under the circumstances.

(Continued on page 86)



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Here are two Eldora, Iowa, school boys, each 18 years of age last December, who well illustrate "The long and the short of it." One is Ivan Rubow, three feet and four inches tall, and the other is Virile C. Whinery, over six feet tall. These two boys attend the same school and have the same teacher. Rubow came from Germany two years ago. Whinery is a native American, born in South Dakota, where his parents still live on a farm. Rubow is stage struck, while Whinery has an ambition; he learned the business in Germany. He practices in his brother's shop at Eldora. Whinery is a great football player, and is the idol of the high-school boys of Eldora.



IN THE beginning he was just an ordinary, onery runt calf, that despite the pailfuls of milk he consumed, steadily refused to put on fat. The butcher didn't want him because he was too thin. The farmers wouldn't buy him because "calves were dirt cheap, anyhow; wouldn't take him as a gift, no sir, not if you threw in fifty cents." So finally Jimmy Jones's father, known to the community as Skim-milk Jones, turned him over to Jimmy.

"There, James, is a calf for you. Feed him regularly or both you and he will have cause to regret it. In other words, you'll get a thrashing."

Now, Jimmy, in the course of twelve adventurous years, had owned considerable live stock. He began, as boys usually do, with rabbits and about the time they girdled the pear trees, he traded them for a pair of squirrels. These were followed by three dogs, of various breeds, a crow warranted to talk, a garter snake and lastly, for seven exciting days and nights, he owned a goat named Bunker.

The goat cost him one fifty, besides the articles he threw in to boot, and it was going, Jimmy fondly believed, to lay the foundations of his fortune. Since Bunker's specialty was bunting, Jimmy proposed to place him at the head of a system of transportation. Air ships, auto cars, they couldn't hold a candle to it.

Say you wanted to go anywhere, Dodgeville or Cooktown, all you had to do was to get in front of Bunker and let him bunt you over the ground, at a cost of ten cents a bunt. Supposing there



WITH BERT AT THE CALF'S HEAD, THE SHAVING BEGAN

were twenty bunts to a mile and Dodgeville ten miles away, that was only two dollars, while a livery would cost two fifty. The scheme might have worked if the first passenger to travel by the Bunker Route had not happened to be Jimmy's own father. He went over the fence and through the orchard at a speed truly exhilarating, but the outcome was not pleasant.

"James Napoleon Jones, you take that goat back to the boy you got him from just as soon as you know how. If I find him on the place when I get back tonight, you'll get another whipping on top of the one you've just had."

So much for the goat. The calf did not arouse Jimmy's enthusiasm. He was too small to enter into any of the boy's plans and he might easily become a nuisance.

"Huh, just another chore for me to 'tend to," he muttered, as, hands in pockets, he strode away from his bleating pet.

He took a circuitous route to the wood-pile by way of the sweeting tree and struck a few indecisive blows at a pine board. Presently Bert Powers climbed over the fence separating their respective domains.

"'Low there, Jimmy," he hailed.

"Hellow, yourself," Jimmy retorted. Then, the pride of ownership swelling up in him, he added, "Say, I've got a calf."

"Crickety!" Bert exclaimed, helping himself to an apple from Jimmy's pile. "Where'd you get it. Trade, eh?"

"No, I didn't. Pa gave it to me."

"Well, that's luck for us. We've needed a calf for a long time."

Bert sat down on a pile of kindling to finish his apple while Jimmy knocked a barrel to pieces. Things always looked lucky to Bert and nothing ever happened that he did not immediately see a way to make some money out of it. From paper peddling to pop-corn raising, there was scarcely anything that he had not tried.

"I tell you, Jimmy, there's no end to the things we'll do with that calf. I knew a boy over to East Troy who had one that he rode all over. We'll begin training him right away and after a while we'll do trucking with him. Say! but we'll make a pile."

"Aw, wait till you see him," said Jimmy. "He ain't very big."

"He'll grow. All he needs is plenty of milk and, and oil cake. They say that's good for calves. Once I knew an old lady who fed hers on clover tea. You might try that for yours. Why, before long, he'll be as strong as an ox. Then we'll do things with him. Father made a lot of money when he was a boy, doing breaking with a pair of oxen. Let's have a look at him."

"All right," said Jimmy, and he led the way to the pasture. At the far end of it gamboled a tiny, much be-freckled calf, who bleated loudly when he saw the boys.

"W-hew!" exclaimed Bert, his enthusiasm cooling a little. "He ain't very big, is he? Jim," he added, after a few moments, "how old is Jupiter?"

"I don't know," Jimmy answered. "I was over to Uncle Harry's when he came. Two months, mebbe."

"Was he fat when you first saw him?"

"Fatter 'n he is now. I don't see what he does with all the milk he swallers. Pa says he eats enough for three."

"That's just exactly what I thought. He isn't an ordinary calf at all. He's a freak. He'll keep getting smaller and smaller until he isn't any bigger than a lamb. Then you and I will hire a tent and go around showing him to people. We'll call him the smallest calf in the world. When we've made about a million dollars that way and he's so small you can stand him on a doughnut, we'll sell him for a hundred thousand."

Jimmy began to be interested. He laid one hand on the small head. Then he felt of the pipe-stem legs and the thin flanks, whereat Jupiter laid a moist, red tongue on his master's cheek.

"Here, you," said Jimmy, drawing back, "quit that. I ain't no clover blossom."

"He likes you," said Bert. "That will be all the better when we come to show him. If he gets rambunctious, you can pat him and say 'so bossy, so.' Lets go get some posters ready."

On the way back to the house the boys made out a list of the places where they intended to exhibit Jupiter. Then Bert went home to study up on routes.

One week passed, two, and then three, still Jupiter did not grow any smaller, not even when Jimmy reduced his rations by half. He actually began to put on a little flesh.

"That scheme's gone up," said Bert, one day after a thorough examination had convinced him that his prodigy was growing fat. "Well, I never did think much of it anyway. We'll have to get up something else. Lets begin training him."

Nothing loath Jimmy got a rope and they began. The calf was perfectly willing to lead, but follow he would not. So in order to leave both hands free, Jimmy tied the rope around his waist and struck the calf lightly with a willow switch while Bert held a measure of oats temptingly before him.

Just then the pride of the village, a flaming red auto car dashed around a corner of the road. With one wild bleat of terror Jupiter flung up his head and fled pellmell across the pasture, while Jimmy followed as best he might. Through the scrub oaks and across the creek they went, then over an old rail fence, pausing finally in a remote corner of the lot.

When Bert appeared, a badly lacerated boy was untwisting himself from the rope, while Jupiter, thoroughly subdued, nibbled timothy. Since the plan had been Bert's, he reasoned that silence was better than speech, at least till Jimmy calmed down a little. So, with an air of deep concern, he approached his partner. The race had not been all fun even to the calf, for a low hanging branch had struck him squarely across the left shoulder, scraping the hair from a three-inch strip and laying bare the white, smooth skin. The sight of this gave Bert a new idea.

"Jim," he said, "did you ever hear of a hairless calf?"

"No, course not. Nobody ever did."

"Well, there's hairless dogs. They live in Mexico where its hot. I saw one once at a sideshow. It was little and brown and smooth as your hand."

Jimmy looked at the scratches furrowing his freckled hands, but said nothing.

"I paid ten cents to see that dog and it wasn't bigger than a cat. If it had been as big as a sheep, I expect it would have cost a quarter."

"Well," said Jimmy, pulling a beggar's lice out of his coat sleeve, "I don't see what that has to do with this calf."

"You don't? Well, you are slow. See that place on his leg? If he had gone through a few more fences and under some more trees, 'twould have scraped the hair all off him. And since it didn't, I don't see what's to prevent us from doing it. There's going to be a winged horse and a wild man at the fair next week, but what are them compared with a hairless calf? Let's go right to work and get him ready. 'Spose you could horry your dad's razor?"

"Mebbe," said Jimmy, catching the spirit of the thing. "I'll go see."

Jones, Sr., was out of town visiting a cousin and Mrs. Jones had gone to stay with a neighbor, so it was an easy matter for Jimmy to abstract the razor from the drawer where his father kept it. Then, with Bert at the calf's head, the shaving began. The lunch which Jimmy thoughtfully provided, diverted the calf's attention so that he kept pretty still, but it was slow work. By chore-time he was only half done and as the next day was Sunday, they blanketed him and tied him in a remote corner of the barn.

Monday they finished him and the razor, too. Bert spent the rest of the day in painting a picture of the Hairless Wonder, to be hung in front of the tent they hired. He was clever at drawing but the paint he used spread a little and made the calf's legs look as if they were made of sausages.

Both boys had leave to attend the fair and long before daylight they set up the little tent and fastened the picture in front of it. Then Jupiter, carefully blanketed to prevent anyone from getting a free view, was conducted behind the wavering walls.

Customers were shy until Jimmy admitted a few chosen friends, and these spread the news so that by nightfall, ten dimes jingled musically in the cigar-box treasury. Wednesday, things promised very well. Older people began to drop in and, departing well satisfied, induced others to visit the tent where Jupiter held court.

"By Friday night we'll be rich," said Bert, jubilantly counting up their gains at the close of the day.

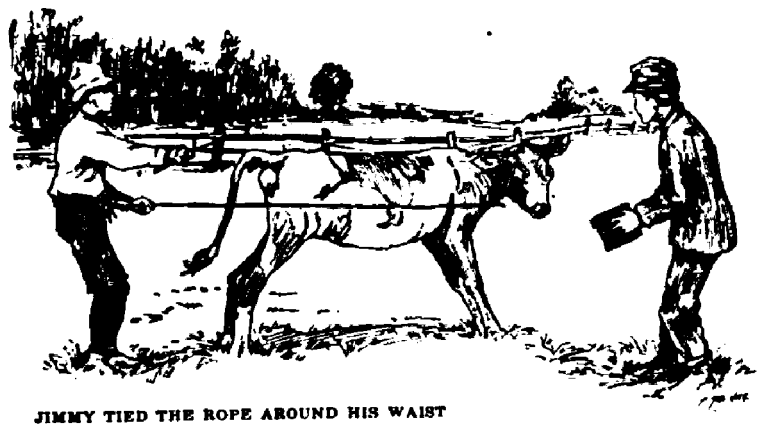
But alas for human hopes! Skim-milk Jones came home unexpectedly and instituted a search for his razor. The little pile of red and white hair excited his suspicions; later he found the battered razor. Immediately he decided to hunt up Jimmy and have a settlement with him. On the way to the fair grounds he met Deacon Johnson.

"Clever youngster, that of yours, Jones," said the Deacon. "I kinder think he'll make some kind of a mark in the world. That hairless calf's wuth going to see, but would you mind telling me where Jimmy got him from? I suspect—"

"I suspect, too," Jimmy's father interrupted. "That speckled calf I gave him is missing, and—"

Just what he intended to say no one ever knew, for just then he caught sight of the tent where Bert, megaphone in hand, was shouting:

"Right here, ladies and gentlemen, is the wonderful hairless calf. The only one in existence, now on exhibition for the first time. Milk white and smooth as your hand."



JIMMY TIED THE ROPE AROUND HIS WAIST

Five minutes later two boys speechless with indignation looked on while an irate man loaded the calf into his buggy and drove toward the butcher's, calling back, "You, James Napoleon Jones, and you, Adelbert Powers, take what money you collected and pay for the tent. What's left goes to me for the razor you've spoiled. James, I guess you know what's waiting for you at home."

Among the Boys

Rudolph Nichel, East Owens, New Jersey, seeing an example of optical illusions in the November number, sends us two that are equally interesting.

Charles E. Shank, a sixteen-year-old reader of THE AMERICAN BOY at Angola, Indiana, is studying oratory with the purpose of fitting himself for the position of instructor in this line. He holds a medal for oratory in his county. He has been a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY for five years and writes appreciatively of it.

Roscoe Vandervoort, 6437 Yale avenue, Chicago, is a very successful boy soprano, his services being in demand for concert and church work, and social functions generally. His repertoire includes many beautiful compositions for recital work, as well as the principal oratorios, cantatas, etc. The young artist is thirteen years of age and has a voice clear and flexible.

Applying for a Position

HAVE YOU ever made a written application for a position and found no reply forthcoming? If so, you have no doubt given some time to wondering why your application was not considered favorably. You are not the only boy who has had such an experience. The following is just what happened to seventy-five communications written in response to an advertisement for an office boy that appeared in a city newspaper.

The man who advertised was a New York City banker. He thought he could pick out just the kind of boy needed for his office by examining the written applications and the references given. The postman brought him seventy-five answers and these he examined at his first leisure moments.

First he sorted out the postal cards and tossed them unread into the waste basket,—there were twenty of them, and as they fell among the scraps in the basket he said: "This job is worth more than a postal card to the boy who gets it."

Of the fifty-five letters twelve had evidently been written hurriedly in the office of the newspaper which printed the advertisement, for they appeared on blank forms provided in these offices for the use of advertisers. All twelve followed the postals into the basket with never a regret at the waste of effort on the part of the boys who wrote them.

The remaining forty-three were given some consideration.

Considering that the office boy would be required to do considerable writing, in the full performance of his duties, the first test to which these remaining letters were put was that of penmanship. Eighteen were disqualified on that score, leaving twenty-five letters that could be read without the aid of an expert.

The remarks of the banker as he rejected the eighteen were a bit illuminating.

"A college president or an editor of a newspaper," said he, "may indulge in the most abominable kind of scribbling, but an office boy must write a plain, easily readable hand. Only a genius can adopt bad penmanship as a mark of his individuality."

The difficulty in spelling, barred ten more of the applicants. "Business men," said the banker, "must adhere to the kind of spelling found in dictionaries. They cannot countenance or promote reforms, much needed as they may be, in their business correspondence.

Four letters were refused further consideration because the writers had used the kind of wording commonly found in Telegrams. One of these said "Just saw your ad. Offer my services. Am eighteen. Can call tomorrow." He was not invited to call, for while economy is a virtue well worth practicing, when applied to the use of words in an application for a position, it is no longer "good form."

The advertisement called for two references. Only three of those which passed the other tests had remembered this requirement, so the selection narrowed itself down to these three.

Of these three only one gave evidence, in his letter that he understood something of typewriting. He had graduated from the grammar school, had taken up commercial work in an evening school, had rented a typewriting machine, so as to fit himself for office work. This boy received a notice to appear at the banker's office. He proved to be a manly fellow and was put to work at once.

If your application for a position has ever been rejected perhaps it was because you thought too little of the things which guided this banker in the selection of that one boy out of the seventy-five.

AN OGRE OF THE DEEP

(*Continued from page 84.*)

"The loss of seven men, and the great danger of losing more, caused our stay in the Gulf of Aden to be cut short; and whoever wishes to hunt for whales there, is welcome to do so as far as Jack Robbins is concerned. We ran down to the Comoro Islands, then cruised about Madagascar and along the Mozambique shore, picking up a few whales; and one day, in the Zambesi River, we killed that hippopotamus. It was a female, and she was as ferocious as a meat axe.

"Well, it seems good to get home again, and all the better because we come in with a full ship at last. But no more whaling in the Gulf of Aden for me!"

So ended Jack's remarkable narration, and it evidently had the merit of truth. The fearful creature he described, undoubtedly belonged to that family of sea-monsters called the Giant Squid, than which nothing more terrible inhabits the caverns of the great deep.

FOR 1906

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY have in store some delightful surprises for the boys who read THE AMERICAN BOY the coming year!



Hezekiah Butterworth and Birthplace. Copyright 1905 by G. B. Church, Warren, R. I.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, A FRIEND OF AMERICAN BOYS

Hezekiah Butterworth and the Boys of Boston.

By FREDERICK J. HALE

LAST JULY there appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY a sketch of Hezekiah Butterworth, written by his intimate friend, J. L. Harbour. Since then Mr. Butterworth has died.

I remember having met Mr. Butterworth three years ago on Lincoln's birthday in the parlors of the Boston Y. M. C. A., when he gave some personal reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln to a group of about a dozen boys. I remember how intimately the boys gathered about him, and recall his hearty handshake and his "Glad to know you."

It was during the last year of his life that I came to know him intimately, and learned in what high regard he was held by the boys.

At the opening reception of the United Boys' Club in Boston last year, about two hundred of the schoolboys of Boston shook hands with him and then escorted him to their banquet hall.

That evening the boys shouted their club yells, and called and kept calling for more "cocoa, cake—cake, cake, ice-cream." Mr. Butterworth entered into the fun, and when a lady suggested that the boys be quieted he said:

"Let the boys have their fun, they'll be boys only once." This brought out a great cheer for Mr. Butterworth.

When, at half past nine, after Mrs. Ruggles had sung his poem, "The Bird with the Broken Pinion," he rose to tell a story, a hush came over the room that lasted for an hour. One could hear the clock tick.

That evening, although it was late, over twenty-five of the boys asked to accompany Mr. Butterworth to his home.

Without doubt Hezekiah Butterworth was the favorite speaker and story-teller with the Boston boys.

When I asked the boys who should be our opening speaker, at our Sunday Vespers, it was Hezekiah Butterworth.

That was a glorious Sunday. Mr. Butterworth arrived early and seemed so happy with the crowd of boys about him.

As the boys sang, Mr. Butterworth leaned back in his chair, his eyes closed and seemingly drinking in every word and note. As the shadows deepened he told the story of "Nearer My God to Thee," then the story of the hymn Abraham Lincoln was so fond of, "O, for the Wings of a Dove," and then "Abide with Me."

On a Saturday afternoon two weeks later the Boston school boys assembled in old Faneuil hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," to do him honor as president of the Anti-Cigarette League. As they marched from their respective schools the streets rang with cheers for Butterworth.

"Zig, zag, zig zag,
Zig, zag, zar,
Hezekiah Butterworth,
'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!"

As Mr. Butterworth rose to call the meeting to order, one great cheer went up that certainly must have reminded the rafters of the exciting times of the Revolution.

Mr. Butterworth was always ready to join with the boys in their fun. In the early spring of 1905, one of the boys' clubs was preparing a play entitled "The Deestrick Skule." Mr. Butterworth gave many suggestions. The boys would go over to his old-fashioned home on Worcester street, and then Mr. Butterworth, the boys around him, would tell the stories of the many mementoes on the walls of his room; the flag on the wall, the pictures, the autographs, and the books—books on every shelf and table and even on the floor; these were his friends and companions—the boys and the books.

On the evening the entertainment was given, although ill, Mr. Butterworth was in the front row of seats, surrounded by a group of boys. He laughed at the jokes and seemed to be living over the times sixty-five years ago when he was a lad at the "Deestrick Skule."

Last May Mr. Butterworth made his last public appearance, as the guest of honor at the parents' reception of the Union Church Boys' Clubs.

As the boys passed him in the receiving line, I could see that he had lost some of his vigor and strength, yet his love for the boys still shone out conspicuously.

That evening after some of the favorite songs had been sung, and Mr. J. L. Harbour, his friend, had contributed a few numbers, Mr. Butterworth read that famous poem of his, "Whitman's Ride to Oregon." Then Keats Lorenze, a boy soprano, in surplice robes, sang "Angels ever Bright and Fair." Mr. Butterworth's eyes closed, and tears trickled through the lids. When the song was over he asked that it be sung again; and again Keats sang the beautiful song, soft and low. As the dear old man sat there every boy in the audience reverenced and loved him.

And thus came to a close the last evening the Boston boys spent with Hezekiah Butterworth, and now the Butterworth section in the Boston public library is more popular than ever.

Hezekiah Butterworth by his sturdy character and example has builded a monument of love to himself in the hearts of the Boston boys, yes, the New England boys; yes the boys of America.

A Glimpse of Hezekiah Butterworth's Inner Life.

We have received from Otto Stromberg, of Frederick, South Dakota, an article entitled "An Afternoon with Joe Butterworth," which relates how the writer met Joe Butterworth, a brother of the late Hezekiah Butterworth, on his farm near Frederick. At the time of Mr. Stromberg's interview with Joe Butterworth the latter was in his onion field, deep in the work of harvesting his crop. He was not averse, however, to stopping long enough to talk sympathetically about his famous brother.

"Hezekiah," he said, "never liked farming. Early in life he began to scribble and get his work into the local papers of Rhode Island, where we lived at the time. Hezekiah was never strong physically, and there was some doubt in the minds of the family whether he would ever reach manhood. Nevertheless, he went to Boston, obtained a position as a proofreader in a newspaper office, and went to work. From that time on, I think, for over thirty years, he was connected with newspapers and magazines. Hezekiah never married, but his interest in young people was always very great. Every once in a while he would write to me and send me some of his books for the boys to read. Everything he wrote for the young was with the aim of strengthening their moral character and giving them inspiration."

In his home later in the day Joe Butterworth quoted to Mr. Stromberg what appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY some months ago relating to Mr. Butterworth's work as a writer for boys, and seemed very proud of it. Then he brought forth a letter written to his oldest boy by the boy's uncle Hezekiah, a short time before the latter's death. It reads as follows:

"Dear Nephew:

"I have heard through your mother that you have worked out and have brought your earnings to your father, which is certainly a very noble thing for a boy to do.

"I hear that your father is quite unwell and that you and your mother will have to help him during the summer. You are yet young, and it will not be too late for you to get an education, even if you do have to labor for your father a part of the time, or go out to work.

"Why can you not lead the family in planting a large garden? I will help you if I can. My health is very poor, but if my health permits I could help you in a struggle for freedom from debt, and your struggle would make you and your brothers stronger and manlier for life.

"I may like to come and live with you for a time some day, or I may die of an organic disease which I have, in which case I would leave you enough to pay your debt and give you a new start in life. I would be rich now but for my losses and ill-health.

"You might, by some help from me, which I will render if my health will permit, get out of debt in a few years and receive for yourself a home and move to a warmer climate, but the people of the cold climate of the northwest are, as a rule, healthy, happy and prosperous.

"I cannot promise you much now, but my heart is with you. I hope to go there this summer and to Florida next winter so that I may continue to write.

"I now have a new chance to write for a London firm if I can do it. I will be very helpful to you, but my friends say that I must stop writing.

"God knows that you will always be a stronger and better man for bearing the burden in your youth.

"Face life bravely. Be a John Halifax.

"Write to me.

Yours always,
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH."

Tribute by Willis Edwin Hurd.

"This week is 'Food Fair,' and Dewey comes on Saturday. Now, to be plain, I am less interested in either of these than I am in a thorough study of 'Old New England.' I would like to have you come down and pass Dewey Day and Sunday with me, that we might talk of our own dear work, and that you might see the 'shows' about which I care nothing, but to which it would give me great pleasure to take you."

This was the main paragraph of the first letter I ever received from Hezekiah Butterworth, back on that memorable ninth of October, 1899.

I was writing a series of sketches of New England authors for an amateur magazine at that time, and I dared ask him for a few facts in his life history, that I might prepare an article really worth the while, partly from a real personal standpoint.

In response, came that wonderful letter, which took me for the first time in my life into real, inspiring haunts—into the companionship of the dearest stranger a young aspirant to authorship could imagine.

What a warmth there was in that first personal greeting, when he took me in his arms at the head of the stairway leading to his room, and bade me welcome with all the affection of a long-lost bosom friend.

That afternoon we went to the famous Library, to the author's retreat for meditation and rest in Trinity Church, and into the Boston office of Orison Swett Marden, whose "Success" was just gaining a good headway in the magazine world. And that night we saw Admiral Dewey.

But better than all martial sights was the heart-to-heart, inspiring companionship of the man who said to me, on our return home that evening:

"O how I like to make people happy!"

Dear author! he gave of his whole life to others, surrounding all his young friends with oceans of love and sympathy, and his remembrance in their hearts will be sweet for all time!

A Tribute by George Whitefield D'Vys.

In the passing of Hezekiah Butterworth many thousands of the American boys of today, as well as many of yesterday, will undoubtedly feel a keen personal loss. It was not his way to sit with an open atlas and an encyclopedia before him and dole out tales of travel and adventure, for each of his numerous books represents his own travels and observations—and therein lay the charm. Mr. Butterworth was a Rhode Island born boy. He passed the greater part of his life on a farm. His keen and wholesome interest in the wonders of nature was but the simple and sincere interest of the country bred boy in the great and marvelous. Mr. Butterworth was a simple, kindly, high-minded gentleman, with hand, heart and purse always unobtrusively open for the struggling; so, boys, we can all sincerely echo the sentiment in the heart of each of the throng of sorrowing children that followed him to the grave: "We have lost a real friend."

* * * * * *

When Hezekiah Butterworth, on September 8th, was laid to rest in the cemetery at Warren, Rhode Island, the public schools of that town were closed for the day, and the pupils marched in a body to the First Baptist Church, where each placed a sprig of golden rod upon the casket.



JOE. BUTTERWORTH'S HOME AT FREDERICK, S. D.

A Novel Use for Stamps

The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. Already between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 stamps have been used.

"Pluck, plus joy," is a modern novelist's recipe for success.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, OUR FRIEND

IN THE passing away of Hezekiah Butterworth the publishers of The American Boy have lost a friend. Numerous letters passed between him and our editor during the last two or three years of Mr. Butterworth's life. In one, written about a year before his death, he paid a tribute to The American Boy that has been treasured as the expression of a man who dealt with American boys all his life and knew what they wanted. The words were few, but they expressed much. He said:

"The boys like your paper. It enters into their life."

Mr. Butterworth came into close contact with boys. His observations and his deductions therefrom were not mistaken.



JOE BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH'S BROTHER, IN HIS ONION FIELD

A Thirteen-Year-Old Air-ship Builder

Cromwell Dixon, a thirteen-year-old Columbus, Ohio, boy, is building an air-ship, and it is not a toy, either. That he and others about him have faith in his ability to make a ship that will actually sail in the air is indicated by the fact that the engine is already in place, and that a hundred yards of Japanese silk for the making of the gas bag, has been purchased at a cost of $300. When built, the air-ship will closely resemble the Knabenshue ship. The frame is twelve and a half feet long and will support three hundred pounds.

Young Dixon is a natural born mechanic. When a mere baby he managed to take a clock to pieces and make a very good effort at



CROMWELL DIXON

putting it together again. He repairs the clocks about his own home when they are out of order. Long ago he wired his home for electric lights, putting in the necessary switches, etc. He has made a camera which works as well, it is claimed, as those bought at the stores. Two years ago he built a row boat to hold three persons. Knabenshue has become acquainted with the young inventor and takes a great interest in him.

Cromwell's shop is in the back yard of his home, but the shop was not big enough for the work required to be done on the air-ship, so he is building it in a room at a factory nearby, offered him by its proprietor. He says he will make the first trial of his air-ship on the grounds of the Ohio State University.

The boy is in the seventh grade at school, plays the cornet, violin, and the mandolin, and is a member of the school band.

Earl Stanza Keeps on Climbing

Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY for 1904, and particularly such of our readers as had the opportunity of attending the AMERICAN BOY DAY exercises in Festival Hall, at the St. Louis Exposition, July 5th, will recall the name of Earl Stanza, of St. Louis, who was one of the boy orators of the occasion. Earl has now won four medals for oratory in the W. C. T. U. Demerest contests. His second medal won was of silver, the third of gold and the fourth a diamond. The fourth was won at the state convention of the W. C. T. U. There were fourteen contestants for the silver medal. Eight counties of the state were represented in the contest for the diamond medal. Earl is a senior in the Central High School, St. Louis, and expects to be a lawyer. He is president of The Assembly, a boys' high school literary society, president of his class, an ex-president of his fraternity, and secretary of a Christian Endeavor society.



EARL STANZA

Boys, Take Care *of* Your Teeth

By J. AUSTIN BUCKNALL, D. D. S.

(Begun in December, 1905, number.)

Keep two small, well selected brushes, which have stiff bristles cut irregularly at the business end. After using, hang them up to dry. There are many powders, such as Colgate's, Sozodont, Geer's and Graves', and many pastes, such as Dentacura, Euthymol and Sanitol, that may be applied with the brush to advantage. If you have none of these, chalk will do. Having applied a little of the powder or paste to the brush, rub the surface of the teeth; not sidewise, but up and down. Persistent rubbing with gritty substances across the face of the teeth will, in the course of years, cut the enamel. If you want to make a good job of it, pass silk (dental floss) in the interstices between the teeth. To do this easily, wind the end of the thread around the first finger of one hand and hold the spool on which the silk is wound in the other. It is in the space between the teeth where they touch each other that the worst form of decay begins. The silk removes the ferment which the brush cannot reach. If there is decay there, the broken edges of the enamel will cut the silk. This should be a warning to you to have a dentist do some filling. Use one brush in the morning and the other at night.

In case of children, after the teeth are cleaned they should be bathed with milk of magnesia. Especially is this of value where the teeth are soft with white patches showing near the gums, or where there is persistent decay, that is, where the best of care does not prevent new cavities forming continually. Negligence in the care of the teeth with young children is particularly bad because of their frequent eating of candies.

When you are ill and cannot use the brush regularly, the milk of magnesia is valuable, especially after fevers, where no care of the teeth has been taken. Teeth that were sound a few months before the sickness began now show disease. I noticed this quick change in the mouths of two or three young men who were ill at Chattanooga during the Spanish-American war, and whose teeth before that time were perfect.

Where there is bleeding of the gums, frequent use of the brush, even if it hurts, will finally effect a cure. Should the gums become purple or unsightly, you should visit a dentist, not one of those who give cleanliness little attention, but a careful man who understands its value. Sometimes you attribute a swollen cheek or jaw to a cold you think you have caught, when it may all come from a bad tooth. Consult a dentist. He may find that the tooth is badly decayed and that it must be removed, but a good dentist will always try to save the tooth. In such cases hot water bags and poultices should not be applied to the face, as they have a tendency to draw matter from the dead nerve through the cheek and form an opening that will leave a scar. Hot applications of towels will relieve the pain; be careful to spread the towel from the chin to the temple.

The teeth of young children should be as carefully watched as is the second or permanent set, and especially should the large tooth which comes at the age of six be watched. The mother should not be afraid to consult the dentist often as it will pay in the end, as imperfect teeth not only form a blemish to what might otherwise be a handsome face, but have an ill effect on the health.

(To be continued.)

OUR TOAST—Here's for a Happy New Year to every American Boy!

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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

LESLIE MILLER,
Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

LOUIS SARETSKY,
Benton Harbor, Mich., Heroism.

HARRY GUSTAFSON,
Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

JOHN H. BASS,
Revilee, Ark., School Record.

LEWIS BISSEY,
Flora, Ill., School Record.

FRED LUSK,
Flora, Ill., School Record.

It Was Only Papa

It was April Fool's Day, and innocent little Willie thought to play a joke on his mother. Looking very much excited, he ran to his mother and said: "Oh, mamma, there's a strange man holding Julia (their maid) and kissing her like fun." "Indeed!" exclaimed the mother, indignantly, running toward the stairway, "I will put a stop to this at once." "Oh, April fool, mamma," said Willie, elatedly; "it's only papa!"

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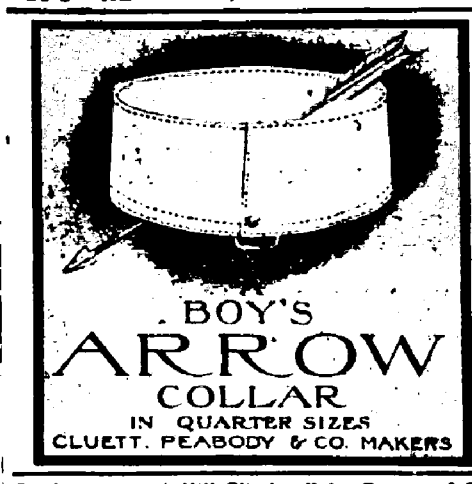

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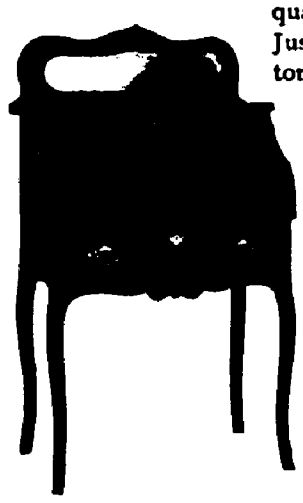

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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ 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 of David G. Farragaut.

No. III--Benjamin Franklin

THE LIFE of any man whose work has been of such immense importance to humanity as to cause two great nations to celebrate his birth ought to be worth studying. On the seventeenth of this month of January, France and America will each commemorate with appropriate exercises the two-hundredth birthday of Benjamin Franklin, an American boy, who became a great author, diplomatist, statesman and philanthropist.

To the boy who is determined to succeed, there are no difficulties. The obstacles that appear like mountains in the eyes of the ordinary boy resolves into ant heaps before the boy of patience, persistence and courage.

Benjamin Franklin was born in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, January 17th, 1706. The site of his birthplace is now occupied by newspaper offices. His father, Josiah Franklin, who had emigrated from England about 1685, if he were living now would applaud President Roosevelt's strenuous words on race suicide, as he was the father of seventeen children, ten boys and seven girls, of whom Benjamin was the fifteenth child and the youngest son. Benjamin's mother, Josiah Franklin's second wife, was Abiah Folger, also one of a large family.

In naming his youngest son, Josiah Franklin had sound Biblical warrant as our readers will remember that the youngest son of the patriarch Jacob was named Benjamin, meaning Fortunate.

Benjamin's father was a man of considerable knowledge and had clear views on practical subjects. His trade had been that of a wool dyer, but finding that the income from it was not enough to provide for his large and growing family he became a soap boiler, a trade that promised larger returns.

Young Franklin's education must have begun at a very early age, as he says in the book of his life, which he wrote when an old man, that he could not remember the time when he could not read. He always wanted to know about things and was willing to do anything to obtain knowledge. His father's scanty library consisting of a copy of Plutarch's Lives, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Cotton Mather's To Do Good were read again and again by the young learner. It must not be supposed that the boy cared for nothing but study. He was still very much of a boy, ready for anything in the shape of fun or mischief, and was generally the leader, even of boys older than himself, in any of the boyish pranks of the neighborhood. He tells how some boys and himself were in the habit of fishing for minnows in a pond near his home, and by their constant standing and trampling the bank had become a mud hole. Benjamin proposed that they should build a dock from which to fish, and as there was a large pile of stones lying near where masons were building a house, they set to work one evening and under his directions soon had a small wharf made running out into the pond. Next morning the stones were missed by the workmen, and on search being made, they found the wharf and identified their property. The offenders were also discovered, and each boy received from his parents due punishment for his conduct. Franklin afterwards declared that while he showed the wharf to be useful his father thoroughly impressed upon him that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

Josiah Franklin was diligent in having all his children receive something of an education, but at an early age apprenticed the boys to some useful trade. Noting, however, Benjamin's fondness for books and reading and his eagerness for knowledge, he planned to give the boy such an education as would fit him for the ministry. Accordingly, at the age of seven Benjamin was sent to a grammar school where, in a few months, he rose not only to be head of the class in which he was first placed, but also head of the higher class to which he was transferred. There is no doubt that in school and college Benjamin Franklin would have taken the very highest honors, but at the end of his first school year, his father was forced by poverty and the increased demands of his large family, to take him away and give up the hope for him of a ministerial career. However, for another year Benjamin attended what would today be called a business school, where only writing and arithmetic were taught.

Even when very young Benjamin showed an inventive genius which enabled him to overcome many childish difficulties. On the water he was quite at home, whether managing a boat or swimming, floating and diving. In fact when a young man he thought of becoming an instructor in the art of swimming. Concluding that he could increase his swimming powers by a little ingenuity, he fashioned pieces of thin wood somewhat like a painter's palette, and fitted them to his hands and feet, but he found that, although they helped him to swim faster, they hurt his wrists and ankles. Nothing daunted at this failure he was soon trying another method. He was the best maker and flyer of kites in his neighborhood and conceived the idea of making his kite draw him through the water,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

which it did at a great rate with little effort on his part.

This knowledge of kite-flying in later years enabled Franklin to make one of the greatest of scientific discoveries, namely, that lightning was the same as electricity, a discovery for which Yale and Harvard Universities honored him with a doctor's degree, and the great Royal Society of Great Britain awarded him the Copley gold medal as one of the foremost scientists of the age.

Benjamin's school life occupied but two years and at the age of ten, when most boys are entering the fifth or sixth grade, his father put him to work at running errands, filling candle molds and taking care of the chandler's shop, work which the boy so detested that, although he never shirked his duties, he seriously thought of going off to sea as an elder brother had done sometime before. His father, at length realizing the boy's downright hatred of the business, went around to various shops and factories to find what his son had a liking for. In these visits the young lad learned a good deal about tools and their use, which in after life he turned to good account in the making of articles required in his scientific experiments.

It was at length decided that Benjamin should be apprenticed to his brother James, who had recently started in business as a printer. We may well imagine that this just suited the boy, then twelve years old, as he would have greater opportunity for reading and study. By steady application to his work he soon made himself a valuable workman and the friends he formed among the booksellers' apprentices of the city he turned to good account by borrowing books from them. He was always careful to return the books promptly, often sitting up the greater part of the night that the book might be returned in the morning. A merchant of the city, Mr. Adams, who frequently visited the printer's shop, learning of young Franklin's love of books, generously allowed him to use his library.

Many years afterward Benjamin Franklin established the first circulating library in America in order that poor boys might not be kept from books who desired to study.

At this time the young printer came under the influence of the poetic muse. Two ballads that he wrote, printed and sold in the streets caused him to think that he might some day become a great poet. The boy's father, however, shattered his poetic aspirations by telling him that "versemakers were generally beggars."

Dissuaded from poetry Benjamin took to writing prose, and his efforts in obtaining a mastery of pure English were greatly aided by reading and studying Addison and Steele's Spectator. This book was his model, and the ingenious way he took of forming his style deserves mention if only to show his originality and perseverance. Carefully reading over an article he would at the same time jot down short notes. After a few days he would try to reconstruct the article from his notes, then compare his work with the Spectator and correct his mistakes. Finding by this that he had a very limited command of words, he took to turning prose articles into verse, and the work of finding the exact word to fit the thought considerably extended his vocabulary.

At the age of sixteen he got hold of a book which proclaimed the benefits to be derived from the non-use of meat as food. The arguments of the book appealed very strongly to him and for a considerable time he refused to eat animal food. As meat formed a large item in his board money expense, he proposed to his brother that he should take half of the money and be allowed to board himself, the saving thus effected enabling him to purchase more books, and as his dinner, which frequently consisted of a roll of bread and some raisins with a glass of water, was soon eaten, he had more time for study. And so it came about that in time he mastered navigation, rhetoric and arithmetic and read such works as Locke on The Human Understanding, The Art of Thinking, and Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates. This was reading of a rather heavy kind for a boy of sixteen.

The elder brother, James, started the publication of the second newspaper in America, "The New England Courant," and Benjamin was very anxious to write articles for it, but his brother and himself did not get along very well, the former having a very quick and passionate temper and overbearing manner, and the latter being at times resentful and inclined to "talk back." Having little hope of anything being accepted from his pen by his brother, if given to him openly, Benjamin wrote an article in a disguised hand and one night slipped it under the office door. His satisfaction was great on seeing it in print. He continued this plan of getting into type for several months. James at this time suffered a term of imprisonment for refusing to tell the name of the author of an article which appeared in his paper, and during his brother's absence Benjamin became editor and publisher, a position which the boy of sixteen years of age filled with success.

After James' return quarrels between the brothers were frequent. The climax came when one day James struck Benjamin. Then the boy determined to leave Boston and, selling his beloved books to pay his way, he took passage for New York, without telling even his parents of his intention. Finding no work there, he at once set out (walking most of the way) for Philadelphia, where he arrived footsore, weary, dirty and hungry, dressed in his working clothes, with only a dollar and a few cents in his pocket and not a friend in the strange city.

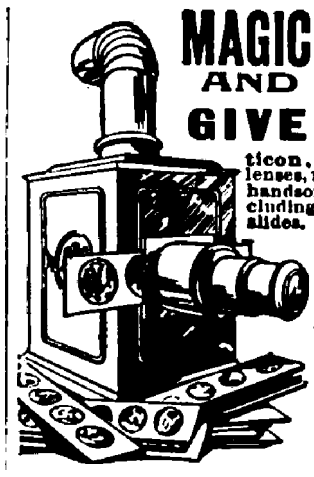
While the lad must have felt somewhat discouraged, I believe he then and there determined that he would not be beaten; and that, you know, is the surest beginning of success. Entering a baker's shop and buying three rolls he proceeded to satisfy his hunger as he limped painfully along the streets. Meeting a poorly-clad, hungry-looking woman he handed her what remained of his rolls, receiving in return earnest expressions of thanks. Boys, the lad who, in spite of his own misfortune and troubles, will stop to sympathize with and help others in worse condition than himself has in him the making of a good and great man, and I love to think that this simple deed of kindness when a boy had some influence in raising Benjamin Franklin many years after to be the loved and honored Governor of that whole Province of Pennsylvania. Entering a Quaker chapel he fell asleep on one of the hard benches, to be awakened at the close of the service by a young Quaker to whom Franklin explained his position, and by whom he was directed to a place of shelter for the night, where he slept as only a thoroughly tired boy can sleep.

A Mr. Bradford, a printer in New York, had told Benjamin to apply to his son, Andrew Bradford, printer in Philadel-



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE

MAGIC LANTERN AND OUTFIT GIVEN



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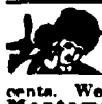

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phia, for work, but on calling there he found to his disappointment that Mr. Bradford had no need of more employes. Applying at the only other printer's shop in the city, the proprietor, Mr. Keimer, gave him only a promise of work in the future. However, Keimer's old printing press was sadly in need of repairs and Benjamin's knowledge of mechanics enabled him to mend it satisfactorily, with the result that Keimer was so much pleased that he put Benjamin to work at a "case." His wages being now sufficient to supply his wants Franklin began to make the acquaintance of young men who, like himself, were fond of reading and study. He also entered into the social life of the city, where his pleasing manners and intellectual attainments made him always a welcome guest.

While Benjamin was thus comfortably situated in Philadelphia, he received a letter from his brother-in-law, Captain Holmes, reproaching him for having left Boston without notifying his parents or friends, and urging his return. The boy at once gave such a good defense of his conduct that Captain Holmes declared the lad "had not been so much in the wrong as he had apprehended." This letter was read by Holmes in the presence of Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, who, on being informed of the circumstances, expressed surprise at such purity of language, logical reasoning and lofty sentiments coming from a mere boy. Later the governor called upon Benjamin and, in the kindliest manner making himself known, requested the company of the lad to dinner. Here the governor urged Franklin to begin business on his own account, promising to assist him in every way possible. While pleased at such a prospect, Benjamin had no money of his own and said he would require to apply to his father for the necessary funds. The governor at once promised to write to his father, setting forth the brilliant prospects that surely awaited his son. Thereafter Benjamin was frequently a guest at the governor's home, where he was treated in the most friendly manner.

In the spring of the following year Benjamin returned to Boston and received a warm and joyful welcome from his parents and old friends. Governor Keith had given him the promised letter to his father, who on reading it declared Benjamin to be too young for such an undertaking, intimating, however, that when the boy had had more experience the matter might be reconsidered.

Here we close the boyhood days of this truly great man, trusting that our young readers may find this sketch sufficiently interesting to pursue the story further and learn how, step by step, he rose from one high position in his country's service to another, until he was able to stand before kings, and lords and princes were proud to own the friendship of the "printer's apprentice."

SYNOPSIS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

1724—Visited London to buy printing outfit.
1726—Part owner of a printing office in Philadelphia.
1729—Founded the Pennsylvania Gazette and soon gained wide influence as editor, author, politician and public teacher.



REPLICA OF PHILADELPHIA'S STATUE OF FRANKLIN TO BE UNVEILED IN PARIS DURING FRANKLIN CELEBRATION.

The regard of Frenchmen for the memory of Benjamin Franklin, the first American minister to France, will be shown in the unveiling of a statue of Franklin on January 17, 1906, when the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of that famous American will be celebrated in Paris and elsewhere. The statue, which will be a replica of the one in front of the Philadelphia postoffice, will be placed in the small grass-covered plot in the Rue Franklin, near the Place de Trocadero and just in front of the Trocadero Palace, which has been given for that purpose by the Municipal Council of Paris. The statue, which will be of bronze, is given to the City of Paris by John H. Harjes, at present the resident member in Paris of the firm of Morgan, Harjes & Co.

The statue will be produced by the sculptor who made the one in front of the Philadelphia postoffice, John J. Boyle, of New York. It was originally intended that the gift should come from the citizens of Philadelphia, and an attempt was made to have it presented under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, but little progress was made and the plan was finally abandoned.

1731—Established first circulating library in America.
1732-1757—Issued Poor Richard's Almanac. Studied French, Italian, Spanish and Latin and became proficient in all.
1736-1746—Clerk of the General Assembly. Assisted in founding University of Pennsylvania. Advocated paved streets, a hospital and the American Philosophical society.
1747-1752—Engrossed in research into lightning and electricity, which received the contempt of the Royal Society of London. The society afterwards repented and gave him honor.
1754—Put forward plan for defense of colonies.
1762—Honored by St. Andrew's University, Scotland, with degree of LL. D. Had literary relations with Adam Smith, Burke and others. Urged retention of Canada.
1764—Sent to England to urge grievances of colonists. Through his efforts British Parliament repealed Stamp Act.
1776—One of the five who drew up Declaration of Independence. Sent as commissioner to France, remaining there nine years. Efforts on behalf of his country of great importance.
1777-1778—With Adams and Lee made treaty with France.
1778—Received by Louis XVI.
1779—Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.
1781—Commissioner to conclude peace with Great Britain.
1783—Signed treaty of Versailles, September 30. President of Pennsylvania Assembly.
1787—Member of Constitutional Convention. President of Pennsylvania Society for Abolition of Slavery.
1790—Died, April 17.

FRANKLIN TABLET IN THE HALL OF FAME

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706-1790

This Constitution can end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, only when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.

The American Boy

Edwin Booth, of Hamilton, Kansas, writes a good letter to the Editor, and suggests that we print for the edification of our readers the following verses by Caroline Gilman, and this we are pleased to do:

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Look up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

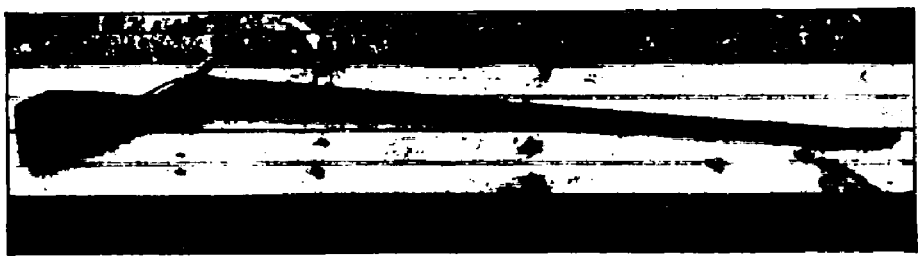
A hallow'd land thou claim'st my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, ay, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The laurel lives upon our soul,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word,
The name of Washington.

Robinson Crusoe's Gun Now Owned by an American

By PERCY TRENCHARD



THE ROBINSON CRUSOE GUN

EVERY BOY who has read Robinson Crusoe, and that means every boy in America, will be interested in learning that the Robinson Crusoe gun is now owned by a Philadelphian. Of course we all know that Daniel de Foe, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, founded his world-famous story on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of South America. The gun that has come into the possession of a Philadelphian is the original gun that Selkirk had when living his Robinson Crusoe life on Juan Fernandez. Miss Huldah B. White, of 201 North Thirty-fourth street, Philadelphia, a collector of curios, while traveling in England recently learned that the famous gun, which had been an heirloom in the Selkirk family, was to be sold at auction. She sent an agent to attend the sale, at Edinburgh, Scotland, and he managed to secure the coveted prize for thirty-two pounds, eleven shillings, or about $160 in American money.

When the news of the purchase was made public and the distressing fact dawned upon the British sentimentalists that the Robinson Crusoe gun was to be taken to America, there was a tremendous outcry and Miss White was besought to sell the relic to one of the many English bidders. Miss White entertained some offers, but the would-be purchasers were so slow in coming to time that she at last sailed without re-selling the gun.

In the catalogue of the sale at which the relic was purchased by Miss White, it is described as follows:

"Robinson Crusoe's (Alexander Selkirk's) musket, a fine old specimen with long barrel, old flint-lock and beautifully balanced. The Robinson Crusoe firelock is referred to in Sibbald's 'Fife 1803,' as being in the possession of a family in the neighborhood of Largo. James Gilles, aged 80, in 1895, informed General Briggs that his mother was a grandniece of Alexander Selkirk. She gave the gun to the late Major John Lumsdaine, of Lathallon, about the beginning of the century."

It was in consequence of the death of Major Lumsdaine's heir that the gun came to be sold at auction. Miss White returned with it to America and it is now in her possession.

It is a curious old weapon, almost six feet long and, although quite two centuries old, is in perfect preservation. The flint-lock still works on its hinges and answers to the touch of the trigger. The wood has worn away from the barrel and is kept in place by pieces of tape, which are wrapped around the barrel at the end and around the stock near the trigger. The size of the gun can be judged by the picture, in which it is seen held by a boy who was pressed into service when Miss White kindly permitted a photograph of the relic to be made especially for THE AMERICAN BOY.

Few boys really know the story of Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of fiction. Selkirk was a Scotchman, son of a tanner of Largo, a seaboard town of Fifeshire. He was always in trouble when a boy and ran away to sea to escape the consequences of a youthful prank. He appears to have been as hard to get along with afloat as ashore, for he came to be the original Robinson Crusoe through a quarrel with the captain of the ship. He was not wrecked, as De Foe causes Crusoe to be, but was sent ashore to his island, with a few personal effects and the famous gun seen in the photograph.

For four years and four months Selkirk lived his lonely life on Juan Fernandez. He made clothes from skins when his own were worn to rags. He killed goats with his musket until the powder gave out and then perforce he killed the goats by hand, becoming so fleet of foot in time that no animal could outrun him. Tiring of the loneliness, he moved heaven and earth to escape from his island, building fires nightly and keeping a close watch for passing ships. But he was far from the beaten track, and it was years before a ship came that way to rescue the strange looking scarecrow in the skin clothes.

Selkirk was the sensation of the day when he returned to England, and he told his story over and over again, and the newspapers of the day devoted entire pages to his adventures. When Selkirk returned to his father's house the habits of four years of solitude were so strong that he built a cave in the rear of his house and lived alone in this place, taking long walks along the loneliest part of the coast and avoiding every one. He went to sea again and died on the Weymouth, a British warship. He left no children, but there are many descendants of the original Selkirk family of eight boys still living in Scotland.

(*Continued on page 94.*)



THE ROBINSON CRUSOE GUN

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1278 SCRANTON, PA.

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

Bookkeeper	Mechan'l Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertising Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Ornamental Designer	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Bldg. Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draughtsman
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Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



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Poorly Paid Men

who have looked at the coupon of the International Correspondence Schools, and wondered what it held in store for them, but who, through neglect, or doubt, or indecision, have passed it by?

If so, come out of the crowd **NOW.** Reach up! Mark the occupation in which you wish to succeed and give the I. C. S. an opportunity to help you as *they have helped tens of thousands to earn more salary, to rise in the world, to have enterprises of their own.*

The I. C. S. is an institution with an invested capital of $5,000,000, devoted entirely to the **welfare of people who must help themselves,** placing in their hands the power—the ability to become of more value to themselves and others.

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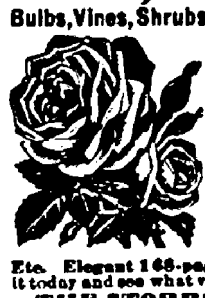

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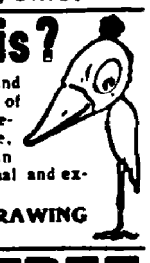

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United States Revenues, United States Postage; also Foreign Stamps on approval, at 50 per cent discount. The best line of approval sheets in existence.
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All for **10c** and names and addresses of 2 collectors

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CHINA 10c GREEN FREE to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 50 per cent. A Packet to offer, including some corking good ones; weighed, not counted; will cat. over $3.00, with a foreign postal card worth from 5 to 50c. price 25c; a splendid mixture. Netherlands 1891, 50c, cat. 10c, price 1c with packet only. Mention A. S.
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1000 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 10c.

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1906

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Answers to Inquiries

S. S.—Document stamp of 1859 with head of Queen Victoria is a British revenue; it has little if any value. James M.—3c 1851 red brown U. S. lists 2c; $2 blue and black internal rev. 60c; the two French revenue stamps list one cent each. S. W. D.—Your stamps are from, 1. Austria; 2. Hungary; 3. Egypt; 4. France (revenue); 5. India (revenue); 6. French Guiana; 7. France; 8 and 9. Greece; 10. Crete; 11. Austria or Germany; 12. Corea; 13. Hungary; 14. Bulgaria; 15. Somali Coast (Africa). G. W. D.—The 1c Pan-American, inverted centre, catalogues $25.00. It retails at about $15.00. B. B. K.—It would be impossible to tell the value of your stamps without examination. There are a number of reliable dealers in San Francisco who will buy them if they are of any value. W. C. C.—No stamps were issued in commemoration of the Portland, Oregon, fair. T. J. W.—A very common French revenue stamp. A. C. R.—You have probably a 1c 1856 issue; there are several varieties of this stamp, the cheapest of which lists 50 cents unused. C. C. L. J.—The postage stamps you describe are all very common; the 3c proprietary revenue lists 20c. C. F. D.—You have a Spanish revenue stamp. CHAS. C.—The two stamps of which you send sketches are a Spanish and a Cuban revenue. The International albums do not have spaces for foreign revenues.

Cuba's Stamp History

(Continued from last month.)

In 1855, when Cuban postage stamps had their beginning, the twin Spanish colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico were closely associated for administrative purposes, a fact which serves to explain why the issues from 1855 to 1873 were for the common use of the two islands.

At the beginning of its philatelic history, Cuba presents us with a problem which has, at various times, provoked a spirited controversy among stamp collectors. We refer to the surcharge "Y ¼" upon the 2 real stamps of 1855. Why was this surcharge applied? Was it, as some contend, to supply a value of 2¼ reals, the "Y" being simply the Spanish form of the word "and," or was it intended that the "Y" should stand for the word "Interior," sometimes rendered in Spanish "Ynterior"? Many leading authorities on the stamps of Spain and colonies favor the latter theory, and hold that the stamps were surcharged simply to supply a low value label for use on letters dispatched from Havana and other coast towns to the interior of the island. It is a question which has never been positively settled one way or the other, and the fact that the stamps surcharged "Y ¼" are still listed in certain catalogues as being of the face value of 2¼ reals, shows that the "And ¼" theory still finds many adherents. The earlier issues of these surcharged stamps are scarce, and one has to be chary of buying specimens without a personal guarantee of genuineness, since the overprint has been frequently counterfeited. There are, by the way, at least two very distinct varieties of the "Y ¼" surcharge—one showing a broad "Y" and a short fraction bar to the "¼," while the other has a narrow "Y" and a much longer fraction bar. Specialists of these stamps, however, have discovered no less than four distinctive types, and a minor variety chronicled some years ago as existing in a famous American collection has no fraction bar to the "¼" at all!

In 1857, the 2 reals rose-red of that year received the "Y ¼" overprint in the same manner as the previous 2 real stamps. This, however, is comparatively common. One may distinguish the stamp, not only by its color, but by the absence of watermark. The stamps of 1855 had a watermark of loops, but those of 1856 a watermark of crossed lines, but for subsequent issues the watermark was abandoned.

Cuba and Porto Rico remained partners in postage stamps until 1873, when the first stamps "for Cuba only" made their appearance. A curious feature of many of the Cuban and other Spanish colonial issues is the insertion of the date of issue as a portion of the design. This is a custom that it still retained for the stamps of Fernando Poo and other remnants of the once mighty Empire of Spain, though it has long been abandoned by the Mother Country. From 1855 until the last of the "Spanish" issues, the stamps of Cuba form an interesting portrait gallery of the reigning monarchs of Spain—Queen Isabella, King Amadeus, King Alfonso XII., and his son, the present Alfonso XIII. In 1883 there came a series of curious surcharges, consisting mostly of numerals within various ornamental frames. The "Habilitado" surcharges of 1868, and the further series of 1898-99—the last stamps of Cuba prior to the American regime—are quite a study in themselves, abounding in type varieties and errors of printing. To grapple with Cuba in its entirety, however, is becoming an expensive and difficult pursuit, as the stamps of the island have enjoyed a considerable boom since the period of the Hispano-American War, and many varieties are now hard to get either in used or unused condition.

The stamps of "American Cuba," if one may use that term to indicate the Cuba of the past six or seven years, form a section of the subject that the young collector might well take up with profit and pleasure. On the termination of the war a "stop-gap" issue was provided by surcharging the then current stamps of the United States with the name "Cuba" and the value in "cents de peso," which must not be confused with the Spanish "cents de peseta." The present currency of Cuba approximates as closely as may be to that of the United States, the "centara" equaling the American "cent," and the "peso" the "dollar." Regular stamps for Cuba, bearing appropriate pictorial designs, made their appearance in 1900. Of the 2 centavos stamp varying shades of color, from carmine to scarlet, may be found.

A curious error of spelling occurred in connection with the issue of the "Special Delivery" stamps of 1903. The stamps being supplied from America, it is not perhaps astonishing that the Spanish word IMEDIATA was mis-spelled with two "M's"—IMMEDIATA. This remained unnoticed for some little time, when the mis-spelling was brought to the notice of the administration, and the die was corrected.

The arms of Cuba as pictured in one of the latest stamp designs remain substantially the same as those which adorned the postage stamps issued by the insurgent leaders in the first great Cuban rebellion of 1873. We illustrate the rebel stamp of that date (there was a re-issue, by the way, in 1897) side by side with an enlargement of the Cuban arms as pictured today.—Hobbies.

Philately

The $60 newspaper stamp of the United States is the stamp of largest face value that has ever been issued.

The finest collection of stamps in the world is that of the British Museum. The collection is valued at $200,000.

The rarest stamp is, doubtless, the one-cent 1856 of British Guiana, only one specimen being known to exist at the present time.

It is stated on a reliable source that the stamps of Corea are to become obsolete, the postal service of that country being taken over by Japan. At an early date Japanese stamps will be in use throughout Corea, and as there is no very great stock of remainders, the Corean stamps are likely to advance in value.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Floyd Harper.—The round 50-cent California gold half-dollar of 1872 is worth $2.00. The same, octagonal, $1.50. C. S. H., Eau Claire.—The eagle cent of 1856 is selling for about ten dollars. Sweden, ⅛ skilling of 1819, fifteen cents. 1831 half-dollar, if in fine condition, seventy-five cents. Henry Johnson.—Your coin is evidently a kopeck of Russia, 1860, Alexander II. It is common. H. A. A., Lebanon, Pa.—So much depends upon the condition of your coins, and this you do not mention, that it would be impossible to estimate their value. Unless they are in at least good condition it is safe to say that they will not bring over face value. Jos. H. Groff.—See answer to C. S. H. W. N. Hutchings.—The cent of 1837 is worth ten cents. If in fine condition it will bring more. H. W. Merrill.—The Columbia half-dollar of 1892 sells for seventy-five cents. Donald O. Noble.—The half-eagle of 1846, unless in fine condition, will hardly bring a premium. W. Heber Thames.—The 1820 half-dollar sells at the dealers for seventy-five cents. Rexford Sexton.—The dime of 1835, unless in fine condition, will not bring you a premium. H. A. Stanhope.—The copper cents for 1845 and 1848 sell for from five to ten cents each. Prince Edward Island cents and East India quarter annas will also bring the same price. Any coin dealer will put you in the way to obtain a coin cabinet if you will write him. C. R. Armstrong.—Your New Jersey colonial bill for £3, issued March 25th, 1776, is worth fifty cents. That is the price the dealers would charge for good specimens. Walter T. Oliver.—You have some nice pieces for a collection, but your coins are all quite common. The "Union for Ever" is a common Civil War token of 1864. Jos. R. Paupusch.—The dealers charge seventy-five cents each for the half-dollar of 1833 and the quarter of 1834. The Lafayette dollar of 1900 is held at $2.00. Fifty thousand of these were issued. 1816 cent, ten cents. 1861 half-dime, face value only. W. B. Sampson.—The half-dollars of 1826 and 1830 sell for seventy-five cents each. Trade dollars of 1877, fifty-five to eighty-five cents, depending upon condition. Sherwood Chapman.—Your rubbings are all from current nickel and silver coins that will hardly bring much over face. (1 and 2) Helvetia (Switzerland). (3) Netherlands (Holland). (4) Prussia. (5) Austria. (6) Pontifical States (Rome). (7) France. S. S. Phelps.—The cents of 1844, 1846 and 1852 sell from five to ten cents each. Your "Success to the Lowestoff Fisheries" penny is an English token worth fifteen cents. Belgium 2 centimes, common. Others face value. John L. Fisher.—Your coin is the new 2½ cent silver coin of Panama. They are selling for twelve cents each. They were struck at the Philadelphia mint. Frank W. Booth: The large oval brass coin with queer characters on is no doubt a Japanese tempo. These odd coins were in use in Japan sixty to seventy-five years ago and are still quite common, selling for fifteen cents each. Louis Masters: St. Helena has never had but one coin and that a half-penny struck for the island in 1821. The dealers would charge you twenty-five cents for one in good condition. Carlton Corwith: 1817 and 1826 cents, ten cents each. Austrian 1 kreutzer, 1816, five cents. English farthing, 1749, ten cents. 1801 cent, if in good condition, seevnty-five cents. Others face value. Frank Jackson: The half dollars of 1828 and 1829 are catalogued at seventy-five cents each. E. G. Stimson: The dollar of 1842 sells for $2.00. Frank Mitchell: Your rubbing is from a 10 centimes of Luxemburg. There are three pieces in this set, viz.: 2½, 5 and 10 centimes. They sell for ten cents each at the dealers. John Moss: Your coin is a half anna of Bengal. The date in the native inscription is 1782. It sells for fifteen cents when in good condition.

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I offer FREE, to new applicants for approval selections, a stamp listed at 25c in the 1905 Standard Catalogue. Kindly send reference with your application—or, if a minor, send me written consent of parent. WILLIAM F. PRICE
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FREE 40 varieties U. S. and 100 sample hinges for the names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c. return postage. Album with space for 1,200 stamps, 15c. 20 varieties U. S. Revenues, 5c. 1,000 all different, mounted in book, $8.75.
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TO
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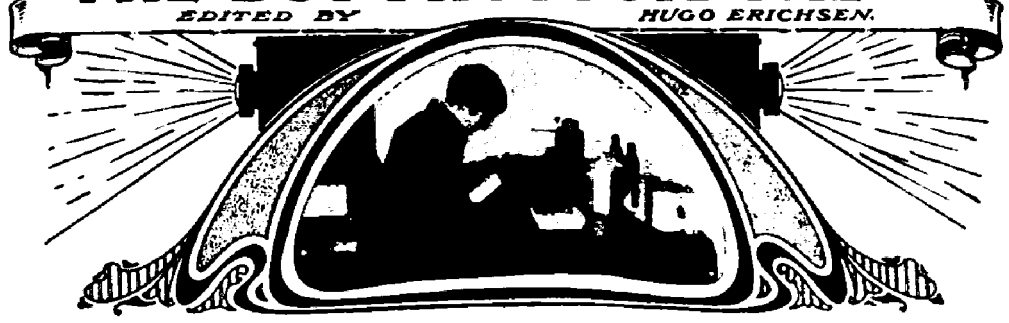
No paper in America reaches so many prospective stamp buyers as does The American Boy

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 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.

Squarely Own Up

One of the hardest things to do in life, my dear lads, is to acknowledge a mistake. But that is the only way to rectify it. If you will give everybody else a square deal, in the words of our beloved President, you will get one yourself.

The above will prepare you for the confession that the editor made a mistake himself and is now going to own up. Of course, it was unintentional and entirely due to the fact that no name appeared on the back of the photograph to which first prize was awarded in our Brownie contest. The photograph was attributed to a New England boy, when credit should have been given to Fred J. Fisher, of 1509 Lexington avenue, New York City. Honor to whom honor is due. THE EDITOR.

The Letter Box

E. P. Howell—You will have to get a regular copying lens for the purpose. Write to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., about it. Fred. Nesbitt—A description of how to make a good enlarging camera at a cost not exceeding $1 appeared in our March (1905) issue. If you no longer have it, we will send it to you on receipt of ten cents.

Our Prize Pictures

"A Pool in the Woods," by Carl L. Hartshorn, of 59 Irving street, West Somerville, Mass., to whom first prize is awarded in this month's contest, is a beautiful piece of camera work from an artistic as well as technical standpoint. Another landscape study, by Henry J. Rettke, of 18 Grave street, Marinette, Wis., which captured the second prize, is also deserving of the highest praise.

Current Comments

John L. Hopper—Not a bad idea, but the dog's head should have been lower and in focus. Ralph L. Hay—Both of your pictures show halation; if you do not know what this means, visit the public library in your city, which contains a large assortment of photographic books, and read it up. Kerr Forman—Such a picture as yours should be taken with a backed or non-halation plate, if taken at all in the day-time. A flash-light, after nightfall, would give still better results.

A Moving Picture Feat

The taking of 10,800 moving pictures of a train in the New York subway was the occasion of a recent novel experiment in illumination, which resulted successfully. Seventy-two mercury vapor lamps were arranged on a freight car in nine banks, with a reflector back of each. The camera was placed on another car on a parallel track, and on the third track was the train whose progress was to be photographed. The pictures were taken for an official of the transit company and not intended for public exhibition.

Honorable Mention

Two photographs among the number submitted by those entitled to the above distinction are so unusually good that we feel they deserve especial mention. If there were such a thing as third and fourth prize in our contests, they would have received the award. We allude, in the order of merit, to the "Sentinel" by Harry W. Phillips, and "The Old Swimming Hole," by Raymond H. Osborne. The remainder entitled to Honorable Mention are: Kurt Stolberg, Earl V. Hudson, Russell S. Mack, Fred. Conningham, Ernest S. Houghton, Joseph Hunter, E. E. Trumbull, Percy N. Trask, H. E. Fry and Clay L. Pearse.

Inexpensive Trays

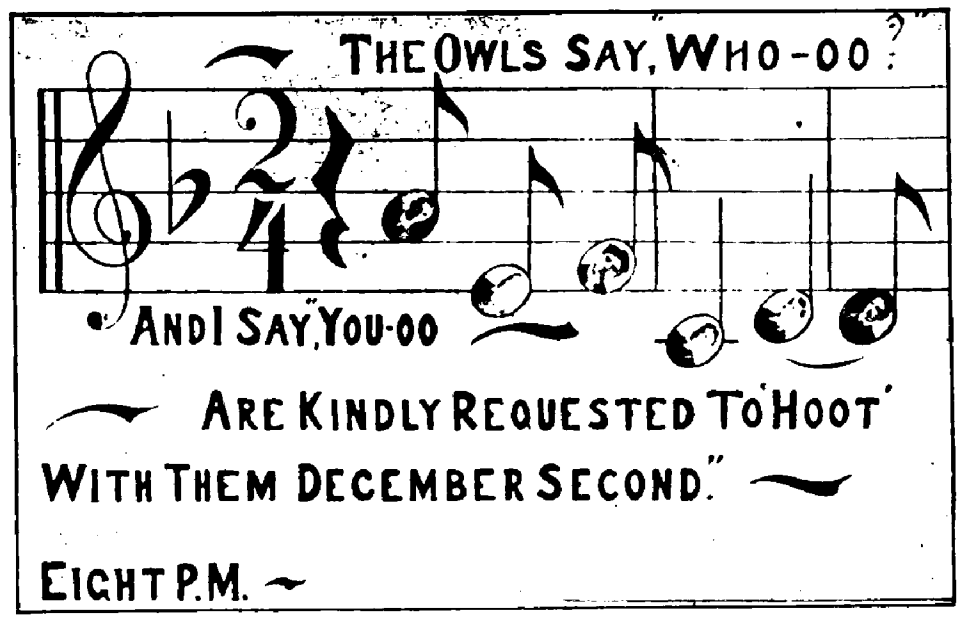
Secure as many cigar boxes as you desire to make trays. Take off the lids and remove all paper from the inside of the boxes. Next place them inside the oven of an ordinary cook stove until they become quite hot. By this time you should have secured a ten-cent cake of paraffine wax, scrape pint cup half full of the shavings and set to melt on the stove. Let the wax come to a boil and then taking your mounting brush, give your hot cigar boxes a coating of wax, both inside and out. Allow them to cool, and apply a second coat. You will have a supply of trays that will be both water and acid proof. If you wish to make a little more workmanlike job, it is not a difficult matter to carefully take the boxes apart, cut the wood to the right size and then nail together again with the nails removed in taking the original box apart. These can be coated with wax in the same way as advised for the boxes.—Wharton Schooler in "The Photographic Exchange."

Our Book Table

ODD BITS OF TRAVEL WITH BRUSH AND CAMERA, by Chas. M. Taylor, Jr., Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.60 net. This book contains many hints that will prove of service to amateur photographers contemplating the grand European tour. The illustrations, representing landscapes and street-views in England, the Netherlands, France and Germany, are from photographs by the author. Here and there, in the text, one will come across a gem like the following: "Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. HE WHO WANTS LITTLE ALWAYS HAS ENOUGH." That such an expert photographer as Taylor should write a book entitled: "WHY MY PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BAD" is another illustration of the happening of the unexpected. The book takes up and illustrates the mistakes commonly made by beginners. It was also published by Jacobs & Co. and is sold at $1 net. Either volume may be procured through THE AMERICAN BOY, by mail, at $1.76 and $1.15 respectively.

Caught in the Act

Dwight Gardner, a Michigan lad, sends us a photograph that is a decided novelty. It represents a boy, who was photographed while stealing grapes at night. And this is how our friend explains the work was done: "The photograph was taken by means of a No. 3 Eastman F. P. K., with Eastman's Spreader Cartridge Flash Pistol and Spreader Flash Cartridges. At the back of our house is a small grape arbor which, of late, was visited by thieves almost every night, who helped themselves liberally. I thought of a scheme that would give them a bad scare and at the same time show who they were. I took a clothesline and fastened it to one of the end posts. Running it the whole length of the arbor, I then fastened it to the other end post, where I placed the kodak and flashlight. I put the flash cartridge in a box with the opening toward the arbor and placed the kodak in a smaller box on top of this. Thus, being in a box, they were protected from the damp and the box served as a reflector for the flashlight. Next I passed the rope under a pulley and up through a small hole in the bottom of the lower box and put a knot in it so that it could only be drawn just so far before it would strike the hole in the bottom of the box and stop, whereupon I fastened the end of the rope to the trigger of the flash-lamp. Then I put a piece of 2x4, about a foot long, in the second box, hinging it at one end and propping it up at the other by means of a pencil. A cord attached to the pencil was passed down through the box and fastened to the trigger of the flash-lamp. Finally the kodak was placed in the upper box, with the bulb under the 2x4, and set for time exposure. In order that I would know when it was snapped, I fastened a piece of tin on the 2x4 and right under it I placed another, with one end raised about an inch. This placed them about one-quarter of an inch apart. To each piece of tin I attached a wire and ran them into the house, where I connected them with an electric bell. Thus when the thief tried to get some grapes, he pressed against the rope. This pulled the prop out from under the 2x4, which fell on the bulb and opened the shutter, then set off the flash-light and at the same time rang the bell in the house." Evidently the plan worked to perfection.



A postal card invitation sent out by a society called "The Owls." The music staff and notes were first drawn on cardboard, and the photos cut out and pasted in the notes. Then the whole was photographed down to postal card size.

"A POOL IN THE WOODS"
FIRST PRIZE PHOTO. BY CARL L. HARTSHORN

Boys! Here is a Dollar Knife For You, FREE

—and a chance to make $9.00 a week, and in addition, earn $500 in gold by January 1, 1907

The picture below shows the exact size of my two-bladed buck-horn handle Sheffield steel knife—regular price $1.00.

It is just the knife every boy wants to own.

And I want a lot of bright, euergetic hustling boys to get one of these knives, free—all charges paid.

I don't want them to sell anything for me—or send me any money—not a cent—to get this knife.

In addition to the chance to get the knife, I want to give every boy a chance to earn some money—more money than he could make selling papers, or running errands—or in any other way.

I don't want him to peddle bills, or ring an auction bell, sell anything for me, or send me any money—

I simply want him to go and see some of his friends and acquaintances—which will be more like fun than work.

Here is the plan: I make

Parker's Perfect Paint—

Made to Order—Sold Direct from My Factory—On My Pay-if-you-like-it Plan



I want to sell it to everyone in your town who is going to paint.

It's this way—I don't sell paint by the gallon—but by the JOB. I sell a man enough paint to do his entire job of painting—no money down—no deposit—and I pay all freight on my paint to the man who orders it.

—And if the paint the man puts on his buildings satisfies him in every way, he pays me for it—otherwise it is *absolutely free*.

You see, my way of selling paint is a brand-new way.

I tell a customer for how many dollars I will furnish all the paint for the buildings he wants to paint—in any number of coats—and I guarantee that he will have some paint left over.

If I tell a customer that I will furnish three coats of paint for his buildings for $11, I will do it—no matter how many gallons it takes.

To tell him just what I will charge him for the paint to do his entire job, I must get him to fill out and send to me one of my blank applications, giving the size of the buildings he wants to paint. Now, *that* is what I want *you* to do for me.

There are a lot of people in your town who are going to paint this next year, and I want you to run around and get them to give me their names and addresses, and fill out an inquiry for my Paint Book and blank application.

I have inquiry blanks for this purpose—and I will send you 10 of them free, if you will send me your name and address.

You run around to the people who are going to paint—and tell them that Parker, the Paint-Maker, wants to give them a price on the complete cost of the paint for their work, all delivered, charges prepaid—to be paid for if satisfactory to them—otherwise to be absolutely free.

Now, every man wants to know how much a big paint manufacturer will charge him for enough paint to do the work—and he will be glad to fill out one of these inquiry blanks for you.

So it won't take any trouble to get these blanks filled in—then send them to me.

Then I can tell him just how much I will charge him for sufficient paint to do his entire job—

—And for getting me the first 10 inquiries I will send you, at once, all charges paid, this Buckhorn handled knife, which regularly costs $1.00.

Now, nearly every man who fills out one of these inquiry blanks, after hearing from me, will be so favorably impressed with my paint proposition that he will order his paint from me, and I will send you 50c. *for each one of these orders.*

Then at the end of the year 1906, I am going to figure up, and to the boy who sends me the most inquiries that result in orders, in proportion to the population of his town, according to the last U. S. census, *I am going to give $500 in gold.*

When you have filled in and sent me the first 10 inquiry blanks, I will send you 10 more, and so on.

Now, see here, Boys, this is a fine chance for you. First you get the dollar knife in just no time, for sending in the 10 inquiries. Then you get 50c. in cash for each man who orders paint, and on top of that you have the splendid chance to earn the $500 in gold by sending in the most inquiries that result in orders for my paint.

Don't think that if you live in a small town you haven't as good a chance of earning the $500 as the boy who lives in a large town, because I figure the number of orders received in proportion to the population of the town.

Now, if you want to take advantage of this offer—and get the knife and commence to earn money right away; you'd better hurry and send in for the inquiry blanks, which I will send to you absolutely free. Just write me on a postal card, saying "Send me 10 inquiry blanks." Send the postal to

The President, Parker Perfect Paint Co. 415 G 6th st. St. Louis, Mo.

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*

Experimental Lessons in Electricity

No. VII—The Galvanometer

IN THE LAST lesson we learned how to make two measuring instruments, a voltmeter and an ammeter, and in this lesson we will take up the construction of another very sensitive instrument for the detection of a small current of electricity called a galvanometer, an instrument used in measuring resistances of wires, lamps, coils, etc.

A somewhat simpler form could be adopted but it would not be so sensitive and for the purpose of measuring resistances this feature is of the greatest importance.

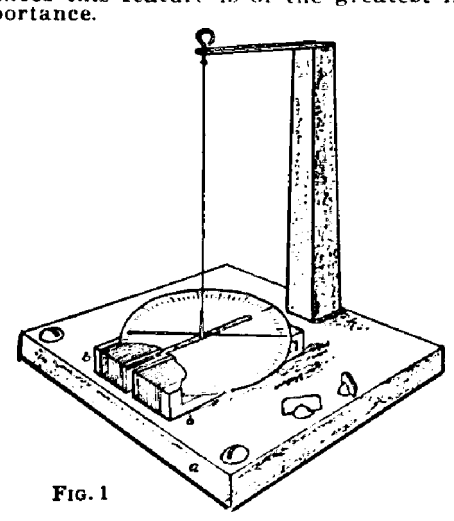


FIG. 1

The instrument is shown in Fig. 1. Upon the base a are mounted two coils, very similar to those made in our last lesson, excepting that the opening in the bobbin is not so wide and they are wrapped with much finer wire. Make the two wooden bobbins as shown in Fig. 2 of cherry or other close-grained hard wood and wind each in the same direction with No. 36 silk or cotton covered wire, leaving ends about six inches in length for attaching to the binding posts. The bobbins can be secured to the base of a coat of shellac varnish, as an attempt to fasten them with a screw or nail might result in an injury to the wire or insulation although the outer flanges may be made ⅜" wide to accommodate a screw passing through the base.

But before these coils are secured in place the post e is firmly driven into a hole in the base and secured by glue. To the top of this post is fastened an arm from which is suspended the magnetic needle by means of a silk fibre. When the base, post and arm are finished give the whole a coat of shellac varnish. Then mount the two wound bobbins, leaving about 1/16" space between the inside flanges through which the needle may pass. Connect the wires so that the end of the outside layer of the first coil is connected with the end of the inside layer of the next coil. This allows the current to travel through the winding in the same continuous direction exactly the same as though the bobbin was one single spool.

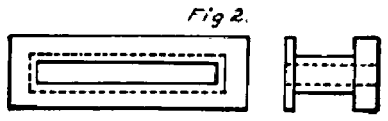
Secure two very fine sewing needles and magnetize both at the same time to insure their being as nearly alike as possible with regard to magnetic strength. Then make a small paper stirrup as shown in Fig. 3, a of good note paper and about 1/16" wide. Place the needles in the stirrup as shown at b with the eyes and points reversed, thus making the north pole of one magnet stand opposite the south end of the other. The distance between them should be about ½" and they may be securely fastened between the paper strips by a drop of shellac as at b.

A small disk is then cut from cardboard a little larger in diameter than the length of the needle and a slot is cut on its diameter through which to pass the needle as shown at c. The divisions on this circle need not have any particular spacing other than an equal space between them. This disk is then fastened to the top of the bobbins with shellac, the slot in the card being placed exactly over the space between the bobbins.

A fine fibre is then unraveled from a piece of embroidery silk, about six inches in length. One end is fastened to the top of the stirrup by shellac and the other end to the lower end of the wire which passes through the arm above. The needles should hang in such a position that the lower one swings exactly in the center of the bobbins while the upper needle swings just clear of the card.

One fact will be noticed when these needles are suspended which is that they take up no particular direction although both are equally magnetized. This is due to their being opposed and the force tending to making one needle point north and south is exactly balanced by the force tending to turn the other needle in the same direction. This is known as an "astatic" needle (as-ta-tik). It is, however, extremely sensitive to any outside magnetic force and even the slight current generated by placing the ends of two wires of different metals on the tip of the tongue will, if the instrument is well made and balanced, give quite a swing to the needles. It is a great many times more sensitive than the instruments made in the last lesson, but cannot be used in their places. The small wire hook at the top may be twisted so that the needles may be brought to zero on the scale. The finer the fibre the more sensitive will the instrument be, and a piece of spider's web is the best thing that can be had for the purpose, but it is very delicate.

Fig 2.



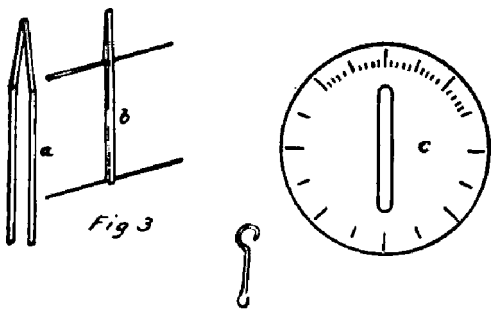


Fig 3

This galvanometer is used almost entirely to measure resistances, as was stated in connection with the Wheatstone Bridge, the description of which and full directions for using will be published in the next lesson. This galvanometer should be provided with a glass case similar to the ones which were built for the am- and volt-meter described in our last lesson. Use the greatest of care in making this instrument as much depends upon its sensitiveness, and it will well repay you for the time.

THE EDITOR'S QUERY BOX

How many feet of No. 25 cotton-covered magnet wire are there to the pound? How many feet of No. 25 wire would be required to wind the magnets on the telegraph instrument recently described? Will the battery described in the July issue operate this instrument, and if so, how many cells would be required? Could blue vitriol be used in place of sulphuric acid, and if so, in what proportion should it be mixed with the water? Would one pound of No. 18 wire be sufficient to wind both field and armature of Mr. Crowell's motor? What voltage is necessary to operate this motor? Do the commutator segments make connection with each other or is there a gap between them?—D. S. K., Hanoverton, Ohio.

Ans. About 800 feet. About ten feet. Yes, but three or four cells would be required and it polarizes rapidly. No, blue vitriol will not take the place of sulphuric acid in this type of cell. One pound of wire should be amply sufficient. This motor will operate on a current of two or three amperes and three or four volts. Two cells of any good battery should operate it. The commutator segments do not touch; there is a gap of about 1-32 inch between them.

I would like to know if it is possible to make a motor out of an old telephone generator?—A. G. C., Muskogee, I. T.

Ans. Yes; the armature will need rewinding with a larger size wire and a commutator will have to be arranged so that the poles of the armature will be constantly changed. The field poles always remain the same. A two segment commutator is all that is necessary and No. 20 single cotton-covered magnet wire will be about the right size to use.

1. What is the difference between an induction coil and a spark coil? 2. Would an induction coil of 500 ohms spark a one h. p. marine engine? 3. Could an electric motor be made to run a motor boat? If so, would the speed of the motor be too fast to drive direct to the propeller by shaft? How many batteries would it take to run a half h. p. motor?—J. C., Manhattan, Kansas.

Ans. 1. An induction coil is one that transforms a current of low potential into one of high potential, or vice versa, while the common application of the term "spark coil" may apply to this type of coil or the ordinary coil used in gas lighting, which is simply an iron core wrapped with many turns of wire. This has no secondary winding but the sudden breaking of the circuit is attended by a very fat, hot spark at the broken contact. 2. Induction coils are generally designated by the length of spark that they will give and not the resistance in ohms, which is generally very high. A coil giving a good ½" spark will ignite the charges in a marine engine. 3. Yes, but it would be very expensive. The motor could be wound so as to run slowly, but if the ordinary type was used, running at about 2,000 R. P. M., it would be better to gear it down so that the propeller would not make over 500 or 600 revolutions per minute. The number of batteries required, which should be storage cells, cannot be given exactly as the type of motor and current required are factors that govern the number of cells required. If your motor required 52 volts, at least 26 cells would be necessary, as they have a voltage of about 2, and the seven amperes of current necessary would require that the cells be of ample size. The operation of motor boats by electric power is very expensive, far more so than when the gasoline motor is used.

(*Continued on page 93.*)

Using Boy Energy to Advantage in the Schools

HOW TO MAKE use of boy activity so that it shall benefit not only the boy who gives vent to it but to his associates as well, is a problem which has troubled many who are engaged in planning school work. So much of the activity goes to absolute waste, so much of it could be made to help others, that any successful effort at intelligently directing it, deserves liberal notice.

One effort in this direction has met with remarkable success in New York City. Dr. James P. Hanly, director of Mechanical Training, in this large school system, assisted by a corps of thirty-five trained teachers, a few years ago set out to employ some of the surplus activity in the making of things useful in the schoolroom. He not only made excellent use of it but aroused an interest in real work which made it possible to do double the amount originally planned.

Director Hanly and his assistants prepared drawings for all manner of instruments and apparatus by which the problems in mathematics, nature study, science, etc., could be more easily explained, and when all were ready set the 15,000 boys, who have access to the school workshops in the city, to work at making these things.

In some of the shops the workshop classes made models illustrating geometrical problems—such as these: Showing that the sum of the angles in any triangle equals two right angles—that the area of a square inscribed in a circle is equal to two times the square in the radius of the circle; that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, etc.

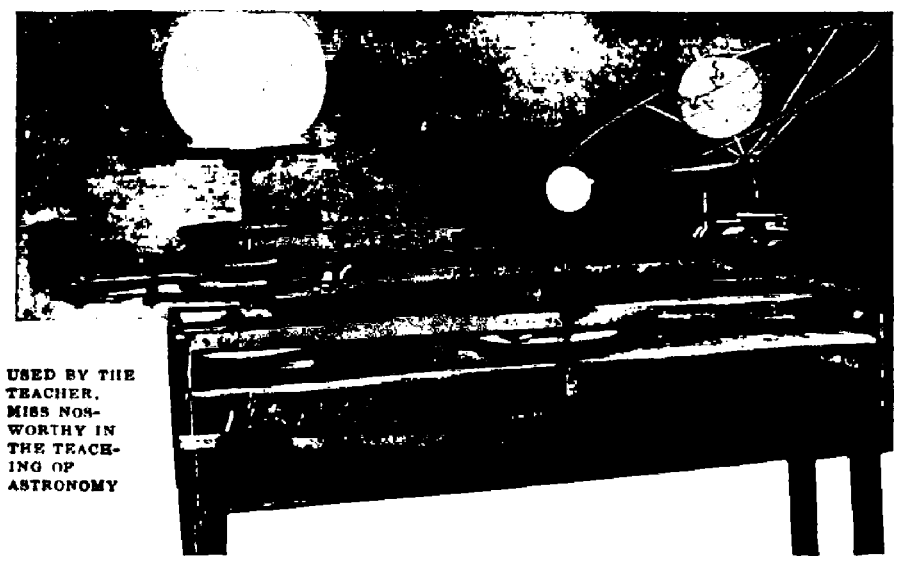
In one school the instructor devoted such time as was allotted to this work to making electrical apparatus. Some of the boys furnished wire, others sheet tin and copper, others binding posts and chemicals. The plans called for the making of several sets of telegraph keys and sounders. A few boys were set to making the parts, which could be shaped out of wood; others wound the coils and prepared the batteries. When all the parts had been made the whole class gathered about the bench to see one of their number do the assembling and testing. A picture is given herewith showing one of these boys sending and another receiving a message over the wires.

The instruments were later installed, one set in the class room and one in the workshop. By the use of the radiator in each of these two rooms it became necessary to put up only one wire, the ground serving as the other. Every boy in the class had a copy of the Morse code in his pocket so that on science day, when messages passed back and forth between the classroom and the shop, each boy was ready to translate the dots and dashes into letters and words. A few weeks later when the superintendent visited the class and asked a few questions about electricity, he was fairly overwhelmed to learn that these boys really knew as much about the subject as he had ever known.

In some of the other schools the subject of sound has been made clear by means of such instruments as the siren, the sonometer, Koenig's sound-wave meter, the organ pipe and other models constructed by the school boy artisans.

Heat, light and the mechanical powers were illustrated by practical models in some of the other schools.

In no school, however, was so great an effort made to clear up the mysteries of natural philosophy as in Public School No. 40, at 310 East 20th street. Both Mr. Shiels, the principal, and Mr. Wolfe, the instructor in manual work, are en-



USED BY THE TEACHER, MISS NOSWORTHY IN THE TEACHING OF ASTRONOMY

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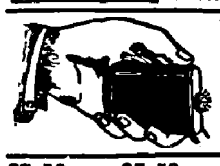
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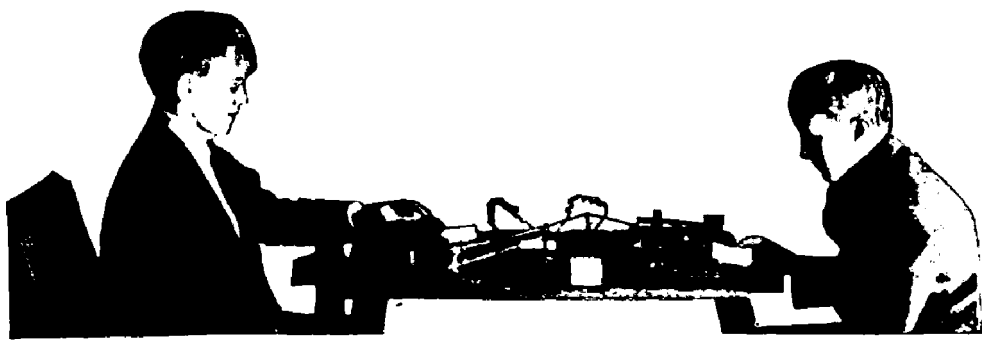

THE BOYS AT PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 166, NEW YORK CITY, USING THE TELEGRAPH APPARATUS MADE BY THE SCIENCE CLASS IN THE SCHOOL WORKSHOP

thusiasts in science work. This school is the center for the practical study of all problems in science.

Under the inspiration of Principal Shiels' hearty co-operation Mr. Wolfe designed and had made by the boys two models which deserve special mention. One is a planitarium showing clearly the relations existing between sun, moon and earth. The other a river system designed to show, in a manner as near to the real as possible, how drainage is effected in this busy sphere of ours.

The planitarium, shown herewith, looks like a complex bit of machinery, but the boys who made it say it is very simple. The fact of the matter is—a child can operate it.

A glass globe, formerly used on an arc light, inside of which are several electric bulbs, represents the sun; an old school globe, six inches in diameter, represents the earth; a smaller globe, made of paper and fastened to a circular wire frame, is the model moon. The earth is made to rotate upon its axis and moves around the sun in a six-foot circle and the moon, which does not rotate on its axis, moves around the earth in a two-foot circle. By means of pulleys and belts the whole apparatus can be set in motion when one wheel is turned. The whole model was made at a trifling expense for material.

Mr. Shiels has had it placed in the school "dark room," or camera room, where it is being daily used in the study of geography and astronomy. In the picture one of the teachers is shown explaining how the one journey of the earth around the sun may occupy the period of one year. How during one such journey the sun rotates upon its axis fourteen times, the earth upon its axis 365 times, and the moon around the earth twelve times. The model does this by actual count and that is what is very convincing to boys.

The children are also shown the location and meaning of zones, the cause and periodicity of eclipses, and the phases of the moon. An explanation that would sound abstract and which would fall upon ears keyed for other sounds, is by this instrument imbued with life and interest for grammar school children.

What adds immensely to the interest is that every bit of this complex apparatus was made by the boys themselves. It is safe to say that those who made it will live long in the memory of the school's future pupils.



NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS AT WORK IN THEIR SHOP

The other model planned by Messrs. Shiels and Wolfe is a river system from its source in the mountains to its entrance into the sea. The model is twenty feet long and represents in several sections all the features of a river system.

One section of the apparatus shows the beginning of a river system. A wooden mountain has been built. On its summit a few tufts of white cotton represent the portion above the snow line—where glaciers are formed. On the north end of the mountain it is shown how portions of the glacier are broken off by the action of wind and waves, and formed into the icebergs of the northern seas. To the south a river rises from the melting snow and ice.

Another section shows the river dropping over a waterfall which makes it impossible for navigation. At this point a canal lock has been constructed and is in actual operation, showing how commercial man will not be balked by mere nature and her obstacles. Part of the water, instead of passing over the waterfall, branches off and flows into a valley. A dam has been built across the river at a narrow part, the valley is filled with water, forming a water reservoir such as we have at Croton, near New York city, for the use of the city.

One section shows how a river may be either broad and shallow, or narrow and deep; how in the mountain regions it flows swiftly, carrying a sediment which it later deposits when the current is less swift; how this forms river islands, sandbars and deltas.

Any one of these sections may be taken into the classroom, and the features of the river system taken up on a given day can be shown so that every child will understand.

The whole system is made of wood well oiled and waxed and stained in close imitation of nature, and every bit of it was carved out by the boys of the school. It was a task involving much labor, much planning and reading, but there never was one moment when the interest lagged. The boys brought books and atlases galore to the shop, and they read and studied them as they never had studied these ordinarily uninteresting publications before.

These boys did not devote any less time to their out-door sports. They played ball as hard and long as ever, but they were too busy to loiter on the street corners or make trouble for others. All their loitering time was devoted to looking up and thinking out suggestions for the extra work in the shop, and much of the enthusiasm was due to the feeling that in this work they were helping others. They had realized their importance as workers in a community of workers.



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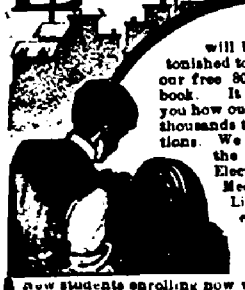

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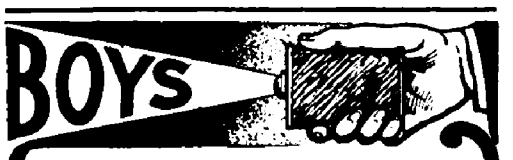

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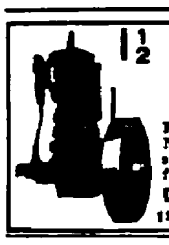

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The Editor's Query Box

(*Continued from page 92.*)

Will you please tell me if the plunge battery described in THE AMERICAN BOY for September would be large enough to furnish four incandescent lamps, and if so how long would they burn with one filling? What size wire is best for wiring a house for lights? Is it necessary to use one size of wire throughout, or may two or three sizes be used? Is it necessary to use covered wire in places where it does not come in contact with anything to cause a ground?—C. D. O., Calif.

Ans.—The battery described in the September issue is not sufficiently powerful to operate the ordinary sixteen candle-power lamps to which you refer, but you could operate the small two and four-volt lamps known as Miniature Electric Lamps. The size of wire necessary for such lamps is quite immaterial, but number fourteen would perhaps be as small as you should use. By all means use the same size wire throughout with the exception of that leading into the individual lamps, and while not absolutely necessary to have the wire insulated, it is by far the best practice.

Will you please tell me how to construct a boiler with a small steam engine, ¾" bore by 2" stroke, which I have just made. I would like to make a boiler which would be cheap and efficient. I would like to have a photograph of my engine published in THE AMERICAN BOY.—C. D. S., Ill.

Ans.—Since you have built a small engine you should have little difficulty in building a boiler for the same. A very good boiler can be made from a piece of 6" wrought iron pipe with two caps screwed on either end. This will withstand a pressure of 70 to 100 lbs. with safety, and if you want to go still further you may drill holes in the caps and insert copper tubes to act as flues. Make the holes a very close fit for the copper tubing and when the tubes are in place drive a steel pin into each end which will expand the copper and make a joint. If you then mount this little boiler in a brick setting with a small grate underneath, you will have a very good little plant.

We shall be glad to have the photograph of your engine and also the boiler when you have it finished.

Will you kindly tell me how I can use a pole to support my aerial wires in my wireless telegraph outfit, and also if I can use a four ohm sounder with the set described in the January and February numbers?—C. D. B., Morristown, N. J.

Ans.—You may support your aerial wire from the top of any pole if two or three porcelain insulators are used to prevent the current grounding through a hole. The four ohm sounder should operate with this outfit.

I am making the plunge battery described in the September issue and wish to ask if it can be made with one zinc and one carbon plate? I would also like to know where I can buy these plates? What will be the voltage if only two plates are used?—B. G., Erie, Pa.

Ans.—You can make this battery with only two plates in each cell and the voltage will be just the same, but your output will be slightly less. The greater the number of plates the less the internal resistance of the cell, which is of course one of the determining factors in the output of any cell.



A YOUNG ELECTRICIAN IN HIS SHOP

In the description of the Edison-Lalande cell, the negative plate was covered with copper oxide. Will plain copper without the copper oxide do as well? If not, please tell me the price of copper oxide and where it may be purchased. How much caustic potash will be needed for one cell? What is the E. M. F. of this cell? How many would be required to operate a 150-foot telegraph line?—G. B., Toledo, O.

Ans.—In this type of cell the main factor is the copper oxide plate, and we doubt very much if plain copper would take its place. Such a substitution might give a very small output compared with the regular oxide plate. The copper oxide may be purchased from any dealer in chemicals. It is the usual practice to put about one pound of caustic potash in each cell. The E. M. F. of each cell is about one volt, and two cells would probably operate your telegraph line.

Please explain how to connect the cells of the plunge battery shown in the September issue. Should the zinc of one cell be connected to the carbon of the next cell?

O. P. EATON, Ind.

Ans.—When connected in series the carbon plate of one cell is connected to the zinc plate of the next cell. If the cells are to be connected in parallel, all the zincs are connected together and all the carbon plates.

Please tell me what a "clutch" is and how it works? R. O. Pt. Jervis, N. Y.

Ans.—A clutch is a piece of mechanism for connecting at will two moving shafts, one generally a driving shaft and the other a driven shaft. The clutch, of which there are a good many forms, enables the two separate shafts to be rigidly connected so that the motion of one is imparted to the other without stopping. The simplest form is undoubtedly that of a cone, faced with a strip of leather, fitted into a conical cup or recess, the cone being fitted to one shaft and the cup to the other. The friction between the two serves to transfer the motion from one to the other.

Please tell me if a round carbon pencil 3-8 inch in diameter will answer in place of the flat style mentioned in the description of the plunge battery in the September issue?

D. C. A., Kingman, Kan.

Ans.—Yes, they will answer, but you should have several in each cell, connected together at the top.

The American Boy

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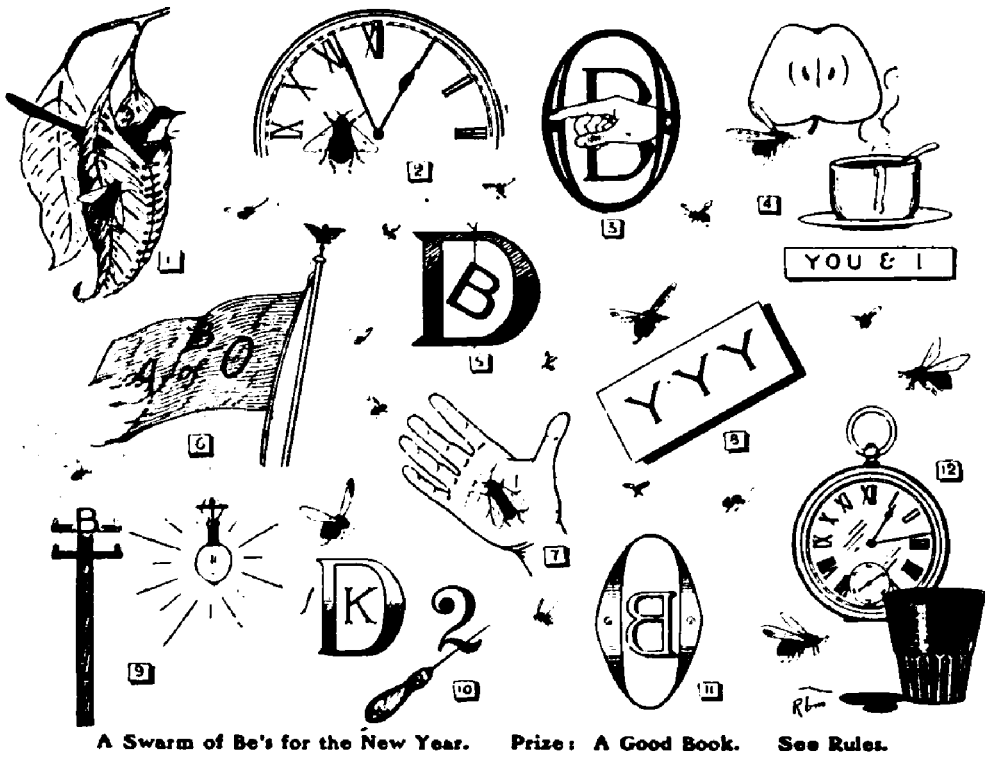
Boys' Brain Sharpeners



A Swarm of Be's for the New Year. Prize: A Good Book. See Rules.

Why I am Proud of My State

The essay contest, subject, Why I am Proud of Massachusetts, brought some very good essays from Massachusetts boys. So good were several of them that it was difficult to make a selection of the best one. Frank Scribner, 83 Brookside avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass., has been awarded the $5.00 prize.

We give complimentary mention to the essays of Robert Bayley, Jamaica Plain; E. Stanley Lewis, Worcester; Geo. E. Gregory, Cambridge; Paul P. Cram, Haverhill; Stearns Morse, Lowell; E. P. Cutler, Jr., Waban; Howard Mulhall, Dorchester; Louis A. Stearns, Jefferson; Robert Grenville Armstrong, Northampton; Earl Delano, Newburyport; John J. Till, Jr., Malden; R. H. Chamberlain, Jr., E. Oakland, Cal., (who writes that he was born in Masachusetts); Alfred H. Brown, Athol; Judson H. Webster, Haverhill; Herman Fowle, Newburyport; Horatio G. Mann, Rochland; George A. Day, Warren.

In recounting the reasons for their pride these boys have mentioned the following:

The landing of the Pilgrims, the conduct of Massachusetts soldiers in the Revolution, and during the Civil War, Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, Washington taking command of the army at Cambridge, the school boys on Boston Common, Paul Revere, Israel Putnam, Gen. Knox, Gen. Sullivan, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, the public school system of Massachusetts, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, first to start to the front in the Civil War; Massachusetts soldiers the first to give up their lives in the Civil War, President Roosevelt educated at Harvard College, Old Ironsides built in Massachusetts, the existence of a high sense of honor and respect for laws, Harvard College, Massachusetts the first to resent unjust taxation, Benjamin Franklin, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the first successful settlement in America; Standish, Bradford, Carver, Winslow, Winthrop, John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians; Massachusetts' part in the French and Indian war; a high place in commerce and manufacturing; Jacob Perkins; Isaac Babbit; Joseph Dixon; Jas. Campbell; S. F. B. Morse; Alexander Graham Bell, among the foremost pioneer inventors and manufacturers. Hawthorne; Horace Mann; the Hoosac Tunnel; the Boston Subway, the first in America; Samuel Adams; Charles Sumner; her historic and beautiful capital; her bustling cities and thriving towns; her rugged sea shore; Boston, the Hub of the universe; Jas. Otis; Emerson; Daniel Webster; Amherst College; Williams College; Tufts; Wellesley; Smith; Boston University; the first railroad in America laid at Quincy in 1827; old South Church, Boston; the harbor; the fisheries; the establishment of Thanksgiving Day; the Boston Tea Party; Jonathan Edwards; Breed's Hill; it gives me, says one boy, my education and a chance to make the best of myself; first in the manufacture of boots and shoes; the battleship Massachusetts; the first to fight in a just and righteous cause; laws best enforced.

The essays of these Massachusetts boys show a fervent spirit of loyalty to state and country that it will trouble the boys of other states to equal.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

To the Ohio boy who sends us before January 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state — Ohio, we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

Massachusetts Prize Essay, by Frank Scribner, Jamaica Plain

Because I am an American, and because I believe the very grandest pages of our American history are those closely linked with the Old Bay State and the sufferings, steadfastness, valor, zeal, and triumphs of her sons in those achievements which have made us a world power, second to none.

Innumerable cod in Massachusetts waters first led Europeans here, and it was their tales of this shore which spurred the persecuted Pilgrims to cross the Atlantic, in the great, glorious cause of Liberty.

Read now of what those pioneers endured. Read on and on, and surely you must soon feel, even as I feel, proud, beyond degree, of their perseverance, and proud, oh so proud, of our nation of today.

Massachusetts men first dared rebel against unjust taxation and her sons dared to board the British ships and destroy their cargoes of tea as a protest against the increased tax thereon.

I am proud of Gerry, Otis, Hancock, Adams, Eliot, Revere, Prescott, and others, each a Massachusetts born hero of the Revolution, a struggle in which our sod was first to receive the blood of martyrs to freedom. Here, too, was unfurled the flag which first bespoke a rebellion of the thirteen colonies, the first flag to hurl defiance to the British foe.

This is old, you say—yes, but it is history, and history makes me proud of Massachusetts.

In every walk of life—commerce, statesmanship, art, science, literature, invention, teaching, in war and in peace, Massachusetts stands pre-eminent. Has any sister state such a list of illustrious names?

There never was but one Franklin. Morse invented the telegraph. Ether, that God-send to suffering mankind, was the product of Massachusetts' genius; and here, too, originated the telephone, all marvels of the age.

Here was founded that grand American institution, the free public school.

Here is Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty. Here, too, not only are Provincetown and Plymouth, but Boston, Lexington, Concord and Prospect and Bunker Hills, each one of which adds page upon page of glory to old Massachusetts.

Here was the birthplace of abolition, the home of Phillips, Garrison, Hale, Higginson, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Cheeney and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and, for protection, it was to Massachusetts came the fleeing slave.

Look at her poets: Poe, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Knowles, and so on down the unequalled list.

Look, too, at her list of writers dear to the heart of American boys: Olcott, Cobb, Oliver Optic, Brooks, Trowbridge, Butterworth, D'Vys, Connelly, Whitson,—and there never was but one Hamilton, never but one Emerson.

I am proud of Massachusetts because of her glory and the grand, noble deeds of her sons in the furtherance of liberty, Christianity, and civilization.

All honor to Massachusetts.
Hurrah for Massachusetts!

A Filipino American Boy

One of the best written letters from boys that we have ever read has been received by us from Martin Suyat, a seventeen-year old Filipino, who writes from San Fernando, Union, P. I., on October 6th last to THE AMERICAN BOY. We would be glad to print this letter entire as showing what the native Filipino boy is capable of doing. His handwriting is better than any we have seen from a native American boy in many months. The composition, too, of his letter is creditable in the extreme. It shows care in every respect, and that is something that we find lacking in many of the letters we receive from the boys of the United States. With the true politeness of an Oriental, he begins his letter "Dear Friend:—I send you a letter, and I am very happy if you are in good health at the time you read it." Then he goes on to say:

"Last year my teacher told me to write a letter for the boys in your native land. I wrote a letter very soon after because I wish to be a friend to the pupils in your own native land.

"My name is Martin Suyat. I am seventeen years old. I live in San Fernando, Union. I belong to the Ilocanas people that live in the northwestern part of Luzon Island. After the American soldiers got the Philippines they built a large school house in every town and told all the boys and girls to come to school. The children's parents have to go to jail if their children do not go to school, and they get a big fine. Since I have heard this I go to school every day, because I wish to learn a new language. I study Arithmetic, Language, Geography, Nature Study, Music and the Fourth Reader. The principal teacher in my school is James G. Barry. The other teachers are Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Parker, Mr. Egan, Mr. Evans and Mrs. Evans."

The letter then goes on to give us some account of the various plants and fruits that grow on the island, and in conclusion asks the editor to answer and tell many things, which he cannot take time to do. Possibly some of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY may wish to correspond with this young man. If they do they will find him a very intelligent correspondent. Here are some questions that he wants answered: Tell me something that you have in your town. What kind of schools do you have? In what country and state do you live? In what "country" do the Filipino boys live that come to study in your land? What is your occupation and principal work? If you know the names of all the beautiful birds and animals in your country, will you tell me about them?

In closing he adds, "I have many sisters and one brother, but they cannot speak the English language." He signs himself "Very, very truly yours."

Rules

In sending in solutions to the posers in this department, observe the following rules:

1st. Address your envelope to PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

2nd. Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

The prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the **first correct** one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

3rd. Our Editor's decisions are final. He cannot take time to correspond with contestants, who, each month, number thousands.

4th. When two or more correct answers are received on the same day, the prize will be given to the one most neatly gotten up.

5th. Write nothing in your letter but the answer to the puzzle. If you have anything else to say, write it on a separate sheet of paper, giving your name and address on each separate sheet.

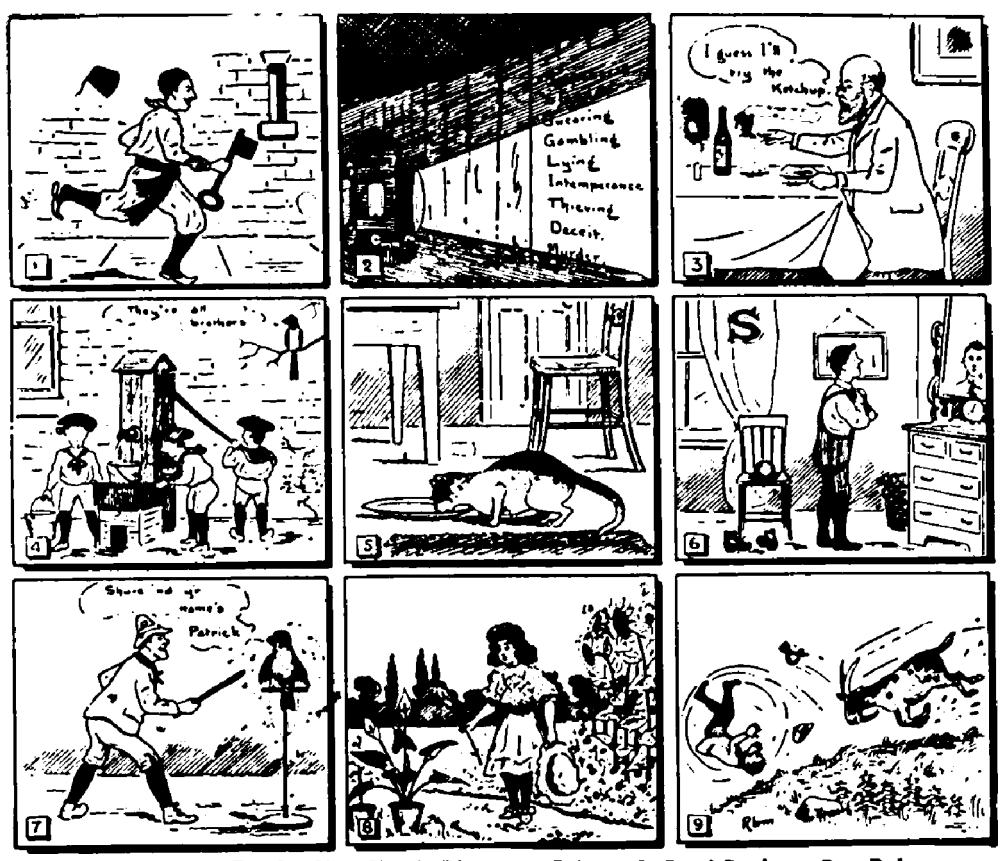
6th. If you send solutions to several puzzles, send them on separate sheets of paper, and put your name and address on each.

Mr. Bryan Gives a Success Recipe

Honorable William J. Bryan, in a letter to a high school lad in Iowa, wrote the following success recipe:

"Preparation is essential to success, but the best preparation that one can have for any work will include honesty and industry. If a man has these two qualities he can prepare himself in time for any work. If he does not have these his preparation will be of little service to him. After honesty and industry I would place ability, and—other things being equal—one's success ought to be proportionate to his ability.

"Ability is a difficult thing to define. Often that which is the result of careful preparation is attributed to genius. In fact, genius has been described as the ability to do a great deal of hard work. Sucess in politics might be described as the conjunction of preparation and ability, but the preparation must be so broadly defined as to include the qualities that enable one to take advantage of an opportunity."



Good Things to Eat for New Year's Dinner. Prize: A Good Book. See Rules.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S GUN

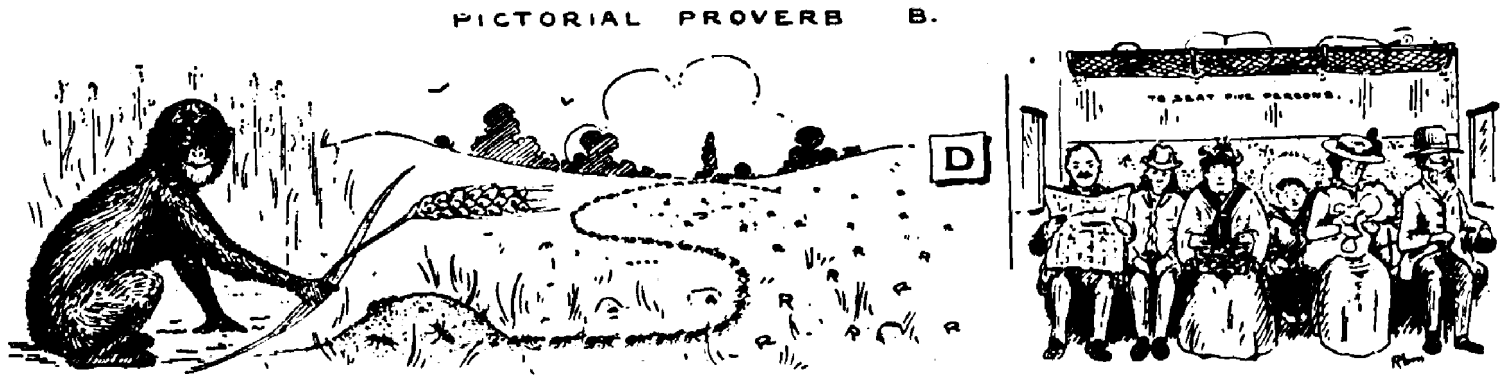
(*Continued from page 89.*)

On the spot where Selkirk nightly built his island signal fire a tablet has been erected, reading:

"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 12 February, 1709. He died lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, 1723, aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commander Powell and the officers of H. M. S. Topaze, A. D. 1868."

"Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719, seven years after Selkirk's story was first told.

PICTORIAL PROVERB B.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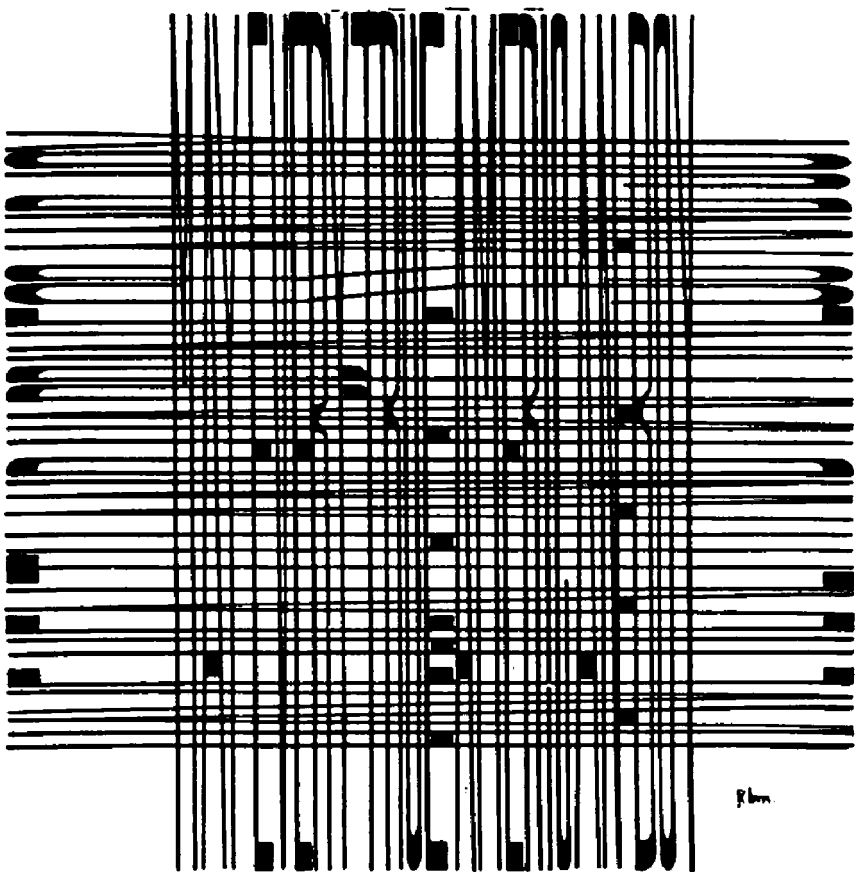


Can You Read This?

Results of December Picture Puzzle Contests

Between four and five thousand boys sent in their attempts to solve the picture puzzles in our December number. Notwithstanding this fact two of the puzzles went unsolved.

"The Composite Animal," page 41. The prize goes to Lorans Drummond, Punxsutawney, Pa. The correct solution is as follows: 1, Stag; 2, Antelope; 3, Hippopotamus; 4, Walrus; 5, Elephant; 6, Giraffe; 7, Rhinoceros; 8, American Bison; 9, Zebra; 10, Tiger; 11, Camel; 12, Leopard.

"A Christmas Silhouette," page 43. The prize goes to F. A. Coates, Rouse's Point, N. Y. The pictures by Edward Miller, Lock Haven, Pa., and Perry Barlow, McKinney, Texas, came very close seconds.

"For Whom Are the Presents?" page 45. No correct solution to this puzzle was received though thousands of attempts were made to solve it. Many came within two of the correct solution, their mistake being the giving of the box of paints to Elsie and the box of candy to Alice. The correct solution required the reverse, and is as follows: 1, Tom; 2, Willie; 3, Aunt Mary; 4, Elsie; 5, George; 6, Mother; 7, Baby; 8, Arthur; 9, Alice; 10, Mabel; 11, Uncle Jack; 12, Father.

"The Editor's Greeting to his Readers," page 46. There were many correct solutions to this puzzle. Under the terms of the offer the prize should go to Edward V. Orvis, No. 23 Stanley place, Hackensack, N. J. In the same mail with his letter came a correct solution from E. A. Holiger, 365 Wabash street, Toledo, O. Edward V. Orvis' envelope was the first of the two that was opened. Notwithstanding this, we have concluded to give a prize to each of the boys. Correct solutions came within a few hours thereafter from Alexander Quay, Washington, Pa., and Frank N. Blanchard, West Somerville, Mass. The correct solution to the cipher puzzle is as follows:

"May every reader, far and near,
A jolly Christmas spend,
And all throughout the coming year
Have good things without end."

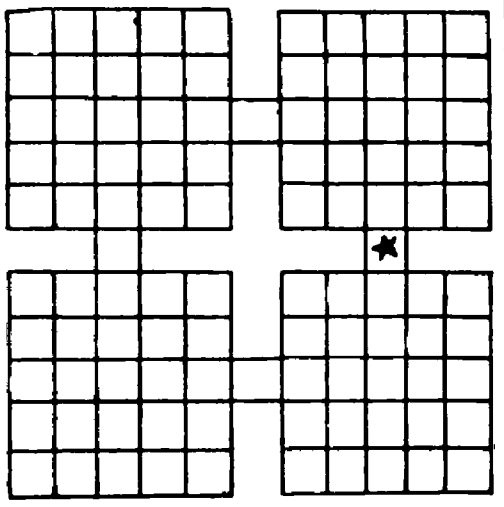
"Questions Needing Answers," page 47. No correct solution to this puzzle was received. Following we give the correct answers: 1, Why is a Christmas turkey like a jest? Because it contains a merry thought. 2, Why should the turkey be only half-cooked? Because that which is done, cannot be helped. 3, When is wine like a pig's tooth? When it's in a hogshead. 4, When is a wine glass like a prophecy come true? When it's full filled. 5, Why is a plum pudding like the ocean? Because it contains many currents. 6, Which is the left side of a plum pudding? The side which isn't eaten.

Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

The prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the **first correct** one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

Puzzle Submitted by Raymond C. Bunch, Handley, Texas

Draw a line beginning at the star and continue up or down through EVERY square without entering the square but once and



without the line crossing itself, finally ending up at the cross. A good boys' book for the first correct solution received.

A Good Match Trick

Here is a good trick with a few matches which will keep your friends guessing for a long while, before they finally see how the trick is done. Take any number of matches, 15 will do nicely; lay them out in a row and state that you will **draw one, two or three,** alternately, with anyone and leave the **last match** for them to take every time.

It is a very simple trick, when once the method of working has been explained to you, but until that time it will mystify the cleverest of heads.

If you will closely observe the following rules you can win every time and run very little risk of ever failing. First know exactly how many matches are laid out, and here let it be said, it is policy to change that number every few minutes (make the number more or less)

otherwise your opponent will learn your moves as a parrot learns poetry.

You will find when you have drawn nearly all the matches and only 5 are left, you win, because if your opponent draws 2 you do the same, if three, you take one, and vice versa.

You will readily see, that progress may be made throughout the play by fours, just as it was when there were five matches—(four and the last one)—left. Now then we count the number and mentally deducting the last match, work back by fours. Suppose 18 matches are laid out—18 minus 1=17. Now back by fours, 17—13—9—5—1. If you draw first and take 1 match you can win; if not, aim for the fifth match and failing that, try for the ninth. These matches might be called key matches; if you fail to take in the first of these, try for the second, or, if necessary, the third.

Once you draw a key match, move forward by fours, if your opponent takes 2 you take 2, if 1 you take 3, if 3 you draw 1.

Try this trick some dull evening and you'll be surprised to find how pleasantly the time will go.

Born a Prince, Living a Priest

Seven years ago, as the crack cavalry regiment of all Saxony rode off the field after maneuvers, there was one among the gaily-uniformed officers who on that day cast thinkingly the die that took from him the princely prerogatives of birth, including the possibilities of a throne, to take up his share of the big world's work in the most self-sacrificing of its callings. Prince Max it was; then in the manly vigor of an athletic young manhood of twenty-seven, not long a graduate of Dresden's university. The life he was leading, and the titled ease to which he had been born, did not satisfy him; he had decided to take priestly orders, and devote his abilities to the closer spiritual needs of the people over whom he else might have ruled.

He did not ride back to quarters that June morning, but to a nearby monastery, where he doffed his brilliant trappings, laid by sword and spurs, and put on the dull, gray garb of priest—and ever since has he served his church.

Today, at thirty-four, he is a professor of theology, so honored in the German branch of Roman Catholicism that he will probably receive the first vacant archbishopric; that, almost certainly, will prove his stepping-stone into the College of Cardinals—and (so his admirers insist) that, in its turn, to lead this princely "father" to the papal throne of St. Peter itself. "He has given up a temporal throne," many a peasant puts it, "and he shall therefore inherit a spiritual."

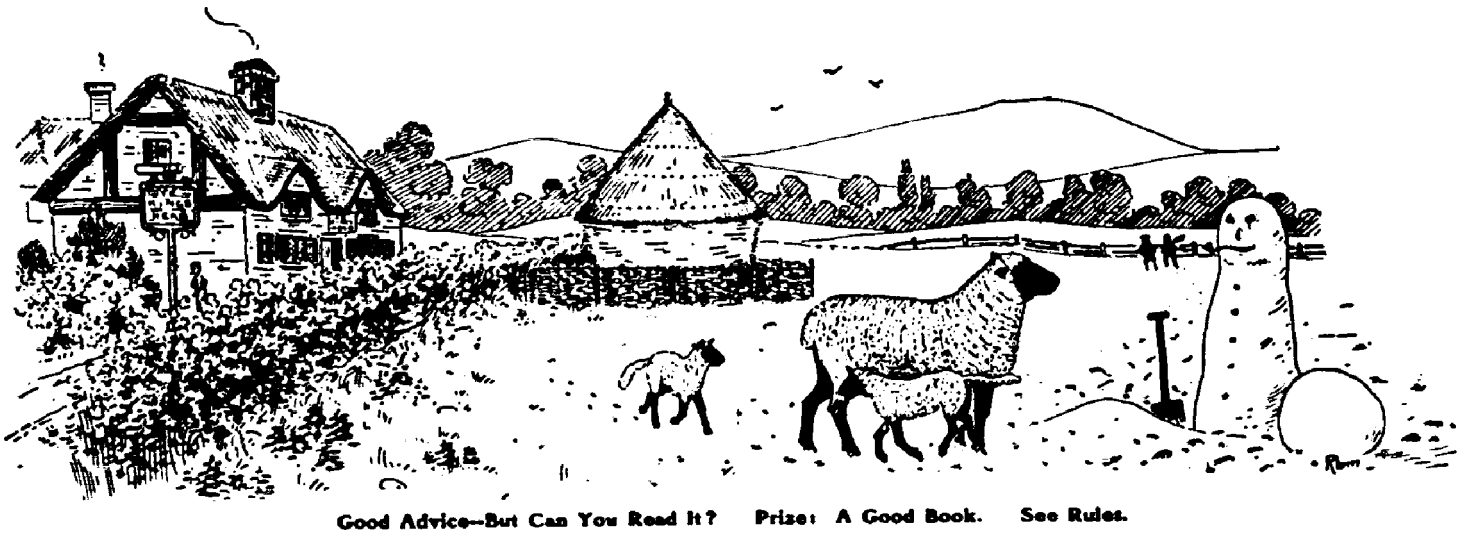
There have been other titled Cardinals. Cardinal Fesch was an uncle of the great Napoleon, and Cardinal Bonaparte was his grand-nephew; and there were those nobly-born statesmen the Cardinals of Louraine and Braganza. But this Max of Saxony, whom a devoted people call "father," sets the best example of all in his cheerful days of labor among his fellows, preferred to the emptier but far more gorgeous existence he might have led as their monarch.



"FATHER MAX"

Among the Boys

Floyd E. Greiner, Anthony, Florida, in sending in solutions to some of our puzzles, writes a few words about himself. He pronounces himself a great friend of THE AMERICAN BOY, and says that he has all the numbers from March, 1902. Floyd is something of a farmer, having earned in seventeen days last summer, $31.75 packing cantaloupes. He raised a large pumpkin which weighed one hundred and two pounds. We are not sure but what in this young man we have the prize "Longfellow," as well as the prize pumpkin grower, as Floyd is 6 feet, 1¾ inches tall and only fifteen years of age. Can any of our boys beat him, either in height or in pumpkin growing?



Good Advice—But Can You Read It? Prize: A Good Book. See Rules.



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ALIKE EXPERIENCE THE KEENEST ENJOYMENT IN HANDLING A PERFECT WEAPON



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These are furnished free of charge. They will interest you and may lead to something of great advantage to you.

Address: THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
474 Majestic Building, DETROIT, MICH.



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 best list of answers to November Tangles is divided between Frank L. Rogers, Alden, Iowa, and J. Parsons Greenleaf, Sparta, New Jersey.

Others who answered every word correctly are: Hubert Hoyt, Dudley B. Kimball, Allert Brager, Louis O. S. Wallace, Clyde Underwood and F. C. Millspaugh.

Willie R. Schoenberger, R. F. D. 1, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Irving Martin, Jr., Lenora B. V. Wallace, Noble P. Hollister, Bunting Hankins Roe, Nels Waldemar Kindgren, Lewis Smith, John H. Seamans, Cleary Bullard, Sarah Gilles, Eric Kohler, Richard E. Rundell, Arthur L. Diamond, Leonard M. Steburg, Ralph H. Wirt, Edgar M. Hansen, Vernor Lovett, Walter Horton, Albert Ellard, James E. Shields, Nellie Loring Roberts, M. Gray, George H. Stanbery, A. W. Youell, Frank M. Field, C. Clyde Nickum, Oscar A. Olson, Louie Tellner, J. Eddie Prass, Clarence Swavely, Susie M. Wells, J. Horace Trumbull, Frank Hall, Roy Jeffries, Wallace A. Philgreen, Harry Dinges, Carlyle Weston, Goodwin A. Johnson, Cary Wagner, Harley Wight, Everett J. Holmes, Warren P. Smith, Stanley B. Weld, E. R. Cook, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., Katherine Haren, Osborn J. Dunn, George V. Jehu, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Leland Andrews (in pencil).

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for the month of March, received by January 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best list of answers to the January Tangles received by January 20.

Answers to December Tangles

48. 1. CarsONcity
2. SacRAmEnto
3. CHarlesTon
4. MontPelier
5. LittlEroCk
6. HArrisburg
7. MontGomEry
8. PrOvidence
9. BatOnrouge
10. MaDagascar
11. Wurtemberg
12. CaliforniA
13. WeLLingtON
14. SebasTopol
15. COpenhagen
16. GeorgetoWn
17. QueenslAnd
18. MontenegRo
19. MontevIDeo
20. MartiniquE
21. MozambiquE
22. AlexaNdria

Path of the foot ball scrimmage, from goal to goal. On earth peace, good will toward men.—Part of Luke II. 14.

49. Star Ibex Toad Sled
Node Nine
Cusp Axes
Utah Arcs
Arch Tent
Harp Comb
Adze Leaf
Sole Oval Lion Seal

Commence with the initial of Sole and take every third initial up and around to the right: Santa Claus. Start with Seal and read up and around to the left: St. Nicholas.

50. 1. Cervantes
2. SHylock
3. JeAnValjean
4. TaRrytown
5. JuLesVerne
6. StEvenson
7. PriScilla
8. LonDon
9. LIvy
10. HeCtor
11. JacKLondon
12. IonE
13. DaNte
14. KingSley
Zig-zag path, Charles Dickens

51. 1. Tennyson wrote The Princess. 2. Shakespeare wrote The Merchant of Venice. 3. Poe wrote The Raven. 4. Motley wrote The Rise of the Dutch Republic. 5. Cooper wrote The Pathfinder. 6. Longfellow wrote Hiawatha. 7. Ruskin wrote The Stones of Venice. 8. Holmes wrote The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. 9. Prescott wrote The Conquest of Mexico. 10. Dana wrote Two Years Before the Mast. 11. Lowell wrote The Vision of Sir Launfal. 12. Dickens wrote A Christmas Carol. 13. Thackeray wrote Vanity Fair. 14. Bryant wrote Thanatopsis. 15. Whittier wrote Snowbound. 16. Burns wrote The Cotter's Saturday Night. 17. Eggleston wrote The Hoosier Schoolmaster.
The star path, as shown in the diagram with the Tangle, spells The Monroe Doctrine.

52. Three rows will spell West Virginia; two rows, Wheeling; four rows, Great Kanawha.

53. 1. Wren. 2. Hawk. 3. Turkey. 4. Bobolink. 5. Eagle. 6. Coot.

54. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
(Vol. E. D. and TH under D.)
Tennyson, Charge of the Light Brigade.

55. 1. Cabot
2. BOrle
3. MaRcy
4. SmITh
5. ChasE
6. NobLe
7. PaYne
8. MOody
9. Usher
Star path: Cortelyou.

56. G. A. Henty. By England's Aid. By Pike and Dyke. Facing Death. For the Temple. Jack Archer. The Boy Knight. Under Drake's Flag.

New Tangles

1. JANUARY RESEARCH.

Each numbered clipping is taken from some story or article that appeared in the November, 1905, AMERICAN BOY. Find the story or article from which each is taken. One letter taken from the title of each, in numerical order, will spell a January holiday.

The letter to be found in each title is as follows: In 1, the sixth letter; in 2, the twelfth; in 3, the seventh; in 4, the sixth; in 5, the seventh; in 6, the ninth; in 7, the sixth in 8, the sixth; in 9, the ninth; in 10, the twelfth; in 11, the sixth.

—Willie R. Schoenberger.

2. PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTIC.

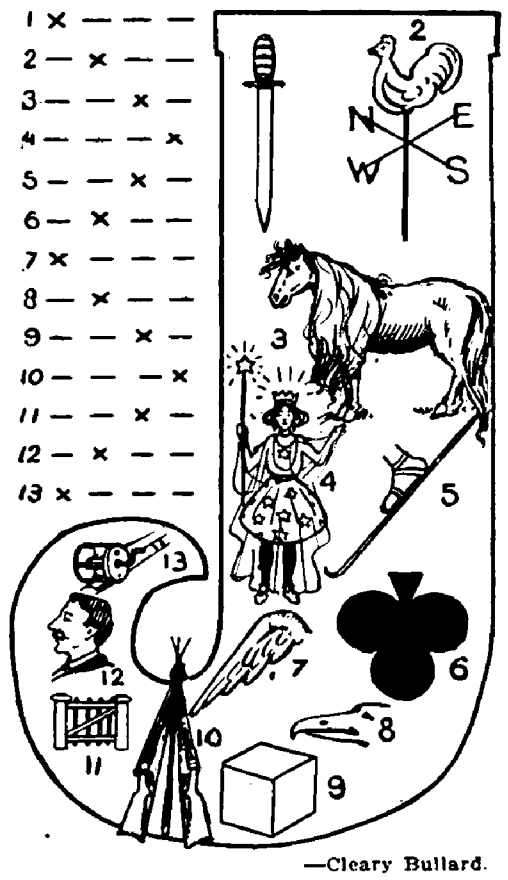
All words of uniform length. The primals spell the name of a president born in January. 1. A pit from which water is drawn. 2. A sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians. 3. The king of beasts. 4. The common name of the great northern diver (bird). 5. The ruler of Russia at the time Columbus discovered America. 6. The capital of Upolu island. 7. 63,360 inches. 8. An American fur-bearing animal. 9. A young horse. 10. A mule's prerogative. 11. The sacred image which the Russian priests carried in the Japanese war, to bring victory. 12. The river that Aaron turned into blood. 13. The capital of a South American republic. 14. A city separated from Canada by a lake of the same name. 15. A city and shire of England.

—Irving Martin, Jr.

3. PICTORIAL ZIG-ZAG.

Interpret the pictures by words of four letters. Write the words one below the other in numerical order. The zig-zag letters, in the line of the star path in the diagram, will spell the name of a famous American statesman who was born in January.

1 × — — —
2 — × — —
3 — — × —
4 — — — ×
5 — — × —
6 — × — —
7 × — — —
8 — × — —
9 — — × —
10 — — — ×
11 — — × —
12 — × — —
13 × — — —



—Cleary Bullard.

4. SLIDE THE SLIPS.

Write each of the following four rows of letters on a slip of paper, place the four slips the same as they are here, and move them to the right and left till six perpendicular rows are found which will spell a famous American document that was issued in January.

T Y H E C T P L T R A S
H M I I R A I P A D E G
E O P Q A P O O M O T V
R A K S T N A N C A N Y

—James E. Shields.

5. NEW YEAR'S BELL.

Each of the numbered diagrams is the outline of a certain county in the United States. The names of these counties are of uniform length, and their initials, in numerical order, will spell a January greeting.

The numbered counties are from the following states: 1, Oregon; 2, 3, 4, California; 5, North Carolina; 6, Arizona; 7, Idaho; 8, Tennessee; 9, North Carolina; 10, Nevada; 11, Washington; 12, Mississippi.

—Richard Rundell.

6. CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

The primals are identical; the finals are identical; the words are of uniform length. The central letters spell the name of a famous American general, who was born in January.

1. A kind of cloth. 2. Range of view. 3. A fur-bearing animal. 4. A portion of an act in a play. 5. A rolling swell of water. 6. A Mediterranean vessel. 7. A utensil for sifting. 8. A healing ointment. 9. A continued attempt to gain possession. 10. A gulf of Lake Victoria Nyanza, named after a famous African explorer.

—Osborn J. Dunn.

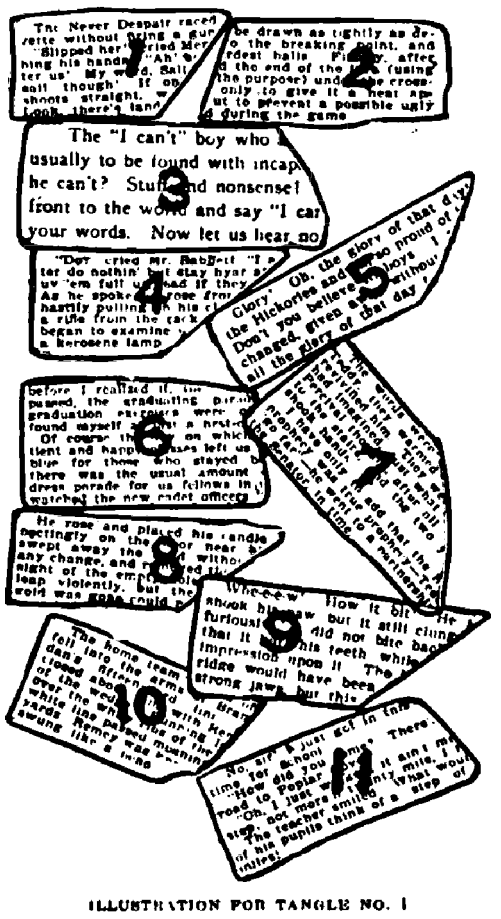


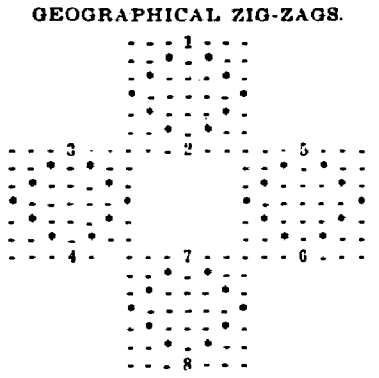
ILLUSTRATION FOR TANGLE NO. 1

7. SHAKESPEAREAN REBUS.

Hamlet's first speech.

—Prairie State.

8. GEOGRAPHICAL ZIG-ZAGS.



Upper: A county, river and "basin" of Quebec; a lake in German East Africa; a city and province in Lombardy, Italy; a seaport on Cape Breton island; a town near Worcester, England; a butte in Navajo county, Arizona; a province of Spain. Left zig-zag, 1 to 2, a province of Austria; right zig-zag, 1 to 2, one of the United States.

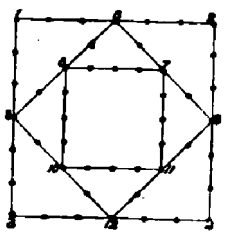
Left: A sea on the Russian border; a town near Panama, on the canal; a town near Warsaw, Russian Poland; an island south of New Zealand; a town in Chihuahua, Mexico; a river in British Columbia and Alaska; a group of islands in the Atlantic, near the U. S. Left zig-zag, 3 to 4, a kingdom of Europe; right zig-zag, 3 to 4, a town near Florence, Italy.

Right: A town of Siberia, on the Trans-Siberian railway; a capital city of South America; an Alabama county seat; a Kansas county seat; a lake of northern New York; a town on the western coast of India; a lake near the center of Australia. Left zig-zag, 5 to 6, an island belonging to Great Britain; right zig-zag, 5 to 6, an island belonging to Denmark.

Lower: A town and division of Palestine in the time of Christ; one of the northernmost towns of Idaho; a department and town of Uruguay; a county seat of New York; a county of Kentucky; a Georgia county seat in a county without a railroad; a kingdom of Europe, on the Danube. Left zig-zag, 7 to 8, a southern state; right zig-zag, 7 to 8, a country of Europe.

—Allert Brager.

9. SQUARES IN SQUARES.



1 to 2, garments. 1 to 3, to rebuke. 3 to 4, to rival. 2 to 4, to drip. 5 to 8, a skinflint. 8 to 12, pertaining to the country. 5 to 9, sorcery. 9 to 12, an artificial waterway. 6 to 7, to throw. 6 to 10, to clean by rubbing. 10 to 11, a certain bird. 7 to 11, verdant.

—Frank C. McMillan.

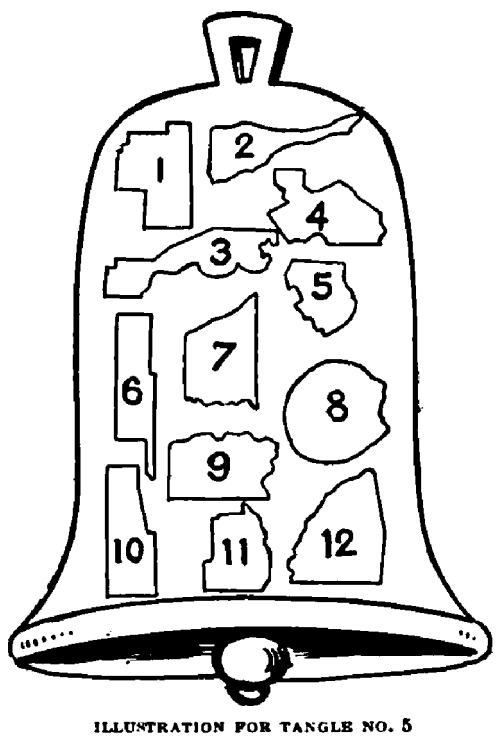


ILLUSTRATION FOR TANGLE NO. 5

10. COMBINING SYLLABLES.

BON, CAN, CAR, CEL, CUS, DEB, ENT, FLU, GAR, MEL, MEN, NER, NET, PAR, PID, POR, POT, ROT, SON, STU, TAL, TED, TER, TON, TOR, TOU, VUL, WAN.

Build 60 or more two-syllable words by combining pairs of the above twenty-eight syllables; as, Bon-net, Par-son, etc. Every syllable is employed at least twice in forming the 60 words. Bon-bon, and similar duplication of syllables, is not combining pairs. Common geographical words are admissible.

—Parson Queer.

11. VIRGINIA PENTAGON.

The words defined read across and down the same.
1. A letter in American.
2. A negative. 3. A man's name. 4. Produced. 5. Liveliness. 6. A formal public speech. 7. Adieu. 8. An eternity. 9. A letter in American.

—Benjamin L. Miller.

"Bee Redi"

Professor George E. MacLean, of the State University of Iowa, speaking of how great men became great, has the following to say:

"The MacLean clan has a motto which has had influence with me. The motto is in the old spelling, 'Bee redi' (Be ready). In New England, the home of my childhood, the sentiment is very common that one should take time to prepare to do things thoroughly. A saw there is 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' In our Sunday school and church life we were taught that every man's life was a plan of God and that there was a place for one who would have faith to prepare for it. The New Englander, like many in the West, desired the best. The proverb that 'The best is the cheapest in the long run' was popular."

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THE American Boy

FEBRUARY

1906





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Washington - Rules of Civility.

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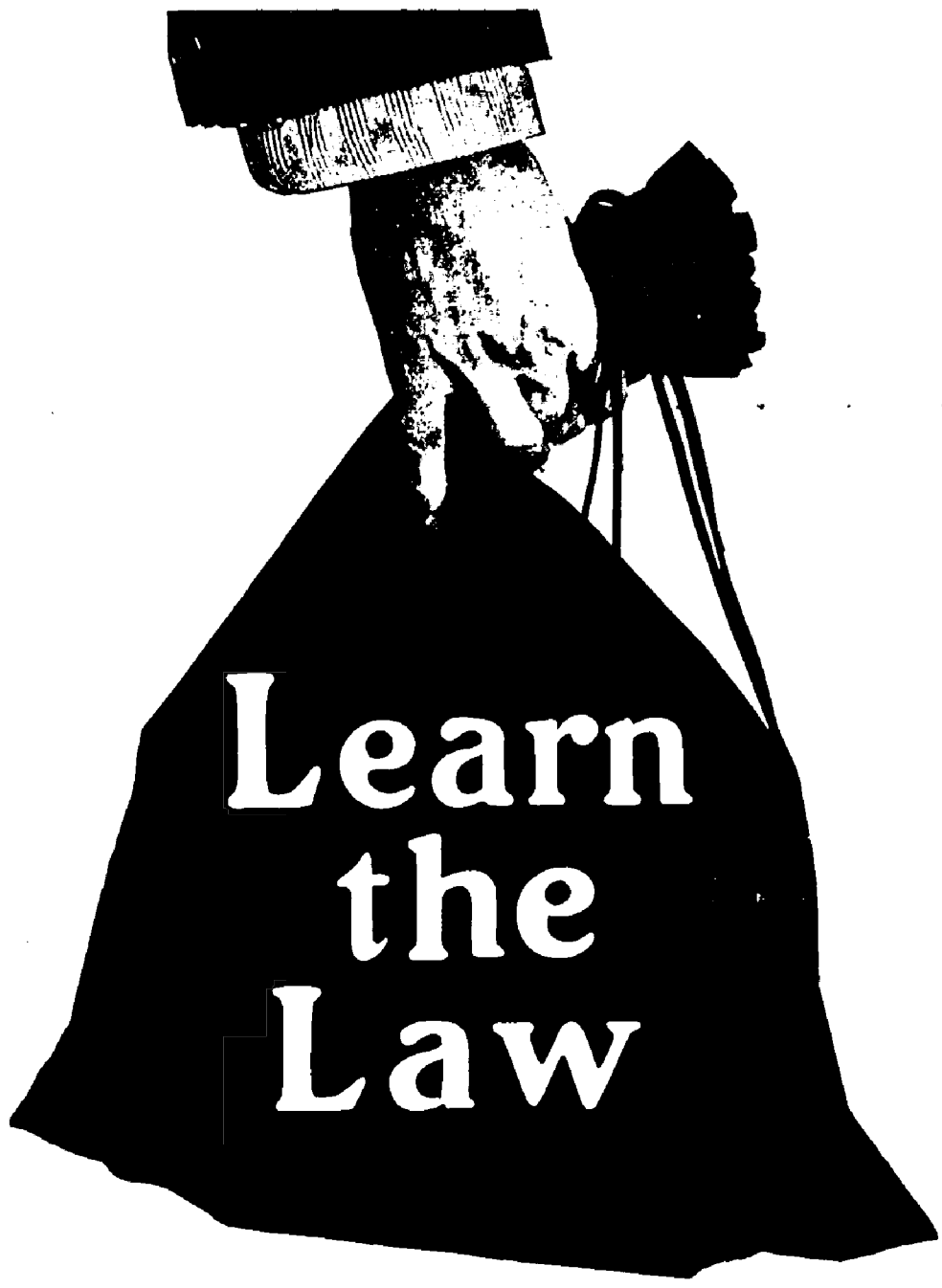

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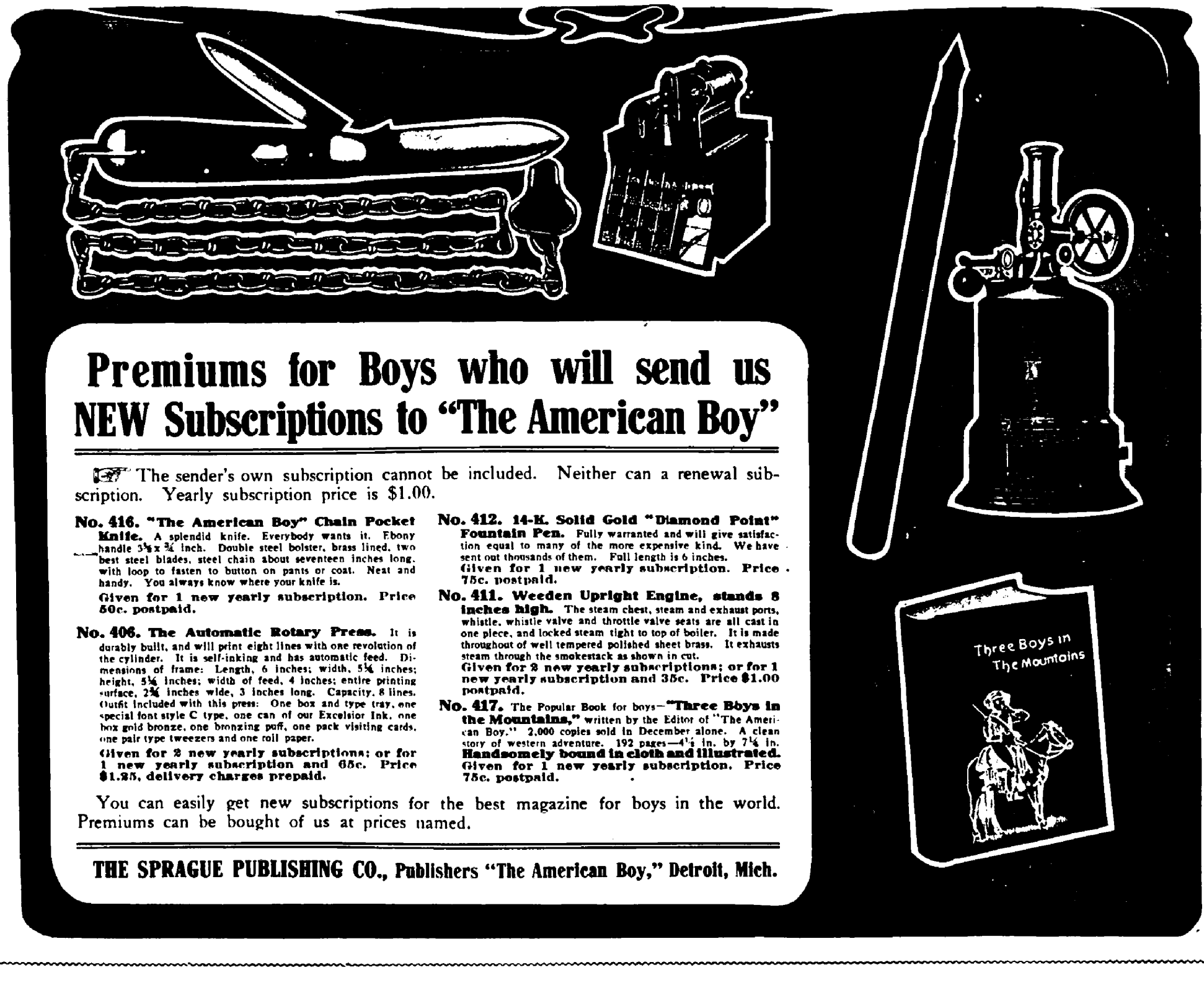

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Publishers "The American Boy," Detroit, Mich.

The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 — DETROIT, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1906 — NUMBER 4



Stories Out of My Own Life

By THE EDITOR

No. 4--Up in The World

I NEVER HAD a "hankering" for going up in a balloon; indeed you could not hire me to set foot in a balloon basket, let it be tied ever so securely to the earth; it might break loose, you know, and a loose balloon is about the wildest thing a fellow can ride. You may call "whoa" till your breath gives out, and jerk the ropes, and plead with tears in your eyes, and scold yourself red in the face, but you can no more stop or direct the course of the thing than you could stop or direct the course of a comet were you seated astride its tail. You must just wait till it gets ready to stop, and be satisfied to be set down any place that may suit its royal fancy—the top of a tree, or the middle of a lake, or the roof of somebody's house—mighty uncomfortable places any of these. No one ever heard of a balloon landing a man at his front door, or setting him down in a soft bed of moss—it's always in some outlandish place, fifty miles from civilization and with a broken leg or neck.

The nearest I ever came to going up in a balloon was in Hyde Park, London, where for a few pence, you may take a ride in a captive wind-bag, but I only got so far as to stand fifty feet away and see some scared friends of mine try it. No, thank you! No ballooning for me; I am not ready to fly yet.

I never liked getting far above the common, ordinary level of the earth in any way. I wouldn't be a good bridge builder, or tight-rope walker, or carpenter on a sky-scraper, or mountain climber. I like looking up at the waving tops of big trees, the tapering spires of stately churches, the shifting, ever-changing clouds, the silvery moon and the star-bedecked sky, but let me get up into the air a few feet and look down, and I am flabbergasted, confused—plain scared.

I haven't a bit of curiosity about what's at the bottom of holes in the ground, either.

Down in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, my guide held a torch over a big, black hole and said, "this is the bottomless pit." "All right," I said. "I'll take your word for it. Let's go on."

"But throw a stone down into it and prove it for yourself," he said. "You'll not hear it strike bottom."

"Now, why should I doubt you," I replied. "You, of course, know there's no bottom to it. You've been down there. I haven't; and then what's the use of my throwing stones down there and filling up the hole and maybe hit some fellow—some Chinaman. I don't like holes without bottoms. No self-respecting hole would go around bottomless, anyway." I refused to be interested, you see.



Up and Up the Narrow Iron Stairway

One day when a boy I climbed up and up the narrow iron stairway that leads you to the tip top of the dome of the United States Capitol at Washington and walked boldly out on to the little balcony, from which you may look down hundreds of feet and find the earth peopled with little, insignificant, ant-like men and women, and fly-like boys and girls, and whole trains of cars that look like worms, and a great city resembling a colony of big insects. Just one look and my head swam. Actually I felt as if something were just pulling me off from that balcony, and that if I didn't hold on hard I'd go right through the lattice work of the railing. If I had been up in a balloon I would have climbed out and dived right into space. That's the way it affected me.

Then one day when I was in Paris it began to rain. I was near the beautiful Arc de Triomphe which Napoleon erected (or began to erect, for others finished it), to celebrate his great victories. I ran under it to keep from getting wet. It then occurred to me that I had never been on the top of it; so up I went. I didn't know it was so high or I might never have started. Once up I walked about on the broad, flat top, gazing out over the beautiful city—there was the Champs Elysees, and beyond it the gardens of the Louvre, there the Pantheon, there the Madeleine, there the Eiffel Tower; and then I happened to slip up close to the railing and look down at the open square directly below me. For the first time, I realized I was alone. There was not a soul on that roof but myself, and there was that awful sense of something hauling, tugging at me as if to force me over the edge. In a hurry I turned and walked grim and determined to the little door that led to the stairway, and thence to the ground.

I have had the same sensation at the top of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, and in the head of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. And when my friends take me to the windows of their offices in the top of twenty-story sky-scrapers and tell me to look down at the insignificant world beneath, I say, "no, thank you, I'll just look away off yonder at the stretch of river, or bay, or ocean, miles and miles away. I like that view best. You look down—I'll look up or straight ahead."

But I must tell you of one up-in-the-air experience that I thoroughly enjoyed. It took place in Switzerland. You must know that Switzerland is the paradise of mountain climbers, for Switzerland is a country that stands mostly on edge. When traveling in Switzerland you are seldom going on a level; if you are not going up, you are coming down. It's a country of mountains and valleys—mountains that rear their snow-capped heads amid the clouds, and valleys that bloom and blossom on either side of rushing streams that take their rise at the feet of mighty glaciers. And so it is, that every summer, men, and women too, from every land, who love to conquer the giant peaks and stand victors on their summits, flock to Switzerland, 'till not one of the great mountain tops of the Alps can boast it has not been subdued.

Old Matterhorn for many years laughed at those daring climbers who braved her dangers and went down to death in her avalanches, but now every year this wonder-peak is subdued by not one but many. Just so our own Pike's Peak once stood defiant and said to those who tried to reach her top, "No, death awaits him who tries to reach my rock-crowned summit," and men came away and said, "Pike's Peak must remain ever impassable," but now, if you are in the pretty little village of Manitou any summer evening, you may see men and women with staffs in hand and bundles on back, starting for the climb, and at sunrise the next morning they will be standing upon the crown of the heaven-kissing mass of rock watching a glorious sunrise above the clouds.

Pike's Peak has succumbed to the bravery and the skill of man, and so has Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn and a hundred other peaks that once defied man's most heroic efforts.

Zermatt is a little village, high up in a pretty valley of Switzerland, in a region of eternal winter—the highest above the sea, they say, of any town in Europe. Famous is it also for its views of mighty mountain tops, prominent among which are Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

From Zermatt there runs up the face of a mountain two slender strips of steel—a wonderful piece of mountain railway, for at times the road bed seems to climb nearly a perpendicular. It is a fearful climb for the nervous man or woman, and I noticed that my fellow passengers—some of them children—were very quiet as we went slowly up, up, up, through forests of alpine cedar and out on the very edge of rocky cliffs. We were climbing to the summit of a great mountain only to see another and greater one which rose before us grand and majestic across an intervening valley—the Matterhorn, 10,290 feet in height.

The road ended at a little station near the top, and, August as it was, we buttoned our overcoats tightly about us and trudged briskly, to keep warm, to our hotel, the Rippelalp, where, 8,400 feet above the



Any Place That May Suit Its Royal Fancy

sea level, we looked directly against the face of the mighty Matterhorn.

The next morning early I was up and out, not to miss a moment of the precious time. A small telescope stood in front of the hotel, pointed toward the top of the Matterhorn. Eagerly I seated myself and pressed my eye to the glass. At once the rugged old hide of the monster came close before me. What appeared to my unaided eye as a flat surface of snow-covered rock near the top, now appeared broken into massive walls and buttresses, with dark crevices and caverns between.

Awed by the sight, I stepped aside to allow another, a stranger to me, to take a look. "Did you see those men?" he asked after a moment, as if asking the question of himself.

"What men?" I said, at once eagerly curious. The stranger replied without taking his eye from the glass: "There are three men climbing up near the top—no, there are four; one of them is down. The others have stopped to assist him. He is sick or played out. Now he is up and crawling on all fours. The whole party are in a bad way. Now he is down again."

"Let me see," I urged excitedly, forgetting my manners. "This is something I did not expect."

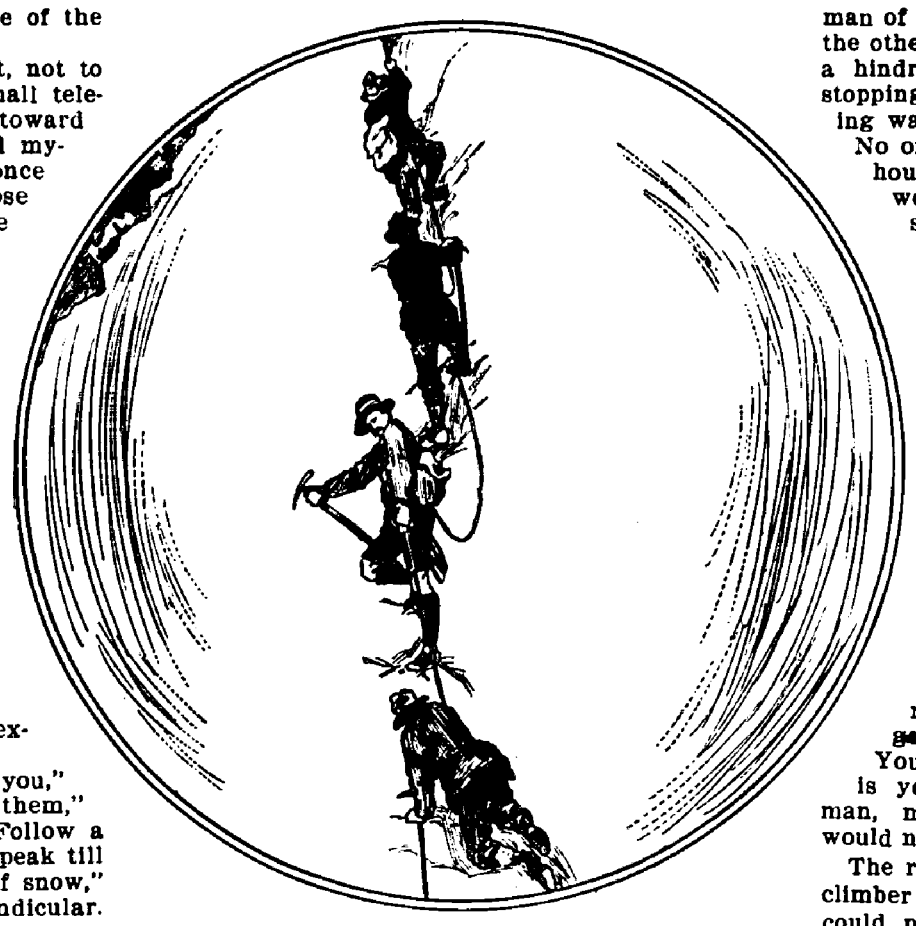
The man politely gave me the seat. "Thank you," I said, sliding into his place. "I do not see them," I whispered, nervously, a moment later. "Follow a line down from the center of the top of the peak till you strike what appears to be a clear field of snow," he said, "It looks to be standing perpendicular. About the middle of that field you will see four moving figures. Look close; they are very small."

"I see them!" I almost shouted, trembling in my agitation, "they are moving! Why it looks like a perpendicular wall they are climbing! They are close together and move one at a time! The one ahead moves a little ways and stops; then the second moves and stops; then the third; now the fourth; but he is crawling and the third man appears to be pulling him by a rope."

"They are tied together, the last man in the line is fagged. The others must carry him along," remarked my companion.

"Will you look again?" I said, not taking my eye from the glass.

"No, I'll go in to breakfast."



"Thank you," I replied, as if the man had done me the greatest favor imaginable in leaving me alone to watch that fearful spectacle. For a half hour I sat with my eye glued to that glass, watching the struggles of those four daring men, as bound, each to each, they climbed foot by foot, the mighty face of snow, and at last disappeared over what appeared to be a shoulder of the mountain. Then with a great breath of relief I arose from my chair and went in to breakfast.

Ah, the lesson that sight has been to me all my life since that hour! The mountain of life! The awful climb to the summit, in which we are all engaged! The responsibility of each person for every other, a responsibility no one of us may throw off without being a coward! Suppose when that last man of the four had tired and had fallen by the way, the others had cut the rope. Why not? He was only a hindrance. Precious time was being wasted in stopping to wait for him. Precious strength was being wasted in lifting him. Why not cut the rope? No one would know. He would die, and in a few hours the snows would cover him, and the others would be far away at the top, with no one to say he saw them cut a brother off.

Why be handicapped by the other boys in our struggle in life? Isn't it hard enough to bear one's own burdens without having those of others. Ah, one wiser and better than we has said, "Bear ye one another's burdens." "You who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

You and I are tied to others by cords. You would not cut these if you could. They are cords of blood. There is a father who has grown old and weak and perhaps poor and helpless. You would not cut the rope, would you? There is a mother, old-fashioned, out-of-date, wrinkled, gray, perhaps a little childish. You would not cut the rope, would you? There is a brother, crippled, weak, dissipated, wicked, ungrateful, prodigal. You would not cut the rope, would you? There is a son, unfilial, forgetful, worldly, blinded, going to perdition. You would not cut the rope, would you? There is your friend, your acquaintance, your fellow man, mistaken, foolish, perverse, wicked. You would not cut the rope, would you?

The rope was the salvation of that weak mountain climber that day on the Matterhorn's awful steep. I could not hear what he said. He may have been pleading, crying, complaining or cursing, but I know only that the rope held him, and that in due time I saw the four—every one of those men, mount the edge of that glassy steep, and in my imagination I could hear them give a shout of triumph and see tears of gratitude in the eyes of the one who suffered and by the help of others persevered to the end.

Boys, it is grand to climb alone, to overcome difficulties alone, to conquer, to achieve alone, but it is infinitely grander to know that in climbing we have helped others also to climb; that in overcoming, we have helped others to overcome; that in conquering and achieving we have helped others to conquer and achieve.

The Comforting of the Master

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON

UP AND DOWN the schoolroom the old master paced. His worn, thin hands clasped tightly the roll of exercises. How he had dreaded to correct them in other days; to see how little of his teaching had been of use! But now he could not bear to begin because it was the last Time. All his life, since young manhood, had been passed in this old school. He had seen many classes of boys grow up and leave to make room for others. Now he, too, was to leave. He saw each desk peopled with a multitude of forms, some of them dear, some of them dreaded, yet all precious to memory. But next week a new master, a progressive, strong man, who would not be haunted with visions of the past, was coming. The old man sat down at the desk and buried his face in his hands. The bitterness of failure was upon him.

Out in the yard the boys were lingering to play snowball. Their shouts were not so merry as usual, but were more boisterous. They were trying to forget how the old master's voice trembled when he told them, at the close of the session, that they were to have a new master on Monday. They had never realized before that they cared for him. They were not conscious of it now. But their boyish hearts still tingled in response to the unselfish nobility of his last words:

"He'll be a good master to you, lads; a better one than I've been—or—can be. I've tried my best with you, laddies. Now, another man is to have the chance to try his best. Help him succeed, my boys. God bless you and him!"

The boys were, apparently, playing ball. Each was ashamed to say to the other that he was waiting to see the master close the schoolhouse for the last time, and to receive his "good-bye." They knew he must finish his exercises before leaving. It seemed to take him longer than usual.

Presently a small boy climbed up on the bank and peeped in the window. When he dropped down, his ruddy face was puckered up. He looked ready to cry. Instead he made a mammoth snowball, dipped it in water, hurled it at the bad boy of the school, opposite—and burst into tears.

"Cry-baby," sneered someone.

"Shut up," roared the "bad boy"; "he isn't. We're all crying inside, 'cept you. Ain't ashamed, nuther."

The "bad boy" picked up the ice ball that had been thrown at him, eyed the sneerer critically, and added, in a casual tone:

"We're all sorrier 'en the master himself, an' I'm a-goin' to tell him so."

Then the "bad boy," having made a longer speech than the master's ferule could ever have elicited on declamation day, marched sturdily into the schoolhouse.

At the door he paused. The old master looked up lovingly. The "bad boy's" voice suddenly receded, leaving only an ache in his throat. He looked appealingly at the man he had come to comfort.

"What is it, Thomas?" asked the master.

Thomas did not answer. He stalked across the room and planted himself determinedly at his old desk. The look on his young face resembled curiously that on the master's. After him came trooping the other boys, silently. It was only the small boy who, having cried, and so being able to find his voice, explained:

"We thought—we'd—like to—stay after school—a bit—with—you—'cause we're sorry—we can't—ever again."

The master rose from his chair; he looked down the roomful of boys, letting his gaze rest steadily upon each. As he looked he read love written large in each countenance. The room seemed filled with the glory of it. After a second he stretched out his arms in mute benediction; then he turned slowly and walked from the room, while the boys' heads were still bowed beneath his blessing.

The bitterness of failure had passed.

Messages From the Governors to American Boys

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA.

Executive Office,
Territory of Oklahoma.
Guthrie.

In response to your letter asking me for a few words in the way of a message or greeting to the boys of America, permit me to express the following:

The boy of today is the man of tomorrow. The door of opportunity stands open to every boy in America. The present has use for boys with clear heads, strong hands, and true hearts. To make life what it should be, the boy must be earnest, brave, and hopeful. We need boys who will take a stand for the better things and cultivate the higher ideals in life. The future destiny of the world's greatest republic rests with the youth of today, upon whom great responsibilities will soon be placed. The country calls for boys who will develop into men who will put forth their best energies in behalf of patriotism, good citizenship, good government, and integrity in public and private life.

Very respectfully,
T. B. FERGUSON,
Governor.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO.

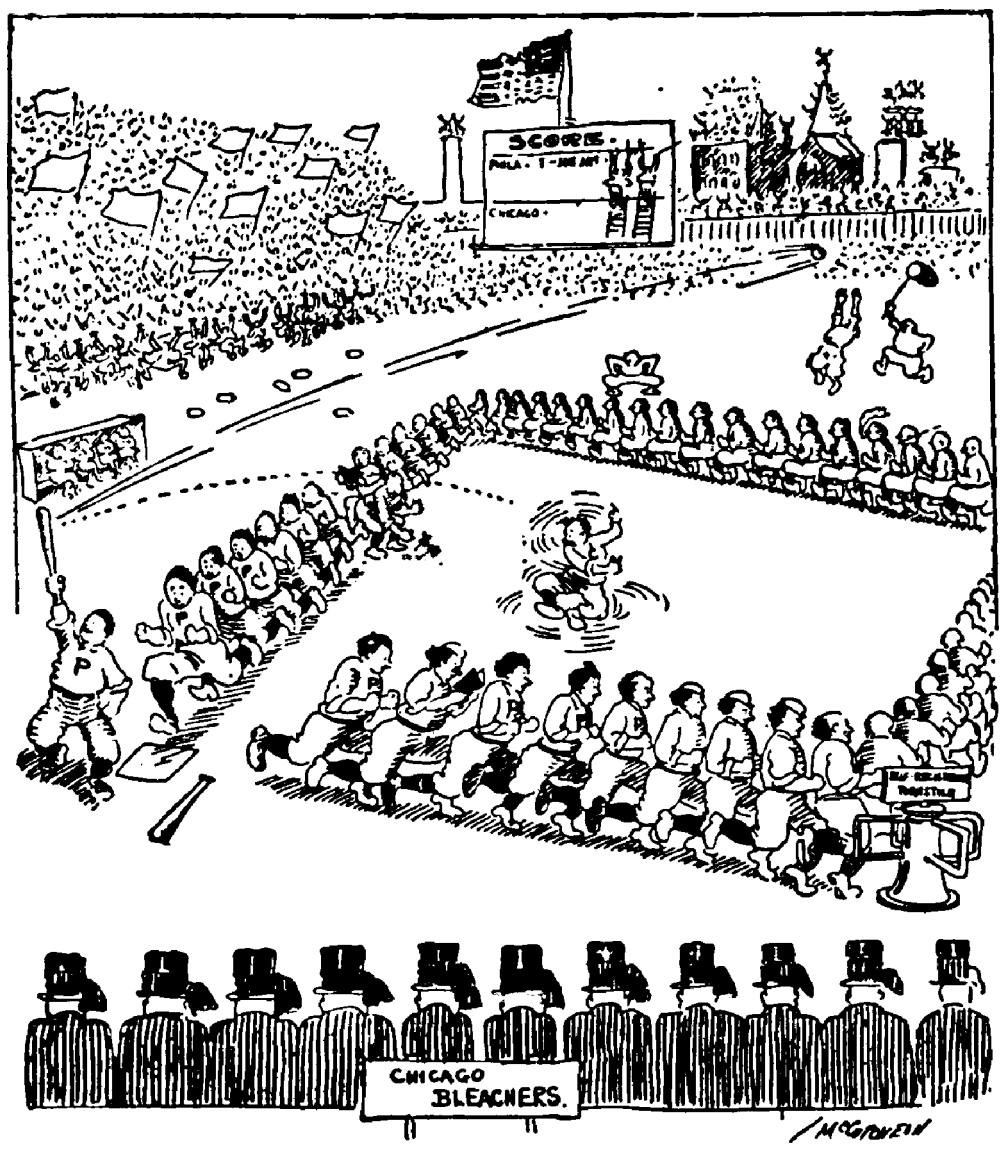
Department of the Interior,
Territory of New Mexico.
Office of the Executive,
Santa Fe.

I have recently returned from a trip to the Pacific coast and find on my desk your letter of the 12th ult.

With a son of my own growing into young manhood, and near to my heart, I thank you for the opportunity given me to repeat to the boys of America what I seek to impress upon my own son—that is: Whatever you do, do with all your might; be it work or play, study or planning, put your whole soul into it. Nothing that you do is too trivial not to be done well. It is better to do one thing supremely well than half a dozen things only fairly well. That is the road to success in business, in politics, in the professions and in art. It is the master who rises above the level of competition, and for him this is the grandest land and the greatest age of opportunity.

Yours with love and admiration for the American Boy,

MIGUEL A. OTERO,
Governor of New Mexico.



A Cartoon by McCutcheon, the Great Cartoonist, Which Appeared Last Fall in the Chicago Tribune, When the Philadelphia Baseball Twirlers were Having a Merry Time Defeating the Chicagos. The Cartoon will Bear Study.

RELIEF OF THE NORTH BRANCH FORT

By JOHN BARR

BEGUN IN JANUARY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The North Branch Fort is besieged by Indians. Among the soldiers and civilians in the fort are two brothers, Jack and Jim, who are expert backwoodsmen. Captain Mitchell sends Jack to seek relief from another fort and Jim is, unknown to his brother, allowed to go out a few hours later. They are both disguised as Indians. On the way each sees the other, but Jack, not knowing that Jim has left the fort, thinks the latter is an Indian. An Indian boy, White Eagle, discovers the loss of two ponies and, proceeding to find them, spies Jim some distance ahead. Jim at the same time sees the Indian and, thinking he is his brother, shouts to him. The Indian shoots at him but misses and escapes. As he is hurrying away, he is suddenly startled by a voice crying: "Halloo, Jim! I've been trying to catch you ever since noon."

EAGLE WING stopped his pony, and glancing ahead, saw another boy, much like the one he had just fought with, coming toward him, waving his hands over his head and riding the other stolen pony.

"Strange," he muttered. "One call me Jack, one call me Jim. Both glad to see me." Then he drew his knife and slid to the ground, keeping his pony between himself and Jack. The latter noted the movement, but his pony recognizing a friend in the Indian's mount refused to stop.

"Halloo, Jim, what's the matter?" he shouted in alarm.

For answer Eagle Wing slid from the shelter of his pony and flung himself at Jack. The latter, however, was on his guard. Before the speeding Indian had reached him he was on the ground and an instant later the knife gleamed over the back of the pony, with Jack barely out of reach. Having no time to draw knife or reach for the gun that hung at his back, Jack had recourse to the white man's natural weapon. Taking one quick step forward he planted his right fist full in the face of the Indian, whose head and shoulders appeared over the pony's back, before he had time to recover from the delivery of the knife thrust. The blow sent Eagle Wing reeling to the ground and the knife went hurling along the road, but although dazed by the blow, the young Indian knew well the importance of securing his weapon again. He sprang nimbly to his feet, but Jack wanted the knife, too, and as Eagle Wing ran for it, Jack was by his side. With their shoulders pressing together, like two football players, they ran, stooping and reaching for the piece of glittering steel; but while the Indian was swift and nimble, he was no match for his white antagonist in strength, and before the knife was reached Jack had pushed him so far out of his course that the weapon was beyond its owner's reach. Quickly realizing that the game was up, the Indian never stopped, but sprang on into the forest, barely missing the slash Jack made at him with his own knife.

As the dusky form of Eagle Wing disappeared among the underwood Jack whipped his rifle from his back and fired. Seeing no effect following his shot, he mounted his pony and dashed off. He was willing to continue the fight, but remembered the captain's injunction delivered to him with such earnestness as he left the fort, "Don't turn to the right or left. Don't fight or hunt if you can avoid it. Get through to the fort, for an hour's delay may lose all the lives in here."

So he urged the pony on, wondering why he had not thought of using his rifle earlier in the battle. He hung the Indian's bow over his back, stuck the knife carefully in his belt and reloaded as he galloped away. "I wonder," he thought, "where Jim is? Could I have mistaken that Injun for him?" Several miles farther on little Jim turned his head to one side as he heard far behind the firing of a gun. "More Injuns after me," he muttered, "and my pony almost ready to drop. Gee cracky! I wish I could find Jack."

Just as Eagle Wing imagined he had eluded his antagonist, he heard the sharp crack of Jack's rifle and the same instant felt a piercing, burning pain below his left shoulder blade. He staggered and fell, but believed he had tripped and quickly regained his feet only to go down again. His entire frame was racked with pain. His next attempt to regain his feet was a failure and he again fell forward panting and in great agony. He heard the patter of the pony's feet as Jack rode away, but it was mingled with other strange sounds. He thought he heard the strains of wild music and a golden light enveloped him. The pain ceased. Once more mounted on his pony he galloped away lightly over a vast prairie covered with flowers and abounding in game, and, strangest of all, he found the two boys he had been fighting were his companions. They smiled on him just as they had smiled when they rode up to him on the stolen ponies, and he felt no resentment. But a twinge of pain made him open his eyes and he saw his pony standing near and looking wonderingly at him. An attempt to mount brought him such great pain that again the golden light suffused everything and the two boys were there waiting for him. They did not appear to speak, but he knew they wished to be friendly. He felt no bitterness against them and there appeared between them perfect harmony and good-fellowship. His complete happiness seemed to last for ages, but again he opened his eyes. All appeared vacant about him and he was too weak to grope about. Slowly his memory returned, but he also retained a consciousness of his experience in the other world. Little by little his reviving senses revealed his surroundings to him. He was in a tepee, but seemed to be alone. A little later a face appeared above him, a coarse, heavy featured face, ugly—very ugly according to the views of the white man—a face deeply furrowed by care, toil and hatred, and bearing the pathetic aspect of one who had suffered great wrongs; of one defeated, but unconquered—the face of his mother. Neither spoke, but by that telepathic communication, unexplained by science, he knew that the war had been disastrous. As he regained his health and strength, he remembered his golden dreams, and he lived to overcome hate and become a great peace-chief, leading his people to love the whites and live in amity with them.

With Jack and Jim pursuing each other the afternoon wore into evening and strange shadows alarmed the younger boy. Then came night and all shadows were merged into solid black. Jim, brave though he was, imagined an Indian behind every tree and felt an awful loneliness. Now and then the "hoot" of an owl or the far-off cry of a wolf startled him.

At last he realized that his pony could go no farther, so he dismounted and pushed some distance into the woods to find a camping place. Not far away Jack gave up the chase and turned aside for the night. Both secured their ponies and in utter exhaustion sank to sleep, and both dreamed that they were hunting in company with Eagle Wing.

Jack was first astir next morning and was on his way munching some cold meat and dry bread while yet the trees seemed ghostly in the dull light and morning mist. He had proceeded some distance when little Jim awoke. His first thought was to light a fire and warm some meat, but remembering the Indian and the other dangers that might be near, he concluded to eat it cold. His breakfast was very dry and he had just quenched his thirst at a small stream when a slight sound caught his ever alert ear. It might be an Indian or a wild animal, and he had no desire to encounter either just then, so he dropped flat on the ground near the trunk of a fallen tree and awaited developments. In a short time he heard more noise and was able to make out the form of someone on a pony passing a short distance from him. He quickly reasoned that Jack was ahead of him, therefore this must be an Indian. This opinion was confirmed when he noted the gleam of the white hickory bow at the rider's back, while the shape of the head indicated the presence of feathers. With an Indian between him and the fort he must change his original course and make a detour. All this flashed through his nimble brain while yet the supposed enemy was near. The temptation to shoot was great, but he could take no chances in the dim light.

"That chap's looking for me, but I'll fool him," muttered Jim as he unhitched and mounted his now well rested pony and made off by a new route. Jack, a short distance ahead, heard the noise of someone behind him. It might be an Indian and it might be Jim. He was not sure Jim had left the fort and he was sure the Indians were after him. He decided to take no chances, so he sped through the vanishing mist, riding hard. Jim, by another road, was in just as great a hurry, and both ponies suffered.

Shortly after noon, Jim emerged from the forest on the western side of the fort and saw what he took to be an Indian just breaking through at the eastern side. Jack, entering at the eastern side of the clearing that surrounded the fort, saw an Indian just leaving the forest on the opposite side. Madly urging their exhausted ponies each strove to reach a place of safety, and the groups of soldiers idling about were astonished at the sight. The boys entered the stockade by different gates and staggered from their ponies almost into each other's arms.

"Gee cracky! brother Jack!" shouted the smaller of the two in surprise and delight. "I took an Injun for you and then I took you for an Injun."

"That you, Jim? I thought I was chasin' you and it was an Injun. He almost got me."

"Same fellow I had a fight with, I'll bet."

"Well, take those feathers out of your hair and try to look like a white man. Somebody is likely to kill you for a redskin."

"Take your own feathers out. You came nearer being killed than I did."

As a matter of fact both had forgotten their Indian disguises.

At this point an officer strode up and the soldiers who had gathered about stood back. At sight of him Jack began fumbling in the inside pocket of his jacket for a paper. "The Injuns," he said, addressing the officer, "are up at North Branch and the settlers are all drove in. Captain Mitchell sends his compliments, and will you help him at once with all the men you can spare? I had it on paper, but I've lost it."

"That's what Captain Mitchell sent me," said Jim. "I never got it and now you've lost it."

"What?"

"His compliments."

"His compliments ain't nothin'. That's just his way of sayin' 'good-mornin'.'"

"Take the boys in and give them something to eat," said the officer, "and remove those dead ponies."

While the boys were eating what to them was the grandest banquet that had ever been prepared for two starving chaps, an officer questioned them closely regarding conditions at North Branch and their ride for help. Jack answered his interrogations satisfactorily, between mouthfuls of army food, but as he finished his meal his eyes became dim and he could keep them open only with much effort. He was too sleepy and tired to volunteer any information and could scarcely stand up after finishing his meal. Little Jim, with no questions to answer, had dropped off as soon as his hunger had been satisfied, and now had to be almost carried into the next room. Jack, quite as weary, but having a little greater endurance, undressed his brother and made him comfortable, but was barely able to do as much for himself, and a few minutes later both were away with Eagle Wing again having a good time while their weary bodies were refreshed by a long, sweet sleep.

Meantime there was hurry without confusion outside, and those who slept that night did so with their fighting gear close at hand. Before dawn a troop of cavalry was moving through the woods, the intention being to reach the endangered fort on the following day.

The fact that someone had escaped from the North Branch fort was more than suspected by the besieging Indians. Jack's descent of the river had been detected and a vigorous attempt made to capture or kill him. Many arrows and not a few precious bullets had been sent against him, but the Indians could not tell what their success had been in the dark. This incident had made the guards more alert, almost resulting in the killing of Jim. Next morning an examination of the ground gave plenty of proof that two and probably a third had stolen ponies, and a pursuit was organized that might have resulted in the capture of the boys had they not been engaged in chasing each other to the limit of the endurance of their ponies. Distanced in the race and enraged at having been so easily outwitted, the Indians returned, bringing with them the almost lifeless body of their chief's son. An ambuscade was at once arranged for the soldiers, and when the new colonel galloped out with his troopers in the early morning the enemy were busy arranging a reception.

The deep sleep the boys were enjoying was disturbed late on the following morning by some low-toned conversation near them; two grizzled troopers sat not far away. One had his arm in a sling and the other nursed a bandaged foot.

"He rushed out without any idea about what he had to do," said one.

"Like as not," responded the other. "Well, it's all right if the Injun don't know he's comin', but if they know the boys got out——"

"He'll know he's had a fight."

"Yes, and we'll get ours if they lick him. What shape are we in to hold old Two Bear off?"

"What are they talking about?" whispered Jim.

"I think the soldiers have gone and left us and they think the soldiers 'll get licked."

Jim at once bounded from the couch, followed by Jack, and as they dressed the men questioned them.

"There, what did I tell you?" said the one with the sore foot as Jack told of the fight with Eagle Wing. "The Injuns know all about it. Did you tell the colonel about the fight on the way?"

"No, sir! He didn't give me time," said Jack. "He seemed to think he knew all about it already."

"That's him all over."

"Has he gone without us?" asked Jim.

"Yes, my boy, he has; but he isn't far away and you may catch him. What do you think, Bill? Hadn't they better follow and put him on his guard?"

"They'd better and there's no time to lose. He'll stumble into any trap they set for him if somebody doesn't warn him."

The upshot was that an hour later the boys were on their way along the road through the woods again. They were well mounted on cavalry horses and had provisions for several days, neatly put up by the army cook.

"You know," said Jim, after riding in silence for a time, "I'm almost glad we didn't kill that Indian boy. He looked like a nice fellow. I was dreaming about him last night and I've been thinking about him all morning."

"I'm not so sure he wasn't hit," said Jack. "You know when you shoot quick-like and you're in danger, you're almost sure to hit. I couldn't see him, but it seemed to me that I hit him. I had a feeling as if I heard the ball go 'pat' against him. Maybe it's just as well if I didn't. We haven't any bad feeling toward him, but if he fights we must fight." Jack had not carried the memory of the dream back to his waking consciousness, but it had affected him, nevertheless, and he felt a softening towards his late adversary, a feeling that he would like to hunt with him provided there was no danger of a fight.

Sharply noting the hoofprints of the troopers' horses, they rode along in silence, all their energy being exerted in keeping note of every sign that might mean anything to the backwoodsman. Suddenly Jack checked his horse, and dismounting, carefully inspected the hoofprints.

"Sure as you live," he shouted, as if the two had been discussing something.

"Ponies?"

"Yes, and lots of 'em."

"'Tween us and the soldiers?"

"Sure."

"Gee cracky!"

"We've been coming pretty swift and they can't be far away. We must get around them and let the soldiers know."

"Guess we'd better keep away from the river, close along the hills. Even then we may run into them."

"Guess I'd better swim my horse across the river and work along the other side. Then one of us may get past."

"I hate to let you go alone."

"I hate you to go alone, too, but we're worse off if we're together."

"I tell you, Jim, you cross and make for home. See if you can get in and let Captain Mitchell know. It'll be hard work, but you can do it. These soldiers are going pretty slow and the Injuns won't touch them till they're in the right place. I'll try to get around by the hills and let the soldiers know in time."

"That's a good plan, Jack, and we'd better get moving. Here, I've got too much of this dried beef. You take some."

"No, no; I have more'n I need. You take some of mine. It's awful nice."

"I don't want any more, but——"

"We'd better not stand here and quarrel while the Injuns get us all."

"That's so. I guess we've both got enough. Be very careful, Jim. I hate to let you go alone."

"Jack!"

"What?"

"Wait a minute." Little Jim's lip was quivering as he turned the big horse around to bring him closer to his brother. Then he leaned over as far as he dared and pursed up his mouth. Jack smiled and met the advance. He put a strong but gentle arm about his brother and the two little faces, sunburned and weather-beaten, were pressed close together. There was just a suspicion of a tear in Jim's eye.

"Cheer up, Jim," said the elder one, "we'll have lots of fun hunting and fishing when this is all over. Now off you go and take good care. Brace up, little boy."

Turning his face away so as to hide something he was ashamed of, Jim dug his heel at the horse's side and without another word the two rode in opposite directions. It was a hard ride for both, with no path and the low branches scratching their faces, but there was no such thing as turning back.

A little before daylight next morning a small form entered the colonel's tent. After hard and careful riding Jack had abandoned his horse and by slow and silent work, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, often remaining motionless for several minutes when the Indians were too near, he had finally evaded both Indians and sentinels and reached his goal. The officers, astonished at his success in passing their guards, were still more surprised when told that their camp was surrounded by Indians, who had dogged them all day and were preparing an ambuscade for them a little farther ahead.

The Indians had withdrawn their men from the siege of the fort, well knowing that their war would be easy with the relieving army crushed. It thus happened that when little Jim, after a lot of hard riding, with face and hands scratched, clothes torn, feet sore, cautiously crawled to the river bank opposite the fort, he found no enemy. Up and down the river he scouted, but while he found recently occupied camps, there were no red men. He was about to enter the water for a swim to the fort when he noted a party crossing with two canoes. They, too, had discovered the absence of the beleaguering forces, and had determined on a little scouting. Jim tired almost to the point of exhaustion, was taken into one of the canoes and soon explained the situation to Captain Mitchell, who promptly prepared to go out and attack the Indians from the rear. As the band of soldiers and backwoodsmen sallied from the stockade they heard firing from the direction of the ravine. The battle was on and Jim's excitement made him forget all about the fatigue that had almost put him out of business. On rushed the little band, arriving just in time to check the retreat of the Indians, who had been flanked and driven from their cover by the dismounted troopers, the trappers having been themselves trapped owing to the knowledge of their positions given by Jack. The Indians in dismay were forced back on the soldiers and badly cut up, only a remnant of the great war party managing to escape in the gathering darkness. While the battle raged Jack could scarcely handle his rifle, so great was his anxiety as to the fate of Jim. Had he managed to get through or was he lost in the woods? Jim on the other hand felt sure Jack had succeeded, else the Indians would not have been retreating. He kept cool and the crack of his rifle sounded as often as that of any of those in the fight.

"Thank you for timely relief," said Captain Mitchell, as he saluted the victorious colonel.

"Thank you for coming out and helping," answered the superior officer, as they shook hands, "but those two boys you sent out deserve the whole credit. They kept me out of an ambuscade. Where is Jack?" he inquired, looking about him.

But Jack was darting about looking for Jim. All had seen him during the battle, but no answer now came, although a score were calling his name and searching for him. It was Jack who found him stretched on the ground near some bushes. Quickly he caught the limp form in his arms and to his delight found that he was alive and unhurt.

"Brace up, Jim, brace up," he shouted, as he undid the fainting lad's collar. "Brace up. We've licked 'em. It's all over. Are you hit?" asked Jack, as he rubbed his palm over his brother's face and head feeling for blood.

"No, no, just tired out. I'm better now," and Jim struggled to his feet.

A shout went up when it was found that Jim was all right. The two were mounted on a big cavalry horse, and all marched to the fort where bonfires were already blazing to celebrate the victory.

"We're going to get medals for this, the colonel told me," said Jack by way of cheering his brother, the next day. The little chap was stretched on a cot before his father's cabin. There was quietness now that the uprising had been quelled and the pioneers were again busy turning the forest into farms. The excitement and fatigue of the past few days had been too much for the smaller boy and he was taking a good rest.

"I don't know what a medal is," replied Jim, "but I hope it's something of more use than Captain Mitchell's compliments."

(The End.)

The Young George Washington

By WILLIAM F. CARNE

FROM the lively gossip of Parson Weems comes the first stories of the boyhood of George Washington. Of his lessons in virtue and knowledge, of the cabbage seed which grew into green clusters that spelled his name; of the cherry tree which is little less renowned than his laurels; of his boyish leadership in school battles; of his feats of strength and horsemanship—the parson has made pleasing little dramas of them all. The skill and pains of Sparks and Irving have gathered and arranged many of the incidents of Washington's youth, others have followed their beaten paths, and varied only in the telling the story of his life. It may be interesting to allow Washington to tell of his boyhood in his own way, and for us to read what he says of the adventures of his youth. Did Washington, when a boy, write of himself his studies and his adventures? Yes, he wrote of them in part and he left other material which may, in some sort, be arranged as the autobiography of his young days.

All that is left of the written work—other than his field notes and the plats of his surveys—put on paper before he reached manhood, is now cared for as a sacred relic at the state department in Washington. The writer examined the manuscript and copied large portions of it under pleasant circumstances. General Washington, in 1785, endowed a free school in the town of Alexandria near Mount Vernon. About one hundred years afterwards the school was placed in a new building. It was known that the school exercises of Washington's boyhood in arithmetic had been transcribed by him into a volume of manuscript at the state department, and it was proposed to allow each grade in the school to celebrate the anniversary of his endowment, by working the same exercises in number (or sums) that he had worked as he advanced in his school life from one grade to another. With this view the writer was given access to the treasured volume. It had then begun to show evidences of decay, but the leaves have since been protected; some of the broken pages being now enclosed in thin isinglass.

He found in the manuscripts far more than young Washington's exercises in arithmetic. It was, in fact, a sort of commonplace book of all the boy had cared to write down for himself, most of it probably being intended for his eye alone. The use of that manuscript volume and of an old journal of Washington enables the writer to make the boy George Washington, for awhile, at least, the companion of all the youths in America. The book was finished by Washington in his last school days at the home of his half-brother Augustine, at Wakefield on the Potomac river about forty miles below Mount Vernon. Mr. Williams, a graduate of Wakefield school in England, was Washington's teacher, and his cousins and the sons of the neighboring gentry were his schoolmates at this same school. This book gives a summary of his lessons in land surveying, arthmetic and geography, but shows neither examples nor rules in English grammar as to its spelling, framework or punctuation, so that his attention could never have been fixed upon them.

Washington's father penned the first few lines concerning his son—to be afterwards multiplied by millions—when he wrote in his family bible:

"George Washington, son of Augustine Washington and Mary his wife, was born ye 11th day of February 1731-2, about ten in the morning, and was baptised the 3rd of April following; Mr. Beverly Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks godfathers and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, god mother."

This was the way of writing when Washington was a boy. "Ye" was used for "the," because in the early days when Englishmen wrote Saxon, there was a letter which stood for "th," but was in shape somewhat like an old-fashioned "y" and so "the" came to be written "ye."

The 11th day of the month was then counted for what is now the 22nd, because, in 1752, not long before Washington was twenty-one years of age, the King and Parliament of Great Britain struck twelve days out of the year, and made the day next after the 2nd of September to be the 14th of September. The year 1732 is given as 1731-2, because at that time, some people kept the 25th of March, as New Year's Day, while the others kept it on the 1st of January, so all January and February and the first twenty-four days of March were marked as belonging to both years. Afterwards the law fixed the opening of the year to be on the 1st day of January. So now there is no doubt at all that the 22nd of February, 1906, is Washington's one hundred and seventy-fourth birthday.

These lines in the back of the home bible were written about him, but he, himself, wrote nothing, that now remains, until he was over twelve years old. He lived with his mother at Falmouth, in Virginia, and was a pupil at the church school, there taught by Hobby, the sexton, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Mayre, the rector. There he learned to write, in a rude way; but all his boyish hand wrote has passed away. A bogus letter, about an "elefant book," which the letter says, his father bought for him in Alexandria, was found to be false as soon as it was put in print, because his father died before Alexandria was founded. It was also at one time said that the boy Washington made some "Rules of Conduct," which are in his handwriting, but it has been found out that these rules were only dictation exercises given out at Rev. Mr. Mayre's school near Fredericksburg, and these show that Washington was not at the head of the spelling class, for he spelt tongue, "tonge," roll "rowl," etc. His stops and his capitals seem to have been very free from rule, and he wr" :s:

"When you Sit down Keep your feet firm and Even.

"If You Cough, Sneeze or yawn do it not Loud but, privately."

It is most likely that the first of young Washington's original compositions now extant are these rhymes:

"'Twas perfect love before
But now I do adore."

They are to be found in his first book and show that Washington knew a pretty, sweet girl of whom he thought very much, indeed. Most boys have cut names on trees or scribbled them in books as Washington did.

He came to Mount Vernon in 1744, and in all the future years, though he was sometimes long absent, his home was there on the grassy hill beside the Potomac where all that is mortal of him still remains. Nine miles distant north the hamlet of Belhaven had grown up around a Colonial Tobacco Warehouse, a public institution, founded in the year he was born. A short distance south the Fairfax mansion of Belvoir capped the hill-top that was neighbor of Mount Vernon. One was the center of the social life of the neighborhood, the other its commercial capital where a wharf had been erected and Dutch and English vessels came bringing goods to exchange for tobacco. Lord Fairfax was often a visitor at Belvoir and sometimes a ship-of-war lay off Belhaven, and it was there that young Washington was tempted to enter the naval service of the King, and laid his conquered temptation at his mother's feet. Few days ran by in which he did not visit Belhaven and mingle with the people that came there to trade. Englishmen, Hollanders, Indians, negroes and Virginians as well as inhabitants of the other colonies were there trading tobacco, furs and other domestic produce for foreign goods which came in the ships. Soon it was determined to get a charter and lay out a town at the Tobacco Warehouse of Belhaven. Mr. John Wert employed young Washington to assist in laying out the new town, and Belhaven became Alexandria.

While he was spending some time in Belhaven he made the acquaintance of several lads there, to one of whom he wrote a letter which he copied into his book, and it reads this way for it has no punctuation at all and its capital letters are left to caprice.

"I should [like to] receive a Letter or Letters from you by the first and all oppertunetys with the greatest sense or mark of your esteem and affection whereas its the greatest Pleasure I can forsee of having in Fairfax to hear from my Intimate friends and acquaintances I hope you in Particular will not Bauk (bauk for balk, spelled after the Virginia pronunciation) me of what I so ardently wish for."

Washington's first book after he left school was begun when he was just sixteen years old. He left Alexandria on the 11th of March, old style, 1748 and he thus records his first day's travel:

"Fryday March 11, 1747-8, Began my Journey in Company with George Fairfax Esqr; we travellid this day 40 Miles to Mr. George Weavels in Prince William county."

This entry is without other punctuation than periods and one semicolon and shows a superabundance of capital letters according to the modern style, but in those days all nouns were capitalized, as may be seen in the state papers of the early days of the Republic. This method is still the rule in the German letters.

"Wednesday 23d Rained till about two oClock & Clearid when we were agreeably surpris'd at y. sight of thirty odd Indians coming from War with Only one Scalp We had some Liquor with us of which we gave them Part A elevating there Spirits put them in y. Humour of Dauncing of whom we had a War Daunce there manner of Dauncing is as follows Viz They clear a Large Circle & make a Great Fire in y. (so in the original) middle then seats themselves around it y. Speaker makes a grand Speech telling them in what Manner they are to Daunce after he has finish'd y. best Dauncer Jumps up as one awaked out of a Sleep & Runs & jumps about y. Ring in a most comicle Manner he is followed by y. Rest then begins there Muscians to Play ye Musick is a Pot half of Water with a Deerskin Streched over it as tight as it can & a goard with some Shott in it to Rattle & a Piece of an horses Tail tied to it to make it louk fine y. one keeps Rattling and y. other Drumming all y. while y. others is Dauncing."

"Saterday April 2d. Last night was a blowing & Rainy night Our straw catch'd a fire yt we were laying upon & was luckily Preserv'd by one of Mens awaking when it was in a flame We run four Lots this Day.

"Sunday 3d. Last Night was a much more blostering night than ye former we had our Tent Carried Quite of with ye wind and was obliged to Lie Ye Latter part of ye night without covering there came several Persons to see us this day one of our Men Shot a Wild Turkie.

"Monday 4th this morning Mr. Fairfax left us with intent to go down to ye mouth of ye Branch we did two Lots & was attended by a great Company of People Men Women & Children that attended us through the woods as we went showing there Antick tricks I really think they seem to be a Ignorant a set of People as the Indians they would never speak English but when spoken to they speak all Dutch this day our Tent was blown down by the Violentness of ye Wind."

"Thursday 7th Rained Successively all Last night this morning one of our men Killed a Wild Turkie that weight 20 Pounds we went and Survey'd 15 Hundred Acres of Land and returned to Van Metris's about 1 oclock about 2 I heard that Mr. Fairfax was come up & at 1 Peter Casseys about 2 Miles of in ye same Old Field I then took my Horse & went up to see him we eat our Dinners & walked down to Van Metris's we stayed about two Hours & Walked back again and slept at Cassey's House which is ye first Night I had slept in a House since I came to ye branch.

Another letter written by him during his absence from Alexandria and Mount Vernon and while making surveys of wild lands for Lord Fairfax gives this picture of his life: "I received [your letter] amongst a parcel of Barbarians and an uncouth set of People * * * Since October Last I have not sleep'd above three Nights or four in a bed, but after Walking a good deal of the Day lay down before the upon a Little Hay Straw Fodder or bearskins whichever is to be had with Man Wife and Children like a Parcel of Dogs or Catts & happy's he that gets the Birth nearest the fire there's nothing would make it pass of tolerably but a good reward a Dubbleloon is my constant gain every Day that the Weather will permit my going out and some time Six Pistoles the coldness of the Weather will not permit my making a long stay as the Lodging is rather too cold for the time of Year I have never had my Cloths of but lay and sleep in them like a Negro except the few Nights I have lay'n in Frederick Town."

There are many pages of Washington's book which describes this journey and it concludes thus:

"Wednesday ye 13th of April 1748

"Mr. Fairfax got safe home [at Belvoir] and I safe at my Brothers [Mount Vernon] which concludes my journal."

Of course you see how many words the brave and hardy lad misspelled, in his journal, but, in those days, in Virginia, not much attention was paid to spelling, for schools were few and sometimes the schoolmaster was a man who had not been himself well educated. Indeed, the records of Virginia show that, sometimes, the vestries of the churches which were, to some extent, the school boards of the neighborhood bought the teacher's time from the captains of the ship to whom he owed money for his fare over the ocean. "Bought a school master for L——" is an entry to be found in some of the olden vestry books of the colony. It is said that "Hobby," Washington's first teacher, was a bought schoolmaster whom the law required to serve his purchasers until his work repaid the money they had paid to the ship's captain to discharge his debt.

No boy who has been well taught in these days would write, as did young Washington, without colons, commas or periods, but he had more to do in the tobacco fields or in the wild forest than the lads of today in comfortable cities or on the settled countryside. He constantly improved and always made plain and clear whatever he wished to make known; and before he was twenty years old he wrote the English language with correctness; and, at last, his pen turned sentences of force and beauty. He has given scores of other pens abundant employment in weaving anew in varied forms of literature the rich threads of a life spun when the Fates lifted their distaff highest among the sons of men.

RENEW PROMPTLY

A BOY cannot learn too early the importance of meeting his obligations promptly. In the matter of renewing subscriptions to periodicals the habit of delaying until after the subscriber is in debt to the publishers is one easily formed. We hope our boys will not grow into the habit. Of the more than 25,000 subscriptions to The American Boy that expired in January, you would be surprised to know how many failed to send in their dollars during that month. What is very gratifying, however, is that there was an exceedingly small percentage of discontinuances. This indicates to us that almost the entire number of subscribers whose subscriptions ran out in January intend to continue their subscriptions, and that their failure to remit their dollars for renewals was simply oversight, or carelessness, or the result of a purpose to send the money in sometime. While the appeal in our January number brought many thousands of renewals, it did not bring anywhere near the number that it ought to have brought. We now urge all boys whose subscriptions have expired, including those whose subscriptions expire this month, to send in their dollars and make the hearts of the publishers glad. We are satisfied that The American Boy renews as large a percentage of its subscribers as any publication in the world, but what we want is to have them all renew, and renew promptly. Will you not be one to take the hint?

NEEVUS and the WOLF-PACK



A story of the early days

BY GEO. ALLEN ENGLAND

NEEVUS BEAVERS was an old, old nigger fiddler, said Uncle Zeke, knocking the ashes out of his corn-cob pipe, and he lived in Keene, New Hampshire, seventy years ago. There wasn't a man in those parts, either, that could beat him with a fiddle bow when he got right into the swing of it! Three dollars in silver he asked for playin' at a dance; and he'd saw from dawn to dark as long as there was a single couple on the floor and never play the same tune twice. There's few of our fiddlers today could do the same!

The dance I'm tellin' you about was at Freeman Morse's, in Winchester, twelve miles down the Ashuelot River from Keene. Ten of those miles were through solid woods, heavy spruce and tamarack first-growth. A lonelier, more varmint-infested road you never want to travel! 'Twas in February, with two foot of snow on the level and a full moon.

Well, about three in the mornin' the dance broke up. Beavers got out his green baize fiddle-bag, took his fur cap and his three dollars and started for home.

Halfway down Winchester village street he met with old Doctor Peters. Doctor had been out on a hurry call and was just gettin' home.

"Good evening, Neevus!" says doc.

"Evenin', boss!" says Beevers.

"Where you bound, this time o' night? Isn't this pretty late for you to be prospectin' round a village where there's so many hencoops as there is at Winchester?"

"Now, doc, yo' sholey don' mean dat! I'se ben playin' up heah to Morse's dance, dat's all, an' now I'se a-gwine home. Fine ebenin', ain't it, fer a good long walk? I mus' be gettin' along now, so I reckons I'll jes' hab to bid yo' good-night, doctah!"

"You don't mean to say you're going to walk to Keene tonight? Why, you must be crazy! You'll never get halfway! Don't you know the wolves are thicker 'n huckleberries? They'll catch you before you even reach the halfway camp! I heard 'em hollerin' out in the Marlboro woods when I was comin' home tonight. You'd better come along with me; I'll give you a good bed and some breakfast in the mornin'. No man in his right mind would try the Ten-Mile woods on foot this time of night, with wolves as bold and plenty as they are! You come along with me!"

"Lawsee, massa! How you du talk! Wolvses? Shucks, doctah, I'se not skeered of no wolvses! Sakes alive, dey don't like dark meat good 'nuff for to tackle ol' black Neevus! Good night, doctah; I mus' be trabellin'."

"Come with me, Neevus! I warn you now, you'll never get through alive!"

"Good night, massa, good night!"

"You black old fool, you! Come back here and save your skin!"

Neevus said never a word, but tucked his fiddle-bag under his arm and piked along down the street. In ten minutes he was out of the village, and by the time Doc. Peters had got home he was already in the Ten-Mile woods.

The wind was blowin' hard; the road was heavy with drift snow. Neevus hunched up his shoulders and struck out at a good gait. After he'd gone three or four miles the moon came up behind him and began to throw long, black shadders. He could see his own stretchin' out ahead of him down the road. The woods was full of dim light and inky black places. It looked mighty skeery; but Neevus was no coward, so he pegged along right smart, talkin' to himself as his custom was.

"Mercy me! Doc Peters think I'se done skeered ob de woods, an' me borned an' brought up right amongst 'em? Sakes alive, what idees dese yere white folks has. Ha! Ha! Neevus Beavers afeared ob de woods! Haw! Haw! Whoop—ceee!"

The echo of his carryin's-on hadn't died out before somethin' answered him 'way off in the woods, with a long, mournful cry—the hunting cry of a wolf!

"Whow-oo-oo-oo-ow!" rose the distant wail, summoning the pack. Then, still farther off, long and weird and shivery, another and another cry came wailing through the frosty night. 'Twas taken up all over the woods as far's he could hear.

Old Neevus was no coward, as I've said, but his heart stood plum still then and his wool began to curl. 'Twould have risen right up on end if it hadn't been so powerful kinky. He knew what was comin' and comin' quick—a run for his life! The first wolf to give tongue is always responsible for the game and he's bound to get it; if he fails, the others will turn to and rend him into bits. That's their law and they always live up to it. Neevus knew all about wolves and he didn't waste any time deliberatin'. He couldn't stay in a tree till mornin' without freezin' to death, so 'twas just a case of get to the log cabin in the halfway clearing or else resign himself to be a dinner for the wolves. He just slipped his fiddle-bag string over his shoulder and lit out like sixty for the camp. 'Twas a deserted, tumble-down old shack, but it had a door and a loft, and it meant life to Neevus. So of all the runnin' he ever did in his life, that there runnin' was the fastest.

Back of him, and off to the sides, he began to hear cracklin's in the brush, and the wolf-howls came louder and nearer. In two minutes a pack had gathered in and settled to the chase, huntin' down that poor, old man and makin' the forest ring with their terrible chorus. In a minute, some broke into the road, behind; and old Neevus, glancin' over his shoulder, had a glimpse of long, low bodies flashing with awful, silent swiftness, through the bars of moonlight on the snow. Neevus was a good runner; but what can a man do against wolves? As he kited 'round the bend in the road by the camp they were within ten rod; when he reached the clearin' they were close on his heels, and when he got to the door they were a-yappin' at his very clothes to drag him down.

In he rushed like a crazy cyclone and darted up the ladder into the loft, just in the nick of time. His boots were torn and scarred in more than one place by their sharp fangs, too. When he got safely up and turned to look down, the whole room was full of the critters, big and little, and all madder 'n a mess of yellow-jackets—a howlin', yelpin' pack of savagery. Neevus didn't care a straw for their noise; he just took a good hold of the ladder and pulled it right up into the loft, and there he was, snug's a bug in a rug and little the worse for his run.

It so happened that the door of the camp opened inward and had a great big wooden latch, very easy to hook and very strong. Neevus, gazin' down on his menagerie, began to think out a little plan. All the time those wolves were hollerin' bloody murder and jumpin' up toward the loft, only to fall back again with snarls of rage. Neevus kept cool and looked 'round him. Down below there was a half-light from the moonlight through the door, but up above it was pretty dark. However, by crawlin' here and there, feelin' with his hands, he soon found what he wanted—a loose board. He laid hold of it, pried it, tugged it and got it free at last, a twelve-foot strip of Norway pine. The next minute he'd braced himself over the ladder-hole and was reachin' down for the top of the door. He touched it, swung the door round slow and gave it a good hard push. It banged shut, the big wooden pin fell into the socket, and Neevus Beavers was housed up snug and warm with more than a score of the maddest wolves that ever made night hideous.

When the old nigger saw that, he hollered and he yelled, lay down and rolled over and carried on (they do say) scandalously.

"Yaaaah! Haw! Haw! Haw! He! He!! Oh, Lawsee! Lawsee massy me."

Then he reached down and jabbed the wolves and hollered some more. Well, of all the noises! Those wolves were pretty nigh insane. They took it up twenty-fold, every one tryin' to screech louder than all the rest, with Neevus leadin' the whole concert, and I reckon they did some pretty lively singin' there for about ten minutes.

When Neevus got tired of that he took out his old fiddle, tuned her up and sailed in on the "Arkansaw Traveller," sittin' on the floor with his legs hangin' down the ladder-hole. When the music struck 'em they yowled and hollered four times louder, and ran every which way to get out, but there wasn't any get-out to the place, not even a window; so they just had to stay right there and take it. From the "Traveller" he ran into the "Durang Hornpipe" and then played "Old Zip Coon," with all the variations and long-drawn high-notes. Wolves are just like dogs about music, and everyone knows how music makes a dog feel! So old Neevus kept the camp a-humming, now I tell you! He played about two hours, till they were all plum tuckered out, with their tails dragging and their tongues a-lolling; then he put his fiddle into its bag, kicked a plank off the gable-end of the loft and crawled out, fiddle and all. He dropped twelve feet into soft snow, picked himself up and made off home, takin' his own time and figurin' what he'd make before very long on hides an' bounties.

Just as the sun was risin' over old Monadnock he footed into Keene. Half an hour later all the men and boys in town had turned out, and Neevus was leadin' em, all armed with guns and scythes and clubs, back to the old log cabin in the woods. Folks say the like of it was never seen in Cheshire county. Two hundred and fifty dollars—that was what the lot brought, and Neevus he got half. A hundred and twenty-five dollars for one night's work, yes, sir! He used to say 'twas a hundred for the run they gave him an' twenty-five for the killin'. How about the music? Oh, he didn't charge 'em anything for that; he claimed 'twas the only time he ever fiddled when he enjoyed it more than the audience! Neevus had good nerve all right enough! As for me, when I fiddle, I'd rather not have it for a score of hungry wolves on a dark night, out in the deep midwinter forests of New Hampshire!

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"The world is hungry for faith."

"Let every failure merely teach you the game."

"A man who won't get up when he is knocked down is of no use."



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Fred S. Kempf's Miniature City



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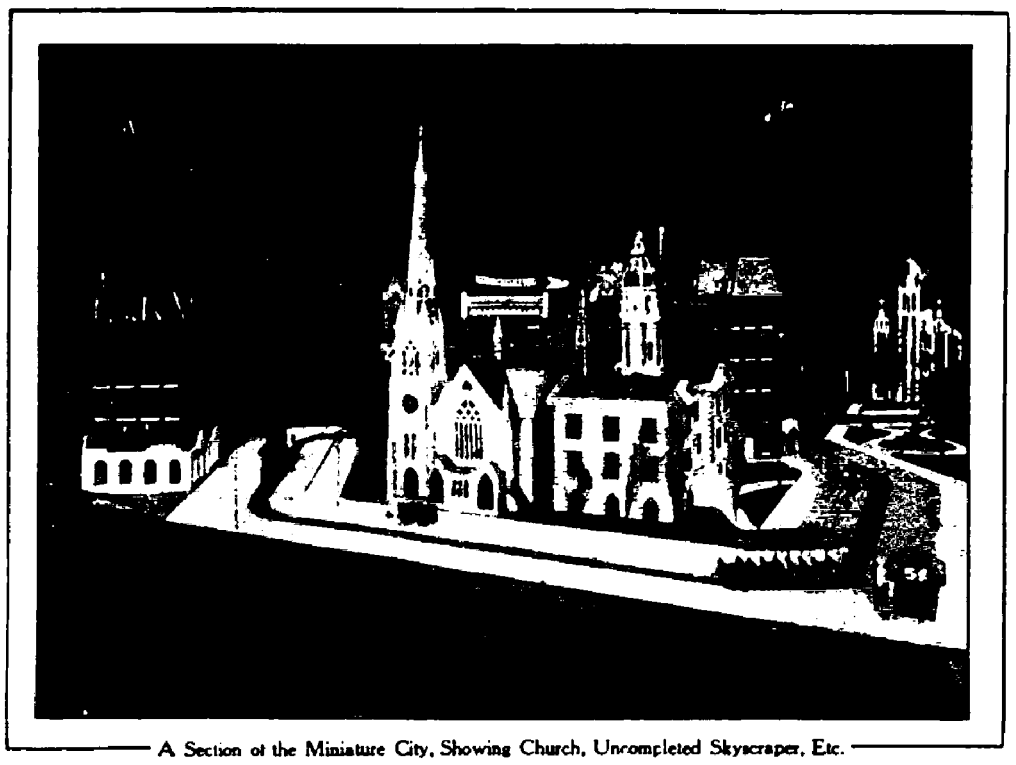


A Section of the Miniature City, Showing Church, Uncompleted Skyscraper, Etc.

BOYS who have a copy of the May, 1902, number of THE AMERICAN BOY, by referring to page 219 will see a story about Fred S. Kempf of Capac, Mich., who was at that time a 17-year-old lad. The story related how young Kempf, at the age of 15, built an engine complete in every particular, and an illustration from a photograph of the engine was shown in connection with the article. It was stated that the boy did the work in the kitchen of his home, with only a few tools. Other wonderful mechanical appliances, seeing that they were made by a boy, were referred to as being products of the genius of this young mechanic. Among the things mentioned was a miniature city, upon which young Kempf was at that time at work. The young inventor's aim was to make a city in miniature, the scale to be one-eighth of an inch to the foot. The account states that the boy was to spend his odd moments in building the little city, and that when it was completed, he was to have a photograph of it made to show the boys who read this paper what can be accomplished in this direction by skill and application.

True to his promise, made nearly three years ago, young Kempf has completed his city, and now we have the privilege of showing pictures of it to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. The pictures speak for themselves. They are illustrations from photographs, and are, therefore, true to life.

The miniature city is sixteen feet long and three feet wide. One end of the city is a section of a mountain, showing on one side the vertical section of a coal mine with miners at work. You can see the coal train as it is being hauled out of the mine by a model electric locomotive. You see a summit railway, with an observation car making trips from the foot of the mountain to the summit. There is a stream of water running down the side of the mountain, furnishing power to a tiny sawmill, which saws lumber. It is contrived so that the boards are seen to drop and the men to carry the lumber out into the sheds and come back empty-handed. You may see the logs going up the skidway from the mill-pond to the mill. A model vestibule express train makes trips at regular intervals, passing from a tunnel beneath the mountain and running up to the station where it stops to allow the passengers to alight. The engine and mail car then leave the two passenger coaches, pass down the yards over the railway bridge, up to the Post Office, where the mail car is detached, and the engine and tender pass on to the turn table, where, after turning, they pass over another track, then back up and couple to the mail car, when they again proceed back over the bridge to the water tank, where they take on water. They then switch back and couple to the two passenger coaches, after which the entire train runs into a tunnel underneath the mountain, where it turns completely around and is ready for another trip. Electric and cable cars ply up and down the little thoroughfares of the city. Nearly every type of automobile is in evidence. Drays, omnibuses, wagons and other vehicles, with horses and mules attached, are seen. A ferry-boat makes trips from the river ferry landing out into the lake and passes under a perfect working model of the Halsted Street, Chicago, lift-bridge, and also a swing-bridge, in connection with which you see the tender swing and close the bridge after the boat has passed through. Models of great passenger liners, schooners, barges, yachts, and other craft line the wharves. There is a shipyard showing a hull nearly completed. A pile-driver is busily engaged driving piles in the river. A dredge is dredging a sandbar out of the lake, making all the movements in exact time. A coal unloader is taking coal from a barge into the power plant—real coal at that, too. A grist-mill with men carrying and wheeling grain is seen. Elevators laden with passengers and freight are seen running in the buildings. An automobile factory is in full operation. A man is seen splitting an impossible chunk of wood. There is a man on top of one of the roofs, tarring. There are big stores, churches, public schools, a courthouse, an office building, a modern flat, the skeleton of a steel building not yet completed, and other things too numerous to mention. One of the main features is a theater where you can look in upon the actors giving a three-act melodrama, and an acrobatic scene with tiny men three-quarters of an inch high performing on trapeze, rings, horizontal bars, and doing tumbling stunts. There is a Japanese juggler performing. There are dancing figures going through movements as natural as life.

The city is operated by electricity, the streets being lighted by tiny electric lamps, as are also the buildings. When the miniature city is seen at night lighted up by the electric lights the effect is great.

Young Kempf has been five years in the construction of the work. He is now 21 years of age, and, unless all signs fail, is on the threshold of a remarkable career as an inventor and mechanic.



FRED S. KEMPF
Builder of the Miniature City



Fred S. Kempf in His Workshop

What Does it Cost to Live at Harvard?

By EMERY HEAGAN

NOT long ago there were sent from the college office at Harvard University circular letters to various upper-classmen for the purpose of ascertaining the cost of living at Harvard. The information secured was especially designed for the benefit of those students planning to come to Harvard. The letter and questions asked ran somewhat after the following fashion:

"One of the questions most frequently asked by students planning to come to Harvard is, 'How much does it cost to live at Harvard?' Will you kindly give these men the benefit of your experience by answering the following questions, confining your estimates of expenses to the college year and not including the summer vacation? I think it would also be very helpful if you would give at the end any conclusions you have derived from your experience here as to (1) the amount of money absolutely necessary for the expenses of a year, (2) possible ways of making student life more comfortable and economical, (3) those things which a new student—especially one who must live economically—should know before coming."

1. What has been your total expenditure for each college year
2. If it had been necessary to do so, by how much could you have reduced your expenditures?
3. Where have you lived here? (If you have lived in a suite, give the number of rooms.)
4. What consideration determined your choice of a room?
5. What was the actual cost of your room or suite?
6. Did the cost of your room include furniture, attendance, fuel and light, use of private bath and other privileges?
7. Where have you obtained board?
8. What has been the average cost of board for a week each college year?
9. What have your expenses led you to think is the best plan for students to adopt in regard to board:

(a) If obliged to exercise extreme frugality consistent with health?
(b) If able to pay about four dollars a week?
(c) If not obliged to consider the expense?

10. What has been the average cost of your clothing and washing for a college year?
11. What has been the average cost of your books and instruments for a college year?
12. To what extent have you used libraries instead of buying books?
13. What expenses, in addition to the necessities of board, lodging, heat, light, clothes, books, etc., do you think a man might advantageously incur, even though he were obliged to exercise strict economy? Can you suggest an amount for such expense?
14. If you have worked during term-time to obtain money for college expenses, what work have you done, and with what results?
15. If you have worked during the summer, what have you done, and with what results?
16. What does your experience suggest as advisable or inadvisable for a student of slender means to do:

(a) In economizing? (b) In earning money?

It might be interesting to see the answers of

When the late Sir George Williams was a young clerk, with a very small salary, he and another clerk were crossing Blackfriars Bridge one night on their way home from work. Williams suddenly proposed that they should call their fellow clerks together, and form a society to help one another to lead better lives. They met with a good deal of ridicule at first, but ten joined them after a time, and their employer gave them a little room for a meeting-place. Here, more than sixty-one years ago, the first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held.

one student whose career at Harvard has been far from meteoric; a student who has worked his way, who grew up on a farm, who has warmed his feet on fallish, frosty mornings where the sheep and cows have lain, who thought he had all the necessary prerequisites of greatness. He said in substance:

Students not especially brilliant and resourceful should have $150 when they enter Harvard; that is, enough to pay the mid-year term bills, issued in February, which comprises two-thirds of the tuition fee, or $100, and the board bill up to the middle of January, if one boards at Memorial or Randall Dining Halls. But it is barely possible for a student to enter with just enough to get started, say $20; however, it is risky. The prudent mediocre should have $150. A student needs at least from $350 to $375 for the year's expenses.

I do not see by what means student life may be made more comfortable or economical than it is now. A student may do his studying in the libraries if he finds his room too cold or dreary. Then there is Philips Brooks House, the center of Harvard's religious life, a veritable oasis for some students, with its cosy reading rooms where the latest magazines and papers are on file.

Understand that scholarships are not easy to win. Do not think, as stated by the donor in the description of one particular scholarship, that the money is not awarded "solely by reference to the student's rank or standing as a scholar, but that regard is also to be had to earnest and honest endeavor to attain excellence." The rank as a scholar alone, I find, now determines the award of scholarships. Do not, therefore, rely on paying expenses by such means. There are a few brilliant men here, and generally, I observe that the moderately well to do students who have enough to secure themselves against the necessity of work for self-support win the scholarships, while the poorest students fail, because they are compelled to work from day to day, and therefore lose time which should be devoted to their own work, and besides, their minds are diverted from their studies, which should be the chief subject of their thought. But prudent mediocrity, when combined with stability of character, wins the kindly regard of the Dean and Faculty, and may, even with low marks, win that aid from the college, designed especially for Freshmen and known as the Price Greenleaf Aid. This aid I secured with only C's—third grade marks — to my credit, and it was due, I think, to the combination of the two qualities named above. But a student must come well-recommended by his preparatory school to hope for recognition. I came to Harvard confident of winning scholarships, but I failed to realize my hopes. My ideas in regard to accepting aid not awarded for scholarship were lofty at first, but I have descended from my pedestal and have come to this conclusion, since the funds are intended for needy and worthy students whose marks are not high enough to win scholarships, that it is not dishonorable or demoralizing to receive aid from the Loan or the Beneficiary Funds, because, we may regard our college literally and in reality as our Alma Mater, and why not accept graciously that which she has for us, providing that in the acceptance, we pledge it to ourselves to repay all when earners.

The numbered questions of the lettter were answered in order as follows:

1. Freshman year, $387.38.
Sophomore year, $441.73.
2. $30.00. For extra books, and the expense of going home at the Christmas and Easter vacations.
$25.00 Sophomore year. For the same reasons as above.
3. At private houses in a single room.
4. Cost. Nearness to the college buildings.
5. $61.25 Freshman year.
$50.00 Sophomore year.
6. Yes, all.
7. At Randall Hall.
8. $3.00 in Freshman year. $3.50 in Sophomore year.
9. (a)—Become a member of Randall Hall Dining association and eat sparingly of meats.
(b)—Become a member of Harvard Dining association at Memorial Hall.
(c)—Experiment at the start with the various halls, the Union Cafe, and the different Cambridge cafes, then choose the one that best suits the taste and requirements.
10. $24.00 each year. I came to college well supplied with clothing, such as it was.
11. $25.00 each year, perhaps more than necessary, but many, to which I did not become attached, I sold when through with.
12. None whatever during the Freshman year.
To some extent the Sophomore year.
13. Twenty dollars I spent each year incidentally. This includes fees for club memberships, subscriptions to class crews, theater tickets—rarely, and only when a noted actor or some classical play was scheduled to appear—and personal trifles of various kinds. It seems to me that the new student can not let pass by the clubs, debating for instance, nor the theaters, for they are part of the many opportunities offered by the college environment.

11. Freshman year:

Waiting on tables at Randall	$101.25
Clerical work	15.00

Sophomore year:

Waiting on tables at Randall	$120.00
Incidental work	75.00
Clerical work	20.00
Monitorships	40.00

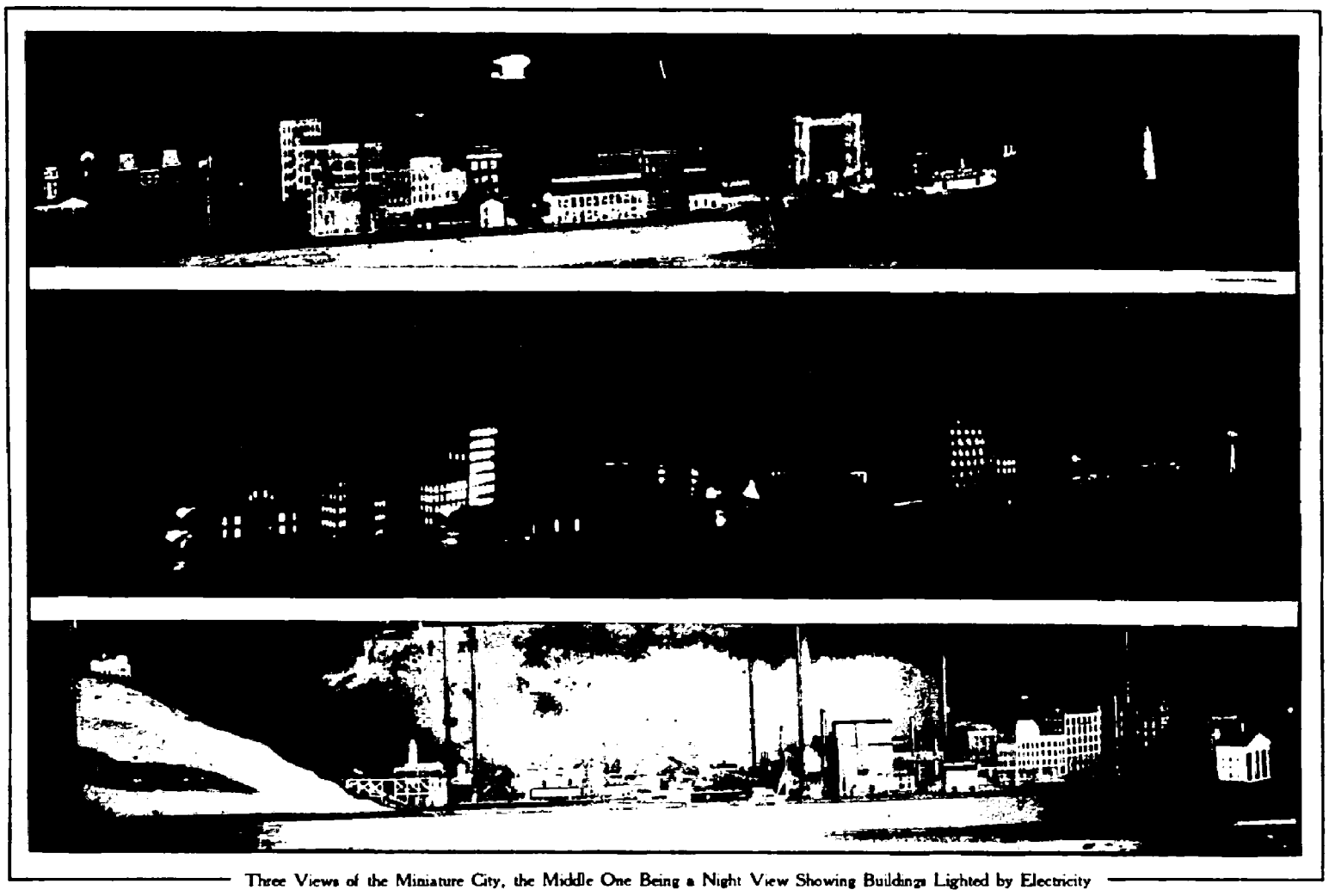
As my object in coming to college was to study, I worked in excess of my regular scheduled time at Randall Hall only when short of ready money.

15. My aim during the summer was not so much to earn a large sum of money as it was to recuperate and fortify myself physically. Therefore, I spent the summers by working at home on my father's farm in Maine, receiving about $50.00 each summer.

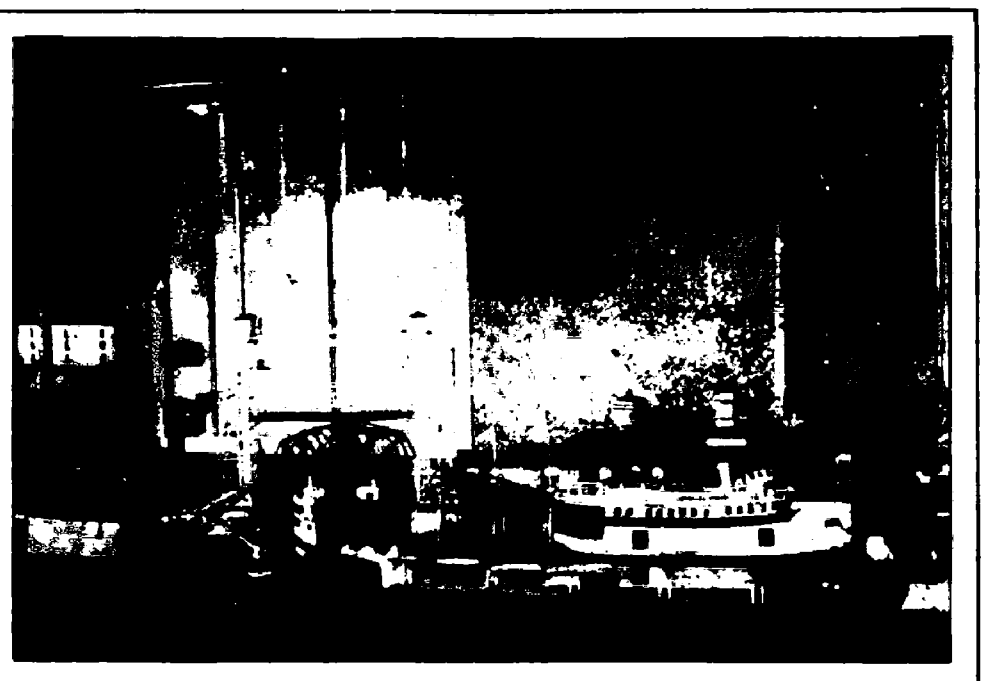
16. (a) Select courses that enable the use of library books rather than those which compel the purchase of books, and avoid laboratory courses. The ability to do this depends naturally on what course the student has planned to pursue. A room in a college dormitory may be secured by early application as explained in the catalogue. These rooms range in price from $45 to $350 a year and most of them are unfurnished. In selecting a room in a private house do a bit of personal canvassing and examine the bulletin boards for opportunities. I know of one fellow who paid in his Freshman year $120 for a room. Then discovering the conditions, he paid $55 the following year. Books may be bought second-hand at a store on Brattle Street not far from the Square. Then, to live cheaply, a student should board at Randall Hall. By doing this an opportunity to work there as waiter is opened. A few words explaining the magnitude of the Randall Dining Hall Association may be interesting. There are seventy-five student waiters on the pay roll and they receive twenty-five cents an hour, so that the pay roll for one week amounts to about three hundred dollars. Simple articles of food are served at cost, making it possible for a student to pay as little as two dollars and a half a week, but this is advisable only in the case of exceptionally strong students.

(b) Early in the summer before coming to college apply for a position as waiter at Randall Hall. One

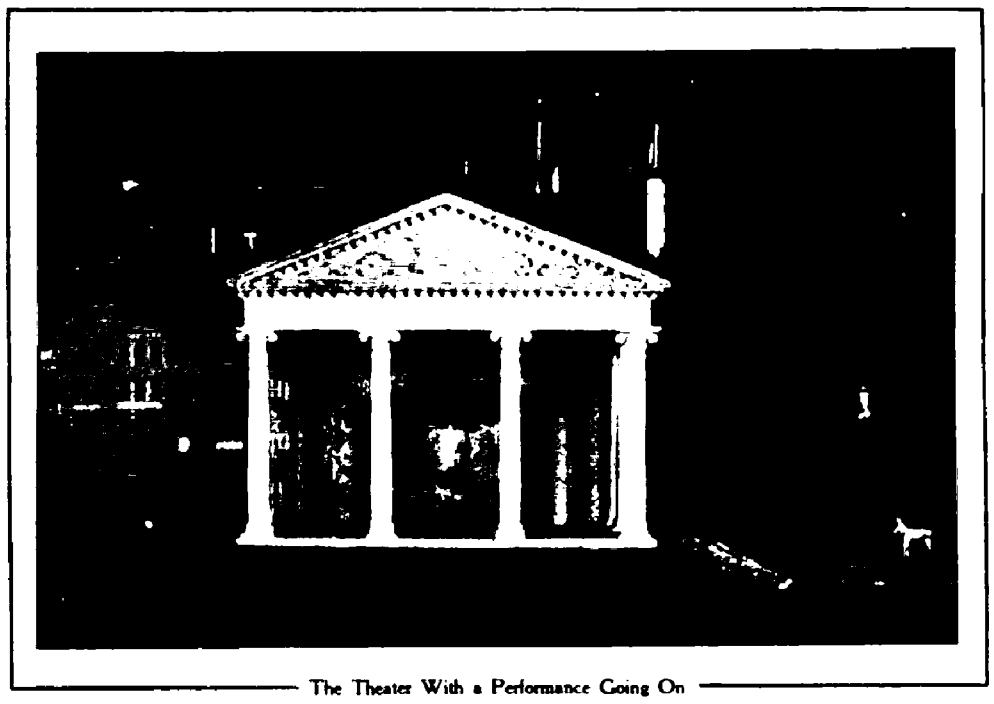
(Continued on page 107.)



Three Views of the Miniature City, the Middle One Being a Night View Showing Buildings Lighted by Electricity



Section of Miniature City Showing Boats, Dock, Bridge, Etc.



The Theater With a Performance Going On



A Section of the Miniature City as it Appeared in June, 1904

DENNY, A MULE DRIVER

A STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINES

By LAFAYETTE I. PARKS



BEGUN IN JANUARY

CHAPTER V.

TIM'S REFORMATION.

AFTER the first few days of Denny's experience in working in the coal mines the hard labor lost a good deal of its irksomeness, and the boy found himself taking a keen interest in things. Every day he was learning something new and this pleased him.

The other drivers and boys who at first showed a disposition to laugh at him soon found out that he attended strictly to his work and performed his duties quite as well as any of them, and this, as much as his quiet but firm manner, impressed them, so that even if Denny did not gain their friendship, he at least was not annoyed by them.

One thing that caused his companions to look up to him was the successful manner in which he handled Tim. At first the boy found Tim rather disposed to be unruly, but when he recovered from his first surprise of not being beaten every day, as Denny never raised his hand against him, he evinced a good deal of curiosity concerning his new master, and slowly dropped his evil ways.

Tim's reformation was a nine days' wonder among the drivers. They could not understand the secret of Denny's success. When after a time they learned that kindness really was the cause of Tim's attachment to his young master a gradual change came about in their treatment of the mules under their care; blows and angry curses were not nearly so frequent in the mine stable as before Denny joined the ranks of the mule drivers.

The boy could not fail to note the difference and was secretly gratified at the change.

Big Bill Grogan tried in numerous ways at first to cause Denny trouble; whenever there was a difficult piece of work to perform he unfailingly ordered the boy to do it. Denny could not understand this.

It had been whispered that when John Roberts, Denny's father, was killed in the mines by an explosion three years before, Grogan and he had just been quarreling over some matter; that the bullying mine boss knew more concerning the cause of the explosion than it would be healthy for him to tell. As no conclusive evidence of crime against Grogan could be produced the matter was finally dropped, but most of the miners avoided Grogan after that and looked upon him as a dangerous man to have for an enemy.

Denny knew something of these rumors, but he studiously concealed them from his mother, as he knew they would cause her uneasiness as long as he worked in the mines, and he felt that by keeping a close watch upon Grogan no danger would befall him.

Grogan knew that Denny suspected him, and so long as he saw that the boy was watching him he refrained from attempting any harm, for he knew the consequences would be fastened upon him, everyone in the mines knowing of his aversion to the lad. But deep down in the bully's heart was cherished a deadly hatred of the boy. He always felt that the youth was spying upon his movements, and fear that his crime might some day be brought to light through information obtained by Denny caused Grogan to desire to get rid of him.

When Grogan found out that he could not force Denny to throw up his position in the "works" his evil mind began plotting a scheme by which he could rid himself of the lad and thus prevent his crime ever being discovered. How near he succeeded in his wicked purpose will be shown in the following chapters.

CHAPTER VI.

A RECKLESS COMMAND.

It was along toward the latter part of April. Denny Roberts had been an employee of the Indian Ridge colliery for nearly six months and had succeeded in making friends with nearly all the drivers, who, with scarcely an exception, were rather proud to claim friendship with the cheery-voiced, obliging youth.

Denny's unfailing good nature, no matter how hard the day's work had been, and his patience and gentleness in dealing with Tim, set an admirable example for his companions who were so used to brutal methods and angry words.

Big Bill Grogan could not fail to notice the gradual change that was being worked upon the men in his charge; to such a cruel nature this knowledge was anything but pleasant.

One morning the passage where drivers were at work was damp and slimy from the moisture that seeped through from above. The week before they had been working in a tunnel that led away to the south, in a direction opposite to the one in which they now were engaged.

The south tunnel was a long, winding passage that led beneath the river which ran through the valley. Since the heavy spring rains that portion of the tunnel directly beneath the river had shown signs of weakness, and the superintendent had given orders to cease operations in it until all danger from the spring freshet had passed. The men had not been sorry to obey such orders, having all experienced a feeling of uneasiness when working there.

When the change was made a number of empty cars were left in the old tunnel, and as there was no positive need for them, it was thought best to allow them to remain, at least until all danger from the flood had passed. But the drivers in reaching such a conclusion had not reckoned with Grogan. When he learned of the cars being left behind he fell into a towering rage and swore he would have them brought out if every driver in the "works" were drowned in getting them. When he shouted this declaration out at his men they made no move to obey him but kept at their posts in sullen silence, determined to resist an order that might mean death to any one who would be so reckless as to venture into the abandoned tunnel.

Grogan seeing that such an order from him would be met with determined resistance, and not wishing to expose himself to the humiliation of having his commands disobeyed, resolved to make an inspection of the tunnel first, and, if it appeared safe, he would have the cars brought out, or discharge the men who refused to obey.

He was absent a long time on his errand—so long, in fact, that some of the men feared the tunnel had caved in upon him. On his returning to the men they saw that his face was haggard and that a strange gleam was in his eyes. Glancing over the little group of drivers that waited for him to speak, his eyes rested on Denny. Then he began:

"If there's one o' ye in the works that's afeared to go into the tunnel he ain't got no excuse to be workin' here. I don't want no babies 'round me I tell ye! I knows when there's danger, an' I knows when there ain't, an' I tell ye that tunnel's as safe as where ye are now."

The drivers shifted uneasily, but no one ventured to speak, fearing Grogan's wrath. The boss waited a few moments and then went on.

"I'm goin' to hev those cars brought out o' that tunnel this mornin', an' I'm goin' to hev 'em right away. Now, you four can knock off here till ye git those cars out o' the south tunnel," and with a wave of his brawny hand he indicated the four drivers nearest him, including Denny.

The four upon whom the perilous task devolved looked at one another hesitatingly, while their comrades murmured their disapproval. But Grogan's fierce glance, as he turned upon them, quickly subdued any thought of rebellion.

CHAPTER VII.

GROGAN PAYS THE PENALTY.

As Denny and his three companions slowly unhitched their mules from the cars and prepared to move off toward the south tunnel, Grogan started to follow them.

"You needn't think that I'm goin' to stay behind ye 'cause of a little scare. Not much! I'm goin' to follow ye an' see that the work's done."

Denny Roberts thought of many things as he led Tim through the long, dark tunnel, followed by the other drivers, with Grogan bringing up the rear. He realized full well the danger they were being forced into. He felt the injustice practiced upon him and his companions, and he secretly believed that if Superintendent Harper knew of Grogan's orders he would not keep him in authority longer. He resolved, therefore, if they were lucky enough to escape harm, to try and get the men to stand together and report Grogan for needlessly exposing their lives.

Finally the little party reached the south tunnel and came to the place where it passed under the river. Here they halted and inspected the roof, and what they saw did not relieve their apprehensions. Water was dripping from it in many places, and here and there at short intervals patches of earth were loosening and falling into the water that covered the bottom of the tunnel to a depth of several inches. As they were hesitating Grogan came swiftly up out of the darkness.

"You'd think the whole roof was goin' to cave in next minit the way you uns stand gapin' at it. Why don't you go on an' not be standin' here wastin' o' yer time? Move, I say, move!"

At these words from the boss, Denny and his companions started to splash through the chilly water; the mules hung back frightened, but Grogan's shouts and curses drove them on.

The tunnel came to an end a short distance beyond the river and here the cars, for which Grogan was risking the lives of his drivers, stood. There were nearly a dozen of them and as each driver could only take one at a time up the steep grade that led back to the main tunnel and again to safety, three separate trips would be necessary to complete the task.

As they hitched the mules to the first four empty cars and rattled off noisily through the damp passage, Grogan called out to them that he would stay there until the last trip and then ride out with them.

When Denny passed under the river on his first trip out he noticed with growing alarm that the flow of water was increasing, and when he arrived at the end of the line with the three other drivers they questioned whether they should return. Owing to the fact that Grogan had remained behind they concluded that, although he had forced them to go into the danger against their wishes, it would be only right for them to return and tell him of the increasing peril so that he also would be given an opportunity to escape.

As they moved swiftly down the grade on their way back they did not stop to examine the roof again as they realized that time was too precious to be thus wasted. Soon they reached Grogan and informed him of the condition of the tunnel roof; in a rage he answered that he would not leave that end of the tunnel, nor would he allow them to do so, until every car was hauled out to the main passage.

By this time Denny and the others were ready to start with the second lot of cars, Denny was the first out. As he listened to Grogan's tirade of abuse, a strange rumbling sound came to his ears from the direction of the river. He felt a sudden rush of chill air blowing in his face, while a strange terror seized him. The thing they had dreaded had occurred—the roaring mountain river had at last burst through the weakened roof of the mine tunnel. And even as he stood, stupefied with terror, still leaning over the front of his car as he was about to pick up the lines and speak to Tim, he could hear the splashing and runmbling sound as the torrent of water poured into the tunnel from above. Turning, he saw that the others had heard the terrible noise and realized what had happened.

Back a little distance in the gloom stood Grogan, the flickering lights falling on his face, now ghastly with the dread of death. What thoughts came into the mind of the wicked mine boss as he stood there in the damp tunnel listening to the roaring of angry waters rushing on to engulf and destroy its victims will never be known, but the sight of his strained face and staring eyes will linger in the memory of Denny until the day of his death.

Not one moment did Denny hesitate, however, when he recovered from his first shock of terror, but seizing the lines he leaned over the front of the car; in a twinkling he released Tim and in another he leaped to the back of the mule and plunged ahead into the darkness of the tunnel toward the approaching flood.

As the boy sped off toward the only avenue of escape he glanced back over his shoulder and shouted to his comrades to follow, which they hurriedly did, leaving Grogan standing alone for the pitiless flood to destroy. Then the rushing waters from the break in the tunnel struck them; what happened from that time on till they found themselves in the main tunnel beyond the river safe and sound, clinging with a death-like grip to the staggering, dripping mules, Denny and his companions could never tell exactly. All that Denny remembered was a blinding, roaring swirl of icy water through which Tim, with an understanding almost human, struggled bravely, till, forcing his way past the break and then on through the tunnel, he reached safety.

When the crowd of miners and drivers who found the four drivers and their mules exhausted in the main tunnel went to look for Grogan, they found that the cruel waters had buried him miserably in the narrow passage. It truly seemed that the hand of Providence had been stretched out to save Denny and his friends, and that the man who was directly responsible for placing them in that dangerous position had paid the penalty of his sin.

After all this Denny could not find it in his heart to part with Tim, and for a small sum he bought him from the company and give him a ride upward in the shaft cage and out into the bright sunlight, where he is spending a very happy old age.

And now there is little more to add. When Mrs. Roberts learned of her boy's narrow escape from death she would not hear of his again entering the mines. Superintendent Harper had kept his eye on the lad for some time and knew his metal. He made a place for Denny in his office, where with the same thoroughness and attention to his duties that he had given when a mule driver, the lad made his services valuable to his employers, so that today a visitor to the Indian Ridge colliery will find him still there, honored and respected by all.

(*The End.*)

BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

FRANCES AND THE IRREPRESSIBLES AT BUENA VISTA FARM, by Frances Trego Montgomery. My, what a perfectly glorious time the Irrepressibles—couldn't have been a better name—must have had. Talk about fun! there is more fun and enjoyment in this book, than can be got in a carload of monkeys. The boy or girl who fails to enjoy the pranks and mischief of these young people ought to have a doctor prescribe for them. The pictures are splendid and the makeup of the book in type, paper and binding is first class. 257 large quarto pages. Price $1.50. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

YOUNG VOYAGERS OF THE NILE, by St. George Rathbone. Larry Kennedy, an American boy, is paddling down the Nile to Cairo, having, because of a wager, traveled to the camp of General Kitchener. He meets with a young Englishman who is seeking a monster crocodile that devoured his uncle, his only means of identifying the particular saurian being his uncle's false teeth. The two boys join forces and have many adventures and escapes from the wild Arabs, all of which will interest the boy reader. The book is nicely illustrated by A. B. Shute. 205 pages. Price $1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

WITH SPURS OF GOLD, by Frances N. Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk. Historical fact, and legendary lore are blended in such lively, entertaining fashion in this prettily gotten-up volume that the young reader is sure to be pleased. The stories of knightly valor of Roland and Oliver, The Cid, Richard of the Lion Heart, Chevalier Bayard and others have always been interesting and instructive to old and young alike. Harold M. Brett has caught the spirit of the stories in his fine illustrations. 292 pages. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

CHRISTMAS WITH SANTA CLAUS, by Frances Trego Montgomery. A splendid book for the little ones. Two little tots, a boy and a girl, spend some time before Christmas with Santa Claus and his wife in their home at the other side of the North Pole. All the wonderful things they saw and the wonderful things they did and their wonderful home-coming are set down in a delightfully entertaining way. The large page illustrations (in colors) are by Ruth Hallock. 154 large quarto size pages. Price $1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

DAN MONROE, a Story of Bunker Hill, by W. O. Stoddard. The reputation of Mr. Stoddard as a writer of reliable American history in the form of stories for young people does not suffer in the present volume. Dan Monroe, from reliable sources, was found to be the name of the drummer boy of Lexington, and Nat Harrington was the fifer. Round these two and the opening of the war of the Revolution the author has woven a story which will delight every reader. Historical names and places are given in such a way as to show the author's thorough knowledge of his subject. Handsomely illustrated by J. W. Kennedy. 329 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

REAL ELECTRIC TOY-MAKING FOR BOYS, by Thomas M. St. John, Met. E. The author in designing this book considered that unless the materials and apparatus were explained in the clearest and simplest language his purpose of interesting and edifying boys would be defeated, so that every toy and piece of apparatus mentioned were tried and experimented with until perfection both in the drawing and completed toys was obtained. The materials and tools are such as can be obtained at very little outlay of money, while no boy of average ability can fail to understand the plain and explicit instruction. To the boy making electricity his hobby this little volume will be an invaluable help 140 pages. Over 100 original drawings, diagrams and full-page plates. Price, postpaid, $1.00. Thomas M. St. John.

IN THE LINE, by A. T. Dudley. In this the third volume of his "Phillips Exeter Series," Mr. Dudley has well sustained his reputation as a writer who tells a clean, wholesome, yet vigorous and inspiriting story of college life. His heroes are neither stuffed figures nor wooden images, but healthy, happy boys who study and play with equal zest and enthusiasm. We are sure that this volume will increase the already large number of delighted admirers of Mr. Dudley's work. The book is handsomely illustrated from drawings of Charles Copeland. 309 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

HOW TWO BOYS MADE THEIR OWN ELECTRICAL APPARATUS, by Thomas M. St. John, Met. E. For the boy who desires to study about electricity, but who has little money to spend in buying instruments, coils, motors, switches, etc., this little book has been specially designed. It tells how almost all necessary apparatus can be made from old tin tomato cans, cracker boxes, screws, wire and wood. In simple, direct language the author gives every detail by which the boy of average intelligence can build useful electrical apparatus and at the same time understand what he is doing. The numerous diagrams and cuts will greatly assist the young electrician. The twenty-one chapters of the book are replete with every information, from cells and batteries to tools and materials. 141 pages. Price, postpaid, $1.00. Thomas M. St. John.

DOROTHY DAINTY AT THE SHORE, by Amy Brooks. This is the fourth volume of the author's "Dorothy Dainty Series," and the young reader will find the little heroine just as sweet, loving, gentle and dainty as her name implies, and her friends just the most charming little girls that one could meet. Their adventures and good times at "Crest Villa" with its fine lawns and beach, as well as on the water will make splendid reading for the young folks. The fine illustrations are also the work of the author and add to the attractiveness of the book. 216 pages. Price $1.00. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

NELSON'S YANKEE BOY, by F. H. Costello. A story of 1805, when British men-o-war ruled the seas and did not disdain to impress Yankee seamen to help them. Al Graham, a Yankee boy, is pressed into the British navy. By a series of adventures he finds himself a messenger boy on Admiral Nelson's flagship, the Victory, and upon her deck helps to win the battle of Trafalgar and is close by the couch of the great admiral who received his death wound in the moment of victory. At Gibraltar Al sails for the West Indies, is shipwrecked and picked up by an American merchantman, finally landing on Yankee land. In the war of 1812 he does good work on board a privateer capturing many prizes. There is plenty of excitement and the description of the battle of Trafalgar which finally settled the supremacy of old England's wooden walls, is most vivid and thrilling. The illustrations are by W. H. Dunton. A book which boys will thoroughly enjoy. 293 pages. Price $1.50. Henry Holt & Co.



Lieutenant U. S. Grant, 3rd, Appointed as Social Aide at all White House Functions.

Grant and Lee

Two great names, Grant and Lee, are again associated in the persons of Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant 3rd and Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., the former a grandson of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, and the latter a grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee. These two young men are employed in the White House at Washington as military attaches of the President.

It has been the policy of President Roosevelt to give recognition to the sons and grandsons of the soldiers of the Civil War. Only recently he appointed a grandson of Gen. Stonewall Jackson to West Point.

The two young men first named are both graduates of our great military academy on the Hudson. Young Grant is 24 years old. From 1889 to 1893 he was attached to the American legation at Vienna. During that time he attended the state school, where were educated the late king of Spain and the present khedive of Egypt. Afterwards he graduated from Columbia College, and then joined his father, Gen. Fred D. Grant, in Porto Rico.

It will be remembered that young Grant was made a cadet at West Point by President McKinley, on a request made in a letter written by Gen. Grant, just before his death. The request was indorsed by Gen. W. T. Sherman. There were no vacancies for any of the states, so President McKinley made him a cadet at large. That he deserved recognition is shown by the fact that in 1903 he was graduated sixth in a class of 97. At once ordered to the Philippines, he aided in making a survey of a railroad which was to be built there.



Captain Fitzhugh Lee, Son of the Late Gen. Lee, Appointed as Social Aide at all White House Functions.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO LIVE AT HARVARD?

(*Continued from page 105.*)

should do this work only if he has no special talent and is obliged to rely on the income which the common work of hands and feet may bring. It affords a small but steady income of from $2 to $4 a week. A typewriter or shorthand writer may secure steady employment by becoming a member of the Stenographic Bureau, having quarters in Lawrence Hall. Last, but not least, be familiar with the catalogue, and understand the means of securing money which it tells about, such as Scholarships, Prizes, Loan and Beneficiary Funds, etc. Then a student may procure monitorships; that is, the work of taking attendance, in courses which he expects to pursue, by applying in writing to the Recorder at the College Office. The Appointment Committee finds work also for students, such as positions as library attendants, clerical work, etc. The Athletic Association, too, employs students on the occasion of the intercollegiate games, both as clerks in the office and as ticket-takers. There are many ways of earning money and vigilance here as everywhere is the price of success."

These statements made in regard to the cost of living at Harvard were taken from the personal accounts of the above mentioned student. He had a little red-leather account book and into it went the record of every money transaction, no matter how trivial. In fact, from a statement made on the fly leaf it seems probable that the student had foreseen what was coming for he had written: "A detailed statement of every transaction for the purpose of ascertaining the actual cost of living as a resident student at Harvard University." These accounts covered the first two years of his college career and, at the end of the book, there was an itemized account of receipts and expenditures, as follows:

FRESHMAN YEAR RECEIPTS

Bank account, represents two years' work before entering Harvard—farming and school-teaching	$191 80
Amount of cash on hand	34 16
Work at Randall Dining Hall	101 25
Price Greenleaf Aid	100 00
Sold books	6 35
Clerical work	9 95
Total	$443 51

EXPENDITURES.

Board bill at Randall Hall	$ 94 02
Room rent	61 25
Books	27 68
Traveling expenses and car fare	19 79
Laundry and clothing	14 99
Incidental	19 65
Tuition	150 00
Total	$387 38
Balance on hand at end of year	$ 56 13

SOPHOMORE YEAR RECEIPTS.

Bank account comprising balance from preceding year and income from summer's work	$ 80 05
Cash on hand	30 07
Sold books	7 95
Work at Randall Hall	116 43
Clerical work	17 15
Monitorships	40 00
Received from loan fund	40 00
Received from beneficiary fund	50 00
Incidental work	75 00
Total	$456 65

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for board	$141 01
Room rent	50 00
Books	24 82
Traveling expenses and car fare	18 45
Laundry and clothing	37 05
Incidental expenses	20 40
Tuition	150 00
Total	$441 73
Balance on hand at end of year	$ 14 92

Although this student was obliged to exercise strict economy it did not take from his enjoyment of college life. He had all the privileges that the college offers to rich and poor alike, who are in regular standing. The library, the third largest in the country, representing the accumulated wisdom of the ages, was his to draw from and enjoy at will. The work for self-support was not disagreeable. It brought the student into connection with people whom it was a privilege to know. In fact, he says that his sojourn at Harvard has been the brightest period of his life.

Before entering college every prospective Freshman should read carefully, and commune over it with himself, Dean Brigg's "School, College, and Character," especially that admirable first chapter bearing the title, "Fathers, Mothers, and Freshmen." The author has realized with wonderful correctness, the position of the new student in his unhomelike surroundings and has enabled him to understand what the college expects him to do. There are passages that deserve to be framed and hung conspicuously that all men might see. In the opening lines we read:

"The college sends her alumni into the world with nothing more than a warrant that they are presentable intellectually. Yet her unwritten and ugspoken purpose is not so much intellectual as moral, and her strongest hope is to stamp her graduates with an abiding character. A college stands for learning, for culture, and for power; in particular, it stands for an aim higher than money-getting. It is a place where our young men shall see visions; where even the idlest and lowest man of all must catch glimpses of ideals which, if he could see them steadfastly, would transfigure life."

Winning Good Opinions

It's something for a boy to win the good opinion of his grown-up acquaintances. From Lacon, Ill., comes a letter written by someone who takes an interest in boys regarding Elmer Fiero, a 14-year-old boy who lives in that town. He is not a boy-wonder; he is no great genius. But this is what he is, as his friend describes him: Elmer Fiero, of Lacon, has attracted the attention of many by his polite, quiet manner, his gentle disposition and his faithful performance of simple



duties. Part of his work is to drive cows from pasture to the hotel in town. At other times he assists about the hotel, acting as clerk on occasions. He has no father and no mother, and is dependent upon himself. With his many admirable qualities he is making a host of friends, and we predict that he will grow up to be a fine man.

Doubtless the same words might be written of many an American boy. We are just as glad to print an item of this kind as we are to tell of the doings of some boy genius. The picture of Elmer on a novel mount shows him to be a pleasant faced, intelligent youngster.

Harry C. R. Elliott, of Fullerton, Cal., is a good friend of THE AMERICAN BOY. He is something more than that, for he wears a gold medal, awarded to him as the winner of an oratorical contest, participated in by



Harry C. R. Elliott

the orators of the high schools of Orange County, Cal. In the contest he represented the freshman class of the Fullerton Union High School.

Beginning at the Ladder's Foot

Franklin Farrell, Jr., is another of those wise young men, who see the wisdom of preparing for tomorrow's millions, by today learning their work from the bottom up. Whether or no he appreciated the ethical value of choosing to play a man's part in the world rather than loaf away the years in the luxury which his parents' wealth made possible, he certainly did see the wisdom of the move practically. If he was some day to control a great business he must know how to run it, and to learn that best was to go in and take hold of the work itself in all its successive details.

That is precisely what he has done. Graduating from Yale three years ago, he has spent those thirty-six months in the ranks of the laborers employed in the Farrell Mills, at Ansonia, Connecticut. Promptly at seven of a morning must he report at the foundry, else his salary is docked as though he were any other hand at hearth or forge. All of this took pluck—"nerve"—but that is young Farrell's long suit. Not only does he do the dirty work which falls to his share, and do it well; not only does he wear jumper and overalls, quite as Cornelius Vanderbilt wore them in his apprenticeship; but, among his fellow laborers, he is as democratic as a thoroughly sensible American young man should be, and not one of them but has good words for this future "boss."

A Boy Singer

Roscoe Vandervoort, of Chicago, has been singing before the public since he was ten years of age. He has studied at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, but is now a pupil of Prof. H. F. Stone. His voice is a high, clear soprano of fine quality. For one season he did solo work at the Trinity Episcopal Church, of Chicago. He has sung in many churches and taken part in many concerts, never failing to please. He has received many tempting offers to travel, but prefers to continue his studies at school. He is in the first year class of the Englewood High School, is 13 years old, and a thorough boy. Roscoe has a bank account and is saving money with which to complete his education. He expects to enter the University of Chicago when he completes his high school course.



Roscoe Vandervoort

Prize Winners Among the Boys Who Sell The American Boy

Hundreds of boys have taken advantage of the plan we offer, by which they may make money selling and delivering THE AMERICAN BOY to customers, month by month, as it is issued. By reference to page 116, our readers will learn how boys get started in the sale of THE AMERICAN BOY. The boy who sold the most copies of the December number of THE AMERICAN BOY, and received $2.00 as a prize in addition to his profit of 5 cents on each copy sold, was Elmer Metcalfe. Each of the three following boys received an Ingersoll watch for good work done: Jacob Stockings, Floyd Deickman and Arthur Thorp.

Now, you boys who are not taking advantage of our proposition, read the advertisement on page 116, entitled "Earn Money in Spare Moments," and then get to work. Send a postal to us saying that you want to take advantage of our offer, and we will send you ten copies of THE AMERICAN BOY free. Sell these at 10 cents each, and you can buy your supplies for the following months at 5 cents a copy, thus enabling you to make a profit of 100 per cent on your investment and stand a good chance of winning a prize in addition.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

[The editor will send copies of typical amateur papers to boys interested in the hobby, providing a stamped addressed wrapper is sent.]

Russell Williams, Editor and Owner of a Six-Column, Four-Page Newspaper at Hoskins, Nebraska

It isn't a "make-believe" newspaper of which Russell Williams, aged sixteen, of Hoskins, Nebraska, is editor, publisher and owner, but a six-column, four-page journal containing all the news of the town.

Russell Williams was born on a farm and attended the common school until he reached the eighth grade. He was compelled to quit school because of ill health. Then he learned the barber's trade, but it was not to his liking. Renting an office, he secured an equipment suitable for a newspaper, hired a compositor, and went to work. The name of the paper is "The Headlight." It contains on the average twelve columns of advertising, which in a town the size of Hoskins is a very fair showing. The paper has already become a factor in local politics and is making itself felt in the business life of the town.

The Letter Box

George Kilpatrick writes a long and chatty letter about his experiences in the typographical field. He and his brother have a 3x5 inch press and expect to get a larger one in the summer. George worked during last vacation in a local printing office. The billhead he sends as a sample is very creditable; the cards are not quite so good because the names and addresses are set from fonts of type which do not harmonize. George is undecided whether to go into a regular printing office or to start in with his brother and a boy friend. With his knowledge of printing the latter would be the better, as the work could be done at odd times and there would be no necessity for leaving school. Cuts can be secured from any large printers' supply house, or made by a local engraving firm. Advertisers usually furnish their own cuts. The editor is always glad to answer to the best of his knowledge, queries relating to journalism and typography. George's letter was written on both sides of the paper, and we hope he won't do this the next time he writes. In handling hundreds of letters, even the time required to turn the sheets counts up.

Leon A. Darrone—Berry H. Akers

Leon A. Darrone is one of the most recent recruits to the ranks of amateur journalism. He is preparing to issue in the spring an amateur literary magazine in his home town of Auburn, N. Y.

Berry H. Akers, of Richmond, Missouri, is a well-known amateur journalist. His first paper was called the "Missouri Amateur," and appeared at intervals for some two years. His latest venture is "The Stork," a large amateur "newspaper" that appears bi-monthly and contains much interesting and well-edited matter of news interest. It is issued alternately with the "Amateur World," edited by Lee B. Chase, of Chicago, Berry printing the paper at the office of the "Richmond (Mo.) Missourian," where he is employed. Young Akers has attended several Press Association conventions, at one of which, held in Minneapolis, he was elected treasurer of the United Amateur Press Association. He is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.



Leon A. Darrone



Berry H. Akers

What Some Wise Men Have Said

"There is no secret of success but work," said Turner. Rufus Choate more than once expressed a similar conviction.

"Would you live long, work hard," said Rowland Hill—and proved it.

"Every man the architect of his own fortune," has been credited to President Carter of Williams College as the watchword of his life and efforts. "You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must forge one," he also says.

A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—*By E. S. TYLEE*



BEGUN IN MARCH, 1905

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

AS CARCLOUGH and I were boxing in the gym a few days later, Mr. Henderson looked in and beckoned to us. We were reluctant to stop, for we were in the midst of a brisk rally, but as soon as we had tossed away the gloves and crossed the tan floor we found the master in such a state of excitement that it infected us, and we waited eagerly to hear what he had to say.

"We have found a clue," he said in a loud whisper, "a most certain clue. We are on the track of the fellow who lost the button. He will be identified this very afternoon."

"By the matron, sir?" asked Carclough.

"Well, no!" replied Mr. Henderson, looking a little annoyed, "Mrs. Mole could give us no help whatever. Most extraordinary thing, the majority of the boys' nightshirts were found to be deficient of a collar-button." Carclough gave me another of his slow, solemn, significant glances. "It really seems as if they moulted them. The matron has assured me that all such deficiencies are repaired as soon as they are observed, and that the consumption of buttons in Crosscombe is positively phenomenal. "However," continued Mr. Henderson, smiling, "we are fortunately not dependent on our button. From inquiries that we have made in Winston it appears that the ring was sold to a shopkeeper there, shortly after it disappeared from my room. The tradesman himself will be here this evening with the ring. He seems a perfectly honest and straightforward person and willing to give every assistance. I should like you both to be present when I see him, so take care to be in the way tonight between six and seven."

"One question, sir," put in Carclough, "was the ring sold by a Crosscombe boy?"

"It was," answered Henderson. "It is surprising, of course, that it should have been sold so soon and in Winston, where it could so easily be traced; but I suppose thieves do these foolish acts occasionally or the honest men would have no chance. However, we shall know more this evening." He disappeared as suddenly as he had come, leaving us to return to our boxing.

But hardly had the door closed behind the master when it opened again and the American boy, Washington Pickens, came in. He walked straight up to Carclough, and addressed him in his usual cool and self-possessed manner:

"Say! What is this the fellows are saying about Briant?"

"About Briant!" echoed the captain somewhat staggered by the sudden question. "Who has been saying anything about him?"

"That is what I want to know, and you can bet your boots I'm going to find out!" replied Pickens resolutely. "The last words dad said to me were that I was to be good to René, and you'd better believe I mean to be good to him, or break something. There's not a chap in the school who has got a civil word for Froggy today; but they are a mean set, and no one will tell me what they have got against him. Will you tell me? Come now!" He clenched his hands and stuck up his chin in the most determined fashion.

"You had better ask Briant himself," said the captain, quietly.

"No, sir. There's not one of those fellows who would not mind what you say, and if they have anything against my friend you are bound to have heard it. I am going to see this thing through."

"Well, I am afraid I cannot help you," said Carlough, turning away. The self-assertive manner of the young Yankee always grated upon him, and he spoke rather superciliously. Washington flushed up and his voice grew more nasal than ever.

"You won't help me? Then you are against Briant, too. Well, you can elect some one else to your old gang for I am going to send in my checks. I see how it is. There's a ring against Briant because he's a stranger. The railroad people made one against my dad, years ago; but he burst it up, as I am going to burst this one up. You hear me! No, I won't shut up, Mordaunt, and I don't care a cent if he is captain; he can't boss me. I've seen better captains handling coal on the Mississippi at a dollar a day." Even Carclough's patience gave way here and he made a wrathful step or two towards Pickens, who deeming discretion the better part of valour retreated to the door where he paused a moment to deliver his parting shot:

"Mind what I say, you, young Johnny Bulls! France and America are in alliance again, and don't you forget it! We whipped you at Saratoga and Brooklyn, and we'll whip you again! So long!" He closed the door just in time to escape a single-stick hurled by the indignant captain, and we heard him clatter away along the corridor at a speed rather more suggestive of Bull's Run than of the victories which America prefers to commemorate.

Carclough did not pursue him. Indeed, after a few seconds his wrath so far evaporated that he burst out laughing. The contrast between Pickens' war-like speech and his rapid retirement from the scene of action was too exquisitely absurd to witness with a grave face. Besides I suppose the youngster's audacious defiance of the captain of the school was amusing enough in itself. It was like a street arab shaking his fist at the Emperor of Russia!

"After all, though, it is no laughing matter," he said, as soon as he was serious again. "It is pretty evident that that cad, Adams, has been chattering, and that he has put two and two together as we have done. I remember noticing him at that blessed circus. I am extremely sorry now that I didn't follow your suggestion, Mordaunt, and lick him. But I do hate to hurt anybody, and that's the truth."

"I know you do," I said to the good-natured captain, and that is why we all love and admire you so. But a thorough sneak like Adams understands nothing but toko, and nothing else does him any good. Anyhow, if the brute has really been giving the show away I'll lick him myself, and save you the trouble. There's the dinner-bell! Come along!"

It was quite late in the evening when a note from Henderson, marked 'Very Private,' was brought to me by one of the Juniors. I was wrestling with a fiendish problem in trigonometry, and getting heavily thrown every time. In spite of its mysterious endorsement the note merely requested my presence in Henderson's room, so I gladly laid my work aside and betook myself to the master's sanctum, which was on the same floor as the dormitories, and almost adjacent to our own. Henderson had only recently moved into it, declaring that his previous apartments were inconveniently small. Of course we knew better, and that it was a deep laid plot.

I found Carclough already there with Henderson, and the two were contemplating with troubled expressions, an individual who was established in the arm-chair and appeared very much at his ease. At the first glance I recognized the fat old man who had sold Carclough the studs. He recognized me, too, and greeted me at once.

"Good evening, Master Billings!" he said. "I hope I see you well, sir!"

So that was what had come of the captain's ingenious device for concealing our identities! Henderson stared in amazement, and did not seem at all softened when I had lamely explained. He seemed to consider that Carclough and I had compromised the dignity of the school. As for the old tradesman he had manifestly formed a theory that we were both more or less concerned in the fraud, whatever it was, and the discovery that I had passed under an alias confirmed it. But he was a good-natured old chap, too, and appeared anxious to shield us from the consequences of our crimes.

"Take my advice, sir," he said to Henderson, "and 'ush it up. 'Twon't do the college no good to have a rumpus. And as for these here young gentlemen, I'll lay they're main sorry for what they've a gone and done!"

"Your intentions are most excellent," said Henderson, stiffly. "But you are laboring under a mistaken impression, I assure you!"

"That's what I says, sir," said the old fellow in a satisfied kind of way. "'Ush it up. B'ys will be b'ys. Lor' bless 'ee, sir, I've robbed orchards myself as a b'y."

"No doubt! No doubt! interposed Henderson in rather a nasty tone. He seemed to find the old man rather exasperating.

"Ah, that I 'ave! Many a time!" continued the Ancient. "I dessay you have yourself, sir, before now!" he added, favoring us with a portentous wink.

But Cuckoo was not to be drawn into autobiography, however sure he might be of an appreciative audience.

"Perhaps you will allow me to bring you to the point," he said, rather testily. "Have you the ring about you?"

The fat shop-keeper was already struggling to get at his trouser pocket. It was a strange and fearful spectacle. He had to brace himself back in his chair as if he were striving to hold in a restive horse. His lips were tightly pursed and the veins in his forehead swelled in the most alarming manner. Just as we were expecting to see him go pop, out it came, suddenly, a square cardboard box of the usual size; and one could not help thinking how it must have dented him.

Henderson took the box in his hand, drew out a mass of cotton-wool, and extracted the ring. Then his face fell.

"There is some mistake here, Mr. Lidgett!" he said. "This is not the ring which we missed."

"A rewby ring!" said Mr. Lidgett, evidently quoting from memory. "Claw-setting! With an inscription."

"Yes, yes," returned the master testily. "That is all quite correct so far. Nevertheless this is quite a different ring. I have never seen this before. Why, it is not much more than half the size of the one I wrote to you about. I should think this had been worn by a child."

"Which the young gentleman as sold it to me took it off 'is own finger," commented the fat man. "Then you mean to say, sir, as how I 'ave 'ad all my trouble for nothing?"

"Oh, we will compensate you for your loss of time, if you require it!" Henderson answered airly. "I will speak to the Doctor about it."

The stout Mr. Lidgett slowly rose and prepared to leave, looking very hard into the hat which Carclough handed to him. Apparently he found an idea in the lining, for suddenly his bewildered expression changed, and he smiled an oily smile:

"I think you are puffickly right, sir," he remarked to Henderson, in a confidential low tone, as if there were a secret understanding between them. "The ring ain't worth more'n a pound or two, and what's that to make a row about, as I said before? 'Ush it up! that's what I says, 'Ush it up!"

Nor was it of any use for Cuckoo to assume a lofty air, and addressing him as "my good man" to assure him that he was absolutely wrong in his conclusions. The "good man" had thoroughly settled it in his own mind that Henderson, from motives of high policy, had refused to recognize the ring. The last we heard of him as the door closed behind them both, he was still comforting Henderson with the assurance that he was "puffickly right," and exhorting him, above all things, "to 'ush the matter up!"

As soon as we had taken leave of the crest-fallen Henderson and returned to the sweet seclusion of the captain's study, Carclough, who had been silent and thoughtful during the interview with Mr. Lidgett, planted himself before me with his elbows on the back of a chair, and unburdened his soul.

"Mordaunt!" he said, "I am going to chuck this detective business; it isn't decent!"

I said that I was just thinking so myself.

"I wish that old don from Manchester had been in—in his native city, before he came here with his beastly old rings, making mischief in the Gang and sending us all prowling about like weasels." The captain was quite red in the face. "Here have we been dogging young Froggy about the country as if he were a pickpocket, instead of one of the nicest youngsters that ever entered the school. And that ass, Henderson, is just as bad, with his rotten old clues. I only hope no one else has got scent of the business. If we have done any harm to Briant I shall never forgive myself."

"Oh! I don't think there is any fear of that!" I said. "I hope not. Anyhow, I have had enough of Sherlock Holmes for one while. I shall stick to Sandhurst now!"

"Well, there's a chance for the good old British army after all!"

The captain took no notice of my flippancy.

"I don't know," he said, slowly and reflectively, "whether a detective can be a gentleman. Perhaps he can. But—" he added more briskly, "I am jolly well sure a gentleman can't be a detective. It isn't possible."

"That's all very well," I said. "But who do you think took the thing then?"

"I verily believe the old don swallowed it," answered the captain with an air of conviction. "And my only regret is that it didn't choke him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH."

It was all very well for the captain to express a pious hope that no injurious reports against Briant had gone abroad in the school. Only a day or two were needed to convince us that the indignant Pickens was right, and that slanderous tongues had indeed been busy against his friend, though we were completely baffled in our endeavors to discover who the scandalmongers were. Of course our first thought was of Puffy Adams. Unfortunately when we proceeded to interview and question him we found that we had been forestalled by Pizarro, who had already taxed Puffy with being the originator of the rumors against Rene, and had only succeeded in putting him on his guard. Adams expressed a pained surprise at our having doubted his discretion, again referred to himself as a kind of human strongroom for his friends' secrets and promised his best assistance in contradicting the reports. This he did so elaborately, that in a week or so nearly all Briant's former companions were tacitly avoiding him, and the French boy, but for myself and Pickens, would have been left practically alone in the school. Alone that is, but for one most important exception. The small Parlor Boarder, Bobby Reynolds, otherwise known as the Tadpole, had taken Briant under his wing from the first, and now that René was ostracised by so many of the seniors, he seemed to value the youngster's friendship more than ever. Nor was that friendship one to be lightly esteemed. Everybody more or less, made a pet of Bobby, but he was fastidious in his choice of intimates and no amount of bribery could attach him to persons of whom he did not approve. Anstruther had been a great patron of his, but ceased to take much notice of him when he discovered that the loyal little fellow would not consent to desert the outlaw.

"I think their heads must be made of wood," declared Carclough to me one day when he had been vainly expostulating with some of the leaders of the Gang in regard to their treatment of Briant. "I have explained to them till I am hoarse, how the mistake arose about René; and I might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone. All that Ascott and Baines and the rest will say is that the whole thing is precious queer, and they'd rather not have anything to do with René till it is cleared up. As for Anstruther, he simply refuses to talk about it. Only now and then he throws out mysterious hints to the effect that he knows more about the matter than I do. And now they have made a party cry of it, and I can't say much to Anstruther till this rotten election is over."

"Of course not," I said, "but all the same I don't think Anstruther really believes that Briant is a thief. I think it is just his nasty prejudice."

"It is going to lose me the football captaincy, anyhow," remarked Carclough; "and goodness knows I shouldn't care a jot about that if the Gang were only united once more. But we are all at sixes and sevens."

It was true, as Carclough said, that the question of the hour was beginning to exercise an important effect on the football contest, and as the polling day drew nigh it became evident that the Reds would be in strong force, and that our utmost exertions would be needed to secure Carclough's re-election. Ever since the debate on "Alien Immigration" there had been an anti-foreign party in the school, composed of such as resented Briant's rapid success or the young American's airs of confident superiority. Hitherto, however, the faction had chiefly consisted of the "undesirables" of Crosscombe, but Anstruther's leadership, and his nomination as a candidate for the captaincy, had given it a certain respectability; and now, thanks to the unfortunate scandal of which we have been speaking, it was making numerous recruits among our own party.

The following Saturday would be decisive; for the Yeobridge match was the most important fixture on our card, and the votes of all waverers would be determined by the form shown by the two candidates who sought their suffrages. Everyone knows that the Yeobridge club is the best in all Westshire and generally supplies a good third of the county fifteen. For three years in succession they had beaten us; and this time there was a grim determination in our team to break this succession of disasters, or perish in the attempt.

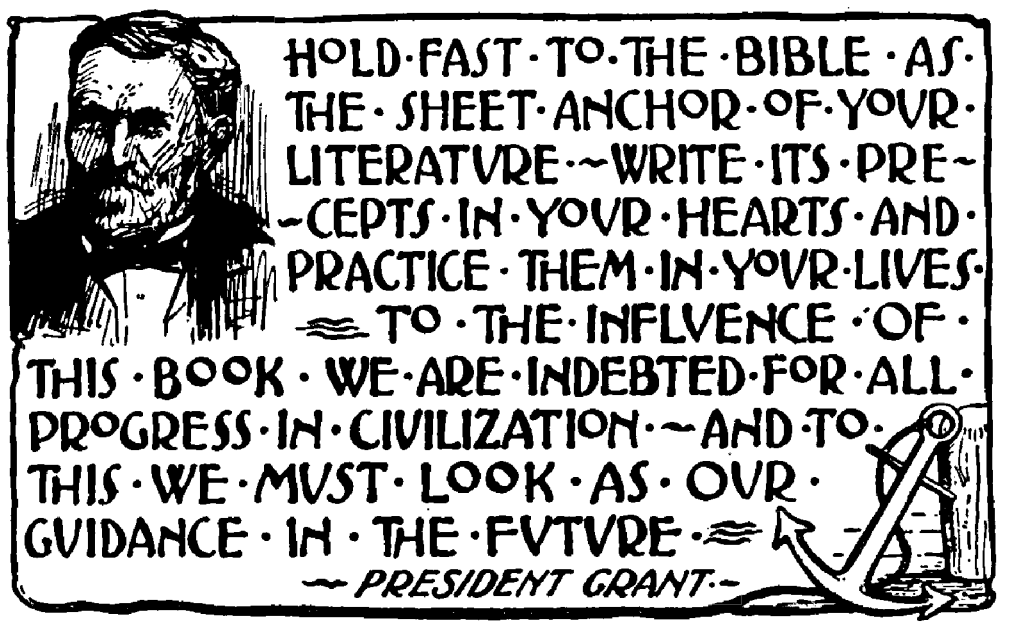
Crickhowell said that he would take any odds on the perishing; and enlarged on the inconvenience that would be caused to Doctor Hardress by having fifteen inquests at once. He was not himself a member of the team, being no athlete, and preferring the kindly shelter of the pavilion and the role of the Sardonic Critic. It is an easy and attractive part to play; and one can establish quite a reputation, without having to wade through three feet of mud for it, with your jersey half off your back and a lump as big as your fist over your left eye.

There was plenty of the former article, I mean mud, on that exciting Saturday afternoon, for we had had several days of a fine thick drizzle and, though it cleared up on the morning of the match, the ground was in a fearful state, and at every step you took it nearly sucked your laced boot off. The weather was so warm that it seemed ridiculous to be playing Rugger at all. Never had such a fine and genial autumn been known in our neighborhood, and there was a great deal to be said for Crikey's suggestion that ices should be handed round at half time instead of the usual lemons. It was a comforting reflection that our opponents were a heavy set of men and would probably be much more oppressed by the heat than ourselves.

The Yeobridge Fifteen arrived as usual in one large brake, and at the first glance we saw that we had our work cut out for us. Six county players were in the team, and though the rest of them were not up to that standard they were a most formidable side, and it was all against us that we had lost the toss and that our opponents would start the game with all advantages of sun and wind in their favor.

They were a beefy lot. They began to press from the very first; and for a long time all we could do, was to wheel the scrums that we had no chance of holding, and spread ourselves over the ball directly it got loose. That bothered them exceedingly, for they were by no means a clever team; but at last they succeeded in scoring a try, rolling us over the line by sheer weight and strength, our men hanging to them like wolves on bisons. Thanks to a strong

(*Continued on next page.*)



The Boyhood of a Great Novelist

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, who is today among the foremost novelists of the United States, when a boy "played Indian" in the Miami valley in Ohio. His home was for a time in a log cabin not far from Zenia, in that state, and it is related of him that he was fond of diving in the village dam, and hunting wild ducks on the river near there. His birthplace was at Martin's Ferry, Ohio,



America's Foremost Novelist

but the house in which he was born was long since torn down.

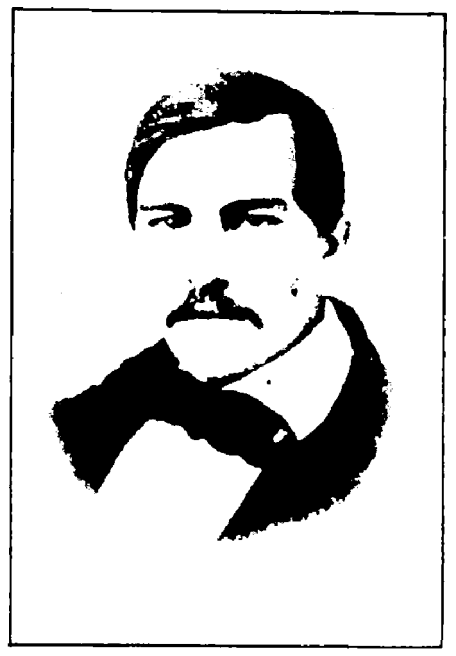
At the age of ten it is said that he decided to become a writer. The year before, he had written an essay which he entitled "Human Life," and this was published in his father's newspaper, the boy setting up the type himself.

Jefferson, Ohio, was the home of young Howells during an important part of his boyhood, his father at that time being publisher of the "Ashtabula Sentinel." In this office young Howells translated a story from the Spanish and put it into type without writing it out. While still in his teens he became a master of several languages and an omnivorous reader of books, particularly the writings of Longfellow and Lowell, with whom he soon became personally acquainted. Young Howells was a great lover of home and he seldom went far away from his father's house; it is said that when he did leave for any length of time he was usually very homesick. No companions interested him so much as did his father and his mother.

After working for several years in the old printing office at Jefferson, Howells became a reporter on the newspapers of Columbus and Cincinnati. At the age of twenty-four he was appointed United States Consul to Venice. This enabled him on his return to his native country to write an entertaining book entitled "Venetian Life."

When but a boy Howells found that he could write poetry, but he cared more to write prose. Many of his early manuscripts were rejected, his early discouragements being those usually accorded beginners in literature.

There is encouragement in the career of William Dean Howells for a boy who is compelled to leave school early, for he left school at the age of twelve. Yet it should be noted that he did not in leaving school leave off study or habits of industry. It is quite remarkable that a man who could boast of so few years schooling in his boyhood should have received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University, one of the most famous universities in the world. Perhaps no higher honor could fall to a writer than this.



William D. Howells at 21



Mr. Howells' Boyhood Home at Jefferson, Ohio

Chinese Boys and Their Ways

By Rev. G. A. Bunbury, M. A., Hong-Kong

CHINA—the land of topsy-turveydom, where people are always counted a year older than they really are, where books begin at the last page and end at the first, where you write your letters not in lines but in columns, and where the mariner's compass points to the south! But, in spite of all this, Chinese boys are much the same as American boys. Like them, they go to school and play games, and get into scrapes and out of them again.

It is just three years ago since my students, returning from their summer holidays to their work at St. Paul's College, Hong-Kong, brought back with them eight small boys, sons and younger brothers.

These boys were all sons of Christians, and if we had sent them home again would have been compelled to find an education in heathen schools. This was, of course, impossible, and so we decided to take them in, although our buildings were, and still are, somewhat small. The number has now increased from eight to twenty-four, and we could take in many more if we had room.

Our school day is as carefully timed as in your school. At 6:30 a. m. a bell rings, and all the boys get up from their beds. These beds are formed out of two planks laid upon trestles. How would you like a plank bed? Chinese boys seem to like no other. They roll up their quilts, made of rough cotton-wool, which serve them both for blanket and sheet, and then go out to wash. At seven o'clock there is ten minutes' silence for prayers. At 7:10 school begins.

Anyone near at hand always knows when school begins, for the boys all learn their repetition aloud, each seeming to try to shout down the others. Shouting during the learning of repetition is the rule throughout China, and in a village where there are two or more schools a father who wishes his son to learn sends him to the school where most noise is made! About a quarter to eight the Chinese master hears the repetition. Each boy in turn brings his book to the master, and then, turning his back to him, repeats it as fast as he can. A foreign master needs to be fairly expert in the language before he can hear repetition. The word used for "to repeat repetition" and "to turn one's back on a person" is the same.

At eight o'clock the bell rings again, and boys and students come down to the chapel for morning prayers. The service begins with a hymn, the same words and same tune as English boys sing. After prayers, at 8:30, a bell rings for breakfast. Breakfast consists of bowls of rice with little bits of fish or vegetable to help it down. No knives or forks are seen, only chop-sticks, with which all Chinese are highly expert. As "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," it is the correct thing to raise the bowl to the lips and then shovel the rice into the mouth. Most boys can get through two or three well-filled bowls of rice.

After breakfast, the boys have a free time, during which cues have to be plaited—an operation which takes a long time.

At 9:45 we have drill on three days in each week, and daily at ten o'clock study commences, lasting till one. All the work—Scripture, geography, arithmetic, or whatever it is—is taught in Chinese, as well as the native classics. At one o'clock there is an hour's interval before afternoon school. All the boys now have a light meal of rice-broth, eaten with China spoons from small round bowls. About this time the tuck-shop arrives. The tuck-shop consists of two small light wooden tables, from the corners of which rise two arching pieces of bamboo. These are so arranged that the owner can hang a table on either end of his bamboo pole, and carry away the whole on his shoulder.

What does the tuck-shop man sell? Peanuts, sugar cane cut into lengths quite convenient for you to suck, ginger, white or pink, besides olives and several other kinds of fruit unknown elsewhere. Each table is divided into little partitions, and on these the goods are set forth. They are very cheap, for most Chinese are poor. The coin most in use is the cash—a round coin with a square hole in the center, of which about thirty-six go to one cent. Think how much "grub," then, a penny would buy! Probably, however, you would, if a Chinese boy, be considered quite rich if you got five cents pocket money per week.

At two o'clock the bell rings. School continues, with a break of fifteen minutes, till four. At 4:15 the boys have "tea." This is not a good name for the meal, since usually no tea is drunk then. They drink tea whenever they are thirsty in this very hot climate, and they are nearly always thirsty; so a big teapot always stands in the classroom, and when master or boy is thirsty he helps himself. The cook fills up the teapot

(*Continued on page 116.*)

A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

cross wind, the kick at goal was an utter failure; and when the ball was restarted our fellows were so fierce and so quick that they rushed it right across the ground, Baines scoring just off one corner before the slow countrymen had realized what was happening.

The cheering was tremendous from our supporters; for indeed nearly everybody had expected that our opponents would have a walkover, over our bodies. Of course the affair was far from being decided as yet, but we observed with satisfaction that the other side seemed already somewhat blown with their exertions; whilst our men were as fresh as paint.

To our surprise, as soon as the game was resumed, Carclough took another man out of the scrum.

"What's the sense of doing that?" muttered Ascott discontentedly, to his nearest neighbor. "As if we were not weak enough already, forward. Now, those brawny beggars will simply carry us around the field. Silly, I call it."

"You duffer, put away your flute, and play the game!" said Baines, scornfully. "Carclough knows what he is about. We could not carry the scrums in any case. And I never saw a slower set of three-quarters than theirs. You see if we are not all round them presently."

The event justified Mainwaring's confidence in the cap'en's judgment. Keeping the scrimmages as loose as possible and wheeling them whenever it was practicable, the school's forwards contrived to give continual openings to our admirable backs, of which the latter were not slow to take advantage. More especially were Anstruther and the captain conspicuous; the one for his Odyssean wiliness, and the marvelous faculty he showed for being always on the spot at a critical moment, the other an Achilles like strength and ferocity, which indeed, sometimes did more harm than good, since it impelled him to charge impetuously where Carclough would have dodged craftily. Nay, on one occasion he ran half the length of the ground, almost at top-speed, apparently oblivious of the fact that a burly Westshire man was clinging to him like a leech; and he was only brought to earth at last by the efforts of a regular syndicate of foes. Big as our opponents were, Anstruther was manifestly by far the strongest man on the field, and when presently his hard-tried jersey opened in a great gaping rent, it showed a pair of shoulders that would have done honor to a navvy.

But time was passing and as yet Crosscombe had not succeeded in gaining a winning advantage, while the weight of our foes steadily forced us nearer and nearer to our own goal. Twice in the last half hour they nearly scored, and each time it was our wary captain that brought the man down just on the line. In fact Carclough seemed to be everywhere at once, and thanks to him the score was still a tie, when the referee began to fumble with his watch, and the word went round that it wanted only five minutes to the call of time.

They packed the next scrimmage close up to our goal; in fact the feet of our forwards were almost on the line. I suppose their certainty of success made them careless, for presently when our over-weighted men gave way, and the ball rolled out on their side, the Westshire half-back who picked it up, made the wildest possible attempt at a pass, which was intercepted by Ascott, who handed it to Anstruther. Two of their three quarter-backs immediately threw themselves upon the latter; but with a mighty effort he wrenched himself free, and sent them spinning. There was no one now between him and the Westshire goal save their full-back, and the poor man had been chiefly occupied in trying to keep himself warm by flapping his arms like an idle cabman. The shouts of his friends roused him just in time to see Anstruther bearing down upon him at topspeed, with the whole field in hot but hopeless pursuit.

The back did his best, but he was manifestly uncertain whether our man meant to dodge or to charge him; while Anstruther, who was in no two minds about it, came on like a thunderbolt. There was a momentary collision, from which Anstruther rallied with scarcely a stagger, leaving a very sick Westshire man on the turf behind him, and racing on, grounded the ball just under the center of the posts, amid a perfect tornado of frantic applause.

Ascott placed for Carclough and the captain kicked the winning goal just a few seconds before the whistle sounded. There was so much noise then that few at first noticed that a little group of us had formed round Anstruther, and not merely to congratulate him. The hero of the match had not emerged scatheless from his encounter with the two half-backs and was nursing a badly wrenched arm. Villiers Brown has had an ambulance course, and thinks himself no end of a medicine man, on the strength of it. He came striding up to the group in his old toga of an ulster, still brandishing the little flag with which he had been acting as one of the touch judges. Small jobs of that kind please masters, and keep them employed and out of mischief in cases when you can't put them in the team.

The fellows were crowding Anstruther pretty closely, and asking him continually how he felt, though he answered them only with inarticulate growls.

"Now then, boys, stand back, stand back, and give him air," said Brown, spreading his arms right and left, as though he were trying to swim. The crowd scattered a little. "Where is his hurt, Carclough?" he continued.

"Bad sprain of the left wrist, I fancy, sir," replied the cap'en. "Run and fetch a glass of water," said he to the nearest junior. He had already slit the sleeve of Anstruther's jersey all the way up. To be sure, that was not difficult, considering its condition.

Brown crammed his great fur gloves into one of the overcoat pockets, while the little flag stuck stiffly out of the other, like a banderilla fixed in the flank of a bull. Then, assuming that swell pince-nez of his, he bent to examine the limb. Pure swagger! He no more needs it, bless you, than a toad wants a side-pocket.

"I hope there may be nothing broken," he said at last, looking as wise as all Harley street. Then he thought it best to hedge. "But I think we ought to have Doctor Geoghegan's opinion at once. Send some one directly, Carclough, anybody you can trust!"

All this time Anstruther had been frowning and biting his lips as if he were in great pain; but now he jerked his head up suddenly, and protested.

"It's nothing, sir, really," he said. "Give me a basin of hot water, and no doctors, and I shall be all right tomorrow. There's really no occasion for fuss. I hate fuss!"

This was all that was wanted to make Villiers Brown resolute. He is like iron when he knows he is trampling on your feelings. Then he thinks he must be treading the path of duty.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said. "This is perfectly childish in you, Anstruther. Of course you must go to the infirmary at once. Mrs. Mole will attend to you; and the surgeon must see your arm as soon as he arrives."

Fanshawe chose this moment to deliver his opinion. He had been standing by, listening in his solemn way to what passed; and now remarked lugubriously:

"I say, Anstruther, your arm does look bad, you know. I saw a fellow's wrist swollen up like yours, you know, only not quite so bad perhaps; and he was in bed for months and months, and never got the full use of it again."

"Get out, you old Raven," said Carclough, goodhumoredly thrusting aside Micaiah, as Fanshawe was called, on account of his continual prophecies of disaster. "Don't mind him, Anstruther, old man, but trot along with me to the infirmary, and Geoghegan will put you as right as rain, before old Micaiah has got his mourning made!" He passed his arm through his friend's sound one, and the two went off together as amicably as if there never had been such a thing as an election in the school. So true it is that great minds can rise above party spirit, and the petty animosities which divide their ignorant followers.

A salvo of cheers, in which the defeated Westshire men took their full part, greeted our two paladins as they passed the pavilion, and as I, as the captain's deputy, escorted our opponents to their brake; they were loud in their praise of the Crosscombe fifteen, and especially of the great three-quarter back who had been the most prominent figure of the match.

In such an excited condition of public feeling it may well be imagined what a tremendous sensation was produced by the news of Anstruther's mishap, which, as presently appeared from the doctor's report, was serious and for the present, crippling. There was an immediate revulsion in favor of the candidate who had suffered thus severely in the cause of the school. The wily Mainwaring, who called himself Anstruther's Election Agent, did not fail to take advantage of the sympathy felt for his client. An entirely fresh series of handbills came out at once, and stirred the glow of enthusiasm into a flame. Some of these, headed "The Wounded Hero: Anstruther Bleeds for Crosscombe," gave a highly-colored description of the accident, and concluded by putting into the mouth of the sufferer the most beautiful and magnanimous sentiments, supposed to have been uttered by him while still writhing on the battlefield. Another series, bitterly satirical at the enemy's expense, recommended voters, in letters a foot high to "Plump for Carclough, the safe man. Our club needs a Captain who will not Rashly Expose Himself." These latter, however, were torn down later in the day in obedience to a peremptory order from the Red candidate himself, who waxed highly indignant when he heard of the unjust libel on his opponent. Not to be baffled Mainwaring proceeded to issue handbills containing an account of his chief's generosity in this instance and on a new wave of poular feeling Anstruther was carried to victory. The election took place as usual in the gymnasium, and was conducted with great secrecy and decorum, only ten agents on each side being allowed to be present in the polling-booth, to check the votes of their promised supporters and to smack the heads of defaulters. The result of the poll was declared at tea, Anstruther being elected captain by the handsome majority of twenty-nine.

(*To be continued.*)

The Great American Boy Army.

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



New Companies Organized

BLUESTONE CO., No. 12, Division of West Virginia, Bramwell, W. Va. THE WOLVERINES CO., No. 76, Division of Michigan, Coleman, Mich. REPUBLICAN VALLEY CO., No. 22, Division of Nebraska, Republican City, Neb. MAGNOLIA CO., No. 8, Division of Arkansas, Magnolia, Ark. QUANAH PARKER CO., No. 35, Division of Texas, Quanah, Tex. AMERICAN FLAG CO., No. 34, Division of California, Sacramento, Cal.

Company News

HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Ia., reports having had a prosperous and profitable summer. It has gained six new members and lost three, which makes the total company strength twenty. It has held two field meets, and played a number of good baseball games. The members are enthusiastic over the football team. During this winter the members will organize an orchestra of twelve pieces, also hold meetings for debates, and play hockey. The company has $12.00 in the treasury, and is provided with all baseball and football goods, etc. This company seems to be doing things and we wish it every success. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., intends doing things in style. The members have adopted colors, red, white and blue in the form of a rosette with O. A. B. badges in center. We think they will look fine. This company is going to do its business in a business way and we are sure it will be successful. The rules in the O. A. B. pamphlet are simply suggestions, and each captain may use whatever words he chooses in addressing members in meeting. The company name was chosen because of the grand old mountains, such as Grand Mesa, San Juan and others which tower on every side of Delta. We are promised a picture soon. ARCHIE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 41, California, Pa., is getting along all right. It is going to start a gymnasium and has gathered together boxing gloves and other things necessary. When the captain wrote us the members were preparing to enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner together. ANTHONY SUNFLOWER COMPANY, No. 32, Anthony, Kansas, recently elected the following officers to serve during the ensuing six months: Herbert Whitney, Capt.; Forest Butler, V. C.; Ross Cary, Sec'y; Ray E. Smythe, Treas. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its thirty-eighth report, from which we note that during November it held four successful meetings and had an outing to Ellis Island, where the emigrants land from the ocean steamers. This company proposes to organize the Decatur Association and intends to give a great entertainment to inaugurate the movement. Its club house has an assembly room seating two hundred, and expects to fill it at its entertainment. Handsome prizes have been awarded the winners in the checker tournament which was held during October and November. THE TOM SAWYER COMPANY, No. 20, St. Louis, Mo., has now got a club room with a stove, eight chairs, two tables, a book-case and a file of AMERICAN BOYS, Youth's Companions and other magazines, with a map of the United States and one of St. Louis, also an American flag and O. A. B. pennant. It has had its charter framed. BUSTER BROWN COMPANY, No. 35, Richmond, Ind., is working to get together a gym. outfit. It has punching bag, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, etc. The following officers were recently elected: Raymond Weisbrod, Capt. and Treas.; Blare Converse, Sec'y. We are promised a picture soon. SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., has now twenty-six members, over $17.00 in the treasury, a library of 25 books and over 100 magazines. This is a company of which it would be well for other companies to take note. GEORGE A. CUSTER COMPANY, No. 68, Detroit, Mich., sends us Christmas and New Year greetings, and reports that it is getting along nicely. Officers were recently elected as follows: James Penhale, Capt.; John Rogers, V. C., and Treas. There is $2.25 in the treasury, and the members have an Over and Under team which has played so far 7 games, winning 5, losing 1 and tieing 1. This company is experiencing just the difficulty that other companies write about, viz., the inconvenience of meeting at the members' homes. We should think that if parents who have a spare room or barn were properly approached they would allow the company the use of such a place, as they would then know where the boys were in the evenings. ROBERT DALE OWEN COMPANY, No. 4, Stewartsville, Ind., sends a brief but satisfactory report. It has 26 members in good standing, 100 books in the library, and $60.00 in bank. Its officers are: Jacob W. Schettler, Capt.; Larkin Stallings, V. C.; Eugene Kincheloe, Sec'y.; William J. Gardner, Treas.; Burnell Welborn, Lib'n.; Louis Demberger, Historian, and Carl Schettler, Cor. Sec'y. JAMES LICK ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 30, Campbell, Cal., held its second semi-annual election of officers recently and the following was the result: Wilbur Doxsee, Capt.; Herbert Scholz, Sec'y. and Treas., and Paul Clark, Athletic Captain. The secretary writes: "We are playing a series of five games of baseball," and in December, when we in the north and east are skating, and shivering in the icy winds. We are promised a picture of the members in the near future. CLINTON ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 37, Frankfort, Ind., has 16 members, and its officers are: George Young, Capt.; Hugh Skidmore, V. C.; Paul Roush, S. A.; Kenneth Monroe, Sec'y.-Treas., and Walter Fowler, Lib'n. The members are interested this winter in their ice teams, and also in literary programs at their meetings. Meetings are meantime held every two weeks. WORTH BAGLEY COMPANY, No. 1, Concord, N. C., is progressing nicely, and has fixed up its gym. with rings, punching bag and horizontal bar. The following are its officers: Merlin Shank, Capt.; Linwood Fink, V. C. and Lib'n.; Alfred Brewer, Sec'y.; John Boger, Treas. The members intended to hold a stag party at Christmas and we hope to receive a report of it. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., sends us hearty Christmas and New Year greetings. We are glad to be remembered in this way and we certainly wish the members of this company and the able company counsel all good things during 1906. PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., writes asking if a boy can be a member of a company who is taking only a trial subscription of The American Boy. No. All members of companies must be yearly subscribers. TAR HEEL COMPANY, No. 4, Lexington, N. C., has now 13 members, 17 books and $2.35 in the treasury. Mr. C. A. Little is now company counsel, vice Miss Burkhead resigned. From a clipping from a local newspaper we note that the members held a spirited debate lately on the question: Resolved, That the city boy in the country is greener than the country boy in the city, and the affirmative won. GENERAL LAFAYETTE COMPANY, No. 3, Washington, D. C., entered upon the third year of its existence in December last, and in the words of the report is "just as frisky as its monkey mascot at the National Zoological Park, born on the same day as the company." Its officers are: W. Thompson, Capt.; R. T. Holden, V. C.; G. W. Hodgkins, Sec'y.; H. W. Hodgkins, Treas. Meetings are held every second Friday evening at the homes of its members. The meetings consist of reports, unfinished business, new bills, miscellaneous business, and a special program consisting of debates, readings, games, then refreshments. This company is becoming more of a social club now than a parliamentary one. New members are conducted through a comic initiation which is enjoyed by all. This company will be glad to correspond with other companies with a view to exchanging ideas on the new member question, the conduct of meetings and other points of interest. COLONEL MORGAN COMPANY, No. 14, Fort Morgan, Colo., has elected the following officers: Milton S. Kimball, Capt.; John J. Barkley, V. C.; Fred O. Scott, Sec'y.; Abner S. Baker, Treas.; Earl Ross, S. A. It is trying to get a club room and intends getting a picture taken. There are 13 members in the company with a strong prospect of more as interest in the order has greatly revived. The company has $17.00 worth of athletic goods. The captain in his report says: "Give us Colorado boys a chance to tell why we are proud of our state, she beats 'em all." We hope to do so. J. FRANK HANLEY COMPANY, No. 27, Westfield, Ind., held its Thanksgiving entertainment in the Methodist church, and was pronounced a great success. Our suggested Thanksgiving program was almost entirely used. The secretary writes that the entertainment has gained for the company the high opinion of the public, and has given the curious an idea of what the company is doing. We are greatly pleased at this company's successful work. MOVILLE HAWK-EYE COMPANY, No. 59, Moville, Ia., will at its next meeting debate the question as to whether wood is more useful than coal. This company also desires to correspond with other companies as to debates and subjects for programs.

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.

SPECIAL PRIZE AWARDS

Every Company should strive to win the Special Prizes of books, O. A. B. pennants, and pictures, awarded each three months to the companies having the greatest increase in membership. These prizes are in addition to the handsome premiums regularly given for new subscribers.



SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, O. A. B., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Captain Frank Smith Sits Holding the Charter, and is Flanked Left and Right by the Vice-Captain and Secretary-Treasurer

SOME INTELLIGENT HORSES

By W. FRANK McCLURE



Shadeland Vargo, Who, Contrary to the General Rule, Will Perform Only When Paid for it in Advance

EVERY BOY who owns or has the care of a horse should keep in mind that no other animal, unless it be a dog, possesses a greater degree of intelligence or is more susceptible to proper training. In actions, manner and disposition a horse shows out very many of the characteristics of the human being, and doubtless thousands of little demonstrations of equine knowingness that should appeal to us, go by unnoticed in the busy whirl of affairs.

I am going to tell you about a few intelligent horses I have known, with a view to stimulating your interest in the horse in particular and dumb animals in general. In my home town of Ashtabula, Ohio, there is an extremely smart and useful horse named Dixie. Everyone who has lived long in Ashtabula knows Dixie and he has attained to some newspaper notoriety as well. He is an errand horse belonging to a liveryman. Up and down the streets Dixie runs without a rider. You would surely think he was a runaway steed if you didn't know him. Strangers in town have often taken him for such, and not a few heroic attempts at stopping him have been made.

When not on an errand Dixie is always at the barn where he has an open stall and the barn door stands wide open at all times. After breakfast each morning Dixie starts from the livery stable to the residence of his owner, some distance away and, arriving there, waits for him to come out and get into the saddle. Later, perhaps, a man comes to the barn in a great hurry to catch a train. Dixie, who stands bridled and saddled, is always ready for such emergencies. The traveler is soon on his back and going with all speed to the train. As soon as Dixie sees that his passenger has safely caught his train the faithful animal returns on a trot up the long street from the depot, then over a residence thoroughfare, and then through the main business section, back to his stall. Nothing delays him for an instant, not even an automobile. For a great many kinds of errands he is much more serviceable than an errand boy would be. His strict attention to business and his promptness present a lesson that may well be learned by many an errand boy.

Not far from Mantua, in New Jersey, on the farm of A. C. Wilson, lives a faithful horse named Ben. For nearly seven years Ben has pumped all the water used on the farm. Without any direction from his owner he goes direct to the task every morning, operating the pump by means of a tread-mill built for his use. The most remarkable thing about his performance is that he seems to be able to tell time to a certain extent. While his duties at the farm pumps are a daily occurrence, the tank at the house is filled but twice a week. It is said that he can always be depended on to go to the house pumps at just the right time of week of his own accord. This is not unlike the case of the little dog owned by E. A. Webb, a photographer in Ashtabula. On Sunday mornings Mr. Webb allows the dog to go with him to the gallery, but never during the week. The dog watches him leave the house each week day morning and never offers to follow, but on Sunday morning he is always ready and makes a great fuss if he is left at home. Mr. Webb wears a different suit of clothes on Sunday and does not go down town till much later than usual. It is probable that this assists the dog in distinguishing between days.

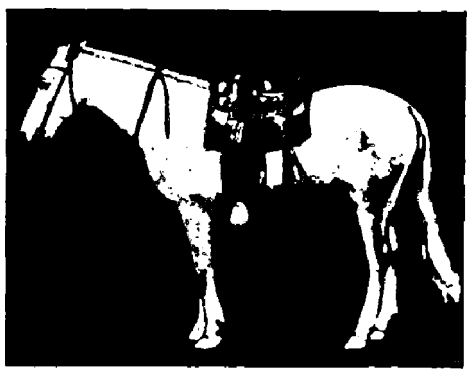
Dandy, a well-known Cleveland ambulance horse, possesses powers that are quite remarkable. Like a well-trained horse of a fire department, Dandy is always ready to start when the ambulance calls come in and loses no time in getting under his collar. There are calls corresponding to different parts of the city and it is claimed by those who have the care of Dandy that he distinguishes between these calls, that is that he knows from which direction they come and starts from the barn always in the right direction. He has been in the service so long that he has become used to every route the ambulance can possibly take in the various directions.



Dandy

Equine intelligence is, of course, also demonstrated in the ability of a horse to perform in accordance with the directions of his owner. Mizpah is the name of a horse owned by L. F. Sunlin, of Grand Rapids, Mich. This horse has been trained to perform as follows: He will pick up a handkerchief and hand it to his rider. He will kneel instantly at command. One of the photographs shows him kneeling. He will also march, waltz, two-step, or perform a cake-walk and do other interesting things.

Thomas C. Rogers, of Bellevue, Ohio, has a four-year-old colt which will take



Dixie, the Notable Errand Horse of Ashtabula, Ohio

off his own blanket without assistance. He will also take off his master's coat. When a handkerchief is tied to his hind foot he will untie it and remove it with perfect ease. This horse is credited with being able to tell his own name in print, that is, of course, when it is in large letters. With a big clock within his reach, he will, when asked the dinner hour, turn the hands to 12.

Mr. Nie Job, of Dorranceton, Pa., has a Shetland pony who is very original in his ways. He will perform beautifully, but he always wants his pay in advance. Usually horses or dogs will perform best if fed delicacies after each act, but the reverse is true of the Dorranceton pony. This pony's name is Shadeland Vargo. He dearly likes sugar, apples and peanuts, and when given any of these will repay his owner by standing on a barrel and going through the motions of making a stump speech, by ringing a bell with his teeth, or he will jump through a wire hoop three feet in diameter. He will also stand on his hind feet and take down a flag from some high point. This pony weighs but 250 pounds. Shetlands are usually very susceptible to training and when brought up with children become almost like one of them. When allowed to do so they will come into the house, go from room to room, play hide and seek and eat pie and cake.



Mizpah, Kneeling

A Texas Boy, on Traps and Trapping

J. C. Burkhalter, of Mountcalm, Texas, writes a chatty letter on the subject of traps and trapping. "Very few boys," says he, "know the pleasure and profit there is in trapping for furs. Any boy who likes out-of-door life will enjoy trapping. The winter is the proper season, for it is then that the fur-bearing animals are beginning to put on their winter furs. One can get in this locality from $1.00 to $1.50 for a raccoon, from $1.50 to $2.00 for a mink, and from $1.00 to $1.80 for a skunk. You should wear buckskin gloves in setting traps, as the sense of smell with all animals is very keen, and they are suspicious of the slightest human odor. A scalping knife is a necessary thing to have in starting to skin the animal. When once the skin is started it is easily pulled off by the hand.

For trapping coons I would use a No. 2 or No. 3 trap. Set it at the edge of the water, about one and a half inches below the surface, staking the chain securely. Drive a small post down by the trap and let it stand about two feet out of the water. Place on the top of it a piece either of fish, frog, bird or rabbit. When the coon sees the bait he will jump for it, and when he comes down, he will invariably get his paws into the trap. Raccoons may also be caught in the corn and cane fields. Place the trap where the animal has made a path, taking care to have the trap covered with leaves, moss or rotten wood, and make everything about it look as natural as possible. Mink frequent the banks of streams, ponds and lakes. Bird, rabbit, fish or frogs make good bait. When mink traps are set in the water they should be put in shallow places, where the depth is but a few inches, the bait should be placed on a small post, two and a half feet above the trap, so that the mink is compelled to stand on his hind legs or jump in order to get at it. You may put traps along the banks of the stream, about two feet from the water's edge, and make a trail between the traps by dragging along the ground a piece of meat. The mink crossing this line will turn and follow one way or the other till it comes to a trap. Skunk are not cunning, and are easily caught in almost any kind of a trap when bait is used. A little piece of the meat of a chicken placed on the pan of a steel-trap is effective.

Inspirations to Greatness

"One thing at a time, and that done well," was the guiding principle of Gladstone's life.

"What has been done can be done again," Lord Beaconsfield believed and practiced.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," inspired Emerson as, in turn, it has inspired and encouraged many others.

"Be just and fear not," is the life motto of several great and successful men.

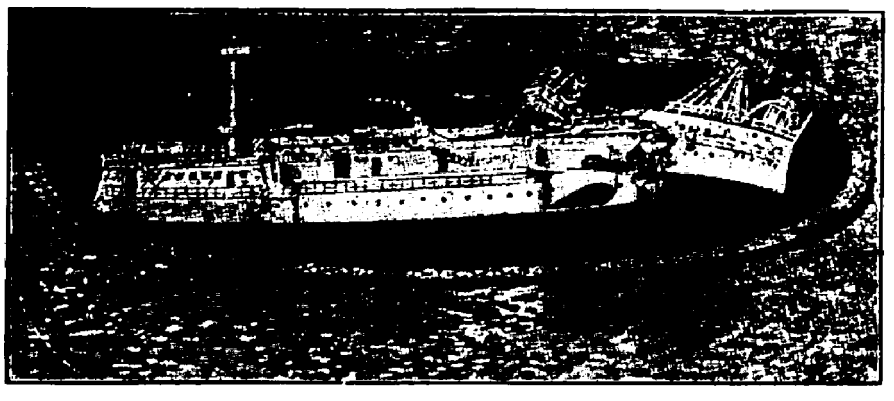
"Be cautious but bold," the great Rothschild claimed as his chosen business maxim.

"Doing good to others," George W. Childs believed in as not only the supreme mode of pleasure bringing, but also the best builder of success possible to humanity.

"It takes infinite patience and courage to compel men to have confidence in you," said John D. Rockefeller. "I believe I have both these qualities, and I also believe that they are the secrets of my success."

"Never use what is not your own; never buy what you cannot pay for; never sell what you haven't got." This, a business motto of Commodore Vanderbilt, undoubtedly helped him far successward.

To "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago once attributed much of his large and helpful influence in the medical world.



Plan Proposed for Raising the Maine

An effort is again being made to organize a company to raise the Maine, which is an obstruction to navigation in the harbor of Havana. It is now more than seven years since the wreck occurred, and during this time the hull with its heavy load has been constantly sinking in the soft, muddy bottom of the bay. The only possible way to raise the vessel would be to inclose it in a cofferdam, and pump the water out. Whether it could then be patched and floated would depend upon how badly the hull is shattered.

The proposed dam would be about 400 feet in diameter and 100 feet deep. The prospect of recovery grows less each year, as the machinery, guns and other valuable salvage is being rapidly corroded in the warm salt water. The authorities claim that the wreck is a menace to navigation.—Popular Mechanics.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Motto

Every one knows the splendid motto of Robert Louis Stevenson, beginning "To be honest, to be kind, to be cheerful, to earn a little, and spend a little less," that has been so widely potent for the uplifting and encouraging of his fellows. Every one knows, too, how successful and beloved it made him, despite ill health, poverty, any number of trials and setbacks.

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FORGETFUL THOMAS.

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON.



"YOU'RE BIG enough, both of you boys, to do your ma's errands right," said Mr. Binns severely, addressing two youthful customers who had forgotten one of the three light errands entrusted to them by their busy mother.

"I think 'twas bakin' powders ma wanted," said the younger of the boys hopefully, "'cause she always bakes a lot on Saturdays."

"She scrubs, too," the other boy put in as an afterthought, "an' I think she wants washin' powders. Give us a little o' both 'cause we ain't got time to wait. Jerry Brown's goin' to leave us ride around by the mill pond with him. Hurry, please."

Mr. Binns complied reluctantly.

"When I was a boy," began Mr. Binns, watching the hasty retreat of the two boys toward a lumbering farm wagon that rolled slowly down the cool green road toward the delectable mill pond, "I had the same trouble as them youngsters—always forgettin' everything but my



"'Cordin' to My Deserts"

meals. Send me to the store an' I'd be sure to forget what I went for. I studied 'cause I had to, but never failed to forgit my lessons by school time. Couldn't help it, I always said. I'd forgit to water the cows an' change the tethered calves if father didn't keep remindin' me, which was as much trouble as doin' the chores himself, if not more. Mother talked an' reasoned with me on the quiet an' it done about as much good as pourin' water on a duck's back, for I'd promise an' forgit, reg'lar as clock work. She told father something ailed my brains an' kept stavin' off his intentions to cure me in his own way, which was strictly 'cordin' to scripture, for father believed in a judicious use of the rod, while he was by nature a peace-lovin' man. Mother wasn't in good health an' every time he walloped me 'cordin' to my deserts she'd break down an' cry herself sick, wherefore father was sorter handicapped in bringin' up a boy of my stripe, for it went again his grain to do anything that hurt mother's feelin's.

"Jest 'fore my eleventh birthday my Aunt Sarah, that lived out in Ohio, wrote an' begged ma to go out an' stay a few weeks while she was gittin' over a spell of fever an' mother went right straight. The last thing she said to father was for him not to forgit about my birthday, to which father answered that he'd see how things turned out by then. I kinder suspicioned something might happen while mother was gone, an' I made up my mind to walk purty straight; but nothin' turned up of any account up to the mornin' of my birthday when I woke early an' got down stairs 'fore father'd finished stirrin' up the batter cakes for breakfast. "Wash an' let's have breakfast right off," said he, "cause I've concluded to take you down to the city today."

"Under ordinary circumstances that would a been birthday treat enough for me. We ginerally went to town twict a year, the hull three of us, an' though father was savin' by nature he never scrimped at them times. No, siree! There was ice cream, sody water, car rides an' any show that happened to ketch his notice. I hurried that mornin,' I tell you! About half-way through breakfast father looked over at me an' said, kinder thoughtful, "Thomas, seein' that something has got to be done about your forgetfulness I've concluded to take you to a good doctor an' have your brain examined. If he says there is anything wrong I'll git him to doctor you, an' if he says there ain't—' father drunk up his coffee 'fore he finished. 'If he says there ain't then we'll tend to the matter ourselves, Thomas," says he real significant.

"All the way to town I kept thinkin' about that doctor an' dreadin' the ordeal wonderful, for I was a little coward about everything that hurt, an' I'd almost as soon a took a whippin' as a dose of medicine of any kind, but I knowed from father's determined looks that there was no use tryin' to beg off, an' I knowed, too, that I'd have to take whatever the doctor said, spechully while mother was gone. Father lowed we'd better go straight to the doctor's an' have it over with 'fore we done anything else, so we went, an' had to wait a long while 'fore our turn came to be let in to the doctor's office. Pa went straight to the point. 'I want you to find out what ails this boy of mine,' says he, laying his big, firm hand on my shoulder in a business-like way. 'He can't rec'lect anything above an hour an' hardly that. His mother thinks it's some kind of brain trouble.'

"'Brain trouble, eh?' says the doctor with a bit of a grin. 'He's a purty healthy lookin' boy for that sort of thing, but you never can tell. Sit down, boy, an' I'll see what can be done for you.'

"The doctor then asked father all sorts of questions while he made dents in my head with his fingers, an' I kept lookin' at all the queer instruments that littered the room, wonderin' what they was for. After a while he smoothed down my hair an' stepped toward a half-open door, motionin' father to follow him. 'If you'll come in here,' said he, 'I'll have a little talk with you about this matter.' Well, I didn't mean to listen but all of a sudden I heard something that went all over me like hot knives, leavin' me so sick an' scared and dumb that I couldn't a moved or spoke just then if the world had come to an end. It was the doctor that sounded the crack o' doom. He told father that my brain was full of air-holes that would have to be plugged up, 'cause it leaked just like an old tin-pan.

"'Will it hurt him much?' father asked, real concerned like.

"'It will that!' answered the doctor, 'jest like hammerin' red-hot nails in his skull, but it won't kill him—I'll answer for that. There's jest one little chance of not havin' to perform the operation an' that lies in givin' him a big dose of electricity. Sometimes them air-holes closes up after a rattling good electric treatment, but his case is so uncommon bad that I don't much believe anything but the plugging will do the work. However, you'd better let me give him a treatment now an' see if it does any good. If he ain't no better in two weeks bring him back an' I'll operate on his brain for he won't never be any good to himself or you neither in his present condition. Feed him up well in the meantime so's to have him in fine condition by the time you fetch him back cause that pluggin' business will wear him to the bone.'

"I never could rec'lect anything the doctor said to me after that, but seems that he got me into a big, high-backed chair with sort of an umbrella top an' glass wheels all around it, an' 'fore I got a real deep breath he'd showered me all over with invisible needles that made the air turn all colors. Not under any other circumstances could he or father have induced me to take that or any other kind of treatment that I didn't fully understand, but you can be sure I didn't kick agin that dose. No, siree, I was glad to take that or anything else that held out the least hopes of stavin' off that fearful pluggin' business. It took hours, almost days, it seemed to me, to git through in that doctor's office, an' I was more'n surprised when father took out his old silver watch at the street door and said we'd have plenty of time to take in some sort of a show before dinner. So we went to the museum, but all pleasures had lost their flavor through dread of that awful operation which followed me every minute of the day till I tumbled into my own bed, so dead tired that sleep came to my relief on the instant.

"Two weeks seems a very short time to work a big cure, don't it? Two days did the work for me. Peared like everything father told me to do stuck in my memory like cockle burrs after that day in town. It warn't no trouble at all to remember about the cows an' the tethered calves, an' my lessons got learned so well that I could say 'em right off without any help. On the third mornin' father took notice of my improvement. 'Thomas,' says he, 'I do believe that electric treatment helped you some. If you keep on improvin' like this there won't have to be no operation, I guess. It's amazin' what a little electricity will do, ain't it? I hope you'll keep right on mendin' so's I can write the doctor a good report.'

"I mended all right. By the end of them two weeks my memory was as sharp as tacks. I could even rec'lect things 'fore they happened, that is to say, father didn't have to mention what he expected me to do 'fore I done it. Father was real pleased. He spent a good hour writin' to the doctor an' put five dollars in the letter to pay for the treatment that cured me. I went with him to mail that letter—cured to stay, you'd better believe!

"For some reason or other father didn't lemme know when mother was comin' home but I went to the station to meet her alone. I seen 'em when they was comin' though, an' run to meet the buggy an' when I'd climbed in mother she jest grabbed me around the neck an' hugged me tight without a word till I eased away an' snuggled down twixt her'n father. Then she got hold of my hand and laughed good an' hearty. 'Oh, Tommy boy, what a narrer escape you had,' said she.

"An' that's jest what I thought till I was mighty near grown an' my memory was so good that there wan't any danger of a relapse, then ma let the cat out of the bag."



"All of a Sudden I Heard Something"

The "Sneak-Cat"

By Hopkins J. Moorhouse
In Outdoor Canada

NOT A SINGLE trapper along the whole river or up the bay liked him, and when it leaked out at the Post that he could see a dollar a mile away and would walk backwards or tumble over everything to reach it, the men frowned. He was a surly little black-whiskered man, and lived in a lonely shack far up the French River—this Lomass.

When Andy Ferrier found the door of his shed broken open one morning not long before Christmas, and some brand new otter-traps, a good cant-hook, a new axe, and a quantity of ammunition missing, he lost his temper and wasted the best part of a day following a difficult trail through the tamarack swamp. It only led to Lomass' shack and he might have known that the woods thereabouts contained but one "sneak-cat" on two legs. There are generally reasons for things and in this particular instance there was one big reason which Andy Ferrier and his brother, Fletch, knew about.

The ice had been so smooth and windswept all winter that most of the trappers had skated down to the fur-trading stations along the Georgian Bay, dragging their pelts on pack-sleds over the ice. When the Ferrier boys built the ice-boat, however, and beat the time record down to half, the men became interested in the offer of carrying their skins for a small fee. The journeys to the Post were long, toilsome even for the best skaters, and often fraught with danger, so that after Chris Hoskins took the lead and allowed the Ferriers to carry his pelts, it was not long before the young men had worked up quite a custom. Lomass never had many skins of his own and had been carrying any extra packs he could pick up on the trip, being paid a small commission for the service; but since the ice-boat monopolized patrons, his long trips to the Bay now brought very small returns.

The day before Christmas, the Ferriers found it necessary to make a trip to the Post for provisions. On the advice of Chris Hoskins, they had decided to keep the theft quiet and await developments. The offense was of the "high sass" order and indignation would run riot for miles around if the men heard it; Lomass would not be safe.

Hoskins was making some new steel traps over a fire of hemlock and spruce when he heard a shrill whistle and saw the ice-boat bearing up the inlet to where his shanty stood.

"Hullo! boys," he called out. "Reckon ye'll not be scufflin' along much this mornin' with sech a wind."

"'Tis rather slow," agreed Andy, "but it's on the increase."

Hoskins sniffed the air.

"I 'low it's comin' on to snow 'fore night an' it'll be colder'n Biter by mornin'—reg'lar bliz."

"So much the better; we'll come home full tilt," cried Andy. "Cold 'nough las' night, you bet; it's made a few cracks in the ice. Over on the Big Pond there's one with about a dozen feet split."

"Yes, an' what d'you think, Chris?" Fletch interposed, "the ninny was wonderin' if the Sprite could jump it."

"So she could in a stiff wind," retorted Andy, while the trapper laughed a big, silent laugh.

"Seed any bobcats lately?" he asked.

"Nary a one."

"I heerd 'em screechin' last cupple nights over'n the swamp. An' say, boys, the wolves is gittin' mighty oneasy in this here cold snap; reckon ye better be a-kinder keerful. Jerry Humphreys sayed as he seed seven tracks other day, all at oncet."

"Bah!" Andy laughed aloud. "Why, there ain't a wolf in the timber could keep the Sprite in sight for a mile," he scoffed.

"Ye're too sartin sure o' that there blame rigamajig," said Hoskins doubtfully. "I 'low ye'll git ketched when ye ain't a-calk'latin' on't one o' these times. There ain't many critters fer ye to tote this mornin'," he added, "but I'll git ye them there is."

He went into the shanty and presently came out with a pack of pelts.

"We're all expectin' you over to dinner to-morrow, Chris. You're comin', of course?"

"Thank ye, boys. I was 'lowin' I would." The ice-boat was moving away. "Reckon Lomass ain't been askin' ye to fergive him for his sass yet?" Fletch shook his head and Andy's face darkened. "Don't ye go worryin' ower that measly sneak—he ain't wurth it. He's a thoroughbred skunk!"

This last was shouted out, for the Sprite was gathering headway, and an echo flung the word "skunk" through the trees.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the Ferriers reached the mouth of the river and were coasting among the islands along the bay shore when Fletch caught sight of a man with an empty pack-sled just rounding an islet opposite the river. He was too far away to be definitely recognized, but the figure was that of Lomass.

By the time the ice-boat had been unloaded and repacked with provisions night was closing in. It got dark very quickly, and no trained eye was needed to note the sign of an approaching storm. The men from along the bay who had come to the Post, and whose shanties were at any distance, were not long in deciding to remain over night, and when it became known that the young men were bent on setting out for home there was a murmur of dissent.

"I reckon ye better not try fer it," Jerry Humphreys whispered after calling Andy aside." "There's snow in that sky an'—"

"Tah! man, we'll be home before the storm breaks; the wind couldn't be better."

"Ye'll smash to smithereens in the dark an' there's wolves about, fer I seen 'em."

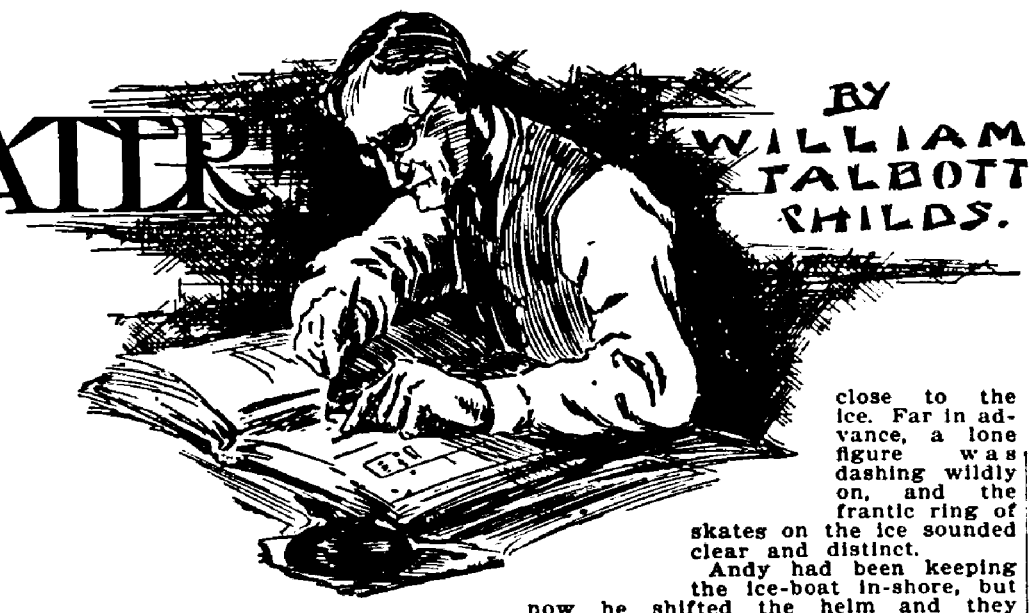
But Andy shrugged a shoulder and proceeded to overhaul the sail ropes. Twenty minutes later the Post buildings were rapidly fading out in the gloom as the ice-boat sped away into the night

(*Continued on next page, 2nd column.*)



"Made Dents in My Head"

"CAKE EATER"



BY WILLIAM TALBOTT CHILDS.

JOHNNY was a bright, light-hearted, little chap; often innocently boisterous; always good-natured. Why the bookkeeper tried to discourage and make him miserable the other boys could not understand, unless it were that he was one of those individuals who must have some one to "pick on."

"What's the matter with you now, kid? Want to knock the door off its hinges?" Unheeding the bookkeeper's sarcasm, which he was used to, in response to Johnny's pleasant "Good morning!" the lad hastened to the wardrobe and hung his hat upon a hook in order that he might be at his post at eight-thirty sharp.

"Good ev'ning!" the bookkeeper answered Johnny's cheerful "Good morning!" the next morning.

Johnny was exactly one minute late, but it was no concern of the bookkeeper's when the office boy reported. Of course Johnny knew this, but his submission on this and other occasions did not stop the ill-natured remarks of his tormentor. But Johnny put on his thinking cap. He argued that there must be an end to forbearance—at least so far as he was concerned.

One day while standing at the copying-press, all the clerks of the office could plainly hear Johnny's soliloquy. "As long as the world lasts," he began, "men and women will hanker after decorations. No race has yet been contented with Nature's adornments and embellishments. The Indian is Indian no more when paint and feathers are disassociated with him."

"What are you talking about, kid? Why don't you attend to your work?" Johnny had anticipated such comment from the bookkeeper.



"Is Mr. Cake Eater Here?"

"And women—well, they are the greatest decorators; but of course they are excusable. But when men come to it—golly!"

"Shut up!" angrily yelled the bookkeeper.

"I've seen some men wear badges and buttons, and—"

"Look here, kid. If you're aiming at me, you'd better stop where you are! I'll give you that for a pointer!"

"C. E. Wonder what it means?" Johnny ignored the bookkeeper's warning.

"Why, it means Christian Endeavor; you blockhead!" bawled the bookkeeper. And then he said no more. He must have felt, when the eyes of all the clerks were turned upon him, that his manner was inconsistent with the principles of the Y. P. S. C. E.

Now, the bookkeeper was one of those economical fellows. In fact he was actually stingy. He brought his lunch to the office every day, not primarily to satisfy his hunger, but to save the price of a sandwich and glass of milk at the restaurant. He did not have to be "close;" he drew a fair salary, and it was generally known that he had married money. He always wore his C. E. button on the lapel of his coat.

Johnny's thinking cap was becoming effective. He lit upon a scheme that would squelch his tormentor, when one day he observed that the bookkeeper cast aside all his luncheon except a piece of cake.

"Mr. Jackson, do you like cake?" Johnny asked, with a smile that betrayed nothing.

"Yes. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, I just wondered!"

"Well, stop your wondering, and go to work!" It was lunch hour and Johnny was not expected to be at work.

Several days passed. At lunch hour each day Johnny observed that the bookkeeper ate only the cake that was in his lunch box.

"Cake Eater!" exclaimed Johnny once in the afternoon when quiet prevailed.

"Cake Eater!" he repeated, as he hastened to answer the telephone.

"Hurry up and answer the 'phone!" bawled the bookkeeper.

"Cake Eater! Hello!" exclaimed Johnny.

The person at the other end of the line repeated that he would like to speak with Mr. Jackson.

"Is Mr. Cake Eater here?" asked Johnny, turning toward the bookkeeper. "I mean—er—Mr. Jackson."

The bookkeeper had not long resumed his seat when the irrepressible, the tantalizing Johnny again broke the silence with "Cake Eater!"

Bang!

The bookkeeper's patience had been tried to the utmost. But Johnny was on his guard; he was too good a baseball player to be caught napping. The bottle of ink struck the floor instead of Johnny. The stingy Mr. Jackson mopped up the ink himself; his principles of economy forbade him turning the disagreeable job over to the janitor.

It was not long before Johnny began to soliloquize again: "I don't see that it's anything to brag about! It's not hard to eat cake; I like cake myself, but I don't advertise it. And a cake eater isn't any better than an onion eater; I never saw an onion eater wear a button with C. E. on it."

Poor Jackson! He was fast losing his religion. Exasperated beyond control, he made a dash for Johnny, but the youngster was soon out of harm's reach, and returned to the office upon the heels of his boss. Undaunted, he continued.

"Anybody can eat cake!" he exclaimed.

The clerks roared; so much so that the boss rang the electric bell for Johnny.

"You've gone too far!" threatened the bookkeeper as Johnny passed him and grinned.

Johnny returned from the boss' private office and said aloud, "The boss says don't make so much noise out here!"

Quiet prevailed—for three minutes. Then Johnny again exclaimed, "Cake Eater!"

"I'll fix you!" threatened the bookkeeper. "I'll see the boss!"

"All right; I'll accompany you!" answered Johnny. "And let me warn you," he continued, "I shall tell the boss that you are constantly interfering with me, and trying to make my life miserable, and that I am now simply giving you some of your own medicine!"

The bookkeeper returned to his desk. Johnny had nothing further to say. Thereafter Johnny was not molested, nevertheless Jackson retained the sobriquet of "Cake Eater."

THE "SNEAK-CAT"

(Continued from preceding page.)

The wind moaned through the forest and swept along the river with increasing force. At the end of two hours it was blowing half a gale and the Sprite was obliged to hug the lee of the river and the islands. It was too dark to discern objects at any great distance, and though Andy knew every turn of the river, there was the constant danger of running into a snag, while away out in the center the mad rush of the wind was even more to be feared. It was bitterly cold, and the young men snuggled down amongst the furs beside the tiller and drew their heavy caps close over their ears. They were traveling at a great rate, with the white rime streaming away from the iron heels of the runners, which were sending out a low, singing hum.

Suddenly Fletch uttered a cry and jerked back as a low, black object whizzed by on the ice, scarcely a foot away. Andy glanced quickly over his shoulder just in time to recognize it before the darkness swallowed it up.

"If we'd hit that log—!" Fletch gasped.

"That was no log!" cried his brother, excitedly. "Fletch, something's happened to Lomass!"

"Lomass!"

"That was his sled!"

"Why, what—?"

But Andy was listening to a faint noise far ahead, scarcely to be distinguished above the roaring draught of the wind and the drone of the runners. Soon it grew louder and the young men looked quickly at each other.

"It's wolves!" cried Fletch.

Andy nodded as the ice-boat sped around a turn in the river. They were just entering the Big Pond, where the river widened out into a long lake.

With a sudden ejaculation Andy peered into the gloom ahead. He could make out a low, dark shadow skimming along close to the ice. Far in advance, a lone figure was dashing wildly on, and the frantic ring of skates on the ice sounded clear and distinct.

Andy had been keeping the ice-boat in-shore, but now he shifted the helm and they shot out into the full blast of the gale. The Sprite was sailing close to the wind, and she careened and shivered and fairly flew. Fletch glanced in alarm at his brother, whose white face had set with a grim determination.

"What—?"

"Shut up!"

All at once the low shadow swerved sharply to the right and an involuntary cry broke from Andy's lips.

"We've got to save him, Fletch!" he shouted above the whistling of the wind in the ropes, and threw the helm over a point to the left. Their speed was awful.

"The crack! The crack!" screamed Fletch, seizing the other by the shoulder.

But Andy deliberately shifted their course another point to the left, so that they would meet the ten-foot opening in the ice head on. They were flying at an an appalling rate and there was no time now to avoid the crevice. If they would save the man their only chance lay in crossing it and reaching him in advance of the howling pack.

"Hang on!"

There was a wild leap into space and the whole fabric trembled with the shock as the ice-boat struck the opposite side. The steering runner chipped the edge, then the boat pitched forward with a thud onto the level surface beyond. There was the sound of breaking wood, and the white faces of the boys went whiter still as they thought for a moment that a runner was gone. Like some startled wild thing the Sprite shuddered in the wind, gave a sudden lurch and scooted away.

The wolves were coming swiftly back into the course, but they were ahead of them now. Fletch seized his Martini and scattered several shots amongst the animals while the ice-boat was rapidly bearing up to the figure ahead.

At sound of the rifle, Lomass had turned and his failing hopes revived. Down swept the Sprite and Andy shouted to him as she hummed past. Intuitively divining the helmsman's meaning, the trapper skated around an island just as the ice-boat luffed sharply into the wind.

"Quick, man!" shouted Andy.

The sail was snapping and threatening every instant to rip to shreds, but before the boat's headway was altogether checked, Lomass had skated alongside and dropped upon the boards in a state of exhaustion.

There was not a moment to spare for the wolves were again in headlong pursuit. The helm was thrown hard over and the Sprite fell off on another tack—faster and faster until she was spinning. Fletch used his repeater to good purpose, but held the pack in check for a moment only. The taste of blood had maddened them, but no wolf could keep pace with the ice-boat in that wind, and once she had gathered headway, the danger was over. The howls dropped farther and farther to the rear as the miles slipped by and soon all sound of the animals was lost in the distance.



The Bottle of Ink Struck the Floor Instead of Johnny

Lomass lay like a log where he had first thrown himself, until they were running up an inlet near his shack.

"We'll drop you off at the Point," said Andy.

But Lomass gave no sign that he heard. When the ice-boat came to a stop in the lee of the Point, he roused himself as from a dream, got to his feet and without a word skated away, fading into the night like a shadow.

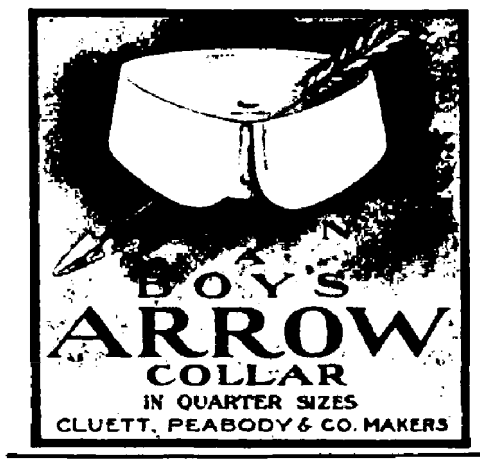
"Well of all the things you ever heard tell!" cried Fletch in amazement. "Not even a 'thank you'!"

Andy laughed harshly as they headed for home.

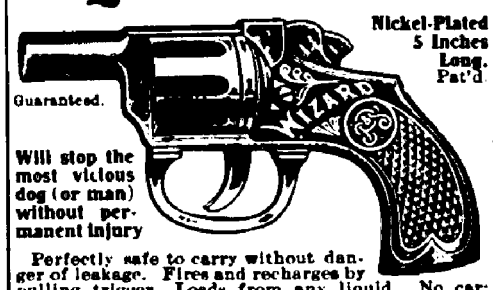
Through the whole night the storm ramped and raged and swept across the country. Christmas morning broke clear and cold upon a world of snow that lay in great drifts of diamond sparkles beneath the sun.

Chris Hoskins was slowly breaking a path across a small bay, opposite the Ferriers' place. The thongs that bound his snowshoes to his moccasins squeaked at every stride and he was whistling for very joy of being alive. He stopped short.

It was the end of an old toboggan sticking up out of a drift. Hoskins took off one of his racquettes and scraped away the snow, slowly at first; but soon he was digging with all his might. It was only a battered toboggan on which were lashed some traps, a cant-hook, an axe, and a package of ammunition.



WIZARD REPEATING
LIQUID PISTOL



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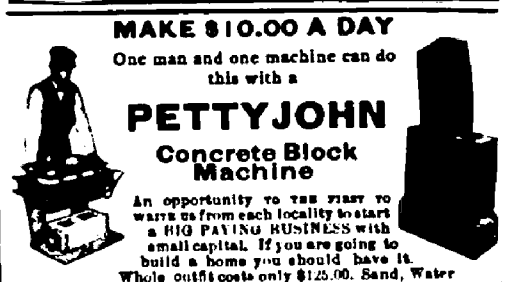

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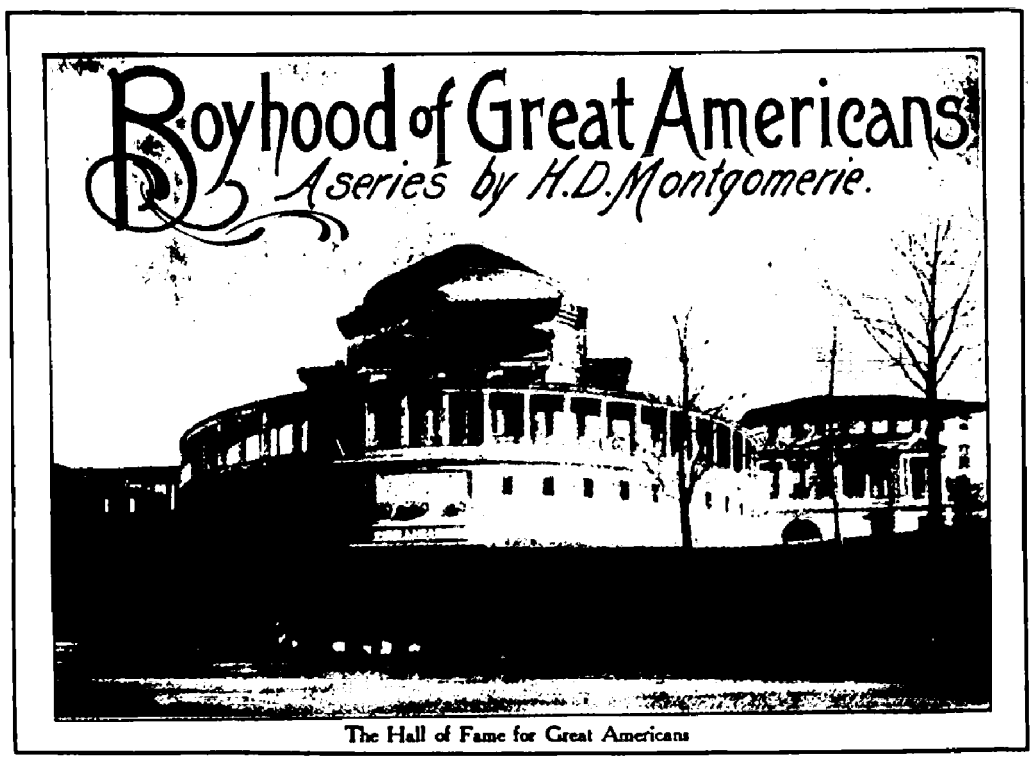


The Hall of Fame for Great Americans

¶ 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 of David G. Farragaut; No. III of Benjamin Franklin.

No. IV--Abraham Lincoln

BOOKS ALMOST without end have been written about this greatest of Americans. The most diligent search has been made for anything bearing upon the Abraham Lincoln family history, and it is now well established that to find the first of the American Lincolns we must go back to about the year 1637 when there came to Hingham, Massachusetts, from Norfolk, England, three brothers of whom Samuel Lincoln was one. The grandsons of Samuel distinguished themselves during the years of the Revolution in the army, the legislature and in the executive department of the government. The love of adventure and the spirit of the pioneer seem to have been strong in the Lincolns, for we find that two of these grandsons, Mordecai and Abraham, removed first to New Jersey and afterwards to Pennsylvania where they became wealthy, and at their deaths left large estates to their children. Mordecai was the great, great grandfather of President Lincoln; his son John, who was, of course, the President's great grandfather, subsequently moved to Virginia and reared a large family. On account of the financial distress which the thirteen colonies experienced after the Revolutionary war, and the glowing accounts received regarding the west there was a large migration of families to that part of the country. Among them came Abraham Lincoln, son of John and grandfather of the President, who sold out his Virginia estate left him by his father, and moved into the then trackless forests of Kentucky, at that time almost wholly inhabited by wild beasts and savage Indians, the latter hostile because of the invasion of the white men into their country and ever a constant menace and terror to the few, scattered settlers.

With the proceeds of the sale of his Virginia lands Abraham Lincoln bought seventeen hundred acres near to what is now the city of Louisville, built a cabin of logs and settled. Trouble followed, of course, with the Indians. One day while Abraham with his youngest son, Thomas, a boy of six, were working in the fields an Indian lying in ambush shot and killed the father and was just in the act of lifting the little boy to carry him off when a well-directed bullet from the rifle of an elder brother avenged the murder of the father.

Of the five children of Abraham Lincoln (the President's grandfather) all seem to have done well except Thomas, the youngest, who in some unaccountable way appears to have been wholly neglected when a child, and forced to make his own way in the world. Without any education whatever he hired himself out at any kind of rough labor, such as cutting down trees, breaking the soil for crops, and building the rough shelters which these pioneer settlers called homes. He, however, learned the trade of a carpenter, and those who knew him, say that "he was a good carpenter for those days, when a cabin was built mainly with the axe, and not a nail or bolt-hinge in it; only leathers and pins to the door, and no glass except in watches and spectacles and bottles."

In appearance and disposition, Thomas Lincoln when a young man was tall and muscular, a good hunter and a dead shot; very amiable and good natured, by no means energetic or particularly fond of work. His lack of energy and his failure to succeed he always said was caused by his want of education, and he maintained that his children should never be handicapped as he had been. However, he seems to have been thrifty and ambitious enough to be able at the age of twenty-five to buy a farm in Hardin, now Larue County, Kentucky.

It was while working at his trade of carpentering in the shop of Joseph Hanks at Elizabethtown, that Thomas Lincoln met and married Nancy Hanks, his employer's niece. In all the books concerning her illustrious son, she is described as being much the superior of her husband in intellect and character. A delicate, sensitive woman with an education and ideas of refinement above her station, yet compelled by the loss of her parents, her health, and her dependence upon the charity of a relative, to restrain her ambitions and yearnings, we can readily see how her love and ambition would be lavished upon her children, and can understand the feelings of President Lincoln when in later years he said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory," and also get a glimpse into the grandly noble nature of him who uttered such words.

The young couple took up life's burden together in Elizabethtown and there their first child—a girl, named Sarah, was born. Shortly thereafter, considering possibly that with an increased family, expenses would also increase, Thomas Lincoln moved to his farm situated near Nolin Creek, in Hardin, now Larue County, three miles from Hodgensville and fourteen miles from Elizabethtown, where he could be both farmer and carpenter.

There, in a small one-roomed cabin, built of roughly hewn logs plastered with mud, with a dirt floor, one door and a window of oiled paper, but with a large fire-place the chimney of which was built on the outside, on February 12th, 1809, the child who was destined



Abraham Lincoln

to be not alone President of the United States, but the preserver of a nation and the savior of a race, was born. It has been truly said that the utmost stretch of the imagination could hardly reach to the White House from such a home. His parents gave to this child the name Abraham, after his grandfather, and as we read of the pioneer wanderings of the Lincoln family we do not wonder that the name of the first patriarch of all pioneers was so favored among its members.

While the home that sheltered the little child was very poor and of the humblest description, it was neither better nor worse than the majority of the settlers' homes in that locality; and notwithstanding the poverty and hardships the Lincoln home was a happy one, and the children were well cared for by loving parents.

The boy grew up healthy and strong finding plenty of exercise for his sturdy limbs. He had a few playmates among whom was Austin Gollaher, who many years afterward told of how he saved young Lincoln from drowning. It appears that Gollaher and his mother one Sunday visited the Lincolns, and the two boys went on a hunt for partridges. They had to cross the creek which at that time was greatly swollen by rain, and while on the narrow log that spanned the creek Lincoln's foot slipped and he tumbled into the water. Gollaher got a long pole and stretching it out so that Lincoln could grasp it, he was pulled ashore where he became unconscious. Although much frightened the other lad by vigorous pounding and shaking managed to revive him, and after getting rid of a considerable quantity of muddy water he had swallowed was all right again.

Knowing that if they presented themselves to their mother in their wet and bedraggled condition punishment would surely be meted out to them, the two boys took off their clothes and spread them out to be dried by the sun; as it was in June this was soon accomplished.

When Abraham was about seven years old a teacher named Zachariah Riney moved into the neighborhood and opened school, and the boy became one of his pupils.

It is very hard for the boys of today accustomed to fine, warm, airy schoolhouses, good teachers and everything to help make their study pleasant and easy, to imagine the conditions which existed in the west less than one hundred years ago. The schoolhouse, built of rough logs, daubed with mud, floorless and windowless, with seats and benches made of great slabs, was only in session when some one came along who would teach for a term or two or until he got something better to do. Generally these teachers were ignorant and uncultivated, rough in speech and manner, seldom able to instruct their pupils beyond the "three Rs"—a teacher who knew latin being looked upon as a miracle of learning. Young Abraham, however, had received some knowledge of letters from his mother who was fond of reading, and afterward when President he was wont to tell how his sister and himself sat at their mother's knee in the long evenings, while she read to them or told them stories.

At school young Lincoln was unusually bright and eager to learn. He took special delight in writing and would form letters and words with charcoal in the dust, or in the snow or anything else that would take impressions; or when he could get paper, which was seldom, he would make a "turkey-buzzard pen," and use ink made of brier root. Another source of education which benefited young Lincoln was listening to the preaching of the ministers who visited at intervals these distant settlements. Possibly it was from these preachers, rough, uncouth, unlearned as they were, yet full of earnestness that the idea of speaking in public first took hold of the boy. Nothing pleased him more than to get his schoolmates round him and give them a realistic imitation of some preacher's oratory.

Abraham was eight years old when his father moved to Gentryville, Spencer County, Indiana. They settled in what was a wild, unbroken country. At first all the shelter they had was a "half-faced camp," fourteen feet square, the rear part higher than the front, open altogether on one side, without windows or chimney. Skins stretched on poles across the open front and the openings in the sides closed with chips and clay, protected somewhat the inmates from rain and cold.

Young Lincoln was tall for his age and strong, and his help was always needed. An axe was put into his hand, and until he came of age that useful instrument was almost constantly with him. There was no school at this time, but I fancy, young as he was, he not only did not forget the little he had learned but added to his store. A writer describing the boy's appearance says, he was tall, ungainly, fast growing, and long-legged. His dress was a shirt of linsey-woolsey, homespun; his trousers and hunting shirt were made of deerskin; his feet, which never felt a stocking until he was a young man, were covered with moccasins made by his mother, and on his head was a coon-skin cap with the tail hanging down behind. To the boys of today who worry over the color of a necktie, the fit of a coat, or the crease in their trousers, young Lincoln's appearance would only provoke jeers, but it is true, that the coat does not make the man, and those who many years after saw that long, ungainly form clad in the familiar tail coat and tall hat, never thought of his outward appearance—they only saw the great, patient, heroic, dignified nobility of the man.

A better and more comfortable cabin was built by Thomas Lincoln and his son the following year. It had a loft, in one corner of which was the boy's bed consisting of a heap of dried leaves. To reach the loft pegs were driven into the wall to form a stairway. In all the work of building the cabin, as well that of felling trees, plowing, planting and harvesting, the boy of nine years bore his part.

When Abraham was ten years old, a great sorrow fell upon the little family. The mother, never very strong, could not stand the hard work and exposure, and when an epidemic of sickness appeared she sickened and died. Her grief-stricken family and their few neighbors laid her to rest under the shade of the great trees. No funeral service, no minister to say a prayer over the grave; yet I believe that her son, as he lay heart-broken that day beside the newly-filled grave, and remembered some of the things his mother had taught him, resolved to follow out her counsels and become the boy and man she wanted him to be. Six months afterward Abraham composed his first letter and sent it to Parson Elkins, asking him to come and preach a funeral sermon at his mother's grave. The good parson complied with the request the following summer, and the people gathered from far and near to listen.

Thomas Lincoln's second wife was Mrs. Sally Bush Johnston, a widow with three children of her own. When she came to the Lincoln home, the motherless children were made much more comfortable, as the new Mrs. Lincoln brought quite a large store of household goods.

She was a woman of force, thrift and gentleness and speedily took a warm liking to her two stepchildren. Abraham long after said, "she was a noble woman, good and kind."

The boyhood of Lincoln was spent in almost continuous labor. If his father did not need him, he hired out to neighboring farmers, and his wages—twenty-five cents a day—helped the family along. Every one liked him, he was always cheerful, willing and obliging, ready to do anything, from taking grist to the mill where in waiting his turn he delighted in listening to and telling stories, to helping the women in their household duties.

In such a life there were few opportunities for study, but such as he had young Lincoln made use of. Among the limited number of books he read were "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Life of Washington," by Weems; Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," and Burns' Poems, the last of which he almost wholly committed to memory. Every passage which pleased him he wrote down on boards if he had no paper. When he did get paper he re-wrote the passages and memorized them. We must not think, however, that with Lincoln it was all work and study. In all the fun and sport of the neighborhood he took part and could more than hold his own in swimming, wrestling, jumping, and running. He never cared for hunting, once he shot a wild turkey but he never afterward aimed at anything larger.

Abraham was almost fourteen when he went again to school, and it was only for a short time; but he let no opportunity of acquiring knowledge escape him. He says that he read every book to be had within a radius of fifty miles. A storekeeper in Gentryville subscribed for a Louisville paper and young Lincoln was always on hand to read and discuss the news. Soon it became the custom for the neighbors to gather in the store and listen to the boy reading and commenting upon the contents. Politics and slavery were keenly and warmly discussed and Abraham obtained a great reputation as a political orator. Speeches and poems also he would deliver with such effect as to gain him unstinted applause.

While at the age of seventeen he again attended school, all the instruction he ever received amounted only to about a year. But to a boy like Lincoln one year's schooling meant more than a whole school and college course to other boys. Whatever he learned, he thoroughly understood. He was never satisfied until he got at the foundation of things. He was at this time also learning to write as well as speak, some of his articles were printed in the local press and naturally increased the respect of his friends and neighbors. Speechmaking, however, was his greatest delight. He was a constant attendant at the sessions of the courts held in the neighborhood listening to the speeches of the lawyers and judges. A copy of the "Revised Statutes of Indiana" fell into his hands, and it is said he read that amazingly dry volume so thoroughly that years after other lawyers consulted him as an authority upon Indiana laws.

All the men and women who were acquainted with the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln speak well of him, of his kindness, his helpfulness, his physical and moral cleanliness. He never used tobacco or drank liquor. A man who was very much struck with young Lincoln's penmanship, asked him to write a few copies; one of the couplets the boy wrote was:

"Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by."

His consideration and care for others have been much written about. His warm heart was ever prompting him to deeds of kindness and sympathy. The story is told that on the day he left Springfield for Washington, a little boy was among the crowd who shook hands and talked with him. The little fellow was naturally very proud of the incident and boasted of it among his schoolmates, who would not believe him. The boy at once wrote to the President and received the following reply:

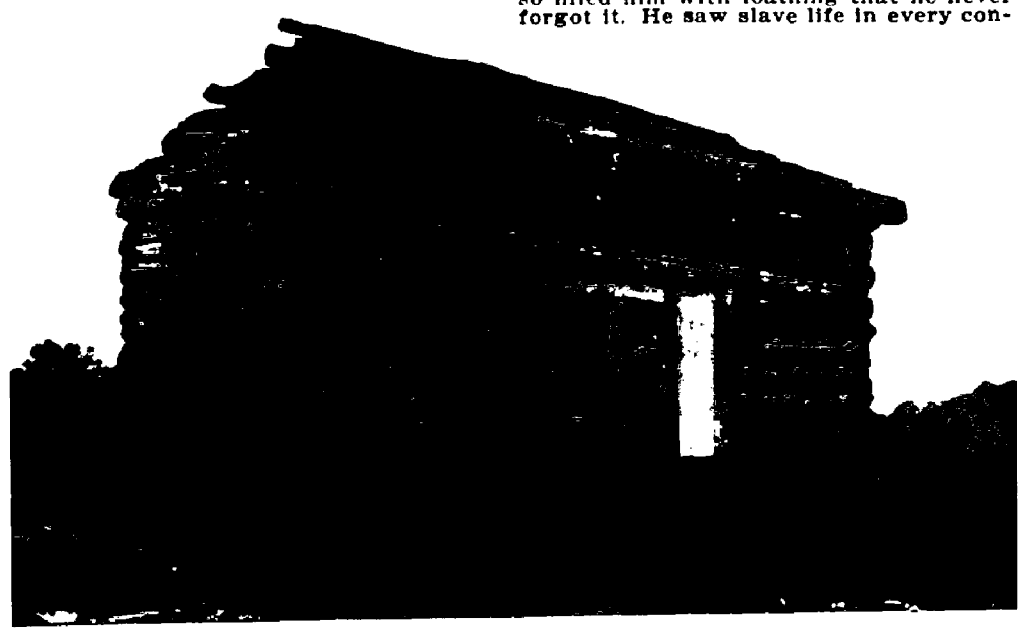
"Executive Mansion,
March 19, 1861.

"Whom It May Concern:

"I did see and talk with Master George Evans Patten, last May, at Springfield, Illinois.

"Respectfully,
"A. LINCOLN."

This, of course, completely squelched the unbelievers. At the age of nineteen Abraham had a great desire to see something of the great world which lay beyond the narrow boundary of his home. An opening presented itself when a storekeeper, Mr. Gentry, hired him to help take a flat boat filled with bacon, garden truck and other produce down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. The journey of nearly eighteen hundred miles and return took three months. Here Abraham saw something of the great world, and he saw also something that so filled him with loathing that he never forgot it. He saw slave life in every con-



Cabin in Which Abraham Lincoln was Born

dition, and it was the sight of a slave auction he witnessed in New Orleans that partly inspired that immortal document the Emancipation Proclamation.

The life of Abraham Lincoln and of other great men are just books from whose pages we may learn great lessons to inspire us with the desire to make the most of every opportunity that comes to our hand, believing at the same time that we, by indomitable, unwavering perseverance and diligence, may also overcome the difficulties that lie in the pathway to usefulness and a glorious success.

SYNOPSIS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

1830. Removed to Macon County, Illinois. The hard labor he did in clearing the homestead brought him the name of "The Rail-Splitter."
1831. Captain in the Black Hawk war, afterwards Postmaster at New Salem, and became deputy county surveyor.
1834-'36-'38-'40. Elected to Illinois legislature.
1836. Admitted to the bar.
1846. Elected to Congress.
1854. Repeal of Missouri Compromise brought the beginning of his national career.
1858. Debates with Senator Douglas on Slavery
1860. Nominated for Presidency and elected.
1861. Took his seat as President, March 4. Fort Sumter capitulated, April 13, and President called for 75,000 volunteers.
1863. Issued Proclamation of Emancipation, January 1.
1864. Re-elected to Presidency.
1865. Attended Peace Conference with Southern Commissioners at Hampton Roads, February 3. No result.
1865. Assassinated in Ford's theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, April 14. Died April 15.

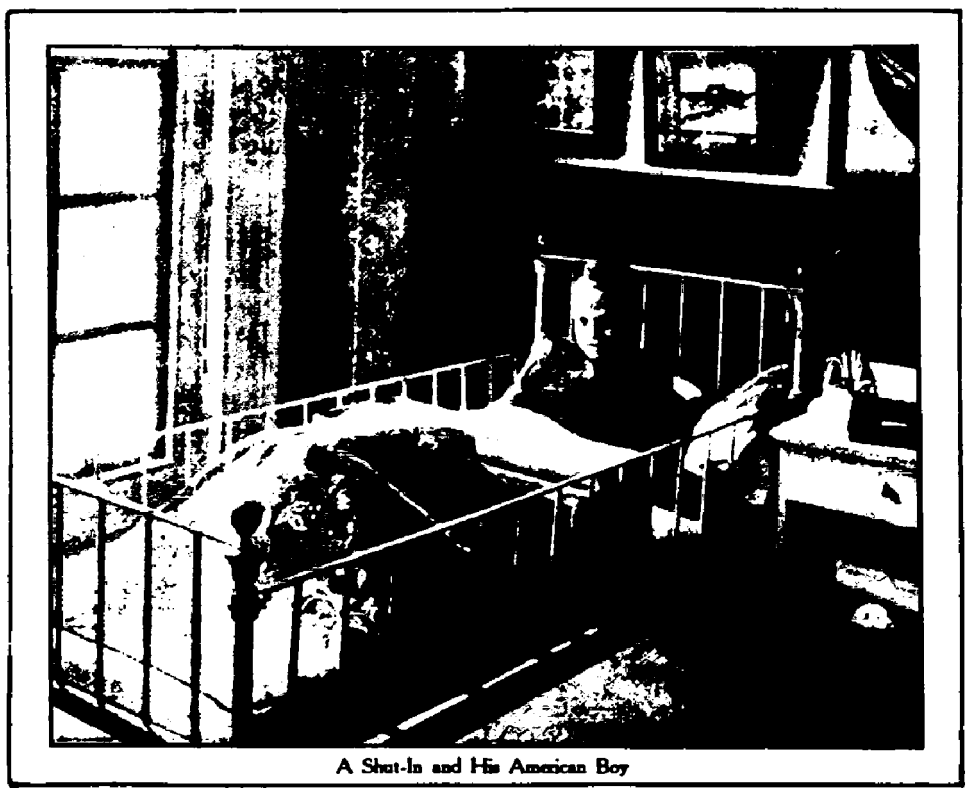
INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1809—1865

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

A Word About Shut-Ins

In the early history of THE AMERICAN BOY, we decided to give free subscriptions to shut-ins, that is, boys who are confined within doors by reason of permanent illness or disability. The demands upon our liberality in this respect soon became so great that it was necessary to stop the practice. It was an unpleasant thing, you may be sure, for us to withhold from the many deserving boys, whose cases were represented to us, as being pitiful in the extreme, the welcome visits of THE AMERICAN BOY. Since we discontinued the practice we have had letters from charitably disposed persons promising to pay for subscriptions furnished to one, two, or more deserving shut-ins. Up to this time we have been able without any difficulty to place the subscriptions with deserving boys. At this time we have two subscriptions that we can give away, the two being the gift of Carl L. Hartshorn, of West Somerville, Massachusetts, who devotes the prize money he earned last month in our photographic contest to this end. We have not, however, the names of shut-ins to whom we may credit the subscriptions. Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are at liberty to send us names of deserving boys who are too poor to buy the paper themselves, and who fall under the head of shut-ins. We cannot promise to furnish the paper to all the names we may receive, but as fast as money is contributed for the purpose, the subscriptions will be furnished. Do not in any event tell the boys whose names you send us that they will receive the paper, for it might happen in scores of instances that we could not furnish it.



A Shut-In and His American Boy

In the World of Science



Johnny—"My Pa's an astronomer. He says there's going to be a collapse of the moon!"

Think on These

"The greatest good of the greatest number," was the motto that, catching Jeremy Bentham's eye in youth, made of him a great political economist.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler's motto is: "No one was ever lost on a straight road."

"Always in haste, but never in a hurry," was the measure of John Wesley's working.

"It is better to deserve success than to have it," the late Gen. A. C. McClurg of Chicago claimed as his motto.

"Faithful in the least, faithful also in much," keeps Anthony Comstock cheerfully progressing.

"Spend less than you earn each year, and practice economy," the Hon. C. B. Farwell of Chicago once gave as his life's precept.

A Few of President Roosevelt's Sayings

"Be ready."

"A square deal for every man."

"It is hard to fail, but worse never to have tried to succeed."

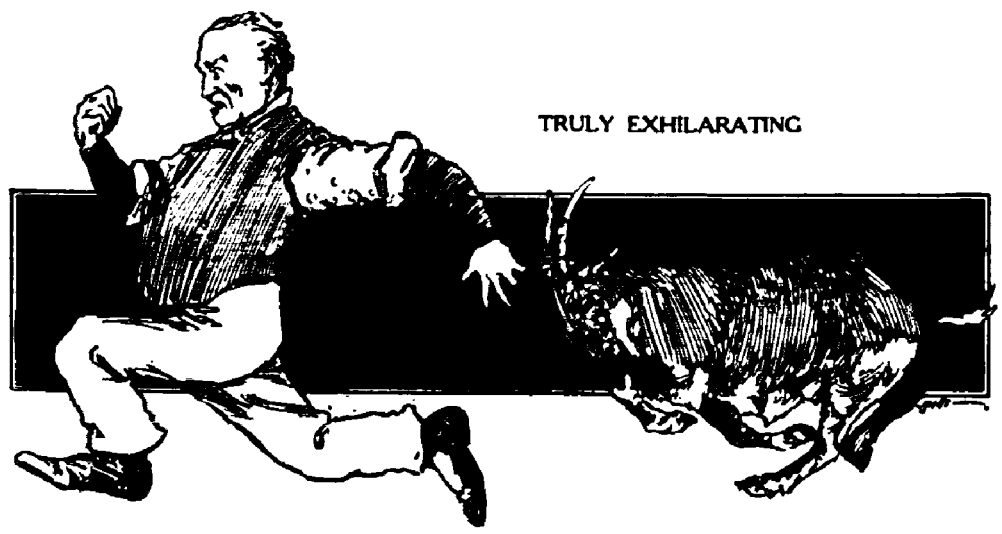
"Face the facts as you find them; strive steadily for the best."

"Be never content with less than the possible best and never throw away the possible best because it is not the ideal best."

"It is better to be faithful than famous."

"Have all the fun you honestly and decently can; it is your right."

TRULY EXHILARATING





They get up in the night for Mackintosh's Toffee

I am John Mackintosh the Toffee King

Mackintosh's Toffee

Is as Safe to Eat as Bread and Butter

and does one as much good, yet is as "more-ish" as jam tarts.

This OLD ENGLISH CANDY

originated in Yorkshire, England, where its immense factories supply the world, is, without doubt the purest and best candy made.

You don't get Toffee unless you get Mackintosh's. Look for my face on every package. I use my face for the protection of my customers.

Whatever you are, whether tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man or poor man, eat Mackintosh's Toffee; it will make you feel happy and do you good.

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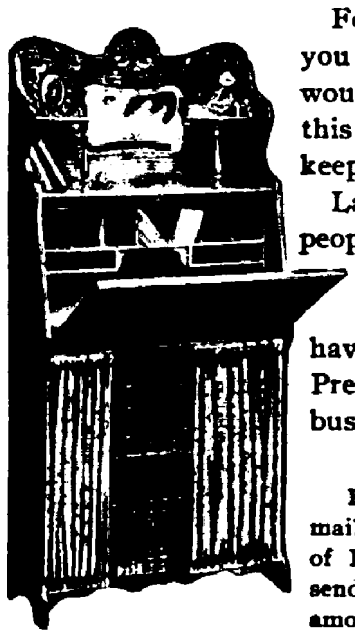

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NED and BILLY.

BY ERNEST GILMORE



NED WAS SITTING in a comfortable hammock under a big tree in a breezy yard, reading a most delightful library book.

Billy was seated in a shaky box on wheels, which an old dog was laboriously dragging along the dusty sidewalk.

Ned was so fully absorbed in his book that he would not have known of Billy's presence had he not heard the sound of a whack on the dog's back and the driver calling out in a shrill voice:

"Get a move on you—can't you?"

The interesting book closed with a snap as Ned sprang to his feet. Before he could get outside the gate, the driver of the dog gave another cut to the old dog's back.

"Stop, you cruel boy!" shouted Ned, seizing Billy's arm and taking the whip away from him, "How dare you beat that poor old dog with the bones most sticking through him?"

Billy looked scared, but did not speak.

"How dare you?" Ned repeated angrily.

"I've got to get home," whimpered the boy, "an' he won't go fast."

"Won't go fast," mimicked Ned, "who'd expect a dog that's hardly able to crawl to go fast? You'd better get out and walk. Put the poor dog in the cart, and you draw him."

The boy in the cart looked hurt.

"I couldn't if I wanted to," he said, lifting up an old linen duster that had been spread over his knees. "See there! If it wasn't for them I wouldn't have to drive old Carlo."

Ned looked, and—to his surprise—saw that the poor little chap had only one leg. A rude crutch lay in the bottom of the cart. Ned felt distressed, and—being a big-hearted fellow, he regretted his harshness of speech. Not giving thought to the afflicted boy's grimy hands, he held out his own in a friendly grasp.

"Please pardon me," he said gently, "I didn't know there was anything the matter with you. I was only thinking of the poor old dog."

The pale, grimy, one-legged boy regarded the manly, well-dressed one in surprise, not being accustomed to being treated politely.

"I don't like to hit poor old Carlo," he admitted, "but I can't get home 'less I do. Granny said I should hurry. She's waitin' for these things."

He pointed to a bunch of wilted vegetables in the back of the cart.

"Where do you live?" asked Ned.

"I live on Martin's Meadow."

Ned knew where Martin's Meadow was, although he had only seen it as he had passed by in his father's automobile. "If you'll let Rackabones get in beside you, I'll draw you home," he said.

Billy could hardly believe what he heard, but he called Carlo to the cart and helped him in, and presently, the volunteer horse was pulling the rickety cart along the street. It was a quarter of a mile to Martin's Meadow. There was a dozen or more shanties scattered here and there over the rough ground. Off by itself in a corner—stood the worst-looking hut of the lot. An old woman, leaning on a cane, was hobbling around the stony dooryard. A little girl sat on the doorstep.

"There's where I live," Billy said, as old Carlo got out of the cart and made his way to the little girl, who patted his head gently.

As Ned drew the cart up to the open doorway he had a glimpse of the interior of the hut, which was barren in the extreme. The old woman walked slowly to the cart and took out the wilted vegetables, giving Ned a keen, questioning look as she did so. She was wondering how such a fine-looking, well-dressed boy happened to draw Billy and the old cart. The little girl felt the same wonder, but she regarded Ned with a faint smile. She was a frail child and her thin, pale face showed traces of tears. Ned only lingered a few minutes, but that was long enough to convince him of the poverty and need of that humble home. While he was on the way there—acting in the capacity of a horse—he had found out that Billy was a newsboy—that he took morning journeys to a certain corner, and—after leaving Carlo and the rickety cart in the care of an old apple woman—he sold papers. He did not sell a great many either, but the little he earned in this way was all he had to support the family (including Carlo) of four.

"Not much wonder," thought Ned, as he hurried homeward, "that they're all as thin as rails—even poor old Carlo."

"I've got to do something for that poor little chap," he told himself decidedly, "but what shall I do?"

He put on his thinking cap.

"What'll I do?" he questioned himself. "What would I do if I were in Billy's shoes. No, what would I do if I were in Billy's shoe? He hasn't got but one foot, so he hasn't got but one shoe. Just think of it, one shoe! one foot! Whew, that's rather hard on Billy. And that poor old woman with the withered vegetables and an old bone to make soup out of! And that little pale-faced girl, whispering longingly to Billy, 'Didn't the old apple woman give you an apple?' I'm glad I'm not Billy."

* * * * * *

It was evening. Billy, little Elsie and granny sat just outside the cabin door, Carlo lying down beside them. Each and all looked weary and famished, but Billy was trying to cheer the others.

"Maybe I'll sell more papers to-morrow," he said hopefully, "an then granny'll get a nice bone with some meat on it, an' some good potatoes. An' I'll get an apple for you, sis, see if I don't."

"Oh, Billy, look there," cried Sis, "there comes that nice boy that brought you home in the cart."

Sure enough, there was Ned sitting on the front seat of a delivery wagon beside the driver. The team drew up in front of the door and stopped.

"Hello, Billy," called Ned, jumping out. "Here's a dog for you that I think you'll like."

The driver lifted out a tricycle, that being the "dog" Ned had spoken of.

"It was mine," said he, "and it'll give you good service. You won't need to drive old Carlo any more."

Billy could not speak for surprise and joy.

"Say, Billy," continued Ned, "Carlo looks as if he was hungry. Just stop at our house when you are out on your tricycle and Betty'll have a basket of scraps for the dog."

"You're awful good," Billy managed to say, "I dunno how to thank you."

"That's all right," said Ned, and, jumping in the wagon, was gone.

It was not until the delivery wagon was out of sight that a big covered basket which had been set down beside them was unpacked.



Billy Looked Scared, But Did Not Speak

When it was there was great rejoicing, for such a store of good things the family had never known. Tears of joy ran down old granny's face. Little Elsie laughed and clapped her hands. As for poor Billy he shouted and threw up his old cap. Even Carlo showed his delight.

"I never saw such a boy as that one," said granny, "he's thought of everything. See! Here's tea and coffee and bread and butter and—"

"Oh!" interrupted Elsie, "and apples and oranges and cookies and—and—oh, my, granny, what's that?"

Granny laughed aloud.

"It's a roast chicken," she said, "a real roast chicken for us, just think."

"Oh," said Billy, "was there ever any one else like Ned? No, there never was. Oh, I wish we could do something for him."

"We can," said granny, "we can ask God to bless him."

And they all knelt down and did so, after which they rose up and had a feast.

CHINESE BOYS AND THEIR WAYS

(*Continued from page 109.*)

once during morning school and once in the afternoon.

From five o'clock until chapel at seven the boys have a free time. This is spent usually in walks, not in the town, which is "out of bounds," but along some of the many hill roads, or in the Botanical Gardens which are very near the college. Here there are a large pond of goldfish (all Chinese like goldfish, and often breed them) and an aviary, and also some Chinese deer, all of which our boys seem never tired of watching. In the winter, when it becomes dark earlier, they amuse themselves by playing Chinese chess or draughts, or by making kites or shuttlecocks.

At seven o'clock the bell rings for evening chapel. Preparation begins immediately after. By half-past eight work is over. Some boys go to bed almost at once; others stay up till nine, when lights are put out. Only a few of the older boys are allowed to sit up later.

Pillow-fights? Yes, sometimes; only there are no pillows, so the cotton coverlets are used instead. A Chinese boy's pillow is a square framework of wood, covered with cloth, ten inches long, six high, and four broad, which he puts, not under his head, but under his neck. Some boys prefer similar "pillows" of earthenware, scarcely less hard than the wood and leather kind.

Saturdays and saints' days are half-holidays. Saturday is a "half," I suppose, all the world over. Saints' days are given to make up for the loss of certain heathen festivals kept as a holiday in non-Christian schools.

How do they spend the Saturday? Well, in the morning, as in some of your resident schools, they revise the week's work. When the week's repetition has been said, the next thing to do is to shave heads. This is a very important work. Ever since the present Manchu dynasty came into power the Chinese have been forced by their rulers to wear the cue. This was at first intended to be a mark of subjection—a cow's tail hanging down—but it is now an object of great attention and care on its owner's part, and the loss of it would be one of the severest punishments which he could suffer. In order that it may grow long and strong he shaves his forehead and the nape of his neck. But the hair grows again quickly in the shaved parts, and in order to look tidy he ought to be shaved at least once in ten days. But our boys must be clean for Sunday, so, when school is over, they find the barber waiting to shave them.

The Chinaman has an infinite capacity for sleep, and his idea of a holiday is to sit in the house, or, better still, to go to bed. So the new boys find it very hard work to go out on a bright winter afternoon to roll call at a place two miles away. They say that the hard roads wear out the soles of their shoes (which are made of paper), and try to beg off. "Master, I am very weak to-day," was said to me by a boy who, when at home, had to walk miles of rough mountain road, because he had heard that roll call was a little farther off than usual. But he soon got into our ways. Here I may say that a walk for pleasure is something which no Chinese can understand. He will willingly walk two or three miles in order to give his pet lark an airing, but he sees no good in an airing for himself. When, then, a foreigner in a Chinese town goes for a walk he is supposed either to be doing some form of worship, or, if he walks near the hills, to be prospecting for gold.

Chinese boys' games are not like American, in this, that each player plays for his own hand, and "sides" are generally unknown. In kite-flying and kicking up the shuttlecock rivalry comes in. You may get your kite up higher than another boy, or you may kick up your shuttlecock more times than he his, but you always play for yourself, not for your side. Hence Chinese games are rather poor, and not much fun to watch. Here, however, our boys are beginning to learn to play together, and to fight for side as well as for self.

'SPICE

First Telegraph Messenger: "I don't like delivering messages in there."

Second Messenger: "Why?"

First Messenger: "All the doors are fixed so's yer can't slam 'em."

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence containing the word delight.

Willie—My mother puts out de light when I'm in bed.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Jim Johnson—Am yo'r horse afraid ob automobiles?

Joe Jackson—Yais.

Jim Johnson—Ah thought he was blind and deaf?

Joe Jackson—He am—but he kin smell.—Puck

On coming home from church on Sunday Archie's mother asked him how he liked it, and Archie said it was fine.

"What do you like most in the church?" asked his mother.

"Well, the best part is where they pass around the money," and turning to his father, said: "How much did you get? I got a dime."

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from death when thirteen of his companions were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"How did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I tid not go in te boat," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

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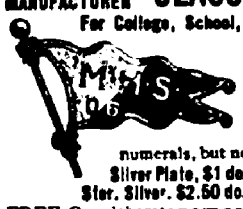

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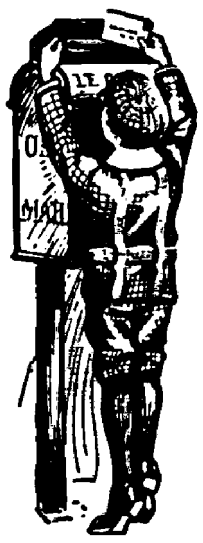

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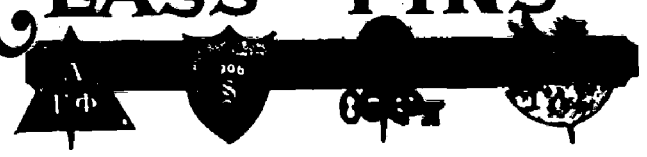

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The TEST of ALLEN MURRAY.



By JETTIE M. PHILLY.

"NOW, I call that good luck," said Allen Murray across the tea table to his mother. "Here it is a week after commencement and I'm the only fellow in the class who has struck a job."

"They say old Brady is pretty cranky. Just jumps on you all over if you don't walk the chalk line; but, as for that—I've made up my mind to suit him and I will!" Allen's strong, white teeth closed firmly together.

"Why, with thirty-five a month as a starter, we'll be regular aristocrats, won't we?" he ran on merrily. "Just wait and watch us after we belong to Jim Brady's Coal and Lumber Company!"

His mood became more serious.

"In two years I ought to save enough to pay off the mortgage, and—let me tell you right now that there will be no more baking for you. With a wage-earner in the family, you can tell your customers that henceforth you are to be a lady of leisure," he said, smiling affectionately at his mother.

True to his expectations Allen found that the man who worked for James Brady must keep his eyes open.

"Murray," said Brady one morning during Allen's first week of service, "Brown, who usually drives this team, is sick. You jump on to this load of coal and take it around to the I. X. L. Laundry on Exchange street. I'll send a man around to help you unload."

Upon Allen's return he was summoned to the office.

"You delivered that coal to the laundry on Exchange street?" questioned Brady curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why on earth did you go down East street? Don't you know that Wabash street would have been at least twenty-five rods nearer?"

"Yes, I know it, but I didn't think of it at the time," stammered Allen.

"Well, after this think then. That's what I'm paying you for," said Brady sharply as he turned to his desk.

"You may bet your hat I don't make that blunder again," muttered Allen to himself as he returned to his work.

Brady found no ground for a second reprimand. He even made the discovery that he rather liked this straightforward, alert young fellow who looked one straight in the eyes. As a matter of business it paid to have someone in the company who could help out the bookkeeper if need be; who could turn in a letter for signature correct, clear, concise; or whose muscular arm could shovel coal with the steady swing of a stoker.

"Brady is really becoming quite genial," said Allen to his mother over a year later. "He asked me today if I thought he and I could run the business while Rhodes went up to the mountains for a month. You know Rhodes's lungs are in bad condition. Brady is sending him up there, footing the bill and all that. Rhodes intimated as much to me last night, and said the boss told him, 'If you ever so much as thank me, Rhodes, I'm not sure but I'll discharge you on the spot.'

"Brady is kind-hearted for all his apparent crustiness, and the men fairly swear by him. He does the fair thing and the square thing by them every time. They know they can bank on that," Allen went on loyally.

"Why, Martin O'Brien would lay down his life for Brady if necessary. You know it was Martin's boy, Joe, that Brady sent up to the hospital for that operation, and the kid can walk now as straight as I can. I was in the office when Martin with tears in his eyes came in to thank Brady. The boss just clapped his hand over Mart's shoulder and said, 'That's all right, O'Brien! You know I haven't any boys of my own, and of course I have to look after all of those in the company.'

"Half of Brady's gruffness comes from his nerves. He looks miserable and in my opinion ought to be taking a rest himself," said Allen, real concern in his face.

Three years passed by and Brady, although apparently on the verge of nervous prostration, obstinately refused to admit that his condition was at all serious, or that he was in need of a vacation.

"You have it straight, Jim, you have about reached your limit." Dr. Stuart leaned back in one of the leather chairs in Brady's private office and looked critically at the haggard face opposite. "You may have your choice," he continued, "either drop everything and take six months off—I'm giving you the minimum time—or in another six months, your business will drop you and about all you will need will be your six feet of earth."

"Nonsense, doc, cut it out! cut it out! I'll take a couple of weeks, or a month off and run down to the seashore. How will that suit you?"

"Six months and a sea voyage," said the doctor. "It's the only thing I'll consider."

"Why, man! Do you think a fellow can pull up every time you doctors get scared, and pack off to Egypt or some other outlandish place? What will become of things? Maybe you don't think it, but it takes a little headwork to run this business of Jim Brady's. Who'll run things while I'm prancing around the globe? Tell me that, will you?"

"Well, you won't long, if you don't get out of here. I'll promise you that," exclaimed the doctor warmly.

Brady's eyes twinkled. "You're an old granny, doc, or else you're trying to get even with me for the time I licked you when we were boys at Shelby's Corners."

The doctor laughed.

"No use in your talking, Jim. I'll order your stateroom on the Celtic for the sixteenth."

"Tom, you're an old fool; I've always surmised it. Now I know it," said Brady almost tenderly as the doctor left the office.

For fully twenty minutes the head of the firm of Brady and Company sat with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets staring intently at the floor. Then he touched a bell sharply. Bob, the office boy, appeared.

"Look Murray up and send him here at once," he ordered.

"See here, Murray," said Brady as Allen entered the private office in response to his summons. "Here is a little matter I want you to look after. I sold Bradshaw and Company coal so low that the only way we can save ourselves is to dock the amount a little. You see to it that every ton delivered to that firm is at least one hundred pounds short. That's all." Brady turned to his letters.

Allen stared blankly.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Brady irritably.

"Do I understand—you mean to—to cheat them?" stammered Allen at last.

"Understand that you are to obey orders. I'll give them," said Brady imperiously.

The stalwart figure of Allen Murray straightened. His face turned white under its healthy coat of tan, but his eyes met those of Brady's coolly, unflinchingly.

"I can't do it, Mr. Brady," he said quietly.

"Why not, if I may presume to ask?" Brady's eyes, keen, piercing were upon him.

"It's a question of honesty, sir."

"Oh, it's honesty, is it?" Brady's voice was full of sarcasm.

"If you can't obey orders, I'll find someone who can."

"Very well." Allen wheeled about.

"Wait a minute, Murray," said Brady in a conciliatory tone. "You have done good work since you have been here. I'll give you an advance of twenty dollars a month and three days to consider the matter."

Allen left the office puzzled beyond expression. He had known Brady to discharge a man for measuring lumber incorrectly. He could not understand it.

"Hello, Allen! You look like you'd seen your grandmother's ghost," sang out Bob as Allen passed through the outer office. "Boss jump on you hard?"

"I'm fired."

"The dickens you are!" Bob peered down the corridor in amazement at Allen's fast retreating form.

Young Murray felt humiliated that the twenty-dollar increase kept recurring to his mind. He would not consider it, and yet—twenty dollars would mean two hundred and forty a year. It was no mean sum to be rejected.

Expenses had been heavier than he had anticipated during his three years with Brady. The house had reached a condition where repairs were imperative. Shingles and paint had been among the improvements. Then, the thriving town had voted all walks must be of flagstone or cement; and the Murray corner lot had proved an increased expense.

Barely were these demands settled before his mother was taken seriously ill. Not only were the services of a trained nurse required; but a maid had been necessary to look after the housework. Recently the doctor in presenting his bill had suggested that a change of scene might hasten Mrs. Murray's convalescence.

"Doctor's bill not yet paid, girl to hire all winter, coal to buy, taxes to pay, keep things running, a mortgage of six hundred hanging over the place, and mother needing a change of scene!

"That's a nice prospect, especially when you're out of a job," thought Allen bitterly. How that two hundred forty would help to pay expenses! Under the circumstances would he not be justified in complying with Brady's demands? No, it was stealing in plain English. There was no way of getting around that.

Mr. Murray had been a carpenter as to trade, a philosopher as to life, a nobleman as to character. Over and over again he had impressed upon the mind of his son, his views of right living. All these precepts like faint ghosts of his childhood days passed through Allen's mind at this crisis of his life.

"I remember," he mused, "how often father used to say, 'I'd rather have you honest and truthful, my son, than the richest man in the state.'"

When Allen turned into the yard at noon the question was settled. Mr. Brady could have had his answer then and there. He would look for other work.

"I'll just keep it shy from mother until I'm settled in other pastures," he said, summoning a smile to his usually bright face as he entered the house.

(*Continued on page 125.*)



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Please Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements



THE OFFICE · BOY

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



"'TAIN'T HONEST, n' I'm goin'."

The boy spoke stubbornly with his eyes fixed squarely upon his employer and his short, sturdy figure drawn to its full height.

The man finished writing his letter, ran a nickel-handled roller blotter across it, read it over carefully, and then folded and slipped it into an envelope and directed the envelope with the elaborate flourishes of a writing master. All this in a leisurely, impressive manner, then he turned slowly in his revolving office chair.

"Take this over to the postoffice, Luther," he said graciously; "and oh, yes, you may bring me a dollar's worth of stamps. Get the money out of Mr. Long's desk there. We are to be congratulated on having a boy we can so thoroughly trust."

"I said I was goin'—"

But the man had turned calmly back and dipped his pen into the official-looking inkstand on his desk. Luther hesitated, then got the money and went out and posted the letter and purchased the stamps. But the doubt had become too firmly fixed in his mind to be easily satisfied. At the early hour of office closing he was again beside his employer's desk.

"Don't seem to me the business is honest, Mr. Cass," he said, "so I'm goin.'"

His employer was in the act of closing his desk, and he finished the operation, slipping the key into his pocket. Then he looked down with amused toleration.

"I think you mentioned something to the same effect this noon, Luther," he observed. "I suppose some of the outside office boys have been talking with you. Now what is it—but first there is a matter I wish to speak of, before I forget it. Mr. Long was talking to me yesterday about your efficiency. We think you are worth more to us than we are paying. I meant to have told you this morning, but have been so very busy the little matter slipped my mind. Let me see, we pay you four dollars a week now, I believe. How will seven do for the future, beginning tomorrow morning?"

Luther's eyes widened, then snapped. Seven dollars a week! It was more than any boy on the street received—as much as some of the grown men who worked as clerks in stores.

"I—I ain't wuth it, sir," he stammered.

"Oh, yes, you are," reassuringly; "perhaps more, though that is all we can pay just now. Maybe later—" He smiled and nodded significantly, adding: "You—er—lack a little in education, of course; but that doesn't affect our interests in the least. And besides, it is something you can remedy in time."

He had taken down his hat and reached the door, when suddenly the light died out of Luther's face.

"I—I forgot, sir," he cried, with keen disappointment in his voice; "but I can't stay. I must be goin.'"

"Oh, yes, about something not being honest," kindly. "Suppose you explain it to me a little more fully, Luther. I am in a great hurry, but I can spare you a few minutes. I was once an office boy like you, and a great many things that I did not understand sometimes assumed malignant shapes. You are from the country, you know, and business matters are still very new to you." He paused inquiringly, smiling down at the boy with benevolent but amused eyes.

Luther was red and embarrassed. Only four weeks before, when this smiling, soft-spoken gentleman had come out into the country and offered him the magnificent position in his office, he had thought him the finest man in the world; and even now he believed him to be the pleasantest and most kind-hearted, as he believed the keen-faced partner, Mr. Long, the shrewdest of business men. He could not understand why such people should have selected him, a diffident, uneducated, country boy, when there were so many bright town ones who would have been glad of the chance. And that was just as much of a mystery now as on the first day he came. The only sensible reason he could see was that they were a new firm, only in business a week before hiring him, and perhaps they did not know better—and yet that was no reason either, or they would have dismissed him on discovering the mistake. And instead of that, here they were ready to raise him to seven dollars.

What he did not understand was that his homely face and straight gaze were the very essence of honesty. No one could look at them and suspect guile, and his very diffidence added to the impression. He was the ideal of a boy to stand in the office of a questionable company and open the door for prospective customers. A good first impression, followed by the cordial friendliness of Mr. Cass and the business versatility of Mr. Long were reasonably sure to win over the most obdurate. That, however, was but one reason; the real one was to appear later.

"Well," reminded Mr. Cass, patiently. "I am waiting. And I am in somewhat of a hurry."

"It's this way," blurted out Luther, desperately. "I—I'd like to work for you the worst kind if only I could; but I can't. The business don't seem to me like it could be honest. I heard you say to Mr. Long one day when I was cleaning the back room windows that you'd both been strapped to the last cent, an' this business was to pull you out of the hole. I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't help it; an' it set me to thinkin', an'—an' to watchin.' Folks have been comin' in—poor folks, some of 'em, that I know—an' buyin' sheers. Yesterday old Mis' Green, who works round, came an' begged Mr. Long to let her have the ten dollars back that she'd put in, an' he talked to her so she took another sheer for a present an' went off grinnin', thinkin' she'd be awful rich in a few days sure." Luther paused a moment, then went on impetuously; "An' there's old Mr. Perkins who lives in the big farm house just across from me. He's terrible rich, an' some say he's a miser an' has more thousands than most folks has cents, but he's old an' childish an' all alone in the world, an' he believes everything anybody tells him. I did his chores an' slept over there most the time an' sort o' looked out for him. Him an' me are good friends."

"Yes," smiled Mr. Cass. "He told me that you were the finest boy he ever knew, just like your father and grandfather and uncles, and he was acquainted with them all. He said you were so absolutely honest that he would risk everything he owned on just your word or in anything with which you were connected. It was his confidence in you that first recommended you to our notice."

Luther looked at him gratefully, but a little suspiciously.

"Thank you," he said; "but Mr. Perkins ain't keen like he used to be. I hope you won't try to sell him any sheers."

"Why?"

"'Cause folks outside say it's nothing but a swindle," sharply, "that the sheers themselves are only paper, an' when you've sold all you can you'll slip off. I don't understand such things myself, only what you said about bein' strapped an' this helpin' you out of a hole. You an' Mr. Long are spendin' lots o' money right along. Yesterday Mr. Long bought a ring that I heard him say he paid two hundred dollars for, an' you bought a new horse an' more clothes, an' you both ride 'round in automobiles an' give suppers an' live at a big hotel. If you hain't no money except what folks bring in for sheers how can you do it an'—an' be honest? I'm awful sorry, but I must be goin.'"



He Turned and Walked Deliberately Toward His House

Mr. Cass opened his handsome hunting-case watch smilingly. It was another of his recent purchases, and as he clicked it shut he slipped it back into his pocket caressingly.

"My time's up, Luther," he said, regretfully; "if it wasn't for that I'd like to have a long talk with you about this matter, for I remember how I used to misunderstand things when I was an office boy. Things explained as we go along helps us so much, especially when we are young. But we will talk this over in the morning. You will be here, of course?"

"Y—es, I guess so," doubtfully; "but I don't think I can stay."

"That is all right," kindly. "We do not want to urge anyone against his convictions. But come and open the office as usual, and then after I have set you right about the mistake you may leave if you still wish to. That will save us from any unfriendly feelings."

Luther went home with his mind in a confliction of doubts. But when he returned the next morning his doubts were again all in one direction. He had heard more comments.

Soon after the office was swept and made ready for the day, Mr. Cass swung round in front of the entrance in an automobile.

"Oh, there, Luther," he called: "I will not have a moment's spare time today for that little talk. I am going to the mine now. Supose you jump into the automobile and ride out with me. We can speak of that matter on the way and not lose time. Hurry!"

Luther caught his breath a little. Ride out to the mine, which he had heard them say was twelve miles away, and which he had come to believe was wholly fictitious. And he had never been in an automobile in his life. Perhaps he and everybody else were mistaken, after all, and Cass & Long, Stock Brokers, were just what they represented themselves to be.

It was a smooth, open road, and in less than half an hour the automobile swerved up beside the bars of a small rocky pasture. As farm land or timber land, or even pasture, it was evidently as worthless as land well could be. But as they alighted and climbed the bars, Mr. Cass nodded toward it significantly.

"Not very promising in appearance, Luther," he said. "You would scarcely suppose it could contain such riches as you never dreamed of. Look at this."

They were a dozen feet inside the bars now, and he kicked a few inches of loose soil from what seemed the surface cropping of a ledge of rocks. As it was exposed, Luther's wondering gaze caught the yellow glitter of metal. Mr. Cass picked up a piece and held it out.

"You have seen the gold nuggets in my desk, Luther," he said smilingly, "the ones we show customers. How do they compare with this?"

"They're just like it, sir, I think," Luther gasped.

"I thought you would say so. Now we will walk out to the middle of the pasture, where there is a much larger ledge than this, and much richer. I came out to satisfy myself more accurately about the location, but am glad to have you along. I do not like for even our office boy to misjudge us."

When they returned to the office Mr. Cass took a gold nugget from his desk and gave it to Luther.

"I want you to take this to several of the banks and ask their opinion of it," he said.

Luther drew back, turning red.

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not," he demurred. "I'm satisfied now."

"No, no, Luther," Mr. Cass insisted; "I want you to be satisfied beyond the influence of outside talk. Take it to several banks. You will know what they say can be depended on."

When Luther returned and gave back the nugget he was very subdued.

"It's gold all right," he said apologetically, "an' awful rich."

"Yes, I know it is; and you saw the two big ledges of it out there. Now do you understand how we can promise to give thousands of dollars for a hundred, perhaps even for ten? You know that Mr. Long and I have no money. You overheard me say so. It will take but little capital to open those ledges, and then the profit will be enormous. You can go if you like."

He turned to his desk and took from it a roll of money, but Luther's hand touched his arm timidly, desisting him.

"If you please, Mr. Cass," he said, "I'd much rather not go, an' I'll do the best I can."

"Why, certainly, Luther," cordially. "I am only too glad to have you stay. Tomorrow I am going to see Mr. Perkins. He is talking of putting all his money into stock. It will make him enormously rich, and will enable us to begin operations at once. He is only waiting for your opinion on the matter. I shall take you with me. Do you know, Luther," impressively, "it is a tremendous compliment to a boy of your age for a rich man like Mr. Perkins to place such implicit confidence in his judgment. But then he knew your father and grandfather, and he says they never did a dishonest trick in their lives."

This last sentence was Mr. Cass's mistake, for the words rang in Luther's brain on the way home, bringing back some of the old doubt. He could not let the simple-minded, trusting old man risk his money without being absolutely certain of the matter. Before he reached home he turned abruptly from his course and started straight toward the rocky pasture, twelve miles back in the country. It would be a hard all night's walk, there and back; but a disturbing thought had occurred to him.

When one of the banks opened next morning he was the first at the window, thrusting a glittering piece of metal beneath the cashier's face.

"That all right?" he asked.

The cashier's eyes rested upon it carelessly.

"All right for iron pyrites," he answered.

"Ain't it pretty valuable?"

"Not more so than any common stone."

"But I brought some to you yesterday an' you called it gold."

The cashier smiled. "Suppose you put the two beside each other and compare them," he suggested. "I think you will see the difference then."

Luther went to the other banks. They all said the same. Then he went straight to Mr. Cass.

"'Tain't honest," he said. "I've found out, an' now I'm goin.'"

"But look here, Luther," expostulated Mr. Cass. "I—"

"'Tain't honest," interrupted Luther sharply, "an' I'm goin.'"

For the first time Mr. Cass showed impatience.

"Very well, go!" he snapped.

But he looked uneasy, and almost before the boy was out of sight he had closed his desk and was hurrying toward the livery stable where he kept his horse. Ten minutes later he was driving furiously toward Mr. Perkins.' The old man was leaning on his fence.

"Hullo, here ye be," was his greeting. "But where's Luther? Thought ye said ye'd bring him along."

"Oh, there was no need for that," beamed Mr. Cass. "You and I can fix it up all right. Besides, Luther's busy."

"Well, I ain't busy," chuckled the old man; "so I guess I'll ride back with ye to the office. I want to see Luther." And he opened the gate and started toward the buggy.

Mr. Cass looked annoyed.

"There isn't the least need," he expostulated. "And, anyway, Luther isn't at the office. He—er—did not quite suit us, and we had to dismiss him."

The old man straightened suddenly.

"I knowed his father an' his grandfather afore him," he said slowly, "an' there's never been a crooked thought in the stock. An' now ye've had to dismiss him 'cause ye couldn't pull together. Um! I guess I ain't no money to put in with ye."

"But look here—"

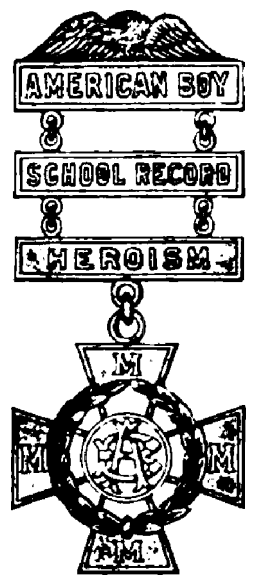
"Ain't no money to put in with ye," repeated the old man calmly, and he turned and walked deliberately toward his house.

Mr. Cass looked at him irresolutely. But he realized there would be no yielding in the tottering old figure, and muttering something under his breath he whirled his horse savagely and dashed back toward town.

A few days later the firm of Cass & Long, Stock Brokers, became a thing of the past, for it had been the hope of Mr. Perkins's money alone that had brought it into existence.

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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich., Heroism.

HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal., School Record.

JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark., School Record.

LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill., School Record

FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill., School Record.

G. BLAKE THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn., School Record.

ALLEN C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H., School Record.

LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O., School Record.

G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich., School Record.

WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y., Heroism.

ALFRED OWEN PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn., School Record.

HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky., School Record.

JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass., School Record

The name of Walter Juedes, Amsterdam, N. Y., goes on our Legion of Honor roll, and a badge for the young man has been sent to the Rev. W. N. P. Dailey, of Amsterdam, N. Y., by whom the particulars of his act of heroism were sent us. The account in brief is as follows: A crowd of youngsters was skating on the mill pond near Amsterdam on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 13th. The ice breaking, nearly every member of the party was precipitated into the water which, at that point, was some five feet deep. Hearing the cries of the children, Walter Juedes, a ten-year-old boy, who happened to be in the vicinity, rushed to the edge of the ice regardless of the danger to himself and rescued a little girl; then with the help of a man who came upon the scene just in the nick of time, he was enabled to rescue two others. Two of the boys in the company saved themselves. Three of the children lost their lives. It is said that the three children rescued would have been drowned, had it not been for the heroic efforts of Walter Juedes.

G. W. Lawton, Lawton, Mich., who receives a School Record badge this month, has received the highest standing in his grade for the full term of 1905, and was neither absent nor tardy during the term.

Harry A. Boyde received the highest general average, 92 per cent, of anyone in the eighth grade for the term beginning September 11th and ending December 1st, in the Wickliffe, Kentucky, public schools.

Alfred Owen Phillips, Nashville, Tennessee, nine years old, in the term of school beginning September 11th last, led not only his class, but the whole school of nearly two hundred members. He had a grade of 100 in every study, as well as in scholarship. He is a grandson of Dr. Alfred Owen, now presi-

(Continued on page 120.)



Habibullah Khan, Amir of Afghanistan (Wearing Turban), and Some British Official Guests

A Disuniting Unionist

He calls himself the "Light of Union and Religion," does Habibullah Khan, thirty-three-year-old monarch of Afghanistan. So far as the "Union" in the title is concerned, however, he is more buffer than coupling pin, for England to the south and Russia to the north, seem as far as ever from a peaceable agreement as to which shall become paramount in Asia. Afghanistan separates their present territories, and for either to attempt encroachment upon the holdings of the other, would mean a march through Habibullah's mountainous land; wherefore is he a most important figure upon the international chessboard, this young man who has ruled only four years over 4,000,000 of wild, warlike people.

His country is not a mere spot on the map of the world. Its inhabitants (about as many of them as are settled in Ohio or Illinois) dwell in a territory paralleling in size the combined commonwealths of Nevada and Colorado—a territory rough, uncultivated and uninviting almost beyond the understanding of any save those few who have penetrated its inhospitable borders.

Habibullah is a most interesting character. In his autobiography he tells how he was "a prisoner in fetters at one time, a cook at another; a viceroy at one time, a subject at another; a general at one time, under the command of a lieutenant at another; an engineer and blacksmith and emperor." He learned reading and writing through love of a girl, for he could not read what she wrote him and so was "unhappy, till helped to read by the hidden mysteries of Heaven." As may be guessed from this, he is hungry for all learning,—and once even mastered how to tune a piano. He smokes little, drinks nothing save tea or water, is passionately fond of birds, and his great hobby is growing Japanese pumpkins and American carrots—the one for their coloring, the other for their foliage.

These May Help You

"Pay as you go," John Randolph described as the philosopher's stone.

The famous Wardsworth mottoes, given world renown by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, have helped thousands.

"Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand," they run.

"The master word is work," says Dr. William Osler, not long since called from Johns Hopkins University to the Regius professorship of medicine at Oxford.

In two short words, "hard work," Carroll D. Wright sums up at once his personal motto and the secret of success. "Hard work, and do the duty of the day" is the full maxim by which he lives.

Senator Hoar in his old age declared that most of the successful men he had known excelled their fellows not in genius but in willing capacity for hard work.

Creator of the "Bertillon System"

Many a boy, who visited the Parisian police exhibit at the St. Louis Fair, will remember how interesting were those "methods" by which the French detectives are enabled to identify suspected criminals, no matter how cleverly disguised. Many will remember that the system bore the name of Bertillon, after the man who had created and perfected its measurements. But how many are aware that this Bertillon was a mere youth of twenty-seven when he evolved the scheme now used almost universally throughout the civilized world?

Alphonse Bertillon, today a man of fifty-two and head of the Identification Department of the Paris Prefecture of Police, was, from the first, "keen" for mathematics, and had barely graduated when he began to apply his figures to the measurements of men. As he himself puts it: "I found certain measurements of the human frame practically never vary from youth to age—the length of the head, its breadth; the length of the left middle finger and the left foot; of the left forearm to the top of the middle finger, and of the right ear." Consequently, he judged, a record of such measurements, made of known criminals, could be used again to identify one of them, should he continue in crime, and be captured disguised. Later, the recognized fact that the finger-prints of no two people are exactly identical was added to the measurement system.

In one of the six volumes which M.



Alphonse Bertillon

Bertillon has written on his hobby, he says: "The majority of criminals have given up trying to evade recognition once they are in custody. They realize it is hopeless. As to mistakes; there have been none." What a record of usefulness, to crown the work of a mathematician of less than thirty!

TOO STRENUOUS.

"My son tells me you have discharged him," said the office boys' mother. "It's very strange; you advertised for a strong boy and that's what he is——"

"He's too strong, madam," replied the employer; "in the single day he was here he broke all the rules of this office and some of the furniture."—Philadelphia Press.



The chief factor in a success of any kind is work; and if you add to that the next essential, which is to work for the work's sake and not for the money it may bring, you have covered the ground.—Edward W Bok, Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.

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Look for INGERSOLL on the dial!

Only the invaluable patents, the tremendous output (8,000 daily), the organization and experience of years make a watch like the *Ingersoll* possible at One Dollar. The *Ingersoll does* keep accurate time, and is *guaranteed* to do so. And it lasts for years. Imitations, which are unreliable, short-lived and a nuisance while they last, resemble it only in appearance. Their manufacturers have not the facilities for making a real watch for this price, nor have they a reputation of years' standing to sustain.

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They *take* up the slack line promptly, preventing the fish from shaking loose when he rushes toward the fisherman. What the "BRISTOL" is to the ordinary rod, our Combination Reel and Handle is to the ordinary reel. It is placed in the center o' the handle, forming a part of and securing a perfect balance of the whole.

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BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Dept. 14, Box 1540, Boston, Mass.

THE KINDNESS CLUB

By THORNDIKE COLTON



The Kindness Club

THE KINDNESS CLUB, of Boston is a very interesting club of boys that other boys would do well to copy.

The club was started by the Animal Rescue League of Carver Street, Boston, and the club has a room in the League home. It now consists of about eighteen boys of ages ranging from ten to fifteen years.

The purpose of the club is for each member to do some kind deed every day to old people, little children, animals or birds, and to seek occasions for helpfulness at home. Removing broken glass out of the public ways is another deed of kindness. Each boy has a little blank book in which he enters the record of his kind deeds, and the boys take turns in reading their books after the president has opened the meeting and the secretary and treasurer read their reports. After the reading, games of a quiet nature are played, then the boys select a book from the bookcase, have it recorded, and after a polite leave-taking go home.

The boys elect officers from their own number, and carry on the meeting with oversight and promptings, and usually a little talk from the president of the League.

At their own request they bring three cents each Thursday when they meet, and they will decide later by vote upon the disposition of the money. Members of the League are invited to send good books and games for boys or for girls, as the girls are now requesting the formation of a similar club for themselves, and it may be formed a little later.

Such clubs should do much good in teaching boys to be kind, but it is useless to form them unless an older person who has sympathy for and patience with the young and can enter into their joys and sorrows is constantly present with them at their meetings.

A few pages from their record books may give an idea to others who wish to form such clubs.

I put a blanket on a horse which had fallen off.

I saw a little dog with a piece of wire in his paw and I took it out. Then he licked my hand.

My mother was sick and I helped her do her work.

I found a cat with its paw cut. I brought it home and gave it some milk and bandaged its paw. I kept it a day. My aunt came in the next day and I gave it to her.

On Jan. 23 I found a cat that was almost frozen and I took her in my house and gave her some milk, and after she drank it I took her to the League.

On Jan. 21, 1904, I stopped a boy from hitting his dog.

A horse's blanket was half off and it was cold, so I put it all on.

I stopped some boys from hitting a cat.

I did some errands for my mother when she was tired.

I swept some glass into the gutter in front of 219 Eliot street.

I opened a door for a cat on Providence street, Jan. 23.

I stopped some boys from throwing snow at a horse's nose.

I took a blind visitor to one of my neighbors.

Some boys were jumping on a heavily loaded sleigh and I asked them if they would please get off.

I put a blanket on a horse hitched to a dray.

I stopped some boys from throwing snow at an old man.

Dec. 18. On Fayette street I stopped a boy from teasing a dog.

I stopped some boys from throwing snow at a dog.

I took some glass off Carver street and put it in the gutter.

I opened a door for a small child who was trying hard to open it.

Dec. 19, 1903. As I was going down Devonshire street I saw a horse with his mouth bleeding from his bit, and I unloosed his halter so it would not hurt him, and when the man came out, he said he was going to put something on it so it would not hurt him.

Sunday, Dec. 20. I was taking a walk through West Ninth street past a house where a cat was standing outside the door in the rain and was crying. I went up to the door and let it in.

Dec. 21. There was a cat locked in a house in Newburn place and was nearly starved, and I took the cover off the stairs and took him in and fed him and gave it to a lady who said she would give it a good home.

On Dec. 21 I saw some boys throwing stones at a dog and I picked the dog up in my arms until they went away.

I took some broken glass out of the street and put it in an ash barrel.

I led a blind man to Tremont street, Jan. 11, 1904.

I saw a man beating a horse and I told him to stop, and he said he would do the same to me.

I helped an old lady across the street.

Dec. 26. Opened a door for a cat.

Dec. 22. Brought a cat into my house in the night very late and brought him to the League next day, where he was restored to his owner.

Dec. 29. Led six horses across Park square, then fixed the harness on them.

Jan. 12. Helped a child off a car.

I must add one more recent record worthy of special note. February 11, when the club met, they all united in out-of-door kindness work. Carver street was almost a glare of ice and the horses were slipping badly. It was proposed that the boys collect ashes and plentifully sprinkle the whole street. They took up the idea with enthusiasm. Going to different houses on the street they were provided with ashes and hods or pans, and in the course of an hour Carver street, from Eliot to Pleasant street, was brown with ashes. A teamster gratified the boys by shouting words of praise as he passed by. The boys enjoyed it and enjoyed hot chocolate and a piece of cake when, rosy and gay, they trooped into the Rescue League after this kind deed was over. Could something of this sort be done all over the country much suffering of the horses might be saved.

LEGION OF HONOR ROLL

(*Continued from page 118.*)

dent of the Tennessee College, and at one time the president of an Ohio college, at a time when the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was a student in the same college.

Allen C. Wentworth, Stark, N. H., whose name goes on our Legion of Honor roll this month, stood at the head of his class in all his studies for the school term just past.

Leon W. Miller, Lima, O., who receives a School Record badge this month, has received the highest standing in his grade for the full term of 1905, and was neither tardy nor absent during the term.

G. Blake Thackston, Elmwood, Tenn., whose name goes on our Legion of Honor roll this month, stood at the head of his class in all his studies for the school term just past.

Jos. W. Elwell, seventh grade, Point Grammar School, Gloucester, Mass., has been neither absent nor tardy during the past five years' attendance of the Primary and Point Grammar schools, at Gloucester.

HENS THAT LAY GOLDEN EGGS

By HUGO ERICHSEN

I SUPPOSE you have all heard of the goose that laid golden eggs, but you will probably be surprised to learn that some hens do likewise. That is to say, they do not exactly lay eggs composed of the yellow metal, but "hen-fruit" that is easily converted into gold; all you have to do is to take it to the grocer.

Thomas Owen, a Kansas farmer, who is an expert on poultry, says: "That poultry pays, goes without saying," a statement I am prepared to endorse from actual experience.

Years ago, when an amateur farmer in Oakland county, Mich., I proved the matter to my own satisfaction. I started with eleven chickens, which hatched thirty-one eggs, only two of the chicks died. One of the chicks also hatched half a dozen duck eggs, and when the little ducks appeared that fowl was the most disgusted hen I ever saw. It actually made her sick to look at what she considered unnatural offspring, but after a day or two she made up her mind to bemother the feathered orphans, and cared for them as faithfully as though they were of her own kind. In addition to the chicks and ducks I obtained 411 eggs, which paid all the expenses connected with the experiment.

If you embark in the chicken business to make a little pocket money or to help out the folks at home or to pay for a college education otherwise unobtainable, my advice to you is to start right by having pure-bred poultry. It costs no more to take care of a thoroughbred fowl than it does of a scrub and the profit is much greater.

The choice of a suitable variety is apt to be puzzling. But for general purpose fowls no chickens are better than the American breeds known as the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. They are of medium size, good as broilers, good as roasters, and good as egg-producers. The hens are also good sitters and good mothers. If egg-producing is the main purpose, however, the so-called Mediterranean breeds, particularly the Leghorns, Minorcas and Spanish are to be recommended. These chickens are smaller, more active, and greater foragers than the Rocks or Wyandottes, and as layers they are unsurpassed.

In order to do well, chickens must have comfortable and healthful quarters, they must have proper food and nesting facilities, but it is not at all necessary that there should be extravagant expenditure in supplying these.

A poultry house need not be elaborate in its fittings or expensive in construction. It must be placed, however, upon soil which is well-drained and dry. Moreover, if it is sheltered from the north or northwest winds by a group of evergreens, or some other buildings this will be a decided advantage in the colder parts of the country.

The poultry house should face the south, have all the windows in the front and yet be free from drafts. A good house may be made of two layers of boards, with tar paper between; seven feet high in front and four feet at the back. Place the door in the east corner. Have a double door, the outer one swinging outward, hinged to the left door post, and the inner one, swinging inward, hinged to the right. This will prevent drafts on cold days and yet admit the sun. The building should be one foot wider on the ground than at the top, so as to throw the sunlight on the scratching-place right under the windows. Cut the inner door in two, with a slide trap in the lower half. Then you can close it all on cold days except the trap, and the hens can go in and out yet be exposed to little or no draft or cold. All along the front, except by the door, build a pen one foot high and five feet wide and fill with litter for the hens to scratch in. Leave two to three feet for an aisle, and devote the rest of the space to perch-room. Make the perches all the same hight, fastened together at the ends with cross-pieces. Suspend the whole, by means of wires, from the ceiling, 18 inches or two feet from the floor. Finally place a row of neat boxes, three feet from the floor, along the west end of the building.

Buy a good breeding pen of one rooster and ten hens. From these in one season you can raise at least one hundred chickens, besides selling twenty sittings of eggs at from one dollar to two dollars per sitting. You can get a still cheaper start by buying eggs from pure-bred stock, though you will lose a year's time by that process.

There is no such thing as luck in the chicken business. Good care means gain and neglect means loss. The habit of careful attention to details means success in all undertakings, great or small.

When they are twenty-four hours old, feed your chicks with fine oatmeal or hard-boiled egg and bread mixed fine and dry, sprinkled on clean sand. Continue this for a week and then give them hominy or small grain. Many chickens die from feeding sloppy food without sufficient sand.

Later feed your pullets three times a day, as follows: To twenty-five hens, in the morning, two quarts of oats; these are not omitted summer or winter, although less is fed when the birds are at large. Scatter the oats in the chaff. At noon feed a little over two quarts of bran and one pound of meat scraps chopped fine, mixed with enough boiling water to moisten it well without rendering it sloppy. About four o'clock, just before nightfall, three pints of shelled corn are fed in the chaff. Occasionally sunflower heads may be substituted for the noon feed and wheat for the corn in the evening, as the chickens like a change as much as you do.

Grit, in some form, should be before the chickens all the time; it is their teeth. A dust-box is another necessity. It is to the chicken what your bathroom is to you. Always provide your poultry with sufficient clean water, warmed at least once a day in cold weather.

The diseases of poultry are mostly due to filth and neglect. If you keep your poultry house clean and sprinkle your hens at intervals with a liberal quantity of insect powder, they will not be troubled with lice, with which they are commonly infested.

When you get started in the chicken business, it will not be long before you'll want an incubator, which is a sign of ambition and therefore eminently praiseworthy. Go slow. Don't buy the largest size to begin with. Try the medium size first; then when you have become accustomed to its use buy another and still another, as long as necessity demands. Now is the time to start your incubator so that the early broilers will be ready for the market in season.

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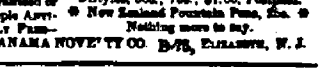

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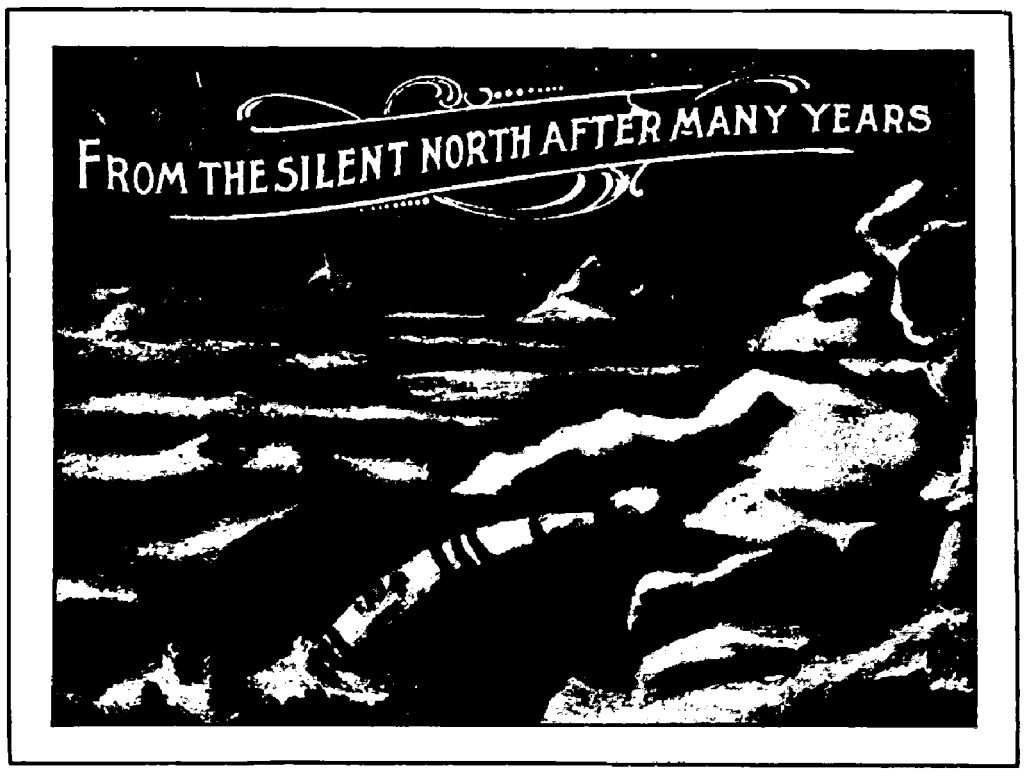


GEOGRAPHISTS are rejoicing over the news, just received, that one of the casks thrown overboard several years ago to test the existence of ocean currents in the far north, has floated ashore in Iceland. On September 13, 1899, this identical cask, one of a hundred similar ones distributed in various seas, was placed on an ice floe northwest of Barrow Point, Alaska, in latitude 71 degrees 53 minutes north and longitude 164 degrees 50 minutes west, by Captain B. T. Tilton, of the steam whaler Alexander.

"Cast your barrels on the water and in due time they will return to you if the ice doesn't get them," jokingly remarked a member of the Geographical Society at the time the casks were set adrift. It seemed so long before any news was received of the silent messengers sent to seek a way to freedom through the circumpolar basin that many had given up



Admiral Melville

hope of ever hearing of the casks again, when at last there came the news that one of the barrels had been cast ashore in Iceland.

The Iceland farmer who found the cask must have been a man of unusual intelligence, for the photograph of the message printed on this page shows that he was able to write the record of his discovery in good English. It will be seen that this reports that Vigfus Benidikteson, of Nupskatla, Iceland, picked up the cask on June 7th, 1905, it having drifted ashore about one mile east of Cape Rauda Nupr. The course the cask must have taken to reach this point from the place where it was set adrift proves in the words of Henry G. Bryant, the well-known explorer and President of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, "the existence of a current from the Behring Ocean around the circumpolar basin over to the Atlantic."

The finding of this cask has made the members of the Geographical Society jubilantly hopeful of the further success of the experiment made so long ago. Admiral Melville, to whom belongs the credit of having suggested this plan of ascertaining the existence of currents in the far north, has written to Mr. Bryant as follows:

"More of the casks have come through, but have not been found; while others no doubt, have been found, but not reported. There is no telling how long the cask found on Iceland drifted about in open water before it was cast ashore. A ship drifting the same way no doubt might have come through two years earlier. No doubt others have passed around Cape Farewell, Greenland, and are now on the West Coast, and if they are not picked up will eventually come south in the Labrador current. We will yet hear of more of them."

The story of this experiment dates back to the time when Admiral Melville pointed out that the only reason why men should endanger their lives in Arctic drifts was that they could make notes of what they saw on the way. Without this feature of the voyage casks set adrift in the northern seas would determine just as much in the interests of geography and do it without any loss of life.

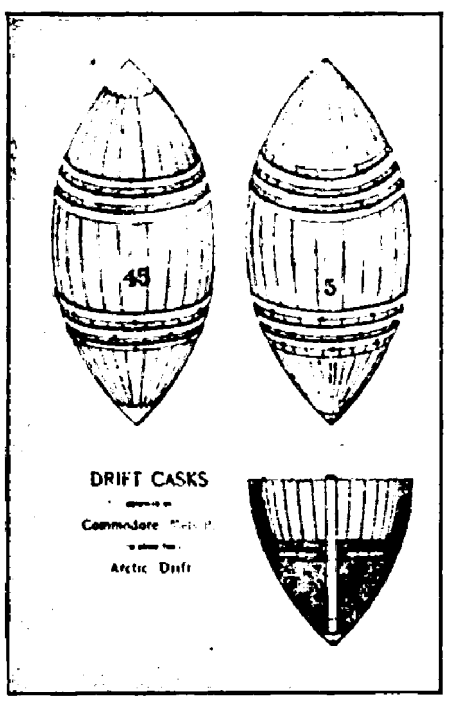
Acting on this suggestion the Geographical Society of Philadelphia had constructed from designs made by Admiral Melville a hundred casks in the shape of a parabolic spindle, made of heavy oak staves one and a quarter inches thick, encompassed by iron hoops three-sixteenths of an inch thick and two inches wide. A coating of pitch and resin was applied to make the casks waterproof and prevent corrosion and each cask was given a number etched into the wood as well as painted on the outside.

The casks were provided with a reinforced bunghole and through this the message, in a glass case, was inserted, the interior of the cask having first been filled with shavings to prevent the bottle being broken in its long voyage through Arctic drifts. The message paper enclosed in this way was printed on linoleum paper, by a permanent blue print process which rendered it practically impervious to salt water. The message was printed in the English, Norwegian, German and French languages and embodied the following particulars:

Space for name of vessel and master assisting in distribution, date, number of cask and latitude and longitude of point where it was set adrift; directions as to filling in record and sealing up tube; blank space for insertion of name of finder, date and locality where cask was picked up; clause requesting finder to forward message paper to the nearest United States Consul at his home port, or to send it direct to the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

When the casks were prepared they were carried on government vessels and whalers through Behring Strait and set adrift in sets of five, numbered consecutively; commencing with the first five these were sent on their long voyage near Herald Island. Then proceeding northward the boats deposited the casks on the ice floes until the highest latitude consistent with safety to the ships was reached.

After all these years one of these derelicts has at last found a lodging place in Iceland and, it is hoped, now that the story is revived, that others will appear



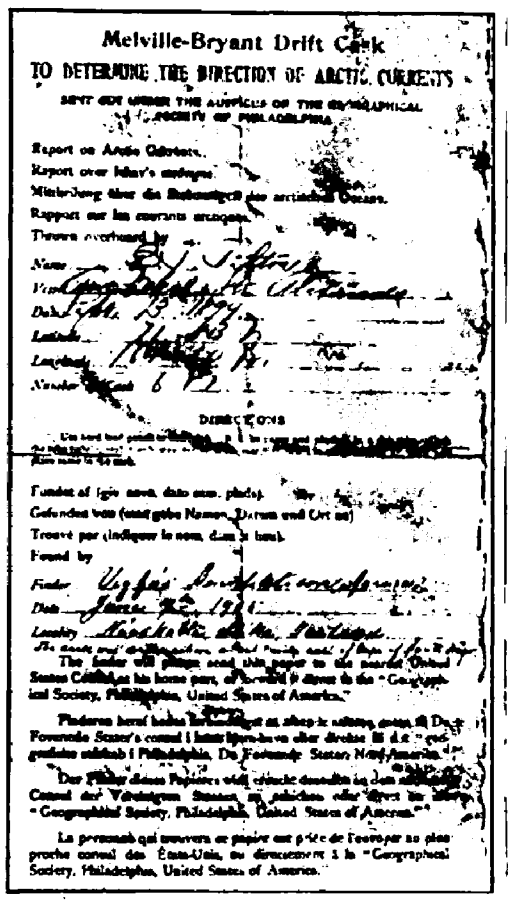
from points to which they have drifted and been overlooked by those who did not recognize their significance to geographists. Many of them are doubtless locked in the ice in inaccessible points of the unknown north; but others of the little flotilla are sure to appear in waters frequented by man and will be recognized and rescued after their long voyage through the mysterious unknown.

"There is no difficulty to him who wills," said Louis Kossuth, voicing his brave opinion from the steps of Independence hall.

A Boy and the President

One boy—one of many—who had the honor of meeting the President, now acts as if Mr. Roosevelt's eyes were constantly on him. This lad was not a small boy when he was presented; he was big enough to play baseball with skill and energy, and on ordinary occasions he was a haughty sophomore. This boy wanted to see the President, but his outward calmness was disturbed by the intimation from his sisters that he would have to make three bows as he approached the President and say, "Your Excellency." The courage that had stood six hours' exposure in a heavy sea on the keel of an upturned boat weakened before this prospect. A benevolent friend corrected the alarming suggestions of the sisters by telling him that he would simply be expected to say, "Mr. President," to stand until everybody was seated, and to go when the President should rise. This seemed easy, still, it was evident that the fearless athlete was reverently practicing "Mr. President" with his lips as he approached the White House. All uneasiness disappeared, however, when the President, catching sight of the boy, stepped forward and called him by his surname. "Sit down!" he said, and then he began to talk about a subject dear to the lad's heart—the recent races at Poughkeepsie. Etiquette was forgotten; the boy held fast to "Mr. President," when he thought of it, in the delight of talking with somebody who "really knew" all about the ins and outs of intercollegiate races, but sometimes he forgot and merely said "you."

The boy was pained for a moment to discover that the President could not play baseball. To a near-sighted man who must wear glasses a baseball flying at large is much worse than a bullet. The lad admitted this, and said afterward that "if Thackeray were alive and played baseball instead of cricket, he would have had the same difficulty." The President showed him a very scientific jiu-jitsu grip. And this was followed by an interchange of lore on this interesting Japanese science of physical culture, with illustrations, in which the boy entirely forgot his fear of the "court presentation," and talked and acted with entire respect, but entire freedom. The boy seemed



From Photograph of the Record Sent by the Finder of the Cask that Floated Ashore in Iceland

to think that American muscle was a match for Oriental skill, but he was plainly convinced that the President had both. Questions of boxing and riding came up, and the President spoke as an expert, and the boy listened and talked as one who understood but felt his limitations. Young Theodore, who has this year entered Harvard, was then at school; but every now and then his father culled a bit from his son's experience in out-of-door sport. It was plain that, through sympathy, in these matters he had the same point of view as his son.

The talk drew out of the President his knowledge of the games that boys love.

"When it comes to boxing or riding," he said, with conviction, "I think that my boys and I can hold our own." And several times the "we" was repeated in a way which showed that Mr. Roosevelt and his sons were to be considered a happy family of boys thoroughly in accord. It is not convenient to take his large "boy family" on his Western and Southern bear-hunts, but the President does the next best thing. Every summer he goes "into camp" with his boys a few miles from his summer home at Oyster Bay.—From St. Nicholas.

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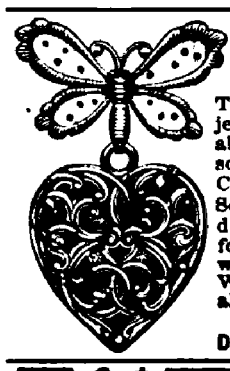

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20 Canada	10	11 Servia	10
10 Cape of Good Hope	10	30 Sweden	10
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12c Outfit—100 different stamps, 100 Hinges, 1 Dime Album, 1 Perf. Gauge.
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$3.60 for $1.25 A beautiful "Harvey" Fountain Pen and $1.00 cat. value in unused Honduras for only $1.25. That is not all! To every 5th purchaser I will give Scott's 1906 60c catalogue, and every 10th, $2.50 worth of fine U. S. stamps. The "Harvey" is a warranted pen and retails for $2.00. There's a reason. **M. L. HART, Akron, O**

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1000 Foreign mixed 10c	40 var. U. S. old and new 8c
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Many of those cheap but **"Hard-to-Get" Stamps**
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5 Sets Stamps to retail at	10c. each
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111 E. Nassau Street, - New York City

Stamps 100 all different genuine Labuan, Borneo, Hayti, Persia, China, Uruguay, Corea, etc., with Album only **5c**
1000 FINELY MIXED 20 Cents; 1000 hinges 8c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **NEW LIST FREE. C. A. Stegman,** 5941 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and 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.**

CHINA 10c GREEN FREE to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 50 per cent. A Packet to offer, including some corking good ones; weighed, not counted; will cat. over $3.00, with a foreign postal card worth from 5 to 50c, price 25c; a splendid mixture. Netherlands 1891, 50c, cat. 10c, price 1c with packet only. Mention A. S.
W. T. McKAY, 15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

MY OLD CUSTOMERS are staying and buying of my books and sheets at
50% DISCOUNT
They are satisfied and so will you if you try them.
A. J. KOENS, Norristown, Pa.

Stamps, Coins and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

Answers to Inquiries

S. A. L. and R. H. A.—Common U. S. stamps of 1c and 2c denom. have no value canceled; higher values and foreign stamps, if they have any value, can be disposed of to many of the dealers advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY. E. H.—Your stamp is a 10 pfennig German issued in 1900. It has no value. J. L.—The 3c Columbian lists 6c. The balance of list you give have little, if any value. C. F. D.—In the 2c U. S. 1894, with triangles in corners, the lines crossing the triangle are of the same thickness throughout. In type 2 they are thinner between the two parallel lines forming the triangle, and in type 3 have been cut out altogether between the parallel lines. L. W. D.—"Ned Indie" means "Dutch Indies"; your other stamps are probably Austrian newspaper stamps, but cannot say positively without better description. J. R. H.—Your German stamp is worthless; 2½d Bahamas, 4c; 1d Transvaal, 2c; 1 anna India "On H. M. S.," 1c; 20c green stamp Holland; 10c gray Dutch Indies.

Stamp Notes

Barbados is on the qui vive for the Nelson stamps, expected in the island very shortly.

At a recent London auction sale a 12 pence, 1851 Canada, imperforate on laid paper realized $200.00.

Upon three values of its current set Bermuda pictures a dock said to be 545 feet long, one of the best in the world.

The stamps of Tonga are so large that it is said the natives lick the envelopes rather than the stamp. This is a news item that needs confirmation.

Of the three provisional stamps recently issued in the Danish West Indies made by overprinting 4, 5 and 8c values "5 BIT, 1905" none are now obtainable.

A book will soon be issued by the Junior Philatelic Society of London, "The Stamps of the United States" treating in a popular style our regular postal issues.

Japan has issued some postal cards in glorification of Admiral Togo and the manner in which the war with Russia was ended. They are described as beautiful and elaborate, being printed in gold and colors.

The Olympian games set for Greece 1906 will picture ancient Greek art in a very attractive form. The new set will comprise 14 values from 1 lepta to 5 drachmas engraved and printed by a London firm.

When Queen Makea, of Cook Islands, was having her portrait placed on the 1893 issue of stamps, Mr. Ross the English representative urged upon the engravers: "Take care that Makea's likeness is not made too dark."

Obock is a French possession on the Red Sea, and it is reported that its capital city is a village of huts. It is nevertheless civilized enough to have postage stamps as witness eighty-two different varieties during the years 1892, 1893, 1894.

A very efficient committee has been given charge of arrangements for the annual convention of the American Philatelic Association to be held in Boston next August. As the leading stamp society in the country a very large attendance will be planned for.

The Earl of Crawford is adding to his laurels by calling at the islands of Tristan da Cunha in the capacity of mail carrier. One thousand miles west of Cape of Good Hope, isolated as they are, the barely one hundred inhabitants of this group of islands will appreciate the favor done them.

An English stamp paper commenting upon the use of chalk surfaced paper by various colonies to prevent the washing off of cancellations calls attention to the employment of this paper on the stamps of Portugal as long ago as 1881. "Stamps printed on this paper are brittle and if creased at all are irretrievably spoiled; there is no such thing as pressing a crease out of a stamp printed on chalk surfaced paper, neither will the stamps stand moisture."

It is estimated that the deficit for the last fiscal year will be something like $10,000,000, as against $14,000,000 for the year previous. But for the $29,000,000 drain for rural free delivery service there would be a handsome surplus; one that would give us one-cent letter postage. The Canadian postoffice department for the fiscal year 1905 shows a clear surplus of $500,000. In 1896 they had a deficit of $781,000. However, the Canadian service is not as good as ours. For example in the city of St. Thomas, with 14,000 inhabitants mail is not delivered by carrier. In this country every town of 5,000 has carrier delivery.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Eugene Henderson, Jr.: The 1853 cent is worth from five to ten cents, depending upon condition. Your other rubbing is from a XII heller of Aix-la-Chapelle, (Achen), 1765. It is worth a quarter of a dollar. Victor Husband: The dime of 1853 has no premium. Alfred C. Wilcox: Your rubbing is from a 5 drachmai of Greece, 1875 (George I. 1863-). It sells for $2.00 at the dealers. It was struck at the Paris mint. C. M., Keokuk, Ia.: The dime of 1842 will hardly bring you a premium. The dealers charge a quarter for them when the coin is in good condition. Otto W. Payne: The same answer may be given you regarding your dime of 1845 as to C. M., above. E. M. Hyatt: Good half dollars of 1828, and quarters of 1838 sell for seventy-five cents each. 1847 cent, five to ten cents. 1857 three cent silver, fifteen cents. Fractional currency of 1863, if in fine condition, sells for at least double face value. If it has been in circulation, then only face value. The 1859 gold halves and quarters are bringing about $1.50 each. The gold dollar of 1849 is worth $1.75. The 2-cent piece of 1870 will hardly bring a premium. Robert Lum: The half dollars of 1812, 1818, 1827, 1828, 1835 and 1836 sell for from seventy-five to eighty-five cents each. A good 1831 dime, twenty-five cents. The drawing is from a common Chinese cash coin. It is brass, not gold. Walter Brown: 1868 two-cent piece, face value. 1817 cent, ten cents. Flying eagle cent of 1858, face value, only. 1859 Indian head the same. Maurice A. Danziger: The East India Company issued a large variety of coins in different metals in 1835. You will have to tell us the metal and denomination before we can answer your question. Rexford Sexton: The half dime of 1835, if in good condition, is worth twenty cents. Philip B. Blake: The 1853 three-cent silver piece sells for fifteen cents. Spanish or Mexican silver unless in fine condition, will not bring over face value. Arthur F. Stephens: The 1854 half dollar will not command a premium. Herbert Clark: A good English farthing of 1672 is worth forty cents. The modern coins of England, France, Germany, Canada, Italy and Mexico—those now in actual circulation—whatever metal they may be struck in, as a rule, will not bring much over face value. A coin so poor that you cannot make out the general design or date may be considered worthless from the collector's standpoint. Japanese, 5 sen, five cents. Lloyd E. Warner: The old copper cents you mention can be bought at the dealers for from five to ten cents each in good condition. Your piece with the "All Seeing Eye," and three links, is probably an Odd Fellows medal. Your "Specie Payments Resumed" is a Jackson Token or cent, sometimes called "Hard Times" token. There is quite a variety of these tokens struck between 1834 and 1841. The most of them are common, selling for from five to ten cents each. Our dollar of 1798 sells for $2.50. The 1863 cent is only worth face. Floyd S. Curran: Your Canadian half dollar is only worth face value. John M. Berwick: We think you are mistaken in seeing a dollar of 1905. We are informed that none have been or will be issued at any of our mints. Floyd Harper: The 1864 two cent piece has no premium. The only piece of this series to command a premium is that of 1873. Arnold B. Fletcher: Your rubbing is from a 5 franc piece of Napoleon I, 1809. It sells at the dealers for about $1.50. Sherman Dunning: The old half dollars of 1819 and 1826 sell for from seventy-five to eighty-five cents each, if they are in good condition. Your other rubbings are from coins that will not bring a premium. Robert Willman: (1) 1853 cent, ten cents; (2) common war token; (3) three cent silver piece of 1851, fifteen cents; (4) Canadian silver of current use will not bring a premium; (5) U. S. dime too poor to bring over face value; (6) Spanish 2 reals of 1773, very common; (7) this is usually classed as Corean cash. It was struck in Japan and used in Corea during the period 1605-23, A. D. The characters are "Kuan yung tung pac," which means current money of Kuan Yung. The coin sells for about twenty-five cents. (8) This is a third bronze coin of ancient Rome. The rubbing is so imperfect that we cannot tell you just what emperor it belongs to. H. D. Silsby: The half dollar of 1831 sells for 75 cents. J. G. C. Smith, Jr.: The only year this government has failed to issue cents from the beginning in 1793 to the present date, is 1815. Why none were issued in this year we do not know. Possibly some of our wise readers can tell us. William McCann: The quarter of 1853 with arrow points by the date, are worth only face value. J. R. P.: (1) Portugal XX reis, 1883, five cents. (2) Third bronze of the Roman emperor Constantius, 355-361 A. D. The coin usually can be bought for a quarter at the dealers. G. L. Hattabaugh: The 1893 Columbian half dollar at first sold for a dollar. They can now be bought for fifty-seven cents, and can often be picked up in circulation for face value. Marion A. Wilkes: We presume your $1.00 bill on the Yokohama Specie Bank at Shanghai to be worth only about half a dollar. China and Japan are still on a silver basis. Robert Rich: Both your coins are common English silver pieces and will bring no premium with collectors of coin. J. J. Young: Your rubbing is taken from a silver 960 reis coin of Brazil, 1810. For a good piece, as yours seems to be, the dealers would charge $2.50. J. B. Dexter: Your first coin is a common copper penny of the Bank of Montreal, 1842. Your 2 ore, 1876, is from Norway, and is common. 1852 half dime, face value. We cannot tell you anything about your "¼ cent dated 1631" without further particulars. Of course it cannot be of the cents denomination, for "cents" were not issued until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Hiram Peel: Probably the rarest date in our cents is that of 1799. Next would follow 1804, 1793, etc. S. J. T.: "Union for Ever." This is one of those Civil War Tokens that were so numerous and passed as cents during the scarcity of small change at the time of the Civil War. There were thousands of varieties issued. The government later prohibited their use as a circulating medium.

COINS PAPER MONEY etc., FOR SALE. Good U. S. Cent, date 1808 or 1810, each, 1c. Bills, 20 for 25c. Cut Gems, 10 for 35c. Coins with dates before 1760, 5 for 25c., dates before 1700, 3 for 25c. Civil War token with Indian head like small cent, reading "NOT One Cent," each 5c. or 7 for 25c. Rare Coin Book, U. S. & for'n, 750 illustr'ns, 160 pp., cloth bound, each 25c. Retail list free. T. L. ELDER, 32 E. 23rd St., N. Y. City. Send 25c. for year's subscription to Elder's Monthly, the fine new magazine on Numismatics, General Collecting and Historical subjects.

THE NUMISMATIST
The only Illustrated Monthly Coin Collectors Magazine published in America.
One Dollar per annum and always worth twice the price. Volume XIX begins with January, 1906. Special inducements now to new subscribers. If you are interested in Coin Collecting send Ten Cents now for two sample copies and full particulars. Address
The Numismatist, - Monroe, Mich.

RARE COLLECTION OF OLD COINS
Representing 25 different countries, consisting of gold, silver, nickel, copper, will be sent by mail for one dollar. 150 page coin-book 25c. **C. W. FRANKLIN, 239 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.**

POST CARDS POST CARDS from JAPAN
Mail us 10 cents in coin and we will post you, from picturesque JAPAN, a beautifully tinted bromide POST CARD; or for 20 cents in coin there will be sent you the daintiest hand painted POST CARD you ever possessed.
Creations of Japanese Art.
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Write for quotations on our carefully selected albums

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10 beautiful Boston views and our Club plan, 10c. You will receive cards from all over the world. Postal Card collections now all the rage. Commence one today. **IDEAL CO., Dept. D, 322 Geneva Ave., Dorchester, Mass**

Collectors' Names Wanted
Send me the names of all honest, active collectors in your locality, over 15 years old, with their ages, size of collections, etc., and I will send you a fine stamp free, that will please you. LARGEST, FINEST, NEATEST—50 per cent approval books (not sheets) in the world for collectors with less than 10,000 var. Please give age, size of collection, and reference. Following sets are fine value. **No two stamps alike.**

30 Austria 10c	7 Wahn 10c	8 Reunion 12c
25 Belgium 10c	4 Gwalior 10c	27 Spain 10c
12 Corea 35c	4 Hawaii 10c	12 Peru 10c
5 Labuan 10c	25 French Col ... 25c	3 Perak 1c
25 Peru 40c	15 Hayti 30c	10 Hawaii 25c

List of 100 dime sets free. Also list, circulars, etc. Immense stock of low and medium priced stamps.
W. C. PHILLIPS, GLASTONBURY, CONN.

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50 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FREE!
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OUR NEW 1906 PRICE LIST CONTAINS
OVER 10,000 SINGLE STAMPS
Also albums, packets, supplies, etc., sent free!
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9 B. Bromfield St., BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP MENAGERIE FREE
A splendid packet of stamps FREE all different, animals, birds, etc., part unused, if you send 25c. for a new six months' subscription to Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, Boston, Mass. If preferred, a packet of all different foreign stamps, catalogue value $2.50, will be given.

FREE 5 Venezuela Map Stamps Catalogue value 25c. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 10 approval books, 15c. 50 blank sheets, 10c. Collector's album, holds 1200, 15c. Scott's 1906 Catalogue, 60c. Pocket Stock Book, 12c. Big 32 page list free. Agents wanted. **C. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

U. S., 1871, 30c. black, 20c. each. 1873, 30c., 20c. each. Rev., $1.00 manifest, only 8c. $1.00 Prob. of Will, only 18c. $1.00 mortgage, only 35c. $1.00 Passage Ticket, 60c. Mexico, 1880, set 1c to 25c un'sd, 20c. 10 var. Ind States 25c. U. S., 1898, 30c. Brown, 20c., 1898, 90c. purple, 60c. Our 40 page price list of sets and single stamps, free. **ECONOMIST STAMP CO., 79 Nassau St., N. Y. City.**

FREE 40 varieties U. S. and 100 sample hinges for the names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c. return postage. Album with space for 1,200 stamps, 15c. 20 varieties U. S. Revenues, 5c. 1,000 all different, mounted in book, $2.75.
MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

17 CENTS buys **1000 MIXED STAMPS** and **1000 STAMP HINGES**
Genuine Stamps on approval. 50 per cent discount.
ALTSCHUL & KLEEMAN STAMP CO., Constantine Bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

STAMPS FREE; 100 Hamburg, etc., catalogued over $1.00, FREE to all. Also illustrated book all about stamps. If possible, send names of 2 honest collectors. Agts., 50 per cent. Illus. catalogue stamps of world 10c.
LEE STAMP CO., Importers and Dealers. BOSTON, MASS., Sta. A.

All for **10c** and names and addresses of 2 collectors
80 Cuban Revenues, unused.
1000 Peerless hinges.
1 set Honduras, 2 var., unused.
1 set Nicaragua, 2 var., unused.
1 set Paraguay, 2 var., unused, 1903-'04.
1 Millimeter Scale and Perforation Gauge. **OHIO STAMP CO., Sta. F., Toledo, O.**

500 finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff. fine 5c; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c; 1000 hinges 8c; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c; 200 all diff. 90c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. Old Stamps bought.
UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS 100 China, Java, etc., unusual value, a Stamp Dictionary and big illustrated list of 1000 bargains. All the above postpaid for 5c. Stamps in album free to agents. 50 pct. com. 1906 illus. priced cat. of stamps of all nations 10c. Globe Album, holds over 1,200 stamps, good paper, 10c. World album, 15c. Better ones, 25c. **A. Bullard & Co., 446 Tremont St., Boston**

FREE 7 varieties of unused Philippine stamps for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send two cent stamp for return postage.
EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY
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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 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.



"MARY"

Second Prize Photo, by M. H. Tardy, Birmingham, Ala.

As a Mountant

Liesegang recommends 20 grains of calcium nitrate and 80 grains of dextrine in 2 ounces of cold water.

Current Comments

Joe Leedom—Picture should have been taken against a light background, so as to outline figure, and care should have been taken to include whole length. B. F. Bond—Your "Our Pets" is out of focus.

Camera Craft

In welcoming this interesting monthly to our exchange list, we are pleased to note the progress it has made under the able editorship of Fayette J. Clute. Its practical information and artistic illustrations render it of especial interest to the amateur.

A New Way to Use Masks

One of our readers suggests the advisability of placing the mask before the plate, prior to exposure, by fastening it in the holder with small tacks, instead of using it in making the print. Perhaps this may be of advantage in some instances.

The Letter Box

Mrs. J. F. Swingle—It would be manifestly unfair to admit photographs to our contests that are turned out either wholly or partly by professionals. Gordon McCulloch—We must decline to republish formulas that have appeared in former issues of this magazine; our space is too valuable. Duplicate copies of back numbers are promptly mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Write to Am. Aristotype Co., Jamestown, N. Y., for printed directions in regard to the toning of Aristo-Platino. Morton A. Wilder—Your compliments made the editor blush. The plan you propose was tried before, but did not work. Photographs entered in our contests may be either mounted or unmounted. Description should be on the back. Eventually you will be able to do good work. Harry H. Phillips—The composition of your landscapes is good, technique is fair.

Honorable Mention

Vernon Heverly, with his artistic landscapes of "Blue Creek" and "The Bridge," deserves to head our roll of honor this month. The distinction is also conferred upon: Otis Shepard Goode, Arthur Soderstrom, Harry A. Packard, Charles Green, Earl Rodda, Geo. F. Neill, Charles Evans, Kerr Forman, and last but not least Raymond Fitts, whose "Sentinel" is a very creditable bit of work.

He is a "Brick"

The editor seldom indulges in slang, but the word brick is so apt in the case of Harold H. Lund, of Nunda, Ills., that no other seems appropriate. It stands for pluck and fits Harold to a T. In sending us a praiseworthy "Brownie No. 2" photograph, entitled "A Morning Sunbath," our friend writes: "I am 12 years old and I have had hip-disease for 15 months now and I have only been able to get about on crutches for 5 months. I took the picture about two months ago. I expect to leave my crutches behind in a year, or to get a great deal better than I am now at least." With his courage under adversity, Harold is in a class by himself. We hope his wishes will be realized soon.

Our Prize Pictures

This month first prize is awarded to an excellent photograph of the Madrid (Ia.) high school football team. Technically the photograph is nearly perfect and the grouping is very good. The picture was taken by Guy R. Frise, of Madrid, with a Pony Premo No. 3 on a Hammer plate. The lens was a rapid rectilinear and the exposure one-fifth of a second. The plate was developed with Hydro-Metol and the print made on Aristo Jr. paper. M. H. Tardy, whose "Mary" captured the second prize, is a resident of Birmingham, Ala. The photograph represents his sister. "I wrapped her hair with white paper," he states, "draped her neck with white cheese cloth, tied a pedestal of cardboard around her waist, powdered her white and placed her in front of a black curtain. I then wrapped her arms with black cloth also. We had lots of fun in taking the picture."

A Pyro Developer That Will Keep

The No. 1 solution is made by dissolving an ounce of pyro in six ounces of water and then adding one dram of alcohol and finally, drop by drop, three minims of sulphuric acid. The No. 2 solution is made by dissolving one hundred and ninety-two grains of sodium carbonate and one and one-half ounces of sodium sulphite in sixteen ounces of water. To use for normal exposures one takes one dram of No. 1 and two ounces of No. 2 and adds five ounces of water. Bromide is used as usual if over-exposure is feared, and varying the amounts of the two solutions together with the water added will adapt this developer to any requirements. As given, it is particularly recommended as a developer for white drapery correctly exposed. Increasing the pyro and adding bromide will give any amount of contrast that may be desired.—Camera Craft.

Improving Bromide Prints

It frequently happens, says Mr. Sylvester in The Bromide Monthly, that bromide or gaslight prints which one wants to have black turn out rusty or green. Instead of throwing them away they can be improved by toning with gold. The solution for this purpose is made of:

Ammonium sulphocyanide	30 grains
Gold chloride	2 grains
Boiling water	4 ounces

Now the proper way to make this is to dissolve the sulphocyanide in half the water and the gold in the other half and add the gold gradually to the sulphocyanide, stirring all the time. It will be ready for use as soon as cool. The print after fixation must be well washed, and should then be squeegeed face up on a sheet of glass, and the above gold bath brushed over the surface with a broad and flat camel's-hair brush till the color of the image is satisfactory; a thorough washing completes the operation.



First Prize Photo—Madrid (Iowa) High School Football Team—by Guy R. Frise, Madrid, Ia.

Packing Negatives Safely.

There are, of course, many fairly safe ways of packing negatives, but the plan given below is one of the most simple and satisfactory. The negatives are put together without anything between them. One at the bottom should be film upward, and the others placed above it film downward, thus ensuring a glass surface on either side. They should then be done up very securely in paper—not more than twelve in a batch—and put in a plate box. This should then be wrapped in two strips of corrugated cardboard—one each way of the box, and the whole finally covered with brown paper and tied up. No harm can come to negatives done up in this way.

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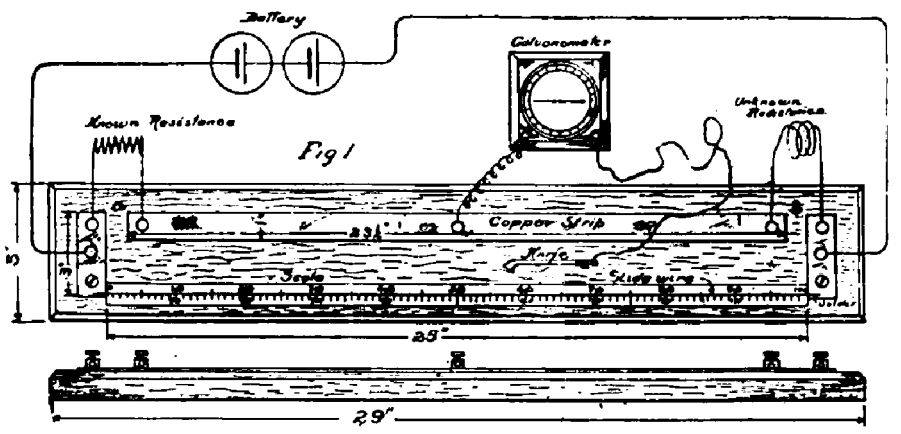
Experimental Lessons in Electricity



No. VIII—The Wheatstone Bridge

THE MEASUREMENT of resistance in any electrical circuit is usually accomplished by comparing its resistance with that of some known circuit such as a coil of wire. The instrument by means of which this is accomplished is called the Wheatstone Bridge, so named from the man who first brought this method into prominence, Sir Charles Wheatstone, although the method was invented or devised by a Mr. Christie some time before.

In our last lesson we made a very sensitive astatic galvanometer which is used in connection with this instrument, and, after describing the construction of the bridge, the measurement of resistances will be described. We will then be in a position to take any one of the three important electrical measurements, viz.: the pressure in volts, the current in amperes, and the resistance in ohms.

The Wheatstone Bridge, while a very simple instrument, is remarkably sensitive and accurate if well made. It is shown in outline in Fig. 1. The baseboard is made of a piece of well-seasoned oak or cherry, thoroughly dried and varnished. Secure at some hardware store or tinshop two strips of copper 1 inch wide and 3 inches in length, and one strip 1 inch wide and 23½ inches in length. Also get a piece of german silver wire 27 inches in length and about No. 30 gauge. The gauge is not very particular, but should not be larger, and if german silver wire cannot be obtained, steel wire will do in its place, although the latter corrodes very easily. Seven small binding posts may also be purchased, but, if they cannot be obtained, the home-made post (round-headed brass screw with wing soldered in slot) will answer.

When the varnish on the base is dry, mount the copper strips as shown, being very particular to have a distance of just 25 inches between the inside edges of the end pieces. Two round-headed brass screws are sufficient to hold these end strips in place, since the screw of the binding post passes through the base, thus holding that end securely.

A paper scale is then made just 25 inches long, divided as shown into 100 equal divisions of one-quarter inch each, and every fifth division being marked with a slightly longer mark, and every tenth division with a double length line. This scale is pasted to the base beneath the slide wire, the ends coinciding exactly with the edges of the end pieces or copper strips. The german silver (or steel) wire is then soldered at one end to one of the strips, stretched tightly and soldered to the other strip. When the binding posts are all in place and the scale marked as shown, the instrument is practically complete.

The "knife" with which a sliding contact is made with the slide wire, may be made of a piece of stout copper or brass wire sharpened at one end. To the other end is soldered a length of at least 24 inches of flexible cord, such as is used for electric lamp fixtures.

The sensitive astatic galvanometer is then connected as shown, one wire leading from the middle post in the long strip and the other wire leading to the knife.

A cell or two of dry battery will form a sufficient source of current for testing purposes, and one cell will frequently be found more than required, so very sensitive is the galvanometer. The battery is connected to the end strips as shown, binding posts being provided for that purpose.

Now while the construction of this instrument is so very simple, the directions for its use are not so easily grasped perhaps by many of our younger readers. However, if you will patiently and carefully study the following description, you need have little trouble.

In using the Wheatstone Bridge we measure the resistance of one thing by comparing it with the known resistance of some other thing, the value of which we know. It is just the same as though you went to a store for a pound of sugar. The sugar would be exactly balanced by weights of known value, and, feeling reasonably certain that the weights were correct, we would say that we had one, two or five pounds of sugar, as the case might be.

Just so in the measurements of electrical resistance. Our known resistance is usually in the form of a coil of german silver or platinum wire, the value of whose resistance in ohms has been carefully tested. And before going further, the ohm is the unit of electrical resistance just as the pound is the unit of weight. Therefore, when we pass a current of electricity through a wire, it does not go through without meeting with some resistance to its passage, and we say that the wire has a resistance of so many ohms, just as we would say that it took twenty pounds to push a wagon.

Our first step, then, is to make up some standard resistance coils. Secure from some electrical dealer 200 feet of No. 31 single cotton covered copper magnet wire. Also get ten pieces of stout bare copper wire, No. 12 or 14, each about two inches long. You will need five common thread spools and a dish of melted paraffine.

Cut the wire into the following lengths, laying it straight on the floor or table, but do not pull it or it will stretch perceptibly and be less accurate. For the one-half ohm coil cut a piece 4 feet 10 inches in length; for the one ohm coil a piece 9 feet 8 inches long; the two-ohm coil 19 feet 4 inches long; the five-ohm coil 48 feet 3½ inches, and the ten-ohm coil 96 feet 7 inches. These lengths are then wrapped on the spools in the following manner, known as the non-inductive method, since it does not generate a magnetic field to affect the galvanometer needle.

The wire is doubled exactly in the middle of each length and this double strand is then wrapped on the spools like a single wire, the two ends being left free for soldering to the terminals as shown on the pen sketch Fig. 2. A small drop of solder is then dropped on the end of each wire to permanently secure it to the heavier wires. The spools are then dipped into the bath of melted paraffine and boiled until the air bubbles cease coming to the surface. The heavy wires, which are driven into the ends of the spools, are then bent as shown so that they will slip into the binding screw holes with ease.

And now we come to the hardest part of this lesson, the directions telling how

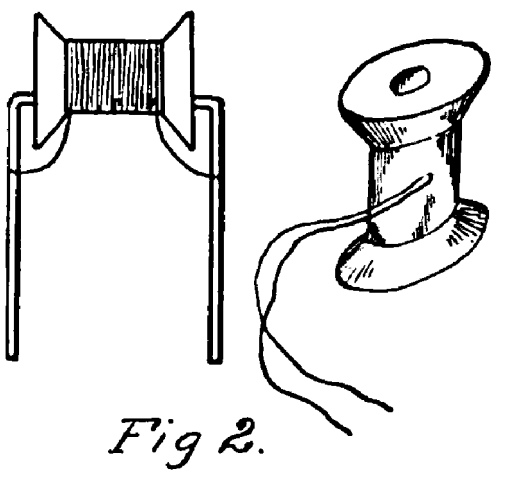


Fig 2.

to use the bridge. The battery and galvanometer being connected as shown in Fig. 1, with a small switch in one of the wires leading from the cells, the unknown resistance is connected across the gap b and one of the standard coils connected across the gap a. Then the sharp edge of the knife is moved along the slide wire over the scale until a point is reached where there is no deflection or movement of the needle. If this point lies very far to one side or the other of the middle scale division, substitute the next higher or lower standard spool until the reading falls nearer the center of the scale. While a reading could be taken in the extreme positions, it is not best to do so, owing to the very small movement of the knife that is necessary to throw the needle off of zero.

Now, most of you have gone far enough in arithmetic to do simple proportion, and after the reading is taken the following simple calculation must be made which will give the resistance of the unknown coil. The resistance of the standard coil bears the same ratio to that of the unknown coil as the number of divisions between the knife edge and the left hand end of the scale (upper row of figures) bears to the number of divisions between the knife edge and the right hand end of the scale (lower row of figures). Then in order to find the unknown resistance, we simply multiply the standard resistance by the number of the left hand divisions, and divide the product by the number of right hand divisions; the quotient will be the unknown resistance in ohms. Thus suppose a 2-ohm coil was used in a test and the needle stopped swinging when the knife edge rested on the 63rd division from the left hand end, or the 37th from the right. Our calculation would be as follows:

$(2\times37)\div63=1.17$ ohms.

Now, while this explanation may seem very long, it is really very simple, and when you once master it you can make many measurements of resistance in your experiments which will add greatly to their interest and value.

THE EDITOR'S QUERY BOX

Will you please tell me what a double opposed motor is? How can two bells be connected on the same wires with two telephone receivers? I have difficulty with my spark lighting apparatus. It works well at times and then very poorly. It is operated by two batteries, one wet cell and one dry cell. Would this make any difference?

C. C. M., Providence, R. I.

Ans.—The term "double opposed motor" refers to a gas engine having two cylinders working opposite each other; that is, one cylinder on opposite sides of the crank. Since you do not state clearly just what purpose is to be served by the bells an intelligent answer cannot be given. Try two wet or two dry cells in place of the combination and you may have less trouble with the gas lighting arrangements. Dry and wet cells never work well together.

Will the coil from a medical battery operate a wireless telegraph outfit?

E. B., Drummond, O. T.

Ans.—No, there is not sufficient power to such small coils.

What are the relative merits of the double and single pole telephone receivers? Can a telephone receiver be used as a transmitter? How does the transmitter differ from the receiver? On a short line could not a watch-case receiver be used as a transmitter and the ordinary receiver as a receiver? Since anthracite coal is almost pure carbon, could not that be used instead of the ordinary "carbon plate" in wet cells of the Le Clanche type?

S. L., Dearborn, Mich.

Ans.—The double pole receiver is much more sensitive and reproduces the voice with greater clearness than the single pole, and, owing to the magnetic circuit in the former being nearly closed, the strength of the magnet cores is greatly preserved. A receiver may be used as a transmitter but the currents generated in the transmitting instrument are exceedingly feeble, and a very weak reproduction is the result. Either style of receiver may be used. While anthracite coal is almost pure carbon, it is of such a very dense nature that it is poorly suited for the purpose.

A Work Bench

By John F. Adams, in "Amateur Work"

A GOOD work bench is a great aid in turning out work, greater accuracy being secured as well as greater rapidity, yet how many, especially amateurs, are to be found working at some make-shift contrivance of old boards, not because they cannot afford the amount required for stock for making a bench, but rather that they have never realized the value of one in their work. To readers of this class let me say, let no time be lost in ordering the necessary stock and making a bench according to these directions, as I am sure that the increased facilities afforded by such a bench will be sufficiently appreciated to win the thanks of those acting upon this suggestion.

If funds be limited, spruce can be used and will make a strong bench, but care must be used not to mar it by heavy pounding or cutting with metal tools. Maple will increase the cost, but is a fine wood to wear under heavy duty, although no bench should be used as an anvil or to stop cuts with a chisel or bit. The illustration shows a bench fitted with a quick acting vise, a fixture well worth having if one can afford the $5 necessary to secure it. Where economy is necessary an ordinary carpenter's vise can be substituted, the iron screw for the same costing about 60 cents.

The lumber bill is as follows: 1 plank 6 ft. long, 12 in. wide and 1¾ in. thick; 1 board 6 ft. long, 12 in. wide and ⅞ in. thick; 1 strip 6 ft. long, 1¾ in. wide and ⅞ in. thick, for the top. For legs, 4 pieces 3x4 in. stock 32 in. long which, planed on all sides, will be ⅛ in. less each way. For the long braces 2 pieces 2x4 in. stock, 5 ft. 6 in. long, and for the short braces, top and bottom, 4 pieces 2x4 in. stock, 18 in. long.

Tenons are cut on the short braces



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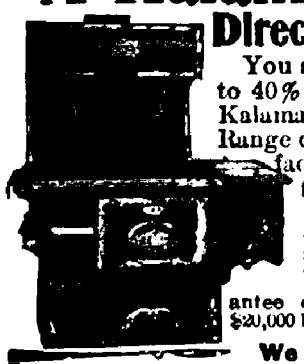

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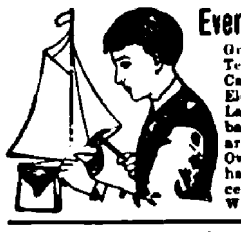

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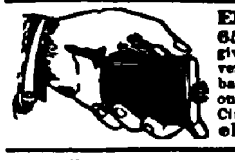

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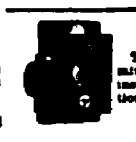

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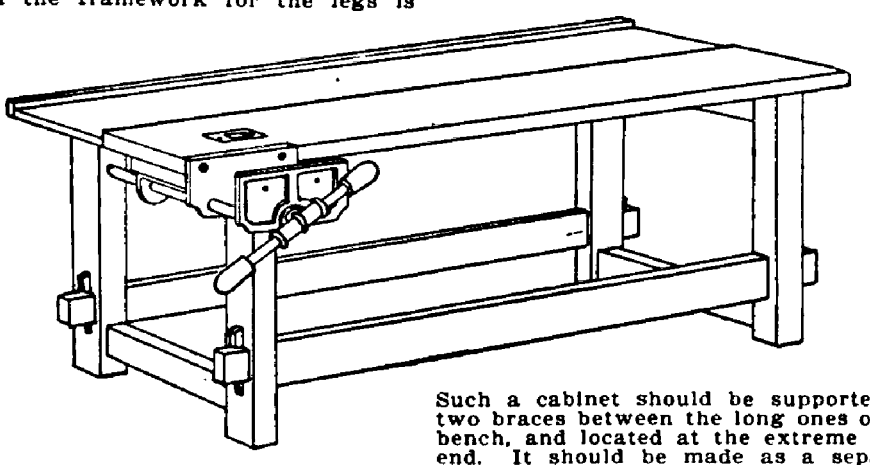
2¾ in. long and 3x1¼ in. Mortises are cut in the posts for same to bring the top ones flush with the top of the posts, and the top edges of the lower ones 7 in. from the floor. The tenons on the long braces are 4 in. long and 3x1½ in., the mortises for same in the posts being located to clear those for the cross braces by 1 in. After these are fitted, mark out and cut holes in the tenons to receive wedges 5 in. long, ¼ in. thick and ⅞-⅝ in. wide. The object of using wedges is to give increased rigidity. All joints should be laid out with a marking gauge and carefully cut to exact fits. Poor joints mean a rickety bench.

When the framework for the legs is



completed, the front (2 in.) plank is attached by large wood or small lag screws put up through the top braces, boring 1 in. holes 3 in. deep and then continuing with a gimlet bit of the size to give a snug fit to the screws. Use three screws at each end. This plank projects forward 2 in. beyond the front of the posts. Next, attach the ⅞ in. board in the same way, using care that the two pieces are closed up to leave no crack between them.

Another way of fastening the frame is to use 3 in. angle irons, eight being necessary. The strip at the back is then attached by wood screws, the top edge of this piece to be the same height as that of the front plank, so that work placed across the two will lie level.

If preferred a wide board with racks along the top for tools may be substituted, but the writer prefers to keep his tools in cabinets where dust and moisture will not injure them. A bench stop is also to be fitted to the left end of the bench about 6 in. from the end of the bench and 3 in. from the front edge. Get the kind with hand nut for adjusting to height, instead of the kind requiring the use of a screwdriver.

Another very useful attachment not shown in the illustration is an arrangement for planing boards of various widths and lengths. A board about 22 in. long, 8 in. wide and 11-16 in. thick will be needed. Also 4 strips 4 ft. long and ½ in. square. Two of these are fastened to the edges of the front brace at the right end, leaving a ⅝ in. space between for the board above mentioned. The remaining two are fastened to the under side of the front plank directly over those below, thus forming channels in which the board slips freely. The board is slipped in from the left end after boring ⅝ in. holes at distances from the top of the bench varying by 1 in., but in 4 vertical lines, so that the holes will not be too near together. A plug is placed in the appropriate hole, upon which the work is rested.

Another valuable feature is a cabinet of drawers for tools, there being ample room for one with drawers 36 in. long and 12 in. wide; having two drawers 3 in. deep, one 4 in. and one 7 in. deep, with the necessary space of ⅝ in. between them, and ⅝ in. top and bottom. Such a cabinet should be supported by two braces between the long ones of the bench, and located at the extreme right end. It should be made as a separate fixture to facilitate removal when moving the bench about.

THE TEST *of* ALLEN MURRAY

(*Continued from page 117.*)

"Do you need another man?" inquired Allen that afternoon of the superintendent of a large establishment on Main Street.

"No. If you'd been around this morning, Murray, I might have given you something. There's nothing now. I'm sorry," he added looking kindly at the square shouldered young fellow. He had known Allen away back in his newspaper days.

At the next place the proprietor asked where he had been working.

"At Brady's," answered Allen briefly.

"Why did you leave Brady?"

That was a poser. Allen hesitated. His sense of honor forbade going into details. "It was over a question of personal honesty," he answered at last.

The man smiled insolently.

The color flamed into Allen's face at the look. That his explanation admitted two interpretations had not occurred to him.

"We're not wanting such help," said the man curtly.

"Gee! Catch me making that kind of an idiot of myself again," muttered Allen under his breath as he stalked angrily out of the shop.

Places were just filled, he might call next week, or they required no more men. It was not so easy after all—this obtaining work when one was out of a job.

Allen recalled a series of articles written for a prominent magazine, the personal experiences of a college man seeking work in Chicago. At the time he had considered them overdrawn; in the light of his present experience they appeared true to life.

On the afternoon of his second day, he came upon a foreman overseeing a gang of workmen digging a sewer ditch.

"That's better than tramping around looking for a job. My coal shoveling may do me a good turn now," he said smiling grimly as he walked over to the foreman.

Had young Murray seen the smile of satisfaction on James Brady's face as the latter drove around the corner with Dr. Stuart behind a span of Brady's high-steppers, he would have felt puzzled indeed.

"Doc," exclaimed Brady, "do you see that boy? Bless me, if he isn't working with a gang of dagoes! He's the right stuff. We'll telegraph for that stateroom at once."

That night Mr. Brady received the following note. It was brief and to the point.

Mr. James Brady,

Dear Sir: No inducements you may be able to offer can alter my decision of yesterday. It is still a matter of personal honesty. Thanking you for past favors, I am, yours respectfully,

ALLEN MURRAY.

Two hours after the receipt of this letter another in James Brady's well-known hand was left by special messenger at the Murray home. It said:

My dear Murray:

With you it was a question of honor; with me it was a question of honor and business. The two are, in my opinion, inseparable.

It is absolutely essential that the superintendent of Brady's Coal and Lumber Company be honest, not because it is the best policy, but because honesty is right. You have come out of the test, the purer, the stronger, the braver for it, as I felt confident you would.

I have the honor of offering you the position of superintendent of Brady's Coal and Lumber Company at a salary of two thousand dollars a year.

Dr. Stuart, not satisfied with worrying his other patients into their graves, has taken it into his head to banish me to Timbuctoo, or the North Pole—perhaps he knows where—I'm sure I don't!

I leave on the New York Express tomorrow evening.

If you will run up in the morning we will talk over a few matters that may be of interest to our new superintendent. Most cordially yours,

JAMES BRADY.

How to Build a Skiff or Fishing Punt

By J. W. SEAVER, JR.

THE ACCOMPANYING drawings show the construction of a skiff, or fishing punt, built by a boy of fourteen without assistance from anyone except his juvenile friends, and as all boys are naturally fond of the water, perhaps a few may wish to imitate his example and build such a craft, of which the following is a short description.

We live near a small river, hardly more than a creek, and my young friend wanted a boat in which he could go fishing and exploring during the summer holidays. So by selling papers and doing odd jobs he managed to earn about five dollars with which he purchased all the necessary lumber, nails, paint, etc.

The plans we drew together, or rather I drew them from his suggestions, and with the tools about the place he commenced work.

The frames were built first with square ends as shown in the sketch. Then the sides, which were made of two wide boards, were sawed to shape with a gradual curve running from the center to the ends. These were secured to the frames by nails, and the end pieces carefully fitted. Then the entire framework was turnd over and the bottom boards fitted and nailed in place, a generous application of thick paint being put on the edges and surfaces in contact with the boards to make the joints water-tight.

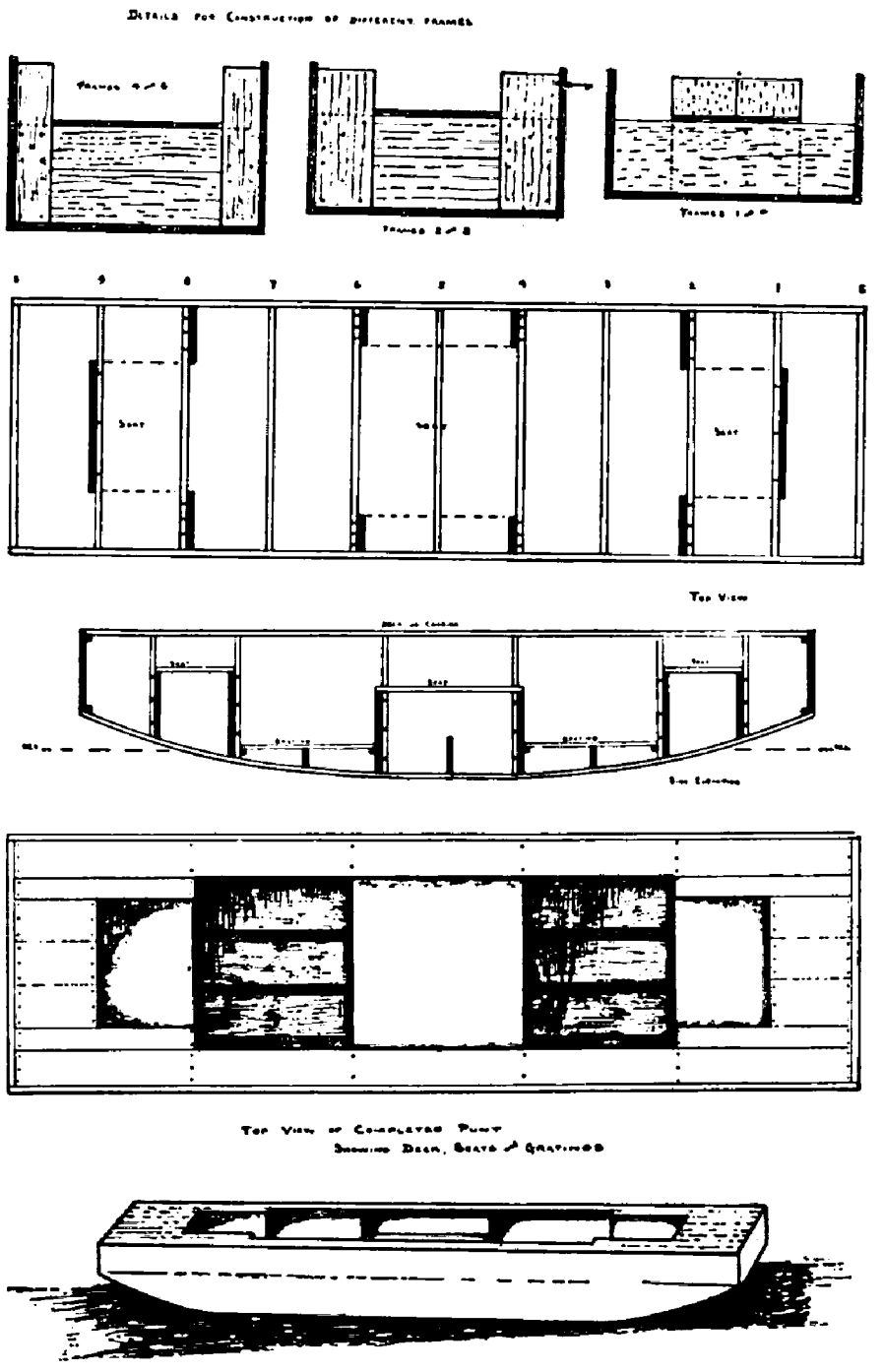
After the planking was completed, the entire boat received two coats of paint inside and out and when dry was ready for the seats, deck and finishing touches. This boat was built of ¾" boards, except the deck, which was of ¼" stock. The floor gratings were made to take up for cleaning and bailing and there was ample locker room in each end for fishing tackle, etc.

If desired oar-locks may be added but we preferred to use a couple of poles, the river being very shallow.

The boat proved very satisfactory and a credit to her builder; it was safe, drew very little water, cost a little less than five dollars, and afforded lots of pleasure not only to her owner but to his boy friends, and on more than one occasion the boat was borrowed by "grown-up boys" for a fishing excursion.

The total length of the boat on deck was 10 feet. The width or beam was three feet. The midship depth was two feet, and the sides tapered to a depth of one foot at the ends.

Note.—In building boats of this type, it is always well to lay a piece of loosely twisted lamp-wicking soaked in either white or red lead, between the edges of the boards and beneath them where they are nailed to the sides. Oakum is a material that is also used a great deal. This material makes a very tight joint and has the advantage of not checking or cracking when the boat is left out of water for a few days.—Editor.





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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

What Do You Get On Pay Day

—Just enough to carry you until the next, without a dollar to invest? Then this offer of the International Correspondence Schools **is vital** to you! If you will indicate on the coupon below your choice of an occupation this great institution will **at its own expense** show you how you can without neglecting your present work, leaving home, or *distressing yourself financially*, qualify yourself for a high position and a good salary. There is no risk; no catch; no humbug! This is a bona-fide offer to *earnest men and women* by an institution of fourteen years standing, representing an invested capital of $5,000,000. *Can you afford to pass it by?*

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Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Build'g Contractor
Chemist	Architect'l Draughtsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Structural Engineer
Foreman Plumber	Mining Engineer

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

The American Boy
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THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor.
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

Rules

In sending in solutions to the posers in this department, observe the following rules:

1st. Address your envelope to PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

2nd. Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

Th prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the **first correct** one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

3rd. Our Editor's decisions are final. He cannot take time to correspond with contestants, who, each month, number thousands.

4th. Write nothing in your letter but the answer to the puzzle. If you have anything else to say, write it on a separate sheet of paper, giving your name and address on each separate sheet.

5th. If you send solutions to several puzzles, send them on separate sheets of paper, and put your name and address on each.

Boys' Brain Sharpeners



A B C D E

A Valentine Puzzle

Here we have five young ladies, all of whom will be eager on St. Valentine's Day to see whether the mail carrier brings anything for them. But alas! four of the five are doomed to be disappointed—only one will receive a valentine. We leave it to our readers to discover, if possible, which of the five ladies Dame Fortune smiles upon in this respect.

When answering, give the letter found below the selected lady, and then state in not more than ten words your reason for deciding in her favor.

This is not mere guesswork—something has been introduced into the sketch which makes only one solution possible. Prize, a good book. See rules.

plays an important part in gaining your solution.

Lay over the puzzle a sheet of thin writing or tracing paper (something that you can clearly see the lines through) and stick a fine needle point exactly through the centre of the cross, then you are ready to start operations.

Now trace the nose, and then turn paper around until the forehead or mouth can be added, then fix up the beard and various locks of hair, and so on until your sketch is complete. All the lines will fall correctly into place if you are careful to get the centre of the cross mark. Trace in pencil first (if you prefer), but go over your solution in ink afterwards. Remember neatness will be taken into consideration when awarding the prize. Prize, a good book. See rules.

Paper Pyrography

Anything we cannot understand always attracts and interests us until the mystery is solved.

Here is something new along the line of magic art. A boy produces several sheets of thin white paper; these he spreads out flat upon dinner plates, and states that with a lighted match he will produce pictures of various subjects.

The match is struck and allowed to burn a little while and then quickly blown out—the end is red and glowing—this it touched against the various sheets at a point marked by a star or cross.

As though by magic, lines of fire run off in all directions, forming pictures as they run—now an elephant appears on one—on another the profile of a girl and on a third, a motto appropriate for the occasion.

But how is it done?

Any boy can prepare such sheets without being either artist or magician. It is very simple indeed!

Get a little nitre from the drug store and a small brush, such as artists use.

Dissolve a portion of your nitre in water, and test its strength by making strokes with your small brush upon some sheets of thin paper. When dry touch with a lighted match and if of the right strength, the lines will burn evenly until the end:—if too weak, they will not burn at all,—if too strong they will burn too fiercely, making broad, uneven lines.

Now for your subjects: Select good strong outlines—any good bold picture will do. Lay above it a sheet of thin paper and fasten with thumb tacks around. You can now see your subject plainly through the paper and you have only to make a tracing, with brush and nitre solution, of all the principal lines.

Don't forget to place a dot or star somewhere along the outline, in pencil or ink, so that you may know exactly where to apply the match when dry.

"Right makes might," was Abraham Lincoln's motto for times of struggle and contest.

"Do the best, but if you can't do the best, then do the best you can," was his watchword for all kinds of days.

Why I am Proud of My State

RESULT OF ESSAY CONTEST

The essay contest, subject, Why I Am Proud of Texas, brought to our office the largest number of essays we have yet received from the boys of any state. The prize of $5.00 was awarded to George Lee, 336 Masten street, Dallas, Texas.

We give below the names of those whose essays deserve complimentary mention: Louis E. Mohrhardt, L. W. Coleman, Jr., Chas. Touchon, J. C. Ledbetter, and Philip Marvin Cordell, Dallas; Karl F. Mirus, Spencer H. Jack and Roy Smith, Corsicana; Charlie Barrett, J. E. Kerr, Coy Stockard, and Henry C. Barlow, McKinney; Lawrence Grier, Harlie Woods, and Hubert R. Battle, Abilene; Jack Carvel and Olin Arnold, Georgetown; Henry Lynch, Bernard Miller, and Onius Stoff, Hamilton; J. S. Crate and Eddie Weachman, Houston; J. Edward Daugherty, Frank Daugherty, E. A. Graebner, Ralph Cadwallader, Eli T. Yantis, Orin M. Seay, and Milton McAllister, San Antonio; George McCall, Jr., and Thornton Mullane, Weatherford; Geo. T. Yowell and Eugene Eubank, Ennis; Dennis M. Corwin, Austin; John T. Yantis, Brownwood; Norman E. Griffin, Big Springs; Alaric B. Davis, Bonham; Thos. R. Smith, Colorado; Pendleton Howard, Cleburne; Carl A. Carlton, Commerce; Willie Bond, Crews; L. S. Redwine, Comanche; Eldon Young, Denton; Edward M. Gleason, Jr., El Paso; Jim Meyer, Flatonia; Walter Johnson, Galveston; James C. Attebery, Greenville; G. Bee Willett, Gonzales; Allen B. Hannay, Hempstead; Sam Orenbaum, Hillsboro; Jas. R. Irion, Jr., Henderson; Oscar P. Friley, Huntsville; Julian LaCrosse, Luling; Ray L. Coffee, Lamesa; Calvin Dodson, Leonard; Maynard King, Manchaca; Ernest Knopp, Morales; Marc Jenkins, Monahans; Wm. Storland, Missouri City; John Wynne Barton, Overton; Edgar Clark, Paris; Dudley W. Ritchford, Paint Rock; Witt Bowden, Rising Star; James W. Pryor, Rusk; Wm. Meiners, San Marcos; Robert Wilson, Quanah; Pinckney Woodruff, Santa Anna; Donald Hayes Black, Smithville; Clyde Eagleton, Sherman; Warren Dibrell, Seguin; Joseph Dedek, Sebesta; Ethalmore Wall, Tolbert; Kay Dupre, Troupe; J. Wimberly Garnett, Tyler; M. C. Jones, Waco; Byrne Moody, Springtown; Carl Yeager, Wichita Falls; Carroll Counts, Long Beach, Cal. (who tells us in his letter that Texas is his native state); Joe H. McDaniel and Edwin Aldridge (who failed to give the names of the towns they live in).

We received two essays which had nothing about them to tell us who sent them, nor where they came from. One essay was too full of slang to be even considered in the contest. The essay of Carl Yeager, Wichita Falls, was given in rhyme which we found pleasant reading.

Among the reasons given by the boys for being proud of Texas are the following:

Texas was the only state that entered the Union as an independent republic; great area, which gives the state all varieties of climate; magnificent coast line; mountains stocked with valuable minerals; prairies furnishing food for enormous herds of cattle; high rank in producing cotton, cattle, rice, iron, oil, pecans, honey and lumber; varied and beautiful scenery, including rivers that contain large quantities of fish, the largest springs in the United States, deep canyons and picturesque caves; agricultural products, including wheat, oats and corn; largest cotton-seed-oil mills in the world; sea wall at Galveston; banner Democratic state of the Union; plenty of game, ranging in size from quails to bears and deer, also still a few wild horses; many artesian wells; romantic Indian legends; the oldest town in the United States, Ysleta, founded about 1550 (?); greatest ranch in the world; famous missions built by the Spaniards; the "homestead law;" nearly 1,200 miles of railroads; largest population west of the Mississippi; largest manufacturing state of the South; largest cotton-gin in the world; handsome railway station at Fort Worth; numerous health resorts; famous "Black Waxey" land around Dallas said to be the richest in the world; Mr. Lanham, the governor; "Rough Riders" organized at San Antonio by Col. Roosevelt, and composed principally of Texas cowboys; largest state capitol in the Union, second largest building in the United States and seventh largest in the world, being built of native granite; excellent public school system, also chartered colleges, a fine state university, and ample provision for afflicted and unfortunate, the city of Dallas alone containing three orphan homes; the character of citizenship; people hospitable, generous and kind-hearted; unique and romantic history; battles of the Alamo, San Jacinto, Sabine Pass, and last battle of the Civil war fought at Brazos Santiago; roll of great men, among whom are Austin, Houston, Travis, Bowie, Crockett, Dick Dowling, and Albert Sidney Johnson.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

Texas Prize Essay, by George Lee, Dallas, Tex.

I am proud of my state, and I have many reasonable causes to be so. The first theme is its glorious history. We can trace its history from Cabena de Vaca to M. Austin. It has been a country under six flags. 1. France, who made a settlement before any other nation. 2. Spain, who made many attempts at colonization, but all in vain. 3. Mexico, when Austin was permitted to settle the country with citizens from the United States. But suddenly Mexico began to oppress the settlers. The Texans were liberty-loving, so they rebelled and war was declared. In the Alamo at San Antonio many heroic Texans were murdered. At Goliad in like manner were the Texans massacred. But at last the time came when the Mexicans suffered defeat at the hands of General Sam Houston. Santa Anna, the Mexican general, surrendered and made peace. Thus Texas was freed from the hated Mexican rule. 4. As a prosperous republic ruled by President Sam Houston; then as a state under the United States. 5. Texas as a Confederate state, furnished many soldiers to the Confederacy. The last battle of the civil war was fought in Texas, and this state was one of the last to surrender. 6. As a state in the United States of America. The largest and one of the wealthiest states in the Union, Texas ranks sixth in population among the states.

In agriculture Texas ranks high. She stands first in the production of King Cotton, fifth in wheat and sixth in corn. Stock-raising is an important industry, and she ranks first in cattle.

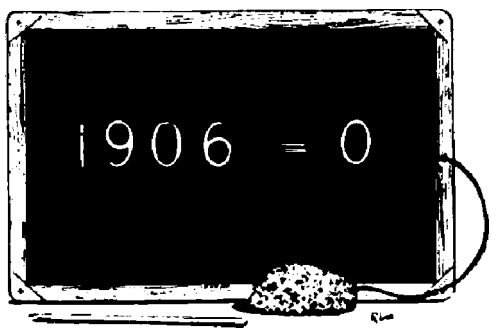
The minerals of Texas are few, but of great importance, such as coal, iron, copper and marble.

The commerce of Texas is destined to become of great importance. Her excellent seacoast and the harbor facilities at Galveston afford ample power for great commercial activity. The government has given much money for the rivers of Texas, and they will soon be navigable. The railroad mileage of Texas is greater than that of any other state.

I am proud of the governors of Texas, who made the state endowment school fund, which consists of twenty-one million dollars in interest-bearing bonds and land notes. Texas has also twenty-three million acres of unsold land and the total funds are $93,454,869. The University of Texas is renowned among state universities. Public schools are in every city and hamlet in Texas.

Besides the cattle of West Texas, the wheat of North Texas, the cotton of East Texas, and the rice and oil of South Texas, the capitol is very handsome.

All these things tend to make me proud of my state.



A 1906 Puzzle

Arrange the four figures denoting the year, in such a manner that when totaled up the solution is 0.

Prize, a good book. See rules.

A LINCOLN PUZZLE



If you will look carefully into this jumble of lines, you may see a nose, an eye, an ear and sundry locks of hair and beard. The whole if rightly arranged will form a profile sketch of Abram Lincoln. We do not wish our readers to mutilate their papers when solving these puzzles, so that in this matter of arrangement we have devised a simpler and neater way.

In the centre, or thereabouts, you will see a small cross mark; note this carefully as it

Results of January Picture Puzzle Contest

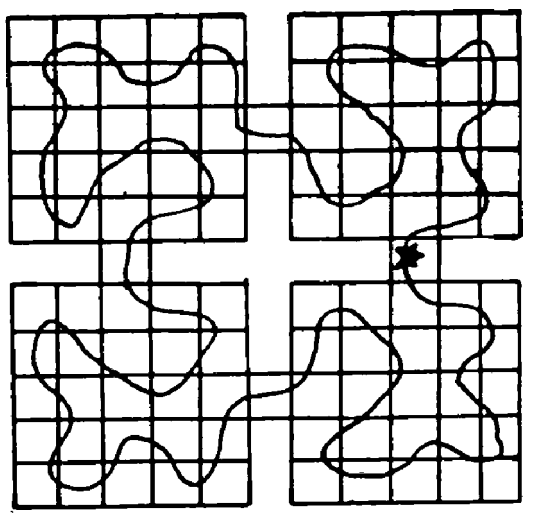
Following is the answer to the "Swarm of Be's for the New Year," page 94: 1. Be honest (on nest). 2. Be on time. 3. Be behind hand in naught. 4. Be courteous (core tea us). 5. Be independent (in D pendant). 6. Be afraid of naught. (A frayed.) 7. Be on hand. 8. Be wise. 9. Be polite (pole eight). 10. Be kind to all (K in D two awl). 11. Be backward in naught. 12. Be watchful. The prize winner is Lyle H. Kloeppel, 12120 Parnell avenue, W. Pullman, Chicago, Ill.

The answer to "Good Things to Eat for New Year's Day," is as follows: 1. Turkey. 2. Raisins (ray sins). 3. Sausage (sauce age). 4. Pumpkin pie. 5. Catsup. 6. Salad dressing. 7. Patties (Pat tease). 8. Piccalilli (pick a lily). 9. Rolls & butter. The prize winner is Roy B. Searing, 1213 Fourteenth street, Sioux City, Ia.

The answer to "Pictorial Proverb B," page 94, is: Appearances are often deceitful. (Ape ear antsS r often D seat full.) The prize winner is Geo. C. Alden, 317 Prospect street, Warren, O.

The answer to "Can You Read This," page 95, is: "May every true American Boy have health, and happiness, and joy." The prize winner is C. B. Easton, Jr., Deerfield, Lake Co., Ill.

The puzzle submitted by Raymond C. Bunch, on page 95, is correctly solved by



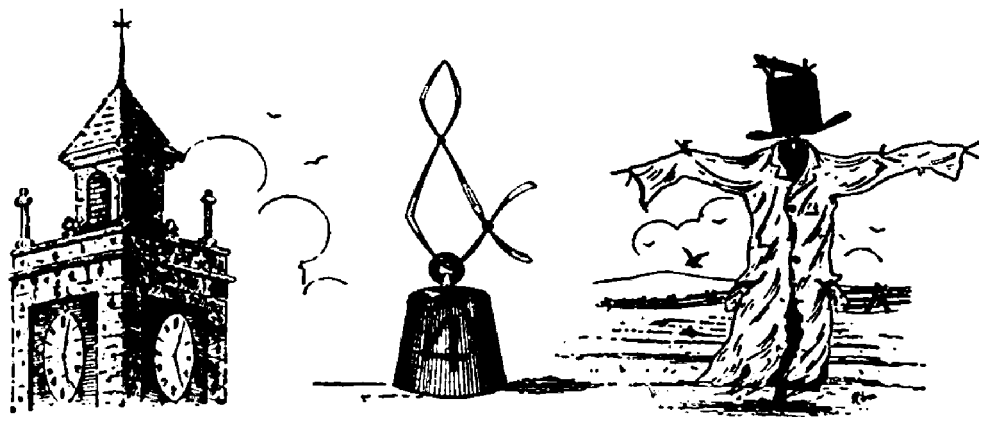
Delmar A. Ray, Colfax, Ill., and by many others. The boy mentioned was the lucky one.

The following is the solution of the puzzle, "Good Advice—But Can You Read It?" on page 95: "In haste accuse no man." Prize winner, Charles Stein, R. R. No. 2, Hillsboro, Iowa.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

To the Colorado boy who sends us before February 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state—Colorado, we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

A Pictorial Proverb



Prize, a good book. See rules.

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 it, either. Fill a glass globe 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.

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 afloat.

Leading the Singing

The London Mirror prints these sketches to show the characteristic attitudes assumed by Mr. Alexander, the



singing evangelist, in conducting the big choruses at the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings.

The Puzzle of Matches

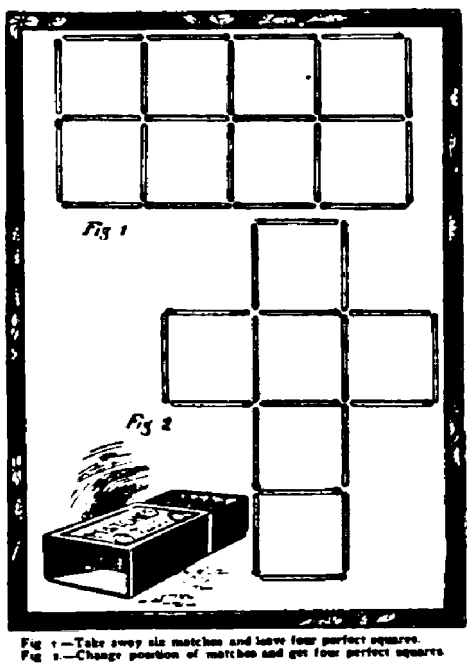
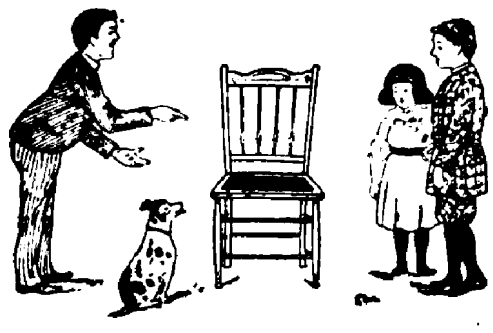


Fig 1.—Take away six matches and leave four perfect squares.
Fig 2.—Change position of matches and get four perfect squares.

A Happy Boy

Lewis A. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; writes December 21st, as follows: "Accept my heartiest thanks for the check which I have just received for the best list of answers to October tangles. I was the happiest boy in the country when it came. LONG LIVE THE AMERICAN BOY! Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Questions About a Chair



1. When is a chair like a lady's dress?
2. When is a chair like a tailor's bill?
3. Why is a chair like the subjunctive mood?

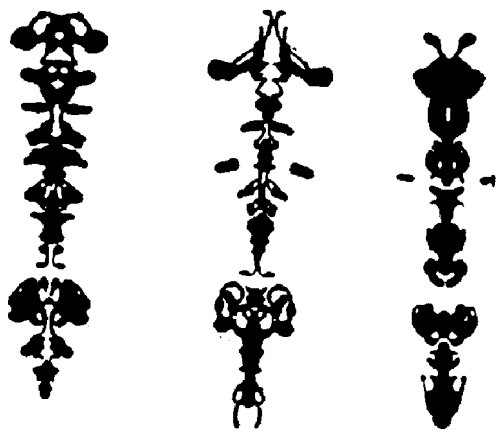
Prize, a good book. See rules

Smudgeographs

Now and again when entertaining young people we need something which will amuse them for an odd half-hour, making "smudgeographs" will be found most useful for this purpose.

Get your young friends to seat themselves around the table and provide them with sheets of white paper, pens and ink.

The fun consists in making marks or writing names upon the paper and while the ink is still wet, folding the paper and squeezing the ink in all directions.



Very curious designs may be produced in this way.

The best results are obtained by first folding the paper and then writing, with plenty of ink, along the crease. Now fold the paper quickly and pass the fingers several times firmly across the back.

The three accompanying "smudgeographs" are of the "American Boy" in different styles of writing. Probably if a hundred persons wrote this name, the results would all be different. Write your own name, just once, squeeze it out while still wet, and you won't recognize it.

Boys, Take Care *of* Your Teeth

By J. AUSTIN BUCKNALL, D. D. S.

(Begun in December, 1905, number.)

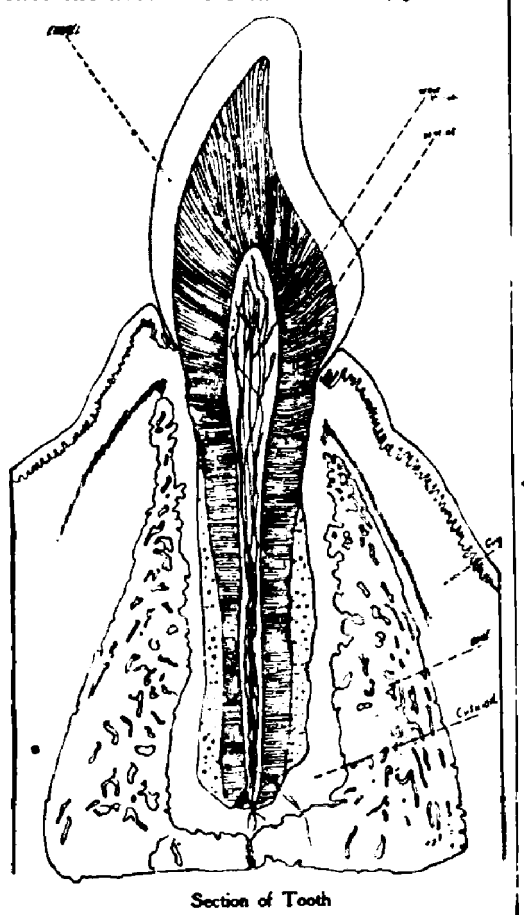
POOR TEETH cause trouble that is far-reaching. Indeed life may be materially shortened by reason of them. Not only are the effects visible in indigestion and other troubles that are apparent to the victim, but there are secret troubles that it takes a physician or a dentist to trace to their source. The cavities in the teeth become a lurking place and a breeding ground for diseases, which in time attack the tissues of the bronchial tubes and even the lungs. We are very particular about the cleanliness of the vessels in which our food is cooked, hence, how strange it is that we are careless regarding the implements that we carry about with us in our mouths for the preparation of the food ere it goes into the stomach.

Crooked teeth are the result usually of the decay of the first teeth. The permanent teeth seek an outlet at their proper time, and, being tender, are easily thrown to one side or the other by the decayed baby set. Decay in the baby teeth causes the death of the nerve, which is the active agent for removal or absorption of the root. The baby tooth should have no root when it is due to give place to its permanent follower. If the root is there, the baby tooth cannot fall out, and the new tooth will have to avoid the obstruction by squeezing its way to one side. Should such irregularities exist in the mouth of a young person, he should consult a dentist who understands straightening the teeth. This is a comparatively easy thing for the dentist to do when the child is young. Later, when the teeth become well set, it is not so easy. In the years from 9 to 13 this work is best accomplished. Some regard, however, must be had to the child's temperament, and to the form of the irregularities.

Now, you must not think that the teeth are poor, miserable things, and badly made, because they give you trouble. On the contrary, they are rarely other than perfect when they first come. It is only your own neglect that prevents their remaining perfect. The Creator has made a wonderful thing in the making of a tooth. No other machine constructed can stand the wear and tear of fifty or sixty years of life, and still be in working condition. I have seen many well preserved sets of teeth that are doing excellent work after being in constant use sixty years.

Each tooth fits in a rubber-like cushion, so that when a strain comes, it gives. It is not fixed solidly to the bone but has a distinct movement. When the enamel of the toth is sound, it is found to be so hard that a steel drill will not penetrate it any easier than the same tool will make a hole in glass. Dentists do not make holes in the enamel. Decay eats away a spot, and it is then enamel no longer, but a soft substance easily removed. Under the enamel is a substance called dentine, a part that is much softer than enamel, in the hollow of which lives the nerve. I remember as a boy, I had a queer pet. He grew in a pond, made himself a mud house, and then a door. After this he sealed up the door and died. He was a funny fellow about an inch long. I used to keep him with tadpoles and other things. Well, the nerve does very much as did my friend. He makes his house, then shuts the door and dies. Before he dies, however, he is very much alive, as you will find out if you touch him. If you do not want, therefore, some day to touch him when you do not intend to, you had better not disturb his house, in other words, it will be well for you to take care of that house. This house corresponds to the root of the tooth. Some teeth have only one root, others two, three, four and even five. Down in each of these lies Mr. nerve.

The nerve is made up of arteries, veins, and nerve fibre. The arteries bring in blood; the veins take it out, and the process keeps up, day and night, just as it does in other parts of the body. If you damage the wall of the house that protects this busy nerve in its work, you may look out for trouble. The trouble comes in this way: When the decay gets through the enamel, through the dentine, into the hole where the nerve is, you will



Section of Tooth

first hear a boy say he does not like candy; a little later on ice-water will bother him, and, still a little later, even air makes him jump. This all shows that the nerve objects very strenuously to being robbed of his house. His way of objecting is to give you pain. Now you go to the dentist, and the dentist sets to work to put you out of your misery by killing the nerve, who was really your best friend. So much trouble and pain, all from not knowing and caring for this wonderfully essential thing—a perfect tooth!

A healthy tooth in a good rubber cushion in a boy's jaw, is worth a great deal of money. You can't buy one for any amount of money. It shows how people value their teeth when they seek damages from the railroad company for loss of their teeth in an accident. A Russian woman once got 50,000 roubles for five teeth. Is there anything else that we value so much when we lose them that at the same time gets so little thought and care while we have them?

While the nerve is being robbed of its house, it keeps busy trying to rebuild it. At the same time it shrinks into smaller space. While it is doing this, there are days and nights of torture. The fact is, the nerve is dying at its hopeless task. It is at this stage that hot water, tea, or coffee hurt. The poor nerve once dead is probably left without a decent burial. The result is what might be expected: Gases are given off from the putrid remains that not only make it a nuisance, but infect the surrounding tissue. Inflammation of the entire tooth and cushion now takes place. Poisonous matter forms that begins burrowing through the bony socket in an effort to get out. Then comes the dull throbbing pain, the swollen face, and you hurry to the dentist, telling him you have got a cold in your tooth—but he knows better.

(To be continued.)

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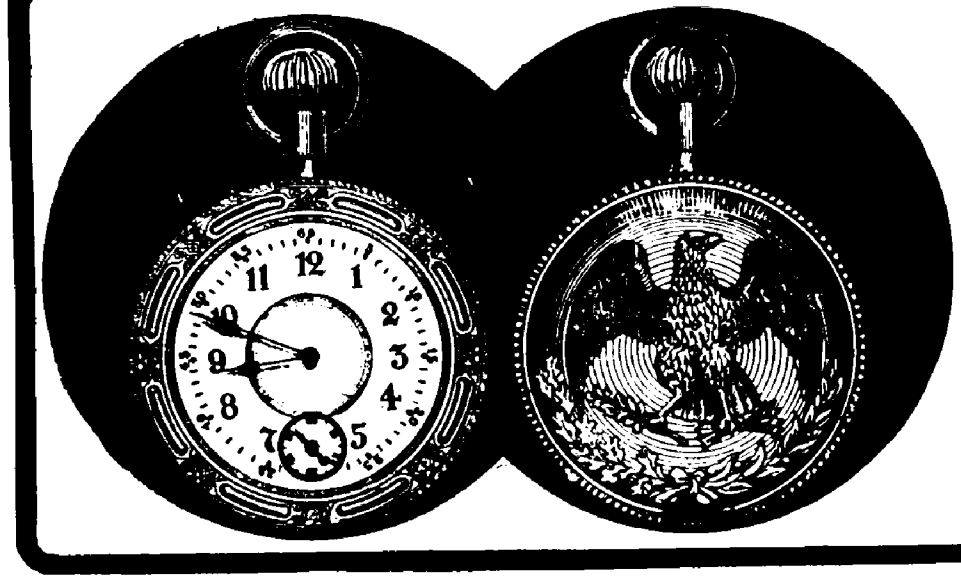

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Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page. Write your address in full on one page. Send answers with all new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

John H. Black, Prairie Depot, Ohio, wins the prize for the best list of answers to December Tangles.

Others who answered every word correctly are: Burton F. Jennings, Wm. J. Yopp, Jr., Julian D. Sears, J. Alfred Lynd, Sidney Stadsvold, Andrew Wilson, Jr., George M. Jackson, Miss K. Haren, George H. Stanbery, Walter Benton, Walter T. Horton.

Cleary Bullard, No. 8, A Row, Fort Snelling, Minn., wins the prize for best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: E. R. Cook, Lee M. Hovey, Carl E. Tewksbury, Lewis Smith, Nettie Doke, Rodney Thompson, Stanley Wiegel, E. Louis McReynolds, Randall Ross, Roy Jeffries, Myron S. Hermann, John Wanamaker, Edward Bell, Thomas H. Quigley, Dana Reed, Leonard Steburg, Robert J. Needham, Horace R. Harkins, Walter F. Baltz, J. Horace Trumbull, Sarah Gilles, Chas. Carnes, Harold Bosler Pratt, Robert E. Ward, Paul Passmore, J. Eddie Prass, Whitney H. Shepardson, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Robert D. Holmes, Sherman Wilkins Reardon, Andrew Gault, Benjamin L. Miller, Leo J. Hahn, Osborn J. Dunn, Ralph Williams, Louis A. Potsdamer, Fred Balcom, Fred E. Day, Branson Tharp, Raymond F. Sitter, Fred W. Hammil and some others whose November answers were late, and Roy Bates, who used both sides of his paper.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for the month of April, received by February 20.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to February Tangles, received by February 20.

Answers to January Tangles

1. The titles are: (1) Under Nelson's Flag. (2) How to Inflate a Football. (3) The Boy Who Thinks He Can't. (4) The Joy Claim. (5) A Conquering Hero. (6) My Four Years at West Point. (7) A Modern Knight. (8) The Lost Money Bag. (9) The Tripod Fox. (10) The Stuff of Captains. (11) The Boy From Poplar Cove. The required letters spell: New Years Day.

2.
1. W e l l
2. I h i s
3. L i o n
4. L o o n
5. I v a n
6. A p l a
7. M i l e
8. M i n k
9. C o l t
10. K i c k
11. I c o n
12. N i l e
13. L i m a
14. E r i e
15. Y o r k

Initials, William McKinley.

3.
1. D i r k
2. v A n e
3. p o N y
4. p e r I
5. s k E e
6. c l u b
7. W i n g
8. h E a k
9. c t. B e
10. g u n S
11. g a T e
12. h E a d
13. R e e l

Zig-zag, Daniel Webster.

4.
T Y H E C T P L T R A S
H M I I R A I P A D E G
E O T Q A P O O M O T V
R A K S T N A N C A N Y

Begin with E in the top row and read down through six rows: Emancipation Proclamation.

5.
1. H a r n e y
2. A m a d o r
3. P l u m a s
4. P l a c e r
5. Y a n c e y
6. N a v a j o
7. E l m o r e
8. W a r r e n
9. Y a d k i n
10. E u r e k a
11. A s o t i n
12. R a n k i n

Initials, Happy New Year.

6.
1. S e R g e
2. S c O p e
3. S a B l e
4. S c E n o
5. S u R g e
6. S e T e e
7. S i E v e
8. S a L v e
9. S l E g e
10. S p E k e

Centrals, Robert E. Lee.

7. A little more than kin, and less than kind. Hamlet, act I, scene 2, line 65. (A little more than KIN, and less than KIND.)

8.
C h a M b l y
L e O p O l d
C R e m o N a
A r i c h a T
E V e s h A m
C h i m N e y
C a s P i a N a v A r r A c h i n s k
P a R a l s o C a R a C a s
P U l t u S k W E d o w E o
S t e w a r T L i b e r a L
E S c a l O n S A r a n A c
S t I k I n e K a N a N u r
B a h A m a S a m A r i A m a D e u s
C o L b U r n
S A n J o S e
B e l m o n T
B A l l a R d
C u M m I n g
R u M A n i a

Zig-zags: Moravia, Montana; Prussia, Pistoia; Ireland, Iceland; Alabama, Austria.

9.
R A I M E N T
E I A R
S L I N G
P E C R I
R O E C A N I M A T I O N
O U U E A O R A T I O N
R O B I N A D I O S
V A A L E O N
E M U L A T E N

10. Bonner, bonnet, bonton, cancel, canner, canted, canter, Canton, carbon, Carmel, carmen, carrot, Carson, carted, carter, carton, cuspid, Custer, debted, debtor, fluent, flumen, fluted, fluter, garner, garnet, garter, melted, melter, melton, mental, mentor, netted, netter, parcel, parent, parrot, parson, parted, portal, ported, porter, potent, potted, potter, rotted, sonnet, stupid, stupor, talent, tonner, torpid, torpor, toucan, touted, touter, vulcan, vulgar, wanted, wanter, wanton. 61.

New Tangles

12. FEBRUARY F.

Write the words, as below defined, in their indicated places on the big F. The letters that will then come where the numbers now are are to be written on a chess board of eight squares each way. Place letter number 1 on the upper left square, and the rest, in numerical rotation, horizontally across the board, filling the top row, then the next to the top, etc.; letter number 64 thus coming in the lower right hand corner square. Letter number 65 is to be written outside the chess board below square number 59. Now commence with the letter on square number 1, read by the king's move, which is one square only in either direction, using each letter once only, ending with number 65, and obtain the name and date of birth of an American President.

37	61	43	39	47	5	48	16	63
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17
	24	—	—	—	—	—	—	42
	40	z	x	23	26	6	—	21
	56	—	—	62			19	32
	64	—	—	53				
	55	—	—	28				
	36	—	—	11		4	3	
	34	—	—	30	45	—	38	
	14	—	—	29	—	—	9	
	31	—	—	27	54	—	59	
	15	—	—	12		1	2	
	22	—	—	18				
	50	—	—	35				
	33	—	—	7				
	49	—	—	13				
	58	—	—	57				
44	52	—	—	8	20			
60	46	51	65	41	25			

The words making up the F are thus defined: 37 and 10, a personal pronoun. 61 to 40, to detest. 43 to z, to harm. 39 to x, a rent. 47 to 23, the back of the neck. 5 to 26, to depict. 48 to 6, a game at cards. 16 to 19, a tree or plant whose root is used by Mexicans for soap. 63 to 32, to moisten gently. 56 to 62, a Roman emperor. 64 to 53, a baking place. 55 to 28, to throw lightly. 36 to 11, one of the great lakes. 34 to 38, the office of a dean. 14 to 9, a city on the Delaware. 31 to 59, to sprinkle over. 1, 2, 3 and 4, a county and county seat in Kansas. 15 to 12, a large tree of Java, fabulously invested with deadly influence upon whatever comes under its branches. 22 to 18, to tinkle. 60 to 35, a single thing. 33 to 7, a noise made by winds, waves or wild beasts. 49 to 13, a collection of dwellings, smaller than a city. 58 to 57, a flat utensil for carrying dishes. 44 to 20, a native of India. 50 to 25, to treat as if not known.

—Cleary Bullard.

13. BUNCH OF CHERRIES.

Interpret the eight words pictured on cherry A and place them in order on diagram A; then, the four words on each cherry, B and C, and place them on diagrams B and C, respectively. The numbered letters on diagram A, in order, spell the name of a president.



The numbered letters on diagram B, in numerical order, spell his natal month. The numbered letters on diagram C, in order, spell his native state. The diagrams also serve as a key to the number of letters in the required words.

A

a	1	- -	2	- - -	
b	3	- -	4	- - -	
c	5	- -	6	- - - -	
d	7	- -	8	-	
e	9	- -	10	- -	
f	11	- -	12	- - - - -	
g	13	- -	14	- -	
h	15	- -	16	-	

B

i	2	- -	1	- - -	
j	1	- -	3	- -	
k	6	- -	5	- -	
l	8	- -	7		
			c		
m	1	- -	2	- -	
n	3	- -	4		
o	5	- -	6	-	
p	7	- -	8	- -	

—Osborn J. Dunn.

14. BURIED TREASURE.

Find the reversed name of a precious stone in each sentence. 1. Every burnt child dreads the fire. 2. Down the street a gaily dressed procession was marching. 3. Do tell a portion of the story now. 4. On a similar occasion he varied the performance. 5. Eliza pottered around her flowers and was happy. 6. Quite often ragged clothes cover a warm heart. 7. The teacher gently but firmly rebuked him. 8. The little bird piped a joyful lay. 9. She called for a maid; no maid appeared. 10. No truth ever in the world? La, remember George Washington. —Frank C. McMillan.

15. FEBRUARY GEOGRAPHY.

(1) * - - - - - - -
(2) - 5 - - - 2 * 1
(3) - - - d - * - j
(4) * - - 6 - c - -
(5) - - - 7 - * - 3
(6) - * 1 - a - - -
(7) - - * h - b - -
(8) - - - * - 4 - -
(9) - * - g - - e -
(10) - - * - - - - -
(11) - - - * - - - f

The star path from top to bottom spells the patron saint of one February day; the letter path, in alphabetical order, the surname of a president born in February; the number path, in numerical order, the surname of another president born in February. The cross-words are geographical, as follows:

1. The land that gave us Robert Burns. 2. A gulf near Panama. 3. The Elm City. 4. An island that is a county of Wales. 5. A western Pennsylvania county seat. 6. An important eastern river that rises in a county, flows by a state and empties into a bay, each of the same name as itself. 7. A capital city, the most populous city on the Pacific side of South America. 8. The state in which Abraham Lincoln was born. 9. The state in which George Washington was born. 10. The county seat of a corner county of Utah. 11. A county and county seat of South Carolina.

—Leo J. Hahn.

16. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

All the words have six letters. The initials spell the title and name of a European monarch upon whom the eyes of the world are now turned; the fifth letters, in order, the city in which he resides.

1. A dairy product, made from curd of milk. 2. A point directly overhead. 3. A Turkish city, east of Antioch. 4. Looking back with sorrow. 5. The sum of the number of chapters contained in Genesis and Exodus. 6. Impregnated. 7. Bright and cheerful. 8. Trustworthy. 9. The Wisconsin war eagle. 10. A coloring matter, used to tinge paper blue, to test soil, etc., for acid. 11. A conduit that conveys blood from the heart. 12. Unkempt, as hair or mane. —Ralph Williams.

17. PICTORIAL HYMN.

The first two lines of a well-known hymn; written at Elkhorn, Wis.



—J. P. Webster.

18. NAUTICAL PUNS.

Words spelled and pronounced alike, but differing in meaning, as defined. Example: A sailor; a product of the pine. Ans.: Tar.

1. A part of a ship; to box. 2. A part of a ship; a pack of playing cards. 3. A part of a ship; the fruit of forest trees as food for animals. 4. A part of a ship; an English river. 5. A part of a ship; an obeisance. 6. A part of a ship; to tumble over. 7. A part of a ship; to take passage in a ship. 8. A part of a ship; austere. 9. A ship's track; an Irish festivity while sitting up with the dead. 10. A part of a ship; a measure of length. 11. A rope used to fasten a boat; one who represents objects in color. 12. The master of a ship; the cheese magot. 13. A part of a ship; the roar of a cannon. 14. The ship's kitchen; a printer's tray. 15. A ship's flag; a certain naval officer. —C. Shore.

19. BLANK VERSE.

Fill the blanks as follows: The first and third blanks in each verse with words written alike but pronounced differently; the second and fourth blanks, with words written differently but pronounced alike. Example:

The OBJECT of this verse is just the same
As if I worked before you with a PLANE:
So don't OBJECT, pray, to my little game,
And try to make your answer very PLAIN.

1. I had a friend, the — of a Prince,
Who never questioned my superior —.
And would — himself, and never wince,
When sometimes I imposed some mystic —.

2. He could not — himself away from me,
Though sometimes running like a hun'ed —,
When in mine eyes a rising — he'd see,
Which would spring up for some departed —.

3. His — anywhere would cause a wond'ring gaze,
When first he stepped upon the —;
He did — us with his princely ways,
And a more graceful man is seldom —.

4. But now the — comes up with violent roar,
And indicates there soon will be some —;
So I'll — up this lay and cease to soar,
And yield once more to common prose its —.

—Benjamin L. Miller.

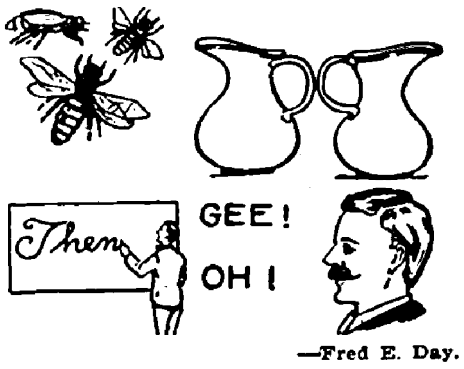
20. ANAGRAMS.

Maiden names of wives of certain Presidents. 1. A big mail, this. 2. Raid the cow. 3. I call 'em crazed. 4. Ha, ha, no hens. 5. Idle jaunt. 6. Pelt no Japan seamen. 7. M. S. Seaman, N. Y. 8. Let it sit in a chair. 9. Tom Ray, D. D. 10. Said no tax.

—Allert Brager.

21. MOTTO REBUS.

Every boy knows this saying of Davy Crockett's.



—Fred E. Day.

22. CONNECTED WORD SQUARES.

- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -

Upper left: Imposing; severity; a precious stone; short letters; apparel.

Upper right: A strong wind; a weapon; a range of mountains; a perfume; ill-natured.

Center: Witty; a tooth; living; a bird; direction.

Lower left: A piece of money; a gun; frequently; lively; canvas houses.

Lower right: An order of architecture; to think; to mature; inactive; pieces of money.

—Frank C. McMillan.

23. ANAGRAM STORY.

Key word: ENDORSETH.

Two such lazy sisters. We call them - - - - - - -. I have seen sister - - - - - - - - - at church, and once she - - - - - - - - - entire service through. She gives - - - - - - - -, and then she is off to sleep. It is amusing to see sister - - - - - - - - - a dozen wraps and - - - - - - - - - eleven of them before church. When father - - - - - - - - - her weekly allowance she at once, in spite of all we could - -, - - - - - - - own cattle away to be sold. She sold, -, - - - - - - - -, I should think, and what could father - - ? - -, - - - - - and unrelenting, was mad as a - - - - - - - - -

THE American Boy

MARCH 1906



The Sprague Publishing Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

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No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



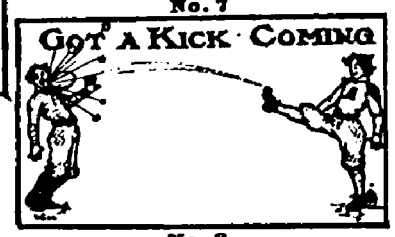
No. 5



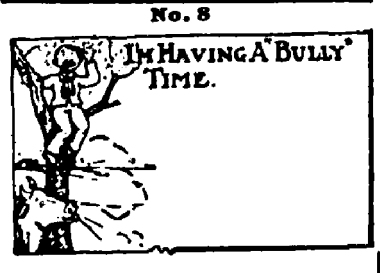
No. 6



No. 7



No. 8



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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
Publishers "THE AMERICAN BOY." Detroit, Mich.

The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 | DETROIT, MICH., MARCH, 1906 | NUMBER 5



AT THE TIME when our story begins Shaggycoat was a two-year-old beaver, fleeing with his grandfather from he knew not what. They had been so happy in the woodland lake, which was their home before the terrible intrusion, that the whole matter seemed more like a hideous dream, than a reality.

When Shaggycoat thought of the old days and his family, he could remember warm summer afternoons upon clean sandbanks, where he and his brothers and sisters frolicked together. Then there were such delightful swims in the deep lake, where they played water-tag, and all sorts of games, diving and plunging and swimming straight away, not to mention deep plunges to the bottom of the lake where they vied with one another in staying down. Then when they were hungry the bulbs of the lily and a cluster of wild hops made a dinner that would make a beaver's mouth water; with perhaps some spicy bark added as a relish.

Then came the cold and the pond was covered with ice. They could still see the sun by day and the stars by night, but they could not come to the surface to breathe as they had done before. There were a great many airholes, and places under the ice where the water did not reach it, but for breathing space they had to depend to a great extent upon the queer conical houses in which they lived and their burrows along the bank.

There was still another way to breathe that I had nearly forgotten. A beaver or any of these little Water Folks can come up to the surface and breathe against the ice. A big flat bubble is at once formed and as it strikes the ice it is purified and then the beaver breathes it in again and it is almost as fresh as though it came from the upper air. This he can do two or three times before having to find an airhole or going into one of the houses or burrows.

The beavers were very snug under the ice which kept away the wind and cold, and also their worst enemy, man.

The breath of the family made the houses warm, and as the walls were frozen solid, and were two or three feet thick they were very hard to break into.

A store of wood had been laid up from which the bark was stripped for food as fast as it was needed, so that Beaver City had been very snug and comfortable, before the trouble came.

Then when they were sleeping through the short winter days, and prowling about the lake in the night in search of fresh twigs or sticks that had been frozen into the ice, the trouble began.

First there came the sound of pounding and soon there were holes in the ice near their supply of wood. Then occasionally a beaver who was hungry and had gone for breakfast was missed from the family, or lodge, where he lived. At first they thought he had gone for a swim on the lake and would soon come back, but when several had gone out to the winter's store and had not returned the truth dawned upon some of the older and wiser beavers. Their forest lake had been invaded by some enemy, probably man, and one by one the colony was being slaughtered.

There is but one thing to do at such a time and that is to take safety in flight, for the beaver does not consider that he can match his cunning against that of man.

While the beavers were still considering whether to go at once or wait another day, there were sounds of heavy blows upon the tops of their houses and then there was a loud explosion and the water began to fall. Then they fled in every direction, some taking refuge in the burrows they had dug under the banks all along the lake for such an emergency, while others sought to leave the lake altogether; some going up stream and some down.

But the destruction of Beaver City had been planned very carefully by their cunning enemy, man, and most of them perished while leaving the lake.

When the men who were watching on the ice above saw a beaver swimming in the water under them, they would follow upon the ice, going just where the beaver went. The beaver would stay near the bottom of the lake as long as he could hold his breath, but finally he would have to come to the surface for air, when the trapper would strike a hard blow upon the ice, stunning him, or perhaps killing him outright. Then he would cut a hole in the ice and fish out his unfortunate victim. It was from such perils as these, although they were not fully understood by the beavers, that Shaggycoat and his grandfather fled the second night of this reign of terror. They would gladly have gone in a larger company, with Shaggycoat's brothers and sisters and with his father and mother, but all the rest of their immediate family were missing and they never saw them again.

They went in the inky night, before the moon had risen. Silently, like dark shadows they glided along the bottom of the lake, which was still about half full of water, for the white man's thunder had not been able to entirely destroy the beaver's strong dam.

Shaggycoat's grandfather, being very old, and wise according to his years, took the lead, and the younger beaver followed, keeping close to the tail of his guide. They swam near the bottom and were careful to avoid the bright light of the great fires that men had built upon the ice in many places to prevent their escape.

By the time the moon had risen they were near the upper end of the lake. They at once took refuge in an old burrow that the trappers had overlooked and lay still until the moon went under a cloud, when they came out and crept along the bank, still going under the ice. When the moon appeared again they hid under the roots of a tree that made a sort of natural burrow. There they lay for all the world like the ends of two black logs, until a friendly cloud again obscured the moon, when they pushed on. Once the trappers came very near to them when they were hiding behind some stones, waiting for a friendly cloud, and Shaggycoat was about to dash away and betray their whereabouts to the trappers. But his grandfather nipped him severely in the shoulder and he kept still, which alone saved his fine, glossy coat.

They were now getting well up into the river that had supplied their lake, and it was not so easy to find breathing places, as it had been in the lake, where the water was low. But they could usually find some crack or crevice or some point where there was a few inches between the water and the ice where they could fill their lungs before they journeyed on.

They had come so far and so fast that poor Shaggycoat's legs ached with the ceaseless motion. But the older beaver gave him no rest, but led him on and on, swimming with easy, steady strokes.

Although his own legs were weary and a bit rheumatic, he valued his life more than he did his legs, and so set his teeth and breasted the current bravely. They both held their forepaws close up under them and used their hind legs entirely for propelling themselves, so these had to do double duty, plying away like the screw wheel on a great steamer.

When Shaggycoat remonstrated against going any farther, saying, in beaver language, that his legs were ready to drop off, his senior reminded him that his skin would drop off if they stopped, and with a new, wild terror tugging at his heart he fled on.

When daylight came they had covered five good English miles up the river, and were nearly eight miles from their dam and the beautiful woodland lake that had been their home.

Then the old beaver began looking for some burrow or overhanging bank, where they might hide during the day and get some sleep, of which they were in great need. Finally they found a suitable place where the bank had shelved in, leaving a natural den, high and dry above the water. Here they rested and passed the day, getting nothing better to eat than a few frozen lily stems and some dead bark from a log that had been frozen into the ice. The dry, lifeless bark was not much like the tender, juicy bark that they were used to, but it helped a little to still the gnawings of hunger, and in this retreat they soon fell asleep and slept nearly the whole of the day.

But the older beaver was always watchful, sleeping with one eye open, as you might say, and waking very easily.

Once, when he was awakened by a sense of danger, he saw a large otter swim leisurely by their hiding place and his heart beat hard and fast until he was out of sight, for he knew that if the otter discovered them he would at once attack them and the battle would probably end in his favor.

Shaggycoat would be of little help in a real fight for life and the old beaver was far past his prime, his teeth being dull and broken. When the otter was out of sight the watchman lay down and resumed his nap.

When Shaggycoat awoke, he knew it was evening, for the stars were shining, he could see them plainly through the ice, which was quite transparent.

His legs were cramped and stiff and there was a

gnawing sensation in the region of his stomach, but there was nothing in sight to eat. His grandfather informed him in beaver language that there were weary miles to cover before they could rest again.

As soon as it was fairly dark they came out from under the overhanging bank that had shielded them so nicely during the day and resumed their journey, swimming like two ocean liners, on and on. Their track was not as straight as that of the boats would have been, for they dodged in and out, going where the darker ice and projecting banks gave them cover, and stopping when they scented danger.

When they had gone about a mile they found a spot where the river had set back over the bank, freezing in some alder bushes. Upon the stems of these they made a scanty meal and went on feeling a bit better. This night seemed longer and wearier to Shaggycoat than the first had. He was not so fresh and the first excitement was over, but the old beaver would not let him rest, as he knew their only safety lay in putting a long distance between them and their destroyers.

They were not so fortunate in finding a hiding place as they had been the day before, but they finally took refuge in a deserted otter's burrow, which made them a very good nest, although it was possible that some wandering otter might happen in, and dispossess them.

When night again came round they made a light supper on frozen lily stems and pushed on. They covered less distance that night than they had done before, for both were feeling the strain of the long flight. So they rested frequently and took more time to hunt for food.

About daybreak of this third night of their journey, they found an open place in the ice where the stream was rapid and went ashore, where they soon satisfied their hunger upon the bark of poplar and birch.

When they had made a good meal, the prudent old beaver, assisted by Shaggycoat, felled several small poplars and cutting them in pieces about three feet long dragged them under the ice to a protected bank and hid them against the time of need, for he had decided to spend a few days where they were, getting rest and sleep, which they both needed.

II

For two or three weeks the beavers kept very quiet in their new retreat, only going out at night, which is their usual habit. They replenished their food of birch and poplar bark frequently by felling small saplings, cutting them up in pieces about three feet in length and then securing them under the ice.

This was great fun for Shaggycoat, who had never done any work before, and he loved to see the tall saplings come swishing down, but it was no fun for his grandfather, who was getting very old. The long flight, and loss of sleep and want of food had been too much for him, and he did not recuperate as quickly as the two-year-old.

One day just at dusk, Shaggycoat thought he would steal out and fell a tree for himself. His teeth fairly ached to be gnawing something. So he slipped away from his grandfather and paddled out to the open spot in the ice. Although he is a great swimmer and is only excelled by the otter, the beaver does not swim like other quadrupeds, for he holds his fore feet up under him, and works his powerful hind legs like lightning. As the feet are broad and webbed and he strikes at a slight angle, he propels himself through the water with great velocity.

As Shaggycoat neared the open place in the river where the water ran swiftly and it was easy to clamber out on the bank, a queer feeling came over him.

He was not afraid to go out alone, although his grandfather had always gone with him. It was only a few steps. Nothing could harm him. But something seemed to hold him back and fill him with a sense of danger. Then he happened to glance up and close to the opening in the ice, he saw a large gray animal crouched, watching the hole intently.

The stranger was two or three times the size of Shaggycoat, as large as any beaver he had ever seen. But he was not a beaver. His forepaws were too long and powerful, his head, with tipped ears, was too flat, and his eyes were too cruel and hungry. The longer Shaggycoat looked at the fierce animal above him on the ice, the greater grew his fear, until he fled at a headlong pace to the overhanging bank, where his grandfather was sleeping. His precipitate flight into the burrow awoke the old beaver, who slept lightly and was always watchful.

When Shaggycoat related his adventure the old beaver looked troubled, and combed his head thoughtfully with the claws upon his hind leg. After dusk had fallen and the stars appeared he carefully reconnoitred, leaving Shaggycoat in the burrow. After half an hour's time, he returned and his manner was anxious.

He told Shaggycoat that they must not use the opening in the ice any more or go upon the land, for a lynx had found their hiding-place and would watch by their front door until he dined upon beaver meat. They must start that very night and go farther up the river and find a new opening, and even then they must be cautious. This was sorrowful news for them both and the younger beaver remonstrated against leaving their fine store of bark, but he got a sharp nip in his ear and was told to keep his advice until it was asked for. So after making a hearty supper they went sorrowfully upon their way to find a new open spot in the river, where the lynx should not be watching for them.

They went only about a mile that night, but found several open spots. The ice was getting ready to break up. At last they found a place that suited them and dragged themselves up under a sheltering bank, near a rapid, that afforded them a chance to go in search of food. Then the old beaver slept long and sound, leaving Shaggycoat upon guard, with orders to wake him if anything uncommon appeared.

The young beaver did not like these silent vigils and the hours seemed very long to him, but he did as he was told. He thought his grandfather never would wake, but at last he did, late in the afternoon. But they did not go ashore for bark. It was too dangerous, the older beaver said. So they had a slim supper of frozen lily pads. But this was not enough for the hungry stomach of Shaggycoat, who gnawed away at some tree roots that pierced the bank where they were hid. It was not as good as the fresh bark of the birch, but it filled him up and made him feel better.

If Shaggycoat had been older and wiser, he would have been alarmed at the old beaver's symptoms. But he was young and thoughtless, and knew not of age, or the signs of failing life.

At last the spring freshet came and the ice in the river broke up. Then they had to look for a spot where the bank was very high so they would not be drowned out. It was a long and arduous search to find the right spot, but at last it was found just in time, for the old beaver's strength was nearly spent.



Once the Trappers Came Very Near

But every day that the snow melted and the ice went out of the river, food for the beavers grew more plentiful and the sunshine and hope of spring made them glad.

Shaggycoat was now left to himself to swim in the river and feed upon the bark of saplings along the shore. The old beaver was too tired with the long journey to venture out of the burrow they had chosen. He gave Shaggycoat much good advice, and among other things told him to always keep close to the water, where he was comparatively safe. While upon land, he was an easy prey of all his natural enemies. The peculiar angle of his hind legs made it impossible for him, or any other beaver, to travel much on shore, while in the water they were his safeguard.

These were delightful days for the two-year-old. The water was getting warm and the mere act of swimming filled him with delight. Besides it seemed like a very wonderful world in which he lived. He had come so far and seen so many strange things. He wondered if there were other rivers and if they were all as long as this one.

One spring morning when the air was warm and balmy and birds had begun to sing in the treetops along the bank, Shaggycoat went for a swim in a deep pool. It was not his custom to be abroad in the daylight, for beavers as a rule love the dark and do most of their work in inky darkness, but the two-year-old felt restless. He must be stirring. His grandfather was too old and stupid for him, so he went alone.

He had a delightful play and a good breakfast upon some alders that grew in a little cove. He stayed much longer than usual, so that when he returned the sun was low in the west.

He found his grandfather stretched out much as he had left him, but there was something peculiar about him. He was so still. He was not sleeping, for there was no motion of the chest and no steam from the nostrils. Shaggycoat went up to him and put his nose to his, but it was quite cold. Then he poked him gently with his paw, but he did not stir. Then he nipped his ear as the older beaver had so frequently done to him, but there was no response.

He would wait; perhaps this was a new kind of sleep. He would probably wake in the morning, but a strange uneasiness filled Shaggycoat. He was almost afraid of his grandfather, he was so quiet and his nose was so cold.

He waited an hour or two and then tried to wake him again, but with no better success. This time to touch the icy nose of the old beaver sent a chill through Shaggycoat's every nerve, and a sudden terror of the lifeless, silent thing before him seized him.

Then a sense of loss, coupled with a great fear, came over him and he fled from the burrow like a hunted creature. He must put as many miles as possible between himself and that sleep from which there was no awaking.

The river had never seemed so dark and uninviting before, nor held so many terrors. His grandfather had always led the way and he had merely to follow. Now he was to lead. But where? He did not know the way, but that silence and the terror of that stiff form with the cold nose haunted him as he fled on.

Morning found him many miles from the shelving bank where the old beaver had been left behind.

Shaggycoat feared the river and all it contained. The world, too, was strange to him, but most of all he feared that silent form under the dark bank.

From that day he became a wanderer in the great world. He went by river courses and through mountain lakes, always keeping out of danger as well as he could.

Many scraps of good advice he now remembered which had been given him by his grandfather. Perhaps his grandfather had felt the heavy sleep coming upon him and had given the advice that Shaggycoat might take care of himself when he should be left alone, or maybe it was only an instinct that had come down through many generations of aquatic builders. But certain things he did and others he refrained from doing, because something told him that it would be dangerous.

Other bits of information he gathered from sad experience. Many things befell him that probably never would, had he been in company with wiser heads. But he was an orphan, and the lot of the orphan is always hard.

These are a few of the lessons that he learned during that adventurous summer:

That the water is the beaver's element, but on land he is the laughing-stock of all who behold him. That in the water is comparative safety, but on land are many dangers. That the otter is the beaver's deadly enemy, always to be avoided if possible. That minks and muskrats are harmless little creatures, but not suitable company for a self-respecting beaver. That sweet-smelling meat for which you do not have to work is dangerous and bites like a clam, holding on even more persistently.

These and other things too numerous to mention Shaggycoat learned, some by observation and some by personal experience.

At first the summer passed quickly. There were so many things to see, and so many rivers and lakes to visit, but by degrees a sense of loneliness came over him. He had no friend, no companion. He was positively alone in all the great world.

(To be continued.)

HAS SUCCESS AN AGE LIMIT?

ONE OF THE common "saws" of today is that "this is the age of young men." This phrase we are constantly meeting in the literature put forth by a certain class of magazines, and it has also become a part of the stock in trade of popular lecturers. Analyzed, it is meant to express the belief that in all the active pursuits of life, the young man is in the saddle; that the young man of this age has his hand on the throttle of the world.

And yet young men play no greater, no more prominent part in this generation than they did in others. Luther in the sixteenth century, Newton in the seventeenth, Napoleon and Pitt in the eighteenth, and thousands of others—dating from the present back to Alexander the Great, who conquered the then known world before he was thirty—bear witness that the young man of ability, of initiative, is not the peculiar creation of this generation, but common to all time. In estimating the success of young men in past centuries, we must judge them by the achievements which mean success in their own age, not by what means success in ours.

The secret of success has never been a matter of age. A man may be old or young, and fail. Success depends upon the quality of a man's ability and the steadfastness of his purpose. Men of ability and moral strength have won success at fifty as often as have men of twenty-five. It is simply a question of paying the price. If a man is unwilling to pay in time, skill, patience, the price demanded to attain a certain end—no matter whether he be twenty-five or seventy, he will fail. The young man who starts out with the idea that in the active affairs of life the old men are on the shelf, makes a mighty big mistake.—The Technical World.

TWO GOOD RULES.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.



A Large Gray Animal Crouched, Watching the Hole Intently



Stories Out of My Own Life

By THE EDITOR

No. 5—My Last Game of Ball

YOU MAY have suspected from something I have said that baseball was my favorite game in my youth. True, it was. Others might choose hunting, or boating, or cricket, or football, or kites, or fishing—but for me, baseball every time.

And I have never gotten over it. I like even yet, old as I am, to see a good game of baseball as our American boys play it in an open town lot—and some days, too, I slip away from business to sit on the "bleachers" and watch the professionals, ofttimes finding myself "rooting' myself hoarse for my home team, though I know not a single one among them even by name, and I realize that not a man of them belongs to my home city but is hired for money by some company that makes a business of it for the profit there is in the gate receipts. But I can't help it; it is bred in the bone.

Long after my ball-playing days were over, I found myself secretly longing to get into the game, but having grown to manhood, gone into business, married and "settled down," I felt it was unbecoming, to say the least, for me to don a baseball suit and be one of a nine.

I am a true American, and we Americans do not carry athletics quite so far as do our English cousins. An Englishman counts it no letting down of his dignity to play cricket at any age; indeed, every Englishman is more or less of an athlete as long as his legs carry him; but we Americans, once we become absorbed in business, are apt to leave the sports of our boyhood as being things suited only to boys, and to think we condescend very much, if once or twice a season we sit out a ball game. Indeed, we soon begin to grumble at the time and money the young fellows spend in sport and prophesy that the craze for athletics is going to end in a bad state of affairs.

I must confess that I got on my dignity quite early. From being an ardent follower of the game—a player who would forget his meals on Saturdays to play all day—I developed at once on marrying into a typical American business man, with a mind for business only and no time for sport.

But I must tell you about one game of ball that I played long after I had entered business and at a time when I supposed I had given up the game for good. It possesses additional interest for me, too, in that it was the last game of ball I played.

I am not going to tell you how old I was when I married, but the game in question took place just five days after the eventful day when I became a Benedict.

It came about in this way:

It was in the month of June, just when weddings and baseball are both in full swing.

I had just been married to a young woman in a city several hundreds of miles away from my home, and I had done what every fellow sooner or later does after he "gets married"—I had taken my young bride home to show her off to "the folks."

To my great gratification there was to be a ball game the day after my arrival, between the Stars, the old team in which I had years before been a player, and a nine from a visiting town. Our village was all astir over the game for it was the third of a series, and the first two games had broken even.

The boys importuned me to go into the game, but I laughed at them.

"I play ball!" I exclaimed. "I haven't played in five years. Then I have just been married and am visiting. I have nothing to wear but my new shoes, my long-tailed black coat, and my silk hat. A sorry figure I would cut. Why, even if I could find clothes of the right kind I would be laughed off the field by the small boys, for I couldn't hit a ball as big as a balloon. No, I have quit playing ball. Excuse me! But I will be on hand to see the game. I will bring my wife and we will root for the Stars, you may be sure. My wife knows all about the Stars. I have told her about the old nine and how I played captain and catcher season after season, till she thinks you are some kind of wonderful beings greater than mere men. You must not disappoint her. No. We'll join the crowd along the foul lines and you'll hear my 'whoop.'"

So I didn't go into the game. I just put on my silk hat, my Prince Albert coat, my light trousers, and my patent leather shoes, and with my wife all dressed in pretty white, we went to the game.

Everyone and his cousin was there, and everyone was eager and excited. It was to be a hot game and no mistake. The visitors were a husky lot. The pitcher was a muscular leviathan, the catcher a broad-shouldered chap with hands big enough to catch a cannon ball, the first baseman a six-footer; and the rest of the nine matched up well with these.

The game began. Runs were speedily made, for that was the day of bounding balls, long hits and big scores, but for some reason, unaccountable it seemed to me, the visitors made all the runs. They were good fielders, good base runners, good batters, but so were the Stars. The umpire was fair, but goose-egg after goose-egg went on to the scorer's tally sheet to the credit of the Stars. Our townspeople were at first uneasy, then surprised, then chagrined, then disgusted; finally they began to applaud the visitors, while all the small boys began to nag our men by



I Just Put on My Silk Hat . . . and We Went to the Game

calling them names and poking fun at their every play. Then the Stars became demoralized—"rattled," as the boys say, and it looked like certain and disgraceful defeat. I became interested early in the game, and then anxious. Were these the boys I used to win games with? Had they lost all their cunning? I left my seat with a bevy of young men and women among the spectators, and regardless of the small boys' shout of "Shoot the hat," "Who is the guy?" "Put him off the grounds," I hurried over to the little group of disconsolate, discouraged Stars who were watching one of their number strike out, and I said:

"What's the matter, fellows? Don't lose your nerve. There's three innings left. You can beat them yet. I have seen many a defeat turned into victory in the last inning. Come, brace up!"

Many of the spectators were going home, disgusted with a score of 7 to 0 in favor of the visitors.

"It's no use," muttered the Stars' captain, "we can't hit the ball."

"You can hit the ball. You are just rattled. That's an easy ball—too easy. You are all hitting too quick at it. Take your time. Wait for the ball. He's pitching wild and if you wait you'll get bases, and in addition tire the pitcher out."

"But Shorty is done out. He's sick," replied the captain.

Shorty was the pitcher of the Stars.

"Then put Mayhew in his place," said I, for I had heard someone say the first baseman could pitch.

"But there'll be no one to cover first. We had hard work getting nine men to start with, and we have no substitute," the captain replied dejectedly.

"Then delay the game," I cried excitedly, for a thought had struck me and it came with the force of a trip-hammer. "Let somebody get hit—dispute the decisions—anything to give me a chance. I'll be back in ten minutes."

"You'll play?" shouted the boys, flocking around me.

"You'll see," I said, and off I sped in an undignified run toward my father's house, not five hundred yards away. Up the front steps I bolted, three steps at a jump, in the front door I rushed, then up a flight of stairs, and then another, into the attic. An old trunk—a relic, but in my early days a hiding place for my precious belongings—was stored in a dark corner. In a moment I had it out in the middle of the floor, the lid thrown back, and the stuff tumbled out. There was the old suit of blue, with the white star on the breast, the cap and the shoes, just where I had left them years before. My mother never destroyed anything that belonged to my boyhood days. And it had only been five years!

My silk hat, wedding coat, vest, trousers, shining shoes were off in a minute, and in another minute I had on the dear old Star uniform. I rushed down stairs, burst into the parlor to see myself in a big mirror, laughed a little at how I had grown, and then for the ball field.

Our boys had gone out in one, two, three order, and had taken the field, and now were coming in for their eighth inning at bat—score 12 to 1 against us.

I ran panting right up to the plate. No one of the spectators knew me. My own mother wouldn't have recognized me. My wife didn't, till I waved my hand to her.

A few words with the captain of the visitors showed him the situation—a sick pitcher, which was true, his withdrawal from the game, the first baseman to go in and pitch, and a substitute (myself) for first base. It was made plain I was no professional, and the game went on.

"Two innings, boys, and eleven runs to tie and twelve to win," I shouted. "Let's do it. Every man wait for his ball. Don't strike till you are sure. It's nine balls take a base and you can afford to wait. Tire 'em out, that's the way. Teaze 'em. Get the crowd going. Let me coach!"

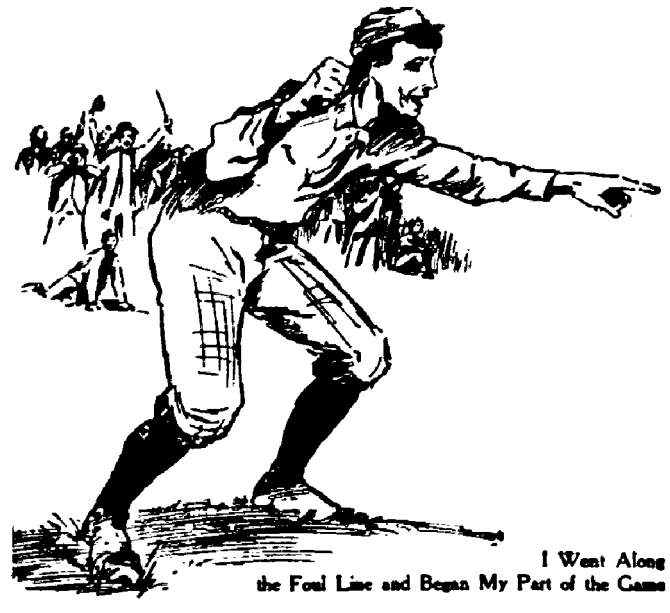
"All right," shouted the captain of the Stars, and down I went along the left foul line nearly to third base and began my part of the game.

I talked to the batter. I poked fun at the pitcher. I talked loud so the crowd could hear. I danced up and down. I ran around like one possessed. I mimicked the pitcher's motions. I stirred up the crowd, and had them laughing, cheering, shouting. The small boys whistled and yelled, and a perfect pandemonium ensued. I shall never forget it. I was back in my old game, on the old field, among the old boys and in the old uniform. "Bang" and a hit—a big biff that broke the bat, landed a man on second. I ran for the broken bat and waved part of it in the air, shouting like mad. The next man came to bat and, merciful goodness! he just lifted that ball into the air till it looked like a pewee hunting the stars. The short stop, the third baseman, and the pitcher, ran to catch it and smashed into one another, while the ball came to the ground with a thud inside the baseline and two men skipped around the bases like mad. I raced the first man in to the home plate, shook hands with him, patted him on the back and waved my cap.

"Keep it up. We've got 'em, boys. They're on the run," I shouted above the tumult.

A third man came to bat and fouled out.

"Put up another man, quick! Close up the ranks! That's nothing. Only one man out. Now, Chester, smash her into the cornfield," and will you believe me, he did, and he landed on third. Then another fury struck the crowd. We had our eyes on the ball at last. The pitcher was mad, he was dizzy, he couldn't see straight. His men were fumbling the ball, rolling over one another, saying mean things to one another, and this with their wild throws and mis-



I Went Along the Foul Line and Began My Part of the Game

judgments of flies made the eighth inning a slaughter with eight runs to our credit.

We jumped into the field quick. Every man cocked and primed to make the enemy's ninth a goose-egg or die in the attempt.

I was on first, still talking to the men—urging attention to every point, and calling on the pitcher to hold 'em down.

The crowd was now breathless with interest. No jeering, no sallies of wit at the expense of our men, no calling of names.

The visiting nine was unnerved, worried, weak. One, two, three of their men in succession in their last inning threw down their bats in disgust, and amid a torrent of cheers, our fellows rushed in from the field for the last attack.

"Play ball, boys," I yelled again from my station near third, "twelve to nine! three to tie, four to win!"

Our poorest hitters were to come first to bat. The first one hit the ball a long fly. A great shout went up and then collapsed like a bag of gas punched into a thousand holes when the long fly lit kerplunk in the hands of the center-fielder.

"Never mind," I yelled. "Get your bat quick, Bob, and smash it. Go for 'em, boys." The crowd was yelling like mad. Everybody was crowded along the two foul lines, and everybody was rooting. Small boys in front on all fours, bigger boys behind, and men and women bringing up the rear—long lines of eager, crazy people were a unit for us. Bob sent a safe one between third and short and slid twenty feet into first on the seat of his trousers. Then such a yell! Then came Skinny, our light weight. He had struck out every time. A frenzy of grit seized him. He set his teeth hard, and eyed that ball as it came towards his waiting bat as a snake eyes a bird it seeks to charm. Nobody breathed. What would Skinny do? What could he do? Hit it? I should think he did, and with the speed of the wind Bob landed on third. The ball had chased him there, but was thrown wild, and twisted out of the third baseman's hands.

"Go, go for second," yelled everybody to Skinny, and Skinny obeyed like a good soldier, and there on second he squatted fierce and exultant while the pitcher faced the next man at bat. The next man was unlucky and went out on a foul. Score 12 to 9, two out, two men on bases. Talk about excitement! The next man to bat got a base. Three bases full—two men out. A good hit would bring in two, a long drive would tie the game, and I to bat!

I have been in many trying places in sport and business. I have faced difficulties, problems, embarrassments without number, but oh, the feeling of that moment as I ran in to face that pitcher. I had not succeeded in making a hit since I entered the game. I was new, raw, unpracticed. I had been striking out—never getting within a mile of the ball. But nobody was unkind to me. Nobody cried, "Where did you get that hat?" The crowd just waited while I rubbed my hands in the dust, brushed off the home plate, got a grip on my bat and stood, every muscle tense, watching that ball in the pitcher's hands. For a brief moment I caught my wife's eyes and saw her flutter her handkerchief. I have often wanted to win victories for her sake. At that moment I would have given a year of life to hit that ball. And now it was coming. It looked as big as a pumpkin. It was coming slow. The pitcher was trying to fool me.

"One ball!" shouted the umpire. I had not struck. The crowd yelled. The impulse seized me to wait for balls and try to get a base. As quick as the impulse came it vanished. What! and miss the chance to win by a good hit? Jog along to first by the permission of the umpire and leave the next man to do the trick? Never!

Again the ball came—a good one. I struck and missed. Did I hear a groan? No, I heard nothing but the beating of my heart against my ribs. Then another came and I met it, fairly jumped for it, hit at it with all the strength my two arms could muster, and in as many seconds as it takes to write this sentence I was scrambling, tumbling, rolling and finally standing dirty, confused, bruised, but triumphant on third base, while the three men on the bases ahead of me scored and made the game a tie.

I didn't hear the bedlam of noise that followed, I just knew that a mass of crazy people crowded out on the foul line from third base to the home plate, and that a good strong batter was wielding the hickory. Two minutes later I crossed the home plate and the game was won.

That evening as I walked down the street with my wife I overheard a small boy say to another, "there he goes," and I knew I was a great man for at least a day.

That was my last game of ball. For two weeks after that I had to be helped in and out of bed, for there was not an inch of muscle in my body that wasn't twisted and bruised.

This only shows how near a man is to being a boy. Just give him the chance, put him in the old associations, stir him with the old battle cry, and staid and dignified, pompous and important as he may have grown, he'll throw dignity to the winds and be a boy again.

It shows, too, this game does, that it is well never to say die. "As long as there is life there is hope." More defeats come through lack of heart than through lack of brain or muscle, or skill. Napoleon made up his mind early never to be defeated. It made him the greatest general of his time and one of the greatest of all time. Mirabeau called "impossible" a blockhead word. Remember Sheridan at Winchester, and learn to turn defeat into victory.

There's a great deal in enthusiasm, too. The enthusiastic man knows no obstacles. Enthusiasm makes up for many a deficiency.

Learn, too, to help the discouraged, the dispirited, the loser. Cheer the faint-hearted. If necessary put your own shoulder to the wheel and push for them. Many persons go through life discouraging all around them, "knocking" everything, and never "boosting." Don't be a "knocker," be a "booster."



I Was Scrambling, Tumbling, Rolling

The Obedient Coins

Here is a trick that requires a little practice; but with a reasonable amount of skill you will find that it never fails after you have attained the deftness that you need for it.

When you have found that you can do it, you can amuse a party at any time, for all that you need for the trick is a shallow plate and a dozen coins, preferably silver quarter dollars.

Pile the coins neatly on top of each other in the plate so that they form a little pillar of silver, and then say to the company that the problem is to remove them from the plate and place them on the table just as they are, without touching them with the hand.

Of course, most of the party will laugh and declare that there must be a "catch" in it; but you assure them that there is nothing except a clever trick in the problem. Some of them may try it then; unless they know the trick, they will simply succeed in making funny failures of it.

After they have given it up, you lift the plate until it is about three feet above the table. Then bring it down about two feet smartly, but so steadily that the coins are not shaken, and then pull it swiftly toward yourself. The coins, owing to the simple mechanical principle of inertia, will not move with the plate, but will drop to the table in exactly the formation in which they were piled on the plate.

Tid-Bits of General Information

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for one and one-quarter minutes, with twenty changes of note in it.

Finland has a larger percentage of wooded area, in comparison with its total surface, than any other European country. It leads with 51.2 per cent, while Great Britain has the smallest, or 3.6 per cent.

To such an extent does religion prevail at Gonoatoa, in the South Seas, that every man, woman, and child on that island who does not go to church at least three times a week is liable to be arrested and fined, the fine going to the king.

Anonymous Stories

We receive from time to time letters signed "One of your readers," "A subscriber," "A friend," etc., telling us of some act of heroism done by a boy, and asking us to print the facts as narrated. The editor desires to say that he will pay no attention to anonymous stories. Only such acts of heroism will be mentioned in the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY and rewarded by the Legion of Honor Badge, as are vouched for by evidence satisfactory to the editor, and this evidence must be the written statements of eye witnesses who are not afraid or ashamed to vouch for the truth of their statements by signing their names thereto.

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Boy Lumbermen of the Northwest

By WALDON FAWCETT



A Typical Lumber Crew

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IN THE northwest corner of the United States, in the great territory made known to white men just one hundred years ago by the explorers, Lewis and Clark, an army of men and boys is now engaged in the picturesque task of logging or lumbering the biggest trees in the world. Although the forest giants, which are being cut down in the States of Oregon, Washington and northern California, are so large that ordinary trees look like twigs in comparison, a considerable portion of the work of turning them into lumber is performed by lads who have not yet reached their majority. Some of these boys are the sons of veteran lumbermen who have come to this new "timber country" from Maine and Michigan where the lumber-yielding forests are almost exhausted, but a goodly proportion of them are natives of the Northwest,—boys who have grown up in the wonderful climate which appears to foster bigness and strength.

But some reader may be inclined to inquire how it is that mere boys can do so much of the work of handling monster trees which it might be supposed would tax the strength of the most powerful men to handle. The explanation is found in the fact that in the Northwest lumbering is carried on largely by steam power and of course a bright, intelligent boy is fully the equal of an older man in applying this force. Indeed, it may be explained that nowhere else on the globe are trees taken from the forests in the manner followed in this region—possibly because nowhere else is the lumber harvester confronted with trees from ten to twenty feet in diameter and towering to a height of from one hundred to two hundred feet.

The boy lumbermen of our north Pacific coast live, for the most part, in cabins, roughly constructed of boards and the location of which is changed several times each season as each successive locality is stripped of its trees and the lumber crew moves to a new scene of activity. It is a healthful life but it can scarcely be said to be an easy one. If a boy happens to be one of the lumberers assigned to prepare breakfast he must be astir each morning as early as 3 o'clock. Otherwise he is allowed to sleep until 4 o'clock or 4:30 o'clock, but in any event he must tumble out of bed as promptly as a West Point cadet when the rising signal is sounded. However, there is little danger that the young lumber workers of the Northwest will suffer from cold at any season of the year. Every boy who has ever visited or worked in a lumber camp in the east knows that in winter, with the thermometer registering many degrees below zero, frozen hands and faces are an every-day incident. In the Northwest, however, the Frost King is a rare visitor. Although this part of the country is as far north as Labrador the climate is very mild and winter brings rain instead of snow storms.

On the other hand the lumbermen of the Puget Sound country, if they are spared the biting cold of New England and the Middle West, are also denied the assistance which snow and ice renders the lumber workers in those localities. In Maine and Michigan and other lumber producing States east of the Mississippi, the trees are felled in the autumn and are sledded over ice roads in the dead of winter to the banks of streams down which they float when the snow melts in the spring. In the far Northwest, however, the trees, which may be felled at any time of year, are dragged from the forest to the waiting railroad cars which convey them to the mills by means of great wire cables, operated by engines so powerful that the tree trunks can be drawn through the forest despite the uneven ground and growth of tangled underbrush.

The work of cutting down one of the giant trees of the Pacific coast is one of the most interesting operations in the lumbering industry of the Northwest. The tree trunk is not severed at a point a few feet above the ground as is the custom with ordinary trees. The "swell" at the bottom of these forest monarchs is usually of a poor quality of lumber and so the tree is cut at a point perhaps ten feet above the ground, leaving a stump of that height. In order to render it possible to chop and saw through the tremendous tree body at this height notches are cut in the trunk and into these boards are fitted, forming shelves on which the lumbermen stand.

As the first operation of felling the tree, men with axes "undercut" by chopping about one-third the distance through the ponderous trunk. Then two men, each at one end of an eight-foot saw, begin operations on the opposite side of the tree and saw through the trunk to a point about ten inches distant from that where the choppers ceased work. With the tree completely severed, save for a "hinge," not more than ten inches thick, steel wedges are driven in and the towering giant is gradually forced over in the direction desired. Great care must be exercised in choosing the direction in which a tree shall be made to fall, lest the trunk in crashing to earth damage other good trees and possibly sustain injury itself calculated to lessen its value to the lumberman.

After the tree is down it is sawed into log lengths and these are dragged out of the forest by the wire cables previously mentioned. Great difficulty is often experienced in placing the big logs on the railroad trucks which are to carry them to the mills where they will be sawed up into the various forms of lumber in which they will reach the consumer. A log which will yield, say, forty thousand shingles, is too big and too heavy to be placed aboard any regular freight car. The only way to move it satisfactorily is to set it down upon pairs of railroad trucks provided for the purpose, and this is by no means a slight chore.

The stumps of the giant trees in the Northwest are frequently put to odd uses. At one point in Washington such a stump has been converted into a cosy one-room house, and another stump was leveled off and affords an ideal dancing platform on which a dozen couples can dance at one time. The lumbering of the giant trees has been going on for some time past, but it is probable that the National Congress will ere long put a stop to it. These giant trees are one of the world's greatest natural curiosities and President Roosevelt and other prominent men are strongly of the opinion that they should be preserved. To that end most of the forests containing the giant trees are being converted into national forest reserves or national parks.

Suggestion Regarding Shut-Ins

George C. Ogle, a Spencerburg, Mo., boy, suggests that when boys send any money to renew their subscriptions they each add five or ten cents or any amount they may be willing to give—the extra money to go to the shut-in fund to enable the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY to furnish the paper to shut-in boys who cannot afford to buy it.

The suggestion shows our subscriber to be a boy of good heart; however, it does not meet with our approval. We shall be glad to have any one at any time send us $1.00 for an annual subscription to be given to a shut-in boy, whose name may be furnished by the one sending the money or by some other one. The looking after small remittances like five and ten cents we would prefer not to undertake.



A Typical Lumber Camp

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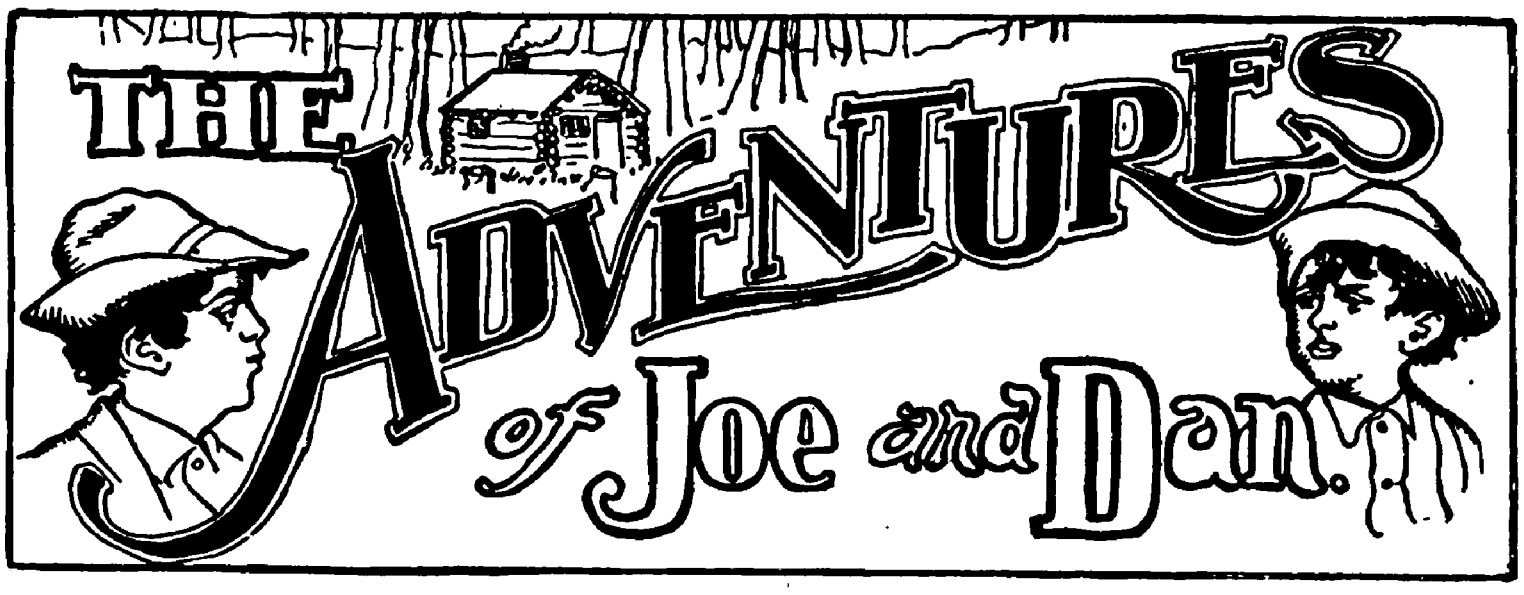


CHAPTER I.

IN THE PIONEER days of Wisconsin a family named Wilkins removed from Ohio to that state and settled within a mile of the village of Midvale.

The family consisted of father, mother and two boys. The latter were aged fourteen and twelve, respectively, and their names were Joseph and Daniel. These names were shortened to Joe and Dan.

Mr. Wilkins took up land right in the unbroken forest, as many other men were doing at the time, and after building a log house he began pioneer life.

It would be hard for the boys and girls of today to understand the life of the pioneers of seventy or eighty years ago.

There was little money, and that little was hard to get. Carpenters and bricklayers, when they could find work at all, got no better wages than a dollar a day. The people wore the coarsest clothing and lived on the plainest fare, and it was all hard work with them.

While Joe and Dan were only young boys they were of much aid to their father in helping to clear up the land. They cut down the smaller trees, piled up the limbs and brush for burning, and when an acre or so had been cleared they helped to plant it to corn and turnips.

That was the food of most pioneer families—corn meal and turnips, with such wild meat as could be killed in the forest around.

After the first crop had been harvested and winter was coming on, an old hunter stopped at the Wilkins cabin one day. He was going to a town fifty miles away to spend the winter.

When he had partaken of a meal with the family and smoked a pipe, he said to Mr. Wilkins:

"Your boys will be of some help to you this winter in clearing up your land, but I think they can do better than that. I have thirty steel traps which I wish to leave with you for two or three months. I may not come back before spring.

"If you can feed and lodge me for two or three days I will tell the boys all about trapping. You have a river here at your door, and they should be able to catch many mink and muskrats. There are also coons, possums, wolves and foxes to be trapped in the forest. The furs will always find a buyer, and in this way you will profit far more than if you kept the boys at work with their axes."

It was plain to Mr. Wilkins that this was so, and the old trapper remained for a week. During this time he was out with the boys every day. He taught them how to set and bait a trap for every kind of animal taken in traps.

When through with the river he showed them how to construct deadfalls for the capture of wolves and foxes, and they had secured quite a number of skins before he took his departure.

That was a good winter for the family and an exciting one for the boys. They kept their traps out along the river, and their deadfalls in the woods, and not a day passed that they did not catch something.

Among the game were three wolves, a bear and four foxes, to say nothing of more than a hundred muskrats and five or six minks.

These furs sold for ten times more than the boys could have earned any other way, and with the money Mr. Wilkins was able to hire men to help him in his chopping.

It was late in the winter before the old trapper came back. When he had heard what the boys had done he said:

"That is very good, and it shows that you are smart boys. The trapping season is now about over, and during the summer you will work on the land again. I am going to tell you, however, how you can make enough money next fall to buy your own traps for the winter.

"Beginning in June, whenever your father can spare you for half a day, you want to become bee hunters. Here and there in the woods are wild swarms of bees. They take possession of dead trees, and I have known them to store up several hundred pounds of honey.


A BIG BEAR DROPPED TO THE GROUND WITH A GROWL AND MADE OFF.

Haven't you ever noticed bees flying about when you have been at work?"

Both boys answered that they had, and the old man continued:

"You must get your eye on one particular bee, and when he rises from a flower you must watch his flight. He will go straight to the tree where the swarm is. It may be a mile or two away. If you lose him, then watch another. You may have to watch half a dozen, but you will surely come to the tree in time."

"But how are we to get the honey?" asked Joe.

"You must locate and mark your tree. Then some night your father will cut it down for you. Bees cannot see in the night, but you will have some dry grass and limbs ready to make torches, and thus kill them off with the smoke. Any honey that you find will always sell for a good price. If you find a bee tree at any time in the summer, you must wait until about the tenth of September to cut it. Then the bees will have gathered their full store."

When spring came and Joe and Dan resumed their work in the forest they were constantly on the watch for the bees. As the warm weather drew on, the insects buzzed about in plenty, and before July came in the boys had located three bee trees. All of them were within a mile of the cabin.

In locating the third one they discovered that some one else was also in that line of business. As they approached the tree a big black bear that had climbed up to investigate dropped to the ground with a growl and made off.

They had been told by the hunter that bears were as fond of honey as human beings, and that they must look out that bruin did not get ahead of them.

CHAPTER II.

As fast as a bee tree was found, it was marked so that it might easily be found again, and for the reason that other persons were hunting them.

When the bees had about completed their store for the season, a night was chosen; and the trees cut down and the honey secured without much trouble.

From the three trees there came about three hundred pounds of nice comb honey. It was not as white and crisp as the clover honey of today, but the people at the village were glad enough to buy it.

September had come and almost gone when there came a warm spell of weather. One afternoon, as the boys were working with their hoes in the field they decided to "locate" one more bee tree, if possible.

They found a flower with several bees robbing it of its last sweets, and pretty soon they were off in chase. A loaded bee does not fly very high nor very fast, and it is possible for a boy with sharp eyes and good legs to keep him in sight for a long distance. If one bee is lost sight of, there will be others going the same road.

How far Joe and Dan followed the bee from the clearing they could not say. After a time they realized that he was making a long flight of it, and they were traveling over ground they had never set foot on before.

By and by the bee flew into a hollow far up on the side of a dead sycamore, and their chase was ended.

Joe had brought an ax and Dan a hoe. They placed their mark on the tree and were ready to make their way back when the afternon began to grow dark and the rumble of thunder was heard.

In their haste to get home before the storm broke they were not as careful of the direction as they should have been and they had not been running half an hour when Joe halted and said:

"See here, Dan, I think we are lost. Here is a hill and a creek I am sure we never saw before."

"But haven't we been going straight toward home?" asked Dan.

"I thought we were keeping a straight course, but we must have left it. The storm is close at hand, and the only thing we can do is to take shelter until it passes over."

They found a big tree with a hollow large enough to shelter both, and they had not been tucked away five minutes when the rain began to descend.

Before it had ceased to fall it was dark in the woods. The boys knew little about the forest, but they had been told that if it ever happened that they were lost, they must not get frightened and begin running, as a lost person is almost sure to do. He is always sure to go wrong then.

"We shall simply have to pass the night right here," said Joe after the storm had ceased. "We would not know which way to go if it were daylight, while in the darkness we would simply go 'round and 'round in a circle or get farther away from home."

"But there are bears and wolves in the woods!" replied Dan, as he began to whimper.

"So there are, but we will hope that they will not discover us. If they do, I will give them a taste of this ax. When morning comes we may hear a rooster crow or a dog bark to guide us in the right direction. If we don't, then we must try some other way. We must stay here all night, and it is no use to whimper."

"But won't father come with a lantern to look for us?" asked the younger brother.

"We can't hope that he will. In the first place, he does not know in which direction to look for us, and in the next he might get lost himself if he went prowling about the forest. We may be three or four miles from home, and a dozen men could not find us. Sit down and go to sleep if you can. I will keep watch and it may be that some time during the night I shall hear father calling."

It was an hour later when Dan fell asleep. There was room in the hollow for both to sit down, and the night came on dark and lonely.

The lads were both hungry and thirsty but there was no way of satisfying their wants until day came again. Dan whimpered himself to sleep at last, and for two hours Joe remained on watch and heard nothing to disturb him.

Then he heard the footsteps of some animal pattering over the leaves, and two minutes later a wolf howled. The beast had come across the tracks of the boys and followed them until he knew they were in the hollow of the tree.

The howl awoke Dan, and he cried out to know what was happening.

"It is a wolf," replied Joe, "and his howl has been answered by two or three more, and we shall soon have a number of them around us. I do not think they will dare attack us, but if they do, this is a first rate place in which to give them a fight. My ax is sharp and only one can come at a time."

"But father has always told us to climb trees if wolves got after us," said Dan.

"This tree has no limbs and is too big for us to climb. If we went looking for other trees in the darkness the wolves might rush upon us. There must be five or six around us now and more coming up every minute. Stand here in the doorway with me. While I use the ax you can jab them with the handle of your hoe. I tell you, brother, we are in a tight place, and must fight for our lives."

Looking out from the hollow they could see the shadowy forms of the wolves skulking about, and whenever a beast faced them his eyes shone like coals of fire. They were a hungry pack, but they were waiting to get their courage up before attacking.

CHAPTER III.

The attack of the wolves was not delayed long. When seven or eight had gathered they began circling around the hollow tree in which Joe and Dan had taken refuge, and suddenly the leader of the pack rushed straight for the opening.

Joe had his sharp ax upraised to deliver a blow, and when he brought it down the blade was sunk into the wolf's head and the beast rolled aside dead.

It was hardly a minute before another rushed and met the same fate.

The boys had been told that one wolf would eat another up as soon as killed or wounded, and here they had proof of it.

The wolves that had been struck with the ax were quickly dragged aside by the others and feasted on, and the savageness of the survivors seemed to be blunted by the meal.

They hung about for a time, licking their chops and growling, but all at once the howl of a wolf in the distance sent them scurrying away to be seen no more.

You may be sure that both boys were too excited to think of sleep during the remainder of the night, and that both were wide awake to every sound in the forest.

An hour after the wolves had disappeared a deer came treading softly over the leaves, but as soon as he got scent of the boys he dashed away.

Later, a bear came blundering along. He sniffed at the bones of the wolves and came within ten feet of the hollow tree and growled away to himself, but as the boys kept quiet he finally moved off.

That was the last disturbance of the night.

When daylight had fully dawned Joe and Dan stepped forth from their shelter and went down to the creek for a drink. Then they sat down on a log and Joe said:

"There has been no barking of dogs or crowing of roosters, and I am sure we are far in the woods. The bark of our own dog could be heard two miles on such a still morning as this. When we started to follow the first bee we went to the west. How we got off the track I cannot say, but we must have turned to the south. We know there are no settlers in that direction for many miles. We have got all turned around, but if we do not get scared I think we will come out all right. We


"WE ARE IN A TIGHT PLACE AND MUST FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES," SAID JOE.



have matches to build a fire, but how believe it. I have known of half a dozen shall we get something to eat?"

The question was soon answered. As they sat there a strange dog came trotting through the woods and stopped at their feet and made friends with them.

The boys knew every dog for three or four miles around their father's cabin, and they were sure they had never seen this one before. He was part hound, and the only way they could figure it out was that he belonged to some hunter in the woods.

They stood on the log and shouted at the top of their voices, hoping to hear a human voice in answer, but none came. Their shouts started a rabbit from a thicket, and no sooner had bunny started to run away than the dog was after him like a flash and soon picked him up.

A fire was made, the rabbit skinned and roasted, and although it was not much of a meal, the boys felt the better of it.

"Now, then," said Dan, when the fire had been trampled out, "let us see what the dog will do for us. Let him start off and we will follow, and I am sure he will lead us to some hunter's hut or settler's cabin."

"But I believe the dog himself is lost," replied Joe.

"I never heard that a dog could be lost, but it may be so. Let us keep quiet and say nothing to him, and see what he will do."

The dog lay down at their feet and seemed content for five minutes. Then he got up and whined and looked about him, and when the boys rose up he started off through the woods.

They followed, but not for long. He had not gone more than forty rods before they saw that he was turning about for the place they started from. This was proof that he was lost, and could not be depended on.

You may read in books that a dog cannot be lost in the forest. Don't you

cases where dogs became utterly confused.

It is true that you may take one fifty miles from home along a highway, and he will follow the road back, but that is because he has landmarks to guide him. A horse will do the same thing, and yet you leave a horse in the midst of a forest, and he is helpless to find his way back to the stable.

"He is no good to help us," said Joe, when the dog had made a failure of it, "and so we will try another way. We will take our hollow tree for a starting point. We will go east for a mile, blazing the trees as we go along. If we do not find familiar ground we will try the other points of the compass. Whatever else we do, we must not get frightened. You have got your lip up and there are tears in your eyes."

"We may have to stay in the woods another night, and the wolves may come again," whimpered Dan.

"And we may be home in time for dinner. Don't be a baby. Even if we are lost for a week we shall come out all right. Cheer up now, and help me to find a way out, and while I am busy with the trees you make friends with the dog. I don't want him to leave us."

While Dan stood by the hollow tree Joe started off to the east and walked as far as he could without losing sight of his brother. Then with his ax he chipped a large piece of bark off the trunk of a tree. Then Dan advanced to that spot and Joe went on again. They did not stop until they had gone a mile or more. The ground was still strange to them.

"We are not going right, and must return to the hollow tree and take another direction," said Joe. "Let us first play with the dog and get him to barking. It may be that some settler's dog will hear him and bark in answer."

(To be continued.)

BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS, by Edward Stratemeyer. In this the fifth volume of Mr. Stratemeyer's "Colonial Series," we renew our interest in the adventures of Dave and Henry Morris, that stout old hunter, Sam Barringford, the friendly Delaware, White Buffalo as well as the treacherous renegade Frenchman, Jean Bevoir. The story describes the rising of the Indian, Pontiac against the whites, and the thrilling experiences of those pioneer days are described with all the author's well-known vivacity. The reader gets here a good story as well as authentic history. The illustrations it is sufficient to know are by A. B. Shule. 306 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

DEERFOOT ON THE PRAIRIES, by Edward S. Ellis. This veteran writer for boys presents in this volume the second of his new Deerfoot series, and the reader's interest in the fortunes of that splendid Indian is fully sustained. Adventures and experiences of every kind among the ferocious beasts and hostile Indians of the plains fill the pages and the boys' nerves will tingle till the last word is read. J. Steeple Davis' illustrations in colors and black add to the book's attractiveness. 366 pages. Price $1.00. The John C. Winston Co.

DEERFOOT IN THE MOUNTAINS, by Edward S. Ellis. This is the third and concluding volume of the "New Deerfoot Series," and the reader's interest in the adventures of the brave, chivalrous young Shawanoe is kept up till the last. The fight between Deerfoot and Chief Taggarak and the meeting with Lewis and Clark will especially delight the young reader. 363 pages. Price $1.00. The John C. Winston Co.

MY LITTLE LADY IN WAITING, by Louise E. Catlin. No reader, old or young, will fail to be interested in and sympathize with lonely little Nellie Ross and rejoice with her in the good fortune which ultimately reaches her. A thoroughly pleasant, readable story, and the illustrations by E. Pollak are equally good. 283 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

HOW BARBARA KEPT HER PROMISE, by Nina Rhoades. Barbara and Hazel Lyndhurst, two little orphaned girls, of twelve and eight years of age, are sent from England to New York to live with their mother's family. Barbara had promised her parents to watch over and care for little Hazel, who has been much spoiled and is inclined to be selfish, self-willed and mischievous. How good, faithful, lovable Barbara keeps her promise in spite of all discouragements and difficulties is most interestingly told in the book, which is sure to be a favorite with its young readers. It is nicely illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. 245 pages. Price, $1.00. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

DAVE PORTER AT OAK HALL, by Edward Stratemeyer. Mr. Stratemeyer is so widely and well known as the most prolific as well as one of the most interesting writers of books for boys, that anything from his pen is sure to please. The present volume is the first of a series to be called "Dave Porter Series," and tries to show the American boarding school and the boys who obtain their education at such institutions. The boys are ordinary schoolboys, some good, bright and clever, others somewhat the reverse, just as are to be found everywhere. Dave Porter, the hero, is a manly, straightforward young fellow whose career will be followed with pleasure by many delighted readers. The illustrations by Harid M. Brett are very good. 312 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

BEN PEPPER, by Margaret Sidney. As illustrating the wide popularity of the famous "Pepper Books," it is sufficient to state that the present is the tenth volume, and it fully maintains the well established reputation of the author as one of the most delightful and entertaining writers of books for young people that we have. The character of Ben, quiet, brave, true and dependable, is one that the boy and girl readers would do well to study. Altogether it is a worthy addition to the previous volumes. For the fine illustrations Eugenia M. Wereinan is responsible. 474 pages. Price $1.50. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE NATION. An outline history of the United States from 1760 to 1865, by Edwin E. Sparks, Ph. D. In his prefatory note the author states that his book is based upon certain hypotheses, one of them being that: "The making of the nation is the story of the men who made it." The lives of the men chosen to illustrate and prove the proposition are: Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln. The life work of each of these men taught better, deeper, wider and more generous ideas of national life than had been known before, and because of the practice of those ideas America today stands in the forefront of the nations of the the earth. The author has performed a good work in placing such a book before the public, and he who reads it will feel an increased pride in the country which gave birth to such men. The many illustrations of contemporary prints add greatly to the historical value of the book. The get up of the book is excellent. 415 pages. The Macmillan Co.

WHEN GRANDMAMMA WAS FOURTEEN, by Marion Harland. This is a sort of sequel to another of the author's books for young people, entitled "When Grandmamma was New," and will please and delight its readers as greatly as the former did. The glimpse of society in the south, the old-fashioned courtesy, courtliness and kindliness of manner and deed of the old Virginian ladies and gentlemen in the years "befo' the wa," are lovingly and eloquently portrayed, and the little touches of pathos and humor only serve to enhance the pleasure in the reading of such a thoroughly delightful book. The illustrations are by Etheldred B. Barry. 399 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

FRENCH PATHFINDERS IN NORTH AMERICA, by William Henry Johnson. Mr. Johnson's previous books "The World's Discoverers," and "Pioneer Spaniards in North America," amply fit him for the present work. The young people of North America of today cannot appreciate too much the unfaltering bravery and indomitable perseverance, as well as the importance of the discoveries made by such intrepid explorers as Champlain, Jacques Cartier, Father Jacques Marquette, Jean Nicollet and many others. The author has written the account of their discoveries in such plain and simple fashion as cannot fail to interest and inform. The first three chapters on the origin and distribution of the Indians, their social life, customs and tribal connections, and the copious index at the end of the volume are of great educational value. The book is illustrated with seven full-page plates. 347 pages. Price $1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

THE WINNING RUN, by Captain Ralph Bonehill. This is a baseball story with various incidents on the side. We have read books of a more exciting character, but the narrative is pleasing, the boys are good, healthy and manly, fond of fun and are clear grit all through. Altogether it is a satisfactory and enjoyable volume, and it is nicely illustrated. 315 pages. Price $1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1905. To many thousands of little folks the Christmas joys would be incomplete if this time-honored volume were missing. Stories, essays, poems, puzzles and pictures all delightful as well as most interesting fill up the 412 pages of the book. Stoutly bound in illuminated board covers. Price $1.25. Dana, Estes & Co.



In the Inside Inn

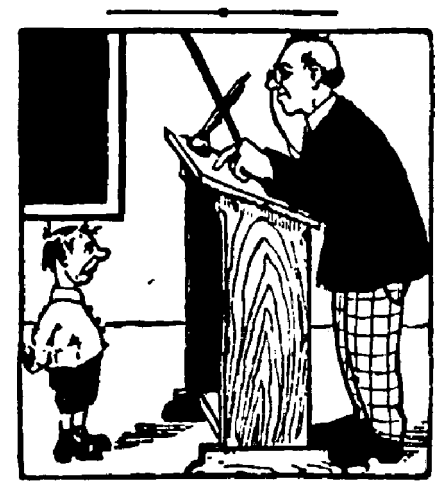
A visitor at the fair walked up to the inside clerk of the Inside inn and asked:

"Excuse me, sir; is this the Inside inn—and is the proprietor of the Inside Inn in?"

"Yes," replied the clerk; "this is the Inside inn, and you will find the proprietor of the Inside inn outside by the inn's side. He has kept the Inside inn for several weeks. Once on an ocean trip he couldn't keep his inside in, but that is inside information and he doesn't want it known outside."

"All right," said the inquirer, "If this is the Inside inn, we want to see its inside as well as outside before we look inside of any of the outside inns. If we like the Inside inn's inside and outside better than we like the outside inns' outside and inside, we may bring our things from outside inside and stop inside the Inside inn, because we won't have to go from the inside outside, or come back from the outside inside, but can remain inside or outside the Inside inn, it being the only inn inside of the grounds. The other inns are on the outside and furnish no more comforts inside or outside than does the Inside inn with exhibits close outside and inside, while those who stop in the outside inns have to go inside to get in and outside to get in their inn, so you see—"

But the clerk had fainted and fallen inside the Inside inn's desk, and bell boys were hurrying with water for his outside and medicine for his inside. In their excitement that which was meant for his inside was applied outside and that which was intended for his outside inside.—Magazine of Fun.



Schoolmaster (to Tommy, who has been called out for inattention to Scripture lesson)—Who killed Goliath with a stone?

Tommy—Please, sir, I saw Willie Smith throwing stones.—Scraps.

"Spotted Dog" a Dainty Sea Morsel

One evening my friend, the skipper, suddenly clapped his hand on my back and blithely announced that tomorrow would be his birthday.

"And, gee whiz!" he continued, "we must have some 'spotted dog.'"

This is always considered a rare treat aboard ship. Just why it is so regarded is as rare as a hen's tooth. "Spotted dog" is a sailor's term for plum pudding. In my wanderings around the world I have seen it served scores of times to celebrate some great event, and taken from the table untouched. Mayhap some young woman who is learning to cook would like the recipe, so here goes:

SPOTTED DOG; FOR TEN PERSONS.

Take about three-fourths of a bushel of flour in a large dish pan and add sufficient water to make a pasty dough. Do not knead it thoroughly, and do not add any yeast for fear it may rise when baking. When you have finished kneading, place the pan containing the dough against the wall, and step back about five paces. Take several heaping handfuls of dried currants and throw them with all your might and main at the dough. Those that hit the dough will give it a freckled appearance—hence its name. Place in a slow oven. If any of the currants miss fire, sweep them up and add while baking, as they give the dish a peculiar piquancy and zest.

I never knew a special occasion aboard a sailing ship when this concoction was not served as the piece de resistance. I have known passengers to fast for days and pass by every other offering on the table in order to whet their appetite for it, but I never knew one to eat it when it was set before him. Of all the edibles of a ship's cuisine, it is the most unpalatable. It might be replaced by lignum-vitæ or cobblestones.—Charles Sarka in Success Magazine.

Bill Nye's Cow Advertisement

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell, the story goes, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

Alden, Iowa, January 7, 1906:—I received my January AMERICAN BOY containing the announcement that I had won the prize for answers to November Tangles, and this morning a check came, a very pleasant surprise and an acceptable birthday gift—today being my sixteenth birthday.

With best wishes, I remain a faithful reader, FRANK L. ROGERS.

A MODEL BOYS' CLUB

By the Head Worker, Major Sidney S. Peixotto, N. G. C.



The Crack Drum and Bugle Corps of Columbia Park Boys' Club

IT IS NOW fifteen years since I began to work among the boys. I was originally attracted to the work by the invitation of a dear friend, and it was as a result of this invitation that I became acquainted with a boys' club, and the possibilities that lay in such an organization. I was always of a temperament that I could not do anything in a half-hearted way, and so in the long years that I have been actively engaged in following this vocation I have made it my business to study and improve the boys' club idea. I feel that in presenting the Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco to the notice of any set of readers, I am presenting one of the most intelligent expressions of the wonderful possibilities that lie in boys and in what they can accomplish.

I have always made it my effort to give boys what they want, not what people think they ought to have, and it has been one of the reasons of my success. The Columbia Park Boys' Club stands as an expression of what boys long for and love best. Under my leadership and with my energy back of their work, I have led them to express themselves far more intelligently than they ever could possibly think of doing if they were working by themselves.



A Group at the Summer Republic at Carmel-by-the-Sea, Showing the Camp Uniform

I found early in my career that boys are exactly the same as men, and that if left to themselves they develop just as commonly and just as one-sidedly as most men develop. I found boys who read only one author, for instance, until the last book of the hundred he had written was exhausted. I found boys who had no thought in life but baseball; other boys were crazy on cheap theatre going; others thought swimming the only thing in life. In fact, boys, as a rule, get into a bent mostly through the general tendencies of the gang with which they are associated, and there seems to be the end of their development. I started out with the purpose to develop the boys I came in contact with into what I would call "all-round boys," that is, that they should make use of all the qualities with which every boy born into this world is endowed. In the club which I organized, I established military drill for the sake of its training and its high order of discipline. We went into baseball under lines laid down by the highest thought in amateur circles; we began work in workshops because this is an appealing part of every boy's life; a part they enjoy the most; we took up singing because almost every boy that lives is endowed with an organ for this purpose of the most exquisite quality; we went into dramatics because dramatics is natural expression and has a fascination for every boy. We also began the gymnasium work so that boys in the earliest years could be taught how to logically develop their physical being. In the same way we took up, later on, band music, drumming, bugling, summer country walking trips; almost every phase of human expression is part of the work of today, and so in the long ten years since the Columbia Park Boys' Club has been established I have worked night and day to make this a demonstration of the wonderful possibilities that lie in the boys' world. People think that a boy is so dense and impossible that it is a difficult and thankless task, this interesting boys in themselves. Though the club is a neighborhood club, and we limit the membership to boys who live within a certain district five blocks square, we have handled in these ten years two thousand two hundred boys, some of whom have stayed through all trials and difficulties of these severe years of experience, and many of whom are now my leaders and teachers and best workers.

The boys in the neighborhood from the very start, arose in arms against this peaceable invasion. It seems to be the duty of every boy to appear indifferent and rebellious at the intrusion of any man who elects to dictate to them as to their mode of life and their individual method of living. Men who begin work among them meet with the fiercest opposition. The boys within the club make every effort to appear uninfluenced by his words or by his advice. They will most willingly accept all that is given them, but with the utmost outward appearance of being indifferent. They misunderstand his motives; they talk most unkindly about him on the street corners; they use every effort to make the teacher feel that his work is useless and of little meaning to them. This sentiment comes to a large extent because of the powerful influence which exists outside the club. The boys who do not belong to the club make every effort to make the boys who do belong feel that they are toadying and living under a foolish restraint. They are part of a system which boys make a particularly strong effort to undermine. We had, therefore, to create at the Columbia Park Boys' Club an alluring temptation. We had to make everything we did so positively appealing that there must be some excuse given for boys to retain their membership. I have always worked on the basis that there is nothing too good for boys. I have always realized that it costs great sums of money to raise good children. Boys must have the best of things to grow up to be the best of men and their idle hours, if it is possible to do so, must be made valuable to them. The first thought then, in our club, should be given towards its proper equipment. In the military department, for instance, I thought that the military uniforms should be of the very finest quality. There are ways of getting these by buying the cloth and employing a tailor to make them up, which allows one to work in this way, and I provided our military with suits of which the boys could really be proud. Before a year had passed the club owned two sets of fine baseball uniforms; we also provided every boy who went into the gymnasium with an inexpensive shirt and running pants, giving him the advantage of taking his physical work in a hygienic condition. Our chorus has always sung in a quaint black uniform that has been very much admired. We have gathered closets and closets of old clothes for the dramatic department. We have purchased the best kind of drums and musical instruments; in fact, everything to give each boy a chance to develop along lines best suited to his growth. We have made every effort to provide the boys of this club with such inducements that would make them feel proud of being members of the organization, and this to a great extent has been the attractive feature of the club and has held the attention of the boys within, and it has made the boys without agree that though they did not belong to the club, it was all right. I believe that in this particular the Columbia Park Boys' Club is distinguished from any in the country. It is true that there are much more elaborate club houses, and it is true that there are club houses where more boys attend, but it is not true that there is any boys' club work of this kind that has within it such wonderfully complete organization. It is a truism in San Francisco that whatever the Columbia Park Boys do, they do well. Our military band, for instance, is a well-balanced organization of boys who read music at sight, who are able to give concerts in which the music of the finest writers is interpreted; they have achieved a distinction in this regard which very few boys' bands ever attain. Our drum corps is not only noted for its cleverness with the sticks, but all the boys do is so different from the work of any other drum corps as to make it the aim of most drumming organizations in the city to equal it. Our chorus of boys has been maintained for five consecutive years; it has entertained this city's most cultured people, and one who has ever heard the boys sing will never forget the beauty of their work, the wonderful quality of the programmes sung and the charming work of the solo singers.

The stage work that has been developed in the club house has brought the club to be one of the largest entertaining bureaus in the city. We are called upon time and again each month to assist in fashionable charity entertainments, and it is generally the testimony that the work of the boys is the most entertaining part of the evening's performance. We have given military exhibitions with our splendid battalion before the Governor and his staff, and the Adjutant General, and in all military parades, the boys are always considered a pleasing feature. The gymnasium work of the club is able to compete with the best work of the German Turn Vereins or other gymnasiums of the city. It is really wonderful, the quality of the work these boys have attained in tumbling or in building pyramids, or in any other field that lies within the scope of the all-round gymnast. All over the coast of California the Columbia Park Boys' Club baseball teams are considered the very acme of boys' work in this line, and it is safe to say that the boys' team who meets the boys of this club would have the time of their lives if they could ever defeat them.

The manual training work which was originally simple shop work, has gradually developed until now the boys of the club are engaged in various lines of art expression which last year culminated in a display of their work in May in the leading art gallery of the city, and this display was visited in connection with an exhibit of paintings by a prominent artist of San Francisco, and was pronounced one of the finest expressions of what American boys can do if they are properly interested and properly led.

It must be remembered that all this work has been accomplished with what most people would call ordinary boys. The club lies in the city's district known locally as the "South of Market Street." It would conform, in a way, to a comparison with the East Side of New York. The population of the district consists largely of families of foreign extraction. The boys who come to the club are mostly schoolboys, and in the highest sense of the word, just fine healthy boys. They are as willing to learn about good things as about bad things; the only difficulty in their past has been that there is virtually nobody who takes interest enough in them to teach them what good things are: and, for this reason, the record of the district is that most boys grow bad because all the rest of them are and have been, bad. In the ten years that the club has been established, we have been able to see the school which is near to the club, completely change its character. Where once it was dominated by a rough element, it is now one of the best disciplined schools in the city, and it is especially true of the boy's yard. The club has been an influence in making the boys of the whole city look upon it as a model for which they must all aim. If a band is established in the city of San Francisco the one effort made is to equal that crack boy's band of the club, and the energy directed towards improving the



A Chess Game in the Reference Library

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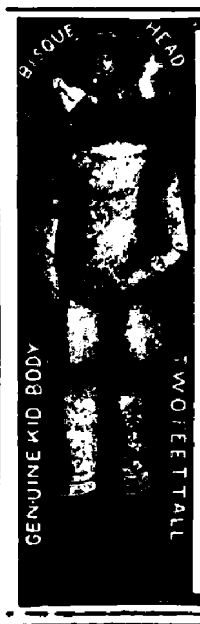

GREAT PREMIUM OFFER

Girls, do you wish to earn a great big Doll like this! We positively guarantee this Doll to be TWO FEET TALL It has a strong, well made body, genuine kid, jointed at the hip and knee, beautiful bisque head with long natural curly hair, sleeping eyes, etc. We will give you this Doll for selling only thirty articles at ten cents each. Our goods are all strictly first-class and sell at sight. They consist of fine hemstitched handkerchiefs, stamped doilies, hose supplies, armlets, collars, etc. We also have a large illustrated premium list in which are shown many other valuable premiums such as Lace Curtains, Rugs, Go-Carts, Sewing Machines, etc. If you wish to earn one of our valuable premiums, send us your full name and address and we will send you an assortment of goods, prepaid, so that you can commence work at once. Remember, you run no risk as we take back unsold goods. Address

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boys of the city today is ten-fold to that given to the boys ten years ago.

One of the great features of this club is, as I started out to say, that the boys of the club are not divided into a base-ball set, or a band set, or a gymnasium set. It is necessary in this club for a boy if he cares to amount to anything to be in everything. I could point to fifty examples of this condition. I could point to a boy who, besides being a model school boy, a model boy in his life outside the club, is a captain in the military department, is a leading member of the gymnasium, has won the 115-pound championship of the Pacific Coast as a wrestler, is the pitcher of the first baseball team of the club, has cleared nineteen feet nine inches as a boy in the broad jump, is a runner of no mean ability, and has been one of the most versatile boys in his work-room work we have ever developed, and besides this is an instructor in another boys' club gymnasium. He is but a type of fifty of the boys of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, all the leading members of which consider it their duty to be perfect in everything rather than a specialist in one thing. It is true that a boy who attains this perfection must be one who lives an almost perfect day and who must systematize his work so completely that every hour is used to its utmost advantage. We teach young boys this most valuable lesson in their earliest years, and this makes certain that the type of boy which comes out of this influence will be a man of more than ordinary character.

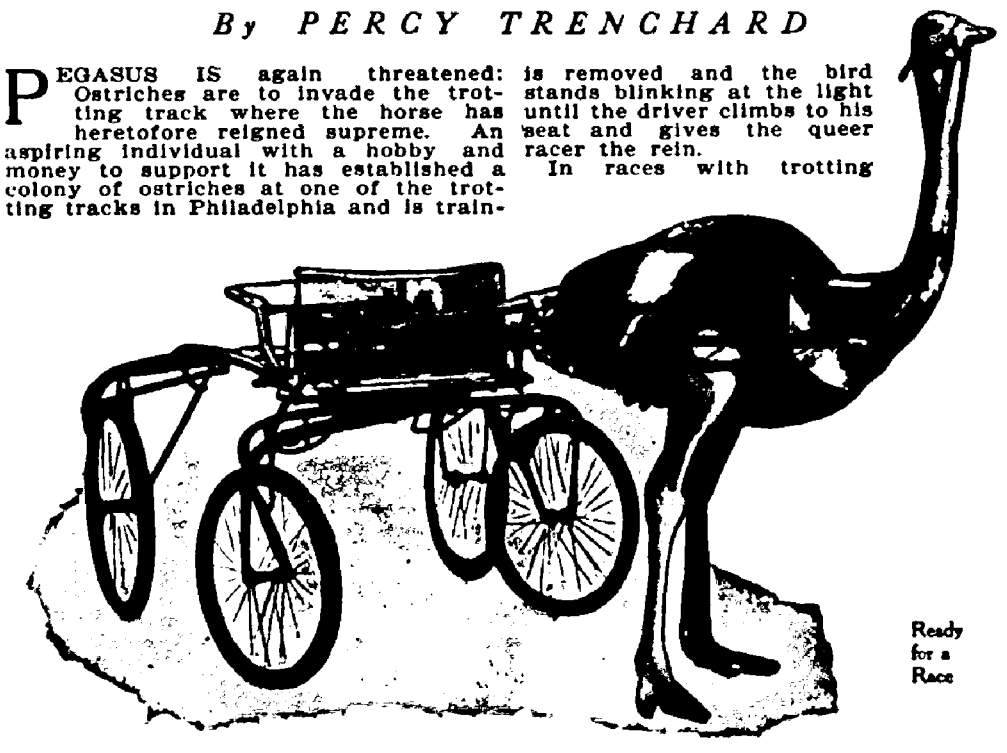
Ten years is just about time for any one man working along these lines to win his battle with the boys and prove to them that he is their master and able to lead them; to prove to them that his work and his word among them is for their benefit and that he can be trusted implicitly. This battle has been won. The present set of boys proves this positively in their life, in their devotion to the club, in their loyalty to the men and women who are the teachers, and in their giving up their personal self to further the work in the same way that we have devoted our time in the years gone by. Thus has come about the ultimate end that we had in view. With this splendid condition of affairs existing, it is the intention of this body of men and women to begin to establish other clubs in other neighborhoods We are establishing a home this year for men who are going to devote their time and energy to study this work, and from this interest in other neighborhoods it is hoped that at the end of the next ten years instead of only two hundred and forty boys who compose the present members enjoying this splendid influence in their young lives, we shall have two thousand marching in two regiments and spending their time in the same healthy atmosphere that the present club boys have learned to value and prize.



OSTRICH RACING

By PERCY TRENCHARD

PEGASUS IS again threatened: Ostriches are to invade the trotting track where the horse has heretofore reigned supreme. An aspiring individual with a hobby and money to support it has established a colony of ostriches at one of the trotting tracks in Philadelphia and is training the big birds to run to harness, with the firm belief that in time the trotting ostrich will oust the trotting horse from the racing field and give an entirely new aspect to the "sport of kings."



Ready for a Race

"Dey are sure de dumbest things ever," was the disgusted comment of the negro in charge of the ostrich colony, when asked what progress had been made in the breaking-in process. "Ostriches go contrary in eberyting. Horses turn the side the rein is pulled; ostriches insist on turning just de other way. So we let 'em turn and train 'em dat way."

Several of the ostriches in the stable are broken to harness, but nothing has been able to tame their wild spirit. When harnessed to the sulky and "given his head" the bird settles down to work and goes like the wind, covering the ground with prodigious strides in an amazingly short time and obeying the driver in making the turns and stopping when pulled up. But the agonizing part of the undertaking is getting the bird to submit to be harnessed, for he fights to the last, and only submits when the harness is actually on and fastened to the last strap and buckle. No matter how many times the operation is repeated, the ostrich is just as much opposed to the ordeal of harnessing. As the big birds are capable of striking a tremendous blow with their great legs, thrusting outward and downward and tearing the object of their anger with powerful claws, the stablemen at the ostrich colony have a wholsome respect for their charges and are ever on the alert when harnessing time comes.

One man or two, if two can be spared, hold the bird by neck and wings, taking care to keep out of the way of the possible blow from the leg, and a third man then blindfolds the bird by pulling a black hood down over its beak and fastening it around the neck. When the ostrich finds itself in darkness it becomes docile at once, standing perfectly still while the harness is hastily slipped on and the bird strapped to the sulky. Then the ostrich, still blinded by the hood, has to be pushed and pulled from the stable to the track, where the hood is removed and the bird stands blinking at the light until the driver climbs to his seat and gives the queer racer the rein.

In races with trotting horses, the trotting ostrich has almost invariably won, for the speed of the bird is wonderful. It is not intended by the owner of the trained ostriches, however, to race them against horses, but against one another. He honestly believes that as a sport ostrich racing will be one of the popular features when the birds are fully trained or as much so as their wild and untamable nature will allow.

As the ostriches are valued at about a thousand dollars each, the trainers have to be very careful in handling them, lest in the daily struggle to adjust the harness one of the birds suffers permanent injury. For this reason the men take a blow rather than give one in the scrimmage, and several can show scars where the big claws have caught them off their guard.

A small income accrues from the venture even while the birds are being trained, for ostrich feathers are always in demand and sell at substantial prices. Apart from this, however, the optimistic owner of the colony expects to reap a rich harvest when he turns his trotting ostriches loose on the sport-loving public. The new sport will at least have the charm of novelty, and the public that views the races from the stands will never know of the heart-breaking work entailed in training the ostriches to run to harness.

"That Stupid School"

"That stupid school!" said Henry, angrily. "A fellow can never do anything that he'd like to do. I wish there wasn't any!"

"Aha!" said his father. "Well, there is no better way to punish a person who wishes for something foolish than to let him have his wish. You may stay out of school as long as you wish."

"You're only joking, aren't you, sir?" asked Henry.

"No," said his father. "I am perfectly serious. I will be responsible to your teacher."

Henry was mad with delight. He rushed out and shouted to his comrades:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! My father says that I don't need to go to school unless I want to, and you may be sure I will never want to."

His comrades wished that their fathers would show as much sense and liberality as Henry's father, but as this was not to be they had to go into the school, while Henry ran off.

All that day he wandered around the streets, and hardly gave himself time to eat his meals for fear of missing something. On the second day he wandered around the streets again, but he was not nearly so much interested. On the third day he appeared in the house before noon, and picked up a book.

"Stop!" said his father. "You can't have books if you don't go to school!"

Harry put the book down and loitered around the streets again, but it was very tiresome. At last he found himself actually hanging around in front of the schoolhouse, and he stood there, wondering what the other boys were doing just then.

The next day was worse yet, and on the following morning he appeared at the breakfast table with his schoolbooks, ready to go to school.

"Got enough, eh, Henry?" asked his father.

"Yes, sir," said Henry, turning red. And his father laughed and nodded his head.

A Quibble

"That is, a quibble, a mere quibble," said Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, in a discussion of football rules.

He laughed ironically.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the children of a friend of mine whom I visited in the summer.

"These children, two boys, got on none too well.

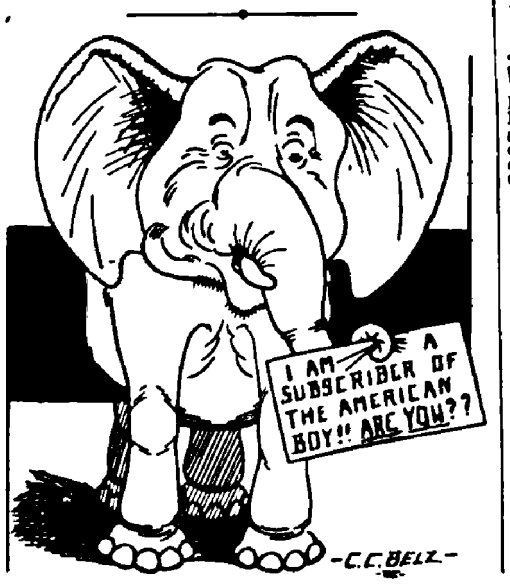
"'Here,' said their mother to the elder of them one day, 'here is a banana. Divide it with your little brother and see that he gets the lion's share.'

"The younger child, a few minutes later, set up a great bawling.

"'Mamma,' he shrieked, 'John hasn't given me any banana.'

"'What's this?' said the mother, hurrying in.

"'It's all right,' explained the elder boy. 'Lions don't eat bananas.'"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.



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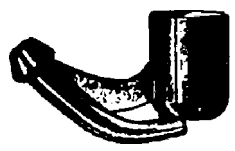

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A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY—*By E. S. TYLEE*



BEGUN IN MARCH, 1905

CHAPTER XIX.

PHILANTHROPY OF THE PARLOR BOARDER.

IF ANSTRUTHER, as he had said, "hated fuss," it is certain that he now got enough to disgust him thoroughly. Geoghegan on his arrival, having inspected the wounded arm, looked serious and prophesied a week's imprisonment at least. Anstruther defiantly asserted that he would be all right in twenty-four hours.

"We'll see that," said Geoghegan.

And as the event proved, it was not until ten days after his accident that Anstruther for the first time left the precincts of the infirmary. During that interval the unlucky Mrs. Mole acquired a worried expression and several fresh gray hairs. One of the maids engaged in waiting on the patient gave formal warning; and informed her fellow servants that she would rather attend to "a raging lying." Puffy Adams was in our sanatorium when Austin first entered, suffering from one of his regular mid-term "headaches." A few days later that inveterate malingerer returned of his own motion to the cold outer world of discipline and boiled beef. Anstruther had made the sick-room too hot to hold him.

Geoghegan said there would have been no fever at all, to speak of, if Anstruther had practiced a little patience. But perhaps he might have put the thing conversely with equal justice. Anyhow, I know that we members of the Gang loyally took turns to visit our disabled brother, and "sit with" him. It was worth money; pounds of money.

My turn had come round for the third time, one Saturday afternoon, and I was on my way to do my duty; though I knew it would be no picnic. The infirmary is a field's length beyond the chapel. You see nothing of the school from the windows, nor anything else disturbing. Nothing but the green slopes, leading down into the deep water meadows, full of easy-going cows, and, across the river, over the massed tops of the young oaks, the heathery hills.

Halfway across I came up with little Reynolds. He was making great play with very short legs. As he was pretty constantly an inmate of the infirmary, and was evidently steering for the place at that moment, I asked him whether he felt his quinsy coming on again.

"Don't stop me, please, Mordaunt!" he said, panting. "I'm in a hurry, and it is exceedingly important." He had a habit of using long words, much above the weight of a youngster like him; and always brought them out very deliberately, and as if they began with capital letters.

"I'm going to see Anstruther," he went on, still breathless. "Doctor Hardress says I may, and read to him for a while, but not be troublesome. And I have got some positively enchanting books here."

He was bending under a whole pile of thick volumes, which he handed to me while he stood to recover his wind. I looked them over. They were rather a scratch lot. One ought to be pretty strong to stand Mayne Reid's Scalp Hunters and the Swiss Family Robinson, both in one afternoon; and if you are weak and ill enough to sit still under Harry and Lucy, I should hardly think Tales of the Genii was the best thing to flavor your gruel. Then there was a big old-fashioned Natural History, profusely illustrated.

"That's for him to color the pictures; and I've got my best paint-box in one of my pockets," said the Tadpole, balancing himself upon one leg. "The doctor said Anstruther must have recreation."

I couldn't help being amused at the kid. "Look here, my son!" I said, "If you take my advice you will just trot back to the school. Do you think Anstruther wants to spend the afternon with an infant like you. Why he barely tolerates me who am double your age. You would be but a mouthful for him in his present nervous state."

Reynolds, still on one leg, coiled the other round it, and looked obstinate.

"Me and Anstruther are great friends," he declared impressively. "I'm not going to desert him now he is on a bed of sickness." I suppose he got that out of one of his books. "Of course he can't stand beasts like Elizabeth Ann. Mrs. Mole says she was like an elephant in a sickroom."

"Come along then," I said. "We'll both go and see him, and he can take his choice. I'm sure I shall be pleased enough if he can do without me. I want to go fishing."

I must say I was a little surprised at the way Anstruther received us. "How do, Mordaunt! Any news?" was all he found to say to me; while, as soon as he saw that queer little beggar Reynolds, his face lighted up in the most marvelous way. "Come along, Bobby," he said, "I've been wanting to see you this long time. I hope you can stay the afternoon, and we'll have tea together."

I confess I didn't quite like it, and I suppose spoke rather coldly and stiffly. "I suppose you won't want me then? I did think of going up the Ripple with Fanshawe."

"Well, if you must go!" was all the opposition he made. "But give us a call on your way back, and show us all the big fellows you have caught. Bobby and I will try to keep jolly, won't we, Bobby?"

So I went off. It was pretty frosty of Anstruther, I think, after the way I had ministered to him the last time, and let him call me a fool, and all that. I should not have taken the trouble to come if I had known he wanted to play with the baby * * *

However, as things turned out, it was a very good fishing afternoon, and we had a capital time up the Ripple. It was just the close, cloudy sort of day the little beggars like, and we were putting out all the time almost as fast as we put in. Fanshawe, who is never quite happy unless he is at the fool end of a rod, is as dumb as any old carp, so I had plenty of time for thinking about Anstruther, and wondering how he was getting on with the parlor boarder. A little before 4 o'clock a nice, soaking drizzle came down, and we were glad to get into our mackintoshes; but the fish still rose like fat in a frying pan, so we went on giving them a free lunch and a home.

"I say, I vote we cut tea and prep," said Fanshawe at last, breaking the silence for the first time in thre hours.

"Too much row!" I objected, despondently.

"Not a bit of it," said Fanshawe with unusual energy. Nobody but McClosky is on duty, and he'll be all right if I show him our baskets. Bless you, he's been out with me scores of times. He's as keen as mustard. There's a twenty-pound pike in his rooms, in a glass case. He caught it himself. Anyhow, he says so."

Well, we settled to stay, and chance it. The sport we had was fit for the Pope. I hate to hear fellows exaggerate, so I will only say that the creatures came round us in crowds. It was a mass-meeting. The wetter we grew, the jollier we felt, for the fish had apparently settled that our baskets were the only safe place to get out of the rain. Fanshawe was wearing a new black bowler, which he said was the proper fashionable hat for an angler. Presently the thing began to dissolve, and thin streams of black ink, or something, went meandering down his face, and spoilt his collar. As for me, who had stuck to comfort and a cap, there seemed to be a slow but steady water-snake writhing his chilly coils along the whole length of my spine; and my boots gave curious gasping sucks whenever I moved.

"Seems to me we had better be trotting," I said at last, getting up and stretching my cramped limbs.

Fanshawe only grunted in reply, sitting hunched up on a willow stump that projected over the river, grim and quiet as the Red Fisherman in the poem. His cheeks were streaked with the thawings of his hat; and his clammy fingers could hardly hold the rod; but he still watched his bobbing float with absorbed devotion, and every now and then, with a quick turn of the wrist, sent a streak of silver into the air, to shimmer and dance for a moment in the waning light, till the straightening of the rod brought the fish within reach of his ready left hand.

It was necessary to rouse him from his trance, however, for the evening was already well advanced, and the dark would soon be upon us. So without wasting more words, I quietly seized the bait tin and removed it from his side. Presently he mechanically stretched out his hand to rebait, missed the tin and, waking up, began to reel in his line.

We made the journey back to the school in record time, as much for the sake of restoring our circulation as to give ourselves every chance with McClosky. The fields squirted a little stream at us wherever we put our feet down, as we ran; and when we got into the road, the sand and gravel were being washed away and leaving great ruts and hollows everywhere. In half an hour we had seen frogs enough for a pie; all of them like ourselves in a violent hurry. The worst of it was that our half-hundred weight of fish spoilt the pace; and several times I proposed abandoning our catch to some hole in the hedge, and marking the place where we left it. But Fanshawe would not hear of such a thing.

"I'd rather leave the school, and make a living on the river," he declared desperately.

So we stuck to our baskets, and put on the best speed we could. And it was fairly early, considering, when we spun in at the great gates of Crosscombe and started up the avenue at a gallop.

But at that moment Fanshawe suddenly gripped my arm, and pointed to the house.

"We're done!" he said, panting, and stopped short.

And indeed it seemed so. Someone was just coming out at the door, someone who had seen us, too; for he beckoned to us as he unfurled his umbrella. It must be a master, and not the sympathetic McClosky, for he must be superintending prep.

"We shall be simply slain," I said.

However, it was of no use backing out now, so we put the best face we could on the matter, and crawled slowly up to meet our fate, who, on his part, advanced towards us in the same leisurely fashion.

"Bon Jour, meg enfants! Quelle pluie!" said a well-known and most comfortable voice. It was Froggy.

We were saved. Monsieur had been making a special visit to the school, in connection with the arrangements for some coming examination; had been entertained by the good old doctor; and was now starting for home in the best of humors and his rough-weather goloshes.

He examined our creels with interest, even going so far as to poke one or two of the fish in the gills, with a fat forefinger to make sure that they had been properly killed on being captured. They received his attentions so languidly that he became more gracious than ever, and said we were brave people.

"Oh, if you please, sir," I petitioned. "May we say that you met us and kept us? We are rather late, and perhaps there will be a row."

But Monsieur, who was the soul of honor, would not hear of it, and said it would be mendacity. However, he told us that we might inform McClosky that he had met us in the avenue and that he "begged"—repeating the word in his grandest manner—with his compliments, that we might not be punished for our late arrival.

And then he put up the old green umbrella; buttoned his great coat across his chest, chirped out a command to us to change our clothes without delay, and started down the drive.

Then he stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and called to us.

"I forget one thing," he said. "Saturday next I go to give a—what you call it—'peek neek' on the downs. You will give me ze pleasure of seeing you, is it not so? Bon! Briant is coming. You will receive tomorrow invitations from Madame, my sister."

"What an old knight of a chap it is!" I could not help saying, as the muffled-up figure disappeared in the gathering shadows.

Fanshawe made no answer at first. As the event proved, he was busily revolving a joke. Now, those who knew him best would as soon have expected to hear Fanshawe make a joke, as to see the gilt weather-cock on Crosscombe Church lay an egg. Out it came, however, presently.

"Look here, Mordaunt! It was jolly lucky for us there were so many frogs hopping about the road today, wasn't it?"

So, after I had nipped him, as our custom is in such cases, in the fleshy part of the arm, and laughed a little to oblige him, we scuttled in to give our fish to Mrs. Mole, and change our dripping garments. Then we put on black jackets and our solemnest faces, and crept in to preparation, giving McClosky a delightful surprise.

(To be continued.)

The President's Son at Harvard

By LIVINGSTON WRIGHT



Teddy, Jr., Being Taken Off the Field After Injuries Received in Harvard-Yale Football Game

LET US BE just. Let us remember that to be the son of a President, to be incessantly in the public eye, and to maintain a shred of poise, dignity, and liberty is one of the most difficult positions a human being can be born into.

Especially vital do the foregoing observations seem at the present time when we have the son of the President of the Republic in the freshman class at Harvard. Never was there a time when the public should exercise greater sense, calmness, and charity, than now in studying the progress of the President's eldest son. Let us all remember that though a boy is born of high estate, he has some inalienable rights of boyhood—the right to be gawky and sedgy and jolly and above all—happy! Let us realize that possibly Young Teddy, as we all call him, is human.

How would you like it, if, when you arose and began to wash your face a dozen cameras were leveled at you, and a dozen reporters for hysterical newspapers began to scribble in their notebooks for dear life, while a lusty fellow with a megaphone bawled at the top of his lungs?

"Great excitement! Breathless throngs! He is now washing his face!" And three minutes later: "Intense excitement! He has finished his face." One minute later: "Wiped his hands!" Three minutes later: "Is now eating breakfast!" Five minutes later: "Sensational! Just do see that creature eat!" And a half hour afterward the grounds were filled with wild urchins holding up sheets fresh from the press and screaming:

"Eggstry! Eggstry! Aawl about the Pres'dunts Chawley boy gittin' up 'n the mawnin'!"

How would YOU like it?

Yet—that is what Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. has to endure day by day, week by week, and month by month, and will have to as long as he is at Harvard. The hysterical class of newspapers have relays of reporters and camera sharps told off to watch this inoffensive boy. When one squad gives out, another is prepared to take its place.

If this sort of thing is hard for a mature man to bear, consider the difficulty of a growing boy maintaining eternally the absolutely perfect composure that the public unthinkingly demands of the son of the highest official of the land!

Were Teddy not a fitting son of his father; not a lad of remarkable grit; not a thoroughly manly, clean-hearted, typical American, he never would be able to endure the ordeal, to say nothing of coming through with a vestige of dignity!

Teddy had been through his four years at Groton; and Groton, Mass., is where one of the finest of boys' schools is located. He entered Harvard last autumn, and the several thousands of students began to "size him up." Outwardly, try their utmost to deny the conclusion, Teddy had much of the typical boy in his make-up. He was addicted to real boyish snickering, he squinted, he had boyish "opinions" on things, he was lanky and "rangy" and awkward in a boyish way; and he proved that he was a boy, and in one respect at least, fitted for a freshman, when he forthwith displayed a thoroughly boyish disposition to get a lot of plunder with which to "fix" his "den." In fact, the purposeful Theodore, Jr., had hardly arrived in Cambridge ere he set out with a relative for the city across the big bridge. No exhorter or publicist ever had a more definite purpose than did this lad. He dragged that relative through such a string of furniture shops, athletic-goods stores, novelty shops and bric-a-brac places that she could not but give an exhausted cry of thankfulness when Teddy's money at last gave out!

Of course, hysterical accounts flared forth in certain sheets that the President's son "had established himself in a bower of sumptuousness in one of the most magnificent apartments for students at Harvard." Now, as Chief Justice Shaw was wont to say to the famous Rufus Choate when the latter imposed too greatly upon credulity, "Tis'nt so!" The truth is that young Teddy is living in a well but not extravagantly furnished suite of rooms in Claverly Hall, and that the equipments are no more than every person of the great American public if he could see them, would feel it proper for the son of the President to have. The truth is that Teddy's food and habits are plain and boyish—for, God bless him, he is the typical American boy in every lineament of his grinning, squinting, manly little face.

When Teddy had, after the manner of the youthful barbarian of all species, "got his den fixed up," his fellow freshmen let him have a few days' breathing spell, and then they demanded the greatest test that can come to a boy—the "trying out." And let me tell you that Teddy proved to have "sand" enough for not only himself, but some to spare. They had heard good reports of him at Groton. He had boxed and played football and indicated strongly of "being all right." In the Harvard-Yale Freshman Football game early in November they planned to give Teddy a "try-out" that could not be other than genuine. He was an end on the Harvard team, and they tackled him with a vigor that passed to absolute imposition—for it was not quite the thing to purposely maul a lad just because he happened to be "the President's son." They battered him up badly, broke his nose, and lamed him savagely. When they realized, however, that they might even kill him and he would not "squeal," Teddy found himself, in an instant, a Harvard idol. He was laid up for two weeks from his injuries, so viciously had he been "tackled." He has gotten all over his soreness, and should you happen to be about Harvard University any afternoon, you might come upon a lad wearing spectacles, a squint, and a peculiar half grin, and when you exclaimed: "Looks enough like him! I'll venture that's the President's son;" you might be very right in your conclusion.

Let us be as fair with Teddy in judging his four years at Harvard as we would be in judging any American boy!

The Downfall of Dennis

By J. E. NORMAN

DENNIS MULLIGAN rose out of bed with a bound. "Shure," he said to himself, "Oi fale loike a two-year-old this marnin'; 'tis loike a b'y Oi fale agin. Not a sthroke ov wurruk will Oi do this day, be gorry.

With this determination he went to breakfast, but, being a wise man, he said nothing at all on the subject to the "ould woman," as he styled his better half, or rather three-quarters, for Mrs. Mulligan constituted that portion of the domestic household.

So, having fortified his inner man, he was soon on his way to the domicile of his friend and crony, Pat Cooley, gaily swinging his dinner pail and whistling "Finnegan's Wake" as he strode along. Arriving there, he knocked and was admitted by Mrs. Cooley.

"Th' top o' th' marnin' to yez, Mrs. Cooley," said Dennis, "and is Pat up yet?"

"Good mornin', Misther Mulligan," answered Mrs. Cooley. "He is not, the lazy rogue. But he soon will be," she added ominously and thereupon, having given her caller a chair, she laboriously climbed the flight of stairs leading to the sleeping room, from whence shortly came down a murmur of voices and finally a bang that fairly shook the house and sounded as if she had thrown her "lord and master" bodily out upon the floor.

In a few moments Pat descended the stairs sheepishly rubbing the back of his head, and greeted his chum.

"Mornin', Pat," said Dennis.

"Mornin', Dinny," answered Pat. "And wot brings ye out so early this mornin'?"

"Whist! Not a wurrud!" whispered Dennis mysteriously. "Hurry up wid yer breal:fast, Oi'll tell ye outside."

Thus admonished, Pat said no more, but hurriedly ate his meal and was soon outside.

"Pat," began Dennis, when they were well away from the house, "Oi'm goin' to be a boy again today."

"And who told ye so?" said Pat.

"Oi fale it in me bones. Oi'm goin' to sphend th' day as Oi used to when a b'y. And having thus outlined his intentions to the astonished Pat, he started in to persuade him to accompany him on his jaunt.

At first the cautious Pat flatly refused, having a wholesome fear of the wrath of Mrs. Cooley if she should ever hear of such doings. But, having his objections overcome one by one, he finally consented.

"And where do we go furrst?" asked Pat after the argument had subsided.

"To th' ould orchard fer some apples. Oi used to go there ivery mornin' whin Oi was a b'y," answered Dennis.

Turning off from the main road they took a short-cut, and after much wading through tall grass and ploughing through bushes they came to a fine old apple tree.

Now, Dennis, being the only boy in the crowd, elected to do the climbing, which with a great expenditure of puffing and clawing he at last accomplished and was soon seated triumphantly in the branches shaking down the mellow fruit to his companion below. But, alas! Not being a boy except in mind, his foot slipped and losing his hold upon a branch, he took another short-cut and with a yell struck the ground.

"Dinny! Dinny! Are ye kilt intoirely?" cried Pat, running to the spot where he had fallen.

"Pat," murmured Dennis feebly, "did Oi all come down, is there any ov me left up in the tree?"

"Not a bit ov ye kin Oi see up there," said Pat gravely after a careful examination of the branches overhead. "Yer all down, Dinny, me b'y."

"Oi'm glad ov thot," said Dennis in a relieved tone. "Oi shtarted so quick Oi thought Oi might ov forgotten somethin'."

"Ye didn't fergit th' way down," retorted Pat hiding a huge grin behind his hand. "But are ye hurrt at all, at all?"

"Oi dunno," said Dennis, rising painfully, "Oi think not."

"How in th' wurruld did ye ivver come to do such a thing," exclaimed Pat as he brushed off his fallen comrade.

"Me fut shlipped when Oi wasn't lookin'," explained Dennis.

"Well, whoy didn't ye hould on wid yer hands?" queried Pat.

"Shure Oi held on wid all Oi had!" answered Dennis indignantly. "And Oi would ov held on wid a few more if Oi'd had 'em."

But Dennis was more frightened than hurt, having tried conclusions with a large bunch of grass instead of the ground, and he was soon as chipper as ever. So after having rested in the shade for a while, he proposed that they go down to the brook for a swim. With a sigh of resignation Pat agreed, determining in his mind that Dennis should do all the swimming for that party.

It was not far to the brook, and Dennis was soon "stripped for the fray." Advancing to the edge of the water he cautiously put in one foot. But 'tis with regret to state, it had been many long, weary months since Dennis had touched water to himself on the outside, so the sensation was rather unexpected. "Ow it's could!" he exclaimed, jumping back from the edge.

That jump did the business. As he came down he struck a nice, round, smooth stone, and describing a neat parabola, he disappeared with a great splash into the deepest part of the brook.

"Hooray!" shouted Pat, thinking he had made a dive. "Thot was foine, Dinny, ye couldn't ov done betther when ye was a b'y." Then, after a pause, "But whoy don't he come up?"

As he spoke Pat suddenly caught sight of a pair of feet sticking out of the water bottoms up, and while he looked the feet began to kick vigorously. "Shure," said Pat, "thot must be Dinny, but thot isn't th' way he used to come up; he must be sthuck somewhere," and laying hold of the feet. He gave a long pull and a strong pull—nothing doing,—then another—this time something broke, and the coughing and sputtering Dennis was ignominiously hauled out on the bank with part of an old water-soaked root still clutched in both hands.

Having a dim recollection of what had been done in simfiar cases in his youth, Pat, in his excitement, still holding his companion by both feet, dragged him to a nearby log, threw him across it face down, and proceeded to punch him in the back with both fists, varying the action with a knee now and then.

"Git arf me back, ye big hippypotty-muss!" growled a smothered voice from somewhere down in the weeds. Pat jumped as if the proverbial bee had stung him. "Th' saints defend us!" he cried. "Did ye shpake wid yer head thot time, Dinny?"

"Naw, wid me fate!" growled Dennis, gathering himself up like a huge inchworm. "How cud Oi shpake wid me head when me nose was sthuck in th' durrt up to me neck?"

"Shure Oi thought yez was drowned," said Pat.

"And was ye thryin' to bury me?" asked Dennis suspiciously.

"Is it crazy ye are?" Wot made ye ask thot!" exclaimed Pat in astonishment.

Dennis made no answer, but, having righted himself with some difficulty, proceeded to put himself in condition to appear again before the gaze of the world.

"Dinny," said Pat after a while, "wot made ye hould on to thot ould root whin Oi pulled ye out?"

"Shure ye tould me to hold on wid me hands th' lasht toime Oi shlipped, so Oi did," answered Dennis from the depths of the shirt into which he was struggling.

Pat had just opened his mouth to retort when he was interrupted by a loud crashing in the bushes nearby, and then an angry bellow that made him jump.

"Pat! Pat! Wot is it?" cried Dennis, in his excitement trying to put his head through one of the sleeves.

"It's Farmer Brown's ould bull! Run fer yer loife!" shouted Pat, setting a fine example.

Dennis suddenly gave up trying to put his head through the sleeve and, getting one eye clear, made for the nearest tree with the sleeve streaming back like a huge, red nightcap, and the way he went up that tree would have filled Darwin with joy.

"Are ye all roight, Pat?" he called when he had safely landed.

"Oi can't answer ye, Dinny," said a voice from the tall grass. "If Oi shpake the bull'll hear me. It's quoiet Oi'm kapin'."

But in the meantime Dennis was getting very uncomfortable. He raised first one foot and then the other, for the rough bark was irritating to his bare feet, and to make matters worse, a troop of ants persisted in running over his toes.

Now when a stout, middle-aged man starts to do an impromptu skirt dance on the not over-strong limb of a tree about twelve feet from the ground, there can be but one result. The limb unused to such treatment, gave way, and for the third time that day Dennis started down. The first six feet he went frog-fashion, head down, feet up, then he turned and continued his descent the other end up, and came down on the bull's neck just behind his horns, which he immediately grabbed and held on to with all his might.

For a moment the bull staggered under the shock. Then with an angry bellow he raised his head with a jerk causing Dennis to throw his feet into the air with all the grace and abandon of a circus athlete. Then away went the bull with Dennis clinging tightly to its horns, and occasionally doing wonderful things with his heels as it raised and lowered its head in an effort to dislodge the unusual burden, the shirt flapping behind like a banner as the two disappeared through the bushes.

As soon as silence reigned once more upon the rural scene, Pat crept cautiously from his hiding place and started in pursuit.

He crossed the next field, and, after climbing a fence, came suddenly upon Dennis seated on a stone calmly finishing the operation of inserting himself into his upper garment.

"Th' saints be praised, yer aloive!" cried Pat. "Shure an' Oi expected to see yez comin' back dead! How did ye git arf?"

"Th' ould villian doomped me arf in a poile o' hay," answered Dennis, emerging at last through the right hole in his shirt, and adding with a sigh. "Pat, me b'y, toimes ain't wot they used to be. Somehow things don't seem to be the same these days."

"Ye've done purty well, so fur," said Pat encouragingly. "But ye'd betther come back an' git th' rist o' yer cloze on, or ye'll be laid up wid roometism tomorry."

"Oi'm a b'y today an' nothin' can hurrt me," declared Dennis, but he didn't say it quite so aggressively as at first. It seemed as if he had some doubt about it as he arose and followed Pat to the brook.

"There's wan thing more Oi'd loike to do," said Dennis rather doubtfully after he had gotten over the effects of his last explcit. "Oi'd loike to play a game o' leapfrog."

"If ye do thot there'll be an earthquake or sithin else, shure!" exclaimed Pat. "Ye'd betther be aisy, or ye'll be goin' home in paces furrst thing ye know!"

"Oi'm goin' to do it anyway," announced Dennis, rising as he spoke.

"Ware be ye goin'?" asked Pat.

"Down to th' back road beyant Clancey's. Come on." And Dennis led the way across the fields.

"Now, Pat," said Dennis, as they came out on the road, "Oi'll let ye have th' furrst thry. Oi'll shtoop down here, and yez can go back a ways and run."

Pat didn't like the idea much, but to please his friend he went back quite a ways in order to take a good running start, not being as limber as he was in his youth; but as he leaned forward to run, something white whizzed by him. It was Clancey's goat.

"Fer th' love o' hivvin, Dinny!" shouted Pat, "Look out fer Clancey's goat! Arrah! He's got 'im!"

With a loud whack, the goat, going like a comet, struck the unsuspecting Dennis in the back square amidships, and a cloud of dust hid the rest of the disgraceful sight.

As soon as Pat recovered the use of his wits, he rushed to the scene of the collision. As he approached, a dusty figure slowly arose and, assuming a dignified attitude, spoke in the voice of Dennis Mulligan. "Patrick Cooley, 'tis no friend of mine ye are! Hittin' me in th' back wid a road roller whin Oi wasn't lookin'!"

"Dinnis," said Pat solemnly, "it was Clancey's goat. Oi told ye to luk out fer 'im."

"Goat, is it! Oi cud take me oath it wor a soyclone!" said the figure. "G'wan, Oi'm done wid yez!" and with a flourish of his arms Dennis walked slowly away.

Now poor Pat had been struggling with a mighty desire to laugh; so as the rear view of Dennis was turned to his gaze, his fortitude gave way, and he burst into such a roar of laughter that Clancey's goat, the innocent (?) cause of the trouble, fled at top speed until it was out of sight.

"Oh, my, Oh, my!" gasped Pat between roars. "He looked fer all th' wurruld loike a thrunk after Jim the baggageman gits through wid it!" And so chuckling and laughing, he started homeward.

And what of Dennis? That gentleman was sorely vexed in spirit, and as he proceeded homeward he pondered deeply as to how he should explain the cause of his disreputable appearance, and his coming home at such an unusual hour.

Suddenly he was aroused from his brown study by a shrill voice.

"O-o-o-o! Look wot's comin'!"

Then a chorous of yells broke out, and with a feeling of dismay poor Dennis realized that in his abstraction he had taken a wrong turn; but it was too late now to go back, a gang of urchins playing in the street had caught sight of him and more were coming from all directions.

"Say, mister, did yer autymobeel t'row yer?" queried one youngster anxiously.

"Aw g'wan!" exclaimed another. "He's been trav'lin' on his face, dat's wot!"

"Looks like one o' dem wild men from Afriky wot de teechur wuz tellin' us about de odder day," observed a third.

And then as he passed them the shouts grew louder. "Hey, mister, yer cloze don't fit yer, dey'er all busted up de back!"

"He's trying' ter sneak out o' his cloze de back way!"

"Hey, mister, de back door's open!" And so on until poor Dennis was out of sight.

With head down he hurried on, running plump into someone who had just turned a corner. There was a sudden shower of eggs and a frightened voice cried, "Oh, my lan'! Wa's dat!" And then in an angry tone, "Go 'way fum yere, yo' bad niggah man! Wa' yo' scare me like dat? I lam yo' good!" And the stout, angry colored woman, seizing her now empty basket in both hands, began to belabor the paralyzed Dennis over the head with it.

This was too much. To be taken for a colored man was the last straw, and with a howl of despair, poor Dennis broke into a run. Dogs ran after him and barked, women stuck their heads out of windows to see what the row was about, and children yelled at him as he went by, but he kept on until he reached his own gate and then fear overcame him and he stopped.

But as bad luck would have it, Mrs. Mulligan at that moment came to the door and caught sight of him. For a moment she paused, but her sharp eyes recognized her worse half in spite of the battle scars.

"Fer th' love o' th' saints, Dinnis Mulligan, wot have ye been doin'?"

"Shure Oi was blowed up wid a blasht at de quarry," said Dennis as he came slowly through the gate.

"Ye musht have been ashleep on it then!" she exclaimed suspiciously, her eyes catching sight of his rear section as he turned to close the gate. Then in a tone of deadly menace that Dennis knew only too well.

"Dinnis Mulligan! 'Tis not th' truth ye are tellin' me! Come into th' house. 'Tis th' truth Oi want, an' th' truth Oi'll get!"

With a slow, mournful step Dennis crossed the sill, the door closed behind them with a bang, and the downfall of Dennis was complete.

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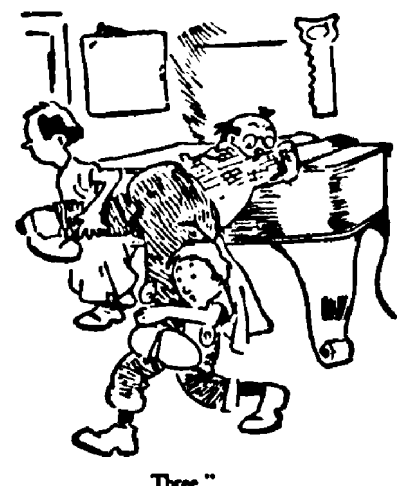

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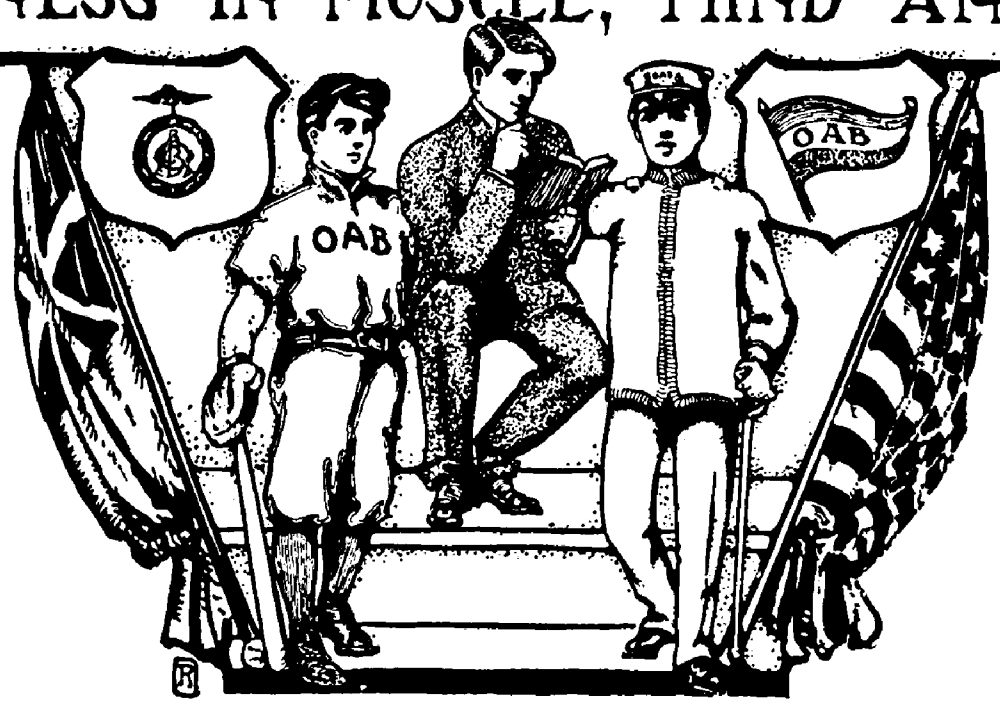


The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

Object:—*The* Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals

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

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

New Companies Organized

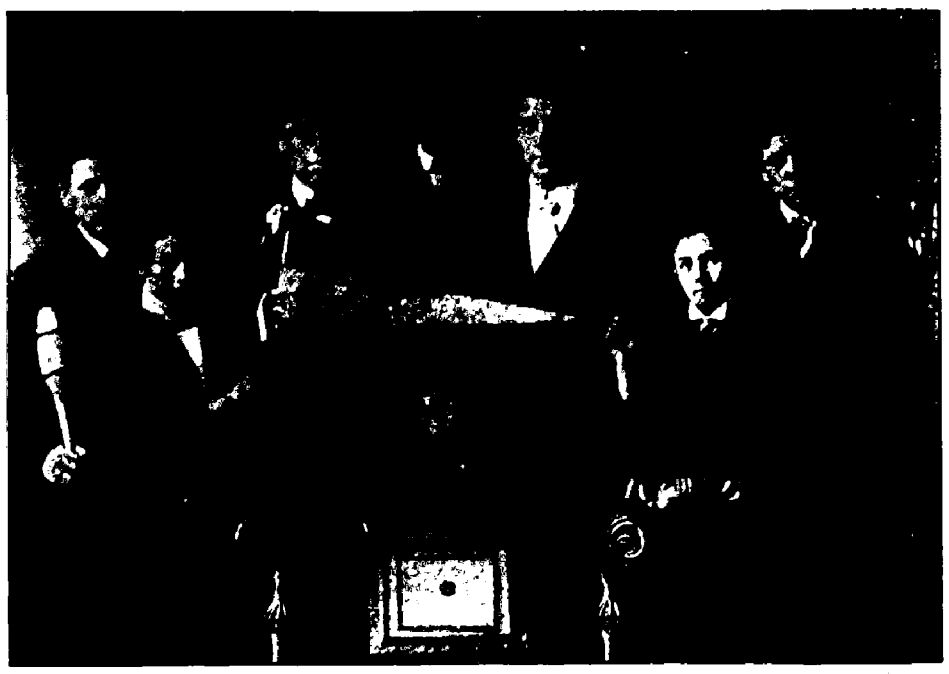
Olympia Co., No. 35, Division of Kansas, Emporia, Kans.; Genl. Steedman Co., No. 84, Division of Ohio, Toledo, Ohio; Gate City Star Co., No. 5, Division of New Mexico, Raton, N. M.; Clan-Alpine Co., No. 19, Division of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.; The Wolverines Co., No. 76, Division of Michigan, Coleman, Mich.; Dixie Athletic Co., No. 12, Division of Alabama, Montgomery, Ala.; Athletic & Debating Co., No. 23, Division of Oregon, Oregon City, Oreg.; Monongahela Valley Co., No. 58, Division of Pennsylvania, Monongahela, Pa.; Lake Club Co., No. 77, Division of Michigan, Empire, Mich.; Old North State Co., No. 7, Division of D. C., Washington, D. C.

Company News

JUNCTION CITY COMPANY, No. 4, Ogden, Utah, is getting along nicely. In its club room it has a furnace and gymnasium. The gymnasium consists of two pair dumbells, a rowing machine, two sets of boxing gloves, punching bag and weight exerciser; the most of which have been donated to the club by the father of one of the members. It has added two new members, and its present membership numbers 10. It has 80 cents in the treasury, and expects to have a stronger membership in the near future. PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., has rented a club-house and got things fitted up pretty well. It has a punching bag and boxing gloves and a library of nearly 40 volumes, and it subscribes for various athletic, etc., magazines. Meetings are held every Friday evening. It gave a benefit social on the 15th of December at the home of the captain and had a splendid time. The members served refreshments in the shape of oysters and coffee, cake and soda water. Its charter has been framed. SEMINOLE COMPANY, No. 56, Rockford, Ill., has superseded The Massasoit Company, No. 37, Rockford, Ill. The new company recently elected the following officers: R. H. Woolsey, Capt.; R. E. Davis, V. C.; William Kellberg, Sec'y; Frank Keig, Treas.; Frank Curtis, Libn. The captain writes us that the prospects for a good, and a strong company, are most favorable. TOM SAWYER COMPANY, No. 20, St. Louis, Mo., recently held its election of officers, at which Frank Schoff was elected captain, Allen Gilbert, Treas.; Alton Lowry, Sec.; and Lester Kleinschmidt, V. C. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 51, Nashville, Ill., sends us a photograph of its football team. It has a splendid library to which books are being added every now and then, and every Tuesday evening at its meetings there is something doing. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., recently elected the following officers: Glenn Porter, Capt.; Kenneth Montgomery, V. C.; Robert W. Henry, Sec'y; Chester Stafford, Ass't. Sec'y.; Edw. H. Bishop, Libn.; J. A. Brockway, Jr., Treas. and C. C.; Willis Langdale, Marshall, and Donald Wood, Escort. The company counsel sends us a souvenir post card, representing the unveiling of a monument in Decatur on April 6th of last year, at which the company was present. LEWIS AND CLARK COMPANY, No. 15, Clarkston, Wash., holds its meetings at the homes of the members. It recently elected the following officers: Harry McCready, Capt.; Edward Herrick, V. C.; Charlie Howard, Sec'y.; Emmet Schoonmaker, Treas.; Allan McCready, S. A. This company is in a prosperous condition, having $11.85 in the treasury. We are promised a picture of the company at an early date. It has its charter framed. GENESEE VALLEY COMPANY, No. 53, Wellsville, N. Y., held its election of officers in December, the following being the result: Raymond Ball, Capt.; William McEwen, V. C.; Jay Fuller, Sec'y. and Treas.; Harley Wight, Libn.; Herbert Ward, S. A. This company has over $5.00 in the treasury; recently purchased one of our O. A. B. pennants, and has its charter framed. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening, dues being 10 cents a month. The captain informs us that the members intend forming a ski club during the winter, or as soon as snow comes. This company wishes to correspond with other companies of the order. WAGONER GRIT COMPANY, No. 1, Wagoner, I. T., recently held its election of officers, which resulted as follows: Theodore Sullivan, Capt.; L. O'Brien, Sec'y.; and Kent Ruble, Treas. The prospects are bright for a considerable increase in the membership of this company. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 39th company report, from which we note that five meetings were held in the company's new club house during December in addition to a grand entertainment and reception. The program at the reception included declamations, recitations, musical selections, songs, stereopticon views, a talk on "True Fraternity" by Mr. Fred B. Hawkins, humorous sketches, and a short account of the work that had been done by the company. At the close refreshments were served. The assembly room was most artistically decorated with flags, bunting, holly, patriotic pictures, and art work done by the members. Everybody enjoyed themselves. This company is organizing an orchestra, which it is hoped will be of great assistance at the company's various entertainments. The sixth semi-annual election of officers was recently held, and the following were elected: John Swan, Capt.; Russell G. Bruce, V. C.; Freeman H. Smith, Rec.; Harold B. Pratt, Cor. Sec'y.; Howard R. Palmer, Treas.; Amos Pascual, Libn.; and Amos K. Hobby, S. A. This is one of the most enthusiastic companies, as well as one of the strongest in the order, and we are always glad to have its reports, showing that the companies of the order are not selfishly keeping all their enjoyment to themselves, but are extending a helping hand, and giving others an opportunity of enjoyment. SALEM ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 30, Salem, Ind., recently elected the following officers: Frank Clarke, Capt.; Seward Snyder, V. C.; Ralph Faulkner, Sec'y.; Wilbur Hobbs, Treas.; and Ray Collins, S. A. It has now a membership of 9, with several more about to come in. Reecntly it held a shooting match, a football game and a basketball game, in all of which the teams of the company were successful. It hopes in the near future to have a large club room, a portion of which can be used as a gym. The company recently gave a party at the home of the treasurer, and spent a very pleasant evening. The refreshments consisted of fruit salad, punch and cake. We think that this company is doing good work, and at these company meetings in order to keep up the interest of the members, we would suggest that a program something along the lines of that given in the company letter might be used. At the present time there are no other companies in the town of Salem. ANTHONY SUNFLOWER COMPANY, No. 32, Anthony, Kan., seems to have the same difficulty as has been felt by many other companies, namely, how to keep up the interest of the members. We would just make a suggestion that the program given in each company letter might be used. This company recently elected the following officers: Herbert Whitney, Capt.; Forest Butler, V. C.; Ross Cary, Sec'y; Cecil Burchfeil, Libn.; and Roy Smythe, Treas. MT. LASSEN COMPANY, No. 32, Redding, Cal., has now 21 members in the company, and intends to install electric lights in its club room. At its election of officers recently, Roscoe Williams was elected Captain, Clyde Robinson, V. C.; Carloes Furber, Treas.; Carson Martin, Sec'y.; and Fred Ross, Libn. A fine banquet was held after the installation, which was much enjoyed. This company intends to organize a ball team for the coming season. CAHOKIA COMPANY, No. 23, Edwardsville, Ill., held its semi-annual election of officers with the following result: Frederic Isensee, Capt.; Leverett Whitford, V. C.; Don L. Proctor, Sec'y. and Treas. It recently had its club room remodeled, and has organized a basketball team. LEROY POPE WALKER COMPANY, No. 8, Brewton, Ala., had a fine party given to it Christmas by the V. C., and everybody had a splendid time. The company's basketball team has played quite a number of games recently and has not yet been beaten. It intends to have parlor games at its meetings, prizes to be given to the winners each month. This seems to us a good plan by which the interest of the members might be kept up. We would suggest that there are debates, recitations, declamations and songs, which the members can easily get hold of, that could be utilized for entertainments at the company's meetings. We are desirous that all the members of any company should feel it to be their duty to help keep up the interest in the company doings according to the principles of the order. Unless the members of the company all pull together, it can never be very strong, and we would advise the members to put away their personal feelings and strive together for the benefit of the company. ROBERT DALE OWEN COMPANY, No. 4, Stewartsville, Ind., writes us a letter of advice, and the members will see that the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY is all that they can desire in the way of attractiveness. We are always pleased to have the companies write us with their suggestions, whether we are able to follow them out or not. REPUBLICAN VALLEY COMPANY, No. 20, Republican City, Neb., has the following officers: Harry Gould, Capt.; Howard Camp, V. C.; Earl Camp, Sec'y.; Glen Fanbiers, Treas.; Glen McQuiston, Libn. We are promised a group picture of the company, at an early date. JOE CANNON COMPANY, No. 50, Ridgefarm, Ill. This company is progressing nicely, has a fine club room and has given about $10.00 towards helping others who are not so well off as themselves. The members have uniforms and have regular drills. At its recent election of officers Walter Hester was elected captain, Chas. Fletcher, Lieut.; Geo. Wright, Sec'y.; Howard Fletcher, Treas.; and Claud Porter, Libn. It has over $10.00 in the treasury. HENRY CLAY COMPANY, No. 7, Wickliffe, Ky., sends us the second report of its doings. It has at present 9 members, and three more are expected to come soon. The officers are C. H. Schwartz, Supt.; M. E. Williams, V. C.; Thos. Y. Boyd, C. C.; Lewis E. Nance, Sec'y.; Miller Hughes, Treas.; and Cryan Rothrock, S. A. Previous to the election there was quite a hot time among the various candidates, but the election itself passed off quietly. It has $5.00 in the treasury, with about $1.50 yet to be collected, 12 books in the library, and its club room has been fitted up with chairs, tables, etc. The dues are 15 cents a month, which will be increased to 20 cents very soon. Meetings are held every Saturday at 2:00 o'clock P. M. We are promised a picture of the company very soon. FARWELL ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 74, Farwell, Mich., has the following officers: Bernie Wiesman, Capt.; John Armstrong, V. C.; Ed Armstrong, Sec'y.; Fred Bingham, Asst. Sec'y.; Percy Saxton, Treas. It has 6 members, $1.50 in the treasury, and the members are planning to hold a celebration of American Boy Day. The members of a company can change the term of its officers to any period they may choose, provided, the resolution to make the change receives a two-thirds vote of the members at any regular meeting. It is not, however, desirable that officers should be installed for less than three months, because, in a less time they would be unable to get acquainted with their duties. The captain sends us a picture of one of its members, representing him working in his tool-shop. OLYMPIA COMPANY, No. 35, Emporia, Kan., has the following officers: Dono Peters, Capt.; David Bailey, V. C.; Calvin Lambert, Sec'y.; Harry Martin, Treas.; and Geo. Culbertson, Libn. The members held a taffy-pull at the home of one of the members recently, at which each one supplied a part of the material, and it was greatly enjoyed. The members have various other plans for entertainments in view, which it is expected will retain the interest of the members in the meetings. A group picture of the company is promised us soon. MARQUETTE COMPANY, No. 66, Greenville, Mich., has now 7 members, with the following officers: Morris Curtis, Capt.; Claude Hyde, V. C.; Hugh Graham, Sec'y.; Kenneth Gracey, Treas. The club room is at the captain's home, where the members hold their meetings every other Friday night, and at which various scientific experiments are shown by the captain. It has $2.50 in the treasury and is in a first-class condition. THE FRANKLIN PEIRCE COMPANY, No. 8, Keene, N. H., held its annual meeting on Jan. 12, and elected the following officers: Winthrop Faulkner, Capt.; Everet Whitcomb, V. C.; Robert Dort, Sec'y.; Edward Kingsbury, Treas. At the same meeting two new members were admitted. This company has now 21 members and is doing well. WORTH BAGLEY COMPANY, No. 1, Concord, N. C., has recently fixed up an office for the captain in part of its gymnasium. While it has recently dropped three members for various causes, the addition of new members has fully kept up the company's strength. It has recently been adding new books to its library. THE ELECTRIC CITY COMPANY, No. 50, Scranton, Pa., on January 11th held its election of officers, which resulted as follows: Walter S. Bennett, Capt.; Jas. W. Carpenter, V. C.; Karl S. Robinson, Treas.; Dixon Kirkpatrick, Sec'y.; Chas. Kinsley, Ass't. Sec'y. At the same meeting one new member was received. The company has $1.95 in the treasury, and expects soon to be in a position to have a gym. and a club room of its own. DIXIE ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 12, Montgomery, Ala., has the following officers: William McGregor Snodgrass, Capt.; Edmond U. Ragland, Sec'y. and Libn.; L. McLeod Rice, V. C.; J. B. Hastings, Jr., Treas. This company has a very nice club room, fitted up with punching bag, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, dumbbells, etc. It has about $3.00 in the treasury and 50 good books in its library. According to its title, the members are especially interested in all kinds of athletics.



Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 54, Nashville, Ill.



Moville Hawkeye Company, No. 59, Moville, Ia. Captain, William Kruetz

INCREASING SCARCITY OF FINE HORNS



A Fine Specimen of Elk Horns

WITH THE scarcity of American big game and the increasing severity of the game laws has come a new industry, the smuggling of horns from the hunting States to some city where antlers can be disposed of without risk. The antlers of the elk and moose are in immense demand just now, for the reason that they are difficult to get, and with the ever increasing number of rich Americans such trophies are eagerly sought. The game wardens of the States where such animals as nature has provided with fine horns still manage to avoid the relentless hunters are jealously watchful that the law against the gunners is not violated. In some States it is illegal to kill such game at all except at rare intervals; in others only so many may be killed during a season by any one hunter; the prohibition of the sale of game killed is generally enforced and it is becoming increasingly difficult for the hunter to carry home with him the game he has legally killed, unless he lives in the State in which the killing was done.

But the American millionaire must have trophies of the chase for the adornment of his mansion; the man who would be regarded as a great Nimrod must supplement his stories of wonderful killings with the hide or horns of the animal, and clubhouses must be decorated with antlers to complete their furnishings. So there has sprung into existence a new variety of smugglers, those who kill big game illegally and smuggle the evidence of their wrongdoing across the border into a new State by various tricks.

The favorite method of transporting moose horns is to saw the horns in two in the middle. This of course mutilates a valuable pair of horns, but done skillfully the mutilation will pass unnoticed when the taxidermist has finished mounting the specimen. The horns are sawed in two in the center of the forehead, where the hide will cover them when the horns are mounted. In this shape the horns can be placed flat against each other and will go in half the space they would originally. It is not difficult to pack a pair of moose horns in an ordinary trunk when sawn apart, and in this way many are being smuggled through to the taxidermist. The latter individual has no easy task before him to fix the horns together before covering them with the hide. It is done by covering with papier mache and allowing this to set hard. Then the horns are carefully mounted on a framework to represent the head and more cement added from time to time until a cement cast has been made over which the hide can be arranged. The work has to be done with the greatest care, for the slightest touch before the horns are thoroughly covered and the cement has hardened will disarrange the position and throw the horns out of plumb. When the cast is finished and hardened the head is put on and a fine specimen of the chase has been built up from the smuggled horns. Any head will do; the horns are the main thing. It is safe saying that not many of the antlered heads seen nowadays were in life partnership during the forest days; the taxidermist joins them, setting the prized horns to the head that sets them off best.



Horns of the Mountain Goat

A Will *and* a Way

By ELIZABETH ROBBINS

MRS. CUMMINGS looked over her spectacles and out of the window at the sixteen-year-old youth walking listlessly across the yard. "I do wish there was something to occupy that boy's mind," she sighed. "I s'pose they sent him out here to keep him from going into consumption, and, I declare, I believe he'll worry himself into it if he stays. I don't wonder he's restless and wants to be earning something, long's he can't be studying, but the country's a poor place—" Here she was interrupted by the coming of the groceryman.

Meantime the boy had seated himself dejectedly on one end of the doorstep and was thinking. "They say that where there's a will there's a way," he soliloquized. "I have will enough, but—where's the way? Here I am planted for the summer and fall. I mustn't study. I want to earn money the worst kind, but I'm forbidden to do any hard work, and that seems to be all the kind anybody wants to hire done. My father is to pay my board here, and I'm just a dead weight. I wonder if it wouldn't be as well if I were dead myself." He suddenly squared his thin shoulders. "That is fool talk," he added in a decided tone. "I won't be a coward, whatever happens. Let's look about and find that way, perhaps there's inspiration in the landscape. There's that patch of rhubarb; now what are the possibilities in that?"

He paused in his meditations, for the grocery man was coming out. "I see you've got some fine looking tomato plants, Mis' Cummings," he was saying. "I hope you've laid out to can a good lot of 'em this year. My wife thinks there's nothing like your canned tomatoes, and there's a number of my neighbors who'd be tickled enough to get it. They're kind of afraid of tin cans, somehow."

Ned turned around suddenly. "Would they want rhubarb?" he asked.

The grocery-man looked a little surprised. "Why, I don't know why they wouldn't," he said, "or any other canned stuff, if 'twas put up in glass jars."

Ned thought a little longer, then arose and went into the house. "Aunt Nancy, how much do they give a jar?" he asked.

"What?" she exclaimed.

He laughed at the expression of bewilderment on her face as he explained. "How much did those people give for your canned tomatoes?" She told him.

"Could you make anything at that price?"

"Land, yes! I have thought of giving up summer boarders and going into the canning business, but picking things is hard work for me, and boarders somehow fit in better with my housework."

"Would you sell me that rhubarb, and tell me how to can it?" Ned asked.

"Well, I declare!" his aunt exclaimed, as she saw the drift of his question. "I don't know why that isn't a first-rate idea. I wouldn't encourage every boy in it, but you have some idea of neatness, which most boys your age haven't. And you needn't talk of buying things. There's a lot of stuff goes to waste, year after year; your uncle won't peddle, and there ain't enough to wholesale, so it just lays and rots on the ground. It frets me terribly, and if you could make it of some use and get a little money out of it, I should be glad enough."

"Do you suppose I can do it as well as you do?—or well enough?" Ned asked.

"There isn't a single reason why you can't if you do exactly as I tell you," she replied.

"The grocery-man comes back this way, doesn't he?" Ned asked a moment later, "and if I order the jars and sugar he will bring them this afternoon?" He looked so animated he didn't seem like the same fellow. "Lucky that father gave me what money he did," he added. "If I can sell the stuff as fast as I get it done, I shan't have to call on him for any more."

The next morning found Ned washing his jars and getting off the bits of glass that sometimes cling to the inside, and in the afternoon, when Aunt Nancy was not using the cook stove, he weighed out the rhubarb and sugar for his first attempt at canning.

His aunt found him the most tractable of pupils, and as he was naturally neat and methodical, he easily fell into her exact ways. She had him put up an awning beside the back door, and when the weather permitted insisted on his doing all his cutting and preparing there, standing up to a bench, "for," she said, "you mustn't hinder your getting strong by sitting down and bending over, or by being too much in the hot kitchen."

"Really, Aunt Nancy," Ned said, when, at the end of the rhubarb caninng he screwed on the last cover, "this isn't unpleasant work; to tell the truth I rather like it."

"If a person does any work that is useful and takes pains to do it in a superior manner, he or she can't help liking it," said Aunt Nancy, quickly.

When it became known that fruit was being put up under Aunt Nancy's supervision, her old customers bought it eagerly, as soon as it was ready. It seemed so nice to have it where they could see it in their own preserve closets, they said.

After rhubarb, came thirty quarts of strawberries that would never have been even picked had it not been for Ned, and as many cherries, that would have been picked by the birds. Then a few plums and peaches, many jars of pears, several quarts of currants, grapes, and more tomatoes than anything else. Besides these cultivated fruits, Ned spent many days in meadows and pastures picking huckleberries, raspberries, blackberries and barberries.

He became so interested in the work, and was so glad to be able to earn something, that he almost forgot there was such a thing as weak lungs and tired brains. Uncle Jared and Aunt Nancy were almost as interested in his success as he was himself, and the summer and fall passed with what seemed surprising swiftness.



Moose Horns

One day in October, Ned's father suddenly appeared. He had expected Ned home in another week, but the son wrote so few letters and said so little about himself and how he spent his time, that the fears of the father got the better of him, and he could bear the suspense no longer.

As he walked into the yard at his sister's, someone coming briskly down the walk suddenly stopped, then with a joyful exclamation of "Father!" came quickly toward him. Mr. Ennis could hardly believe his eyes, for the thin, despondent, consumptive looking boy he had left in the spring was no longer thin; his face was a healthy brown, his eyes were bright, his step springy.

"Why, my dear boy!" he managed to falter. "This is so different from what I expected. How well you look!"

"I am well, and as sound as a nut."

When they had gone into the house and all the questions about home had been asked and answered, Ned showed his father the money he had made on his summer and fall work, and when he saw the expression of astonishment on his father's face, he declared that was worth as much more.

"But I never could have earned so much," he said, "if Aunt Nancy hadn't given me the fruit, and showed me just how, and let me have her customers."

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "I might have shown a dozen boys I could name just how exactly, and they'd never done it. If you'd been careless, or not neat, or not willing to bother about little things, and hadn't taken pains to have every jar exactly like all the others of the same kind of fruit, do you think you'd have succeeded? No, you can't blame your success onto me. If you hadn't been conscientious and tried to do your very best, none of my customers would have taken your fruit as a gift, and there wouldn't have been any success."

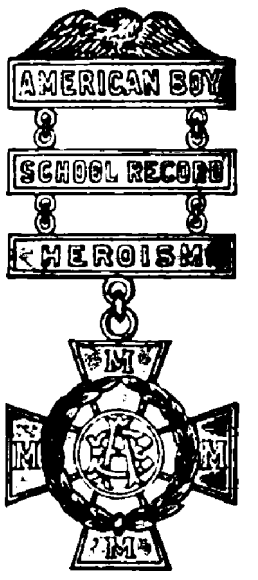
"Nevertheless, Aunt Nancy," laughed Ned, "I shall always insist upon it that you are principally to blame—you and Uncle Jared."

Then he turned to his father. "They want me to come next summer," he said, "and have promised me the old cornhouse for a cannery. I shall be a great deal stronger than I have been this year, and able to work harder. I shall help about the chores to pay for my board, and can fruit the rest of my time. I intend experimenting with jellies and piccallili, too.

"So, you see, father, you needn't worry any longer about not being able to send me to college, for I've found a way to send myself."

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 atendance is perfect for the time they have been in school, or for the last five years. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for schol record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal.	S. R.
LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich.	H.
HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal.	S. R.
JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark.	S. R.
LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill.	S. R.
FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill.	S. R.
G. B. THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn.	S. R.
A. C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H.	S. R.
LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O.	S. R.
G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich.	S. R.
WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y.	H.
ALF. O. PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn.	S. R.
HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky.	S. R
JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass.	S. R.
LEO HYDE, Lynn, Mass.	H.
RALPH DEDCOVICH, Gloucester, Mass.	S. R.
C. W. ALLSHOUSE, South Newbury, O.	S. R.
J. E. HARRINGTON, Littleton, N. H.	S. R
LEON F. MERRITT, Detroit, Mich.	S R.
C. A. LUKINGBEAL, Farmersville, O.	S. R.
WILBUR W. WOOD, St. Louis, Mo.	S. R.
EARL COMER, Tolono, Ill.	S. R
B. O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.	S R.
J. de VOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.	S. R.
ASHER KAHN, Norwalk, O.	S. R.
HARLEY WENTZ, Forest, O.	S. R.
JESSE HALSTED, Sheboygan, Wis.	S. R.
HARRY GILBERRY, Hartline, Wash.	S. R.
ALBERT SCHOBER, Bern, Kan.	S. R.
WALTER DRIGGS, Bern, Kan.	S. R.
MILAN WHITMAN, Lodi, O.	S. R

Ralph Dedcovich, whose name appears on our Legion of Honor Roll this month, has been perfect in attendance at school for five successive years.

Harry Gilberry, of Hartline, Washington, whose name is entered upon our Legion of Honor Roll this month, has received the highest average in each study in his grade, the eighth.

Asher Kahn, Norwalk, Ohio, who receives a School Record badge this month, has the highest standing in his grade for the school term ending in January, 1906, and has made the highest percentage in his class in all studies.

Jos. W. Elwell, E. Gloucester, Mass., writes an appreciative letter. He says: "I thought I ought to thank you for sending medal. My teacher told me I ought to be very proud of it, and so I am. I enclose you a piece clipped form the Gloucester Times about it. I am going to try to keep up the record every year I go to school."

Leon W. Miller, Lima, O., acknowledges receipt of his Legion of Honor badge for School Record, saying "I will always keep it and remember where and how I got it. It is a beautiful badge, and I thank you for it. I have never taken a paper I like so much as THE AMERICAN BOY. I can hardly wait until it comes each month.

G. Blake Thackston, Elmwood, Tenn., who has received THE AMERICAN BOY School Record badge, writes an enthusiastic letter thanking us for the badge, which he says THE AMERICAN BOY helped him to win. He writes: "I think THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper ever published. I have been taking it ever since October, 1903, and intend to take it the rest of my life. It has helped me in many ways and I know that it has helped other boys."

Perhaps no boys deserve the Legion of Honor badge more than do Benjamin O. Wilkins, 18 years old, and his brother, James de Voe Wilkins, 16 years old, of Port Chester, N. Y. Benjamin has not missed a day in school in over eleven consecutive years, and James in over nine consecutive years. To show how heroically these boys have stuck to their school work it is only necessary to say that they have gone to school with broken arms, abscesses on neck, and toothaches, and that nothing has been able to keep them away. Fortunately, no contagious diseases have visited them except during vacation periods. They attend school at Stamford, Conn., five stations on the railway away from their home, yet they have never been late or missed a train. These boys are record-making boys in other ways. We have called attention to their records in time past, and we are glad this year to be able to repeat the compliment we have several times bestowed.

A STEPSON OF THE BOYS CLUB

BY LEE McRAE.



"HOUSE, COME TO ORDER!" cried Wash Jones pounding upon a table with the back of a bootblack's brush.

There was a scramble for seats and some noisy laughter, but the boys settled down quickly, and looked at him with eyes full of expectancy. Wash was always worth listening to. He cleared his throat, shifted his position a time or two, stuck his thumb into his pocket, and began:

"Some of us boys has called this special meetin' 'cause we think somethin' oughter be done. This here Boys' Club hasn't done nothin' except enjoy theirselves ever since we was started. We let Mrs. Butler an' the directors pay what it costs to run this here building an' things, an' we just have a good time."

"We pay our dues," interrupted a voice from the back row.

"O yes, ten cents apiece a year helps



Wash Was Always Worth Listening To

o' course," admitted the chairman, "but I think it wouldn't hurt us to do a few good turns 'casionally,—Well, what I'm tryin' to get at is this: Mebbe you alls seen that poor little kid that moved into the green house 'cross the way a week or so ago?" And Wash jerked his thumb toward the nearest window.

"There's him now, a-settin' in a chair by the door!" cried one, craning his neck to look out.

"That's him. Jim Jackson an' me was goin' by yesterday, an' he stopped us, an' wanted to know if all us boys lived in this big house."

Everybody laughed, and Wash went on.

"Sixty-seven boys an' no girls is a pretty big family, ain't it? I told him this was our club buildin', but we did live here mostly, outside o' school hours. He never even heard of a gym, an' he thought a club was nothin' but a big stick. We talked to him quite a while, he was so queer an' lonesome like. His mother does scrubbin' at the Gayoso Hotel, an' she's all the folks he ever had. Both of his legs was run over by a street car when he was little, so he's got only his body an' head an' arms. He says he's eight years old, but he's no bigger or stronger than a five-year-old. She puts him in that chair, an' there he has to set till she gets home. Jim an' me felt so sorry for him that we been talkin' to some o' the other fellers, an' we decided to have this called meetin' to see if we couldn't do somethin' for him. Motions is in order."

Wash thumped upon the table again as a sort of a period to his long speech, and sat down.

"I move he joins the club!" cried George Stout.

"He hasn't money for dues." "He couldn't do a thing in the gym!" "Why he can't even walk across the street," were the quick objections.

"We could take up a collection and pay his ten cents for him, and we could carry him over so he could sit and look on," replied the warm-hearted George.

"That's right," said the chairman. "We planned it that far, but we alls are in school most of the day, an' he couldn't enjoy this readin' room 'cause he can't read. He just don't know nothin'!"

Jim Jackson arose, coughing loudly to attract attention:

"It's my idea," he said, loftily, "that the club ought to kind o' adopt this little Don Winters, and not only amuse him, but look after his egecating. Now, some of us fellers is well up in the higher branches, 'rithmetic, gogerfy, an' all that, an' we might take turns givin' him lessons. Since he ain't got no legs, he'll have to earn his livin' with his arms when he gets to be a man. But first we ought to adopt him—make him a—a—stepson of the club."

There was great applause. The motion was made and seconded in short order.

"That ain't exactly the right word for it," said the chairman, dubiously, "but I guess it's as good as any. All in favor of adoptin' Don Winters for a stepson to this club say 'Aye.' Motion's carried!"

So the wizened-faced little cripple across the street, intently watching the flies hovering over his sticky fist, was adopted, and became the only honorary member of that great institution, the Boys' Club.

But the flies were forgotten the moment the "called meeting" adjourned and the boys came trooping out of the big building which he regarded with so much awe. A crowd of them were coming across, right toward his door! He wondered how it would feel to have legs and walk! His comical little face was full of surprise and admiration when the crowd paused before him, and Wash said:

"We've voted you into the club. That is, we're goin' to take you over to the readin' room every day, and let you see pictures, and—and—see us do things."

"Me!" cried the boy weakly. "Why—why, I ain't got no legs!"

"O, we'll carry you across, chair and all," said several at once.

Poor little Don was struck dumb with delight. Would it come true? Would he get to go somewhere—into that big house?

When Miss Sheldon, the manager of the club, heard the news, she was neither delighted nor struck dumb.

"It is very good of you boys, and I like to see you so kind-hearted," she said, "but how can you take care of him when you are in school? My hours here are only from three o'clock until we close at night, and the janitor is too busy to look after him."

"Oh, he can sit here by himself as well as over there, and it's so much nicer and cleaner, and he can have picture books here. Then just three weeks and school will be out, and we can all take care of him. Please, Miss Sheldon," pleaded the boys.

"Well, if you get Sanders' consent and his mother's," she answered, turning back to her desk.

Miss Sheldon was not at all hard-hearted, but she was already overburdened, and the addition of this helpless boy to her large flock meant more than the boys realized. But the mother was almost as much pleased as Don, and Sanders, the janitor, was easily won over, for he had been pitying the cripple sitting in the doorway of the tumble-down house, and wondering why he was left alone hour after hour.

The very next morning there was a triumphal march across the street, the four biggest boys carrying the chair in which Don sat as straight as a king on his throne, one boy lugging a dirty cushion, another a piece of a quilt, a third the paper sack of lunch which his mother had fixed for him, and the rest of the club either leading the way or marching behind for the sheer fun of being in it. Sanders stood at the door, leaning hard upon his broom, and smiling a welcome.

Jim Jackson waited until the noisy procession had passed on into the reading room, then he whispered:

"Sanders, he's the dirtiest kid that ever was! We've got to give him a life-sized bath first thing! Just think! he says he never seen a tub, that his mother just washes him with a rag once in a while! Ugh!"

Sanders laughed outright. He remembered that Jim, and indeed few of the club, had ever seen a bathtub before this building had been opened six months before.

"There'll be no flies ter pester him here, an' some of us will drop in at noon to see how he's gettin' on," promised Wash as he and the rest rushed out and off to school, leaving Don perched up near the pleasantest window of the reading room, his lunch and a pitcher of water upon one side, and a pile of picture books upon the other.

But the cripple was too busy to look at pictures yet awhile; he could only stare across at the green house and wonder if he was the boy who used to live there. Whenever Sanders would peep in to see if he wanted anything he would have a blissfully contented little smile on his face.

At noon a dozen of the boys stopped in on their way home to say: "We're goin' to put wheels on to your chair so we can push you around. George Crafts donates 'em off'n his express wagon, an' we'll put 'em on soon as school is out today."

Don smiled, and pointed to the clock high up on the wall. "Teach me that," he said solemnly.

Now the noon hour was partly gone, Jim was many blocks from home and extremely hungry, but he began very patiently to explain the Roman numerals; but Don could not count twelve.

"Some day mebbe I can learn all that gibberish," he said. "'Spose you make marks on the clock for when school is out."

So the teacher climbed upon a chair and made broad chalk marks against twelve and four. The stepson's "egecating" had begun.

That evening Don sat on the floor in the gymnasium while Wash put wheels on his chair, and he shrieked with delight and amazement at the acrobatic performances of the boys. Then, seeing the tears in his eyes and guessing the reason for them, a group gathered around him, and Harry Wills, dropping upon the floor in Turkish fashion, cried: "Let's have a legless party, and see what we could do if the street-cars ran over us."

In half a minute a dozen boys were pulling themselves over the rubber mat by means of their arms alone. Don tried to do likewise, but his arms were too thin and weak to move his small body. From that, however, came the idea of daily practice, which meant more to him and more to the boys themselves than they dreamed of. They invented "arm games," and the physical director who drilled the club once a week, made out a special course of exercises for him, so that Don had something to do besides looking at pictures and watching the clock hands creep toward the chalk marks.

With the coming of vacation his "egecating" was begun in earnest. Wash, Jim, Sandy-top Jones and Harry Wills were appointed "perfessors in readin', writin', spellin' and 'rithmetic," each

(*Continued on page 146.*)



The Four Teachers Met One Day for Consultation

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

From Amateur to Professional.

Arthur R. Stanton, of Philadelphia, has been an amateur journalist for several years, the truth of which statement is substantiated by the fact that "The Pioneer," the amateur journal which he founded, is now in its tenth volume. Those to whom the mutable life of the ordinary amateur journal is well known will regard Mr. Stanton's record as remarkable. "The Pioneer" was started in 1897 and has been published with great regularity as an amateur monthly magazine ever since. Mr. Stanton relinquished actual control about three years ago. He printed several volumes of the paper, and as the result of his efforts in building up an amateur print shop and the experience gained therein, has a large and well-equipped printing establishment of which he is proprietor and general manager.



A. R. Stanton, Philadelphia.

In spite of his youthfulness, Mr. Stanton is identified with the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club, of which he was twice president. He is also a member of the United Amateur Press Association and the National Amateur Press Association. He attended the New York 1899 and Philadelphia 1902 conventions of the former. Mr. Stanton is a fine specimen of the all-'round amateur journalist, who has gained experience and friends in amateur journalism, and who does not hesitate to ascribe much of his success to his career as an amateur journalist.

An Atlantic Coast Amateur.

"The Atlantic City News" is the name of a neat amateur paper hailing from the great eastern coast watering place. Curiously enough another Atlantic City News was published in the Jersey seashore resort about four years ago by Frank Henderson. Frank Ingersoll, proprietor and editor of the present News knew nothing about his predecessor in the field. The News started life modestly enough. About six months ago it had a remarkable growth. The size being increased to eight pages each, containing five columns, measuring 13 ems in width. The News is one of the papers that pays. Some issues are entirely sold out shortly after publication. The



Frank Ingersoll, Atlantic City, N. J.

subscription list is large and the advertising columns show good "business." This, as the editor explains, is due to hustling. What one boy has done in this line others can do. Frank, who is 16 years of age and a student at the Atlantic City High School, writes "My paper takes well and has a circulation which pleases my advertisers." The paper is printed by the editor and proprietor. He has a neat little "office" at 15 South Ohio avenue, which contains among other printer's paraphernalia, a couple of hundred pounds of 8-point body type and thirty pounds of display type, as well as a fine foot power printing press.

Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association.

Of making amateur press associations there is no end. But the more the merrier, for they all aid in promoting activity and keeping enthusiasm at a high pitch. Somebody (a foreigner probably) has wittily said, referring to our national tendency for organization, that if two Americans were shipwrecked on a desert island they would organize the Robinson Crusoe Club with one as president and the other as secretary. So it is with amateur journalists. The long list of useful organizations has been augmented by the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association. The first convention of the new body was held on New Year's day at Baltimore, Maryland. A score of local amateurs and visitors gathered and had a splendid time. The sessions were held at the Hotel Rennert and the banquet, inevitable at an amateur affair, was given at the Casewell Hotel. Before and after the sessions visits were made to historic places of the Monumental City, and one afternoon was devoted to a jaunt to an old, haunted Revolutionary mansion. A tea party was held afterwards. "The Pipers," a select social organization, gave a "feast" in the evening. Of course, the election of officers created lots of excitement; it always does at conventions of amateur journalists. The board of officers elected was as follows: President, M. B. Ferguson (Baltimore Amateur), Baltimore, Md.; vice-president, Frank C. Van Name (Sparkler), Brooklyn, N. Y.; secretary, Mary M. McCully, Baltimore, Md.; treasurer, Charles H. Russell (Good Things), Philadelphia, Pa.; official editor, David J. Welsh (Fairy Amateur), Albany, N. Y.; historian, Eva Aldridge, Baltimore, Md.; laureate recorder, Vincent M. Haggerty (The Pilgrim), Bridgeport, Conn.; directors, C. Albert Haugh (Defender), Baltimore, Md.; W. Paul Cook (Monadnock Monthly), Hanover Court House, N. H.; and Sophie M. Baer, Baltimore, Md. The next convention will be held on New Year's day, 1907, in New York, N. Y.

The editor has a large number of typical amateur papers which he will send to those of our readers who will forward addressed stamped wrappers.



PATSY CONNER'S WOLVES

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

AWAY UP the Rogue River in Oregon, where the valley is driven into the mountains like a crooked wedge and creeks plunge down from many small canons to join their willowy bodies to the larger stream, Patsy Conner had his odd fight with wolves. One may still hear the story among the sheep-herders and miners, and sometimes it will be related to one as far down as Medford, where the valley is broad and beautiful and given over to fruit culture and wheat farming.

Patsy was a fifteen-year-old lad who worked at the Morning Glory mine, a successful quartz lode on the Rogue, thirty miles above Bandy Bow. Patsy's father had lost his life in the Morning Glory through an accident, leaving Mrs. Conner and three children to face the rather baffling problem as to how they might exist. Patsy was the eldest of the children. Matters would have been less puzzling to them had not the Morning Glory changed ownership, leaving the management under no particular obligation to the family on account of Mr. Conner's taking-off. John Hampton, the big, serious superintendent of the mine, readily gave Patsy such employment about the office and quartz mill as the lad was capable of performing, while Mrs. Conner took to the small industry of mending clothes for the miners, and so, after a fashion, the family got on.

One thing you would hear both day and night up at the Morning Glory, that was the steady thunder of the battery of eight-hundred-pound iron stamps beating the quartz to powder in the great mortar in the mill. But for that it was a singularly quiet region. Of course, within the heart of the mountain there was blasting of the wide ledge of low grade quartz, but this was not very audible, save when one stood near the mouth of the tunnel.

At the end of a year Patsy had become quite indispensable to Hampton. It was said that Hampton rarely smiled at anything save the lusty, blue-eyed Irish boy's wit and native humor. Patsy was both "funny" and honest, two qualities that do not always go together. These appealed strongly to the superintendent, hence Patsy became both trusted and liked.

When the particular season with which we are dealing had drawn on into December, the desire grew very keen in Patsy to purchase his mother a new cloak, something nice and warm, such as an imaginative boy who loved his mother might fancy. But so great a sum of money as was necessary was not easy for Patsy to get, since very nearly the whole of his earnings went to the support of the family. However, the problem solved itself in a very astonishing manner.

One Friday morning, Joe Clanter, a mine teamster, received orders from Hampton to take a sled and go down to Bandy Bow and bring up some supplies to the Morning Glory. Hams, bags of beans and sugar, rice, canned goods, half a carcass of beef and a case of dynamite were to constitute the load. Hunter Blake was generally given this work to do, but the trusty old fellow being ill, Clanter was commissioned to go in his stead. Clanter was thought reliable, though he was possessed of a hot temper and an unusual pride in physical contests. These traits got him into trouble on the journey. When he was about starting Hampton called Patsy.

"Get on your overcoat and go down with Clanter; sort of keep your eye on things," he said.

Patsy donned his overcoat and pulled his cap over his ears and climbed in among the blankets with Clanter. A half-mile from the mine they crossed the Rogue River on the ice and skirted down on its western side for two miles, then crossed back to the eastern side and followed the winding river down to Bandy Bow, arriving there in the evening. That night Clanter indulged in fisticuffs and got himself locked up. The next day at noon the town marshal advised Patsy to take the supplies to the Morning Glory, and to tell Superintendent Hampton that his man would probably be released about the middle of the following week.

Patsy promptly drove off for the Morning Glory, with the prospect of arriving there near midnight, for, though the load was not very heavy, much of the way was slightly up grade and the road was long. Over all the region lay snow with a hard crust upon it, white and sparkling in the sun, save where clouds of pines mantled the hills and mountains, for pine trees in Oregon are well nigh as plentiful as grass blades in some countries. When twilight began to fall Patsy was still ten miles from the Morning Glory. As he drove through the dusk, which lay in banks of dark purple under the pines and spread blue and vapory over the open reaches of snow, a moon, golden and enormous, pushed its weird face over the mountains and looked down upon him. Presently he began to hear occasional cries in the ghostly forest, the quivering scream of a bobcat or the sharp howl of a wandering wolf. He noticed that these latter cries increased in number as he proceeded. Though the whole situation was lonely and depressing, it did not once occur to Patsy that wolves might attack him. Such boldness and savagery on the part of these animals was almost unknown in the region. However, there were many more of these animals in that great, mountainous, forest-covered country than men were aware of, though their annoying attacks upon the flocks of the sheep ranches had been so frequent as to cause the county authorities to offer a premium of two dollars for each wolf-scalp brought to the county treasurer. At present the flocks were in guarded corrals in the valleys, the bears were in their winter dens, the deer had been almost entirely driven out of the region by the wolves, and, as the whole country was covered with snow, these wild dogs of the forest were hard pressed for food. Had not the long sled-box contained several hams and a half-carcass of beef no doubt Patsy would have gone unmolested.

As it was, he presently began to notice gray, gaunt shapes flitting and skurrying through the shadowy woods on either side of the road. Once he pulled up the team and listened. He could hear feet pattering on the snow-crust here and there, and long, curdling howls, as if the leaders were calling together the starving pack. Something chillier than the winter cold crept over Patsy's flesh and up into his hair-roots. He laid the whip on the tired horses' backs and urged them onward rapidly.

When he was within, perhaps, four miles of the Morning Glory, the leaders of the wolves were running close beside the sled, and following close behind it were at least two dozen, snapping and fighting and snarling. The horses were wildly frightened and pressed forward at a gallop. Patsy flung back a ham. It was instantly torn in pieces and the yelping pack came on, the odor of beef in their nostrils.

"Ye thievin' brutes, ye can't have any more, not another bite!" shouted the Irish lad. Frightened as he was he was still more angry. To be chased homeward by a lot of creatures like this roused a wild anger in him. If he gave them the meat what would Hampton say? "Not another bite!" he shouted and ground his teeth together on the words. Then a happy thought flashed through Patsy's mind. He wound the lines about a box and let the horses run while he clambered over the goods to the rear of the load, and breaking the seal, lifted the lid of the dynamite case. In it were a hundred cartridges, each lying as in a tiny, padded cell, each cartridge filled with guncotton soaked in nitro-glycerine, to be exploded by a little fuse and percussion cap. A blow, sharp and hard, from any source, however, would effect the same terrible result.

Patsy hurled one of the cartridges back among the wolves. A dozen of them, thinking it was another ham, leaped upon it, snapping their steely teeth in hungry rage. The next instant there was a crash as of thunder, the thunder burst against the mountain sides in clapping echoes, the team reared and leaped madly, and Patsy fell flat among the goods, knocked down by the concussion. When he got to his knees and looked back he saw that seemingly half the pack had disappeared and the brutes that had been racing and slavering on either side of the sled were now tearing along through the woods at some distance, whining and barking in angry terror.

"Come back, ye idiots, come back an' have another taste!" he shouted, thrilling with triumph.

They did come back. Just before he reached the river the wild pack was again about the sled, yelping, snapping and leaping as if they might land in the sled-box.

"If one of the horses should fall—well, it would be good-by-Johnny for the team and me," thought Patsy. Though his anger and courage were high, he was quivering from head to foot.

As the team plunged across the ice of the little river and struck the opposite shore, Patsy lifted another cartridge and flung it. It struck among the wolves on the ice. Again there was a thunderous crash and the echoes bellowed up and down the narrow valley. The panting team labored onward but Patsy saw no more of his pursuers. When the horses, with quaking flanks and steaming in the cold with perspiration, drew up in front of the mine office, Superintendent Hampton came out, bareheaded and anxious.

"Where's Clanter?" he said.

"Town marshal is boarding him; be home next week," laughed Patsy. His teeth were chattering with excitement and cold. "I'm short one ham and two dynamite sticks, sir," he went on, as he jumped to the ground.

"What became of them?" asked Hampton.

"Fed 'em to wolves. They wanted the beef and me an' the horses, so I offered 'em dynamite. It satisfied 'em," said Patsy.

When Hampton fully understood he put his arm about Patsy and laughed loud and long. "Think of the premium, Patsy! You'll have a fine sum!" he said.

As near as could be ascertained, though there was necessarily some guess-work about it, twenty-two of the animals had been slain. With the proceeds Patsy purchased his mother a very comfortable cloak.



Patsy Fell Flat Among the Goods, Knocked Down by the Concussion

The B. A. C. Club

Floyd Wiedemann, of Harvey, Illinois, writes an account of the B. A. C. Club that he and a number of his boy friends organized some time ago. The club has built its own club house. According to our informant it was built from money made from selling stationery, the boys buying it at wholesale and selling it to their friends at retail. Floyd is president, Harry Ruthraneff is secretary, Ray Wiedemann is treasurer, Ruth Wiedemann, cook, and Fred Wiedemann, janitor. The club house contains a fire-place, a center table, and desks for each of the officers. The outside of the house is painted black, showing in big, yellow letters "B. A. C."



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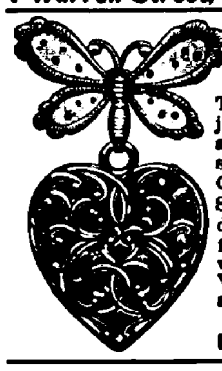

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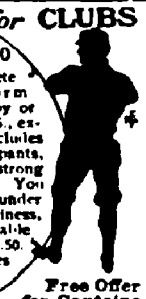

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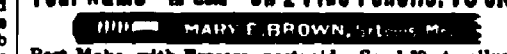

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A Stepson *of* the Boys Club

(*Continued from page 144.*)

pledged to give the stepson a lesson "whenever it suited 'em."

Don took to this schooling with considerable interest, yet his progress, for some reason or another, was so slow that the four teachers met one day in an empty box car on the mill-switch for consultation. Said Harry:

"My teachin's all right, 'cause I asked Miss Miller how to start a little un in figgers, an' she told me all about it."

"Well, his readin' is pretty good," declared Wash, "when he knows the words. If Sandy-top could only learn him to spell better, he'd get on all right in it."

"But spellin' seems so hard for him! I tell him to spell some like they sound, and others, o' course, has got to be like they are in the book—not like they sound, you know—an' he gets all mixed up over it," declared Sandy-top, professor of orthography.

"And his writin' is the funniest thing you ever saw!" exclaimed Jim. "Every turn of a letter is a square corner. Then he just won't practice! Half his paper is covered with pictures and they're killin' funny! But you know he's got to make his livin' with his arms, and we decided at the last meetin' to make a bank clerk outen him, 'cause they don't need legs a-just sittin' in a nice place, cashin' checks. But a bank clerk's got to write good, and I don't believe Don ever will. He'd be drawin' pigs and mules all over the morgiges. We'll have to scold him like thunder, that's what!"

They tried to, but the thunder became very mild indeed when the tears came into Don's eyes and his chin quivered. Miss Sheldon happened to overhear them and came to the rescue, saying:

"Why, he's getting on splendidly, I think. He learned to use the telephone on my desk yesterday, and talked to my mother, away up on Central avenue—didn't you, Don?"

"Yes, I did, boys!" he cried, all aglow. "She heard me talk and she couldn't see me!"

They all laughed. Then Miss Sheldon patiently explained the invention, and how man came to know and use the power God put into the world so long before.

"Has He got different power?" asked Don.

"Different kinds? Yes. He controls all the different kinds of power there are in the world," she said slowly.

"And power means be strong and do things? Could He make my arms strong like Jim's?"



"He Says He Never Seen a Tub"

she "If He thought best," she replied. "Now, boys, go into the gymnasium and have a good romp. Remember school begins next week."

So the vacation—every day of which had been a delight to Don, although his "egecating" had gone on vigorously—came to an end, and he found himself alone in the reading room one rainy September day. The dreariness without and the silence within sent a chill thro' his frail body, and all the old lonesomeness swept in upon him. He craned his neck to look out of the window at the old school building near by, where "his boys" were.

"What was that in the basement? A lamp? No, a bit of flame!" The big house was afire right under the halls, and nobody knew it!

"God give me some power!" cried Don squirming out of his high-up chair, and dropping upon the floor with a thud. somehow—he never knew how—he wriggled himself across the room to Miss Sheldon's desk, lifted himself by the arms into her chair, and seized the telephone.

"Central, the Water Street school house is on fire!" he shrieked over the wire. "Tell the fire company, and tell the head teacher! I can't 'cause I ain't got no legs."

Evidently "Central" understood, for she only asked "What school?" and he repeated his directions. For a moment he clutched the desk and shut his eyes; then he dropped to the floor once more and wriggled painfully toward the door.

It was an old structure, condemned by the city authorities, but still used because the south side population had increased more rapidly than the public funds.

Thanks to a stern principal, the fire drill had been rigorously taught, so in that time of need, the throngs of children were marched out to safety. Once outside a panic seized them. The walls were tottering, and the firemen were shouting to them to flee for their lives.

Right in the middle of the street they stumbled upon Don in a dead faint. The boys carried him back to the reading room, and when by and by he opened his eyes he asked faintly, "All out?"

"Yes, every soul of us!" was the reply.

"Then look at the tel'phone. I dropped and broke it, but God sent the power outen it into my arms. I know He did!"

"Three cheers for our stepson!" cried Jim, and all the boys shouted. And while there was applause for him all over the great city that night, Don he rd and cared only for that within the club rooms.

Years after, a strong-armed but legless young man might have been found beside a desk in a newspaper office, not writing eloquent editorials, but drawing cartoons that made the whole state laugh. He often talked of his "adoption," adding:

"But the boys couldn't teach me to spell, and they failed to make a bank clerk out of me. Still, as Wash would say, 'Twarn't their fault!'"

BASEBALL TRAINING

By GUY M. JOHNSON
Of the University of Michigan

HIGH SCHOOL boys need not feel badly because they do not have a big gymnasium and a cage in which to get ready for spring baseball. Indoor bat practice is, in my experience, detrimental, and the other training necessary to being ready early to play matched games can be done in a room large enough to allow the candidate to work comfortably. The most important feature of early training is to get into good physical condition, to get the muscles softened and limbered up, "to get the board out of the back," as ball players say, which means that you must be able to bend over quickly and gracefully. This may be done by proper exercise. Then enough outdoor walking and long runs will give the endurance which is necessary to enable one to play the last inning just as hard as the first. A ball game is never ended until the last man is out, and many times the team that is in best condition wins out, for the players have the life and fight to finish strong, which only endurance will give.

The indoor exercise should be general work for arms, legs and back, and care should be taken that the muscles do not get hard. Keep them soft so that when you move quickly they will not strain and get sore. A quick move in the spring when the muscles are stiff and not thoroughly loosened up may cause a strain which can be avoided if the right kind of exercise is taken, preliminary to going out on the field after the snow is off the ground and the wind is not so cold that work out of doors is injurious.

The cage used for indoor bat practice at some of the universities is a four-sided net affair with a top, the dimensions depending upon the size of the gymnasium. The one used at the University of Michigan is about eighty feet long and fifty feet wide. This is used so that the batted and thrown balls will not break windows or gymnastic machinery.

The men are lined up on either side of the cage for bat practice. A net is let down in the center, dividing the cage into two alleys, so that the batted balls from one side will not strike the men on the other. The pitchers for each batting squad line up on the other end of the cage, awaiting their turn, having previously been warmed up outside. Heavy gym mats are used for them to stand upon so that they will not slip when delivering the ball. The great obstacle which we have to contend with is the unwillingness of the younger men and the under-classmen to work up slowly. They have to be watched continually for they work too fast and too hard. They will throw as hard as they can the first day, hoping to make a good impression with the coaches. It is a good head as well as a good arm that the coaches are looking for, particularly in pitchers, and such things do not make much of a hit. Besides it gives a man a black eye with the older men because they have learned, both by experience and from the coaches, how foolish it is to work this way. But some young heads will not learn except by their own folly, and sometimes a valuable man is laid up with a sore arm at the beginning of the season and just at the time that he is needed most. He often thus loses his place by not being able to report for practice when he is needed, and another man given the "try out."

Speaking in this way then, there are so many don'ts that ought to be minded in spring training that we must emphasize them first, for if you do not mind the "don'ts" the "do" things will not be of much use to you.

1. Don't work too long.

For the first days ten to fifteen minutes are long enough to spend in training, and the most of the time should be given to building up the wind, loosening up the muscles, and quickening the eye. If the weather and ground will permit, long walks and short runs are desirable. Endurance may be attained by playing basket ball, hand ball, boxing, and all three of these games will assist in other ways. Several seasons ago I used to get into condition with Charley Ganzel, the old Detroit and Boston catcher; Johnnie Ganzel, New York's first baseman, and Louis Criger, Boston's great catcher. We used these games to good advantage and after two weeks' work with eight or ten miles of walking, when the weather permitted, we were rounding into pretty good physical condition. Start out slowly; do just enough the second and third days to limber up and in this way you will avoid the stiff joints and sore muscles that come from too much work at first.

2. Don't throw hard indoors.

There are several reasons why you should not do this. In the first place you do not have the footing, and a wrench or a strain may happen at any time. The work which is done for accuracy and speed will be thrown away, because the light and the air are so different indoors that the training has all to be gone over again when the work is started in the open air. Just work easily. The motion of the arm and the body and the handling of the ball to get used to its feeling and its weight is the only value that can come from indoor throwing.



THEY'RE OFF!
First Game of the Season

3. Don't let your muscles get hard and short.

Lengthen them and if they are hard to start with, use plenty of salt in your bath water. Work them by manipulation and massage, but do not pound them or slap them for this often causes an irritation which sets up inflammation, resulting in "Charley horse." In the case of "Charley horse" let the part alone as far as massage and manipulation are concerned. Instead, wind several towels around and pour on a steady stream of hot water, thoroughly steaming. This may be done to good advantage for several days, using the part as little as possible until well. We do what is called "ironing out" the part by applying very hot irons to wet towels wrapped around the injured member. This process drives the steam into the leg The same condition exists as is found in a rope which has been dried after lying out in a storm all night. The muscle is made up of fibers, the smaller divisions being called fibrils. These fibrils are arranged in bundles with a covering around them called the sarcoplasm and a fluid between the fibrils called sarcoplasma. This allows room for the fibrils to stretch or contract. A number of bundles of these fibers made up of bundles of fibrils are bound together by a covering called the endomysium, and between the several bundles of fibers, bound together by this endomysium, is a connective tissue which again gives a space for contraction and relaxation. These several fibers are bound together by a thicker connective tissue called perimesium and these several fasciluiae made up of several fibers, are bound together and surrounded by a covering called the epimesium.

This then should show plainly how much alike the construction of a rope and muscle are. If we allow the rope to get stiff and hard, a quick jerk or strain will make it squeak and the hard surfaces of the fibrils and fibers, pressing against each other, do not allow their free movement. Keep your muscle soft and free from shortening as much as possible.

The thing we feel like doing when we get out of doors for the first time is to see how far we can throw, for then our arms feel strong.

Don't allow yourself to throw hard or for a long distance. The first work out of doors should not last over a half-hour in handling the ball. If there are more than ten men in your squad, arrange yourselves into small squads of four or five, taking turns in batting out flies, but being careful to station yourselves at different distances from the batter so that the ball can be relayed back after a long hit. This will not only keep everyone busy but it will save the long throws which must be avoided.



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540 Main St., East Orange, N. J.

AMONG THE BOYS

Harold A. Maxwell, Morrison, Ill., is a lover of birds, or as he describes himself, "a lover of our feathered neighbors." He sends us a list of the birds seen by himself during the year 1905 on a square mile of territory, the center of which is one and one-half miles west of Morrison. The total number of kinds is 124. In addition to this number he names nine kinds that he has seen in other parts of the country.

Roy Plasket, No. Industry, O., sends a few lines of verse, reading as follows:

"To work I must go,
And right away;
For sitting around,
It will not pay.

It's always best,
As many say—
Take first the work,
And then the play."

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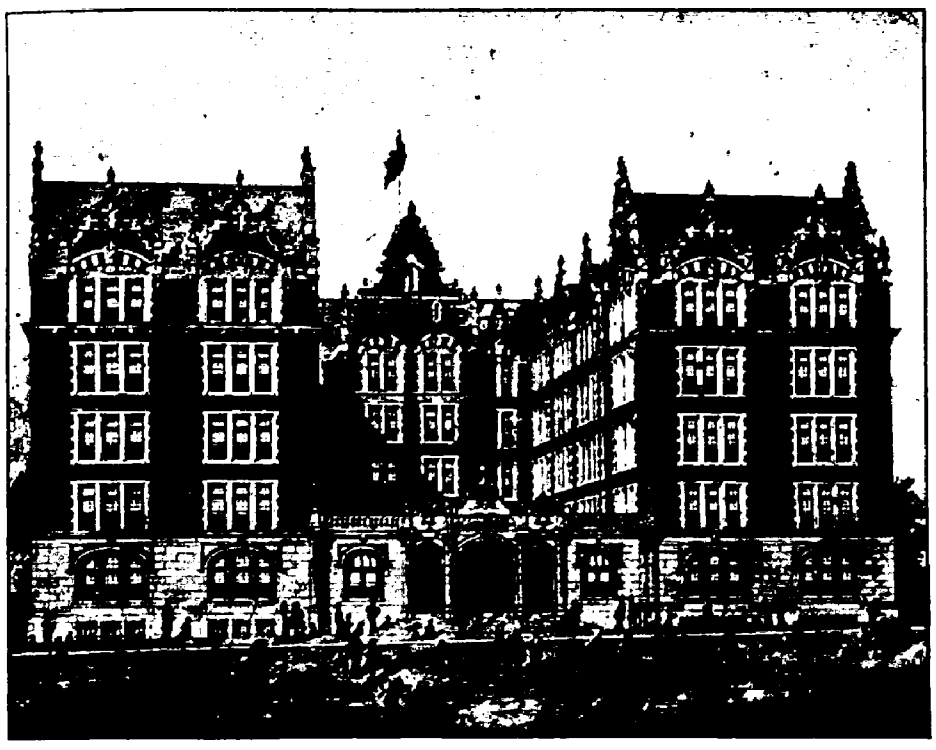
A SCHOOL PALACE FOR AMERICAN BOYS

By L. H. TASKER



The DeWitt Clinton High School for Boys

AN IMMENSE high school building for boys has just been completed in New York City. It enjoys the distinction of being at the present time the largest and finest boys' high school in the world. How long it will remain such it is not wise to predict in this age of continuous school development, when a million dollars or more is not thought too much to spend on a single building for the proper education of the bright American boy.

This magnificent new school, which marks the climax of school construction and equipment, is situated on Tenth avenue between 58th and 59th streets. It is called the DeWitt Clinton High School after Governor DeWitt Clinton, who played such an important part in the history of New York State in the early years of last century.

This latest and grandest of the great schoolhouses now being erected by the Department of Education contains more peculiar features than are to be found in any other boys' school. Among them are a lunch room, a gigantic swimming tank, a great auditorium decorated with mural paintings, and gymnasiums with every up-to-date feature—even running tracks. Altogether four thousand boys will find a home in this big schoolhouse and, more than that, they will be provided with every possible convenience that makes for good health and good work.

The Superintendent of School Buildings has designed this building in the style of the Flemish Renaissance with modifications. On the various fronts are large gables and dormers covered by high pitched roofs. Gray limestone is the material used up to the level of the second story window sills, and above this a dark brick with terra cotta trimmings. As a whole the shape of the building resembles the style of the capital letter H, with a sub-basement or cellar, a basement, and above this five stories and an attic.

In the sub-basement are placed the heating and ventilating apparatus and space for storing coal. The basement proper is largely taken up by the main floor of the auditorium which is situated in the center of the building. This is the largest of the auditoriums yet provided in the new school buildings and has seats for over two thousand persons. The auditoriums in the new school buildings are used not only for opening exercises in the school, but also for free lectures to adults on one or two evenings of each week. The main floor of the auditorium is below the street level, and a number of wide stairways give access to all parts of it. The gallery is on a level with the first floor and is lighted from above by skylights. A very large stage has been provided with space to the right and left for mural paintings. Provision has also been made for a pipe organ. The walls and ceiling of the auditorium are finished in ornamental plaster work.

In this great hall, which is upwards of a hundred feet square, the chief decorations are two immense wall paintings—one on either side of the stage. These are being executed by the well-known mural artist, Mr. Charles Y. Turner, and portray scenes attending the opening of the first Erie Canal in 1825 which marked the zenith of DeWitt Clinton's political career. Each is a scene in the triumphal progress of the governor and his party on the first canal boat to make its way from Lake Erie to the Atlantic.

The first picture shows the flower-bedecked barge with the governor and his friends on the bow of the boat as it entered the Mohawk Valley in October, 1825; the second depicts Governor Clinton marrying the waters of the Great Lakes with the ocean, when he raised aloft a silver bound keg of fresh water from Lake Erie and solemnly poured it into the salt waters of the ocean off Sandy Hook. This is the first instance of the placing of pretentious historical paintings on the walls of a great public school.

But there is more than the auditorium on the basement floor. Large gymnasiums and the natatorium where the boys will have a chance to swim to their heart's content, take up a considerable portion of the floor space.

The first floor contains, in addition to the galleries of the auditorium, the offices of the principal and his clerks, offices for the superintendents, and the classrooms. The main entrance to the building, on Tenth avenue, leads directly to this floor, and is approached through a large covered porch thirty-five feet long and ten deep. The ceiling of this porch is of stone and formed with intersecting vaults. From the porch, eight doors lead to the foyer, which is finished in marble. From the foyer, corridors lead to the right and left to the main stairways of the building.

Above the second floor the building assumes the shape of the letter H. The roof of the auditorium is at a level with the second story and thus forms a large court, by which light and air reach the classrooms of the upper stories.

On the second floor are situated the biological laboratories, the library, a number of classrooms, and a small gymnasium. The third floor is similarly arranged with laboratories for the study of physics in the south wing, the rest of the space being taken up by lecture rooms and classrooms, and a large study hall. On the fourth floor there are other classrooms and another study hall and library. The fifth floor is occupied by laboratories for chemistry and a large number of classrooms.

For the first time in the history of school architecture a large and well-arranged lunch room will be provided with every facility for supplying lunch to a large number of pupils in a very short space of time. The lunch room and its appurtenances are situated in the attic.

All classrooms will have direct outside light, no room having less than one hundred and fifty square feet of window openings. The building is heated by steam, and the most approved methods of ventilation are installed.

The contract price for general construction was six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is exclusive of steam heating, plumbing, electric wiring, elevators and furniture. Together with the site the total cost is considerably over a million dollars.

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Just one long blast on the whistle, ——— this style,
Is a sign of nearing town,
A railway crossing or junction, maybe;
And this —, the brakes whistled down.

Two long ——— ——— are just the reverse of the last;
And this ——— —— the engine's reply,
When word comes from the conductor to stop,
A sort of cheerful Ay! Ay!

These three ——— ——— ——— will show when the train comes apart;
This — — — means two different things:
That the train will back, or asks you to note
Some special signal it brings.

These four ——— ——— ——— ——— belong to the flagman alone,
And these ——— ——— ——— ——— are meant for the crew;
But this one ——— ——— — —, when crossing a road at a grade.
More nearly interests you.

Five short ones — — — — — say to a flagman on guard,
"Look out for a rear attack!"
And a lot like this — — — — — — —, that a heedless cow
Or a deaf man's on the track!

—The Technical World.



A High School Class Studying Electricity

Baseball in California

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Californians buy more baseballs and bats with which to play the national game than the people of any other State in the Union in proportion to population.

Close to 50,000 balls and 20,000 bats are annually required to supply the demand created by the strong hold which the great American game has secured in this State. Climatic conditions in California impose no limitations on the playing season, and therefore the game is in evidence here during every month of the year, which, of course, furnishes one of the explanations why a greater number of balls and bats are required than in other less favored localities.

Of course the professional leagues use up a great many balls in the course of a season, but they are by no means as important a factor in the trade as are the numerous amateur teams organized among the business houses of a large city like San Francisco. These amateur teams cut a very much greater figure than would be imagined by the casual observer.

It is worthy of note that at the present time there are six baseball teams in San Francisco made up of Japanese, all of whom are well equipped with uniforms and the other appurtenances necessary to the playing of the great American game in the most up-to-date style. The Orientals declare that they like the game very much indeed, and they readily become proficient players. Baseball is making a big hit in Japan, and the sport may become as popular in the realm of the Mikado as it is in America.

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor, the question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How should one get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply. "Push the young man away."

A young man once said to Thomas A. Edison, the inventor: "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?"

"No," replied Edison; "genius is perspiration."—Life.

"I'm afraid our boy isn't industrious," said Mr. Brownjohn to his wife.

"I don't know how you can talk that way about him," answered the lad's mother, "after seein' how busy he was in that football game."

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," said she, "I want you to remember that you can not be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

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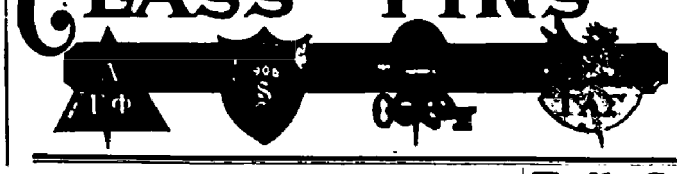

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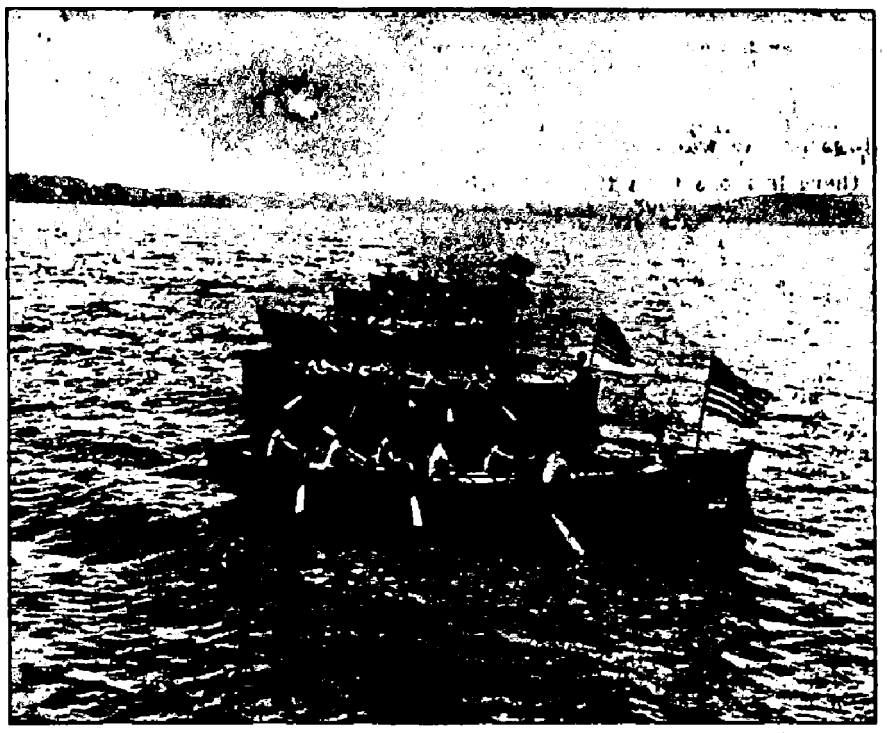
A School for Young Jack Tars

Life on the School Ship St. Mary's



Boys of the School Ship St. Mary's Off for a Boat Race — Long Island Sound

ONE HUNDRED and five strong, agile, wholesome American boys are now off on the rolling billows for a fifteen thousand mile cruise. Those who have this eagerly-sought opportunity have registered as sailor-students on board the famous old sloop of war St. Mary's, which for the last thirty-two years has been the training ship of the New York Board of Education for lithe, lusty young lads who have the desire to become officers in the American merchant marine.

The school ship is under command of G. C. Hanus (U. S. N., retired) with the official rank of superintendent. He is assisted in the management by Lieut. Christopher Marsden, formerly commander of the American liner Kensington, as executive officer; Lieut. Charles E. Littlefield as senior instructor and navigator, and Ensign Frederic S. McMurray as junior instructor and watch officer.

The St. Mary's is a ship-rigged vessel of the type known as a sloop of war. She carries an immense amount of sail for her size, her main truck being no less than one hundred and fifty feet above the water. Built in 1844 for the purpose of chasing slavers, she was at one time the fastest sailing vessel in the United States navy. In the Mexican and civil wars she took an active part, but for the last thirty years a peaceful existence has been her lot, for she is the school and home of a hundred bright-eyed American youths who have heard the call to go "down to the sea in ships."

During the winter the vessel is tied up at her dock, East 24th street, New York, but when the spring breezes blow invitingly she casts off her moorings and proceeds up Long Island Sound to give the boys a month's practice in navigation before ploughing her way across the ocean. The first call on the long summer cruise is at Queenstown, Ireland, from which place the boys are allowed to visit Killarney and Cork. Thence to Cherbourg, from which an inland trip is made to Paris. Then they go to Gibraltar, and from there to Funchal, in the Madeira Islands. At Funchal fresh water and provisions are taken aboard for the home voyage to New York in late September.

While at sea or in foreign port, all hands must be up at five o'clock. The boys strap up their hammocks, and receive their coffee. Until seven o'clock they must scrub decks, wash clothes, clean ladders and prepare the ship for inspection. They then prepare for wash inspection, which comes at 7:45. The divisions are lined up on the decks and looked over by the commanding officer. Cleanliness is regarded as the most important consideration on board the school ship. At eight o'clock they get their breakfast, which consists usually of a cereal, fresh milk, coffee and sugar. After breakfast they clean all the brass and bright work until 9:30, when they have another inspection and prayers. Then comes the drill or instruction and at twelve o'clock, dinner. Quite a plain dinner, too, but the boys can live and work on it. If on the sea, it consists usually of canned roast beef, potatoes and vegetables.

In the afternoon there is more drill and instruction, the decks are swept and clothes are scrubbed once more. At six o'clock there is a supper of cold meat, stewed fruit, tea, sugar, milk and usually molasses. Bread or biscuits and butter are served at each meal. After supper there is study until taps at nine o'clock, at which all must be in their hammocks tucked up for the night.

The St. Mary's is equipped with all nautical instruments, text-books and apparatus for studying navigation and seamanship. On the vessel there is, moreover, a crew of able-bodied seamen in sufficient number to work the vessel if necessary without the help of a single sailor-student. The course of study continues for two years and every means is taken to make it absolutely practical, for the students are required to assume all the active duties of seamen, such as standing watches, steering and handling sail.

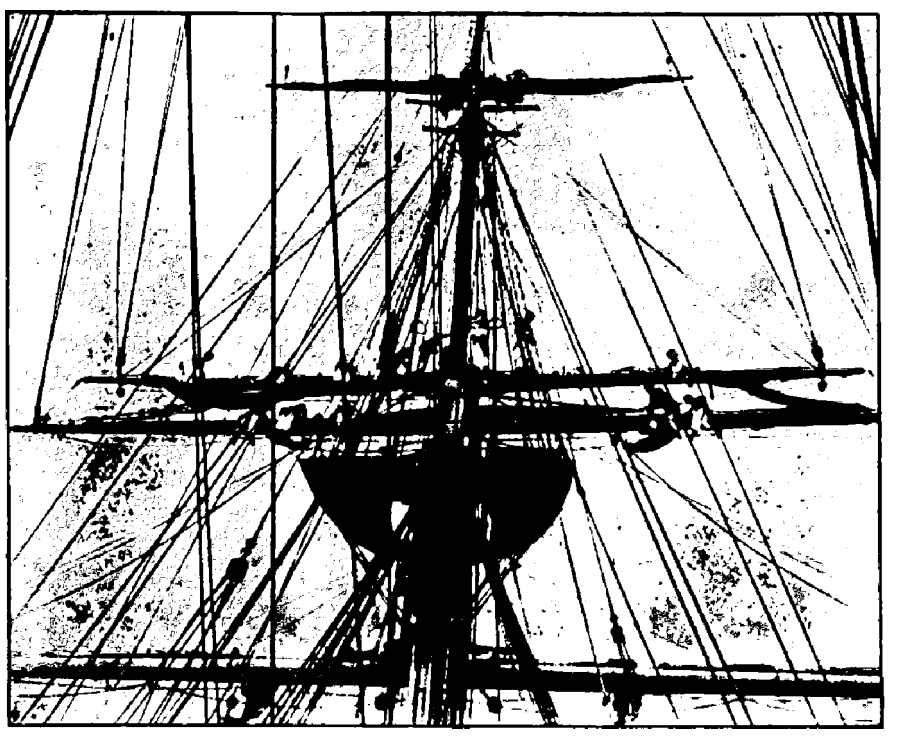
The theoretical part of the education received on the St. Mary's is much the same as that of any other boarding school, but in addition to the regular studies of English and mathematics the boys are constantly instructed in the duties of their profession. They receive practical lessons in seamanship, including knotting and splicing ropes, cutting, sewing, setting, furling and reefing the sails, as well as working the ship under all conditions. They are taught how to send up the masts and yards, to place and set up the rigging, to lower and hoist boats, and to use the measuring lead and log line. They learn the rules of the road, flags and signals, and steering by wind and by course. They receive lectures on the stowage of cargoes, bills of lading, freights and passages, saving life at sea, and all that pertains to the management of sailing ships.

Their technical instruction on navigation includes logarithms, the calculation of latitude and longitude by all methods, the use of all nautical and astronomical instruments, and the calculation of time and distance to ascertain the ship's position. Many of the boys are so ambitious that on a cruise they frequently work out the ship's position by ten or twelve star sights, as well as by the altitude of the sun, and by dead reckoning. They take the time to do this out of their hours of recreation, and in a short time their calculations can be depended upon absolutely.

Dr. Keran O'Brien instructs the boys in elementary medicine and surgery. As many of the students will ultimately command sailing vessels on which there are no regular physicians, it is considered necessary to give them practical instruction in the symptoms of disease, and the chief features of the more common constitutional diseases. Special attention is given to the prevention and treatment of communicable and parasitic diseases. The boys are taught a great deal of human anatomy and physiology, the functions of the brain and nervous system, the circulation of the blood, and the processes of digestion. They receive frequent lectures and demonstrations on "First Aid to the Injured." The restoration of the apparently drowned is practiced at regular intervals, and the treatment of sunstroke, fainting, shock, hemorrhages, burns, fractures, etc., with practical lessons in nursing and the transportation of the sick and injured. The general treatment of poisoning is also taught, and particular attention is paid to such poisons as are more commonly taken with suicidal intent. The application of all kinds of bandages and surgical dressings is demonstrated, and the use of the tourniquet and the stomach pump. This course of elementary medicine and minor surgery covers such a wide field, that it is quite unlikely that these future officers will ever be called on to deal with an accident or emergency to which they cannot apply the teaching they received on the old St. Mary's.

Means of recreation are not forgotten in the equipment of the vessel. Sporting goods, such as baseball and football outfits, punching bags, fencing foils, boxing gloves, and all kinds of gymnastic apparatus are provided, and even a fife and drum corps is a feature of the ship. During the winter months, on each Wednesday evening, the boys are given a lecture on travel, illustrated by stereopticon views.

Altogether it is a happy, healthy life for an active boy, and, by the time the two years' course is over, the sea has so exercised its fascination on the students that almost all determine to continue in the practice of their chosen profession. Nearly every one is offered a position on a ship the day of his graduation, and the American companies seem anxious to secure the services of those who have proved themselves worthy of their hard-earned diplomas, for it is reasonably certain that they will continue to show the sterling qualities of mind and muscle which they exhibited in their training on the school ship.



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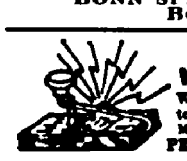

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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

My Sprinting Experience in Great Britain

By
HARRY A. HYMAN



Harry A. Hyman, of the University of Pennsylvania, holder of the American Intercollegiate Quarter-Mile Championship, and the English Amateur Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Championship. This picture was snapped at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, Scotland, the famous athletic grounds of the Glasgow Rangers, and shows Hyman training in heavy underclothes, giving some idea of the raw, cold weather encountered in Scotland even in summer. The hardy little Scotch lad in the background, however, managed to stand it barefooted.

ON JUNE 15th, the day after I was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, I left Philadelphia for New York, where I joined Edward Amsler, the intercollegiate hurdle champion, and George Turner, the University of Pennsylvania ground-keeper, one of the jolliest and most popular men connected with the University. We sailed on the White Star steamer Arabic on June 16th for England, but got only as far as Coney Island, where we ran into a bank of fog and were tied up for twenty-eight hours.

The second day we ran into a storm which set everything rolling; but after the storm and some seasickness we ate ravenously, despite the fact that they fed us five times a day. I kept myself in running condition by skipping rope for half an hour and walking about four miles around the deck each day.

Our boat was due to land on Saturday, but we did not get in until Monday morning, the 26th. After the arduous windup of the college year's studies and racing, the rest on the steamer did me a world of good. Should any of my readers be run down from overwork let me advise an ocean trip, and by all means get seasick.

We went direct to Manchester, where Tyler, the intercollegiate 440-yard record holder, awaited us, and we began training at once. On Wednesday, the second day off the boat, I won my first race—a 220-yard handicap, with sixteen-yard limit. My time was 22 2-5 around two turns. The prize was a large cabinet of cutlery valued at forty dollars.

We left Manchester on Friday morning for London to compete in the English championships on Saturday, July 1st. We left our hotel in London on Saturday at 12:30 in a four-wheeler bound for the grounds, but the cabby got lost, and after traveling all over London by train and cab, we finally arrived at the grounds at 3:20. The state of our feelings while hunting the grounds after coming so far to compete may be appreciated. I had just twenty minutes to "rub down" before my heat, in which I was entered against Malfait, the French champion. On the toss I won the inside position—the English seldom run the 220 straight away—which was some advantage, and I won my heat in 23 seconds. The track, by the way, was new and soft, which accounts for the slow times, my heat being the fastest of the four.

In the final heat I was pitted against Jupp, the English 220 champion; Watson, the Scottish champion, and O'Connor, the Irish champion. I was again fortunate enough to get the inside position and won the race in 22 2-5 seconds, equaling the English record. In the evening a reception was given the athletes at the Trocadero Cafe, in London, and the honorary members of the association, which included the Lord Mayor and several other lords, were present. As the only American present, I was given a seat of honor to the left hand of the Honorable President. England, Scotland, Ireland and France each had her champions present and they were called upon in turn for speeches, winding up with America. Dennis Horgan, the jolliest Irishman alive, who has won the shot-put at the English championships for nine successive seasons, represented Ireland, and was half the life of the banquet. After the toasts and all else was over the banquet was ended by singing "Auld Lang Syne," all standing upon their chairs, and some upon the table while singing. After the banquet a few of the "big uns" wanted to show me London, and thinking this an opportunity of a lifetime I consented to accompany them. New York cannot be compared to London after dark. As a prize for my championship victory I received a solid gold medal valued at fifty dollars, and can hold for one year the Championship Cup presented by Lord—Somebody. We returned to Manchester on Monday, and on Saturday, July 8th, competed at Birmingham.

Amsler competed in the hurdles at the championships and only the roughest kind of luck prevented his winning out. He tripped over the eighth hurdle while far in the lead, so was beaten out by Stronach, the redoubtable Scotch hurdle champion.

At Birmingham, on the 8th of July, I competed in the 300-yard scratch race, and covered the distance in the final in 31 seconds flat. The English record, made away back in 1887, is 31 2-5 seconds. Unfortunately, on remeasurement of the course, it was found just a few feet short, which deprived me of the honor of breaking the record. At Birmingham I was presented with a diamond ring worth over one hundred dollars, for my exhibition. The next day a party of thirty of us were taken as guests on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare. We saw his grave and memorial, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and other places of interest. In the afternoon our hosts chartered a launch and we spent the remainder of the day on the Avon. The river was full of pretentious gondolas, among the finest being that of Marie Corelli, the authoress. Returning to Manchester, we set out again, this time headed for Belfast, Ireland. Anyone who has spent July 12th in Belfast need not be told of the day. I have in my time seen parades, heard noises and seen fights all at one time, but never before had I seen such a sight as that in Belfast on the great anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. The tumultuous Orangemen—followers of William of Orange—celebrate in a way that has the American Fourth of July beaten miles.

After competing at Belfast we were taken to see the Giant's Causeway, one of the wonders of the world, in an Irish jaunting car which itself is another of the wonders. And so we continued jaunting up and down the little islands, until I turned a bad wrench in my knee which lamed me for the balance of the season.

Certainly the English are hospitable, entertain you lavishly and treat you impartially, despite the number of Yankee athletes who have invaded the country and carried away a large share of the prizes.

Boys' Printing Press As a Money-Maker

By WILL S. KNOX

IN ADDITION to the instruction, pleasure, and amusement to be obtained from a small printing press and outfit, the boy who is so fortunate as to possess one can, with a little extra effort, make it bring him in a revenue—sufficient for him to buy his own books, clothing and other needed articles, as well as furnish him pocket money.

I know not one but several men, now successful printers and publishers, with business interests valued at thousands of dollars, who obtained their liking for and start in the printing business by working with the little printing outfits they received as Christmas gifts from their parents. As their experience and their liking for the work grew stronger, their first small outfits were added to gradually, or were entirely replaced with larger and better presses and a greater variety of material.

The printing of cards is the first and most common method adopted by the boy printer to obtain money. It is also the most profitable. Calling cards ("name cards") are always in demand by ladies, girls and boys. Say the printer charges fifty cents a hundred for these cards, containing just a name or a name and address (this being only half the price asked by professional printers). He would realize a profit of forty cents or more on each order, as an excellent grade of cut cards can be had at from seventy-five cents to one dollar a thousand. Under the head of cards (which, by the way, are the simplest and easiest work of the printer), come business cards, advertising cards, tickets, checks, etc. These require more composition by the printer, but in some cases the card stock is cheaper than for visiting cards.

Envelopes and noteheads, printed, are becoming more generally used, and are always in demand by persons engaged in business. Good qualities in either can be had at a dollar a thousand and even less. Cards, envelopes and noteheads all bring about the same price: 50 cents for 100; 250 for $1; 500 for $1.50; 1,000 for $2.50. Professional printers seldom print in smaller lots than five hundred, which makes an opening for the "small lot" printer.



Boy Printers

Besides these, the boy printer, by a little energetic canvassing, could print labels for school-books and libraries, report-cards for teachers, badges for school classes and societies. Then, too, there is the church printing. The modern church is becoming quite an advertiser, and there are always announcements, cards, envelopes, programs, etc., required. And all of this work the boy printer can do just as well as the professional printer, at a much less cost to the customer, and still make a very handsome profit.

A Boy's Diary for 1905

"New Year's, 1905—Got up resolved to eat more sugar on my oatmeal—to have my share of the fried eggs—to have a second cup of coffee. Dad held himself in till after breakfast and then warmed me up.

"Washington's birthday—Got a lickin' for not bein' like George. He couldn't tell a lie, but I could.

"Fourth of July—No peanuts—no candy—no lemonade—no whoopin' her up for Bunker Hill. Got another lickin' and fireworks in the evenin.'

"Thanksgiving—Same fodder as the day before. Dad said I ought to be thankful to get that. Blamed me for not bein' a Pilgrim father and tanned my jacket. Went to bed feelin' thankful that I didn't get two of 'em.

"Christmas—Got a fried cake in my stockin'. Got a lickin' for throwin' it through the winder. Asked dad why they had Christmas, and he said it was an excuse for lickin' bad boys. Laid it on good and stout. While other boys got nothin', I got it redhot.

"Goodby, old year. Nothin' doin'. Hail, 1906! Between me 'n dad and you things will move along and the gate hinges won't get rusty. Throw in a circus or two if you can and remember a poor boy and make it a good year for stealin' harvest apples."—Baltimore American.

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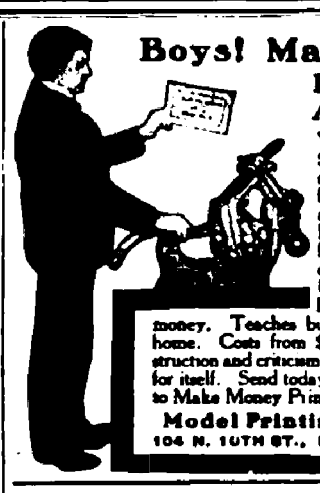

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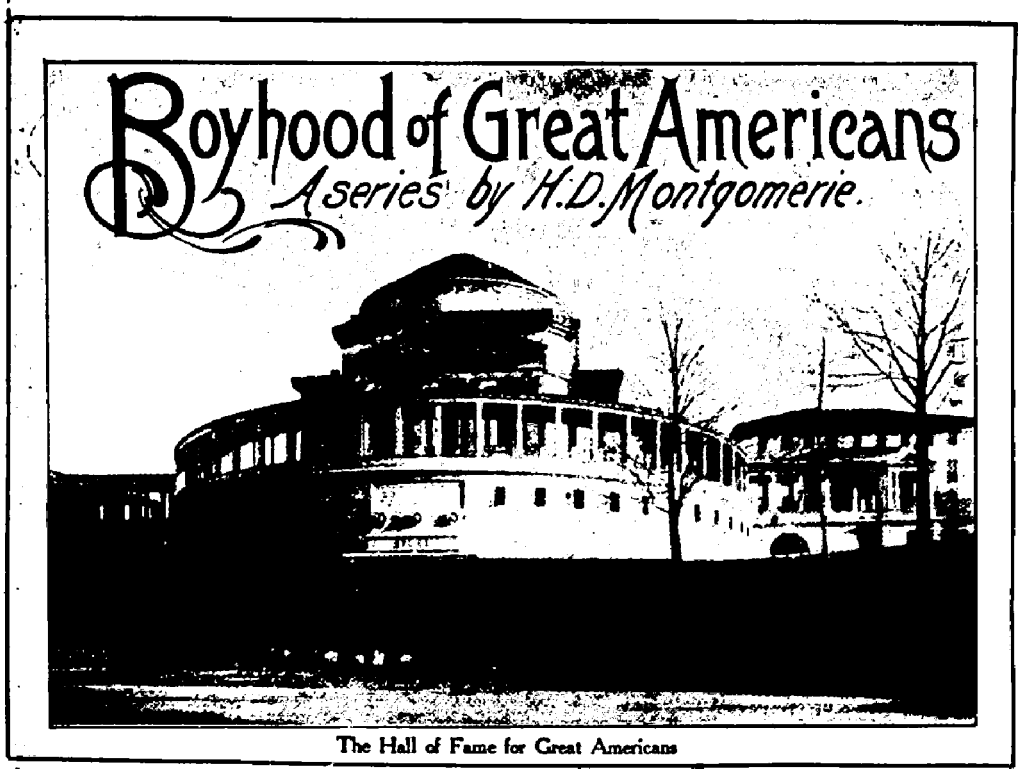

The Hall of Fame for Great Americans

¶ 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 of David G. Farragut No. III of Benjamin Franklin; No. IV of Abraham Lincoln.

No. V--John Adams

AMONG THE many illustrious names which the American boy should treasure, there is not one which should be held more dear than that of John Adams, for to him with a few others belongs the honor of having laid the foundations of our great Republic.

In 1636, only sixteen years after the "Pilgrim Fathers" landed on that "wild New England shore," there is a record of Henry Adams, who was a great grandfather of John Adams, receiving grants of land at Mount Wollaston, now a part of Quincy—in the colony of Massachusetts. There the descendents of Henry Adams can still be found.

Barren, rocky land and the continual warfare which the Indians waged against the invasion of their territory by the white men made the lives of these first settlers one long, arduous struggle for a bare living, and prevented their ever becoming well to do; so that when Henry Adams died, he was able to leave to his heirs only a small bit of land, a house consisting of three rooms, a barn containing a cow and calf and a few pigs. The house furnishings consisted only of three beds, a few pots, pans and dishes, one silver spoon and some books—the whole valued in English money at seventy-five pounds thirteen shillings, but what would now amount to ten times that figure.

Fortune, however, smiled more genially upon the efforts of the succeeding generations of the Adams family, and they became fairly prosperous.

The father of President John Adams, whose name was also John, was a grandson of Henry Adams. He is described as being a farmer in fairly comfortable circumstances, though he was forced to work early and late to provide for the simple wants of his family. He was looked up to and honored in his neighborhood for his sturdy, honest character. As a deacon of the church he exercised considerable influence among his fellow townsmen. His wife was Susanna Boylston, the daughter of Peter Boylston, a resident of the neighboring town of Brookline. She was in all respects a woman of high character and noble principle. To this worthy couple there was born a son on October 19th, 1735, to whom they gave the name of John. The quaint old house in which this child was born still stands in the town of Quincy and is annually visited by thousands of patriotic Americans. As with the Old Boston State House and Faneuil Hall, so this house has been called "The Cradle of Liberty;" and if any home in America deserves the name it is surely the one in which "The Father of Independence" was born. The boy grew up strong and hardy, his mind and morals being carefully watched and nurtured by his conscientious Puritan parents. There is extremely little recorded of the boyhood of John Adams. He began his diary when he was twenty years old, but it tells hardly anything of the years up to that age. We know, however, that his parents were most desirous of giving their son such an education as would fit him for the ministry, an ambition of many parents in those days, for clergymen in New England in colonial times exercised authority not only in religious matters, but in civil affairs. So it is not a matter for wonder that the greatest hope of these New England fathers and mothers was that their boys should have the word "Reverend" tacked to their names.

Young John Adams, like many other boys, at first cared little for books. The great forests round about his home, wherein dwelt every species of wild animal life; the birds in the meadows; the streams and brooks wherein the wily trout in great shoals only waited the bait of the fisherman—all the glorious fascinations of life in the open held more attractions for young Adams than did anything he saw in books.

The boys and girls of the New England colonies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, had not much time for sport or play. Work and plenty of it was their portion, and their parents, hose stern, devout old Puritans, had very little sympathy with young folks in their fun. Yet it could not be all work. There was skating and sledding in the winter; ball games and running and wrestling in the summer, occasional hunting trips and camping parties.

At a very early age John Adams decided that he would be a farmer. The following story, one of the very few recorded, is told concerning his boyhood's choice of occupation. He had just entered his fourteenth year when his father one day said: "My son, it is now time that you should make a decision as to your future occupation in life. What business do you want to follow?"



John Adams

"I want to be a farmer," replied the boy.

"Very well," said his father; "it is time now that you should comence your life work. You must give up play, and enter upon that steady, hard work, without which no farmer can get a living."

And so, the next morning, at what seemed to him too early an hour, the would-be farmer was roused from sleep, a hoe placed in his hands, and he was directed to a field that required attention. From early morn till noon, he pursued his work diligently; then home for dinner and back to the field, where he continued working all afternoon till the evening shadows fell and darkness came.

Working all alone that afternoon, under a hot sun, the boy began to think. The wonderful delights of a farmer's life somehow did not appeal to him so strongly as before. Tired and aching, he went home in the evening, and, when the frugal supper was finished, he looked at his parent and said: "Father, I have been thinking today and have concluded that I should like to try my books." We imagine that a smile of grim humor must have lighted up the usually stern face of the elder Adams as he listened to the boy's half-concealed confession. Hearty consent was at once given, the father offering to make every sacrifice to help his son acquire an education, provided the boy was in earnest and meant to apply himself with diligence to his books.

For two years Adams attended school at Braintree and so well did he acquit himself that at the age of sixteen he was able to enter Harvard College.

Of John Adams's student days we have very little record, but we know that on his graduation in 1755, he left Harvard with a reputation for energy, ability and good scholarship. The graduating class numbered twenty-four and young Adams stood fourteenth; but it must be explained that the rank of a student did not, strange to say, depend so much on scholarship as on the social position held by the student's parents. And as the father and mother of John Adams belonged only to the small farmer class, their son's position is easily accounted for.

Immediately on graduation the young man had to look around for something to do. His father had made considerable sacrifices in order that he might have an education, being forced to take up shoemaking in addition to farming that he might make ends meet. The public school of Worcester required an instructor and young John Adams got the position. On the place where this schoolhouse stood there has been erected a monument by the Daughters of the American Revolution having a tablet bearing this inscription: "In front of this tablet stood the first schoolhouse in Worcester where John Adams, second President of the United States, taught, 1755-1758. Much to his parents' disappointment he gave up the idea of becoming a minister, although his diary, which he began at the time he left Harvard and kept up for over twenty-two years, in its early pages gives evidence of a leaning towards the pulpit. Finding, however, that he was not fitted for the ministry, he began, in 1756, to read law in the office of Judge Putnam, stating that, "The study and practice of law, I am sure, does not dissolve the obligations of morality or religion." His boyish dislike to books and study seems now to have disappeared, as we learn that he was an earnest student. His days were given to teaching and his evenings and spare time to his law studies. In taking up this course, in which courage and great self-denial were required, John Adams was actuated by the noblest of motives. It was to fit himself worthily for the service of his country, if he should be called upon. He could see that the policy of oppression which Great Britain was pursuing towards her colonies was arousing a spirit of resistance; that unless this policy were abandoned the end would be war. Young as he was, John Adams pondered deeply over these things and in a letter to a friend he prophesied the coming greatness of America.

In the dissipations and so-called pleasures in which the young men of his day indulged, young Adams not only took no part, but scathingly rebuked. His words might well be taken to heart by the boys and young men of today: "What pleasure," he asks, "can a young gentleman, who is capable of thinking, take in playing cards? It gratifies none of the senses. It can entertain the mind only by hushing its clamors. Cards, backgammon, etc., are the great antidotes to reflection, to thinking. What learning and sense are we to expect from young gentlemen in whom a fondness for cards, etc., outgrows and chokes the desire of knowledge?"

Having been admitted to the bar, John Adams went back to Braintree and there hung out his shingle. His honesty and integrity of purpose, as well as his reputation for knowledge, soon brought him clients and, altho' fees were small, he got plenty to do.

While always an intense patriot, it was the iniquitous Stamp Act which the British government issued against her colonies that brought John Adams prominently before his fellow countrymen and started him on that career of public service which ended only at his death. Along with James Otis, that great lawyer, statesman, and scholar who had already contested the legality of the right of Great Britain to authorize search warrants, and of whose speech in court John Adams wrote: "American independence was then and there born," he presented a petition to Governor Bernard and the council to re-open the courts which had been closed because of the refusal to use the hated stamps. In support of the petition John Adams made the bold declaration that "the Stamp Act is invalid, it not being in any sense our act, we having never consented to it."

From that hour John Adams became a marked man in the councils of his countrymen, taking rank with such leaders as Otis, Hancock and others in their endeavors to obtain their country's freedom from the intolerable oppression of Great Britain—endeavors which were finally crowned with a glorious success.

SYNOPSIS OF JOHN ADAMS'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER

1768. Removed to Boston.
1770-71. Defended English soldiers accused of taking part in Boston Massacre.
1772. Protested against interference of British government with colonial judiciary.
1774. Sent to first Colonial Congress and drew up resolution concerning colonial rights.
1775. Member of second Continental Congress. Proposed Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. Foremost in bringing about the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, gaining thereby from Jefferson the name of "the colossus of that debate."
1777. American Commissioner in France—obtained appointment of Franklin as sole Commissioner.
1779. Appointed Commissioner to treat with Great Britain for peace.
1782. Commercial treaty between Holland and United States.
1783. Peace with Great Britain concluded by Adams, Franklin and Jay.
1784. Concluded treaties with several European states.
1785. First American minister to England.
1788. Returned to U. S. Received thanks of Congress.
1789. Chosen first Vice-President of U. S.
1792. Re-elected Vice-President.
1796. Elected second President of U. S.
1800. Defeated by Jefferson for re-election to Presidency. Retired to Quincy, Massachusetts, where he lived until 1826. Died, July 4.

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JOHN ADAMS
1735—1826

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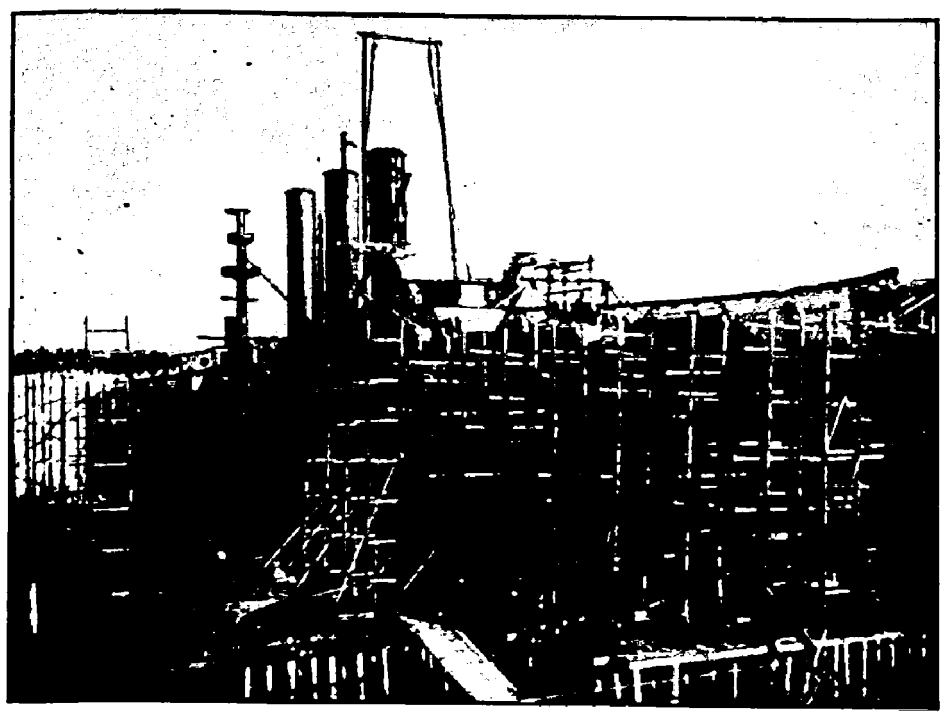
THE WAY AN OCEAN LINER IS BUILT

By HARRY A. PACKARD



A Few Days Before the Launching

DID YOU ever visit a shipyard where the huge ocean-going ships are built? If not, you cannot understand the immense amount of work modern war and travel has caused. Today the art of shipbuilding is a wonderful art, compared, as tradition has it, with the shipbuilding that was first successfully attempted in Egypt, and brought to Greece by Danaus, about 1485 B. C.

In historic times the Phoenicians took the lead in the art. In England the first two-decked vessel was the "Royal Harry," built in 1488; it had five masts. Steamships were first constructed about 1812; they were of wood. The first two of iron were launched in 1833 and 1834, to ply on the Humber.

A shipyard is always an interesting place to visit. The picture shows a big ship in her stocks in the shipyard a few days before the launching.

When the contract for the construction of a vessel is signed, and as soon as the dimensions, general arrangement, plans and specifications are approved by the owners, work commences immediately in the draughting rooms. The lines and shape of the hull to fulfill requirements regarding speed, dead weight, capacity, etc., are first determined upon. These lines are then faired up on a large scale and the offsets furnished to the mold loft, where the work of laying down the vessel to its full size is commenced at once.

In the meantime, a wooden model on a ¼, ⅜, or ½ scale, according to the size of the vessel, has been made by the pattern-maker from the original office lines, and on this model is lined off all the plate edges, butt laps, etc., of the shell plating. If the vessel has a double bottom following the outer bottom and sides, such as is usually fitted on war vessels, a model of the inner bottom is made and lined. The keel, bulkheads, decks, foundations, bow and stern fittings, framings, deck-house, casings, etc., are roughly outlined. The floor-heads, keelsons, and strin,s are marked on a frame body-plan taken from the large scale-drawings, and within a few days of the signing of the contract all the steel plates and shapes are ordered.

The stem, stern-posts, rudder and other large forgings or castings, rivets, deck-plan, and wood for all other carpenter and joiner work is then ordered. The drawings are gradually finished, traced, approved, and sent into the yard and shops ready for work when the material arrives.

If the vessel is a steamship, the engineering department is notified as soon as the contract is signed what power is required for the vessel, the general type of the machinery, and the space available for the same, and it proceeds to determine the size of engines and boilers and prepare general arrangement plans.

When the ship is completed and ready for the launching, the staging is removed, and the standing and sliding ways with packing are placed in position. On the morning of the launching day, the standing ways are well greased. When all is ready, the wedges are driven in and the ship is raised sufficiently to release the stress upon the blocks. These are then split from end to end of the vessel, allowing the whole weight to rest upon the permanent or groundways.

After the blocks are split and the ship lies on the launching cradle (which, by the way, is lashed under the keel by strong rope-toggles) the shore braces are knocked down one by one, thus removing from about the hull the last semblance of ground support.

At this stage the ship would break away and slide into the water, were it not held in place by an arrangement of iron rods, pins and rope lashings. This arrangement secures the sliding of the permanent ways, and until it is removed there is no possibility of the ship's starting.

Then comes the launching. The pins and rope lashings are cut away. There is a sharp cracking and rending. The huge mass is seen slowly to move, rapidly augmenting in speed for its final plunge. Then a mass of white water leaps into the air, and with a mighty plunge the ship enters the water.

Some Mottoes.

"To be honest, to be kind, to be brave, to be cheerful; to do always the best I can, to make always the best of things, to be glad over the work of those who surpass me, and to help the next fellow along," this is the "working creed" of a cheery Chicago toiler who finds friends plentiful and life well worth living.

"To do the best we can and rejoice with those who can do better" is the admirable motto of a New York Boys' Club.

"Do your stunt and do not grunt," is the manner in which a successful business man of Chicago and New York expresses his own helpful watchword.

"Paradise is the believing in it," is another good motto, pleasantly suggestive of the ends and aims of faith.

A LITTLE HEALTH SERMON

By THE EDITOR

Just a word about breathing. The nose is not so much for use in talking as in breathing. An athlete is taught to breathe through his nostrils. An Indian does not have to be taught so to breathe; he does it naturally, because when a mere infant his mother compelled him to do so, if he was inclined to do otherwise. If an Indian mother finds her baby breathing with its mouth open, she puts a strap of rawhide around its jaws. She thinks that if the baby cannot breathe through its nose it had better die, because it will never be healthy and strong.

Another thing to learn is, that one should breathe deep. Do not breathe from the chest, but from the lower ribs. It is said that the whisper of Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, has wonderful carrying quality. It is not that her vocal cords are so strong, and her enunciation so clear, but that behind her breathing is powerful bellows; so that when she whispers, the words come with force that carries them.

The Indian teaches us a lesson, too, in deep breathing. Indians have been known to cover eighty to a hundred miles on foot in a day, and as much as two hundred miles on horseback. Their strength and endurance largely comes from their open-air life, their sturdy habits, their deep breathing. If you want to live a hundred years, you cannot expect to do it if you breathe only from the little space under the upper ribs.

One thing, too, about your clothing. If you find that your coat or your vest is tight when buttoned, have the buttons moved over so that there will be sufficient room for deep breathing. Women and girls have much said to them along this line, but men and boys need it as well. Unbutton your vest and coat and see how far apart the buttons are from the buttonholes when you breathe naturally. You may know then that if you must draw them together in order to button them, you are not giving enough room to your stomach and lungs.

Perhaps your mother and father do not appreciate what this all means to you. Nevertheless take my word for it; no better advice from the health standpoint can be given you.

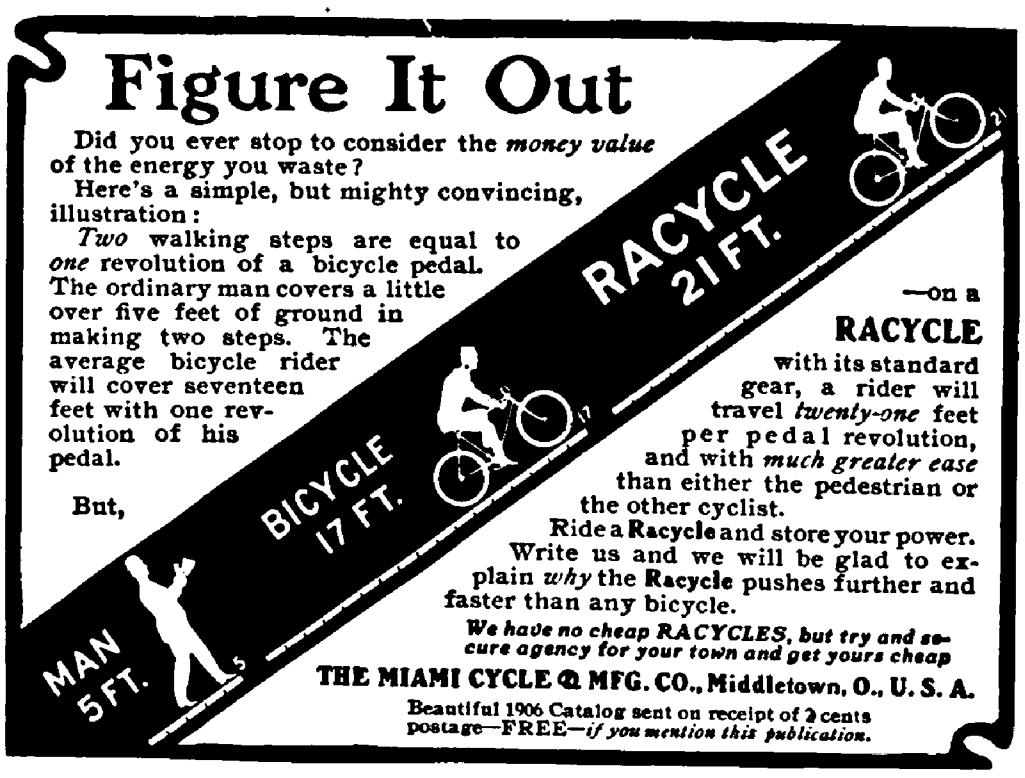
Figure It Out

Did you ever stop to consider the *money value* of the energy you waste?

Here's a simple, but mighty convincing, illustration:

Two walking steps are equal to *one* revolution of a bicycle pedal. The ordinary man covers a little over five feet of ground in making two steps. The average bicycle rider will cover seventeen feet with one revolution of his pedal.

But,



—on a **RACYCLE** with its standard gear, a rider will travel *twenty-one* feet per pedal revolution, and with *much greater ease* than either the pedestrian or the other cyclist.

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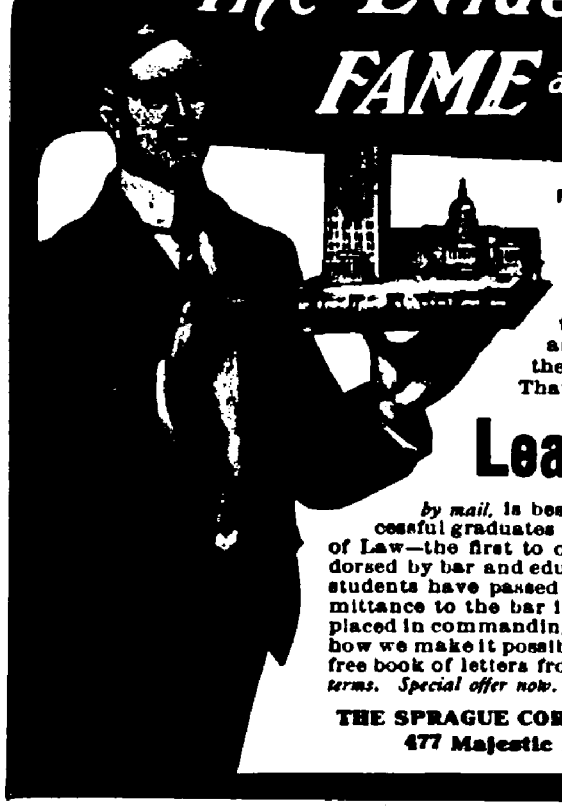

THAT the law offers many flattering opportunities to the young man is best evidenced by a look into the big office buildings, court rooms and capitols. Here will be found the heads of great business and financial institutions, prominent lawyers, legal advisers and statesmen, almost all of whom owe their triumphs to a knowledge of the law. That any ambitious young man can

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THE PANCAKE EARTH AND ITS PRESS AGENT

Eleven-Year-Old Boston Boy is the Youngest Press Agent in the World

By GARLAND P. FERRELL

"A PRESS AGENT to see you, sir," said the office boy to the city editor of a Boston newspaper one Saturday night recently, "and he says he is in a hurry."

"I wonder what has happened now," replied the editor to a group of reporters who were chatting in the office. "I suppose it is the same old yarns; some chorus girls have inhaled poison from a bouquet thrown over the footlights, and have been saved by the heroic work of seven doctors; or perhaps the leading lady has stood too close to the curtain when it rolled up, and being caught by the hair has been hung in the air fifteen feet above the stage until the curtain was rung down; or maybe it is the still older yarn; she has inherited five million dollars from an old miner who had taken a fancy to her one night when she acted as Little Eva in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company out in Deadwood; but at any rate you fellows want to keep your ears open for a big fib of some kind."

The press agent of a show is the man who goes around to the newspaper offices, telling big yarns about his show and the people in it, so that the editor will think he is hearing news and will consequently print a lot of free advertising. The press agent is generally a fat, good-natured individual who tells the editor funny stories, having first handed out a good fat cigar, and generally leaves some complimentary tickets to the show.

Consequently the city editor and the reporters waited with a feeling of anxious amusement for the fat, laughing individual to bow himself into the room. But no such character appeared. It was a little freckle-faced, barefooted boy that came in looking very serious indeed, as he respectfully removed his straw hat.

"I'll see you in a minute, sonny," said the city editor. "Just now I am waiting to see a press agent who has been announced, and is overdue."

"That's me," said the youngster as a broad smile spread over his freckles. "I would like you to put a notice in your paper saying that J. Broom will speak on Boston Common tomorrow afternoon, on the subject: 'Is It or Is It Not.'"

"I don't think it is," laughed a reporter who was immensely amused to see the way the editor stared in astonishment at the little fellow.

"Now, this is serious," answered the barefoot boy.

"My father believes this earth is a plane and not a sphere, and he is going to try to prove it. Here is the notice."

The neat manuscript which the boy handed to the editor was as follows; it was written by himself:

"IS IT, OR IS IT NOT?"

Everybody welcome.

The creation, formation, and foundation of the world is the subject booked for consideration at the Charles Street hall, on the Boston Common, for Sunday, Aug. 2 (weather permitting) by J. Broom, D. and B. A. of Toronto, Ont., Can. In which the question as to whether the earth is a globe or a plane will be treated fairly free from supposition and mainly from a Biblical standpoint. Get there early and secure standing room. Remember the time, sharp from 12:30 P. M., continuing to 2:30 P. M. A half hour will be cut off for the answering of questions pointedly on the subject which may be presented by anyone there present. The speaker desires to see a goodly number and will make it both interesting and edifying to the attentive hearer."

As the little fellow's father has poor eye-sight, the young press agent not only writes all of his notices, but also, as his private secretary, writes about fifteen letters a week of which he makes two copies by pen. In this way he is becoming an expert in penmanship, at the same time keeping a file of the correspondence.

James Broom Jr. is not exactly an American boy, though he lives in Boston, since he was born in Canada. He has some characteristics, however, that are worthy of American boys, as this incident will show: On the last Fourth of July, he wanted to celebrate with the young Americans in his neighborhood, but in honor of his birth-place he wished to display a Union Jack, the flag of Great Britain. Nowhere at the stores could he find one within his reach, but not to be disappointed he set heroically to work with red and blue paper and



James Broom Jr.

made a little flag which he flaunted from his window. The Boston boys, however, took this for a challenge and bombarded the foreign flag with rocks. One well-aimed missile tore the emblem badly, but the persistent Canadian patched it up. "And it stayed out the window all day long, too," he added with a gleam of triumph in his eyes and a quick, decisive jerk of his head, as he finished the story.

Although the teacher of the sixth grade of the Dwight School has taught young Broom the geography lesson that the earth is a sphere like an orange, the press agent says he has been doing some thinking of his own and he defends his father's theory vehemently.

"Now, I want to ask you a question," he said to the city editor, "and, mind you, I'm not sassing you. I simply want to learn your idea on the subject. If the earth is round why don't the water fall off?"

"Oh, that's easy," smiled the editor. "It is held by the force of gravitation."

"That is what President Eliot, of Harvard, told me when I went to him about it, but that doesn't make it clear to me. Another thing I have been thinking about. I have been reading about wireless telegraphy. Now how do those waves go? Do they go straight or curved?"

"Straight," answered a reporter.

"Then why don't they miss their mark if the earth is curved," quizzed the young theorist.

"I want you to think of this, too," retorted the little fellow, getting warmed up because the men laughed at him. "If you go up in a balloon a number of miles and stay in the air six hours, and then come down in the same place, why is it, if the earth revolves, that you don't come down fifteen degrees from where you went up?"

The answer to this was a chorus of laughter, and the little fellow took it for granted that he had won the debate.

While his fighting spirit was up, he paid his respects to the condition of the newspaper office, where torn papers, letters and crumbled manuscripts litter the floor at the end of day.

"One of the Toronto paper offices looked just like this," said he, "so I decided to give the editor a lesson. Long before Christmas I began saving my pennies, and when I had enough I bought a broom and a dust pan. On Christmas morning I wrapped them up so that nobody could see what I had, and I carried them to the editor and told him I had brought him a practical Christmas present. He took the hint and his office now doesn't look like yours."

"I want to ask," he added, "what day do you reporters keep as the Sabbath?"

This was a ticklish subject and produced a long pause. Finally some one said that as the paper is printed seven days a week that reporters rested every day between editions.

"Well, you ought to strike," said the boy with emphasis.

"We would get struck so quick we wouldn't know where to go to eat," was the answer.

"Oh, no," retorted the little agitator, "all you need to do is to show you mean business, and your employers will allow you a day of rest."

When the office boy had shown the youngest press agent in the world how to get out of the office, he came back jubilant.

"Say, dat kid's a wonder," he said.

"Do the next thing," is the motto that enables John Wannamaker to successfully manage his own business and the largest Sunday school in the world.

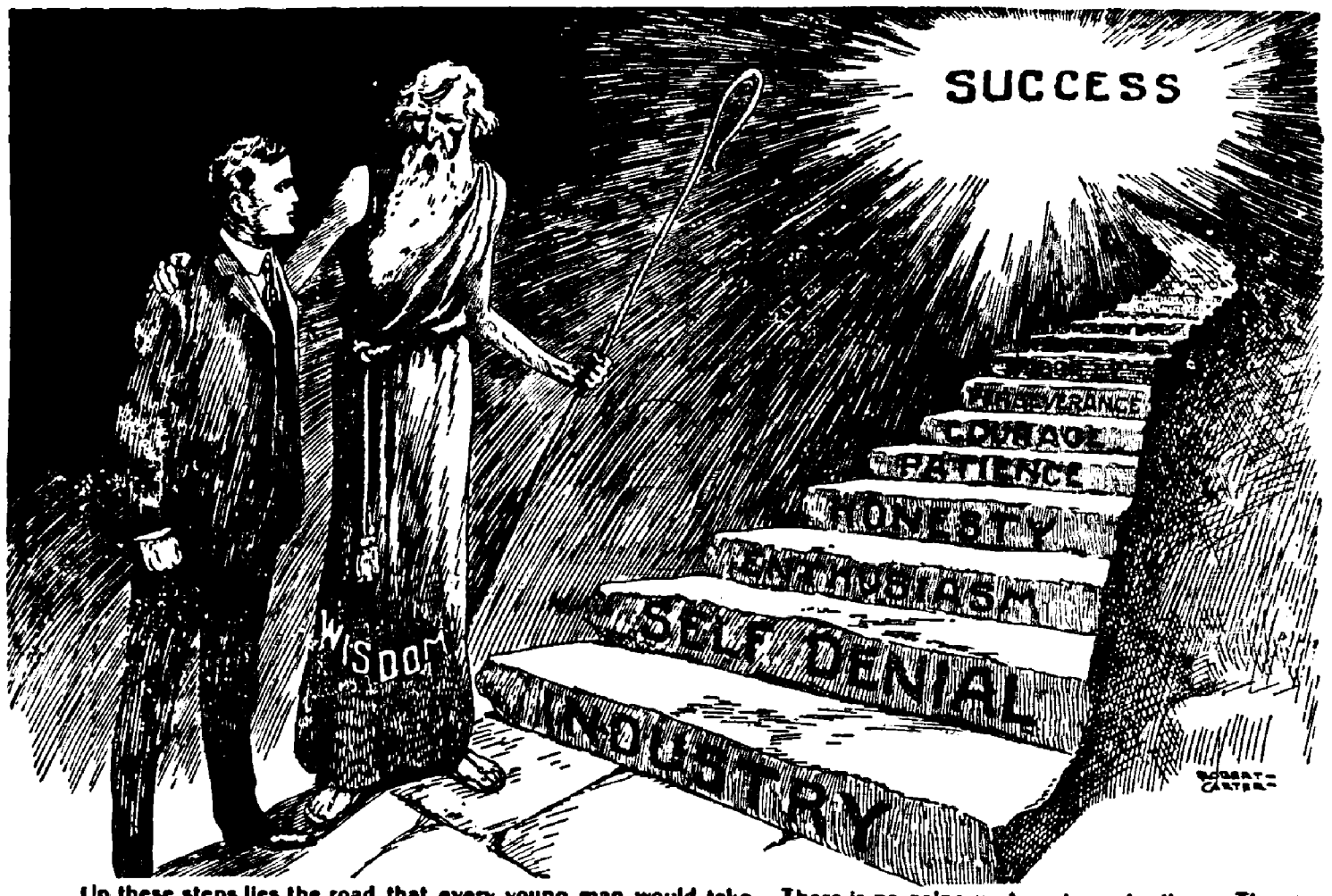
"Today," inscribed upon a large piece of chalcedony, was the motto of Ruskin, always in plain sight on his study table.

"Deeds, not words," is the motto of Gen. Neal Dow, who also insists "Always try to be on the side of the right, always against the wrong."

BEGINS NEXT MONTH.

An illustrated account of Arthur Duffey's sprinting triumphs in Australia.

YOU MUST DO YOUR OWN CLIMBING



Up these steps lies the road that every young man would take. There is no going up two steps at a time. The steps are high, broad. And the climb is a long one—to REAL SUCCESS.

—Chicago American.

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YOU see we make more incubators than any other concern in the world.

We have two big factories equipped with every up-to-date labor-saving appliance.

We buy lumber in immense quantities.

And turn out from six to seven hundred Incubators a day.

This means high grade machines at low cost.

Now we are after the trade with an Incubator of up-stairs quality at a down-stairs price. And to prove to you that Chatham Incubators are the best made, we are willing to let you try one 84 days **FREE.**



You can take off four hatches, and, if the machine isn't exactly as represented send it back at our expense. Could we make a fairer offer?

But we go further even than this and guarantee every Incubator we sell for five years—a direct Iron-clad guarantee. Send for our FREE Catalog today.

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and 200 eggs will start you in a pleasing and profitable business raising poultry. Hundreds of men and women make good money raising chicks for early market. Why not you? Write for free catalogue.

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Boys, Girls and Chickens



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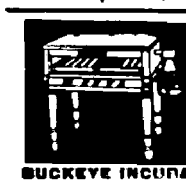

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of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains Fine Chromo, illustrates and describes 80 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents.

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Leading varieties of poultry. Prices low. Catalogue free. We make a specialty of turkey eggs for hatching, putting out hundreds of eggs each season.

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DOGS AND HOGS FOR SALE

All kinds. Pigeons, Ferrets and Rabbits. Send Six Cents for catalogue.

CHAS. H. LANDIS, 510 Moss St., READING, PA. Dept. 1

Syd, The Strenuous.

When Syd is six,
  Who now is only five,
No more display of any baby tricks,
  He's going to shed his kilts, as I'm alive,
When he is six.

When Syd is six
  What wonders will arrive!
A really, truly nickel watch that ticks;
  A cart and pony, too, for him to drive,
When he is six.

When Syd is six
  He's going to swim and dive
And shoot—in fact, my brain is in a fix
  To think of anything he won't contrive,
When he is six.

When Syd is six—
  I hope we will survive,
I hope we won't be turned to lunatics
  From hearing of the strenuous way he'll strive,
When he is six!

Rose Millis Powers, in The Pilgrim.

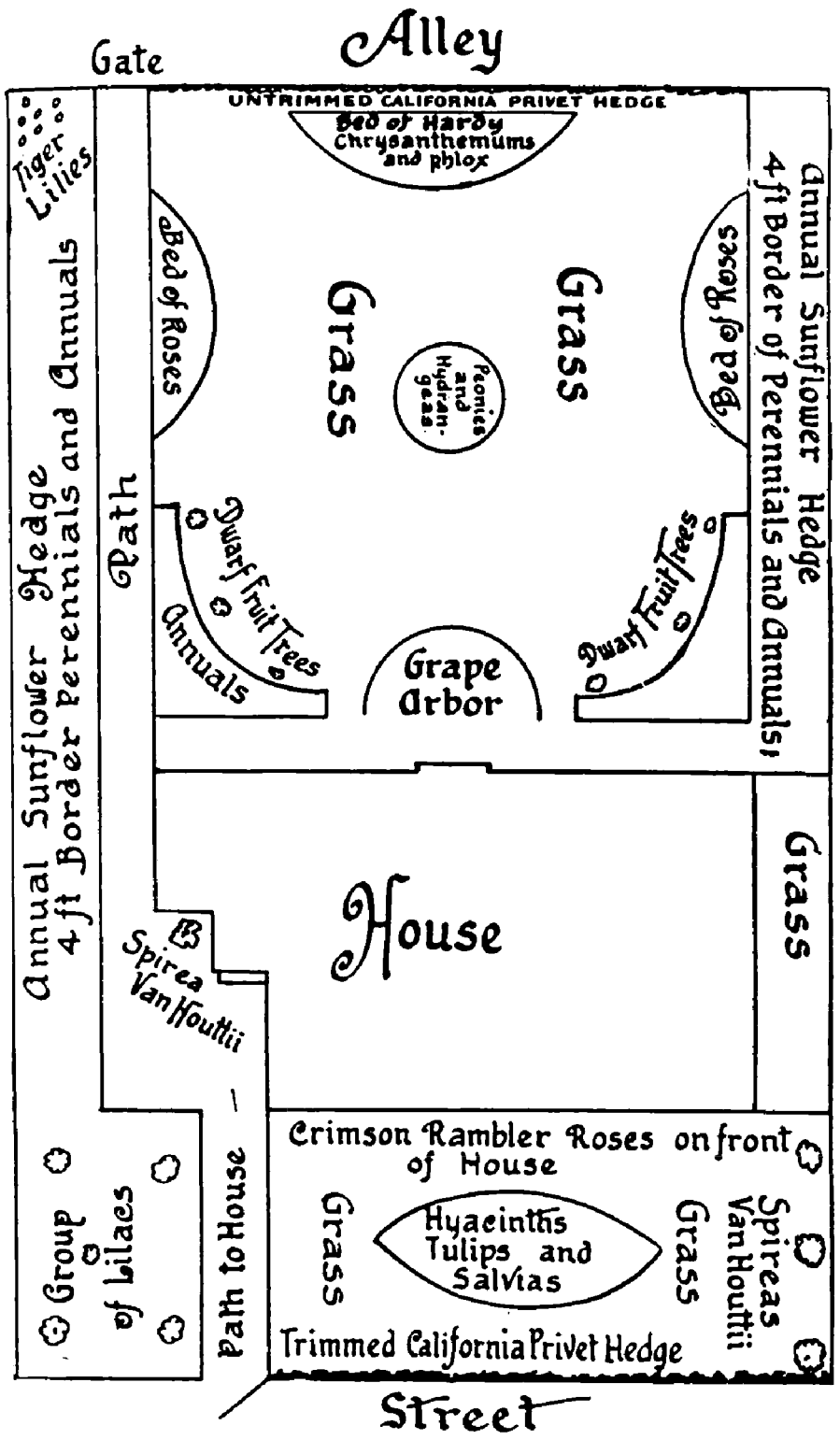
One Thing Certain.

"I say, father," said the studious youth to his parent, "here's a question in the paper that seems interesting: 'If a cannon ball going at twenty miles a minute were fired from the back of a train going sixty miles an hour, where would the cannon-ball alight?'"

"I don't know exactly where it would 'light,'" replied the parent, "but I'm pretty sure it would do a lot of damage. It couldn't hit anywhere without hurting a lot of people that were standing about without anything better to do than puzzle their heads over such silly questions."

THE BOY'S GARDEN

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN
Honorary Member Detroit Florists' Club



GARDEN-MAKING is fun, if you go about it in the right way. Go slow and do things right. If you have a fairly good soil to work with and do not allow the weeds to get the start of you, you are bound to succeed.

Most boys know how to handle a spade, hoe and rake, and these tools together with a good wheelbarrow and a strong manure fork, are all the garden implements required to do the work. Some people may tell you that you can get along without the manure fork, but do not believe then; they do not know what they are talking about. A plant, like a human being, requires nourishment during the period of its growth, and manure is the kind of food it likes best. The old gardener was right when he said that manure "is the boss of the garden." It's like putting money into the bank; the more you put in, the more you can take out. You can probably obtain all the manure you need by getting on the right side of your milkman. Take an occasional ride with him over his route and get him some new customers. He will appreciate this and either let you have the manure for nothing or sell it to you at a low price.

Of course, the principal object of a flower-garden is to beautify the home, to make it as attractive as possible. In designing the plan that accompanies the article, the author kept this purpose in view and subordinated everything to the idea that the garden is a setting for the house. I suppose it is scarcely necessary to say that I do not expect you to follow the plan in all of its details, but would rather have you regard it as suggestive. It will call your attention to certain features that may be carried out to advantage in your own garden. Or the plan can be modified to adapt it to other locations; as it is now, it is intended for a lot running north and south, with the rear in the latter direction.

You may not care for the ornamental gardening on the lawn and prefer a simple grass plot, or you may make up your mind to divide the back yard into a number of flower beds of irregular size. If you decide to do the latter, be sure that the beds are not so large that you can not reach across them, and make your walks wide enough so that you won't have to go along like a tight-rope performer when you are at work. And don't try to pattern after a cemetery effect. Make your beds flat and do not raise them too high above the level of the ground. No definite directions can be given, as the proper height of a bed depends upon its length and width.

But let us suppose you intend to carry out the design just as it stands. At first, as you look at it, it may appear to be rather complicated, to such an extent, in fact, that you may lose heart. You want to remember, however, that you are not going to do it all at once. A garden is not made in a season, any more than Rome was built in a day. If you manage to make the lawn in the front and the rear of the house and get the borders on either side of the lot ready for planting, you will be doing exceedingly well this spring. As you will not want to be wholly without flowers, even this summer, scatter seeds of annuals up and down the borders. Do not mix the seed so as to produce a jumble of bloom, but sow each kind in a separate place and secure large splotches of color that will be far more effective. The seeds of annuals are cheap, and one package at five cents produces hundreds of flowering plants. I can particularly recommend the following annuals for your purpose: Ageratum, Sweet Alyssum, Balsam, Calendula, Calliopsis, Candytuft, Cosmos, Dahlia, Eschscholtzia, Gaillardia, Marigold, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Nicotiana, Pansies, Petunia, all kinds of poppies, and various shades of Zinnias. These will all attain perfection and flower from seed the first season and will make a show in the garden that will astonish the neighbors and please you. Many of the annuals are excellent for cut flowers and will last a long time in the house.

In preparing the ground for the lawns, make it perfectly level and work in as much manure as possible. If the surface is uneven in some places, it may be necessary to fill up. Buy your grass seed from a reliable seedman and sow it liberally. It is an advantage to have the lawns rolled before and after seeding, but you will probably have to do without this, unless you can have the work done by somebody else, as rollers are very heavy. Perhaps you can interest your father in your undertaking and get him to do the work for you. The first year the lawns should not be cut closely or frequently, hence they will require little attention outside of watering.

In sowing your annuals, those known to be the largest and showiest should be used as a background. They include: Cosmos, Nicotiana, the tall poppies and the Zinnias. The Dahlia should, of course, be employed in the same manner, although, strictly speaking, it is not an annual. The dwarfer plants, on the contrary, are used in the foreground. If an edging is desired, it can be easily made by the use of still smaller plants, such as the Tom Thumb Ageratum, Alyssum Compacta, Portulacca, and the Lilliput Zinnia.

As might be expected, the first outlay for seeds is the most considerable. In the fall you will be able to gather plenty of seeds for the next season. You will then have more than you can use, in fact. Sell or give away the surplus. If you are well acquainted with the proprietor of the corner grocery, perhaps you can induce him to buy bouquets and seeds of you and thus make the garden pay for itself to a large extent, if not entirely. If you are popular, the people in your neighborhood will give your seeds the preference, and you will be popular if you raise flowers.

Late in the spring, after the other work is done, set aside a part of the border on the west side of the garden for the purpose of raising hardy perennials. Botanists call every plant a perennial that exists for two years or more, but some last nearly a lifetime and become more of the plants in the list given below will perfect with every year. The bed in the western border is intended for temporary quarters only, whence the seedlings are to be transplanted to permanent situations in the fall. When severe cold weather sets in, in the late autumn, it is well to give them a protective covering, which should be removed, however, as soon as the danger from severe late frosts is over.

Among the taller sorts of hardy flowering perennials the following are particularly desirable: Anemone, Queen Charlotte, Columbine, Canterbury Bell, Coreopsis, Larkspur, Foxglove, Gaillardia, Hibiscus, Hollyhock, Peony, Hardy Phlox, Platycodon, Oriental and Iceland Poppies, Scabiosa Caucasica, Tritoma, the German and Japanese Irises, and the hardy Chrysanthemums. The best low-growing varieties include the hardy Alyssum and Candytuft, Myosotis, Achillea, Armeria, Pinks and that dear old acquaintance of ours, Sweet William.

You cannot be expected, of course, to be familiar with the names and habits of all of these different plants, but a postal to any seedsman will secure you a catalogue that contains all the information you will require and each package of seeds bears directions for cultivation.

At the close of the season, you will cut out the lawn in front of the house, as indicated, to make your flower-bed. When it is ready to receive the bulbs, put in your hyacinths and tulips, the former in the center. Possibly you may prefer to plant tulips only in these winter quarters, as they are quite inexpensive, when purchased by the hundred, and just as showy in the spring. In that case it would be best to select one color, say red, which would produce a pleasing effect in contrast with the lawn. Do not plant your bulbs later than the last of October, as they must be well rooted before winter sets in. Salvias, started in seed boxes in the house, in the early part of March, will be ready to take the place of the tulips in the begining of June.

On the front of the house, on either side of the windows, you may now plant Crimson Rambler roses or Clematis Paniculata, on light trellises, or attach them to the clapboards by means of small leather straps and tacks. The spireas, lilacs and tiger lilies may be planted next. Syringa Frau Dammann (white), with a truss of an immense size, and Syringa Ludwig Spaeth, with long panicles and large single individual flowers of a dark purplish red, are among the best lilacs of recent introduction. If you cannot afford to buy these, however, try to discover this spring where good lilacs are in bloom and request the owner to let you have some of the suckers in the fall. These should, of course be taken up with plenty of roots and will eventually make large plants.

Besides the hardy chrysanthemums and phloxes in the bed at the extreme rear of the garden, you may plant hardy gaillardias, which will make a very striking combination.

For the rose beds I would suggest the following collection: Gen. Jacqueminot, Paul Neyron, Prince Camille de Rohan, Magna Charta, Maman Cochet, Mrs. John Laing, Madame Plantier, Clio and Clotilde Soupert. I have grown all of these roses personally and know they will give satisfaction.

In the circular bed, on the rear lawn, the hardy hydrangeas should be placed in the center of the peonies. An edging of white ageratum or sweet alyssum for this bed would look very pretty and enhance the beauty of the other plants.

The only thing that remains to complete the plan is the planting of the California privets. Although these are very inexpensive, you can get them for nothing by procuring the cuttings when the owner of some well-established hedge of the kind trims it. Select the largest cuttings and plant them in sand in the cellar, where they are left until spring. By that time they have formed a callous and will take root if planted out.

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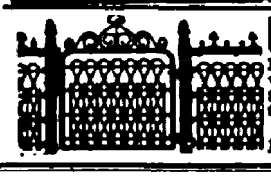
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Blank approval books to hold 100 stamps, per 10, 20c. Imported hinges, 15 cent size, 10 cents per 1,000. Above, all post free. Agents wanted.

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A rare Peru stamp priced at 50c *free*, on following conditions. If you are prepared to spend at least 50c on each lot sent you, send for my big non-duplicating 50 per cent. approval books, and get above fine stamp free. Please give *reference, age, size of collection*, etc., and if under 21 your parents *written consent*. I don't send out "*trash*" on approval so I must know you are O. K. My books are the best out—at least my customers say so. List of 101 dime sets, also packets, etc., free When sending postals please use souvenir cards if possible.

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500 all different stamps and album, only	$ 70
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60 dif. U. S.	10c	25 dif. Australia	10c
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500 mixed United States,	10c	50 Greece (cat. 8c)	2c
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17c BUYS 50 var. Australian or 50 dif. British Colonies. To all who ans. this ad. before March 15th, we will give an unused Foreign Stamp free. FINE APPROVAL SHEETS at 50 per c. discount.

Altschul & Kleeman Stamp Co.,
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COLONIALS Send for copy of our *large descriptive catalog* of British Colonials. We have the largest stock and lowest prices. 4 Fiji, 10c; 4 Bermuda, 6c; 25 Canada, 12c; 15 India, 10c; 50 diff., 10c. WE BUY STAMPS.

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STAMPS 100 China Java, etc., unusual value, a Stamp Dictionary and big illustrated list of 1000 bargains. All the above postpaid for 2c. Stamps in album free to agents. 50 pct. com. 1906 illus. priced cat. of stamps of all nations 10c. Globe Album, holds over 1,200 stamps, good paper, 10c. World album, 18c. Better ones, 25c. A. Bullard & Co., 646 Tremont St., Boston

FREE 7 varieties of unused Philippine stamps for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send two cent stamp for return postage.

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125 all different, rare **Zanzibar, China, Fiji,** etc., all for **10c**

Stamps Five varieties Corea, 8c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent commission. Established 1881.

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HEAD STAMP COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Stamps, Coins and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

Stamp Inquiries

Geo. K.—India proofs are not reprints, but are printed on India paper by the government or contractor as samples for distribution. 1c and 3c U. S. stamps of the issue of 1873 are not worth any more on the envelope. Match and medicine albums do not as a rule have spaces for regular revenue stamps. Your Canada law stamps are worth about 5c each. Date of issue of 20c Col. Republic must be wrong. The 20c purple 1890 lists $1. Green surcharge is probably a cancellation. Remaining stamps are worth about 2c each. J. S. W.—2c Liberty head U. S. rev. lists 1c; 3c Locomotive, 4c; your other descriptions of stamps are not explicit enough. I. W.—Your envelope is an "albino," that is, printed without color. It occasionally happens that two sheets of paper stick together when going through the press; both will be embossed, but only one will have the printed impression. We have seen many which have done postal duty. They are interesting but not uncommon. O. E. G. Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, Boston, is the most prominent weekly stamp paper in the U. S. The American Journal of Philately, 18 East 23rd st., New York, is the oldest monthly. Both are 50 cents a year. A. L. S.—Your envelope is a "mis-strike" and is occasioned in somewhat the same way as the "albino" described above. They are supposed to be destroyed, but sometimes slip through undetected. New York—The Lenoir N. C. local lists $1; the 2c Mobile, $40; Brooklyn City Express, $3; the Boyd's local, if an envelope stamp, lists $10. We do not find an adhesive stamp like your drawing. Allen B.—Your stamp is a 2c U. S. issued in 1882. It has no value. Aubrey B.—Bergedorf ½ sch. blue, 1861, unused, lists 75c; but these stamps have been extensively reprinted and it is likely yours is a reprint. If the cross-bar of H in "Halber" is broken it is a reprint. P. A. S.—Your stamp was issued by Spain in 1860 or 1864; it lists 2c. L. C. F.—1c and 2c Canal Zone, such as you inclose, are worth 2c each. L. H.—Your 1c, 2c and 8c stamps were issued to commemorate the Omaha Exposition, and the 2c "Fast Express" the Buffalo Exposition. The 3c green and 3c red were issued in 1870 and 1861 respectively. E. B.—Stamps with "Marco de Bollo" on are Italian revenues. "Communicaciones" is found on Spanish postage stamps. Your other stamp is a Swedish local. None of these stamps are rare. S. McW.—Your stamp is a 2 heller, Austria, newspaper stamp issued in 1900 and worth 1c. L. W.—Your description is not explicit enough. Better make a drawing of the stamp. What is the denomination? R. D.—Your 1c Proprietary is the issue of 1875; it is common. The other stamp is probably an essay printed on gold beater's skin and is worth from 15c to 25c. C. E. K.—The highest denomination of postage stamps issued by any government is the $100 newspaper and periodical issued by the U. S. in 1895. These were not sold to the public while they were current, but were placed on the stubs of receipts for the payment of postage on newspapers in bulk. In 1903 Rhodesia issued a stamp of the denomination of £100 (about $500), available for both postage and revenue purposes, but we have never heard of any being used for the pre-payment of postage. M. B. W.—Following is catalogue value of your stamps: Brazil 1850, 60r., 6c; Cape of Good Hope 1853, 4p., 40c; Great B. 1840, 1p. black, 15c; Great B. 1841, 1p. red, 2c; Great B. 1870, ½p., 3c; Peru 1894, 1c green, 3c; U. S. 1870, 2c, 3c; U. S. 1879, 2c, 1c; U. S. 1851, 3c, 3c. Your Heligolands. The Dutch postal law provides that in case there is writing on the face of the card the recipient is fined in the sum of six cents, our money.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Jay V. Dohrn: Fractional currency, if in fine condition, will usually fetch double face value. It is safe to say that dealers will not pay a premium on the Columbian half-dollars of either date. A good three-cent silver coin of 1869 is worth about fifty cents. The nickel of the same date only face value. Current Canadian coins will not bring a premium. J. B. Frisbie: The cent of 1838, in good condition, is worth ten cents. 1852 half-dime, face value only. Harold Walpul: Your coins of the U. S., France and Mexico are all quite common. While the old half-dollars previous to 1838 are catalogued by the dealers at from seventy-five to eighty-five cents each, they seem to be well stocked and paying but very little over face value for them. A fine coin, or one in uncirculated condition, of this class is only likely to obtain a premium. The Irish ten pence of 1805 is worth a dollar. East Indian 1847, two annas, ten cents. R. A. P.: We are unable to inform you as to the fictitious value of the five and ten dollar notes on the Bank of Howardsville, Va., of 1861. These old broken bank notes may be picked up in great variety for a few cents each, but as far as we know no serious attempt has ever been made to catalogue and price them. Stanley T. Ford: The one skilling of Denmark of the date of 1771 is a very common coin. Frank Poshbyam: None of the flying eagle cents but that of 1856 will bring a premium. 1853 copper cents, five cents. There were both silver and nickel three-cent pieces issued in 1866. You do not state which one. Leo H. Bobb: Your query is elsewhere answered. J. R. Roorde: The half-dime of 1852 will not bring a premium. Thomas G. Shaffer: The half-dollar of 1840 sells at the dealers for seventy-five cents. Willie Freeland: The half-dollar of 1810 is worth eighty-five cents. Your others face only. Carl Patterson Wiand: Your rubbing shows the common variety of the 1853 quarter. The rare one has no rays around the eagle or arrow points by the date. Warren Woodward: Your coin is a Connecticut cent of 1787; in good condition this piece is worth from a quarter to half a dollar. The two-cent piece of 1864 is quite common. Leo Robinson: Your coins are quite common, selling for from five to ten cents each, depending upon condition. Mrs. M. M. Tresslar: Your Canadian coin of 185: is common. The coin that is so worn that the date cannot be determined is a New Jersey cent, but its conditions debars its having a premium. We do not know of anyone purchasing Confederate bills or bonds. Lloyd H. Adams: Your coin is a cent of 1805. If it is in good condition it is worth at least seventy-five cents. Beecher I. Sheridan: The dollars (silver) of 1884 are all common. The rarest dollar is that 1804, of which but eight or ten are known. Louis B. Saxe: Your coin is one of Constantine the Great of Rome, A. D. 306-337. Notwithstanding the great age of the coin it is comparatively common, selling at the dealers for twenty-five cents. They were issued in enormous quantities at the time. The head on the obverse is that of Constantine, and not that of a woman as you surmise. Frank Easton: Notwithstanding the article that you saw in your paper, the Denver mint has not yet begun to issue coins. Their first will be issued some time this year. The mint-mark will be D. J. H. R.: (1)2 kopecks of Russia, 1813, ten cents. (2) 5 tornese of Sicily, 1798, twenty-five cents. (3) IIII pfennig of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), 1758, fifteen cents. (4, 6, 8 and 9) common coins of Switzerland, Germany and England. (5 and 7) common tokens of the Civil War period. The Trade dollar of 1878 has no premium. Henry Luethke: Your sheet of impressions show some very nice silver and gold coins of Mexico, France, Italy, Austria, Belgium and Hungary. They are all to be picked up in general circulation in these countries and are therefore of no particular value above face to collectors. Chas. C. Lea: (1) France, 1729, Louis XV. You do not give size of this coin (2) Belgium, 1868, five francs, face value. (3, 4 and 5) Mexican and Spanish silver, though they may be old, hardly bring a premium unless in the finest possible condition. Others face value only. Chester Dunham: Your sheet of drawings show some nice pieces for a collection, but are mostly common. Five of the drawings represent old French tokens. There are many of these and can be bought up at from ten to fifteen cents each.

Color of Ten Cent Stamps

There appears to be considerable discussion over the question of change of color of the current 10-cent stamp. It having been contended on the one hand that a noticeable change has been made and on the other hand that the change referred to applies to the 4 cent stamp rather than the 10. Your correspondent has been shown this week copies of the 10-cent stamp received by a dealer in one day's mail in which two distinct shades are easily seen. Inquiry at the postoffice elicits the statement that the 10-cent stamps now being received are much lighter in color than those used up to within a couple of months. It is stated that this change was made on the order of the chief of the stamp division. It is also stated that the brown of the 4 cents was made slightly darker, although the difference does not appear to be so marked as in the case of the 10 cents.

The public is warned against writing anything except the address on the face of pictorial cards intended for parties in the Neth-

100 All Different Postage Stamps

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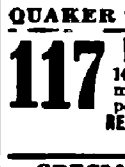

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THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER.

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 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.

Drying Prints

A good method of drying prints—or, for that matter, negatives—quickly is to expose them to the action of a good current of air, provided that the latter is fairly free from dust particles. A favorite method of mine is to slightly raise the lower sash of a window, and then lay the prints or negatives down upon a flat, clean piece of board placed upon the window-sill. In the case of negatives particularly it is surprising how quickly the draft of air sucks up the moisture.—Simplex.

Our Prize Pictures

"Chums," by T. E. Rein, of Chicago, to which first prize is awarded this month, appeals to one not only on account of the excellence of its pictorial composition, that is, its merits as a picture, but also because of sentimental considerations. One feels instinctively that the boy and the dog are close friends and that the title is well chosen. Altogether, it is a photographic work of art; even the technique is perfect. The second prize, "Foreshadowing of the Millenium," on the other hand, interests us principally on account of the subject, as it foreshadows the golden age when the lion and the lamb shall lie down peacefully together. It was taken by S. Weaver, Plattsburg, N. Y.



"CHUMS"

First Prize, by T. E. Rein, Chicago, Ill.

Attention, Competitors!

We have received three requests—from Lansing, Minn., Limaville, O., and Magnum, Okla.—for particulars concerning our monthly contests. As these are given on this page in every issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, we cannot afford to waste valuable space by repeating the information.

Some of our friends are laboring under a misapprehension with reference to the late Brownie contest. This was a special contest and ended September 1, 1905. All Brownie photos that reach us now are entered in the regular monthly contests.

Praises "Boy Photographer"

Under date of Jan. 5, Ferdinand Lofgren, of Lindsborg, Ks., writes us: "Happy New Year. I have never before written the photograph department, but I will now do it and thank you for giving so much good advice. The first thing I get THE AMERICAN BOY, I open up the photograph page. I hope you will always have success with your department and in general with THE AMERICAN BOY. I have never read a better paper for boys and will surely recommend it to all the boys I know."

Honorable Mention

If there were such a thing as third prize in our contests, it would have been unhesitatingly awarded to H. Edward Fry this month for an admirable group of horses. E. E. Trumbull is a close second in this respect and also deserves to be singled out from the remainder of the photo. artists upon whom the above named honor is conferred. They include: Nick Bruehl, Willie E. Elliott, R. D. Von Nieda, David Brodkey, F. H. Roley, C. M. Staples, Kurt Stolberg, A. J. Klnts, Perry N. Trask, Ralph Hay, Harry H. Phillips (for print entitled "A Country Road"), Stanley Gordon Jones, and Everett W. Skilton.

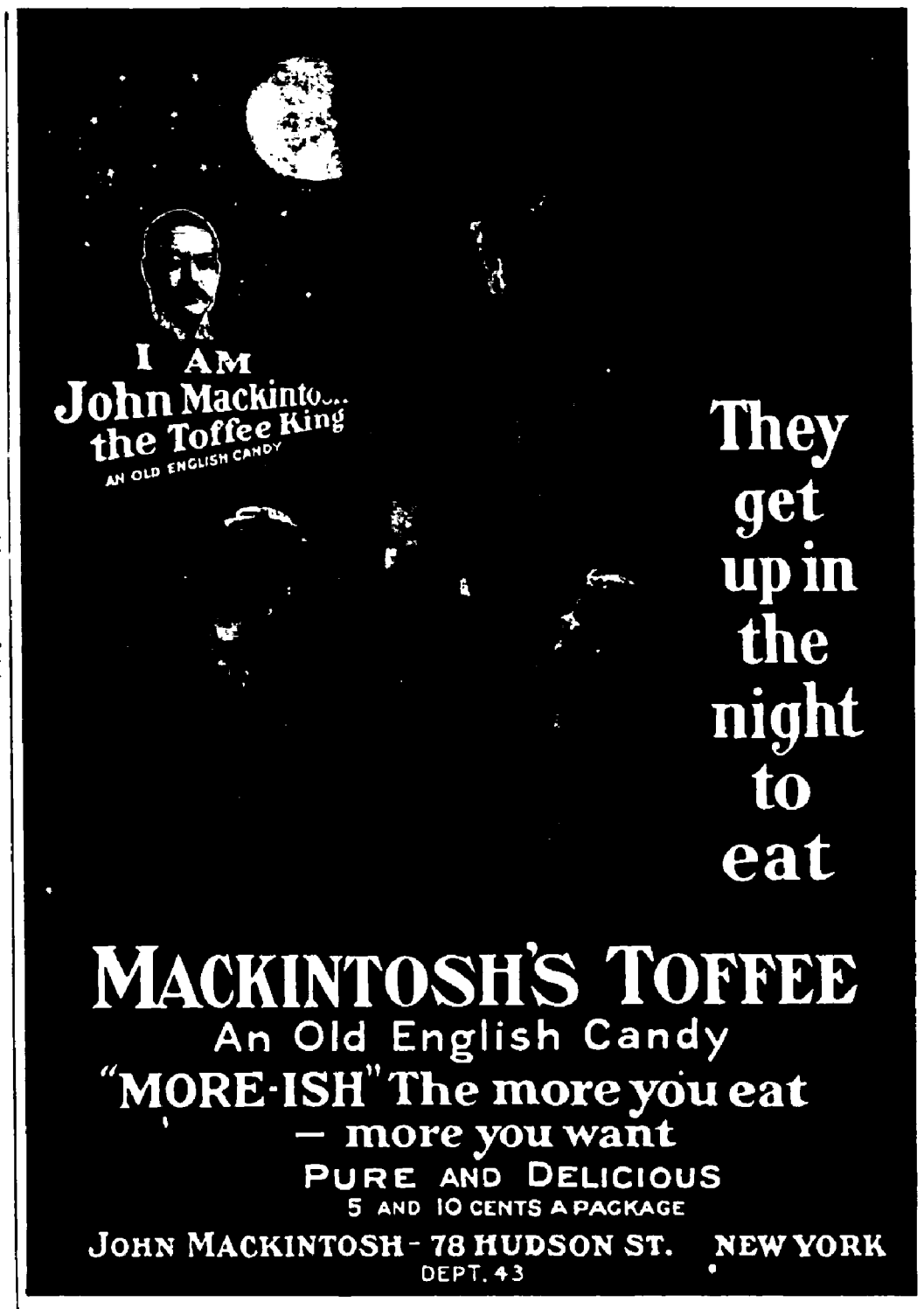
The Letter Box

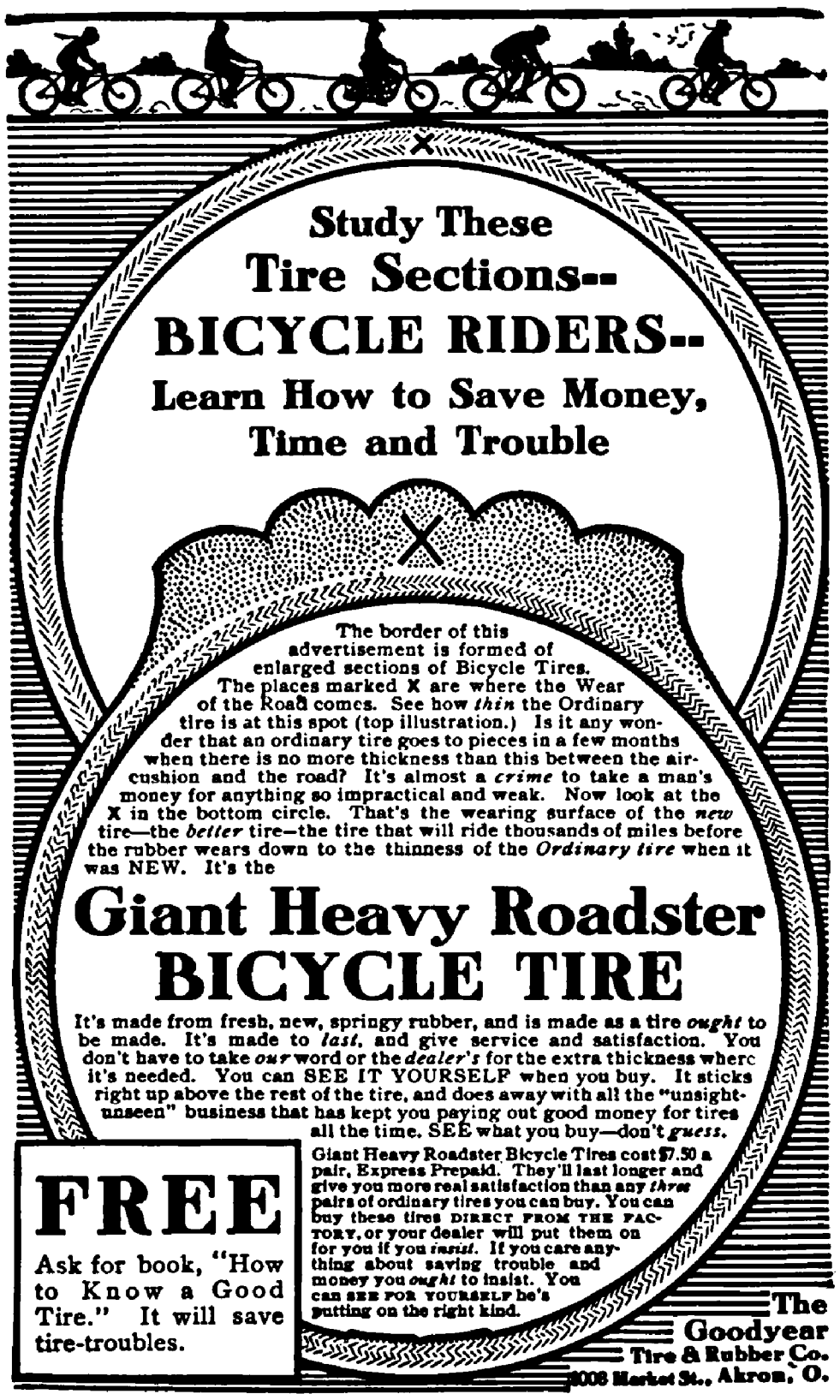
Richard V. Cole: Your plan is feasible, but the water used for washing should not be employed again. Prints should remain in this running fresh water for half an hour; photos will be permanent, if they have been fixed sufficiently.—Arthur C. Ripley: An ink for producing white letters on a dark background, such as a Velox post-card, may be made as follows: Iodide of potassium..10 parts; water ..30 parts; iodine..1 part; and gum..1 part. Use an ordinary pen and write on the dark portions of the photograph. Yes, a background for portraits can be made of ordinary brown or gray window shades that are fastened to some support; a large frame will do. —J. Webb Saffold: Your "Festival Hall At Night" is very good. The black streak in the other picture is evidently due to the paper and not to any defect in the negative. If that were not the case, the edge of your print would be white, as you employed a mat. Try another kind of paper.—Harry M. Biggin: For general photographic work, I think a Rapid Rectilinear lens is preferable. Both cameras you name are very satisfactory.—O. B. Cardwell: There is no way to mend your torn film, so it will not show in the print. Make another exposure.—Alfred Kringle: According to the Encyclopedic Dictionary of Photography, the black spots of which you complain, are due to a defect of the negative. Are you sure that your lens is clean? If you have any further trouble, send the film to the Eastman Kodak Co., at Rochester, N. Y. They are experts on the subject.



"FORESHADOWING THE MILLENIUM"

Second Prize, by S. Weaver, Plattsburg, N. Y.





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 Right Way to Use Tools

By C. H. CLAUDY



THERE IS NOTHING a boy can buy with his pocket-money that will give him more pleasure, if he be of a mechanical turn of mind, than tools; and if he starts when he is a boy, by the time he is grown he will have a set of tools which will be simply invaluable to him, always provided he has learned to use them.

Now it is obvious that even a person who has never used a saw can pull it back and forth across a board, and haggle off a piece somehow, but that isn't sawing. And the same is true of other tools: while most anyone can use them after a fashion, if they do not use them correctly, they are not getting all out of the implement that is in it, and are wasting time and strength and botching the job, to no purpose.

The right way is usually very simple. With a saw, for instance, it is just as easy to keep the forearm rigid with the handle, and saw with the upper arm and the back and shoulder, as it is to hold the saw upright and push and pull with the entire arm. Yet the first way is the right way, and the second, a very wrong way indeed. Just look at the two pictures of the young man sawing, and see how awkward the arm is in the second one; then compare with the first one, and see how the arm below the elbow seems one piece with the saw and how the powerful shoulder muscles take all the hard work, and the wrist muscles have nothing harder to do than holding on. Sawing the first way is to saw straight and easily; and, by the way, saw with all the blade, not just the heel, or handle end. All the teeth were made to be used; hence, take long strokes. The teeth are made to cut one way only, therefore don't try to cut when pulling the saw back.

A plane seems to be a tool you can't use wrongly, does it not? Yet it is the most abused of tools. Nearly every one who uses a plane for the first time tries to make it work while holding it at an angle with the board. Now the plane will make shavings used this way, and I have no doubt lots of boards have been smoothed in this manner and were plenty good enough; but the point is that it takes longer to do it this way; you have to work harder and you can't do a good job. Besides, it is bad for the plane.

The proper way is to set the plane squarely on the work, and push. When you finish the stroke, lift the plane while still in motion—DON'T just stop pushing and pick it up. If you do this latter, there will be a mark on the work where the knife stopped cutting; if you do it as I have said, the shaving will taper off to nothing and leave a smooth cut. When you hold the plane at an angle, you take a narrow shaving, meaning you have to take more of them. If your plane is not "set" just right, you will make a "dig" into the work with one edge of the plane, and lastly, you will find it hard to keep the plane going straight. With certain kinds of wood, too, this method of planing will roughen the surface.

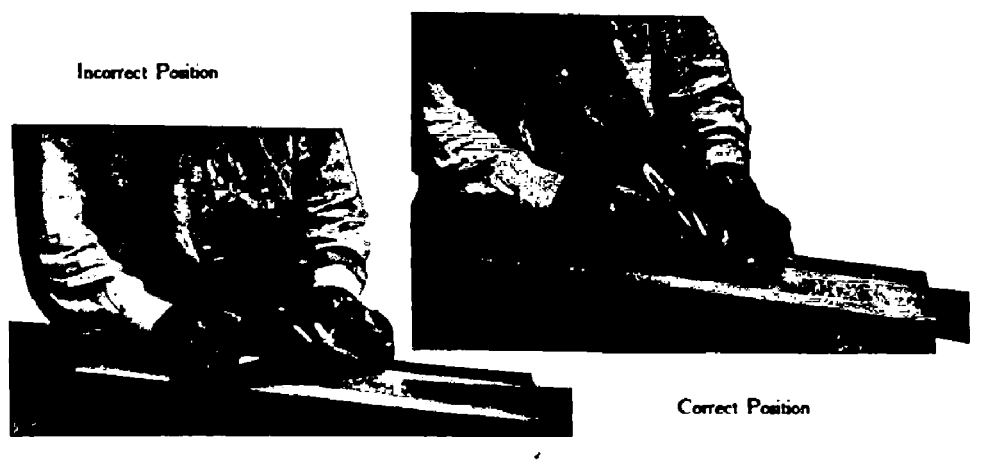

Right Position for Starting; Wrong for Boring

When you bore a hole with a brace and bit, the odds are you use the right position for boring, which is wrong for starting the bit, at first; and that you then assume the wrong position for boring, which happens to be the right one for starting. Does that seem complicated? With the help of the pictures, I will explain. The most important thing about a hole in wood is to have it straight. And as you, presumably, like to keep your tools in working order it is important that you do not bend the bit. Hence, a proper start of the hole must be made. Look at the picture showing a bit just being started. Notice that the left hand holds the push-end of the brace away from the body. This is done so that you may take a good look at the bit and see that it is perpendicular. When you have it in enough to stand alone, look at it from the other sides, and see that it is right all around. Then, when you are ready to go ahead with the boring, put your weight on the brace, as shown in the picture—get right on top of it and look down. Now this advice is to be taken with modification, according to the wood. In putting a half-inch hole in a half-inch soft pine plank, the "worm" of the bit—the little screw at the end—will pull the bit into the wood quite as fast as it needs to go in; but with a bigger hole and harder wood, the bit must have weight on it, and the picture shows you the proper way to hold it to secure that result. You now see that the right way to start is the wrong way to bore, and the wrong way to bore is the right way to start, just as I said it was. One thing more: If you have started the hole crooked, don't try to straighten it by bending the bit. A bent bit will not bore that or any other hole straight. Either enlarge the hole to make it straight, use another piece of wood, or, if you must have that hole in that place in that particular piece of wood, cut a plug to fit what you have bored, glue it in, let it set, plane off smooth and start again.

Now I know you are wondering what I can find about driving a chisel with a mallet that a fellow can do wrong. But that is just where I have you. Didn't I use to do it all wrong, time out of mind, until one day a friendly carpenter showed me the right way? You see, a chisel is sharpened on one side only for a reason. If you are making a square hole in a piece of wood, with a chisel—a mortise, for instance—you want the sides straight, and the edges sharp. But if your chisel was sharpened on both sides, it would be like a wedge entering the wood, and press the fibers away from it on both sides. But with the ordinary chisel the fibers are crowded out of the way only one side—the side where the hole is going to be, and where it does not matter. Therefore, the first thing you have to remember about a chisel is keep the straight side of the chisel away from the hole, the level side in to it. On the other hand, there are times when the bevel side should be down, as when you want to lift a very thin shaving and want to be sure the chisel will not cut too deep. In the two pictures, you see a man hammering the chisel with the mallet right and wrong. The first one shows the left hand well up on the handle, and the mallet used on the end. The second shows the left hand too far down on the blade—the cause of barked knuckles—and the mallet used flat, another reason for hurt fingers. Using the mallet flat is the idea of someone who is afraid he can't aim straight enough, and thus fears missing the chisel and hitting his fingers. As a matter of fact, however, if one can't aim straight enough to use the mallet correctly, he is not likely to strike just in the center with the flat of it, and if he doesn't do that, the mallet will turn in the hand and hit the fingers anyway! Moreover, what are a few stinging fingers compared to learning how to do the work correctly? Blows can be better graduated as to force and the chisel more carefully directed if the mallet is used end for end, and if the left hand is held near the top end of the chisel, the blows which miss the chisel won't hurt so much, and the chisel can be better guided.

Now there is one more thing. All edge tools should be sharp. A dull tool is frequently worse than no tool at all. To sharpen plane bits, chisels, knives, etc., we use an oil stone. And this is a tool which is hard to use right and easy to use wrong.

Look at the illustrations. In one, the bevel of the plane bit is flat on the face of the stone and slanted to its length, so that the whole of the cutting edge rests on the stone; this is right. In the other, the edge itself only is touching the stone, and not for its whole length; this is wrong. The bevel should be kept flat, to allow an even sharpening and the making of an edge that will stay on. The holding of the entire blade on the stone is to prevent sharpening a depression in the center. As a matter of fact, the blade should be "crowned," that is, be a little, just a trifle, higher in the center than at the edges, as this prevents having a point of the blade dig up the work. But the crowning should be very slight indeed, and unskilled hands had better not attempt more than a mere rounding-off of the corners of the plane bit. It does not matter whether the blade, be it chisel, plane, or knife, be moved straight up and down, or with a circular motion, so that motion is even, not too hard, and so that the bevel is kept flat and patience must mix with the oil, otherwise the work cannot be properly done. One of those stones which cuts like lightning, so a tool is sharp in a minute, is not the kind to use. Quick sharpening means rough edges; slow but sure does it, and then, when you really have an edge, you have one which will stay on and do nice, smooth, clean work, the kind we all try to do.




Right Position for Boring Hole; Wrong for Starting

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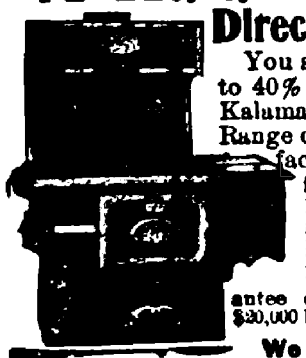

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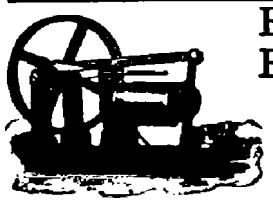

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Correct Position

Experimental Lessons in Electricity

No. IX—Wires, Gauges, Etc.

DURING the past year we have taken up the construction and use of several electrical testing instruments and some apparatus. The many questions asked in the numerous letters received from the readers of this department, lead the editor to believe that a short talk on some general electrical topics may be very welcome.



Incorrect Position

In the first place a thorough understanding of the many wire gauges in use is essential. Wire for electrical purposes is measured by a series of definite sizes, represented in decimal parts of an inch. The diameter of any particular wire is known as its "gauge" and in any system, each gauge number has a definite value.

It is rather confusing to the amateur to meet in his reading with wire sizes given in two or three different gauges. but it is a fact that in this country there are no less than five different wire gauges. These are known as the Birmingham (or Stubb's Iron Wire Gauge) and generally abbreviated "B. W. G." Thus the expression "No. 26 B. W. G." means "Number 26 wire, Birmingham Wire Gauge." The next most commonly used is the Brown & Sharpe gauge, also known as the American standard, and abbreviated "B. & S." The Edison gauge is not met so frequently and is based on rather a different scheme, while Roebling's gauge and the Trenton Wire Co.'s gauge are seldom used in electrical literature. So when in your reading you see the expressions "No. 36 B. W. G." or "No. 36 B. & S." you will know that the first is No. 36 of the Birmingham gauge, while the latter is No. 36 of the Brown & Sharpe gauge. There is a difference of only one-thousandth of an inch between these two numbers, the first being .004" in diameter, and the latter .005". While the difference in sizes is slight it is well to know about it, and this explanation has been given to make the matter perfectly clear

For the convenience of our amateur readers we have compiled the wire table given below, which gives the number of the wire in the Brown & Sharpe, (or American) system, and opposite each size is given the diameter in decimal parts of an inch, number of feet of bare copper wire to the pound, and number of feet of that size required to offer a resistance of one ohm, at a temperature of 77° F.

COPPER WIRE TABLE.

Gauge.	Diameter.	Feet per pound.	Feet per ohm.
0000	0.460	1.561	20,440
000	0.4096	1.969	16,210
00	0.3648	2.482	12,850
0	0.3249	3.130	10,190
1	0.2893	3.947	8,083
2	0.2576	4.977	6,410
3	0.2294	6.276	5,084
4	0.2043	7.914	4,031
5	0.1819	9.980	3,197
6	0.1620	12.58	2,535
7	0.1443	15.87	2,011
8	0.1285	20.01	1,595
9	0.1144	25.23	1,265
10	0.1019	31.82	1,003
11	0,09074	40.12	795.3
12	0.08081	50.59	630.7
13	0.07196	63.79	500.1
14	0.06408	80.44	396.6
15	0.05707	101.4	314.5
16	0.05082	127.9	249.4
17	0.04526	161.3	197.8
18	0.04030	203.4	156.9
19	0.03589	256.5	124.4
20	0.03196	323.4	98.66
21	0.02846	407.8	78.24
22	0.02535	514.2	62.05
23	0.02257	648.4	49.21
24	0.02010	817.6	39.02
25	0.01790	1,031	30.95
26	0.01594	1,300	24.54
27	0.0142	1,639	19.46
28	0.01264	2,067	15.43
29	0.01126	2,607	12.24
30	0.01003	3,287	9.707
31	0.008928	4,145	7.698
32	0.007950	5,227	6.105
33	0.007080	6,591	4.841
34	0.006305	8,311	3.839
35	0.005615	10,480	3.045
36	0.0050	13,210	2.414
37	0.004453	16,660	1.915
38	0.003965	21,010	1.519
39	0.003531	26,500	1.204
40	0.003145	33,410	0.9550

In this table one may find the number of feet of wire in a pound, or what resistance any particular length of wire offers.

When copper wire is used for winding magnets it is wrapped with some insulating material, such as cotton, silk, paper or gutta percha, but generally cotton and silk. These may be wound on in single or double layers from whence come the names "single covered cotton or silk," or "double covered silk or cotton." The thickness of this insulation varies, but may be generally considered to agree with the following table, which gives it in thousandths of an inch.

B. & S. Gauge.	Single Cotton	Double Cotton.	Sing. Silk.	Doub. Silk.
No. 0 to 10	.007	.014		
No. 10 to 18	.005	.010		
No. 18 to 36	.004	.008	.002	.004

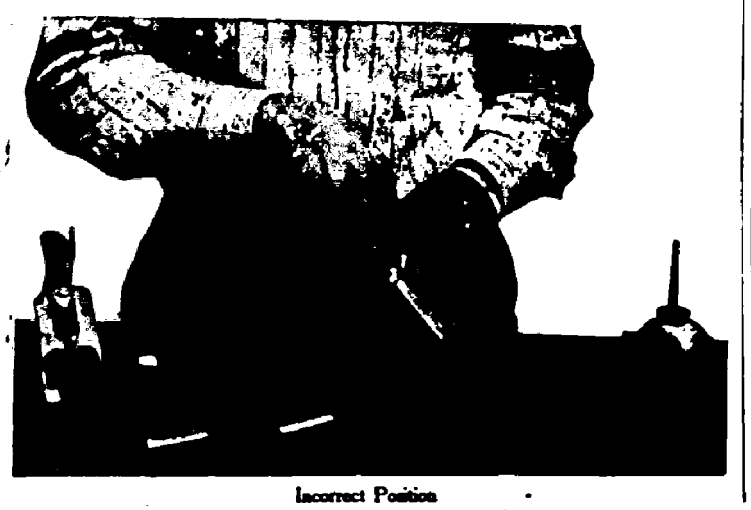
In bell, telephone and annunciator work extra heavy coverings are used, but the above table represents the practice of several manufacturers. Silk is seldom used on wires larger than No. 18.

In using insulated wire for magnets, etc., great care must be exercised to prevent injuring the insulation. If the insulator should become broken or torn while winding, a repair may be instantly made by varnishing the spot with shellac varnish. The question of just which insulation to use in any case is sometimes perplexing, but we will endeavor to tell our readers just which insulation to use in particular cases. The double windings cost more than single and silk more than cotton. Now for all ordinary purposes cotton covered wire is good enough, and if a low voltage is to be used, as for instance in toy motors, bells, etc., the single cotton winding is sufficient. When a higher voltage is used. a heavier insulation is necessary, and the double winding is used. The silk windings are generally used in instrument work, either for its appearance, better insulating qualities, or smaller size. More silk covered wire of a given size can be wrapped in a given space than cotton covered, owing to its smaller diameter, but for the amateur, the cotton covered wire is much cheaper and quite as good.

In making connections in electrical work, do not be satisfied with just twisting the ends of two wires together where a permanent joint is to be made, but take time to solder them.



Correct Position



Incorrect Position

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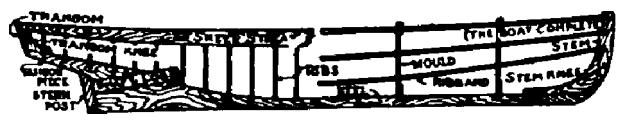

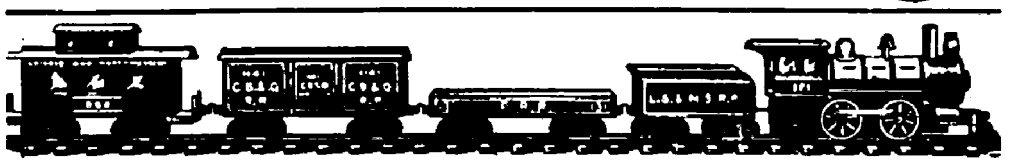

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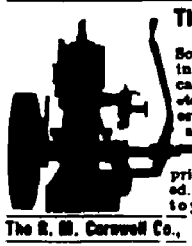

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SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only, and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't send in answers to the Boys' Brain Sharpeners without reading the rules published on the page on which the Sharpeners appear.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.

Rules

In sending in solutions to the posers in this department, observe the following rules:

1st. Address your envelope to PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

2nd. Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

Th prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the **first correct** one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

3rd. Our Editor's decisions are final. He cannot take time to correspond with contestants, who, each month, number thousands.

4th. Write nothing in your letter but the answer to the puzzle. If you have anything else to say, write it on a separate sheet of paper, giving your name and address on each separate sheet.

5th. If you send solutions to several puzzles, send them on separate sheets of paper, and put your name and address on each.

Why I am Proud of My State

The prize of $5.00 for the best essay on "Why I Am Proud of Ohio," has been given to Harry A. Linch, Steubenville, Ohio.

Perhaps special mention should be made of the essays from Chance Phillips, Springfield; Maynard A. Norris, Fostoria; and Roy Jackson, Jr., Level.

Good essays were also submitted by the following boys: Ralph P. Haas and Howard N. Hedges, Ashville; John M. Legg and Ernest Rhoads, Columbus; Frank Ellsworth Miller and John D. McKee, Smithville; John H. Longbon and Walter A. Cope, Liverpool; Ruskin S. Freer, Frank Naylor and J. Urban Fox, Painesville; Russell W. Alt and Lee S. Bibler, Baltimore; Fred G. Volk and Ralph Henriques, Cleveland; Raymond Fager, Lewisburg; William Schmidt, Cincinnati; Lester B. Russell, Canton; Ralph W. Crozier, Lyndon; Willard Montgomery, Huntsville; Branson Tharp, Hemlock; Ray H. Bamer, Weston; Paul D. Adams, Findlay; Bryce W. Gillespie, Millville; Francis McCook, Steubenville; Jesse H. Leighninger, West Lafayette; Paul T. Wingate, Massillon; Will Richards, Clyde; Mason Baldwin, Marysville; J. F. Wagner, Warsaw; Lloyd M. Wallick, Strasburg; Mathias Sanor, Salem; Floyd Cary, Linden Heights; Harold Lamp, Newark; Clifford Thompson, Lexington; Clyde Ault, Armstrong's Mills; Elwood Long, Fernwood; Carl Edwards, Rempel; J. Arthur Alban, Oak Hill; Clarence Mahlar, Twinsburg; Willie Rohrer, Creston; Harry Cornwell, North Washington; L. Stanley Stevenson, Circleville; Hugo E. Buehler, Stone Creek; Henry M. Smith, Lowellville; Vinton E. McVicker, Jackson; Arthur Burnett, Leavittsburg; Melvin Miller, Millersburg; R. L. Powell, Langsville; E. K. Jewell, Minsman; Merle Summers, West Jefferson; Harold Edmonds, Mansfield; Frank Mock, Lowellville; Henry Leimbach, Jr., North Amherst; Frank Floyd, Euphemia; Theodore Jones, Bradford; Roy M. Bechett, Rayland; Willard A. Bicker, Newcomerstown; Hugh M. Parker, Freedon Station; Clifford D. Johnson, Youngstown; Lester A. Beck, Warsaw; John Stambaugh, Ada; Donald Wright, Bellefontaine; Wilson W. Galloway, Xenia; Reuben Horchow, Portsmouth; Raymond Williams, Irondale; Walter R. Roberts, Vaughansville; Paul P. Steffan, Osborn; Wayne P. Taggart, Cadiz; Walter E. Wright, Granville; James

Boys' Brain Sharpeners



American Cities in Anagram Form. Prize, a Good Book. See Rules.

Henry Carr, Ripley; Jesse Osborne, Oberlin; Dwight DeLong, Corning; Earl Simpson, Flushing; Wilbur K. Brooks, Arcadia; W. Kent Hagerman, Leipsic; Cecil Bovee, Kingsville; Robert Rowland, Perry; Herbert Jacobs and Elmer Backus, Cincinnati. We received one very neatly written essay which had no name signed.

Ohio boys found many good reasons for being proud of their state. Among the reasons most frequently given are the following: Mild, healthful climate; fertile soil, enabling Ohio to rank well in agriculture; valuable minerals, such as coal, iron, potter's clay, gypsum, limestone and salt, natural advantages for manufacturing; unsurpassed facilities for transportation among which are over nine thousand miles of railroad, seven hundred miles of canals, two hundred thirty miles of lake front, the Ohio river, and innumerable trolley lines; rich oil wells and a good supply of natural gas; large and important cities—Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus; only successful air-ship yet produced built by an Ohioan; has no cyclones; recent election of Governor John M. Pattison; abundant fishing; numerous important factories; great power in the state of the Anti-Saloon League; contains more pensioned soldiers than any other state; seventeen charitable and penal institutions, which are well conducted; Lake Mercer, in Mercer County, the largest artificial body of water in the world; natural bridge in Hocking County; ranks first in the production of wool; fewer labor strikes than other states having an equal number of manufacturing towns; natural curiosities, chief among which are the mounds left by the Mound Builders, and the mineral springs; Perry's victory off the north coast of Ohio on September 10, 1813, when an entire British fleet was



Solution of Lincoln Puzzle Given in February Number

captured and the famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," was sent; largest stove foundry and novelty works in the world; over two hundred fifty libraries; large number of Ohio soldiers in the Civil war, also famous generals—Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, Sheridan, McClellan, McPherson, McDowell, Buell; first officer killed in the Spanish-American war, Ensign Bagley, an Ohioan; the Beecher family, the Cary sisters, and William Dean Howells; four presidents: Harrison, Grant, Garfield and McKinley; many other noted men, such as John Hay, Thomas A. Edison, Whitelaw Reid, Artemus Ward, Joseph B. Foraker, Salmon P. Chase, John Sherman.

We are sure that Ohio boys are enthusiastic over their state, for nearly one-half of the essays received contained some variety of "Cheers for Ohio;" or were they put in because the boys did not want to be outdone by that "Hurrah for Massachusetts!" that appeared in the prize-winning Massachusetts essay?

WHY I AM PROUD OF OHIO

Prize Essay by Harry A. Linch, Steubenville, Ohio

I am proud of Ohio, the first state of those made from the Northwest Territory to be admitted into the Union, because of her past achievements, present prosperity, and future prospects.

Almost every one has heard of the Underground Railway and the man, Levi Coffin, who aided so many slaves by this and other means to freedom that he was called the "President of the Underground Railway."

When the great Civil War came upon us, Ohio furnished more than 300,000 men to help preserve the Union. She sent her best men as officers for this war—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Rosecrans, McCook, McDowell, Buell, Garfield, Hayes, Custer, Mitchell, Schenk, and Steedman.

From Ohio Lincoln chose two of his cabinet officers, Stanton, Secretary of War and Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, to serve during the war.

Ohio has been called the "Mother of Presidents," only one other state exceeding in the number of national executives sent to Washington. She sent Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, and the beloved William McKinley, to the White House.

She has furnished two chief justices to the Supreme Court, and almost all our senators and representatives are powerful men, of which the late Senator Hanna was a fine example.

John James Piatt, the great poet, and William Dean Howells, one of America's greatest novelists, were born in this state. Henry Ward Beecher, the greatest preacher of his time, and Whitelaw Reid, who wrote the best history of the Civil War, were from Ohio. John Q. A. Ward, Ohio's great sculptor, made the fine bronze statue of Garfield which stands in Washington. Besides these examples of illustrious men, great men all around us are working for the good of civilization.

Ohio has a great lake commerce and has almost numberless great railways. Here are mined coal, iron, and fireclay, and limestone, cement rock, and other useful and valuable stones are quarried. Ever since oil has been discovered, her oil wells have been increasing until now she has a perfect network of gas-pipe lines.

The soil of Ohio is rich and fertile, and she has some of the finest and best farms throughout her area.

Besides producing the raw material, she turns out the finished product. The iron and steel mills are running day and night, turning out some of the finest iron and steel work in the world. Almost every vocation is represented in this state.

Ohio is hardly second to any state in caring for the education of her youth. Graded schools, high schools, colleges, and universities abound, and a good education may be had for the asking. This can be appreciated by all those who wish to advance themselves in life and must do it through their own efforts.

Best of all, for a boy, here we have beautiful hills and valleys, rolling plains and running streams, where all the known sports may be indulged in; here we may grow up healthy and happy men, better and truer for having loved and honored our beautiful state. Happy is he who can say, "I am from Ohio."

Patient Under Insult

Two boys wrote insulting letters to Frank Scribner, the boy who won the prize for the best essay on the subject, "Why I am Proud of My State—Massachusetts." Young Scribner sends the letters to us, saying that he will make no reply to them.

We shall not give the names of the writers of these letters, nor even give information as to the state in which they live. Both happen to live in the same state and in the same town. Their letters are much alike; evidently they agreed between themselves to write and make the Massachusetts boy feel as unhappy as they could.

Young Scribner takes the manly course in making no response to these letters. The letters are mean and uncalled for. The result has been that the Massachusetts boy stands higher than ever in our estimation, and the other boys have fallen to a point beneath notice.

The fact that one boy is proud of his state should not cause another boy living in some other state to feel unhappy. Certainly it should not make him angry and lead him to write an insulting letter.

An Easy One

Laurence Soland, Spaulding, Minn., gives the following puzzle which he thinks will be of interest to boys:

YY—U—R—YY—U—B
I—C—U—R—YY—4—ME.

The answer is: Too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are too wise for me.

Two Claims to Longfellow

Herbert Jacobs finds fault with the boy who won the prize for the Massachusetts essay for his having claimed Longfellow as a poet of Massachusetts, when as a fact Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, lived all his early life in Maine, and attended college at Bowdoin, New Brunswick, Me.

It must be observed, however, that all of Longfellow's poetical works were published while he was a resident of the State of Massachusetts and, therefore, the writer of the essay was strictly within the facts when he claimed Longfellow as one of the poets of that state.



Either trace the three hearts which form the shamrock leaf, or cut the diagram from the paper; and then with three straight lines see how many pieces you can divide them into. If you trace the diagram do so in ink, and rule your lines perfectly straight. State the total number of pieces. Remember the stem does not count. Be neat as possible with your replies.

Prize, a good book. See rules.

There is Money in Selling The American Boy

The boys who win prizes for buying the most copies of the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY are as follows: M. McElroy, check for $2.00; Ray Smith, Ingersoll Watch; Harold Baker, Ingersoll Watch, and Oliver P. Kernodle, Football.

Besides these prizes, these boys made a handsome profit on the copies which they sold. The plan is this: We will send to any boy who writes us, ten copies of the current number of THE AMERICAN BOY, and for these we will make no charge whatever. These copies he can sell at ten cents each and he can keep all of the money. That will give him a working capital so that he can buy his next month's supply at a price that will pay him a nice profit. As stated above, we give to the four boys who buy the largest number of papers during the month, a nice prize, besides what they make on the papers they sell. Boys who have not ordered ten copies to be sent free should do so and make an effort to get regular customers who will buy copies of THE AMERICAN BOY from them each month. Address The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.



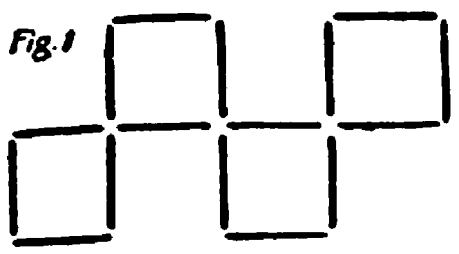
Questions to Answer

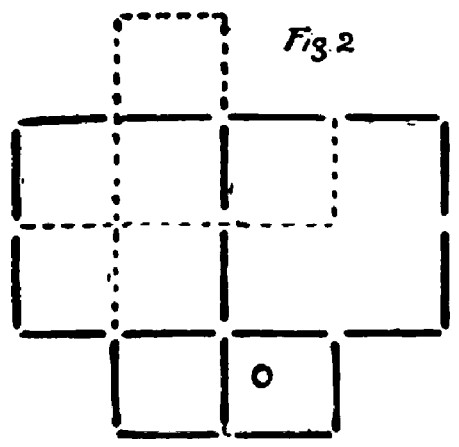
1. What date is ordered to go forward?
2. Why is a wintry night like a child with a cold in its head?
3. What color was the wind and the waves in a recent storm?

Prize, a good book. See Rules.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

¶ To the Mississippi boy who sends us before March 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state—Mississippi, we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.





Solution of Match Puzzle in February Number

Redeeming Mutilated Money

The United States government will pay for a mutilated bill provided that three-fifths of it are recovered. The method of determining just what part of the note remains is rather interesting. Each mutilated bill is carefully pasted on a backing of paper the size of the complete bill. The expert has a piece of glass the exact size of the bill. This glass is divided into forty squares. When placed over the bill, if the expert can find that the remnants of the bill fill twenty-four of the squares, or three-fifths of them, the bill will be redeemed.

Not long ago a Missouri farmer was leaning over to fed his pigs when he dropped his purse into the pen. When he discovered his loss an hour later he searched the pen and found the purse, but nothing of its contents. The pigs were slaughtered that day and the remains of the money taken to Washington. Three hundred dollars were returned to the farmer.

Burned money is the hardest for the government experts to work on, with the possible exception of money which has been gnawed by mice. The department at Washington once received a cigar box full of money which had been sent from Philadelphia with the necessary affidavit showing that it had been inside a poorly constructed safe and had been burned to the condition in which it was forwarded. Evidently with the idea that the original package ought not to be broken, the sender enclosed the charred pieces with some silver coins which had also been in the badly burned safe. In its passage through the mails the heavy silver was shaken through the charred bills till there was hardly a piece left the size of the head of a pin.

Mrs. Brown, who is at the head of the experts who handle the mutilated money, called two of her best helpers and the three, by the aid of magnifying glasses, soon brought out four fifty-dollar bills, and within an hour recommended that they be redeemed by the Treasury.

Only infinite care and patience can bring any result with the mice chewed bills. Each of the pieces is laid out on a hard, smooth surface, and with the assistance of magnifying glasses they can be placed in their proper position in relation to one another. The experts have a copy of every bill which has been issued by the government. These are used as models as soon as enough of the bill has been laid out to establish its issue. The experts say that the best bills were printed by the government during the civil war period. The grade of paper was superior to any other used and the engraving has never been excelled.

Something About the Burro

For more than three centuries the patient little burro has been an inhabitant of the New World. He is of Egyptian descent, and it may be that he helped to build the pyramids; but it is to Spain that we are indebted for his coming. Soon after Cortez conquered the Aztec land, we hear of the burro in America. He is found chiefly in Mexico and the southwestern states, especially in the mining districts, where he may be seen carrying great loads of ore. He is opposed to the use of machinery. Miners call a bunch of laden burros a pack train. He is a very sure-footed little animal, and prospectors use him when they go forth into the mountains to explore. Mexicans find him very useful in carrying.

He is so gentle that children may ride upon his back in threes and fours. He appears to have no resentment, and will take a kick or a cuff with the patience of Job. There is no doubt but that he is terribly imposed upon, and people call him a degenerate; yet no member of the animal kingdom works harder than he, and it is generally conceded that he has aided largely in the development and building of mines and railroads.—Helen Gray, in Recreation.

The Swimming Needle

Robert Snelling, Liberty, Missouri, one of our subscribers, seeing in our February number an account of how to make a needle swim, or rather float, suggests another way of doing it. He says: "Bend the two points of a hair-pin so as to make a double hook. Lay the needle in the same and lower it slowly into the water. The needle must be perfectly dry when the test is made." We have not made the experiment, but our raders can do it for themselves.

An X-Ray Illusion

Roy T. Risley, Mount Carmel, Illinois, sends a very simple device that in a measure serves as an X-ray apparatus for viewing the bones of a hand, the lead in a pencil, the spindle of a full spool of thread, and such things. He describes it as follows: Cut a round hole, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter through two calling cards, and between the cards paste the "smooth part" of the tip of a feather. Then paste the cards together and you have the X-ray. To examine the skeleton of your hand place the card close to your eye and hold your hand about fifteen inches from it, facing the window or a strong light.



"AFTER CHRISTMAS"

Prize Silhouette Picture. Offer Made on Page 43, December Number. Winner, F. A. Coates, Rouse's Point, N. Y.

OTHER GOOD ANSWERS



Christmas Silhouette by Edward Miller, Lock Haven, Pa.



Christmas Silhouette by Perry Barlow, McKinney, Tex.

Arthur Duffey's Trip to the Antipodes

IN OUR April number we shall publish the first part of a two-part serial describing the racing experience in Australia and New Zealand of Arthur Duffey, the world's champion short-distance runner, and A. E. Shrubb, the English boy, who is, perhaps, the world's greatest long-distance runner, the story being written for THE AMERICAN BOY by Mr. Duffey. The story will be illustrated with photographs furnished by the author.

Some of Our Prize Winners

The following won prizes in the puzle contest under the head of "Boys' Brain Sharpeners," pages 126 and 127, February number:

A VALENTINE PUZZLE.—William P. Cross, 40 Boardman St., Rochester, N. Y. Answer: The young lady designated as "D," because she is the only one who has a bow.

THE 1906 PUZZLE.—Anton Kaufman, Saginaw, Mich. Answer: 09—9=0.

PICTORIAL PROVERBS.—William P. Cross, Rochester, N. Y. Answer: Time and tide wait for no man.

QUESTIONS ABOUT A CHAIR.—Ruel L. Smith, Richland, Mo. Answer: 1. When it is satin. 2. When it is reseated. 3. Because it is would, or should be.

LINCOLN PUZZLE.—Walter Zimmermann, Arlington, Minn. There were 32 pictures submitted in this contest.

Prize State Essayists

The following states have been represented in the prize essay contests:
Wisconsin—John Roberts, Racine, Wis.
Massachusetts—Frank Scribner, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Texas—George Lee, Dallas, Texas.
Ohio—Harry A. Linch, Steubenville, Ohio.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 28, 1905.

Dear Mr. Sprague—

I received the Legion of Honor badge for school record last week. It is just fine, and I am proud to wear it. I am in the third grade of the Lockland school. I like to study and I like to play.

Yours truly,
(Signed) ALFRED OWEN PHILLIPS.

Boys, Take Care *of* Your Teeth

By J. AUSTIN BUCKNALL, D. D. S.

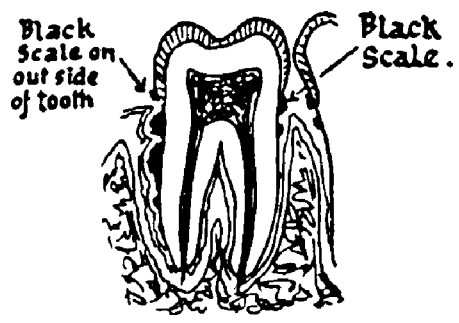
(Begun in December, 1905, number.)

A well kept gun will never rust. Brush the teeth, and they will neither rust nor decay. The chalk and the brush, together with the silk thread, will do the work, as I told you in my January paper. Don't let the decay begin and then you may be sure you will not have the miserable toothache.

Sometimes fine, strong teeth loosen and fall out, or are taken out to give relief from pain. This comes from a disease in the gums that is the result of neglect. The first sign of this trouble is the bleeding of the gum together with soreness, and where the gum comes in contact with the teeth the color is red instead of pink. The cause of this trouble is usually little particles of food that have been left lying in the spaces between the teeth. These particles, in time, ferment and poison the gum, then after a time black patches of hard stuff attach themselves to the teeth below the gums. If not removed by the dentist, these little patches increase in number and size so as to push the gums away from the teeth. Under a microscope these little patches show sharp, pointed surface and edges, which continually irritate the gums, producing the bleeding mentioned.

At the backs of the lower teeth, and on the outer side of the upper teeth, against the gum, another substance called tartar forms unless the tooth-brush is rubbed around these places every day. These patches of tartar also hold decaying matter against the gum and damage it so that it bleeds to the touch. All this trouble begins without any indication of soreness. The soreness comes only after considerable harm has been done to the tissue surrounding the tooth. When your attention is called to this matter by soreness, the tartar and the little black patches will be found to be very firmly attached like barnacles on a ship and they must be scraped off, and then the surface of the tooth must be polished.

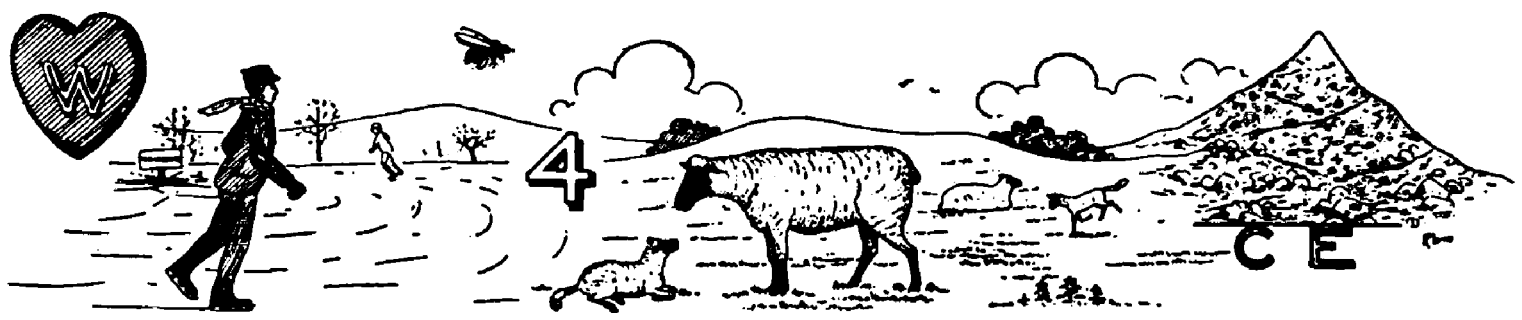
Some teeth have these calculi patches in great masses; others but very sparingly. Now look at the drawing and form an idea of what they do. They push the delicate lining away from the tooth and then push the bone away. Matter collects in the pockets thus made and soon there is no bone at all to support the tooth. As the bone goes the gum sinks down and the tooth becomes more and more exposed. Diseased all around, the tooth loosens and pus or bad matter oozes out, for this is forming rapidly from the dead tissue.



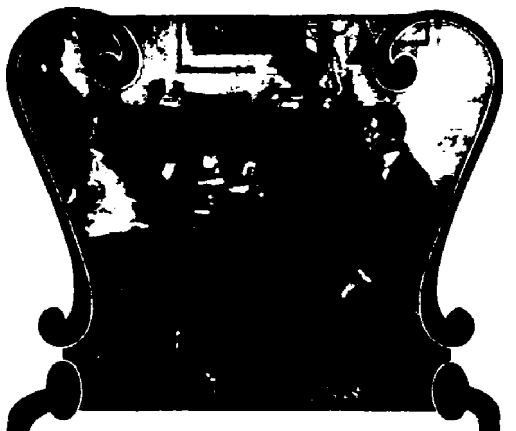
This pus may find its way down the throat, into the stomach, or into the lung passages; then there is trouble—the cause of which is rarely suspected; nobody thinks of the teeth as being the mischief-makers.

(To be continued.)

Pictorial Proverb



Prize, a good book. See rules.



How Much Salary Are You WORTH?

That is the question asked by the employer of to-day. How much salary are you worth—What can you do to earn it? If you can do one thing well you are in **demand all the time, and are worth from four to ten times as much as the man of no special ability.**

The International Correspondence Schools were founded and Five Million Dollars have been invested to help men of *no special ability*; men who had to leave school early; men who are earning but little and who are struggling against adversity in uncongenial positions.

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Every man or woman who can read and write is eligible. To learn how easily and quickly *you* can be helped, indicate on the coupon the kind of position you would like. In return you will receive without cost or obligation, literature, information and personal advice of the most helpful character. Isn't such a proposition from such an Institution worthy of investigation?

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Stenographer	Telephone Eng'eer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Ornamental Designer	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Build'g Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draughtsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Bridge Engineer
Foreman Plumber	Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

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Pleasant to use and does its work thoroughly. We cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of cleaning behind and between the teeth, and the peculiar shape of the Prophylactic has this in view. You can no more have clean and healthy teeth without proper and frequent cleaning than you can have clean hands without frequent washing.

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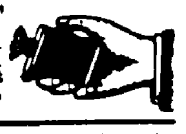
IN YOUR POCKET



Carry a White Star Electric Searchlight and coin money. Sells at sight. Live agents write for free booklet No. 50. Central Electric Co., Port Washington, N. Y.

Advertise in The American Boy for Results



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.

Carl A. Bottomly, 42 Richmond ave., Worcester, Mass., wins the prize for the best list of answers to January Tangles.

George Harrison Stanbery, R. F. D. 13, Box 30, Hopewell, Ohio, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Albert Ellard, Lewis Alway Smith, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Clarence Russell Carter, Walter W. Freeman, Waldo D. Trow, Robert Kneisel, Manning Marquess, Sarah Gilles, F. C. Millspaugh, Albert F. Foye, J. Horace Trumbull, Arthur L. Diamond, Julian Loebenstein, Dudley B. Kimball, Bruce H. McIntosh, Edw. D. Jones, Raymond G. Helm, Harry Latimer Janeway 3d, N. Waldemar Kindgren, Arthur Townsend, Kenneth Mehaffey, Emmons Emerson, M. M. Katterjohn, Harold Colegrove, James Alfred Lynd, Dana Iteld, Earle Sitlington, Rodney Werner, Harold Mayo, S. L. Stanley, Jr., Harry Shoup, Kenneth B. Hay, George Whitcomb, Wm. G. Nyce, Raymond M. Reese, Charles W. Shreve, Edwin E. Hutchinson, Elmer Potter, John Thoen, Ivan Kirlin, Ralph R. Williams, Albert L. Amos, Myron B. Craver, Henry Hill, Wallace A. Philgreen, Boyd Alexander and others from Buffalo, Iowa Falls and elsewhere, who forgot that they had names.

Failure to observe our simple rules, printed at the head of this column every month, precludes the possibility of winning prizes or securing mention in this department. We are receiving innumerable answers written in pencil, or on both sides of the paper, or without name on each sheet, and often with no name or address anywhere. Some are not even sent to Uncle Tangler. Answers to "form" Tangles must be written out in full. To write in "George Washington, February, Virginia," for instance, as the answer to number 13 this month is not accepted. Cross-words and details must be shown, just as we print the answers from month to month. Use your eyes and your wits. That is what this Tangle department is for. Another pointer that will hold good for you all your life: Have one name, and stick to it. Harry Elger, Harry H. Elger, Harry Elger, Jr., may be three people. Harry knows how many folks he is, but we don't. If you do not know your name, how can we tell it? We are obliged to omit from this list every month the names of very many who would secure recognition and perhaps awards, if they would but think, use a little of the commonest kind of common sense and follow our printed rules.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the March Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list of answers; received by March 20.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by March 20, to be published in May.

Answers to February Tangles

12.

```
H H H T N D F Y B
E a u e a r a u E
  T r a p a r c D
  E t r E W O c E
  N e r O     A V
  O v e N
  T o s S
  E r i E   E V
  D e a N E r Y
  C h e S t e R
  B e s T R e W
  U p a S   G O
  R i n G
  U n i T
  R o a R
  T o w N
  T r a Y
I N d I A N
I G N O R E
```

The chess board will be built up as follows:

```
G O E V D O R A
R E E S N C U Y
E G A N E R E T
E W T S S N B W
R D T E H Y T E
R D H I E G N F
T I N N N R T N
Y T W U H O B O
    O
```

By the king's move, using the letters only, this answer will be found: George Washington, born February twenty-second, seventeen hundred thirty-two.

13.

A	B
(a) GazElle	(i) EdiFice
(b) OstRich	(j) RabBit
(c) GovErnor	(k) AugUst
(d) WomAn	(l) YcaR
(e) SlpHon	C
(f) IchNeumon	(m) ValIse
(g) GoaTee	(n) RinG
(h) OzoNe	(o) IroNs
	(p) InfAnt

George Washington; February; Virginia.

14. 1. Ruby. 2. Agate. 3. Opal. 4. Coral. 5. Topaz. 6. Garnet. 7. Beryl. 8. Jade. 9. Diamond. 10. Emerald.

15.

1. Scotland
2. Mosquito
3. NewHaven
4. Anglesey
5. Franklin
6. Delaware
7. Santiago
8. Kentucky
9. Virginia
10. Randolph
11. Anderson

Star path, St. Valentine; letter path, Washington; number path, Lincoln.

16.

1. CheeSe
2. ZenITh
3. AlepPo
4. RegrEt
5. NineTy
6. ImbuEd
7. CheeRy
8. HoneSt
9. OldABe
10. LitmUs
11. ArteRy
12. ShagGy

Initials, Czar Nicholas; fifth letters, St. Petersburg.

17. There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar.

(First lines of "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

(Tea hare sail & T hat eyes fair earth & a & b i F A T H week can C I T A far.)

18. 1. Spar. 2. Deck. 3. Mast. 4. Hull. 5. Bow. 6. Keel. 7. Sail. 8. Stern. 9. Wake. 10. Yard. 11. Painter. 12. Skipper. 13. Boom. 14. Galley. 15. Ensign.

19. 1. Subject, right, subject, rite. 2. Tear, deer, tear, dear. 3. Entrance, scene, entrance, seen. 4. Wind, rain, wind, reign.

20. 1. Abigail Smith. 2. Edith Carow. 3. Eliza McCardle. 4. Hannah Hoes. 5. Julia Dent. 6. Jane Means Appleton. 7. Anna Symmes. 8. Letitia Christian. 9. Mary Todd. 10. Ida Saxton.

21. Be sure you're right, then go ahead (Davy Crockett.)
(Bees, ewer, ewer, write THEN, GO, a head.)

22.

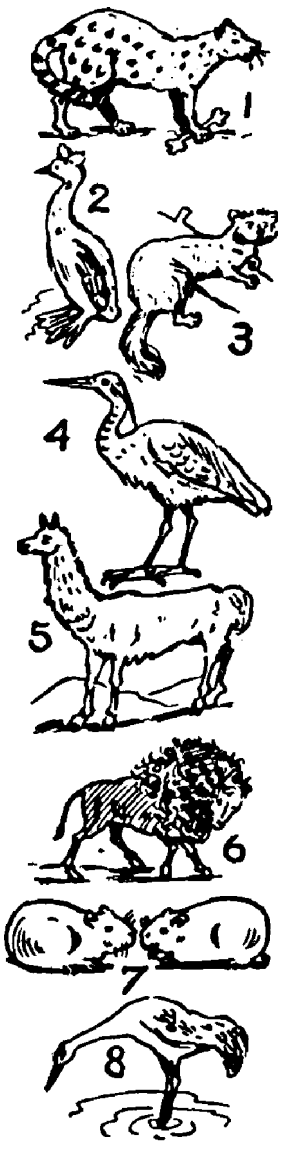
```
G R A N D     B L A S T
R I G O R     L A N C E
A G A T E     A N D E S
N O T E S     S C E N T
D R E S S M A R T E S T Y
        M O L A R
        A L I V E
        R A V E N
G R O A T R E N D O R I C
R I F L E     O P I N E
O F T E N     R I P E N
A L E R T     I N E R T
T E N T S     C E N T S
```

23. Two such lazy sisters. We call them the drones. I have seen sister Hester nod at church, and once she snored the entire service through. She gives three nods, and then she is off to sleep. It is amusing to see sister Esther don a dozen wraps and shed ten or eleven of them before church. When father shortened her weekly allowance she at once, in spite of all we could do, sent her own cattle away to be sold. She sold, O, ten herds, I should think, and what could father do? He, stern and unrelenting, was mad as a Dorset hen. You would think him ready to rend those who opposed him. He, like sister, is very set. Horned cattle are his fad. They call me Rufus, or the red son, because I have honest red hair. As pitcher in our nine I am considered a hot sender. In the choir I sing tenor; shed my good clothes as soon as I get home, and tend horse. The barn I always enter shod in my heavy work boots. I once had a horse dent my boots by stepping on them. Our barn is a ten-horsed affair. In the poultry house one hen stored away a lot of eggs. I tend her so carefully and do her nest up so neatly that she lays most every day. My hens need short naps. That is a hen rest. Do they take after my sisters? But hens are first sleepers and then doers. I sowed millet seed north of the poultry house, and what did my sister do? She rent a big hole in the poultry netting and let the hens through. Such a sister dethrones all one's sentiment about matrimony.

24.

1.	2.	3.
ALPHA	STACK	OMEGA
LILAC	TULLE	MELUN
PLATO	ALOUD	ELGIN
HATER	CLUNG	GUISE
ACORN	KEDGE	ANNEX

New Tangles



25. MARCH ZOOLOGY.

The names of the birds and animals in our Zoo are all of the same number of letters. When written in numerical order their central letters in rotation will spell the name of one of the United States that was admitted into the Union in the month of March.—George Harrison Stanbery.

26. STATE ACROSTICS.

Each of the words here defined has four letters. The initials read downward and the finals read upward each spell a state admitted into the Union in the month of March.

1. Rapid. 2. Thin. 3. A state. 4. To wander. 5. Munich's river. 6. The bird of peace. 7. A sea of south Russia. — Harry Latimer Janeway 3d.

27. HIDDEN ZIG-ZAG

1. * - - -
2. - * - - -
3. - - * - -
4. - - - * -
5. - - - - *
6. - - - * -
7. - - * - -
8. - * - - -
9. * - - -

The following sentences appeared in the January Tangles. Find one hidden word in each and write the nine words thus found on the diagram in numerical order. The star path will spell the name of a President born in March.

1. One letter taken from each in numerical order. 2. To clean by rubbing. 3. Idaho, Tennessee, North Carolina. 4. Liveliness. A formal public speech. 5. A lake in German East Africa. 6. Every syllable is employed. 7. A famous American document. 8. An American fur bearing animal. 9. The primals are identical.—Harold Colegrove.

28. MARCH MATHEMATICS.

Hold this in a certain position, and you will read a March proverb.

O/2 4+a+q d/2 a/ 4+a+5+6/5 p+a+5+6

—N. Waldemar Kindgren.

29. HISTORICAL SLIDE.

Slide the following rows of letters to the right or left until seven and a fraction perpendicular rows appear that shall spell the names of two gun boats that met in conflict during the Civil War in the month of March, the name of the defeated commander, and the names of the inventor and commander of the victorious boat.

```
A M C M M M M N B N I N E O
O E A I U A C W N C O I A U
C B I N D C R C T C N S O S
R M O H E S R U I E N H D W
O F T I O R A R O D N J L P
```

—Dudley B. Kimball.

30. MARCH SKIP.

Begin at a certain letter and go around the square in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time, until all are used once only. Find an important event, and its date, that occurred during the Mexican war in the month of March.

```
H E R U N A N S C D U R R R U E R
E                               Z
V                               D
N                               E
V                               E
E                               F
E F S E O Y T R T H E R G D O I N
```

—Lewis Alway Smith.

31. SKELETON SQUARES.

Build five squares with MARCH placed in each as here indicated.

```
M A R C H     - M - - -     - - M - -
A - - - - -   M A R C H     - - A - -
R - - - - -   - R - - -     M A R C H
C - - - - -   - C - - -     - - C - -
H - - - - -   - H - - -     - - H - -
- - - M - -   - - - - - M   (I will publish
- - - A - -   - - - - - A   Mr. Stanbery's
- - - R - -   - - - - - R   answers in
M A R C H     - - - - - C   April, and the
- - - H - -   M A R C H     best set received, if different, in May. —Uncle Tangler.)
```

—George Harrison Stanbery.

32. PICTURED PROVERB.

A well-known verse from the Book of Proverbs.

(See illustration in fourth column.)

—Emmons Emerson.

33. PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTICS.

The words are of uniform length. The initials and finals read downward in order spell the surnames of four Presidents who were born in March.

1. To deserve. 2. Excessive pain. 3. The evil one. 4. An effigy. 5. To divide. 6. Pertaining to the eye. 7. Pertaining to the nose. 8. The father of David. 9. "The year five" in Latin. 10. To cut meat. 11. A death signal. 12. The capital of the European principality over which Prince Ferdinand rules. 13. A musical instrument. 14. A wanderer.

—Arthur Townsend.

34. MARCH ACROSTICS.

The words are of uniform length. The initials spell a President who died in March; the finals, the March day when we all wear the green.

1. Censures. 2. A county seat of New York. 3. The native name of Naples. 4. The one river of Palestine. 5. Sudden. 6. An accident. 7. A peninsula of Austria. 8. Nothing. 9. A painful emotion of fear. 10. Male graduates of a school, university or college. 11. Rural. 12. A county seat of Iowa. 13. A "Harbor" of Nova Scotia. 14. Holy. 15. A Canadian city. 16. To inform.

—N. Waldemar Kindgren.



Illustration for Puzzle No. 32

35. HOMOPHONOUS BLANKS.

Fill the blanks in each sentence with words pronounced alike but differing in spelling and meaning.

1. The boy —— at the man with the —— head. 2. The —— old gentleman —— at our house a week. 3. The hounds —— the fox to a small —— of timber. 4. The boy beat the dog —— a ——. 5. When he tasted the —— bread he made a very —— face. 6. The —— cause of his failure has been his lack of ——. 7. The Bible does not say that —— killed his brother with a ——. 8. He called me a —— when I denied that I had taken his ——. 9. The man who does not —— with other people's affairs deserves to have a ——. 10. The —— rode forth into the dark ——. 11. It is —— that the —— is dull.

—Frank C. McMillan.

Boys! Here is a Dollar Knife For You, FREE

—and a chance to make $9.00 a week, and in addition, earn $500 in gold by January 1, 1907

The picture below shows the exact size of my two-bladed buck-horn handle Sheffield steel knife—regular price $1.00.

It is just the knife every boy wants to own.

And I want a lot of bright, energetic hustling boys to get one of these knives, free—all charges paid.

I don't want them to sell anything for me—or send me any money—not a cent—to get this knife.

In addition to the chance to get the knife, I want to give every boy a chance to earn some money—more money than he could make selling papers, o running errands—or in any other way.

I don't want him to peddle bills, or ring an auction bell, sell a thing for me, or send me any money—

I simply want him to go and see some of his friends and acquaintances—which will be more like fun than work.

Here is the plan: I make

Parker's Perfect Paint—

Made to Order—Sold Direct from My Factory—On My Pay-if-you-like-it Plan



I want to sell it to everyone in your town who is going to paint.

It's this way—I don't sell paint by the gallon—but by the JOB. I sell a man enough paint to do his entire job of painting—no money down—no deposit—and I pay all freight on my paint to the man who orders it.

—And if the paint the man puts on his buildings satisfies him in every way, he pays me for it—otherwise it is *absolutely free.*

You see, my way of selling paint is a brand-new way.

I tell a customer for how many dollars I will furnish all the paint for the buildings he wants to paint—in any number of coats—and I guarantee that he will have some paint left over.

If I tell a customer that I will furnish three coats of paint for his buildings for $11, I will do it—no matter how many gallons it takes.

To tell him just what I will charge him for the paint to do his entire job, I must get him to fill out and send to me one of my blank applications, giving the size of the buildings he wants to paint. Now, *that* is what I want *you* to do for me.

There are a lot of people in your town who are going to paint this next year, and I want you to run around and get them to give me their names and addresses, and fill out an inquiry for my Paint Book and blank application.

I have inquiry blanks for this purpose—and I will send you 10 of them free, if you will send me your name and address.

You run around to the people who are going to paint—and tell them that Parker, the Paint-Maker, wants to give them a price on the complete cost of the paint for their work, all delivered, charges prepaid—to be paid for if satisfactory to them—otherwise to be absolutely free.

Now, every man wants to know how much a big paint manufacturer will charge him for enough paint to do the work—and he will be glad to fill out one of these inquiry blanks for you.

So it won't take any trouble to get these blanks filled in—then send them to me.

Then I can tell him just how much I will charge him for sufficient paint to do his entire job—

—And for getting me the first 10 inquiries I will send you, at once, all charges paid, this Buckhorn handled knife, which regularly costs $1.00.

Now, nearly every man who fills out one of these inquiry blanks, after hearing from me, will be so favorably impressed with my paint proposition that he will order his paint from me, and I will send you 50c. *for each one of these orders.*

Then at the end of the year 1906, I am going to figure up, and to the boy who sends me the most inquiries that result in orders, in proportion to the population of his town, according to the last U. S. census, *I am going to give $500 in gold.*

When you have filled in and sent me the first 10 inquiry blanks, I will send you 10 more, and so on.

Now, see here, Boys, this is a fine chance for you. First you get the dollar knife in just no time, for sending in the 10 inquiries. Then you get 50c. in cash for each man who orders paint, and on top of that you have the splendid chance to earn the $500 in gold by sending in the most inquiries that result in orders for my paint.

Don't think that if you live in a small town you haven't as good a chance of earning the $500 as the boy who lives in a large town, because I figure the number of orders received in proportion to the population of the town.

Now, if you want to take advantage of this offer—and get the knife and commence to earn money right away; you'd better hurry and send in for the inquiry blanks, which I will send to you absolutely free. Just write me on a postal card, saying "Send me 10 inquiry blanks." Send the postal to

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VOL. VII. THE NO. VI.

American Boy

APRIL 1906

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT
BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM

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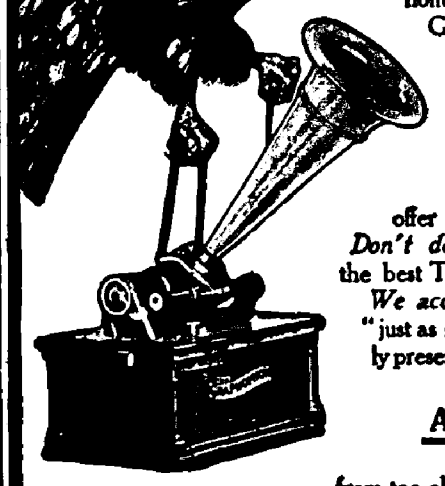

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
Publishers "THE AMERICAN BOY" Detroit, Mich.

The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 — DETROIT, MICH., APRIL, 1906 — NUMBER 6



BEGUN IN MARCH

III

MY YOUNG READERS may wonder why I have called the beaver whose fortunes we are following, Shaggycoat, so I will tell them.

The fur of the beaver and the otter is very thick and soft; but in its natural state it is quite different from what it is when worn by women in cloaks and coats. For the fine short fur is sprinkled with longer hairs, that give the coat, a shaggy, uneven appearance. In the case of our own beaver, Shaggycoat, these long hairs were very pronounced, so you see the name fitted him nicely.

When the fur of any of these little animals is prepared for market, the long hairs are all pulled out, with a small pair of tweezers. This is called plucking the skin.

As the summer days went by and August ripened into September, the loneliness that had oppressed Shaggycoat during the summer grew ten-fold and he became more restless than ever. There seemed to be something for which he was looking and longing. It was not right that he should wander up and down lakes and streams, and have no living creature stop to speak with him. His world was too large, the lakes and streams were too endless. He wanted to share them with somebody or something. He had found many a wondrous water nook, which he would like to show to some one; but still up and down he wandered, and no one did he find to share his great world. Yet it seemed sometimes as though he had come near to somebody or something, for which he was looking, but it always vanished at the next turn of the stream or at the waterfall.

Thus in this endless searching, that came to naught, like searching for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the autumn days passed.

The maples and the oaks shook out their crimson and golden streamers, and a touch of surpassing glory was on all the world. Sometimes the merry wind would shower down maple leaves until the edge of the stream was as bright as the boughs above.

It seemed that their fire touched Shaggycoat as he swam among them, making him to burn and glow like the autumn forest.

Then a new plan came into his wise head. If what he was looking for could not be found by searching, perhaps it might be coaxed to come to him. He would try and see.

So he gathered some grass and mud and made a very queer patty, which looked much like a child's mud pie. This he smoothed off with as much care as a baker would a cream cake.

This patty had been made by a beaver. He was sure that whoever found it would know that, for it had a strong musky smell. So he left his love-letter under a bush near a watercourse, and went away to wait developments.

A day he waited, but his letter remained unopened, and of course unread. Two days, and no better result, but the third day he found to his great joy that the letter had been opened. There was an unmistakable beaver musk about it, and new paw and nose prints upon it.

This was his answer. It said as plainly as words could have said: "I have read your letter and know what it means. I am waiting in some pool, or under a shelving bank near by; come."

Then Shaggycoat raced up and down the stream, churning the water like a tug-boat, until he found fresh beaver tracks in the mud. These he followed rapidly along the bank until he came to where it overhung the water and there he found his mate waiting for him with glad eyes.

Shaggycoat went up to her and rubbed his nose against hers. It was not like his grandfather's nose, cold and repellant, but warm and caressing. He backed away a pace or two to look at her; there was new joy in his heart.

She was not quite as large as he, and her coat was just a shade lighter drab, but she was very sleek and Shaggycoat was well satisfied.



HE SHOWED HER HIS WATERFALL

I know not what they said, there under the shelving bank, during their first tryst. But I do not agree with those niggardly naturalists who would strip the brute kingdom of feeling and intelligence and the power to express joy and pain, and appropriate all these feelings to themselves.

It may be that Shaggycoat told his newly found mate how bright her eyes were and how long he had searched for her, or, perhaps, she confessed that she had seen him many times just around the bend in the stream, but had not thought that he was looking for her. We are none of us certain of any of these things, but we are sure of one thing—it was a very happy meeting.

Then Shaggycoat led the way through lake and river to many wonderful water grottoes. To deep pools where the bottom of the lake was as dark and forbidding as midnight, or to shallows, where the bottom of the stream was gay with bright pebbles, and where the sunlight danced upon the uneven water until it made a wondrous, many-colored mirror.

He showed her his waterfall, and a part of a small dam that he had constructed across a little brook just for fun. The waterfall was not really his any more than it was anyone's else, but he called it his.

These and many other water wonders he showed his young mate, and her eyes grew brighter as the wonders of their world grew. She wondered how he had traveled so far, and seen so many things. But all the time Shaggycoat was leading the way towards a dear little brook that he knew of away back in the wilderness, in one of the fastnesses of nature. He had a definite plan in his head concerning this stream. He had made it weeks before and arranged many of its details.

But one day as they journeyed a sad accident befell Brighteyes, and for a time it bade fair to end all their hopes.

They were swimming leisurely up stream and had stopped at the mouth of a little rill where the water was very fresh, when Brighteyes discovered a stick of sweet-smelling birch hanging just above the water's edge. It fairly made her mouth water.

But Shaggycoat was suspicious. He had seen wood fixed like this before. He had tasted it and something had caught him by the paw, and only after several hours of wrenching had he been able to free himself. Even then he had left one claw and a part of the toe in the trap.

So he pushed Brighteyes from the trap and tried to hurry away with her. But with true feminine willfulness and curiosity, she persisted, and a moment later the trap was sprung and she was held fast by the toes of one of her fore feet.

She tugged and twisted, pulled and turned in every direction, but it would not let go. Then Shaggycoat got hold of the chain with his teeth and pulled too, but with no better success.

Brighteyes struggled until her paw was nearly wrenched from the shoulder, but the persistent thing that held her by three toes still clung like a vice.

At last when both beavers were filled with despair, and a wild terror of being held so firmly had seized them, a bright idea came to Shaggycoat. He gnawed off the stake that held the chain upon the trap and his mate was free to go, with the trap still clinging to her paw, and the chain rattling along upon the stones. Then they tried all sorts of experiments to get the trap off, the two most ingenious ways being drowning it, and burying it in the mud and then seeking to steal away quietly without disturbing it. But the trap was not to be taken unawares in this way, and always followed. Finally it caught between two stones where the brook was shallow, and came off itself. You may imagine they were glad to see the last of it, and Brighteyes never forgot the lesson.

It was several days before her shoulder got fairly over the wrenching, but it may have saved her glossy coat in after years.

Finally after about a week's leisurely travel they came to the mountain stream that Shaggycoat had in mind. It wound through a broad, alder-covered meadow, with steep foothills a mile or so back on either side. The meadow was about two miles long and at the lower end, where the stream ran into a narrow valley, there were two large pines, one on either bank.

Up in the foothills were innumerable birch and maple saplings and here and there in the meadow were knolls of higher land, covered with small pines and spruces.

Perhaps Shaggycoat had seen this wild meadow covered with water in the spring during a freshet, or maybe he had only imagined it, but there was a picture in his active mind of a strong beaver dam at the foot of the narrows and a broad lake that should be enclosed by the foothills; upon the islands were to be many beaver lodges; the first of which should be occupied by Brighteyes and himself.

IV

Shaggycoat of course had had no experience in dam building, but he had often watched repairs upon the dam in the colony where he and his grandfather had lived, before that terrible winter and the destruction of their snug city. He was too young at the time to be allowed to help in such important work as strengthening the dam, which needed old and wise heads, but there was no rule against his watching and seeing how it was done.

He had planned to model his dam in the alder meadow after the one at the old colony.

He had traveled many weary miles by lakes and rivers, to find a spot where such a dam could be built. . . . A broad meadow surrounded by foothills, with a narrow neck at the lower end where the dam was to be, and large trees near to use in its construction. There were many places where the ordinary dams, made of short sections of logs, piled up like a cob house, could be built. The brush and stone dam could also be made almost anywhere, but the kind Shaggycoat wanted, which was easier to make than any other, could be built only in certain places. So he had chosen the spot with great care.

His observation of repairs on the old dam would stand him in good stead, but even had he not seen this work, it is probable that his beaver's building instinct would have supplied the needed knowledge. His kind had been dam builders for ages.

It was the beaver dams of the eighteenth century that gave us most of our pleasant meadows, where hay and crops now grow so plentifully. Originally these lowlands were covered with timber, but the beaver dams overflowed the valleys, and made them fertile; this also killed off the timber, which finally rotted and fell into the water, and the meadow was cleared as effectually as the settlers did it with their axes. Traces of these dams may still be found.

Just to illustrate how ingrained the building instinct is in the beaver. A young beaver was held in captivity in the third story of an apartment house in London. There was no mud, no stick, and nothing to suggest building. He had no parents to teach him this industry, yet he soon set to work and built brushes, shoes, hassocks and anything else movable that he could get hold of into a wall across one corner of the room. That was his dam.

One October evening, when the harvest moon was at its full and its mellow radiance shimmered on treetop and water, and the world was like a beautiful dream, half in light and half in shadow, Shaggycoat and Brighteyes took their places at the foot of one of the great pines at the lower end of the meadow and the work of dam building began. But just how they set to work you could never guess, unless you are familiar with the habits of these most interesting animals.

They stood upon their hind legs, balancing themselves nicely upon their broad flat tails, and began nipping a ring about the tree. It was not a very deep cut, and looked for all the world like the girdle that the nurseryman makes upon his apple trees, only it was a little more ragged. When the tree had been circled, they began again about three inches above the first girdle, and cut another. When they touched noses again at the farther side of the tree, they began pulling out the chip betwen the two girdles. When this operation had been completed for the entire circumference of the tree, they had made the first cut which was about three inches broad, and perhaps a half an inch deep, for they had the bark to help them, and this was the easiest cut on the tree.

Do you imagine that they stopped for a frolic when the first cut had been made, as many boys or girls would have done? Not a bit of it, for they knew better than man could have told them, how soon cold weather would make work upon the dam impossible, and there was the lodge to build after the dam had been made.

You would have laughed if you had seen these two comparatively small animals at the foot of that giant pine, nipping away at it like persistent little wood-choppers. The old tree was tall and majestic. It had withstood the winds of a century, and its heart was still stout. The chips that they took were so small, and the task before them so great. But if you had happened by the following day and seen the furrow, some two or three inches in depth, you would have marveled, and not been so sure of the old pine's ability to withstand these ambitious rodents.

Night after night they worked, and once or twice they had to widen the cut, which had got so narrow that they could not get their heads in to work, but even as water wears away stone by constant action they wore away the stout heart of the old pine.

At last one morning, just as the moon was setting and the pale stars were fading, a shudder ran through the tall pine and it quivered as they cut through the last fibers of its strong heart. A moment it tottered like an old man upon his staff, then swayed, as though uncertain which way to go, and fell with a rush of wind, and a roar that resounded from foothill to foothill, until the meadow echoed with the downfall of the old sentinel.

It had fallen squarely across the stream, just as they had hoped. This was probably not through any prowess of the beavers as woodmen, but owing to the fact that nearly all timber that grows upon the banks of a stream leans towards the water, as it grows more freely upon that side, so it had happened just right.

The sun was now rising, so they left their work, well pleased that the tree was down. But by dusk they were at it again.



TOOK THEIR PLACES AT THE FOOT OF ONE OF THE GREAT PINES

The trunk of the pine, and particularly its thick foliage, had dammed the water somewhat, so it was already beginning to set back, but most of it trickled through, and went upon its way rejoicing at its escape. Some large limbs upon the tree still held it several feet from the ground, so they set to work on the under side of the tree, cutting off the limbs and lowering the trunk to just the height they wished. Some of this work had to be done under water, but that is no hardship for a beaver, for he can stay under several minutes. When breathing had become difficult they would come up, bringing the severed limb with them in their teeth. These would be jammed into the mud just in front of the tree trunk, like the pickets upon a fence. If you had tried to pull out one of these limbs after they had once planted it, you would have found it a difficult task.

In two nights they lowered the pine to the desired height, and made it look like a dam.

The following night they began upon the other pine on the opposite bank, and girdled it as they had done the first. The tree looked lonely now with its mate gone. Perhaps it felt so and did not care that the sharp teeth were nipping away at its bark, or maybe it still longed to battle with the elements, and this spasmodic pain in its sap filled it with forebodings.

As relentlessly as they had gnawed away at the first tree, they worked at the second, until it, too, fell, with a rush of air, and the snap of breaking branches and that thunderous thud, that shook the valley. They were not as fortunate this time as they had been before, and though the pine fell across the stream, it fell farther up than its mate, leaving a gap between them.

You could never guess how they remedied this mishap. They certainly could not move the tree, but that was really what they did, for they gnawed off the limbs that supported the tree on the down stream side, and it rolled over of its own weight, so the gap was filled. The structure now looked quite like the outline of a dam.

Then work upon it was suspended for a time and they went up stream about twenty rods and dug three holes in a knoll that would soon be an island, as the water was now setting back quite rapidly. These holes were started near the bank of the stream running back under ground for several feet, and then turning upward and coming out at the surface. Three such holes were dug, each leading to a different place near the bank of the stream, but all coming out at the same spot at the top of the knoll.

Then they resumed work upon the dam. Soon small trees and brush might have been seen floating down the stream, guided by industrious beavers, who gave the material a shove here, and a push there to keep it in the current. Now that the dam was beginning to flow the meadows, they would make the stream do their carrying, just as it did cargoes for man.

The brush and saplings were stuck vertically in front of the pine barricade, and the holes between were plastered up with mud and sods, until the structure was fairly tight. The mud they carried in their fore paws hugged up under the chin, or on the broad tail, which made a fine trowel with which to smooth it off.

Little by little the holes on the dam were filled, until finally it was quite smooth and symmetrical. It could be built larger and stronger the next year, but for this year they only needed a small pond that should make a primitive Venice for them, and shield their lodge, from a land attack. By the time the first hard freeze came, the dam had been completed for that year, and the freeze strengthened it just as they had intended.

A beautiful little lake, about a quarter of a mile in length, and half as wide, now shimmered and sparkled in the valley and the beavers were glad that they had been so prospered.

(To be continued.)

Working Your Way

By A. H. WILCOX

"THE BOYS" OF the class of 1880 were gathered at Wesleyan University for their twenty-fifth reunion. They didn't all look like the boys of a quarter century ago, for the peach fuzz on their faces had given place to the ripened stubble of full beards and gray-streaked mustaches. "The boys" wore high-cut foreheads as a rule, with bare circles of varying diameter farther up. A striking exception was a foxy dominie, who had reinforced his bald head with a blonde wig. This little deception was fortunately discovered, before the vote was taken to decide which of "the boys" seemed the best preserved. Sitting around the banquet table, the "Revs.," "Doctors," "Professors" and kindred titles were dropped for the time being and the old nicknames, bestowed early in college days, were frequent on the lip.

At the head of the table sat the toastmaster, who had just been elected to the presidency of a western university. Next to him sat a New York business man with an annual income of ten thousand dollars. There were others with neither fame nor riches, whose work, perchance, had been as nobly done as that of their fellows; whose lot it had been to plod a harder road, content with smaller salaries, from which they sacrificed for the education of their boys and girls as fast as they came along.

A list of thirty questions was submitted to each of "the boys," the answers to which were designed to show the important changes which had come over each individual life during the twenty-five years. One of these questions was as follows: "What part of your college course do you now consider of the greatest value?"

The answers were more or less complimentary to certain professors whose teaching had awakened new ambitions, or given a new conception of important truths. The answers, however, took a new turn when, near the end of the list, one was called whose life during the four years at Wesleyan had been marked by struggle and privation.

And this is what he said:

"Fellows, much as I prize the influence of the faithful men to whom we looked for instruction, my answer to this question differs from all the rest, because, as you will remember, there were some requirements in my college course from which you were exempt. Looking backward, it seems to me that the hard experience of working my way for four years, has proved my greatest blessing ever since. Pushing a wheelbarrow up and down these Middletown hills, with the laundry boxes of the students piled higher than my head; lugging cans of midnight oil up and down the streets for the small commission that should eke out my slender income; these were not the easiest things to do, but because they were the things nearest to hand, I stuffed my pride and sensitiveness in my pocket, and, regardless of what others might say or think, went ahead in the beaten path of duty. Fellows, the lessons I learned in the school of hardship have stood by me through life, enabling me to tackle all the other hard problems with cheerfulness and confidence."

The old boys broke out into applause, and the ten-thousand-dollar man at the end of the table said, "Ajax, old fellow, we remember those days, and we want you to know that every man in the class of 'Eighty honored you then, as they do today, for your courage and faithfulness."

Boys of today, Men of tomorrow! This is not only a true story, but it is being repeated over and over. Now, as always, moral courage is taken at par value. The boy who struggles for his education and goes without the luxuries, and many of the comforts, to accomplish his life purpose, will reap the benefit in his own life; and as he carries himself bravely, uncomplainingly, the world looking on is more likely to applaud than to sneer. And if men sneer, smile it back in their faces. Give them a jolly, good-natured laugh for the meanest fling, and their own manliness will assert itself, and the sneer will end in a cheer.

Next month our editor will resume his talks with boys under the head of "Just Between Ourselves."



CLARENCE HAWKES, THE BLIND POET-NATURALIST, WHO WRITES NATURE STORIES FOR THE AMERICAN BOY, AND, AMONG THEM, "SHAGGYCOAT," BEGUN LAST MONTH

Stories Out of My Own Life

By THE EDITOR

No. 6--A 40 to 1 Game

DO YOU remember when baseball pitchers began to throw curved balls?

You don't, because baseball pitchers, big and little, have been throwing curved balls ever since the day you were born. But pitchers haven't always thrown curved balls. I can remember when to be a pitcher one had to really *pitch*—and it had to be a straight-arm pitch and no throw about it. The least little crook of the elbow made the movement a throw, and that was a "balk," allowing the batter and the base runners each to take a base. But you mustn't think that those straight-arm pitchers of twenty-five years ago couldn't pitch a swift ball, for they could—sometimes wonderfully swift. I remember a straight-arm pitcher in the Hickories, a fine old baseball team that played in my native town in Ohio when I was a boy, nearly thirty years ago, who was a marvel of speed. He was a tall, slim fellow with a long, lank arm, long wrist and long hands. Everything about him indeed was long but his name, and that was Tom.

The shortstop on that team was as short as Tom was long. His name was Jim, but to the boys he was always "Banty," because he looked like a bantam rooster in size compared with the others in the nine. I tell you a ball had a hard time getting over Tom the pitcher and under "Banty" the shortstop. That club surely had "the long and short of it."

Well, when Tom drew that long arm back as far as it could go, with the ball perched away out on the ends of his long fingers, the batter knew it was time to look sharp and the catcher settled for a hot one. Then came the long swing of the arm until the hands nearly touched the ground, and the ball went like a stone from a David's sling, straight as a bullet to the mark. No batter ever stood in more fear of getting hit by a pitched ball than did those who stood up before Tom of the famous Hickories. I say *famous* because I ought to. The Hickories were the pride of the little country town of less than two thousand people, in which I lived. Of course, they beat everything in the town; then everything in the county; and then the celebrated Cincinnati Red Stockings offered a handsome silver ball in a satin case to that Ohio club who could beat them two out of three.

The Hickories just packed up their bats and balls and suits—they didn't wear big padded gloves and masks in those days; every boy in town would have laughed them to shame had they done so—and they went down to Cincinnati, these country boys did, and brought home that ball. Then Tom became a hero and the Hickories were famous.

Those were great days for our town, when the great clubs from all over Ohio came to take that silver ball away from the Hickories; but they didn't take it. No, indeed! It stayed right there season after season, displayed in the window of our only jewelry store with the names of our players engraved on it—Thomas and James—and not Tom and "Banty"—and all the rest of the nine.

And how we boys used to worship those fellows—particularly Tom; and no hero ever trod the earth more modestly than did the captain and pitcher of the Hickories in the little country community that loved and honored him for his skill as a ball tosser.

Then the day of the pitched ball passed and the fellows who made the rules said that pitchers might bend the elbow so long as the hand did not go above the belt. That was the day of the "under-hand throw;" but that day did not last long. After it, came the regular "throw" and then pitchers were no longer pitchers but throwers; they were permitted to deliver the ball to the batter just as they liked, so they did not jerk it. Now it became a matter of mere muscle; the fellow who could throw the swiftest ball was the best man. Then, along about 1880, it was found that by holding the ball in certain ways and making certain twists in letting it go, it could be made to go crooked, or, rather, curved. It could be made to appear to be coming straight when in fact it wasn't coming straight at all. It would look as if coming plumb over the plate, when suddenly it would dodge in or out and the poor batter would find himself fanning the air. It would look like a ball coming breast high, when suddenly it would take a dip and go half a foot lower—and all before the puzzled batter knew what had happened. Then every pitcher suddenly developed curves; boys everywhere were throwing balls at marks on barns and fences, trying to solve the mystery of the down and the up and the in and the out shoots. Then it became not a matter altogether of strength or speed but a matter of stratagem—fooling the batter.

Then the game ceased being a game at which nine men played on a side, but a game of two on a side and these two the pitcher and the catcher. Then there was not so much fun chasing balls and running bases. It became a procession of put-outs—most of them on strikes. Then there were no more scores of twenty and thirty and forty runs to a side and any number of balls literally knocked out of sight and games called on account of darkness, though begun just after noon; but in their place we had the sacrifice hits, the cheerful single baggers, the hour and a half games, and the scores of 1 to 0 in eleven innings.

Ah, boys, if I played ball now I would want to be back there a quarter of a century ago, hitting balls out of sight, making home runs, playing all the afternoon, and up bright and early the next day for more. But fashions change in baseball as in everything else, and doubtless the boys of today have as much fun with their dead balls, curved throwing, sacrifice hits, and four-balls-take-a-base, as we used to have with our lively balls made in good part of rubber, our straight pitching, our long hits and daisy cutters, and our nine-balls-take-a-base.

But I started to tell you about the first time I struck at a curved ball. It was in a game between two college nines. One college I will call A, the other B. I was regular catcher in the B nine. We were visiting the A nine. My hands were so sore from a "match game" played the day before that I couldn't catch for the A game, so I played third, and a substitute caught.

It was a beautiful day and there was a great crowd. Everybody in A college was there ready to cheer the A nine. A few of our friends were there, having come up from B college to cheer us, wearing their colors, carrying horns, and all primed well for a boisterous time such as only college boys can have. But we were not afraid of the A nine and their five hundred backers. We had beaten everything we had tried and nothing could rattle us, as we thought. The sequel proved otherwise.

The A nine went to bat first, made one run, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse. I was first at the bat for the B's. A's pitcher was a little, fat fellow who looked in his uniform like a jack-in-the-box. "We'll make mince-meat of him," said Brundage, our big-muscled pitcher. "Knock him out of the box," whispered Keeler, our substitute catcher, as I selected my bat and strutted confidently up to the plate. My prize hits were all of the daisy-cutter variety that went spinning over the ground between third base and shortstop, and generally had a way, too, of getting by the fellows at these positions, giving me a chance to land safely on second. I squared myself for a good hit, for I realized that a good deal depended on getting in a good hit at the start. Mentally I figured just about where my ball should go and waited. The pitcher looked over the field, doubled himself up in a funny way, and let drive. It was not a swift ball. I saw it every inch of its way coming straight over the plate and waist high—just my kind. Swing went the bat, and to my consternation I missed. I hadn't reached it, by six inches.

A yell went up that stirred the leaves on the trees back of the grounds. Chagrined, I stooped, rubbed my hands in the dust, grabbed my bat fiercely, and watched for the ball. "This time I'll hit it in the nose sure. He's pitching a slow ball," I muttered. Suddenly like a shot the ball came tearing in and I fouled. That was a swift one! Again it came slow-like and sort of teasing. Again I swung, this time viciously, and missed. The ball passed nearly a foot beyond the end of my bat!

Puzzled beyond measure, I stepped close to the plate. "I have been standing too far away," I said. The next one came so close to my body I had to jump to escape it, and everybody laughed. Now I was mad. I just gripped that bat like I was frozen to it. "Come on, now," I said between set teeth; and the little, round pitcher did come on with a beauty. I struck at it and missed it by a foot. Kerplunk it landed in the catcher's hands. I had struck out! My daisy cutter was all in my mind.

Our next man struck out and so did our next. Not one of us touched the ball unless to foul.

In our second inning we began going down again as in the first, in one, two, three order. I was captain of the B nine. Something must be done. Our best batters had fallen, and in the third our weakest certainly would do nothing. Then I walked over directly behind the catcher, but well back, and watched that ball as it left the pitcher's hands, and wonder of wonders! it came in on a curve. It started all right, then seemed to think of something, suddenly turned and shot off some place else, and our poor batters were fanning the air all around the plate looking for it.

"Stand as nearly over the plate as you can," I whispered to the next batter. He did, and a straight one came and took him in the ribs. "Stand as far ahead of the plate as you can and get it before it begins to get crazy," I shouted to another batter. He did, and then nearly threw himself away trying to reach that ball. "Stand back of the plate and wait. Those balls don't come over the plate. The umpire will call balls on those things," I counseled. Then that little pitcher just seemed to throw straight at the batter's hip-pocket, making the batter dodge, while the ball, as innocent as a young canary, went flying right square over the plate. Then the whole nine of us, all but the one man at the bat, went around behind the catcher and watched that ball cut up its monkey-shines.

Well, so awfully cut up were we, that we couldn't in the last half of that game have hit pumpkins with butter-paddles. The curved ball had come and this was our introduction to it. Certain it was, we didn't like it on first acquaintance.

The game closed with the score 40 to 1 against us. Our pride was in our boots. The curved ball had humbled us completely.

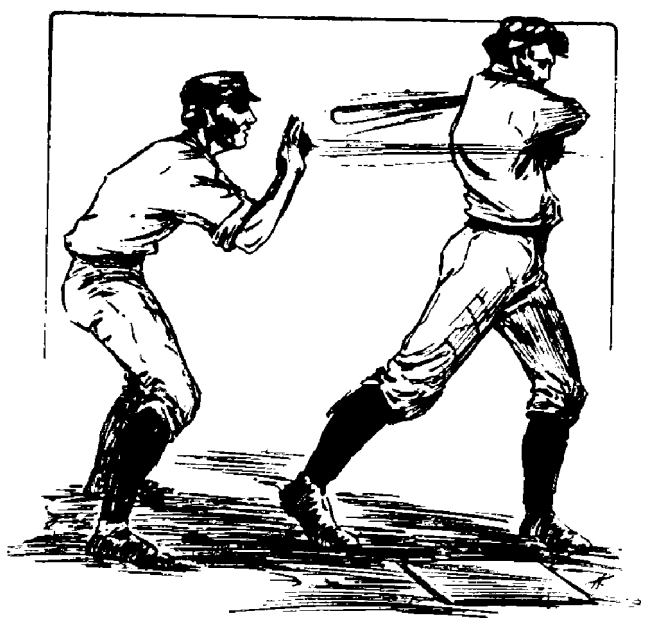
That night we took a late train for home, sneaked up the back streets of the village; and not once did we give the college yell. We were no longer the heroes, no longer the holders of an unbroken season's record. We had met our Waterloo. The terrible slaughter of that day wiped out a score of victories on other fields.

We had learned a valuable lesson that everybody ought early to learn, that no matter how much a fellow may know about a thing, the chances are that there is something he may yet learn; that no matter how successful a boy may be he must be on his guard lest some day someone may come along who knows more than he does. The boy who knows it all is in a bad way because he is off his guard. Such a boy is self-sufficient; he wants no advice; he takes none. No one can tell him anything. That's just the way I felt about that college club of which I was captain. We had won so many victories I felt we were invincible, but a little, fat, pudgy pitcher that we poked fun at just took every ounce of conceit out of us and made us the laughing stock of our little college world, and that was the whole world to us then.



THE PITCHER DOUBLED HIMSELF UP IN A FUNNY WAY AND LET DRIVE

It is the unexpected, boys, that is always happening in life. "O I didn't expect that!



KERPLUNK IT LANDED IN THE CATCHER'S HANDS. I HAD STRUCK OUT

I didn't think of that," is the cry when something has suddenly turned up to spoil our success. Well, it's the best plan for boys as for men to prepare for the unexpected.

A boy once prepared for examination by cramming hard on a certain part of his arithmetic because he expected the teacher would examine on that; but the teacher didn't examine on that, but on some other part, and the boy failed. He didn't expect that.

Much sympathy did my ball club get at home when they told their friends that their opponents had a pitcher who threw a ball that wiggled like a snake. The people only laughed the louder, and to this day that 40-to-1 game is remembered with a smile by boys now grown to men, and they tell it to younger men, who smile in their turn as they tell it to still others.

It is very humiliating, boys, when you grow up to be a man, to find that you haven't a monopoly of skill and brains; so it is well for a boy not to get into the bad habit of thinking that he needs no instruction, no advice, no counsel, in order to make a success.

Why, the junk shops and back yards of our factories are full of discarded machinery that men spent their lives to perfect, till one day a man came along with something that could do the work better, and away went the first man's boasted achievement. The lesson is that no one should rest contented with his achievements, but ever seek to do better and better work. While you are resting the world is sweeping on, and one day soon someone will startle you by going you one better in the race.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

But the waiting here does not mean idling or sleeping, or even resting. It means that while we labor we are not to be impatient for the reward, but ever to be pursuing, achieving, going from good to better, from better to the best possible.

"Is the boy a good student? Let him not be content with that. Let him strive to be a better one. Is he good in the ball field? Let him not rest on his laurels, but study and practice to be a better. Is he a good declaimer or debater? Let him study to be a better one. Is he good with tools or with pencil and brush? Let him strive to be better. What matter if he be the best in his school, his town, his state even. Should he now rest? No. His school, his town, his state are but a small part of the great world of boys. In that great world there may be hundreds superior in skill and power.

There are no heights of achievement but that there rises above them the glory-tipped summits of still others.

Remember the lesson of the first curved ball. It may save you humiliation some day. Be ready for the unexpected. Don't be caught napping at your own game.

Some Boys' Mistakes

By J. L. HARBOUR

IT IS A MISTAKE for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. More than one boy has lessened his chances of success in life by acquiring in boyhood a pert, smart, dashing manner particularly offensive to men of real intelligence and refinement. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty not only in boyhood but when their boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.

It is a mistake for a boy to suppose that there is any better or safer place for him than his own home after nightfall. The boy who forms the habit of running the streets at night is sure to fall in with evil companions, for the better class of boys will be in their own homes at night. Records of crime prove that many a boy has begun a criminal career by strolling the streets at night. There is no better place for young people than the "sweet, safe corner of the household fire."

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real "royal road to fortune" is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the best one has to give in return for money received. Every right-minded boy will want to earn his money, and he will ask nothing at the hands of mere fortune. It is true, as Benjamin Franklin once said, that "industry and patience are the surest means of plenty."

It is a sad mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sunday school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sunday school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything "on the sly." The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be "as honest as the day." Woe to him if he is not!

It is a serious mistake for a boy to feel that he can get along in life just as well without an education as with one. Of course there are men who have attained a high degree of success in life with but a limited education, but those men will admit that the degree of their success might have been greater had they had the distinct advantage of a good education.

Grandpa's Childhood

By MARGARET B. SHIPP

"If I were a boy, I'd like the pockets of my coat
Stuffed with marbles, jackrocks, twine, and knife and ball,
Want a yellow dog or two, and a spotted goat,
And a dandy cart to drive in—that would be the best of all!
Drive out to an apple tree, the big one on the road.
Eat up all I wanted, then I'd fetch me home a load.
Swap some for tobacco tags, like 'Peach' and 'Golden Joy,' "—
"Gran'pa," put in Tommy, "'spect you must er been a boy!"

William Rainey Harper

By FRANCIS W. SHEPARDSON
For Several Years President Harper's Secretary



THE LATE WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER

THE LIFE OF the late President Harper of the University of Chicago is full of suggestions for a thoughtful boy. It shows how much it is possible to get out of life. It shows, too, how a person's career may be changed by the people whom he may meet in school, in college, in the church, or in the ordinary walks of daily life. He was born on July 26, 1856, in the village of New Concord, Ohio, where there was a small college which had been established to train men to be ministers. The Bible was a regular book for study, both in English and in other languages. His father, a dry goods merchant, was one of the college trustees, and he started his son as a student in the preparatory department when he was only eight years old. The boy was fond of books and easily kept up his work to the mark set by much older students. At fourteen he graduated from college, delivering his commencement oration in Hebrew. He clerked in his father's store and studied privately for three years, for part of his recreation leading the cornet band of the village. In 1873 he took this band to the neighboring college town of Granville to furnish the music for commencement at Denison University. He liked the looks of the place and made some acquaintances there. That fall he went to Yale College and came under the influence of Professor Whitney, the great philologist. Two years later he received from Yale the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and went back home filled with a desire to be a powerful teacher. He married one of his childhood companions and began to teach in a small school in Tennessee. Then he went to Granville, Ohio, again, this time as a tutor in the preparatory department. Two important elements came into his life. He became a warm friend of the president of the college, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, now at the University of Nebraska. He joined the Baptist church. He made a place for himself in the community by hard work and faithfulness to duty. Then when the Baptist Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Illinois, wanted a teacher of Hebrew, President Andrews recommended Dr. Harper. The seminary was small and struggling, but he made his students his friends and inspired them so much that his fame as a teacher spread. He believed that it was possible for many a person who was kept from school privileges to learn much from lessons given by correspondence. He taught Hebrew in this way, and planned to arouse interest everywhere in the study of the Bible. The Chautauqua movement attracted him and he became one of the directors of that work. This gave him a wide acquaintance with educated and thoughtful people. He aroused enthusiasm about the Bible by public lectures given in various cities and at many universities. In the meantime, eleven years after he received his diploma from Yale, he was called to be professor of Hebrew and similar languages there, and a little later was also made professor of Biblical literature. About that time Dr. George W. Northrup, president of the Morgan Park Seminary, recommended Dr. Harper to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who was looking for a Baptist teacher, who had the right training, ideals and ability to take hold of a new university to be established in Chicago. So he went back to Chicago to work for fourteen years in planning, establishing and guiding the University of Chicago for whose development more than twenty million dollars were given by enthusiastic friends. In this institution he gathered a strong faculty, selecting many of the teachers from among those whom he had known personally at Granville, at Morgan Park, at Yale, or in his Chautauqua work. He made instruction by correspondence and Bible study foundation stones of the university. He made the giving of lectures wherever they were desired a part of the institution. And there was no feature of the student life in which he took greater interest than in the organization and maintenance of a good cornet band, while from the standpoint of the faculty he paid special attention to the training of men to become teachers. Dr. Harper undoubtedly was a genius, that is, he was equipped with powers beyond those of the ordinary individual, but he was able to do so much and to keep interest in so many things during his lifetime, because he worked by system. He was an early riser, a tireless worker during the day, and then burned the midnight oil. He used to keep within reach a little red book, in which he kept the outline for his daily routine. As an administrator he had occasion to interview many persons who were heads of departments, secretaries, or special assistants in one thing or another. To each of these individuals he allotted a certain space in his book, in which he wrote down carefully numbered points for conference. If he had asked for suggestions upon any subject his plan was to tell his caller to go ahead and outline his suggestions. Usually, no matter how thorough the individual had been, when he had made his six, eight, or ten propositions, Dr. Harper would say "Those are good, but I have ten more." And then he would take up the whole subject in a way that indicated careful thought and mastery, the result being that his caller would leave impressed with a higher opinion of his chief than he had had before, and also with intention next time to have just as many possible points for discussion as Dr. Harper could think out. By such quiet training many men were greatly helped by these business interviews. If it happened that all matters could not be discussed at one interview, then such as were passed for the time were written down on another page to await the next interview. By carrying items forward in this way, and by keeping a daily rearranged list of matters of "unfinished business" constantly before him, by utilizing the odd minutes which many waste, and by training many subordinates to adopt the same methods of work Dr. Harper accomplished in his less than fifteen years at the University of Chicago the remarkable things which are credited to him. He used this method in all of his activities. If he was holding a meeting of his Sunday school officers, a faculty meeting at the University, a committee meeting with business men, the same system was evident. Such a system adhered to during a term of years enabled him to do the work of several men during the life of one. Thus in every position he had in his career he worked hard, inspired others to work hard, and made faithfulness in the discharge of duty his highest aim. Then, when death came to him before he was fifty years old, and his life was reviewed, it was seen that it had been a series of steps, each leading to the next, as if God had guided him year by year, toward the goal of his ambition to be known as an inspiring teacher and a teacher, too, of the greatest of all books, the Bible. Many boys neglect the earlier years of their lives, planning to do something and to be somebody by and by. In President Harper's case his whole life's career seems to have been shaped by the ideas he had and the people he met before he was twenty-one years old.

AMONG THE BOYS



PHOTO BY WM. SLEEMAN, ESPLIN PITTS, PA.

Golden Eagle Lassoed by Boys

(From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

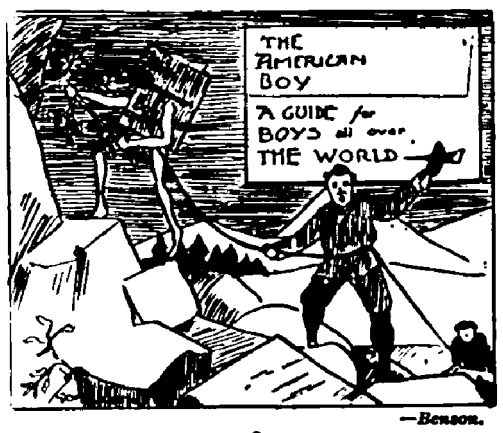
Two small boys armed with a lasso captured a golden eagle late Wednesday afternon after an interesting struggle with the bird. The boys are the sons of Edward Franks. They were playing in the yard of their home when the great bird swooped down and lighted on the back fence. A hurried search for a gun was unfruitful, and as the bird seemed disinclined to leave, other measures were employed by the nimrods.

Somebody suggested a lasso, and finally a noose of clothesline was cast about the bird and he was captured after a sharp battle.

It is said that the eagle probably flew so high that he encountered extreme cold and was unable to resist it.

Newsboy Finds $4,000 and Refuses Reward

Harry Spencer, a 15-year-old newsboy of Harlem, N. Y., found a pocketbook recently containing a certified check for $4,000, a considerable sum of money in bills and some valuable jewelry, and refused to accept a reward from the owner. Harry is now pointed out as the wonder of wonders by the other "newsies" in Harlem, who cannot understand why he refused the proffered reward for his honesty.



—Benson.

Going to School in Germany

James A. Canfield, editor of the Patchogue Advance, Patchogue, New York, sends us the following letter written to him by his nephew, who is attending school in Germany. It will interest the boys, we are sure:

Jena, Germany, Feb. 11, 1906.

Dear Uncle Jim:

I thank you very much for the American Boy. I received the first number in January and I am now waiting anxiously for the February number. We are having fine winter weather now with plenty of snow, but it is not very cold. The town is surrounded with mountains and the coasting is fine. Yesterday I went up with German friends and there were about two hundred people there. Many men, women, students, boys and girls were going down and they went very fast. At first I could not steer the way they did, but now can do quite well and I go most every day. Most of the sleds are very small, and they do not have the large toboggans that we use in America. When they go down they yell "Bahn" or "way." A man was killed here last year, and I saw a girl break her leg the other day.

We are only a few feet from the station, but the trains are so small and light that we hardly ever hear them. The cars are very small and there are four classes, first, second, third and fourth. Most of the people go third.

I am studying Latin, Algebra and German, as I am trying to make my year in school. I go one hour in the German school and it is very queer. The classes are not like they are at home, because the boys and girls do not go in the same room. Men teach the boys and women teach the girls. The teachers whip lots more than they do at home, but they are very friendly, too. My teacher whistles and sings right during the recitations and when anybody makes a mistake he calls them dumb heads, sheep, donkeys, etc. One morning twenty-seven out of forty-five got whipped or slapped.

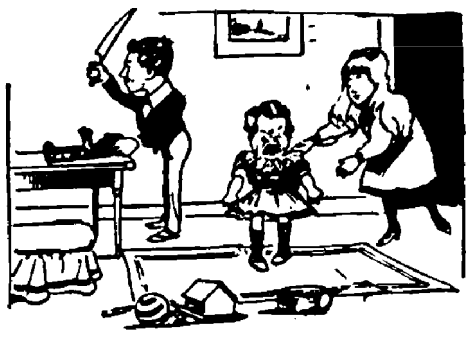
Your nephew,
ALFRED R. HAVIGHURST.

Boys We Like

Elmer E. Jeter writes an interesting letter from Colfax, Louisiana, which contains many good words for THE AMERICAN BOY. Elmer, who is not yet fourteen years old, says he has earned his spending money since he was ten years old. Among things he has bought for himself are a pony, a buggy and harness, a saddle and bridle, and a violin. We are sure he must be particularly proud of the rifle that he earned taking subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY. Besides earning all of these things, Elmer finds time to attend school regularly, stand well in his classes, and to do his share of the chores about the house.

George Watsen and John Kimberly, East River, ..., are much interested in electricity. They live in the country about a mile and a half apart, but are connected by a telephone made from directions given in THE AMERICAN BOY. They have also constructed a sort of automobile which works very well, and are now at work upon a wireless telegraph. We are sure that the workshop in which they spend so much time must be a very busy place. One of the boys has a taste for music as well as mechanics, and plays the violin, piano, and cornet.

A Juvenile Surgeon



His Own "Composure"

Allen Bagley, Moyock, N. C., a 14-year-old, sends the following, of his own "composure," as he says:

WHAT I WISH TO DO.

I want to go to college,
To the good old Orange and Blue,
And be a football player,
A Heston number two.

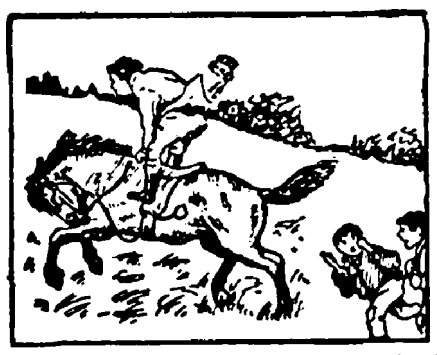
And when I finish college
Learn the trade of engineers,
Make fifty million dollars
And live five hundred years.

When I get through engineering
I'll go where it is cold,
Skate to my satisfaction,
And live in a house of gold.
When I get through skating
I'll go where it is hot,
'Way down in old Virginia,
And swimming 'll be my lot.

When I finish swimming
I'll get me a boat and row,
Until I get a boy again
(A man's a boy twice, you know).

When I get a boy again
I'll be full of joy,
Sit back in my mansion and
Read THE AMERICAN BOY.

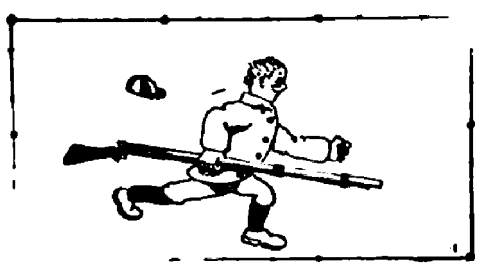
Before the Fall



Offensive boy—Hi, Bill, come on! This gent's a hackerobat. He's goin' to stand up on 'is 'oss!—New York Press.

A 13-Year-Year-Old Writer

R. W. Chipman, Middletown, Nova Scotia, sends us a story that appeared in print in a local paper, entitled "Study and Pleasure." As we understand it the story was written by our subscriber. We congratulate him on his success in writing so early, as he is only 13 years of age.



"LITTLE SAM TOOK HIS GRANDFATHER'S GUN, AND STARTED FROM HOME ON A RUN —

—By J. M. Meyers.

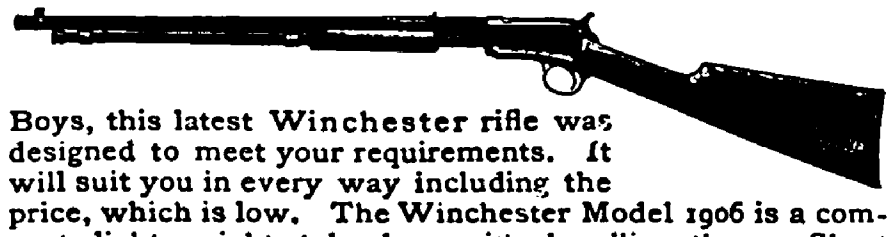


— GRANDPA GOT ON HIS TRACK BROUGHT THE YOUNG RASCAL BACK— AND YOU OUGHT TO HAVE WITNESSED THE FUN!"

WINCHESTER



MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER
Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifles



Boys, this latest Winchester rifle was designed to meet your requirements. It will suit you in every way including the price, which is low. The Winchester Model 1906 is a compact, light weight, take-down rifle handling the .22 Short Rim Fire cartridges only. It is attractive in appearance and outline, and in accuracy, reliability of operation and finish it is fully up to the established Winchester standard. This rifle is made with a 20-inch round barrel fitted with a sporting front sight and an adjustable open rear sight. It has a handsome straight grip stock finished with a rubber butt plate and weighs about 5 pounds. The magazine holds 15 cartridges. If your dealer cannot show you this model rifle, let us know.

FREE: Send for circular fully describing this rifle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A Wreck



—By D. O'Brien, Boy Artist.

Trapping in Iowa

Henry Johnson, Kanawha, Ia., reading in our February issue of the experience of one of our subscribers in trapping in the State of Texas, writes to tell us how much pleasure he gets from trapping in Iowa. Here, says he, we get mink, white weasel, skunk and muskrat. The mink are very shrewd and not easily caught. They are caught in streams and in muskrat holes. The traps used for mink are No. 1½. When in use they must be covered well. Skunks are easily caught; they may be dug out of their holes by means of an axe and spade; the hole is seldom more than three feet deep. Mink bring from $2.00 to $6.00 each; skunks from 75 cents to $2.50; weasels from 25 cents to $1.00 and muskrats from 10 cents to 20 cents. Henry made $30.00 last winter trapping.

Well Wishes From Far Away

The following letter indicates that THE AMERICAN BOY has friends a long way from home:

Princes Town,
Trinidad, B. W. I.,
January 24th, 1906.

Dear Editor: I wish THE AMERICAN BOY the continued and complete success it so well deserves. DUDLEY DONAWA.

Be Patient

Boys from all over the country are writing us, "why not give us a chance to tell why we are proud of our state?" In the nature of things we cannot admit more than one essay a month. We hope that boys of every state will have an opportunity to write on the subject, but they must wait their turn.

DON'T OVERLOOK IT

See the prize offer in connection with Dr. Bucknall's contribution on page 185.

GIVEN TO BOYS

A Handsome Base Ball Outfit, Express Charges Prepaid, consisting of Flannel Shirt, Padded Pants, College style Cap and Strong Belt, or *A Complete Base Ball Players'* Outfit, consisting of Handsome Chest Protector, Catchers' laced Mitt, five-fingered Fielders' Glove, College style Cap, strong Wire Mask, regulation Ball, and fine quality Belt.

FOR SELLING ONLY 24 OF OUR FAST SELLING GOOD HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS AT 10 CTS EACH.

-BOYS-
WRITE AT ONCE

We trust you with the Handkerchiefs to sell. 24 sent in one shipment; when sold, send us the money, and the same day we receive it, we will send your complete outfit, Express Charges Prepaid.

Any honest Boy can be our Agent

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO.
766 Passaic St., PASSAIC, N. J.



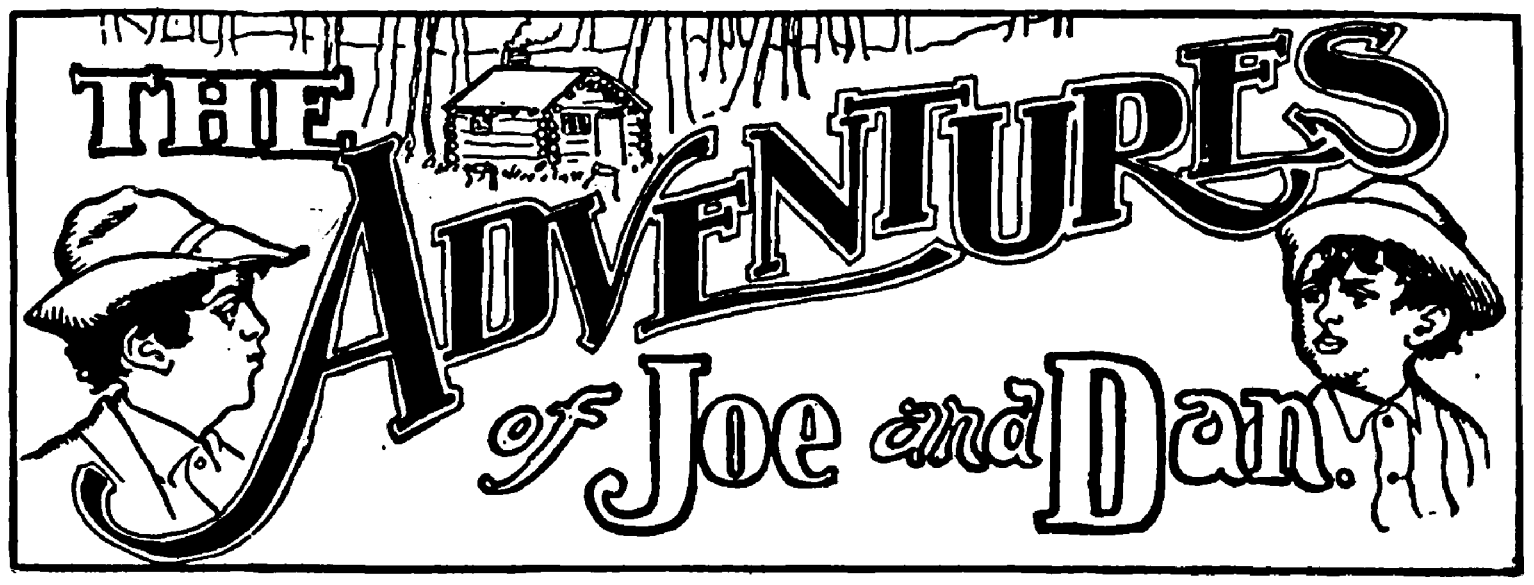
I Will Make You Prosperous.

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation has been, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write today.

EDWIN E. MARDEN, Pres.

Nat'l Co-operative Realty Co., 1002 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago



BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOYS found the strange dog quite willing for a frolic, and by chasing him around they soon had him barking at his loudest. Had there been a human being within a mile of them he must have heard the racket, but the experiment was a failure.

They heard two or three frightened deer crashing through the forest, and a dozen squirrels in the trees around them chattered away in wonder and affright, but no man called out and neither did they hear the bark of another dog in answer.

"We will try to the north and south and west," said Joe, and he started off to blaze a fresh trail.

It was noon before he had finished with the four points of the compass. The dog had chased and caught another rabbit, and Dan had built another fire and roasted it.

"Well, we have failed all around," said Joe, as he returned from blazing the last trail, "but we must not give up. When we are rested we will start out in some certain direction, and as long as the sun shines we can keep it. We may have to walk for two or three days, but we are certain to come out at some settlement in the end. Plenty of boys have been lost in the woods and found their way out again."

"If it wasn't for the wolves, I wouldn't care so much," replied Dan, who was trying hard to be brave, and who did not feel so lonesome since the arrival of the dog.

"Before dark we will find a beech tree with low branches and climb it. We will have to roost on the limbs like wild turkeys, and we shall not get much sleep, but we shall be safe from the wolves."

It was an hour after dinner when they set off for the north. They felt that they might go this way as well as any other, as they had no idea of the true direction of home. As a matter of fact, I may tell you that they were going right away from home.

In their anxiety to follow the bees to their nest they had traveled a far longer distance than they suspected. When they did not return at dark the father was very much worried, but as he did not know in which direction they had gone he did not set out to look for them.

Every hour all night long the parents hoped for the arrival of the boys, but when morning came and nothing had been heard from them Mr. Wilkins said:

"It is likely that the boys followed a bee far into the forest and have become lost. I have no idea which way to look for them, but I will go to the village and give the alarm and get three or four parties to start out."

In those days it frequently happened that children, and even men and women, were lost in the woods. In such cases the villagers and settlers dropped all work and turned out on a grand hunt. They took their dogs with them, and also took along dinner horns to blow and rifles and shotguns to be discharged.

As many of the men were at work, it took time to spread the news and get them together, and it was decided that they should not start out until the next day.

Said one of the men to Mr. Wilkins:

"It is warm weather yet and your boys will not suffer. There may be wolves about, but the lads will know enough to climb trees. They will find roots and nuts and berries in the woods, and I have no doubt we shall come across them in a couple of days. Don't worry. They are not the first boys who have been lost and found again."

Bright and early next morning three different parties of ten men and boys each arrived at the cabin of Mr. Wilkins and set off in different directions.

It so happened that none of the parties went the right way to discover the boys, and after beating the forest for seven or eight miles around they returned at night tired out and no good news to communicate. Next morning they set out again, and this time one of the parties took the right direction. Before ten o'clock they came upon the trees which Joe had blazed in four different directions, and when they had followed them back to the hollow tree the leader said:

"It was here the boys passed the first night, and you see they made a fire and cooked something. They went at it the right way to find their way out of the woods, but they were in too deep.

"They must have hung about this place for at least half a day, but they have gone on, and no one can say what direction they took. Here is a matter I don't understand. In the soft soil here you can see the prints of a dog's feet. Whose dog is it? How did he come to them? Let us blow the horns, fire off our guns and shout as loudly as we can. If they are within two miles of us they will hear the rumpus."

A great noise was made in the forest, but no answer was returned. The reason was that Joe and Dan had left the place hours before and were then five or six miles away. They had set out hoping they were going toward home, but as a matter of fact they were going right away from it.

They continued to travel at a good pace until sundown. When the woods began to grow dark the dog caught a coon that was shifting his place from one tree to another, and they built a small fire and for supper had coon meat.

The dog got his fair share, and before it got too dark a tree with limbs growing very low was selected and the boys climbed up to be safe from the wolves. They tried to get the dog up with them, but he was so heavy that he had to be left behind. He curled himself up at the foot of the tree to sleep and to watch, and by and by the night came down and the woods were dark and lonely and almost without a sound.

CHAPTER V.

Although the boys were as comfortable as any one can be seated on the limb of a tree, there was no sleep for them that night. Whenever they began to doze they found themselves falling, and Dan was all the time in fear that a bear would come along and climb the tree after them.

For an hour after night shut down the forest was very quiet. Then there were noises from every direction. The big wood crickets began to chirp, the owls to whoop, and the coons, 'possums and foxes to skulk about, and now and then they heard afar off the howl of a wolf or the cry of wildcat or panther.

The dog that had come to them was a courageous fellow, and the boys saw that he must be used to the noises of the woods. He did not leave his place at the foot of the tree until about ten o'clock.

Then they heard a bear breaking his way through the underbrush. The dog sprang up and gave tongue, and the boys cried out, and between the three of them the bear got scared and made off.

He must have wondered what sort of game he had come across. That was the only real alarm during the night. If any wolves came that way they were careful not to draw too near.

When morning dawned the boys dropped to the ground and found they must pick up a breakfast as best they could. Although the dog started up two or three rabbits and gave them a chase, he did not succeed in overtaking them. However, they found plenty of chestnuts and thorn apples, and, with a drink from a cold brook, managed to stay their hunger. When they had finished, Joe said:

"I do not know that we can do anything except to keep on walking. As long as we can see the sun we can keep our direction, and in the end we are sure to come out somewhere."

Dan hadn't the courage of his brother. Besides, his loss of sleep had broken him up, and one of his boots was rubbing away at his heel. He began to whimper and declare that he could not walk a mile, but after Joe had called him a booby and laughed at his tears he rose up and followed on.

One of the searching parties was within three miles of them at noon that day, but as there was a strong wind blowing in a contrary direction the boys did not hear the discharge of firearms and the blowing of horns. At noon they rested for an hour, and they dug roots and plucked wild grapes for their food.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the boys met with an adventure. They were walking along a path in the woods which really was a deer trail, and of a sudden they heard a queer noise behind them. They had just time to step aside when a buck deer flashed past them, and close at his heels was a single wolf.

Before the lost boys could be sure of what they had seen the dog uttered a bark and took after the wolf. Five minutes later there was a great growling and snarling in the forest ahead, and presently the boys came upon the wolf and the dog.

He was a big wolf, but having chased the deer for miles he was in no condition to fight. The dog had overtaken him and seized him by the throat, and he was shaking the last of the life out of the beast as the boys came up.

But this wasn't all. In his frantic terror of the wolf the deer had leaped aside and been caught between two saplings growing about a foot apart. Struggle as he would, he could not get loose.

"Here is meat to last us and the dog for two or three days," said Joe, as he understood the situation, and he stepped forward with his ax and gave the struggling animal its death-blow.

Mr. Wilkins had often shot deer almost from his own dorstep, and the boys had helped him to dress the carcasses. Each had a stout pocket knife, and it was not long before they had the hide off and the body cut up. The dog got all he could eat, and then Joe said:

"We will go on for about a mile and then build a fire and have supper. If we are to keep any of this venison for to-morrow it must be roasted. To-night there will be plenty of wolves here to fight over what we have left."

At the end of another mile they came to a creek with a steep and rocky bank on one side. Dan climbed up the bank to see what it was like while Joe was building a fire, and presently he called out:

"There is a great mass of rock up here, and in the middle of it is a cave. Come up and see it. It will be a good place for us to sleep in to-night."

Joe climbed up, and when he had put his head and shoulders into the mouth of the cave and drawn a long breath he said:

"It is the cave of some wild animal. It smells as if a bear made his home here. Let me get a blazing stick and see if he is at home."

Fire was brought and flung into the cave, but when no movement was heard Joe crawled in.

The mouth of the cave was no longer than a barrel, but once within it was quite a room. It was decided that it might be occupied for the night if a fire was built near by, and for the next hour the boys were busy cooking their venison.

With his ax Joe peeled a piece of clean bark off a slippery elm tree, and when the meat was fairly well roasted it was wrapped up in the bark to be carried along with them on the morrow.

Then a second fire was built near the entrance of the cave, and a big stone rolled in to shut off most of the space, and when the sun went down and darkness began to fall the boys and the dog crept into the snug retreat to spend the night.

Several armfuls of leaves had been gathered, and the beds were almost as good as the boys had at home. They were both tired out with the day's tramp, and within half an hour after lying down they were sound asleep.

Two hours later the forest resounded to such a terrific noise that they awoke with their hearts in their mouths.

CHAPTER VI.

The noise that had aroused the boys from sleep was made by wolves. The beasts had scented out the spot where the deer had been killed and dressed, and a dozen of them engaged in a fierce fight over the remains.

They were a mile away, but as the forest was quiet their howls and growls and yelps seemed to be close at hand. The dog had rushed out of the cave before the boys awoke, and it was three or four minutes before the youngsters could figure out just what the noise meant.

"It's the wolves fighting over what we left of the deer," said Joe, "and I do not think there is any cause for us to fear. Even if they come this way they cannot get at us. Here is a piece of stout string. While you creep out of the cave and throw more wood on the fire and whistle to the dog, I will lash my knife to the hoe handle. We will use it for a spear if the beasts do come."

Dan crept out of the cave to find the fire almost out. There was plenty of limbs at hand to start it up again, and when he had a good blaze going he whistled and called for the dog. Five minutes passed and the animal did not return, while all of a sudden the wolves set up a new clamor.

"The idiot of a dog rushed through the woods to see what was the matter," said Joe, "and the wolves have spied him out and are after him. They are coming this way, and we must get into the cave and be prepared for a fight."

Two minutes later the dog was heard scratching and whining at the blocked entrance. The stone was quickly shoved aside and he was admitted, and just then the pack of wolves came sweeping up and halted a few feet from the fire.

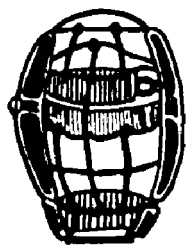
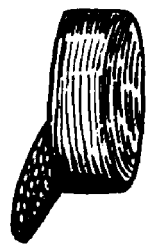
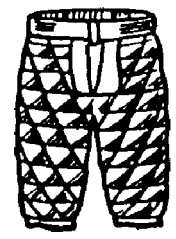
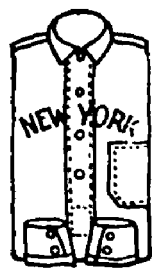
The dog had received a bad bite and was pretty well scared. The boys knew that all wild animals dreaded fire, and they hoped the wolves would soon go away. Perhaps the beasts would have done so had they not scented the cooked meat that the boys had wrapped up in the bark and taken into the cave with them. Then it suddenly began raining, and in a quarter of an hour the fire was


THEY BUILT A SMALL FIRE AND FOR SUPPER HAD COON MEAT


A BUCK DEER FLASHED PAST THEM AND CLOSE AT HIS HEELS WAS A SINGLE WOLF

$120 SPALDING Base Ball Outfit

FOR A LITTLE WORK AFTER SCHOOL





Every American boy wants to play base ball this summer. In every city, town and village local nines are being formed. The burning question is: "Where can we get the money for uniforms and equipment?"

The McKinney Plan

Answers the question—solves the problem. Ten boys can form a McKinney Base Ball Club, and secure a complete genuine Spalding nine outfit without a cent of cost to them except the postage to answer this ad and the small transportation charges on the goods.

How We Do It



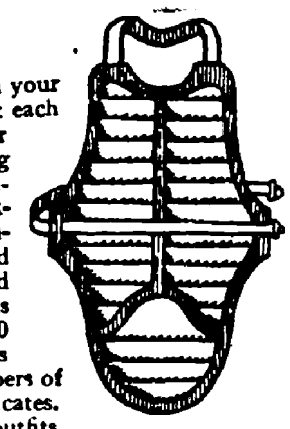
For thirty years we have been importing, manufacturing and selling fine teas, coffees, extracts, spices, soaps, perfumes and fancy groceries. Our True Blue Brand goods have a splendid reputation for quality and purity. In order to extend our business over the entire country, we want bright boys everywhere to explain our proposition to mothers and neighbors, and induce them to give us trial orders for our guaranteed groceries.

Easy to Earn an Outfit

A very little effort on your part will secure the order, because every housekeeper must buy somewhere such products as we sell. She will be glad to order through you because we sell them with the understanding that if they are not as good or better than those for which she has been paying the same or higher prices, we agree to take them back within 30 days and refund the money and freight charges. We depend upon the freshness, purity and quality of our products for future orders.

How to Equip a McKinney Nine

Form a McKinney Club-of Ten by getting nine other boys to join your Base Ball Club. Elect one of your members as cashier. Then let each boy agree to earn a complete outfit for himself by taking orders for $10 worth of our guaranteed groceries. This individual Spalding outfit, which we ship with the groceries, is valued at $10 and consists of: **Gray outing cloth cap, blouse, and padded pants, belt, stockings, shoe plates, fielder's mitt, second-growth ash bat, and regulation $1.25 guaranteed League Ball.** The blouse will be lettered with the name of the club. All members of the club should send in their orders through the cashier, who is known on our records as the Club Former. We will ship each individual outfit and $10 order just as he directs and give him two Club Former's Certificates for each $10 order. Thus for the ten orders sent in by the members of the club, including his own, he will receive in all twenty Certificates. Understand these 20 certificates are in addition to the individual outfits given as premiums on the $10 orders. In exchange for these we will give the Club our complete Spalding Nine Outfit, valued at $20, as follows: **Catcher's mitt, mask and pneumatic body protector, one set of three canvas bases with straps and spikes, and one regulation league ball.** Thus the club will have a complete nine outfit, and each of the ten members will have his individual outfit, valued in all at $120.





The Best Outfit for the Least Work—Do not confuse the genuine Spalding outfit we offer with the trashy articles usually given as premiums. Spalding goods are known the world over as the best and most expensive. We furnish sizes for men or boys as desired. Our goods are very easy to sell, because of their quality and because everybody needs them. If a boy's mother cannot use all of a $10 order he can easily make up the balance by selling $1.00 worth to each of several neighbors.

Be First in Your Neighborhood—To get the orders quickly, be the first to ask for them. Write at once for our free Base Ball Club circular and list of products and premiums for boys, girls, and the home.

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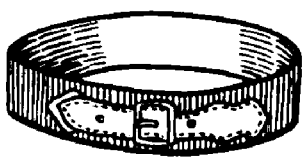
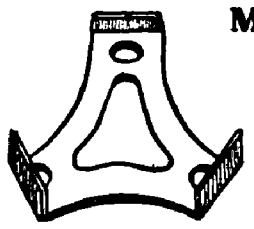
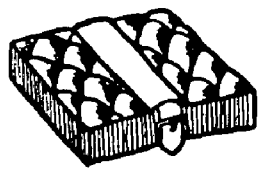
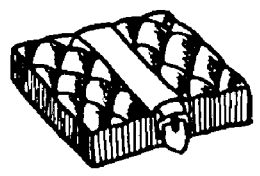
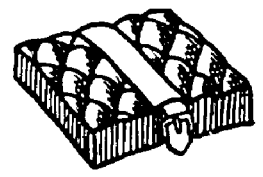
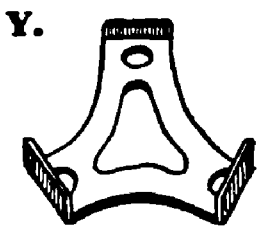








out the wolves were doing their best to force their way into the cave.

It was lucky that Joe had thought of the knife. He could not reach a wolf with the ax, but as the beasts scratched at the big stone blocking the mouth of the cave and tried to roll it aside, he jabbed at them with his spear and wounded every one that came near.

They were a fierce and hungry lot and determined to get at their prey, but after half an hour something happened to give them a great fright.

The boys suddenly heard the scream of a wild beast above the snarls of the wolves, and then there was a terrific fight for a minute. Then the wolves were heard scampering away, and Joe whispered to Dan:

"I know what has happened. This cave is the den of a bear or panther, and the beast has come home. Look there, and you can see his eyes shining."

It was a panther, and a big one. He had killed one wolf and driven the others away in terror. For a few minutes he was quiet, being surprised at the smell of smoke and the situation of affairs, but presently he began growling and snarling, and trying to force his way into the cave.

The dog crouched down and shivered, and Dan was of no use, but Joe crept forward with his spear and wounded the panther at the first thrust. Then the enraged beast broke loose, and made the forest ring with his fierce cries. But for Dan and his lance he could have shouldered the stone away in a minute, but the boy was on the watch for him.

Every time the beast came near enough he got a jab from the sharp knife, and after being wounded three or four times he finally withdrew, and was heard of no more.

The rest of the night passed without alarm, but the boys did not sleep again. When daylight came they peered out and saw a dead wolf with many tufts of hair lying about, and it was with the greatest caution that they finally emerged from the cave.

They looked into the trees about them, but the panther was nowhere to be seen. It had rained all night, and was still raining, but they had no need to build a fire. Their breakfast was wrapped up in the piece of bark.

The dog was not acting at all like his old self. He seemed ashamed of his conduct in running after the wolves, and though the boys spoke to him kindly he went about with drooping tail, and would not respond. He finally made a sneak down the bank and across the creek, and although they called and whistled, he would not return.

At about ten o'clock the rain ceased and the sun came out, and the boys pursued their way, holding in the same general direction as the day before.

They had traveled for two hours when they came upon a good sized creek that had to be crossed. Owing to the rain, the creek was in flood, and could not be waded. The boys were following its banks in hopes to find a fallen tree over which they could pass, when they heard growls and snarls not far away.

Turning a thicket, they came upon a queer sight. There was a fallen tree across the creek, and on this tree and close together stood a bear and a panther. Each had started to cross from a different direction, and they had met in the center. Their noses were not two feet apart, and each beast was threatening the other.

How long they had been there could not be told, but the boys had not been looking on more than two minutes when both beasts suddenly sprang for each other. They fought for a few seconds and then rolled off into the water, and were carried away with a rush. It was such a funny sight that both boys sat down and laughed heartily.

An hour later, as they were making ther way along a deer trail which ran in the direction they wanted to go, they came to a clear spot in the woods, and saw before them an Indian wigwam. There was a bit of fire near the wigwam, and an Indian sat on a log cleaning his rifle.

"Now we will know how to get out of the woods," whispered Dan, as they halted.

"Don't be too sure about that," replied Joe. "There are plenty of bad Indians about, and this fellow may be one of them."

(To be continued).



About Marbles

Marbles got their name from the fact that originally little bits of marbles were rolled down the hills and rounded and pounded by other stones until they become toys for children to play with.

It is said that the Dutchmen exported them to England, from where we got them. Whether they did or not makes little difference to the boys and girls of today. No matter who introduced the world to marbles as toys, they are with us, and always will be. Some of you win them from other children—some of you trade postage stamps for them; but some person originally bought them from the little store around the corner, whose owner got them from that greatest toy shop in the world—Germany.

In the beginning marbles were called bowls, and men and women played with them, as well as children. Hundreds of millions of commies and agates and glassies and shiners are sent to America, and the children get more pleasure out of theses cheap little toys than almost anything else.—Washington Star.

Boys' Books Reviewed

BOOKS REVIEWED HERE MAY BE PURCHASED OF THE AMERICAN BOY

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, by Everett T. Tomlinson, Ph. D. (Stories of Colony and Nation.) The sixteen stories in this little volume of the men and women who contributed so much to bring about the freedom of America from British oppression will be read with delight by both boys and girls. They will also be an incentive to more extended reading of our country's history. The pictures are good and apt. 178 pages. Silver, Burdett & Co.

FISHING ACROSS THE CONTINENT, by W. N. Hull, A. M. To the boy who loves fishing, the stories—true ones—which are here related will prove a source of delight and he will obtain some valuable information, as to the habits of the various species of the "finny tribe." The stories are most interestingly told and the illustrations are good. 245 pages. Price $1.00. A. Flanagan Co.

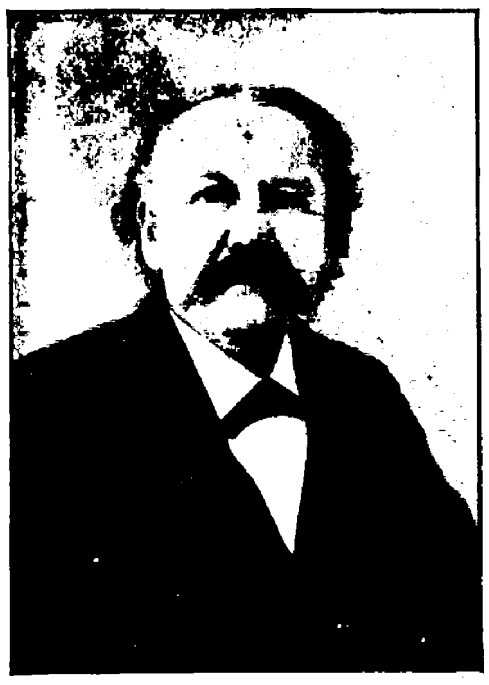
LADS AND LASSIES OF OTHER DAYS, by Lillian L. Price. For supplementary reading in history for the schoolroom, and for the boys and girls in the home, these little stories of the boys and girls of the Colonial and Revolutionary period of our country's history, will be found full of interest. The illustrations will increase the pleasure in the book. 180 pages. Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE RANCH ON THE OX HIDE, a story of Boys' and Girls' Life on the Frontier, by Henry Inman. The writer of this book was an officer in the U. S. Army and the scenes and incidents he describes are what he himself witnessed. Here is life on the plains with all the excitement and thrilling adventures which accompany it. The hunting of buffaloes, wolves and lynx; capturing wild horses; Indian raids, and other incidents too numerous for mention here are all set down in a fashion sure to delight the boy reader. In addition the young reader will acquire a fund of useful information as to the nature and habits of the wild animals to be found in the great plains of the West. It is a first class book and the illustrations are fine. 297 pages. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co.

THE REACH OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL GUIDE FOR 1906. The twenty-fourth annual issue of this publication is at hand, and to say that it fully sustains its well-won reputation as to its completness concerning the doings, records, and averages of the American League is only uttering a truism. The National League and the minor leagues of the National Association are also fully covered. The lover of the "national game" will find this handy little volume everything that he could wish to know put down in the most accessible way. As a supplement there is a large picture of the second game of the World's Champion Series played at New York City. Price 10 cents. A. I. Reach & Company.

A TALK WITH "HARRY CASTLEMON"

By CARABEL LEWIS MUNGER



CHARLES A. FOSDICK (HARRY CASTLEMON) AS HE IS TODAY

A WELL KNOWN publisher of a boys' magazine recently concluded a statement of his editorial needs, with these words: "We want such stories as Horatio Alger and Harry Castlemon used to write." I thought at once of "Phil, The Fiddler," "Brave and Bold," and other delightful tales, but Harry Castlemon—what had he written?

If you wish to know anything about a boy's writer ask a boy. I appealed to my fourteen-year-old son who immediately hunted up an old number of Golden Days and pointed triumphantly to this caption:

"OSCAR IN AFRICA.

By Harry Castlemon,

Author of 'The Camp in the Foot-Hills,' 'Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter,' 'Our Fellows,' 'The Mystery of Lost River Canyon, etc., etc.'"

Nor was this all. I learned from the same source that Harry Castlemon was the nom-de-plume of a Mr. Fosdick, living at Westfield, N. Y., a village but fifteen miles from my home.

A few days later found me a visitor at the home of Dr. J. D. Davis, who, for many years, had lived in close proximity to this famous writer of boys' books—an American Henty of whose life and ways so little is known.

"I wish to meet Mr. Fosdick; can you manage it?" I asked my host.

The genial doctor looked a trifle nonplussed. "Mrs. Davis can introduce you if——" and then he hesitated so long that my rosy dreams of an interview began to fade.

"In fact," he said abruptly, "Fosdick is a hard man to get at—pleasant to meet, if you can meet him, affable if you corner him, but a bit quiet, very retiring, and exceedingly likely to be out if you call."

I next tried the boy of the house, a six-footer in football togs. "Do you know Mr. Fosdick?" I queried.

"Harry Castlemon? Yes, I know his books."

"What sort of books are they?" I asked.

"Rattlers!"

I persisted: "And Mr. Fosdick—do you boys ever visit him and thank him for his delightful books?"

The boy looked his astonishment. "I think," he said slowly, "that very few of the fellows know him by sight even. We lived in the same street with him for years, and he never said anything to me."

So it was with many misgivings that we waited in the pleasant parlor of the house where Mr. Fosdick has boarded since the death of his wife.

We had not long to wait—then all of my doubts vanished in the warmth of the greeting given in response to Mrs. Davis's introduction. Having "cornered him" I found him not only affable but much more; under a very thin shell of reserve I found him enthusiastic, original, and brilliant in conversation.

Permission to talk with him about his work was readily given. "In my work," he said, "I have tried to help boys to be men. Patriotism has been my keynote. What Hale brought out so well in his 'Man Without a Country,' it has been my wish to bring out, but in a different way. If I have any message for the boy of today, it is this: Success lies in application, and in doing what you can do well, and with tenacity of purpose."

His first book, written when he was fifteen years old, is before me, drawn from the Westfield high school library where all his books, fifty-two in number, and all boys' books are to be found. This book was first called "Frank the Young Naturalist," but before publication it was changed to "Frank the Gun Boat Boy." This copy is badly worn, and many of the leaves are gummed in place; in a boyish hand on the title page I find this eloquent tribute, "A Jim-Dandy."

Charles Austin Fosdick was born at Randolph, New York, September sixth, 1842, and was educated at the Buffalo High School, Buffalo, N. Y. The family was one of refinement, the father a popular teacher. For some unknown reason they looked with disfavor on the literary aspirations of their son, so that much of his earlier work was done in secret, and none of it offered for publication.

At the beginning of the Civil War, he enlisted and shipped as landsman on the magazine ship, Illinois, one of the Mississippi squadron, was promoted four times; was later on the ship, Sovereign, which made trips down the river to provision the ironclads which were blockaded by low water at St. Helena; next served as paymaster on the gunboat St. Clair during the Yazoo Pass expedition that ended with the surrender of Vicksburg; was in the navy and militia for eight years, until the close of the war, and is a prominent G. A. R. man.

When Mr. Fosdick entered the service, he carried the manuscript of the book which he had written when he was fifteen years old, and after two years, he found courage to ask Admiral David B. Porter to examine it; he was then on the Ticonderoga. After a careful reading the admiral expressed great surprise at the excellence of the effort, and advised young Fosdick to submit the story to Robert W. Carrol, of Cincinnati, Ohio. With great misgivings on the part of the writer, it was accordingly sent to Mr. Carrol, who sent a personal letter to the young writer, enclosing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, warmly praising the story, and suggesting that he write five more books, making Frank the hero, and renaming the book, "Frank the Gun Boat Boy." And thus the famous "Gun Boat" series was inaugurated.

"I walked on air that day," said Mr. Fosdick. "Mr. Carrol's words kindled a spark which is alive today. In the next two years I wrote the other five books, receiving two hundred dollars for each of them. I have since written fifty-two books, and never received less than one thousand dollars for a book manuscript, and often more; but that one hundred and fifty dollars meant more to me than all the rest."

"I went ashore with Joe Harvey that day," he continued. "He was the best fellow that ever lived. I had that check in my pocket; the river was gold; the misty hills capped with snowy clouds, suggested purple and fine linen. As was usual, then, Mr. Carrol had asked me to select a nom-de-plume. I had this in mind as we went ashore from the small boat. I saw a man coming down the avenue which led up to one of the stately homes on the river. The house was many-gabled, with turrets rising high above the trees. Through the rose-colored glasses I wore on that never-to-be-forgotten day, that house seemed a castle. Harry was the name of a favorite friend; like a flash I saw it, the name I would make famous—"Harry Castlemon." —and so it was forwarded the next day." He paused; in his eye was the look of one who holds a tryst with memory.

"And after this first success," I ventured, "of course you met with the usual discouragements?"

The far-away look left his face. "No," said he, looking at me frankly, "I never met with one rejection, or one word of adverse criticism from any editor."

He showed me many pictures of old gunboats, and faded photographs of naval officers, also pictures of Robert W. Carrol, and a fine photograph of James Elverson, editor of the Golden Days; many of Mr. Fosdick's best known books were first issued as serials in that periodical.

Mr. Fosdick was married in 1873 to Miss Sarah Stoddard. He spoke very feelingly of her death. Her portrait revealed a delicate, high-bred face. As he handed me the picture he said reverently: "She was beautiful when I married her, and beautiful all along."

Mr. Fosdick has two sons, one a farmer and one a civil engineer.

"You must love boys," I said, "to write for them so acceptably."

With a quizzical smile, he looked at his old neighbor, Mrs. Davis. "I love the boy of my fancy," he said, "because he is lovable."

"Will you write other books?" I asked as we took our leave.

"It takes me three months to write a book," he said; "in my present state of health I dread to undertake it; next year, perhaps—a Lake Erie story—but I am growing old."

"A short story then," I urged. "The American Boy would be sure to want it."

A momentary flash illumined his countenance which indeed looks prematurely old. "I might do that," he said, "I have never written a short story."

Then we came away and left him standing in the doorway, looking across the blue water of the lake, and I hoped that somehow the short story would be evolved, that it would be a Lake Erie story, and that Commodore Perry would furnish the keynote, and that my little sons might read it.



HOME OF CHARLES A. FOSDICK (HARRY CASTLEMON) AT WESTFIELD, N. Y., WHERE HE LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS AND WROTE NEARLY ALL OF HIS BOOKS

A Soldier Born and Bred

When today's talk turns upon the Japanese army, as often it does, in view of its amazing victories over physical conditions and disease, as well as over Russia's forces, the well-informed remark: "That army is the creation of Iwawa Oyama."



FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

The American boy knows the man, but he is worth knowing much of. That he is Field Marshal and Marquis and a giant in build,—in that respect quite exceptional among his compatriots,—is interesting, but of side value. The gist of what is best worth remembering of him is that he has personally created the Mikado's splendid fighting machine. He is a military organizer of unusual talents, as well as a practical fighter.

Experts call Oyama a military genius, and talk of his achievements as of those of Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon, and Grant. Sprung from warlike ancestors he has inherited instincts; to this he added marked natural liking for war; and, finally, for forty-seven of his sixty-one years, he has been actively employed in matters military,—to inheritance and inclination he has added the most thorough education.

"Kruger without the goat-beard," is he described by one of the correspondents, "rather uncouth in appearance, yet a second look at the tall, deep-chested, broad-shouldered leader shows his native geniality. Personally he is the soul of any company, however his official name may have been stamped as taciturn."

Baron Kaneko, Japan's confidential agent here during the "late unpleasantness" in the Far East, served with Oyama for nine years in the imperial cabinet, and is authority for the statement that he is "our big man—big in more than height and weight."

The "Carnegie of Canada"

At one end of life's ladder, in 1820, lay a tiny Scotch baby, just christened Donald Alexander Smith. At the other end, today, is Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canada's richest man and one of the most honored leaders throughout the British Empire. The eighty-five years between these extremes holds the best of texts for the American boy who would study the way to power.



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL. WHO HAS RISEN FROM THE RANKS TO BE CALLED TODAY "THE CARNEGIE OF CANADA"

The Smiths were poor in this world's goods, but they endowed their son richly. His was plain living and high thinking, indeed, but before he left home, a youth of seventeen, he had learned morality and temperance, thrift and perseverance, and these legacies made of him the man he is.

He came over to Labrador in 1837 in the service of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. By hard work, honesty, an eye ready for opportunities, and constant cheerfulness, he had, by 1870, climbed to be his company's High Commissioner and territorial governor. Careful investments of careful savings brought wealth and made him president of the Bank of Montreal; his interest in public questions and his sound views upon them carried him into the Dominion Parliament, while his services in quieting the Red River Indians, during their uprisings, brought him knighthood. His latest honor was elevation to the peerage, and his creation as High Commissioner for Canada, resident in London, whence the Strathcona money flows freely for all good ends. They call him "The Carnegie of Canada."

This venerable multi-millionaire lays all credit for his advances to a Scotch training, but the good things that come from that point of the compass are not peculiar to the land of mist and mountain. Frugality, attention to business, regard for the spirit as well as the letter of the law, consistently happy effort,—these are traits as American as Scotch, as many a self-made American has proven.

Advice by Men Who Know

An opportunity lost is the greatest misfortune—Andrew Carnegie.

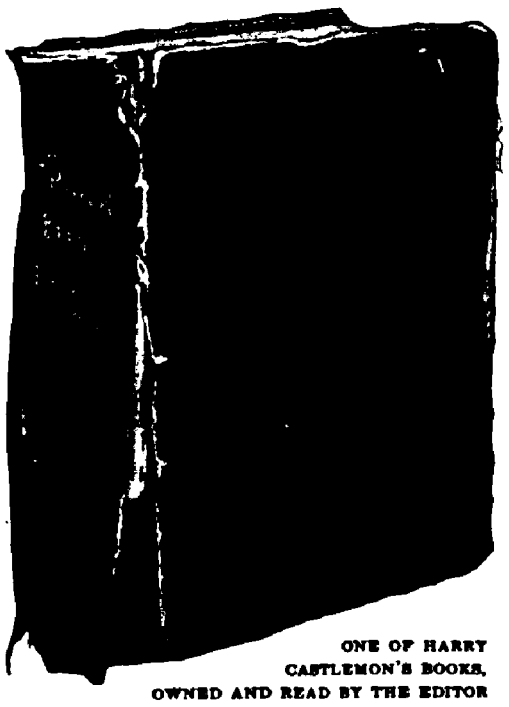
Work, work, work for success.—William H. Newman, President New York Central Railroad.

Work hard and save something each week.—Randolph Guggenheimer, prominent New York lawyer.

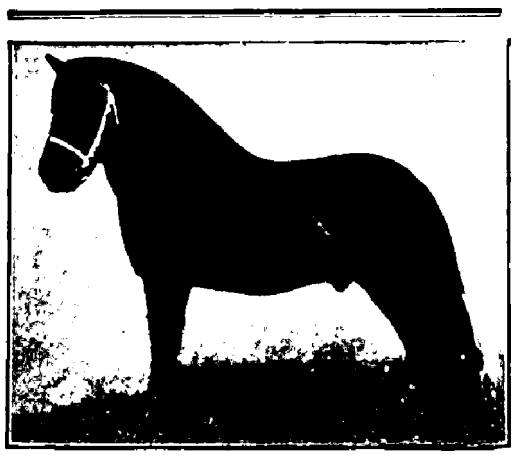
Avoid bad associates and work constantly.—Henry Siegel, one of the greatest merchants in America.

Be honorable, reliant, prompt and truthful.—Leroy B. Crane, New York magistrate.

Think all the time how you can better yourself.—O. Hammerstein, great theatrical manager.



ONE OF HARRY CASTLEMON'S BOOKS, OWNED AND READ BY THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN BOY WHEN HE WAS A BOY OF THIRTEEN, AND NOW BEING READ BY THE EDITOR'S THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON



BOYS! BOYS!

DON'T miss this. On June 26, 1906, some bright boy will get this Shetland Pony for a little diligent work. By making only 8 points you have a chance to name him and win $5.00 anyway. We are also giving additional CASH PRIZES to the amount of $125.00. Can you use some of it?

This liberal offer is made by Vick's Magazine, one of the best in the country. Contest closes June 26, 1906. Write at once for sample copy and full particulars.

VICK'S MAGAZINE, P. O. Box B4, Dansville, N. Y.

PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS

THE TRUE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD

By L. H. TASKER



CAPTAIN KIDD ON HIS SHIP "ADVENTURE GALLEY"

MORE FAMILIAR to every American boy than the names of Henry Morgan, Solonois, and De Grammont, the nobler and lesser known buccaneers, is that of Captain Kidd and his band, one of the last, but in reality the most inconsiderable of the bands of bold sea robbers that infested the North Atlantic waters in the latter half of the 17th century. In song and story he has stood forth as a bloodthirsty pirate who, "leagued with the devil," scuttled and sank the ships of honest merchants, and, leaving not a man to tell the tale, hurried to the shores of Connecticut and Long Island, where he buried untold treasure with all sorts of bloody charms and sulphurous incantations. An old ballad of the time sets forth the current belief of the superstitious:

"I'll sing you a song that you'll wonder to hear,
Of a freebooter lucky and bold,
Of old Captain Kidd—of the man without fear,
How himself to the devil he sold.

"His ship was a trim one as ever did swim,
His comrades were hearty and brave
Twelve pistols he carried, that freebooter grim,
As he fearlessly ploughed the wild wave."

In the latter part of the seventeenth century European nations were almost continually in a state of warfare, and the governments were encouraging private citizens to fit out vessels of war to plunder the enemy's commerce. It was but a step from cruising against the ships of the enemy to hoisting the black flag and plundering the ships of all nations.

These freebooters became bolder and bolder, and during the early days of the English occupancy of New York, legitimate commerce was almost at a standstill. The American coasts were infested by pirates who dared even to swoop down on the ships in New York harbor and drag them out, before the very eyes of the helpless citizens.

In 1695, Governor Bellomont requested that an armed force be sent against the buccaneers. But England was embroiled at that time with France, and every ship was needed for home defense. Lord Bellomont thereupon organized a stock company for the purpose of fitting out a private expedition against the pirates. In this the king himself took one-tenth interest, while Lord Somers, the High Chancellor of England, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Romney, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Robert Livingston, and others were shareholders. Six thousand pounds were raised for the enterprise and the "Adventure Galley," a ship manned by sixty sailors and carrying twenty-five guns, was fitted out.

The command of the vessel was given to Captain William Kidd, a sea captain of New York, who happened to be in London at the time. As an incentive to strenuous action, one-fifth of the cargoes of captured pirate vessels was promised him.

Kidd had previously commanded a privateer in the West Indies and more recently had been a respectable captain of a packet ship which plied regularly between New York and London. He had acquired a competency by trade and was himself the owner of several ships. Indeed he was accounted rich in those days, for his home on Pearl Street, at Hanover Square, New York, was the most richly furnished of any in the city, and boasted of the first modern carpet; it had been made in Turkey and covered the whole room. The possession of this carpet set the captain's family quite above their Dutch and English neighbors, for the other houses had their parlor floors sanded, and for decoration such design as could be traced in the sand by the good wife's broom.

In April, 1696, Kidd sailed for New York in his new vessel, under the king's commission to cruise against the pirates. For a time he served faithfully and with advantage to the country; and as an additional reward two hundred and fifty pounds were voted him by the assembly.

But on the next voyage, the temptation to turn pirate himself and take all instead of one-fifth, was too much for the virtuous captain, so he hoisted the black flag and sailed for the Indian Ocean. For some time the Island of Madagascar was his headquarters. He is said "to have ranged along the Indian coast from the Red Sea to Malabar and to have extended his depredations from the Eastern ocean back along the Atlantic coast of South America, through the Bahamas, and the West Indies, to home waters and the shores of Long Island." Certain it is that in 1698 he took up his station off Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island, and waited under the skull and crossbones for a fleet of merchant vessels homeward bound to Boston, laden with rich silk hangings, spices and precious stones.

In due time the pirate fell in with "The Quidder Merchant," one of the expected ships. After a fierce hand-to-hand fight, the doughty privateersman won the day, and those who remained of the crew of the merchant ship were made to "walk the plank." After loading the cargo into his own vessel, the "Quidder Merchant" was scuttled and Kidd sailed for Gardiner's Island. This isolated spot is nearly opposite New London, Connecticut, and situated at the entrance of the sheet of water that separates Long Island from the mainland. It was owned at that time by the grandson of Captain Lion Gardiner, who had purchased it from the Indians in 1640.

It was rather hard on the nerves of the peaceful household when the pirate chief strode into the kitchen of the quiet house and demanded that he be served with a sucking pig roasted whole and a flagon of ale. The terrified servants tremblingly prepared him his dinner, which the captain had the grace to pay for by a cradle blanket, a handsome piece of brocaded velvet inwrought with gold, and a diamond—a part of his easily gotten treasure. The head of the house was informed that a treasure was buried in a hollow a mile or so west of the house, and, further, that if it was disinterred or information given to the authorities, he would on his return cut off his ears and nose and hang him from the yard arm.

It is probable that Kidd had many hiding places on Long Island. On one of the "Thimble Islands" in Sachem's Head harbor is the "pirate's cavern," and near by is an artificial excavation of an oval form, holding about the measure of a barrel, called "Kidd's Punch Bowl." According to current rumor, it is here that he used to carouse with his crew. Another of his hiding places was called "Kidd's Rock," at Manhassett, Long Island.

After cruising for more than a year in upper Atlantic waters, Kidd was foolish enough to venture into Boston harbor, believing that his commission as a police officer on the high seas was sufficient to conceal his escapades. But for once, his good fortune deserted this wolf in sheep's clothing. The Boston magistrates were suspicious and detained him pending investigation. The captain wrote to Lord Bellomont appealing for protection on the ground that his lordship had shared in the profits of his enterprises without inquiring too closely how the goods were obtained. The governor, however, abandoned him to his fate, and he was sent to England, tried for piracy, found guilty and hanged in chains in 1701.

The ballads of the time all point a moral by the well-deserved fate of the noted captain, as, for example, the following mournful specimen:

"Farewell to young and old,
All jolly seamen bold;
You are welcome to my gold,
For I must die; I must die.

"Farewell, for I must die;
Then to eternity,
In hideous misery,
I must lie, I must lie."

For many years it was the common belief that the pirate had untold wealth buried in various places on Long Island, but with the exception of the booty discovered in "Kidd's Hollow" near "Cherry Tree Harbor," Gardiner's Island, none has been discovered. That found was brought to Boston and easily proved to have been the cargo of the ill-fated "Quidder Merchant." The amount was by no means the fabulous treasure which the credulous people of the time believed had been buried there. Of gold, in coins, bars, and gold dust, there were seven hundred and fifty ounces, of silver five hundred and six ounces, and of precious stones sixteen ounces. If the captain buried treasure in other places, either it has not been discovered or the lucky finders have kept it to themselves.



CAPTAIN KIDD'S HOME IN NEW YORK

Free Care of Children's Teeth

False teeth will not be in demand in Germany if the free care of children's teeth continues to grow in popularity. Strasburg started the movement in 1902 and Darmstadt, Muhlhausen and other cities have followed suit. The third annual report from Strasburg says that there were 12,691 visits to the clinic last year and that the children are improving in the care they give their teeth.



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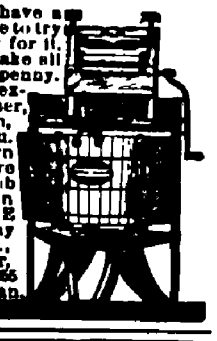

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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

WOLVES at the DOOR.

A STORY OF SOUTH DAKOTA

BY S. B. McMANUS.



PEOPLE WHO WRITE stories, true and otherwise, are very fond of speaking of "the wolf at the door," meaning that some one is short on food and clothing, but very few of them, I venture to say, know what it means to have real wolves at the door, not one, but half a dozen, and hungry and savage ones at that. I want to tell you what it means to have a pack of the real genuine article howling round your house, climbing on to the roof, scratching at your door, and looking through the cracks with their mean, wicked, red eyes.

It was this way. There was Will Henry, Billy von Berg, Clyde Harding and myself. We styled ourselves "The Big Four" when we started out, but I want to tell you now that there were times when we felt like a mighty small four and didn't want to spell it with capital letters either.

We had come from away down east—leastwise it seemed way down east to us as we sat in our lonesome shacks out on the boundless prairie of South Dakota about a day's broncho ride east of the Black Hills and another, north of the famous "Red Bud Reservation," and a little farther from the famous "Bad Lands," whose very name makes the creeps go up one's back and feel around to see if one's shooter is all right in his hip pocket.

However, we only came from down in Indiana near the Michigan line. But just thinking of it and not figuring it out, it seemed thousands of miles away.

We had all got tired of being hired hands, working sixteen hours a day for some other fellow, rousting out at four o'clock in the morning, almost before we had had our first nap, and rustling round for wages that would never make a man rich or even decently well off, even if he worked a thousand years; so we made up our minds to strike out, and, as we had not much to lose, we had not much to risk. We bade good-bye to our folks—this was the hardest part of all—harder for them though, I guess, than for us, for we were too much excited about going, to think very seriously of anything else.

In Chicago we ticketed for Chamberlain, South Dakota, where we had heard there was land yet to be pre-empted; Chamberlain was then the terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. Here we entered our claims, bought our outfits and started overland for our new possessions, feeling very rich and independent with papers in our pockets calling for a quarter section of nice land apiece. Our claims were a hundred miles or more out, nearly due west. We each bought a wagon and span of horses; then we bought two cows and some sheep together, and a coop of chickens, and one of the boys picked up a kitten on the street and this with a dog that did not promise to be of much use, completed our outfit of live stock.

Clyde Harding painted on his wagon, in his best style, which was very bad, "South Dacota or Bust." This was funny, considering that he spelled Dakota with a C instead of a K, and the whole inscription was on a fearful slant. A surveyor who was acquainted with our section went with us to locate and stake our claims. The trip went all right. Everything was new and full of novelty and interest to us. The spring weather was fine, and I must say that four happier, more hopeful fellows could not have been found in as many states.

After six days' travel we reached our destination. We reached our claim just at sundown, unhitched and unharnessed our tired horses, turned them loose with the other stock, ate our suppers, and laid down to sleep under the wagons. I shall never forget that first night on our claims. There was no moon, but more stars in the sky it seemed to me than I had ever seen in all my life before; and every one of them was looking down at us as if wondering what we were doing out here alone so far from our folks. And the stillness was something awful; you could almost actually feel it, and it made one think of ghosts and murdered men and deep water covered with leaves, just as if something dreadful was going to happen. Then two or three times in the night we heard the wolves howl, but they were a long way off, down on Medicine Creek, or over among the bluffs that lay in the distance so fearfully solemn and still. It was the lonesomest and longest night of my life. There was not much sleep for any of us. Our heads were full of strange new thoughts. We realized now, as we never had before, that we were up to a fairly big proposition such as we had read of a good deal and heard of some, and it was for us to face it and win out, or back down and go home whipped.



S. B. McMANUS
AUTHOR OF "WOLVES AT THE DOOR"

I did not start out to tell you how we put in that first year; it would be too long a story for just now; but let me say it was full of interest and excitement, and, while sometimes we were flat on our backs with homesickness,. we never seriously thought for a minute of giving up. We built our shacks at the intersections of the quarter sections, placing them forty-five feet apart in order to legalize our claims and comply with government requirements. By this means we were close neighbors and our eight by ten houses looked like four lonesome but victorious men on an immense checkerboard. Our buildings were not in the least handsome, nor yet very substantial, but, as it proved, they answered our purpose until we needed and were able to build larger and better ones.

The first summer passed and fall was well on its way to winter. The work on our claims that it was possible to do was about all done and we were beginning to have more time on our hands than we knew exactly what to do with. We hunted more or less and made a trip to the Black Hills and busied and amused ourselves as best we could. But time was beginning to hang heavy on our hands, and oftener and oftener as the days passed we would come upon each other with our heads down, sitting very still and thinking with our eyes turned eastward. But we knew this would never do; we must make something happen, even if it was not very much, and so it came to pass that we made up our minds to celebrate our birthdays by having big dinners, and as good a time as we could plan out. We had plenty to eat; besides our garden truck, much of which we had safely stowed away in holes and of which we had raised more than enough, we had canned goods from Chamberlain and prairie chickens for the shooting, at our doors. So we were all right as far as eatables were concerned. We compared notes on birthdays and found that Billy von Berg's came first, so we began making preparations for celebrating the occasion at his shack. We always liked to visit Billy. His shack had a "homier" look than did the others, and we were glad that the first celebration should be held in it. By mistake or good fortune, or by longsightedness of Billy his shack was a little larger than the rest, and it was always a good deal cleaner.

There were pictures tacked on his walls and a dish of flowers standing around somewhere, and a white frilled curtain hung over his window that someone had sent him done up in a newspaper. But Billy most always kept this curtain folded and put away in a box, but this was one of the days it was to be up. We had agreed that we would not do a thing this day but our chores and that we would make the most of it. We went over to Billy's shack early in order to have plenty of time for dinner preparations. We decided to serve the meal at three o'clock, which Clyde Harding, who seemed to be authority on such things, said would be swell. We togged out in our best clothes, shoes, neckties, scarf pins, and it can't be denied but what we presented quite a natty appearance.

The prairie chickens had been shot and dressed the day before, and Billy left us to attend to the baking of them while he went in search of one of the cows which had wandered away with her six weeks' old calf, since milking time the night before. We decided that she had gone to the creek bottom for fresher pasture, and were not greatly uneasy about her, although we had heard the wolves howling more or less of late and at times unpleasantly near our shacks. Billy rode away, promising to be back in time to set the table, as he had a notion, and we all had the same notion, that he could do this in a tidier way than the rest of us. Noon came and one, two and three o'clock, our dinner time, and he had not yet returned, so we began to get uneasy and anxious.

The morning had been dark and cold, with frost in the air, and a storm of some kind was brewing and no mistake, and by four o'clock it began to snow and blow violently; a blizzard of the worst kind was apparently upon us.

Pitch darkness came and Billy was still away and our uneasiness gave place to the worst kind of alarm. Almost anything could happen to him in a blizzard after dark. You have read about these terrible storms, but reading about them by a comfortable fire doesn't give you much of an idea how awful they are. It was useless to search for our missing shackman for it was not long before we could barely see our hands before our faces. There was not much that we could do. We spliced together two pieces of shiplap that had been left of our shacks, and tying our four lanterns to this, fastened the board to the gable of his house, which, as good luck would have it, was built upon the highest ground. This gave out a little light, but not enough to be seen only a short distance away, the night was so pitchy dark.

The little wooden clock on Billy's shelf had just struck the hour of seven in its thin, quick way, when we heard a shout, or rather a sound betwixt a shout and a scream, and almost before we could rush pell-mell to the door, Billy dashed up to the shack, hatless and coatless, threw himself from the horse, plunged through the open door, yelling to us to slam it shut, which we did without being told a second time; but, as it proved, we were none too quick, for we had scarcely latched it when a pack of snarling wolves jumped upon it, and had it not been a new and strong door it would have surely have been broken in. For an instant there was a great tumbling over each other and biting and snapping in a most hair-raising and blood-curdling way. Then round the house they ran, yelping and barking to beat anything. They jumped upon the roof and tore and stripped the tarred paper from the sheeting, tumbling to the ground, falling upon each other, and having a general free-for-all fight and round-up. Then they circled the shack again, always stopping at the door to snarl and grit their teeth in their awful rage, in a way to make a tenderfoot's blood run cold.



BILLY DASHED UP TO THE SHACK . . . THREW HIMSELF FROM THE HORSE

We tried to get sight of them through a window, but the darkness was so dense we could not even get a glimpse of them; then, too, except for an occasional shot, our guns were useless. Every now and then there would be a lull in the noise, as if the brutes were in consultation as to what next to do, to be broken by a sudden dash at the door that made the shack tremble. They evidently took their defeat hard and were resolved not to be cheated out of their prey.

When Billy jumped from his horse, it had dashed away at full speed and had, we hoped, been forgotten by the wolves, as had our other stock, which we had taken pains to house uncommonly well before dark. In order to keep the brutes more completely diverted from our sheds we agreed that we would keep up a constant noise, making such sounds as occurred to us might especially interest and aggravate them. This furnished us some amusement and helped to make the hours go faster, which were full long enough, I need not take pains to say.

Meanwhile Billy related his day's adventure.

It seems that he did not find the cow and calf where he expected and so kept up his search, riding on and on until with the falling snow he became confused and lost his way. He was slowly riding along, giving the broncho its rein and going he knew not where or in what direction, when he heard the howling of a wolf, and then of another and another until the air seemed hot with the awful sound. He hoped at first they were not upon his track, but a little later found that they were, as every minute the sounds came nearer and nearer. Almost without hope of saving himself he spurred his broncho to top speed; but the wolves constantly gained upon him. Once they stopped to quarrel over his hat, that had blown off. This gave him an idea, and as they came nearer again he threw off his coat, and another time his vest, and last his lasso. He was riding for dear life, the wolves close upon his heels, when he saw the light and dashed up to the door of the shack just in time to save himself. Our beacon light on the shiplap had served him well, as he had no idea until he saw it where he was.

We ate our dinner at midnight, which we all agreed was a very swell hour, with the wolves outside snarling and howling for orchestra. It was a queer, gruesome meal, and one that the "Big Four" are likely to never forget. And it was also one of the times when we did not feel so wonderfully "big." It goes without saying that there was no sleep for us that night, and with the din inside which we kept up for the entertainment of our unwelcome guests, and theirs outside for our diversion, the hours wore away and daylight came. For some little time before sunrise the wolves had been quiet and, upon cautiously peering out, we discovered they had gone. With our guns ready to fire we ventured to open the door. A little after daylight came a queer sight met our eyes and one that gave us a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction. The snow that had fallen during the night lay deep upon the ground, but it was light and yielded to every footstep no matter how gentle. In plain view, not a quarter of a mile distant, we saw the wolves, six of them, jumping and floundering in the snow in a vain attempt to make good their escape. But they could make but sorry headway; all their courage and bluff were gone, and they were more like a pack of sheep-killing dogs caught in the act, than the dangerous, bloodthirsty brutes of a few hours ago. We went near enough to them to take decent aim, and shot them down without mercy; it was more like butchery than marksmanship, but we were not splitting hairs just then. We found Billy's horse safe in the shelter of a shed, but we never saw or heard anything of the missing cow and calf.

Wolves at the door? While none of us are cowards, we all agree that we never want an experience like that again and Billy's ride for life is something we dream of yet.

The High School Fraternity

In November, 1904, at a conference of academies and high schools, working in co-operation with the University of Chicago, a committee, which had been busily engaged for several months in an investigation of high school fraternities, made a report to the effect that high school fraternities were objectionable on the following grounds:

1. Their influence is detrimental to the school.

2. They are detrimental to the student himself.

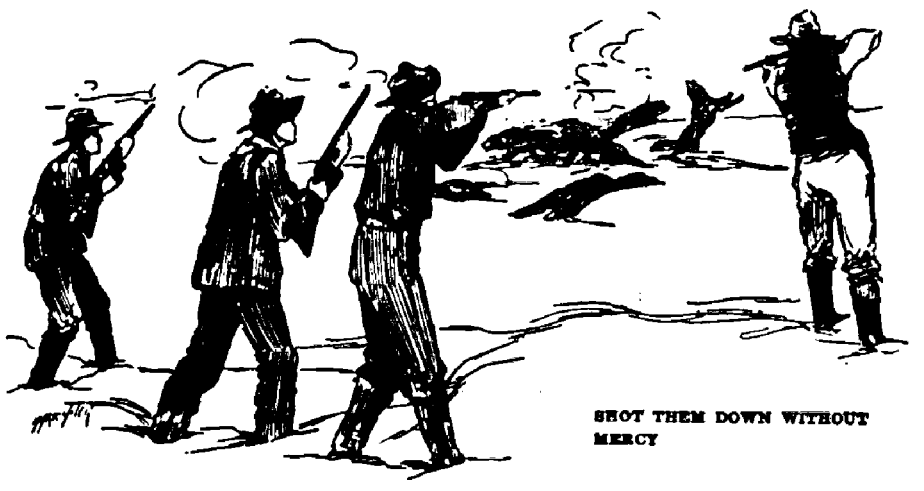
3. They are unnecessary.

4. They are undemocratic.

5. The standards they set up are different from, if not opposed to, the standards ideally set up by the school authorities.

6. They are often an element of danger in the government of the school.

7. Any system is radically vicious that makes paramount the decisions of immature minds on questions of social or other school distinctions.

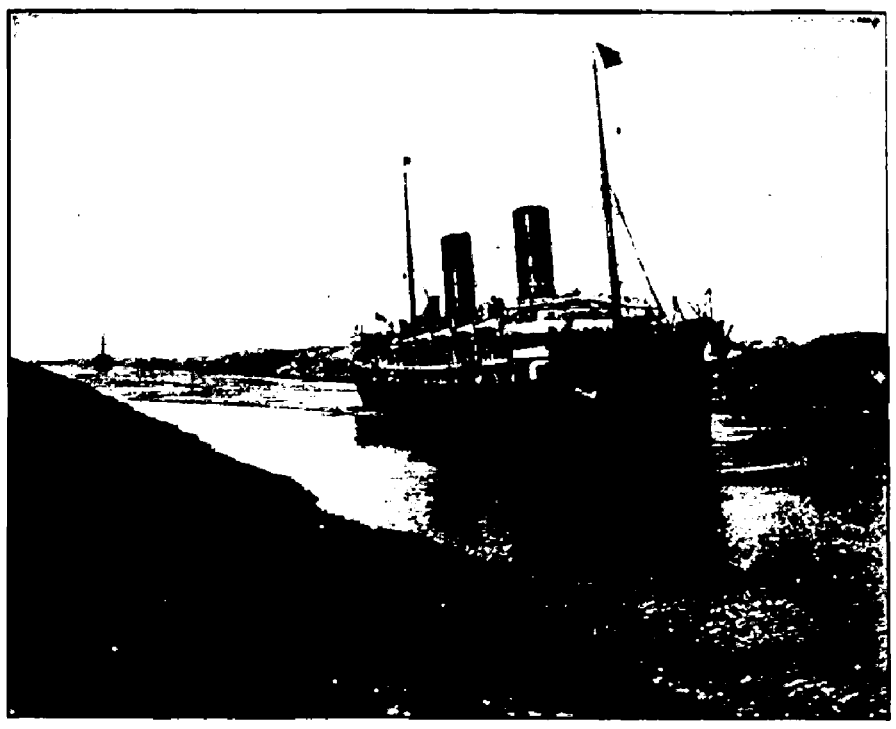


SHOT THEM DOWN WITHOUT MERCY

MY TOUR IN THE ANTIPODES

By ARTHUR DUFFEY

Interesting Experiences of the World's Champion Short Distance Runner Among the Athletic Enthusiasts of Australia and New Zealand



GOING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

IN THE AMERICAN BOY of June and July, 1904, I gave an account of an athletic tour which I took through the British Isles. That tour was unquestionably the most successful that I ever had in the course of my career as an athlete, for not only was I victorious in all the level races in which I competed, but, in addition, many new records were established by me. My tour through the Antipodes, though not so productive of victories, was, nevertheless, more interesting and pleasant, owing to the hospitality of the genial colonials. This same hospitality I believe was one of the principal reasons why my racing was not so brilliant as in times preceding.

All American boys are interested in feats of athletic skill. So thinking that my own might prove of interest to them, I herewith give a description of the races that I ran while in Australia and New Zealand. My companion on the trip was Alfred Shrubb, the World's Long Distance Champion.

At the close of last year's season it was not my intention to again don my athletic togs; in fact, I had fully determined to retire from active competition on the cinder path. But just as I was about to sail from England, I received a cordial invitation from the combined Australian and New Zealand Associations requesting me to join Morton and Shrubb, two English champions who likewise had been invited, and thus make one of the team to visit their shores and compete against their champions. Shrubb and I immediately accepted the kind invitation, but Morton, for some unforeseen reason, decided not to make the trip. Consequently, I postponed my sailing to America and awaited further developments. Slowly the days passed on, nothing definite was forthcoming, and ill at ease and rather disappointed, I at length abandoned the project and sailed from Liverpool for New York.

Upon my arrival in New York, fearing lest there might be some misunderstanding concerning letters, etc., I at once cabled to New Zealand, and after a few days received an answer directing me to sail the next day from New York to join the Orient liner "Ortona," which was to depart from Plymouth just one week later. Without a moment's delay, and scarcely having time to bid my friends adieu, the next day, Saturday, Christmas Eve, I hopped on board the American liner "St. Paul" and commenced my race across the ocean against time and the elements to catch the "Ortona" at Plymouth.

The voyage from New York to Plymouth was a most tempestuous one and without doubt the roughest I had ever encountered. Sailing away in the midst of a blinding snow blizzard, we were finally forced to lay too and await the abating of the terrific gale. But this was not the only impediment which helped to increase my anxiety regarding catching the "Ortona," for scarcely had we advanced a few days when we were forced to "heave to," owing to some fault with the engines. Never shall I forget my uneasiness as we lay motionless in the middle of the broad Atlantic, and, upon learning from the officers that we would be quite late in arriving at Plymouth, I abandoned all hope of ever making connections.

At last we reached Plymouth harbor and immediately I scanned the horizon to see if the "Ortona" was discernible, and, as we gradually approached nearer and nearer, I saw the huge Orient liner all activity, evidently about to sail. It was a most anxious moment for me, but still feeling that I had a chance left to reach her before she got under weigh, I at once inquired for telegrams, expecting word directing me what to do. As there were none for me I hardly knew which way to turn when, just as the lighter was leaving the ship with the mails and passengers for Plymouth, I was informed by the Company's agent, who had been searching the ship for me, that my ticket for Australia was with the purser of the "Ortona," and it was absolutely necessary that I get on board her at once. But how was I to get there? That was the next question. It was a most puzzling situation, when suddenly



TWO GREAT ATHLETES

The One Standing is Alfred Shrubb, Champion of the World 1 1-2 Mile Run. The One Sitting is Arthur Duffey, American Athlete, Who Ran a Hundred Yards in 9 3-5 Seconds.

I espied a small fisherman's dory, which I at once hailed and, amid hearty cheers and good-byes to my friends on the "St. Paul," bag and baggage, I was lowered over the side of the ship into the fisherman's boat and started my race for the "Ortona," which lay fully three hundred yards away. It was without question the most exciting sprint that I ever tackled, and never did oarsman tug and strain at the blades more eagerly than the old fisherman and myself. In spite of the waves that dashed over us at every stroke, gradually we neared our goal. Shouting at the top of my lungs to the officers on the bridge that I was a passenger, the stairway was lowered and eagerly I clambered up the side of the ship to the deck, where my pal Shrubb was waiting to meet me, just as the ship slipped from her moorings.

Time and space forbid my enumerating all the different interesting ports we visited in the course of our journey through the Mediterranean Sea, Suez Canal and Indian Ocean, and all that took place on the trip from Plymouth to Melbourne; suffice it to say that it was a most delightful journey full of many interesting incidents.

Our training on ship-board was of a very light nature and consisted mostly in skipping rope and indulging in long walks around the ship's spacious deck and contesting in the ship's sports, at which Shrubb proved himself upon more than one occasion a veritable champion. It was our custom when in port to try and snatch a jog, so to speak. And shall I ever forget what a vast amount of interest our presence created when we had a run in Colombo? The natives enjoyed our running immensely and, upon learning that Shrubb was a great racer, they dropped rickshaws, baskets and all, and a strange sight it was to see the dapper Englishman racing a crowd of half-naked blacks, who kept uttering most peculiar cries.

Upon arriving in Freemantle and Adelaide, the first ports in Australia, in spite of the many precautions we took, it was surprising to see what a great amount of superfluous flesh we had put on and what a peculiar effect in general the long sea voyage had upon us. All this was a serious handicap to our racing.

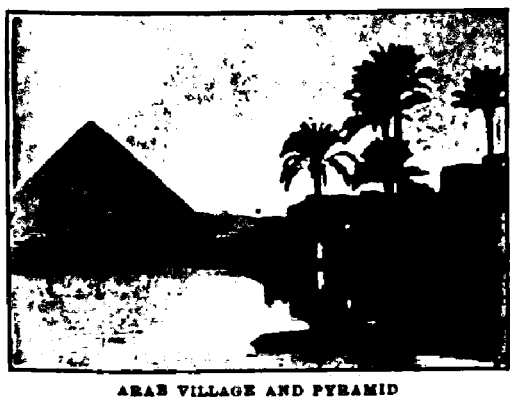
Arriving at last in Melbourne, we felt highly elated at the completion of our long voyage. But it must be confessed that we felt extremely anxious about our coming race, which was only a few days off. At the wharf to meet us was the committee of the Victorian Association, who escorted us to the city, and on the following Monday we were tendered a banquet by the Melbourne Cricket Club and there officially welcomed to the Colonies by the eminent jurist, Sir John Madden, and other distinguished gentlemen.

Our reception in Melbourne was a most pleasant one. As guests of the Amateur Association we were enthusiastically received everywhere: Banquets, balls, drives from various organizations were tendered us, and in a word, the hospitality and kindness of the Australians seemed boundless. We often remarked to the committee, "You will kill us with such kindnesses," and it really looked like it.

Our first contest, which was held on the grounds of the Melbourne Cricket Club, seemed to us the most difficult one. Scarcely having had time to discard our "sea legs," we found ourselves upon a soft, spongy track with climatic conditions very different from those at home. Anxiously we came upon the track, where we received a deafening ovation from the spectators. For me it seemed a most critical moment as I came to the scratch in the sprint, but feeling confident that my old form would return to me, I screwed my courage up, and after a magnificent race was defeated on the post by Mueller, the Bendigo champion, in 10 3-10 seconds.

Rather disheartened at my initial failure, it was with a source of keen satisfaction and pride that I watched Shrubb's performances in the distance runs, and although the "Horsham wonder" was far from his English form, the easy manner in which he disposed of his competitors

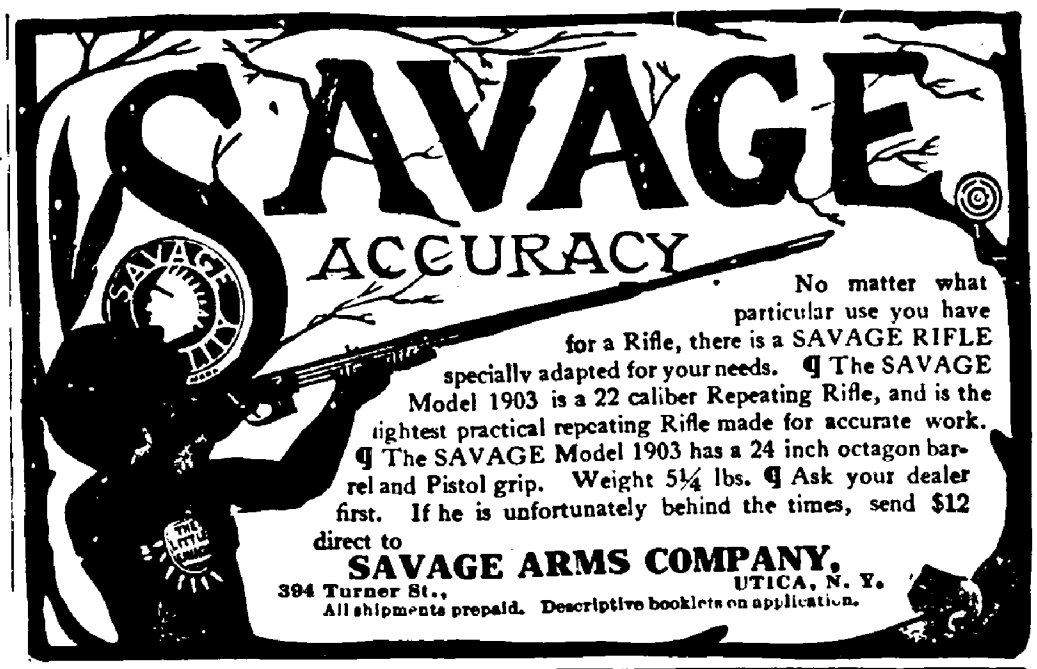
(*Continued on page 179.*)



ARAB VILLAGE AND PYRAMID



ARAB PREPARED FOR GAMES OR WAR



"The Boy is Father to the Man"



When a boy begins shaving he should begin right; that is, with the best shaving soap made. He will avoid the troubles which come from impure soap and shaving will be easy and pleasant if he always uses

Williams' Shaving Soap

To any boy mentioning this paper and sending us the name and address of his father and stating what kind of shaving soap his father uses, we will send, free, a useful little combination pocket tool—a key ring, screw driver, paper cutter and bottle decapper. This offer not good after May 1, 1906.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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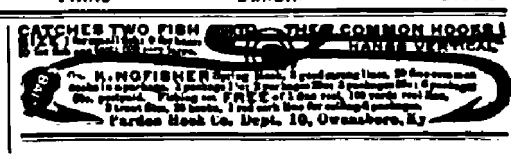


A Brave Korean

HERE IS a little story of a great deed. It is not a "made up" story, but is true. It comes from far-off Korea.

In a part of that country it is the law that if a son, not of age, commits a crime and succeeds in escaping from the land or evading the officers of the law, his father may be taken and punished in his son's stead.

Last winter it happened that a young man committed the awful crime of murder. The instant he saw what he had done he fled from the country. The officers of the law searched long and diligently, but without success. The young man's escape had been skillfully planned and carried out.

After a time the young man's father was arrested. He was an old man, bowed with years. He had grieved deeply over the loss of his son, but more over his shocking crime. Until his arrest, however, he had not known of the law above mentioned, nor of the awful position in which his son's act had placed him.

The Koreans are very particular regarding enforcing their laws; they aim to have every part of it rigidly satisfied, no matter what the cost, so, strange as it may seem, the old man was brought into court and placed on trial for his son's crime.

The trial was not long. The evidence against the culprit was overwhelming. Bound as they were by the statute, there was but one course open to the officers of the law. Sentence of death was accordingly pronounced upon the father for his son's deed; but in order that the example might have its full moral effect in educating parents on the responsibility of training their children aright, the execution was delayed, and the news that it was to take place circulated over the entire country.

It happened that these tidings came at length to the self-exiled, guilty son. Like men, he had never known of the strange statute by which his father now stood condemned.

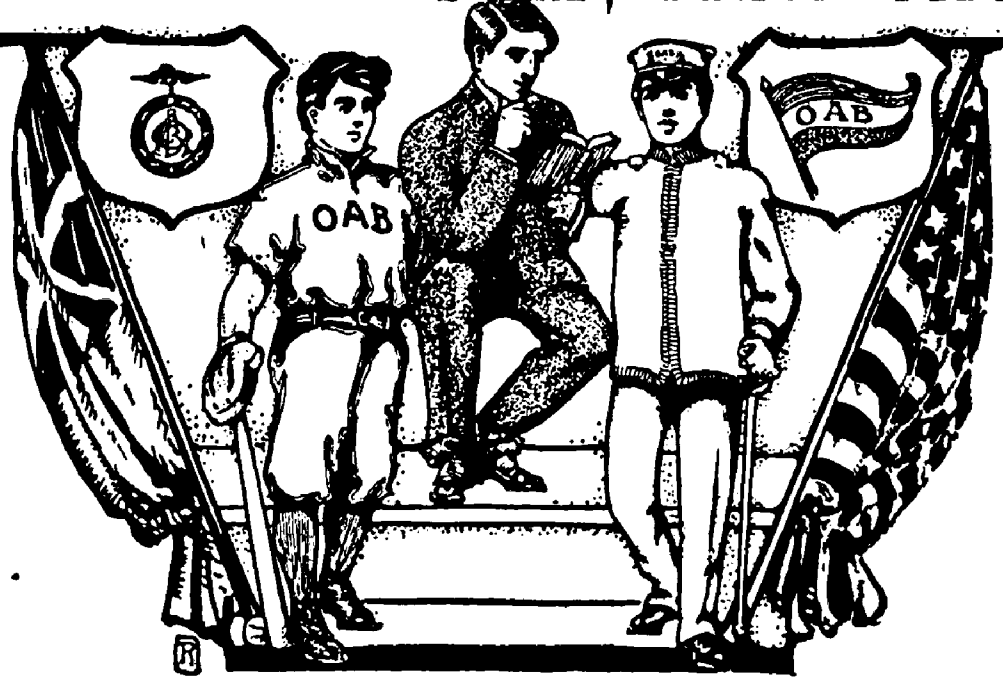
At first the situation was too horrible for him to thoroughly grasp. Conscience had previously driven him almost to desperation, and thousands of his countrymen's spair; but this was maddening. He was in a distant country. Perhaps, already, all was over. Before, the sharpest pangs of remorse had come from the thought that he had brought his parent to disgrace; now, he saw he had brought him to the scaffold. But with this thought the young man's weakness left him. He arose, as from a dream, strong in the strength of a young man's resolve to do the right. He had come to himself. A few moments later he was hastening towards the borders of his own land.

The temptation to lengthen the story is strong, but the end of it all is this: Some days before the time set for the execution of the father the son arrived at home. He instantly gave himself up, confessed his crime, and made known his willingness to suffer. The chains were then taken from the father and fastened to the son.

But the young man's deed reached the governor's ears. It reached also the nation's heart, stirring it to the depths. Rigid as was the law, it must yield to such a deed of self-sacrifice as that; and it did. The day set for his execution, the young man was pardoned and freed.

The Great American Boy Army.

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



New Companies Organized

LONE STAR STATE CO., No. 36, Division of Texas, Winters, Tex. NATIONAL CAPITOL CO., No. 5, Division of Dist. of Columbia, Wash., D. C. OHIOIAN CO., No. 85, Division of Ohio, Dennison, Ohio. KERMIT ROOSEVELT CO., No. 36, Division of Kansas, Clyde, Kans. THE ARTESIA CO., No. 57, Division of Illinois, Potomac, Ill. RISING SUN CO., No. 59, Division of Pennsylvania, Brooklyn, Pa.

Company News

PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 17, Ashland, Ore., has been doing good work during January, having taken in three members. It has a membership now of 19, and a library of 57 books. The members are renting a club house at present but intend soon to be in a position to purchase it. Every one of the members are anxious to compete for the special prizes given by us for the largest increase in membership. The Company is much interested in debating. It recently held a debate on the question resolved, that "The coming generation is weaker than the past generation." The negative side won. This company has also been corresponding with other companies to mutual advantage. WATCH OUR SMOKE COMPANY, No. 15, Pueblo, Colo., has 11 members and a library of 60 books, also a silk flag, and baseball and football paraphernalia. It holds its meetings every Monday evening and the greater part of its program consists in studying the early history of the United States. This company will celebrate its first anniversary on or about March 28th, and of course, we shall be glad to know that the celebration was a successful one. WEB FOOT COMPANY, No. 21, Roseburg, Ore., recently gave a banquet to the members and had a splendid time with songs and games. Benj. Eddy has been elected to succeed Ralston Bridges in the Secretary's office. The programs at these meetings consist of talks on current topics, and compositions written by the members on various subjects. Meetings are held usually at the home of the Treasurer. BLUE LAKE COMPANY, No. 45, Onawa, Ia., has recently elected the following officers: Vernon Prichard, Capt.; Wayne Ellis, V. C.; Harold Underhill, Sec.; Raymond Thurston, Treas., and it has appointed Mr. E. I. Sheppard, Principal of the Onawa High School, as Company Counsel. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., held a McKinley birthday celebration in connection with carnation day recently and short papers were read on the life of our late president and an address was also given by the Company Counsel on the "Relation of Carnation Day and McKinley's Birthday." The meeting was largely attended. The Company Counsel has also presented to the company two large pictures, one of ex-President McKinley and the other of the boy Christ. This company is doing good work in the way of bringing about a more brotherly feeling between companies in various states, and we are glad that this should be so. There also ought to exist a fraternal feeling among all the companies and members of the Order. A most enjoyable Valentine Social was held at the home of one of the members on February 14th in the nature of a masque party. Some of the members were dressed to represent jockeys, wolves, pages, and in other fanciful costumes. They had a jolly time and sat down to a first-class banquet. The decorations of the hall were red and pink hearts, and each one present received a small red heart as a souvenir. Washington and Lincoln's birthday was celebrated by the company on the evening of February 21st. This company has instituted a "question box" in which members who desire information write out their questions, place them in the box, and at the next meeting the Company Counsel, or other person answers them. We should think that this would be the means of the members acquiring valuable information. THE BOYS' ATHLETIC AND DEBATING COMPANY, No. 23, Oregon City, Ore., have the following officers: Robert Ward, Capt.; Howard Zinzer, V. C.; Carl Schram, Sec.; Orval Hunt, Treas. This company has been holding debates and a mock trial. The members heretofore met every two weeks, but are arranging to hold meetings once a week. CLAN ALPINE COMPANY, No. 19, Boulder, Colo., has the following officers: Elbert E. Bidwell, Capt.; Lester B. Tilton, V. C.; Chauncey R. Parsons, Sec.; Herman Krenger, Treas.; Arthur F. Johnson, Lib. The company holds its meetings every Tuesday evening at the members' homes, but it expects to have a club room of its own very soon. It has started a library and has already 11 volumes. The dues are 20 cents a month. The company has six members, and expects to receive four more during this month. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its fortieth company report, and there seems to be no lack of enthusiasm among the members. Five regular meetings were held during January, at which entertainment of a high order was provided. It held a Salmagundi party in the club room on January 30th, to which members and friends were invited and a jolly evening was spent. This company intends to largely increase its membership during the current year, and will also endeavor to make American Boy Day in Brooklyn a "howling success." We find that the total number of the company's meetings held up to date is 137. We are promised some pictures of the company soon. J. FRANK HANLY COMPANY, No. 27, Westfield, Ind., is getting along nicely. Stirring and interesting debates are being held at the meetings, and the members had a most enjoyable time on February 22nd with a special program. We are glad that this company intends to celebrate American Boy Day, and when the time draws near we will assist them, and all other companies, in getting up their program if members of the companies will write to us as to the date and the plans they propose to carry out. MINNESOTA SKIRMISHERS COMPANY, No. 22, St. Paul, Minn., has started out in good shape. It has its charter framed and is working hard to get new subscribers and more members for the company. The members are interested in military matters and have bought a "Drilling Book of Army Regulations." We hope to receive good reports of this company's continued progress. LONE STAR COMPANY, No. 33, Hamilton, Texas, recently elected the following officers: Wright Felt, Capt.; Bernard Miller, V. C.; Clay Lecrest, Sec.; Lee Lecrest, Asst. Sec.; Henry Lynch, Treas. The company is in funds to the extent of $7.28. We are promised a picture of the members at an early date. JOHN EVANS COMPANY, No. 13, Evans, Colo., holds its meetings each Friday evening in the club room and has started a library with ten books. It has also its charter framed and $3.00 in the treasury. A picture of the company members is promised us in the near future. THE SHACKAMAXON COMPANY, No. 25, Tunkhannock, Pa., has held its election of officers with the following result: Lloyd Burgess, Capt.; Bruce Leighton, Sec.; Chase Herrick, Treas. Last summer the members spent two weeks camping on the Susquehanna. They had two G. A. R. tents, one for eating, the other for sleeping, and cooked their meals on a stove consisting of a piece of sheet-iron. They were also equipped with hammocks and camp chairs, and spent their time reading, swimming, fishing and playing ball. Each member of the company paid $1.00 a week towards the expense. They had a most enjoyable time and were frequently visited by both their boy and girl friends. This Company has a gymnasium apparatus of 12 pairs of dumb bells, 10 pairs of Indian clubs, boxing gloves, flying rings, punching bag and trapeze. The Company Counsel gave a Valentine party on Feb. 14th which was greatly enjoyed. The Company baseball team won 14 games of 17 which they played last season. We found much difficulty in carrying out our ideas regarding the free circulating libraries, and have discontinued sending them in the meantime. THE RIFLE RANGERS COMPANY, No. 75, Smithville, O., meets at the home of the librarian. It has the following officers: Frank E. Miller, Capt.; Leland Miller, V. C.; John McKee, Sec.; Chas. Sanders, Treas. It has a library of 26 books, a U. S. flag and a banner with the name of the Company printed on it. Its colors are red and blue. The members intend to become agents for THE AMERICAN BOY in order to obtain money for the treasury. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., sends its report on a nicely gotten up letter head containing views of some of the wonders of Colorado. It has its charter framed and thirteen books in its library. It held a literary program in February and had a first class meeting. The members are arranging to hold a checker tournament during May, and have also arranged to hold field days during the summer months. It hopes to have a baseball team which shall defeat all comers. The Company intend to celebrate American Boy Day this year either on the 4th or fifth of July. MIDWAY CITY CO. No. 19, Kearney, Neb., held its election of officers in February which resulted as follows: Frank Wallace, Capt.; Willie Spurgin, V. C.; John Freeman, Sec.; Kimbal Failing, Treas.; Donald Gregg, Lib. This Company has held several most successful meetings. It has used some of its money to purchase books, baseball goods and other things. The members intend to raise the dues so as to have money to pay the expenses of a camping trip during the coming summer. The meetings are held at the members' homes, but it intends to have a permanent club room of its own at no distant date. THE WHITEHALL ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 56, Allenwood, Pa., holds its meetings every Wednesday evening, has nine members, and recently elected the following officers: Lester D. Sedam, Capt.; Glennie Buck, Lieut.; S. T. Sedam, Sec'y.; Edwin J. Sage, Asst. Sec'y.; Edward Best, Treas.; Charles B. Best, Libn. It holds its meetings at the homes of the members. It has an O. A. B. pennant and has recently purchased a set of boxing gloves, striking bag and pictures. It has $16.70 in the treasury, and recently held a debate at which the following question was discussed: Resolved, That the steamboat is more useful to commerce than the steam engine. The dues are 5 cents a month. ROGUE REX'S VOL. COMPANY, No. 75, Rockford, Mich., is getting along nicely with nine members, and three more who have promised to come in. It has framed its charter, and has a nice library of 48 books in addition to many papers and magazines. It has also 61 cents in its treasury. The officers are: Ortho Parks, Capt.; Harry Gaines, V. C.; Boyd M. Jones, Sec'y. The members are fortunate in having as C. C. Mr. G. E. Van Houten, the principal of the Rockford High School, who is much interested in the boys. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening at the homes of the members. The company has decided to hold an entertainment in the near future. We trust that this company will begin planning to hold an American Boy Day celebration this year, and will let us know its plans as early as they can. MOVILLE HAWKEYE COMPANY, No. 59, Moville, Ia., is planning to give a fine entertainment in the near future. We would suggest that a good program for February would be along the line of the Washington and Lincoln program given in the company letter for February. TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., reports that it is doing nicely. Its meetings are held every Friday evening at the homes of the members. Last season its baseball team played 12 games, losing only two of them. The team has gray uniforms with the letters O. A. B. At its election of officers recently, the following was the result: David Beard, Capt.; Stanley Sommers, V. C.; Horace Mann, Sec'y. and Treas.; Celistino Cabanjas, Libn. The members are talking about organizing a battalion with military drills. The company's report is sent to us on a nicely gotten up letter head, bearing the company name, the division, the object of the organization, and the names of the various officers. We are always glad to have a report from this, one of the oldest companies in the Order.

The Order of The American Boy

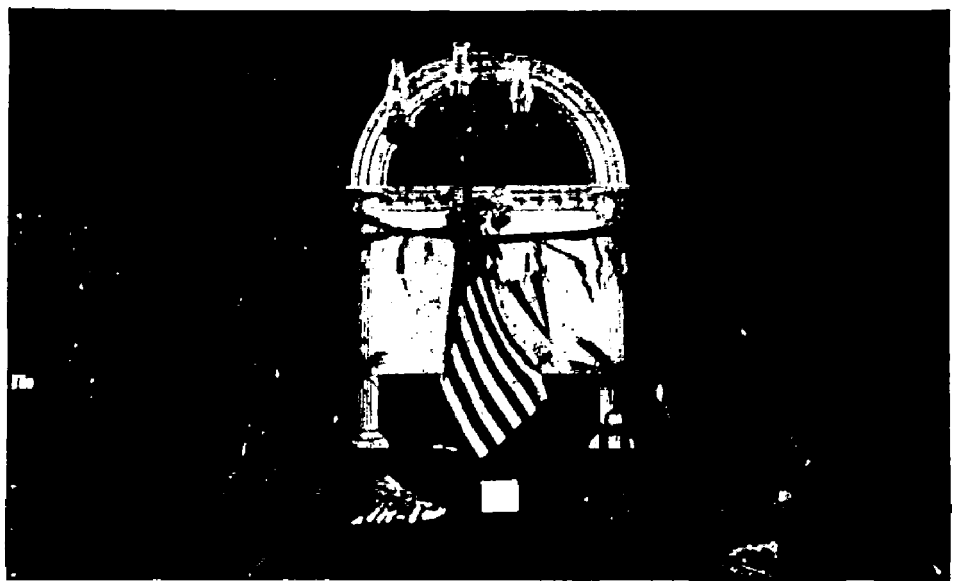
A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

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.



A CHURCH STAGE DECORATED FOR THE THANKSGIVING EXERCISES OF THE J. FRANK HANLEY CO. NO. 27, O. A. B., AT WESTFIELD, IND. CAPTAIN, PAUL P. ROYSTER

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 atendance is perfect for the time they have been in school, or for the last five years. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for schol record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal....S. R.
LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich..H.
HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal..S. R.
JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark.....S. R.
LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
G. B. THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn....S. R.
A. C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H.....S. R.
LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O.....S. R.
G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich .....S. R.
WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y .....H.
ALF. O. PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn....S. R.
HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass....S. R.
LEO HYDE, Lynn, Mass .....H.
RALPH DEDCOVICH, Gloucester, Mass..S. R.
C. W. ALLSHOUSE, South Newbury, O..S. R.
J. E. HARRINGTON, Littleton, N. H...S. R.
LEON F. MERRITT, Detroit, Mich.....S. R.
C. A. LUKINGBEAL, Farmersville, O...S. R.
WILBUR W. WOOD, St. Louis, Mo....S. R.
EARL COMER, Tolono, Ill.....S. R.
B. O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y....S. R.
J. de VOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.S. R.
ASHER KAHN, Norwalk, O.....S. R.
HARLEY WENTZ, Forest, O.....S. R.
JESSE HALSTED, Sheboygan, Wis.....S. R.
HARRY GILBERRY, Hartline, Wash..S. R.
ALBERT SCHOBER, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
WALTER DRIGGS, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
MELAN WHITMAN, Lodi, O.....S. R.
OTIS F. SMITH, Sedalia, Mo.....S. R.
CLAUDE TEARS, Deferiet, N. Y.....S. R.
CLARENCE SCHWARTZ, Wickliffe, Ky.S. R.
ALONZO W. MEEK, Montgomery, Ala...S. R.
CARL H. GROSSMAN, Madison, Ind.....S. R.
BENNIE STURGES, Cripple Creek, Colo.S. R.
AUBREY CAMPBELL, Aberdeen, S. Dak.S. R.
ERIC SHAW, Natchez, Miss.....S. R.
RAY SONNEMAN, Kansas City, Mo.....S. R.
THOMAS Y. BOYD, Wickliffe, Ky .....S. R.
LEROY SHEFFIELD, Randalia, Iowa...S. R.
P. CLEARY BULLARD, St. Paul, Minn..S. R.
KARL MEYER, Big Spring, Ky.....S. R.
NOEL ANTRIM, Sheridan, Ind.....S. R.
G. E. HUNGERFORD, Manhattan, Kas..S. R.
MILLER HUGHES, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.

A letter from Geo. E. Hungerford, Manhattan, Kansas, acknowledges receipt of the Legion of Honor Badge which was presented to him by the Superintendent of the city schools, in behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY. He writes: "I appreciate THE AMERICAN BOY and believe that the stories in it are the best that can be secured. I take an interest in all the various departments, but particularly the Amateur Journalism Department. I have worked in a printing office for over a year, and so know something about printing. I am fourteen years old and have been going to school since I was seven."

Uncle Sam's Weather Map



THE WEATHER MAP COMPLETED

EVERYONE knows the weather map, and those who depend upon it for daily guidance in their business would find themselves at a serious loss without it. But how few are aware that this little sheet is gotten together and printed in exactly the same way as one of the great dailies, hundreds of correspondents being required for the gathering of the news that is crystallized into one page, the items having to be telegraphed in time to enable the printer and stereotyper to have the form ready for press at exactly the time necessary to catch the mail train, and all the exciting concomitants of the work of "putting the paper to bed" being present at the final stage.

Every morning at eight o'clock, Washington having by that time digested the reports of the weather experts from all over the country, the wire is kept free for the service of the Weather Bureau. All the employes at the various local weather bureaus are at that time on the alert for the news from Washington. The information is flashed along the wire in circuits, each office on that circuit reading it for its own map. Every man in the bureau, from the local forecaster down to the printer's devil, must be an expert in the code, for the messages all come in code form. Here is a sample message:

"York Gemsbok Melbourne Imbue Unto Kicking Chignon Chip."

The message is written on "flimsy" by the telegraph operator who receives it. Flimsy is the feather weight paper used in newspaper offices for typewriting manifold copies. One copy of the message goes to the map maker, one to the printer, one to the local forecaster, etc., and immediately each man is busy with his own particular work, for not a moment is to be lost if the mail train is to be caught with the papers.

Each man being familiar with the code, it is easy to see that the words quoted above mean that in New York the barometer is 30.44, temperature 18, wind 5, weather cloudy, maximum temperature 18, velocity of wind six miles an hour, lowest temperature in morning 10, registered two below yesterday, barometer fell .06 during the last two hours, strata of cumulus clouds moving from S. W., a fine haze in the air. All that told in the two lines recorded above, and every man in the office aware of it within a minute of its reception.

With the York Gemsbok, etc., message before him, the printer is at work correcting his table for the daily paper, while at his elbow the man who makes the chalk plate from which the stereotype plate is made for the map is hard at it digging little holes in the bed of chalk and tracing lines over it to show the temperature all over the country. If the man who makes the chalk plate waited for the map maker to give him a finished map the little paper would never get to press on time. Each man must keep up with the other and be only a few minutes behind the telegrapher, for the messages are coming in from eight o'clock to half past nine, and at ten o'clock the chalk plate and the various tables must be ready for the stereotyper.

There is usually time for the map maker to compare his work with the chalk plate, but more frequently the chalk plate maker has to be trusted to do his work correctly, for at eleven o'clock the hundreds of copies that each weather bureau sends out must be on the train. The tension becomes greater as the time approaches for the locking up of the little form. The telegraph operator cannot record the messages fast enough to suit him. All hands hurry their work to be even with each other for the grand finale. The last tick has sounded from the wire, the last chalk line or circle has been made in the chalk plate, the final touch given to the typographical matter. The form is hastily locked up and rushed to the stereotyper. This individual can manage the work without assistance, for it is a very tiny form. The metal is melted over a small gas jet and ladled into the case in which the form is with a ladle little larger than an ordinary table spoon. In a few minutes the metal is ready for the press. Everything so far is so similar to the work of a great newspaper office that the temptation is strong to say something about the "big presses beginning to revolve with a grinding crash as the mighty machinery gathers the paper to its heart and throws it off a finished daily." But the little press on which Uncle Sam's little newspaper is printed allows no such use of adjectives. It is a press worked by power, it is true, and not one that is "kicked," but it is not of impressive size. The same man who sets the type runs the press. When the paper has gone to press he becomes a printer again. Occasionally he does the stereotyping, too. Sometimes it devolves upon the local forecaster himself to do the stereotyping. The paper must be got to press on time.

All sorts and conditions of people would be inconvenienced if the weather map failed to arrive on time. With the information supplied free by the weather bureau it is possible for the planter to protect produce of all kinds from freezing, for the householder to watch his water pipes, for railroads to regulate the size and movement of their freight trains, ice men to prepare for the harvesting and the general public to make plans for business or pleasure. The warnings of frost and freezing weather are also of immense value, particularly to the fruit, sugar, tobacco, cranberry and market gardening interests. The early truck raising industry, so extensively carried on in the regions bordering on the Gulf and south Atlantic coasts and in Florida and which has increased so greatly in the last few years, is largely dependent for its success on the information supplied by the weather bureau, and the growers of oranges and other fruits in Florida and California have invested large sums in tents, screens, heating, smudging and irrigating apparatus for the protection of their groves and orchards, which they put into use when notified by the weather map of the expected occurrence of injuriously low temperatures. Shippers of perishable produce and goods liable to injury by heat or cold, are guided largely by the weather map in making shipments and directing their movements while on the road, and large dealers in produce, by careful attention to the daily reports, inform themselves as to the regions where conditions most favorable for certain crops have occurred and are thus enabled to judge of the probable supply and to make purchases to advantage. The importance of the little sheet to those who receive it daily can scarcely be exaggerated, and knowing this it is not to be wondered at that the force in the weather bureau strains every nerve daily to get it out on time.



IF THE MAN WHO MAKES THE CHALK PLATE WAITED FOR THE MAP MAKER TO GIVE HIM A FINISHED MAP THE LITTLE PAPER WOULD NEVER GET TO PRESS ON TIME



FROM THE CHALK PLATE A MATRIX IS MADE



THE SAME MAN WHO SETS THE TYPE RUNS THE PRESS



WITH THE YORK-GEMSBOK MESSAGE BEFORE HIM THE PRINTER IS AT WORK CORRECTING HIS TABLE FOR THE DAILY PAPERS



THE MESSAGE IS WRITTEN ON "FLIMSY" BY THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR WHO RECEIVES IT



SOMETIMES IT DEVOLVES UPON THE LOCAL FORECASTER HIMSELF TO DO THE STEREOTYPING



HARD AT IT DIGGING LITTLE HOLES IN THE BED OF CHALK

OUT TO-DAY

SPALDING'S OFFICIAL BASE BALL GUIDE

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The illustrations surpass anything ever before offered in a Base Ball Guide and embrace the portraits of over 2,000 players, including all the prominent professional and college teams.

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BOYS

Send a stamp and receive instructions as to how to organize a Company of the Order of The American Boy



IF YOU SHOULD take a trip to Mexico and happen to stop where there are no Americans or American innovations, you would wonder why there was no bus or conveyance at the station. But if you will be patient and remain at the station long enough, you will presently hear something lumbering along on the hard cobble-stone pavement, and presently there will loom up in the distance a stage coach, and out of it half a dozen or more Mexican boys—peons in sandals and sombreros, or Indians in gay, soiled blankets, will alight. Upon seeing you they will approach with as much alacrity as does an American newsboy when he has scented a customer, and will begin to jabber something in unintelligible Spanish.

You haven't time to consult the Spanish dictionary, which contains a lot of the most commonly used phrases that, if you are gifted with foresight, you have in your pocket. Besides you remember a few of those phrases that you memorized just after crossing the Rio Grande, so you use these volubly; but to no avail, for although the Mexican boy is too polite to laugh in your face at the peculiar and unmistakably English accent you give your Spanish, he shakes his head positively and says, "Me no sabe." At the same time half a dozen boys rush at your valise, which, in your excitement, you have unwisely deposited on the ground nearby. Just as you are angrily protesting against these incomprehensible proceedings, and trying to regain possession of your baggage, the station master approaches, and, seeing your predicament, and glad to meet anyone—even an entire stranger—if from the United States, for he is an American, says, "Those are only cargadores."

"Only what?" you ask anxiously.

"Just cargadores—boys who run errands, carry baggage, do anything to earn an honest penny," he replied. "And as there is nothing but that huge, lumbering coach, and as a ride in it to the hotel, if it does not break your bones, may jolt your anatomy into pieces, so it might be a wise idea to get one of those cargadoes to carry your baggage and show you to the hotel. It is only a few blocks away, and you will be out only a pleasant walk, and a few centavos.

So knowing not what else to do, you follow his advice, and hire the most prepossessing of the cargadores to lead you to the hotel with your baggage.

"But what about your trunk?" and turning you observe the station master examining the check upon your trunk.

"I do not know how to get it to the hotel," you explain as you return and hand him the check.

"Why, that is easily enough done," he answers. Then he calls, "Here, Pedro, come and take the senor's trunk to the hotel," and—would you believe it?—in another moment the largest of the saffron-faced boys has approached, untied the rope which secured the trunk, and in a twinkling, with the agent's assistance, has re-tied the rope in such a manner that the ends dangle about a yard each. Then, with a dexterous move and the agent's help, he has the trunk upon his back, and grins while the agent ties the rope around his neck.

You wonder if he can move under such a load, and wonder more as presently you see him not staggering as an American boy of his size would do, but walking along with apparent ease. As he moves forward you observe and admire the muscled arms and the stout, though stubby body of this unique dray. The peon, or Mexican Indian boy, is not nearly so large as the American boy of the same age, nor is the former so tall when grown.

The cargador, a very good definition of which is carry-all, does not pant nor perspire when he reaches the hotel and deposits your baggage in the room the landlord has assigned you. Neither does he forget to show you all of his dirty teeth when you hand over a few centavos more than he asked, and in musical Spanish say, "Gracios, senor," or senorita, or senora as the case may be. But the bestowal of the extra centavos before the other cargadores and servants at the hotel is a bad policy, as you soon learn; for all Mexicans seem to entertain the opinion that the Americano is invariably rich; and the peon is an inveterate beggar. Seeing this exhibition of your generosity, if not your wealth, the other servants will not, if possible, wait upon you without being previously tipped.

And not only do Mexican boy cargadores transport trunks and baggage of every description, but all kinds of transportable commodities from a load of hay or alfalfa to a small hand-bag. They are accustomed to bear heavy burdens from early childhood, and as a result their shoulders that have a pitiful stoop, their gnarled muscles, and knotted veins proclaim their trade and arouse the pity of the most casual observer. It is, perhaps, his fine intuitive sense of the laws of balance that enables the cargador to transport such burdens as he undertakes to carry. Usually a very heavy trunk is balanced on a pad on the cargador's shoulders and is secured around his neck by a rope that passes around his head. These "beasts of burden" are not to be censured for sometimes groaning and sweating under their loads.

It is amusing to see some of the burdens the cargador attempts to carry, for he is not only a dray, a cart, but a water-carrier, a charcoal-bringer, a milk-cart or a nurse, as the occasion demands.

Besides boy cargadores there are burro cargadores. These latter are more numerous, and even more queer looking than the former. The burro is the milk-cart, the furniture dray, the lumber cart when the boy cargador is employed. He comes from distant mines laden with ore from the sandy plateaus, and he brings fruit and farm products from distant haciendas. Plodding through the narrow streets he looks very clumsy with the tin cans full of milk strapped to his shaggy sides. These cans are deposited in wooden boxes that are secured by stout thongs to the burro. On top of the burro's sharp back an ugly peon in a red blanket and worn sandals seats himself and dispenses milk through the city. Packed in crates that look like bird cages and are suspended across his sharp backbone, are the thin Mexican bricks that clink out a merry tune of their own as the burro passes over the loose stones that cover the byways, leading to the unfinished buildings that are in course of construction. The rider reaches down into the crates, and taking out the bricks, hands them over the wall. One diminutive donkey who looks all hair on top of a stack of bones will drag two heavy beams to be used in the frame-work of the structure.



No peon seems to consider any load too heavy for the scrawny beast that, in his eyes, represents an earthly fortune, and he is so cruel to this faithful animal who serves him that the foreigner's pity is often evoked.

The burro and the cargodor are each not only early inured to poverty, but to hardships as well. Each is half fed and each has no roof to cover him, save the kindly sky, the burro sleeping on the hard ground, the cargador on his soiled, worn-out blanket. But the cargador's breakfast of pumpkin seed or tortillas, with a banana or fig now and then, is satisfying. He is contented and knows that there is no better fate for him—in Mexico.

Sliding to Bases

Baseball players do not give enough study to the art of sliding to bases, says the New York Sun. It quotes Clark Griffith, manager of the New York Americans as saying:

They save themselves too much. I insist on my players hitting the dirt at every possible chance. There could be greater improvement in this department if more players would try to acquire the twist slide.

Feet first is the only way. There are two ways of making the twist slide feet first. One is by crossing the left leg over the right, which throws the body to the right, and the other by crossing the right leg over the left, throwing the body to the left. The principle is the same as a boy guiding a sled with his legs. The body is guided by the legs. Whether the body should be twisted to the right or left depends on where the baseman is. If he is taking the throw in front of the bag the idea is to throw the body outward and away from him, and if he is playing back the body is drawn toward the infield and away from him. The reasons are apparent. The chances are that the baseman will miss the body, and he has only the leg or foot to touch. That bothers him more than when he can touch the body.

The cases I have just mentioned refer to sliding into second base. The third base slide is somewhat different. When a left-handed hitter is up, or a fast right-hander, third basemen can't play deep, and they are playing in on the grass a good deal of their time. To head off a ball they have to back up and yet watch the catcher. The head foremost slide is the best for third base, but for no other base. This is a different play altogether from the one at second base. The body is thrown out toward the outfield to elude the third baseman's reach, while the outstretched arm touches the bag. If the third baseman has had to back up he can't get you unless on the run, and that is a small target to strike for. When the throw is coming from the catcher the runner never should slide in front of the third bag.

As a rule shortstops have the better chance to get a man at second base, as the play is in front of them oftener than it is with the second baseman, who frequently is moving in the same direction as the runner. That is a situation that depends on what's doing, on what the signals are, who the batter is and what understanding there is between the pitcher, catcher and fielder. Pitchers pitch a good deal on what's doing on the bases.

I believe there are times when it is a good thing to slide for first base. No time is gained by doing it, but a fast man like Harry Bay often fools the umpire by doing it. If it is a dry day and he hits the ground seven or eight feet in front of the bag he raises a cloud of dust which makes it all the harder for an umpire to see whether he beat the throw or not. I've seen many a man steal a base hit by sliding to first.

The slide home calls for a feet first slide and the body twist. The runner can't see the ball coming in and doesn't know where it is, but he keeps his eye on the catcher. If the catcher waits behind the plate for the throw it is up to the base runner to slide in front of the plate; if the catcher steps up forward to take the throw-in then the runner slides behind the plate. Anyway, he ought to watch the catcher and be guided by the latter's movements. There are catchers clever enough to give no indication as to where the ball is, and thus deceive the runner.

The player who always has to be told by the coacher where the ball is makes a poor base runner. The coacher can't help a runner much at second base, and if the runner buries his hand when he slides to second and gets caught through not watching the ball that is his fault, not the coacher's. I think the best slider I ever saw was Bill Lange, except possibly Dave Fultz. Dahlen, too, is a first-class slider—one of the best. So is Elberfeld, also Frank Chance. Heidrick was a great slider. Lange stole twice as many bases in one season—'96 I think it was—as the best base runners steal these days.

Capt. Mark Casto—Hero

Captain Mark Casto, skipper of the little fishing schooner "Alberta," with his crew risked his life and boat in a successful effort to save the lives of the passengers and crew on the wrecked Clyde line steamer "Cherokee" which had gone ashore near Atlantic City, N. J., in January, in a fearful storm. Casto and his men made two trips out to the wreck in a frightful sea, and brought off all the passengers and crew after the professional lifesavers had failed to effect a rescue.



CAPT. MARK CASTO

The trustees of the Hero Fund established by Andrew Carnegie investigated this case of heroism and have awarded a gold medal and $1,500 to Casto to pay off the mortgage on his little home; $5,000 to educate his son; and to each of Casto's crew a silver medal and $500.

This was said to be one of the best cases of genuine heroism that the trustees had investigated since the establishment of the fund. Casto modestly refused any substantial reward but said he would like to have his boy educated and told of the mortgage on his home.

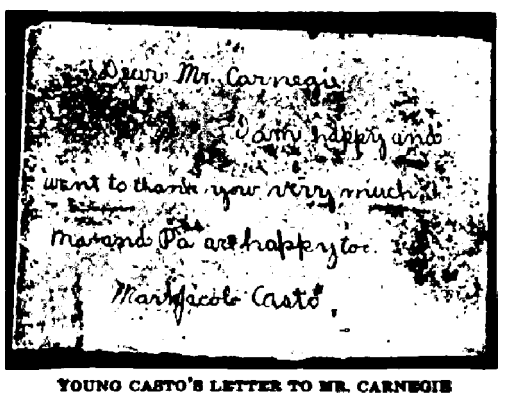
This young son of Capt. Mark Casto, the Atlantic City hero of the "Cherokee" wreck, will be educated by Andrew Carnegie as a part



MARK CASTO, JR.

recognition of the heroism of his father. The trustees of the Carnegie Fund for Heroes have voted $5,000 after investigating the case, to be invested for his benefit and the income of this will be used to educate the boy.

When young Mark Casto, son of the hero of the wrecked S. S. "Cherokee" heard that the trustees of the Carnegie Fund for Heroes had appropriated $5,000 to pay for his education, as a partial recognition of his father's bravery, he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Carnegie, without even consulting his parents. This is a copy of the letter:



YOUNG CASTO'S LETTER TO MR. CARNEGIE



BIRD MIGRATION

BY CRAIG S. THOMS

WE SHALL best be able to understand the migrations of birds if we separate them into four classes: First, those that remain with us all the year; second, those that winter with us; third, those that summer with us; and fourth, those that neither summer nor winter with us, but pass northward in the spring and southward in the autumn.

Of the first class—those which remain during the whole year—the bluejay is doubtless the most familiar example. Unless we feed them, however, they do not frequent the vicinity of our homes much in the winter, but seek the shelter of timber; yet, where food is obtainable, they are thievish enough to lay claim to it, whether we mean it for them or not. The black-capped chickadees are more frequently seen in winter than in summer. They find good shelter in some nearby woodpecker's nest, while in the summer they retire to the remoter woods to rear their young. The downy and hairy woodpeckers chisel new homes for themselves in some convenient limb, and make their winter meals from insect eggs and larvae found in bark crevices and dead limbs.

Perhaps the most familiar bird of this class found in the open country is the shore lark. It looks not unlike a sparrow, but has less russet in its plumage and runs gracefully. During the winter these birds are in every barn yard, around straw stacks, and they frequently feed in the wagon tracks of public highways where the grain has sifted from the wagon boxes of the farmers. In summer they retire to open pastures and meadows to build their nests.

The American goldfinch seems to leave us in the autumn, and to come new and fresh from the southland in the late spring; but these beautiful birds, with their soft notes and gentle ways, are the very same at which we have been looking all winter as they fed upon wild sunflower seeds. Just as the male bobolinks change their proud black and white for the tawny and blackish of the female before going south in the autumn, so the male goldfinches change their bright gold and black for the dusky olive of their mates; but they remain with us all winter.

Of the second class—those that spend the winter with us—junco, or the black snowbird, is perhaps the best known, at least in the Middle West. These birds spend the summer in the British Provinces, in Alaska, and on high mountain plateaus. During the winter they are common in our gardens and shrubbery, and may be easily recognized by their whitish bill, slate-colored plumage, and white side tail feathers.

The tree sparrows also come to us in the autumn, and return north again in the spring. A black spot in the middle of their plain, dull-white breasts, helps to identify them. In early March they are seen in large flocks, and their chorus chippering—it can hardly be called singing—is very pleasant to the ear. The males seem to be tuning their lyres in anticipation of the mating season. This bird nests in high altitudes, or far north even to the Arctic coast.

Another winter visitant, somber-colored, almost silent, and the impersonation of diligence, is the brown creeper One is most apt to find these birds in the untamed woods, where they search all the trees, even to the Gulf coast, though their young are reared, except in high altitudes, from Minnesota and Maine northward.

To the third class, of course, belong the birds that we know the best; they come in the spring and depart in the autumn. Of these, the first to arrive are the bluebirds and robins, which are closely followed by the meadow-larks and blackbirds. All four make their winter home in the Southern states. The brown thrasher, which arrives just before our orchards are white and fragrant with blossoms, also winters in the Southern states; but the catbird, kingbird and wood thrush, which come nearly at the same time, push farther south and make their home in the West Indies Mexico, and Central America; while the rose-breasted grosbeak and scarlet tanager continue their autumn migrations until South America is reached.

In the spring, most of our summer residents seem to arrive from the South singly; we see a meadowlark on a roadside post, or a robin on the lawn; a single oriole sings from a tree in our yard, a single wood thrush from some shady ravine, and a single brown thrasher from the hedgerow. Some of these, noticeably the meadowlarks and robins, we have seen gather in large, though scattered flocks in the autumn; and from this fact we knew that they were gathering to make their journey southward. In similar flocks they doubtless migrate northward in the spring, scattering when they arrive in that latitude where the summer is to be spent. The crows gather in flocks during the winter, and scatter over the country in the nesting season. The veery thrushes, which nest in our northern tier of states, often take possession of a town for a single day on their way thither. In southern South Dakota I have seen them in every yard, upon every fence, hopping upon every lawn. In the streets they could be counted by dozens. Likewise, the olive-backed thrushes, which nest north of the Canadian line, I have seen in central Iowa by scores and fifties. They had dropped down out of the night into a patch of open underbrush to rest and feed. The next day they were gone. The kinglets also, while passing to their northern summer home, do not go singly They are scattered freely through the trees, and one of them is perhaps seldom out of anothers' hearing.

Doubtless all these birds seem to arrive singly in their summer homes, as do the meadowlarks and robins with us though many are together during their migrations. The red-winged blackbirds arrive in flocks from the South, and remain together for some time after their arrival; but, unlike the other birds mentioned, they are semi-gregarious during their nesting season.

The birds of the fourth class, those that spend neither winter nor summer with us, we see only as they pass northward in the spring and southward in the autumn. To this class belong most of the warblers, many of which nest as far north as Alaska, and winter as far south as Brazil; several of the largest and most beautiful sparrows, such as the fox, the hooded crown, and the white-throated; the veery and olive-backed thrushes, and many others.

Some birds that nested in the Middle West before it was so thickly settled, must also be placed in the fourth class such are cranes, geese, and many of the ducks and snipes. The golden plovers summer in northern North America and winter in southern South America.

Most birds migrate during the night and rest and feed during the day. To this rule, however, there are certain exceptions. Dr. F. H. Knowlton of the United States National Museum, says: "Only a comparatively few species, such as ducks, cranes, certain large hawks swallows, swifts and nightingales, migrate during the daytime, and these, it will be observed, are either rapacious birds or mainly those that enjoy such power of rapid flight as to be relatively safe from capture."

Bird flights are preferably upon still, clear nights, and are thought at times to reach an altitude of at least three miles. If a storm is raging, the birds cannot hear each other's calls, and, becoming confused and flying low, often perish by dashing themselves against monuments, light-houses, telegraph poles and wires and even the sides of buildings. It is stated upon the best authority that "Over 1,500 birds have been found dead at the base of the Bartholdi statue in New York harbor in a single morning, and 230 birds of one species—black-poll warblers—were killed in a single night by the Fire Island light. The Washington Monument, though not illuminated at night, causes the death of hundreds of birds annually." I have seen the Lapland longspurs wounded or killed in large numbers by dashing themselves against telephone wires and the sides of buildings during a stormy night of snow and wind.

Looking through a telescope focused on the moon during migrations, the observer sees many birds cross the moon's disc. In this way the direction of flight is noted, their height calculated, and often even the species recognized.

The multitude of feathered migrants that fill the air at such times may be discovered, at least in part, by counting the calls heard as the birds pass.

I stood one evening in early September on the shore of Pickerel Lake, in South Dakota, and watched the passing of Franklin's rosy gulls. They flew southward in great streams. When one stream had passed, and what seemed a few belated stragglers, were hurrying forward, another stream would appear in the distance, then another, and another. For half an hour I watched them, and wondered if there was to be no end. A year later, and within a few days of the former date, I witnessed the same beautiful sight a second time. So regular are seasonal conditions, so constant also the habits of most birds, that one who observes dates can tell within a few days when any bird will appear.

A sudden drop of temperature during spring migrations will often cause birds which otherwise would pass on, to remain about for days. I have known the black terns to even linger for weeks as though settled for the summer. A pleasant autumn also will retard the fall migrations of many of the feathered folk especially those that come to us early in the spring, and do not winter far south.

Nationality Didn't Count

A mother went into a shoe store to buy a pair of shoes for her little son, who accompanied her. A clerk came briskly forward, and learning that shoes were wanted for the boy looked at him intently for a moment. "French kid?" he said.

"'Tis none of your business whether he do be French or Irish," flashed the mother; "I want a pair of shoes fur 'im."

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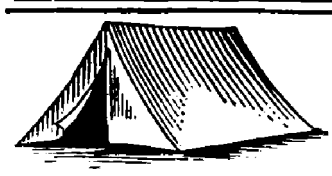

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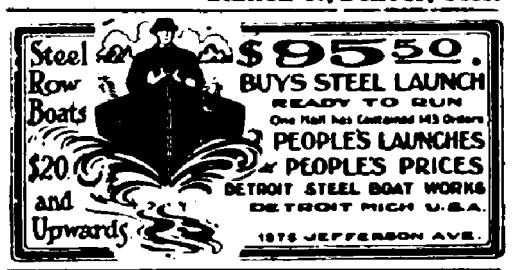



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¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin; No. IV, Abraham Lincoln; No. V, John Adams.

No. VI--Thomas Jefferson

THE HISTORY of nations is largely made up of the life histories of men and women. That is, perhaps, more true of our beloved America than of any other country. As we think of the Revolutionary period, there arises before our mind's eye the names of Washington, Hancock, Franklin, Lee, Adams and many others. When we think of the sad period of the Civil War, we instinctively pronounce the names of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Lee and those who were the leaders among their fellows. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that American boys, who will soon occupy the places of power and influence, should study the lives of those men whom Providence had ready when occasion called.

Of all the men prominent in the founding of our country, there is no one whose life deserves more earnest study than the one whose intellect conceived and whose pen framed that imperishable document, the Declaration of Independence.

While yet that sturdy, heroic band of men and women whom Americans revere as the "Pilgrim Fathers," were preparing for their memorable voyage in the Speedwell and Mayflower, the first representative assembly ever held in America was in session at Jamestown, then the capital of Virginia. Among the twenty-two representatives in attendance at that assembly was the first American Jefferson, who had emigrated from Wales some time before.

Another of the members present, it may be interesting to note, was John Rolfe, the husband of the celebrated Pocahontas, daughter of the equally celebrated Indian chief Powhatan.

During the first quarter of the eighteenth century, Peter Jefferson, a young man of twenty-eight, became the owner of one thousand acres of unbroken land among the forests and valleys of central Virginia, near the James and Rivanna rivers, and about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Williamsburg, which had succeeded Jamestown as the capital of Virginia. Peter Jefferson is described as of large physical proportions and possessed of strong mental and moral qualities. As an example of his unusual strength it is said that he could "head up" at once, two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing one thousand pounds.

The trees of the forest soon yielded to the blows of this stalwart young pioneer, a farm was opened, a log house built, and to this home in the wilderness Peter Jefferson brought his bride, Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of the wealthy, aristocratic planters of Virginia. Although the family of Peter Jefferson was one of the oldest in the colony, it could not claim kindred, as the Randolphs could, with members of the English ruling class, yet Isham Randolph so fully appreciated the sterling qualities of mind and heart of the young man that there was no hesitation in accepting him as his son-in-law.

As time passed more acres were added to the Jefferson estate, the home was enlarged, and Shadwell (named for the birthplace of the owner's wife), became noted far and wide for its generous hospitality. Indians and whites alike being frequent partakers of its bounty.

Thomas Jefferson was the third child and the eldest son of Peter and Jane Jefferson. He was born on April 13th, 1743, a date which should be celebrated along with the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln.

Fully aware that a sound education was the first important step to success in life, the parents of Thomas Jefferson wisely resolved that he should have the best to be obtained. The boy's training began at home and the plan carried out could be adopted by many parents today with benefit. It consisted in the training of the boy both mentally and physically. Along with books and study went athletic exercises, such as swimming, running, wrestling, the use of the sword and gun, and horsemanship. It is recorded that while yet almost a child Thomas Jefferson was able to swim his horse across the Rivanna river, a turbulent, muddy stream of some width. Another of the boy's studies in which he took delight was music. When an old man he wrote that for twelve years he practiced three hours a day upon the violin, or, as it was termed in Virginia, where it was most popular, the "fiddle." He was early taught, too, the business of cultivating the soil and managing an estate.

When Thomas Jefferson was five years old he attended a little school for young children near his home, where the only thing taught was English in the simplest form. But to the little boy accustomed to the fields and the woods, the hours spent in the school room seemed long, and it is said that one day, when earnestly wishing for the hour of freedom to arrive, he went outside the school building, knelt and repeated the Lord's Prayer, thinking by that means his wish might be realized.

Young Jefferson continued his attendance at the little school for four years, when his parents placed him as a boarding pupil with the Rev. William Douglass, who was the Episcopalian clergyman of the parish in which the Jeffersons lived. As a minister's salary was by no means great, it was the custom to add to it by taking a few pupils into the home. Greek, Latin and French were the principal subjects taught and the future president proved to be an intelligent and studious pupil. In later years, his knowledge of the French language was of great service to him while



THOMAS JEFFERSON

acting as the commissioner of the United States to France during the Revolution. Other studies he delighted in were mathematics, music and architecture, the last enabling him to plan the erection in later years of his beloved Monticello.

A great sorrow came upon the happy household at Shadwell when Thomas was only fourteen, in the death of his father, and it was a specially severe blow to the boy, as the two had always been very close comrades. But it was now that the fruits of the wise and kindly home training were seen, for, boy that he was, Thomas at once shouldered his responsibilities and proceeded to carry out his father's wish. As his mother had not only the care of a large family of young children, but also the task of managing the large estate, Thomas had to do much of his own planning. In his old age he thus wrote to a young relative:

"When I recollect that at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were."

But Thomas Jefferson was made of good stuff. His father's teaching as well as his own high ideals kept him from joining in the dissipations and useless mode of living in which many young Virginians indulged.

In his will Peter Jefferson strongly urged that his eldest son should continue his studies and receive a thorough education.

Thomas Jefferson resolved to prepare himself for admission to college, and to do so became a pupil of the Rev. James Maury, a worthy gentleman and a thorough scholar. Under his instruction Jefferson gained a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, so that at the end of two years he was noted for his persistence in study as well as his learning. In obedience to his father's wise counsel physical exercise had not been neglected. He was a daring and skillful rider to hounds, and a runner and swimmer of no mean ability.

In 1760, just after he had reached his sixteenth year, Thomas Jefferson set out on horseback for Williamsburg to become a student in the then celebrated college of William and Mary. It was the first time the boy had ever seen a village and we can imagine the open-eyed wonder and curiosity with which he gazed upon the sights of the Virginia capital, then described as "the center of taste, fashion and refinement." At the present time it would be called a village, and a small one at that, the population numbering only about one thousand. It was, however, well laid out, being the model after which the city of Washington was built. There was just one street, one hundred feet wide and three-quarters of a mile long, having the state house at one end and the college at the other. In the center was a large square containing the governor's residence, called the "palace," and various public buildings.

Jefferson's biographers describe him at this time as being tall and slightly built, but well set up, strong, and very quick in all his movements. His face was long and his head covered with reddish hair. In manner he was shy but on acquaintance was a cheerful and jolly companion. While in his youth he was by no means good looking, yet in middle life he was considered a handsome man. The superintendent of his estate says that "as a man he was well proportioned and straight as a gun-barrel. He had an iron constitution and was very strong." His health was perfect and although a large cultivator of tobacco he never smoked and he drank very little wine.

On his mother's side young Jefferson could claim relationship with many of the officials of the government, and the wealthy planters who made their homes at the capital during the winter months when the assembly was sitting; at their houses he was always a welcome guest.

The generous hospitality thus almost forced upon the boy might have had a bad effect upon him, had he not at the beginning of his student life come into close friendship with some men whose mental attainments and high character influenced him greatly. Of one of these men he afterwards wrote: "It was my great good fortune and what, perhaps, fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was the professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication and an enlarged, liberal mind. He, most happily for me, soon became attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science and of the system of things in which we are placed."

Through Dr. Small young Jefferson formed the acquaintance of the then acting governor of the province, Francis Fauquier, an accomplished scholar with wide experience among men and knowledge of the great questions agitating European countries. Unfortunately, his love for gambling had an unhappy influence upon the Virginians, especially the young men. Jefferson seems, however, to have escaped the bad example, for we are told that he never knew one card from another and never allowed them in his home.

One other friendship the young man formed at this time was with George Wythe, a truly great and noble man, who most worthily filled the high positions to which his countrymen called him. Thomas Jefferson regarded Wythe with the warmest affection, styling him "my second father."

In the company of these men Jefferson took great delight. We can easily understand what a stimulus and inspiration their views and opinions would have upon the ardent, enthusiastic and patriotic young Virginian.

At college Jefferson was what in student slang is termed a "grind." His biographer relates that he studied fifteen hours a day, even sending home his horses and taking his only exercise in a run of about two miles in the evening. Only a thoroughly strong constitution could withstand such close application; but it did him no harm, and he was able to complete the full college course in two years. It was during his student life that Jefferson made the acquaintance of Patrick Henry, then a fun-loving, care-free young man, with whom he was in later years to be closely connected.

Both in Massachusetts and Virginia the young college graduate was expected to enter one of the so-called learned professions, but there was a difference in the esteem in which these professions was held. In Massachusetts the ministry was preferred, the profession of law being looked down upon, while in Virginia the clergy did not command the respect of the people, and law, with which naturally went politics, was the only career open.

The friendship which existed between Wythe and Jefferson was increased by the former admitting the latter to read law in his office, and during the four years following his graduation, the youth's winters were spent in Williamsburg in study and attendance upon the courts, while the remaining months were devoted to his home, overseeing and managing his estate.

His capacity for work was tremendous. He always rose at five o'clock, even during the coldest mornings, and everything during the day was performed according to a fixed schedule. The various ledgers and account books he kept are still to be seen; and they are models of penmanship as well as of exactness. The most prominent feature of Jefferson's character was his thoroughness. He could not endure slip-shod methods of work and he would never take anything for granted, but went straight to the root of the matter, sparing neither effort nor time, to obtain a true under-

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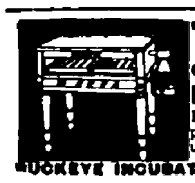
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standing of any subject he had in hand.

Immediately on admission to the bar, Jefferson began the active practice of the law and, partly owing to his influential relatives, but more to his undoubted ability and high character, he was successful from the start. We are told that he was not a great orator, but his thorough knowledge of legal principles, as well as his industry and methodical habit of mind, enabled him to state his case so clearly and briefly that argument and oratory were not required.

At the age of twenty-five Thomas Jefferson entered politics, being elected to represent his county in the Virginia legislature. The declaration of principle which he then made is well worthy the thought of the boys and young men of today. He resolved, "never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune." How well he kept that resolution may be learned from the fact that at his death he was in poverty, his beloved Monticello was sold, and the Virginia legislature granted to his widow and children the sum of ten thousand dollars, to prevent their going penniless.

SYNOPSIS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

1768. Member of Virginia House of Burgesses. Sought to modify the severe slave laws.
1770. Took up his residence at Monticello.
1774. Published "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," giving his views on the relationship of the colonies with Great Britain and the king.
1776. Chairman of the committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence which was adopted July 4, 1776. The draft of the document was Jefferson's work.
1779. Elected Governor of Virginia.
1782. Re-entered Congress.
1785. Succeeded Franklin as minister to France.
1789. Appointed by Washington, Secretary of State; resigned 1793.
1796. Elected Vice-President of the United States.
1800. Chosen President of the United States.
1804. Re-elected President.
During his administration the Algerian pirates were defeated, the Louisiana territory purchased, and the Lewis and Clark expedition sent out. Helped to establish the University of Virginia.
1826. Died, July 4th, exactly fifty years after adoption of Declaration of Independence and just a few hours before his friend John Adams expired.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
1743—1826

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

My Tour in the Antipodes

(*Continued from page 178.*)

in the mile and a half scratch was most surprising. He simply cantered home, and in the two-mile handicap, though conceding liberal handicaps to Victoria's best distance runners, he won as he liked and brought the large crowd to their feet by his electrical sprint at the finish.

Leaving Melbourne the following Monday, after a long, tedious journey, we arrived in Bendigo, the celebrated gold-mining center. Upon arriving at the station the whole town seemed to be out en masse to welcome us. It was an intensely hot day and as we drove through the streets to the town hall, we were received with cheers and such remarks as "We can't beat Shrubb, but we can beat the Yank. Wait till Mueller gets at him."

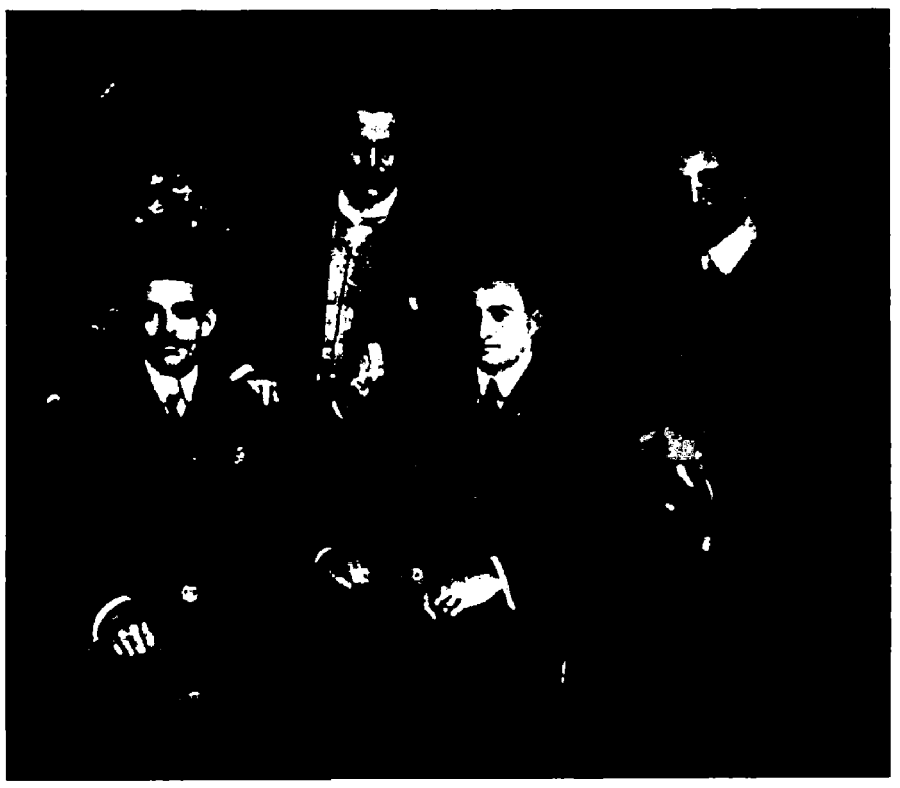
ersed it was plainly evident that Shrubb would again win, which he did and likewise annexed the three-mile championship of Victoria to his already crowded championship belt.

From Bendigo we returned to Melbourne and on the following Saturday we repeated our Bendigo successes, I winning the 100 yards invitation handicap, defeating Mueller from one-yard mark, and G. A. Widmer, the New South Wales champion, in 10 1-10 seconds, and Shrubb winning the one-mile Victorian and four-mile handicap.

By this time the intensely hot climate began to tell on us and it was with a great deal of difficulty that we were able to continue our hard training. Personally the hot weather did not affect me so much, but with Shrubb it played havoc. After his last race he eventually succumbed and was seized with an acute attack of gastritis.

Shrubb's condition gradually becoming worse, and the time for our proposed sailing for New Zealand being near at hand, Shrubb was advised to remain behind; so I continued the journey, embarking March 1st accompanied by G. A. Widmer, the New South Wales champion sprinter, and G. A. Wheatley, the Victorian half-mile champion, for Dunedin, New Zealand.

(*To be continued.*)



This Picture Shows Shrubb and Duffey, Sitting in the Foreground, and, Back of Them, Standing, R. W. E. Wilmot, President of the Victorian Association of Australia, and Sitting on the Table, A. L. Shapleigh, Official Starter of the Victorian Association.

Our reception here was a very enthusiastic one and great interest naturally centered in the race, which eventually resolved itself in a match between the local man, Mueller, and myself. Firmly determined to try and even matters with my conqueror, our race proved a magnificent one, and in spite of the handicap I was conceding, after a terrific finish I managed to defeat my rival on the post.

After the sprint the public anxiously awaited the mile match between Shrubb and Wheatley, the Victorian champion. It was a very interesting race to watch, but after half the journey had been trav-



Duffey Defeating Mueller and Widmer on the Tape at the Melbourne Cricket Club, Melbourne, Australia. In this Race Mueller had 1¼ Yards Handicap, and Widmer had 1 Yard.

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Kenneth Mackenzie

Many times in the course of a year must we read letters informing us of the death of a subscriber and friend of THE AMERICAN BOY. In all such cases the temptation is strong to write obituary notices expressive of our sorrow. In one case that has recently fallen to our observation we break our rule.

Kenneth Mackenzie was no ordinary boy. He was a boy with all of a boy's enthusiasms and ambitions, but he was an invalid for life and never knew what it was to play as other boys do. One who knew him well says: "He was the greatest boy I ever knew; the most patient and uncomplaining." He was 16 years old at the time of his death, which took place at his home at Portland, Oregon, on Dec. 5th last. He was a student in the Portland Academy, where he was much interested in his work, especially so because of the fact that his father, W. R. Mackenzie, is one of the officers of the institution.

The Troubadour, the academy magazine, speaking of young Mackenzie says: "His was a well known figure about the buildings because of the physical infirmity with which he struggled. We all remember how he often sat patiently at the foot of the steps waiting for a stronger boy to help him to the recitation room, and often have we rejoiced to see the ready assistance given by the strong to the weak. And with our admiration for this ready help came the greater admiration for Kenneth's patience and courage as he overcame the obstacles and plodded along from year to year until he reached regular standing in the second-year class. His class-room work was always good and, indeed, remarkable in view of his frequent illness and absence. He was a constant and appreciative reader of good books and



WILLIAM KENNETH MACKENZIE
Born June 25, 1889. Died December 5, 1905.

was well informed on all subjects of interest to boys. He was diligent in doing his part in any organization of which he was a member."

He was a very capable and enthusiastic photographer. During the Portland exhibition he worked as a ticket accountant, and the first use he made of his money was to buy a camera. The portrait that we reproduce is one he took of himself and afterwards developed and printed. The father, W. R. Mackenzie, was the auditor of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and rendered good service to the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY in helping him complete arrangements for the celebration of American Boy Day at the Exposition, on July 5th last.

Some of the streets of Warsaw, Poland, are paved with straw pressed into blocks and made hard enough to be used for this purpose.

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The Boys at Work

If you are looking for the causes which are responsible for that American spirit of initiative, alertness and enterprise that has become the wonder of the industrial world just take a look into one of the school workshops connected with the New York city public schools," said Mr. Walter M. Mohr, secretary of the New York Arts and Crafts Club, the other day. "You will find there groups of four or five boys working at the bench, under the guidance of one of their number. This leader is known as the foreman. In the foreman's charge are a set of drawings, describing, in detail and assembled, all the parts of such mechanical instruments as the water-wheel, weighing machine, sound producer, etc. The foreman, who has been selected by the instructor for his executive rather than his constructive ability, assigns to different members of the group the making of such part as is best suited to his familiarity with tools and tool processes. He sees to it that each boy has a readable drawing and enough material to make the desired part, then holds himself ready to give aid and direction where needed. When all the parts are completed, in a manner satisfactory to the instructor—who really stands in the place of proprietor of the shop—they are put together. This assembling of the parts becomes an interesting portion of the work and is usually observed by all connected with the 'job.'

"With the exception of preparing the drawings the responsibility for the entire process of construction falls upon the shoulders of the foreman, who, in turn, holds those in his group responsible for their parts. Usually there are four or five of these groups of boys working in the shop at the same time, each group being busy at a different model.

"It is an inspiring sight to see these model shops in full working order. And it is this kind of commercial work that makes the boys feel that they fit into and are really a part of the world's busy life. Boys enjoy positions of responsibility, and the work in these shops has proven that it is of great benefit to them to let them take such positions."

Lincoln's Mental Powers

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from Congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning, and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid; and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings, and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi River experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the Patent Office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—St. Nicholas.

Tell Your Friends Tell your boy friends about the new Stratemeyer Serial and the Horatio Alger Serial about to begin in The American Boy and have them subscribe.



AFTER THE middle of February the shad fishermen begin preparing for the opening of the season on the Delaware. While the river was full of ice the veteran fisherman, Captain Rice, had his men at work getting the immense net ready, caulking the boats and repairing the houses in which the little army of shad fishermen are sheltered during the season. As soon as the river was sufficiently clear of ice the preliminary and all-important work of cleaning up the floatsam and jetsam so as to leave the fishing ground free for the net was begun. It takes weeks of hard work to clear up the debris of a winter. The Delaware shad fishing grounds are the graveyard of all the floating wreckage, old junk and miscellaneous rubbish that finds its way



CAPTAIN RICE, THE VETERAN SHAD FISHERMAN, (ON THE RIGHT) AND HIS FIRST LIEUTENANT

down the river, and the shad fishermen have a ghastly time of it during the cleaning-up period. Every foot of the river has to be gone over. The process of cleaning up brings to the surface broken benches from some of the river-side parks, sofas without legs and legs without sofas, chairs without backs and backs without chairs, dilapidated tables, packing boxes innumerable, empty bottles by the thousand, planks studded with jagged nails, remnants of baskets, odds and ends of sodden wearing apparel, and sometimes an unrecognizable body that has lain at the bottom of the river all winter hiding the story of a murder or suicide.

When the river is cleared of the rubbish, so that the big net can be cast without fear of it being ripped to pieces during the process of hauling in, the shad fishermen are ready to begin work. The sight is so picturesque that hundreds go down to Gloucester to see the net cast, to the great gratification of the proprietor of a picnic ground who would probably be seeking his fortune elsewhere but for the attraction of the shad fishing. Captain Rice, the veteran shad fisherman, employs the services of seventy-five men, and these are assisted by no less than eight horses during the hauling of the nets. Two casts are made daily. It takes so long to cast the net and draw it in that it is impossible to make more than two casts a day.

The huge net, the biggest in the world, is two miles long. That is to say the net itself is a mile long and the ropes that support it are another mile in length, half a mile on either side of the net proper, so that the operations of the fishermen cover a distance of not less than two miles every time the net is cast. In the middle the net is thirty feet deep, tapering to ten feet at other parts. After the net has been properly cast, it requires the united exertions of the men and the eight horses for one perspiring hour before the haul is brought near shore. It is the hauling in that presents the most interesting sight. The casting is done too far from the banks for the spectators to see much of it. A huge boat with a double row of oarsmen is the craft used to take the net out for the casting. Great care has to be exercised in loading the great net on the boat, for if the strands are entangled the cast will be a failure.

When the experienced men have loaded the net on the boat, the captain of the casters directs the oarsmen where to row for the attempt, and having selected his ground he throws the end of the net overboard and pays it out as the men row away. When every foot is thrown from the boat, the signal is given to the haulers and the work of dragging in the net is begun.

The haulers stand thigh deep, sometimes waist deep in the waters of the Delaware. In the center of the two lines stands Captain Rice directing the men. Inch by inch, foot by foot, with the aid of the horses, the men haul in the net. Captain Rice encourages them with a monotonous sing-song that runs something like this:

"A little stronger pull on the left. Now all together. Here she comes. Bring her in, boys. A-l-l t-o-g-e-t-h-e-r, now, boys," and so on.

After an almost interminable amount of pulling at an apparently endless rope the network begins to show itself on the surface of the water. By and by the men get hold of the rope that holds the net and then the Delaware begins to look like a river ruffled by a tremendous hail storm. The surface is churned into foam by the frantic efforts of thousands of fish to break through the net. The smaller fish are able to get away through the wide meshes of the net. Some of the shad even escape by jumping bodily out of the water and getting into safe water over the top of the net. Slowly the net nears the shore, with its struggling mass of silvery shad, and Captain Rice drops his sing song and prepares for action. His orders to the men are sharp and snappy. Carelessness at this stage means the loss of valuable fish, for if the ropes are not held taut the shad can escape over the top. Sometimes the veteran leaves his post in the center of the lines and takes a hand himself at the hauling. As soon, however, as fish begin to come within seizing distance Captain Rice takes the center of the stage, so to speak, for no one but the leader and his trusted lieutenants handles the fish. A boat is propelled into the middle of the mass of shad, now in comparatively shallow water, and the fish are caught and thrown into the boat.

They are usually so numerous that they can be picked up by hand from the meshes of the net. When the catch seems to be all in the boat the net is hauled up, the last remaining stragglers taken out of the meshes and deposited with their friends and relatives in the boat and the net is immediately got ready for the second cast.

Then the spectators descend from their posts of vantage on the bank and bid for the fattest shad in the heap. It is considered something to be proud of to be able to say: "I bought a shad at the fishing bank, fresh from the river, still kicking. My, but it was fine." So quite a profitable business is done as soon as the net is hauled in, provided the day is fine and the spectators are many.

The sharps predict an unusually fine shad season, for the signs are propitious and the rivers have been well stocked. A good catch will net as many as three thousand shad at one haul, although the record haul is much greater than that. The men are paid by the week and boarded by Captain Rice. They usually gather for the shad fishing at the same time every year, just as harvesters gather for the harvesting.

To Writers and Would-be Writers

We are sending this month several thousand samole copies of THE AMERICAN BOY to writers and would-be writers to induce them to become interested in it for themselves and for their boy friends. THE AMERICAN BOY buys substantially all the matter that appears in its columns; hence it is of interest to writers. To induce this class of persons to subscribe for the paper and study it we make the following offer: For one dollar we will send **two one dollar publications** (THE AMERICAN BOY and HOW TO WRITE) for one year to one address or to separate addresses. HOW TO WRITE is a 32-page monthly issued by The Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism. Its contents embrace instructions, experiences of writers, hints on placing Mss., suggestions to beginners, and there is just now starting in its pages, serial instruction papers on punctuating and paragraphing, worth to any writer many times the subscription price. Remember, then, the two publications named for one dollar, provided the subscription is a new one and not a renewal, and provided that in subscribing you indicate that you wish to take advantage of this offer. None but those to whom this sample copy is sent and in whose copy this item is marked with a blue pencil may take advantage of it. The time is limited to May 1st, 1906.

Respectfully,
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.
Detroit, Mich., April 1, 1906.



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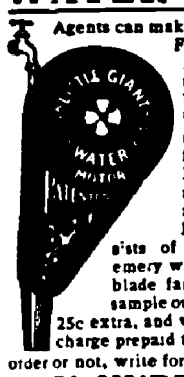

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Please Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements

Young Prince Joachim of Germany

By MARLOWE

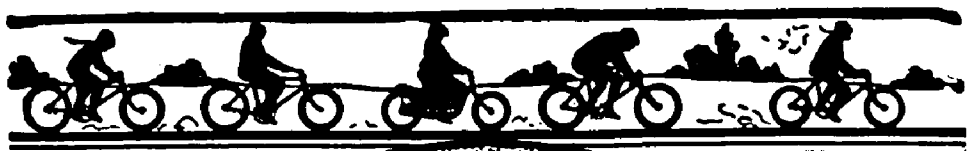


EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany and his interesting family of six sons and one daughter have been very much in what we call the "public eye" in recent years. We have all sorts of interesting accounts of the home life of the German Emperor and of his method of rearing his children.

American boys and girls often have very erroneous and amusing ideas regarding the every-day life of young princes and princesses. Nothing could be farther from the truth than to suppose that they are always elegantly clad, fed on the daintiest food and allowed to follow the leadings of their own sweet wills. The children of the Emperor of Germany are under stricter discipline than the children in most American households. The Emperor is said to be a good deal of an autocrat in his home as he is in his position as ruler of Germany. He has all the true German's fondness for his children, but he is a rigid disciplinarian, just the same, and his boys must "mind father" just as the poorest boy in Germany must mind his father. Obedience to parental authority is one of the predominant characteristics of German domestic life. Boys and girls are taught to yield strict obedience to their fathers and mothers, and children in the highest walks of life are not exempt from this parental authority.

The children of an emperor are early taught to bear in mind the fact that they are "of the blood royal" and that much is expected of them on that account. Indeed, they have so much to "live up to" because of their royal parentage that they are hedged about with a good many restrictions that makes it doubtful if they enjoy life as much as the children of the common people who are free from the restrictions royal birth imposes. The children of an emperor may not follow the leadings of their own hearts in that which counts for most in the happiness or unhappiness of their lives after they have become men and women, for they may not have the privilege of marrying whom they will. All of the boys and the daughter of the Emperor of Germany must be subject to certain laws governing royal marriages, and the Emperor will not permit them to marry any one to whom they may "take a fancy." They must choose some one who is also "of the blood royal." Indeed, their husbands and wives are practically chosen for them. Sometimes the royal couples have sincere affection for each other, but all royal weddings are not "love matches." The bride of the Crown Prince of Germany, who was married last spring, was not of his own choosing. It was a marriage "of convenience," and rumor has it that the youthful crown prince would rather have married some one else, but he had to "mind father" to the extent of marrying the young German princess his royal sire had chosen for him. The second son of the Emperor, young Prince Eitel-Frederick, is to be married soon to a young princess for whom it is said he has sincere affection.

The youngest son of the Emperor William is Prince Joachim, who was born in the year 1890 and who is now in his sixteenth year. He is said to resemble his royal father very closely not only in looks but in some of his characteristics. The emperor is devoted to the army, and every one of his sons has had the best of military training. Emperor William feels that this military training is essential to the education of every prince, and it is doubtful if there is an American boy of the age of young Prince Joachim who can equal him when it comes to military tactics and horsemanship. Young Prince Joachim is a very little and alert little German lad, and he is said to be a great favorite with the German people. Unswerving loyalty to the royal family is one of the marked characteristics of the people of Germany, and the children of the Emperor are very fortunate in that they have a firm place in the affections of their father's subjects.



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Additions to Our Legion of Honor Roll.

Claude Tears, Deferiet, New York, received the highest standing in his grade, the fifth, for the term ending in January, 1906, and a School Record Badge has been sent. Well done for a nine-year-old boy!

Alonzo W. Meek, Montgomery, Alabama, is a fifth grade boy who recently received our School Record Badge for obtaining the highest average in his class.

A general average of 92 per cent in the examination for the winter term entitled Clarence Schwartz, of Wickliffe, Kentucky, to a School Record Badge. Clarence is in the eighth grade.

Noel Antrim, Sheridan, Indiana, has not only been perfect in attendance at school for five years, entitling him to a School Record Badge, but has never missed a day nor been tardy in his school life. He is now in the eighth grade.

George E. Hungerford, Manhattan, Kansas, is entitled to a School Record Badge, his term average being 94½ per cent, 2 per cent better than the average received by any classmate.

Miller Hughes, Wickliffe, Kentucky, whose name appears on our Legion of Honor Roll, is the youngest in his class, and says he had a hard job on hand to obtain the high average, 97½ per cent, which entitled him to a School Record Badge. Miller is the second member of his company of the O. A. B. to obtain a place on the Roll, and he thinks more are trying for it.

P. Cleary Bullard, of St. Paul, Minn., who has received the Legion of Honor badge, received the highest average in his grade, 91⅝, for the school year that ended last November, his school being the Cretin High School.

One of our subscribers in Big Spring, Kentucky, Karl Meyer, has received the School Record Badge for securing the highest average in his class during the last term of school.

Aubrey Campbell, Aberdeen, South Dakota, has not been tardy nor absent for more than seven years, entitling him to a School Record Badge. He also stands near the head of his class.

Eric Shaw, a seventh grade pupil of Natchez, Mississippi, led his class of twenty-nine during the term recently ended. He made an average of 93.8 per cent.

Ray R. Sonneman, Kansas City, Missouri, has received a School Record Badge in consideration of five years' perfect attendance at school.

Leroy Sheffield, Randalia, Iowa, has won a badge through his regularity of attendance at school. He has not been absent nor tardy for the last seven years.

Bennie Sturges, Cripple Creek, Colorado, has held first place in a class of thirty-six for the term just past, receiving an average of 93 per cent.

Twelve-year-old Carl H. Grossman, Madison, Indiana, has received a School Record Badge for winning the highest grade in all studies for one term.

Thomas Y. Boyd, Wickliffe, Kentucky, is the second member of his family to receive a School Record Badge, his brother having already won one of the medals. Thomas is in the sixth grade and is a member of the O. A. B. club in his town, holding the office of prorecuting attorney.

"The West Virginian's" Editor

Another boy who learned of the charmed circle of amateur journalism through the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY is Herbert P. McGinnis, of Donahue, West Virginia. Shortly after becoming acquainted with the fact that it was possible to publish a miniature paper as he long had wished to do and that many other young people were doing precisely this thing, he began to publish "The West Virginian," which has come out regularly since. Herbert is one of the amateur journalists who are also interested from the



HERBERT P. McGINNIS, DONAHUE, W. VA.

typographical standpoint. In the beginning he secured a press and some type. Lately he has got a new press, and from time to time his type stock has increased until now he has a nice printing office. He contemplates issuing soon a new paper, which is to be editorial and political. "The West Virginian" will remain a literary journal. Herbert is a member of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association and the National Amateur Press Association, in which he holds the position of a member of the Bureau of Publicity. He expects to attend the Philadelphia convention next July.

Boys, Take Notice!

THE publishers of The American Boy have effected arrangements with several of the best story writers for boys to be found in this country by which The American Boy will be able to give its readers some great serials after the order of the two great Kirk Munroe serials that ran in 1904 and 1905. The first of these will be a new 75,000 word serial by that popular writer for boys, Edward Stratemeyer, who has written nearly 40 books for boys that are eagerly read in every English speaking country. The story will begin next month (May) and run through ten or more numbers. We are arranging for an Alger serial and for others. The Alger serial will probably begin in June. There is a feast of good things just ahead, boys.

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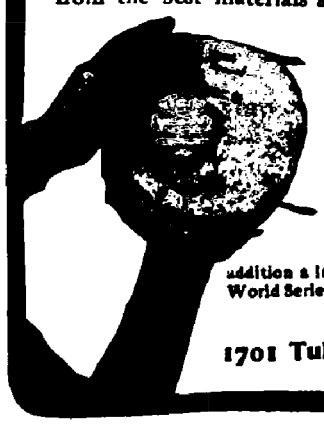

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THE BIGGEST FOOL AT LAST.

FOR SOME reason not very difficult to understand no one ever feels very sorry when the practical joker falls into his own trap, and the embarrassment he has planned to bring to others comes to himself. A joke causing real fright or mortifying annoyance to others is a poor sort of a joke at best, and many practical jokes are of this kind.

Herbert Raynor was the practical joker in the little town in which I lived when I was a boy. He was "always fooling," as some of the people expressed it, and a boy who acquires this reputation is generally regarded with more or less suspicion in the community.

Like most practical jokers, Herbert was self-conceited, and he had an idea that he was about the wittiest and the smartest boy in the town, and he often boasted that he never got "left" when it came to joking.

"You will have to get up before breakfast in the morning if you want to play any tricks on me," Herbert had been heard to say.

There was always a good deal of "April-fooling" on the first day of April in the town in which we lived, and at this time Herbert was sure to exert himself to the utmost to "fool" as many persons as possible. He was indifferent in regard to the trouble or annoyance or actual pain any of his tricks caused, and the people of the town had learned to fight shy of him on this day in particular. The other boys in the town naturally took particular pains to "fool" Herbert, if possible, but he was very wary and it was not easy to catch him napping.

There lived near Herbert's home on the outskirts of the little town an elderly, unmarried woman named Jemima Dart. She lived quite alone in a little house of her own and was a kindly soul although somewhat peculiar in some respects. Minden, the village in which she lived, was a dead little place in which a petty larceny would have been almost a sensation, and an actual burglary would have been a nine days' wonder. One day shortly before the first of April Miss Jemima Dart was over to Mr. Raynor's house and Herbert heard her say to his mother.

"I reckon I'm real foolish, Mrs. Raynor; but every night of my life I look under my bed to see if there ain't a man hid there before I go to bed. I don't s'pose I've missed lookin' under my bed before I put out the light a single night in twenty years, an' I've done it so long it's got to be a habit with me. I would no more think of omitting it than I would think of omitting my prayers. Of course I ain't ever found any one, an' I ain't the least idee I ever will, but I keep on looking for that man just the same."

"What would you do if you found him?" asked Mrs. Raynor.

"Oh, I reckon I'd faint away or I'd jump to my feet an' come tearin' over here screechin' for help like all possessed! If you ever hear me givin' blood-curdlin' yells about nine o'clock at night do come a-runnin', for you can make up your mind that I have found that man at last."

"I guess you'll never be troubled by him in this little place where such a thing as a burglar hidden in a house was never heard of," said Mrs. Raynor.

"I hope I won't," replied Miss Jemima devoutly.

Herbert overheard this conversation, and it at once suggested what he regarded as a happy—even a brilliant April fool scheme. He confided his scheme to me that evening after school.

"It will be the best April fool joke of the season," he said to me. "You know that doors are never locked here in Minden, and after dark I'll go over to Miss Jemima's house and watch my chance to slip into the house and into her bedroom. Then I'll hide under the bed and when she comes in to peep under the bed for the imaginary man she'll find what she'll suppose to be a real one. I'll put a mask over my face and wear a pair of father's big boots and his long coat, and they'll make me look more like a man. Won't it be a lark? It will be the best April fool joke of the season. After she's given a screech and started to run I'll yell out 'April fool!' and run and won't she feel as cheap as thirty cents?"

The plan did not commend itself to me, but Herbert and I were rather "chummy," and I did not like to throw cold water on what seemed to him to be such a delightful project. My conscience smote me a little when I promised Herbert that I would keep his scheme a profound secret, for I suddenly remembered that Miss Jemima had been the soul of kindness to me when I had had a slow fever the fall before and had been confined to my room for weeks. She had brought me a great many tempting dishes and had been very helpful to my mother in caring for me. But Herbert convinced me that his scheme was a very harmless one and that Miss Jemima, who was a fun-loving person, would herself laugh heartily over it in the end. I therefore kept silence when I should have given Miss Jemima warning of the plan made to "fool" her.

On the evening of April first Herbert carried out his plan of going over to Miss Jemima's house between eight and nine in the evening. She was a very methodical woman, and she always retired at exactly nine o'clock. It was a few minutes after eight when Herbert reached the house. A moment later Miss Jemima came out of the house and went out to the rear of her lot to fasten her hen house in which there was a brood of little chicks she did not want to come out until the sun had dried up the dew and warmed the chilly April air in the morning. It was easy for Herbert to slip into the house during the brief absence of Miss Jemima. He was familiar with every room in the little house. Miss Jemima's bed was in a little room adjoining her neat little sitting room. The bedstead was an old-fashioned four-poster with a valance of purple calico and white curtains. Herbert crawled under the bed and awaited the coming of poor Miss Jemima. She returned to the sitting-room in a few minutes. After winding her clock and giving some attention to some bread she had set to rise Miss Jemima picked up a small hand-lamp, stepped into the bedroom, set the lamp on a low stand at the head of the bed, threw up the valance and looked under the bed. Herbert's big boots were so near she could have laid her hand on them. He lay grinning behind his black cambric mask expecting to hear an unearthly scream rent the air. But, strange to relate, this did not happen. In fact, Miss Jemima's voice was rather firm and pitched but little above its ordinary key when she said:

"My good land! If I ain't found him at last—the villain!"

Quick as a flash she jumped to her feet, pulled the bed away from Herbert, drew off the huge feather bed and dropped it on to the dazed boy. Adding her own one hundred and eighty-



ADDING HER OWN 185 POUNDS TO THE WEIGHT OF THE FEATHER BED

five pounds to the weight of the feather bed she pinioned the boy down until he was so nearly smothered he had to gasp for breath.

"You scoundrel—you scamp!" cried Miss Jemima as she hammered the feather-tick with her strong fists. "I'll show you how to come sneakin' into my house to rob and mebbe murder an unprotected woman! I'll show you—you scoundrel!"

She was a very strong woman and Herbert was helpless under her weight. Sitting on him she reached out and jerked the rope loose from the old-fashioned rope bedstead. Herbert tried to cry out and proclaim his identity, but only a muffled, unintelligible sound came from beneath the feather tick. Speedily and deftly did Miss Jemima wind the long rope around and around the struggling boy. He succeeded in protruding his head once, but before he could say a word Miss Jemima had given him a sound cuff on the masked cheek and had said:

"Got on a mask, hey? An out an' out burglar, for sure'"

She pushed his head back to the floor and covered it with a corner of the feather tick so nearly smothering the boy that he was beyond speaking. Having bound him securely she rose to her feet and said grimly:

"Mebbe you're too warm for such a mild night so I'll cool you off a bit."

A large pitcher of cold water stood on the little stand at the head of the bed. Seizing the pitcher Miss Jemima poured its contents over the feather tick in such a way that Herbert was well drenched. Then she dragged him to a very large closet in a corner of the room, rolled him into it, closed and locked the door and said with biting sarcasm:

"Skeered a poor, lone woman out of a year's growth, ain't you? My, but I am skeered! But mebbe I ain't any more so than you are, my fine fellow. I reckon you'll be a little more skeered before I am through with you!"

Throwing a shawl over her head Miss Jemima soon appeared at the door of the Raynor home where she said:

"I want you to come right over to my house, Mr. Raynor. I've found a man under the bed at last! I want help in gittin' rid of him. He's a regular burglar, mask and all."

"Then I guess that we'd better go to the village constable's house and take him with us," said Mr. Raynor.

It happened that there had been a singing school in the village schoolhouse that night, and the fifty or sixty young people in attendance were just coming out when Mr. Raynor, Constable Shire and four or five other men were going by with Miss Jemima. I and perhaps twenty of the older boys and girls of the village had been attending the singing-school and the entire party joined the constable and the other men on the way to Miss Jemima's. I felt reasonably sure of the identity of the burglar, but again I kept silent.

Miss Jemima's little sitting-room and bedroom were filled to overflowing when Constable Shire rapped on the closet door and said sternly.

"We are about to open this door, sir, and I warn you that it will be best for you to make no resistance. We are fully armed and there are a great many of us. I have a loaded six-shooter in my hand and it will be my duty to discharge it if you show fight. Beware!"

Miss Jemima unlocked the door and dragged the unresisting burglar forth. Indeed, resistance would have been impossible in his bound and half-smothered condition. Untying the rope Miss Jemima unwound it and drew the wet feather tick away from Herbert. Constable Shire reached forward, collared the offender and jerked him to his feet. Miss Jemima tore off the mask and Mr. Raynor cried out:

"Herbert Raynor! What does this mean, boy?"

"I should say as much!" cried Miss Jemima.

"Great burglar you are!" exclaimed the constable.

Again Mr. Raynor asked, "What does this mean?" and this time he took Herbert roughly by the shoulder.

"I—I—was just—just—April fooling," said Herbert meekly.

"April fooling!" almost screamed Miss Jemima. "Upon my soul! Well, as the old sayin' goes, you're 'the biggest fool at last!'"

"That's what I say," said Mr. Raynor severely.

Shouts of laughter went up as the crowd pressed forward to get a glimpse of the burglar. His nose had bled profusely and he looked very much as if he had been weeping. A more downcast, utterly chagrined boy never stood before a company of unfeeling spectators. No one could help laughing nor could one help feeling that the boy really deserved at least a part of the mortification that had come to him. Miss Jemima's cheerful prophecy that he would "never hear the last of it" seemed likely to be verified, for weeks later some of the boys would say with a grin when Herbert was trying to be a little too "fresh," as the boys put it:

"Remember that burglar at Jemima Dart's."

Herbert was very cautious in playing tricks when the first of April came around again. Perhaps he felt the force of Miss Jemima's words when she said on that eventful night that he was "the biggest fool at last."

Too Busy to Grow

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of $3 a week, finally plucked up enough courage to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think $2 more a week would be too much."

"Well, you seem to me a rather small boy to be earning $5 a week," remarked his employer.

"I surpose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained, "but to tell you the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow.

He got the raise.—St. Nicholas.

Hurrah!

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"

13--26
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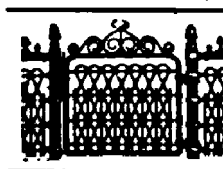

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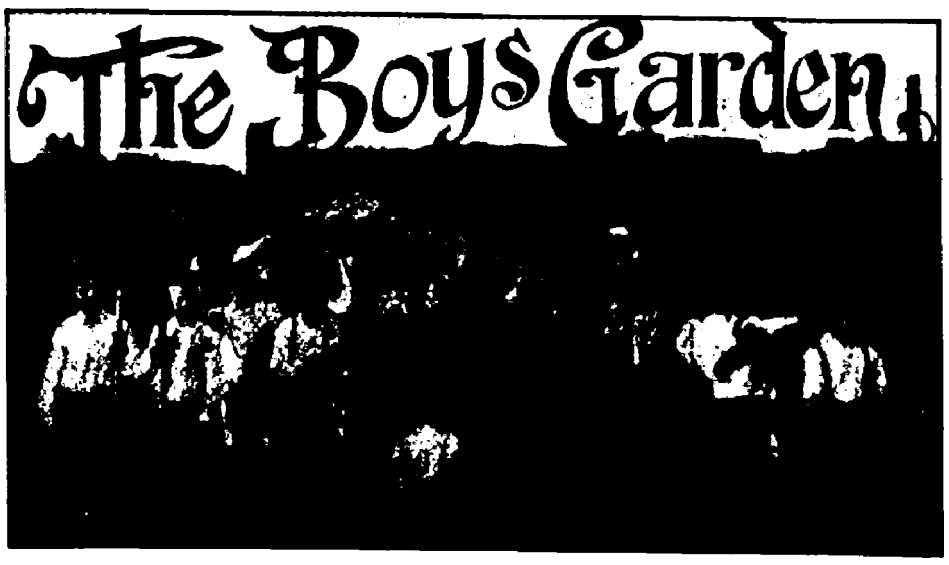

THERE ARE some things that Europe can teach us and one of them is "intensive gardening," a term that means the getting as much out of the ground as is possible and the making of every inch of the soil give an account of itself. The people of Holland and France are experts in this line of garden work and really do things on a small plot of ground that are almost miraculous and that must be seen to be appreciated. It is wonderful what a quantity of vegetables they can get out of a garden no larger than your backyard. Among those who have distinguished themselves in the direction of intensive gardening in this country is Mr. Charles H. Parker, of Burlington, N. J. The size of his vegetable gardens is 47x95 feet, which is almost a tenth of an acre. Mr. Parker kept an account with his garden, giving it credit the same as if he had purchased the produce in the market at the current rates. The following is a portion of the report published:

"I have supplied my family of ten persons with vegetables all summer. By actual count and measure the little patch, 47x95 feet, yielded the following:

"Tomatoes, Ponderosa, 1,133 pounds; Tomatoes, eighteen baskets earlies and second earlies; Rhubarb, sixty-eight bunches; Onions, four baskets; Cabbage, forty-seven heads; Egg Plants, sixty-four; String Beans, seven and one-half baskets; Lima Beans, fifteen baskets and one-half peck; Celery, between 1,000 and 1,100 roots; Pickles, one bushel; Strawberries, thirty-one quarts; Peas, sixteen baskets and one-half peck; Sweet Corn, 480 ears; Beets, 654, all counts; Peppers, two baskets of Bull Nose and one bushel of the little Cayenne; Radishes, both spring and winter, for family use; Horseradish, enough and to spare, and Lettuce, both in the hotbed and in the open. There are also two rows, forty-five feet long each, of Parsnips, and twenty-five feet long of Salsify. I had Spinach for family use. At the prices current when we ate these vegetables this produce would have cost just $108.33."

Now, what Mr. Parker has done, you can do. He could not devote much time to his garden and was obliged to take care of it mornings and evenings, outside of his regular business hours. You, on the contrary, will have the whole summer vacation before you and you can put in eight or ten hours right away every Saturday. Even after allowing for a lack of experience, you ought to do as well as he did and possibly you may do still better. There's no telling what's in you, until you find out. Cultivate self-reliance; you'll need it throughout life and it will stand you in god stead in other understakings besides gardening. Never give up the battle before the fight has begun.

If you raise two crops a year or three crops in two years, you can make your garden pay and to yield returns that will enable you to gratify any reasonable wish you may have entertained for a long, long time. If you want a new gun, or a bicycle, or a phonograph, or a camera, or even a Shetland pony and cart, they will all be within reach when you make your garden pay.

In order to obtain the best results, a garden must be free from shade and the roots of large trees. Plants require sunlight and all the nourishment that is in the ground. In fact, as a rule, the soil does not contain enough plant food and must be fertilized. Well-rotted cow manure is the best for this purpose, but if your folks protest against the not altogether unobjectionable odor of that material, you will be obliged to use commercial fertilizers. Those who have employed the latter extensively in their gardening operations claim that they are cleaner, cheaper, more healthful and in every way better, but I must confess that I am still prejudiced in favor of the old-fashioned plant food after an experience with both.

But a few tools are required to be successful in the backyard "farm" or kitchen garden. First-class tools are a necessity and they should be taken good care of; whenever they have served your purpose, wipe them off and put them away; don't let them rust on the garden beds out in the rain. A spade, a hoe, a rake, and a trowel are all the tools that you will need to cultivate even a fairly large garden, but when your backyard farm is unusually large you will say with me: "Blessed be the man who invented the wheelhoe, for he has banished the horticultural backache forever." The wheelhoe is so arranged that both sides of a row may be cultivated or weeded at the same time and, therefore, is a very valuable labor-saving device.

If you are an old reader of this magazine, you will remember that I have had a great deal to say in the past in regard to the preparation of the garden, which must receive careful attention in order to ensure success. The old saw: "Well begun is half won" applies to gardening as well as to other pursuits. Spade up the soil to a depth of a foot and a half and then rake it fine. If the garden is exceedingly large, it may pay to hire a man to plow and harrow it. When it is ready for planting, let it lie a week before you put in the seed. In the meantime you will have to decide whether you want to lay out your garden in beds or rows. If you have a wheelhoe, rows will facilitate the garden work, but probably a combination of the two systems will afford the greatest satisfaction. At any rate, do not make your walks over two feet wide and restrict the size of your beds to a width enabling you to conveniently reach every part of them with hoe or rake.

All this time, of course, you have been anxious to ask me a question. "How can I possibly buy seeds and fertilizer," I imagine I hear you say, "without any money?" Ah, that's where what we call credit comes in. Your father knows that you are a manly, self-reliant lad. Go to him and lay your plan before him. Tell him that you want to borrow the money to buy seeds, etc., and that you are going to supply the household with fresh vegetables at the market price and earn the difference between receipts and expenditures. The chances are he will tell you to go ahead and give you some good advice. Always remember that your parents are your best friends and consult them whenever you may be in doubt in regard to anything.

If there is anything cheaper in the world than seeds, I can't remember just now what it is. But seeds purchased from an irresponsible dealer are dear at any price, so it pays to buy the best.

As I said before, to get the greatest possible returns out of the soil it must be stuffed with plants, as it were, not an inch of the ground being wasted. If lettuce plants will mature when planted a foot apart radishes or some other short-lived plants should be grown between them. If a cucumber vine covers six inches at one time and six feet at another, it is evident that good use may be made of considerable space while the plant is still small.

I am not going to burden you with minute directions for cultivation, as these may be found in many catalogues and on every package of seeds you buy. But I would impress one rule upon you that governs succession, namely, never to let vegetables of the same family follow each other. This is called rotation and has been practiced by farmers for centuries. With us variety is merely the spice of life, but in the vegetable world it appears to be an absolutely indispensable requirement for existence. Follow radishes and lettuce with late corn, and beans with lettuce and plant cabbage, cauliflower or spinach in the space previously occupied by the early corn. Peas should be planted in rows that are four feet apart, the intervening space being taken up by a first sowing of spinach. When the early peas are gone, their place may be taken by celery, and lettuce may be sown after the small early carrots are pulled. A good succession crop for early beets is fall spinach and for early green beans—cress, lettuce or endive. Melons may be followed by winter spinach and New Zealand spinach by corn. Cabbages may be raised successfully where the tomatoes stood, even though the latter are gathered rather late. Thus, it will be seen, almost endless combinations can be made that will utilize every part of the garden.

To succeed with onions, they must be given a rich soil, sown not too thickly and thinned to stand two inches apart. As onions and parsley are improved by transplanting, it is advisable to have both exchange locations, that is to say to put the parsley where the onions were and vice versa.

Among all the vegetables that I have mentioned, radishes are easiest to grow and may be sown every ten days from the first of May until the middle of June. Lettuce is another crop with which most people succeed and which is particularly suited to a very small garden.

In a recent issue of the Ladies' Home Journal Martha Parloa points out a novel way of raising cucumbers, as follows: "Put one or two barrels near the house, and partially fill with stones, leaves, etc., for drainage. Fill with good soil and fertilize well. Plant the seeds. When they come up, leave about four in a barrel. Keep well watered."

Whenever possible, devote a bed or two to flowers for cutting. Nasturtiums and sweet peas are particularly useful for this purpose.

By supplying your own family and the neighbors with fresh vegetables and flowers, at the regular market price, during the season, you will be able to earn enough to buy that canoe you wanted so long and have enough money left for Christmas presents. The following is a list of seeds required for a small garden, with an estimate of cost that may be of service:

Peas, 2 quarts	$ .60
Bush Lima, 1 packet	.10
Pole Lima, 1 packet	.10
Wax Beans, 1 packet	.10
Beets, 1 ounce	.10
Carrots, 1 package	.05
Late Carrots, 1 packet	.05
Early Cabbage, 1 packet	.05
Cauliflower, 1 packet	.05
Celery, 1 packet	.10
Early Corn, 1 packet	.10
Late Corn, 1 packet	.10
Cucumbers, 1 packet	.05
Kohlrabi, 1 packet	.05
Lettuce, 3 packets	.15
Radishes, 2 packets	.10
Spinach, 2 packets	.10
New Zealand Spinach, 1 packet	.05
12 Tomato plants	.30
Parsley, 1 packet	.05
Total	$2.35

How Steam is Produced

Steam is produced as follows: Water, although a continuous mass, is made up of a multitude of drops. Each drop of water is an elastic shell containing a certain amount of oxygen (air). If one will take a clean kettle and place it on an ordinary fire he will notice that as soon as the water begins to get warm at the bottom little bubbles begin to form. This is caused by the expansion of the air in the water. The expansion continues until 212° Fahr. (boiling point) is reached, when the bubble bursts, the heated and expanded air passes through the water to the top, and in such passage picks up more or less of the water and becomes vaporous, when you get an expanded vapor caused by the passage of heated and expanded air through the water. In this state it has less friction than the air when expanded. In English we call it steam; the Frenchman says vapeur; the German says dampf, hot, moist air. We say a steam carriage, the German says ein dampf wagon.

A Great Thermometer

The most expensive thermometer is in use at the Johns Hopkins University. It is valued at $10,000, and is an absolutely perfect instrument. The graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.

Ed Weachman, Houston, Texas, sends the Editor a very pretty souvenir post card of a Turpentine Still.



Photo by Mrs. E. E. Trumbull, Plattsburg, N. Y.

AN EASTER BOY

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! If you want the Best Seeds that can be grown, you should read The Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1906, so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed FREE to all. Better write TO-DAY. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The KING AIR RIFLE

Gives the boy a new air of manliness and power; makes him alert, self-reliant, resolute; gives him a confident individuality. It takes him out in the open air and starts in a natural way the training which in later years will make him a leader in the business world.

The "KING" Air Rifle is a hammerless magazine gun; shoots 500 times without reloading. Splendid sights; polished Walnut stock; nickeled steel barrel. Shoots with compressed air instead of powder; absolutely safe.

The "KING" 500 shot, costs $1.50; other "KING" models $1.00 and $1.25 each. At leading dealers, or sent express paid from factory on receipt of price. Booklet telling all about our Air Rifles free.

The Markham Air Rifle Co., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World

BASE BALL UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER

We make a specialty of supplying Base Ball Clubs with Suits and Complete Outfits. Lowest prices guaranteed and satisfactory goods. Orders taken for single uniforms or quantities. If interested, write for catalogue, self-measuring blanks and sample cards showing materials and colors. Send 5 cents to cover postage. Score cards free.

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GIVEN TO BOYS

A Complete Base Ball Players Outfit, consisting of Chest Protector, Catcher's Mitt, Fielder's Glove, Catcher's Mask, fine Belt, Chicago Cap, good Base Ball, or A Complete Base Ball Outfit, consisting of Flannel Shirt, lace front; Padded Pants; College Cap; fine Belt.

Boys, send no money, we trust you with jewelry to sell. Sell same at 10cts. each, and same day $2.00 from sale is received we will send you complete outfit, all express charges prepaid. Write at once.

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Hilarious Enthusiasm Everywhere. "More fun than a box of monkeys." Any number can play it. Grown people lose that gaiety and limber up their muscles and "children are going wild with delight" over the new fascinating indoors and out-door game of EXER-KETCH "JUST OUT OF THE WAY OF THE YEAR." Boys, girls, men, women, making money. Write to-day. Ask dealer.

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Just $94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghy's in the world. Write to-day for catalog.

Just $94.50

DETROIT BOAT CO. 294 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

MYSTERIOUS SKULL!

Great fun! Shines in the dark with a fearsome blue light! Funny ghost price 15cts. post-paid. We will send our new illustrated catalog of Magic, Tricks, Illusions, etc., containing hundreds of tricks, accessories, etc., absolutely FREE

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY THE CREST TRADING CO. 138 WITMARK BLDG. N. Y.

WE START BOYS WITH GOOD CHARACTER IN BUSINESS FREE

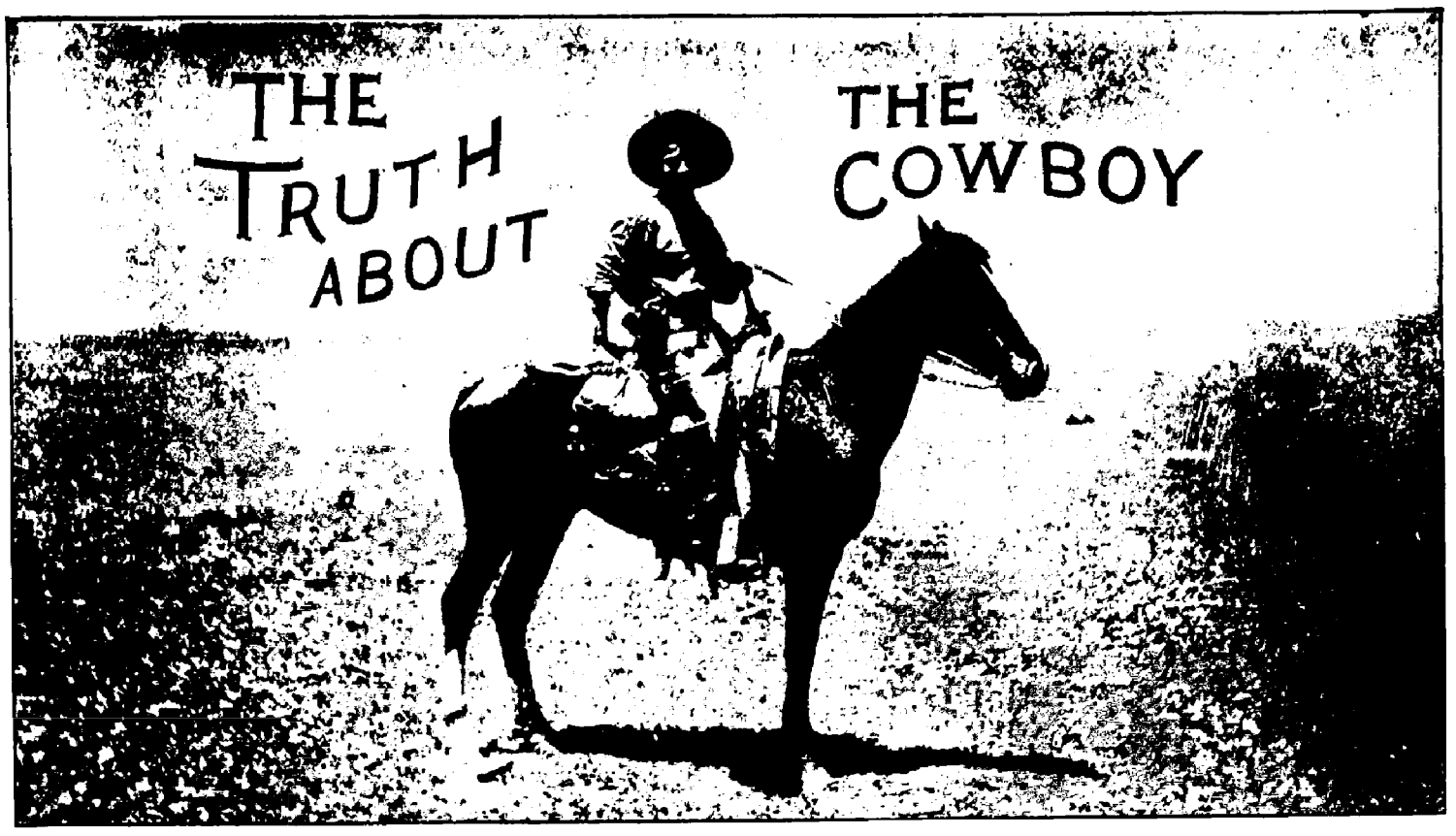
An opportunity to make $50 per week is offered to wide awake up-to-the-minute boys. Strictly a business proposition which requires the services of honorable boys and young men.

For full particulars write at once to Howes Co., 296 Broadway, New York City

CAN YOU TELL How much is 19 times 23 without using a pencil? Certainly! Simply turn the wheel on one of our Marvelous Lightning Multipliers. Most wonderful device ever invented. $500 reward for an error. Sample price, 25 cents. Send money today. A. Wm. Sutherland, 606 N. Noyse Ave., Chicago, Ill

2 PUZZLES AUTO AND X-RAY FREE

Send Stamp, NOASH, 103 Pineapple Brooklyn, N. Y



THE BOY who cherishes the illusion that he would like to be a cowboy usually has little idea of what that individual's duties are. The cowboy of the yellow-covered novel is such a very different person from the cowboy of real life. The yellow-covered novel makes him appear as an uproariously jolly fellow in fringed buckskin trousers, red flannel shirt and Mexican sombrero with a brace of pistols at his belt. In the novel he seems to have nothing to do but to race like mad here and there on his pony performing deeds of daring and terrorizing the people in general. He is made to appear as a great Indian fighter in localities in which Indians are as harmless as rabbits, and he is forever rescuing young maidens from perilous situations.

Now the great majority of cowboys never do any of these things. They do a great deal of mad racing here and there over the plains on their fleet little ponies, but it is all done in the line of duty, and it is very hard work, for when they do this they are in pursuit of fractious cattle instead of fractious Indians. In the early days of cattle rearing on the great western plains the cowboys would now and then "paint a town red" when their hilarity reached a certain point, but this did not happen very often and one never hears of such things in the present advanced stage of civilization in the West.

There is no occupation in which there is more hard work than falls to the lot of the cowboy. It is not unusual for him to be in the saddle sixteen hours at a time regardless of wind and weather. He must be an expert horseman and absolutely fearless in time of danger. There are no more dangerous foes than infuriated cattle, and he will some times be compelled to deal with such foes. Some of the boys who think that they would like to be cowboys would be "scared out of a year's growth" the first time they found themselves in the position in which cowboys often find themselves.

The great ranges of the West still swarm with cattle, but they are not herded in vast herds as they once were, and the ranges are now enclosed in miles and miles of wire fence, two facts that have somewhat changed the character of cowboy life. It was as a lassoist that the cowboy of old was seen at his best. He could do wonders with his rope, as he called it. His lasso, or rope, was always on the saddle of the cowboy. It was as useful and as necessary to him as the gun to the soldier or the oar to the fisherman. It is said that it was Cortez who introduced the lasso to North America, and his followers used it in roping their cattle. Spaniards and Mexicans have long been famous for their wonderful skill in throwing the lasso. The Mexican lasso was usually of braided hide, while that of the cowboy is of hempen rope about half an inch in thickness and from thirty to forty feet in length. This rope is made very soft and pliable by being dragged on the ground from the horn of the saddle. The value of the cowboy's services often depends on his skill with his rope. He must be able to throw it with lightning-like swiftness and with certain accuracy of aim. This requires a steady hand and strength of muscle. It also requires indifference to fear, for the cowboy must sometimes ride into a herd and rope a fractious steer which may become one of the most dangerous of foes.

If one would see the cowboy when he is at his best and when he performs his most skillful feats in riding and in lassoing one should see him actually at work on one of the great western ranges when a round-up occurs. These are occasions of great interest to those who see them for the first time. The round-up is a time of joy to the real cowboy, because it requires no end of dash and go and gives him unlimited opportunities of showing off his skill as a rider. The more exciting and dangerous the round-up the greater is the cowboy's enjoyment of it. On cow ranches there is always a spring round-up when the calves are separated from the rest of the herd and branded, or "burned," as the cowboy would be more likely to call it. Indeed, there is always more or less of branding to be done on a cattle range. It is not always easy to capture and brand a lively young steer that may for some reason have escaped branding until it is a year or two old. The cowboy wants to be sure that his pony is in good trim before he starts on a round-up. The pony is pretty apt to have a name suggested by some marked peculiarity of temperament, it being unnecessary to explain further why a pony should be given the name of "Wildfire Dick" or "Greased Lightning." Theodore Roosevelt in his admirable book descriptive of ranch life thus refers to this naming of the ponies of the cowboys:

"One of our horses having been gone eighteen months, has, since his return, been suggestively dubbed 'Dynamite Jimmy,' on account of the incessant and eruptive energy with which he bucks. 'Wire Fence,' when being broken, ran into one of the abominations, after which he is now called; 'Hackamore' once got away and remained out for three weeks with a hackamore, or breaking-halter, on him; 'Macaulay' contracted the habit of regularly getting rid of the huge Scotchman to whom he was intrusted; 'Bulberry Johnny' spent the hour or two after he was first mounted in a large patch of thorny bulberry bushes, his distracted rider unable to get him to do anything but move round sidewise in a circle; 'Water Skip' always jumps mud-puddles; and there are a dozen of others with names as purely descriptive.

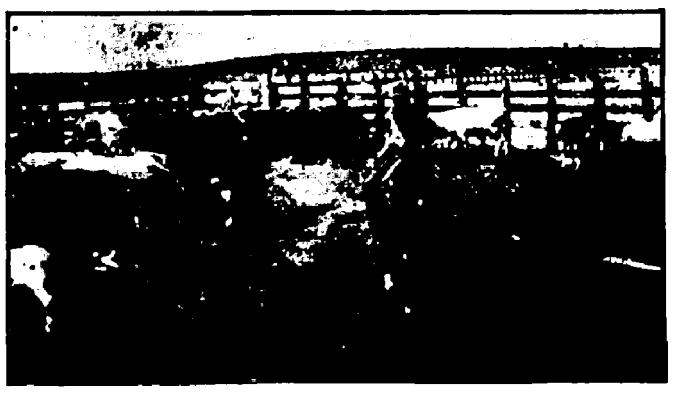
To be chosen captain of a round-up is a distinction that the cowboy covets. It is in itself a tribute to his superior skill as a cowboy. No novice may hope to be captain or foreman of a round-up. The man chosen for this position must have not only wide experience, but he must have good judgment and he must never "lose his head." He must be able to wisely direct the movements of the cowboys and his other responsibilities are many. But some one may ask "What is a round-up?" It is a gathering together of "the cattle on a thousand hills," as it were, for the purpose of literally "taking account of stock." The calves must be branded, the cattle to be sent to market must be separated from the others, and there may be half a dozen other reasons why it is necessary to round-up all the cattle belonging to a certain company or individual. There may be fifty thousand head of these cattle and they may be scattered over fifty or more miles of range. Months of entire freedom will have made many of them as wild as deer, and some of them will be almost as fleet of foot.

The fleet-footed little bronco pony described in the September (1903) number of THE AMERICAN BOY is an important factor of the round-up. No horse can surpass the bronco in fleetness nor in obstreperousness. The cowboy is very fond of racing, and bronco racing is one of the diversions of a dull day in the cowboy camp. If ever riders really go "with the speed of the wind" the cowboy goes over the brown prairie with that degree of speed when he is matching the powers of his pony against that of the pony of a fellow cowboy. The cowboy rides bareback when racing and the possibility of the racer having his neck broken by some vicious and treacherous bucking bronco seems to add zest to the occasion. One who has lived the life of a cowboy says of the beginning of the cowboy's day:

"In the morning the cook is preparing breakfast long before the first glimmer of dawn. As soon as it is ready, probably about three o'clock, he utters a long-drawn shout, and all the sleepers feel it is time to be up on the instant, for they know there can be no such thing as delay on the round-up, under penalty of being set afoot. Accordingly they bundle out, rubbing their eyes and yawning, draw on their boots and trousers,—if they have taken the latter off,—roll up and cord their bedding, and usually without any attempt at washing crowd over to the little smouldering fire, which is placed in a hole dug in the ground, so that there may be no risk of its spreading. The men are rarely very hungry at breakfast, and it is a meal that has to be eaten in the shortest order, so it is perhaps the least important. Each man, as he comes up, grasps a tin cup and plate from the mess-box, pours out his tea or coffee, with sugar, but, of course, no milk, helps himself to one or two of the biscuits that have been baked in a Dutch oven, and perhaps also to a slice of the fat pork swimming in the grease of the frying-pan, ladles himself out some beans, if there are any, and squats down on the ground to eat his breakfast. The meal is not an elaborate one; nevertheless, a man will have to



THROWING THE LASSO



IN THE CORRAL



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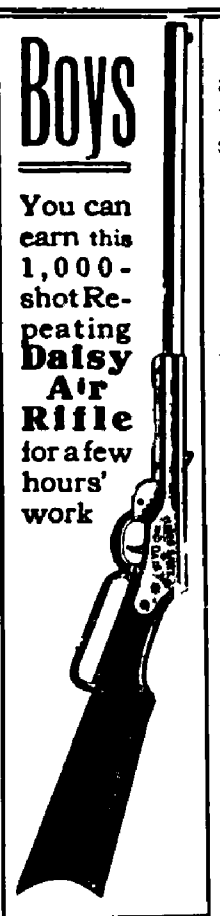
Boys

You can earn this 1,000-shot Repeating **Daisy Air Rifle** for a few hours' work



Simply go about among your friends who use gas, and sell them 25 of the celebrated

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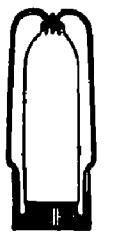

the best gas mantles made, for 15c each. Equal to any mantle sold at the sum of 25c.

They sell quickly, as everybody who needs gas will take, at least, one Ready-Lite Gas Mantle, perhaps a dozen. Churches, schools and hotels often take as many as 100 at a time.

If you will take orders in advance, and send us the money with your letter, we will send the gas mantles and the Air Rifle, express prepaid, or if you wish to have the gas mantles first, we will trust you. A few hours work will dispose of the entire lot; then return the money to us, and we will ship the air rifle. You need not take a cent of risk.

We want you to understand that this is different from any doubtful scheme which asks you to sell cheap jewelry, etc. Practically every family who uses gas, also uses gas mantles. They need them, and are glad to buy as good a mantle as the Ready-Lite at such a low price.

And for this light work, which you can do in a few hours, we offer you the best air rifle made, a 1000-shot repeating Daisy air rifle of the best make—the kind which you have to pay $2.00 for at the stores. Isn't it worth doing a little work?

We refer you as to our reliability to the Old Detroit National Bank, and the Detroit Trust Co.

Write to us today, saying you would like to get the rifle, and we will send the goods to you, express prepaid; or better still, send us the full amount, $1.75, and we will send rifle, mantles and all, express prepaid, as soon as your letter is received.

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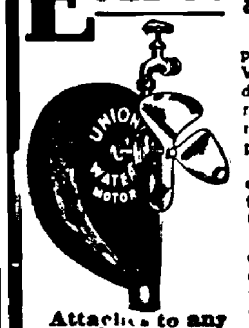

Attaches to any Faucet.

You can have one at no expense to you. Act at once. We are seed growers and dealers and will handsomely reward you if you will sell at retail our 4c., 8c. and 22c. packages of seeds.

Sell for us $3 worth of selected flower and vegetable seeds from our book catalogue. (Everybody buys seeds.)

Motor and fan outfit includes emery wheel for sharpening and grinding, polishing wheel for cleaning and polishing silverware, etc., wood pulley for other purposes, 12 feet of leather belting, three-bladed 10-inch fan and one motor 12 inches high; also necessary oil can and washers and full directions.

Write today. We will send seed catalogues and ten packages of seeds to start you; also order blank and full directions.

This offer withdrawn May 15th, price of motor and outfit alone, $2.50. Write for premium list.

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"Bristol" STEEL FISHING RODS are LONG LIVED



No fear of breaking them in the canoe, on the carry, or when the occasional big one dashes away with your hook. ¶ Built of the best grade of steel, as they are, and with the greatest care, the "BRISTOL" is the finest all-around rod made. ¶ The "BRISTOL" is the original steel rod—has been landing fish for over 16 years. The Combination Reel and Handle is a new, exclusive "Bristol" feature. The reel is furnished, when so ordered, as a part of the rod, being built into the handle. FREE "A Lucky Strike." That's the title of our illustrated catalogue, which is sent on request

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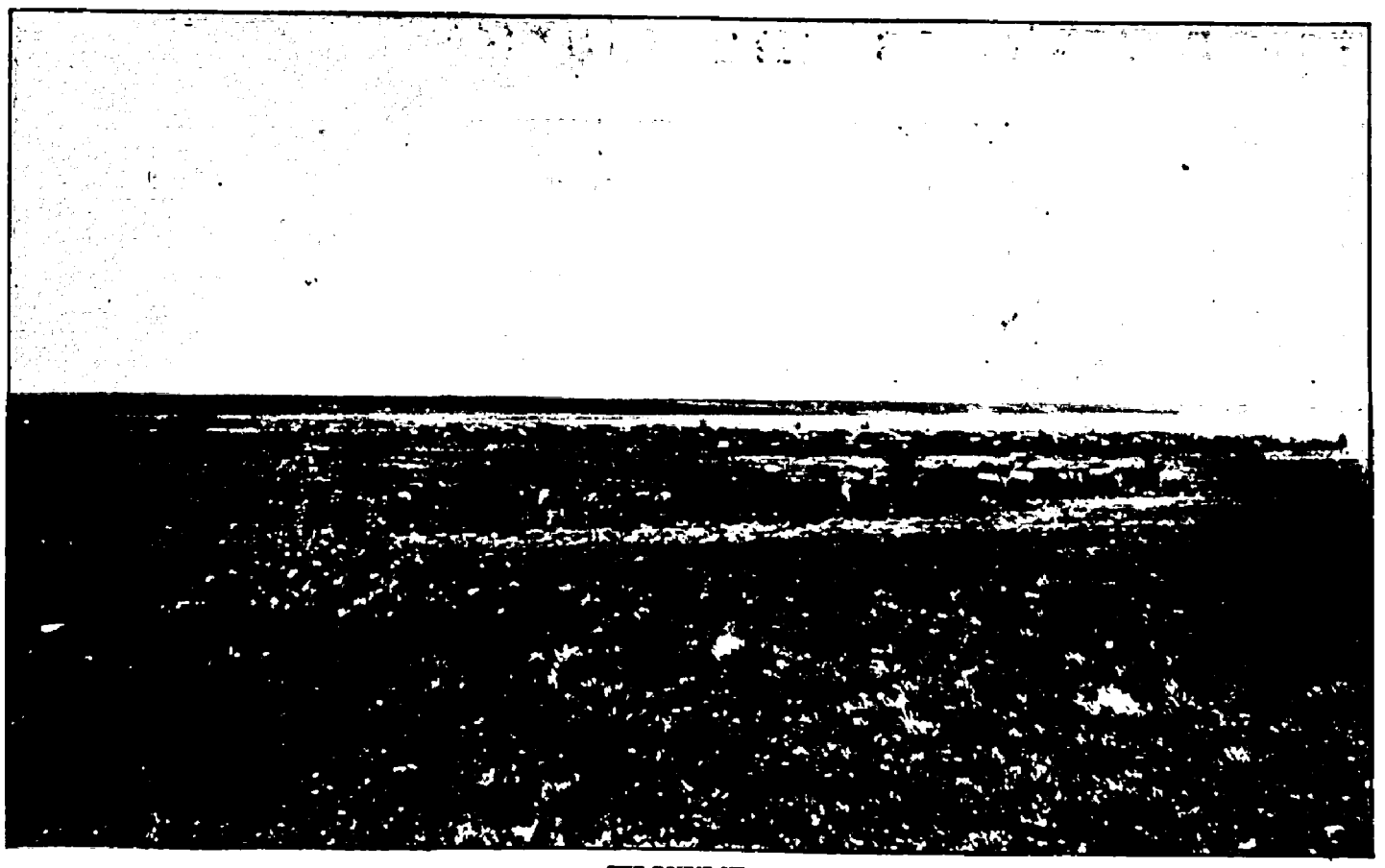
Girls We give this beautiful Burnt Leather Wrist Bag for selling only twelve articles including handkerchiefs, stamped doilies, hose supporters, armlets, collars, etc., at ten cents each. This beautiful bag is made of fine quality leather and measures 4x6 inches. It has a dainty floral design, and any initial you may select burnt on it. Send no money (we trust you with our goods) simply write us saying that you wish to sell our goods, and we will send you the twelve articles (postpaid) so that you can commence work at once. Remember, you run no risk as we take back unsold goods. Address, UNION LINEN CO., Dept. A-12 Bridgeport, Conn.

Please Mention The American Boy When Writing



THE ROUND-UP

hurry if he wishes to eat it before hearing the foreman sing out, 'Come, boys, catch your horses!'"

The ever-present lasso of the cowboy will be brought into active use in the round-up, for it will be necessary to capture some of the animals and throw them down to brand them or to examine the brands already on them. The speed and skill with which a man can rope and bring down a steer or cow are proof of his ability, and a good roper is regarded as a valuable man. The grace and skill with which he will send his lariat out over the backs of a herd of cows and bring it down around the horns of the animal he has singled out are well worth witnessing. A trained hand will lasso a cow, bring her to the ground and tie her good and fast in less than a minute. Another experience that calls forth all the skill of the cowboy on horseback is the stampeding of a herd of cattle. A herd of three or four thousand cattle may with one common impulse conclude to defy all control and authority and make a wild break for liberty. When this happens the cowboys must ride fast and furiously or the work of several days may be lost, for the herd may scatter and race back to the ranges from which they have been so carefully driven to the main herd. A stampede in the night is not a common occurrence, but when it happens the woes of the cowboy are many.

There is monotony as well as excitement in the life of the cowboy. Simply watching a herd to keep it from going astray or driving a well-behaved herd on its way is wearisome and monotonous work, while the life of a lone herder on the plains is the acme of dreariness and desolation. The writer recalls an interview he once had with a sheep-herder who said in closing the account of his experiences:

"I just had to give it up or go crazy. The sense of utter loneliness and desolation was more than I could bear. For days and weeks and even months at a time I did not see a living soul. My only shelter was a little tent and several times it was swept away over the plains in times of fearful storms. There was nothing for me to do but sit on the grass day in and day out watching the sheep, and only those who have tried it can understand how unutterably monotonous such work can be. Had it not been for the faithful shepherd dog I had with me I believe I would have lost my reason at the end of the first week. For unspeakable monotony and maddening loneliness commend me to the life of the sheep-herder on the great plains of the West."

Then there are the long and cold winters to be reckoned with, the winters when desolation reigns supreme on the great plains and on the almost treeless hills, the winters when there are no round-ups and no exhilarating races over the prairies. The winter is the cowboy's season of discontent if at any time he falls a victim to that disorder. If the cowboy is fortunate enough to be the occupant of a good ranch house he may fare very well, for there will be cheery open fires in a big fireplace, and if he happens to have jolly fellows for companions they will pull through the winter without too much ennui. They will be apt to wear out several packs of cards before the fire on long winter evenings. They will read, and one need not be greatly surprised if they choose Shakespeare instead of the yellow-covered novels they are commonly supposed to delight in. Then they have some work to do, for the wandering herds will need some attention even in the winter months. It is no light task to ride out with the thermometer below zero, looking after weak and feeble cattle and getting them to the ranch, where they may be cared for. Some of the things that helped to make up the "fun" of the old days of cowboy life may well become things of the past. With all his failings the cowboy has many "good streaks," and the majority of cowboys are not nearly so bad as some writers would make them seem to be.



BIG GAME.

Photo by Charles Detwiler, R. F. D. 25, Delta, Ohio. The boy in the picture is Charles's brother. He holds a mouse in his hand.

Addition to Legion of Honor Roll

Leo Hyde, of Lynn, Mass., to whom we give the Heroism Badge, has the enviable record of saving three lives in the fourteen years of his life. The last rescue was made on January 26th, while skating on a pond near his home. Bertha Kimball, a fourteen-year-old girl, broke through thin ice so near the channel that she was in great danger of drowning. Several men who were near saw the girl's plight but made no effort to save her, and it remained for young Hyde to prove himself equal to the occasion. Plunging into the water, he made his way to the girl, grasped her by the dress, and struck out for thick ice. Owing to the weight of his burden, it was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in reaching safe ice, where he was assisted by those anxiously awaiting him.



Photo by L. E. Harmon, Independence, Kans.

Good News, if You Like Fish

No wonder the fish crop is never "short." The flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs annually; several others from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000; while the turbot is credited with depositing from 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 during each breeding season.

Boys, Take Care *of* Your Teeth

By J. AUSTIN BUCKNALL, D. D. S.

(Begun in December, 1905, number.)

ONE MINUTE night and morning spent with a toothbrush and silk, as I have said, will keep your teeth in very good condition. The result will amply justify the expense of time. A boy with sound, fine appearing teeth has something attractive about him. We perhaps may not especially note what it is, but it is there, and he will be hired by an employer rather than will the boy with an unsightly mouth. It will be understood that he has attained a result by continued effort. There is an air of confidence and frankness in the boy who has nothing to hide. Where the teeth are neglected, the lips lose their proper lines in the effort to mask the defects. The face of a person whose teeth have been extracted is usually wanting in beauty, while in conversation the play of the lips over a perfect set of teeth is a cause of admiration.

In any walk of life personal appearance is a part of one's stock in trade. Boys should not forget this, inasmuch as they are growing up to be men and will have to come in contact with others, and upon the impressions of others regarding them will depend largely their success. A boy wants, when he grows to be a man, to appear well, and also to be able to talk naturally and confidently. Neither of these can be attained by a boy who is conscious of defective teeth. Bad breath, too, is objectionable, and bad teeth are generally the cause of bad breath. Right here I should say that while the habits of gum chewing and tobacco chewing do not result in great harm to the teeth, yet they are objectionable on many other grounds. The continued use of a pipe will wear away the teeth and cause them to become stained. One wants good, hard, sound teeth.

Coarse foods are the best for tooth culture. Soft teeth are largely produced through the lack of exercise that teeth get when only soft foods are eaten. It is said that in the skulls of Indians we find nearly always perfect teeth. Why? Because the Indians use hard food, which they chew to a pulp with their teeth, thus keeping them firm and strong and sound in their sockets, just as the exercise of a boy's muscles makes them strong.

Two seemingly trivial habits have an effect upon the teeth; namely, thumb sucking and sleeping with the mouth open. The first forces the upper teeth forward and the second deforms the mouth so that it becomes long and narrow, instead of broad and round. Not having proper room, the teeth of the mouth-breather take irregular positions. To prove this a young calf's nostrils were filled with cotton batting so that it had to breathe through the mouth. The result was that the bones of both jaws became deformed. The passages back of the nostrils as well as the nostrils themselves, are provided with means for cleansing the air and preparing it for the lungs. Deep and proper breathing keeps the walls of these passages in good health and free from catarrh. If the proper exercise of breathing through the nose is omitted, the lining becomes inflamed and diseased. The speech, too, of the mouth-breather is poor. There is a lack of resonance. If you are in the habit of sleeping with your mouth open, tie a band around your chin at night and keep your mouth closed. After this preventive is used for a time, you will naturally breathe with the mouth closed, and then the bandages may be omitted.

* * *

The editor of this paper has had these articles written for the benefit of the BOYS, and he hopes that every boy has read them. It may be that some have not read the articles preceding this one. To induce every boy to read what has been said, the following offer is made:

Five dollars will be given to the four boys who make the best replies to the following questions; that is, $2 for the best reply, $1.50 for the second best, $1 for the third best, and fifty cents for the fourth best:

FIRST—What will best prevent decay of the teeth?

SECOND—Why is it wrong to extract teeth?

THIRD—What causes connected with the teeth produce a swollen face?

FOURTH—What word will the letters T-E-L-N-G-E-C make that represents the cause of gum diseases?

Do not use more than fifty words in your answers. Send in your reply so that it will reach us not before April 10th, nor after April 15th, and address Dentistry, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

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(*The End.*)

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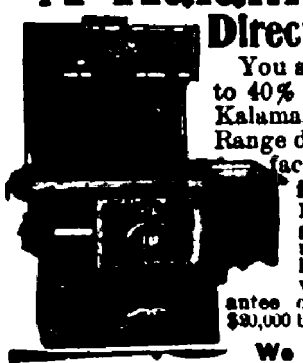

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Stamp Notes

A new series of stamps may be expected shortly as a consequence of the recent death of Grand Duke Adolphus.

News from Luxemburg says that all the obsolete postal issues of that duchy were demonetized January 1, 1906.

Japan has issued some postal cards in glorification of Admiral Togo and the manner in which the war with Russia was ended. They are described as beautiful and elaborate, being printed in gold and colors.

The square 5 pence green New South Wales is known as the "Grand Stamp of Philately." On December 1, 1905, it had been in use continuously for 50 years as an adhesive postage stamp and has always been printed from the same steel plate.

Labuan a Crown Colony

The London Times on December 7, 1905, says: An agreement has been concluded with the Sultan of Brunei which provides for the appointment of a British resident with powers to control the general administration of the state. As a matter of convenience in giving effect to this arrangement, it has been decided that his Majesty's government shall resume the responsibility of the government of the Crown Colony of Labuan, the administration of which has been entrusted for some years to the British North Borneo Company.

"The new arrangement will come into force on January 1st next."

Which all means that the North Borneo Company will no longer control the postal issues of Labnau, and collectors will be spared a new series of rubbish, canceled to order, every little while—Labuan and North Borneo stamps from 1894 to 1904 are a poor investment for stamp collectors, many of whom exclude them from their collections.

Would be Appreciated Here

The postal authorities of the Netherlands are inaugurating an innovation that it is not unlikely will be adopted by other countries in the postal union, to wit: carrying a stock of the stamps of other countries of the value of 5 cents, the denomination of the stamp required to frank letters from one country to another. There is great need of a universal postage stamp of the value of 5 cents. At present a citizen of the United States cannot write to a person in England and enclose reply postage because the 5-cent U. S. stamp would not be available for postage in England. Thus far it has been impossible to arrange for this universal stamp because of the slight difference in monetary standards of the various countries. This may be worked out later, but the Dutch government is going a long way toward solving the problem by carrying in stock the 5-cent stamps of the United States, the 2½ penny stamps of Great Britain, the 20 pfennig stamps of Germany, the 25 centimes stamps of France, etc. Thus a person in Netherlands writing to a man in this country will be able to enclose a 5-cent stamp to frank the reply desired. Following this plan the United States would carry on sale at its leading offices the stamps of England, Germany, France, Netherlands, etc., of the value corresponding to our 5-cent stamp. It is probable the matter will be brought to the attention of the United States postal authorities and a small appropriation may be set aside for the purchase of stamps for this purpose. Once made the appropriation would never have to be renewed as the revenue from the sale of these stamps would always buy additional supplies.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Wesley Sprecher: The 1851 silver three-cent piece is worth fifteen cents. Your other U. S. will hardly bring over face value. The 1 drelling of 1866 is a base silver coin of Hamburg and is of little value.—William S. Preston: There are so many of these Chinese and Japanese small brass coins issued, and in so many varieties, that it would be impossible to say further regarding your piece without a good rubbing of it.—F. R. Orchard: The half dollars of 1854 and 1858 are common.—Charles E. Pendarvis: The cent of 1836 and 1844 sell for from five to ten cents each.—D. H. Stager: Your 1799 dollar sells at the dealers for $2.75.—Geo. L. Carr: The twenty cent piece of the CC (Carson City) mint of 1875 is only worth face, unless in uncirculated condition. The 1802 cent, in good condition, sells for thirty-five cents. "Helvetia" on a coin signifies Switzerland. The other pieces you mention are very common.—Gilbert Grell: The English half-pennies you mention will not bring a premium.—Harold Bickelhauft: The cent of 1847 sells for about ten cents.—H. J. C. Fowler, Ind.: (1) Sweden, 50 ore, 1875; twenty-five cents. (2) Austria, crown of 1790; $1.50. (3) Germany, half crown, 1859; face value.—Lester Brown: (1) Denmark, 1771, 1 skilling; common. (2) French Colonies, 1827, 5 centimes; ten cents. (3) "Franklin" cent of 1787; in good condition is worth fifty cents. (4) English half-penny token; fifteen cents.—Harry T. Shipman: There are two varieties of the half dime of 1848, viz.: small and large dates. The first sells at the dealers for twenty cents; the other for $1.50. To obtain these prices they must be in good condition.—Leland R. Gilbert: Your coin is a 25 ore of Sweden. It is common.—E. H. Ingram: The quarter of 1854 is only worth face. The dealers charge twenty-five cents for a cent of 1822, if it is in good condition.—Dana Reid: The half eagle of 1850 will hardly obtain a premium.—Frank Jones: (1) New Jersey cent, 1787; thirty-five cents. (2) Spain, 1782, 2 reals; very common. (3) Papal States, 1802, 1 bajocco; twenty-five cents. The 1828 half cent sells for fifteen cents.—J. Sanford Williams: Your coins are from India, Austria (not Russia), Canada, and Demarara (British Guiana). They sell for from five to ten cents each at the dealers. Columbian half dollar of 1893, fifty-seven cents.—Linwood C. Fink: The Panama dollar is selling for $1.50 and the 2½ cent silver for fifteen cents. The latter piece will be withdrawn from circulation, it is said, on account of its small size.—Irvin D. Wolf: The last 1856 flying eagle cent sold at auction brought $8.50. The 1798 cent sells for about thirty-five cents.—Percy Kehew: Your rubbing is from a common 2 filler of Hungary.—David Williams: Your drawing is from a 2 faloos coin of Morocco. Its date 1216 is A. H. (after the Hegira or flight of Mahomet), not A. D. It is a common coin.—Almon W. Bushnell: (1) U. S. nickel three cent piece of 1867; face value only. (2) California half dollar, gold 1871; $1.50.—Ervin C. Perkins: Your coins are mostly quite common and worth little over face.—H. C. Frost: No premiums on the 1854 half dollar or the 1858 quarter.—Allyn Moser: The cents of 1834 and 1856 copper are worth from five to ten cents each. Your old coin of 1816 is an Austrian Kreutzer of little value.—Edgar F. Roung: Your drawing is from an East Indian rupee, worth about seventy-five cents.—D. A. Holbrook: The dime of 1857 will not bring a premium.—E. E. Hawkes: The half cent of 1804 is worth a quarter. It is one of the commonest of the old half cents.—L. A. Carpenter and R. L. Duncan: Face value only.—Archie S. Hall: 8,812,050 silver dollars were coined in 1904. So it can easily be seen there will be no premium on them.—"Collector": The 1858 half dollars were all without arrow points. No premium on them.—N. Embry: The Mexican peso (1867) of the Emperor Maximilian sells for $1.50.—Paul Downing: The quarter dollar of 1818 is worth seventy-five cents.—George W. Chapman: See answer to Archie S. Hall.—Russel Dickey: Your rubbing is from a 2 lira of Italy, 1883, worth half a dollar. The nickel cents of 1857 and 1858 are worth only face. The V nickel of 1883 face value only. Cent of 1847, five to ten cents. Others you mention are very common.—Earl Pierce Calhoun: The dollar of 1804 is very rare. Less than a dozen authentic pieces are known. The last one sold at public sale brought $1,100.00 and the party that bought it has refused twice that amount for it.—Harold Pierce: The half dollar of 1814 is worth eighty-five cents at the dealers. The old Spanish and Mexican silver bring no premium.—Robert Provost: A good 1829 dime sells for a quarter. Others face value only.—Clarence K. Appleby: France, 50 centimes of Napoleon III, 1867: face value only.—Ward Totman: Your questions are answered elsewhere.—Patton Hawkins: The ordinary quarter of 1853 is only worth face value. There is a rare variety without arrow points or rays that sells for about five dollars.—C. W. R. Swartz: See answer to last.—A. Z. B.: The half dollar of 1853 sells for seventy-five cents.—Earl S. Garand: The $5.00 gold pieces are mostly common. That for 1847 will not bring a premium.—Raymond Wright: The old Confederate bills are mostly quite common. The $500 and $100 you mention sell for about a quarter to ten cents each at the dealers.—Robert Barton: Your question is answered elsewhere in this column.—Arthur Waldelich: The dollar of 1800 sells for $3.00.—Hugo G. Lindblom: (1) Hesse Cassel, 3 heller; ten cents. (2) Poland, 1840, 10 groszy; twenty-five cents. (3) Finland, 1866, 25 pennia; fifteen cents. (4) Sweden, 1852, 1-32 rksdl; twenty cents.—H. Terry: The $2.00 Continental bill of 1777, and the $55.00 bill of 1779 sell for fifty cents each at the dealers. The 5 franc of Louis Philippe of France sells for $1.50. Others face value.

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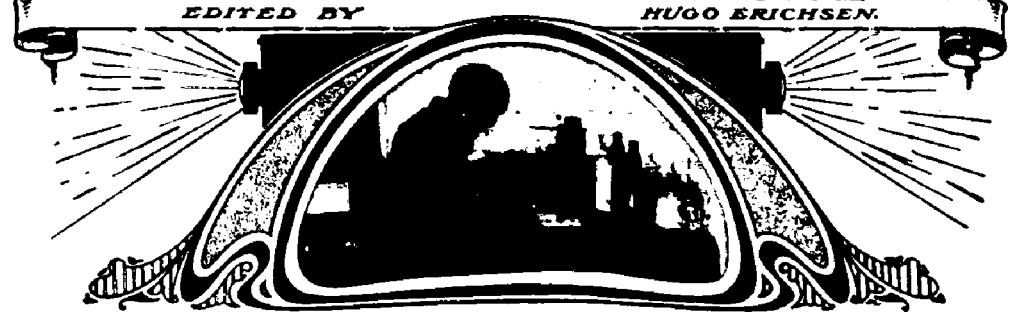
THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER.

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 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.

Our Roll of Honor

Among the Brownie photographs that reached us during the past month, two are particularly meritorious and therefore entitled to Honorable Mention, namely "Sunset on Lake Champlain," by Donald R. O'Brien, and "My Cat," by Donald Smith. The Donalds are



FIRST PRIZE PHOTO
By Leon D. Rule, Lancaster, Kan.

at the head of the procession this month. The other successful contestants include Nick Bruehl, Perry N. Trask, Stanley Mytholer (for his "Home Portrait"), George Alexander Smith, Kerr Forman, James Andrews (for his "Sunset On Lake Erie"), Ray S. Zimmerman, F. H. Seitz, F. E. Foster, E. E. Trumbull, and Arthur H. St. Amour.

Toning Bath

The following is a formula for a little-used toning bath, which is, however, fairly economical, and gives excellent results. It can be used immediately after making up, and keeps well. Almost any brown or black tone may be obtained by its use:

Gold chloride	2½ grs.
Salt (common)	96 grs.
Sulpho-urea	5 grs.
Water	about 15 oz.

The amount of water may be varied considerably, according to the worker's desire for quick or slow toning and the color he desires his prints to be.

Chrome Alum Clearing Bath

The following is a good clearing bath—excellent for pyro-stained negatives:

Citric acid	1 oz.
Chrome alum	2 oz.
Water	20 oz.

The plate, after fixing and well washing, should be immersed in the bath for about three seconds, or longer if the stain is not removed. It should then be very thoroughly washed in water.

Ground Glass Varnish

Gum sandaras	2½ ounce
Gum mastic	½ ounce
Ether	24 ounces
Benzole	6 to 18 ounces

The quantity of benzole determines the nature of the matt obtained.—Ex.

Our Prize Pictures

Leon D. Rule, of Lancaster, Ks., the first prize winner of this month's competition, is an artist with the camera. His "Where The Frost-King Reigns" is one of the most beautiful photographs of winter scenery we have ever seen, full of delicate tone gradations and interesting from a pictorial point of view. "In The Swimming-Pool," by M. Hornback, of Dorsey, Ill., awarded second prize, requires no explanation. Some city boys and most country boys probably know of a similar place.

The Letter Box

Chester Simpson—I prefer printing out paper (glossy) for landscapes, with the exception of winter scenes, and the gaslight papers, so-called, for portraits, interiors, etc. On the whole I should say I prefer the P. O. P. because the process of making prints can be better controlled. Prints that reach us by the 15th of the month will receive attention in the issue of the succeeding month. Fred. E. Nesbitt—Yes, a print of the size you mention may be entered in our contests. To make a transparency, a large printing frame containing a sheet of clear glass must be used. A special kind of a plate is also required, which may be obtained by the dozen from any dealer in photographic supplies; each package contains directions.

Our Library Table

The beginner will find the dime series of photographic handbooks, published by the Photo-Beacon Co., of Chicago, of service. The booklets are well written and contain instructive illustrations. We have received the following: No. 1. Development, by Alfred Watkins. 2. Photographic Printing Processes, by Louis H. Hoyt. No. 3. Beginners' Troubles, by J. Edgar Ross. No. 4. The Elements of Pictorial Composition, by F. Dundas Todd, and No. 5. Isochromatic Photography, by R. James Wallace. The seventh edition of the practical Photo-Beacon exposure tables is also before us.

Each issue of The Photo-Miniature, a monthly magazine of Photographic information, published by Tennant & Ward, of New York City, is devoted to a specific subject. Our readers will be particularly interested in No. 4, "Photography Outdoors;" No. 5, "Stereoscopic Photography;" No. 8, "Photography at Home;" No. 14, "Street Photography;" No. 37, "Film Photography," and No. 57, "Winter Photography." These manuals are obtainable, separately, from the publishers, at 25 cents each.

Pictures of the Home Folks

It is the desire of everyone possessing a camera to make pictures of the home people as they see them. And every operator in every studio has heard and will continue to hear the hope expressed that "I wish I could get mother's or father's picture as we see them at home;" or, "I wish I could get baby playing as we see her at home," and such wishes. This is a desire of everyone that has pictures made, and the studio man is laboring under great disadvantages when he tries to please the customer who has such a longing. All pictures are sized up for their likeness to the people as we see them about the house, in certain occupations that have become familiar to us, and if the studio worker cannot



SECOND PRIZE PHOTO
By M. Hornback, Dorsey, Ill.

get the picture to show these little familiar traits in his work we are dissatisfied.

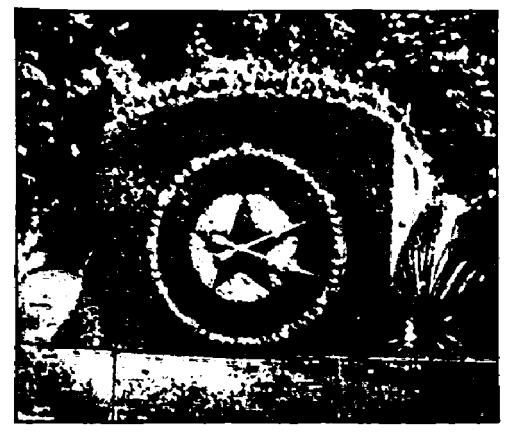
But in later years, nay, I may say months, it has become an easy matter for the amateur with his kodak, or whatever camera he may have, to make some of the very best pictures to be had.—Felix Raymer, in Recreation.

A New Contest

In our 1905 March and August issues we described apparatus for making enlargements from small negatives that could easily be constructed by amateurs at home. We presume a number of our readers have made one of these simple enlarging cameras and are prepared to enter the competition for enlargements herewith announced. Enlargements on bromide paper (unmounted, to reduce postage) may be entered at any time before September 1st, but must be accompanied by the negative from which the enlargement has been made. The prizes will consist of two books, "The Boy Courier of Napoleon," by William C. Sprague, and "The Boy Pathfinder," by the same author, the winner of the first prize having the choice between the two. To still further stimulate the interest in this competition, Mr. Sprague has kindly consented to write his autograph in each volume besides making a statement that the books are awarded as prizes in this competition. This will give them an enduring value, aside from the interest of the stories. If you have not yet made an enlarging camera, get out the above mentioned back-numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY and make one now. Don't miss this competition.

Current Comments

M. H. Tardy—Your photograph of three exposures of yourself on the same plate is interesting, but would have been improved if you had placed some kind of a platform to stand upon in front of the black curtain that served as a background. This should, of course, also be covered with black material. Trimming would not have corrected the defect to which you referred in your letter. The platform suggested will also enable you to place the background far enough back, so that its folds will not be defined. Try it again; we know that you can do better. Arthur J. Lamm—You should have photographed your white horse against the background of the barn, where it would have been sharply outlined, instead of against the wintry landscape. Herford T. Cowling—To take a marble statue against a light sky is hardly ever satisfactory; you would have obtained more contrast in the upper part of your picture if you would have photographed the monument on a cloudy day. H. H. Phillips—Your "Still Life" is unsatisfactory for several reasons. In the first place, the whole of the tabouret should have been included and more of its top shown; in the second, the composition could be improved upon, not only as regards subject but arrangement. Fruits and flowers would be more pleasing. George E. Allen—Your "Old Mill" has only one defect, namely too much foreground, but this can be remedied by trimming. Trim it on a line with the base of the tree and note the improvement. H. B. Terry—



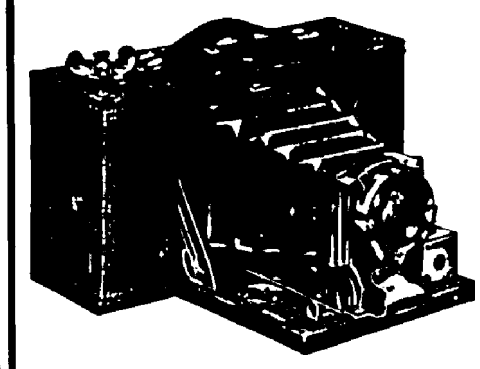
FLORAL CLOCK, WATER WORKS PARK, DETROIT, MICH.
Photo by Arthur H. St. Amour, 475 Hurlbut Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Your "Bunch of Blackberries" would have probably received a prize and would at least have entitled you to "Honorable Mention," if you had not amputated the feet of the foremost row of the group. Don't do it again



OUT FOR EASTER
Photo by E. B. Trumbull, Plattsburg N. Y.

"Daylight All The Way"



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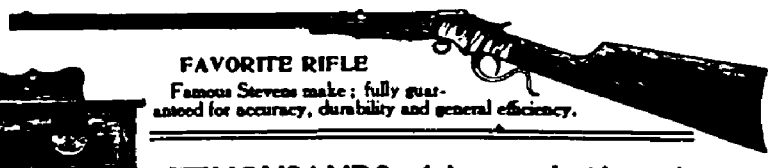

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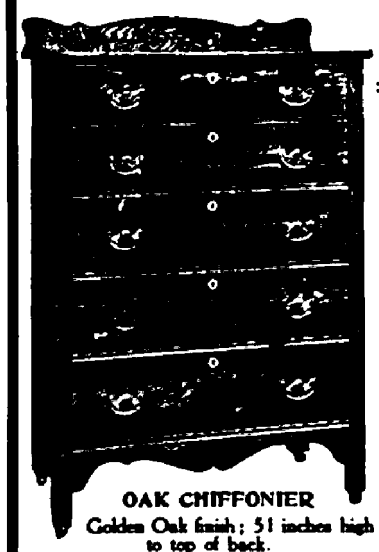

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The Boy Mechanic *and* Electrician

A Permanent Department — Questions relating to Mechanics and Electricity will, so far as space permits and where asked by boys, be answered in these columns. — *Edited by Robt. G. Griswold*

Experimental Lessons in Electricity

No. X—Electrical Terms and Phrases

THROUGHOUT our series of lessons we have used several expressions, the exact meaning of which could not well be explained in as thorough a manner as is necessary to give our readers a thorough understanding of the work. In order to use the instruments that we have learned to make, we should know exactly how to use the proper electrical terms and units of measurement, so in this lesson we will go into the subject in greater detail.

In the first place, we can best understand our subject if we compare the terms used in speaking of electricity with those used in treating water, or steam or air. When we speak of water in a pipe, we at once think of it as having weight, and also a certain volume. In other words, we know that if we hold a pint measure under a faucet, we can draw just a pint of water. Then if we place the water just drawn, on a scale, we find that it also has weight.

And then if we try to hold our finger over the open end of the faucet when the handle is turned, we find that the water forces it off and the little streams of water fly off in all directions with great force. This teaches us that the water is forced through the pipes with a great deal of pressure, and, in fact, it is this pressure that causes the water to move and run out into the pint measure.

Now electricity may be likened to water in many ways, and the comparison of electric currents flowing along a wire to water flowing through a pipe is about as good as can be made for the sake of illustration. All of us know about water, so it will be very easy to think about the current of electricity replacing the water.

The most familiar term is undoubtedly the **volt.** The word volt is used to describe the pressure with which the current of electricity is forced along a wire, just as the water is forced through a pipe. We say that the water issues from a pipe with fifty pounds pressure per square inch, meaning that at every point along the pipe there is a pressure of fifty pounds on every square inch of the surface. And this is just what we mean by saying that a current has a **pressure of fifty volts.** The current cannot flow without some pressure behind it, and instead of using the word **pound,** we use **volt,** because electricity cannot be weighed like water—we can neither see, feel nor otherwise handle it as we can water, stone, sand or steam, but only know of its presence by the effect it has on certain measuring instruments.

And for this very reason it is difficult for the young reader to fully appreciate the meaning of these words, because he is trying to imagine "things" about something he has never seen, never handled as a solid form of matter, and cannot draw a mental picture of its form.

Therefore, when we use the term **volt** we mean the pressure forcing an electric current along a wire.

So much for the pressure. And now we come to the next term, **ampere.** We spoke above of measuring the water delivered by the faucet, in a pint measure. We know, therefore, that a pint of water flowed through the pipe, and also that it took a certain time, say one minute, to fill the measure. Then the water flowed through the pipe at the rate of one pint in one minute.

And the word **ampere** means the measure or quantity of electricity that will flow through a wire in a certain time. Thus, as we say a pipe carries ten pints of water per minute, we may say that a wire carries ten amperes of current. As the student advances further in his studies he will understand the more scientific definitions of these words, but this article is meant to help the young experimenter and not confuse him unnecessarily.

When the water is flowing through a pipe it requires a certain pressure to make it move due to the resistance offered by the friction with the sides, in turning bends and elbows. This resistance is also met with in electrical work, and it requires a pressure to move the current of electricity. This is the pressure we referred to by the term **"volt."**

This resistance also has a value and is referred to as the **ohm** and we say that a wire has a resistance of so many ohms. It would be confusing to go into the explanation of the exact value of the **ohm** but the reader may form a vague idea of the resistance of various wires (which is the most important at present) from the table published last month, giving the resistances of copper wires.

These three terms are the ones most commonly in use. The **watt** is a term expressing an exact quantity of electrical energy, and measures the work done per second. It is equal to the product of the pressure in volts, multiplied by the strength of the current in amperes. Therefore, a current of one ampere at a pressure of one volt, flowing for one second, will develop one watt and the watt is the one-seven hundred and forty-sixth part of a horsepower; or, a horsepower is equal to 746 watts.

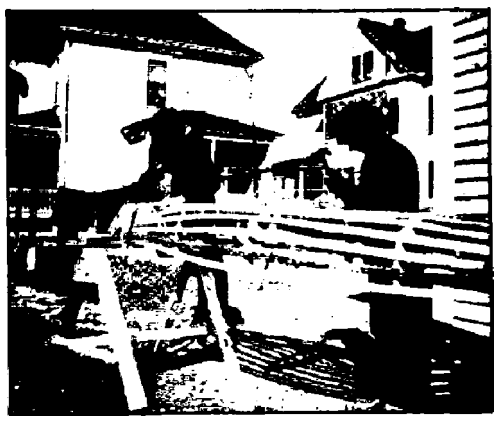
An attempt has been made to make this chapter quite elementary, but it is a difficult subject to deal with in a manner that can be readily understood by our readers, but it is very essential that a thorough understanding of the meaning of these terms should be had before proceeding much further along experimental lines.

"Lawton, Mich., Jan. 22, 1906.

"The School Record Badge was presented to me by my teacher, Miss Reed, last Monday morning. I am proud of it and thank you very much for sending it.

"Very truly yours,

"G. W. LAWTON."



BOY BOAT BUILDERS

QUERY BOX

What is the gauge of the enclosed wire? If I used this for the secondary and No. 20 for the primary of an induction coil, would the coil work? What is the difference between direct and alternating currents? What is the highest known voltage? How much of the enclosed wire will have a resistance of one ohm? How many volts would it require to heat this fine wire to a white heat? To melt it? Please tell me the names of some good electrical papers.—C. R. M., Princeton, Ill.

Ans. No. 36 wire. Yes, if properly insulated, as the sample you sent is bare. Direct currents are currents that are constant in their flow, or those that flow in one direction only, while an alternating current is one that is constantly changing its direction of flow, first flowing one way and then the other, often many hundreds of times per second. The highest known voltage would be hard to state as a million volts have been derived from some transformers, while lightning discharges are estimated to be much higher. At 68° Fahrenheit, a piece of this wire 18.54 inches (about 18.17-32") will have a resistance of one ohm. Your question probably refers to the number of amperes required to heat this fine wire, as the "volt" refers only to pressure. One or two amperes would heat this wire, while five or six amperes would probably melt it. The American Electrician and Electrical World and Engineer are well-known electrical magazines.

Will a motor of the following description run a 300-watt dynamo? Size 5"x5"x6½", steel shaft 6⅝"x¼", 4 volts, ⅛ H. P. Clears 10" fan and weighs 12 pounds. The dynamo will operate at least 6 sixteen candle-power lamps, will it not?—A. P., Markle, Ind.

Your description is rather vague, but if the motor will develop only ⅛ horsepower, it would not run the dynamo which is almost four-tenths (.4) of a horse-power. It would require at least a one horse-power motor to operate this dynamo to its full capacity owing to the large percentage of loss in transforming the energy of the motor into electrical energy again. This machine would probably not light to full power more than four 16 candle-power lamps, although calculations would give six lamps.

I would like to have you answer a few questions in your valued columns in THE AMERICAN BOY. Is the bobbin used in the voltmeter and ammeter made out of a solid piece of wood or four separate pieces glued together? Is the bobbin slotted out 3-16" all around so as to hold the wire? I would like to make a voltmeter reading up to 110 volts. How large a scale would I need and what size wire?—W. E. W., Columbus, Ohio.

The bobbin has the slot passing entirely around the core and is cut from a solid block, although four pieces could be glued together just as well. To make the instrument read to 110 volts it would be necessary to load the armature on one side by a small piece of lead so that 110 volts would carry the pointer or "spear" only to the other end of the scale. The best way of doing this is to drill a small hole in the armature, in which is riveted a piece of wire, hanging down perpendicularly when the voltmeter is level. Then a small bob is secured to this wire and adjusted until 110 volts just brings the spear to the end of the scale divisions. No. 36 wire is about the right size.

Can a satisfactory electro-magnet be made of a horseshoe magnet?—C. W. G., Muncie, Ind.

Ans.—A horseshoe magnet may be turned into an electro-magnet by winding each pole with insulated wire and passing the electric current through the coils. It must, however, be so wound and the current passed through it in such a direction, that the magnetic poles, due to the electric current, will be the same as those originally possessed by the horseshoe magnet.

Is there any method of transforming a motor into a dynamo?—S. W. S., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ans.—Any motor with a wire wound armature can be operated as a dynamo, provided there is sufficient residual magnetism in the fields to set up a current upon starting the machine.

How can dry batteries be re-charged?—F. G., Bristol, Pa.

Ans.—The re-charging of dry batteries is not, at all times, satisfactory, but the following method can be used with excellent results, and the writer's experience with this method has been that in some instances, a dry battery may be made to do service for a full year after it has been completely exhausted in its dry state. The paper casing is removed from the dry cell, and if the zinc casing has been varnished, this varnish is removed, either by sand-papering or scraping, until the bright metal is exposed. Then, with a nail, the shell is punched full of holes, and the cell placed in a glass jar large enough to hold it. A solution of sal-ammoniac is then made up and poured into the jar, filling it within an inch of the top. This solution supplies the necessary moisture, and the sal-ammoniac supplies that exhausted in the interior of the cell. Batteries fixed in this way will prove to give excellent service, but of course they are no longer dry cells. If it is necessary to have the cell in a dry state, the best way to repair same is to dig out the black asphalt composition in the top, pour out the contents, mix same with sal-ammoniac, and enough water to make a stiff paste, repack, and close, by melting the asphalt or pitch and pouring on the top. This will re-charge the cell and make it virtually as good as new.

Please give formula for the solution used in gravity cells?—C. A. T., Osage, Iowa.

Ans.—The solution used in gravity cells is made in the following manner. After the cell is set up, and sufficient water placed in the jar to cover the zinc, about one pound of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) is placed in the bottom of the jar. As this dissolves, the blue color gradually comes toward the top. When in action, there is a distinct line between the upper layer of zinc sulpnate, which is formed by the action of the free sulphuric acid on the zinc, and the copper sulphate solution. These solutions should always be kept separate, or at least the line of separation should be an inch or so below the bottom of the zinc. If it is required to use the batteries very shortly after charging, it is well to make up a solution by dissolving some zinc sulphate in water, and carefully pouring it on top of the solution of copper sulphate.

Does the first layer of wire on any coil come in contact with the core; that is, is the first layer of wire laid bare where it comes in contact with the metal core?—H. L. P., Jr., Mayoden, N. C.

Ans.—In winding any core with insulated wire, the greatest care is taken to thoroughly insulate the first layer from the core, and the insulation is not laid bare. If this was the case, the entire first layer would be short-circuited, and the magnetic effect, due to this layer of winding, would be entirely lost.

How many pounds of atmospheric pressure to the square inch are necessary to keep down any body of water?—J. P. N., Lambertville, N. J.

Ans.—Your question is rather ambiguous, but we presume that you wish to know what the pressure of the atmosphere is per square inch. At the sea level this pressure is 14.7 pounds per square inch, but this pressure is not the force which "keeps down" a body of water. Water remains in a level plane, due to the action of gravity, and not to the pressure of air. It is true that the human body supports a pressure of 14.7 pounds for every square inch of surface, or over a ton for every square foot of surface on our bodies. This means that for the entire surface of the body there is, perhaps, a pressure of three or four tons. There is no discomfort occasioned by this pressure, however, since the tissues of the body are permeated by air, which serves to equalize the pressure, inside and out. This fact is well illustrated in deep sea fishing, where the pressure of the water at a great depth is tremendous. There are certain fish accustomed to living in these great depths, which are of a decidedly flimsy and cellular structure. At times these fish are brought up in nets, and when they reach the surface, it is found that the release of this great pressure is sufficient to burst their bodies asunder, and they cannot be brought up in their whole state.

A Young Canoe Builder

Last winter Ray B. Whitman, of Pittsburg, together with his brother, succeeded in making a good canoe at a surprisingly low cost. The designs and some instruction relative to the work were secured by them from a firm that advertised in THE AMERICAN BOY not



long ago. A few books in addition on the subject of canoe building gave other ideas. The result was the "Bubble," whose dimensions are 11½ feet long, 30 inches in beam, 17 inches deep at the ends, and 10 inches deep at the center. The total cost of the canoe was $8.97. In addition the fittings, including sail, two paddles and cushions, cost $4.04. Work was begun in November, 1904, and finished in June, 1905. The "Bubble" is a canvas canoe, the "planking" consisting of 4¾ yards of No. 10 Duck canvas, 53 inches wide. The framework of the canoe consists of a pine keelson (to backbone the boat), stem and stern posts cut from a wide oak plank, 12 ribbands, including gunwales and 18 steam-bent ribs, equally spaced, each one inch wide and one-quarter of an inch thick and made of white oak. This framework was fastened together entirely with screws. Small copper tacks attached the canvas to the ribbands, these being outside of the ribs. There were just two things that were hard to do, namely, the steaming of the ribs and the stretching of the canvas tightly and smoothly. For steaming the ribs the boys made a long box, about six inches wide and high, with tight joints and a small hole in one side to which to fit the spout of the tea-kettle. The stretching of the canvas required only patience. They painted the "Bubble" three coats of light gray on the inside, and three of olive green and one of varnish on the outside. The woodwork is stained green and varnished. There are large lockers in bow and stern, and through the one in the bow the boys stepped a mast which supports the lateen sail of about 20 square feet area. They bought the paddles from a boat manufacturing company. The "Bubble" weighs about 45 pounds. In the picture, Ray sits in the stern of the boat and wears a big hat.

The Wizard of Menlo

What the world needs is men with the grit to work steadily on whether it applaud or hiss,—and that is the sort that

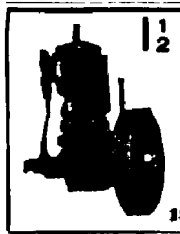


THOMAS ALVA EDISON, GREATEST OF TODAY'S PRACTICAL SCIENTISTS.

arrived here on February 11, 1847, when Thomas Alva Edison was born in Milan, Ohio. To see him today one notes first his carelessness in dress and that he is under the average in physical development, but a longer look takes in a face where sit strength, humanity, and humor. This is the man who has invented more telegraphic appliances than any other living. The incandescent system sprang from his experiments. His name belongs on practically every megaphone, kinetoscope, aeroplane and phonograph in the market,—this is the "Wizard of Menlo Park," cleverest of all present-day scientists.

It's a tremendous amount of work to be accomplished in fifty-eight years. What is the philosophy behind it? "I work as long as I feel like it," Edison himself puts it, "but my life is essentially quiet. I don't worry. I'm fond of fun. I have as little as possible to do with men who devote their whole time to piling up money. I take a little outdoor exercise (not much)—and I don't play golf. I guess that's all." But it isn't, for the wizard once wrote: "All things come to those who hustle while they wait." That's the real secret of Edisonian success.

There is perhaps another element behind these achievements: Edison has ever been a voracious reader. The other day he said: "Reading's a good thing—but once it came within an inch of being death to me. I was telegraph operator in a western town, and my pay permitted my buying books only at auctions, when I chanced on a bargain—a huge bundle of magazines for $2. 'Good Night' signal never reached me till three a. m., and then I hustled home to unwrap my treasure. As I hurried along my back street, 'zipp,' went a bullet past me! You can guess I stopped quick. Up came a puffing policeman, gun still smoking. 'What ye got there?' he panted, 'and why didn't ye stop whin Oi told ye to?' I had been too busy thinking of my bundle to hear him, and, as he said disgustedly when he had ripped open my innocent periodicals: 'Had Oi been a purtier shot ye'd niver had rid thim at all.'"



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1905 in the Patent Office

The year 1905 broke the Patent Office record. The total receipts were $1,850,000, and the department enjoyed the distinction, rare in Government affairs, of paying its own expenses and turning over to the Treasury a profit of $327,000.

More than 31,000 patents were granted during the year, that being the largest number in the history of the office. At this rate the total number issued since the establishment of the department will soon reach the million mark.

Just now the automobile industry is the chief field for the inventor. There has been a great falling off in patents on agricultural machinery, where there is supposed to be little room left for invention.

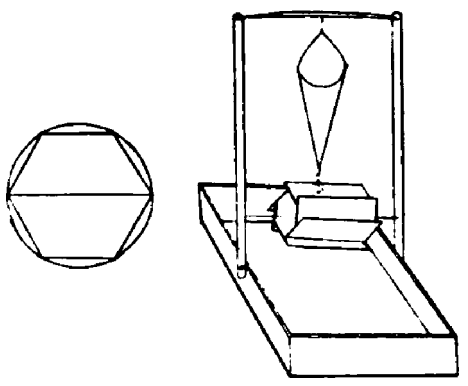
How to Make a Sand Wheel

By RUTH BRADEN

George had been to the exposition and had seen the representation of an old-time grist mill with real water flowing over its many-slatted wheel. Being immediately filled with the desire to make a machine of his own on a small scale, he ran over in his mind the difficulties in the way of using water for the purpose. How would sand do? Good idea! Sand would not soak into things, and would also for this reason be less liable to objections from his parents. That very afternoon he set to work. I will tell you how to follow out his ideas:

First, procure a broad, shallow box about the size and shape of the kitchen table drawer—only don't take that—and nail to it an upright framework about a foot and a half in height.

Next, make two regular hexagons, or six-sided figures, out of some heavy cardboard, as follows: With a radius of two inches draw a circle. With the same radius as a measure, mark off the circle into equal parts and join the



points by straight lines; the lines will be of equal length. Cut out the hexagons, punching a tiny hole in the center of each; these pieces are the ends of your wheel. You will need six oblong pieces, 3x5 or 6 inches, for slats, and the short edges of these are to be mucilaged over the edges of the hexagons, each one projecting about an inch beyond. Run a stiff, smooth wire through the wheel and fasten the ends to the upright pieces of the framework.

Now make a large cornucopia of some tough, stiff material like building paper, or a piece of an old window shade, leaving a tiny hole at the apex. Suspend this in such a way that when filled with finely sifted sand, the sand will fall in the proper place upon your wheel. The cornucopia is better for this purpose than a funnel, because the size of the little hole at the bottom can be regulated.

If properly constructed, the little wheel will turn merrily round and round for a long time, until the sand in the horn has to be replenished. Perhaps you can go even further than this and contrive to make of it a little motor with which to turn some miniature machinery of your own.

A Miniature War Ship

Boys who attended the World's Fair at St. Louis will remember seeing the "Battle of Santiago," one of the great attractions of the exposition. These boys will be interested in our picture reproduced from a photograph of one of



the war ships used in the exhibition, the photograph having been taken by Chester A. Kennedy, of St. Louis, age 14. Just a few minutes before he took the picture the boat had arrived from the factory and was being made ready for service.

Newport, R. I., Boys Cripple the Navy Department

There are said to be nine boys at Newport, R. I., possessing effective wireless telegraphy apparatus, and that in consequence of their operations the atmosphere is so disturbed that the expensive government plant nearby has had to suspend operations; in other words, the boys so filled the atmosphere with dots and dashes that the operations of the government apparatus was greatly interfered with. What will happen when the boys all over the country get into the wireless telegraphy business? The result will be such a jumble of words, that no one can give or get a message.

One of the Newport boys, Lloyd Manuel, age 17, sits beside his wireless apparatus and picks out of the air all the messages that are sent from the government station to the Fall River steamers as they come down the bay. Manuel got the wireless fever some little time ago, and after that it was impossible to keep him in school. He began studying electricity when he was 13. First he got nine dry batteries and placed them in series multiple, and then he obtained a Massie coherer. Later he begged two old telephones, wound them anew to render them a little more sensitive, transformed an electric light globe into a potentia meter, and began to pick messages out of the air. He built a station in the backyard, and saved enough money to buy a Ruhmkorff coil. Now he is able to transmit messages for a distance of two miles.

Another boy at Newport, who is making a success of wireless telegraphy, is Chas. Fielding, Jr. His apparatus is the most complete one in operation among the boys. He has had the advantage of professional advice. Recently he read a message from a ship forty miles at sea. "Send an ambulance to the dock for a boy with mumps," he heard her say, and then he heard the answer buzzing through the air, "Aye, aye." Fielding is 16 years of age, and has been a telegraph messenger for three years. It was only last December that he began trying his hand at wireless. The cost of his apparatus was about $30.00.

First he used a carbon receiver made out of two old electric light carbons. He could hear with its use, but it did not suit him and he discarded it. Then he got an electric light bulb and filled it with acid, and his success was better. His first pole was elevated above the roof of his home only eight feet. Now he has two fifteen foot poles rising about forty-five feet above the level of the sea. The first coil he had he made by winding No. 14 wire around a wooden cylinder.

Then Fielding decided to go into transmitting. He took an old battery jar and wound it with many feet of ordinary No. 4 copper wire, and thus he developed a tuning coil. At a garage he purchased a discarded automobile coil for a mere song and added it for purposes of induction. Old nails driven into a pine board made gaps for the sparks to jump, and then Fielding found that he could send. Since then he has improved his apparatus step by step, the board and nail sparker having given way to zinc. Recently Fielding has raised the power of his battery from nine to forty cells, and since then he has found that he has interfered with the navy wireless on several occasions.

Other home-made apparatus is owned by William H. Comstock and Joseph Willoughby.

The Coon Hunt

By VICTOR A. HERMAN



De moon am full, de night am ca'm,
De woods am white wid snow;
Cum erlong Remus, Jaspeh, Sam—
Down in de swamps below.
Torches red fum de lightwood lawgs
Will keep de snow paff light;
Bring dem sticks en bring dem dawgs—
Deh's fun foh all tonight.

Remus:
"Luk et de sinneh up det tree!
Bless de Lawd, he grinned et me;
He shook his hed en he showed his teef,
En grinned et de dawgs down underneaf!"

Jasper:
"Keep still deh, you onry pup!
Cum heah, Remus, lif' me up;
Ah'll shake det tree en Ah'll bring him down—
Ah cleeh he weighs sum twenty poun'."

Sam:
"Ol' Brer Coon is es sly es kin be,
He hide hisself in de hollow tree;
Yu reach foh him he nip yo' thumb,
En down he go in de heaht ob de gum."

Midnight cum en midnight gon',
Heah det spooky owl;
De gatepos's blink en de grabeyahds yawn—
En de ebil spirits prowl.
What's det soun' down bac' ob de hill?
What's det peepin' fro de trees?
Ah cleeh Ah feel a creepy chill
Det ketch me by de knees!

Remus:
"Hesh! Hesh! Hesh! Did yu heah det soun'?
What's det movin' in de grabeyahd groun'?
Ghos' lak cloud am on de moon—
Huhhy up, man, en lan' det coon!"

Jasper (up the tree):
"D-deed, Ah cleeh Ah'm s-skeehed to deff.
Han'ts to de right en han'ts to de lef';
Sumfin in a shroud flyin' in de aih,
Chill mah bones en rais' mah haih."

Sam:
"Light det torch. Ah'm skeehed in de dahk.
Lawzee, how dem coon dawgs bahk;
Lim's am crackin', he'll cum down soon—
Ketch him! Sic him! Grab det coon!"

(Going Home Chorus):
Pass det grabeyahd, hol' yo' bref',
En hol' det bush-tail sinneh;
Han'ts to de right en han'ts to de lef'—
But we's got tomorrow's dinneh!"

—N. Y. Times.

Chemistry for Boys

Several requests have been made for short talks on Chemistry, and considerable interest has been shown on the part of many of our readers in this intensely interesting subject. A series of short articles will be given in these columns for those interested in experimental work, and a knowledge of chemistry is very valuable to every electrician.

Let us first consider what the science of chemistry really is, and what it teaches. Chemistry is that science which tells us how matter is made up—of what it is composed. By its aid we learn how to make medicines, paints, colors, etc., and also how to find out the substances that have been mixed together to make something else.

In the first place let it be understood that the study of chemistry is not dangerous, but is one of the greatest pastimes and is intensely interesting. It is not necesary to have a large room fitted up as a laboratory, with expensive apparatus, etc., although this is a great help. But almost every boy may have a corner in some attic room where there is good light. A table or bench may be fitted up, with a row of shelves back against the wall, for bottles.

Cleanliness is one of the greatest requisites in chemistry, and every boy should start right by having and keeping everything as clean as "a new pin." Wash every piece of apparatus or bottle, after using, so that it may be clean for the next time. Have two or three drawers beneath the table for apparatus, test tubes, etc. The top of the table should be covered with white oil cloth, or better still, coated with a layer of Portland cement, which, when hard, gives a table unsurpassed for wear, and it can readily be kept clean. Acids dropped upon it do not injure it if wiped off at once, and there is no danger of fire from laying hot things upon it.

Of course it is necessary to have a supply of bottles, but there are few boys who cannot secure almost an unlimited quantity in some rubbish heap. Take only the cleanest of these and, if possible, use white glass only. You may find some with glass stoppers—these are just the thing for acids, as the stoppers will not corrode. When you have a supply of say twenty or twenty-five, some large and some small, wash them thoroughly until perfectly clean inside and out, dry, and place on your shelves.

A supply of different sizes of corks should also be obtained, and some glass tubing, which may be obtained from a druggist. This should be of assorted diameters. Two or three feet of rubber tubing will be sufficient for connections between the glass tubes; it should be of a diameter that will fit tightly over the glass tubing. As much of the apparatus may be made as needed, its description will be given as required.

While a source of running water is very convenient, it is not absolutely necessary. A very good substitute may be made by placing a bucket on a shelf near the ceiling, and leading a piece of glass tubing from it to a large pan on a box beside the bench. A short length of rubber tubing slipped on the lower end, over which a spring clothes pin may be snapped, makes an excellent faucet. By pressing the clothes-pin together, the rubber tube opens sufficiently to allow the water to flow, and releasing it presses the tube together again. It is not necessary to use great quantities of water in this work and, with care, a bucket full will last through several experiments, as it is used chiefly for washing the apparatus.

Chemistry

From letters received from many boys we are led to believe that our series of articles on chemistry begun this month will prove a popular feature of THE AMERICAN BOY.

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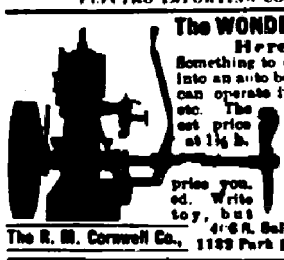

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SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only, and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't send in answers to the Boys' Brain Sharpeners without reading the rules published on the page on which the Sharpeners appear.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.

Rules

In sending in solutions to the posers in this department, observe the following rules:

1st. Address your envelope to PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

2nd. Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

Th prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the first correct one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

3rd. Our Editor's decisions are final. He cannot take time to correspond with contestants, who, each month, number thousands.

4th. Write nothing in your letter but the answer to the puzzle. If you have anything else to say, write it on a separate sheet of paper, giving your name and address on each separate sheet.

5th. If you send solutions to several puzzles, send them on separate sheets of paper, and put your name and address on each.

Both are Right

A Connecticut boy, Dana Sibley Merriman, of Bristol, criticises Harry A. Linch, of Steubenville, Ohio, who won the prize in the Ohio essay contest as announced in our March number, in that young Linch says Henry Ward Beecher and Artemus Ward were from Ohio, and that Artemas Ward commanded the Colonial troops at Bunker Hill before Ohio was ever thought of. Our critic will notice that the essayist did not say that Mr. Beecher was born in Ohio, though perhaps it was what he meant to say. Mr. Beecher lived for a time in Ohio, but was born in Connecticut. The Ohio boy does not mention the name of Artemus Ward at all. The only Ward he names is J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, who was born in Ohio. The Connecticut boy should remember, however, that there are two Artemus (Artemas) Wards; the one a soldier of the Revolution, whom he has in mind in writing, and the other a Toledo (Ohio) humorist who died in 1867; his real name was Charles Farrar Browne. There is a difference in the spelling of Artemus, the soldier's name being Artemas and Mr. Browne's pen name being Artemus.

Why I am Proud of My State

It was quite a difficult matter to decide which among the many good essays sent in from Colorado was really the best, but the prize was finally awarded to Harold T. Davis, of Delta, for his practical and comprehensive little essay.

It gives us pleasure to name the following boys who submitted essays especially worthy of mention: Frank W. Barnett, Winslow Baker, Harlan Wolfe, Joseph B. Hosmer, and Leonard E. Sweitzer.

The names of other Colorado boys who submitted pleasing essays are as follows: Carl Wright, Harry Jenison, Myrna Lee Wight, Neil West Kimball, Ewell Clark, George P. Dennis, Willie Haskell, Chris Tong, Leslie Brewer, George Sears, Wilford M. Dean, Robert Chedister, Jr., Wellman Grigsby, Linn Amos, Joe C. Olin, Joel Johnson, Frank A. Fisher, David M. Miller, Abner Nichols, Ernest T. Gray, Philip Moulton, Oscar Lewis, C. A. Brockway, Francis P. Kennedy, Charles Harrison, Nicholas Robinson, Lester B. Harper, Harold Smith, Carl Wilson, Harry B. Flora, James P. Lewis, Milton S. Kimball, Arthur Lyon, Earl R. Adams, David Pence, Vincent Beckett, Clarence Paul Short, Paul Greedy, Joe Horan, James Beattie, Edward Shearer, Edward T. Leech, J. Mark Shields, Avery Bent, Sidney A. Mewhirter, Arthur B. Rakestraw, Homer J. Griffin, Charles N. Lee, Fred S. Bailey, Morris Baruch, Norvin Evans, Denver Vickers, Leo Williams, Robert Ross, Paul Reed Peak.

Among the reasons given by Colorado boys for being proud of their state were the following: Good climate, almost perpetual sunshine, beautiful mountain scenery, bounteous supply of minerals, including gold, silver and lead in great quantities, also coal, iron and building stone; the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs; precious stones, including sapphires, opals, garnets, jasper and onyx; Mount Blanca (14,404 feet high), Pike's Peak, Long's Peak, the Royal Gorge, the Great Stone Wall, the Seven Falls; wonderful feats of engineering skill in building railroads over, around or through mountains; abundance of fish and game in the mountains; great numbers of cattle, sheep and horses raised; the development of agriculture by irrigation, making it possible to raise enormous quantities of sugar beets, and to produce the famous Greeley potatoes, Rocky Ford cantaloupes and Grand Junction peaches, as well as other varieties of fruit and vegetables; the cog-wheel road running to the summit of Pike's Peak; many mineral springs; relics of the Cliff Dwellers in Las Animas county; the "Rocky Mountain Canary;" the Mount of the Holy Cross (the snow remaining always in two great crevices, forms a large cross on the side of this mountain); many health resorts where invalids from all over the world are benefited by the dry, invigorating atmosphere; thirty public libraries, containing about 60,000 volumes; excellent educational system, including the State University at Boulder, the School of Mines at Golden, the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, the Normal School at Greeley, and the School for the Mute and Blind at Colorado Springs; the new United States Mint at Denver; the only state that ever had three governors in one day (This occurred in the spring of 1905, when Mr. Adams, elected in November, served until near noon; then Mr. Peabody, who was declared governor by the jury, took the oath of office and resigned immediately in favor of Mr. McDonald, the third governor); the city of Denver is said to be one of the cleanest and most beautiful cities in the country; the fine capitol building at Denver; Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, the well-known friend of boys.

WHY I AM PROUD OF COLORADO

Colorado Prize Essay, by Harold T. Davis, of Delta, Colorado.

To me, Colorado, the home of fresh air and bright sunshine, is the finest, and, if I may use the word, the most glorious state in the Union.

First, its history began in 1803, when part of it was acquired from France in the Louisiana purchase, and the remainder in the Mexican cession of 1848. It was explored by the daring adventurer, Coronado, in 1540 on his hunt for the golden cities, of which de Vaca had brought glowing descriptions.

Mentioning the golden cities naturally leads one to think of mining. Quantities of the yellow metal are found yearly in rich Colorado, the tremendous sum of $23,534,531 being realized from it in 1898. In the same year, Colorado ranked first in its output of the yellow and the white metal, the latter being valued at $13,690,265. Lead and copper also yield large annual incomes, while coal is found in great quantities in the valuable hills of this state.

Agriculture follows next with its countless numbers of irrigated acres, 5,000,000 in all, half of these already under cultivation, wheat, oats, alfalfa, potatoes and fruit being the leading crops, and yielding a large yearly income to the farmers.

Fruit is one of the largest products. In 1894, 100,000 acres were under cultivation, yielding the sum of $3,000,000 to the planters.

Stock raising is an important industry on the western slope, 1,000,000 acres being used for grazing purposes, and many thousands of dollars in value of the cattle and sheep raised. The number of sheep amounted in 1898 to over one million and a half, making Colorado rank among the great wool-producing states in the Union.

The forests of this productive state are very valuable, 13,000,000 acres of land waiting to be cleared by the woodman's axe, containing chiefly, yellow and white pine, spruce, pinon, red oak and black cherry.

In these large forests there lurk many wild beasts to be exterminated by the huntsman, the variety being mountain lion, elk, deer, grizzly, brown and black bear, antelope, etc., while in the tiny brooks that twine among the forest giants, and in the small, picturesque lakes of the mountain regions are several species of trout.

The schools of the state are excellent, there being 41 public high schools and several important colleges and universities.

Colorado contains one of the largest cities in the western part of the United States, Denver, called and being, without doubt, the Queen City of the Plains.

The climate is the best that can be found, fresh, invigorating and healthful, and consequently many invalids are drawn to the bracing mountain air.

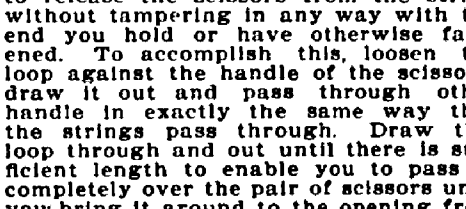
And last, but not least, there is the scenery. The most beautiful views that can be found in all the world are in Colorado, the world-famed Pike's Peak and the Mount of the Holy Cross being two of the beautiful sights; and the two other large peaks, Long's and Harvard, are seen bathed in eternal snows, while numerous hot springs are found all over the state. There are also several natural parks, the best known being the North Park, the Middle Park and the South Park. The famous Garden of the Gods is also in this state.

Should not these things fill one with pride? Colorado, to me, rises far above all the other states in this grand Union of ours. It may be my pride, but people cannot but admit that Colorado contains everything that can lift it to fame and success.

Try This With a Rule

Many a person, who could master the most difficult mathematical problem, is puzzled by a simple catch—sometimes so simple, that they laugh at their own dullness when finally they know just how the thing is done.

The following is a simple catch, but a good one; its success depends much upon the remembrance of one or two important points. Hand someone an ordinary four-fold rule, being sure to see that the central hinge or two ends are away from him, and ask him to open out the folds three times away from him. It is impossible to do it from this position. After several failures, take it from him, and keeping the ends towards you and undermost, as illustrated in the sketch. With the right hand, first raise three folds; this is the most important part



and is the one we have had drawn; next open out the central hinge and finally the last fold.

In every case the move has been away from you.

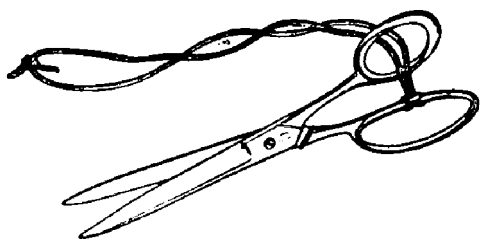
Commit to memory the exact position of the rule and how to start off right, and don't forget (when giving it to another to try their skill) to turn it over, as this action confuses them immediately.

A Good Trick

The following is a very good trick, and one which needs no special apparatus:

Take a piece of string, about half a yard long, and tie the ends securely. Now take a pair of scissors, and pass one end of your string through one of the openings in the handles of the scissors—then thread the other end through this and pass through the opening in the other handle. Now draw the loop light, and it should appear like that shown in the accompanying illustration.

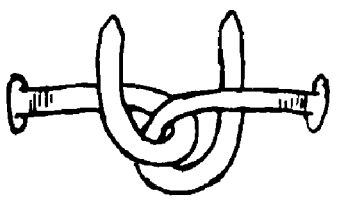
Next take the free end of the string and either hold it between the fingers or fasten upon a hook, and ask someone



to release the scissors from the string without tampering in any way with the end you hold or have otherwise fastened. To accomplish this, loosen the loop against the handle of the scissors; draw it out and pass through other handle in exactly the same way that the strings pass through. Draw this loop through and out until there is sufficient length to enable you to pass it completely over the pair of scissors until you bring it around to the opening from which you started. Keep your string free from twists during this operation, otherwise you will get it hopelessly entangled. If you follow these directions carefully, the loop will slip through the openings and your scissors are free.

A Wire Nail Puzzle

Fred Wright, of Philadelphia, describes a novel puzzle that can be made by taking two wire nails, each about four inches long and bending them as illus-



trated in the picture, leaving a small space where the nails cross. The puzzle is to get the nails apart and put them together again. In the right position they will come apart readily.

Edwin E. Hutchinson of Pearl Creek, N. Y., sends the following. Can you read it? Next month we shall tell you how.

stand take to takings
I you throw my

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

¶ To the Michigan boy who sends us before April 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state—Michigan we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

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WE WILL SEND YOU THIS BICYCLE to ride ten days FREE, and if you don't say it is the easiest running, highest grade, strongest, handsomest, most graceful, comfortable and easy riding bicycle you ever saw, the ten days' trial won't cost you one cent. Our FREE Bicycle Catalogue shows this great genuine ten days' free trial offer. $11.75 BUYS OUR NEW 1906 MODEL KENWOOD, the long famous $16.00 bicycle, strictly high grade, worth three of the bicycles sold by others at $15.00 to $25.00, a wonderful model, guaranteed for two years and offered on ten days' free trial, all fully illustrated and described in our new Free Special Bicycle Catalogue. In our Free Bicycle Catalogue we show our entire line of beautiful new 1906 model bicycles for men, women, boys and girls, the finest wheels ever put on the market, and our low prices, liberal terms, guarantees, free trial plan, offers, inducements and privileges will surprise you. Write at once for the FREE Bicycle Catalogue.



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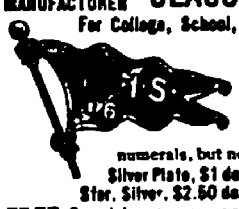

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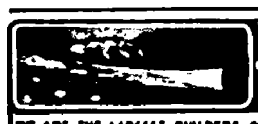

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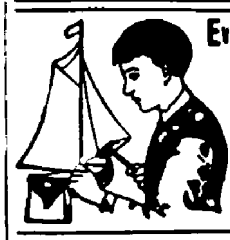

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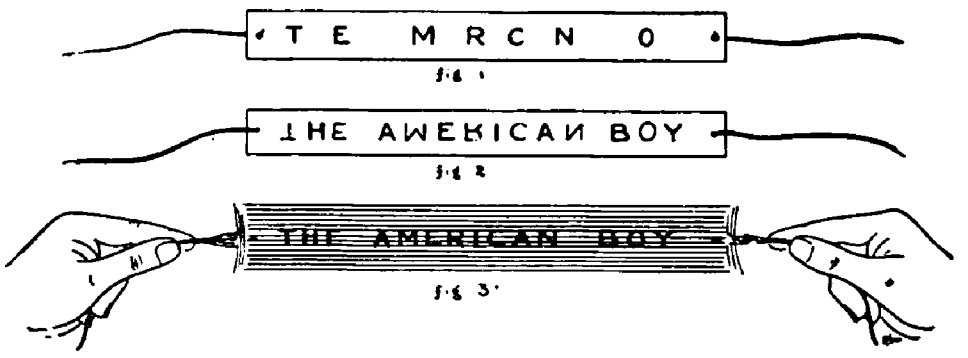
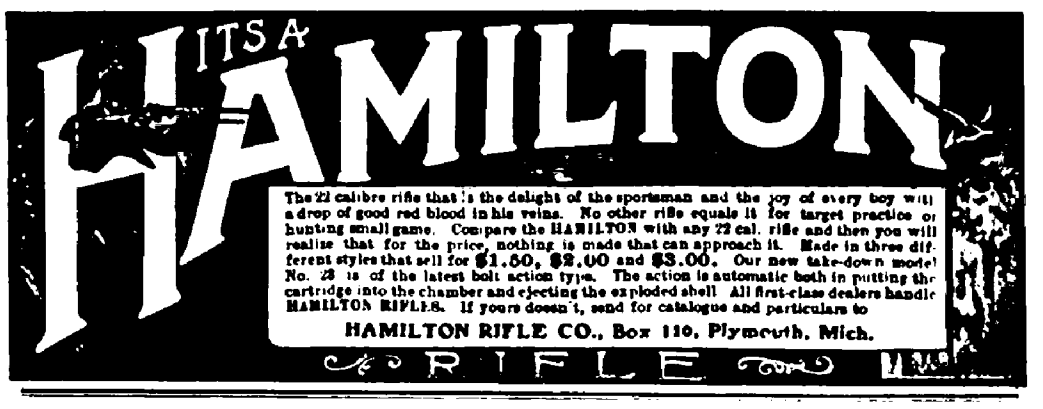
An Optical Illusion



Take a strip of thick white paper, about six inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide, and upon one side draw faintly in pencil the letters which form the words "The American Boy." Now pen over with ink every alternate letter, as shown in Fig. 1, and rub out every trace of pencil marks. Then turn the paper over and pressing against the window pane, so that you may see through, draw in the letters that you omitted before in their relative positions. The letters upon the other side should appear upside down when viewed through the paper, as shown in Fig. 2.

Next bore a small hole in the centre at both ends, and passing a short string through each, tie with a knot, so that they shall be secure.

Now, if the strings are held between the fingers and thumbs and twirled rapidly around, the eyes apparently see both sides of the paper at once, and the title "The American Boy" can be easily and clearly read.



An After Dinner Trick

There are few occasions when a good trick is more acceptable than while sitting around the table after dinner. Here is an interesting little trick, which is especially suitable for the dinner table, as a napkin ring is all that is required.

Take the ring and pass a forefinger through from either side. Now follow closely, for the next few movements constitute the whole trick. Turn the fingers around a few times within the ring and then, when the right finger is uppermost, as in Fig. 1, turn the left hand towards and the right hand away from you and bring the tip of each forefinger to that of its respective thumb.

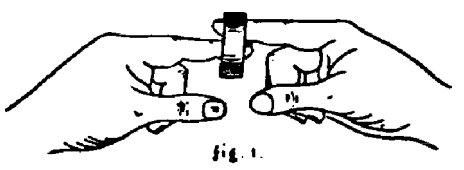


fig. 1.

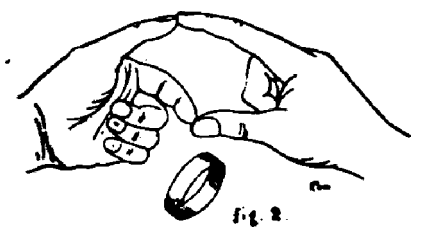


fig. 2.

Now the forefingers and thumbs are together in the centre of the ring, and if you have followed the directions correctly, the right forefinger will be against the left thumb on the one side, and the left forefinger against the right thumb upon the other. To complete the trick, keep the forefingers in contact with the thumbs of the opposite hands and gradually open out, as in Fig. 2, when the napkin ring will fall away without any apparent disconnection of your fingers from start to finish.

This trick will probably require considerable practice before you can perform it neatly and accurately, but it is well worth learning, and once learned is not easily forgotten.

Two From Kentucky

The following are sent in by Robert B. Cottrell, Owensboro, Kentucky:

o
BeD
GIRL

The answer to the first is "a little darky in bed with nothing over it;" to the second, "A cross-eyed girl."

How Long is It?

Martin Knutsen, Ridgway, Wisconsin, suggests the following problem: If a fish's head is as long as its tail and half its body, and its body is as long as its head and tail, and its tail is three feet long, how long is the fish? He says the correct answer is twenty-four feet. Figure it out, for yourself.

Two Good Ones

Orson Thorp, Redlands, California, offers the following: Out of four 9's make 100. Here is the answer:

99 9/9=100.

Arthur Strong, of Pontiac, Illinois, sends a puzzle that has appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY. He gives one that is new: Why is this gone? I D

The answer is, because it is (D) parted.

B Out of 13

Frederick Fischer, a New York boy, shows us how to make a capital B out of the figure 13. By folding the paper on which 13 is written, or doubling it on itself, he brings the curves of the 3 up against the 1, thus forming a very presentable B.

Wait

Another boy wants to know why we do not offer a prize for the best essay on "Why I Am Proud of My Country." Wait. Don't push.



1. Why is this number of THE AMERICAN BOY like a newly hatched chicken?
2. Why is this same chicken like a donkey's tail?
3. And why is an egg like a young horse?

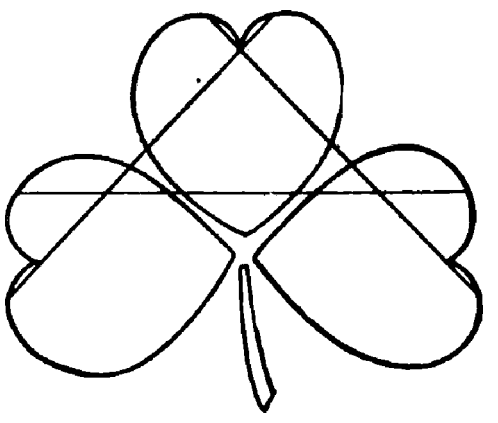
Prize—A good book. See rules.

Some of Our Prize Winners

The following won the prizes in the puzzle contests under the head of Boys' Brain Sharpeners, pages 158 and 159, March number:

American Cities in Anagram Form.—J. E. Carncross, Okee, Wisconsin. Answer: Detroit, New York, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Grand Rapids, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Baltimore, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Minneapolis.

The Shamrock Puzzle.—Coy E. Stotkard, McKinney, Texas. The accompanying diagram gives the solution to the Shamrock puzzle. The three hearts are divided into sixteen pieces by three straight lines.



Answers to Questions.—Charles O. Bartlett Boston, Ohio, R. F. D. 12. Answer: (1) March fourth. (2) It blows, it snows. (3) The wind blew, and the waves rose.

Pictorial Proverb.—A. Douglas Farquhar, Sandy Spring, Maryland. Answer: Hear twice before you speak once.

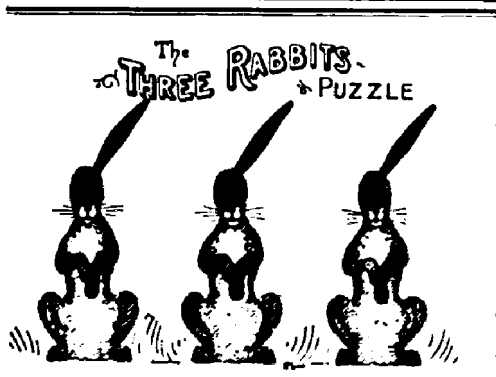
Prize State Essayists

The following are the states on which prize essays have been written, and the boys who have won the prizes:

Wisconsin—John Roberts, Racine.
Massachusetts—Frank Scribner, Jamaica Plain.
Texas—George Lee, Dallas.
Ohio—Harry A. Linch, Steubenville.
Colorado—Harold T. Davis, Delta.



Prize, a good book. See rules



Here we have three rabbits, each looking strangely one-sided—fact is, they have each lost an ear.

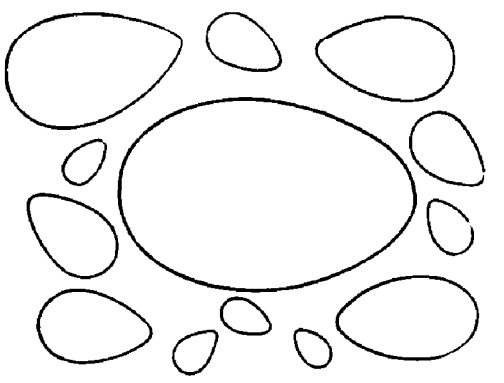
Now rabbits are not like crabs;—when the latter lose a member another grows in its place, not so with rabbits however. These three forlorn looking animals are relying upon the skill of our readers to restore their missing ears. We want competitors to copy the rabbits in pen and ink (trace them if you like) and so arrange them that each one shall be blessed with the use of two ears.

This is by no means a difficult task and will give those readers artistically inclined an opportunity to show their skill. Remember that a poor drawing in which the rabbits are correctly placed is preferable to a good one which is not correct, but that a good drawing and correct solution is better than either.

Prize—A good book. See rules.

An Easter Egg Problem

How many of the smaller eggs can you pack inside the largest egg so that none of their outlines overlap?



Cut out the eggs and paste them in position, or trace the ovals if you do not wish to mutilate your paper.

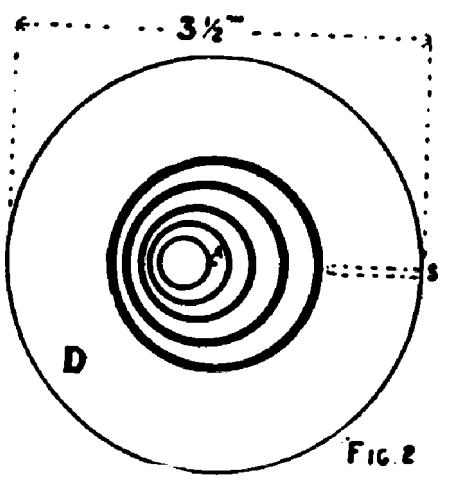
Prize—A good book. See rules.



IN THE SPORT of whirling a burning stick in the hand until the red-hot end seems a fiery hoop, the illusion is due, as many are aware, to what is called "persistence of vision," or the fact that an image or picture of an object remains for a certain time—about one-fifteenth to one-tenth of a second—on the retina of the eye. The glowing end of the firebrand forms different images in the eye, as it is moved; but these follow one another so quickly that they are blended into one, and appear as a ring of light. In a similar manner, if whilst looking at an object we wink some ten or fifteen times a second, that object will be visible all the time. This phenomenon has long been known, and the present day wonders of the so-called "living pictures of the cinematograph" owe their origin to the same principle.

In our present illusion the law of persistence of vision is taken advantage of, and also the fact that, with each of our eyes we see slightly different views of every object we look at. Our two eyes are separated a distance of a few inches apart. It therefore stands to reason that, when holding the head rigid and looking with both eyes at a collection of objects, we see the objects from two different viewpoints. The celebrated philosopher Wheatstone took advantage of this optical law of vision in the principle of his ingenious instrument called the "Stereoscope," which instrument was improved upon by Sir David Brewster. By the combination of two geometrical figures such as shown in figs. 3 and 4, effects of solidity and relief are produced, but of these we shall speak presently.

In fig. 1 a boy is seen looking through a slot, S, made in a disc, D, into a mirror, M, in which he sees a series of rings apparently suspended in mid-air. Each ring, as it diminishes in size from the largest one, appears to come nearer and nearer to the observer's eyes.



Now the puzzling thing about these rings is that they are produced by a reflection of a single plain diagram shown in fig. 2. This is how it is done. Take a clean postal card, and on the blank side draw with a pair of compasses, with black Indian ink, the fine outer circle, which is intended merely as a guide when cutting out from the postal card. Cut the disc out with a pair of scissors or a penknife, and then rule a line across its diameter, bisecting the center, A. Next draw the thicker lined circles, starting with the largest from the center of the disc, and striking the smaller ones from points working towards the left hand and along the pencil line before mentioned.

Cut out the slot indicated by the dotted lines at S, provide a small mirror, M, an ordinary pin, and a penholder or pencil, P. Rest the mirror against some support so that it stands vertically, as shown in fig. 1 at M. Stick the pin through the center of the disc, making the hole large enough to enable the disc to revolve freely. The pin is now inserted at right angles with and into the side of the penholder, P.

A strong light falling upon the surface of the disc facing the mirror should strike the diagram in the direction indicated by the dotted arrows. To observe the illusion, it only remains to hold the penholder in the left hand and strike the edge of the disc with the right hand, so that it revolves at as high a speed as possible. Looking through the slot S, as it arrives alternately opposite the two eyes, the observer sees in the mirror the "magic circles."

The best effects are obtained by having the eyes horizontal with the center of the disc.

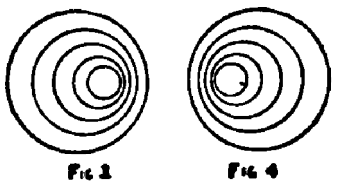


FIG 3 FIG 4

The requisites for the illusion are, as shown, of the simplest character, and, whilst providing a source of amusement to the average boy, the one with a scientific turn of mind should find in it the means of demonstrating the laws of "persistence of vision," "reflection," and "binocular vision."

From a Prize Winner

Guy R. Frise, Madrid, Ia.—I have received your check for $2.00 and was surprised at winning first prize. Please accept my thanks.

Another Successful Young Machinist

Clay Jennings, Uniontown, Pa., seeing the account of Fred S. Kempf's miniature city in the February number of THE AMERICAN BOY, writes that he has made an engine of one and a half horsepower that runs a lathe, an emery wheel, and other things.

A Haymow Tunnel

Francis P. Knight, Riley E. Williams and Harry H. Sackwriter, of Monticello, Illinois, send a diagram of their haymow tunnel. There is nothing very remarkable about the diagram. It simply shows that the boys have dug a passage back and forth through the haymow, here and there widening the tunnel into caves or rooms. According to the description the hay is in bales.



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.

Clinton Fisk Elliott, 345 Norton street, New Haven, Conn., wins the prize for the best list of answers to February Tangles.

Morton L. Mitchell, Orillia, Iowa, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: M. Gray, Ross Richtmyer, Almon W. Bushnell, George E. Egge, Walter G. Benton, E. R. Cook, Sarah Gilles, Grafton Darby, J. Horace Trumbull, Burton F. Jennings, Lee and Cleary Bullard, George Harrison Stanbery, Walter C. Stimson, I. Rose, J. Alfred Lynd, Ernest V. Morton, Morris A. Ward, H. Lyman Armes, Hubert Fentress, Clinton Story. Several dozen others failed to observe our rules.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the April Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list of answers; received by April 20.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by April 20, to be published in June.

Get your thinking caps on for original Fourth of July puzzles, for which the grand prize offer will be announced next month.

Answers to March Tangles

25.

1. O u N c e
2. G r E b e
3. S a B l e
4. H e R o n
5. L l A m a
6. B i S o n
7. P i K a s
8. C r A n e

Initials, Centrals, Nebraska.

26.

1. F a s T
2. L e a N
3. O h i O
4. R o a M
5. I s a R
6. D o v E
7. A z o V

Initials, Florida; finals (up), Vermont.

27.

1. C h i n
2. L e a n
3. s E e n
4. l I V e
5. m a n E
6. a b L e
7. s A m e
8. N a m e
9. D e n t

Path, Cleveland.

28. Hold the paper upside down before a mirror and the line of figures will read: As mad as a March hare.

29. AMCMMMMNBNINEO
OEAIUACWNCOIAU
CBINDCRCTCNSOS
RMOHESRUIENHDW
OFTIORARODNJLP

Commence with the fourth M in the top row and read down through the rows: Merrimac, Monitor, Buchanan, Ericsson, Worden.

30. Start with S in the top row and read around to the right taking every third letter: Surrender of Vera Cruz, eighteen hundred forty seven.

31.

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

L A M I A	K R A M M	C H A S M
A L A N S	R E P A Y	H A S T A
M A R C H	A P A R T	A S T O R
I N C L E	M A R C H	S T O I C
A S H E S	M Y T H S	M A R C H

32. (Proverbs VI. 6.) Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. (Goat, tooth, E, ant, T, house, lugger, DC (500) on cider, her weigh, sand, bee, Y's.)

33.

1. M e r I T
2. A g o n Y
3. D e v I L
4. I m a g E
5. S e v e R
6. O p t I C
7. N a s a L
8. J e s s E
9. A n n o V
10. C a r v E
11. K n e I L
12. S o f I A
13. O r g a N
14. N o m a D

Initials, Madison, Jackson; finals, Tyler, Cleveland.

34.

1. B l a m e S
2. E l m i r A
3. N a p o l I
4. J o r d a N
5. A b r u p T
6. M i s h a P
7. I s t r I A
8. N a u g h T
9. H o r r o R
10. A l u m n I C
11. R u s t I C
12. R e d o a K
13. I s a a c S
14. S a c r e D
15. O t t a w A
16. N o t i f Y

Initials, Benjamin Harrison; finals, Saint Patrick's Day.

35. 1. Bawled, bald. 2. Staid, staved. 3. Tracked, tract. 4. With, withe. 5. Rye, wry. 6. Principal, principle. 7. Cain, cane. 8. Liar, lyre. 9. Meddle, medal. 10. Knight, night. 11. Plain, plane.

New Tangles

37. APRIL HISTORY.

1. * - - - -
2. - * - - †
3. - - * - †
4. - - * - †
5. - * - - †
6. * - - - †

The star path spells a civil war battle fought in April; the dagger path, the federal commander at this battle, who was born in April.

1. The southernmost cape of the Florida mainland. 2. An island in the gulf of Siam, after which one of the Siamese Twins (born in April) was named. 3. A northwest cape of Spain. 4. A Russian river. 5. A town at one end of the Panama canal. 6. A city of Afghanistan.

—Ernest V. Morton.

38. APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

All words have six letters. The initials and finals spell the name of a great American who died in April.

1. A river upon which Amsterdam is situated. 2. The Japanese for "Hurrah!" 3. A Michigan river that empties into Lake Erie. 4. An ocean that borders on North America, Europe and Asia. 5. A native of India. 6. A town of Marshall county, Kansas. 7. A southern county of Minnesota. —Morris R. Ward.

39. POETS' ZIG-ZAG.

1. - - - * -
2. - - - - *
3. - - - * -
4. - - - - * -
5. - - - *
6. - - - - *
7. - - - *
8. - - - - *

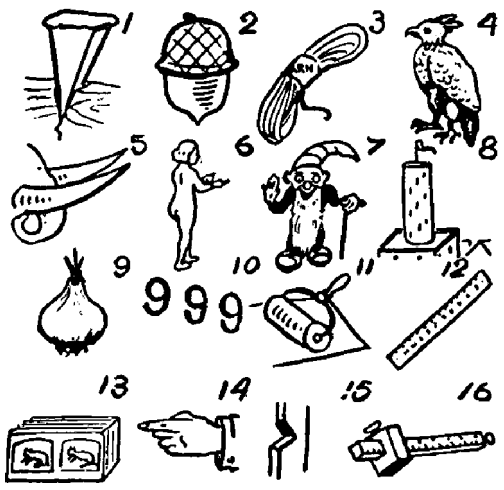
Each quotation is from a well-known English, Scotch or American poet. Write the surnames of these eight poets in numerical order as in the diagram, and the star path downward will spell the surname of a famous English poet laureate who could not tolerate Americans.

1. Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own my native land?
2. Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour.
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
3. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
4. The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year.
5. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
6. Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
7. I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
8. The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled.

—Hubert Fentress.

40. PICTORIAL ACROSTICS.

The words are of uniform length. The initials in numerical order spell the name of a famous American writer who was born in April.



Now take the fourth letters of numbers 2, 3 and 4; the second letters of 5, 6 and 7, and the third letters of 8 to 13, inclusive, and obtain the hero of one of this author's stories, a character that has interested every American boy. —Lee and Cleary Bullard.

41. TELEGRAPH TANGLE.

The following messages were transmitted by telegraph to various cities of the United States. The city to which each of the telegrams was sent may be found by taking one letter from each word in order, in each telegram. The state name (in parenthesis), only indicates the location of the required city, and no letter is to be taken from it.

1. Goods arrived via Great Western. Ship orders from Detroit. (Iowa.) 2. Must remain over Sunday in town at hotel. (Georgia.) 3. Jones has disappeared with everything. Wire Louisville police immediately. (Tennessee.) 4. Train derailed. Several killed. Am unhurt save sprained wrist. Details later. (Florida.) 5. Impossible make connections for Portland. Remain here until eight o'clock. (California.) 6. Prices satisfactory. Inquire at bank for statement. (New Mexico.) 7. Land sale opens Monday, corner Fifth and Vine streets. (Iowa.) 8. Excursion leaves West depot for Providence tonight. (Rhode Island.) —Morton L. Mitchell.

42. SECRETARIES OF STATE.

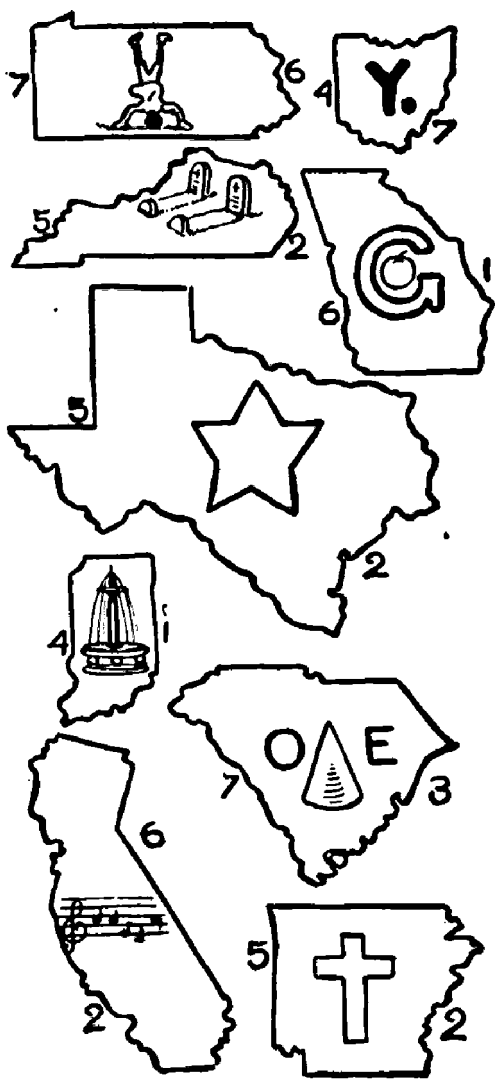
In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a secretary of state, spelled backwards.

1. Will you draw Esther's picture? 2. Lucy crammed the clothes into the box. 3. This sack has a hole in it. 4. The German boy answered "yah" instead of yes. 5. Mary addressed the woman's club. 6. You say it was a meteor? No, madam, it was not. 7. He got into a terrible rage last night. 8. Take the frets off of the guitar.

—Allert Brager.

43. APRIL GEOGRAPHY.

Here are the outlines of nine states, with one county of each depicted in rebus form. From the name of each state shown take one letter, indicated by the left hand numeral, and obtain the only state admitted to the Union in April. From the name of each illustrated county take the letter indicated by the right hand numeral, and obtain the birthplace of a great dramatist, born in April.



—Morton L. Mitchell.

44. TANGLER'S CHESS.

Find 35 or more surnames of Tanglers, whose names have appeared in this department as prize winners, contributors or among the honorable mentions. Use the king's move, which is one square only, using the letters as often as needed, but not repeating a letter till moving from its square. (I am going to withhold the publication of the answer one month, in order to see how many more than 35 bona fide Tanglers' names you can find on our chess board.—Uncle Tangler.)

M	T	K	E	R	I	N	Y
C	I	G	A	B	E	F	A
H	M	L	U	H	Y	L	D
U	E	B	L	O	U	D	A
J	R	T	A	E	W	C	H
E	N	N	D	R	S	N	O
S	G	I	U	G	E	B	E
W	A	C	K	R	U	T	S

(Sorry I couldn't get all the Tanglers in.)

—James E. Shields.

45. SEARCH THE ATLAS.

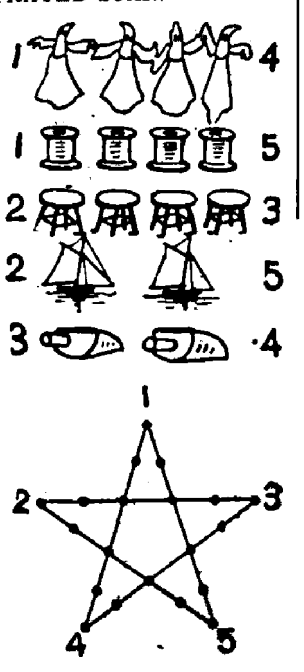
Example: Find a city in the city of Emporia. Ans.: Peoria.

1. Find a country in Argentine Republic. 2. Find a state in Minnesota. 3. Find a sea in the Mediterranean. 4. Find a lake in Superior. 5. Find a capital city in Providence. 6. Find a continent in South America. 7. Find an ocean in the Antarctic.

—Dudley B. Kimball.

46. ILLUSTRATED STAR.

Fill the star with five words of six letters each, which here are illustrated instead of defined. Their order on the star is indicated by the numbers. The five numbered letters at the points of the star are identical; the five inner letters where the points of the star meet are also identical. —Harold Colegrove.



47. ORNITHOLOGICAL PUNS.

Example: A bird; a country of Europe. Ans.: Turkey.

1. A bird; a gulp. 2. A fowl; a tailor's iron. 3. A bird; a cloth from which flags are made. 4. A fowl; to thrust under water. 5. A bird; a certain fowl's salutation. 6. A web-footed bird; a native of Louisiana. 7. A long-legged bird; a mechanical power. 8. A bird; a kitchen utensil. 9. A bird; to falter in fear. 10. A sea-bird; to cheat out of. 11. A bird; to peddle. 12. A bird; an outdoor toy. 13. A bird; a gawk. 14. A bird; a frolic. 15. A bird; a stick of wood. 16. A bird; a name for the castle in chess. —Fred E. Day.

48. PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

(1) The 1-2-3-4-5 lived in a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 hut, but he was 6-7-8-9 to live in a palace. (2) 1-2-3 record as a 4-5-6-7 has come down in 1-2-3-4-5-6-7. (3) If he is too 4-5-6-7 to play the 1-2-3-4 at the concert he will 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 the rules of his music society. (4) While traveling in India I hired a 6-7-8-9-10-11 tailor to 1-2-3-4-5 my garment, as that was the only 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11 that offered. (5) The small band of raw recruits was like an 1-2-3-4-5-6 1-2 the hands of the well trained 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, although they did 6-7-8 to defend themselves. (6) The gentleman who 1-2-3 near us with the smile of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12 on his face 4-5 the leader of a political 6-7-8-9-10-11-12 in this state. (7) The lady regretted that the 1-2-3-4 had eaten the cloak which 4-5-6 1-2-3-4-5-6 had given her. —Ralph Williams.

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2	" next largest list,	15.00
3	" " " "	10.00
4	" " " "	8.00
5	" " " "	5.00
6	" " " "	3.00
7	" " " "	2.00
8 to 39	$1.00 each for the next 32 largest lists,	32.00
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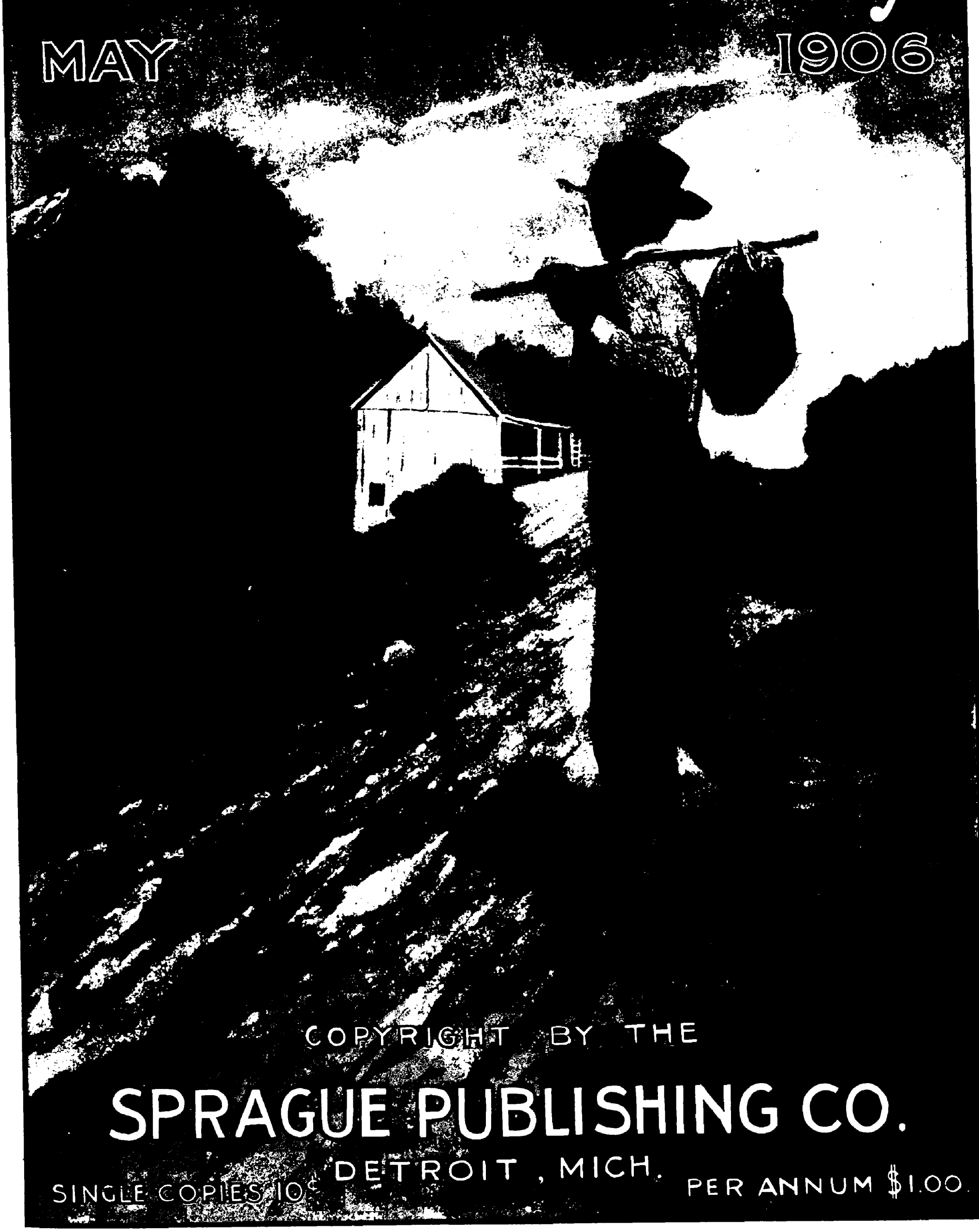
Next Month

¶ Next month begins Edward Stratemeyer's "In Defense of His Flag," a stirring war serial.

VOL. VII NO. VII

THE American Boy

MAY 1906



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The Greatest Boys' Paper in the World

See the Evidence! Read this Page! Tell Your Friends!

THE AMERICAN BOY has laid claim to being the greatest boys' paper in the world. A quarter of a million boys are ready to back up the claim. There is easily a million more who would do so, if they knew the paper. If, regardless of expense, the publishers of The American Boy show themselves ready to buy the very best matter obtainable from the very best writers for boys, and if they spare no pains to fill their pages with the cleanest and best literature to be had, have they not a right to make the claim thus confidently put forth to being the best representative of boy literature in this or any other country? If there is any question in the mind of any boy as to where he can get the most and the best reading matter for his money, let him read what we have to say with reference to the good things now running in The American Boy and the good things in prospect. If you have not been a reader of boy literature long enough to know who are the great writers in this line, ask your older brothers or your fathers, who have been readers longer than you have. If you know of another boys' paper or magazine in the world that presents the array of talent that even begins to compare with that employed by The American Boy in the getting up of its feast of stories, special articles, and department matter, tell us where it can be found, and if on putting the matter to test we find we are wrong, we will gladly admit it

Here are some of the writers and some of the things they have written especially for the pages of The American Boy. We name no article but what is either appearing now in the pages of the magazine, or about to appear. Isn't this an array of talent and a program of good things of which we have reason to boast? Are not the boys of America fortunate in having a publication of their own at the nominal price of one dollar a year that looks out so conscientiously and so well for their best interests?

A FEAST FIT FOR A BOY

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG, OR A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY—By Edward Stratemeyer. In this number of THE AMERICAN BOY may be found the first chapters of this splendid war serial. It will contain in all about 75,000 words, and run throughout the remaining months of the year 1906. What boy has not heard of Edward Stratemeyer, known also as "Captain Ralph Bonehill" and "Arthur M. Winfield"? For years Mr. Stratemeyer was an editor of youths' publications. Then he began to write boys' books, until nearly forty of them are on the market. To name them all would take nearly half a page of this paper. During the last ten years he has probably been the most prolific writer of boys' stories in the world, and today stands among the very best paid, best loved of writers for boys. "In Defense of His Flag" was written for The American Boy and has never appeared in print. After it has run as a serial in The American Boy, it will be published in book form at the regular dollar and a half price. Our boys get the reading of the story entire in these pages at no extra expense over and above their subscriptions.

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT—By Horatio Alger, Jr. Here is a writer that your fathers read. After graduating at Harvard in 1852 he began to write, first on Boston newspapers. Then after a tour of Europe he took up writing for boys, having become deeply interested in the condition of street boys in New York. Did you ever hear of "The Ragged Dick Series," "The Tattered Tom Series," and "Luck and Pluck?" Horatio Alger, Jr., is dead, but among his papers were some uncompleted stories—stories mapped out and ready for the last writing. One of these has been edited by a friend who himself is a great writer. We have bought "The Young Book Agent," after reading it and finding it to be a tiptop Alger story. It has only recently been put in book form, and makes 272 pages. Few of our readers have seen it. We have purchased the right to print it in serial form. The first chapters of it will begin in our June number. It will run through the remainder of 1906.

THE CAMP FIRE OF MAD ANTHONY—By Everett T. Tomlinson. We have heard Tomlinson called "The Henty of America." Some may dispute his right to the title, for we all differ in our estimate of writers. However, Tomlinson has won his spurs as a writer for boys. He is a graduate of Williams College and of Colgate University. He was at one time principal of the Auburn, New York, High School, and afterwards head master of the preparatory department of Rutgers College. His first book, "The Search for Andrew Field," came out in 1894. At once it was discovered that boys had a new friend. Then followed in rapid succession "The Boy Soldiers of 1812," "The Colonial Boys," "The Boy Officers of 1812," "Three Young Continentals," and so on until his nearly twenty-five Tomlinson books are selling wherever there are boys who read the English language. "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony" is a story of the early Revolution. It will begin in our July number and will contain 75,000 words, running the greater part of a year.

OFF THE RESERVATION—By Edward S. Ellis. Is there an American boy who has never heard of old Chief Geronimo? Well, Edward S. Ellis is writing a serial for The American Boy based on the exploits of that rascally old Indian chief, who gave Uncle Sam more trouble in his day than almost any other one Indian. Mr. Ellis has promised us 60,000 words, and the first chapters will begin in September or October of this year. It will take nearly a year to run the entire story. Does any one ask Who is Edward S. Ellis? Not many boys, we are sure. He is a graduate of Princeton College. For years he was superintendent of schools at Trenton, New Jersey, and a writer of school text-books. He is best known among boys because he wrote the "Deerfoot Series" of juveniles, and in addition some fifty other books for boys—all since 1885. There is no better writer for boys than Edward S. Ellis.

PLUPY IN PEACE AND WAR, OR CHAPTERS FROM THE LIVES OF PLUPY, BEANY, PEWT, AND OTHERS—By Judge Henry A. Shute. Ask your father and mother if they read during 1904 and 1905 in the magazines, or afterwards in book form, the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Sequil," "Letters to Beany and Love Letters of Plupy Shute," or "Real Boys." The chances are that they did, and they will tell you that Mr. Shute can write genuine humor about real boys. You will be surprised to know that Mr. Shute is a lawyer, and more than that, that he has been a judge for twenty years up in New Hampshire. He doesn't seem to have forgotten a single thing about his boyhood. He writes about boys just as if he had always been a boy, and his pages are cram full of genuine fun—all about those young rascals, Plupy Shute and Plupy's friends, Beany, Pewt, and others. "Plupy in Peace and War" that Judge Shute is now writing for THE AMERICAN BOY will contain 40,000 words, and will run through six or eight numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY, beginning either in July or August.

TIM—By Jessie P. Frothingham. Miss Frothingham was educated abroad, and since returning to her native America has contributed numerous articles to the periodical press and written many books, of which "Sea-Fighters from Drake to Farragut" and "Sea Wolves of Seven Shores" are the latest.

THE RUNAWAY PUP. HOW IT HAPPENED. THE DIARY OF A FLY—By George Reiter Brill. Here are three short stories chock-full of fun, both in text and in pictures, by one who has made a reputation for his humor through contributions to Life, Puck, Texas Siftings, and other papers of humor. Mr. Brill is a member of the leading art clubs of the East, and the creator of at least two well-known books, "Andy and the Ignoramus" and "Bobby Bumpkin." We have been searching for some time for an artist with genuine humor who could not only draw a good picture, but tell a good story; we believe we have found him in Mr. Brill. In addition to the three short stories named we expect others to follow.

WHY THE STORKS BUILD THEIR NESTS ON HOUSETOPS. RIGA AND THE BUTTERFLY—By Capt. Charles McIlvaine. The stork story appears in this number. How do you like it? We have at least one other from Capt. McIlvaine yet to appear, with a promise of others. Capt. McIlvaine is a Civil War veteran. He was on the staffs of General Terry and General Hawley. He has traveled in Europe. He is a member of many societies, among them the Society of American Authors. He has not only written many books, but has contributed nearly sixty stories and articles to the leading magazines, usually under the pen name "Tobe Hodge." When you are reading what Capt. McIlvaine writes, you are reading good literature.

DRUMS AND DRUMMER BOYS. HOW MY HAIR TURNED WHITE—By J. C. Julius Langbein. The author of these two stories has had an experience that certainly entitles him to the attention of boys who like to read about heroes and heroism, for he is Commander of the Medal of Honor Legion of the United States of America. He was a drummer boy in the Army of the Union during the Civil War, and came out a hero. His article on "Drums and Drummer Boys," that will appear in the July number, is of stirring interest, and his "How My Hair Turned White" has enough adventure in it to please the most exacting of our adventure-loving boys.

FOUR BOYS IN CAMP—By J. L. Harbour. This serial, beginning this month, is but one of many stories that Mr. Harbour has contributed to our pages. When it is known that for seventeen years Mr. Harbour was an associate editor of the Youth's Companion, and that he is the author of more than seven hundred short stories published in that paper, Harper's Bazar, St. Nicholas, The Outlook, and similar periodicals, and that he is a successful lecturer on "Blessed Be Humor," there will be no doubt of the literary value of Mr. Harbour's writings and the interest they hold for boys.

A NICE QUESTION. A Nonsense Story by Tudor Jenks, illustrated by the author. Mr. Jenks is a graduate of Yale, and studied art in Paris. For some years he practiced law. Later he went on the staff of the St. Nicholas magazine, and then began writing books. For twenty years he has been a contributor to the leading magazines. Every reader of St. Nicholas from 1887 to 1902 will remember him with pleasure. His work will contribute an attractive feature to The American Boy.

BERTEL THORVALDSEN—By Helen Leah Reed. All familiar with The American Boy know that it is not devoted entirely to stories, but that special articles, educative in their nature, make up a very large part of its contents from month to month. Falling under the head of educative matter we have work from Miss Reed, a thoroughly educated woman, graduated at Radcliffe, and the first winner of the Sargent prize at Harvard for translations from Horace. She is secretary of the Women's Boston Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, as well as a member of many other women's organizations and clubs.

A HOT TWENTY MINUTES, and Other Short Stories—By Ernest Ingersoll. As a naturalist and writer Mr. Ingersoll has made a record to be proud of. As an editor at one time of the Canadian Pacific Railway's publications he became thoroughly familiar with the great West, and such books as "Knocking Around the Rockies," the "Crest of the Continent," "The Book of the Ocean," "Silver Caves," and "Island in the Air" came naturally as the result. Mr. Ingersoll's name has appeared before this in the pages of The American Boy. "A Hot Twenty Minutes" is what the title implies.

AN EXCITING FOURTH OF JULY, A CODFISH, and Other Stories—By George Whitefield D'Vys. Few writers whose names have appeared in The American Boy have ingratiated themselves more into the favor of our boys than has Mr. D'Vys, who, notwithstanding infirmities that would crush most men, is a prolific writer and has contributed since 1900 over 300 short stories, mostly for boys, to American periodicals. His stories are chiefly salt sea yarns, and his "An Exciting Fourth of July" has to do with the sea.

REUB, AND OTHER STORIES—By Frank H. Sweet. Mr. Sweet's name has appeared in The American Boy a number of times, and always to the delight of the boys. We have several of his stories awaiting publication. To those who do not know him we would say that probably no one of our short story writers finds more frequent entrance into the pages of the magazines for boys than does Mr. Sweet. He is a prolific writer, often causing us to wonder how he can accomplish so much. His work is always clean and helpful.

THE SHIP FRIENDS—By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Few grown-ups will admit to not knowing the name of Harriet Prescott Spofford. Some of our boys will remember having read at least one of her stories in the pages of The American Boy in times past. "The Ship Friends" is a short story of the sea and just the kind of a story that boys like. The list of this writer's books and contributions to the American press would fill a column. Her friends among both young and old are legion.

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL—By Professor Walter B. Norris, Instructor in Athletics in the Wenonah Military Academy, Wenonah, New Jersey. Our boys all think they know how to play baseball. But do they? This is a series of practical articles telling a boy just how to play the various positions. It begins this month and will continue throughout the summer.

HOW THREE BOYS CAPTURED A BUZZARD. THE RETURN OF THE COYOTE. AND OTHER STORIES—By Professor Craig S. Thoms. Our readers have become somewhat familiar with Mr. Thoms' bird articles that have appeared from time to time in these pages. Any man who can write of birds as entertainingly as he, can certainly appreciate nature, and ought to be able to write a good nature story. He has done so, and in the several we have on hand ready to appear when there is room for them the boys have a treat.

Hundreds of Other Stories, by Professor Eugene Parsons, James Buckham, Alice May Douglas, and Other Well Known Writers

The American Boy

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ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 — DETROIT, MICH., MAY, 1906 — NUMBER 7

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

SIGNS OF WAR.

"HULLO, LOUIS! Want to ride to the depot with me? I am going to bring father home."

"Certainly, Andy, I'll go along. Do you expect your father on the eleven o'clock train?"

"He wrote he would most likely be back on that, if he could get away from Washington. He said everything was in such a state of excitement it was impossible to talk business."

"I suppose that is true," returned Louis Rockford, as he hopped up on the seat of the wagon, beside his chum. "My father wrote me that it looked as if war must come after all. What a shame Congress can't settle this matter peaceably."

"It could, if the Northerners would give us Southerners a chance," burst out Andy Arlington, as he gave the horse a flick with the whip and sent the animal down the rocky road on a gallop. "The whole trouble is the Northern states want to interfere with our rights, and we won't have it."

"I thought the trouble was about the slaves."

"Well, you can put it that way if you want to. The Southern states own their slaves and have a right to do with them as they please."

"I don't think the negroes ought to be slaves, Andy."

"I don't know about that. We have got to have help to run the cotton and tobacco plantations, and I reckon most of the colored people are better off now than they would be if they were free. Just look at the free negroes idling about. They are not worth their salt."

"That may be true. Still, I don't believe any human being ought to be a slave—it's barbarous!"

"There's another thing," added Andy, with a second flick of the whip. "Years ago—and not so many, either—the Northern states had slaves, and when they got rid of 'em, what did they do? Sold most of 'em to the planters down South. Now those same people want to stop us from using those slaves as we please."

"I don't believe they want to do that, exactly, Andy. They want to stop the extension of slavery."

"It amounts to the same thing."

"No, it doesn't."

"I say it does. The Northern states want to dictate to us—and we won't have it—father says so, and Mr. Carroll, and Doctor Barnsby, and all of them—and they ought to know."

The words were spoken with great emphasis, and as he spoke the Southern lad, with his ruddy-brown face and coal-black hair, glanced half defiantly at his companion. Louis Rockford's face fell and then a half-amused look crossed it.

"How hot-headed you do get, Andy! I trust you're not going to fight over this thing."

"I'll fight if I'm called on to fight. I believe in sticking up for my rights. Wouldn't you fight for your rights?"

"Certainly. But the politicians and the other big men on both sides ought to do their best to prevent bloodshed."



EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Andy Arlington drew a long breath, and urged forward his horse again. "This thing has been a-brewing a long time—ever since old John Brown seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry and tried to get the negroes to arm themselves. Jefferson Davis and the others have tried their best to straighten matters out and the Northerners won't listen to them, and I say if it comes to fighting, it will be the fault of the North, and not of the South."



"LET GO, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE THIS ACROSS THE FACE!"

"And I think you are greatly mistaken," was the quiet but firm answer. "However," went on Louis Rockford, as he saw his chum's face darken, "whatever happens, Andy, let us remain friends."

"Oh, I'm not making this a personal affair, Louis," was the hasty response. "I wouldn't want to count you my enemy for a good deal. But—but—hang it all, I wish you would look at this matter as I, and father, and the rest do."

"And I wish you would look at it as I and my father do," laughed Louis. "We're as bad as the politicians, aren't we? But I'll tell you one thing," went on Louis, gravely. "I'll never stand for having our glorious United States break up into separate republics. Our forefathers fought too hard for our colonies to allow anything like that to happen."

"Well, it is a kind of a shame, in one way, Louis. But the Northern states must learn to keep their hands out of our business—must learn to leave us alone," said Andy Arlington, with as much spirit as before; and now the mountain road became so rough that the rattle of the farm wagon over the stones made further conversation just then impossible.

As has been mentioned, Louis Rockford and Andy Arlington were chums. Both were nearly seventeen years of age, tall, well-built and muscular. Andy was dark while Louis was fair, and each had been brought up upon a large farm or plantation.

The Rockford homestead lay in a valley near the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, at a point where the State of Maryland divided it from Virginia by a stretch of less than twenty miles. It was a well-kept, although rather rocky, farm of a hundred acres, and to it was attached a dairy of no mean proportions.

The Rockford family consisted of five persons—Mr. and Mrs. Rockford, Louis, the only son, and Lucy and Martha, two daughters, one older and the other younger than their brother.

Mr. Rockford had emigrated to Pennsylvania from New York State some fifteen years before and he was, in consequence, a thorough Northern man at heart, and had but little sympathy for those of the South who intended to make slavery and state rights a basis for war. Louis followed his father's views closely, but both parent and son were of a quiet, peaceful nature, and the idea of possible bloodshed filled them with dismay.

The Arlingtons belonged to one of the oldest families in upper Virginia. Clarence Arlington, the grandfather of Andy, had fought with Washington during the Revolution, and Hugo Arlington, Andy's father, had followed General Scott to Mexico and lost a leg at the memorable battle of Chapultepec. Father and son were full of the war spirit, and it was plain to see that, as the father, being crippled, could not go, Andy would take up a musket at the first call to arms.

The plantation of the Arlingtons was extensive, but as the ground was not of the best, the tobacco which was planted from year to year, did only fairly well, and four years before the opening of this story Mr. Arlington had become interested in dairy matters. His first herd of cows had been purchased from Mr. Rockford, and this transfer of property had led to the two families becoming warm friends. Later on, both men had purchased a drove of cattle from the west, and in the work of dividing up this herd Louis and Andy had assisted, and soon the two boys were the warmest kind of chums, and when either took a vacation it was only to spend the time at the house of the other.

Louis had now been stopping at the Arlington homestead for over a week. It was just before Christmas time, and there was but little for him to do at home. Early that morning he had gone off alone to see what he could bag in the way of game in the woods along the highway. He had wanted Andy to go with him, but some of the cows were sick, and Andy had to remain behind to give advice concerning the cattle. Louis had shot several rabbits, which now rested in his game pouch. He had been standing near the highway, reloading his shotgun, when Andy came along and invited him to take the ride to the depot at Lee Run, three miles away.

That war was threatened, there could be no doubt. For over two years the North and the South had wrangled over the slave question and over the equally important question of state rights, and a settlement was now further off than ever. More than this, the leaders in South Carolina had actually called a convention for the purpose of deciding whether or not that state should withdraw from the Union. The convention was to have met at Columbia, but as that city was largely infested with smallpox, the convention was removed to Charleston, to deliberate there behind closed doors. And while this was going on the Southern statesmen and politicians at Washington, and in the other states, were plotting to throw down the gauntlet of war whenever the favorable opportunity arrived.

"Look, Andy, something is up!" cried Louis, as they drove up to the main street of Lee Run. "See what an excited crowd there is at the railroad station."

"Hurrah! Hurrah for South Carolina!" was the sudden cry which reached their ears. "She's the state! Hurrah! and may gallant Virginia soon follow her!"

"What is it, Mr. Deems?" yelled Andy, as he drew rein in front of the general store fronting the depot. "What's the shouting about?"

"Didn't you hear the news, Arlington? South Carolina has seceded from the Union. They are having the greatest jubilication ever heard of down there. 'T won't be long afore we follow 'em, I reckon," added the storekeeper.

"Seceded from the Union!" repeated Louis. "Oh, that's too bad!"

"Bad? Didn't ye say bad?" interrupted a tall mountaineer, who stood by, whittling a plug of tobacco with his jacknife. "I opine ye don't know much, boy. Why, it's jess the best all-fired news I heard tell on fer ten years."

"That is where our opinions differ," answered Louis, coldly. "In fact, I don't see how a state can leave the Union, unless all the other states agree to it."

"Don't ye? Say, ain't ye just a bit Northern-like now?" and the mountaineer squinted one eye suggestively.

"I am from Pennsylvania, if that is what you mean."

"Thought so. An' ye don't agree with us? Think our ideas about slavery an' sech ain't o' no account."

"I think this present difficulty ought to be settled without breaking up our Union and shedding blood."

"Waal——" the mountaineer paused long enough to transfer a whittling of hard tobacco to his mouth,—" all I've got to say is, we ain't gittin' on

our knees to save this infernal Union, nohow, so thar!"

"You ought to be ashamed to speak of our Union as an infernal one," burst out Louis. "Our Union is the greatest and grandest on this globe, and I for one will help uphold it to the last."

"Oh, don't talk so much, Louis!" put in Andy, with a swift rush of blood to his face. "The crowd around here is excited and may not like what you say."

"But he called our Union an infernal one—"

"Don't pay any attention to him. I know him. His name is Sam Jacks, and he never did an honest stroke of work in his life. Here comes the train. Let us go over and meet my father and see what he has to say."

Leaving the horse tied to a nearby tree, the two lads made their way through the crowd to the edge of the depot platform. Soon the train rolled in and the first man to hop down, upon his cork leg, was Hugo Arlington.

"What's the latest from Washington, Arlington?" cried half a dozen voices, and in a twinkling the veteran was surrounded, so that Andy and Louis could scarcely reach him.

"South Carolina has seceded, that's the main news—" began Mr. Arlington.

"Yes, yes, we know that. But what do they say at the Capitol?"

"Most of the people can't believe it. The crowds around the telegraph and newspaper offices are tremendous, and there is a regular mob around the Capitol and the White House."

"What does President Buchanan say?"

"Hasn't said anything yet. But there is a rumor that General Scott is to be sent for," and Mr. Arlington shook his head gravely, for the hero of Mexico was still dear to his heart.

"General Scott! Then they are going to fight it?"

"It looks that way, neighbors."

A deep murmur arose, and half a dozen began to ask as many different questions. In the meantime the train had rolled away. Mr. Arlington answered the questions as best he could, shook hands with his son and with Louis; and ten minutes later moved over to where the farm wagon had been left standing.

"I must get some groceries before we go home," said Andy, and hurried into the store.

"Mr. Arlington, do you really think we'll have war?" asked Louis, when he was left alone with the Southern veteran.

"It looks so, Louis; although I allow I don't think it will last long if it does come. I think the South will split from the North, and that will be the end of it."

"But that will be too bad."

"That's as how you look at it. The South will be better off alone than under the thumb of Northern dictators. One thing is certain, we'll do as we please with our slaves."

At this Louis said no more, for he saw that an agreement with his chum's father was out of the question. Finding Andy did not return, Mr. Arlington presently leaped from the wagon to learn what had become of him. As Louis sat alone he noticed half a dozen men gathered across the way and talking earnestly. In the crowd was the mountaineer, Sam Jacks, and presently the boy saw this man point towards him.

"We ought to teach thet kind a lesson," were the words which drifted to his ears, and at once Louis became alert, for he felt he was the subject of the talk that was taking place.

Five minutes more passed, and Louis wished Andy and his father would reappear. Then the crowd stalked over to the farm wagon. The men were all mountaineers and of the roughest class to be found in that vicinity.

"Say, you're a Northern lad, ain't ye?" drawled one.

"I am from Goreville, Pennsylvania," answered Louis.

"Got a big head on ye, 'bout wot the Northerners are goin' to do to us," added a second of the group.

To this Louis made no reply. His silence seemed to anger the entire crowd.

"Git down from thet seat!" suddenly roared Jacks, catching Louis by the arm and jerking him forward.

"Let go! What do you mean?" cried the youth, trying to draw away.

"We aire goin' to teach you-uns a lesson!" cried another of the mountaineers. "Come down!" and he, too, caught hold of Louis.

But now the youth was fairly aroused, and leaping to his feet managed to wrest himself free from his second assailant. Then, as quick as a flash, he caught up the horsewhip.

"Let go!" he commanded, to Jacks. "Let go, or I'll let you have this across the face!"

"I'll let go—I will!" roared the mountaineer, and pulled Louis to the ground. Yet, as the youth went down, the whip swung around, and the lash took Jacks across the nose, leaving an ugly ridge behind.

The next moment Louis found himself surrounded. In vain he tried to beat off his captors. With a savage cry, Jacks felled him to the ground, and ere he could recover the mountaineers caught him up by the arms and legs and bore him off in triumph towards the town pump and watering-trough.

CHAPTER II.

IN A HOSTILE NEIGHBORHOOD.

It was the intention of the mountaineers to duck Louis in the icy water of the horse trough. Sam Jacks had dilated upon what the Northern youth had said, and all hands had agreed that a "coolin' off" would do the Northern mud-sill good. The spirit of rebellion had already reached to the quiet town of Lee Run, and Louis was to be the first victim of the over-zealous inhabitants.

As the little crowd made its way around the depot to where the pump and trough were situated it attracted immediate attention, and folks came running from all directions wanting to know what was the matter. To all of these Jacks explained the case in his own peculiar way, until half of those assembled felt certain that Louis was about the worst traitor that neighborhood had ever held.

"Duck him good, Jacks!" was the cry. "Let him cool off thoroughly."

"Trust me for it!" puffed Jacks, as he felt of the ridge on his nose. "I'll duck him once on our country's account and twice on my own account!"

It must not be imagined that Louis submitted tamely to the proceedings. As soon as he was able, he began to struggle with might and main to free himself, and so vigorously did he haul and kick that soon one of the men holding his feet received a crack in the stomach which made him falter and lose his grip. But the others closed in, and in a moment more the place where the icy bath was to be administered was reached.

In the meantime, Andy and his father had come from the store. Seeing the wagon empty, they looked around for Louis.

"They took him over to the pump, Mr. Arlington," piped up a child standing near.

"Dey is dun gwine ter duck him," explained a darky, who sat on the edge of the store stoop, too lazy to get up and witness proceedings.

"To duck him!" gasped Andy. "What for?"

"Take de Northern starch outer him, I dun racken, sah."

"The—the brutes!" murmured the Southern youth, and away he sped for the square, with his father stumping after him as rapidly as the cork leg would allow.

"Here, you, let my friend alone!" cried Andy, bursting into the crowd. "What's the meaning of this?"

"You stand back, Andy Arlington!" growled Jacks. "We're goin' ter give him a duckin', as he deserves."

"Not much! He is my friend and guest, and you must let him alone."

"Yes, yes; let him alone," put in Mr. Arlington.

"He's a Northerner an' is talkin' ag'in we-uns!" burst out one of the mountaineers.

"We don't know but what he's a spy," added Jacks, determined, on account of the blow received, to make out the worst possible case against Louis.

"A spy! you are crazy!" answered Andy. "He came down from Goreville just on a friendly visit. Let go of him, or I'll knock you down, Sam Jacks!"



"WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU"

And Andy squared off in such a determined fashion that Jacks fell back, and seeing this his companions did the same; and Louis struggled to his feet.

"There is certainly a mistake here," said Mr. Arlington, with a deliberateness which instantly commanded attention. "This boy is a friend of our family and I can vouch for him that he means no harm in this neighborhood. I am as loyal to Virginia as any of you, but we have not yet reached the point where we must be on the lookout for spies. Come, Louis, we'll drive home, and you can depend upon it that you shall be safe as long as you remain with me."

He ranged upon one side of the boy, and, taking the hint, Andy ranged up on the other side. There were half a dozen murmurs, but the temper of the old veteran was well known, and it was likewise known, and this was even more important, that he carried an effective side weapon with him upon all occasions.

Having reached the wagon unmolested, Louis clambered in and the others followed. There was the snap of the whip, and soon Lee Run and the discontented ones were left behind. When the town had disappeared from view, Louis drew a long breath.

"It looks as if affairs were getting too hot down here for my safety," he said, with a faint smile. "I never dreamed of being attacked in this fashion."

"You will find hot-heads wherever you go, Louis," answered Mr. Arlington. Then, after a moment's reflection, he continued: "But, all told, I don't know but what it will be as well for you to get home before long, not but what I would like you to spend Christmas with us."

"I promised mother to be home on Christmas. I think I'll start tomorrow morning. It was very kind of you and Andy to come to my aid. I don't want you to get into trouble with your neighbors on my account."

"Those rough mountaineers are hardly neighbors," said Mr. Arlington. "They are very impulsive and generally aching for a chance to quarrel with someone, especially a newcomer. This talk of war has stirred them so that some of them have lost their heads completely and they'll want to go shooting at something by tomorrow."

"Well, they needn't shoot at me," answered Louis, but in a light tone, for he did not dream of the perils so close at hand.

The drive to the plantation was quickly at an end, and Mr. Arlington stumped into the house, to be warmly embraced by his wife and by pretty Grace Arlington, Andy's only sister, a girl of fifteen. In the meantime Louis took the rabbits he had shot around to the kitchen and handed them over to the colored cook. Then he joined Andy down in the stable yard, to see that his horse was being cared for properly.

"I think I'll leave directly after breakfast," he said to his chum. "Father will most likely hear of what is up, and he'll be anxious about me."

"I would rather have you stay," answered Andy, his face flushing. "Northern or not, I want folks around here to understand that they shan't mistreat my guest."

"You're a chum worth having," laughed Louis, and they returned to the house arm in arm, never, alas, thinking of how soon the cruel war was to separate them and make them, to a certain degree, enemies.

Grace Arlington had been questioning her father eagerly about the course of public events, and when Louis appeared she lost no time in pouncing down upon him.

"Oh, Louis, is it true, are we going to fight you Northern people?" she burst out.

"Well, I trust you won't fight me," he replied, with a smile, for deep down in his heart the youth thought Grace Arlington just the best and most lovable girl he had ever known.

"I don't know about that—if you join the Northerners," she pouted. "If you fight against us I'll think you real mean."

"You would want a fellow to stick up for what he considered his duty, wouldn't you, Grace?"

"I suppose I would, but—but—how can you think of fighting us when we are so entirely in the right," and she bent a reproachful pair of brown eyes on him in such a manner that his heart gave a big jump, and he was forced to turn away.

Luckily Andy interrupted the brief tete-a-tete at this point, and in a little while the conversation became general. Soon dinner was announced and once again Louis found Grace at his side. But now he was on his guard, and not to wound her feelings talked about everything else he could think of but the threatened war.

The evening which followed, full of songs and music from Grace, who could both play on the piano and sing very well, and filled in with war anecdotes by Mr. Arlington, was one Louis never forgot. What a happy and good-natured family they were, and what a truly jolly girl Grace was! Many were the times he remembered every detail of the scene, as he lay in the trenches in the rain and darkness, in front of the enemy and, for all he knew to the contrary, in front of Andy!

But the best of times must come to an end, and at 11 o'clock the gathering broke up, and Louis went off, to sleep his last sleep by Andy's side for many a weary, perilous month to come.

Six o'clock found the two boys stirring. Both walked to the dairy and then to the barn, where Louis saw to it that his horse would be ready for him immediately after breakfast.

The morning meal, in honor of the departing guest, was more elaborate than usual, and during the progress of the breakfast Mr. Arlington expressed the hope that Louis would have no trouble in getting home.

"Pomp tells me that the news that South Carolina has seceded has traveled everywhere during the night, and in consequence, the country folks are growing suspicious of all strangers. You had better go straight on through Maryland without stopping."

"I wonder if Maryland will join us if it comes to war?" put in Andy.

"Of course she will join," answered Mr. Arlington. But in this the veteran was mistaken. Although a slave state and with strong Southern tendencies, Maryland, when the all-important test came, remained in the Union. And, as a matter of fact, even a portion of Mr. Arlington's home state also remained, forming what has since been known as West Virginia.

The breakfast over, Louis felt that he must be on his way. It was a raw winter's day and the distance to be covered was nearer forty miles than thirty. There was a winding turnpike leading to the Potomac River, and, this crossed, there remained a choice of two roads, one almost direct, but very hilly and stony, and the other a serpentine way several miles longer but much more easily traveled.

"Well, good-bye and good luck to you!" were Andy's parting words, and the two shook hands, and Louis expressed the wish that when they met again all inter-state difficulties would be settled once and forever.

Louis found the parting from Grace harder than ever. There were tears in the eyes of the little Virginian, and the boy could scarcely speak to her because of the lump which arose in his throat.

But at last it was all over, and he had mounted his horse, which one of the slaves had brought up to the door. He was just about to tip his hat in a parting adieu when, on glancing towards a side road skirting the plantation on the left, his eyes caught sight of half a dozen men galloping swiftly towards him. A closer inspection revealed the fact that the men were mountaineers and at their head rode Sam Jacks!

"They are after me!" he thought. He was about to turn to his friends, when he as quickly changed his mind. There was a good chance to escape those approaching, and why should he cause the Arlingtons further trouble on his behalf? He tipped his hat, urged forward his horse, and in five seconds was galloping towards the main road at top speed.

"He certainly means to get home before night fall," cried Andy, as he watched Louis disappear in a cloud of dust. "I wish he believed as we do and could stay here."

He had scarcely spoken when Mr. Arlington discovered Sam Jacks and his followers. The men rode

straight for the house, cutting into a lane leading up from the dairy.

"Well, Jacks, what brings you this morning?" demanded the veteran, as the mountaineer came to a halt.

"We came to have a talk with that boy," was the gruff answer. The mountaineers had talked matters over and had decided to put on a bold front.

"So you came here to insult our guest, did you?"

"We came here to find out what he's up to in these parts, Colonel," put in a second of the newcomers.

"I told you yesterday he was here only on a friendly visit."

"Jacks thinks he is a spy."

"Jacks is too forward entirely in his thinking. Take my word for it, men, there are no spies as yet around Lee Run. The time is not yet ripe for that sort of thing."

"Where's the boy?"

"He has left."

"Gone away!" came in a chorus.

"Yes."

"Gone away for good?" demanded Jacks, sourly.

"Yes; he left for his home in Pennsylvania directly after breakfast, fearing his folks would grow anxious about him."

The face of the leader of the mountaineers fell. He had not forgotten the blow Louis had given him across the face and he was longing, with the aid of his followers, to "square accounts."

"Which way did he go?"

"Went on horseback," put in Andy, before his father could speak. He understood very well that Jacks wanted to know what road had been taken, but purposely pretended to misunderstand the fellow.

"There is no use of trying to catch him—now," said Mr. Arlington, taking up the cue. "He has gone, and as he is a perfectly innocent young fellow I trust he reaches home in safety. Come, Grace, come, wife," and he turned into the house, and Andy followed. From the parlor windows they saw Jacks and his men consult together for several minutes and then ride slowly away.

"It's a good thing they didn't get here half an hour ago," said Andy, with a sigh of relief, in which Grace readily joined. "Even if we had prevented them from getting at Louis here they would have waylaid him when he did start off. They are fooled now—and serves 'em right."

But were Jacks and his men fooled? Let us wait and see. (*To be continued.*)

Just Between Ourselves

Dear Boys:

Does the title look familiar? Are you glad to see it again? Some of you are, I know, because when I dropped these intimate talks for "Stories Out of My Own Life," I received a number of letters expressing regret. Well, the fact is, I switched over to the stories because I thought you were tired of hearing me just talk. Now, I am back again, and for a few months it will be "Just Between Ourselves," as of yore. If you will do your share of the talking we can have a good time. There's no bore, you know, quite so unpleasant as the fellow who wants to monopolize a conversation.

OUR FRONT COVERS.

First, a word about our front covers. There are, as you know, two big departments in a magazine publishing enterprise, namely, the Editorial and the Business. It is very hard for them to get along peacefully sometimes. The Editorial wants to please the reader; the Business wants to get in the money. The Business says I want a certain page for advertising; the Editorial says I need that for a certain story. Somebody must give way.

Now, the Business department of THE AMERICAN BOY recently discovered it could add seven thousand five hundred dollars to its receipts in twelve months by selling the front cover to advertisers. The advertisers were ready to promise to make the front covers attractive so that our subscribers would not disapprove. You can rest assured the Editorial department was unhappy over the suggestion and demurred, but arguments came thick and fast, until finally the Business department won.

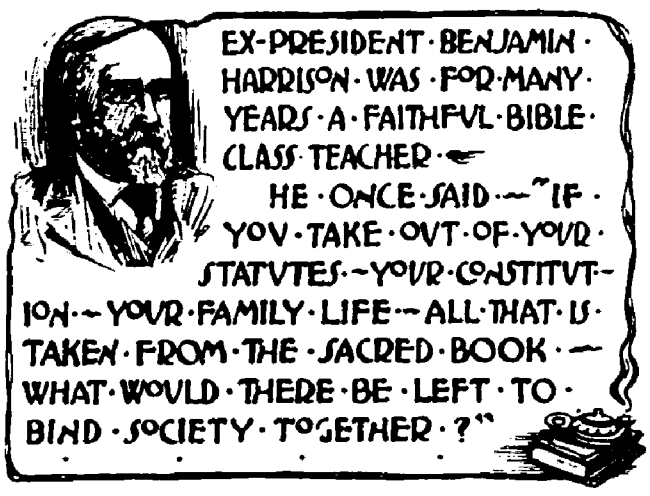
The result is, three front covers have appeared, each owned by an advertiser, who, in two instances at least, made their designs attractive enough, you will agree. These three covers brought us, in three months, over eighteen hundred dollars in money, but they also brought us twenty-five letters, or thereabouts, from boys scolding about our selling front covers for advertising purposes.

Then the Editorial and Business departments got their heads together again. The Business department counted the money. Eighteen hundred dollars is a big pile. The Editorial department read the letters. But what were twenty-five letters when nearly a half a million boys read THE AMERICAN BOY! But if twenty-five boys took the trouble to write, how many more boys might be shaking their fists at us behind our backs and saying nothing? That scared the Business department, for you can't get advertising unless you keep subscribers, and you can't keep subscribers if you displease them. We could not discover that even one boy had dropped his paper because of the advertising covers. But what of that, if it was a fact that our good friends felt grieved and badly treated?

So, it was seven thousand five hundred dollars and the disapproval of some of our good friends; or not a dollar for front covers and the good opinion of all. Which should it be? The conference was soon over. There will be no more advertising covers. You saw the last one last month. It is a big pile of money deliberately to turn away from, but we prefer the approval of the boys—all the boys. There are some things better than money. Now to something else.

DON'T BE A ROWDY AT PLAY.

The head master of a boys' school, in a letter to me expressing his pleasure in reading the stories out of my own life, says: "You are doing great good, and we are in accord on everything save in the course you have advocated in No. 5. I am trying to inculcate sportsmanlike conduct in games, fair play, and honesty. I am trying to teach the boys to cheer their own side as much as they please, and even a good play on the opposite side, but never to try, by groans and shouts, to rattle their opponents. That



might be all well enough if the two sides were enemies. Had I been Sitting Bull, I should have done just as his followers did, shake blankets in the face of Custer's horses, and try to stampede them. Custer and Sitting Bull were enemies. But when two neighboring ball teams meet for a game, it is different, and the game should be won or lost only on a question of merit. In your last game you won through rattling the other side. You got them on the run—unnerved, worried, weak, and so won the game by unfair means.

"I write in the kindest spirit and with the deepest wish that you will look on this as I do, for there is need of reform in this method of conducting games all over the country. I think if we can teach our boys to play fair, and in a sportsmanlike manner, when they become men, they will conduct their business honestly."

Now, I want to say, I have no defense to make to this criticism. I told the story according to the facts. My home team was about to lose the game simply through lack of heart, and for this reason the opposition team was getting an undue advantage over my team. My coming to the rescue at the right moment and putting a little ginger into the home team, and at the same time throwing the visiting team into a panic, turned defeat into victory.

I agree with my critic that the end does not always justify the means in a game of ball any more than it does in business. That which gives an unfair advantage should not be practiced in any sort of game.

Is there not, however, a view of this matter that in a way excuses the "rattling" of an opponent? A game of ball is not only a trial between two teams as to who can hit the ball the safest, who can run the bases best, who can stop a "daisy cutter" and catch flies the surest, but who can keep his balance, his equilibrium, his poise the best. Playing a match game of ball is putting to the test more than mere physical qualities. There really would not be much fun in it if that were all. No team is put to the test of what it can do until it is put under fire, and only the team that can, notwithstanding a hurricane of cat-calls, still put up a good game, is worthy of victory.

I think in one sense it is well for a boy to withstand clamor and abuse, particularly where it is known that the opposition is playful, though sometimes in deadly earnest. Men have to put up with this in business. They are frequently put to this sort of test in the competitions of life. It is well for the man, if, as a boy, he learned to struggle manfully on, disregarding the crowd that sought to rattle and unnerve him.

I have much sympathy for the stand taken by our correspondent. I like to see a decent game. I like to see the visiting team applauded for good work. But I am not sure that I go to the full extent of decrying all that we are accustomed to seeing in an exciting baseball game, much of which is intended to irritate and annoy the opposition.

I think the most exciting games of ball I ever saw were games in which the visiting teams had opposed to them, not only nine strong players, but five thousand spectators as well. One such game I have in mind was played some years ago, but I can remember still the admiration in which I held the visiting team for its magnificent nerve and its courageous, never-say-die way of battling against opposition, and finally winning. It took ball playing of the highest order to win that game, because winning in that case meant not only the required physical skill and endurance, but mental discipline of the highest order.

Everybody who has played ball, or has seen ball played, and is familiar with the game, knows that listless onlookers make listless players. If you want to put a team on its mettle and stir it up to action, wake up first the spectators. If you have observed baseball games closely you have noticed how much the bleachers have to do with good ball playing.

And yet after all, our critic is more nearly in the right. The average American baseball crowd is inclined to be unchivalrous and even rowdyish.

SOME DONT'S.

I do not like to say "Don't" to a boy, but sometimes it is necessary. Here are a few that I must say: Don't, boys, send us poems and stories. There is not room enough in our paper for them. Our readers demand the best stories by the best authors. Don't send us stamps and coins, asking us what they are worth. Just describe the stamps as best you can, and in the case of the coins, send us "rubbings." Don't send answers to the puzzles, excepting such as appear in the Tangle Department, to reach us before the 10th of the month or after the 15th. Don't say you are entitled to a Legion of Honor Badge for heroism or school record without, in the case of heroism, sending us the word of some adult eye-witness, and in the case of school record, sending us a certificate from your teacher or teachers stating the facts after they have read the requirements. Don't let your subscription expire. If you intend to keep on taking the paper, send your renewal money promptly. Don't expect a receipt for subscription money sent. Your getting your paper will indicate that we received the money. Don't say you cannot get a new subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY in your neighborhood or among your friends and acquaintances, for you can if you try hard enough. You ought to have one of those watches we are offering this month. My word for it, you will not be disappointed. If you get a new subscriber and get a watch, tell the subscriber that he can get a watch too by getting another subscriber, if he does it before June first. Don't be worried if a complaint you may happen to make regarding some business deal with us is not immediately attended to. The majority of the complaints we find to be trivial and without cause, due to the carelessness of the boys, who sometimes write us without giving their addresses, or change their addresses without notifying us of the new address and at the same time giving us the old one, which is necessary. Many other things give trouble and cause labor and delay here in our office where the fault is not ours. Exercise patience. Don't expect your photographs returned unless in sending them you send postage for return. Don't answer puzzles outside of the Tangle Department without reading the rules printed always on the same page with the puzzles.

THE EDITOR.

THREE GREAT STORY WRITERS, AUTHORS OF SERIAL STORIES THAT ARE SOON TO APPEAR IN THE AMERICAN BOY



EVERETT T. TOMLINSON



JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE



HORATIO ALGER, JR.

SHAGGYCOAT---The Biography of a Beaver

Written for The American Boy by Clarence Hawkes, the Blind Naturalist

BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER V.

IT WILL BE remembered that before beginning work on the dam the beavers went to a point a few rods above where it was to be placed and dug three holes running back from the stream. These holes started at different points in the bank but all converged at the top of the knoll.

The water had now set back and covered the lower end of the holes near the stream, but the opening at the top of the knoll was high and dry.

The beavers now set to work with mud, sticks, stones, fine brush and weeds, and build a circular wall about eight feet in diameter around the hole at the top of the knoll. The wall was about two feet thick and during the first two or three days of building looked for all the world like the snow fort that children build by rolling huge snowballs into a circular wall, and then plastering in the cracks with loose snow. Only the beavers' work was more regular and symmetrical than that of the children.

It was now the first of November, and freezing a little each night. Just the best time imaginable for a beaver to work upon his house, for it was really a house that the beavers were building.



HE TORE AWAY AT THE FROZEN MUD HOUSE LIKE A FURY

So while the November sky was bright with stars, and the milky way was luminous, while the frost scaled over the edges of their little pond, and the fresh north winds rapidly stripped the forest of its last leaves, the beavers worked upon their house with that industry that is proverbial of them. They brought mud in their paws or on their broad flat tails, and sticks and brush in their teeth and plastered away like skillful masons. When a pile of mud had been placed in the proper position, it would be smoothed off carefully with the patient fore-paws or perhaps that broad strong tail would come down upon it with a resounding slap and the trick was done. When the wall began to round over for the roof, the difficulty began. Here they had to put in rafters. These were formed of pliable sticks of alder or willow, one end being stuck in the mud wall, and the other bent over at the top, until all came together, where the chimney would be; just like the poles in an Indian's wigwam. Here they also had to use great care in placing the mud, for it would frequently fall through between the rafters, or slide down upon them.

If they could work when it was freezing, the cold froze the mud to the rafters and helped to keep it in place. Several times part of the roof fell in and had to be relaid, but they still worked away like beavers, and finally all but a very small opening, two or three inches in diameter, had been closed. This opening was the vent or chimney, where foul air might escape. This hole had to be just large enough to permit the escape of hot air, but not large enough to admit any of their enemies.

The same night that the final touches were put upon the roof of this curious dome-shaped house, the ground froze hard, and in the morning the wall of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver's new abode was quite substantial. But later on when the hard freeze had made the earth like rock, this little mud house would be a veritable fortress, capable of withstanding almost any onset with ordinary weapons. Even a man with a crowbar and axe would have found it a hard task to enter this stronghold of these queer little people.

So you see the beaver had planned his work well, and the frost and the wind had helped him. He had harnessed the stream to do his work, and made its water protect him from his enemies. Just as men built their castles in days of old, the beaver had made his dam, so that a moat should surround his house, where the drawbridge should always be up, and the only way of entrance or exit should be by water. You may wonder how after the roof of their house had been closed up, and no door left, the beavers went to and from their dwelling, but do you not remember the three holes that had been dug several weeks before. These were now their three submerged channels to the outer world, through which only a good swimmer could pass. This was the way they went. A plunge down the hole at the center of the lodge, and a dark form would shoot out at the bank of the river. Perhaps a beaver's head, dripping with water, would be poked up, only a few feet from the mud house, or maybe they would go the entire width of the pond; before coming to the surface, for they are great swimmers, and can stay down for several minutes without coming to the surface to breathe.

Besides having three doors through which to escape to their water world, the beavers took other precautions against being entrapped in their snug house, or caught in the pond without a place of refuge to flee to.

They searched the bank for places where it was steep or shelving, overhanging the water. At such points they dug burrows back into the bank, gradually running them upward, but stopping a foot or two short of the surface. Here they would scoop out a snug burrow or nest to which they could retreat, when the house became dangerous. They made three or four such burrows, the lower end of each being under water, and the nest end high and dry, but still underground. By this time they felt that their pond was fairly well fortified, and they set to work, laying in their winter store of food, for they knew that the pond would soon freeze over and they would be prisoners under the ice for the entire winter, so they must make their plans accordingly.

They went to the upper end of the pond and began felling birch, poplar and maple saplings, three or four inches in diameter. These small trees they limbed out, and cut up into pieces about three feet in length, just as a woodchopper would cut cord wood.

When a tree had been cut up into these convenient pieces, one of the beavers would load it upon the shoulders of the other, who would cling to the stick with his teeth and they would begin dragging it to the water. The beaver usually went obliquely, dragging the stick after him, with one end trailing. When it had been rolled into the water, it was left to the current which they knew would float it down to the dam. If the channel became blocked and logs lodged along the shore, they pushed them off like good logmen, that they were. It took two or three weeks to cut the winter's supply of wood, which was not for fuel but food. All the logs had been floated down to the dam and secured under water near the lodge, when the great freeze came. It was quite difficult to make the sticks stay, but this they managed to do in several ways. Some of them they thrust into the mud, while others were secured under roots, and a large pile made safe at the dam, by thrusting one stick under another, and allowing the top sticks to keep the under ones down.

One clear crisp night, about the first of December, the north wind awoke and came galloping over his frozen fields, bringing with him legions of frost folks. The fingers of these myriad little people were like icicles, and everything that they touched was congealed. They found the beavers' pond, and danced a merry dance over the sparkling water, and every time that they stooped and touched the clear water, crystals of ice formed and spread in every direction.

It had been a very pleasant autumn, but the north wind was angry tonight, and he howled like a demon, and smote lake and river, with his icy mittens, so that when the sun rose next morning, lakes and streams were cased in a glittering armor of ice, and the beavers were prisoners for the winter.

For the next four or five months they would live under ice. But they did not care for that. For this they had planned and worked for weeks. They were snugly housed with plenty of tender bark, for their winter's food, so the wind might howl, and the frost freeze. It would only strengthen their barricade and make them more secure against the outer world.

In their thick walled house it was quite snug. The heat of their bodies made it warm and the vent at the top carried off the bad air. Whenever they were tired of confinement, they would go for a swim in the pond, through one of the three under water passages, just as though the pond had not been frozen over. The only care that they needed to exercise was to look out that these holes did not ice over and thus lock them in their lodge like rats in a trap. To prevent this they broke the ice frequently with their tails during cold days. Some cold nights they were obliged to watch the holes for hours to prevent them from freezing.

It was twilight of a bleak December day. The sun had taken his accustomed plunge behind the western hills, but still shone blood red upon the clouds above the gray hills. There was still light enough from the afterglow to cast shadows, and phantom shapes peopled the aisles of the forest, or stretched their long arms across the fields.

The moon was just rising in the east, and made shadows and shapes uncanny and unearthly. Already the heavens were studded with stars, and the wind moaned fitfully, rattling down snow and ice and whistling in the leafless twigs. Down from the foothills, coming like a wary hunter, a wildcat prowled to the edge of the beaver's pond. A part of the way he had followed a rabbit's track, but it had proved so old that he had finally given it up. When he hurried he went by quick jumps, bringing down all four feet at a time, quite close together, and leaving those four telltale paw-prints in a bunch, that hunters know so well. When he wanted to be more cautious, he walked, cat-like, setting his fore paw down as softly as though his foot had been velvet. He was an ugly looking brute. Rather heavily built, with a heavy head, and square topped club ears that usually lay back close to his head. His visage was generously sprinkled with whiskers, but it was accented by two hungry yellow-green eyes, that seemed almost phosphorescent.

His habitual expression was a snarl.

At the edge of the beaver pond, he tried the wind this way and that. His nostrils dilated, his eyes snapped fire, and his stump of a tail twitched. There was game abroad. He knew that scent of old. It was quite common away to the north from whence he had wandered. Cautiously he crept forward, putting down his paws in the dainty cat-like manner; but he must have known that the beaver were out of his reach at this time of year. Perhaps his hunger made him forgetful or he may have looked for the unexpected.

Halfway across the pond he stopped and sniffed again; it was close at hand now. Then he noticed the conical house on the island near, and crept cautiously towards it. Twice he walked about the house, which was now partly covered with snow, then with one jump he landed upon the very dome of the beavers' dwelling and peeked in at the air hole. What he saw made saliva drip from his lips and his eyes dilate. There within three feet of his death dealing paws, were a sleek pair of beavers, warm and cozy. The hot scent fairly ravished his nostrils. It was unendurable, and he tore at the frozen mud house, like a fury, first with his fore paws and then with his powerful hind paws armed with one of the best set of claws in the New England woods. But it was as hard as a stone wall and the beavers might just as well have been miles away as far as he was concerned. Then he peeked in again, and ungovernable rage seized him. He reared upon his haunches, and beat the air with his fore paws, and howled and shrieked like a demon. The beavers started from their twilight nap with sudden terror. This fury, that was tearing at their house, and filling the night with awful sounds seemed almost upon their very backs, so they fled precipitately through the water passages into the pond and took refuge in one of the burrows along the bank.

A moment later when the wild cat again peeked in at the vent, the house was quite empty. Then after a few more futile efforts to break through the frozen walls he went away, going from bush to bush, alert and watchful. Only the tracks remained to tell that the beavers had had so unwelcome a caller.

CHAPTER VI.

December came and went, and the first of the new year found the beavers snugly caught beneath a barricade of six inches of ice. The water from the little brook that fed their pond was very clear, so that the ice was as transparent as glass. This enabled them to see what was going on outside, almost as well as they could before the ice had formed, and besides, it kept out the wind and the cold.

You may wonder at this, and think that no place on earth could be colder than the bottom of an ice-bound pond. But I am sure that a thermometer under water would have registered much higher temperature than one above, for if this were not so, the water would freeze solid, to the bottom.

Did you ever have your playmates bury you in the snow just for fun? The snow looks cold, and seems uninviting, but once snugly tucked away in it, it is quite a warm white blanket. People of northern latitudes frequently save their lives, when caught out in a cold storm, by covering themselves in the snow. In the same manner, the dog teams, in Alaska, pass the bitter cold nights of an arctic winter, buried in the snow. So the ice made the beavers' pond snug in the same manner.

Besides being warmed by its coating of ice, the frost folks had also made the pond very beautiful. Whenever there was an uneven spot in the ice, the sunlight was broken into a wonderful rainbow prism of dazzling colors, that showed more plainly under the ice than above. There were green, blue, opal and many shades of light red, all of which made a beautiful roof for the beavers' winter palace.

In addition to this, all the grasses and reeds along the edge of the pond were gemmed with ice-dia-



A SENSE OF RESTLESSNESS CAME OVER SHAGGYCOAT

monds. These globules of ice caught the sun's rays, and in many cases refracted them as brilliantly as real diamonds would have done. In all the little inlets where reeds and flags had been frozen into the ice, the frost folks had played queer pranks, so that the pond was a most beautiful place, as well as a very snug one.

The phrase, "as busy as a beaver," was anything but descriptive of their life now, for they did little but sleep and eat bark. They had provided well for these cold months, and now they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. I am inclined to think that the maxim about working like a beaver only applies to two or three months in the autumn, for the rest of the year the beaver is a very lazy fellow. All through the winter months he sleeps in his snug house, or nibbles away at his store of bark. Then, as soon as the ice breaks up, all the male beavers over three years of age, start on their annual wanderings through lakes and streams. There is no particular object in this quest, but it is just a nomadic habit, an impulse that stirs in the blood, as soon as the sap starts in the maple, and keeps them moving until sometime in September.

One day must have been very much like another under their covering of ice. Inside the lodge, the diameter was three or four feet, and about the same in height. Each beaver has his own particular bed, which he always occupies, and the house is kept very neat and clean. I do not imagine there was much regularity in their meals, but whenever they felt hungry, one would go to the pile of logs near the dam, and select a piece. This was then dragged into the lodge, and peeled leisurely. When it was white and shining, it was taken back and thrust into some crevice in the dam, or piled by itself. It had served its turn, and was now discarded.

One enemy the beavers had, who gave them considerable annoyance, and some anxiety. This was the gluttonous wolverine, which is a mongrel wolf, meaner than any other member of the family. His prey is small animals, and his particular delicacy is beaver meat. He is also a lover of carrion, and dark deeds, and is altogether a despicable fellow.

The crowning event in the life of the beaver lodge during that first winter, was the coming of four fuzzy, awkward, beaver babies. They were very queer looking little chaps, with long, clumsy hind legs, which they never knew quite how to use until they were shown the mysteries of the water world, and swimming. These mites of beavers were not as well clad as their parents, for their fur was very short, but they nestled close to their mother, and, by dint of wriggling into her warm coat, kept warm until spring.

Shaggycoat was much busier after the young beavers came, for he now had to bring all the wood into the lodge, for Brighteyes stuck close to her children, and Shaggycoat was glad to wait upon her. So, when she was hungry, he brought logs into the mud house and peeled them for her.

Several times, during the winter, they heard sounds of some animal digging at the outer wall of their castle, and occasionally an ugly-looking wolfish muzzle was thrust in at the vent, which at first gave them great uneasiness, but, by degrees this wore away, as they found out how strong the house was, and how little the digging of their enemy accomplished.

At last the spring rains came, and the ice began to break up. Then, as the water rose, and the ice was tumbled about by the current, which was swollen, there were loud reports from the cracking ice, that echoed across the valley, just as it had when the great pines fell.

Huge cakes of ice were piled upon their island, and one struck the mud house, threatening to demolish it, but it withstood the shock.

The dam was severely tried during these spring freshets. The ice pounded and ground away at it, and the water set back, until the pond was twice the size it had been in the autumn. The beavers were nearly drowned out of their lodge during this high water, but finally a portion of the dam gave way, and the water fell. Then the ice went churning and scraping through the break. Driftwood and brush, and all sorts of debris, came down with the flood, and the water was full of roil. The pond was not the crystal lake it had been.

But it gradually settled, and things looked as they had in the autumn, the trees were leafless, and the landscape cheerless. The pond also froze over along the edges, at night, and thawed by day.

Away down in the heart of the earth, the secret forces of nature were stirring. The maple had already felt the touch of life, and its sap coursed gleefully in its veins. The awakening had not come yet, but it was coming. The flowers and the buds had been sleeping, the nuts and the seeds had been waiting patiently, but their time of waiting was nearly over.

Already daffodil and arbutus stirred uneasily in their slumber. Their dreams were light, like the sleep of early morning. Into their dreams would steal a sense of soft winds, and warm sunshine.

Then, one day, the sense of this life about them became so certain, and their dreams were so real, that they awoke, and spring had really come. Up they sprang, like children who had overslept, and opened their hearts to the joy of living in the warmth of the new spring.

Now the pond was no longer frozen over along the bank, but the shores were very muddy, with the coming out of the frost. Soon birds began to sing in the bushes along the pond, and a sense of restlessness came over Shaggycoat, for everything seemed to be moving. The birds were all going somewhere, and why not he?

He first cut a good supply of fresh poplar logs at the upper end of the pond and floated them down near the lodge. This took him several days, all of which time the spring had been advancing, so when this task was finished, the frogs were singing in his pond. This was a sure sign of spring, and one that should not go unheeded.

The water was pouring through several large breaks in his dam, but what cared he? There was still water enough in the pond to keep the entrances to the lodge under water, but even if it did not, the house could be abandoned, and his family could live in one of the burrows along the bank for a while.

There were Brighteyes and the four frolicsome young beavers to keep him but the rush of distant waters was in his ears, and he felt just like swimming miles and miles away. Distant waterfalls and wonderful mountain lakes were all waiting for him.



THE BUCK GAVE A MIGHTY LEAP

So, one day, when the air was soft and sweet, and the water was getting warm, he slipped away, and Brighteyes knew that she should not see him again until early in September. He was gone to the world of water wonders far beyond their limited horizon. She would stay and take care of the babies until his return.

CHAPTER VII.

We have followed the fortunes of Shaggycoat so long that the reader will be interested to know just how he looked, as he swam away into his water world on this warm spring morning.

He was three years old and his weight was already about thirty-five pounds. When he was fully grown, he would weigh fifty-five or possibly sixty pounds. His length was about forty inches, and he would add five or six more to it before he got his full size.

His head and body would then be two feet and three quarters or three feet of his length, and the other foot would be the queerest kind of a paddle-shaped tail you ever saw.

It was six inches broad at the widest place, and instead of being covered with fur, like the rest of the beaver's body, it was covered with a tough scaly skin, that gave it quite a fishy look.

It was believed by the ancients that the beaver's tail was fish, and the rest of him was flesh. So it was lawful to eat the beaver's tail on fast days, when they could not eat meat.

If Shaggycoat had lifted his head out of the water and looked at you as he swam you would have seen that it was rather small and flat, and that his ears which were small even for the head, nestled down in his fur so as hardly to be noticed. If you could have examined him near by you would have seen that the entrance of each ear was guarded by a fur-covered water pad, which the beaver can close at will and keep the water from his ears. This is very important as he lives so much of the time in the water.

The fact is noticeable all through nature, and particularly in the study of animals, that whenever animals have need for a peculiar organ, or a peculiar sense, it has been given them.

Sometimes it is a specially warm coat to shield them from the cold, as in the case of the beaver or otter. Again it will be a long bill, with which to bore in the mud for worms, like that which whistle-wings the woodcock possesses. Or perhaps it is a stout beak, which can bore into the heart of oak or maple, as the woodpecker does. Wherever there is a peculiar need in nature, there is always a peculiar make-up of a bird or beast to supply it.

Shaggycoat's fore paws were very short and held well up under him as he swam. He rarely used them in the water except to hold things in. So they were used more like hands than feet. But his hind legs were long and stout, and they worked away like the screw upon a steamboat, as he moved easily along through the water. His hind feet were also webbed, which gave more resistance, while the legs were set high up on the body, and the stroke was given at an angle, which gave him greater power and sweep. He was altogether a wonderful animal built specially for swimming.

His front teeth were shovel-shaped, two upon each jaw, and they came together like wire cutters, and whatever was between them was severed. An alder stick an inch or two in diameter was severed at a single bite, and small saplings came down in a few seconds.

You may wonder what Shaggycoat saw as he loitered by lake and stream, now skirting a noisy waterfall or turbulent rapids and now loitering in a deep pool. It was a most wonderful world, full of strange creatures and fishes, and the shores of the rivers were frequented by many creatures.

Water is the first necessity with which to sustain life, and lakes and springs are the drinking places of the wild creatures, as well as the homes of many of them.

With the fishes that swam in the stream, Shaggycoat was well acquainted, but he rarely molested them and never caught them as the otter did, for he was a vegetarian and preferred bark.

A beautiful sight that he frequently saw was a lot of salmon jumping a low fall to the pool above. There would be a ripple and a splash. A shower of water would be thrown up, and the sunlight would break into a myriad rainbow hues. And the silver gleam of the fish would glint for a moment in the light. Then there would be a big splash and another rainbow in the pool above and the salmon was gone, and the way was clear for the next one.

Sometimes Osprey, the great fish hawk of the Atlantic seaboard (also called in Florida the gray fishing eagle) would come sailing majestically by.

Frequently he uttered his piercing fisherman's cry as he flew. Occasionally he would almost pause in mid air, giving just enough motion to his wings to steady himself, then down he would come like a falling star, cleaving the water easily and when he appeared a second or two later, a fish was usually dangling from his talons. Sometimes it was a sucker, or chub, or if he had been unusually successful, it might be a pickerel or trout.

When he came up there was always a great shower of water. This when the sunlight played upon it made him look like a bird of wondrous plumage, but when he had shaken off the water he was just the plain fishhawk, but magnificent in flight.

Another smaller fisherman was the queer black and white kingfisher who caught his fish in his beak instead of his claws. He did not make a great plunge like the fishhawk when he went fishing, but skimmed along close to the water, and plunged under suddenly and was up again in a second.

He was a comparatively small bird so had to content himself with small fish.

Then there was Bluecoat, the frog catcher, who could wade easily in a foot of water, his legs were so long and slender. He looked more like a bird on stilts than one on his natural legs, and his beak, which was made especially for frog catching, was long and strong.

He might be seen stepping daintly in some shallow near the shore where there were plenty of lily pads and water grasses. He was very cautious in his movements so as not to scare his victim. He would stand for half a minute on one leg, if he suddenly discovered a frog that he was afraid of scaring. Then his long neck would suddenly shoot out. When he drew up his head a frog would be seen kicking in his bill. He would then hammer the frog on a rock, or spear him with his bill, until life had left him, when he would hide the catch upon the bank and return to his sport.

At dawn and twilight Shaggycoat often saw flocks of ducks and wild geese feeding upon water grasses in sheltered coves. Some of them picked away at things above the water, but others would dive head first and come up bringing a choice bit of grass.

Once a couple of half-grown muskrats were playing in a shallow, chasing each other about in high glee, when the ugly head of a water snake shot out, and jaws that gripped like death closed upon the young rat's throat. There was a short struggle, under water, and then a few bubbles floated to the surface, and the musquash had been done for. A few moments later Shaggycoat saw the snake swallowing his breakfast on an island in the middle of the stream.

These and other experiences taught the young beaver to always be on the watch and distrust things that seemed strange to him.

The buck drank in the river, and the pretty doe, lank and half-starved from suckling her fawn, ate ravenously of the lily pads in the shallow water.

One evening just at twilight thoughts of Brighteyes and the baby beavers had so haunted Shaggycoat that he had turned his nose homeward, when a peculiar object came round the bend in the stream and on towards the pool, where the beaver was playing. It came like a duck, but it was larger than many ducks, and it had two wings, like the fish-hawk, which rose and fell regularly, with a splash of water each time.

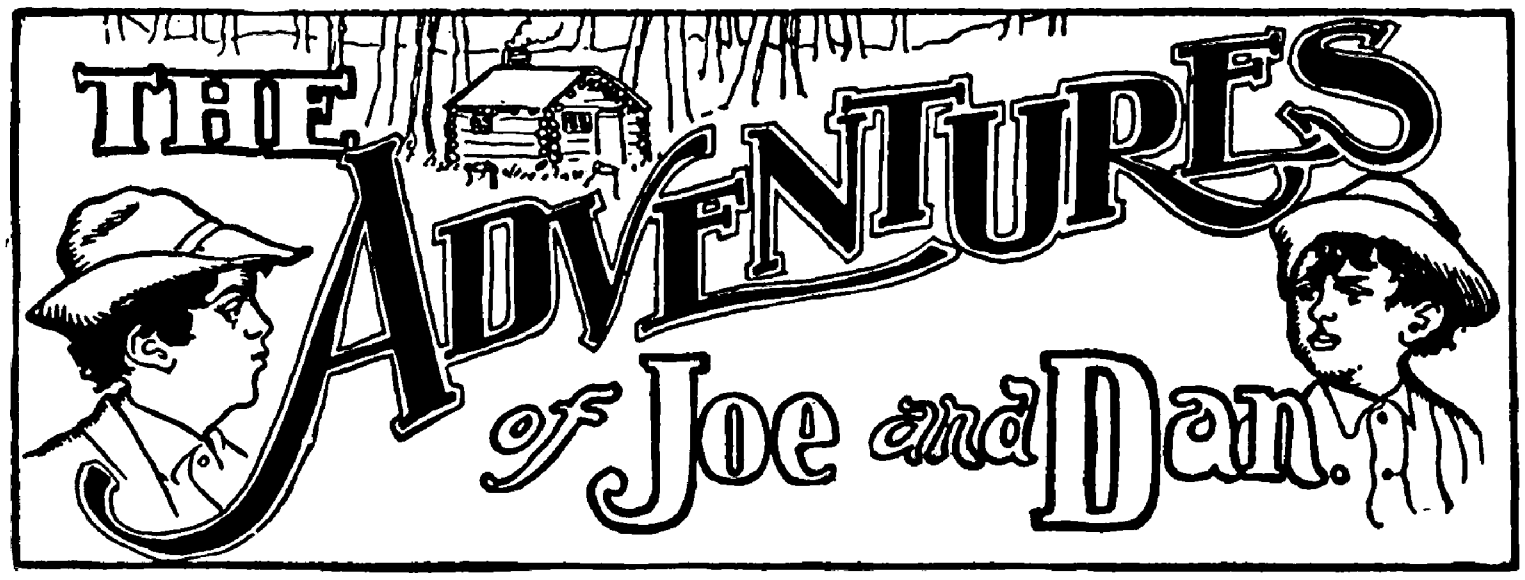
There was a buck drinking in the opposite side of the pool from the beaver, and he, too, saw the strange, bright bird, that sailed like a duck, with wings that splashed in the water. Then a bright flame leaped up, and a roar like thunder resounded across the waters and rolled away into the distant foothills. The buck snorted, gave a mighty leap, and fell midway in the stream, kicking and thrashing like a frenzied thing.

All this was strange and terrible to the beaver, who

Continued on page 205



BLUECOAT, THE FROG CATCHER



BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOYS crept nearer to the Indian and saw that he was a surly looking fellow and quite alone in the woods. The wigwam was made of deer hides and blankets and was a poor affair. Why the redskin should be there alone it was hard to say, but Joe finally whispered to his brother:

"He must know the way out of the woods, and we have got to speak to him. I have the ax and you have the knife on the hoe handle. Don't be scared by anything he may say or do. If he lays hands on us we must fight. Come on, now."

They had approached the Indian within twenty feet when he looked up and saw them. He at once sprang to his feet, and Joe called out:

"You need not be afraid. We are two boys who have been lost in the woods and are anxious to find our way out."

"No like white folks," grunted the Indian.

"But won't you tell us the way out?"

"Where white boys live?"

"Near the village of Midvale."

"Ugh! You tell lie!"

"No, we don't. We are lost and want to go home."

"What you got in that pack?" asked the Indian as he motioned toward the meat.

"It is venison," replied Joe, as he stripped the bark off and exposed the meat."

The Indian picked up the haunch of venison and tossed it into his wigwam, and then turning to the boys he said:

"Give me ax and knife."

"You can't have them," replied Joe, as he stepped back and raised the ax to his shoulder, and at the same time cautioned Dan to be ready to assist him.

"White boy give 'em up or I kill them!"

The Indian picked up his rifle and brought it to his shoulder, but as the boys had seen him cleaning it they knew that it was not loaded.

He pointed the gun first at one and then the other, but seeing that they did not scare he lowered the weapon and with a fierce scowl shouted out:

"Go away! Go on! I want nothing to do with you!"

"Won't you tell us how to get out of the woods?"

"No!"

"Then we will leave you, but we must have our meat."

"No can have meat."

Joe had made a step or two toward the wigwam when the Indian seized him and a struggle began for possession of the ax.

"Stick him in the legs with the lance, Dan!" called Joe, and the younger brother was about to obey when something happened.

The dog that had deserted them early that morning, and which they had never expected to see again, came rushing through the forest with a bark, and, seeming to realize how things were, he fastened his teeth in the Indian's legs and began worrying him. This was too much for the red man. He began yelling for them to take the dog off, but before doing so Joe gave him a twist that flung him on his back.

"Now, Dan, you and the dog watch him and I will get our meat and see what he has got in his wigwam. If he tries to get up, give him a good jab with the lance."

But the Indian had had all the fight he wanted. He lay quite still, though cursing all the time, and Joe went into the wigwam and turned things topsy turvy.

Not much was found there. The redskin had either been driven away from his tribe for some crime, or had elected to live alone like a hermit.

He had no provisions on hand, and only the crudest cooking utensils. Joe brought forth the meat and wrapped it up again, and then as the dog was called off he asked:

"Will you tell us how to reach the house of some white man?"

"Is white boys lost?" asked the Indian.

"Yes."

"Then you go this way, and in two hours you reach a house."

"If you had told us that in the first place you would not have been bitten by the dog. We are going now and good-bye to you!"

They set off in the direction pointed out by the Indian, but they had not gone half a mile when the dog came to a stop and began whining and pointing his nose in another direction.

"Why does he act that way?" asked Dan.

"He seems to want us to go another way, and I think we would better follow him. I have been thinking ever since he left us this morning why he acted so queer. I think now that he recognized the cave as being near his home, and that he has been home and come back for us. That wolf bite on his hip looks as if some one had dressed it with oil since morning. He is now just as full of fun and frolic as he was yesterday. I would sooner trust him than the Indian, and we will follow wherever he goes."

That afternoon the boys had a laughable adventure. In making their way along the edge of a cranberry marsh they came in sight of a large bear about half-way up a dead tree. It was a bee-tree and one found by the bear himself.

He was up there thrusting his paw into a hole and bringing out the honey, of which you must know bruin is very fond. Pretty soon the angry bees came swarming out, and as the bear had not yet got his new coat for the winter, there were many places on his body where they could thrust in their stings.

He whined and whimpered and growled and stood it as long as he could, but by and by the bees came so thick that Mr. Bruin let go his hold, dropped to the ground and went off through the brush, whining and complaining at every step.

CHAPTER VIII.

The boys had great hopes that the dog would lead them out of the forest before night, but in this they were to be disappointed. The animal kept steadily to one course, looking back now and then to see if they followed, but the forest was dense and it was hard work to push a way along except when they found the trails made by wild animals.

Dan's sore heel had also given him a great deal of trouble for two days, and now, when the sun was still an hour high, he sat down on a log and said he could go no further.

"All right," replied Joe. "It may be miles yet before we get out of the woods, and I am tired enough to go into camp myself. We will sleep here under this tree and build two or three fires and perhaps we shall not be disturbed."

He hunted about and found some chestnuts, and when roasted these with the venison formed their supper. The dog seemed anxious for awhile to go on, but as he saw the boys making camp he lay down and was content.

It was hardly dark in the woods before Joe and Dan were asleep. Had it been a month later in the season they would have suffered for the want of blankets, but the warm spell continued and they stretched out on their beds of leaves in the most comfortable manner.

Three fires were built around their camp, and before going to sleep they provided themselves with extra fuel. The dog curled up at their feet, and by and by the camp was quiet except for the chirp of the crickets.

The Indian whom they had worsted wanted revenge for the bite the dog had given him and for his failure to get possession of the ax and knife.

Had they taken the direction he gave them they would soon have been tangled up in a great cranberry swamp. This was what he hoped would befall them, and as soon as they were out of sight he loaded his rifle and followed on. Although he kept out of their sight, he could track them through the woods with the greatest ease.

When he reached the spot where they had turned away and followed the dog he gave utterance to savage curses. For a moment he thought to turn back, but then changed his mind and hastened along the trail. Pretty soon he came in sight of the boys, and from that moment he kept them in view.

They pressed forward without the slightest suspicion that they were being dogged, and when they built their campfire the red man was watching them from behind a tree not over ten rods away.

There were two things he meant to do. He meant to kill the dog and to get possession of the ax and knife and anything else of value the boys had about them. He must wait till they were asleep, and on account of the dog he must approach their camp very carefully.

The boys had been asleep for an hour before the Indian moved. No fox or rabbit would have made less noise. He crept along on hands and knees, inch by inch, and he carefully moved every limb and twig from his path with his hands. Now and then he paused for two or three minutes and remained so quiet that had one of the boys been wide awake and looking at him he could not have detected a sign of life.

Then he would go creeping forward again, drawing nearer and nearer, and at last he was close to the boys' feet and the dog.

The ax and the lance were lying beside Joe, and the Indian reached over and removed them without a sound. Then he drew a hunting knife from his belt and made ready to stab the dog.

The dog may not have been as keen-scented as some, or perhaps he was overtired. He did not get the scent of the redskin until the knife was raised.

Then he suddenly sprang to his feet, and a yard away, but turned at once and sprang upon the intruder. He leaped for the Indian's throat, but the man threw up the hand in which he held the knife, and the dog caught him by the wrist.

It was lucky that he got such a hold. The knife fell to the ground, and struggle as he would, the Indian could not break the hold.

Joe and Dan were aroused by the dog's first snarl, but it was a minute or two before they understood the situation. They saw the dog and man struggling, but whether it was an Indian or a white man they could not tell until Dan threw some leaves and twigs on the fire and made a blaze.


THE DOG CAUGHT HIM BY THE WRIST

Then Joe grabbed his ax and Dan his lance, and the revengeful but cowardly Indian lay down on the ground and called for mercy. Some strips of the slippery elm bark were peeled off and used as ropes, and the boys tied the fellow hand and foot before they said a word.

Then, when it was a question of what should be done with him, Joe said:

"He followed us to get revenge, and but for the dog there's no telling what he would have done. He had that naked knife in his hand when the dog seized him. He surely ought to be punished in some way."

"But what can we do?" asked Dan.

"I will think it over and tell you in the morning. You may go to sleep again. I will watch the rest of the night with the dog."

The excitement was too great for any further sleeping. Now and then the boys dozed for a few minutes, but as soon as they began to nod their eyes opened very wide. They knew that the Indian was a crafty fellow, and that he was ready to take any advantage he could.

There was no way of telling time, but Joe, judging that it was two hours after midnight when a familiar sound came floating to them through the still forest,

"By crackey, but what's that!" exclaimed Dan, as he sprang up.

Joe waited until the sound came again, and then replied:

"It is the crow of a rooster, and not more than a mile away! Dan, we shall be out of the woods the first thing in the morning. Take notice from which direction the sound comes, so that we may not go wrong."

From that hour until daylight came stealing through the trees the clarion voice of the rooster was heard at brief intervals, and the boys felt sure that their tramp would soon be ended.

CHAPTER IX.

The Indian had made no attempt to secure his liberty during the night, but it was not because he did not wish to get away. He was tightly bound, with the dog and the two boys there to watch him, and he would have been a cunning redskin to outwit them.

Now and then he mumbled and muttered to himself, but he had nothing to say to his captors nor they to him.

The light of morning was just stealing through the trees when the dog suddenly left. As he ran through the trees the boys could hear him barking, and Joe said to his brother:

"That dog has gone to the house of the settler who owns him. It is where we heard the roosters crowing and not ove a mile away. I shouldn't wonder if he brought the man with him."

The Indian heard and understood this and said:

"White boys no lost any more. Indian glad. White boys go home now. Indian also want to go back to his wigwam."

"Oh, do you? You want us to untie you and let you take your rifle and knife and make off?"

"Good white boys! Brave white boys! Indian very sorry if he made them any trouble."

"It won't do you any good to talk," said Joe, as he saw that the bonds were still tight. "You wanted to rob us at our camp, and you might have killed us here last night but for the dog. We will keep you until some settler gets sight of you and can tell us who you are."

The Indian fell to cursing and threatening, but the boys gave him no attention. In less than an hour they heard the dog barking and a man halloing, and soon after they had answered, a settler made his appearance.

"Well, well, boys, but what does all this mean?" he asked. "My dog came home this morning and he almost asked me to follow him. Who are you?"

"We have been lost in the woods for the last three or four days," replied Joe, "and your dog was with us a part of the time. Our names are Wilkins, and we live within a mile of Midvale."

"Midvale? Why, have you any idea where that town is? It is a good thirty miles away. You must have had a pretty hard time of it in the woods. Who is that lying on the ground?"

The boys told him of coming across the Indian the day before, and how he had followed them and stolen upon them in the night, and the settler, who had given his name as Mr. Davis, said:

"I know him. His Indian name is White Crow, but the Indians will have nothing to do with him. He has stolen many things from settlers, and there are men who would shoot him on sight. Let me see that rifle."

The weapon was handed to him, and after a moment, he said:

"This is a stolen rifle. It has the name of 'White' engraved on this silver plate, and no doubt the Indian stole it."

"No steal gun!" shouted White Crow. "Buy gun of white man for ten dollar."

"He never had ten dollars in his life," laughed the settler, "but as long as we don't know Mr. White, we can't take the gun. We will have to let White Crow go his way, but there will be a little performance first. You boys go over to that thicket and cut some switches."

When the lads returned the settler said to the Indian:

"White Crow, you are a bad man. You are a liar and a thief. I am going to give you a whipping, and if ever you come within a mile of my place I shall shoot you."

The Indian begged and made many promises, but Mr. Davis wore out two of the switches on him and then said:

"Perhaps this will do you good. I shall fire off the rifle and hand it over to you, and you can also take your knife along, but remember what I have told you."

The bark bonds were cut and the Indian assisted to his feet, and after a few minutes he moved off through the forest, to be seen no more. When he had passed out of sight, the settler turned to the boys with a smile and said:

"Now come along with me to the cabin and we will have breakfast and then you can tell your story."

They found Mrs. Davis to be a motherly woman and took to her at once, and in her kindness she insisted on their eating so much that they wondered if ever they would be hungry again. When their story was told, Mr. Davis said:

"You are very lucky to get through the forest as you have. There are bears, wolves and panthers about, and only two nights ago we had a panther on the roof of this cabin. The dog went off on a hunt by himself and got lost, and that is why you ran across him in the depths of the forest. We are rejoiced that you have come out all right, and now comes the question of getting you home."

That was soon settled. Before noon a trapper and hunter came along, who said that he was going to Midvale to buy powder and shot and traps, and that he would be glad to act as guide for the boys.

They would have to camp one night in the woods, but the settler's wife furnished them with provisions and they would suffer no hardship. They made their start next day, and two days later they walked into their father's cabin, to be received as if drawn back from the dead. Men were still searching for them but it was generally believed that they had met their fate in the forest.

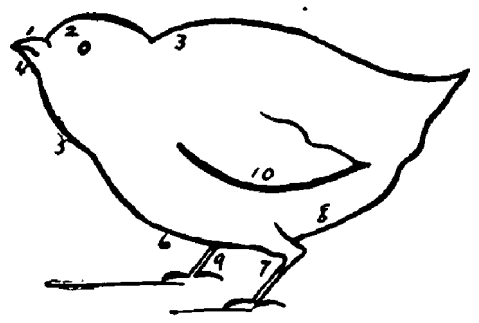
I have but a word or two more to add. The boy whom I have called Joe has been Governor of the state in which he was lost, and is today filling an office full of honor, while Dan is one of the most successful merchants in a thriving Western city. What I have told you I heard from the Governor himself.

(THE END.)

A stem-wind, stem-set watch for every boy. See page 223.

HOW TO DRAW

By W. N. HULL

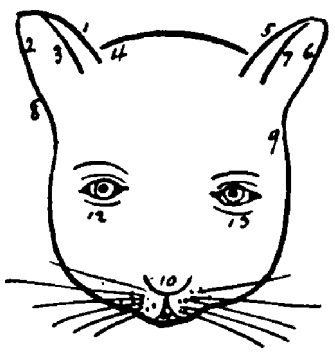


How to Draw a Chicken

Look for the figure 1, move to the right on the bill, head and body, all very slight curves. Now 4 down, then 5, swelling the neck a little, then 6 and in your sketch you may carry this line right on up past 8, but when you ink it follow 7, then put in 9 and 10. Our aim is to see how few lines we can use.

When you get a good form, take some yellow blackboard crayon and make it all over yellow with the chalk. Then take pen and ink and work in short light lines around where the shade should be. You can fix the chalk so it will not rub off by a spray of white shellac, using a tin atomizer.

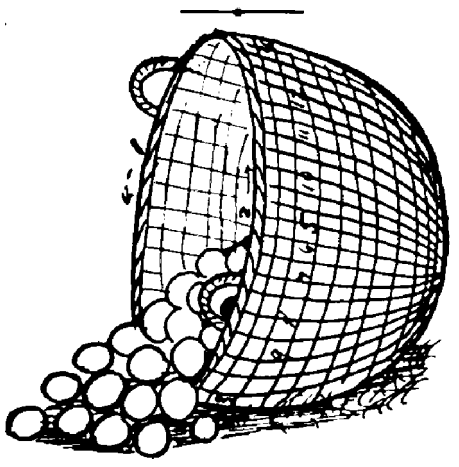
Put in grass or ground.



How to Draw a Cat's Head

Commence where you see the figure 1 and draw the ear line outward, then 2 inward, then 3. Now the head line 4 over to the other ear, then 5, 6, 7, making the ears alike. Now draw the left side of the face downward, 8, then the right, 9, curving them a little as they approach the mouth, then the nose 10. Put in the eyes, 12 and 13, at half the length of the head.

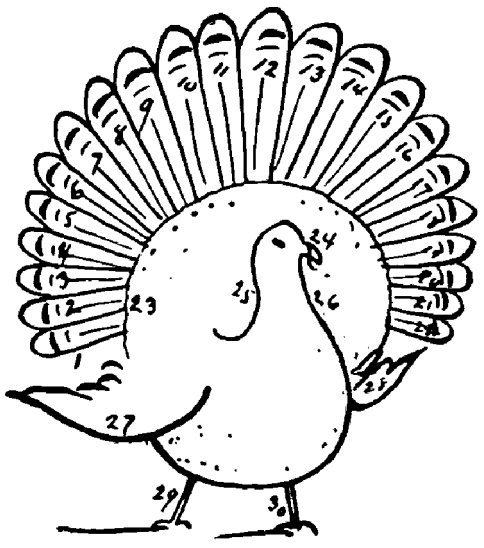
Sketch very lightly in lead pencil, aiming to get the correct line, very carefully. Control the muscle. Say I WILL, then try, try, try.



How to Draw an Upset Basket of Apples

A side view of the top of the basket gives us an ellipse, or elliptical form. This form is very common. When anything that is round is turned more or less sideways to us it will show us the form of an ellipse of various widths from a straight line to a circle.

Sketch the left side of the ellipse down and the right side up till you have a true, regular form. Then draw the left or under side of the basket, holding your paper so that it will be level, then the right side down. Make the curves alike. Put in the middle splint 5 first straight, then curve the others more and more until, when the side is reached, the curve will be like the side. Put in rings for apples. Make the ground green with chalk and spray it.



How to Draw a Turkey

Draw two rings, one for the outside of the tail and the other for the outside of the body. Work the tail feathers around from 1 to 22, then the body line from 23.

Now put in the head 24 and neck 25. Then the breast, 26, and the wings, 27 and 28. Finish with the legs and feet, 29 and 30. Put in ground. Erase all lead pencil lines after the ink is dry.

(Additional designs next month)

Mottoes for Workers

"Do your own work well, whether it be for life or death."

"Help other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury."

"Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones."

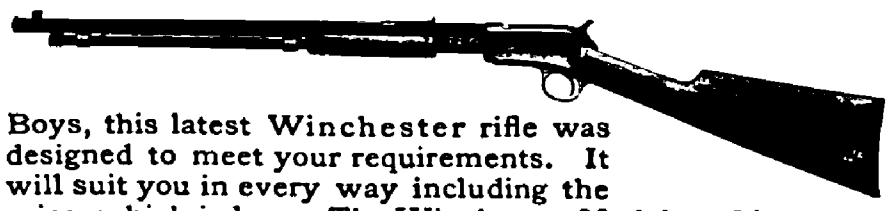
"Rather die than make any destroying mechanisms or compound."

WINCHESTER



MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER

Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifles



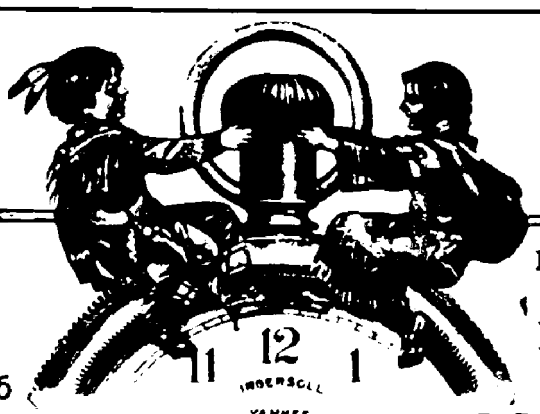
Boys, this latest Winchester rifle was designed to meet your requirements. It will suit you in every way including the price, which is low. The Winchester Model 1906 is a compact, light weight, take-down rifle handling the .22 Short Rim Fire cartridges only. It is attractive in appearance and outline, and in accuracy, reliability of operation and finish it is fully up to the established Winchester standard. This rifle is made with a 20-inch round barrel fitted with a sporting front sight and an adjustable open rear sight. It has a handsome straight grip stock finished with a rubber butt plate and weighs about 5 pounds. The magazine holds 15 cartridges. If your dealer cannot show you this model rifle, let us know.

FREE: Send for circular fully describing this rifle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Stem Wind

Stem Set



The Dollar Watch for 1906

is stem-wind and push-in stem-set and is like high-priced watches in accuracy, size and appearance.

Look for the name Ingersoll on the dial

Imitations, which are short-lived and unreliable, are sometimes palmed off in place of the genuine.

Ingersoll

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By these guiding principles a demand greater than for all other watches combined (over 8,000 daily) has been built up until now the tremendous output coupled with the invaluable Ingersoll patents and the marvellous factory equipment have made it possible to consistently adopt the stem-wind feature. This constitutes the most important event in watchmaking since the first Ingersoll was made and sold for One Dollar.

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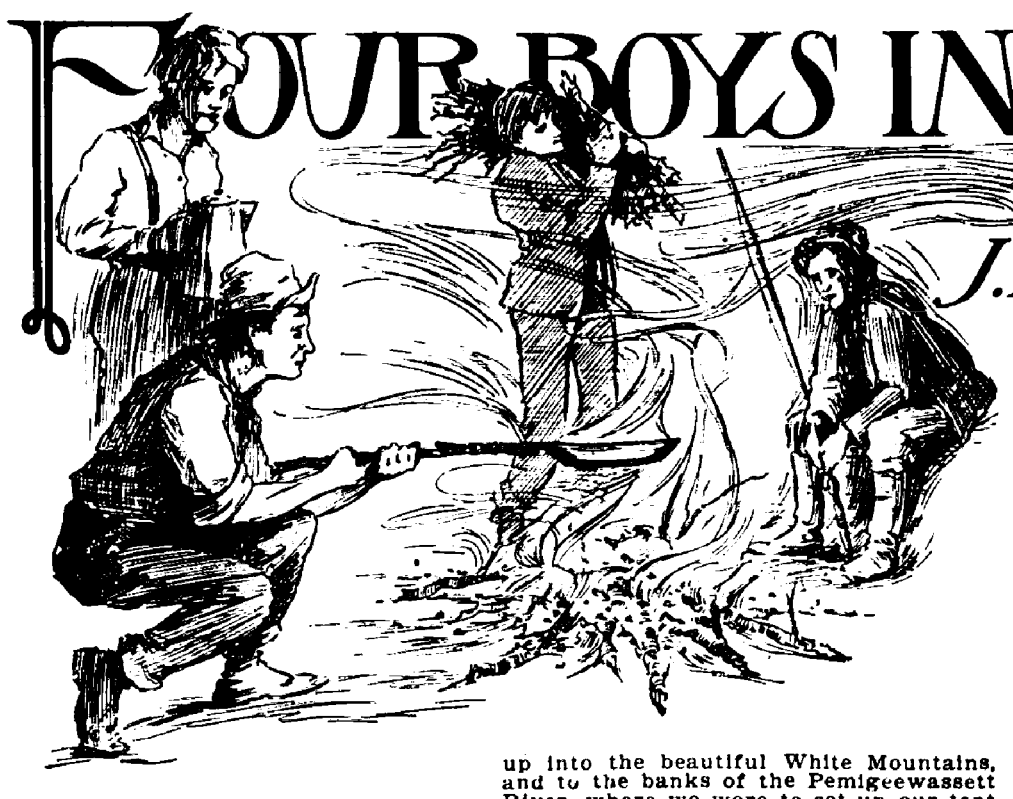
THE AMERICAN BOY, THE BEST BOYS' PAPER PUBLISHED, ONLY $1.00 PER YEAR.

FOUR BOYS IN CAMP.

By J. L. HARBOUR.



PART I.

I THINK that Tad Fryer, Simmy Burton, Benny Kidson, and I were as happy a quartette of boys as ever walked the earth the day we started on our "camping out" trip one beautiful September morning, so many years ago that I could hardly tell the exact year without doing some reckoning. It was a good many years ago, for the oldest of us was but seventeen then and all of us have good-sized boys of our own now. Yes, and these boys are beginning to want to know if they can't go camping just as their fathers did, and we are telling them that we will "see about it." We think that three or four weeks of "roughing it" is a good thing for a boy, but we do not care to have our boys "rough it" in just the way that we did. We think that the "boys' camp" or the "summer school" for boys out in the woods, or the Y. M. C. A. way of camping out is better for boys than our way was. Then it is safer and less exciting than wandering off into the wilderness as we did. Of course, we had adventures, else why should I be writing this?

The three boys I have named and I lived in a New England village not far from Boston. It was Tad Fryer who "thought up" the camping out scheme. Tad was great at "thinking up" things. He had a vivid imagination, and was very fertile in invention. Our town of Wainford would have been much duller than it was had it not been for Tad. And you may be sure that Tad was a jolly boy to camp out with. He had what every boy who goes on a camping out trip should have, and that is unfailing good nature. Nothing could lessen or dampen his enthusiasm. I remember that while we were on that never to be forgotten trip we one day had to cross a noisy, saucy little stream on a narrow foot-bridge consisting of nothing more than a slippery log with a wobbly handrail made of a sapling or two.

Simmy and Benny and I had crossed over in safety with our packs on our backs and Tad was to follow us. He had fallen behind a little while on the march and we waited for him to come up. When he reached the footbridge, Benny Kidson called out:

"You want to walk carefully, my son."

"Better save your good advice for those that need it," retorted Tad with a laugh, and then he added:

"Bet you I can do what none of you other fellows did. I can cross that log without once touching the handrail."

"Dare you to," called out Benny.

"Here goes!" replied Tad, and he started across the stream with his head up and his arms akimbo. He reached the very middle of the stream when he swayed to the right, then to the left, and then slid off, and down he went ten feet into three feet of ice-cold water. Of course we laughed joyously, and Tad —well, he laughed even louder than we did. This shows what an abundance of good nature he had, and how hard it was to dampen his enthusiasm.

But here I am miles from our starting place before I have told you anything about how we started, and I want you to know something about that. We had some older brothers who had gone camping and they were as free with their advice as they were with their uncalled-for remarks that we would get "good and sick of it" and that we would "cry for our mothers" the first night out. Benny's brother had a tent he was very good to loan us particularly as he declared that he "never expected to see it again." Tad's brother Joe said that there would be some "tall yelling" if we saw the bear he and the other boys had seen when they were on their camping-out trip. He prophesied that no harm from wild beasts would come to us because our yells of terror would "paralyze" even a hyena.

There was to be a good deal of hard work for us, for we were to carry our provisions, our tent, our cooking utensils, and our entire camping outfit on our backs together with two changes of underwear. We had large knapsacks made of heavy brown canvas, and our older brothers gave us really valuable assistance in packing and in showing us how to set up our tent quickly. In fact, we set it up in Simmy Burton's backyard and slept in it the night before we left Wainford. The unusual spectacle of a tent in the Burtons' backyard brought thirty or forty other boys in eager haste to the spot, and about half of them expressed a desire to stay all night with us. This being denied them they ventured the assertion that we would no doubt become "scared to death" and steal into the house before morning.

We were to ride a hundred and forty miles by rail. This would carry us far up into the beautiful White Mountains, and to the banks of the Pemigeewassett River, where we were to set up our tent the first night. Then we were to start out on a walking trip of more than a hundred miles, making a new camp every night. This was really a good deal of an undertaking for four boys of our years. There was, however, little danger if we kept to the beaten paths or trails, but, boy-like, we were unwise enough not to do this.

Acting on the advice of our brothers we had "started out with some system" when it came to the actual work to be done. It was agreed that I should do the cooking while Benny and Simmy were to unpack and put up the tent each night and take it down and re-pack it the next morning. To Tad fell the duty of collecting firewood and washing the dishes after each meal. Merry-hearted as Tad was he made a wry face over this last duty, and said:

"What boy who is any kind of a boy ever liked to wash and wipe dishes? But I'm not going to be the first to kick about anything. I reckon there will be some dandy dish-washing done in our camps."

Our beds were to be of soft and odorous hemlock boughs over which we were to spread our blankets. All of us were to take a hand in collecting these boughs, and we found that it took all four of us a long time to collect boughs enough for a bed that would not be "humpy" or hard. We had had fond visions of the delights of a bed of hemlock boughs, but Tad confided to me after his first night on a bed of this sort that it was not what it was "cracked up to be," and that he preferred a bed made of fence rails, although I am sure that he had never slept on a bed of that sort.

As we were to live chiefly on the "canned goods" we had brought with us, my duties did not require the experience of a professional cook. We had some self-raising buckwheat and white flour from which I was expected to make delicious cakes and bread, and although my mother had kindly given me all the instruction she could along this line my efforts were not wholly satisfactory. Frying buckwheat cakes in a skillet tied to a pole and thrust over flames that at times entirely concealed the skillet is not the best way to give a "rich brown" to cakes of any kind. Tad was right when he said that my first skillet of cakes had "gone into mourning," for they were as black as the skillet itself. This was due in part to the fact that I had neglected to grease the skillet before putting in the batter, with the result that the batter had adhered in a burnt mass to the skillet. Removing my first batch of cakes by scraping them from the skillet with the camp hatchet I greased the skillet well with a bacon rind and poured in a fresh supply of batter. I think these cakes would have been more satisfactory had it not been for the fact that just as I was getting ready to turn them the skillet itself took a notion to save me the trouble by turning of its own accord and the cakes fell into the flames. This caused Tad to suggest that I write a book to be called "Duties of a Camp Chef."

"It is one of his duties not to lose his temper when others sit by making foolish remarks," I retorted.

"I guess you can perform that duty better than you can make and bake pancakes," said Tad.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

I finally succeeded in producing six sodden and untempting looking cakes. Tad took one on his tin plate and said solemnly to Simmy:

"Say, Simmy, if anything should happen suddenly to me after I have eaten this tell my folks that I said you could have my baseball club and that I forgive Jimmy everything."

I was Jimmy and it was a little hard for me to forgive Tad when, after swallowing one mouthful of my cakes, he threw up both hands and fell over backward, exclaiming:

"Good-bye, vain world!"

But it was my turn to laugh when Tad's curly brown head went into the pan with a good deal of batter still in it directly behind him.

I think that Simmy was right when he said that our camp fire was too big and too hot for cooking purposes.

"You want just hot coals instead of roaring flames for cooking purposes," said Simmy, and I soon discovered that he was quite right about this.

We named our first camp "Camp Pemigeewassett," because it was there on the beautiful river of that name. In fact all New England streams are beautiful, because they are so clear. Some of the guests at a summer hotel not far away made it a little embarrassing by coming down to our camp while we were eating our supper from a huge stump on the bank of the river. They asked us if we were "lost," and one dapper little man in spotless white duck trousers and white shirt with a shining black belt and a baby blue tie fluttering at his throat asked us if our mothers "knew we were out." Tad was about to retort with something equally impertinent, but he checked himself and said when they had gone:

"I thought I wouldn't be ill-bred just because he was."

We were so tired after our long and warm ride on the cars and the effort of making our first camp that we went to bed as soon as it was dark and I for one wandered into dreamland almost immediately and knew nothing until I felt some one shaking me the next morning. I opened my eyes to find Tad by my side fully dressed.

"What kind of a cook are you?" he asked. "I have been a mile up the river and here you are snoozing away. If you don't do better than this we will turn you off and hire you over again. Hunger is gnawing at my vitals in such a way that I could eat even one of your pancakes."

"You'll not get a chance to eat one of them this morning," I said, "for I am going to give you hot canned baked beans and the loaf of brown bread your mother put in for us."

This made us a very good breakfast. I had made some coffee, but its appearance as I poured some of it into a tin cup Benny held out to me with some condensed milk in it led me to say in a threatening tone:

"Any one who passes any remarks about this coffee will answer for it to me."

Tad had also put two or three spoonsful of the condensed milk into his tin cup, but when he saw the pea-green shade of the coffee in Benny's cup and saw a thick coating of grounds on it he said:

"Some folks always take coffee without milk, but I think that this morning I prefer to take milk without coffee."

I packed up while Tad washed the dishes and the other boys took down the tent, and we were on the march by eight o'clock. The sky was cloudless, the air fresh and wonderfully invigorating and we were in high spirits when we set off with our belongings on our backs.

We were eager to find some good fishing, and when we had gone about a mile over an excellent road we met an old man who, as Tad said, "looked like a native of the soil." To him I said:

"Can you tell us, sir, if there is any good fishing around here?"

"No, they aint," he replied, rather abruptly. "Too many summer people around here nowadays to find good fishin' within ten mile of a hotel. If you wanter fish you'll have to git away from the reg'lar roads. A neighbor o' mine was up to Scott Pond fishin' an' gatherin' blueb'ries last week, an' he come home with a fine string o' fish. He said they bit like flies an' you could haul 'em out fast as you could bait your line an' throw it in."

"Where is Scott's Pond?" we asked eagerly.

"Wal, it's a matter o' fifteen mile or so from here. Considerable of a ja'nt for city-bred boys, but it wouldn't faze one o' our country boys to make it."

"I think we are good for it," I said.

"Wal, you've got the hull day for it, an' you'll need it fer it's a hard road to travel. You keep on this road about a mile and you'll come to a place where the road leads to the left by a hoss-waterin' trough. Foller that road until you come to what was once a railroad track, but there aint nothin' left but the ties an' the roadbed. It was a track built to fetch out the lumber on when they was several hundred men cuttin' timber 'round here ten years ago. You'll find deserted lumber camps all along the way. All you got to do is to foller that old track until you come to Scott's Pond, which will be the first pond of any consid'able bigness you come to. Then you'll know it by there bein' an old ingine-house there where they used to keep their railroad ingines. Skeered o' b'ars?"

"We don't know," said Tad, with a laugh. "Never saw one loose to find out. I guess we'd be real polite to one."

"Perliter than he would be, likely, speshly if he was a she bear with cubs near by. My neighbors saw one on the aidge o' the pond gawmin' down blueb'ries at a turrible rate. B'ars air turrible fond o' blueb'ries, an'—boys."

He grinned when he said this, and after some further conversation he went on his way and we set out for Scott's Pond, where Tad's wish that "something exciting would happen" did happen.

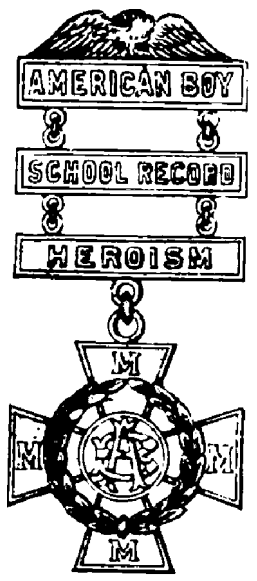
(To be continued.)



"GOOD-BYE, VAIN WORLD"

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 stood at the head of their classes, taking the average of all their study grades for the term, 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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

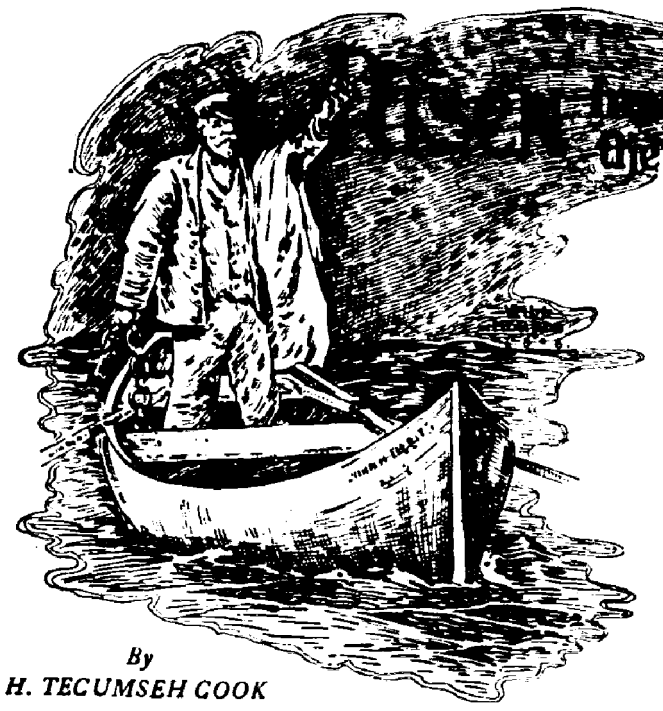
LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal....S. R.
LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich..H.
HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal..S. R.
JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark.....S. R.
LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
G. B. THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn....S. R.
A. C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H.....S. R
LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O.....S. R.
G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich.....S. R.
WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y .....H.
ALF. O. PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn....S. R.
HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass....S. R.
LEO HYDE, Lynn, Mass.....H.
RALPH DEDCOVICH, Gloucester, Mass..S. R.
C. W. ALLSHOUSE, South Newbury, O..S. R.
J. E. HARRINGTON, Littleton, N. H...S. R.
LEON F. MERRITT, Detroit, Mich.....S. R.
C. A. LUKINGBEAL, Farmersville, O...S. R
WILBUR W. WOOD, St. Louis, Mo.....S. R.
EARL COMER, Tolono, Ill.....S. R.
B. O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y....S. R.
J. de VOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.S. R.
ASHER KAHN, Norwalk, O.....S. R.
HARLEY WENTZ, Forest, O.....S. R
JESSE HALSTED, Sheboygan, Wis.....S. R.
HARRY GILBERRY, Hartline, Wash...S. R.
ALBERT SCHOBER, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
WALTER DRIGGS, Bern, Kan.....S. R
MILAN WHITMAN, Lodi, O.....S. R
OTIS F. SMITH, Sedalia, Mo.....S. R.
CLAUDE TEARS, Deferiet, N. Y.....S. R.
CLARENCE SCHWARTZ, Wickliffe, Ky.S. R.
ALONZO W. MEEK, Montgomery, Ala...S. R.
CARL H. GROSSMAN, Madison, Ind.....S. R.
BENNIE STURGES, Cripple Creek, Colo.S. R.
AUBREY CAMPBELL, Aberdeen, S. Dak.S. R.
ERIC SHAW, Natchez, Miss.....S. R.
RAY SONNEMAN, Kansas City, Mo.....S. R.
THOMAS Y. BOYD, Wickliffe, Ky .....S. R.
LEROY SHEFFIELD, Randalia, Iowa...S. R.
P. CLEARY BULLARD, St. Paul, Minn..S. R
KARL MEYER, Big Spring, Ky.....S. R.
NOEL ANTRIM, Sheridan, Ind.....S. R.
G. E. HUNGERFORD, Manhattan, Kas..S. R.
MILLER HUGHES, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
DURRELL C. DAVIS, Corvallis, Ore....S. R.
ELMER WINTER, Richwood, O.....S. R.
ROGER HOPKINS, Colo, Iowa.....S. R.
J. ACREE PHILLIPS, Strayhorn, Miss..S. R.
LENNIS E. A. NANCE, Wickliffe, Ky...S. R.
LESLIE HOMER BRASEL, Farina, Ill..S. R.
J. OREN CHAILLE, Otwell, Ind.....S. R.
ALBERT C. WRIGHT, Brockton, Mass..S. R.
JOHN A. SMARSH, Chambersburg, Pa..S. R.
C. FAY MARSHALL, Aubrey, Texas....S. R.
FLOYD M. YANEY, Coldwater, Ohio....S. R.
CHARLES DRACH, JR., Jeannette, Pa..S. R.
VICTOR P. MORRIS, Eugene, Oregon....S. R.
FREDERICK HERENDEEN, Chicago, Ill..H.
JOHN JOSEPH DRUMGOULD, Barre, Vt..H.
WALTER P. MITCHELL, Stanton, Del...S. R.
HARRY NELSON, Belle Center, Ohio....S. R
KENNETH BRYDEN, Monticello, Ill....S. R.
CONVASS DEAN, Ulysses, Pa.....S. R.

How They Won

C. W. Allshouse, South Newbury, Ohio, writes that he has received the School Record Badge and is very proud to wear it. He says: "Everyone seems to notice it. I am going to try to keep it all my life."

M. C. Morrison, principal of the public schools of Colo, Iowa, writes a letter thanking us for the badge sent to Roger Hopkins. He writes: "I presented it in the presence of the grammar and high rooms and we all considered it fine. I think it will have a good effect on the other boys."

Continued on page 221



Island of Dead.

By
H. TECUMSEH COOK

I WAS first mate of the schooner John H. Tibbits, bound from the West Indies for Baltimore, with a cargo of fruit.

Our crew numbered fourteen; three of these were old hands, the rest had been signed at the Indies. They were made up of a half dozen or more nationalities, and were the most ruffianly looking lot I had ever set eyes on. I knew from the start that we would have trouble, by the sullen way they obeyed orders. Particularly with a seaman named Alverado, an ugly-tempered Spaniard who I imagined was trying to stir up trouble between the men. He had been sulky and grouchy from the day he came aboard.

Captain Haverlock plainly showed that he was not pleased with his crew, but as his cargo was a very perishable one, a hasty departure was necessary; so he was compelled to sign whoever the runners brought aboard. Captain Haverlock was an experienced sailor of the old school, a strict disciplinarian, and a man of few words, who rigidly enforced his rules and soon convinced the crew that he was master of the ship.

"Bill" Masterson, the second mate, was a thin, wiry young fellow of a jovial disposition, whose experience as a sailor dated back to the time of his birth, having been born in mid ocean on one of his father's ships. Tom Tibbits, the cabin boy, was a nephew of the owner of our schooner, and was as likely a little chap as ever selected a seafaring life for his career. His first voyage convinced us that he possessed the true instincts of a sailor, as events proved.

As a rule, we carried no passengers, but on this occasion we made an exception in the case of a young medical student, Everett by name, whose father was an intimate friend of the captain. The young man had made an extensive pleasure trip through the Indies and was now on his way back to the states.

We had been out about three days and were sailing along at a fine clip, when a great misfortune hapened to us which made the voyage of the John H. Tibbits a memorable one.

It was on Thursday when the trouble began; the watch had just gone below. Captain Haverlock, Mr. Everett and myself were standing aft conjecturing on the value of a chronometer aboard a ship, when our conversation was interrupted by young Tibbits, who, after apologizing for his intrusion, drew the captain aside and with an air of importance whispered something confidentially in his ear. Mr. Everett and I continued our talk, when it was suddenly brought to a halt by the gruff tones of the skipper a moment later. The captain appeared greatly agitated; then with a muttered oath and the words "I'll fix them," turned abruptly and entered the cabin.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when he reappeared. His right hand was plunged deep into his coat pocket, as if he were grasping a hidden weapon; then without making any comment he strode toward the forecastle. But before he reached the companionway we saw him reel and with a clutch at his heart stagger and fall full length upon the deck. We rushed to his assistance, and as we stooped over him and met the cold stare of his glassy eyes we were horrified to find that the man was dead.

The news of the captain's sudden death spread quickly, and I thought I saw a look of sinister satisfaction upon the faces of several of the crew. After the body of the captain had been removed to his cabin an examination was made by Mr. Everett, who pronounced the cause of death due to heart trouble.

Being first mate, the command of the ship naturally fell to me and I immediately took charge.

I called upon Tibbits later for an explanation of the secret he had imparted to the captain and which had ended so fatally.

It was some time before the boy could summon sufficient courage to tell his story. When he eventually calmed down he told how for the past two nights he had overheard several of the crew secretly discussing a plan of going in search of some treasure which one of their number claimed was secreted on the Island of Trinidid in the South Atlantic Ocean. According to the story told by Jose Alverado, the originator of the plot, the island was located in latitude twenty deg. thirty min. south, seven hundred miles from Bahia in Brazil.

The treasure, which included a great quantity of gold, silver and coin, had been buried there by pirates during the Peruvian war in 1821. The pirates were captured by a Spanish man-of-war soon after, and were hung, all but one, a Finn, who escaped. This man in 1850 told a Newcastle man, the captain of an East Indiaman, of the treasure, and the skipper fitted out a vessel and went in search of the hoard, but the expedition resulted in a failureas no place could be found to land on the island's rocky surf-pounded coast.

Alverado, however, claimed that he and another sailor had swam ashore, and located the place where the plunder lay buried. But, fearing that they would not get a sufficient share of the booty, they reported when they were hauled back to the ship by a life-line, that they had explored the island from end to end and it was their firm belief that the piratical story was all a myth. They said the island was overrun with large crabs and was almost barren of vegetation. Thoroughly discouraged the search was abandoned and the expedition returned home.

Alverado now said that they had done this, in order that they themselves might return at some future day and carry off the wealth. But his companion met a sad end, being killed in a gale on the way back and consequently the secret remained with Alverado alone. Alverado was willing to share it with the men if they would recognize him as their leader and join him in the enterprise. Five of the men were thoroughly in sympathy with him, but the others held aloof, more from the idea that the plan was impracticable than from any scruples of conscience. However, Alverado was determined that his plan should not fail and kept sedulously at them, eventually winning them over.

Saturday was the day practically agreed upon when they were to seize the ship for their nefarious undertaking. Young Tibbit's blood had thrilled with excitement as he listened to Alverado's wonderful tale of hidden treasure, reviving in his mind the stories he had read of Captain Kidd and Sir Henry Morgan's cutthroat crews, and he longed to join them in their search until he heard how it was to be accomplished. Then he made all haste to warn the captain of the danger. This was the secret the boy had disclosed to the captain when we were discussing the chronometer. I was dumbfounded at the boldness of their scheme. But, would they dare carry it out? While I had suspected trouble all along I did not think they would resort to such desperate means. I knew Alverado was a dangerous character and had evidently turned the heads of his forecastle companions.

Now, how was I to frustrate their designs? My first impulse was to let them know without delay that I was aware of their plot, but upon reflection I concluded that the situation was too grave for hasty action. After some thought I decided to consult with Masterson, who was now first mate, and perhaps between us we could formulate a plan of action. I dismissed Tom, cautioning him to keep his secret and await further developments.



JOSE ALVERADO

When I revealed the conspiracy to Masterson he was almost as impulsive as I had been and wanted to nip Alverado's enterprise in the bud. I convinced him, however, that the odds were too much against us and that we needed reinforcements. I thought we could depend on the three old hands, Mr. Everett and Tom, and upon conferring with them later found that our confidence had not been misplaced, for they were willing and enxious to assist us.

Friday morning the body of Captain Haverlock was consigned to the deep. It was while this ceremony was taking place that I hit upon an idea which, when submitted to our allies, was hailed with delight, particularly by Tom who was to play the leading role in the drama.

Having arranged our plan, we cautiously set to work to put it in operation. The usual routine was observed during the day, so as not to arouse the suspicion of the conspirators. Secretly the loyal hands among the crew were supplied with arms in case our plan miscarried and trouble should ensue on the morrow. Everything went along smoothly until sunset, when it began to rain, and a stiff breeze sprang up from the north, north-east, which soon worked itself into a gale and increased in violence as the night advanced.

After we had made everything snug we laid-to under a close-reefed foresail and prepared to ride out the blow. At midnight it was blowing a hurricane; the velocity of the storm was at least one hundred miles. The voice of the gale, as it howled through the rigging, mingled with the creaking timbers, and the roar of the angry waters as they dashed against and over the bulwarks, made a din too terrifying to describe, but the John H. Tibbits was a staunch little craft and weathered the storm, though she rolled heavily and was driven several points out of her course. Towards morning the gale abated, the wind shifting from east to northeast, and we were able to resume our original course.

As the day grew older the weather moderated and the wind steadily fell, so that by eight bells we had every stitch of canvas out to catch the light breeze.

It is needless to state that I had been laboring under a great strain since I had learned of the intended mutiny and now that the day appointed for the seizing of the ship had arrived, I felt completely unnerved and had to summon all the courage I possessed to nerve me for the ordeal.

I had watched the men closely all morning and caught them several times earnestly conversing in groups, but upon my approach they would disperse in a rather confused manner, which in itself showed guilt.

I decided that the time for action had arrived. Leaving Masterson on deck to watch, I sent for Tom and we were soon securely locked in my cabin and hard at work on my scheme. Our idea was to work on the superstitious imagination of the sailors by disguising Tom to impersonate the dead captain.

In less time than it takes to relate, Tom had slipped into one of Captain Haverlock's uniforms, and with the aid of some paste and a false beard which he had used in some amateur theatricals ashore, he soon assumed the appearance of the dead seaman. After everything had been arranged to our satisfaction and he had received his final instructions, I locked him in the cabin to await a propitious time for his appearance.

The night was clear and the sea calm. Jim Foster, one of our loyal band, who had taken the wheel just before the men went below for mess, whispered as I sauntered up, that an attempt would be made to take the ship that night. Even as I spoke I could distinctly hear a gradual crescendo of coarse voices from the forecastle as if they were wrangling in heated argument.

Shortly afterward Steve Chalmers, another of our allies, came on deck, and after looking about to see that he was not observed, made a trumpet of his hands and uttered the one word "tonight." With that he disappeared below.

Believing the critical moment had come I lost no time in conveying the news to Masterson and we prepared for action at once. We released Tom from his prison and smuggled him into the dory, which was tied astern of the ship in a manner which could be easily cut loose.

Silence now reigned on board the John H. Tibbits. It was a tense, taut-drawn silence such as heralds the explosion of a storm. It was suddenly broken by the rushing of many feet and a chorus of hoarse shouts from below; then, led by Alverado, the men clambered on deck and closed in upon me.

"What is the meaning of this," I demanded as the men crowded threateningly around me.

"It means," said Alvarado, who acted as spokesman, "that we are going to relieve you of the command of the ship, and the less fuss you make about it the better it will be for you, eh, men?"

"Aye, aye, cap," the men cried in response.

"That means mutiny," I exclaimed in feigned surprise.

"Call it what you will," Alverado roared, "we have been ordered about long enough by you, and we don't intend to stand it any longer."

Thereupon the ruffian advanced with outstretched arms, as if to pick me up and hurl me overboard. But, before he had advanced a single pace, Masterson and Everett, who had been standing in the shadow of the mainmast, leaped forward and confronted him with drawn revolvers. Simultaneously a cry of "ship ahoy," floated to us over the waters, and as the moon emerged from behind the heavy clouds it revealed a little dory with a single occupant rowing vigorously toward the ship.

(Continued on page 205.)

SAVAGE JUNIOR



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MY TOUR IN THE ANTIPODES

Written for The American Boy by
ARTHUR DUFFEY

Interesting Experiences of the World's Champion Short Distance Runner Among the Athletic Enthusiasts of Australia and New Zealand

PART II



A GROUP OF CHAMPIONS

Beginning on the left, we see Stanley Rowley, Ex-Australian Champion Sprinter; Nigel Barker, Australian Champion Sprinter; Arthur Duffey, American Sprinter, and Alfred Shrubb, the World's Long Distance Runner.

ARRIVING in Dunedin after a most delightful voyage, during which we visited Milford Sounds, Hobart and the Bluff, we were immediately impressed by its picturesque site, and its distinctly Scotch appearance. As in Australia, we were met at the wharf by the Dunedin committee and tendered the same hospitality and kindness. Our contests here were held on the celebrated Carisbrook Grounds, and before a record gate we made our first appearance on New Zealand soil, though considerable disappointment was expressed at the non-appearance of Shrubb.

Pitted against me in the sprints were some of the smartest sprinters I ever met, and, what surprised me the most, as I came to the scratch in the 50 yards handicap was the New Zealander's idea



ALFRED SHRUBB, WORLD'S CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE RUNNER

of worsted barriers at the start, evidently to prevent the runner making a false start. This was a new wrinkle to me for it seemed so strange to have a string across one's chest as the crouch was assumed, but desiring to conform to their rules I gradually became accustomed to it. After a hard race I succeeded in winning the short sprint in 5 2-5 seconds, thus establishing a new world's grass record for the distance. In the longer sprint the handicaps were too liberal and I was unable to get placed.

Anxious to know how Shrubb was getting on in Melbourne I felt extremely pleased when I received news that the Englishman had sailed from Melbourne on the "Warrimoo." It was good news to committee and public alike, and all expressed their appreciation by the loyal manner in which Shrubb was received at the station when he arrived in Christchurch, the scene of the New Zealand championship. Looking extremely haggard and worn, with nerves all unstrung from the long voyage and the misfortune to be on the "Warrimoo" when she took fire at sea, it was under these conditions that the champion had to compete in the sports the next day, March 17.

The championship meeting was a two-day affair, the preliminary heats being held on Friday and the finals on Saturday. The first day's sport proved very favorable to us both, and it appeared that we would sweep the board. In the three-mile championship Shrubb won cleverly, though one could easily notice that the Englishman was far from being fit. In the sprints my trial heats proved rather easy for me as I was in fine form and, in the semi-finals, accomplished even time on a rather slow track.

The next day, Saturday, a beautiful day, before another record gate, we contested the finals, though feeling very tired and stiff from our previous day's exertions. In the final sprint, getting away to a beautiful start against a strong wind, I won handily in 10 2-5 seconds, and later in the day won the 50 yards handicap, equalling the world's record. In the mile championship, however, things did not fare so luckily with my pal, Shrubb, for it was plainly evident, after he had gone the first half, that the previous day's racing was too much for him. Gradually the pace told on him and H. G. Burke, the New Zealander, gradually forged to the front amid the swinging of arms and the excited cheers of his countrymen. Although the time was only 4.27 2-5 seconds, I might here say that Burke is one of the finest milers I ever saw, and could have accomplished much faster time on a better track. After the mile championship, Shrubb turned out later in the day and eventually won the four-mile handicap.

Completely worn out and tired of racing and traveling, on the following Monday we wended our way to Wellington to take part in the sports there. Upon arriving, a royal reception awaited us. It was most gratifying to us to see the large crowds that attended the sports, and how enthusiastically we were received as we came upon the course. At these sports my form still remained with me and in spite of the handicaps succeeded in winning the 75 yards sprint, getting second in 50 yards, and third in the 100, being defeated in these sprints by Goodtchere and Seddon, the latter the son of the Prime Minister. As Shrubb was still unfit from his sickness, he was unable to do himself justice in the mile handicap, and in the three-mile succeeded in getting second. During our delightful visit to Wellington we had the honor to be entertained at the Prime Minister's home by the Misses Seddon.

Leaving Wellington after a long journey, our last appearance in New Zealand was made on the Auckland Domain, without doubt the fastest track we met on the tour. In vain did the Auckland Association strive to bring Shrubb and Burke together in a special mile match, but the sturdy Dunedinite found it impossible to accept, and as a result Shrubb was forced to battle his way through the mile handicap, which he won by a magnificent burst at the finish, and succeeded in lowering the New Zealand record to 4 minutes, 22 seconds. Not contented with his already record breaking feat he turned out later in the three-mile handicap and repeated a popular record breaking win.

In the sprints my powers of endurance seemed to forsake me at the most critical



ARTHUR DUFFEY AND J. KANE, AFTER A HARD RACE AT DUNEDIN

moment, all of which I accounted for by my visit to Rotorura, the home of the Maoris, where I spent the week previous to the sports, sight-seeing. I felt extremely tired as I competed in the 75 yards dash, and although my first heat was a record breaking performance, accomplishing 7 3-5 seconds, in the final I lacked my usual finishing burst and could do no better than third. In the 50 yards sprint my running was a repetition of the former event, and again I was forced to accept third prize, though I must add that in both events my competitors received very liberal handicaps.

On the following Monday, before a large crowd of enthusiasts who were present at the wharf to bid us a last farewell to New Zealand, we sailed away from Auckland for Sydney, New South Wales. Our voyage was a most delightful one, and after a few days once more we were back in Australia, where we were again tendered a royal welcome by the committee representing the various branches of sport. So much could be written about our visit to New South Wales, concerning our receptions, sight-seeing, amusement, etc., that I shall not tax the reader's mind, but we must confess that our visit to Sydney was the most enjoyable part of our tour, and it was with difficulty that we were able to continue our training owing to the long programme of entertainment that the commitee had provided for us.

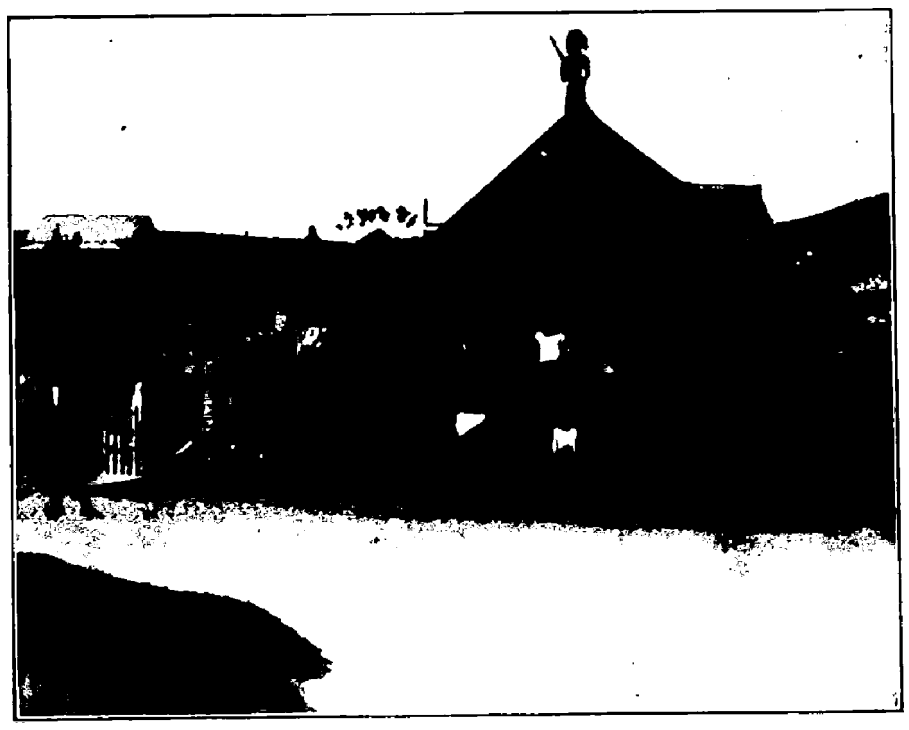
Our contests here were held on the Sydney Cricket Grounds, and unquestionably were the keenest in which we had taken part. Patiently had the followers of athletes awaited my arrival in Sydney, for great interest and enthusiasm had been aroused over the special sprint match. My competitors in this race were Nigel Barker (Sydney University), and Stanley Rowley (ex-Australian champion), without doubt the fastest men I had yet met. Realizing that I had a difficult task before me in defeating these men, assiduously I prepared for the coming contest, and on the following Saturday, to an enthusiastic reception from the "Australian Barrackers," we came to the scratch to decide the question of supremacy.

The start was a magnificent one. Starting with my usual precision, at the report of the pistol I was off, and after taking a few strides I could not help but noticing how slow the Australian sprinters were leaving the mark. My starting



A MAORI CHIEF

Here, also, although the sports proved to be but a little meeting, the competition was as keen as we ever encountered, for the committee had arranged another match sprint between Barker, Rowley and myself and had provided Shrubb with a two-mile handicap. In our sprint race it seemed a most regrettable affair that our match should again prove so dissatisfying to all, for, after a close finish, the judges were unable to pick a winner, some contending I had won, and others claiming a dead-heat. At any rate, the race was again left undecided. After Shrubb trotted home a winner in the two-mile handicap, again lowering the Australian record to 9 minutes, 33 seconds, we caught the train for Melbourne that evening and embarked the next day on the "Ophir" for London, thoroughly satisfied with our Australian experiences.



SOME OF THE FOREMOST MAORI ATHLETES. THE MAORI FOOTBALLERS HAVE ONE OF THE STRONGEST TEAMS IN AUSTRALIA

seemed an enigma to the spectators and runners alike, and in spite of the lead I obtained at the start—my long spikes on the soft track bored me down so that I gradually weakened towards the finish and to my dismay Barker forged ahead, winning by inches in 10 1-5 seconds.

After the sprint race Shrubb competed in the mile New South Wales Championship and the two-mile handicap, winning both events by long margins, and winning the former event in 4 minutes 26 seconds, establishing a new New South Wales record and lowering the two-mile record to 9 minutes 42 seconds.

On the following Saturday the sports were continued with another special sprint race between the same competitors, and a five-mile handicap was substituted for Shrubb, in order to give him an opportunity to establish a new Australian record. As before, my manner of starting caused considerable comment, but not heeding the many remarks I could not help but hearing about me, again we came to the scratch. Getting away as usual, amid excited cries, I raced through the distance at top speed, only to be told upon my return to the judges that it was no race, owing to my beating the pistol. Rather vexed at the officials for not stopping me before completing the full distance, I was prevailed upon by the committee to run the event after the handicap sprint. But after competing in the latter event, which I eventually won, creating a new world's record for the distance, I felt so stiff and sore from the wretched condition of the track that I decided not to compete; as a result the match was left undecided and was postponed till the following Monday.

Although my action in refusing to turn out and run the race was disappointing to the crowd, still the spectators were amply repaid when the "Horsham harrier" appeared in the longer distance and tendered them a surprise by his wonderful powers of endurance. Starting from scratch in a large field of entries, gradually the champion passed one by one and won out easily, creating a new Australian record of 25 minutes 5 seconds.

As one can easily imagine by this time, our thoughts were gradually becoming centered more on home than on our racing. It was probably one of the happiest moments of our lives when we started on the following Monday to Concord to run our last race at St. Luke's Park



A. H. WIDMER, AUSTRALIAN QUARTER MILE CHAMPION

A PICTURE THAT MAY HAVE DONE GOOD SERVICE.

One of our Wisconsin subscribers says the picture of the boys in a lumber camp that appeared in our March number, has, as he thinks, served to locate his brother, whom he has not seen nor heard from for eighteen years.



I would rather my boy grew up able to build a great structure like the Brooklyn Bridge than to receive the highest honors that the people could bestow upon him.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Given to the Sunday World at the Hotel Dover, New York, Jan. 20, 1906.

SHAGGYCOAT

(*Continued from page 199.*)

had never heard such thunder, or seen such deadly lightning before. So, without waiting to see more, he fled down stream, and hid under the first shelving bank that offered him a hiding place.

There he lay very still for several hours, but when he ventured out it was quite dark and the stranger had gone.

It was man with his deadly thunderstick, and even the strong buck, with the feet of the wind, had been as helpless when it spoke as his little dappled fawn would have been, in the same spot.

Although he never saw these things again, Shaggy-coat never forgot the scene, or the roar of the thunderstick, and the scent of the strange creature seemed to linger in his nostrils for days. He had seen enough of this strange and terrible water world for one summer, and would seek his pond, and Brighteyes.

(*To be continued.*)

RISEN FROM THE DEAD

(*Continued from page 203.*)

The hostile attitude of the crew was brought to a sudden stop, and the sailors looked aghast as the figure of the dead captain showed up plainly in the bright moonlight.

Before they had recovered from their fright, a line had been thrown unobserved, by Foster, to the man in the boat, and the "apparition" soon climbed aboard and stood among us.

It was the exact counterpart of Captain Haverlock. In his hands he carried a long plank, a sheet and a heavy iron chain, similar to the one used in sinking his body. The deception was realistic even to the wet clothing from which the water was dripping, giving the appearance that he had just stepped frim his ocean grave.

The scene was an awe inspiring one, and the mutineers stood as if rooted to the deck as they gazed with horror on the "awful ghost." To quicken the terror of the thoroughly frightened men the "apparition" began to speak in hollow, unearthly tones.

"What is going on here?" it said, as the plank and chain clattered on the deck.

Alverado was the first to recover from his stupor, and replied defiantly: "We mean to take the ship even if the devil himself appears." With that, drawing an ugly-looking knife, he commanded his confederates to throw us overboard, but he called upon them in vain. Instead of advancing they fell back. They seemed paralyzed with fear, and kept their eyes riveted upon the figure of the captain, who they evidently regarded as a being from another world. I shall never forget the sight of that big desperado as he stood there in his red undershirt and trousers, furious with rage when he failed to arouse his companions from their stupor. Believing that they had cowardly deserted him, Alvarado lashed them unmercifully with his tongue, calling them all the foul names he could command.

Then, with eyes blazing and the fury of a madman, he hurled his great bulk full upon me. The impact was so sudden and unexpected that I was taken unaware and knocked sprawling on tne deck.

Before the others could come to my assistance, the half-crazed wretch had plunged his knife with crushing force through my left shoulder. I was on my feet in an instant, for the wound that he had inflicted did not disable me entirely. Furious with rage and pain I closed in on my opponent. In the struggle which followed he dropped the knife, but not until he had slashed me several times. I was so enraged that I did not know where he hit me. The men made no effort to separate us as we staggered back and forth on the deck, apparently too fascinated with the battle. It was a struggle to the death. Once I had him down, but although I showered blow upon blow upon him they had no effect. The fellow seemed void of all feeling and possessed the strength of a Hercules. Finally, from exhaustion and loss of blood, I felt my strength rapidly leaving me. Alvaredo evidently knew that the fight was his for he cried, savagely, "Now, Turner, I've got you!"

Just at that moment Masterson came to my aid. Grabbing up a belaying pin he hit the mutineer a fearful blow over the head. He fell like a log over my prostrate body, for I was unconscious.

They told me after I regained consciousness that Alverado's skull was almost crushed in by Masterson's mighty club, but just as they were about to move him he struggled to his feet and cried, "If I can't get the ship, you will never take me alive."

With that, more dead than alive, the desperate man sprang over the rail and disappeared from view.

During the melee the excitement on the ship was intense. Taking advantage of the uproar the mutineers were soon overpowered and in irons. A guard was placed over them during the night. When morning came they were fully subdued and begged to be released. Being short-handed and still having many miles to cover, I took them at their word, and they were soon back to work again. We arrived at our destination without further adventure.



JUST AT THAT MOMENT MASTERSON CAME TO MY AID

THE GOOD OLD KID DAYS

THEY WERE ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT

An Error in Judgement

An examiner on going into a class in a public school asked a little lad which he would prefer, a half of an orange or a quarter of one. The boy without hesitation answered that he would take the quarter, and with some uncomplimentary remarks he was told to sit down.

After school hours some of the little boy's companions went to the teacher and asked her why Johnny was counted wrong. The teacher replied sharply:

"Don't you boys know one-half is more than one-quarter?"

"Teacher," said the spokesman of the group, "Johnny doesn't like oranges."

The British Licked Again!

Say! We got a new word---"more-ish." It's all right, too. "It's English you know." When a thing tastes awful good they say "it tastes more-ish." That's what the British boys say about MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE. They're all right, too. More you eat, more you want. Best is, Mother says: "Eat all you want. It's good for you." Never had the chance before to eat all the candy I wanted, 'cept once. Then I *was* sick. Say, up at the house they call me Oliver Twist, 'cause I'm always askin' for more MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE. An' say! All the boys are catching on. Hear what Billy said? "We licked the British an' now we're lickin' the British Toffee." Not so worse, eh? Say, you got any money? Come on---I'll show you where to get some

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

This famous OLD ENGLISH CANDY is the purest and creamiest Taffy made. It grows in favor, for its "more-ish" flavor is always the same--a tempting deliciousness found in no other candy.

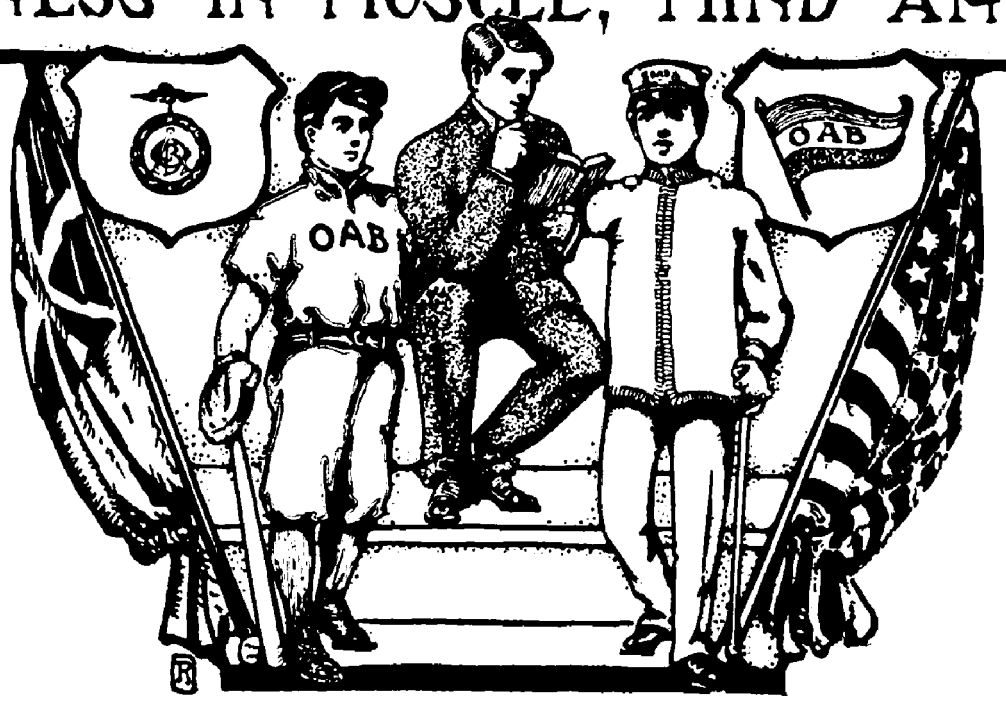
5c and 10c packages—At all dealers.



John Mackintosh
Dept. 43
78 Hudson St., New York

The Great American Boy Army.

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

Object:—*The* Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals

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

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

New Companies Organized

President Lincoln Co., No. 58, Division of Illinois, Bradford, Ill.; East End Washington Co., No. 61, Division of Iowa, Washington, Iowa; Confederate States Co., No. 7, Division of Mississippi, Houston, Miss.; Cowaseelone Military Co., No. 56, Division of New York, Canastota, N. Y.; Quina Co., No. 86, Division of Ohio, Lima, Ohio.; Tiger Athletic Co., No. 17, Division of Washington, Rochester, Wash.; Kickapoo Badgers Co., No. 30, Division of Wisconsin, Viola, Wis.; 1906 Company, No. 38, Division of Kansas, Independence, Kans.; Birchwood Company, No. 60, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.; Fort Henry Co., No. 12, Division of West Virginia, Wheeling, W. Va.; Chairtown Co., No. 23, Division of Massachusetts, Gardner, Mass.; The Starrum Co., No. 59, Division of Illinois, DeLand, Ill.; Kaw Valley Co., No. 37, Division of Kansas, Topeka, Kans.; The Yellowbreeches Co., No. 60, Division of Pennsylvania, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Zebulon Pike Co., No. 20, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo.; Magnolia Hill Co., No. 14, Division of Georgia, Eatonton, Ga.; Rainbow Falls Co., No. 3, Division of Montana, Great Falls, Mont.; Wood Hole Pioneer Co., No. 24, Division of Massachusetts, Wood Hole, Mass.; Nicholas Longworth Co., No. 6, Division of Florida, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Miami Valley Scouts Co., No. 87, Division of Ohio, Franklin, Ohio; Iowa Rough Riders Co., No. 62, Division of Iowa, Sheldon, Ia.; William Penn Co., No. 61, Division of Pennsylvania, Jeannette, Pa.; Cuyahoga Agassiz Co., No. 88, Division of Ohio, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Texas Lone Star Co., No. 37, Division of Texas, Goldthwaite, Texas; Cumberland Co., No. 8, Division of North Carolina, Manchester, N. C.; Palmetto Seal Co., No. 3, Division of South Carolina, Greenville, S. C.; Tecumseh Co., No. 2, Division of Indian Territory, South McAlester, I. T.

Company News

MAGNOLIA COMPANY, No. 8, Magnolia, Ark., has added three new members to the company and expects before long to double its present membership. Its officers are: Miles Prator, Capt.; Buck Bird, Sec.; Frank Prator, Treas.; John Bird, Libn.; John MacNeil, V. C. This company has begun well financially, as it has $2.45 in the treasury and exacts dues from its members of 25c per month. Meetings are held each Friday evening at the members' homes. SALEM ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 30, Salem, Ind., meets every Friday evening, and recently elected its officers, who are: Frank Gray, Capt.; Wilbur Hobbs, V. C.; Grant Wheasler, Sec.; Frank Clarke, Treas. In addition there was elected a Company Counsel, and with his aid it is expected that better and more systematic work will be done. This company has ten members, and good prospects for more. It has $5 in the treasury, and as soon as the season opens intends purchasing athletic goods for a track team. The baseball team and the track captains are busy scheduling games and every member is anxious for victory in the games this season. The members are also planning a big outing on White River immediately after school closes. THE RISING SUN COMPANY, No. 59, Brooklyn, Pa., has seventeen members, and the secretary writes is having all kinds of good luck. It has the beginning of a fine library with seventy-five books, also boxing gloves and other athletic apparatus, and about $2 in the treasury. Dues are 10c a month. We expect to hear great things of this company. HONEST ABE COMPANY, No. 38, Freeport, L. I., N. Y., celebrated its second anniversary with a banquet on March 2d. The members and friends discussed an excellent dinner, after which they listened to a fine program, and had a splendid time. At the recent election of officers the following were declared elected: Hilbrt R. Johnson, Capt.; Harry Gunning, V. C.; Carl Gunning, Sec.; Eliot Ross, Treas., and Fred Hunt, Physical Instructor. It has nearly $8 in the treasury and the members occupy one of the best club rooms on Long Island, furnished with a good library of periodicals. MINNESOTA SKIRMISHERS COMPANY, No. 22, Saint Paul, Minn., celebrated Washington's birthday on the afternon of February 22d. The secretary sends us a copy of the program, from which we note that it consisted of essays, songs, dialogues, both for boys and girls, tableaux and choruses. This company is most enthusiastic and is going in for military drill. It has a fine American flag, 6x10 feet in size. We shall be glad to hear further of its doings. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., has been adding new members to its fine company, and also corresponding with other companies of the Order. This is something that we would heartily recommend to all the companies, because the exchange of ideas and of plans regarding the conduct of the meetings of the companies cannot but be helpful. The Company Counsel was recently presented with a nice fountain pen as a token of the members' appreciation of his efforts on their behalf. The principal item for its next company meeting will be a debate, Resolved: "That playing marbles for keeps is gambling." We expect to have a report of the result of the debate. YOUNG AMERICANS' ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 28, Petaluma, Cal., has recently increased its membership, and the members have bought college style caps, navy blue, and with a gold colored "O. A. B." on them. The captain writes us that a good many of the members expect to take part in the celebration of AMERICAN BOY DAY at San Francisco on July 5th. We would say to Captain Pressey that the boy to whom he refers as being in possession of the badge, ribbons and stamps of the Order is undoubtedly an individual member of the Order, and he has gained them by meritorious work on behalf of THE AMERICAN BOY. If he should request admission to your company, a majority vote would either admit or reject him. U. S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 55, Lincoln, Ill., has six members with more promised, $3.75 in the treasury, and meets every Tuesday evening. The dues have been fixed at 10c a month. The programs at its meetings consist of debates, recitations, songs, and musical selections. Its officers are: Paul Cannon, Capt.; Charles Miller, V. C.; Leland Davy, Sec., and Sherman Coates, Treas. We are pleased to know that this company recently purchased a bicycle and presented it to a poor, crippled boy, and at the same time procured him a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. We trust that this example of sympathy and kindness to others will not be lost upon other companies. The captain promises us a picture of the members shortly. OHIOAN COMPANY, No. 85, Dennison, Ohio, recently held three most successful meetings, adding two new members to the company and expecting more soon. The monthly dues have been set at 15c, and the company has at present $1 in the treasury. Fines are imposed for various offenses. KICKAPOO BADGER COMPANY, Viola, Wis., recently elected the following officers: Russell Cooley, Capt.; Will Gerlock, V. C.; Andrew Anderson Jr., Sec.; Harry Bender, Treas., and Prof. Geo. E. Sanford, C. C. COLONEL MORGAN COMPANY, No. 14, Fort Morgan, Colo., recently elected the following officers: Earl Ross, Capt.; Owen Simpson, V. C.; Milton S. Kimball, Sec.; Wyllys Warner, Treas.; Abner S. Baker, S. A. We would just hint to the captain of this company that we want to get as near as possible to each company, and the only means we have of doing this is by obtaining an account of each company's doings. KERMIT ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 36, Clyde, Kan., promises us a picture of the members in a few days, and seems to be getting along very nicely, except that the captain finds some difficulty in keeping up the interest of the members and obtaining their attendance at the meetings. We think that if the suggested programs given in our monthly company letters are looked over, some things could be got from them that would make a pleasing evening's entertainment, at least once a month. Then the long days are coming, and the members will be practicing baseball, running, and other games, and indoor meetings will not be held as often as during the winter months. OLD NORTH STATE COMPANY, No. 7, Washington, N. C., has a membership of nine, a library of eighteen books, $2 in the treasury, and recently had its charter framed and placed in a conspicuous position over the captain's desk. It also has a nice club room, with a large oil stove, which keeps the members very comfortable during their meetings. MUSKINGUM VALLEY COMPANY, No. 49, Zanesville, Ohio, recently held its semi-annual election of officers, resulting as follows: Everett Hastings, Captain.; Roy Sulcer, V. C.; Earl Sulcer, Sec.; Hector McLean, Treas.; Stanley Hastings, S. A. This company has $3.50 in the treasury and recently purchased considerable material for its club room. Its meetings are held once every two weeks. WEBFOOTERS COMPANY, No. 21, Roseburg, Ore., held its election of officers in February, with the following result: Seth Hamilton, Capt.; Benj. Eddy, V. C.; Bonnie Buchanan, Sec.; Benj. Clare, Treas.; Wallace Benson, Libn. The members had an outing on a recent Saturday, going back into the hills and having a fine time gathering wild lilies and playing games. The programs at its meetings generally consist of debates, talks on local happenings, and songs and recitations. After the meetings the members indulge in boxing and wrestling matches. It has at present a membership of nine with good prospects of more. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 51, Nashville, Ill., gave a reception to ten of their young lady friends on March 16th, at the home of the treasurer. Refreshments in the shape of chicken sandwiches, chocolate, ice cream and cake were served, after which games of various kinds were enjoyed. Everyone present spent a very pleasant evening. The treasurer reports $3.50 in the treasury. Plans are being made by the members to form a tennis team, and during the summer all the members intend to go out camping. Company meetings are held every Friday evening at the members' homes, the meeting places being arranged alphabtically. The dues are 10c a month, with fines which are imposed for various offenses. This company also has its charter nicely framed. OLYMPIA COMPANY, No. 35, Emporia, Kan., is in first-rate shape. A picture of the members was taken recently, but at the time of the secretary's writing had not been printed. However, we expect to get a copy within a very few days. At its last meeting the program consisted of a mock trial, the charge against the accused being "chicken stealing." The treasurer reports $2.48 in the treasury. J. W. DAVIDSON COMPANY, No. 5, Division of China, Shanghai, China, has recently elected the following officers: Joe Evans, Capt.; Earle Woodbury, Sec and Treas. These were elected in place of officers who are coming from China to America. WAGONER GRIT COMPANY, No. 1, Wagoner, I. T. This company held a nice meeting on the celebration of Washington's birthday and had quite a number of invited boy friends. It has $3 in the treasury, and has organized a baseball team for the coming season. The members are preparing to celebrate American Boy Day. HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Ia., recently held its third annual banquet and election of officers. Percy Lapham is the new captain, Dick Smith, V. C.; Allyn Sheldon, Treas., and Lee Hill, Sec. This company at its meeting get up programs and amusements, which are of interest to all members, and has instituted a bank account. LAKE CLUB COMPANY, No. 77, Empire, Mich. This company has elected the following officers: Dale Reynolds, Capt.; Ralph Daly, V. C.; Merton Voice, Sec and Treas.; Clayton Wyse, Libn. It has $1.79 in the treasury and is having its charter nicely framed. FARWELL ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 74, Farwell, Mich., is progressing nicely. It has a club room fitted up with chairs, pictures, stove, reading table, books, papers, two lamps and a new carpet. It also has two pairs of Indian clubs and boxing gloves. The treasury is rich to the extent of $2.78. It recently gave a geographical party and had a good attendance and a fine time. Its membership numbers twelve. HAMILTON ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 20, Hamilton, Ind., has the following officers: Paul Dargue, Capt.; Orville Sewell, V. C.; Harold Renner, Sec.; Orville Sewell, Treas.; Paul H. Zeigler, Libn and S. A. Its gymnastic apparatus consists of a punching bag and a set of boxing gloves. It has also many games and a library of 45 books, with a number of magazines. It has eight members and holds its meetings every Thursday evening, and the dues are 5c a month. HENRY CLAY COMPANY, No. 7, Wickliffe, Ky., recently held a debate on the subject: "Resolved, that George Washington was a greater man than Lincoln." The judges, however, failed to come to a decision. PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., has recently got into its new quarters, consisting of three rooms, one of which is used as a library, and it also has one-half acre of ground for athletic purposes, for all which it pays a rent of $3. The members held a St. Valentine social at the home of one of the members, and all present enjoyed themselves. This company is much interested in debating and at a recent meeting discussed the qustion: "Resolved, that immigration is a detriment to the United States." The members are trying to win one of our special prizes for the largest increase in membership. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its forty-first regular report, from which we note that four meetings were held in February, and at each meeting there was a special program along literary and scientific lines. The company intends to hold a mass meeting in its new auditorium, and cards of announcement are being sent to all desirable young men and boys in the vicinity. The members expect by this to greatly increase their membership and every one of its branch societies. The secretary sends us four photographs of some of the members of the company, which we are sorry on account of their indistinctness cannot be reproduced in THE AMERICAN BOY, but we shall place them in our picture gallery. He also sends us a copy of a little paper, "The Sunbeam," which has a nice picture on its cover page, and is altogether well gotten up. J. FRANK HANLY COMPANY, No. 27, Westfield, Ind., has recently elected the following officers: Wm. J. Metzger, Capt.; Thos. B. Lindley, V. C.; Frank P. Brannon, Sec.; Chas. Alford, Treas. Its recent meetings have been taken up with discussions on the world's famous men, one mock trial and two debates. The members also carried out the February program as suggested in our company letter, and everyone enjoyed it. It has a track team and intended trying conclusions with the Y. W. C. A. The two company counsel are endeavoring to make the company what it ought to be, according to the principles of the Order.

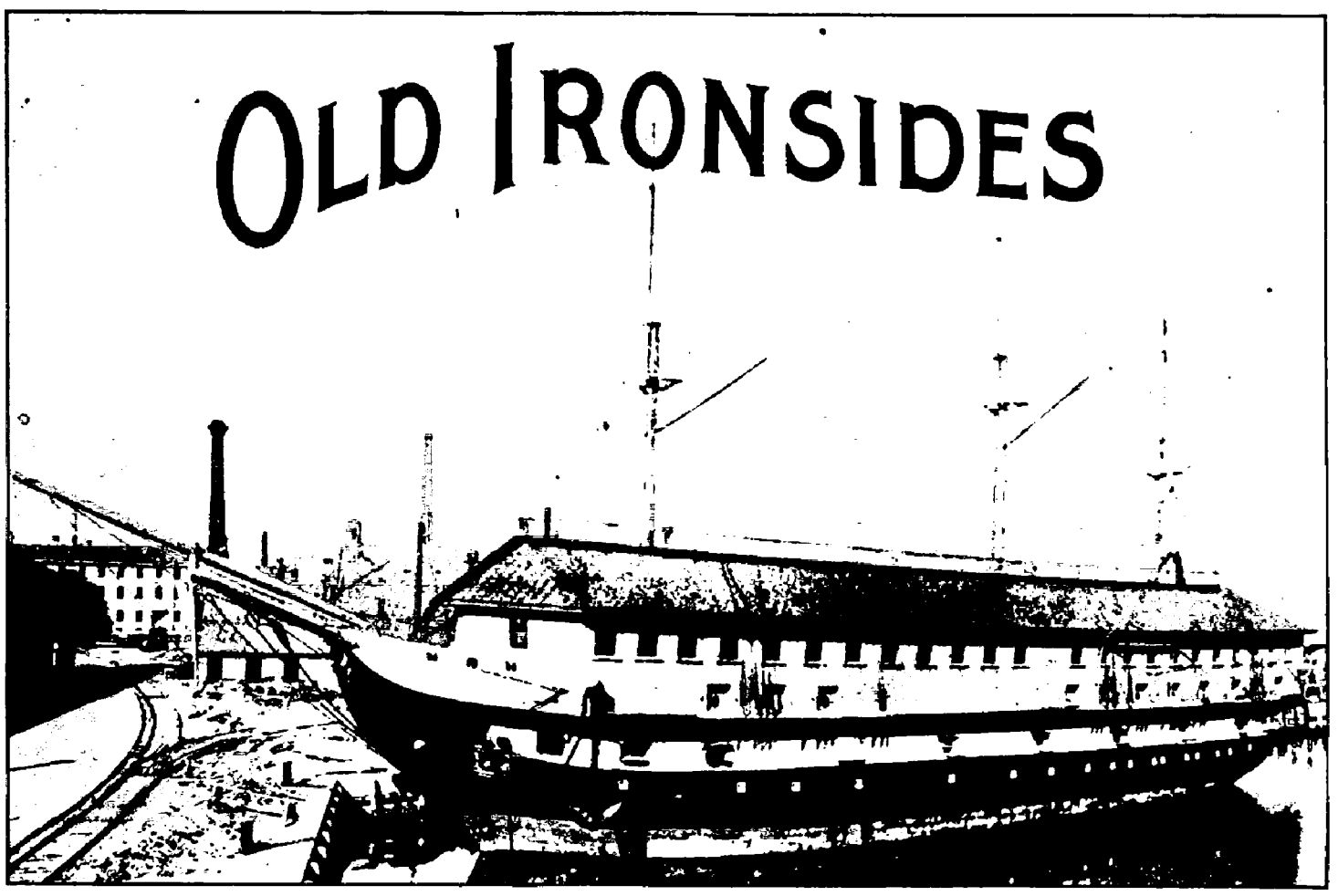


BASKET BALL TEAM OF THE SALEM (IND.) ATHLETIC CO. NO. 30, O. A. B. J. KESSLER, COACH AND COMPANY COUNSEL, IN THE REAR



CENTRAL ATHLETIC CLUB, WOOSTER, OHIO
Fourteen-year-old Champions of 1905. Won 7 games out of 7.

OLD IRONSIDES



THE NINETEENTH of August of the year 1812 was a great day in the history of America's naval warfare, for it was on that day that the frigate Constitution met and sunk the British frigate Guerriere eight hundred miles from Boston south of Cape Race. Ten days later the Constitution sailed into Boston Harbor, and the next day her brave commander, Isaac Hull, met with a reception something like that given to Admiral Dewey in all the American cities he visited after "the affair of the Maine." The victory of Captain Hull had a far greater significance than did the victory of Admiral Dewey. The America of the year 1812 was looked upon by all other nations as a third or fourth-class power incapable of any very great achievements. The people seemed to have lost both pride and courage, and the English papers referred to us as a people who "the more they were chastised the more obsequious they became." We were told that we "could not be kicked into a war" and the nation had suffered so many humiliating defeats that it had become an object of sneering ridicule. It was given to Captain Hull and the frigate Constitution to achieve a sudden victory that inspired the people with hope and confidence and that increased the respect of other nations for our country.

The Constitution was launched on the 21st of October in the year 1797. The wharf from which she was launched in the Charlestown district of Boston is still called Constitution Wharf, and the old frigate has for seven or eight years been at anchor near this wharf. All Boston and many patriotic people in other parts of our country rose in revolt when Secretary Bonaparte of the Navy recommended that the old battleship be towed out to sea and used as a target by the big guns of the North Atlantic squadron. It was not the first time that the people of our country have united in a vigorous protest to save the historic vessel from destruction. She was threatened with destruction away back in 1837, and would perhaps have gone out of existence had not Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a student at Harvard, sent forth his stirring poem entitled "Old Ironsides," in which he wrote in the first stanza:

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar,
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more."

This poem created a renewed feeling of gratitude and of obligation toward the Constitution and she was saved. Again she fell into decay and a second wave of enthusiasm and of patriotism saved her from destruction in the year 1876.

In 1897 the Constitution was brought from Portsmouth to Boston and overhauled and repaired, and a year or two ago the Massachusetts Historical Society addressed a long petition to Congress asking that steps be taken for the permanent preservation of the Constitution. These petitioners said with certain truth in their petition:

"In the memory of the people of the United States the Constitution is, throughout her long record, inseparably associated with feats of daring and seamanship—devotion and dash—than which none in all naval history is more skillful or more stirring or more deserving of commemoration by the pious and lasting preservation of the ancient ship now rotting at the wharf opposite to which she was launched six years more than a century ago."

Space cannot be given to record in detail all of the victories of the Constitution, and but brief mention may be made of her most memorable triumph—the sinking of the British battleship Guerriere that nineteenth day of August in the year 1812. England ruled the seas at that time and was arrogant accordingly. She had nothing but contempt for our little navy and seemed to enjoy nothing more than our humiliation over her triumphs. The American people, many of them, had come to believe that it was of no use to wage warfare against a mighty power like England, and had become apathetic. Possibly they would have remained so until utterly routed and defeated by the British had it not been for the skill and daring of Captain Hull on the day he sunk the Guerriere. When he returned to Boston on the Constitution with the information that the Guerriere was at the bottom of the sea the effect was almost magical. Captain Hull became the hero of the hour and his name endures as one of the bravest and best of our American soldiers of the sea. He died in the year 1843 and the Constitution has done some very good service since that time, but she has for many years been out of commission and is now valuable only as an historical relic worthy of preservation because of her past achievements.

Of course there is very little of the original Constitution left. Her decks have been replaced several times and her portholes are now windows, but she is still the Constitution in name and in her outline. It is not at all likely that she will ever be towed out to sea to become the target of other vessels. "Old Ironsides" has a strong hold on the affections of the American people as has been evidenced by the wave of protest that swept the country when Secretary Bonaparte suggested that she be destroyed. The old "Fighting Frigate of 1812" deserves better things at our hands than destruction by our own battleships. The protest Oliver Wendell Holmes made when her destruction was threatened nearly threescore and ten years ago will again be made, and again will the people feel as the young poet at Harvard felt when he wrote:

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storm,
The lightning and the gale."

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As soon as fifty cents is made up by our readers, we will contribute another fifty cents and enter up a subscription for an entire year for some shut-in boy who cannot afford to pay for it himself. You may send as little even as one cent and it will be applied to this cause. If you send fifty cents, we will give you the name and address of the boy to whom the subscription is sent, so that you may know whom you are helping. Your fifty cents does not really pay the actual cost to us of the subscription. We are willing to forego all the profit and something besides in order to help the cause.

Then, too, if you know of a shut-in, poverty-stricken boy who ought to be one of the number to receive THE AMERICAN BOY through the kindness of others, you can send us his name and address, but with it you must send a letter from some responsible adult, man or woman, who knows and vouches for the facts. The boy must be a confirmed invalid, not one merely temporarily ill, and must be so poor that he cannot afford to buy the paper himself.

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A

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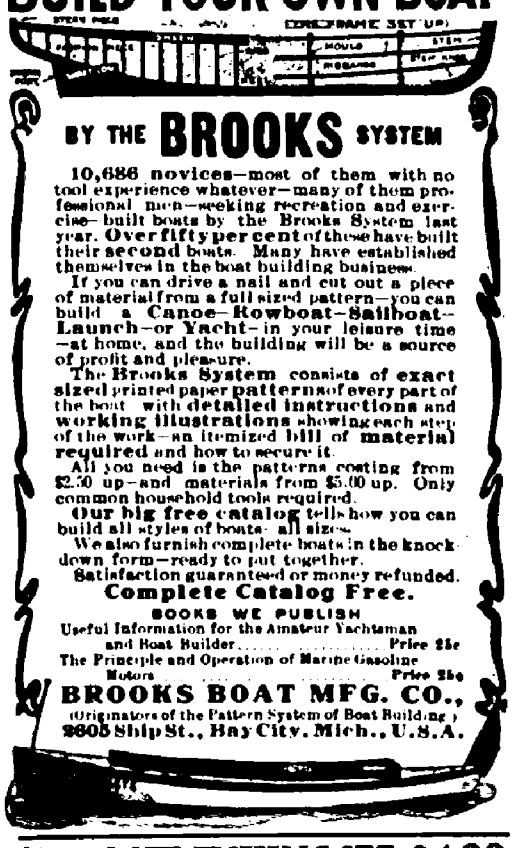

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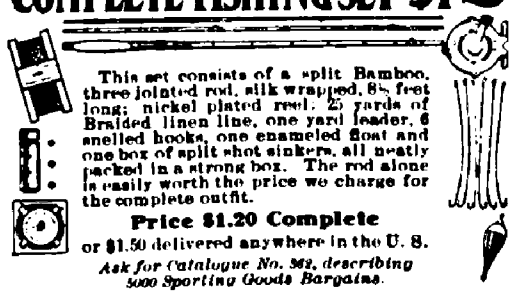

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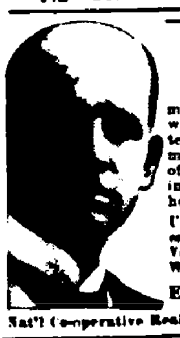

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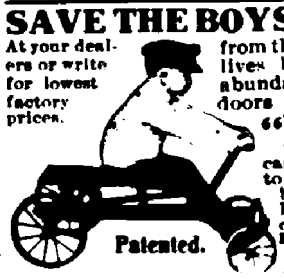

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DANIEL BOONE
The Pioneer.

BY MARIANNE G. SPRATLEY.

THERE IS no character in American history whose life reads more like a romance than that of Daniel Boone. He gained his world-wide reputation not as a statesman, nor as a military genius, but simply as a great hunter and brave pioneer, who opened the way into the American wilderness and civilization followed, making the grand old state of Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground," so called from early conflicts with the Indians.

Boone's parents came from England and settled near Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where the famous pioneer was born in February, 1735. Here, on the banks of the Delaware, his boyhood was spent, and he early learned to handle his rifle with a steady eye and an unerring aim. Few frontier schools taught more than the common rudiments of education, consequently Daniel's opportunities were limited; but he was a thoughtful, observant boy, and obtained a practical knowledge of many things which made up for his deficiency in book-learning. Though without literary culture, he was not an ignorant man, a fact verified by his letters and a journal which was published while he lived.

When Daniel was in his eighteenth year the family removed to North Carolina, and settled on the Yadkin river. Indians and wild beasts held undisputed possession of the country at that time, and Boone, who loved the freedom and solitude of the woods, learned to be cautious and vigilant in his hunting expeditions. He understood Indian character, their cunning and sagacity and, like them, he was without fear and ever on the alert. He became familiar with the habits of animals and birds, learning much of natural history while roaming through the forest. It is related that a tree he notched in the wilderness was remembered by him twenty years after, and, to prove it, he stripped off the new bark and found beneath the mark of his ax.

According to tradition, his passion for hunting nearly brought him to grief one day. He saw shining in a thicket what he supposed was the eye of a deer, and, lifting his rifle, was about to fire, when a little feminine scream stopped him. He was surprised to see that it was a fair young girl, with flashing, hazel eyes—a dear, but not a deer. Boone spoke to her and learned that her name was Rebecca Bryan. This romantic incident may be only tradition, but he married a young woman of that name, and they lived many happy years on a farm on the Yadkin river.

John Finley, an adventurous hunter, had penetrated the wilderness in a westerly direction, and traded with the Indians, who were not very hostile then. He gave such glowing accounts of the country and the abundance of game that Boone's interest was deeply stirred, and he yearned to explore the unknown region so full of promise. On the first of May, 1769, a party composed of himself, John Finley, Joseph Holden, William Cool, John Stuart and James Money, started off on the journey through the mountainous wilderness. They traveled westward, stopping only at night to rest, and early in June reached Red River, an affluent of the Kentucky. In that part of the state which is now Morgan County, they halted and erected shelters to protect them from inclement weather, reconnoitered the country and hunted successfully until December.

In his journal Boone wrote: "We found abundance of wild beasts in the vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other settlements, browsing upon the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage of these extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing." As they had encountered no Indians, a feeling of security was felt and they decided to divide the company, so that a larger expanse of territory could be explored.

Boone and John Stuart went in the direction of the Kentucky river. They passed through a great forest, where the silence was broken by the songs of birds, and numerous wild animals were seen. While descending a hill near the river, a party of Indians rushed from a thick cane-brake and made them prisoners. They were robbed of all they possessed, but treated with great hospitality, as the Indians evidently wanted them to join their tribe. A week went by and as they manifested no inclination to escape, the savages became less suspicious and watchful. One night all were lying around a pile of burning logs, fast asleep, except Boone, who thought it was a favorable time for flight, and signaled Stuart. Stealthily they crept away into the darkness, and on entering the forest made their way as fast as possible in the direction of their camp. Great was their consternation to find that it had been plundered during their absence, and their companions gone. Their fate was a secret of the wilderness—they were never heard of again. This made the two men more cautious, and when they saw two persons approaching one day, Boone shouted:

"Hello, strangers, who are you?"

"White men and friends," was answered back.

Their surprise and joy was great when they discovered that one of the men was Boone's brother, Squire, and another adventurer from North Carolina, who had followed their trail. They brought good news from home and a supply of powder and lead, and gave greater security to the party. This did not last long, however, as Boone and Stuart, while looking around for game, were again attacked by Indians. Boone escaped, but poor Stuart was caught and scalped. The hunter who had come with Squire Boone started home alone, and the only clew to his fate was a skeleton and fragments of clothing found near a swamp.

The brothers were left alone, exposed to peril from hostile savages and wild beasts. They built a little cabin to protect them from winter storms and hunted in safety until spring. It was while there alone that Daniel said to his brother: "You see how little human nature requires. It is in our hearts, rather than in the things around us, that we are to seek felicity. A man may be happy in any state. It only asks a perfect resignation to the will of Providence." His contentment under all conditions of life revealed the philosopher, and his intense love of nature the poet. It is said the two American characters in which Byron took a special interest were Patrick Henry for his oratory, and Daniel Boone for his philosophical contentment.



BOONE FEIGNED DELIGHT AT SEEING THEM, AND WHEN IMPATIENTLY ORDERED TO COME DOWN, HE ASKED FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO SAVE HIS TOBACCO

Squire Boone returned to North Caroline for horses and supplies in May, 1770. Daniel was left alone in the vast solitude, but was seldom lonely. There were times when thoughts of wife, children and home saddened his heart—then would he take up his rifle and stroll into the forest, or would start out on an exploring journey. It was on one of these occasions in early summer that he wrote: "One day I undertook a tour through the country, where the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales ceased; a profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with astonishment and delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand the famous Ohio, rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep and awoke not until the sun had chased away the night."

This vivid picture gives an insight into the mind of the man alone with God and nature. He loved solitude and adventure, but not for this alone did he choose that wild life. With prophetic vision, he felt that he had a mission, which is explained in his own words: "Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by summer's sun and pinched by winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness." This he accomplished, and on it rests his imperishable fame.

After an absence of three months Squire Boone returned, bringing horses and supplies. As signs of Indians were seen, the brothers removed to the Cumberland river, reconnoitering and giving names to rivers. Daniel had been away from his home two years when, in March, 1771, he and his brother returned to North Carolina, intending to bring their families so soon as possible to what they considered a second Eden.

It was not until September, 1776, that they took leave of relatives and friends on the Yadkin and began the journey to Kentucky. Pack horses conveyed their effects, and cattle and swine to form a herd in the western wilderness were also carried. At Powell's Valley five other families and forty armed men joined the expedition, which had its charms as well as perils. When evening came they camped near a spring or watercourse, tents were erected and large fires kindled, which not only enlivened the scene, but was protection against wild beasts. We can imagine how the young people enjoyed it, and how children sported from tent to tent, unconscious of the danger which older heads realized.

Their route was through a country famous still for the wild grandeur of its scenery—silvery streams glided through beautiful valleys and the rich green of unbroken forests, while as far as the eye could reach mountain rose above mountain until lost in the blue haze of distance. This was the land the white man coveted—it was the Indian's happy hunting ground, for which he gave his blood as freely as flows the waters of his dearly loved rivers. They had passed over Powell's and Walden's ridges and were approaching Cumberland Gap, when seven young men who had charge of the cattle in the rear, were attacked by savages—six were killed, among them the eldest son of Daniel Boone—the cattle became panic-stricken and scattered in the forest. The Indians were driven off, but this calamity was so disheartening the whole company refused to go farther, notwithstanding the entreaties of Boone, and retreated forty miles to settlement on Clinch River, Virginia.

Boonesborough, a fort near the Kentucky River, was constructed during the spring of 1775, and the following June Boone brought his family to it—"his wife and daughters being the first white women that stood on the banks of the Kentucky River." Other families followed, and though cut off from all intercourse with the world, the little garrison had its social pleasures—and even Cupid, the little god, who finds his way

"Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,"

entered there. Samuel Henderson and Elizabeth Calloway became engaged and were married in the fort, on the 6th of August, 1776; which it is said, was the first marriage ceremony solemnized in Kentucky. One evening, about a month previous to that event, Elizabeth and Fanny, daughters of Colonel Calloway, and Jemima, daughter of Daniel Boone, the last two fourteen years of age, were captured by Indians while strolling near the river. Their screams were heard at the fort, but before help could come, they were carried away. Boone, with eighteen men, Samuel Henderson included, went in pursuit; but not until the second day were they overtaken. In thick woods the Indians had started a fire to cook, when the excited party dashed upon them—the crack of rifles echoed through the forest, and the surprised savages fled in dismay, leaving two of



MRS. MARIANNE G. SPRATLEY
AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF DANIEL BOONE

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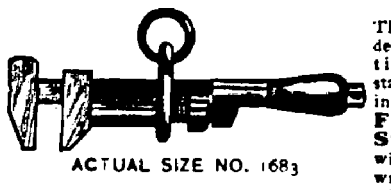

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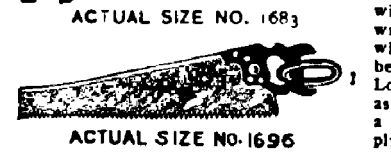

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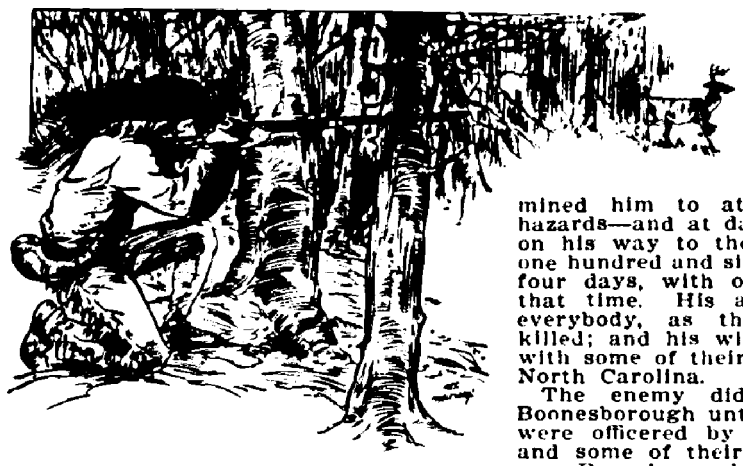

their number dead. The terror-stricken captives were saved unhurt, and so great was the joy of all, they returned to the fort without further pursuing the enemy.

Boonesborough was the starting point of civilization in the western wilderness—it was indeed the little acorn planted by the brave pioneer, that became the mighty oak which now shelters thousands. Truly did he say, the history of the western country was his history—it came like an inspiration that he it was who should open the way to build up a new civilization and, perhaps, as he mused alone in the great solitude he heard, with the ear of hope, "the tread of countless millions." Other garrisons and settlements sprang up, and these encroachments on what they considered their territory by right of possession, aroused the vengeance of the red men. In 1777, they assaulted at different times, the various forts and settlements, but were always repulsed with small loss to the pioneers. This caused great alarm, but more damage was done by shooting under cover, and cutting off communication, than by open warfare.

Boone possessed a charmed life that evaded the arrows and bullets of the enemy, and though captured several times, he always managed to gain his liberty. In January, 1778, he went with thirty men to the Blue Licks on Licking river, to manufacture salt for the garrisons. While hunting for meat one day, he met a company of one hundred Indians marching on Boonesborough. Escape was impossible, and fearing he and his men might be massacred, he parleyed with the Indians and, by his tact, obtained an honorable capitaulation. This diverted them from their attack on the fort, and they carried the prisoners to old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, where they remained about a month. "On the 10th day of March," says Boone, "I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived on the 30th, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity. The Indians had such an affection for me, that they refused one hundred pounds sterling offered them by the governor, if they would leave me with the others, on purpose that he might send me home on my parole."

They took him back to Chillicothe, where a chief, Blackfish, adopted him as a son, and all treated him with great kindness. He joined them in their sports but in shooting matches, was careful not to surpass them, knowing it excited their envy. To avoid suspicion he assumed contentment, but yearned for liberty and those he loved. After five months of captivity, they carried him to the salt springs on the Sciota, and were there ten days making salt. When they returned to Chillicothe he found four hundred and fifty warriors hideously painted and armed, for an expedition against Boonesborough. This determined him to attempt escape at all hazards—and at dawn next day, he was on his way to the fort. A journey of one hundred and sixty miles was made in four days, with only one meal during that time. His appearance astonished everybody, as they thought he was killed; and his wife believing this had, with some of their children, returned to North Carolina.

The enemy did not appear before Boonesborough until August, 1778. They were officered by Canadian Frenchmen and some of their chiefs, among whom was Boone's would-be father, Blackfish. The siege lasted nine days, and women assisted in the defense by moulding bullets and loading the guns. The savages had to retire, leaving thirty-seven killed and many wounded, while the pioneers' loss was only two killed and four wounded. No further attempt was ever made on the fort. A disastrous conflict occurred on the 19th of August, 1782, in which Boone, then a colonel, took an important part; and had his counsel prevailed, the result might have been different. The white men were routed, and a terrible slaughter ensued. Among the slain was young Israel, Colonel Boone's son. When General George Rogers Clarke, who commanded the Kentucky troops, heard of this defeat, he organized a large expedition, resolving to crush the enemy. Their towns were reduced to ashes, their corn destroyed and their territory desolated.

An era of peace dawned upon the settlers. Colonel Boone built a comfortable log house and started a farm. One day while attending to some tobacco that was spread out on the top of a small house to dry, he was surprised by four armed Indians he had met before.

"Now, Boone, we got you!" one cried exultantly. "You no get way more! We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more!"

Boone feigned delight at seeing them, and when impatiently ordered to come down, he asked for a few moments to save his tobacco, engaging their attention with inquiries about former comrades. In the meantime, he had gathered some dried leaves which he crushed in his hands and threw down into their ugly faces. While they were choking and sneezing, he jumped to the ground and escaped to his cabin.

In 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Federal Union as a state. Immigration rapidly increased and there were many lawsuits about titles to lands. Colonel Boone lost the home for which many sacrifices had been made, and, deeply grieved, moved to Missouri, where eight hundred acres of land was given him by the Spanish government This was before the Louisiana purchase but the grant was confirmed by Congress in 1812.

His wife died in 1813, and he survived her seven years. The old man continued his habit of hunting and trapping bears until strength failed; then he would sit in the open air, with his faithful dog by his side, his useless rifle in his feeble hands, gazing into the forest and dreaming of the days that were no more. He died on the 26th of September, 1820; and a half century later, Kentucky honored her old pioneer and his wife—they were removed to the cemetery of Frankfort. Meet it was that their dust should mingle with that of the land they loved so well.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

[The editor will send copies of typical amateur papers to boys interested in the hobby, providing a stamped addressed wrapper is sent.]

A Young Editor Who has "Made Good"

Frank C. Van Name, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been known in amateur journalism for less than a year, yet he has come to be recognized as a leader among the younger element, because of the energy he manifests, the excellent paper he publishes, and the literary improvement he has made.

About a year ago a small paper came out of Brooklyn. It was called The Speck and was not noteworthy for either contents or appearance. Three issues of the paper came out, each showing marked improvement over its predecessor, and amateur journalists began to inquire about Frank C. Van Name. It was found that he was a Brooklyn schoolboy of seventeen years of age. In July the paper became a bi-monthly under the title of The Sparkler, in order not to conflict in name with a longer-established amateur journal of Williamsport, Pa. Since that time The Sparkler has appeared regularly, containing a generous assortment of poems, essays and stories, as well as interesting editorials and comments. Van Name publishes The Sparkler entirely as a recreation and medium of culture, and without any attempt at profit. He is a student at the Brooklyn High School and will in due course enter Columbia University, from which several amateur journalists of the past have graduated. Van Name is already Eastern Manuscript Manager of the United Amateur Press Association and a member of the Gotham Press Club and the National Amateur Press Association, the convention of which he will attend in Philadelphia next July. He is a formidable and worthy candidate for official editor of the United Amateur Press Association.



FRANK C. VAN NAME

From Amateur Journal to Metropolitan Daily

The career of Foster Gilroy is an interesting and impressive object lesson to the aspiring amateur journalist. In his earliest days of amateur journalism his work showed such enterprise and ability that he soon became an important figure in the little world of letters. He entered amateur journalism back in 1899, when in conjunction with Richard C. Newbold, of Ridley Park, Pa., he edited and published Our Boys and Girls, which rapidly came to the front as an exponent of amateur typography and literature. His first independent paper was a small sheet devoted to the interests of the Lansdowne, Pa., High School, from which he later graduated, going to the Drexel School of Philadelphia for special work in English, history and the classics. This paper developed into The Stylus, which had a charm and influence of its own on account of its originality and individuality. Mr. Gilroy soon joined the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club, becoming in time its official editor. The National Amateur Press Association also honored him with the following offices at various conventions: Corresponding secretary, Nashville, 1901; first vice-president, New York, 1902; executive judge, Chicago, 1903; executive judge, San Francisco, 1904. In 1903-'04 he was promoted to the presidency by the then board of executive judges, upon the resignation of Albert E. Barnard. In 1903 Mr. Gilroy became a reporter on the Evening Bulletin and later became a member of the local staff of the North American, one of the oldest and best morning newspapers in America. The same energy and ability evidenced by Mr. Gilroy in amateur journalism have demonstrated his fitness for a high place in his chosen profession. He has "covered" many important "assignments" and his "stories" are readable as well as informative. He has recently been elected a member of the board of governors of the exclusive Pen and Pencil Club, composed of newspaper men, artists and literary people. He is also identified with The Fossils, an association of old-time and inactive amateur journalists.

How a Boy Should Treat His Mother

Answer given by the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, of New York City, for some years a prominent Universalist minister, now on the editorial staff of the New York American.

In far too many instances "father" and "mother" are giving way to "the old man" and "the old woman," for whom the "kids" seem to have but little of the warm filial love and beautiful filial respect that used to characterize the child's feeling toward the parents.

A boy should treat his mother with a heartfelt, uniform kindness. He should strive to love her with all his heart and soul and strength, and to love her that way right along.

Once a mother always a mother, is the word that every son should thoroughly believe in.

The mother may sin, for she is human, but she can commit no sin so rank and monstrous as would be committed by the son who, in her sin and sorrow, would desert her.

In saying that a boy should love his mother, I say all that it is possible to say; for to love one's mother is to be kind to her, to be respectful to her, to study her comfort and peace, and in every way to be true and faithful to her.

When the great Mirabeau was dying, he called for flowers and music, desiring to die in the midst of sweet odors and rich melodies.

I am sure that the sweetest fragrance, the richest music that anyone can have about him in the solemn death hour is the memory of filial gratitude, the recollection of the fact that one was always true to father and mother.

I regret to say, however, and consider it an alarming sign, that there were never so many ungrateful, disrespectful children in the world as there are today, and that the number is steadily on the increase.

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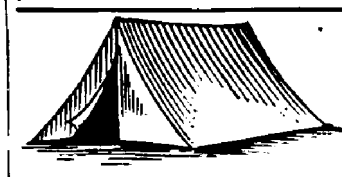

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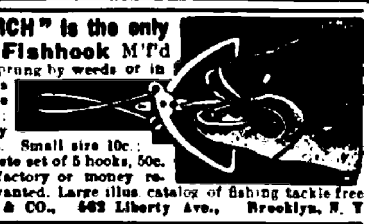

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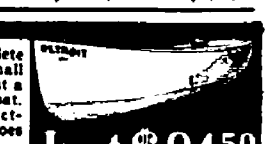

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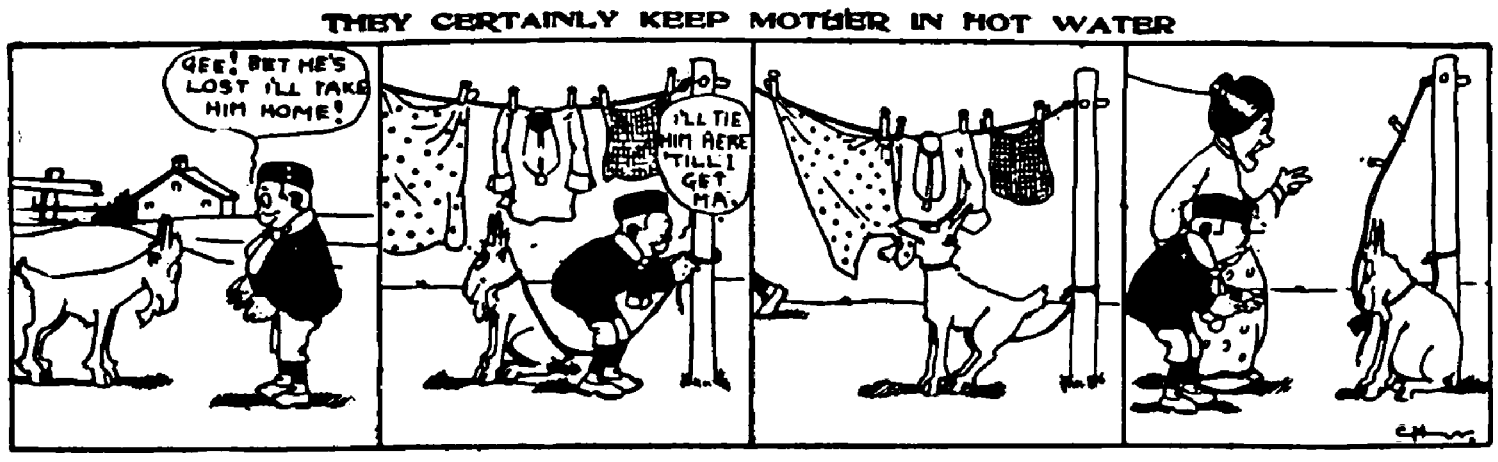




The BEARDING of the LION: An Exploit of "PAUL JONES."

By J. Allen Bartlett, an English Writer.

IN THE RECORDS of Great Britain you can seldom find a more critical or disastrous period than that which lies between the years 1770 and 1815. Impoverished and misgoverned at home, taxed almost beyond human endurance, weakened by disloyalty and intrigue, the poor sick lion beheld its most valuable crown colony of America slipping from its grasp, whilst across the narrow waters of the English Channel Europe watched, ready to let loose the dogs of war upon its defenseless flanks.

And never in all that trying period was the dear old lion's tail so twisted as upon the night of September 23, 1779, beneath the stern grey cliffs of Flamborough, and almost within range of one of the most powerful sea fortresses of the north.

Perhaps, looking back upon the affair through the mellowing atmosphere of time, our amour propre may derive some spice of comfort from the reflection that one of our own island sons alone was found capable of such audacity; for, although treachery is rightly held to be a cardinal sin, yet it cannot be denied that every Englishman—ay, and every English boy—would sooner get a thorough drubbing in a fair and square encounter with British fists than with those of an alien race.

Let us then, salving our wounded pride with this reflection, go back for a moment to the days of our great-great-grandfathers, the days when the bluffest of bluff wooden walls, slow as tortoises, and deficient in every fighting quality save solidity, carried the brave old flag over the seas of the world, or wallowed to leeward on ironbound coasts, yielding to Neptune a tribute of stout hearts and sturdy bodies greater far than any levied at the mouth of foreign cannon. When, later on, we found it economical and convenient to annex a large portion of our neighbor's fleets, we learned from these beautifully modelled types and designs that there were better "lines" than those exemplified by the Great Harry of the sixteenth century, and the more recent, but equally unwieldy, Royal Sovereign.

For the French, like the Boers of today, were well aware that a blow struck swiftly, and with the power of abandoning the offensive for a clean pair of heels, is often more productive of results than an irresistible but slowly moving force.

Another nation had also at that time made the discovery, and in its efforts to obtain independence had not hesitated to cut itself free from the routine and conservatism which pervaded, and still to some extent pervades, the army and navy of Great Britain.

As a result, it evolved a method of warfare which, from Bunker Hill onward, was attended by almost invariable success against infantry which, for pluck, stamina, and resolution was without a rival; while at the same time it perfected battleships which, with the lines of Australian clippers, were nevertheless so well equipped that they could more than hold their own with the navies of the mother country.

Hence, when Paul Jones, erstwhile slave-trader, pirate, buccaneer, and now admiral of the American navy, took command of his trim little fleet on the other side of the "Herring Pond," he was in a position to dangle a rope's end to the fastest line-of-battle ship of his Majesty's navy.

Filled with an implacable hostility to everything English, an animosity as inexplicable as it was deadly, this redoubtable sea rover found himself, in the second week of September of the year before mentioned, tacking to and fro in the Firth of Forth, and seeking for anything and everything flying the British flag in British waters.

His feelings must have been peculiar, and perhaps not altogether happy, as he waited, like a bird of prey, ready to pounce on the merchandise destined for the port of Edinburgh. He was not, as is sometimes asserted, a Welshman, neither was his name Paul Jones!

The son of a Scottish farmer, in the old border county of Dumfries, he may have inherited the hostility born of the old feuds with the folk "over the Border," or possibly the glamour of the Stuarts may have blinded his eyes to the more substantial benefits of the Protestant succession. What the cause was we shall never know, but now, as he lay waiting almost within sound of the bells of the capital of his native land, and with the scent of the heather borne to his nostrils across the salt waters of the Firth, some sad and bitter memories must have stirred in the heart of him who was once John Paul! Perhaps some consideration for his father's name may have made him assume the ubiquitous name of Jones; and in his gallant and chivalrous treatment of the Countess of Selkirk, when he restored the jewels and plate which only the most pressing need could ever have caused him to "commandeer," we may trace some lingering kindliness towards the country and race to which he belonged.

But on the present occasion, at any rate, the renegade son of Scotland was not permitted to spoil his native land.

Caledonia herself rose to defend her own, and blew with such a mighty blast down the foaming Firth that Jones and his privateers were fain to stagger south to the lee of the wild Northumbrian coast, reeling along under bare poles, and never checking their wild flight till the great cliffs of Flamborough Head were hull down on their starboard quarter. Then, and not till then, did the furious blasts cease to shriek in the straining cordage and the wild white horses sink beneath the undulations of the cold North Sea.

Then did Paul Jones, admiral and buccaneer, pull himself together, and shout lustily from his quarterdeck to the cosmopolitan crew beneath him:

"Cheerily, my lads; we'll spoil the Egyptian yet! A golden guinea to the first man who cries 'Sail ho!' be it unarmed merchantman or all the British fleet!"

But all that day and half the next the mastheadmen swept in dizzy arcs above the dying swell, clinging like limpets to the lofty spars, while all around them the bare face of the North Sea shone in the autumn sun.

Then, when the murmurings of mutiny began to arise from the deep chests of the half-disciplined desperadoes who manned his privateers, the welcome cry rang out:

"Sail on the port bow! Sail abeam! Fleet hull-down, heading N.W. by W."

The hard, clear-cut face of the admiral lighted with a momentary gleam of satisfaction.

"It is well timed," he ejaculated. "We have the Baltic convoy, and, with good fortune, a pretty bit of fighting to give it flavor."

Running up the signals for a general chase, he wore his flagship, and strove to push her between the distant convoy and the land.

But a stern chase is always a long chase, and with a dropping wind on the quarter the fastest clipper afloat can make but little progress; and so it happened that long before the flying merchantmen could be brought within reach of the bow-chasers, the huge mass of Flamborough loomed upon the lee, and the astonished gunners of Scarborough Castle stood at attention behind their shotted guns.

Another hour and the white wings were safely furled beneath the gray old bastions, and the danger was past; for the sea-hawks knew better than to venture within range of the great guns that waited in ominous silence behind those castle walls.

The prey had indeed escaped, but a grim drama was yet to be enacted within the lengthening shadows of Flamborough Head! Two gallant frigates, the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough, disdaining the shelter of the fortress, and burning to avenge the insult offered to the mistress of the seas, had worked into the Bay of Filey, and, coming on to the starboard tack, had sailed through the gathering twilight down the coast to Flamborough Head.

There, drifting out to sea before the last puffs of the dying breeze, they lay and waited for the onset of the foe.

It was almost dark when Paul Jones, moving slowly northward in his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, found himself within range of the Serapis, which, under her gallant and fearless commander, Pearson, loomed grim and menacing, a picture of outraged and resentful dignity.

Behind her, and farther to the north, moved the equally majestic Countess of Scarborough, her starboard guns run out and trained, and every jolly Jack aboard her burning to avenge the insult offered to the flag.

And who could doubt the issue of the conflict?

On the one hand, the pirate, as they scornfully termed her, deprived by the absence of wind of her one advantage—speed—and inferior to even one frigate in her artillery, manned by a scratch crew whose discipline could not be compared with the highly trained unity of the British navy, and separated by a wide stretch of sea from the support of her nearest consort.

On the other hand, two well-armed men-o-war, coming up on the windward berth, and acting almost within gunshot of their own land.

But the heart of the bold buccaneer did not fail him in the crisis. Creeping up to within almost pistol range of the Serapis he discharged his heavy guns one by one as he crossed her bows, pouring in at the same time a murderous fire of small arms, which laid many a brave tar low upon the frigate's deck. Gliding on over the glassy water he then engaged the second frigate, and, luffing-up between the two, discharged every available weapon into the two British ships.

They, on their part, were not slow to reply, and the Bon Homme Richard staggered and rolled like a drunken man as the heavy metal crashed into her to port and starboard.

In a few minutes her decks were like a shambles, and to add to the confusion the eighteen-pounders on her poop burst one after another, annihilating the guns' crews and scattering their limbs and bodies in horrible confusion.

With only two guns available on his upper decks Paul Jones still fought desperately in the darkness, pouring in such a terrible musketry fire from his tops that the decks of the frigates became well-nigh untenable.

The sea-hawk was using beak and talons with the fury of desperation.

With scarcely enough wind to keep steerage-way, the battle raged through the night, and the garrison of far-off Scarborough heard the tumult pealing across the quiet sea. The shepherd on Flamborough Head strove in vain to pierce the gloom of the rolling war-cloud, and the village folk from far inland came hurrying to the coast, startled from their beds by the roar of the artillery.

Then slowly the moon rose over the waste of waters, turning the sea into a mirror of polished silver and outlining the bays and headlands of the wild Yorkshire coast; but even its rays could not penetrate the smoke that drifted over and around the fighting ships and swept in great undulating billows away to the open sea. Here and there in the dense curtain the watchers on shore could see the momentary glow when the forty pounders belched their deadly broadsides, and could catch a glimpse of a spar or mast that emerged, only to be lost again in that shroud of death and destruction.

But the combat was not destined to be much longer a matter of two to one.

Slowly forging across the lane of molten silver which the moon made upon the water, another ship of the hostile squadron, the Alliance, tacked ever nearer to the scene of conflict, and presently, disappearing in the war-cloud, her broadsides rang sharp and clear above the tumult.

But these broadsides, owing to some mistake made in the gloom and confusion, poured into the fated timbers of the Bon Homme Richard, which thus became the centre of three simultaneous attacks!

The mistake was soon rectified, and the Alliance, engaging the Countess of Scarborough, drifted off in a death grip which lasted till the dear old Union Jack dipped sadly in token of surrender.

At about this time the bowsprit of the Serapis swept across the poop of the Bon Homme Richard, and ere it could be freed Paul Jones with his own hands made it fast, lashing it to his boom and taffrail so securely that it remained immovable during the remainder of the fight.

Then, calling on his men for one last effort, he poured his musketry with redoubled energy into the British ship, supplementing it with a continuous torrent of hand grenades at close quarters. The British guns replied with their deep thunder, and both decks resembled a slaughter-house, while the sea poured into the riddled hull of the privateer in such a flood that the clanking chain-pumps wrestled with it in vain.

Suddenly a shout arose. A chain-shot whizzing across the quarterdeck of the Bon Homme Richard took the lieutenant fairly in the body, and he and the redoubtable Jones disappeared beneath a pile of groaning, quivering humanity!

At the same time a report arose that the ship was sinking, and in the breathless pause that followed the roar of many waters pouring into the fast filling hold could be distinctly heard.

The master gunner, thinking that he was now the only responsible officer in command, called upon the crew of the Bon Homme Richard to throw down their arms and surrender at discretion; but the colours were shot away and could not be dipped.

Then Captain Pearson, blackened with the smoke of battle, gave a sigh of relief, for he thought the hard-won victory was within his grasp.

Ordering his men to cease firing, he went forward to take over the American ship; but his hopes were premature. There arose a great heaving and struggling on the quarterdeck of the enemy, and then Paul Jones, half-stunned and blinded with blood, struggled to his feet.

"Never surrender, boys!" he shouted. "If we're sinking, let us go down fighting like men!"

Nearly three hundred men lay dead and dying upon his decks; but the survivors and the wounded raised a mighty yell of defiance which was heard upon the shore.

In the midst of the renewed conflict, while the issue of the fight lay in the lap of the gods, a Scotch seaman on board the Bon Homme Richard crawled out upon the main yard, which, owing to the drawing together of the ships, lay right over the open waist of the Serapis.

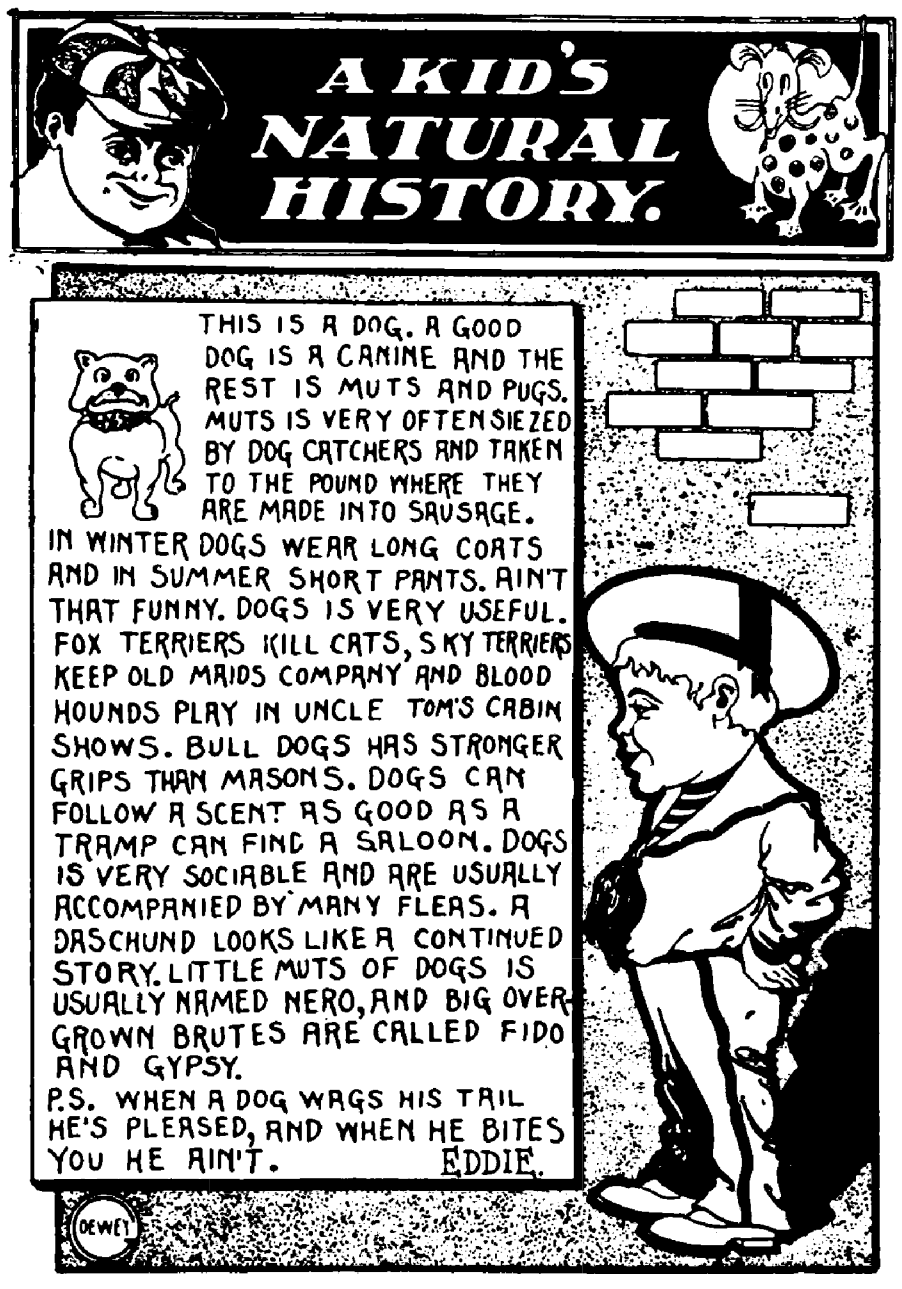
Down in that waist a great pile of cartridges lay ready for use; and the canny Scot was quick to see his opportunity.

Taking careful aim, and risking his own life in the attempt, he dropped a hand grenade right into the middle of the inflammable pile. A terrific explosion followed, which shook the British ship from truck to keelson, and hurled her crew, wounded and dismembered, in all directions.

It was an appalling calamity, and the hearts of the brave men-o-warsmen failed them in the presence of such a scene of carnage.

Further resistance was out of the question, and, bitterly humiliated, the brave Pearson stepped aboard his adversary's sinking ship and delivered up his sword; whilst the remnant of his crew, almost paralyzed with their impotent indignation, proceeded to clear their blood-stained decks from the gruesome traces of the fight.

(*Continued on next page.*)



SOMETHING ABOUT INDIAN BABIES

By WM. R. DRAPER



A KIOWA BOY

THE RICHEST children in the United States, as a race, are those of the affiliated tribes of southern Oklahoma, known as the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches and Wichitas.

Each infant has a farm worth from three to five thousand dollars, and will quite soon share equally in a distribution of two million dollars to the tribes, of which there are but three thousand members.

This infant band of redskins are the most interesting of the West. Within a short time they have been made citizens of the territory of Oklahoma, to become United States citizens when that Territory is admitted to the Union. As a class they are the richest American infants in the United States.

In a few more years, on account of the intermarriage of Indians and whites, there will be no more of these full-blood babies. Indeed, the race now growing up will be the last generation. Full-blood women and men are marrying half-breeds and white people all the while, and the inter-marriage of a full-blood couple is quite a surprise.

These full-blood babies of the affiliated Oklahoma tribes, are a peculiar lot of infants. They are a fat, healthy lot of youngsters, and despite their rough usage grow up strong boys and girls. The little baby is born without any medical care. It is fed on sofki, milk and hominy, until it is quite able to partake of strong food; then it is allowed to eat as much and often as it will. From the time it is strong enough to stand the out-door air it is put in a papoose sack upon its mother's back, and there it remains almost constantly. It is bathed often, contrary to general belief. A cold bath, twice every twenty-four hours, plenty of fresh air and rough food, no petting, and numerous hardships makes the papoose a strong child. Formerly the Indian mother kept her baby constantly in a sack of buckskin upon her back, but of late years the ordinary go-cart of civilization has come into use. Dolls are also coming to be a part of the little redskins' playthings, whereas heretofore nothing but toads, lizards and dogs were the regulation playthings they knew about.

Mothers are not overly attentive to their young, excepting in certain instances where the father of the child is extremely cruel and neglectful of the squaw, which causes the woman to cling to her baby more closely. Fathers seldom pay the least bit of attention to their children. If, however, the child be a boy, the father will watch it closely to see whether or not he "puts his ear" to the medicine talk or listens to the tales of the warrior. If the latter, he is to be a warrior, if the former, he is conducted into the woods and taught the lore of the medicine man. Nowadays the boys are put to work cultivating the crops which the government's agents have caused them to set out and which the older redskins refuse to attend.

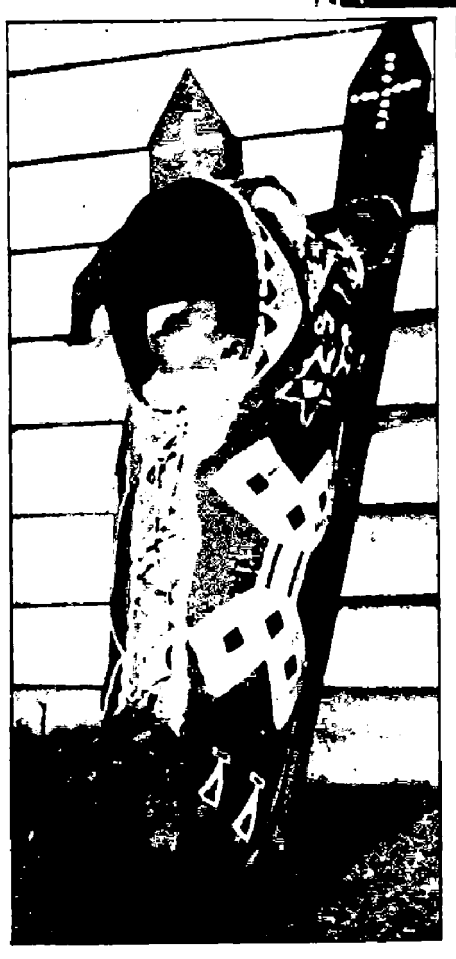
On the reservations nowadays the boys and girls must commence to attend school at six years of age, and when they have completed the course on the reservation, most of them are sent east to the larger Indian schools, Chilocco, Haskell, and Carlisle.

The games of the Indian youth are very rough indeed. Going on the war-path (which is an imitation in miniature of fighting a battle) is one of the principal games of the boys, while the Indian girls have tepees erected and play at housekeeping and cooking. Early in life the girl is taught that she must wait upon the other sex and be at his every beck and call.



COMANCHE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

The redskin baby is born healthy and continues healthy unless a contagion strikes the reservation. The deathbed scene of an Indian is one indeed pitiful. Very recently the child of Quahan Parker, a rich Comanche chieftain, died of spinal meningitis. It was a hopeless case from the first, but the medicine men insisted upon using their power. The baby was put on a coarse bed, the body bared, and three men blew upon the body some white looking powder which they claimed would frighten away death. Of course it did no good, and when life had fled the medicine men claimed that the child was an unbeliever in their power. The dead are never spoken of, nor do parents look upon the faces of their infants after death.



"AT EASE"

THE BEARDING OF THE LION

(*Continued from page 210.*)

Thus was the British lion successfully bearded in his den, and the glory of the British navy sullied at the hands of a buccaneer!

In the grey mist of the early morning the Bon Homme Richard rolled uneasily in the tranquil water as she slowly settled down beneath the surface of the sea.

Her crew hastened aboard the captured frigate, and scarcely had Paul Jones left her side when, with a deep groan, she descended into her watery tomb, taking with her almost every article of value which her admiral possessed.

So ended the battle of Flamborough Head, one of the most remarkable in history, and one of the very few in which "the flag that's braved a thousand years" has been compelled to dip to the superior prowess of a foe.

That no ignominy attached to the defeat is evident from the fact that not long afterwards Jones, with the chivalry for which he is so justly celebrated, returned the surrendered sword to Captain Pearson, saying that he could not conscientiously retain the weapon of so brave and gallant a man.

The Serapis never sailed the sea again. Battered and ruined beyond hope of repair, she was spared the humiliation of having to carry an alien flag in her native waters, and soon after her defeat she yielded her stout ribs and oaken sides to be broken up in the timber-yards of Texel.



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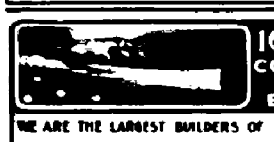

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Every Boy may be the proud possessor of a splendid watch. Read page 223.

Why the Storks build their Nests on the Housetops.



BY CHAS. McILVAINE.

THE OLD German schoolmaster of Potato Valley—Hanus Gogle—was in fine good humor. The boys and girls had been especially good. To be sure, there had been some giggling, a little whispering, and a few slate pencils dropped on the floor, but no boy had stuck a pin into another boy, or put shoemaker's wax on a bench to fasten the sitter to it. The scholars had all said their lessons well. That pleased him.

Old Hanus had a kind face, but when he was happy, the wrinkles across his forehead went farther up than usual, even to the great bald place on top of his head; his eyes grew rounder and bluer under his bushy eyebrows, his cheeks looked like red apples halved, and his wide mouth grew wider with smiles. The children could easily tell what was coming when old Hanus showed these signs. They knew that as soon as the lessons were all said, the old master would tell them a story or play tunes on his fiddle. These tunes and these stories had made Hanus famous among all the Pennsylvania Germans, or "Dutch" as they are called, of Potato Valley and its regions.

The last lesson was over. The school was quiet. Old Hanus could not hold in his gratitude any longer. 'Py geeminycrooks, you haf been goot boys und girls de whole day. Dot pleases me so better as never was. You pig boys und girls, pring de penches arount, und you leetle poys und girls, get in dere laps oop, und I take some of dem on my knees yet. Den I tell you a story, once—Why de storks build dere nests on de housetops."

The children burst into laugh and chatter. The benches were pushed and carried and crowded close to the old master. The big girls hugged the little ones in their laps; the big boys held their smaller brothers, the smallest of all toddled up to old Hanus and reached up their arms to be lifted to wherever he could get sticking room for them. When all was quiet again and all eyes were looking at him brightly, he began:

"In de old country, de Faderland, where I come from, und all your pappies and mammies come from, dere de storks lif in de summer time. In de winter time, when it beginnin' to get cold, dey make oop flyin' bartles, und dey fly und fly to de Sout', 'till dey come to warm countries. Dey don't stay where it is cold, und wrap up, und go sleddin' like you poys und girls. Dey haf flyin' bartles, mit wings; dey slide on de air. Dey go Sout' because dere legs is long, und thin as de legs of fire tongs, und dere toes is too far down to sit on, if dey get cold mit de cold. Und dere bills, dem is de stork's noses—dey is red, already. So what goot is it for dem storks to stay in de cold countries up Nort' to get dere noses redder? By geeminycrooks, dem storks is sensible, smart birds. When dey, flyin' back Nort' in de spring dey come to dere old homes, und build dere nests on de housetops oop, und raise dere four children. De old pappy stork und de old mammy stork is de schoolmaster and de schoolmam of dem leetle storks. Dey teaches dem to talk stork, und to fly, und to stand on one leg, und to go fishin' for frogs, just like I teaches you, already. (Now, what you are laughin' for—you pig poys und girls? You tink you are storks dat I teachin'? Eh? by geeminycrooks, I like to see you laughin', so better dan never was.)

"Dot stork nest on de housetop is a sign uf goot luck to dot house. Dem storks pring goot luck to dot house und de beoples what lif in it. I know dot, ever since I was a leetle boy, already. Dem storks told me. Und I believe dem storks; dere faces is so long, und serious, und goot.

"Efery night, as de sun goin' down, und de storks came flyin' home, dere long wings floppin' slowly, like clothes on a line, und dere legs comin' along behindt them like strips, my goot mammie used to say: 'Hanus, my dear poy, haf you put sometings to eat for de storks down? Dey are comin' from the Nort'—from the Zuyder Zee, und de mines, und dey haf seen de nixies und de brownies, und dey bring us goot luck. Take goot care uf dem storks, Hanus.' Und I'd say, 'Yes, mammy, I gif dem some frogs dot I catch. und some worms dot I dig, und a leetle snake what I hit mit a stick.' Und den mammy, she would say, 'Hanus, you is a goot poy, like your pappy was.' Und den I felt pig und brave. When dark came some more down, mammy, she'd slip out some pie und some milk de door out, for de brownies, und in de morning it was all gone. I catch old dog Fritz eatin' dot pie und milk once, und by geeminycrooks, I spank him some.

"One night when I was a leetle poy, about as pig as Stuffy (Christopher) Stauffer, dere; I was tiret, already yet, und I went to my bed oop so soon as I had fet de storks. De old storks had not come home, und de four leetle storks was talkin' togeder in de nest my headt over. Dey was talkin' like ebberytings. I listen. Dey did not know dat I was so close under. Dey talkin' about what dere mammy and pappy would pring dem. One said, 'frogs;' (Dey all liked frogs de best), one said, 'No, lizards, because frogs was too dear to haf ebbery day;' one said, 'worms because it was Monday, und dat was washday;' another said, 'I guess we get pollywogs; pollywogs are tings dot are goin' to be frogs some day; dey are pieces uf frogs. We always haf scrap dinners on dem washdays.' Den dey all hollered, 'Snakes!' Und den de whole four snapped dere beaks as if dey was eatin' snakes already. Den I hear de pappy und mammy storks backing dere wings und lightin' de roof on, und dey crammed dem youngsters' moufs so full uf frogs, und worms, und snakes, und lizards dot dey hat to stop talkin'.

"I neffer could stay awake, still, to find out if I was asleep yet. I tought I was awake. I heard one uf dem leetle storks say: 'Mammy, today Hanus Gogle asked his mammy why de storks built dere nests on de housetops oop, und don't build dem on de ground und in trees, like dem oder birds. Und his mammy say she didn't know. Mammy, what is dot reason?' Und de mammy stork say: 'Your pappy will tell you. He keeps de family record. Pappy, you tell dem children once.'

"De pappy stork cleared his long throat, und stood on one leg, und scratched his head mit de oder foot, for thinkin'. Den he said: 'Once on a time—once upon a time was a time a long ago—dere was a king of de Nort' dot was stingy. He hadt his cellar full uf goldt, und diamonds, und pearls, und plenty uf money to buy some more, yet. But he didn't spent it. He was so stingy dot when de nights come, he didn't put pie und milk on his steps, de door out, for de brownies, und de gnomes, und dem pretty nixies. Und he did not gif anything to dem poor beoples; und he wore a brass crown instead uf de goldt one dot his pappy left him, so dot he could put dot goldt crown in de cellar mit his goldt. Und he lifed on capbages. He raised dem capbages his ownself. All roundt his palace, what his pappy left him, was capbages—noting but capbages.

" 'Hallowe'en, dot is a great time mit dem brownies, und dem gnomes, und dem nixies. Hallowe'en night dey all coom from de mines out, und de streams oop, und dey go de worldt over, helpin' dem dot is goot, und blayin' tricks on dem dot is badt. A pig crowdt uf dem got togedder, one Hallowe'en night, when dot stingy oldt king was lifin', und de king uf de brownies saidt: "What shall we do, still," Und dey all shouted: "Let us go to dot stingy oldt King Keepall's capbage patch, und take effery headt uf dot capbage, und gif it to de poor beoples." Und de king uf de brownies saidt: "All right. Dot is goot. Let us go right away, quick." Den de brownies joomp, und dance, und holler und laugh. Und quick as a flash uf dot fire you see runnin' down de cloudts, when storms comin', mit de pig noise after it, dey all foundt demselves in King Keepall's capbage patch. Each brownie, und each gnome, und each nixie pulled oop a headt uf capbage, und ran off down de pig road mit it in dere arms, so fast as dere legs wouldt carry dem to gif the capbages to de poor beoples. Dey make such a noise mit dere hollers—laughin' und shoutin'—dot King Keepall heardt dem mit his ears. Und he joomped oop from his supper taple, where he was eating capbages for supper, und he grapbed his stick, und he hollered: 'Dere is somebodies stealin' my capbages! I will starf to death mitoudt dem capbages!' Und he was so madt as neffer was. He run und joomp, und tumbled, und scolded, till he coom to where his capbages were all any more. Dere was noting but some leafs, und holes in de groundt where dem brownies had pulled dem oop. He scoldedt, und he was madt, I tell you. Den he saw dem leetle beoples scamperin' down de pig road, mit his capbages in dere arms. He shook his stick at dem, und he hollered, 'Stop.' But dey didn't stop. Den he started after dem, madt, so madt as a bumblebee when de poys poke him in his nest mit a stick.

"Dere was a stout, chunky mammy brownie dot hadt her paby along mit her. She wanted to see de fun, und she didn't want to leafe dot paby. So she tied a knot de ends of her shawl in, und put her paby in de loop, und slung it her back on, mit de knot on her forehead. She was a stout, chunky brownie, und she couldn't run fast, mit de rest. She come along first behindt. Dot headt uf capbage dot she huggedt in her arms was big und heaffy. She heardt dot old King Keepall coomin', stormin', und thumpin', und makin' his cane whistle, behindt her. She puffed, und blowed, und run. De oldt King Keepall was not more dan ten feet behindt her, reachin' for dot paby, und hollering, 'Stop.' Dot mammy brownie joomed when he hollered, und she jolted dot paby out uf de loop, und it fell from her back down in de mittle uf de pig road. Dot capbage what she carried was so pig und heaffy dot she didn't miss her leetle paby from her back. She joost ran on, so fast as she couldt. De old King Keepall he saw dot paby drop. He laughed. 'Now,' he said, 'now I haf dem b r o w n i e s. Now, dey will gif me anydings, ebberytings, goldt, und diamonds, und pearls, for dot brownie paby. I don't gif him to dem till dey do.' He grabpt to pick up dot paby, joost as de mammy brownie screamed, 'I haf lost me leetle paby. Hellup!'



"UND ALL DE WHOLE LITTLE BEOPLES SHOUTED, 'YES WE MUST, DOT IS SO' "

"In a fence corner, py de side uf de pig road, a mammy stork had her nest. (In dem days de storks buildt dere nests de groundt on.) Und de pappy stork, he was standin' on one leg on de fence, keepin' de mammy stork company. He saw de baby brownie drop, und he saidt, 'mammy, dere is a nice leetle baby brownie, what its mammy dropped. We must take goot care uf it, und pring it oop mit our children.' Und de old mammy stork, she say: 'Dot is so, pappy. Poor leetle ting. But I am afraidt dot it won't raise well on frogs, und lizards und stork livin'. But I will do my best, already. You pring it to me, pappy," she said. "De children are sleepin'. I don't wake dem.'

"De pappy stork hopped to de groundt, und joost as dot old King Keepall grabpt for dot paby, he saw him, und he shot out, quick, his long neck, und he took dot paby in his beak carefully, und he fly to a high tree. Dot paby was safed!

"De brownies heardt de scream uf dot mammy brownie—'I haf lost my fettle paby, Hellup!'—und dey dropped de capbages und came runnin' back to hellup. Dey findt old King Keepall stormin' und scoldin' und shakin' his stick at dot stork in de tree oop. When de pappy stork saw dem brownies comin,' und de mammy brownie screamin' und cryin' for her paby, he flew down from de tree, und gave it to its mammy from his beak. Dot paby was not hurt one scrimption bit. It was laughin' for de nice fly it hadt hadt. Und dot mammy! Dot mammy was so gladt as neffer was, und she cried more yet, because she was gladt. Und she couldn't tank dot pappy stork for cryin.'

"De brownies, dey joomped on old King Keepall, und dey climbed oop his legs, und oop his coattails, und dey thumped him, und pulled his ears, und his nose, und his hair till he was baldt. Und dem pretty nixies, dey stood off und made faces at him. Dey pulled at him till dey made him gif his promise dot he would gif all his goldt dot he got in his cellar down from being stingy, to de poor beoples, und dot he would raise enough capbages to gif dem each one a headt on Hallowe'en. Den dey let him go.

"De pappy stork he stood on one leg on de fence, laughin'. De mammy stork was so gladt dat dot paby had foundt its mammy, dot she raised her foot to wipe dem tears from her eyes. Dot waked de children und dey hollered.

"De king uf dem brownies, he climbed oop on de fence, 'longside de pappy stork. Und he say: Brownies, und gnomes, und nixies, dis noble pappy stork has done a goot ting, a great ting for us—he has safed dot paby from dot stingy King Keepall, und from eatin' capbages, until we pay a pig price for him. We must gif dis noble stork tree wishes.' Und all de whole leetle beoples shouted, 'Yes, we must. Dot is so!'

" 'Den de king uf de brownies asked de pappy stork to say tree tings dot he wished. Und de pappy stork he say: 'I don't like my wife to haf to sit de groundt on, und raise her children in a fence corner. She gets rheumatiz in her legs, und de children catches colds in dere beaks. I wish mammy to haf her nest on de housetop.'

" 'Dot is a goot wish,' said de king uf de brownies, 'Always und forever und more, too, yet, all storks shall build dere nests on de housetops. What wish coom next?'

"Den de pappy stork say, 'My wife she likes children so better as neffer was. She wanted to raise dot leetle brownie paby joost so goot as her own. Dot she can't do, because pabies don't eat frogs. I wish dot de children in de houses where storks build dere nests on de roof oop, shall catch frogs und lizards und pring dem for de baby storks, dot please mammy.'

" 'Dot is goot wish again,' said de king. 'De poys und girls und effery bodies will be goot to de storks. Now, den, number tree.'

" 'Well," saidt de pappy stork, 'as de paby brought goot luck to de storks, I wish dot de storks pring goot luck to effery house where dere is a baby, or children dot was pabies, or pig beoples dot was children and pabies once. Dot would't please mammy, und me, und de children.'

" 'Dot is goot tree times. You gets all dem wishes.'

"Den de brownies, und de gnomes, und ed nixies all hollored, 'Long life to de storks!'

"JOOST AS DOT OLD KING KEEPALL GRABPT FOR DOT PABY, HE SAW HIM, UND HE SHOT OUT, QUICK, HIS LONG NECK UND TOOK DOT PABY IN HIS BEAK CAREFULLY"

"Den I don't remember, still, what happened after dot. I guess I went to sleep, once."

Isaac's First Initiation

Say, Jack, was youse ever initiated? No? Well, don't. I thought I was brave and dere wit' de goods, so I tells de leader I'd be willin' to join the society. I'm sorry now. As soon as I comes in de club-rooms, de gang runs up to me and says, "Welcome brudder, welcome," and dey all begins shakin' me mitts so nice dat I t'ought dey was ladies. Well, after dey handed me out the hot air about dem wishin' me to belong an' all dat, dey gits down to business. Dey ties up me hands and feet and den blindfolds me. Den de circus began. I was led in a room, and some guy, de main squeeze I t'inks, says: "We have reached de chamber o' mystery, let de ceremony begin." Soon as he says dis, bang, some guy wallops me across de mug wid somet'in' and dey all follers him—just to please de leader. I saw stars already, and dey was only beginnin'. Two guys den grab me by de arms and bring me to anodder room, where dey gives me anodder reception. Was I sweatin'? Quit your foolin', or I don't put you wise. Well, den de same guy asks me wedder I was workin' or not, and to make de gang t'ink good o' me, I says "Yes." Den he asks me wedder I had bin lately raised by de boss, and I, t'inkin' dey was gonne pay me for dere fun, says "No." Me funeral commenced. I heard de silence an 'new somet'in' was comin'. It did. In a minute I found meself up in de air, wid some power behind me, an' de fust t'ing I 'new, I was on de floor ag'in. After I come to, dey wasn't satisfied, an' dey puts me tru an examination. De same main guy asks: "What's your name?" I was just gonne answer, when, biff, I gets a crack on the coko, dat made me see stars. Jack, if you'd have got dat, I t'ink you'd bin a-gonner. Dey kept dis up for awhile an' den started on a new track. Dey put water down me back, till I t'ought I was swimmin'. Dey rubbed me face wid a scrubbin' brush an' tickled me ears wid straws till I t'ought I'd die. Just t'ink, Jack, me hands tied an' dey ticklin' me ears. At last, de leader says: "De ceremony is now over." I jumped wid joy. But w'en I asks him w'en de next meetin' was, de bloke looked at me in a piterful way, and says, "Dis is on'y de fust degree, dere's five more comin'." Say, I t'ought I'd croak. But now I've started a society, an' I'll get mine. Won't you please join my society, Jack? Please do."

ISAAC COHEN.

Waiting His Turn

A lady in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsy. While waiting for the article she sought to be found, she observed a woolly head which appeared from under the edge of the bed, and asked:

"Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsy?"

" 'Deed an' 'tis, honey," was the reply.

"What is its name?"

"Dat chile ain't got no name yet, Miss Rosa," Aunt Betsy said.

"Why, it must be five or six years old; surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsy nodded.

"Dat done worried me a whole lot, honey, hit sho' has," she said. "But whut Ah gwine do? My ole man, he done used up all de good names on de dawgs, an' now dat chile des hatter wait twell one ob dem die, so he can git his name."—Success Magazine.



The Bad Boy of the Sixth Grade.

BY MARION BRIER.

THE sixth grade teacher stood by her desk, patiently waiting while the forty restless boys and girls took their seats and settled into comparative quiet.

When the last shuffling foot was still she raised the lid of her desk to take out the roll-call. There was a quick rustling among the papers and like a flash out sprang a frightened little grey mouse almost in Miss Speare's face. It was too much for her tired nerves and she sprang back with a scream while the mouse scurried down the room, raising wild commotion on its way. The girls shrieked and climbed up on their seats, while the boys laughed uproariously.

Miss Speare gave a swift look at the excited faces. Her quick eye, long experienced in picking out culprits, settled without hesitation upon one face.

She rang the bell sharply, but it was fully five minutes before she could get the giggling, excited room into anything like order again.

When partial quiet was at last restored she looked down severely toward the corner of the room where most of her annoyances usually originated. An innocent-looking geography stood widespread on the dsk. Nothing was visible beyond it but a mop of curly, dark hair at the top and a ragged coat-sleeve at the side. Miss Speare fixed her eyes on the geography and said sternly, "Wesley Clark, did you put that mouse in the desk?"

The room suddenly became quiet. Forty pair of curious eyes turned toward the corner of the room.

The geography remained immovable.

"Wesley, I expect an answer." The tone was yet sterner this time.

"Say, no. We'll all stand by you," whispered a voice from the seat behind him.

Wesley's brown eyes flashed; the geography dropped to the desk and he looked up at Miss Speare.

"I'm waiting," she said. "Did you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Wesley answered clearly.

Miss Speare looked at the merry face and mischievous eyes thoughtfully. She felt almost discouraged. Wesley had given her so much trouble that term. It was certainly time that he had a severe lesson. She took up her pencil and wrote rapidly a moment, then handed the note to Wesley with the command, "Take that to Professor Kirk."

Wesley took the note and climbed the stairs to the office, that Court of Justice for evil-doers. It was not the first time his shabby shoes had climbed those stairs.

The professor read the note silently, then looked keenly at Wesley. "I have had a good many complaints about you this term, young man," he said, in his most judicial tone. "My patience is about exhausted. I will see you after school tonight. You may come to the office at four o'clock and remain until I am ready for you. I have some business to attend to after school and it will be six o'clock before I can come to you. That is all; you may go now."

Now it happened that, the afternoon before, a pale little face had pressed close to the window in the little house that was Wesley's home; and a pair of wistful blue eyes had peered eagerly down the street for two hours after four o'clock. It was the same window that had framed Bernie's little world nearly all of the time for the seven years of his life. A pair of tiny crutches beside him told the pathetic story of pain. Bernie found the days spent by that little window very long and lonely since the day two years before when his mother died. The one bright spot in them now was when Wesley came home from school. Wesley was his hero, his all in all.

"I do wish Wes. would come home pretty soon," he said at last, resting his chin wearily on his thin little hand and drawing a long sigh. Just then his sharp eyes caught sight of the familiar boyish figure down the street. Instantly the patient little face lighted up. The eager blue eyes never moved from the beloved figure as it moved swiftly down the street.

"He's got his hand behind his back; that means a 'sprise. Oh, goody!" he exclaimed presently, clapping his small, white hands softly. "Oh, I wish he would hurry; I most can't wait. Oh, he's waving his cap to me!" Bernie's tiny square of white cambric waved frantically in reply.

"O, Wes, what did you bring me?" he exclaimed eagerly as the door opened.

"Shut your eyes, old chap, and guess," commanded Wesley gaily.

Instantly the white lids were shut tightly over the blue eyes. Wesley took his hand from behind him. It held a great bunch of blue violets. He waved them gently before the eager, little face.

"Oh, it's flowers! I smell 'em!" Bernie's eyes flew open and he caught the bouquet and buried his face lovingly among the flowers. "Where'd you get 'em, Wes? I haven't seen one before this year."

"Oh, there's oceans of 'em down by the river," Wesley asserted.

"Oh, I wish I could see 'em once." There was a wistfulness in the patient little voice that went straight to Wesley's heart.

"You just shall see 'em," he exclaimed. "Jack Smith told me he'd got to go out in the country after some potatoes for his father tomorrow after school. He'll let us ride that far and I can carry you down to where the flowers are just as easy and you can pick all you want to. Then in about an hour Jack'll come back and we can ride home with him."

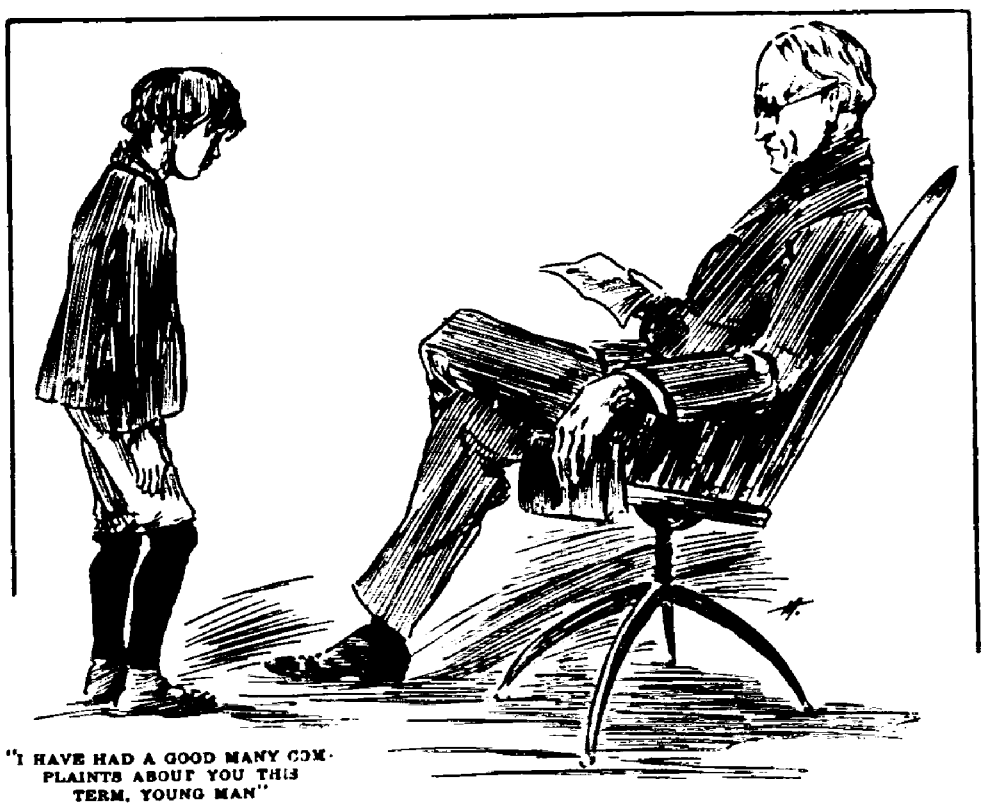
"O, Wes! Will you, really and truly?" The little face was the picture of excited rapture.

"Sure I will. Shake!" The rough, brown hand and the tiny, white one clasped in solemn ratification of the plan.

Bernie watched the sky in feverish anxiety after that. Rain the next day would be an unendurable calamity. But the morning dawned bright and fair and Bernie's face was ecstatic.

Wesley was thinking of that face as he listened to Professor Kirk. The idea of a whipping didn't trouble him; he was used to them; but if he had to stay in the office until six o'clock, Bernie would miss his trip. He couldn't even let him know why he didn't come for him. Wesley knew just how the little face at the window would look. Something must be done. He hated to ask a favor but he would do it for Bernie's sake. "Say, couldn't I go home at four o'clock and come back at six," he enquired in desperation.

"No, you couldn't." The professor eyed him disapprovingly.



"I HAVE HAD A GOOD MANY COMPLAINTS ABOUT YOU THIS TERM, YOUNG MAN"

Wesley's face grew very red. "He thinks I'm just trying to sneak out of staying here," he thought indignantly. But it must be arranged someway. He had a bright idea. "You could whip me twice as hard to make up, you know," he suggested eagerly.

Professor Kirk looked curiously at the earnest face. "You will have to show me good reason for making any change," he said at last.

There was a straw of hope in that and the story of Bernie was soon told. "So, if you'd just let me go home at four o'clock and then give me a double whipping instead, I'd be much obliged," Wesley concluded earnestly.

Professor Kirk's stern face had softened a little during the recital but he still looked uncompromisingly judicial. "The time to have thought of that, young man, was before you got into mischief," he said, looking sharply at Wesley. "It is a lesson you will have to learn that we cannot do thoughtless or wrong deeds without causing others to suffer as well as ourselves." He paused and looked thoughtful. Wesley's heart sank.

After what seemed like an endless pause he went on, "Your punishment was to include two hours' solitary confinement. The best I can do for you is to say that you may remain in the office from six to eight o'clock instead of from four to six. Is that satisfactory?"

Wesley's mind worked fast. From six to eight o'clock! That was hard lines when there was to be an entertainment by trained horses and dogs in town that evening. Wesley had studied the bills for two weeks and knew the names of every one of the leading horses and dogs; from the superb Arabian horse, Prince, down to the funny little dogs, Punch and Judy, who were to be the clowns. He had read over and over again of the wonderful feats they were to perform. To be sure he had no money so of course he could not get into the hall, but they were to give a free entertainment on the street from seven to seven-thirty. That would give him a chance to see the horses and dogs anyway and they would certainly do some of the marvelous things that were advertised then. But now he would have to miss it all if he took Bernie out to the river. Surely that was too much to ask of him. But even as he told himself so the pale, patient face with the wistful eyes rose before him and Wesley had decided. "Yes, sir, I'll do it," he said firmly.

Professor Kirk's keen eyes had read the sharp conflict going on in the boy's mind, but he said nothing.

At six o'clock a happy faced little fellow lay back in the chair by the window surrounded by flowers. "Oh, it was the bestest time I ever had," he was whispering softly to himself. "I wonder where Wes has gone."

At the same time a sober-faced boy was climbing the schoolhouse stairs to the office.

Two hours later Wesley came down the stairs again and turned dejectedly toward home.

Bernie waved frantically to him when he came in sight of the window. Why, how excited the little fellow was. Wesley tried to put on a cheerful face.

"O, Wes, what do you think!" Bernie shouted in his shrill treble as Wesley opened the door. "Miss Speare said she'd got more tickets than she could use and she wished we'd use 'em. And her mother wants to go tonight, so they're going to drive to the hall and they'll come and take me too, right away," he ended breathlessly and incoherently.

Someway the teacher of the sixth grade never had any more trouble with the "Bad Boy."



Crocodile—Won't you come into my spring opening?

Monkey—Not much. I happen to know that you have a spring shutting!—Jester.

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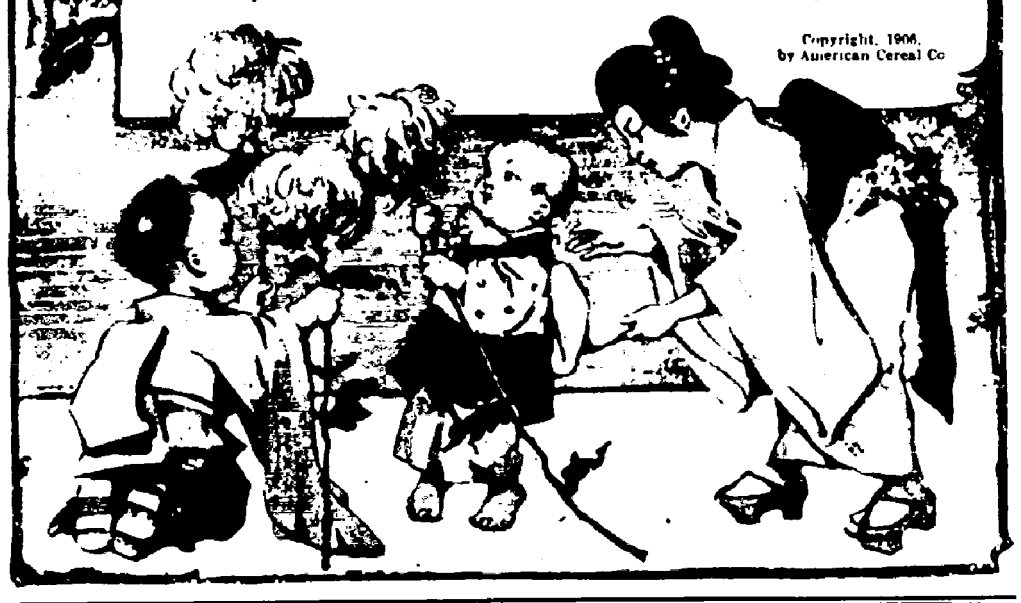

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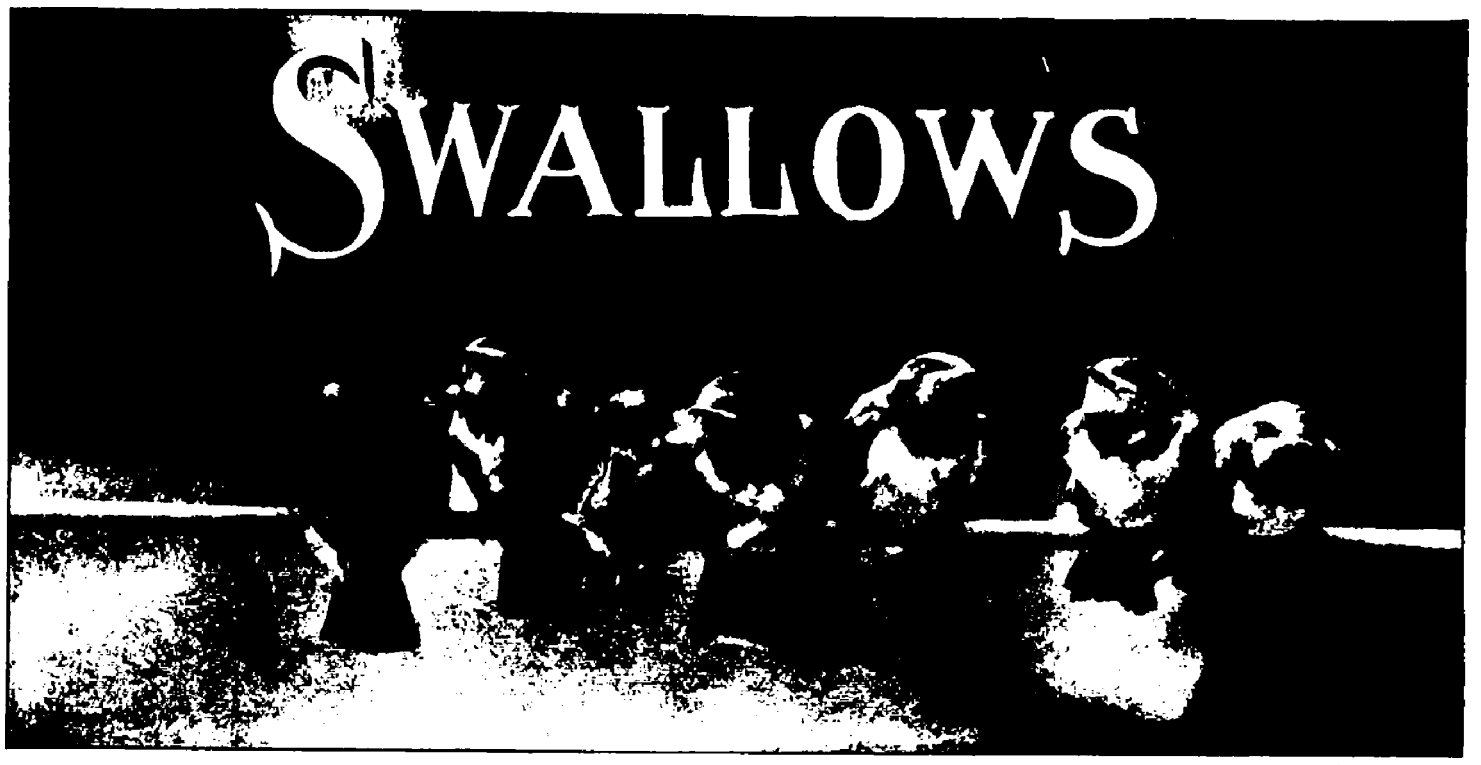

THE SWALLOWS which are gliding and wheeling over the fields and streams are now such familiar objects, and take such an important place in the summer landscape, that it is almost difficult to remember that the autumn will come, all too soon, when we shall no longer see their burnished plumage shining in the sun, nor hear their joyous twitterings from barn and cottage. But it is an unpleasant thought, so let us enjoy our summer while we may; unlike them we cannot, all of us, follow the sun, but must stop and endure cold and frost, and possess our souls in patience till our feathered wanderers come again. That birds of such powerful flight as swallows should voyage to warmer countries in search of food, is such a natural thing for them to do, that it seems very remarkable how reluctant were even educated observers to admit it. It is easier to imagine birds of feeble flight or of known reluctance to fly, like landrails, spending the winter in a torpid state hidden away in some hole, as bats and reptiles are known to be; but that such active beings as swallows could be deemed capable of such existence does seem surprising.

It is curious to read Gilbert White in this connection, and to note his waverings and doubts on a subject which undoubtedly exercised a great fascination over his mind. At one time he is so convinced that swallows do retire into "hybernacula" at the approach of winter, that he organizes a party of laborers to dig up and search a certain sheltered part of his parish where he thinks they may be hidden away. At another time he appears to be convinced that they do migrate south, no doubt being influenced by the letters of his brother from Gibraltar, as well as by his own observations of parties of swallows in the autumn passing across England.

In spite of the instinct which leads the more northern birds to delay their journey until long after many of their fellows have departed, they can still, one may suppose, only calculate on average seasons, and an exceptionally late summer like that of last year must cause great mortality in their ranks. According to Saunders, the farthest northern limit for the swallow is "Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Novaya Zemblya. It nests in Scandinavia up to 70 deg. N. lat., but not quite so far north as the Arctic Circle in Russia." While it constantly accompanies mankind, and nests freely in houses and outbuildings, it never condescends to the slightest familiarity or friendliness, but rather ignores his presence altogether. Trusting to its speed, it will catch flies within a foot of your nose again and again, and will accompany you as you walk through the meadows merely for the sake of the insects which may be disturbed from the grass, in just the same way as it will accompany a herd of cows or other animals for the same reason.

It is shameful to think that a bird like this—so useful, so beautiful, and of such universal interest, should be slaughtered wholesale for millinery purposes. As I write, hundreds of swallows are being sold in New York shops, mostly young birds caught on their first migration. Nothing, however, is sacred from tasteless barbarity. Such heartlessness is quite inexcusable; but it appears to be impossible to fight against the whims of fashion. So the swallow suffers along with thousands of other beautiful creatures all over the globe.

The favorite situation for the curious mud nest is the roof-beam of a barn or cowshed; bridges and chimneys are also often selected. The mud, which is chiefly collected from ponds and roadside puddles, is largely mixed with straw, and the nest is sparingly lined with dry grass and a few feathers. It is usually supported beneath by some beam or other projection. A fresh nest is usually made every year; but sometimes I have known the old nest of the previous year to be relined and made use of again. No birds are more faithful to their building sites than swallows. Year after year they return to the same corner of the barn, or to the same porch or chimney, with unfailing regularity, and are nearly always sure of a welcome. On a hot day they will sit and bask in the sun on the roofs and farmhouses, or on the branches of the trees, but, like bee catchers, woodchats, and many other insect-eating birds, they almost invariably choose a dead and leafless branch at the summit of a tree, comparatively seldom perching among foliage of any kind. The reason for this probably is that they like to see all around, so that no unwary insect may escape their ever-watchful eyes; or, on the other hand, it may be they choose these exposed positions so that they can immediately detect the approach of any enemy. In these situations, and also while on the wing, the song is constantly uttered, which, simple as it is, has a sweetness and cheerfulness that make it one of the most pleasing sounds of summer.



Panther Hunting by Amateurs

OUR CAMP on the Frio River could not have been better located. It was situated on rising ground, amid the live oaks that fringed the banks of the river. The shade, drainage, etc., thus afforded was perfect, and game plentiful enough to suit the most avaricious; in fact, our larder being full we had let up on the deer, turkey and quail. Doc and Mickey had taken to fishing; Charlie was away to the foothills for foxes, while I busied myself with overhauling our armament and doing other camp duties. One day while thus engaged, Charlie raced into camp with his eyes almost starting from their sockets, saying: "Mac, I seen a panther." "Where?" I asked. "Over in those foothills." "Did you take a shot at him?" "You bet not. I would not trust this 32-20—don't shoot strong enough. Say, you take the Krag, I'll take the Springfield, and we will go after him right away." "Done," said I, "but wait—let us take something to eat." While stuffing two haversacks with cornpone, cold quail and bacon, Doc and Mickey arrived in camp with a nice string of fish, and to them Charlie related his experience. "Well," said Mickey, "it's useless for you to go after him now. Why don't you wait until dark and bait him." "Bait him?" I asked. "What do you mean?" "Why, just take some meat and stake it out near where you saw him, then get under cover and wait until he comes." "A good idea," said I, "but where will we get the bait?" "That's easy," said Mickey. "Over in yon hollow is the ribs of the last two deer we killed, provided the coyotes have not been around. Take these and stake 'em out securely, as I told you."

Off we went for the hollow, without noticing the mischievous twinkle in Mickey's eye. And, sure enough, the ribs were there, but smelling fearfully strong. However, our hunting fever overcame this, and to tie them up and drag them out of the hollow was the work of a few minutes.

An hour before sundown we started, and had trudged but a short distance when our bait became very oppressive, causing us to relieve each other frequently in carrying the load. On the way we jumped three deer shortly after leaving camp, and farther on walked plump into a bunch of wild turkeys seeking roost, and the noise of their taking flight made me think that every tree in the thicket was falling down. We carefully refrained from taking a shot, as we were very near the panther's lair. The night was well on when we reached the place, and after depositing our bait on a little plateau we crossed a gully and took cover about eighty yards away. Patiently we waited in the dim moonlight for our quarry, but he came not. An hour passed, and we became uneasy through the constant vigil. Finally we gave up hope of getting the panther that night and sorrowfully made our way back to camp. The fire was blazing brightly as we approached camp, revealing several forms seated around, which betokened visitors. On entering the circle of light the horse-laughs that greeted us were long and loud. The visitors proved to be Mr. B., who owned the nearest ranch, and his two sons. Noticing my crestfallen appearance, Mr. B. took me in hand and gave me an insight of a panther's habits. Said he: "A panther prefers to be his own butcher, for he is very fond of fresh blood. If he eats the meat it is generally the saddle—no tough parts for him. Now, I'll tell you what I will do. There is a lively young billygoat at the ranch which I will send you to-morrow morning. Stake him out in the vicinity of where you saw the panther, and if one is in the neighborhood the kid will draw him."

This proposition struck me immensely, as it did all our party. On retiring that night Mickey was lulled to sleep by words from us that I am sure he never heard in his childhood days on similar occasions.

Next morning along came a Mexican from the ranch with the goat, and a very frisky little fellow he was. He soon chased our dogs out of camp and proceeded to make himself generally disagreeable. Mickey happened to be engaged in scrubbing some pots in a stooping position, and the goat, seeing an opportunity, collided with him so violently that he remembered the incident many days afterward every time he sat down. It took our combined efforts to keep Mickey, who was mad clear through, from killing the goat right there. Along in the afternoon the B. boys came into camp with their Winchesters, and shortly before dark our party started out with the goat. We made much better time this night, and it was not long before Billy unwillingly took his position as decoy and we retired to cover. We had waited, perhaps, half an hour with no sign of our prey when, of a sudden, Billy began to bleat loudly and tugged at his rope violently. A cloud obscured the moon, shutting out Billy from view, but I knew that something was about to happen, for I felt my old enemy, the buck fever, creeping on me. In a few moments the cloud passed and the moon again shone brightly, revealing to my benumbed senses a long, yellow body crawling almost on his belly, his tail moving slowly from side to side, his eyes blazing like a cat's, and heading straight for the goat. Suddenly a shot rang out on my left; then an irregular volley, my contribution being given with both eyes firmly closed. When the smoke cleared away there, with his youthful whisker pointing straight to the moon, was poor Billy giving his last kicks, while away toward the open prairie a yellow streak marked the course of the frightened panther putting yards of territory behind him at every bound. It would indeed be a hard matter to picture the countenances as we stood around, ready to blame each other for the bungling. A post-mortem was held over the goat, and it revealed the fact that the deceased came to his death by a 40-82 bullet fired from a model 1886 Winchester rifle, and all eyes were immediately turned on Mickey, who handled that rifle. He stoutly denied deliberately killing, but a knowledge of his being a sharpshooter in the U. S. army for many years, coupled with the incident of the morning, made the crime a first degree one, and a hastily assembled court-martial sentenced him to give the goat a decent burial and do camp chores for the remainder of the hunt. Both were faithfully executed, and even now, should any huntsman or traveler happen by where the San Miguel empties into the Frio, he will see a small mound surmounted by a board, on which is inscribed the following epitaph:

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—D. J. McGillivray, in Recreation.

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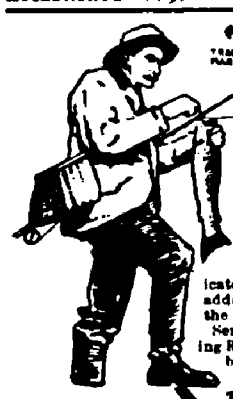
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READ PAGE 223

Why a Young Man Should Enlist in The Navy

By GEORGE DEWEY Admiral of the Navy, in Popular Mechanics



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

IT GIVES me much pleasure to comply with your request for my views on this subject. It is very near my heart, for it is upon the young men of the country that we must depend for the defense of our country's honor on the sea; and when the advantages of enlistment are better known, there should be no lack of applicants for positions in our naval service.

The naval career offers many advantages to a young man; but primarily he should have a taste for the sea, and then, in order to rise, in this career as in all others, he must apply himself diligently to acquiring all the details of a life full of interesting features. The Navy needs active, intelligent young men, and to those who will devote themselves to learning their profession every encouragement is held out.

Enlisting at seventeen years of age, the recruit at once becomes self-supporting; he is supplied with a complete outfit of clothing and from that time until he dies, provided he remains in the service of the government, he is cared for in sickness or in health; and after thirty years of service if he is still an enlisted man, or upon reaching the age of sixty-two if he holds a commission, he may retire and receive for the remainder of his life three-fourths of the sea pay to which he was entitled at the time of his retirement.

The pay at first may seem small, when compared with what a brother may receive in civil life; but the young man should remember that in addition to his pay the government provides him with quarters and food, and that the naval life gives him an opportunity of visiting various parts of the world. This last consideration alone must counterbalance much that comes to a man in civil life, for there is nothing which broadens and educates as does travel.

In August last, Lieutenant Henry B. Soule, U. S. Navy, who entered the service as an enlisted man, wrote a letter which is so much in the line of this subject, "Why a Young Man Should Enlist in the Navy," that I quote the following:

"My personal experience has been that no man who shows the least desire to learn and to improve himself in the naval service will ever lack assistance from officers or enlisted men of longer experience.

"No concern on shore offers more for the intelligence invested than does the Navy to the average American boy. As the law stands today, a boy can enter the service at 17 years, reach warrant rank with a salary of from $1,200 to $1,800 a year by the time he is 24 or 25 years of age, secure a commission in the line three years later, and enjoy the rank of full Lieutenant at the age of 30. From then on, his promotion is just as rapid and he will just as surely reach the grade of Rear-Admiral, as any other officer of similar rank.

"Should a young man lack the ambition or education to reach one of these higher grades (commissioned rank), he can still win out against his brother in civil life if he sticks to the service. During the thirty years an enlisted man is required to serve before retirement, his pay will average $40 per month. He ought to save $30 of that if he is as careful of his earnings as he would have to be in civil life, and should have $9,000 in the bank, not counting interest, when he is ready to retire at the age of 47, with $40 a month for the remainder of his life. Can you beat that in the factory, in the store, or on the railroad?"

But a young man should not be discouraged because he fails to obtain an officer's commission, nor must he expect to win this prize unless he devotes himself honestly to the work of preparation. The examinations are severe, and rightly so; for the young man who pursues a course at the Naval Academy has to work hard all of the time in order to obtain his commission, so it is but just that the young man whom we are considering should also have to work for it.

A last consideration which I trust will appeal to every American is the patriotic desire of a young man to serve his country. The deeds of naval officers have added many brilliant names to our country's roll of honor; and when a young man enters the Navy he may feel that it is quite possible his own name may sometime be added to the list.

TWO GOOD HABITS

By REV. CHAS. T. WHITE

IN THE MUCH which is said, and wisely for the most part, about bad habits and their avoidance, perhaps we do not give sufficient emphasis to the good habits which may be formed in early life, and may prove valuable acquisitions in after years. Out of the many, which might be treated of, I speak of two, which, to me, seem especially important.

A pupil in a boys' boarding school, in writing to his parents at home, commended one of his instructors as "not much to look at, but awful thorough." All teachers, I fear, would not answer to this description; but, were I a boy again, as I never expect to be, I think I should be at great pains to cultivate the habit of *thoroughness*. That means going through a thing to the very end; indeed the word might be called a frequentative of "through," meaning to go through again and again. If I were in school, and could learn but three lessons a week, I should try to master each of the three perfectly; not merely with the intent of passing muster at the recitation hour, but rather with the intent of adding the subject matter of the lesson to my fund of personal knowledge.



REV. CHAS. T. WHITE

If I were studying the history of any country, or any branch of science, I should make it my aim to carry away with me, not a confused jumble of facts, dates, and incidents to be forgotten in a month's time, but a clear, well-digested outline of the whole subject, which would stay with me, and which I could use in later years as a working basis for further reading or investigation. If I chanced to be a farmer's boy, and mended a piece of fence, I should try to do it in such a way as to make sure it would not require mending soon again. If I had a pile of firewood to cut, I should see to it that every stick was sawed the proper length, and split the required fineness, and neatly piled in the proper place.

But extreme thoroughness tends to slowness of execution. The quality of the work reacts upon the quantity, unless due caution is observed. Therefore, if I were a boy again, I should cultivate alongside the habit of thoroughness a *capacity for doing work*. I should try to avoid dawdling over any task, however distasteful. If I had a lesson to learn, I should make every minute count in learning it, even if I had the leisure to give a whole day or a whole evening to it. In doing manual work, I should cultivate the art of rapid and effective movement. I should train myself to avoid the drudgery of taking unnecessary steps. Among brainworkers and hand-workers alike men are found who can accomplish in an hour what others, with apparently as much natural ability, require three hours to accomplish.

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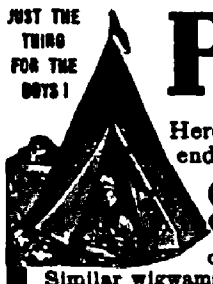

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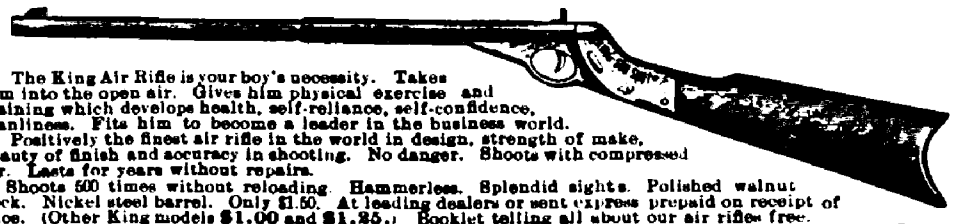

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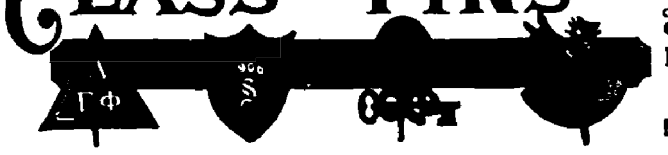

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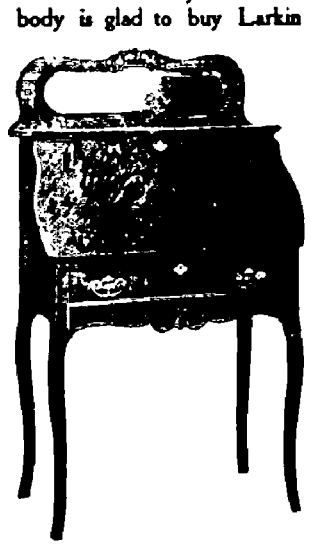

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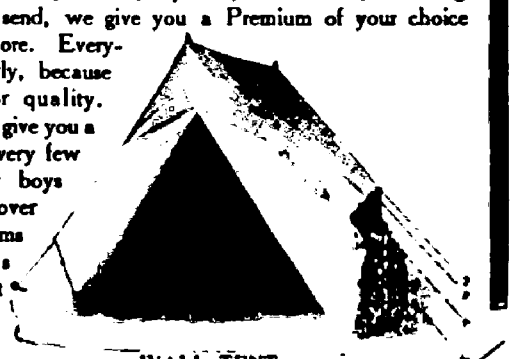

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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin; No. IV, Abraham Lincoln· No. V John Adams; No. VI Thomas Jefferson.

No. VII--Ralph Waldo Emerson

ALL THE sketches hitherto given of the "Boyhood of Great Americans" have been of men who, in great crises in our country's history, became great, either as generals, admirals, or statesmen. While they deservedly occupy a high place, there have been others no less worthy, who have not been so markedly prominent in the public eye. These latter by taste and training far removed from war or politics, have, in the comparative quietness of the college class-room, lecture platform, or study, been enabled by the force of intellect to open up wide fields of thought concerning religion, philosophy, literature, and life itself.

It has been well said that "peace hath her victories no less than war," and the influence of such men as the subject of our present sketch, has gone far to lift men's thoughts above strife, greed of wealth and merely material objects.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in the old parish house, Summer street, Boston, on May 25th, 1803. He was the third son and fourth child of the Reverend William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston, and Ruth Haskins Emerson, his wife. Sixty years afterward, the poet and philosopher, then famous among the learned men of two continents, recorded in his diary a visit he paid to the scene of his birth and his bewilderment at the changes that had taken place. In his childhood, Summer street and the region round about, consisted of gardens and pastures, where the boys of the neighborhood could enjoy themselves in all kinds of games and sport. One who also lived there as a boy says: "It was a boys' paradise and echoed every holiday afternoon and midday recess with 'Coram' and 'Hy-spy,' having just the right admixture of open ground, fences and thoroughfares, with intricacies and lurking-places of sheds and wood-houses, and here and there a deserted barn, with open doors and a remnant of hay long untouched. There was even a pond,where a beginner might try his first skates; and the salt water was close by with wharves, where he might catch flounders and tom-cod."

The Reverend William Emerson was the worthy descendant of a long line of puritan ministers who had been the spiritual advisers of New England congregations for nearly two centuries. He loved books—indeed this was his only extravagance—and the society of learned men, being an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and one of the founders of The Philosophical Society. The Boston Athenaeum Library owed its beginning to his efforts. His prominence in the pulpit and in literary pursuits brought him many honors from his fellow citizens, such as overseer of Harvard College, Chaplain to the State Senate and to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. He was also editor of The Monthly Anthology, the contributors to which were judges, lawyers, ministers and the learned of cultured Boston. At his death, which occurred on May 12, 1811, Buckminster said: "The town has lost a diligent observer of its youth and their education; the academy and Historical Society an associate greatly interested in their flourishing state; the university an attentive overseer. The clergy throughout the country have lost a hospitable and liberal brother; his family a most careful and excellent father, husband and master; and his friends an honorable and faithful friend."

Mrs. Emerson's ancestors were also, many of them, members of the clerical profession and had contributed greatly to the staunch faith and sturdy independence of the citizens of New England. She herself was a woman of exceeding graciousness of manner and a loving mother whose ambition was to raise her children to be honored and respected among their fellows. The testimony of one who knew her well is, "I do not remember ever to have seen her impatient, or to have heard her express dissatisfaction at any time."

The death of the husband and father was a severe affliction, and the burden thus cast upon the widow in bringing up her children was heavy indeed. She had been left with little or no means of support, but generous aid came from the congregation of the First Church. Her husband's full salary was continued to her for six months, and for seven years she received annually five hundred dollars, together with the use of the parish house until it should be required. Many kind friends also came to the assistance of the bereaved family. It was still, however, a hard struggle. A smaller house outside the city would have lessened expenses, but Mrs. Emerson was determined that the children should be educated and for that reason continued to live in Boston. To accomplish her purpose she received boarders into her home, and early and late this heroic—for it was nothing short of that—mother toiled, doing by far the greatest part of the work herself, with such slight help only as could be given by the children as they grew up. These pinching times of poverty and privation, when even the necessities of life were hard to get, are recalled in a letter which the eldest son, William, wrote to his mother many years after. He says: "Our circumstances have been such that the increase of expense which would necessarily have attended upon the sickness of any one of us might have reduced us to real distress."

As further illustrating the hard straits to which Mrs. Emerson and her children were reduced, it is recorded that Ralph and his brother, Edward, had only one great-coat between them, each taking his turn in wearing it. This fact coming to the knowledge of their schoolfellows,



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

the two boys often had to endure their jeers and taunting enquiries as to "whose turn is it to wear the coat today?"

While Emerson's childhood years were passed amid poverty and hardship, the lessons thereby taught were of great and lasting benefit to him. They became, indeed, blessings in after life. It is just possible that, notwithstanding his genius, had he not been called upon in these youthful years to bear poverty and work hard, he would hav· failed to occupy the high place among the world's great thinkers which history has awarded him.

Many years after, Emerson acknowledged the debt he owed to the poverty of his youth. In his essay on "Domestic Life," in telling of boys who had been able to steal a few hours for study amid lives of hard work and stern duty, he says: "What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which makes other boys too early old, has directed their activity into safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. Ah, short-sighted students of books, of nature, and of man! Too happy could they know their advantages, they pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for riches, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them if their wishes were crowned. The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows are Toil and Want, and Truth and Mutual Faith." It would be well for American boys of today to read and earnestly think over these words of this wise man.

There was one person who exercised great and peculiar authority over the Emerson household. Miss Mary Moody Emerson, the children's aunt, loved her nephews fondly, yet concealed her affection by sharp and bitter reproofs when they showed anything of a departure from her idea of duty. Weakness she would not tolerate. She had high ambitions for the boys, and was always holding up before them the examples of great men of the past. The story is told that a friend of the family calling one day unexpectedly, found the family with nothing to eat, and the aunt consoling the children by telling them stories of heroic endurance. Rather a queer way of hushing the cries of empty stomachs.

As might be expected in a home such as that of Emerson's parents, the education of the children began at a very early age. Indeed, Ralph's schooling seems to have commenced before he was three, as a week before his third birthday his father complained that "Ralph does not read very well yet." At the present time a boy of that age would still be in the nursery. He attended first a school kept by a lady, and afterwards he, with his brother, William, became the pupils of one Lawson Lyon, who is described as "a severe teacher, whose ruler and cowskin did active service."

For these boys, young as they were, there was little time allowed for play. Ralph never even possessed that winter delight of all small boys, a sled, and on account of the rough boys of the neighborhood would never have ventured to use one. His mother's cautions against the rude, noisy boys of the street kept him always inside his own gate, from which we can well believe he gazed long and, perhaps, wistfully, after other boys as they went shouting and whistling down the street.

In his tenth year Ralph began his studies in the famous Boston Latin school. There he came under the instruction of Mr. Apthorp Gould, who was "an excellent master, who loved a good scholar and waked his ambition." While at school he began to make speeches and rhymes on the American sea victories over Great Britain in the war of 1812, and whatever other themes struck his youthful fancy. He was noted also as an elocutionist, his favorite pieces being "Warsaw's Last Champion" and parts of "The Pleasures of Hope." One who was his classmate writes of Emerson in school, saying, "Ralph and I used to sit together. I can see him now, at his copy-book; quite a laborious operation it appeared, as his tongue worked up and down with his pen." He was always a good scholar, as he was forced to study hard at home, but he did not show any sort of excellence. While he never took any great part in the sports and fun of his school fellows, he did not stay away from them. Although his physical weakness prevented him from joining in the school games and play, he was still very much of a boy. He played "hookey" two or three times and was punished with a diet of bread and water.

During the war of 1812, which lasted as every school boy knows until 1815, the coasts of New England suffered greatly from the assaults of the British warships, Boston being a post of considerable commercial importance was especially liable to be attacked. One day the schoolmaster of the Boston Latin school told the scholars of a report that Boston harbor was to be invaded by British men-o-war, and the boys were asked to give one day to helping place Noodle's Island in a state of defense. It was given out that all who were willing to go should gather next morning and proceed to the island. Every boy went, among them Ralph Emerson, but he says that he never could remember that he or his schoolmates did a stroke of work.

Emerson seems to have made much of his gift of rhyming, as during his last year at school, he composed various original poems and delivered them on exhibition days. These were considered so good that his teacher took a great deal of pride in showing them to the school committee. Quite a number of these are in existence, but the space at my command forbids my quoting.

In October, 1817, at the age of fourteen, when the majority of the boys of today are just preparing for High School, young Emerson entered Harvard College. From one of his letters to his brother at this time, he seems to have made up his mind to become a minister like his father and many other of his ancestors. His poverty prevented him from enrolling as a regular student at Harvard. He was, however, appointed "president's freshman," which enabled him to pay for at least a part of his tuition by performing certain duties. The duties of "president's freshman" were to act as a messenger between the president and the students, to read out the various announcements, and to do whatever else the president called for. Such a position, however, did not affect his standing as a student, nor did it involve any loss of self-respect.

While Emerson entered Harvard much younger than the majority of students, his knowledge of books and literature was unusually great for a boy of his years. And it would have been strange, indeed, if, coming from a home where education was held so highly, and spurred by his mother and his aunt, it could have been otherwise. During his freshman year, at least, he did not mingle much with his fellow students. In addition to his not being strong physically, he was somewhat shy and hardly cared for the noise and the jokes of the other boys. Besides, his duties as "president's freshman" and his studies kept him well employed. Notwithstanding his shyness and his not mingling among the students, he seems to have made himself somewhat of a favorite among them by his pleasant manners and kindly ways. He was well liked by his teachers, because he was a dependable boy—one whom they could trust.

While the noisier students fought shy of him, there were others of a quieter and more studious nature who found him to be a choice companion, so his room became the meeting place of a select company who desired to have a wider range of study than they could get from the text-books. Shakespeare and Chaucer and Addison and Sheridan and other English dramatists and poets were read and discussed. Emerson formed these comrades into a little club, the members, or rather those whose purses could afford it, buying books and periodicals not found in the college library. At the meetings these books were read aloud so that all might enjoy them at once. Some of Sir Walter Scott's novels were bought in this way, and often the delightful pages of Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, The Heart of Midlothian, or Rob Roy interfered sadly with the preparation of college recitations. While thus reading Rob Roy Emerson conceived the idea of declaiming some of its heroic passages at the college exercises. He did this with such force and passion as to cause quite a sensation among his hearers.

In his classroom studies Greek was Emerson's favorite, with Latin occupying second place. In philosophy, curiously enough, he was far from being good, and mathematics he simply could do nothing with. There were other studies, however, in which he showed a high standing. He gained a Boylston prize for declamation, and in his junior year took a prize for his essay on "The Character of Socrates." Another prize was won during his senior year with a composition on "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy." These papers showed that the boy had benefited greatly by the wideness of his reading and that he was beginning to think and reason things for himself. Of course, his rhyming genius was frequently called upon in the making of college songs, jokes and hits on college affairs. He was made Class Day poet, and his poem on that occasion was considered to have been far above the average.

After his graduation Emerson took up the work of teaching, with his brother William, who had a short time before started a school in Boston. The work of teaching, however, was by no means to his taste, although boys and girls ever found in him a wise counselor and a delightful and sympathetic friend.

In his old age nothing delighted him more than to have a company of young people assemble on a Sunday evening in the parlors of his home for pleasant talks, and it was a yearly event much looked forward to by the children of Concord to spend a day at Emerson's home in merry games and dances.

SYNOPSIS OF SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1829. Became a Unitarian minister.
1832. Traveled in Europe.—Formed a strong friendship with Thomas Carlyle.
1836. Published his first Book, Nature.
1841. First Volume of his essays published.
1840-'44. Many of his essays appeared in The Dial.
1847. Lectured in England and Scotland.
1856. Published his English Traits.
1866. Received from Harvard the degree of LL. D., and he was also elected a member of the Board of Overseers.
1867. Published his poem, May-Day.
1882. Died April 27, buried in Concord, near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1803-1882

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with the truth as the neaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.



CHESTER SCOFIELD, BOY ORGANIST

The youngest full-fledged pipe organist in the United States holding a regular position of this kind is believed to be Chester Marshall Scofield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Scofield, of Green Hill, Pa. Chester is thirteen years old and plays the pipe organ of the Dowington Methodist Church. Six years ago, after taking music lessons from his mother for two years, he began playing the organ for the Howellville Presbyterian Sabbath school. Later he became organist of the Berwyn Presbyterian Church, where he played regularly for two years prior to his present position. He has also officiated at many of the big organs of this section of Pennsylvania in which he lives. Saturday afternoons he plays at the Employees' Reading Rooms, Broad Street station, Philadelphia. Chester also plays several other musical instruments besides an organ. It is very commendable in him that he remembers the sick and infirm and enjoys calling at their homes and playing for them.

A FRENCH FROG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL STORY By E. S. TYLEE



BEGUN IN MARCH, 1905

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONCLUSION

MONSIEUR'S "peek neek" was enlivened for us by stories of his army life. I was sorry for having tried to draw him out when I saw how it affected him to speak of the death of his brother Adolphe, killed by a Prussian lancer, and of the sister-in-law and little girl who disappeared during the siege and were never found by Monsieur. The tale interested us deeply, but it had a strange effect on René which we could not understand until it came out that his mother was as a little child in Paris during the siege. On the way home Monsieur Bontemps and René sat together and talked rapidly in French of the terrible days of the siege and I noticed that Froggy was asking eager questions faster than René could answer them.

After Anstruther's recovery he apologized to René for being, as he expressed it, "such a cad in picking up a bit of gossip here and a morsel of scandal there, and not going straight to headquarters." René accepted the apology in good part and was glad that it came before Anstruther knew that the Pickens had come across the missing Chemistry paper in Crikey's locker, where Mahomed had placed it for safe keeping in his miscellaneous collection; and that Crikey himself had found the lost ring during one of his rambles among the chimneys. These excursions into the unknown, which Crikey was so fond of taking, had never been so productive of good as when he discovered the ring lodged in a jackdaw's nest. Pickens, who was with him at the time, was quite beside himself with joy and excitement, and even the imperturbable Crikey was stirred quite out of his usual calm.

Adams was roundly rated for starting the gossip about René, and compelled by the gang to sign a confession that its author, Crickhowell, declared to be a masterpiece, and so poor Adams must have thought it before he had made and distributed copies to each member of the gang, which was a part of his punishment.

Of the festivities of the night when the recruited society took René, its wronged and innocent member, to its bosom, there is no space to speak. Besides, Crikey has got everything down in the minute book, much of which can only be shown to the initiated. Suffice it to say that it was an occasion to be remembered to the remotest ages, and that the nutshells which strewed the dormitory floor were a subject of strict but totally useless inquiry next day.

Everybody knows that our little parlor boarder, Bobby Reynolds, is nephew to Lord Westshire and that if the poor youngster only lives to be a man he may live to be a lord as well. Of course, it is a great thing for the School and for Doctor Hardress, though to do the dear old Head justice, I don't suppose he thought about it when he accepted Bobby. But when Mrs. Bastable, the new tenant of the Moat House, heard of the circumstance, she remembered at once that she was an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Reynolds and decided that Crosscombe would be just the place for her Algernon, a highly interesting child of eight. Mr. Bastable boiled soap for years, amid great applause, but he has retired now and has quite forgotten how the thing is made. As for Mrs. Bastable, as Crikey once remarked, she has washed her hands of it long ago, and is extremely particular about the people she meets.

The Doctor and Beamish were so pleased with my mathematics and general charm of manner and conversation that I got a card for the At Home at which this lady was to be introduced to the school and make the Tadpole's acquaintance. Mrs. Beamish generally acts as hostess on these occasions, Doctor Hardress being a widower, with only an orphan grand-daughter of tender years. It was quite a score, for of the other fellows only Carclough, Crickhowell, and Briant were asked, and when I arrived both the house and the grounds were rather empty, as it was a singularly hot day for late September, and most of the visitors preferred to come late.

As soon as I had spoken to Mr. Beamish and paid a first visit to the claret-cup I strolled over to where a little group had formed on the terrace where Mrs. Mole, the matron, and Mr. Magruder seemed to be closely catechising the Tadpole, who stood between them, in a singularly dirty state and with some small object clasped in his right hand.

"Just look at him, Mr. Magruder, sir, please!" said the matron appealing to the master against the unmoved Bobby. "You don't know the trouble I had with him only half an hour ago, to make him presentable, and now he's not fit to be seen!"

"Capital advertisement for Mr. Bastable's soap!" said Magruder with a chuckle as I came up. "How do, Mordaunt? Nice day! Now then, you little rascal," he went on to Bobby, "what do you mean by getting into this condition, eh!"

"It is those nasty white mice of his, sir!" said the matron, "that he's always playing with. And now, if you'll believe me, he's gone and upset the pagoda where they was kept, and every-one of the creatures is loose somewhere about the grounds. I'm sure I don't for the world know what to do, with the visitors coming, and all."

"Upon my word," Magruder remarked. "There seems to be a sort of epidemic of vermin in the school of late. I shall get the Doctor to make a strict rule against pets of any sort."

"You know well my objections to them, Master Reynolds," added the matron, "and you didn't ought to have done it!"

"It wasn't my fault, really it wasn't, Mrs. Mole," protested the Tadpole. "I promised Brutus to Arthur Sparks, and he was to give him a kind home, and cocoanut candy twice a week. And so I was going to get him out of the cage. But Sparks was so eager, he wouldn't wait, and jogged my elbow. And the whole thing went over in a moment. And they ran like racehorses, really they did, Mrs. Mole. And so they all got away, all but Cicero, that missed his way and went up the leg of my knickerbockers by mistake. And here he is!"

So saying little Reynolds opened one warm and slightly grimy hand, and cautiously exhibited his pet. The matron recoiled.

"Now, take and put the nasty thing back, there's a good boy!" she said. "For it gives me the horrors, it does."

"It's not very nice of you to say that," said Bobby. Cicero will be miserable for days and days. And the rest of them will be killed," he added plaintively, beginning to whimper a little. "I feel sure they will be killed!"

"I hope so," said Magruder viciously. "Run along and do as you are told directly!" The Tadpole disappeared. "Mrs. Mole, these things must be captured as soon as possible. You had better call the maids, and organize a systematic hunt. Eh! What pay? Pooh! Nonsense! Of course they must, whether they object or not. I wish I had my little terrier here. He would make short work of them."

Thus it came to pass that a stout and rather showily dressed lady, seated alone in a little flowering arbor, in the temporary absence of her escort, who had gone to fetch her sunshade, was startled by the sudden apparition of a small and exceedingly dirty urchin who appeared before her breathless, and fixed upon her a gaze that was somewhat embarrassing.

"I'm almost sure he ran in here!" began the Tadpole with a fine contempt of preface.

He had the advantage of the lady he addressed knowing her very well by sight, while she herself was totally ignorant of his identity.

"Run away, little boy!" said Mrs. Bastable at last with great dignity. "Hasn't anyone ever taught you that it is very rude to stare so?"

"Please, Mrs. Bastable," began the Tadpole, "I think you are sitting on Nehemiah!"

"Good heavens! the child is an idiot," exclaimed the surprised lady. "I didn't know that Doctor Hardress took imbecile pupils. I must speak to Ronald about it. My dear," she continued in a kinder tone to the child, who stood balancing himself on one leg before her, "I think you must have been out too long in this hot sun. Run away, there's a good boy, and tell them to give you a cooling drink'"

But the Tadpole was not to be got rid of so easily.

"I think you are a very cruel lady," he said with growing wrath. "I tell you he's exceedingly delicate. He has to have regular air and exercise. Lots! Please will you stand up and let me get at him! You had better take care! He bites jolly sharp when he's in a rage!" he added, appealing to the lady's sense of fear, in default of reaching her better nature.

"Won't somebody come and take this unfortunate child away!" cried Mrs. Bastable looking wildly round for succour. "This is terrible!"

"So it is! He'll be suffocated!" assented Bobby Reynolds. Then he uttered a joyous cry, "There's Mr. Magruder coming. Now you'll see! He says he's determined to put down cruelty to animals wherever he finds it. He caned Biggs for torturing a toad, he did. And Nehemiah is worth dozens of them."

The master approached. "I see you have made friends with our little parlor boarder, Mrs. Bastable," he said blandly. "I hope he has not been troublesome!"

By this time poor little Reynolds was sobbing convulsively. "Oh please! Mr. Magruder! Won't you make her get up? She's sitting on poor dear little Nehemiah!"

"That's the wild way he has been talking, Mr. Magruder," observed Mrs. Bastable with tranquil severity. "His Bible lesson seems to have been too much for the child's mind. It is over pressure, I suppose!"

"Oh! It's too late! He must be flat by this time!" cried the Tadpole, casting himself on the grass in utter abandonment of grief.

"Or else he is a little deficient!" went on Mrs. Bastable. "I don't think, I really don't think I should like Algernon to associate with children of imperfect intellect."

"I—I believe he is all right, though a little excitable!" said Mr. Magruder soothingly. He was anxious to get the lady out of the summer house without a shock to her sensitive nerves. "By the way, I think you have not yet been over conservatories. We are rather proud of them, though no doubt they will seem to you of modest dimensions indeed after those at Wyncote. May I have the pleasure?"

Mrs. Bastable graciously rose and accompanied the courtly Magruder, while a small and exceedingly dirty white mouse, which had been at once sheltered and imprisoned by the voluminous folds of the lady's robe, emerged to life and liberty once more, and made a desperate dash across the gravel. Mrs. Bastable half turned, as though something had caught her eye, but Magruder gave a prodigious hem and began to talk so fast that his companion had no leisure to notice Bobby's delighted pounce upon his recovered favorite, nor the wrathful mutterings with which he pursued her retreating form. Mr. Magruder carefully piloted his charge to the refreshments, saw her happily established in the center of the most select group of visitors and furnished with an ice, and then hastened away to assist his chief on the other side of the grounds. He found Doctor Hardress overwhelmed by the constantly arriving parties of parents and friends, and with only the incapable assistance of Mr. Beamish, the senior mathematical master who could do nothing but smile feebly at intervals and remark that it was very warm, a fact as incontrovertible as the elementary truths of his own favorite study.

Things promised to brighten up, however, when Monsieur Bontemps and Madame Sophie Flon were announced. Monsieur was always most punctilious in attending the school functions, and was generally the life and soul of these gatherings, making himself positively red hot in his endeavors to provide every lady at once with a seat and refreshments, and throwing himself into the games of tennis and croquet with an enthusiasm which was only equalled by his utter incompetency, or the radiant good humor with which he joined in the laughter at his mistakes. But today he seemed comparatively grave and preoccupied, and as soon as he had found his sister a seat in the shade and a master to entertain her, he came across to where I was standing and asked where he would find Briant.

"He is over by the shrubbery. Shall I fetch him for you, Monsieur?" I said wondering.

"No, I thank you, I go to seek him myself," answered Monsieur Felix with a mysterious smile. "Do you remember the day of our so delightful peek-neek? Myself, never shall I forget it that day. René too will always remember. But pardon! I go too fast. You shall know all in a little time!" He disappeared in the direction of the shrubbery and I proceeded to pay my respects to Madame Sophie.

It was while I was sitting chatting to her that I observed careful search being made for the parlor boarder. Presently he appeared, fresh from the matron's hands, in his new little Norfolk suit, his face shining like that of any Moses from the vigorous application of soap and water. He also wore a somewhat sulky expression.

"That is right!" said Doctor Hardress. "Mrs. Bastable was most anxious to make Bobby's acquaintance. Oh! Here is Mrs. Bastable," he continued, as that lady approached all smiles and graciousness. "Mrs. Bastable, this is our youngest pupil, Master Bobby Reynolds."

"Oh! the little darling!" cried Mrs. Bastable in a fluttering ecstacy bending and extending her hands to the Tadpole. "My dear, do you know I have a little boy just about as old as you, who is coming to your school, and I hope that you and he will be great friends!"

"The other hand, Bobby!" admonished the Doctor as the child grudgingly proffered his left, the right being tightly rammed into the pocket of his knickerbockers.

"Oh we have already made acquaintance, haven't we, darling?" cried the lady enthusiastically. "He found me out all by his own little self. Something seemed to tell me that he was my dear Eleanor's child. How like, how very like he is to his uncle, Lord Westshire!" she went on in an admiring tone aside to the Doctor. "His speaking image!"

"I ain't a bit like!" burst out the indignant image. For Bobby had a vivid recollection of the gouty, red-faced old gentleman in whose presence he was always required to keep unnaturally quiet. "Oh! what stories you do tell!"

"Hush! Hush!" from the Doctor.

"She does though!" asserted little Reynolds. "And she nearly killed my poor, dear little Nehemiah. He's been trembling like a blanc-mange ever since!" he added appealing to the Doctor for sympathy. "I thought he was going to have a fit. She's a nasty, cruel lady, and I don't like her."

To what further lengths the parlor boarder would have gone is uncertain. Fortunately at this moment a diversion occurred. Monsieur Bontemps approached, accompanied by René, and with his good-humored face wearing a look of unwonted solemnity. It was evident that Monsieur was about to make an important announcement, and meant to take full advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

"Doctor!" he said bowing and indicating Briant with one plump hand. "Permit that I present to you my grand-nephew, Monsieur René Marie Briant of the ancient family of Duchêne," and then as if he could contain himself no longer, he burst out into a flood of voluble explanation, accompanied by a lightning play of gesture which supplied the deficiency of his English. "Figure to yourself, my dear Doctor, that I know nothing certain till yesterday. Often have I thought to perceive a resemblance in René here to my dear Adolphe. But I answer always to myself, 'Bah! You are an old fool, Bontemps! You see the same face everywhere. The child is Norman. He knows nothing of you or of your people. Go!' So it remains until one time that I interrogate René here, who tells me that his family also were originally of my department, until the war and the dispossession. He speaks also of a ring given to him by his mother, fashioned from a locket which she wore as a child. Long I desire to see that ring, but in vain. It is that the unfortunate has sold it! What do I say? He did right; it was for a good object. But yesterday I pass by chance the shop where it is exposed for sale. At once I enter and demand permission to inspect it, and lo! it is indeed the jewel which my poor Thérèse wore as a child, and which was round her neck when her mother fled with her from their burning house. By what happy chance was it preserved when her mother perished at the hands of the communards? Who can say? They were not thieves, those poor deluded ones! So I arrive here today determined to make clear the matter; and now, Monsieur waved his hand towards René, "behold him!"

The group round us had gradually enlarged as Monsieur Felix's disjointed narrative proceeded, until now it included all the masters and most of the visitors. What between the heat of the weather and the excitement of his story, Monsieur was by this time in such an explosive condition that I verily believe if anyone had suddenly struck a match he would have gone pop. No one did so, however, and just then some thoughtful and obliging person (initials H. M.) placed a chair behind him into which he dropped thankfully and mopped his steaming brow. Then the Head's bland tones were heard:

I am sure that all present will sympathize with you in your joy, Monsieur Bontemps!" he said. "And now, pray let me offer you a cup of tea. I am sure that you must be in need of it."

"Not a drop, not one little drop, Doctor!" protested Monsieur with vivacity, "until you have promised to grant the first request that I shall make to you!"

"Well! I think I may do that without rashness," said Doctor Hardress smiling. "I fancy I can guess what the request will be!"

"My faith! I think so, yes!" cried Monsieur. "Eh bien! There will be a half holiday on Monday, when I pray that the members of my class will make a little visit to me at Les Ormes, to me and to my dear nephew, here present. What do I say? To my son, as he will be henceforward. René, mon fils bring me a cup of tea! Today I can drink it, medicinal as it is, without grimacing. And go yonder my child and salute your good aunt! How stupid I am——— Your——— Mother!"

Well; and all that was a year ago; and now my own time has almost come to leave good old Crosscombe, and the gang, and the Red Dormitory, and the larks and the rows; and all the earthquakes, as Monsieur would say. I am not one of your sentimental beggars I hope, and of course I am jolly glad to

(*Continued on page 228*)

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H., Lynchburg: Your stamp is an Austrian newspaper stamp issued in 1900 and catalogues 1 cent.—Joe S.: Your Philippine stamps are all revenues, except last three, which are common postage stamps.—At the close of the Spanish war millions of the old revenue stamps issued under Spanish Dominion, were found throughout the islands and have been sent to the United States in immense quantities. They are worth very little.—E. P.: "Sverige" stands for Sweden and "Norge" for Norway. The 5 ore stamps of both countries are very common.—G. A. M.: The following Chinese Treaty Ports have issued stamps, viz.: Amoy, Chefoo, Chinkiang, Chungking, Foochow, Hankow, Ichang, Kewkiang, Nanking, Shanghai, Wei Hai Wei and Wuhu. None of these stamps are now available for postage.—V. A. C.: Your stamp is a Swiss unpaid letter stamp catalogued 2 cents. The postmark is Lucerne.—T. B., No. 272: No. 1 is a Belgium unpaid letter stamp current, listed 2c; No. 2, North German Postal District issued in 1868, listed 1c; No. 3, a Spanish revenue stamp issued in 1898, for a tax upon letters to help provide revenue to carry on the war. It is sometimes called a "Mourning stamp."—E. Q.: The stamps you list are all common stamps, mostly current and are such as are found in most 150 variety packets which sell for 10 cents.—E. R. S.: The four stamps you illustrate are those issued by the Revolutionary organization under Aguinaldo. A few were actually used within the rebel lines, but most of them fell into the hands of the American army.—Stamp catalogues do not quote them, but a set of four is probably worth 25 to 50 cents.—R. S. S.: You illustrate two Canadian bill stamps worth about 2c each.—O. B. H.: The 3c Canada with head of Queen Victoria as she appeared in 1837 and in 1897 was issued in 1897 in commemoration of the 60th year of the sixtieth year of the queen's reign. The set of which the 3c is the most common contains 16 values, ranging from ½c to $5.00.—Reader: As a rule unused stamps are more valuable than used stamps, but not always—Prince Edward Islands, some issues of Newfoundland, and of the old German States are much more valuable in a used condition. This is due to large quantities of remainders being demonetized, i. e., made unavailable for postage, and then sold, often for much below face value.—F. M. N.: Your illustration is of the 2c stamp of 1875, which is still common, and can be bought for 50 cents per 100.—The same stamp, but printed in brown, was issued in 1870.—R. A. P.: Your stamp is a common English revenue, worth about 2 cents.—C. J. M.: You describe the 10c 1847 U. S., which is of the first government issue, the other value being 5c. The 10c catalogues $5, though copies can frequently be bought for half the amount. Do not cut the stamps apart as they are more desirable in the pair.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Arthur E. Bender: (1) Common 3 pfennige of Prussia. (4) China; Sung dynasty, Emperor Jin Tsung, coin period 1023-32; "Tien yuen tung pao." (3) Hannover, 2 pfennige, 1850, ten cents. (2) China, Tsung dynasty, 1661-1722, common. (5, 6, 7, 8) Brazil, Sweden, Hesse, and Austria, respectively, all quite common. (9) Russia, Nicholas I, 1 kopeck of 1852, ten cents. (10) Morocco, 1 faloos. (11) Prince Edward Island, 1857, half penny, ten cents. Arthur Bevan: Your coins will not bring a premium. Reno Villadsen: Your Mexican dollar and 5 centavos nickel will hardly bring over face value. Sweden, 1707, 1 ore, forty cents; 1724, twenty cents; 1802 and 1805, ¼ and ½ skillings, twenty cents each. The 1 ore of 1675 is a base silver coin of Sweden also and sells for about a quarter. 1852 silver trime, fifteen cents. Ernest L. Johnson: 1818 half dollar, eight-five cents. Your coin with LXXX on it is an 80 reis of Brazil. As it is in rather poor condition, judging from the rubbing it will hardly bring a premium. 1817 cent, ten cents. 1804 half cent, twenty-five cents. Connecticut cent of 1787 (not 1757) seems to be rather poor. Your 1837 with a turtle and jackass running is a "hard times" token worth about ten cents. E. P. Dutton: The old Spanish and Mexican silver are very common. Your piece will not bring a premium. Verne Gebhart: The old pennies and half-pennies of the Canadian provinces bring from five to ten cents each, depending upon condition. The same may be said of the ordinary run of our old copper cents. Your 2 kopeck of 1813 is from Russia and is very common. Your "Millions for Defence" 1841 is a "hard times" token worth about ten cents in usual condition. Yartin Hairs: Your rubbing is from an old Roman second bronze coin, but it is so indistinct that I cannot just make out what emperor it belongs to. R. H. Chamberlain: The English half penny of 1861 is worth only face. H. B. Brunot: (1) New Jersey cent. (2) Same. (3) Connecticut cent. These three coins are almost valueless from the collector's point of view on account of their poor condition, not even the dates being decipherable. (4) Franklin cent, 1787. "Mind your Business," fifty cents. (5) Washington cent, 1783, military bust, fifty cents. (6) Chain cent of 1793. This coin seems also to be in poor condition. William J. Stich: The 1855 quarter with arrows is worth twenty-five cents. W. L., Cincinnati: 1820 cent, ten cents, and the half cent of 1828, fifteen cents. Elmer Walters: A half dime of 1840 in fair condition, will hardly bring a premium. Stephen Springer: Unless the fractional currency is in perfect condition, clean and uncirculated, it will not bring a premium. In this condition it will always bring double face value at least. C. L. Maskey: 1812 half dollar, eighty-five cents. The Newfoundland silver pieces are common. Edward Lehman: The 1795 cent in good condition sells for about $1.25 at the dealers. 1835 half cent sells for fifteen cents when in good condition. Walter Barrett: The 1854 quarter is only worth face. Stanley T. Ford: The coins you mention are all quite common. Fred M. Seeley: The silver dollar of 1904 is only worth face value. Some pieces of this date in proof condition have sold for more which has given rise to these newspaper reports. The same may be said of any of our late issues. Proof pieces always commanding a premium. Paul R. Mellinger: Your "1493 X. R. L." is not a coin but the result of the inventive genius of some freak. Coins were not struck bearing dates at this period. Your "un sou" is common. Kenneth Gracey: (1) Persia, 2 shahia, twenty-five cents. (2) Morocco, 1288 A. H. 3 faloos, fifteen cents. E. B. Seymour: 1809 half cent, in good condition, twenty-five cents. Others face value only. Mrs. C. S. Johnson: The half dollar of 1821 sells for seventy-five cents at the dealers. A. F. Ruehmer: The 5-cent nickel of 1866 is worth only face. Garm Norbury: 1820 cent, ten cents. Ralph Rugan: Your coin is a common German piece. John Davis: A good 1795 half dollar is worth $1.75. Ralph O. Canaday: Your strange silver coin is what is called "cob" money. They were used in the Spanish colonies of America. Your other coin is a 1 ore of Sweden and is common. Floyd G. Beam: Your coins are only worth face value. W. J. G.: The 1853 dime is only worth face. John Lang: The Spanish real of 1614 sells for about seventy-five cents. Wm. J. Stich: The quarter of 1856 is only worth face. E. W., San Francisco: The half eagle of 1856 will not bring a premium. M. B. M., Warren, Ill.: Three cent pieces were issued in 1867 in both silver and nickel. The former is the rarer of the two. Alexander Baker: Your rubbing is from an English half penny of 1738. It sells for ten cents at the dealers. As this country did not issue cents in 1738 (and has never issued any pennies) we are at a loss to place your coin. John T. Allen, Jr.: Confederate bills as a general thing are quite common, selling for a few cents each as curios. At the same time among the earlier issues there are some rare pieces. Gowan Jones: Your gold dollar of 1853 is worth $1.75. Ted Pope: The 1853 half dollar with rays and arrow points is only worth fifty cents. There is a rare variety lacking the rays and arrow heads which is probably the one you noticed advertised at $25.00. Ira Cole: The $3.00 gold piece sells for about $5.00. Carl J. Meacham: It is difficult to place a value on your old bank bill. Most of them are common while some will command a premium for curiosities. R. M. Coleman: Your drawing is from a Spanish 4 reals, 1810 struck at the mint in Mexico. It has no premium. Hal. Hare: Your coins are all very common. C. B. Glick: Spain 4 reals, 1712, common. Leonard Wanecek: 1849 quarter eagle, common. Gerald R. Butz: It certainly will impair the value of any bill to paste it into a book or frame. It should never be done. The coins you mention are all tolerably common and you have them properly identified. Your piece with "funny" letters we must have a rubbing from to place for you. The three cent nickel of 1881 does not command a premium.

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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 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.



PORTRAIT
First prize, by Paul Fournier, East Aurora, N. Y.

Don't Roll Prints

Competitors in our photographic contests are earnestly requested not to roll their prints in sending them through the mails. In unrolling them, they are liable to crack.

Our New Competition

Our new contest of bromide enlargements from small negatives, to which a reference was made in the last issue, will end September 1st. That is to say, no entries will be accepted after that date.

Camera Artists

The list of those entitled to Honorable Mention this month is not very extensive, although the number of contestants was as large as usual. This makes the distinction all the more valuable and should be an additional source of gratification to those who have obtained it. They include: Clyde Deihaugh, Milton Reimers, Leon D. Rule, Edgar Wamhoid, Kurt Stolberg, Harry A. Greene, Frank Field, Oscar P. Friley, Morton A. Wilder and G. A. Haeusler.

Queries and Answers

Geo. Howard, Jr.—So far as we know, there is no way of removing the spots to which you refer. Donald Ewing—There is no limit to the number of prints that may be entered in our contests. Gerald L. Lillie—The Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y., makes all kinds of films and will probably be able to supply you with the unusual size you require. Chester Simpson—We would advise you to select one kind of developing solution and stick to it; you will then know exactly what it will do. As for the choice of paper, that is largely a matter of individual preference. Some only use the bromide papers, others do all their "printing" with the so-called P. O. P. (which means printing out paper), and a few use both. Try a few of both kinds and select the best. Wm. Carlin—The print is what we want, preferably unmounted. P. W. Nelles—Prints made with any kind of a camera are admitted to our regular contests. Henry Ingraham—Photograph, to which your letter referred, was not enclosed.

Removal of Yellow Fog

Negatives that have become yellow by too long immersion in the developer may be cleared by being placed in a bath of sodium sulphite, to which sulphuric acid has been added, until the odor of sulphur is apparent.—Photo. Chronik.

Toning Bath

When negatives take a long time to print on account of being too yellow, as is sometimes the case when they have been developed with pyro, they can be toned to a suitable color in the following bath: Sulphocyanide of ammonium, 8 grs.; chloride of gold, 1 gr.; water, 2 oz. Mix.—Photo. Times.

Always Welcome

The editor of this department was pleasantly surprised not long ago by a visit from Harry M. Biggin, of Kinsman, Ohio, who has repeatedly participated in our competitions and is a capable amateur photographer. The editor will be glad to meet any of his boy friends that may chance to visit Detroit. They are always welcome.

Prevents Staining

H. Edward Fry, one of our Philadelphia readers, sends us the following suggestion to prevent the staining of finger-nails by the chemicals employed in photography, particularly developers: "Buy a small bottle of flexile collodion of your druggist. Put a little of this into a wide-mouthed bottle and dip the forefinger and thumb of each hand into it before developing. When you are through, the collodion can easily be removed with equal parts of methylated spirits and ether.

The Prize Winners

The portrait by Paul Fournier, of East Aurora, N. Y., to which the first prize is awarded this month, is a good example of what is termed the Rembrandt style of portraiture. This is characterized particularly by a strong contrast in light and shade, for which the paintings of the great Dutch artist are noted. Matthews H. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., the winner of the second prize, is evidently an artist in outdoor portraiture, as his "Two of a Kind" demonstrates.

Blisters

Blisters seem to have disappeared from printing papers, but should they ever make their unwelcome appearance, a short immersion in the following will effectually prevent them:

Water	100 parts.
Formalin	10 parts.
Sodium sulphite	2 parts.

The prints should be soaked in this for five minutes, washed for a few minutes in several changes of water, and toned and fixed in the ordinary way.

Current Comments

Oliver B. Cardwell—You chose a difficult subject for your first attempt. To photograph a snow-covered pine against a cloudy sky with a very small camera is a task that would even make a professional photographer "sit up." Try to photograph the tree now, when it is sharply outlined against the background, and you will be more successful. Hurley Begun—Your "Man Behind the Gun" is insufficiently toned and trimmed. W. H. Thames—The negative of your "Fight" was probably underdeveloped; the exposure seems to have been all right

Blue Print Paper

In a letter of recent date, Harry H. Phillips, of Pittsburg, writes: "I have gotten so much help from THE AMERICAN BOY, in the line of photography, that I would like to help all I can. I am sending you a formula for making blue print paper, as follows: Coat a good grade of paper, common linen writing paper will do, with a solution composed of 56 grains of Iron and Ammonium Citrate, 37 grains of Ferricyanide of Potash, and one ounce of water and allow it to dry in the dark room. The paper should, of course, be kept from the light, until it is used." The letter was accompanied by a blue-print which showed that the formula is a good one.



"TWO OF A KIND"
Second prize photo, by Matthews H. Tardy, Birmingham, Ala.

The Ideal Camera

The ideal camera for naturalist purposes is one of the reflex type, in which the photographer can see his object, the size of it will be reproduced on his plate, the right way up, and can see it until the moment of exposure. Such a camera with a long bellows and a lens which is intended for a plate at least one size larger than the plate he is using in his camera, and also provided with a curtain shutter, which works just in front of the plate, with speeds varying from a time exposure up to one two-thousandth part of a second, is the kind of instrument used by men like Carlin, Dugmore and most of the naturalist photographers whose work appears in print.—Outdoors.

Boys, Take Care of Your Teeth

Prize Award.

A serial under the title of "Boys, Take Care of Your Teeth," written by J. Austin Bucknall, D. D. S., which began in the December, 1905, number and ended in the April, 1906, number, created considerable interest among the boys and we have no doubt did good. In our April number we offered four prizes to boys who would read the entire series and write the best replies to four questions asked. It was stated that in case there were several answers equally correct, the prizes would be given to the boys sending in the neatest answers. There were over eighty boys who sent in correct answers to the four questions, making it very difficult to select the best. The first prize has been awarded by Dr. Bucknall to Benno F. Bernstein, the second to Carl F. Tewksbury, the third to Vernon Lovett, and the fourth to William Stone. The correct answers to the questions are. First, What will best prevent decay of the teeth? Brushing the teeth regularly, front and back. Second, Why is it wrong to extract teeth? Because the teeth brace one another and the loss of one weakens the whole formation. Third, What causes connected with the teeth produce a swollen face? When the teeth are not brushed, the food lodges in between them, causing first the decay of the enamel, then the dentine, and then the nerve. Decay of the nerve causes inflammation of the entire tooth and cushion. Poisonous matter forms which begins to burrow through the bony socket in an effort to get out. This causes the face to swell and gives pain. Fourth, What word will the letters T E L N G E C make that represents the cause of gum diseases? Neglect.

As a consolation prize we are sending to each of the seventy-six boys whose answers were correct, a little pamphlet, with the compliments of Dr. Bucknall, that will be of interest to them.



"DEEPLY INTERESTED"
Photo by Clay D. Woodcock, Maria, Pa.

Our Book Table

Photography For Profit. New York: Tennant & Ward. Paper, 25 cents. This latest number of the Photo-Miniature series shows how the camera can be made to pay for itself. The booklet contains a number of articles by various contributors and several illustrations, of which those by E. S. Curtis are particularly notable.

Photographic Amusements, by Walter E. Woodbury. New York: Photographic Times Publishing Association. Paper, $1. A new edition of a book already well-known to amateur photographers. It is intended particularly for those who have already mastered the technical difficulties of photographic practice, and describes a number of novel and curious effects that can be obtained by the aid of the camera, together with some instructive and interesting photographic experiments.

The Book of Photography, by Paul N. Hasluck, New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Cloth, $3. The most comprehensive treatise on photography I have ever perused. In fact, with its 744 pages and copious illustrations, it is a veritable encyclopedia on the subject and, therefore, of value to the advanced student as well as the beginner. It is clear and exact in its explanations and entirely up to date. In some sections of the work, the author has availed himself of the superior knowledge of well-known experts, whose assistance is gracefully acknowledged in the preface.



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Indispensable for travellers. As necessary a part of the travelling equipment as a comb and brush. More important than these in its relation to health—for teeth have more to do with health than most people realize. To have good teeth you must clean them regularly, frequently, thoroughly,—cleaning behind and between the teeth,—and this is why we give the Prophylactic its peculiar shape.

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.
Always sold in a yellow box.

If your dealer hasn't them send to us. Get "Tooth Truths," and know more about teeth and their care. Sent Free.
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Your Name and address in gold on 3 fancy pencils 15c

Hexagon shape, all colors, rubber tip. Send 15c coin; 2 with different names 15c. Agts. wanted
LONGSAUT NOVELTIES, R-842, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

This Seal Grain Leather Initial WATCH FOB 12 cts. in Stamps

The illustration shows exact size of our Seal Grain Leather Watch Fob. Each fob has a silver plated initial on it. The fob can be worn on a watch or suspended from a belt as an ornament. We send out thousands of these fobs every week. This fob is simply an advertising offer. Fill out the blank below, state the initial you wish, enclose 12 cents in postage stamps and we will send you the fob and also a free sample copy of our illustrated magazine. We believe you never had such a good bargain offered. We cheerfully refund your money instantly if you are not satisfied. Fill out blank below; cut out coupon on dotted line.



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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*

Chemistry For Boys

Lesson I

WE WILL begin our experimental lessons in chemistry by studying something about one of the most widely diffused elements in nature, oxygen. First let us understand the meaning of the term "element," which is one we will frequently meet during our course.

An element is a substance that has not been divided into two or more simpler substances. Thus, if we should hold a platinum wire in a flame, we would notice that while it would get red hot, it would not melt nor otherwise alter its appearance. Even if we should heat it directly in the flame of a blowpipe, the intense heat would have no effect upon it. Neither could we dissolve it by treating it with any single acid. We would find that we could not succeed in separating the platinum into two or more different substances.

This fact is of importance, as platinum cannot be separated into any other substances by any process known to man. And there are about sixty-eight other substances besides platinum that have not been separated into any simpler forms. These substances are called elements, and gold, silver, lead, tin, iron, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon are other elements belonging in this list of sixty-eight. But do not think that all these substances will act the same as the platinum for they will not. The gold would melt, the silver would dissolve, and, in fact, they would all undergo very marked changes under different treatments.

Now we have another class known as **compounds** which are formed by the combination of two or more elements, such as iron-oxide, a compound of iron and oxygen, both elements. Sugar is another compound, composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, carbon being the

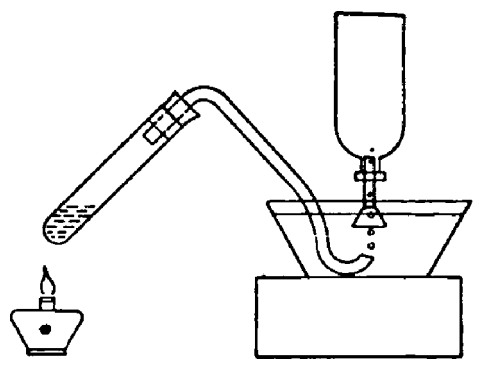

Fig. 1

black substance of which charcoal, coal and lampblack are composed, while the hydrogen and oxygen are both gases.

We have just learned what the two great subdivisions of matter are, and what they are called. All matter must have a foundation which is the element, and no matter what it is, it is composed of one of the sixty odd elements, either of one element alone as iron, or of two, three or four of them combined, as in the case of sugar.

But now let us study for a while the most widely distributed element in nature, oxygen. Oxygen is a gas at ordinary temperatures, and is found almost everywhere, even in the stars. It constitutes between 44 and 28 per cent of the weight of the earth's crust, 88.89 per cent of the water (oceans, rivers and lakes), and about 23 per cent of the air we breathe. Oxygen combines with every known element except flourine. It is a life-giving principle of the air; every time we drink a glass of water we take almost a glassful of oxygen in combination with hydrogen. Were it not for the oxygen in the air, not only could we not live, but our fires would not burn.

Air is composed of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen; the nitrogen dilutes the mixture to such an extent that the oxygen does not cause too rapid combustion in fires. Were it not for the presence of nitrogen in the atmosphere, a fire once started would undoubtedly consume everything on the surface of the earth, for the simple reason that so great is the affinity displayed by oxygen for almost every known substance, that a very rapid combustion takes place, especially in the presence of heat. What we know as fire or flame is in reality a violent chemical action taking place between some substances, such as wood or paper with the oxygen of the air, and without this oxygen it would be impossible for a flame, in the ordinary sense, to exist.

Now we will try a few experiments with this element oxygen. First take a glass tube about a quarter of an inch in diameter and heat over an alcohol lamp or gas jet, until it is very soft or red hot. Then gently pull the ends of the tube apart until the softened section collapses, when the two pieces may be broken apart entirely. Hold the now fluid ends in the flame until they are melted, making small, closed end, glass tubes. These tubes will be spoken of hereafter as ignition tubes.

From your druggist procure a few cents' worth of mercuric oxide. Place a very small quantity, about as much as can be held on the end of a pen-knife blade, in the bottom of one of these ignition tubes, and hold over the flame of an alcohol lamp. You will observe that the red color begins to change to a brown, and immediately above the flame, on the inside of the glass, you will notice little bright globules of mercury. This mercury is condensed from the vapors, being thrown off by the mercuric oxide. This mercuric oxide is a compound of mercury and oxygen, but the affinity between the two is not so great but that a slight degree of heat will cause them to separate.

Now while this heating is in progress, and you are holding the little glass tube in a pair of forceps or a wooden pinch clothes pin with the left hand, strike a match with the right and after it has burned to a coal, blow out the flame and before the red ember has a chance to die out, insert this glowing piece of charcoal into the glass tube. You will note that it takes fire at once and burns with great brilliancy.

This is caused by the almost pure oxygen in the tube, combined with the carbon of the coal, and no matter how many times the process is repeated, as long as there is any oxygen left there will always be this flash of brightness.

We will now need more of this oxygen gas to experiment with than can be easily obtained from the small process just described. Take a stout test-tube six or eight inches in length and about one inch in diameter, which may be secured from almost any druggist, and fit the open end with a cork, through which a glass tube passes, bent into the shape shown in Figure 1. Then lead a small piece of rubber tubing, which has been stretched over the open end of this delivery tube, into a bowl of water as shown, placing over the rubber tube an inverted bottle, with a small funnel in its neck, the bottle having been previcusly filled with water.

Now place in a test tube a mixture of potassium chlorate and black oxide of manganese (both of which may be obtained from your druggist), mixing them in the proportion of three parts potassium chlorate to one part of the black oxide of manganese. Replace the cork tightly and hold the mixture in the test tube over the flame of a burner or alcohol lamp. It is better to have a small stand for supporting these pieces of apparatus and same can be easily made by using the common wooden-pinch clothespins. These clothes-pins may be fastened to the top of small sticks, which are driven into holes bored in the center of square blocks of wood, and they will then serve as cheap, but good, supports for the apparatus.

While heating this mixture in the test-tube, move the flame to and fro around the end, so that the glass will not become too highly heated in one spot, which might cause a breakage. These glass test-tubes, while very thin, will stand a surprising amount of heat, but they must not be allowed to come in contact with any cold body while in this heated state. As soon as this mixture begins to be heated an evolution of gas takes place, and you will notice the bubbles of oxygen, which is the gas being given off, rise through the water into the inverted bottle overhead. As the gas enters the bottle the water is displaced and eventually the bottle will be filled with almost pure oxygen gas. If the quantity of gas evolved is greater than sufficient to fill the bottle, another bottle may be filled with water and inverted, and the balance of the gas collected. Place a tightly-fitted cork in the neck of the bottle that you have already filled to preserve this gas for following experiments.

When the evolution of gas stops, remove the rubber tubing from the water first, and then remove the flame from under the test-tube. If this is not done, as soon as the test-tube begins to cool it will draw the water back from the rubber tube on to the heated glass, causing it to crack.

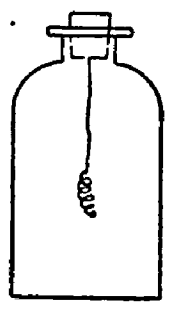

Fig. 2

There is only one caution to be given to the amateur in this experiment. You will notice at one point that the gas begins to come off with great rapidity, and at this point you must remove the flame from beneath the mixture to prevent its blowing the cork from the test-tube. As the bubbles begin to decrease, gradually apply the heat again and in this way no damage to your test-tube will occur.

You may now have one or two bottles filled with almost pure oxygen gas, with which to perform the following very interesting experiments.

Take a piece of fine steel wire or a piece of watch-spring. To one end of this wire attach a small drop of sulphur, by warming the end of the steel so that it will cement itself thereto. Then hang the spring from a wire driven into the cork, so that the whole may be placed into the bottle containing the gas, as shown in Figure 2. Now ignite the small bit of sulphur, and while it is still burning, quickly remove the cork from the bottle and introduce the burning sulphur and watch spring, suspended from wire, into the oxygen gas, closing the mouth of the bottle with a piece of paper or just allowing the cork to rest lightly in the neck. You will now notice that the watch spring begins to burn with great brilliancy, throwing off sparks and molten globules of metal, which drop to the bottom of the bottle as the combustion takes place. This is a combination of pure steel, and is due to the rapid combustion between the oxygen in the bottle and the steel of the watch spring. This is a very beautiful experiment and one that if well performed, will be extremely interesting and instructive. This same experiment may be tried by fastening a small piece of charcoal to a wire and heating it in the flame of a match until it is red hot. Immediately upon this glowing charcoal being introduced into the jar of oxygen, it will burst into flame.

A piece of phosphorus fastened in a little loop of wire and introduced into the jar will burn with a brilliant white light. In performing this experiment, however, the amateur must be very careful because the burns received from phosphorus are very serious, and the fumes that are emitted are poisonous if inhaled in large quantities.

If a piece of zinc foil is cut into thin strips and tied in a little bundle on the end of the wire and tipped with sulphur as in the case of the watch spring, they will also burn brilliantly in the jar of oxygen. It gives a very white light and the light flimy mass floating in the jar is known as "philosopher's wool."

Other experiments will be taken up in our next lesson. We will endeavor to give such experiments as may be readily performed by our young readers, and only use such materials as may be found in the ordinary drug store.

In all your work use great care and be very neat, for successful experimenting in chemistry depends largely upon neatness, cleanliness and carefulness.

QUERY BOX

May the field be made of iron 10"x1"x⅛" and bent by heating, or must several strips be used as described? In wrapping the wire around the cores is the wire wound backwards and forwards like a spool of thread or is the spool filled full from one end completing the winding as you go along? Are the bridges E necessary for the circuit or anything else besides supporting the magnets? Are the binding screws O the screws that hold the field to base, and is the base wood? Must the end of wire soldered to binding screw be in connection with the field, that is, so electricity may pass through? Is not the brush K continually in contact with the shaft H?—J. F. S., Latrobe, Pa.

Ans.—Yes, the field may be made of one piece of iron, but it is not as good as the laminated field such as was described. In wrapping the wire about the field spools, it is wound to and fro exactly the same as a spool of thread. The method you describe would make a fair magnet but would be very impracticable. The bridges E are not necessary for the circuit and they are merely to hold the field magnet in place. The binding screws O are not attached to the field nor do they aid in holding the field to the base. These are two separate screws passing through from the back of the base, which is made of wood. The wires do not connect with the field at any place. The brush K is not connected with the shaft at all times. The other brush comes in contact with the commutator only at certain intervals.

I would like to know if my partner and I could put the aerial wires for our wireless on the tops of our houses. We live only six blocks apart and our houses are each two stories high.—R. C. D., Kansas City, Mo.

Ans.—The aerial wires may be placed on top of your houses. A good plan would be to erect a pole twelve or fifteen feet high above the roofs and suspend the aerial wires therefrom.

I am making the motor illustrated in the December number and wish to ask a few questions regarding it. Where is the battery attached to the binding screws shown? Would No. 18 double cotton covered wire do as well as No. 18 single cotton covered for the field coils? Would there be any special object in interlacing iron wire around the armature? Would not copper wire do just as well as iron wire, or better?—A. M. O., Hemingford, Neb.

Ans.—The battery is attached to the two binding posts shown in front of the motor. No 18 double cotton covered wire will do just as well as single cotton covered. Iron wire is used for interlacing in the armature for the reason that it forms a path for the magnetic lines from one field to the other. Copper wire would not do this, and for this reason is not so good. This wire was not used for any other purpose than to provide a magnetic path.

Will you please tell me how to make a cheap battery suitable for running a small motor?—C. S., Rushville, Neb.

Ans.—There is no better battery for operating a small motor than the bichromate plunge battery described in the September issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Will you please explain the meaning of the word kilowatt? Will a learner's telegraph key and sounder of 20 ohms work on a wireless telegraph outfit?—F. H. F., Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Ans.—The term kilowatt is an electrical expression meaning one thousand watts. It is an expression generally used to designate the power generated by dynamos. Watt is a unit of electrical measurement and 746 watts are equivalent to 1 H.-P. Your telegraph key and sounder, if properly connected, can be made to work on a wireless outfit.

Could I use the carbons taken from dry cells instead of the plates 2"x7" in making the plunge battery described in the September issue, and if so, what size zinc should I provide, using two carbons to the cell? I am told I can re-charge a dry battery by punching the shell full of holes and placing it in a jar of water in which sal-ammoniac has been dissolved. Is this true?—W. C. F., Lexington, Ky.

Ans.—The carbons shown in your sketch will be very good to use in the plunge battery and the zincs may be either in the form of plate as described, or 4x6 ordinary zinc rods, such as used in the ordinary sal-ammoniac batteries. The dry cell may be made to do good service again by punching the side full of holes and placing in a jar of sal-ammoniac as you describe. This is not recharging the cells, however. These cells are not charged in the proper sense of the word. The current of electricity derived from them is generated by magnetic action within the cell, and no previous charge of electric current has been used in their manufacture as is the case in storage batteries.





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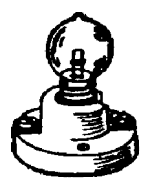

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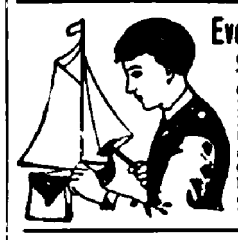

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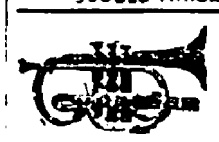

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How to Play Base Ball

By Walter B. Norris,

Instructor in Athletics at the Wenonah Military Academy

Wenonah, N. J.

IT IS characteristic of the American boy to wish to do everything better than somebody else, whether it is work or play. That is the essence of athletic sports today, and varied are the helps that are offered him. Too many of them, however, are far beyond the beginner and are more adapted to the player who is already well trained. But the beginner needs help as well, and it is to him, as well as the more experienced player, that I write.

The average boy is in pretty good training all the time and does not need to be told to do gymnastic exercises to limber him up. Still, if a boy has got out of condition during the winter, or wishes to develop some part that is weak, he should do a little special work each day. He should raise the body up and down, keeping the back straight, and bending the knees; he should bend the back from the hips, keeping the arms straight out from the shoulders, and try to touch the floor without bending the knees; he should raise himself on tiptoe and twist to the right and left with arms outstretched horizontally; and, lastly, with hands on hips, he should bend the trunk to the right and left. Used with dumb-bells or on the pulley-weights, these exercises become still more beneficial and are real muscle-developers.

When the first warm days come in March or the early part of April, the coming player should get out of doors and throw the ball a little. He should take care, however, not to throw hard but to be content to throw a short distance only and with no great speed. Forget this advice and the result will be that he is out of the game for the rest of the season because the muscles have been strained beyond the possibility of quick recovery. Furthermore, he must be careful to be warmly dressed during these chilly days.

When spring has really come and the team is ready for real work, let each day's practice begin with about fifteen minutes spent in throwing the ball from one to another. Then should come a half hour of batting practice, followed by an equal amount of fielding practice. After a week or more of such work, let the fielding practice be shortened to twenty minutes, and the afternoon's work end with a short practice game. We will take up these kinds of work in the order given.

It is gradually becoming recognized that the prime essential in winning a game is batting. Fielding, though it keeps one's opponents from scoring and so assists in winning the game, can never bring victory by itself. The only sure way to win is to bat out hits and bring in runs. It is by no mere chance, therefore, that batting comes first. Here as everywhere it is pleasant to be born with the gift, but as such men are very few, the rest of us have plenty of company.

HOW TO BAT

How to place your feet: A right-handed batter stands with his weight thrown on his rear foot, his right, and with his left resting easily on the ground and not far in front, but in a natural position. He should stand as close to the plate as he is allowed to do, that is six inches away. When he steps forward to hit the ball he should plant his left foot no farther away from the plate than it was before, and he will frequently need to place it still nearer in order to reach a ball over the outside corner. Never on any occasion let the pitcher drive you back from the plate, but step up into the ball every time as a ter of habit. Nothing will spoil a batter sooner than to get into the habit of stepping away from the ball. If nothing else will cure you, place a board to the left of your left foot and then you cannot step back.

Hitting the ball: Grasp the bat with the right hand above the left, unless you are a left-handed batter, when the opposite is done; and in both cases grasp the bat well up from the handle end in order that you may be able to control the swing. With the bat in position you are ready for the swing. One should make the swing from the wrist and elbow rather than from the shoulder. The chief thing in batting is not to hit the ball hard but to hit it at all or in the right direction. The long swing back as the pitcher throws the ball generally results in missing the ball altogether. Use the short wrist swing and you are not as likely to throw your glance off the ball and so miss it. Furthermore, do not swing back as if you felt you needed to knock the ball to the planet Mars, but just place the ball over the third baseman's head, and you have done your duty to the team. Notice the pictures of the best batters and you will see that their position is with the elbow farthest back close to the body and used as a pivot for the swing.



WHAT IF HE HITS IT?

A good eye is almost an essential in a batter, for if he is at all near-sighted he cannot follow the ball as it speeds toward him from the pitcher. Perhaps the best way to get your eye on the ball is to stand so that your eyes are looking directly at the pitcher, not looking at him sideways or out of the corners of your eyes. Also learn to keep the eyes on the ball till it reaches you, and do not let the glance be thrown off by making a long swing with the bat. If you watch carefully, you will find that a curve breaks just before it reaches the plate, and one must learn to see this happen and act instantly. After a little you will be able to see whether it is an in or an out and will act without thinking about it.

Hard as it is to acquire batting ability, it will come if one takes sufficient practice. When practicing, have someone throw in easy balls to you, straight balls without any curve, and bat them out correctly. Do not try to hit them hard but meet every one with a correct short swing, trying to put it where you want it to go. Keep batting these easy balls for a while and you will get correct form in batting and be able to stand before a pitcher with confidence. When the team practices batting have a half dozen balls and bats in use and let each one get his share.

Another important part of batting, and one too often neglected, is bunting. A bunt is striking the ball so easily that it rolls only a few feet in front or to one side of the home plate, just where it takes the pitcher, catcher, or third baseman some time to reach it and get it to a base. Of course, the chief use of bunting is to advance a man who is on first base and wishes to reach second. The batter, at a given signal, bunts the ball while the man on first base races for second. The latter, if he starts soon enough, will probably reach his base safely, which is the purpose of the play, even though the batter fails to reach first. At any rate, a man is on second, where a good hit may bring him home.

In bunting the bat is held loosely, not tight as in batting, and the outer hand is pushed out till it grasps the middle or end of the bat. No swing is made, as the bat meets the ball as easily as possible. Only a low ball can be bunted successfully, as a high ball will fly into the air and become an easy "pop" fly. The best place for a bunt to go is half way toward third base and a little distance from the base line.

In conclusion, a few words about left-handed batting may be in order. It can be proved, I think, that a left-handed batter cannot hit the ball any more easily than one who hats right-handed. But the former has two advantages that are decisive. He is more than a step nearer first base and has so much less distance to run. Besides, his swing throws him directly into his natural stride for running, while the right-handed batter has to change his step before he is in a position to run at all. As every little thing counts in baseball, these two advantages of batting left-handed ought to convince every boy that if he can learn to bat left-handed he should do so. Against a fast fielding team it may mean reaching first base every time, instead of not at all. Next month our subject is Playing the Infield.

(To be continued).



WALTER B. NORRIS
Author of How to Play Base Ball

How They Won Their Badges

Durrell C. Davis, Corvallis, Oregon, received an average of 97 1/3% during the term recently ended, entitling him to a School Record Badge.

Roger Hopkins, Colo, Iowa, who is in the eighth grade of his school, has not been absent nor tardy for six years, and has received the badge.

Albert C. Wright, of Brockton, Massachusetts, has a remarkable school record, not having been absent nor tardy for the past seven years. A badge has been sent him.

Floyd M. Yaney, Coldwater, Ohio, received an average of 96⅞% in all eighth grade branches during the recent school term, entitling him to a badge which has been sent.

C. Fay Marshall, Aubrey, Texas, has just won a School Record Badge with a general average of 95%, which was the highest obtained in the school. He is in the seventh grade.

Harry Nelson, Belle Center, Ohio, won his Badge by just one-seventh of a per cent. His average for the term was 89 4/7%, while that of Leonard Manahan was 89 3/7%. Pretty close, wasn't it?

"I am more than proud of the School Record Badge you sent me," is the word from Roger Hopkins, Colo, Iowa. He also has a good word to say for THE AMERICAN BOY and likes best the department "The Boy Mechanic and Electrician."

Elmer Winter, Richmond, Ohio, is in the sophomore class of the Richwood High School and has been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY for two years. He has received a School Record Badge for obtaining the highest average for the year from September 1st to March 1st.

John A. Smarsh, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, entered the public schools in 1896, and since that time has been tardy but once and absent but one-half day. For the last eight years he has been perfect in attendance. He is now in his sophomore year in the high school and is one of the most promising pupils of his class.

J. Oren Chaille, a twelve-year-old boy of Otwell, Indiana, has just been promoted to the eighth grade and is proud to say that he has not been absent nor tardy during the last five years. He writes: "I like THE AMERICAN BOY very much and shall continue to take it. Last year during the summer vacation I worked some in our newspaper office and saved $40, which I now have loaned, so you see if papa does not want to pay my subscription for me, I can do so myself."

Frederick Herendeen, an eleven-year-old boy of Chicago, Illinois, won the Heroism Badge for saving two boys from drowning on March 16th of this year. In front of the Herendeen residence is an artificial lake and here the children of the neighborhood slide and skate during the winter. On this particular afternoon they were playing the game of "Follow My Leader" when the two little sons of Charles Sanderson, aged five and seven years, ran upon a thin sheet of ice, which broke through under their weight. Young Herendeen saw the accident from an upper room of his home, and running to the lake, tried to reach the struggling children by lying flat on the ice at the edge of the hole. This he was unable to do, and he then waded out into the pond and with great difficulty succeeded in lifting the two small boys and shoving them across the ice to safety.

John Drumgould, a seventeen-year-old boy of Barre, Vermont, has been given the Heroism Badge for his daring rescue of nine-year-old James Cruickshank from drowning. The deed was performed on the afternoon of November 24th, when a number of small boys were playing on the ice of Stevens branch in the north end of the city. The ice on this section of the river was very thin, and one of the boys broke through into the water. In trying to rescue him, three of his companions were also submerged. John Drumgould heard the screams and ran to the assistance of the boys. Three of them had already disappeared, and Drumgould dived into the water just in time to catch James Cruickshank as he was going down for the last time. Drumgould came up under the ice, but it was so thin that he broke it with his fist and managed to get to shore with his burden. By this time men who had been attracted to the river were searching for the other boys and breaking up the ice in the hope that they might be just under it, but it was not until an hour later that the bodies of the three were recovered.

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Magic Base Ball Curver Curve pitching is made easy by its use. The pitcher who uses one can throw Large Curves and strike out the batsmen as fast as they come to bat. It is so small that the batters cannot see it and they all wonder where those Awful curves come from. With it an amateur can beat a professional. Price by mail, only 25c, 3 for 50c. N. C. Bateman, 41 State St., Lewville, N. Y.

Boys and Girls We give away watches, printing presses, lockets, air guns and other fine things every month to advertise our goods. Nothing to sell. Write for particulars. B PEERLESS CO., 1720 Willington St., Philadelphia.

EARN A STEVENS RIFLE Sell 30 packages German Blue at 10c. Easily sold. Send for a package free. Take orders. Rifle and Blue sent same day money is received.

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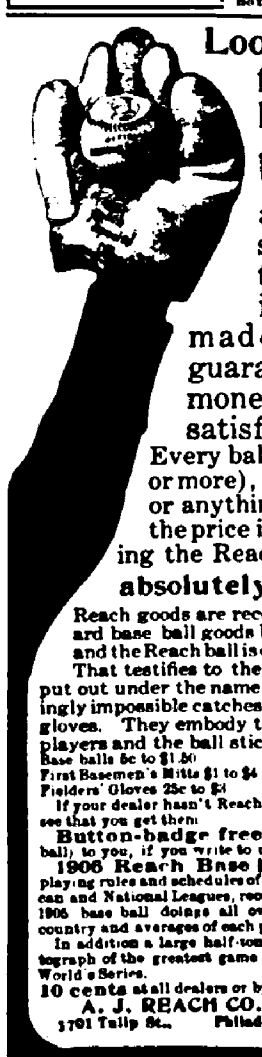

Look for the Reach trade-mark

and you are sure of getting the best sporting goods made---with the guarantee of your money back if not satisfactory.

Every ball or bat (price $1 or more), every mitt, glove or anything e se (whether the price is 10c or $8) bearing the Reach trade-mark is

absolutely guaranteed

Reach goods are recognized as the standard base ball goods by all leading players and the Reach ball is official for all leagues.

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1906 Reach Base Ball Guide. Gives playing rules and schedules of American and National Leagues, records of 1905 base ball doings all over the country and averages of each player.

In addition a large half-tone photograph of the greatest game in the World's Series.

10 cents at all dealers or by mail

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The American Boy

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THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail, should be made in a Postoffice Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order, or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to **The Sprague Publishing Co.**, Majestic Building, **Detroit, Mich.**

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only, and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't send in answers to the Boys' Brain Sharpeners without reading the rules published on the page on which the Sharpeners appear.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.

Rules

In sending in solutions to the posers in this department, observe the following rules:

1st. Address your envelope to PRIZE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

2nd. Mail your answers or solutions so they will reach Detroit not earlier than the 10th day of the month of issue and not later than the 15th. Answers received before midnight of the 9th and after five o'clock of the afternoon of the 15th will not be considered.

Th prizes in each case will be given to the boy whose solution is the **first correct** one read by us in the order of the opening of the mail beginning the morning of the 10th.

3rd. Our Editor's decisions are final. He cannot take time to correspond with contestants, who, each month, number thousands.

4th. Write nothing in your letter but the answer to the puzzle. If you have anything else to say, write it on a separate sheet of paper, giving your name and address on each separate sheet.

5th. If you send solutions to several puzzles, send them on separate sheets of paper, and put your name and address on each.

Why I am Proud of My State

Chester McAlexander, Mack, Miss., wins the prize for the best essay on "Why I Am Proud of Mississippi." Close competitors for first place were Manlius Hall, Holly Springs; Percy A. Laws, Bethlehem; Paul Allen, Tupelo, and Emmett M. Reed, Iuka.

Other good essays were written by A. Palmer Hudson, Claude A. Titche, J. Laurie Mecklin, Will Evans, Thomas Mayo, Charlie J. Currie, J. Robert Owen, Rad H. Reed, Geo. H. Moore, Grady Peerey, Charles H. Thompson, J. Eric Shaw, J. A. Gofford, E. P. Coleman, Jr., Charles Tillman Price, Nolan B. Harmon, Jr., Edwin W. Romberger, J. F. Noble, John McFerrin Curlee, Jamie Thompson, Douglas Simmons, Louis A. Martin, Jr., Howard R. Lowenp, Warren B. Trimble, Fred Wiggins, Ernest C. Hill, Howard Haley and Boyce H. Caldwell.

One neatly typewritten essay was unsigned, and even the postmark on the envelope was not readable.

There were a variety of reasons given for being proud of Mississippi. All the boys were agreed as to the delightful climate and the fertile soil of the state. Other reasons for pride were given as follows: An abundance of game; beautiful song birds; countless numbers of mineral springs whose health-giving waters are unsurpassed; finest harbor on the Gulf at Gulfport, Miss.; out of seventy-five counties in the state, seventy-one are prohibition; first state to found an industrial school for girls; the famous Yazoo Delta which grows more cotton, than any other single district in the world; many clay beds for the manufacture of brick; valuable fisheries; great forests of pine and hardwood producing not only lumber, but tar, pitch, and turpentine; at the world's fair Mississippi had the largest ear of corn, the biggest watermelon, and the biggest pumpkin; won a gold medal on alfalfa, on forestry, and on dressed lumber; captured the grand prize on cotton, and many smaller prizes; produces abundantly tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, corn, oats, almost every kind of vegetable, and many fruits, including grapes and oranges as large and luscious as those of California; borders on the Mississippi river and this gives unexcelled shipping facilities; Wesson contains one of the largest cotton mills in the South; an excellent state university at Oxford; contains one of the oldest towns in the United States, Biloxi, settled by the French in 1699; although the state is but 336 miles long, the numerous bends in the Mississippi river make the river border 500 miles long; a population of over 1,280,000 and an area of 46,810 square miles; contains over 100,000 farms; large marble quarries, also other building stones; increasing facilities for the manufacture of raw material, especially cotton and lumber mills; Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, spent many years at Beauvoir; L. Q. C. Lamar, citizen and statesman; J. Z. George, lawyer and legislator; E. C. Walthall, soldier and statesman; S. S. Prentiss and Charles E. Hooker; Thos. Spight, the only present Congressman who was a southern soldier, and whose son worthily wore the "Blue" during the Spanish-American War; John Sharpe Williams, the brilliant minority leader in Congress; many famous battles fought on Mississippi soil, notably the Siege of Vicksburg and the battles of Shiloh, Iuka and Corinth.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi Prize Essay, by Chester McAlexander, of Mack, Mississippi

I am proud of Mississippi because of her past achievements, present prosperity, and future prospects.

I am proud because she is one of the Sunny Southern States, and a member of these grand and glorious United States. Mississippi has been under five separate and distinct governments—France, Spain, England, the Confederate States, and the United States. In defending their country and state rights, and their liberty the people of Mississippi are second to none.

The troops of Mississippi played an important part in the War of 1812, especially in the battle of New Orleans. Many Mississippians fought with the Texans in their war against Mexico for independence. In the war between Mexico and the United States men from Mississippi distinguished themselves by their bravery. It was the First Mississippi regiment of volunteers that, by forming a V-shape across a narrow pass, turned defeat into victory and saved the day at Buena Vista. General Taylor, in speaking of this battle, said that the Mississippi regiment was whipped three times without knowing it, and that the men fought on as if nothing uncommon had happened. General Quitman, of Mississippi, distinguished himself by being the first to enter the fortress of Chapultepec, the first on the wall of the capitol, the first to raise the American flag, and the first to take charge of the city. Earl Van Dorn, another Mississippian, gained distinction by exposing himself to the fire of the enemy in order to replace an American flag that had been cut down by a cannon ball.

In the great Civil War Mississippi was the second state to secede, and in this war she furnished more than 87,000 soldiers to protect Southern rights and Southern liberty. Eighty engagements took place on her soil, among which were the great siege of Vicksburg and the battles of Corinth, Port Gibson, Iuka, Jackson, Holly Springs, and many others.

In the late war with Spain Mississippi raised three regiments of volunteers, but the war ended before they reached the scene of hostilities.

In agriculture Mississippi ranks high, her soil being particularly adapted to that occupation. The Yazoo Delta—the richest body of alluvial land in the United States—contains over four and one-half million acres. Cotton is the leading staple, and in its production Mississippi ranks third with an annual crop of one and a quarter million bales. Corn is the next crop in value. Others are oats, hay, Irish and sweet potatoes, peas, wheat, sorghum, tobacco, peanuts, rice and broom-corn.

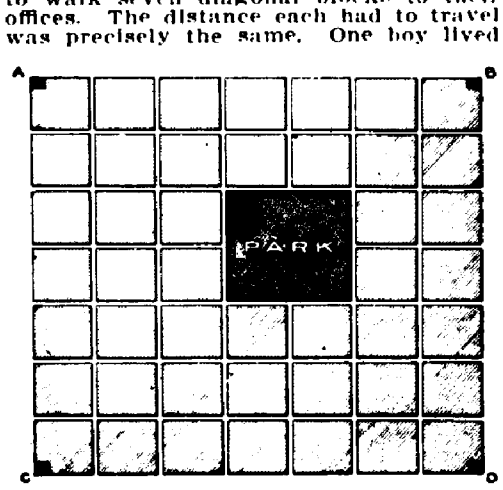
The numerous rivers and railways afford excellent transportation facilities. Manufactures have assumed large proportions and represent millions of dollars profitably invested. The lumber industry is most important, as the state contains vast forests of pine and hardwoods. There are many cotton-seed-oil mills and many compresses, nearly all the cotton being compressed before shipment. Cotton factories are in successful operation in many places, as are ice, fertilizer, and other factories.

Mississippi is making rapid strides in education. There is a system of free schools for the education of all, and there are many high schools and colleges. The university is located at Oxford. It is co-educational, and tuition is free except to law students.

All in all, ours is a grand old state, and these are only a few of the reasons for being proud of Mississippi.

How Many Ways

Two boys, well acquainted with each other, daily walked to their respective offices, which were situated some seven blocks from one another. Now the curious part is this, that the two boys lived seven blocks from each other, and had to walk seven diagonal blocks to their offices. The distance each had to travel was precisely the same. One boy lived



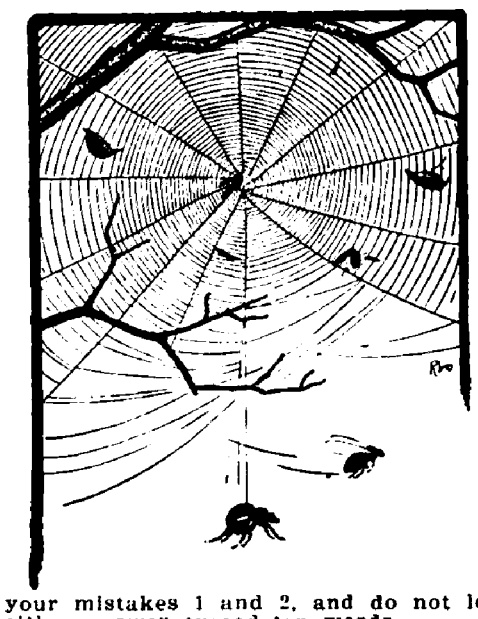
at A and had to walk each day to D; the other lived at B and his office was located on the corner at C.

It will be noticed in the diagram that a park occupies the area of four blocks; neither boy ever walked through this, firstly, because it was enclosed and locked at night and seldom opened early in the morning, and again because its paths wound in and out and around too much to please the boys. In the course of conversation, on one occasion, the dispute arose as to which boy, A or B, had choice of the greatest number of different ways of reaching his office. Every different move counts as a separate route; but every move must be forward, so that every route shall be of equal length. Can our readers figure out how many different ways A might reach D and B might reach C? The two boys in question will watch the solution to this problem with much interest.

Prize—A boys' book See rules.

What's Wrong?

Two serious mistakes have been intentionally made in the drawing of this spider descending from its web. Can you tell us what is wrong? Number



your mistakes 1 and 2, and do not let either answer exceed ten words.

Then answer the question: Why is a spider a good correspondent?

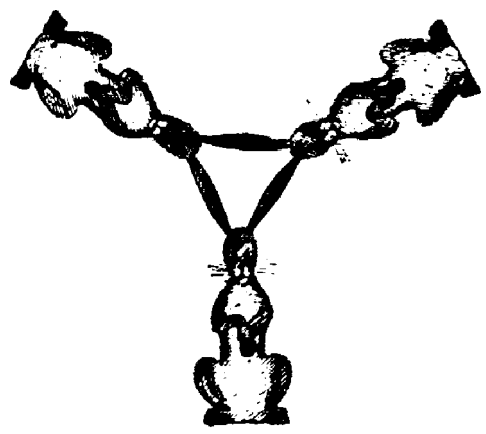
Prize—A boys' book. See rules.

Prize Winners

The following won prizes in the puzzle contests that appeared on page 191, April number:

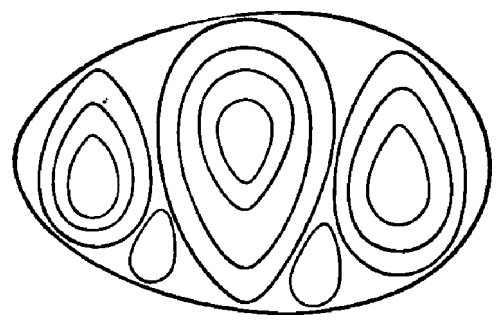
Conundrum—Leon Scott, Alston, Mich. Answer 1. Because it is just out. 2. Because never seen before. 3. It is not usable until broken.

Three Rabbits Puzzle—Allert Brager, Mount Horeb, Wis. Correct solution:



Hidden Proverb—No correct solution. "Many strokes fell great oaks."

Egg Puzzle—Leslie T. Goodlin, Bergholz, Ohio. Solution as follows:



"After me, the deluge," was the watchword of the great Napoleon, who died in exile.

If at a minute after eight, it is past eight, why at thirty minutes after eight do we say it is half-past eight?



Picture Proverb—Prize, a boys' book. See rules.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

¶ To the Vermont boy who sends us before May 15th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state—Vermont we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.

Vermont Next

The following are the states on which prize essays have been written and the names of the prize winners:

Wisconsin—John Roberts, Racine.
Massachusetts—Frank Scribner, Jamaica Plain.
Texas—George Lee, Dallas.
Ohio—Harry A. Linch, Steubenville.
Colorado—Harold T. Davis, Delta.
Mississippi — Chester McAlexander, Mack.

Canoes $31.50 up
Best Cedar, canvas covered—highest possible quality—prompt deliveries. Write for 1906 Catalog No. 5.
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Pres. Roosevelt's Picture We have succeeded in reproducing from the original by "Pach Bros.", the celebrated photographers of N. Y., a beautiful and artistic half-tone of the President, size 6x8, mounted on heavy card; a very desirable addition to any collection; sent postpaid 25c in coin. Cambridge Art Specialty Co., Box No. 13, North Cambridge, Mass.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
FOR BEGINNERS
96 Page Book giving full directions for making and using apparatus. Sent postpaid for 25 cents by DRAPER PUB. CO., 86 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Protect Your Idea!
PATENTS GUARANTEED.
Handsome Guide Book Free.
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, Box 72, Wash., D. C.

WOO FISH from their haunts with C. C. BAIT. Acts the same on fish (all kinds) as catnip does on cats or anise on dogs. Nothing with fins can resist it. 15 cents a package, 2 for 25 cents. ELEGANT PREMIUMS GIVEN.
BONN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Beverly, Mass.

A FRENCH FLAG AND AN AMERICAN EAGLE

Continued from page 217

have passed, first shot, for Sandhurst, but I am not ashamed to say that when I woke up this morning and heard that wretched bell, that we all used to abuse so much, jangling away in the turret, I felt pretty sick to think how few times I was to hear the old slave-driver's cracked voice again. What is more, I pity the fellow who does not feel much the same when he leaves his old school! Depend upon it, he is probably no loss to the place, and will not be much of an acquisition to the next society he adorns. Of course that is only my private opinion. And all schools are not like Crosscombe. I should think not indeed?

René Briant is living at Les Ormes now, and has degenerated into a day-boy. However his time at the school is short, for as soon as Monsieur and Madame Sophie can spare him he is to go to Leipsic for a course in experimental chemistry. Young Pizarro is already there, having begun that educational tour of the globe which his father has planned for him. Mr. Pickens is establishing a great English agency for his business, and Briant is to enter it as soon as he is old enough, if Monsieur approves. So I suppose his fortune is made. Mr. Pickens wanted to do the same for Crickhowell, but Crikey has his own ideas for his future, and they are not directed towards money-making. He has won a scholarship at Oxford, and will be going up next year. I expect he will be offered the Laureateship before long, though he says he shall decline it, because he doesn't like sherry. Mahomed came to a sad end shortly after his removal; met Euripides, the school cat on the stairs, and had a slight altercation with him; no flowers.

I hope to see Anstruther at Sandhurst in a year or so, if his mathematics do not prove fatal to him. Carclough is going in for Woolwich. As for the parlor boarder, he enjoys, as the Irishman said, as bad health as usual, but nevertheless flourishes fairly well on the whole. He tells me that he has already chosen his profession. He is to be an Arctic explorer.

The bell is going for dinner. Good bye!

THE END.

Some Good Ones

Hector J. Carpenter, Houlton, Maine, sends THE AMERICAN BOY some conundrums, of which the following are samples:

Why is a schoolboy like a postage stamp?

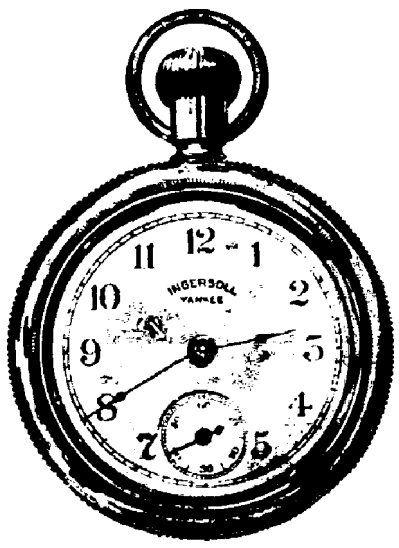
Because he gets licked and put in a corner.

Which is more valuable, a five dollar bill or five gold dollars?

A bill, because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it our you find it in creases (increases).

Do You Want a Watch?

Yes, of Course, You Do. All Right. Here's One For You, and It's a Beauty!



This watch is a **stem-wind, stem-set, latest model, Ingersoll** watch. Think of it, boys, **not** a watch wound and set with a key like your grandfather's, but **stem-wound** and **stem-set** like the best of modern watches. This watch is **not a plaything,** but a **reliable, accurate** time-keeper, and **almost indestructible.** It received the gold medals at the St. Louis and Portland Expositions, the highest awards given to watches in their class. The following guarantee goes with each watch:

This watch is guaranteed to keep good time for one year, and will be repaired by us free if, without abuse, it fails to do so. It should run properly for ten years and after the first year will be repaired by us for 25c. See the copy of guarantee shown.

Could anything be fairer?

A newly devised hinge is one of the important features of the watch. The front bezel snaps on. Newly devised hands of delicate proportion, perfectly polished and blued, with polished centers, adorn the face. The dial itself is made of porcelate, so closely imitating porcelain as to defy any but an actual test. The finish of the exposed parts of of the movement, including the plate, is of the highest character, the latter being in gold finish with satin effect. An improved regulator of improved style with polished center gives the final touch of "watchy" appearance.



This watch has been on the market for fourteen years, but not until within a few months past has it been furnished with the stem-wind and stem-set device. You will have every reason to be proud of owning one of these splendid watches, and we are proud of being able to offer to our boys for so little work as the obtaining of one subscription.



How You Can Get It

Send us the name of just one new subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY and his One Dollar, and as quick as the mail can take it, the watch goes to you.

Easy? Why it will not trouble the average American boy a minute to get that watch.

How can we afford to do it?

Never you mind. We agree to do it and that's enough. There's a watch for every boy and we hope that every one of our boys—one hundred and twenty-five thousand of them—will get one.

Bear in mind: To get a watch you must observe the following conditions:

1. *You mail us a new subscription before June first.*
2. *You must yourself be a subscriber. If you get your paper at a store, that counts.*
3. *You can't send your own subscription or a renewal and claim a watch.*
4. *If you are NOT a subscriber, send your own subscription and another new one and you get the watch. Two subscriptions (your own not counted) and you get two watches, and so on.*
5. *This offer expires at midnight May 31. You have up to and including May 31 in which to send the subscription.*

REMEMBER: A WATCH FOR EVERY BOY BEFORE JUNE FIRST

Say To Your Friends That "The American Boy" is the Best Boys' Paper on Earth

BECAUSE IT IS

1. The Largest, 384 big pages a year.
2. Beautifully Illustrated, 1000 Pictures a year.
3. Chock-full of short stories, 150 a year.
4. Devoted to what boys like. 12 pages to Photography; 12 to Stamps and Coins; 12 to Puzzles; 12 to Boyhood of Great Americans; 24 to Mechanics and Electricity; 12 to Money Making.
5. Clean, Wholesome, Inspiring.
6. The Only Paper covering the field of Games and Sports.
7. Read by over a Quarter of a Million Boys in every quarter of the globe and only 6½ years old.
8. Full of Articles that tell boys how to accomplish things and get ahead.

AND

9. ITS SERIAL STORIES ARE BY THE BEST WRITERS FOR BOYS! See these names that have appeared or are about to appear in its pages.

EDWARD STRATEMEYER			FRANK H. SWEET
HORATIO ALGER, Jr.	HENRY A. SHUTE	GEORGE A. HENTY	GEORGE W. D'VYS
KIRK MUNRO	JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE	WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON	J. MacDONALD OXLEY
EDWARD S. ELLIS	WALDON FAWCETT	JAMES BUCKHAM	WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH	CAROLINE K. HERRICK	SEUMAS MacMANUS	TUDOR JENKS
J. L. HARBOUR	CLARENCE HAWKES	JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM	ARTHUR DUFFEY (Sprinter)
EVERETT T. TOMLINSON	CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS	HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	JAMES E. SULLIVAN (Athletics)

LOOK! SHOW THE BOYS!

Show this number to your friends. Point out "In Defense of His Flag," which will run for ten months; "How to Play Baseball"; and the hundred other good things in this number alone. Tell them that "The Young Book-Agent," by Alger begins next month, and that a serial by Tomlinson begins in July or August. THEN, if you can't get a subscription and a fine new watch, you are in hard luck. But you CAN. Any level-headed boy will know that 12 numbers of such a paper are worth twenty times $1.00 to any boy.

THERE'S A WATCH FOR YOU. Get just one subscriber.

Respectfully,

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Publishers of "The American Boy."



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.

Almon W. Bushnell, Copperfield, Vermont, wins the prize for the best list of answers to March Tangles.

Miss K. Haren, 4575 Forest Park Boul., St. Louis, Mo., wins the second prize.

Cecil Drew, Box 89, Mesa, Arizona, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Burton F. Jennings, George Harrison Stanbery, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Evan L. Jenkins, John A. Jessup, Harry Schwartz, Master Percy Andrews, Samuel Lapham, Jr., Lisle E. Bagwill, John I. and Edward Carbiener, Thomas Hollingsworth, Benjamin Miesenhelder, Albertus K. Richards, Arthur L. Diamond, Chas. T. Haas, Ernest Stifel, Russell B. Smith, J. Harold Esenwein, Willie R. Schoenberger, Kenneth L. Aleshire, Herman H. Voelker, Edward Wyatt, Lewis Caldwell, Hayden S. Fisher, Archie N. Kesterson, Julius Wagschal, J. Paul Richter, Randall Ross, Howard Conklin, Kenneth Fullerton, Geo. Frary Hutchison, Harry South, Lewis Alway Smith, Clarkson Stelle, Reuel L. Smith, S. L. Stanley, Jr., Benjamin L. Miller, F. Ross Brown, Karl W. Kooth, H. B. Cary, Wayne McDonald, Lloyd Edward Owens, Wm. Moellman, Willie Reed, John Guitteau, Donald G. McCall, Paul A. Parker, Leon H. Cox, Percy H. Dulmage, J. Horace Trumbull, Geo. O. Welmer, Sarah Gilles, Homer C. Au, Roy D. Brown, Harold R. Kistler, Robert F. Elliott, Noah S. Guengerich, Will Babcock, Gerald Limric, Wm. Ruxton, Melvin Wright, Robert H. Wolters, Herman Tinhave, Francis Smith. Forty others failed to observe our rules.

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

31. (March.) The best constructed squares on MARCH arrived from J. Horace Trumbull, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Burton F. Jennings, Benjamin L. Miller, George Harrison Stanbery and the prize winners. We publish one set gathered from the above contributors.

M A R C H
A D I E U
R I N D S
C E D E S
H U S S Y

A M A S S L I M I T
M A R C H I N A N E
A R M O R M A R C H
S C O R E I N C L E
S H R E D T E H E E

37. 1. Sable
2. CHanG
3. PrIoR
4. VoLgA
5. COlon
6. HeraT
Star path, Shiloh; dagger path, Grant.

38. 1. AmstcL
2. BanzaI
3. RaisIN
4. ArctIC
5. HindoO
6. AxtelL
7. MartIN
Initials and finals, Abraham Lincoln.

39. 1. ScoTt
2. MooreE
3. PayNe
4. BryaNt
5. GraY
6. BurnS
7. ByrOn
8. HemaNs
Star path, Tennyson.

40. 1. Wedge
2. AcoRn
3. SkeIn
4. HarPy
5. IVory
6. NAked
7. GNome
8. ToWer
9. OnIon
10. NINes
11. InKer
12. RuLer
13. VIEws
14. Index
15. Notch
16. Gauge

41. 1. Davenport. 2. Savannah. 3. Nashville. 4. Tallahassee. 5. Sacramento. 6. Santa Fe. 7. Des Moines. 8. Newport.
Initials, Washington Irving; selected letters, Rip Van Winkle.

42. 1. Seward. 2. Marcy. 3. Cass. 4. Hay. 5. Day. 6. Monroe. 7. Legare. 8. Foster.

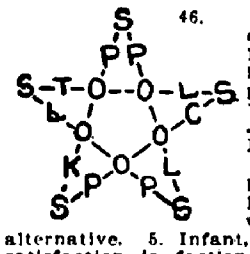
43. PennsylVania
OhIO
KentUcky
GeorgIa
TexaS
IndIana
SouthCArolina
ArkaNsas
CAlifornia
Path, LOUISIANA.

SomerSet
WyandoT
GRaves
Appling
STarr
Fountain
OcOnee
CRoss
AlameDa
Path, STRATFORD.

44. (Answer postponed one month.)

45. 1. Peru. 2. Maine. 3. Red (sea). 4. (Lake) Erie. 5. Dover. 6. Asia. 7. Arctic.

46.



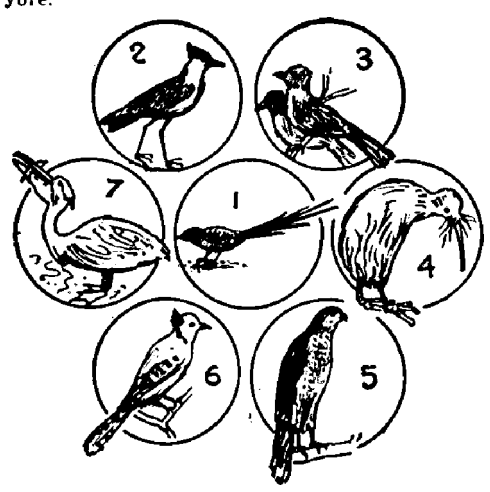
47. 1. Swallow. 2. Goose. 3. Bunting. 4. Duck. 5. Crow. 6. Pelican. 7. Crane. 8. Dipper. 9. Quail. 10. Gull. 11. Hawk. 12. Kite. 13. Jay. 14. Lark. 15. Rail. 16. Rook.

48. 1. Miser, miserable, able. 2. His, Tory, history. 3. Late, viol, violate. 4. Native, alter, alternative. 5. Infant, infantry, try. 6. Sat, satisfaction, is, faction. 7. Moth, her, mother.

New Tangles

49. MAY AVIARY.

The names of the seven bird pictures are of equal length. The second letters in numerical order spell the object about which the people danced in May-day festivities throughout Europe, and especially in England, in days of yore.



—Cecil Drew.

50. AMERICAN ACROSTIC.

All the words are of even length. The initials spell an American colony founded in May 299 years ago.

1. A prison city of Illinois. 2. A prison city of New York. 3. Toledo's river and bay. 4. A New Hampshire county seat. 5. A river, county, lake and pass of eastern Texas. 6. A Maryland county. 7. A city of New Jersey. 8. A prison city of Wisconsin. 9. A city and bay of New Jersey. —Arthur L. Diamond.

51. HISTORICAL SLIDES.

Slide the five horizontal rows of letters to the right or left until four vertical rows appear that spell an engagement of the civil war that occurred in Virginia in May. Again, and four vertical rows will spell an important event of the revolutionary war that occurred in New York state in May.

K L O C R I E M B E L S
G A O L B V A E C R O W
M O S T F I U P O O O L
E T F N G I T W A R T S
S I L I M G O U T D A W

—John I. Carbiener.

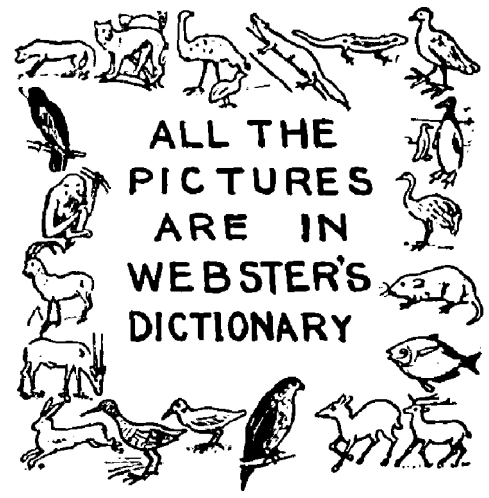
52. NONSENSE HISTORY.

Reading from a certain point, taking letters at regular intervals once through this comical sentence, discover a momentous American victory that occurred in May.

This nonsense has gone the world over twice; try to divert six thirty or by the old Astor hotel escape pagans with sin half in linen vest to bat at Tom or a tin brindle calf. calf. —Herman H. Voelker.

53. MAY MENAGERIE.

Here are twenty pictures, each to be interpreted by a word of four letters. Beginning in the lower left corner proceed up and around to the right, using every alternate picture once around, and their initial letters will spell the full name of the last veteran survivor of the war of 1812, who died in May, 1905, aged 105 years. Then begin in the lower right corner and read the alternate pictures in the opposite direction, and the initials of this half will spell the name of the town and state in which he died.



—George Harrison Stanbery.

54. ZIG-ZAG GEOGRAPHY.

1. - * - - Fill the blanks with the
2. - - * - names of counties. The starred
3. - - - * - letters read downward spell a
4. - - - * state admitted into the Union
5. - * - - in May, also its capital. The
6. - - * - counties are from the following
7. - - - * states, in order, and but one
8. - * - - county in either state will fill
9. - - * - the conditions.
10. - - * -
11. - * - - 1. Indiana. 2. Kentucky. 3. Illinois. 4. Colorado. 5. Florida.
12. - - * - 6. Rhode Island. 7. Michigan.
13. - * - - 8. Utah. 9. Washington. 10.
14. - * - - Colorado. 11. Mississippi. 12.
15. - - * - Georgia. 13. Kentucky. 14.
16. - - * - North Carolina. 15. Michigan. 16. Minnesota.

—Willie R. Schoenberger.

55. MAY CRISS-CROSS.

The words are of uniform length, and when written, one below the other the criss-cross path of letters from the initial of 1 to the final of 7 and across to the initial of 13, will spell a May holiday.

1. A tooth doctor. 2. The innermost planet of the solar system. 3. A building where anything is made. 4. An Oregon town, named for a New York millionaire. 5. Comes back. 6. In place of. 7. An idea. 8. A round of applause. 9. The metropolis of the western hemisphere. 10. Admonishing of danger. 11. Insanity. 12. Fathers and mothers. 13. A peninsula of Mexico.

—Albertus K. Richards.

56. PROS AND CONS.

Example: For, to exasperate; against, to call together. Ans.: Provoke, convoke.

1. For, a denunciation; against, drafting for military service. 2. For, to dissent; against, to strive to win. 3. For, farm products; against, to bring about. 4. For, deep; against, to baffle. 5. For, lavish; against, to dismay. 6. For, to avow; against, to acknowledge guilt. 7. For, to lengthen; against, to shrink. 8. For, a division of a country; against, to persuade. —Russell B. Smith.

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Big Pay For Little Work

As announced in the March and April numbers, we are distributing $100.00 a month among the canvassers for subscriptions to "THE AMERICAN BOY." The first contest closed April 10th, and it will be seen by the list given below that the person who received a cash prize of $25.00 sent us only 14 subscriptions. Anyone with pluck and perseverance can win a nice cash prize aside from the liberal commissions which we pay. The prize winners are:

Subscriptions	Winners	Prizes	Subscriptions	Winners	Prizes
14	Edwin Payne	$25.00	2	Geo. W. Petter	1.00
9	S. F. Chaflin	15.00	2	Elizabeth Gibson	1.00
7	Mrs. S. L. Watson	7.67	2	Harold Hands	1.00
7	Ben H. Minton	7.67	2	T. Oliver Huckle	1.00
7	D. J. Willoughby	7.67	2	Nellie Kennedy	1.00
5	Robt. Isensee	2.50	2	Payton Marshall	1.00
5	H. Goldberger	2.50	2	Robt. McCall	1.00
5	Frank P. Tew	1.00	2	Alfred B. Morrill	1.00
4	J. B. Williamson	1.00	2	Raymond Nugent	1.00
4	Arthur Adelburg	1.00	2	J. P. Olmstead	1.00
3	Mrs. H. H. Elgin	1.00	2	Mrs. S. A. Phillip	1.00
3	Mrs. E. B. Gothard	1.00	2	H. McRae Pinner	1.00
3	Alex. Heath	1.00	2	John P. Sheffey, Jr.	1.00
3	Alfred P. Hedges	1.00	1	Roy E. Sampson	1.00
3	Wm. J. Osborne, Jr.	1.00	1	Mrs. E. W. Vatteau	1.00
3	Dr. A. L. Warner	1.00	1	E. H. DePoy	1.00
2	Lelia B. Anderson	1.00	1	W. R. Cremeans	1.00
2	G. C. Crowley	1.00	1	A. G. Matthews	1.00
2	Mrs. Pearl Davison	1.00	1	A. Allen Burton	1.00
2	Mrs. Geo. M. Diemer	1.00			

The next contests close May 10th, June 10th, July 10th, etc., and on each of these dates we will again divide $100 among thirty-nine agents as follows:

1.	For the Largest List	$25.00
2.	" Next Largest List,	15.00
3.	" " " "	10.00
4.	" " " "	8.00
5.	" " " "	5.00
6.	" " " "	3.00
7.	" " " "	2.00
8 to 39.	$1.00 each for the next 32 largest lists,	32.00
	Total,	$100.00

Where there are ties we divide the amounts equally. Please remember that besides these cash prizes, liberal commissions are paid, possibly the most liberal paid by any of the high-grade publications.

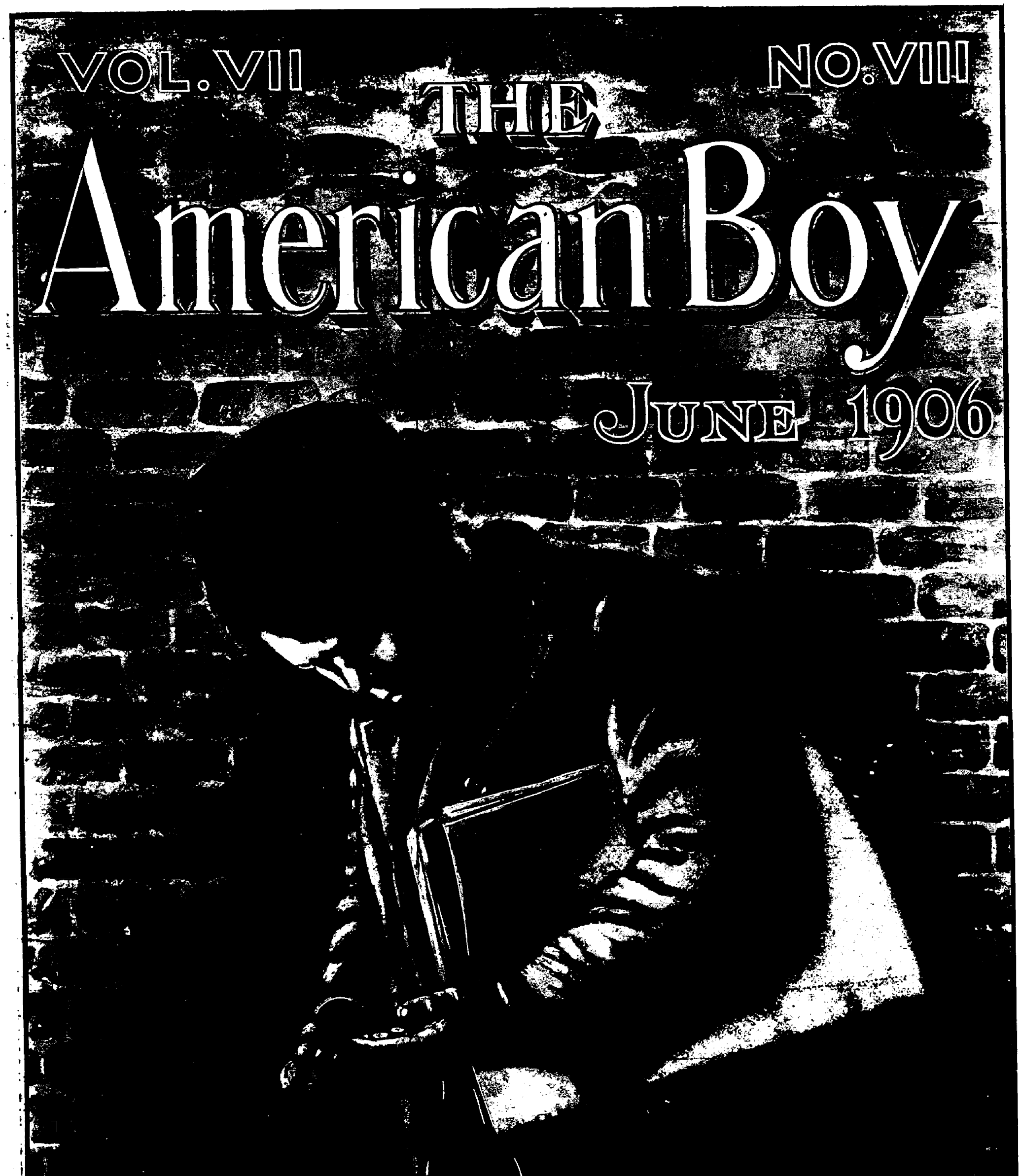
It is easy to get subscriptions for "THE AMERICAN BOY," the leading boys' publication in the world. For further particulars as to commissions, etc., please address

Agents' Dept. THE AMERICAN BOY Detroit, Mich.

VOL. VII NO. VIII

THE American Boy

JUNE 1906



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I GOT MINE

Did you get yours? If not, I would advise you to get that one subscription to The American Boy and send it in before July 1st

DEAR FELLOWS:

The watch the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY *sent me for the one subscription I got them is a dandy. I did not expect such a fine present for so little work. They told me I could get a watch, but I couldn't believe it would be anything more than a toy. But it is a real watch and keeps as good time as my father's does. It is just what they said, a stem wind, stem set, model watch, of just the right size for a boy. It keeps good time, and the company guarantees it for a year; and even after the year they will repair it for 25c if there is anything wrong with it. They say it will run properly for ten years. If so, they are certainly giving me value received for the little work I did. I wish I could show my watch to you, and let you see its handsome face, with its delicate, polished hands, porcelate dial, and "watchy" appearance. I would not take several dollars for my watch if I couldn't get another. Father says it is just as good a timekeeper as his is, and he paid a good many dollars for his. I show it to all the boys, and they say they are going to get one. As June 30th is the last day, according to the terms of the extended offer made by the company, don't waste any time, for if you ever want a watch, you cannot get one for less work than the getting of one subscription for* THE AMERICAN BOY.

Yours truly,
ONE OF THE BOYS.

A WATCH FOR EVERY BOY

In our May number we offered to every boy who was a paid-up subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY a "guaranteed" watch for every new subscription he sent in before June first. Hundreds of boys quickly saw the point and sent in their subscriptions, and today are proud in the possession of a splendid watch that keeps time as accurately as do watches costing a hundred dollars.

But there are always boys who put off doing things until the last minute, and some who forget. Now we are going to give to these boys a further opportunity of getting a watch, and are extending the offer to the first of July. In other words, to any **paid-up subscriber** who mails us a new subscription before July first we will send a watch just like the one pictured in our illustration and described by the boy whose talk appears at the head of the page. If you get your paper at a store, you are considered a subscriber just the same as if you were on our regular subscription list. You do not get a watch for sending your own subscription or a renewal of your subscription. If you are not a subscriber, send your own subscription and another new one and you get the watch; two subscriptions (your own not counted), and you get two watches; and so on. If you are already a paid-up subscriber, all you have to do is to get another boy to subscribe and send us his one dollar, and as soon as the mail can take it to you, you will get the watch. Remember you have up to and including June 30th in which to send the subscription.

Don't say you can't get a subscriber for THE AMERICAN BOY. You can. There is not a boy in the United States who is able to read, and certainly not a father or mother who has an interest in the welfare of their boy but will quickly see from the examination of your copy of the paper that it is well worth a dollar a year. Or there may be some friend or acquaintance or relative, or some poor boy to whom you want to make a present of a subscription. That would count just as much for the watch as if the dollar was paid by the boy himself.

You know well enough that THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper in the world. You never saw a better one, and you never heard of a better one. You can talk it with all the enthusiasm and confidence of absolute knowledge. There is more original matter in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, for instance, than in any two numbers of any other boys' paper in the world. Just look it over. First, the handsome front cover; then Mr. Stratemeyer's stirring serial story, "In Defense of His Flag"; then "Shaggycoat" by Clarence Hawkes, the blind naturalist—you don't read any better animal stories anywhere; then Mr. Harbour's "Four Boys in Camp." Mr. Harbour has been writing for boys for many years. For a long time he was one of the editors of the Youth's Companion. He now contributes to THE AMERICAN BOY more matter than does any other writer. Then there is Horatio Alger Jr.'s story just begun, entitled "The Young Book Agent." You know Alger. There never was a more popular writer of boys' stories. The boys are told how to play baseball in a serial by Walter B. Norris, instructor in athletics, and a funny story is told by Tudor Jenks, formerly on the staff of St. Nicholas. Will Levington Comfort, who was newspaper correspondent in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, and, later, newspaper correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War, is the author of a fine story entitled "The Iron Hole." All about how to handle guns is told by an expert. William M. Rownd, a college man himself and a preacher who has not ceased to be a boy, gives us a school story, "The Immortal Five." Helen Leah Reed, a well-known woman author, writes of Thorvaldsen, the sculptor. Fred Myron Colby gives us a Revolutionary story, "A Boy at Old Ti'ge." "The Swimming Match" is a good one by Webb Donnell. Under the head of biography comes the story of Henry Ward Beecher by Mr. Montgomerie. "A Wild Elk Round-up" gives us a view of the West. And this is not all—scores of shorter stories and items of interest fill out the pages so that there is no boy, whatever his disposition or liking, but will say at once, "That is the kind of a paper I want."

Now, go out and get that one subscriber. Many of our boys last month sent in two subscriptions, and a few sent in more than two, getting a watch for each subscription and keeping one for themselves and giving the others away. You can get at least one. If you want a sample copy to send to someone, let us know and we will let you have it free on your asking, or sending us the name and address. Don't say you can't. That is a word that ought not to be in any American boy's vocabulary.

Here is something that ought to satisfy you: If when you get the watch you think it is not what it was represented to be, or if you are in any way dissatisfied with it, return it to us and we will send you back the dollar and give the subscription you sent us free. Can anything be fairer than that?

This offer may not be repeated. The very last date is June 30th. We do not want a single reader of THE AMERICAN BOY to fail in owning one of these watches, for there is one for every boy. Address

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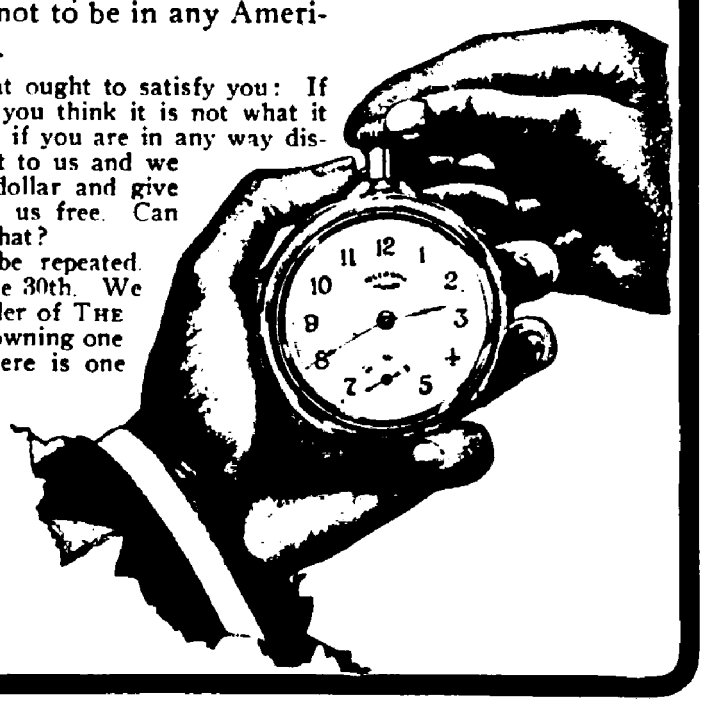

The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 — DETROIT, MICH., JUNE, 1906 — NUMBER 8

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER III.

A DISCOVERY AND A SURPRISE.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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AS ANDY ARLINGTON—whose full name, by the way, was Andrew Jackson Arlington—had said, the trouble between the Northern and the Southern states had been brewing for a long time, and the gathering trouble had brought to the surface many men upon both sides, who were hot-tempered and hasty and the last persons in the world to settle a difficulty of this sort, although in many cases these men thought they were the very persons to settle the difficulty.

In the North these ill-advised persons gathered on the street corners and elsewhere, shouting to liberate the slaves and demanding that war be declared, that they might go South and in a few short weeks put to an end the rebel boasting forever. They were perfectly certain that no war could last more than two or three months at the most, and were equally certain that they could "lick the rebs out of their boots!" When the war with all of its horrors did come these ranting fellows were, in nine cases out of ten, scared out of their wits, and the bloody battle of Bull Run was a nightmare from which they never recovered.

The South also had its share of hot-heads, fellows who were equally certain of immediate victory, and who thought that our great government at Washington could be turned upside down in an equally short space of time. How much of a task they cut out for themselves history has shown.

But there were others in the South who were cooler and more farseeing, and feeling that war was slowly but surely approaching they began to prepare for it, at first in secret and then more and more openly as the time for action drew near. At first Northern business connections were severed, and this accomplished, the leaders began to form military and cavalry companies in their local districts, fitting the men out on the sly and drilling them in unfrequented and out-of-the-way places. Some reports of these doings reached the North, but never, until the actual opening of the war, was it suspected how thorough these preparations had been.

In the district about Lee Run, which, I may as well admit here, is not the real name of the country town with which our opening chapters have had to do, several military companies and one troop of cavalry had thus far been formed, organizations having nothing in common with the regular state militia. Of these companies Mr. Arlington was cognizant, but because of his cork leg and his generally shattered health, he had taken no active part in the work, although joining with the leaders in heart and spirit.

He understood Jacks when spy work was spoken of, but he was satisfied that Louis during his stay at the plantation had discovered nothing of importance. Yet he was now glad the boy was gone, for there was no telling what a day would bring forth.

On and on along the winding turnpike galloped Louis's faithful steed, named Jess, after a cherished aunt in New York state. The day was cloudy, and on rising the lad had felt that a shower was not far off. He was yet three miles from the next town, situated in Maryland, when it began to rain. At first the drops came down scatteringly, then followed a perfect deluge, and he was glad enough to seek the shelter of a deserted tobacco house, standing on the edge of a large clearing.



MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL, THE YOUTH RODE OFF IN THE MIDST OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

He had occupied the shelter for less than three minutes, when, on looking forth from the wide open doors, he saw something which filled him with astonishment not unmixed with dismay. A band of soldiers were approaching, an odd-looking set of men, wearing their ordinary clothing but each with a gun and bayonet, and a belt with a cartridge box At the head of the crowd, which numbered probably forty, rode a man named Pickering, the postmaster of Lee Run.

"Left wheel!" came the command, and leaving the roadway the company set out for the tobacco house. Then followed the order: "Double Quick!" and on came the men at increased speed.

"They must be some rebel recruits!" was the thought which flashed through Louis's mind. For a moment he allowed his horse to stand still. Then he wheeled about, dashed out of the rear doors of the tobacco house, and entered a small thicket five hundred feet away.

By the time he had tethered Jess and come down to the edge of the thicket once more, the company of strange soldiers had entered the tobacco house, and having broken ranks, were stamping around shaking off the rain. He wondered if he had been seen, but as no effort was made to trace him, he concluded that he had gotten away without being noticed.

The rain was now coming down more furiously than ever and Louis was quite content to keep off the exposed highway until the storm should abate. As he waited his curiosity arose concerning the strange body of men, and at length, at the risk of being discovered and subjected to harsh criticism, if not to rough handling, he left the thicket and approached the tobacco house from the south side. Here there was no regular opening, but several boards were loose, and through the cracks he could plainly hear and see all that was taking place within.

"Drillin' today didn't last long," he heard a soldier close to him remark. "But I reckon it doesn't matter much—we've got the movements down pretty fine."

"You're right, Higwin," came from a comrade. "Captain Pickering knows how to put the fellows through and no mistake."

"I wonder how long it will be before we're called on to go to war," put in a third soldier. "I'm tired of this drilling in secret. I wish we could get at the dirty Yankees—we'll teach 'em a lesson."

"It won't be long now, Gosby—with South Carolina seceded. Virginia and North Carolina and the rest will follow in short order and then the North will have to fight, or give up the reins at Washington."

"I understand our leaders intend to seize all the forts along the coast," put in another man. "It's a good job done, to my way of thinking.'

"We ought to seize the arsenals, too," put in the first soldier who had spoken. "If we—Hi, what's up outside?"

He broke off short, and in company with his companions made a rush for the open doorway, there to behold two of the company in full pursuit of Louis who was making his way back to the thicket with a speed which would have done credit to a professional runner.

The youth had been somewhat surprised by the sudden appearance of the men. But he had had time enough to back away and run, and he was still thirty yards in advance when the first belt of timber was gained.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" called out one of the men. His gun was not loaded, but he thought the threat would be sufficient to bring the youth to a stop. But Louis kept on; and in a moment the thicket hid him from view.

Once behind the shelter of the trees, the boy did not diminish his speed, but crashing along through the small brush, soon gained his horse's side. The tether was untied, he flung himself on the mare's back, and off they went in a circuitous route for the turnpike. Ere the men who had followed cleared the wood again he was out of sight and hearing.

What he had seen and heard filled his mind with strange thoughts. "They are a newly-formed rebel company," he said to himself. "A rebel company sworn in, no doubt, to fight our government the minute the leaders in the South give the order. I wonder how many more such companies there are down here? No doubt hundreds—and perhaps thousands!"

Feeling he would have an interesting story to tell when he arrived home, Louis urged forward his horse as rapidly as the muddy road would permit. He soon reached the hamlet of Deems, but the rain had driven everyone indoors and he passed on unquestioned. Half a mile outside of the hamlet Jess began to limp, and he alighted to find out the cause of the trouble. A shoe was loose and in such a condition that it must be tightened before the journey

could be continued. Under such conditions there was nothing to do but to turn back to Deems and call in the aid of the local blacksmith.

The smithy was soon found, a low, smoke-begrimed place at the lower end of the hamlet. The door was swung open and Louis rode in, to find himself in the presence of the blacksmith and half a dozen boon companions, all of whom had been discussing the war question with all the warmth of their Southern natures.

"I would like to have that shoe fastened," said Louis, as the blacksmith strode forward to greet him.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and the man set to work without delay. Having nothing to do, the youth strode up to one side of the fire at the forge and tried to dry his clothing.

While he stood there the others in the smithy eyed him curiously and the talk lagged and was turned into other channels. Louis had seen one of



TWO OF THE COMPANY IN FULL PURSUIT OF LOUIS

the men at Lee Run some days before, and this man now whispered something to the others and all eyed the youth narrowly. It was evident they knew he was a Northerner and would treat him accordingly No effort, however, was made to molest him, but he was made to feel that he was no longer a friend but an enemy. Such was the spirit in the South just before the war, a spirit which speedily found its counterpart in the North.

In a quarter of an hour the shoe was readjusted and Louis handed over the twenty cents asked in payment. He was glad to think he had not been detained longer, and lost no further time in getting on his way. But the halt, brief as it was, was sufficient to bring him into serious trouble, as we shall soon learn.

The trouble came from Sam Jacks and his followers. Chagrined at the failure to find Louis at Mr. Arlington's plantation, the mountaineer had set off for Deems, to learn if the youth had passed in that direction. Jacks was of the class of men who never forget or forgive a blow, no matter how much deserved, and he was determined to "square accounts" or know the reason why. The men with him were a rough, dissolute set, willing to enter into anything which promised excitement and sport—men who afterwards became unauthorized guerillas, to prey upon any helpless band of soldiers they ran across, and who cared nothing about who won on the battlefield so long as they could add to their plunder. Jacks and his followers arrived in Deems less than five minutes after Louis had left the hamlet, and at the smithy received full particulars concerning the youth.

"Forward, boys," he cried to the other mountaineers. "We'll soon be up to the Yankee lick-spittle!" And away they went down the hill beyond Deems and up the next, where they beheld Louis just crossing the ridge. In a few minutes more the youth found himself surrounded.

Although not actually frightened, he was much disturbed, for the mountaineers were a wild-looking set and he knew from the look upon Jacks's face that the fellow meant him no good. As the others rode directly in front of him he was compelled to draw rein.

"So, I've caught you, have I?" sneered Jacks, as he ranged up beside Louis. "Didn't reckon I'd make it, did you?"

"You have no right to detain me, Jacks," replied Louis, as calmly as he could.

"Hain't we? Wall, all I kin say is, we're a-takin' the right; eh, boys?"

"Thet's so, Sam."

"And what is your object, gentlemen?"

"Oh, you needn't git on no high horse," returned Jack. "Yer know well enough what our object is."

"You-uns ain't gwine ter spy on us," put in another of the horsemen, a fellow horribly pitted with smallpox marks. "Jacks, I reckon its best to search him."

"Of course we'll search him," came from several of the others.

"You have no authority to touch me," answered Louis, with all the dignity he could command.

"You march along with us," returned Jacks, and caught hold of Jess's bridle. "Hogwell, git on one side of him and Ross, you git on the other. The rest go behind. He shan't git away this trip. Forward!"

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Louis, in alarm.

"Shut up! You'll find out soon enough. Git along!"

There was no help for it, and much against his will, the youth rode off in the midst of the mountaineers. The road taken was along the ridge of the hill, at right angles to the turnpike. An eighth of a mile was covered, and they descended into a thickly wooded hollow and presently halted in front of what had once been a sawmill, on the south bank of a half-frozen stream.

Here Louis was compelled to dismount, while his horse was led away with those of the mountaineers. With Jacks on one side of him and Hogwell on the other he was forced to enter the deserted and half-tumbled down mill. The rain, which had let up for a bit, now came down as hard as ever.

"Fetch a rope, boys, and we'll bind him," were Jacks's next words, and this order was speedily obeyed, and in spite of a desperate struggle Louis was made a prisoner.

He was then searched, and four dollars and his silver watch were taken from him—"as payment on thet insult at Lee Run"—so Jacks put it. Then the mountaineer began to question him closely about what he had seen and heard while in and about the town mentioned. But Louis was on his guard and revealed nothing, and this so angered the mountaineers they abused him roundly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, boys," said Jacks, suddenly. "We'll leave him bound up here until tomorrow morning. A night of cold and hunger will bring him to terms."

This was agreed to, and, as they did not wish to take along the extra horse, Jess was tied up in the mill beside Louis. Then with mocking adieus the rascals withdrew, leaving the lad to his fate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROGRESS OF THE UPRISING.

It would be hard to put Louis's feelings into words when he found himself alone once more. Here he was bound hands and feet to a corner post of the old mill, robbed of his valuables, and with the prospect of even harsher treatment in the morning.

"They are thorough rascals, if ever there were any," he thought, bitterly. "I believe they would murder me if they thought they could get anything more out of me by doing it. I'm in a scrape and no mistake. What's to be done, Jess?"

For reply the faithful mare bent her soft eyes on him and gave an unsatisfactory whinny. Evidently she felt something was wrong. On her back rested a rusty brown saddle, which one of the mountaineers had "swapped" for Louis's new trappings.

"It's a shame the way they treated us," went on the youth. "But never mind, only let us get away and some day we'll get square, won't we? I wonder how strong this confounded rope is?"

Louis found it much stronger than expected—far too strong to be either stretched or broken—and a half hour's work upon it only sufficed to chafe his wrists and ankles to the blood-drawing point. He stopped his struggles and drew a long breath.

"They understand tying a fellow up," he murmured. "Is it possible I must remain in this dismal place all night?"

It was not long before Louis was shivering, for he was wet to the skin, and the wind that was rising swept through every opening in the old mill. Jess, too, began to grow impatient, wanting her blanket and her noonday meal. Slowly the hours dragged by until nightfall.

Louis had about given up all hope of getting free when through the wind he heard a broad, negro voice singing loudly:

"Oh my Sue, my Sue, I lub you!
Oh, my Sue, my Sue be mine!
An' de possum, an——"

The negro voice came to a sudden stop as Louis cried loudly for help. A period of silence followed.

"Wot's dat?"

"Help me! I am tied up in the mill!"

"Golly, who is yo'?" There was a crashing through the woods and presently a tall darky, weighing all of two hundred pounds, blocked up the entrance to the mill. "Golly, yere's a bit ob work!"

"Release me, will you?" asked Louis, eagerly.

"Who tied you' up like dat, massa?"

"Some rascals who robbed me of my watch and money. Cut that rope. I am most perished with cold."

The negro at once complied with Louis's request, and once free the youth drew a long sigh of relief.

"Who war dem fellows, massa?" questioned the negro, eagerly.

"One of them is named Sam Jacks. He is the leader. Two of the others were named Hogwell and Ross. Do you know them?"

"I dun heered tell of dem, massa. Dey cum from de mountains over yonder—a mighty bad crowd, dem."

"I am much obliged for coming to my assistance. I am sorry I can't reward you, but they took all my money, as well as my watch and my new horse saddle."

"Dat's all right, massa—glad to do yo' a good turn, sah. Yere, let me help yo' fasten dat old saddle, sah—seein' it's de best yo' got left, sah," and the ponderous black friend went to work with a will. In two minutes more Louis was on Jess's back, and, bidding his friend good-bye, made off up the hill in the direction of the turnpike. The negro watched him out of sight and then went on his way, singing as before, as though to forget the discomforts of the storm in melody.

Once on the highway again, Louis put spurs to his mare, and in less than an hour gained a good-sized town in Maryland. Here he put up at the hotel for two hours, in the meantime getting dinner and having Jess fed. He told the hotel keeper how he had been robbed, and as the man happened to know the youth's father, he readily trusted Louis for the accommodations furnished.

It was getting well towards night when Maryland soil was left behind and Louis turned up the well-known road leading to Goreville. His hard riding had tired him greatly, and he was not sorry when towards midnight the home acres were gained, and he was permitted to place faithful Jess in the stable, silence the watch-dog, and enter the house.

"Louis! And in all this rain!" exclaimed his father, as he descended from his bedroom to greet his son. "I've been looking for you for the past two days, but I didn't think you would start out in such weather as this."

The son's story was soon related, and then it had to be repeated for the benefit of Mrs. Rockford and Lucy and Martha. All listened with close attention to what was told.

"I have suspected as much," declared Mr. Rockford. "The South is bound to bring on a war. They won't argue the point or listen to reason. The seceding of South Carolina has started a flame which will take hard work to quench."

"Never mind the war just now, father. What am I to do about my watch and money?"

"Better let them go, Louis. You can prove nothing against Jacks and his companions, for if brought into court they would deny everything, and as matters stand down there, their word would be taken in preference to yours."

"I don't believe any fair-minded men, even if they are so-called rebels, will uphold such actions. Mr. Arlington is a rebel, and so is Andy, but they are honest and square for all that. They are merely sticking up for what they believe is right."

"Gracious, Lou, you are not going to turn rebel, are you?" exclaimed Lucy, half in horror.

"I'll wager pretty Grace Arlington has been trying to convert him to slavery," put in Martha, who was the tease of the family.

"No, I'm not going to turn rebel," answered the boy, blushing at the mention of Grace. "But I want you to understand that there are a good many gentlemen and men of honor down South, and some mighty nice people, too, for all of their notions about slavery and state rights."

"Of course there are, my son," said Mr. Rockford. "And, as you say, they think they are in the right, and they are willing to fight for what they think. But, for all that, they are wrong, and sooner or later they must acknowledge it."

"Mr. Arlington told me, one day, that there used to be nearly as many slaves in the North as there were in the South, and when we gave up slavery here we sold our slaves to the South."

"There is something of truth in that, Louis—we certainly had slaves, and some were sent South—how many I do not know."

"And he said, now we wanted to free those same slaves or their children—after taking Southern money for them," went on the boy, earnestly.

"What I object to, Louis, is the extension of slavery. I think it ought to be allowed to die out. I am sure the matter could be arranged if the real statesmen could get together, without the interference of the hot-heads on both sides. It would be much better to arrange things peaceably than to plunge the whole nation into civil war."

Soon after this the conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Rockford, who had prepared a hasty but hot midnight meal for her son. Louis partook of this with avidity, and on retiring rolled himself in a flannel blanket, to sweat out any cold he might have caught when out in the wintry rain.

For several days after Louis returned home matters moved along quietly at the dairy farm. Then came Christmas, and among the boy's gifts was a new silver watch and chain from his mother and father, and knit mittens and a neck muffler from



"IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU WERE AFRAID"

Lucy and Martha. Of course Louis made gifts in return, gifts bought with some money left at home when he had started on his visit to Andy; and the holiday passed with a pleasantness long to be remembered.

A few days later came news from Charleston which set everybody to talking. It was to the effect that Major Anderson, in command of Fort Moultrie, had abandoned that stronghold, spiked his guns and burnt their carriages, and moved to Fort Sumter. The fort where this United States officer had been stopping, was a low-walled place, hard to defend, and on the coast; the place to which he had withdrawn was on an island in the harbor, and was as strong as a fort could well be.

The South Carolinians had for a long while thought they could swoop down upon Major Anderson and

his force and command an easy surrender. Now, when they saw the plucky commander entrenched behind the frowning walls of Fort Sumter they grew furious, and they at once made preparations to occupy not only the works which the Union men had abandoned but also a number of other places, including ancient Fort Johnson, which had been abandoned since the Revolution. "We'll drive the Yankees out in fine style," they told each other. And then came a wait of several months, as winter set in throughout the North, and other matters claimed attention in the South.

South Carolina had seceded from the Union on the twentieth of December, 1860. On the ninth of January following, Mississippi joined her Southern sister, and then Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas did likewise by the first of February. There followed a lull, and then came the shot which, as some writers have said, was heard around the world, a shot which threw our great and glorious nation into a war that lasted four years and cost thousands upon thousands of lives, and millions upon millions of dollars.

Fort Sumter was fired upon by the Confederates. Major Anderson had been called upon to evacuate and had refused. On Friday morning, April twelfth, 1861, at exactly half past four o'clock, a shell was thrown from Fort Johnson and burst directly over Sumter. It was a signal gun, and directly afterwards came a shot from an ironclad battery on Morris Island; and then began a fierce bombardment which lasted all day and all night, and the greater part of the next day. Fort Sumter was fairly riddled with cannon balls and torn up by shells, and was set on fire a score of times. Such a fierce onslaught could not last forever, and feeling the uselessness of fighting further, and being about out of provisions, a flag of truce was displayed, and arrangements were made to evacuate the next day.

When word came to Washington that Fort Sumter had fallen the excitement was intense. Everybody looked to President Lincoln, who had succeeded Buchanan in March, for he was the head of the nation, and must decide in a crisis like this. This was on Sunday. On Monday came a proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand men to go to the war.

The proclamation aroused the nation as never before. It was published in the newspapers and scattered broadcast, and inside of three days companies were forming in all of the Northern states and getting ready to march to Washington. Old uniforms were brushed up, old guns cleaned and oiled, old drums reheaded, and every man and boy began to study Hardee's Tactics. What the effects of this proclamation were in the South we will see later on, when we follow the daring career of Andy Arlington.

It was Mr. Rockford who brought home the news to Louis and the others that the President wanted seventy-five thousand men, and wanted them immediately. He had been down to Goreville and came back stating that the citizens were going half crazy.

"Paulding has already issued an address, calling on the men of this neighborhood to join a company he is forming," said Mr. Rockford. "Harley, the miller, is going, and so is that young Bingham, the clerk in the grocery store, and Umbleton and Dilks. You never heard such spouting and shouting in your life."

"Will you join, father?" asked Louis, quickly, and his usually grave face lit up with sudden earnestness.

"I don't know. Paulding urged me, but I said I wouldn't commit myself until I had talked matters over at home."

"Oh, John!" cried Mrs. Rockford, and then stopped short. She did not want her husband to leave her, and yet she wanted to see him do his duty as a citizen.

"If you don't go, father, I'll go—if they'll take me," went on the son, but in rather a low tone.

"You, Louis!" burst from mother and both sisters.

"Yes. Why not, mother? I am as tall and strong as some of the men. I really think one or the other of us ought to go."

"If either of us go it will be me," said Mr. Rockford, decidedly. "But we will talk it over in the morning," went on the husband, as he saw his wife was on the verge of tears.

Fate decided for Mr. Rockford before he had a chance to decide for himself, although secretly he was much in favor of going, if matters around the dairy could be arranged. That evening, when passing among the cows, one particularly vicious animal turned upon him and jammed him into a corner of the barn, breaking his collar bone and otherwise injuring him.

The accident frightened the others of the family very much, and a hired man was sent post-haste for the village doctor. It was after midnight before Mr. Rockford was pronounced out of danger, and then the doctor announced that he would not be able to leave his bed for many weeks and perhaps months to come.

Ordinarily such an accident would have brought in many neighbors to sympathize and offer aid, but now the war was the one subject on everybody's mind, and the family was passed by, excepting by a few of the most intimate friends.

It was two days later, when Louis was down in the village at the general store, that he was addressed about going to Washington with Captain Paulding's company. Robert Paulding had been nothing but a plain lawyer a few days previous, yet now everybody called him captain, and many of the men tipped their hats unconsciously whenever he passed.

It was Harry Bingham, the grocer's clerk, who addressed Louis as he measured out some cotton goods Mrs. Rockford needed for bandages. "Now your father can't go, Louis, you ought to take his place," he said. "Your family ought to be represented, you know; and there are lots of young fellows going besides me—Dick Coombs, Jerry Rowe, Mart Wilkins and a lot more."

"I've been thinking of it, Harry," answered Louis. "I'll go if mother can spare me."

"Well, you want to make up your mind pretty soon. Captain Paulding is going to start us off for Washington by the middle of next week if he can."

Just then another young fellow came into the grocery. It was Jerry Rowe, the son of a local horse doctor. He was an overbearing fellow, and Louis did not like him.

"Hullo, Rockford!" he cried. "They tell me you haven't joined the company yet. What's the matter, are you afraid?"

No, I am not afraid," replied Louis, his face flushing. "I——"

"It looks as if you were afraid; doesn't it, Harry? All the fellows who are not afraid are going," went on Jerry Rowe, and then he moved on to another part of the store, before Louis could say another word. But those cruel, thoughtless words of Rowe decided Louis. Come what might, he must obtain permission to enlist inside of the next twenty-four hours.

(To be continued.)



BEGUN IN MARCH

CHAPTER VIII.

SHAGGYCOAT made his way home in a leisurely manner, stopping a day here and there at some lake or river that pleased his fancy. The home sense had not yet fully mastered him and he still found pleasure in running water, and upon grassy fringed banks.

One morning when he had been upon his homeward journey for about a week, he turned aside to explore a little stream that looked inviting. He intended to return to the river and resume his journey in a few minutes, but the unexpected happened and he did not do as he had intended. He was swimming leisurely in a shallow spot, where the stream was very narrow, when without any warning, or premonition of danger, he set his foot in a trap. The trap had not been baited but merely set at a narrow point in the stream, in hope that some stray mink or muskrat would blunder into it. It was nothing that Shaggycoat could blame himself for, but merely one of those accidents that befall the most wary animals at times.

The trap was rather light for a beaver, but it had caught him just above the first joint, and held on like a vise. At first Shaggycoat tore about frantically, churning up the water and roiling the stream, and seeking by mere strength to free himself. But he soon found that this was in vain. He then tried drowning the trap, but this was equally futile. Next he buried it in the mud, but it always came up after him when he sought to steal away. Then he waited for a long time and was quiet, thinking it might let him go of its own accord, but the trap had no such intention.

As the hours wore on, his paw began to swell and pain him, but finally the pain gave place to numbness, and his whole arm began to prickle and feel queer. But with each hour that passed, a wild terror grew upon Shaggycoat, a terror of he knew not what. But the trap gripped him tighter and tighter, and Brighteyes and the young beavers seemed so far away, that he despaired of ever seeing them again.

Finally the day passed, the sun set, and the stars came out. The hours of darkness that hold no gloom for a beaver, in which he glories as the other creatures do in day, were at hand, but they held no joy for poor Shaggycoat. Every few minutes he would have a spell of wrenching at the trap, but he was becoming exhausted, although he had thought his strength inexhaustible. At last a desperate thought came to him. It seemed the only way out of the difficulty.

He edged the end of the trap where the chain was between two stones, then began slowly moving about it in a circle. Occasionally the trap would come loose then it would be replaced and the twisting process renewed. Finally there was a snap, like the crack of a dry twig, and the bone had been broken. The worst was over. He gnawed away and twisted at the broken paw until it was severed.

Did it hurt? There was no outcry. Only the splashing of the water, and a bright trail of blood floated down stream, and the trap sunk to the bottom to hide the ragged bleeding paw that it still held; while a wiser and a sadder beaver made his way cautiously back to the main stream, licking the ragged stump of his fore-paw as he went.

The cold water soon stopped the bleeding and helped to reduce the fever, but Shaggycoat was so spent with the night in the trap that he stopped to rest for two days before resuming his journey homeward.

Just as the sun peeped over the eastern hills on the morning that Shaggycoat freed himself from the trap, a boy of some twelve summers might have been seen hurrying across the fields towards the brook, closely followed by an old black and tan hound. The boy carried a small Stevens rifle, known as the hunter's pet, across his arm, and both boy and dog were excited and eager for the morning's tramp.

In low places, where it was moist, the first frost of the season lay heavy upon the grass, and its delicate lace-work was still plainly seen on stones and by the brookside. It was a fresh, crisp morning, just such a morning as makes one's blood tingle, and whets the appetite.

The birds, as well as the boy, had seen the frost, and the robins were flocking, though most of the summer songsters had already gone.

About half an hour after Shaggycoat left his

ragged paw in the trap and swam away, leaving a trail of blood behind him, the boy and dog parted the alder bushes, and came to the spot where the trap had been set.

"By vum, Trixy, something has been in the trap," exclaimed the boy, as he noted the muddy water and the tracks upon the bank. But he could not see whether there was still anything in the trap because of the roile. So he began slowly to haul up the chain, Trixy watching the process eagerly. At last the end of the chain was reached, and the trap, dripping water, but containing only the ragged paw, came to the surface.

"Why! Trixy, he's gone. It wasn't no muskrat, either. I'll bet it was an otter."

After examining his bloody trophy carefully for a time, the boy reset the trap, and wrapping the paw in some fern leaves, took it home to prove his story; but it was not until several days afterwards, when he showed the paw to an old trapper, that he learned that a beaver had been in his trap.

While Shaggycoat is making his way painfully back to his mountain lake, occasionally stopping to favor his freshly amputated paw, let us go back to the lake, and see how Brighteyes and the young beaver have been spending the summer.

For the first few days after Shaggy-coat's going, it had seemed very lonely without him. He had always been so active, coming and going, that he was greatly missed. But a mother beaver with four lively youngsters to provide for has many things to think of, so Brighteyes soon found that she was kept quite busy attending to the family and providing food, which had been done before by her mate.

One bright May morning when the air was sweet with the scent of quickening buds, the winds soft with the breath of spring and a throb of joy was in each heart, when beast and bird and man were all glad because the spring had come again, Brighteyes went to the upper end of the pond for some saplings, for the supply of bark was low. She left the young beavers in the lodge, where they seemed to be quite safe. But the smell of beaver meat had been tickling the nostrils of the gluttonous wolverine, and he had lingered about the pond all the spring. The beaver lodge had been too hard for him to dig through in midwinter, when it was frozen like a rock, but the sun and winds had drawn the frost from the walls, and now it was no harder than any other mud house.

It was so pleasant outside where everything was singing and springing to the light that Brighteyes stayed longer than she intended, and when she returned and dove into the underground passage, leading to the lodge, she was surprised to find three of the young beavers in the underground channel, as close to the water as they could get. They were very much frightened and did not want to go back into the lodge. So she took them to one of the underground burrows along the bank, and left them there while she reconnoitered. She found to her great surprise that a large hole had been dug in the side of the lodge, and through the opening, she could see the brown coat of the wolverine. He was eating something. She could hear the crunching of bones. Presently he heard Brighteyes in the passage and thrust his ugly wolfish head through the hole in the wall. His eye was evil and his chops were bloody, and something told the mother beaver that the blood was that of her missing young one. Then the wolverine sprang for her through the opening, and she fled precipitately and the friendly water of the pond enfolded her, where she was safe from the glutton.

Brighteyes returned to the remaining youngsters, and after that she guarded them with untiring vigilance. They did not return to the lodge that summer, but lived in the burrows that Shaggycoat had made along the bank. When they got tired of living in one, they moved to another. In this way they were able to shift their base, and still keep the friendly waters of the pond about them.

Although the glutton lingered about the lake for a week or two, he did not again taste beaver meat. So one night he slunk away into the woods in search of some rabbit burrow or fox's hole, from which he might dig out the luckless victims, and the beavers did not see him again. After he had been gone for several days they came out of hiding and had the freedom of the pond.

When they were large enough they were initiated into the mysteries of swimming and diving, at which they would play for an hour at a time. In fact they never tired of it.

When they had explored the pond and knew all its windings and its many water recesses, they went upon the bank, but their watchful mother never allowed them to go far ashore. They early learned that the water world was the only safe place for them, and there were dangers to be guarded against even there.

Sometimes, after a swim, they would come upon the bank and sit in the sun and make their toilet. They would rest upon their flat tails, and comb their soft fur with the claws upon their hind paws. It was hard to reach all places upon the body, but they were very patient, and combed away as persistently as a society belle, and when they had finished, and the sun had dried their coats, they were very sleek and glossy.

One starlight night in September, Brighteyes was swimming home from the upper end of the pond, when she heard a splash in the lake behind her. She quickened her pace, but her pursuer came steadily nearer. There seemed to be something familiar in the sound, so she stopped to investigate. She was now certain of it, so with true female coquetry, she slipped out upon the bank and hid. A moment later Shaggycoat found her there, pretending that she did not know all the time it was him.

Her nose was just as warm, and he was just as glad to see her, as he had been that first night of their tryst. Then the queerest love song that ever broke the starry stillness floated out across the pond. It was a mere murmur, like the sighing of autumn winds in leafless branches. This plaintive love ditty and the weird concert heard in beaver lodges during the summer months and the signal whistle given when a beaver is lost are the three vocal accomplishments of the colony.

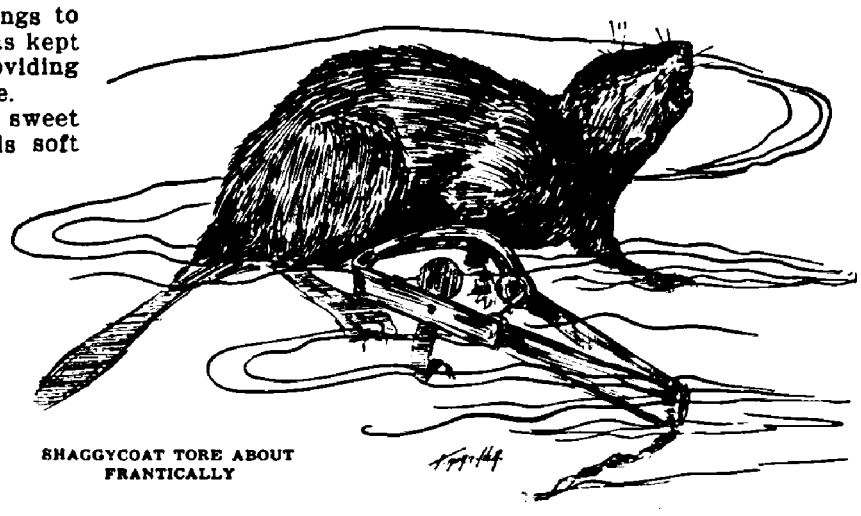
CHAPTER IX.

After his return to the shimmering Mountain Lake, Shaggycoat allowed himself a few days' leisure in which to enjoy the company of Brighteyes, and get acquainted with the frolicsome young beavers. They were very shy of him at first, but finally came to know that he was the head of the lodge.

One crisp autumn morning when he went for a swim he discovered that the frost had painted all the trees on the hilltops, and seared the grasses and fronds along the bank of the lake. Then he knew that this idling must cease and hard work upon the dam begin.

The same day just at twilight he went far up stream to see where he could get material for the dam. It had been badly washed by the spring freshet, and his lake had shrunk to about half its original size. He now planned to rebuild the whole structure, using the two old pines as foundation.

He had slipped out upon the bank, and was busily girdling a poplar, when a strange rhythmic splashing in the stream above fell upon his ear. His first



SHAGGYCOAT TORE ABOUT FRANTICALLY

impression was that he had heard something like it before, and somehow the sound filled him with a strange dread. He scrambled quickly to the water and slipped under a friendly screen of pickerel grass, where he lay watching and waiting. He could hear the steady splashing plainer now. Then in an instant he remembered the terrifying scene of the drinking buck and the roaring thunderstick, and his own precipitate flight. This splashing was the same that the great duck had made when it came round the bend in the stream. He had hoped to leave that dread thing far behind, and here it was coming to his own home to seek him out, and perhaps destroy them all as it had the buck.

Then it came in sight and he saw that it was larger than many ducks, with its two wings rising and falling, making a bright splash in the water at each stroke.

Shaggycoat waited to see no more, but fled swiftly and noiselessly towards his dilapidated lodge. But he occasionally stopped in a well-screened spot to watch and listen for the coming of this monster.

It was not many minutes before he saw it enter the lake, and then he knew that his retreat had been discovered by the most subtle and destructive of all his foes, man.

Then Shaggycoat fled to the lodge and told Brighteyes all that he had seen and heard, and they counseled together as to what course to pursue.

Brighteyes was for fleeing at once, but Shaggycoat could not tear himself away from this spot that he had selected so carefully and the dam that had cost him so much labor, so he counseled waiting another day. They could be very wary and never show themselves except by night and if they kept to the burrows that he had dug along the bank he felt quite sure that the stranger could not get at them. So he went back to watch these invaders of his stronghold, while Brighteyes hid the young beavers in the largest of the burrows near the dam. Although the water was low in the lake, it was deep here, and she felt quite secure.

The two canoeists never imagined as they paddled down the lake that a wary beaver was keeping just so far ahead of them, swimming from stump to overhanging bank and watching their every movement. When they hauled their canoe ashore and made a campfire they little suspected that they were camping within fifty feet of the underground burrow of the beaver.

While they were cooking supper a flock of ducks came sailing over, and three of their number alighted in the lake to feed upon water grass. Then Shaggycoat saw one of the strangers pick up the bright glittering stick, that stick that had spoken so loudly to the buck on the river bank a few days before. He felt a strong impulse to flee, but there was a strange fascination about it all and he wanted to see what happened.

While he was still wondering which was the better course to pursue, the thunderstick spoke, and its echo rolled along the lake and was thrown from hillside to hillside, again and again. It seemed to Shaggycoat that his quiet lake had suddenly become the abode of thunder and lightning. He waited to see no more, but fled to the burrow, where he found Brighteyes and the young beavers trembling with fright.

The same evening, an hour or two later, Shaggycoat heard an ominous whack, whack, whack upon his dam. It reminded him so forcibly of the pounding that they heard in the old Beaver City, before he and his grandfather had fled, that he was filled with dismay. Was his own small dam, and the lodge that he had reared with so much labor, to be destroyed just as the old Beaver City had been, and he and Brighteyes slain?

The following day the strangers made very free with the beaver's pond, or at least Shaggycoat thought so, as he watched them covertly from a bunch of alders that grew partly in the water.

What right had they to go paddling about in their great red duck just as though they owned his lake?

They stopped at the island and examined the dilapidated lodge critically, but they took still greater liberties, for they finally dug a hole in the side of the house and one of them stuck his head inside.

They were much interested in the beaver's dwelling and seemed to be trying to find out all about him.

It angered Shaggycoat extremely to see all these liberties taken with his possessions, but what could he do against the strangers with a thunderstick that could kill a tall buck? So he discreetly kept out of sight, knowing that he could repair the house in a few minutes if they would only go away and leave the lake to its rightful owners.

At night the strangers again killed a duck with the thunderstick and drawing their canoe upon the bank, made a fire.

Shaggycoat determined to go nearer to them that night and see if he could discover what kind of creatures they were. He had just left the burrow upon his hazardous expedition, when he heard a pounding that reminded him of the pounding on the ice when the trappers had come and cut holes in the ice about their lodges. It could not be that they were cutting holes in the ice now, for there was no ice, but the steady pounding filled him with dread.

Again Brighteyes counseled that they flee at once, leaving all to the strangers, but Shaggycoat would not go.

When the pounding ceased and the usual quiet reigned, for there was always the sighing of the wind, or perhaps the hooting of an owl, he crept cautiously forth to see what these meddlesome creatures had been doing.

The first thing he discovered alarmed him extremely. The water was falling and there was a great hole in his dam. Why not flee at once? But where? Had not he and his grandfather fled for days and weeks, and the strangers had found him out at last. They would discover him if he fled again.

But the rapidity with which the water was falling alarmed him more than even the thought of these dread strangers. If it should fall below the mouth of their burrow, their enemies could get them. The break in the dam must be repaired at once. So he hurried back to the burrow and told his mate and they set to work.

First they sought to stem the flow of water temporarily, until they could do it thoroughly. So they swam up the lake fifteen or twenty rods and going ashore gathered each an armful of weeds and cattails. These they carried to the dam, holding them in their arms and swimming in a more upright position than usual.

They threw the weeds into the break, but the swift current swept them away in a very few seconds. This would not do, they must try something more substantial. So Shaggycoat went ashore and cut strong stakes and stuck them in the mud at either end of the break. Then they cut a dozen alder bushes and laid them across, allowing the stakes to hold them at either end. The current could not sweep this away, but the water still flowed freely through the bushes and something finer was now needed.

So they again swam up the lake and returned with their arms full of weeds. These they wove in and out among the alder bushes. But the work was not complete until they had brought mud and plastered it solid. When this had been done the flow of water was effectually stopped.

Then Shaggycoat sat upon his broad tail and viewed their work critically. He had become so absorbed in repairing the dam that he had for the moment forgotten the strangers who had caused him this trouble.

He was wondering whether they had better bring more mud when a strong puff of wind filled his nostrils with a strange, repugnant scent. It sent a shiver of dread through him, and caused the long hairs to rise upon his neck. Where had he smelled that before. Somewhere he had caught such a scent, and the remembrance of it was not pleasant.

Then it came back to him it was at the old Beaver City, when the trappers were chopping holes in the ice and destroying its inhabitants. The trap also into which he had stepped the summer before had been strong with the same taint. Then the beaver's eyes grew big with wonder and fright, for there in the tree above him, not fifty feet away, he saw one of the dreaded strangers watching him. With a resounding slap his tail smote the water and a second later only a ripple showed where the beaver had disappeared.

The following morning the meddlesome strangers loaded their belongings into the great duck, carried it around the end of the dam, and paddled away down stream.

It was with great joy that Shaggycoat observed these movements on their part, from his place of hiding.

But he thought they might be trying to fool him, so followed at a distance.

When he had seen them round a bend in the stream nearly a mile from the dam, he concluded that their leaving was no sham, and went back to his lake, well pleased with the turn of affairs.

He and Brighteyes and another pair of beavers who had returned with him from his summer ramble began work on the dam, and by the time the first freeze came it was strong and symmetrical, and higher and longer than it had been before. This made the water set back and several families of musquash, who had built along the shore of the lake, were drowned out, and obliged to gather new supplies of winter edibles.

This angered the muskrat families, who revenged themselves on the beavers in a way they did not like.

In the morning when the builders left off working on the dam, it would be in good shape, but by twilight it would be leaking.

Examination showed many holes tunneled through the mud, which made the dam leak badly. For several days Shaggycoat could not discover who was molesting his dam, but he finally set a watchman, and the destroyers were caught in the act. After that whenever a muskrat was seen anywhere near the dam, he was rudely hurried to another part of the lake. When the dam had been repaired the lodge was attended to, but this winter there were two lodges on the island instead of one.

The forest was now entirely denuded and the naked arms of maple and poplar swayed fitfully in the rude gusts of the boisterous early wintry wind. In its mad careering down the aisles of the pathetic forest it caught up the dead leaves and whirled them about gleefully.

Summer had had its day, and November must now have its inning.

Down from the distant foothills which were now sere and brown came a shuffling, shambling black figure, closely followed by two little shuffling, shambling figures. It was evident that more strangers were coming to the beaver's lake.

They sniffed at the bushes, and poked under the dead leaves inquisitively as they came. Whenever they discovered nuts they ate them greedily. These figures were not agile, like most of the denizens of the woods, but rather clumsy. Whenever they planted their large paws (which were armed with massive claws) upon a twig, it crunched under the weight with a muffled sound.

It did not snap as it would have done under the hoof of a deer, or crack as under the hoof of a moose, but it simply crunched.

The figures did not go stealthily like the cat family or furtively like a fox, but there was a certain cunning in their manner which was more shrewd than suspicious.

Whenever they crowded through heavy underbrush they occasionally left long black hairs, which hunters would at once identify as coming from the warm winter coat of Bruin.

An old mother bear and two cubs were making their way down towards the beaver's lake, which they had seen from the foothills.

The old bear was leading the way, as was her wont, and the cubs were following like dutiful children.

There were no sheep folds in this wilderness, so far from the haunts of man, and as for pig, the old bear had not tasted it since early in the spring. Some instinct or intuition told her that the beautiful forest lake was the work of a beaver, and if their houses had not been frozen up too hard, they might be broken into and made to pay toll to the family of Bruin.

(To be continued.)

Just Between Ourselves

Dear Boys:

"Hurrah for The American Boy with no advertisements on its front cover!" shouts Harold Ranney of Fredonia, New York. Other words have come to me that make me think what I said last month regarding front covers pleased our readers. But I have had some boys tell me they did not object to the advertising because "it is not the outside of the paper that a boy reads, but the inside." So writes Robert W. Parsons, of Terre Haute, Indiana. He adds, "It does not make the paper quite so attractive to have advertising on its outside cover, but I should think the six hundred dollars a month could be used to make the paper a great deal more attractive on the inside." And so it goes. I presume there is no question on which all of us can agree. The front cover question, however, has been settled—there will be no more advertising on front covers. Now I will let you into a secret: Beginning with the September number, our covers will be in two colors and very attractive. How do you like the cover this month? Isn't it a work of art? The July cover is going to be one that will make every boy's pulse beat high. By the way, the July number is going to have some extra fine features, and I hope no boy will let his subscription expire and thereby miss what is coming.

THE SHUT-IN FUND.

I am delighted with the response to the suggestion I made last month that the readers of The American Boy subscribe as much as they can, even though it be but a few cents each, to the building up of a fund that will permit us to send the paper to bed-ridden, shut-in boys who cannot afford to buy it. At this writing The American Boy has not been in the hands of its readers more than five days, and there has not been time for us to hear from points other than those near at hand; and yet many boys—(see list in another column)—have sent in their contributions, very liberal in amount, indicating that before the month is over we shall be able to send The American Boy for a year to as many as a hundred shut-in boys; at least, I hope that will be the result. Do not let us end the matter with a hundred. If any boy has failed to read what I said in the May number on page 207, let him now read it. If any boy has forgotten to send in his contribution, let him do so now without fail. There are thousands of shut-in boys in our country who are just as good American boys as we are. Have you ever been sick in bed for a week, and unable to join your boy friends at school or at play? If so, then you have just a little idea—a very little one—of what it means to be confined to the house for months and months, and perhaps years. Let me quote to you from a letter I have just received:

"My Dear Mr. Sprague:

"I am one of the shut-ins you are sending The American Boy to, and I want to thank you most heartily and sincerely. I have been suffering all winter and unable to hold a pen in my crippled hands. For long, weary years I have lain in one position, suffering almost constantly from rheumatism. Faith in God and a determined will have alone made it possible for me to endure such a life. I try to cultivate an optimistic spirit and look on the bright side. There is no condition in life so bad but it could be worse. I will never sit up nor walk again in this world. I am glad the old world is growing better. Such men as you, Mr. Editor, prove that there is more brotherly love and kindness than ever before. May your tribe increase.

"Your grateful friend, etc."

Now that sort of a letter makes me wish that I could put The American Boy into the hands of every sick boy in the United States. Of course there are many sick boys who can afford to buy it, and where such is the case it is their own fault if they do not have good reading matter. But there are thousands of boys, as I have said, who cannot afford to do so. Many of them have not even the necessities of life, let alone its luxuries. I want every boy who reads The American Boy to have a hand in this good work. Every boy who sends us money for this fund, whether it be one cent or one dollar, will have his name published in the pages of The American Boy as a supporter of this fund.

Do you know of any shut-ins to whom you would like to have me send The American Boy, as beneficiaries of this fund? Remember, they must be real shut-ins—that is, boys who are sick or crippled, who cannot go to school and join in the play of their fellows. They need not be "sick abed," but they must be confined to the house or yard and unable to run about. They must be too poor to buy the paper for themselves. Now, if you know of any such, and will give me their names and addresses, I will, so far as the money goes, send them The American Boy. Our part is the contribution of one-half the subscription price; that is, for every cent sent in by our readers we contribute another cent, so that, for instance, as soon as fifty cents has been sent to us, we contribute the other fifty cents, and the paper is sent for one year to some boy. This produces no profit for us; in fact, it is a loss; but it is a sort of loss that is in the end a real gain.

AMERICAN BOY DAY.

Will there be an American Boy Day celebration on a big scale in 1906? You remember that in 1904 a big celebration was held at the Saint Louis exposition, and in 1905 at the Portland exposition. We had all our arrangements made for a big celebration this coming summer at San Francisco under the auspices of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, one of the great boys' clubs of the country, of which Major Sidney S. Peixotto was at the head. He was to be ably seconded by Major Hutchinson, of the Roosevelt Boys' Club of the same city. The great disaster that overtook San Francisco in April upset our plans, and it now remains to be seen whether there is any other community with the spirit and energy adequate to the undertaking. There are several small towns where companies of the Order of The American Boy will celebrate, but what we want is some great celebration such as we had last year and the year before. Who will make the move? We are ready to assist with heart and hand any individual or society that will undertake the responsibility locally. Boys, talk this up among your elders. Why can't you have an American Boy Day celebration in your town?

TO THE LEGION OF HONOR BOYS.

I would like to have photographs of the boys who have won the Legion of Honor Badge, a list of whose names appears on another page of this number of The American Boy. I have in mind the publishing of a big group photograph the size of a page of The American Boy. Our badges are going like hot cakes. They can't go any too fast to suit me. I want the names and addresses of honor boys in school, and young heroes, but, before sending them in, read what we say regarding the conditions under which these badges are given.

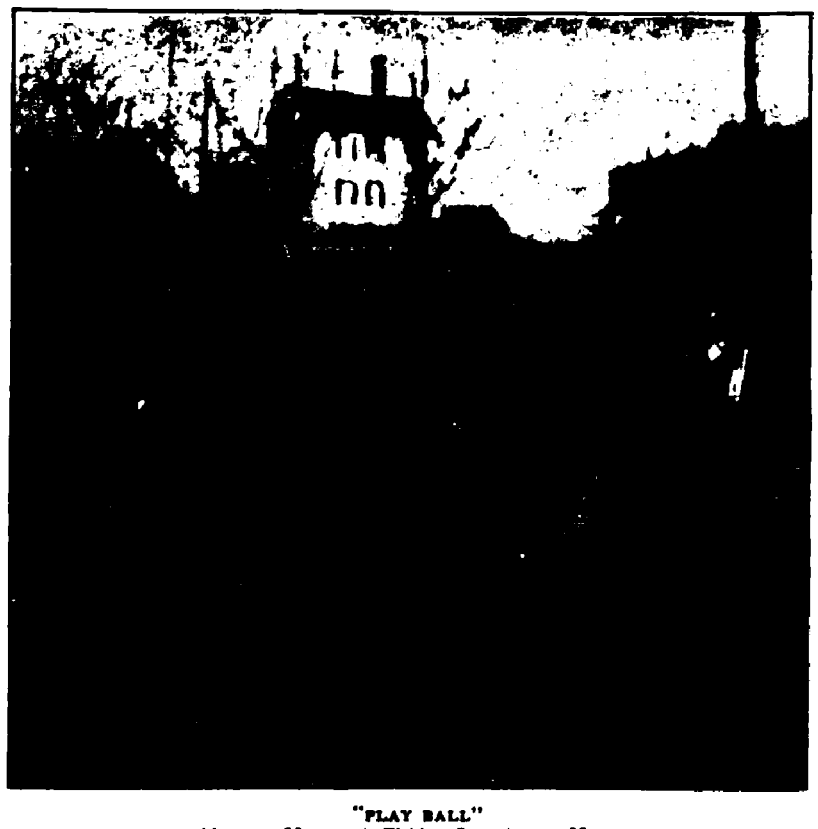
STORIES WRITTEN BY BOYS.

Perhaps nothing connected with the editing of The American Boy gives me so much regret as the necessity that arises daily of returning to boys stories they have written and submitted to me for publication. I could fill The American Boy with such stories. Notwithstanding the fact that I have said many times that we could not print such stories, they keep on coming. If we were once to allow such stories to make their appearance in The American Boy, we would be flooded by them. Long ago we had to decide whether or not to print stories written by boys. There could be but one decision. While a boy's story interests him and his friends, and perhaps might interest a few others, yet the many thousands of readers of The American Boy demand stories written by experts. They are not paying for a paper written by juveniles, but they are paying for, and have a right to expect, a paper written by the best story writers for boys that can be found among the men and women of the literary world. There is not room in The American Boy for everything that we would like to see there. You say, "Why not print a page of stories by boys?" If we did that we would be in a peck of trouble. Then, instead of having stories come by ones and twos every day, we would have them by the bushel; for every boy sooner or later tries his hand at a story, and every boy's story is good, of course. I just have to return your stories to you, boys, and run the risk of offending you. Don't think my doing so means that I want to discourage your writing, or that I disapprove of your efforts. The contrary is the case. But it is simply impossible under present limitations for me to accept such stories.

Yours sincerely,

W. C. Sprague

EDITOR.



"PLAY BALL"
Photo by Morton A. Wilder, Leominster, Mass.

The Danger in Mere "Brains"

MOST PEOPLE believe a brainy man can accomplish anything he wishes. "That young man," they say, "is brilliant. He will make his mark in the world."

The power of sheer intellect is largely overestimated; nothing in the world is more futile than mere brains. How many of these precocious young men fulfil the early expectations of their friends? Very few. Endowed as they are by nature with a preponderant brilliancy, they generally tire quickly, having come to consider all things easy before their great genius. Accomplishment of things difficult to others has always required of them only a simple effort, and the result is that will power has not been strengthened by intense and continued effort, so, when the great trial comes and the tremendous obstacle besets, they know not what to do. They see that a mere effort, such as they usually make, will not suffice, so they say "impossible." Then the fellow who has had to work hard all his life looks neither to the right hand nor the left, considers not the difficulty or the hardship, but does the thing next to his hand, and lo! the impossible is done!

"He keeps his purpose," says Fichte, "and whatever he has resolved to do, that he does, were it only because he has resolved to do it." To do the next thing in the inevitable course of events, no matter what advantage might be temporarily gained by swerving from the predetermined path, is to be strong; otherwise, be you brilliant or mediocre, you are weak. Many an ordinary man thus gathers great power. So did Columbus and Luther wield an influence above and beyond themselves.

Says Emerson in his essay on wealth: "Profligacy does not consist in spending years of time and chests of money, but in spending them off the line of your career. The crime which bankrupts men and states is job work—declining from your main design to serve a term here and there. Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable if it is off from that."

Our July number will surpass anything ever attempted by a boys' publication.

FROM LOGGING CAMP TO U. S. SENATE

NO MAN IS more capable of giving good advice to boys than a man who is what we call self-made, the man who has overcome obstacles and been undismayed by the hindrances set in his way. Very few boys sail upward to the goal of success "on flowery beds of ease" in our day. Competition is too fierce and there are too many ambitious and determined-to-get-there boys and young men in the field for the plodder and the lover of ease to hope for success.

Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana is an excellent example of the successful young man of our day, and after one has read his recent book, "The Young Man and the World," one does not need to ask how he did it. There is little doubt that he has proved in his own early experience the truths he seeks to impress on other young men and on boys who are seeking success of the right kind in life. The very first line in the book contains an incontestable truth. It is this: "Be honest with the world and the world will be honest with you." Then follows this excellent advice: "Do not pretend to be what you are not—no affectations, no simulations, no falsehoods either of speech or thought, of conduct or attitude. Let truth abide in the very heart."

Good enough! This is a pretty keen-eyed age, boys. People are on the alert and they are not to be tricked by any thin veneer of fair seeming. Shams are being discovered every day, discovered and despised. A boy must "ring true" if he wants to make a good impression on the best people of the world today.

Albert J. Beveridge is a United States senator from Indiana although he is a native of Ohio. I think that one would know from the breeziness of his writing and manner that he was a true son of the vigorous West. He is now but forty-four years old and has been a senator for several years. It is doubtful if there is in all the Senate of the United States a man who has risen to his position from lower depths of poverty or from harder conditions than Senator Beveridge has known. His parents moved from Indiana to Illinois soon after the Civil War and from the age of twelve years the life of the boy Albert was one of many privations. He was a plowboy at twelve years of age and a common railroad laborer at fourteen. He was a logger and a teamster in a logging camp at fifteen years of age, and if you have ever been in a logging camp you must know that it is no place for idlers. The work is of the very hardest kind and the hardships are many. Only a boy of tremendous moral force and strong physical power could have lived through all that he lived through in a logging camp and then rise to the position of a United States senator.



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SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

One day the spirit of ambition, the desire to rise to higher and better things, took possession of the boy in the logging camp and he resolved to "be somebody" in the world. He saved his earnings and went to school and worked his way into De Pauw University. With indomitable resolution he overcame the obstacles in his way. He studied law and then became interested in the world of politics, a world in which there is a crying need of more high-minded men. Today he is a United States senator and is recognized as one of the most brilliant men of his time. What has been done can be done. If one boy can go from plow handles and from a logging camp to Congress other boys can do the same, but they cannot do it without work.

A highly successful man of today was asked not long ago to what one thing more than another he attributed the secret of his great success in life. He made reply in a single word—"Work!" Every truly successful man in the world could make the same reply. Work! That is the open sesame to the best things in this life. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." I can tell you that he will never stand worthily before even the common people if he is downright lazy. All classes of people have contempt for that sort of a man. No one wants you to become a slave. No one asks you to keep your "nose to the grindstone" all of the time. But don't dawdle away more hours than you work, and don't dawdle when you are supposed to be at work. If you have been set to dust your employer's office, don't dust a few minutes and then stand before the window a few minutes and so keep on working and dawdling. Keep "everlastingly at it" while you do work. Then play as heartily as you have worked. And keep ever in mind this absolute fact that nothing but the noble and the good ever really succeed in the end. Nothing else endures. And never get despondent. Flaunt a flag of defiance in the face of the "blues" and scream "no surrender" in the ears of despondency. Never let anyone make you believe that there is "no chance" for you. It isn't true. There is a chance for every boy with a pair of strong hands, an honest heart and the spirit of the conqueror.

FOUR BOYS IN CAMP

By J. L. HARBOUR

BEGUN IN MAY

PART II

IT IS PUTTING it mildly to write that the walk up that old railroad bed was more than we had bargained for. There had been a great many trestles in the road. Some of them had been burned away by forest fires, and there was not enough of any of them left for us to walk across in safety. We had, therefore, to leave the rough road-bed many times and get across the great gulches and rocky beds of streams as best we could. All of us got more than one tumble, and Simmy came scrambling up out of one stony brook bed with his nose bleeding profusely, while Tad lost his footing in one place and went rolling down an embankment a distance of forty feet.

The country grew wilder with every mile, and we saw no sign of a human habitation as we tramped along. A forest fire was burning among the pines far above us, and hot cinders sometimes fell around us. The decayed framework of one old bridge over which we passed was burning, and there was so much smoke in the narrow ravine in which the roadbed lay that the sun looked like a huge red ball through it. Sometimes a hot wave came sweeping down from the burning timber. I didn't confess it to the other boys, but a mighty homesickness oppressed me for several hours, and I have a strong suspicion that my comrades shared my feeling.

It was up grade all the way, and the road was so rough and we had such difficulty in getting over some of the long trestles that we had not yet come to our destination when the setting sun began to cast long, black shadows into the ravine.

"I think that old chap made a mistake when he told us that it was fifteen miles to Scott's Pond," said Tad. "I think he meant to say, or perhaps he did say fifty miles, and we didn't understand him. I feel as if I had walked forty-nine and a half miles, and if it's more than another half mile I'll give up. Fifty miles in one day on a road like this with forty pounds on my back is my limit. I believe that——"

"Hooray!" suddenly cut in Simmy, who was a few rods ahead of us and had just rounded an abrupt curve in the road. "There she is, boys!"

"She!" retorted Tad. "If there's any shes around here I want to seek seclusion until 'she' disappears, for I never was so dirty since I was born. Who is she?"

"Scott's Pond," replied Simmy. "At any rate I think it's the pond. It's a good-sized sheet of water, and there's an old building on the bank that must be the engine-house that old man spoke of."

"I guess it's Scott's Pond all right," I replied, and so it proved to be.

A drearier spot than Scott's Pond could not well have been found. It was a good-sized sheet of water surrounded on all sides by timber growing to the very edge of the water. Reeds and rushes appeared above the water close to the shore. A small raft with most of the boards gone floated near the shore. Empty meat and sardine cans and the ashes of a fire gave proof of the fact that it had not been long since there had been campers on the shore of the pond. Presently Simmy found even more convincing proof of the recent campers, for on one side of the old engine-house was pinned a leaf from a note-book, and on the leaf was written with a lead pencil:

"No Fish in this Here Pond. Nothing but Pollywogs an Loansomer than Robinson Crewso's Iland. Bewair of Snaiks, Cattymonts, Bares and Liakses and Spooks. The woods is full of them and the pond is Hanted. Best Sleap with one Eye open."

The date of this startling communication indicated that it had been but ten days since the writer had fastened it with pins to the wall of the ricketty old engine-house. Simmy called to us to come and read the communication, and when we had done so Tad said:

"I guess some one did that for a joke."

"Mighty poor joke," said Benny Kidson, gloomily.

"I vum if it don't look around here as if all he's written might be true," said Simmy, ominously.

"The engine-house would have been a poor protection had all that was written on the scrap of paper been true. Its large, double doors were lying on the ground. Boards were missing on all sides of it, and two or three feet of the lower end of nearly all of the "up and down" board siding had rotted away.

The sky had been overcast for several hours and suddenly it began to rain in perfect torrents, and darkness set in fast. We were glad to find that the roof of the engine-house leaked but little, so the building afforded us a dry place of shelter. Some old railroad ties made a good fire, and we got out our provisions and ate supper. But we were far less hilarious than we had been in our camp the night before. We were weary almost to the point of exhaustion, and Scott's Pond would have been disappointing even had we not found the unpleasant notice fastened to the wall of the engine-house. Even the rollicking Tad seemed a good deal subdued, but after eating a pan of hot canned baked beans and a lot of crackers, washed down with some coffee, a good deal better than I had made that morning, his spirits rose to such a degree that he said:

"Say, boys; this isn't half bad after all. And if it keeps on raining like this I guess the bears and catamounts and spooks will stay in their lairs tonight, and we can clear out of here tomorrow."

"We'd better clear out, sure," said Benny.

The rain and the lateness of our arrival at the pond made it impossible for us to gather any hemlock boughs for beds. There was a litle hay in a corner of the engine-house. We spread this on the bare ground floor of the building near the fire, unpacked and unrolled our blankets, and prepared to go to bed soon after supper. It was still raining "great guns," as Tad said, and he also declared that it was "as dark as a stack of black cats." The wind had risen and the old engine-house creaked and shook in a way that made us fear it might come down over our heads. Some of the loose boards flapped constantly, and we could not well have been in a more dismal situation. It was hard to keep up our drooping spirits, and I heard Benny sigh as he wrapped himself in his blanket and laid down on the scanty bit of hay. The rest of us soon followed his example, but we were in that peculiar state of physical weariness that causes people to say that they are "too tired to sleep." This always means an unstrung condition of the nerves, and few boys of our years would have been in any other condition situated as we were. We had never before camped out, and Benny Kidson had told us before we left home that he had never slept away from home a night in his life. He was only fifteen and, being an only child, he had been "babied" a good deal. He covered his face with a corner of his blanket when he laid down and I was sure that he was having all he could do to keep from crying. Before we laid down Tad and I went out to carry in three or four of the old railroad ties, fearing that if we did not do so they would be too water-soaked to burn in the morning, and we would have no dry fuel with which to cook our breakfast. When we were outside the engine-house Tad said in a low tone,

"Benny's mighty homesick."

"Aren't you, too? Honest Injun?" I asked.

Tad laughed and said evasively,

"Shucks!"

The ties were not more than twenty feet from the building, and we had found our way to them and were feeling for one of the ties when we heard a low and ominous growl.

"What's that?" Tad and I said in the same breath, and I clutched at Tad's arm.

The growl was repeated, and we made for the engine-house as fast as our legs would carry us. I stumbled and fell headlong and Tad said afterward that as I struck the ground I yelled,

"Wait, Tad! Wait for me!"

He did not wait, but I jumped to my feet so speedily and ran so fast that I was not four feet behind him when he ran into the engine-house.

"What's the matter?" asked Simmy, who was sitting by the fire.

"Bears, I guess!" said Tad.

Simmy jumped to his feet, and Benny threw the corner of the blanket from his face and said as he drew himself to a sitting position,

"What's that you are saying?"

"We heard something, sure as guns!" I said.

"Is 'something' bears?" asked Simmy.

"It may be," I replied. "We heard a fearful growl out there by the pile of ties, didn't we, Tad?"

"O Johnny get your gun!" quoted Simmy.

"That's what I am going to do," said Tad.

Tad was the only one of the party who had a gun of any kind. His older brother had loaned Tad a revolver, and had given him full instructions in regard to the right use of it. Tad took the revolver from his knapsack and went to the edge of the open end of the building.

"Scat!" he said.

"The idea of saying 'scat' to a bear!" said Simmy. "Why don't you say 'shoo' or 'go 'way, you naughty thing!' or something really terrifying."

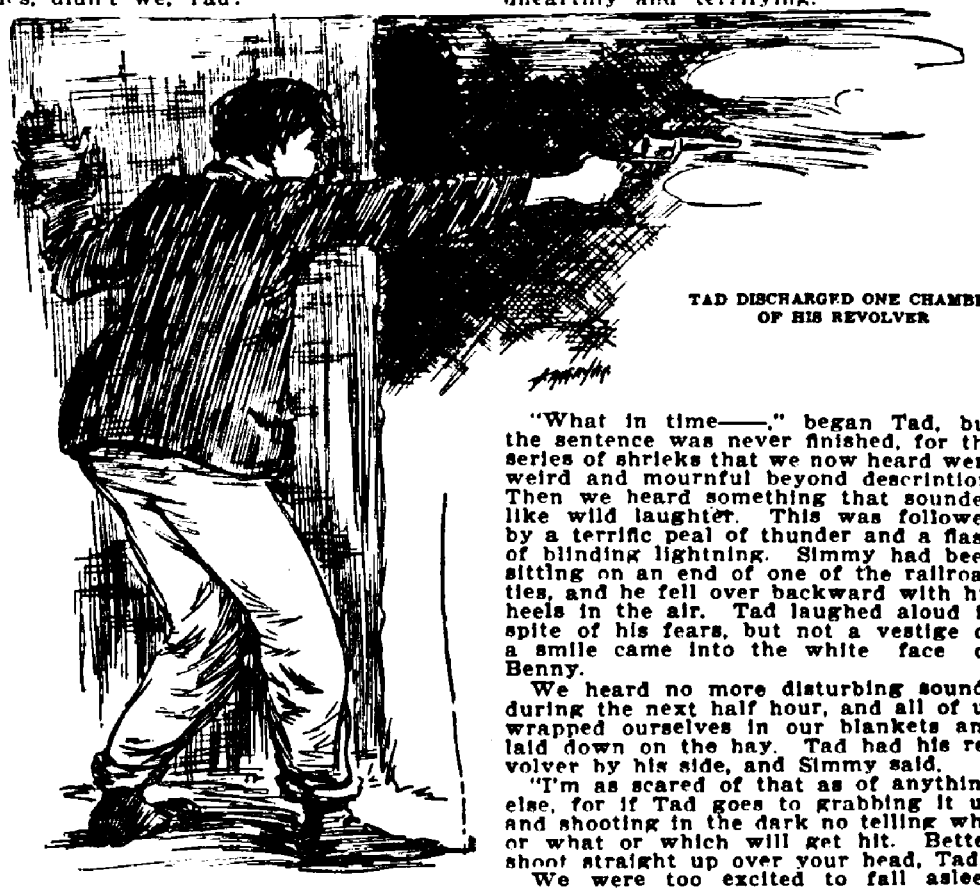
Tad discharged one chamber of the revolver, and we distinctly heard some animal scurry away in the darkness. We heard the underbrush crack. Tad said later that Benny's eyes stood out as big as saucers and his teeth chattered.

"I don't believe that it was a bear," said Tad. "It may have been a fox."

While we were sitting by the dying embers of the fire discussing the matter, Tad and I again said in the same breath,

"What's that?"

There had suddenly risen above the noise of the storm a series of the most unearthly yells and screeches coming, apparently, from out in the pond. We listened with bated breath. The blood-curdling sounds were repeated. Benny Kidson's face showed ghastly white, and Simmy's mouth was wide open, although no sound came from it. Tad had given a little jump, and I have no doubt that I looked as scared as any of them. I am sure that I did if I looked as I felt. Again and again were the wild cries repeated, varying some in character but always unearthly and terrifying.



TAD DISCHARGED ONE CHAMBER OF HIS REVOLVER

"What in time——," began Tad, but the sentence was never finished, for the series of shrieks that we now heard were weird and mournful beyond description. Then we heard something that sounded like wild laughter. This was followed by a terrific peal of thunder and a flash of blinding lightning. Simmy had been sitting on an end of one of the railroad ties, and he fell over backward with his heels in the air. Tad laughed aloud in spite of his fears, but not a vestige of a smile came into the white face of Benny.

We heard no more disturbing sounds during the next half hour, and all of us wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down on the hay. Tad had his revolver by his side, and Simmy said,

"I'm as scared of that as of anything else, for if Tad goes to grabbing it up and shooting in the dark no telling who or what or which will get hit. Better shoot straight up over your head, Tad."

We were too excited to fall asleep



WE MADE FOR THE ENGINE HOUSE AS FAST AS OUR LEGS COULD CARRY US

readily, and we were all awake when we had been lying for half an hour on the hay. I was just dozing off when I felt Simmy nudge me with his elbow, while he said,

"Listen, listen! What can that be?"

All of us heard the "sniff, sniff" of an animal of some kind at the farther end of the building. Our fire had almost entirely died out and the few dull coals that were left sent forth no light. We sat up in our blankets and listened.

"Scat!" Tad suddenly yelled, frightening Benny so badly that he gave utterance to a loud scream.

The sniffing sound ceased, but it was repeated in a few minutes. It was certain that there was an animal of some kind at the other end of the building where there were so many boards missing that an animal of large size could easily have entered. I picked up one of the smoking brands from the fire and flung it in the direction from whence the sound came. We heard something jump as the brand struck a timber and sent forth a few sparks. Tad fired his revolver and we heard the creature hurry away into the darkness.

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen," said Simmy. "I'm going to start up the fire and sit up. I don't propose to lie here and be eaten up in my sleep. I can't sleep anyhow, after all we've heard in this miserable hole."

"Supposing two of us sit up and keep guard half the night and then the other two take their places," said Tad.

We agreed to this, and Simmy and I agreed to sit up during the first half of the dismal night. We sat up until eleven o'clock, and then we grew so sleepy that Simmy said,

"Say, we haven't heard anything more, and I propose that we lie down and go to sleep with the other boys."

This we did without disturbing Tad and Benny, who were sleeping soundly. Simmy and I soon wandered off into dreamland, and I knew nothing more until the sharp report of a pistol aroused me and Tad cried out,

"I've hit him this time! I've hit him! Hear him thrash around! Get up, boys, and let's see what it is!"

(To be continued.)

BIG CANNON SHOTS

By CAPTAIN A. B. HAWSER

The Russo-Japanese war was so full of big things that a little reminiscence like mine may seem very trifling. But I will tell it because it conveys some interesting truths about the wonderful power of big guns.

I took a merchant vessel into Port Arthur by running the Japanese blockade one night. The next day the Jap warships opened a furious attack on the outer coast defences of the port and as I had landed close under them, I was in position to study the effects of great gun fire.

Well, the bombardment didn't do much harm. Most of the projectiles buried themselves in sand and even when the shells exploded they did little except kick up a lot of dust. But one big 900 pound projectile from a 12-inch rifled cannon did strike a plate of nickel steel Krupp armor straight and true, and it went through the fourteen inches of steel as easily as a drill would go into soft pine. It cut a round hole into the plate the edges of which were as smooth and sharp as if they had been bored by the finest tools.

When I went up to look at the plate about twenty minutes after the shot had been fired, it was so hot that I could not bring my face near enough to it to examine it. For half an hour it continued to sing and crack from the heat that had been engendered by the fearful impact. Later on we discovered another queer thing. For an experiment, one of the Russian officers had the shell dug out of the sand mound in which it had buried itself, and after soldiers had swung it on chains and raised it with a crane, they tried to force it through the hole that it had made. It would not go in. In other words, it had hit the plate with such tremendous might that it had not even made a hole as big as itself. In that moment of striking, both the hard steel of the shell and the nickel steel of the armor had been compressed and thus the shell had actually passed through a hole too small for it.

After the hole in the plate had cooled enough so that I could put my head in, I found something else that showed me the absolutely inconceivable power of these modern great guns. I found a bit of the soft copper banding that is put around the bases of projectiles to make them follow the rifling of the guns. It is very soft copper—so soft that a man can roll it up in his fingers. But the force of the shot had been so vast that this soft copper had actually been driven into the hard steel armor as a toothpick might be driven into cheese.

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Theodore D. Smith, a Bricefield, Alabama, boy, wants the boys to know his plan for making his room more attractive. He describes it as follows: Take a piece of drawing paper and hold it over the flame of a lamp—the chimney being off—until it is smoked thoroughly and is quite black, being careful not to let it scorch. After doing this, select some picture—a snow scene is preferable—and trace it upon the smoked paper with a toothpick or match. With your finger rub off the soot in places where the model is light. A little practice will enable you to make very pretty pictures which, hung on your walls, will make a pleasing effect.

Our June History Calendar



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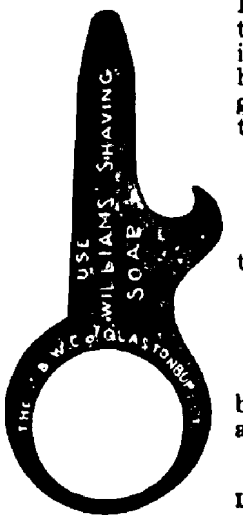

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THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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"BOOKS! YOU GET RIGHT OUT OF THIS DOORWAY!"

CHAPTER I.
FRANK AT HOME.

FRANK HARDY came up the short garden path whistling merrily to himself. He was a tall, good-natured looking boy of sixteen, with dark eyes and dark, curly hair.

"One more week of school and then hurrah for a long vacation in the country!" he murmured to himself as he mounted the piazza steps. "Oh, but won't we have a dandy time swimming and fishing when we get to Cloverdale!"

His little dog Frisky was at the door to greet him with short, sharp barks of pleasure. Frank caught the animal up and began to coddle him.

"Glad to see me, eh?" he cried. "Frisky, won't you be glad when we get to the country and you can roam all over the fields?"

For answer the dog barked again and wagged his tail vigorously. Still holding the animal, Frank entered the dining-room and passed into the kitchen, where his mother was assisting the servant in the preparation of the evening meal.

"Mother, is father back from Philadelphia yet?" he asked, as he hung up his cap and slipped into the sink pantry to wash his hands.

"Not yet, Frank," answered Mrs. Hardy.

"He must have quite some business to attend to, to stay away so late. I thought I was late myself."

"You are late, Frank—it is a quarter after six. I expected your father in on the half-past five train, but he must have missed that."

"Then he won't be here until nearly eight o'clock. Must I wait for my supper?"

"No; we can have our supper directly. I know you must be hungry."

"I am, mother. Baseball gives a fellow an appetite, especially if he runs bases and plays in the field, as I did. We played the Hopeville Stars and beat them 12 to 7. I made three runs."

"You must certainly love the game?"

"I do. Sometimes I wish I could be a professional ball player."

"I shouldn't wish you to be that, Frank. I want you to go to college and be a professional man," added Mrs. Hardy, with a fond smile.

"Oh, I was only talking, mother. But some professional ball players are college men."

Frank entered the dining-room and sat down to the table. He was soon joined by his little brother, Georgie, and his sister, Ruth, who was twelve years of age.

"How do you get along with your lessons?" he asked of Ruth, who had been practicing on the piano in the parlor.

"I think I am doing real well," returned the sister, who was very fair, with golden hair and bright blue eyes. "Professor Hartman says I will make a good player if I do plenty of practicing. And, oh, I love it so" added the girl, enthusiastically.

"The one who loves it is the one who is bound to make a good player," said Frank. "Now, there is Dan Dixon. His folks want him to learn to play the violin, and he takes lessons. But he doesn't like it at all, and I am sure he will never make a player."

"That is true in all things," came from Mrs. Hardy, as she sat down to pour the tea. "If one wants to do well at anything, one's heart must be in the work. I once knew a girl whose family wanted her to learn how to paint. She hadn't any talent for it, and though she took lessons for two years she never drew or painted anything really worth showing."

"I know what I like real well," came from little Georgie. "I'm going to keep a candy store when I grow up. I like that real well."

"Good for you, Georgie!" laughed Frank. "Only don't eat up all the stock yourself."

"Will you buy from me when I keep the store?" continued the little fellow.

"To be sure, I will—or, maybe, I'll be a salesman for you—and Ruth can be the cashier."

"What's a cashier?"

"The one who takes in the money."

"No, I want to take in the money myself," came from Georgie, promptly.

Thus the talking went on, and while it is in progress and the family are waiting for the return of Mr. Hardy from his business trip, let me take the opportunity of introducing them more specifically than I have already done.

The Hardy family were six in number, Mr. Thomas Hardy and his wife; Mark, who was three years older than Frank, and the children already introduced.

Mr. Hardy was a flour and feed dealer, and at one time had had the principal store in that line in Claster, the town in which the family resided. He had made considerable money, and the family were counted well to do. But during the past two years two rivals with capital had come into the field, and trade with the flour and feed merchant had consequently fallen off greatly.

Mr. Hardy had expected to send his oldest son, Mark, to college, but the youth had begged to be allowed to take an ocean trip, and had at last been allowed to ship on a voyage to South America. He was to return home in seven or eight months, but during the past three months nothing had been heard of him.

Frank, Ruth, and little Georgie all attended the same school in Claster, Georgie being in the kindergarten, and Ruth in one of the grammar grades. Frank was in the graduating class, and after a vacation in the country, expected to prepare himself for high school. He was just now deep in his final examinations at the grammar school, and so far had done well, much to his parents' satisfaction.

"Mother, what took father to Philadelphia?" asked Frank, after a spell of silence, during which he had devoted himself to the viands set before him.

At this question a shade of anxiety crossed Mrs. Hardy's face.

"He went on very important business, Frank. I cannot explain to you exactly what it was. He was to see Mr. Garrison, the man he used to buy flour from."

"Jabez Garrison?"

"Yes."

"I never liked that man, mother; did you?"

"I really can't say, Frank—I never had much to do with him."

"I saw him at the store several times—doing business with father. He somehow put me in mind of a snake."

"Oh, Frank!" burst in Ruth.

"A man don't look like a snake," was little Georgie's sober comment.

"That is not a very complimentary thing to say, Frank," said Mrs. Hardy, somewhat severely.

"I can't help it, mother. He has such an oily, smooth manner about him."

"Your father has spoken of him as a very good friend in business. I believe he gave your father prices which were better than he could get elsewhere."

"Well, he didn't look it. If I were father, I'd keep my eyes on him."

"He went to Philadelphia to make inquiries about Mr. Garrison. I cannot tell you more than that just now."

"Didn't father loan him some money?".

"Not exactly that; but he went his security when Mr. Garrison was made treasurer of a certain benevolent order in Philadelphia."

"How much security?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"That's a big sum of money."

"Yes, Frank—but I was told that it was more a matter of form than anything else."

"I don't see it, mother. If Jabez Garrison had a lot of money to handle, he could steal it if he wanted to."

"Frank, you are certainly not in love with Mr. Garrison. Did he ever say anything to you?"

"Not a word. Only I don't like his looks, that's all."

Further talk on this subject was cut off by Ruth, who chanced to look out of the bay window of the dining-room.

"There goes the hospital ambulance," she cried. "Somebody must be hurt."

Frank, filled with curiosity, leaped up and ran to the front door, and then down to the gate.

"What's the trouble?" he asked of a boy who was running past.

"Big accident on the railroad, down at Barber's Cut," answered the boy. "Freight train ran into the Philadelphia local, and about a dozen passengers have been killed or hurt."

"The Philadelphia local!" echoed Frank, and for the moment his heart almost stopped beating. "Can father have been on that train?"

He ran back into the house and told his mother the news. Mrs. Hardy was almost prostrated, but quickly recovered.

"I will go down and see if your father is in that wreck," she said. "Frank, you can go along." And a moment later they set out for the scene of the disaster.

CHAPTER II.
DOWN AT THE WRECK.

Claster was a thriving town of four thousand inhabitants, with several churches and schools, a bank, two weekly newspapers, and six blocks of stores. There was a neat railroad station at which two score of trains stoped daily, bound either north or south, for the line ran from Philadelphia to Jersey City.

Barber's Cut was a nasty curve on the line, just south of the town. Here there was a rocky hill, and in one spot the cut was twenty feet deep. At the end of the cut was a hollow where a railroad bridge crossed Claster Creek.

Frank and his mother found a great many of the townspeople hurrying to the scene of the wreck. All sorts of rumors were afloat, and it was said the passenger cars were on fire, and the helpless inmates were being roasted alive. The local fire department was called out, but fortunately the fire was confined to a freight car loaded with unfinished wagon wheels, so but comparatively little damage was done through the conflagration.

The rumor that a dozen passengers had been killed or hurt was false. But four people on the passenger train had been injured, and only one severely—this man having several ribs crushed in and an arm broken.

"I don't see anything of father," said Frank, after he and his mother had looked at three of the injured persons. "I guess he wasn't on this train after all."

"It is very fortunate."

"Your father was on this train," said a man standing near. "I was talking to him just a short while before the smash-up occurred."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Hardy. "Then where is he now?"

"There he is!" burst out Frank, and pointed to a form which four men were carrying from a wrecked car. "Mother, he is—is hurt. You had better go back and I'll—I'll tend to him." Frank found he could scarcely speak, he was so agitated.

"My husband!" murmured Mrs. Hardy, and ran forward with Frank at her side. "Oh, tell me, he is not—not dead?"

"No, ma'am, he isn't dead," came promptly from one of the men. "He got his foot crushed, and he's fainted, that's all."

"Thank Heaven it is no worse!" murmured Mrs. Hardy, and when the men laid her husband on the grass above the cut, she knelt beside him, and sent Frank down to the creek for some water with which to wash Mr. Hardy's face, for it was covered with dust and dirt.

As Frank ran down to the creek for the water he saw something shiny lying in the grass. He picked the object up, and was surprised to learn that it was a silver spectacle case, containing a fine pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Somebody dropped these in the excitement," he reasoned. "I'll have to look for the owner later;" and he shoved the case into his pocket.

Of the four that had been hurt two were removed to the hospital and the others were taken to their homes. Mr. Hardy was carried to his residence, and there his physician and his family did all they could to make him comfortable.

"The foot is in rather bad shape," said Doctor Basswood. "Yet I feel certain I can bring it around so you can walk on it as before. But it will take time."

"How much time, doctor?" questioned Mr. Hardy, faintly.

"Four or five months, and perhaps longer. But that is much better than having your foot amputated."

"True. But I can't afford to lay around the house for six months."

At this the physician shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the best I can do, Mr. Hardy."

"Oh, it is not your fault, doctor. But——" Mr. Hardy paused.

"You are thinking of your store?"

"Yes."

"It is a pity your son, Frank, isn't older. He might be able to run it for you."

"Unfortunately, Frank knows little or nothing about the business. I have kept him at school."

"Perhaps you can get a good man to run it for you."

"Perhaps. I don't know what I'll do yet."

"What do you do when you go away, as you did to-day?"

"I lock the place up, and leave a slate out for orders. Trade is not as brisk as it used to be."

"You mean as it was before Benning and Jack Peterson started in the business?"

"That's it. The town can't support three flour and feed stores."

"Won't your old customers stick by you?"

"A few of them do; but both Benning and Peterson are doing their best to get the trade away from me. They offer all sorts of inducements, and sometimes sell at less than the goods cost, just to get a customer."

"Nobody in business can afford to do that very long."

"They want to drive me out, and each wants to drive out the other. Then the one who is left will make prices to suit himself;" and here Mr. Hardy had to stop talking, for he felt very much exhausted.

In the meantime Frank had been sent down to the drug store for several articles which the doctor had said were needed for the injured man. While he was waiting for the articles a burly and rather pleasant-faced man came in and purchased a handful of cigars.

"Is there an optician in town?" questioned the man of the druggist. "I was in that wreck, and somehow I lost my glasses, and I want to get another pair."

"The watchmaker across the way keeps spectacles," answered the drugist. "But if he can fit you or not I don't know."

"I'll try him," said the man, and started for the door.

"Excuse me," put in Frank, stepping up. "What sort of spectacles did you drop?"

"Did you find them?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Mine were in a silver case. They are thick glasses, with a gold frame."

"Then these must be yours," and Frank drew the case from his pocket and passed it over.

"They are mine!" cried the burly man, and looked well pleased to have his property returned to him. "Where did you find them?"

"In the grass between the wreck and the creek. I was down at the creek getting some water for my father, who was hurt. I almost stepped on the case."

"I see. So your father was hurt. Which one was he?"

"He had his foot crushed."

"Oh, yes, I remember. They took him to your home up the street."

"Yes, sir."

"I hope the hurt isn't serious?"

"It's bad enough. But Doctor Basswood says he can save the foot."

"Well, that's a great consolation. It's no fun to have a foot cut off. May I ask your name?"

"Frank Hardy."

"Mine is Philip Vincent. I am very much obliged for returning the glasses to me."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Vincent. I was going to hunt up the owner as soon as everything was all right at our house."

"These glasses are a very fine pair, and I prize them exceedingly. Let me reward you for returning them," and Philip Vincent put his hand in his pocket.

"I don't want a reward, sir," said Frank, promptly.

"But I want to show you that I appreciate having them returned," insisted the burly gentleman.

"It's all right."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm in the book business in New York. I'll send you a good boy's book. How will that suit you?" and the gentleman smiled blandly.

"I must say I never go back on a good story book," answered Frank, honestly.

"Most boys like to read. I suppose you go to school here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I shan't forget you," concluded Philip Vincent, and shaking hands, he left the drug store.

"What a pleasant kind of a man," thought Frank. "I'd like to see more of

him." And then he wondered what sort of a story book Mr. Vincent would send him.

A little later Frank obtained the articles needed from the druggist, and then he started for home. He did not dream of the disagreeable surprise which was in store for him.

CHAPTER III.

DISAGREEABLE NEWS.

"How is father feeling?" asked Frank when he entered the house with his packages under his arm.

"I think he is a little feverish," answered Mrs. Hardy.

"Does his foot hurt him much?"

"He says not. Doctor Basswood put something on to ease the pain." Mrs. Hardy paused for a moment. "Your father brought bad news from Philadelphia," she continued.

"What bad news, mother?"

"It is about Mr. Garrison. He has got into trouble with that benevolent order."

"What kind of trouble?"

"There is a shortage in the funds of the order."

"For which Jabez Garrison is responsible?"

"So they claim."

"What does Mr. Garrison say about it?"

"He told your father that it would all be straightened out in a week."

"Does father believe it?"

"He won't say. He is much worried, and I don't wish to ask too many questions for fear it might make your father worse."

"Didn't I say Garrison was a snake?" went on Frank. "I am sorry father trusted him."

"So am I—now. But it can't be helped."

"Do you know what father was going to do about it?"

"He said he had intended to go to Philadelphia again next Monday. But of course, he can't go now."

"Can't I go for him?"

"Possibly, although I don't see what you can do."

"I could have a talk with Mr. Garrison and also with the other men who are interested in the order."

"Well, we'll wait and see how matters turn," said Mrs. Hardy, with a sigh.

The accident had happened on Saturday, and during Sunday Mr. Hardy was decidedly feverish, so that the doctor had to come and attend him twice. The night to follow was an anxious one for the whole family, but by Monday noon the sufferer felt much better, although, on account of his crushed foot, he did not dare to move.

The store had been closed, but before and after school Frank delivered the orders that were left on the slate, and also went to such customers as his father mentioned. Trade was indeed slow, and the boy could readily see that the two rivals of his parent were doing the larger portion of the business. And this was not to be wondered at, since each had a fine location and made a very attractive display. If the truth must be told, Mr. Hardy was a bit old-fashioned in his ways, and he allowed his rivals to go ahead of him without much of a protest.

"I wish I knew all about the store," thought Frank. "I'd go in for all the business there was."

A letter had been sent to Jabez Garrison by Mrs. Hardy—the letter being dictated by her husband—but Wednesday passed without any answer being received. On this day Frank returned from school, stating that the final examination was at an end.

"And I received ninety-three per cent out of a possible hundred," said he, with just a little pride.

"You have certainly done very well," answered Mrs. Hardy, and gave him a fond kiss. "Then you are sure of your grammar-school diploma?"

"Of course."

"I am very glad to hear it, Frank."

"How is father?"

"No different from what he was this morning. He is very anxious to hear from Mr. Garrison."

"Then you have no word yet?"

"None whatever."

"I don't like that."

"Neither do I."

"Perhaps I'd better go to Philadelphia for him after all."

"He says he will wait another day."

The next day passed and still no word was received.

"Frank, do you think you could talk to Mr. Garrison?" questioned the boy's father.

"Yes, sir—if you'll tell me about what you'll want me to say."

"I want to find out just how he stands in relation to that benevolent order. If you can't find out from him I want you to go to Mr. Bardwell Mason, the secretary. Here is his address on a card. I want to know exactly how matters stand."

"What shall I do if I find Mr. Garrison has used up some money that doesn't belong to him?"

"Tell him for me that he must straighten out the matter at once. If he does not I shall apply to the authorities for protection."

"Could the authorities make you pay that ten thousand dollars if Jabez Garrison didn't pay it?"

"Certainly, if he was in arrears that amount."

"It's a big sum of money, father."

"To lose that amount would ruin me, Frank."

"Ruin you?"

"Yes. Business is so bad that I need the money to help matters along. If I lose the cash I'll have to close up or sell out."

"Then I think you ought to get after Mr. Garrison without delay—or let me get after him."

"I do not wish to appear too forward—in case everything turns out right, Frank. Mr. Garrison has done me some good turns in business in the past."

Father and son had a talk lasting the best part of an hour, and then Frank came up to his room to prepare himself for the journey.

The youth had been to Philadelphia several times during the past two years, so he knew he would not feel as strange as though the city was totally new to him.

The wreck on the railroad had been cleared away in a few hours after it occurred, so there was nothing to hinder the trains from going through on time. Frank left home at ten in the morning and promised to be back by eight o'clock in the evening, or else to send a telegram stating why he was detained. If necessary he was to stop over night at a hotel his father mentioned to him.

The day was a bright, clear one in late June, and had our hero not had so much on his mind he would have enjoyed the trip very much. As it was, however, he could not help but think of what was before him, and of just how he should approach Mr. Jabez Garrison when he met that individual.

"I musn't say too much," he reasoned. "And yet it won't do to say too little. My opinion of it is, that father is altogether too easy on him. A man who can't act on the square when he is handling money belonging to others doesn't deserve nice treatment."

It was some time before noon when Frank reached the Quaker City, as Philadelphia is often called. The ride had made him hungry, but he determined to call on Jabez Garrison before hunting up a restaurant for lunch.

The office of the wholesale flour and feed merchant was on Broad street, and hither Frank found his way.

"Is Mr. Garrison in?" he asked of the clerk who came forward to meet him.

"What name, please?"

"Frank Hardy. I was sent here by my father, Thomas Hardy, of Claster."

"I'll see if Mr. Garrison will see you. He is very busy at present."

"Tell him it is very important."

The clerk walked to the rear of the place and entered a private office, closing the door behind him.

Frank heard some strong conversation for several minutes and then the clerk returned.

"Mr. Garrison is very sorry, but just now he cannot see you, as he has an important account to look after. He says if you will call at three o'clock this afternoon he will see you, and explain everything to your father's entire satisfaction."

"At three o'clock," repeated Frank.

"That's it. Just now he has got to look after an account that is worth something like fifteen thousand dollars to him."

"All right then. I'll call at three o'clock sharp," said our hero, and left the place.

The statement the clerk had made was rather reassuring, for if Jabez Garrison had an account of fifteen thousand dollars coming to him he certainly could not be in a very bad condition financially.

"Perhaps this unpleasantness will all blow over after all," thought Frank. "Father may be right, and I may be misjudging this man."

He found a restaurant that suited him, and as he had a long time to wait, took his leisure in eating. Then he visited several department stores, spending a full hour in the picture and book departments. Books particularly interested him, and as he had a quarter to spend he let it go in the purchase of a volume which was slightly soiled, and therefore sold to him at one-third of its real value.

"I wouldn't mind owning a bookstore of my own," he said to himself, as he set out once again for Jabez Garrison's offices. "It's a business that would just suit me. I wonder if Mr. Philip Vincent has a place as large as that department I just visited?" And then he wondered when the gentleman from New York intended to send the book he had promised.

When Frank arrived at the flour dealer's offices the clerk met him with rather a troubled look on his face.

"Mr. Garrison isn't here," he said. "He went out about two hours ago, and I can't say how soon he'll be back."

(To be continued)



When Frank Ran Away

By S. ROWLAND HALL

A FLOCK of crows, startled by the skulking figure underneath, dashed out of the treetops with noisy caws. Their alarm was needless, for the boy hurried on.

The sun was almost down when he reached the bank of the great Yeocomico. The river looked like a mirror, in the soft shades of the dying day. Away across its banks another lad was singing as he fed the stock for the night. His happy, mellow music, floating over the river, brought a choking sensation to the throat of the runaway. At home hungry beasts were calling impatiently and vainly for his familiar voice and step. But Frank Morris had no time now to think of these things. He was tired, but he trudged on up the bank of the river toward the ferry wharf.

Suddenly his melancholy thoughts were dispersed and his heart made to beat faster by a sound he knew well. It was the whistle of the Georgianna, blowing the three signal blasts for the wharf. He had heard the noise of her wheels some time before, but had thought it distant rumbling of thunder. He would have to run; and even then, unless there was much freight for the steamer, she would not remain at the wharf long enough for him to get on board. It would be two days before the steamer would come in the river again. If he missed, it might mean to be taken back home in disgrace. The thought filled his heart with despair, as he sped on in the growing darkness.

He had not gone half a mile before the steamer's departing blast smote loudly on the chilly night air, and utter hopelessness took possession of his heart. He threw himself on the ground and groaned; then he suddenly sprang up and ran swiftly down to the bank of the river. He had remembered that the channel along the river was marked out by numerous bush buoys—buoys made of three or four small trees driven in the mud and nailed together. He would swim out to one of these buoys and hail the steamer as she came by. This was his last hope. He undressed hastily and tied his clothing in a bundle that he fastened on his head. Then wading out into the cool current, he struck off for one of the little clusters out on the dark channel.

The boy was desperate and lightly considered the risk and foolhardiness of his venture. He had not been swimming long before he heard the distant rumble of the Georgianna's paddle wheels up the river. As he swam, the noise grew more and more distinct until he could hear the thrust of each paddle. A while longer, and, floating on his side, he saw the bright bow light swing around a distant point, then the green and red side lights, as the steamer wheeled and came straight down the river. The boy swam faster now than ever, for he was not sure on which side of the channel the buoy was stationed. He managed to reach the buoy just as the wheelsman put down the steamer's helm to round it. The fugitive held on to one of the braces with his body half out of the water, and waited.

The Georgianna plowed down toward him with the bright bow light shining straight in his face like a great eye. The lad caught a glimpse of the watchman, as he paused at the end of his walk across the forward deck. Now was the time. Lifting himself out of the water, he shouted at the top of his voice. He shouted again and again, but his voice was drowned in the roar of the mighty paddle wheels, as they churned the waters of the channel into foam. He continued to call out piteously, but the Georgianna, with her bright lights and warm, open gangways, a vision of beauty in the night, thundered on past, and the currents of seething water from her wheels almost whirled him from the buoy. He hung there and watched the lights of the steamer vanish in the gloom of the river, hardly knowing whether to sink to the bottom in despair or to swim back to the shore and risk being sent home.

Half an hour later Frank Morris was swimming wearily back to land. Reaching the shore, he put on his damp clothing and wandered up into the woods, then dropped down and cried as if his heart was breaking. Out in the meadows along the river the frogs were chanting the first of their summer night melodies. A wild duck, frightened from his rest, sped up the river in the darkness with his peculiar "widdy-widdy" sound. Overhead the tops of the pines sighed in the gentle wind, and the loneliness seemed ten-fold to the poor runaway boy. For some time he lay there, not knowing what to do next. Then, finding a sheltered spot, he lay down again and slept, with the tall pine trees for his sentinels and with no eye on him save that of the great God above.

While he slept, at home there were troubled hearts and eyes that refused to close. John Morris felt that the chastisement administered to Frank had been deserved and wisely given, but his heart was heavy as he prayed earnestly that no harm might befall him who had rebelled and fled from home and parental authority.

Frank awoke next morning, feeling as if the day before had been a dream. He was stiff and hungry, and would have to go somewhere. He finally concluded to confide in one of the tenants on the farm of his Uncle Addison, a few miles down the river. He struck out through the woods and an hour or so later came out in one of the upper fields. A man was down at the other end, hammering on a plow.

Frank walked slowly across the field, and when it was too late to retreat, the man looked up and recognized him. It was Uncle Addison. His kind eyes caught something of the seriousness of the situation from Frank's appearance, and he had put his hand on the boy's shoulder before Frank could decide what to say. His sympathizing, persuasive tones wrought on the boy's tenderest feelings and he shed tears that relieved some of the bitterness of his heart.

In the twilight of that evening, Addison Morris drove into the lane leading to his brother John's home, with Frank by his side. The boy's face was pale and he felt awkward. He stayed outside with downcast eyes, while Uncle Addison went in and did as he had promised. A few minutes later there were quick steps on the gravel walk, and a wayward boy sobbed out his penitence in the arms of a silent but forgiving father.

DO YOU REMEMBER



"JONAH AN' DE WHALE"

By ERNEST GILMORE

"DE WHITE FOLKS am allus wantin' stories ob befo' de wah!" complained old Uncle Nick. "Why doan ye s'pose de well eber goin' ter get dry?"

"Not while you live," was the answer.

"He, he! Well, den, heah's one moah story an' dat's all. I'se most ninety but my name ain't Methuselah, an' when I'se done, de well 'll be dry shuah 'nuff. He, he! Say, Massa Roland, de old well pears kind o' dry now."

Everybody laughed.

"All right, Uncle Nick, I'll get you the best cup of coffee you ever drank."

"It's mighty fine," was old Uncle Nick's comment after he had drained the cup, "an' now I'll tell you de story ob Jonah an' de whale."

"You needn't," objected someone, "I've heard that story no end of times and read it, too. If you're going to tell me a story, tell me something new."

"He, he! Hole yer hosses. Dat's jess what I'se aimin' at—to tell yer somethin' new—new to yo'—it's bl' nuff for me. Jonah an' de whale—dat's my subjeck, an'," smiling serenely at the listeners, "now here she goes. Once upon a time—long time ago—befo' de wah—(now is yo' satisfied?) dare wuz de bes' massa dat eber libed. His name was Massa Gawdge Clinton—Massa Gawdge we called him, an' what you' s'pose Massa Gawdge call us?"

"Whatever your name was, of course."

"Well, yes, he call us by our names, but 'twas more'n dat I wuz thinkin' 'bout. Massa Gawdge called us 'his people.'"

"That was because you were his slaves—wasn't it?"

"No sech thing. We wuz his slaves, but Massa Gawdge didn't mean dat; he called us his people cause he loved us."



"YO' LOVED YO' MASSA GAWDGE, LITTLE JONAH," SHE SAID

Old Uncle Nick seemed disposed to end his story of "Jonah and the whale" before it was begun. He fell into a reminiscent mood, looking into the sparkling grate fire with eyes "turned backward."

"What about Jonah and the whale?" prompted the most impatient one.

"I'se goin' ter tell yo'. Jonah wuz Aunt Jerushy's leetle witless boy. He wuz all she had an' though she wuz allus scoldin' an' cuffin' him when Massa Gawdge wuzn't aroun', she loved him. Po' leetle Jonah, he wuz allus whar he wuzn't wanted—allus in somebody's way. It wuz his natur. Well, der came a day when little Jonah got in somebody's way once too often. Massa Gawdge and Missie Clinton had a big banquet. All de high-toned folks wuz dare—jess de sclusive set. Land o' Goshen, I kin see dat table ter day an' I mos' ninety. I wuz Massa Gawdge's butler. Seein''twas me dat set dat table I'd oughter know what wuz on it an' I do mostly. Ef yo' could hev tasted dat pigeon pie dat Aunt Jerushy made—you'd hev said that wuz a pie. An' dare wuz baked ham, sweet and tender, all frosted wid I dunno what, an' it had cloves a stickin' in it. An' dare wuz two big tukeys an' Ca'liny tators an' sheeps' tongues an' a big haunch of baked ven'son. But lan' sakes, if I should tell you all dem tings we had fo' dinner—where'd Jonah and de whale come in? I'se jess goin' to slip by a lot ob dem good things cause time's passin' away. Dey'd had dessert—all sorts ob good tings, beginning wid ice cream an' sherbets an' endin' wid some ole sherry dat Massa Gawdge bringed up—wid his own han's—from de wine cellar. It had been in the family fo' generations an' wuz ober a hundred yeahs ole. It came from ober de ocean somewhar—I'se mos' forgot from whar, but 'pears ter me—Massa Gawdge said from Spain. He wouldn't lemme wipe off dem bottles, but took 'em, cobwebs an' all, right in de silver tray to de table. All de guests say dey nebber befo' tasted sech sherry as dat wuz. Dat wuz sech a busy day dat Aunt Jerushy, who wuz de head an' front ob cookin' dat dinner, couldn't look arter Jonah as usual. Dare wuz Topsy an' Sally an' Polly an' Jemimy an' Solomon a helpin' wid de cookin', and dey wuz all flustered. Aunt Jerushy had tole Topsy ter keep an eye on de boy an' Topsy had tole Sally ter keep her eye on him, an' Sally had tole Polly, an' Polly Jemimy, an' Jemimy had tole Sol'mon ter keep his eye on him, an' he wuz an obstinate feller an' so he said ter himself, he wouldn't, an' he didn't. Well, mebbe Sol'mon wuzn't ter blame, 'cause he hed his hands full in de kitchen, 'sides, ter tell de truf, anybody'd had ter hev one eye on purpose if he wuz goin' to keep it on Jonah. Dat boy wuz everywhar. Aunt Jerushy had tole Jonah not to set foot in de front ya'd while de guests wuz dare, dat's de reason he went dar—he semed to think 'twas his duty to obey the law of contraries. Jonah got ter chasin' a butterfly while de guests wuz eatin' de blah'mage an' custards an' fruits an' eberything, an' he chased it roun' inter de front y'ad. De butterfly went roun' de roses an' de lilies an' de myrtle an' de jassamine, an' so did Jonah. But, arter all, he didn't ketch it, an', at last', he give up an' lay down to res'. No one else ever thought ob' layin' down whar Jonah did—right on de po'ch in front ob de do' step. He fell asleep as peacefully as if 'twas de mos' s'cluded place in de world. De firs' guest ter come out de doah wuz Mr. Jerry Dobson. He didn't see Jonah, an'—of course—stumbled ober him, an' down he went on the po'ch. Lan' o' Goshen! Wuzn't he mad? He riz right up an' kicked Jonah viciously.

"'Yo' good fo' nothin' black imp!' he said, 'I'll take de hide off ye!'

"'Yo' will—will you?' 'Twas Massa Gawdge a talkin' an' his eyes wuz blazin', 'I don't b'lieve yo'll hab dat pleasure,' an' then seein' leetle Jonah holdin' his head an' cryin', he wuz down on his knees side ob him, sayin' gently, 'Whar did that—that'—he couldn't say man—'whar wuz yo' kicked, leetle one?' An' when Jonah didn't answer, on'y moaned, Massa Gawdge lifted him up gently, an' carried him right t'roo de front hall an' de dinin' room, and de kitchen an' 'cross de back po'ch an' de ya'd ter Aunt Jerushy's cabin—Missie Clinton a follerin' him an' all de cullud folks a follerin' her. When Massa Gawdge had laid Jonah down on de bed, he sent all de cullud folks 'cept Aunt Jerushy an' me out ob de cabin. Aunt Jerushy wuz a howlin' nuff ter beat de ban'. Massa Gawdge let her howl till he'd 'zamined Jonah, den he said, 'Stop howlin', Aunt Jerushy, Jonah'll come out all right. If dat kick had been jess a little lower on his head he'd been in—in—well, he wouldn't a been here.'

"Massa Gawdge had studied med'cine an' surgery an' he knew what he knew. There wuz big lumps come out on Jonah's temple an' on his arm, and Massa Gawdge put on a lotion an' bound 'em up. But, Massa Gawdge wouldn't leab dat cabin till all de fear died out ob de witless eyes.

"'Nich'las,' Massa Gawdge said ter me, 'go fix up a tray ob de nicest of everything an' bring it here to pore little Jonah.' He wuz standin' by de bed, a lookin' so tender and lovin', an' I see dare wuz tears in his eyes, an' Jonah wuz a lookin' at him wid sech a look as I neber seen on his pore, little face befo', jess as if he wuz mos' dyin' ter ask somethin', but wuz 'fraid ter. 'What is it, Jonah?' says Massa Gawdge. 'What do yo' want ter ask me? Don't be afraid.'

"'I wish I could talk jess like Massa Gawdge did 'stead ob quotin' his words in the cullud folks' dialec'. I wish I could show yo' how he looked dat day a standin' dare in all his beauty. When he said, 'Don't be 'fraid,' I can see de flash of his diamon' ring as he reached out one ob his white han's to press de little black ones. Thus reassured, Jonah stammered, 'I is sorry I is sech a bodder ter yo', but I cayn't seem ter help it, I lov' —yo'—Massa Gawdge.'

"Dare—I see it now—what happened. Massa Gawdge bit his lip—his face quivered, and den—it's de solemn truf, he bent his head an' kissed dat little, witless Jonah on the forehead. 'I love yo,' little Jonah,' he said, 'I love all my people; I'd give a good deal if I could take back dem kicks—God knows I would.' Now, yo' know what kind ob a man Massa Gawdge wuz. Well, the nex' day, Massa Gawdge sent Solomon to the toy store wid a bill, an' when he came back little Jonah could a mos' set up shop, he had so many t'ings.

"Befo' de week wuz gone, Massa Gawdge bought de whale."

"The whale?"

"Yes, that wuz what he called it an' so did we; it wuz a dog wid de bigges' mouf yo' eber saw. I do b'lieve it stretched from eah ter eah. He, he! what a mouf? An' Massa Gawdge gib de whale ter little Jonah. He said ter me, 'Nich'las,' said he, 'that kind ob a dog gets devoted ter its master, it'll get devoted to leetle Jonah an'll be his protector. Nobody'll dare ter kick de pore leetle fellow when de whale's aroun'. De whale ain't goin' ter swallow Jonah, but mebbe it'll have occasion ter swallow other t'ings sech as bites outer trousers,' an' he laughed. I sta'ted ter tell yo' 'bout Jonah an' de whale an' I can't tell yo 'bout all de good t'ings massa wuz allus doin' for his people. It'ud take all night an' den I wouldn't be through. I'll jess stick ter my tex'—Jonah an' de whale. Dey wuz friends from de start. Whar Jonah wuz, dare yo'd allus find de whale, an' whar de whale wuz dare wuz Jonah. An' so de yeahs went by.

"Land o' Goshen! It's mighty hard to t'ink ob dat time when Massa Gawdge died. Oh 'twas dreffu!! When it comes ter me, I allus t'ink of dat verse in Matthew when dat cruel King Herod slew all dose little children in Bethlehem. 'In Rama wuz dare a voice heard, lamentation an' weepin', an' great mournin'. Rachel weepin' for her chillun an' wouldn't be comforted 'cause dey is not.' It wuzn't Rama, but 'twas ole Virginy, an' it wasn't mothers a-weepin' fer der chillun, but 'twas us 'his people' a-weepin' an' a-mournin' 'cause he'd gone to de New Jerusalem an lef' us behin'. Missie Clinton wuz pros'rated wid de awful b'reavement, but she didn't cry, she couldn't, not even when de deah body ob our blessed massa wuz put under de groun'. De doctor tole Aunt Cynthy, who wuz a nursin' Missie Clinton, dat he hoped de tears ud come soon—he said dey mus' come or 'twould be a ser'ous matter. But de tears didn't come. After de fun'ral Missie Clinton shut herself in her room an' wouldn't see any one 'cept Aunt Cynthy. She jess moaned and groaned and cried out, Gawdge! Gawdge!' and that she wished she wuz dead. Poor missie, 'twas a dreffu! blow to her. De arternoon wore away and the night come on. Missie Clinton wuz a-lyin' on de couch when de clock struck nine, Aunt Cynthy keepin' guard. Suddenly Missie Clinton started up, 'What's dat I hear, auntie?' she said. 'I dunno, honey,' was de answer. 'It sounded like a drum—a muffled drum. Dare, don't yo' hea?' And dey both listened. It shorely wuz de sound ob a muffled drum an' de tread ob many feet outside de window.

"Missie Clinton hurried out on de po'ch —Aunt Cynthy follerin'. Dey wuz jess in time ter see de rear end ob a long procession ob cullud men and boys—leetle Jonah bein' de tag end, wid de whale alongside ob him. Missie Clinton wuz as white as a ghost, but she didn't speak, jess stood dare lookin' and wonderin' as she leaned against de big pillar ob dat po'ch. Aunt Cynthy went up close to her an' put an arm aroun' her lovin'ly. 'Lean on me, honey,' she said, and missie did. De scent ob jessamine wuz heavy on de air. On went de ret'nue, two by two, swayin' to an' fro to a low, sweet ha'mony a-soundin' like bye-lo-bye-lo. Dey ma'ched right along to de grave-ya'd an' dare dey stopped 'side ob Massa Gawdge's new-made grave. Dare dey moaned an' cried an' waved de torches. Suddenly dare wuz de fiddle an' de bow, an' de banjo an' de muffled drum, an' den every lovin' voice broke forth in song. Ev'rybody knows dat ob all voices de cullud folks' voices is de fullest ob music. An' w'at yo' s'pose dey wuz singin'? Why jess w'at der hearts wuz full ob, 'Massa's in de col', col' ground'."

"Round de meadows am a-ringin'
The darky's mournful song,
While de mockin'-bird am singin',
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creepin',
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare our massa am a-sleepin',
Sleepin' in de col', col' ground.

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkys am a-weepin',
Massa's in de col', col' ground.

"Massa make de darkys love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind,
I cannot work before tomorrow,
Cayse de tear drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

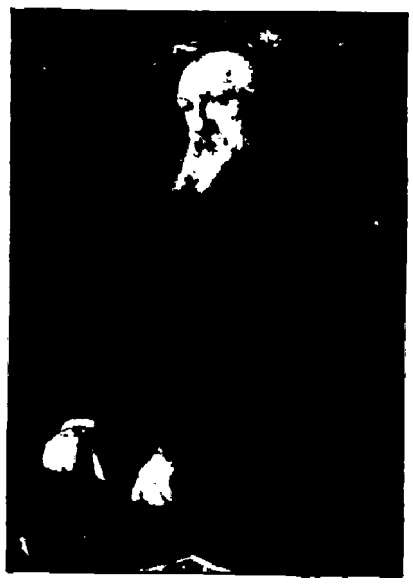
Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkys am a-weepin',
Massa's in de col', col' ground.

"Well, when Missie Clinton heard dat song an' dem voices singin' it, dem blessed tears came at last. Dey jess streamed down her cheeks—no danger of her head goin' back on her, 'cause, yo' see, her heart wuz full. When de procession came back, she called dem ter halt, an' went out alone ter meet 'em. 'Yo' deah people,' she said, 'how yo' love yo' Massa Gawdge, an' how he loved yo'.' Then she shook eb'ry single one by de han'. When she came to de las' one—little witless Jonah—she took both of his han's in hers an' smiled into his face. 'Yo' loved yo' Massa Gawdge, little Jonah,' she said, 'an' he loved yo' an' all his dear people. I love yo', too, yo' an' all my people—God bless yo', every one, an' some day we'll all meet yo' deah massa in "Jerusalem de Golden".' Den, a tinkin' ob Massa Gawdge, she stooped down an' kissed Jonah on de forehead. It wuz still as death for a minute, den dat little witless Jonah looked up in her face a-smilin', 'I loves yo',' he said. 'Twasn't quiet den. Tears wuz rollin' down de men's cheeks like rain an' den dare burst forth a storm ob music dat wuz like a shout ob vict'ry. The torches waved, dare wuz de banjo an' de fiddle an' de bow, an eb'ry voice wuz a singin' 'Jerusalem de Golden.'

"Dat's all—dat's de end ob de story ob Jonah an' de whale." There were tears rolling down the cheeks of the old colored man. But he did not have a monopoly of the tears.

The Good Old Kid Days





AUGUSTE RODIN
AN IMPRESSIVE FIGURE IN THE WORLD OF ART TODAY

A Giant of Free Art

Auguste Rodin, sculptor, is one of the great figures in present-day art. He is the most original, and most discussed. His genius (it is more than talent) entitles him to study; his character properly wins admiration from all good republicans, who appreciate that genuine advance must follow work which refuses to be trammeled by mere tradition.

Rodin has done this from the first. "Freedom in art" is his motto, and since he began to exhibit in 1864 (then only twenty-four), he has governed his chisel by this sole idea. Artists and critics fought such behavior. Rodin was made fun of, belittled, attacked; but he stuck to his guns, and for sixteen years endured opposition without once retreating from his insistent demand for "freedom." In 1880 he "won out," as sportsmen put it, and today is the honored president of that famous International Society of the Fine Arts, and may write half a dozen degrees after his name.

This is a man whose advice is worth hearkening to, and today, when so many American boys are turning to art, especially in its commercial phases, what he says of that high calling is of real value. "Patient effort is one of the two great essentials to success in art. Talent is, of course, the other, but talent can lead to nothing out of the common without the steady determination to add, little by little, day by day, to one's store. Art is a splendid profession, and is becoming better and better paid, but also is it a difficult calling. Problems are to be met and obstacles overcome to the very end of the artist's life, but the fellow willing to go slowly, and able to go steadily, will surely find ultimate victory."



JOHN CHRISTIAN WATSON
AUSTRALIA'S PRINTER-PREMIER

From Printer to Premier

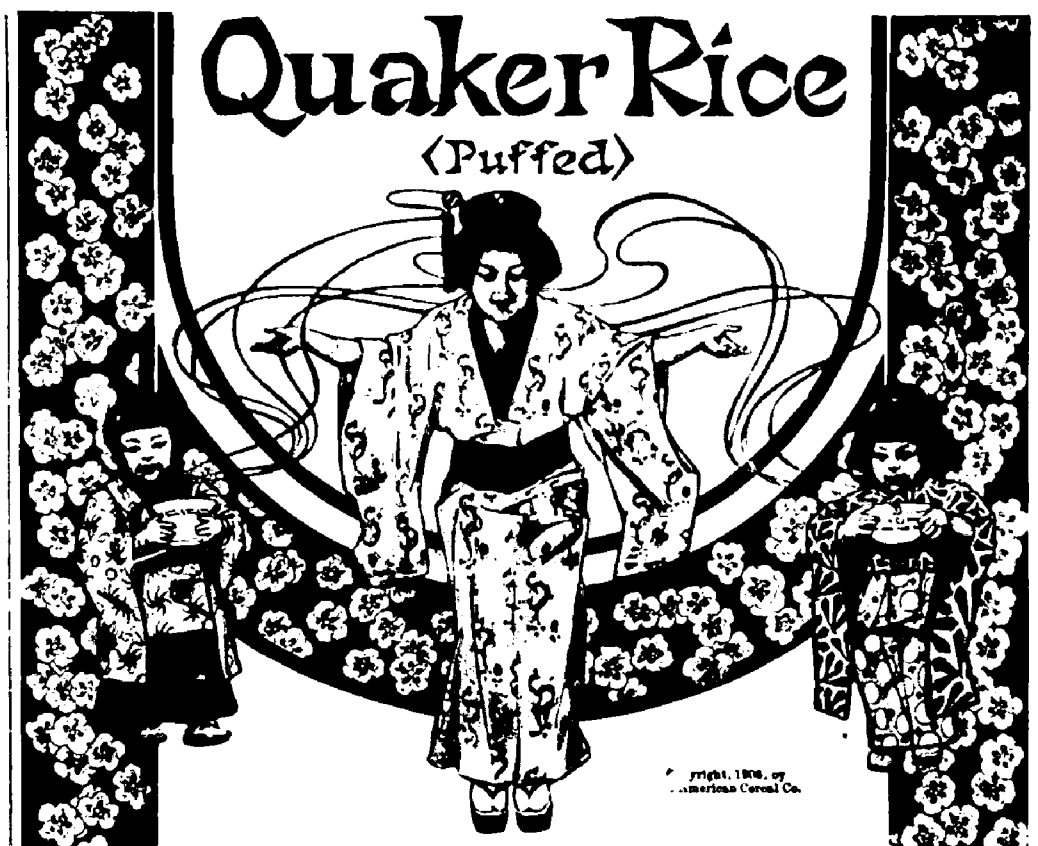
Australia, "the Land of Surprises," has lately again justified her right to that nickname by calling a journeyman printer to become her third Premier—Secretary of State, we might say. John Christian Watson is the man, and, in the expressive slang of the American boy, he is "a comer."

Born of English parents in Valparaiso, Chili, some forty years ago, he found himself in far-away New Zealand almost before such schooling as he was to have had begun, and in the South Pacific islands has all his life been spent—in hard work, steady endeavor to improve his condition, and intelligent effort to better the laboring man. This last has made him what he is.

He took up the printer's trade, and eventually found himself at a composing case in the office of one of the journals of Sydney—a city nearly the size of Baltimore. He did his work well, but also did he study continually and practically the labor problems which he found around him, with the result that 1901 sent him to Australia's parliament on the labor ticket. He was young for the post (about thirty-five), but he had studied his way to it, and knew thoroughly every inch of his ground. Wherefore he became at once the recognized "boss" of his fellow-labor members, leading them to victory after victory, bringing disunited factions into line, and at last carrying through a bill creating a Federal Arbitration Court, to fix the rate of wages and prescribe the conditions under which labor is to be carried on.

This success brought Watson the premiership, and enemies as well as admirers predict that he has not yet stopped climbing his ladder—this boy of humble parentage, of scanty education, but of dogged perseverance and high ideals.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)



You cannot resist the temptation to eat Quaker Rice once you taste it—nor is there any reason why you should resist, because Quaker Rice agrees perfectly with even the weakest stomach.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)

is distinctly different from any other cereal you have ever tasted. It is made by a wonderful, patented process that puffs or inflates each rice kernel many times its usual size, and gives to it a delicacy of flavor and a dainty crispness that you never dreamed rice could possess.

Quaker Rice is thoroughly cooked and ready to serve with milk, cream or sugar, just as it comes from the package, altho' a minute's warming in a hot oven will add to its deliciousness.

Quaker Rice Candy and Quaker Rice Brittle and other delightful confections can be easily made at home by following the directions on the package. Quaker Rice is so easily digested and thoroughly good that you can let your children eat it in unlimited quantity without the slightest hesitation—and the children like it any way you serve it.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats.
Address, Chicago, U. S. A.



PROF. JOHN MILNE
AN EARTHQUAKE SPECIALIST

By Earthquake Telegraph

Last year's great earthquakes, which claimed 25,000 lives in India and Italy, were first known in England by John Milne. He is not dependent on dispatches for such news; his messages come through the earth itself, making records beyond all questioning on the professor's seismograph. Just what this is, the inventor shall tell.

Holding out a strip of bromide paper, irregularly marked down its center, he explains: "This moves by a clockwork arrangement beneath a pendulum, the image of whose point is marked on the photographic film by a small light, always burning. When there is no earth tremor this forms a perfectly straight line; when there is a disturbance anywhere the pendulum moves correspondingly irregularly, forming a wavy line, indicating the time of the quake, its maximum and its duration."

All of which may sound quite simple, yet this man of fifty-six, who once worked for Cyrus Field as a mining engineer in Labrador, who served the Mikado for years as imperial geologist, and who has been the world over, the better to master the art of measuring earthquakes, is honored today by every scientific society in existence.

Naturally, he has had odd experiences, the strangest coming when he was studying in Japan, where slight earth tremors are of almost weekly occurrence. Mutsuhito asked to see the seismograph in action, and Milne rented a large piece of waste ground, erected houses on it, mined it with dynamite, and then, at a safe distance, set up his instrument in a pavilion from which the Mikado might start the show and see it. He appeared, prompt, calm, imperturbable. Calmly he pressed the button, which exploded the charges, and calmly gazed upon the wreckage. No surprise; no excitement. Then he was shown the seismograph and informed how the needle had varied through the action of the explosion. Then at last "The Son of Heaven" vouchsafed to speak—a laconic, passive "Really!"



THE LATE PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
THE BURNS OF THE NEGRO RACE

A Negro Poet

February's death roll held the name of a remarkable young man—Paul Laurence Dunbar; "remarkable," since, like Burns, he set to rhyme the very heart-throbs of his people; "young," since, like Byron, his passing came when he was yet in his thirties. A real poet, though not a great one, he had won a definite place in literature. Yet he was a negro! Let the true American boy, judging a man by his work not his ancestry, remember Dunbar as the best example the world has had of the negro's possibilities in spiritual expression and artistic development.

Dayton, Ohio, was the poet's birthplace; his parentage was of the unmixed negro blood of Kentucky slaves. When four he could read—liked "Robinson Crusoe" and disliked "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When six, he rhymed jingles, and on his thirteenth birthday publicly recited a composition of his own. The public schools and life as seen through the elevator gratings of an office building—this was his education, but poetry was in him.

His first slim volume, rich in the humor and pathos characteristic of the colored race, and redolent of their imaginative, exaggerated expressions, he peddled among those who rode in his elevator, and when another book had followed this, the critics "discovered" him. That was in 1894, and the decade since placed Dunbar's name on seventeen volumes.

Chicago, New York and Washington followed Dayton, the man ever at work, till health gave out. If Dunbar's life suggests Byron's and Burns's, so, too, does it parallel Stevenson's in that its last years were clouded by disease, victorious at length. His earnest "stick-to-it-iveness" was admirable; the place he won is honorable. He was the first black to feel the aesthetic side of negro life and voice it lyrically.

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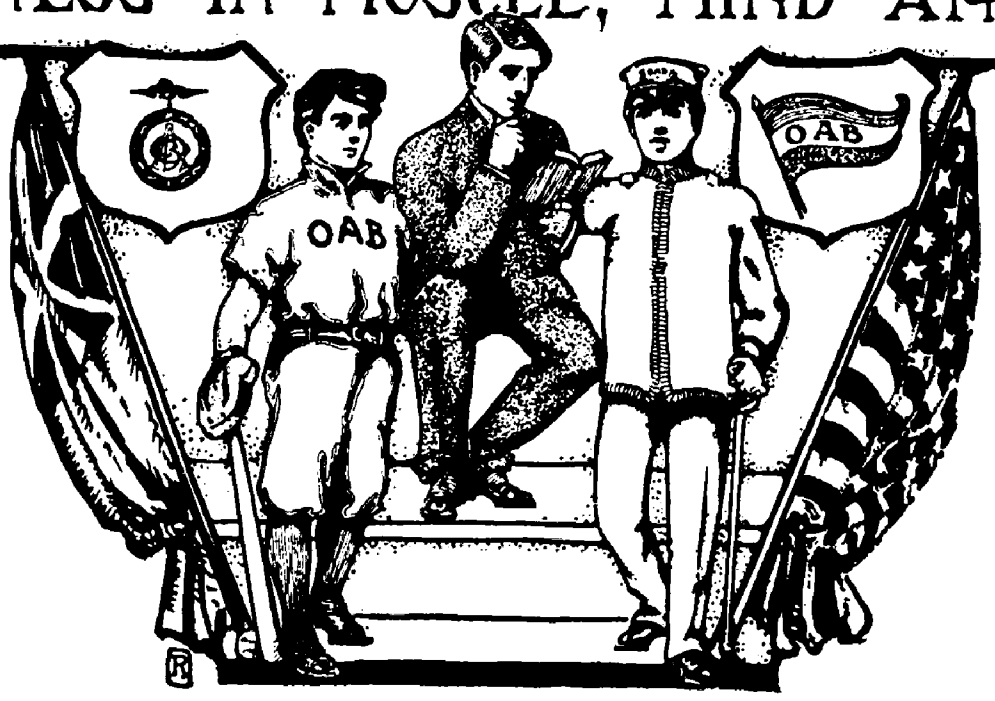

New Companies Organized

Capa del Ora Co. No. 35, Division of California, Fowler, Calif. The Oklahoma Boomers Co. No. 9, Division of Oklahoma, Carney, Okla. Lake Side Co. No. 90, Division of Ohio, Conneaut, Ohio. The Sam Houston Co. No. 38, Division of Texas, Oakdale, Texas. Association House Co. No. 61, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill. George Washington Co. No. 12, Division of Maine, Foxcroft, Me. The Pikers Co. No. 24, Division of Missouri, Bowling Green, Mo. Seymour Co. No. 35, Division of Missouri, Seymour, Mo. Ebenezer Co. No. 89, Division of Ohio, Springfield, Ohio. Mt. McKinley Co. No. 36, Division of California, Fowler, Calif. The American Boy Chemical Co. No. 24, Division of Nebraska, Fairbury, Nebr. Deerfoot Co. No. 26, Division of Missouri, Kirkwood, Mo. Old Hickory Co. No. 5, Division of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn. American Boy Co. No. 24, Division of Oregon, Myrtle Creek, Oreg. Essex Co. No. 14, Division of New Jersey, Newark, N. J. Cornhuskers Co. No. 23, Division of Nebraska, Ulysses, Nebr. Marcus Whitman Co. No. 18, Division of Washington, North Yakima, Wash. Old Hickory Co. No. 39, Division of Kansas, Sterling, Kans. The Potomac Co. No. 6, Division of Maryland, Hagerstown, Md. The Arkansas Co. No. 9, Division of Arkansas, New Edinburg, Ark. Queen City Co. No. 79, Division of Michigan, Traverse City, Mich. The New State Co. No. 10, Division of Oklahoma, Enid, Okla. Tampa Co. No. 7, Division of Florida, Tampa, Florida. Willow Brook Co. No. 37, Division of California, Petaluma, Calif. The Sierra Madre Co. No. 38, Division of California, Los Angeles, Calif. Forest City Co. No. 13, Division of Maine, Portland, Me.

Company News

SALEM ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 30, Salem, Ind., has recently had some fine debates, which were greatly enjoyed. The baseball, basketball, football and track teams have been supplied with suits and other equipment, and there are $2.00 still in the treasury. This company intends, as soon as school closes, to enjoy a week's camping on White River. It has increased its membership from 5 to 11. HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Iowa, has recently taken in 7 new members, and has adopted a new constitution, and will settle all arguments by "Robert's Rules of Order." An athletic department has been organized, which, it is hoped, will give a good account of itself this season. JAMES LICK ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 30, Campbell, Calif., has recently obtained 5 new members, which makes 11 all told. It has a strong baseball team, and the members are going in strongly for athletics. Bats, balls, gloves and mitts have been purchased. The following officers have been elected: Herbert Scholz, Capt.; J. D. Lathim, Sec. and Treas.; Howard De Selle, A. M. TAR HEEL COMPANY, No. 4, Lexington, N. C., is in good condition, having 12 members, $5.70 in the treasury, and 17 books in its library. It recently held its election of officers, with the following result: Luther Propst, Capt.; Blair Hankins, V. C.; Clarence Ausband, Sec.; Ralph Moffitt, Treas.; Frank Hill, Libn.; Miss Camille Hunt, C. C. PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., has elected the following officers: Donald Spencer, Capt.; Fred Barneburg, V. C.; Guy Spencer, Sec.; John Trouton, Treas.; Lloyd Stratton, Libn. and S. A. The company has rented a three-room house with a half-acre of ground, for use as a club room and gym. It has also a library of 60 volumes with many magazines. It has placed $15.00 to its credit in the bank, and is, in every way, in a prosperous condition. It celebrated its 3d anniversary April 5. We are promised a picture soon. E. A. MEXIA COMPANY, No. 34, Mexia, Texas, recently elected the following officers: Leslie Sinclair, Capt.; Alf Harper, V. C.; Blake Hancock, Sec.; Paul Lacey, Treas.; John Parker, Libn. It has a nice club-room with gym apparatus, a set of 50 books, and $2.50 in the treasury. EAST END WASHINGTON COMPANY, No. 61, Washington, Iowa, intends to secure grounds in which to play baseball and other games, and to have military drills. The members also expect to take physical culture. The company refuses to admit to membership any boy who uses tobacco or intoxicating liquors, or who indulges in profane language. The members intend to make money for the use of the company by conducting stands at the show grounds, and also at the Chatauqua grounds. It has its charter framed, and also has 75 cents in the treasury. TEXAS LONE STAR COMPANY, No. 37, Goldthwaite, Texas, has the following officers: Loule Miller, Capt.; Dow Hudson, Sec.; Alvin Street, Treas. The prospects for a strong company look excellent. IOWA ROUGH RIDERS COMPANY, No. 62, Sheldon, Iowa, has the following officers: Verne Valentine, Capt.; Chas. Stoker, Lieut.; Clifford Jory, Sec.; Herbert Demming, Treas. It recently obtained 3 new members. CUYAHOGA AGASSIZ COMPANY, No. 88, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, is a new company, and very enthusiastic. It has the following officers: Clayton Schnabel, Capt.; Harland Willeston, Sec. and Treas. Meetings are held each week, and we are promised a picture of the members at an early date. LORD BALTIMORE COMPANY, No. 4, Baltimore, Md., celebrated its first anniversary March 29, to which it invited its friends, and all had a most enjoyable time. It now has officers as follows: P. H. Schell, Capt.; H. F. Magnum, V. C.; H. A. Feick, Sec. and Treas. It intends to have a permanent club room and gym in the near future. CLAN ALPINE COMPANY, No. 19, Boulder, Colo., has now 11 members, and expects more to come in. In February, it celebrated Washington's and Lincoln's Birthday, using the suggested program given in the Company Letter. Dues are 15 cents a month, and it has $2.00 in the treasury. It has a debating team, and a baseball team, and holds its meetings once a week. The members are trying to find a permanent club room. PRESIDENT LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 58, Bradford, Ill., has the following officers: Eddie Scholes, Capt.; Cliff Mokler, V. C.; Ray Blaisdell, Sec.; Ralph Black, Treas. This company is getting along nicely, having 11 members, with 2 more expected soon. It may be well to explain that we have discontinued sending out free circulating libraries, as we found the expense of expressage was too great for many of the companies. SEYMOUR COMPANY, No. 25, Seymour, Mo., has officers as follows: Judson Alderman, Capt.; Everett Cardwell, V. C.; Earl Hawthorne, Sec.; Jesse Beckner, Capt.; Ed. Goodwin, V. C.; Pett Goodwin, Sec and Treas.; Carl Goodwin, Libn. It has $2.40 in the treasury, and in every way is in a prosperous condition. It meets every Saturday evening in the public library. Its dues are 10 cents a month. THE OKLAHOMA BOOMER COMPANY, Carney, Okla., has the following officers: Guy Prendergraft, Capt.; H. Jolly, V. C.; S. Jolly, Sec.; C. Dean, Treas.; S. Hoefgen, Libn. It is preparing to give a public entertainment for the benefit of the company at an early date. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., has the following officers: Leonard Sweitzer, Capt.; Albert Cook, V. C.; Leslie Brewer, Sec.; Morgan Sweitzer, Treas.; Floyd Schmid, Libn. Four new members have been received during the last six months, making a membership up to date of 11. It has appointed a committee to make arrangements for celebrating American Boy Day. The captain suggests that we should use two pages for company news, but, we are unfortunately unable to carry out such a suggestion. THE PIKER'S COMPANY, No. 24, Bowling Green, Mo., has officers as follows: E. Peck, Capt.; W. T. Grey, Sec.; J. R. Hucksley, V. C.; Berry Davis, Libn.; Arguile Pollard, Treas.; Clarence James, S. A.; Burkett McPike, P. D. It has 9 members and 2 more will be received at its next meeting. It has also 50 books in its library, and its dues are 10 cents a month. The members intend to celebrate American Boy Day. They would also like to correspond with companies which use an initiation ceremony when receiving new members. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 42d monthly report, from which we notice that it held 5 fine meetings during the past month. It will issue in the near future its monthly paper called "The Universal Gazette." We hope to receive a copy. The members are arranging to have a camping expedition on Long Island, one of the members agreeing to purchase an acre of ground for the accommodation of the company. During the summer months outings to places of interest will be a feature. THE STARRUM COMPANY, No. 59, De Land, Ill., recently held its election of officers as follows: Cecil Bowsher, Capt.; Ross Rinehart, V. C.; Loren Kesler, Sec.; Frank Goodman, Treas.; Don Carter, Libn. The American Boy Field Days begin in May. GLENWOOD COMPANY, No. 51, Medina, N. Y., has the following officers: Percy H. Krompart, Capt.; Fred Ryan, V. C.; Merritt Clark, Sec.; Arthur Drake, Treas.; William Seefelt, Libn.; Arthur J. Howard, C. C. It has now 14 members, and dues are 20 cents a month. They have a nice club room fitted up with chairs, tables, a stove, pictures, a desk, etc. Fines are imposed for violation of the rules, and the club rooms are always open to visitors. SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., held its semi-annual election of officers recently with the following result: Roscoe S. Porter, Capt.; Daniel Devine, Lieut.; Rich. F. Barthelmess, Adjt. The Company has purchased a club house, and is going to enlarge it to accommodate its members, and in which to hold entertainments. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening. The members subscribed $5.00 towards the Bennington Memorial Fund in memory of the officers and seamen who were killed on that ship. ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 41, Peru, Ill., sends us a clipping from a local paper, which mentions that the company has an organization of 10 members, and has given various entertainments, the proceeds of which went for charitable purposes. They recently purchased and sent to a local hospital an invalid's wheeling chair, which is greatly appreciated. This is the kind of work that we commend to our companies. AMERICAN BOY COMPANY, No. 24, Myrtle Creek, Ore., has the following officers: Will Humphreys, Capt.; Dean Piper, V. C.; Chas. Lyon, Treas.; Ervin Sherman, Sec.; Clifford Boyless, Libn. QUEEN CITY COMPANY, No. 79, Traverse City, Mich., has the following officers: Albert G. Davidson, Capt.; Earl Doyle, V. C.; Arthur Bachant, Sec.; Robert Loudon, Treas. This company expects to have a number of new members enrolled very soon. CHAIRTOWN COMPANY, No. 23, Gardner, Mass. The officers of this company are as follows: James Hoskins, Capt.; M. Alan Moore, Libn. Albert Lovejoy, V. C.; Edgar Godfrey, Sec.; Roger Woodbury, Treas. THE GENESEE VALLEY COMPANY, No. 53, Wellsville, N. Y., is in a very prosperous condition. It has a fine library, $6.75 in the treasury and is adding new members to the company. It gave a Washington and Lincoln banquet February 22d, which was much enjoyed by everyone present. Its officers are: Donald Wilson, Capt.; Raymond Ball, V. C.; Jay Fuller, Sec. and Treas.; Wm. McEwan, S A. TIGER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 17, Rochester, Wash., has officers as follows: Clyde Paton, Capt.; Guy Neely, V. C. and Treas.; Clarence Ludden, Sec.; Alvin Huston, Libn. Meetings are held each Friday at the members' homes, and the dues are 10c a month. CLINTON VALLEY COMPANY, No. 37, Frankfort, Ind., has recently taken in three new members, and sends us a nicely gotten up card of invitation to a party to be held at the home of Private Richard Kramer on March 30. Sorry we could not attend. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., is doing nicely and it recently added two new members, its full membership now being eight. It has arranged for a debate, the subject being "Resolved, that card playing is less harmful than dancing," which promises to be lively. The members are also preparing to celebrate American Boy Day July 4, when they hope to have a splendid time. Our May company letter will contain the first of our field day programs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH COMPANY, No. 6, St. Petersburg, Fla., has elected the following officers: Charles S. Tibbetts, Capt.; Chester McCardell, V. C.; Orville Miller, Sec.; Robert Whitney, Treas.; Philip Graham, Libn.; Jack Riddle, S. A. It is also having its charter framed. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 51, Nashville, Ill., recently took in two new members and is doing nicely. RAINBOW FALLS COMPANY, No. 3, Great Falls, Mont., has officers as follows: Guy Millegan, Capt.; Donald Hoffman, V. C.; Homer Millegan, Sec. and Treas. YELLOW BREECHES COMPANY, No. 60, Mechanicsburg, Pa., recently enrolled four new members, and has the following officers: Wm. Fink, Capt.; S. Brittinger, Sec.; H. W. Mumper, V. C.; R. Mounts, Treas.; Wm. Mumper, Libn. We are promised a picture of the members soon. THE SPRAGUE COMPANY, No. 71, Alliance, O., has recently adopted a new constitution for the guidance of the company. It holds monthly meetings, and the members have formed both a basket-ball and baseball team.

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Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

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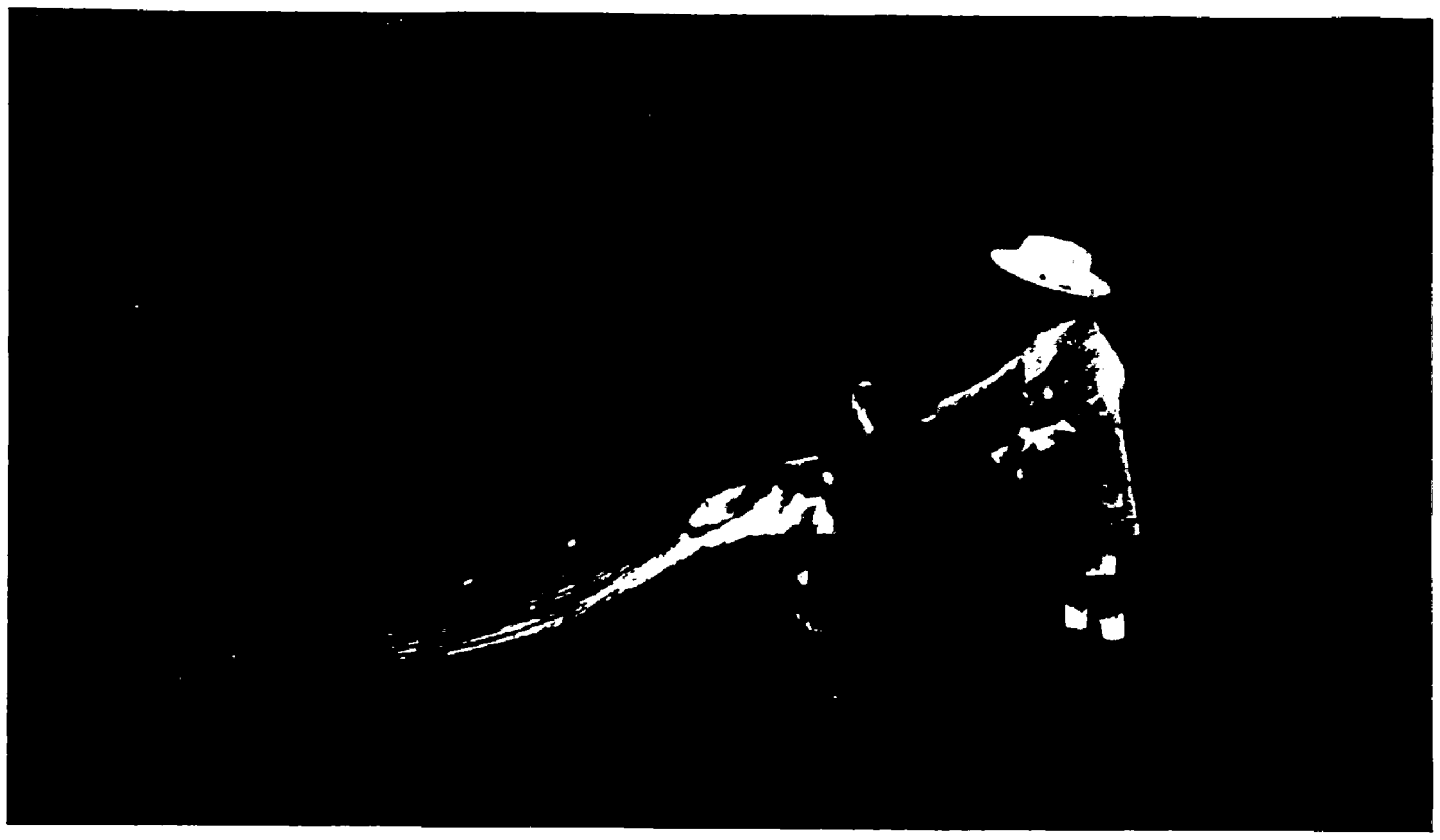


COMRADES

A WILD ELK ROUND-UP

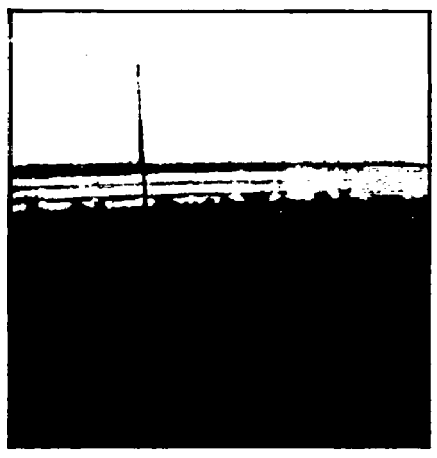
By ABRAHAM SIMON

AS A RESULT of the recent thrilling wild elk round-up on the great mesa along the Coast Range, where were the only surviving elk outside of United States parks, the remnant of the great bands of the antlered beasts that once roamed the western plains in large numbers, thirty-two beautiful large specimens, were captured and successfully transferred to the Sequoia National Park near the Yosemite Valley.

Stirring scenes were those connected with the capture of these elk. Men whose life training has been among the cattle herds of the West, each of whom is a part of the animal he rides, whose eye is clear and whose wrist and hand possess the cunning that comes only from a life practice—fifty of these picturesque vaqueros—the pick of the men who attend the countless herds on the great cattle ranches in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California, led in the work of rounding up the elk.

A year ago an effort was made to take these California elk into captivity and transfer them to the government reserve, but the attempt was an utter failure, inasmuch as the plan adopted was to drive the elk. On that occasion two bands of elk were headed northward by the vaqueros, but when they found that they were being driven they stampeded, attacked the horsemen, and scattered out over the vast territory, which is practically desert, adjacent to the Coast Range mountains; efforts to stop their flight resulted in the death from exhaustion of some thirty elk.

The method so successfully operated in the last chase was to lasso and tie the animals individually. Two days' work of this kind resulted in the capture of thirty-two. These were placed in temporary captivity in a strong stock corral; after that a transfer to the Sequoia Park, one hundred and fifty miles distant, was easy.



A BAND OF WILD ELK HERDED INTO AN ENCLOSURE

The history of this band of elk is unique. When the last of their kind had disappeared from mountain, plains and valleys throughout the West, and when it was presumed that so far as California was concerned there were no elk in existence it was discovered that there were a few survivors running loose on the vast ranges of the cattle kings, Miller and Lux, in the neighborhood of Button Willow, thirty-eight miles southwest of Bakersfield, Cal.

Occasionally the vaqueros spied an antlered head amongst the long horns in some lonely canyon, and at times an elk would be driven in with a band of cattle into one of the great enclosed fields. Here on the cattle ranches the remnant of all that was left of the elk kind in California had increased from year to year until over two hundred and fifty full-grown elk roamed over the cattle farms, across the mesa lands, and into the foothills.

The lone survivors have lost most of their fear of man, and it is not uncommon for them to break into enclosed fields and play havoc with the wheat, Egyptian corn, and other crops.

For some years past the management of the Miller & Lux ranch has been anxious to have the government move the elk to one of the United States reserves, so a plan was adopted by the Interior Department at Washington and within the next few months the last wild elk will be safely enclosed and become in fact the ward of Uncle Sam.

The thrilling scenes enacted while the chase was in progress may perhaps never be again witnessed in the western hemisphere. The first reconnoisance was made by the vaqueros in the neighborhood of Button Willow. A small body of elk had moved away from its usual feeding grounds and five big-horned bucks only were discovered in the tules near a slough. Without much



A KERN COUNTY ELK

difficulty these were surrounded. The bucks made strenuous breaks for liberty, but fleet of limb as they were, they found themselves unable to escape the trained cattlemen who pursued. Manuel Roderidguez, chief vaquero in the employ of the Kern County Land Company, was first to effect a capture. Urging his horse in fast pursuit after a flying buck and with riata in hand, at a distance of fifty feet the coil shot unerringly from the trained hand and the noose settled over the animal's head, then other riatas were thrown until his elkship was safely held, just as the wild steer becomes helpless under the skilled manipulation of the vaquero. Antone Felis, a young Mexican cowboy, accomplished the preliminary work on the next three, and La Salle Quinn put his rope over a fifth. The captured beasts fought savagely while being tied. Roderidguez was bucked seriously on the shoulder and had to be sent to Bakersfield for medical treatment. The subdued elks were taken to the corrals at Lo Kern and there they were placed in crates.

The vaqueros secured a good rest and broke camp at daybreak next morning for the second day's chase. Each rider was on his favorite cow-pony, and each was prepared to do his hardest riding. Jests were bandied back and forth in English and Spanish as the vaqueros dashed off. With gaudy bandanas flapping from bronzed necks, with wide sombreros bobbing up and down and spurs glinting, the band made a splendid picture when the sun appeared from behind the hills.

Out from the tall grasses along the canal bank there first came four immense bucks and, within a few minutes afterwards, an antlered band of a hundred was led over the divide and made for the low hills at the west and south. The sight was an inspiring one. The herd took quick note that its liberty was at stake and each individual elk was soon racing for safety toward the higher land.

The fifty vaqueros were given an order by Superintendent James Ogden to form two divergent lines, and in this manner they quickly took up the chase. When the riders closed in the infuriated bulls charged the desperate horsemen. After Leo Castro had lasooed two, a powerful animal with the coil over his horns, caught the husky Mexican off his guard and dashed at his pony. Castro was unseated and his pony dropped dead. Castro secured a fresh mount, pursued the elk with the coil dangling from its horns and re-captured him after a hot run. Great skill was generally displayed by the cowmen. Jim Wagy lassooed four, Antone Felis scored again with three, Harry Gifford, Will Stubblefield, and Ed. Turner were successful twice. Warren McDonald displayed remarkable nerve by chasing after the band, and snapping a kodak with some success from his pony's back.



BIG-HORNED ANIMAL CAUGHT IN ROPES

A feature of the round-up was the graceful manner in which Ed. Blanco, a left-handed cowboy, threw a riata sixty feet over the horns of a fighting bull. A number of excited elks were thrown and roped and it was necessary to saw the horns from others. Three elks and three ponies died from exhaustion.

The captured elk were shipped in cars from Lo Kern to Exeter, over the Southern Pacific Railroad, and from that point were hauled overland to the Sequoia National Park. In the consignment that arrived safely were ten large bucks, twelve cow elk and ten calves.

Organized round-ups will take place from time to time and when the entire herd has been transferred Kern county will lose a rare sport.



ANTONE FELIS, WHO CAPTURED SIX ELK

Freddy's Kind Ideas

When I grow up into a man
I hope that I will be
Much nicer to all little boys
Than big folks are to me.

I will not rumple up their hair
And try to make them fret,
By asking things in jography
That most small boys forget.

No. I'll just say to little boys:
"How would you like a dime?"
I bet that they will be real glad
To see me every time.

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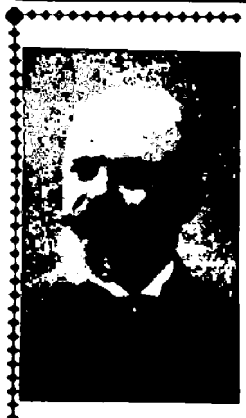

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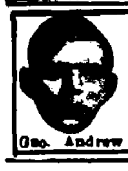

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A NICE QUESTION

Written for The American Boy by Tudor Jenks, formerly of the Staff of St. Nicholas, Author of the Boys' Book of Explorations, etc. Illustrated by Uncle Charley.



"UNCLE CHARLEY, please tell us a story!" cried the children.

"With pleasure," said Uncle Charley.

When order was established he began:

An American Aborigine, who had ceased to take an interest in hunting Tapirs, borrowed two dollars and thirty-six cents from the President of the United States, and carefully secreted the same in the top of a Cocoanut Palm, little dreaming that his favorite Kangaroo watched his every movement with jealous eyes.

A year elapsed while the Kangaroo fruitlessly endeavored to swarm up the trunk. Then, despairing of success, the Kangaroo besought a Telegraphic Lineman to lend him the iron things he climbed with. And he said he wouldn't. But he did, for the sight of a crying Kangaroo moved him sorely.

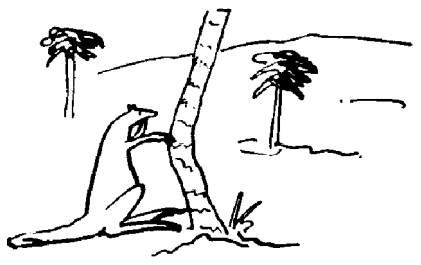
Adjusting the climbers, the overjoyed Kangaroo sought the tree, feeling that the two dollars and thirty-six cents was within his grasp. Just then the policeman upon that beat lounged up and inquired what was the matter. The Kangaroo informed him that he had in view the climbing of the graceful Cocoanut tree.

"No one can climb these trees without a permit!" said the policeman in a tone well calculated to impress one with the rigor of the law.

"And where," inquired the Kangaroo, with difficulty repressing a sob, "where can a permit be obtained?"

"At the Railroad Crossing. Look out for the whistle when the engine rings," replied the stern minion of the law, as he indifferently pursued his rounds.

So the persevering Kangaroo, too preoccupied to remove the climbing irons from his legs, sought the Railroad Crossing. There he found a Flagman sewing brass buttons on a blue coat.



THE KANGAROO ENDEAVORED TO SWARM UP THE TRUNK

"Flagman," said the Kangaroo, "I eagerly desire a permit which will enable me to climb a tree in yonder forest."

"Very well," replied the Flagman, in an official tone, as he drew a book of permits from his hat. "The price of the permits for Kangaroos is two dollars and thirty-six cents."

"But," objected the Kangaroo, after a moment's hesitation, "I am penniless!"

"Then I cannot issue a permit," replied the heartless Flagman, as he threaded a needle.

"Can you advise me," timidly inquired the Kangaroo, "in what manner the fee can be procured?"

The Flagman mused a moment. "Why," he asked, a sudden glance at the Kangaroo's hind legs having suggested the question, "why do you not enter the Jumping Match?"

"I will!" replied the overjoyed Kangaroo. "What is the prize?"

After a moment spent in examining the "Jumping Record," the Flagman answered:

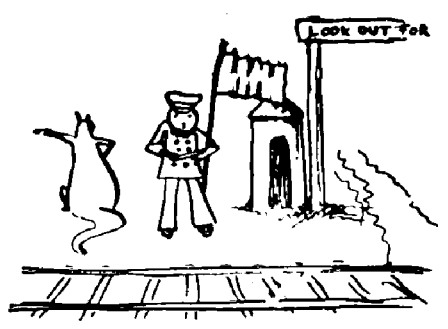
"Two dollars and thirty-six cents."

"And where is it held?"

"In the northwestern part of Nova Zembla."

"And where, may I ask, is Nova Zembla?"

"I cannot tell," he said frankly, "for I do not know. You will, however, find a Distinguished Member of the Royal Geographical Society at the Museum."



THE KANGAROO SOUGHT THE RAILROAD CROSSING

With hopeful leaps the Kangaroo soon reached the Museum.

The girl who answered the bell said that the Geographer was discussing a light lunch. This was not good English, but that does not matter. She then politely invited the Kangaroo to sit down, saying the Geographer would not be more than a week or two, she thought. The Kangaroo, with dignified hauteur, explained that he was sitting down; that Kangaroos always sat down in just that way. So the girl left the Kangaroo patiently waiting near an Egyptian Sarcophagus. A few brief moments ebbed away. A mummy raised the lid of the Sarcophagus and inquired with polite interest: "Kangaroo, what are you seeking?"

"Nova Zembla," replied the Kangaroo, "with the intention of entering the Jumping Match."

"I will accompany you," said the Mummy.

"Agreed, agreed!" cried the Kangaroo. So the Mummy climbed from the Sarcophagus and promised that if the Kangaroo would follow him they would soon reach the northwestern part of Nova Zembla.

So they started.

Reaching Nova Zembla, they found a vast crowd assembled and all agog for the match.

Picture for yourselves the dismay of the Kangaroo when the American Aborigine arose in the midst of the vast gathering and announced, in the flowery oratory of his forefathers, that he offered as a prize to the best jumper, two dollars and thirty-six cents—and that the money was doubly valuable because it was a loan from the President of the United States!—or, as he expressed it, had come from his "Great Father at Washington."

The Kangaroo remarked to the Mummy, in a subdued tone:

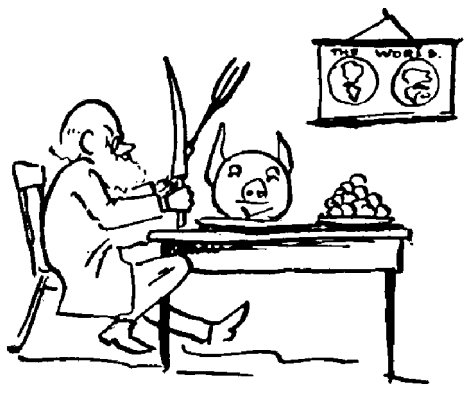
"It is certainly true that a rolling stone gathers little or no moss!"

The Kangaroo then forsook that busy scene and returned to the Museum.

"Servant girl," inquired the Kangaroo as the door was opened, "has the Geographer concluded his lunch?"

"Not yet!"

"Tell him it is of no importance, then," replied the Kangaroo, vaguely.



THE GEOGRAPHER WAS DISCUSSING A LIGHT LUNCH

Then he sought the Flagman.

"I do not want your permit," remarked the Kangaroo.

The Flagman silently replaced the book of permits.

Next he met the Telegraphic Lineman.

"Can you," he asked of the Lineman, "climb yonder Cocoanut Palm?"

"I can," replied the Lineman.

"And will you?"

"I will," again replied the Lineman.

"Ascertain," said the Kangaroo, with the caution of a lawyer, "whether there is not some money secreted in its top."

The Lineman ascended the palm and found two dollars and thirty-six cents. This he secured and descended.

The Kangaroo then inquired the result of his researches.

"I found two dollars and thirty-six cents," replied the honest Lineman, with a broad smile of satisfaction, "and I'm obliged to you!"

"Suppose," suggested that disheartened Kangaroo, "suppose we go halves!"

"By all means," responded the new-made capitalist. "I will owe you one dollar and eighteen cents!" and thereupon he walked off gaily to a picnic.



THE AMERICAN ABORIGINE AROSE

"This is harrowing," said the Kangaroo, as he gazed ruefully upon the departing form. "Confession is good for the soul!"

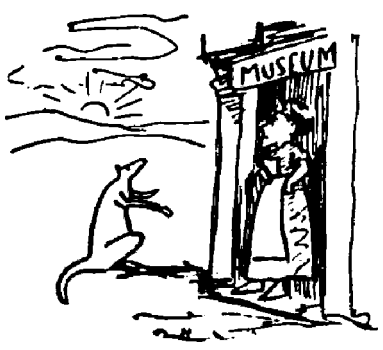
Hastening home, he made a clean breast of it to his master, the Aborigine, and told him Kangaroofully that he was prepared to face the music.

"There is no music," said the kind-hearted Son of the primeval forest. "The Jumping Match failed for lack of a hearty popular support, and I then resolved to devote the amount of the prize to the purchase of an elegant Christmas Gift for you!"

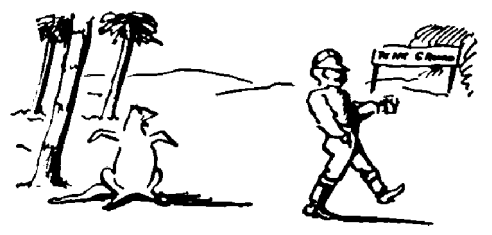
Hastily consulting a pocket Almanac, the Kangaroo ascertained that it was then the twenty-fourth day of December, and concluded that the next day would have brought the Gift, had it not been—and he burst into tears. When he had regained his composure, he said:

"Dear master, I am at last convinced that Honesty begins at home!"

"My noble Marsupial," cried his overjoyed master, "I would rather have you cut down another cherry-tree than to have this harrowing experience repeated often!"



"SERVANT GIRL" INQUIRED THE KANGAROO, "HAS THE GEOGRAPHER CONCLUDED HIS LUNCH?"



HE WALKED OFF GAILY

That very night they went arm-in-fore-leg to the village store and the Aborigine purchased for his faithful Kangaroo a second-hand pair of Roller Skates.

Then who was so happy as the Kangaroo?

No one—except the Geographer, who was still at lunch. The Mummy returned to his Sarcophagus.

As Uncle Charley finished, the children asked in chorus:

"Is that story true?"

"Parts of the original Arabic version are founded upon fact," said Uncle Charley, cautiously; "but those parts I omitted, in order that the tale might not be amusing."

Some of the children doubted some of the incidents, but all felt that the Lineman owed some reparation to somebody. But it is a nice question. You see, the money was originally borrowed. Then the Kangaroo had no right to it until the end. The Lineman confessed that he owed the Kangaroo a part of it—and claimed that the Kangaroo gave him the rest, and I think that he did. Perhaps the fairest way would be to give the President the Roller Skates. What do you think?

The Duty of the Boy of Today

The following quoted from The Ohio State Journal of January 4th, should be studied by every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY:

The fruits of the present awakening of conscience in politics, business and society will be gathered, if gathered at all, some years from now, when the boys, now entering manhood, are in charge of affairs. The great question, how they will acquit themselves, depends very much upon the character they are making and the ideas they are acquiring now.

It is going to take courage, clear thinking, moral purpose, and a serious view of duty, to turn this incipient revolt against the corruptions, depravities, oppressions, and vices of the day, into a realization of a pure and upright social and public life. That will be the duty of the boy of today. Is he getting ready for it? Are the home, the school, the social status, preparing him for the splendid task?

Better than any crisis of history, will it be ten years from now, for heroism to exert itself. The boys who are now equipping themselves for the splendid ordeal, will shine in the doing of such deeds and the making of great names. It will require nerve, and conscience, and clear-thinking. Now is the time for the boy to take his training in these things.

He need not abandon his boyhood instincts, or disappear from the red letter days of youth, but amid it all, he should cultivate a love of truth, of justice, of temperance, of unselfishness, of self-reliance. There is nothing so beautiful in this world as a boyhood of courage and principle. It is something to tie to and hope for. Let there be fun, and bright brows, and happy hearts, but deeper than them all, let there be cultivated an impulse toward righteousness and duty.

We speak for the future; for the good of humanity that is to be, and for the man upon whom that good will depend, which is the boy today. Sometimes there is cause to fear, that the trend is not the best—that society is so frivolous, homes so desolate, parents so foolish, and schools so insipid that the boy may not pass through it all safely and come out his very best. There is the risk, and it is greater than we are apt to concede. But it reveals a duty to go as far as possible, in home, society, school, and street to implant the heroic virtues in the hearts of the youth.

How Judge Lindsey Saves Boys

The old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is demonstrated by the juvenile court of Denver beyond the shadow of a doubt. Judge Lindsey's description of how he came to start the paroling system of delinquent juveniles is most interesting. His heart was moved by the wails and lamentations of the Italian mother of a sixteen-year-old boy sentenced some years ago to the reform school. He suspended the sentence, out of pity for this wildly weeping woman, who clung frantically to her boy and moaned in agony at the sentence. The suspended sentence—which was never pronounced, because there was no need of it—was never regretted. The boy simply appreciated the leniency of the court, and reformed. The judge kept track of him and the family, and never had cause to wish he had acted otherwise. If one boy would reform and cease to regard himself as an outcast, and an Ishmael against the world, why not others? This thought started the juvenile court, now spreading as did gentleness of treatment in the insane asylums, kindness in the penitentiaries, and humanity in war. The wonder is that the most essential of all, the saving of the tree by protecting the roots, should be the last of the much-needed reforms.—Sunset Magazine.



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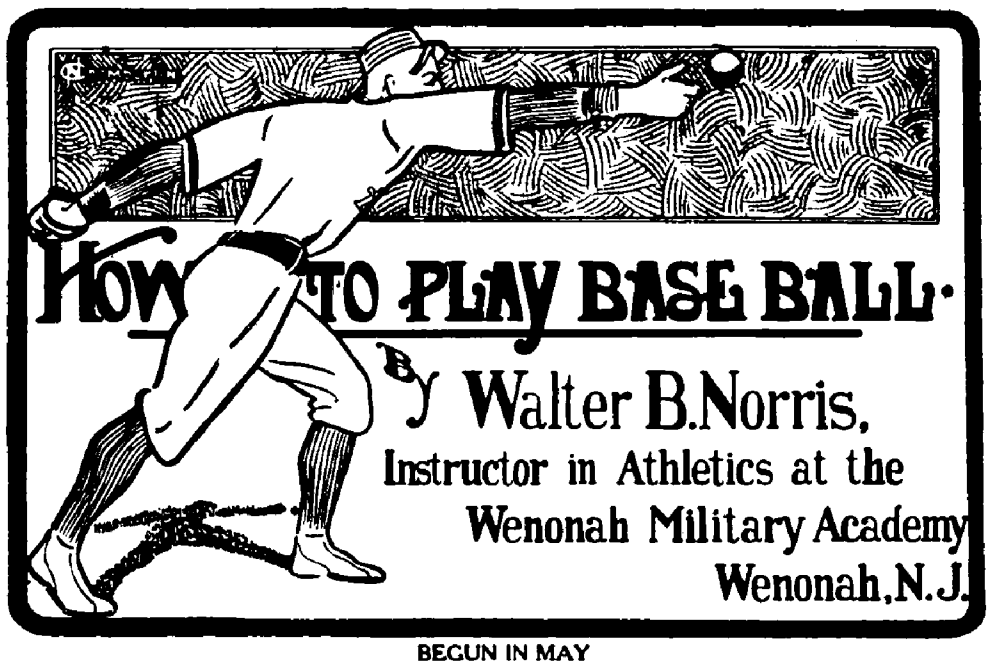

How TO PLAY BASE BALL

By Walter B. Norris,

Instructor in Athletics at the Wenonah Military Academy, Wenonah, N.J.

BEGUN IN MAY

PART II

HOW TO PLAY THE INFIELD

NOWHERE in baseball, perhaps, is ready and accurate knowledge so much needed as in playing within the diamond itself. Hits come quickly and must be handled instantly if runs are not to come in. One must first know just what to do and then practice it at once. It is always advisable to think out the problem before the hit is made. The infielder should know how many men are on bases, how many are out, and how many balls and strikes the batter has. He should also if possible understand the pitcher's signals and so know when to expect a hit.

The position of the fielder is important. The first baseman should stand some ten feet inside first base and somewhat back of the base line, between first and second. He should throw his weight on his toes that he may get a quick start.

The second baseman should be about ten feet from second in the direction of first base, and somewhat back from the base line according to the man at the bat.

Shortstop plays a similar distance on the other side of second, and the third baseman the same from third except that he stays on the base line to look out for bunts. A man, however, will not bunt when he has had two strikes called on him.

These are the positions at the beginning of the game and when none are on bases. When a man is on first, the first baseman stays at the bag till the pitcher throws back his arm, and then he runs out to fill the gap between him and second If, however, other men are on bases, he need not cover the base at all. When a base-runner is on second, the second baseman and the shortstop keep running to the base to hold the runner from getting too much of a start for third. They do not, however, stay on the base.

When a base-runner is on third, the third baseman covers the bag, running out as the pitcher draws back his arm. With a man on third, the other infielders, unless there are two men out, play in from their usual positions at least as far as the base line, and often seven or eight feet farther in, in order to make a quick return to the catcher, if a hit is made, thus preventing the man on third from scoring. If two men are out, the man on third cannot score unless the batter makes first base safely, and so the fielders play back and try to get the batter out at first.

Whenever the ball is hit, the infielders, except the man who receives the hit, run to their bases in order to receive a throw there. In fielding the ball the aim is to cut off the man nearest home and so prevent a run. When all the bases behind a man are occupied, he is said to be forced, that is, he must run for the next base when the batter makes any kind of a hit. To put out a man that is forced it is only necessary to touch the base he is bound for, before he reaches there. The only exceptions in the way of hits are when the batter strikes out, when the batter knocks a foul, or when less than two are out and the batter sends up a fly ball to an infielder. At other times he must run.

The best way to receive a hard ground ball is standing with heels together and bending over till the hands touch the ground. Be sure the glove is pushed against the ground, else the ball may wedge itself under it and escape. Kneeling down on one knee is effective in stopping the ball but prevents one from changing his position in case the ball swerves to the right or left. In throwing to first base, throw carefully, taking time to aim. The first baseman should hold out his hands as a target to hit. He should keep one foot on the base unless the ball goes wide, when his first business is to stop it anyhow, as a passed ball will mean several bases.

Let us suppose now that we have our men in position and that no men are on the bases. If a ground ball is hit to any part of the infield, the one receiving it should, of course, throw to first base. The same would be done even if two men were out. If, however, less than two men are out and a base-runner is on first, whoever receives the hit throws to second base to cut off the man coming from first. Then the ball is thrown to first base to catch the batter who will arrive last, as he has not the start of the base-runner. This will complete the double play.

If, however, the fielder fumbles the ball, he should throw straight to first, as he cannot hope to catch the man coming to second. At second we have two men who may receive the throw, the second baseman and the shortstop. If the ball is hit on the shortstop's side of the diamond, the second baseman covers second and makes the out, otherwise the shortstop. Even if the ball was hit to the first baseman the same thing is done, except that the pitcher covers first base in case he sees that the first baseman cannot get there at once. One thing to remember in such plays is that the second baseman and the shortstop should throw very easily to their base, as the distance is short. A quick toss without drawing back the arm is the best. Always throw, never carry the ball to second, as that prevents time for a double play. When the ball is hit to third, the play must be very fast to catch a man at second. Of course, if two are out we take the easiest play and throw the ball to first.

Suppose now that we have a man on second, with the other bases empty, and less than two men out. Theoretically, we should try to catch the man going to third, and we may do it if the hit is to shortstop or third baseman and the runner has not a good start. On a hit made to the third baseman the shortstop covers third, if necessary. Practically, however, it is safer to send the ball to first base and make sure of that man being put out.

With a man on third and less than two out, the infielders play in, and on a hit being made, send the ball home if they see the man on third starting. If he makes no start, of course, the ball goes to first and the first baseman watches to see him start home. If the man on third does start, the first baseman throws to the catcher. In case two are out, the infielders keep their usual positions and play for first base only.

When both first and second are occupied, and less than two men are out, all play for third base. If, however, the first or second baseman receives the hit, he should let the man running to third go and try for a double play at first and second. If the hit is to the men on the other side of second, they may be able to touch the man as he passes and then throw wherever there is a good chance. Never, however, throw where you feel you cannot catch a man; instead, throw to first or else hold the ball.

When second and third are occupied and less than two are out, the infielders play in and throw to the catcher. He, after tagging the man from third, throws to first base. The first baseman should watch out that the man on second does not steal third.

When men are on first and third, or all the bases are occupied, the play is the same as just given, and the infielders play in unless two men are out.

When two men are out, the play is generally for the batter, but if a baseman receives the ball near his base he can touch that if a man is coming toward it and thus save risking a throw across the diamond. On such occasions play for the easiest man to get. When one man is out and men are on first and second, any double play will retire the side, and it is best to take the safest place. If the hit is to the third baseman, he can touch third and then throw to first. Others would naturally throw to second, then to first. If all the bases are full and less than two are out, the fielder throws to the catcher, who needs merely to touch the home plate to put out the man coming from third, and can then throw wherever he has a good chance to catch a man, probably to first, but perhaps to third.

These are about all the plays an infielder will need to handle on hits. Men steal bases, however, and such cases must now be provided for.

In case a man on first attempts to steal second, how must we plan to catch him? The man on first can run safely as soon as the pitcher draws back his arm to throw, as to throw to first after that is a balk and entitles a runner to a base. The pitcher must now throw the ball without much preliminary swing, as that takes time and gives the runner a chance to reach second. The pitcher should also throw the ball to first base at times just to keep the runner from taking too great a lead away. In case he does try to steal, the catcher should throw quickly to second base. He himself should snap the ball down without using much of a swing and must throw straight for the base, sending the ball too short rather than too high. With a left-handed man at the bat, the shortstop covers second on a steal, as a hit is less likely to come to him than to the second baseman. Of course, he does not leave his fielding position and start for the base until he sees the man begin to steal. He must tag the man, as the latter is not forced. With a right-handed batter the second baseman covers the base and makes the out. The center fielder should run up for an overthrow and the second baseman and shortstop should co-operate in backing each other up.

If a man on second tries to steal third, the catcher throws to third base, and the left fielder looks out for on overthrow. In all cases the ball is sent to the base and the baseman must be there to receive it.

Again, if a man is on third and another on first, with less than two out, it is a problem how to keep the man on first from stealing second without letting in the man on third. Many teams simply let the man steal second, but such a gift is unnecessary. When the pitcher throws the ball if the batter bats right-handed, the shortstop should run in from his position till he is about twelve feet ahead of second base and behind the pitcher. On the man's trying to steal, the catcher throws the ball toward second. The second baseman runs to his base, notices whether the man on third is starting for home or not, and if so, yells to the shortstop to take the ball. The shortstop intercepts the catcher's throw and returns the ball to home for the catcher to tag the man coming from third base. If the second baseman sees the man on third is not to steal home, he yells "Let me have it," and puts out the man coming from first. With a left-handed batter the shortstop and second baseman exchange places.

When a man is caught between the bases, he should be driven back toward his base until about ten feet from it. Then the ball should be thrown. The aim should be to get the runner going so fast that he can not stop when the ball is thrown.

In conclusion, perhaps a few remarks about the qualifications of infielders should be given. The first baseman needs to be a sure catch of thrown balls, bounces, and pick-ups, and should have a long reach in order to get balls thrown wide and high. He need not have such a good throwing arm as the other basemen, as he throws less often, though it is never a disadvantage. As his fielding can be taught him, he is generally required to be a good batter. Some short men have succeeded in the position, but most are tall and with long arms.

The second baseman needs no special physical qualifications, although a long reach helps. As his throws are short, he need not have as good a throwing arm as the shortstop, but must be able to work fast and throw well underhanded to first. He must also be able to receive a hard thrown ball from the catcher and put it on a man as he comes charging into him.

The shortstop should have perhaps the best throwing arm of the infielders, as his is called into use most. With that he must be quick and a sure fielder, covering much distance. His specialty should be fielding, and he should master the underhand throw and the throw without taking time to get set.

The third baseman needs another strong arm and, on account of his being nearest to the batter, he must be especially quick to get started for bunts toward third base.

(*To be continued.*)



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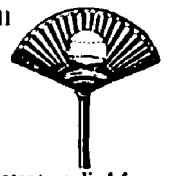

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The IRON HOLE.



WHEN the St. Croix tunnel was merely newspaper talk, Jimmy Stuart regarded it as an extremely important matter. Jimmy was a high school student, seventeen years of age, very strong in arms, legs, lungs and mathematics. But while figures were as natural as exercises to the boy, Latin and Greek came hard.

The papers announced that work was to begin at once upon the tunnel. A giant tube was to extend, almost seven thousand feet over-all, from Mount Huron, where Jimmy and his mother lived, under the St. Croix river to Sanria. Both towns were tremendously excited, but it is hardly probable that Jimmy's fervor was anywhere equalled. From a baby he had been deeply interested in anything like a machine. He knew all about locomotives, steamboats and sewing machines.

His father, a conductor on the Great Shore Line, had been killed in a wreck, three years before, and Jimmy had to share in the rigid economy of his mother, because his education and many of his future hopes hinged upon it.

Everybody was looking for Hilton to come, for upon Hilton's young shoulders rested the responsibility of the great undertaking. Hilton defied the doubting heads of the whole country in declaring that he would make the American and Canadian shields of the tunnel come together within an inch of each other beneath the center of the broad river bed. Moreover Hilton said that he would perform this miraculous feat of engineering (given men and material) within a certain length of time and within a certain amount of money.

Jimmy's imagination did not extend so far as to form an exact picture of the master engineer in advance, but in his mind, thoughts of Hilton were inseparably associated with huge physical proportions, a thundering voice, and—power.

Upon a train bearing a gang of mechanics and laborers, Hilton came—a quick-moving little man of thirty-five, whose dark hair was tinged with gray about the temples, and whose black eyes, when they looked into yours, seemed to pierce to the centre. One Saturday morning, several weeks after Hilton came, Jimmy was out looking on at the work. The half-mile down-grade was



INSTEAD, THE LATTER GRASPED THE THROTTLE

assuming a business-like look. Hundreds of laborers and horses were in the huge ditch, and the air was filled with men's voices and straining harness. Jimmy was looking at a big pile of castings for the tunnel proper, when the master engineer stepped up behind him and asked him good-naturedly:

"Do you want to earn a quarter, young man? * * * All right. Run up to my hotel in town, give the clerk this card and bring me my mail."

Never in the history of tunnel construction was an errand done more quickly, for Jimmy's mind, busy with a peculiar idea, flew like his legs. The fact that the great Hilton, the hero of his worship, had spoken to him, appealed to the boy as the biggest thing of his life; and while the money was desirable in a thousand ways, the act of accepting it from such a personage was revolting to him.

The master engineer accepted a package of letters from the panting, red-faced boy and in return held out the quarter, but the boy drew back.

"Come, come," the engineer said hastily. "You've earned the money honestly."

"I'd rather not take it from you, sir," Jimmy said. He was very embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Hilton for a moment carefully studied the boy's face and knew that neither false modesty nor absurd pride had caused the refusal, and he turned away feeling an unusual interest in the lad.

The tunnel became an object of intense interest to Jimmy, and this interest was not unnoticed by the master engineer. Strangely enough, in time a good understanding grew up between the two.

Half of June was gone. The tremendous shields were straining toward each other under the river bed, for trains were scheduled to pass through the iron hole in September.

For over a year the man who achieved and the boy who admired had watched each other. One morning, Jimmy said to Hilton:

"It's vacation now in High School, sir, and I've got ten weeks. I want to ask you if there isn't something I can do on the job—carrying water to the men or something like that. You see, Mr. Hilton, I like awfully well to be around here——"

The chief smiled. "Jimmy," he said, "you've been one of the faithful since we began. I've seen you all anxious and excited when we came to some hard place. I believe you truly like this kind of work."

"I do, sir," said Jimmy, whose face was a study of color, "and I'm reading all kinds of books on tunnel work and bridge building."

"And have you managed to keep up your Latin?" Hilton asked laughingly.

"Fairly well, sir, but not so well as my mathematics."

"Same old breed," muttered the chief, remembering his own difficulties with the classics not so many years ago. A moment later, he added: "I'm sorry, but we've got plenty of water boys. However, I can use you. Keep within hailing distance. Guess you can earn as much as a water boy."

Hilton then entered the tunnel. Wet sand and mud which had borne the weight of the big river since the world began was being conveyed past him from below. Muffled shouts from a point far ahead warned the chief of another cave-in—one of the innumerable difficulties which his brain had to overcome. He hurried forward, and following after "within hailing distance, hastened Jimmy.

* * * * * * *

At last came the never-to-be-forgotten day when the Canadian shield from Sanria and the American shield from Mount Huron—great worms which had groped toward each other for over a year—met in the soggy clay and sand under the river. Almost seven thousand feet apart, each of these twin monsters had started to grow toward its mate, and in all that distance they had veered less than an inch from their aim. The "pickled" ties and steel rails were now laid; cement was hardening and every casting was in place; the great lights and wires were hung—all was in readiness for the official inspection, a formality that was passed without a single hitch, and ten days later the regular trains were passing through.

The departure of the master engineer was bitter indeed for Jimmy to contemplate. He sought the chief at the American entrance and reported for duty, as he supposed, for the last time. Hilton's hand trembled and his face told the story of overwork, yet as he looked kindly upon the boy in whom he had found honesty, modesty, a quick hand and a quicker mind, an idea slowly formed in his tired brain. He would watch this boy from a distance—watch him grow into a man, and perhaps he could shape his growth a little here and there. He would invent an excuse that would keep him in direct touch with the boy.

"Jimmy," he said, "though I leave here tomorrow, I'm hardly reconciled to giving this work up yet. I want you to write to me every day or so about it—not officially, but as you'd write about a good friend whom we both knew. Your pay will go on just the same. Then in a few months we'll cary out a little idea of mine about you——"

A shout arose at this moment from the crowd of workmen who were about the entrance, and hours passed before Jimmy heard the rest about that idea. Thompson's tunnel-engine had entered twelve minutes before and had not reported at Sanria. Had all been well, the O. K. wire would have been sent back within five minutes. There must be a congestion in the big tube. Hilton was vitally concerned in an instant. A smoking engine was lying sidetracked at the top of the grade. Jimmy was dispatched toward it at full speed. The fireman was alone in the cab, waiting for Mackey, his engineer.

"Something's wrong in the tunnel," Jimmy shouted breathlessly. "Mr. Hilton wants this engine quick."

"He'll have to wait for Mackey," the fireman answered, "I've no license to pull out."

"But there's a crew — Thompson and his fireman—dying, maybe, in the hole!" Jimmy yelled.

The fireman stared at him sullenly. The boy was thinking fast. He knew that the fireman was right from his standpoint, that even Mr. Hilton was not empowered to command in this case, yet many firemen had been promoted to engineers in crucial instances like this, because of their presence of mind. Jimmy climbed into the cab. There was only one thing to do. Somewhere in the tunnel, derailed possibly, Thompson's engine was lying, creating deadly gases and choking the air-currents with its bulk. The engineer and fireman would be struck down by the fumes, and each second's delay removed farther the hope of restoring them to life.

"Get out of the cab," shouted the fireman to Jimmy.

Instead, the latter grasped the throttle, and, while the engine started slowly down grade and bumped off the siding into the main track, Jimmy and the fireman fought desperately for possession of the engine. The head of the fireman struck the boiler head and Jimmy had won. At the tunnel entrance, Hilton helped lift out the unconscious man, and a moment later sprang to the levers, with Jimmy attending the fires, and sealing the cab which was constructed for tunnel use and practically air-tight.

The headlight of the engine shot a white bar ahead. The air was stifling in the sealed cab by the time the engine reached the center of the tunnel, where the American down-grade gives way to the Canadian rise. A blotch appeared in the white ray ahead. Hilton jerked the throttle, the brakes began to grind the drivers, and the locomotive came to a full stop, on a stretch of battered roadbed. Twenty feet ahead was a derailed coal car which had wrought the harm. The smoke entirely hid Thompson's engine. Both men understood the danger from the coal gas, now generated by two engines at a standstill, but Hilton sprang out heedlessly, with Jimmy following. A blast of hot, deadly vapor rushed into the cab. With head far forward, the chief staggered toward the derailed car. The boy thought of how white Hilton's face had looked, and how his hand had trembled an hour before. His own lips seemed to have frozen and dropped off, so that icy air smote his bare gums. One moment there was a furnace in his chest; then a lump of ice and the sensation of drowning. His ears seemed to hear the roaring sound of falling sand and water. In the garish, smoke-dimmed light from Mackey's engine, Hilton was fumbling upon the roadbed at the right of Thompson's locomotive.

The body of Thompson was lying face downward at the edge of the ties. His coat was wraped tightly about his head and knotted. Hilton's lips moved as he seized Thompson's shoulders. Jimmy clutched the fallen engineer's feet. Between them they dragged forward the body toward Mackey's cab. Hilton was ahead, Jimmy following upon his knees, with one of the fallen engineer's legs under each arm. With a giant effort they lifted the body to the floor of the cab, then Hilton, groping blindly for an instant, fell back. The fearful struggle had weakened him.

The shock of the master's fall gave Jimmy a new and dreadful power. Blood was trickling from his nostrils, and his head seemed miles above his body; yet he succeeded in lifting the body of Hilton to the floor of the cab, beside that of Thompson. Thompson's fireman had not been seen, and the boy dared not search farther lest he should be overcome and all be lost. Loosening the brakes and gripping the reverse lever, he started the engine back toward the pure air of the American portal, and then he fell unconscious beside his fellows.

A shout arose from the workmen when they heard the engine approaching. A moment later apprehensions were renewed for it emerged altogether too slowly. Besides, the door of the cab was swinging. Mackey, having returned, climbed upon the step as the locomotive pulled out of the tunnel. Stepping over the three forms, he sprung the brakes.

Jimmy was the first to revive, as by the grace of splendid lungs and perfect health he had been the last to fall; Hilton was then brought to half-consciousness, and last of all poor Thompson, whose tunnel service was all but finished.

Two hours later the wrecking outfit arrived. By noon the next day the tunnel was cleared and the roadbed repaired. The body of Thompson's fireman was found in front of his engine. He had fallen while groping his way to safety.

When Jimmy awoke the following morning he was lying in the little parlor of his home, his mother by his side. On a cot not far away was Hilton, the master engineer.

"They told me all about what you did yesterday, Jimmy," the chief said, pressing his temples with both hands. "I knew you were a game youngster, but it required an ugly test to show—how game."

Slowly the fearful experience returned to the boy's mind, and with it a gladness he had never known before—the gladness which comes with a hard service well done. The words of Hilton were now dearer to him than gold.

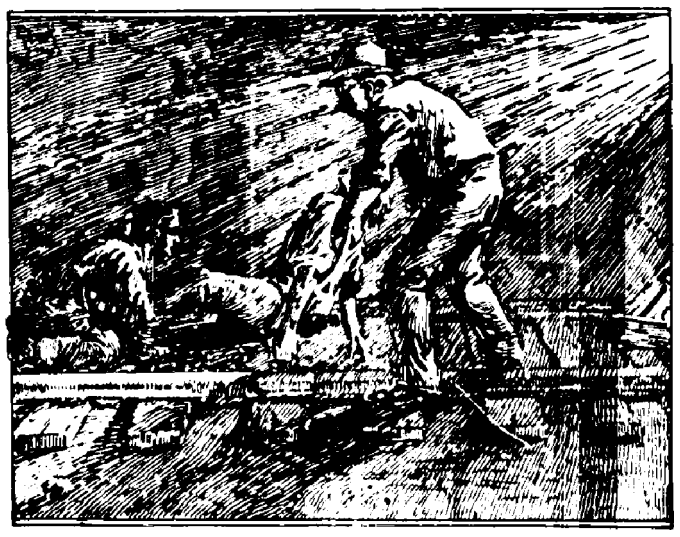
"How about that fireman—who didn't want me to take the engine?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, he's all right—just a little bruise on the head, they say," replied Hilton. Then a moment later, he added, "You remember what we were talking about, there at the portal just before the warning came—that idea?"

Jimmy remembered.

"I was thinking of putting you in an engineering school after a while—my old school in C—, and there's none better. I've now concluded to do it right off. You seem to have a head for our kind of work, and by and by we'll be building tunnels and bridges together. You'll go?"

It was all very much like a fairy tale to the boy—this realization of his dearest dream. He saw pride and anxiety and hope in his mother's face, and a look of pleasure in the tired eyes of the master engineer.—*By Will Levington Comfort.*



BETWEEN THEM THEY DRAGGED FORWARD THE BODY

How Squirrels Steer

Bobbie and his father were walking in the park, stopping occasionally to throw a peanut to one of the squirrels that were hopping over the ground and scrambling up the trees.

"Do you know why it is that a squirrel has a bushy tail while a rabbit and a guinea pig have none, Bobbie?" asked his father.

Bobbie said that, come to think of it, he really didn't believe he knew.

"Do you know why it is that the sailors equip their boats with so many different sails and why it is that the Indian feathers his arrows? The sailor shifts his sails to get the help of the wind. The Indian feathers his arrows to hold their flight true. The squirrel uses his tail for the same purposes Now, watch the next squirrel that jumps from one tree to another."

In a few minutes a squirrel launched himself out from the top of a big tree. He seemed bound for the limb of another tree standing about ten feet away.

Bobbie watched him give his feathery tail a sudden twist, and in a flash he landed upon the trunk of the tree instead of the limb. And then Bobbie said that he understood.

A Boy With a Future

Henry Morgan, the office boy to a large manufacturing company, was a smart youngster, and one day when he was sent to one of the operating departments with a message he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He gave the alarm, and thus prevented much damage.

The matter was reported to the head of the firm, who summoned Henry.

"You have done me a very great service, my boy," said the genial chief. "Your wages will be increased by one dollar weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said Henry. "I will do my best to be worth it."

The reply struck the chief almost as much as the boy's previous service had done.

"That's the right spirit," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase two dollars. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," answered Henry, after a moment's hesitation, "would you mind if I said it again?"

Bobbie's Press

One day papa took Robbie down to see the presses print the books and papers and pictures, and the little boy was very much interested.

"Papa," said he, "let me come down every day and run the presses."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that," said his papa, "but maybe I'll have a little printing press made for you, just your size."

The weeks and months passed away and papa forgot all about his promise, but Robbie didn't. It was fully a year later that he came home from Sunday school and said, "Papa, teacher said that God made the world in six days. Is that so?"

"I guess it is," said papa.

"The water and the dirt and the trees and the dogs and birds' nests and everything?"

"Yes."

"Gee, whiz!" said Robbie, "that was quick work. Six days to make all the world, and you've been a year and ain't got that printin' press done yet!"

THE AMERICAN BOY has many readers in the Philippine Islands, but none more enthusiastic, perhaps, than is Gabino Tabunar, of San Fernando, Union Province.

MY YOUNG SPORTSMAN

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

IF THESE articles required a dedication I would say by all means dedicate them to the American boy who loves the broad fields, the mighty woods, and the noble lakes of our republic. For where among the American people do we not find an inherent love for the green fields and crystal waters? How few there are who care nothing for outdoor sport in nature's playground. With most of us it is an inheritance strong and irresistible. In babyhood we hear the chattering of squirrels in the tree tops, or the plaintive call of quail in the stubble, and they are to us childish lullabys. As we grow older we dream of hunting fields, where the strong mallard rising from the rice of the lake shore falls a victim to a well-directed shot.

The time was when firearms were luxuries, when ammunition was far more expensive than now, so that when a boy became the possessor of a good fowling piece he was the object of envious admiration for miles around. Today it is all changed. Modern science has not only improved the art of gun-making, but it has also changed and cheapened the product to such an extent that almost everyone, young or old, can be the owner of a good gun. Perhaps the only objection my young friends encounter is that of parents or maiden aunts, who imagine that you are not old enough, or are not sufficiently familiar with the use of firearms to be the possessor of them. Well is it for parents who see that their sons are instructed in the use of arms, and who furnish good books and papers pertaining to the subject, for in the words of an old sportsman, "it is better for a young man to devote his days to the green fields than his nights to the green table."

The proper selection of a gun, whether intended for a young sportsman or an old one, is one of the greatest importance, for there are several points to be looked after or he will be handicapped right at the beginning of his career.

In the first place do not buy a gun because it is cheap, for it will prove to be a poor investment in the long run. Good material and good work are expensive things in one sense, but they are really much cheaper in the end. A gun, so-called, consisting of a combination of gas pipe and cheap wood bedaubed with varnish, is sold for a song. In some cases it is even sold with the assurance that the stock is of imported walnut and the barrel damascus. But where among thinking people can you find an owner who does not long for something better?

There are many guns on the market that are of splendid quality, of good material and attractive finish, and which can be purchased at a very reasonable price. It would not, however, be consistent with the purpose of this article to name any particular make of gun as preferable to any other make. As a matter of fact, most of the American-made guns are of high grade, both in material and workmanship. In addition to this they have an enviable reputation for shooting qualities. The selection is purely a matter of personal taste. If I were to impress upon your mind any one general rule, I would say be sure and buy the gun of some reputable American maker. In so doing you are not apt to make any very serious mistake.

In purchasing a gun one of the most important things to consider is the weight. Never make the fatal mistake of so many amateur sportsmen, in thinking that a small cannon is necessary to bring down the feathered game. It is true that a heavy gun will kill farther, and at the same time handle a heavier load of shot, but that does not signify that more game will come to bag in a day's sport because of it. By overloading ourselves with a heavy gun we soon tire out. In wing shooting the gun comes to shoulder less quickly than it otherwise would, allowing the birds to get farther away. And when we remember that some of our game birds cut the air at the rate of ninety miles an hour, we realize the importance of shooting quickly, for a delay in many cases means the difference between feathers and fowl, or perhaps we are so unfortunate as to get neither.

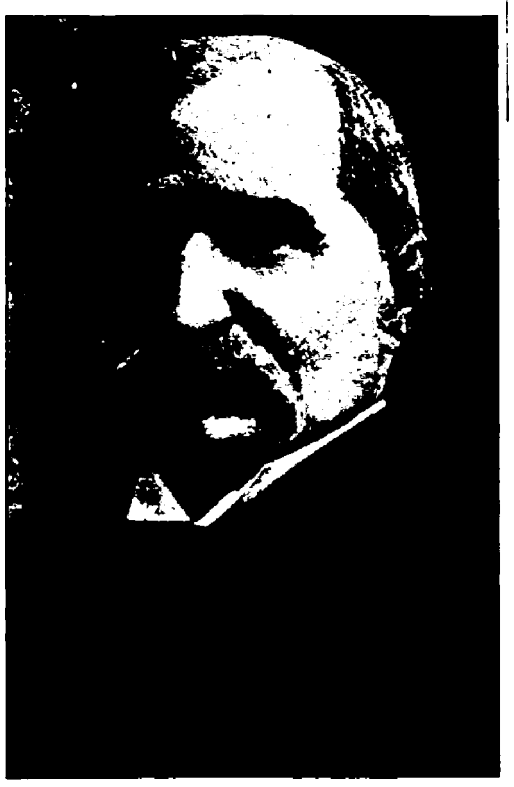
Persons of good physique, capable of standing a considerable amount of tramping without exertion, should have a gun of from seven to eight pounds weight. If they contemplate using it for duck shooting alone, it might weigh a trifle more. Persons of a less rugged nature, including our younger sportsmen, must content themselves with a gun weighing from six to seven pounds. In the selection of a light gun you do not make such a sacrifice as the diminution in weight might lead one to suppose, for mathematics have demonstrated that the efficiency of a load is almost the same as the square root of its weight. To illustrate the point: You have a gun weighing six pounds and using one ounce of shot; you also have a gun weighing twenty-four pounds and using four ounces of shot. The heavy gun will not shoot four times as far as the light one, but only about twice as far in accordance with the mathematical formula previously stated.

A gun should be shaped to suit the requirements of the individual who is to use it. This is sometimes considered so important that measurements are taken, in accordance with which the gun is afterward made, precisely as the tailor measures and fits a garment. This is hardly necessary, especially where one resides near a city wherein the dealers carry a more or less extensive and varied assortment of arms. The two principal items of measurement are, the length of the stock, and the drop. The stock is measured from the butt to the first trigger, and it should be just long enough, so that it can be easily reached by the forefinger when the gun is at the shoulder. If too long, it is difficult to shoot moving objects, especially where an instant's delay is detrimental.

The drop of stock in guns varies from two, to three and one-half inches. It is measured by placing a straight edge along the top of barrels and over stock, then by means of a rule determine the distance from lower side of straight edge to the upper side of butt. At one time it was thought that a drop of from three to three and a half inches was absolutely necessary, but the fashion has changed and now a drop of from two and one-half to two and three-quarters is considered perfection. With a straight stock the tendency is to shoot a little high, and for that reason they are much used at the trap, where the targets, usually rising, are quite liable to be missed unless the gunner holds a trifle high.

The barrels of a gun should not be more than thirty-two inches in length. In "ye olden time" fowling pieces were made as long as the shooter; indeed, the barrels alone often measured four feet or more. It has long been scientifically demonstrated that nothing is gained in using a long barrel. Undue length is sure to make an arm muzzle heavy. The balance will be destroyed, and rapidity of aim is absolutely impossible. Probably the best length for an all-around gun is thirty inches, or, if we intend to hunt in brush and timber land exclusively, a twenty-eight or even a twenty-seven inch barrel will prove entirely satisfactory. But a very little difference is noticeable in the pattern made by a twenty-six inch, and that made by a twenty-eight, thirty, or even a thirty-two inch barrel. Where nitro powders are used no difference whatever can be observed. In the succeeding chapter we will discuss the gauge, choke, and finish of the gun.

(To be Continued)



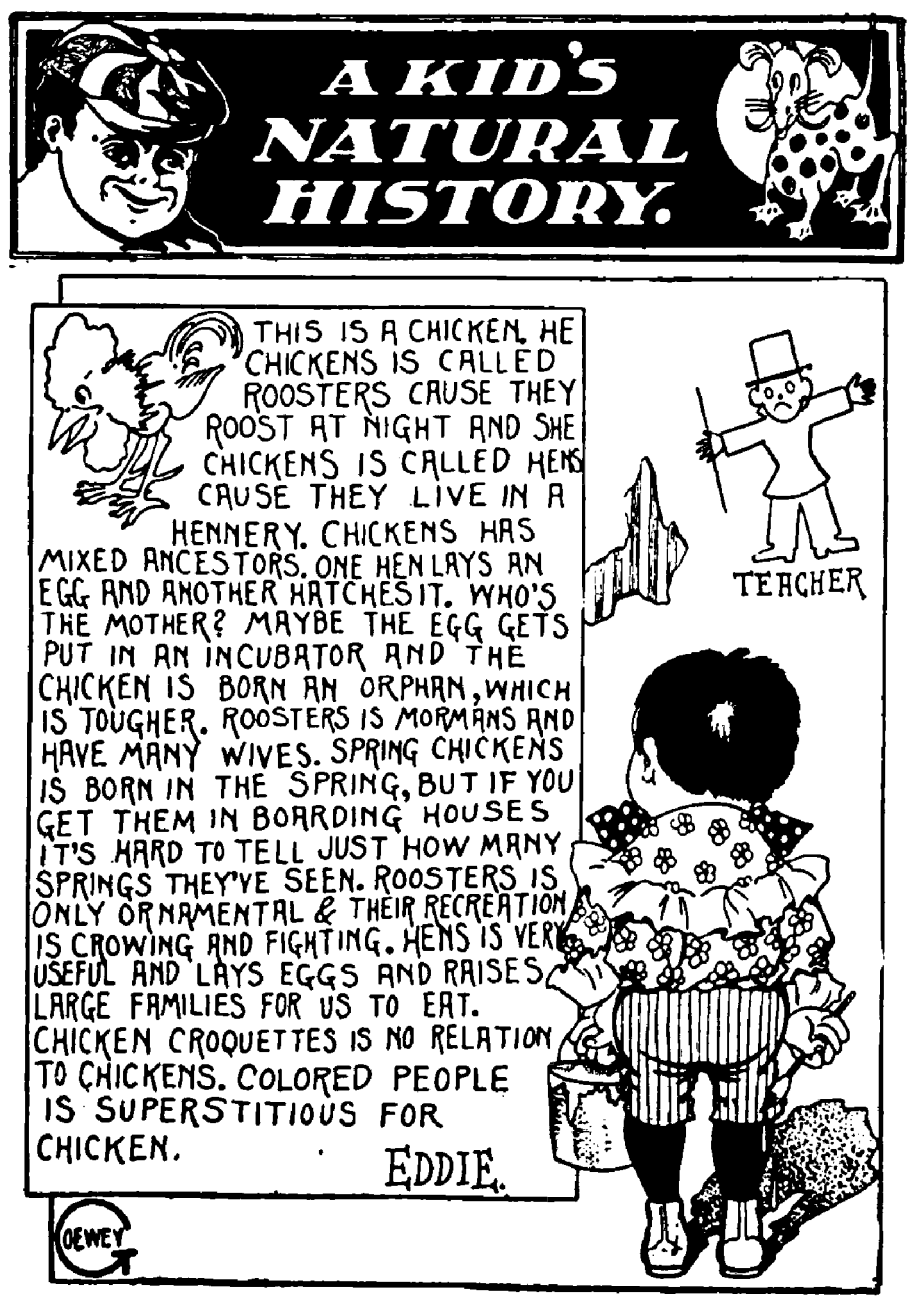
SENOR J. B. DE OBALDIS
THE FIRST MINISTER OF PANAMA TO THIS COUNTRY

A Big Citizen of a Baby State

Tiny Panama, newest and smallest of the world's two dozen republics, has accredited her representatives to the "Powers," sending to Washington the ablest of her sons,—as was proper, seeing that Panama came to birth wholly through the good influences of this country. J. B. de Obaldis, the Panama minister at our Federal capital, is a charming gentleman,—genial, courtly, and of delightful humor,—but his worth lies mainly upon what one may call his "official side." For he has a more intimate knowledge of the entire problem of a canal to cut the Central American Isthmus than any other man. He has studied the question in all its phases for years, and, with him in Washington, the constructive work which the government has now undertaken cannot but be aided.

Just after the Panama senor had arrived here, someone chanced to quote in his presence that epigram of Herbert Spencer's: "Know something of everything, and everything of something." "I can't live up to his first bit of advice," said he, smiling, "but I think I come as near the second part as most men. There is no canal detail I cannot talk of understandingly."

Washington predicts large success for de Obaldis, and he may himself, in those few words, have taken men into his confidence as to why such success should be his.



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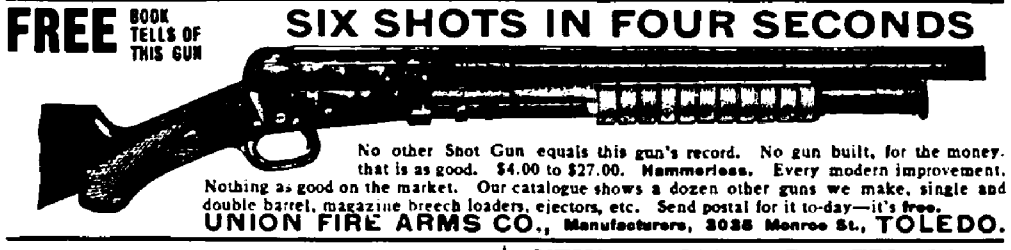

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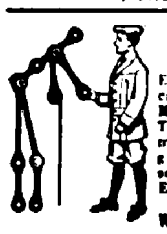

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THE IMMORTAL FIVE

BY WILLIAM M. ROWND.



SECRET SOCIETIES had been under the ban at Grandison College for many years. If any chapters existed under the shadow of her classic walls it was sub rosa. In response to many petitions more modern ideas finally prevailed and the prohibitory law was repealed. At once fraternities sprang up on all sides. The Greek letters of several well-known societies were soon proudly displayed. The advent of each fraternity was greeted with applause by admiring students who inquired into the standing of each society and eagerly studied its mysterious letters.

One day, however, the students were nonplused by a new and unknown design. Five boys had appeared at chapel wearing badges on which were inscribed the letters "I. F." When asked what the mysterious leters meant, they looked wise and said:

"If you can find out, do so."

After so many years we may state, without any breach of faith, that the letters really stood for the words "Immortal Five," and had been carefully chosen by the five sophomores who wore them. The five did not constitute a secret society in the usual sense of the word. They were bound together by mutual tastes and common ambitions. They had drifted together the first week of their freshmen year, and the passing months had made the union of sentiment more strong. Their names were Verne, Ted, Will, Charley and Osman. For the purposes of this story it is not necessary to recall their surnames. They usually attended to their studies, obtained fair credits, and were not ashamed of their classroom work. With no thought of egotism they had chosen the letters which had so mystified the school.

What could those letters mean? Many conjectures were formed. It was called the "I Flunk" society, though that would hardly do for all the boys stood above the average in their studies. Never were letters more punned upon. At dinner some one would cry out,

"I feed."

If one of them glanced at a lady friend he was almost sure to hear some one say,

"I flirt."

And so whatever they did, the words were shouted, sung, or written.

"I fall," "I fly," "I fish," and so on ad infinitum. The words finally agreed upon by the school were "Irrepressible Freaks."

"I am heartily tired of the letters," said Charley, one evening as he came into the room where they were accustomed to meet after supper. "Just now the janitor said to me, "Sure, do them letters stand for Iscaped Freshmen?"

"We might tell the real meaning if it did not sound too bombastic," said Ted, with a mournful shake of the head.

"We will have to grin and bear it," replied Charley, grimly. "But I should like to thrash some of the impudent fellows. To think of being called 'Inanimate Frogs' by that little Sam Black."

"They are good, honest letters and have a good meaning. I propose to stick to them," replied Verne, with emphasis; "and to prove we are not ninnies we must do something to show we are immortal."

No opportunity to do anything remarkable seemed to present itself until early spring. At that time the college authorities were digging a well on the campus. It was during the days of the oil excitement in one of the neighboring states. Some were asking why oil might not be found at Grandison. To be sure Texas was far away, but oil had been found much nearer and why not at Grandison? The embryo geologists among the students had fully discussed the question. This circumstance brought the long desired opportunity to the "Immortal Five."

"Boys," said Verne, "we have never stirred this old college as we can stir it. We must mark our sophomore year by something worth while. Next year we shall be "Jolly Juniors," then "Grave and Reverend Seniors," and nothing done. We must make a name for ourselves by surpassing anything ever done here."

"Hear Verne talking of becoming a grind," ejaculated Charley with a laugh. "When will wonders cease? Fan me, some one."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that," replied Verne, throwing a book at Charley's head. "My standing is all right without that."

"What then?" asked Ted.

"Strike oil," was the reply.

"Where?"

"How?"

"What do you mean?"

"You look like it."

"Alas, his mind is unbalanced."

"Soothe him, boys."

"Much learning has made him mad."

"One at a time, boys," said Verne, interrupting the volley of expressions fired at him. "I mean make the old college feel rich."

"Rich in brains, but not in gold," murmured Ted.

"No, listen. I am in earnest."

The boys became silent, perceiving that he had something unusual in mind.

"I have been thinking how easy it would be to pour oil down the well some night, and when the workmen came in the morning they would find a seven days' wonder."

"Go to," replied Will; "it must be crude oil to deceive anyone, and we have none in Grandison."

"I have thought of that," declared Verne, "and I have a cousin at Oilville who could ship us some crude oil and keep mum."

The idea seemed so original and out of the ordinary that the boys speedily determined to investigate and see what could be done. That night a letter was sent to the cousin, who soon sent a favorable reply.

To avoid suspicion, a barrel of crude oil was shipped from Oilville to a small station about five miles from Grandison. It was consigned to a farmer named Peters, who entered into the plot. In a few days the boys received notice that the shipment had arrived. Setting out for a walk after dark, they continued the exercise until they arrived at Mr. Peters's house.

"I don't just like the idea, boys," began Mr. Peters. "Perhaps you had better give it up."

"We have gone too far to back out now," declared Charlie. "There is no moon and but little chance of being seen upon a lonely country road. If you are afraid, we will take the team and return it after we have finished the job."

"Oh, I shall carry out my part of the agreement, Dave Peters never fails," was the reply.

"Then let us start as soon as possible, or we shall not be through before daylight," said Will.

They experienced no difficulty in loading the barrel into the farmer's wagon. It was decided to hold no conversation on the way unless absolutely necessary, and then all communications were to be in whispers. After a silent journey of about an hour the wagon was halted a quarter of a mile from the campus, the barrel was unloaded and rolled over the ground to the well. It was now one o'clock and no lights were visible about the dormitories or the campus. In absolute silence the plug was drawn and the oil carefully poured into the well. The barrel was then returned to the wagon and five students retired about three o'clock. Their plans had moved without a mishap.

"I can scarcely face the fellows without letting them see something is in the wind. I should like to see how the well diggers look when they first see that oil," said Charley, on the way to breakfast next morning. For though they had had so little sleep they were prompt to arise, that no one might suspect them.

"Won't Prexy open his eyes, though," said Will, with a chuckle.

There was little opportunity to discuss the matter, however, for others were at the breakfast table. The conspirators hastened back to the campus, where they were hailed by a group of students already on the way to the well. They were chanting,

"Oil, oil. We've struck oil!"

"Where?" asked Verne, keeping sober by an effort.

"In the new well. When the workmen started this morning they found the well half full of oil," was the reply.

Falling in with the group they proceeded to the well, where they found half the school present while others were coming.

"There comes Prexy," said one. "Guess he will find that endowment he has been trying to get."

"This means a great university," said another.

The president came up, took off his coat and, amid resounding cheers, went down into the well to make a personal inspection. He soon came up and shaking hands with the man in charge he said,

"Ah, Mr. Jones, this is a wonderful day. But we must adjourn to the chapel for it is 9 o'clock."

Never were such chapel exercises. Amid great enthusiasm the president made a speech in which he enlarged upon the prospects of the college. It was just beginning to dawn upon the "I. F." society that matters were getting serious when they were thunderstruck to hear the president say,

"I have telegraphed to the most prominent trustees. Some of them have replied and will be here by noon. Young gentlemen, you may have a holiday today. I am sure no one can study for joy."

Some one improvised new words for an old tune, and the whole school marched out singing,

"The riches of the earth are found,
Grandison, oh Grandison.
Let all the air with joy resound,
Grandison, oh Grandison."

But while students and faculty were so filled with joy, five of their number were filled with dismay. What was to be the result? As quickly as possible they met in their usual room.

"Boys, this is awful," said Charley with a groan. "My father is a trustee and will come on the first train. He is an oil expert, and will detect the fraud at once."

"It must all come out. Can't we let the president know in time to stop them?" asked Verne.

"No," replied Ted. "They are on the way now. Besides would we dare let them know we did it?"

"That is just it," said Charley. "We must never be found out; it would mean expulsion. Who could have dreamed of such results? But come, it will not do to remain here while everyone else is on the campus."

Out they went once more and joined their fellows. It was hard to join in the general rejoicing with such a burden on the heart. The forenoon wore wearily away. When the one o'clock train arrived it was met by the whole school. A half dozen trustees were there. Among them was Charley's father. In the hurried greetings he did not notice the boy's agitation, and was soon at the president's side. A little procession was formed and the trustees were escorted to the well.

The oil had been carefully dipped out in the morning and had more than half-filled a barrel. Investigation now disclosed the fact that no more had flowed in during the morning hours. The water was coming in very slowly, but did not have even the smell of petroleum.

The college officials withdrew to discuss the situation. The well-diggers were ordered to continue their work. As the afternoon wore away, it became evident that no more oil was to be found.

"Not a trace of oil, sir," said Mr. Jones. "I cannot understand it. I should like to know where that oil came from."

Little was said before the students, but Charley knew from his father's manner that he more than suspected the true state of affairs.

The "Immortal Five" slept little that night. Utterly bewildered by the tempest they had raised they did not know what to expect next. They had no spirit to discuss the situation and retired to think over the gloomy prospect alone.

By chapel time next morning it was generally known that the whole affair was a hoax. The trustees were present. The president announced the fraud, then said:

"I cannot believe this was done by any of the students. If, however, anyone has been so thoughtless I hope he will have the manhood to confess and take whatever punishment may be administered. Think it over until tomorrow morning."

There was a solemn meeting of the "Immortal Five" that evening.

"Boys, I am in favor of confessing when all are agreed, but not before," said Charley. "I know how my father and mother will feel. But I cannot stand this."

"I just cannot do it," said Osman. "If I am expelled, it means the loss of my uncle's good-will, and also the loss of a trip to Europe, which he promised me on graduation."

"I do not believe they can find out who did it," said Ted with some confidence. "I do not propose to confess."

A rap at the door startled them. It was only Bob Evans, who put in his head to say:

"They have caught him. It was Henry Barnes. He was out late that night and refuses to tell where he was. The sheriff has him in jail."

"This is worse than ever," groaned Will after Bob had withdrawn. "What will Henry do? His mother will be frantic. Henry was the only one of her boys who seemed to try to do right. Jim and Tom have turned out so badly, but Henry was straight."

The boys looked at each other in dismay. The question was discussed over and over again.

"No harm can be done. They cannot prove it against him because he did not do it," urged Will.

"No; but he will always be suspected, and it will injure him here where he has had such hard work to win confidence," said Osman. "I wish we had listened to Mr. Peters's advice."

"There is only one thing to be done," insisted Charley. "The 'I. F.' society is not composed of rascals. I do not wish anyone else to suffer for my mistakes. At the same time I shall make no confession unless we are unanimous."

After long discussion it was unanimously decided that a confession must be made. At twelve o'clock that night a letter was handed in at the president's door. At chapel next morning five heavy-eyed pupils were present. After the usual exercises the president arose and said:

"Young gentlemen, a confession has been made. I am relieved and sorry. We owe an apology to Henry Barnes."

Then placing his glasses in position, he read:

"To the President of Grandison College:

"Dear Sir—We desire to confess that we are responsible for putting the oil in the well. We did it thoughtlessly and without the remotest idea that it would cause so much disturbance, or have any other than local results. We have no other excuse, and are willing to take whatever punishment may seem just."

The president paused a moment, then amid breathless silence he read the five names.

The boys were suspended for a time. I am glad to say, however, that they returned and finally graduated with their class. They had learned a bitter lesson.

They were never able to live down their name, and were sometimes called "Interesting Frauds."



THE PRESIDENT CAME UP * * * AND AMID RESOUNDING CHEERS WENT DOWN INTO THE WELL

A Wounded Grizzly

A wounded grizzly is a mean thing to fight, and if there is a tree handy it is a pretty good thing to climb if anything gets wrong with your shooting-irons. I do not think a grizzly will climb a tree, though brown and black bears will. Any bear is pretty sure to fight if crippled, but I know there is this difference between a black or brown bear and a grizzly. If you meet a black bear face to face unexpectedly, give him five seconds and he will be out of sight, but meet a grizzly the same way and give him five seconds, and you will be out of business.

About the most fascinating way to hunt bear, which is even better than night work, is to trail him right to his home, and meet him in broad daylight on his own doorstep, as it were. It can be done, but everything must be just right. The ground might be covered with a light fall of snow, and the snow ought to be melting. Then the twigs won't break. One has to be very careful, and when bruin is found, which is generally at the foot of a large tree, one must never forget that instead of one there may be two, and, in that case, one must be able to shoot fast and straight, and implicit confidence in the gun he carries is about the best stock in trade a man can possess. About the surest place to shoot a bear, to stop him quickly, to my way of thinking, is directly in the brain. It is really not a hard shot usually at short range, and it puts him out mighty quick. —Charles A. Sartain in Field and Stream.

Ought to Have Known the Rules

Marshall P. Wilder says that the small son of a friend in Brooklyn came home one day with a badly disfigured face. The "old man" took him aside for the usual heart-to-heart talk.

"What have you been up to now?" he asked.

"Fightin'," answered the lad sullenly.

"And after all I've said to you about fighting!"

"He smashed me on the cheek."

"How often have I told you that the Good Book bids us turn the other cheek?"

"I did, dad—honest; but he smashed me on the nose. I call that a foul; so pitched in and licked the stuffin' out of him. Dad, he's been to Sunday school just as much as I have, and he ought to have known the rules!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Bertel Thorvaldsen

He Carved His Own Fortune

By HELEN LEAH REED



CUPIDS AND SWAN, BY THORVALDSEN

ONE PLEASANT morning, more than a hundred years ago, some gendarmes passing through the Square King's New Market in Copenhagen, saw an astonishing sight. In the center was a fine statue of a horse trampling under his feet the monster, Envy, and bearing on his back an image of King Christian V. But what astonished the gendarmes was to see, perched on the back of the horse, beside the king, a tiny boy wearing a red cotton cap. The child looked very much frightened, and his fright increased as the gendarmes, or policemen, dragged him down and carried him off to the station house. Of course he was not severely punished, for he was able to make the gendarmes understand that he had been placed on the horse against his own will. Some of his mischievous school companions had come upon him standing in a dream of admiration before the statue. He had not answered when they spoke to him, and so, just for fun, they had seized him and hoisted him up on the horse. They then had run away, leaving



BERTEL THORVALDSEN

him perched so high that he did not dare jump down.

The little boy whose admiration for the statue had caused him all this trouble was Bertel Thorvaldsen, who was born in Copenhagen in November, 1770. The parents of Bertel were poor, simple-minded people. His mother was the daughter of an honest Danish peasant, and his father was descended from an Icelandic family. His father was a wood carver, whose time was spent in carving figureheads for merchant vessels. Bertel, a pretty boy with blue eyes and light hair, often visited his father in the shipyard. He took great interest in his work, and felt very proud when permitted to help a little on the figure his father was carving. The elder Thorvaldsen, though uneducated, was a wise man. He saw that his little son had real artistic talent, so he determined to have him educated in drawing. When he was eleven years old, Bertel began to study at the free school of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Here he showed great ability, and at seventeen he received the silver medal, an unusual thing for one of his age. While studying art, he also attended an ordinary school, in which, however, he did not do nearly as well.

"Thorvaldsen," said his school-teacher, who had read in the newspapers the names of the Academy prize winners, "Thorvaldsen, is it a brother of yours who has just taken a prize at the Academy?"

Bertel looked up with a blush, "It is myself, Herr Chaplain."

The teacher was surprised at this. "Herr Thorvaldsen," said he, "please pass up to the first class."

Now to address the young son of poor parents as "Herr" meant a great deal. When a famous man, honored in every country, Thorvaldsen said that glory had never been so sweet to him as on that day when he was thus distinguished by his school-teacher. His teacher's words showed the young boy that he had already won a place for himself in the world. Success, however, made young Bertel neither vain nor indifferent to his parents.

Two years after winning the first prize, he won another, for his bas-relief, "Love in Repose," and two years later still another for "The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple."

Bertel's father did not desire for his son a loftier career than his own. He merely wished him to have a kind of training that would enable him to produce correct work. But his teacher, Abildgaard, saw in the boy the possibilities of a wide career and persuaded Bertel's father to let him carry his studies far beyond what had been intended. He began to carve figures and bas-reliefs in stone, and before he was twenty-one the whole city was interested in the young sculptor. The Academy granted him money to help him continue his studies, and by teaching, and drawing vignettes for publishers, he was able to support himself, and help his parents. In 1793 he won the great gold medal of the Academy, which gave him, in addition, the right to a pension for three years' travel. Three years later, when he started out on his journey, he was accompanied by his dog, Hector. The captain of the ship on which he sailed wrote home about Thorvaldsen: "He has a big dog whom he has christened Hector. He sleeps late in the morning, and thinks only about his comforts and his eating. But everybody likes him because he is such a good fellow."

It is strange that Thorvaldsen, who became an unusually hard-working man, impressed everyone in his youth with his indolence. It is true that he did not shirk his duties, and that he won several prizes, but he did not work with energy.

"I was born on the 8th of March, 1797," he used to say. "Before then I did not exist." The 8th of March, 1797, was the date of his entering Rome. The wonderful statues which he saw there acted like magic on the young man. He studied them for weeks and months. He became filled with the spirit of the antique.

Several of his works made during his first years at Rome imitated some of the great classic statues. Later his sculpture, though classic in style, was thoroughly original. Thorvaldsen did not win his way to high fame at once. He had years of hard work before him, he had to contend with those who were jealous of him, and he had to experience the indifference of the great. But at length he was recognized as the most eminent sculptor of his time. Kings and princes sought him, and begged him to work for them, and money poured in upon him.

He was always so busy that he could get no time to return to his native country until twenty-three years after he had left it. When he reached Copenha-



ANGEL OF THE BAPTISM, BY THORVALDSEN

gen in 1820, the newspapers were filled with his praises, the Academy gave him a grand reception, and the city thronged to see him. Drums and trumpets and the firing of cannon greeted him on his way to the hall, a cantata composed for the occasion was sung by the choral society, and the poet Oehlenschaegle made an address, in the course of which he said: "If our ancestors were once guilty of throwing down in Rome the old masterpieces of art, they are today, thanks to the genius of a son of the North, raised up again in all their pristine beauty."

Finally, in the eyes of the Danes, came the greatest honor of all. Thorvaldsen was invited to court, and dined at the table of the king. He was constantly consulted about decorating new public buildings, for their pride in Thorvaldsen made the Danes anxious to beautify their city with sculpture.

During a later visit, which Thorvaldsen made to Copenhagen, the people who thronged to welcome him removed the horses from his carriage and dragged it themselves through the streets. After living a long time in Italy, as the intimate friend of princes and great men, Thorvaldsen returned to Copenhagen to spend his closing years among his own people. He never forgot his early poverty. Sometimes with his faithful servant he would pass in front of the humble house where he had lived with his parents. He would point out the little room where he had begun his work in sculpture. Probably he remembered, too, the day when the gendarmes had discovered him seated beside the statue of King Christian.

In 1844, Thorvaldsen, an old man of seventy-four, died suddenly. His coffin lay in state in the hall of antique sculpture in the Charlottenborg palace, and he was buried with almost royal honors. His body now rests in a tomb in the center of the Thorvaldsen Museum. This museum was erected by public subscription, with help from the city of Copenhagen. It is filled with bas-reliefs and statues, the work of Thorvaldsen. The great Danish sculptor bequeathed to this museum all his works that were not private property. What artist ever had a nobler monument than this? It is a monument to the genius of a persevering boy.

He Talks With Animals

One of our big city dailies tells of a strange case of understanding between man and animals. Down in eastern Alabama is a six-year-old boy, Howard Erwin, who is said to be able to converse with, understand and make himself understood perfectly by animals of all kinds. By some mysterious power that he possesses he holds long talks with cows, mules, dogs, horses, sheep, cats, and even with the barnyard fowls. How he does it nobody knows. The power seems to have been born in him. It is known that when he is near an animal both he and the animal make sounds, though he speaks nothing that is intelligible to the human ear. The negroes in the vicinity avoid the boy through superstitious fear.

One evening his father, tired from the day's work, was lying on the grass, when Howard came trotting in from the barn.

"Paw, he said, "Jen told me her knee hurt her. She says she sprained it plowing today."

"I reckon that mule lied to you, son," remarked his father. "I reckon she's jes' powerful lazy and don't want to work tomorrow."

"She says she can't work tomorrow," said the boy. "Her leg is so sore she cant' hardly touch it to the ground."

"I reckon she's just tellin' you that so's you'll tell me," remarked the father.

The next day Jen was put to work, but before noon her leg was so swollen that Erwin was forced to abandon his plowing and bring the suffering animal into the barn. And for weeks she was unable to work.

"I don't understand it," remarked the man. "There wasn't a mark or a swelling on her, for I examined her closely before taking her out to work."

"Maw," said Howard another day. "Trace says he had a fine time killing sheep the other night."

"Listen to the boy," said the mother. "The idea of Trace killing sheep. Why, there ain't any sheep around here, except Mr. Tomlinson's, and none of them has been killed."

"Well," argued the boy, "he says him and the Norton dog killed two sheep in Mr. Tomlinson's back pasture."

And the next day the carcasses of two sheep were found in the bushes at the edge of the pasture.

"You'd better tell Trace he'll be killed if he does that any more," said the father.

Shortly afterward Howard reported that Trace had promised never to kill sheep any more—and, so far as is known, he never has, although the Norton dog was caught and killed a few weeks afterward while eating the body of a sheep.

When the child was 5 years old his power seemed at its greatest. He was sent for by planters from all the country around when valuable animals got sick. He would walk to the side of the sick animal, slowly stroke its head with his hand—and then come away and tell exactly what the matter was. Once, when Maj. Pettit's Durham bull got wild, refused to permit any one to come near it, and raved around its pasture lot as if mad, the boy calmly walked up to it, and, after a time, came away and reported.

"The bull says that there is something hurting its foot and that the pain is making it mad."

The negroes, under orders, lassoed the bull, and a wire nail was found sticking in the cleft of its front foot, rusting while the wound festered. He reported that a valuable horse belonging to Gen. Dunston, merely had the toothache, after veterinarians had tried in vain to cure it—and, when the tooth was removed the horse got well.

He told what the pet rabbits said, he even talked with the pigs, and, in time, as the facts became known, he was regarded with superstitious awe. The animals seemed to know by instinct that he understood them and even the wild rabbits and the possums would come to him, and the wild birds did not seem a bit afraid of him. Often when he sat in the front yard in front of the house he would be surrounded by a flock of birds.

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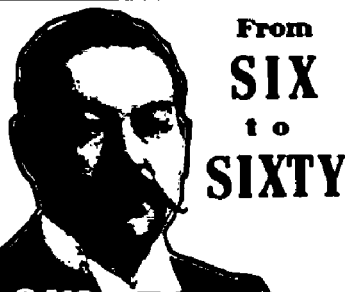

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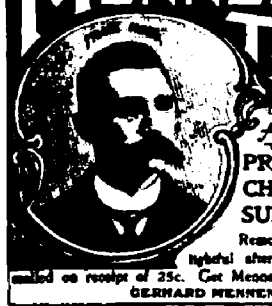

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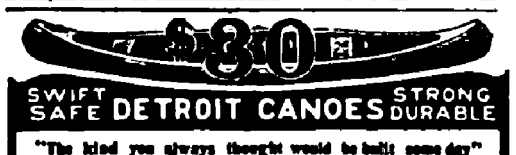

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UNCLE SAM'S FLAG SHOP

By LOUISE D. MITCHELL



FIGUREHEAD ON A SHIP'S PROW

WHEN Greater New York was formed and Manhattan embraced its sister city, one of the most valuable acquisitions was the Brooklyn Navy Yard, comprising one hundred and forty-four acres on a little bay in the East River known as Wallabout Channel, and protected by a substantial sea wall of granite about three miles in length.

Originally a shipyard, it was purchased by the Government in 1801. Lieutenant Jonathan Thorn, the first commandant, took charge on June 1st, 1806. The ship of the line, Ohio, was the first vessel built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the Maine which was blown up in Havana Harbor was the last.

In 1815, the Fulton, the first steam war vessel, was built at the yard after plans prepared by Robert Fulton. Up to the present time it is estimated that the Brooklyn Navy Yard has cost the Government over one billion dollars, but the property itself has increased in valuation to fifty million dollars. The first dry-dock was begun in 1841 and was completed ten years later at a cost of two million dollars.

Adjoining the commandant's office is a triangular green plot, aptly named Trophy Park from the number of relics displayed there. The marble column commemorating the twelve American seamen who fell at the capture of the Barrier Forts on the Canton River, China, in 1856, is in this park. The column was erected by the shipmates of the dead heroes on the three vessels, San Jacinto, Portsmouth, and Levante. Guns captured from the British frigate Macedonian, and the iron prow of the confederate ram Mississippi, are placed near this monument, and nearby are a number of guns captured during the Spanish-American war.

One of the storehouses in the Yard contains clothing, canned goods, and marine supplies amounting to over a million dollars in value. In one of the buildings all of the clothing used in the Navy—except that worn by the officers—is cut out by machinery; it is then sent out of the Yard to be finished. In another, all of the coffee used by the Navy is roasted, ground, and put up in tins; besides the machine shops, workshops and foundries, there is a building for anchor chains and a rigging loft, besides a blacksmith's shop, paint shop, construction department, and steam-engineering department.

Cob Dock is an interesting place. It



BUILDING IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, ON WHOSE UPPER FLOOR UNCLE SAM'S FLAG SHOP IS LOCATED

is an artificial island of nineteen acres and separated from the main Navy Yard by Wallabout Channel and reached by a chain ferry. Here is the resting place for the celebrated meteorite brought from the Arctic regions by Lieutenant Peary in 1877. It weighs about one hundred tons and, particularly because of the steel it contains, is valued at fifty thousand dollars. Another valuable relic is the first submarine boat built in the United States. This old craft, which is named the Intelligent Whale, is cigar-shaped, is made of wrought iron, is thirty feet long, and about eight feet in diameter at its widest part. The Government spent about thirty thousand dollars in the construction of the boat, but after repeated experiments, it proved a failure.

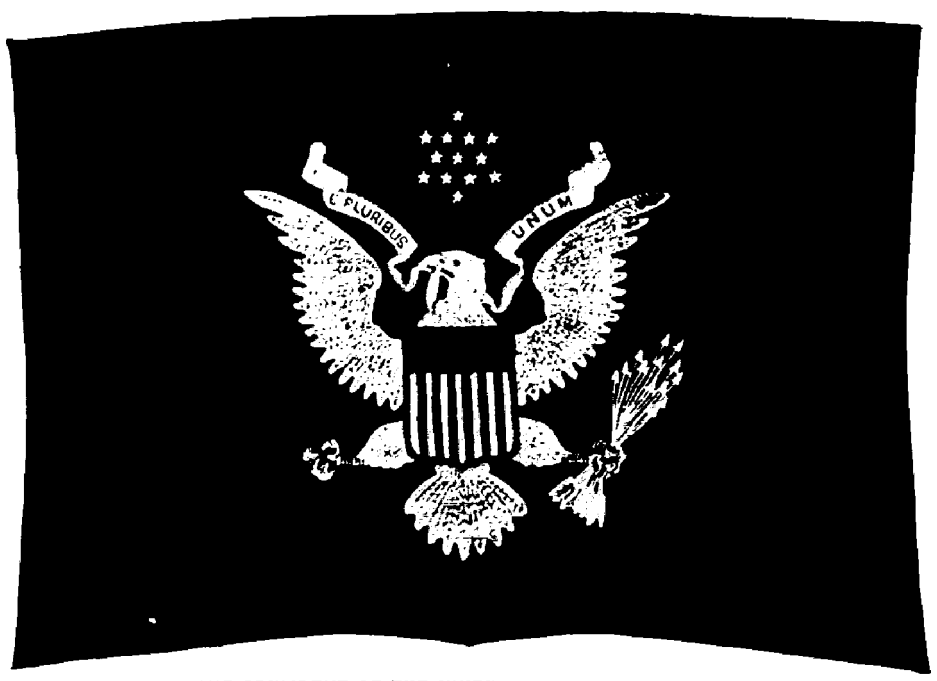
Perhaps the most interesting spot in all the Yard is Uncle Sam's Flag Shop where all flags and bunting used by the United States navy, as well as flags of other nations, are made by women, the most of whom are the widows of men who have lost their lives in the service of their country. The number of flags a warship floats to the breeze is not generally known outside of naval circles, and the number is surprising. In all there are one hundred and sixty: twenty-five foreign—according to the station on which she will cruise—twenty American ensigns, eleven pennants, four Union Jacks, and, if a flagship, twelve rear admiral's, twenty international signals, and the remainder signal and miscellaneous flags. Hence, to make the flags for Uncle Sam's navy is a work of no mean importance.



THOMAS MALOY
FLAG-MASTER IN UNCLE SAM'S FLAG SHOP

The women are paid at so much a yard for their work on the flags with plain seams, but on many of the al-

Note: The photographs from which our illustrations come were made by the author of the article on the ground. It is understood that the taking of photographs of government forts and buildings of a military or naval character, are not permitted by the Government as a rule. The photographs were made under a permit issued by the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for the use of THE AMERICAN BOY.



THE FLAG OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND. PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE AMERICAN BOY

leged artistic creations for which other countries are responsible, the workers are paid according to time. Foreign flags are ambitious in design and variegated in hue. The smaller and more insignificant the nation the more startling the flag. Ensigns (Stars and Stripes, of course) run in eight sizes, from that used on vessels with very long spars, which is nineteen feet on the hoist and thirty-six feet on the fly, to the little 2.37 by 4.50 foot boat flag, too small to sport more than the original thirteen States in its union. When a captain puts his ship into commission he hoists a pennant in addtion to the ensign. This has a fly of seventy feet, the union occupying 17.50 feet with thirteen stars.

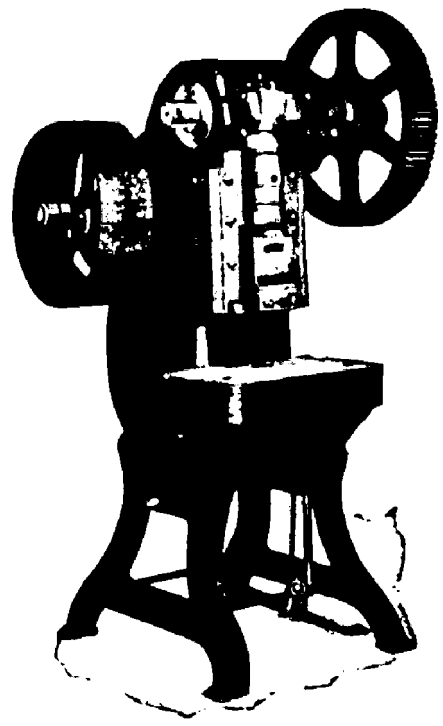
The admiral's and vice-admiral's flags of the United States navy, when these ranks are filled, are blue with four and three white stars, respectively. The Secretary of the Navy flies a blue flag with four white stars, an anchor and a cable; the assistant secretary reverses the colors. The President of the United States flies a flag that is blue, with the arms of the United States, the eagle and stars, white, and the shield preserving the "tinctures."

In the manufacture of the American naval flags the bunting used comes from Lowell, Mass., and the supply is laid in twice a year. Every piece is subjected to the most severe test. It must weigh five pounds to every forty yards and stand the weight-test of seventy pounds to two square inches. It is steeped in salt water for six hours and then exposed to the sun for the same period of time. If, after this treatment, it continues to be bunting of a distinguishable color, it is pronounced fit for service.

The material then goes to the cutting room, where it is put on the counter and the foreman of the flag shop cuts out the national ensigns. The red bunting is placed over the white bunting and six stripes are cut out at one time with a formidable pair of gigantic shears. The foreman cuts eight different sized ensign flags varying in length from 36 to 4½ feet. The makers of those flags of the United States which are sewed in straight seams, usually take home their work. After the stripes are put together the flag must be brought back to the cutting-room, on the floor of which is a diagram for measurement. The flag must be perfect in every detail. It must correspond exactly from hem to hem, on all four edges, with the nail-heads placed in the floor. No apology from the worker helps it to pass muster, and if not found correct to a thread, it must be made over.

In earlier days the foreman literally carved the stars from the bleached muslin, for he used a mallet and chisel to do so. Twenty yards of cotton cloth were folded and placed upon the block, a copper star was laid on top for a pattern, and thirty stars were cut out at one time; but now this work is done by a machine run by electricity. After the stars are cut out, they are turned down on all sides to a size indicated by a model, properly stationed, basted and hemmed down, and then another one is sewed directly at its back, fitting in so perfectly that they look like one solid star. This is an achievement not as simple as it appears.

When the flag is finally ready for bind-



MACHINE USED FOR CUTTING OUT STARS

ing, it is sent on to another department where a sailor puts on the canvas binding and makes it strong enough to defy the winds of heaven on its three years' cruise, which is its estimated period of usefulness.



MAKING FLAGS IN UNCLE SAM'S FLAG SHOP. THE MACHINES ARE RUN BY ELECTRICITY

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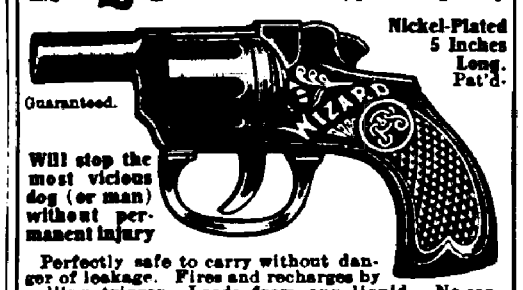

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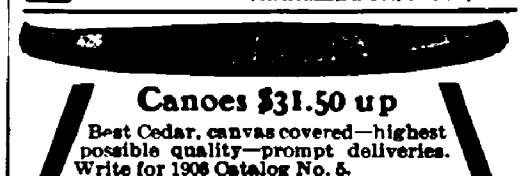

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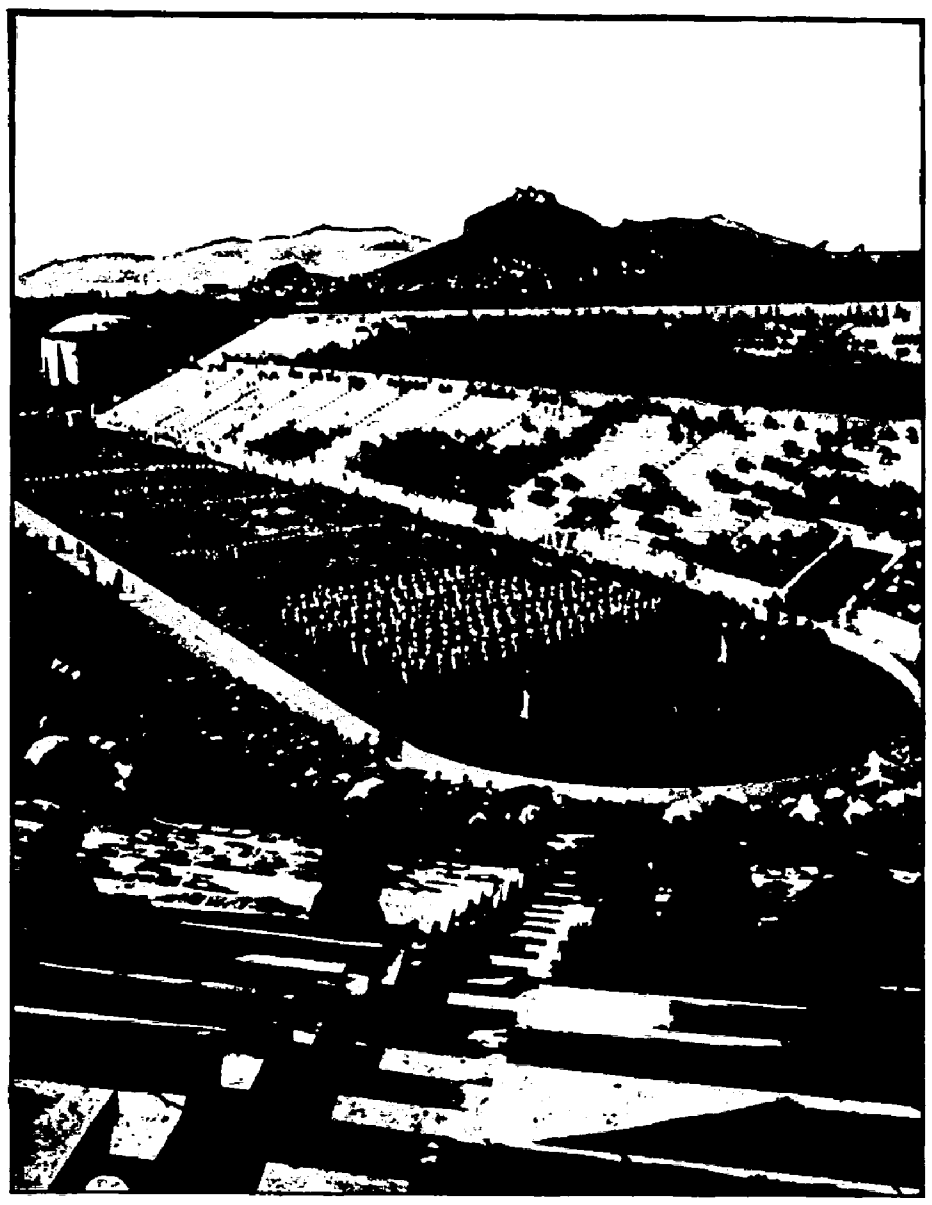

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The Pan-Athenic Stadion, Athens, Greece

This greatest theatre of the world, where the International Olympic games were held, April 22nd to May 2nd, 1906.

The Stadion seats 60,000 people. It is the theatre of the Pan-Athenaean games which was laid out by the orator Lykourgos about 330 B. C., and which was rebuilt 470 years later (about 140 A. D.), in white Pentellic marble. This magnificent pile of marble was burned for lime and otherwise used up during the dark ages.

Within the last few years it has been rebuilt of white marble at an expense of some millions of francs by Mr. Averof, of Alexandria. The excavation and removal of the earth and debris was at the private expense of King George.

The entire length of the course is 670 feet; the width 109 feet.

News From the San Francisco Boys' Clubs

Major A. H. Hutchinson, manager of the Roosevelt Boys' Club of San Francisco, writes us, under date of April 30th, relating some of his experiences during the recent earthquake and sending us photographs, which we reproduce herewith. He says.

"You will be pleased to learn of the safety of the headquarters of the Roosevelt Boys' Club at 1231 Treat avenue, opposite Garfield Square, and that we have learned of the safety of all but one of our local members. The one who has not reported at the club house is probably all right, but we have so far failed to locate him. The boys' clubs in the main part of the city are all burned out. Our boys, who were old enough, have helped the local companies of the National Guard, and those who were in the Lick school have been busy in the machine shop connected with the school, doing work for the city. The public library being gone, our club library of over 800 books was in great demand yesterday, and the sleeping rooms of the house have been in demand. As the best equipped boys' club now left on this side of the city, we expect to do good work during the next few months. Our printing office has been very busy for the relief committee, as long as we have any paper or cards. We have issued one number of our little paper, entitled "Our Junior Citizens," and an extra since the fire. The extra was printed on brown butcher's paper, and was issued more to cheer up the neighbors and those camping in the park across the way from our headquarters than anything else. It was unexpectedly popular, however, and we are rather proud of it. I expect this will knock out our AMERICAN BOY DAY celebration."

Some items from the earthquake edition of "Our Junior Citizens" may be interesting to the boys. Here are a few of them:

"Don't believe half you hear relative to the number of dead. It is bad enough, but not nearly as bad as you think."

"The man who comes up with extended hand and says 'shake' is not popular these days."

"We always did think we would find a use for this brown paper, but we had no idea that it would be for an earthquake extra. Do not mind errors, as the lights are out in our printing office."

"We are sending out our first mail by Mr. J. A. Wallace, who is starting for his home in Ohio."

"Do not argue with the soldier who tells you to do something. He may be wrong, but his arguments beat yours."



MAJ. A. H. HUTCHINSON
OF THE ROOSEVELT BOYS' CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A letter from Major Sidney S. Peixotto of the Columbia Park Boys' Club tells us that he is in San Luis Obispo, and that he has lost everything—the fruit of many years' work, and that he is on his way east. The Columbia Park Boys' Club was fully described in the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY. In his letter to us, Major Peixotto writes:

"Just at the height of my hopes all that I have labored for in the last fifteen years has been swept away—home, work and all. I am trying to be brave in the face of my misfortune, and am full of courage and hope. I left the city day before yesterday, walking down the peninsula, amid towns badly shaken, but full of hope. I am heading for the East. I want to talk over this boys' club work with its friends there. The calamity is too far-reaching to think of any aid for months to come from hereabouts. The Columbia Park Boys' Club is too valuable an institution to be allowed to perish, and I know you will agree with me. I was just about ready to take up plans for the celebration of AMERICAN BOY DAY here. Alas, it is all a wasted effort."



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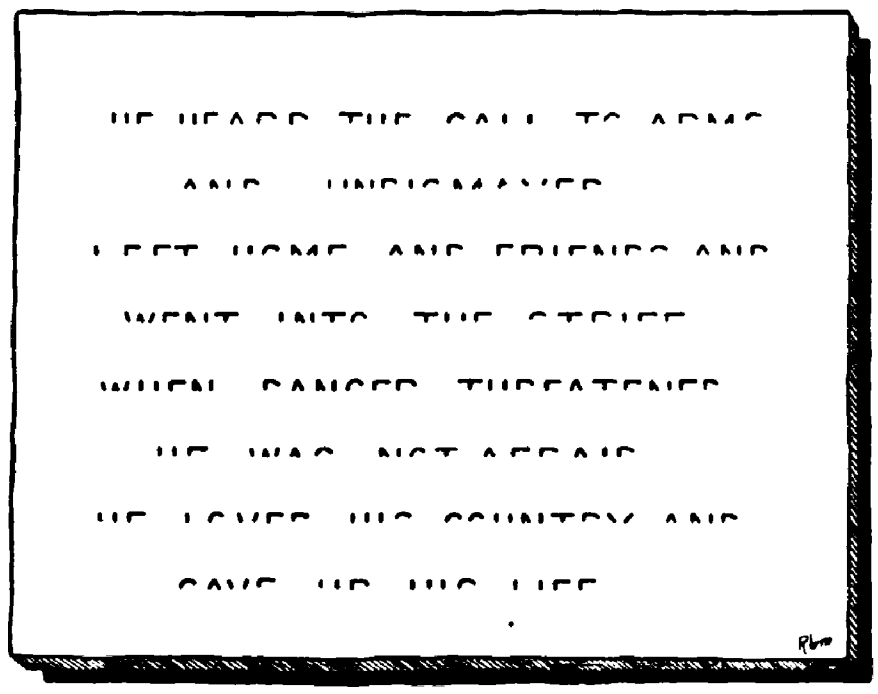

Can You Decipher This?

A few years ago the writer found himself within the gates of a large and well-known cemetery on Decoration Day. The old soldiers were there, revently placing flowers upon the graves of their comrades, and marking each site with a miniature flag, bearing the Stars and Stripes. One grave which had thus been visited had a headstone, upon which was an inscription, much weather-worn, but none the less interesting. A remarkable fact about this inscription was, that the lower halves of the letters had entirely disappeared—worn completely away—while the upper portions, better protected from the elements, could still be deciphered without difficulty. The writer made a note of this at the time, and the little puzzle here presented is a result of this incident.

How many boys can decipher this inscription from the upper portions of the letters here given?

A prize of a book to the first correct answer received after June 9th.

The SWIMMING MATCH.



"YOU'RE a brick, Billy Souther—a regular brick!" cried Tommy Sanborn enthusiastically.

"A pressed brick, Billy!" suggested Wally Apgar, as Tom clinched his compliment by throwing his arms about the hero of the occasion and giving him a tremendous hug.

"Come, now," said another of the group, "don't go to squeezing all the breath out of the young fellow; he'll need a considerable part of it if he's going to swim up the lake and back! Now, when can we set this match off, fellows?"

This started half a dozen to talking all at once.

"Send the challenge tomorrow—send it tomorrow, Billy!" cried several, eagerly. "That will bring the challenge to the Hamden boys before they have had a chance to get even a suspicion as to our plans."

"Likewise and also," said Tom, "the water will never be warmer than it is now, and tomorrow there'll be no school to interfere."

"Tomorrow let it be," said Billy promptly, and all the other boys applauded.

Sebantic Lake is two and one-half miles in length—a beautiful little sheet of water nestling among the hills of Maine. Two villages are situated on its shores, one near its upper, and the other near its lower end, but upon opposite sides. Between the boys of these two villages there had been a keen rivalry in sport for at least two generations. The fathers in each village had handed down to their sons the ambition to surpass their rivals, and the sons had accepted their inheritance with enthusiasm.

Cranford, the lower village, had been victorious for years in nearly all the contests, but the Hamden boys had lost none of their courage. Defeat simply made them more determined than ever.

There had been meetings upon the baseball and football fields. There had been sailing matches and skating matches, joint debates and spelling contests, snowshoe meets and hunting trials, checker games and chess tournaments. But victory had almost always perched upon the Cranford banners. This naturally had the effect of making one side feel very self-satisfied, while some bitter feelings had at times characterized the other side.

Just now the Cranford boys were excited over the proposal to send a new challenge to the boys up the lake—a challenge for a grand swimming race. Billy Souther, of Cranford, was simply a wonder in the water. His aquatic feats would take a column to describe, and his speed—well, no other boy in Cranford could stay with him for five minutes.

Interest at the present time rested not only in the challenge itself, but also in the way in which it was to be delivered.

The boys of the lower village delighted to "throw down the glove" to their opponents in as dramatic a manner as possible. Billy proposed that in the present instance he should swim up the lake carrying the challenge wrapped in oiled silk, and toss it from the water to any of the Hamden boys who might happen to be upon the shore, then turn and swim back to his friends, who would be waiting in their boats for him, down the lake. That would be a bold way to send a challenge for a swimming match! Not since a baseball, with its challenge plainly written upon its white surface, had been thrown into a group of Hamden boys by a messenger from the lower village, had any form of challenging so greatly pleased the Cranford enthusiasts.

A big delegation of boys in boats were on hand the next morning to accompany Billy a part of the way up the lake, and to escort him back when his mission had been accomplished.

Clad in his swimming trunks, with the oiled-silk package tucked carefully beneath them, Billy slipped into the water from the float to which the Cranford boys' boats were moored, amid the cheers of his admiring companions. He struck out deliberately, but strongly, and was soon well on his way up the lake. He floated upon his back when tired, and in this way went over the lake's length with almost as little fatigue as he would have experienced in walking the same distance.

Great was the amazement of a party of Hamden boys as they saw, out in the lake, a swimmer coming toward the shore with long, easy strokes. They were just getting their boats in readiness for a sail, but now they suspended operations to watch the approaching stranger.

Greater still was their amazement when they saw him "tread water," within a couple of rods of the shore, and after flinging toward them a little, dripping, oiled-silk package, turn and swim back down the lake.

When Billy reached his companions who were waiting in their boats behind a jutting point of land, he scorned their offers of a chance to rest, and striking off down the "home stretch" led the line of boats with their cheering occupants to the landing float.

The challenge was accepted and a day appointed for the contest. The Hamden boys contented themselves with sending their answer by way of Uncle Sam's mail-bags. Perhaps they had no swimmer who could traverse Sebantic Lake and return without once leaving the water, or did they have a surprise in store for their rivals? Certain it was that there were many secret confabs in the upper village, and many gleeful expressions of confidence—all carefully concealed, however, from the general public. When unfair tactics have been decided upon, it is necessary to keep the secret from the honorable boys in the community, for these are sure to take a stand for clean and honest sport. Were they really up to some trickery?

It happened that just at this time a dissipated young fellow, Johnson by name, had come down from Boston to visit relatives in Hamden. He took a great deal of interest in the challenge that had been received from down the lake, and soon struck up a great intimacy with the Hamden boy who had been selected to meet Billy Souther. A few other boys of no great reputation for honorable dealing were admitted to Johnson's confidence.

Down at the other end of the lake great preparations were being made for the coming contest. It was to be a "feature" of a great celebration to be held on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Cranford. Hundreds of visitors were expected from the country round about. Parades, speeches, a balloon ascension and fireworks had been provided for, but the swimming match was the first event set down on the programme.

The Cranford boys had confidence in Billy Souther's ability to win the race, but their interest was greatly stimulated by the reports that floated down the lake regarding the wonderful swiftness of the Hamden swimmer. These reports, curiously enough, came almost wholly through Johnson, the boy from Boston, though this was not noticed particularly at the time. It had not been known before in Cranford that Nate Patterson possessed exceptional ability in



THE BOYS IN THE BOAT AT ONCE PULLED NATE OVER THE SIDE

the water, and while the reports added spice to the coming race, no boy in Cranford lost any sleep over the matter.

A regular flotilla of boats conveyed the Cranford swimmer to the race on the day appointed. A single boat conveyed his opponent from Hamden to the starting line; his boat arrived first. Nate Patterson, in swimming trunks, at once went over the side into the water, keeping close beside his boat until the signal was given to prepare for the start.

A course of half a mile and return had been laid off, and the position of each swimmer, two rods apart, had been determined. No boat was to approach within six rods of either swimmer.

The shores were lined with spectators and scores of boats were hovering on the prescribed limits of the course, their occupants eager to see every movement of the rival swimmers.

When the starting gun was fired, both struck out strongly, but almost immediately a great cheer arose from a Hamden group, gathered on the shore opposite the starting point, as Nate Patterson was seen to take the lead and maintain it, apparently, with ease. At the same time the faces of the Cranford boys and their sympathizers fell.

"What does it mean?" cried Wally Apgar, excitedly. "Billy told me he would never allow himself to be headed for a moment, and here's Patterson a rod ahead of him at the start. I don't understand it."

"I don't see but that Billy is swimming as fast as he always did," said another. "He's taking smooth, clean strokes, and as many to the minute as Patterson, but he's falling behind right along."

As the race went on, there was consternation ashore and on the Cranford boats that lined the course. No one at the lower end of the lake had dreamed that Billy Souther could be defeated, and yet here he was three rods behind his antagonist and losing distance every moment.

Above the babel of voices along the shore could be heard that of Johnson calling to Nate Patterson, "Take it easier, Nate, and save your strength. Take it easier!" There was a note of anxiety in Johnson's voice. He did not want Nate to forge too far ahead of his rival.

But the latter was not in a mood to listen to advice. The intoxication of success was spurring him on to make his coming victory still more complete.

"Goes as though he had a propeller hitched to him!" declared one of the Cranford boys with disgust. "Just see him shoot through the water!"

The remark was uttered without thought, but it had the effect of setting another Cranford boy thinking.

Ralph Andrews had been watching the race thus far with anxiety. He had as great faith in Billy Souther's speed as had any of the other boys, and it was simply incomprehensible to him that Nate Patterson could be so easily winning the race.

The remark about the propeller set Ralph's wits working. The more he thought, the more excited he became, and presently he turned his boat and crossed over to the shore in the rear of the swimmers.

The course lay past the float where the Cranford boats were always moored. At the outer edge of this float had been built three bath houses, each with an entrance to the water from its interior. The two swimmers had passed by the float on their way up the course. They would pass it again on the way down.

Ralph Andrews walked around on the shore and out upon the float to one of the bath houses, which he entered unobserved. He put on his swimming trunks which were hanging there, and standing by the little window that faced the lake, he waited for the reappearance of the contestants. Like most of the Cranford boys Ralph was an expert swimmer, but his skill was more in diving and swimming under water than in straight away swimming. He now meditated a long swim under water.

Fifteen minutes later Nate Patterson appeared coming down the "home stretch," with Billy Souther far in the rear, but still making a plucky struggle. The course lay very close to the end of the float, and when Nate Patterson was almost opposite its upper corner, Ralph slipped into the water. Diving quietly he swam straight out toward the Hamden leader.

What happened next was talked about for many a day at both ends of the lake. As the crowds on shore and in the boats were intently watching the swimmers, and marveling at the wonderful speed of Patterson, they saw him give a leap half out of the water, and then begin a violent thrashing about with his arms, as though he had suddenly gone crazy.

Before even the most excited could cry, "Cramp! Help him!" the spectators beheld Ralph grappling with Nate Patterson and shouting excitedly.

What could it mean? The crowd on shore went wild with excitement, while those in boats rowed swiftly up to the two boys in the water.

"Pull him in! Pull the rascal in just as he is!" cried Ralph as the first boat came rushing up. "I want you to see just how his feet look—the cheat!"

The boys in the boat at once pulled Nate over the side, despite his struggles. On his hands were "web-footed" swimming gloves, very light and thin, but very effective in increasing the power of a swimmer's strokes. Nothing of the kind had ever before been seen in Cranford. But the swimming gloves were not so astonishing as the foot gear.

The gloves had been purchased of a firm dealing in sporting goods, but the ingenious contrivances upon the feet were evidently of home make, but none the less effective for that.

Light sandals were bound to the soles of his feet, and to these were attached thin plates, hinged along the middle of the soles. When the foot was drawn forward through the water, the plates shut up like the sides of a checker-board—though not allowed fully to close together; but in the backward stroke against the water, the plates opened out and quadrupled the surface of the swimmer's feet, and aided greatly in sending him along. This foot gear was the invention of Johnson.

Nate Patterson took the discovery in sullen silence, and only scowled as boat load after boat load of Cranford people pressed up to learn what the disturbance was all about. His own friends had suddenly lost interest in the contest, and some of them, including Johnson, had disappeared.

The leaders among the Cranford boys consulted together for a moment, then two of them took Nate Patterson and threw him "head-first" into the lake.

"There," cried one of them, as the spluttering boy came to the surface, "you use your patent swimming machinery for paddling straight out of this part of the world. We've no earthly use down here for cheats and humbugs!"

That was the last challenge that ever went from Cranford up the lake, and though this occurred some years ago, the disgrace of attempting to cheat in a contest of skill and endurance has not yet been removed from the little village at the head of Sebantic Lake

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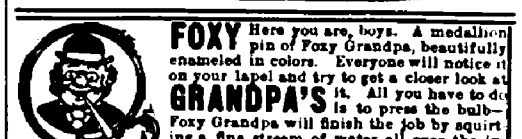



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A BOY at OLD TIGE.

A Liberty Story.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE MONTH of May, 1775. The day was serenely fair, and the warm sunshine of spring shone pleasantly upon a beautiful scene. A broad, green clearing sloped toward the long tract of the far stretching waters of Lake Champlain which seemed to lie asleep in the rays of the descending luminary. Through the clearing meandered a little brook, which emptied itself into the lake at a place where a narrow bay indented the land. In the midst of the opening, and but a few rods from the shore of the lake, stood an old-fashioned farmhouse, with an outhouse, barn and garden, all showing signs of more or less enterprise and thrift. From the chimney of the farmhouse curled a cloud of smoke that floated dreamily over the landscape, and finally melted away into the vapory atmosphere. Several other chimneys belonging to scattered farmhouses that stood farther back from the lake were sending up smoke likewise, and back of the little settlement, with green forests and uplands between, extended a range of hills, forest-clad to their summits. Across the lake and in full view rose the frowning walls of Ticonderoga, from which floated the lion flag of Great Britain, soon to be plucked down by the fearless hands of the free sons of America.

"Supper will be ready as soon as Nathan comes," said a matronly woman appearing at the door of the farmhouse, sleeves rolled to the elbows, and the signs of culinary toil apparent on her person.

"It's time that he was here," replied Farmer Beman, as he straightened up from bending over a harrow that he was mending and turned his bronzed, honest face towards the lake. "He isn't usually so late as this."

The figure in the doorway followed the direction of his gaze, shading her eyes with one hand from the rays of the westering sun.

"I think he's coming now; yes, that is his boat. You can just see it in the glare of the sun. Well, I suppose you are ready when he gets here." And Mrs. Beman disappeared within the kitchen.

The Bemans, being thrifty people and living on the shore of the lake, here only a mile wide, were in the habit of sending their produce to the fort, where the soldiers paid good prices for the same. Their son, Nathan, a boy of fourteen, usually acted as agent on these occasions, and this particular afternoon he had rowed across the lake with a basket of poultry and fresh eggs for the garrison. He had started immediately after dinner and expected to be back in three or four hours, but it was nearly six o'clock as he drove his canoe up the mouth of the little brook and anchored it to a clump of hazel bushes. He walked up the path, crushing whole phalanxes of the starry blossoms of the white wood violets—a sturdy, boyish figure, clad in shirt and trousers, without shoes, and with a ragged cocked hat on his head. Whistling merrily, basket on arm, he entered the farmhouse, from the open door and windows of which came the fragrant odors of steaming flapjacks and hoecakes and pennyroyal tea.

"You are late, Nathan," said his mother, who was just pouring a cup of the hot drink.

"Yes, mother, I know I am, but there was a good deal to see, and I couldn't seem to get away."

"Anything new at old Ti?" asked Mr. Beman.

"Nothing particular, father, only they've got a barber there."

"A what?"

"A barber, a man who cuts hair and shaves you. The soldiers were all being shaved; it was fun to see some of them wince and squirm."

"Did you see the commander?"

"Yes, Captain de la Place bought the chickens and eggs himself, and took me to his room to pay me. He told me, mother, that he did not get such nice eggs as yours anywhere else."

Mrs. Beman smiled with pleased vanity. "Well, I keep good hens and feed them well, and I always sell my eggs fresh," she said.

"Yes, mother," said her husband, "and you make more money from your poultry than I do from my farm. However, we've always worked together. But, Nathan, you are sober; what are you thinking about?"



FRED MYRON COLBY
AUTHOR OF "A BOY AT OLD TI'GE"

"Oh, I was thinking how easy old Ti could be taken," answered Nathan.

"Capture old Ti!" exclaimed his father, "why, lad, the thing's impossible. Abercrombie lost two thousand men there in '58, and young Lord Howe was killed. I wasn't ten feet from him when he fell. The fort's impregnable. But what in the world put the thought into your head? Who is there to take it?"

"I don't know, father, but ever since we heard of the battle of Lexington between the redcoats and our farmers, I have been thinking how old Ti might be taken. You don't know how careless they are. There were no sentinels on duty this afternoon, and the soldiers were drinking and gambling."

"That may be, but Ticonderoga isn't a gal to be taken by the first wooer. 'Twould be a great stroke for liberty, but, no, no, there's nobody to do it." And Farmer Beman, who was a thoroughly patriotic American, shook his head firmly.

But as the farmer and Nathan were milking the cows that night, tramp, tramp, tramp, came the sound of many feet, and rising with their filled pails to see what the matter might be, they saw the road filled with more than three hundred armed men.

"They are not redcoats, but who can they be, Nathan, and what can their errand be?" asked the elder Beman with honest surprise.

He was answered by the appearance of two officers of rank—one a large, tall man of Herculean cast, dressed in high, heavy boots, buff breeches and waistcoat, and a high-collared white shagcoat; the other a slighter man, but well made and of noble bearing, whose garments were richer and more fashionable in their cut. Both were on horseback, and wore swords, epaulets and other insignia of rank.

"As I'm alive, it's Colonel Ethan Allen!" exclaimed Farmer Beman, addressing the colossal figure.

"And you are Ebenezer Beman," cried the famous Green Mountain hero. "This is Colonel Arnold, and we are on our way to take old Ti."

"You must be mad, Colonel Allen," cried the farmer aghast. "General Abercrombie had fifteen thousand men and failed."

"But I am not General Abercrombie, nor does insanity run in my family," answered Allen, sturdily. "Yonder fort will be in the hands of free men tomorrow morning, or Ethan Allen will be no more among the living."

Young Nathan Beman stood looking with all his eyes upon the stalwart figure of the Green Mountain hero, who to him was the personification of everything great and glorious in the world. The looks of Arnold he did not like as well; he had a reckless air and a proud, contemptuous expression of countenance, but those flashing eyes and sinister lips did not then foretell the ill fame that was to come to this brave and gifted man.

"I suppose you have made provision for boats to transport your troops across the lake, Colonel Allen," said the farmer.

"I have sent a party to secure what boats they could above here, and another party has gone to Skenesboro, but I trusted to find certain craft at this place," answered Allen. "Could I have been misinformed?"

"There is an excellent scow a half-mile above here, and there are a dozen skiffs down yonder that you are welcome to."

"And now, Mr. Beman," said Allen, bending upon him the steady gaze of his stern blue eyes, "do you know of any one that we can depend on as a guide, someone that knows all about the fort and its approaches? I wish to avoid if possible any danger from the salute of a charge of grapeshot or canister from the wide-mouthed war dogs of old Ti."

"I don't know of any one that knows old Ti better than my son, Nathan here; he goes over there as often as once a week."

"And can you, young man, conduct us to the fort and show us to the commandant's quarters? Are you sure you can do it?" Colonel Allen's voice was stern and decisive, for it was an important task that was required, and the person that served him must not fail him.

"I know the fort as well as I know our house yonder," declared Nathan, boldly. "I've been all over it by daylight, sir, and I think I could find my way over it by night."

"And do you know where the commandant's quarters are?" inquired Arnold.

"I've been there a dozen times, sir, and should know the place blindfolded," answered the lad.

"Then you are the boy for us," returned the other. "Colonel Allen, if we get the boats, the morning sun will see the red rag of England pulled down from yonder ramparts."

"Aye, and we will hope that it will never float there again," responded Allen solemnly.

During the next few hours the soldiers were busy gathering the boats of the neighborhood, and it was a little after midnight that Allen and Arnold and about eighty of the troops crossed to the western shore of the lake. The boats they expected from Skenesboro and Panton did not arrive, but neither of the great leaders dared delay any longer. In the last boat that crossed went Nathan Beman, the boy guide of the expedition.

After landing their passengers the boats were sent back for another load, while their companions waited on the shore of the lake. It was a soft May night, bright with starlight. The frogs kept up their chorus through all the night hours, and at intervals the sharp call of the whippoorwill sounded a diapason. The first streak of the dawn appeared in the east.

Ethan Allen gazed anxiously across the lake.

"It will never do to wait for the boats to return," he muttered. "Daylight will soon be here, and if the garrison espy us we are lost."

Delay was indeed hazardous, and the two commanders resolved to proceed to the attack at once.

The men were accordingly drawn up in three ranks upon the shore, and in a few brief words Allen told them of his determination. Then placing himself at their head, he called to Nathan Beman.

"Conduct us to the sally port, and mind that you do not run into any unnecessary danger."

The boy guide looked up into the face of his superior officer with a firm, brave glance. "I'm not afraid, sir, and perhaps God will fight for us."

"God will fight for us," cried the Green Mountain hero, clasping Nathan's hand. "Forward, men, in the name of the Lord!"

Slowly and silently the little band advanced. The vast bulk of the fortress rose dark and frowning above them. No sound came from the walls. The band of light in the east had broadened into a great, glowing belt of radiance.

Up within twenty paces of the entrance gate they marched before their presence was discovered. The surprised sentinel gazed in mute astonishment and alarm for an instant; then raising his musket he leveled it full at the towering figure of Allen. Luckily the weapon missed fire, and as he turned to flee the patriots followed him.

"This way," cried Nathan, running under cover within the walls.

In a brief time the rushing column of Americans swept like a whirlwind into the parade in front of the barracks, where they gave three thundering cheers that made the old walls tremble, and roused the sleeping garrison from their beds in wild dismay at the unwonted sound. Filing off in two divisions, the patriots formed a line of forty men along each of the two ranges of barracks, so that the soldiers of the fortress were made prisoners as fast as they arrived upon the scene.

"Now, Nathan, lead me to Captain de la Place's room," commanded Allen, sword in hand.

Up the stairway sprang the boy and the great leader, and in another moment the hero's sword was banging away upon the commandant's door.

Captain de la Place came to the door, his clothes in his hand, but when he saw the majestic form of Allen, he stood amazed and speechless.

"I demand the immediate surrender of this fort, Captain de la Place," cried Allen.

"But by whose authority do you make this bold demand of his Majesty's fortress?" asked the commandant, scarcely realizing the situation, which was no wonder.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen, in a tone that could not be gainsaid. De la Place relinquished his sword and the capture was complete.

The spoil that fell into the hands of the victors consisted of one hundred and twenty pieces of iron cannon, fifty swivels, ten tons of musket balls, three cartloads of flints, a lot of gunpowder, a fine array of muskets, and a large quantity of other stores, all of which proved of incalculable value to the patriot army near Boston.

As the sun rose up over the green hills of Vermont, Nathan Beman stood beside Allen and Arnold on the ramparts of Ticonderoga, while British cannon were pealing forth their deep-mouthed thunder to the reverberating mountains—the proclamation of victory.

"God has indeed fought for us," said Allen, solemnly, as he placed his hand upon the boy guide's shoulder.

"Aye, and it is the first triumph of young freedom over the arms of her haughty oppressor," cried the future hero of Quebec and Saratoga.

Probably

"What are you crying for?"

"I fell down on the ice and papa laughed at me."

"But that's nothing to cry about."

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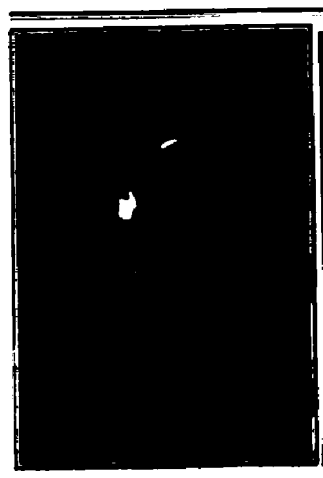

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THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER.

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 subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and fifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture.



"A SPRING CREEK"
First prize photo, by Robert C. Line, Columbus, Montana

Alum in the Fixing Bath

Never add alum to the fixing solution. Where it is necessary, either for plates or paper, it should be employed either before or after fixing, with sufficient washing between.

Get in Line

Entries for our new bromide enlargements competition are already beginning to come in. As announced before, it closes September 1. Do not put off your entries until the last moment.

Honorable Mention

Those entitled to the foregoing distinction this month are: Earl W. White, Maurice F. Fry, Fred L. Weir, Chester Farnsworth, H. Ed. Fry, Victor Halligan, James L. Hendry, Fred H. Gibbs, and Alvin Stadtfeld.

A Good Suggestion

George Kump, one of our subscribers, writes: "I find I can buy Velox, size 4x6, for the same amount that I can buy my 4x5 negatives. This gives me an inch off of each to use to time my exposures for the sheet."

Printing on Linen

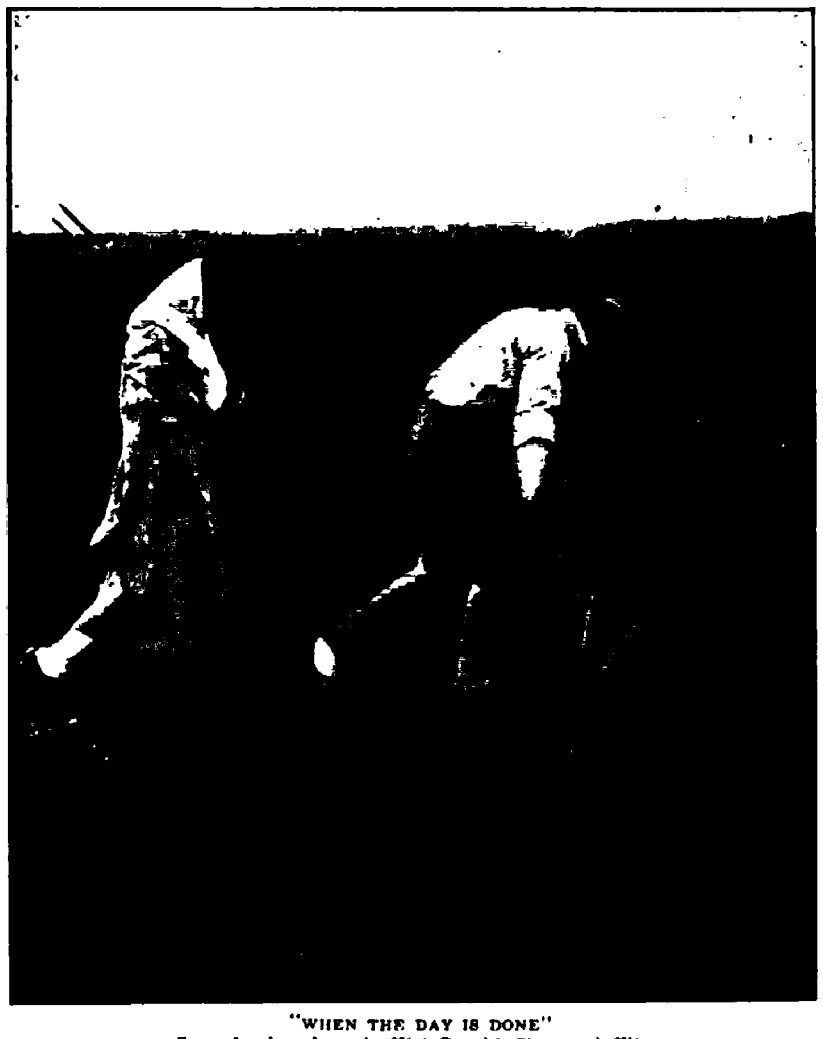
The linen is first thoroughly washed, and then soaked in the following: Water, 8 ounces; potassium bromide, 45 grains; cadmium bromide, 15 grains; potassium iodide, 15 grains. After drying, it is sensitized in the dark-room in a solution of water, 5 ounces; silver nitrate, 15 grains; citric acid, 15 grains. It is dried in the dark, and, when printed, developed with water, 7 ounces; pyrogallol, 75 grains; citric acid, 6 drams. A good washing next follows, when it may, if desired, be toned with a bath made as follows: Water, 1 pint; ammonium sulphocyanide, 187.5 grains; gold chloride, 7 grains. It is then fixed and washed in the customary way.—Photo. Gazette.

Our Prize Pictures

"A Spring Run," by Robert C. Line, of Columbus, Mont., which captured the first prize this month, is a capital illustration of a typical winter landscape towards Spring. The name was taken from a running spring, which is discharged into the creek by means of the trough in the foreground. The prize-winner informs us that it was taken with a No. 4 Screen Focus Eastman Kodak and he concludes his letter by stating that "Montana is a fine place to take pictures." The second prize picture of our old friend Nick Bruehl (Sherwood, Wis.), while inferior to the "Spring Run" in technique, is a very creditable composition. It is entitled "When the Day is Done" and clearly shows the influence that some of the creations of Millet (the painter of the "Angelus") have had upon the photographer. It was taken in the evening, August 7, 1905, with a Premo camera, stop 4, one second exposure, on a Standard plate. The print was made on Solio paper.

Our Letter Box

David Brodkey—We could not enter your photo in our competition, because it had been rolled and was cracked in the mail. Oliver B. Cardwell—To prepare an ink for writing on photographs make up a solution of: Iodide of potassium 10 parts, water 30 parts, iodine 1 part, and gum 1 part. By gum we do not mean chewing-gum, of course, but such as may be procured from a druggist. An ordinary pen is used, and the writing with this fluid is made on the dark portions of the photograph. The action of the solution is to bleach by converting the silver into silver iodide, and thus it is possible to obtain white letters, which show well on the black or dark ground. Yes, special apparatus is required for making enlargements; bromide paper is the simplest to work with. Robert R. Thompson—The completeness of fixing must be ascertained by holding up the film and making sure that no specks or patches of unaltered silver bromide remain in any part. Gail B. Helgeson—As the editor has not purchased any photo.-supplies from the dealers you mention, he is not in a position to answer your question. Mrs. C. W. Hill—Blue prints are excluded from our contests. Wesley Reed—Are you sure the formalin procured was the genuine article? The "Photogram" is generally reliable. George Kump—The diagram you enclosed relates to the distance of the object from the camera in instantaneous photography and enables you to dispense with focusing. You have to guess the distance, as near as possible, and set the indicator accordingly. The distance is expressed in metres and feet and everything over 30 metres or 100 feet away is in focus. If your ray-filter fits the lens, it can be used. The kind of Velox paper that should be used depends upon the quality of the negative. Send to the firm for printed matter and read it up. If the exposure is correct, the tank developer will do just as well. Edward H. Keating—There is no limit to the number of photos that may be entered in our contests. Tom Alvord—Opinions are divided on that subject. Personally I should say, a folding Eastman Kodak with a Goerz lens.



"WHEN THE DAY IS DONE"
Second prize photo, by Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.

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 stood at the head of their classes, taking the average of all their study grades for the term, 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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal....S. R.
LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich..H.
HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal..S. R.
JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark.....S. R.
LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
G. B. THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn....S. R.
A. C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H.....S. R.
LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O.....S. R.
G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich.....S. R.
WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y.....H.
ALF. O. PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn....S. R.
HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass....S. R.
LEO HYDE, Lynn, Mass.....H.
RALPH DEDCOVICH, Gloucester, Mass..S. R.
C. W. ALLSHOUSE, South Newbury, O..S. R.
J. E. HARRINGTON, Littleton, N. H...S. R.
LEON F. MERRITT, Detroit, Mich.....S. R.
C. A. LUKINGBEAL, Farmersville, O...S. R.
WILBUR W. WOOD, St. Louis, Mo....S. R.
EARL COMER, Tolono, Ill.....S. R.
B. O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y....S. R.
J. de VOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.S. R.
ASHER KAHN, Norwalk, O.....S. R.
HARLEY WENTZ, Forest, O.....S. R.
JESSE HALSTED, Sheboygan, Wis.....S. R.
ALBERT SCHOBER, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
WALTER DRIGGS, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
MILAN WHITMAN, Lodi, O.....S. R.
OTIS F. SMITH, Sedalia, Mo.....S. R.
CLAUDE TEARS, Deferiet, N. Y.....S. R.
CLARENCE SCHWARTZ, Wickliffe, Ky.S. R.
ALONZO W. MEEK, Montgomery, Ala...S. R.
CARL H. GROSSMAN, Madison, Ind.....S. R.
BENNIE STURGES, Cripple Creek, Colo.S. R.
AUBREY CAMPBELL, Aberdeen, S. Dak.S. R.
ERIC SHAW, Natchez, Miss.....S. R.
RAY SONNEMAN, Kansas City, Mo.....S. R.
THOMAS Y. BOYD, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
LEROY SHEFFIELD, Randalia, Iowa...S. R.
P. CLEARY BULLARD, St. Paul, Minn..S. R.
KARL MEYER, Big Spring, Ky.....S. R.
NOEL ANTRIM, Sheridan, Ind.....S. R.
G. E. HUNGERFORD, Manhattan, Kas..S. R.
MILLER HUGHES, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
DURRELL C. DAVIS, Corvallis, Ore....S. R.
ELMER WINTER, Richwood, O.....S. R.
ROGER HOPKINS, Colo, Iowa.....S. R.
J. ACREE PHILLIPS, Strayhorn, Miss..S. R.
LENNIS E. A. NANCE, Wickliffe, Ky...S. R.
LESLIE HOMER BRASEL, Farina, Ill..S. R.
J. OREN CHAILLE, Otwell, Ind.....S. R.
ALBERT C. WRIGHT, Brockton, Mass..S. R.
JOHN A. SMARSH, Chambersburg, Pa..S. R.
C. FAY MARSHALL, Aubrey, Texas....S. R.
FLOYD M. YANEY, Coldwater, Ohio....S. R.
CHARLES DRACH, JR., Jeannette, Pa..S. R.
VICTOR P. MORRIS, Eugene, Oregon....S. R.
FREDERICK HERENDEEN, Chicago, Ill..H.
JOHN JOSEPH DRUMGOULD, Barre, Vt..H.
WALTER P. MITCHELL, Stanton, Del...S. R.
HARRY NELSON, Belle Center, Ohio....S. R.
KENNETH BRYDEN, Monticello, Ill....S. R.
CONVASS DEAN, Ulysses, Pa.....S. R.
PAUL FOWLER, Pottsville, Tex.....S. R.
CHAS. DARROW, Valentine, Ind.....S. R.
LYNN L. HOSIER, Centerville, Ind.....S. R.
STANLEY SCHNETZLER, Beaver Dam, Wis.....S. R.
EMIL LEARD, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
ROBERT W. HARRIS, Wilkinsburg, Pa..S. R.
HAROLD STINSON, Iola, Kansas.....S. R.
KENNETH E. POTTER, Huntington, O..S. R.
GUY RHODES, Worland, Wyo.....S. R.
LLOYD DOUGLAS, Crestline, Kansas....S. R.
CYRIL A. NELSON, Moray, Kansas....S. R.
THOMAS A. HARRIS, Ogden, Utah.....H.
PRICE R. MOORE, New Cumberland, O..S. R.
JOHN E. WOOD, Harrisburg, Mo.....S. R.

John E. Wood, Harrisburg, Missouri, made the highest average in all his classes during the term ended March 23d, 1906.

Chas. Darrow, Valentine, Indiana, has won a School Record Badge. He is in the sixth year class of the Valentine Graded School.

Lloyd Douglas, Crestline, Kansas, made the highest average during the school term recently ended, and has been awarded a badge.

Milan Whitman, Lodi, O., who goes on our Legion of Honor Roll this month, has attended school for seven and one-half years without being tardy once.

Kenneth E. Potter, Huntington, Ohio, won the highest average in the eighth grade for the winter term, ended March 16th. His standing averaged 96%.

Cyril A. Nelson, Moray, Kansas, obtained the highest grade in his class. His average was 96%, and his teacher certifies to the fact that it was won by hard work.

Guy Rhodes, Worland, Wyoming, won his School Record Badge with an average of 99 6/9%. This was the highest average in the school, the next being 97 7/9%.

The highest average in the seventh year class of the College Corner School, Centerville, Indiana, was obtained by Lynn L. Hosier, who has received his badge.

Victor P. Morris, an eighth grade pupil of the Patterson school at Eugene, Oregon, won the School Record Badge with an average standing for the term of 97 4/10%.

Harold Stinson, Iola, Kansas, secured the best grades in all studies and in deportment during the term which closed in March. Harold attends the Prairie Union School and has not been absent or tardy since last September.

John Acree Phillips, Strayhorn, Mississippi, who has received a School Record Badge, writes that he has taken THE AMERICAN BOY only three months, but likes it very much.

Leslie Homer Brasel, a twelve-year-old boy of Farina, Illinois, has received a School Record Badge for obtaining the highest average rank in his class during the term just ended.

Walter P. Mitchell, a Stanton, Delaware, boy, received the highest average in all of his studies during the term beginning September, 1905, and has been sent a School Record Badge.

Paul Fowler, a ten-year-old boy of Pottsville, Texas, received a term average of 95%, which was the highest in his class, and was also the best in attendance and deportment during the term.

Kenneth Bryden, an eight-year-old member of Wild Cat School, Monticello, Illinois, not only received the highest average in his class during the term, but was neither absent nor tardy in that time.

Robert Harris, a pupil in the seventh grade of the Kelly School, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, has made the highest average in his room for two successive terms. Robert is thirteen years old.

Perfect attendance during the eighth grade year and for four high school years is a pretty good record, and entitled the boy who made it, Otis F. Smith, Sedalia, Missouri, to a School Record Badge.

The seventh grade teacher at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, writes us that Stanley Schnetzler obtained the highest average in his class during the term ended December 22d, 1905, and we have sent him a badge.

Lennis E. A. Nance, Wickliffe, Kentucky, who recently received a School Record Badge for obtaining the highest class average in the seventh grade, is an enthusiastic member of Henry Clay Company No. 7, O. A. B., and is secretary of the club.

Charles Drach, Jr., Jeanette, Pennsylvania, in writing to thank us for the School Record Badge received by him, says: "The superintendent of our school gave it to me in front of the whole room. The boys said it was fine and that they wished they had it."

Durrell C. Davis, of Corvallis, Oregon, writes to thank us for the School Record Badge sent him recently, and says: "The badge is fine, much better than I expected or deserved." Durrell is now attending town school and says his work keeps him very busy indeed.

Emil Leard, who is a senior in the Hartwell Institute, Hartwell, Georgia, received an average of 98 2/7 in his studies, and a badge has been sent him. In 1904 Emil received a medal for making the highest average in the eighth grade. He is fourteen years of age and the youngest in his class.

Thomas A. Harris, a sixteen-year-old boy of Ogden, Utah, won the Heroism Badge by saving two lives. In 1905 he saved a baby who was caught on the track from being run over, by flagging the on-coming train with his hat; and on March 25th he rescued a young girl from drowning at a great risk of his own life.

Convass Dean, Ulysses, Pennsylvania, had a comparatively easy time in winning a Badge for the highest average in his class, as he is the only pupil in the eleventh grade. However, as his average was 99 and a fraction, we cannot see that this fact kept him from making a good record.

We received a pleasant little letter from Price R. Moore, of New Cumberland, Ohio, who won the highest average in his grade during the recent term of school. Price is eleven years old and has never received a tardy mark since starting to school when he was six. He has a big brother and sister, and says they all enjoy THE AMERICAN BOY very much.

"I desire to thank you for the Legion of Honor Badge which was presented to me by my teacher. I appreciate, not only the badge, but also the honor of having my name on your Roll." This is a paragraph from a letter written us by Victor P. Morris, of Eugene, Oregon, who adds that he thinks THE AMERICAN BOY the best paper printed for boys, and is hoping to get us some new subscribers.

Among the names added this month to our Legion of Honor Roll is that of Carl Wayne Allshouse, South Newbury, Ohio. This boy, although not yet twelve years of age, will soon complete his sixth year of school. During this time he has not been absent or tardy, nor has he missed a recitation. As he lives on a farm a mile from the school, he has sometimes found that it takes a good deal of grit to keep up such a record in all kinds of weather. Not only has Carl been regular in attendance, but he is a good student, having always stood at the head of his classes. He writes: "This is the third year I have received THE AMERICAN BOY, which I like very much, as a premium for obtaining a club for the Ohio Farmer."

Boys Get Nice Prizes and Earn Money Selling "THE AMERICAN BOY"

The following boys win prizes for buying the most copies of the May number of "THE AMERICAN BOY" to be sold by them: S. Byck, $2.00; M. McElroy, Ingersoll Watch; Elmer Metcalfe, Football; Harold L. Spedden, copy of the book "Three Boys in the Mountains." Besides these prizes the boys made a big profit on the copies they sold. The plan is this: To start a boy in the work we send him, if he asks for them, ten copies of the current number of "THE AMERICAN BOY," and for these we make no charge whatever. These copies he sells at ten cents each and keeps the money. That gives him a working capital so that he can buy his next month's supply at a price that will pay him a nice profit, as he must sell his copies at ten cents each. As indicated above, we give to the four boys who buy the largest number of papers during the month, a nice prize.

Lester C. Peterman, of Groveport, Ohio, writes—"The Ingersoll watch you sent me as a prize for selling next to the largest number of March AMERICAN BOYS came duly to hand, and I am more than pleased with it because it came from such a great publishing company as THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, for selling their fine paper. It is something I can use every day and be justly proud of, and I earnestly thank you for it."

Boys who have not ordered ten copies to be sent free should do so, and make an effort to get regular customers who will buy copies of "THE AMERICAN BOY" from them each month. Address
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

Name _____

Address _____

If you wish to receive a copy of the book mentioned in this advertisement, write your name and address in the space above, tear off this corner and mail to **Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd., Dept. A-200, Battle Creek, Mich.**

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If we could convince you in this ad. of the value to YOU of our *Free* new book, "THE BATTLE CREEK IDEA," you would be glad to pay $10.00 for it.

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You do not obligate yourself in any way by answering this advertisement. You are neither required to buy anything nor to promise anything. All we ask is that you read the book carefully.

It tells how you can live, in your own home, without disturbing your daily routine in any way, a sane, healthful life—the life that has restored thousands to health at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

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The Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd., Dept. A-200. Battle Creek, Mich.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Albert Holmes: Your 1883 V nickel with an E over the V was not issued by the government as such. The E has no doubt been counterstamped on it by some one and does not add to its value. W. G. S., Cedarville, O.: The quarter of 1876 is only worth face. Lloyd Riley: Your coins are only worth face value unless they happen to be in proof condition. D. Zentmire: Face value only. Wm. N Brown: 1834 cent, ten cents. Old Carolina broken bank bills can be purchased for from five to ten cents each. E. W. Robinson: Your German coin is a very common 1 pfennig. Your other rubbing is a common Canadian sou. Others face value. F. H. Edson: (1) 1806 half cent, twenty-five cents; (2 and 3) common Canadian and English pennies; (4) common cash coin of the present Chinese dynasty; (5) Austrian 2 heller, common. Ravenwood, Mo.: 1852 cent, five cents. 1858 flying eagle cent, face value. Others very common. Wm. Lindahl: Denmark 1719, half skilling, thirty cents. 1771 half and 1 skilling, ten and five cents each. 1818 1 rigsbank skilling, ten cents. Michael Hojem: Your coin is a 6 skilling of Denmark worth twenty cents. Donald Best: The half cent of 1835 is worth fifteen cents. Arthur J. Danielson: The half dollar of 1853 is only worth face. The same may be said of the quarter of this date. Ralph Phillip: Your rubbing is from a common (5) "cinco" centimos of Spain. Ray Gould: See answer to Arthur J. Danielson. Harold McConnell: Your rubbings are from a Chinese cash and a Russian 2 kopecks. Both are common. None of the two-cent pieces, with the exception of that of 1873, will bring a premium worth considering. Others face value only. Paul Pard: Your rubbing is from an old Roman first bronze. It is so poor that it cannot be positively identified and is consequently almost valueless. LeRoy Crowell: Canadian current coins only bring face value. Old Spanish and Mexican silver, unless in fine condition, are only worth bullion value. The Confederatio of 1783 is worth thirty-five cents. Herbert Magney: Your Swedish coins are worth from five to ten cents each. All you mention are quite common. Ralph C. Sherman: Old Confederate bills sell for only a few cents each as curios. The ones you mention are of the commonest varieties. Cents of 1831, 1853 and 1834 sell for from five to ten cents each when in ordinary condition. Canada cents, face value only. Robert T. Rich: The half dollar of 1855 is very common. Hubert Turner: The 1853 dime is worth ten cents only. Dean Walton: The nickel 5-cent piece of 1866 with stars and bars, and the half dime of 1838 are worth ten cents each if they are in fine condition. Fred Poyner: The cent of 1841 sells for ten cents. Kenneth H. Hill: The 1857 flying eagle cent sells for face value. The half cents of 1829 and 1834 sell for fifteen cents each. Lincoln D. White: See answer to LeRoy Crowell. G. Y.: An 1834 cent is worth ten cents if in good condition. Geo. B. Forristall: Says he has heard that "if one could obtain five 10-cent pieces with the mint marks S O U T H on them they would be worth $5.00." As we have no mints with the mint marks U T and H of course this is untrue. Harry Wolking: The half dollars of 1877 and 1859 are only worth face value when in ordinary condition. M. H. Feld: The half dime of 1853 is worth five cents only. Leigh H. Slocum: A half dollar of 1825 sells for seventy-five cents at the dealers. 1838 dime, in fine condition, twenty-five cents. Harry N. Elwell: The half cent of New Brunswick, 1861, is worth five cents. Ralph W. Rider: The Philippine centavo of 1903 sells for five cents. The half dollar of 1832, seventy-five cents. James S. Tyron: The quarter dollars of 1819 and 1821 are worth seventy-five cents each. E. M. Youngs: Your query is elsewhere answered in this column. Paul Fleming: You will have trouble in getting more than a dollar each for your dollars of 1904. Only those in proof condition will bring a premium. Frank Svacka: (1) Austrian crown of Leopold 1704. (2) Same of Rudolph II. (3) Saxon crown of John, Christian, George and Augustus, 1599. These three old German crowns sell usually for about $2.50 each. (4) Austrian silver of 1803 (Francis II), half a dollar (5) Hungarian ducat (gold) Charles VI, 1739; intrinsic value $2.25. (6) Common English penny. (7) Austrian ducat, Joseph II, 1779, same value as last. 1837 quarter, fifty cents. H. K. (Woodmere): The only coin among your rubbings of any particular premium value is the little octagon California gold of 1853. This is worth $1.50. W. H Geach: The copper that you inquire particularly about is from Spain. It is an 8 Marivedes, and is common.



GEORGE R. BRILL

NEXT MONTH

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of* A FLY

Text and Illustrations by George R. Brill

MR. BRILL studied art in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, is a member of the Art Club of Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia Sketch Club, and is the author of "Andy and the Ignoramos," "Bobby Bumpkin," and other productions of merit. We have secured four articles in a humorous vein from Mr. Brill; these will appear in early issues, the Autobiography of a Fly coming in July—fly time.

Rare Coins Curios Etc., For Sale! New foreign coppers, 5 var. 20c. Paper, Money or old coins, 12 for 25c. Morocco coin, date "1288" or large Jap. coin, only 12c. U. S. ½ cent 1809, each 20c. U. S. Cent, date 1803, 12c. 1906 Rare Coin Book, 150 pp., U. S. and For'n. 750 illustrations, only 25c. Retail lists free. The Elder Monthly, a fine new periodical for all classes of collectors, 50c per year, 5c for sample copy. **T. L. Elder, 32 East 23d St., N. Y. City.**

THE NUMISMATIST

The only Illustrated Monthly Coin Collectors Magazine published in America.

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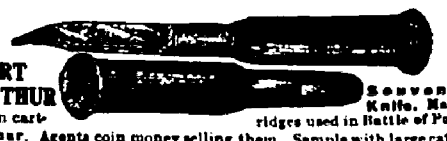
The Numismatist, - Monroe, Mich.



PORT ARTHUR Souvenir Knife. Made from cartridges used in Battle of Port Arthur. Agents coin money selling them. Sample with large catalogue 10c. CRANE MFG. CO., Whitney Theatre Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE SOUVENIR POST CARDS

Large variety, showing ruins, scenes, etc., 25c a dozen. No collection complete without them. Souvenir Books and Photographs of the destruction, 25c, 50c and $1.00 each. GOLDEN GATE CURIO CO., Golden Gate, Oakland, Calif.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS 10 beautiful colored Boston views and our Club plan, 10c. You will receive cards from all over the world for exchange. Postal Card collections now all the rage. Commence one today. IDEAL CO., Dept. B, Dorchester, Mass.

Free 10 KINGS HEADS All Different **Free**

For sending us names of a few stamp collectors.

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2 Liberia 1906, unused bi-colored	$0.10
100 diff. United States	.20
1000 finely mixed foreign	.14
50 different Norway and Sweden	.25
Steel Stamp Tongs, in neat case	.25
1906 Complete Illustrated Catalog	.10
33 diff. stamps from 33 countries	.12
Album and 1,000 stickers	.15
7 Nyassa Giraffe 1901	.16
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10 CENT SPECIALS

15 Argentine	10	15 Greece	10
30 Australia	10	10 Luxemburg	10
15 Bulgaria	10	6 Newfoundland	10
10 Bosnia	10	10 Persia	10
7 Bolivia	10	20 Russia	10
20 Canada	10	11 Servia	10
10 Cape of Good Hope	10	30 Sweden	10
11 Dutch Indies	10	30 Spain	10
10 Egypt	10	15 Turkey	10
10 Finland	10	10 Uruguay	10

50 Asia	25	50 Australia (extra)	25
65 U. S. Postage	25	11 Belgium 1904	15

Blank approval books to hold 100 stamps, per 10, 20c. Imported hinges, 15 cent size, 10 cents per 1,000. Above, all post free. Agents wanted.

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FREE 40 varieties U. S. for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c return postage. 1,000 Peerless Hinges, 8c. 10 var. U. S. Rev., long, 10c. 60 var. South American stamps, 50c. Albums from 5c up.

MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

50 ALL DIFFERENT U. S. stamps, all issues from 1857, including Columbia, Omaha, Pan American, Civil War Revenues, etc., postpaid, **10 cts.**

AMERICAN STAMP COMPANY, Box A, Huntington, Ind.

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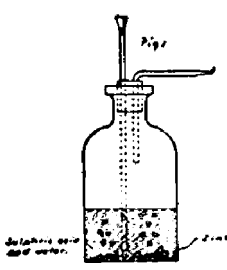
The Boy Mechanic *and* Electrician

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*

Chemistry For Boys

Lesson II.—Hydrogen

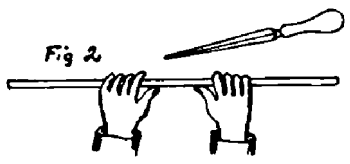
NEXT TO the element studied in our last lesson, oxygen, perhaps hydrogen holds second place in importance, as far as the life of man is concerned. Hydrogen is the element which, combined with oxygen, forms water, a substance that we could not well do without. Think of it—the combination of two gases (which these elements really are), making a palatable, clear, colorless liquid. And yet, were we to be placed in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, our bodies would soon be consumed, so violently would it attack our system. We would become very active, our blood would tingle, and a general exhilaration would be the result at first. On the other hand, if we were placed in at atmosphere of pure hydrogen, it would soon prove fatal to us. Our voices would become high-toned squeaks and unconsciousness would soon result.



But this gas constitutes 11.11 per cent by weight of water—that is, every hundred pounds of water contains 11.11 pounds of hydrogen. Astronomers also tell us that immense quantities of hydrogen are present in the sun in an incandescent state, flaming and burning and throwing out a terrible heat, warming our planet, as well as the others of our solar system.

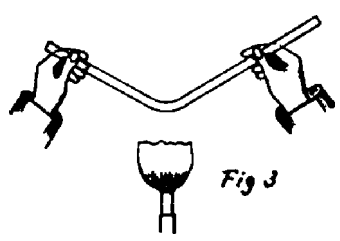
Hydrogen may be easily obtained for experiments—far more readily than oxygen, but you must be very careful, as when it is mixed with air it makes an explosive mixture easily ignited by a match. However, if these directions are carefully followed, no danger need be feared.

We will make a generator flask, as shown in Fig. 1, from an old, wide-mouthed, pickle bottle, having a sound cork. Bore two holes about half an inch apart, somewhat smaller than the glass tubing. Then cut a piece of tubing (glass tubing may be cut quite readily by nicking it on one side with a three-cornered file, placing the hands on either side of the scratch, pulling apart on the tube, at the same time bending it, the thumbs resting against the back of the tube immediately behind the scratch (Fig. 2), when it will break off smooth and true, long enough to reach to the bottom of the flask and eight or ten inches above it. Pass through one hole in the cork. Then bend a piece of the same tubing, about ten inches long,



into a right angle or "L" shaped piece. (To bend a glass tube, take the piece to be bent between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and gradually bring into the flame of a gas jet, oil lamp, alcohol lamp or candle, turning the tube to and fro constantly in the meantime, to insure an even heating. When the tube begins to soften, allow the heated portion to drop downwards, when a smooth bend will result. Remove from flame and it will set in a few seconds. See Fig. 3, drawing out the end to a fine point by heating the portion near the end red hot and suddenly drawing the softened section apart. The result will be as shown in Fig. 4. Break off, leaving about an inch of the fine tube attached, the small end being again heated and bent upwards.

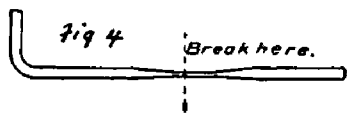
Now thrust the large end of the tube through the other hole in the cork, as shown in Fig. 1, leaving the fine point extending outwards. Secure some small pieces of zinc, which may be taken from an old washboard or battery zincs, and



cut into small pieces. Place these in the bottom of the bottle and cover them with about an inch of water. Place the cork in the bottle again and make a small funnel of writing paper, so that you can readily pour some sulphuric down into the flask through the long tube, the bottom of which should extend below the surface of the liquid. When you are ready to generate the hydrogen, pour about two teaspoonfuls of sulphuric acid through this long tube, shaking the contents of the bottle together, so as to thoroughly mix the water and acid, when a violent ebullition will take place, and the mixture of hydrogen gas and air will flow from the small exit tube. Do not attempt to light this small issue of gas at first, as it will result in an explosion which would break the bottle and send pieces of glass flying, possibly into your eyes. The best way to test this gas, so as to insure its purity, is to hold an inverted test-tube over the end of the delivery tube, allowing the tube to fill with this hydrogen gas. Then remove the test-tube a couple of feet from the flask, and while still inverted, hold a lighted match beneath the tube. If the mixture still has air in it, a sharp report will be given, but no danger will result, as the tubing, being open, will prevent any explosion. Repeat this until the hydrogen burns with a blue flame in the test-tube without giving any report. You may then light the stream of gas issuing from the delivery tube without any fear of an explosion, as pure hydrogen will not explode, and it must have air or oxygen to take fire at all.

Now, while this flask is generating this hydrogen gas, there are many beautiful experiments that can be tried with it. You will notice the almost colorless flame. This is one of the peculiarities of hydrogen, but even though there is very little flame seen, there is an intense heat; in fact, by the use of hydrogen gas in combination with oxygen, one of the most intense heats that it is possible to produce, is derived, by means of which some of the most refractory metals are melted. The oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe is the instrument in which this mixture of hydrogen and oxygen are burned. It is also used in magic lanterns to give the beautiful white limelight which, doubtless, you have all witnessed.

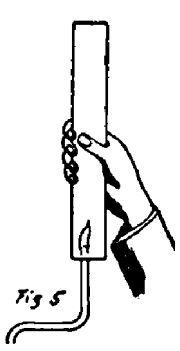
A very interesting experiment, known as the "singing flame," may now be tried. A glass tube of ½ to ¾ inches inside diameter, is held over the end of the delivery tube, as shown in Fig. 5. As soon as the tube is placed down over the flame, a loud noise, which is called the singing of the hydrogen flame, will begin. This is caused by the very rapid explosion of the mixture of hydrogen and oxygen that occurs at the point of the delivery tube. By varying the distances that the flame is allowed to enter into the tube, a few different tones may be produced. If a piece of tube two feet



in length is not easily procured, an Argand lamp chimney may be used with fair results, although it is sometimes difficult to set up the singing in a tube of such large diameter.

Now take a wide-mouthed bottle, which has been wiped perfectly clean both inside and out, and hold over the hydrogen flame for a few moments. It will not be long before a very heavy film of mist or condensed moisture will collect on the sides of the bottle. This water is the product through combustion, of the hydrogen and the oxygen in the air and the hydrogen that is burning. If the sides of the bottle were kept cool and the bottle turned slightly to one side, so that the moisture would collect and drip down, quite a considerable quantity of water could be collected. This same phenomena can be frequently noticed when a lamp is first lit. The chimney will be perfectly dry, but as soon as the flame starts to burn, a layer of moisture will collect on the inside of the lamp chimney. This is also water, but not as pure as in the case just mentioned, as it is mixed with other products of combustion.

The explosive force of hydrogen may easily be shown by inverting a pint bottle over the delivery tube and allowing the hydrogen gas to flow into it for a few seconds. This will give a mixture of air and hydrogen. Now cover the mouth of the bottle with your hand and shake thoroughly to mix the air and hydrogen. Place a card over the mouth and stand the bottle up on the table, several feet away from your flask. Now, with a long wax taper, knock the card from off the mouth of the bottle and bring the lighted end of the taper over the mouth. A violent explosion will occur, but as the mouth of the bottle is open, it will not break the glass, but simply pass upwards into the air. Notice that there is neither smoke nor odor after this explosion. This could not be for the simple reason that the product of the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen is pure water.



Hydrogen is used in some of the arts, but perhaps the most familiar use to which it is put is the filling of balloons. Hydrogen is the lightest substance known, and it is from this that we derive our standard for the various atomic weights of the elements, which will be spoken of later on when we become more familiar with our chemicals. Hydrogen is so very light and diffuses so rapidly that it is almost impossible to retain it in any glass vessel. If a bottle was filled with hydrogen gas, and an ordinary cork placed in the bottle, and allowed to stand a few hours, there would be very little hydrogen gas left. It would have passed out through the pores of the cork and air would have entered. A glass stopper will sometimes allow the hydrogen to escape around it. A small crack in the bottle, which would be entirely too small to allow air or water to pass through, will allow hydrogen to escape with great rapidity. Thus when a balloon is filled with hydrogen gas it becomes very buoyant, as it is several times lighter than the air which it displaces. In fact, air is fourteen and one-half times as heavy as hydrogen.

QUERY BOX

Q. I have an old air reservoir from a locomotive that I wish to use as a steam boiler, which is 32 inches long, 1 foot in diameter, ¼ of an inch in thickness, and with rivets placed about ¾ of an inch apart, single row. Would this make a boiler sufficiently large for a 4 h. p. engine and how many pounds of steam would it carry? Would it be best to use it in a horizontal or upright position?—F. H. S., Ramer, Ala.

A. Not knowing the condition of the tank, we would not like to advise you with regard to its steam capacity. Undoubtedly, if it is in perfect condition, it should be perfectly safe to carry forty or fifty pounds of steam, as the air tanks on locomotives are generally required to carry pressure from eighty pounds upwards. It would be better to use the boiler in a horizontal position, but you might have some little difficulty in running a 4 h. p. engine from it, owing to the fact that you have no tubes running through it, and it is hardly probable that you could get sufficient evaporation from the small heating surface presented to operate an engine of this size.

Q. Could a set of telephones be made of two receivers and a battery, and if so, what length of line would they operate and could they be used on a plunge battery of 6 volts and 5 amperes?—E. C. S., Muncie, Ind.

A. Satisfactory telephones cannot well be made of two common receivers and a battery. A battery is not necessary when two telephone receivers are connected together to act as a telephone, as the current is generated in the telephone itself, owing to the permanent magnet that is used inside the coils. A plunge battery of the capacity you mention would be entirely too strong for any telephone.

Q. Can glue or mucilage be used to cover the windings of a magnet coil in place of shellac?—F. L., Zanesville, O.

A. Neither mucilage nor glue are good insulators, and that is what shellac is used for.

Q. What is the gauge of enclosed bare wire; of the insulated wire? What is a dead centre?—D. C. B., Lawrence, Mass.

A. The bare wire is No. 22 gauge. The covered, 24 gauge. The term "dead centre" is used generally in steam engine practice, where it means that the crank is in line with the connecting rod and the piston rod, so that no matter how much pressure is placed upon the piston, it has no turning effect on the shaft.

Q. Of what is the solution to recharge worn out dry batteries composed? In the December issue some person asked how these batteries were recharged, but did not ask the solution. One of my friends knows the solution but will not tell me; why, I do not know. He makes a hole in the battery, taking out the carbon and pours the solution in. Then they must be sealed so as to dry. Of course, the removed carbon is then replaced.—H. G., Kiel, Wis.

A. The solution used to re-charge batteries is nothing but a saturated solution of sal-ammoniac in water. The best plan is to remove all of the carbon from the cells, wash it in clean water, replace it, and add the solution of sal-ammoniac, which should be made so as to allow the water to take up as much sal-ammoniac as possible.

Q. In what proportion should sal-ammoniac and water be mixed in a carbon-zinc cell? What kind of wire is the enclosed and what is the nature of the insulation? In ascertaining the weight of zinc plates, how many cubic inches should be allowed to the pound? How many amperes will the Plunge Battery give with two plates? With five plates per cell? Will this battery operate a 10-volt lamp? What is electrical steel?—L. J. K., Gladbrook, Iowa.

A. Use a saturated solution. Wire enclosed is No. 22 German silver. It is insulated with wool. It is the first sample of this kind that we have ever seen. Zinc weighs—Cast, .2479 lbs. per cubic inch; rolled, .2598 lbs. per cubic inch. There are about 4 cubic inches to the pound. It depends on the size of the plates and the strength of the electrolytic solution. Yes, but it would require at least five cells. We do not know of any steel known as electrical steel. It may be the name given to some particular grade, about which we have no information.

Q. Can the carbon in a common dry cell be used in the battery described in the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY? Can the sal-ammoniac used for soldering be used for battery purposes? Please explain in an early issue how to make a dynamo of from 5 to 15 volts and use stove pipe iron instead of Swedish. Can a common telephone generator be used for running motors and miniature lamps?—J. W. R., Rusk, Texas.

A. Yes. Yes. Space, at present, will not permit this description. No.

Q. How can a hole be bored in a piece of corset steel to make the ammeter and the voltmeter described in THE AMERICAN BOY? Can No. 33 double cotton covered wire be used instead of No. 36 silk covered wire in winding the bobbin? Will solder conduct electricity without giving too great a resistance? What is platinum worth? How can I gear down a 1-16th h. p. motor so that it will pull more and have greater strength?—H. G. W., Fort Worth, Texas.

A. Heat the steel red hot and allow it to cool in the ashes. This will anneal it. Then cut off a piece the size you wish and with a drill, drill the hole where desired. The No. 33 wire may be used in winding the bobbin. Solder may be used for making connections, and it does not offer any marked resistance to the circuit, on account of the liberal quantities generally used. Just what the market price of platinum is at present we cannot say, but it generally sells somewhere in the neighborhood of 90c to $1.00 a gram. It is impossible to gear a 1-16th h. p. motor so that it will give greater power.

Q. How far will a five-ohm telegraph instrument work on one battery?—C. L., Lima, N. Y.

A. It depends entirely upon the resistance of the line and the strength of your battery.

Q. How many feet of cotton covered magnet wire are there to the pound, of the numbers from 16 to 36 inclusive? In which direction does the current flow through a battery? In preparing shellac for varnish, is it melted by heat or is it dissolved by some liquid substance? Is a magnet core made weaker or stronger by winding with the same number of ounces of fine wire, as if larger wire were used?—L. A., Goldfield, Iowa.

A. We would refer you to the list in the catalogue of some electrical dealer. It is generally conceded that the current in a battery flows from the zinc to the carbon, and that the carbon is the positive pole and the zinc, the negative pole. Shellac varnish is made by dissolving the gum in alcohol, and either wood or grain alcohol may be used. The latter is preferred. The strength of a magnet depends upon the quantity of current flowing through the coil and the number of times it passes around the core. Therefore, if we have a certain current and it passes around the iron core ten times, you will have a magnet of a certain strength, but if you pass it around twenty times, the magnet will be about twice as strong. The finer the wire, the greater the resistance to the flow of the current, and if the current is cut down, the magnet will not be as strong. Fine wire is only used in making magnets where the current is very small, and it is necessary to make it pass around the core several times, in order to energize the magnet sufficiently to make it work.

Q. Please tell me the gauge of the enclosed wire? I am making a resistance box and want it to cut off 100 volts, that is, I want to light a four-volt lamp with the electric light current of one hundred and four volts. Would this wire do for the resistance box, and if so, how many feet would it take? Is there any way to rewind an alternating current motor so that it will run by a direct current?—A. C., Louisville, Ky.

A. The size of the wire enclosed is No. 36. It would not do for your resistance coils for a current of this size. The wire used in your resistance coils must be of such size that it will carry the current required by the lamp, without undue heating, and No. 36 wire will not carry sufficient current for your purpose. An alternating current motor is so different in construction from the direct current type that it would not be a very easy matter to rewind the former to act as the latter.

Q. In winding an induction coil, is the wire in the secondary and in the primary wound in the same or opposite directions?—H. R. S., Vanderbilt, Mich.

A. It makes little difference which way the wire is wound, as the currents set up in the secondary wire are alternating in character. Owing to methods of construction, however, it is generally the fact that the windings are made in the same direction.

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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 was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin; No. IV, Abraham Lincoln; No. V John Adams; No. VI Thomas Jefferson; No. VII Ralph Waldo Emerson.

No. VIII--Henry Ward Beecher

PERHAPS NO other man in America wielded such commanding influence from pulpit and platform during the troublous, anxious period of the Civil War as did the subject of this short sketch.

Henry Ward Beecher, the eighth child of the Reverend Lyman Beecher and Roxanna Foote Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. The Beecher family was a large one, the sons and daughters numbering thirteen. To superstitious minds this number has generally been associated with trouble and misfortune, but it proved otherwise to the Beechers, for almost all of the children distinguished themselves in after years, particularly one, Harriet Elizabeth, or, as she is better known, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book which has been read by men and women, boys and girls, everywhere.

The Beecher family was among the earliest established in New England, the first of the American line having settled in New Haven in 1638. The grandfather of Henry Ward Beecher was a blacksmith, noted as much for his sound sense and argumentative disposition as for the excellence of the work he did. His son, Lyman, Henry Ward Becher's father, was born in the memorable year of 1775 that witnessed the opening of the war of the Revolution. He, as a boy, took his father's trade and in addition engaged in farming. Later he prepared himself for the ministry. His success in the pulpit was immediate. From East Hampton, on Long Island, he removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, where he became noted as among the strongest members of his denomination. He was not deeply learned, yet he possessed fine power of mind, and was gifted with great eloquence. He was also a man of powerful will and a determination that nothing could overcome. Evil in every form he fought fearlessly, and his sympathies for any cause that appealed to him were quickly roused. Of music he was very fond, the fiddle being his favorite instrument. Indeed he obtained the name of "the fiddling parson." It is further said that in addition to his playing he would often dance a jig on the kitchen floor.

In business matters Lyman Beecher showed none of the clear-headed sagacity that he exhibited in the pulpit. In fact, he was what might well be termed shiftless. No appeal to him for money for any worthy object was ever made without response. As his salary was small and his household large, this reckless giving was a matter of serious concern to Mrs. Beecher. On one occasion she had given him twenty-five dollars to buy a coat of which he was in need. On his way downtown he stopped at a missionary meeting and when the collection box was passed round, in went his little roll of bills. Many other stories are told of his peculiar ways. On a dark night he was driving home from a meeting with Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, when the carriage was upset and the occupants were spilled out. The two women found they had escaped unhurt and were duly giving thanks to a kind Providence, when Dr. Beecher exclaimed, "Speak for yourselves, I have got a good many bumps, anyhow."

Boys at the beginning of the nineteenth century, especially in the small towns and villages of New England, had not so many "good times" as boys enjoy today. The seriousness of life began then at a very early age. Rigid obedience was at all times expected and failure was severely punished by whippings and imprisonment in the dark closet. Ministers' sons were, perhaps, even more strictly brought up than were other boys, and Henry Ward's breaking of the rules was never allowed to pass lightly. Mrs. Stowe in writing of her brother's boyhood says: "There was then no children's literature; there were no children's books. The Sunday school was yet an experiment, in a fluctuating, uncertain state of trial. There were no children's days of presents or fetes, no Christmas or New Year festivals. The annual Thanksgiving was only associated with one day's unlimited range of pies of every sort—too much for one day, and too soon things of the past. The childhood of Henry Ward was unmarked by the possession of a single toy as a gift from any older person, or a single fete. Very early, too, strict duties devolved upon him. A daily portion of the work of the establishment, the care of the domestic animals, the cutting and piling of wood, or tasks in the garden, strengthened his muscles and gave vigor and tone to his nerves. From his father he inherited a perfectly solid, healthy organization of brain, muscle and nerves, and the uncaressing, let-alone system, under which he was brought up, gave him early habits of vigor and reliance." What a difference here from the pampering and coddling that many boys of today receive.

Henry's father was always so busy and his mother had so much to do in looking after the other children, that after his chores were done he was able to spend considerable time in play.

The boy's education was at first taken care of at home. In such a home where everything not only connected with religion, but the events of the day were vigorously discussed, Henry obtained such knowledge as few boys do. Religious doctrines and Bible texts and their meanings, ideas about the wickedness of riches and the condemnation of those who had wealth, were ever before the child's mind as literal truths. One Sunday his father preached from the text, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." During the following week one of his father's admirers sent the minister a present of a dinner service of china, and the boy watched while it was being unpacked. As one after another of the cups were placed on the table, the boy's fear for his father's safety in view of the preceding Sunday's text, was aroused, and he said: "Ma, ain't pa rich?" "No, my dear," said his mother. This soothed him for a little, but as the dinner plates and the dessert plates were being piled



HENRY WARD BEECHER

high on the table, he burst out again: "Ma, ain't pa rich now?" "Why, no, my dear; stand away!" The tureens and the larger articles next came into view and the boy was fairly frightened; again he asked: "Ma, *ain't* pa rich?" "Henry, I have told you that papa is not rich; go out of the kitchen." Into another room he went, but peeking through the keyhole, he saw platters and dishes in an apparently endless stream being unpacked, and, unable to bear the thought that his father must be condemned, he opened the door and almost shouted: "Ma, AIN'T pa rich?" Henry's reverence for and belief in his father were most intense. He says that as a child he looked up to his father as more than a common man, and he held to the belief that his father could whip any man in Litchfield. In after years he said: "I never saw my father do a thing that had duplicity in it in my life."

His mother died when he was three years old, and of her his recollection was only shadowy, but he always had the greatest reverence for her memory. In his sermons years after he was fond of referring to her in words of the deepest affection. His greatest regret was that he never had a picture of her. It was from his mother that he inherited his love for nature, music, pictures and animals, that tenderness and sweetness of spirit and kindness of heart which made him so loved by his friends.

Mr. Beecher, in recalling his boyhood days, says that he seemed to be punished often for things that as a child he could not help, and, as he was very shy, he was unable to explain how they happened. In church the minister's pew was right under the pulpit. The sides were so high that the little fellow could only sit and listen without being able to see the speaker. One Sunday to his delight he was allowed, after many cautions as to his behavior, to sit in the gallery. He tried hard to keep his promise to be good, but a boy who sat beside him pushed him off the seat, tearing his coat as he fell. On reaching home, his mother saw the tear and asked: "Henry, how came that rent there?" The boy tried to tell her that it was not his fault, and thought he explained it properly when he replied: "O, mother, it was done in fun," but the word conveyed a different meaning to his mother, and for years after he was barred from the gallery.

The boy spent some time in the little country school at Litchfield, where he did not learn much. He was then sent to a private school in the town of Bethlehem, where he was the only boy among forty girls. He continued there until he was about fourteen. At school he was a rather indifferent scholar. A growing boy, careless, frolicsome, fond of outdoor sports, taking a foremost part in all boyish pranks, and finding both church and school terribly dull and tiresome. He excelled in swimming, and in the summer, when he could get away, he was either splashing in the creek, or away in the woods gathering flowers or hunting squirrels. In the winter, there was skating and sliding down the snowy hillsides. In his boyish love for fun he often thoughtlessly broke the strictness of the maternal rule, and the hickory switch and other punishment were rigorously used.

When the family moved into Boston, the rough, romping, healthy boy became a leader of the boys of his neighborhood, and whether it was a trial of skill in wrestling, jumping, or swimming, or waging war in the territory of other boys, he would dare to the verge of danger. There is a story told of these days which shows his daring, determined spirit: A favorite game of the North Enders was, "Follow my Leader," and one day young Beecher was "leader." Along the street he led his followers, jumping the wall into Copp's Hill burying ground, thence to the edge of a dirt embankment fully fifteen feet deep; down this he slid, many of the boys balking at it; on to Gray's wharf and in and out and over the bales of cotton stored there, to the water's edge, where was moored a large ship, went the young leader, seeing to his delight that many of his followers had dropped out. Climbing up the side of the ship to the deck, with only two of the band behind him, he caught hold of a rope, shinned up the rigging to the shrouds and walked to the end of the mainyard. Grasping another rope he hung for a moment, suspended from the yard, then with a shout of "Follow my leader," he dropped into the Charles river with all his clothes on, while his two friends walked back to the wharf. Splashing and sputtering, young Beecher swam to the landing, a hero among his comrades.

It was at this time that, like most boys living in a seaport city and accustomed to the sight of ships coming and going, and listening to the wonderful yarns of the sailors, Henry made up his mind to go to sea. No thought of running away or doing anything without his father's consent, I believe, ever occurred to him. His father, when told of his wish, did not oppose it; on the contrary, he seemed to favor the idea. But he showed the boy that if he went to sea as he was, he could never expect to become more than a common seaman. He pointed out that if he desired to become captain of a ship, there were certain subjects he must learn, such as navigation, geography and mathematics. The boy expressed his willingness to study, so he was sent at the age of fourteen to Mt. Pleasant preparatory school at Amherst. This was probably the best thing that could have happened to him, as he was now back in the country, away from the companionships and by no means healthy influences of the city. In any event a change came over him. Formerly he had been careless, indifferent and unwilling to study, preferring the streets and the docks to his books; now, helped by good and earnest teachers, he began to put that vigor and earnestness into mathematics and elocution that he had formerly wasted in wrestling and other forms of sport. He began to see that if he would conquer he must work; that hard places were only made to be overcome. It was during his stay at Mt. Pleasant that he became a member of the church.

Young Beecher returned to Boston, and after a short time at the Boston Latin school, to further prepare himself he entered Amherst College, being then seventeen years of age. This college had been organized to provide for the education for the ministry of promising but poor young men. It had at this time a faculty consisting of a president and six professors. The students numbered about two hundred. Amherst college was by no means wealthy either in money or land. Those who attended as students paid from $1.00 to $1.25 a week for board, took care of their own rooms, made their own fires and sawed their own wood. Discipline, as became a college of New England, was strict and even severe. Obedience to the rules was enforced by a system of fines. How young Beecher spent the time at college may be shown by describing a student's day's work: During the severe winter months the students assembled for prayers at a quarter before six o'clock every morning, and in the summer one hour earlier. The working day was divided into three parts, two, or sometimes three, hours in each being spent in study, and after each study there was a recitation. As the students were generally poor and had to make their way through college by doing other work, they were given long vacations, which were often employed in teaching in country schools.

Mr. Beecher never stood high in his classwork. He tells, however, that he once stood next to the head of his class, but, he adds, it happened when the class stood in a circle. Of course, he studied his lessons, but only so far as enabled him to a "pass." Yet he did study, and there were books that he loved. He says that before going to college, he asked his father what his expenses would be, in order that by stinting himself, he might have a little over to buy books. "Pooh!" said his father; "I know how it will be; you will spend all the money for books, and then come to me for more, to pay your expenses with." So his father paid his bills and the boy's hope of getting books in that way failed. Nothing daunted, he tried other means to obtain the coveted volumes. One time when a delegate to a temperance convention, he saved a dollar or two by walking to and from the place of meeting. At another time he went to Brattleboro to deliver a temperance lecture, for which he received ten dollars, that enabled him to buy an edition of Burke. Money was sent him to pay his way home to Boston, but he saved that

(*Continued on page 255.*)

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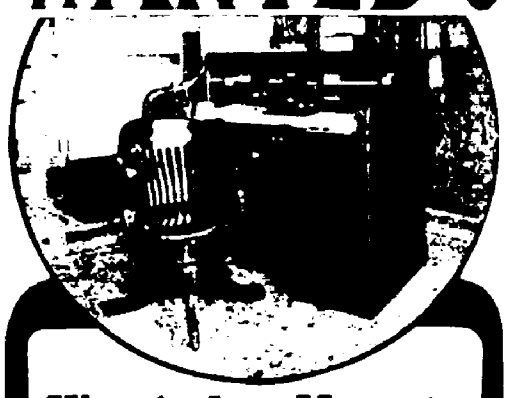

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GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only, and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.

When You were a Youngster

Spring has come. All the little boys are turned out of doors—to be out of the way. Were they content to remain indoors, though manifestly in need of the air and exercise, doubtless most of them would be allowed to do so. But it is boy nature to crave freedom, and to a boy that exists only in the open. So, now that the bluebirds are nesting, and the deciduous trees beginning to answer the call of the April winds for a little more green in the landscape, the wayfarer sees all sorts of odd little chaps on sunny doorsteps and swinging on rickety gates. You were just such a ruddy-cheeked, chubby-fisted, muffled little duffer, eternally eating, and either wanting to get into the house or out of it. But wasn't it great when you were first turned out, all tightly buttoned, in the warm sunshine and the frolicsome April breezes, to run on the new grass—if there was any? Surely the first five minutes of ecstacy were worth a winter's waiting.—Outdoors.

Why I am Proud of My State

So many and so good were the essays with which Michigan boys responded to our call that we found the utmost difficulty in making the award. The decision was finally reached that the prize, $5, should go to Abraham Geldhof, 15 Dwight avenue, Grand Rapids, and that a book should be sent to each of the four other boys whose essays came nearest to first place, as consolation prizes. The names of these boys are: Norman Jones, 1214 Eighth street, Port Huron; Karl Fisher, Box 86, Interlochen; Harold L. Townsend, Box 16, Flat Rock, Wayne County, and Ralph D. Ernest, Blaine, St. Clair County.

Among the essays which we took pleasure in reading were those written by the following boys: Roger Whitten, Roy E. Sampson, Roy Decker, Lester Von Thum, Vernor Lovett, Ralph Neelands, Elon H. Moore, Theodore T. Gibson, Clare Griffin, Victor J. Swanson, Hugh V. Yerex, James Penhale, Louis D. Guard, Jr., Brockway Dickie, Arthur W. Long, John Gunnell, Julius Lereggen, Kerby L. Wilkins, Arthur Brukardt, Howard V. Webb, Clarence Whitney, J. B. Dexter, Raymond Whitney, Vern Doan, Geo. E. Mills, Fred Ricker, Walker E. Tiffany, Harry Leach, Ferrie Hall, Harold Tuttle, Ronald E. Weaver, Robert Kramer, Harold Utley, Clarence D. Luther, Harrison Plant, Chas. H. Filley, C. Parker Shields, Ralph Kelley, A. Z. Sponenburg, Edgar Sprague, Elmo Hubbard, Leslie H. Bonine, Ernest A. Bachman, Albert Liese, Henry C. Bogle, Harry Dudley, Alfred Bakewell, Paul Fiedler, Howard R. Scott, Samuel Trettin, Harry Stout, Arlo Wixson, R. Glynn Nash, Mark L. Worth, G. W. Lawlon, A. I. Thompson, F. Harold Goodrich, Edward F. Rawson, Harold W. Hulbert, Howard B. Allen, Frayne L. Richardson, Lysle Grunsides, Wallace Rapley, Thomas MacLennan, Ivan Kenaga, Tom Reid, Max Christie.

Michigan boys found many reasons for pride, judging from their essays. Among these reasons were mentioned the following:

Michigan stands first in lumber, iron ore, charcoal, salt, gypsum, hardwood, furniture, fruit, and peppermint oil, and has the largest number of summer resorts; coast line enough to reach from Maine to Florida; furnished 88,700 men in the Civil War, of whom 14,855 died in service; most productive fresh water fisheries in the United States, the value of our yearly catch of fish exceeding that taken in fresh waters in all the other states combined; ten cities with a population of over 20,000; Detroit possesses a park unsurpassed by any in the country, also fine water works, good street car service, a fine line of ferry boats, and the largest music publishing house in the world; Battle Creek, the "Food City," has more prepared food factories than any city in the country; more tonnage enters and leaves the Detroit River than any other river or canal in the world; many railroads, both steam and electric; noted for the manufacture of stoves, bicycles, cement, iron and steel products, and farming implements; the longest completed tunnel in the country goes from Port Huron under the Saint Clair River to Sarnia; about 5,000 inland lakes; produces one-third of the total amount of salt in the United States; the scene of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is laid in Northern Michigan, along the shores of Lake Superior; occupies an area of 58,915 square miles; forest lands yield an average of $60,000,000 worth of lumber per annum; has many car factories and excels in ship-building; the largest seed establishment, drug manufactory, and varnish factory in the world; thirty-one United States Life Saving Stations, containing eight or nine men each, dot the coast of Michigan; is noted for the production of celery, apples, beet-sugar, corn, potatoes, and wheat; also graphite, limestone, marble, brick clay, gold, silver, soda ash, sandstone, and sand; leads in the manufacture of automobiles; improved farm lands cover 9,000,000 acres of ground; 350,000 pupils attend the public schools each year; the Sault Ste. Marie canal is one of the most famous in America; many famous institutions of learning among which are two State Normals, the Michigan Agricultural College, the State School of Mines, and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Almost every essay received contained mention of the fact that THE AMERICAN BOY is a Michigan publication. Michigan boys find this a source of much gratification and pride, if we may judge from these essays.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MICHIGAN

Prize Essay, by Abraham Geldhof, 15 Dwight Avenue, Grand Rapids

Why am I proud of Michigan? Because, in the first place, no American boy is a true, loyal citizen unless he loves and is proud of his native state.

Then I am proud of my state because of her history, her progress, and her natural and educational advantages. Situated as she is in the very midst of the Great Lakes, the facilities for commerce, manufacturing, agriculture and, in fact, all vocations are unbounded.

In commerce, Michigan's position gives her the lead in inland trade. Detroit is one of the most important cities on the Great Lakes in commercial and shipping interests. Furniture from Grand Rapids, "The Furniture City," is famous. Here some of the best furniture in the world is made.

In agriculture, all other states take a back seat for Michigan. The rich, fertile soil is of the best, and the naturally rigorous climate is greatly tempered by contact with the Great Lakes. Michigan pears, peaches, and apples are famous; and crops of all kinds, especially grain and potatoes, are raised in abundance and exported.

The state abounds in minerals, such as iron, coal, silver, salt, gypsum, and copper. The northern peninsula contains the richest copper mines in the world, including the celebrated "Calumet and Hecla" mine. Michigan copper pays 65 per cent. of all the dividends paid in the United States. Such productions as this afford opportunities which make the heart of every Wolverine boy swell with pride.

Michigan has also much beautiful scenery. The Pictured Rocks on Lake Superior are celebrated for beauty, and the hills and diversified surface in different parts are very picturesque.

Then there is our splendid school system. Every child must attend school until the age of sixteen, under a penalty. Unlike many other states, Michigan rigidly enforces the numerous child-labor and education laws. The public schools rank with the best, and the higher institutions of learning are numbered among the most prominent in the country. In 1904, the University of Michigan won every football game she played.

As to history, the Wolverine state has had an illustrious career. Settled by the hardy French Jesuits; brought under the sway of England in 1763; and finally forming part of the United States as a section of the Northwest Territory, she was claimed by six states, but was finally organized as a territory under the celebrated Ordinance of 1787. The state was the center of activity during the War of 1812, and played an important part in the Civil War. She was among the first to respond to the call for troops, and kept sending them all through the war. It was a Michigan Regiment, the Fourth, that captured Jefferson Davis.

Michigan has also furnished many illustrious men.

It is true that Michigan is not one of the oldest states, being admitted in 1837, but that fact speaks the more loudly for the progress she has made in less time than many of the older states.

All these things contribute to make a Michigan boy sing, in his love and enthusiasm, "Michigan, My Michigan"; but there is yet one fact without which Michigan's claim to that pride would not be complete; one product of Michigan which, in its swift and well-deserved progress, is representative of the progress of Michigan; for in Michigan is published that magazine which proves to the boys of the country the precedence of the "Lake State"—the most noble and inspiring work that has ever been the product of Michigan hands and Michigan minds—"THE AMERICAN BOY."

Among the Boys

Mr. Jack MacGillivray, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, sends us a picture post card, showing the photographs of three Nova Scotia boys, who have undertaken to walk from North Sydney to San Francisco and return in 366 days. They will receive $300.00 if they succeed. They are not allowed to take any money with them, and must beg or earn it as they go along.

Fred W. Rogers, Tucson, Arizona, is in the Eighth grade of school. He is the youngest in the class and yet has the rank of fourth. He is the proud possessor of $28.00 of his own, which he made selling papers. He is particularly interested in our department devoted to Electricity and Mechanics.

Rawson E. Stark, who lives in Dunedin, New Zealand, is an American boy and a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. He says, "I came to New Zealand in October, 1904. In December, 1903, I left San Francisco for Florida, and in March left Florida for Cleveland, Ohio, my birthplace. In August I went to San Francisco. I remained there a fortnight and then sailed for New Zealand. I took your paper in 1903, but on my travels I forgot about it, so did not see it for a long time until I found it here in the hands of a friend, and now I am going to subscribe.

I have a shop which I built with my father's assistance, in which I have tools and all sorts of appliances for working in chemicals. I have a wireless telegraph and a telephone by means of which I can talk across the bay, a distance of about a mile.

The Shut-in Fund

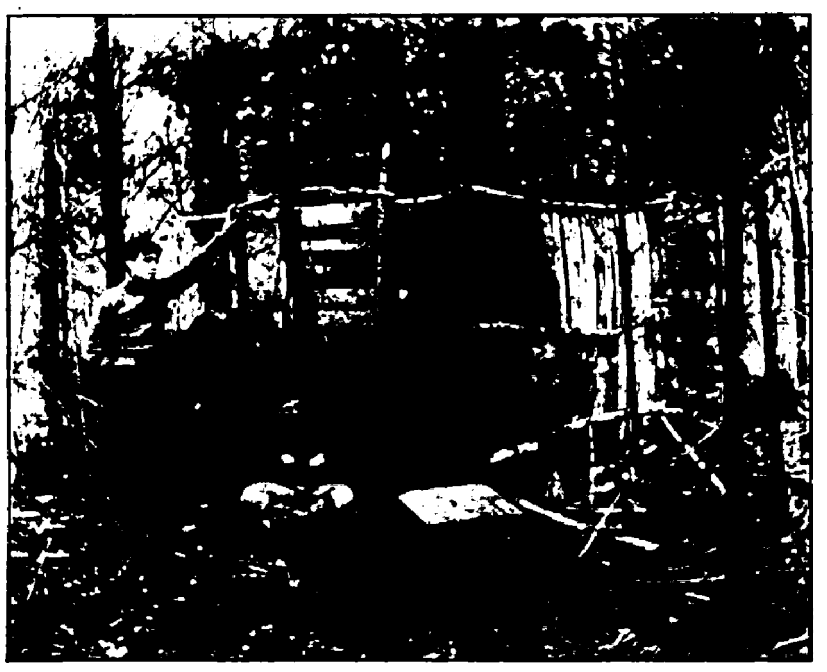
Receipts of the Shut-in Fund for five days before going to press with the June number

Names.	Amount in cents.
Harold Jones	10
Francis B. Love	15
Harold H. Lund	50
Francis J. Heavener	25
Arthur L. Drake	50
Alex. Michaelson	15
Francis McCook	25
Maurice Born	15
Gregory Shoemaker	25
Dell W. Russell	15
Harry Rilling	25
Owen C. Lovett	50
Samuel Hopkins	50
Percy Kehew	50
Fred'k P. Cranston and Earl	50
D. E. Wilson	50
Oscar W. Sauer	50
Lloyd Riley	25
Henry Grapengiser	20
Maurice E. Woodworth	50
Harry and Charles McKown	15
Wilber G. Siebenthaler	25
Harold Jones	10
W. E. Berry	100
Frank Bouton	50
Perry W. Sigler	50
L. C. Donaldson	50
Curtis Merrick	25
R. B. R. Dillon	25
C. R. Stanley	20
Garland Latta	50

Florida Next

The following are the states on which prize essays have been written and the names of the prize winners:

Wisconsin—John Roberts, Racine.
Massachusetts—Frank Scribner, Jamaica Plain.
Texas—George Lee, Dallas.
Ohio—Harry A. Linch, Steubenville.
Colorado—Harold T. Davis, Delta.
Mississippi—Chester McAlexander, Mack.
Michigan—Abraham Geldhof, Grand Rapids.



A BOYS' CABIN IN THE WOODS
Photo by Morton A. Wilder, No. Leominster, Mass.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

¶ To the Florida boy who sends us before June 10th the best letter of not over five hundred words telling us why he is proud of his state—Florida we will give $5.00; in addition, we will print his letter in an early number of The American Boy.



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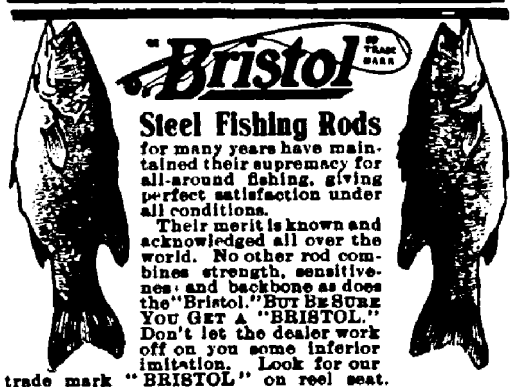

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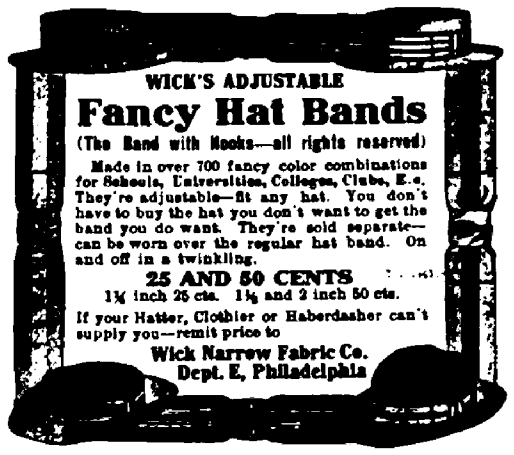

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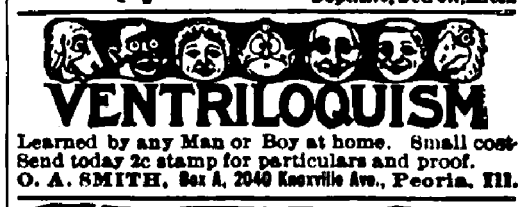

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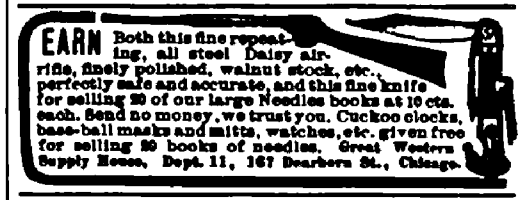

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Fernando Norcross, 93 Fessenden street, Portland, Maine, wins the prize for the best list of answers to April Tangles.

Harry Elger, Jr., 79 Monroe street, Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the second prize.

Herman H. Voelker, Perry, Iowa, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: John H. Seamans, Kyle Pierce, Walter T. Horton, Mendell H. T. McKenney, Sarah Gilles, Leonard M. Steburg, Bernhard Easterling, Stephen D. Minor, Russell Proctor, J. Horace Trumbull, C. Clyde Nickum, George H. Stanbery, Irene Rose, Clinton Fisk Elliott, James A. Lynd, Ethel Payne, Fred C. Mueller, Almon W. Bushnell, V. R. Dunlap, Leo Hahn, Basil Woods, Noah S. Guengerich, Robert E. Arnold, Kenneth Fullerton, William P. Channon, Karl Tehringer, Raymond Robinson, Phil Hemily, Sidney Johnson, Walter J. Tilton, Henry P. Harper, Lyle King, Arthur Westergard, Walter H. Scott, Lewis Alway Smith, Albert Ellard, T. D. Peter, Ralph A. Clark, Ernest Baylor, Leo Dale Dunlap, Carl N. Austin, Albert Jensen (March), and somebody in Cadillac, Mich. Greetings to Sphinx, whose Head Work is remembered. Regret I cannot advise about the book, now long out of print. My copy is cherished.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the June Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list of answers; received by June 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by June 18, to be published in August.

Answers to May Tangles

44. (April.) Seventy-eight surnames of Tanglers were found, where but thirty-five were called for. Albert, Andrews, Badger, Baker, Barber, Bealle, Beare, Beier, Beler, Bell, Berg, Berge, Beyer, Blake, Bone, Brager, Brine, Bullard, Bulte, Case, Coe, Dana, Daniel, Day, Dick, Dines, Dinges, Dudley, Dulaney, Dunn, Dyer, Ehlers, Elger, Eliard, Fay, Field, Fife, Gault, Gilles, Gilbert, Grant, Hadley, Hahn, Hale, Hall, Haren, Helby, Heinen, Helm, Hill, Holt, Howe, Howell, Huddle, Hug, Jehu, Jennings, Kimball, Kindgren, King, Lanier, Loew, Lowe, McMillan, Miller, Mitchell, Rader, Remer, Rundell, Schoenberger, Sears, Steburg, Trumbull, Ulle, Wagner, Yoho, Youell, Yowell.

49. 1. E M u w r e n
2. L A p w i n g
3. T Y r a n t s
4. A P t e r y x
5. G O s h a w k
6. B L u e j a y
7. P E l i c a n
Second letters, Maypole.

50. 1. J o l i e t
2. A u b u r n
3. M a u m e e
4. E x e t e r
5. S a b i n e
6. T a l b o t
7. O r a n g e
8. W a u p u n
9. N e w a r k
Initials, Jamestown.

51. Battle of Williamsburg; capture of Ticonderoga.

52. Begin with D in "world" and take every third letter: Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila.

53. Wolf Apes Emus Mink Newt Coot
Rook Auks
Yuen Rhea
Ibex Vole
Oryx Opah
Hare Rail Knot Kite Napu Axis

Commence with the initial of Hare and take every alternate initial up and around to the right: Hiram Cronk. Start with Axis and read up and around to the left: Ava, New York.

54. 1. O W e n
2. O h I o
3. C a S s
4. B a C a
5. P O l k
6. K e N t
7. C a S s
8. R i c h
9. K I N g
10. Y u M a
11. T A t e
12. D a D e
13. P I k e
14. A S h e
15. I r O n
16. P I N e
Path, Wisconsin, Madison.

55. 1. D e n t i s t
2. M E r c u r y
3. F a C t o r y
4. A s t O r i a
5. R e t u R n s
6. I n s t e A d
7. T h o u g h T
8. P l a u d I t
9. N e w Y O r k
10. W a r N i n g
11. M a D n e s s
12. P A r e n t s
13. Y u c a t a n
Criss-cross, Decoration Day.

56. 1. Proscription, conscription. 2. Protest, contest. 3. Produce, conduce. 4. Profound, confound. 5. Profuse, confuse. 6. Profess, confess. 7. Protract, contract. 8. Province, convince.

New Tangles

57. TANGLED AUTHORS.

The following fifteen stories appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY for January, February or March, 1906. The authorship of each is here incorrectly stated. Assign each author to his own work, which will employ every name once. Leave the titles in their present order, transferring the writers' names only. A single letter, indicated by the number in parenthesis, is to be taken from each writer's name. This series of letters, in order, spells the full name of a celebrated American Revolutionary general, who was born in May and died in June.

1. Ferrell wrote (5) The Joy Claim. 2. Johnson wrote (7) Ostrich Farming. 3. Barr wrote (6) Boy Lumbermen of the Northwest. 4. Lisenbee wrote (5) The Sneak-Cat. 5. Gilmore wrote (3) Money in Weeds. 6. Tylee wrote (4) The Young George Washington. 7. Moorhouse wrote (3) Cake Eater. 8. Trenchard wrote (4) A French Frog and an American Eagle. 9. Childs wrote (6) The Pancake Earth and Its Press Agent. 10. Mitchell wrote (4) The President's Son at Harvard. 11. McClure wrote (3) Relief of the North Branch Fort. 12. Fawcett wrote (7) Some Intelligent Horses. 13. Heagan wrote (7) Ned and Billy. 14. Wright wrote (4) Baseball Training. 15. Carne wrote (5) How America Came by Its Name. —Herman H. Voelker.

58. JUNE HISTORY.

Take two letters from each word in order and find an event in American history that occurred in June ninety-four years ago.

Funston writes President Roosevelt that earthquakes demolished California; charity flowed toward California, greatly relieving destitution, grandly demonstrating stability, christian traits, unselfishness.
—Noah S. Guengerich.

59. JUNE STATES.

Each word has five letters. The initials spell a state admitted into the Union in June, 1836; the second letters, one of the original colonies whose state constitution was framed in June, 1776, and adopted in July.

1. Keep away from. 2. Stiff. 3. The great cannon maker of Germany. 4. Intense suffering. 5. An African river. 6. A common gastropod mollusk. 7. Directed. 8. A certain silk fabric. —Leo Hahn.

60. HISTORICAL FORESTRY.

From the names of the common American trees whose leaves are here pictured take the letters indicated by the Arabic numerals, in order, and obtain a Revolutionary battle which was won by the Americans under Washington over the British under Clinton on a June day in 1778, in New Jersey.
—Almon W. Bushnell.



61. UNITED STATES CHESS.

By the king's move, one square in any direction, find 23 states, using every letter once and as often as needed, but repeating no letter until after moving from its square.

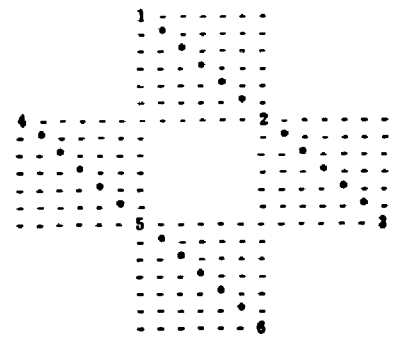
R	E	J	W	Y	R	A	S
S	E	C	K	E	O	K	N
Y	I	S	U	N	R	D	A
W	T	S	O	T	H	T	K
R	C	E	M	A	C	O	L
E	O	N	N	I	R	A	H
G	S	R	F	L	O	D	I
N	I	O	W	A	C	R	O

—Fred E. Day.

62. FOREIGN CAPITALS.

Anagrams. 1. Louse. 2. Cow at pen. 3. V, air moon. 4. Anna Jus. 5. In Alma. 6. Lemon Rube. 7. Lake T. 8. A bulk. 9. Kank bog. 10. Bugs pester T. R. 11. Points not clean. 12. O, variant Anna. 13. Page N. Cohen. 14. Cool mob. 15. Her ante. 16. Lock moths. 17. N towelling. 18. Via a bat. 19. China star, II. —Kenneth L. Aleshire.

63. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONALS.



Upper: A city of Persia; a republic of South America, not on salt water; a county of Ark., Ga., Ill. and ten other states; a city of central France; a river of France which rises in Spain; a strait at the entrance of the Adriatic; a country of northern Africa. Diagonal, 1 to 2, a city of Canada.

Left: A county of Ga. and N. C.; a city and khanate of southern Asiatic Russia; a city and province of northern Italy; a county and county seat of R. I.; a city of eastern England; a town and county of central England; a city, canton and volcano east of the city of Mexico. Diagonal, 4 to 5, an island in the Mediterranean.

Right: A city of Wis. on Lake Winnebago; a territory threatened with statehood; a county of Ill., Ind., Iowa and six other states; a southern city and province of Spain; a city of Tuscany, Italy; one of the Balearic islands; a province of Canada. Diagonal, 2 to 3, a river of South America.

Lower: A town of Corsica, the birth place of Napoleon; one of the Leeward islands; a central state; a southern kingdom of the German Empire; an eastern river of the U. S.; a town, county and bay of northern Ireland; a county of Wyo. Diagonal, 5 to 6, islands in the bay of Bengal, a penal colony of Great Britain. —Frank C. McMillan.



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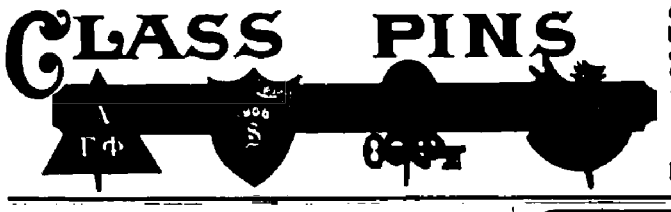

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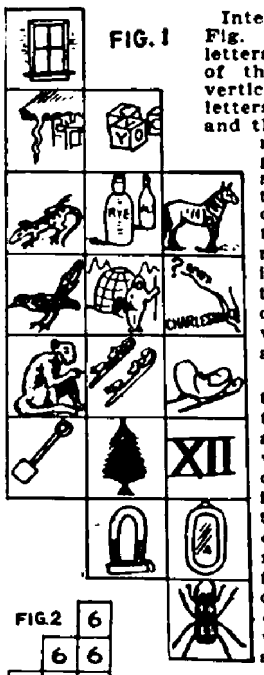
64. ENGLISH AUTHOR.



Interpret each square in Fig. 1 by a word of six letters. Use the first letters of the words in the left vertical row, the second letters in the central row, and the third letters in the right hand row. Beginning with the top square, read the letters above indicated only in each horizontal row from left to right, taking the rows in order downward to the lowest square, and obtain a great English writer, who was born and who died in April.

Now move the vertical rows to the position shown in Fig. 2, and take from each word the letter indicated by the number in the square. Read the letters specified only in each horizontal row from left to right, taking the rows in order downward, and obtain two well-known works of the above author.
—Morton L. Mitchell.

FIG. 2

		6
	6	6
5	4	2
3	3	6
2	4	1
2	5	1
6	6	
2		

65. CONNECTED SQUARES.

(For the benefit of the many new comers to the Tangles: A word square is built up of words so as to read both across and down the same.)

Build five connected squares with APRIL placed in each as indicated. (With apologies to Mr. Stanbery.)

A P R I L — — — — A
P — — — — — — — — P
R — — — — — — — — R
I — — — — — — — — I
L — — — — A — A P R I L
— — P — —
A P R I L
— — I — —
— A — — — L — — — — A —
A P R I L — — — P —
— R — — — — — R —
— I — — — A P R I L
— L — — — — — L —
—Nutmeg.

66. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

1. * - - - - The star path downward
2. - * - - - spells a queen born in May.
3. - - * - - 1. A city of Ecuador. 2.
4. - - - * - Question. 3. Search. 4. Pe-
5. - - - - * culiar. 5. The sacred book of
6. - - - * - the Mohammedans. 6. Fear-
7. - - * - - less. 7. The English comman-
8. - * - - - der at Plassey. 8. A stage per-
9. * - - - - former. 9. The second largest
10. - * - - - river of Italy. 10. A famous
11. - - * - - state prison of London. 11.
12. - - - * - The king of Judea at the time
13. - - - - * of Christ's birth. 12. The legendary son of Priam, who stole Helen and caused the Trojan war. 13. A female character in Twelfth Night. —Arthur L. Diamond.

67. ALL THE OLOGIES.

1. * - - - - - - - - - Each word ends in
2. - * - - - - - - - -OLOGY. 1. A discourse
3. - - * - - - - - - -on flowers. 2. The
4. - - - * - - - - - -science of the human
5. * - - - - - - - - -soul. 3. The science of
6. - * - - - - - - - -insects. 4. A discourse
7. - - * - - - - - - -on heat. 5. The science
8. - - - * - - - - - of the organs and their functions in animals and plants. 6. The science of the structure and habits of mollusks. 7. The science of shells and the animals that inhabit them. 8. A science of plants. Affix OLOGY to the upper star path, and obtain the art of judging the influence of the stars upon human affairs. Affix OLOGY to the lower star path, and obtain a systematic view of all branches of human knowledge. To the initials of these two star path words add OLOGY, and obtain an expression of regret for wrong doing. —Ernest A. Stifel.

68. CONCEALED WORD SQUARE.

A five-word square is concealed in the following:

"The bell rang, Erasmus," said Mrs. Jenks, "and Jennie will serve dinner very soon." In the dining room a negro and a little girl, looking like Uncle Tom and Eva, devoted their attention to boiling over a hot fire new laid eggs fresh from the nests.
—Albertus K. Richards.

69. OCTAGON.

Read across and down the same.

- - - A railway carriage; a leader;
- - - - - an enchanter; an opening to
- - - - - - - admit air; to shape anew; a
- - - - - - - segment of the rim of a
- - - - - - - wooden wheel; a color.
- - - - - —Mendell H. T. McKenney.
- - -

70. GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. On a perch. (The southernmost continental extremity.) 2. Sing on, Kent. (A suburb of London, containing a royal palace.) 3. One halt. (A town in the center of Ireland.) 4. O, that drum. (A coast town of Devonshire.) 5. Lo, best soap. (A Black sea port.) 6. Gay law. (An Irish county.) 7. Try a romp. (A coast town in Cumberland.) 8. Bare plants. (A town and bay in Devonshire.)
—Robert E. Arnold.

71. SYNCOPATED CENTRALS.

Example: If I went away a leader would become a head cook. Ans.: Ch-i-ef, chef.

If I went away: 1. To raise would become a multitude. 2. A sound would become part of one's face. 3. To relinquish would become to brandish. 4. To worship would become to challenge. 5. To depict would become to gasp. 6. A Scotch child would become a stable. 7. Corn would become a labyrinth. 8. An assumed name would become an ejaculation.

Example: If U went away a weight would become a small lake. Ans.: Po-u-nd, pond.

If U went away: 9. A vehicle would become to combat. 10. A dwelling would become a flexible pipe. 11. A measure would become a kind of plum. 12. An organ of the head would become an insect. 13. A leap would become a tie. 14. A way would become a repetition. 15. To awaken would become a flower. 16. To grieve would become a part of the day.
—Russell B. Smith.





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HENRY WARD BEECHER

(*Continued from page 255.*)

by walking the whole way. His living expenses he cut down as far as possible in order that he might add to his library. It was his proud boast that when he left Amherst he had a collection of about fifty volumes, every one earned by himself. So, if Henry Ward Beecher did not show off well in his classroom, it certainly was not because he did not care for books. During his college course he took part in many religious meetings, gave lectures on temperance and phrenology, a study of the latter having been taken up by him with great enthusiasm. As a debater he was an opponent to be feared. It will thus be seen that the shyness of his boyhood was gradually disappearing.

At the age of twenty-one, Henry Ward Beecher was graduated. He left Amherst, carrying with him the respect of his classmates and the hearty good wishes of his teachers. His resolve was now to use his experience and education for the uplifting of his fellowmen. How well he carried out his resolution those who have read of his work during the succeeding years can testify.

Mr. Beecher had always a special fondness for young folks. During his long ministry in Plymouth Tabernacle every boy in Brooklyn came to know him. He was ever ready to listen, to advise, and to help. As I have said, he always had a liking for swimming. There was a large floating bath or boathouse near the Fulton ferry, where he was accustomed to go for a plunge in the East river. The price of a bath was a quarter. One warm day on his way down he met a boy whom he knew. He asked him if he did not want to come and have a swim. The boy's eyes sparkled, but he had not the money, and told Mr. Beecher so. Taking him by the hand the great preacher said: "Come along. When you ask a young lady to take ice cream with you, you don't expect her to pay for it, do you?"

I have tried to give the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY some idea of the boyhood of this man who became the foremost of American preachers, trusting that they may feel enough interest to continue the study of his life, being assured that such study will well repay the effort.

SYNOPSIS OF SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1837 Accepted a charge at Lawrenceburg, Ind.
1839 Served a Presbyterian church at Indianapolis and drew much attention by his lectures to young men.
1847 Accepted call to Plymouth church, where he remained for 40 years until his death.
1863 Delivered addresses on Slavery in Great Britain.
1870 Editor of Christian Union.
1887 March 8. Died. Buried in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

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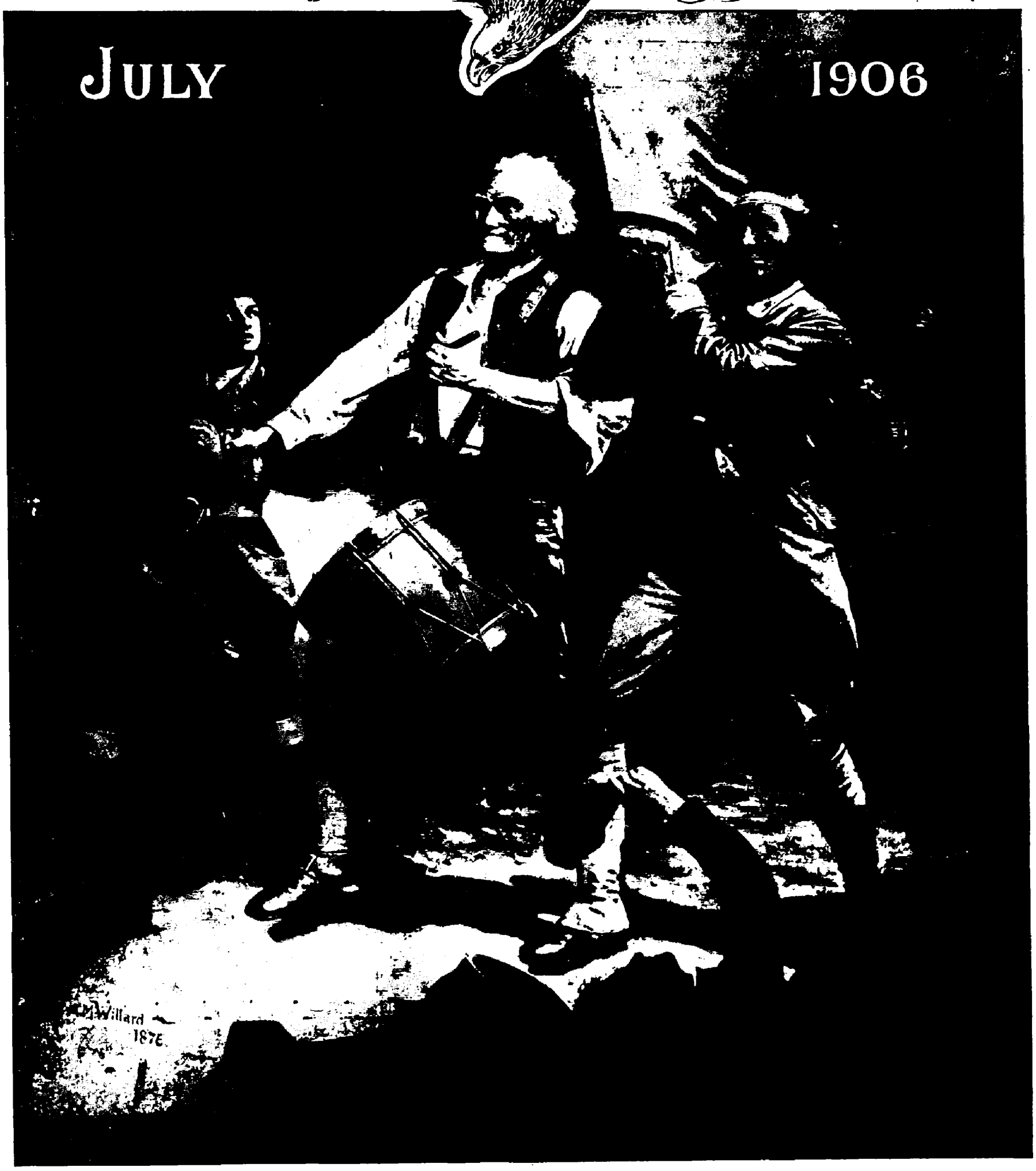
THE American Boy

JULY 1906



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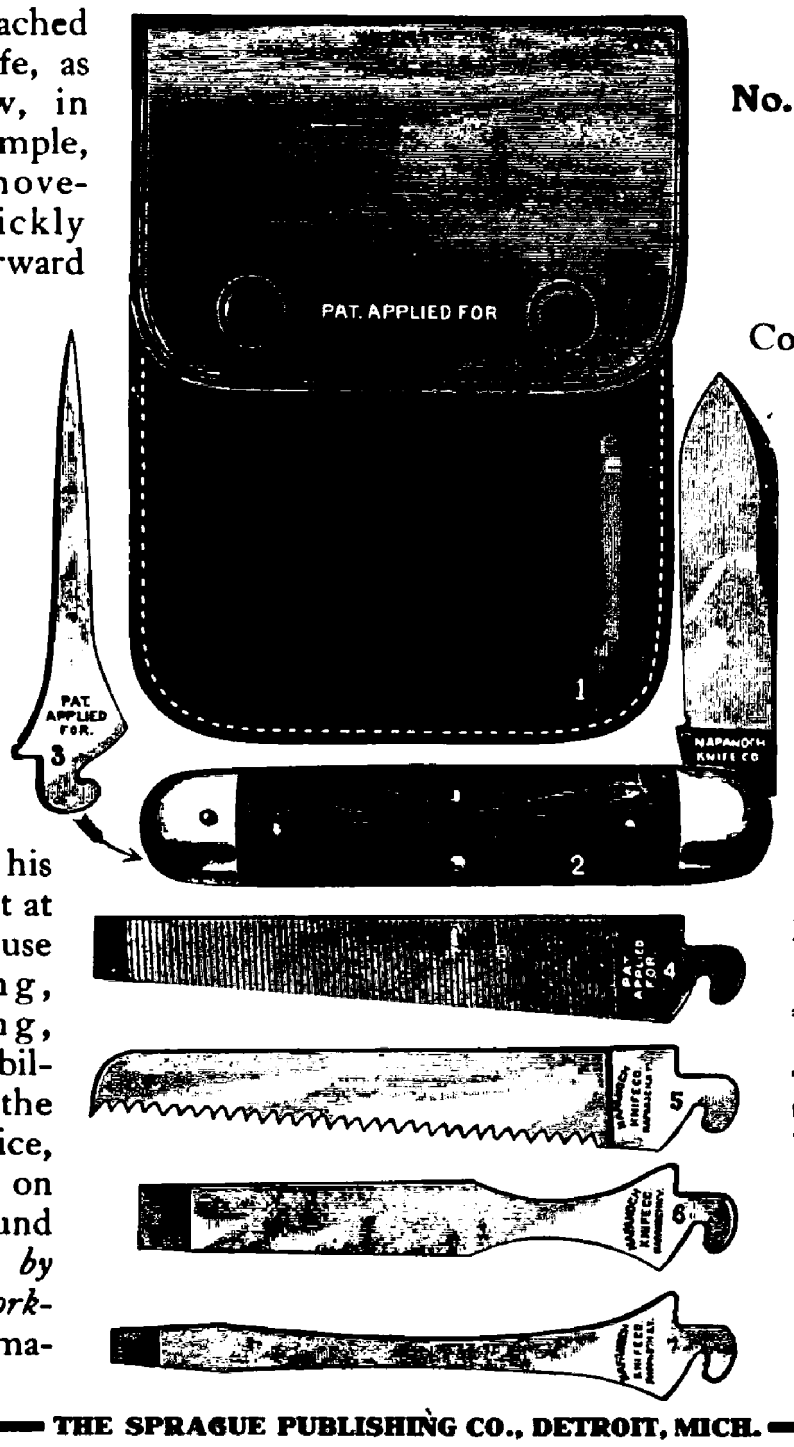

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ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 | DETROIT, MICH., JULY, 1906 | NUMBER 9

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER V.

OFF FOR WASHINGTON

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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NOW, THEN, who is the next volunteer? Come, gentlemen and fellow citizens, you have read our worthy President's proclamation; you know how urgent is the call; you know that the rebels are collecting a great force to capture our noble Capitol at Washington; you know how those same rebels have taunted us, saying the North could not be kicked into a war; and you know also what the cities and towns and villages around us are doing—enrolling their patriots as fast as the names can be put down. Shall it be said that Goreville stood back when called upon to do her duty? Never! Come, who is the next volunteer?"

Captain Paulding stood upon the stoop of the grocery store, addressing the crowd which had collected at the roll of the drum in the hands of young Benny Bruce, who had also enlisted, although less than fifteen years old. The captain had been "spouting" earnestly for half an hour, but no new volunteers had appeared. The muster roll numbered thirty-four names and Captain Paulding wanted forty before starting on the long march for Washington.

Behind the captain sat a clerk with the list in hand and a table with pens and ink beside him, for the captain knew that many volunteers had to be "caught on the fly," or their enthusiasm would wane and they would not sign the enlistment paper. Beside the clerk sat Josiah Bruce, the father of Benny, a veteran who had lost a hand in the Mexican war, and who was much crippled by rheumatism.

"Come, boys; come and sign!" cried Josiah Bruce, waving his stump of an arm over his head. "I went to Mexico, and my son there is goin' to beat the drum fer ye. Sign, I say, an' be patriots! Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes! Oh, if I wasn't doubled up with this ere rheumatism, I'd show ye! Benny, beat the drum ag'in. Perhaps some o' the men standin' aroun' hain't heard it yet!"

And Benny beat the drum so vigorously that a larger crowd than ever began to collect. Again Captain Paulding addressed those before him.

"Shall it be said that the majority of the men of Goreville were cowards; that they would not march forth to uphold the hand of their President? No, never! Come now and sign; place your names on the golden roll of honor ere it is too late. Ha! Here is another, our worthy citizen, Moses Blackwell. Moses is a blacksmith, as we all know, and creation help the rebel that gets in front of him in a hand-to-hand fight. Soldiers, three cheers for our new member, Moses Blackwell."

And as Moses, a tall, thin, but, nevertheless, powerful fellow, put down the rough scrawl which went for his signature the cheers were given with a will. As the blacksmith stepped back, two others came to the front, one a man who had just hopped from a farm wagon, and who came forward with his pants tucked in his boots and his whip in his hand.

"Bart Callings and Nathan Hornsby!" announced Captain Paulding. "Keep the ball a-rolling, boys. Now is the time, remember, ere it is too late. Soldiers, three cheers for Callings and Hornsby! That makes thirty-seven. We want at least three more. Come, now! Come! Everybody join in, please.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
Of thee I sing!"

Loud and clear arose the song on the bracing April air, and ere the refrain had died away two more names had been added to the list. The echo of the final word yet rang over the distant hills when Louis Rockford slipped shyly from his horse and mounted the store porch from the side.

"I want to sign, please," he almost whispered to the clerk.

"Hullo, Rockford! Then you are really going after all!" cried the clerk. "I'm glad to hear it. Rowe put you down as too cowardly, but I knew better and said so. Captain, Louis Rockford will sign."



"SHALL IT BE SAID THAT GOREVILLE STOOD BACK WHEN CALLED UPON TO DO HER DUTY?"

"Another! The fortieth!" shouted Captain Paulding. He shook Louis by the hand. "Going in place of your poor father, I suppose. Soldiers, three cheers for our fortieth man, Louis Rockford."

And once more the cheers rang out, this time with an extra will, for Louis had many friends among the younger members of the company. But during the cheering Louis's quick eye detected that Jerry Rowe's lips did not move. Almost instinctively he felt that though he had many friends in the company, he had also one enemy.

Louis had had an easier time than he anticipated getting his parents to consent to his enlistment. The reason for this was, that now Mr. Rockford could not go, he felt the family should be in some way represented and had whispered as much to his wife during the moments when not in pain. And Mrs. Rockford had agreed, but with tears in her eyes, for her only son was sorely needed about the dairy, and the thought that he must go forth to meet great danger filled her with alarm. A deeply religious woman, she spent a night in prayer, then called Louis to her side, and kissing him fondly, told him to do his duty to his country.

The days which followed the enlistment flew on wings, so much was there to do. Louis was called on each day to drill for three hours, from four o'clock to seven in the afternoon and evening—this time being chosen that the men might do a fair day's work at home before commencing. At first he was put in the "awkward squad," drilled by old Josiah Bruce, and rapidly taught how to stand at "attention," how to "right face," "left face," "about face," "mark time" and "march." This learned, he was given a gun and put through the manual of arms until he could handle the weapon as well as any of them.

Louis's earnestness was warmly approved by the old Mexican veteran. "You're a born soldier, Louis," he said one day when the drilling was over. "Keep on as you have begun and my word on it, you'll come out of the war with shoulder straps."

"Now I've started I mean to do my best," was the quiet answer, and those words told the whole story, as the chapters which follow will testify.

At last came the day when the company was to start for Washington, that being then the objective point of all the Union troops. It was felt that if the South struck any blow at all it would be at our Capitol.

Louis had taken an affectionate farewell of his father and his mother at home, and now Lucy and Martha took him down to Goreville Square in a dairy wagon, not only to see him off, but to witness the celebration given in honor of the departure of the Goreville Volunteers. Big bonfires were blazing, a flag flew from the front of every house and place of business, and the small boys were shooting off all the powder and crackers they could lay hands on, while in the midst of all little Benny Bruce was rolling his drum as never before, calling the men together for their first march of a hundred and fifty miles or more.

"Fall in, men!" cried Captain Paulding. There was a hasty handshaking and a kissing all around, and the men hurried to the center of the square. "Company, attention! Shoulder arms! Forward march!"

Rap! Rap! Rap-rap-rap! went Benny Bruce's big drum, and off the company started in two rather irregular lines. Old Bruce gave a rousing cheer and this was taken up on all sides, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and some of the boys set off the cannon they had borrowed from somewhere. The Goreville Volunteers were off at last.

Each man was provided with a gun of some kind, finding the weapon for himself, and each had likewise furnished himself with a belt and ammunition box, a haversack and a blanket. None of the privates had uniforms outside of caps, which the general store keeper at Goreville had donated. The officers wore uniforms of their own selecting, while Benny Bruce had been tricked out with uniform and drum by his enthusiastic father. The flag the company carried had been presented by the ladies of the district, who had held a large "donation" party for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. Each man's haversack was stocked to overflowing with rations, and behind the company drove a wagon packed with other necessities of camp life.

The course of the company lay directly southeast through the State of Maryland. At that time it was known that Maryland was "on the fence" so far as joining the North or the South was concerned, and hardly had the boundary line of the state been crossed than Captain Paulding halted the company and made a brief address.

"Men, we have now entered the State of Maryland," he began. "We trust this state will remain true to the Union, but we are not sure that she will do so. I know personally that there are many people living here who are rebels at heart, and some of these people may try to make us trouble—"

"Let 'em try it on, that's all," came in a growl from the rear line.

"Silence in the ranks. I feel as you do about this matter, but at the same time if we can reach Washington without open trouble, we had best do so. Of course, we will maintain our rights, but to seek a quarrel will only delay us."

Having spoken thus, Captain Paulding paused for a moment and then commanded Privates Rockford and Bingham to step forward. Wondering what was

up, Louis did as ordered, and Harry Bingham followed.

"You will go on ahead," said the captain. "Take the road to Frederick and keep on until about four o'clock this afternoon, when you can look around for a good halting place. If you see anything alarming report to me as quickly as you can."

Louis and Bingham replied that they would. Then they saluted the captain in true military style and hurried off side by side.

"I'm glad he detailed us for this work," said Louis, a few minutes later. "It's much pleasanter to have a friend along."

"Rather have me than Jerry Rowe, eh?" replied Harry Bingham. "Well, I don't blame you. Rowe is very overbearing. But I reckon he'll have the starch taken out of him before the war is over."

Knowing what was expected of them, they hurried off at a rapid pace, and soon the company was lost to sight behind a turn in the road. It was a clear and by no means cold day and both felt in capital spirits, and Louis would have started to whistle, but suddenly thought better of it. Their course lay along a low hill, and this passed, they came within sight of several farmhouses. As they passed the first of these, two farmers came out to meet them.

"Hullo, sodgers; whar ye goin'?" questioned one.

"Down the road," answered Louis, pleasantly.

"Goin' to Washington, I allow," put in the second farmer.

"Perhaps we are," said Harry, with spirit. "Any objections?"

"Objections? Not at all, young man. Only——"

"Only what?"

"Reckon ye'll wish ye hadn't gone afore long—when Jeff Davis takes hold o' things at the Capitol."

Both farmers laughed meaningly; in the midst of which Louis and his friend proceeded on their way.

"Captain Paulding was right; Maryland is full of rebels," said Louis, when they were out of hearing. "We must be on our guard and not let the company run into trouble."

On and on they went, over one hill after another; past open fields and through heavy woods. At the noon hour they halted beside a brook and partook of a portion of the rations contained in their haversacks.

"I'll tell you one thing," remarked Harry, as he munched a sandwich. "We are not going to live as well as we did at home—not by a good deal."

"Fortune of war," laughed Louis. "Think of what the old Revolutionary heroes had to put up with."

"Yes, and the heroes of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. Do you know what made me enlist? It was old Bruce's stories of how General Scott took Mexico."

"I am glad President Lincoln has called General Scott to take charge in Washington. I want to see the old fellow. Who knows but what——. Hist! Who is that coming?"

Louis broke off short as three horsemen appeared at the ridge of the hill just beyond the brook. The three horsemen wore the uniforms and trappings of cavalrymen. In a moment more they were leading their animals down to the brook for a drink. Feeling they might be a detachment of the enemy the two Union boys started to withdraw from sight. But the movement came too late.

"Halt, there!" came the command, and in a moment more the three cavalrymen were upon them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT THE CAPITOL

The men who had come so unexpectedly upon Louis and Harry Bingham were noble looking fellows, all well built and past middle age. Their trappings were of the finest, and by his shoulder-straps Louis saw that one of the number was a captain.

"Well, young men, where are you bound?" demanded the captain of the trio.

"Bound for Frederick," answered Harry, having taken his cue from Louis' former speech.

"Frederick, eh? Do you intend to remain in that city?"

"That depends."

"Don't you think you are bound for Washington?" put in a second of the cavalrymen.

"What if we were?" asked Louis, cautiously.

"Well, if I were in your place I wouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"Neither we are," burst out Harry, without stopping to think twice.

"Are you alone?" was the next question put.

"Cannot you see that we are?" was Louis's counter query.

"But by your caps you belong to some company, I take it," went on the cavalry captain. "Where is the rest of that company?"

"On the road somewhere."

"Humph!" There was a moment of silence. "Come, boys, it is useless to waste time here," and having watered his horse the captain of the strangers rode off, followed by his two companions.

"Now, what does that mean?" demanded Harry Bingham, as soon as they were left alone.

"That is what I would like to know," said Louis, much disturbed. "I wonder if those fellows belong to a cavalry troop close at hand?"

"More than likely."

"Then they may hunt up our boys and cause trouble."

"Shall we go back?"

"I think one of us might. The other can go ahead, as Captain Paulding directed."

This was agreed to, and by tossing up a cent it was decided that Harry Bingham should return to the Goreville Volunteers, while Louis went on as originally intended, but with increased vigilance.

In five minutes more they had separated and Louis was stalking sturdily along towards Frederick. The road now led along a number of plantation fields where numerous colored hands were hard at work getting the ground into shape for the coming summer. Many of the slaves eyed Louis curiously, but none asked him questions. Several, noting his cap, haversack and gun, grinned broadly, but that was all.

Towards four o'clock the young soldier, remembering his captain's words, began to cast about for a good spot for the night's camp. He soon came to a patch of woods, in the midst of which was a clearing backed up by rocks, and this he concluded would be as good a place as any, having both wood and water handy. Marking the spot on the roadway, so it could not be missed, he started back to join his company.

He had proceeded less than a quarter of a mile on the back track when a loud shouting reached his ears and made him quicken his pace. The shouting came from familiar voices, and loudest of all was the voice of Jerry Rowe.

"Help! Help! Save me! Shoot the critter, somebody!" came the cry from Rowe, and then there burst into view half a dozen of the Goreville Volunteers, with Jerry Rowe bringing up in the rear. Behind the flying squad, in deadly pursuit, was—a bull.

"Save me! Save me! Shoot him, somebody!" shrieked Jerry Rowe again. "Don't let the savage critter horn me!"

"Shoot him yourself!" cried several of his companions. "You are the nearest," added one.

But Jerry Rowe was too scared to fire his weapon, and when, at last, he did manage to pull the trigger, the ball passed about six feet over the beast's head. Having fired, Jerry threw away his gun and ran harder than ever.

There was no doubt but that the bull was a bad one, for his eyes were bloodshot and the foam was flying from his jaws as he lumbered on with wonderful rapidity. Yet with it all Louis could not help but laugh at the scene. Here were soldiers enlisted to fight the enemy flying from a barnyard beast! What would these volunteers do in the face of an armed battery?

Bang! Coming to a halt by the roadside, he waited until the bull was almost even with him, then aimed at a bloodshot eye and fired. The aim was true, and with a roar of pain the beast staggered, pitched forward upon his knees, and then rolled over in a cloud of dust with a thud that shook the earth.

"Hurrah! Louis Rockford has killed him!" came from one of the young fellows in front. "That was a dandy shot, Louis."

"I hit him, too," panted Jerry Rowe. "See, my shot struck him directly in the eye."

"It was I who hit him in the eye!" answered Louis, indignantly. "You didn't come within a mile of him."

"Go on with you; I know I hit him," blustered Jerry. "Do you think you are the only marksman in the company?"

"Louis hit him in the eye," put in another of the crowd. "I fired aways back of him, but the bullet passed under him, I think."

"How on earth did you start him up?" questioned Louis, coolly, as he proceeded to load up again.

"We didn't start him up. He broke out of a field that we were passing and came for us red hot, before we realized what was up."

By this time the bull had breathed his last, and the little crowd gathered around and waited for the others of the company to come up. When they did, Captain Paulding's face was as red as a beet.

"To run from a cow!" he burst out. "Boys, I am ashamed of you. What would the rebels say to this if they heard of it?"

"But he came upon us so unexpectedly, captain?" pleaded one.

"Soldiers should never be taken unawares. Didn't I warn you we might be passing through a hostile country, and all must be on guard?"

"But we weren't looking for a bull rebel, cap'n," put in Jack Melburn, the joker of the company.

The captain made no reply to this. Learning that Louis had shot the beast, he praised the youth for his alertness and good aim, and then re-formed his company and marched on.

Nothing more had been seen of the strange cavalrymen, but as soon as the volunteers went into camp a strict guard was set, that there might be no surprise during the night. Several old tents had been brought along, and these and the blankets were all the protection at hand, but even these were better than some of the accommodations experienced by the volunteers later.

Morning was just about to dawn, and Louis was still fast asleep, with his head upon a pine branch pillow, when a sudden shot from the direction of the roadway set the camp in immediate commotion. Two farmers had tried to pass the guard and the soldier had fired as a signal for assistance.

When Captain Paulding went out to meet the intruders, with his company drawn up behind him, the farmers looked rather disconcerted. Yet one of them plucked up courage enough to state that he was the owner of the bull that had been slain, and he wanted to know what the "sodgers was a-gwine ter do about the deestruction o' his val-able property."

"The bull attacked my men while they were on the public highway," returned the captain. "They had to kill him in self-defense. We propose to do nothing."

"Thet bull was wuth a heap o' money," growled the farmer.

"I am sorry for you, but I can do nothing," went on Captain Paulding.

"I reckon you air some of them cussed Yankees."

"We are Union men, sir," and the captain looked so stern that the farmer's jaw dropped. Seeing he could do nothing by intimidation, he finally offered to sell the beef meat at a reasonable price. This offer was accepted, and for the remainder of the trip to the Capitol the Goreville Volunteers lived on roast beef and beefsteaks galore.

"It was an easy way out of the trouble," said the captain when in camp the next noon. "Had we not bought the meat the farmer might have spread the report that we were confiscating his goods and the whole neighborhood would have been aroused."

Frederick had been passed by a circuitous route, and now the company took the most direct road to Rockville and Washington. Everybody still felt fresh and none complained of the long marches. Once they encountered a slight shower, but otherwise the weather remained perfect.

It was towards the close of the fourth day out that word reached the company, through several Union sympathizers, that trouble had occurred at Baltimore between the citizens and some Massachusetts troops which were passing through the city from one railroad station to another. A mob had collected, sticks and stones had been used, and a sharp skirmish had ensued, ending in the death of a number on both sides. This trouble at Baltimore was kept up until some time later, when General Butler took possession of the city and placed it under military rule. By this it will be seen how near Maryland was at one time to joining her Southern sisters in the great rebellion.



The news from Baltimore made Captain Paulding more vigilant than ever, and four advance guards or skirmishers were sent out whenever the volunteers moved. At a little place called Bowker's the company was attacked by two men and half a dozen big boys, who threw stones and clods of dirt, but these Southern sympathizers fled at the first order from Captain Paulding to halt and take aim.

When the order came to point his gun, Louis's heart leaped into his throat. Was he really to fire upon a fellow human being? he asked himself. It is not to be wondered at that his aim was high. Very few men in their first encounter on the battlefield shoot to kill. One must be nerved up by the course of events to do this deliberately.

Bowker's passed, the little band struck out through a fertile country

(Continued on page 278)

SHAGGYCOAT

The Biography of a Beaver

BEGUN IN MARCH

By CLARENCE HAWKES

CHAPTER X.

SO THE errand of these strangers boded no good for Shaggycoat and his household.

The old bear and the two cubs came out upon the lake just at the dam, and as there was a fresh wind blowing from up stream, beaver scent was strong.

Then the countenance of the old bear, which was usually droll and good-natured, became cunning and eager with the thought of beaver meat.

The conical beaver houses were out on an island some distance from the shore, but the old bear tried the ice and found it held. So she went slipping and sliding over the smooth surface to the island, closely followed by the cubs.

She walked about the larger of the two lodges several times before deciding what to do, then reared upon her hind legs and peeped in at the vent. There, almost within reach of her paw, were four or five sleek beavers.

The sight of meat so near at hand caused the old bear to forget her cunning and she thrust one of her powerful forearms in at the vent, and reached wildly for the beaver. Then what a scrambling there was for both the front and back door of the lodge, as the astonished and terrified beavers made their escape.

Seeing that this tactic was useless, Bruin withdrew her paw and again peeped in, but the beaver house was quite empty.

Even with her strong arm she could not tear off the top of the lodge, which was frozen hard as stone.

After spending two days in futile efforts to get at the beaver, the three bears shambled off through the woods in search of winter quarters.

They were not long in finding a fallen tree with a heavy top, which made a good covering. So they crawled in and went to sleep. Soon the heavy snowstorms covered them up snug and warm, and the only evidence that the treetop was the home of three bears was a small hole melted in the snow where the breath of the three sleepers thawed it. This was their chimney, through which their warm breath would ascend until spring.

When the strong forearm of the old bear, with its powerful claws, had raked the beaver's lodge in search of supper, Shaggycoat and his family had not fully understood the intruder's motive, although they knew quite well that it was sinister.



BRINGING A HALF DROWNED BEAVER IN HIS JAWS

The following summer, however, during his annual ramble, Shaggycoat learned all about the bear's fondness for the beaver, and this bit of knowledge increased his fears of the bear family.

He had frequently seen Bruin watching the fish in some deep pool and trying whenever they came to the surface to sweep one out on the land with his paw, but one day he discovered a bear watching something else in the water.

Shaggycoat could not see anything to watch, but he did notice an occasional bubble coming to the surface. This was what interested the bear.

Presently Bruin dove head-first into the water and after remaining down for several seconds came blowing and puffing to the surface, bringing a half-drowned beaver in his jaws. If anything more was needed to add to the unfortunate beaver's trouble, it was that one of his forepaws was firmly held in a trap. The bear had evidently discovered the beaver in a trap, and had driven him to the bottom. He laid his unfortunate victim down and with one blow of his strong arm, broke the beaver's neck.

This was enough for Shaggycoat and he fled like a hunted thing, and after that day he always kept as much water between himself and the bear family as possible.

Eight years have now passed since Shaggycoat brought his mate into the beautiful wilderness valley, and they had proceeded to make it habitable, according to the ideas of a beaver.

Wonderful changes have taken place in the alder meadow since then, and one would not know it to be the same spot. It is no more an alder meadow, but a beautiful forest lake, stretching away into the distance until it is lost between the foothills, nearly two miles above the dam. On either side the sparkling waters flow back to the amphitheatre of hills that enfold it, and the lake is altogether like a wonderful sparkling jewel set in the emerald surrounding of the foothills.

Each summer during his wanderings Shaggycoat has met other wanderers like himself, and many of them have returned with him to his mountain lake. Even the first autumn, when he returned with his amputated paw, a pair of sleek beavers came with him, so there were two beaver lodges in the pond during the second winter instead of one. The dam was also strengthened and broadened during that second autumn, until the pond was twice its original size.

The third spring Shaggycoat's own first family of beavers left the lodge to roam during the summer months, and to return in the autumn with mates. This is the arrangement in a well-ordered beaver lodge. The children stay with their parents until they are three years of age, so a lodge usually contains the babies, the yearlings and two-year-olds, who allow themselves shelter under the family lodge until their third birthday, when they are shoved out to make room for the babies, who have just come. So there is a general nose-breaking at this time, and the elders are sent into the world while all the rest are promoted. But I do not imagine that they have to be shoved very hard, for their love of freedom and wild life, and also the mating instinct, is calling to them that third year, and they always obey the call of nature.

It must not be imagined that the little dam originally built on the spot, with the two great pines as its backbone, flows all this broad expanse of country, for year by year it has been added to, until now the gorge is blocked by a log and stone structure that would do credit to man, with all his building and engineering skill. It seems to me that the beaver, with his building instinct, and his ingenuity in making this world over to suit his manner of life, more nearly resembles man than any other wild creature.

Each beaver colony is a veritable city, and each lodge contains a large and well-ordered family. The house is always scrupulously clean, and each member of the family has his own bed which he occupies. The front gate is surrounded by a moat, like the castles of old, and the drawbridge is always up.

The beaver is a veritable Venetian, and his city is a real Venice, with its waterway and its islands of solid earth, upon which stand the houses of its many citizens. The new dam which is most important to Beaver City, for it holds the water above the entrances of the score or more of houses, is a fine structure about two hundred feet in length and nine feet in diameter at its base. Into the structure many thousand logs have been rolled, some of them coming from two or three miles up the lake, for timber is not so plentiful near to the dam as it was.

At the bottom of the dam there are three tiers of these logs. When it is built up for three or four feet, two logs are used, and at the top one tier. The logs are laid with their butts pointing up stream, and are kept in place by heavy stones, while the chinks are plastered up with mud.

The engineering genius of this huge undertaking was Shaggycoat, who sat upon his broad, flat tail and directed his many workmen. Near by, seated upon the top of one of the lodges, a sentinel was always posted while they worked. He warned them of danger, and they gave their whole attention to the work. At the first suspicious sound he would bring his broad tail down upon the water with a resounding slap that could be heard all along the dam, and all through Beaver City, for the water is very mobile and conducts motion or sound easily. At this well-known signal the workers, who a moment before might have been lifting and tugging logs or laying on mortar, would disappear as though the lake had opened and swallowed them. This was really just what happened, but the waters did not open, they were always waiting and ready to receive their little water folks. For a few moments the lake would be as quiet as though there was not a beaver in the whole shimmering expanse. Then a brown muzzle dripping water would be cautiously thrust up, from some shady corner of the dam, and a careful reconnoissance would be made. When the beaver had made sure that it was a false alarm, he would call the rest and work would go on as before.

Most of the conical-shaped houses, of which there are now about twenty, are on islands, or on the bank, near the dam. They look as much like a small Indian village as they do like the abodes of wild animals.

For a long time the overflow water from the lake troubled the beavers, by wearing away their dam, but finally they dug a little channel in the sand around one end of the dam, and now the water runs off nicely in this artificial duct, and the dam is left unimpaired by the flow. If you could stand upon this dam, partly overgrown by willows, and see the symmetrical structure and the little lodges of Beaver City above, and the sparkling water running nicely away in the artificial sluiceway, you would marvel at the ingenuity and patience of these ingenious rodents. But the wisest and oldest head in the colony is that of Shaggycoat, or Old Shag, as I shall now call him, for he was the pioneer of the city, and his was the first lodge on the large island.

Little by little he has seen his lake widen and broaden, and one by one new lodges have been reared, until now, as he sits upon his broad tail and views Beaver City from the vantage-ground of the dam, he must be well satisfied with his planning, for it is all his world and he loves it as each wild creature does the element it inhabits. To his ears the sound of running water is sweetest music, and the roar of the freshet, which fills man with dismay, has no terrors for him; he knows it is only his beloved water world, wild and turbulent, with the joy of melting snow, and the bliss of spring rains. For then he knows that soon the buds will start and the birds sing, and he will be off for his summer ramble. He has never outgrown the habit of wandering during the summer months, but autumn will surely see him back directing repairs upon the dam and seeing that the winter supply of unpeeled logs is stored. It takes a great many logs to supply Beaver City with food now, so that when the winter supply is piled up in the water along in front of the dam, it would probably make several cords. If you could have seen the ever-changing beauty of that forest lake through spring, summer and autumn and winter, you would not have been surprised that the beavers were well satisfied with their surroundings, or that the water seemed always to be calling to them in low, sweet tones.

When the spring freshet filled their lake to overflowing the ice piled up against the dam, and the mad waters rushed through the crevasse roaring and hissing like an infuriated monster. Though the waters were angry and tossed the great cakes of ice about disdainfully, yet the foam upon its fretful surface looked soft as wool and the little water folks knew that the anger would pass, even as the fury of the spring wind.

Finally the water would go down, and the lake become clear and limpid. Then it was a wonderful opal, like the spring sky from which it took its color. When the warm spring winds kissed its sparkling surface it dimpled and sparkled, and little wavelets lapped the pebbly beach with a low soft sound.

Then June came with its lily pads, and the pickerel grass in the shallows along the edge, and the waters near shore were green like emerald. July brought the lilies, whose mysterious sweetness ravished the nostrils and whose creamy white faces nestled among the green pads in sweet content.

The summer passed like a wonderful dream, with soft skies, balmy winds, and warm delightful waters in which to swim, but the male beavers over three years of age were always away during the summer, and the lake was left to the females and the youngsters.

Then autumn came and the maples back in the foothills were made gorgeous by the first frost. The merry fall winds soon rattled down showers of scarlet and crimson and yellow and golden leaves, till the waters along the edge of the lake were as bright as the branches above. Even then the trees were all reflected in the lake, so it had its own beauty as well as that of the world above it.

When the first frost came the male beavers returned, and repaired the dam, and built new lodges, or repaired the old ones. These were active nights, when the sky was so thick with stars that there was hardly room for more, and the milky way was bright and luminous.

When the clear glass window was shut down over the lake and the beavers in their snug city were made prisoners for the winter, December had come.

Then the whole lake sparkled like a jewel, and by night it vied with the stars for mysterious beauty. But soon the lake would be covered with snow, and then it would be a wonderful marble floor, smooth as a board, stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

There, snugly locked under the ice, where not even the gluttonous wolverine can dig them out, with plenty of food for the coming winter, let us leave the inhabitants of Beaver City, happy in the assurance that spring will come again, when their lake will be warm and bright, nestling like a wonderful jewel, on the breast of mother earth.

(The End)



Just Between Ourselves

Dear Boys:

I took a day off recently to visit a friend in Ann Arbor, and incidentally to attend the Track Meet of the Michigan Inter-Scholastic Athletic League on Ferry Field, Michigan University's athletic grounds.

It is not often nowadays that I have the opportunity of mingling with boys—particularly boys of the high school age, so that the occasion was one much enjoyed and long to be remembered.

The day was an ideal one for athletics. The crowd was large and enthusiastic, composed chiefly of high school boys from Ann Arbor, Detroit, Grand Rapids, and other Michigan cities, and not a few from Chicago and points still farther away, who had come to cheer on their favorites. It was a great day for high school athletics, for not less than eleven old records in the League were broken.

My interest in the day was enlivened by my companions, two small boys (one of them bearing my name) and my college friend, as old as I am, but much more frisky.

Interest was added to the games by the presence on the field of some of the crack University athletes —and what heroes they are to the average small boy, and to many a large one!

When the games were over my Ann Arbor friend introduced me to Keene Fitzpatrick, the great U. of M. trainer, who has probably made more world record breakers among amateur athletes than has any other trainer that ever lived. Fortunately for me, the little conversation I expected to have with Mr. Fitzpatrick lengthened itself out into a long talk, for with the introduction came a rain shower, and we were forced under cover, where he was compelled to "stand and deliver" in answer to my many questions. I saw I had an opportunity of finding out some things for the benefit of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, and I lost no time, you may be sure.

I could scarcely realize that I was standing before the man who had made Michigan University famous in athletics the world over. Giving due credit to coach Yost, still it must be said that the training of Keene Fitzpatrick lies at the foundation of all the good work done by Michigan athletes of recent years. Perhaps it may not be known to many of ou: boys who live far distant from Michigan that a generation ago Yale was the home of the college champions in all kinds of sports. They can scarcely fail to know, however, that today Michigan University holds a position away above that of any other institution so far as making world's champions is concerned. In 1901 their track team won first place in competition with the principal colleges of the West, repeating the performance in 1902 and 1903, and in that same year winning the four-mile relay race at Philadelphia. Not satisfied with three successive victories, Michigan won in 1904, and a short time ago won for the fourth consecutive year the relay race in competition with the greatest runners of the East. Archie Hahn, who a few weeks ago won the Olympic races in Greece over runners from all over the world, is a product of Keene Fitzpatrick's training. Rose, until recently the world's champion shot-putter, won his greatest triumphs while at Ann Arbor; and Coe, his successor, is now in the University. Garrels of the Michigan Track Team of last year, is the world's champion discus thrower. Columns might be written of the wonderful records made by University of Michigan athletes who have passed under the care of this prince of trainers. No wonder the high school boys in competition that day on Ferry Field, with Keene Fitzpatrick looking on, did their "level best." Probably there was not one of them but was looking forward to the time when he should enter the university and come under the training of this man.

I asked Mr. Fitzpatrick who of all the youngsters he had seen perform during the day seemed the most likely to make a record breaker.

"Cook," he replied, referring to Harry Cook, a boy entered by the Chillicothe, Ohio, high school. "He is the greatest all-around high school athlete in the country. He will be heard from in the future, if his advisors do not spoil him. The great difficulty with phenomenal boy athletes," he went on, "is this: They are likely to get puffed up and think they can get along without training. They are flattered to believe that because they succeed in one direction, they can succeed in all. So they enter for too many events. The result is that they wear themselves out. It is the old story of 'the Jack of all trades and master of none.' I have seen many a young athlete enter college with great hopes, expecting at once to get into the football squad, or on the baseball nine, because in his home town he overtopped everything in all kinds of sport."

I was glad to have my boy, who was with me at the time, drinking in the words of this great trainer, hear this, for, while I do not expect him ever to become a great athlete, yet it gave me a text, on which I was not slow to preach a little sermon. It may not be out of place for me to say just here what I said to my boy that evening in talking over the matter. Boys are very easily spoiled, not only in matters athletic, but in other matters as well. It is a sad day for a boy when he feels that he can win out at whatever he attempts without any great effort, and that he is born to be an all-around champion. Many a boy has frittered away his chances of making a success in some one line by directing his study and his efforts in too many directions. It is very seldom that a boy who makes a champion sprinter also makes a champion shot-putter, or that a champion high jumper makes a champion long distance runner. University men who have succeeded in athletics have succeeded usually along special lines, practicing week in and week out with the one purpose ever before them of doing the one thing better than any other boy in the world does it. They may practice at other things for recreation or for limbering up unused muscles and keeping their bodies symmetrical, but when it comes to hard practice and training, it is to accomplish some one or, at the most, some few things. I had had a sort of notion that this was true, and it gave me pleasure to hear my idea confirmed by so great a trainer as Keene Fitzpatrick.

Young Cook was a wonder. He was practically the only contestant sent to the Meet by the Chillicothe School. By his unaided efforts he won twenty points for Chillicothe against thirteen for Orchard Lake, eleven for Grand Rapids, ten and a half for Ann Arbor, five for Clinton, Illinois, three for the Cleveland Central, two for Plymouth, Michigan, two for Hyde Park, Illinois, and one for Battle Creek, Michigan. There were but three schools ahead of Chillicothe, namely, the Lewis Institute of Chicago with thirty-six and a half, the Detroit University School with thirty-three, and the Detroit Central High with twenty-eight. Cook won first place in the pole vault, jumping eleven feet and tying the League record. In the broad jump he broke the record, covering twenty-three feet and five inches, a much better record than most college records. In addition to this he won the hundred yard dash, and was second in the high jump, being beaten by Patterson of the Detroit University School, a phenomenal young jumper who recently opened the eyes of Eastern boys in a Meet at Philadelphia. His record at Ann Arbor that day was six feet one and one-fourth inches. If you want to realize how high that is, stand on one side of a board fence six feet one and one-fourth inches high, and think of jumping over it.

But will Cook be spoiled, or will Keene Fitzpatrick's hopes for the young man be realized? Time will tell.

Another remark made by the great trainer impressed me. Our conversation soon turned on the work of Garrels, the University of Michigan athlete who holds now the world's champion record as discus thrower. I had the opportunity of seeing Garrels at work, for after the Meet was over he came into the field in track uniform to practice jumping the hurdles. He impressed me as the most splendidly proportioned man I had ever seen, and when to warm himself up he took a sprint around the half-mile track, I began to feel something of the enthusiasm that all Ann Arbor feels for him.

"And yet," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "there was a time not long ago that I despaired of making anything out of him. He had the bone and muscle and all that goes to make a great athlete. I had to turn him down last year for the football squad because in the try-outs I discovered that he lacked one thing—he did not go in to win."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked in an endeavor to get something more definite; his reply was instructive.

"There are two kinds of athletes. They may be equal in nearly everything that goes to make successful contestants, but one man goes in to win or die in the attempt, and the other man doesn't."

A little later, my college friend told me of how he had seen boys in the Michigan University football squad blinded and dazed and almost unconscious, and yet fighting to the last, and I understood what Keene Fitzpatrick meant. He wanted men who never know when they are whipped, for such men can't be whipped.

"Garrels took his disappointment hard," said Fitzpatrick, "but the next year he made good."

He did not use the word "persistence," but that was what he meant. That was what my boy understood him to mean, and I was glad that the youngster got that lesson. I tried to impress on him afterwards that it was not alone in athletics that the "never say die" spirit wins in the world.



From Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
SPEAK FOR IT

When the college men meet at Ann Arbor in the fall, and it is so in other colleges, many of the athletes of the year before return. In addition to these are many new ones who come from the high schools throughout the country, some of them with records of which they are ready to boast. They think, "Surely I will get a place on the team and will wear the M." They go to work in the gymnasium and in the field, all under the watchful eye of Keene Fitzpatrick and his assistants. In a few weeks the trainer has picked out the most likely men. These, with the athletes of former times who have returned for, perhaps, their graduating year, are given harder work, which they go at with terrific vim, for they know that being picked out by Keene Fitzpatrick means they have a chance to wear the coveted letter—the M that means membership in the Michigan team that is to maintain the athletic prestige of the university in the year to come.

Then come the final try-outs, when the men are pitted against one another, and the weeding-out process begins. Here it is that something besides bone and muscle counts. Here the expert trainer notes the spirit of the man, and here many a promising athlete fails because his work lacks that dogged determination that counts more than brute strength. Thus it is that when the University of Michigan track team, football squad, and baseball nine are ready for the great events on Ferry Field at Ann Arbor, and Marshall Field in Chicago, and elsewhere, they are the best selected, best trained college athletes in the West, if not in the United States, which means the world.

Keene Fitzpatrick is a man whom you would not pick out among a crowd of men as a trainer of athletes. He is short of stature, small of build, modest and unassuming in his deportment—a quiet, gentlemanly individual whom you would rather expect to see selling goods over a counter than training young men for athletic championships. But in the conversation I had with him I discovered that he possesses that which he requires of the boys who come under his instruction, that is, quiet determination, intelligent persistence, and the inability to recognize defeat when he meets it.

Keene Fitzpatrick was once athletic instructor at Yale, and Yale would now be glad to have him back. But Keene Fitzpatrick is wedded to the University of Michigan. Here he reigns with coach Yost in a world of his own. He is supreme in athletic matters, and rightly so. The University of Michigan will do well to give its athletic trainer full rein.

Just at this time when so many readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are interested in athletics, this talk will certainly do no harm, and may do good. I do not want to turn everything into a sermon, but I would suggest to the boys that there is very much to learn in athletics which will do an immense amount of good in their lives if they will apply it to something more than athletics. I have called attention to two or three things that Keene Fitzpatrick told me. Any man who wants to see boys succeed will say that I am right when I say that a boy should early determine what he wants to succeed in, and that he should direct all his training, so far as possible, toward that end; that he do not fritter away his time in trying to make a success of too many things; that he do not permit flattery and the applause of friends to spoil him; and that, when he goes into a contest, whatever it be, if it be honorable, he go in to win, regardless of cost.

* * *

Changing the subject, I want to call your attention to a few things in which you and I ought to be mutually interested.

FIRST. Next month I am going to give you the first chapters of a new serial story, the title of which is, "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony;" the author is Everett T. Tomlinson, whom every boy who reads much knows, by reputation, at least. "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony" is a story of the early days of the Revolution. Perhaps you think we are having more war stories than is necessary. Still, if I judge your likes and dislikes as I know my own, you will not be sorry. Mr. Tomlinson, who has been writing for boys since 1894, ought to know something about boys, for after graduating from Williams College and Colgate University, he became principal of the Auburn, New York, High School, and, later, head master of the preparatory department of Rutgers College. His first book, published in 1894, was "The Search for Andrew Field," then, following in quick succession, "The Boy Soldiers of 1812," "Colonial Boys," "Boy Officers of 1812," "Three Young Continentals," and so on, until more than twenty-five of his books were in the hands of American boys, and his place in their regard was fixed. We are sure "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony" will be up to the standard of his many books that have so pleased young Americans. Remember, the first chapters appear next month.

SECOND. I want you to consider thoughtfully the matter I have referred to several times relating to furnishing THE AMERICAN BOY to shut-ins. Let me tell you again what I mean by a shut-in. A shut-in is a boy who is shut in out of the sunlight, a sick boy, a crippled boy, or a boy who is, for any reason, unable to run and romp like other boys do. I do not mean boys who simply have a headache or a stomachache and get over it the next day; I mean boys who are shut up to a wheel chair or confined to the bed month in and month out, year after year. I want

that every such boy in the United States and Canada shall have THE AMERICAN BOY to read every month. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY cannot afford to give it to them free of charge. Uncle Sam's post office regulations would not permit them to do so if they could afford it. What we are asking the boys to do is this: Send us any amount of money, from one cent up to one dollar, or more, and for every cent that you contribute we contribute one cent, so that every time as much as 50 cents comes to us, in pennies or otherwise, we contribute another 50 cents. That gives THE AMERICAN BOY for one year to some shut-in. Of course, we don't give it to a shut-in who can afford to pay for it—that would be unfair to the other boys.

Are you not ready to help? Can't you spare a little for this good cause? Watch the clock that will appear from month to month in this paper. We are going to move the minute hand of this clock every month, and by January 1, next, we want the minute hand to strike twelve, which means that $2,000 has been contributed—$1,000 by you, and $1,000 by us. Two thousand shut-in boys will then have THE AMERICAN BOY for a year. By looking at the face of the clock as printed you will find that about $41.50 has been sent in. That, with our contribution of $41.50, enables us to send THE AMERICAN BOY to 83 shut-in boys. Another thing: You must help us find these boys. There are many thousands of them; but you must help us find them. Send us the name and address of any one or more of them you know of. Be sure that what you tell us is founded on fact; you must not guess. The boy must be a poor boy and must be a shut-in. To the boy sending us 50 cents or more for the fund we will send the name of the shut-in to whom the paper goes, and the shut-in will be told the name of the person who enables us to send him the paper.

THIRD. We feel proud of the reports made by our boys as shown by the Legion of Honor roll. Not a day passes now but we receive two or three letters with certificates from teachers, giving the names and addresses of the honor boys in their schools. The badges cost us some money, but we give them free of charge. We want every boy who has taken first grades in his school to be on our Legion of Honor roll, and possess a Legion of Honor badge. You will see a further explanation in another part of this paper. I speak of it here that you may not fail to read it this month.

I am very grateful to the boys for the interest they are taking in our various enterprises.

With the co-operation of every reader the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY expects to do more and more in the way of perfecting a magazine that will be absolutely beyond criticism, and without equal in the world as a publication for boys of the English-speaking race.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

Commonwealth of Kentucky,
Executive Department,
Frankfort.

The Governor directs me to express through you to the boys of America his great interest in their welfare.

Very truly, EDW. O. LEIGH,
Secretary to the Governor.

WINCHESTER



MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER

Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifles

Many a boy has often wished for a repeating rifle such as men use. Men's rifles are too heavy and too costly for most boys. The Winchester Model 1906 .22 Caliber repeater was designed to meet the requirements of young sportsmen, and it will surely suit them in every way, including the price which is low. It is cheap in price but not in quality. Ask your dealer to show you the new Winchester.

FREE: Send for circular fully describing this rifle.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

E. W. Hoch, Governor,
Topeka.

I gladly send this little message to the Boys of America. It is a good thing to be young, just to be young, to be in the vestibule of the twentieth century, with all its splendid possibilities before one. But in the best of books I read "to whomsoever much is given of him much will be required." Surely much is given to the boys of today. Never have their opportunities been so great. All the doors of opportunity in church, in state, and in commercial circles are wide open.

But the world demands more than ever before, more intelligence, more culture, more integrity, in a word, more all around character. Not ancestral lineage, not royal birth, not wealth of parentage, but character—this is what counts today.

Very truly yours,
E. W. HOCH.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Executive Department,
State of South Dakota,
Pierre.

The American boy should always and at all times look on the bright side of things, should be industrious, truthful and prompt; should attend to his own affairs and should be especially careful not to pry into others' business, should love the flag which Washington, the father of our country, designed.

In a word, there is no safer code of rules for the American boy than the Ten Commandments, and the new Commandment that "ye love one another."

Yours very truly,
S. H. ELROD,
Governor of South Dakota.

TWO THOUSAND SHUT-INS TO HAVE THE AMERICAN BOY

We have received many letters indicating that our subscribers are in thorough sympathy with our plan of giving THE AMERICAN BOY to shut-in boys. Herbert A. Welch, of Wayne, Nebraska, writes: "I have earned 50c by sweeping and scrubbing my father's law office, and I want to put the money into the Shut-In Fund. I think it is a fine thing. I know there are plenty of sick boys who would like the paper and cannot buy it." Allen Bagley, Moyock, North Carolina, writes suggesting that we print the amounts sent in by the different states in separate columns, so that boys' state pride will be aroused. "There are few boys," he says, "who do not like to see their native state ahead of all things."

The "Shut-In Fund" scheme was announced a few days before our June number went to press, yet we were able to announce in that number contributions from 30 boys. Since the issue of the June number 87 more boys have "chipped in" and there is every evidence that ere long we shall be able to place THE AMERICAN BOY in the hands of every deserving American boy shut-in in the land.

The showing to date is as follows:

Reported in June number.....$10.75

ADDITIONS.

Herbert A. Welch	.50
Jas. and Louis Geisendorf	.50
Arthur Purdon	.25
G. W. and E. L. Beal	.34
Earle L. Caille	.10
Lawrence Provort	1.00
Allen Bagley	1.00
Jesse Badt	.10
Robert Gibson	.50
Claude Ferlen	.25
Willie S. Johnson	.50
Eugene Field	.25
Don Pittman	1.00
Elmina Austin	.50
Josi E. Michle	.25
Homer Fent	.15
Paul Cochran	.15
Cyril E. Voorhees	.10
Willie Sprague	.25
Andrew Wilson, Jr.	.25
Preston F. Arnold	.50
Russell W. Alt	.50
W. R. and P. Lindsay	.50
Orrin Nelson	1.00
Mason Noble	.50
Chas. Glaser	.10
Floyd and Bradford Cary	.30
Hiram Barber	.50
Henry M. Schmid	.25
Rolin Nichols	.50
Theodore Sullivan	.50
Arthur B. Darling	1.00
Albert McCurdy	.25
Lawrence Emerson	.25
Wesley Reed	.15
Roland C. Rehm	.50
F. W. Bowman	.50
Ernest J. Bawn	.50
Ralph O. Comstock	.25
Dean Davidson	.25
Joseph B. Cross	.10
Frank A. Hill	.25
Ledru Higginson	.10
Alfred Hansen	.25
Frank Harrington	.25
John H. Gardner	.25
Geo. D. MacLeod	.25
Edward Olson	.20
Loren McMaster	.10
J. L. Lotterhos	.30
Crim. O'Brian	.15
Alfred Thomas	.20
Sinclair Walbridge	1.00
Stewart Brown	.50
Marshall Walker	.50
Jos. L. Youngs	.25
Miss Inez M. White	.15
E. L. Beale	.15
Raymond Reed	.25
The Quilna	.50
H. F. McCormick	.05
C. Douglas Farquhar	.50
Howard Kershner	.15
Arnold Locke	.25
Harry L. Parson	.50
Philip H. Piercy	1.00
Russell Sigler	1.00
Theodore Huggins	.50
Chester A. Thomas	1.00
J. B. Williamson	.20
Raymond Hawkins	.15
Austin S. Hunter	.10
Norris Webb	.10
Arthur N. Prince	.25
Tom Gannaway	.50
Murrie Hargrave	.10
S. C. Hoover	.15
C. L. Witt	.10
S. F. Hanson	.10
John C. Rupp	.25
Arthur L. Hallock	.15
I. C. Husted	.10
B. J. Morgan	.10
E. A. Kryger	.10
Louis M. Muldrow	.50
Heriot Clarkson, Jr.	.50
Frank How	.25

Total to June 4.....$41.79
Contributed by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY $41.79

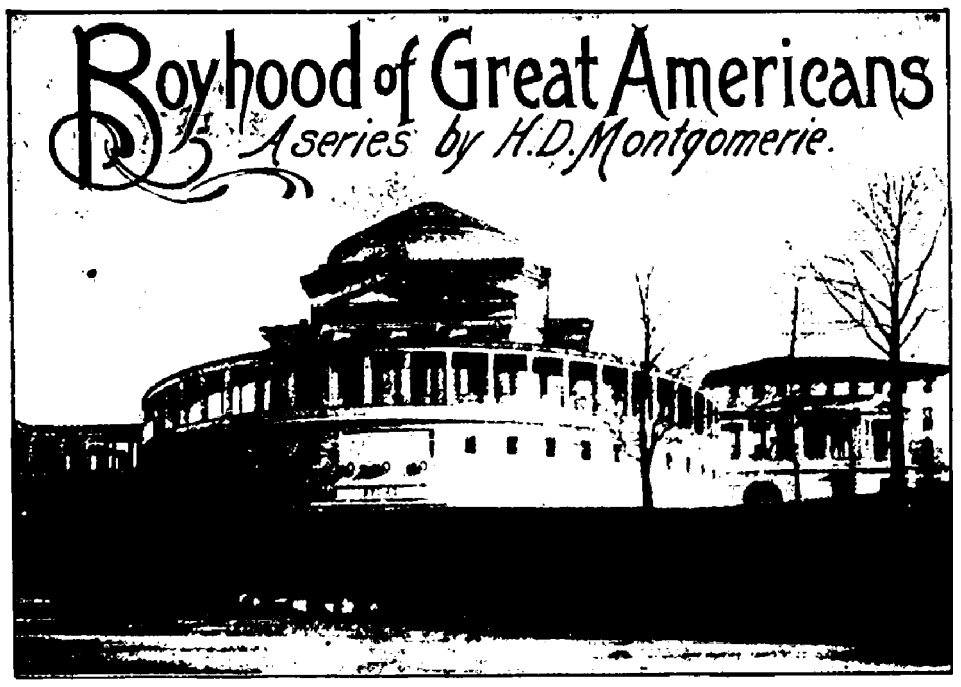
Total to date by subscriptions.....$83.58



This enables us to give THE AMERICAN BOY for one year to 83 shut-ins and have 58 cents left over toward the 84th. Let us see if we can not buy 100 more subscriptions for our poor, bed-ridden boy friends by the date of our August issue. Send in the name and address of any poor, deserving shut-in boy who is confined to his home or bed by permanent illness or infirmity and is too poor to buy a subscription for himself.

How a Shut-In Writes

Edward L. Beale, Portland, Maine, writes: "Enclosed I send you thirty cents in stamps as a small aid to the shut-in fund, fifteen cents for Miss ..... and fifteen cents for myself. It is a good object. I am a shut-in myself, having had locomotor ataxia for twelve years, and for about four years having been confined in the hospital near my home. I know what it is to be a shut-in from the world, and what is more is the suffering I undergo, not being one moment free from it. I find the world, on the whole, a most selfish one, yet I have had some very good friends; but if every one should have a little bitter with the sweet, there would be more thought, I guess, of the other fellow. I have cut out of THE AMERICAN BOY the notice you have printed and will read it to those who call on me. I will do my part towards getting it into the hands of those who will respond."



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 was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin; No. IV, Abraham Lincoln; No. V John Adams; No. VI Thomas Jefferson; No. VII Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII Henry Ward Beecher.

No. IX--Nathaniel Hawthorne

AMONG the companions of the good and great John Winthrop, who, in 1630, shared with him the dangers of the Atlantic Ocean in the good ship Arabella, on his memorable voyage to the shores of an almost unknown country, was a young man named William Hawthorne, or as he spelled it, Hathorne. William Hathorne emigrated from Wilton, in Wiltshire, England, and soon in his new home proved himself to be of the stuff of which successful pioneers are made. He received grants of land in and around the town of Salem, where he established himself. Muscular and energetic, he soon took a prominent position in the community, being active, both in peace and in war, for the protection and extension of the infant colony. He was an officer, with the rank of major, in the local militia and showed both courage and ability in innumerable conflicts with the Indians. As a magistrate of the town of Salem, William Hathorne exhibited, however, a narrow, puritanical severity towards the Quakers, who were being denounced and punished as heretics. One instance of the persecution which that peaceful people suffered, irrespective of sex, is recorded in the annals of New England, by an order of Major William Hathorne that "Anne Coleman and four of her friends" should be whipped through Salem, Boston, and Dedham.

While this first American Hawthorne showed in great degree traits of bigotry and severity toward those who differed from him in matters of religion—a severity which has stained and darkened the otherwise glorious history of the New England Puritans—his acts may be considered mild and gentle in comparison with that of his son, John Hawthorne.

As a soldier John Hawthorne, like his father, showed himself a leader in strategy and courage, but his name has been handed down through the years mainly on account of his work as a judge. He was one of those Puritans who would have delighted Oliver Cromwell, being of the narrowest, strictest type, with the most violent hatred of heretics.

Every schoolboy in his study of the history of New England will remember what is said concerning witchcraft, and the silly superstitions as to the powers possessed by so-called witches.

It was during these black days of New England history that John Hawthorne was a judge in Salem, where witchmania was at its worst.

It is recorded that nineteen persons were tried and hanged for witchcraft in that town. Judge Hawthorne was one of the foremost of their persecutors. So merciless was he as a judge that the husband of one woman whom he had sentenced to death, in open court cursed him and his children's children. In succeeding generations of the family any ill-fortune that came was set down to the influence of that curse.

With the third generation the importance of the Hawthornes declined. Some of them became farmers, going about their simple duties with contentment. Others went to sea, making long voyages to far distant lands.

Daniel Hawthorne, a privateersman during the Revolutionary war, gained much fame by his bravery on behalf of the colonies. His son, Nathaniel, father of the subject of our sketch, was also early apprenticed to a seafaring life, in due time rising to the command of a Chinese trader.

Between voyages Nathaniel Hawthorne had wooed and married Elizabeth Clarke Manning, member of a family which had also been prominent in the history of the Commonwealth. She was a woman of great beauty, finely educated, a devoted wife and a loving mother.

The young couple went to housekeeping in the house on Union street, Salem, which had been the home of the stout old privateer, Daniel Hawthorne, and there, on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1804, their second child and only son was born.

The boy received his father's name of Nathaniel. In the study of his life one may find a noteworthy resemblance to that other Nathaniel who was described by the greatest of authorities as "an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."

When Nathaniel was four years old his father, at the age of thirty-two, died of fever at Surinam, or as that country is now generally known, Dutch Guiana, in South America.

Although shipmasters in those days were generally men of rough character, Hawthorne's father seems to have been a man of some education, as it is recorded he always took with him on a voyage a supply of books to study.

Mrs. Hawthorne, then only twenty-seven years of age, was sorely grieved at her husband's death; indeed, until her death, which occurred forty years afterward, she kept closely to her own room, even taking her meals apart from the household. Moving with her little family to her father's home on Herbert street, Salem, there Nathaniel grew up.

The town of Salem, during the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a seaport of considerable importance, and the home of many wealthy merchants and shipowners. Vessels of large tonnage, filled with all kinds of merchandise, sailed from the port of Salem for India, China and the far East, and it is just possible, had Captain Hawthorne lived longer, his son would have become a sailor; indeed, there is sufficient evi-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

dence to show that young Nathaniel did want to follow his father's profession. Had he done so the literature of America would never have been enriched by "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance," or "The House of The Seven Gables."

The boyhood lives of famous men, as a rule, give very little promise of future greatness. Thus it was with young Hawthorne. But, considering his home life, with his sisters as his only playmates, and without his mother's active, cheerful sympathy in his boyish schemes, we would have been very much surprised if told that such a boy would ever rise to any height above his fellows.

There are very few incidents recorded of Hawthorne's childhood years. The first school he attended was kept by Dr. Worcester, who, in later years, became the compiler of the dictionary that bears his name. During the first years of his school life the boy was struck on the leg by a ball while at play, and the injury was so serious as to confine him to the house and compel him to use crutches for nearly four years.

Although thus handicapped, he was able to continue his studies, his teacher going to his home as a tutor. At the end of his twelfth year he seems to have so completely recovered from his lameness that he was able to attend the dancing school.

While young Hawthorne may have been fond of reading before his accident, it must have been during these four years, when he was unable to attend school or join in the sports and fun of his comrades, that such fondness became a settled habit. His biographers tell that he could at almost any time be found lying at full length upon the floor, reading Milton's Paradise Lost, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, or a volume of Shakespeare. Such books would hardly suit the taste of many American boys of today; but it must be remembered that magazines and books for young people were almost unheard of in Hawthorne's boyhood. In many respects, perhaps, this lack of so-called reading matter for young people, with its careless spelling, indifferent English, and blood and thunder stories, was a good thing for those boys who, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson, or Longfellow, became great men in literature. Their being confined to the reading of Shakespeare, Milton and the like enabled them to acquire that lofty style and that purity of English which makes their writings today so much admired. Correct spelling and the right use of good English marks the educated boy or man, and the way to acquire these is by reading and studying the works of the great masters in literature.

In all that is written of Hawthorne's boyhood we find little mention of boy friends. He seems to have been much alone, probably because of his mother's continued grief and his own long continued lameness.

In adition to his growing fondness for books, Hawthorne was kind and gentle towards animals, as, when not reading, he would generally be found playing with the family cats and teaching them all kinds of tricks. In his diary he writes that one day a man passed the house driving sheep, and one little lamb, poor, dumb creature," he says, "looked tired out, could go no farther. "The into my eyes, and I thought I knew what he would say if he could speak, and so asked the man what he would sell him for. 'Just the price of his pelt, and that will bring sixty-five cents,' was the answer. I ran and petitioned mother for the money, which she soon gave me, saying with a smile that she tried to make severe, but could not, that I was a great spendthrift. The lamb is in our orchard now, and he made a bow (without taking off his hat), and thanked me this morning for saving him from the butcher."

Nathaniel was about fourteen when the family moved to the little town of Raymond, in Maine, where his uncle, Robert Manning, was owner of a large estate upon which he had built a house for his widowed sister and her children. Here the boy lived for over a year. He says, speaking of this time, "I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed."

The little town of Raymond was situated in the midst of great forests and inland lakes. Here Hawthorne could be as much alone as he pleased. In the summer he was off in the woods with his gun, and during the long moonlight nights of winter he skated all alone on the lake until midnight. In his diary, which he kept during this period, there is the record of his boyish exploits of swimming, sailing, fishing and hunting, and accounts of birds and snakes and long excursions, showing that while the boy had few companions and preferred to be alone, he had all a real boy's fondness for life out of doors.

Nathaniel was sent back to Salem, to another uncle, in order that he might attend school, leaving his mother and two sisters at Raymond. In his sixteenth year he left school to be prepared for college. In writing to his mother of his life in Salem, he says: "I get my lessons at home, and recite them to my teacher at seven o'clock in the morning. Shall you want me to be a minister, doctor, or lawyer? A minister I will not be." While in Salem he began to write compositions and make rhymes, the latter being spoken of as "clever stanzas, well written." In connection with his prose writings, he became an amateur journalist, issuing at intervals four numbers of "The Spectator." The paper was printed on small note paper, with a pen, containing schoolboy essays on "Industry" and "Solitude." There were also several columns containing family news and items of boyish fun.

In 1821 Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, a small institution, then graduating about thirty students yearly. The class of 1821 numbered some young men who, in later life, became famous. Among Hawthorne's fellow students were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, then a lad of fourteen, who became one of America's greatest poets, and Franklin Pierce, who rose to the highest position in the United States, becoming the fourteenth president.

It is somewhat of a surprise to find Hawthorne joining the Athenaeum society, composed of students who were more inclined for fun than study, instead of the quieter and more studious Peucinian society, of which young Longfellow was a shining member.

Some one has described Hawthorne in his student days as being "a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows and a profusion of dark hair. He carried his head on one side, which gave a singularity to his figure, and he had a generally countrified appearance. He was reticent in speech, reserved in manner, and averse to intimacy." He, however, shared in all that went on in college. Though never caring much for athletics, he joined the military company, which was captained by Pierce.

While it is recorded that Hawthorne, with other students, sometimes broke the college rules in their pranks, and was fined in one year to the extent of nine shillings, these escapades could not have been very serious as his letters show that he was not ashamed of his actions. In class work, while a fair scholar, he was not brilliant. When a schoolboy, he once tried to declaim and was laughed at, and at college he persistently refused to try it again. This refusal was the cause of his not being given a part at Commencement. Latin and English were his favorite studies, mathematics, metaphysics and other branches receiving little attention. His time was mostly spent in the little library of eight hundred books which belonged to the Athenaeum society.

The family was by no means wealthy and, although his college expenses were small, the worn condition of his clothes often caused him worry. He, however, had a hatred of debt, was always self-respecting, and his manly honesty gained him the goodwill of his fellows.

Leaving Bowdoin on his graduation he went back to Salem, the home of his childhood, there to begin his life work in literature. At first he met with many disappointments and discouragements; yet, having faith in himself and a determination to succeed, the disappointments and discouragements were overcome and a grand success assured.

SYNOPSIS OF SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1826 Published anonymously, Fanshawe, a novel.
1837 First series of Twice-Told Tales appeared.
1839 Appointed to Boston Custom House.
1842 Married Miss Sophia Peabody and settled at Concord.
1845 Second series of Twice-Told Tales.
1846 Surveyor of Port at Salem.
1850 Published The Scarlet Letter.
1851 Published The House of the Seven Gables, also The Blithedale Romance.
1853 Appointed U. S. Consul at Liverpool, England.
1860 Published the Marble Faun.
1863 Published Our Old Home.
1864 May 18, died at Plymouth, N. H., buried at Concord, Mass.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

1804-1864.

Living in solitude till the fitness of time, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart.

School Lets out the First of June

Written for The American Boy by Lincoln Hulley, President of the John B. Stetson University

School lets out the first of June,
Heads are getting hazy.
See the little boys and girls
Nearly going crazy.
Tiny Tim and Joe and Jim
And little Sue and Sallie
Full of joy up to the brim
Skipping down the valley.

School lets out the first of June,
Come, slip off your duster,
Take a swim the river in
Where the lilies cluster.
Climbing into cherry trees,
Picking berry bushes,
Fishing in the creek for trout
'Neath the elder bushes.

School lets out the first of June.
Isn't summer jolly—
Fishing all the afternoon
Or romping round with collie?
Berries, cherries, apples, plums,
Belly-ache and blisters.
School lets out the first of June;
Joy and June are sisters.

School lets out the first of June.
Bees are in the clover,
Air is laden with perfume,
Work and care are over.
Winds are warm and skies are blue;
Wind and sky together
Lure little boys to play
Who bless the summer weather.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

[The editor will send copies of typical amateur papers to boys interested in the hobby, providing a stamped addressed wrapper is sent.]

One of the leading amateur journalists of the past few years is Frank D. Murphy, of Brantford, Ontario, Canada, who has done much for amateur journalism. Mr. Murphy's first interest in the work was aroused nearly five years ago through philatelic journals, and as he was then an invalid he found the pursuit a diversion from physical suffering as well as interesting and profitable. He early became noted as a forceful editorial writer and author of serious and well-written essays. He has since been awarded a laureateship in the United Amateur Press Association. He early entered into the work of organized and amateur journalism and soon became active in its councils. His first office was as Laureate Recorder of the U. A. P. A., and he was then promoted to the secretaryship, in which he served very efficiently. He is now a member of the Board of Directors (mail election). Mr. Murphy is affiliated with the National, United, and Interstate Amateur Press Associations. He was formerly associate editor of The Siren and now holds the same office on The Chum. He at one time published The Liberal and is now publisher of The International Amateur.

Amateur journalists of Philadelphia and vicinity are making big preparations for the thirty-first convention of the National Amateur Press Association, which is scheduled for the Quaker City on July 2, 3 and 4, 1906. Every AMERICAN BOY reader who expects to be in Philadelphia at that time or who desires to make a trip to the convention will receive a cordial welcome and will have the time of his life in the way of enjoyment. The attendance will be large and opportunity will be given to meet not only present day amateurs but also those who made amateur history in the past. Philadelphia is an ideal convention city by reason of its unsurpassed chances for sightseeing. The venerable memorials of Colonial and Revolutionary history, including the Liberty Bell and the Memorial Hall will be the scene of a patriotic pilgrimage, and a visit will be made to the shipyard which builds so many of the great American battleships, and the locomotive works where complete engines can be manufactured in a day. An automobile tour of the city, pleasure jaunts to the parks, and a banquet are among the features. The new Bellevue-Stratford, one of the largest and finest hotels in the country, will be headquarters.

A labor of love for amateur journalism is the splendid MONADNOCK MONTHLY, published frequently by W. Paul Cook, Hanover, N. H. An average issue consists of 32 pages, seven by ten inches in size, several beautiful half-tones and a neat cover. The contents include a large amount of interesting fiction and verse, seasonable editorials and reviews, and usually an article about some New Hampshire professional or amateur author. The sincerity of Mr. Cook's professions is shown by The Monadnock's sub-heading, "An Amateur Magazine—You Can't Buy It!"

FOUR BOYS IN CAMP

By J. L. HARBOUR

BEGUN IN MAY
PART III

NOT A SPARK of our fire remained and we were in total darkness. It took Tad some time to find the matches, and it was ten or fifteen minutes before we could get a fire started. Then Tad took a burning brand and he and I went to the farther end of the building. A moment later Tad cried out,

"Cracky! It was nothing but a dog!"

"A dog?" said Simmy.

"Yes, and a 'yeller' dog at that!" exclaimed Tad, in deep disgust. "And here I was pluming myself on how I could tell all the boys at home that I had killed a bear or a mountain lion. You disappointing cur you!"

He struck the dog lightly with his foot as he spoke. The other boys now came forward and the burning brand revealed to all of us a large yellow dog of mongrel breed stretched out quite dead, with blood trickling from its side near the heart.

"Where could the creature have come from?" I asked.

"There may be other campers in the vicinity, and the dog may have belonged to them," replied Tad.

There were now faint signs of the coming dawn in the eastern sky. The rain had ceased and the stars were shining. We laid down again and all of us soon slept so soundly that we knew nothing until the bright sunshine came streaming in at the open end of the cabin and fell on our faces.

We jumped up and went down to the edge of the pond to wash our hands and faces. The pond and its surroundings did not look so dreary in the bright sunshine. We could see across the pond a thin, graceful column of smoke rising among the trees, and Tad said:

"It's as I thought it must be. There are other campers here."

We were eating our breakfast when two men suddenly appeared from the woods near us. They wore the garb of the regular "camper-out."

"Hello, youngsters!" said one of them in a friendly tone of voice. "Camping out?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Pretty young to be away off up here in this lonely place. Any one with you?"

"Just we four."

"How did you happen to come trailing away off up here?"

We told him, and after some further conversation one of the men asked,

"Seen anything of a big, yellow dog?"

We glanced at each other and Tad said,

"Well, yes; we have. Was he yours?"

"I suppose he was as much ours as he was any other person's. He followed us up here from the main road down below, and has been with us for three or four days. He was about as much use as a day-old pup would be. He hasn't been around our camp this morning and we have been wondering if he wearied of our society and set off to find more agreeable associates."

"He got left if he did," said Tad, dryly.

"What makes you think that, boy?"

Tad grinned and said,

"Because he came to us, and there he is."

Tad pointed toward the rear of the engine-house where the dog still lay. The man who had been questioning us looked a little indignant and said,

"What did you shoot the poor beast for? He wouldn't have harmed a flea, and I think that there were several hundred on him."

Tad was always the soul of honor and truthfulness, and he told the strangers the simple truth regarding our fright of the night before and the causes leading up to the death of the dog. Then Tad asked,

"Did you men hear those unearthly yells and howls last night?"

"What howls and yells?"

Tad gave them a detailed account of the frightful sounds we had heard and was frank enough to admit that they had made our blood "run cold." Then both men burst into a laugh, and one of them said,

"That was Jim Peters."

"Who is Jim Peters?" I asked.

"He's one of the men camping on the other side of the pond with us. He's been all over creation, and last night as we sat around our campfire he was giving us an account of an experience he once had with Indians out west, and he gave us imitations of the war cries of a band of Sioux Indians. He's a great mimic and he got to mimicking the cries of different wild animals. It almost made our blood run cold to hear him giving the cry of the coyote and the mountain lion. You heard him away over here, did you?"

"Ask Benny Kidson there if we didn't," said Simmy. "I think Benny was scared out of a year's growth, and I nearly chattered my teeth loose."

"I don't wonder at that. But Jim will laugh when he hears about the effect of his imitations on a lot of youngsters camping out alone for the first time. Great chap Jim is. You'd better come over and make his acquaintance."

We showed the men the scrap of paper fastened to one side of the engine-house.

"That's all nonsense," said one of the men as he tore down the paper. "The fishing is disappointing, for there's nothing in the pond but a few catfish or horned pout. There may be a few bears in the woods, but I guess they'll let you alone if you let them alone. As for spooks, there are none here nor any place else. You needn't worry any more about wild animals molesting you."

This was a real relief to us and we had confidence in all that the men said. Later in the day we walked around the pond to their camp. They had preferred a couple of tents of their own to the old engine-house for a camp. The ground on which their tent was pitched was an open space in the woods and more attractive than our camping place. There were five of the men. We met Jim Peters, a big, talkative man with a laugh that sounded like a roar.

"So I gave you youngsters a scare last night, did I?" he said, and we were honest enough to admit that this was true.

"It's a scarey sort of a place anyhow," replied Jim. "And I tell you, boys, if I were you I wouldn't stay in that old engine-house. It's very ricketty and it might come down at any minute. Better pitch your tent and stay in that."

We told him that we did not intend to remain at Scott's Pond more than another night. Indeed, we would have gone down into the valley that day, but we were all so stiff and sore from our walking, climbing, tumbling, rolling experience of the day before that we felt unequal to the task of going back until we had "rested up" for at least a day. We had spent an almost sleepless night, and that had helped to "break us up," as Tad put it.

We decided while walking back to the engine-house that we would pitch our tent before night, for the old engine-house seemed to be leaning more than ever when we got back to it.

The old raft had drifted in quite close to the shore. Tad and Simmy waded out to it with a couple of poles with which to steer and a couple of boards for oars and said that they were going on a "sailing expedition." They had gone out perhaps fifty yards when Benny and I, sitting on the shore watching them, saw the raft dip down into the water on the side on which they were standing and both of them slid into the water with a yell. They went quite out of sight, but came up in an instant and were soon back on the raft. This brought the "sailing expedition" to a speedy close, for the water was extremely cold, and the two mariners felt the necessity of making port and getting off their chilly garments. Both of them had dry underwear in their knapsacks, but we had not brought a change of outer garments, and they had to sit around in their underwear while their wet trousers and jackets were drying by the fire we had kindled. Jim Peters and two of the men from the nearby camp came to see us while the clothes were drying, and Tad made a comical apology for receiving them in what he called his "undress uniform."



AT THAT MOMENT THERE WAS A VIVID FLASH OF LIGHTNING

Jim threw himself down on the ground near our fire and told us some very entertaining stories of his camping-out experiences in the Rocky Mountains and far up in the Maine woods where, as he said, there were "bears and other wild varmints a-plenty."

When our callers had gone we "fooled around" until noon when we got our dinner. Then we felt so refreshed that Simmy proposed that we go on an "exploring expedition" and try to climb to the summit of a high hill, or small mountain, near us. The very heavy rain of the night before had put out the forest fire and the day was much cooler than the day before had been.

Piling all of our knapsacks into a corner of the engine-house we threw a blanket over them, and started to climb the mountain. Within ten minutes we were in dense pine woods. We had struck a faintly-outlined trail on entering the woods, but it grew more and more indistinct until it disappeared altogether.

"But we can get to the summit anyhow," said Tad. "All we have to do is to keep on climbing until we reach the top."

"My brother Ora said that we must be careful not to get away from the trails," said Benny Kidson. "He said it was awfully easy to get lost in a wilderness like this."

"We'll soon be up to where we can see just where we are," replied Tad. "The timber is all burned off higher up, and when we reach that part of the mountain we can look right down and see the pond and the old engine-house and get our bearings."

We climbed and climbed, and at last got to where a great deal of timber had been burned, but we could not see the pond, and Tad said we would have to go still farther up the mountain. Then we blundered around among charred and fallen timber and over the blackened ground until we were so black ourselves that we could easily have been mistaken for negroes.

The open land for which we were looking did not come into sight, and we could find no trace of a trail. The sun had gone under clouds soon after we had started, and now we heard the sullen rumble of thunder and it grew so dark in the blackened woods that we could hardly see our way.

"Say, boys; we want to turn tail and get down to our camp right forthwith and faster," I said.

"That's what we do," said Simmy, panting for breath and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of one grimy hand. If the boys who read this have never walked over a burned tract of rough mountain land they can have no idea of what hard and dirty work it is.

We started to descend the mountain and after blundering around for an hour found ourselves in as veritable a wilderness as could be found in any mountainous land. None of us had dared say it, but I think that all of us had for some time had the conviction that we were lost. The roar of the thunder had continued and there had been blinding flashes of lightning. Then we heard a roaring sound as of an approaching hurricane, and the wind came howling through the woods followed by a rainfall so terrific that it is not exaggerating to say that the water came down in waves and sheets. The dense timber did not protect us long in such a rainfall, and we were soon drenched to the skin. We sought the slight shelter of several bowlders near us and huddled together, wet, dirty, tired, hungry and not a little frightened.

"Sich a time and nobody to it," said Tad, with a desperate attempt to be cheerful.

"I wish I wasn't to it," replied Benny.

"You'd probably wish it more if you could see yourself in the glass," said Tad. "Your own grandmother wouldn't know you."

"The kettle shouldn't call the pot 'blacky,'" retorted Benny. "You look as if you might be twin brother to a Hottentot."

But there was no bantering of any kind when it became evident that nightfall was at hand and the rain continued to fall in torrents. We made a desperate effort to find our way out of the wilderness in the few minutes of daylight left to us, but all was unavailing. We stumbled over charred logs and fell headlong over blackened rocks until it became so dark that we could not see five feet ahead of us.

We were huddled close together in the darkness, discussing what seemed to be a hopeless situation when we were startled by a gruff voice calling out near us,

"Who are ye? Where be ye? What do ye here?"

"Who are you?" asked Tad.

At that moment there was a vivid flash of lightning and we caught a glimpse of a tall, gaunt man with a long, white beard standing near us with a long staff in his hand. Then all was dark and we heard the man coming nearer. He was standing right by us when he said laconically,

"Lost?"

"Yes, we are," I replied.

"What ye sich fools as to be prowlin' 'round here in a storm for?" he asked gruffly. Without waiting for a reply he said,

"Keep close together an' follow me, ye passel o' young fools! Anything that happens to ye will sarve ye right. Come on!"

His voice was harsh and forbidding, and his wild appearance in the glimpse we had caught of him during the flash of lightning was anything but reassuring; but we feared to disobey him, and, keeping close together, we followed him as best we could.

We laughed afterward about the way in which Simmy had taken hold of the skirt of Tad's coat, while I took hold of Simmy's coat, and Benny brought up the rear hanging to the tail of my coat, that never-to-be-forgotten night when we blundered along in the darkness following our strange guide. We clung to each other so closely that when one fell all fell. We got accustomed to the darkness and it stopped raining so that we could see at a little distance the tall man treading his way through the trees ahead of us. He kept muttering to himself in a way that made us very uncomfortable, and it did not make us any more comfortable in our minds to have him turn around now and then and say,

"Come along—fools!"

Benny, a nervous, timid boy, was palpably frightened, and once he said to me in a tremulous whisper,

"What do you reckon he is going to do with us?"

An ill-timed spirit of mischief suddenly took possession of me, and I ground my teeth and said over my shoulder, quoting from a foolish fairy tale:

"Fee, fo, fi, fum;
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

Benny gave the tail of my coat a jerk and said in a whisper,

"Sh-sh-sh! He'll hear you, and he may at least break your bones for sure then!"

We followed our mumbling, muttering guide for at least half an hour when he stopped short and said harshly,

"Stop where you are for a bit!"

We halted and stood there a silent, wondering, weary company of boys, each of us secretly wishing ourselves at home and in our own clean, snug beds.

(To be continued)



In olden Days

They settled their differences thus; Nowadays we appeal to the law. The former was more picturesque—the latter more sensible, and the

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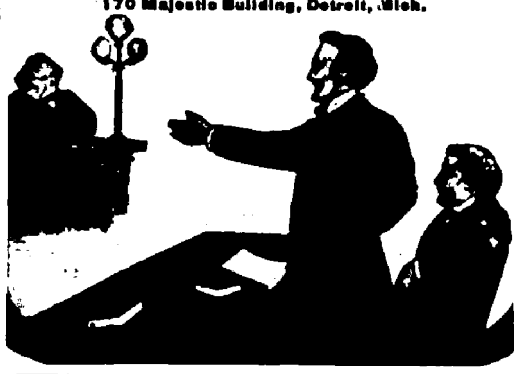

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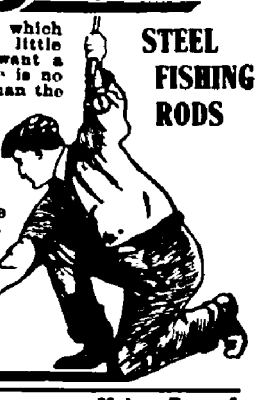

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THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

BEGUN IN JUNE

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE HUNT FOR A MISSING MAN.

ON ENTERING the offices Frank had glanced at a clock on the wall and found it was five minutes past three.

"You don't know how soon he will be back?" he queried.

"No."

"If you will remember, I had an appointment at three sharp."

"I remember it very well." The clerk hesitated. "Would you mind telling me what your business was with Mr. Garrison?"

"It was a private matter."

"Relating to money matters?"

"In a way, yes. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have reasons. Perhaps you had better sit down and wait for him."

"That is what I intend to do. If necessary, I'll wait for him until you shut up," added our hero, as he dropped into a chair.

"Then you are bound to see him."

"I am."

The clerk said no more, but turned to a set of books and began to write. Frank remained silent for perhaps ten minutes.

"Did Mr. Garrison say where he was going?" he asked.

"Out to collect a bill."

"Near by?"

"He didn't say."

"Did he go out alone?"

"Yes."

There was another spell of silence, and then the outer door opened quickly, and two well-dressed men stepped in.

"We wish to see Mr. Garrison," said one, while he looked about to see if that individual was in sight.

"Sorry, sir; but he's out," said the clerk.

"When will he be back?" put in the second man.

"I can't say."

The two men exchanged glances, and one uttered a low whistle.

"Reckon we're too late," muttered the latter of the pair.

"It looks like it, Mason," was the answer.

"What's to do next?"

"Find him—if we can—and do it right away."

"But it's like looking for a pin in a haystack."

"That's true, too." The man turned again to the clerk. "You are sure you don't know where to find Mr. Garrison?"

"I haven't the least idea where he has gone to."

The other man had walked to the rear and glanced into the private office.

"Did Mr. Garrison have a satchel with him when he left?" he asked.

"He has a dress-suit case with him."

"Humph!"

Frank listened to the talk with close attention. Then he arose and turned to the man who had been addressed as Mason.

"Excuse me, sir, but is your name Bardwell Mason?" he questioned.

"It is. Who are you?"

"I am Frank Hardy. My father is Thomas Hardy, of Claster."

"Phew! Then you are after Garrison, too, eh?"

"I wish to see him. He was here this morning and promised to see me at three o'clock. It is now half-past three."

"When did you call this morning?"

"About half-past eleven."

"And you had a talk with him?"

"No, sir; I sent my name into the private office by this clerk."

"Of course you want to see him about this security business."

"Yes, sir. My father told me that if I couldn't get any satisfaction here I should call upon you."

Bardwell Mason nodded. Then he bent forward and lowered his voice.

"I'm afraid the fat's in the fire here," he whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Jabez Garrison knows he is found out and that he has flown."

"You mean that he has run away?" whispered Frank, in horror.

"It certainly looks that way. We have had an expert on his books for two days, and it is a fact beyond question that he has swindled our benevolent order out of at least thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Then he ought to be locked up."

"If we can lay hands on him."

"Why don't you notify the police?"

"That's what we will do—if he doesn't come back pretty soon."

"We must catch him by all means—for my father's sake as much as for yours."

"True, my boy; but if he has really run away he has probably covered his tracks well."

A half-hour went by, and leaving Frank to watch at the office, Bardwell Mason and his companion went off to interview the police.

"I guess the boss is getting himself in hot water," said the clerk to Frank, when the two were again left alone.

"It begins to look that way," answered our hero. "But I don't feel like saying too much."

"It's over that benevolent order affair, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you know anything about it?"

"Oh, I heard the boss and Mr. Mason talking about it one day in the office. They had it pretty hot. I made up my mind then matters were coming to a head."

"What will you do if Mr. Garrison doesn't come back?"

"Shut up and go home at six o'clock."

"Will you open up in the morning?"

"The boy does that. He's out on an errand for me now."

"Have you any stock on hand—I mean flour and feed?"

"We don't keep stock any more. We simply sell on commission."

At this announcement Frank felt more depressed than ever. There would then be nothing to attach, in case Jabez Garrison had really fled. He looked at the office furniture. It was old and dilapidated, and if put up at auction would probably not fetch over twenty or thirty dollars.

"Does Mr. Garrison own any property?"

"Not that I know of. He used to have a house on Walnut street, but he sold that about a year ago."

Here was more cause for regret, and Frank heaved a deep sigh. He felt that the news he would carry home would nearly prostrate his parents.

"And just when father is helpless with that crushed foot," he thought. "It's too bad! Oh! if only I could catch this Jabez Garrison and make him give up what he has stolen."

It was after five o'clock when Bardwell Mason returned.

"Have you seen anything of him?" he asked briefly.

"Nothing whatever," answered Frank.. "He has flown beyond a doubt."

"What have you done, Mr. Mason?"

"I have placed the police and a first-class detective on his track."

At these words the clerk looked up in wonder.

"Do you mean to say Mr. Garrison has run away?" he demanded.

"We think he has, young man—anyway, he is not to be found, and at the place where he boarded he removed the best of his clothing this noon."

"Was he married?" asked Frank.

"No, he was a bachelor."

The clerk was now all attention, and asked for some details, which were given to him. He asked what he had best do regarding the offices.

"Better consult the police about that," said Mr. Mason, and the clerk promised to do so.

"This is rough on me," he said. "I haven't been paid last week's salary, and now I'm out of a job without a minute's warning."

"It certainly is rough on you," said Frank.

The clerk locked up the place and walked off, and Frank and Bardwell Mason also took their departure.

"Mr. Mason, if Mr. Garrison is not found will my father have to make good the amount of the bond on which he went security?" asked our hero, as the pair took themselves to the gentleman's office.

"Certainly; and he'll have to make good anyway, unless Garrison pays back what he has appropriated."

"It will be a great blow to my father."

"I presume it will be. But that is not my fault, nor the fault of anybody in our order. Your father made a great mistake when he went security for such a slick rascal as Jabez Garrison."

"Do you think the police will catch him?"

"Possibly. But he may have taken a steamer to some foreign land from which it will be impossible to bring him back."

Frank hardly knew what to do next, but decided to call on the police himself. At headquarters he was informed that everything possible would be done to find Jabez Garrison.

"Mr. Mason has placed a very shrewd detective on the track," said an officer to our hero. "He will probably learn something sooner or later."

Before leaving Philadelphia Frank called at the house where the missing man had boarded. He was met at the door by a sharp-faced woman with a high-pitched voice.

"Yes, I guess he has run away and for good," she said, tartly. "They say he stole fifty thousand dollars. He owed me for two weeks' board, and seventy-five cents that I paid only two days ago for his laundry. He was a villain if ever there was one."

"Didn't he leave anything behind?"

"Yes, a lot of old clothing and worn-out shoes worth about fifty cents to the junkman. Oh, I wish I could catch hold of him! I'd tear his eyes out!"

"I wish I could get hold of him, too," returned Frank, and there being nothing more to say he withdrew.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK AT THE STORE.

When Frank returned home and told of what had occurred in Philadelphia, there was consternation in the Hardy family. Mr. Hardy shook his head over and over again, and Mrs. Hardy shed bitter tears.

"I was a fool to trust Garrison," said the disabled husband. "Now, here he is running away while I cannot even make a search for him."

"I am afraid that such a search would be useless," responded his wife. "And even if he were captured what good would it do, if he has squandered the money?"

"No good, so far as I am concerned, my dear." Mr. Hardy heaved a long sigh. "Do you realize what this means for me?" he went on, bitterly.

"You will have to pay that ten thousand dollars."

"Assuredly."

"How much money have you in the bank, Thomas?"

"Nine thousand five hundred dollars."

"Indeed! I thought you had more."

"I used to have more, but the competition in business has forced me to put in additional capital, which I took from the savings bank."

"Then you will have to take all the money in the bank and make up five hundred dollars besides?"

"Yes, if they call on me to make good the amount for which I went security."

"Can you spare the five hundred out of the business?"

At this question Mr. Hardy hung his head.

"I am afraid I cannot, Margy. Business has been very bad lately, and I have many bills coming due inside of thirty and sixty days."

At this candid statement Mrs. Hardy grew very pale.

"Oh, Thomas, do you mean that we—we——"

"This will drive me to the wall." Mr. Hardy gave another sigh and his voice shook. "I am ruined."

"Ruined!"

"That is the one word to use. Competition has almost forced me out of business, and this affair will take away nearly every cent I possess."

After this confession the matter was discussed freely until Mr. Hardy grew so feverish that his wife told him he must be quiet and left to himself. She passed down into the sitting-room and there met Frank.

"Mother, you have been crying," said the boy, coming up and embracing her.

"I cannot deny it, Frank; this blow is an awful one."

"Perhaps it won't be so bad as you think."

The lady of the house shook her head.

"It won't take all of father's money, will it?"

"Every dollar, Frank."

"But he will still have the business, won't he?"

"Not free and clear. He will have to take out of it five hundred dollars, and pay some bills besides."

"That's bad."

"Your father says he is ruined, and I really think he is. The business will have to be sold for what it will bring."

"And what will father do then?"

"I am sure I don't know. He will have to get well first."

"I wish I could catch Jabez Garrison. I'd—I'd strangle him!"

"Frank, you mustn't speak like that!"

"I don't care, mother. See what mischief he has created."

"Well, we must face the truth, Frank." Mrs. Hardy wrung her hands. "I am sure I do not know what we shall do."

"I know what I am going to do, mother," he returned, quickly. "I've been thinking it over ever since I got home."

"What is that?"

"I'm going to work."

The fond mother smiled faintly.

"Yes; I'm afraid we shall no longer be able to support you unless you do something."

"I shall find something to do just as soon as I can, and bring all my wages home to you. Maybe they won't be much, but they'll be something."

The mother embraced him again.

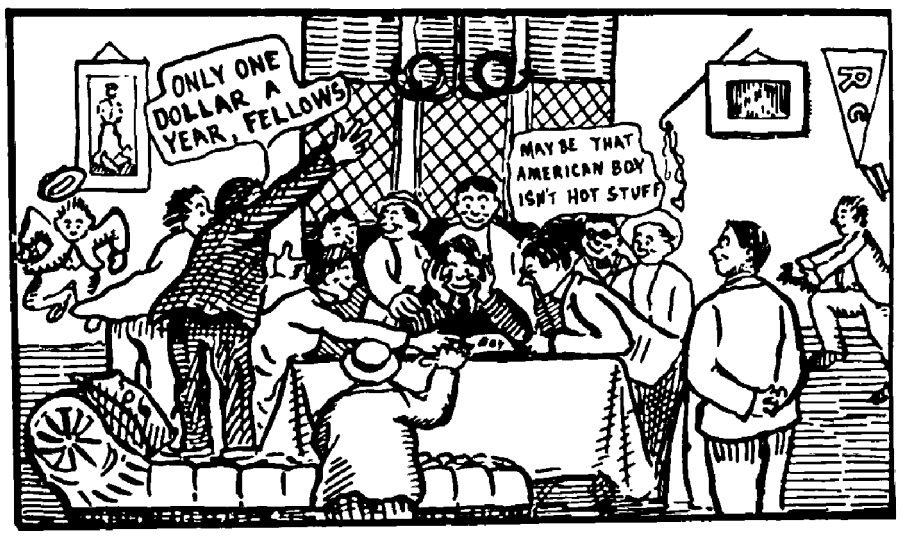
"Frank, you are truly a son worth having. But it will be too bad to keep you from high school."

"Never mind; perhaps I can study at night."

"If you do that, I'll help you all I can. But I am sure I do not know where you can get a position."

"Oh, I'll get something. But first of all, I'm going down to father's store and do all I can to sell what goods he has on hand."

"Yes; I was going to ask you to do that."



BUSY TIME AT THE CLUB WHEN THE AMERICAN BOY ARRIVES

True to his word, Frank opened the store bright and early the next morning. He felt that he must do something, and during the day cleaned the windows and arranged the goods on the shelves and in the big storeroom. He also called on several regular customers and asked if they did not wish fresh supplies.

"So you are going to help your father out, eh?" said one old gentleman. "I'm glad to see it. Yes, you can send me two bags of oats and a bushel of corn, and also a barrel of that best flour for the house. I'll help you all I can." And Frank went away delighted with the order.

But the work was not all so agreeable. Some found fault, and others said they were buying elsewhere. Looking over the old store books the boy soon learned that the receipts had been falling off steadily for six months—ever since the opposition had started.

"I guess it needs an experienced man with more capital than we now have to make a success of this," he reasoned, and he was correct in his surmise. The two rivals carried big stocks, and both were very active, consequently more than three-quarters of the business of the town and vicinity went to them.

A few days later Mr. Hardy received a formal notification of what Jabez Garrison had done and was told that he must "make good" without delay or the benevolent order would sue him. Following this, Mr. Bardwell Mason paid him a visit.

"I am very sorry this has occurred," said the gentleman from Philadelphia. "But business is business, and the order looks to me to have this matter straightened out."

"I do not see what I can do excepting to give the bank notice to hold that money for you until we have time to look for Jabez Garrison," answered Mr. Hardy.

"Have you the whole amount in the bank?"

"I have it, less five hundred dollars."

"Where is that to come from, if I may ask?"

"I own my business and this house."

"I see. Then there will be no trouble, Mr. Hardy. I am sorry to bother you at such a time as this. It looks like hitting a man when he is down. But you know what these orders are. They look to me to do my duty, and if I don't do it some of the members will be sure to make trouble for me."

"They are not very benevolent in my case."

"Well, you see, you are not a member."

The talk was continued for a good hour, and in the end Mr. Hardy sent a note down to the bank introducing Mr. Mason, and relating the object of that gentleman's call. By this means, the account was, for the time being, tied up so that Mr. Hardy could not touch it.

On Monday of the following week, Frank was in the store packing up a small order for delivery, when a dapper young man entered.

"Is Mr. Hardy around?" questioned the newcomer.

"No, sir; my father is at home with a crushed foot," answered our hero.

"How did he crush it, in the store?"

"No; he had it crushed on the railroad."

"Oh, was he in that wreck near here?"

"He was."

"Then I suppose he'll soak the railroad company good for it?"

"I think he expects them to pay something."

"I'd soak them for all I was worth," went on the dapper young man, sitting down across the counter. "They can stand it, and he can put in any kind of an old bill he wants to."

To this Frank did not answer, but continued to put up the order upon which he had been working.

"I suppose you don't know who I am," went on the young man, after he had lit a cigarette.

"I do not."

"I'm the representative of the Blargo-Leeds Flour Company. There's a bill due us and I want to find out why it hasn't been paid. Your father promised to pay it some time ago."

"How much is it?" asked Frank uneasily, although he knew something of the bill already.

"Two hundred and sixty-eight dollars. It's been due now for three weeks."

"Well, I'll try to find out for you."

"Can't you pay it now?"

"No."

"My firm says that bill has got to be paid inside of the next ten days."

"Very well; we'll try to pay it."

"If you don't they will sue. The young man leaped down from the counter. "Sure you can't pay it now?"

"No; I haven't the money."

"I've heard your father is in a peck of trouble over some bond he went on. I'm sorry for him. But that bill must be paid, remember that. In ten days, or it's a suit at law." And lighting another cigarette, the dapper young man hurried out as quickly as he had entered.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RIVAL MERCHANTS.

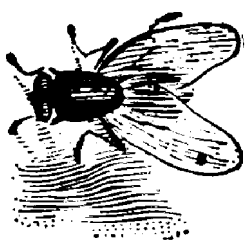
When Frank went home to dinner he expected to tell both his father and his mother about the visit from the dapper young man; but he found both of them so much worried that he did not say a word. He ate his meal in silence, and hurried back to the place of business as soon as he could.

"I'll tell them to-night or to-morrow," he thought. "One thing is certain: we can't pay that bill, for we haven't the money on hand with which to do it."

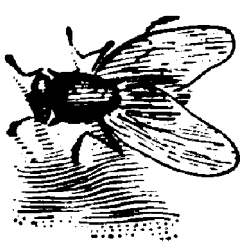
The youth worked hard during the afternoon, and made several sales which were rather gratifying—one of some middlings which had become slightly spoiled and which his father had despaired of selling. Frank sold the stuff for just what it was, so that no fault might be found later.

He was placing the nine dollars he had received in the transaction in the money

(*Continued on page 267.*)



THE DIARY OF A FLY



By GEORGE REITER BRILL

Illustrated by the Author

JUNE 1ST.—RAINY; hung around outside of a kitchen screen door for two hours before I could get in. People of the house are overparticular and had cut newspapers attached to the outside which bothered me considerably until I got used to them. Got in at last and found the kitchen very interesting, especially the sink, where I found plenty to eat; the cook was quite affable and kind, leaving me lots of jelly and spots of good grease in the most convenient places, while her garbage can was open, too, at all times, giving me a continuous feast. Some nebby person came in from time to time, trying to cause a disturbance; she said that the flies were running off with the house. There were a good many of us, I admit, but the place was large, and I was glad to hear the cook tell the person that she guessed she could take care of the kitchen end of it if the "person" held down the other.



GEORGE R. BRILL

Two of my friends met untimely deaths in a custard pie, while I had a narrow escape from a milky grave, as it was I nearly froze to death in the ice chest and barely escaped on a plate of butter at supper time.

June 2nd.—Clear and warm. Got into the dining room today, but found it a hard place in which to live. The people of the house—unlike the cook—are parsimonious and have every crumb scraped up and carried out. There is fly paper in the most unexpected places, keeping one ever on the alert. Twice I was caught and came within an ace of sticking forever but, luck being with me, I got off with only sticky feet, which, of course, is botherso me enough.

Their small boy, Willie, is a fine child, though, and I took quite a fancy to him; he had so much delightful jelly about him, such nice spots of syrup and gravy that I stuck to him most of the day.

His mother was terribly jealous of me and tried in every way to separate us, even going so far as to change his clothes and wash him from head to foot with water and bad tasting soap. But Willie, dear little soul, went at once and replenished his stock of goodies so that we enjoyed each other's society 'till night. I followed him even to his room, as I thought, but must have lost my way for he is nowhere to be seen.

June 3rd.—Cloudy and damp again. Woke up in a big pink bedroom at five o'clock—couldn't sleep very well on account of Willie's father, who snores dreadfully. I wakened him at last after considerable effort, but he, at once, became very violent and howled that hereafter he would sleep in armor. He tried to sleep again, but every time he snored I went for him. Then he covered his bald head with a sheet, but that being too short, left his bare feet at my mercy; so finally he opened the door and forced me from the room, much to my delight, as I wanted to go where there was something to eat for, under ordinary circumstances, I like an early breakfast.

This came near accomplishing my destruction, because my hunger and eagerness blunted my astuteness and I tried some brown stuff in a saucer which I found upon the hall mantle and proved to be fly poison against which I had been frequently warned. I laid, therefore, in the bottom of a delft vase pretty much all day, suffering the most acute pain and caring little what might happen to me.

June 4th.—Sunday. Warm and clear. Managed to crawl out of the vase when I heard Willie's voice. The dear little fellow had a good breakfast for me of cereal and sugar on his Sunday blouse, but his mother, as usual, scarcely let me eat in peace. Followed them to church and heard some good music; also contrived to get some bread a d wine there. Lost Willie and went home with an old gentleman whom I found very patient and obliging and who, to my delight, owned a large, badly kept stable. To me, stable fare is a pleasant change sometimes, although one is compelled to dodge horse flies and spiders to some extent.

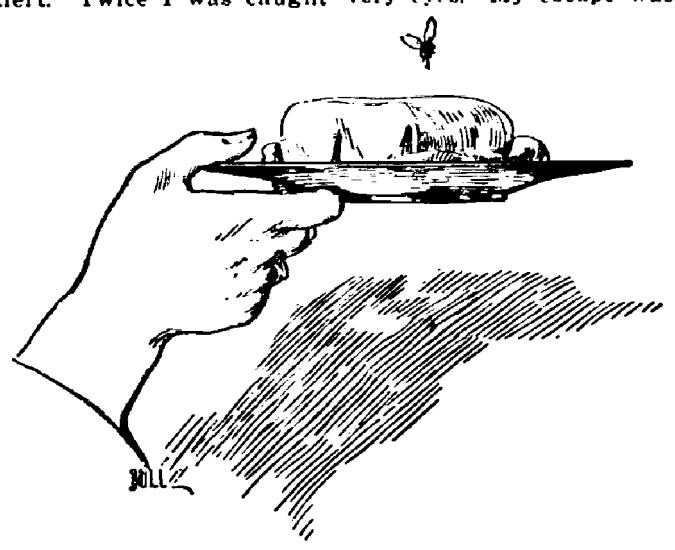
One old spider in the hay loft was particularly anxious that I should try his web, but yours truly is a little too fly for that.

I did, however, carelessly fall into some axle grease and got some varnish on my left wing which, by tonight, I hope to have eradicated.

June 5th.—Still in the stable. Varnish not quite off my wing. Impedes my flying a trifle.

June 6th.—Calm and clear. Varnish off at last and I am over at Chisholm's grocery store. Fine place here, plenty of signs to rest on and quantities of grub. I never saw such generosity in any store keeper; he is absolutely prodigal and everything that is his, is mine for the taking. Everybody that comes in remarks upon it; one woman said she never saw such carelessness. She belonged to the class, no doubt, that would cover up and conceal things out of pure maliciousness. I got acquainted with four or five hundred pleasant flies who took pains to show me the best parts of the establishment where one could fairly revel in syrup and other dainty viands.

June 7th.—Came over to the bakery today with a party of excursionists and was treated royally; had one accident that nearly proved my last. We were in the bake shop looking at the process of pie making when a fellow with a white cap suddenly scooped up the pile of raisins, on which I was making some tests, and threw them recklessly into a large plate of butter; it was sticky stuff and I had the struggle of my life to free my wings of the mess in which I saw six of my dear friends perish before my very eyes. My escape was in the shape of a miracle so I turned post haste to the grocery store where flies are safer.



BARELY ESCAPED IN A PLATE OF BUTTER

June 8th.—Followed a boy with a raisin pie today and saw what I expected, three of my dear friends, who were not so fortunate as I was, buried therein. Even the people themselves were shocked at such unwarranted loss of life and berated the baker for his dire carelessness. I came away convinced that there are some good people in this world who value the life of a fly too highly to eat him in their pies.

June 9th.—In a trap, and in the very grocery store I thought so safe. Ah! how little we know whom we can trust on this circling globe.

Have tried all day to get out, but, so far, without success. My life must end here at the hand of a friend, and as Caesar said: Et tu Brute.

Correct!

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence containing the word delight.

Willie—My mother puts out de light when I'm in bed.—Philadelphia Telegraph.



FOLLOWED A BOY WITH A RAISIN PIE

The Young Book Agent

(*Continued from page 266*)

drawer, when a dark, middle-aged man came in and looked around.

"I suppose Mr. Hardy isn't here?" he said.

"No, sir; my father is at home with a crushed foot," answered Frank, telling what he had repeated many times before.

"I am Jackson Devore, the feed man. I have a bill of ninety dollars that has been running for some time. I want to know when your father intends to pay it."

"I guess he'll pay it as soon as he can, Mr. Devore."

"That is what he told me when I saw him last. This bill has got to be paid at once."

"I can't pay it now."

"Well, if it isn't paid by the day after to-morrow, I'll bring suit."

"The day after to-morrow is the Fourth of July."

"Well, then, the next day," snarled Jackson Devore. "And tell your father I won't wait a minute longer. He has let his business run down and go to pieces, and it looks to me like he didn't intend to pay anything." And out of the store bounded the man, shaking his head and his fist at the same time.

"This is certainly getting interesting," said Frank to himself. "We will have to do something soon; that is certain."

He had exactly twenty-seven dollars on hand, and this cash he took home at supper time. Then he told his parents of what had happened during the day.

"I expected it," groaned Mr. Hardy. "To keep the store going longer would be folly. I may as well sell out as best I can, and settle these bills as best I can, too."

"Who will you sell out to?" asked Frank.

"I'm sure I don't know. I might offer the place to my rivals."

"They wouldn't buy anything but the stock."

"They might be able to use the fixtures, such as they are."

"I'll tell you what I can do," said Frank. "I can go to each of our rivals and get them to submit offers. Perhaps they will bid pretty well against each other—for each wants the business in this town, and they know your good will is worth something."

"That is a good idea!" said Mr. Hardy, brightening. "You might go and see both of them this evening, if you wish."

"Frank looks tired," interposed his mother.

"Never mind, mother, I'll go anyway. Perhaps Mr. Benning and Mr. Peterson will walk over here and see father."

"Yes, you might ask them to call," said the sick man.

A little later Frank went to see Andrew Benning, who lived but a short distance from the Hardy homestead. He found the storekeeper, who was a shrewd Yankee, reading the local weekly paper.

"Your father would like to see me, eh?" said the man. "What about, Frank?"

"He is going to sell out and thought you might like to buy."

"Hum! Has he set any figger?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll call an' see him first thing in the morning. I don't reckon as how the place is wuth much—it's so run down."

"Oh, there is quite some stock," answered our hero. "What time shall I say you will call?"

"About nine o'clock. I'll take a look at the place first. Will you be around there early?"

"At seven o'clock."

"All right."

From the Benning home, Frank hurried to the place where Mr. Peterson, the other rival, boarded.

"I'm sorry for your father," said Mr. Peterson, who was a young man and rather pleasant. "I might buy him out if he'll sell cheap enough."

"He'll sell at a fair figure."

"Do you know what he has on hand?"

"Yes, sir, in a general way."

"Very well. I'll go up with you now and see him." And in a minute more the two were on the way. When they reached the Hardy home the rival flour and feed man shook hands cordially with Mrs. Hardy and also with the sick man.

"So you are going to sell out," said he to Frank's father. "Well, I thought one of us would have to give up pretty soon. The town can't support three dealers."

The matter was talked over, and it soon developed that John Peterson was as shrewd as Andrew Benning. The best offer he would make was seventy per cent of the wholesale value of the stock and a hundred dollars for the fixtures and good will.

"Seventy per cent is not enough," said Mr. Hardy. "I think I can get more elsewhere."

"I think Mr. Benning will give more," said Frank.

"Is he going to have a chance to buy it?" cried John Peterson.

"I shall sell to the highest bidder," answered Mr. Hardy.

"Oh, then you want us to bid against each other, eh?"

"Can you blame me?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Hardy—but it don't just look right, either. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you seventy-five per cent of the value of the stock."

"Make it ninety and I'll take you up."

"No, that is my best figure."

"Then I'll let you know by tomorrow night."

"Very well," answered John Peterson, and soon after this he left.

"Do you think that is a fair price, father?" asked Frank after the visitor had departed.

"No, my son. But what shall I do?"

"Perhaps Andrew Benning will make a better offer."

"Let us hope so."

Early the next morning Frank went to the store and arranged the stock to the best possible advantage. He was just finishing the work when the rival dealer came in and began to look around.

Although Frank did not know it, Andrew Benning had, late the evening before, met John Peterson, and the rivals had talked over the matter of buying Mr. Hardy out, and reached an agreement by which neither was to outbid the other. If either got the place he was to divide the goods with the other, and also the fixtures, and both were to settle jointly for the good will—and then each was to catch what customers he could as in the past.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, and you can tell your father," said Andrew Benning. "I'll give him sixty per cent of the value of his stock at wholesale and fifty dollars for his fixtures and good will."

"Thank you, but my father can get more than that," answered Frank, coldly.

"All right, then, he had better do it," was Andrew Benning's retort, and he stalked out without another word.

But our hero had not reckoned on the plot the rivals had hatched out. On going to dinner he learned that his father had just received a note from John Peterson, which ran as follows.

"Mr. Thomas Hardy.

"Dear Sir: I have thought over the matter of buying your store out and have come to the conclusion that the best I can offer you is sixty per cent of the regular wholesale value of the stock, and fifty dollars for all the fixtures. As the place is run down I do not consider that the good will is worth figuring in the transaction. This offer is open for one week. Yours ob't'ly,

"JOHN PETERSON."

"He has dropped to the very figures that Andrew Benning offered," said Frank, in dismay.

"I believe they are in league with each other," sighed Mr. Hardy. "They know they have me down and that I cannot help myself."

"Perhaps we can sell the goods elsewhere, father."

"Possibly; but it will cost money to transport the goods, and few people want to buy goods that they consider are second-hand."

"Supposing I try to sell the goods to Mr. Fardale, of Porthaven?"

"You might try it. But Mr. Fardale is as close as Benning, if not closer."

"If he would only give ten per cent more it would be something."

"That is true. Well, you can see him the day after the Fourth of July."

"I will," answered Frank. "I can go up on the stage," he added, for Porthaven was six miles from Claster.

(*To be continued*)

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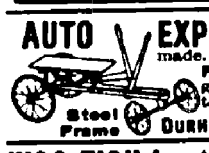

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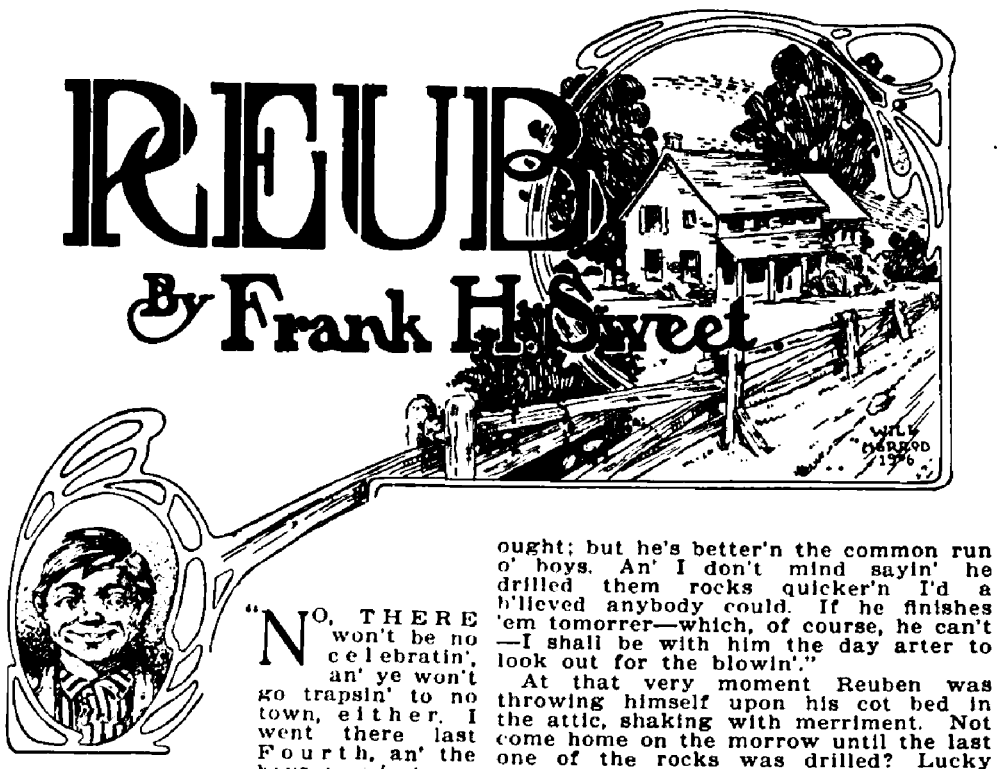
REUB

By Frank H. Sweet



"NO, THERE won't be no celebratin', an' ye won't go trapsin' to no town, either. I went there last Fourth, an' the boys scairt my horse so he run off and broke four dozen eggs. Nobody's goin' to step a foot off this farm tomorrer, not if I know it. The Fourth's all humbug an' foolishness."

"But ye said I might have a day off for workin' so hard through the spring," ventured the boy, a little rebelliously.

"Mebbe I did, an' mebbe I didn't, but 't ain't to be on the Fourth. Ye'll have the day some quiet time, when there ain't horses to scare, an' leadin's on to mischief. If ye're sensible, ye'll wait till huckleberries are ripe, when ye'n pick enough in a day to buy a pair o' shoes."

"But we furnish Reub's clothin', Enos," remonstrated his wife, hesitatingly. "You know that was our 'greement with his uncle. An' Reub has worked awful hard since he come, an' been a good boy."

"Reasonable clothin', Ann," impatiently, "that's the 'greement. I've had one suit o' clothes the last year, an' Reub's had one; I've had one straw hat an' one home-made cap, an' Reub's had just the same; an' last Christmas I bought two pair o' fine dollar shoes—mine's good yet, an' Reub's jest about gone. Talk o' bein' reasonable! Not many men would treat their help jest like themselves. When my shoes are worn out, I'll buy two more pair. An' now, Reub," turning again to the boy, "ye'd best be gettin' off to bed. Ye must be up early tomorrer. Them stones must be all out an' the ground leveled by next week, so we'n be gittin' in the turnip seed. How's it comin' on?"



"NOBODY'S GOIN' TO STEP A FOOT OFF THIS FARM TOMORRER"

"Purty well, I guess, sir. I've got about forty big rocks drilled."

"Forty?" with some appearance of surprise, which, however, was instantly checked as he went on: "Seems to me ye might have done more'n that if ye'd hurried. Well, soon's they're all done they must be set off so we'n gather up the stones an' cart 'em away. If ye hurry like ye'd ought to, mebbe ye can finish 'em tomorrer, then I'll help carry down the powder, and we'll set 'em off. Better do it 'fore it's fairly light, on account o' the paster bein' next the main road. Some fool horse might git scairt, and the owner be pesterin' us 'bout damages. "Come," as Reuben stood silent, but with an odd look on his face, "didn't ye hear me tell ye to be gittin' off to bed? An' don't come home tomorrer till the last o' them big stones is drilled."

Reuben slipped quickly from the room, glad to escape any direct questions. In spite of the hard work and lack of commendation, he had never tried to evade the truth. Enos Judkins was suspicious by nature, and sometimes not overscrupulous, but he knew that he could trust the boy to do just as good work when off in a field by himself as when in full view of the house, and that whatever the boy said could be relied on as being absolutely true.

"Be ye goin' to let Reub help set the rocks off?" said Mrs. Judkins, as the receding footsteps grew fainter up the attic stairs. "Powder's mighty unreliable for boys to mix up with."

"Reub's safe enough," gruffly, "he helped me last year, an' has helped other folks. He don't do so much work as he ought; but he's better'n the common run o' boys. An' I don't mind sayin' he drilled them rocks quicker'n I'd a b'lieved anybody could. If he finishes 'em tomorrer—which, of course, he can't—I shall be with him the day arter to look out for the blowin'."

At that very moment Reuben was throwing himself upon his cot bed in the attic, shaking with merriment. Not come home on the morrow until the last one of the rocks was drilled? Lucky Mr. Judkins had been too busy to go to the road pasture during the last few days, and lucky that tree grew just outside his attic window, so he could shin down when he wanted to do a little extra work by moonlight. Wouldn't Mr. Judkins be surprised if he knew that a considerable portion of the powder had disappeared from its dry storage in the barn, and was at that moment packed solidly in the bottom of a hundred or more deep holes drilled in about forty rocks—each with a fuse leading a few inches away from the top? And he had told the truth, for there were only about forty rocks altogether—he had counted them, and Mr. Judkins had not. And not only that, had not Mr. Judkins' words implied that he wanted the rocks "set off" just as soon as they were ready? Well, he would attend to it, and would see that they were set off before it was light enough for travel to commence on the road.

Enos Judkins was an extremely early riser, some times not waiting for the first call from the barnyard to be up and out. But the next morning even the most alert of the roosters was asleep when there came a crash that shook the very windows of the house. Enos Judkins threw himself half up, then fell back with a snarl.

"Them loonatic Fourth o' Julyers," he grumbled, "they're startin' wuss'n they did last year. I never heered the winders rattle afore. Folks'd think 't was right in the next room, 'stead of in a village a half mile off. Heh!" for another tremendous crash, louder even than the first, again set the windows to rattling. "What they got over there, anyhow? Gov'ment artilleries or Mount P'elees? The cannon they had last year didn't make quarter that noise. L-a-n-d!" as a succession of half a dozen explosions, followed by an almost continuous rumble, with scarcely an appreciable space between, shook the earth. "What is the matter, anyhow, the world comin' to an end?" He rose hastily and began to dress, for the roosters were now all crowing and the dogs barking, and from the barn came a frightened bellowing and stamping of cattle. In the darkness and utter stillness of the night the crashes were terrifying. Before he could don his clothes and get outside, there were a dozen or fifteen more explosions, some coming singly, others in a long, scarcely broken rumble or in one great crash.

But once outside, the mystery was partly explained, for the air was strong with the smell of burned powder. It was the Fourth of July, as he had first thought; but how in the name of reason had they managed to make so much noise?

Then came the last crashing explosion, and he stared, at first blankly, then with sudden comprehension. The crash had not come from exactly the direction of the village, but from the road pasture.

"The young reprobate!" he cried wrathfully. "He's been settin' off them rocks, an' I told him plain they was to be let be till all was drilled. I might 'a' s'picioned from the way he took my scoldin' an' then slipped off upstairs. He needs a good larrupin', that's what he needs, an' I feel jest the right way now to give it to him." Then something of the humor of the situation seemed to strike him, for he commenced to chuckle, which was, however, instantly suppressed. "Didn't he make a noise, though!" he went on. "Whew!" he must 'a' been up all night gittin' that powder ready. I wonder what the village Fourth o' Julyers are thinkin' of 'bout now, gittin' beat at their own game by a little farm they won't ask to none o' their doin's? I've a good mind to walk down that way an' see, an' then come back an' give Reub his larrupin'. If 't wa'n't that he didn't wait like he was told, I'd beminded to let him off easy, jest for shakin' the village winders. I ain't heered so much as a torpeder from there yit; p'raps they ain't been able to catch their breath back."

He stood hesitating for a few moments. Over in the east a long line of daylight was beginning to appear. Then came a loud barking from the road pasture, toward which the dogs had rushed at the very beginning of the explosion; then he heard Reub's voice, calling the dogs. Well, he was glad the young scamp was not hurt, though of course there had been no real danger. He had never known the boy to be careless about such matters.

Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind, for he turned and walked rapidly toward the village, muttering as he did so: "I've got to larrup Reub for not waitin' till all the stones was drilled, of course, but I'm glad 't was done so early, 'fore travel begun. I've laid awake nights lately, thinkin' 'bout accidents an' damages."

The village was awake, as he had expected, but none of its own celebrating seemed to have yet commenced. Apparently its enthusiasm was momentarily paralyzed by the unexpected and tremendous noise which it could not hope to emulate. As he approached among them, Enos could see fingers begin pointing toward him from the various groups and he raised his head defiantly. He was accustomed to pointing fingers, and even to hooting from the younger boys. He had not been a public spirited man, and the village had resented it. None from his farm were ever asked to join in any of the "doings."

But now something very strange happened. Behind the pointing fingers he began to see smiling, admiring, even cordial faces. Several of the prominent men started toward him with extended hands.

"Well, Enos, you certainly did us up that time," chuckled the doctor, as he held on to the horny hand and looked at its owner admiringly, "and what's more to the purpose, you did up the folks in the town across the river. They've been crowing over us for ten years, setting themselves up as the most patriotic village in the county—and I'll admit they did make an outrageous racket on the Fourth. But this year we made up our minds we'd beat 'em, if it split the last gun. And here you come in, without so much as a horn blowing on ahead, and do us both up. Well, it serves us right for not asking you to join us—though none of us thought you cared for such things. But how'd you come to hatch out such a plan, Enos?"

"'Twan't me. That boy Reub—"

"Oh, yes, we know that boy Reub did the firing. And I must say he's a prime hand at it. Some of the smaller boys started for your place at the first explosion; but when they got in sight of the field, the air was so full of rocks and smoke they got scared and skurried back. Then some of us older ones went out and saw your boy Reub running the field like an engineer at his throttle. Well, it was certainly a great plan."

"But I tell ye 't was Reub—"

"Tut, tut! You've been having those rocks drilled for two weeks past. I've been by there and know. One day I saw you working with the boy yourself. And there hasn't been a single explosion in two weeks. Needn't talk to me. You've been saving up for this morning. But there's something else. We're planning for a pretty big day, and we want you and your folks to join in. It's late asking, I know, and we feel ashamed of having overlooked you. But you must let bygones be bygones. There's to be a big dinner in the hall, and some speeches, and in the afternoon games, and then fireworks and ice-cream and some other things for the evening. And by the way, we want that boy Reub of yours to help let off the fireworks. He's a prime hand. No," as he saw protest on Enos Judkins' face, "there isn't to be any ifs or ands. You just hurry home and tell your wife to get ready, and then come right over to my house. We'll start from there. But excuse me," as a figure passed them on the sidewalk, "there goes one of my patients. I want to see him a minute."

Enos Judkins walked back toward his farm in a dazed manner. The villagers, wanted him to join them in everything—to be one of them. It seemed incredible. His farm people had always lived apart from the village, in a social way. Even his father had felt and been considered outside. It was their way.

But something in the cordial grasp of the doctor's hand—which he had never felt before—and in the new way the people had looked at him, was stirring a strange, unknown chord in the crabbed old man's heart. He had never voluntarily given a dollar for public good, and he understood perfectly that being one of the village people in a social way would involve this also, but for some reason the thought did not make him wrinkle up his face as it would have done an hour before. Indeed, it would almost seem that he found the thought a pleasant one, for more than once on the way to the road pasture he muttered, "Mebbe 't would be wuth it, mebbe it would be wuth it. An' he's a real nice man, that doctor."



"THEY GOT SCARED AND SKURRIED BACK"

But when he came opposite the pasture and saw Reub working among the stones, whistling, his face hardened.

"Come here, Reub!" he called angrily; then, as the boy approached: "What did ye set them stones off for, when I told ye to wait till they's all drilled?"

"They was all drilled," answered Reub. "I drilled the last rock an' had the powder all in 'fore I went home last night."

"Then why didn't ye tell me?"

"Ye didn't ask. Ye said they was to be set when all was done; an' ye said ye didn't want 'em set by daylight, when travel was goin' on. An'—an' to-day's the Fourth."

Enos Judkins' eyes twinkled a little, but his face remained grave. He continued to regard the boy for some moments in silence.

"Yes, 't is the Fourth," he said at last. "I guess ye'd better go on to the house, Reub, an' put on your good clothes. An' tell Ann to git ready. We're goin' over to the village to help with the doin's."

How to Fold a Suit of Clothes

By C. HORNER

The Germans have a proverb, "Nicht immer macht das Kleid den Mann" (Clothes do not always make the man). Clothes do, however, reveal character in a man or boy, and he who is careful and provident will show these traits even in the handling of his garments.

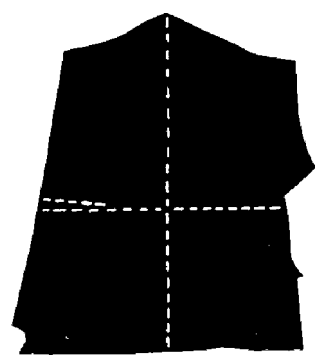


FIG. 1

The most expensive suit of clothes, thrown down in a slovenly heap or tossed into a box, will fit and hang worse than a cheap suit that was folded correctly and laid away with care. By the aid of the photos (taken under the supervision of a tailor) and the following text, our readers will be able to fold their garments in the orthodox fashion, so as not only to occupy the least possible space, but also to show the correct creases.



FIG. 2

Beginning with the coat; lay it out flat on the table with the lining underneath. Take the sleeves and double each back at the elbow where the horizontal dotted line is seen in the photograph (fig. 1). They should then be both similar to the sleeve on the right hand side of the picture. Next, turn the coat fronts back over them and double the coat as shown by the vertical dotted line. Finally, double the entire coat across the middle, and, hey presto! all is finished in less time than this paragraph was written.

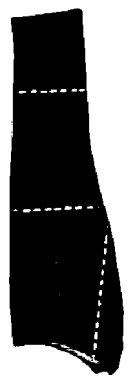


FIG. 3

The waistcoat is folded in two down the seam of the lining back (fig. 2). The lining is next turned over on to the front, and the second garment is finished.

Nothing looks worse than baggy trouser-legs, and nothing better than nether garments that hang with military precision, and a center crease that satisfies the geometrical definition of a vertical line. To ensure the latter the garment should be folded with the second waist buttons in contact, passing the hand between the two legs to ensure that no creases are formed. The back should then be folded over, as shown by the oblique line (fig. 3). The legs are next doubled over where the dotted lines are marked, so as to make all compact. A small piece of camphor placed among the folded garments wards off the ravages of the larvae of the clothes-moth.

The American Boy was Their Teacher

What do you think of THE AMERICAN BOY as a teacher of wireless telegraphy? We are sure it must be a good one, for Robert Denny and his friend, Royal Fillmore—two bright Kansas City boys—learned from articles printed in THE AMERICAN BOY all they know of electricity, and this knowledge enabled them to install a system of wireless telegraphy which works with perfect success. These boys educated themselves in telegraphy, obtaining a copy of the Morse alphabet and studying together. They then bought their "coils," "keys" and the few other parts that could not be made outside a factory; made their own condensers, and set up their wireless outfits. Denny has his "set" in his bedroom, and Fillmore uses the basement. There is fortunately a high tree in the yard of each home. Denny has his antennae wire fastened to a cross-arm of his own making on the topmost branch of a sixty-foot tree, and Fillmore's tree is arranged in practically the same way, but sometimes he uses a huge kite on which he sends his wire up a great distance. The boys live seven or eight blocks apart, and they talk to each other for an hour at a time, discussing their lessons and exchanging school gossip of the Manual Training High School, where they are pupils.

Samuel C. Bartlett writes from Sapporo, Japan, that his four boys get a great deal of pleasure from THE AMERICAN BOY. Their only regret is that delay sometimes occurs, owing to the fact that the English address on the magazine has to be translated and rewritten in Yokohama.

The Truth about the Mutual Life

THIS is a matter of great interest to the public, and of still greater interest to thousands of individuals. People with the fairest minds—and that means most people—have been disturbed and unsettled by the developments and denunciations of the past few months. What these people want is the truth—the plain unvarnished truth. To give them this truth is the object of this announcement.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1843, the first of its kind in America. In 24 years it had become the largest in the world. For 39 years, in spite of the keenest competition, it has held the lead, passing unharmed through panics, failures, strikes and wars; meeting with promptness its every obligation and having over 470 millions of assets to-day.

The recent Insurance agitation was unique. The investigation certainly was thorough. As every one knows the Mutual Life was on the firing line. The smoke has now cleared away. What do we find?

In the first place we find that the Mutual Life is still the largest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Without defending or in the least belittling the abuses and extravagances recently brought to light, everybody should keep in mind the fact that the solvency of this Company has not for a moment been affected thereby. Concerning the work of the finance committee which has been attacked in the press, this Company's auditing committee consisting of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss, Fish and Dixon stated on February 15th, 1906:

"The Committee certify that the investments of the Company are of the highest order and well selected," and "have found the valuation given safe and conservative, in many instances less than the market value and in none in excess of such value."

In the next place, extravagance has been stopped, and those responsible for it have gone; a new management has been installed, and retrenchments have been effected that have already saved vast sums of money and will save much more as time goes on. Legislative reforms have likewise been anticipated, and the Company is now as sound at the circumference as it always has been at the core.

In the next place, the ending of the first quarter presents an excellent opportunity for comparing this year with last.

The amount paid policy holders is $9,608,436.50, an increase of $1,070,835.26. The receipts for premiums were $15,082,484.57, a decrease of $857,995.29 for the period. This is a shrinkage of less than 5½ per cent. The amount paid for expenses was $2,935,552.44, a reduction of $1,547,279.36.

This remarkable showing is a good thing to be kept in mind by everybody—those now insured in the Mutual Life, and those who should be. It cannot be accounted for by the smaller amount of new business written. Of the saving for the quarter, the sum of $390,961.52 is in items not connected with the obtaining of new business.

In the next place we find that this Company is doing business—more business than any other company in the world with one exception. Far from being paralyzed or demoralized it is forging right ahead. Policies by the hundred are being written each day; honest trustees, keenly alert, are directing its affairs; faithful and experienced men are doing its intricate work; loyal agents are explaining its advantages and discriminating people are obtaining its protection.

In the next place we find that there need be no question as to the future. A policy in the Mutual Life is just as good as gold. No obligation could possibly be better. A bond of the United States Government is no safer. It will, therefore, be a misfortune if any one is misled by the writer who prints for revenue or for notoriety, or by the attorney who is out for his clients, or the competitor who is out for himself, or even by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into committees under an honest misapprehension of the facts. Such incidents may tend to hinder business, but need deter no one who needs insurance.

With economy, which means rapid improvement in regard to earning of surplus for dividends, everywhere at work in the Mutual Life; with its immense size as the basis for moderate general expenses; with smaller liability for renewal commissions to agents than any other company; with the cost of new business limited by law for all Companies, how can any one possibly better provide for the uncertainties of the future than through a policy in the first Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world—

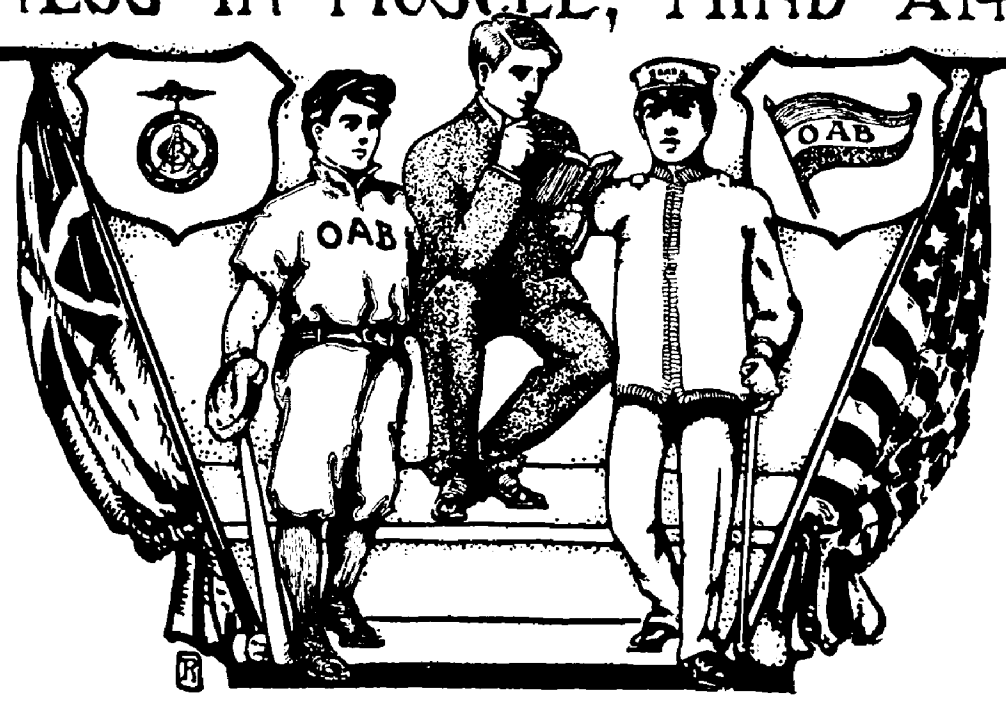
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

New York

The Mutual Life has devised and placed on the market at a notably low rate, a policy which provides protection more far-reaching than an ordinary contract. Send your address and let us inform you as to the particulars.

The Great American Boy Army.

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



New Companies Organized

Bull Dog Company No. 38, Division of Indiana, Selma, Ind. Tip Top Company No. 57, Division of New York, Little Valley, N. Y. The Liberty Boys Company No. 4, Division of Louisiana, Lenoir, La. Wild Rose Company No. 12, Division of South Dakota, Doland, S. D. Mt. Phacatchit Company No. 39, Division of California, Arroy Grand, Cal. Thomas Bard Company No. 40, Division of California, Somis, Cal. The Blue Muskingum Company No. 91, Division of Ohio, New Concord, Ohio. Keewahdin Company No. 80, Division of Michigan, Port Huron, Mich. Stonewall Jackson Company No. 8, Division of Kentucky, Frankfort, Ky. The Neosha Company No. 41, Division of Kansas, Iola, Kans. Men of Tomorrow Company No. 40, Division of Kansas, Wichita, Kans. Four Leaf Clover Company No. 31, Division of Wisconsin, Phillips, Wis. Volusia Company No. 8, Division of Florida, De Land, Fla. Ojibways Company No. 58, Division of New York, Yonkers, N. Y. Glen Rock Company No. 62, Division of Pennsylvania, Glen Rock, Pa. Iroquois Company No. 62, Division of Illinois, Decatur, Ill.

Company News

TAMPA COMPANY No. 7, Tampa, Fla., has elected Chas. Bush, Capt.; Gilbert Freeman, Sec. and Treas.; Company Counsel are Messrs. J. T. McCollum and Z. P. Freeman. We expect to have good reports of this company in the near future. LEWIS & CLARK No. 15, Clarkstown, Wash., has recently enrolled four new members. At their meetings they have been debating recently the question: "Resolved, That the curfew ordinance should be adopted in Clarkstown." The negative won. The captain reports that the company's baseball team recently won four out of six games played. OLD HICKORY COMPANY No. 39, Sterling, Kans., has elected the following officers: Glenn Tippin, Capt.; Parcon Brown, V. C.; John Berry, Sec.; Harold Higley, Treas. The dues are 5 cents every two weeks, and fines are imposed for various offenses. ESSEX COMPANY No. 14, Newark, N. J., had a recent meeting, and elected the following officers: Harry Matthews, Capt.; H. Wilson, V. C.; H. Molloy, Sec. and Treas.; A. Hanes, Libn. The members have a physical director, and intend to give a good account of themselves during the athletic season. U. S. GRANT COMPANY No. 55, Lincoln, Ill., has nine members, a baseball team, twenty-two books in its library, and $6.47 in the treasury. The members intended going camping during June. CORN HUSKERS COMPANY No. 23, Ulysses, Neb., is a new company starting out with great enthusiasm, and will have good reports to make headquarters as soon as they get settled down to business. GEORGE WASHINGTON COMPANY No. 12, Foxcroft, Me., has elected Alfred O. Bragg, Capt.; Claire Hutchinson, Sec.; Everett Ham, Treas. We are promised a picture of the members at an early date. This company has fitted up a club room, and installed an electric bell, being much interested in electricity. Dues are 5 cents a month, and fines are imposed for various offenses. The membership numbers seven, with good prospects of adding to same. EBENEZER COMPANY No. 89, Springfield, O., has the following officers: Edgar Sparrow, Capt.; H. M. Stewart, Sec.; A. Callison, Treas.; Clarence Walters, Libn. GLENWOOD COMPANY No. 51, Medina, O., sends us a clipping from a local paper, containing an account of a pleasant and enjoyable meeting had in celebrating its first anniversary. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and friends to the number of twenty heartily enjoyed the good things provided for them. This seems to be one of the progressive companies of the order. We are always glad to report the doings of such companies in the Company News. THE POTOMAC COMPANY No. 6, Hagerstown, Md., has the following officers: John J. Fiery, Capt.; John K. Baker, Sec. and Treas. This Company is anxious to increase its membership, and gladly welcomes any eligible boys in Hagerstown, who take THE AMERICAN BOY. CHAIRTOWN COMPANY No. 23, Gardner, Mass., sends us its report for March and April, in which we note that there are seven members, dues are 5 cents a month, and meetings are held every week. The members recently debated the question: "Resolved, That a lock canal would be more satisfactory at Panama than a sea-level canal." The negative won. The captain sends a clipping from a local newspaper containing a report of an athletic meeting, which was much enjoyed by the members, the program being in line with that furnished in the Company letter. It has organized two crokinole teams, and is altogether in a prosperous condition. FOREST CITY COMPANY No. 13, Portland, Me., has officers as follows: Linwood Easton, Capt.; Fernando Norcross, V. C.; Phil. Sawyer, Sec.; Irving Hayes, Treas.; Chas. Morton, Libn. The members are considering the adoption of private club colors. They will hold their meetings in a room over the school. We think it wise that every company should decide for itself as to club colors, and all other such matters, as we do not know the circumstances and condition of the companies. FARWELL ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 74, Farwell, Mich., has started a band, and each member of it pays 25 cents a lesson. It has 14 players and all have instruments. The treasury is rich to the extent of $7.00, with some to come. THE ARKANSAS COMPANY No. 9, New Edinburg, Ark., has the following officers: B. F. Rohuck, Capt.; D. G. Campbell, Sec.; Troy Carmical, Treas.; Lafayette Mosby, V. C.; J. H. Hunter, C. C. This company has ordered an O. A. B. pennant, and intends to become as prosperous as any in the Order. THE 1906 COMPANY No. 38, Independence, Kans., has twenty-four members, and its officers are: Pericles Miller, Capt.; Claude Martin, Sec.; Paul Neep, Lieut.; Paul Otto, Treas.; Raymond Andrews, Libn. This company is composed of some of the members of the Verdigris Valley Company, which lately disbanded, and is getting along nicely. The members are interested in athletics and are furnishing their gymnasium with punching bag, boxing gloves, exercisers, etc. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its forty-third report. We note that four meetings were held in the club room during April, and several new members were admitted. The company at present is devoting itself to athletics, having organized a baseball team. The secretary sends us a copy of the monthly paper "The Universal Gazette," which we have enjoyed. It seems to be well gotten up, and in type, style, and reading matter compares most favorably with many a more pretentious magazine. The publishers have started in with a fair line of advertising. We wish "The Gazette" every success. This company continues in excellent shape, and is carrying on its work in full accord with the principles of the O. A. B. RAINBOW FALLS COMPANY No. 3, Great Falls, Mont., has nine members, and meets every Friday evening at the members' homes. Its officers are: Guy Millegan, Capt.; Donald Hoffman, V. C.; Homer Millegan, Sec. and Treas.; Clarence Lytle, Libn. It has its charter framed, and is fitting up a gymnasium. Dues are 10 cents a month, and fines are imposed for disorderly conduct and other offenses. The members are going to have an entertainment in order to increase its balance in the treasury. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY No. 45, Decatur, Ill., has twenty regular members, seven honorary members, and four individual members. As we have said before, we do not issue a charter except on what appears to us good grounds, where there has been a split in a company. The company has now taken possession of its new club room, having held its first meeting there during April at which they held a social. This company celebrated its second anniversary in June. It has also revised its rules as to receiving new members. There is now over $25.00 in the treasury, part of which was contributed by one of the Illinois congressmen who is a great friend of the boys. BULL DOG COMPANY No. 38, Selma, Ind., has the following officers: Floyd C. Duncan, Capt.; Claud Bartlett, V. C.; Fletcher Hoffman, Sec.; W. Worz, Treas.; Claud Orr, Libn. We hope to have a fuller report from this company in the near future. BUSTER BROWN COMPANY No. 35, Richmond, Ind., has twelve members, a gymnasium outfit and a baseball outfit. It will celebrate its first anniversary in the near future, and we are promised a picture very soon. WILD ROSE COMPANY No. 12, Doland, S. D., has the following officers: Leslie Lawrence, Capt.; T. Lowrie, V. C.; G. Motley, Sec.; M. Lawrence, Treas. This company holds its meetings every two weeks in its own club room, where it has an organ, a table and sufficient chairs. The members intend to give a social for the benefit of the company treasury. It has now ten members with good prospects of increasing that number. YELLOW BREECHES COMPANY No. 60, Mechanicsburg, Pa., is getting along nicely, having nine members and $1.83 in the treasury. The members are looking forward to a camping outing during the summer. YOUNG AMERICA ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 28, Petaluma, Cal., "still lives after the big earthquake" as their captain informs us, and we are glad that no injury was sustained by any of the members during that disastrous time. As part of the membership live in the country and part in the city, two companies have been formed, but for athletic and other exercises they form one company. TIPTOP ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 57, Little Valley, N. Y., has elected Harry E. Wade, Capt.; Glen Griffith, V. C.; Leone Brown, Sec.; De Silver Drew, Treas.; A. D. Case, Libn. It has ten members at present, with good prospects of adding to that number. THE QUILNA COMPANY No. 86, Lima, O., at a recent meeting held a debate on the question: "Resolved, That electricity is of more benefit to mankind than steam." The affirmative side won. At that meeting the members took up a subscription for the "shut-in" fund of THE AMERICAN BOY, and got a total of 50 cents. This company has enrolled five new members during the last two months. Its meetings are held at the homes of the members every two weeks, and the dues are 5 cents a month. LAKE SIDE COMPANY No. 90, Conneaut, O., has recently taken in two new members. At a recent meeting they raffled a pillow, and thereby increased the company treasury to the extent of $2.10. The members intend to save up until they have sufficient money to pay the expenses of a camping trip this summer. Dues are 5 cents a week. CLINTON ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 37, Frankfort, Ind., recently elected Harry Kuhns, Capt.; Walter Fowler, Lieut.; George Young, Sec. and Treas.; Max Fowler, S. A.; Glenn Taylor, Libn. A baseball team has been organized, and has already played two games, both of which were won by the company. McKINLEY COMPANY No. 36, Highland, Cal., is a new company that has started out very strongly, having forty-six members, with several applications yet to be acted upon. The Company Counsel, Mr. Desmond, writes us that there will be, shortly, fifty boys supplied with uniforms. A company having its efforts directed by such friends of the boys as Dr. Burke, Prof. Guy Stewart and S. A. Desmond will, undoubtedly, have a splendid influence for good upon the young people of the community. We are pleased, indeed, to announce the organization of such a strong company, and will take pleasure in noting its doings in our Company News from month to month. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY No. 17, Delta, Colo., reports the holding of two meetings recently at which the attendance was good. The members are still trying to secure a club room for themselves, and we trust they will be successful. The athletic members will take part in our field-day contests. It recently held a debate upon the subject: "Resolved, That card playing is less harmful than dancing," in which the affirmative side was victorious. This company raised $5.00 for the San Francisco Relief Fund, which is work of a kind that we most heartily commend. THE ARTESIA COMPANY No. 57, Potomac, Ill., has twenty members, who, the captain says, are the "cream" of the boys of the town, their ages ranging from twelve to twenty-one. Dues are 5 cents a month, and tobacco and liquor in any form are prohibited. Meetings are held every two weeks, and in addition to regular business, the members hold open meetings, which consist of songs, music, debates and recitations. The members are striving to purchase uniforms, bugle, drum, etc., in order that they may organize themselves into a military company. They had good hopes of being fully equipped by Memorial Day. We are glad to have a report from such a progressive and enterprising company. KERMIT ROOSEVELT COMPANY No. 36, Clyde, Kans., has the following officers: Earl Stephens, Capt.; Elliott Ranney, Sec.; Worth Sterling, Treas.; Rowland Carroll, Libn. THE SAM HOUSTON COMPANY No. 38, Oakdale, Texas, recently elected R. L. Anderson, Capt.; Lee Hall, V. C.; Oliver Cole, Lieut.; Ebb Wright, S. A. PILOT ROCK COMPANY No. 19, Ashland, Ore., recently had a picture taken, but the members did not consider it good enough for THE AMERICAN BOY, and have decided to have another taken, and they will send us a copy. This is another company which raised $5.00 for the San Francisco Relief Fund, and it has $6.00 in the treasury. The members will celebrate AMERICAN BOY DAY, July 29. MARCUS WHITEMAN COMPANY No. 18, N. Yakima, Wash., recently increased its membership by two, which brings the total up to twenty-four. Its charter has been neatly framed, dues are 15 cents a month, and it has $3.35 in the treasury. ROGUE REX VOLUNTEER COMPANY No. 75, Rockford, Mich., has Charles Keetch, Capt.; Otho Parks, V. C.; Harry Gaines, Sec.; Raymond June, Treas. DE GIRARDOT COMPANY No. 23, Cape Girardeau, Mo., has recently elected new officers. It intends to celebrate AMERICAN BOY DAY, and is also trying to increase its membership. THE STARRUM COMPANY No. 59, Deland, Ill., recently took in two new members which now makes seven. It has had its charter framed and recently purchased an O. A. B. pennant. It has $2.00 in the treasury, and gives a literary program at each meeting. The members are making all the furniture for their clubroom, and are also going in for athletics. We do not supply uniforms for companies, allowing them to use their own judgment and supply themselves with whatever equipment they require. NEOSHA HUSTLERS COMPANY No. 41, Iola, Kans., has adopted the suggested constitution and by-laws, and has elected the following officers: Claude Newton, Capt.; Chauncey Sawyer, V. C.; Lynn Wheeler, Sec.; Cary Christian, Treas.; John Meely, Libn. As this company has only recently been organized, it has decided to postpone celebrating AMERICAN BOY DAY until later. FOUR LEAF CLOVERS COMPANY No. 31, Phillips, Wis., has elected Evans Phelan, Capt.; Harold Riley, V. C.; Will Chamberlain, Sec.; Sherly Neef, Treas.; Lyle Lane, Libn. The company colors are green and white. It may as well be stated that the field day contests as given out with the Company letter may be changed by any company desiring to do so. The Company has fixed the member's dues at 20 cents a month. STONEWALL JACKSON ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 8, Frankfort, Ky., recently elected Richard Lillis, Capt.; Leo Meagher, Sec.; Barnard Brislin, Treas.; Michael Sullivan, S. A. We expect to have a good report from this company in the near future. BLUE MUSKINGUM COMPANY No. 91, New Concord, O., has elected John A. Clark, Capt. and Wilmer Trace, Secy.

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.



THE WAUKEGAN (ILL.) JUNIOR ORCHESTRA.

We are glad to be able to give a picture of the Waukegan (Ill.) Junior Orchestra, organized largely through the efforts of Leo Farmer, one of our subscribers, who in the picture is seen on the extreme left. The average age of the orchestra members is under fourteen, and although the orchestra was organized only last September, it has fairly bounded into popularity. The manager and director of the orchestra is William L. Farmer. The boys are somewhat inspired by the fact that James Cooper, a Waukegan boy who made his debut in a juvenile band, is today one of the world's greatest trombone soloists.

TALK IT UP

¶ I hope that while members of the O. A. B. are enjoying the vacation time, they are not forgetting to spread word as to the advantages and privileges of membership in the Order among the boys whom they meet.

WM. C. SPRAGUE,
President-General

Where "Yankee Doodle" Was Written

By J. E. BOOS



FRONT OF FORT CRAILO
See the port-holes between the windows

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding.
There we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding."

THUS RUNS our oldest national song, not so fine in the way of words, but there's an awful lot of music in the tune—the kind that arouses a fellow's spirits and makes him feel proud he's a "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

When the redcoats played the tune at Bunker Hill, those raw "Yankee Doodles" caught the tune in their hearts; a new light sprang into their lives, and they stood their ground like veterans, and if their ammunition had held out, the British would have left Boston long before they did. The soldiers took up the tune; it slowly traveled from town to town, colony to colony, until it was known and played everywhere.

The redcoats dropped the song, as though it were so much hot-shot, because when they played it, "those confounded rebels" seemed to get new life in them and fight like demons.

At Saratoga, after Burgoyne's army had laid down its arms and begun its march through the long line of Americans, before it was sent home on parole, the first tune the band struck up was this famous old war song.

Thus the trained regiments of Great Britain marched to the tune they had been deriding the Americans with for twenty years, and I might also state, that one of these same captured regiments took part in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Within a hundred feet of the Hudson River, in the lower part of the city of Rensselaer, stands a very old house. It is in good condition now, but five years ago the doors and windows were boarded up and it looked as though it would soon go the way of all things, either ruined through neglect or pulled apart by relic hunters. But at this time, the Daughters of the Revolution bought the building with the announced purpose of presenting it to the state. The building is known by many names, as "The Old Van Rensselaer Manor House," "The Yankee Doodle House," "Fort Crailo," and "The Oldest House in America."

It received the name of Van Rensselaer because it was built by one of that name as a home, and to be used as a refuge in case of trouble with the Indians. It was soon called a fort, because a strong stockade of posts was built around it so that the colonists could go to it in case of an uprising. The building is three stories high, with a half-story garret. The doors and windows are modern, excepting the door on the north side, which is very old, being of the kind that was used so much in this section before the Revolution, that is, divided laterally through the middle.

When the knocker sounded, the good housewife would open the upper half of the door to see what was wanted, and if the visitor proved to be a friend, the lower half was opened and he was admitted.

The bricks in the house were brought from Holland, and on some of them is stamped the year 1629, but from the earliest records that can be found, it is supposed the house was built in 1642, making it the oldest colonial house. Some records claim that Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, who became the wife of the Revolutionary general, Philip Schuyler, was born here in 1735. It is known that the house was standing in 1642, but there is no proof that it was built before that time.

Although such an old house, the walls are just as good today as they were in the year they were built. Even the timbers show no trace of decay, those under the first floor being twenty inches square. Another interesting thing about the house is the old portholes, of which there were nine originally, but three only are left, one on each side of the door and one lately found in the cellar. These were made of a block of sandstone, about one foot square, into one side of which was dug a conical shaped hole; from the other side an opening was made about the shape of a keyhole. In case of an attack, the defenders could fire on the enemy without exposing themselves.

Some fifteen feet back of the house, now covered with boards, is an old well. Upon this spot our song was written.

It was in 1757, while the house was surrounded by the camps of British and Indians, awaiting reinforcements from the colonies, when they were to move northward and attempt the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

This army, under General Abercrombie, it was expected, would drive the French from the north and out of Canada, putting all this vast territory under the standard of Britain's king. But, alas, they, too, soon returned, utterly routed by a terrible defeat.

Soon the militia came, in groups or in companies, and instead of brightly colored uniforms, they wore the homespun garments which mothers, wives, and sisters made for them at home. Some were fitted all right, but the most of them wore clothes that were either too large or too small. This meant fun for the soldiers, who immediately made them the laughing stock of the camp.

During this wait, Yankee Doodle was written by Dr. Shackburg, while sitting on the well. It was taken up by the bands of the expedition; the soldiers caught the tune, and soon all were singing.

"Yankee-Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee-Doodle Dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the gals be handy."

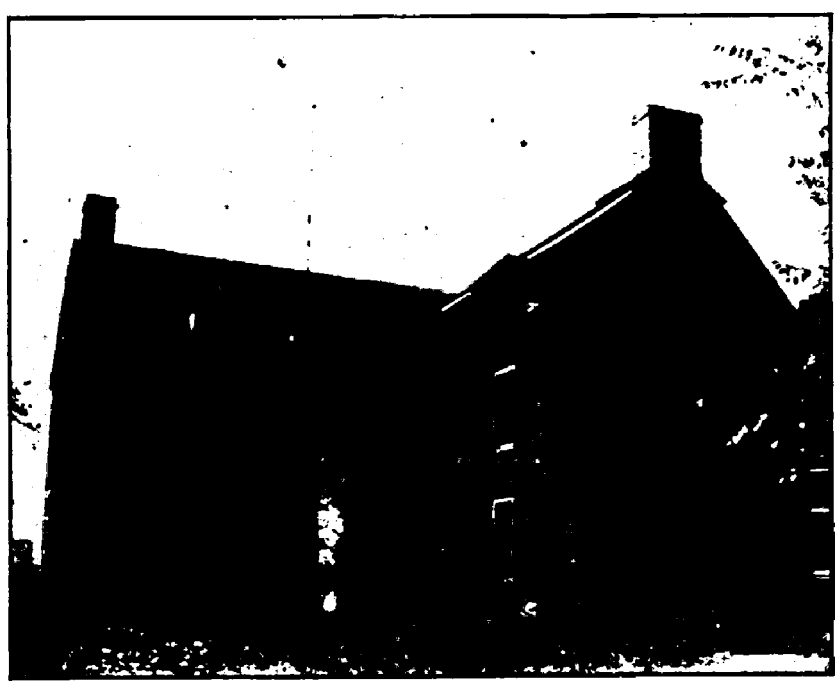
Wherever there was an English regiment or a fort garrisoned by English troops in the colonies, this song was played in derision of the colonists, who were considered to be below a born Britisher. Little did they think that these same recruits would some day sing this song as their farewell chorus, and the flag of Old England would disappear from our land forever.

The tune is very old and was known by the name of Kitty Fisher's Jig. During Cromwell's time, words were set to it, and sung in contempt of the "Lord High Protector" and his "Roundheads."

In the Revolution, "Yankee Doodle House" was still in the possession of the Van Rensselaers. This family was a very patriotic one. Out of eighteen males, twelve were officers in the Continental army, two were too old to fight and the other four were too young. The family originally owned twenty-four square miles of land along the Hudson River, granted them by the states-general of Holland upon which to plant a colony in the new world. This colony was planted in 1633, and has since grown into the present city of Albany.

There is a beautiful picture by Willard, in Abbott Hall, Marblehead, showing a fife and drum corps marching to victory playing "Yankee Doodle." The drummers and fifer are proudly playing away, while the soldiers are waving their hats and the wounded lying along the road are cheering them on. [This picture is reproduced on our cover.—Editor.]

For almost one hundred and fifty years this song has been ringing in our ears, and may it ever ring to inspire our hearts in time of trouble, as it did the heroes of '76; to give us new courage, and keep our flag flying over a land devoted to liberty and justice.



REAR OF FORT CRAILO
The man represented in the picture is standing on the old well where Yankee Doodle was written

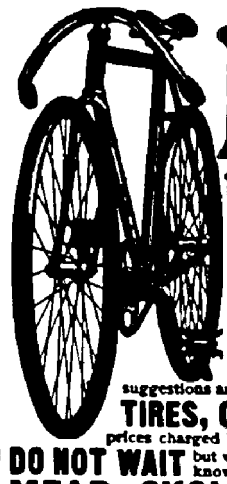
Quality Counts for Everything in a Revolver



Price (Nickel) $2.50

H. & R. REVOLVERS

will stand the closest scrutiny. Investigate them and you will buy no other.
The H. & R. Revolvers are known around the world for their safety, accuracy, durability, perfect design, and general superiority.
Only the most skilled mechanics and only the finest quality of material employed in their manufacture. Every piece is finished to the 1000th part of an inch and fits perfectly, *no rattle* in "H. & R." such as a quick shake reveals in other makes. Every revolver that leaves the factory has passed the most rigid inspection and is guaranteed perfect. Barrel and cylinder drilled from solid piece of finest forged steel, solid steel frame, handsome rubber stock, affording good grip.
Noted for smooth action, perfect accuracy and power. Don't experiment with an unreliable make because low price is offered as a tempting bait. The H. & R. Model 1906 Double Action Revolver is medium in size, weight and price, but an effective weapon. 32 caliber, 5 shot C. F. S. & W. cartridge.
2½ in. barrel, nickel finish, **$2.50.** 4½ in. barrel, **$3.00** 6 in. barrel, **$3.50.**
For blue finish add 50c. to either size. Greatest value ever offered for the price.
Sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 234 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Send for catalog of our full line including our famous Safety Hammerless.



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WE EXPLAIN HOW we ship to any person, anywhere ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL on every bicycle we sell, and other new and marvelous offers. You will learn everything by simply writing us a postal.

WE WILL CONVINCE YOU that we can sell you a better bicycle for less money than any other house that ever made or sold a bicycle. These offers are genuine; our sole protection is *good bicycles, low prices*, and *pleased purchasers*. Deal direct with the factory, who make and guarantee their bicycles. YOU CAN MAKE MONEY without interfering with your other work. We need a Rider Agent in each town to represent us and are prepared to offer a very profitable opportunity to suitable young man who apply at once. IF YOU OWN A BICYCLE write to us anyway; there are suggestions and information in our catalogues that will be of immense value to you.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, built-up-wheels, saddles, pedals, parts and repairs and everything in the bicycle line are sold by us at half the usual prices charged by dealers and repair men. Ask for our tire and sundry catalogue.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. Do not think of buying a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. M-19, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Campfire of Mad Anthony

A New Serial Starts in August

In our August number will start a serial story by Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, entitled "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony." It is a stirring story of the Revolution. Soon after the first announcement of the fact that Dr. Tomlinson would write for us, a prominent daily paper in the East, noticing the announcement, spoke as follows in its columns:

"Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson's features, which are still well remembered by the village boys who were among his pupils some time in the early eighties, meet the vision of old friends who chance to look over the last number of a juvenile publication known as THE AMERICAN BOY. It is highly appropriate that a magazine with that attractive title should be selected as the medium to introduce Dr. Tomlinson's pleasant face to his army of young (and old) readers. He has certainly been a mighty good friend to thousands of American boys during the dozen years or more that he has employed his literary skill in their behalf. He has published a whole lot of rattling good stories with enough historical background to enable his readers to acquire a fondness for truth as well as fiction. Doubtless he has made money out of it; we certainly hope he has, for he deserves all the good fortune his books may have brought him. He is firmly established in the friendship of American boys of all ages. He is the boys' patron saint, worthy to rank with Harry Castlemon, Kirk Munroe and other masters of juvenile literature."

A Boy Financier

Robert Brennan, a fourteen-year-old pupil in the public school at Great Neck, Long Island, it is said, never spent a cent for candy. For years he has put all his spare pennies on deposit in the school savings bank. The result is that a few days ago he drew $350 from the bank, and loaned it out on a bond and mortgage at 5 per cent. The boy has not only saved this money, but what is equally to his credit, he earned it.

CRANBERRY LAKE REGION OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

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DRUMS AND DRUMMERS

By J. C. JULIUS LANGBEIN

IN TWO PARTS
PART I

"Now merrily, merrily rise on the ear,
The roll of the drum and the fife's note so clear."

"No more his hands the fierce tatoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, the long roll, or sound the charge."

Commander Medal of Honor Legion, United States of America, who served as a drummer boy in the famous fighting regiment known as the Ninth New York Volunteers (Hawkins's Zouaves)



J. C. JULIUS LANGBEIN

EDITOR'S NOTE.

J. C. Julius Langbein, author of "Drums and Drummers," on May 4, 1861, at the age of fourteen enlisted in the Northern Army and marched to the front as a drummer boy. His regiment was the famous fighting regiment known as the Ninth New York Volunteers—Hawkins's Zouaves. He was the youngest drummer boy to enlist from the state of New York, and the third youngest in the entire country. On account of his feminine appearance at the time, he was known to his comrades as "Jennie." He served during the entire service of the regiment, and was in every battle in which it was engaged, among them being Big Bethel, Capture of Hatteras Inlet, Roanoke Island, Camden, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and the Siege of Suffolk. His Medal of Honor was granted him by Congress "for most distinguished gallantry in voluntarily, under a heavy fire, going to the aid of a wounded officer at the battle of Camden, April 19, 1862." At Antietam a horse placed in his charge by the Adjutant General of the brigade was shot under him while crossing the now famous Burnside Bridge; at Fredericksburg his drum was riddled with bullets, and at Suffolk the tassel of his fez was shot away by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. He also served seven years in the First Infantry N. G. S. N. Y., and was honorably mustered out as captain. At the breaking out of the war with Spain, he promptly volunteered his services. He is now commander of the Medal of Honor Legion of the United States of America.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE DRUM

ALMOST ALL INSTRUMENTS of music had their origin in some natural cause. The primeval man in pounding on the trunk of a hollow tree (rhythmically, of course, for the sense of rhythm is inborn), discovered the principle of the drum and the continuous beating of the never ceasing waves have the rhythm of eternity as they ceaselessly roll on the ever beating waves of the ocean.

The gentle art of music has from earliest times been associated with the rude art of war. Joshua threw down the walls of an old city with the shofar. Troops march to music, they gain heart from it; it is the solace of their leisure; it softens the asperities of the camp; they rise and sleep, eat and move by the call of the bugle or sound of the drum. Many a wavering patriot, doubting if he owed the more of himself to his country or to his shop, when war broke out, has decided to fight for his country when he hears his national anthem. Since men first fought each other, whether barbarous or civilized, the inspiration of national music has been recognized. Men have marched to certain death with quick steps and exhausted spirits with the music of their home land sounding in their ear, who otherwise would have fled in terror in the face of the forlorn hope. The trumpet and the bugle date back to biblical times. For ages the soldier has been awakened by the bugles bold blast, the ear-piercing shrill of the fife and the beat of the spirit-stirring drum. They have called him to drill; they have summoned him to battle, and to rest; and



MUSIC BEGAN WITH THUMPS ON A CALABASH

at the last the beautiful haunting taps sound over his grave, to lull him to sleep forever.

Music's first step was the drum. As you wander through the displays made of the primitive musical instruments of savage races, those that have only one, have the drum. Music began with thumps on a calabash, and, later on, the skin of a wild animal was drawn over the mouth of the calabash. The bass drum is not so far removed from the calabash drum that it cannot be recognized.

The first use of field music, of which we have absolutely authentic information, was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV. of Germany there in 1214; Philip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines in 1214 that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet call.



THE KHANH

With drums the sense of rhythm in the human mentality is first expressed. The Indian adds his "kiyi," and most savages accompany the drum with the voice. It must have been a long time before the first reed pipe was invented to increase the volume of the barbarian orchestra. Stringed instruments came next. The banjo in its varied forms is repeated through all the nations. The Chinese show their three-stringed snakeskin guitar, and from Burmah and India come instruments that are twanged with the fingers. The naked little Igorrote boys stretch a taut cord triangularly about on the top of three pegs in the ground and keep time with the dance of the older Igorrotes near by.

The chronicle of the drum begins much earlier than is thought. The Chinese "Book of Rites" (and no one knows how old that is) tells us that the wise men of ancient times made hand-drums and drums, the clay whistle, and the bamboo flute, and that these were the instruments that produced the virtuous airs of those sages. But another text, which preserves some ruder traditionary gloss, made the first drums of clay, with drumsticks of the same. With these clay drums were played a reed pipe like the "Punch-and-Judy" man's and certain "chaff pillows," which were struck so as to produce, doubtless, a sound of chaff.

Those "awfully jolly" instruments (to quote a so-called comic song not unknown to our legal case books) were followed (in the records) by the sound stone of jade. There is a flat sounding stone still extant in Annam called a khanh (just our word gong, which is said to be Malay), or a tam-tam. It is ornamentally cut from a very fine-grained calcareous stone, on which there is a boss left for striking with a little wooden mallet when the khanh is suspended by a ring. It is, in fact, a link between the bell and the drum, and may be the most ancient musical instrument known. Stones for such uses as signals, or calls, or general noise must have preceded the use of metals.

Several of these khanh are hung on a frame to form a sort of harmonica, and an archaic text puts into the mouth of one Emperor Tuan, forty-one centuries ago, this statement: "When I make the sonorous stones resound that form my khanh the animals come around me and shiver with pleasure."

The history of the drum whose stirring notes, together with that of the shrill fife, have rung in the ears of countless heroes and cheered them on to victory, is probably as old as that of the human race itself, for it has from time immemorial been the favorite instrument of all barbarous tribes. The drum is supposed to be an Eastern invention and to have been brought into



FROM BURMAH AND INDIA COME INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE TWANGED WITH THE FINGERS

Europe by the Arabians. History informs us that 1,600 years before the Christian era, the Egyptians were possessed of drums. The Greeks ascribe their invention to Bacchus, and in Hindoostan their legendary history goes back to the mystic gloom in which tradition itself is born.

It is said that in Asia the drum was an inseparable attribute of every aristocratic household; magnificent kettle drums of polished metals and borne on splendid caparisoned steeds, followed the great man on his journeys and campaigns. Savage chiefs made their marches to the harsh thump of rude drums fashioned of burned-out logs with a sheepskin over the end, and braids and festoons of their enemies' teeth, and even skulls dangling from them by way of ornament. In the Aztec temples were found war drums, which the priests beat to call the people to arms, made of serpents' skins and enriched with ornaments of gold and other metal. In fact, we can search wherever we please in the remotest parts of history and we find invention of the drum in same form or shape. It is the universal instrument whose music possesses that simple cadence, that tap and roll, which almost everyone can so readily understand.

"Oh! the drum—it rattles so loud!
There's no such stirring sound
Is heard the wide world round,
As the drum—Oh! the drum.

Sounds that once so charmed our ears,
We no longer now can hear!
They are all an empty hum,
For the drum! Oh! the drum."

The Encyclopedia Americana gives the following account of this instrument:

"Drum. A musical instrument formed by stretching the parchment of animals over the heads of a cylinder of wood or over a bowl. There are three kinds of drums.

1. The long drum or bass drum with two heads held laterally and played on both ends with stuffed knob drum sticks.

2. The side drum, having two heads, the upper one only being played on by two sticks of wood; the lower head has occasionally strings of cat-gut stretched across its surface, and then it is called a snare drum.

3. The kettle drum is always employed in pairs. Of these (1) is the ordinary

STORY of a DRUM



"A regiment in motion, and the story of a drum,
With a rat, tat, tat and a rat tat tum;
Fear is on the face of some, others stepping with aplomb,
And steady is the patter and the clatter of the drum.

Sweeping lines in evolution, fast the wheeling columns come,
And a thousand men are stepping to the tapping of the drum;
There are countenances glum, there are senses dull and dumb,
But a boy is stepping proudly there, playing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle of a drum,
The shrapnel shot are flying with a zip and a zum,
Cruel shells exploding come, and the bullets hiss and hum,
But a drum still echoes loudly, will the thing be never mum?"

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body seekers come,
The storm of death is ended and displayed the struggle's sum,
A pallid face, a drum, there is blood, and both are dumb,
A story of a drummer, and a story of a drum."



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drum used by an infantry or marching band. It is employed mainly to mark the time, and also to increase the fortes. The big drum, or grosse caisse, of the modern orchestra is a modification of the ordinary drum with the diameter greatly increased and the length of the cylinder lessened. It is struck on one side only. (2) Is the side drum of the fife and drum bands. It is occasionally employed in the orchestra for special effects. (3) Are either the small kettle drums of the cavalry band, played on horseback; or, the proper orchestra drum, larger in size, but similar in construction. They are generally tuned to the tonic and dominant of the composition in which they are used, but this rule is not without exceptions. The tambourine is a species of drum consisting of a single skin on a frame or vessel open at the bottom. The heads are tightened by cords and braces, or by rods and screws.

The drum was a martial instrument among the ancient Egyptians, as the sculptures of Thebes testify. Their long drum was like the Indian tam-tam and was beaten by the hand. It was about eighteen inches long, had a case of wood or metals, and heads of prepared skin, resembling parchment. These were braced by cords in a manner somewhat similar to the modern drum. The instrument was carried by a belt and was slung behind the back on a march. The invention of the drum is ascribed to Bacchus, who, according to Polygoenus, gave his signal of battle by cymbal and drum. It was, however, known in very early ages, and in some form or other among almost all nations."



THE INDIAN ADDS HIS "KIYI"

About the year 1768 the beat and calls of the drum, then used in the service, were put into a permanent shape. The tattoo, or beat of the drum, calling soldiers to their quarters at night, was once called "taptoe," from the Dutch word signifying "no more drink to be tapped or sold."

Taptoe is not the only way in which tattoo was formerly spelt; tatto and taptoo are also to be found in old books. Watson's Military Dictionary, fifth edition, 1758, gives the following:

"To beat the Tat-to, to order all to repair to their quarters. . . . Tat-to, sometimes called the Retreat; the beat of drum at night for all soldiers in garrison to repair to their quarters, and to their tents in the field."

In the 1788 edition of Grose's Military Antiquities the following is to be found:

"Taptoo; the signal for soldiers to retire to their quarters or barracks, and to the sutlers to draw no more liquor, from whence it derives its name; the taptoo is seldom beat in camp."

In Johnson's Dictionary "tapotez tous," meaning a general beat of drums, was given as the derivation of tatoo, but that was surely one of the "whimsical guesses at etymology suggested by previous writers." Watson says that the beat called "The General" was to give notice to the forces that they are to march, and that "batterie de tambour" was the corresponding term in French.

When Edward III. and his Queen made their triumphal entry into Calais, during the time of the first crusade, "tambours" or drums were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "naker" or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in the "Knightes Tale":

"Fyfes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,
That in the bataille blowen blody
sounes."

The King generally kept a troupe of these bandsmen or minstrels in his employ; and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of sixty shillings to Roger the Trumpeter, Janino the Nakerer, and others for their performances.

KINDS OF DRUMS

Musicians divide the drum into three classes: one in which the instrument consists of a single skin stretched on a frame and open at the bottom. The tambourine and the modern Egyptian drum are representatives of this class, not to mention the instruments in use among barbaric and savage tribes; and there is that of the drums which are made by stretching two skins over the ends of a cylinder, thus forming the familiar side or snare drum; while still another is the kettle drum.

The Greeks and Romans called the drum Tympanum; the Saracens and Moors, Tumbur; the Spaniards, Tambor; the Germans, Trommel; the Danes, Trome; and the English, Drum. The kettle drum consists of a metallic shell, generally of copper, though the French make them of brass, and in the shape of a stew kettle; the head is of vellum, which being first wetted is then stretched by means of an iron rim around the head of the shell; when it dries, it forms a surface smooth and stiff by tension as a board. In addition to this natural tension, the head may be tightened or slackened by screws working on the rim which stretches it. Two kettle drums are always used together in orchestras, or by cavalry, where one is carried on each side of the horse's neck. The latter, however, is no longer common. One of these instruments is tuned down to the key-note, and the other to the fifth of the key. In orchestras they stand on iron tri-pods. They are beaten, when the best implement is used, with sticks made of whalebone, with a small wooden bottom at the end, covered with a very fine sponge. With these, every effect, loud or soft, can be produced. Next in excellence come flexible sticks, with a small knob made of felt, and after them range the new fashioned and, among musicians, very unpopular, India rubber disks. The very worst sticks are those which have the old-fashioned cork knobs covered with leather. Composers call them "melody murderers," because they obscure the clearing which distinguishes the kettle drum. Skilled kettle drummers never strike the center of the skin, but tap it about a quarter of its diameter from the rim.

The ordinary drum, such as "sheepskin fiddlers" used in the army, and which is so dear to the militia and the "small boy," consists of a wooden or brass cylinder with a skin head at each end; the skins are lapped at their edges around a small hoop which encircles the cylinder, and a larger hoop rests on this and presses it down in place. The large hoops at each end are connected by a cord running through holes in their outer edges and zigzagging up and down the sides of the cylinder from hoop to hoop. Each loop of this cord is surrounded by a sliding leather brace, and by pushing these down, so as to draw the hoops together, or up so as to loosen them, the drum is tightened or slackened, and the clear tense, or harsh loose notes produced. Some side drums are made flatter, and are tightened by rods and screws instead of cords. The side-drum gets its name of "snare-drum" from the fact that several cords of cat-gut are stretched across the lower end. Strange as it may appear, a well-made snare-drum consists of 248 pieces, not including sticks, hooks and belt. Everything must be of first-class quality, for a good drum must, first of all, have tone, and it must also be constructed so as to stand rough usage and handling in all kinds of wind and weather. There is just as much difference in drums as in any other musical instrument, though most people would not think so. The drums required in orchestra and band work have a certain sharpness of tone, while those used in corps and military work must have a duller tone, and the drum must not be so sensitive to the touch.

The bass drum is the giant among drums. It was formerly called the long drum on account of its former great length, but that portion of it has now been shortened so as to almost equalize its length to its diameter. The heads of the bass drum are tightened by cords like the snare drum, but it is beaten with a stick ending in a soft round knob. Noise is all that a musician requires of a bass drum. Its note has no particular value of itself, and by simply beating it hard or soft, its tones are adapted to any key or chord; so,

"If you would a musician be,
Don't seek the drummer's place;
For a little drum is a snare
And a big one's always base."

If the reader is interested in the further description of this instrument he will find an interesting article thereon published in the Atlantic monthly of June, 1877, entitled "Crude and Curious Inventions."

(To be continued).

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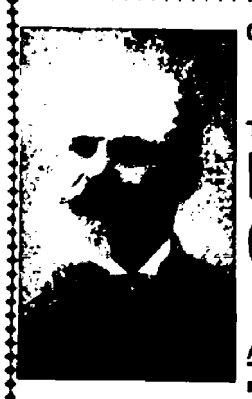

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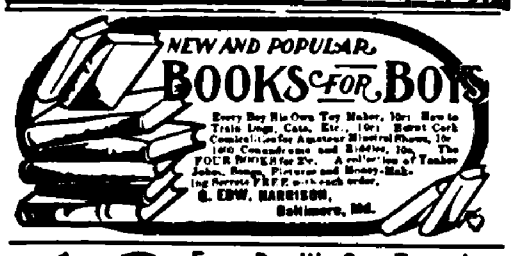

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By MARJORIE R. JOHNSON



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NOT LONG ago the following question was put to the subject of this sketch: "Have you had any failures in your life, Mr. Angell?" After a few moments' reflection, firm and clear came the answer: "I believe I have succeeded in everything I ever tried to do."

The work which Mr. Angell has done for the suffering dumb creation is well known throughout the civilized world; few, perhaps, appreciate the gigantic difficulties with which he had to contend at the outset. He was a man eminently fitted to lead a great movement; a



MR. ANGELL'S BIRTHPLACE, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

college graduate whose faculties had been stimulated by a struggle with poverty in early life; whose indomitable will had overcome obstacles and carried through projects in the face of opposition which would have crushed one of less splendid fibre; a lawyer, possessing a keen, judicial mind, logical, capable of intense concentration; of unusual quickness of perception; possessing also a moderate competence which rendered him to a great extent independent of outside aid and enabled him to undertake the publishing and distributing of vast quantities of literature, as well as to travel from place to place and disseminate by personal influence the knowledge on this important subject of kindness to animals which he wished to scatter broadcast over the land.

In order to accomplish the great work which he had set himself to do it was necessary that he should renounce a legal career of unusual promise and brilliancy, and this he did not hesitate to do, although how great the work would become, and how widespread its influence, he little dreamed at the time.

George Thorndike Angell was born in the little village of Southbridge, Mass., on June 5th, 1823. His father was the Rev. George Angell, formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, and for many years pastor of the Baptist church at Southbridge, which, under his care, grew from a feeble church to a large and prosperous one. He was a man whose life stands out prominently in the history of the Baptist pulpit, and a career of remarkable usefulness and promise was cut short when he died on the 18th of February, 1827, at the comparatively early age of 42, leaving a widow and his only child then between 3 and 4 years of age. Mrs. Angell was a woman of marked ability and strength of character. Left with but little maintenance, she taught in private schools for young ladies in Salem, Mass., and in other places and otherwise exerted herself to maintain and educate her son. "No man ever had a better mother," is Mr. Angell's own testimony to her worth.

There is some mystic freemasonry among animals by which they seem to know their friends, and so it happened they were all attracted to the boy. He handled with safety dangerous dogs that others feared to handle. A horse so spirited that others could with difficulty get into the saddle would stand quietly for him. A cow that he once found in distress and relieved showed her gratitude by lapping his coat-sleeve with her tongue. When driving past farmhouses he would quiet with a few kind words the furiously barking dogs that would rush out on the passers-by. Pigeons and sparrows came to him every day for food; his canary followed him about the house from room to room like a pet dog, would stand on his finger, his shoulder, his head, and play hide and seek with him with an intelligence almost human.

As time went on he grew more and more pained with the thoughtless and intentional cruelty he found inflicted on his dumb friends. One cold evening in winter, while calling upon a wealthy woman, the servant announced that a poor, half-frozen, half-starved dog had come to the house asking in its dumb way for food and shelter. The woman gave orders that the dog should be thrust into the street. Pain filled the heart of young Angell and, bidding his hostess a hasty good-evening, he hastened after the outcast dog, took him to a comfortable home, and nursed and fed him back to health.

A horse which he had hired for a pleasure drive was observed by him to be "tired and unhappy." He drove back to the stable and the hostler was obliged to admit that the long-suffering creature had already been driven forty miles that day.

One day in early spring as Mr. Angell, now a young man, was passing the house of a wealthy woman, he saw driven out of her yard a cow that was so weak that it could scarcely walk. He asked what was the matter with the creature and was told that it was the custom of this woman to keep the animal the entire winter just at the point of starvation in order to save the cost of hay. There was at this time no law to punish her or to prevent the adoption of such cruel methods of economy.

In the town in which he made his home a man owning a valuable lot of cattle left them in the care of another man. This man quarrelled with the owner and, out of revenge, locked the stable doors and starved the creatures to death in their stalls. When the neighbors broke into the stable and found the poor creatures lying dead, they tried to find some law by which that man could be punished, but alas! this was not to be found, no law relating to such matters existing at that time.

At a great horse-race in February, 1868, two horses were killed by cruel driving. This hastened the formation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The whole terrible facts were published in the papers and Mr. Angell came forward publicly as the champion of the cause of the oppressed. A letter which he wrote to the "Boston Daily Advertiser" on the subject brought numerous responses from the large number who were interested, and visitors poured into his offices. The Mayor of Boston, not to be behindhand in the good cause, granted him the services of seventeen policemen for three weeks to collect money for the society, and the legislature of the state passed without difficulty the laws he asked. It came then to be against the law to starve animals, to put them to death in cruel ways, to carry them on trains without proper arrangements for their care.

Mr. Angell early saw the importance of circulating information as to the treatment of animals, and to this end he proposed the first paper of its kind in the world, "Our Dumb Animals," and by vote of the new society printed 200,000 copies of its first number.

In April, 1869, he crossed the ocean for the benefit of his health and for the purpose of making observations on the treatment of animals in the countries of Europe. In Ireland, "that beautiful country"—so he alludes to it—he saw very little use of the check-rein on horses and was much interested in finding at Cork a fine hospital for animals where Turkish baths were given to horses and other four-footed invalids. Here he hoped to have his first sight of an English robin, but there was not such a thing in all Ireland—they were all "Irish" robins, he was informed. In Scotland a great delight to him was that wonderful race of dogs, half human, without whose help sheep could not be kept in that mountainous country and a large part of Scotland would be worthless. Here, too, he observed that the check-rein was rarely used.

In England he went to the Derby races, and here he saw less cruelty to animals



MRS. GEO. T. ANGELL

than he had sometimes seen on the streets of his home city in a single day. When the horse that drew him to the races stumbled and fell, the driver spoke to him as kindly as though he had been his child.

In London he called at the offices of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the mother of all the other humane societies of the world, and was invited to make an address on the work in America. The Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided at the meeting and at the close of his address Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, then an aged man, rose and "with the utmost dignity" moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Angell. He was invited to meet a party of friends the next day at the house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and lay before them his plans for humane education. As one result of this gathering a humane educational committee was formed, having at its head the distinguished lady at whose house the meeting was held.

From England he went to the continent. He mentions that on the morning after his arrival in Paris a white dove came in at the open window of his lodging as if to welcome him to the city. In the gardens of the Tuileries he was gladdened by the sight of wild birds so tame they would feed from the hand. At the annual meeting of the French Society for the Protection of Animals an interesting sight was the presentation of a medal to a little boy who had given his dinner to a starving dog on the street. As the lad came forward to receive the reward so unexpected to him, he was loudly cheered by 2,000 men and women.



MR. ANGELL, ATTENDED BY ONE OF THE HOTEL BOYS IN FRONT OF THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, BOSTON, WHERE HE LIVES

Incidents such as these, rather than the ordinary sights sought after by the tourist, made a deep impression upon his mind.

In Switzerland the famous dogs of the convent of St. Bernard, one of whom had saved the lives of about forty Alpine travelers, claimed his interested attention; and, in Venice, the daily feeding of thousands of pigeons in the Square of San Marco.

A sad contrast to these cheering scenes awaited him on his return to America. In 1870 he visited Chicago, at that time one of the cruelest cities in the world. Here he visited the stockyards and saw the dead and dying animals pulled off the cars and piled on platforms. Men with great spiked poles weighing eight or ten pounds were thrusting them into the cattle to urge them on. "I should think," he remarked to one of these men, "that there would be danger of putting out the eyes of the animals." The man replied with an oath that they "didn't care if they did."

He found that the water was cut off from these stockyards every Saturday and that tens of thousands of animals were required to stand there without water during all the long hours until Monday morning. Resolving to do something for the amelioration of the lot of these poor sufferers he took an office in the city and went to work to form a humane society, the result of which was that today the millions of animals in these stockyards are properly fed, watered, and protected from cruelty by the society which he then formed.

All over this country, from New England and Dakota in the North, to New Orleans in the South, Mr. Angell has since gone, preaching the gospel of kindness to the lower creatures. His audiences have been State Legislatures, Colleges, Universities, Normal Schools, national and state conventions, the assembled police of Philadelphia, 3,000 drivers and teamsters in Boston, great union meetings of clergy and churches in the northern, eastern, western and southern cities.

In 1882 he started the American Bands of Mercy whose branches now numbering over 60,000, reach every state in the United States and British America, and comprise an army of over 3,000,000 American boys and girls, all pledged to be kind to all harmless living creatures and to endeavor to protect them from cruel treatment.

It is Mr. Angell's firm conviction that if children were taught the principles of humanity in the schools, and if youths were taught it in the colleges and universities, wars would cease on the earth. War, in his estimation, is a monstrous evil, and he would have our youth taught to so regard it. The efforts he has made in the cause of peace are well known. "He is the most effective peace worker we have," said the Secretary of the American Peace Society to the writer not long ago.

At 82 George Thorndike Angell is still at his post, thinking, speaking, writing, planning for the work he loves so well.



MR. ANGELL IN HIS OFFICE

J. E. Neisz, Canton, Ohio, sends the editor a chip from the corner stone of the McKinley Memorial Monument that was laid November 16th last in the presence of some 8,000 school children at Canton, Ohio. Among the notables present on the occasion were Vice-President Fairbanks, Ex-Governor Herrick, William R. Day, and many others. The monument is located in West Lawn Cemetery on a high hill overlooking Canton.

Fourth of July Among the Kiowas

By IDA A. ROFF



ON PARADE

AT NO PLACE is the Fourth of July more enthusiastically celebrated than on the Kiowa Reservation in Oklahoma. The Indians and some of the white men who live there little realize the full meaning of the day. They know, however, that it is a day to be looked forward to eagerly.

For several days before the Fourth, the Indians gather at some spot on the prairie and set up their tepees. For months they have been training their ponies to take part in the races, and now, as the Fourth is approaching, they may be seen daily at practice in the presence of several hundred spectators who gather on the hillside to watch.

It is remarkable how quiet the Indian is, even when interested and excited. When a mule races with a pony, or when a rabbit, venturing its way across the track, is discovered, the Indian loses some of his self control and comes near being excited after the manner of the white man, but as a rule he is quiet and undemonstrative.

At early dawn of the Fourth, everyone is astir; horses are running about, here, there, and everywhere, their riders apparently discharging important duties. There is a band and a band wagon and a great parade to the picnic grounds. Mounted Indian police head the procession, followed by the band wagon, and then come the men, women, boys, and girls on horses or mules, riding two abreast, and all carrying flags. A motley crowd, in buggies, covered wagons, on horseback, or on foot bring up the rear. It is a gay procession, for the Indians wear shirts of bright green, red, blue, or purple. Their faces are painted red and yellow and their hair is twisted and tied with bright colored worsteds or long strips of fur. Their blankets are of red or blue, although it is not unusual to see an Indian wrapped in a white sheet. The women dress in bright colors, although once in a while a velvet or silk dress, or a handsome shawl, is seen. Not infrequently a buckskin suit, trimmed with beads, shells, and elks' teeth, is conspicuous among the rest. It is indeed a gorgeous spectacle, for there, besides, is the vast expanse of out of doors, the blue sky, and green grass carpeting the endless prairie.



"GEN L. MILES" IN HIS REGIMENTALS

Once at the picnic grounds, two eyes and two ears are not enough to take in the interesting sights. First, there is cattle roping by the cowboys. The cattle are provided for the feast by the cattle men, but the cowboys must first have their fun. A dozen or more cattle are surrounded and at a signal one after another is let out of the circle to be lassoed and roped. A prize of ten dollars is given to the one accomplishing the feat in the shortest time, and often less than a minute is consumed by the cowboy who, riding after the steer on the dead jump, throws the rope, lassoes the animal, and then, riding round and round his victim, tightly encircles him and brings him to a stand. An unruly steer perhaps takes a notion to run toward the spectators, and then there is a general scramble. The wonder is that no one is hurt. Then the cattle are all turned loose to run over the prairie. No sooner, however, have they commenced to graze, seemingly forgetful of the indignities that have been heaped upon them, than up rides the Indian police who chase them and shoot them down, one after another. Then follows the butchering, which is done by the women.

After dinner the horse racing begins and with it the chief pleasure and excitement of the day. The track is a circle, one mile in length, and about it gathers the entire company. Then come the foot races, the hurdle races, and the ball games, as well as other athletic sports. A young Indian boy now holds the territorial record for vaulting.

The funny feature of the day is the appearance of the mud-men. A number of Indians, having completely covered themselves and their ponies with mud, so that they look like hideous monstrous pieces of clay endowed with life suddenly ride among the people. A great shout goes up, for the mud-men are awful to behold. At the shout the terrible creatures pretend to run into the crowd, upon which there is pandemonium. The fright is all assumed for nobody is really afraid.

Toward sunset you hear the tom-tom, which is the signal for the Indian dances. The dancers are covered with paint and feathers, and make music as they move. for fastened below their knees are strings of bells. Men, women, and children all take part, no matter how old or how ponderously fat; everybody joins. Far into the night the merry-making continues and not until long past midnight does quiet reign in the camp.

Next Month

Everett T. Tomlinson's great serial story, THE CAMP FIRE OF MAD ANTHONY, begins next month.



AN INDIAN WARRIOR



INDIAN WOMAN WEARING BUCKSKIN DRESS TRIMMED WITH ELK-TEETH

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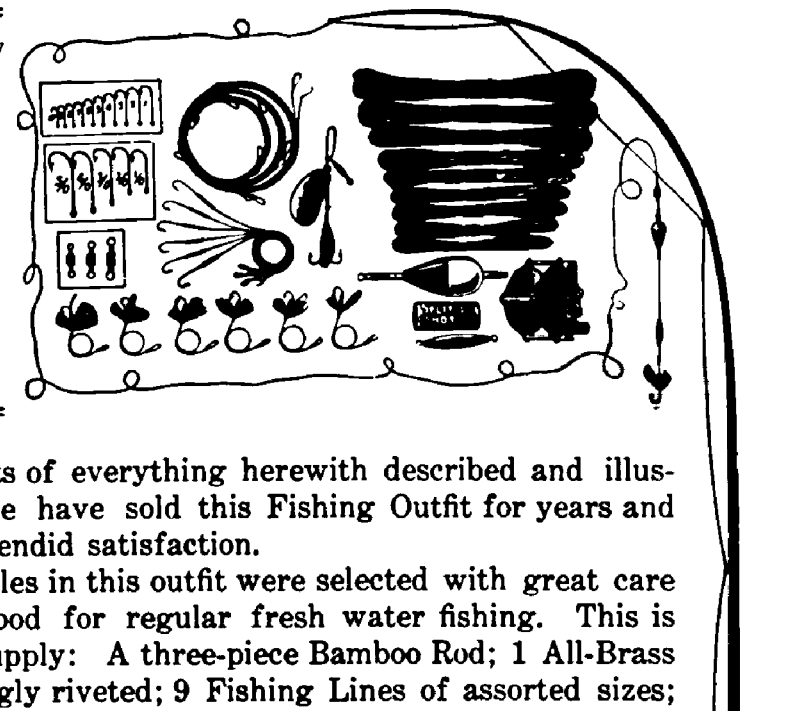

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SNITCHING UP

By MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

A RESTLESS murmur filled the court room.

"Jiminy! but they's a big bunch o' kids today."

"You bet! but gee! it's slow waitin'. Pass it on!" With this, Ted administered a sharp kick to the calf of his companion's leg. A pained surprise merged into a quick appreciation of the game, as the injured one sent the compliment on down the line, coupled with the same advice. A wavy upheaval rippled stormily over the moving sea of faces, but Judge Findley's quiet entrance stemmed the current of mischief.

The first case on the juvenile docket named Michael Cahoot as defendant.

"Surely you're not in trouble, Cahoot? You, a deputy of this court!" A mottled red painfully blotched the small face.

"Why, Mike, we're in 'cahoots' to keep the other fellows out of scrapes! Isn't this some mistake?"

A dejected nod of the head, and the color drained out of Cahoot's face, only to rush back in a consuming fire, the child's angry eyes a-blaze, as a large, fleshy officer stepped forward. Judge Findley thought, with pathos-tinged humor, of David and Goliath, as looking from one to the other, he wondered if fate had in store some potent sling-shot of defense for this little modern waif.

"You appear against this boy, Mr. Strong?"

"Yes, your honor."

"The charge?"

A small, roughened hand was flung out in dumb appeal.

"Please, jedge, I kin snitch up on my own self, can't I?"

Strong nodded his willingness and the judge motioned to the boy to proceed. The child's lips were distorted, as achingly he wrung forth the words:

"I swiped—a—knife, jedge!"

"I'm hard hit, Mike! I thought we'd got you beyond all that! Why, I trusted you, Mike, and bragged on you—and now—"

The lifeless drop of his honor's voice and the friendly comradeship of the "we," clutched the boy's throbbing remorse with an added twinge.

"P'raps yer work won't 'pear all t'rowed away, jedge w'en—"

"Yes, when—my boy?"

"W'en I's done. De ol' man he sicked me on. Not ez dat counts, fer I ain't forgit w'acher sez 'bout havin' backbone—"

"You weren't told to steal?"

"N—o, but w'en I ast 'im fer a knife ter make a kite, he tol' me ter git it any ol' place, any ol' way I—I liked—only not ter git pulled, less'n I wanted ter stay canned, fer he ain't got no money ter buy up dis court—"

The judge interrupted with an order to his clerk and then bent softening eyes upon the boy.

"I kep' a-thinking o' dat kite I could make—'n' how high she'd fly dese yere blowy days—'n'—I swiped it—'n'—"

"And then?"

"'N' den—I made de kite—'n'—she's a bird!—but—I—"

"But, Cahoot?"

"But I couldn't git no fun a-flyin' of her!"

"Why, Mike? Because you'd been caught?"

The boy's eyes wore the look of a dog's, struck by a friendly hand: "On de square, no, jedge! I never knowed till yisteddy—"

Like a dumb animal in pain, he lifted a hopeless prayer of mute appeal to his enemy.

"No, your honor, he's told the truth so far. I didn't want to spoil the kid's whole week by dreading it, so I held my tongue about seeing him steal the knife, till yesterday."

"Bleeged, I'm sure!" Infinite scorn charged the small voice, "You wuz jus' skeered stiff I'd hot-foot it!"

"Then what spoiled your fun, Cahoot?" The judge spoke unsteadily.

"I—kep' a-thinkin' how you'd backed me ter play square again de hull push—'n'—showed yer trust makin' me a off'cer ter he'p pull de kids inter de juvenyle court 'n' out o' trouble—'n'—"

"Yes, my boy?"

The ring of hope pulsed in the patient voice and it was music to the prisoner at the bar.

"'N' I worked empt'n ashpits 'n' sellin' papers 'n' went back ter dat store—'n' ast de jolly guy wid kid eyes, w'at he'd take fer de loan of a knife fer three days."

"Yes?"

Suppressed eagerness throbbed in the question.

"He sort o' grinned 'n' looked wise like he was sizin' up me 'n' my pile, 'n' sez.

"'Bout fifteen cents ter you, kid.'

"You bet I up 'n' paid it like greased lightnin' 'n' forked over de knife 'n' snitched up!"

"Good for you, my boy!"

The tears sprang smarting to the child's eyes, as an uplifted hand smote him with brotherly fervor:—

"You're a prince of fine fellows! I told 'em you wouldn't fail me, Mike!"

At the ringing jubilation of his honor's tone and the comforting warmth of his gripping fingers, Cahoot's eyes fell, while a shamefaced grin of glowing rapture spread swiftly upward, creeping in beneath the lowered lids, which lifted shyly to disclose a great, wet gladness.

"And the 'jolly guy,' you trump? Tell me more!"

"He sez ez how all men, even cops, is kids onct 'n' he'd eat his hat if I lost my job wid dis court, after I'd snitched up hones' ter Jedge Findley! He sez he knowed w'at it wuz fer a kid ter be widout no knife 'n' worse'n no father, 'n' he reckoned he'd pass on a kindness did ter 'im w'en a kid, 'n' be mum."

Judge Findley tipped back in his chair, hands deep in his pockets, as he fingered a knife which of a sudden burdened him. Sunny gleams from a boyish heart made beautiful the clear depths of his laughing eyes, uplifted to the waiting officer:

"Well, Strong, where's your case?"

But Mike broke in:

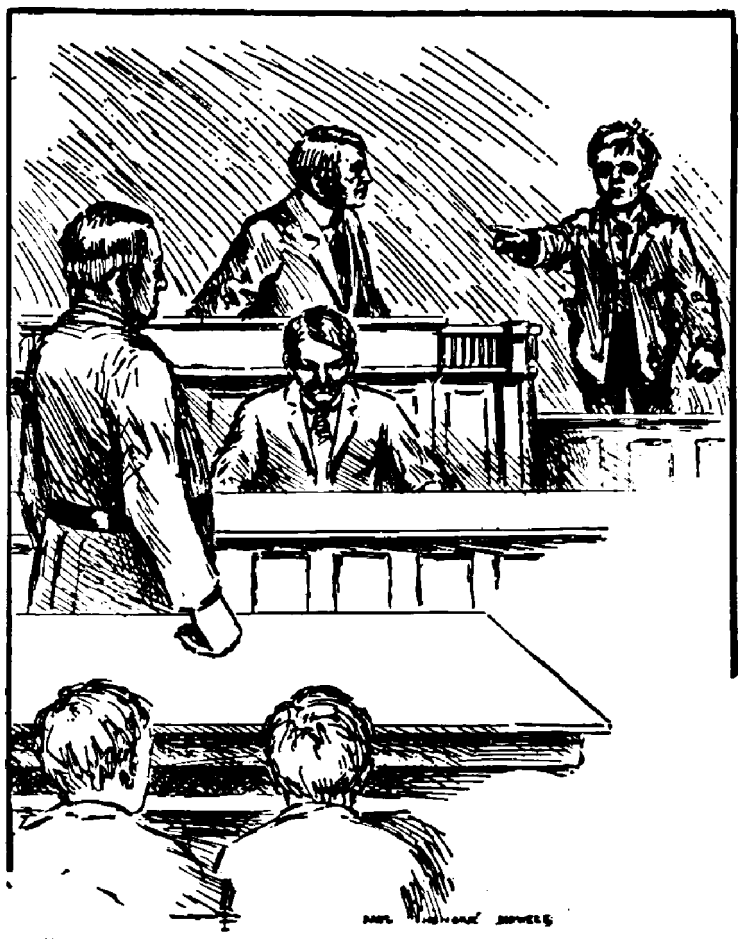
"Please, jedge, I ain't t'rough yit!"

"Well, rush it along, Cahoot!"

David drew his shabby little form proudly erect, and taking aim at Goliath with accusing finger, fired:

"Ez a off'cer o' dis court, I charge Fatty Felix wid swipin'!"

The judge's tilted chair came down with a thump, while laughter thrilled the crowd, and small figures crept daringly forward, glorying in spunky Cahoot's scrap with the dreaded "Tramway Cop." Goliath felt conspicuously big and red as, dumbfounded, he strove to grin himself back into self-repose.



"EZ A OFF'CER O' DIS COURT I CHARGE FATTY FELIX WID SWIPIN"

The judge rubbed his hands together and turning to David, said:

"Report, Mr. Deputy!"

"Don'cher see, jedge, dese yere cops is jes' a-itchin' ter run us kids in 'n' git de laugh on yer Court, fer bein' easy wid us—dey sez—but us fellers won't stand fer it, see? So, w'en I run up agin' Fatty Felix after my scrimmage, I swore I'd queer 'em yit—'n' I ketched 'im in great shape!"

The boyish voice shook with elation, as Mike paused, the dramatic figure in a stirring scene:

"I shaddered 'im ter Pat McCarthy's stand, keepin' on his blind side, 'n' dat's his hind side! 'N' by gum, w'en Pat wuz sellin' popcorn, Fatty up 'n' keerless like swipes his big fist full o' peanuts, 'n' slid 'em blamed easy inter his pocket. 'N' w'en poor Pat rubbers 'round, Fatty wuz moonin' off kinder empty like, 'sif he ain't never had no idee, ner ever heard tell o' three little niggers in a peanut shell, 'n'—"

But a joyous roar drowned the small accuser's voice, and in the first lull Mr. Strong said chokingly:

"May it please the Court, I withdraw all charges against Michael Cahoot!"

The laugh in the great voice caught at the little deputy's ready friendliness.

"Same here, jedge, 'n' if yer 'gree'ble, we'll call it off!"

David's hard, tiny fist was swallowed up in the great hand of Goliath. Then flashing a loyal smile at the court, the boy turned away to the deserved homage of "de gang."

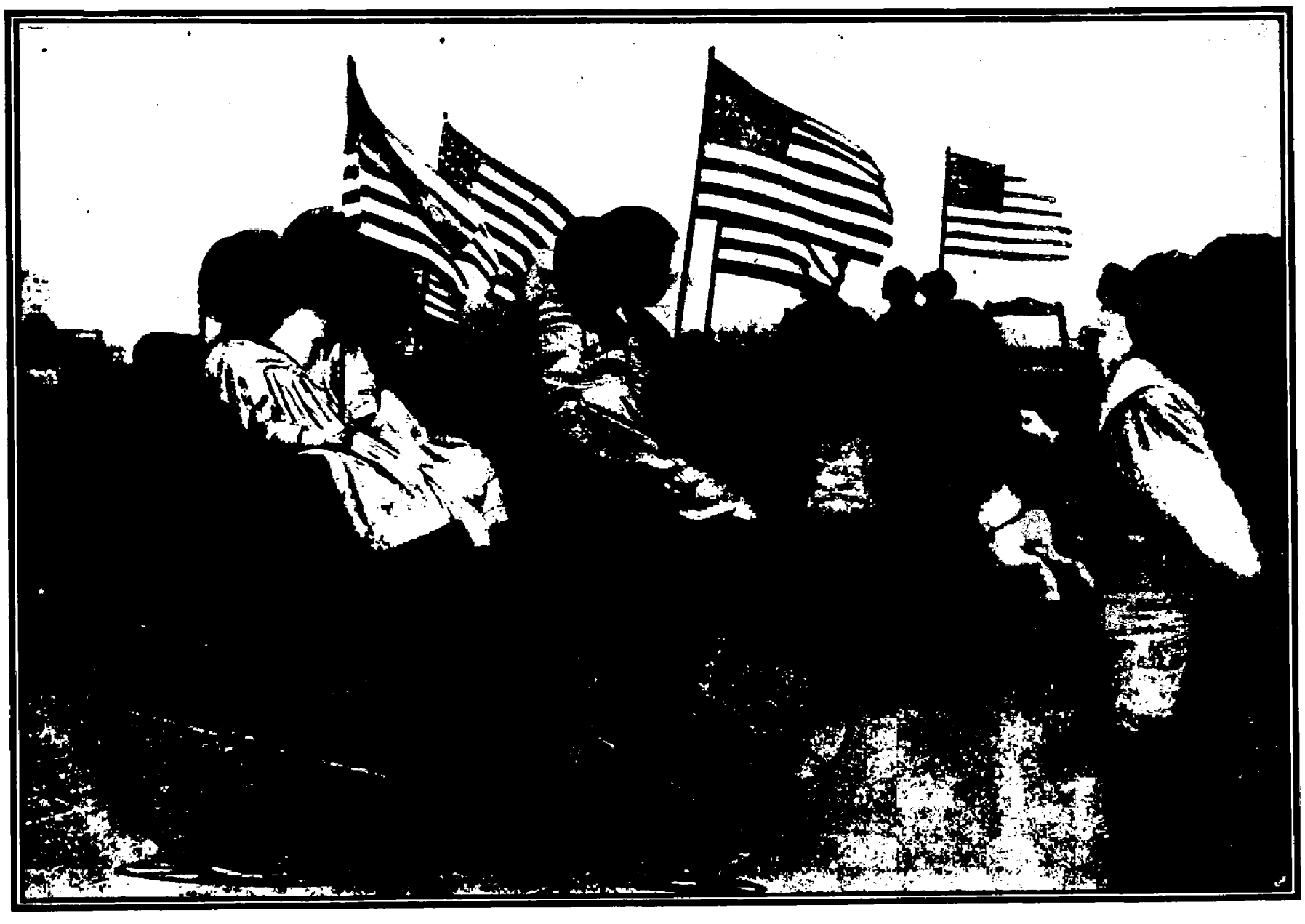
But Miss Burke, the pretty girl who did the write-ups for Cahoot's paper, proffered a friendly palm, declaring he'd helped her "scoop" the other dailies.

"Don't mention it, miss! But wontcher please ter put yer yarn on de sportin' page? Fer I'd like all my fren's ter see how I done up Fatty Felix, 'n' de fellers don't read yer s'ciety stunts. Gee! I wisht I had a photo ter head her wid, but I ain't never set!"

A Coin and Handkerchief Trick

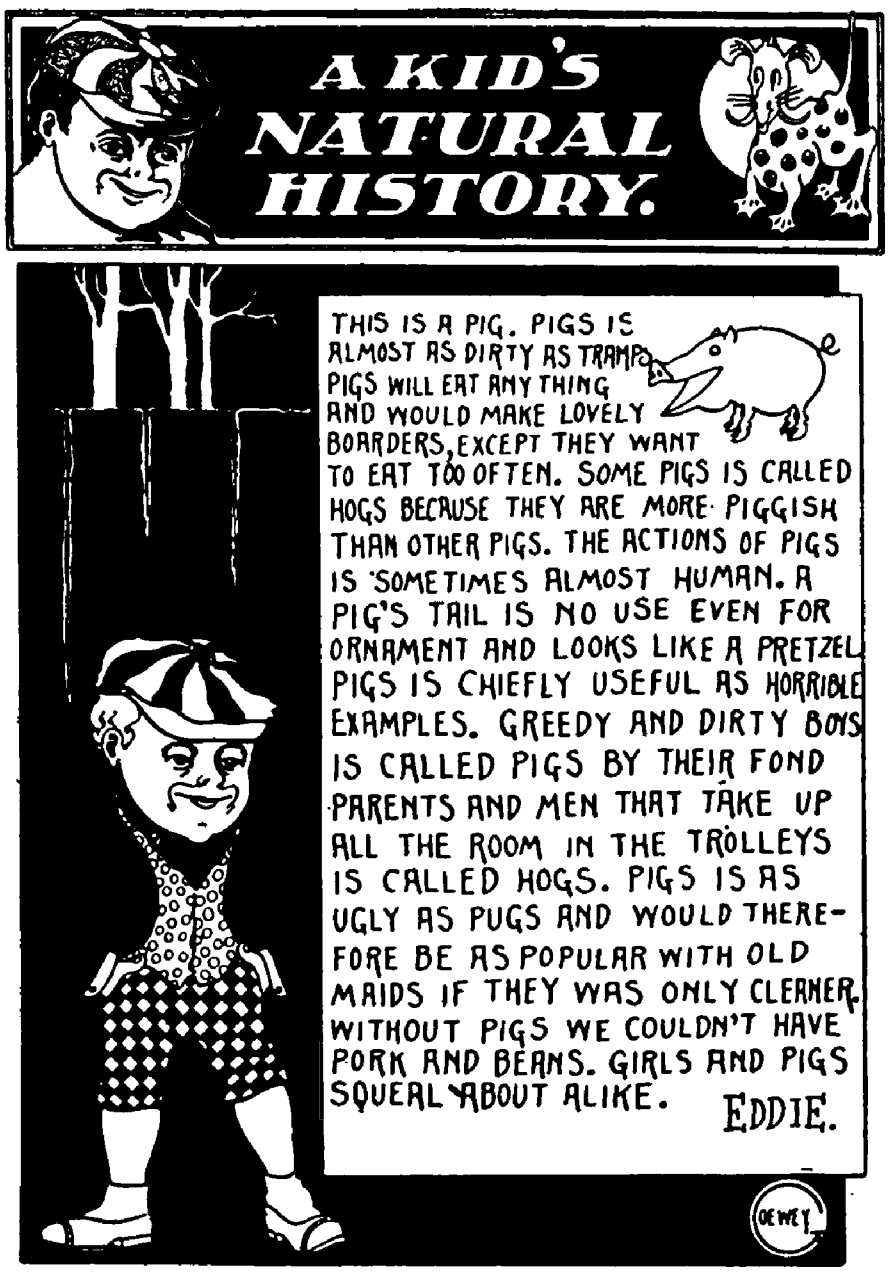
Chester L. Dows, an AMERICAN BOY reader at Lowell, Mass., sends the following as a description of a neat little trick.

All that is necessary to have in order to perform the trick is a handkerchief, a ten-cent piece, and a piece of soap. With a knife cut off a piece of soap about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and stick this piece of soap on the hem of the handkerchief in one corner. Place the dime in the center of the handkerchief, which must lay flat on the table. Take the corner which has the soap on it and fold it over, placing it gently on the dime; now fold the other corners over, placing each corner on the dime. The corner that has the soap on it is the one to your right. When the corners are folded, the handkerchief will be in the form of a diamond with one of the points towards the performer. Place the thumb and forefinger of each hand at the point of the diamond nearest to you. Pick it up, letting the four corners fall apart, at the same time sliding the right hand to the corner where the dime is. Shake the handkerchief and show that the dime has disappeared.



IMMIGRANT CHILDREN ON THE ELLIS ISLAND ROOF GARDEN

Uncle Sam is a great lover of children; in fact I believe that if he alone were consulted in the matter, immigration would be restricted to children. He naturally feels that the little tots are innocent of all the taint to which the older people of foreign countries have been subjected. Having the pure article to begin with he has a better chance of making good citizens. The picture given herewith shows that good old Uncle Sam loses no time in instilling the spirit of patriotism. Even before they set foot on the main land—while they are yet aliens in detention—he teaches the little boys and girls to love the stars and stripes.



My Young Sportsman

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

CHAPTER II.

IN THE PRECEDING chapter we discussed the weight and length of barrels which are considered preferable in the ideal arm. Another important thing for our consideration is the gauge, for in the fashionable arm this has changed fully as much as have the length of the barrels. At one time a small bore was considered necessary, and many were the weapons made of eighteen, twenty, or even twenty-two sizes. A reaction finally took place and gradually the gauge increased until a ten, or even an eight, was looked upon as exceedingly proper. Again the pendulum swung, and at the present time a twelve gauge is considered standard. It is a happy medium between the sixteen and ten, and, if loaded properly, is about the correct thing for all-around purposes.

Guns are either bored plain cylinders, chokes, or modified chokes. The plain cylinder is the gun for woods shooting where it is desirable to scatter the charge over a considerable space. The modified choke is much used for trap shooting as well as for game. The full choke is the closest shooting gun, throwing its charge in a compact bunch, and, at short range, making too close a pattern for hunting purposes. At long range, and especially for ducks, it is by all means the "weapon" to use. If a single barrel arm is to be purchased, it is probably a good plan to get a modified choke, but if a double barrel is selected, and it is intended for woods hunting, let one barrel be modified and the other cylinder. If it is intended for both ducks and woods shooting, get a combination of modified and full choke. A full choke, both barrels, is the thing to use exclusively for ducks and other aquatic fowl.

In addition to all the things we have named pertaining to a good gun, your arm should have a pleasing balance. The barrels should have a graceful taper from breech to muzzle, and the gun should be neatly and carefully finished.

By the term "finished," we do not mean necessarily fancy engraving, but we do mean a carefully fitted stock that is well oiled and polished, and a set of barrels that are carefully browned. In short, the general make-up of a gun should be such that the owner of it experiences a sense of satisfaction in the use and care of it. A poor gun is a constant nuisance and source of trouble, while a good one is a thing of beauty and a joy for years. By all means get the very best your pocket can afford.

In all the preceding we have had reference to the shotgun, and it would seem that this article would be incomplete without mention of its brother, the rifle. The rifle is considered by many to be the highest product of the gunmaker's art. There are thousands of sportsmen who do not care to use a shotgun, but who are at the same time old friends of the rifle.

In some parts of the great west I have known the miners and cowboys to refer with contempt to the "spatter guns" of their eastern friends, and in all probability there is a reason for this. The sectional prejudice, if it may be called such, is directly traceable to the wide difference in the game hunted. While most of us cling to the good old shotgun for a day's sport afield, yet at the same time we admire the rifle, for really there is no grander weapon of the chase in all the world.

In selecting a rifle we must be governed by the use we expect to make of it, for a 22-caliber is hardly the thing for deer or bear, and on the other hand, we would not use a 45-70 for squirrels. So under the circumstances, a caliber must be selected to meet our particular requirements. The 22-caliber short, 22-caliber long; 22-caliber long rifle, etc., are excellent for small game of almost every kind. The 22-long rifle is a "wicked" shooting piece of ammunition, and on a still day is considered accurate at 150 yards. The other small calibers up to 38 are used more or less for small game, and in some cases where a long shell is used, as in the 32-40, and the 38-55, they have done splendid work on large game.

Above the 38's are the big guns, which are never adapted to small game unless we are so expert as to always pick a head.

Mention should be made of the new 30-calibers recently placed on the market. They are adapted for hunting large game, and although of comparatively small caliber, their high velocity and the peculiar style of their ammunition, produces an effect upon game similar to a 50-caliber express. The bullets are metal jacketed, with the exception of the point, which is left bare. When a projectile of this kind meets with any substance in its flight, other than air, it immediately expands, or mushrooms. The shattering effects of such a missile is something terrible, and no game even though found in the jungle can withstand it.

Manufacturers of arms using the expansive bullets have placed on the market what are called "short range cartridges." The bullets are of lead and the shells are loaded with a few grains of smokeless powder, the greater part of the shell remaining empty. Fairly good results have been obtained from this form of ammunition, but the writer's experience has been that it is preferable to use a separate rifle for your small game shooting.

In this and the preceding chapter the writer has endeavored to discuss the points necessary for the information of his young friends, in order that they may intelligently select a firearm.

In the next chapter we will take up the subject of Ammunition and Its Preparation.

(To be continued.)

A Father's Opinion

Alliance, Nebraska, April 23, 1906.
Sprague Publishing Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

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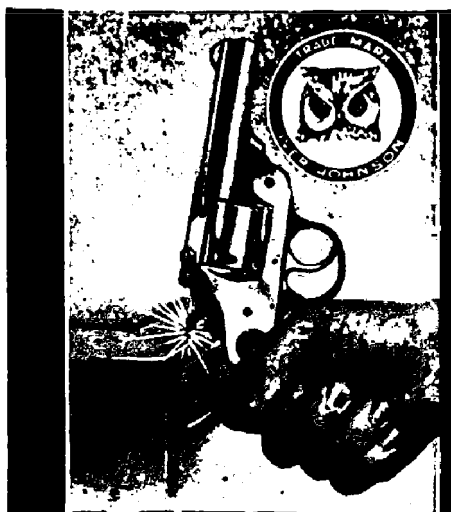

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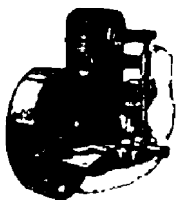

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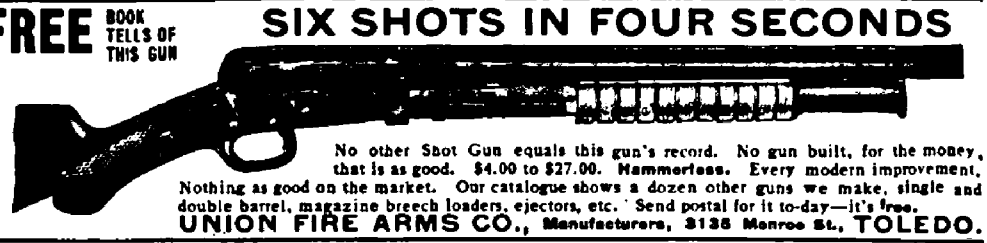

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Too Little Authority Exercised Over Boys

In the April number of Munsey's Magazine appeared an article by Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst, the eminent New York clergyman and lecturer, which ought to be read by boys and their elders. He says, in effect, that there is too little authority exercised over boys on the part of those to whom authority rightfully belongs, that is, their parents. He fears the result of this, not only in the breaking up of our home life, but in its effects on the cause of education. He suggests that there is not enough whipping, and makes the remark that we all need to be whipped, and all will be whipped at one end of life or the other. If we do not get lashed in our boy[illegible] we are liable to get lashed in our old age. He thinks that one stroke given us while we are young is better than a dozen after we become tough. He thinks we all, whether boys or grown-ups, ought to learn to respect and obey external authority, and not put our own whims and self-will to the fore. He says the American child has been indulged, coddled and inflated into a pretentious little egotist that scorns respect for anybody but himself. His own fully matured opinions, tastes and judgments are as good as those of any one else, if not, in fact, better. He knows everything knowable, and a few other things about diet, bedtime, school, education, and the Constitution of the United States, and is competent to express the final, decisive judgment on each one of them; and he wants his own way in respect of them all. In fact, he models after the famous little son of Themistocles, of whom his father said on meeting him on the street in Athens.

"That boy is the greatest power in Greece, for I rule the whole Grecian State, and his mother rules me, and he rules his mother."

He insists that children rule the public schools, and that boys rule the colleges, and says that if it comes to a tug of war over the ethics of football, half the college presidents in the land are afraid to tackle the question with decision as against the boys.

There is a kernel of truth in Dr. Parkhurst's position. The sooner we learn that even although we are living in a free republic, we must accustom ourselves to life under law, the better it will be for us. To learn to obey one's parents is the first step toward learning to obey the law and becoming a good citizen. Then, too, "children, obey your parents, for it is right."

Photograph of Grover Cleveland and his son Richard

Through a regrettable error the picture of Grover Cleveland and his son Richard, which appeared in our May issue, was not credited to the photographers who made it. This interesting and striking picture was made from a stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y., and copyrighted, 1905, by this well-known firm.

How Washington Celebrated a Fourth of July

By FRED MYRON COLBY

A RUDE stockade of earth and logs thrown hastily up in the wilderness; a lazy brook flowing near by, and all around the wild forest green and beautiful with the emerald foliage of early summer. This is the scene. The time is July 3rd, 1754.

Within this rude frontier fort were assembled four hundred Virginian provincials, dressed in deerskin hunting coats and leggings, and about a hundred friendly Indians in warpaint and feathers. Their commander was a tall, stately young man of twenty-two, whose steady blue eyes and composed features indicated one born to leadership. He was then known as Major George Washington.

The young Virginian had been sent with this small force and nine swivels mounted on carriages to take possession of the territory between the Susquehanna and the Ohio, which was claimed alike by the English and the French. The latter had established several forts already in the country, and had a much larger number of soldiers to defend them.

Washington knew the country, for he had been there once before on an embassy to the commandant of the French forts. But he had no adequate force to carry out his plans, and though he was successful at first, having met a small French detachment and defeated it, later on he was obliged to retreat before a superior body of the enemy.

He retraced his steps to a place called the Great Meadows, where he halted and threw up such breastworks of earth and rocks and trees as they could manage with the tools at their command.

"I shall call this place Fort Necessity," he said to his officers; "for it is necessity, not choice that made me retreat here."

Here through the hot July days they waited for the dreaded Frenchmen and their red allies. But they did not mean to be surprised, and a ceaseless vigilance was sustained.

At length on the morning of the 3rd of July the gay uniform and the bright muskets of the French were seen through the forest trees as they advanced to the attack. There were fully a thousand of them, and the woods soon rang with the shouts of battle and the discharge of musketry.

Washington had made the best arrangements for defense possible. His swivels were mounted where they commanded the widest approaches, and his men were ordered to withhold their fire till the French were within range.

But they were sadly handicapped by a lack of ammunition, and they had no bread whatever, being forced to subsist wholly on fresh beef. The fort was hardly defensible, and to make matters worse a furious thunder storm arose late in the afternoon, drenching the defenders to the skin. The fresh earth of the entrenchment was turned to soft mud, and the men at the outposts stood to their knees in water.

The fight continued all through that July day and into the night, Washington and his men stubbornly defending every inch of ground. The young leader clearly saw there could be but one outcome to it, but he was not the man to ask for quarter. They were fighting not for victory, but for honor, and the braver their defense the better would be the terms offered them.

Villars, the French commander, duly appreciated the valor of the young American officer, and as he had already lost a number of his men, to save further lives, he sent a flag of truce forward and proposed a parley. Washington had fired his last shot, and his men were exhausted, and he was ready to listen to terms of capitulation. With a drum-head for a table, and a log of wood for a seat he called his officers about him, and by the gleams of a sputtering candle, the terms were gravely discussed. The conditions were highly honorable. By midnight the articles were signed. They provided that the English should march out with drums beating and colors flying, carrying with them their swivels and all their other property, and that they should be protected from the Indians.

Washington could not have asked for better terms, but he could not sleep that night. His men dozed around the gloomy campfires.

The next morning, the Fourth of July, then an unmarked day in the calendar, dawned fair and bright. The storm was over, the birds sang from the thickets and the leaves danced in the sunlight. But it was a dark and gloomy day for Washington.

At nine o'clock, the hour set for the surrender, Washington and his men marched out of the fort to the sound of fife and drum. Everything was done by the French to lessen the humiliation of the defeated, but no one can smile amid disaster. Their horses and cattle had been shot by the savages, and they were obliged to carry the sick and wounded upon their backs.

It was a sad and dispiriting spectacle, and Washington could hardly restrain the tears from coming into his eyes. The miserable morning was probably the darkest of his life. One ray of sunshine brightened his face for a moment, when the French commander, a grizzled veteran, saluting him said:

"Major Washington, I had been told you were young, but not till now did I fully realize it. All day yesterday I thought I was fighting a man as old in war as I am, and I have been a soldier for thirty years. You have great things before you."

To the core of his heart Washington felt the cordial respect given him by his enemies.

But he had bitter thoughts on that homeward march through the forests over the Alleghanies. He had been sent out to do great things, and he went back a defeated man. His ambition seemed blighted in the bud. Little could he foresee the future and realize that by heroism in defeat and victory he would make the Fourth of July forever glorious to a new-born nation that was to hail him as its father.



A SAN FRANCISCO STREET AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

(*Continued from page 260*)

for Rockville. Up to this time nothing had been heard of the cavalrymen Louis and Harry Bingham had met. But now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Jerry Rowe, one of the advance guards sent out, came running back, his face as white as a sheet.

"The Southern cavalry!" he gasped. "They are on the road, a hundred or more strong, and are coming this way! Run for your lives!"

"Rowe!" ejaculated Captain Paulding so fiercely that Jerry nearly sank in new terror.

"But, captain, they are a hundred strong, and all armed—and—"

"Enough. They are riding this way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; that is sufficient. Take your place in the ranks. Company, halt!"

"But, captain—"

"Silence, or I'll place you under arrest. You are positively the worst coward I ever met."

Without a word more Jerry sneaked to his place, glad that it was in the second and not the first division of the command. He trembled from head to foot.

Another of the guards now came back. It was Moses Blackwell, the blacksmith. He had remained long enough to ascertain that the cavalry numbered less than sixty men, but all well armed and mounted. That they were Confederates he was certain, for, although they wore the United States uniform, every U. S. had been stripped from their clothing, as well as from their horses' trappings.

"I left Dunham and Wells behind," said Blackwell. "They are going to watch and see if any more of the enemy are on the way."

"How far off are the cavalry?"

"Not more'n half a mile, sir."

"Very good. Return to the ranks. Company, attention! Forward march! Left wheel! Forward march! Left wheel! Forward march!" came the various commands, and in half a minute the volunteers were moving in the direction from whence they had come.

Louis wondered if they were really going to retreat, but he did not have to wonder long. In five minutes they reached a spot where the road widened and where at one side was a patch of rocky woodland, fringed by a strip of heavy but low brush. Here Captain Paulding halted his command and drew them up in a single line just in front of the brush.

"Men, we will wait here until the enemy apears," he said, quietly but firmly. "If they show a disposition to pass us without trouble, well and good. If they want to fight, leap behind the brush and wait for the command to fire. If we can't hold the brush, we will take to the woods, where, if they want to follow us, they'll have to do it on foot."

Having thus shown his military sagacity, Captain Paulding set the command at rest and went among "his boys" to encourage them to keep calm. The drummer boy was sent to the rear and every gun and pistol was examined to see that it was properly loaded.

A cloud of dust soon indicated the approach of the cavalry, and in a minute more they rode into sight. As they came closer Louis noted that the captain he had spoken to at the brook was at their head.

The volunteers were not discovered until the two comands were less than three hundred feet apart, for the cavalry had not expected trouble in that vicinity and had no guard in advance. The instant the volunteers were sighted the captain called a halt. There was a few seconds of consultation, then the cavalry leader rode forward holding up a white handkerchief. With his own handkerchief over his shoulder, Captain Paulding went forward to meet him. The two saluted in true military style.

"What company is that?" demanded the Confederate.

"The Goreville Volunteers, United States Army, from Pennsylvania, unattached. What cavalry is that?"

"Nelson's Potomac Chargers, unattached, of the South," the last words with peculiar emphasis. "Where are you going?"

"To Washington." "And you?"

"To Frederick."

Then came a pause. Both leaders looked each other squarely in the eyes.

"Do you anticipate trouble on the road, captain?" asked the Confederate, with a faint smile.

"I'm not looking for trouble, captain; but I am ready to meet it if it comes."

"Are you holding this road?"

"Oh, no."

"Then I reckon I'll bid you good day and go on."

"Good day, captain."

Again the two saluted, and each went back to his command. In a minute more the cavalrymen rode by, their sabers clanking loudly. They were certainly a fine body of men. A few scowled at the volunteers, a few smiled, and the majority, including the officers, looked straight ahead, as though the company along the roadside had never existed. Five minutes more, and the dust again swallowed them from view.

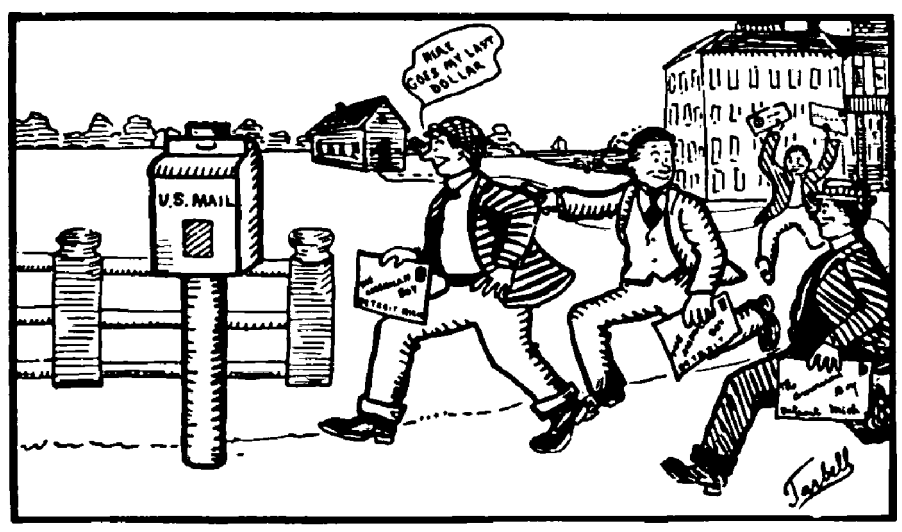
Before they had disappeared the volunteers were again in motion, and the wagon came forth from its place of concealment in the woods. Now the danger was past. Jerry Rowe began to murmur and wanted to know "why they hadn't been permitted to blow the heads off of every pesky rebel." But Moses, the blacksmith, soon silenced him.

"Jerry, you make me weary," he said. "If we ever git to shootin', you'll be the fust to run. Shut up!" and Jerry did.

The encounter with the cavalry was the last incident of importance in the march to the Capitol. One Sunday was spent on the road, and the following Tuesday night found them in Washington. They found some other commands from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York already there, in camp on the large parade ground near the White House and in the Capitol buildings. Some of the men who had come in were unarmed, but these were speedily furnished weapons by the United States authorities, and the veteran General Scott took command of the troops.

Throughout the South the cry was "On to Washington!" and it was feared that the Capitol might be attacked at any time. But General Scott was alive to the situation, and, as more and more troops came in, the city was well fortified against an attack and that danger was, for the time being, averted.

(*To be continued.*)



A GRAND RUSH FOR THE MAIL BOX, AS SEEN BY HARLAN E. TARBELL

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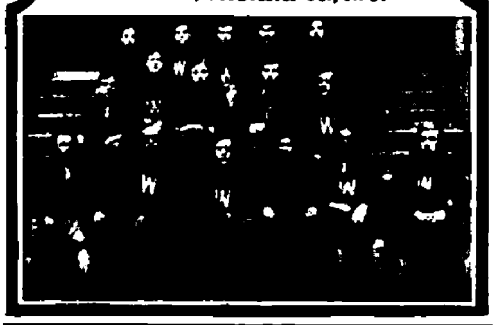

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A 7-Year-Old Telegrapher

This is the story of how a seven-year-old boy surprised a whole roomful of telegraph operators not long ago in the city of Topeka, Kansas. N. B. Peck, of Watonga, Oklahoma, who for fifteen years has been telegraph operator, station agent or trainmaster of the Rock Island railway, while on a visit to Topeka, took his son Glenn with him to the dispatcher's office. Glenn went into the office a few moments ahead of his papa and when Mr. Peck opened the door he found the entire office force gathered about his little son, who was engaged in calling by telegraph an office several hundred miles away. His speed and accuracy upon the wire astonished spectators and the fact that twenty-five instruments were at work all about him did not confuse the boy in the least. Glenn seems to have a natural born instinct for telegraphy. Not only is his father a telegrapher but his mother has also been an experienced operator for ten years past. Three or four years ago Glenn began to take a great interest in a telegraph instrument and he was able to send a message before he could read and write. Before being able to write he would call for a message on the wire and his mother would write it out for him. Glenn is now going to school.



GLENN AT HIS KEY

Youth, the plastic morning of life, is the time when we must do our effective work in character-building. If it is neglected then, or postponed, it will be well-nigh impossible to mold a perfect character.—"Success Magazine."

HOW THREE BOYS CAPTURED A BUZZARD.

BY CRAIG S. THOMAS.



Photographs by the Author.

THERE are few people whom we grown folks enjoy more than our boy friends. They come to me for all kinds of information about nature subjects, and usually bring liberal pay in advance in the shape of curious specimens, and, to them, rare insects, butterflies, flowers and birds.

Only the other day Laurel and Lee came in great glee to tell me that they, together with Bennie, had captured a live hawk. He did not seem able to fly far at a time, they said; and after chasing him a good way, they succeeded in surrounding him. He then seemed to regard his chance of escape by flight cut off, and so showed fight. Lee and Laurel were curious to see what Bennie would do. Flowers were more to Bennie's liking; he had analyzed over a hundred specimens that very season. He did not like the looks of the hawk's eyes, and was not anxious for an encounter with his majesty's hooked bill and curved talons. Yet he did not flinch, for this was an encounter calling for pluck.

None of the boys, however, cared to undertake the capture with bare hands; so, after numerous plans were discussed, a happy thought struck them. Off came their coats; together they made a rush, and landed their garments on top of the threatening bird. Then, while the other boys held his feet and beak through the coats, Laurel carefully worked his hands inside of the covering and down along the legs of the bird until both feet were tightly secured. Now the coats were removed, and Mr. Hawk, notwithstanding much pecking and clawing, was borne home in triumph; not, however, before the boys had received more than one painful dab from his sharp beak.

"What kind of a hawk is it?" they inquired. One friend thought it was a rough-legged buzzard; but its legs were not feathered to the toes—the unvarying sign of the rough-leg. It was not easy to identify the big fellow, for though full grown, he was a young bird, and young birds are never marked exactly like the old ones, and sometimes they are very different in coloration. By careful measurements and close examination, however, it was at length found to be a red-tailed buzzard; though not until next year would the tail change to reddish-brown.

At Laurel's home the boys found a large box, which they screened on one side with wire netting, and this made a good, large cage. In the bottom a hole was cut large enough to admit the bird. The box, which rested on a bench, was then raised, the buzzard pushed in, and the box lowered again to the bench, which effectively closed the door.

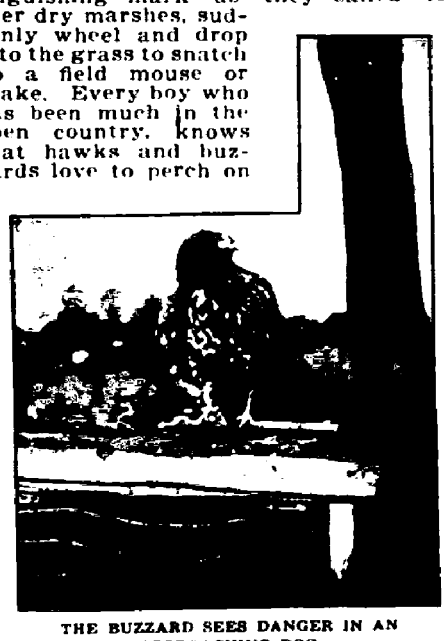
Now the problem of feeding began, and it was no small task to supply so large a bird. Liver was secured from the market; odd scraps of meat were picked up in the kitchen; recently dead young chickens were found at the barn. With relentless talons and effective beak the caged buzzard devoured them all.

Did you ever think how many mice, rats, weasels, snakes, rabbits, gophers, ground squirrels, and other small animals hawks and buzzards destroy? We call them birds of prey, and hunters often think it a good deed to kill one; but, although they occasionally capture a prairie chicken, grouse, quail, or partridge, it is not easy for them to find these birds, which have effective means of eluding their search.

When a boy I was hunting prairie chickens late one afternoon without a dog, when a large hawk, which went sailing across the field a long distance ahead of me, flushed a covey of seven chickens, which whirred away to the long slough grass, with the hawk in hot pursuit. But the powerful bird did not overtake them, and after soaring and wheeling low for a time over the place where they lit and lay hid, he gave up the search and flew away.

There is no doubt that the greater part of the quarry of these birds consists of the small quadrupeds and snakes above referred to. While hunting one day with a friend, we were walking through a bit of open timber, when a hawk, holding something in its talons, flew over us. A shot failed to kill the hawk—at which I was glad—but it made him drop his quarry, and a headless garter snake came tumbling through the trees to the ground.

Who has not observed the marsh hawks—the white rump being their distinguishing mark—as they sailed low over dry marshes, suddenly wheel and drop into the grass to snatch up a field mouse or snake. Every boy who has been much in the open country, knows that hawks and buzzards love to perch on old hay and straw stacks. Here mice and rats are always to be found, and they are watching for them.



THE BUZZARD SEES DANGER IN AN APPROACHING DOG

More than once when a boy, I have found the rabbit in my trap torn to shreds by some strong-taloned buzzard, and his fur strewn about the trap; and many times since, while hunting, I have come upon the remnant of the feast of some hawk in the shape of blood-besprinkled snow, a well picked skeleton, and bits of fur; but it was usually the remnant of some quadruped which in one way or another was injurious to man—as, the rabbit to his trees, the mice to his grain, or the weasel to his chickens.

The boys, elated with their success in capturing the buzzard, wanted me to come and photograph their prize. It was no small conquest they had made, and photographs of the bird would keep the memory of its capture green for years, and get the story told over and over again to other boys, and be palpable evidence of its truthfulness. These things the boys did not mention, but I was once a boy myself, and know how many thoughts and hopes lie at the root of a boy's brain, which he never utters, and most of the time does not himself suspect. It would be jolly to have the bird's picture taken, that was all.

So I gladly went to Laurel's home with my camera, and found Mr. Buzzard in the cage which I have described. To show me how he would perform, one of the boys brought the family cat. Both buzzard and cat seemed equally afraid. Stepping back as far as his cage would permit, the bird raised his beautiful wings threateningly; vicious anger flashed from his determined eyes, while his mandibles clicked defiance. The poor cat at once became panic stricken, and, with spread claws, tore herself from the boy's arms and made for the wood pile. The family dog was less afraid, and yet he saw in the buzzard a dangerous enemy which it was well to avoid, and so required considerable coaxing and patting to be persuaded to come near.

We secured a number of good photographs, and by the aid of the recovered cat and much-coaxed dog, several were taken, showing this noble bird in various defensive attitudes.

"What are you going to do with him, boys?" I asked. "Keep him; he can't hustle for himself; something is the matter with his wings," was the quick response. What is more noble and chivalrous than the spirit of a boy towards any beast or bird that has really gained his interest. For the boys to know and love the birds is to protect them.

There is promise now of a good trade in the meat business in the town where Laurel, Lee, and Bennie live, and if the buzzard survives the ordeal of taming, their parents may become bankrupt paying the bills.



LAUREL, LEE, AND BENNIE, AS THEY BROUGHT HOME THE BUZZARD

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JUNIOR

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In Defense of His Flag : :	Edward Stratemeyer
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Plupy in Peace and War : :	Henry A. Shute
The Boy and the Beast : :	John T. Trowbridge

TELL YOUR BOY FRIENDS

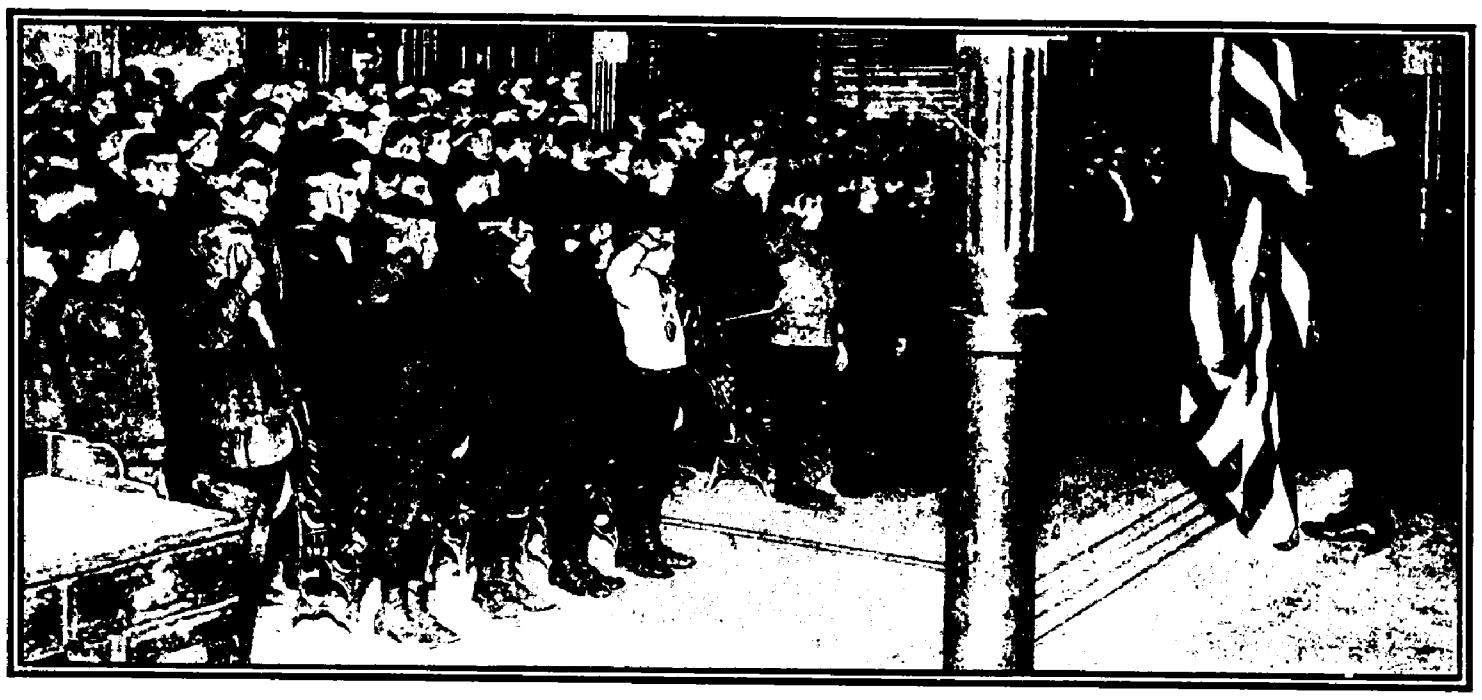
Opportunity and Honesty

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, in a recent article setting forth the evil of living simply to amass money, has a word to say to the young man about opportunity. "It has often been said," he writes, "that the opportunities for the young man are as good today as ever they were in the history of the world, and I heartily agree with that idea. When I was a young man I thought that if I had come to Minnesota in 1854 I would have had better opportunities than I did have, but it was a mistaken idea of youth." Governor Johnson says that character is the most desirable thing in the world and the foundation for all true success, and that all the money in the world cannot buy an honest man. He makes an appeal to boys to aim always to be achieving something and to be honest in every effort. "It is honesty," he says, "that makes men railway managers and bank presidents, and there never was such a demand for honest men in the world as there is today."

Look out for Your Laurels

Less than five years ago, a negro was selected as class orator at Harvard Commencement. A few weeks ago, the George William Curtis gold medal, the highest oratorical honor conferred by Columbia University, was awarded to a full-blooded Zulu. On March 16th last, a Japanese student, K. S. Inui, won first honors in the annual oratorical contest at the University of Michigan, his reward being $100 in gold and the Chicago Alumni gold medal. It also entitled Mr. Inui to represent the University of Michigan in the northern oratorical contest held in May at Oberlin, where the prize orators of a number of northern colleges and universities strove for the prize. When the contest took place, Inui, the University of Michigan Japanese, won first honors for his university. Boys who were readers of THE AMERICAN BOY two years ago will remember that this young man was one of the speakers on AMERICAN BOY DAY in Festival Hall, at the St. Louis Exposition; THE AMERICAN BOY, therefore, feels special pride in his success. The achievements of these two boys, a Zulu and a Japanese, whose orations were delivered in other than their mother tongue, should stimulate American boys to renewed efforts to win the prizes of oratory.

SALUTING THE FLAG AT A NEW YORK CITY SCHOOL

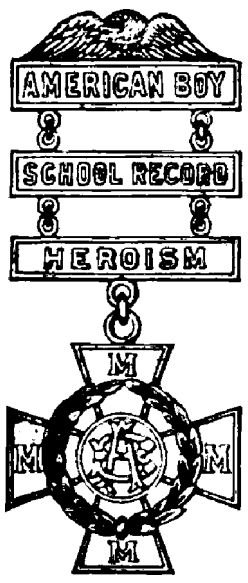


Love and respect for the flag is taught in every institution in Greater New York. Down in the neighborhood of Public School No. 8 boys are not born with this love and respect. Their parents are nearly all foreigners, with love for another kind of a flag than the stars and stripes, and it is not to be expected that the training of patriotism occupies much of their home life. At school, however, as the picture shows, the appearance of a banner made of stars and stripes is immediately the signal for every one to stand and make a respectful salute.

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 stood at the head of their classes, taking the average of all their study grades for the term, 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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts.



LEGION OF HONOR ROLL.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

LESLIE MILLER, Santa Rosa, Cal....S. R.
LOUIS SARETSKY, Benton Harbor, Mich..H.
HARRY GUSTAFSON, Santa Rosa, Cal..S. R.
JOHN H. BASS, Revilee, Ark.....S. R.
LEWIS BISSEY, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
FRED LUSK, Flora, Ill.....S. R.
G. B. THACKSTON, Elmwood, Tenn....S. R.
A. C. WENTWORTH, Stark, N. H.....S. R.
LEON W. MILLER, Lima, O.....S. R.
G. W. LAWTON, Lawton, Mich.....S. R.
WALTER JUEDES, Amsterdam, N. Y.....H.
ALF. O. PHILLIPS, Nashville, Tenn....S. R.
HARRY A. BOYDE, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
JOS. W. ELWELL, Gloucester, Mass....S. R.
LEO HYDE, Lynn, Mass.....H.
RALPH DEDCOVICH, Gloucester, Mass..S. R.
C. W. ALLSHOUSE, South Newbury, O...S. R.
J. E. HARRINGTON, Littleton, N. H....S. R.
LEON F. MERRITT, Detroit, Mich.....S. R.
C. A. LUKINGBEAL, Farmersville, O...S. R.
WILBUR W. WOOD, St. Louis, Mo....S. R.
EARL COMER, Tolono, Ill.....S. R.
B. O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y....S. R.
J. de VOE WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y..S. R.
ASHER KAHN, Norwalk, O.....S. R.
HARLEY WENTZ, Forest, O.....S. R.
JESSE HALSTED, Sheboygan, Wis.....S. R.
ALBERT SCHOBER, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
WALTER DRIGGS, Bern, Kan.....S. R.
MILAN WHITMAN, Lodi, O.....S. R.
OTIS F. SMITH, Sedalia, Mo.....S. R.
CLAUDE TEARS, Deferiet, N. Y.....S. R.
CLARENCE SCHWARTZ, Wickliffe, Ky..S. R.
ALONZO W. MEEK, Montgomery, Ala...S. R.
CARL H. GROSSMAN, Madison, Ind.....S. R.
BENNIE STURGES, Cripple Creek, Colo..S. R.
AUBREY CAMPBELL, Aberdeen, S. Dak.S. R.
ERIC SHAW, Natchez, Miss.....S. R.
RAY SONNEMAN, Kansas City, Mo.....S. R.
THOMAS Y. BOYD, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
LEROY SHEFFIELD, Randalia, Iowa...S. R.
P. CLEARY BULLARD, St. Paul, Minn..S. R.
KARL MEYER, Big Spring, Ky.....S. R.
NOEL ANTRIM, Sheridan, Ind.....S. R.
G. E. HUNGERFORD, Manhattan, Kas..S. R.
MILLER HUGHES, Wickliffe, Ky.....S. R.
DURRELL C. DAVIS, Corvallis, Ore....S. R.
ELMER WINTER, Richwood, O.....S. R.
ROGER HOPKINS, Colo, Iowa.....S. R.
J. ACREE PHILLIPS, Strayhorn, Miss..S. R.
LENNIS E. A. NANCE, Wickliffe, Ky...S. R.
LESLIE HOMER BRASEL, Farina, Ill..S. R.
J. OREN CHAILLE, Otwell, Ind.....S. R.
ALBERT C. WRIGHT, Brockton, Mass..S. R.
JOHN A. SMARSH, Chambersburg, Pa..S. R.
C. FAY MARSHALL, Aubrey, Texas....S. R.
FLOYD M. YANEY, Coldwater, Ohio....S. R.
CHARLES DRACH, JR., Jeannette, Pa..S. R.
VICTOR P. MORRIS, Eugene, Oregon....S. R.
FREDERICK HERENDEEN, Chicago, Ill..H.
JOHN JOSEPH DRUMGOULD, Barre, Vt..H.
WALTER P. MITCHELL, Stanton, Del...S. R.
HARRY NELSON, Belle Center, Ohio....S. R.
KENNETH BRYDEN, Monticello, Ill....S. R.
CONVASS DEAN, Ulysses, Pa.....S. R.
PAUL FOWLER, Pottsville, Tex.....S. R.
CHAS. DARROW, Valentine, Ind.....S. R.
LYNN L. HOSIER, Centerville, Ind.....S. R.
STANLEY SCHNETZLER, Beaver Dam, Wis.....S. R.
EMIL LEARD, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
ROBERT W. HARRIS, Wilkinsburg, Pa..S. R.
HAROLD STINSON, Iola, Kansas.....S. R.
KENNETH E. POTTER, Huntington, O..S. R.
GUY RHODES, Worland, Wyo.....S. R.
LLOYD DOUGLAS, Crestline, Kansas....S. R.
CYRIL A. NELSON, Moray, Kansas....S. R.
THOMAS A. HARRIS, Ogden, Utah.....H.
PRICE R. MOORE, New Cumberland, O..S. R.
JOHN E. WOOD, Harrisburg, Mo.....S. R.
DON M. HARRIS, Medina, Texas.....S. R.
WALTER P. COTTAM, St. George, Utah..S. R.
HERBERT DIEFENDERFER, Fullerton Pa.....S. R.
FRANK R. KECK, Cotulla, Texas.....S. R.
JOEL K. L. SCHWARTZ, Berne, Ind....S. R.
HARRY BUTCHER, Solomon, Kansas...S. R.
CRIM O'BRIAN, Edwardsport, Ind.....S. R.
ROBERT E. JACOBSON, Bishop Hill, Ill..S. R.
HERBERT GALPHIN, Hartwell, Ga....S. R.
GROVER MANN, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
McCADE ALFORD, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
RUSSEL HARRIS, Arcanum, Ohio.....S. R.
JOHN B. NICOLA, St. Catherine, Mo....S. R.
GEO. L. BEAVER, JR., Campbell, Cal...S. R.
DUKE KLINGER, Milroy, Pa.....S. R.
HARRY PARKER, Milroy, Pa.....S. R.
HOWARD KERSHNER, Marionville, Mo..S. R.
GERALD R. BUTZ, State College, Pa....S. R.
HARRY RIEGGER, Medina, Ohio.....H.
HENRY JACKSON HOLLENBECK, Pittville, Cal.....S. R.
OSCAR LENSKI, Anna, Ohio.....S. R.
LYLE ABBOTT, Albuquerque, N. M.....S. R.
RODMAN CARPENTER, Kewanna, Ind..S. R.
CRANSTON RADER, Arvada, Colo.....H.

Don M. Harris, a fifteen-year-old boy of Medina, Texas, made the highest average in the eighth grade during the term ended April 20th. His average was 93 15-28%.

John B. Nicola, a St. Catherine, Missouri, boy, has received the highest average in his grade for the entire school year, which began September 30th and ended March 30th. His average was 94 2-3%.

George L. Beaver, Jr., a pupil of Moreland Grammar School, Campbell, California, received the highest average in the seventh grade for the entire school year, which began September 12th, 1905.

The Junior Class of the Kewanna, Indiana, High School has for its leader Rodman Carpenter, who won a final average of 99% in his studies. He has also been perfect in attendance during the year.

Oscar Lenski, a pupil in the ninth grade at Anna, Ohio, sends us his grade card and a statement from his teacher showing that he stood first in his class during the term. He is now promoted to high school.

Gerald R. Butz, an eleven-year-old boy of State College, Pennsylvania, made the highest average in the seventh grade, receiving a final standing of 97%. He writes also that he has not been absent or tardy during the term.

We are in receipt of a grade card from Crim O'Brian, nine years old, of Edwardsport, Indiana, which shows that he has led the fifth and sixth grades during two recent terms. He passed from the fifth grade to the sixth in December.

Robert E. Jacobson, Bishop Hill, Illinois, stood first in his classes in the eighth grade during both the fall and winter terms, and received the highest marks in the township central examination held at Bishop Hill, in February.

Two boys of Milroy, Pennsylvania, Duke Klinger and Harry Parker, have been presented with School Record Badges. Duke made the highest average mark for the term, and Harry has been perfect in school attendance for the last five years.

Walter P. Cottam, St. George, Utah, is eleven years old, and in the A class of the fifth grade. He passed his examinations with the highest standing for the year ended May 5th, and also made a perfect record for regular and punctual attendance at school.

Russel Harris, Arcanum, Ohio, has received the highest average for the Freshman year of the Arcanum High School. His highest grade, 98%, was in Latin, and his general average was 97½%. He writes us that the secret of his success is attentiveness and application.

Herbert Diefenderfer, of Fullerton, Pennsylvania, stands not only at the head of his class, but at the head of the Packer Hill Grammar School, as he is a member of the A class. His teacher writes that this good record has been made by constant effort and perseverance.

Henry Jackson Hollenbeck, Pittville, California, stood at the head of his class in all studies for the eight-months' term ended May 10th. He is now in the seventh grade, and writes that he has never been tardy during his school days, and has not been absent for the last three terms.

Joel K. L. Schwartz, Berne, Indiana, made an average of 98½%, which was the highest in the class, during the recent term. He writes that he was neither absent nor tardy during four out of the eight years that he has attended school.

Frank R. Keck, Cotulla, Texas, made the highest term average by 4% of any member of the eighth grade. He is fourteen years old, and writes that he likes THE AMERICAN BOY very much. Frank's teacher speaks very highly of him in the certificate sent.

M. L. Parker, President of The Hartwell Institute, Hartwell, Georgia, writes to thank us for the School Record Badge sent to Emil Leard, and sends the names of three more boys who stood at the head of their respective grades. These boys are Herbert Galphin, Grover Mann, and McCade Alford.

"The Heroism Medal for Harry Reigger arrived safely, and young Reigger is the happiest boy in Medina. He certainly earned it, and I am glad that you saw fit to reward him." This is taken from a letter written by E. P. Brainerd, Medina, Ohio, to whom was sent the medal for Harry Reigger.

Mr. Ross K. Adams, of Ogden, Utah, who was instrumental in securing the Heroism Badge for Thomas A. Harris, in recognition of his bravery in saving the lives of two persons, writes to acknowledge receipt of the medal, and says: "Your action in this matter is highly appreciated and is receiving proper notice from the public press. I turned the medal over to the Salt Lake Tribune for presentation. Young Harris is much pleased with your gift, and you will hear from him personally. THE AMERICAN BOY has certainly found a warm spot in the heart of Ogden."

One of our Legion of Honor Badges was sent to a young hero, Thomas A. Harris, of Ogden, Utah, who rescued a young woman from drowning on March 25th. The publishers of THE AMERICON BOY at once awarded young Harris the Heroism Medal of the Legion of Honor. The presentation of the badge was made by the Ogden representative of the Salt Lake Tribune in the offices of the Tribune. The Tribune, in describing the presentation, said of Harris: "He is a big boy, and extremely bashful. There is nothing of the spectacular in him. He was clad in overalls, having donned these to do work at home after the dismissal of school for the day. He was embarrassed when the medal was offered him, and when it was pinned on his coat, he flushed up like a girl."

Cranston Rader and his brother Miles were crossing a cattle guard on the electric road running into Arvada, Colorado, their home, when five-year-old Miles caught his foot between the bars. Just then they heard a car coming at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The combined strength of both Cranston and Miles was not sufficient to release the foot, and the little fellow's life was in the greatest peril. Cranston, who is ten years old, started down the track toward the car, waving his hands and shouting. Nearer and nearer came the car. The motorman, being used to boys who remain on the track until the car is almost upon them, paid very little attention to Cranston. But the boy would not leave the track, although the motorman blew his whistle and shouted at him. At last the motorman realized that something was wrong, and the car was brought to a stop within a few inches of the boy. They then managed to extricate the foot by removing Miles' shoe.

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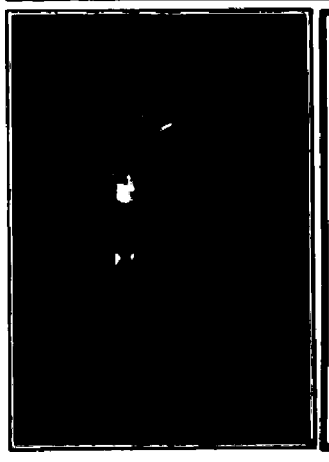

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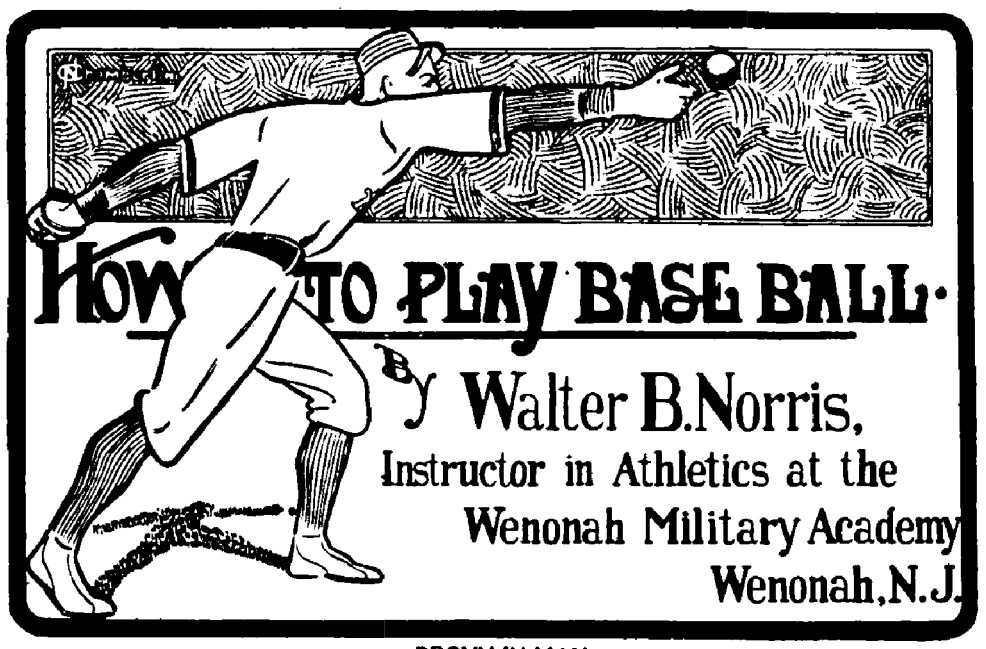

How TO PLAY BASE BALL

By Walter B. Norris,

Instructor in Athletics at the Wenonah Military Academy

Wenonah, N.J.

BEGUN IN MAY

PART III

PLAYING THE OUTFIELD.

THE OUTFIELD presents an entirely different problem from the infield. While the infielders make a specialty of stopping the ball and of throwing to bases, the outfielder is generally chosen from the good hitters, if he is at all speedy and has a fair arm. This is because a man can learn the fielding end, but seems to need natural ability at the bat. In fact, catching the ball is the easiest part of the outfielders' work. Harder than that is the quick start which gets one to the spot where the ball is to come before the ball reaches there. Once there and waiting, it is no difficult matter to catch the ball.

Outfielders, of course, should have good arms, although a man need not be able to throw home from very far out, but should be helped by others in the throw to home plate. The best fielder in the way of covering ground should occupy center field, where he will have most to do. The weakest should be in right field. A fielder should place himself according to the batter. For a left-handed batter he should play nearer right field than for a right-handed man, who is unlikely to drive the ball toward right field. If one knows how a man bats, whether long or short, one can place himself accordingly.

Whenever a fielder sees that a ball will go over his head considerably, he should not back back, but should turn and run back, and, when he is what seems to him the right distance, he should turn and find the ball and make the catch. It takes courage sometimes to turn your back on the ball thus, but it is the only way to get one far behind you, and by practice a man can judge accurately how far to run. The other fielders should coach the runner and assist him in every way. In case the fly is far out in the field, the nearest fielder to the man receiving the ball should come in and receive the ball from him and then throw to home, as the other man is too far away to do so. On all throws to the home plate the ball should land just ahead of the pitcher's plate and bound into the catcher's hands. This prevents an overthrow, and enables the pitcher, in case he sees there is nothing to be gained by sending the ball home, to intercept it and throw to a base. On all such throws to the catcher, the first baseman should back up the catcher. In throwing home, throw as low as possible, as a high ball takes more time and is more likely to go over the mark.

In catching a high fly too many players receive it high over the head. This is all right when the ball is too high for you to reach, but it is probably safer to get the ball with the hands about the hight of the waist, letting the body serve as a sort of protection against a muff. Every boy should be able to catch in the latter fashion. The thing to avoid in the high catch is sticking the fingers straight up in the air. That means many a sore finger. Rather, bring the little finger side of the hand toward the ball, bending the hands back at the wrists. Any fielder who must catch flies looking toward the sun should wear a pair of green goggles. As soon as the fielder has the ball, he should throw. Before the ball reaches him he should decide where he needs to throw it.

Not all the balls an outfielder receives are in the air, and he should have considerable practice stopping ground balls. As many outfields are rough, so that a ball bounds irregularly, and as a passed ball on an outfielder is worth many a base, it is absolutely necessary that the fielder stop the ball. To be sure of it, do not run up much, but wait for it and follow its bounds to one side or the other. At last stop it with the body and hands. If you are sure of it, run up and so save time, but do not let it fly neatly between your legs or over your head.

On all hits to the outfield the ball should be thrown one base ahead of the runner. In other words, the outfielders never throw to first to catch a man who has just hit the ball. It is important that this be lived up to, else you will find fielders throwing all sorts of impossible balls to first, thus allowing the hitter to go to second. On a hit for one base throw to second, for two bases to third, for three bases or more to home plate.

With a man on first and a one-base hit made, throw to third. On a hit for more than one base, throw to the home plate. When a man is on second, or on first and second, and a hit to the outfield is made for one base, throw to the home plate, also for two or three-base hits under similar conditions. With all the bases full, throw to the home plate on all hits to the outfield. When men are on second and third, and a one or three-base hit is made, play the ball to the home plate. On a two-base hit, all the men on bases will probably come home anyway, so play the ball to third base to block the hitter. With a man on first and third and a one-base hit made to the outfield, play the ball to third base. On a two or three-base hit, play the ball to home plate.

All these plays suppose that the hit is not caught. If a fielder does catch the ball, men on bases are not forced to run for the next base, but must hold their base till the ball is caught. A runner, of course, when he thinks a fielder will catch a fly, will run about ten feet toward the next base and then, if the ball is caught, he can get back to his base before the ball can be thrown there to put him out. He must return there before the ball reaches there or he is out. If the ball is missed he must run, and, having already part of the distance, can make the rest before the ball reaches that base. The only exception to this is for the man on third, when less than two are out. He should stand on his base till the ball is caught or missed, and then run home if the ball cannot reach there before him. If the hit is far out the fielder should not try to catch a man on third but throw to some base.

With a man on first and a fly ball caught by an outfielder, the play is to second base to head off the man on first who runs for second after the ball is caught. In case he does not hold his base till the ball is caught, the ball is thrown to first base if there is any chance of catching him. This will be possible only when the hit was to short right field, and the base runner took considerable lead from the base. With a man on second and a fly caught, play to third base. With a man on third, play home if there is a chance of getting the runner, or to second if there is not.

With men on first and second, play to third base; with men on second and third, play home. With all the bases full, play home. When the score is tied and the runner is on third with less than two out, outfielders should not try to catch long foul flies, as the man on third will come home and score after the ball is caught but before it can be returned to the catcher. Such a catch might win the game for the opposing side.

An outfielder can be of great assistance in backing up the infield. On all hits to the first baseman, or throws to him, the right fielder should back him up. On all to the second baseman or shortstop the center fielder should do his share, especially on throws from the catcher, and the same is true of the third baseman and the left fielder. Nine times out of ten it will be unnecessary, but the tenth time is the one that decides the game. Do not be afraid of working all the time, instead of posing in the field for the benefit of the spectators. When the ball is knocked to right field, the center fielder should back up the right fielder, and should do the same for the left field. When a hit is made to center, let the fielder on that side back up the center man. A ball may bound off a man's glove and the other fielder be able to secure it, which still counts as an out.

The best way for a young player to learn to play the outfield is to practice all the parts of his work. Too often he catches flies enough, but does not have them knocked him at all times or in all places. Play your regular position and have balls knocked to you far over your head, far to one side, and far ahead of you. Do not let the batter tell to whom he is to knock the ball, but let each one be expecting it. It is also well to practice getting quick starts and sprinting short distances up to a hundred yards.

At the beginning of the season outfielders should be careful not to throw too much or too far. To keep off soreness rub with witch hazel or alcohol.

It is important to remember that a hard hit ball does not go straight. A low hard drive to center will curve up and fall quickly, while a hit over first base is likely to curve off toward the base line quite decidedly.

Baseball Advice

Here is some baseball advice from three of the great players:

Willie Keeler says: "Young players should take the most practice on fly hits that go over their heads, as they are the hardest to judge. Fielders who are adept in catching that kind are those who get into the big leagues the quickest."

Hans Wagner says: "In hitting the ball keep the arms free—don't let the forearm be stiff, nor the elbow rigid. Never take your eyes off the ball. Watch it as it comes from the pitcher's hand, and follow it as it approaches. Learn to be easy on your feet, so you can step in or out quickly to meet curves."

Art Devlin, in telling how to run bases, says: "Watch the pitcher carefully—learn his preliminary motions; the coach should keep you posted on what the first baseman is doing. When you make up your mind to try for second be ready to start on your toes, and don't be caught off your balance. Slide behind the baseman and not in front of him."

Bouncing Bubbles

Bobbie and Catherine were busy blowing soap bubbles when their big brother Reid walked in.

He watched them for a while as they blew the bubbles and let them burst on the floor. Then he said. "Let me show you two kids a trick."

While they were blowing the bubbles he brought a big Turkish towel.

"Now, take hold of the towel, one at each end," said Brother Reid, "and pull it tight between you."

Then he dropped the bubbles upon the towel, where they rolled back and forth. "Now let the towel fall slack, then pull it tight again," said Brother Reid. This they did, and found that the bubbles bounded up into the air and slowly alighted again to be bounced up once more. Brother Reid blew more bubbles and dropped them upon the towel until it was full of bubbles, which tumbled and rolled all over each other.

A farm boy from the little town of Conway went to the city to seek his fortune. For six months not a word was heard from him. Then one winter afternoon his father got this note:

"Dear Pa—Meet me under the old bridge tomorrow after dark. Bring with you a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat."

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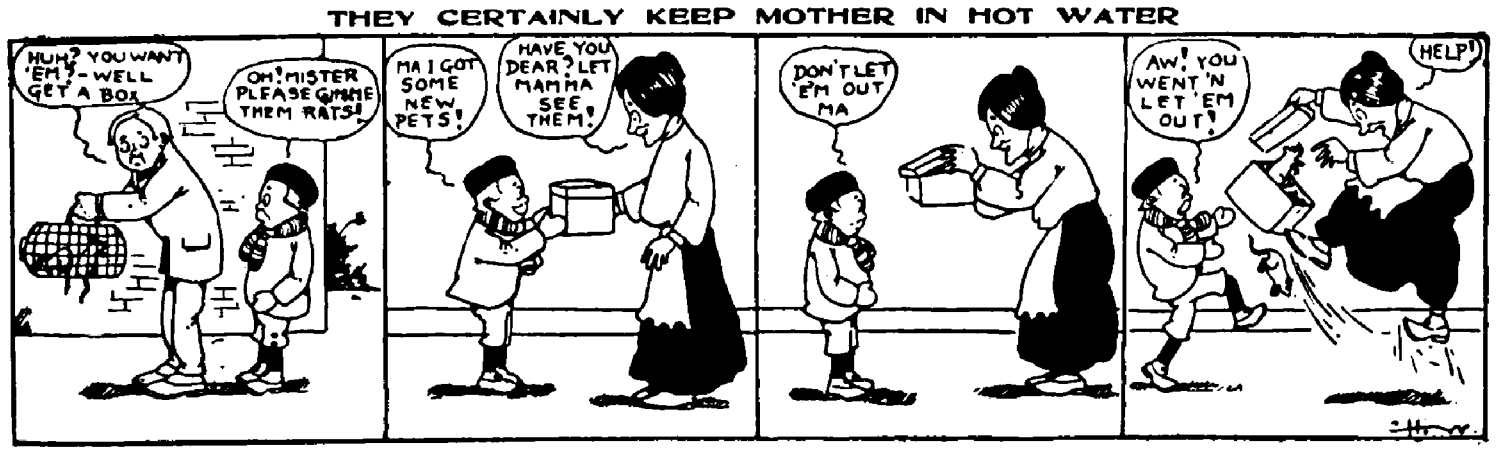
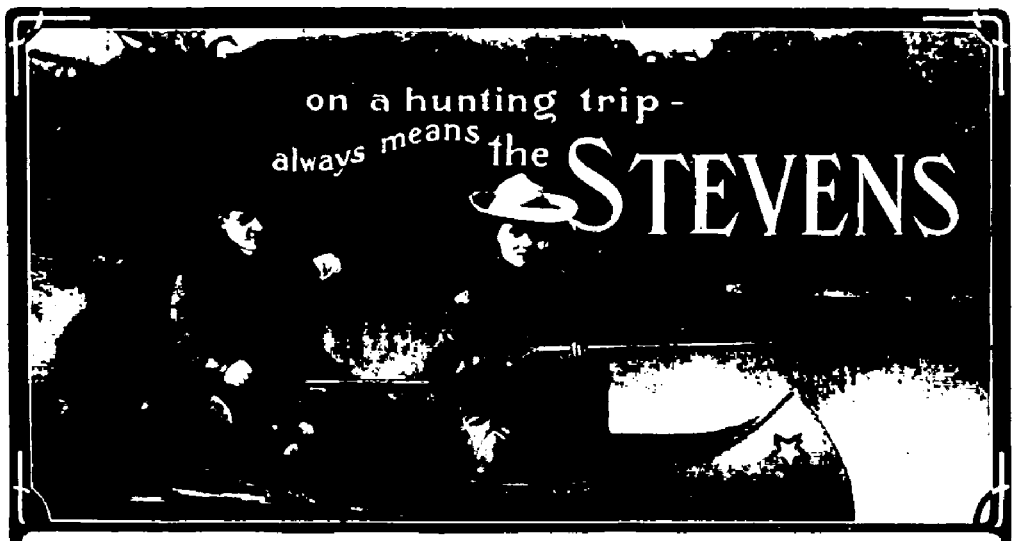
THEY CERTAINLY KEEP MOTHER IN HOT WATER





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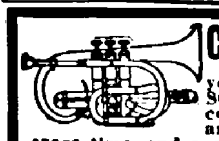

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The White Ant's Appetite

Nothing South African Kind Does Not Eat Except Metals.

"If ever a pest existed to plague the human family, white ants fill the bill," said Richard Douglas, of Bulawayo, South Africa.

"There is nothing they will not devour except corrugated iron. They will eat your shoes, your hat, your trousers, and I've had them utterly destroy a fine leather valise. An adobe hut offers no resistance to their invasion, and only hard bricks resist their attacks.

"The foundations of houses are protected with tin to keep them out. They are bred in myriads by a queen ant which is fully three inches long, and which is estimated to produce 500,000 of her progeny each day. The government offers a substantial cash bonus for each queen destroyed.

"There has as yet been found no successful method of exterminating them, although great hope is had of a new invention, a machine that will scatter fumes of sulphuric acid in the ranks of the devouring armies."—Washington Post.

A Young Experimenter

Maurice Hineline, one of our fifteen-year-old readers, is much interested in the Mechanical and Electrical Department. He is fortunate in having a well-lighted and convenient workshop in the attic of his home. This is fitted up with a switchboard that controls two motors, a miniature lamp and an electric car; an electric call bell connected with the kitchen; a 110-volt lamp circuit; a galvanometer, and other electrical devices. Maurice writes that he is now turning his attention principally to chemistry, and gives a list of chemical compounds with which he is familiar. He has made an acetylene gas machine which gives good light and heat.

Earle Woodberry sends us a picture from far-off Shanghai.

Some Interesting Facts Relating to Postage Stamps

From an article published in the New York Tribune recently, we extract the following statements that will be of more or less interest to all interested in stamp collecting:

Stamps were not in use before 1840. Before that time the postmasters in the United States in large towns and cities kept a private account with all well-known persons, and at the end of each month rendered a bill for postage.

Sir Rowland Hill, a member of the English parliament, has the distinction of introducing the postage stamp, date May 6, 1840. On that date the English government adopted the penny post system. Brazil followed England in 1843, after which came the United States in 1847, Russia in 1848, Tuscany, Belgium, and New South Wales in 1849, and other countries soon after.

In our country before 1847, and as early as 1842, certain owners of local delivery companies began to sell stamps to their customers. The first of these was the City Dispatch Post in New York. After being in the business for a few months, the proprietor sold the entire system to the United States government. Soon afterwards other cities adopted local stamps, as Baltimore, New Haven, Providence and St. Louis. The stamps of these cities were used before the government service began. They command large prices. The stamps of Millbury, Mass., command a price of $500 and upwards. The Baltimore stamp is listed at $300 to $400.

Many a bundle of letters which was carefully laid away thirty or forty years ago has, on being brought to light, brought to its owner a large sum of money. Today the traffic in old postage stamps is an important part of the world's industry, and the money invested in collections represents millions of dollars. A single stamp has brought as high as $7,500. King Edward bought a one penny 1847 Mauritius stamp, paying that sum for it. Another of these stamps sold to the German Postal Museum for $5,000. There are, so far as known, only nine two-cent British Guiana stamps issued in 1850. One recently sold for $1,710. Two of the nine are in the British Museum, two in a Paris collection, and two in a New York city collection. The two in the New York city collection were bought for about $5,000, the proceeds of the sale of the two stamps being used for the erection of a church in Guiana.

Among the private stamp collectors of the world Americans stand out quite prominently. A Mr. Duveen, of Manhattan, has a collection valued at $400,000. A Mr. Sussdorff's collection is worth $200,000. Charles Gregory, a Brooklynite, is worth $100,000 in stamps.

The finest collection of stamps in the world is owned by Count de Ferrary of Paris, and is valued at a million dollars. The Tapling collection, one of the finest in the world, now in the British Museum, is worth a million dollars. The Czar Nicholas of Russia, the Queen of Italy, and the King of Spain are all stamp students and collectors.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Milton Curtis: Your rubbing is from an ecu of France, 1726. It being holed spoils it for numismatic purposes and probably for commercial purposes as well, so notwithstanding its age it will hardly bring more than bullion value. The 1854 quarter is worth only face. Miss Helen Funston: The dollar of 1904 is worth only face value. Raymond Morgan: The silver three-cent pieces of 1851 and 1852 sell for about fifteen cents each when in good condition. Cleve Ramey: The quarter of 1872 is worth face value only. Thomas Devlin: You will not be able to get a premium on the nickel five-cent piece of 1866. Abe Stromberg: The gold dollar of 1851 is worth $1.75. Theo. Sjooldema: (1) Common Canadian half-penny token. (2) Spain, 8 maravedes 1818, worth about ten cents. Herbert Johnson: Your quarter eagle of 1839 unless in fine condition, will not bring over face value. F. C.: Your rubbing is apparently from an English shilling of George III., 1787, and if this is in silver it is worth half a dollar. Your other rubbings are from very common coins. Fred Haffner: No particular premiums on your coins. C. H. T.: The Canadian penny of 1852 is common. Your other coin is an 8 reals of Spain issued at the Mexican mint in 1797. It has no value over face. L. R. Enright: Your rubbings are from a real of Ferdinand VII., 1820 (Spain), and a Jackson token. Neither one has any particular value. Harold Stinson: Your rubbing is from a common 20 centimes of Switzerland (Helvetia). They are sold by the dealers for five cents each. Kenneth D. Clark: All dollar gold pieces now will bring at least $1.75 if they are in good condition. The $5.00 of 1882 is worth only face. Kenneth Hartman: Your rubbings are all from common coins. Don Rook: The cent of 1826 is worth ten cents. Walter Atwood: Your coin is a 120 grano of Sicily, Charles III. (1733). The fact of it being holed and in barely fair condition will bring its value down to nearly that of bullion. Willie Adams: Your 2 maravedes, 1844, of Spain, is worth ten cents. Edison Edwards: (1) Common spielmarke or play money. (2) Morocco, 3 falus, 1288 A. H., worth about ten cents. (3) Japanese cash, "Kuan yong pao tung." These are sometimes ascribed to Korea as well as Japan. They were issued in China during the period 1605-1623 for use in both of the aforesaid countries. They were struck in great quantities and are even now very common. W. E. Kennymore: Quarters of 1853 or 1856 will not bring a premium. Mrs. A. B. Phicker: Your query is elsewhere answered in this column. W. F. Z. B.: An 1856 copper cent, if in good condition, is worth ten cents. C. R. Kingsbury: The 1893 S dime is only worth face. If it was 1894 the same would bring at least $50.00. Stewart Abell: Your rubbings are very good. The coins taken from are mostly all quite common, selling at the dealers for from three to five cents each. Francis E. Bullard: The dealers would charge a quarter for an 1841 half dime. They would ask about ten cents each for the fifty and hundred dollar bills of the Confederacy, 1864 issue. Edmund Mills, Jr., and Ralph Wolfgang: Your coins are worth face value only. C. R. Brown: The cents of 1803 and 1808, if in good condition, are worth from fifty to seventy-five cents each. Arthur Whitaker: (1) Brazil, 1893, 200 reis. (2) Spain, 10 centimos, 1870. (3) Uruguay, 2 centimos, 1901. These coins sell for about ten cents each. The French coins you mention are also very common. Herbert Turner: Dollar of 1860, two dollars. Half dollars of 1824 and 1827, seventy-five cents each. The dealers would charge the same for the half dollars of 1844 and 1848. The others you mention will not bring a premium. Gerald Cronan: The 2½ cent of Columbia, ten cents. Sinaloa, 1852, ¼ real, twenty-five cents. Prince Edward's Island, 1855, half penny, ten cents. A German 20 mark coin is worth $4.75.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

Stamp Inquiries

L. A.—The 6c United States Columbian issued in 1893 has the picture of Columbus welcomed at Barcelona. It is catalogued at 10c. The other stamps you describe are all common European. "Republique Francaise" being France, "Belzique" Belgium, and "Communicaciones" is found on Spanish stamps. W. G. S.—There are 14 different 1c blue U. S. stamps with the head of Franklin, not counting varieties in type or shade; but there are none 25x11 mm. O. C.—Most of the stamp dealers advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY can supply you with St. Louis stamps in quantities. The two telegraph stamps are worth about 10c each. E. L. I.—The 10c Antwerp Exhibition stamp lists at 3c cancelled. H. M.—U. S. 3c green and 2c brown stamps are not worth anything. "Magyar Kir Posta" is the inscription found on Hungarian stamps. G. F. H.—Rouletted is that method of effecting separation of stamps by means of cuts in the paper but in which no paper is removed. All of the revenue stamps issued during the Spanish-American war were rouletted. A grill is a rectangle of points impressed in the paper of the U. S. stamps issued from 1868 to 1870 and in some Peruvian stamps to prevent cancellations being removed. In the U. S. 2c green envelop of 1887 Die A has the bust pointing between the third and fourth notches of the inner oval and "G" of postage has no cross bar. In Die B the bust points between the 2nd and 3rd notches and "G" has a bar. Your 2 precancelled stamps have no value. The 1906 edition of the Standard Postage Stamp catalogue has a minute description of original and reprinted Hamburg stamps, but it is too long to quote here. If the stamp has a watermark of wavy lines it is genuine. Dan C.—Cannot locate either of the stamps you describe. The "band" stamp is not a postage stamp. O. M. L.—The 3c blue U. S. stamp with locomotive on lists 4c. What is denomination of and inscription on the revenue stamp? There are many different kinds. H. B.—There are 8 varieties of the 2c 1894-95 U. S. stamp with triangles in corners, and which require considerable skill and good eyesight to sort. Unsorted they are not worth anything, and the sorting will hardly pay for the trouble. J. E. E.—Your stamp is a French revenue used on documents. Its face value is 5 centimes, equal to 1 cent. It is very common. Mort B.—A Hungarian revenue. It has no value. H. Z. N.—A Swiss revenue. R. McM.—Probably an Austrian newspaper stamp. It is very common. C. R. P.—20c France issue of 1863; worth one cent. Harold B.—The 1c "Marquette on the Miss." and 2c "Farming in the West" are from the set issued in commemoration of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha in 1898. The others are common foreign stamps. C. L. R.—1c Honduras officials list 2c. Escuelas and Camos are Spanish for Schools and Postage. 20c Foreign Exchange catalogues $1.00. 2c Propy blue 10c. Dan R.—1c Propy lists 5c, 1c Omaha 1c. John A.—U. S. 2c Jackson black issued in 1862 lists 6c. Helvetia-Switzerland; Natal, a British colony in South Africa; Oesten-Post, Austrian Postage; Reich-Post, Imperial Postage; Bayern-Bavaria, Deutsch Reich, German Empire, Communicaciones Letten. G. M.—Stamps impressed on checks used during the Spanish-American war have no value. There are millions of them in existence. Edwin B.—Catalogue values of stamps named are: Imp 5c certificate, 25c; 5c Express, 40c; Ppf. 2c cert. blue, 60c; 2c Play. C., blue, 25c; 3c Playing C., $6.00; 3c Teleg., 25c; 4c Prop'y, 20c; 5c Play C., 75c; 25c Life Ins., 20c; all of above can be bought for 50 to 60 per cent under above amounts. D. R. M.—See preceding answer. D. W. H.—Servia-"Ultramar" means "Beyond the Sea," and is found on the stamps used in Cuba and Porto Rico from 1868 to 1873. H. L.—No. 1, Hungarian revenue; No. 2, "Segnatasse" is found on Italian unpaid letter stamps; No. 3, Tasmania is an island south of Australia and belongs to Great Britain; Hobart is the capital. M. B. G.—German locals such as you describe are not listed in American catalogues. Most of them are of little value. E. L. B. Jr.—Description is not definite enough to give value. There are many different stamps of denomination you ask about.



PLAYING PARCHESI
Photo taken by Wayne M. Shipman, Randolph, Mass.

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STAMPS 100 all different genuine Mexico, Borneo, Phil. Is., Persia, China, Uruguay, Cuba, etc., with Album only 5c; 1000 Finely Mixed 20c; 1000 hinges 8c. Agents wanted. 50 per cent. New List Free.
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All for **10c** and names and addresses of 3 collectors
50 Cuban Revenues, unused.
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1 set Honduras, 2 var., unused.
1 set Nicaragua, 2 var., unused.
1 set Paraguay, 2 var.
1 Millimeter Scale and Perforation Gauge. OHIO STAMP CO., Sta. P., Toledo, O.

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111 E. Nassau Street, - New York City

100 STAMPS FREE! all different. Postage 2c. When possible send the names of two collectors. 220 Foreign, fine, 25c. List FREE of 600 sets from 1c up and 1000 stamps at ½c each. Agents 50 per cent commission.
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FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and 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.

108 all different genuine stamps, Paraguay, **Malay Tiger,** Newfoundland, Honduras, Victoria, India, Brazil, China, Bosnia, Japan, Servia, Egypt, etc., only 5c. 1000 dis cut hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50 per cent com. **Price list free.** Largest stock in America.
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FREE STAMPS, ALBUMS, &c., for names of stamp collectors in your town who are not already on our books. Liberal payment in Stamps, Albums, Hinges, &c. Your selection from our big list. Write today for list and blanks. **ATLANTIC STAMP CO.,**
No. 3 Park Row, New York

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage. x x x x x x SPECIAL NOTICE—We give Baseball Outfits, Engines, Footballs, Printing Presses, and many other premiums to stamp collectors in return for a few moments' work. Write for particulars. **Kolona Stamp Co.,** Dept. B, Dayton, O.

50 STAMPS all diff. Corea, China, etc., 5c; 105 diff. Corea, Mex., China, Finland, Gold Coast, etc., 10c; 205 all diff. Antigua, Cuba, Ivory Coast, Jamaica, Japan, etc., 20c; 12 U. S. rev. 5c; 1000 hinges 8c; Imperial Album board cover with 50 stamps 30c; Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. We buy collections. **Union Stamp Co.,** St. Louis, Mo

A 40-page Album, 10 blank app. sheets, 100 stamp hinges, 25 var. stamps and a 3c post-office dept. only 12c
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10 Different King's Head Stamps 10 FREE
For sending us names of a few stamp collectors. 100 diff. U. S. 20c; 80 diff. Sweden, 10c; 25 diff. Zoo stamps, 30c; comp. 1906 Catalog, 10c; 40 diff. Japan on Art Sheets, 25c; 600 space album, 10c; Price List Free. **TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 A St., TIFFIN, OHIO.**

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Packet all diff *foreign* stamps catalog $2.85
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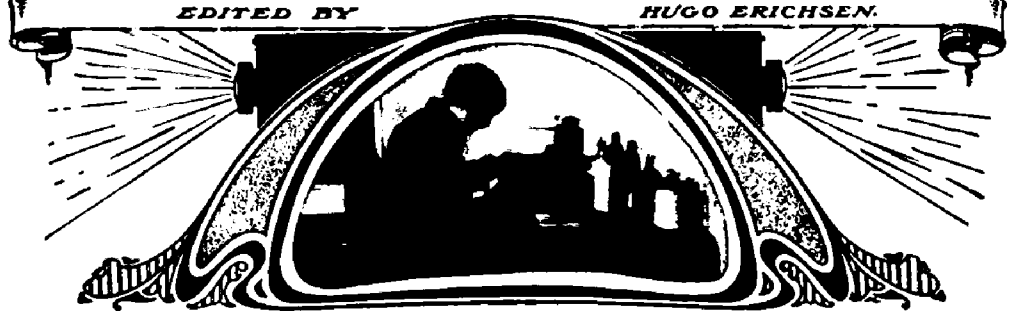
100 Varieties Foreign Stamps FREE for names and addresses of two collectors and 2c return postage. Only one lot to a customer. 1,000 Hinges 8c. 40 var. U. S. Stamps 7c. Album to hold 1,200 stamps 15c.
MIAMI STAMP COMPANY - Toledo, Ohio

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 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.

Flower Photography

Those interested in the above branch of "the dark art" should not fail to procure the May issue of the Photo-Era (Boston), which devotes a number of articles and a great many fine illustrations to the subject.

member, the nearer an object is to a camera, the more time is required for exposure.

How to Copy a Picture Without a Camera

Hubert Turner, one of our subscribers in Illinois, sends us the following: "I have been a subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY since March, but in that short time I have received much help from the Boy Photographer and I would like to help it along as much as possible. I am sending you the following directions for enlarging pictures or photographs without the use of a camera: First, get a printing-frame with a clear glass in it, then select the picture you wish to copy, which in all cases must be free from printed matter on the back. It must also be thin enough to see through. Lay the picture face upwards in the printing-frame and take into dark-room, then lay the plate film side down toward the printed side of picture. Then expose 12 seconds (more or less according to the thickness of the picture) to a 16-candle power electric light, develop in dark-room and print as usual."



"A LITTER OF BEAUTIES"
First prize photo., by Monroe Engler, Clarence, Mo.

The Prize Winners

All the information M. Engler, of Clarence, Mo., gives us in regard to "A Litter of Beauties," the winner of the first prize, is that it was taken with a No. 16 stop. The second prize picture "A Herald of Summer," by Charles K. McFarlin, of East Orange, N. J., shows a Wistaria in full bloom in the yard of a suburban home in New Jersey.

Hypo in the Developer

It has long been known that a trace of hypo added to the ferrous oxalate developer increased its action, and now no less an authority than Dr. Eder says a good word for that hitherto much abused chemical. He recommends the addition of about one-sixth of a grain to each ounce of the ordinary metol developer as tending to give greater brilliance and pluck to the negative, and says that it acts as a restrainer better than a bromide, and at the same time has considerable influence in preventing fog.—Ex.

Artists With the Camera

What is true about the man behind the gun is true about the photographer behind the camera; it makes a great deal of difference if an artist manipulates the latter. For this reason, the following, who are selected from a large number for HONORABLE MENTION this month, have every reason to be proud of the distinction: Kurt Stolberg; Leslie Smith, John E. Wood, C. H. Bennett, Harry M. Biggin, Herman Eggers, Edward H. Smith, Edwin Peterson, Clarence Steinkirchner, Jos. W. Clokey, Jas. A. Lynd, Ernest C. Kendall, B. J. Parrott, Darby Kenyon, A. B. Harrington and Chas. W. Bartlett.

X-Ray Photography

In a letter of recent date Walter E. Gee, one of our Ohio subscribers, enclosed an interesting X-ray photograph, that was taken by himself and a boy named Wade Hazeltine, with the following explanation: "We took the photograph with a machine belonging to Wade and an X-ray tube from the laboratory of the high school. The picture was taken through a book several inches thick and the coins in the pocketbook are plainly visible. Wade has lately received the patent papers for the invention of a gas-generator and feels pretty big about it, although he has not got the swelled head."

Current Comments

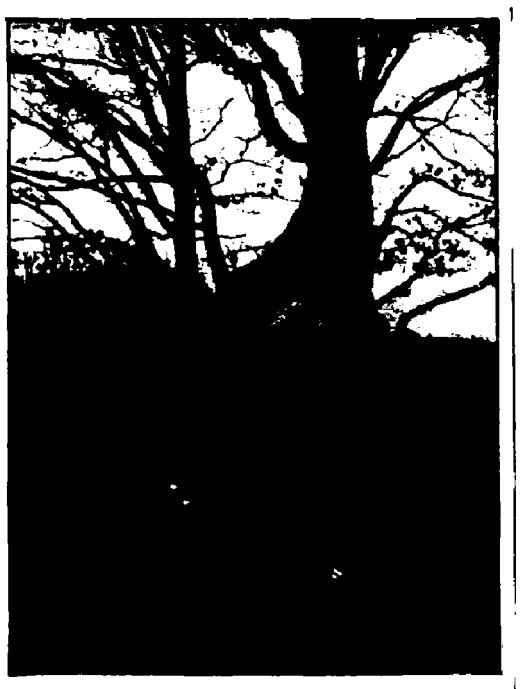
David Brodkey: Your photograph is evidently a copy of some picture in black and white and such copies are not admitted to our contests. In order to receive consideration, your negative must be made from nature. Ralph Pelta: Compare the size of the legs with that of the arms and you will see what is wrong with your photograph; the figures should have been taken on the same plane. H. N. Loeb: Your landscape has too much foreground, and could be very much improved by trimming. C. D. Woodcock: The films you sent us were evidently underexposed. Try again and give more time. Re-

The Letter Box

John Mullin: The smallest plate cameras, so far as the editor knows, make a 3½x3½ print. The Amateur Photographer, New York, will answer your purpose. It is cheaper to buy bromide paper than to make it yourself. Every package of the gelatine papers, to which you refer, contains formulas for toning and fixing. G. W. Hemphill: Why not make your own mounts? Perhaps you can get what you want from the Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y. Take your film from the developer as soon as sufficient density has been obtained. Arthur Ward: Yes, enlargements from photos submitted are eligible. Send small pictures with enlargement when entry is made. R. W. Waterbury: The contestant selects his own subjects. Graham Devoe: The periodical you name is a good one; the price does not determine its value. Herbert W. Braden: Get a copy of Alexander Black's "Photography In And Out" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a cheap camera and a supply of chemicals and go to work. Take pictures for pay and, as soon as you can spare the money, buy a better camera. You will learn by experience. J. Ratts: Your trouble is probably due to an acid fixing bath; try a plain hypo solution instead. Wm. Bennett: 1. No. 2. A Rapid Rectilinear. Geo. Howard, Jr.—So far as we know, there is no way of removing the spots to which you refer. Donald Ewing—There is no limit to the number of prints that may be entered in our contests. Gerald L. Lillie—The Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y., makes all kinds of films and will probably be able to supply you with the unusual size you require. Chester Simpson—We would advise you to select one kind of developing solution and stick to it; you will then know exactly what it will do. As for the choice of paper, that is largely a matter of individual preference. Some only use the bromide papers, others do all their "printing" with the so-called P. O. P. (which means printing out paper), and a few use both. Try a few of both kinds and select the best. Wm. Carlin—The print is what we want, preferably unmounted. P. W. Nelles—Prints made with any kind of a camera are admitted to our regular contests. Henry Ingraham—Photograph, to which your letter referred, was not enclosed.



SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S PET CAT



A PECULIAR TREE

Clarence E. Kintigh, Irwin, Pennsylvania, sends a photograph of a peculiar tree. The tree grows in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. It appears to have two trunks, which join as shown in the picture. The tree is supposed to be about seventy years old.

Very Sick Boy

Mark Twain, on his last visit to his birthplace, Hannibal, Mo., told to the school children a true story about a schoolboy.

"This boy," he said, "awoke one morning very ill. His groans alarmed the household. The doctor was sent for and came post haste.

"'Well,' said the doctor as he entered the sick room, 'what is the trouble?'

"'A pain in my side,' said the boy.

"'Any pain in the head?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is the right hand stiff?'

"'A little.'

"'How about the right foot?'

"'That's stiff, too.'

"The doctor winked at the boy's mother.

"'Well,' he said, 'you're pretty sick. But you'll be able to go to school on Monday. Let me see, today is Saturday and—'

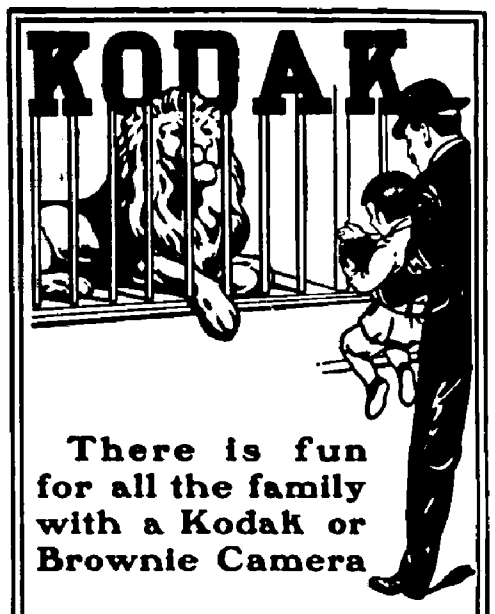
"'Is today Saturday?' said the boy in a vexed tone. 'I thought it was Friday.'

"Half an hour later that boy declared himself healed and got up. Then they packed him off to school, for it was Friday, after all."—Philadelphia Record.

RENEW PROMPTLY

If your subscription has expired, please renew promptly. You will thereby confer a favor on the publishers.

KODAK



There is fun for all the family with a Kodak or Brownie Camera

The New Kodak Catalogue, free at the dealers or by mail, tells all about the goods and explains how the dark-room has been done away with. Write for catalogue and if there is no dealer in your town let us know and we will give you the name and address of one in your locality. If you use a film camera there is no trouble about getting all of your supplies by mail at slight cost.

Photography is inexpensive now-a-days; it is interesting and educational *if you start right*. We will be glad to furnish you with printed matter, or take up the question of your wants by correspondence.

Brownies, $1 to $9. Kodaks, $5 and upward.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
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BOYS
BUY A NAIL CLIPPER

for your Mother and Sister. The 91 **Red Devil** clipper will clean, shape, trim the nails perfectly; also remove hang nails. Easily operated and will not injure the flesh.
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20c and this ad. will get the clipper.



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American Boy Correspondence Clubs

BOYS, do you want to correspond with other boys regarding your hobbies? If so, enroll in one or more of THE AMERICAN BOY CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS. For fifty cents a year we will enter your name in any one of these clubs and send you on the first of every month, for 12 months, the names of the members of that club as fast as they join it. A boy can join more than one club on the payment of the fifty-cent fee for each. This fee is all used by us in expenses attending the sending of the lists every month and keeping the records In sending in your fee give us your age, for we do not want the boys corresponding with men, boys alone being members. The following are the clubs. Which one do you want to join?

THE ELECTRICAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club is 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 covers 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, and the study of stamps in general 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 rare value group themselves under this club name. Boys who collect various kinds of ore, minerals, etc., are included.

THE AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club affords an opportunity for all boys interested in printing and journalism to correspond with one another, exchanging their papers and products and coming into friendly competition and a helpful relation.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Boys interested in photography are invited to associate themselves under this name. No club can be of more advantage to its members than this one, as the members can exchange interesting photographs. A 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, are, through the medium of this club, enabled to obtain correspondents. It must not be forgoten that THE AMERICAN BOY circulates in every country on the globe. Few things could be more pleasurable or profitable to an American boy than corresponding with a boy in some foreign 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 YOUNG HUNTERS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. All boys interested in hunting, and desirous of corresponding with boys about hunting will find much pleasure and profit in corre pondence 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.

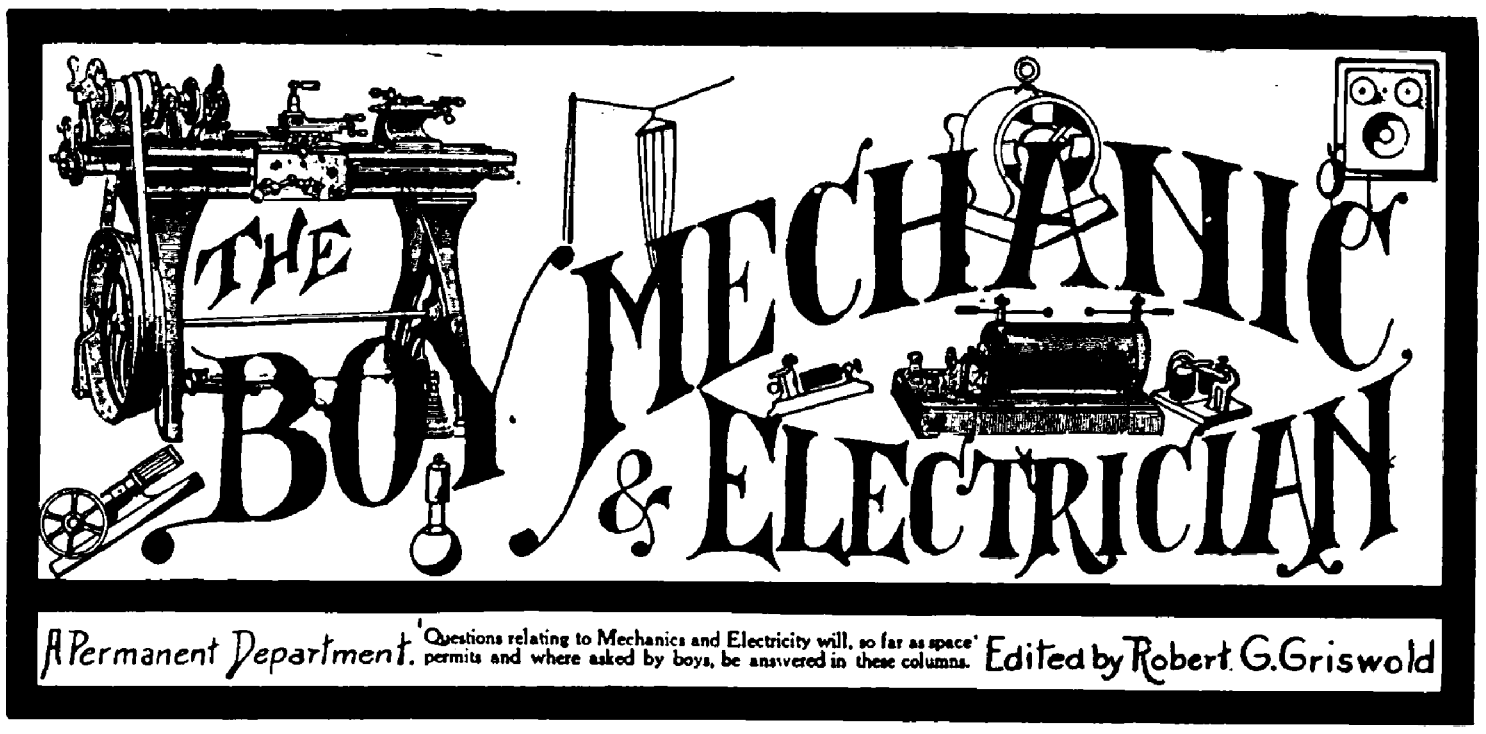
THE COIN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Boys interested in exchanging coins, and the buying or selling of rare coins, and desirous of exchanging experience and asking questions, etc., regarding coins, come into correspondence under this club name.

THE "HOW I MAKE MONEY" CORRESPONDENCE CLUB This club gives boys the opportunity to correspond with other boys on the subject of money making and saving. Many boys by employing spare moments 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. A comparison of notes by boys in various parts of the earth should prove very interesting and profitable.

THE BOY MUSICIANS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This is a club for boys who want to write about their music. State what instrument you are interested in, or whether it is vocal music.

BOYS' SOUVENIR POST CARD CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. This club enables boys to write each other on the subject of souvenir post cards, which have become quite a fad among the young people, and to exchange such cards.



Chemistry For Boys

Lesson III.—Hydrogen—Concluded

IN CONCLUSION it may be well for us to consider at greater length the compound of hydrogen and oxygen, namely water. There are many interesting facts regarding the properties of water which it will be well for us to know before proceeding further with our studies.

It is known to all of us, perhaps, as the fluid most necessary to sustain life. But aside from this, water is an almost universal solvent; that is, it will dissolve almost every known substance in

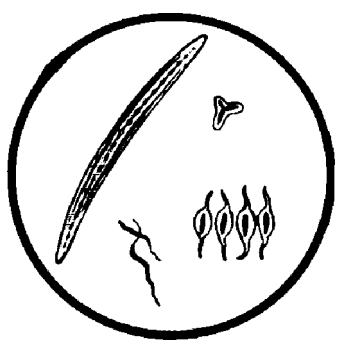


Fig. 1. The field of a microscope showing little forms of life, known as animalculae, in water

greater or less proportions. It is for this reason that pure water does not occur in nature. Perhaps the purest form would be that derived from melted snow flakes, but during their passage through the air they come in contact with particles of dust floating therein, and thus become contaminated. There are also many noxious gases which are present in the air and these are absorbed by the snow flake during its downward passage. The water of Lake Superior is very nearly pure, in fact, perhaps as pure as any body of water to be found in nature. The bed of the lake is composed of old, Azoic rocks, which are practically insoluable and for this reason the water does not pick up substances from the lake bed. This lake is fed for the most part by melting snow and ice, and rain.

The water of the sea, with which we are more or less familiar, and which impresses us as being particularly bitter in taste, contains in solution, almost every known substance. Minute chemical analysis shows that even gold is dissolved by the sea water, to a small extent. The rivers and their tributaries from every part of the world are constantly emptying into the ocean the soluble material that they have picked up, during their course. All of this tends to make up a very complex solution and the currents traveling from one side of the world to the other thoroughly mix the solution into one having almost a universally similar formula.

Water is capable of expansion and contraction with varying degrees of heat the same as several substances. It does, however, arrive at its maximum density at four degrees Centigrade, or forty degrees Fahrenheit. Any variation of temperature, either above or below, will cause the water to again expand. This is the reason why any vessel which is filled with water and allowed to freeze will burst, if there is no escape for the water from the vessel, or no means whereby the pressure of the expanding

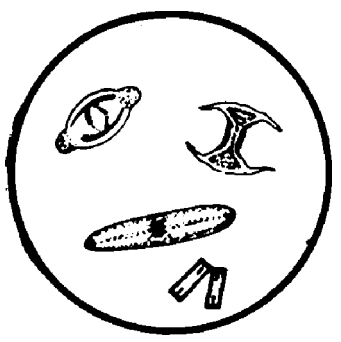


Fig. 2. Other forms of lower animal life in water

fluid can relieve itself. The force exerted is almost irresistible, and freezing water will readily burst asunder strong iron tanks or heavy iron shells.

This is one of the most powerful agents in nature for disintegrating and breaking up rock formations. If we will take the trouble to notice the smooth face of some rocky precipice during the fall and preserve a good mental picture of its condition, and then examine the same the following spring after the frosts have gotten out of the rock, we will find that the surface has been broken into thousands of pieces which have fallen off and lie at the base of the rock. This action is due to the freezing of the water that has crept in between the layers of rock, the expansion of which has split the small particles of rock off, and as soon as the temperature was sufficient to melt the ice, they have dropped away. This process has been going on for ages and has resulted in loosening and breaking up thousands of tons of rock.

The fact that water does expand at a temperature lower than forty degrees is a most fortunate provision, for otherwise ice would not float on top of our rivers and lakes. If the contraction continued below this temperature, when it arrived at thirty-two degrees, or freezing, the ice would be heavier than the surrounding water, and it would consequently sink, and our rivers and lakes would thus become frozen solid to the bottom. If a hole is dug in the ice at any time during the winter period and a thermometer is placed therein, it will be found to register about forty degrees at almost any depth. This constant temperature is preserved owing to the fact that the water, in order to freeze, must give up all its latent heat, and requires considerable time. Furthermore heat is constantly being absorbed from the earth. Were our rivers to freeze solid to their beds, the hottest summer would not be sufficient to thaw them out and plants and animals would soon be deprived of their life-giving moisture and would die. The earth itself would become uninhabitable.

It is well for us all to appreciate the value of pure water for drinking purposes. Since water is such a universal solvent it is apt to, and does, contain many organic and inorganic impurities. Many of these are injurious to our health and give rise to such diseases as typhoid fever. Water that flows over decaying vegetation will often be highly colored and will have a bad taste. Such water should not be taken into the

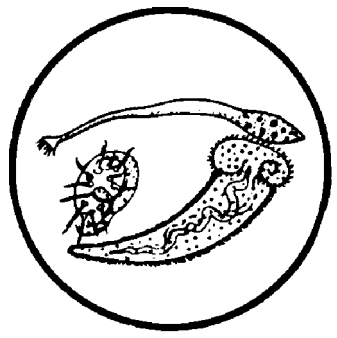


Fig. 3. Lower forms of plant life in water

system. Again there are cases where animals have, of their own volition, entered some pool or source of drinking supply, and died or have been thrown there after death by careless people, when the decaying body poisoned the water to such an extent that it caused some terrible disease. We have more to fear from the organic matters which would be formed by decaying vegetation and animal matter than we have from the inorganic substances, such as rocks, earth and mineral salts, for there are very few of these which are injurious to the human body unless taken in large quantities.

But it will be well for us to know of a few simple tests that we may apply to our drinking water in order to determine its purity, and for this reason the following experimental tests are given.

A tall glass jar is filled with the water to be tested and a few drops of sulphuric acid are added and the solution stirred. Then a few drops of a solution of potassium permanganate in water are added until the whole assumes a deep purplish tint. Stand the jar in a warm place for an hour or two, when, if any organic matter is present, these impurities will decolorize the solution. If the water is pure it will still retain its purplish tint. Another test when a great deal of poisonous matter is contained is to fill a tightly stoppered bottle full of the water and set in a warm place for a few days. If, when the stopper is taken out, an offensive odor is given off, this indicates that considerable quantities of organic matter are present and the water should be avoided, as it is very dangerous to drink.

A good charcoal filter will remove small amounts of organic matter, but cannot be depended upon to purify the water entirely, because if matter is filtered out it remains in the bed of charcoal and all subsequent water must pass over it.

One of the most suspicious elements to be found in drinking water is chlorine, as its presence indicates that it has passed through earth containing decaying vegetable or animal matter, as sewage water contains chlorine in considerable quantities. It may give rise to the opinion that a leak exists from some drainage system to the well or source of supply. This however does not apply in the case of salt wells located near the ocean, but this can be found only very near the sea, so the test will apply for almost every case. Take a quart of the water to be tested and boil it until it has been reduced to about one pint, and acidulate with just a few drops of nitric acid. Then add a few drops of a solution of silver nitrate. If a white precipitate is formed which falls to the bottom, and, after pouring off the solution, this precipitate is soluble in ammonia and insoluble in nitric acid, chlorine is present and the water should be looked upon with suspicion. There are several other tests which would be very interesting to make, but owing to the fact that we have not gone far enough in our studies to properly perform these, we will leave them until another time.

Aside from impurities in solution, water very frequently carries in suspension, animalculae, or little animals and insects. Very frequently some of these cause serious disorders in the system. On the other hand, do not be alarmed when you are told that all water contains some form of life, because water that will not support these forms of life is unfit to drink. Under the microscope thousands of these wriggling, squirming little animals can be seen, but they do not, in any way, affect the purity of the water for our use.

Strictly pure water may be obtained by distillation, but it is most unpalatable, and very few of us would care to drink it as a steady diet.

QUERY BOX

Q. Will you please tell me whether you are going to publish any more lessons on Magnetism and Electricity in THE AMERICAN BOY?—E. J. Lakewood, N. J.

A. The lessons on Magnetism and Electricity will be continued from time to time. It is our endeavor to make this department a little more versatile, owing to the many requirements of our readers.

Q. I would like to know the use of a spark coil in a gasoline engine. Would a solid plunger made of good Babbitt metal and a cylinder made of brass, work successfully for a gasoline engine?—D. G., Red Hook, N. Y.

Ans.—A spark coil is used to ignite a charge of gasoline vapor and air in the engine cylinder. We doubt very much if you would have success with an engine built as you describe. A plunger made of Babbitt metal would be very apt to melt under the high temperature of explosion. Brass does not make a good cylinder as it is too soft and wears very quickly.

Q. How is the Massie coherer made? How is the electrolytic coherer made? How far would a one-inch spark coil send messages having an aerial wire about three feet above a thirty-foot house, with other houses and trees between the two stations?—J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.

A. One type of Massie coherer is composed of two carbon plates with a superimposed steel needle, which is held in place by a magnet. The electrolytic coherer consists of a very thin platinum wire dipping into a solution of special composition contained in a carbon cup. A one-inch spark coil would, perhaps, if sufficient batteries were used, send a message for a distance of half a mile, but not knowing the conditions or the sensitiveness of your receiving apparatus, it would be difficult to answer correctly. In all probability you would have to do a great deal of experimenting.

Q. What size wire should be used for rewinding the armature of a six-bar (18 magnets) telephone generator? Will a telegraph instrument, wound to 4 ohms' resistance, work up to a distance of one-fourth of a mile? If so, how many dry batteries will it take?—F. Mc K., Vernon, Texas.

A. You do not give sufficient information for us to know what current you wish to derive and without this information it would be impossible to answer your question. Your telegraph instrument should work over a distance of a quarter of a mile, but the resistance of the instrument is rather low and would require a great many cells of dry battery to operate it efficiently.

Q. What is the difference between magnetic wire and other wire and how can one tell the difference between them? Can a medical battery be used for anything else? Can any wire, other than copper, be used for experiments. If not, why?—D. De B., Rochester, N. Y.

A. We are not familiar with any wire known as magnetic wire, and it must be that you have misunderstood the term. A medical battery, that is, if you refer to the battery proper, can be used in any place where the general type of batteries are used. Any kind of wire can be used for experiments, but copper wire is generally used, owing to the readiness with which it bends, to its high conductivity, and more especially, owing to the fact that it is more easily obtained.

Q. Could the primary of an induction coil be made of No. 18 wire and would No. 23 do for the secondary? Is the secondary wound in the same direction as the primary?—E. L. W., Westport, Conn.

A. No. 18 will do for the primary but No. 23 is too large for the secondary. You should use at least No. 36. The secondary may be wound in the same direction as the primary.

Q. Instead of using sheets of tin in the armature and field, could you make castings out of babbitt metal, in the motor described in March, 1905? If babbitt metal will not do, is there any other metal that is easy to melt that would?—S. W., Sioux Falls, S. Dakota.

A. No, the fields and armature cannot be made of babbitt metal, as that is not magnetic. The field and armature must be made of iron or steel.

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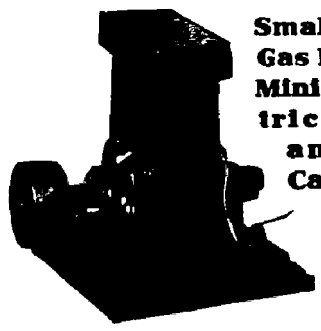

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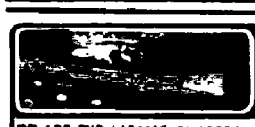

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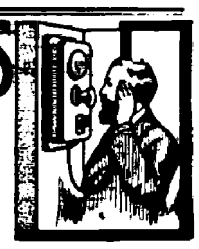


WORKSHOP NOTES

Under This Heading Will be Given Various Useful Schemes and Formulas That Will Materially Assist the Amateur in his Experimental Work

1. **Soldering Acid.** For use in soldering iron and steel, tinned iron, copper, brass and zinc. Place in a bottle a mixture of equal parts of water and muriatic acid (hydrochloric acid) and drop in several pieces of zinc until the solution will dissolve no more. Make a small swab of a piece of flannel and fasten to the end of a copper wire driven into the cork. The swab should not touch the bottom of the bottle. After straining the solution through a cloth, replace in the bottle, insert the cork and set away for future use. When a joint is to be soldered just touch it with the wet swab and the solder will flow very readily. This acid makes a very much cleaner job than resin.

2. **To solder lead, or lead and tin pipes.** Scrape the surfaces until clean and bright and apply a thin coating of tallow for lead, or resin and sweet oil for tin pipes. Care must be exercised not to have the soldering copper too hot, as it will readily melt through the pipe wall.

3. **To drive screws into hard wood.** Soft brass and iron screws may be readily driven into hard woods such as oak, ash, cherry and maple by first drilling a small hole and coating the screw with beeswax, by pushing it into a lump of the wax. A paraffin candle will also work well in place of the beeswax.

4. **To sharpen old files.** After files have been used for some time they become too dull to cut well, and they may be resharpened by chemical means so that they will again render good service. The files are first boiled in a strong solution of lye or soda, to remove all the grease and oil, a small brush being useful in removing the particles that do not drop off at once. The files are then washed with clean water and immediately dipped into a solution composed of nitric acid one part, water four parts. They are allowed to remain in this acid until it eats away the surfaces of the teeth, rendering them sharp. Fine files require much less time than coarse ones. After the desired action has taken place the files are removed, dried quickly and brushed over with a thin oil to prevent rusting.

5. **Quick cutting mixture for oil-stones.** Do not use a heavy oil on an oil-stone. It fills up the pores and the steel then glides over the surface without being ground by the stone. The following mixture is excellent and gives great keenness to the stone, keeping the pores clear and open. Light machine or sweet oil, four parts; turpentine, five parts; coal-oil, one part. Wipe the stone thoroughly after each using. A good Arkansas stone will last for years without gumming if this mixture is used, and remain very sharp. (Sharpness refers to the cutting qualities of the stone.)

Prize Winners

But one of the three puzzles that appeared on page 222 of our May number was solved by our readers. The "Picture Proverb" was solved first by Charles S. Burlingham, Jr., 1746 Park avenue, Baltimore, Maryland. Solution. "Well begun is half done."

The solution to "How Many Ways" is as follows:

A to D, 1148 different ways; B to C, 1048 different ways. The method for solving this class of puzzles was fully explained in the March, 1905, number.

The solution of "What Is Wrong" is as follows:

One—Spiders descend or ascend feet uppermost.

Two—Spiders have eight legs, not six.

Three—Because it drops a line by every post.

The puzzle "Can You Decipher This" which appeared in our June number, was answered correctly by several hundred boys. The first correct solution was received from DeWit Inman, 1910 Harmon avenue, Zion City, Ill., and he receives the prize.

A Word to Boys who Send us Puzzles, &c.

If the boys who send us conundrums, puzzles, jokes, etc., do not find them in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY, after a reasonable time, they will understand that we consider what has been sent as not suited to our pages or too old to be used.

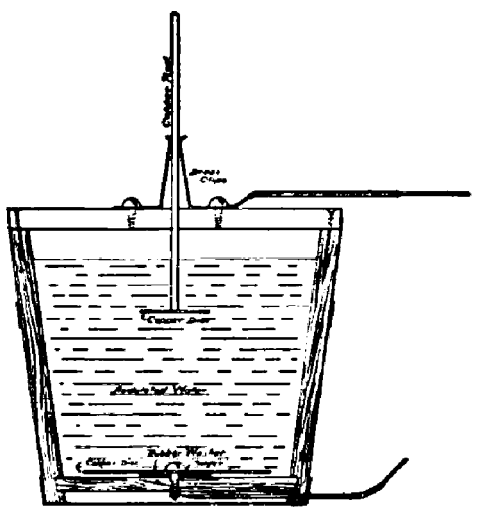
Experimental Lessons in Electricity—Lesson XI.

HOW TO MAKE A RHEOSTAT.

A rheostat, frequently called a resistance box, is to an electric circuit what a valve is to a steam or water line. It is used to regulate the flow of the electric current, which it does in exactly the same manner as a valve. When we close a valve part way the opening in the pipe is partially closed, and, since the pressure on the steam or water does not alter, less will pass through the smaller opening, owing to the increase of resistance to its flow. Therefore, if we place some instrument in an electrical circuit whereby we may readily vary the amount of resistance through which the current is flowing, a greater or lesser current may be obtained for any experimental purpose.

The construction of a rheostat is very simple and two forms will be described. The cheapest form may be described as a water rheostat and is shown in Fig. 1. Procure a small wooden pail such as usually sold for toys at the seashore or toy stores. A small wooden bucket will do if the pail cannot be secured, but it must be of wood or some non-conducting material—metal would not do. Dry it thoroughly in an oven and drive the hoops on so as to draw the staves together tightly. Then give the inside a good coat of melted paraffine, so as to make the wood impervious to moisture.

Cut two discs from sheet copper, one and three inches in diameter respectively. Clean the discs thoroughly by scouring with emery cloth. Fasten the larger disc to the bottom of the pail by a one inch, round headed brass wood-screw passing through the bottom. Place a rubber washer, cut from an old gum shoe or boot, between the disc and bottom before the screw is driven in, to prevent the acidulated water from attacking the screw. Then with a soldering iron drop some solder over the screw head, making a good contact with the copper disc. A little soldering acid will make the solder flow and unite with the two metals. (The soldering acid is described under the new heading "Workshop Notes," begun in this issue.)



Then solder the one inch disc to a straight copper or brass wire about No. 10 B. W. G., and eight or ten inches long—at least three inches longer than the pail is deep. Make a wood support long enough to reach across the top of the pail and drill a hole in the centre large enough to let the wire slide through. Bend two pieces of spring brass to the shape shown and fasten by screws so that the free ends grip the rod and hold it in position, also forming a sliding connector. The wire leading from the top should be soldered to both clips, thus reducing the resistance of this contact. The rod is pushed through the hole and the wood strip nailed to the pail.

A solution is then made to fill the pail to within about an inch of the top, composed of twenty parts water and one part sulphuric acid. The acid renders the water a conductor.

When the upper disc is withdrawn from the solution, the circuit is broken, but as it is pushed down towards the bottom, the resistance of the water gradually decreases until the two discs come in contact. Thus the quantity of current is readily regulated from nearly zero to full strength. The less acid mixed with the water the greater will be its resistance as pure water is not a very good conductor.

This is a very cheap rheostat and readily built at home in a short time. It is adjusted within great limits and has a large capacity, and if a heavy current was pressing, the heat generated would be readily absorbed by the solution. The acid will not attack the copper and if well made, it will last a long while.

Why I am Proud of My State

The prize of $5 goes to Charles S. Sykes, Richford, Vermont, whose essay appears on this page. The boys deserving honorable mention are Horace A. Colburn, Rutland; H. M. Boyd, Wilmington; Howard Mandigo, Richford, and O. S. Smithers, Waterbury.

Other boys who wrote good essays are the following named: Rodney Babcock, Ernest R. Harvey, J. Randall Norton, Thomas Ripley Dorr, David W. Howe, George Aiken, Fred W. Davis, Irving W. Eastman, Clarence St. Louis, E. Ernest Luther, Fred C. Smith, Clayton E. Fisher, and Charlie Merriam.

The following are some of the reasons Vermont boys gave for being proud of their state:

The first steamboat was built and launched by Robert Morey on a lake in Orange county that now bears his name. This boat was sunk in the lake by unknown parties who were jealous of Morey's invention, and it has never been found, although an attempt was made to secure it for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago. There are eighteen peaks in the Green Mountains, ranging from 3,500 to 4,279 feet high, Mt. Mansfield being the highest. The deepest marble quarries in the world are situated at West Rutland, and five-sevenths of the marble used in the United States is furnished by Vermont. Lakes Bomoseen, St. Catherine, and Dunmore, situated wholly in the state, and Lake Champlain, bordering on the western side, have many beautiful summer resorts. The chief colleges are the University of Vermont and Middlebury College. Senator Redfield Proctor, born in Proctor, Vermont, has now the largest marble business in the world. Carrol S. Page of Hyde Park, who started as a boy dealing in calf skins, is now the largest dealer in hides in the world. Sir Thaddeus Fairbanks, the only man from Vermont who was knighted, invented the Fairbanks scales, and gave a splendid academy to the town of St. Johnsbury. Julia R. Dorr, a Vermont woman, wrote the famous poem "Gettysburg." Norwich University, now at Northfield, furnished more men during the Civil War than any other college except Crown Point. Vermont furnished for the Civil War over 35,000 men, and according to the report of the War Department the total loss, in proportion to the number in the service, was more than that of any other state excepting Pennsylvania. Vermont gave $10,000,000 towards war expenses. Captain Charles Clark, in the Spanish-American War, brought the Oregon from San Francisco to the Atlantic in sixty-six days and joined Sampson's fleet before Santiago. Great quantities of Morgan horses and merino sheep are shipped from Vermont each year. The best milk in the Boston and New York markets comes from Vermont. The first blood of the Revolution was shed at Westminster, when William French was killed by the Tories. No Vermont colors were taken in battle during the Civil War. Vermont is free from graft, and has no state debt. General Sheridan said of the Vermont troops in the Civil War: "I have never commanded troops in whom I had more confidence than I had in the Vermont soldiers; and I do not know but that I can say I never commanded troops in whom I had as much confidence as in those of this gallant state." Few states in the Union surpass Vermont in beauty. From the summit of Mt. Killington the whole state, and even Mt. Washington can be seen on clear days. Public libraries are established in almost every town. One-third of all the maple sugar produced in the country comes from Vermont. Thirty scholarships are given each year by the state to needy students who wish to enter college. During the Revolution the "Green Mountain Boys," under Colonel Starke, defeated the British with great loss, preparing the way for their final downfall at Saratoga. Vermont has water connection with New York by Lake Champlain and a canal which joins the lake and the Hudson river. Vermont has 49 national banks, 40 savings banks, 7 fire, and 3 life insurance companies. Burlington, the largest city in the state, has been called the most beautiful city in the Union. Large and small game are found in the forests, and trout and other fish in the lakes and rivers. The yearly crop of hay exceeds 1,000,000 tons, valued at $11,000,000. The schools are supported by a direct tax, and education is compulsory.

The Vermont poet, Saxe, once said that the state is famous for four things, its men, women, maple sugar, and horses.

"The first are strong,
The last are fleet,
The second and third exceedingly sweet,
And all are extremely hard to beat."

One boy says: "Hail, my Green Mountain State! Though small on the map, if thou wert ironed out, thou wouldst appear as large as some of thy sister states."

We must congratulate the Vermont boys on the neat appearance of their essays, and the almost universally good penmanship displayed.

WHY I AM PROUD OF VERMONT

Prize Essay by Charles S. Sykes, Richford, Vermont

I am proud of Vermont, the first state to be admitted into the Union under the Constitution, because of her beautiful hills and Green Mountains, and I am proud that she was named for these mountains.

Vermonters have always valued liberty highly. Between 1720 and 1775 there were many disputes between Massachusetts, New York, and New Hampshire, regarding parts of the territory which now constitutes our state, but which was then known as the "New Hampshire Grants." The settlers of these grants fought bravely for their rights, and remained practically independent, although nominally under the jurisdiction of New York.

Both the regular troops and the volunteers from this state did excellent service during the Revolutionary War, and were honorably discharged. In 1775 Ethan Allen, with less than one hundred "Green Mountain Boys," captured Fort Ticonderoga, and secured the supplies and ammunition so much needed by the Continental troops. Two years later, Seth Warner, with the Vermont soldiers, aided the New Hampshire and Massachusetts forces in checking the British advance in the Battle of Bennington, thus preparing for the decisive victory at Saratoga.

Vermont's soldiers fought bravely in the War of 1812, and in the Civil War she furnished more troops in proportion to her population than any other state. The manner in which they fought for the preservation of the Union is made clear by the words which General Sedgwick uttered at Gettysburg:

"Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column well closed up."

Two of the most prominent and bravest men in the Spanish-American War, Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila, and Clark, the captain who took the Oregon halfway around the world to join the fleet at Santiago, were born and educated in this state.

As an agricultural state Vermont ranks high, producing excellent butter, cheese, beef, pork, and poultry, and without question more and better maple sugar than any other state. The Morgan horses, famed for their beauty and speed, originated here, and it is here that the best are still bred.

Vermont possesses one of the largest creameries in the world, located at St. Albans, one of the principal lumber marts of the country, best marble quarries, and plentiful supplies of slate. Her forests contain abundant lumber, including the finest quality of spruce and rock maple. She also turns out many finished products, among which are the Fairbanks scales, the standard of the world.

At an early date Vermont began to provide for the education of her youth, and few states have a better public school system. Two colleges and three academies were founded more than a century ago, and now a good education is within the reach of every one.

I am proud of the high character of Vermont men as shown both by those who fill positions of honor at home and abroad. Among those well entitled to a place on her roll of honor are: President Arthur, General Howard, Senators Foot, Collamer, Edmunds, Morrill, Proctor, and Dillingham; Smith, governor during the Civil War; Phelps, Minister to England; Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury; Ide, Governor General of the Philippines, and Saxe, the noted humorous poet.

Vermont's desire to pay loving tribute to her honored dead is indicated by the recent erection of monuments at the birthplace of the late President Arthur, at Hayen's Notch, and at Fort Ethan Allen.

All in all, ours is a grand old state, and there are abundant reasons why every Green Mountain lad should be proud to say, "I am from Vermont."

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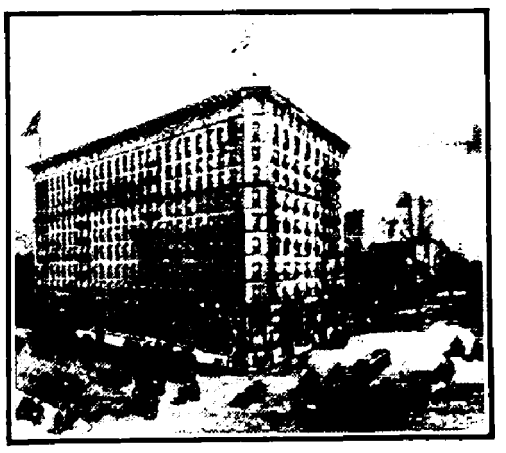

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SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.

The Knuckle Calendar

If you double up your fist and hold it with the back of the hand upward you will see the four knuckles of the hand standing up in little prominences with little depressions between the bases of the fingers.

Now, if you will start ticking off the months on these prominences and depressions, one for each prominence, and one for each depression, in regular order, you will find the long months all come on the high places and the short months all in the low ones.

First knuckle, high place, January; first depression, low place, February; next knuckle, March; next depression, April; next knuckle, May; next low place, June; and then the fourth and last knuckle, July. Then you come back to the first knuckle and start over again; high place, August; and first depression, September; next knuckle, October; next depression, November, and the next knuckle, December.

Pleased With His Prize

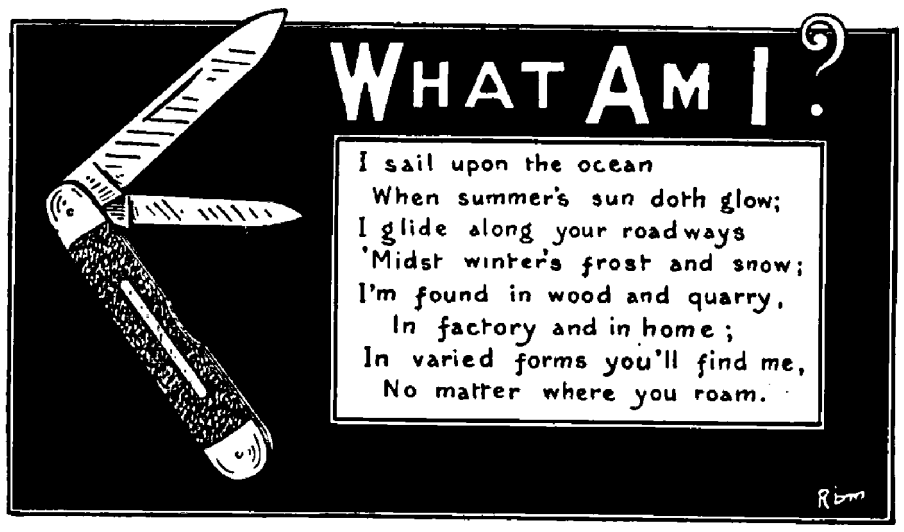
A. Douglas Farquhar, Sandyspring, Maryland, winner of an AMERICAN BOY puzzle prize, writes: "The book which you sent me for solving one of the puzzles came some time ago, but I have waited until I finished reading it so that I could truthfully tell you how fine it was. The history in it is of great importance, and the reading most interesting. When my subscription expired last fall I thought for a while I would not renew it, but the last number I received was so interesting that I could not resist renewing, and now I have been more than remunerated with a good book, besides getting the worth of my money out of the magazine already. Enclosed please find sixty cents. You will please hand over fifty cents of it to the shut-in fund, and for the remaining ten cents send me the May number, which I would like to show to some of my boy friends. I would not like to part with my own copy for even a few days while some one looked over it. I have pasted the letter which I received with the book on the fly leaf so that I may know how I obtained it, and also have your autograph in it."

Among the Boys

Harry C. McKown, of Gilson, Illinois, writes us as follows:

"Jewell Scott and myself got it into our heads to make a wireless telegraph station in each of our houses. We made our telegraph instruments in the following manner: Take a box about 14x10 and make a swinging door at the back of it. Then take and make a 2-inch hole in front with a lever to close it with. In the back of the box put a piece of 8-10 looking glass. Take a small lamp and put it in the box in front of the looking-glass. Make an alphabet and get into a dark room and light the lamp, (the one in the instrument.) Have the person to whom you are going to talk get his machine, and both of you get in a window and FLASH the message across the street. The room in which you are must be dark, (without a light.) If you have a good one you can talk (on a good night) nearly one-half mile. I take THE AMERICAN BOY and think it is the best boy's paper I ever heard of. As long as I can earn a dollar I mean to take it. I am 14 years old and am in the ninth grade in the Gilson High School. I am going to try to earn a watch."

The writer of this letter has sent fifteen cents for the fund for shut-in boys. He is something of a declaimer, having won third prize—a solid silver medal—in a recent contest, it being the first time that he ever participated in a contest. He thinks the story we started in the May number ("In Defense of His Flag") is a fine one, and he does not see how we can print so good a paper for a dollar a year.



Harry Gilbery, of Hartline, Washington, sends us the "Problem of Nines," which he explains as follows:

Tell a person to take some number, multiply it by 3, multiply the product by 3, and then cancel one figure from the result. If they tell you the figures left, you can tell the one that was cancelled. This is the way you do it: Add the figures given you and subtract the sum from the first multiple of 9 that is larger than the result gotten by adding. For instance, take the number 88 and multiply it by 3, which equals 264; then multiply by 3 again and you have 792. Cancel the 2; you have left 7 and 9, which added make 16. Now subtract this from 18 (the first multiple of 9 larger than 16) and you have 2, the number cancelled.

John C. Root, an inmate of the Flower Mission Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, writes us an interesting letter. He says: "I am sixteen years old. I graduated from the common school when I was thirteen years old, but have never had a chance to go to school since, because of my physical condition. When I get well I shall have a good education, and I will be patient till that time comes. The following is a verse of mine, and I think all boys should bear it in mind:

"As acorns make shrubs,
And shrubs make trees;
Patience brings success
By unseen degrees."

John adds his good word for THE AMERICAN BOY, saying that it has seemed to him absolutely perfect during the eighteen months he has been a subscriber. He also sends a puzzle that may interest some of our readers. It is as follows:

What is the least number of sheep two men (A and B) could have, so that if A stole one from B, he would have two times as many as B; or if B stole one from A, he would have just as many as A?

Answer: A should have 7 and B should have 5. If A stole one from B, he would have 8, or two times as many as the 4 that B would have left; and if B stole one from A, he would have 6, or just as many as the 6 that A would have left.

From San Fernando, Union, Philippine Islands, comes a letter which will interest the boys and give them a great deal of information as well. The letter is written by Gregorio Abellera, who would like to hear from American boys living in the United States. The following is a part of the letter:

"I am a Filipino boy, nearly fourteen years old. I am going to school in San Fernando, the capital of Union province. My native town is Cava, about thirteen miles from San Fernando. I am in the fourth grade in the Intermediate School. We are studying six different subjects, which are Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Nature Study, Reading, and Music. We are also studying Spelling. There are eight teachers in this school.

"Now, I am going to tell you about the Philippines. These islands were first ruled by the Spanish nation, and then by the British nation. After a time England gave them again to Spain. When the people here felt that the Spaniards were so unkind to them, they began to try to send them away. The United States helped the Philippines in her trouble and now the United States is keeping this country in peace.

"There are hundreds of plants in the Philippines which are used for food. The most important is rice. Corn also grows well here. The exports of this country are hemp, sugar, cocoanut, and tobacco. Some of the fruits which are common to us here are mango, chico, lansones, guava, lomboy, damartes, granada, banana, orange, sarguelas, plum, salamagui, remando, atis, santol, amonas, mabolo, and many others. These fruits can be eaten without cooking, but most of them are not sweet when they are green. Will you please tell me the different kinds of fruits there which are used for food without cooking?

"There are also many kinds of fishes here. Some of them are tulingan, susay, pating, munamon, aramang, porong, lagui, dalag, pasayan, bonag, dadali, and many others.

"There are a few domestic animals. They are the horses, carabaos, pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, etc.

"Some of the people in the Philippines are savages. The Filipinos have many dialects. The dialect which we are using here is Ilocano. Therefore all the people who were born where this dialect is spoken are called Ilocanos.

"I wish that you would tell your friends to write to me if they want to. I live in San Fernando in school days, and I live in Cava in vacation days.

"Your loving friend,
"GREGORIO ABELLERA."

A POSTAL CARD PUZZLE

Detroit	you	now	have	don't	we
hesitate	shall	contains	hope	much	often
promised	of	to	but	to	come
see	when	you	interest	come	to
many	for	we	but	the	have
visitor	never	few	a	repeat	few
days	you	yet	yours	done	cities
so	possess	this	more	summer	Sam

TWO of our clever readers have been corresponding for some time upon postal cards, but in such a manner no one but themselves can make any sense whatever out of what they have written.

As an example of this method of secret writing, we reproduce a postal card mailed by a Detroit boy to his chum, who resides in a distant city.

You will see for yourself how very little the casual observer can learn from scanning what is written there. As there is always a certain amount of interest attached to anything of a mysterious nature, perhaps a few remarks upon this method of secret writing may not be out of place.

The information upon the accompanying postal can only be deciphered by means of a stencil or mask, by means of which certain words are read through open spaces, while other words are masked out. The latter are read by reversing the card, then turning it completely over and reversing again—four different positions of the stencil in all.

Both correspondents, it is needless to say, use exactly similar stencils. To write such a card, one lays his mask over the postal, and writes the words straight across the lines in the spaces as they occur.

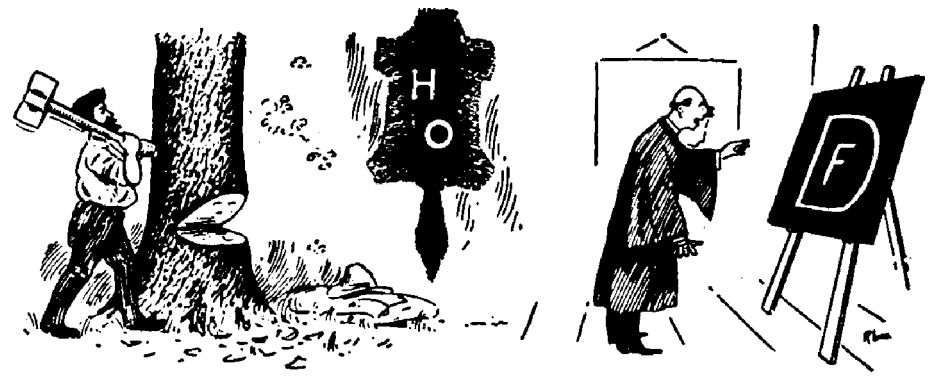
Perhaps an example will make matters more clear to our readers. Suppose you divide a postal into four equal parts with dividers, pencil or rule, and cut away one quarter; you have then the simplest form of mask possible. Now by laying this over your card you could write one word in the open space, then turn it around, and a new space appears while you lose sight of the word already written. And so on, you could turn this mask over and then again reverse position until a word was written in each of four spaces. This same rule holds good with practically any number of words—in this case 48 words are written—12 spaces (one for each word of one-fourth part) must be made.

Let it be clearly understood, in preparing this stencil, your card must be ruled into 48 equal spaces, and then 12 of them, selected from different parts of that card, removed.

We hope with the hints that we have given you, some of our clever readers will be able to puzzle out what is written here.

Next month we will reproduce the stencil which is necessary to correctly read this postal.

Picture Proverb





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.

Allert Brager, Mount Horeb, Wis., wins the grand prize of a silk flag for the best original Fourth of July Tangle.

Wm. Roberts Kruse, Elwyn, Delaware Co., Penn., wins the prize for the best list of answers to May Tangles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Raymond F. Katterjohn, Benjamin L. Miller, Percy C. King, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Osborn J. Dunn, J. Milton Boyer, Grafton Darby, Mrs. C. D. Darby, William P. Channon, Noah S. Guengerich, Lloyd Edward Owens, Wallace A. Philgreen, J. Cuthbert Long, Geo. D. Skelton, Dudley B. Kimball, Albertus K. Richards, Leonard M. Steburg, Leo E. Bourdon, Elmer Rodgers, Grady Peerey, Bunting Hankins Roe, Obert Burkett, Russell Ashby Walker, Lawrence Phelps, Frank Kelly, Kenneth Fullerton, Geo. Dennis, Nellie Meyers, Floyd Clark, Alfred Thomas, Carol Seven, James A. Lynd, M. Gray, C. Clyde Nickum, Arthur Townsend, Frank von Tobel, Edwin A. Berry, J. Horace Trumbull, Auburn Setzer, James B. Dannemille, Walter J. Tilton, Clarence Luther, Willie Whitaker, Harvey Guetzloe, Sarah Gilles, Frank B. Bolton, Carl Ohm, Howard V. Webb, Russell Procter, Ernest A. Stifel, Frank C. McCourt, Paul L. Field, J. Paul Richter, Harold Peterson, Geo. Frary Hutchison, Arthur L. Diamond, Frank Stocking, Clarence M. Carson, Floyd Williams, True Bayley, Lewis Caldwell, Moxie Craus.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the July Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list of answers; received by July 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by July 18; to be published in September.

Tangle Talk

So many excellent original Fourth of July puzzles were received as to render most difficult the selection of a single one to receive our award. While rejoicing with the winner, it is with feelings of sincerest regret that we must make a choice that will not include all the deserving Tanglers. Many splendid contributions, entered in our flag contest, cannot even be printed because of our limitations as to space. And we are just as sorry as you are.

Mr. Kruse gave every word of the answers exactly as their authors had them, excepting "acclaim" for "plaudit," which is not counted as an error, since both the definition and the conditions are fully met by either, and many of you seemed to prefer acclaim. The stumbling blocks were the prison towns, Neptune for Mercury, and proscript for proscription. Several came within a single word of equaling the prize winner in the correctness of their answers.

Clinton Fisk Elliott's wonderful Flag Tangle would have occupied too much space and its solution would have required more time, we fear, than our Tanglers would be inclined to give to it. Its preparation must have required months of study.

When Uncle Tangler was a boy there were no prizes given for answers or for new puzzles in the few magazines that had puzzle departments. Neither were there any honorable mentions. The great honor then was to get a puzzle printed over your nom de plume, your real name seldom or never being printed or known to your fellows. I sometimes wonder if my Tanglers realize how great an honor it really is to have printed one of their original contributions in this department of THE AMERICAN BOY, leaving out of consideration the still greater honor of winning a prize. If you could sit down with me in my library when that big bunch of your letters is ready to be opened each month, and could look over my shoulder as I read the answers and the new puzzles you have sent in, I am sure you would realize then the distinction that accompanies the winning of a place for your name among the honorable mentions, in the hot competition of all the boys of America and the world. Take my word for it, the men of tomorrow are showing their mettle in the Tangles of today. A few years hence and the names with which you are most familiar will be the names that stand for accomplishment in every line of human endeavor.

With this issue Uncle Tangler completes his fifth year, his sixtieth consecutive month, as editor-in-chief of the mystic band of Tanglers. It seems a fitting time, therefore, to thank you for your earnest support and interest in his endeavors to create a department that should be more than a mere puzzle department, more than a mere play upon words—but a department, in fact, that should bear a message of the value of earnest study and thought, developing the possibilities of research in bible, history, literature, science, geography and the higher enlightenment. The lessons you have unconsciously absorbed by our pleasant method of instilling the facts will remain with you through life, while the memory of the pleasure you find in our friendly contests will never cease to brighten the thoughts of your mature years. Meanwhile Uncle Tangler is having just as good a time over it all as you are, and is trying to learn something every day so as to keep up with your younger wit and maintain the mutual interest unabated.

Uncle Tangler does not live in Detroit. On the night of the closing of our contest each month, Mr. Sprague bundles all your letters up and sends them away

by express to your uncle's home in another city. He has preserved his incognito during all these years for much the same reason that Santa Claus has concealed his personality. The fun seems gone, someway, when the mystery is gone. So he will continue to be just Uncle Tangler to his nephews and nieces as long as he can. For anything you know Uncle Tangler may live right in your town. His incognito enables him to walk by your house and even to pass some of you on the street without your recognition.

I wonder if the boy who said "Get out of the way!" to me the other day, as he bumped against me on the sidewalk, would have been quite so brusk about it had he known it was Uncle Tangler he was so rude to! And he was a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, too.

I am going to tell you this much about your uncle. Uncle Tangler is a business man. He is connected with a large business house that is known, by name at least, to nearly every one of you. Tangles are his relaxation, his pleasure and study, not his bread and butter. He puts in his spare time at this play-work because he enjoys it—has enjoyed it ever since he was a boy himself and used to send off his puzzles to other editors for them to print or put in the waste basket, same as he does now with yours! So you see he knows just how it feels! Every evening from the nineteenth of the month, when your letters arrive from Mr. Sprague, until the first of the next month, Uncle Tangler devotes faithfully to consideration of your lists of answers and original contributions. Every word you write is read and weighed and enjoyed. He enters into your spirit of friendly rivalry, puts the best side of your work to the front, hopes with your hopes, sorrows at your temporary failures and rejoices at your ultimate proficiency. He observes your sincere efforts to excel, knows the many patient hours you have devoted to careful reasearch as well as though you told him, and sees with pleasure where mothers and fathers and teachers have entered into the spirit of the thing and guided you along the right way.

Don't get discouraged. Keep at it. It is no disgrace to fail. Few have won at their first attempt; few have failed to win who have persisted. Your every effort is watched and welcomed by

UNCLE TANGLER.

Answers to June Tangles

57. 1. LiseNbee wrote The Joy Claim. 2. TrenchArd wrote Ostrich Racing. 3. FawceTt wrote Boy Lumbermen of the Northwest. 4. MoorHouse wrote The Sneak-Cat. 5. HeAgan wrote Money in Weeds. 6. CarNe wrote The Young George Washington. 7. ChIlds wrote Cake Eater. 8. TylEe wrote A French Frog and an American Eagle. 9. FerreLl wrote The Pancake Earth and Its Press Agent. 10. WriGht wrote The President's Son at Harvard. 11. BaRr wrote Relief of the North Branch Fort. 12. McClurE wrote Some Intelligent Horses. 13. GilmorE wrote Ned and Billy. 14. JohNson wrote Baseball Training. 15. MitchEll wrote How America Came by Its Name. Selected letters, Nathaniel Greene.

58. United States declared war against Great Britain.

59.
1. A V o l d
2. R I g l d
3. K R u p p
4. A G o n y
5. N I g e r
6. S N a l l
7. A l m e d
8. S A t i n

Initials, Arkansas; second letters, Virginia.

60.
I. E l M
II. O a k
III. P i N e
IV. M a p l e
V. W i l l O w
VI. S p r U c e
VII. L o c u s T
VIII. A s H

Indicated letters, Monmouth.

61. Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, North Carolina, North Dakota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Wisconsin. 23.

62. 1. Seoul. 2. Capetown. 3. Monrovia. 4. San Juan. 5. Manila. 6. Melbourne. 7. Kelat. 8. Kabul. 9. Bangkok. 10. St. Petersburg. 11. Constantinople. 12. Antananarivo. 13. Copenhagen. 14. Colombo. 15. Teheran. 16. Stockholm. 17 Wellington. 18. Batavia. 19. Christiania.

63.

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          T e h e r a n
          B O l i v i a
          C a R r o l l
          L i m O g e s
          G a r o N n e
          O t r a n T o
C h a t h a M o r o c c O s h k o s h
B O k h a r a       A R i z o n a
B e R g a m o       C l I n t o n
B r i S t o l       G r a N a d a
N o r w I c h       L e g h O r n
W a r w i C k       M a j o r C a
O r i z a b A j a c c i O n t a r i O
          A N t i g u a
          I n D i a n a
          B a v A r i a
          P o t o M a c
          D o n e g A l
          B i g h o r N
```

Diagonals, Toronto, Corsica, Orinoco, Andaman.

64.

Fig. 1.

Window					
Icicle	bLocks			blockS	quaggA
Lizard	liQuor	quAgga	windOw	liqUor	sLeigh
Magpie	ESkimo	AsHley	icIcle	EsKimo	twelvE
Ayeaye	sKates	slEigh	lIzard	skaTes	Mirror
Shovel	sPruce	twElve	mAgpie	spruCe	Beetle
	mAgnet	miRror	ayeayE	magneT	
		beEtle	sHovel		

Selected letters, William Shakespeare. Selected letters, As You Like It; Macbeth.

65.

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A P R I L             D R A M A
P H O N O             R E C A P
R O W D Y             A C T O R
I N D I A             M A O R I
L O Y A L L A M A P R I L
          L E P A L
          A P R I L
          M A I Z E
Y A C C A L L E Y U M A S
A P R I L             U N A P T
C R I M E             M A R R Y
C I M A R             A P R I L
A L E R T             S T Y L E
```

66. 1. Q u I t o
2. Q U e r y
3. Q u E a t
4. Q u e E r
5. K o r a N
6. B r a V e
7. C l I v e
8. A C t o r
9. T i b e r
10. T O w e r
11. H e R o d
12. P a r I s
13. V i o l A

Zig-zag, Queen Victoria.

67. 1. A n t h o l o g y
2. P S y c h o l o g y
3. E n T o m o l o g y
4. T h e R m o l o g y
5. P h y s I o l o g y
6. M A l a c o l o g y
7. C o N c h o l o g y
8. P h y T o l o g y

Astrology; Pantology; Apology.

68.

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A N G E R
N E R V E
G R O A N
E V A D E
R E N E W
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69.

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    c a r
  c h i e f
c h a r m e r
a i r h o l e
r e m o u l d
  f e l l y
    r e d
```

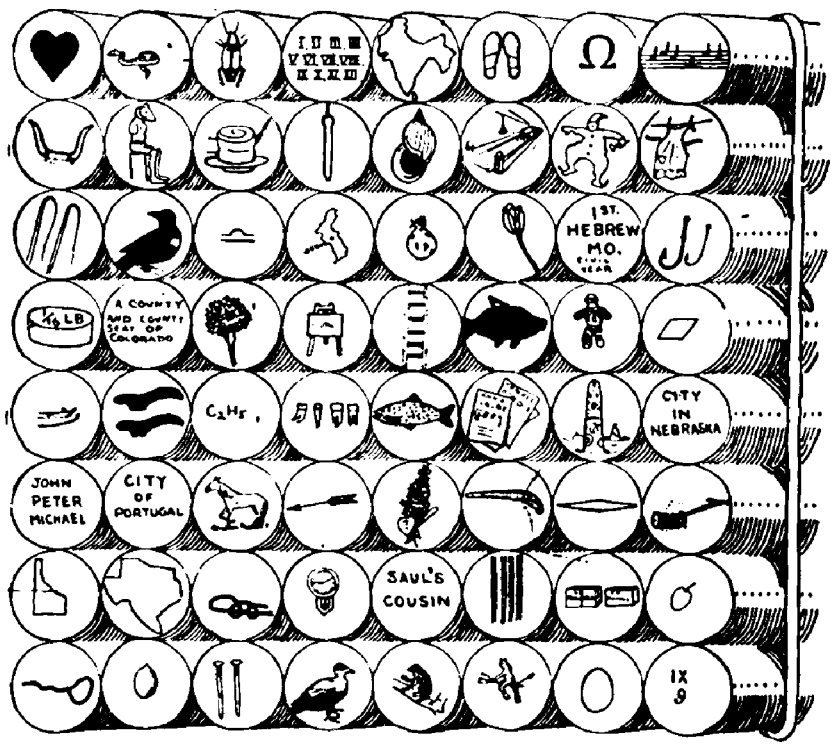
70. 1. Cape Horn. 2. Kensington. 3. Athlone. 4. Dartmouth. 5. Sebastopol. 6. Galway. 7. Maryport. 8. Barnstaple.

71. 1. Hoist, host. 2. Noise, nose. 3. Waive, wave. 4. Defy, defy. 5. Paint, pant. 6. Bairn, barn. 7. Maize, maze. 8. Alias, alas. 9. Coupe, cope. 10. House, hose. 11. Gauge, gage. 12. Mouth, moth. 13. Bound, bond. 14. Route, rote. 15. Rouse, rose. 16. Mourn, morn.

New Tangles

1. BUNCH OF FIRECRACKERS.

Interpret all pictures by words of uniform length. Their initials will spell eleven signers of the Declaration of Independence. Now divide this bunch of sixty-four firecrackers into four bunches with an equal number of crackers in each. Arrange these four into one bunch so that the third letters in order will spell eleven more signers.



—Allert Brager.

2. REVOLUTIONARY DATES.

For each date given find one word that shall describe an important event in American history, occurring within the year specified. The seven initials in order spell that for which our forefathers fought.

1775. (Scene of the first bloodshed of the Revolution.)
1776. (The subject of a great document, promulgated in July.)
1777. (Commander of the British army, who surrendered at Saratoga.)
1778. (A word by which the British army's departure from Philadelphia for New York is historically designated.)
1779. (What Anthony Wayne did to Stony Point in July.)
1780. (What Arnold was guilty of.)
1781. (Where Cornwallis surrendered, ending the war.) —Albertus K. Richards.

3. QUINTUPLE SLIDE.

1st. Slide the five horizontal rows of letters right or left until five vertical rows spell an important document connected with the Fourth of July.

2d. Slide again, until three vertical rows spell an American statesman connected with its drafting.

3d. Again, until one and a part of another vertical row spells a southern town that surrendered on a Fourth of July during the civil war.

4th. Still again, until five vertical rows and part of another spell an important event in the Spanish-American war, the news of which became universally known and was celebrated on a Fourth of July.

5th. Now the only letter remaining unused will be the initial of a popular president's surname.

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T S E V B D R N D D U N R S T
H J R E A O E E I U E C O V F
C R S T F E L O E S C T F P N
L I I E C K G T I C R E M F O
S R R O E A E A O N N E A F N
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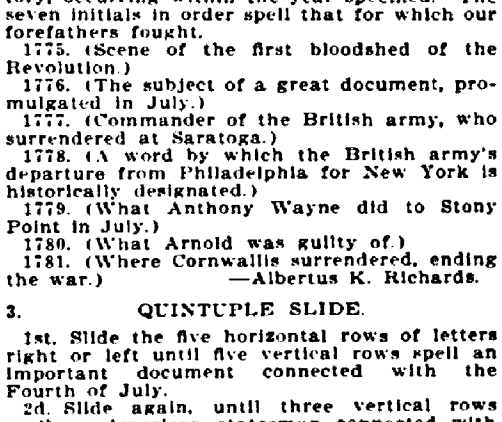
—Wallace A. Philgreen.

4. GREAT AMERICANS.

The names of sixteen great Americans are required. Write one name in each horizontal row of squares, one letter of the name in each square. The lower one is to be written from right to left. Eleven of these names are honored in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans. (See November, 1905, AMERICAN BOY.) The left side of the firecracker read downward spells a July holiday. The right side, read upward, an adjunct of this holiday. The letter path, at the fuse and sparks, in alphabetical order, another adjunct of this day.

1. A civil war general, in the Hall of Fame, whose boyhood life has been told in THE AMERICAN BOY. 2. A great divine, in the Hall of Fame. 3. A revolutionary war general, in the Hall of Fame. 4. A celebrated American philanthropist who was a London banker; in the Hall of Fame. 5. A great statesman, connected with the Declaration of Independence, in the Hall of Fame. 6. A civil war general; in the Hall of Fame. 7. A great poet, essayist, scholar, editor and diplomatist, who died fifteen years ago. 8. A celebrated philosopher, statesman, printer, editor, inventor and diplomatist; in the Hall of Fame. 9. A great inventor, manufacturer and philanthropist, once candidate for president; in the Hall of Fame. 10. A chief justice of the United States Supreme Court; in the Hall of Fame. 11. An engineer and inventor, who built the first war steamboat; in the Hall of Fame. 12. An American inventor who constructed and operated steamboats before Fulton did, but committed suicide in discouragement on the second of July, 1798. 13. An ornithologist, born in New Orleans, educated in Paris; in the Hall of Fame. 14. The first attorney general. 15. A secretary of war under President Jackson and secretary of state under President Buchanan, who died in Detroit. 16. A signer of the Declaration of Independence from New York.



—Raymond F. Katterjohn.

5. HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

The words are of unequal length. The initials spell a U. S. gunboat that blew up at San Diego, Cal., in July, 1905, having the same name as a battle of the Revolution fought in August in Vermont.

1. A Confederate general at the battle of Bull Run. 2. A signer of the Declaration of Independence from Rhode Island. 3. A battle of the war of 1812 which was fought after peace was signed. 4. A city in which a terrible fire occurred December 16, 1835. 5. A battleship in the naval fight off Santiago, during the war with Spain. 6. A state admitted into the Union during the civil war. 7. The democratic candidate for president during the campaign of 1872. 8. The twelfth president. 9. The popular name of the frigate Constitution. 10. The race of people whose sailors are said to have discovered America before Columbus. —Morton L. Mitchell.

6. SEARCH THE DECLARATION.

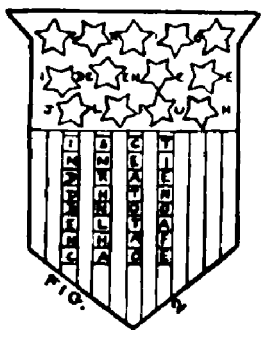
What the Fourth of July is to all Americans will be found by the following research in the Declaration of Independence. The answer contains as many letters as there were original states.

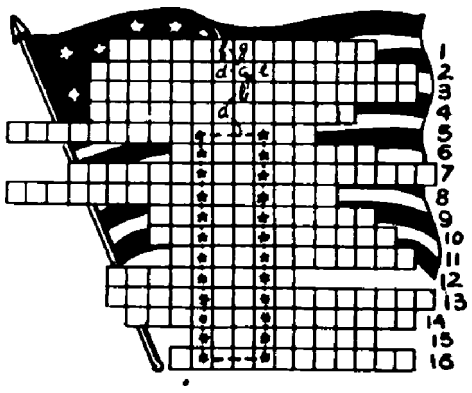
1. The first vowel after "We hold these truths to be self-evident." 2. The final letter in the sentence beginning "He has forbidden his governors." 3. The third letter in the Declaration of Independence. 4. The letter that last appears in the Declaration of Independence as the initial of the tenth word from the end. 5 and 6. The last two letters of the Declaration of Independence. 7. The vowel that appears more often than any other in the paragraph beginning "For taking away our charters." 8. A consonant that appears but once in four certain consecutive sentences, the first one beginning "He has made judges dependent," and following. 9. A consonant not present in the paragraph "For imposing taxes on us without our consent," but found in every preceding paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. 10. The second letter in the second sentence. 11. The final letter of the sentence beginning "He has refused to assent to laws." 12. The initial of the fourth word from the end. 13. A letter that first appears as the final letter of the tenth word.

—Frank Kelly.

7. FOURTH OF JULY BANNER.

Place the stars from figure one on the stars in figure two so that the letters will read in order the name of a famous document and the month, day and year of its promulgation. Place the four stripes in figure one alongside or between the lettered stripes in figure two so as to form a chess board, on which, using each letter once only by the king's move, starting with a certain letter in the top row and reading in continuous order, may be found the name of the assembly that met in Philadelphia one hundred and thirty years ago, the name afterwards given to the building where they gathered, and the names of the first signer and the author of the document told of in the stars.





—Benj. L. Miller.

8. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

All words of uniform length. The initials spell a signer of the Declaration of Independence; the finals, the town and the abbreviation of the state in which he was born.

1. A large tropical bird with an immense beak. 2. Reverential regard. 3. A lawless person. 4. A domestic servant. 5. A musical term, meaning slow; slower than andante. 6. A janitor of a church. 7. The number of ten thousand. 8. A loose Japanese robe. 9. A kind of flag. 10. In a state of sleep. 11. A distant star cluster. —Leo E. Bourdon.

9. DOUBLE DEFINITIONS.

The initials of the words here defined will spell in order one name of a banner universally displayed on the Fourth of July. Now for each of the words you have just used substitute another, defined the same and having the same number of letters, and their initials will spell the name of a famous American who signed the Declaration of Independence and afterwards became President of the United States.

1. Drowsy. 2. Strong. 3. To secure. 4. Cause. 5. To arrange. 6. Keen. 7. A former postmaster general. 8. To discover. 9. Thrifty. 10. Weak. 11. Respect. 12. Honesty. 13. Dignified. 14. Clear. 15. A state capital of the United States. —The Nomad.

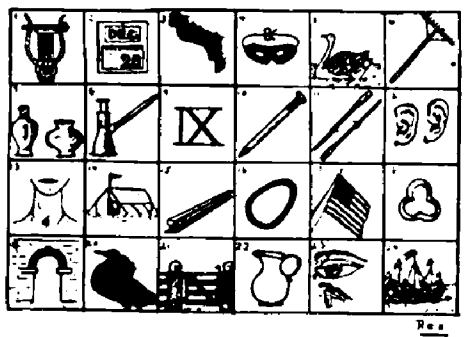
10. PATRIOTIC ACROSTIC.

All the words have three letters. The initials spell a patriotic American city, and the finals declare the sentiment of a famous document which emanated from that city.

1. A national food of the Hawaiians. 2. A Hebrew measure of liquids. 3. The poetical name for India. 4. A sheltered place. 5. A small, hooded, venomous serpent of Egypt. 6. A river of Scotland. 7. An age. 8. A movable cover. 9. An American article of food. 10. One of an ancient warlike nomadic people, of Asia. 11. A Japanese measure of length. 12. Reverential fear. —J. Milton Boyer.

11. JULY LABYRINTH.

The names of the twenty-four objects are of equal length. The initials, beginning with a certain one and following a certain path, using each picture but once, spell the names of three prominent Americans and the month in which they died.



12. BUILD A CHESS BOARD.

Slide the five horizontal rows of letters either way until five vertical rows spell an important document closely connected with the Fourth of July. Remove these letters, and commencing with T in the upper left corner arrange the remaining 64 letters in consecutive order on a chess board, eight squares each way. Fill in the letters from left to right, the top row first, and so on downward. When correctly done the four corner letters will be T, C, D, A. By the king's move, which is one square in either direction, using each letter as often as needed, find the surnames of twenty-seven signers of the above document.

```
T G E O M D R N D D Y L C S H U R
L E E D L S O E A O E E N R L A H E
N T P Y C T F P N I T Y G O I K R S
M W T R C L I I E C A E Y E H L A O
P A O N N E L N W R D W M S C N D A
```

—Kenneth Fullerton.

13. SEASONABLE HISTORY.

Taking two letters from each word in order find the author of the Declaration of Independence and the date of his birth.

Without promising Castro's dejected officers their poison, anybody, for instance President Fallieres himself, could understand precisely whatever interest, whatever underhanded, uncontrollable desire prompted officers inordinately thirsty, hungry, sleepy.

—Lawrence Phelps.

14. MILITARY ACROSTIC.

All words of uniform length. The initials spell a great military man who with 5,000 soldiers routed 15,000 Turks at Abukir on a certain July day.

1. A famous British admiral, who defeated the French-Spanish fleet at Trafalgar. 2. An American Revolutionary general and traitor. 3. An American admiral, prominent at Vicksburg, in July, 1863. 4. The nickname of General Israel Putnam. 5. The American general who captured El Caney, Cuba, July 1, 1898. 6. A secretary of war under President Madison. 7. Napoleon's Irish surgeon at St. Helena. 8. A celebrated battle in which Fairfax and Cromwell defeated Charles I. and Rupert, in 1645. —Wallace A. Philgreen.

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Is the first letter of YOUR line

P

	PAGE
Physicians	15-26
Pressmen	17
Produce Dealers	14
Pencil Users Everywhere	1-32

There is a special Lead Pencil for every line of work. That people of all work may know how to get the right pencil, **Dixon's Pencil Guide** has been devised. It is *alphabetically indexed by vocations*, so all you have to do is to look for **your** letter, turn to the page and find the pencil you need, described by name and number. The Guide is free.

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Don't be misled into buying substitutes by a cheap price or a fancy package. It is the powder, not the box, which goes on your skin. **Mennen's** face on the top of a box is a guarantee of the powder inside. Get the genuine.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents.
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The American Boy

VOL. VII. AUGUST 1906 NO. X.



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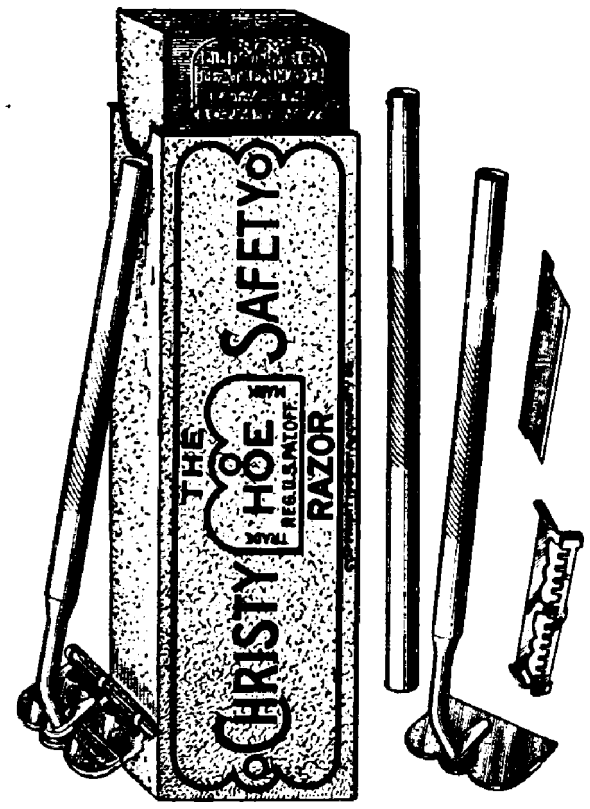
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A FIRST CLASS SAFETY RAZOR BEFORE SEPTEMBER 1st AT NO COST TO YOU

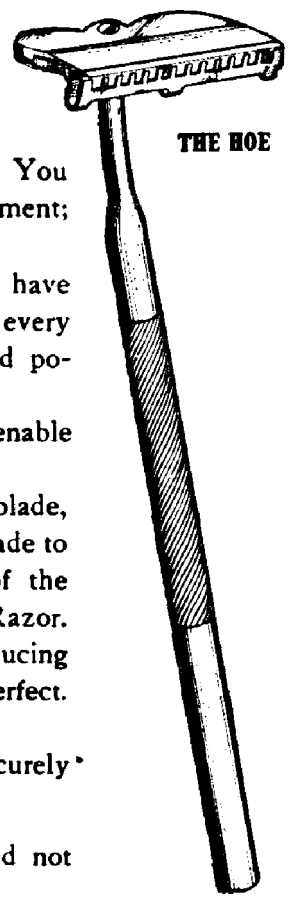
EVERY BOY AND EVERY YOUNG MAN SOONER OR LATER MUST BEGIN TO SHAVE. THE BOY WHO FORMS THE LIFE HABIT NOW OF SHAVING HIMSELF, WILL BE AHEAD ON THE FOLLOWING POINTS:



THE BEST SAFETY RAZOR IN THE WORLD

1—He will save money. Every visit to a barber shop costs 10c to 25c.
2—He will save time—no waiting in stuffy barber shops.
3—He will not run the risk of contracting dangerous skin diseases.
4—He will form a habit that is cleanly and one that is a decided luxury.

Safety razors are sold by the thousand and give excellent satisfaction, but in the main they are high-priced and complicated. We have made a deal on a safety razor that is reasonable in price, gives perfect satisfaction and is simple in construction. It is called the "HOE" Safety Razor. Read what the manufacturers say about it:



THE HOE

"In designing the 'HOE' Safety Razor, my aim has been to overcome all faults that other Safety Razors have, and so successful have been my efforts that a novice can shave the first time without practice, annoyance or inconvenience.

"Unlike all other Safety Razors, the 'HOE' requires no adjusting of the blade. It is self-adjusting; there are no troublesome springs, hinges or screws to arrange. You cannot put a blade in the 'HOE' wrong if you try to. It is easily done in a moment; there is no chance for a mistake.

"In their efforts to make a razor that can be used with convenience, makers have overlooked one feature of the utmost importance, viz.: the handle. This part of every Razor on the market is a serious inconvenience in shaving, necessitating a cramped position of the hand at almost every angle.

"The handle of the 'HOE' has the length necessary to be easily grasped and enable one to hold at the proper angle in all positions, and is perfectly balanced.

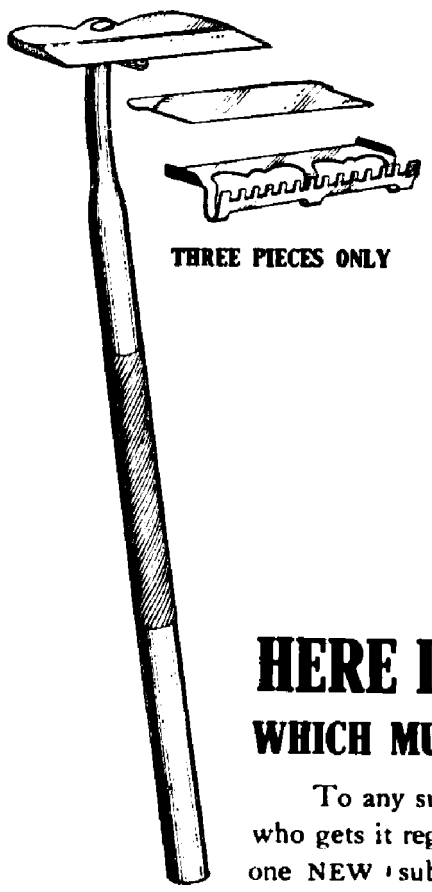
"Guard—This is one of the most important features of a Safety Razor, forming as it does the protection from the edge of the blade, all makers using practically the same form, and until the invention of the Christy Comb Guard, no particular efforts have been made to perfect it. In the Christy Comb Guard the teeth of the guard point toward the blade. It is so designed as to leave the edge of the blade free with a clear space for lather to pass through upon the top of blade, just like, and, with all the advantages of an ordinary Razor.

"The heart and life of a Razor is the blade. The process used in making the blades of the "HOE" Razor is absolu ely new, producing blades of uniform temper, and lasting cutting quality, and is a wide departure from the usual method. Every blade warranted, perfect.

"The Strop is an item to be considered in the cost of a Razor most makers charging 75c to $1.50 extra for same.

"Without extra charge the case in which the 'HOE' Safety Razor is packed, is supplied with an especially prepared strop, securely fastened to the top of the case. A swinging or swivel strop should never be used, as it rounds the edge of the blade."

This is a sample of the kind of letter the manufacturers get. Note that this man would not take $100.00 for his razor if he could not get another.



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THE LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY
BUFFALO, N. Y.

The R. J. Christy Co., *June 15th, 1905.*
Fremont, O.

Gentlemen:—I have waited until now before acknowledging receipt of your Hoe razor, preferring to give it a thorough trial, and, if possible, tell you of its defects.

I have used the one blade (sent with the outfit) every day for over six months, and it is as good today as when first received.

Whoever is responsible for the Christy Hoe has done his fellowmen a service they cannot appreciate until they have tried this really complete razor.

Let me conclude by adding that, were it not possible for me to secure another, my Hoe could not be bought for $100.00.

Yours truly,
Alf. P. Blosier, T. P. A.

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WHICH MUST BE ACCEPTED BY SEPT. 1st.

To any subscriber to "The American Boy" or to any boy who gets it regularly at a store, who will send us one dollar for one NEW subscription (not a renewal or his own subscription) we will send

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If two new subscriptions are sent we will send two outfits—and so on—one outfit for each new subscription, or *we will send the outfit to any one, post paid on receipt of $1.00.*

The Sprague Publishing Co.

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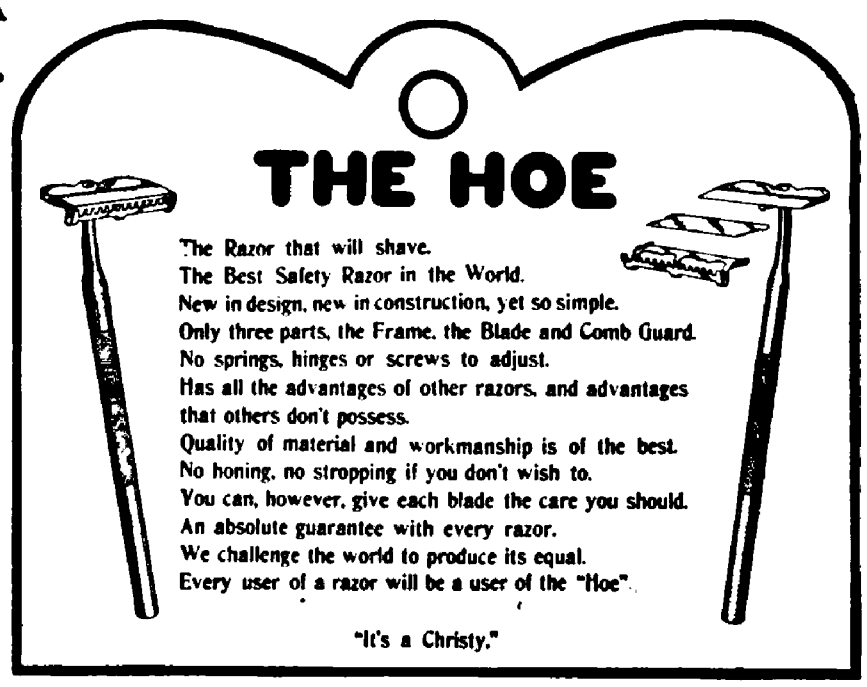
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The American Boy

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 | DETROIT, MICH., AUGUST, 1906 | NUMBER 10

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER VII.

ANDY OFF FOR MANASSAS.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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"HURRAH! HURRAH, father, the Yankees are whipped. Fort Sumter is taken. Didn't I tell you they couldn't stand up against our fellows. My, but don't I just wish I had been in Charleston to see the bombardment."

And Andy Arlington rushed into the sitting room pell-mell, throwing his cap into the air, and giving his sister Grace a hug in his delight.

"Fort Sumter taken!" repeated his father. "Is it really true, my son? Then the war has opened at last."

The old Mexican veteran took the newspaper his son had brought in from the post office. Yes, it was true, as the great black scare lines proved; the fort had been taken, Major Anderson had departed for the North on the Baltic, and all of Charleston was mad with joy.

"I wonder what Louis will say to that when he reads it," said Andy, as he turned again to Grace. "I told him right along we'd whip if it came to fighting."

"Well, one battle doesn't constitute a whole war, Andy," replied Grace, instinctively standing up for the enemy who was yet her dearest friend. "And Louis knows that as well as we do."

"It's not such a tremendous victory, either," put in Mrs. Arlington. "The fort was surrounded by the other forts and floating batteries, and the garrison must have been about starved out, being cut off from shore for three months. I wonder what the North will do next?"

"They won't do much," said the husband. "I believe the saying is true, they can't be kicked into a fight. Even at Fort Sumter they stood only on the defensive."

Grace listened and her face grew red. She could not get Louis out of her mind. "Maybe it will take a long while to arouse the North, but when they are aroused—" She did not finish.

"Oh, pshaw! We'll lick 'em out of their boots; see if we don't!" ejaculated Andy. "Why, you ought to hear the talk down at the post office and over to the tavern. Half the district is fairly wild over the news, and Frederick Mason is going to organize a company of volunteers if they'll have 'em, and Captain Montgomery is going to try to fit out some cavalry. I'd like to join Captain Montgomery—he's such a good fellow," and Andy's eyes beamed at the prospect. Mrs. Arlington said nothing, but as she thought of her only son riding to battle her eyes filled with tears and she had to turn away.

The proclamation calling for Union troops was speedily followed by a similar call for men in the South. The call was an urgent one, and aroused the warm, Southern blood to its highest pitch. Military companies and troops of cavalry were formed everywhere, and young and old went forth to fight against those who threatened their plantations, their industries and their firesides. The enthusiasm of the South was equal to that of the North in many particulars.

It was understood that Mr. Arlington could not take part in this conflict. When, even with his cork leg, he might have joined the cavalry, his general condition was such that his wife would not for one moment entertain the idea of his leaving home.

"You have fought enough, father," she would say. "Let the younger men carry this war through."

"But I feel as if I ought to go," he would plead, but she would shake her head, and then he would remain silent.

As the days went by and news came of how the South was gaining a little here and there, attacking this fort and that arsenal and capturing them, Andy grew more and more impatient. Captain Montgomery had begun to form his cavalry troop and the youth watched them wistfully as they went through their drill on Lee Run Square.

"Father, I'm going to join; that's all there is to it," he said at last. "If I don't go they'll call me a coward, and I want to go awfully bad. I've got a horse and money enough to buy trappings and a sword, and there's no reason why I should stay home."

At this the eyes of the veteran glistened. "I know the feeling, Andy," he said. "I've been thinking it over a good deal, too. Since I cannot go I don't know but what you might—if you can get your mother to consent."

At first Mrs. Arlington could not think of it. But then came a short letter from the Rockfords, telling of the accident which had happened to Mr. Rockford, and that Louis had joined a volunteer company. The letter was written by Lucy, who said Louis was too busy to do more than ask to be remembered to Andy and Grace, and Lucy added that she supposed Andy would soon be on his way to fight against her brother. The letter was very friendly and closed by hoping that the present difficulty would soon be settled. This was the last letter which passed between the families for a long while to come.

"You see how it is," said Andy, as he handed the letter to his mother after perusing it. "Even the Rockfords think I will go. How can you make me stand back in the face of that? Why don't you let me show that I am at least as brave as Louis?"

This was Andy's clinching argument. Mrs. Arlington's Southern pride would not permit her to keep her son at home when the son of her Northern friend was already off to the seat of war. She consented that night, and Andy enrolled under Captain Montgomery the next day.

The cavalry was called Montgomery's Grays, and each trooper was required to clothe himself in a gray suit of a certain design, with a plumed hat to match. At first it was thought to seat every man on a gray horse, but this was found impossible in the short space of time allowed for equipment, and the cavalrymen rode such animals as they possessed.



"STOP WHERE YOU ARE!" HE COMMANDED

The seat of government for the states which had seceded was soon to be at Richmond, but the Confederate forces were gathering at Manassas Junction, a place about thirty-five miles west of Washington, and an important point from the fact that two of the principal Southern railroads met there. It was this gathering at Manassas that made Northern folks think an attack on Washington was close at hand.

Soon came the day for Andy to leave home. Lee Run was gaily decorated—as much so as Goreville had been when Louis left. There were flags and bunting in abundance, but the glorious stars and stripes were missing. Instead the state flag was unfurled, for the stars and bars of the Confederacy had not yet come into use.

The cavalry made an imposing appearance as they moved off four abreast, the horses prancing gaily to the trumpet notes of the bugler. Shout after shout went up, which continued until the Montgomery Grays were lost to sight in a cloud of dust half a mile from the town center.

"I'm glad we're off," remarked one of the young men to Andy as they cantered along. "I've been itching to get at the Yankees ever since the trouble began."

The young man's name was Leroy Wellington. His father's plantation adjoined that of the Arlingtons, and both youths were on the best of terms. Leroy had traveled much, and a rough, outdoor life just suited him.

"So am I glad we are off," answered Andy, as he patted Firefly, his horse, affectionately upon the neck. "I wonder how soon we'll fight our first battle?"

"That will depend altogether upon our leaders. I understand Harper's Ferry has been taken. That will give us a lot of guns and ammunition from the arsenal."

"Yes, and a victory at Norfolk navy yard will be still more important."

"By the way, how about that Pennsylvania friend of yours?" went on Leroy Wellington. "What does he think of things now?"

"Oh, he has already joined the volunteers called for by Lincoln."

"Humph! Then we may meet on the field of battle?"

"I trust I don't have to fight Louis face to face," answered Andy, very seriously. "War is one thing, and shooting or cutting down your friend is another."

"I suppose that is so, Andy; but if my friend chooses to become my enemy that is his lookout, not mine," concluded Leroy Wellington.

On and on went the cavalry until about six o'clock in the evening. They had now arrived at a small village called Parker's Mills, and it was decided to put up here for the night. Accommodations were found for the horses in the various stables in the neighborhood, and as patriots the cavalrymen were entertained at the various homes in the vicinity.

Parker's Mills was full of slaves, and it had been whispered about that there was fear of an uprising among the colored folks. For this reason every slave was watched closely, and if any were found to be at all rebellious, they were chained up and subjected to severe lashings.

It was about eleven o'clock that Andy was aroused from a light sleep into which he had fallen by the sounds of a violent struggle in the sitting room below the bedchamber he was occupying. Slipping into a portion of his clothing, he hurried below, to find the master of the house, a Mr. Rockleigh, struggling valiantly in the grasp of two burly negroes who were his slaves. The negroes had contemplated flight, but before going had sneaked into the house in an attempt to steal some money which had been left in an old-fashioned secretary in the room.

"Let go, Pomp," gasped Mr. Rockleigh. "Let go, or as sure as I live I'll flay you alive for this."

"Dun yo' let go, Pomp," put in one of the burly negroes. "We is in dis to de end, remember!"

"I ain't a-lettin' go, Cuffy," came from Pomp. "Now, Massa Rockleigh, yo' quit yo' noise, or I'll knock yo' ober de head wid dis yere club. We knows well enough yo' wife is away an' de young ladies, too, an' we is bound to hab our own way."

"You—you scoundrels!" cried the master, but even as he spoke the club descended and, hit upon the head, the man of the house fell back partly unconscious.

It was at this moment that Andy leaped into the sitting room. On coming down he had caught up his sword, and taking in the situation at a glance, he advanced upon the two slaves.

"Stop where you are!" he commanded; "stop, unless you want your heads cut open!"

His words nearly dumfounded the negroes, who had supposed Mr. Rockleigh in the house alone, save for an old woman who was more than half deaf, and who had not up to this time heard the commotion. Both stared hard and fell back a few steps.

"Who—who is yo'?" finally demanded Pomp, with an ugly scowl.

"Never mind who I am," replied Andy. "Drop your clubs at once."

"But see yere, sah——"

"I won't argue with you. Drop your clubs."

Instead of doing this, however, both negroes made for the doorway leading into the kitchen. By this time Mr. Rockleigh had partly recovered and he staggered to his feet.

"Don't let them get away," he cried. "They are my slaves and have robbed me of several hundred dollars in gold."

"Stand where you are or I will fire at you!" said Andy. And now he exhibited a pistol he had also brought along.

"Don't—don't shoot me!" yelled Cuffy, in abject terror. "Please, massa sodger, don't shoot!" and he dropped upon his knees. He could stand almost anything but a display of firearms.

"Cuffy, yo' is a fool!" howled Pomp. "Come on, if yo' is gwine wid me. Remember, if we is cotched now we'll be more dan half killed wid de lash. Take dat."

As the last words were uttered Pomp launched forth the heavy club he carried. His aim was for Andy's head and had the young cavalryman not dodged in a hurry, he might have suffered from a cracked skull. As it was, the club grazed his ear and then went crashing through a closed window, carrying away part of the frame and several lights of glass.

"Fire at him!" ordered Mr. Rockleigh, and the words were yet on his lips when Andy pulled the trigger of his pistol. Pomp was hit in the shoulder, but not seriously injured, and the next moment both slaves fled forth from the kitchen of the house into the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANDY ON THE BREASTWORKS.

At home Andy had never experienced any difficulty with his father's slaves, for the colored people were well cared for and were too happy to create any disturbances. To be sure, minor difficulties arose from time to time, but these had been readily adjusted, and there was not a man or woman on the Arlington plantation who would not have been willing to lay down his or her life for any member of the family. These slaves were true to the Arlingtons all through the war, and when liberated by President Lincoln's proclamation, made no effort to take advantage of that liberty. As attaches of that plantation and dairy, they felt they were being better taken care of than they would be if they tried to do for themselves.

To come in contact, then, with such rascals as Pomp and Cuffy was to the youth much of a surprise, and having seen the slaves dash away, he stood still, not knowing what to do, until Mr. Rockleigh caught him by the arm.

"Come, we must stop them. They have my gold and they will try to reach the North if they can," burst from the plantation owner.

Out he sped, and Andy came upon his heels. The report of the pistol and the smashing of the glass had aroused a number of inhabitants living on the other side of the main road upon which the house stood, and now windows were thrown up and anxious faces appeared, and voices demanded to know what was the trouble. Matters were quickly explained, and soon a dozen men were in the saddle and on foot in pursuit of the runaway thieves.

One man living a distance up the road had seen Pomp and Cuffy taking a side path leading due northward, and it was in this direction the pursuing party headed, spreading out over several open fields, that the negroes might not double on their trail and escape in that manner. Mr. Rockleigh wanted to follow them with bloodhounds, but not a dog of that breed was handy.

"Just let me catch them," he cried, in a fearful rage. "I'll skin them both alive. I'll cut out their black hearts with my whip." He was naturally a passionate man, and this was one reason why his slaves had revolted.



THE GALLANT LEADER WAS KILLED INSTANTLY

The pursuit was kept up until six o'clock in the morning. It was then discovered that the two runaways had separated. One party, including Andy, continued after Pomp, while the second followed up the trail of Cuffy. By ten o'clock Andy dropped out of the search to ride post-haste back to his command. Some time later he learned that Pomp had not been captured.

Cuffy was taken while in hiding in a brook in a patch of woods. He was dragged out of the water by his heels and at once searched. A hundred dollars in gold was found in his shirt bosom. The remainder of the money he insisted was in Pomp's possession. He was marched back to the Rockleigh plantation, where he was chained up in one of the barns and flogged until he dropped like one dead, from exhaustion and loss of blood.

This was the only incident of note which occurred on the trip from Lee Run to Manassas Junction. Arriving at the Junction the Montgomery Grays selected a camping spot in the vicinity of a number of other Virginia troops, and immediately went into quarters in true military style.

Their camp was in an Orchard of trees which had borne their best fruit years before, and which were, consequently, good for little else than firewood. The Montgomery Grays occupied one "street" about a hundred and fifty feet long. At the upper end of the "street" were the officers' tents, at the center the horses' quarters, and at the lower end the cook's quarters. The cook was a fat darky known as Mungo, a jolly fellow who sang from morning to night, and who could play a banjo to perfection. Mungo had brought his banjo with him, a home-made instrument, the head of which was almost as black as his own, and this banjo he declared must go along whenever they moved, no matter what else had to be left behind.

"I would jess mope away an' die ef I didn't hab dat dere instrument, cap'n," he explained to Captain Montgomery. "It's been my pet fo' ten yahs an' mo'. Ef I'se killed in dis yere wah, bury de banjo wid me."

"All right, Mungo, I'll remember that," answered the captain. "But don't forget, if you get the chance, to smash that banjo over some Yankee's head. Do that, and I'll buy you the best instrument to be found in Richmond."

"De Yankee ain't born whose head am good enuf to hab dis yere banjo smashed ober it," murmured Mungo, and there the subject was dropped.

The main body of the Confederate army was stationed in and about Manassas Junction and along a little stream known as Bull Run; but there were also bodies of troops at Centerville and Fairfax Court House, situated between Manassas and Washington, and also detachments at Alexandria on the Potomac and at Arlington Heights, just across the river from the Capitol.

Andy had been in camp less than a week when he received his first real taste of war life, if not of war itself. In order to strengthen the position of the army at Bull Run, it was decided to throw up breastworks, and this was done under the orders of General Beauregard, who now had under him a force of nearly twenty thousand men.

Bull Run is a sluggish stream of water, flowing between steep banks and through a well-timbered country. Its winding course contained many fords and several bridges. The Confederate army occupied about eight miles of the southern bank of this stream, and at once began the work of defending seven of the fords and one of the bridges by throwing up breastworks of dirt and brushwood.

With the others in his company, Andy was given first a pick and then a shovel and set to work like any common day laborer. The youth was not used to this, and when night came his back ached as it never had before. The work took the best part of a week, and then Andy found his hands blistered.

"Call this fighting?" he grumbled. "It wouldn't be so bad if a fellow was out in California digging gold, but to work like a nigger on the streets of a town——" He did not finish but heaved a big sigh. That night it rained "pitchforks;" the tent Andy occupied with Leroy was blown down, and he felt utterly discouraged.

"Never mind, Andy," said Leroy, trying to cheer him. "We'll be fighting before long, and then you can show your mettle to better advantage. I heard some of the officers saying that the soldiers over in Washington would be out this way before the month was up. If they come we ought to give it to 'em red hot."

"They can't come any too quick for me," growled Andy.



Even with the work on the defenses the drilling went on daily without interruption. First they would drill in company, then with other detached cavalry troops, and finally would come the grand drill of the division. The drilling was not always done in an open field, but among the trees and on rough ground, and often fences had to be jumped and streams forded. It was not play but hard work; yet Andy liked it a good deal better than handling a pick and a shovel, something he thought altogether beneath him.

"It's life to be on horseback, dashing here and there," he observed to Leroy Wellington. "If only the Yankees would appear and give us a little more of this sort to do. I wonder if they are going to wait for us to attack them?"

The breastworks along Bull Run completed, advance guards were sent out along the Potomac just above Washington. Then the Confederates sent their engineers along Arlington Heights to survey the territory and report on the advisability of planting a battery there. Some of the Southern leaders were certain that such a battery could successfully shell Washington and compel President Lincoln and the members of Congress to flee for their lives. The only trouble was, could they hold such a position? Might not the Union forces come down upon them from the upper Potomac and cut them off from their base of supplies and from Richmond?

The question was answered before the Southern generals had time to act upon their idea. One day a Union officer, while in a boat near the foot of Arlington Heights, discovered a number of men walking about among the rocks and brush. The officer happened to have a powerful spy-glass with him, and using this, discovered that one of the men was Robert E. Lee, who was then the military adviser of President Davis of the Confederacy, and who afterwards became the general-in-chief of the Southern army. Lee was laying out fortifications, and the Union officer lost no time in reporting to General Scott to that effect.

General Scott saw at once that this work must be stopped instantly, or Washington would be at the enemy's mercy. Orders were accordingly given for certain detachments of the Union troops to cross the river without delay, and take possession of the opposite shore.

The advance from Washington was made at two o'clock at night. Two bridges crossed the Potomac at this point, and a column of the army passed over by each, while a third division embarked on vessels for Alexandria, a short distance below Arlington Heights. As soon as the Confederates heard of the approach of the Union men they retreated, and the shore of the Potomac opposite Washington was occupied without great difficulty.

Louis was just about to retire for the night when the sudden roll of the drum made him leap to his feet. In a few seconds Harry Bingham came rushing into the tent.

"We are off, Louis!" he ejaculated. "The war has begun."

"Off! Where to?" burst from Louis' lips.

"I don't know. Across the river to somewhere, I believe. Come on!" and off Harry ran, with Louis at his heels. The parade ground was filled with men, on foot and on horseback, scurrying in all directions.

From their captain the youths soon learned that the Union army, or a portion of it, was to take possession of the other shore of the river. The various commands had been divided into three parts and the Goreville Volunteers were to be attached to the Ellsworth Zouaves and some other companies, bound by boat for Alexandria. In less than two hours all was ready for embarkation.

The trip down the stream to one of the main docks in Alexandria did not take long. Company after company came ashore unmolested, although mutterings could be heard on every side. Having landed all of his troops, Colonel Ellsworth marched up the main street, called upon the city authorities to surrender the town, and then started for the telegraph office, with the intention of cutting off all communications with the South—certainly a very clever movement.

The Goreville Volunteers soon found themselves not far from the telegraph office for which Colonel Ellsworth was bound. They had become detached from the main body of the soldiers and now, without warning, were surrounded by a mob of two hundred people, armed with pistols, clubs, and stones.

"Down with the Yankees! Down with the Northern mud-sills!" was the cry, and in a moment the air became thick with flying stones and lumps of dirt. Captain Paulding at once halted his men in two lines, and gave the rear line the order to "about face." Next came the order to take aim, but by this time the mob saw that the soldiers "meant business," and it melted away as quickly as it had gathered.

"A bloodless victory," smiled Harry, who stood next to Louis.

Louis smiled and then he nodded his head in the direction where Jerry Rowe stood. Poor Jerry was shaking so he could scarcely hold his gun.

"He'll collapse when he gets into a regular battle," said Harry, and then the command came for silence in the ranks and nothing further was said.

A little later the command marched past the Marshall House, one of the leading hotels of Alexandria. From the top waved a Confederate flag—a flag which President Lincoln and others had often seen from a window in the White House.

"Gosh! that flag ought to come down," whispered Louis. He had scarcely spoken when down the street came Colonel Ellsworth, accompanied by only two or three of his command. Ellsworth had noted the flag and now he ran into the hotel to tear it down with his own hands.

"Whose flag is that?" he demanded of the first man he met.

"I don't know," was the surly reply.

"I want it lowered at once."

"Do you? All right, go take it yourself."

"I will," answered the Union officer, and ran up one pair of stairs after another to the roof of the hotel. Here the halliards of the flag-staff were cut and the flag brought down on a run. With the colors wound over his arm, Ellsworth began to descend to the street. He had just reached the second floor of the building when the proprietor of the hotel, a man named Jackson, appeared in the hallway armed with a double-barrel shotgunt.

"Will haul it down, will you!" he muttered, and pointing his weapon at Ellsworth's breast, fired. The gallant leader of the Ellsworth Zouaves was killed instantly, and sank down without a moan.

"Ellsworth is shot! Help!" came the cry from the Union's officer's companions, and then one fired at Jackson with fatal effect. As the hotel man went down in a pool of blood the others leaped upon the body and thrust it through with their sabers.

"Spare him!" came in a woman's voice, and the secessionist's wife came rushing forth from a bedroom. Thinking her husband might still breathe, she threw herself on his corpse, while the Union men, knowing he was dead, picked up their dead leader and carried him away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVANCE TO BULL RUN.

The excitement around the hotel was for a time intense, and not only the Zouaves, but also the Goreville Volunteers had all they could do to restore order and thus prevent further bloodshed. Many of the Union men were in favor of burning the Marshall House to the ground, but other counsel prevailed and the building was spared.

It may be added here that later on Colonel Ellsworth's body was sent on to New York city, where the funeral services were among the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in that city. The funeral of Jackson was also well attended, and each man was looked upon as a martyr by those whose side he happened to represent.

The death of Ellsworth was a shock to Louis. It was the first soldier he had heard of being slain, and he shuddered when, later on, he gazed at the cold, set face of the dashing Zouave, whose striking uniform of red, blue and yellow had made him more dashing than ever. It was the lad's first taste of grim war—and there was much more still in store.

The Zouaves having taken complete possession of Alexandria, the Goreville Volunteers were sent back to their old quarters at Washington, to remain there for a possible call from the upper Potomac. It was during this wait that Louis one day came almost face to face with President Lincoln, who was inspecting the remnant of the army, in company with General Scott. The sad, earnest face of the president impressed him greatly, and he could not help but think of what a tremendous responsibility now rested on the shoulders of the nation's chief executive.

"He's got more of a load than I would like to carry," said he to Harry Bingham. "With so many thousands of eyes upon him, he can't afford to make a mismove."

"You are right, Louis. I would rather be a private in the ranks."

"If I was president I would soon end this war," blustered Jerry Rowe, who had heard the remarks.

"Would you, indeed, Jerry?" answered Louis, curiously. "How could you do it?"

"Never mind—I'd do it, and that's enough for you to know," and Jerry stalked off, fearful of being pinned down to some plan of campaign.

"Jerry is a cooler," murmured Harry. "He is a coward at heart, yet how he does love to brag."

"Benny Bruce was complaining to me about him," said Louis. "He says Jerry is picking at him whenever the chance offers. Jerry always did love to tease the little fellows."

"He ought to have his head punched for it," concluded Harry.

Having taken possession of Arlington Heights, the Union troops at once began to build fortifications there, and soon the danger that had threatened Washington was past. Close at hand were the beautiful grounds of Mount Vernon, where Washington had lived, but these were not touched during the entire war, both North and South considering the ground as sacred.

The Goreville Volunteers were not left in Washington long. More troops from New York, New Jersey and down east had arrived, and on one bright day in May the brigade moved across the river and went into camp in an orchard near Arlington Heights. Not far away was Arlington House, the homestead of the Lee family. The Lees had deserted the beautiful abode, and it was now the headquarters of General Sandford, commander of the Army in Virginia.

"It seems a shame to destroy all these beautiful places," remarked Louis one day, when he and Harry Bingham were off duty and were strolling around in the confines of the camp. "Just look at this orchard. It looks as if a cyclone had struck it.

"This is bad enough," replied Harry. "But supposing the rebs had come up and shelled Washington,



WITH A QUICK LEAP THE PENNSYLVANIA FARMER WAS ON THE MOUND OF DIRT

wouldn't that have been worse to have the Capitol and the White House and other buildings laid in ruins?"

"Oh, I'm not comparing the two, Harry. But think of how long it took to get this orchard growing like this. If we stay here another month every tree will be ruined—if not cut up for firewood."

"We won't stay here much longer. The authorities in Washington are growing too impatient to do something," concluded Harry Bingham.

Late in May, Brigadier-General Irwin McDowell, of the regular army, took command, General Sandford being transferred. The coming of this hero of the Mexican War was an event, and the inspection and drill which followed was not soon forgotten by the boys in blue. From henceforth strict military discipline prevailed, and every soldier had to "toe the mark" in earnest.

Yet week after week went by and the army did not move. It was known the Confederates were growing stronger and stronger in their position at Manassas Junction and along Bull Run, and many of the soldiers wondered why something was not done.

"Boys, don't you know it takes a lot of time to get everything in readiness for such an immense army as this?" said Captain Paulding one day, by way of an explanation. "Think of the thousands of horses required for the wagons and batteries, the immense stock of rations, and hundreds of other things. Why, you must remember that the moving of such a body of men as we have here is like an exodus. But we'll march before long, never fear."

Fourth of July was spent in camp in a lusty manner, the soldiers celebrating as much as their means allowed. In the evening bonfires blazed forth on every hand, making the vast camping field as bright as day. There were orations, sham battles and some of the boys in blue got up a minstrel show and an amateur circus, at both of which the fun was uproarious. It was like the comedy which precedes the tragic in a melodrama.

At last, on the sixteenth of July, came the orders to break camp. The army had been divided into five grand divisions, each division moving forward by a different route. Soon every highway leading towards Fairfax Court House, Centerville and Manassas Junction was filled with tramping soldiers, dashing cavalry, fifers and drummers and bands of music, with hundreds upon hundreds of heavy batteries plowing their way along through the dirt, and followed by thousands of provision and sutlers' wagons and ambulances; and last of all the carriages of politicians and others who were curious to see what was going to take place now the North was about to strike her first regular blow at the Confederacy.

"My gracious, I had no idea that there were so many of us!" murmured Louis to Harry, as they stood in the ranks, waiting for their turn to move, and watching regiment after regiment of their comrades march by, with colors flying and every face full of hope and determination. "We ought to conquer by sheer force of numbers, if nothing else."

"They'll have just as many men," put in Moses Blackwell. "It's a bloody struggle we have afore us, mark the words."

Louis had expected a fatiguing advance of fifteen or twenty miles, and he was rather surprised when, early in the afternoon, their company entered Fairfax Court House and they were ordered into camp for the night. The advance along the road had been made with caution, and although it was known the Confederates had outposts posted along the routes these advance guards had fallen back as the boys in blue marched forward.

Fairfax Court House was but a small town, and the majority of the inhabitants were thoroughly scared at the arrival of so many troops. Many of the men were away, in the service of the enemy, and the women folks viewed the appearance of each new soldier with much misgivings.

"Spare me and you can take all I have!" wailed one old lady to Louis, as he appeared at her kitchen door for a pail of water. "Oh, do not kill me!"

"Madam, I'm not going to touch you," answered the youth, more than half-amused. "I came in to see if you would be kind enough to give me a bucket of water."

At this the old lady stared, thinking she had not heard aright.

"You—you only want some water?" she faltered, trying vainly to recover.

"That is all, madam—unless you have some cookies you are keeping for our boys. We never refuse those, you know," and Louis smiled.

"I declare, I reckon you ain't so fierce as I took you to be."

"I'm only a soldier boy, trying to do my duty. Can I have the water?"

"Certainly! certainly! Take all you want. I haven't any cookies, as you call 'em. But I've got some eggs, just laid—you can have them if you want 'em."

"Thank you, madam, 'I'll take them with pleasure. But remember, I don't demand them. We have strict orders to demand nothing."

"Oh, it's all right. You can have 'em, even if you are a Northerner. I see you're nothing but a boy, and I have a boy in the army—on our side, and I reckon he'd like a fresh laid egg now an' then," and she ran off to bring back eight large, white eggs tied up in a bit of cotton cloth. That evening Louis, Harry and several of the others of "their crowd" enjoyed the freshest omelet they had had since leaving home.

But some of the soldiers, be it said to their discredit, were not as considerate as Louis had been. Thinking themselves in the enemy's country, they plundered a number of houses, threatened the inmates, and in two cases buildings were set on fire and destroyed. During the evening a number of the thoughtless ones arrayed themselves in some stolen female wearing apparel, and thus masqueraded, paraded about until stopped by the officers.

From Fairfax Court House the army moved slowly the next day towards Centerville. They were now but a few miles from Bull Run, and although the Goreville Volunteers were not yet called into action, yet the distant sounds of firearms told that no longer was everything "quiet along the line." On the day following a fierce fight took place between a portion of General Tyler's division and the enemy entrenched at a spot called Blackburn's Ford, and in this encounter nineteen of the boys in blue were killed and twice as many wounded. This was really the opening of the great battle of Bull Run. The Union soldiers found they could make no advance, and accordingly it was decided to wait several days until the entire army could be brought into position for a simultaneous attack. Additional supplies were also needed, and these did not arrive when expected. At last came the orders to go forward.

"Now for bloody war, my boy!" cried Moses Blackwell to Louis. "Ye'll git enough of it now, see if ye don't."

It was early Sunday morning. The soldiers were to have moved at two o'clock, but it was nearly sunrise before the Goreville Volunteers were in motion; and the day promised to be a scorcher.

Little Benny Bruce beat his drum loudly, his eyes glistening brightly, for the spirit of war seemed to be a very part of his nature. Seeing Benny so brave, Louis could not help but look at Jerry Rowe. The boaster was pale and his fishy eyes were full of uncertainty. The next twenty-four hours were well calculated to sift the cowards from those who were truly brave.

To go into all of the details of the great battle of Bull Run would be both impossible and apart from my purpose in writing this story of personal adventures on both sides of the great conflict. Suffice it, then, to say that the attack on the Confederate forces was begun between six and seven in the morning at a place known as the Stone Bridge, and from that hour the battle kept on steadily until the middle of the afternoon. By this time both sides had sustained heavy losses and were worn out, but the arrival of a large body of fresh Confederate troops under General Johnson put new life into those who marched under the Stars and Bars, and they attacked the Union men with such increased vigor that nothing could stand before them. By sundown the Union men were in full retreat for Washington, and thinking the fresh Confederate force much larger than it really was the retreat degenerated into an actual panic.

But Louis thought of none of these things as he

marched forward mile after mile in the blazing sun. The dust on the road was several inches deep, and a heavy battery traveling just in front of the Goreville Volunteers kicked up such a dust that the lad was all but blinded. He was glad enough when the orders came to turn to the left and enter a by-road leading through a heavy woods.

"Halt!" The command came full and clear along the line of soldiers stretched out among the trees and brush. A clearing was just ahead and on the opposite side of this could be seen a number of hastily-constructed breastworks, and the glitter of two brass cannons. The order to halt had hardly come when the cannons boomed forth, and a mass of grapeshot came tearing through the thickets, clipping off branches of trees and tops of brush and sending half a dozen dead and dying to earth.

"Oh, I'm killed!" yelled Jerry Rowe, falling back. But it was only a cut-away branch which had struck him. Somebody laughed, and then every gun was clutched closer, as the order came to charge. Louis was in battle at last!

There is no denying the faot that his heart was in his throat. To move forward under fire for the first time in one's life is no light thing. He looked at Harry on one side of him and saw the pale, set face. Then he got a dig in the ribs from Moses Blackwell, who was on the other side.

"Can't die but once, Louis. Hurrah! fer the Stars and Stripes! Down with the rebels!"

The cry was taken up on all sides. An answering call came back: "Here they come! Down with the Yankees!" And then came a blaze from a long line of rifles, and two of the Goreville Volunteers went down to their deaths before being permitted to strike even one blow in the cause for which they had enlisted.

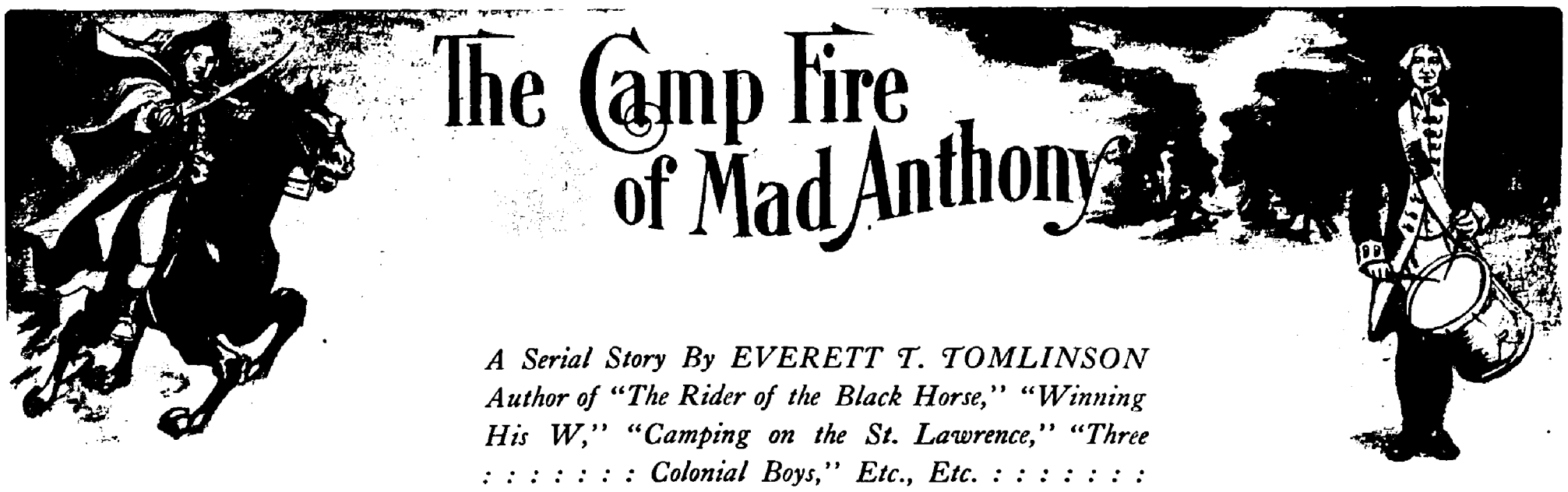
"Take aim! Fire!" came the command from Captain Paulding, and steadying himself, Louis aimed his gun straight at one of the enemy and pulled the trigger. The death of two men he knew well had nerved him for the deed, and he saw the Confederate throw up his hands and fall back, shot through the shoulder.

"Forward again, boys! Forward! We must gain those breastworks! " came the cries. Away they went, out of the woods, to confront that deadly fire again. Three went down, wounded, and the men were ordered to "close up." The smoke now became thick and in the midst of this the brass cannons spoke again, but the shots were too high and did no damage.

Louis now found himself at the edge of the breastworks, with Harry and Moses Blackwell still beside him. Close at hand was Nathan Hornsby, and with a quick leap the Pennsylvania farmer was on the mound of dirt and brush, and Louis scrambled after him. Others followed in rapid succession and the breastworks were taken.

But not for long. With a wild yell the Confederates rallied and bore down upon their enemy. The brass cannons had been hauled away and the open field became the ground for a fierce hand-to-hand conflict. Louis tried to keep close to his friends, but in the melee this was impossible, and in a minute more he found himself alone and in the very midst of the enemy!

(To be continued.)



The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony

A Serial Story By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Author of "The Rider of the Black Horse," "Winning His W," "Camping on the St. Lawrence," "Three : : : : : : : Colonial Boys," Etc., Etc. : : : : : : :

CHAPTER I.

THE SWALLOW AND THE GREYHOUND.

"I THOUGHT you said you knew where every sandbar in Delaware Bay was?"

"I did say so."

"What do you mean, then, by running us aground here?"

"This is one of the bars."

"And you knew it was here?"

"I know it now."

For a moment Caleb Davis stared blankly into the face of his friend, Noah Dare, and then laughed aloud. "I half believe you, Noah," he said. "It would be just like you to run us aground out here and keep us on this bar till the tide comes in. It wouldn't be the first time you have played a trick like that on your friends."

"Cale, you're too lazy to help pole The Swallow, that's all the trouble with you."

"Pole her!" retorted Caleb; "I've broken the only pole you had on your old tub."

"Yes, you don't know much about poling, that's a fact. If you really want to get off this bar before midnight, I'll tell you what you can do."

"What's that?" demanded Caleb eagerly. "I'll do it, whatever it is. I don't want to stay out here and freeze."

"Just get overboard and push her off. Oh, the water isn't deep. It won't come much above your knees. It isn't so very cold, either," Noah added dryly, as his friend shivered as he peered over at the waters.

"How do you know it isn't cold?" demanded Caleb.

"Oh, it never is very cold in December."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Noah," suggested Caleb quickly. "I'll take the tiller and let you do the pushing. I'm not much of a sailor, you know."

"I 'know' that," assented Noah, his eyes twinkling as he spoke, "and you don't suppose I'm going to trust my boat to a lubber, do you? Nay, kind sir, here I stay till the tide lifts us or you shove us off this bar."

"Then I'll stay with you, Noah," laughed Caleb. "I always did like to be where you were. I wouldn't leave you now—not even for a cup of tea." As he spoke, Caleb Davis drew his coat more closely about him and seated himself beside his friend, Noah Dare. Early in the afternoon of that day, late in December of the year 1774, they had set sail from Philadelphia in Noah Dare's fleet little catboat, bound for Greenwich in New Jersey, where Noah's home was. Caleb Davis, his cousin, had ridden on horseback that morning from Chester and, agreeable to the arrangement which had previously been made, at the wharf at the foot of Market street, had reported to Noah, who was in waiting there with his trim little craft, The Swallow, the pride of the young sailor's heart. Caleb's luggage was speedily placed on board, his horse was stabled in a nearby barn, there to remain until its owner's visit at the home of his cousin in Greenwich had been completed, when Caleb would return and ride back to Chester.

The December day was unusually mild and the sail had been enjoyed by both boys until, unfortunately in the low tide, The Swallow had stuck fast upon a sandbar about three miles from their destination. Caleb's efforts to use the pole had resulted in failure and the pole itself had snapped in his hands. As a consequence, hope of speedy relief had departed and if no passing boat should come to their relief, there was slight prospect of their resuming their voyage before the incoming tide should float them once more. And three hours at least must pass before the tide would be in.

Noah Dare had accepted the misfortune in the same indifferent manner in which most of the events in his life had been received. Easy going, warm-hearted, seldom angered, Noah was likely to deceive a chance observer by his manner. Short, broad-shouldered, muscular, his little eyes twinkling with the spirit of mischief, his apparently unruffled demeanor might easily lead a stranger to believe that Noah was not one to care much for anything, or at least for anything long. But such a conclusion would have been misleading as Noah's best friends, and his cousin Caleb Davis most of all, well knew. His quiet manner concealed an intensely strong determination, and in spite of the impressions of good nature, which the expression of his face indicated, Noah Dare's anger was easily aroused, and once aroused was intense.

In sharp contrast was his cousin, Caleb Davis. There were no freckles on his face, like those to be seen on Noah's countenance, he was at least six inches taller, and his body was thin and wiry. When the boys had gone on their hunting expeditions, as they frequently did in the autumn of each year, it was Caleb who led the way on the long tramps, and whose skill with the use of the rifle was their main reliance, for Noah boasted of no prowess as a marksman. On the water, however, it was Noah who was the leader, and the inability of his cousin to learn even the simplest of nautical expressions was a never-ending source of delight to him. Indeed, Noah had repeatedly declared that "Caleb never could tell the difference between a fo-castle yarn and a belaying pin."

The affection between the boys had been exceedingly strong from their earliest days. They had attended the same school in Philadelphia, their vacations had been spent together, and now that both boys were eighteen years of age, the feeling each cherished for the other, though less demonstrative than when they were younger, was no less strong. Caleb's impulsiveness found its complement in Noah's quiet sturdiness, while the latter's keen enjoyment of a joke was a source of delight to his cousin, who never failed to respond to Noah's droll words and ways.

"What are you looking for, Noah?" demanded Caleb, when the two boys had been silent for several minutes.

"I didn't know but I might see something of Elias and Ananias. They were in Philadelphia today and were going to sail back home. If I could get a sight of their craft anywhere I'd make them haul us off this bar." As Noah spoke both boys peered eagerly over the water, but not a sight of their friends' boat could they obtain. In the distance they could see a huge sloop, but it was the only sail to be seen upon the bay.

"Noah, I've often wondered where Ananias got his name," suggested Caleb.

"You mustn't blame him. There was a good man named Ananias as well as the liar, wasn't there?"

"Yes. Which one was he named for?" inquired Caleb.

"I can't just say," replied Noah so soberly that his friend laughed aloud. "Sometimes I think it's one and then again I think it's the other. He does tell some pretty good sized stories sometimes."

Elias Bacon and Ananias Smally were boys who dwelt at Greenwich, friends and neighbors of Noah and frequent companions of both boys, so that Caleb's laugh at his cousin's words was born of his personal acquaintance with the two lads.

"What has Ananias been telling now?" inquired Caleb.

"Cale, do you know the Elmer house?"

"The old house near the dock? The one that—"

"Yes, that's the one," interrupted Noah. "Well, Ananias says that the doors of the old house open and shut, and the windows rattle and great sounds are heard there every night, and yet when anybody rushes in not a soul can be found from cellar to garret."

"Do you believe it?"

"I don't know. I've never seen it," said Noah indifferently.

"Noah, let's stop there tonight and see it! It's not far from the dock. What do you say?"

"I'm agreed," laughed Noah. "I'm afraid, though."

"Afraid! What are you afraid of? This isn't Salem, I'd have you know! They believe in witches down there and in whipping Quakers and all sorts of things. But Jersey isn't as foolish as all that."

"I'm not afraid of witches. What I'm afraid of is that that we shan't leave this sandbar in time. We're likely to stay here a while, Cale," Noah added suddenly; "have you noticed that sloop?" As he spoke the young sailor gazed long at the sail which now was not far from the place where The Swallow was aground. His companion, too, now watched the sloop whose actions certainly were puzzling. The sun had been below the horizon for some time, but the course of the boat could be plainly seen. She would stand upon one tack and then suddenly reverse her course, apparently not attempting to make any progress at all. Occasionally the sound of the voices of the sailors came across the water and even their words could be heard as the sharp call to come about was given. A half dozen or more times she covered the same course and at the end was nearly in the same position as when she had first tacked.

"I can't make her out," said Noah thoughtfully. "I've never seen her before."

"There are several boats that come into the Delaware which were never here before," suggested Caleb lightly. "This may be one of them."

"Yes, that's so, Cale," responded Noah, thoughtfully, after another brief silence, during which he had watched the sloop run in closer to them than she had before done, and then abruptly come about and speed across the bay. "Yes, that's so. They had some boats loaded with tea that landed in Boston and some 'Mohawks' were there to meet them, too. And they had another down at Annapolis and chests caught fire there, too, just the way they were dumped overboard in Boston. They tried it in New York and Philadelphia, you know, but they wouldn't even let the cargo be landed in either place. I never could see why the colonists made so much of the Boston tea party and never say a word about what Philadelphia or New York has done. It seems to me it's better and takes more nerve not to let a ship land than it does to make a great time after she has docked."

"You don't think there's tea aboard that sloop, do you?" laughed Caleb.

"I don't know what she has on board besides her numbskull of a captain. He seems to be doing his best either to run her aground or lose his way."

"Maybe he's waiting for somebody to pilot him and the man hasn't shown up yet," suggested Caleb.

Noah made no reply as he continued to watch the distant sloop, which had by this time almost become

indistinguishable in the dim light. In a brief time, however, she was seen returning on her course and apparently headed directly for the spot where The Swallow was aground. In a few moments, with a great flapping of the sails the sloop once more came about and at the same time there was a call heard from her deck.

"Ahoy, there!" shouted some one. "Is that Sam McGear?"

"No, it isn't," shouted Noah. Then in a low voice he said to Caleb: "It's just what I thought. They're waiting for somebody here. That's why she's been standing off and on the way she's been doing."

"They're lowering a yawl," whispered Caleb, excitedly. "You don't suppose they're coming here, do you?"

Noah did not reply, as he watched the yawl which now was manned and was swiftly approaching The Swallow. Caleb's query was speedily answered, for the yawl was stopped when it had come within a few yards of the catboat and the man who was seated in the stern hailed the boys.

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

"What boat is that?" demanded the sailor.

"This boat is The Swallow; captain, Noah Dare, of Greenwich," responded Noah.

"Bound for Greenwich now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you go on then? What are you anchored here for?"

"We're aground. We're waiting for the tide."

"What's the trouble? Don't you know the channel?"

"Noah knows every inch of Delaware Bay," spoke up Caleb. "This bar is one that he has just found. He knew it was here all the time, though."

The man laughed, apparently relieved by the words he had heard, and, in a tone different from that in which he had first spoken, inquired: "Do you know a man named Sam McGear?"

"Yes, sir," responded Noah. "He's one of the best pilots in these parts."

"He knows Delaware Bay almost as well as Noah does," suggested Caleb.

Again the man laughed as he said: "Have you seen him this afternoon or tonight?"

"No, sir," replied Noah.

"He was to pilot us up the bay to Greenwich," explained the sailor, plainly annoyed by the failure of Sam McGear to appear.

"What sloop is that?" inquired Noah.

"The Greyhound. We can't wait here much longer. I wonder if one of you could point out the channel for us? Doesn't look as if you knew very much about the course from the way you are stuck fast here," he added.

"Oh, Noah knows every foot of Delaware Bay," said Caleb quickly, perceiving in the suggestion a way of escape from The Swallow's predicament. "He's sailed it for years. He lives in Greenwich and sails to Philadelphia every week."

The man hesitated a moment, and then said: "Come aboard with me. I don't know what the captain will think, but there's no harm in trying."

"All right; give us a tow and we're with you," responded Caleb eagerly.

At the bidding of the man in the stern of the yawl one of the sailors arose and tossed a line to Caleb, who quickly made it fast to the bow of The Swallow, and as the tide had meanwhile been steadily rising, when the men obediently "gave way," the little catboat slid slowly over the bar and soon was in the deeper water. Caleb had quickly lowered the sail and the boat was towed toward the sloop which was awaiting the return of the yawl.

"This is getting out of our scrape a good deal more easily than I thought we would," whispered Caleb to his cousin.

"I'm not so sure about that," responded Noah.

"Why? What's wrong? You don't think this sloop is —" began Caleb.

"I don't know what to think. Better keep your eyes open and your mouth shut tight, Cale. There's something queer here, but I can't see just what it is."

There was no opportunity for further conversation as the yawl had now drawn alongside the sloop. From the rail Noah and Caleb could perceive the faces of the sailors peering down at them and could hear the captain's query as he said, "Was it McGear?"

The man in the stern of the yawl made a response in so low a voice that the boys could not hear what was said, and their interest was intensified when the sailors clambored up the ladder and held a brief whispered conversation with the captain. That the conversation concerned themselves both Noah and Caleb could perceive from the frequent glances that were cast at them.

At last the captain hailed them. "We'll take your craft in tow and both of you come up on deck."

Disinclined as Noah was to heed the call, he nevertheless was persuaded that the wisest course was to obey, and as soon as The Swallow had dropped back to the stern of the sloop and there been made fast, both boys clambered up the swaying ladder and gained the deck. The name of the sloop had been plainly seen, for in ornamental letters the word Greyhound could be discerned even in the dim light. It was manifest, too, that the name was in a measure descriptive of the sloop, for she had been built for speed, and her trim shape was not more impressive than the great amount of canvas she could carry.

"Who owns that catboat?" demanded the captain when the boys stood before him.

"I do, sir," responded Noah, quietly.

"Where do you live?"

"At Greenwich."

"I hear you've sailed the bay and know every foot of it."

"I know it pretty well."

"Can you show us the channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"All the way to Greenwich?"

"Yes, sir."

"We expected to take on a pilot here but he didn't live up to his promise."

"Sam McGear has a way of doing that, sir," said Noah, quietly.

"I know it now. I wish I had known it before and I'd have saved all this bother," said the captain in a manner that betrayed his annoyance. "What did you say your name was?" he added.

"I did not say, sir, but my name is Noah Dare."

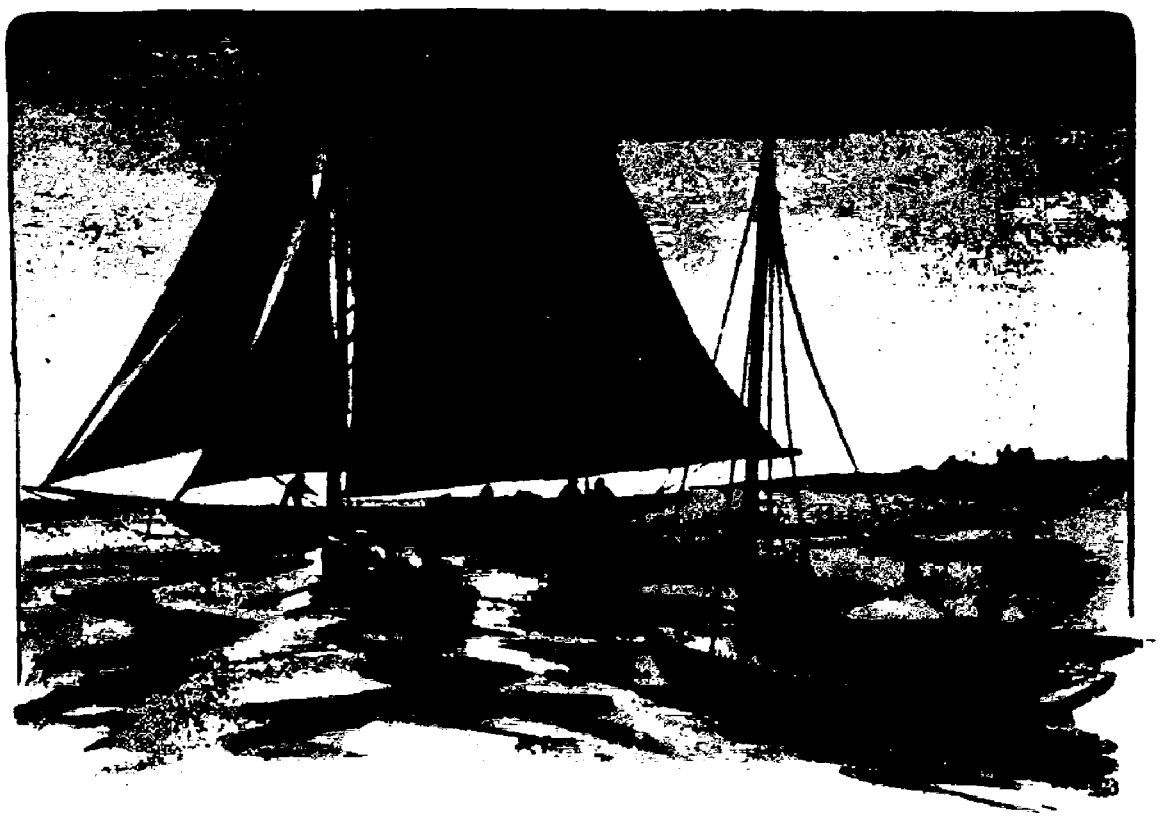
"And who is this lad?" inquired the captain, placing his hand on Caleb's shoulder and peering half-suspiciously into the lad's face as he spoke.

"Caleb Davis, my cousin from Chester," explained Noah.

"Does he know Delaware Bay as well as you do?"

"No, sir; I don't know anything about the bay, except where that bar is which we found, and I'm not sure I could find that again," said Caleb, quickly.

"You'll do," said the captain dryly. "Now, then," he continued, turning once more to Noah, "if you'll point out the channel and we get safely to the Greenwich dock, I'll see that you have a guinea for your work. That's good pay and just what I promised this Sam McGear. If you run us aground or try any tricks on us, then I'll—"



THE BOAT WAS TOWED TOWARD THE SLOOP

The captain did not explain what his implied threat might include, but as his haste plainly was urgent, he at once led Noah from the spot, leaving Caleb to amuse himself as best he might. In a brief time the Greyhound was speeding up the bay before the light wind and not more than an hour had elapsed before she had arrived at the dock she was seeking. True to his word the captain rewarded Noah with the guinea he had promised and even assisted the boys in casting off The Swallow. Noah was convinced from the man's manner that he was as eager for the boys to depart as he had previously been for their assistance; but it was impossible to perceive what the cause of the anxiety was, and without referring to his own suspicions the young sailor made his catboat fast to the end of the dock, and then he and Caleb started up the street toward the Dare homestead. It was not later than ten o'clock, but not a soul was to be seen upon the street. The houses, too, were dark and it was evident that the candles had been extinguished and that Greenwich village was not disturbed either by the arrival of the Greyhound or the return of Noah Dare in his catboat.

"Do we go to the Elmer house tonight, Noah?" inquired Caleb as the boys opened the gate into the yard that surrounded the latter's home.

"Just as you say, Cale. For myself, I think I've had enough for one day, but if you want to go I'm your man."

"How about tomorrow night, then?"

"That will suit me better. We ought to be in good trim if we're going to hear doors slam and windows rattle and all that. For my part, I never thought there was anything in it. Ananias says there is, though."

"Noah, what do you think that sloop is here for?"

"The Greyhound? Oh, I don't know. Probably to load up with some stuff the Quakers want to ship. They're about all the men here that have anything to sell, anyway."

"Do you think the Greyhound brought any cargo?"

"I didn't see any. Did you?"

"No. She stood high out of the water and didn't seem to be loaded much. She could run, if she had to, and there wasn't much of a breeze."

"She could that," acknowledged Noah, and the conversation ceased as the boys entered the house and quietly sought their rooms.

At the breakfast table on the following morning, where Noah and his cousin greeted the members of the family, they related their experiences of the preceding day, and when Caleb told how Noah had been taken on board the Greyhound as pilot, in place of the missing Sam McGear, and how he had safely brought the sloop to her dock in Greenwich, Mr. Dare looked up quickly and said: "What is that? You say you brought a sloop in here last night?"

"Yes, sir; that is, Noah did," laughed Caleb. "I didn't do anything. Noah says I don't know the difference between sailor's yarn and a dress of silk."

"There is no sloop at the dock now," said Mr. Dare quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Noah; "no sloop there? Why we saw her last night and it was only about ten o'clock."

"She isn't there now, whatever you may have seen last night. I went down to the dock before breakfast and there wasn't a sign of her to be seen," said Mr. Dare.

Caleb looked in astonishment at his cousin, who also was plainly puzzled by his father's announcement, and for a time neither of the boys spoke. As soon as they rose from the table they both hastened to the place where the Greyhound had been made fast to the dock, and as they drew near they were aware that Mr. Dare had spoken truly. The sloop was nowhere to be seen.

"Doesn't that beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Caleb. "Perhaps we didn't see any sloop after all. Maybe we just dreamed it. No, I'll tell you what it was, Noah. It was one of Ananias's stories; that's what it was. It was another piece of his story about the Elmer house."

"There comes Ananias and Elias now," said Noah quietly, as their two friends were seen approaching the dock. With them was a young Quaker of their own age, Elnathan Todd. The last named personage wore the sombre garb of the Friends, and in spite of the high regard in which the members of the body, to which Elnathan belonged, were held in Greenwich, for Elnathan and his father, Noah, at least, cherished a feeling of suspicion and dislike.

The approach of the three boys was eagerly hailed by Caleb, who was ignorant of his cousin's prejudice, and as they drew nearer he ran forward to greet them. Elias Bacon, tall, heavy, muscular, and dark, presented a sharp contrast to Ananias, who was much shorter than his friend, fair-haired and stout, and his bright blue eyes betrayed his impulsive disposition and his keen interest in whatever events the exciting times might afford.

Quietly greeting his friends Noah turned sharply to the young Quaker and said: "Elnathan, what time did the Greyhound sail?"

For a moment Elnathan gazed at Noah in silence, while a deep red spread slowly over his face. "The Greyhound!" he said at last in confusion. "What dost thou know of the Greyhound? Does thee think I had anything to do with her coming or going?"

(To be continued.)

OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS

By A. C. VOTEY

It was a boy twelve years old who said: "I must be about my Father's business." And he did not mean the business of the carpenter shop, in Nazareth, sixty miles away. *God* was his real Father, not Joseph; and *His* business at that time lay right there in the *house* where he was, and the *Book* he was studying. Boys don't expect to go into business till they get through school; but indeed education *is* business, and the schoolroom is their workshop. But whether it be home, or school, or shop, or store, the right-minded boy will *feel*, if he does not *say*, "I am about my Father's business."

Henry Drummond, that great lover of boys, has this to say:

"Sooner or later we find out that life is not a *holiday*, but a *discipline*. Earlier or later we discover that the world is not a *playground*—it is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school; the Master does not mind that so much for His own sake, for He likes to see His children happy, but in our playing we neglect our lessons."

Theodore Roosevelt is as striking an expression of American opportunity and inspiration as was Abraham Lincoln. Lowly birth and extreme poverty were as ineffectual against the rise of the one man to power and great usefulness as inherited wealth and high social connections were against the rise of the other. Character in its best estate told in both cases. The one man surmounted all the obstacles of his station and the other all the temptations of his. Hard work and lofty ideals explain the achievements of both.—Washington Star.

SILVER PRINCE

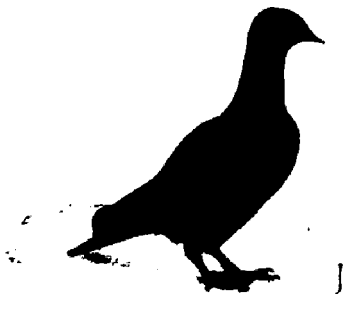
A HOMER PIGEON OF ROYAL BLOOD—*By L. C. BYCE*

PIGEONS have been used at various times in the world's history to convey messages, and at times the messages have been of momentous character and importance, such as to materially effect the destiny of a nation.

In 1849 the citizens of Venice when besieged by the Austrian troops used pigeons to communicate with the outside world to very great advantage.

It was the homing pigeon that carried the news of raging battles to those in the pent-up city of Paris when the French were shut in by the German armies in 1870-71. Following this memorable war many of the governments of leading countries provided their army and navy departments with large contingents of homing pigeons, believing that they would play an important part in future warfare.

Individual birds have shown remarkable traits and have become specifically



SILVER PRINCE WHEN 5 WEEKS OLD

noted for such, just as some horse within the bounds of our own recollection has become noted for a high degree of intelligence or a wonderful development of speed and for which reason has become enormously valuable.

Man's judgment in selecting and coupling races of pigeons has evolved a type whose usefulness, intelligence, remarkable speed, and almost inconceivable endurance has made it the most highly prized favorite of all, and well does it deserve to occupy this proud distinction; it is the homer, the king of pigeons.

Its attractivity is doing much to bring together kindred spirits and generally the associations are good. The boy with his single pair of birds, the man of moderate means, the professional man and the man of wealth are all found belonging to the same club and vying with each other in good-natured rivalry in the inspiring and fascinating sport of pigeon flying. Hundreds of other boys and men are engaged in the more



THE NATIONAL MESSAGE HOLDER

modest but no less interesting plan of sending their birds out to fly in order that those at home may indulge in the anxious expectancy and extreme delight of witnessing the return of the bird which each may have chosen as the first to reach the loft.

To be "well born is half raised" finds confirmation in the subject of this story, for Silver Prince's parents are birds that in many a flight have demonstrated remarkable swiftness of wing and staying qualities. His father has flown from Reidsville, N. C., to Boston, a distance of 613 miles, in a single day, a feat seldom accomplished, and his mother has a record of a few miles less; hence, it was reasonable to expect their son to develop into more than the ordinary.

Silver Prince seemed to have a decided advantage over his nest-mate in that he grew to a size more than a third larger in the short space of four weeks. On the fifth day of his existence, seamless bands were slipped over his then slender toes, bearing the letters and numbers as follows: "M. B. 11" on one leg, and "P26016" on the other. As soon as feathered and able to use his wings, he, like the studious and clever boy at school, desired to show what he could do. He was always on hand, the first one of the bunch whenever the attendant entered the loft, and if, as was ofttimes the case, the extended hand contained a few grains of hemp seed, he was the first to see it and alight upon the hand. For this and other reasons he soon became a universal pet. The days of his babyhood soon passed away and he with others was taken out of town a few miles for a first flight. Only those who have enjoyed similar experiences can imagine the moments of anxiety of the family of watchers who were soon rewarded by the sight of the entire flock on wing circling over the loft with one considerably in the lead. As soon as near enough to distinguish them it was found the leader was the favored one, Silver Prince. A little thing, it is true, a short flight, indeed, and yet as with the baby when it takes its first steps successfully, each one felt like fondling the bird and whispering in its ear, well done.

How much beauty we can discover in a pet we have learned to admire! See that shapely neck, its plumage reflecting those changeable metallic colorings. That eye of brilliancy; that symmetrical shape; no one dare even suggest the slightest imperfection.

In a few days the basket was again filled with ten choice specimens, including the pet of the loft, and shipped to the adjoining town of Santa Rosa, where they were liberated at 12 o'clock noon in the presence of several hundred school children. While the family at home were enjoying lunch, and even before the birds were expected, one of the boys looked out of the window and exclaimed: "There's Silver Prince on the loft," and sure enough there he stood for a few moments pluming himself and then entered the trap. In a few minutes others came, while the tardies came in one by one.

Allowing a few days rest, for be it known these birds were not yet three months old, they were sent to Healdsburg with instructions to liberate at an early hour. Quite a crowd congregated at the loft where was arranged a bulletin board, on which was placed the names and band numbers of the birds. Nearly every person selected some name



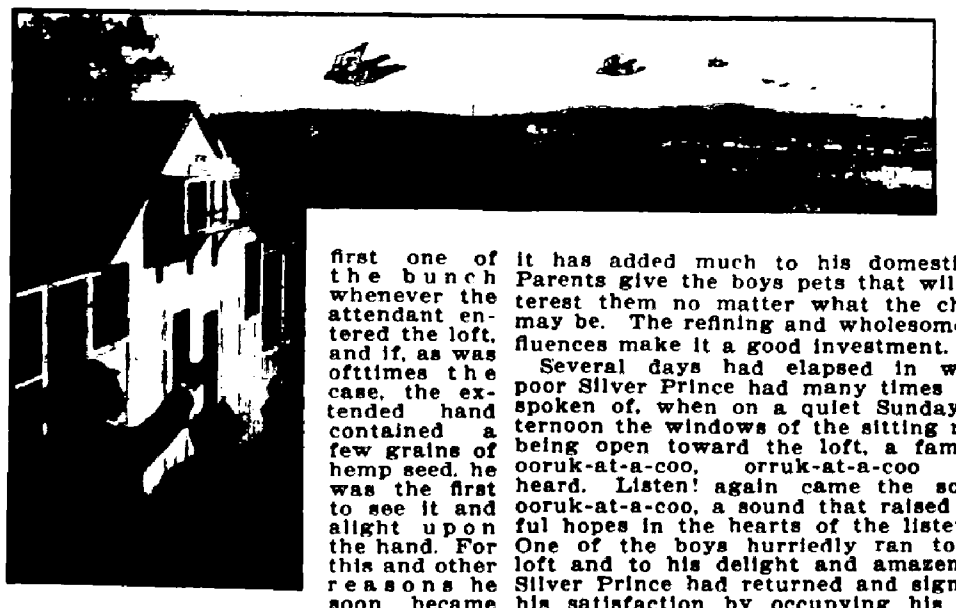
as the bird of their choice, the majority selecting Silver Prince. A telephone message, announcing the exact time of liberation, was received and hence the company of watchers knew pretty well when to expect the birds. Knowing ones fell to discussing the performance of other birds, and the merits of homing pigeons in general, and for the moment forgot that it takes good birds but a few minutes to cover the distance these were to fly. Suddenly some one shouted: "Here they come like the wind," one, as usual, in the lead, but alas, to the disappointment of many, it was not the favorite, but a little blue-checked hen, "Belgique, P26027." Quicker than can be described the swish of wings landed all but two, one of which was seen to make a last flap of its wings and tumble like a ball of feathers on the top of the wire-covered fly. Impelled by the strong homing instinct implanted within, it tenaciously clung to life in exercising a supreme effort to reach home. Upon scrutinizing the bird it was found that some heartless wretch had used a shotgun with the result as above stated. Where was Silver Prince? With one accord it was conceded that the shot in his case had been fatal and the loft would no longer be graced by his presence. Possibly the wielder of the gun does not know to this day how much pain was caused by his wanton act.

Many states have enacted laws, making the shooting of homing pigeons a grave offense and prescribing severe penalties. It is hoped California will do likewise.

Those in sympathy can appreciate the loss felt, for the wonderful intelligence displayed by this young bird was sufficient to attract anyone to him. Where is the person, who having formed an attachment for some pet, that has not wept at its loss. The one who has never admired or loved a pet certainly has a cold unresponsive heart, is of little value to a community and will bear watching.

Bad boys have ofttimes been turned from their wicked ways by pets with which to occupy the minds and employ their time. Good boys and men, yes, and even women, have derived much benefit and solace from their pets, and such influences have created stronger bonds in many a family.

The writer of this reflects with much pleasure upon the interest manifested by his entire family in any hobby in which he has indulged, and doubts not that it has added much to his domesticity. Parents give the boys pets that will interest them no matter what the choice may be. The refining and wholesome influences make it a good investment.

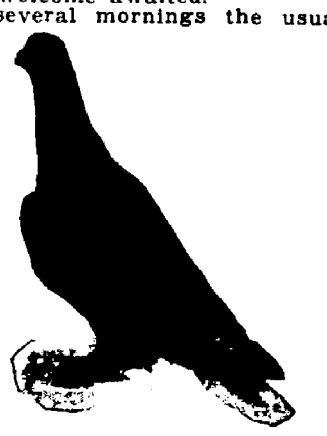


THE RETURN

Several days had elapsed in which poor Silver Prince had many times been spoken of, when on a quiet Sunday afternoon the windows of the sitting room being open toward the loft, a familiar ooruk-at-a-coo, orruk-at-a-coo was heard. Listen! again came the sound, ooruk-at-a-coo, a sound that raised joyful hopes in the hearts of the listeners. One of the boys hurriedly ran to the loft and to his delight and amazement, Silver Prince had returned and signified his satisfaction by occupying his own perch and cooing with more than usual zest. There was certainly joy in the household over the one that was lost and had returned. 'Twas but the work of a minute to catch him and upon examination marks of shot were plainly visible on the plumage, a slight wound not yet quite healed on one wing, and both the private band "M. B. 11," and the National Federation band, "P26016," removed.

It is a fair inference that the miscreant, after shooting the bird, picked it up and, discovering the bands upon the legs bearing the numbers as indicated, knew that it was a bird of no common stock; that he carried it home and made an attempt to hide its identity by cutting the bands off the legs, which act is equal to or worse than stealing. Doubtless the bird chafed under the restraint to which it was subjected, and it is possible the shooter imagined that after a few days of imprisonment, it could be allowed its liberty like other pigeons, and thus was presented the opportunity to exercise the true homer instinct by catering to that indefinable desire for home, where a hearty welcome awaited.

For several mornings the usual ex-



SILVER PRINCE

ercising flights were indulged in, Silver Prince apparently none the worse for what he had passed through; then they were again placed in a basket, Silver Prince and Belgique each with a message holder attached to one leg, and forwarded to the postmaster at Cloverdale, with instructions to write some message to the Petaluma Argus, for this flight was being made under the auspices of that paper, to place the messages in the holders, liberate the birds and immediately telephone the Argus reporter, which was done; watches were compared, and the time of liberation communicated.

An unusual number of people had congregated to witness this flight. The birds were sent off in two sections of a few minutes apart, Silver Prince in one and Belgique in the other. Considering that the birds were all young the flight of 55 miles was made in the remarkably good time of one hour and five minutes, and one hour and eight minutes, Silver Prince and Belgique leading their respective sections. This is what the message holders contained:

Cloverdale, 5-13-05.

Editor Argus: Weather and conditions look favorable for a record-breaking flight. Quite a crowd to see the birds off. Hope our next means of communication will be by electric railway.

BAER.

The leader of the second contingent bore the following:

Cloverdale, 5-13-05.

Editor Argus: I am helping papa liberate the pigeons. It is great fun. Let's keep it up all summer.

MARKELL C. BAER.

A full account of this flight was published in the Petaluma Argus and the San Francisco Chronicle.

The latter performance was accomplished with apparent ease, the birds standing upon the loft for a few minutes pluming themselves and looking for all the world as though saying "Give us something hard," then entered the trap through the "bob-wires," where they found the usual treat of hemp seed and fresh water. Determined to try them out at 100 miles before they had passed the four months' mark, with but two days' rest, they were again shipped, and from this distance all returned in good time but two, Silver Prince being one of the missing. The series of mishaps to which this bird was subjected can be accounted for in no other way than being too speedy for the others, he had to take all chances singly and therefore was a prominent mark for prey.

Every day for two weeks watchful vigils were kept but no return of the missing one. One of the boys, more enthusiastic than other members of the family, declared that he would come home even if he had to walk. Several days after the liberation it was learned from men employed on the California Northwestern R. R., that they were eye-witnesses to a flock of pigeons in passing Squaw Rock, apparently descending to the river at this point, when a monster eagle, whose nesting place has been for years at an unapproachable position in this rocky prominence, was seen to swoop at one of the birds in advance of the others, but only succeeded in making some feathers fly, quickly recovered itself and darting among those that followed, caught one and with an exultant scream flew to its eyrie.

It is no uncommon thing for lives to be sacrificed at the altar of Squaw Rock. Here California lions and grizzly bears make their haunts and countless bones lie bleaching in and around the dens. Here it was that the dusky Indian maiden and her white admirer met and exchanged their words of love, for the last time. Having been forbidden to see each other, the maiden took advantage of this strategic place to signal to her lover. Their meeting place was at last discovered and while they were seated in a supposedly unobserved place, a band of warriors descended upon them in all the fury of their bloodthirsty race. There was but a moment for reflection with no possible means of escape, and a death which knows no greater severity should he be captured. The lover entreated the maiden to return to her people, and threw himself over the almost perpendicular face of the mountain to the rocky river bed below, and was immediately followed by the Indian maiden, who shared his fate and thus was consummated a deed demonstrating that death is often preferred to separation.

Time has changed conditions. Indians have scattered. Wild animals have had to flee before civilization. The iron horse goes puffing and trembling through the tunnel in the base of the mountain, but winged birds of prey still hold sway and build their nests upon the projecting lips of the face so plainly chiseled by nature, and which the Indians declare did not exist before the tragic event, but which they claim rapidly developed into a striking resemblance of the maiden.

Eagles will no doubt continue to occupy these to them favored quarters inaccessible to man, and as they must of necessity continue to feed their young, it will be a lasting menace to all winged messengers passing that way. None of us, however, are willing to sacrifice our pets for that purpose.

Taking advantage of the possibility that Silver Prince had not been killed by the attack, and clinging to the hope that he had been but slightly wounded, we still kept up the watching and waiting. Every slight commotion in the loft was a signal for close scrutiny. One evening, just as the birds had subsided from activity and each one had settled upon its perch for the night, something seemed to transpire, causing unusual cooing, aparently participated in by every bird in the loft, but amidst all of it the keen ear of one of the boys who knows and recognizes the peculiarity of every coo and can name the bird from its coo, caught a sound which was music to his ears and with a shout, "It's Silver Prince come home again," bounded up the steps leading to the loft, and there upon the floor, dejected, forlorn, tired and hungry, stood the pride of the young birds, Silver Prince, cooing faintly and lovingly with all the joy which the home-coming can give, to the little blue-checked hen Belgique, which he had previously selected for his mate.

How he succeeded in reaching home, what efforts were put forth to again see the choice of his first love making, to be again among those of his companions that had grown up with him, and last of all to be able to rest upon the perch for the possession of which he had many times bitterly fought, and where he had spent so many nights in the only home



OVER THE MOUNTAINS

known to him, are secrets that will never be told.

How much stronger our attachment to this noble bird has become cannot be expressed in words, but suffice it to say, that after such a varied experience, with courage undaunted, and a love of home unsurpassed, our sympathetic hearts can never allow him to again be sent away from home, but he will be cared for tenderly, and looked upon again and again as illustrating the striking lesson of:

"Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home."

Sled for Moving Lawn Sprinkler

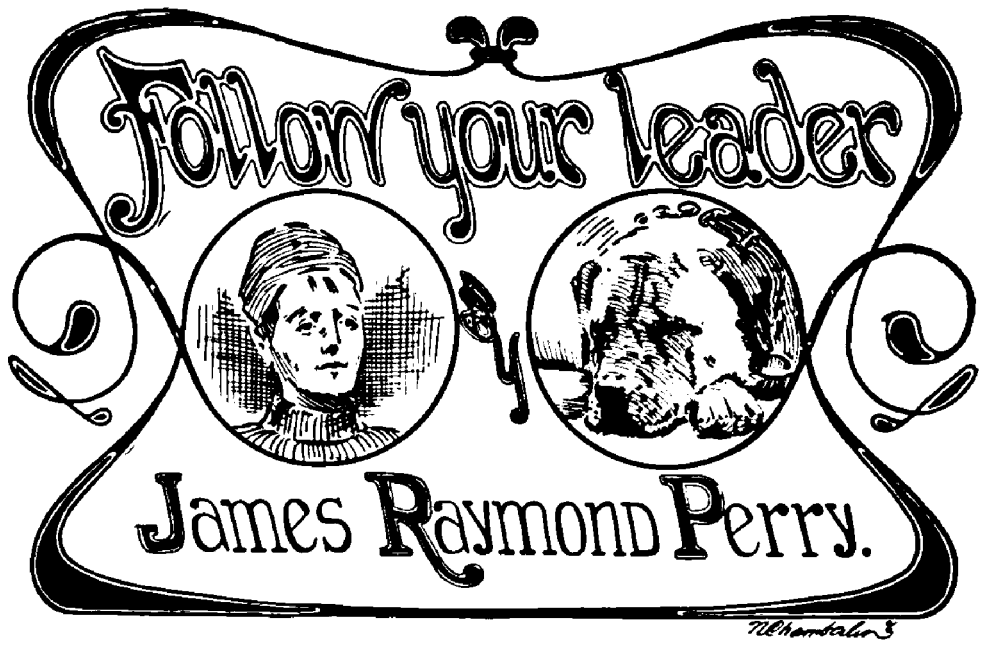
In watering a lawn in the old-fashioned way one has to do much walking in moving the sprinkler from place to place, shutting off the water and turning it on again, and is certain to get his feet wet in the operation. To avoid all this trouble, make a little sled of 1x4 in. pine, 24 in. long, with ½-in. board nailed across the runners, which should be about 20 in. apart.

Then fasten the sprinkler on the sled, well toward the front, attach about 8



Sled for Moving Lawn Sprinkler

ft. of rope to the sled to draw it by, and arrange the hose so it will run out back of the sled to prevent its tipping over. The sprinkler can then be moved to any point on the lawn without one's running back and forth through the wet grass to turn the water on and off.—J. S. Wallace, in Popular Mechanic.



"YOU'RE 'FRAID to fight, Tom King!"

"I'm not."

"You are!"

"I'm not; truly, I'm not."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because—I won't tell."

"Huh! It's 'cause you're 'fraid, an' I'm goin' to slap your face."

"You'll have to catch me first, Bobbie," Tom laughed, dodging the blow. "Say, I'll race you; I can beat you running."

The pugilistic Bob merely growled, and aimed another blow, which was dodged as deftly as the first. Then with a mixture of disgust and determination on his face he set out to catch his light-footed antagonist, who laughed and ran and laughed as if it was all a very good joke—all the better joke because Bobbie couldn't see it. Panting hard, the heavier boy almost had his hand on Tom's shoulder, when, somehow, he didn't know just how it happened—he fell sprawling over a foot expertly thrust his way. When he picked himself up Tom had entered his own dooryard and was unconcernedly strolling towards the house.

"Coward!" Bob shouted, but Tom gave no sign that he had heard, and a moment later disappeared in the house.

Bob lingered a few moments and then, as Tom did not come out again, he sauntered down to the next square, where Captain Morgan's new house was being built. There he met Sam Berkely, who was brandishing a lath at an imaginary foe.

"What you doin', Sam?"

"Killin' Russians; I just killed sixteen," the warlike Sam asserted.

Bob picked up a lath, and the two crossed swords. "I'm a Jap," he said, "an' you're a Russian."

"I'm not, either; I'm a Jap myself. If anybody's a Russian, you are."

"I'm not."

"You are."

They dropped their laths, and proceeded to fight it out with fists. Sam conquered, as usual, and then they sat on the pile of laths and amicably inspected the carpenters at work on the roof of the new house.

"You dassen't stand where he's standin'," Bob announced, as a carpenter issued from a dormer window and stood on the narrow ledge circling the roof.

"You dassen't, either," answered Sam comfortably. Having just "licked" his man he didn't have to resent this imputation on his courage.

Then Bob's mind reverted to Tom King, and disgust overspread his face.

"There's a new boy 'cross the street from us," he said; "he's 'fraid to fight; I told him so."

"Why didn't you make him?" queried Sam.

"I——," but too much mortification of spirit lay in the exact recital of the facts, so he shifted. "The little coward ran into his own yard," he explained.

"Why didn't you chase after him? I would," Sam asserted.

"I guess you wouldn't," retorted Bob. But Sam's resentment was not awakened by the retort. His mind had gone back to other matters.

"Gee!" he said, "there's a new boy down our way who'll fight. He's the quickest little kid I ever saw. See that?" and Sam lifted his cap to display a bruise over his right eye. "He did it," he announced with a kind of shy pride in the other's achievement. "He had me down and was punching me to beat the band when a woman came along and made him stop."

"Gee!" echoed Bob, sympathetically.

The next morning Tom King was out in the yard when Billy Temple came by. Billy was younger than Tom and for that reason did not feel it incumbent to fight before making friends with him. Tom had won Billy's friendship two days before by showing him how to make a bow and arrows. This friendship had been put to a strain, it is true, by the news that had come to Billy since yesterday. Even a small boy can't afford to associate with a coward; and at first Billy was for going by without speaking. But Tom had brought a green parrot out on the lawn, and green parrots, if you happen never to have seen one before, which was Billy's case, are calculated to upset sterner principles than had yet found lodgment in Billy's breast. He turned into Tom's dooryard.

"What's that?" he asked, edging nearer.

"A parrot. Didn't you ever see one?" Tom asked.

Billy shook his head. But he had heard of parrots, and he asked: "Can he talk?"

"No, not yet; I'm going to teach him to, though," Tom answered. "We've only had him a little while."

If the bird couldn't talk he wasn't much different from any other bird, and Billy's mind went to other matters—matters of real importance. "Bob Hunter says he's goin' to lick you the first time he catches you out your yard," he said.

"Poor Poll! Say 'Poor Poll!'" Tom instructed the parrot.

Billy looked at him in wonder. It had not happened to be his lot before to witness such indifference to a declaration of war.

"He says you're a coward," Billy went on accusingly. It even crossed Billy's mind to punch Tom himself, and so win everlasting glory among the younger boys for daring to fight a new boy bigger than himself.

"Polly want a cracker?" questioned Tom, looking at the parrot instead of Billy. But his face was a shade redder than before. Then he turned suddenly towards Billy, who shrank back and gave up all thoughts of punching Tom. But though Tom's eyes were bright, his attitude was not warlike.

"I'm not a coward, Billy," he said. "If I was I'd fight," he added. But this was too deep for Billy, though he was constrained to believe that Tom was speaking some non-understandable truth.

"Tom!" called a voice from the house.

"Yes, mama."

"Will you go down to the post office? It's time for the mail."

"All right."

He took the parrot back to the piazza and put him in his cage, and then came down to the gate where Billy, a little doubtful as to the course he ought to pursue, still waited.



"ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT NOW?" BOB DEMANDED

"Bob Hunter may see you," he said.

"I don't care," laughed Tom; "I can beat him running.

This sentiment was distasteful to Billy. For a boy to depend upon his legs to save his skin was not according to the Waterville code. "I don't know about that," he said; "Bob can run pretty fast."

But Tom did not so much as glance towards the Hunter's yard, though Billy cast furtive glances in that direction. Notwithstanding the fear that his reputation might be imperilled, Billy continued to walk down the street with Tom. They had got a little beyond Captain Morgan's new house, when they heard the deep-toned barking of a dog. "That's Mr. Cartwright's Czar," Billy announced "Let's go look at him."

Going down the alley they came to a high fence surrounding three sides of a small enclosure. The stable wall constituted the fourth side. Gazing between the boards of the fence they saw a mastiff of uncommon size. After one contemptuous glance in their direction the dog paid no further attention to them.

"There don't nobody dare go near him 'cept Mr. Cartwright an' the coachman," said Billy, unmindful of surplus negatives. "He's awful ugly. He bit a man last winter."

"I'd hate to have a dog nobody could go near," commented Tom.

The next day was Saturday. Bob Hunter and two or three other boys were on the street in front of Bob's yard. Billy Temple came past and joined them.

"If he comes out, are you goin' to lick him, Bob?" asked one of the group, Henry Clapp.

"You bet I am, Hen," Bob responded. He spat on his hands, rubbed them briskly together, and then seized Billy and shook him sportively. "If you were bigger, you little rascal, I'd lick you, too," he said. "Maybe I will if you don't quit playin' with that coward."

Something moved Billy to say, "He ain't a coward." Perhaps it was the memory of the bow and arrow. What punishment Bob would have thought necessary to inflict upon Billy for expressing these treasonable sentiments must forever remain in doubt, for just then a shout arose, "Here he comes!" and Bob's attention was turned to graver matters. Tom was coming down the walk to the gate with an unconcern that was particularly irritating to Bob. A coward ought not to come out of his yard to meet a foe with quite such an air of indifference. It was a bit disconcerting. Nevertheless, Bob spat on his hands, rubbed them briskly together, and waited. Tom did not pause the fraction of a second at the gate, but to the no little amazement of the group came directly across the street towards them. He was smiling, and there was a kind of birdlike brightness in his eyes and alertness to his movements. It was apparent that he had come out for a purpose.

"Let's play 'Follow Your Leader,'" he suggested cheerfully.

The others looked at Bob, who had struck a pugilistic attitude and was eyeing Tom scowlingly.

"Are you ready to fight now?" Bob demanded.

Tom flushed a little and shook his head.

"You're a 'fraid cat!" shouted Bob. And then, as that did not seem quite strong enough to meet the extreme exasperation of the occasion, he hurled at him, packed with scorn, "Coward!"

For an instant Tom's fists clenched, and then he laughed, not nervously, but goodnaturedly.

"I suppose I do seem like a coward," he said, looking straight at Bob; "but I'm not one—at least not the way you think I am. I told you the other day I wouldn't fight, and I won't; but it isn't because I'm afraid to. And you could see it isn't, if you'd got any sense, Bobbie. Some day you'll meet a fellow whom you'll stupidly think is a coward and he'll give you the worst drubbing you ever had in your life. And it'll do you good. The only way fellows like you can learn sense is by having it knocked into you."

This speech had a curious effect on the boys. It was a little as if a man was speaking to them. They had never heard a boy talk that way before, and they were a trifle awed. That a coward would talk like that was unbelievable; even Bob felt that.

"There are other ways of proving you're not a coward besides fighting," Tom went on a little eagerly. "If you'll all play 'Follow Your Leader' and let me lead, I'll show that I'm not a coward."

Tom's tone was almost pleading now. The curiosity of the other boys was awakened. There was something to the idea afer all. It appealed to them. They looked at Bob.

"You'll have to fight first," commanded the young pugilist.

"I told you I wouldn't fight," Tom answered sharply, stepping nearer Bob. "Can't you understand plain English? Are you a dunce as well as a coward? You've called me a coward and now I'll call you one. You don't dare follow your leader with me leading! You don't dare!"

Tom's fists were clenched again, though he made no threat to strike. Bob gazed at him an instant. Deep in his heart was the conviction that Tom was not afraid of him. Added to this was the mystery of the whole thing, dizzily incomprehensible. This was the oddest new boy he had ever met.

"I guess I do dare," he answered sullenly. "You lead, an' you'll see!" He looked around at the others, wagging his head.

"All right, Bobbie," Tom answered, his face gone smiling again. "Come on, follow your leader!" he called, starting down the street. The other boys trailing after him, Bob next to him, and little Billy Temple at the end of the line, each assiduously copying every move of the one in front.

Circling, crossing, climbing over one obstacle after another, Tom led the little line down the street. His first novel act to win approval of the others was when he climbed upon the rear of a grocer's cart, ran forward to the seat, scrambled over that, gave the driver a little tap on the top of his head, and then jumped off with the horse still trotting. The others promptly followed Tom's lead, the driver laughing good naturedly and slowing up his horse to let little Billy jump off when it came his turn. Here was an original leader; and all save Bob were now about ready to forget the stain on Tom's escutcheon.

When they came opposite Captain Morgan's new house, Tom promptly led his line up the plank to the front door, as yet minus its flight of steps. It was Saturday afternoon and the carpenters had quit work early, so the building was deserted. Climbing over one obstruction after another, Tom led them to the skeleton stairway rising to the second floor. Up this he went, the others scrambling after him. Between the second and third floors there was as yet only a ladder, up which the nimble Tom climbed like a monkey with the others following. Loose boards here and there formed the flooring of the third story, and over these Tom picked his way to one of the windows. Through this he crawled upon the narrow ledge in front. "Tell Billy to stay inside!" he shouted back, and then began edging along the ledge, a dizzy thirty feet above ground. Bob grimly followed, and the others came carefully after, all save Billy, who, released by the leader's orders, went back to the ladder and slowly and cautiously let himself down. When Tom had safely rounded the first corner and started along the ledge towards the rear of the building, he cautiously got upon his feet, and balancing himself, walked erect to the next corner. Bob, a little pale but determined, followed his example, and the rest imitated Bob, the forms of none, however, being quite as erect as that of the blithe young leader. Around the four sides of the building he led them, back to the window through which they had emerged, and on, down ladder and staircase, to the ground.

Down the street they went, Billy once more bringing up the rear. When they came to Cartwright's Tom turned in at the alley and led the others back to the enclosure where Czar was imprisoned. Without an instant's pause Tom climbed the high fence and began walking along the narrow top. Billy and the boy ahead of him balked, but Bob and the two others followed Tom. The mastiff had cast one or two disdainful glances at them and then, lion-like, gazed off over their heads.

After leading them along the top of the fence to the stable wall Tom paused and glanced round at Bob. Then with a laugh he jumped into the enclosure and

(Continued on page 299.)

WINCHESTER



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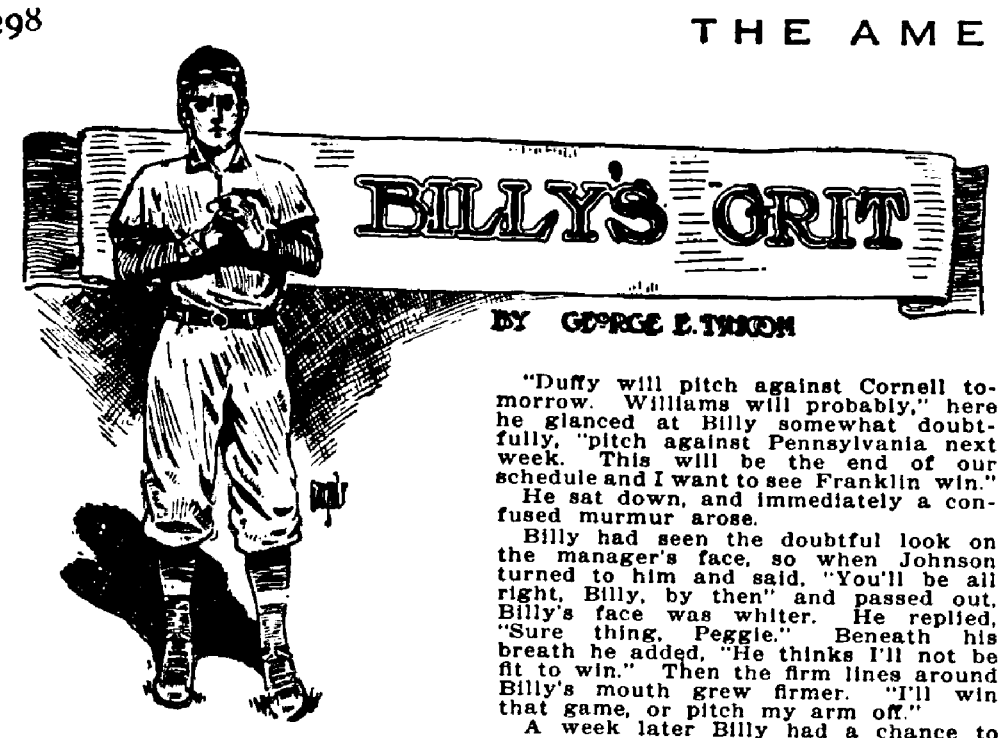


BILLY'S GRIT

BY GEORGE L. TIBBOTS

THE CAPTAIN of the baseball team paused before the group of young fellows on the campus. His face was solemn and his voice almost trembled as he addressed them.

"Fellows, Billy's hurt."

"What's that?" came from big Wilson, the hammer-thrower, Williams hurt?"

A chorus of excited "whats" came from the rest.

"How badly?" asked Brown. "How'd he get hurt, anyway?"

"Fell right after chapel yesterday while practicing. Doc says he's broken a tendon of his arm—his pitching arm. I see where we get white-washed to-morrow."

"What's the matter with putting in Duffy?"

"Why, he pitched yesterday, and we've got to have him against 'Pennsy' next week," replied the captain.

"Why not try Orne, Phil?" asked Wilson.

"No use; those Cornell guys are heavy hitters, and they'd kill him," interposed Ted Keeler, the little shortstop.

At that minute, Ted, who was Billy's chum and room-mate, left the group and ran to meet a young fellow who had just come out of the South Dormitory, and was slowly walking toward them.

"Gee, here comes Billy, now," said Brown, and they all watched the strangely-mated chums approaching. Keeler's laughing face, merry eyes, and diminutive form, topped by a shock of bricky red hair, made a strong contrast to the tall, broad-shouldered youth beside him.

Billy's usually healthy face was now white, and his sober gray eyes were filled with trouble as he nervously brushed his curly black hair from his forehead, and in answer to the many excited queries of his friends, replied. "Fellows, I can't pitch any more. Greyson says if I pitch to-morrow I'll have a glass arm for a year. I can't afford to take chances for fall football's only a couple of months off."

They all saw the force of this declaration, but it brought a chorus of groans and lamentations from the hearers; it seemed worse coming from Billy's own mouth.

Just then Sherman looked at his watch and saw it was time to go up to the training table, so with Billy and Ted he started for Harmon Hall, on the north side of the campus, the temporary quarters of the baseball squad.

The entrance of these three popular members of the team was the signal for much good-natured chaffing, until the crowd noted the sober faces of the captain and the pitcher.

Johnson, the manager, who was explaining to a promising aspirant for the outfield the proper way to size up a batter, stopped short in his explanations and hurriedly joined the three.

What's the matter, Billy?" was his immediate question.

In mute reply Billy lifted his bandaged wrist. This act caused a buzz of surprise and hurried exclamations:

"Williams has hurt his arm."

"Billy's broken his wrist."

"No, he's sprained it."

Johnson took Billy to one side. After a few minutes talk they returned to the table. At the close of the meal, the manager rose and held up his hand for silence.

"Duffy will pitch against Cornell to-morrow. Williams will probably," here he glanced at Billy somewhat doubtfully, "pitch against Pennsylvania next week. This will be the end of our schedule and I want to see Franklin win."

He sat down, and immediately a confused murmur arose.

Billy had seen the doubtful look on the manager's face, so when Johnson turned to him and said, "You'll be all right, Billy, by then" and passed out, Billy's face was whiter. He replied, "Sure thing, Peggie." Beneath his breath he added, "He thinks I'll not be fit to win." Then the firm lines around Billy's mouth grew firmer. "I'll win that game, or pitch my arm off."

A week later Billy had a chance to prove this.

The visiting team had arrived, confident in the extreme, with just as confident a crowd of rooters.

Even now their deafening cheers rolled across the diamond and struck on his ear like a dirge.

It was Billy's first big game, and, as he was practicing on the side lines, the wavering cheers which rolled back from Franklin made his heart sink. In all that volume of sound the keynote was uncertainty.

Bitterly he gritted his teeth, and thought, "They haven't any confidence in me," and then sent in such a speedy out-shoot that the catcher missed it altogether. But the effort had its cost, for a sharp pang of pain shot through his wrist. Yet he said nothing. Billy was no squealer!

He had seen Duffy, the mighty Duffy, the pride of his team, batted out of the box in the third inning of the Cornell game, and Orne, who replaced him, served in the same way. It was Billy who had stopped that avalanche of runs, after Johnson had almost begged him to go in.

"And now they have no confidence in me!" The very thought made him grind his teeth in rage.

No, Billy was no squealer, and as he warmed up to take the kinks out of his arm, he determined to pitch the game of his life.

Then the black-bloused umpire came on the field.

He brushed the dust off the rubber plate, broke the seals of the new league balls, and tossed one to Overton, Pennsy's pitcher. The great crowd commenced to get impatient.

"Play ball!" Overton swung his arm and the game was on.

"Crack!"

Keeler, the first man up for Franklin, sent a long, low drive to right. Before the ball could be fielded he was safe.

On the next ball pitched he made a dive for second.

"Slide, slide," the coacher yelled frantically, and Ted slid.

Like a bullet the catcher sent the ball back to second. The baseman almost knocked all the breath out of Ted's body, in his quick move to tag him, but was too late. Ted's right hand, thrust way out in front of him, touched the bag first.

"Safe," drawled the umpire, and cries of dissent came from Pennsylvania's rooters.

A straggling cheer from Franklin made Keeler forget that thump in the back and he played way off.

The next man up flied to short, but Brown, who followed him, made a neat sacrifice, advancing Keeler to third. Franklin's rooters began to take heart and cheer. Here was an opportunity to score in the first inning.

Shad Wilson stepped up to the bat, a "now or never" look on his face. The first ball was a wild out-shoot. He struck at it—and missed. The next was a swift in-shoot which curved over the heart of the plate. Shad made a terrific slash at it, and to his great surprise sent a long "Texas-leaguer" out to left, right into the fielder's hands; Ted started for home.

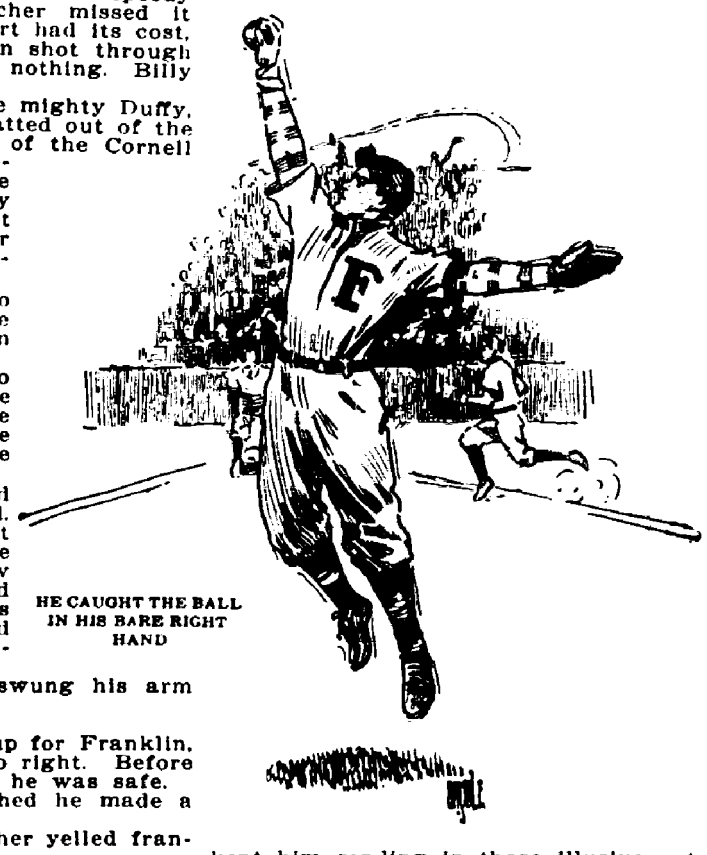
The crowd was breathless in suspense as the fielder threw to second and the baseman threw home. Plunk, the ball landed in the catcher's mitt. Too late! Ted had slid home in a cloud of dust and was declared "safe" by the umpire.

Cheer after cheer rolled from Franklin's side, and cheer after cheer came thundering back from Pennsy's loyal rooters, still as confident as ever.

There was only two out and "Pinkie" Orne faced Overton. The best he could do was to send a hot liner to the shortstop, which was gathered in by that worthy without moving from his tracks, and the side was retired.

It was with a wildly beating heart that Billy took his place in the box and glanced around him. On one side was the orange and black of his own college, waving back and forth, and the whole body was singing a song of triumph which ended with Billy's name. On the other, the blue of Pennsylvania merged in with the blue of the clouds, and from that solid bank of color rolled Pennsylvania's slogan, still with that confident ring most prominent. Billy looked at Ted and his spirit received some of the encouragement that shone in his eyes, and he heard him whisper, "Take it easy, old pal." Then he heard the drawling voice of Shad away out in center; "Let 'em hit, Billy, we'll get 'em."

Then Billy resolved to rely on his support as much as possible. Well it was for him that he did, for when eight innings had passed without any more scoring, his every movement brought an accompanying spasm of pain across his pallid face. His arm seemed a dead weight hanging from his shoulder, and his wrist was swollen to twice the normal size. Worst of all, Billy realized that he was all gone. Sheer nerve had



HE CAUGHT THE BALL IN HIS BARE RIGHT HAND

kept him sending in those illusive outshoots, sheer nerve had made those brilliant stops and clever assists, and now that nerve was gone.

Ah, how Billy regretted those three innings when he had gone in against Cornell to save his team from an overwhelming defeat. Rather defeat by Cornell than lose both games, thought Billy.

It was with a sinking heart that he watched the last man on his side go out, and walked slowly to the box. With great effort he swung his arm and pitched the ball. The racking pain which shot through his whole arm brought a cry of pain from his bloodless lips.

"Crack," like a shot the ball came toward him. Mechanically he stuck out his gloveless hand. "Spat." The ball struck and stayed there.

No applause greeted this phenomenal catch, for the intense strain under which both sides were laboring was too great.

The sudden shock and the pain of throwing roused Billy somewhat from the stupor which was coming over him, and muttering "only two more," he pitched again.

"Ball," shouted the umpire. Billy groaned and swung his arm again. His whole right side was racked by that agonizing pain. The ball dropped at his feet.

"Balk, take your base," said the umpire, and the gleeful batter trotted to first.

As one man, the whole Pennsylvania stand rose to its feet. Hats, flags, canes, everything was thrown into the air regardless of where it landed and an exultant, hopeful shout rolled from that mass of blue.

During the excitement Ted came up to Billy and, noting the look of pain on his face, was about to ask Sherman to call in Orne. But that one appealing look from Billy silenced him, and he went back to his position, determined to get everything that came "within a mile" of him, as he declared afterward.

Billy turned to the next batter and passed his hand across his face as if to brush a haze from before his eyes. Dimly he saw the batter swinging his bat across the plate; then there seemed two batters instead of one. In desperation he threw the ball. The pain had gone, but so had Billy's speed. The ball seemed to hang in the air. "Crack," the batter met it with a terrific slash, and the runner made a dash for second.

At the crack of the ball Billy instinctively gathered himself and leaped high into the air. He caught the ball in his bare right hand, wheeled like a cat as soon as his feet touched the earth and threw to first, making the quickest double play ever seen on that diamond; and Franklin had won.

For a moment Billy stupidly looked at the first baseman and heard the yells of victory from his classmates; then suddenly it occurred to him that the game was over.

The reaction was too great. Trembling like a leaf, he blinked his eyes a moment, then, sobbing like a child, he fell limply into Ted Keeler's arms.

No, Billy never pitched again. His arm was paralyzed for two years, and by that time he was through college, and—well, if you want to know any more about him, go up to Franklin College some day and ask for Professor William W. Williams. He'll tell you—if he isn't too modest.



"FELLOWS, BILLY'S HURT"

Capturing a Python

A Fight for Life With one of the Royal Constrictors

By Captain A. B. Hawser

ABOUT FIVE years ago I headed an expedition into the interior of Sumatra, our object being to gather great apes and snakes for one of the large zoological gardens of Europe.

We had done pretty well, so far as the mammals were concerned, and several fine specimens of the man-apes were already on their way to Europe; but we had failed absolutely to catch or even hear of a really big python.

Finally we broke camp and moved to a valley between two high wooded hills, where I had seen great snakes on a previous visit.

The day after we pitched camp in the new spot, I took my heavy express rifle and started into the jungle to look for the beautiful antlered Sumatra deer.

It was extremely thick, and the high trees made the forest almost as dark as if it were evening, although the sun was high. I stepped softly, and to do this, I often had to look down pretty closely so as to avoid creepers and other tangled vegetation that obstructed the ground and made nasty traps for unwary feet.

I had just cleared a particularly bad tangle and was in the very act of raising my eyes again to peer ahead, when I became aware of something hanging almost in front of me. Before I had more than perceived the thing it moved backward and then forward like a flash, and the next instant it drove straight at my chest and struck me such a terrific blow that it would unfailingly have crushed my sternum if I had not been protected by my heavy cartridge belt which hung across my breast from one shoulder.

As it was, the blow knocked me at least five feet as if I had been a tennis ball. I knew what had happened to me, however, even before I fell. I had blundered into a python, hanging head downward full length from a tree, and the creature had done what these great snakes do almost always under such circumstances—it had rammed its long, hard head at me with the force of a hammer.

All the wind was knocked out of me, and I was half stunned. But I retained consciousness enough to reach out for my gun as soon as I got over the first shock. And the next move was to roll away to avoid a second attack.

In this, however, I was too late; before my hand had closed on my gun, I felt the cold body of the serpent, and then a suffocating weight as coil after coil of the monster fell slowly upon me.

In another moment one of the thick coils was thrown around me and began to constrict until I could hardly breathe. Tighter and tighter the terrible thing wreathed itself. Then, when I thought that the next tightening would surely crush all my bones into splinters, the snake ceased and began to pull itself up into the tree, to which it still clung with its tail.

My weight did not seem to bother it in the least. Up I went, as if I were being raised in an elevator, till I was dangling just above the lower limbs of the tree.

I knew then what was in store for me. The serpent intended to throw another coil around both me and the big branch, and with the purchase thus obtained to crush me at its leisure.

I had my big revolver in my holster, but it was pressed close to my side as my arms were. I found, however, that I could move one finger enough to get it into the trigger guard. Unfortunately the muzzle was pointed so that there was no chance to hit the monster that had me; but I hoped that the shots might bring help, though it looked desperately unlikely that help could reach me in time.

However, I fired all the five shots as quickly as I could, and the explosions had the good effect of startling the serpent so that it uncoiled itself partially at the first shock, and I slipped out and dropped to the ground, so badly squeezed that I could not move, but lay in a heap where I tumbled.

Within five minutes, while the great snake was still quivering and alternately expanding and contracting its huge body in evident fright, my men came hurrying to the scene.

When they caught sight of me they set up a great shout and the big snake tried to crawl up into the tree and get away. But I saw its retreat in time and ordered the men to get into the tree after it, while others hurried back to the camp for ropes and machetes.

The ropes were passed to the men in the tree and they went boldly at the python. It struck at them and when they dodged it opened its vast jaws with a frightening gape and hissed like a steam engine. But soon it was beset by more than thirty natives, each of whom had hold of some part of its body, despite all its wriggling and twisting. They broke its hold on the branches by cutting them off with their machetes, and all at once the big snake began to come down, a prisoner.

In the meantime other men had cut down a young tree and trimmed all its branches off. As soon as the big snake was on the ground, the sapling was held alongside of it and ropes were quickly wound around both from one end to the other. Thus stretched out the big snake was carried in triumph to camp, and in the same manner it finally went to the coast.

It reached Europe in good condition, and is alive still. It is one of the really big snakes in captivity, for it measures fourteen feet.

FOUR BOYS IN CAMP

By J. L. HARBOUR

BEGUN IN MAY
PART IV

OUR GUIDE went on ahead for a few feet and then stopped. We heard a sound like a key turning in a lock and the clank of a chain, which was really a few links of chain attached to a padlock. The padlock made fast a door of a small, hut-like house of stones and logs built against the face of the mountain. A sudden flash of "sheet" lightning revealed to us the cabin and quite an open space before it.

The man entered the cabin and a moment later we heard a match scratched against some rough surface. The old man lighted a candle and came to the open door with it shielding the small flame with one hand.

"Come on," he said tersely.

We entered the cabin and found it to be a very rough, crude hut of a single room smoke-begrimed and with no furnishings other than such as the old man had made of rough boards. There was a bunk filled with hemlock boughs in one corner, and it was evident that the old man did his cooking in a large fireplace at one end of the room. The cabin had no floor other than that supplied by mother Earth. The place was smoke-begrimed; it had a smoky smell and it was littered with tin cans that had once contained food. A large bearskin was spread in front of the fireplace, and skins of other animals were piled on the bunk. Thrusting the candle into an empty green bottle the old man set it on the rough shelf above the fireplace and said,

"Had any supper?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Want any?"

The prospect of anything at all eatable in the hut was so doubtful that it was nothing but gnawing hunger that caused me to say,

"We are very hungry, sir."

"I reckon I'll have to feed ye then," he retorted so ungraciously that I said,

"No, sir; you don't have to feed us. We can wait until daylight and then go to our own camp."

"If you'd had any sense you'd be there now," he replied.

I now noticed part of a smoked ham hanging from a nail in the wall. The hermit, for hermit he was, took the ham from the nail and then took a long, keen-bladed knife from a box on a shelf. Then he seemed to remember that he had no fire, and he knelt before the fireplace in which there was a pile of ashes. Pushing the top of the ashes aside he stooped and blew until a smouldering ember began to glow. Then he laid on some light twigs and some dry wood, of which there was an abundance by the fire. In a very few minutes the room was aglow and it seemed far more cheerful. We stood before the fire and dried our wet garments while the hermit sliced a generous supply of the ham into a frying-pan. When there was a bed of red coals he set the frying-pan on them, covered it with a tin cover and brought forth a tin coffee-pot, black with smoke. The odor of the frying ham and the boiling coffee was really very agreeable, and when the hermit had drawn his rude little board table up before the fireplace, spread newspapers over it, and set thereon a tin pan piled high with crackers and cold biscuits, and had set a small earthen bowl filled with butter and a can of baked beans before us we felt that we were to fare very well, and were inclined to forgive our host for his ungraciousness. Taking the well-browned ham from the frying-pan and putting it into a tin plate he poured the beans into the frying-pan and made them piping hot. Then he set the frying-pan in the middle of the table and, turning to us, said quite civilly,

"Pitch in, youngsters."

He did not eat with us, but sat by the fireplace smoking a long, black pipe in silence, apparently oblivious to our presence. I felt that it would be common courtesy to express some appreciation of our gratitude when we had eaten everything there was on the table, and I said,

"You have given us a good supper, and——"

"Better'n ye deserve," he said tartly, with the pipestem still between his teeth. "Where you campin'?"

"In the old engine-house on the bank of Scott's Pond," I replied.

"You a passel o' runaways?"

"No, sir; our parents know where we are!"

"Bet they don't know where ye are just at present."

Then he lapsed into silence until his pipe was empty. After knocking the ashes out against a stone in the fireplace he rose, stretched his long arms above his head in a mighty yawn, and said:

"Time to turn in."

Spreading skins on the cabin floor he told us that we were to sleep on them, and within ten minutes he had blown out his candle and was in his bunk, while we were stretched out on the skins with the dying fire filling the room with a soft yellow light. I think that all of us were asleep within five minutes, and I for one did not know anything until I heard the hermit chopping wood just outside the open door the next morning.

The sun had risen in a cloudless sky as I discovered when I went to the open door. The hermit made no reply to my nod and my "good morning."

The other boys now got up. We asked our strange host if there was anything we could do to assist him, and he said:

"Yes—keep out o' my way."

We thought that we would be quite out of his way if we left the cabin, so we stepped outside and looked around us. The cabin stood in a little clearing the hermit had made in a perfect wilderness of pines so tall that we could not see above them into the valley below. He could not have chosen a lonelier place for his abode. There was a little spring of clear, icy water bubbling from a crevice in the rocks near the cabin. We washed our dirty hands and faces as best we could in the cold water, and our host came to the door and flung us a very dirty towel without a word. Presently he came to the door and said:

"Breakfast."

The breakfast was like the supper of the night before, with the addition of a plate of remarkably good hot biscuits baked in a Dutch oven. Again the hermit kept from the table while we ate, and smoked his pipe by the fire in gloomy silence.

The moment we had eaten our breakfast he took his old hat from its peg on the wall, put it on, and said:

"Now I'll show ye the way out o' here."

Each of us had a little money, and I said:

"We will pay you for our entertainment if you will allow us to do so, sir."

The reply to this was more embarrasing than any of his other infrequent utterances had been, for he turned sharply on me with the frown on his face deepening, and said acridly:

"Shet your mouth, boy!"

I "shet" it, while the other boys opened theirs in a grin at my apparent discomfiture. Not a word spoke the hermit as he led the way through the woods for more than an hour. Then we struck a trail quite clearly defined. We followed this trail for another hour, walking in Indian file behind the hermit. Suddenly we came to a large open space, from which we could see Scott's Pond far below us.

"Foller this trail right on and you'll be there in half an hour," said our guide. He turned abruptly and made no reply whatever to our profuse thanks as he walked away.

"Queer old duffer," said Tad.

"But with a good-sized streak of human kindness in him," I said.

"Like most folks when you strike them in time of trouble," said Simmy.

We followed the trail down the mountain side, our tongues running far more glibly than they had run at any time while we were with the hermit. Our guide had walked so fast that we had been compelled to almost run to keep up with him, and we were so tired that when we came to a small, slightly grassy open place on the trail, we sat down and rested so long that it was almost noon



HE SAT BY THE FIRE SMOKING A LONG, BLACK CLAY PIPE

when we reached the old engine-house, or, rather, the ruins of the house, for we found that it had fallen flat to the ground during the severe storm of the night before.

"Our getting lost was a special providence, after all," said Simmy. "If we hadn't got lost we would certainly have slept in the old engine-house last night, and it would surely have been the last sleep for some if not all of us with those heavy timbers coming down upon us."

We were still some distance from it when we discovered that the building had fallen, and we made eager haste to reach it and discover the condition of our belongings left in the house the day before. We found that some of the heavy overhead timbers had fallen in such a way as to protect our baggage, which was injured very little. Indeed, it was piled in a heap at one side of the fallen building, and Benny said:

"I guess that the men from the other camp have been over here."

This was a correct surmise. The men had not only been over to our camp, but when they found certain proof that we had not been there during the night and we had not returned at ten in the morning, they had grown uneasy and had gone in different directions in search of us. One of them returned a few minutes after we reached the pond, and he at once fired his gun three times at intervals of a quarter of a minute, this signal having been agreed upon in case any of them found us. Presently all of the men returned, and they very kindly helped us to carry our belongings over to their own camp.

They also helped us to put up our tent near their own, and we remained three days with them. They were very kind to us, and we found big Jim Peters a very entertaining man indeed. We shall never forget the thrilling stories he told as we sat around the campfire. He was a born hunter, and perhaps the most thrilling episode of our entire camping-out experience occurred the second day of our stay with the men when Jim Peters took us on a long tramp with him, and we saw him shoot and kill a bear feeding in the middle of a wonderful patch of "low bush" blueberries. The berries were so thick that at a little distance the patch gave one the impression of being a great bed of dark blue flowering shrubs. Jim had been to the spot a few days before, and had found proof of the presence of the bear, therefore we approached the patch very cautiously. Jim had made us tarry in the woods just before we reached the patch while he went on to reconnoiter. Presently he waved his hand toward us and then laid his fingers on his lips as a signal of silence. We stole forward with wildly beating hearts, for none of us had ever seen a bear at large. Our hearts beat still more quickly when we saw the bear lift his head suddenly with a sniff or two and come straight toward us. There was a loud report from Jim's gun, the bear reared to its hind feet and plunged forward dead.

Our new friends went with us when we went out of the wilderness by a route known to Jim, and our next camp was on the bank of a beautiful little stream not far from a little village where we could purchase needed supplies and where it was safer and better for us to be. We returned home in safety, to the relief of our parents, and after having what Tad called "oceans of fun."

Two Simple Problems

John R. Springer, of Camden, N. J., tells us how to add 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, so as to make 100, without using fractions, nor using any one figure more than once. Here is his solution: 17 plus 36 plus 45 equals 98, plus 2 equals 100.

The same boy sends in a query as to where a verse may be found in the Bible containing the words "red," "white" and "blue." He answers it by referring to the sixth verse of the first chapter of Esther.

Follow Your Leader

(*Continued from page 297.*)

took two steps towards Czar, who condescended to look straight at him now.

Bob's face paled, and he hesitated. Then he made as if to follow Tom, but again hesitated. Czar was quiet, observing things curiously. "Come on, Bobbie!" Tom said, "Follow your leader."

Still Bob hesitated. "You're not afraid, are you?" Tom inquired blandly.

At that Bob jumped, and stood, shaking a little, with Tom between him and Czar. The boy next to Bob muttered, "I'm not going to be a fool, if they are," and sat down on the fence, with both legs on the outside. The boy behind followed his example.

"Well, Bobbie, there are only two of us to fight him," remarked Tom. There was an unusual brightness and excitement in Tom's eyes. "Come on," he said and took a step or two towards the mastiff. Bob stood still. Tom walked up to within a foot of Czar and reaching out his hand tapped the beast lightly on his jaw. Czar stared at him in amazement. Then Tom deliberately passed across the enclosure and climbed out on the other side, while Bob, with considerable alacrity, turned and scrambled back the way he had come.

"Does anybody else want to be leader?" Tom asked.

Late that afternoon, Bob and Sam Berkely were walking up the street together. Bob had been telling Sam all about it, except that he passed lightly over the fact of not following Tom's example in slapping Czar's jaw.

"There he comes now," he said, as Tom and a lady came down the walk to the street.

"Gee! Is that the feller?" exclaimed Sam.

"Yes; why?" Bob asked.

"That's the fellow that licked me the other day," Sam said.

After this Bob and Tom were good friends. "But why wouldn't you fight?" Bob asked one day when their intimacy had reached a stage that would warrant it. "You knew you could lick me."

"I wanted to fight bad enough," admitted Tom, "but my mother caught me fighting Sam Berkely that day and she made me promise I would not fight again. I had to keep my promise to her."

Peculiarities of Number 9

Harvey Guetzloe, Kiel, Wisconsin, gives the following, showing the many peculiarities of the number 9:

Every multiple of 9 makes a number the sum of whose digits is either 9 or 18, and 1 plus 8, again, is 9.

The following is a peculiar table:

1 times 9 plus 2 is 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 is 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 is 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 is 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 is 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 is 1111111.
1234567 times 9 plus 8 is 11111111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 is 111111111.

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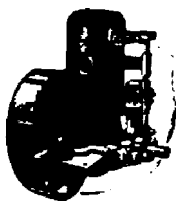

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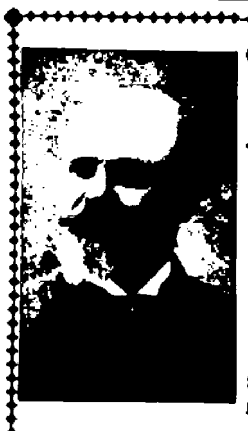

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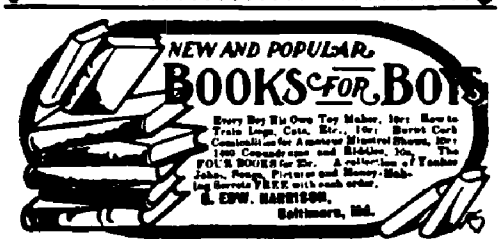



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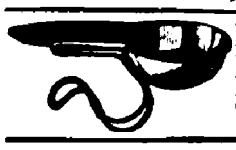

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CHAPTER VII.

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

THE PEOPLE of Claster had arranged for a Fourth of July celebration, and early in the morning folks began to pour in from the surrounding farms until the place took on the liveliness of a fair-sized city.

Knowing that some folks would take the opportunity to order or buy supplies, Frank kept the store open until noon and did quite a fair business. When he closed up he had twenty-six dollars on hand, which he took home for safe keeping.

There was a short parade in the afternoon and all of the young folks went to see this. Little Georgie was particularly enthusiastic and wanted to follow the brass band all over the line of march.

"I'd like Fourth of July to come every day," he told his brother and sister.

"I fancy you'd get tired of it soon enough," said Ruth.

"I'd never get tired of it," answered the little fellow, positively. "When I grow up I want to be a drummer in the band."

"Do you think you want to carry around the bass-drum, Georgie?" questioned Frank, with a smile.

"No, I want the little drum—the one that rattles and has two little sticks," returned Georgie.

The town people had collected almost a hundred dollars which a committee had expended in fireworks. These were to be set off at the public square, only a short distance from Mr. Hardy's store. At the appointed time the square was crowded, and the display of fireworks was begun amid great enthusiasm.

"I love those rockets and Roman candles," said Ruth, enthusiastically.

"And I like the big pin-wheels," answered Frank.

With Georgie they had taken a place in front of the store. But they could not see extra well, on account of a wagon being in the way, and so moved on to another part of the square.

A flight of rockets was followed by some colored fire and a very handsome set piece. Then came triangles and flower pots, and another set piece, and then some of the largest rockets the committee had purchased. The latter went up with a rush and a roar that made Ruth shrink back in momentary alarm.

"I don't like that—it looks dangerous," said she.

"It is not as dangerous as it is for those boys to be running around with blazing brushwood," answered her brother.

"The constable ought to stop them. They may set something or somebody on fire."

"Wouldn't one of those rockets set something on fire if it came down while it was still burning, Frank?"

"To be sure. We haven't had rain in so long all the roofs around here are pretty dry."

For the end of the celebration there was a set piece of the President of the United States, and as this lit up there was a wild cheering and hurrahing, which was changed to a sudden cry of alarm as a man yelled "Fire!" at the top of his lungs.

"Fire? Where is the fire?" asked several.

"He means the fireworks," said one onlooker, and several laughed at the joke.

"Fire! fire!" continued the other man. "The feed store is on fire!"

"The feed store?" repeated Frank, with a start. "Can he mean our place?"

"He does!" shrieked Ruth. "See, the smoke is coming out of the upper window!"

"It is our place, true enough!" groaned Frank. "Here, Ruth, take care of Georgie. Don't you come over to the fire."

"Oh, what are you going to do, Frank? Don't go into the place, please! You'll be burnt up!"

"I'll take care of myself. Now, keep back as I told you."

Thus speaking Frank darted into the crowd and made his way to the front of the store, which was located in a small two-story frame structure, having a flat roof. The upper floor was filled with feed and grain, and through the front window the flames could readily be seen. As Frank drew closer there was a crash of glass, and then the flames shot out of the window, and began to lap the roof.

"Don't go in there, Frank!" cried several. "The place is a goner. You can't save anything."

"I'm going to save the papers," answered our hero, determinedly. "Why don't you call out the fire department?"

"Bill Wilson did that already."

Unlocking the front door, Frank made his way inside. All was dark and filled with smoke. He felt his way to his father's safe and desk. Soon he had some papers from the desk in his pocket, and then he knelt down to open the safe.

The strong box had a combination lock, and as yet Frank was hardly accustomed to it. In his excitement it was not easy to remember the proper numbers, and the first time he tried the knob the safe refused to come open. Then he tried to work the combination again.

By this time the entire lower floor of the building was thick with smoke, and the flames were already beginning to show themselves in the vicinity of the back stairway. Frank's eyes were swimming in tears, and it was all he could do to get his breath.

"I certainly can't stand this any longer," he thought, and gave the knob of the safe a final turn. Then the door came open and he pulled out the account books and some private papers in all haste. He had heard his father say that the safe was worn out, and in no condition to stand the test of a hot fire.

Scarcely able to stand, Frank felt his way toward the front door. The entire back and upper part of the building were now ablaze and he could plainly hear the crackling of the flames above him.

"Frank Hardy, where are you?" called a voice through the smoke.

Frank did not answer, but staggered toward the sound, for the smoke was so thick he could not see where he was going. Then, just as he felt he must drop, he received a dash of water in the face, thrown by a member of the local bucket brigade, for as yet the town boasted of nothing better than one engine and a company of men, who possessed sixty leather fire buckets.

The water did much toward reviving our hero and in a second more he almost fell through the front door and out on the stoop of the store. As he came into view a shout went up.

"There he is!"

"He has had a narrow escape!"

"Did he get burnt?"

"No, he is all right."

Assisted by willing hands, Frank made his way to a bench in the public square. Close at hand was a town pump, where men and boys were filling the leather buckets. Down the square was the hand engine, drawing water from a nearby cistern. As weak as he was our hero had brought his books and papers with him, and these he now placed at his side.



HE GAVE THE KNOB OF THE SAFE A FINAL TURN

"Oh, Frank, are you hurt?" It was Ruth who asked the question, as she came up with little Georgie.

"No, I'm all right," Frank answered. "But I guess I'm pretty well smoked," he added, coughing and wiping his eyes.

"You should not have gone in such a place."

"I wanted to save father's books and papers. The desk will be burnt, I know, and the old safe isn't of any account."

"Do you think they'll put the fire out?"

"It doesn't look like it now."

"It must have been set on fire by the fireworks," went on Ruth.

"More than likely."

The firemen were working with a will, and before long Frank started in to aid them, telling Ruth and Georgie to take the books and papers home.

"Tell mother not to worry about me—that I'll keep out of danger," said our hero.

He had scarcely spoken when Mrs. Hardy rushed up, all out of breath and with her face full of fear.

"They told me you had gone into the store," she gasped. "Are you unharmed?"

"Ys, I'm all right, mother."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"Here are father's papers and account books. I'm afraid the whole place is doomed."

"Yes, it looks like it—and the next place, too," answered Mrs. Hardy.

She remained at the fire for only a few minutes and then returned home, to tell her husband that Frank was safe. Georgie went with her, but Ruth stayed to see the end of the conflagration.

It was a full hour before the fire was under control. By that time not only the feed store was gone, but also the butcher shop next door, and a barn in the rear. Yet many felt that the firemen had done well to save the surrounding property, considering how dry everything was and what a breeze was blowing.

"That's the end of the feed business," thought Frank. "I hope father is insured. If he isn't, the loss will be a heavy one for him—especially after this Garrison disaster."

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK LOOKS FOR WORK.

When Frank arrived home he found that his father had been given all the particulars of the conflagration by the other members of the family and by several neighbors who had dropped in to tell him the news and sympathize with him.

The exact origin of the fire was a mystery, but it was generally accepted as being due to the Fourth of July celebration.

"I hope you are insured, father," said Frank, after the last of the neighbors had departed.

"I am insured, Frank, but I have forgotten the exact amount," was the reply. "I want you to look over the papers for me."

"The papers call for twenty-five hundred dollars on stock and two hundred dollars on fixtures," said our hero, after a careful reading of the insurance papers, three in number.

"Then I am fully covered. The stock on hand did not amount to over eighteen hundred dollars."

"Then for stock and fixtures you ought to get two thousand dollars."

"Yes—if I can make the insurance companies toe the mark."

"That is more than you would have gotten from Mr. Benning or Mr. Peterson."

"Yes, Frank; I doubt if they would have given me over twelve hundred dollars—perhaps not over a thousand."

"In that case—if you can make the insurance companies pay up—the fire won't have been such a bad happening after all."

"No, it will be quite a good thing for us."

Early on the following morning two insurance men put in an appearance, and surveyed the ruins carefully. Nothing had been saved of Mr. Hardy's belongings, even the safe having been rendered absolutely worthless by the intense heat. After looking around, the insurance men called upon the sufferer at his home.

"Well, Mr. Hardy, you seem to be suffering in more ways than one," said one of the men.

"That is true, Mr. Lane. The town celebrated yesterday at my expense."

"I should say at our expense," put in the second insurance man, with a grim smile. "We are the ones to foot the bill."

"Well, I am glad, Mr. Watson, that the loss does not fall on me, for it would ruin me utterly."

"What do you figure your loss at?"

"I have been looking over the accounts with my son, Frank, who has been running the store lately, and we figure the stock at eighteen hundred and forty dollars and the fixtures at the figure in the papers."

"Then you claim two thousand and forty dollars?"

"Isn't that fair?"

"Will you let us go over the stock sheet with you?"

"Certainly."

This was done, and at the end of an hour the insurance men said they would recommend that the company pay Mr. Hardy nineteen hundred dollars in full for his claims. As this was not such a big cut as he had feared, Frank's father said he would accept the amount if the sum was forthcoming inside of thirty days.

"I am sure I have made a good bargain with the insurance people," said Mr. Hardy to his wife, when they were alone. "I have done much better than if I had sold out to any of my rivals."

"Yes, and the best of it is, you are now under no obligations to your rivals," returned Mrs. Hardy.

"I did not get exactly what I think the stock was worth, but one cannot expect to get that when one is burnt out."

"What will you do, Thomas, when they pay the money?"

"Settle the Garrison matter first of all, and then put the balance of the money in the bank."

"And after that?"

"I'll have to get well before I make up my mind. I can do nothing so long as I am tied down to the house."

With the store burnt out, Frank scarcely knew what to do with himself. When the debris was cleared away by the owner of the property, he went around to hunt for anything of value, but nothing was forthcoming.

Frank was very thoughtful when he

(*Continued on page 309.*)

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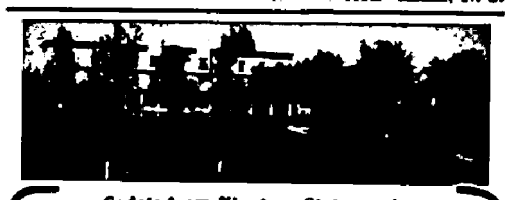

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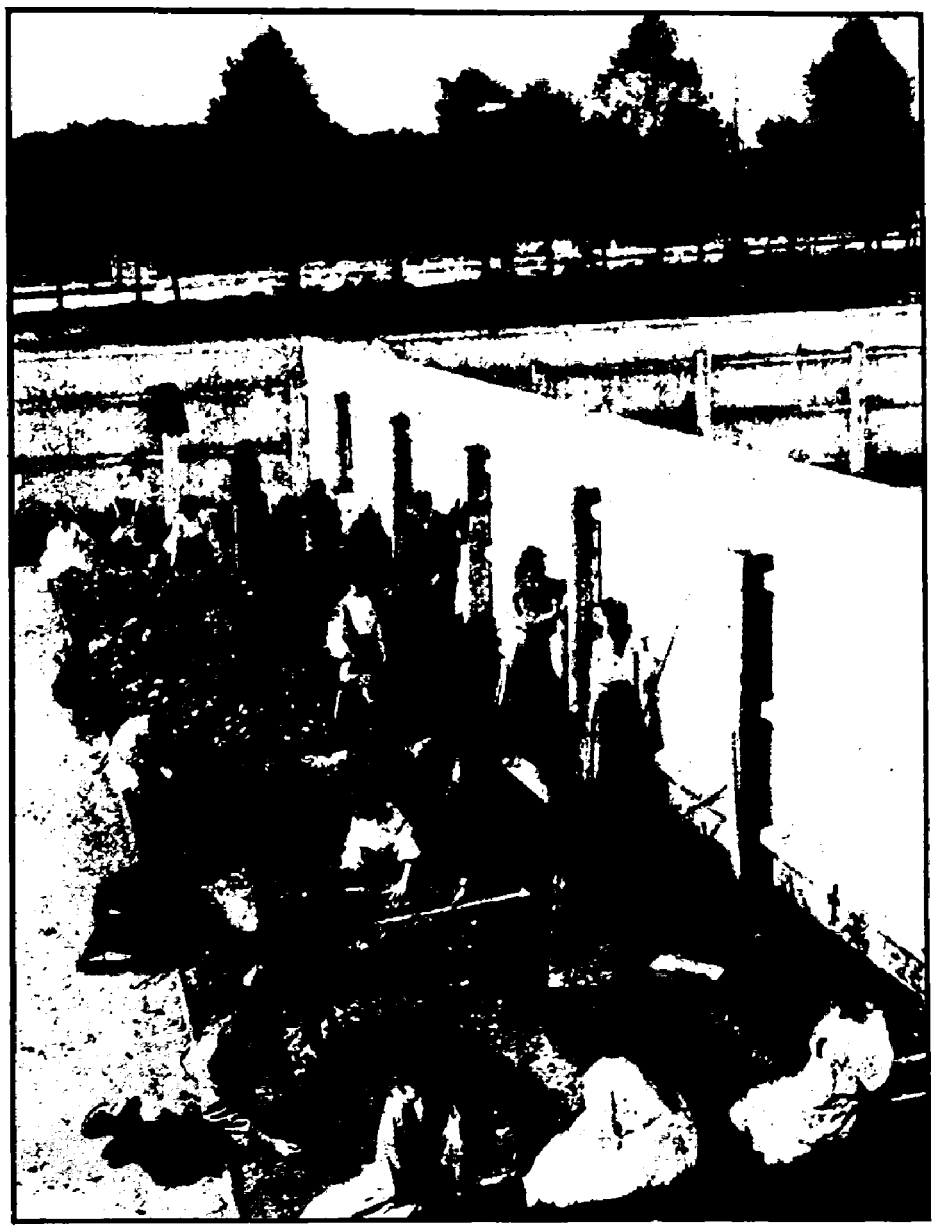

A BALTIMORE SCHOOL GARDEN

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES

Written for The American Boy by Eugene Parsons, Ex-Editor The World Today, Author of "Through the Rockies."

The nicknames of the states are oftentimes more appropriate than the original names. What they lack in dignity they make up in expressiveness—they suggest some striking characteristic of the region or of the people. In a number of instances it is hard to account for their origin, and whatever fitness some of them once had is gone. In such cases it would be better for them to be dropped and another name adopted.

Alabama (derived from an Indian word meaning "here we rest") is popularly known as the Cotton State, for here cotton is king. The natives of the state are nicknamed "Lizards."

Arkansas (arc, a bow, prefixed to Kansas) is called the Bear State. The natives have been dubbed "Toothpicks."

California (Spanish, "hot furnace") is called the Golden State, and the Californians are often referred to as "Goldhunters." El Dorado is another appellation of this state.

Colorado (Spanish, "colored" or "red") is the Centennial State, because it was admitted into the Union in 1876. From the unsettled habits of the Coloradoans they have been named "Rovers."

Connecticut (Indian, "long river") has the nickname, the Nutmeg State, and its residents have been called "Wooden Nutmegs." This is not due to the shape of the state, as is sometimes supposed, but to the alleged practice of its merchants of making nutmegs of wood. It is also called the Freestone State and the Blue Laws State.

Delaware (named after Lord De la Warr) is sometimes referred to as the Diamond State and the Blue Hen State. Its inhabitants have been nicknamed "Muskrats."

Florida (Spanish, "flowery") is the Peninsular State, for it is mostly a peninsula. Its natives are dubbed "Fly-up the Creeks."

Georgia (named after King George II.) is the Cracker State, from the poor class of whites called "Crackers." The Georgians have in some mysterious way acquired the nickname of "Buzzards."

Idaho (Indian, "gem of the mountains") has no nickname that is in general use. Its inhabitants are often called "Fortune-seekers."

Illinois (Indian, "tribe of men") is the Prairie State and the Sucker State, and its people are called "Suckers." There are various explanations as to the origin of the term. By some it is said that the early settlers on the dry prairies of this state used to insert straws in crab-holes and suck up the water. Egypt is a name often applied to southern Illinois.

Indiana is everywhere known as the Hoosier State and its people as Hoosiers. The origin of the name is veiled in obscurity.

Iowa (Indian tribal name) was long ago dubbed the Hawkeye State and the Iowans "Hawkeyes." The story goes that a Burlington editor somehow got the name of "Old Hawkeye," and in time "Hawkeye" was tagged to the state and people.

Kansas (Indian tribal name) is the Sunflower State, that being the state flower. It is also known as the Jayhawker State, and the people are called "Jayhawkers," a name that arose in the troublous days before the Civil War.

Kentucky (Indian, "at the head of the river") is the Blue Grass State. The allusion, "Dark and Bloody Ground," grew out of the frequent desperate encounters between Indians and whites in this territory. The Kentuckians are sometimes called "Corncrackers."

Louisiana (named after Louis XIV., King of France) is the Creole State, and many of its inhabitants (of French and Spanish descent) are called Creoles. It is also known as the Pelican State, from the fact that this bird appears on the state seal.

Maine (so named in the charter granted by Charles I.) is the Pine Tree State, from the device on its seal. It is also named the Lumber State, because of its great forests. Its sons are called "Foxes."

Maryland (named after Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.) is called the Old Line State, a name that probably came from the "Maryland Line," a famous regiment that fought valiantly in several battles of the Revolutionary War. The Marylanders are sometimes called "Clam-Humpers."

Massachusetts (Indian tribal name, "at the great hills") is the Bay State, from Boston harbor. From time immemorial its people have been known as "Yankees."

Michigan (Algonquin word meaning "great lake," referring to Lake Michigan) is popularly known as the Wolverine State, and less often as the Lake State. The Michiganders are dubbed "Wolverines."

Minnesota (Indian, "sky-tinted water") is called the Bread and Butter State, from its farm products. Its inhabitants are nicknamed "Gophers."

Mississippi (Indian, "father of waters") is the Bayou State, and its people are "Tadpoles."

Missouri (Indian tribal name, meaning "muddy water") is the Bullion State, a name associated with the career of Thomas H. Benton, who made many speeches favoring a gold and silver currency.

Montana (Spanish, "Mountain land") is the Treasure State, referring to its mineral wealth.

Nebraska (Indian, "water valley") is the Black Water State, from the dark color of the Platte and other rivers. The inhabitants are called "Bug-eaters."

Nevada (Spanish, "snowy") got the name of the Silver State in the flush days of the Comstock boom. It is also called the Sagebrush State, and its people "Sage Hens."

New Hampshire (named after Hampshire in England) is the Granite State. It is sometimes called the "Switzerland of America." Its sons have long been known as "Granite Boys."

New Jersey (named for the Isle of Jersey) is the Sharp Backs State. Its inhabitants are called "Clam-catchers."

New York (named after the Duke of York) is the Empire State. The name is peculiarly fitting, for it ranks first among the states in wealth and population. It is also called the Excelsior State. The New Yorkers are familiarly spoken of as Knickerbockers, a name borrowed from Irving.

North Carolina (named for Charles II.) is variously named the Old North State, the Turpentine State, and the Tar State. Its people are called "Tarheels."

North Dakota (named after the Indian tribe) is the Sioux State and the Flickertail State. The Dakotans are called "Squatters."

Ohio (Indian, "beautiful") is the Buckeye State, from the abundance of trees so called. The inhabitants are "Buckeyes."

Oregon (Indian, "wild thyme") is the Sunset State. It is less frequently called the Beaver or Web-foot State. Its people are "Hard Cases."

Pennsylvania (Penn prefixed to the Latin word "silva") is the Keystone State. The Pennsylvanians are popularly known as "Pennamites" and "Leatherheads."

Rhode Island (named after the Isle of Rhodes in Narragansett Bay) is Little Rhody. The natives are "Gunflints."

South Carolina (named in honor of Charles II.) is the Palmetto State, from the palmetto tree on its seal. The people are "Weasels."

South Dakota (Dakota meaning "leagued") is the Coyote or the Swiftcat State. It is sometimes called the Blizzard State.

Tennessee (Indian, "river of big bend") is the Volunteer State. The inhabitants are called "Whelps."

Texas (Indian word "Tachies," "friends") is the Lone Star State, from the single star on the flag of the Republic of Texas (1836-45). The Texans are familiarly referred to as "Beefheads."

Utah (Indian tribal name) is the Mormon State, and the people are dubbed "Polygamists."

Vermont (French, "green mountain") is the Green Mountain State. Its sons are "Green Mountain Boys."

Virginia (named for Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen") has for two hundred years been known to history as the Old Dominion. This commonwealth is sometimes called the Mother of States and the Mother of Presidents. The Virginians are occasionally nicknamed "Beagles."

Washington (named after George Washington) is the Chinook State. It is also called the Evergreen State. The former term comes from the Chinook Indians, and the latter from the forest tree.

West Virginia (so named because it was formerly a part of old Virginia) is the Panhandle State. It was at one time known as the State of Kanawha.

Wisconsin (Indian, "Wild rushing river") is the Badger State, and the people are "Badgers."

Wyoming has no generally recognized nickname. It is somewhat remarkable that its cowpunchers, with their wealth of slang, have never coined one.

Caoch O'Leary

We do not often print poetry in THE AMERICAN BOY, but here are some stanzas of the olden time that not only the boys, but their parents, will be glad to read. The author is J. Keegan, who was born of lowly parents in an Irish village in 1809, and lived but forty years. The word caoch means blind.

One winter's day, long, long ago
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Greyheaded, blind and yellow.
And oh how glad was my young heart
Though earth and sky looked dreary
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Crossbarred with green and yellow,
I thought and said "in Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee
And Elly, Kate and Mary
Rushed in with panting haste to see
And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times!
Oh! God be with my childhood!
When I bareheaded roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wildwood
I'll not forget those sunny hours
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well that night
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
"The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair
And cried "God mark my deary."
And how I wept when he said "Farewell
And think of Caoch O'Learly."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him dead and gone
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Elly, Kate and Mary
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well, twenty summers had gone past
And June's red sun was sinking
When I, a man, sat by my door
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped;
'Twas Pinch and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch, but ah! how woebegone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan.
Aye—Time is even blending
The colors on his threadbare "bag,"
And Pinch is twice as hairy
And thin-spare as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
"Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch, the piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand,
The old man murmured "Deary
Are you the silky headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"
"Yes, yes!" I said. The wanderer wept
As if his heart were breaking—
"And where, a vhic machree," he sobbed,
"Is all the merrymaking
I found here twenty years ago?"
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary;
Enough to say there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."
"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried
And wrung his hands in sorrow.
"Pray lead me in, asthore machree,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My peace is made, I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog;
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."
With Pinch I watched his bed that night;
Next day his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought
And the requiem mass was chanted.
The neighbors came, we dug his grave
Near Elly, Kate and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep;
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

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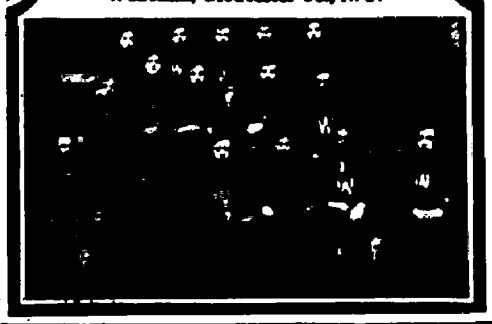

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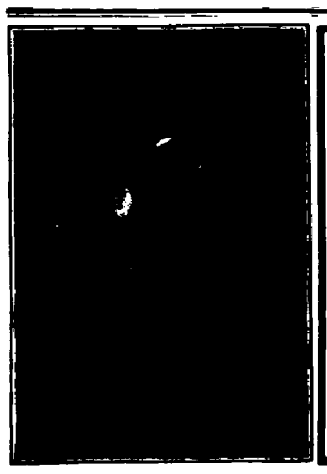

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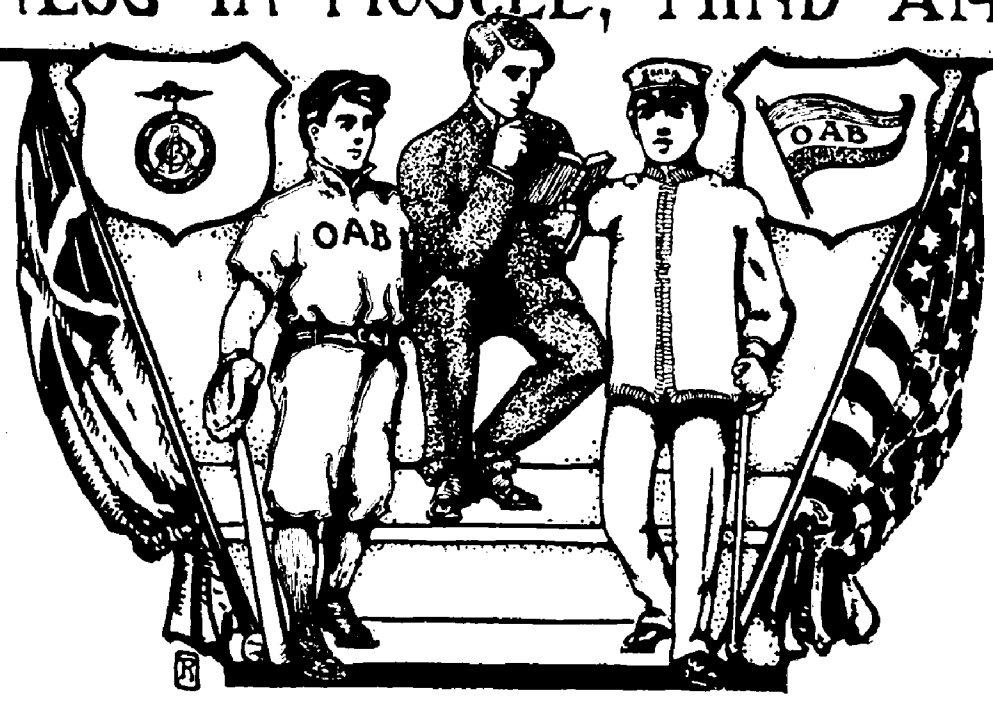

New Companies Organized

IROQUOIS COMPANY No. 81, Division of Michigan, Detroit, Mich. FRANKLIN LODGE COMPANY No. 63, Division of Pennsylvania, Milesburg, Pa. THE WINDING RIVER COMPANY No. 62, Division of Pennsylvania, Monessen, Pa. MARK TWAIN COMPANY No. 27, Division of Missouri, Warrensburg, Mo. OLD HICKORY COMPANY No. 8, Division of Mississippi, Hickory, Miss. MUZZY ADDITION COMPANY No. 19, Division of Washington, Spokane, Wash. TREZAVANT ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 6, Division of Tennessee, Trezavant, Tenn.

Company News

ARTESIA COMPANY No. 57, Potomac, Ill., has a membership of twenty-one with more coming in; the meetings are interesting and the attendance is exceptionally good. The company recently held an open meeting at which was debated the question, "Resolved, that the bowling alley will be a detriment to Potomac as a town and community." The decision was gained by the negative. There was a large attendance at this meeting. This company has also a uniformed rank numbering sixteen privates and three officers; the uniforms are khaki, and with hats, leggings, belts, etc., they have quite a military appearance. On Memorial Day the uniformed rank had charge of the decorations and gave exhibition drills. They intended to take quite a large part in the Fourth of July celebration, as well as on AMERICAN BOY DAY, which they intend to celebrate. In their gymnasium they have a punching bag, Indian clubs and other athletic apparatus. CLAN ALPINE COMPANY No. 19, Boulder, Colo., enjoys quite a good attendance at its meetings. It has organized a baseball team which is expected to give a good account of itself, and the company generally is in a flourishing condition. MT. PHACATHIT COMPANY No. 39, Arroyo Grande, Calif., has the following officers: Henry Royal, Capt.; Looman Noble, V. C.; Fred Hischler, Secy.; Homer Woods, Treas. CHAIRTOWN COMPANY No. 23, Gardner, Mass., recently elected the following officers: Albert Lovejoy, Capt.; James Hoskins, V. C.; Philip Marion, Secy.; Alan Moore, Treas.; Roger Woodbury, Libn. The company has six members and hopes to have more at an early date. It will be unable to celebrate AMERICAN BOY DAY until September, but expects then to have a great time. The meetings are held at members' houses every Thursday, and after business is over, refreshments are served. It has a library of thirty-two books. Dues are ten cents a month. We are promised a picture soon. The company contributed 25 cents to the local San Francisco relief fund. It also recently held a crokinole tournament. MT. LASSEN COMPANY No. 32, Redding, Calif., recently elected the following officers: Lester Kohle, Capt.; Elton Richards, V. C.; Clyde Robinson, Secy.; Roy Leech, Treas.; Fred White, Libn. A military company has been organized among the members and bids fair to be successful; it marched in the parade at the recent G. A. R. encampment. KEEWADIN COMPANY No. 80, Port Huron, Mich., has the following officers: Harold Wright, Capt.; Norman Jones, Sec'y and Treas. The members seem to have taken up the idea of the O. A. B with enthusiasm. We are looking forward to receiving splendid reports. OLYMPIA COMPANY No. 35, Emporia, Kans., still has its "head above water." It has a baseball team which has succeeded in winning three games out of four played. The officers are: Otto Mulvaney, Capt.; Geo. Culbertson, V. C.; Donald Peters, Secy.; Calvin Lambert, Treas.; Harry Martin, S. A.; David Bailey, Libn. VOLUSIA COMPANY No. 8, Deland, Fla., has the following officers: Cyril Happersett, Sec'y; Jos. Allen, V. C.; Thomas Hayes, Treas.; Chas. Allen, Capt. of Athletics. LIBERTY BOYS COMPANY No. 4, Lenoir, La., recently elected the following officers: Jessie Butler, Capt.; Bert V. Lenoir, V. C. It expects five or six new members before its next meeting. MEN OF TO-MORROW COMPANY No. 40, Wichita, Kans., has the following officers: Earl Selphrey, Capt.; Lynn Waggoner, V. C.; Howard Freeman, Sec'y-Treas. SALEM ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 30, Salem, Ind., at its meeting recently, elected the folowing officers: Paul Faulkner, Capt.; Thomas Cook, V. C.; Seward Snyder, Sec'y; Emmett Warriner, Treas. Its baseball team has just closed a most successful season, winning five out of six games by good margins against larger and older teams. As most of the members will be away from home during vacation, no meetings will be held until fall. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY No. 51, Nashville, Ill., has officers as follows: J. Bertram Reuter, Capt.; Edwin E. Finke, V. C.; C. P. Reither, Sec'y.; R. N. Fredeking, Treas.; Oliver R. Schuerer, Libn.; Howard Hosmer, S. A. It has recently taken in one new member and expects to have more within a short time. SILVER GATE COMPANY No. 26, San Diego, Calif., sends us a clipping from a local paper containing an account of a dance given by the members which was both enjoyable and successful, and which netted the treasury nearly $25.00. The members have received from a contractor and builder a donation of labor and lumber, and work upon the new club house will start immediately. SAM HOUSTON COMPANY No. 38, Oakdale, Texas, recently held its May field day, program and report of which we have at hand. This company has its charter framed, and has begun to put some money in the treasury. GENESEE VALLEY COMPANY No. 53, Wellsville, N. Y., recently elected Harley Wight, Capt.; Herbert Pitt, V. C.; Wm. McEwen, Sec'y. and Treas.; H. Forry, S. A. It has fifteen members and a nice club room, a library of books and $4 in the treasury. It publishes a boys' paper, called "The Boys' Era." SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., sends us a clipping from a local newspaper containing an account of the athletic meet of the ward schools of Decatur, at which we note one of the members figured in the relay race. We, of course, are always glad to see any member of the companies mentioned as doing something requiring effort, and doing it better than others. This company recently elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: Kenneth Montgomery, Prest.; Glenn Porter, V. P.; Chester Stafford, Sec'y.; J. A. Brockway, Jr., C. C.; J. K. Marshall, Treas.; Donald Wood, Libn. We are reminded by the company counsel that the company was two years old June 25, and we congratulate the members upon their loyalty to the Order, and for their enthusiasm. GEORGE A. CUSTER COMPANY No. 68, Detroit, Mich., intended to celebrate June field day according to the program sent them in our company letter. We hope to have a full report of the meeting. D. E. GIRARDOT COMPANY No. 23, Cape Girardeau, Mo., recently elected: Vergil Wilson, Capt.; Werner Mueller, Sec'y.; Ed. L. Culler, Treas.; P. Wilson, Libn. At its meeting in July there will be a musical and literary program rendered, and refreshments will be served. COYOTES COMPANY, No. 3, DeSmet, S. D., sends in its report on a very neatly gotten up letter head, having printed upon it the names of the officers, and name and number of the company. Its officers are: Reginald Sherwood, Capt.; Lloyd Courtney, V. C.; Edmund Dawley, Sec'y.; Court Krumveida, Treas. It has recently taken in three new members and expects more soon. The members are planning for a picnic to be held some time during the summer months. THE NEOSHA HUSTLERS COMPANY No. 41, Iola, Kans., intends to have an ice cream social soon and expects to have a baseball team equipped. GLENWOOD COMPANY No. 55, Medina, N. Y., makes its report very short, but to the point. From it we learn that during April and May ten new members were added to the company, making the membership at the present time nineteen. KNIGHTS OF JEWELL COMPANY No. 34, Cuba, Kans., sends us a clipping from a local paper giving an account of a ball game in which the company's team won, the score being four to eleven in favor of the O. A. B.'s. OJIBWAY COMPANY No. 58, Yonkers, N. Y., recently elected T. P. Quany, Capt.; Walter Mitchell, Sec'y.; Robert Thew, Treas. The members expect to have a good time this season camping and yachting. Their camping ground is at the foot of the Palisades, and a trip up the Hudson in small boats is being planned. This company would like to correspond with other companies who are interested in camping or boating. SPRAGUE COMPANY No., 71, Alliance, Ohio, recently took in five new members, which makes its total enrollment now twenty-two. Its officers are: Floy Randall, Capt.; Lanson Miller, V. C.; John Coates, Sec'y. THE WINDING RIVER COMPANY No. 62, Monessen, Pa., met June 7 at the home of one of its members and elected Walter H. Bambaugh, Capt.; Carl Warner, V. C.; L. Smith, Sec'y.; T. Plummer Todd, Treas. Meetings are held at the members' homes in alphabetical order of their names, during the summer months, and dues are 25 cents a month. SEMINOLE COMPANY No. 56, Rockford, Ill., has a library of eighty of the best boys' books, the authors being Henty, Optic, Alger and others. It has recently moved into its new club room, especially fixed up for its convenience. The rooms are decorated with red, white and blue bunting and pictures. Each member has a key to enable him to go in and out when he pleases, and amuse himself with games and magazines. The members held a picnic the beginning of April which was greatly enjoyed. We are promised a picture of the company soon. The officers are: Ralph H. Woolsey, Capt.; Roy E. Davis, V. C.; Harry Stibb, Sec'y.; Howie Reid, Treas.; Wm. Kellberg, Libn. The Company has ordered a special pin consisting of an Indian head with scroll, on which will be the letters O. A. B., and the company number, 56. The meetings will be discontinued until the fall. TAMPA COMPANY No. 7, Tampa, Fla., has $1 in its treasury, and will strive to get a gymnasium. June 27 it intended to hold a picnic and field day exercises. We hope to receive a report of same at an early date. YELLOW BREECHES COMPANY No. 60, Mechanicsburg, Pa., recently elected Geo. Dietz, Capt.; Geo. Fiskel, Sec'y.; Richard Biddle, V. C.; Everett Echols, Treas.; Roy Mounts, Libn. We are promised a picture of the members soon. RAINBOW COMPANY No. 3, Great Falls, Mont., recently elected Wm. Bondy, Capt.; Donald Suhr, V. C.; Donald Hoffman, Sec. and Treas. This is a new company but we hope to have good reports from it. THORSBY NATURALIST AND ATHLETIC COMPANY No. 11, Thorsby, Ala., recently elected Carl Soberg, Capt.; Arthur Peterson, V. C. and Libn.; Laurence Gerald, Sec'y; Justin Hillard, Treas. It has $2 in its treasury and a membership of twelve. OLD NORTH STATE COMPANY No. 7, Washington, N. C., Will C. Styron, Capt., Sec'y. and Treas.; David L. Gallegher, V. C. This company has enlarged its club room and has $2.40 in the treasury. It is getting along very nicely. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us, with its usual regularity, its forty-fourth report. We note that four meetings were held during May and that the several branches of this society have had enjoyable outings and sociables. The members are busy training for an athletic meeting to be held in Brooklyn. There are twelve branch societies connected with this company, and all are in prosperous condition. The secretary asks that any company requiring assistance in the way of getting up programs, etc., will write him and he will be glad to help. MARK TWAIN COMPANY No. 27, Warrensburg, Mo., sends us its list of officers as follows: Kenneth Robinson, Capt.; Maurice Duncan, Sec'y.; P. Anderson, Treas. This new company begins work with good prospects for success. GLEN ROCK COMPANY No. 62, Glen Rock, Pa., has a nice club room with a large gymnasium attached. It has also a library. Dues are 5 cents a month, and we are promised a picture of the Company very soon. The officers are: Curtis Moody, Capt.; Ervin Dise, V. C.; Sherman Seitz, Sec'y.; Murrell Hiteshue, Treas.

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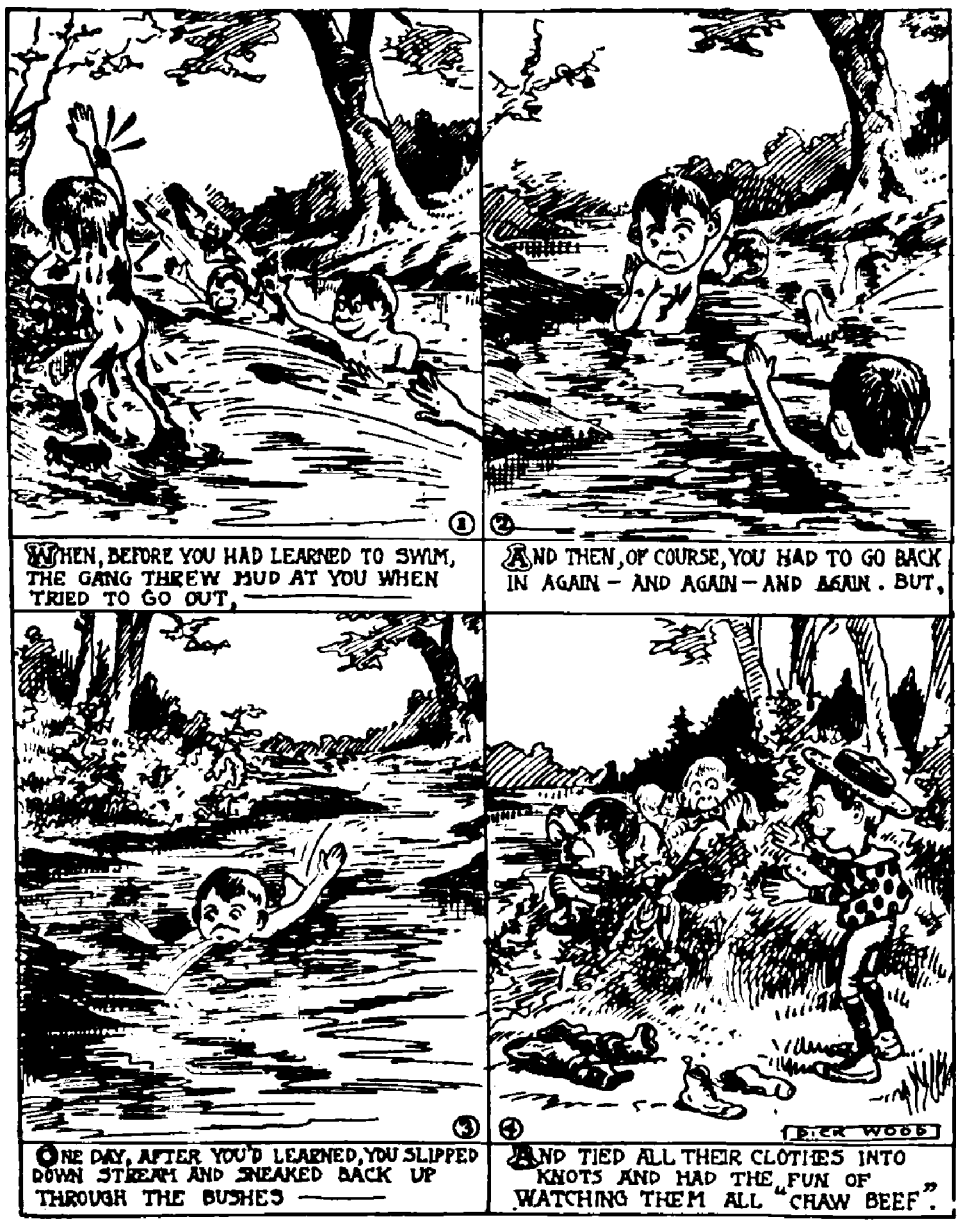
THE GOOD OLD KID DAYS



My Young Sportsman

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

CHAPTER III.

IT IS PROBABLY needless to say that the early history of gunpowder does not concern the ordinary sportsman. In the days before the advent of our modern explosives, the individual manufacturers all claimed to have some particular trade secret that enabled them to produce an article superior to their competitors. In all probability one powder was not materially different from another in the quantity and kind of ingredients used, although there may have been a very noticeable difference in the finished product, owing to defective manufacture.

Since black powder was our first available explosive for firearms, it should receive our first consideration. It is composed of sulphur, charcoal and nitre. It is supposed to be so thoroughly incorporated in the powder mill that each atom of sulphur and coal is brought into immediate contact with the proper proportion of nitre. If the mixing has been carelessly done the result will be a powder of poor grain. It will be soft, and when loaded into a shell will cake into a hardened mass. When fired it is sure to leave a large residuum, and if kept for any great period of time the particles of nitre will separate from the other ingredients, leaving the powder practically worthless. Good powder is of a hard, glistening nature. It does not soil the hands, and if a small portion is burned in the open air on a piece of white paper only a trace of residue will remain. After being fired in a gun the dirt in the barrels should be of a soft, oily nature, instead of dry and caked.

After black powder came the smokeless explosive. A complete discussion of this would involve too much scientific matter for general reading; however, most of the sporting fraternity may find a short description, of at least passing interest. Most of the compounds now on the market are made from a nitrate base. The raw material, either wood pulp, cotton rags or paper, is treated to a chemical bath that frees it from all natural oils and resins, after which it is run through machinery that grinds it into an even and finely divided mass. It is then placed in a bath of nitric acid, of the proper specific gravity, to which has been added a quantity of sulphuric acid for the purpose of absorbing the water produced by the process of nitration. Here it is left for a period of 48 hours. The nitrated mass is then washed in boiling water for several days for the purpose of freeing it from all traces of acid. The product has now reached the stage where it is scientifically and commercially known as gun-cotton. The transition of this raw product to the finished product of which the sporting world is so familiar is mainly a process of cutting, grinding, rolling, granulating and hardening, after which it is dried and packed in metallic canisters ready for the market.

Mention should be made of the fact, that not all smokeless powders, even when nitric acid is the basis, are made in accordance with the method outlined; indeed many of them are not, but instead are manufactured from nitro-glycerine, that explosive answering the purpose of the gun-cotton in the former. There is a very good powder on the market said to be made from wheat straw, that has been nitrated without any grinding whatever. Then we have picrate powder, which is made from picric acid, but this can hardly be classed as a smokeless powder, although when pure it is in reality such. To render picric powder available for use in firearms other ingredients are added, which, when burned, leave a trace of smoke and ash. It should probably be classified as a semi-smokeless. If picric acid is poured into ammonia, the resulting product of crystallization is ammonium-picrate This by itself is a powerful explosive, and it is altogether too sensitive to friction for military or sporting purposes. But it has been combined with sulphur and various other chemicals for the purpose of adapting it to the requirements of firearms, although it has never shown itself to be a very satisfactory form of ammunition.

In concluding this subject, let me advise the young sportsman who has read this information to never under any circumstances attempt to manufacture your own powder. The process is dangerous under the best of conditions, and explosives should never be made except under the skilled supervision of an expert chemist.

The writer, when younger than now, made a quantity of gunpowder, and used a block of grandfather's stove wood as a mixing table. The powder proved to be explosive, for a few days later when the wood was placed in the heater, it spread itself and spread the stove doors at the same time.

It was customary in "ye olden time" of black powder and muzzle loaders, for the sportsman to cut his shot just before he directed his steps afield. Sheet lead was the material used, and the little cubes thus whittled out were thought to be unequaled by many, even after the drop shot came into general use. But like all improvements the latter at last gained full sway.

It is a principle of natural science that a fluid substance falling through the air assumes a spherical form. This principle is turned into practical use in the manufacture of shot. A tower is built high in the air. At the top is located a screen, together with a complete arrangement for melting the lead. As the lead becomes fluid it is made to pass through the screen, and rapidly falls in small drops, assuming the forms of spheres, not unlike the rain-drops from a passing cloud. The size of shot is regulated by the size of screen used. In falling the pellets harden, and they are practically solid by the time they strike the water below, which is the medium used to catch them, thus avoiding the bruised and distorted shapes that would otherwise result. Good shot is completely coated with graphite for the purpose of preventing oxidation. Lead, if not protected, rapidly becomes coated with a filthy deposit of oxide to its positive detriment. There are, generally speaking, but two kinds of shot used by the American sportsman—the common drop shot, and the chilled shot. The latter is a shot possessing an extremely hard surface, and it is used principally in combination with nitro powders.

The next question to be considered is that of shells. Under this head reference is had to the cases used for shotguns exclusively. American manufacturers are to be congratulated on their success in the making of this important article. I think I am safe in saying that almost any of the shells designed for black powder, when used with that, will give complete satisfaction. To be sure, some are stronger than others and will last longer where reloading is an object; but most of the sportsmen, especially during the last few years, have made a practice of throwing away their empty cases after they have been once fired, and for that reason durability is not an object to be considered. If smokeless powders are to be considered, the subject assumes an altogether different aspect, for it is of the utmost importance that a shell be used suited to the explosive. Since these modern powders are of different densities, it is evident that they demand a different shaped chamber for the purpose of retarding or accelerating combustion, and so we find on the market today an almost endless variety of smokeless shells. A general rule cannot be laid down to be blindly followed, but if the user of some particular brand of powder will carefully follow the manufacturer's directions regarding the matter, he will probably have no cause for complaint respecting the shells used.

The primers used for the ignition of gunpowder are of two separate and distinct classes. The one in its chemical make-up is not unlike the old gun caps used in the days of the muzzle loaders. The other kind, made in a great variety of lengths and shapes, and containing powerful fulminates, is used exclusively for firing nitro powders. A primer of the first class is entirely unsuited for shells in which smokeless powder is used.

The next chapter will be a continuation of this same subject of ammunition and its preparation, after which, I am pleased to assure my young friends, we will take up the much more interesting subject, namely, the art of shooting.

What is the difference between a Dutch dude and a piece of stovepipe?

One is a silly Hollander and the other is a hollow cylinder.

Why can the devil never be impolite?

Because the imp'o'darkness can never be imp-o-lite.



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32 and 38 Smith and Wesson Calibre Centre Fire.

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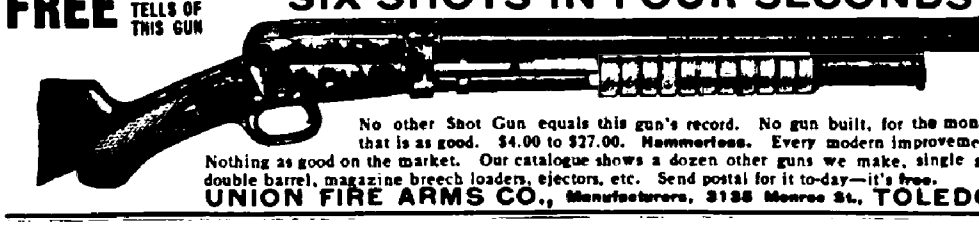

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wood
John
New Hampshire

The puzzle consists in finding out the name of the man and his post-office address, all of which is contained in the three lines. For fear it may trouble you too much to think it out, we give the solution: John Underwood, Andover, New Hampshire.



THE BOY'S FRIEND

DRUMS AND DRUMMERS

By J. C. JULIUS LANGBEIN

IN TWO PARTS
PART II

THERE is an art in beating a drum properly and correctly; indeed it is said to be as difficult as playing properly and correctly on a piano or any other instrument. However, simple as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, only by long and constant practice that perfection can be attained, and then the student must possess a quick ear and a nimble wrist. Every beat should be perfectly regular in the number and division of the strokes from the two sticks, of which that in the right hand is slightly grasped, while that in the left is held firmly in an oblique position, passing between the middle and third fingers, and being held by the two first fingers and the thumb, the two lower fingers crossing under it and the palm being turned upward, and so from "Mammy Daddy" to the "Double Drag," there must be such a symmetry and evenness that one stick beats alternately as much but no more than the other; in other words, in order to drum properly and correctly, one must beat from hand to hand, as it is called, viz.: one stick must beat or strike alternately the same as the other. It is not quite as easy as one may think, certainly not as easy as the old darky's favorite musical instrument, of which he says:

"Talk about yoh fiddle, an' yoh banjo, an' yoh harp,
An' yoh baby gran' piano, playin' flat an' playin' shahp;
W'en de bird is on de table and de dinner's under way,
De drumstick is de instrument dat I prefer to play."

It is said that the peacock and the rooster are, by all odds, the proudest things on earth, and this with no exception, but the saying goes for naught, when we see the drum major dressed in his best at the head of a band or drum corps or both. That magnificent giant in scarlet and gold, with his chest padded out with layers of cotton batting, his towering bearskin shako with a brass chain festooning his lower lip and a superfluous fatigue cap pendent from the button of his coat tail. No major-general approaches him in splendor. His baton is not a mere toy, but a staff five or more feet long, with a ferrule at one end and a silver globe at the other bedecked with fancy ribbons. What marvels of manual dexterity can he not perform with this implement when he chooses to display his skill! With what lofty condescension does he acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd when, having shot his twirling baton in a rocket flight skyward, he catches it as it descends, and resumes the rhythmic calisthenics supposed to give his band the tempo which, in marching, they could not very well lose.

"Who is it always leads the band,
The pride and glory of a land,
That finds delight in all things grand?
The Drum Major.

Who is it gleams in brilliant light,
A glittering, resplendent sight,
A dazzling meteor in flight?
The Drum Major.

Who is it swings his baton high,
A magic wand that sweeps the sky,
And spellbinds every passer-by?
The Drum Major.

Who twirls the stick in fine display,
High up, low down, and every way,
And marches on in bright array?
The Drum Major.

Who wears a shako like a crown,
That from its loftiness looks down
On every other thing in town?
The Drum Major.

Who sticks his brass-trimmed bosom out
Into the circumnambient air about
Two feet, unheeding cheer and shout?
The Drum Major.

Who thinks he holds supreme command?
Who thinks he's everybody and
The whole procession and the band?
The Drum Major.

Who seems to be, to all small boys,
The sum and substance of their joys,
The shining, central star of noise?
The Drum Major.

Who strides along on sturdy limb,
His well trained face unmoved and grim,
And everybody's eyes on him?
The Drum Major.

Who is the biggest man on earth,
The one that does not feel the dearth
Of education, wealth or birth?
The Drum Major."

The darkys during the Civil War always mistook the drum major for General McClellan, or the Commander of the Army. To them he was "de big man."

Like poets, drum majors are born, not made. One man may become a drum major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a lifetime. Without the knack of handling the stick he will never be an artist, and will, probably at the very moment when he should look his jauntiest, commit the crime, unpardonable in a drum major, of dropping his left hand to his side. For the left hand should always, except in two-handed movements with the staff, rest, knuckles up, on the hip. Thus the drum major's pose, when not marching or giving a command, is to stand with his left hand on his hip, his right hand grasping his stick just below the head, the point of the stick resting on the ground. He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall, two paces in front of the band.

Now comes the moment so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward—March!" are to be given. Facing the band, the drum major, with a quick turn of the wrist, points the ferrule upward, letting it slant a little to the right. Then, raising his staff to the height of his chin, he thrusts it the full length of his arm to the right, and draws it back again. This is the signal to play.

Commander Medal of Honor Legion, United States of America, who served as a drummer boy in the famous fighting regiment known as the Ninth New York Volunteers (Hawkins's Zouaves)



J. C. J. LANGBEIN, AS A DRUMMER BOY AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR

Then turning, he points the staff to the front, thrusts it the full length of his arm forward, and music and march begin.

In the old days, the drum major then brought the "cane," as the staff was called in the tactics to the position of "carry sword." Now the drum major beats time, setting the "cadence"—the number of steps to a minute—of the march. As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, through which he gives the command to play.

Boy heroes who served as drummer's were not rare during the Civil War, and in many cases the boy proved the flower of the regiment and many of them won the congressional "Medal of Honor" for conspicuous gallantry and bravery in battle beyond the line of duty. The pages of history are filled with examples of the bravery of "little drummer boys," but space will only permit the mention of a few.

Hidden in a dense growth of wild shrubbery on a little knoll near the United States government post cemetery at Willett's Point, Long Island, is the lost grave of "Jimmie, the Drummer Boy." James Hamilton, which was his real name, was a patriotic youth, who entered the army when little more than a child, and served with honor in the war of the rebellion of 1861 to 1865.

Together with nearly all the other old records of the Engineer battalion, those of the enlistment, career, discharge, and death of the little drummer were destroyed in the fire in 1897. All that can now be learned of the boy is what is recalled to the minds of a few engineers still on the post, who served with him, and one-half of the headboard which marked his grave. This can be found among the sumac bushes near where the boy's remains were interred. It is not known now which of the many unmarked mounds on the little hill is the grave of "Jimmy" Hamilton.

The half of the headboard found bears one-half of the inscription that is weather-worn and almost illegible. The paint which formed the inscription somewhat preserved the wood against decay, and the letters are raised above the ground of the board. They are very indistinct, but with difficulty are interpreted as follows:

..... Hamilton, ... Nov. 25, 1868, ... 19 years, ... consumption, ... Out of Service, ... 1865, in Co. D, Battalion of Engineers; ..... discharged drummer, 1867; .....erved his country; ... Battle; ... In Peace.

In 1862 James Hamilton, who was a native of some small town in Connecticut, enlisted at the age of fourteen years in the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, with which he served as a drummer boy during the war. After three years' service on the field in the West he was discharged, and returning East, enlisted in the Engineer Battalion in 1865.

Hamilton was discharged on account of disability from consumption in 1867, at the age of nineteen. Shortly after his discharge he grew rapidly worse, and Gen. Abbott, who was then commandant of the post, admitted the boy to the post hospital, where he died in November, 1868, and was buried on the reservation, although not in the service at the time. There was mourning among the soldiers when "Jimmy's" remains were conveyed to their last resting place, and especially among those who occupied the barrack room with him. He was much loved by his comrades in arms, and it is said that none felt the bereavement more keenly than Gen. Abbott, who was interested in the brave little lad, and felt pride in his army record.

It was Gen. Abbott who wrote the inscription for the drummer boy's headboard, part of which was:

"As a child he served his country."

Joseph H. White, of New Britain, Conn., enlisted January 5, 1864, at the early age of eleven years and six months as a drummer boy in the Second New Hampshire Volunteers.

George W. Brintnall died at Lancaster, Penn., February 15, 1901. He was one of the famous soldiers of the rebellion. When scarcely more than fifteen years of age he enlisted as a drummer boy. At the battle of Shiloh he displayed remarkable coolness and bravery, and was afterward known by the sobriquet of "The Drummer of Shiloh," a title perpetuated in song and drama. In this engagement he was blinded by powder in both eyes, but his sight was restored by a surgical operation.

Brintnall enlisted three times, and as a scout discharged most valuable services for the Northern cause. He was noted for his shrewdness and dauntless courage, and received a promotion for standing at his post, when all his comrades had fled, against sixty of Mosby's guerrillas.

On one occasion, when hard pressed by the enemy, young Brintnall swam his horse across the Potomac at Clear Spring, Md. When the opposite bank was reached the faithful beast dropped dead. Brintnall figured in numerous thrilling adventures and had many narrow escapes from death.

Johnny Clem, the "drummer boy of Chickamauga," was born in 1851. In 1861, when he was ten years old, he offered his services as drummer boy to the Third Ohio Regiment. He was rejected because of his youth. While the regiment was on its way to the front he installed himself on the train, and on its arrival in Cincinnati repeated his offer to the Twenty-third Michigan. His pertinacity was at last rewarded. He was enrolled as drummer boy and later as a "marker."

At the battle of Pittsburg Landing his drum was smashed by a shell, but it was at Chickamauga that he performed the act of valor which won him his sobriquet. At the close of that memorable day the Union Army fell back to Chattanooga, the brigade to which Johnny belonged being left behind to guard the position. They were soon surrounded by the troops in gray, and a colonel on horseback dashed forward and ordered the little fellow to surrender, accompanying the command by an opprobrious epithet. Instead of obeying the boy raised his musket, and as the colonel bore down upon him sword in hand, fired, and the officer fell dead from his horse. A fierce onslaught of the Confederate troops followed. Three balls pierced Johnny's cap on that day, Lossing, the historian, tells us he lay as if dead, and not until the Confederates had ceased their firing and night had fallen did he venture forth, making his way to the Union headquarters at Chattanooga. For this act of gallantry he was created a sergeant by Gen. Rosecrans.

On his return to the Union lines he went through other battles in which the Army of the Cumberland was engaged. When he was mustered out in 1865 he went to Indianapolis to attend school. Gen. Grant made him a second lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Infantry in 1871, and in 1874 he was graduated from the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, and subsequently acted, by appointment of the Secretary of War, as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Galesburg University. He was created Major and Quartermaster in 1895, and in Manila in 1903 he was Chief Quartermaster of the Division of the Philippines.

The Legislature of Wisconsin awarded a medal to J. E. Francisco as the youngest soldier of the Union Army. He was born November 25, 1849. At the breaking out of the war his three brothers enlisted and went to the front. During the first three years of the war Francisco was too young to be accepted as a soldier, but in 1864 he had attained a stature and developed a physique which were the envy of boys several years his senior. He yearned to go to the war. Life on the farm had become unbearable. So young Francisco ran away to Madison, only to be brought back by the constable. Defeated in the second attempt, the third was successful, though the surgeon expressed his doubts whether the boy could successfully withstand the hardships of a soldier's life. Whereupon John promptly offered to satisfy them as to his soldierly qualities by whipping the surgeon or any officer present.

On his enrollment, the captain, thinking to relieve him of many trials and hardships, offered to attach John to himself as his servant, an offer which, made in all kindness, was hotly resented.

There are other "youngest soldiers of the war." "Little Gib" is known far and wide in army circles. Gilbert Van Zandt, the well known cashier of the Sherman House, in Chicago, enlisted August 6, 1862, with the Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was then aged ten years and seven months. He soon became the pet of his regiment, and was in all the engagements that occurred during Sherman's famous march to the sea. At Nashville his colonel had a small sword made especially for him, and the gift was accompanied by another from the members of his regiment in the shape of a handsome drum and shield.

At Milledgeville, Ga., a pony was captured, and by the General's orders turned over to "Little Gib." Mounted on his pony he acted as one of the general's orderlies.

When the pony was confiscated on the muster out in Washington, in June, 1865, Gilbert who was then only thirteen years and six months old, went to President Johnson and asked permission to take his pony home with him. "Which would you rather have, the pony or an officer's commission?" asked the President. "The pony," promptly responded the boy, true to his equine friend; and so the pony was given him and taken to his Ohio home.

Who has not read the story of the child hero Joseph Bara, to whose memory a statue is erected in the Church Square at Palaiseau, a little town about eleven miles from Paris. He enrolled as volunteer at the age of 12, and was one day surprised by a band of peasants. He was told that if he cried "Vive le Roi" they would let him go. He answered by beating his drum. "Are you deaf?" roared a brutal peasant, taking aim at him. "I am a Republican," cried the boy. "You young brigand, have a care; give up your drumming and, like us, cry 'Vive le Roi.'" "Vive le Republique," cried Bara. Twenty muskets were discharged at him and he fell dead. Horrified at their rash act, the Vendeans fled, but some of them afterwards returned, picked up the corpse, and respectfully bore it to the camp of the Republican troops. The Convention decreed a pension to his mother, and ordered that an engraving of the little drummer's execution should be made and hung up in every primary school to show what a child can do when inspired by a noble sentiment. The statue represents the young hero in the uniform of a hussar; a drumstick has fallen from one of his hands, while the other he still holds. The boy has been struck by twenty bullets, but the expression of heroic exaltation still lingers in the delicate young face.

Pierre Tournee, known as the drummer who won the battle of Kehl, won a great reputation for gallantry. During this engagement the French troops were endeavoring to force a passage across a bridge, the head of which was obstinately defended by the Austrians. For a long time the issue of the conflict was doubtful. At length Pierre, seized with a brilliant idea, managed to ferry himself with his drum across the stream on a stray plank, and in a few minutes later there rang out from a wood on the enemy's flank the hoarse rattle of the "pas de charge." Believing themselves to be outflanked, the Austrians became panic-stricken and broke in confusion; the French rushed over the bridge and the battle was won. For this exploit he received from Emperor Napoleon, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

It is said that the First Napoleon, who cared little for music, nevertheless held the drum in high esteem, while history records that the "Tambours" of the "Old Guard" all perished on the fatal field of Waterloo. Who of us has not heard of the old German poem entitled "The Midnight Reveille," which describes the vast army of Napoleon rising from the grave and forming into ghostly battalions in the gloom, while the shade or ghost of the "Man of Destiny" reviews them; the first lines of which are:

"When the midnight hour has come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb;
And marches, beating his phantom drum,
To and fro in the gloom."

It is related that on the memorable morning of June 17, 1775, when Generals Putnam, Prescott, Warren and their embattled "farmers" were still working upon the unfinished redoubt on "Breed's Hill" under a heavy fire from the British men-of-war in the harbor and from the battery on "Copp's Hill," that Robert Steele, of Dedham, drummer, and Parks, of Cambridge, fifer, boldly mounted the parapet in full view of the enemy, and played that famous national air, "Yankee Doodle."

On the 28th day of July, 1886, there died at South Boston, Daniel Simpson, the veteran drummer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for sixty-six years, at the ripe old age of ninety-six. Drummer Simpson was quite a local celebrity in his way and had wielded the drumsticks on many memorable occasions for a period of eighty-six years, including the war of 1812. His first appearance as a drummer was at a muster in 1800. In 1812 he was with the New England Guards when they started for Marblehead to defend the coast, and he was the only drummer at the Broad Street riots. The major was a striking figure at the parades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company until within the past few years, and as a testimonial to his long and faithful service his coat sleeve was decorated with sixteen stripes, representing eighty years of service. On extraordinary occasions Dan carried a drum used by John Robbins at the battle of Bunker Hill, and a short time ago he presented this to the Bostonian Society. He came of good Revolutionary stock, for his paternal grandfather was a piper in Gen. Washington's guard, and his father distinguished himself by capturing a British soldier on the famous retreat from Concord, and also was present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Who of us has not heard of the gallant little drummer boy Clarence D. McKenzie, in whose honor Post No. 399, of Kings County, in the Grand Army of the Republic is named.

The following account of the dedication of a monument to the memory of this gallant little hero is taken from the New York Times of November 26th, 1886:

"A procession of soldiers, citizens, and veterans passed out of the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, on Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon and proceeded to the soldiers' plot in Greenwood Cemetery, where a monument representing a drummer boy had been erected a few days before in honor of Clarence D. McKenzie, the brave little fellow who went out as a drummer boy in Company D, Thirteenth Regiment, on April 23, 1861, and was accidentally killed at Annapolis on June 11 following. Companies B, D, E and K of the Thirteenth, with the Veteran Association of the Regiment and the members of Clarence D. McKenzie and Rankin Posts, Grand Army of the Republic, stood about in the heavy rain while the monument was unveiled. The Rev. C. W. Millen prayed, after which Gen. John B. Woodward unveiled the monument and Postmaster Hendrix delivered an oration, reviewing the life of young McKenzie. The statue is of bronze, nine feet in height, and rests on a stone pedestal five feet high. On the front panel is the inscription, 'Our Drummer Boy,' and on the rear the words: 'His was the first life offering from Kings County in the War of the Rebellion.' The cost of the memorial was about $600 and was collected by the efforts of the drum and bugle corps of the Thirteenth Regiment."

At the battle of Champion Hill, a regiment holding an important position had ceased firing, being out of ammunition; a little drummer boy came galloping down, urging the horse to its utmost speed and inquiring for General Grant;

(*Continued on page 306.*)

RIGA and the BUTTERFLY.

BY CHAS. McILVAINE.



IT WAS "little noon," as the boys and girls at Potato Valley school called "recess." Old Hanus, the Pennsylvania Dutch schoolmaster, was sitting under a big walnut tree with the children playing about him. Stuffy Stauffer shouted, "Dere cooms a putterfly. I catch him." He grabbed his hat from his head and started to run.

"Hold on once, Stuffy. Coom pack! Und I vill tell you all a story. Dot putterfly moost haf his "little noon" joost so vell as you poys und girls."

Stuffy came back, for there was nothing the boys and girls loved as much as one of the old schoolmaster's stories, excepting the old schoolmaster himself.

"Dere was once a leetle girl dot was a great hand at baintin' pictures, already. She hat a baint box what her pappy gave her for Christmas, und brushes, und baper, und a leetle tumbler to hold water in, und lead pencils to draw mit, und India rubber for to rub out vat she drawed, ven it did not look vot she drawed, still. She drew de cats, und de dogs, und de geeses, und de pump, und de leetle birdts, joost like dem, so goot as neffer was. She dit dot pump so well dat water was runnin' out de spout, und her leetle brudder got hit on de head mit de handle. Py geeminycrooks but dat hittin' on de head mit de pump handle does hurt some. I haf been hit mit dem pump handles when I was a poy, yet.

"One bright day in de spring ven de posies was bloomin', und de sun was coaxin' eberyting to grow, und de birdts to sing, und de bees to go after honey, und was makin' shadows under de trees for de lambs to play in, dat leetle girl—Riga was her name—Riga went de house out to baint sometings. She saw sooch a great lot uf pretty tings dot she couldn't choosin, so she bainted notings. After a while she coom to a meadow down, und dere she saw a peautiful putterfly flyin' de flowers among. Riga saidt to herself 'I will take my hat, und catch him, und baint him, once!'"

"Baint him? Vat she want to baint him for? All de putterflies is pooty 'nough mitout baintin' dem, still," asked Stuffy Stauffer, with a perfectly straight face. Christopher Stauffer—Chris—Stuffy, as he was called—was the brightest boy in the school, and as full of mischief as he could be. He enjoyed the fun of catching the old master when he got his speech mixed up, as he sometimes did.

"Stuffy Stauffer, you make a nuisance mit askin' dem questions," answered Hanus, good-humoredly, knowing very well that Stuffy was not in earnest. "You are making mischief. Friga," Hanus asked one of the little girls sitting on his knee, "what was Riga goin' to baint, once?"

"Vy, Riga was goin' to baint dot putterfly on de baper vot she hat in her handt."

"Dere, Stuffy Stauffer, don't I told you so, already, joost so plain as de nose on my face. Dot leetlest girl in de school fersteh (understands) me, joost so goot as neffer was, all de time, already. Tomorrow morning, ven you come to school, I guess I will put you to sit on de girl's side, und let leetle Friga teach you how to versteh goot English."

The whole party laughed at Stuffy, and one of the big girls crossed her forefingers at him. Stuffy looked ashamed. He kept quiet until the story was finished.

Hanus, after all were done laughing and looking at Stuffy, went on with his story:

"Now den, let me see, vere was I? Oh, yes! Riga saidt to herself, once, 'I will take my hat und catch dot putterfly, und baint him, but I don't hurt him.' She took her hat her headt off, und she slip up behindt dot putterfly where he sittin' on a posie. Und, whack! she hat him, under dot hat. Den she reach under, carefully, und she catch him py de legs. Den she laughed, und saidt: 'Joost keep quiet, butterfly. Stop flappin' mit your wings, und kickin' mit your feet. I won't hurt you.'

"Den de putterfly, when he heardt her speak dem kind wordts, he saidt 'Blease, madschen (maiden), let me go. I was shut up in my silk cocoon all winter, und I joost come out dis mornin', und I was dot hungry dot I spreadt my wings und driedt dem in de sunshine, und as soon as dey was dry, I tried dem, und got rit uf dem cramps wot was in dem from being foldedt up so long in dot cocoon; den I started right away, quick, once, to get sometings to eat from dem flowers. I haf not done my breakfast yet awhile. Blease let me go.'

"Riga, she hat a goot heart. She was kind und goot to eberyting. But dot putterfly's wings was so pooty, so yellow mit goldt, so green mit spots like in de tails uf dem peacocks, so striped mit colors, dot Riga want to baint him badt. So she saidt: 'I vill help you get dot breakfast. If you vill gif me a promise, once, dot you vill not fly away, und vill hold still 'till I done baintin' you. (Dot putterfly didn't ask dem mischief questions like Stuffy Stauffer), I vill pick a big handful uf flowers, und you can sit on dem down, eatin' breakfast, while I baint you. Dot vill make a pooty picture—you sittin' on dem posies.'

"'Tank you very much, madschen,' de butterfly saidt. 'I vill make you dot promise, right away, quick. Blease let go my legs. I haf only two or tree days to lif, und I moost be flyin. I want to do all de flyin I can, still, while I am lifin, yet.'

"'Dot is all right, putterfly,' Riga saidt. 'I am sorry dot you haf so few days to lif. You are so beautiful.'

"'I didn't make myself, madschen," de putterfly saidt. 'God made me. I know I am beautiful, but I am not proudt. You haf a good heart, already, but you do not needt to pity me for being so short lifed. De work dot I was sent into de big worldt to do, will be done. Den I will be happy und ready.'

"'Well,' said Riga, 'if you won't let me pity you, I will haf to cry.'

"Blease don't,' de putterfly saidt. 'I don't know how to cry, und I don't want to learn. I haf not time to spare for cryin'.'

"'Den,' Riga saidt, 'if I can't pity you, und I moosent cry, dere is nothin' for me to do but to laugh.'

"'Dot is right. It is petter to be laughin' dan cryin',' de putterfly saidt. 'I haf had tree lives, already, before this one—one as an egg; one as a caterpillar—dot was fine! I joost eat und eat all de time, und efery time when I got too fat for my skin, I joost crawled out uf it, und den I was in a brandt new skin dot would stretch some more; den when I was done eatin' de lofely green leafs, und hadt hadt no more new skins as a caterpillar, I spun me a fine house of silk aroundt, dot I hung to a bush und fastened it mit strong silk cordts to keep de windt from blowin' me away, und den I lifed snug, (as a pupa or chrysalis, dot is dem Latin names what de men dot knows so much, calls dem) while I change into a putterfly. Dot was funny—feelin' myself changin' und tradin' about twenty legs for six, und gettin' vings und scale fedders instead of pristles, und two feelers (antennae) on my headt mit nobs on de endts. Dem knobs makes de difference between putterflies und dem moths. Dem moths don't hab dem knobs on dere feelers. Vhen I was done changin' und de warm wedder coom, I cut open de endt uf my silk house, und pushed myself troo de hole, und crawled out uf my skin, und den I—I was gladt to get some fresh air. Now my work is to lay eggs. I go lay dem. I don't die all. I goes on lifin' in dem eggs. Dem eggs is my children. Joost like your pappy und mammy, I lifs in my children; und I vill haf so many, dot I lif a great deal. You are so pig, dot it takes a pig year for you; I am leetle, und it takes a leetle year for me. Putterfly years is only an hour long. In tree days I shall be tree times four and twenty, dot is seventy-two years old. See? Dot is genug (enough).

"'Now, blease let go my legs. I haf six uf dem, und you are holdin' dem crossed. Dot hurts tree times as mooch as if I heldt you by your two, only.'

"Riga saidt, 'My, Oh, my! Dot is wonderful. Now, go. Flop your beautiful wings, fly aheadt uf me, und ven you see a honey flower, mit honey in for your breakfast, joost flap your wings over it, und I will pick it.' De putterfly saidt, 'I versteh,' und off it flew. Riga followed it. Ven it flapped its wings over a posy, she picked dot posy. She picked und laughed, und laughed und picked, until she hat her handt full uf posies. Den de putterfly saidt 'Sel is genug (That is enough). Tankee. I vill haf a goot breakfast. Now I vill fly to dem shatows under dot tree yonder, und I vill sit down, standin' oop on my legs, und eat it once while you baints me.'

"Riga sat down in dem shatows, und made her baint box open, und got her baper ready, und de putterfly he sat down, standin' oop, und, my gracious! How he dit eat honey mit his long mout. Dem putterflies don't pring tings to dere mouts, dey sents dere mouts to de tings. Dot safes troubles. Riga bainted und bainted. She put down de goldt, und de peacock spots, und dem stripes, und de headt, und dem six legs, und de pody mit velvet all ofer it, und de posies, mit de putterfly sittin' on dem und sendin' his mout for honey. Eberyting was joost so right put down as nefer was. Und so pooty! Oh, but dem was pooty!

"Ven Riga was done dot bainting, she saidt. 'Now, putterfly, I am done, already. You haf held so still as a putterfly can. Tankee. Now you can fly away to your work, und go to eggs layin'. I would like to keep you all de time, once, but I always keep my promises.'

"De putterfly flew from dem poisies to her handt und he said: 'Blease, madschen, I want to haf a goot look at myself once.' Und he looked und looked. Den he saidt: 'Goot-pye, madschen,' and flew away.

"But Riga dit not hear him say 'Goot-pye,' und she did not see him fly away. She was lookin' at dot picture, too, und it was so like dot putterfly dot she tought it was dot putterfly on dem posies, yet. Und she was gladt it stayed mit her, und she saidt, 'Tankee. I am gladt you stay mit me. I vill gather posies for you ebery day, und you can come lif mit me, und I vill go to your funeral, und cry like eberytings." De bainted putterfly on de posies on de paper, said notings. Den Riga tought maybe he was cryin' at his own funeral. He was so still. He was not sendin' his mout to get more honey, anymore.

"Joost while Riga was thinkin', here coom de putterfly flappin' his wings, coomin' back. He sat mit his six legs down, standin' oop, und he saidt: 'Madschen, I coom pack after myself. I tought I was flyin' avay to do my work, when I remembered dot I left myself standin' on de bunch uf posies, here mit you. Den I coom flyin' pack after myself. I want to pring myself along.' He looked at himself in the picture, und he saidt: 'I am gladt to see myself again. I tought myself, maybe, was lost. Now I vill take myself und fly avay again.'

"'But you cannot,' Riga saidt to him. 'You are fast on dot paper, where I bainted you.'

"'Dot makes no difference,' he saidt. 'You gif me your promise to let me go as soon as you hadt bainted me. Now dot you haf bainted me, you moost keep your promise und let me go. How is dot?'

"Riga was dot puzzled dot she scratch her headt. Den she say 'I am very sorry not to keep my promise, but I don't can. You are bainted fast to dot paper.'

"'You moost,' he say.

"Den Riga scratch her headt again in dem curls uf her hair, und a pright idea coom to her. Her plue eyes snapped, und twinkled, und her dimples put dem pooty places in her cheeks, und she laughed right out, und she say, 'I tell you what it is, already. You don't understand. I bainted you on dot baper. You not lifin' on dot baper, you are deadt on dot baper. You don't want yourself deadt. I take dot baper home mit me, und make a funeral for dot putterfly in my book vere I keep my baintings, und I laugh at dot funeral. But you are a lifin' putterfly. I keep my promise. I let you go. Good-pye.'

"Und she trew up her handt, und de putterfly flapped his wings und flew away, joost so mooch alive und gay as nefer vas."



"RIGA BAINTED UND BAINTED"

A Bright Boy

A telegraph messenger boy, Chas. F. Fielding, living at Newport, R. I., recently rigged up a wireless telegraph instrument of his own, in his father's attic, with an old automobile coil, a cut-off electric light lamp, some acid and a Morse sending key. With this simple contrivance he was able to send messages which completely interfered with the working of elaborate apparatus of the United States Government, and made it impossible to send messages from a distance at the torpedo station. The boy attracted the attention of the commandant of the station and has been enlisted in Government service as third-class electrician, which will enable him to take a thorough course in electricity at the Government school, while he draws $35 a month besides his board. Before that he was getting $14 a month and board at home. 'Rah for the boy!

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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

DRUMS AND DRUMMERS

(*Continued from page 304*)

he looked pale and weak and appeared to reel in the saddle. He soon found the general, and straightening himself he said quickly, "General, our regiment is out of ammunition and must have some at once." The general, telling the boy he would attend to it, rode off, but had gone but a short distance, when he was overtaken by the little fellow, who cried out, "The calibre is 58." None but a soldier can realize the importance of this information, for without it the ammunition would be useless. Returning some two hours afterwards to the spot where he had left the boy, he found him dead by the roadside; he had been wounded when he brought the important message to the general, but, forgetful of himself, the lad thought of nothing but his comrades who were holding the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Having executed his duty, he fell from his horse and died. He was certainly "faithful unto death." One may turn over the pages of history, but nowhere can be found a nobler example of faithfulness and devotion to duty than this noble act of the drummer boy of Champion Hill.

Who that has read Thackeray does not remember Old Pierre who was the fourth of a generation of drummers? His ancestors drummed for King Harry of Navarre:

"While Conde was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks."
It was his daddy who drummed the English
"From the meadows of famed Fontenoy * *

"So well did he drum at that battle
That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu! It was pleasant to rattle
The sticks, and to follow old Saxe."

It was old Pierre himself who rattled the drumsticks at Yorktown, and caused the British to lay down their arms. It was the same drum that drummed for Louis XVI. and the lovely court ladies at Versailles and for the fair Antoinette, and which drummed their heads off afterward in the Place de la Concorde. It was all the same to the drum—it was monarchical, republican, imperial.
"One day I drummed down the Bastile * * *

"At midnight I beat the tattoo,"
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux."

With equal fervor it followed the fortunes of the gallant young captain, Bonaparte.

"In the glorious year ninety-six
We marched to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"This cross—'twas the Emperor gave it
(God bless him); it covers a blow—
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow."

Perhaps Thackeray invented his hero in "The Chronicle of the Drum"; but if he had gone to New Orleans he might have found his counterpart in the person of "Old Jordan," a man of color, to whom this government owes what success it has had anywhere in the field of war since it won its independence. Everybody in New Orleans knows Old Jordan, General Jackson's drummer, the most prominent figure in all martial processions, riding in a carriage with his historic drum, since age has enfeebled him; for Old Jordan came in with the century, and has drummed it up to its present brilliant achievement.

A venerable figure and a sturdy relic of our historic past, Old Jordan has been the intimate friend of all our military heroes, whom he always addressed by their first names, and who perfectly well knew that their success was due to his rattling sticks. This drum—the slightest tap upon it awakens the echoes of many wars—was first beaten to any purpose in the war of 1812. It was upon this drum that Jackson depended. Jordan was only a lad then, but his drum was full of war, and he handled the sticks in such a manner as to attract the attention of Old Hickory, who, in his perplexity, called upon him to repel the invaders. Nothing loath, Jordan came to the front, and it was his drum—this same battered old instrument of noise and glory—that beat the long roll that called the American soldiers to arms on the approach of the British in December, 1814; and it was his drum, on the 8th day of January, 1815, on the plain of Chalmette, that struck terror into the British host.

During the years of peace he kept alive the martial spirit in his drum, and when the Civil War broke out it was this drum which drilled and inspired the forming squads of Confederate soldiers. It was this impartial and patriotic drum that performed the same service for the Union companies which drilled in the Crescent City after its capture by Farragut; and it was this drum which inspired the Seventh Louisiana Volunteers, colored troops, "raised for the defense of New Orleans in 1863," so that Old Jordan performed his last warlike drumming for a troop of his own emancipated people. Since the war the historic drum continues to furnish "field music" for entertainments, and the old drummer of many wars is held in affectionate esteem by all classes in the city of his birth.

Probably the most peculiar musical organization in the country is the Continental Drum Corps, a group of old-time musicians living in and near the little village of Sardinia, New York. The costumes and music of this corps date back to the time of the Revolution, and some of the members of the company can remember the events of the early years of the century.

Thre are eleven men in the organization, and their aggregate age is about 750 years, making an average of nearly 70 years each. All the men are descendents of Revolutionary soldiers, and their uniforms, instruments and tunes are the same as those of the Continentals of 1776. One who sees them on the march might almost believe that a company of the minute men of Concord and Lexington had come to life, or that the figures in the historic picture of the musicians of Bunker Hill had stepped from their frame for a little outing.

This drum corps was organized nearly twenty years ago. According to the statement of Edwin Rice, one of the founders of the company, the project was born of the old custom of general training, at which every man of voting age turned out for military drill. The general training was abolished nearly a generation ago, but for some years afterwards the musicians who had served at those gatherings were in the habit of holding annual meetings to renew old acquaintances. A few of these musicians, who were of Revolutionary ancestry, decided to form a company of fifers and drummers. This idea was carried out to the letter.

The uniform of the Continental Drum Corps consists of a three-cornered felt hat, surmounted with a white plume, a long coat of blue with yellow facings, blue trousers with red stripes down the side, and yellow leggings. The fifes are of ancient style and some of them are of interesting history. The drums are the long barrel drums of the Revolutionary period.

The patriarch of this patriarchal organization is Edwin Rawley, who has passed ninety. Next to him comes Nathan Humphrey, who is nearly ninety. Edwin Rice, S. H. Uott, Chester Fisk and Fowler Munger are all on the shady side of seventy-five. One might think that men of such advanced ages would be unable to endure long journeys and marches, but they are tough old campaigners and can stand as much as anybody.

Although not talkative men, these Continentals have a great fund of stories, and any question about one of their cherished instruments is likely to bring a personal reminiscence of the days of '61 or '48.

"Tell ye when this old fife spoke the loudest," said Nathan Humphrey, the crack fifer of the company. "It was at the surrender of Gen. Lee. We had been all through the Wilderness campaign, and was most worn out, but when we see the white flag run up to the top of the pole we forgot all about that. Every man in the army knew that meant the end of Jeff Davis and his crew, and all along the line the bands broke into 'Yankee Doodle.' It was instinct, I guess, that made 'em all pick out that one tune, and I tell ye it sounded mighty fine as it came booming along the line. This old feller seemed to a'most play himself."

The faces of the drums used by the company have many dates and names written on them, giving an interesting record of the organization's activity.

The corps cannot be said to be unknown to fame. Its members have traveled all along the country and they attend the G. A. R. encampments every year.

The well-known story of the silent drum, told of Col. Bugbie, of the British army, has often happened in our own. He was more fond of the "old stuff" than for severity or discipline in drill. One day the colonel noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger to the drum-major, who whispered in the ear of his superior officer that the drummer had a couple of roasted chickens and two bottles of whiskey in his drum for him. "Why didn't the poor fellow let me know that his legs had given out," cried the colonel; "put him in the ambulance immediately. The colonel soon after took particular pains to inquire after the little drummer's condition.

A celebrated general was taunted with having been nothing but a drummer boy. "That's true," said the general, "but didn't I drum well?" The general certainly gave a good answer; he went upon the principle of whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Certainly a good motto for all of us to follow.

Colonel Morrow of Michigan, possesses a curiosity in the shape of a couple of drum sticks, that certainly have a wonderful history; they were found by the side of a British drummer at the battle of Saratoga in 1777; a drummer in the Continental army used them during the remainder of the Revolutionary War; they were used when General Jackson fought the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815; a grandson of this drummer used the sticks in the Mexican War, and a great-grandson carried them through the Civil War of 1861 to 1865 at the head of the famous Michigan Iron Brigade, and used them in the grand review at Washington at the close of the war.

It is related of John Ziska, the military leader of the Taborites in the early part of the fifteenth century, that he directed, at his death, that his skin should be made into a drum, and the instrument beaten at the head of his army at the funeral.

If the drum is to be allowed a patron saint, then none other than St. Patrick himself can lay claim to the distinction; for it is related by Colgan, that when St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, he accomplished this feat by beating a drum, which he struck with such fervor that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering the success of the miracle; but, an angel appearing, mended the drum, and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

The following drummer boys were awarded "medals of honor" by Congress. The names are taken from the official circular issued by the War Department up to and including October 31st, 1897:

JOHN BAKER, 5th U. S. Infantry—For gallantry in engagements.

WILLIAM J. CARSON, Co. E, 1st Battalion, 15th U. S. Infantry—For most distinguished gallantry in battle.

JOHN CLANCY, 1st U. S. Artillery—For twice voluntarily rescuing wounded comrades under fire of the enemy.

RICHARD ENDERLIN, 73d Ohio Infantry—Voluntarily took a rifle and served as a soldier in the ranks during the first and second days of the battle. Voluntarily, and at his own imminent peril, went into the enemy's lines at night and, under a sharp fire, rescued a wounded comrade.

WILLIAM H. HORSFALL, 1st Kentucky Infantry—Saved the life of a wounded officer lying between the lines.

ORION P. HOWE, 55th Illinois Infantry—Severely wounded and exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, he persistently remained upon the field until he had reported the necessity of supplying cartridges for the use of troops.

WILLIE JOHNSTON, 3rd Vermont Infantry—No ground is stated for which the Medal was awarded, but the reader is referred to pages 140 and 141 of Volume 1 of a book written by Mr. G. G. Benedict, and published by "The Free Press Association," of Burlington, Vermont, entitled "Vermont in the Civil War."

JOHN S. KOUNTZ, 37th Ohio Infantry—Seized a musket and joined in the charge at Missionary Ridge; afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

J. C. JULIUS LANGBEIN, 9th New York Volunteers (Hawkins's Zouaves)—For most distinguished gallantry, in voluntarily, under a heavy fire, going to the aid of a wounded officer and saving his life, at the battle of Camden, or South Mills, April 19, 1862. Afterwards Judge and Commander of the "Medal of Honor" Legion of the United States.

BENJAMIN B. LEVY, 40th New York Infantry—Saved the Regiment colors at Glendale, Virginia.

WILLIAM LORD—Saved an officer's life at Drury's Bluff, Virginia.

JOHN McLENNON, 7th U. S. Infantry—For gallantry in action.

WILLIAM MEGEE, 33rd New Jersey Infantry—Among the first to capture two of the enemy's guns.

ROBINSON B. MURPHY, 127th Illinois Infantry—Being orderly to the Brigade Commander, he voluntarily led two regiments as re-inforcements, into line of battle, where he had his horse shot under him, at Atlanta, Georgia.

GEORGE H. PALMER, First Illinois Cavalry—Volunteered to fight in the trenches, and also led a charge which resulted in the recapture of a Union Hospital, together with Confederate sharpshooters, then accompanying the same.

JULIAN A. SCOTT, 3rd Vermont Infantry—Crossed a creek under a terrific fire of musketry several times, to assist in bringing off the wounded.

JAMES SNEDDEN, 54th Pennsylvania Infantry—Left his place, took the rifle of a disabled soldier, and fought through the remainder of the action, at Piedmont, Virginia.

ALANSON P. WEBBER, 86th Illinois Infantry—Voluntarily joined in a charge against the enemy which was repulsed, and by his rapid firing in the face of the enemy, enabled many of the wounded to return to the Federal lines; with others, held the advance of the enemy while temporary works were being constructed.

There were, no doubt, many gallant drummer boys in the Confederate service who also distinguished themselves in battle, but of whom, unfortunately, no record can be obtained.



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Daniel Cortain, Hero

Daniel J. Cortain, age 14, has just received from the Carnegie Hero Fund Committee, $2,000 to enable him to take a course of Civil Engineering at the Stevens Institute. The same committee awarded Daniel a silver medal. This hero has often done very brave acts, but the most recent was the rescue from drowning of two young New York girls.

Boys' Books Reviewed

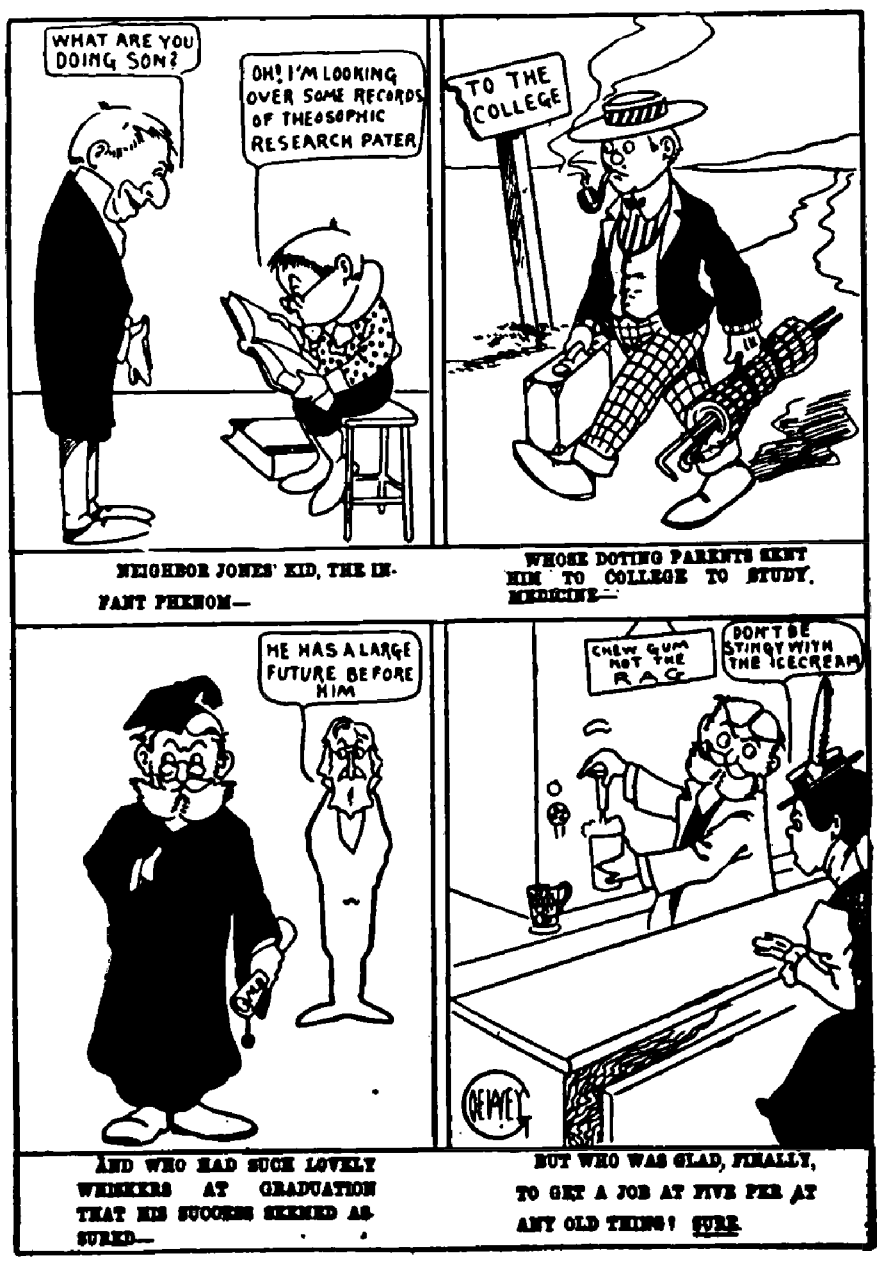
UNDER TOGO FOR JAPAN, or Three Young Americans on Land and Sea, by Edward Stratemeyer. This is the fourth volume of the "Soldiers of Fortune Series," and the boys will find it every whit as interesting as its predecessors. The exciting adventures of the two brothers Ben and Larry Russell, Gilbert Pennington and Gunner Luke Striker in their service with Japan against Russia, and the final surrender of Mukden and the great sea fight under Admiral Togo are described most graphically. The information the book furnishes will also be found exceedingly valuable to the young readers. A. B. Shute has happily caught the spirit of the book in his fine illustrations. 309 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE MAKING OF A MAN, by Orison Swett Marden. This book is made up of helpful talks for boys. There is nothing of the humbug or clap-trap order about them, but a good deal of that valuable commodity, common sense. Some of the titles are: One's Vision of Life, Self-Honor, Getting the Whip Hand of Yourself, Money, Means, and Content, The Price of Success, Ruskin's Motto, The Man of Force, Courage at the Sticking Point, A Complete and Generous Education, and Moral Daring. These will show the scope of the work, and boys and their elders as well will be benefited in the reading. 307 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop Publishing Co.

THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN NATION, A History for Elementary Schools, by Jacques Wardlaw Redway, F. R. G. S. From the necessarily hasty perusal of the contents of this book we believe it must form a valuable aid in history study in the schools. The mass of historical facts, beginning a thousand years before the voyage of Columbus and continued down to 1905, showing the greatest painstaking care and accuracy, together with the topical analyses, summaries, data, finely colored maps and illustrations, make this volume one of the best text-books that could be placed in the hands of the school-children. In the book shelves of the home, also, it ought to find a prominent place. 476 pages. Price $1.00 Silver, Burdett & Co.

Publishers are invited to send books to the review editor of The American Boy.

DO YOU REMEMBER



The Return of the Coyote



By Effie W. Thoms.

A SAD little coyote lay stretched on the ground in front of an old dog kennel, to which he was securely chained. He seemed to be asleep, but now and then his bright eyes opened just enough to enable him to see that the chickens were gradually moving in his direction, and they were among the few things that made life interesting to him. Only two days before he had caught a particularly stupid old hen that had chosen the bare spot on one side of his kennel as a good spot for a dust bath. The joy of that sudden leap and clutch more than compensated for the few blows he received.

The coyote did not often lie quietly in the sun with nose stretched out on the ground; he was more likely to be found moving restlessly back and forth the length of his chain, and was always delighted to frolic with any one of the family who would stop to pet him. He played with the children like an unusually lively and mischievous dog, jumping up like a puppy, and delighting to get a grip of their clothing in his teeth. He was particularly fond of the children's mother, and would stand up on his hind legs to lean against her while she rubbed his neck.

He had been named Goldie, though his coat was a grayish-yellow, with here and there a few black hairs, while his bushy tail was tipped with black.

In the last few weeks, since the snow melted and the air grew warmer every day, a strange feeling had come over the young coyote; a feeling that he was just going to remember something very beautiful that happened a long time ago, a memory that seemed to call him to some far-off land, yet was so indistinct as to be almost maddening. The night before, when the moon came up, the wild ducks, as they flew towards the river calling to each other, almost told him the elusive secret, and he had called back in long, wailing howls,—his first weird night song.

His friend, the black cat, sauntered along the walk and stopped for a morning chat. He liked the cat much better that the fat dog next door, for few cats are so tame and respectable as they look, and the black cat understood his restlessness, while he felt that resentment towards the dog that one feels towards him who ought to understand but does not.

So that morning Goldie told the cat how disturbed and unhappy he felt about that long-ago life which he could not quite remember, except that he was sure that then he did not wear a chain, and that he ran very fast and far. The first things he plainly remembered was, that once he was very little and lived in a cave in the side of a hill with six other little coyotes. At night it grew chilly and they all snuggled close together to keep warm, for their mother always went out in the evening to hunt food, and sometimes did not return until the door of the den began to grow light. One morning she did not come back at all. They waited a long time, and grew very, very hungry. At last there came loud noises and some men with spades began to dig off the top of their home. Soon there was no roof at all, and a man threw a coat over the shivering little bunch of coyotes and gathered them all up and carried them a long way to a place where there was a large, yellow house and many barns. Here they were put into a big basket and given plenty to eat. The food was not rabbit, nor field mice, nor prairie chicken, to which they were accustomed. It was altogether new, such as Goldie and the cat now had every day; but the little coyotes were very hungry and ate all that was given them, for their mother had often told them to always eat all they could get, as one never knew when the hunting might be poor.

Goldie did not stay long with his brothers, for in a few days he was placed in a box by himself, and brought a long way in a wagon, until he reached the place where he now lived. He had often been hungry in the old days, for his mother did not always bring home food; but now the little boy and girl gave him plenty to eat, so that his yellow-gray coat was thick and sleek with good living. Yet he was very unhappy; and just now there was a special reason for being more dissatisfied than ever. The day before, when the children had taken off his chain, and they were having a great frolic chasing each other, Goldie had suddenly darted through the gate and run into a large cottonwood grove. Though the children followed him, he, with all the cunning of his race, kept just out of sight, dodging behind trees and hillocks until, discouraged and sad, his little owners were compelled to return home without him.

That night he had a glorious time. He caught his first rabbit, and hunted joyously till morning. When the sun rose he crawled in between two fallen tree trunks and went to sleep. Very early in the morning his anxious and almost despairing young owners renewed their search, and at last by merest chance found him, his sleek coat disheveled, and his fine, bushy tail matted with burrs.

It was all very well to have the little boy and girl scream with joy to see him again, but they at once put on his chain, and said they would never take it off any more, lest he run away again.

All this, Goldie told the old cat, who heartily sympathized, saying that he himself would never be able to sit so quietly in the sun all day, were it not for the long prowls he had at night clear to the other end of the town.

But the cat could give him no help, and Goldie could only lie in the sun and try to recall that old free life that seemed hovering just on the brink of his memory.

He was almost asleep when up the street and streaming into the yard came a crowd of young men clad in clothes Goldie thought exceeding strange. They were members of the football team of the university, whose buildings could be seen not far away on the edge of the little western town. They called themselves the Coyotes, and were on their way to the photographers to have their annual picture taken. A brilliant thought had struck one of their number. A live coyote would give just the finishing touch to the picture of the invincible Coyote football eleven. One of the boys was sent to persuade Goldie's mistress to lend her pet, and in a few minutes the boys were again moving down the street with Goldie in front, jumping and tugging at his chain. It took some time to pose the eleven young giants, and especially to compose Goldie in his honorable position in front of the team; but at last all was successfully concluded, and the team, assisted by numerous interested students, started to escort Goldie home.



ONCE HE WAS VERY LITTLE

"Let's go around by the way of the campus," said one. "Some of those Eastern profs never saw a coyote, and they are always anxious for what they call 'local color,' you know."

So among the buildings of the university strode the darlings of the athletic field; only now three or four boys marched in close rank ahead of Goldie, so that he could not be seen. The last classes of the day had just been dismissed, and a group of four professors stood on the edge of the athletic field watching some students training for the spring track meet. With indulgent smiles they turned to greet the stalwart Coyote football team, who the autumn before had won the state championship, and much resultant glory for their Alma Mater.

Quickly one of the boys stooped, slipped off Goldie's collar, the vanguard separated, and he rushed forward in a wild dash for freedom, straight towards the amazed professors. With most undignified haste they gave the fleeing coyote the right of way as he shot out on to race track, passing in a flash the star sprinter, and scattering panic among groups of students on the opposite side of the field.

Goldie only had to run a few miles before coming to the rough, rolling land of a great cattle ranch that stretched along the Missouri River. On the side of one of the hills he sat down to rest. In a flash it came to him that this was what he had been trying to remember—these half-bare, rounded hills covered with short, curly Buffalo grass; the woolly pasque-flowers hugging the northern slopes in the chilly April wind; and the broad expanse of rough land with the river shimmering through a few scrub oaks and cottonwoods.

What mattered it that the coyote had been a captive from his babyhood? Generations of cunning wild ancestors had made the memory for him. He knew that out in the shadows crept small, timid animals, which henceforth would be his prey; that in the side of one of these gravely knolls would be his burrow, and that he should run over miles of prairie with no one to check him again.

The rosy glow of the setting sun gleamed across the river and flickered among the thin fringe of trees. The light gradually faded; ere long the moon rose over the eastern prairies, and a chilly wind began to blow. Yet, with ecstatic joy in his heart the coyote lifted up his voice in the weird, whining song of his race. Back from a ridge far towards the north came an answering, uncanny howl, like the very echo of his own. Cry answered cry, and the rabbit hurriedly sought his burrow, while prairie chicken and quail crouched close to the ground, as over the bare hills two stealthily trotting forms sought each other.



BUT THE CAT COULD GIVE HIM NO HELP

BOYS, GET INTERESTED

WE WARN our readers against neglecting to read the first chapters of Mr. Tomlinson's story, "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony." Mr. Tomlinson is one of the best known writers for boys. He is of the sort that not only please the boys, but meet with the approval of their parents and friends. His books for boys are among the most popular on the market. The story, "The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony," we believe will prove one of his best. He has written it especially for THE AMERICAN BOY, with the needs of our paper in view. Don't miss the first chapters, for if you do, you may later want to look back and find them, and not be able to do so. The story will run through many months.

Jimmie's Compensation

Jim, with freckled face and hair that would never yield to a comb or brush, did not show the slightest inclination to hurry, until the diplomatic girl of twelve reminded him that they were to get candy with "what was left over" after they had purchased the scant supply of groceries.

Tilly carried a small basket filled with eggs to be sold to the grocer, and in exchange was to get the necessities carefully written down by her mother.

Jimmie was the smallest and the hardest of the four smaller children to manage at home. In one chubby hand he carried a small pail which was to be filled at the store with sorghum molasses, in the other a willow stick, with which he knocked off all the sun flowers along the dusty road.

"Say, sis," he said, "I want a red stick—a blue un—and—green one." Tillie shifted the basket of eggs from one tired little arm to the other, saying: "Hurry up, Jimmie, the candy might all be sold before we get there."

The little dusty brown feet shuffled a trifle faster and at nine o'clock the pair stood before the tall grocer, and Tillie was asking how much he was paying for eggs today.

"Twelve cents a dozen for good fresh eggs," said he, counting the eggs and carefully figuring the amount. Tillie handed him the slip of paper.

The next moment there was a splash, and a shriek from Tilly. Jimmy had lost his balance while trying to get a better view of a French harp in the show case and had fallen into an open cod fish kit.

"Don't firgit the candy, sis," he called from the briny bath. "I want a yallar stick."

"You'll get a different kind of a stick," yelled the grocer in a rage.

The frightened little girl pulled him out by one bare leg and tried to wipe the salt water out of his eyes with her little calico dress.

"There's fourteen sticks in this jar and ten in this jar, sis," he whispered, none the worse for his unexpected bath. Tilly forgot to dry her own hands in stopping to gaze at the longed-for candy.

"Well, kids, there's nothing left over," came in a high nasal voice, as the grocer placed the purchase within easy reach of the little woman.

The little freckled face turned toward Tilly would be hard to describe. The thought of being disappointed had never occurred to him. Tears were forming in two pair of blue eyes, and as they walked slowly out of the door the stingy grocer wondered what ailed the kids.

"Let's sit down on this little hill and rest, Jimmie," said she, gathering the tearful little boy in her arms. He sat very quiet, with only an occasional sob to show how the little heart was aching.

The mind of the self-sacrificing little girl was working hard. "If I could only get him one stick, I'd be willing to do without one myself, 'cause he's so little," thought she.

A big lump rose in her throat, and a tear trickled down each wan little cheek; but with one great effort she choked them back and, giving Jimmie an affectionate hug, exclaimed: "Won't you be glad when father gets home? Only four more days. He is going to quit working away off there in the mountains, 'cause mamma says she knows there is no use, and father is going to stay at home and work at the saw mill. He ain't going to go away to try to find a mine any more. Oh, Jimmie, there comes the train. I heard it whistle."

Jimmie in his excitement jumped up in such haste that he stumbled, and down he went, taking the bucket of molasses with him. Down the hill they rolled, now the bucket, now Jimmie. When they stopped at the foot of the hill it would have been hard to separate Jimmie and the molasses, to say nothing of the dust and the brine from the codfish kit.

Tilly stood horrified, the train whistled, slowed and stopped. A big, strong miner in a blue shirt and slouch hat stepped off, and hurried toward the store.

"Hello, there, big Jim," called the grocer, "how's everything up in the hills?"

He did not need to ask. Big Jim Watson's happy face told the good news.

"I've struck the shining gold at last, Hodges, and I've struck it rich. I don't know how I can get home fast enough to tell Mary. Give me five pounds of candy to carry home to the youngsters, and put in that French harp for little Jim, and——" but two happy cries of "father" and two happy faces made him pause.

Tilly carried the candy home, but father carried a sweeter burden—a very sticky, dirty, little boy.

Hubert Turner, Harrisburg, Illinois, tells us how to take 45 from 45 and leave 45:

9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45
1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45

8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45



HENNIPIN FIELDS SENSATIONALISTS

By John J. Eddish

"I DON'T like nobody.
And nobody don't like me;
If you don't like the way I snore,
Why you don't have to sleep with me,"

sang young Tommy Hennipin in a high treble voice from the very top of the hay loft, where his head bumped against the rafters at every sudden release of a forkfull of hay from the compact mass beneath. Alternately he hummed it, whistled it, shouted it, and sang it through his nose—the same stanza over and over, and all he knew of the song.

There was a row of ten hungry farm horses down below, and it was a part of Tommy's duty to keep them supplied with the necessities of life. But Tommy wasn't thinking of hay or horses or pitchforks, or even the song he was singing; for hadn't he made an invention, and didn't he have a right to be proud and gay? He could afford thus to slap the world in the face.

He heard his father come into the stable below, and stopped work to call down.

"Paw; oh, paw!"

"Well?"

"Paw, won't you give me my fifty cents for the circus and let me go in with Jim Fields, instead of goin' in with the rest of you?"

"Paw" didn't want to very badly, for he had known Tommy quite a while, and besides, it deprived him of his own excuse for going; but he finally consented, on receiving a promise that Tom would turn up immediately at the close of the performance ready to go home with the family; and the boy closed the deal by getting his money immediately, before the wind changed.

His haying over, Tom climbed out of the loft window and squirmed his way over the edge of the roof and up to the ridgepole of the barn. Only flies and barefooted boys can perform this feat with any degree of safety to themselves.

From this vantage point, Tommy directed his gaze to another red-painted barn a quarter of a mile away. Presently on that barn also there apneared a tow-headed youth from some similar source. Tommy stood up and waved a dirty red handkerchief three times from right to left after the manner of the army wig-waggers. The sign was repeated by the other boy and then the boys disappeared. Jimmy Fields knew that he was to meet Tommy Hennipin at the circus.

After an early supper Tom "hitched up," and the Hennipin family piled into the spring wagon and drove to Shelbyville to see Barnum, Sells and Ringlings' Combined, Consolidated and Amalgamated Circus and Menagerie.

When they arrived Jim immediately appeared and the "folks" disappeared under the big tent.

Tommy kept his promise; in fact, an observer might have seen the wagon occupied within less than half an hour afterwards, and by two instead of one—also, a big bundle containing one dollar and fifteen cents' worth of good cotton twine was securely tied underneath the wagon.

When two American boys with money in their pockets don't go to a circus that's in town, something is going to happen. These two boys didn't go—and something did happen.

The circus over, Jim retired from the scene, and Tom was "too sleepy" to talk very intelligently about what had happened under the canvas roof.

* * * * * *

Shelbyville, Iowa, is an enterprising town that can get up a county fair on a week's notice and get a "stick-full" in the Des Moines daily because of it without getting flurried in the least. In fact, it has its own little Daily Telegraph that gets its news dispatches in plate form direct from Chicago, and has two reporters busy most of the time collecting the news of the town and sending in accounts of the more important happenings to the metropolitan papers.

It is but natural then that the staid and sober population of tradesmen and artisans should greet with some disdain the announcement in the Evening Telegraph on the 20th of June, 1896, that "an airship or dirigible balloon of some kind was seen last night between the hours of eleven and one o'clock. Its light was distinctly seen. It floated across the city from the south almost due north, then turned on its course and disappeared in the direction from whence it came."

The town was acquainted with these reporters and knew their sensational proclivities; so Mr. Bob Hughes and Mr. Willie Thompson were considerably joshed, as they put it.

"That's all right," said Mr. Willie, brought to bay finally by the good-natured taunts he received; "I saw that airship myself, and I wrote the story myself, and I back it up myself. Lights aren't in the habit of flying through the air unattended and just for fun."

"Saw a firefly, bet ye a quarter," suggested Sawdon, the undertaker, whose business wasn't rushing just then. But Mr. Willie never deigned to answer. Instead, he stayed up that night.

The next evening there was a big black headline on the first page of the Telegraph announcing to Shelbyville:

"Airship Seen Again—the sound of propellers distinctly heard," and then a column of how the night reporter had watched especially for signs to substantiate his previous announcement, and had seen the phantom repeat its performance of the night before. The details were given in full.

That night, a few curious ones also watched, and, the following day, corroborated Thompson's story in the daily. One man even made out the form of the ship—cigar-shaped, with a square hanging basket, from whence came the light.

Then Shelbyville got interested—and skeptical. Sawdon had started the ball rolling and felt it his duty now to stand by his original opinion.

"I'll bet you a fifty-dollar coffin with sterling silver nameplate, against twenty-five dollars, that thisthere spook of yours isn't any airship, dirigible balloon, flying machine, or anything of the sort," was his final reply to the insistence of Mr. Willie.

Thompson said he wasn't in the undertaking business, so his spending money was somewhat limited, and for the same reason he didn't care about investing in the coffin that his survivors ought to furnish to bury him in, but still he was standing for a principle.



THEN SHELBYVILLE GOT INTERESTED AND SKEPTICAL

"I've only got ten dollars to put in," he said, "but if you fellows around here that saw the thing will lend me the rest until the first, I'll take that bet."

The necessary fifteen soon made its appearance in dollar bills, quarters and such small change, and the whole was left with the newsdealer at the postoffice, together with a due-bill from Sawdon for "one man's casket in black walnut, with sterling silver engraved nameplate."

The town heard about it and turned out in force at eleven o'clock. They saw the light travel from the southern horizon north across the city, heard the rhythm of the propellers, and saw the unknown thing return as it had come. Shelbyville was converted, and the Telegraph man felt justified in sending a modest account of the affair to the Chicago papers.

The regular appearance of the flying machine was becoming monotonous, when suddenly the metropolitan dailies flared up with a story to this effect:

"Shelbyville's Airship Real—a hat is dropped as the mysterious machine passes over the town."

The Telegraph had a photograph of the hat and a long article which even ventured to voice the suspicion current among the townspeople that George Swift was experimenting in flying machines. Swift was a carriage-maker and machinist well-known for his ingenuity. Before dark Swift was a caller at the Telegraph office and informed the management in no uncertain language that he wasn't no fool if he could use tools, and that he went to bed nights instead of lookin' fer lightnin' bugs. That bubble had burst ere it could soar away.

The next night the watchers heard something drop on the roof of a house just under the machine, and in the morning a bag of pebbles was found with a paper attached, bearing the following information:

"We are coming down tomorrow. Look out."

Sawdon began to look worried and finally consulted his pastor to see if he had done right in making such a wager. His conscience smote him considerably. That reverend man was indignant that one of his flock, and especially one of the dignity and standing in the community of the undertaker, should thus demean himself.

"There are only two alternatives open to you," the pastor told him; "cancel the bet if you can, or, if you can't refuse the winnings."

"But I'm afraid I won't win," complained the undertaker.

"Well, then, cancel it."

So Sawdon went to the postoffice, called in Willie and his supporters, and poured out his tale of contrition and repentance, ending with the exhortation:

"Now, Mr. Thompson, let's call off the bet and never venture into gambling again."

But Mr. Willie had backers.

"No, sir-ee," broke in Joe Trembly. (Joe had three dollars and twenty-five cents invested in this transaction.) "Willie's promised us all a ride around the court house square in that coffin when he wins, and we're goin' to have it."

The remainder of the crowd agreed—including Willie; so the contrite Mr. Sawdon went away sorrowing and gloomy.

Meanwhile business had almost ceased, and people flocked into the office of the Telegraph to view the "evidence of things not unseen," and the moneyed men of the community began to figure how much they could invest in a company to manufacture machines to navigate the air, the factory to be located at Shelbyville. Miss Mollie Turner, the seventh grade school teacher, who had happened in, looked at the message from the mysterious aeronauts, and then she had an idea.

"I've seen that writing before," she said to herself, and hurried out.

Presently Mr. John Hennipin, farmer, came into town and made for the Telegraph office.

"I'd like to see that hat," he announced as he entered; and the crowd hovered around in awed silence as it was handed to him. He examined it.

"That is my hat," he said finally, and left the room, followed by Willie. Miss Turner at the same time entered with a school examination paper, picked up the note, and showed the two to Bob Hughes, the other reporter.

"Why, they are the same handwriting exactly!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she added, "see these flourishes on his down strokes."

"Step out here, please," he said, and they joined Thompson and Hennipin outside. The sheet was silently handed to the latter.

"Whose paper is that?" Hennepin asked after he had inspected both of them.

"Jimmy Fields, one of my last year's pupils, wrote it."

"Can you gentlemen come out to my house with me?" suddenly inquired the farmer of the two newspaper men.

They agreed, and fifteen minutes later they were riding in the spring wagon to the Hennipin farm a mile south of town.

* * * * * *

"I don't like nobody,
And nobody don't like me;
If you don't like the way I snore,
Why you don't have to sleep with me."

Thus sang Tommy Hennipin from the hay loft about six o'clock a certain evening late in June, while he threw the usual ration of hay to the mangers below. He finished his work and "shinned" up the roof to the ridge-pole to wait, as he had done many times before. A figure appeared on the red barn across the fields, and one flutter of a handkerchief passed from the first to the second boy—the signal of safety, apparently.

O, guileless boyhood! Less than five feet below Tom Hennipin, his father stood with two news reporters, waiting for Tommy to come down and explain. He was not long in coming.

"Tom," began his father, "I have noticed how unusually sleepy you have been the last week or ten days, and I know how pre-occupied you have been; now I want to know something else—I want to know how my hat mysteriously dropped out of the air into the middle of Shelbyville?"

Tom was visibly surprised and hesitated. Then courage came—the courage of resignation.

"Say, paw, how big a lickin' will I get if I 'fess up?" he asked.

The reporters roared.

"You give us the story, boy; it's worth money," said Bob, "and if you get a thrashing we'll pay the damages."

Thus reassured, Tommy led the way to a corner of the loft, pulled away the hay and disclosed a big box kite, cloth covered, with an old lantern hung in the middle of it.

"There's your airship," he said shortly.

Willie looked foolish and muttered something about "twenty-five dollars gone glimmerin'."

"But how in the name of sense did you make the thing travel?" he asked, "and where does the hat and the note come in?"

For reply the boy led them to another corner and disclosed a big dilapidated weight clock.

"That's a clock paw has had on a shelf in the woodshed since it quit keepin' time three years ago. Jim Fields and me fixed it up so it would run and we put this wheel on it to wind the string on."

He indicated a frame wheel at the back of the clock where the casing had been torn away. The wheel was about two feet in diameter and was attached by a stem to a square shaft at the other end of which was the big second hand. It had a very wide rim deeply grooved, and the groove was filled with closely wound cotton string. Evidently a great deal of time and ingenuity had been expended in making the wheel and perfecting the mechanism.

"You see," he continued, "Jim and me would slip out of bed about half past ten and come down here and start the kite. Then we would connect it with the string on the wheel and the pull would help make the clock go and let out the kite over the town. We would just go to sleep in the hay, and when the clock struck twelve we would turn the wheel around on the shaft, so that it went the opposite way, and pile a lot of these scale weights on the regular weights to make the clock stronger. That pulled in the kite. Of course the clock wasn't very regular, but it would strike within half an hour of twelve. Jimmy had a watch that we set it by every night. We would sleep until the kite came in, and then put away our stuff and go to bed. D'ye see that knife fastened at the lower end of the kite? We hung our hat and note by strings down over the edge of the knife, and then, when we wanted to drop them, we jerked the kite until the string was cut."

Tom paused to see how his auditors were taking it.

"Now, don't you feel cheap?" he asked. Then, without waiting for a reply: "We didn't mean anything but a good time when we began, but when you got it in the papers, we just tried to guy you. I hate to break our promise, though," he added, "for we told 'em we'd come down tonight, and we were goin' to cut it loose. I just signalled Jimmy that it was all right; paw never comes up here, and I thought it was safe."

"Tell me just one thing more," said Willie. "What made the sound of the propellers?"

Tom showed him a big pasteboard whirligig fastened at the top of the kite.

"The wind run it," he said.

The air-ship didn't appear that night, and people wondered why. One reason was that Tom Hennipin slept all night under the watchful care of "Paw," and Jimmy Fields waited in vain in the hayloft for assistance in launching the aerial spirit. He learned it all, the next day.

Willie Thompson and Bob Hughes worked late that night writing the story of the phantom airship for the Telegraph and the city papers, while Willie gave vent to many an idle sigh over the loss of his "beautiful twenty-five plunks, borrowed."

The reporters kept their news a secret until the evening paper came out; then Willie called in the newsdealer and instructed him to pay over the cash to Sawdon; after which he directed his attention to his creditors, who were beginning to arrive and offer their condolence.

"You boys will have to wait until my check comes in from the city papers," he told them. "I haven't lost everything in this deal by considerable, but I guess I'll have to cut out some extras next month if I come out even."

The next morning, however, there came a letter to "Mr. William Thompson," with an offer from the very biggest of the Chicago dailies of a position on the reportorial staff. "An opportunity to display your excellent originality," it read. He left that day, and as he said good-bye to his friends on the depot platform, he remarked casually:

"I'll pay that debt out of the difference between last week's and next week's salaries."

But the preacher kept the undertaker in the beaten path of virtue.

And Tom and Jim got their pictures side by side in the paper, with a double column head above and a "write-up" of each below. And they succeeded to their fathers' estates and took the prizes at the county fair for the biggest roasting ears in the State of Iowa.

Among the Boys

An interesting letter from Jesse L. Yelvington, Nordheim, Texas, tells the editor that the writer is a true "American Boy," his ancestors having come to America before the time of the Revolution. His grandfathers went to Texas in 1850. Jesse is a telegraph operator, being night operator and clerk for the S. A. & A. P. Railway Company. He says he has a good deal of spare time for reading and studying, as there are only four trains a night and his sole work is the taking of train orders and selling of tickets. He is but a few weeks over fourteen years of age. Quite a responsible position for so young a boy.

Paul Huling, Tionesta, Pennsylvania, secured his AMERICAN BOY for one year as a prize given by his teacher for receiving the best average grade for the term. In a letter to us he says, "My mother says THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper she ever read. I am twelve years of age, and have found that being in school every day pays."

Eddie Knoche, Stafford, Kansas, receives his AMERICAN BOY through the kindness of his teacher, Miss May Ball, who presented Eddie his subscription as a prize for head marks and for regular attendance at school for six months.

The daily News-Herald, Peru, Illinois, publishes the fact that the Abraham Lincoln Company, number 41, of the O. A. B., contributed $5 to the San Francisco relief fund. The paper speaks of the club as one "made up of young boys banded together for charitable purposes and mutual improvement."

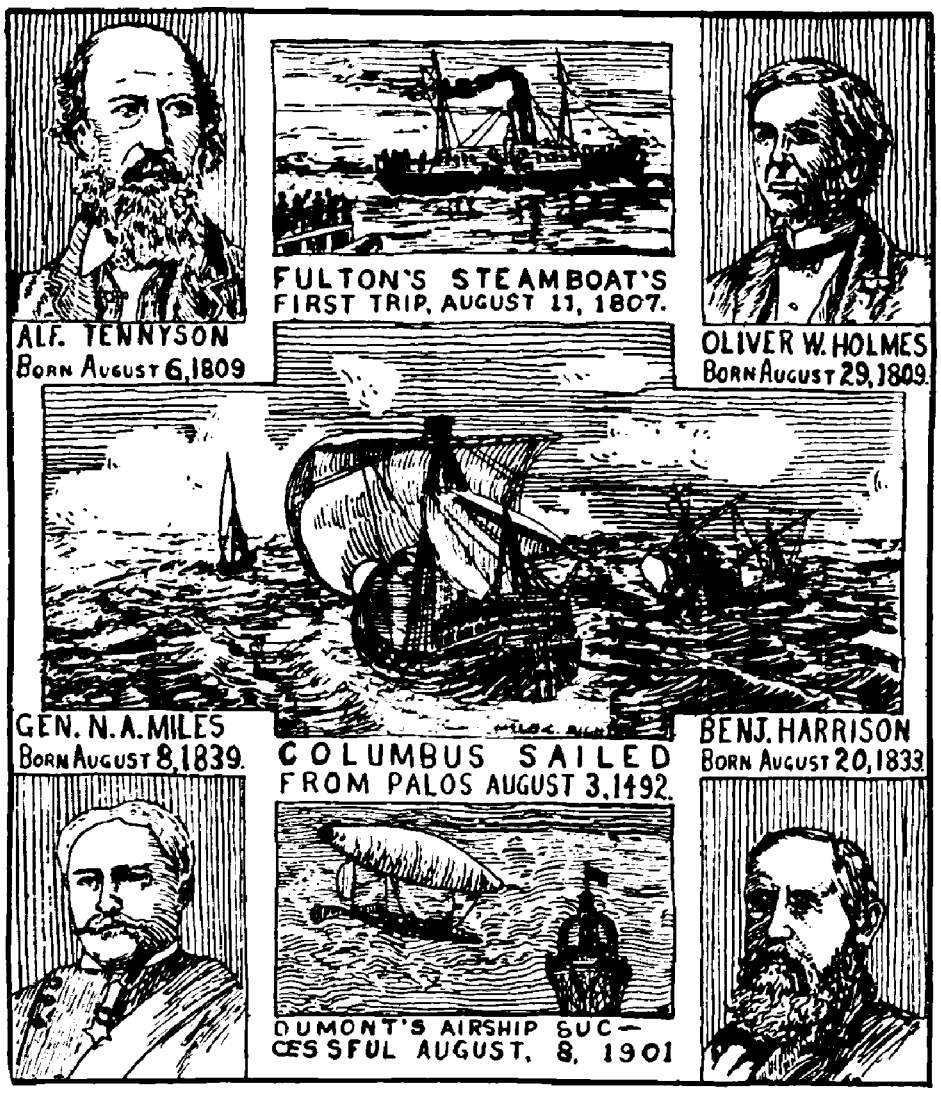
Ralph R. Williams, Warsaw, Ill., one of our boy friends, suggests a department heading to be entitled Spice, to which the boys may contribute bright things. As a starter he sends the following, though he claims no originality for it:

All the world loves a lover—except his rival.

Said Nicholas to Rojestvensky, "Go now, son and wipe those Japs off the earthski."
"Yes," said Rojestvensky, "but I don't want To-go."

OUR AUGUST CALENDAR

Designed and Drawn by one of our Boy Subscribers



The Young Book Agent

(Continued from page 300)

came home the following Saturday. He chopped a big pile of wood, and cleaned up the garden and the cellar.

"I'm going to find something to do next week," he told his mother. "With father laid up and the store gone, it won't do for me to remain idle."

"I am afraid you'll not find it easy to get a position in Claster," answered Mrs. Hardy, as she placed an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"I was thinking of looking for a place in Philadelphia, mother."

"What, away from home!"

"I've got to strike out for myself some day."

"But I hadn't thought of your leaving home yet, Frank," his mother went on, in dismay.

"Well, I'll look around in Claster first."

"I wish you would, and in Porthaven, too."

Frank was enthusiastic about doing something, and that very Saturday night he asked half a dozen persons he knew for a situation.

But as his mother had intimated, it was next to impossible to find an opening. Only at one store was anything offered, and the pay there was but two dollars a week.

"I cannot afford to work for such an amount, Mr. Grimes," said Frank.

"Well, that's all I am willing to pay," returned the storekeeper. "Plenty of boys would jump at the chance. I thought I'd give you a trial on your father's account."

"Thank you, but I'll look further."

Early Monday morning Frank went to Porthaven. As he did not want to pay the stage fare, which was twenty cents each way, he determined to walk the distance. But he was scarcely out of town when a boy in a grocery wagon came up behind him.

"Hullo, Frank!" called out the boy. "If you are going my way jump in."

"I am bound for Porthaven, Joe."

"So am I. Glad I met you," replied Joe Franklin, who worked for a local grocer. "I hate to travel such a distance all alone. Where are you going?"

"I am going to look for work," answered Frank, as he took a seat beside the grocer's boy.

"Can't you get anything to do in Claster?"

"Yes, one job. Mr. Grimes wants me to work for him for two dollars a week."

"Don't you work for him, Frank."

"I don't intend to. I must earn more."

"Old Grimes is the hardest man in town to get along with. All of his clerks are in hot water with him every day."

"Mr. Wilkins must pay you more than two dollars, Joe?"

"He pays me three and a half, and I am to have four after New Year's."

"That is something like. But I want to earn even more—if I can."

"I suppose you've got to do it, now your dad is out of work and laid up."

"Yes."

"Somebody told my dad you folks had lost a lot of money on some rascal in Philadelphia."

"It is true, and that's all the more reason I want to earn something."

"Can't your father get anything out of the railroad company for the accident?"

"I trust so. But it is pretty hard to fight a big railroad company."

"Will your father start in the feed business again?"

"I don't think so. Still, he doesn't know what he will do. He wants to get well first."

So the talk ran until the outskirts of Porthaven were reached. Then Frank left the wagon and thanked his comrade for the ride.

"When are you going back?" asked Joe.

"I can't tell you."

"I'm going back in half an hour. You can ride with me if you will."

"Thank you, Joe, but I guess I'll have to stay a little longer," answered Frank; and then the two boys separated.

Porthaven was a town considerably larger than Claster and consequently Frank had a great many more stores and offices to visit But his quest for employment here was even less encouraging than at home. Not a single opening of any kind presented itself.

"This is certainly hard luck," he thought, as he found himself at the end of the main street. "I did think there would be at least one opening."

He had brought a lunch with him, and now walked down to the edge of the small river which ran through Porthaven.

At a beautiful spot bordering the river somebody had placed a bench, and here he sat down to enjoy the sandwiches and piece of pie his mother had thoughtfully provided for him.

Frank's appetite, like that of most growing boys, was good, and it did not take him long to dispose of his meal.

"Wish I had another sandwich," he thought, after it was gone. "Tramping around gives one a very hungry feeling, especially if he doesn't get any work."

Not knowing what to do next, Frank remained where he was, and presently a young man, carrying a small, square hand-bag of black leather, came strolling towards him.

"Can you tell me how much further it is to Porthaven?" the young man asked, as he came to a halt, and rested his bag on the end of the bench.

"You are on the outskirts of the town now," was our hero's reply.

"Good! I was afraid I had still a mile or so to go. I missed the stage from River Bend, and I did not want to waste the time, so I walked over. It's pretty hot, isn't it?"

"Yes." And now Frank made room so the stranger could sit down, which he did.

"Are you acquainted in Porthaven?"

"Pretty well."

"Then perhaps you won't mind telling me where some of these folks live," and the young man brought out a notebook from his pocket.

"I'll tell you what I know willingly."

"Live around here, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I come from Claster. I'm looking for work."

"Oh!" The young man gazed at Frank curiously. "Hard job, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Struck anything yet?"

"Nothing."

"I can sympathize with you. I was out looking for work, myself, last summer, and I couldn't get a single thing that was worth anything."

"But you are working now?"

"Well, yes; but I haven't got anything steady. I'm a book agent, and I get paid for what orders I get, that's all."

(To be continued.)

Minnesota Claims First Place in Iron Production

A Minnesota boy files an exception to the statement made by the Michigan boy who won the prize for Michigan essay, to the effect that Michigan is first in the production of iron ore. "Formerly," says our Minnesota friend, "Michigan did lead in this, but of late years Minnesota has taken first place."

Some Legion of Honor Boys



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Our September Number

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Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements

TOM'S COMMISSION HOUSES

By

FRANK H. SWEET



"FRUIT in bad condition and market glutted. But try us again, sending only prime stock, carefully packed. There is a good market for such fruit, and we can obtain for you top prices. Notify us of shipment."

This was the substance of the letter, and accompanying it was a check for seventy dollars.

Tom Phillip read the letter with perplexed face, and scowled a little as he thrust the check into his pocket. The oranges had been sent away in the very best condition, he was sure of that; and they had been carefully packed and prime stock, fifty boxes each of mandarins and tangerines, and a hundred and fifty of Mediterranean sweets—the very pick of the whole grove. And as payment for the entire carload they had sent him seventy dollars. Even the freight had cost him fifty, paid in advance; and if he added to the freight, the cost of picking and packing, he would be out of pocket, with nothing at all for the fruit. And worse yet, he had sent two more carloads to the same house only a few days before, relying on the first letter they had written him.

He drew this letter from his pocket now and went over it carefully, word by word, although he knew every one of them by heart.

"Mr. Thomas Phillips," they ran, "We are informed that you have some choice fruit ready for market. Can you not send us a carload of your best at once? We can quote you $4 a box for prime tangerines and mandarins, and $3.50 to $4 for other varieties of good Floridas. Do not confine yourself to a single carload if you can send more. The market is firm now and good Indian River oranges are scarce.

Cordially yours,
GOODMAN & SAFE, Hustlers."

Tom went straight to his grove, where he had four negroes at work, the first help he had ever hired. Two of them were in the top of an eight-year-old Satsuma, stripping it of fruit; one was in the packing house separating the sizes through a "sorter;" the fourth was packing. There was nearly another carload boxed and nailed, ready for the stencil.

Tom threw off his coat and went to work. Goodman & Safe's stencil was on a cross beam near the entrance, where it had been left after marking the boxes shipped a few days before. Over in a back corner of the packing house, and almost forgotten, were a number of other stencils which had been left by drummers passing through the country soliciting consignments of fruit for their houses. Tom had shipped to Goodman & Safe because their letter had quoted the highest prices. Now he took their stencil and carried it to the back corner, where he selected one of the others. From most of the houses he received quotations from time to time; the stencil he selected represented the lowest. Perhaps he had been wrong. Possibly alluring quotations indicated unreliable commission houses.

As he stenciled the name and address of the new firm upon the boxes, his thoughts were busy, reviewing his work and making new plans. He had looked forward to this year's fruit getting him out of debt and building a small house, to which he could bring down his people from Michigan. But the letter had already dissipated that hope, and the house would probably have to remain until another year.

But Tom Phillips was not a young man to give way to hardships or disappointments. Such things only seemed to make him stronger and more determined. He had come to Florida eleven years before, a boy obliged to leave school in search of health, and had started a small orange grove in the pine woods north of Orlando. Two years later his young trees had been frozen, and he had gone on south to the extreme end of Merritt's Island and started again. He had worked a year at anything he could get to do, and then bought more wild land, paying what money he had down and giving a mortgage for the rest. Since then he had worked early and late, determinedly, obstinately, it almost seemed, raising a few vegetables for a living and for ready money to keep up the interest on his mortgage; but putting most of his time and energy into clearing land and setting orange trees. Now he had as fine a young grove of twenty-five acres as there was in the neighborhood. The previous season he had picked a carload, sending it to Jacksonville to be sold to the local state trade. This year he estimated his grove would yield between four and five carloads. The first had been shipped and failed to pay expenses; two more had gone to the same commission house, and might do no better. The fourth he would try at another place; and what was left he would sell to local trade for what it would bring. It might not be much, but it would be sure and would go a little way on the mortgage. The house must wait.

During all these years he had lived in a cabin which he built himself out of logs, scarcely more than large enough to hold his bunk and a rude stool and the few school books he had brought with him. His cooking was done out of doors, at a campfire. When it was too stormy for that, he ate what he had ahead, or things that needed no cooking.

During the past season he had raised several acres of tomatoes and other truck, shipping them north, and had looked after the grove of a non-resident. The money received he kept for the expenses of marketing his oranges, to pay for picking and packing and for the advance freight required on them as perishable commodity. He had still thirty-five dollars of the money left, and the check. But the twelve hundred and fifty orange crates, and the paper for wrapping the fruit in, were not yet paid for. They were to wait until the oranges were sold.

They worked until ten o'clock that night, until the last of the two hundred and fifty boxes that were to make the carload had been picked and packed and stenciled. And by that time a daring plan had formed in Tom's mind. He would go on to New York and be there when the carload arrived—perhaps when the two others arrived. It might do no good; but at least he could study the fruit market and be better prepared for another season, and if Goodman & Safe had not—but, of course, that idea was absurd. Only he would be better satisfied if he could see and know for himself.

The next day he and his packer took the oranges to the station and loaded them in a car; then he left the packer, whom he had found to be hard working and reliable, in charge of the grove. They would pick the remainder of the fruit after his return from New York.

On his way up he perfected his plans. Instead of going straight to the commission houses in his own character, as he had thought, he would go as a stranger, a prospective purchaser, and see how the business was conducted from that point of view.

He had never been to New York, and after attending to his business he determined to remain a few days longer and see the city. He might never come again.

The morning after his arrival he sought out the commission houses that dealt in Florida oranges, and familiarized himself as well as he could with the supply and demand before going to the firms he had shipped to. But along in the afternoon, as he was making his way slowly among the boxes of oranges that were liberally displayed upon the sidewalk, examining this variety and that and inquiring prices, he suddenly found himself in front of the familiar name of "Goodman & Safe, Hustlers."

Here were displayed great piles of fruit upon the sidewalk, pyramids of opened boxes upon each side of the entrance, and long tiers of them within the store. A number of salesmen were bustling about waiting upon customers, and presently one of them hurried to him as he was bending over a box of tangerines.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" the man inquired briskly. "A few boxes of those tangerines, for instance? They're fancy stock, and will sell anywhere."

Tom shook his head. "I'm afraid I'll have to differ with you," he answered smilingly. "These are not fancy stock. They would hardly pass as seconds according to my idea. I've seen better grades in most of the commission houses I've been in."

The other's manner changed instantly.

"So you understand fruit and have been looking around," he said blandly. "Well, I'll admit these few boxes don't quite come up to the scratch. But you mustn't judge our house by this. We carry the best fruit in the city, as you can see by looking over our other varieties. Where do you keep store?"

"Oh, my place is pretty well back in the country," answered Tom vaguely.

"Then these tangerines will be all right for you," emphatically. "They'll be hustlers in the country; and you can have them for three twenty-five a box."

"Three twenty-five," said Tom, looking at the oranges thoughtfully. "And how much for really fancy stock—if you ever have it."

"Ever have it," with some indignation in the voice. "Why, I tell you we always carry fancy—the very best. Tangerines are the only variety we are a little short of now, and we haven't been out of them two hours. There's been a great demand for them in the last few days. But we've got a whole half-carload that's just arrived, and a half-carload of mandarins, and from the same Indian River grove a full carload of Mediterranean sweets and satsumas and other choice varieties. They'll be open tomorrow morning early. If these don't suit you come in again—say at nine o'clock in the morning. You won't find any choicer fruit in the city than comes from the Phillips' grove."

Tom started, and bent lower over the tangerines to hide the color he knew was coming to his face.

"What will they be worth?" he asked, wondering if his voice trembled any.

"Four dollars and fifty, straight, for tangerines and mandarins, and four for the others. Buyers are beginning to discriminate between strictly fancy stock and merely good."

"Couldn't you cut a little if I took a number of boxes?"

"Not a cent," decidedly. "I wish Phillips had sent us four carloads instead of two, for we'll be running short of some varieties within a week. The last lot of tangerines and mandarins that he sent us we sold for four dollars, but the demand is better now. I wouldn't be surprised if we get as high as five for some of these. But can't I show you some other varieties?"

"No, I think not today; though I would like to know the price of Mediterranean sweets."

"Three and a half and four—four straight from the Phillips' grove. We got that for the last shipment, and fruit is going up now."

"Thank you," and Tom turned away.

"Well, be in at nine or as soon after as you can," cordially. "Ask for me, Mr. Safe."

A man had been following them about for some minutes, evidently waiting to speak with Mr. Safe; and evidently Mr. Safe had been trying not to see him. The man carried some papers, and had heard the whole conversation. He now stepped forward.

"Can you pay this little bill today, Mr. Safe?" he asked.

"How much?" gruffly.

"Ten eighty," Tom heard the man say.

"That all," with surprised relief in the voice. "Yes, I'll let you have the money. Receipt the bill."

Tom was walking up the sidewalk when the man passed him; and something in the brisk manner and frank face of the young fellow—for he was scarcely more than a boy—gave him a new idea. He followed him quickly, touching him lightly on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I saw you in that commission house just now, and overheard something. Would you mind telling me what their—well, their standing is in the city?"

The young man looked at him keenly.

"Yes, and I overheard something, too," he answered. "I don't want to hurt the firm's business. You are a customer, I think—a prospective one?"

"Not in exactly the way you imagine, though," said Tom. "I am more interested in the house than that would make me. I don't want to hurt them, either, but I thought you might give me a few points. You are a bill collector?"

"Yes," good-naturedly, "and a lawyer and a lot of other things. You see, I've just hung out my shingle, and am doing the side jobs to help me keep my head above water."

"A lawyer!" ejaculated Tom. "Look here, can't I have a few words with you in private?"



TOM STARTED AND BENT LOWER OVER THE TANGERINES

"All you want," smilingly. "My time isn't very valuable as yet. Suppose we walk down this alley here; it seems about as secluded as any place we can find."

Ten minutes later the young lawyer was possessed of all the facts in Tom's case. He gave a low, expressive whistle.

"You've got a clear case," he declared, "one they cannot possibly get around. But it's fortunate I happened to be in there to overhear what Mr. Safe said."

"The firm is all right then—sound, I mean?" asked Tom.

"As far as responsibility goes, yes. But that's all. They've got plenty of money behind; but they're unscrupulous, and never pay out anything unless they're obliged to; and they haven't any qualms of conscience about how they accumulate. That shows in your case and mine. I hold a bill of sixty dollars against them for a client. It is good, but I never like to force a claim so long as I can obtain it by persuasion. Today I thought it wise to present a small bill; tomorrow I will try the larger one. Perhaps you noticed Mr. Safe's relief?"

"Yes," Tom replied, "he evidently expected the larger one. But what do you advise in my case?"

The lawyer was silent for some minutes.

"Well," he said at length, thoughtfully. "The best thing will be for you to remain in New York for a week or ten days. Tomorrow your two carloads will be opened, and we will make frequent visits to Goodman & Safe, on one pretext and another, and keep a close watch of how the fruit sells. Of course we must not let it appear that we know each other, and perhaps you might purchase two or three boxes of your fruit. That would be additional proof. When it is sold, go back to Florida and wait until you get a statement from Goodman & Safe. Send that to me. If it tallies with what we see, there will be only the first carload to demand accounting of. But in any case, we will have proof positive, and you may expect a fair settlement."

That night Tom left his hotel and went to a cheap lodging house. His scanty hoard must be economized if he remained in New York ten days.

The next morning he sought the commission house to which he had shipped the last carload of oranges. A little inquiry showed the fruit had not arrived.

This house did not make the display of Goodman & Safe, and there was little opened fruit in sight, only just enough to show as samples. But before he left Tom discovered that there were long, dark corridors and vault-like rooms which led from the store, which were piled up with fruit, and where it would keep much better than in open, light rooms. The whole appearance of the place, as well as the grave, elderly proprietor, gave Tom an impression of substantiality and soundness.

Ten days later he returned to Florida.

One week after he got back he received this letter from the house to which he had made the last consignment:

"Mr. Thomas Phillips:

"Dear Sir:—We enclose our check for carload of oranges, and trust that you will favor us with more at your convenience. The market is good now, and your fruit has sold well. It was owing to both your excellent packing and to the choiceness of the fruit. We like to handle such consignments. The tangerines were especially good, bringing easily $4.50 a box. Yours,

"BLAKE & CO."

That afternoon Tom sent for the other three negroes. He would pick the rest of his grove at once and ship to Blake & Co.

It was two weeks after this when Goodman & Safe's letter came. Its tenor was apologetic.

"We are sorry you did not take our advice about careful packing. It is the great secret of getting fruit to market. Do not be disappointed about your poor success, this time, however. We can see improvement in your packing over previous carload, and no doubt you will soon get to where you can command top prices. Send us more fruit at once—all you have. This time we have no doubt you will cull the fancy price which the market is now offering.

"Cordially yours,
"GOODMAN & SAFE."

Accompanying the letter was a check for two hundred dollars, an average of forty cents a box for the oranges. Tom sent the letter and statement to the lawyer.

If he anticipated any trouble he was agreeably disappointed. Goodman & Safe knew which side of the law it was best to remain on. Inside of a week a letter came from the lawyer, with a check which covered the difference for the three carloads of oranges, and an intimation that his fee would be fifty dollars.

When he saw the figures on the check Tom's eager eyes grew big, and he immediately sat down and wrote the name of the lawyer on another check for a hundred dollars, and then wrote to his people in Michigan to come on at once. The house would be ready for them as soon as carpenters could put it up.

Boy Wisdom

Bad habits grow without cultivation.

A good purpose leads to a good position in life.

Live each hour as though there were only thirty minutes in it.

The word "can't" sounds all right when it refers to telling a lie.

The fellow who does nothing always gets tired the quickest.

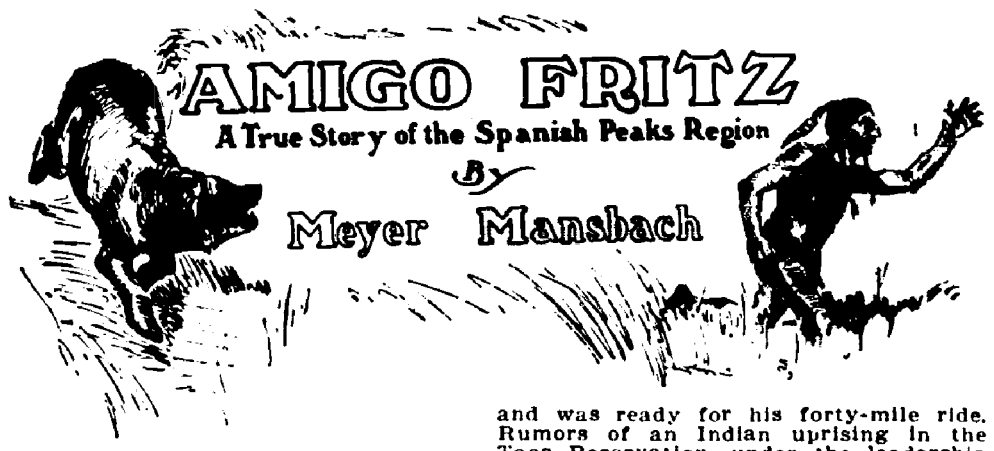
The cock crows early in the morning because he goes to roost early.

Every boy should post himself—but not against a street corner.

Practice makes perfect, except the practice of sin, which makes im-perfect.

A boy is never too young to begin to think of what he will do when a man.

The telling of one lie is all that is necessary to make you a liar. Likewise the stealing of one apple will make you a thief.



THE elements were against me. It had been raining for three consecutive days and the prospects for its clearing up within the next twenty-four hours were poor; so the hunting expedition to the Spanish Peaks country, which I had looked forward to with so much pleasure, had to be abandoned.

I was stopping with my old friend, Carl Keller, familiarly called Dutch Carl by the people of the surrounding country. We had just finished a breakfast, consisting principally of a dish called "Chili con Carne," which Mrs. Keller, a native Mexican woman knew well how to prepare. For some reason Dutch Carl, or Uncle Carl, as I called him, was in a very talkative mood. This gave me an opportunity I had long sought, and I took advantage of it.

In a corner of the room under a well-made glass case, hung the skin of a magnificent brown bear. During former visits I had noticed that this skin was regarded with a sort of religious veneration by the entire family, while offers by myself and others of comparatively large sums for it, had been declined. The storm had increased in its fury; to venture out of doors would be a foolhardy undertaking. So I asked Uncle Carl, as I had often done, to tell me some stories of his first adventures in the western country, and why the skin of the brown bear was valued so highly. After leisurely filling his pipe with home-grown tobacco and tilting his chair back against the wall to add to his comfort, he willingly began to relate the story of Amigo Fritz, an incident connected with his first fifteen years' experience in this country.

Uncle Carl came to the United States in a big sailing vessel. After spending a few weeks in New York, he concluded to go West and try his luck in a new country, and accordingly went to Saint Louis and joined an overland Santa Fe trail expedition. Nothing of interest, except a few Indian scares, occurred on the trip. He became thoroughly accustomed to the life and was considered by his traveling companions a good western scout; but he tired of the overland journey and when he reached the Raton Mountains decided to sever his connection with the expedition and take up a government claim near the settlement called Madrid, about forty miles from the trading post El Moro. His claim was situated in the Rocky Mountain district known as Stonewall. The country was fertile, the climate agreed with him, and here he settled at the age of twenty-one, in a log cabin built on the site of the present home.

The neighborhood was sparsely inhabited by a good class of Mexican people, who looked upon this invasion of the country they called their own, as an encroachment upon their rights. But Uncle Carl was a man of genial temperament and perfect integrity, and soon became friendly with these people. He was a miller by trade, and as the most needed enterprise in the neighborhood was a flour mill, he built a rather primitive affair operated by water.

Uncle Carl was now very prosperous, but found his life lonesome, so it was not surprising that a young and pretty senorita, living about ten miles from his humble cottage, captivated his heart, and that their courtship ended shortly in marriage. The young people were very happy and their union was blessed with two healthy boys, Henry and August, and one sweet little girl, Juanita, the image of her mother. As time went on the herd of cattle and sheep greatly increased, and as they required a bigger range than his present location could supply, Uncle Carl purchased a large tract of grazing land in the valley, about forty miles from his home, and selected a trustworthy major domo to manage the ranch.

The twelfth of December was an eventful day. Henry, the oldest boy, was celebrating his tenth birthday. His most appreciated present was a fine Indian pony called Pinto, the swiftest and prettiest animal on the ranch.

As the family were sitting at the breakfast table a great commotion was heard back of the house. Carl went quickly to investigate, and when he reached the yard saw a plump looking cinnamon bear cub about three months old, surrounded by the dogs, cats and all the other animals. Carl's first instinct was to kill the little intruder, but the children's pleadings saved his life. The children named the cub Amigo Fritz, and in a short time he became so domesticated and affectionate that he was the pet of the family and roamed freely all over the premises. Sultan, the hound, and Amigo Fritz became fast friends, and shared in watching and guarding the house.

Four prosperous and happy years passed. Henry was fourteen, August twelve, and little Juanita six years of age. Amigo Fritz had grown to be a large, powerful bear. Henry had taught him many tricks, and his devotion to the family was unusual for an animal. He protected the children and was a terror to all tramps and strangers, especially to the Indians, who frequently visited the ranches to sell furs and blankets. He seemed to take a particular dislike to them and they were all afraid of him.

On the morning of May 10th, 1861, Uncle Carl had completed preparations for visiting his ranch in the lower valley and was ready for his forty-mile ride. Rumors of an Indian uprising in the Taos Reservation, under the leadership of Nez Peres, a bloodthirsty Indian Chief of the Navajo, were afloat, but these reports had been heard so often that no one gave credence to them. Carl bade his wife and children an affectionate farewell, cautioning them to be watchful, not to leave the stockade, and to keep a good lookout. Amigo Fritz and Sultan licked their master's hand, and as he looked into their faithful eyes and stroked their heads, he said. "Amigo Fritz, and you, Sultan, keep a strict watch and guard my wife and children against danger from the Indians." He then mounted his horse, and, waving his hand, rode slowly down the beautiful mountain road.

The morning and afternoon passed uneventfully. The boys worked in the yard until Mrs. Keller and Juanita had prepared the evening meal and called them in. They were sitting quietly around the table when a terrible outcry, accompanied by a growl from Amigo Fritz, broke the silence. Henry rose quickly, and, reaching for his rifle, rushed outside, followed by Mrs. Keller, August, and Juanita.

A terrible scene met their eyes. Amigo Fritz, whose mouth was dripping with blood, stood over the prostrate form of a dying Indian who had crawled on hands and knees to the stockade and climbed over it, and who would have murdered the entire family but for the watchful bear. Mrs. Keller and the boys at once realized the danger that surrounded them. The alarming stories were true; the Indians were on their terrible warpath.

Hastily the little family set about making preparations to defend themselves against the bloodthirsty red men, who, they concluded, were hiding in the forest about two miles from the house. They called Amigo Fritz and Sultan from the body of the dead Indian, and gave them instructions to watch, which both animals, as though possessing human intelligence, seemed to understand. Then the doors of the house, which, like most houses in the western country, was built for defense, were securely locked, and Mrs. Keller and the children, armed with good rifles, went to the second story. Each of the boys guarded a corner, while, placing little Juanita in a safe place, Mrs. Keller, watchful of every movement the Indians might make, walked from one to the other like an experienced general. They concluded that the Indians were waiting for a signal from their scout before making an attack on the place, and as no signal could come from their dead comrade, the real danger would not begin before daybreak, for Navajos do not care to fight at night.

The long, anxious night had nearly passed. But little sleep had come to the brave defenders. Slowly the gray light of morning came stealing o'er the hilltops, when Henry, who with his finger resting on the trigger of his rifle, was looking through a loop-hole at the little creek over which the Indians must pass, detected a young buck, a little less cautious than the older warriors, crossing the creek only three hundred feet from the house. A quick, but careful, aim, the report of Henry's rifle, and an Indian was sent to the happy hunting grounds. A second Indian rushed to the rescue of his comrade, but the unerring rifle of Mrs. Keller brought him down. The real war had now begun. God have mercy on those lonely settlers!

Mrs. Keller knew the Indians well, and was aware of their cruelty and the horrible torture inflicted on their captives. She feared a combined attack. How long could she and the two boys hold out against their besiegers? Then she thought of her husband. Could he have reached the ranch safely? The boys did not realize the danger as did their mother; the excitement of the fight was new to them.

Amigo Fritz and Sultan were faithfully walking around inside the stockade. There seemed to be only a small band of Indians hidden in the woods, and the death of their two comrades had made them more careful. In spite of this, two more Indians were shot during the day. As evening drew on and the Indians began to build their camp fires, Mrs. Keller, looking anxiously through the loop-holes, saw they were becoming more numerous, and she prayed to God to save her children.

Henry had been for some time in deep thought. Suddenly he arose and came over to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I have a plan which may bring us relief. Let me saddle my pony and lead him quietly out of the east gate over the bluff. Then I will mount and ride as fast as I can to Fort Catskill."

Fort Catskill, about thirty-five miles away, was the nearest military post. It was commanded by Captain Crawford and was occupied by about one hundred and fifty troopers. They were evidently ignorant of the Indian outbreak.

Mrs. Keller listened attentively to Henry's suggestion. She thought for a few moments and then said:

"Henry, go, and may God be with you."

While Henry saddled his pony, Mrs. Keller prepared a rifle and knife and took them to the gate where the brave boy was waiting for her farewell kiss. She then walked rapidly to the north gate, calling Amigo Fritz and Sultan to her side. She opened the gate and the animals, seeming to understand her movements, walked through and started toward the Indians. Locking the gate, Mrs. Keller rushed to the east gate and bade Henry God-speed as he led his pony out toward the bluff.

The plan worked perfectly. The bear, with Sultan following, ran directly toward the Indians. Mrs. Keller fired two shots in quick succession through different loop holes, and these maneuvers kept the Indians in ignorance of the boy's departure.

After safely reaching the other side of the bluff, Henry mounted his faithful horse and rushed like the wind down the rocky valley toward Fort Catskill. He knew that the lives of his mother, sister, and brother depended upon his success. He also knew that he must save the strength of his horse if he wished to reach the fort. The moon was shining brightly, and the horse kept a steady gait over the familiar road. Mile after mile, hour after hour passed, until Henry was within six miles of his destination. Then the long ride began to tell, and the faithful pony showed signs of fatigue. With burning eyes and trembling lips, Henry cried.

"Keep up, dear old Pinto, keep up. We must save them. A few more miles and we will be there."

It seemed hours before he rode around the last hill and came upon the fort. The sleepy sentinel, aroused by the gallop of the horse, looked up and saw them. The boy shouted frantically and waved his arms. The sentinel understood. A

(*Continued from page 313.*)



STANDING OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM OF AN INDIAN

STEVENS

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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November (1905) number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin; No. IV, Abraham Lincoln; No. V, John Adams; No. VI, Thomas Jefferson; No. VII, Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII, Henry Ward Beecher; No. IX, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

No. X--Robert Edward Lee

"The bravest are the tenderest,
"The loving are the daring."

THE WRITER is not aware that these words of Bayard Taylor's have ever been applied to the subject of this sketch, but to few other men are they so appropriate.

Away back during the reign of the ill-advised, ill-fated king, Charles I, one Colonel Richard Lee left his home at Stafford Laughton in the county of Essex, England, and sailed for America, where he settled in Westmoreland county, Virginia, building a large manor house, acquiring a large estate and maintaining all the dignity and hospitality of an English squire. We are told that he was a loyal supporter of his king, yet the reason for his leaving England is hardly clear. It may have been with him as with many others; he heard the muttered rumblings of an oppressed people, and saw the vision of Cromwell and his Ironsides looming up in the distance. Being a member of the English landed gentry Colonel Lee was warmly welcomed by Sir William Berkeley, Virginia's governor, and was made state secretary for the colony.

When England was made a commonwealth, Colonel Lee was instrumental in having Virginia treated as an independent state, but on the Restoration, Charles II, with the consent of the colonists, had himself proclaimed King of Virginia.

Throughout the history of America the Lees of Virginia have been conspicuous in its legislative halls and on its battle fields. The descendants of old Richard Lee, as well as many others of the ancient royalist families who had emigrated during the English Civil War period, became among the most loyal defenders of the colonies in their struggle for liberty.

Two of the Lees (cousins) especially distinguished themselves during the Revolution when the fortunes of the colonies for weal or woe were trembling in the balance.

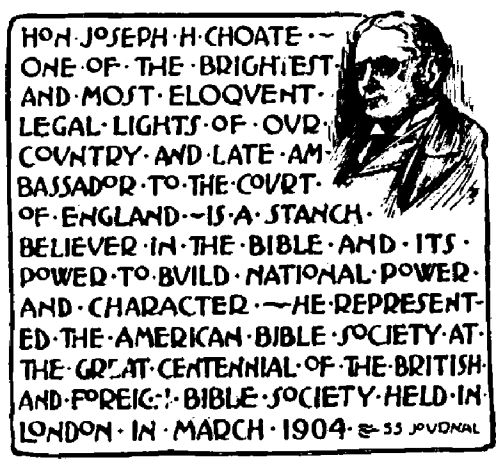
Richard Henry Lee was the member of the Continental Congress who on June 10, 1776, moved the immortal resolution that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent States." Afterwards with his brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, he signed the Declaration of Independence. Previously he had been one of the most bitter opponents of the infamous Stamp Act. It is said that had it not been for his wife's illness, which compelled his absence, he and not Thomas Jefferson might have been the writer of the Declaration. "He was a great orator, an accomplished scholar, a learned debater, and a renowned statesman," being often called "the American Cicero."

The other of the two cousins was Henry Lee, the commander of "Lee's Legion" during the war of the Revolution, who lives in American history as "Light Horse Harry" Lee. The war had just opened when he graduated from Princeton College. His intention had been to be a lawyer, but the call of his country made him exchange Blackstone and Chitty for the sword and the saddle. In 1776, Patrick Henry was Governor of Virginia, and to him young Lee applied for service. He was at once appointed a captain of Virginia cavalry. From the first, he showed a genius for military affairs. His troop became the finest disciplined and he himself was one of the boldest and most dashing of soldiers. Washington early became warmly attached to him, an attachment that lasted until the death of the President. One of Lee's early exploits took place in 1778 when with only ten men he withstood the attack of two hundred British dragoons. Rising to the rank of major and given an independent force, he undertook and successfully executed the capture of the enemy's garrison at Paulus Hook, New Jersey, in face of the British army and navy, bringing one hundred and sixty prisoners safely within the Continental lines. This act of daring and courage not only astonished the British but put new hope and new vigor into the colonies. In recognition of "the remarkable prudence, address, and bravery displayed in the attack on the enemy's fort and works at Paulus Hook," Major Lee received the thanks of Congress along with a special gold medal.

Promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Lee was sent to the Carolinas to aid General Greene who was then fighting Lord Cornwallis. There his daring, activity, and strategy found a foeman in every way worthy of his steel in Colonel Tarleton, the famous or infamous British cavalry commander; but history records that "Light Horse Harry" more than held his own with the Britisher. His work in the Carolinas commanded the warm testimony from General Greene, who said, "no man, in the progress of the campaign, had equal merit with yourself." The war ended with the surrender of Cornwallis. Lee resigned from the army, but before being discharged he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

In retiring from army life General Lee only changed from one form of public service to another. His admiring countrymen sent him to Congress, which he left to become governor of his native state for three years. Returning to Congress, he was, on receipt of the news of Washington's death, appointed to deliver an oration, which he did on December 26th, 1799, in the German Lutheran church, the largest in the city of Philadelphia. It was in this oration that he used the words which have become immortal, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."

After the war General Lee married his second cousin, Matilda Lee, daughter and



heiress of Philip Ludlow Lee, to whom had come the old family estate of Stratford. She died in 1790, leaving four children. Three years afterward he became the husband of Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, whose estate of Shirley was on the James River. Six children were born of this marriage—four sons and two daughters. Of these Robert Edward Lee, the youngest son, was born at the family residence of Stratford on January 19th, 1807. When Robert was four years old, the family moved to Alexandria, about six miles south of the city of Washington, in order to have better facilities for the education of the children.

At the Alexandria Academy young Lee received his early education, his first teacher being an Irishman named Leary, described as a fine scholar and an excellent teacher. Under that gentleman's instruction the boy was ably grounded not only in the ordinary branches of the school course, but acquired a good knowledge of the classics for which he showed considerable aptitude. Many years after, General Lee wrote a letter to his old schoolmaster in which he said, "I beg to express the gratitude I have felt all my life for the affectionate fidelity which characterized your teaching and conduct towards me."

When Robert was about seven, his father was forced, on account of ill-health, brought on by injuries he had received while attempting to put down a political riot in Baltimore, to proceed to the West Indies. He stayed there nearly five years, but receiving no permanent benefit, he sailed for America. The shores of America were reached, but increasing illness made him stop at the home of his old commander, General Greene, on Cumberland Island, Georgia. Here he was tenderly and lovingly cared for, but his sufferings were so intense that death soon came to relieve him. His body was laid away in the little cemetery of the Greene family. A headstone of marble marks his grave, on which there is the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Gen. Henry Lee, of Virginia. Obit 25 March, 1818, aetat 63."

While General Lee was in the West Indies, he wrote many letters to his eldest son, Carter, which show how great was his desire that his children should become men of courage and goodness. In one he says: "You know my abhorrence of lying, and you have been often told by me that it led to every vice and cancelled every tendency to virtue. Never forget this truth and disdain this mean and infamous practice. Above all things earthly, even love to the best of mothers and your ever-devoted father, I entreat you to cherish truth and abhor deception." Such counsel and advice are worthy the consideration and practice of every American boy, for it is only by speaking and acting the truth at all times and in every circumstance that true success is attained. The liar and the cheat may escape detection for a short time, but they are bound to be found out and their downfall is sure.

Robert Edward Lee had reached the age of twelve when his father died. His mother was a great sufferer from rheumatism, being forced to give up almost all household duties; his elder brothers were away from home, one at Cambridge University, England, the other in the United States navy; his eldest sister had to live in Philadelphia for many years under a physician's care; and his younger sister was only a child. Robert, therefore, was the only one who could render any help at home. His father in one of his letters says, "Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother." The boy's naturally good and amiable disposition was strengthened by the watchful, tender care and wise counsel of this devoted mother. Indeed it has been said that, "if General Lee owed his greatness to his father's blood, he owed his goodness to his mother's; for through many generations the Carters have been noted for purity and nobility of character."

This portion of the boyhood of the future Confederate General presents an object lesson to all American boys. The boy of today has as a rule little inclination to help his mother or sister in her domestic duties. House chores are looked upon as not suited to his dignity, and the necessary work of the kitchen is only fit for girls. When asked to do some of the things required about the home he grumbles, and feels ashamed to be caught by his companions at what he calls girls' work, and he is too selfish often to give a little time from his play to offer to bring in an extra armful of wood. Young Lee had an altogether different idea of his duty to his parents. He considered nothing that he could do to help his mother was in any way beneath his dignity. We are told that this boy, young as he was, became his mother's housekeeper, carried the pantry and storeroom keys, went to market and bought the supplies for the family table, superintended the outside work, and cared for his mother's horses. As soon as he was free from school, instead of joining his schoolfellows in their games, he would hurry home to get everything ready for his mother's daily drive. It was his delight to carry her out to the family carriage and arrange her footstool and the cushions for her comfort. During these drives he was always trying to amuse and entertain her, and if he could bring a smile or a laugh by his efforts he was happy. No wonder that when the boy left home for West Point, his mother was heard to say, "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." It must be remembered, too, that the family was a comparatively wealthy one, having enough servants to perform the duties of the household.

These traits of kindness, modesty, and self-sacrifice for others, as well as a high sense of duty, were marked characteristics of this great man's whole life. Some time after the Civil War, which left him broken in health and in poor circumstances, rich friends offered him at various times homes and comforts. Admirers in England wrote him that $100,000 lay in the Bank of England to his credit if he would go and live in that country. All of these offers he unhesitatingly refused; he would accept nothing that looked like charity. One day his daughter in the presence of a gentleman connected with Washington College, Lexington, said: "Why don't they propose to my father some place in which he can work. He never will accept the gratuity of a home." The suggestion was at once taken up and the presidency of the college was offered to the general. He hesitated some time before accepting it, but finally did so, in the hope as he expressed it, "I may thus influence my young countrymen."

While as a boy Lee loved to attend upon and help his mother, it must not be thought that he never had any fun or good times. On the contrary, he tells how fond he was of all kinds of sport, of hunting, fishing, swimming, and following the hounds on foot, and we know that he was a splendid horseman.

Coming from a long line of ancestors who had borne noble parts in the great struggles of their country, we can readily see that the blood of the soldier ran through Lee's veins. On being confronted with the question as to what was to be his life's work, there was not the slightest hesitation. Remembering the brilliant fame of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, sturdy old President Jackson, who loved and honored brave men, most willingly gave the boy an appointment to West Point, probably little thinking that another "Light Horse Harry" would bring glory and fame to American arms.

As soon as his career was decided upon Robert prepared himself for examination by a course of study, especially in mathematics, under Benjamin Hallowell, a famous teacher in Alexandria. Mr. Hallowell in his testimony concerning his pupil wrote: "He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind time at his studies, never failed in a single recitation, was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a neatness and finish to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate, and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for the next, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed."

Even if we allow for some slight partiality of the teacher for a favorite pupil, we must admit that this was high praise; but throughout Lee's career this habit of "finishing up" and having everything down to the smallest detail just right was part of himself.

In 1825 young Lee began his apprenticeship as a soldier at West Point. In personal appearance he seemed to be cut out for a soldier. He was six feet in height, strong and vigorous, perfect in health, with a finely-shaped head. In his dress he was always particularly neat, and he neither used tobacco nor drank liquor. The four years at the Military Academy were spent by Lee in hard study of everything necessary for future success in his chosen profession. By his obedience, good habits, strict attention to every duty, and scrupulous honor, he won rapid promotion. He became a cadet officer of his class and in his fourth and last year was promoted to the highest position in the life of a cadet, that of adjutant. It may be said, indeed, that his whole course at West Point was that of a young man, who, having high aims and an earnest purpose in life, determined that his preparation should be thorough in every respect. No demerit mark was ever placed against his name. His personal appearance was never called in question by an officer. A writer has said of his cadet days: "He never 'ran the sentinel post,' did not go off the limits to the Benny Havens of his day or put 'dummies' in his bed to deceive the officer in charge as he made his inspection after taps, and at the parades stood steady in line."

Lee graduated in 1829, second in a class of forty-six. On account of his high standing he was at once commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, the most desirable branch of the military service.

Two years after graduation Lieutenant Lee married Mary Anne Randolph Custis, the only daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, and the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, wife of our beloved first President. Through this marriage also General Lee and his wife afterwards became proprietors of the historic estate and mansion of Arlington, where in 1759 George Washington was married to the "Widow Custis."

During the four years after his marriage Lieutenant Lee was on duty as assistant engineer in the erection of harbor defenses at Hampton Roads. From there he was transferred to Washington as assistant to the chief government engineer.

The nature and scope of this series forbids the writer from further following General Lee's career, but it would seem to him that he has written enough to cause the boys of America to study his life and convince themselves that he was a gallant soldier, a great general, a man of tenderest heart and largest sympathy.

SYNOPSIS OF SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

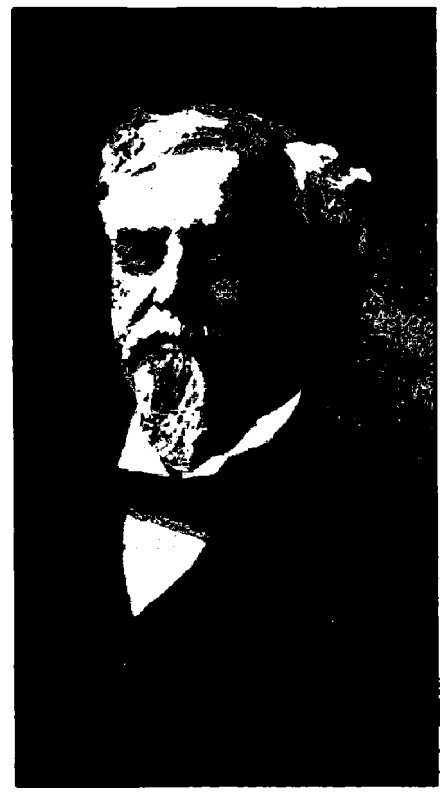
1838 Promoted to the rank of captain. Served with great gallantry in the Mexican War.
1852 Appointed Commander of West Point.
1855 Stationed on the Texas frontier as Lieutenant Colonel.
1859 Sent against John Brown at Harper's Ferry.
1861 Resigned his commission in U. S. Army on secession of Virginia.
1862 Appointed Commander in Chief of the Confederate forces.
1865 April 9. Surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox.
1865 Accepted Presidency of Washington College.
1870 Died, October 12. Buried beneath chapel of College. Name of institution changed to Washington and Lee University.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

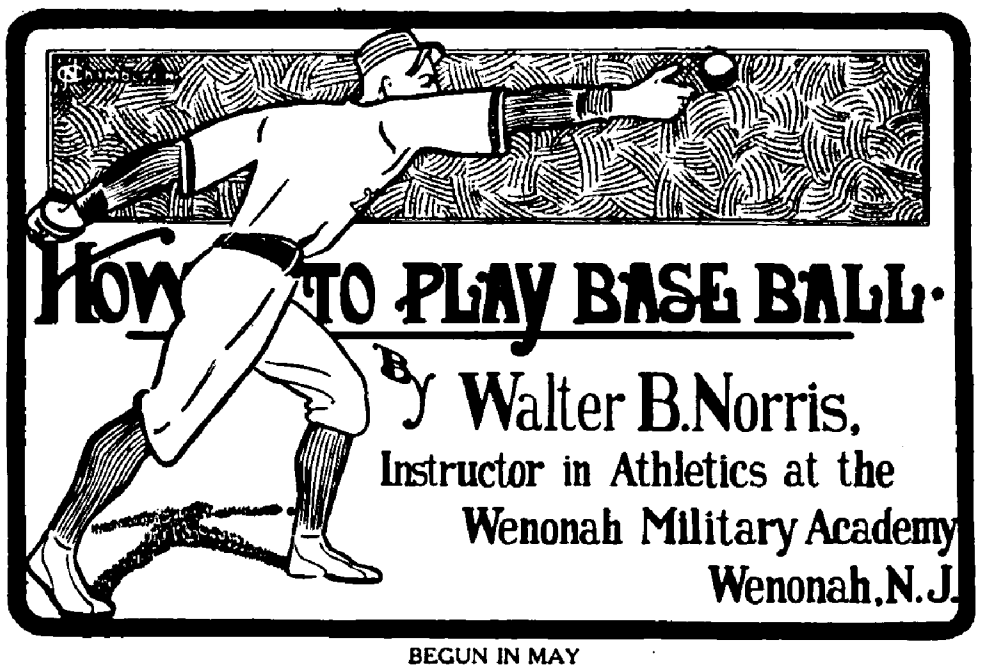
1807-1870

Duty then is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less.



EDWARD S. ELLIS

Whose fine serial story of Geronimo, the well-known Indian character, entitled, "Off the Reservation," will soon begin in these pages.



BEGUN IN MAY

PART IV

TEAM BATTING AND BASE RUNNING.

IN BASE BALL, runs win the game, and team batting and base running produce runs. After the player has learned to hit the ball with some certainty, he has yet to learn when to hit, when to bunt, where to hit, and when to let the ball go by.

Generally it is better for the batter to let the first ball go by in order to get the eye on the ball before striking at it. If a batter has no strikes and three balls called on him, he should always let the next ball go by. With three balls and one strike, a poor batter should wait, a good batter should hit any ball he can. If a batter has one ball and no strikes, he should hit a good ball; also if he has one strike and one ball or one ball and two strikes. A batter with two balls and no strikes should let the next ball go unless there are men on bases. As soon as a man has two strikes he must be ready to hit the next good ball.



"PLAY BALL!"

Photograph by F. E. Duffy, 1417 Globe Street, Fall River, Mass.

Batters should be told when base runners are to steal, and, in order to hinder the catcher's throw, should strike at the ball unless they have two strikes.

When a man is on first and none are out, the batter should make a sacrifice hit, bunting the ball that the base runner may reach second. If, however, he can steal to second let him do so, and then let the batter try to hit the ball. Whenever men are on first, or first and second, and the batter has two strikes and three balls, the runners should start for the next base the moment the pitcher draws back his arm. If two men are out and such a situation occurs, and a hit is made into the air, a man on third comes straight home without holding his base.

On other occasions when a high fly is knocked to the outfield, the base runners should run about ten feet off the base till they see whether it will be caught or not. If it is, they must get back to their bases before the ball does. If it is missed, they may go on to the next base. Being between the bases they are able to do either. Do not stay on the base unless you are sure it will be caught, particularly when forced. A man on third base, however, holds his base that he may run in as soon as the ball is caught or missed. As the ball has to come some distance, he has a chance to make home in either case.

The batter should be careful to run every hit out. He should not follow the ball with his eye but should sprint at full speed to first. On a short hit, turn to the right; on a longer hit that may be good for more than one base, turn to the left and advance about ten feet beyond the base. From there he can tell just what to do and take advantage of slow fielding or anything else. In turning bases make the turn before reaching the base.

When a man is on first and another on third, the man on first should start for second while the man on third, as soon as the catcher has the ball, starts as if for home. This will draw the short throw and then if the man misses the ball the man on third can go home. If the ball goes clear to second, the man on third should try for home. If you discover that the opposing team does not use the short throw, let the man on first go to second every time on the first ball. When two are out, however, look out for the catcher throwing to second to catch you. In that case start back for first to allow the man on third to score.

When a man is on third, less than two out, and an infield hit is made, the man on third runs up a little and then waits till the throw is made to first, and then watches for a chance to get home on a muff. If a run is badly needed, he should run up a little and dig for home as soon as the fielder throws to first. A skillful method of run-getting with a man on third and less than two out is for the batter to signal that he will hit the next ball, and for the base runner to run home as the ball goes to the batter. If the batter makes any kind of a hit, the man on third ought to score.

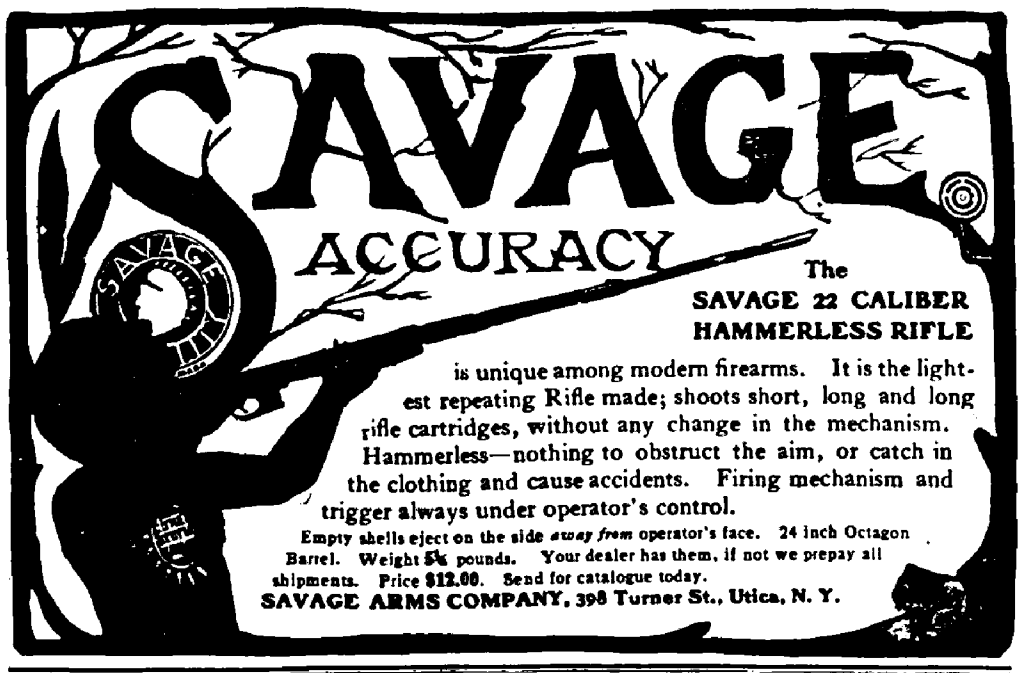
A man who is on second when a base hit is made should make third and then run ahead a few feet to take advantage of any error in throwing to first. If the ball is thrown home to catch him, the batter should go to second on the throw. Many an extra base will be gained if the base runners take a good lead from the base. At second take a good lead with a man on third, and, in all cases, increase it as the pitcher draws back his arm. If the ball is thrown to catch you, slide in to the back of the base.

The last essential in good base running is a properly framed batting list. This is the order in which the men go to the bat. It should be changed as men develop in batting. In general, the best batters go in the first part of the list. We do not put the best batter first as he can be of more service later. The first man up must expect to do a good deal of base running by himself, and so first should be put the man who is the quickest and fastest base runner on the team but who is also a good batter. If he bats left-handed, so much the better.

Second we should put another fairly fast man, and one who can bunt well. His chief business is to advance the first man even if unable to get to first himself. Third we should put the second heaviest batter on the team, who ought also to be fast on the bases. Fourth goes the heaviest and surest hitter on the team. One of the first three men will almost surely make his base, and perhaps all three. This will give the fourth man a time at bat in the first inning, and just when men are on bases. He is expected to send them home.

After the fourth man put the men in the order of their ability to bat. Ability to run bases should also be considered. If in any game you have the last of the ninth at the bat, and you have a substitute who is a better batter than one of the regular team, put him in place of a weaker hitter, as he may help you to win.

Finally, be as careful in your choice of an umpire as you are of the players, and then trust him implicitly. Do not "kick" at decisions, but play the game itself for all it is worth, never despairing till the last out has been called by the umpire. If your team has done its best, it need not be discouraged, even by defeat.



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AMIGO FRITZ

(*Continued from page 311.*)

shot rang out, followed by a bugle call, and Captain Crawford appeared on the scene just as the pony with its little rider reached the gate of the fort.

"Captain, the Indians are attacking mother," gasped Henry, and, unable to utter more, he sank to the ground exhausted. He was quickly revived and able to tell his story.

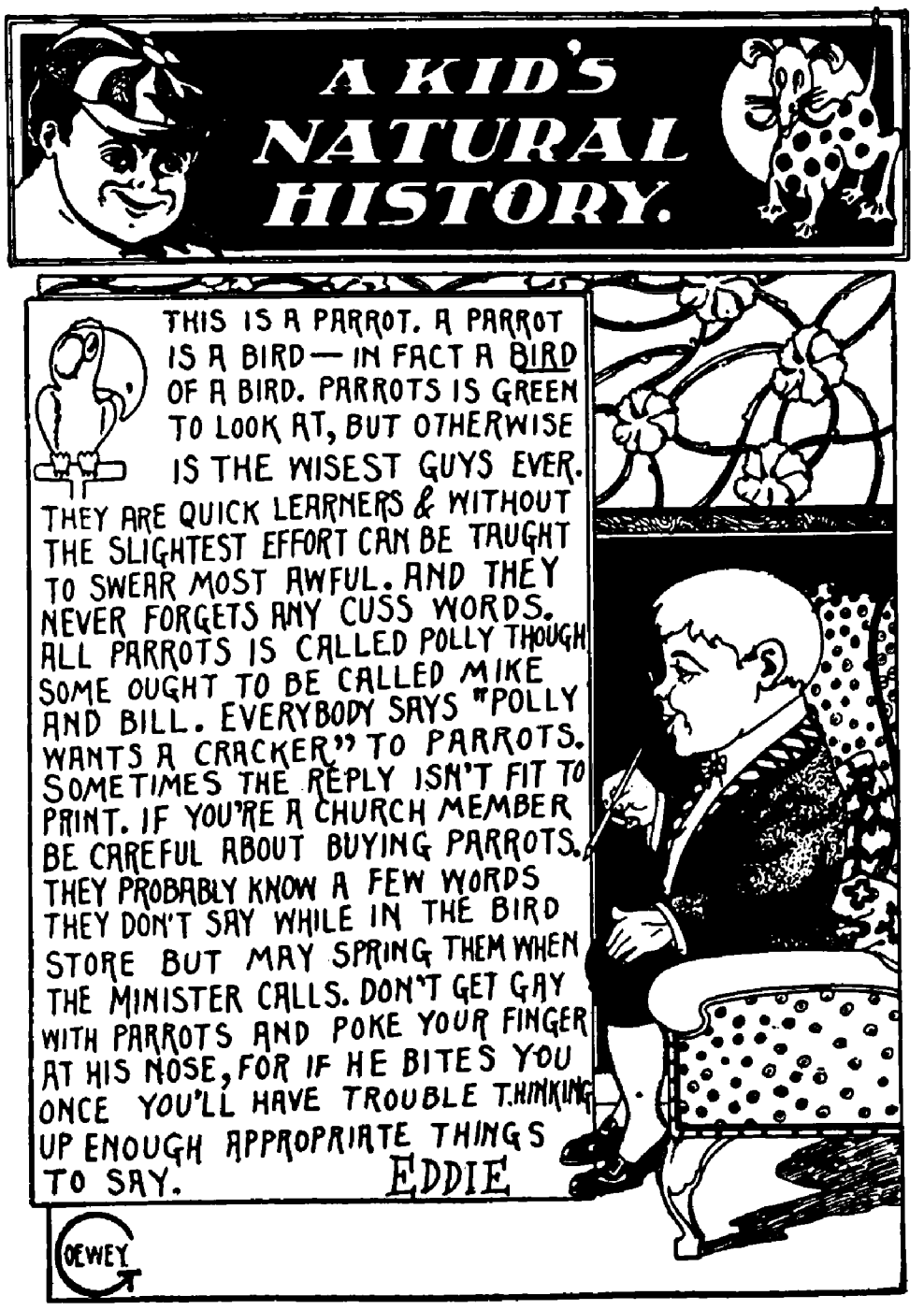
Captain Crawford's commands brought prompt obedience. Being an old Indian fighter, he divided his troopers into three commands, fifty men to stay at the fort, fifty men under the leadership of Lieutenant Nelson to take the north road in order to cut off the retreat of the Indians; and the best men and the swiftest horses, under his own command, to take the shortest road. Henry was provided with a good horse in order that he might accompany the rescuing party. Pinto was left at the fort and was well taken care of.

Meanwhile the anxious hours dragged by at the little cabin where Mrs. Keller and her children were left to hold off the Indians, now wild over the death of their comrades. As the time went on, Mrs. Keller could see that the besiegers were organizing to make a combined attack. She knew that she could not hold out very long against this, but so long a time had passed since Henry rode away over the hills toward the fort, that she hoped and prayed that the rescuing party might soon arrive.

Finally the Indians left the woods, mounted their ponies and made ready for the final attack. Just as they were dashing madly toward the stockade, like a sound from heaven came the bugle call, and with a glad cry, Mrs. Keller drew her children to her, knowing that they were saved. Then they watched the fifty brave troopers, who, with their captain ahead, swept down upon the unsuspecting Indians like a terrific thunderstorm. Crack! Crack! went the rifles, and Indian after Indian fell from his pony, while those who were not shot fled wildly down the road, only to be met by a volley from Lieutenant Nelson's troopers, who arrived just in time to head them off.

Uncle Carl, returning from the ranch, had overtaken the troopers a few miles from the camp, and the mother was overjoyed when she saw the father come toward the house with Henry, the young hero, both safe and unharmed.

A short distance from the Indian camp another hero was found. Amigo Fritz, his own body pierced by a dozen arrows, lay over the body of an Indian. He had sacrificed his life for his benefactors.



Boys' Books Reviewed

BROWN OF MOUKDEN. A Story of the Russo-Japanese War by Herbert Strang, a noted English author of boys' books. The boy who loves adventure and excitement will be fully satisfied with this book. Mr. Brown, an English merchant doing business in Moukden, is arrested by the Russians as a spy of Japan, and secretly sent to Sakhalien. His son, Jack, proceeds to find out and rescue his parent. In his quest he disguises himself as a Chinaman, joins a force of Chinese bandits and becomes an officer, fights and defeats a force of Cossacks, is present in Moukden when the city is captured by the Japanese, and after a multitude of thrilling adventures and many narrow escapes he at length succeeds in finding and rescuing his father. The reader will get considerable information regarding Chinese customs, and the rigorous rule of Russia in Manchuria is well brought out. The maps and glossary giving translations of Chinese and Russian words will be found useful. There are many fine illustrations. 370 pages. Price, $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SLICES FROM A LONG LOAF, by H. C. Stiefel, Ph. D. The book—or loaf, is divided into fourteen slices, each containing something good in the way of history, geography and, best of all—humor, and that of the genuine sort. A party of five make the trip from Oil City to Pittsburg by boat, camping at various places on the way. The record of the trip is made up of the histories of Pittsburg and the various towns and villages they touch on their voyage down the Allegheny, told in most entertaining fashion. Indeed, while the book is of value on account of the information, statistical and historical, that it conveys, we believe its pleasant wit and cheerful, spontaneous, happy humor constitute its chief charm. There are 30 full-page illustrations by well-known artists. 221 pages. Price, $1.00. Bissell Block Publishing Co.

THE GIRL FROM TIM'S PLACE, by Charles Clark Munn. This is a story that one can't help liking. Poor "Chip!" Her life with the rough, brutalizing men in the woods rouses the reader's indignation, and he is glad when she escapes and is received so kindly by the Frisbees. There is very little sympathy with the tragedy of her father's death. Ray is a nice boy and, of course, can not help falling in love with Chip. She, in her new surroundings, becomes a changed creature and, of course, everything ends happily. There are some nice, lovable characters in this delightful book, that of "Old Cy," who ultimately is the means of Chip becoming an heiress, is the best. There is pathos and humor and tragedy in the book, and we believe the author has written a story that will be a success. The illustrations are good and apt. 426 pages. Price, $1.50. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Henry Grapengiser: The nickel 5 cents of 1868 is worth only face value. Leland De Vore: The dime of 1851 has no premium. J. B. McKelvey: Your rubbing is from a second bronze of the Roman Emperor, Maximianus (surnamed Hercules), A. D. 288-310. This coin though very old is not rare by any means, usually selling for about fifty cents at the dealers. William Green: Your "Upper Canada, Commercial Change" with shovels and anvil, 1820 is a common Canadian half-penny token. Herbert M. Grigg: The cents of 1817, 1837, and 1850 sell for ten cents each in ordinary good condition. Your 1798 is poor which impairs its value very much. The others are common European coins of no particular value over face. Edward Pinckney: You will hardly be able to get over face for your 1895 dollar, notwithstanding the stories that you have heard. Earnest Paine: Your coin is a silver piece of Spain but issued from the mint at Mexico in 1799. We take it to be a 1 real, but unless it is in fine condition will not bring a premium. John H. Alsop, Jr.: Your rubbings are very poor and we cannot decipher only in a general way your last three. These are common coins of Spain, China and Mexico. Sam Lewers: The quarter of 1877 CC mint has no premium. Earl Ruhlman: The flying eagle cents of 1856 and 1858 are alike excepting the date. The former is worth about $5.00 and the latter only face. W. H., Uniontown, Pa.: The quarter of 1854 is common. Aubrey C. Brown: A fine 1835 half-dime sells for a quarter at the dealers. Your book published in London in 1800 on the subject mentioned we believe will not repay your efforts to find a sale. Forest Limbacker: The silver three cent piece of 1852 sells for fifteen cents. E. Bertolf: It is safe to say that most all the old Spanish silver has little value above bullion. Yours of Philip V, 1757, seems to be in excellent condition, which is a one redeeming trait with this country's silver and might bring a premium if you knew just where to place it. Norman J. Batts: Your rubbing is from a 10 filler of Hungary. The letters K. B. are the mint mark of the city of Kremnitz where the coin was struck. The piece is common. In this connection, what you take to be a castle on the reverse, represents the "iron crown." This is a golden crown set with precious stones, with which anciently the kings of Italy and later the German emperors were crowned. It received the name "iron" from the tradition that a nail from the cross of Christ was forged into it. Carter Halbert: The quarter of 1837 sells for half a dollar. The cent of 1860 only face. Paul Dowling: The coins you mention are tolerably common. Mason Scudder: Your rubbing is from a German medal. When we get into the world of medals we are lost and without a guide to help us out. Marshall Carder: 1854 half dollars or 1873 quarters will not bring a premium unless in unexceptional condition. Gilbert Williams: The 1846 half dollar will hardly command a premium. We do not know just what you mean by "dollar of 1776." We are not aware of any such coin. The first dollar was issued in 1794. Ted Lyon: The cent of 1857 (nickel) is only worth face. Bill Mc: 1855 cent, ten cents; 1864 2 cents, face; Cuban peso of 1898 paper currency, doubtful. William G. Wilson: The German pfennige of 1876 is hardly worth a cent of our money. Herman Hart: The half dollar of 1843 is only worth face. "San Francisco": The dime of 1894 minted in your city is very rare. The dimes of 1827 and 1837 sell for a quarter each when in fine condition. Your others very common. Fletcher Floyd, Jr.: 1853 three-cent silver, fifteen cents. 1843 half-dime, twenty-five cents. Others face only. Allen Owens: (1) Indo-China 10 cent. (2) Siam 1-8 tical. (3) Singapore, 1 cent. (4) China, common cash. These pieces are worth 25, 40, 10 and 0 cents respectively.

There are two classes of queries that come to the Coin Editor that he feels he cannot do justice to in these columns. First are those who send long lists of coins, often from twenty-five to fifty, asking for the premiums on each to which our limited space forbids an answer; and, second, those queries to which no names are signed and often no postmark or address to help us out in the matter.

The Harlan P. Smith collection of coins, a large portion of which were sold last May in Philadelphia, was one of the most important sales ever held in this country. The sale occupied four days. 2,416 lots were offered, the total receipts being $22,615.10. At this sale a half eagle of 1822 in very fine condition sold for $2,165.00. Only two others of this date are known, one being in the U. S. mint at Philadelphia and the other owned by a prominent collector in Chicago.

The London Philatelic Exposition

From May 23d to June 1st an International Philatelic Exposition was held in the City of London at the Royal Horticultural Society's hall in Vincent's Square, near Westminster Abbey, and was by far the largest and most successful both in character of exhibits and attendance ever held.

The exposition was opened by the Earl of Crawford, who had been commissioned by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to perform that ceremony. Nearly four thousand persons visited the exposition, which contained the most valuable lot of stamps ever brought together under one roof. An approximate estimate of their value is difficult to make, but would undoubtedly run into the millions.

The Prince of Wales and his two sons, Prince George and Prince Albert of Wales, spent some time at the exposition, these members of the royal family being ardent stamp collectors and each having exhibits; the Prince of Wales's collection of Great Britain being awarded a bronze medal. The Prince also exhibited his magnificent collection of Mauritius, containing the one and two penny "Post Office," for the latter of which he is said to have paid the sum of $7,600.

The matchless collection of Hawaiians, exhibited by Henry J. Crocker, of San Francisco, was awarded a championship cup. This collection, which was shipped from San Francisco only a few days before the earthquake, contains a two cent "Missionary," one of the rarest stamps in the world. Mr. Crocker is said to have lost nearly $75,000 worth of stamps in the San Francisco disaster.

The collection of Great Britain, exhibited by the Earl of Crawford, was probably the finest shown from a philatelic standpoint, being marvelously complete and was awarded a championship cup.

Mr. John N. Luff, of New York, represented the United States on the Board of Judges of Awards.

Space will not permit us to go into further details regarding the wonderful exhibits, but the exposition was a splendid success, and the public attention directed to our hobby through the interest displayed by members of the royal family cannot fail to stimulate stamp collecting all over the world.

Stamp Inquiries

G. T. S.—All of the stamps you list are common and catalogue 1 and 2c except $5 Conveyance which lists 15c, 3c Telegraph 25c, and 2c black Jackson 6c. The last stamp you describe is from Bulgaria, issued in 1882 and is worth 2c. J. C. L.—Both your "stamps" are labels used to advertise expositions and have no value. J. G. T.—The "Basle" stamp is a Swiss revenue. The other two stamps are worth 2c each. W. R. T.—We are unable to identify your stamps from description. Send a drawing of it. H. K. P. Jr.—The three stamps are worth 5c. Ernest S.—U. S. stamps printed by the Continental Bank Note Co. from 1873 to 1879 are on hard, crisp paper; those printed by the American Bank Note Co. from 1879 to 1890 are on soft, porous paper. In 1882 the 1c, 3c, 6c and 10c stamps were re-engraved, which can readily be told by the lines of color of the background being almost solid; a stamp catalogue will also explain other differences. The 25c France surch. 1 piastre lists 2c.

Coin and Stamp Notes

A gold half dollar dated 1851 is worth $1.

A 50 cent piece coined in 1836, if it bears a milled edge, is worth from $2 upward.

If genuine, California gold half dollars dated 1854 are worth $1, and quarters, 75 cents.

A copper fifty-dollar gold pattern which sold at a sale in 1890 for $10.50, brought $50.

The second highest price of the sale, $1,050, was paid for an 1815 half eagle, which sold in 1883 for $54.

French five-franc pieces, Prussian reichthaler, and Swiss five-franc pieces are worth only face value.

Copper cents dated 1827, 1832, 1839, 1840, 1852, and 1854, and three-cent pieces dated 1853 are worth but face value.

An 1808 half cent is worth from 10 to 20 cents, and a half cent of 1807, if in very good condition, is worth about 50 cents.

For a quarter dollar of 1823, the rarest of coins of this denomination, $360 was paid. A specimen in fine condition sold in 1876 for $55.

A 15 cent black stamp, bearing Lincoln's picture, is worth $10 if unused; if canceled, it is worth but 50 cents. These stamps are of the 1862-66 issue.

It was not customary in the early days to put the value on United States gold coins, and many of these coins turned out from the mint up to 1840 bore no value.

A half-dollar of 1797, in good condition, was sold for $45 at the Davis sale. One of the same date brought $120 at the Smith sale; 3,918 of these were coined.

A 25-cent paper bill of the series of 1874, if in crisp condition, is worth from 50 to 75 cents. A fractional currency 50 cents of 1864 is worth only about 55 cents.

At the same sale in 1851 the buyer of the cent was laughed at for paying $5 for a proof 1838 pattern dollar. At a recent sale $205 was paid for an 1838 pattern dollar.

A cent of 1810 is worth from 5 to 25 cents, according to its condition. Coins from which the dates have been worn are rarely held at a premium, no matter what their variety.

A quarter of 1853 without arrow points is worth up to $4, depending upon how much it is worn; if it bears arrow points at either side of the date, it is worth just face value.

Gold dollars dated 1851, 1852, 1853 and 1855 are worth $1.75 each. $2.50 gold pieces dated 1836, 1845, and 1878 are worth just their face value, while those dated 1838 are worth $2.75. A $3 gold piece dated 1854 is worth $3.25.

One hundred and fifty dollars was paid for an 1879 twenty-dollar "goloid" pattern piece, of which it is said only three were struck. This coin brought $43 at the Davis sale in 1890.

The record figure of the Harlan P. Smith sale, which was held in Philadelphia not long ago, was $2,165, paid for a five dollar gold piece of 1822. This same coin sold for $900 at a sale in 1890.

In 1876 a half dime of 1802 in fine condition, of which there are only sixteen known, sold for $70. In 1890 this coin brought $170, while a specimen at the Smith sale of the same date brought $290.

At an auction of old coins in 1851 10 cents was paid for a 1793 chain cent. A cent of the same variety of the same year, but not in as good condition, sold two years ago at the Mills sale for $225.

A sharp and perfect specimen of the silver dollar of 1851, which sold in 1890 for $48, recently brought $85. There were 1,300 of these coins struck. A proof coin dated 1852, of which 1,100 were issued, sold for $75.

At the end of the Revolutionary War Continental currency bills were worth very little, one dollar in coin being worth 75 in paper. To a curiosity collector at the present time these bills are worth from 25 to 50 cents.

The flying eagle cent dated 1856 is held at a high premium because only a limited number were issued, but of those bearing the dates of 1857 and 1858 many thousands were put into circulation, and there is no premium on them.

A pattern cent dated 1853 is worth $8, and one dated 1851 is worth $5. The ordinary copper cent pieces of these dates are very common and are held at no premium. The pattern cents differ from those of regular issue.

It is supposed that there are in existence seven Confederate cents, struck in gold and inscribed "Confederate States of America," dated 1861. One recently brought $50. There are also fifty-five struck in copper, twelve in silver, and twelve in nickel.

A 30 cent brown stamp, representing Columbus at La Rabino, is worth 40 cents; a 15 cent green stamp of the same set, with Columbus announcing his discovery, is worth 30 cents, and a 10 cent gray stamp, with Columbus presenting natives, is worth 4 cents.

Several years ago there was quite a demand for Mexican Maximilian dollars and a good specimen was worth from $3 to $4. This demand on the part of coin collectors seems to have subsided, and the present value of this coin is about $1.25.

Gold pieces of the $2.50 denomination dated 1826, if in uncirculated condition, are worth about $100, and those dated 1863 are worth about $50; but the majority of the coins of this denomination are worth just a few cents more than face value.

A four-dollar gold piece of 1879 was disposed of at the Davis sale for $5.60. At a recent sale $255 was paid for one variety, while another fetched $55. Still another pattern four-dollar, or "Stella" gold piece, dated 1880, which differed but a trifle from the 1879 variety, brought $370, and another $280.

In no series of coins have there been more rapid or greater advances in value than in the list of half cents. A specimen of any one of the proof half cents dated from 1840 to 1849 could be bought as low as $4.50 in 1876. At the Smith sale they sold at prices ranging from $36 to $80, which was paid for a coin dated 1842, the rarest of this period.



JUST AS THE SON WENT DOWN
Photograph by Verna Lathrop, Age 12, Nebraska City, Nebraska

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15 Argentine	10	15 Greece	10
30 Australia	10	10 Luxemburg	10
15 Bulgaria	10	5 Newfoundland	10
10 Bosnia	10	10 Persia	10
7 Bolivia	10	20 Russia	10
20 Canada	10	11 Servia	10
10 Cape of Good Hope	10	30 Sweden	10
11 Dutch Indies	10	30 Spain	10
10 Egypt	10	15 Turkey	10
10 Finland	10	10 Uruguay	10
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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 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.



FIRST PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY PAUL FOURNIER, E. AURORA, N. Y.

Numbering Prints

To number albumen prints or entitle them effectually and distinctly write upon a dark part of the print with a steel pen and ink composed as follows: Iodide of Potassium 1 part; water, 2 parts. A short time after writing, the letters appear white and are permanent.—Ex.

Likes the Boy Photographer

Mrs. Verona E. Toman, of Lake City, Mich., pays us the following compliment: "I subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY because I wanted the help I got out of the photographic department. Although it is intended for amateurs, those further advanced get a great many new and helpful ideas."

Preserving Chemicals

The following photographic chemicals should be kept in glass-stoppered bottles only: Ammonium bromide, carbonate and sulphocyanide, calcium chloride, ferric chloride, gold terchloride, potassium carbonate and hydrate, sodium carbonate, chloride, hydrate and sulphite. Sodium hyposulphite should never be kept in paper, but in covered jars in a dry place or in solution.—Ex.

Ventilation of Dark Rooms

It would seem a very simple and necessary precaution to provide a dark room with a ventilator, which can easily be done with an upright box about a foot deep and six inches square, having projecting on the inside thin pieces of tin or wood, these stopping the light, although admitting the air freely. If blackened inside, no light to hurt will enter the dark room.—Photographic Chronicle.

Our Prize Pictures

The late fall or early spring landscape by Paul Fournier, of East Aurora, to which this month's first prize was awarded, speaks for itself. It is not only excellent from a technical point of view, but shows great artistic ability. "Four of a Kind," by Joe Harbison, of Dayton, Ohio, appeals to us principally on account of its subject. What boy does not love kittens, even if he hates cats?

Printing From Broken Negatives

The broken negative has first fastened to it on the glass side, with adhesive strips around the edges, a clean piece of glass. This is done to keep the parts of the negative in place and prevent further injury. To print, simply place in contact with the front three or four thicknesses of onion-skin paper and print as usual. The number of thicknesses of paper necessary may be judged by placing in front of negative and looking through it. When the break is no longer visible, it is sufficient.—Am. Amateur Photographer.

Honorable Mention

The mail of this department was unusually large this month, for this time of the year, and contained many good photographs. The distinction conferred upon the following therefore, is an evidence of particular merit that should be accordingly appreciated: J. J. Hollis Abbot, J. A. Dupree, Jr., Robert Falge (for photo. entitled "Two Friends"), Robert C. Line, V. Lathrop, Arlington P. Gray, Harry F. Blanchard, M. H. Tardy, H. E. Greiner, Ashby A. Streeter, Nick Bruehl, H. W. Rockwood, Arthur A. Smock and Roy J. Conklin.

Current Comments

Geo. L. Detwiler—You would have received an honorable mention, if it had not been for a fault of your photograph that has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns. The forepart of your horse is larger than the hindpart, because it was nearer to the camera, whereas both parts should have been at the same distance from the apparatus. Wilbert Wenger—For a first attempt, your photograph is very good. Ernest A. Stifel—Your print of "The Bridge" lacks contrast and is rather flat; otherwise it is commendable. Perhaps Velox paper would enable you to obtain a better result. Harold C. Tuttle—Your photo. lacks detail.

Developing Formula

Solution No. 1—Water, 20 ounces; carbonate of soda, 2 ounces, and carbonate of potassium, 2 ounces. Solution No. 2—Water, 32 ounces, and sulphite of soda, 6 ounces. Solution No. 3—Water, 10 ounces, and potassium bromide, 1 ounce. For a properly exposed 4x5 plate, take: No. 1, ½-ounce; No. 2, 1½ ounces; water, 2 ounces, and pyro (dry), 4 grains. If overtimed, add a few drops of No. 3; if undertimed, increase the quantity of No. 1, but not to more than an ounce to this quantity of developer. If uncertain as to the timing, start with only a few drops of No. 1, adding by degrees as much as may be required. Should there be an apparent want of density, add more pyro.—Am. Amateur Phitographer.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY JOE HARBISON, 209 GROSVENOR AV., DAYTON, O.

Intensifiers

There are some people who object to using the mercurous chloride intensifier on account of its exceedingly poisonous character. Intensification with copper is equally satisfactory, and the solutions used, though poisonous, are not quite as violent as the mercurous salts. The plate has first to be bleached in a solution made up of:

Copper sulphate	400 grs.
Potassium bromide	400 grs.
Hot water	4 oz.

This is allowed to cool before immersing the negative. When bleached, the plate is rinsed, and put in:

Silver nitrate	88 grs.
Water	2 oz.

Finally, it is thoroughly washed in running water.

Tinted Mounts

Instead of using various colored papers for margins in mounting prints, mounts themselves may be tinted by a very simple process by which any desired tint can be obtained. A mat is cut from any thin paper the size of the desired margin and placed in position on the mount. A solution of water-color of the tint required is prepared, and this is applied to the mount along the edge of the mat by means of a small pad of cotton. This pad should, however, be simply moist and not wet with the water-color. It is very rapidly and gently patted along the edge, and by going over the edge about three times the color will be found to be very evenly laid on. Of course it is only necessary to tint along the edge, as the rest will be covered by the print.—Camera Notes.

Queries and Answers

R. H. Stickney, Jr.—Prints from films you speak of are admissible in our contests. Julius F. Kotchever—Our contests are open to subscribers only. Henry Wislander—The Photographic Times is published in New York. The addresses of the other periodicals you mention are unknown to the editor. A formula for sensitizing solution you want was published in the June, 1905, issue; we cannot waste space by repeating it. Albert Wallace—Tank development is entirely satisfactory when the exposure is correct. Karl E. Miller—Personally the editor prefers a plate camera. The film camera presents some advantages, however, such as lightness and the fact that it can be loaded in broad daylight.



PAPA'S BOY
Photo by Earl V. Hudson, 449 N. Main St., Delaware, Ohio

Mrs. Verona E. Toman—Directions for making enlargements at home were given in our March and August issues, of which back-numbers are obtainable at ten cents each. R. McKneely—Address Burke & James, Photo Supplies, Chicago. Ross Daniels—See reply to J. F. Kotchever.

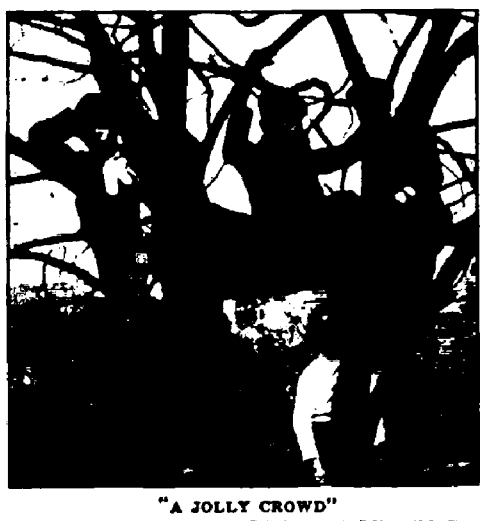
'Twasn't Running

Estella Best, Hurdsfield, North Dakota, sends THE AMERICAN BOY the following amusing anecdote: A certain gentleman took pleasure in springing questions on children he met and noting their answers, which sometimes were very funny. On the street one morning he met a small, freckle-faced, squint-eyed newsboy, and adressed him as follows:

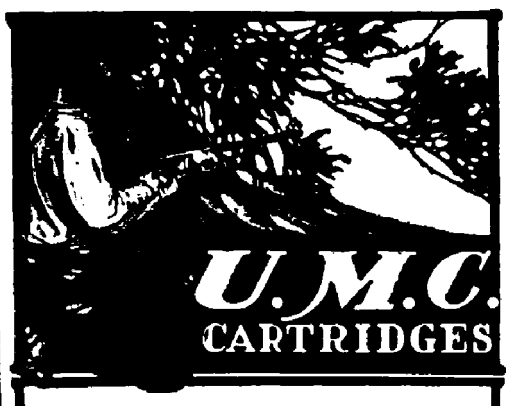
"Say, sonny, can you tell me what time it is by your nose?"

Turning his squint eyes up at his questioner, without the least hesitation, he replied:

"No, sir, can't. 'Tain't running today."



"A JOLLY CROWD"
Photograph by Joseph Blair, 7418 Idlewild St., Pittsburg, Pa.



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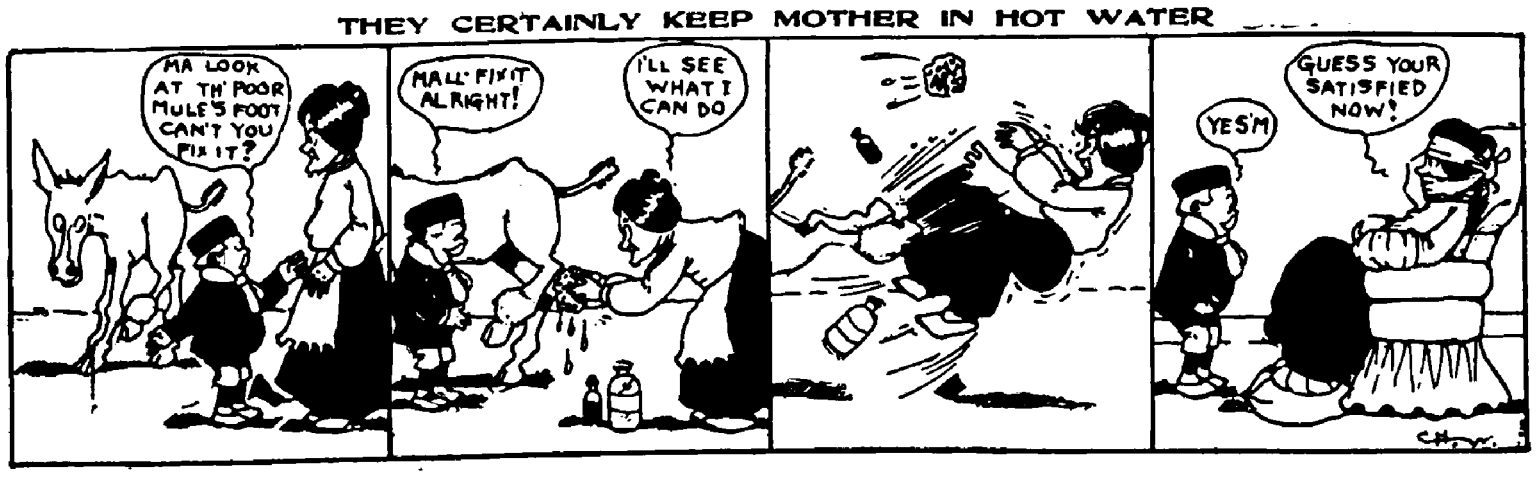
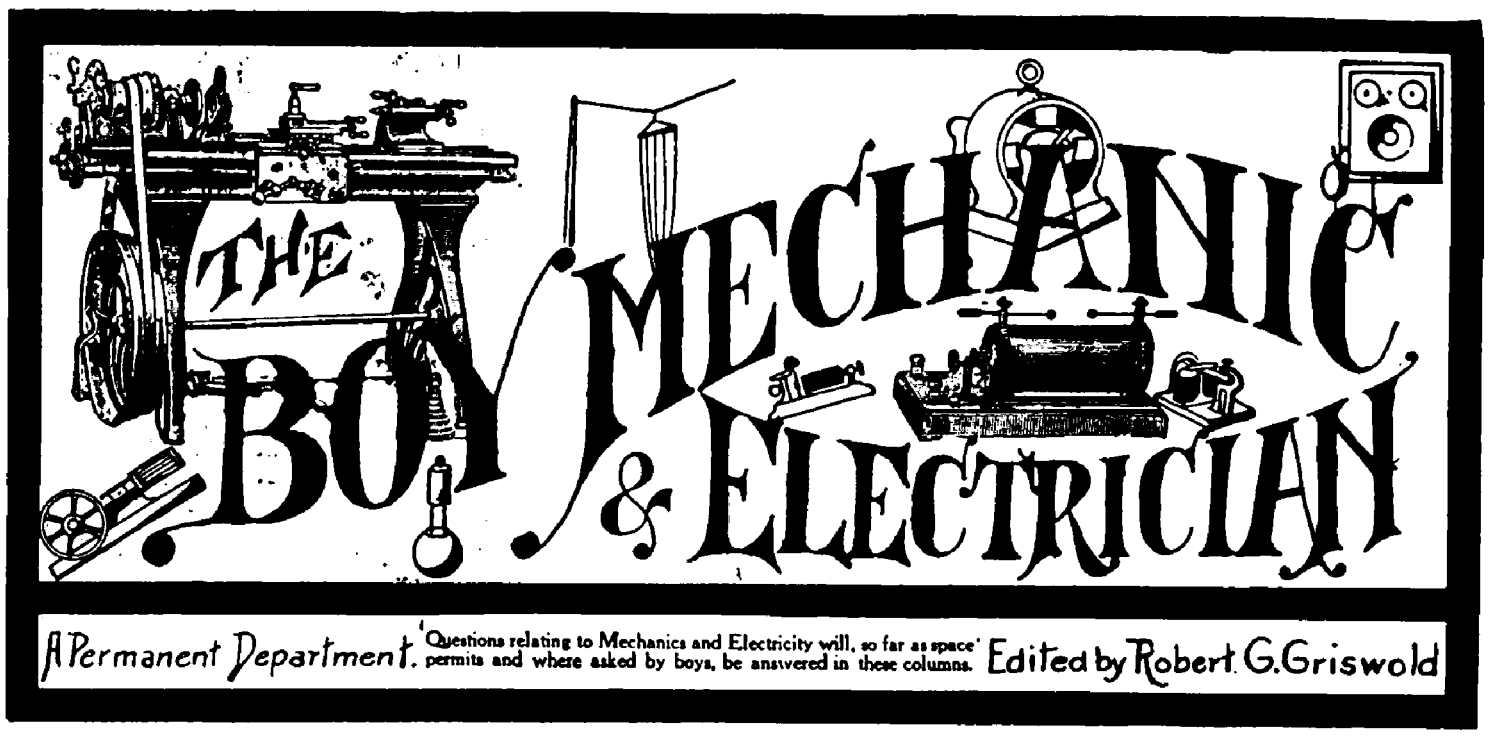
WILLIE'S PETS

THEY CERTAINLY KEEP MOTHER IN HOT WATER





How to Make Dry Batteries

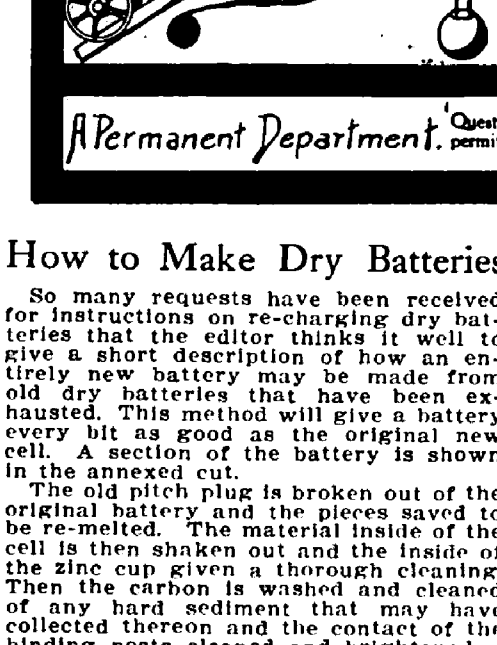
So many requests have been received for instructions on re-charging dry batteries that the editor thinks it well to give a short description of how an entirely new battery may be made from old dry batteries that have been exhausted. This method will give a battery every bit as good as the original new cell. A section of the battery is shown in the annexed cut.

The old pitch plug is broken out of the original battery and the pieces saved to be re-melted. The material inside of the cell is then shaken out and the inside of the zinc cup given a thorough cleaning. Then the carbon is washed and cleaned of any hard sediment that may have collected thereon and the contact of the binding posts cleaned and brightened.

A paste is then made up according to the following formula:

1 part of sal ammoniac,
1 part of chloride of zinc,
3 parts plaster of Paris,
87 hundredths parts wheat flour,
2 parts water.

A wooden plug or cylinder somewhat larger in diameter than the width of the carbon is then inserted in the center of the zinc shell and the above paste firmly packed in about it. While the above solution can be poured in readily, it sets very quickly, becoming stiff enough to stand while the plunger is being withdrawn. This leaves a space inside of the dry cell a little larger in diameter than the carbon. The carbon is now inserted



in this hole and the surrounding space is filled with another mixture composed of the following:

Sal ammoniac,	1 part
Chloride of Zinc,	1 part
Peroxide of Manganese,	1 part
Granular Carbon,	1 part
Plaster of Paris,	3 parts
Flour,	1 part
Water,	2 parts

These are thoroughly mixed and poured into the space about the carbon. The pitch which was taken off of the original cell is then melted and poured back over the top, thoroughly sealing it and preventing evaporation.

A very small piece of rye straw may be inserted in the top of the mixture before the pitch is poured in. This straw could then be withdrawn, leaving a very small vent for the escape of gases which are generated within the cell during action. This will give a new battery with an E. M. F. of about 1.4 volts and an internal resistance of .3 of an ohm.

One advantage of this type of cell is that it gives practically a constant output throughout its life. The mixture with which these cells are filled is inexpensive and quite a number can be refilled at will.

The granular carbon spoken of may be had by crushing up some old electric light or battery carbons. The pieces should be about the size of kernels of corn, so that they will lie as closely together as possible. Dry batteries made according to this formula will give the very best of service, and they may be recharged from time to time, until the zinc shell is completely worn away.

CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE

By JOHN L. DOUGHENY

Other articles by Mr. Dougheny have appeared in the July, September, October, November and December numbers of 1904; and in the January, February, August, September, October and December numbers of 1905.

No. 12—The Ball Charm

I DO NOT believe in whittling work which puts an extraordinary strain on one's eyes or patience, and for that reason have never exploited designs of that character. I am against the idea of spending six months or a year in carving out a trinket which has little if any intrinsic value. In a Chinese museum there is a curio that shows the marvelous ingenuity of human fingers. It looks like a wooden sphere the size of a baseball. On each end or pole there is a hole in which a pencil would snugly fit. Inside the wooden ball was another, inside that was a third ball and inside the third was a fourth, all perfectly fashioned. It is the work of a man who had been sentenced to prison for life and represents forty years of constant, tedious labor. He had tried to make a thousand before he succeeded in making one. I would call his life a lost one because the thing he produced did the world no good. I want to show you the difference between this kind of effort and the kind I have advocated in this department for the last year. I believe strongly in problem whittling, the kind that starts out as difficult as a Chinese puzzle and ends up as plain as "A B C." For a shut-in day when you are tired of reading and crave for action nothing can take the place of wood carving.

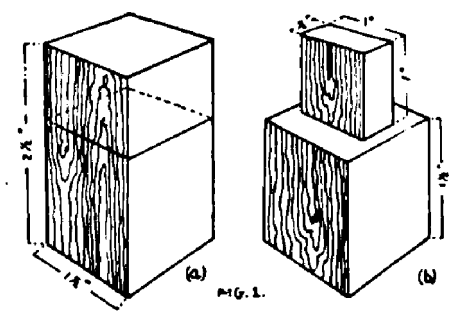


FIG. 1.

The job we will discuss today is one that you can carry around in your pocket and work on whenever the fancy strikes you. It looks really impossible at first glance, but if you study the drawings and text it all becomes surprisingly simple.

We will begin work on a piece of soft pine one and a half inches square and two and a half inches long. Our first duty is to divide it into two parts by drawing a line across the grain on the four sides one inch from the end, as shown in part "a," Fig. 1. After having carefully marked it out cut the top or smaller division down till the end is a rectangle one-half inch by one inch.

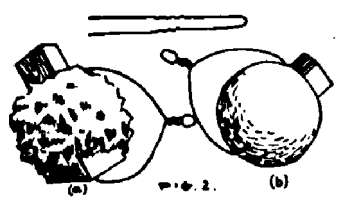


FIG. 2.

This means that you will shave off the front face and back to a depth of three-fourths of an inch and the sides only one-half inch. Part "b," Fig. 1, clearly illustrates the appearance of the block after this first cutting is done. We will now devote our attention to the lower or larger section. We know that it is to be a ball, so we will proceed to make it spherical. This sounds easy, but in reality it is the most difficult part of the whole job. We must go about it slowly, cutting off small splinters and measuring every minute or so. The tool used to measure spheres resembles ice tongs and is called calipers. We can bend the ever useful hairpin into shape to do for this occasion. Fig. 2 shows the home-made calipers and the method of measuring with them. Gauge the end one inch apart and pass the ball between them, turning it slowly as you do so. If while passing through it just barely touches the ends of the hairpin it is right size, but if it has to be forced through, it of course, must be reduced in size. When we have gotten it fairly round we can finish neatly with sandpaper. Now out of the flat pieces on top we will make a ring and more than that we will have the ring connected inseparably with the ball. Begin by boring a hole through the very center of the flat piece, gradually making it larger until only a margin one-quarter of an inch wide remains. Now for the ticklish part. With a small blade or sharp file point dig right through the ball, going round and round that section of the

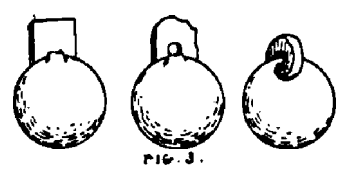


FIG. 3.

ring which passes through it (the ball). When the tool emerges out of the other side the ring will be free to move like the link of a chain. It is slow work, the splinters removed being like sawdust. When you have loosened the ring or swivel you can count yourself a whittler of the very first water. Pull the rough part through till you can get at it and smooth with a file or sandpaper. Avoid the temptation of making it too slender and delicate. Fig. 3 pictures this process of making the ring and ball which we have been describing. Note the way the grain of the wood runs. After finishing, it is a good idea to soak the wood in oil or turpentine. This piece should not be handled too frequently, for it is fragile. Fig. 4 shows the complete design. Any boy who tries can whittle it out in say a week, working an hour or two every day. It is a pretty ornament, a good test of your skill and patience and involves an important principle of this kind of work. I would advise you to try it even if you have never been interested in whittling before. Surprise your friends and perhaps yourself with ability you never knew you had.

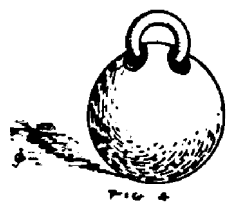


FIG. 4.

QUERY BOX

Q. What is the best kind of a lightning arrester for a telegraph key that runs between my chum's house and mine? The power is furnished by sixteen dry batteries and one Le Clanche cell. It refuses to operate. Why? Is not the power of about four volts sufficient?—L. L. W., Iowa Falls, Iowa.

A. The best lightning arrester is a small gap between your line wire and the ground wire, which is connected with a water pipe, or else a large plate. We do not understand why sixteen dry batteries should not operate the line, without there is some very high resistance through which you are working. You do not give us the length of the line, but sixteen dry batteries should furnish at least twenty-five volts, and that would be more than sufficient to operate the ordinary telegraph line. Are you sure that your batteries are connected properly?

Q. One of my friends and I are going to put up a wireless telegraph following the directions given by you in the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY, 1905, and would like to ask you a few questions about it. 1. If No. 36 insulated copper wire is used for the secondary of the induction coil, would it be necessary, or if not, would it help, to wrap each layer with paper? 2. Would filings from a silver coin, as dime, dollar, or a nickel, work all right on a line a quarter of a mile long, instead of filings from nickel and silver wire, as you suggest, all else being made the same? 3. How long a spark should the induction coil give, under favorable conditions, with four or five dry batteries?—E. G. A., Rockwell City, Iowa.

A. If No. 36 insulated copper wire is used it will be necessary to either wind the coil in sections or use paper between each layer, as described for the bare wire. Yes. In regard to the last question, there are so many conditions arising from the construction of the coil that it is almost impossible to predict what any coil will do with four or five dry batteries. It would be better to try it out, as one set of dry batteries may be much stronger than another, and two coils made from the same description may vary so much in workmanship that it would materially affect the spark.

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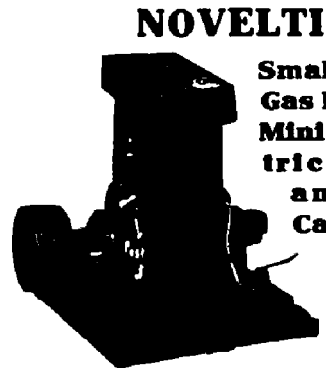
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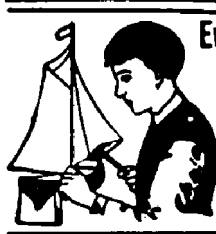
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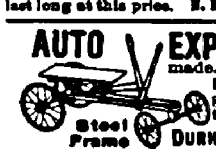
Steel Frame
Strongest, fastest, easiest running Hand-car made. Adjustable to ages from 3 to 15. Fun and Health for boys and girls. Write for Catalog and factory prices. Boy Agents wanted.
DURHAM MFG CO. BOX "C" MUNCIE IND

WORKSHOP NOTES

Under This Heading Will be Given Various Useful Schemes and Formulas That Will Materially Assist the Amateur in his Experimental Work

6. **To drill holes in glass.**—Glass plates and bottles may be drilled quite easily in the following manner: The drill to be used should first be hardened by heating the point to a bright cherry-red and suddenly plunging it into a basin of cold salt water. This will render the drill extremely hard. While drilling keep the drill moist with a solution of camphor dissolved in turpentine. With an ordinary breast drill a hole may be cut in a glass plate in a very short time. When drilling, however, always have a block of hard wood directly under the point of the drill, and before breaking through, turn the plate over and drill from the opposite side. A flat drill is better for this work than a twist drill. Grind the drill frequently as much of its cutting ability depends on a keen edge.

7. **To cut glass or trim the edges of a plate.**—When only a very narrow strip is to be cut off the edge of a sheet or pane, this may frequently be accomplished by cutting with a pair of ordinary shears, the glass being held beneath a tub of water. The water serves to act as a cushion to prevent cracks starting across the plate. An old three-cornered file, hardened as described in note 6 and ground to a keen edge, will cut glass very well when held as any glass cutter and guided by a straight edge. It is a keen edge that cuts and the tool must be so held that a clean, "singing" cut is made and not a mere scratch.

8. **Varnish for preventing rust on tools.**—Melt 2 ounces of tallow and 1 ounce of resin together, strain thoroughly while hot to remove specks. Apply a slight coat to your tools with a brush and it will keep off rust for any length of time.

QUERY BOX—Continued.

Q. I have been reading THE AMERICAN BOY with much interest for the past three years, and was very much pleased when the electrical department was added. I have gotten more practical information from the electrical pages of THE AMERICAN BOY since January, 1905, than from any other source. The construction of the apparatus has been very interesting and I would like to ask a few questions, as follows: 1. Please send me the gauges of the enclosed wires. 2. Will a given current at a given voltage operate a motor as well as the same current at a higher voltage? 3. What is the correct "set" of the needle of an astatic galvanometer, parallel with or at right angles to the wire on the coils? 4. I have made the plunge battery, using three carbons from Columbia Dry cells and two amalgamated Le Clanche stick zincs to each cell, using rectangular jars 6½"x5" x2½", with twenty-five ounces of solution to each cell. When fresh, two cells operate Mr. Crowell's motor finely, giving an E. M. F. of four volts, but the electrolyte gradually becomes lifeless, the cell polarizes rapidly, and in ten days after charging the cells are useless. Can you suggest any remedy? I use the battery but very little. 5. The needle of a voltmeter swings a certain distance with an E. M. F. of one volt. Will it swing just twice as far with a current of two volts? If not, why? 6. Will it injure a 3½ volt lamp to use it on an eight-volt current? 7. In the last issue of THE AMERICAN BOY you stated that a current of six amperes would melt No. 36 wire. I have had my voltmeter on a seven ampere circuit at 1½ volts without injury. Please explain. 8. How can a motor be reversed and what style of switch must be used? 9. Could I build a dynamo which could be operated by a small water-wheel and furnish enough current for experimental purposes? The current would have to be carried about three hundred yards. What size line wire should be used? I would use a water pipe line for the return. 10. On a five ohm telegraph instrument is each magnet wound to five ohms or are both taken together?—D. S. K., Winona, Ohio.

Ans. The size of the wires enclosed were 15, 21 and 36-gauge. The power derived from any current is the product of the current in amperes multiplied by the pressure in volts; therefore, if you had a given current, the higher the voltage, the greater would be the power delivered. The needle is an astatic galvanometer should always be parallel when at rest to the wire in the coils. As stated in the September issue, the electrolyte of the bichromate cells will gradually wear out, but we cannot understand why the cells should polarize, as the presence of the bichromate of potash tends to prevent this. Without you have some short circuit or leave your elements in the cells, we cannot see why they should be run out in ten days, if you do not use them in the meantime. It is only the fact that the acid has all been neutralized that causes the cell to become lifeless. If you will add more sulphuric acid to the solution you will find that the cell will again take up its work, but owing to the fact that the products of decomposition are still in the solution, it will not work as well or give as high an E. M. F. as a fresh solution. Always lift the elements from the cells after you are through using them. The needle of a voltmeter will not necessarily swing twice as far with a current of two volts, owing to peculiarities in construction. It is for this reason that the scale for these instruments must always be calibrated from standard instruments. If a 3½-volt lamp was put on an 8-volt circuit, in all probability the filiment would be burned out. You have evidently had your voltmeter parallel with your 7-ampere circuit at 1½ volts. You cannot force 6 amperes of current through a No. 36 wire with 1½ volts pressure. If your instrument had been connected in series with this circuit, it would have allowed only a small section of the current to pass through it. In order that a motor may be reversed by a switch, it is necessary to have the connections so arranged that it will reverse the direction of the current flow, in the armature, while that in the field remains constant. Yes, a small dynamo could be built to be operated by a water wheel, which would furnish enough current for experimental purposes, but you do not state the amount of water power that you have. In transmitting current for any great distance it is always wise to use as large wire as possible, as the resistance is then cut down and consequently the loss of current is less. The amount of power that you could get from your dynamo would depend entirely on the amount of water you have to run it. When a telegraph instrument is spoken of as having a resistance of five ohms, it refers to the resistance of the magnets taken together.

Q. I have six carbon posts of which three are 5/16" thick and 5½" long by 1½" wide. The others are from old dry batteries. Do you think I could use them in the plunge battery described in September's issue? How could I bore four holes in a piece of slate? Could the motor described in December's issue be made into a dynamo? If so, how? Will you give me an illustration showing how to connect twenty batteries in such manner as to give any voltage?—E. G. B., Hackensack, N. Y.

A. The old posts that you have could be used in the plunge battery described in the September issue. You can bore holes through a piece of slate with an ordinary twist drill, wet with turpentine. The drill should be hardened by heating red hot and dipping the point into water. The motor described in the December issue cannot be made into a dynamo. Your question regarding the connection of twenty batteries, so as to give any voltage, is rather ambiguous. The greatest voltage that you could get would be to connect them in series, which would give you in the neighborhood of thirty to forty volts. If you connect them in parallel, you will get only the voltage of one, but with the output of the entire twenty, which might amount, with fresh cells, and a low resistance, to about twenty amperes.

Chemistry for Boys

Lesson IV.—Nitrogen

THE STUDY of the element nitrogen is rendered difficult owing to the comparatively few experiments that may be performed by the amateur. In the first place, phosphorus, the substance usually used for generating nitrogen, is extremely poisonous and should never be touched with the fingers but rather with a pair of tweezers. Always keep any phosphorus you may have under water—fill a wide mouth bottle with water and keep tightly corked. If these instructions are followed no danger need be feared.

Nitrogen is a gas, like oxygen and hydrogen, but it is very inert, and remains in the free or uncombined state with great persistency. It occurs free in the atmosphere of which it forms about four-fifths by volume, and 77 per cent by weight. The balance consists of oxygen, the life-giving element; were it not for the fact that the oxygen is diluted with nitrogen, it (the oxygen) would soon consume our bodies and cause violent conflagration. We saw how readily a fine steel wire burned in pure oxygen,—imagine then, how readily houses would burn.

It cannot be distinguished by sight, smell or taste. It possesses no poisonous properties and the atmosphere is simply a mechanical mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases. It does combine indirectly with many other substances to form valuable compounds. With hydrogen it forms ammonia, or what is commonly known as "hartshorn." With potassium and oxygen it forms saltpetre, or nitre, from which we get our "sweet spirits of nitre."

If you can get a small piece of phosphorus at the druggist's, the following experiment can be tried. Fill a deep dish or bowl with water. Fasten to the top of a small piece of cork or wood a piece of tin—the whole piece need not be over one inch square. Place this in the water, wood down, and on the top place a small piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Have a dry glass jar ready, and, after touching the phosphorus with a red-hot wire, invert the jar over the burning lump and lower it into the water. The jar will be quickly filled with dense white fumes, caused by the combination of the phosphorus with the oxygen of the air. These will settle in a few minutes and the jar will then contain nearly pure nitrogen.

Now slip a piece of glass over the mouth of the jar while still under water, and carefully removing the jar, stand upright on the table.

Fasten a match to a wire, ignite the match and quickly lower it into the jar, moving the glass cover slightly to one side. Notice that the match is extinguished almost instantly. Notice that the gas neither burns itself nor supports combustion.

While there are very few experiments with pure nitrogen, when combined with other elements, some very interesting results are obtained. Nitrogen and hydrogen combine to form

AMMONIA.

Perhaps you have noticed the strong, pungent odor given off by stables and manure piles—this is ammonia formed by decaying vegetable and animal matter. The clear, white liquid that we buy in the stores under the name of "aqua ammonia" or just "ammonia," is simply this gas dissolved in water.

Place a piece of lime (or better, powdered lime) in one hand, and a similar quantity of sal-ammoniac in the other; rub the two together and notice the strong odor of ammonia given off. Sal-ammoniac is the chloride of ammonia and when the two are rubbed together as above, the lime combines with the chlorine, setting free the ammonia in the form of a gas which gives rise to the odor.

If you have none already, procure some hydrochloric (muriatic) acid (should be kept in a rubber stoppered bottle). Dip a small stick into a solution of ammonia and hold over the mouth of the hydrochloric acid bottle—notice the dense white fumes that are given off. The fumes are ammonium chloride, or in other words, sal-ammoniac. You will frequently notice that the necks of the ammonia and hydrochloric acid bottles are covered with a white coating. This is caused by the union of traces of ammonia or chlorine present in the air.

Prepare the apparatus shown in Fig. 4. In the test-tube over the alcohol lamp place a paste made of two parts chloride of ammonium and one part of quick-lime, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Lead a bent glass tube down into a second tube of clear water as shown. Now heat the first tube very slowly so that the gas may not be given off too rapidly. When all the gas has been driven off and bubbles cease to come over into the second tube, lift the first test-tube with its glass tube attached clear of the water in the second tube, and also the flame.

Now smell the solution in the second tube—you will find it a strong solution of ammonia, exactly what you purchase at the stores in large bottles. The ammonia of the ammonium chloride has been driven off and dissolved in the water. The solution remaining in the first tube is chloride of lime.

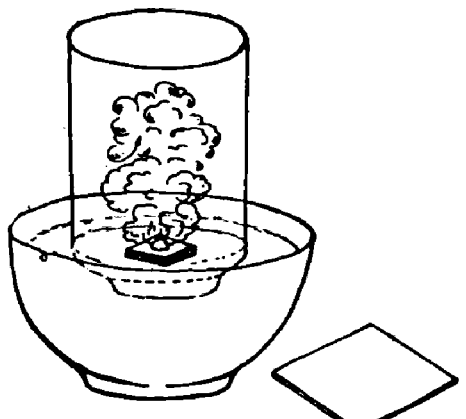

Fig 1. Preparing nitrogen by burning phosphorus

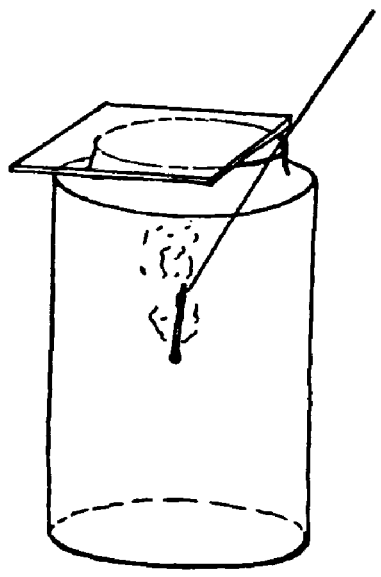

Fig 2. Nitrogen is not a supporter of combustion.

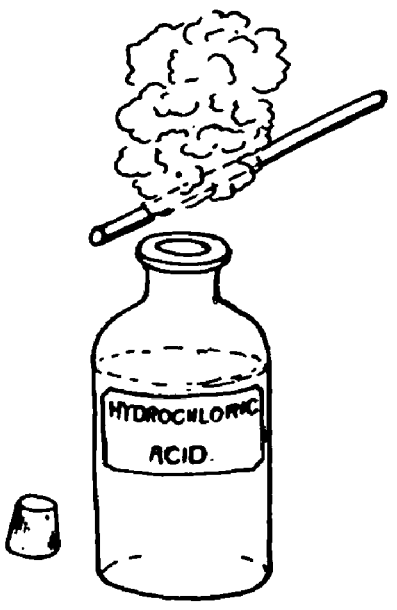

Fig 3. Combination of chlorine and ammonia.

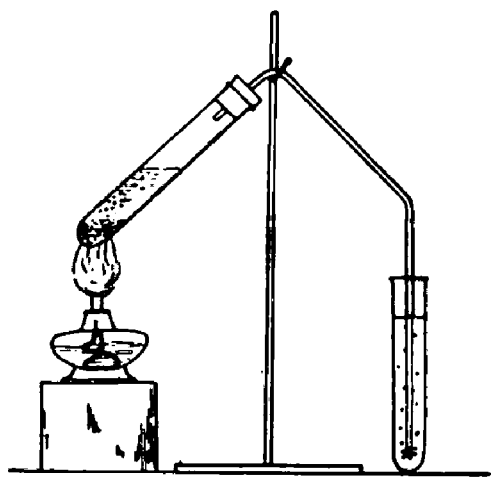

Fig 4 Making Aqua Ammonia



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503 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Is Doing Some Experimenting

Soddy, Tenn., May 26th, 1906.

Dear Editor: I have been noticing the experiments that the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have been doing, and have been doing some of it myself, as follows:

I have taken a pocket flash light and connected copper wire from the battery under my bed to the small bulb of the flash light in such a way that by putting in a switch at my bed and the bulb in front of the clock on a stationary stand, that I am able at any time of the night to tell what time it is by cutting in the switch.

As this may interest some of my boy readers I would like for you to publish this account of my arrangement and let them try their hand at it if they want to.

I am getting some good advice as well as good points on many things that are interesting to me, and I wish to thank you for the good things that you say in the paper for us boys.

I can hardly wait for my paper to come, and wish they came oftener than they do.

Yours truly,
EDDIE E. COBLEIGH.

NOTICE

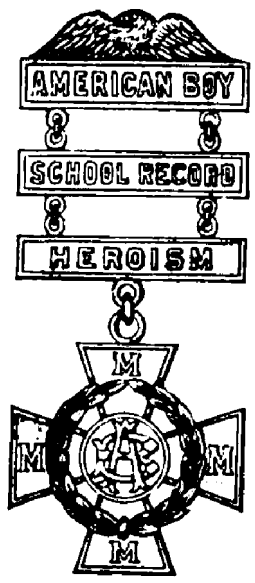
As many requests are being made for the January and February (1905) numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY, which contained articles on "How Two Boys Built a Wireless Telegraph," we have to announce that the February number is exhausted, and that but a few copies of the January number remain on hand.

The American Boy Legion of Honor

COMPOSED OF BOYS WHO STAND AT THE HEAD OF THEIR CLASSES IN SCHOOL AND BOYS WHO HAVE DONE CONSPICUOUS ACTS OF HEROISM

Who Are Eligible

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 stood at the head of their classes, taking the average of all their study grades for the term, 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. No attention will be paid to letters from boys who claim the badge for school record unless their letters are accompanied by corroborative statements from their teachers who know the facts. Address all letters relating to the Legion of Honor to Wm. C. Sprague, Chief Counselor, Detroit, Mich.



Division of the Legion Into Chapters

Every two hundred boys in the Legion constitute a chapter at the head of which stands a Counselor. The Counselor will be a prominent educator who agrees to stand as counselor and advisor to the two hundred Legion of Honor boys under him. The first chapter is now forming and will be known as "The Shepardson Chapter."

The Shepardson Chapter (Chapter 1) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL.D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago

Address (with postage for reply) care of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

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SPRAGUE DRENAN, Barre, Vt.....S. R.
JOHN WENTWORTH, Pacific Grove, Cal.S. R.
TOM ARNOLD, JR., Henderson, Texas..S. R.
CARL J. LORD, Randolph, Neb.....S. R.
CHESTER B. HUFFMAN, Mingo Junction, O.....S. R.
RUBY TRAVIS, Chrisman, Ill.....S. R.
HUNLY GROVER, Hendersonville, N. C..S. R.
REUBEN RANSOM, Atkinson, Ill.....S. R.
ROBERT H. HOLMES, Chicago, Ill.....S. R.
JOSEPH H. ROBB, JR., Greenville, Miss.....S. R.
WALTER SCALES, Fort Worth, Texas..S. R.
HAROLD BENSINGER, Terre Haute, Ind.S. R.
MICHAEL MEISEL, Brooklyn, N. Y....S. R.
PHILIP A. HAYDEN, Milford, N. H....S. R.
L. FOWLE, Woburn, Mass.....H.
EUGENE OSTER, Cincinnati, O.....S. R.
ELMER WAMBOLDT, Cincinnati, O....S. R.
WALTER F. HAYS, Philadelphia, Pa...S. R.
RICHARD ALLEN ARMS, Pottstown, Pa.S. R.

How They Won the Badge

John Breene, Oil City, Pennsylvania, received the highest average in the fifth grade for the school year just ended.

John Wentworth, a nine-year-old boy living in Pacific Grove, California, stood at the head of his class for the year ended June 1st.

Harry Butcher, an eighth grade pupil of the Solomon, Kansas, schools, has been neither absent nor tardy since February 1, 1901.

Philip A. Hayden, Milford, New Hampshire, stood at the head of his class in the Federal Hill School for the term ended June 15th.

Row Binns, West Olive, Michigan, received the highest average of any boy in the eighth grade during the term of school just ended.

Wilbur K. Miller, a thirteen-year-old boy of Owensboro, Kentucky, won an average of 98% during the nine months' school term ended May 25th. Wilbur is in the seventh grade.

Coy Bour, a pupil in the A fifth grade of the Broadway School, Sedalia, Missouri, won first rank in his class for the term ended June 1st.

Walter Fesler, of Riverside, Iowa, has been neither absent nor tardy for the last five years, and his work has been excellent during that time.

Reed Garman, a sophomore in the High School of Kewanna, Indiana, has won first rank in his class, receiving a yearly average of 99⅛% in all studies.

Carl J. Lord, of Randolph, Nebraska, has not been absent or tardy for the last five years, including his eighth grade year and the four years of high school.

Thaddeus Jones, Trenton, Missouri, received the highest average in his class (98 2-10%) for the year 1905-'06. Thaddeus is eleven years old, and is in the seventh grade.

Vern Snyder, Waco, Ohio, has done good work throughout the school year from September 5th to June 6th, having stood at the head of his class the entire time.

A term average of 99.7% is very nearly "the limit." This was secured by Reuben Horchow, of Portsmouth, Ohio, who has just been promoted from the fifth to the sixth grade.

Reuben Ransom, of Atkinson, Illinois, received the highest average in the seventh grade for the year ended June 11th. He has not been absent or tardy during the school year.

Just Between Ourselves

Dear Boys:

I wish this month to call your attention to something of considerable importance in connection with one of our regular departments—that devoted to THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR.

About a year ago we decided to confer on boys who stood, for a term, at the head of their classes and such as proved themselves by some act of heroism to be worthy of distinction, a badge to be known as the Legion of Honor Badge. A design for the badge was selected, a small stock of badges was laid in, and the plan introduced to our readers by a few paragraphs in one of our last summer numbers.

The plan further included the enrollment of the boys who had won badges in what was to be known as THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR, a sort of organization without constitution and without officers, and further, the publishing in these pages of the names of the Legion of Honor boys, in each case for twelve numbers, or a year.

At first, few applications for badges came in, either through indifference or modesty on the part of teachers, parents, or the boys themselves; a little later, the applications became more frequent, until now, not a day passes but one, two, three, and often as many as five applications come from boys, accompanied by certificates from teachers, claiming the Legion of Honor badge.

At this writing the names appearing in this number of the paper and those that have come in since it went to press number about 200. We now confidently expect that, with the exception of the summer months when schools are not in session, we shall receive from 100 to 200 names a month.

Soon the question arose, what about this Legion of Honor. Are we going to award badges and publish the names and there let it end? Is there not something more we can do for these fine young fellows, each of whom has been a top-notcher in his class or has shown himself brave and self-sacrificing?

Here, for instance, are 200 boys, each a prizewinner, each a boy with something good in him to distinguish him above his fellows. Are we going to confer on these boys a mere badge and public mention and then lose sight of them? Many of them are poor boys to whom this distinction means much in their lives of want and self-sacrifice; many of them are backwoods, country boys who in their simple, homely surroundings find little opportunity to make themselves known and felt; many of them, may be, are rich boys, city boys, hampered by the unfavorable surroundings that city life and riches bring to a boy. These boys are making a fine, manly start in life. But a start is not all. Many a first boy in his class has turned out to be a last man in the race for honors in after life. Many a boy, for lack of encouragement, counsel, example, has seen the only proud day of his life when in school he took first honors.

Then the thought came, may we not do something to help these boys remain prizewinners right through. Many of them, if this is to be so, will need advice, counsel, wise direction. Scores of these boys have good mothers and fathers, but every good mother and father knows that there are times when his counsel needs to be supplemented by that of another. You boys know, too, that you are slower sometimes to take the advice of father and mother than of some one else. Then there are scores of these honor boys whose fathers and mothers do not feel competent to advise, and in some cases they are right in so feeling. There are other cases where parents are too lazy, or too busy, or too ignorant, or too indifferent, or too vicious—shall we say it?—to even try to advise in right directions. Nothing is more common than the sight of an Honor boy emerging from surroundings most unwholesome, where everything tends to discourage and weaken him. It may be from a home of luxury and ease, or a home of abject poverty and grinding toil.

Well, what of it all? What could we do? One thing was certain, we could not get the time, even if we were wise enough and good enough, to act as guide and counselor to 200 boys, not to speak of the hundreds that will be coming in as the months go by. If the task is to be undertaken, we must find others to do it, and these others must be good men and true; and they must have the spirit of helpfulness and the willingness to assist these boys without expectation of reward save in the pleasure that always comes from helping others. They must be, themselves, successful men, and they must know enough of boys and of life to be able to advise safely. They must above all be men whom parents and teachers can respect and rely on. This much settled, we set about finding the men.

In the nature of things one man cannot be expected to give the time necessary to counseling many boys. Any one who knows boys knows that they can ask more questions in a minute than a man can answer in a week. It is therefore necessary to divide the Legion of Honor into sections, with a counselor for each section. In doing this we have decided to call the sections "chapters," and name each chapter after its counselor. At first thought it might seem that 200 boys are a good many for one chapter, and for one counselor to look after. Perhaps this will prove true in fact. Nevertheless, we have thought best at the beginning to divide the Legion into chapters of 200 boys each. The first chapter is now forming, and with the publication of the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY it will have been completed, for if you will count the number of boys in the chapter as named on another page of this paper, you will find that already nearly 200 boys are enrolled.

I feel that we have been particularly fortunate in obtaining as counselor for the first chapter Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL. D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago. When I called upon him to act in this capacity, he expressed fear that it would entail too much of a drain upon his time and strength. We assured him that we knew the boys would not ask him trivial questions, and we appealed to his well-known interest in boys and his friendship for us, urging that he could do no greater service to his fellowmen than in standing thus as the counselor of 200 fine, ambitious boys who have proven that they deserve somebody's best service in their behalf. And so he consented.

To introduce you to Professor Shepardson, let us tell you what we know of him personally. When we first became acquainted with him he was a student in the Preparatory Department of Denison University at Granville, Ohio, under the instruction of the late William R. Harper, then dean of that department; afterwards professor at Yale, and still later, president of the University of Chicago—one of the greatest educators that ever lived. He was then a good student, a good ball player, and a good fellow. I knew him for four years intimately, being associated with him in the literary society, the college fraternity, and the social and intellectual life of the college. After graduating with high honors at Denison, he was called to the University of Chicago, where he soon rose to the position of secretary to the president—perhaps the closest and most intimate relationship with the eminent Dr. Harper that any one in the university held. Afterwards he was given a professorship and made dean of the Senior Colleges. Only recently his Alma Mater, Denison University, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Professor Shepardson is the son of Rev. Daniel Shepardson, whose name is known and honored throughout the entire state of Ohio as that of the founder and president of a school for girls at Granville, Ohio, which on his death he willed to the Baptist denomination of that state, and which later became a component part of Denison University. We can imagine for a boy no better adviser than Francis W. Shepardson, who, although now a man of years and honors, is still a boy in heart. The first chapter then will be known as the SHEPARDSON CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR. Only such boys as are named in that chapter will be privileged to consult with Professor Shepardson.

Beginning with the October number we shall doubtless have the first names for the second chapter, whose adviser and counselor we have not yet selected. We have in mind, however, the name of a good man, an educator, who will fill the bill in every particular.

We congratulate ourselves upon inaugurating a scheme that will meet with the approval of every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY and will find hearty support, particularly with the boys who are fortunate enough to become members of the Legion.

It is not every boy who is an honor boy in his school. But every boy can try to be. This enterprise of ours ought to inspire every boy reader of the paper with a desire to stand at the head of his class during the coming term of school, and thus become a member of the Legion of Honor, and entitled to the privileges we have outlined. We ask the co-operation of parents and teachers in this effort we are making to better the scholarship of the boys and reward them with something more than mere praise.

Very sincerely,

WM. C. SPRAGUE, Editor.

WHY I AM PROUD OF MY STATE

Robert W. Shackleford, Tallahassee, Florida, wins the $5 prize for the best essay on Florida, and we are pleased to give honorable mention to the following boys: Church Anderson, Jr., Jacksonville; L. Sydnor Laffitte, Lloyd; and Guy Ragan, Laurel.

Very good essays were received from Elon A. Rood, Max M. Fishel, Beverley Blake, H. C. Whiteman, Jr., Guilford C. Taylor, Paul Rader, O. D. Wetherell, Jr., R. Lee Goulding, W. Stanton Walker, M. C. Cooper, Theo. H. Demro, Woodward F. Barnwell, Edward F. De Cottes, Bennett King, Lorenzo D. Futch, Eric Reid, T. D. Lancaster, Jr., Fred Revels, Harlan G. Tracy, Goodwin P. Graham, Floyd E. Griner, Philip S. May, Ray Dobarganes, Malvern McArthur, Lloyd Blanton, L. Walter Benjamin, and Louis Snedigar.

First as a subject of pride with many of the boys came Florida's climate, which is described as being a delight to all who visit "the land of flowers" and a source of health to many invalids. Many essays contain a reference to the Spanish soldier, Ponce de Leon, who started out to find the Fountain of Youth and found instead the beautiful land of Florida on Easter Sunday, givivng it the name "Pascua Florida," which means "Flowery Easter." Florida contains the oldest city in the United States, St. Augustine, founded in 1565. There are more than 1,200 lakes, the largest being Lake Okechobee, which covers an area of over 1,000 square miles. There are great forests of pine, cypress, cedar, live oak and magnolia. The foremost educational institutions are the State University, the State College for Women, the Normal College, Rollins College, South Florida Military and Educational Institute, and Stetson University. Tampa, Pensacola, Jacksonville, and Key West are important shipping ports. Florida has 1,350 miles of seacoast, 3,000 miles of railroads, and a population of about 600,000. The water of the Silver Spring, five miles from Ocala, is said to be the clearest in the world. A small coin dropped into the spring to a depth of from sixty to eighty feet, can be seen as it rests on the bottom. Pineapples, bananas, guavas, avacadas, mangoes and other tropical fruits are raised in large quantities in the southern part of the state, and during the whole year vegetables of all kinds are raised and shipped by train-loads to the important markets of the North. Each year Florida produces $800,000 worth of sponges, $360,000 worth of fish and oysters, $4,000,000 worth of oranges, lemons, limes and pineapples, and $200,000 worth of rice. Famous automobile races are held annually on the broad beaches of hard, white sand at Ormond-Daytona. An effort is being made to drain the Everglades, in the southern part of the state, and when this is done it will almost double the resources of Florida. The mineral water found at Orange City took the first premium at the World's Fair at St. Louis, as being the best in the world. Many people go to Florida each winter for the fishing and hunting found in the rivers and forests. Florida contains a large part of the world's supply of phosphate; its other minerals are kaolin and marl. The Hotel Royal Ponciana, at Palm Beach, is the largest hotel in the world. Florida is the largest peninsula belonging to the United States, excepting Alaska. Stock-raising is an important industry. Florida produces nearly one-third of the world's supply of sea-island cotton; tobacco, corn and sugar are also principal productions. Kirk Munroe, the famous writer of boys' stories, lives in Florida.

One boy is sure that a mere description cannot do Florida justice; it must be seen to be appreciated. Another thinks that any one who could lie under the pines on a moonlit night and listen to the whip-poor-will sing would be delighted with the state. A kind-hearted boy wishes that all the shut-ins could be placed in some of the beautiful winter gardens or orange groves so that they might enjoy the months when their Northern homes are banked with snow. An enthusiastic lover of his state assures us that "as a tourist state, Florida has no equal; the famous east coast with its Jacksonville, Saint Augustine, Daytona, Palm Beach and Miami, and the west coast with its Pensacola, Clearwater, Saint Petersburg and Tampa help to form the unbroken chain of a paradise." Another boy calls Florida "the land of fruit and flowers, and the home of the magnolia and the mocking-bird."

One essay was accompanied by colored postcards of the cocoanut trees on the Craignan Place near Palm Beach and the Hotel Royal Ponciana at Palm Beach.

WHY I AM PROUD OF FLORIDA

Prize Essay by Robert W. Shackle- : : : ford, Tallahassee, Florida : : :

The resources of Florida are great beyond comparison; her history is filled with thrilling events; her climate gives life and health to thousands of visitors annually.

Florida is first among the orange growing countries of the world, and orange culture was its chief industry until after the disastrous freeze in 1895. The people turned from that misfortune with true courage and persistency to another and perhaps more lucrative employment, that of truck farming. Now, Florida's vegetables are found in the markets of all northern cities throughout the winter months. In 1903 the farmers realized about $3,000,000 on their vegetables.

Next comes tobacco growing and the manufacture of cigars. Most of the best cigars, however, are made from Cuban tobacco, and Tampa is the largest clear Havana cigar manufacturing city in the world.

Florida ranks second in area among the states east of the Mississippi River and has a greater coast line than any other state in the Union, possessing a number of fine harbors; so that her products can easily be transported anywhere.

There are 6,600 square miles of pine trees in the state, and from these are manufactured rosin, tar and turpentine.

I am proud of Florida's history, for is she not the oldest and most noted state of the Union? Discovered in 1512 by Ponce de Leon, she passed from the hands of Spain to France, then back to Spain, then by the Treaty of Paris to England, back to Spain again, and finally, in 1821, into the control of the United States. I am intensely proud of being a native of such a state.

Almost every fruit, vegetable, or farm product that grows anywhere can be grown in Florida, so varied is her soil and so perfect her climate. In middle and western Florida there are cotton, corn, tobacco, hay, sugarcane and peaches. In the south are oranges, pineapples, strawberries, tropical fruits, and vegetables.

Florida is not very resourceful in minerals. Her most valuable one is phosphate, which was discovered in 1888, and the mining of which soon grew into a great industry. The greatest output for one year was in 1899, and amounted to $2,500,000. Fuller's earth and kaolin are also found.

The fisheries of Florida are more important than those of any other Gulf State and, although not fully developed, amount to more than $2,000,000 annualy. She has a monopoly in sponge and oyster fisheries.

The population of Florida is almost doubled in winter, when visitors from all over the country pour in on every train. As a place for recreation and amusement no state can excel Florida at that time, for her climate is always balmy and mild. She may also justly claim to have the best appointed winter-resort hotels in this country, among these being the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, which, by the way, is the oldest city in the United States, and the Tampa Bay at Tampa.

I am also proud of Florida's bright prospects for the future. As soon as the Everglades are drained, and they soon will be, her present prosperity will be doubled.

A Word to Boys About Shaving

IT IS IMPORTANT in beginning to shave, that you get the best shaving soap. It has much to do with the appearance of the face, the health of the skin and the cleanness and comfort of the shave. There are many old men today who have used nothing but

Williams' Shaving Soap

all their lives, and their faces are smooth, soft and comfortable. Every boy should know before he begins to shave that Williams' Shaving Soap is considered by discriminating men to be the best shaving soap made. The reason is simple. It makes a rich, creamy, antiseptic lather and does not smart or dry on the face.



To Boys: Send us your father's name and address and tell us what shaving soap he uses, and we will send you a little combination pocket tool—key ring, screw driver, paper cutter and bottle opener. This offer is good only till September 1.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
DEPARTMENT A, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
London Paris Berlin Sidney

Solutions of the Puzzles in the July American Boy

The following are the solutions to the puzzles on page 280 of the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY:

"What Am I?" a cutter—a ship, a sleigh, wood-cutter, stone-cutter, etc. The knife gives the clue.

Postal card puzzle: "We shall hope to see you for a few days this summer—you have often promised to come, but have never yet done so. Detroit contains much of interest to the visitor—few cities possess more. Now don't hesitate, but come. When may we expect you? Yours, Tom."

Picture Proverb: "He who hides can find."

CALIFORNIA NEXT

¶ To the California boy who sends us before August 10th the best letter of not over 500 words, telling us why he is proud of his state, we will give $3; to the boy sending the next best letter, $1.50; to the boy sending the next best, 50 cents. In addition, we will print the first prize letter in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

TWO THOUSAND SHUT-INS TO HAVE THE AMERICAN BOY

The hand of the clock moved, from June 4 to July 9, from $83 to $166, which shows that between these dates $83 was contributed by the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY and by its publishers, to provide shut-in boys with annual subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY. This is not what we hoped for and expected. One hundred and eleven boys—but that is not the way to put it, for there were some girls in this number—sent us money between the dates mentioned and permitted us to shove the minute hand about 1-24th of the way around the dial.

At this rate the 2,000 shut-ins will not receive subscriptions between now and the first of January next as we had planned; at this rate between 600 and 700 will be the number. Our readers will have to make a little greater effort if they want to join with us in the pleasure of knowing that 2,000 shut-in boys will receive THE AMERICAN BOY in the coming year. You want to help in this, we know. Now, don't feel bashful about sending your money if you have only a few cents to contribute. It is not by large gifts we expect to carry out our project; it is by the sum total of many little gifts. Remember that to every boy who sends 50 cents or more, we will send the name and address of some one shut-in to whom the paper goes, so that he may feel a special interest in some one case that his money has helped us to favor.

Now, let us see if during August we cannot swing this minute hand round to $415.00, or even 1-4 of the way round the circle—to $498.00. For the few days prior to May 1 that the plan was in operation 30 boys sent in money. Between that date and June 4, 87 boys contributed, and from June 4 to July 9, inclusive, 111 chipped in. This shows a growing interest. There is a noticeable increase, too, in the average amount sent by the contributors, as you will see by comparing the figures credited to the boys named in the July number with the figures credited to those named in this number.

A little later we are going to print the names, possibly the addresses, of the shut-ins to whom the paper is being sent. Remember that for every cent sent in by contributors, the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY donate a cent; so that if $1,000 is sent by the first of January, the publishers will send the paper to 2,000 shut-in boys. Remember, too, we want you to send us in, where you can, the names and addresses of poor, deserving boys who are confined to their homes by permanent illness or infirmity, and are too poor to buy the paper for themselves. In other words, we want you to help us in two ways: one by sending in money; the other by sending in names of shut-ins.

We regret we haven't the space in which to print the many interesting letters received from contributors to this fund and from shut-ins themselves, expressing their approval of the plan and their gratitude.



Boys, send in your mites and watch the clock.

Amount contributed by our readers to June 4 ..... $41.79

Contributed since June 4, the following:

Lewis Tuttle	.10
Chas. Nichols	.25
John V. Billin	.60
Warren Willyard	.50
Kenneth Chapman	.50
Karl Perry	.35
C. E. Chambliss	.25
J. J. Herron	.25
Wm. L. Anderson	1.00
Wm. Addison Miller, Jr	.50
Kenneth K. Damon	.25
Lewis and Paul Montgomery	.50
Don Short	.50
Reuben Horchow	.30
Raymond A. Frear	.50
T. M. Edwards	.50
Allen Hudelson	.05
Rollin G. Andrews	1.00
Clifford A. Long	.25
Jesse R. Himmelsbach	.50
R. H. Chamberlain	.50
John Bauer	.25
Geo. B. Young	.15
Chas. Gordon	.50
Ray McMaster	.25
Orll Carpenter	.15
Clifford C. Powers	1.00
Walter Brumbaugh	.10
Harold S. Babb	.10
Ralph Pringle	.25
Geo. M. Estey	.10
Archie Fall	.20
W. N. Meyers	1.00
Philip H. Piercy	1.00
Harold Miller	.25
W. Thos. Haw	.25
John A. Simms	.50
Harry S. Toy	.30
Milton A. Thomson	.50
Joseph Ebersol	.50
Harry F. Lett	.25
Carlisle C. Erb	.10
Paul K. Clemence	.10
Albert Berlin	.10
Erle D. Tomlinson	.25
John Locke	.40
Louie Rosenthal	.50
Percy H. Krompart	.50
Ben F. Hargis	.25
Louis Smith	.25
Henry B. Dickson	.10
Ralph W. Morgan	.15
E. L. Beale	.15
Alexander McArdle	.15
Farmington Pixley	.25
Harold Diggle	.15
Clifford Thompson	.50
John H. Smith	.40
Paul Tucker	1.00
Howard B. Allen	.25
F. Vaughn Carmon	.25
Joey McPherson	.25
Ray G. Blyth	.25
Ross Reynolds	.25
Henry S. Browne	.50
J. Craig Davidson	.10
Henry Johnson	.15
Phil Felton	.25
Frank Gardner	.15
Lawrence Barnhart	.15
Eugene Barker	.25
Myron B. Gaver	.15
Robert Roessler	.10
Mrs. A. S. Parkinson	1.00
Edward Ellis	.50
Geo. C. Ogle	.10
Donald Black	.50
Coburn Gilman	.30
Floyd Payton	.25
Gerald H. Clark	.25
Scott Merritt	.25
Arthur and Herman Allen	.20
Tom Ashley	.15
Dwight E. Lee	.50
Bartlett Ansell	.20
John A. Thoerle	.50
Ernest Carlander	.25
Maurice Woodward	.50
Theron Ball	.25
Earle R. Nichols	.50
Rollin C. Seville	.50
Joe Dickson	.10
Albert W. Larsen	.10
Frank L. Gerten	.15
Charley Hamilton	.50
Victor H. Pels	.50
Willie C. Whitaker	.50
Ray E. Root	.50
Maynard King	.25
Alvin Olson	1.00
J. Louis Neff	1.00
Clarence Divine	.25
Stephen F. Christy	1.00
Robt. Dale Owen Co. No. 4, order of THE AMERICAN BOY	1.00
Wendell H. Phillips	.25
Geo. C. Shields	.10
Chas. Schroeder	.25
Travis Beal	.50
Loretta Beal	.50
Guy H. Burnham	.10
Henry Smith	.15
Harrison Haight	.50
Percy Jones	.15
Total to July 9, sent in by our readers	$83.09
Contributed by the publishers	83.09
Total	$166.18

Some Things Good to Remember

The boy who will not take advice may have to take something worse.

When a boy had rather see his teacher sick than go to school something is sure to happen to that boy.

It is the object of good books for boys to make it easy for them to do right and hard for them to do wrong. That's why every boy should read good books.

A man never regrets the spankings he received when a boy, because he sees that he needed them and appreciates the part they played in making of him a real man.

The American Boy

Copyright, 1906, by The Sprague Publishing Company

THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail, should be made in a Postoffice Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order, or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Important—All subscriptions are discontinued as they expire. Renewal slips are inserted in the last number to which the subscriber is entitled, calling attention to the fact that his subscription has expired. Renewals should be prompt so that no numbers may be missed.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to **The Sprague Publishing Co.**, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.



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.

Tangle Talk

Lucky is the Tangler who has a public library in his town—and knows how to make use of it.

Libraries, whether public or private, are there for just such research as the Tangles encourage, and librarians are the guide posts to direct you to the right books from which to dig out the facts. Questions that your home library or authority cannot answer should be written out as you come to them and taken to the greater authority, the larger library, and there mastered. Tell the librarian or his assistants, if you choose to, that you are after information to enable you to solve the Tangles in THE AMERICAN BOY. It's nothing to be bashful about or ashamed of. Don't expect the librarian to do your research or solving for you, but you will find him ready, willing and competent to tell you what books will post you on each individual question. That is part of his business.

While every Tangler cannot live within reach of a big library, most of us, whether on a farm or in the smaller communities, can add a reference book or two to our own home libraries every year, that will be of much real value all through life.

First of all, a good, big dictionary of the English language should be in every civilized home. It doesn't make much difference whose make of dictionary it is. Century is the best, but its price is prohibitive in some cases. Uncle Tangler paid $96 for his set and bookcase. The Century Atlas and the Book of Proper Names are invaluable authorities. Webster's International, or even Webster's Unabridged dictionary, Merriam editions, are excellent, and can be bought for $8.50 and $2.00 respectively. The Standard dictionary, Funk & Wagnalls, has been adopted as authority by several puzzle leagues and societies. The Twentieth Century edition of this great work can be purchased for $8.75.

A good, large, recent atlas, a book of synonyms, a dictionary of poetical quotations, a large United States history, all have their place at the Tanglers' elbow. So also has the large Family Bible, with its list of bible names and its concordance. Other desirable works of reference are Smith's Bible Dictionary, Smith's Smaller Classical Dictionary, any good history of England, a dictionary of biographical reference, Lippincott's (new) Gazetteer, the U. S. Postal Guide, the (N. Y.) World Almanac, Professor F. A. March's Thesaurus,—and I am going to stop here before I discourage you. A good library catalogue, or any classified list of books and authors, is excellent material for Tangles on literary subjects.

Lay by a little money every year for books, and let your selection be a wise one. Some good stories, of course, for sauce, but also some of the reference books I have named for the real staff of life, books that are full of meat for the student and Tangler.

Reference books are not only available for solving or making puzzles, but for answering questions on the many topics that arise every day, in reading the papers or in the course of conversation, at school or at church—anywhere and any time. Learn to use your reference books, and especially your dictionaries, on every and all occasions and on the least provocation. If you read or hear anything you fail to understand, or if the spelling of a word looks doubtful or unusual, look it up then and there.

Never attempt to make up a puzzle without you go to the proper printed authority for your definitions. It indicates paucity of idea to wind up your puzzle with "my whole is something every American boy likes!" That might be pumpkin pie or mother, firecrackers or fried sausages!

Be definite and exact in your definitions, if you want your contributions published or wish to win prizes. The number of misstatements, historical, geographical and otherwise, that are sent in to be printed for all the world to see and criticize are, out of the kindness of the editorial heart and for the credit of your reputation and for your peace of mind, carefully dropped into the waste basket and permitted to pass into oblivion.

Use your dictionaries. Look up your references, of every nature; look to your spelling, and look to your definitions when you make puzzles to be printed. —Uncle Tangler.

Tangles

Burton F. Jennings, 32 Finch St., Rochester, N. Y., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the June Tangles.

J. Horace Trumbull, Box 54, Petersburg, Mich., wins the second prize.

Percy C. King, Rex, 5204 Sweeney Ave., S. E., Cleveland, Ohio, wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Paul K. Brandt, Lewis Alway Smith, George H. Stanbery, Sarah Gilles, Osborn J. Dunn, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Homer C. Au, William Schenk and sister, Archie Reynolds, J. Cuthbert Long, Harold E. Rose, Lloyd Edward Owens, J. Ray Mekeel, Geo. and Karl Wills, John Wanamaker, Arthur Westergard, Walter H. Scott, Clinton M. Story, Robert Holmes, Jr., Rollin J. Smith, Hazel Gifford, Winfred Peckham, J. Milton Boyer, Roland Faulkner, Earl R. Best, M. H. Reuben, Grady Peerey, Leo E. Bourdon, Ralph R. Williams, Almon W. Bushnell (letter delayed).

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the August Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list of answers; received by August 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by August 18; to be published in October.

Answers to July Tangles

1. The illustrated words in order are: Heart, Adder, Roach, Roman, India, Soles, Omega, Notes, Horns, Ammon, Roast, Tongs, Physa, Alley, Clown, Apron, Whips, Ousel, Libra, Corea, Onion, Tulip, Tisri, Hooks, Ounce, Ouray, Peony, Easel, Rungs, Bream, Armor, Rhomb, Tusks, Lasts, Ethyl, Teeth, Trout, Songs, Totem, Omaha, Names, Evora, Horse, Arrow, Lilac, Leech, Swell, Mower, Idaho, Texas, Hitch, Clock, Abner, Ropes, Reams, Olive, Lasso, Lemon, Nails, Elder, Loris, Satan, Ovoid, Nines.

Their initials spell: Harrison, Hart, Paca, Wolcott, Hooper, Bartlett, Stone, Hall, Smith, Carroll, Nelson.

Divide the large bunch into four square bunches of sixteen firecrackers each. Leaving the upper left and lower right bunches in their original positions, change places with the lower left and upper right bunches. Now the third letters of the entire sixty-four names in order will spell: Adams, Sherman, Morris, Braxton, Ross, Middleton, Taylor, Lee, Wilson, Paine, Morton.

2. 1775, Lexington. 1776, Independence. 1777, Burgoyne. 1778, Evacuation. 1779, Recaptured. 1780, Treason. 1781, Yorktown. Initials, Liberty.

3. 1st, Declaration of Independence. 2d, Thomas Jefferson. 3rd, Vicksburg. 4th, Destruction of Cervera's fleet. 5th, R., for Roosevelt.

4.
Ulysses S Grant
Henry Ward Beecher
George Washington
George Peabody
Thomas Jefferson
Robert E Lee
James Russell Lowell
Benjamin Franklin
Peter Cooper
John Marshall
Robert Fulton
John Fitch
John James Audubon
Edmund Randolph
Lewis Cass
d Yol Fmall lw

(The last being William Floyd, backwards.)

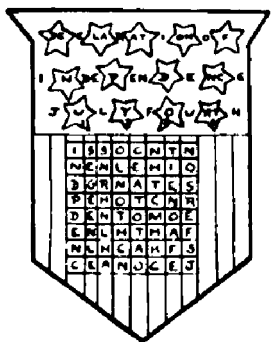
Left side of firecracker, down, Fourth of July; right side, up, Firecrackers. Letter path, Parades.

5. 1. Beauregard. 2. Ellery. 3. New Orleans. 4. New York. 5. Iowa. 6. Nevada. 7. Greeley. 8. Taylor. 9. Old Ironsides. 10. Northmen. Initials, Bennington.

6. 1. A. 2. M. 3. E. 4. M. 5. O. 6. R. 7. A. 8. B. 9. L. 10. E. 11. D. 12. A. 13. Y. A memorable day.

7. From the stars: Declaration of Independence, July Fourth, 1776.

From the chess board: The Continental Congress, Independence Hall, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson.



8.
1. T o u c a N
2. H o m a g E
3. O u t l a W
4. M e n i a L
5. A d a g i O
6. S e x t o N
7. M y r i a D
8. K i m o n O
9. E n s i g N
10. A s l e e P
11. N e b u l A

Initials, Thomas M'Kean; finals, New London, Pa.

9. 1st. 1. Sleepy. 2. Tough. 3. Attain. 4. Reason. 5. Settle. 6. Acute. 7. Niles. 8. Detect. 9. Saving. 10. Tender. 11. Regard. 12. Integrity. 13. Pompous. 14. Evident. 15. Saint Paul. Initials, Stars and Stripes.

2d. 1. Torpid. 2. Hardy. 3. Obtain. 4. Motive. 5. Adjust. 6. Sharp. 7. James. 8. Expose. 9. Frugal. 10. Feeble. 11. Esteem. 12. Rectitude. 13. Stately. 14. Obvious. 15. Nashville. Initials, Thomas Jefferson.

10.
1. P o I
2. H l N
3. I n D
4. L e E
5. A s P
6. D e E
7. E o N
8. L l D
9. P l E
10. H u N
11. I n C
12. A w E

Initials, Philadelphia; finals, Independence.

11. Lyre, Yule, Ogee, Mask, Swan, Rake, Urns, Jack, Nine, Nail, Oars, Ears, Neck, Tent, Rail, Oval, Flag, Foil, Arch, Ruff, Gate, Ewer, Eyes, Junk, Begin with Junk: Jefferson, Monroe, Grant, July.

12. Remove the twenty-five letters that spell Declaration of Independence, and the chess board when formed will look thus:

T G E O M Y L C
S H U R L E E D
L S O N R L A H
E N T P Y I T Y
G O I K R S M W
T R C A E Y E H
L A O P L N W R
D W M S C N D A

The 27 signers' names: Adams, Clark, Clymer, Ellery, Gerry, Hall, Hewes, Heyward, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Huntington, Lee, Morris, Morton, Nelson, Paca, Paine, Penn, Read, Ross, Rush, Smith, Stockton, Stone, Thornton, Walton, Wythe.

13. Thomas Jefferson, born April second, seventeen-hundred forty-three.

14. 1. N e l s o n
2. A r n o l d
3. P o r t e r
4. O l d P u t
5. L a w t o n
6. E u s t i s
7. O'M e a r a
8. N a s e b y

Initials, Napoleon.

New Tangles

15. AUGUST TARGET.

See how good a score you can make. Note that on our target there are 16 animals, birds and fishes. The weapon is number one. The entire 17 are to be interpreted by words of equal length. Hit the bull's eye by taking the central letter from each word in numerical order, and obtain (1st) the surname of a great American admiral, who died in August; (2d) the scene of a great naval battle, which he fought and won in August.



—Percy C. King.

16. TANGLERS' ZIG-ZAG.

1. * - - - - - - - -
2. - * - - - - - -
3. - - * - - - - - -
4. - - - * - - - - -
5. * - - - - - - - - -
6. - * - - - - - - - - -
7. * - - - - -
8. - - * - - - - -
9. - * - - -
10. - - * - - -
11. - - - * - - -
12. - - - - * - - - -
13. - - - - * - - -
14. - - - - * - - -

Following are the titles of certain Tangles that appeared in April, May, June or July, 1906. Place the surnames of their authors on the diagram in numerical order. The star path from the top down will spell the full name of a frequent contributor to the Tangles.

1. Build a Chess Board. 2. Bunch of Firecrackers. 3. May Menagerie. 4. Poet's Zigzag. 5. Great Americans. 6. Zig-zag Geography. 7. Fourth of July Banner. 8. Revolutionary Dates. 9. Syncopated Centrals. 10. All the Ologies. 11. Tangled Authors. 12. Quintuple Slide. 13. Pictorial Acrostics. 14. Historical Forestry. —Morton L. Mitchell.

17. AUTHOR'S CRISS-CROSS.

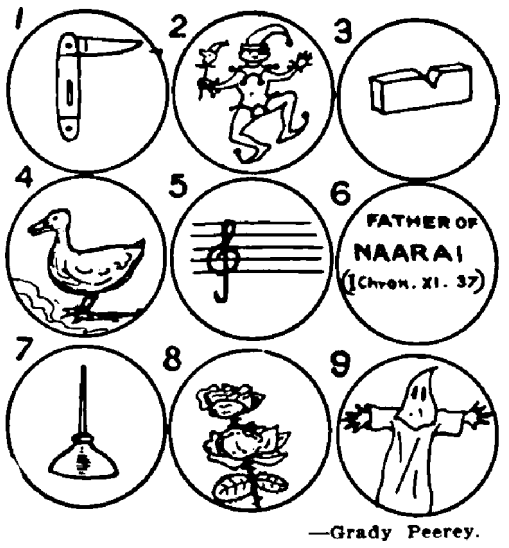
1. * - - - - - -
2. - * - - - - - -
3. - - * - - - - -
4. - - - * - - -
5. - - - - * - - -
6. - - - - - * - -
7. - - - - - - *
8. - - - - - * -
9. - - - - * - -
10. - - - * - - -
11. - - * - - - -
12. - * - - - - -
13. * - - - - - -
14. - * - - - - -

The star path reading downward spells the honorary title and name of a great Scottish novelist and poet born in August.

1. Defamation. 2. Freedom. 3. Concord. 4. A county seat of Minnesota. 5. A precious stone. 6. To comfort. 7. Pungent. 8. A musical instrument mentioned in scripture. 9. To withhold. 10. A message. 11. A kind of varnish. 12. Jocose. 13. An ancient Roman magistrate. 14. To allure. —Frank C. McMillan.

18. ENGLISH HISTORY.

Interpret the nine circles by words of uniform length. The initials in numerical order and then the finals in the same order, will spell the title and name of an English monarch who succeeded a queen that died in August.



—Grady Peerey.

19. AUGUST ACROSTIC.

The words contain six letters. The initials spell the surname of a president born in August; the finals, the christian name of his wife.

1. A tunnel of Massachusetts. 2. A city of Illinois. 3. A county of Wales. 4. A Florida cape. 5. A city of Bessarabia, Russia. 6. The largest of the Samoan islands. 7. A town of Winneshiek county, Iowa. 8. A lake in the northwesternmost county of Ohio.

—Leo E. Bourdon.

20. KANSAS HAPPENINGS.

The words are unequal in length. The initials spell the surname of a confederate guerrilla who led a raid on a Kansas town, in August, 1863. The name of this town is spelled by the finals of the first eight words.

1. The furthest north and the highest of the seven hills of ancient Rome. 2. The muse of astronomy. 3. An apostle of Christ's who was also a brother of Simon Peter. 4. The inventor of logarithms. 5. Muse of the dance. 6. President Grant's secretary of the navy. 7. A king of Sweden who sought to wed Queen Elizabeth of England and Mary Queen of Scots. 8. The French explorer who discovered the Ohio river. 9. An American poet, author of Tales of a Wayside Inn. —Earl R. Best.

21. NEW JERSEY ACROSTIC.

All words of equal length. The initials spell the present-day name of a prominent city near New York, and the finals, the former name of the same place, the scene of a British surprise by Lee, in August, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago.

1. A Georgia county seat. 2. A town and district of Portugal. 3. A town in the northeast corner of Bavaria. 4. A city of Corea. 5. A city of Hungary, capital of the county of Heves. 6. A county in New York. 7. A gulf and state of British India. 8. A county of Michigan. 9. A city of Japan. 10. A port on the sea of Azov. —J. Milton Boyer.

22. ESSAYISTS' CHESS.

By the king's move, which is one square only in either direction, using every letter at least once and as often as needed, but repeating no letter till after moving from its square, find the surnames of 42 or more boys who wrote essays on the subject, "Why I Am Proud of My State," and who either won prizes or were commended for excellence.

T	I	S	O	M	A	T	T
W	T	L	B	E	K	E	I
E	E	L	I	C	H	R	S
R	U	A	M	N	O	L	R
F	A	D	S	P	C	A	K
H	O	R	A	E	N	O	S
L	R	W	L	Y	J	I	D
B	A	N	O	K	C	A	R

—Kenneth Fullerton.

23. SEASONABLE INITIALS.

All words have seven letters. The initials spell a playtime that is now in full swing with most American boys.

1. The pope's palace. 2. A state admitted during President Monroe's administration. 3. The largest lake port in the world. 4. A county and county seat of Michigan. 5. A city of Canada, on Lake Ontario. 6. The state in which Benjamin Harrison died. 7. A lake between Canada and the United States. 8. Relating to marriage. —Herman H. Voelker.

24. UNITED STATES HISTORY.

Fill the nine horizontal rows of squares with certain capital cities of the United States, one letter of the names to a square. The star path from the top down spells a memorable July battle of the civil war. The numbered letters from 1 to 10 in numerical order spell another July battle. The squares lettered A to E in order, and the squares numbered with Roman numerals from I to VII, each spell a surname of a president who died in July.

1	B	2		✳			
2					✳	1	III
3	9		✳			VI	VII
4	I			✳	6		
5			✳	3	II		
6	A		✳			5	
7		8	10	✳	E	4	
8	7		V	D		✳	
9		C	IV				✳

—Almon W. Bushnell.

25. GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES.

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THE·AMERICAN·BOY

SEPTEMBER 1906

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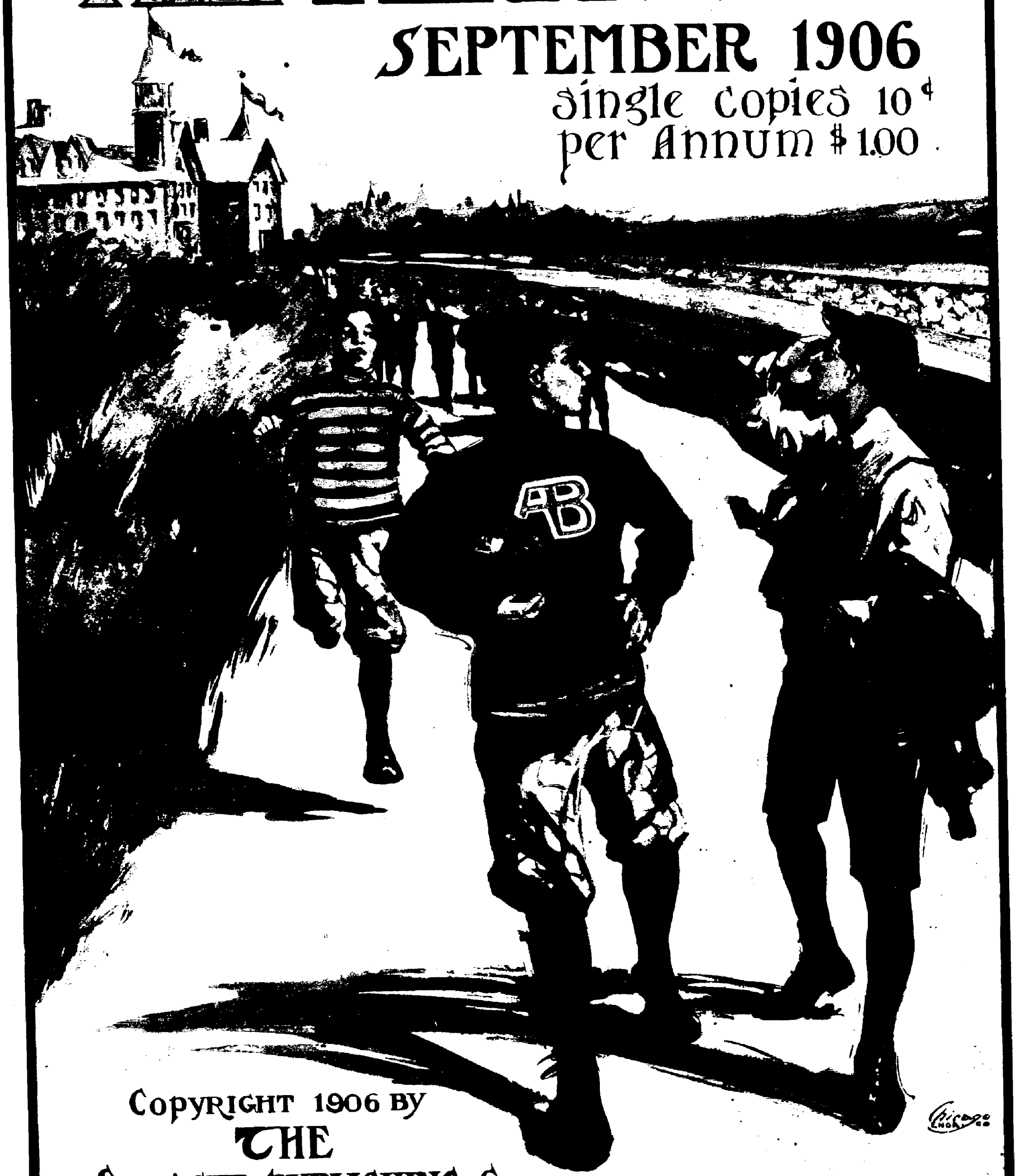

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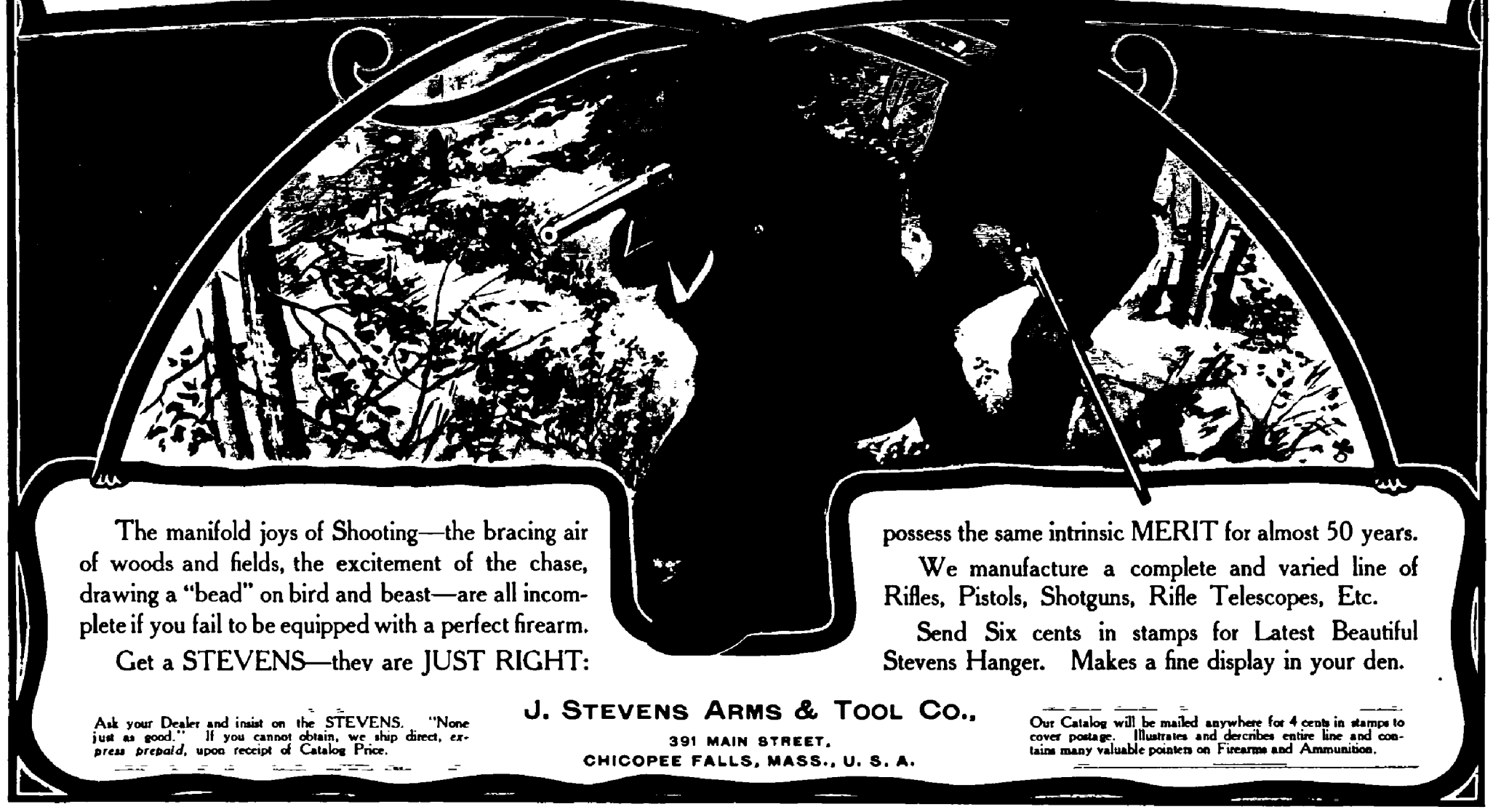
VOL. VII

NO. 11

STEVENS



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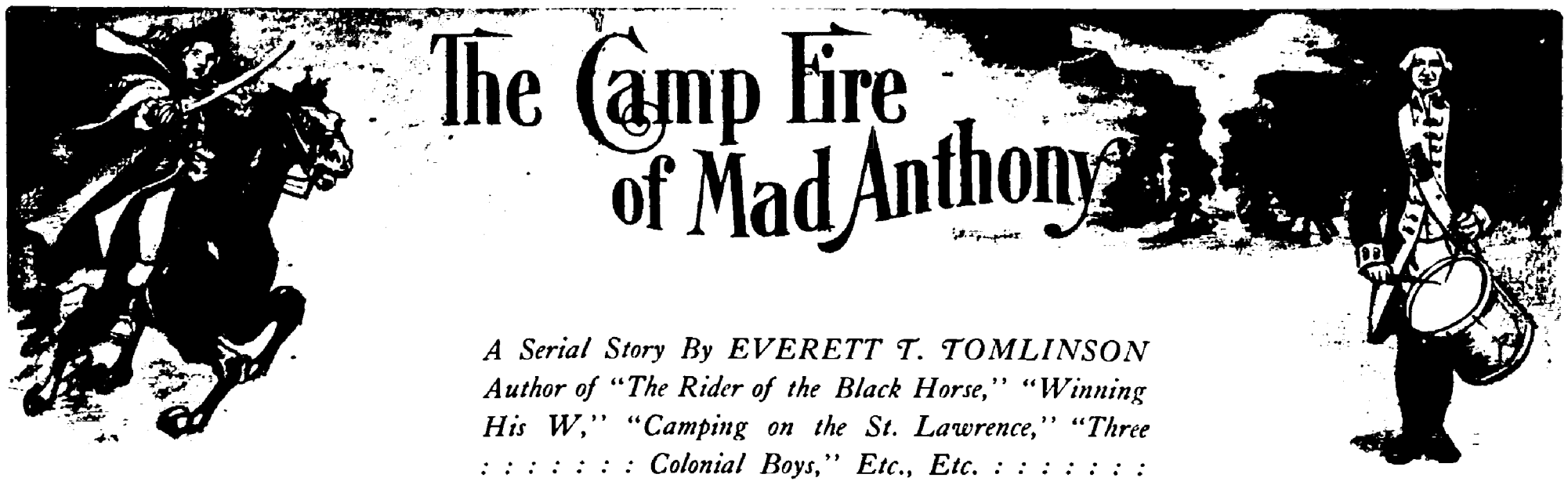
ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 | DETROIT, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1906 | NUMBER 11



The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony

A Serial Story By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Author of "The Rider of the Black Horse," "Winning His W," "Camping on the St. Lawrence," "Three : : : : : : : Colonial Boys," Etc., Etc. : : : : : : :

CHAPTER III.

THE MEETING AT THE ELMER HOUSE.

THE FOUR BOYS were all gazing in astonishment at the young Quaker, and for a moment there was a tense silence while the face of Elnathan became even redder than before.

"Did you see her sail?" inquired Noah, again sharply.

"I know the Greyhound is not here," said Elnathan sullenly. "That is no news to thee."

"That is not what I asked you," retorted Noah, winking at Caleb as he spoke.

"I am no early riser," said Elnathan. "It is only by chance that I am here at the dock now. My father is waiting for me and I must go."

As the young Quaker passed up the street the smile of amusement on the face of Noah became broader and turning to his companions he said: "'Skin a Quaker and you will find a Jew.' That fellow knows more than he is willing to tell."

"But what about this Greyhound?" demanded Elias. "I don't know anything about her."

"Didn't you see her last night when you came in from Philadelphia?" said Noah.

"Not a sign of her. What was she, anyway?"

"She's the trimmest sloop I ever saw in my life. Cale and I sa her down the bay last nigl and she was waiting for Sam McGear to come aboard and pilot her up the creek."

"She had to put up with Noah, thoug laughed Caleb.

"Yes," acknowledged Noah dryly, "that's exactly what she had to do. I brought her up to the dock last night about ten o'clock, and you can all see for yourselves that she is not here now."

"Was she loaded?" inquired Ananias.

"I think she was, but her cargo wasn't very heavy, whatever it was. I don't see anything of it hereabout, and it may be she didn't land anything, anyway."

"What do you think she was?" inquired Elias. "We didn't see her, but we got in before sundown, so, of course, we missed her."

"I think she's the best and the fastest sloop I ever saw. That's all I know."

"What made you ask Elnathan if he knew anything about her?" said Ananias.

"Because I wanted to find out, and I did," Noah added, demurely. "You all know that Elnathan's father, in spite of his smooth ways, has been the bitterest man in Greenwich against the congress that met last fall in Philadelphia, and when a year ago the committee of the Philadelphia people told Captain Ayres to take his ship Polly and his cargo of tea and sail straight back to England—"

"But Captain Ayres was scared and did just what the committee told him to do," interrupted Caleb. "I know, for Anthony Wayne told me all about it. You know he was one of the 'Representatives of the Freemen' of Chester County."

"So I have heard you remark some score of times. You drag in your Anthony Wayne every time you get a chance," said Noah. "He must be a wonderful man."

"He is," declared Caleb promptly, ignoring the laughter of his friends. "He's the best looking man you ever saw. He's as straight as an arrow and the muscles in his arms are like hickory."

"How do you know?" said Noah, with a twinkle of his eyes.

"I know, for he used them on me once. I'm a member of his company in Chester and you ought to see us on general training days. Anthony Wayne never lets a man do anything halfway in his company, let me tell you. I've seen him take a man by the shoulders and shake him, as a dog does a rat, if the fellow doesn't pay attention. That was the trouble with me," Caleb added, demurely.

"He does worse than that, so I have heard," said Elias. "They tell me there are as many bloody noses and black eyes in his company, when he gets through with his drill, as you could find in a regular battle. And Anthony Wayne is the one who does it, too, I understand."

"He is a bit fiery," Caleb acknowledged, "but he doesn't ask a man to do anything he won't do himself. There isn't a man in the company that doesn't swear by him, too."

"Do they ever swear at him, Cale?" inquired Noah.

"I think not," said Caleb, so solemnly that his friends all laughed.

"What has Friend Todd to do with Anthony Wayne I'd like to know," suggested Elias.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," said Noah quickly. "The trouble is that whatever you begin to talk about Cale always winds up with Anthony Wayne."

"I don't, either!" retorted Caleb. "But, Noah," he added, "if you could just meet him once—"

A shout of laughter interrupted Caleb, who, in his surprise, turned and stared at the boys, which served to increase their delight.

"Go on with your story about Elnathan's father, Noah," suggested Ananias.

"There's nothing to say, except that he opposed resisting Captain Ayres when he wanted to land his cargo of tea, and he's been on that side ever since. Do you know," Noah added, impressively, "I've heard it reported that they drink tea every day at the Todds!"

"We'd dump their tea and the whole family, too, into the Cohancey if we knew that was true, Noah," said Elias, angrily.

"Oh, I don't know it's true," said Noah, slowly. "I'm just telling you what I've heard. Then the way the Greyhound crept up here in the night and—"

"You don't think she dared bring any tea in here, do you?" demanded Ananias.

"No, I don't know anything about it," said Noah. "I just thought I'd try a word on Elnathan, that's all. Ananias," he added abruptly, "what's that story you were telling about the Elmer house? Cale and I almost stopped there last night to—"

"'Almost' is all right," interrupted Ananias. "I can't imagine you, Noah, as ever doing more than 'almost.' But what I told you is true, for I've seen it myself."

"Seen what?" demanded Caleb.

"Seen the doors open and shut, and heard the windows rattle and not a soul in the house, either."

"How do you know there wasn't?" inquired Noah, soberly.

"Because when the men went in they found the house empty."

"Did you go in?"

"No; I was there, though—"

"You 'almost' went in, you mean, I suppose," said Noah dryly.

"That's about it," acknowledged Ananias, as the boys laughed.

"'Now Barabbas was a robber and Ananias was the chief of l——"

"Quit that!" interrupted Ananias. "You've told that so many times you 'almost' believe what you're saying."

"No 'almost' about it at all, Ananias. I believe every word you say," declared Noah, "and what's more if you fellows will meet Cale and me tonight we'll go down to the Elmer house and catch the witches at their tricks. What time does the performance begin, Ananias?"

"About nine of the clock. At least that was the time night before last."

"All right. Will you both stop for us tonight? I'd really like to find out if this Ananias is as good as his predecessor. As far as I'm concerned, I think he is, but I'd like to make sure of it," said Noah dryly.

"We'll meet you," said Elias quickly. "We'll stop at your house for you. I want to see the performance myself."

"I'm agreed," said Ananias. "All I want is to be sure that Noah won't go 'almost' into the Elmer house and then pull back. I tell you it just makes the shivers creep up and down your back," he added.

"It's your conscience that does that, Ananias," declared Noah solemnly. "That isn't the witches or whatever it is that opens the doors and windows in the old house."

"You wait," said Ananias, meaningly. "There are a good many who know more about this than you do and there isn't a man that can explain it."

Promptly at nine o'clock that evening the four boys departed from Noah's house without explaining to any of the family what it was they were about to try. When they entered the street that led to the Elmer house, which was located not far from the dock at which they had assembled that morning, they could see that not a star was visible in the heavens. The wind, too, which had risen was chill and there were promises of snow in the heavy clouds that hid the face of the sky.

"Good night for the witches," suggested Caleb, in a low voice.

"Good night for Ananias, too," said Noah.

"You wait! You just wait, that's all!" retorted Ananias, and in silence the boys advanced until they had taken a position near the house they were seeking. Not a person besides themselves could be seen on the street and the house, which for some time had not been occupied, loomed dark and mysterious before them. If any of the boys was fearful he was careful to conceal his feelings, although the manner of all except Noah betrayed the excitement under which they were laboring.

"What are we to do now, Ananias?" inquired Noah, in a low voice.

"Go up and knock on the front door," replied Ananias.

"All right; come along. No, I'll go alone. I know how you feel." And Noah at once advanced to the door, and lifting the heavy iron knocker announced his presence so noisily that the sound was plainly heard by his companions who had remained standing in the street.

Noah waited a brief time, but no response was given to his noisy summons. He could see as he glanced behind him that his friends were excitedly watching him. The whistling of the wind was the only sound to be heard.

Again Noah lifted the knocker and more loudly repeated his efforts to announce his presence, and before the last sound had been heard the creaking door opened slowly before him. Noah shivered slightly, as he was aware that no person was to be seen—only the dim outline of the wide hall appeared before him.

Summoning all his courage, Noah stepped within and as he did so the heavy door was closed with a resounding bang that could be heard far down the street. The three boys that had excitedly watched the disappearance of their friend turned eagerly to one another, as Ananias whispered, "There! I reckon Noah almost believes me now."

"We mustn't leave him alone in that house," said Caleb excitedly. "Come on! We must go in, too."

"Hold on a bit," suggested Elias hastily as the form of someone approaching down the street could be seen. Intensely excited now, the boys waited for the newcomer to draw near, and their surprise was great when they perceived Elnathan Todd, the young Quaker, stopping before them, his own astonishment apparently as great as their own.

"Noah Dare is in that house all alone, Elnathan," said Elias in a whisper. It was too dark to enable the boys to perceive the expression of anger or dismay on the face of Elnathan, but he said, quietly, "Why has Friend Noah gone in there?"

"To see the witches," began Caleb. "We're going in, too—"

Caleb stopped abruptly as the sound of opening windows and rattling shutters could be heard. There was a sound as of a person crying, as if in pain or distress, and the sound seemed to be heard first at one window and then at another near it. It was too dark to permit the boys to perceive how blanched became the faces of their companions, but in a moment Caleb in a low voice exclaimed, "Come on, boys; I'm going in there."

Without hesitation Elias and Ananias followed him and together they ran up the steps of the low piazza.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DARKNESS.

The eager boys were so excited that they failed to observe how their sudden advance affected their young Quaker companion. Elnathan had watched his friends as they noiselessly mounted the steps of the low piazza, and for a moment an expression of dismay spread over his countenance. He acted as if he was about to follow them and even moved forward toward the house; then abruptly turning about he fled back up the street. He had not gone far, however, before again he stopped, and after he had listened intently for any sound that might come from the old house, he began to creep stealthily back to the place from which he had fled. Moving quickly across the street, he took a position directly in front of the opened door, and concealing himself behind a huge elm tree peered anxiously out at the scene before him. If the boys had been able to see him they could have perceived that he was intensely excited and that an element of fear was mingled with his interest as he watched and listened for the outcome of his recent companions' entrance into the Elmer house.

Meanwhile the three boys had passed into the wide hall and there all stopped and listened again. It was too dark to enable anyone to see his friends' faces, but the excitement of the moment was so intense that other things were ignored.

"I've never been in this house before," whispered Caleb. "You lead the way, Ananias, and we'll go with you."

"I don't know the place very well, either," responded Ananias in a hoarse whisper. "We'd better call to Noah and then we can go where he is."

"Don't you know the way, Elias?" inquired Caleb.

"I have been here, but not lately. I shouldn't want to fall down any stairs. Ananias is right. We'd better call Noah," replied Elias.

"Elias, you go out and get a candle somewhere," suggested Caleb, unaware that his voice was trembling. "Ananias and I'll look up Noah while you're gone."

"I'll do it," responded Elias so promptly that he was gone almost before his two friends were aware of his abrupt flight from the house.

"Now, then, I'll call," whispered Caleb to his remaining companion. "You listen and stand ready to do whatever has to be done. Hi! Noah! Noa-a-h!" he called, his voice rising as he repeated the summons.

Both boys stood listening for their friend's response, but aside from the loud beating of their hearts and the whistling of the wind under the eaves not a sound could be heard by them.

"Call again, Cale!" whispered Ananias.

"Hi-i! Noah! Noah! Where are you?" called Caleb obediently.

Suddenly from above the stairway before them there came a loud laugh, shrill, prolonged, and repeated before the boys could recover from the alarm which the unexpected and startling outburst had aroused. Instantly both Caleb and Ananias fled through the open door to the piazza, their faces wet with perspiration and their teeth chattering. Unaware of Elnathan's hiding place they were ignorant of the grim smile that appeared on the young Quaker's face as he observed their precipitate departure from the house.

In a moment, however, both boys had in a measure recovered from their alarm, and stopping on the street and gazing fearfully at the place from which they had fled, Caleb said, "What was that anyway, Ananias?"

"I don't know. I haven't the least idea. It sounded like——"

"Come on! Let's go back there! I'm mighty glad no one saw us. We've just got to find Noah. I don't believe in witches and such things, anyway."

"I don't either," responded Ananias tremblingly. "Jersey people aren't such fools as they had in Salem. Come on! I'll go back with you. Wait a minute, though. I'll cut a club here first." Eagerly and with trembling hands Ananias cut a sapling that was growing in the yard, and then with his weapon—a stout stick a yard or more in length—they returned together to the door, which had not been closed after their abrupt flight, and once more they stood together in the hall.

Again they listened for any sound that might be heard, but the silence of the night was unbroken. The darkness within the house was all about them, and the fear which formerly held the boys once more returned upon them.

"Call again, Cale," whispered Ananias.

"You call this time, Ananias," responded Caleb hoarsely. "I couldn't make anyone hear."

Ananias, recalling the response which had greeted his friend's shout, did not share in Caleb's feeling, but he quickly responded, peering up into the darkness of the hallway above him as he shouted:

"Hi there, Noah! Where are you?"

"Here I am," came an answering word from the head of the stairs. "I'll be with you——"

There was no mistaking the voice of Noah in the response, but there was a quick interruption that caused the boys in the hall below to dash trembling for the door. Again the weird laughter was heard and the sound appeared to come from the upper hall, too, though manifestly it was nearer the front of the house than the place where their friend had been standing. Someone, too, was descending the stairs, the boards creaking loudly beneath the feet of the fugitive as he leaped down the steps. Precipitately Caleb and Ananias fled to the piazza, but fear for their friend caused them to stop there and turn about to perceive what or who it was that apparently was in pursuit of them.

In a moment Noah joined them, and as both boys became aware that it was he who had rushed so noisily down the stairway they turned excitedly to him and Ananias said in a whisper:

"What was that, Noah? What is it?"

"If I knew I shouldn't be standing here with you fellows," said Noah, grimly.

"There is something in the old house after all, Noah," said Ananias, unable to refrain from rejoicing over his friend in spite of his own alarm.

"There surely is," admitted Noah.

"But *what* is it? Did you see anything? Could you hear?" demanded Caleb.

"I could hear and I'm going to see," replied Noah sturdily. "I'm not afraid." Noah spoke confidently, but neither of the boys was persuaded that their companion was less fearful than were they themselves.

"Elias has gone for a light," suggested Ananias. "We'll find out when he comes back."

"I'm going up there now," responded Noah sturdily.

"Wait, wait till Elias comes," said Caleb eagerly.

"I'm not going to wait; I'm not afraid. This is Jersey and not Salem, I'd have you know."

Before either of the boys could protest Noah proceeded up the stairs, his footsteps sounding noisily through the house, almost as if he was striving to maintain his courage by giving warning of his coming.

"Come on, Ananias," whispered Caleb. "We can't let Noah go up there alone."

"I'm with you," responded Ananias feebly.

"No, you stay here," suggested Caleb quickly. "You stay and tell Elias where we are when he comes back. Give me your club and I'll go up there, too." Taking the weapon from his friend's hand, Caleb began to climb the stairway.

"I'm coming, Noah," he called. "I'll be with you in a minute."

"Come on, Cale!" responded Noah. "I'll wait for you. We'll find——"

Noah's words were interrupted by a screech such as Caleb had never before heard. Shrill and prolonged, it seemed at first to Caleb as if it caused his very heart to cease beating. Almost instinctively he leaped back two or three steps and then the thought of his cousin's peril recalled him to the necessity of going to his aid.

Turning sharply about he grasped the rail and bounded up the stairway into the darkness. The shrill screech had ceased and in its place came a voice that manifestly was human, and, if its tones were to be trusted, there was an element of rage and terror as well in the mind of the speaker.

"Yo' le' go me! I done tell Mas' Tom! Yo' hear me! Yo' le' me go! Ah gwine tell Mas' Tom! Yo' le' go me! Le' me go, ah tole yo'!" The shrill demands were followed by screams that were shriller still, and Caleb, assured now that he was to deal with flesh and blood, leaped eagerly forward.

"Noah! Noah!" he shouted, "where are you?"

"Here I am, Cale."

"Where? I can't see you."

"Feel me, then. I'm right by the rail. I've got him now as sure as you are born. No witch about this. Quit your kicking! Hold still now and I won't hurt you. Ah, none of that! You can't get away."

Aware that part of his cousin's words were spoken to him and part to someone whom he could not see, Caleb rushed forward, guided by the sounds in the darkness.

"Hold on, Noah; I'll be with you in a minute," he called.

"Yo' le' me go, I'se tellin' you'! Yo' le' me go! E-e-e-e! Mas' Tom'll——"

Caleb was aware that the shrill voice certainly was not Noah's, and the appeal or demand for release indicated that its owner was in someone's grasp. In a moment he felt the arm of Noah before him and then his hand rested upon a head so woolly that he knew a negro was there. Instantly, despite the kicks which he received in his legs, Caleb reached forth and grasped the struggling, writhing body which Noah was striving to hold firmly, and as he did so the screeching was renewed.

"Yo' le' me go! Yo' le' me go! Ah ain't done nothin'! Yo' le' me go! Ah gwine t' tell Mas' Tom, ah sho'ly is! Don yo' fin' out! Yo' le' go!"

"Come up here, Ananias!" called Caleb. "We've got our hands full."

As Ananias instantly came running up the stairway the prisoner once more endeavored to escape. Writhing, twisting, kicking, butting, the effort of the unseen negro almost succeeded, but as the third member of the party now joined in the contest the captive was speedily subdued.

"Any more of you here?" demanded Noah of the prisoner.

"Ah ain't gwine tell. Yo' le' me go! Yo' le' me go!"

"There's Elias," said Ananias quickly, as a step was heard in the lower hall. "Come up here, Elias!" he called. "Got your candle?"

"Yes, I've got one," responded Elias. "Where are you?"

"Right up here in the hall. Come up. Be quick, too!"

In a brief time Elias had a light, and then he hastily ran up the stairway, but he stopped when he approached his friends and stared at the sight before him. Held firmly in the grasp of his friends was a negro girl, apparently about twelve years of age.

"What you doing with that wench?" demanded Elias in astonishment.

"Bring your candle here," said Noah.

Elias at once came nearer, and as the light of his candle fell upon the face of the negro girl, now grinning broadly, he said quickly, "Why, that's Tom Hull's wench!"

"Ah shore is!" said the girl, laughing loudly.

Before anyone could speak, the sound of footsteps in the hall below caused every one to turn sharply and peer at the intruder.

CHAPTER V.

A RENEWED SEARCH.

The light of the candle which Elias had placed upon the floor, when he threw himself into the struggle, revealed now a breathless, excited little group that stood waiting for the approach of the one whose footsteps had been heard on the stairway. Even the negro girl had ceased her efforts to free herself, and she apparently was as eager to learn who the approaching man was as were her captors. The newcomer did not falter and as he came to the top of the stairs the boys beheld Elnathan staring at them.

"Come on, Elnathan," called Noah, plainly relieved by the sight. "We've found the witch. It's Tom Hull's wench, that's all." Thomas Hull was known in the village as a prosperous man, an outspoken foe to the colonists who were remonstrating against the severe measures the mother country was adopting to repress the rebellious people of the colonies. His home was in the village of Greenwich and his position there had been one of influence before he had incurred the opposition of his neighbors by his Tory sentiments.

"What is she doing here?" demanded Elnathan slowly, as he gazed first at the grinning girl and then at the boys.

"She can tell you that better than I can," responded Noah. "Tell him what it is you are doing here," he added, turning to the prisoner as he spoke.

"Ah ain't doin' nothin'," said the girl, grinning broadly.

"What *were* you doing here?" demanded Noah sternly.

"Ah ain't doin' nothin', suh," she repeated.

"Did you open the door?"

"Ah shore did. Ah done open de do'."

"Did you rattle the windows?"

"Yaas, suh. Ah shore did."

"Did you slam the shutters?"

"Yaas, suh." As she spoke the grin on the prisoner's face broadened.

"Did you do all that screeching and screaming?"

"Ah done tole yo'."

"Have you been here before?"

"Ah shore has, suh."

"And you were the one that has been frightening the people by doing all those tricks in this house?" demanded Elias angrily.

The girl laughed aloud as if the suggestion was highly pleasing to her, and bobbed her woolly head vigorously.

"What did you do it for?"

"Let the wench go," suggested Elnathan quickly. "She has not harmed thee by her silly pranks. Thee knows she is only silly."

"Ah is no' silly, suh!" retorted the girl sharply. "Ah jes' done what Mas' Tom done tole me."

It was manifest even in the dim light that the young Quaker was eager to have the prisoner released, and his very eagerness served to increase the determination of Noah to learn more if possible before he permitted the girl to go free. He did not explain what his suspicions were, however, even to his friends, and as he turned once more to the girl, he said sharply: "What did Tom—what did Mr. Hull tell you to do all these foolish things for?"

"Ah don' know, suh. Mas' Tom jus' tole me."

"And you don't know why he told you to come here every night and rattle the shutters and slam the doors?"

"Ah specs, suh, he jes' want to scare de folks. An' ah shore did, suh! De way de folks jes' cotch der bref an' run——" The girl broke into a peal of noisy laughter at the recollection, and her young captors looked foolishly into one another's faces as the truth of her charge became evident even in their own recollections.

"Why did he want to frighten people?" demanded Noah.

"Ah don' know, suh, 'less 'twas what I tole yo'."

"Weren't you afraid to stay here all alone?" inquired Ananias shrewdly.

"Ah wasn't afraid," laughed the girl. "'Twas de folks what come here was afraid. Dey sho'ly was."

"Did you come every night?" said Elias.

"Ah done come las' night, an' Sampson he done come, too, suh," she added, referring to one of Thomas Hull's black men whom the boys well knew.

"Why did he come? Was that the only night when he came?" demanded Noah.

"Yaas, suh. Las' night de only night what Sampson come."

"Why was he here last night?" persisted Noah.

"Ah don' know, suh. Ah spects it was 'cause de men——." The negro girl checked herself abruptly and left the sentence uncompleted.

"The men came last night, did they?" inquired Noah quietly.

"Why doth thee not let the wench go?" broke in Elnathan. "Doth thee not see that she is telling thee what is not true?"

"We'll let her go in good time," replied Noah quietly. "Now, then," he added, turning once more to the prisoner, "did those men meet Mr. Hull here?"

"Ah don' know, suh," responded the girl, turning her eyes upon Noah so that the whites seemed to glisten unnaturally in the dim light.

"Did you see Mr. Hull here?"

"No, suh."

"Did you see Mr. Todd here? Was this fellow here, too?" demanded Noah, placing his hand on Elnathan's shoulder as he spoke.

"Dost thou not see for thyself that I am here now, Friend Noah?" said Elnathan hastily.

"Did you see him here?" demanded Noah again of the girl, ignoring the question of the young Quaker.

"No, suh. Ah can't see in de dark."

"Did you hear him?"

"No, suh."

Did you stay here all night?"

"No, suh."

"Did Sampson stay?"

(Continued on page 327.)

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER X.

A MEETING AND A RETREAT.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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THE FORCES under General Beauregard at the battle of Bull Run consisted of some twenty regiments of infantry and a number of cavalry companies and sections of light artillery. It was a regiment of South Carolina men that had defended the earthworks attacked by the Goreville Volunteers and others, and they fought bravely for many hours after the scene recorded in the last chapter. The battery was one from North Carolina and retreated from its first position only to take a second halfway up the side of a hill, at the top of which stood a single house. It was around the vicinity of this house that the main onslaughts of the day occurred.

In the meantime, however, what of the cavalry to which Andy was attached? The Montgomery Grays were located along the Warrenton turnpike, and it was their honor to capture one of the first cannons taken from the Union army. The capture took place at a bend in the road, and was followed by a fierce attack by the boys in blue, which nearly demoralized the Montgomery Grays.

"Forward! Forward!" cried Captain Montgomery again and again, but when Andy and the others attempted to move on they found they were literally urging their steeds upon a bed of bayonets. They fired their pistols and slashed with their sabers, and the din and shock were terrific.

"Down you come, grayback!" Andy heard yelled into his ear, and a bayonet was thrust up against his side. He pulled back, escaping the steel point by only a few inches and cut his assailant heavily on the arm. The next moment other cavalrymen pushed on behind, and then there was nothing to do but to go on, cutting a path right and left as the Montgomery Grays advanced.

Yet when the Confederate cavalry had thus hewn a path for itself along the turnpike for a distance of several hundred feet, it found the advantage of position a doubtful one. From the woods poured a regiment of New York militia, and the fire was so hot from these well-trained soldiers that the cavalry was forced to move rapidly towards another defense of the Confederates, dragging the captured cannon with them. As they were ploughing on, in the dust and dirt, a volley of minie balls whistled around them and one clipped Andy on the leg, leaving a stinging pain behind it.

"Are you struck, Andy?" cried Leroy Wellington, who rode near to his friend.

"Yes, in the leg; but I reckon it's not much," was Andy's reply, as he brushed the perspiration and dirt from his face with his coat sleeve. "Gosh! but this is more than warm work!"

"Never mind; we have one of their cannons!" returned Leroy. It filled his heart with martial joy to think that he had been one of the first to lay hands on the piece after cutting down the gunner.

"Don't crow until we are out of the woods, Leroy. Here come more of the Yankee boys."

"Pennsylvania men!" cried somebody in advance. "Load, boys, and be quick about it!"

"Pennsylvania men!" repeated Andy. "What if it should be Louis's company? I couldn't fire on him!" he thought. Then he began to load with all possible speed.

The Pennsylvania company, however, belonged to the regular militia. They were an excellently drilled body of men, and came forward in a solid mass that nothing could stay. They had heard about the capture of the cannon and were determined, if possible, to regain the piece. They fired at close range, then began to use their bayonets, and soon the cannon was reached, and here cutting, thrusting, and clubbing became the order of the day.

Never had Andy thought to be in such a stubborn conflict. He cut, thrust, and charged on all sides of him. Once the butt of a musket hit him in the back and unseated him. There was a yell of triumph as he went down. Before the yell came to an end he was up again and charged straight for his adversary, a tall militiaman, who dodged out of the way in double-quick order. Andy wanted to fire at him, but before he could bring his pistol into play the tide of battle had swept man and boy fifty feet apart.

And so the fray went on, until, Confederate re-enforcements coming on, the Union soldiers were forced to retreat, and the Montgomery Grays returned in triumph to their own division, dragging the cannon after them. As they moved on General Longstreet swept by them on his charger.

"Good, boys; good!" he cried, waving his sword. "Keep it up and the day is ours!"

"Carry the news to Jefferson Davis!" yelled Leroy, after him, and the Confederate general turned in his saddle and smiled. An instant later the smoke of battle swallowed him up.

But now even the horses were beginning to show signs of fatigue, and the greater part of the company were compelled to fall back several hundred feet farther, where there was a small stream flowing into Bull Run. Here men and beasts procured much-needed drink and stopped to get their "second wind."

Hardly was Andy again in the saddle when the bugle called him and his fellow-cavalrymen to a new position along the side of the hill before mentioned. To gain this new position the Montgomery Grays had to cross an open space probably three hundred feet in diameter—a clearing well covered by the batteries of the Union army.

"Forward, and lose no time!" cried Captain Montgomery, and led the way, followed almost immediately by a score of his men, with Andy and Leroy in the number. The captain had scarcely covered a quarter of the distance when, suddenly, his horse, a powerful gray stallion, was seen to rear up viciously and take the bit between his teeth.

"Whoa!" roared the Confederate commander, but instead of obeying the stallion reared again, then dropped like a flash and shot off on a mad gallop, directly for the Union lines!

"The captain's horse is running away!" cried Leroy. "Whoa! whoa!"

"He'll be carried into the enemy's lines!" yelled another of the men. "Turn him to yer right, cap'n! To the right!"

"Whoa, Harry!" cried the captain, tugging in vain at the reins. Harry would not whoa, but with blazing eyes kept straight on, until the ranks of the enemy could be plainly seen.

But now came rapid hoofstrokes from behind. From the start Andy had realized his captain's danger and wondered how it could be averted. He knew that trying to stop Harry by pulling on the reins or calling to him was out of the question. The horse had lost his head and would not obey until exhausted.

"Forward, Firefly!" he called to his own animal, and, trained to obey on the moment, brave Firefly flew out of the line and in full pursuit of the runaway.

"Come back! It's certain death!" yelled Leroy, in horror; but if Andy heard he paid no attention. On and on he went, until the very side of the runaway was gained. The advance line of the enemy was now less than a hundred feet away. Several rifles rang out and the bullets whistled on every side.

As Andy ranged up alongside he crowded Harry on the left. The stallion did not like this and turned to bite Firefly. But Andy was ready for him and struck the runaway on the nose. At once Harry sheered off as desired, and away went both horses at right angles to the course previously pursued. Again the rifles from the Union side rang out and Captain Montgomery was slightly wounded in the arm, and Andy had his plumed hat ventilated much against his desires.

"I owe you one for that, Arlington," said the captain, when both were safe for the time being. "I'll not forget you."

"I think you had better get a more manageable horse after this, sir," returned the youth, with a smile. "He's too willing to go over to the enemy."

"I'll give him another trial. If he runs away again I'll shoot him," replied Captain Montgomery, and having once more gotten his stallion under control, he galloped off to obtain further orders from the general in charge.

"We are ordered to the breastworks below here," said the officer, a few minutes later. "A South Carolina regiment has been holding the defense, but matters are getting too hot for them. Forward, boys, and show them what our Grays can do. Hurrah for the Stars and Bars!" and away went the troop of cavalry, flinging up the sod of the cut-up field behind them. In two minutes more they were again in the thick of the fray.

"The cavalry is coming!" Andy heard one of the Union soldiers ejaculate. "Never mind, Blackwell. Show 'em what sort of stuff the Goreville Volunteers are made of," added another. "Now we have this ground, let us hold it. Hurrah! for McDowell and General Scott!"

"The Goreville Volunteers," thought Andy, and the hot blood rushed to his face. It was Louis' company! Supposing he should——"

"Andy!" It was a yell from his left. He turned swiftly. Sure enough, there was Louis, battling bravely in the midst of half a dozen of the South Carolina men, one of whom was about to stick his bayonet into the Union boy's breast. "Don't kill him! Don't, please!" were the words which rose to his lips, but in the din of battle no one heard him. Then he saw Louis catch hold of the bayonet and thrust it aside. In another moment the two chums found themselves face to face.

"Louis! To think we should meet like this!" came from Andy's white lips. "You must go back! You will be killed, or captured!"

"I am fighting as I was told to fight, Andy," was the determined reply. "Good-bye, and take care of yourself!" and away sped Louis, knocking headlong a Confederate soldier who sought to detain him. Andy had now all he could do to look out for his own welfare; and thus the former chums parted, not to meet again until the Army of the Potomac marched against Richmond, the Confederate capital.

To follow for the time being the fortunes of Andy. With Louis's disappearance the Southern youth discovered that a fresh body of Union soldiers had come up to re-enforce the Goreville Volunteers, who were now all but exhausted to a man. He was pleased to note this, as the idea of fighting even against the company to which his chum belonged was distasteful to him.

The Grays were ordered



"LOUIS! TO THINK WE SHOULD MEET LIKE THIS!"

to charge the men who were holding the defense, and away they dashed, with two other cavalry companies beside them. This charge was bravely met, and once again Andy found himself in a hand-to-hand fight. This did not last more than five minutes, when the Union soldiers were seen to part, to let through a battery of two cannons, both twelve-pounders. As quickly as possible the battery was placed in position, the rear guard of the Union men meanwhile protecting the pieces. Then away went the Northern troops to the right and left, and the order was given for the Grays to retreat. The order came none too soon, for when the cannons blazed forth the aims of the gunners were found so correct that eight horsemen and six animals were laid low. The Union battery remained where it was for over an hour, when the general retreat of the Union troops began.

The line of battle had originally been nearly eight miles long, but now it was so broken and disorganized that the fighting became general upon all sides, although the heaviest attacks were still made in the vicinity of the hill before mentioned. The exhaustion in the hot sun was terrible, and many of the soldiers had not had time to eat a mouthful since early morning. Some of the poor fellows, unable to carry the load, had thrown away their knapsacks, and they now ran around begging for a mouthful of something with which to brace themselves up. It was their first awakening to the stern reality of grim war.

"If ever I git back to Noo York ag'in," wailed a Bowery boy, who had enlisted for three months with the idea that going down South to whip the "rebs" would be "nothin' but sport, boys, nothin' but sport." He wanted to see no more of the war,—and he had his counterpart everywhere, on both sides. One dandy from Richmond who had enlisted also for "sport" was heard to exclaim that henceforth "the big guns can fight for themselves. I'll be jiggered if I'll do it for them," meaning that, as far as he was concerned, the politicians and others who had precipitated the conflict could end it among themselves.

But there were others, and they numbered thousands upon both sides, who fought bravely to the very last, realizing that the eyes of the whole world were upon them in this initial conflict. They were fighting to uphold a principle, not fighting against a Northern or a Southern brother. To these the horrors of carnage were as appalling as they could well be, but they had steeled their hearts for the inevitable, and they went on, to live or die in the defense of what they thought right. These, and these only, are the true heroes of the great war, and there is no dividing line, and there never could be, to separate them.

The booming of cannons and the shrieking of shells still went on as the Goreville Volunteers gathered together in a little clump of trees and snatched a hasty biscuit and a drink of water. Each man and boy was begrimed with sweat, dirt, and powder, and each was more than half exhausted from his exertions.

"Oh, but ain't this simply dreadful!" moaned Jerry Rowe, for at least the fiftieth time. "Captain Paulding never told me of it when he got me to enlist."

"The captain wanted to make a man of you, Jerry," replied Nathan Hornsby. "What are you kicking about? See, I'm clipped with a bullet wound in my left fore-arm, but I'm not complaining."

"The cap'n will make a man of Jerry if his knees hold out," put in another of the men. "But, Jerry, don't shake so bad or your knees will cut through your trousers," and a short laugh went up, even in that perilous position—a laugh which was cut short by the passage of a cannon ball through the trees. Everybody ducked, and Jerry fell flat, although the ball was ten feet up in the air.

General McDowell, now seeing the tide of battle turning against his troops, sought by every means in his power to recuperate his forces. But when several attacks had been led forward without avail, it was determined to fall back, in the hope of taking a fresh stand in the vicinity of Centerville. In the meantime, however, the troops of General Johnson, which had escaped from the Union General Patterson at Charlestown, in West Virginia, miles away, had come in on railroad trains to Manassas Junction, and these fresh Confederate soldiers, appearing suddenly on the field, started a panic among the Northern companies, a panic which it was impossible, in the mixed-up condition of affairs, to stay.

"General Johnson has come on with twenty thousand fresh troops! We must fly for it," was the cry which was taken up from company to company. Johnson had come up with no such magnificent number of men, but he had come up with enough to make a good showing, and, utterly worn out from marching and fighting in the hot sun, the Union troops commenced the retreat in the direction of Washington.

The blow to all was a bitter one, but now was no time to think about it. "We can weep afterwards," said one of the older men of the Goreville Volunteers. "Now it is use your legs or go to a rebel prison," and off he stalked, with Captain Paulding, Louis, Harry Bingham, Moses Blackwell and a dozen others beside him. The captain tried to preserve order, but this was impossible, for men on foot and men on horseback were rushing hither and thither, trying to find their commands or, at least, a friend or two.

Less than half a mile had been covered, when a firing upon the road caused the volunteers to halt. Then came a rush, and a band of the Confederate cavalry swept by. As they did so the volunteers stepped into the shelter of the woods beside the turnpike. They were about to emerge when Louis felt himself jerked violently to the ground. He had been pulled down by a Confederate concealed in the long grass. As he tumbled headlong he caught sight of the man's face. It was Sam Jacks!

CHAPTER XI.

LOUIS'S PERILOUS ESCAPE.

To be pulled down in such an unceremonious fashion was a surprise in itself, but to find himself face to face with his enemy, the mountaineer, astonished Louis beyond measure. For the instant he could do nothing but stare at his assailant.

Then came the realization of his position—that Jacks was not only his personal enemy, but that the man likewise belonged to the Confederate forces, and as Captain Paulding and the others moved off on the double-quick he endeavored to pull himself away to go with him.

"No, yer don't!" hissed rather than exclaimed the mountaineer. "I've got yer an' I'm goin' ter hold yer!"

His face, generally far from clean, was now covered with thick dirt, and over one cheek flowed a small stream of blood, for he had been wounded, not by a shot from the enemy, but from a tumble in the woods in which he had been hiding. As he spoke so vindictively he hauled Louis closely to him.

"Let me go!" panted the young Union soldier, and struggled to free himself. "Captain Paulding! Harry! Hel——"

The words died upon his lips as Sam Jacks clapped a dirty hand over his mouth. Then commenced a fierce struggle, and both rolled over and over in the tall grass, until, coming to the edge of a gully, both dropped a distance of six or eight feet, to bring up on a pile of damp leaves and dead tree branches.

Louis came down on top, and with such force that the mountaineer's wind was for the moment knocked completely out of him. He uttered a grunt and a gasp, and ere he could recover Louis was on his feet and making for a spot where the side of the gully sloped upward.

"Stop him, Hogwell!" roared Jacks, and as he spoke another form loomed up before the young soldier. The man was the same who had assisted at making him a prisoner at the old mill, before the opening of the war. Hogwell had been in hiding with Sam Jacks for several hours, their intention being to see what they could steal after the battle should come to an end. Unfortunately, throughout the war both sides were afflicted with such terrible criminals, who had no respect for either dead or dying, their sole object being plunder.

"Who is it?" queried Hogwell, as he blocked Louis's passage.

"Can't yer see—it's the rat we had the trouble with up near Deems," growled Jacks. "Stop him. I allers calkerlated ter git squar with him."

Hogwell grabbed Louis by the collar. Had the young soldier had his gun with him he would have either fired or used the bayonet. But the weapon had been lost at the first moment of Sam Jacks's attack and now he had only his hands.

"Let go!" he commanded, and hauling back, he hit Hogwell squarely in the lower jaw. It was a heavy blow, delivered with all of Louis's youthful strength and determination, and Hogwell went back as though struck with a club. Ere he could recover the young Union soldier was past him and speeding up the gully side with the speed of lightning.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" he heard Hogwell yell, a moment later. But he kept on. Then came the report of the mountaineer's long pistol and a bullet whizzed close to his head. Soon the trees had taken him out of range.

The tussle in the gully had somewhat upset Louis's mind, and when he started in search of the turnpike again he turned in exactly the opposite direction to that which he should have taken. On and on he went, through the brush and over trunks of decaying trees. More than once he stumbled, but picked himself up hastily and continued on his way, until suddenly he found himself ascending a hill where the thickness of the trees made further progress almost impossible.

"I've made a mistake," he thought, much dismayed. "There is no road in this direction."

Forced to halt, he listened intently. From several points around him came the distant sounds of musketry and occasionally the booming of a cannon. But to locate any of the sounds in particular was impossible. Indeed, the firing of the day had half deafened him.

"I'm in a pickle, with all the others gone," he thought, dismally. "Even if I do find the road I'll not know where to look for our company. However, I won't be any worse off than lots more of our poor fellows. If only I can get among friends somebody in command will set me right. Perhaps this defeat will only be temporary."

It was deliciously cool in the depths of the woods and this refreshed him. Having regained his breath, he retraced his steps as well as he was able. Ten minutes later he recrossed the gully, but at a point some distance above where the encounter with Jacks had occurred. He had gone on but a few feet farther when he almost stumbled over the body of a dead Union soldier. A little startled, he was about to go on, when a sudden thought seized him and he retraced his steps.

The poor fellow had belonged to a volunteer command. He was past middle age and cold, showing he had been dead several hours. Beside him lay his gun and cap, and his cartridge box was still strapped around his waist.

"He'll never want his gun again, poor fellow," thought Louis, and kneeling down he unfastened the flap of the cartridge box and took out the supplies. This done, he picked up the gun and hurried on as before. Having a weapon made him feel much more like himself.

A short while later the road was gained. Here a scene of indescribable confusion met his gaze. Union troops of all kinds were rushing along, many of the men capless and gunless, having thrown all away in their anxiety to escape. On the ground lay the guns, with here and there a knapsack, and over all tramped men and horses. Cannon after cannon followed, the drivers of the horses beating their animals mercilessly in their endeavor to escape capture by the pursuing enemy; and mixed up with these were the provision turnouts and occasionally the carriage of some politician or member of congress, whose curiosity had brought him hither from Washington to see how this fight with the Confederates should end. It was a most humiliating spectacle; yet such was needed at that time to wake the North up to the true condition of affairs.

Presently a Pennsylvania company swept by, not over twenty-five strong. Louis ran to join them.

"Where from?" he asked of one of the soldiers, a young fellow scarcely older than himself.

"Harrisburg," was the puffing reply. "Lost your company?"

"Yes—the Goreville Volunteers. Have you seen anything of them?"

"No; haven't seen anything but a lot of rebs at our heels. Better come along if you want to save your skin. They've got a large reinforcement after us."

On went the Harrisburg soldier, and Louis concluded he could do nothing better than keep at his side. Several miles were covered, and the few houses which composed Centerville were passed, when the road became blocked up in front. Presently half a dozen generals and their aides came dashing from one side and another.

"Face about, boys! We can whip them yet! Face about and form the line! Face about!"

The cry, well meant, was utterly useless. The soldiers were exhausted, having been on their feet since two o'clock that morning, and it was now after sundown. All but a few scattered regiments were thrown in hopeless confusion. Colonels could not find their companies, captains and lieutenants looked in vain for their men. Nine out of ten had still to learn what war and military organization really meant.

"This is Andy's day and no mistake," Louis half murmured to himself. He could imagine Andy, in his lusty, Southern way, throwing up his plumed cavalry hat and shouting for the Confederacy. Well, there was one consolation—the war was not yet over.

Finding the men could not be organized for a stand at Centerville Ridge, General McDowell allowed them to continue the retreat and at the same time sent Blenker's brigade to cover the retreat. The troops which reached Fairfax Court House immediately took cars for Washington, and they carried with them as much of the arms and stores as was possible.

But it was only a small portion that got away thus easily. The vast majority of the Union soldiers, worn-out, heart-sick, and hungry enough to eat almost anything, had to tramp the remaining distance to the capital. They took various roads, and most of them did not come in until the next day, when it began to rain in torrents, causing the dusty roads to turn into rivers of mud. With the rain came a heavy fog from the bay, as if to add to the already

THE GOOD OLD KID DAYS



accumulated misery, and in this fog and downpour those who had gone forth so full of hope, dragged back, to find a shelter wherever they could lay their heads, devour what was given them, and drop asleep before swallowing the last mouthful. Such is an actual picture of those days of awful gloom, when the fate of the nation hung in the balance. Had the Confederates followed up the victory gained at Bull Run, or rather, had their troops been in a condition to do so, it is more than likely Washington would have fallen. But the majority of the Southern soldiers were no better off than their Northern antagonists, and so, with the heavy rain coming on, nothing further was done.

It was not until twenty-four hours later that Louis found himself again in Washington. He had tramped in a roundabout way from Centerville, became lost, along with several thousands of other soldiers, and in all that time had had nothing to eat but three or four hard-tacks he had picked up on the road beside a half-smashed haversack. He and the young soldier from Harrisburg, named Clarence Woolley, had kept together, and now they approached the grounds around the Capitol side by side, both limping painfully, for their feet were more than sore.

The generous ladies of Washington had arisen to the emergency. Tented booths had been erected, and hot coffee and sandwiches could be had for the asking. Louis was standing up against a tent pole, with a cup in one hand and a corned-beef sandwich in the other, when he was tapped on the shoulder, and turning saw Harry Bingham.

"Harry!" he exclaimed, joyfully. 'Well, I'm glad to see somebody of our company. Where are the rest?"

"Captain Paulding and a dozen others are over in a corner of the White House grounds. I don't know where the others are. I was much worried about you. Are you O. K.?"

"Yes, excepting that I am dead for sleep. Here's a fellow who lost his command, too," and Louis introduced Woolley. The meal finished, the three walked over to the spot Harry Bingham had mentioned. Pennsylvania troops were gathering there, and soon Woolley found several men he knew and went off with them.

The meeting between the Goreville volunteers was rather a silent one. Captain Paulding and the other officers did what they could to cheer the men up, but all were too tired to listen; and quarters having been secured in a warehouse on a back street, the little band of thirty-one marched there and "turned in," to sleep the sleep of the over-weary for many hours to come. Of the company, three had been killed outright, four were slightly wounded and two were still missing. The missing ones turned up the next day.

Such, in brief, were the experiences of the young soldiers at the memorable battle of Bull Run, called by Confederate historians the battles of Bull Run and Manassas. To Louis it was decidedly depressing, to Andy it was full of hope for the future. Many of those in the South imagined that the end of the conflict was now close at hand and that it would not be long before the North would call a truce and recognize the new Confederacy. But these people were sadly mistaken; the North had not yet been fairly aroused, and the Civil War, instead of being nearly ended, had but begun.

CHAPTER XII.

ANDY IS TAKEN PRISONER.

"We're done for, and we might as well go straight home."

It was Jerry Rowe who spoke. Jerry sat on the top of a nail keg in the warehouse. He had been sleeping for a matter of ten hours, and his dreams, resulting from the shocks of the battle and an unusually large supper of pork and beans, had been far from lulling to his senses. He had groaned so dismally that Benny Bruce, already awake and as chipper as ever, had playfully poked him in the ribs with a drum-stick and thus aroused him.

"Yes, sir, we're done for. The Union is licked for good, and I'm for going home."

"Jerry Rowe, you're a croaker and a rebel!" burst from Benny's lips. "Done for? Not much! Why, we've only been through the first round of this fight."

"I don't care—I don't want any more such fighting. Why, I—I got near shot a hundred times!"

"And what did you come for, if not to be shot at?" went on Benny, witheringly, only Jerry did not wither. "Of all the cowards I ever saw, I think you're the worst."

"Hi! don't you call me no coward!" snorted Jerry, and leaping from the nail keg he made after Benny. Catching the drummer by the collar, he was on the point of bumping Benny's head against the warehouse wall, when Louis sprang up from his corner and interfered.

"Let Benny alone, Jerry," cried the young soldier. "Let him alone, I say, or you'll have me to deal with," and he advanced with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"He called me a coward," muttered Jerry, but the look in Louis's eyes caused him to drop his hold and Benny retreated.

"I heard what you said about being done for, and only a coward would talk in that fashion. We are not done for, and I'll wager that the next time we meet the Confederates we'll not show 'em our heels in such a lively fashion."

"Right you are, Louis!" came from Moses Blackwell, who had just arisen and was stretching himself.



A SCRIMMAGE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BOYS AT PRACTICE ON FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA

"We went in without knowing what war was, that's all. We'll know better next time."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea for the captain to send Jerry home," came from another of the company. "He's of no earthly use to anybody."

At this Jerry grew very red. He wanted to "talk back," but feeling himself too well known, muttered something under his breath, and a moment later strode out of hearing.

The immediate days which followed the return to Washington were gloomy enough, in spite of all that was done to put a bright face on the matter. A good many felt as Jerry did, that they were "done for" and might as well go home, and they walked dismally around in the rain trying to communicate this feeling to others. Some thought Washington might be captured by the enemy before the week was out.

But those in authority did not remain idle long. As soon as possible after the disaster at Bull Run, Congress met and passed resolutions authorizing the President to call upon volunteers to enlist to the number of five hundred thousand, if so many were necessary. The call for additional troops was telegraphed to all of the Northern states. Four days after Bull Run, ten full regiments of infantry from Pennsylvania arrived at Washington to guard the capital from possible invasion. As at the time of the attack upon Fort Sumter, volunteer companies sprang up everywhere, faster than ever before, while many of the old commands were greatly reinforced. Nor was this all. General George B. McClellan, who had been highly successful in putting down the spirit of rebellion in West Virginia, was sent for to take command of the army in and about Washington, and he came on immediately and settled down to restore order and bring up the command to the high order of military excellence for which he was famous.

The Goreville Volunteers now found themselves supplied again with tents and camping in true military style near the banks of the Potomac. As soon as everything was in running order, Captain Paulding made a four days' trip to Goreville, returning with twenty-two new volunteers and several packing cases filled with articles sent to the soldiers from home. Louis received an extra supply of clothing from his father and a small box of dainties from his mother and sisters. There was also a small pocket Bible, to replace one which had been lost on the field of Bull Run, and on the fly-leaf of this his mother had written a loving dedication, admonishing him to peruse the good Book daily and to live according to its precepts.

Month after month went by after this and the army in and about the capital lay inactive. There were small fights here and there along the river and some miles in the interior of Virginia, but they did not amount to much. In the meantime operations in the West went on spiritedly. In Tennessee, Grant had taken Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and this cheering news caused much enthusiasm throughout the Union.

Louis had hoped to go home on furlough throughout Christmas week, but the permit could not be obtained, and he made the most of the holidays in camp, in company with Harry and the rest of his friends. Again the ladies of Washington showed their goodness of heart by sending out Christmas pies and other goodies, and never were gifts more appreciated by the waiting boys in blue.

In the meantime, however, Andy was far from idle. From Manassas the Montgomery Grays moved to Centerville and went into temporary camp. Everyone was in the best of spirits throughout the Confederate army and Andy and the others thought the orders to advance upon Washington might come at any moment. Recruits were coming in rapidly, and soon over fifty thousand men lay scattered within two days' march of our capital.

"We ought to do something," said Andy to Leroy Wellington, on a crisp, cool day in October. "It's a shame to keep us idle when all of the fellows are so anxious to fight."

"I am with you, Andy; I'd be willing to risk most anything for some sort of an encounter."

The wishes of the pair were gratified a few days later. General McClellan, in order to learn how close the Confederates were, and what their actual numbers were, ordered several thousands of the Union troops to Drainesville. This done, others were ordered to Ball's Bluff, a rocky plateau overlooking the Potomac. Word of this was received by the Confederate leaders, and a counter demonstration ensued, with the result that the Union forces were caught on the Bluff to the number of nearly two thousand, one-half of whom were either killed or wounded.

The Montgomery Grays participated in this fight, and during this Andy had an experience which he was not likely to forget for many long days to come. The cavalry were moving slowly through the woods when the command came to turn to the right and take a narrow path leading close up to the river bank.

"Be careful, men," cautioned Captain Montgomery. "This would be a hard road on foot and on horseback it is ten times worse. Look out that you don't have a tumble into the river."

The command was still an eighth of a mile from the bluff, and the horsemen were moving along silently, when suddenly from the opposite shore there rang out half a dozen rifle shots in quick succession. Two of the cavalrymen were wounded and the horse immediately in front of Andy's animal fell headlong, shot through the knee.

The fall of this horse caused Firefly to balk and rear. Andy caught him tightly by the reins, but this was useless, and a second later boy and animal were plunging through the brush to the river below!

"Andy Arlington has fallen overboard!" sang out Leroy, in consternation. There followed a great splash and two more rifle shots, and boy and horse disappeared from view.

But not for long. In a moment Firefly reappeared, snorting and blowing the water from his mouth and nostrils, and Andy came up shaking his head like a water spaniel. Both struck out for the shore, but the current was too strong for each, and they were swept onward and out of sight of those above.

"They are lost!" groaned Leroy, and the others thought he must be right, for going forward meant to move into the very teeth of the enemy.

Crack! Another rifle rang out, followed by the puff of smoke from a screen of green leaves. A Union sharpshooter had taken close aim and the bullet clipped one of Andy's wet locks. But now he had gained Firefly's side and he crouched down beside the faithful steed for protection.

Here and there in the stream were spots where the bottom could be touched. But the current would not let them stand still, even had they been so inclined, and Andy certainly was not. They were hurled forward until under the very edge of the bluff.

At that time the fighting upon Ball's Bluff was at its highest pitch. Colonel Baker of the Union forces was making a desperate endeavor to retreat to the flatboats which had brought him across the river and the Confederate forces, posted in the woods surrounding the bluff, were pouring in their deadly fire with fearful effect. The cracking of firearms was incessant and reached Andy's ears plainly, yet he hardly paid attention, for his one thought was to save himself and his faithful Firefly from drowning.

Opposite to Ball's Bluff is a place called Conrad's Ferry, and in the middle of the river between these two points lies a long, low, rocky bit of soil called Harrison's Island. Some of the Federal troops were stationed on this island and it was to this Andy found himself drifting.

He had just waded out of the water and Firefly had done the same when he heard the sounds of voices just ahead of him. Then he saw the gleam of several rifle barrels.

"Halt! Throw up your hands!" came the command, and taken completely by surprise, and being in no condition, with water-soaked firearms, to defend himself, Andy complied.

"I guess you're our prisoner, Grayback," muttered a tall Union soldier as he strode forward. "What do you think about it?"

"It certainly looks that way," replied Andy, trying to smile, although deeply chagrined over the turn affairs had taken.

"Do you take it quietly, Reb?"

"I reckon I'll have to, Yank."

"There's where you show your sense. How did you get in the river?"

"My horse tumbled over the bank."

"And like lots of you Southerners you couldn't bear to think of separating from your hossflesh, eh? All right, if you're shot we'll see to it that the hoss is buried with you. March!"

"Where to?"

"Straight ahead."

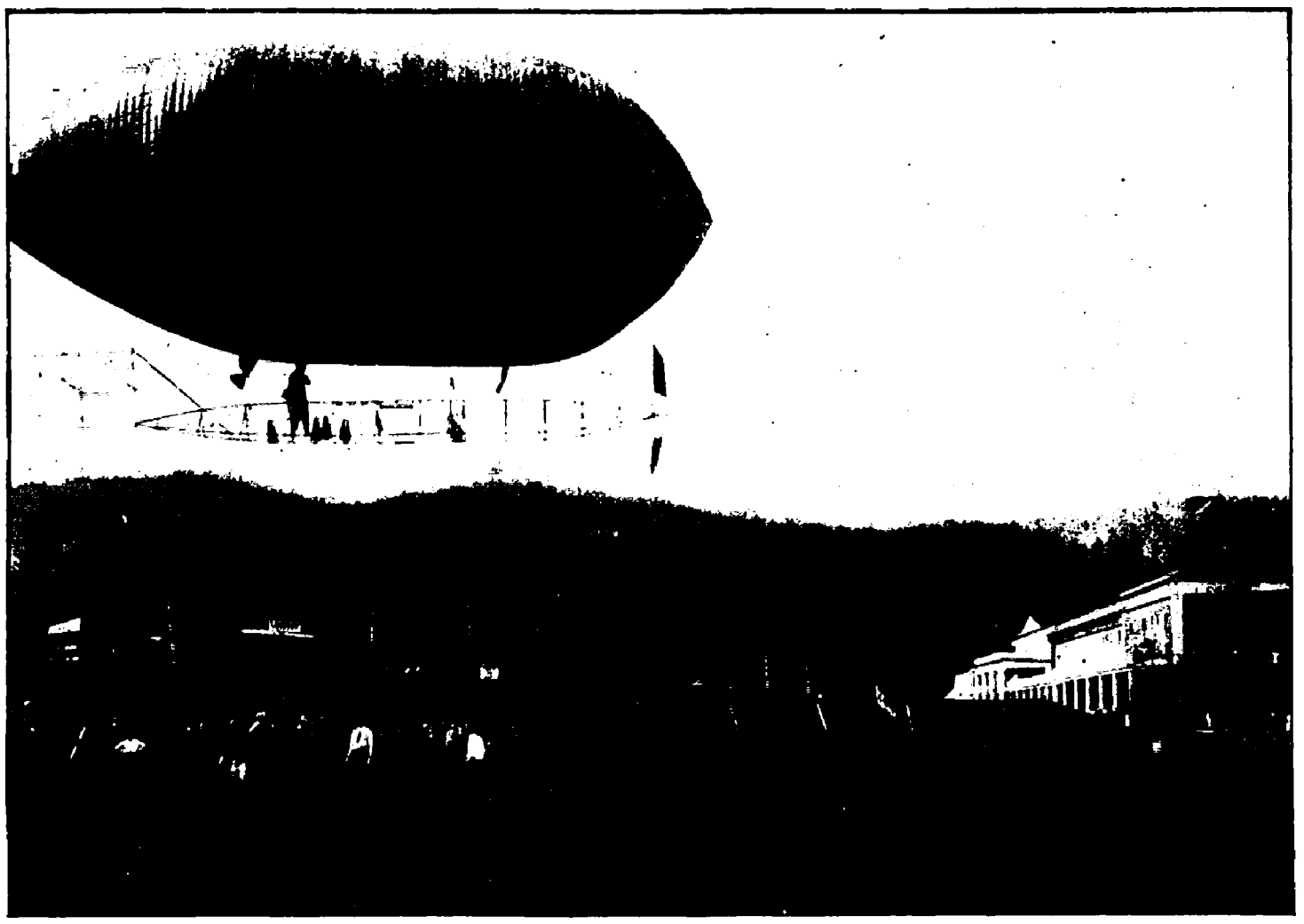
"What place is this?"

"We ain't in school now, Grayback. March!"

And as there was no help for it, Andy marched forward, with a soldier at each side of him and one in the rear, while a fourth led the dripping Firefly.

(Continued on page 328.)

A BOY AERONAUT



LINCOLN BEACHEY IN HIS AIR-SHIP AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION.

HOW MANY BOYS of eighteen would have what a boy would call the "nerve" to undertake the sailing of an air-ship all by themselves? That was what Lincoln Beachey, a boy of eighteen years, did at the Portland Exposition. Of course he had a steady head and was free from the great American disorder called nervousness. Any mistake, any confusion caused by fright would have resulted in disaster and almost certain death.

The interesting problem of aerial navigation is absorbing the minds of inventors today as never before. Some of them are confident that air-ships will in time come to be as common as automobiles, but they can never be as troublesome to the general public as that hustling vehicle is. Air-ships, should they become common, will at least be out of the way, and the only human lives endangered will be of those who risk themselves in these lofty vehicles. Ever since Santos-Dumont went sailing around the Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exposition inventors have been trying to "go him one better," and some of them seem to have done so. Captain T. S. Baldwin, an American, has long been an enthusiast regarding the practicability of air-ships as a method of sailing through the clouds, and his air-ship, called the California Arrow, was one of the wonders of the St. Louis Exposition, but, interesting and successful as were the ascents made by young Roy Knabenshue, who now has an air-ship of his own, they failed to establish the fact that air-ship navigation is entirely practicable as a common method of travel. The most successful of the air-ships yet invented cannot carry passengers, the aeronaut himself requiring all the space there is while navigating the ship.

It is hoped, however, to make the air-ship of real value in times of war, and that by its use the position and strength of armies can be discovered. On October 28th the Lebaudy air-ship made its seventy-sixth successful ascent, and the highest military authorities regard it as of very great value in securing military information. This wonderful air-ship is so protected by cells that two hundred bullets would have to perforate it before rendering it helpless, thereby causing it to fall to the ground. Experts declare that the recent experiments near Toul show that the Lebaudy air-ship can be destroyed only by artillery fire, but owing to the difficulty of discharging an explosive projectile at an almost vertical axis there is really no danger of its being hit by a shell. Engineer officers state that the air-ship is perfectly safe at a height of nine hundred yards above the enemy, if kept constantly moving, and this is amply sufficient for working a new special photographic apparatus used on such excursions. A Colonel Strauss, who made an ascent in the Lebaudy air-ship at Toul, said that he was able to take in every detail of Fort St. Michel, and expressed the opinion that every army corps should be supplied with an air-ship as soon as possible. Captain Voyer, who was detailed by the Minister of War to investigate with the utmost care the air-ship experiments, declared that in his opinion these experiments were entirely satisfactory and convincing, so it seems that the air-ship may in time come to have a place in what we call the "implements of war." It is to be hoped, however, that we will never have any need of them in this capacity in our own country.



LINCOLN BEACHEY.

On September 14th last young Beachey made one of the most satisfactory ascents ever made in our country. On this occasion he went sailing away into the air and after going in a circle around the twin towers of the government building, at the Portland Exposition, he made a tour of the entire exposition grounds, and then went beyond them and over a lofty elevation near the grounds called Willamette Heights. He was in the air nearly an hour before returning to the exact spot from which he had ascended, and he landed the air-ship on the saw-horses from which it had taken its flight. At no time was the air-ship at any very great height in the air, and at times during its course it just skimmed over the tops of the buildings on the ground.

The air-ship in which young Lincoln Beachey made this interesting trip and others is called the Angelus, and it is a good deal larger than the California Arrow, seen at the St. Louis Exposition. It is made of pongee silk and suggests a potato more than anything else in shape. It is sixty-nine feet long and twenty-two feet in diameter. It has a little engine of seven and a half horse-power weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds. This engine uses gasoline for fuel and the great potato-shaped bag holds sixten thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas. The little woodwork there is about the air-ship is of Oregon spruce, which is the lightest wood known.

Young Beachey has had several thrilling experiences while navigating air-ships, but he did not "lose his head" in any of them, else this article about him would never have been written. He is an air-ship enthusiast and one of the ambitions of his life is to some day become the proud possessor of an air-ship of his own. He has been in the employ of air-ship builders ever since he was thirteen years old, when he forsook the schools of San Francisco to work on air-ships. Not a wise course, perhaps, and one that gives him a notoriety that no boy should envy, since navigating air-ships is an extremely dangerous occupation and should be cried down were it not that the interests of science are concerned in the experiments now being made with air-ships in our country, and the ordinary man is too large and not agile enough to navigate an air-ship. The air-ship must be navigated with the least weight possible and the operator must be "as quick as a cat." It requires youth for this service, but it is not often that youths of eighteen have the "cool-headedness" young Lincoln Beachey seems to have.



Sketch by Edwin Waldorkin, Public School, 188, New York City

PATRIOTISM AND Punctuality. That is the motto of an organization of wide-awake New York City boys. There is a little history connected with the forming of this organization which shows that the American boy is not lacking in initiative; that he is not blind to his shortcomings; that he is willing, yes anxious, to apply a remedy when he learns of his weakness.

A school principal in one of the large city schools told his assembled boys one morning that an association of prominent city merchants had found serious fault with the city boys for their lack of punctuality. These merchants had said that they had often found boys who had been employed to come to their offices at seven o'clock, coming in any time between seven and eight o'clock. To these boys they said time seemed to be divided into no smaller period than hours. To a merchant one minute is often of great value, and the fact that these boys had no correct idea of the value of these small periods of time was a source of much inconvenience and often a money loss to them.

This fault-finding on the part of the merchants—and the merchant is a very important member of the community—touched the pride of many of the New York boys. The boys to whom the school principal spoke were so affected that they at once organized with a view to applying a remedy for this undesirable state of affairs. At one of the meetings it was decided to make punctuality a matter of patriotism. Several speakers—boys from twelve to fourteen years old—pointed out in eloquent speeches, that had it not been for the minute-men of Revolutionary days, this grand and glorious land might yet be under the yoke of a monarchy. These men, it was shown, were ready to not only sacrifice their sleep and food to be promptly on hand when wanted, but would turn from their business at a moment's notice. Patriotism and punctuality, it was decided, must go together. One without the other is as soup without salt—an insipid, tasteless thing.

A large flag of thirteen stripes and forty-five stars was bought, with money assessed against each member. This flag, by agreement, was to be flung to the breeze each morning of the school week and was to wave over all who came to school on time. Those who read and studied late into the night—as it were, burned their candles to the socket—left but little of the sand in the hour-glass to flow while they refreshed themselves with sleep, had always that flag to remind them that they must be punctual.

The organization has an artist among its membership; his name is Edwin Waldecker, fifteen years of age. His pen sketches, one of which heads this article, are copied on the blackboards and are an inspiration to patriotism and punctuality. The coupling of these two qualities is a novel thing, but it has borne excellent fruit. Not nearly so many boys come late to school in this one school. Possibly when it becomes known, as it will, when published in THE AMERICAN BOY, other boys in other schools will form similar organizations. The motto is not copyrighted.

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

(*Continued from page 325.*)

The march did not last over two minutes, when Andy found himself in the middle of a growth of trees. Here was stationed a detachment of Union soldiers, to cover any retreat from the bluff, should such a thing become necessary. Most of the soldiers were on the alert, watching the battle above them and guarding the flatboats, and they paid but scant attention to the arrival.

"It's going tough with somebody," Andy heard an under officer say, and then he was taken to one side and bound fast to a tree, while Firefly was tethered but a few feet away. (*To be continued.*)

A Youthful Ruler

YOUNG PEOPLE who think that the Emperor William is absolute ruler over all Germany are mistaken regarding the emperor's authority. Germany is not an absolute empire but a confederation of a large number of sovereign states which have combined on the basis of a common nationality to present a united front to foreign countries. The German emperor, unlike the emperors of Russia and Austria, is nothing more than the hereditary president of the confederation of German states. The German emperor, as such, is a strictly constitutional monarch, and it is as king of Prussia that he enjoys such extensive personal power over his subjects. Emperor William, it is said, has an ambition to do away with these smaller German states, thereby forming himself into an imperial monopoly, but this plan does not meet with popular approval. Perhaps the plan would meet with more favor were the emperor a little less arrogant than he is. Some of his people feel that in view of his temperament he has all the authority he should have.



GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

He has made himself so prominent a figure since he came to the throne of Germany that the rulers of the many principalities in his kingdom have been lost sight of.

Apart from the kaiser there are no less than twenty independent monarchs in Germany. There are three kings, six grand dukes, four dukes and seven reigning princes in Germany. Some of these German states are so small that one might call them toy states, but they are pretty expensive states and it would really be a piece of economy on the part of Germany to do away with them.

The smallest of these German states is in the principality of Schaumburg-Lippe, which contains a total population of but forty thousand. Its capital is the town of Buckeberg, with a population of but five thousand. This little German state controls its own affairs as independently of the other German states and the Emperor William as our own state of Iowa controls its affairs independently of the other states and the seat of government in Washington. Then there is the principality of Waldeck with a population of but sixty thousand, while its capital is a little town of but three thousand inhabitants.

The rulers of some of these German principalities are very young. The youngest is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is now but twenty-one years old and who has already become involved in a dispute with his subjects that has made him very unpopular among them. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is one of the largest and most important of the minor German states and its young ruler has been having rather a lively time of it since he came into authority. He is said to be a favorite of the Emperor William, and he and one of the emperor's sons are as "chummy" as it is possible for them to be.

Germany has no less than one hundred and fifty royal palaces to keep up. Some of these palaces belonging to different German rulers have as many as twenty-five thousand acres in parks around them and some of these German rulers receive twenty times the salary we pay our president. Indeed the King of Bavaria receives a million and a half per year and the King of Saxony a million. The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha receives two hundred thousand dollars per year and does not find it easy to maintain his royal state even on that generous sum. It costs Germany about seven millions per year to maintain all these monarchs, and it must be confessed that most of them are very useless ornaments and some have been fruitful of much that is bad in the way of court intrigues and scandals. The throne of Bavaria has for years been occupied by the unfortunate King Otto, who has long been a maniac who crawls about on his hands and knees and who barks like a dog. The king before him was also a maniac who committed suicide by drowning, but Otto is still king by divine right and will be until he dies, although it is of course impossible for him to have anything to do with the affairs of the kingdom. When he dies the throne will fall to Prince Rupprecht, who is far from being a good man.

There are, it must be admitted, many reasons to support Emperor William's theory that it would be well to do away with these useless German monarchies that are purely ornamental, and not very pretty ornaments at that. Some of them have been productive of a great deal of trouble to the Emperor William, and the people justly complain a good deal about the great expense of maintaining so many utterly useless monarchs. Writing of the things to be said in favor of these German principalities one familiar with them and their uses says: "The little German courts perform one service, however, which should not be overlooked. When the princes of the great reigning families of Europe are short of wives they can always find ladies of birth equal to their own among the minor German royal families, while the princesses of great imperial and royal houses can marry occupants of the little German thrones and their relatives without sacrificing their royal rank and dignity."

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg was married not long ago to the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, another of the German principalities it costs a large sum to maintain. Those who think that ours is an extravagant nation in paying those in authority over us will find that in no country of our wealth does the chief executive receive so small a salary as that paid to the President of the United States.

Still Room at the Top

BOYS AND young men looking to the future with fears and doubts regarding the possibility of success in the business or other undertakings they have in mind for their life work, would do well to bear in mind these absolutely true words, written by one who has made a careful and most intelligent study of the business situation of the present day, and who says:

"Never in the world's history has there been such a demand for ability as there is to-day, and no employee has reason to complain of the opportunities in the business world. His advancement is limited only by his ambition and ability."

That's a fact, boys. When any growler or fault-finder declares in your presence that there is "no chance for a fellow nowadays" you let that statement go in at one ear and out at the other. The chances were never better for the fellow of real ability and real ambition combined with a willingness to work his way up to the top where there was never so much room as there is to-day. Never in the history of our country were there such salaries paid to men in responsible positions as are paid to-day, and never was young blood and young brains in such demand. In fact, some of us old "boys" of thirty-five and forty are inclined to resent the tendency to set us aside in order that the young fellows may have our places.

But bear this also in mind: The exactions in the great world of commerce, of medicine, of law, of science, are greater than ever before. The demand, you must remember, is for real ability, for usefulness that has a cash value to the employer. He will not pay "fancy prices" for anything else. Do you know that there are now in the United States several men receiving salaries of $100,000 a year, and a great many more men who are paid $50,000 per year? I have personal knowledge of a man of thirty years who is receiving $20,000 a year from a great corporation and five years ago he was receiving but five thousand a year from a Boston bank. He has developed into what they call a "high-grade man" in the world of business, and it is the high-grade men who are in eager demand. The writer to whom I have reference tells the simple truth when he says: "Never in the world's history was the condition of the employee who works with his hand or automatically with his pen equaled in grade of living, pleasure or opportunities for education and improvement. The skilled laborer to-day receives more than his superintendent of the seventies."

No such salaries were paid when your fathers were boys as are paid today. Ten thousand dollars a year was a phenomenal salary thirty or forty years ago. The skilled worker, the man of keen business instinct, the worker who devotes himself faithfully to his business and makes himself master of his position—these men are being paid larger sums to-day than men ever were paid before, and they are in greater demand. To-day is the age of the young man; and it therefore behooves the young fellows to make the most of their young manhood, for youth is a fleeting thing. You have no time to "fool away" if you are well along in your 'teens. A man in our day should be well along toward the top by the time he is thirty years old, and he will surely be there by the time he is forty if he is likely to get there at all in the world of business. His progress may be a little slower in the world of science and medicine and law and letters, but youth is the time of opportunity in every avocation in life. Still room at the top, boys, room at the top for the boy who has the energy and the ambition to "get there."



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SON AND DAUGHTER OF COMMANDER BOUTAKOFF, THE RUSSIAN NAVAL REPRESENTATIVE IN THE UNITED STATES

The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony

(*Continued from page 322*)

"Ah don' know, suh. Ah wasn't here, as I done tole yo'. How can ah tell you' 'bout Sampson when ah wasn't here myse'f?" demanded the prisoner as her noisy laughter broke forth afresh.

"Friend Noah, I will take her to Friend Thomas and I will tell him of her pranks," suggested Elnathan. "Doubtless he hath no knowledge of her doings and will be grateful when he hath been informed."

"Doubtless, Friend Elnathan," said Noah dryly.

"Do then as I suggest," persisted Elnathan eagerly.

"All right. You take her home," said Noah quickly, greatly to the surprise of his friends.

"It will please me to do so," replied the young Quaker eagerly.

"You go with him," said Noah to the prisoner.

"Yaas, suh."

The girl at once moved toward Elnathan, but the young Quaker still hesitated. "Thou art coming also, Friend Noah?" he inquired.

"Why, you are the one who asked leave to take the wench to Mr. Hull," responded Noah in pretended surprise. "What do you want me to go, too, for?"

"I do not desire thee to go with me to Friend Thomas," said Elnathan quickly. "I thought thou wert also to depart from the house."

"Oh, we're going pretty soon," replied Noah carelessly. "We may take another look about the place before we leave. We may find another wench hidden somewhere in the house and Mr. Hull will be glad if we find her for him." As he spoke Noah glanced shrewdly at Elnathan, and the effect which his words produced apparently pleased him, for a smile appeared in the corners of his mouth, but he did not look at his companions to see if they also shared in his feeling.

"I will stay and assist thee," said Elnathan quickly.

"No. You take the wench back home. If you stay she will stay, too, and we may hear the doors and windows rattling again. You go right on, Elnathan, and we'll just take a look around the house, and if we don't find any more wenches we'll go home, too."

Noah could see that the young Quaker was seriously perplexed. It was evident he did not wish to depart and leave the boys in the house, and yet it was at his own request that the black girl had been delivered to him to take home to her owner. Hesitating a moment, Elnathan then said, "I am sure thou wilt not find any more——"

"Probably we shan't," interrupted Noah indifferently.

"I do not think Friend Thomas will be pleased to learn that his house here is open and that thou art—"

"Just tell him," interrupted Noah once more, "that we will see to it that every door and window is shut and everything will be all right. I give you my word for it."

For a moment longer Elnathan still hesitated and then, unable to think of any reason for a longer delay, he bade the black girl follow him and at once departed from the house.

Waiting until he was convinced that the young Quaker was really gone, Noah then turned quickly to his friends and said eagerly, "Now we'll search the house."

"Haven't you had enough for one night, Noah?" demanded Caleb. "I am sure I have."

"Afraid, Cale?" laughed Noah. "That isn't the way for a member of Anthony Wayne's Chester county company to talk."

"Anthony Wayne isn't afraid of anyone or anything," retorted Caleb warmly, quick to respond to any apparent slight upon his hero.

"Neither are you, Cale. Come on, boys. Unless I'm mistaken we'll find something in this house that will be worth finding. And it won't be such foolishness as witches, either."

"Have we any right to do that?" inquired Elias doubtingly.

"Of course we have," responded Noah with all confidence. "No one lives in the house. People have been afraid of it and we were scared, too, tonight by what we saw and heard. Oh, I cannot tell a lie," he added with a laugh as his companions began to protest. "I was scared and so were you, and you know it, every one of you."

"Speak for yourself, Noah," suggested Ananias tartly.

"So I am and for you, too," retorted Noah. "Now, boys, we'll all keep together, but we'll search the old house from garret to cellar. Come on. Bring your candle, Elias, and we'll begin with the attic."

Obediently the boys followed and up the creaking stairway they made their way to the garret. They seldom spoke as they peered into every closet and continued their search on each floor of the old house. Their efforts to discover anything suspicious were not successful, and at last they came to the door that opened into the cellar. There was a momentary hesitation when they found this door fastened, but at Noah's word it was broken loose and then the boys silently stepped upon the stairs leading to the cellar below. They had not, however, gone far before a low exclamation from Noah, who was leading the way, caused every one to stop, and one quick look revealed to them that their search had now been rewarded. (*To be continued.*)

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

BEGUN IN JUNE

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

FRANK MEETS A BOOK AGENT.

"SO YOU are a book agent?" said Frank, and now looked at the young man with increased interest. "May I ask what books you sell?"

"I am taking orders for three works—a new and beautifully illustrated set of Cooper's works, an Illustrated History of the United States, and a new cook-book. Here are some samples," and the young man brought them forth from his bag.

"They certainly look very fine," answered Frank, after inspecting the volumes.

"Perhaps I can sell you a set of the Cooper."

"Thank you; I can't afford them."

"Or a cook-book for your wife," and the book agent laughed. "Get her a cook-book and she won't kill you off when she cooks for you."

"I'll have to get the wife first—and means to support her," and now Frank laughed, too. "May I ask if there is much money in selling books? If I can't get a steady job I might take it up," he went on, seriously.

"Selling books is a great speculation, my friend. You might make fifty dollars a week at it, and you might not make a dollar. It all depends on what you have to sell, what territory you cover, and what your abilities as a salesman are."

"Yes, that must be true. But, somehow, I think I could sell books, if I had the right kind."

"Many think they can do the same, but out of a hundred who try, not a dozen succeed. It's very discouraging at the start. To make a success you've got to have lots of 'stick-to-it' in you."

"May I ask what firm you represent? Or, perhaps you don't care to tell?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to tell you, and if you want to try your luck with them go ahead. My name is Oscar Klemner, and I represent the Barry Marden Publishing Company, of Philadelphia—one of the largest publishing houses in the subscription book business. Here is their card," and Oscar Klemner handed it over.

"Thank you. My name is Frank Hardy, and I come from Claster."

"Glad to know you, Hardy, and if you take up books I hope you will make a big success of it."

"Will you tell me how they pay for the work?"

"Certainly. An agent gets twenty per cent. for geting an order, and twenty per cent. more if he delivers and collects."

"Do you do both?"

"Sometimes; but at other times I merely take orders, and when I can't get orders I take to delivering the orders some fellow more lucky than myself has obtained."

"You wanted me to tell you about some folks here."

"Yes. Here is a list of names. I want to visit the people in regular order, according to where they live, if I can. I don't want to waste my time skipping from one end of the town to the other and back."

Frank looked over the list carefully.

"I know all these people, and if you wish it, I'll go around with you."

"Won't it be too much trouble?"

"No. And besides, it will give me a little insight into the business."

"All right, then. Come ahead, Hardy. I'll give you a practical lesson in both the art of delivering books and in taking new orders. You see, some of these people have merely asked about the books, not ordered them."

Having rested himself, Oscar Klemner said he was ready to start, and Frank offered to carry the leather handbag for him.

"Never mind; I'll carry it myself. I'm so used to it, I'd feel lost without it."

They were soon at the first house, where the book agent delivered a cook-book and collected three dollars for it. The transaction was quickly over, and they passed on to the next place.

"That was certainly a quick way to make sixty cents," thought our hero.

"We don't always have it so easy," said the agent, as if reading what was in Frank's mind. "Sometimes folks won't take the books they have ordered."

"What do you do then?"

"It depends. If it's a written order, we show it, and demand that it be honored."

The next place to stop at was one where a minister had written that he wished to look at the illustrated history. The book agent showed the history and dilated eloquently on its worth and cheapness, but the man of the church refused to order just then, although he said he might do so later.

"That was a disappointment," said Frank, as they hurried off, after half an hour had been wasted in the effort.

"Oh, you'll get used to them, if you ever get into this business," answered Oscar Klemner, cheerfully.

Frank remained with the agent until dark, visiting twelve homes and three places of business. He took note of the fact that Oscar Klemner collected eight dollars, and took orders for twenty-eight dollars' worth of books. This made thirty-six dollars in all, upon which the agent's commission, at twenty per cent., was $7.20.

"That is certainly a good day's wages," thought our hero. "I'd like to do half as well."

"How do you like it?" asked the book agent, when the work was over.

"I like it first-rate," answered Frank. "I'm going to try it, if they'll let me."

"If you do, I wish you luck. But I wouldn't work around here. Our men have been through this territory pretty thoroughly."

On parting with Frank, Oscar Klemner offered our hero a fifty-cent piece.

"You've earned it," he said.

"I don't want the money. I am glad I got the experience," said Frank, and refused to accept the coin. Soon they parted; and it was many a day before our hero saw Oscar Klemner again.

Frank did not relish the walk back to Claster, after his tramp all over Porthaven. But there seemed no help for it, and he struck out as swiftly as his tired limbs would permit.

"If I'm going to be a book agent, I may as well get used to walking first as last," he told himself. Yet, when a lumber wagon bound for Claster came along, he was glad enough to hop up beside the driver and ride the last half of the journey. Even then, it was nearly ten o'clock when he got to his home.

"So you've had no luck, Frank?" said Mrs. Hardy. "I am sorry for you. Have you had any supper?"

"No, mother. But don't worry; I'll find a couple of slices of bread or so."

"There is some tea on the stove, and some beans and rice pudding in the pantry, and some cake and berries. You must be very hungry."

"I've got a plan," said Frank, when he was eating. "I'll tell you about it in the morning. It's too late now." And as soon as he had satisfied his hunger he went to bed.

When our hero told his father and his mother of his plan, on the following morning, both were much surprised.

"A book agent!" cried Mr. Hardy. "I don't think they earn their salt."

"Father, you are mistaken," Frank answered, and then told of his experience of the day previous. Both of his parents listened with keen interest.

"That agent must be a remarkable man to earn so much," said Mrs. Hardy. "I knew a man here who tried it once, old Randolph Winter. He earned only a few dollars a week."

"I guess he wasn't cut out for an agent," answered Frank, who knew the man mentioned to be very lazy and shiftless.

"And so you think you are cut out for an agent, Frank?" demanded his father.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. But I thought it might be worth trying—more especially as I can't get anything else to do."

"Oh, it won't do any harm to try. But don't fill your head with any false hopes, for you may be sadly disappointed."

"If I try it, I'll make up my mind to do my level best, and then take what comes. But I'd like to go to Philadelphia and see those book publishers first."

"Very well; I'll give you the necessary money."

While Frank was talking the matter over with his parents, Ruth came in with several letters, and a big package from the post office.

"Here are some books for Frank!" she called out. "And a letter, too."

"The package is from Mr. Philip Vincent, the gentleman whose spectacles I picked up at the wreck," said Frank. "And one of the letters is from him, too."

"What does he say, Frank?"

"I'll read his letter out loud, mother," answered our hero, and proceeded to do so.

"My Dear Young Friend [so ran the communication]: I must ask you to pardon me for the delay in sending you the story book I promised. The fact of the matter is, I had a sudden call to Chicago on business, and just arrived in New York again yesterday.

"By this same mail I send you two illustrated story books, which I trust will please you in every way. Later on I shall send you a new book I am about to issue, called the Illustrated Lives of Our Presidents, which should prove an inspiration to all young Americans like yourself.

"If you ever come to New York, I shall be glad to see you.

"Yours very truly,

"PHILIP VINCENT."

"What beautiful books!" cried Ruth, as she and Frank looked them over. "I'm sure they'll be interesting."

"Hullo! I've made a discovery!" ejaculated Frank, who was reading the printed matter at the head of the letter sheet. "Mr. Vincent is in the subscription book business besides running a book store."

"If that is so, you had better apply to him for a position," put in his father.

"I don't know but what I will, father. But it might look forward."

"Not if you explained matters. Tell him how you met that young fellow, and how you were on the point of applying to that Philadelphia house for an opening when his books and the letter came."

"All right; I'll do it, and at once."

CHAPTER X.

FRANK GOES TO NEW YORK.

Without delay Frank sat down and wrote a long letter to Philip Vincent, telling that gentleman of all that had occurred, and thanking him for the beautiful books he had forwarded. He added that he wished very much to try his luck at selling books, and asked if Mr. Vincent could make an opening for him. This communication he mailed before going to bed.

The next day Frank was busy helping his mother and Ruth around the house. The servant had been allowed to leave, for Mrs. Hardy did not wish to pay her wages any longer. As there was no school, Ruth could now help her mother a great deal, and did so willingly, and Georgie promised, if Frank went away, to keep the garden in order.

Nothing more had been heard of Jabez Garrison, and Mr. Hardy received word that he would ere long be called upon to make good the amount for which he had stood security.

"It's hard to part with so much money," said he to his wife. "But there seems no help for it."

The crushed foot was mending slowly, but it was evident that it would be many days before the sufferer would be able to walk upon it once more.

"You will have to give it time," said the physician. "If you do not you may be a cripple for life." And a specialist who was called in gave the same advice.

Two days after mailing his letter, Frank received a reply from Philip Vincent. It was short and to the point. In it the book publisher said:



FRANK MEETS A BOOK AGENT

"I am perfectly willing to give you all the chance possible if you wish to make the trial. But let me remind you that you can only win out by doing your very best and sticking at it. It is bound to be more or less discouraging at the start. If you wish to take hold, come to New York soon, for I leave for Boston before long."

"I like that letter," was Mr. Hardy's comment. "There is no nonsense about it. Some publishers would make an agent believe that all he had to do was to go out and coin money."

"Can I go to New York to-morrow, father?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"If you wish."

"Yes, I want to get at work just as soon as I can."

"Very well. I will give you the necessary money."

"It won't be necessary, father," answered Frank, with just a little pride. He had a few dollars of his own, which he had been a good while in saving.

"You will need money, Frank."

"I have fourteen dollars."

"You have? Where did you get so much?"

"I've been saving all I could for two or three years."

"It is very creditable to you, Frank. I am proud of you. If you need more let me know. You may have to leave a deposit for the books you take out."

"That is true, although I fancy Mr. Vincent will trust me."

Frank's preparations for leaving home were very simple. He did what he could around the house, and the next day he dressed himself in his best, and put his money in his pocket. There was a train for New York at eight o'clock, and he was at the station at least fifteen minutes before that time. He bought his ticket, and was the first to board the train when it arrived.

The ride was something of a novelty, for our hero had not been to the metropolis before. But he had studied a map of New York diligently, and he had little difficulty in finding Mr. Vincent's place of business, which was located on Nassau Street.

"What can I do for you?" asked one of the clerks as he came forward.

"I would like to see Mr. Vincent," replied Frank.

"He is busy just now."

"Then I will wait."

"Can't I attend to the business?"

"I think not. I wrote to him, and he sent word for me to come and see him."

"What name, please?"

"Frank Hardy."

The clerk walked to an office in the rear and presently came back.

"Mr. Vincent will see you now," he said, and showed Frank the way.

"Well, my young friend, I am glad to see you again," said Philip Vincent, as he arose from in front of a large roller-top desk and shook hands. "Take a seat, and I'll be at liberty in a few minutes." And then he turned to his desk again and began to sign some letters.

During the wait Frank glanced around the office curiously. It was handsomely furnished, with drawings and engravings on the walls. In one corner, at a typewriter, a private secretary was at work.

"Now, then, I'm at liberty," said Mr. Vincent, after five minutes had passed. "How have you been, and how is your father?"

"I've been well," answered Frank, "and my father is doing as well as can be expected, so far as his foot is concerned. But he has had great misfortunes otherwise," and our hero mentioned the Jabez Garrison loss and the fire.

"That certainly is hard luck," said Philip Vincent, sympathetically. "He must be greatly worried."

"Yes, sir."

"And that is why you want to try your luck at selling books?"

"Yes, sir. I've tried to get something else to do—I mean a regular situation—but I can't find anything that will pay."

"I see. Yes, regular positions on a stipulated salary are scarce."

"I think I can sell books—anyway, I would like to try. I suppose you don't object to employing boys."

"Oh, no. A book sold by a boy will yield us as much profit as one sold by a man. But it requires talking, and I am afraid a boy could hardly set forth the merits of the works we offer to induce subscriptions."

"I can talk pretty well," said Frank, smiling.

"Yes; but can you talk to the point?" asked Mr. Vincent, shrewdly.

"After I have had a chance to examine the books and understand their strong points."

"Yes; it is absolutely necessary to become acquainted with the works one wants to sell. I have a clerk who knows our books thoroughly. If you take hold, I'll have him give you a regular lesson, and also give you a pamphlet I issue, called: 'Aids to Successful Book Selling.'"

"I suppose you issue a great number of books for agents?"

"I have issued a great many during the past fourteen years. But at present I have only four books which I would advise you to try to handle. The first question is, do you want to work in the big cities or in small towns and country places?"

"What is the difference?"

"In the big cities you can take orders for very fine books at high prices. In country towns and villages you can sell good-looking books that are cheaper."

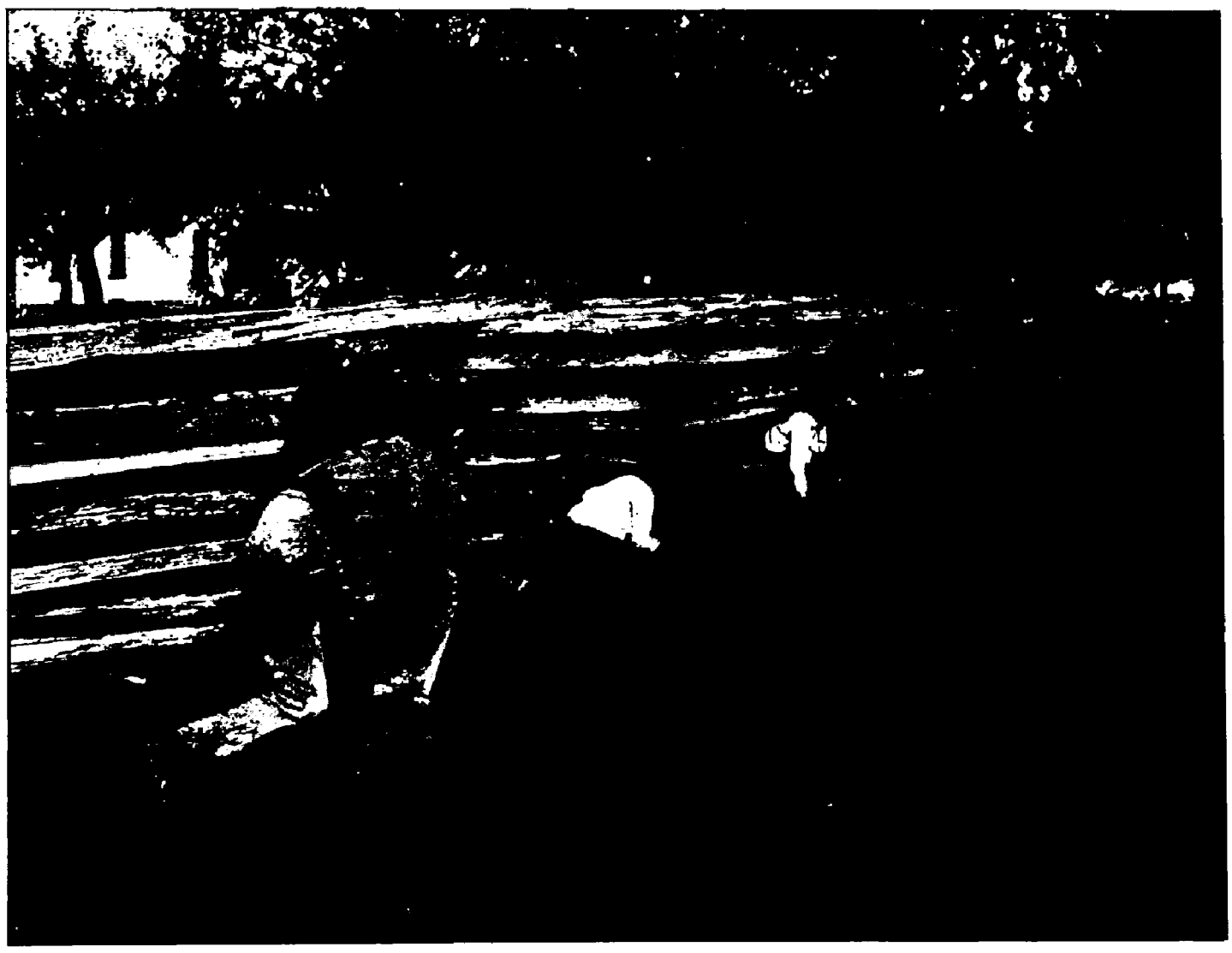
"What would you advise me to do, Mr. Vincent?"

"I think you'll make more of a success of it selling in small places first. After you have some experience you can try your luck in one of the big cities."

This advice seemed sensible, and our hero determined to follow it.

"If I try my luck in smaller places what would you advise me to try to sell?"

"I have three works which usually ap-



WILL THEY GET THE APPLES OR WILL THEY GET——?

peal strongly to people in small places and in farming communities. One is a Guide to Health, a sort of family doctor book; another is a book on the diseases of all kinds of cattle and poultry, and the third is a set of thirty world-famous novels. The first two books sell at three dollars each, and are well worth it, for they are finely illustrated and contain much valuable information. The set of famous novels, which represent the best book of each of thirty famous novelists, sells for twenty dollars, four dollars when books are delivered, and two dollars per month until the entire amount is paid."

"And what commission do you allow agents?"

"On the health book and the cattle book, twenty-five per cent, and on the famous novels, five dollars for each order which we accept and on which we obtain at least ten dollars."

"Then you make an agent wait for his commission on the novels?"

"He has to wait for part of it. He can have two dollars of the commission as soon as we deliver the books and get our first payment."

"Does an agent deliver the single books himself and collect?"

"Yes; we collect only on sets."

"Do you think the center of New Jersey and eastern part of Pennsylvania good ground to work?"

"Very good, and you might try the interior of New York as well—if you stick at it long enough."

"How many books would you advise my taking along?"

"Take one each of the health and cattle books, and one of the famous novels, with a list of the rest. When you take orders, get the folks to sign a regular order blank, stipulating when the books are to be delivered and paid for. Set the delivery so you can deliver books in a bunch. We can send them to you by express whenever and wherever you wish."

"I understand."

"We have some neat carrying cases for our agents, and I will lend you one of them, and also furnish you with the necessary pamphlets, describing the books, and also order blanks."

"I will pay you for what books I take out, Mr. Vincent."

"I don't want you to do that. You can consider the books as samples and return them to me if you give up the work later. Usually I make an agent leave a deposit for the books and the case, but I feel I can trust you."

"Thank you very much. I'll take good care of the books and the case too."

"Usually agents are also required to pay for books they order while on the road. I shall instruct my clerk to give you credit up to fifty dollars' worth of goods so you need not pay for books until after you deliver them and get your money. Of course, if you buy books and then cannot make folks take them you can return them to me at full value."

"You are very kind, sir. I'll do my best to sell books, Mr. Vincent, not only for my own sake, but also for yours."

"I sincerely trust you'll succeed. But it is hard work, my young friend; remember that. When I first went to work I received more hard knocks than dollars."

"Were you an agent?" questioned Frank, in amazement.

"Yes. I started twenty-six years ago, selling dictionaries and atlases, and wall maps. My whole capital was exactly seven dollars and a half."

"You must have been what they call a hustler."

"I was." Philip Vincent smiled. "I worked about sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and I never lost a chance to sell a book or a map if I could help it. If I stopped at a hotel I did my best to sell the proprietor a map for his office, and if I was in a small town I would try to stop over-night at the home of a teacher or minister and sell him a dictionary or atlas."

"And did you work from that to this great business?"

"I did. I earned almost every dollar myself. I was alone in the world, outside of an old aunt, who, when she died, left me exactly a hundred and ten dollars, and some old furniture that I sold for fifteen dollars."

"You ought to be proud of your success."

"I am proud, in a way. But you can do as well if you will only hustle. I can see that you are naturally bright, and have a winning way with you. A winning way counts for a great deal when selling books."

CHAPTER XI.

FRANK AS AN AGENT.

Frank remained with Mr. Philip Vincent the best part of half an hour, and then excused himself, for he realized that the book publisher's time was valuable. After the interview he was introduced to a clerk, who gave him his samples with the case, and also the pamphlet on selling, order blanks, and circulars advertising the books. The clerk also went over the volumes with our hero, pointing out the good points and the best illustrations.

"Don't be discouraged if you don't get an order the first day you are out," said the clerk, on parting. "One of our best agents was out two days before he received an order."

"I'll give it a week's trial and stick to it like a bulldog to a man's leg," answered Frank, and this raised a laugh, in which he joined.

Now he was in New York, Frank could not resist the temptation to look around a little. Saying he would call for his sample case later, he left Mr. Vincent's store and strolled up Nassau street until he reached City Hall Park, and crossing the Park back of the postoffice, came out on Broadway.

"New York is certainly a busy place," was his mental comment, as he gazed at the crowds of people, and the broad highway filled with trucks and surface cars. "It's a regular bee-hive for business."

Having ample time to spare, he determined to ride uptown as far as Forty-second street and take a look at the shops and the Grand Central Depot.

He was soon on the car, and took a seat near the front door. Scarcely had he got settled when the door opened and a tall, slab-sided individual, on whose calculating features "Yankee" was plainly written, stepped into the car.

"Extry fine day this is," he remarked to Frank.

"It certainly is," was our hero's polite reply.

"Been a fine summer right along."

"That is true."

At that moment the conductor came up and Frank handed him a nickel, which was promptly rung up on the register.

"Fare, please?" said the conductor to the down-east countryman.

"How much'll it be?" asked the individual addressed, as he pulled out his wallet.

"Five cents."

"Five cents! Why, that's what you charge fer going the hull trip, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you carry a feller five miles fer five cents?"

"We do," and now the conductor, a bright young man, began to smile.

"That's just a cent a mile. Well, now, I ain't going but a mile—little short if anything. Thet'll be just a cent. Here's the copper."

So speaking, the countryman drew out a dingy copper cent which had evidently been stored away for some years. He tried to pass it over, but the conductor shook his head, while several began to laugh.

"What's the matter, mister?" asked the individual from down east.

"Can't take that, Mr. Smith. Our charge is five cents without regard to distance."

"Gee shoo! Say, my name ain't Smith. It's Perkins—Joel Perkins."

"All right, Mr. Perkins. We charge five cents no matter how far you go."

"And do you count that fair?" demanded Joel Perkins. "I'd like to argy the p'int a little with you. Just supposin' you was a trader an' kept flour to sell, and I and another man came to buy flour. Now, if I took one barrel and tudder man took five would you think it fair to charge me jest as much as the other man; come now, answer me fair and square?"

"I can't stop to argue," answered the conductor, who was in a hurry to collect other fares. "Just you pay your five cents, or I'll call the police."

"Gee shoo! I don't want no police, nohow!" cried Joel Perkins, in alarm.

"Then pay up, and do it right away."

"Here's your money," groaned the countryman, and passed over five cents. "But it's a swindle just the same," he added defiantly.

Frank had been much amused, and it was all he could do to keep from laughing outright. "I'm glad I'm not so jolly green as all that," he thought.

"Bound to get your money away from you somehow," remarked the countryman to him, after a pause.

"I know how you can get square," answered our hero.

"How's thet?"

"Ride your five miles, and more."

"By gosh! Thet's an idee."

"You can ride more than five miles if you wish."

"Yes, but if I go too far, I'll have to pay another five cents to git back, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Then I ain't goin' to do it," answered Joel Perkins. "Where be you a-going?" he asked, after another pause.

"I'm going up to the Grand Central Depot."

"Thet's where I cum in yesterday. I'm from Stoneville, Vermont. Ever been up that way?"

"No, sir."

"'Tain't much of a place. Squire Rasperwick owns almost the hull of it. His daughter is engaged to marry my nephew, Joe Swallowtail."

"Is that so?"

"I come down to the city to buy my nephew something nice fer the wedding. But they ask a pile fer nice things down here. I priced a rug an' they wanted twenty-eight dollars fer it. 'Say, mister,' sez I, 'I don't want the hull dozen, I only want one.' And then he told me to git out o' the shop."

"Perhaps you'll find a cheaper rug somewhere else?"

"Sumboddy told me to go to the Bowery, but I ain't going. I know a feller that went there onct, an' he got drugged an' robbed o' nine dollars and thirty-four cents. They ain't going to rob me, not much they ain't."

"I hope not."

"Do you belong in New York?"

"No; I come from New Jersey."

"Gosh! Ain't you afraid to travel around here alone?"

"No."

"Maybe you work here?"

"No."

"Where do you work?"

"I am going to start out to-morrow as a book agent."

"Gee shoo! A book agent. I thought most o' them fellers was swindlers."

"Do I look like a swindler?"

"Can't say as you do, but a feller has to be careful. Wot books do you sell?"

As well as he was able, Frank described the various volumes to Joel Perkins. The countryman grew very much interested.

"I'd like to see thet family doctor book, an' the cattle book," he remarked. "Perhaps they would make good wedding presents."

"You certainly ought to have those books on the farm," returned Frank, quickly, and then, seized with a sudden idea, he went on: "Why not come back with me and let me show you the books? It won't cost you a cent."

"But we've got to ride back, ain't we?"

"Yes, but I'll pay your fare. I know you'll think the books a bargain when

(*Continued on page 333.*)



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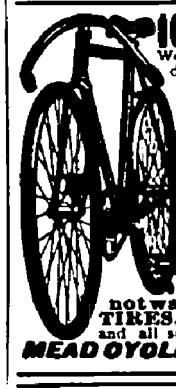

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THE RUNAWAY PUP

Written and Illustrated by GEORGE REITER BRILL

THAT LONG tawny symbol of human progress, the Los Gatos stage road, lay coiled about the base of Red Rock range like a great, Titanic serpent, stretching afar over ridge and plain 'till lost in a soft purple curtain of haze.

The last eddies of dust, from the Eagle Peak stage, were settling upon leaf and twig when a tiny yellow speck hove into view. He had bravely followed the lumbering coach for many, many miles but, now, his tired legs would carry him no farther and he staggered to the side of the road panting in the shade.

He was just a little mite of a pup, too, and probably started out to play with those big, round wheels as many of his elders did. But the fascinating sport had lured him beyond his reckoning and so, from very lonesomeness, he followed on. In the early stages of the frolic he had barked and barked and barked 'till his little throat was sore and now, he couldn't even whine, he was so awfully tired. He saw his big playfellow jolt over the brow of a hill, leaving him hopelessly behind, but, just at the point, however, where a thin trail led up the precipitous flank of the mountain's side.

After regaining, to some extent, his spirits and his strength, he, dog-wise, nosed about until that blessed sense of smell warned him of companionship. So, with easy assurance he waddled awkwardly into the narrow tortuous path and disappeared beneath the overhanging tangle.

Buck Henderson sat peeling potatoes in the doorway of his little cabin 'way up on Red Rock range and he whistled a tune about someone called Nellie Gray.

Buck was one of the hopeful kind. A tall, thin New Hampshire lad, kicked west by dire necessity and landing in this grassy cup three miles above the plain. His faith in surface indications, had kept him delving here, year after year, even against the rough jests of local experts.

His daily yield of gold, though meager, had kept him from starvation; but, for the last few months, things looked most dubious indeed. There were many nooks and crannies unexplored as yet, and so, today, he lightly whistled "Nellie Gray," for he had made up his mind to stay another fortnight or two and then, well, he guessed he could git a job somewhere.

Buck's domicile offered small attraction to the outside world, and many weeks elapsed before he saw a living thing; a hawk, perhaps, or frightened hare; but, as for men, the nearest ranch was four long miles away. Under these circumstances, then, it was no wonder that he dropped the pan of potatoes and stared immoderately at a tired, bedraggled beast which toddled up to him from out the silent woods.

Was it a bear? a wolf? a coyote? No! Just a little dog, and Buck's eyes gleamed a welcome.

"Pore little feller! Wot brings ye 'way up here to this forsaken place?"

And Buck leaned over to pat his woolly back.

"Maybe ye got lost, huh? An' maybe yer purty thirsty an' hungry after that three-mile trail? Well, come along an' have a dust chaser then you'n me 'll git some grub together. How'll that suit ye?"

The puppy wagged his tail and, looking up as if he understood each word, followed his friend into the cabin.

The crystal water proved most beneficent to the thirsty wayfarer and the lap, lap of his little pink tongue amused the man immensely.

Having gorged to repletion, the pup sat looking up at his benefactor with all the gratitude he was able to express and won Buck's heart completely.

"Wall, stranger," said he, "ef no one comes to claim ye, me an' you might hit it up right well. An' ef ye will jes' look around a bit, I'll poke up somethin' to fill that leetle round stummick o' yours."

The big man bustled about with new vigor, whistling "Old Dog Tray," to variations, as something quite appropriate to the feelings of his visitor and when, at last, the meal was ready, he and the puppy did full justice to it; at the end of which, like all good dogs, the little fellow curled up into a yellow ball and went to sleep.

Although Buck's knowledge was small concerning dogs he was sure, after a careful survey of this one, that he would grow up to be a fine collie; and he discovered also, nestling amongst the long hair of his neck, a small brass tag, attached to a thong of buckskin, on which was stamped the letters "E. Z. 69," indicating that some one had prized the pup and for whom Buck felt downright sorry in a way.

As weeks slipped by without a claimant for the dog, Buck's ease of mind grew measurably. He felt that, now, if any one should come he might be tempted to contest its ownership. He named him, too, and smiled with venial pride when E. Z. came bouncing to his call.

The new life pleased them both. The master seemed less moody and "E. Z." grew wiser day by day. He begged; said his prayers like a Christian; and carried his master's luncheon pail long distances without rebellion.

One sultry evening, as they dozed in the cadmium haze, a faint, dry crackle was heard in the trail below. E. Z. pricked up his ears and growled.

"That sounds like company, E. Z., said his yawning master, "suppose ye go an' investigate."

The dog ran off at a bound. And, while his bark was not ferocious it was sharp, snappy and denoted courage; enough fierceness in it, at any rate, to bring back an appeal to "Call off that dorg, will you!"

Buck at once complied, much to the dog's disgust, who couldn't quite understand why the company was not to be devoured.

A man broke into the clearing, booted and spurred; short and thick set and bronzed from long exposure. He wore two pistols at his belt, a slouch hat, buckskin suit, and red shirt after the fashion of the West. Striding forward a few paces he stopped:

"Mr. Henderson," said he, "I've come to take away that there pup. Ain't you got better sense than to steal a registered dog?"

Buck reddened at the implication and grew faint at the thought of losing his companion.

"Who are you, anyway, an' what rights have ye got to call me a thief? If ye take that pup it'll be over my dead body, see?"

The man's hand went to his pistol, but before he could answer, E. Z. had jumped for him like a streak of yellow light; there was a flash, a loud report and the dog lay bleeding on the turf. Another simultaneous flash and report and the sheriff lay prone beside him.

Buck, putting up his smoking pistol, strode over to the prostrate officer and found, as he intended, that the man was



HIS TIRED LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM NO FARTHER

merely stunned; the bullet had gone true, disabling the right arm. Picking him up carefully, he carried the wounded fellow into the cabin and laid him upon his bed when, after thoroughly washing and dressing the injury, he went out to look after his dog. And, to his relief, found him sitting up calmly licking the hurt.

"That was a close call E. Z. Came near puttin' ye out o' business. I guess, if ye never get wuss than that, you'll be mighty lucky, though."

The dog wagged his tail, as much as to say "that's so," and limped in after his master, where he, too, was laved and bandaged.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff," said Buck as the man opened his eyes. "Ye done a fool thing to shoot at a innocent pup an' ye have made a lot o' trouble. Him and me is goin' down to Star Corner to surrender an' we'll send up a Saw Bones an' some friends. If ye don't mind I'll use yer hoss sos' as to make faster time. He's hitched down in the trail, ain't he?"

The sheriff nodded.

"Come on, E. Z., we got to hustle to git there before dark."

Then, placing a few necessaries within reach of the man's left hand, he and the dog went forward on their errand.

There was great agitation at Star Corner that night when Buck Henderson gave himself up to the authorities; and considerable excitement in the Zorne household from which the pup had eloped. A crowd gathered to see the doctor and his helpers off while the dog received no less distinction for his share in the affair. The Zornes proudly led their errant captive home; the doctor and his men wheeled from the courthouse square, then Star Corner went to bed.

Twelve months crept by with the culprit still in jail. The sheriff, in the meantime, found his strength again, and discontented "E. Z." ran away from home the second time. A traveler, coming in from Eagle Peak, had seen a yellow dog turn off Los Gatos road into a path which led up Red Rock range; so the Zornes gave up the search and let him go.

Ten weeks before his term expired Buck Henderson was freed. Some said that Zorne had brought the thing about; but, be that as it may, the prison stricken man slunk back to his old retreat crestfallen and sick at heart. Weak from long confinement, he climbed the entangled trail with sodden feet, reaching his neglected cabin weary and exhausted.

A thin, lank shadow of a dog crawled toward him and then Buck wept in pity for them both.

Time moved on apace and, through the long October days E. Z. and his master worked and thrived. As the master dug so did the dog, for he had learned that a buried bone was treasure indeed; and just as good as gold when hunger came. Buck often laughed to see him at his work; sicking him on to do his level best. One night as they returned from a rather hard day's labor and the master felt disheartened with the poor result, he noticed that the clay on E. Z.'s feet held little mites of sparkle in its grasp.

"Come here, boy," said he, "shake hands. That's right; now, why didn't ye tell your master that ye struck it rich today?"

He patted the dog enthusiastically and almost danced for joy.

"Don't ye know that yer friend's been seekin' dirt like this for four mortal years? Don't ye see that ye've made us rich?"

The dog barked happily and wagged his tail, for he knew his master praised him.

* * * * * *

A well-dressed gentleman walked leisurely up the principal street in San Francisco one day, followed by a fine, yellow collie dog carrying proudly in his mouth a fat, official-looking grip. A man on the other side, who looked very much like the sheriff of Star Corner, nudged his companion and said: "There goes Buck Henderson and his dog."

"You don't mean to say that that is the fellow who hung around Red Rock range for five years?"

"Yep, that's him, an' he's worth more'n a cool hundred thousan'. It seems onreasonable how some o' these scallywags git along in this world."

Catching a Crocodile

An Experience in the Straits Settlements

By CAPTAIN A. B. HAWSER

AFTER an unsuccessful rhinoceros hunt in the interior of French Indo-China, I drifted down to the end of the Malay Peninsula, more for the sake of studying the natives than for hunting, because there were few large animals in that swampy territory.

One day the headman of the village came to me and reported that a great old crocodile which had infested the river for many years, had just taken down a man from a neighboring village and that it had been decided to kill the brute, which up to that time had been the object of superstitious fear.



NO WONDER HE DROPPED THE PAN OF POTATOES

I went down to the river where the man had been taken. It was a forbidding spot, with the deep water running close to a shelving bank that was kept in perpetual twilight by huge trees that hung over the black, treacherous, oily current. The victim had been paddling along close to the bank when suddenly the crocodile's snout had appeared over the low side of the crazy craft and the next moment the man was swept overboard.

The natives set to work at once on their apparatus for catching the reptile. They cut young bamboos and lashed them together till they had a square raft about six feet each way. In the middle of this they planted an upright bamboo, which was lashed strongly so that it could not possibly be torn from its support.

To this stake they fastened a strong chain about ten feet long. At its outer end was a big hand-forged hook, very keen and very strong.

The peculiar contrivance was carried to the river's edge and then came a great squawking and cackling as a Malay woman appeared with a lusty young rooster under her arm. The luckless bird was held fast by one of the men while another adjusted the big hook along its body till it was completely hidden by the feathers. As soon as this was done to their satisfaction, the Malays fastened the rooster and the hook together with many neat whippings of stout brass wire, till it was quite impossible that the bird should escape.

It may be imagined that the poor rooster objected mightily to these indignities. He made the silent, primeval swamp forests echo and re-echo, and when the raft was finally pushed out into the stream he seemed to go mad, if one were to judge by his noise. He fluttered and hopped and screamed.

Slowly the current took the raft. It drifted a hundred feet, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand. There it was caught by a current that swirled against a hidden sandbar, well in the middle of the river.

"Look! Look!" said a Malay to me in a low voice.

Out of the swirl there came a lean black thing that looked exactly like a rotten limb up-ended in the current. But it went faster than the current—so fast as to leave a little wake behind it. It went straight toward the raft. Then something huge and fearful rose dripping from the water and the next moment the rooster had disappeared while the raft heeled away over to one side where the taut chain pulled it.

For a minute or so that was all we could see. "He is gorging the chicken," said the Malay. "In a little while you will see sport."

Suddenly the raft began to bob up and down a little as if something were tugging gently. The next instant it heeled into the water with a rush that made the spray fly, and out of the turmoil shot the crocodile, showing forepaws and shoulders clear of the river so that we could see the chain hanging from the angle of his jaws.

He dived and off went the raft, speeding down the current and churning the water like a ferryboat, till it made a bow wave a couple of feet high. It went a mile, and there was no visible diminution of its speed when it disappeared beyond a bend in the stream.

The Malays chuckled and sat down to one of their long smokes. "He has gone for the deep water," said one of them to me, "and he will tire himself out in time. But they are strong, these old river kings. We may as well wait an hour, maybe two hours, before we go after him. Even then we will have more work than we care for, perhaps."

It was more nearly three hours before the Malays finally got into their canoes to follow the hooked monster. And it was only after we had paddled more than four miles that we sighted the raft. It was lying motionless in the middle of the river, with one side completely submerged where the reptile was hanging to the chain.

Then men paddled to within fifty feet of the raft and threw stones into the water where the chain showed the crocodile to be. There was not a single movement in reply. After a few minutes they darted swiftly at the raft, took the chain off the stake and made a long line fast to it, and began to tow it ashore.

The crocodile did not make any noticeable resistance, but that he was resisting passively and effectually was shown by the fact that the men could move the beast only inch by inch, so that it required nearly an hour to reach shore.

Then they leaped to land, and while some armed themselves with spears and clubs, the rest hauled. As soon as the beast was pulled into shoal water he seemed to awake and for a quarter of an hour the mud and water flew as if that part of the river was being torn up by one explosion after another. At last the ugly black snout appeared above the water and immediately a huge club crashed down on it. That was the signal for the others to make a desperate pull, and they tugged the beast up so far that his shoulders came clear. His huge tail swept around and around and his jaws snapped incessantly, but every time his tail had made a sweep the Malays jumped in and pounded him with their clubs till he lay still at last. They hauled him all the way to shore then and gave him another clubbing to make sure he was really dead.

He measured fourteen feet from the tip of his snout to the tip of his fringed tail, and was as ugly a thing as I have ever seen. I was very anxious to save the hide for a museum, but the damp heat of those Malaysian forests spoiled the carcass before my men could finish the long and difficult job of skinning the brute, so we left him to the carrion crows and the vultures which made such clean work of it that in three days there was nothing left except a pile of polished white bones.

WILL YOU HELP?

Boys, send us the names and street addresses of all your boy friends who do not receive The American Boy regularly.



"WELL, DAN, I guess you are glad you are only staying with us for a short time. It is dull enough here. No excitement of any kind. You won't catch me spending my vacation away from the mountains again," and Will Brown yawned dismally.

"Oh, shut up, Will, you are always croaking," replied Harold Southwick, who thought there was no place to pass the summer like the seashore. The boys were lounging in the shadow of a boathouse belonging to Harold's father.

"I do like the mountains best," said Dan Hurley, "but the seashore is all right, too."

It was an extremely warm afternoon, the breeze, such as it was, being off shore, and the water of the bay on which the boathouse was situated reflected the sunlight, though it was growing late.

"Now, if it was only two years ago when that piratical sloop was sneaking along shore, and the crew landing here and there, stealing chickens and odds and ends from the farmers and residents, there would be some fun. This brave band could swoop down and capture them," said Will Brown, who was not to be suppressed.

"Good land! What an idea," said Dan; "besides, I think two years ago you might have been taken for a chick and placed on the boat by mistake."

"One would suppose you were a grandfather to hear you talk," retorted Will.

"Oh, shut up, fellows. It is too hot to argue," said Harold, who had in the meantime been industriously filling Brown's pocket with sand while his attention was diverted.

"Well, I must be getting along," said Dan, "if I want to reach 'Smalley's' tonight. I guess I will take my bathing suit, too, as I may have use for it."

Harold went to the boathouse and tossed the suit to him. "See you tomorrow, then," he said.

"All right," Dan answered, and started on his walk up the beach. It was a long one and the sun was hot, so when at last Dan came to a grove of trees that stood close to the end of a point of land around which he had to pass, he sat down for a few moments' rest.

The water never looked cooler or more inviting. "I guess I will take a dip and cool off a little before I tackle the rest of the walk," he said to himself.

The beach at this place was lonely. The dense bushes at a little distance from the shore would make a good bath-house, and he had his bathing suit under his arm.

A little later he was in the water enjoying it thoroughly. He swam away from shore and toward the point of land that jutted out on his right. Though a good swimmer his progress was slow and difficult, the waves beating against him. With dogged determination he kept on, for Dan hated to be opposed even by water.

As he came almost clear of the point of land a sudden change took place. It was as if a huge octopus had reached up from the depths and seized his body. He was drawn downward and then hurried seaward. Good swimmer as he was, Dan was frightened, for he knew he was in the grasp of the undertow.

That ally of the undertow, panic, did not seize him, however; instead, he fought off the feeling of fear and, using his will and strength, bent all his energies to keep his head above water.

He tried to reason out some plan to save himself; then he noticed, as he fought his way to the surface, that which the point of land had at first hidden from view and his efforts later against the undertow had caused him to overlook, a lead-colored sloop at anchor, quite near him.

To return to land against the fierce current was impossible; he must reach the sloop; so toward this he bent all his remaining energies.

In a last desperate effort he managed to get in a measure free from the undertow, but it exhausted him greatly, and when he came to the surface again under the boat's stern and seized a rope that hung there, he had to wait to get breath before he called for help.

As he waited he heard something that drove any such idea from his mind.

"It is a big risk to rob him of that amount," a hoarse voice said.

"What of it?" a higher pitched voice answered. "You know we will have to have it. Even if caught we may as well be ruined all at once as by piecemeal, and this affair offers us a way out for good."

"Don't talk so loud," rejoined the other. "You don't suppose anyone could hear us, anchored in this place close to the undertow, with no boat near us?"

But, nevertheless, the speaker dropped his voice, and after that Dan could catch only a sentence here and there.

From these fragments of conversation Dan gathered the fact that the men contemplated robbing an eccentric man who lived alone in a retired locality, and who had the name of having a good deal of money concealed in his big, dilapidated house.

Here, indeed, was a nice situation, thought Dan. To swim back to shore was impossible, while, if he called for help or tried to enter the boat, he dreaded to think what might happen, when two such characters as these men seemed to be, realized they had been overheard.

The only thing to do was to remain where he was until darkness set in, and, in the meantime, keep his eyes and mind busy for some way to escape from this fearful dilemma.

The water was warm and he was getting over his exhaustion, but he was in constant dread of being discovered. From this, however, he was comparatively safe, for the men were arguing so excitedly they paid little attention to anything else.

Twilight was deepening when suddenly the conversation ceased. Dan looked about him and then saw the cause. A rowboat had rounded the point of land and was approaching, but at such an angle as to pass the sloop at some little distance.

In a moment Dan had made up his mind. His only hope was to reach this boat, as she passed, by swimming out to her. It was a risk to trust himself again to the water with its treacherous currents, but Dan hoped he could keep away from the undertow, which would not be possible if he attempted to return to shore. There was also danger that the men might notice him as he left the sloop. He trusted, however, that their attention would be directed to the boat and as he was pretty well rested he hoped by careful swimming to escape observation in the partial darkness. So he let go the rope and sank silently into the water.


"KEEP ON ROWING, BUT ROW SLOWLY AND DON'T SPEAK"

* * * * * *

"Keep on rowing, but row slowly and don't speak," a faint voice said, coming as it seemed from the water, and the gathering darkness.

Harold Southwick nearly dropped the oars in his surprise and astonishment, but he kept on rowing nevertheless, for he recognized the voice faint as it was and obeyed it, as he had often done before on the baseball and football field.

A hand had reached up and grasped the stern of the boat. For a time there was no sound but the dull, low, regular thud of the oars in the rowlocks.

Then again came Dan Hurley's voice, "Stop rowing."

Harold obeyed without a question. As quickly as his exhausted condition would permit, Dan Hurley hauled himself along the opposite side of the boat to that of the sloop, which was now rather indistinct in the dark and the mist that was blowing in from the sea, and at last managed with Harold's assistance to get in the boat.

"Now, row for all you are worth," he said, and fell back exhausted.

Before reaching shore, however, he had revived sufficiently to tell all that had occurred.

"We must stop this robbery. But how?" asked Harold as Dan finished.

"By going at once to the authorities and stating what we know," replied Dan. "And then I mean to be there myself, if I possibly can," he added.

The night was intensely black as the town officers, accompanied by Dan Hurley and Harold Southwick, advanced toward the house, the robbery of which had been planned by the men in the sloop the night before. At first they were inclined to ridicule Dan Hurley's story, but his earnestness and his clear, convincing statements had caused them to change their opinion.

Dan and Harold had insisted upon going part way with them, at least, and after some reluctance were permitted to do so, the understanding being that they were to remain at some distance while the officers closed in on the house. When the criminals were secured they were to come on a signal and see if Dan could recognize the robbers.

It was not long before the house rose dark and forbidding from the surrounding gloom. The officers talked in whispers for a moment or two, then told the boys to stay where they were.

No sooner had they disappeared in the darkness than Dan said in a low voice, "Come on, Harold, I am going to be in this."

"That's where you are right," Harold whispered back.

Led by Harold, who knew the locality thoroughly, the boys made a detour and approached the house from the rear. The owner's bedroom was on the ground floor, so they advanced as near the window as they dared and hid themselves in a tangle of underbrush.

Waiting in the darkness was a great strain upon their nerves. The minutes seemed hours, the hours, days. Dan was almost sure it was time for daylight to appear when suddenly a bright light shown through the room.

The boys went up close to the window. Looking in under the partially lowered shade they saw the glare of a dark lantern resting upon a man who had sprung up in bed to a half-sitting posture.

On this man's face was an expression of terror. Voices were heard, but through the closed window the boys could not make out the words. The terror-stricken man seemed to be protesting vigorously.

Then things seemed to happen all at once. There came a crash. The bedroom door was thrown open, and from it another line of light lit up the room. A man turned quickly and sprang for the window. The man in the doorway rushed for him, but too late.

"Tackle low and hard," Dan yelled to Harold. And as they had done on the football field when a halfback was rushed toward them, they crouched low and waited.

The next moment there came the crash of breaking glass and wood as the rotten sash of the old window gave way. The next instant the boys sprang forward and so fierce was their onslaught the burglar was thrown over backward and pinned firmly to the ground, the two boys on top.

* * * * * * * * *

"Dan, if your stay here has been a short one, it has been a pretty lively one, hasn't it?" said Harold as Dan was about to leave for home two or three days after the capture of the burglars.

"I should say so," replied Dan. "I feel as if I had been hammered for a week."

"Any time we have burglars to catch we will send for you. The police say they want you on the force."

"Once is enough for me," replied Dan with a laugh. "I am not so anxious to get excitement as Will seems to be, and I must say the undertow has given me enough to last for some time to come."

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Legion of Honor Boys

How They Won

Robert H. Holmes, Chicago, Illinois, who graduates from the eighth grade this month, has not been tardy during his eight years of attendance at school. He has been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY for five years, and is much interested in the material it contains.

Chester B. Huffman, whose home address is Mingo Junction, Ohio, but who is at present a pupil in the eleventh grade of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, stood at the head of his class for the entire school year, receiving 9% more than his closest competitor.

A petition from Gilson, Illinois, informs us of the heroic action performed by Arthur Scott on May 26th in saving the life of a playmate. A younger boy, Cyril Wyman, got beyond his depth in the water and was rescued after going down twice by fourteen-year-old Arthur. The petition was drawn up by the witnesses to the affair, who were boys and girls attending a school picnic.

Walter R. Smith, Milford Center, Ohio, stood at the head of his class during the recent school term, receiving an average of 97%. He belongs to the O. A. B., and says that he has taken THE AMERICAN BOY for five years and could not get along without it.

Howard Harvey, Ohiowa, Nebraska, received the highest general average in the eighth grade for the year commencing in September, 1905, and ending June, 1906. He writes: "I have taken THE AMERICAN BOY for three years and would not be without it. I like the stories very much, but the mechanical department strikes my eye."

Chester Farnsworth, a member of the tenth grade of the Oxford High School, Oxford, Kansas, made an average of 97 1-6% for the term just ended, this being the highest average made in the school. He writes: "As to my attendance record, I have never been tardy, and have been absent but once—a half day. During these years, I have been awarded two certificates for scholarship and deportment. I like THE AMERICAN BOY very much, and think it is constantly growing better."

Ten-year-old Erwin Walker, of Champlin, Minnesota, showed himself a hero at the picnic held by the lower grades of the Champlin Schools to celebrate their last day. Tommy Gibson, also aged ten, while wading in Elm creek in what he supposed to be shallow water, stepped over the bank into seven feet of water. He was saved from drowning by Erwin Walker, who at the risk of his own life, plunged into the swollen stream and with skill possessed by few boys of his age, towed his schoolmate ashore.

The Heroism Badge has been awarded Harry Riegger, an eight-year-old boy of Medina, Ohio, for prompt and heroic action on two occasions. While skating on a pond, a girl companion somewhat older and heavier than Harry fell through a hole in the ice, and was rescued with great difficulty by the brave boy. A short time ago the house of a neighbor caught fire, and Harry, who was the only one attracted by the cries for help, finally succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Howard Kershner, Marionville, Missouri, made the highest average in his room during the recent term of school. Howard writes: "I have been a constant reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, which comes in my brother's name, and have helped pay for it for the last three or four years. As long as I can earn an honest dollar I will not do without THE AMERICAN BOY. I like the talks to boys very much. I am fourteen years old, and am a good sprinter and baseball player, but I like my violin best of all. I play it either by ear or by note."

Leo Hyde, of Lynn, Mass., to whom we give the Heroism Badge, has the enviable record of saving three lives in the fourteen years of his life. The last rescue was made on January 26th, while skating on a pond near his home. Bertha Kimball, a fourteen-year-old girl, broke through thin ice so near the channel that she was in great danger of drowning. Several men who were near saw the girl's plight, but made no effort to save her, and it remained for young Hyde to prove himself equal to the occasion. Plunging into the water, he made his way to the girl, grasped her by the dress, and struck out for thick ice. Owing to the weight of his burden, it was only with great difficulty that he succeeded in reaching safe ice, where he was assisted by those anxiously awaiting him.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF 3,500 SHEEP, TAKEN BY HENRY INGRAHAM OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON

THE CAPTAIN'S GRIT

A BASEBALL STORY, BY ARTHUR B. SLADE

"WHY DO you suppose Allen worked Boyd in the practice game?" That was the one and unanswerable question which flew from mouth to mouth among little groups of students huddled together here and there over the campus. It seemed to every one that the captain had acted unwisely, yet no reason was apparent.

Captain Allen was the star pitcher in the Howell Military Academy baseball team, and was relied on to win the game scheduled for the following afternoon. During the practice game he had sent Ralph Boyd into the pitcher's box.

Boyd had shown some cleverness as a pitcher, yet his utter lack of control had stamped him as a player who could not be depended on in a close game.

"Can't be Allen is going to work Boyd in the game tomorrow?" Paul White asked.

"Of course not," Art Gibson promptly answered. "You must be losing your mind. Don't you suppose the captain knows that if we lose the game tomorrow, we will also lose the championship? He's too wise to put a pitcher like Boyd into the box."

Indeed it did seem that Gibson had spoken the truth. Neardale and Howell had each won the same number of games, and neither had lost any during the entire season. This made the teams tied for the first position in the little "Inter-Academy" league, and the game to be played was the final and deciding one. Not one of the students was ready to believe that Captain Allen would take a chance of losing the game by using a pitcher of known inability.

The captain had called for a meeting of the players on the evening before the game, and they were all anxious to hear what he had to say. Allen did not talk long, however, dealing mostly with the importance of the game and the weak points in the Neardale team.

"Now, boys," he said in conclusion, "this game must be played for everything there is in it. A victory means much to Old Howell, so every member of the team must do his best to win. Ralph Boyd will do the pitching, for I do not feel that I am in condition to pitch a winning game. The other men will play their regular positions. I have no more to say, except that every one of you must be in bed and sound asleep within the next thirty minutes."

The boys looked from one to another in bewildered astonishment. What could be the trouble with Captain Allen? They filed out of the hall and into their rooms, shaking their heads gravely and muttering about certain defeat.

Shortly after the meeting, Captain Allen was in his room awkwardly bandaging his right hand, when he heard a soft knock on the door.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Gibson."

"I thought I told you to go to bed?"

"Just let me come in for one minute," Gibson begged.

The captain opened the door and Gibson slipped in.

"Now see here, cap," began the sturdy little catcher, "I want to tell you that I can't catch a left-handed pitcher. Boyd hasn't any more control than the man in the moon."

Allen smiled.

"You little sinner," he said, "you could catch any pitcher in the big leagues."

"Perhaps I could and perhaps I couldn't," Gibson answered. "Just the same, I'd much rather catch your pitching tomorrow."

"I'll tell you the truth, Gibson," Allen earnestly said, "I am not in shape to pitch that game tomorrow."

"Great stacks," exclaimed the little catcher, "What has gone wrong with you?"

"Then there is another condition. I've heard that the Neardale players could not hit a left-handed pitcher."

"Boyd won't get the ball near enough for them to strike at," Gibson asserted. "He's the wildest pitcher I ever saw."

"You go to your room and get some sleep," Allen replied, unlocking the door and pushing the little fellow into the hall. "You will need all your strength tomorrow."

As the time for the game drew near, the ball park rapidly filled with spectators. A large body of Neardale rooters were present to encourage their team on to victory, while the Howell students were lined up on the opposite side of the field. The rivalry was intense when time was called for the game to begin.

Howell started with a rush. Singles by Blass and White and a long outfield hit by Gibson brought in one run in the first inning. In the second inning a hit by Randall and two errors by the Neardale shortstop let another Howell player across the plate. In the fifth inning Howell scored again on a single by White and a three-base hit by Gibson.

In the meantime, Boyd had been doing marvelous work in the pitcher's box, shooting in an assortment of benders which held the opposing batsman helpless. But for his wildness, not a man would have reached first base. Twice he gave three bases on balls in succession, filling the bases, then retired the side on strikeouts.

However, the young "southpaw" seemed to completely lose control of the situation in the last inning. The score stood 3 to 0 in favor of Howell when Neardale again filled the bases with no one out.

Captain Allen called the pitcher to the bench.

"You're all right," he said, "Just cool down a little and you can beat them. Shoot that dandy inshoot of yours right up close to the neck. You're the boy who can do it."

Boyd smiled and went back to his work greatly encouraged. Three times the ball sped across the plate and lodged in Gibson's mitt after the batsman had struck at it.

"Three strikes and out," announced the umpire.

"That's the way," Allen called to the pitcher. "It's all over now."

But the captain's prediction proved untrue, for the next man up secured a hit to right field and Neardale's first run was scored. Ewing, the heaviest batter on the opposing team, took his position at the plate and gripped the bat firmly. Bang! The ball sailed over the Howell shortstop's head and rolled into left field, scoring Neardale's second run. A few minutes later a high fly was sent out into center field. Davis made a beautiful running catch, but the Neardale runner on third base scooted for the plate the instant the ball hit the fielder's glove, and slid across before Gibson could "tag" him.

The score was tied, with runners on second and third bases. The Neardale rooters threw their hats into the air and howled themselves hoarse. Boyd walked over to where Captain Allen was standing.

"I'm up in the air for sure this time!" he exclaimed. "If I pitch another ball the game will be lost."

"All right," Allen answered, peeling off his sweater. "I'll have to do the best I can."

Cheer after cheer went up as the young leader of the Howell team walked to the center of the diamond. He stood for a moment turning the ball over and over as if examining it closely, then threw it quick as a flash across the plate.

"One strike," came from the umpire.

Gibson caught the ball, but instead of throwing it, carried it back to the pitcher.

"Don't do it, Ben," he advised. "Let Boyd finish the game even if we do lose. That must have hurt you terribly. Your face is as white as death."

"You go back there and catch them," Allen commanded.

Then he doubled himself up in a manner which indicated he intended using his best speed. The batsman swung with all his strength, but the ball seemed to drag through the air and he missed it a foot. The ball was returned and Allen assumed exactly the same attitude. The batsman grinned and stepped close to the plate to meet the slow ball he thought was coming. Whiz! the ball shot across the plate with terrific speed before he could swing at it.

"Three strikes and out," the umpire announced.

The rooters for Old Howell nearly went wild with joy. Caps and canes were thrown into the air, students in their bright cadet uniforms rolled upon the ground, while some hugged each other frantically. Then they gave a long cheer for Captain Allen. He had thrown the ball three times and retired the side when the game seemed to be hopelessly lost.

The contest was not won, however, Howell was at the bat in the last half of the ninth inning, and if they could not score the game would have to go into extra innings. Possibly Neardale might win.

Button did his best, but was caught out on a long fly to right field. Gates was badly frightened, proving an easy victim for the Neardale pitcher. Allen walked to the plate.

The first ball pitched did not suit him and he let it pass, preferring to have a strike called on him, rather than to take a poor chance. Then the Neardale pitcher began throwing slow "coaxers" just outside the plate, but the Howell captain let them pass until three balls had been called. The next ball pitched, he purposely missed.

Allen believed this would put the pitcher in a "hole," for he now had two strikes and three balls called on him. That he had played the trick right was proven a moment later when the Neardale pitcher doubled into a knot and hurled the ball with all his strength directly across the plate.

Allen's bat met the ball with a crack and it shot out into left field, going on and on until it finally dropped over the fence. The Howell captain circled the bases with remarkable speed, but staggered and fell headlong after he had crossed the plate with the winning run.

Gibson turned a handspring and ran toward Allen.

"Cap, you've won the game," he cried. "That was the best hit ever made on the grounds. No one else on the team could do—why—what's gone wrong with you, old man."

Allen lay motionless, his face as white as chalk and his eyes closed. Gibson kneeled down beside him and tenderly raised his head.

"Ben, old chap, wake up," he sobbed, tears rolling down his cheeks.

The spectators suddenly ceased their cheering and crowded toward the injured player. Dr. Cosgrave, the school's physician, elbowed his way through the throng and bent over Allen.

"Get back," he commanded. "Get back and give him air. He has fainted and it's no wonder. Look at that," he added holding up Allen's right hand.

"A felon!" cried Gibson. "On the first finger of his pitching hand at that. What do you think of that for grit? He certainly had a good reason for sending Boyd into the box."

Boys' Books Reviewed

ESSENTIALS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY, by William A. Mowry, Ph. D., and Blanche S. Mowry. From a necessary hasty reading of this book we find that the authors' use of the word "Essentials" in the title is most appropriate. Text-books of history with their bare facts and dates are apt to be dry and uninteresting to the average boy; this, however, can not be said of the book before us. Everything of a dry-as-dust, technical nature has been excluded and the pupil will find it as interesting as any story. The authors have carefully planned so as to help the teacher make the history hour a veritable delight to the class. Personalities of great men, anecdotes, manners, and customs of various periods, prominent events, discoveries, inventions, progress of art and science, are all set forth simply, concisely, and in a way that must not only interest the class but impress themselves permanently upon the minds of the scholars. The maps, illustrations, and the many interesting books, chronology, and tables listed in the Appendix will also be found of great value. The book is adapted to the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. 434 pages. Introductory list price 90 cents. Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE PHANTOM OF THE POLES, by William Reed. While this book can hardly be called a boys' book, many boys may find it interesting reading. The book is a discussion of the author's theory that the earth is hollow, that there are openings at the north and south extremities, and that what our geographies have taught as North and South poles are but phantoms. He reasons most sensibly from the record of the experiences of Arctic explorers, citing Kane, Greeley, Nansen and others, pointing out also the unsatisfactory explanations of our school-books, which declare "that the earth is round and flattened at the poles," without telling us why. There is an earnestness and sincerity about the book showing that the author is at least himself satisfied of the logical correctness of his theories, and to that extent the book is worth reading. There are many illustrations and maps which will greatly aid the reader in following the writer's arguments. The book is printed on good paper in large, clean type. 281 pages. Price $1.50. Walter S. Rockey Co.

THE BOY CRAFTSMAN, by A. Neely Hall. To the boy who likes to do things, and what American boy at least does not, this book will be invaluable. It gives the boy information in buying, handling, and keeping tools; how to make different houses; furniture for a boy's room; how to fit out a boy's printing shop and print amateur papers; how to make a dark-room, drying rack, washing box, plate lifter, negative case; how to make a snow plough; a scraper; a snow shovel. In Outdoor Pastimes it tells: How to build a back-yard club house, a log-cabin, a canvas canoe, traps, toy guns, targets, bows and arrows, gymnasium, toboggan slide, and others. In Indoor Pastimes it tells: How to make a theatre, with scenery, properties and mechanical effects; a toy railway, clockwork automobiles; work done with a knife; and cork toys. As the author realizes that a boy's spending money is generally limited, the suggestions and plans can be carried out with material, of which much lies around an ordinary back-yard. Parents who while glad to see their boys engaged in doing something useful, but cannot spare much money for apparatus, will appreciate the book, while the boys will pronounce it "the best ever." The illustrations, half-tones and text, number over 400. 393 pages. Price $2.00. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN AMERICA, by Charles Morris. The stories of the discoverers of new lands have always appealed to the average boy, because they are generally full of daring and courage, and the results have only been attained through stirring adventures, battles, and perils of flood and field. The author of this work has given his readers the facts and dates of history in such pleasing form as to instruct as well as delight. Starting with the discovery of America by Leif the Lucky in 1000, the book contains the explorations, discoveries and adventures of such men as: Christopher Columbus, John and Sebastian Cabot, Balboa, Ponce De Leon, Magellan, Cortes, Pizarro, De Soto, Jacques Cartier, Frobisher, Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Hudson, De Champlain, Marquette, Daniel Boone, Carver, Lewis and Clark, John C. Fremont, Zebulon M. Pike, Sir John Franklin, Greeley, Peary, and many others. The fine half-tone pictures will enhance the reader's enjoyment. 344 pages. Price $1.25 net. J. B. Lippincott Co.

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW, Self and Sex Series, by Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. As to the purpose and scope of this book, we cannot do better than quote the words of an eminent American educator: "Its aim and spirit are admirable, and it will be a practical demonstration to many of the possibility of treating the sanctities of our being in a worthy manner. Parents and teachers will find here suggestions which will give them the confidence in giving instructions which they have desired to impart, but been deterred from undertaking for lack of a model or precedent." While the book is more especially intended for the mother and the teacher, it may be read with benefit by the girl of ten. 194 pages. Price $1.00 net. Vir Publishing Co.

THE RIVAL CAMPERS, by Ruel P. Smith. A boy's book indeed; one that will rouse and start, and make the blood course faster in the reading. A story of boats and boating, of camping in the woods, of going in for all the fun and sport of the glorious out-of-doors. And as if that were not enough, there is the capture of noted burglars with their booty, with all the attendant excitement. The boys are healthy, happy, typical American boys, and their enjoyment of their camp is so real that we feel in the reading that we also are enjoying the fun. The lesson also that the book teaches in the development of uprightness, honesty, and true manly character is sure to appeal to the reader. We know the boys will like it. A. B. Shute is responsible for the fine illustrations. 388 pages. Price $1.50. L. C. Page & Co.

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BOYS AS POETS

By JAMES BUCKHAM

WHEN A BOY sits down to write a poem he doesn't bother his head about rules of rhyme or metre, but just lets himself out with a refreshing freedom and naturalness that is worth a great deal more than the most studied and correct writing, if it lacks heart and enthusiasm. The boy-poet, we might say, goes at it with a rush and a whoop, just as he goes at his play; and his poems, while they may not be works of art, are always lively and interesting. I never saw a boy's poem that I did not want to read right through from beginning to end, and that is more than I can say for a great many poems written by older people who have quite a reputation as poets. There is a swing and dash and vigor about genuine boys' poetry that carries me away and makes me want to shout "Hurrah!" Here, for instance, is a sample of the way a boy feels, and makes me feel, when the fire of patriotism burns up in his heart and has to come out.

AN AMERICAN.

I am an American!
And when I am a man,
I expect to be a soldier bold,
With a musket for to hold.

I would fight for my country's cause,
And never would I pause
In all the battle's strife,
No, not even for my life!

I love the land of the free,
And I need never flee
From the wrath of any king.
So I will the praise of America sing.

Oh! do you remember the act on tea!
And the soldiers who dumped it in the sea?
Hurrah! for General Washington
Who drove the British from Boston!

And didn't the English General Gage
Fall in an awful rage,
Because the English ships
Were burned to their very tips!

There is a poem that makes me tingle all over. It expresses the genuine American boy's feeling of unbounded enthusiasm for the Stars and Stripes. To me, that poem is worth a dozen polished Odes on American Freedom. It makes me burn to be a soldier with a Krag-Jorgensen (if I can't have a flint-lock musket), just pouring lead into the enemy for all I am worth. The enthusiasm of the young poet is so real and so catching!

Here is another boy's poem, that celebrates the Father of His Country in a more subdued tone, befitting the associations of Mount Vernon, but with the real ring of patriotism in it too. This poem is so genuine that one scorns to notice the little grammatical errors that creep into it here and there:

WASHINGTON.

Up on Mount Vernon
  Under an old elm tree
Lies a soul a-dreaming
  Of sweet liberty.
He was a hero
  Brave as one could be,
He fought many battles,
  Made the country free.
If you want to know him—
  It was Washington,
But you'll never see him,
  For he's dead and gone.

There he lies, our father,
  Underneath the tree,
But he shall be honored
  Man of liberty.
He was first in peace
  And also first in war;
But, alas! this great man
  Does not live no more.

Sacred to memory
  Washington will stay,
People now are joyous
  On his great birthday.
Angels are guarding
  This great hero's grave.
While he was a-living
  Liberty was save.

Another boy lets his muse loose on the subject of "Teachers." He evidently speaks from the heart, but his experience must have been singularly unfortunate, for I do not believe there are many such teachers as he describes in these days. Perhaps he was a bad boy, in spite of his devotion to poetry, and his teachers had to treat him as he deserved.

OUR TEACHERS.

Some was loving, kind and true,
And would win your heart from you.

Our teacher is severe, with dark brown hair,
And you'd wish to heaven you'd never been there.
Some has hair as dark as night,
And all they do is fight! fight! fight!

And now we leave them all aghast,
And hope to heaven they'll be the last.

And now I am going to copy a ringing poem, one of the best boys' poems I ever read. It sounds the note that we all need, in order to keep up courage for the battle of life. Any boy who could write such a poem must have the stuff in him that ensures success:

BUT DON'T GIVE UP.

If your goin' to be a preacher when your a man,
And goin' to preach to every lan',
Just keep a-tryin, and a-tryin' and a-tryin'
  But
    Don't
      Give
        Up.

If you want to be a poet when you're a man,
Don't say you can't, but say you can,
And keep a-tryin' and a-tryin' and a-tryin'
  But
    Don't
      Give
        Up.

If you wish to be a politician when you're a man,
To govern all the people as best you can,
Just keep a-tryin' and a-tryin' and a-tryin'
  But
    Don't
      Give
        Up.

Whatever you want to be when you're a man,
Don't say you can't, but say you can,
And keep a-tryin and a-tryin' and a-tryin'
  But
    Don't
      Give
        Up.

These poems were all written by school-boys between twelve and fifteen years of age, and they have never appeared in print before.

I will close with Longfellow's first poem, written when he was nine years old. His schoolmaster asked him to write a composition, but little Henry tried to beg off. "No," said the master, "but you may take your slate and go out behind the schoolhouse, and there perhaps you will find something that you can write about. Tell what it is and what it is used for, and that will be a composition. The result was the following poem:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
  And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
  And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
  Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
  And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
  Till it began to rot,
When his daughter Susie washed it,
  And she put it in a pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
  As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
  And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
  Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
  Until they ate the turnip up.

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

(*Continued from page 329.*)

you see them. Every family ought to have a good doctor's book, and every farmer ought to have a good cattle book."

"Has thet doctor's book got in it about rheumatism and liver trouble?"

"To be sure it has."

"And does the cattle book tell about sheep and sech?"

"Yes, sir; and both books have hundreds of pictures, too."

"Then I'll look at 'em, an' if they are good fer anything, I'll buy 'em," concluded Joel Perkins.

Frank at once stopped the car and he and the coutryman alighted. Then a car going in the other direction was hailed, and both got on board, and Frank paid the fare as he had agreed.

"You must be rich?" remarked the countryman.

"No, Mr. Perkins; if I was I wouldn't be selling books for a living."

"I suppose thet's so. You look like a smart, clever boy."

"Thank you."

"I like to see a feller strikin' out fer himself. It shows he's got backbone in him. Now, I had to strike out fer myself when I was twelve years old."

"Is it possible?"

"Worked on old Jed Scudder's farm fer a dollar a month an' found—and Jed didn't find me none too good nuther. Sometimes I didn't git half enough to eat. But I watched my chances an' saved every cent, an' now I got a farm o' my own."

"I am sure you deserve it."

"I do. I work hard yet—gittin up at five every morning, winter an' summer, and milkin' twelve to sixteen keows."

So the talk ran on until the postoffice was reached, when both left the car.

"Now, if you will wait here a minute, I'll get my case of books," said Frank. "I left them in a store a short distance away."

"Wot place is this?"

"This is the New York postoffice."

"Thought it might be, but I wasn't sure. It's about the biggest-postoffice I ever see. Wonder if there's a letter fer me?"

"You can easily find out, Mr. Perkins. Wait till I find the proper window for you."

"Can't a feller go to any winder?"

"No."

"To hum, there ain't but one winder. The postoffice is in Si Hopper's grocery store," and Joel Perkins chuckled.

Frank found the proper window of the general delivery, and leaving the countryman to ask for letters, he ran off down Nassau street to get his case of sample goods.

When he got back he found Joel Perkins reading a letter he had received from one of his daughters. He was greatly pleased over the communication, and doubly pleased to think it had reached him through such a big establishment as the New York postoffice.

"It beats all how they kin keep track o' a feller," he remarked. "I didn't no more than ask fer a letter than the fellow inside handed it over. He seemed to be a-waiting fer me to call."

Having finished his letter, Joel Perkins looked at the two books which Frank had brought forth for his inspection. Frank showed him the most important illustrations, and pointed out the chapter on rheumatism in one volume, and the chapter on sheep and their diseases in the other.

"Wot about liver complaints?" questioned the countryman. "I allow as how there's some o' thet in our family."

"Here is a whole chapter on liver troubles, with eight pictures of the liver," answered our hero.

"Putty good books, ain't they?"

"Yes, sir. If you buy them you'll never regret it."

"And how much did you say they were?"

"Six dollars for the two. They ought to bring five dollars each, but the publishers want to make them popular, so they put the price at three dollars per volume."

"All right, I'll take 'em."

"Thank you, Mr. Perkins. If you'll come with me I'll get you two copies that have never been handled."

"Yes, I want brand-new ones—in case I give 'em to my nephew. But maybe I'll keep 'em," concluded the countryman.

(*To be continued*)

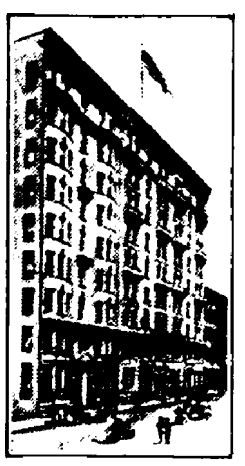


JASPER STREET BASEBALL TEAM, DECATUR, ILL.

We present a picture of the Jasper Street Baseball Team that won the ward school championship game at Decatur, May 26. The average age of the boys is 13¾ years. They won four out of five of the matched games played by them. The players are all fine young fellows. They do not believe in Sunday ball playing; do not use tobacco, and all in all are a manly "bunch." The picture was sent by J. A. Brockway, Jr., Company Counsel, of the Sangamon Bay Leaf Company, Order of THE AMERICAN BOY.



Lexington Hotel
Just off Broadway on 47th Street, West and Long Acre Square, N. Y.



Opened Jan. 1906
Absolutely Fireproof
Unsurpassed Apartments
324 Rooms with Private Baths
HIGH CLASS, UP-TO-DATE HOTEL
$1.50 PER DAY, AND UP
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Within Five Minutes Walk of EIGHT THEATRES
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"NEW IDEA" BASE BALL CURVER



Greatest invention in base ball since the discovery of the curve. Get one now if you want to be the best pitcher of your team. It is so small the batsmen cannot see it, and they all wonder where those awful curves come from. It imparts a rapid whirling motion to the ball thus causing a wide curve. Fits either hand and does not interfere with catching or throwing. SPECIAL OFFER. Send us 25 cents and we will send you post paid, the New Idea Curver, with full directions, also a large 64 page book of "OUT DOOR SPORTS," containing latest playing rules for base ball. It gives illustrations showing how the ball should be held for throwing all the different curves. Special chapters on batting, base-running, fielding, etc. Also contains playing rules for foot ball, lawn tennis, polo, cricket, croquet, etc. Don't wait, be the first in your town to have one. Send a silver quarter today and we will send you the Curver and book by return mail. Address, THE CURVER CO., Box 164, Brady, Neb.

FOOTBALL GIVEN



BOYS, send to us for 20 packages of Bluine which you can easily sell at ten cents each. Return us the $2.00 received, and we will at once send free postpaid, a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder made of the best rubber and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. Send your address. We trust you with the Bluine. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also give other athletic goods.
BLUINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 688 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass. (The Old Reliable Firm.)

Real Funny Books
Famous Comic Recitations
A Cartload of Fun
The Joker's Budget
Humorous Recitations
The Minstrel Show
Famous Dialect Recitations
Humorous Dialogues
Snap Shots
By mail, Postpaid, 10 cents each, or 4 for 30 cents and 8 for 50 cents. HOBY SUPPLY CO., B-440 Pearl Street, New York.

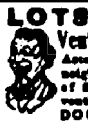


150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c
For 10 cents we will send you by return mail 150 Magic Tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, coins etc., all so clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as Herrman or Keller. No other means of entertaining is so effective, yet it is easy to learn. We guarantee success. Big Catalog of many other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. S. DRAKE, Dept. 331, 610 Jackson St., Chicago.

SURPRISE AND ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS My Magic Cabinet No. 1 contains wonderful dancing imp, dances to music, or swims and dives in water; fire eating; omelet cooked in hat with hat uninjured; water changed to ink, etc.; and 6 other good tricks. Complete instructions and apparatus. All for 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. Nelson, Ventura, Cal.

Pull in Fish at pleasure by using LIQUO-FEN BAIT COMPOUND; it is made of various aromatics that tempt fish palate when nothing else will. 15c a package, 2 for 25c. A fine ROD, REEL and LINE given in connection with LIQUO-FEN. ORDER NOW.
AUGUST BENZ, Box 1458, Paterson, N. J.

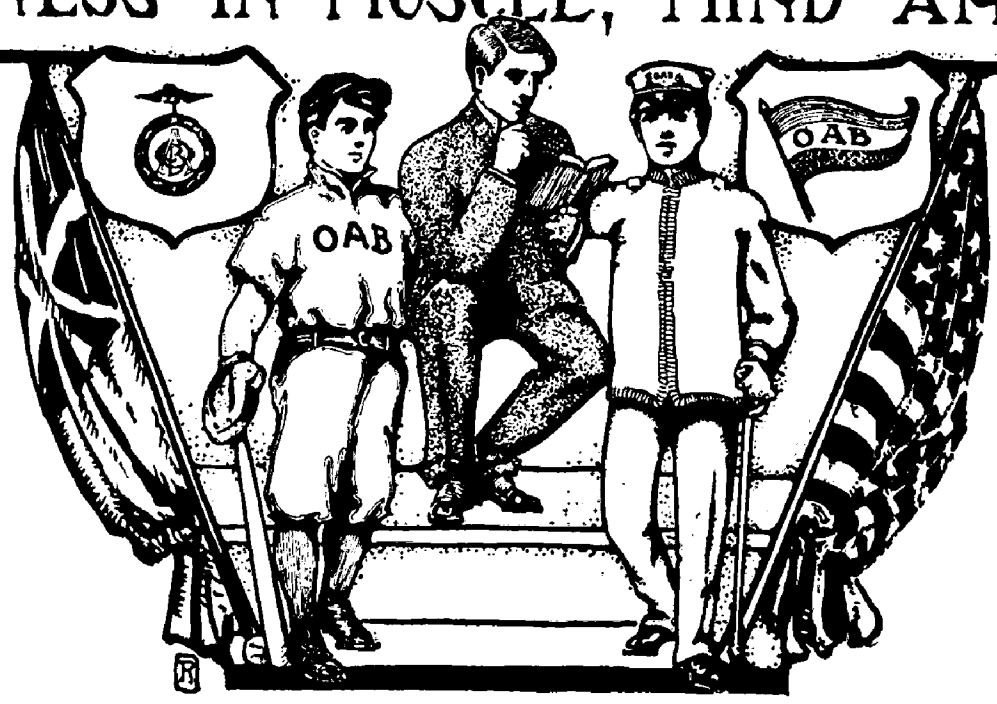
LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Imitate Punch & Judy, neigh like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents.
DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 14, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

The Great American Boy Army.

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



New Companies Organized

CHEROKEE CO. No. 7, Division of Tennessee, Chattanooga, Tenn.

ZEB VANCE CO. No. 9, Division of North Carolina, Concord, N. C.

UNIVERSITY CITY CO. No. 39, Division of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

BASIN CITY CO. No. 8, Division of Tennessee, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

MATTABASSETT MILITARY CO. No. 15, Division of Connecticut, Middletown, Conn.

GRIZZLY BEAR CO. No. 21, Division of Colorado, Fort Collins, Colo.

Company News

PILOT ROCK COMPANY, No. 19, Ashland, Ore., has not been holding meetings during the summer months, but intends to begin again in the fall. A picture of the company was taken, but it was not considered good enough for THE AMERICAN BOY. We are promised another at an early date. This company sent $5 to the San Francisco relief fund, and it celebrated AMERICAN BOY DAY on July 29th. FOUNTAIN CITY COMPANY, No. 33, Flora, Ind., expects to have quite a number of additional members soon, and also to take up its meetings as soon as school opens again in September. TREZEVANT ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 6, Trezevant, Tenn., recently elected the following officers: Paul M. Ware, Capt.; J. D. Walker, V. C.; Carleton T. Ray, Sec'y; C. A. Lindewood, Treas., and James E. Walker, Lib'n. The members of this company are all temperance boys. Its meetings are held each week and it expects to add three new members at its next meeting. The captain promises us a picture of the company. CUYAHOGA AGASSIZ COMPANY, No. 88, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, recently held its field day contest, a report of which, along with others received, will be published in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY. COYOTES COMPANY, No. 3, DeSmet, S. D., sends us a report of its June field day contest, which we will publish soon. Any boy who is a yearly subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY can become a member of the company, but of course his joining the company will not entitle such company to his degrees. Degrees are counted only for obtaining new members. ELKHORN VALLEY COMPANY, No. 21, Wisner, Nebr., recently held a camping excursion for a week near a river and lake. The members caught quite a number of fish and sold them, putting the money in the company treasury, which was benefited to the extent of $4. WILD ROSE COMPANY, No. 12, Doland, S. D., held a basket social on June 5th, and after paying expenses, placed $12.25 in the treasury. The members' dues are ten cents a month, and this company is in a very prosperous condition. HENRY CLAY COMPANY, No. 7, Wickliffe, Ky., sends us its report for the last six months. It celebrated Washington's birthday and had a right royal time. The most of the company funds have been expended in purchasing books, and it has now a very good library. The officers for the ensuing six months are Naylor B. Humphrey, Capt.; Wm. R. Poore, V. C.; Miller Hughes, Sec'y; C. H. Schwartz, Treas., and Lennis E. A. Nance, S. A. It now has seven members and expects to add three within the next month. Its club room is nicely fitted up, and meetings are held every Thursday afternoon. THE LIBERTY BOYS' COMPANY, No. 4, Lenoir, La., holds its meetings every two weeks and has fixed the members' dues at ten cents a month. It held an ice cream supper on June 30th, the proceeds of which were placed in the treasury. THE SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill.: The energetic Company Counsel of this company is doing what he can to spread the influence of the O. A. B. in his city. Having already been the means of organizing one company, he is now trying to organize a second. This company expects to become a subscriber to the Shut-in Fund, as it has always been helpful in such cases. It recently held a birthday party for one of its members, and had a first-class time. WILLOW BROOK ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 37, Petaluma, Cal., is getting along nicely. Two games of baseball have been played and the company team has won both. Some of the members were in Santa Rosa on the date of the earthquake and saw a good deal of damage done. Petaluma, however, was not damaged. The Captain reports that both of the companies in his city are doing very well. LAKESIDE COMPANY, No. 90, Conneaut Harbor, O., recently added three new members to the company. CAPTAIN M. F. BRANNAN COMPANY, No. 5, Magazine, Ark., reports its officers to be Daly McInturf, Capt.; Bohne Powell, V. C.; Louis Crom, Sec'y and Treas., and Herbert Davies, Lib'n. The dues are twenty cents a month, and it has $4.50 in the treasury. This company is planning to publish a small paper for the benefit of the company. Its baseball team has won all of the four games it has played this season. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its forty-fifth regular report, from which we note that it held five meetings in June, and a very enjoyable social. The members held a camping outing at Tottenville, S. I., and had a royal time. The company colors are blue and white, and the members have been divided into two sections, known as the Blues and the Whites. These sections compete in athletics, debating, literary work, chess, music, etc. We find that this company has held altogether 160 regular meetings, or one meeting each week since the date of its organization. Its official organ, the Universal Gazette, is doing good work in aiding the company. If at all possible, it is better that a company should stand by itself, but of course circumstances may arise in which consolidation would be the best plan, and as to this the members of the companies are the best judges. OJIBWAYS COMPANY, No. 58, Yonkers, N. Y., is getting along nicely. It has two club houses and goes in for yachting, having been second in a regatta recently held on the Hudson. The captain desires to hear from other companies who are interested in the same sport. It has also a new sail boat and intends to have two more soon. The officers are A. Dixon, Capt., and T. P. Quaney, Sec'y. HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Iowa, held its semi-annual election on July 5th, which resulted as follows: James Barrett, Capt.; Eugene Cromer, V. C.; Chas. Kearney, Sec'y, and Patsy Lapham, Treas. This company is in good shape, having a total membership of twenty-three. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., is getting along nicely. It celebrated AMERICAN BOY DAY, and used the suggested program we gave in our company letter. The music was the only hard part, but all difficulties were successfully overcome. It has had a picture taken, and we will receive a copy within a short time. This company has recently altered its constitution and by-laws to insure a better system of government. At its AMERICAN BOY DAY celebration, in addition to the literary and musical program, refreshments were served, and there was a great display of fireworks in the evening. The decorations of flags and bunting were fine, and the boys intend to make such a celebration an annual affair. It has started a company paper, called "The Pennant," to be issued every two weeks. We are delighted to have such a good report of this company, and trust that its influence may be of benefit not only to the members, but to the whole town. GLEN ROCK COMPANY, No. 62, Glen Rock, Pa., at its meeting on July 2d took in two new members. It celebrated AMERICAN BOY DAY on July 14. This company is much interested in military and gymnastic drills. The members intend to start the work of canvassing the town for subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY. It has $2 in the treasury. ZEB VANCE COMPANY, No. 9, Concord, N. C., has the following officers: Clarence E. Norman, Capt.; Wm. R. Moody, V. C.; Theo. B. Harris, Sec'y; Lynwood C. Fink, Treas.; John J. Boger, Lib'n, and Rev. J. E. Shink, C. C. Company meetings are held every Tuesday evening. The dues are fifty cents initiation fee, and thirty cents per month. It has rented a club room, has a nice library, and is busy organizing a ball team. ROBERT DALE OWEN COMPANY, No. 4, Stewartsville, Ind., recently elected the following officers: Louis J. Demberger, Capt.; Julius Kincheloe, V. C.; Jacob Schetler, Sec'y; Wm. K. Gardner, Treas., and Burnell Welborn, Lib'n. This company has twenty-five members, $67.50 in the treasury, and a library of fifty-three books. MUSKINGUM VALLEY COMPANY, No. 49, Zanesville, O., has eight members. The company treasury was made rich to the extent of $5.25, being the proceeds of a lawn fete recently given. It has subscribed $1 to the Shut-in Fund. A few nights ago it held a most enjoyable wagon ride and spent a very pleasant evening. The members are fixing up the club room and purchasing a gymnastic outfit. THE GEN'L STEADMAN COMPANY, No. 84, Toledo, O., on June 4th elected the following officers: John Cameron, Capt.; Donald Trowbridge, Sec'y; Walter Bunce, Treas.; David Robinson, Lib'n, and Chas. Rosendale, S. A. We regret to learn of the death of Errett Felldach, one of the members, and our sympathy is extended to the company in its loss. WM. J. BRYAN COMPANY, No. 39, Commerce, Texas, has the following officers: Carl Carlton, Capt.; Cecil De Jernett, V. C.; Eugene De Jernett, Sec'y; Erskine Wheeler, Treas., and Wade Debenport, Lib'n. GLENWOOD COMPANY, No. 51, Medina, O., has now twenty-three members. The dues are twenty-five cents a month, and a fine of five cents is imposed for various offenses. The company colors are black and yellow. This company has increased in number very rapidly of late, as four months ago it had only nine members. It has three fine, large rooms, consisting of a reading room, a meeting room, and a room that can be used for social meetings. It has recently formed a baseball team, which is expected to be invincible. The members of the team have white suits trimmed with black, the ten suits costing over $40. The members intend to go camping near Lake Ontario for a week. The local papers are very generous to the company in the matter of space, which we are glad to see.

The Order of The American Boy

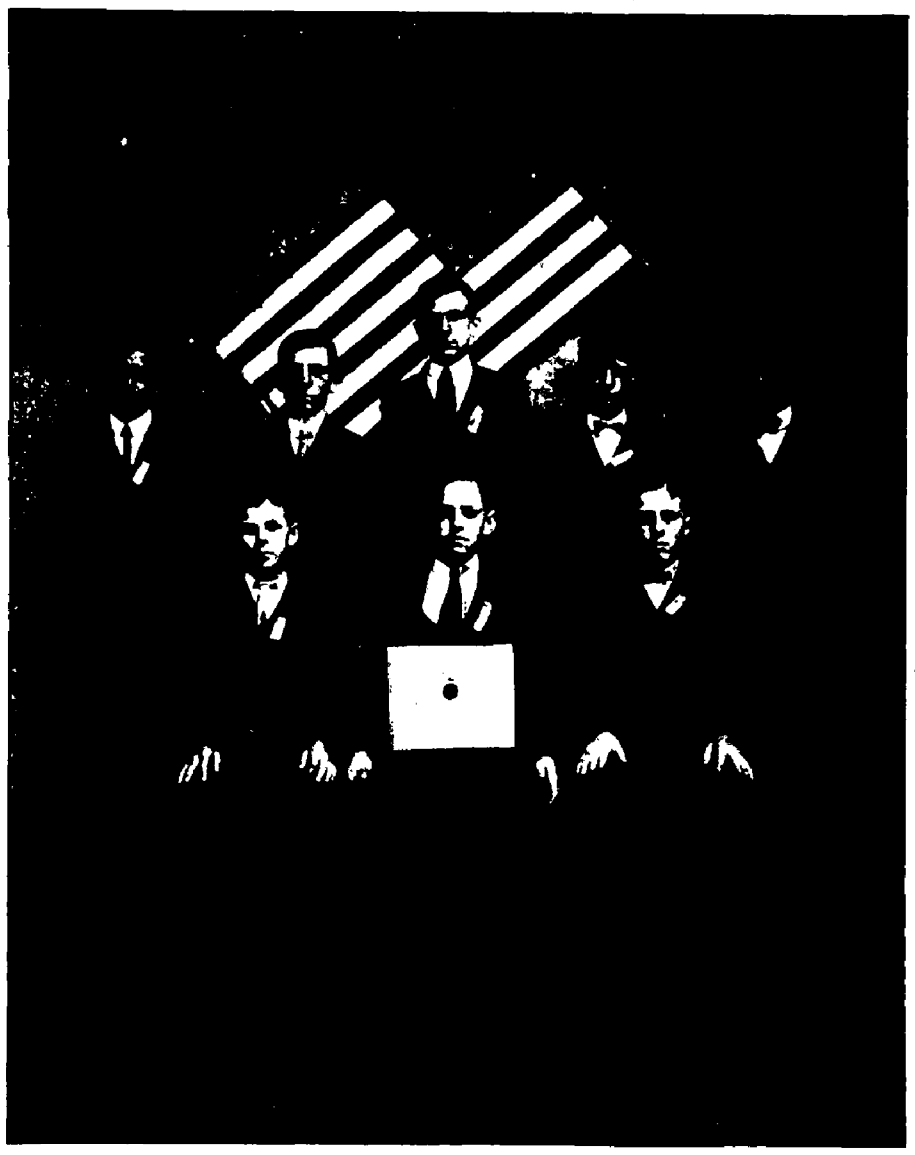
A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

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.



GLEN ROCK COMPANY, NO. 42, O. A. B., GLEN ROCK, PA.; CAPT., CURTIS MOODY

Legion of Honor Boys

How They Won

"I read your magazine every month and like it immensely. I think the advice, the helpful hints, and the stories it contains make it the best boys' paper ever published," writes Erban Beck, of Fostoria, Ohio, who obtained the highest average in the eighth grade, and was neither absent nor tardy during the year.

"Axel A. Anderson, who is a pupil in my seventh grade, has had the highest rank in his class every term since the beginning of the school year in September, 1905. His averages have all been between 90 and 100, and most of them above 95," writes Axel's teacher from Woburn, Massachusetts.

Herbert Busse, Omro, Wisconsin, took first honors during the last term of school. In his letter to us he writes: "I have read THE AMERICAN BOY for two years and am very well pleased with it. Every month it is brim full of good stories. I do love to read the page called "Just Between Ourselves."

L. Fowle, a ten-year-old boy living in Woburn, Massachusetts, saved his little brother from drowning. The boys were rowing when the younger slipped from the boat into the water, and was saved from death only by the bravery of his brother, who jumped after him and succeeded in effecting a rescue.

Walter Scales, of Ft. Worth, Texas, won his School Record Badge by a very narrow margin, it being the difference between his grade of 96 13-30% and the next highest grade, 96 19-192%. Walter writes: "I am glad to see several new serials starting in THE AMERICAN BOY. I have read many stories written by these authors and have enjoyed them, so I know that the new stories will be fine."

Robert W. McDowell, Blackwell, Oklahoma, made the highest average for the school year of 1905-1906, this average being 97%. Robert made an excellent record in spelling, failing to make 100% but twice during the term. We are told that Robert "is punctual and studious, and next to school work, likes best to spend his time reading THE AMERICAN BOY."

Stanley Schnetzler, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, received one of our School Record Badges. The following paragraph is from his letter of acknowledgment: "I received the badge a few days ago and I wish to thank you for it very many times. I surprised my mother with it one evening, and she was very happy. I told her that I thought my name would appear next month in the best boys' paper printed."

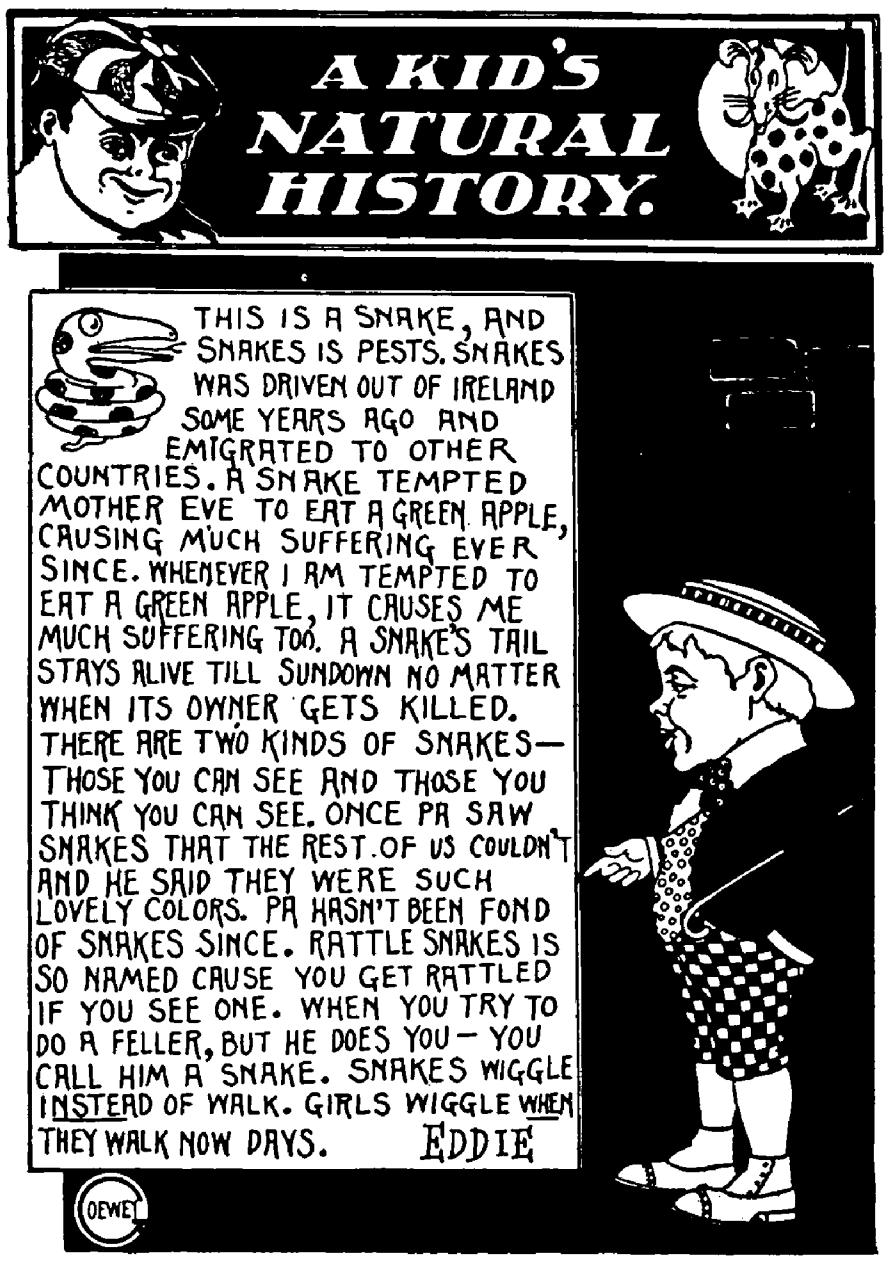
Bernard Kyle Bright, Abingdon, Virginia, ranked first during the half session of school just closed. Bernard is thirteen years old. At the age of twelve he won a gold medal in an oratorical contest given at the close of school. He is interested in mechanical and electrical experiments, and is a baseball enthusiast. He thinks there is no other paper which is comparable to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Tallman H. Trask, of Clovis, California, who received the highest average in the boys' department of the Clovis Grammar School for the school year, has had the unique experience of attending sixteen different schools in his ten years of schooling. He has just passed from the eighth into the ninth grade with an average of 92 5-9%. Tallman congratulates THE AMERICAN BOY upon the fine stories and good reading it affords.

Elmer Williams writes us from Hailey, Idaho, that he has received the highest average in all his studies for the last three years. This year he stood 95%, 6% higher than any other member of his grade, the eighth. Elmer is thirteen years old, and will enter high school next September. He says: "I gave my brother THE AMERICAN BOY as a Christmas present, and we all think it is the finest paper for boys in the United States."

While little Carlton Potter was swimming in Oneida Creek, near Oneida, New York, he was caught in the swift current in one part of the swimming hole, and would have drowned had not Robert Harding breasted the swift water and brought him to a place of safety. The boy had gone under the second time before his rescuer reached the spot. We have sent a Heroism Badge to Robert in consideration of his bravery.

Charles Drach, Jr., Jeannette, Pennsylvania, has received a School Record Badge for perfect attendance at school for the last five years. During this time Charles has had many experiences, going to school with headaches, toothaches, with the end of his thumb cut off, and, crowning misfortune, with a broken arm. He has not stopped with a good record for day school attendance, but is proud to say that he has not missed Sunday school for three years.



My Young Sportsman

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS formerly customary for every sportsman to possess a wad cutter. He manufactured his own wadding from pieces of felt or pasteboard, or, if nothing of the kind was available, was content to confine the powder in his eight-gauge with a few pages of the weekly newspaper. Now, modern machinery has changed all that, and the wads are made in such vast quantities, and are sold so cheap, that the busy sportsman satisfies his requirements at the gun store.

Wads are of almost every description. There are thick felt wads for nitro powders, and there are thin felt wads for black powder, together with the thin pasteboard wads for use over the shot.

The right proportion of powder and shot to be used in a gun of known gauge and weight, is one of the most important questions to be considered by the sportsman. No two guns are exactly alike, although they may appear similar to the eye, having come from the same factory, and having been made upon the same machinery. The measurements may be the same, and to all appearances they are the same, yet when the guns are brought into use a difference in pattern and "general behavior" is almost sure to be noticed. Every gun should be humored in this one particular, if in nothing else; it should be loaded with the charge of ammunition suited to its peculiar make-up. That is, it should have the charge that will give the greatest penetration, and the best pattern, together with a minimum of recoil.

Experiments alone can determine the proper load for a gun, and for that reason the directions given here are only general in their nature. Most of the 12-gauges will do good work with three drams of black powder, or three and one-half at most. Three drams of nitro is a powerful load, and we cannot advise the use of any more, under any conditions. One and one-eighth ounces of shot is an ordinary load, although in many instances better results are obtained by using one ounce. I am fully aware that this advice regarding the proper load will not meet with universal approval by the sporting fraternity. Many sportsmen use heavy charges, consisting of as high as four drams of powder, and one and one-fourth ounces of shot. From the recoil they imagine the penetration of the load to be greater than can be obtained from a lighter load. In this they are mistaken, for there is a certain limit of effectiveness in firearms as in everything else, and when the limit is reached all attempts at improvement are futile. Overloading causes the shot to scatter, increases the recoil, adds to the bursting strain; and all this without producing results in any way superior to that obtained by using the lighter load. The most careful scientific experiments have shown conclusively that increasing the charge of nitro powder above three drams, instead of increasing the velocity, a synonym of penetration, on the contrary actually reduces it.

In loading, the powder should be lightly pressed in the shell; but by no means should it be packed so as to break the grain. Plenty of wads should be used, especially where nitro powder is the explosive. Use a card wad over the powder, and on top of that two or three felt wads. If only two felt wads are used have the first one one-fourth inch in thickness. Use a thin but firm wad over shot and crimp shell tightly. In case your gun has not been bored for nitro powders, use wads one size larger than the gun. In using brass shells and black powder you can resort to the same practice. It is impossible to use nitro powders in brass shells, for it will not explode properly unless the shell containing it is crimped tightly. Occasionally we hear of poor results from users of nitro, but when the trouble is actually located, it is in nine cases out of ten, not a defect of the powder but a defect of loading instead. Details must be looked after, for it is only by so doing that the best qualites of any gun can be brought out.

We must now briefly turn our attention to the ammunition used by riflemen. Many prefer to load their own shells, claiming that they get better results in so doing. Others buy the factory product and preserve their shells after firing them, and then reload them on the grounds of economy.

The requisites to success in reloading are, clean shells, good powder, and well made bullets. The best time to clean shells is immediately after they have been shot, for the residue is then soft and can be easily wiped from the shells with a scratch brush and a cleaning rag. Of course the primers should be removed as soon as possible after the shells have been fired, and before corrosion has commenced, for nothing will prove so detrimental to good results as rifle shells eaten away by the green corrosion that attacks them as soon as they have been used. They will wrinkle down in loading; break down in a gun, and do a thousand other things that a shell ought not to do. The powder to use in rifle shells is to be governed by the caliber. For a small shell use a fine grained powder, and a coarser one just in proportion as the shell increases in size. When you buy a certain brand of powder follow the maker's directions, for the scientific experiments conducted by the big powder companies enable them to advise correctly in this, as in other matters pertaining to their products.

Assuming that the rifleman has obtained a set of reloading implements, the first thing in order will be the manufacture of bullets. Obtain a quantity of bar lead, a melting pot, and a dipper such as usually goes with an outfit of this kind. In using these convenient implements see that you have a good hot fire under the melting pot. See that the lead is approaching but not quite red hot. Add a small piece of tallow to the lead and stir it a trifle. Do not be alarmed if it catches fire and burns, for the fire will soon disappear. If your moulds and dipper are good and hot you are now ready to commence the manufacture of bullets. With the small dipper lift a small portion of the lead from the pot and proceed to fill your moulds. If your lead is hot and your moulds are in the same condition you will have no difficulty in getting good bullets. After moulding they should be lubricated by setting them up endwise in a shallow pan and pouring over them a preparation composed of three parts beeswax, and one part cylinder oil. Press the lubricated bullets through a sizing die and they are ready for use. Prime your empty shells and carefully fill them with the exact amount of powder required, seeing that they are all filled the same, otherwise they will prove disappointing at the target. Insert your bullets and press them into position by using your set of implements designed for this purpose. Shells properly taken care of may be reloaded many times, and for one using a large amount of ammunition for practice shooting the plan is an admirable one.

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I make my acknowledgments to the genius in the patents, and the genius in the construction, which gives to the Columbia the perfect voice.
It is marvelous as a story of Jules Verne.
A Miracle—This Columbia Graphophone.
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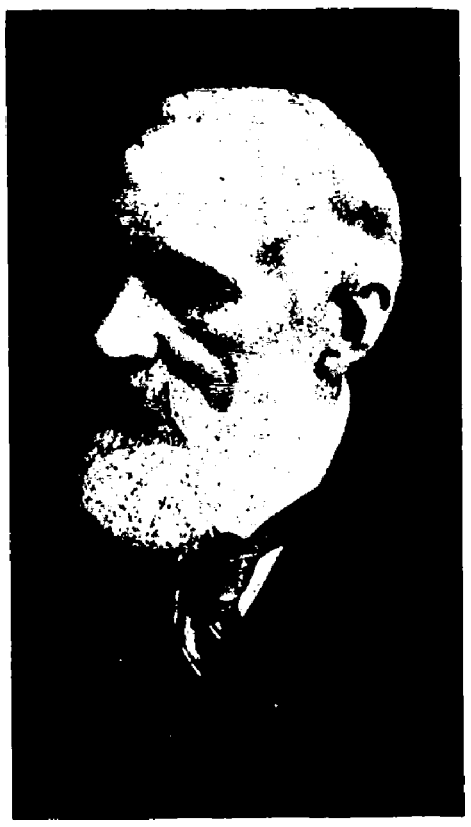


LORD KELVIN

A Baron Scientist, far From Barren

One of the grandest of all "Grand Old Men"—if by "grand" one means that greatness which devotes itself to furthering the world's work—is William Thompson, Baron Kelvin, who, on the 26th of June, celebrated his 82d birthday at his Ayrshire home. When a man may write after his name more honorary degrees than any other worker living, it means achievement. In Lord Kelvin's case it means achievement spelt with a capital "A."

An Irish boy, and the son of a professor of mathematics, he early turned to that study of the sciences through which he has accomplished so much. Not a great scientific event for half a century but he has figured in it. He was electrician for the Atlantic Cable both in '57 and '65; he invented the galvanometer and recorder for submarine telegraphy; he acted as electrical engineer for the French Cable in '69; for the West India Cable, six years later; and again for the Mackay-Bennett Cable in '79. It was his genius which overcame the difficulties threatening the splendid scheme of Cyrus Field to join Europe with America by wire, while, on the other hand, it was his most practical knowledge which perfected the simple water-tap now universally in use over kitchen sinks.

If there is any secret to such success it is only the simple one of constant work. Lord Kelvin says so himself—and still exemplifies it. This octogenarian author of a score of immensely valuable books, labors each day as though he were still in his forties. Take one as a sample; the record comes from his diary:

"Rose early and read a couple of hours before breakfast. At nine lectured on Kepler's Laws, then drove to White's to make final tests of an electrical meter. Then a lecture on higher mathematics and luncheon. All the afternoon busy with experts on Edinburgh's new lighting scheme. From dinner till bedtime studied crystals. Early tomorrow to London for a meeting of the Royal Society."

The president of that world-famous body sets his confreres an example of energy and application worth attention.



M. ASAKAWA KANICHI

A Jap to Teach Young America

Nothing shows more clearly the changed view the western world is taking of the Japanese than the recent announcement from Yale University that Asakawa Kanichi will hereafter teach there the history of the civilization of the "Flowery Kingdom." Yesterday "The little brown Yankees of the East" were held almost as barbarians; today young America is being instructed in their "civilization." It is a wise move, however, for Asiatic subjects are daily assuming more importance to the Occident, commercially and politically.

Kanichi is only thirty-two, but already has he proved himself an exact thinker and a thorough student. From Japan's public schools he went to the Waseda College, and then came here to study at Dartmouth and Yale. It was at the latter university that he wrote an essay upon the old-time feudalism of his native land, comparing that period with the same era in Europe so ably as to earn for his work the praise of being "the most important contribution of modern scholarship to the understanding of Japanese history," and for himself the name of "perhaps the most meritorious student of his years now living."

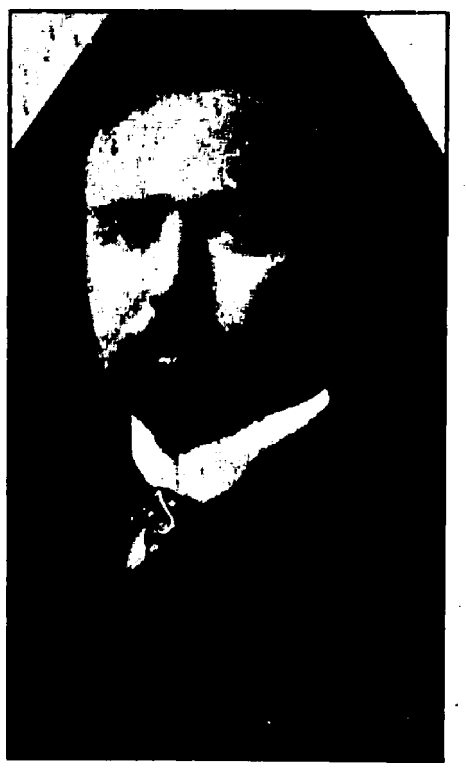
In speaking of this young man, President Hadley said recently: "His career shows we are living in 'the young man's day.' Any boy of good mind and earnest application can master thoroughly some one important topic, and so place himself in a secure position, not only of self-support but of wide usefulness."

"The Right Sort of American"

That is the characterization of Brigadier General Funston which the newspapers reached in describing the tact, firmness, and wisdom with which the man met and fought the fearful results of the recent San Francisco earthquake. Greely put it: "Due largely to his energy and judgment, there was a minimum of violence under most distressing conditions."

Shaken out of bed by the first tremor, this born but modest hero took in at a glance the necessities of the moment, and, without warrant of law, jumped forward to act as conditions demanded, "The Constitution was not framed," said he, "with earthquakes in view."

The army of any country welcomes the Funston kind. He is naturally one of those to whom discipline and responsibility come as matters of course. The forty-one years of his life are full of texts



BRIG. GEN'L F. W. FUNSTON

for the American boy to ponder—and a lively career it has been!

Born in Ohio (November 9th, 1865), his solid "Buckeye State" parentage was promptly reinforced by Kansas grit, for the Funstons moved to the younger state when "Fred" was two. From the grammar schools he went to the State University, from there to a reporter's desk, and then out into the world. He was then twenty-six, and in the seven years before he went to the Philippines, as colonel of the 20th Kansan Volunteers, he saw Death Valley, Alaska, and Cuba, spending a winter in the Klondyke and floating down the Yukon with the spring—alone in his canoe! In Cuba he first saw fighting, serving under the veteran Gomez against the Spanish oppressors.

Twice during the guerilla warfare in the Philippines Funston distinguished himself; in 1899, when his famous river exploit, under fire from the opposite bank, brought him a Brigadier Generalship of Volunteers, and again, two years later, when he planned and successfully carried through the capture of Aguinaldo. For this he was breveted to the regulars, and then came the command of the Department of the Lakes, and then the Pacific Coast post, in which he so distinctly "made good."

"Make good," by the by, seems the criterion by which this "right sort of American" governs himself.

TWO SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

A RECENT student of literature who has been investigating the popular tastes of the reading public says that there is an increasing demand for books of biography and autobiography, and that boys and young men in particular manifest a liking for this kind of reading. It is a helpful and often inspiring kind of literature. Every boy of spirit feels his pulses thrill when he reads of men who have "done things," and all the world admires a man who has brought things to pass. Every story of human achievement in the face of great odds has a certain value in that it helps others to have confidence in their ability to overcome obstacles, for what has been done can be done. Books of biography should form a large part of every boy's library, for these true stories of real life and of real achievement are worth so much more than many of the stories that are the outgrowth of the imagination and that give one false standards of life.

Stories of the sea have a great charm for many of us, and if a boy likes to read of naval life and naval heroes he will find much to interest him in the books written by Captain Alfred T. Mahan. Boys who are fond of the books of Captain Mahan may like to know that he is a retired captain of the United States Navy and that he "comes honestly" by his love of the military life, for he was born into the military atmosphere of West Point about sixty-six years ago. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy when he was nineteen years old, and few Americans have had a wider military experience. He served through all of the Civil War and later in South Atlantic, Pacific, Asiatic, and European squadrons. He was president of the Naval War College at Newport for several years and he was one of our delegates to the great Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899.

His education both at school and in that larger school we sometimes call the school of life have fitted Captain Mahan for the writing of the many books he has added to our American literature. Of these books his Life of Admiral Farragut and Life of Nelson would be most likely to interest boys.

Lord Nelson was born in the year 1758 and he was one of eleven children, only two of whom lived to grow old. His father was an English rector and his mother was a grandniece of Sir Robert Walpole. In his childhood and early youth he gave but little promise of developing into one of the greatest of English admirals. He was smaller than most boys of his age and inclined to be sickly, but time revealed the fact that there was a strong and high spirit within his small and apparently feeble body. He entered the royal navy when he was but thirteen years old. His uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, was commander of the British ship Raisonnable and it was



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CAPT. ALFRED T. MAHAN

chiefly for the purpose of lightening the burdens of his brother-in-law, the father of young Horatio Nelson, that he agreed to take his young nephew on board his ship. He said when doing so:

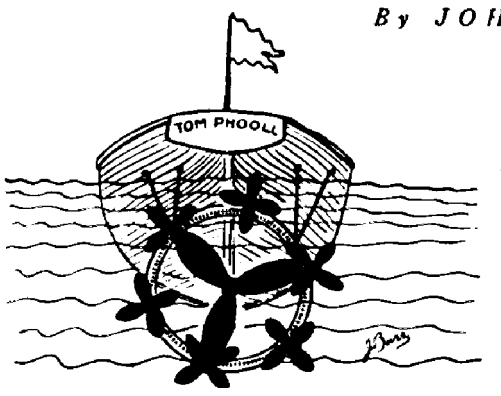
"What has poor little Horatio done that he, being so weak, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come, and if a cannon ball takes off his head, he will at least be provided for."

"Under such gloomy forebodings," says Captain Mahan, "began the most dazzling

(*Continued on page 339.*)

SORROWS OF AN INVENTOR

By JOHN BARR



FRANK SAW for himself a great future as an inventor, but nothing worthy of mention in the ordinary walks of life. Inventors made lots of money and were not long about it, while ordinary business was long and exacting, fit only for plodders. Therefore why not invent and be happy? He had studied carefully an esteemed and authentic volume called:

> JACK
> The Boy Inventor
> By
> The Author of
> "Perpetual Motion Made Easy."

But his father had caught him with it and the valued book, the outside cover of which bore a fine colored picture of a splendid airship guided by the hand of a small boy, went up in flames.

"There goes your hot air," gleefully remarked his father as the book burned. The old man evidently misunderstood the title of the book, for he muttered that the inventor of such boys as Frank ought to have been shot.

"Now, take your school book," he thundered, "and try to get a little sense into your head."

Poor Frank! He had a common, hard-headed business man for a father, a man who could not even invent an excuse for staying out late at night. He believed that boys ought to have a good schooling and he could never work up any interest in any of Frank's wonderful machines. Frank took the despised school book, went to sleep over it, was spanked, and sent to bed.

But the leading characteristic of the successful inventor is stick-to-it-iveness and Frank had it in plenty. He was working on plans for a new power boat, after which the flying machine was to receive his attention. Diligently he perfected each detail of his plan and stealthily put it into operation. He realized that much power was lost in the ordinary form of propeller, and to husband this and to put it where it would do the most good he invented a new arrangement. By placing a cogged band around the propeller, fastened to the tips of the blades, and by having a stationary band to correspond, bearing a number of smaller propellers the shafts of which bore cogged wheels to fit the cogs of the band attached to the central propeller, he sought to utilize all the power there was, and perhaps create a little more. The force required to turn the central propeller would also turn all the others, and turn them much faster than the speed of the central one.

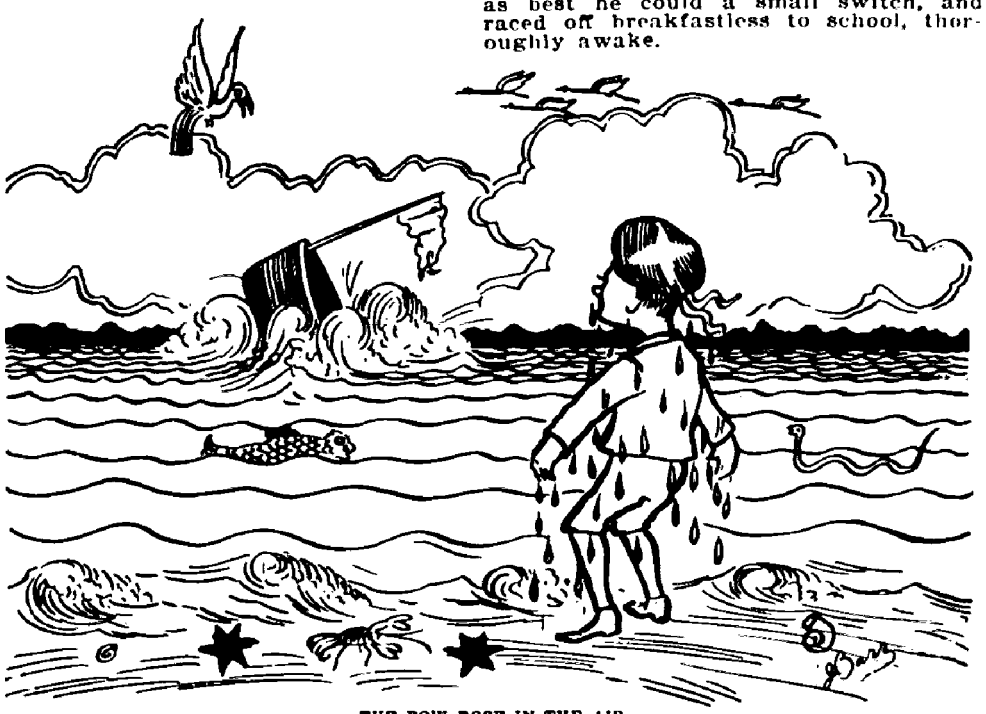
He completed these arrangements more easily than he had hoped and launched his boat on a small lake near his father's house. As he did not wish to injure the shore by the wash from the multiple propeller, he poled the boat out some distance before starting the engine. Then he turned on the gasoline and the machinery began to throb, but the peculiar vibration and unearthly noises alarmed him and he jumped overboard to swim ashore. It was a difficult swim, for he appeared to work very hard and make no progress, but he finally stood on dry land, the water having receded. He was dripping, but he did not feel wet. Turning to see his pilotless boat speeding over the lake at express speed, he was surprised to see her standing still. The propellers were going so fast that they simply cut the water and no more could flow into the vacuum. Slowly the bow rose in the air as the boat slipped sternforemost into the hole in the water made by the propellers. Then Frank remembered that he had made a fatal mistake, or oversight. There was a matter of detail that in his hurry he had overlooked. The big central propeller was working ahead all right, but the others were reversed by the gear wheels. That accounted for the failure of the boat to go ahead; it could easily be remedied in the next one.

A little later the boat disappeared, but the propellers continued to work, and finally he was horrified to see the water all running out. The boat had bored a hole in the bottom of the lake. As the water receded several large ships were uncovered, the existence of which had been unknown to Frank. They had evidently gone down with all on board and been forgotten. There were several Russian battleships and two or three transatlantic liners. Frank walked out to examine one of the latter, on which several ladies and gentlemen were dancing, but just as he was stepping on board someone grabbed him roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme go," said Frank.

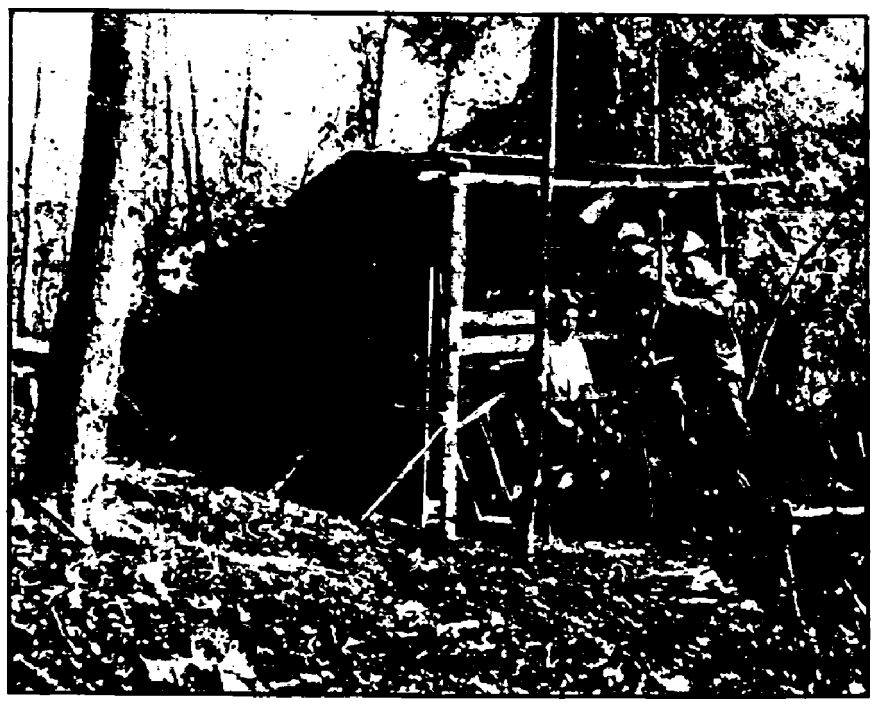
"No. I'll not let you go. Get up, you young rascal and go to school. You've no time for breakfast. Come, move now," and a slap helped him out of bed. The voice belonged to his father.

Frank hustled into his clothes, dodging as best he could a small switch, and raced off breakfastless to school, thoroughly awake.



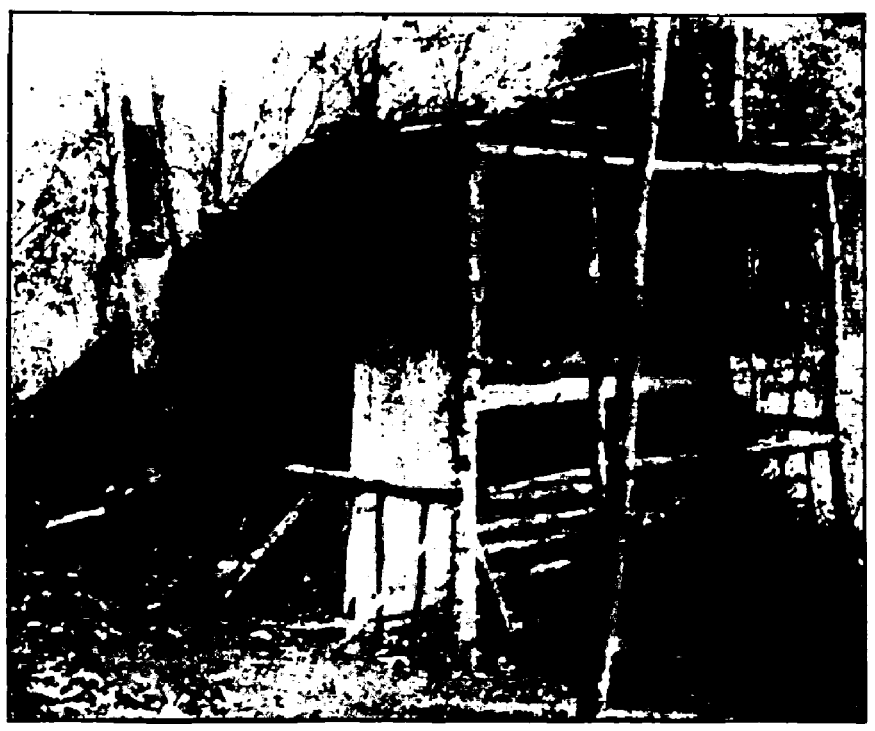
THE BOW ROSE IN THE AIR

A SHACK IN THE WOODS



THE BOYS AT WORK

Boys will be interested in the pictures of a hut built by three boys during their spare time, in a little tract of woodland near their home at West Roxbury, Massachusetts. The pictures speak for themselves and need no explanation. Any boy with muscles tough enough to hew a few hemlock logs can easily put up a similar shack. The roof is shingled. A little cement was used in building a fireplace, but aside from this, the materials were found in the woods. The hut is fitted up inside with three bunks, a table, two stools, and a fireplace. Here the three boys spend many pleasant Saturdays fishing and roaming in the woods, and cooking their own meals. The photographs were furnished by Roy Conklin, 26 Hastings street, West Roxbury, Massacusetts.



THE SHACK COMPLETE

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DESCRIPTION: No. 712—12 gauge, 30 or 32 inch barrel—weight 6⅝ lbs.
" 716—16 " 30 or 32 " " " 6¼ lbs.
" 720—20 " 28 or 30 " " " 6¼ lbs.
34 inch barrel, 50 cents extra—36 inch barrel, $1 extra.

Take-down pattern; top snap action; automatic shell ejector; decarbonized blued steel barrel, choke bored; case-hardened frame, rebounding hammer, selected Walnut stock with pistol grip, and has hardened rubber butt plate. **A well-balanced, accurate, sportsmanlike shotgun, wonderfully safe, quick and certain in the hands of either the boy beginner or the experienced sportman.**

Sent express paid for the above price—if not found in the store of your nearest dealer. Safe delivery guaranteed.

We publish two delightful stories—"William Tell," the experience of an expert with his first Junior Rifle, and "My First Rifle," by the famous marksman, Capt. Jack O'Connel, which we will send free, with our illustrated catalogue of rifles, revolvers, and shotguns. We make the largest and finest general line of firearms in the world.

HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., 118 Franklin Street, **Norwich, Conn.**

Makers of the Celebrated H. & A. Schuetzen Rifle.

A Boy Hero and His Medal

AT THE BATTLE of Missionary Ridge a boy of seventeen years of age displayed such heroism amid the thousands of brave men that he was awarded the congressional medal of honor, on which was engraved:

"Drummer John S. Kountz, company G, Thirty-Seventh Ohio volunteers, for gallantry at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863."

In September, 1861, a schoolboy presented himself before the recruiting officer in the town of Maumee, in Ohio, with the request that he be allowed to enlist. Because he was but fifteen years of age he was denied the privilege of signing the rolls; but by dint of perseverance he succeeded in convincing the officers of company G that he was well qualified to act the part of drummer, and exceeding proud was he when his mother cut down to fit his diminutive body the regulation suit of blue which had been issued to him.

In course of time the Thirty-Seventh Ohio formed a portion of the force with which Sherman assaulted Missionary Ridge, and on the 25th day of November, 1863, the regiment was ordered to advance from the temporary works which had been taken from the enemy early that morning, and attack the men in gray, who were strongly intrenched on the hill.

Major Hipp, seeing Johnny Kountz making ready to march with his company, ordered him to the rear; but when the line of dusty blue moved out from the works, slowly at first, and faster and faster as the rain of iron and lead increased, Johnny Kountz dropped his drum. Seizing a musket which had fallen from the lifeless hands of its owner an hour before, the lad ran with all speed to join company G.

The zip, zip, zipping of bullets could be heard even while the shells screamed overhead. At short intervals great gaps appeared in the lines, and on the slope, here, there—everywhere, as it seemed—Johnny saw, lying still in death, or writhing with pain, comrades who a few moments previous had given him a kindly word.

THE DRUMMER TO THE FRONT.

He was afraid; but because the drummer's place was in the front of the company, he pressed forward to gain what he considered his rightful position. The men, animated by his example, advanced yet more rapidly, leaving the hill side behind them dotted thickly with forms in blue, on each of which could be seen great blotches of crimson.

Johnny Kountz was among the foremost who literally hurled themselves against the intrenchments at the top of the hill, and with the hindermost when the Thirty-Seventh Ohio sullenly fell back before the deadly fire of Bragg's forces.

Once more came the command to advance, and again the Thirty-Seventh Ohio, its ranks sadly depleted and with Johnny Kountz in front of company G, went up, up into the very midst of the death dealing shower of missiles. Then it was to Johnny as if he stumbled—perhaps over the lifeless body of a comrade, and as he fell the order to retreat was given. He would have scrambled to his feet, fearful lest he lose his position in the line; but one leg appeared suddenly to have been benumbed. In vain he tried to raise himself; then came a sharp, burning sensation. He was assailed by nausea and it seemed as if consciousness was deserting him. An ominous looking blotch on his blue trousers grew larger each instant, and the boy knew he had been wounded. Above him on the mountain side the lines of gray poured volley after volley into the valley beneath, mowing down by the score those who would ascend. Below him Johnny could see company G in the position it had occupied before the first assault was made. He was between the lines; alone save for the dead and the dying.

A man near him moaned and then cried for water, whereupon Johnny was reminded that his own throat was parched, and he raised his canteen to drink just as the sufferer cried out again in his agony.

JOHNNY GIVES UP CANTEEN.

Johnny lowered the canteen from his lips, and looking across the blood stained ground, saw a soldier whose shoulder had been shattered, while a smear of blood across his eyes told of yet more serious injury.

"I reckon what's in this canteen belongs to you," Johnny shouted, putting the vessel from him as if fearing the temptation to drink might become too strong to be resisted. "Can't you crawl this way? My leg is hurt, or I'd make out to get over there."

"Water! I'm dying!" the man moaned.

Johnny looked about him in perplexity. He had fallen into a depression on the mountain side where he was in a measure protected from the enemy's fire, but to move in either direction would be to expose himself to the full blast of the leaden storm. If he made no effort to relieve the suffering of this stranger he might remain in comparative safety, with the means of quenching his own rapidly increasing thirst.

Tne temptation was strong. He needed tne contents of his canteen as sorely as did the semi-conscious man, and no one, not even the sufferer himself, would ever know that the little drummer might have afforded relief. Again Johnny raised the vessel to his lips and again the wounded soldier moaned.

"It would choke me if I tried to drink it," the boy muttered, and without further delay he began to work his way slowly but painfully, dragging his shattered limb at the expense of additional loss of blood, across the mountain side amid the storm of bullets.

RELIEVES THE SUFFERER.

The boy's tongue was by this time literally swollen because of the thirst which assailed him; but he put his own suffering aside in order to minister to the dying man's wants.

"Drink this, an' I reckon you'll feel better," Johnny said, in what he intended should be a cheery tone, as he raised his canteen to the man's lips.

Eagerly the soldier seized it, draining every drop before releasing his hold, and then, at the very moment Johnny flung the empty canteen aside, his head dropped back, his jaw fell—he was dead.

"Perhaps it didn't do any good, but, all the same, I'm glad you got it," the drummer boy said, half to himself, and as he turned to decide if he might be able to gain his former position, he saw a member of company G coming toward him on the double quick. It was William Schmidt who was risking his own life in the effort to save the little drummer, and he shouted while advancing:

"Make ready, Johnny, for I'm going to pull you out of that!"

"Go back! Go back!" the boy shouted. "Take care of yourself, Bill; there's no reason why you should run all this risk to get me out of here, for I won't be alive a great while longer."

"I allow the surgeons will fix you up, Johnny, if you don't lose your pluck. Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy, and we'll soon be in different quarters."

"You'll never get through if you try to carry me, an' I can't walk. I'm doin' my best to keep my upper lip stiff, Bill; but it's gettin' to be mighty hard—hard—"

The brave little lad had come to an end of endurance. He sank across the body of the soldier whom he had tried to aid, as consciousness deserted him.

That evening the drummer boy was laid on the operating table in the field hospital at Chattanooga, and when the wounded limb had been amputated he looked at Schmidt, who had held his hand during the ordeal, as he said with a pitiful attempt at a smile:

"I'm trying hard to keep my upper lip stiff, Bill; but it comes mighty tough once in a while."

"You're what they call a hero, Johnny, that's what you are, and company G is proud of having had you in its ranks!"

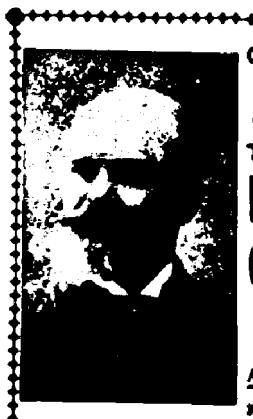
"It's because you think I'll feel better that you say such things, Bill, an' you're mighty good. Do you reckon I can stay with you fellows now I've only got one leg?"

"I'm afraid your soldiering days are over, my boy; but you may be certain that we of company G will never forget you so long as one of us is alive."—Exchange.



A Miniature Automobile

Our readers will be interested in the picture of an automobile built for a little girl. Yota A. Lott, the daughter of Dr. Frank Lott, of Columbus, Ohio. This is a real electric touring car, capable of a speed of fifteen miles an hour and of running thirty-five miles with one charging. It is forty inches high and five and one-half feet long. Doesn't this make your mouth water? If I were in that automobile and were a boy, I am sure I would have a happier expression on my face than the three children who are in the picture have. But, perhaps, they are a little out of humor because they have had to stop and have their picture taken.



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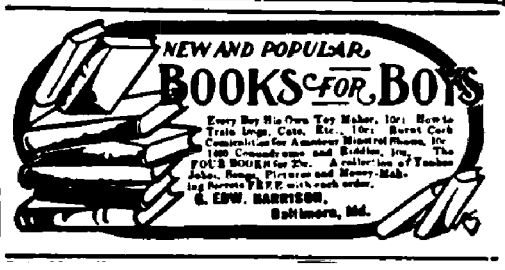


Hunting His First Job



By ANTHONY J. HENSON

SAYS MANY a boy well started in his teens to his father about this time of year:

"I don't want to go back to school."

"What!" exclaimed the parent. "Well, I just guess you will, and you'll be there the first day and on time, too."

"But I tell you, I'm tired of school."

"Think you know more now than the teachers can ever tell you, eh? Feel that you've got all the education you'll need, eh?" Then, playing the sly dog: "Why don't you want to go back to school this year?"

"Because I want to go to work."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Got an idea that you'll make a fortune the first year or two, I suppose. Um-m! Wants to go to work. Well, if he's got that idea as strong as his daddy had it once upon a time, it'll be a waste of time to send him back. Um-m!—— See here, young man, are you in earnest about wanting to go to work? You are, eh? Well, you can go to work—but understand, you've got to get a job yourself. I'll not lift a finger to help you. And if you can't get work in mighty short order, back to school you go!"

Or perhaps the family finances are such that the boy must be kept out of school this year and started at work, that he may live. Or the college graduate, his summer's frolic at an end, realizes with a sigh that it's high time for him to begin turning his higher learning into good golden dollars. At any rate, this is the month of the year, more than any other, when thousands of persons who have never before taken an active and steady part in the world's work, seek for their first jobs. Perhaps in this very month, years ago, you yourself started out to look for your first job, and, what's more, landed it. Were your experiences anything like these which befel real flesh and blood boys and young men known to the writer?

HOW CANDOR WON A BOY HIS START.

Billy Jones was fifteen when he set about his first job. Previous to that time he had earned several dollars a week by selling copies of his town's evening newspaper after school. But not in the usual way, on the streets. When he learned that a newsboy had got a leg cut off by "hopping" on a moving train at the town depot, in order to make a sale, and that as a result all newsboys had been forbidden to enter station or trains thereafter, he sought out the road's superintendent.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "I want to sell papers to passengers here in the station and on the trains."

"No, sir, you can't," was the official's brief and energetic reply. "Don't you know I've just kicked out all newsboys on account of the accident?"

"Yes, but see here; I'll give you my word of honor that I'll not hop on or off a moving train if you'll let me sell. And, Mr. Johnson, people when they travel want to read; they've got to pass the time some way. You'll make a lot of your passengers mad by shutting off their papers."

The superintendent looked at the boy—he was then twelve—in astonishment.

"I guess you're right, sonny. Well, go ahead and sell—on your honor not to get on or off a moving train."

For three years Billy Jones enjoyed a monopoly by reason of his ever constant solicitude for his word of honor. Then, tiring of school and having won his parents' permission to go to work in earnest he gave up selling papers.

But he did not straightway go into the first store before his nose and strike the "boss" for work. His idea was to start for himself in New York. He went to the leading physician of the town, who was also something of a local politician and had been a delegate to several state conventions.

"Doctor," he asked, "you know some of those Tammany fellows in New York, don't you?"

The doctor nodded.

"Well, I'm going to look for a job in New York and I want you to give me a letter of introduction to a Tammany man."

"Thought you were a Republican, young man?"

"I am; but, doctor, Tammany's the thing in New York, isn't it? And won't a Tammany man know where jobs are waiting for energetic chaps?"

The boy got his letter. A day or two later he placed it in the hands of the man to whom it was addressed. When the latter had finished reading it, the boy spoke up, by way of appendix.

"I don't want you to make a job for me or hunt me a job. Just tell me where you think a job may be found, and I'll go after it."

The Tammany man thought awhile and gave the boy the names of two or three firms. One chanced to be that of a publishing house, and as it was nearest at hand, the boy soon presented himself before the manager.

"I am looking for a job with you," he said politely.

"Well, we're in need of just the right sort of boy," was the reply. "Perhaps you're he. By the way, what do you know about the sort of work we do here?"

For an instant it was in the boy's mind to engage in some skillful equivocating; but something inside of him checked him, and looking into the man's face, he said earnestly.

"Not a thing."

And the next minutes he felt his knees shaking under him, though his ears told him that the man was saying:

"You're hired. Start to work tomorrow morning."

Three months later, when the boy received his first summons to the manager's office and stood before that worthy with his heart suspiciously near his mouth, he was asked:

"Do you remember what you said to me when you came here looking for work, and I asked you what you knew about the business?"

"Y'yes, sir," was the reply, somewhat shamefacedly.

"Well, I took you because you were candor itself," went on the manager. "Every boy who had come to me before had sworn that he knew a whole lot about the business, but not one of them did. They lied to get work. You didn't. A business man hates a lie almost as much as the Lord does. During the three months you've been here you've continued to be candid. And, by the way, you move up a peg next Monday, and so does your salary."

TEMERITY THAT SUCCEEDED.

Temerity sometimes succeeds, as well as candor, in landing the first job.

It was into a Providence (R. I.) wholesale house that a boy of about thirteen or fourteen walked one day and asked, in a bright, cheery voice, of the manager,

"Have you got a job for me, sir?"

Just then someone walked up to the manager, and shoved a paper under his nose.

"Take a seat, boy," he said, "and I'll see you in about half an hour, when I'm through with this."

"Beg your pardon," was the reply, "but my time is valuable. I'll wait if you think there's a chance that you'll employ me, but if you don't want a boy, please tell me and I'll look somewhere else."

The manager was nonplused for a moment; then, laughing heartily, he called to one of his assistants:

"Here, Bond, take this young man and start him at work. And don't waste any time about it, please—his time is valuable."

AN "AD" THAT LANDED A FIRST JOB.

Thousands of city boys and young men, when they set about to look for their first job, put their trust in the want "ads" of the daily newspapers. A few days' experience at answering "ads" showed a particularly keen Jewish boy of an eastern city that he stood little chance of getting a job in this way. Everywhere he went, no matter how early, he found scores of boys ahead of him, and, in some places, literally hundreds. So he decided that he would do a little advertising on his own hook.

But he had no money—at least, not enough to advertise simultaneously in all the leading papers—and as his parents were none too well off, he did not feel like appealing to them for assistance. Therefore, instead of looking for work for the next few days, he hung around a ferry slip, and picked up quite a deal of change each day helping women across the wide, truck-crowded street with their baggage to and from the station. Then, when he had sufficient money to purchase a boldface "ad" in five papers for insertion on a Sunday—he had previously learned the rates—he handed this in at the various offices:

"A Hebrew boy, 16, who intends to win out, wants to start at bottom and learn business with good firm."

That was all, besides his address. But before night of the day of publication three men had hunted up the boy in his tenement home. He took a job as office boy with the second, a Gentile; and a part of his first week's wages of five dollars went for postage for the nearly one hundred answers that he wrote to letters from firms asking him to call around, he saying in effect that he had a position, but he thanked them just the same.

Rather unusual thing for a boy to do, wasn't it? But he is an unusual boy, which is proved by the fact that today at the age of twenty-two, he is head of one of the departments of the firm with which he began at the bottom.

GETTING STARTED THROUGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES.

In the course of a year thousands of city boys get started in life's serious work through the medium of employment agencies. The more responsible of these agencies guarantee to land a client in a position satisfactory to him within a prescribed time. But before they will set about doing this, the client is required to make a deposit, generally five dollars, and when he secures work the first week's wages or salary, or a percentage of it, is to be paid to the agency. This method is costly; on the other hand, it frequently lands a young fellow in a job that he might spend months looking for with no success, because of lack of knowledge of just where to apply.

A certain employment agency, to illustrate the efficacy of its methods, tells, among other cases, of a young man who tramped the streets of a middle western city hunting his first job until all but six dollars of his money was gone. Then, having seen the agency's sign, he sought its aid, deposited five of his dollars with it, and, after living on crusts for three days, was sent to see a big manufacturer, who took him into his office as private secretary at fifteen hundred dollars a year, the letters of recommendation from home folks that the young man showed playing an important part in bringing him this piece of good luck.

WHAT PERSISTENCE DID FOR ONE MAN.

Persistence is a virtue that must be displayed by the average first job seeker; and if it is exercised judiciously it will ultimately land a job, in spite of numerous difficulties.

A certain farmer's boy in Indiana had developed a knack for drawing in his spare time, and on a venture sent several of his drawings to a then famous pictorial publication in New York. In a week he was more then surprised to receive a reply stating that a position was awaiting him on the staff of the periodical when he felt like applying for it in person.

Now, it was some time before the boy could scrape sufficient money to take him East; his father was none too well off, and, anyway, he didn't think much of his son's ambition to make his living by drawing lines on pieces of paper; so the boy would not deign to ask financial help of his father. In time, however, he found himself in possession of the necessary railroad fare and twenty dollars in addition, and in a few days later presented himself at the office of the periodical, stating that he had come to take that job.

The manager of the art department asked, "What job?" as he gazed with unfeigned interest at the boy's Buffalo Bill hair and altogeher queer makeup.

The boy explained. The manager smiled. "But we have no place now," he said.

The boy went away, dazed. But he collected his thoughts over night, and the next morning found him facing the art manager.

"I have come for that job," reiterated.

"But I have no place for you," was the reply.

Again the boy took his departure; again he was back the next morning, with the same announcement, and again he was informed that there was no place for him.

This little performance went on daily for over a week. Then the boy took an inventory of his funds, and when next he caught the art manager, as he was endeavoring to sneak away, announced:

"See here, I've got just enough money left to last me till next Saturday. You've got to give me a job by that time."

"What?" gasped the manager, astonished at the boy's commanding tone.

"I said, you've got to give me work by next Saturday, when all my money will be gone. You wrote me to come on and you'd give me work. Your explanation that that was months ago won't go with me. If my work was good then, it is good now, and you're going to place me."

It was the longest speech that the boy had ever delivered, but it was effective.

"What will you go to work for?" asked the manager, after a brief pause.

"Anything," was the reply.

"Anything?"

"Yes, so I can prove myself to you again."

"All right, take this portrait home with you and bring me in a sketch of it day after tomorrow."

For the next thirty-six hours the boy "sweat blood," as the saying is, over his task; but when he handed it in, he was as calm as on the day he made the manager give it to him. That executive looked at the sketch a moment, then passed it about the room. But the boy did not hear the expressions of praise of the work—his ears rang with the art manager's words for many days after:

"You start in tomorrow at seven dollars a week."

At the end of his first year with the periodical, the boy was making four thousand dollars a year.

Nobody Looking

By REV. CHAS. T. WHITE

A SMALL BOY, with a freckled face, and a torn hat-brim, was cautiously dropping a line into the stream through a close-set hedge of alder bushes. There was a field of growing corn behind him; and a much-neglected hoe, lying, where he had thrown it among the weeds and brambles in a convenient fence-corner, told its own story.

"My boy," said a gentleman, who happened to be passing at the moment, "did your father send you down here to catch a mess of fish for dinner?"

The boy started at the sound of a strange voice, then a broad grin overspread his freckled face, as he replied: "Naw! Pa's gone to town to-day. I'm hoein' corn, but," with a reassuring glance toward the chimneys of a nearby farmhouse, which just showed above the crest of a neighboring hill, "there ain't nobody lookin'."

There is no sequel to the incident, so far as I know, and I do not propose to discuss the subtle nature of the temptation thrown in the way of a small boy with a fishline in his pocket by a promising trout-brook so near at hand. But, I can't help wondering if the boy himself realized how extremely popular his philosophy of practical conduct has grown in these later days, and how many adopt it to the exclusion of any higher or worthier motive.

There are boys in our high-schools and young men in our colleges, who, at a convenient moment, when nobody is looking, con their Latin lessons with the aid of a "literal translation" or "interlinear," which is kept carefully concealed in some convenient drawer or pigeon-hole for ready reference. There are young men in almost every department of business, who habitually grade their diligence and industry by no higher standard than the eye of their employer.

"Oh, yes! He can do a fair amount of work," said a farmer recently of a boy, who had been in his employ the previous season, "but you've got to be right with him. If you go away, and leave a job of work for him to do—" He dismissed the subject with a significant gesture.

I wish that everyone of my young readers would consider for just a moment how fatally this time-serving spirit must react upon a boy's character, and hamper his chances of success in life. Success is always the result of independent action, and a boy, who falls into the habit of acting only under the impulse of something outside himself, becomes in time a mere machine, which goes only when somebody turns it. The moral nature degenerates, too, by living constantly in an atmosphere of deception. The sense of right, which ought to forbid this and command that, becomes a dead letter. And, lastly, there can be little real happiness in a life, which drags out its weary round of service, without finding either interest or enjoyment in the doing of it.

LISTEN, BOYS

By Winifred B. Blake

The other day I spoke to a college sophomore about some important affair that had been described in the newspapers, and found, to my surprise, that he knew nothing about it.

"Don't you take advantage of the reading-rooms at college," I inquired, "to learn about what is going on in the world?"

"Why, I go in quite often to get the football and baseball news," was his reply.

Just think of it! The football and baseball news is all right, but think of stopping there!

I know that the many wrongs in politics and finance, in church and state and home, that are aired in the papers, are enough to give any one the blues, and so might seem to justify skipping all such reading. But there is another side to the shield. It is true that these last few years, especially the year passed, have seen wonderful exposures of "graft," of municipal and state and national corruption, of robbery and fraud in great corporations, and of evils in private life. But with these exposures has also come a demand for a better state of things in all these directions, and a determination to have it.

The ground is being cleared. The ploughing is being done for a better sowing of better seed. Upon the young manhood of the nation will soon rest the responsibility of seeing to it that this better seed shall be sown and a better harvest reaped. It is a great inspiration and opportunity which boys and young men should heed more than they do. Heed it now, boys, by obtaining a real working knowledge and grasp of the world's affairs, so that later you can put into practice for the betterment of the world the practical knowledge and wisdom attained.

Read, think, discuss about all these big questions. While you are training for athletics, train also for citizenship.

I overheard one young man say to another the other day: "We don't need Republicans and we don't need Democrats to run this village. What we need is men!" He had evidently thought out for himself the difference between politics and statesmanship, and discerned that less politics and more statesmanship is what is needed in town, state and nation.

Begin now, boys, and grow to be, not only trained athletes, but the wise and righteous men this nation needs.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION RECENTLY ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

Thirty-First Convention of the National Amateur Press Association

What has been described by those who attended it as the greatest all-round convention of the National Amateur Press Association was held in Philadelphia on July 1, 2, 3 and 4. The association returned to the city of its birth in order to hold the thirty-first annual meeting. This was the fourth convention to be held in Philadelphia and the first one for fifteen years.

Harmony was the prevalent spirit. The convention will be epoch-making in many regards, but chiefly because it inaugurated an "era of good feeling."

The attendance was highly representative of amateur journalism, both in the number and standing of the delegates. Amateur journalists from California to New England, and from the Gulf to the Lakes participated in the various sessions which were held in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Of course active amateur journalists were in the majority, but there was a goodly proportion of "old-timers" as well as many newcomers, including a large number who made their acquaintance with amateur journalism through THE AMERICAN BOY. Close to one hundred delegates were present.

The annual election of officers is of course the exciting and notable feature of conventions. The amateur journalism editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was honored with the presidency for the coming year, and a capable and well-selected board of officers was chosen to carry on the administration. The official board for 1906-1907 is as follows:

President, W. R. Murphy (Pioneer), Philadelphia; First Vice-President, A. M. Hamilton (The Southerner), Newport News, Va.; Second Vice-President, Edward H. Cole (The Olympian), Somerville, Mass.; Recording Secretary, Louis H. Kerber (The Roamer), Chicago, Ill.; Corresponding Secretary, M. B. Ferguson (The Searchlight), Baltimore, Md.; Treasurer, Wm. R. Moscow (The East), Newburgh, N. Y.; Official Editor, Charles W. Heins (Arrows), New York, N. Y.; Secretary of Credentials, Charles H. Russell (Good Things), Philadelphia; Alumni Secretary, Harry Myron Konwiser (Bomb), Newark, N. J.; Secretary of Publicity, J. Ray Spink (Pioneer), Philadelphia; Secretary of Activity, Chester A. McCormick (The Owl), Knox, Ind.; Historian, Jas. F. Morton, Jr. (Mortonia), New York, N. Y. Executive Judges: Dr. E. B. Swift (Weekly Amateur), New York, N. Y.; Paul J. Campbell (Scotchman), Georgetown, Ill.; Charles A. A. Parker (Literary Gem), Boston, Mass. The next convention will be held in Boston, Mass., about the middle of July, 1907.

The Philadelphia amateurs set out to give the association a convention clean politically and entertaining socially. In the first instance there was a Rooseveltian "square deal" for all. There was almost unanimous choice in the selections for office. For the second every attendant averred that he or she was having a splendid time. Hon. John Weaver, the "reform mayor," extended freedom of the city to the delegates, and they enjoyed it thoroughly. Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, the seat of the first continental congress, the Betsy Ross house, birthplace of "Old Glory," and the tomb of Franklin, amateur journalism's patron saint, were visited by interested pilgrims. The $27,000,000 city hall and the many mercantile and industrial plants were also viewed. An evening trip to Willow Grove, a pleasant park fifteen miles out, gave an opportunity to shoot the chutes, ride in the air-ship, mount the Alps, etc. Fairmount Park, the largest in the world, was visited on a chartered automobile.

The supreme social feature of a convention is the banquet. This was held in the splendid Red Room of the hotel and was the occasion of some of the finest oratory ever heard at an amateur journalists' banquet. The toasts were as follows: "The National Amateur Press Association—Its Past," Jas. F. Morton, Jr.; "Its Present," Timothy B. Thrift; "Its Future," W. R. Murphy; "Amateur Journalism: Its Ideals, Its Realities, Its Results, John T. Nixon, C. Fred Crosby and E. Hadley Smith; "The Younger Generation—by One of It," Edward H. Cole; "Its Politics: The Breath of the Life of Amateur Journalism," Dr. Edwin Booth Swift; "Literature: Its Heart and Soul," Will R. Antisdel; "Woman's Sphere in the Journalistic World," Edith Miniter. The toastmaster was Harry C. Hochstadter.

The pleasure side was not cultivated at the expense of business. A number of important measures were settled at the convention. It was decided to have an exhibit devoted to amateur journalism at the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition in 1907. First Vice-President A. M. Hamilton, of Newport News; John W. Smith, and C. F. Bretholl were appointed as committee in charge and an appropriation was made to defray expenses. An appropriation of $50 was made additional to the constitutional sum of $150 for publication expenses of the official organ. A subscription was made to purchase a loving cup in token of esteem for retiring Official Editor Paul J. Campbell and appreciation for his fine volume of "The National Amateur." A committee was appointed to place a suitable commemorative tablet in the association's birthplace, the City Institute Library, to which a pilgrimage was made. Provision was made by constitutional amendment for a Secretary of Activity to record the accomplishment of each member during the year. A large amount of routine and miscellaneous business was also transacted.

An important part of the proceedings was the award of the laureateships to those who had distinguished themselves in literary pursuits during the year. The results of these annual literary competitions was as follows: Poem—Laureate, A. H. Goodenough, Brattleboro, Vt., for The Iconoclast; Honorable Mention, L. A. Willenborg, Massillon, O., for The Corn. Sketch—Earle A. Rowell, Ballard, Wash., for The New Member; Honorable Mention, N. G. Morton, W. Somerville, Mass., for On the Summit of Mount Pisgah. Essay—Brainerd P. Emery, Newburyport, Mass., for Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite School. History of Amateur Journalism—J. I. Maloney, Chicago, Ill., for The Vegetarian Dinner; Honorable Mention, I. Burr Thrift, Cleveland, O., for The Cleveland Convention.

Someone has wisely said, "Amateurs exist fifty-one weeks of the year to live one at convention time." They lived a glorious red-letter week at "Philadelphia 1906"!



W. R. MURPHY, PHILADELPHIA, EDITOR OF THE AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER AND PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N

Other Conventions

In far away Seattle the lively Washington State Amateur Press Association held its third annual convention on May 26. The name was changed to Pacific Coast Amateur Press Association and members will now be admitted from Vancouver Sound to the Gulf of California. The present membership is about forty. The next convention will probably be held in Oakland, Cal. Officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Harry Shepherd, Washington; Vice-Presidents, H. R. Fuller, Seattle, Wash.; J. J. Hall, Trail, Ore.; Pearl Brace, Seattle, Wash.; Secretary, Frieda Clark, Seattle, Wash.; Treasurer, A. H. Jacobson, Woodenville, Wash.; Historian, F. Roy Davidson, Seattle, Wash.; Laureate Recorder, R. P. Reid, Oakland, Cal.; Official Editor, Thomas R. Ford, Oakland, Cal.; Directors, Chester O. Harrington, Harrington, Wash., and S. Parker Rowell, Seattle, Wash. Here's good luck to the Pacific Coast Amateur Press Association. It has an important field to cover, and it should enjoy a long and prosperous career.

The Pinetree Amateur Press Association also held its third annual convention, on June 8th, at Ellsworth, Me. The morning was devoted to sight-seeing and in the evening a jollification was held at the home of President-elect Bellatty. The following board of officers was elected: President, Harry M. Bellatty; Vice-Presidents, R. M. Brooks and Earle M. S. Palmer; Secretary-Treasurer, Wm. B. Tracy; Official Editor, Marie Lord; Historian, Lee W. Templeton. The Pinetree Association is one of the oldest and most consistent of the State organizations and is doing good work for amateur journalism.

TWO SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

(*Continued from page 336.*)

career that the sea, the mother of so many heroes, has ever seen."

There is much in the life of Horatio Nelson, who became Lord Nelson, to stimulate the ambition of boys who feel that they are handicapped because of bodily weakness and lack of education. He had a deal of that admirable quality we call "pluck." This was made manifest in his childhood. One day he and an older brother were riding to school on their ponies when they came to snowdrifts so deep that it seemed impossible to get through them, and they went back home reporting the cause of their return to their father, who said:

"If that be so, I have of course nothing to say; but I wish you to try again, and I leave it to your honor not to turn back, unless necessary."

They set forth again and the elder brother was more than once in favor of returning home, but little Horatio said, "No; remember it was left to our honor," and he pushed on regardless of the deep snow. His life-story is a story of wonderful achievement because of a strong will power that would not allow him to fear any obstacle that presented itself. Some of his naval victories are without parallel, and he became the idol of the British people. Unfailing courage and enthusiasm combined with an indomitable will were the ruling forces in his life.

Captain Mahan has given us the most interesting life of this great naval hero ever published, and boys who are fond of well written biography will like to read an American naval officer's tributes to, perhaps, the greatest of England's naval heroes.

The New Football Rules

By WALTER B. NORRIS

Instructor in Athletics at the Wenonah Military Academy

Not every boy, probably, will play football this autumn, but very few will miss a single game that is played in their town or vicinity. They will all take some interest, therefore, in the changes in the game this year.

As most boys know, the football rules have been until this year made by a committee representing several of the larger universities, chiefly Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Philadelphia, and Chicago. This year a larger committee representing many more colleges have done the work. The result has been a number of changes that every boy should know if he does not wish to be considered a back number in athletics.

For the first time in football, a forward pass is allowed. This must be made, however, by one of the backs and must be to either a back or an end. It will not be used much, as, if the ball touches the ground, it goes at once to the opponents.

Instead of a team being obliged to gain five yards in three downs, it must make ten yards in the same number of attempts. The result will be that the ball will be punted much more than before.

Another change will be that there will be no more such plays as one often saw last year, when a tackle, for instance, came back of his position and then was given the ball to carry. Such plays as tackle-back are prohibited by a rule that, if a tackle, guard, or center is brought back of the line, he must go five yards back and another man must take his place in the line.

The new rules also change the line-up of the teams on the field. Now, instead of two lines of men bending down close to each other, the two teams, except the centers, are separated by a space as wide as the ball is long.

Changes that will save some injuries,



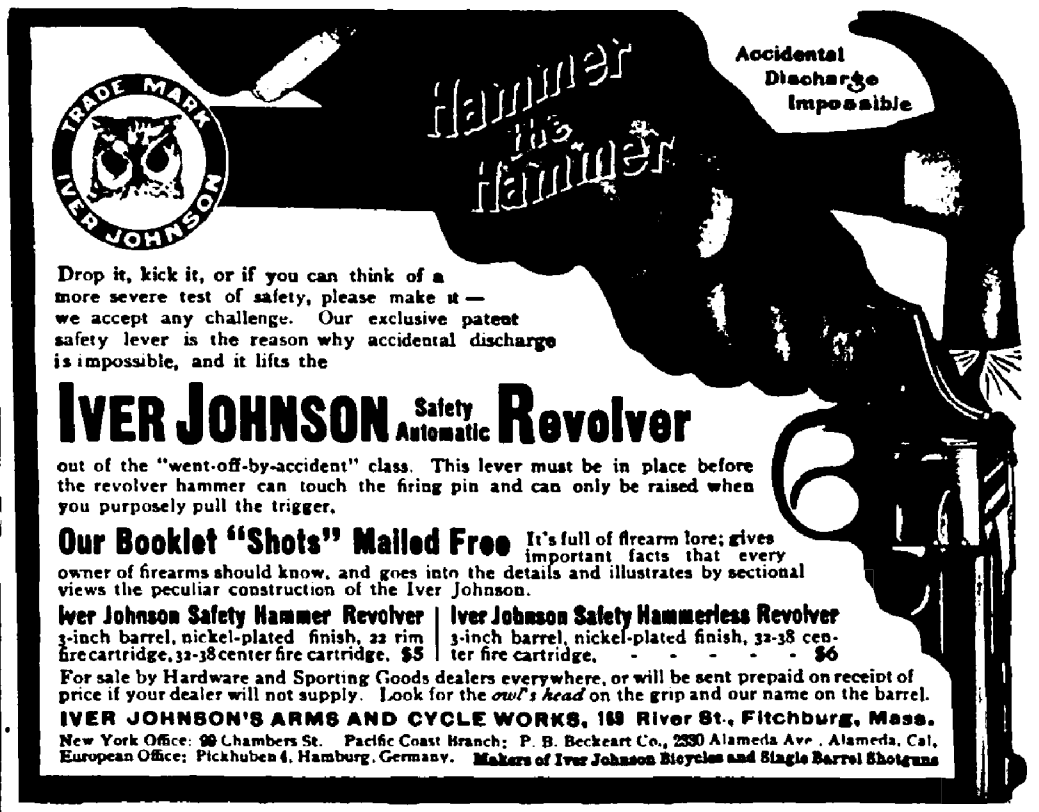
possible otherwise, are the new rules forbidding hurdling, that is jumping over a player in one's endeavor to avoid being tackled, and the one forbidding tackling below the knees.

Another commendable change is making the ball down as soon as any part of the player with the ball, except his hands or feet, touches the ground in the grasp of an opponent.

When a ball is punted by one team, this year's rules say that the team may recover the ball as soon as it has touched either an opponent or the ground. This obliges a team punted against to catch the ball, and gives the punting team a chance to get down the field and perhaps get the ball themselves. This is a great advantage to a team on the offense, and partially makes up for the handicap they are put under in being obliged to gain ten yards in three downs.

One of the most frequent occurrences in a football game is for one side to be calling for the game to be stopped a few minutes, or "time" as it is called. The game is often delayed unnecessarily to the great annoyance of spectators and players. The new rules say that a captain may call for time three times in a half. After that, if he calls for time, he must either remove a player from the game or lose two yards.

In general, the rules are made clearer, especially in forbidding methods that are likely to injure an opponent, and in making the penalties heavier. For the graver offenses, such as striking an opponent with the closed fist, a player is removed from the game, and his team loses half the distance to its own goal line. Just what the effect of the changes on the game will be is still hard to say, but it seems likely that the playing will be more open, with fewer mass plays, and the conduct of the players toward their opponents much fairer and more easily seen.



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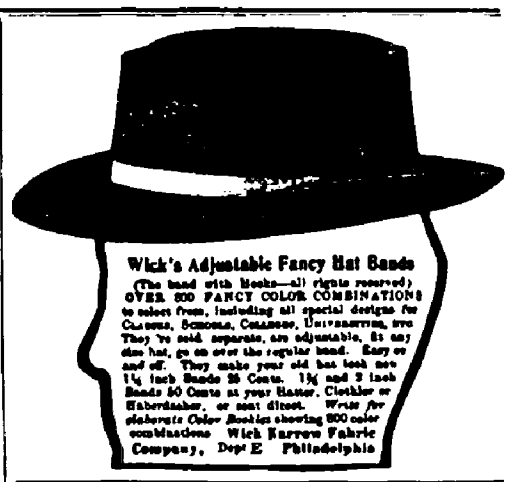

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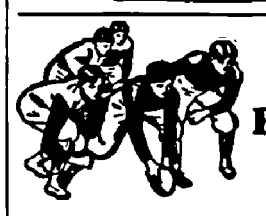

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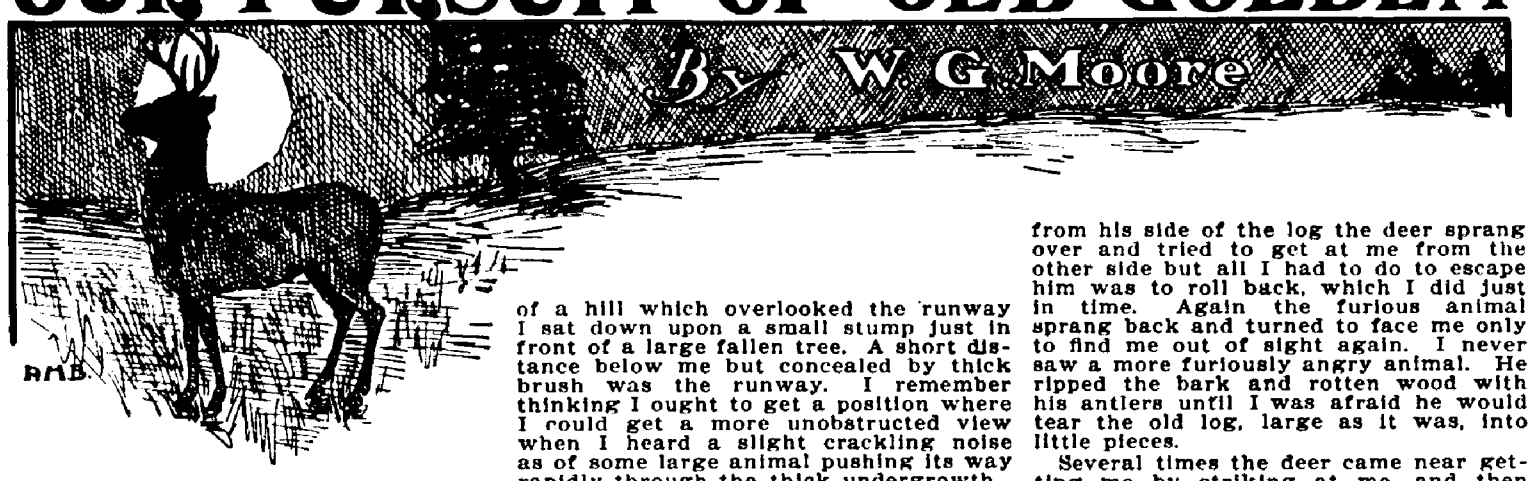
OUR PURSUIT OF OLD GOLDEN



OLD GOLDEN was the name given by the hunters to a large deer that for many years made its home along the head waters of the Little Muskegon river in Michigan. He was a very large animal with a huge pair of wide spreading antlers, and a peculiar reddish or golden colored coat. Although shot at scores of times, and several times badly wounded, he seemed to bear a charmed life. The Indians and some of the white hunters, at last became so superstitious that they would no longer hunt him.

When a boy of seventeen I had my first sight of the famous animal. I was watching a wheat field at night to keep the deer off. All the farmers had to do this at that time, otherwise the animals during the late fall, before the snow came, would graze the wheat close to the ground. To enable us to watch the whole field at once, and be where the deer could not readily see or scent us, we had built a small platform between two tall pine girdlings that stood side by side just within the edge of the wheat field. This platform was about fifty feet from the ground and was reached by means of a ladder formed by nailing strips of boards or poles from one tree to the other.

One bright, moonlight night I went down to the wheat field and climbed to my lofty perch. Everything was quiet around me, only the occasional hoot of an owl or the short, sharp bark of a fox was to be heard. The moon was full, and as the sky was cloudless it was almost as light as day. Being late in the fall it was quite cold, but I was warmly dressed. For over an hour I watched patiently. After a while I began to get quite chilly and thought I would soon have to get down and walk around to get warm when a peculiar snort or whistle sounded in the edge of the woods. I knew what that meant; the deer were at hand. There was a moment or two of silence and then three deer walked out of the woods and sprang over the fence into the wheat field.

Two of them were does but the other was the largest buck I ever saw. He was nearly as large again as the other deer and his splendid antlers swept far out on either side. As he stood with his head held proudly erect he looked a very forest king. From the description I had heard I knew it could be none other than Old Golden himself. He was not more than fifty yards away and standing broadside to me. I had a good rifle and was considered a fair shot, but when I tried to bring my gun to bear upon the animal it shook like a reed. I was cold and hot by turns and do what I would I could not steady my hand.

The does began to eat the wheat, but the old buck stood there and watched while I fought with the worst attack of buck fever I ever had. At last in desperation I brought my gun to bear as well as I could and pulled the trigger. A gush of smoke obscured my sight for a moment and when it cleared away I had a parting glimpse of a pair of heels disappearing over the log fence. There was no use trying to follow them and as no more deer were liable to enter the field that night I climbed down and went home to bed.

Two of father's brothers were visiting us at the time and as they were both enthusiastic sportsmen we decided to organize a regular hunt for the big deer the next day.

By daylight we had the hounds on track. We took our positions upon some of the runways which we thought the deer would be likely to take.

I had loaned my rifle to one of my uncles and was armed with a large old-fashioned Colt's navy revolver which father had carried during the war. It was a good, accurate, strong shooting weapon and I had hunted with it before I was large enough to handle a gun. At close range I considered it a better weapon than a rifle, or equally as good.

For some time father and I kept together but, at length, after listening intently to the cry of the hounds father turned to me and said: "Tom, you had better skip up to the head of Loon Lake. The dogs are circling in that direction and maybe you'll head the deer off. Keep cool now and, if you see him, shoot as if he was nothing more than a rabbit."

I hastened away in the direction indicated and in about half an hour found myself two miles away from the rest of the party and entirely out of hearing of the dogs. I had run the most of the way and as the going was very bad I was tired and out of patience with my position thinking the dogs had circled in some other direction and I had lost my chance for any sport that day.

Descending about halfway the side of a hill which overlooked the runway I sat down upon a small stump just in front of a large fallen tree. A short distance below me but concealed by thick brush was the runway. I remember thinking I ought to get a position where I could get a more unobstructed view when I heard a slight crackling noise as of some large animal pushing its way rapidly through the thick undergrowth.

Getting my revolver in readiness I waited quietly and in a moment a large deer came into view only a few rods away and, turning around, stood watching its back tracks. It was Old Golden again and the cunning old rascal having thrown the dogs off the scent by walking a long way in the edge of the lake or swimming across, was preparing to lie down where he could watch his trail.

So long as I remained perfectly still he did not seem to notice me, but I had to turn slightly to get a good aim at him. As I did so he made a quick movement as if he had seen me. Fearing he would bound into the underbrush and be lost to sight I fired quickly, but to my astonishment the deer only stamped his foot, shook his head, and remained standing. He was evidently confused by the echo and did not know in which direction danger lay. Cocking my weapon I took more careful aim and fired again but with no better success than before, so far as I could see. By this time I was so excited that I could no longer hold a steady hand and the remaining four bullets whistled harmlessly by the animal.

As I fired the last shot he began to advance slowly toward me looking keenly about for his invisible enemy. I could see that he was wounded for the blood was dropping to the ground from a hole in the fleshy part of his neck. Wounded bucks I remembered were sometimes very dangerous and as I saw no chance to escape I was careful to keep very still in hope that the deer would not see me.



SO LONG AS I REMAINED PERFECTLY STILL HE DID NOT SEEM TO NOTICE ME

He advanced to within about thirty feet of me and stopped. Still he did not see me although he was looking straight toward me and there was nothing now to obstruct his view. Deer are singularly blind in this respect for while they will instantly detect the slightest sound or movement they do not seem to notice stationary objects though very near. Stamping his foot angrily the animal gazed around while I knelt impotently before him with my now useless weapon in my hand.

When the buck looked toward me he evidently smelt me for he seemed to become furiously angry, his long, coarse hair pointed straight ahead. His magnificent antlers, which I had been so anxious to see, were pointing toward me and their keen points m[illegible]p and down as if he were anxious to toss someone upon them. If I could have been safely at home then I would have gladly relinquished all idea of ever possessing them.

For several moments, which seemed like hours, the deer remained before me. At last, appearing satisfied that there was no further danger, he turned around and walked slowly away. As he did so I must have made some slight movement which he observed for he wheeled about and in a moment was upon me.

I sprang to my feet and turned to run. Just before me was the huge log which I have mentioned. It was at least four feet in diameter and, owing to a depression in the ground just at this place, there was an opening under it large enough to admit my body. With the quick instinct of self preservation I threw myself flat on the ground and rolled under the log, just in time to escape the deer's murderous hoofs and horns.

Seeing that he could not get at me from his side of the log the deer sprang over and tried to get at me from the other side but all I had to do to escape him was to roll back, which I did just in time. Again the furious animal sprang back and turned to face me only to find me out of sight again. I never saw a more furiously angry animal. He ripped the bark and rotten wood with his antlers until I was afraid he would tear the old log, large as it was, into little pieces.

Several times the deer came near getting me by striking at me, and then springing quickly over, but I was always a little too quick for him. How long he would have kept this up I do not know but suddenly he sprang off and stood listening intently for a moment.

Then, like a shot, he was off while full and clear on the morning air rang the welcome voices of the hounds.

(To be continued).

Merely Being Kind

It was eight in the evening, the theater car swung along toward the city, full to overflowing with its crush of humanity. The greater number of these were women richly gowned, and with their escorts in immaculate evening attire.

Many a matron and maid entered the crowded car; there was the rustle and swish of silken skirts, and the air was heavy with the scent from sachet and fresh violets.

On the platform stood a lad of 12. Strapped across his shoulder was a square leather knapsack of a large drug firm; the boy had been delivering medicines.

Maybe this small man-boy had eaten supper, maybe he had eaten merely a sandwich, possibly his evening meal was yet to come.

Anyway, he was a round-faced, pale-lipped little toiler, whose wide brown eyes were shot with the imperative lassitude of fatigue and sleeplessness.

He watched stolidly the pretty women and the well-fed men, while, all unconsciously, the question of countless ages spoke from his languorous eyes.

That he was some mother's baby was attested by the carefully mended clothes and clean collar; that he was some loving mother's wage-earner was writ on the strong, sweet little face, with its brave, unafraid eyes, looking forward unflinchingly to meet the issue of their daily bread.

And then—the "angel-lady" came, and in soft cream laces, and heavy cream broadcloth—with fragrant, cream-colored roses—maybe not a pretty lady, but with the most beautiful eyes in the world.

The boy basked in the graciousness of her smile—and then the miracle happened. The "angel-lady" saw the tired lad, and with swift comprehension she chose from her dress a choice rose. Smiling, she pressed the stem into his empty hand.

"For your mother, little boy," whispered the "angel-lady," and she slipped her slender fingers against the man-boy's mouth, that he might not give her thanks and nodded a smiling goodby.

But the man-boy went on his way infused with a new and delicious joy; was it not worth while to live? His own pleasure was to be shared by the patient mother at home, and the face of the whole world had changed.

School has Begun

They cut the pants of brother Jim
To fit the legs of little Tim.
Ah me! 'twas years ago when Bill
And I would chase and race and run
To reach the schoolhouse 'neath the hill
To pick out seats ere school begun.

Poor little Tim! he had to pose
Upon the low front seat; his toes
Were then two inches from the floor.
His brother Jim and Bill and I
Picked out our seats behind the door—
For reasons that were smooth and sly.

I see her yet, a prim, sedate,
Staid personage, who sat in state
Upon the little platform where
She ruled with ruler, and with grim
Determination she would stare
Into the eyes of little Tim.

Poor little Tim! he seemed to grow
In wisdom on the front seat row;
But us big fellows by the door
Were satisfied to peg away
And learn a little, or no more
Than just enough to keep from play.

Upon the farm is brother Jim—
He wears the castoff pants of Tim.
Bill runs a rural barter store,
Yours truly's on a sal'ry small—
The chap who couldn't reach the floor
Will run for county judge this fall.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

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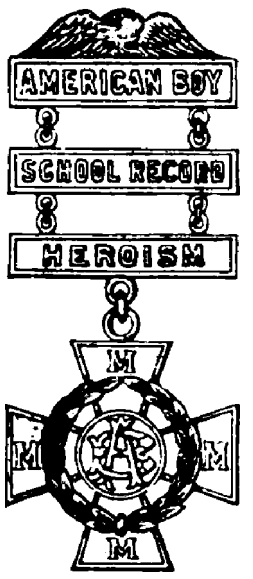

Division of the Legion Into Chapters

Every two hundred boys in the Legion constitute a chapter at the head of which stands a Counselor. The Counselor will be a prominent educator who agrees to stand as counselor and advisor to the two hundred Legion of Honor boys under him. The first chapter is now forming and will be known as "The Shepardson Chapter."

The Shepardson Chapter (Chapter 1) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL.D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago

Address (with postage for reply) care of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Note: S. R. means school record; H. means heroism.

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CYRIL A. NELSON Moray, Kansas....S. R.
THOMAS A. HARRIS, Ogden, Utah.....H.
PRICE R. MOORE, New Cumberland, O..S. R.
JOHN E. WOOD, Harrisburg, Mo.....S. R.
DON M. HARRIS, Medina, Texas.....S. R.
WALTER P. COTTAM, St. George, Utah..S. R.
HERBERT DIEFENDERFER, Fullerton Pa.....S. R.
FRANK R. KECK, Cotulla, Texas.....S. R.
JOEL K. L. SCHWARTZ, Berne, Ind....S. R.
HARRY BUTCHER, Solomon, Kansas...S. R.
CRIM O'BRIAN, Edwardsport, Ind.....S. R.
ROBERT E. JACOBSON, Bishop Hill, Ill..S. R.
HERBERT GALPHIN, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
GROVER MANN, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
McCADE ALFORD, Hartwell, Ga.....S. R.
RUSSEL HARRIS, Arcanum, Ohio.....S. R.
JOHN B. NICOLA, St. Catherine, Mo....S. R.
GEO. L. BEAVER, JR., Campbell, Cal...S. R.
DUKE KLINGER, Milroy, Pa.....S. R.
HARRY PARKER, Milroy, Pa.....S. R.
HOWARD KERSHNER, Marionville, Mo..S. R.
GERALD R. BUTZ, State College, Pa....S. R.
HARRY RIEGGER, Medina, Ohio.....H.
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CRANSTON RADER, Arvada, Colo.....H.
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J. F. WAGNER, Warsaw, Ohio.....S. R.
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HAROLD HOOVER, Abilene, Kan.....S. R.
ROW BINNS, West Olive, Mich.....S. R.
WALTER FESLER, Riverside, Ia.....S. R.
VERN SNYDER, Waco, O.....S. R.
ERBAN BECK, Fostoria, O.....S. R.
PAUL J. THOMAS, La Grange, Ind.....S. R.
MARION G. DAVIDSON, Whitesville, Ind.S. R.
ROBERT W. McDOWELL, Blackwell, Okla.....S. R.
COY BOUR, Sedalia, Mo.....S. R.
ROBERT HARDING, Oneida, N. Y.....H.
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ARTHUR SCOTT, Gilson, Ill.....H.
ERWIN WALKER, Champlin, Minn.....H.
PAUL BLAINE STANLEY, Lonerock, Oregon.....S. R.
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WHITFIELD S. CLARY, Rocky Mount, N. C.....S. R.
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CYRUS TRUITT, Novinger, Mo.....S. R.
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WILBUR WRIDE, Ada, Mich.....S. R.
RAYMOND VIRNSTEIN, Washington, D. C.....H
ROBERT KROHN, JR., Portland, Ore...S. R
BENJAMIN O. WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y.....S. R.
JAMES WILKINS, Port Chester, N. Y...S. R.
ORRIN WRIGHT, Los Angeles, Cal.....S. R.

The foregoing list numbers 200 and closes the Shepardson Chapter. Next month we begin a new Chapter.

How They Won

Veator Mendenhall, Clemmons, North Carolina, stood at the head of the sophomore class during the school year of 1905-'06, making a general average of 96 57-70%.

"I take THE AMERICAN BOY and think it is fine," writes Ruby Travis, who made the highest average in the sixth grade of the Chrisman, Illinois, schools, during a recent term.

Paul J. Thomas, of La Grange, Indiana, ranked first in grade seven during the entire year. Paul is thirteen years old, and "an admiring and enthusiastic subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY."

Russell L. Hamilton, Mannington, West Virginia, has been perfect in attendance at school for the last five years. Russell and his brother have been subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY for five years.

Eugene Oster and Elmer Wamboldt, both of Cincinnati, Ohio, are eighth grade pupils of the Fourth Intermediate School who have won School Record Badges by reason of high standing in their classes.

Joseph H. Robb, Jr., Greenville, Mississippi, led his classes in every study during the term just ended. Joseph is in the seventh grade.

Michael Meisel, of Brooklyn, New York, has made the best record in the 5B class of his school, during the term just past.

Hunly Gover won the scholarship prize in the Hendersonville, North Carolina, schools for the year 1905-1906. He was in the ninth grade. The superintendent of schools writes that Hunly has marked ability in history and mathematics especially.

One of our Legion of Honor boys, B. F. Madden, of Fayetteville, Tennessee, writes: "I received the badge and am very proud of it. I am much interested in the story, 'In Defense of His Flag,' in THE AMERICAN BOY."

Harold Bensinger, a pupil in the fifth grade of the Benjamin Harrison School in Terre Haunte, Indiana, received the highest average in his class during the term just ended. Harold is especially well informed on the current news pertaining to geography and history.

"I always look with pleasure for the coming of THE AMERICAN BOY," writes Bert F. Madden in a letter accompanying his grade card, which shows that he took first honors for the year in the public schools of Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Tom Arnold, Jr., Henderson, Texas, made the best average in the seventh grade during the school year ended May 15th, and in addition won the medal offered to the seventh grade in arithmetic. Tom has been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY for nearly two years.

Sprague Drenan, of Barre, Vermont, received the best average in every study in a class of forty-eight, during the four terms that made up the year of school just ended. His general averages for these terms were 93%, 94%, 97%, and 97¼.

Paul Blaine Stanley, Lonerock, Oregon, graduated from the eighth grade at the head of his class with an average of 94%. He is now studying wireless telegraphy, and has a line nearly completed from his home to his father's store.

J. F. Wagner, a pupil in the eighth grade of the Warsaw, Ohio, schools, according to a statement from one of his instructors, "led his classes in deportment, punctuality, and average grade for the entire year, his standing for the school year being 94%."

Harold Hoover, of Abilene, Kansas, stood at the head of his class of forty-five and did not miss a day during the term of school. He also took the county high school examination, and passed it, receiving his diploma. His general average in school was 95%.

Lyle Abbott, Albuquerque, New Mexico, has won the highest average in his grade, the eighth. He says that reading a great deal was of use to him in history and like subjects, and so helped him to secure his standing. He is working hard for and hopes to get some subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Marion G. Davidson, a twelve-year-old boy of Whitesville, Indiana, received the highest average in the sixth grade during the school year just ended, and was neither absent nor tardy during the year. In the letter to us Marion's teacher says: "I found him to be honest, upright, and industrious, and these qualities have placed him at the head of his class. I wish that every American boy might wear one of your badges of honor."



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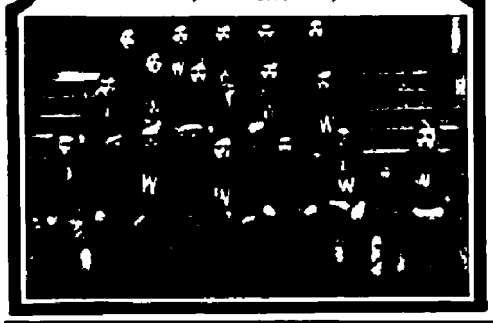

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The TWO ADMIRALS

By BIRDSALL JACKSON

IT IS TWENTY years, or more, since Joe and I decided to be admirals. To that end, we had agreed that no sacrifice would be too great. But after Joe had been willing that my fishing pole and catcher's glove should be offered up, and I to concede his new top and bean-shooter, alas, we were still sixty-five cents short of the amount necessary to our faring forth. I was in despair, but Joe soon had an inspiration which carried him over the fence and halfway up the big cherry tree.

"I've got it, Jim! I've got it!" he cried, swinging his cap.

"Got what?" I queried cautiously, for I was somewhat suspicious of Joe's inspirations.

"Ole Redcomb!" said he. "We'll ketch ole Redcomb an' sell him."

"But he ain't mine, Joe. He ain't all mine. He b'longs half to me an' half to little Willie."

"What of it?" he rejoined, climbing down. "S'pose you was a little kid like him, which'd you rather do, have your brother an admiral in the navy or own half a rooster?"

"Le's go an' tell him first, then."

"Tell him!" said Joe, in a hoarse stage whisper, "Tell that little kid an' have all our deep-laid plans revealed, our secrets laid bare to the bone!"

Joe thrust his fists deeply into his pockets and looked askance.

"Huh!" said he, superciliously, "Wouldn't you make a fine admiral, though? Aw—gee!"

"But you ain't runnin' no risk, Joe. S'pose he squorks too loud, I'm the one to git licked."

"Huh!" sneered Joe. "Ain't I been licked more times this year than you? 'Fraid of a little lickin' an' wants to be an admiral. Gee! Goin' to chase pirates an' dassn't ketch a rooster. Ain't got sand 'nuff to kill one ole rooster."

Joe turned his back on me in disgust and was about to leave for home, unmindful that he had the whole contents of our treasury in his pocket. There are some crises in which the path is marked out inevitably for poor human nature, boy nature at any rate. Old Redcomb's days were numbered.

"Joe, come back! Joe, I'll do it!"

When the deed had been done and I stood holding the rooster guiltily in my hands, a wave of remorse swept over us both and we looked at each other with the consciousness of mutual apprehension.

"Jim," said he, "we've forgot somethin'. Who'll ever buy him of us? The butcher'd tell on us an' so will everybody. You'll be licked sure as we try it."

"An' I will if we don't," I answered in desperation. "Mebbe they'll take him in part payment for our tickets?"

Joe shook his head.

"They don't take roosters," said he.

We then lapsed into brooding melancholy. The fame and fate of two of the world's greatest, hung trembling in the balance. Finally, a light broke in upon me.

"Joe," I whispered, "didn't your mother say she was goin' to have chicken for dinner tomorrow?"

"Ye—es."

"An' she al'us sends you to the butcher's with the money, don't she?"

"Ye—es," said Joe, fingering the rooster, doubtfully, "but he ain't a chicken an' she'd know him, anyway."

"Not if we picked him, she wouldn't."

"Yes, she would, too. An' wouldn't she give it to me, though?"

"Aw—'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!"

"Who is?"

"Joe's a 'fraid cat! Wants to be an admiral an' 'fraid of his mother. Dassn't sell his mother a rooster. Dassn't carry home one ole dead rooster."

"I ain't half as 'fraid as you was of killin' him."

"Yes you are, too, twice as 'fraid, 'cause I done it, an' you dassn't; an' I dare you to, an' double-dare you, an' I—"

"Gimme your rooster!" said Joe, majestically. "Now, come on up into the mow an' help pick him."

Early the next morning, we went joyously through the main street of the village to the public wharf whence a small steamboat made semi-weekly trips to the metropolis. Uncle Selah, a retired sailor, who sold tickets for the company, was on hand and fortunately, no one else in sight.

"Wall, boys," said he, opening the ticket window and thrusting forth a head like a sea-turtle's and following it up with an appropriate leathery neck that seemed capable of indefinite extension, accordion-like. "Wall, boys, goin' to take a little trip, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right, boys. See some of the world while you kin, like I done. Return tickets, I s'pose."

"No, sir, single."

We rattled our money upon the shelf proudly and confidently. Uncle Selah looked at it and at us several times with bright eyes unblinking, turtle-wise; then snapped his beak close; drew his neck back within itself and closed the window. In a moment, he reappeared behind us around the corner of the building and beckoned us to an adjacent pile of lumber. We gathered up our money and followed him.

"Set down there, boys, I want to talk to you a minute."

We sat down in some trepidation. Uncle Selah made himself comfortable, facing us.

"Naow, boys," said he, "I know what you're a-doin' jest as well as if you'd told me, 'cause I done it myself, once. You're a-tryin' to run away an' go to sea. Ain't that so?"

He thrust forth his head so menacingly at this and snapped at us so upon the question, that we both jumped about four inches.

"Ye—es," we faltered tremblingly.

"An' glad I am to hear you say so," said he, withdrawing partly into his shell again. "Boys, I'm proud of you. There ain't no better callin' on the hull green earth. 'A life on the ocean wave' —that's your idee, of course. Thought it all out, yourselves, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," we responded, gratified at this sympathetic and kindred interest.

"An' naow, boys," he went on, "what kind of sailors was you a-countin' on bein'?"

"Admirals!" we exclaimed in a breath.

"Oh, admirals, eh? Yes, of course, of course. Ain't no other kind you'd like better?"

"No, sir."

"'Course there ain't. Boys, I admire your ch'ice. Admirals is the best. Them that has studied it for years, couldn't 'a' got it any nigher right than what you have?"

We were astonished and delighted to find Uncle Selah so communicative and appreciative.

"Did you ever know, boys, that there is several kinds of admirals an' a good many ways of tryin' to be 'em? No? Wall, I've been a sailor myself an' I can't bear to see a shipmate go wrong. Leastwise, if you ain't been exac'ly shipmates of mine, it's only 'cause you wasn't born soon enough, which wasn't your fault. Boys, I know the best an' surest way of all, and by Jimminetty! I'm a-goin' to tell you."

At this moment we would have fallen upon Uncle Selah's neck in gratitude, had not that leathery member been telescoped into invisibility.

"The surest way is to begin—by bein' captains! Some don't never think of that an' goes on without it an' gits left all the way through 'cause they didn't start right. Naow, remember what I tell you, boys, begin by bein' a captain. Work at that a spell an' shift things 'round little by little till you're a commydoor, an' 'en keep shiftin' of 'em 'round more an' more, till all to once, you're an admiral, almost 'fore you know it."

Uncle Selah noticed, doubtless, that we were somewhat crestfallen at this, for he grew more sympathetic than ever.

"Naow, boys, don't be so ready to give up. I ain't through yit, an' wouldn't feel I'd treated you right 'nless I told you how to be a captain. Most folks misses that clean by tryin' to be one for somebody else. But the quickest an' best way is to start right in for yourselves. Be your own captain! Git a vessel of your own an' sail her an' watch your chance to swap her for two or three others, or buy 'em, an' keep it up till you're commandin' a hull fleet an' don't ask odds of nobody."

"Aw, we couldn't buy any boat," said Joe gloomily.

"Boats is goin' mighty cheap, lately," suggested Uncle Selah, "an I'm willin' to help you boys if there's any chance, 'cause I see you're made of the right stuff. I know where one kin be bought for almost nothin.'"

"How much?" said we sceptically.

Our counselor got out a pencil, made a few figures on a plank and studied them carefully for some time.

"Spot cash, rock bottom price, four fifty," said he.

Joe and I fairly bounded from the lumber pile in our enthusiasm.

"Jest what we was goin' to pay for our tickets!" we cried.

"Ree—markable!" exclaimed Uncle Selah, thrusting his neck out farther than ever and striking his knee with his hand. "Reemarkable! An' means good luck. I've been a sailor many a long year, boys, an' read the signs; but I never see one that pinted straighter to good luck than what this does."

"Where is she?" we asked.

"Right here handy," he rejoined, leading the way to the end of the wharf.

"Looks kinder small," said Joe.

"Small beginnin's makes big endin's."

"Who owns her?" I asked.

"I used to," said he, "an' I'm lookin' after her for the present owner, who's had some trouble an' wants to sell cheap."

Uncle Selah clambered down into the boat and began to bail out some water.

"Al'us b'lieve in keepin' water in boats when you ain't usin' 'em," said he in explanation. "If you don't, the outside bein' wet swells up, an' the inside bein' dry don't swell correspondin'ly, an' so they have to shed their skins every year, like snakes, which is awful bad for 'em. Naow this here vessel is what they call a scooter, on account of her speed. You boys kin both swim, I take it."

"Yes, sir."

"I wouldn't dare let you have her if you couldn't, 'cause she goes so fast sometimes, she'll run right out from under you, if you ain't careful, an' leave you behind settin' on top of a wave."

He climbed out, and pulling her nose up to the wharf, raised her until her bottom was partly visible.

"You see them sled runners? Wall, they're for ice sailin'. She goes faster on that than what she does on water, an' jumps from one to the other quicker'n a seal. Yes, boys, she's a good sealer an' a good whaler, fit to be the flagship of any squadron, an' I wouldn't sell her—for the man, of course—to anybody else for three times the money."

Fair was the wind that swelled the Scooter's sail and bright the sky above, and bright the smile of our disinterested adviser, as he stood on the wharf with our money in his pocket, waving a parting salute and calling us Captain Joseph and Captain James, respectively. And bright was the prospect before us, a career of maritime success, of peace and plenteousness.

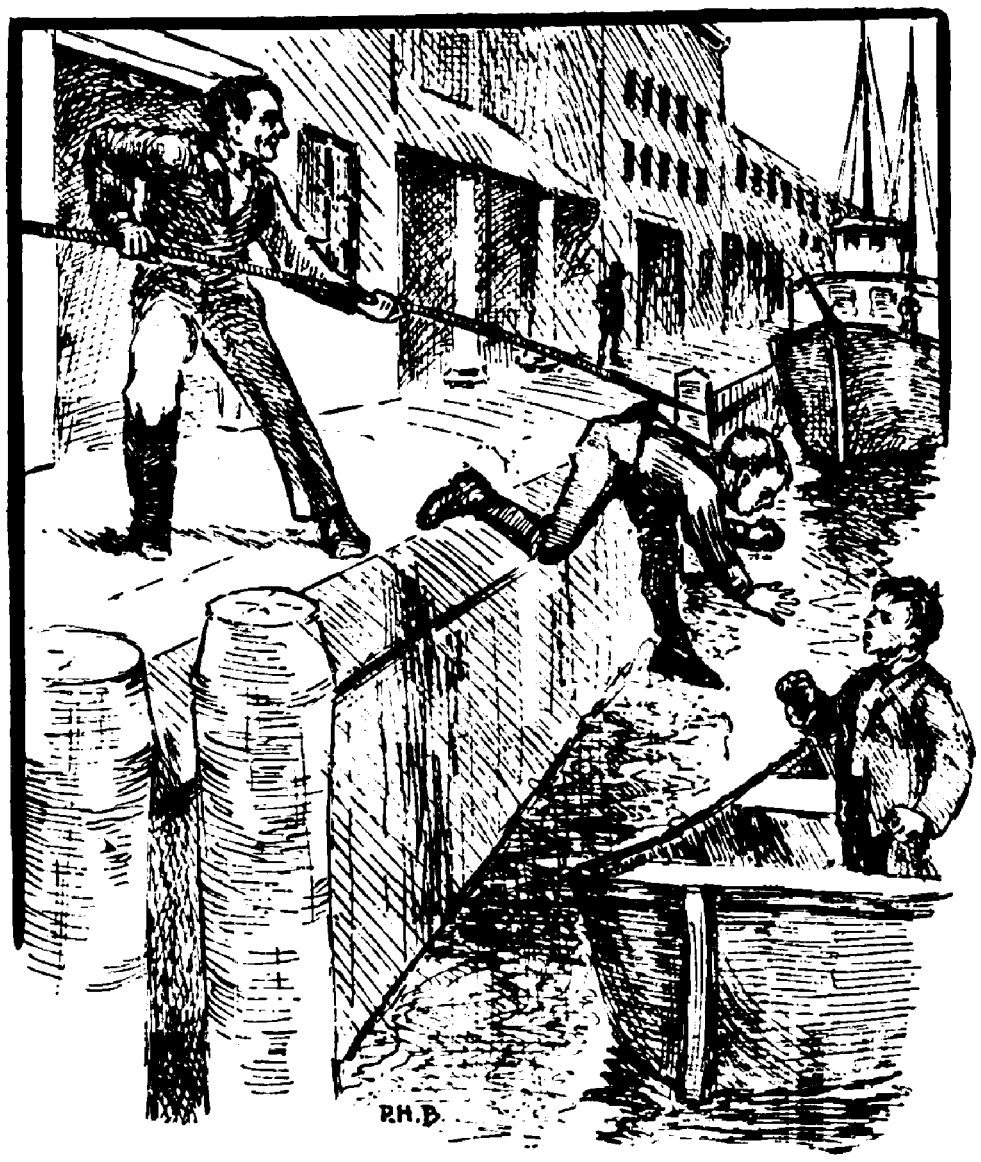
I, the helmsman, sat aft; and Joe, the pilot, was on the forward deck; at least, as much of him as the forward deck would hold. She was decidedly a one-man craft, which, we agreed, was the equivalent of a two-boy rating. Oh, the joy of our first command and our first business enterprise—a two-fold source of delight!

"Gee!" said Joe, as the Scooter plowed her course through the waves of the little land-locked haven, "Gee! This is bully. Better'n the way we was goin' to do it, ain't it?"

"Betcher life! Wonder how much we'll make on her when we git ready to swap or sell out?"

"Dunno," said Joe. "I ain't a-goin' to sell my half, whether you do yourn or not. She's a beauty."

(*Continued on next page.*)



JOE'S UNEXPECTED AERIAL FLIGHT SHOREWARD

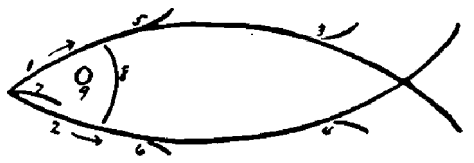
How to Draw

By W. N. HULL

BEGUN IN MAY

How to Draw a Fish

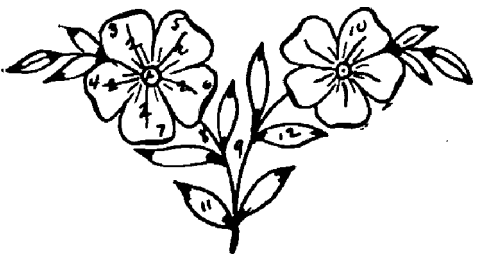
Commence where you see the figure 1 and draw the upper line a long, sweeping curve. Then start back at 2 and draw the under side, a long, sweeping, single curve. Now short, single curves for the fins, 3, 4, 5 and 6, curving outward slightly. Now draw the line for the mouth, 7, then the gills, 8, and the eye, 9. It is all free hand, and cultivates the fine muscles of the hand and arm and puts them



under the control of the will. Make the two outside lines alike with opposite curve. You may draw in the scales if you wish. Why do fishes have scales? Do they sleep?

How to Draw a Flower

Make a little ring with a dot inside, then from this ring draw the lines 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, five of them, straight out and as nearly distant from each other as possible. Now draw petal 3 around this straight line, then petal 4. Now back to 5, then 6 and 7. Now draw other short lines inside. Carry the stem 8 from the flower any length. Draw stem 9 and put on it another flower drawn in the same manner. Try to avoid stiffness in the lines. You cannot make flowers by measure. Lay mechanical drawing aside. Watch the graceful lines of the leaves and the drop of



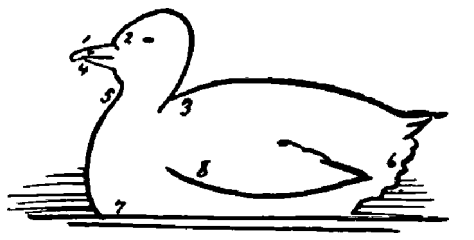
the stems. Let this flower drop down behind one of the scroll forms that you have learned.

This flower is pentapetalous. It is the flax. Color light blue.

How to Draw a Duck

Look for figure 1 and draw the bill, then a peculiar sloping curve of the head 2 and around, then on from 3 on the upper side of the body.

Now start back at 4 and draw the under side of bill, then the breast 5, the back part of the body 6, and the water line 7. Put in several lines for water. Finish with the wing 8.



You may color it all yellow with common blackboard chalk, and afterwards work it over around the outside with short, light ink lines. Fix the yellow color by throwing on a spray of white shellac with an atomizer.

How to Draw a Cornucopia

Watch for figure 1 and draw that curve. Then see figure 2 and draw the curve around to meet the close of 1. Now, 3 and 4 quite close together with the short cross lines. Let curves 5, 6, 7 and 8 be parallel to 3 and 4. They show the roundness of the cornu. Fill it with fruit, apples, pears, oranges, plums, grapes, with a nice sprinkling of green leaves. You may make any little ornament like 9 along lines 5, 6, 7 and 8.

You may color the cornu a light blue, and the fruit in natural colors with blackboard chalk, spraying with white shellac to fix the colors so that they will not rub or soil.

The Cornucopia (Horn of Plenty) is a beautiful object and may be made any size. On blackboard it may be drawn two feet in



length with fruit natural size. Draw it in colors on a sheet of card board 22x28 inches which you can get at any printing office. Fix the colors with shellac.

How to Draw a Flying Fish

The live flying fish is only about eight or ten inches long, is very light and frail. Draw line 1 an easy curve, then 2 from left to right. Put on the tail 3 and 4. Now draw the upper wing or fin line 5 and make it look as thin as possible by light lines. Now the other wing or fin line 6. Then put on the other fins 7, 8, 9 and 10. Seven is called the dorsal fin, 8 the anal fin, and 9 and 10 are the



pectoral fins. Then put in the gill 11 and the eye 12.

The flying fish jumps out of the water and skims along in the air for a few feet, then drops into the water.



AN IMPATIENT LOT OF YOUNG CONTESTANTS.

A corps of about ten thousand teachers are engaged by the great city of New York to give its boys and girls a sound mental training. Every boy and girl is entitled to and must have this training. This has always been so. The minds of the young have always been nourished and developed, and the idea of both parents and teachers seems to have been that the more this nourishing and developing of the mind was carried on the better would the result be. Often this method has resulted in one-sided boys and girls. It has many times made brilliant young men and women who had no physical strength to stand the strain. The brain is but one of the bodily organs and one, it should be understood, that depends much on the strength of the others with which it is closely allied. The brain needs plenty of good, clean blood and the heart must pump it there if it is to go there at all. I might go on and make this a lecture on physiology, but that was far from my purpose when I began to write. I merely wanted to tell the many readers of THE AMERICAN BOY that while there are ten thousand teachers who look after the mental development of the New York City boys and girls, there are now also a nearly equally large force of teachers who make it their work to train the body. These teachers see the need of a sound body for the sound mind, and they are meeting with great success. The picture given here shows a lot of boys waiting—impatiently—to get a chance in the public school athletic contests that were held during June. Some were contending for honors as runners, others as jumpers, and others as players in the various outdoor games. I am glad to say that nearly every boy in the large schools of this very large city has become interested in athletics. It shows that boys quickly see the value of this kind of school work. I say school work because I think it the business of every school to make athletics a prominent part of its course of study. I hope every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY will enlist in an organization which shall have for its object the making of physical training compulsory in every American school.

THE TWO ADMIRALS

(Continued from preceding page.)

The Scooter acknowledged this by bowing gracefully in the freshening breeze, sticking her nose into a wave and throwing most of it upon the pilot.

"Oh!—Ow! That went down my neck. You ain't sailin' her right. You can't steer good, anyway."

"Yes I can steer all right, too. 'Tain't my fault. Her head's too low."

"It is your fault, too. You're no good. Aw—gee! That went all over me. What's the matter with the old boat? You're no good. I'm comin' back to steer, I'm comin' right back there now."

"You ain't."

"I am so, I tell you; an' you can't stop me. There comes another one! Turn her, Jim! Quick—swing her round! I'm—"

I swung her just as Joe was getting up and the lug sail came over and wrapped itself about his head and shoulders. Joe rose, lifting the mast out of its step and the sail wholly clear from the boat; poised with it for an instant like a huge white-winged bird; and then, in a puff of wind, flew out over the water, looking back at me with a pained expression and clutching inconsistently at invisible things.

He alighted in an original way, his feet plumping into the middle of the sail as it struck the water, causing it to fold up and envelop him to the chin. This seemed to me very interesting and funny.

"Help! Help!" sputtered Joe. "Aw—whatcher laffin' at? You're a nice one. You wait till I git in there. Aw—pull her in, Jim. Yes, you kin sail a boat. You kin sail a boat, fine."

"I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Course you could. You done it a-purpose, 'cause I wanted to sail. You wait till I git in. I'll show you. I'll fix you for doin' that."

But he didn't; for Joe was too tired to be pugnacious just then. We drew the sail on board. It had large holes in it where Joe's feet and arms had stuck through, and it tore in several places as we lifted it, for the extra weight of the water was too much for that old sail. We made a rowing bench of it, the only one to be had.

Joe took the tiller and I the oars. He turned the Scooter's nose into the wind and steered for the shore and I pulled. The rowing bench was wet and Joe was wet and the spray that came over the bow was wet. That Scooter could throw more water than a fire-engine, and she wanted to stand still and throw it just as though she were one. This desire made her obstinate, and the harder I pulled, the more obstinate she got.

"You ain't any good," said Joe. "You row worse'n you steer."

"Well, you row then, an' I'll steer."

"Aw—gee! Want to steer both ways. You're a nice one. She don't go any 'tall."

Joe looked disgustedly at the bottom of the boat. Then he said irrelevantly, "My shoes are all wet."

"Think likely," said I.

He looked at the bottom of the boat again.

"Pull!" he cried. "Pull for all you're worth, Jim! This ole boat's leakin'! She's leakin' like a sieve!"

For awhile I pulled harder. Then we stopped and looked for ballers. There was an abundance of them on board. Wherever we felt for one, we found it. Uncle Selah hadn't taken any chances of being unable to get one in a hurry.

Joe bailed with one hand and steered for the wharf with the other; and I pulled harder than ever. The water crept up around our ankles. Joe stopped steering and bailed with both hands.

"Pull!" cried he, working desperately with his head down and his arms flying around like a windmill. "She's headed straight 'nuff. Pull for all you're worth, Jim. She'll fetch it."

About that, Joe was right. And when she had fetched it, I rose and stood on one shoulder in the bottom of the boat and saluted the zenith with my feet; while Joe, being no longer needed in the stern, came forward and thrust his head into the rowing bench and planted his feet caressingly upon the back of my neck. And all the water in the bottom of the boat came to sympathize with us.

Then I got up with the water dripping from me and said things to Joe. And Joe, who didn't drip any more than before because he couldn't, said other things to me. Whereat my gorge rose; and I smote Joe. And Joe's gorge rose just as high as mine, if not higher; and he smote me. And our eyes flashed fire. At least, mine both did, and one of Joe's.

And there is no telling how long our first naval engagement would have lasted, but for Joe's unexpected aerial flight shoreward at the end of a boat-hook that had suddenly attached itself to the most attachable part of his trousers. The other end of said boat-hook adhered to one named Uncle Selah, who stood on the wharf. I had scarce recovered from my astonishment at this, when I found myself disembarking in the same dignified manner.

Then Uncle Selah turned his attention to securing the boat. Joe and I began all over again, and there is no telling how long our land engagement would have lasted, but for unseen forces which caused us to fly quickly apart.

"Oh! Oh! Ow, Ow!" we exclaimed in unison.

"You will run away and steal chickens and try to cheat your parents, will you?"

"You will sneak out of weeding the garden, and hide in the barn, and take things that you and Willie own together and sell them and keep your little brother's money, will you?"

"Oh—Ow! Oh—Ow!" we suggested again, these being the only remarks that occurred to us as at all appropriate.

"Now, you march yourself straight home to your mother, young man!"

"And you, too!"

"Please, oh, please, can't we see to our boat first?" we asked, seeking some respite.

"Boat! What boat?"

"Why, our boat, the Scooter," said we in all innocence, pointing to her as though we had owned her from infancy.

"Oho! So that's what you did it for, was it? Well, you can't keep her, if you have bought her. Uncle Selah, will you kindly take that boat and dispose of her in some way?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Thank you. Thank you, sir."

"And on no account allow those boys to come near her."

"No, sir. Of course not, sir," answered Uncle Selah, touching his cap with due solemnity.

Forces beyond our control then propelled us rapidly homeward. The sea, the fresh, green, glorious sea, faded from our vision and the maritime career of two of the world's greatest came to an untimely end. We never again saw our first command, the good ship Scooter, and strangely enough, we shed no tears for her.

Oh, youth, youth—so responsive, so elastic, so quick to reconcile itself to changes, to forget the past, and to upear new and more splendid castles on the ashes of its dreams.

Yes, it's twenty years, or more, since Joe and I decided to be admirals. And the last time I saw Joe he was a pack peddler.

We always fancied that our careers might run in parallel grooves. Probably our digestion is better than that of most admirals.

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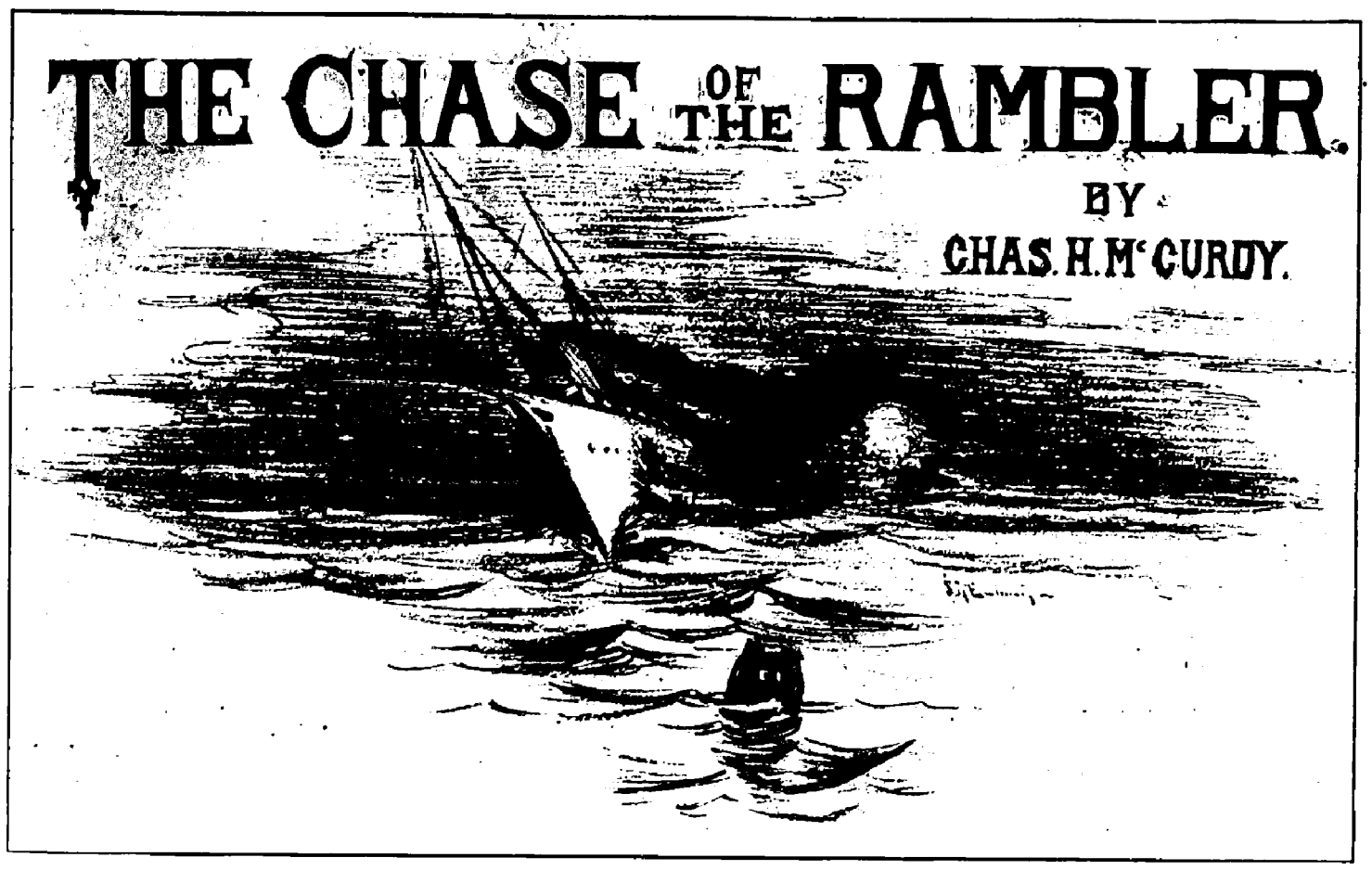

THE RAMBLER was speeding over the blue waters of the Mediterranean toward the Atlantic and home. Along her deck paced eighteen-year-old Phil Kirk, full of pride that, at last, he was in command of his father's yacht under orders to bring her safely across the ocean to a home port. Phil had a passion for the sea, and from his earliest recollection had spent most of his hours upon its surface in one kind of a craft or another. It had been his ambition to enter Annapolis, but a slight physical disability had barred him from this goal. However, he gained a wide experience of nautical life aboard the Rambler, and finally his dream of commanding her proved a reality.

He was on a cruise with his father in Mediterranean waters, when Mr. Kirk received a cablegram calling him home in great haste on account of a crisis in his business affairs. At first thought, he planned to take Phil with him and place the yacht out of commission abroad, but he concluded that it was better to bring her home. He could not wait to sail in her, but, as he had a growing confidence and pride in Phil's seamanship, enforced by the fact that he had an able crew, it seemed to him a good opportunity to test the boy's knowledge and give him a wider experience of the sea. It was in this manner that Phil became Captain Philip Kirk of the American yacht Rambler, and the sound of his title sent a thrill through him, as a note of martial music stirs the soldier.

There was serious business, however, before the lad. War between the United States and Spain had broken out two days after Mr. Kirk was upon the high seas, and, in order to reach his destination Phil must guide his vessel through the waters of the enemy. Every member of the crew knew that great chances were being taken, but they were heartily devoted to their young master, with full confidence in his seamanship and in the enduring speed of their vessel. So it was with stout hearts that, one afternoon, they sailed from Algiers, the port where Mr. Kirk had left the yacht.

"She will never be taken by the enemy," exultantly cried Phil on the bridge. "For speed, she can outclass any old tub of the Dons, and her crew—they are all Americans, Tom, the finest men afloat," and he enthusiastically slapped the old sailor on the shoulder. Tom shook his head and declared it rash to run such risks, but deep down in his heart he admired Phil, and loved him all the more for his audacity.

Everyone who saw the yacht as she steamed away from Algiers admired her trim appearance. Her white sides glistened in the sunlight, her brasswork shot forth dazzling rays, her spars stood up tall and graceful, and the Stars and Stripes waved proudly above her in the soft, southern breeze. No fairer picture was ever presented in the harbor, but danger was lurking near. At the end of the quay, a dark, swarthy-looking man turned to his companion and said: "Before another night, Carlos, we shall pull that flag down. I have cabled to the Madrid government and the Los Gatos is under way."

That night, the Rambler steamed along the African coast. The great continent rose dimly out of the sea, while here and there the outline was broken by the indenting of some small harbor which, a hundred years before, had sheltered pirate craft. It was a clear night, and the Rambler sailed on without adventure. Toward morning, a light fog enveloped her. This made slow steaming and careful navigation necessary. That day passed without unusual incident, and before the close of the next, Phil hoped to reach Gibraltar. On his arrival there he was planning to cable to his father for advice, because he had begun to think he was doing a rash thing to take the Rambler out of neutral waters into the open sea where she might fall into the hands of the enemy.

Now it happened that the unknown man on the quay at Algiers was not the only watchful foe of the Rambler. During the hottest part of this day, a Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer, the San Blas, had dropped anchor behind one of the headlands of that coast. As the day cooled into evening, her captain, Verramil by name, with another officer, for the sake of passing a dull hour, had climbed the hill which overlooked the sea. They saw many ships pass, mostly Italian merchantmen, with now and then an English tramp steamer, but lastly came the Rambler.

The Spaniards could scarcely believe their eyes. The flag of their despised enemy betrayed the nationality of the yacht. They knew that there were several American yachts in European waters, but it was almost too good to be true that one of the finest of them was sailing straight into their power. Soon with one shot from the San Blas they would bring her to, haul down the Yankee flag, raise their own in its stead, and, putting a prize crew aboard, sail for a Spanish port. O, the glory that awaited them!

Rushing down the hill, Captain Verramil and his companion were soon on board the San Blas. He immediately ordered steam up, but night had settled before his vessel turned her smutty nose to the westward around the headland and got under way. The Rambler could not be seen in the gathering darkness, but her pursuer was confident of soon overtaking her.

An hour or two before midnight, scudding clouds covered the face of the moon, and a slight mist hung over the water. The mist thickened and settled into a fog. If this continued, the San Blas might lose her prey. Ordinary caution would have bade Captain Verramil steam at slower speed; but he had no ordinary caution that night. He had started out to capture this yacht, and although he might run down forty vessels in the fog, yet he was determined to seize the Rambler.

All night he paced back and forth, now examining a bit of machinery, now inspecting some gun, and again watching the engines drive his boat through the water. Then he would go out in the bow far forward and peer into the sheet of fog. Finally, he was forced to give the order to slow down somewhat, but he did it as an unwilling slave is forced to obey the distasteful command of a hated master. So he impatiently waited for daybreak with the hope that the sun would burn away the fog. This hope was not in vain, for as the night wore away, and the eastern sky grew lighter the sun rose, lifting the fog and scattering the clouds. In this early hour, the dim shape of a vessel was made out to starboard.

"We have them," exclaimed Captain Verramil, and he ordered a shot to be fired at the stranger. She obeyed this warning to heave to, but when the San Blas came up to her, the stranger proved to be an Italian bark lazily drifting in the calm. Captain Verramil apologized for his blunder, and the captain of the bark, whose anger was appeased with due explanation, gave him the pleasing information that an American yacht had passed him only a short time before.

Captain Verramil's blood thrilled as he ordered full steam ahead. Success in the chase was now surely his! A little after this the Rambler was sighted by her enemy, and she soon saw the San Blas.

"That looks like business for us," exclaimed Phil. "I'm ready for the chase, though, and we'll make her hum for it."

His thought was echoed in the hearts of the whole crew. Soon her boilers were under high pressure, and the Rambler forged through the water at full speed. As her enemy saw her increasing speed he likewise put on greater effort.

A shot was sent after the Rambler, but it fell wide of the mark.

"They're wasting powder," muttered old Tom. Another shot struck the water near them and sent spray aboard the yacht.

"O, for a cannon, guns, anything," broke out Phil. "Here we have only a saluting cannon."

"I doubt if that would help us much," ventured Tom.

"Yes, but we would make them pay for taking us," cried Phil. "Why, this is my chance of a lifetime."

The perils of the situation did not dawn upon Phil. It was certain capture or destruction, for the yacht could not stand the fire of hostile guns, nor in the end would she be likely to outspeed her enemy. The sure and certain fate of a Spanish prison and the loss of the Rambler awaited them. In that moment, however, when so great danger was imminent, Phil Kirk only exulted in the excitement and thrill of danger. No coward blood was in his veins. He longed to have a share in the war, and here was his only opportunity, but for lack of means, it was fast slipping away from him.

The Rambler flew ahead, the destroyer after. But try as best she might, the San Blas could not decrease the distance between them.

"We may win out yet," said Phil.

"Yes, but—" old Tom shook his head doubtfully.

Aboard his vessel, Captain Verramil paced in angry impatience. It almost seemed as if the Yankee yacht was getting the better of the chase. "There is only one way," muttered the Spaniard. "If we cannot catch up with her, we must bring her to, and if we cannot bring her to—" he clenched his hand and scowled—"I'll blow her out of the water."

So he sent shot after shot toward the yacht. At first they fell wide of the mark, but as the Spaniard got the range, they came nearer.

"Perhaps we had better pull to," ventured someone on the Rambler.

"Never," shouted Phil. "Not while we live and breathe."

Time for words had ceased for they were in the face of death. A shot hit a spar and knocked it off. Another entered the captain's cabin and wrecked that place.

"Speed, more speed," ordered Phil, and the Rambler jumped ahead as if conscious of the need. The San Blas spurted forward faster than ever. She was gaining! But as yet it was scarcely noticeable. The shots flew fast. Through the air they came, hitting all about the Rambler. On she sped like a living, hunted quarry. The last pull had come.

"Will nothing make those Yankees stop?" shouted Captain Verramil with an oath. "There's one thing more, I'll torpedo them."

And he ordered a torpedo fired. It fell wide of the mark. In his rage, he struck the gunner to the deck, and himself prepared to send the next one. That was his last act. A loud explosion, which even shook the Rambler, a cloud of choking, blinding smoke, a terrific roar, then all was still. When the smoke lifted, the San Blas lay a helpless hulk upon the water. The pursuit had ended. Her forward torpedo-gun had exploded, killing the captain and part of her crew, and wrecking the entire boat.

Those of the crew who still lived were taken off by the Rambler and carried to Gibraltar. Here the yacht received orders from her owner to lay by until the war was over, and Phil and his men came home in one of the liners.

The Great American Office Boy

ARTHUR WARREN in "Success" Magazine

A most difficult person to "organize" is the office boy. We hear so much about the bright American boy, and the achievements of the public schools, that the wonder is where the office boys come from. They bring certificates of some sort from their teachers, but—! Every big concern has a procession of boys trooping through its offices and works, day after day. But the boys, for the most part, are obstinate and incompetent. When a bright boy appears he finds his opportunity quickly enough, and if he has staying powers he will get on. But the majority of youngsters that apply for jobs have no manners, they can't spell, and they are always watching the clock. They don't know whether San Francisco is in Cuba or the Philippines, or whether Los Angeles is in Spain or the Sandwich Islands, and discrimination in the matter of foreign postage is beyond them. Discipline they object to, and they abhor taking orders. When it comes to that, the average young American of today does not take orders easily. He seems to suspect some hideous design upon his freedom and equality. After all, rudimentary information in geography, orthography, the wearing of hats and the omission of coats in offices, and certain glimmerings of politeness are not without importance in business. The average applicant for office-boydom has no notion of responsibility. He will take a job today and abandon it tomorrow, on any pretext, or on none at all.

But in capacity for vexation the average stenographer can give him points. Most stenographers are good laundresses or baseball pitchers spoiled. Polysyllables try their souls; the uncommon word fuddles their keys; language is, in their minds, a device by which intelligent communication can be prevented, and initiative is a term without meaning. They believe that punctuation is given only to the gods, for they themselves know nothing of it. On the other hand really capable stenographers are among the most helpful equipments of a business office, but their rarity is beyond belief.

Boys can help us greatly by sending us the names and addresses of boys who do not subscribe for this paper.





MIKE'S LUCKY SEASON.

By Geo. Henry Swift.

IN ALL THE year, there was only one event of real importance to Mike, and that was the opening of the hunting season. Aside from this, few things ever happened to relieve the monotony of his daily routine of work on the little farm in Michigan's North woods.

But the fall Mike was fourteen years old, the season opened in a way that was far from satisfactory, and as the first few days slipped by, his anxiety steadily increased until his enthusiasm for hunting had reached a low ebb. Soon after supper one night he climbed up the ladder into the attic of the little one-story log house and began to get ready for bed.

"Well," he said to his younger brother, "I guess de fellers aint comin' up dis year. De season is more dan half gone now and if dey was comin', dey would be here before dis. I wouldn't give a nickel for de hull season unless dey come out here to hunt again."

Mike was thinking of the two young men who came out from the city every fall and camped in that vicinity during the hunting season, and his chief pleasure during those seasons was his visits to their camp. There were the beautiful Marlin repeaters with pistol grips and half octagon barrels; the belts full of shining brass cartridges; the hunting knives and axes; the funny sheet iron stove set in a box of sand. In fact the whole outfit was to Mike a veritable entrancement. But better still, these hunters often invited him to go out with them for a day's hunt, and on these trips they taught him how to handle his new shotgun, how to track the big white rabbits and a score of other delightful woodcraft lessons.

The failure of his friends to appear, then, was the secret of Mike's gloomy outlook when he crawled under the rafters to his bed on that November night. But the very next day things began to happen. As Mike sat on a block of wood in the back yard dressing a partridge he had shot in the morning, he was surprised and delighted to see his friend, Mr. Morris, crawling through the bars into the door yard.

"Why, hello, George!" Mike called out with genuine cordiality, "Gee! I was afraid you wasn't comin' up dis year at all. Where's Ralph?"

"Hello, Mickie," answered Mr. Morris, "Pretty good luck, eh? Oh, yes; we thought we would run away for a few days' outing anyway. Ralph couldn't get away from the store till tomorrow, but I got too anxious to wait any longer. I've got the tent and whole outfit down here at the little lakes and the rig has gone back to town. How would you like to go over and help me fix up the camp and then stay with me till Ralph comes out?"

"Gee!" Mike exclaimed, and without another word he ran to the back door with the partridge dangling by one wing. He jabbered something to his mother in Polish, for they were Polish people, and as soon as he could get a pail of milk for the camp he came out with his shotgun ready to start.

Mike had never enjoyed an afternoon as he did that one. He cut balsam boughs and carried them up to the camp for beds; carried water from the spring, chopped wood and made himself generally useful. He kept busy every minute except when he stopped long enough to shoot two red squirrels which, he said, were a-gittin' too sassy, and then dressed them nicely for supper.

By dark the tent was well secured and banked up around the bottom with leaves and dirt, a fire built in the stove and everything made comfortable for the night. Then Mike lay down on the pile of balsam to rest while George "dug up" stuff for supper. And oh, what a supper that was! The smell of the frying squirrels and bacon, the steaming coffee, the big brown flapjacks, the flickering candle and the sweet scent of the balsam carried Mike for a few minutes into dreamland. But he was roused by the rattling of the tin dishes on the big wooden chest when George spread out the supper and quickly jumped up, for, besides being tired, he was also hungry.

"Say, Mike," said George, "if you could have your choice of living in the best house in Chicago or here in this tent, which would you choose?"

"Oh, gee! I'd rather live here any day," Mike replied. I didn't know dere was so much fun in campin' out."

When Ralph Mitchell arrived at the camp the next day it was nearly noon, and he and Mike lay down on the balsam beds and visited till dinner was ready. But as soon as dinner was over, Mike put on his cap and picked up his gun. "Well," he said, "I must go. I told my mother I would come right home after dinner." So with his "huntin' sack" dangling clear to his knees and his gun nearly as long as himself, he went trudging down the logging road towards home.

In the early twilight when the hunters returned to camp after a little reconnoitering, looking for "deer sign," they found Mike at the tent again in waiting for them.

"Here's some milk for you," he said, as he handed Ralph a pail. "Where was you fellers dis afternoon? I was up here lookin' for you to go an' shoot de big buck."

"Did you see one?" Ralph asked.

"Sure I did. When I was goin' home from here after dinner, just as I got to dat runway dis side of our house I seen a dandy big buck walkin' along in de shintangle right close to de road. Just as quick as I seen him I whistled sharp at him like you fellers told me and he stopped right by dat old tree top —you know where it is?"

"Why didn't you shoot him?" asked George.

"Well, I was goin' to, an' I put in my buckshot shell an' when I snapped de gun shut it scart de deer and he run to beat de band, and he was quite a ways away from me so I t'ought I hadn't better shoot 'cause prob'ly I would only wound him in de hind quarters and den he would go off in de brushes somewhere and die after he suffered a long time. If you fellers had been dere you could got him easy. He was a big one just de same. I'll bet if you would go up dere tomorrow you could git dat old beggar. He's up dere in de hills somewhere all right enough, jus' de same."

"Well, Mike," said George, "you can bet we would like to get that deer; but I'm sorry you have gone to so much trouble to help us. I don't see how we can ever get even with you. But you see the chances are that the deer is back in the swamp before this, and no telling where he will be by morning."

"That's the trouble," Ralph added. "It's pretty uncertain work trying to find a deer on bare ground when he has fifteen or twenty hours the start of you. Of course he might come back in the morning; nobody can tell. Oh, say, Mikie, why don't you slip out to the runway in the morning early and watch awhile? You might possibly get a shot at that old rascal."

"Oh, I couldn't get him; I've only got one buckshot load," Mike replied.

"Well, sir," said Ralph, "you can take my rifle home with you tonight and use it all the forenoon tomorrow if you want to. We are going to cut up a lot of wood in the forenoon and shall not hunt at all."

"Yes, or mine either," exclaimed George, "and all the ammunition you want, besides."

Mike looked up in astonishment at such a prospect and at first took the offer as a joke.

"Oh, yes," he said incredulously, "you fellers would be apt to lend such guns as dem to a kid to——," but Ralph interrupted him.

"No joking, Mike," he assured him as he laid both rifles on the table, "there they both are and you can take your choice."

When Mike was fully convinced that the men were in earnest his joy knew no bounds, and without further hesitation, he stepped to the table and picked up Ralph's rifle. "Well, then," he said with a grin, "I guess I'll take dis one; it killed a big buck last fall and so prob'ly it ain't forgot how to do it yet, eh?"

"All right," George responded, "then I'll furnish the ammunition," and he laid a dozen or so of the long tapering cartridges on the table and, with them, his brand new hunting knife.

Mike picked up one of the cartridges and read on the head of it: "32-40 H. P. "High pressures, eh?" Gee! dem's de kind. If I get a poke at de old buck wid one o' dem, I bet he'll be my meat jus' de same, unless I get de 'fever' like old trapper Dan did de other day."

"Mike, I suppose if you were back in Poland with a rifle like that, you would be fighting for Russia," Ralph remarked.

"Yes, like de dickens I would. I'd help de Japs," and Mike poked the cartridges securely into his pocket. He had now reached a place where he must have some sort of excuse for giving vent to his pent-up elation, for his grin was already beyond his control. "Oh, gee!" he said, laughing so hard the men could hardly understand what he said, "I wish I was over dere where dem old Russians is, wid my shot gun; I'd sprinkle deir old breeches full of bird shot and tell 'em to go back home and mind deir own business."

Before the men could stop laughing at this characteristic speech, Mike shouldered the rifle and started out on the logging road, hurrying along in the gathering darkness to tell his good news to the folks at home.

It was long before daylight the next morning when Mike scrambled down the ladder into the kitchen and kindled the fire. As soon as his mother could get him some breakfast he swallowed a few mouthfuls, grabbed the rifle and as fast as his short legs would allow, he hustled across the field and out on the road. He was not long in reaching the runway and crawled into a pile of old tree tops where he was hidden from view but where he could see out between the limbs and watch the trail. His rifle was ready and he waited quietly. In an hour it was broad daylight, but the deer had not appeared. He waited another hour, but still no deer. By this time Mike was nearly frozen and his hopes had fallen to about the same temperature as his body. Could it be possible that he must go home disappointed and no chance to use that rifle after all? But he would not go just yet; he could stand the cold awhile longer and then—snap! Mike's quick ear caught the sound of breaking twig. In an instant all thought of the cold vanished, for just over on the ridge, came a magnificent great buck walking proudly down the runway. Without thinking, Mike quickly raised the rifle and fired with scarcely any aim. The deer stopped short and threw up his head. He did not know where the shot had come from. He sniffed the air, then gave a loud snort, threw up his flag and began to jump, first one way then another, not knowing which way to run. Mike had made a clean miss, and trembling like a leaf, he tried to catch sight for another shot; but for some reason which he would not care to own, the rifle would persist in wobbling and the sights refused to come into line. But Mike was determined to be game this time and not shoot again till sure of his aim. He knew he was not yet discovered, for now the deer was coming nearer. Then Mike remembered and gave a shrill whistle. The deer turned broadside and stopped again. Now was the hunter's chance; so steadying himself as best he could against a log he carefully rested the little blue rifle barrel over a limb and covered the deer's shoulder with the ivory bead sight. There was a sharp crack and the big buck dropped in his tracks without a struggle or a pain.

Mike tumbled out of the brush pile and ran through the shintangle to his game. For a few minutes he made the woods fairly ring with his shouts. He threw up his cap and yelled; he whistled and danced around the deer, and then as fast as he could pump the lever of the rifle, he fired three shots into the air as a final salute. He tried the new hunting knife on the deer's throat the best he knew how, and after taking one more long admiring look at his big trophy, he started on the run for the camp. As he went hustling around a bend in the road, he nearly ran into his friends who had heard the shooting and had started out to see what it all meant. Mike wiped the sweat from his forehead and yelled out in his boyish glee:

"Hi! yi! yi, yi-i-i-i! I got de old Russian jus' de same. Oh, gee! he's a big one."

"Good for you, Mike," Ralph answered, "we'd rather see you get him than to get him ourselves."

"Well," declared Mike, "you fellers is goin' to have one o' de hind quarters jus' de same, 'cause I never'd a-got him if it hadn't been for you."

At Mike's home his father hitched a horse to the stone-boat and then, with the younger boys, they all started for the woods to bring in the game. Even Mike's mother threw a shawl over her head and joined the procession.

When they reached the runway and saw the big deer lying on the ground, there was genuine rejoicing by the whole family, and the two city hunters joined heartily with them.

"Mike," said Mr. Mitchell, "did you have the 'buck fever' when you saw him coming?"

"No," Mike replied, with a hearty chuckle, "I didn't have de fever very bad, but I guess I acted kind o' crazy when I was sure I had him."

The men laughed and slapped Mike on the back.

"Oh!" said George, "we know how that goes, and if we should find out that you didn't act like a wild man, we would have you sent back to Poland on the next boat, for any boy that wouldn't go crazy over a deer like that would be too dead to live in America. But I guess you're qualified to stay here all right enough."

Mike grinned again and as he stuck both hands into his coat pockets, he said simply: "Well, dis is de best huntin' season I ever had jus' de same, and you fellers is to blame for it, too. Oh, say! dat little Marlin's a good one, ain't it?"

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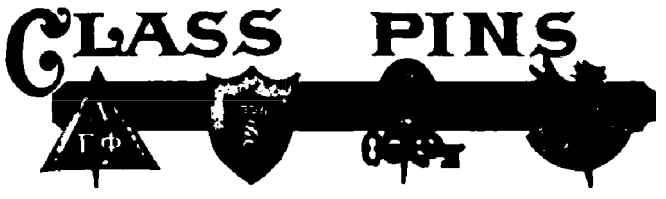

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Legion of Honor Boys

How They Won

Robert Krohn, Jr., has just graduated from the Hawthorne School in Portland, Oregon, with a record of eight years' perfect attendance. He hopes to increase this showing by four years when he finishes high school.

The Heroism Badge sent to Raymond Virnstein was presented by a representative of the Washington Times. When the reporter visited the little fellow's home and gave him the medal, he colored to the hair and declared that he "did nothing mor'n the other fellow would have done for him." We are in receipt of the following letter from H. A. Dobson, M. D., at whose suggestion the badge was sent to young Virnstein:

"Please accept my thanks for your confidence in me, your promptness, and for the nice little medal, which I have turned over to the Times.

"I remarked to a friend that the world progresses. I have saved 13 lives from drowning since the age of fourteen, and never thought of a medal. Most were schoolmates, but the last was fifteen years ago, when I dropped from the upper deck of a steamer to rescue a six-year-old girl who had fallen from the pier. Not until I had swum to shore and asked some one to bring my crutches did those on the pier know I had but one leg. I am still a fine swimmer, though not fast."

Dr. Dobson signs himself "An American Boy aged sixty-four."

James Hoskins, Gardner, Massachusetts, received the highest average in the seventh grade for the term ended June 15th. He also took the eighth grade final examinations and passed them, giving him permission to enter the preparatory school this fall, if he so desires. James is an O. A. B. member.

Harold F. Slade, of White Hall, Maryland, received an average of 98% for the summer term of school. This was the highest average in the seventh grade, of which Harold is a member, and also the highest average in the school. Harold was awarded a medal for perfect lessons and good deportment.

Herman O. Ingalls, who lives in Honolulu, Hawaii, sends us a statement to the effect that he has stood at the head of the freshman class of the Honolulu High School for the last two terms. From his letter we take the following:

"I think THE AMERICAN BOY is the best boys' paper I have ever read, although I have traveled around the globe. The stories are fascinating, and I can never wait for the next issue with patience.

"I am fifteen years old and was born in the South Sea Islands. I lived nine years of my life on or near the equator, and never knew the blessing of that art, reading. It has been only five years that I have known the English language. After attending school here I have risen very rapidly, and have just completed my freshman year. Although born a South Sea Islander, nevertheless I consider myself a true American Boy."

William C. Sherwood, Black River Falls, Wisconsin, made the highest record in his class during the term of school just past.

A School Record Badge was recently sent to Sedalia, Missouri, to be presented to Coy Bour. We have received a letter from Coy and one from his teacher, thanking us for the badge. In his letter Coy says: "I certainly prize the medal highly and shall endeavor to attain this honor each year. I enjoy reading THE AMERICAN BOY very much, as there are so many helpful suggestions and encouraging words for boys."

Cyrus Truitt, Novinger, Missouri, led his classes in the eigth grade during the school year just past. Cyrus has also been especially good in deportment and in school attendance.

Donald Joseph, a member of grade seven of the Whitewater, Kansas, Public Schools, received the highest average in his class. His average was 98%.

T. B. Korony, of New York City, stood at the head of his class during the term commencing in September last and ending in February, 1906. He also led his class during the term just previous to this one.

Wells Leib, of Rushville, Illinois, writes: "The badge was given to me the other day. I am very proud of it. I can hardly wait for the next number of THE AMERICAN BOY to see my name on the roll."

John Wesley Farr, Lowell, Massachusetts, led his class in the Green School during the school year just ended, securing an average of 94.6%. John is fourteen years of age.

The Washington Times, under date of July 3d, prints a lengthy account of the heroism of Raymond Virnstein in saving the life of a comrade who was drowning in the Potomac River. Raymond plunged into the water, clothes, shoes, and all, and struck out for the place where his friend had gone down. When the drowning boy appeared, Raymond grabbed him by the back of the neck with his left hand while with his right he struck out for land. Three times the two boys went down together, and when they were finally hauled out of the water, young Virnstein was the more exhausted of the two. Last year the boy, who was then only twelve years old, plunged into the river and dragged a young man out of the water when every chance for his life seemed to have been lost. Young Virnstein is very modest about his bravery, and seems to think he has done nothing deserving unusual credit.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

Stamp Inquiries

Walter S.: 2c black envelope stamp issued 1863, worth about 25c; 3c adhesive 1856, worth 1c. Richard B.: 5c express lists 8c; 2c proprietary, 10c; others 1c each. R. M.: On some of the 2c U. S. stamps issued in 1890 a white spot appears on top of the figures 2. This is called a "cap" from its appearance. The variety with cap on right 2 is rare. Lewis B.: The letters in the corners of the English stamps indicate the position of the stamp in the sheet. The first stamp in the upper left hand corner being lettered A A, the next A B, the next A C, and so on. The different letters are only collected by those engaged in reconstructing sheets. James L. M.: "Hansa" is found on a German local stamp. Your Hamburg is probably a reprint. Claude S.: Your stamps are all very common. Henry V. N.: 50c Entry of Goods and $2 Conveyance, 10c each; $1 In. Exch., 5c; 25c Certificate, 1c. John E. C.: 1. French revenue; 2. Mexican revenues; 3. "U. S. Army Franks" are fakes gotten up by an army officer in California to sell. The War Department stopped their use as soon as discovered. 4. Hungarian Telegraphs; 5. Wurtemburg official; 6. Liberian Hippopotamus, 2c; 1896 lists 4c. Paul J.: 1. 6 filler Hungary; 2. Austria newspaper; 3. 10 pf. Germany; 4. 7 kopek Russia; 5. 10 heller Austria. These stamps are all current and very common. John T. P.: The only one of the stamps you name, of any value, is the $50 revenue issued in 1863, lists $2.50. It retails at about half this price. Wm. J. K.: The 3c blue like 3c green of 1870 has had color changed by chemicals. It has no value. Neither have bisected stamps, unless on the original cover and covered by the postmark. These are very easily faked. G. H. N.: The Mexican and English are worth from 1 to 2c each. St. 10c each; officially sealed, 5c. "Bayern" is Louis stamps: 1c-2c; 2c-1c; 3c, 5c and 10c, for Bavaria and "Wurtt" for Wurtemburg.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Fred Reed: Your rubbing is from a third bronze of Constantine the Great, A. D. 306-37. These old coins of Constantine are quite common and the dealers will sell this same piece for a quarter. Ralph Prior: Your coin is a 50 lepta of 1874. It is worth about twenty cents. Barr K. Parker, Jr.: Your drawing is from a Roman second bronze coin. The head is that of Augustus Caesar. Its poor condition makes it of very little value, notwithstanding its great age. Geo. Kump: The 1827 half dollar is worth about seventy-five cents. The value of paper money depends entirely on condition. Unless your pieces are uncirculated they will not bring a premium. The cut you mention was from an 1827 quarter (which is very rare) and not of the half dollar. Richard Biggar: The cent of 1846 is common. Alan Wilson: Your coin is a common coin of Peru. The animal on the reverse is a llama and not a deer. Will C. Styron: There were no half cents issued in 1823, so you must be mistaken in the date of yours. The quarters of 1819 and 1821 sell for seventy-five cents each. Your "To Hannover" is a common English jeton of no value. Milton Norman: Unless your dollar of 1859 is at least uncirculated it will not bring a premium. A. Nevine: Dealers in coins charge twenty-five cents for a good 1825 dime. Harold Moody: The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for fifty-seven cents. J. C. Larson: A very common 1 kreutzer of Austria. D. Watson Bell: The 1825 half dollar sells usually for eighty-five cents when in fine condition. Your other query is answered elsewhere. H. K. Hunter: See answer to J. C. Larson. R. G. C.: Your drawing is from a Chinese cash coin of Hiao Tsung, struck between 1165 and 1174. It is not rare. The "Sainte Genevieve" is a religious medalet. Others common. N. Z.: You should be able to get a 1904 dollar for face value, at least the coin editor had no difficulty in doing it. Howard C. Aldrich: The cent of 1803 is one of the commonest of the old cents. They sell for about fifty cents; when in good condition. Glenn C. Brown: You will not be able to obtain a premium on your pieces. Samuel King: You will hardly be able to get more than face for your $10 gold piece. Willie Tarrant: The half dollar of 1817 sells for eighty-five cents. We know of no copper coin issued in British Guiana in 1747, so you must be mistaken in this. Your other coins have no premium. William McCarns: The dealers charge twenty-five cents for the dime of 1839 O mint. 1859 cent, face only. Leslie Offen: Face value only. Paul Wilson: The 1800 cent is worth a dollar. English half penny 1724 sells for from ten to twenty-five cents, depending upon condition. Oscar L. Lenski: No half dimes were issued in 1823 so you must be in error. 1832 dime, sells for a quarter. Howard Conklin: The dime of 1891 is worth ten cents. Ray H. Johnson: As a rule all the old and modern Spanish silver coins have no value over face, and if in fair or poor condition, worth only bullion value. Your Mexican coin of 1904 is only worth face. Burton Baird: The half dollar of 1854 is worth just fifty cents. Geo. W. Gibson: Your rubbings are all from quite common coins. H. A. Hagood: Your rubbing is from an 1817 cent. The dealers ask fifteen cents for them. Stuart K. Harlow: Your large silver coin is a 2½ gulden of Frankfurt, 1854. Henry A. Wahlborg: The S mint dime 1894 is very rare. This is because very few were issued. The same mint for 1893 and 1895 is very common for the reason that very many were coined. John L. Steffan: There is no such thing as completeness in the collecting of coins; neither is there with the collecting of stamps. The Tapling collection of stamps in the British Museum has some 30,000 specimens, while the numismatic collection there has some over 250,000 specimens. The Bibliotheque National Cabinet of coins at Paris has over 350,000 varieties of coins and medals. None of these collections are complete, and never will be completed. Catalogues make the attempt to cover the ground as far as practicable in both these lines of collecting. The main difference between the two is this: Numismatics presents an unbroken line of issues from at least B. C. 700 down to the present day, and has occupied the attention of collectors from the days and time of Petrarch; while stamps were first used in postage in 1840 and it was about twenty years afterwards when serious attention was first turned to their collecting. Claud E. Gill: The half cent of 1829 sells for fifteen cents. John H. Price: Your $2.00 bill will hardly bring a premium. Stanley D. Johnson: A 5 franc (French) of 1815 is worth $1.75. Roy Kampen: Your rubbings are from small religious medalets of no numismatic value. Lloyd Vest: All gold dollars bring a good premium. That of 1854 (while one of the most common) is worth $1.75. Your rubbing is from a 2 ore of Sweden. It is common. R. S. Mattocks: Gold quarters of 1872 are worth a dollar. A three-cent silver piece of 1853 is worth fifteen cents. Others face only. O. Paul Luther: The 1894 O mint dime is worth only face. The mints now in operation are located at Philadelphia (no mint mark), San Francisco (S), New Orleans (O), and Denver (D). Edward Delaplaine: No premiums on the coins you mention. R. G. C.: England, 1845 3 pence, no premium. John D. McKee: The half dollar of 1823 sells for seventy-five cents. Robert W. Pollard: The three pence bill of 1777 is worth about fifty cents. Carl Ohm: (1) Austrian crown piece of Rudolph II; $2.00. (2) Dollar 1870, face. (3 and 4) Rubbings too indistinct to decipher. (5) Morocco 3 falus, 1299 A. H. (1881 A. D.), ten cents.

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QUIT	GET BUSY
Hoping;	Hustling.
Being thick-headed;	Being broad-minded.
Making confessions;	Making restitution.
Studying your friends' faults;	Studying your own.
Working for mere possessions;	Working for more self-possession.
Thinking so much of where you are;	Thinking what you're doing there.
Dreaming about becoming a star in the sky;	Playing the small lamp right here and now.
Judging yourself by what you have already done;	Judging yourself by what you know you are capable of doing.
Remembering the good turn you did somebody else;	Remembering the good turns others have done for you.
Feeling fretful because you have not all you desire;	Feeling thankful that you have as much as you deserve.
Believing that religion calls you to be better than other men;	Proving your religion by becoming better than yourself.
Paying so much attention to man's opinion of you;	Paying more attention to a proper standard of your own.

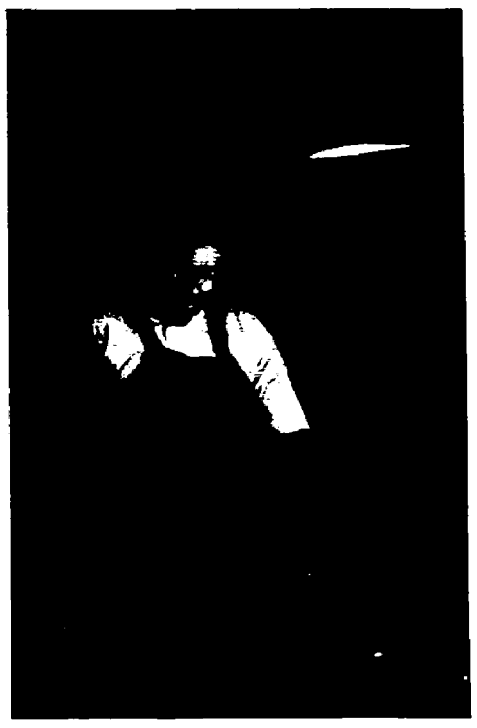
—Warwick James Price

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 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.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY PAUL FOURNIER, EAST AURORA, ILLINOIS

The Bad Effect of Metol

on the skin may be prevented by plunging the hands into water containing a little sodium bicarbonate after any has got upon them. This acts like an antiseptic.—Etoile Cycliste.

Drying Negatives

According to A. C. Austin, when it is necessary to dry a negative in a hurry the easiest way is to immerse it for five minutes in a solution of formalin, 1 to 16, blot it off with tissue paper and dry in the hottest sunshine, on a hot plate on the top of a stove, or over a gas flame.

The Roll of Honor

Those entitled to Honorable Mention this month are: E. L. Morehead, H. E. Fry, Chester A. Olweiler, R. A. Rogers, S. R. Schulz, Walter E. Berwald, H. T. Cowling, P. E. Watson, Charles Plumb, I. B. Woodworth, W. W. Hubbell, A. M. Browne, H. Trueblood, C. H. Moore, Reuben Lewis, Ben Eddy, A. Allain, L. E. Peterman, and P. J. Wilson.

'Frisco Pluck

Mr. Fayette J. Clute, editor of Camera Craft, has shown genuine San Francisco pluck in getting out two excellent editions of his periodical since the great catastrophe in April, although his entire equipment was destroyed at the time. The June number is an excellent pictorial record of the earthquake and fire and may be obtained from Mr. Clute, 1915 Post street, San Francisco, Cal., at the price of 10 cents.

Our Prize Pictures

"Low Tide," by Harry W. Barton, of Youngsville, Pa., the winner of the First Prize, represents a scene on the shores of Lake Erie near Dunkirk, N. Y. "The Cobbler," by Paul Fournier, to which the second prize was awarded, is an excellent example of splendid light and shade effects. Our readers may recall an earlier illustration of the Rembrandt style, by the same artist, to which first prize was awarded.



FIRST PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY HARRY W. BARTON, YOUNGSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



TWO DIFFERENT PERSONS ON THE SAME SPOT. MADE BY A DOUBLE FRAME

A DOUBLE FRAME

A Camera Arrangement for Making Double : : : Exposures—a Substitute for Kits : : :

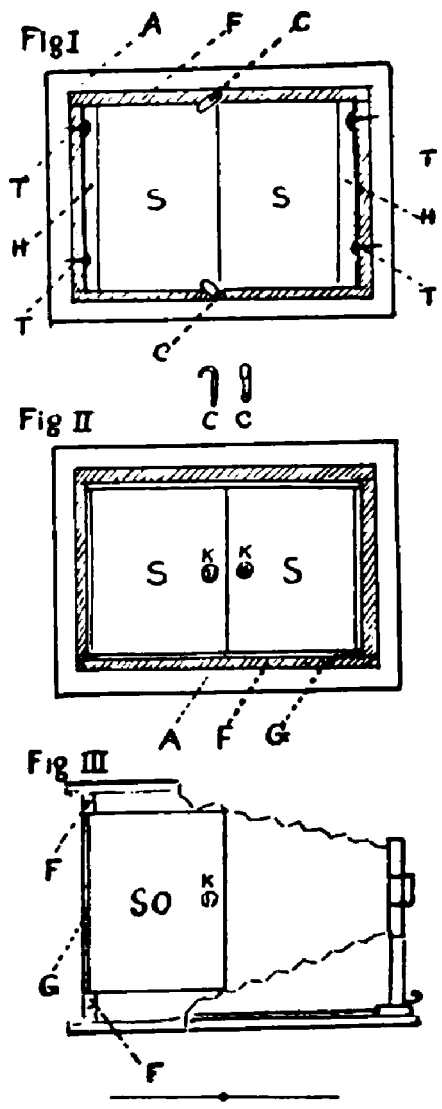
ANY AMATEUR photographer can, with a little ingenuity, construct a frame to insert in the rear of a camera to be used for the taking of double exposures and as a substitute for kits. Procure a piece of cigar box wood or the like and make a frame the thickness of which should be the same as that of the cigar box wood, but the depth of the frame should be somewhat greater. The frame should be made to fit neatly in the rear of the camera, the ground glass being temporarily removed. Procure a piece of hard cardboard and cut it of a size to fit within the frame; then cut the cardboard in half with a very sharp knife. These two pieces are to be used as shutters or doors to the frame. Paste four pieces of cardboard (the width of which should be about half the depth of the frame) around the inner sides of the frame. These are to hold the doors in position when they are closed, thin pieces of leather or muslin being used as hinges, which are pasted on the doors and the inner sides of the frame. Two catches of brass or tin are made to keep the doors closed. These are placed on the upper and lower edges of the frame opposite each other by means of small tacks, and are placed so that one door can be opened or closed while the other is held firm by the two catches. The frame is held in position in the camera by means of four very thin tacks which can be readily removed or applied.

The doors are made to open inward into the camera. It would be well to paint the whole a dead black. Probably a good idea of the construction can be best obtained by referring to the figures herewith. A, represents the camera; F, the frame; S, the shutters; C, the catches; SO, shutters opened; T, tacks; H, hinges; G, strips of cardboard to hold shutters in position when closed; K, knobs of flat pieces of cork glued on the shutters. Figure I. represents the frame in the camera in the position it would be seen if the bellows part of the camera could be removed. Figure II. represents the frame in the camera in the same position as one would see it when focusing for a photo, excepting that the doors are closed and, of course, the ground glass removed. Figure III. represents the side view of the frame in the camera with the left door open. In placing the "double frame" in the camera (the ground glass being removed) the doors are left open. The tacks are inserted which hold the frame firm. The one door is closed and held so by the two catches. The other door is opened and held so by the bellows portion of the camera. The plate holder is placed in position and an exposure is made. A second exposure is made after the position of the shutters have been reversed. However, this will necessitate closing the plate holder, removing it, then replacing it after the shutters have been reversed. Care should be taken not to move the camera, and to get the plate holder in exactly the same position in the camera. The same time must be given to both exposures so that the plate may be evenly developed. The most care to be exercised in the construction of the frame is to make the shutters just meet and not overlap each other, otherwise there will be a visible dividing line in the picture.

Contrivances of this kind can be so constructed that in a 4x5 or 5x7 camera, 2x5 and 2½x7 or 4x2½ and 5x3¼ photos, respectively, can be made.



MADE BY USE OF DOUBLE FRAME ON ONE PLATE



How to Copy an Old Faded Picture

Instead of making only one negative, make two. Give one full time and undertime the other just a little. For example: if you give the full-time negative five seconds, give the other one, say, three seconds. Care should be taken not to move the camera between the first and second exposure, as it is necessary that both negatives be of the same size, and occupy exactly the same position on the plates. Now take both negatives and place them together, the face of the under-timed one to the back of the full-timed one; then bind them together so that they will make one negative, as it were. Owing to the intensity which is produced by the combined negatives, the printing will be slow, which will give good contrast, as well as preserve all the fine detail in the original picture.—Photo. Times.

BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

NORTHERN TRAILS, by William J. Long. As a writer of animal stories Mr. Long needs no introduction to the reading public, his "Beasts of the Field," "Fowls of the Air," "Wood Folk Series," and others having already been favorably received. "Northern Trails," his latest work, is a book that will fascinate and delight its readers, whether old or young. The scene is laid in Labrador and Newfoundland, the habitat of the white wolf, fisher, salmon, wild goose, polar bear and many others. Of these animals, their ways and peculiarities the author tells out of the fullness of his experience. The reader can here learn why the "big Arctic wolf spares the bull caribou that attacks him wantonly; why the wild goose has no fear at home; why the baby seals are white at birth; how the salmon climb the falls which they cannot jump, and why they hasten back to the sea when they are hurt; how the whale speaks without a voice," and many other things equally interesting and curious. The book has twelve full-page and two hundred smaller illustrations by Charles Copeland, and in the matter of type, paper and mechanical workmanship is excellent. 390 pages. Price, $1.50. Ginn & Co.

THE AMERICAN BOY AND THE SOCIAL EVIL; From a Physician's Standpoint, by Robert N. Wilson, M. D. The writer of this book is lecturer and physician to the University of Pennsylvania, and he knows whereof he writes. It is a book of especial interest to parents, teachers and ministers and those who have the care and instruction of youth. 160 pages. John C. Winston Co.

BOYVILLE, by John E. Gunckel, President, National Newsboys' Association. This is a record of fifteen years' experience among the boys of the street. It is no dry statistical report, but a living, breathing, loving evidence of personal work which will be good for every one interested in the welfare of the "men of tomorrow" to read earnestly. The boy problem—how to save them—is the vital problem of today and this little volume will surely help the earnest ones to an elucidation of it. We cordially commend it to the attention of all thinking men and women. The illustrations are interesting. 219 pages. Price, 75 cents. The Toledo Newsboys' Association.

THE TEETH AND THEIR CARE, by Thaddeus P. Hyatt, D. D. S. In this booklet there is given information and instruction regarding the teeth and their care which it will be well for parents and boys and girls to heed. The six chapter headings are: Structure of the Teeth; Care of the Teeth; Children's Teeth; Relation of the Teeth to the Rest of the Body; General Remarks, and Conclusion. Each chapter is divided into paragraphs in which every phase of the subject from physical structure to the toothbrush and its use is discussed. The language used is simple and free from technicalities, and there are several illustrations. It is a book that ought to be in every home where there are children. 43 pages, nice, clean type and good paper. Price 55 cents, postage paid. Thaddeus P. Hyatt.

HELEN GRANT AT ALDRED HOUSE, by Amanda M. Douglas. This author's books need no introduction to the boys and girls of today, and those who have read the two preceding volumes of the "Helen Grant Series" will cordially welcome the third. We gladly recommend this book as one which ought to be on the special book shelves of the girls. The illustrations by Amy Brooks are good and apt. 339 pages. Price $1.25. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Behavior for Boys

That humorous English publication, Judy, gives these rules; of course you see the joke.

At mealtimes it is as well to remember that fingers were made before forks.

Never hit a boy who is smaller than yourself—if he is stronger than you.

If you wear a high collar there is no necessity to wash your neck.

Never tell your master to his face things which it is safer to say of him behind his back.

Be moderate in all things, and remember that half a lie is very often better than the whole truth.

Never interrupt a fight, especially a dog fight. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Be kind to animals and bearing in mind that man is the superior animal, be very good to yourself.

It is important that you should make yourself acquainted with the value of money and this can be easily acquired by starting a weekly allowance of pocket-money from the time you first go to school.

Hard study is apt to overtax the brain; be careful to avoid the possibility of such a calamity.

Never be afraid to own to a fault; at the same time recollecting that silence is golden.

Two wrongs do not make one right, so if another boy has been punished for your transgression, you will merely wrong yourself without benefiting him by raking up the embers of the past.

Be diligent at your meals, attentive to your games, and respectful to those armed with authority.

An Acknowledgment

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY regrets that he is unable to more than acknowledge receipt in this sort of wholesale way of the many invitations to school commencement exercises that he received during June last. It gave him much pleasure to be remembered by the boys, and much regret that he was unable to spread himself over enough territory to be present at the graduating exercises of all his boy friends.

We Must Save the Bird That Sings

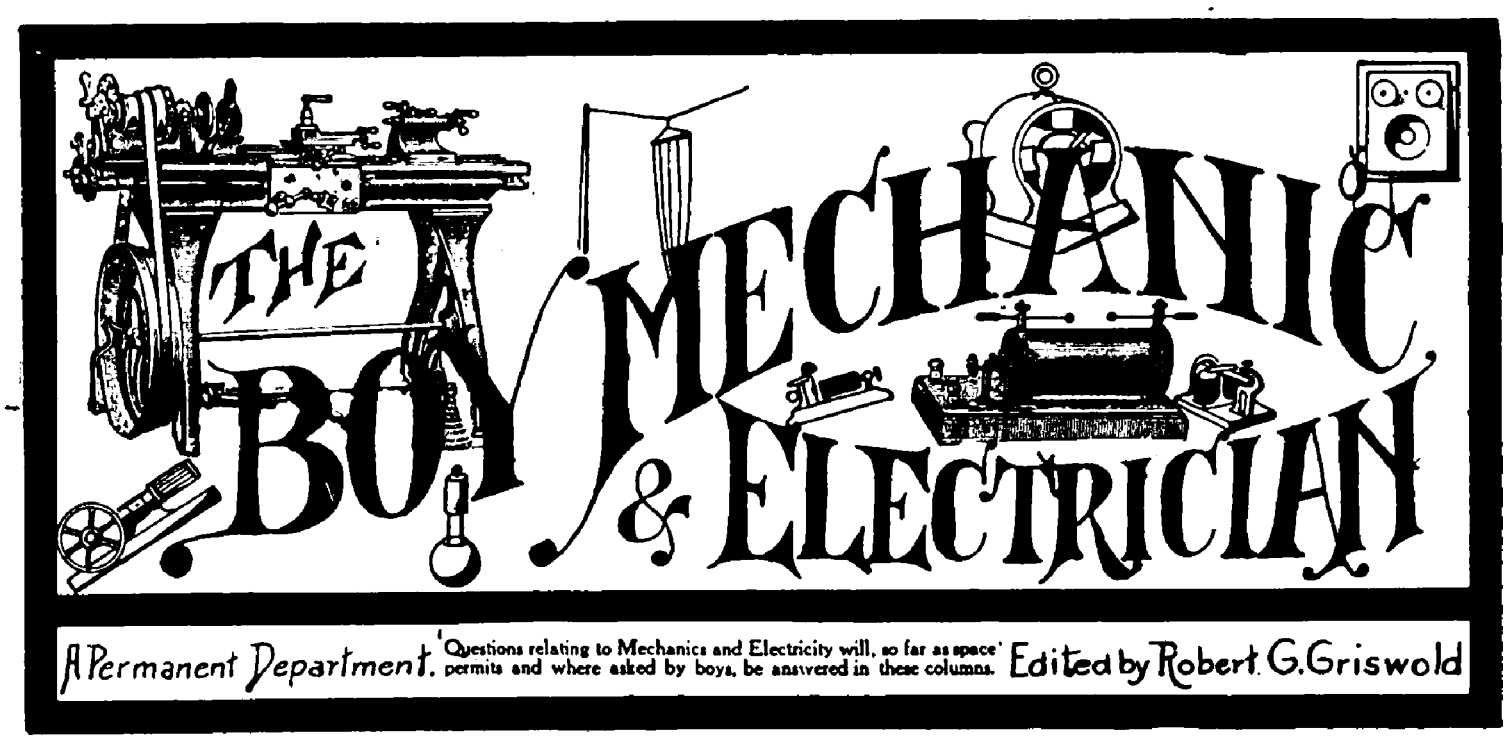
By AMY NICKERSON

A blue bird sang a gala song
And cheered the boys along their way;
Its little heart guessed not the wrong
That one small urchin did that day.

It never dreamed a thoughtless boy
Would steal a helpless blue bird's eggs,
Nor stop a song so full of joy
By breaking a wee bird's small legs.

And yet a bad boy stopped the song
Of one blue bird the other day;
He never can undo the wrong,
And so he's grieving at his play.

He knows how drear the fields can be,
Without the flash of one bird's wings,
And with the world has come to see,
That we must save the bird that sings.



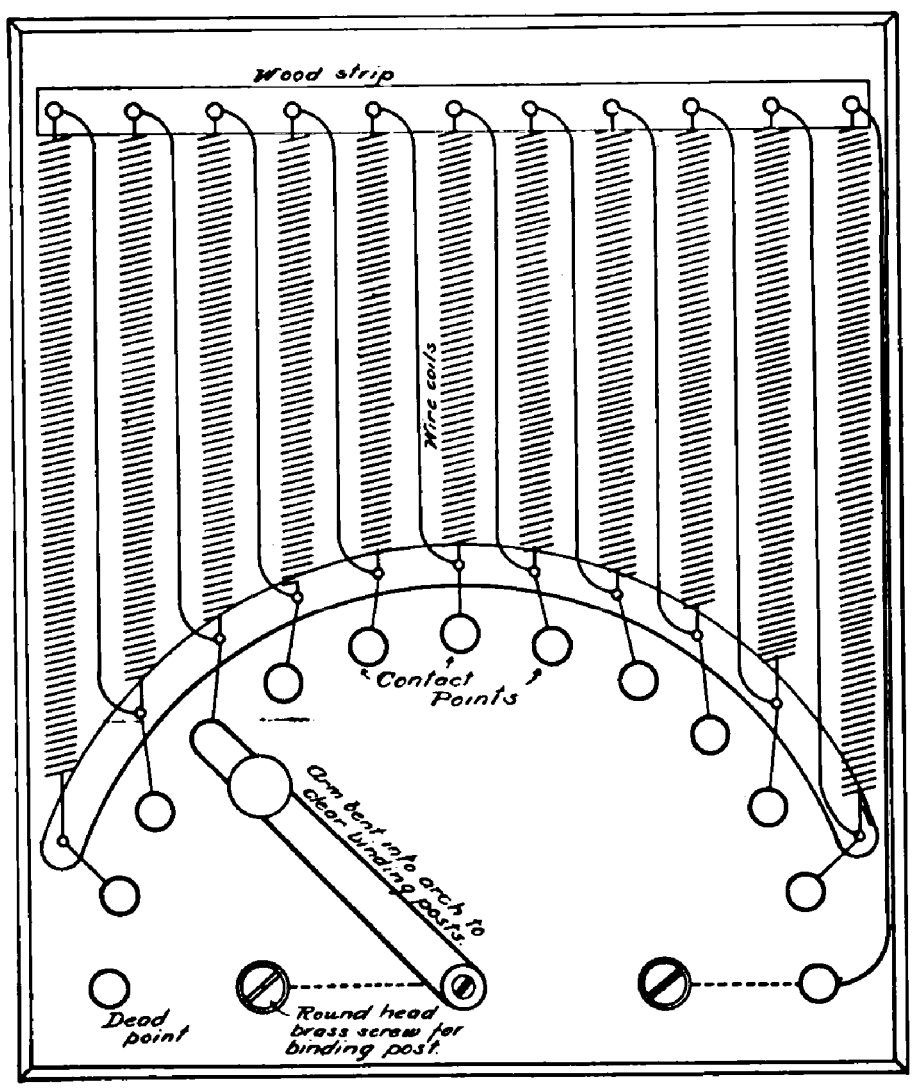
Experimental Lessons in Electricity—Lesson XII.

The Wire Coil Rheostat

Our last lesson dealt with the water-rheostat and we will now take up the more common form using the wire coils for varying the resistance. This is the type almost universally supplied for switchboard use, and in starting electric motors. For heavy currents very large wire is necessary, and a great deal of heat is given off for which provision must be made to prevent accidents from fire.

The principle upon which this form of rheostat is built is the varying of resistance by the introduction of a greater or lesser length of wire, generally of German silver. This is accomplished by having coils of wire so arranged that by moving a switch arm over a number of contact points throws one or more of these coils into the circuit.

The base a is made of hard wood and is 12 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, well varnished. Upon this base ten coils of No. 18 soft iron wire are mounted as shown in the cut. German silver wire could be used but iron is cheaper and can be obtained at almost any hardware store or tinsmith's. Cut off eleven pieces, 4 feet 11½ inches in length, each of which will have a resistance of about two ohms. This will give a combined resistance of twenty-two ohms, quite sufficient for experimental purposes.



An arc of an 8-inch circle is now laid off on the board, with its center 1 inch from the lower edge and 5 inches from either side. The radius is four inches. This arc is now divided into twelve equal spaces, giving twelve contact points and one blank. These contact points are made by screwing round-headed brass wood-screws into the wood, afterwards filing them flat. The swinging arm is made of a strip of hard sheet brass, one end being free to move over the contact points, while the other is pivoted on a screw. A slight bend in the arm causes it to bend downwards and press firmly on the contact points. A small knob is fastened to the arm by a small screw passing through from underneath—this serves as a ready means for moving this arm.

Now take a lead pencil and wrap the pieces of wire into spirals, leaving about 6 inches of straight wire on one end of each coil for attaching to the next contact point. A row of screws is placed 1½ inches from the top to support the upper ends of the coils. A strip of wood 10 inches long, 1 inch wide, and ¼-inch thick is glued across the top as shown, which raises the wires off the base. At the lower end a piece of wood is cut to the arc of a 10-inch circle, ½-inch wide and ¾-inch thick, and glued in position as shown. When the coils are supported on these bridges they are clear of the wood, and the free circulation of air aids in keeping them cool when heavy currents are passing.

The first contact, 1, is left blank, and the arm always rests on this point when the rheostat is not in use. Point 2 then has the short end of the coil either soldered to it or squeezed beneath the head of the screw. The coil is then stretched until the end of the last turn can be caught under the first screw in the upper strip. Then the long end is bent to the right, fastened under a small tack and then passes down to the third contact as shown; both this end and the end of the second coil are then fastened beneath the third contact point, and so on until the eleven coils are mounted. The last contact point is connected with one of the binding posts and the pivoted arm is connected with the other.

Now when the arm is in contact with point 1, the circuit is broken and no current can flow, but, upon moving the arm to point 2, the circuit is closed and the current may pass through the whole ten coils which present a combined resistance of about 20 ohms. As the arm swings farther to the right, one coil after another is cut out until the last point is reached, when all resistance is cut out and the current travels through the arm only.

This rheostat may be fastened to the wall by screws and used for controlling motors and other experimental apparatus. The rheostat is always connected in series with a motor—that is, the current must pass through the rheostat before it goes to the motor.

QUERY BOX

Q. Can a five-bar telephone generator be converted into a dynamo if the fields are demagnetized and wound with wire, and the armatures re-wound with a larger wire and a commutator placed on the shaft?—C. D., Sutter, Ill.

A. A dynamo could be made in the way you mention, but it would be rather difficult to do and not a very satisfactory job after it was finished. It would be far better to make a dynamo of the regulation type, as the armature of magnetos are generally of the two-pole type, and unless run at a very high speed, the current derived from it would be very small.

Q. What are the elements used in tapperless coherers? If gas, what elements will produce it?—H. H. C., Portsmouth, Iowa.

A. From your question we suppose that you refer to the electrolytic and carbon types of coherer. Two carbon pencils with a super-imposed, steel needle will act as a very sensitive coherer. An electrolytic coherer is composed of a very fine, platinum wire dipped into a solution held in a carbon cup. We would refer you to some work on wireless telegraphy for further details regarding these instruments.

Q. What are the duties of an electrical engineer? An electrician? How much sal-ammoniac is necessary to recharge a dry battery?—M. S. G., Atco, Pa.

A. An electrical engineer is one who designs lighting and power plants, and electrical apparatus, while an electrician is one who carries out mechanical details of such work and does the manual part thereof. He bears somewhat the same relation to an electrical engineer as a machinist bears to a mechanical engineer. Dry batteries may be recharged by saturating the material inside of them with a saturated solution of sal-ammoniac in water.

Q. Could a telephone receiver be used in place of the galvanometer used on the Wheatstone bridge described in THE AMERICAN BOY? Could this bridge be used in testing telephone lines to determine whether the wires were grounded or not? Would the noise on lines affect the telephone receiver, and if so, how could it be remedied? Would not the resistance of a voltmeter to test 110 volts or higher, have to be more than when it was used to measure only small forces? Where could I get some books on Chemistry for home experiments? Will the experiments which are to be in THE AMERICAN BOY take up all the chemistry that a common text-book would? How many pounds of tin foil will it take to make a condenser for a ½ inch and an inch spark coil? What is the difference between "Jump" and "Butt" spark? Will a two-bar telephone generator operate a ½-inch or inch spark coil? What is the size of the enclosed sample of German silver wire? Will it do for the Wheatstone bridge?—S. Y., Damen, N. Y.

A. The telephone receiver might be used in the place of the galvanometer in the Wheatstone bridge, but we doubt if it would be as successful, as the current flowing when the instrument is nearly in balance is extremely small, and without some arrangement for making and breaking the current rapidly, so as to produce a buzz or click in the receiver, we doubt if the results would be as satisfactory as when the galvanometer is used. This bridge can be used to test telephone lines, but, of course, it is not as convenient as the regular bridges that are made for this work, wherein the various resistance coils are so arranged that they may be thrown into the circuit. With the bridge described, you would have to carry quite a quantity of resistance coils, so that they might be substituted when needed. The resistance of a voltmeter for testing high voltages is necessarily higher than that used for low voltages, as high voltages would force such currents through a low resistance as to injure the instrument by burning the coils. We know of very few books that are written for home experiments in chemistry, but you could probably obtain such a list from some publisher of technical books, such as Van Nostrand, of New York. The experiments to be carried out in this series of talks in THE AMERICAN BOY will take up the most of the work that is given in common text books, but, of course, there are many experiments which cannot be performed without the aid of a well equipped laboratory, which most of our readers do not have at their command. One pound of tin foil would be ample to make the condenser for coils of the size you mention. We presume by the word "Butt" that you refer to the "make and break" spark. The "jump" spark is caused by a break in the secondary circuit of an induction coil, where the high tension current jumps from one terminal to the other, which ignites the charge within the gas engine cylinder. The other spark, which is commonly known as the "make and break," and which you have termed the "butt," is made by bringing the two terminals of a gap in a primary line together, and suddenly breaking them apart. The primary line passes around the core of iron which is magnetized. The instant the current is broken this magnetism, in passing from its maximum to a zero condition, creates a current in the circuit which causes a very heavy spark at the terminals. The two-bar telephone generator would not operate a spark coil. The sample of wire enclosed is No. 26, and would do for the Wheatstone bridge.

Find the letter of YOUR line

E

	PAGE
Editors	18
Engineers	10-13-15
Entry Clerks	9
Express Employes	14-26
Everybody Else	1-32

This is simply part of the index from **Dixon's Pencil Guide**—a book of 32 pages *alphabetically divided by vocations*—which selects and describes the right Lead Pencil for every line of work. It prevents haphazard pencil buying and ends all pencil troubles. The Guide is sent free on request.

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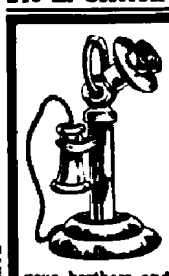



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The Success of One Boy

Louis Benchart is the name of a boy who has learned early to grasp his opportunities and get ahead in the world. He is a good example of not what can be made of a boy, but what a boy can make of himself, for what he has succeeded in doing is largely the result of his own efforts.

Louis is not quite seventeen, but he is drawing a man's wages—$65 a month—as billing clerk for a railroad company at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The young man did not reach this position by simply wanting it, but by patient toil and by looking out for the main chance. After graduating from the grammar grade in the public school he took part of a "paper route" at 75 cents a week. Later he secured a position as messenger boy with the Western Union Telegraph Company at $12 a month, working after school hours. While in this position he kept a sharp eye out for everything about the office, was kind and obliging to every one, and gave a helping hand wherever he saw it needed. Thus it came about that when he graduated from the grammar school he was ready to enter the Normal school at Marion, Ind., where in ten weeks he was ready to take up work as telegraph operator and billing clerk. Then, instead of looking about for a position where a big salary might be earned at the start, he took one without pay in order to gain experience. Soon he found himself called to a higher place, the second highest position in an office of men. It goes without saying that he has no bad habits.

This boy presents a fine example of what prompt and willing attention to duty and an obliging, helpful spirit will do for a boy.

QUERY BOX—Continued.

Q. Can a 500 ohm telephone induction coil be used on a wireless outfit? What is the voltage of a No. 2 Sampson sal-ammoniac cell? Will a three magnet telephone generator light a small lamp? In making the voltammeter described in the November number, can oak be used as the bobbin?—F. W., Eau Claire, Wis.

A. No. About 1.8 to 2 volts. It might if run at sufficiently high speed. Yes.

Q. In performing the experiments with oxygen I have had some difficulty in having my jars broken during the burning of the steel. How can this be prevented.—S. W., Raleigh, N. C.

A. The breaking of the jar is due to the pieces of molten steel falling against the sides or bottom of the glass. If you will place a layer of sand in the bottom of the jar, or a little water, you will not experience this difficulty.

Q. How is a three-pole armature wound and connected in a toy motor? I have had trouble with the way I wound mine, and wish to wind it correctly, so as to have it run as a motor.—N. A., Austin, Texas.

A. The poles are wound in series, each one being wound in the same direction, and the wires passing from the inside layer of one pole to the outside layer of the next pole, connecting with one segment of the three segment armature.

Q. How is a selenium cell, such as is used in wireless telephones, made? Is there a successful telephone relay used on telephone lines that corresponds to that used on telegraph lines?—F. B., Cooksville, Ill.

A. We should advise you to purchase some work on wireless telephony, as this would give you full information regarding the construction of the various selenium cells. We have not space in our columns to take up this description. Selenium, while not exactly a non-conductor of electricity, is not a good conductor, and is used in this work, owing to the fact that its resistance varies with the intensity of light that strikes upon it. In regard to your second question, we would refer you to some electrical paper, such as the "Electrical World and Engineer."

Q. I have an induction coil four inches long and 1½ inches in diameter, but it does not give any spark with three dry batteries. The contact points are of platinum and the vibrator is in good shape. It gives shocks that a person cannot endure. For a condenser I use a pint fruit jar as described in THE AMERICAN BOY. How large a spark should this give?—C. F., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

A. The coil is too small to give any perceptible spark. Your condenser is not large enough and the fact that the coil does give shocks shows that it is in good working condition. You must have a larger coil if you expect to get sparks from it. Three dry batteries will hardly furnish sufficient current for you.

Q. Can a motor be used to run as a dynamo? What is done with the ends of the armature wires? To what are the field wires connected? What is meant by series lighting? What is the black powder inside of dry batteries. What do the initials E. M. F. mean?—A. R. S., West Union, Iowa.

A. Yes. No change in connections need be made. The current is allowed to enter the dynamo in such a manner that it will pass through the field and armature winding in series, or split in entering, part passing through the field and part through the armature. A machine using the former method is known as a series (wound) machine, and the latter, as a shunt-wound machine. Series lighting means that the lamps are all connected in series, and the current that passes through one passes through all. In the event of one being extinguished, they are all extinguished. The black powder inside of dry batteries is a mixture of granular carbon and black oxide of manganese. The initials E. M. F. mean Electro Motive Force.

Q. How many pounds of steam does it take to run a horse power engine?—E. C. K., Elmwood, Ill.

A. While we believe that we understand what you wish to know by your question, it is hardly in the form that it should be. We presume that you wish to know what steam pressure is necessary to operate a 1 H. P. engine. This depends entirely upon the size of the engine, as a small engine with a very high pressure of steam will develop this power and so will a very large engine with a small pressure of steam. On the other hand, if you wish to know what the consumption in steam would be, would state that it is impossible to give any definite figure, but in all probability, a small engine of 1 H. P., of the ordinary construction, would consume from thirty to fifty pounds of steam per hour.

Will a ⅛ H. P. dynamo generate enough electricity to light a 300-candle power lamp? Could the dynamo be connected with a motor so that the motor would operate the dynamo and the dynamo would furnish electricity to the motor? How strong would the motor have to be?—W. C., Traverse City, Mich.

Ans.—No, a ⅛ H.-P. dynamo would not operate a 300-candle power lamp. The general rule is to allow ten 16 power lamps to the horse-power, and this would be an aggregate of 160-candle power, while your lamp would require twice as much current, and would therefore require nearly 3 H.-P. Your question regarding the connection of the dynamo and motor, so that they would run each other, is one that has been asked several times, but this is not possible. This would be a perpetual motion machine and it is impossible to make any machine that will overcome its own frictional losses, and it would always require a little more power to operate the dynamo than the power derived from it in electricity. This is due to certain frictional losses which cannot be overcome. Therefore your scheme would not be practical in any sense.

Q. In winding an induction coil, should the winding be stopped when the outside diameter of the coil becomes three times the diameter of the core? Will it give any more current to wind on more wire? If this is not correct, kindly tell me the proper rule. In a wireless telegraph, how long a spark does it take to send the vibrations a mile? Does a direct current spark of equal length, have the same power to send vibrations as an alternating current spark? Will a static electric machine have the same strength to send vibrations as a spark from an induction coil or direct current generator? Does a fat spark have the same strength for making vibrations as a thin one of the same length?—R. P., Monrovia, Cal.

A. The power of an induction coil lies in the ratio between the primary and secondary windings, and there are different rules followed by different makers. We do not think that the coil, outside diameter of which was only three times that of the core, would be very efficient. We would advise you to purchase some book on coil making which would give you the information you desire. The length of the spark is not what is sought after in sending messages for any distance. In the first place, when these vibrations are once set up, they continue through space indefinitely, but in order to detect the messages at any prescribed distance, the receiving apparatus must be very sensitive, and it will be necessary to have the coil give out vibrations of sufficient strength to affect the receiving apparatus at the terminal station. While a static electric machine will cause these vibrations, the spark is not as readily controlled as in the case of an induction coil, and we do not think, therefore, that it would make such a good generator in wireless work. It is the short, fat spark that is sought after, as the long thin one does not set up such powerful vibrations.



A YOUNG BOAT BUILDER

David Shontze, Jr., Quincy, Ill., age eleven, sends us a picture of a boat that he built. The boat is 6 feet long and 2½ feet wide, and is built on the Brooks system. He thinks it is good for a beginning, and we agree with him.

CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE

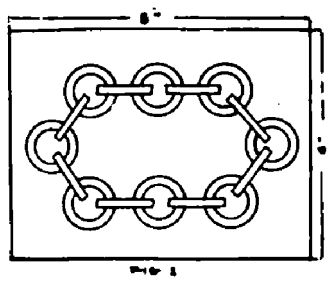
By JOHN L. DOUGHENY

Other articles by Mr. Dougheny have appeared in the July, September, October, November and December numbers of 1904; and in the January, February, August, September, October and December numbers of 1905; and in the July and August numbers of this year.

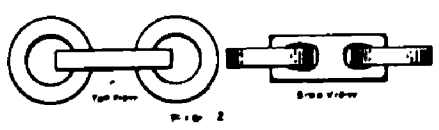
No. 13—The Wooden Necklace

BOYS, WE have whittled many seemingly impossible things in the past year, but never anything so baffling and mysterious as this design which, for want of a better name, we will call "The Wooden Necklace." One glance at the finished article and we are ready to declare that it cannot be whittled out of one solid piece of wood; but upon studying the text and drawings it all becomes surprisingly simple. I want you to read it thoroughly enough to comprehend every step of the work, even if you do not care to do the actual carving. It will benefit you as much as any lesson in arithmetic or algebra.

As usual, our choice of material is basswood, white pine or poplar. The size of the block we begin with is eight inches

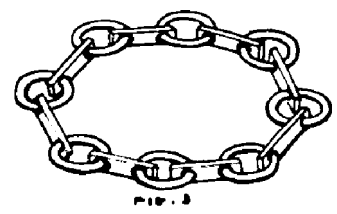


long, six inches wide, one-half inch thick. The first step is to mark out a diagram that will guide us in the cutting. It is a simple series of rings connected by horizontal bars that extend nearly into their centers, as shown in Fig. 1. There are eight rings in all and the size for this job is one inch inside diameter. You can whittle smaller ones when you have more practice. After we have marked the block we can cut out the parts outside the lines. The rings and bars are left intact and all the rest is carved away. Be sure and rest the block on a solid surface while working on it. If you hold it in your hands you will probably break it or cut your thumb. Use the large

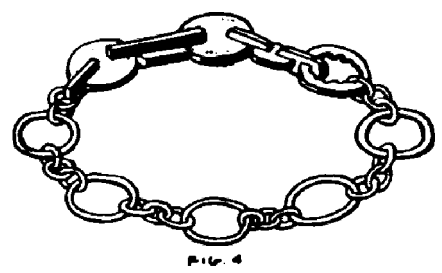


blade of your knife and take out small splinters about the size of a grain of wheat.

The slant bars on each side will require special attention on account of their short grain. Now we will take the central ring or any ring will do for that matter, for all are the same, and whittle away the parts that when removed will free the ring or make it movable like the link of a chain. It is very easy to do this if you only go about it right. Drawing number 2 parts "a" and "b," make the process very plain. This figure shows the two rings detached from the rest. If you are a steady reader and have followed any of our chain designs you will readily grasp the idea. For the benefit of beginners we will describe it in detail beginning where we left off in Fig. 1. The advice given applies with equal force to all the rings and bars. The safest way to work is to lay the block you are whittling on a solid table. I would even recommend that you clamp it or screw it down solid on the table. After cutting the block into the shape of rings and bars we begin to shave down the rings, that is to reduce them in size, till it is cylindrical or round and about as large in diameter as a lead pencil. A small and very sharp blade is required for this purpose. If you cannot obtain one use sandpaper to cut it down. A big piece of sandpaper would be clumsy for this work, so use judgment and cut it into narrow strips. Double one of the strips over the top of the finger and rub lightly. This is a slow method, but it insures neat work. When the rings have been reduced to the proper size, as in Fig. 2, the problem of loosening the bar becomes very simple. It is obvious that all we have to do is to cut away the center, leaving a margin about one-eighth of an inch in width. You cannot do this bit of carving while the piece rests on the table, so you must be very careful. When you have made it free on one side go to the other and repeat the process. It is simply a case of whittling the parts into the shape of a ring and bar respectively. When you have done this they will be interlocked. The other sections are identically the same with the exception of the end rings. These differ only in the fact that there are two links



or bars connected with each of the end rings diagonally. The cutting out, although a little more difficult, is essentially the same. It is well to cut this hard part first, so if you break it you will not have done so much for nothing. Fig. 3 shows the design complete. I wish to impress you with its simplicity. It is intended for the average boy and can easily be whittled out in a few hours. It would be easy for us to draw some complicated and fantastic design that would look very nice on paper and still fail entirely in its purpose. We deal only in things that can be whittled; that we know for sure can be made. We had this idea strongly in view when we designed this and we even carved it out ourselves to make doubly sure. You can do as directed here even if you have never worked with a knife before. Try your hand at this art. It is fascinating and beneficial. The last picture shows how easy it is to elaborate on a simple thing. We close with the oft repeated advice to give the finished article a coat of oil.



A Puzzle in Division

Daniel Brimm, of Rock Hill, South Carolina, sends us the following: A man who had seventeen fine horses left a will on his death giving to his eldest son one-half the horses, to the second son, one-third of them, and to the third son, one-ninth of them. After puzzling over the strange will for a long while and being unable to make the division without cutting three of the horses, the sons took it to the king, who called his wise men. The wise men were also puzzled, but one old fellow asked that the horses be left there over night. When the brothers returned in the morning the horses were standing in a row with one of the king's horses by them. The king told the eldest boy to take one-half, which was nine; the next to take one-third, which was six, and the youngest to take one-ninth, which was two. The king then sent his horse to the stable.



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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November (1905) number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin· No. IV, Abraham Lincoln ;No. V, John Adams; No. VI, Thomas Jefferson; No. VII, Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII, Henry Ward Beecher; No. IX, Nathaniel Hawthorne; No. X Robert Edward Lee.

No. XI--Daniel Webster

AMONG those who received grants of land from Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, when the ceding of Canada to England in 1763 brought an end to the war with France and the depredations of its Indian allies, was Ebenezer Webster, whose descent from Thomas Webster, who came from England in 1636, is traced in the church and town records of Hampton, East Kingston, and Salisbury, now Franklin, in New Hampshire.

Ebenezer had enlisted and served during the French and Indian war, and had marched with the Provincial forces into Canada. Because of his faithfulness and bravery he had been promoted to the rank of captain.

At the conclusion of the war Captain Webster with his wife and children blazed a path deep into the then trackless forests of New Hampshire, and became one of the earliest settlers of Salisbury. Here he built a small, rough, log cabin and began to wring a scanty living from the barren, rocky soil.

During the War of the Revolution, also, Captain Webster distinguished himself as a patriot and gallant soldier. Immdiately on war being declared he called a meeting of his fellow townsmen and obtained eighty-four signatures to the following pledge which he wrote out: "We do solemnly engage and promise that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." Then at the head of the Salisbury militia he marched to join Washington's army before Boston in 1775, and conducted himself as a gallant and efficient soldier throughout the war.

His first wife having died, leaving him with five children, Captain Webster married Abigail Eastman, a native of Salisbury, of Welsh descent. As his financial affairs had somewhat brightened, the captain was able to bring his new bride to a frame house instead of the little log cabin he had hitherto called home. The new house, long since disappeared, was just a sample of the better class of farm houses of that period. From an old print it appears to have been one story in height with the usual attic, having a door and two windows in front and three windows at either end. The kitchen was added to the rear. On the first floor there were four rooms and the attic was divided into bedrooms. Near the house grew a number of large elm trees, from which it was called Elms Farm.

Captain Webster was a man of distinguished appearance, over six feet in height, of stalwart form and erect military bearing. He had large features with black hair and eyes. He was a man of great firmness, energy, and decision of purpose.

It was at Elms Farm, on January 18th, 1782, that Daniel Webster was born. His brothers and sisters numbered nine, he being the youngest son.

Daniel's childhood years would in all likelihood differ in no rspect from that of other children reared in New England farm homes. His earliest recollections would be of horses, cows, and poultry. One place, indeed, that was a never-ending source of delight to him was the old well which his father had digged when he built his home. It was of considerable depth, and for convenience in drawing water was fitted with a long sweep having a bucket attached in which the cool, clear water was drawn.

Captain Webster's poverty was a source of great regret to himself, because, knowing from his own experience how hard it was for boys to attain success in life without schooling, he was anxious that his children should have an education. Especially did he desire that his youngest son, Daniel, who as a boy was anything but robust, often ailing and sickly, should get such instruction as might fit him for easier work than the heavy labor of the farmer. It was due to this delicacy of health that Daniel's chores were lighter than those of his brothers, and that while they were out in the fields his time was spent with his mother, who became his first teacher.

Mrs. Webster was a woman fitted to be the mother of an illustrious son. With a good education, more than ordinary intelligence, and intense pride in her children, she was ever urging them to noble deeds and high aims. Equally with her husband she was willing to make any sacrifice that the boys should have an education. It is certain that Daniel, he being the youngest and brought more under his mother's direction, gained from her teachings and wise counsels that inspiration which made him eager to study and win success in life. The mother, far more than the father or school teacher, exerts a molding influence on the young.

Salisbury possessed three schoolhouses of the usual rude log house type. There was only one teacher for the three schools, so that each was only opened during four months in the year, and pupils who wished to continue their studies had to go from school to school. The teachers were not men of high attainments; the majority, indeed, were only qualified to teach their pupils simple lessons in penmanship, elementary arithmetic, and English.

Daniel was at once enrolled as a pupil in one of the schools and was most regular in attendance. With his books and dinner pail, the little fellow, hardly more than a child, walked two to three miles to the schoolhouse along bad roads, in all kinds of weather, and even in the midst of winter, then home again in the evening. It may be said that if Webster's parents sacrificed to send the boy to school, Daniel made some sacrifice also. What a contrast between the difficulties in obtaining an education then with the facilities of today; and yet even to walk a few blocks to school along good sidewalks is considered by some parents a hardship for their boys.

Daniel's school days began when he was between three and four, but even at that age, thanks to his mother's teaching, he was able to read. Many years after in a letter referring to his education he says, "I have never been able to recollect the time when I could not read the Bible."

Three teachers are mentioned as having had part in the instruction of young Webster, but it does not appear that any one of them exercised much influence upon him. He was passionately fond of reading and eagerly read every book that came into his hands. These were not laid aside after one reading, but were gone over again and again until memorized. The story is told that one day when Daniel was about eight, he was sent with his brother, Ezekiel, to the village store to make a purchase. His attention was attracted to a large cotton handkerchief with words printed on both sides of it. On asking the storekeeper what the printing was he was told that it was the Constitution of the United States. It is probable that the boy knew what government was, but he did not know anything about a constitution. His interest was aroused; it was reading, and reading matter was scarce. He enquired the price and was told twenty-five cents. Although that sum was the total of his savings, gathered together in hardly won pennies, he at once paid it over and became owner of the handkerchief. That evening, sitting by the log fire, Daniel drew forth his purchase. His father saw it and enquired, "What is that you have, Dan?"

"It is a handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States on it," was the reply.

"What did you pay for it?"

"Twenty-five cents, father."

"Well, well," said Captain Webster, "you might have spent your money more foolishly. It will do you no harm to read the Constitution of your country."

The remainder of that evening was spent in the reading of that Constitution of which he was one day to be the greatest upholder.

Mr. Hoyt was the last of the Salisbury schoolmasters under whom young Webster was a pupil. His ability as a teacher did not extend beyond spelling, simple English and the primary rules of arithmetic. He was, however, a fine penman and a good reader, and as Mr. Webster afterward said, "did teach boys that which so few masters can or will do—to read well themselves." In two years the pupil was as far advanced as was his teacher.

The few books in his home or in the little circulating library of the town, to which young Webster had access, would not be of much interest to the average boy of today. The Bible was, of course, read again and again; then came Shakespeare, Pope, the Spectator of Addison and Steele, and others. Before he was fourteen he could repeat the whole of Pope's Essay on Man. If any of my readers thinks this an easy task let him try it. Poetry, especially the Psalms and church hymns, he also delighted to read and memorize. So well did he become acquainted with the contents of these books, and so retentive was his memory, that there is hardly one of his great speeches which does not contain some quotation from them.

Notwithstanding Daniel Webster's fondness for books and reading, he was very much of a boy, and enjoyed everything in the shape of sport or play that other boys enjoyed. He tells about nutting excursions, hunting squirrels, and swimming; of skating, sledding, coasting and ice hockey. So fond was he of coasting that on one occasion he forgot how extremely cold it was, with the result that the toes of both his feet were so badly frozen as to keep him at home for some time. Wholly interested in his boyish fun, he sometimes was late for school, and once or twice played "hookey," thus calling down a stern reproof from his father, which made Daniel afterward remark: "There was great fun in sliding down hill, but there was not much fun in hearing my father scold, when I staid out of school to enjoy it." Fishing was his favorite sport as a boy, and with his special chum, an old soldier who lived in a little cottage on the edge of Elms Farm, and had a boat, would fish in the Merrimac all day long. He never lost his liking for fishing and hunting. Many stories are told of how, when he had become a great statesman, he put on his old clothes and large boots, and with fishing pole and bait can settled down on the bank of some stream and patiently watched the bobbing of his cork as if grave matters of state and government never existed. It was this open-air life and the vigorous, healthful exercises which he enjoyed that gradually turned the puny, sickly, delicate boy into the strong, healthy, robust man.

A young lawyer named Thomas W. Thompson, who had "hung out his shingle" in Salisbury and become acquainted with young Webster and his love of reading, proposed to his father, who was now called Judge Webster, that the boy should come into his office and keep it open for callers while he was out. The chance this opened of going through Mr. Thompson's bookcase caused Daniel to accept. With the assistance of the lawyer Daniel obtained some knowledge of Latin.

At the age of fourteen young Webster was entered as a pupil in Exeter Academy, the president of which was Benjamin Abbott, LL. D., a man highly regarded as an educator. The old gentleman was exceedingly dignified and pompous, so that interviews with parents and scholars were conducted with great ceremony. On Judge Webster appearing before him with Daniel, the principal, putting on his official hat, said: "Well, let the young gentleman be presented for examination."

The raw young country lad was put forward.

"What is your age?" asked the principal.

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"I will examine you first in reading. Take this Bible and read the twenty-second chapter of Luke."

Let my readers look over this chapter and they will find that no better one could be found to test the powers of a reader. Daniel took the book and began to read in clear, sonorous tones with such exact enunciation, perfect emphasis, and reverent feeling that while but a few verses were generally required as a test, the principal was so absorbed in listening that he allowed the boy to finish the chapter; then Dr. Abbott only said: "My lad, you are qualified to enter this institution."

Daniel was only nine months at Exeter Academy, but so well did he employ his time that he gained a thorough knowledge of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and rhetoric, and also made considerable progress in Latin. This was a course of study ordinarily occupying two school years.

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the world-wide reputation of Daniel Webster as an orator and public speaker, as a boy he could not get up sufficient courage to make a declamation. In one of his writings referring to his stay at Exeter Academy, he says: "I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the whole school. The kind and excellent Buckminster [an assistant teacher] sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it." How well he rid himself of his diffidence or stage-fright, his matchless orations, in the delivering of which he held immense audiences spellbound while he himself was calm and self-reliant, fully tell. It was done simply by application and a strong resolution to conquer; and therein lies the secret of power for boys of today who think because of some slight defect they can never succeed. It is well said that "Nothing can resist a determined spirit."

Young Webster's countrified appearance was the cause of many jibes and sneers from his city schoolfellows, better dressed and more polished in manner, but the ease with which he overtook and passed those ahead of him in his classes speedily turned their ridicule into respect.

Because of poverty Judge Webster took Daniel from Exeter and placed him under the Reverend Samuel Wood of Boscawen, who prepared boys for college, where the charge for fees and board is said to have been as low as one dollar a week. On the way to Boscawen Daniel was told for the first time by his father that he was to go to college. The announcement was so unexpected and so far beyond his hopes that emotion choked him and he could not speak. As he says: "A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept." Think of it, boys! a poor, country lad so overcome with joy at the prospect of more study that he wept! I am afraid that there are many boys today, indeed, I know some, who would receive such news with altogether different feelings.

While Daniel in gratitude for his father's kindness applied himself with the greatest earnestness to his studies, he found it so easy to learn that he had considerable spare time. This he spent out-of-doors, in the fields, in the woods with his gun, or along the streams with his fishing pole. Dr. Wood thought that such outings caused him to neglect his studies, and one day ordered him to prepare and recite one hundred lines of Virgil as a punishment. The boy sat up nearly all night at his book. Next day he recited his lesson with the utmost correctness. "Very well," said the Doctor.

"But," said Daniel, "I can recite more."

"Go on, then," was the reply.

Another hundred lines was recited, and the master complimented him, but the boy said, "I have not yet done," and still another hundred lines were reeled off. At its conclusion Doctor Wood was about to close the book, when he was told, "I have learned still further."

"Pray," said the astonished master, "how much have you read?"

"I can give you another hundred lines and five hundred after that; I can recite to the end of the twelfth book," said the lad.

"I think that will do for today," replied the Doctor; "and, Daniel, you may have all the rest of the day for shooting."

At Boscawen, Daniel first saw Cervantes's book Don Quixote, and in telling about it says: "I began to read it, and it is literally true that I never closed my eyes till I had finished it." Another author he studied with pleasure was Cicero, the greatest of ancient Rome's great orators. In Greek he went through the grammar and could read the Greek Testament. In addition he acquired a fair knowledge of mathematics.

In August, 1797, Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College to become her most illustrious son. He was only fifteen years of age, but he had already resolved to make the most of the opportunity which the loving self-sacrifice of his parents had given him. One of his professors writes: "While in college, he was remarkable for his steady habits, his intense application to study, and his punctual attendance upon all the prescribed exercises."

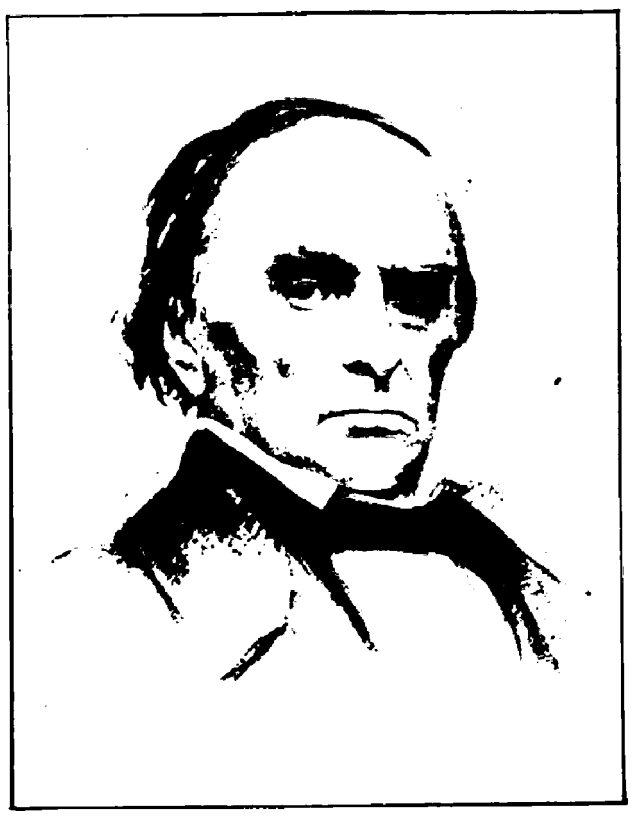
In college, as at Boscawen, Webster's favorite studies were English literature, Greek and Latin. Another branch of study of much interest to him was constitutional history, especially that of the United States. So thoroughly, indeed, did he master this subject that historians call him the Expounder and Defender of the Constitution.

Webster joined "The United Fraternity," the leading college society. In its debates and literary exercises he completely conquered his boyish timidity, distinguishing himself as both a writer and an orator. He was called upon and delivered an oration on The Fourth of July before the members of the college and citizens, which was high honor for a lad of sixteen. It may be of interest to those boys who desire to become public speakers to know how Webster prepared his addresses: "He arranged his thoughts in his mind while in his room or in his private walks, and put them upon paper just before the exercise was called for. He spoke with ease, and his movements were calm and deliberate, except when his feelings were aroused; then his whole soul kindled into flame."

During the winter vacations he taught school in order to defray his own college expenses and assist his brother, Ezekiel, to get an education. He graduated in 1801, being nineteen years of age, and then went to Fryeburg, Maine, to teach school. His salary was only three hundred and fifty dollars, but he saved almost all of it by acting as assistant to the county register of deeds, the money from this work paying his board bill and other expenses.

In September, 1802, Webster re-entered Mr. Thompson's office to study law, remaining there until 1804, when he went to Boston and entered the office of a distinguished lawyer, Honorable Christopher Gore. Here his opportunities for obtaining a wider study of his profession were eagerly seized. Having access to a good library, and being allowed to attend the sessions of the Circuit and Supreme Courts, where he listened to discussions and arguments by the most able counsel, he was in a short time,

(*Continued on page 352.*)



DANIEL WERSTER

TWO THOUSAND SHUT-INS TO HAVE THE AMERICAN BOY



The hand of the clock moved between July 9th and August 8th from $166 to $237.18, showing that between these dates a little over $71 was contributed by the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY and by its publishers to provide shut-in boys with annual subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY. From June 4th to July 9th the jump was $83, showing that during the month just past the boys have not done quite so well as they did in the month previous. Ninety-six boys contributed for the month ending August 8th, the amount contributed being $35.50. To this we add our own contribution of a like sum, making the total jump for the month $71.

We are wondering if we have made a mistake in estimating the liberality of our boy subscribers. We figured that the boys would contribute by the first of next January $1,000, to which we would add our own one thousand dollars, thus making a total of $2,000 that would supply THE AMERICAN BOY to 2,000 shut-ins for a year. But at the present rate we shall fall far short of the figures set.

We hope that with the coming of cooler weather the boys will become more interested in this laudable project and be a little more liberal. There are nearly 250,000 boys reading THE AMERICAN BOY. It does not seem possible that less than 500 of them—which will be the number if the present rate continues—will contribute to such a fund. Those who have contributed since July 9th are the following:

Brice Biggers	.25
Avery F. Olney	.50
Alfred L. Lomax	.25
Philip A. Hayden	.25
Robert Nielsen	.15
John Johnson	.50
Burton McElwain	.15
Paul Hatch	.50
Wm. Schnelle	.05
Fred Richardson	.50
Raymond C. Bowden	.50
Elmer Berry	.10
Robert W. Tompkins	.25
Paul Schaefer	.25
S. H. M. Evans	.15
Clinton Rehnke	.25
Warren Braley	.10
Harlan Troy	.10
Edward M. Bogart	.15
Archie Duffy	.20
Ralph Swallow	.25
Wallace Williams	.10
Marshall S. Loke	.10
Henry R. Berry	.50
Floyd Cary	.25
L. D. Garrigues	1.00
W. M. Black	.10
Harry Elger	.40
Victor V. Vose	.20
Henry D. Oliphant	.50
John Townley	.50
Chas. F. & Louis Soehner	.50
Claude Smith	.10
Arthur Leopold	.10
Earl Van Scoter	1.00
Wesley A. Sprecher	.50
Henry M. Pleune	.25
Seth W. Barnes	1.00
Stephen Decatur Co.	.50
John Ferns	.10
Willie W. Cornelle, Jr.	.75
F. F. Will	2.00
E. W. Hitchcock	1.00
Walter Glass	.20
Wilfred A. Eaton	.25
J. B. Everett	.25
Russell Rising	.25
Homer Ward	.25
Burton Bray	.50
Basil H. Talbot	1.00
Alva L. Reddick	.50
Harold S. Humphrey	.10
W. B. Walker	.25
Stuart H. Decker	.50
Louis McComb	.25
Robert Gookins	.25
Clarence V. Webb	.50
Sherman Tucker	.25
Harry Compher	.25
Harry F. Lett	.25
Geo. Mumford	.20
"A Friend"	.50
F. E. Whittle	.25
Will Hatcher	.10
Walter Zimmerman	.50
J. B. Allen	.50
Earl D. Seltzer	1.00
Herbert Hatch	.10
H. Bottomley	.10
Earl L. Wiener	.25
Prentiss Barrow	.25
Edgar S. Stern	.50
Rufus Von Stein	.25
Russell Johnson	.15
Munro Hughes	.50
David M. Williams	.10
Mason Abbey	.50
Bert J. Treloar	.25
Arthur Waldelick	.25
Andrew Worden	.25
Harry Z. Martin	.25
Gerald R. Butz	.50
Oscar G. Olsen	.50
M. O. Westley	.25
Jas. E. Hoskins	.20
Wm. Baldwin	.50
E. R. Wilson	.50
Frederick Brooks	.15
Malcolm R. Upton	.50
Ledru Higginson	.05
Lloyd Mellor	.50
Kenneth Ramaley	1.00
Abner W. Holmberg	.50
Robert Swanson	.25
Edgar W. Haehnlen	.20
Edgar Schmitter	.50
	$35.50

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THE

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY

ORCHARD LAKE, MICHIGAN

A Really Great School for Boys

Prepares for All American Colleges and Scientific Schools and Fits Boys to Become Efficient Business Men.

IDEAL location, 26 miles from Detroit. Beautiful lake region; ample grounds; fine buildings; honest academic work; genuine military instruction and discipline; a strong and well-balanced teaching force; exceptional musical training; a carefully selected and carefully trained body of cadets; abundant opportunity for school sports on land and water; great attention paid to social life and pleasant relaxation—these are some of the advantages that the Michigan Military Academy offers to parents who are looking for a clean, wholesome, efficient school.

¶ No vicious boy is admitted to the school. No boy will be allowed to remain who is hurtful to the moral welfare of the Academy. But a merely mischievous boy whose effervescent animal life makes him a burden to his home or to his city school finds here wholesome employment, firm but sympathetic control, and an inspiration towards sane, decent, symmetrical growth.

¶ The fruitage of the school is a symmetrical boy: a boy who has learned to obey proper authority, to do his duty, to take care of his body, to cultivate self-respect, to use his brain effectively, to aspire for leadership, to lead naturally and courteously, and to live a good and successful life. The school is non-sectarian but thoroughly religious in its tone. No spirit of proselytism is encouraged or tolerated; but parents may rely upon good, wholesome, refined influences being brought to bear upon their sons.

¶ The physical setting of the school begets contentment and happiness. The equipment of the school is complete. The ideals of the school are high. The cadet corps is composed of manly young fellows. The work of the school is honest and thorough. Every cadet in the school is in athletic trim all the time. The fruitage of the school is sound bodies, clear brains, reliable wills, ambitious and manly men.

¶ **The thirtieth school year opens September 13, 1906.** *For information about the Academy address* **LAWRENCE CAMERON HULL, Head Master.**

Why I am Proud of My State

The prize of $5 for the best essay on "Why I Am Proud of Illinois" was won by Arthur Holch, Gilman, Illinois. As close contestants for this honor came Fred Logan McCleneghan, Burton Fuller, Walter J. Tilton, and John McIntosh.

Nor can we forbear mentioning the following boys, whose essays were particularly good: Bryant E. Judson, Noel L. Havermale, Wayne Calhoun, Robert E. Jacobson, Ernest H. Pool, Ralph A. Clark, Warren H. Halle, Charles P. Eck, Frank W. Foster, Howard Hosmer, Smith Walsh, Dannie O'Brien, Robert Fizzell, Frank Lundell, Arthur R. Thompson, Eugene G. Moody, Glenn W. Dresbach, Carl A. Hartmann, Thomas Huffman, Russell Frazee, Wayne B. Mitten, Harlan C. Wilcox, Harry C. Hummel, Earl Comer, Ralph Otwell, J. Frazier Snyder, Jr., Howe Shoemaker, Frank L. Gilliam, Dresser Rice, Clive K. Raffety, Lewis A. Wallace, Homer E. Shelton, Harry C. McKown, Earl S. Garard, Elmer A. Bierbaum, Morton E. Douglas, Myrle Horney, Ben K. Goodman, Ernest W. Seyster, Jay L. Kraus, Frederic M. Isensee, Harlan R. Johnson, Maurice Born, Walter Hunter, Ralph R. Williams, Ray B. Albright, James Woodard, Ralph Watkins, Harlin Little, John Zapf, Harry H. Balch, Roy E. Harker, Virgil M. Armstrong, Leon Hanna, Knox Johnson, Wilbur B. Pritchard, Daniel Collins, Bruce Robinson, Roy E. Kinsey, Wyman Fulton, Milo Rolph, Gerald Carr, Ledru Higginson, Clyde E. Gray, Leon L. Sherman, Willie Lyons, Grover L. Bauer, Jesse Earl Funston, J. A. Brockway, Jr., Ralph Yakel, Walter D. George, Clarence E. Jamison, Willie Price, Jr., Wm. R. Hinds.

It will be seen from the large number of good essays received that Illinois boys responded manfully to our call for essays, eager to express their pride in their state. Many reasons for being proud of Illinois were given, most of them good ones, as are the following:

Illinois has over 15,000 public schools and 113 high schools, two normal schools and four great universities, of which the Chicago and the Northwestern Universities at Chicago are the most prominent. There is a permanent school fund of ten million dollars, and one million is added to this annually by taxation. More than half the population is engaged in farming, and more land is under cultivation than in any other state. In the output of coal Illinois is surpassed by only one state—Pennsylvania. These coal fields underlie about two-thirds of the surface of the state. The state is partly bounded by two of the great rivers of the United States—the Mississippi and the Ohio. The great representative of the volunteer soldiery, General John A. Logan, was a native of Illinois. He is said to have been the originator of Memorial Day.

Illinois ranks second in the production of corn and oats. Along the river bottoms the soil is of vegetable mold, forty feet deep, and the plowing is very shallow, owing to the richness of the soil. A comfortable and beautiful home for old soldiers and sailors is maintained at Quincy. In the last eight years land in Illinois has advanced in value from $75 and $100 an acre to $150 and $200. The Illinois Steel Company of South Chicago and Joliet is the largest firm of its kind in the world. The first steel rails in this coun- were manufactured in Chicago. Aurora was the first city in the world to light its streets by electricity. About one-sixth of the state is forest, the most valuable trees being the oak, elm, ash, walnut, maple, and hickory. Among the productions of the state are clay, salt, zinc, lead, oil, and limestone. There are over 10,988 miles of railroad, being one-sixth of the total mileage of the United States, and more than is contained in any other state. In the early part of 1906 a British commission came to this country to investigate the schools, and they decided that the schools of Evanston were the best in the country. Chicago, the second largest city in the United States, and the greatest railroad center and stock market in the world, is situated in Illinois. Over thirty roads enter this city, and 1,839 trains enter and leave daily. Here are situated the finest retail department stores and the largest mail order business in the world. The population of the city is nearly 2,000,000. The annual product of the meat packing industry is $300,000,000. Great quantities of clothing, machinery, flour, liquor, and iron and steel products are manufactured in Illinois. A very picturesque spot is Starved Rock, where a company of Illini Indians (the state was named from this tribe) died rather than give up their position and surrender to their enemies. Illinois surpasses all inland states in the value of her fisheries. In times of war the state has done more than her share. She took part in the Mexican War, furnished 260,000 men in the Civil War, and also engaged in the Spanish-American War. The world's Columbian Exposition was held at Chicago in 1893. Hull House, the greatest social settlement in the world, with Jane Addams as its founder, is in Chicago. Illinois contains twenty-five cities whose population is over 10,000, and fifty-seven with a population of over 3,000. The city of Elgin has one of the largest watch factories in the world. President Lincoln lived many years in Illinois, and is now buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield. General Logan was a native of Illinois, and the great General Grant made the state his home. Among the great names of Illinois are the following: Marshall Field, John Hay, Francis E. Willard, Stephen A. Douglas, Senator Shelby M. Cullom, who has served his state in the senate for thirty years, Chief Justice Fuller, and Speaker Cannon.

Many of the essays contained quotations from the state poem, "Illinois," and several boys closed with this verse:

"Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois.
On the record of thy years
Abraham Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois."

WHY I AM PROUD OF ILLINOIS

Prize Essay by Arthur Holch, Gilman, Illinois

The illustrious history of Illinois, the part she played in the War with Mexico, in the Civil War, and in the Spanish-American War, the great men she has produced, her natural resources, her progress in agriculture, manufacturing and education, her inland and lake commerce, and the prosperity and happiness which she offers to her sons, are enough to make any boy proud to claim her as his native state.

The Indian inhabitants of Illinois welcomed the Jesuit missionaries in 1660. However, they soon became discontented, and then began a fight for life between the Indian and the white settlers. Words cannot express the hardships of the pioneers of the state. With these brave men as founders, Illinois has developed into one of the grandest states of the Union.

Illinois furnished six regiments in the Mexican War, and many soldiers in the Civil War, besides illustrious leaders, among whom were Lincoln, our greatest president; Grant, our greatest general; and Generals Logan, McLernand, Oglesby, Palmer, Pope, and Rawlins.

Two-thirds of the surface of Illinois is underlaid by coal, the mining of which is a great industry. There are also vast deposits of limestone and sandstone. It is estimated that the coal fields of this state would supply England with coal, at the present rate of usage, for a hundred thousand years.

The soil of Illinois is very rich, and this, combined with the honest work of our farmers, has given to the "Prairie State" her exalted position as the first agricultural state in the Union, producing annually great crops of grain and vegetables, and much live stock.

I am proud of Illinois' high position as a manufacturing state. No city in the Union makes as much furniture or as many farming implements as Chicago. The various articles manufactured in this city in a year are worth nearly as much as all the goods imported into the United States in the same length of time.

Illinois has more miles of railroad than any other state, and these, together with Lake Michigan and the rivers, make commerce an important industry.

More money is spent on education in Illinois than in any state except New York. Our State University is one of the best schools of the nation. We have five normal schools, the great University of Chicago, Lake Forest University, and the Northwestern University.

For all these things I am proud of Illinois, and yet there is another and greater reason why I am proud of her: Illinois is a state of the United States. We boys of Illinois should not let state patriotism keep us from feeling proud of our country as a whole. We should also remember that much is expected of those who have such advantages as we have. Illinois stands high in education, first in agriculture, near the top in mining, commerce, and all other great industries. Let us see that we keep on improving our state as it has improved in the past. Illinois is a great state. May her name grow greater in the years to come than it now is!

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IOWA NEXT

¶ To the Iowa boy who sends us before September 10th the best letter of not over 500 words, telling us why he is proud of his state, we will give $3; to the boy sending the next best letter, $1.50; to the boy sending the next best, 50 cents. In addition, we will print the first prize letter in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

The American Boy

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THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

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Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to **The Sprague Publishing Co.**, Majestic Building, **Detroit, Mich.**

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.



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.

James A. Lynd, 6362 Overbrook avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the July Tangles.

J. Cuthbert Long, 42 Lenox road, Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the second prize.

Otis Merlin Sisson, The Wizard, Palouse, Wash., wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Sarah Gilles, Harry Elger, Jr., Robert D. Holmes, Jr., F. C. Millspaugh, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Dudley B. Kimball, Marshall A. Eyster, Grady Peerey, Raymond G. Heim, Elmer S. Ruff, William Jarfoe, Harry W. Krug, Arthur L. Diamond, Veator Mendenhall, Leo E. Bourdon, Lester Flory, John Thoen, Oliver Sigurdson (August puzzles sent too late), Noah S. Guengerich (June answers sent too late), Frank Olds, True Bayley. Our thanks to Allert Brager for his photograph.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the September Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by September 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by September 18, to be published in November. Let us make this a Thanksgiving number in real earnest.

Answers to August Tangles

15.

1. r i F l e
2. s k A t e
3. s h R e w
4. h e R o n
5. w h A l e
6. e a G l e
7. s k U n k
8. O t T e r
9. c a M e l
10. m o O s e
11. u m B e r
12. s n I p e
13. m a L m a
14. g r E b e
15. r o B i n
16. q u A i l
17. p o Y o u

Centrals, Farragut, Mobile Bay.

16.

1. F u l l e r t o n
2. B R a g e r
3. S t A n b e r y
4. F e N t r e s s
5. K a t t e r j o h n
6. S C h o e n b e r g e r
7. M i l l e r
8. R i C h a r d s
9. S M i t h
10. S t I f e l
11. V o e L k e r
12. P h i L g r e e n
13. B u l l A r d
14. B u s h N e l l

Zig-zag, Frank C. McMillan.

17.

1. S l a n d e r
2. l I b e r t y
3. h a R m o n y
4. R e d W i n g
5. e m e r A l d
6. c o n s o L e
7. p i q u a n T
8. t i m b r E l
9. r e s e R v e
10. m i s S i v e
11. l a C q u e r
12. j O c u l a r
13. T r i b u n e
14. a T t r a c t

Criss-cross, Sir Walter Scott.

18.

1. K n i f E
2. I d l o T
3. N o t c H
4. G o o s E
5. G c l e F
6. E z b a I
7. O l l e R
8. R o s e S
9. G h o s T

Initials and finals, King George the First.

19.

1. H o o s a C
2. A u r o r A
3. R a d n o R
4. R o m a n O
5. I s m a i L
6. S a v a i l
7. O s s i a N
8. N e t t l E

Initials, Harrison; finals, Caroline.

20.

1. Q u i r i n a L
2. U r a n i A
3. A n d r e W
4. N a p i e R
5. T e r p s i c h o r E
6. R o b e s o N
7. E r i C
8. L a S a l l E
9. L o n g f e l l o w

Initials, Quantrell; eight finals, Lawrence.

21.

1. J e s u P
2. E v o r A
3. R e h a U
4. S e o u L
5. E r i a U
6. Y a t e S
7. C u t c H
8. I o s c O
9. T o k i O
10. Y e l s K

Initials, Jersey City; finals, Paulus Hook.

22. Adams, Alban, Alt, Amos, Ault, Barlow, Beattie, Bechett, Beck, Beckett, Bibler, Brown, Carr, Clark, Cope, Day, Dodson, Fowle, Freer, Haas, Horan, Irion, Jack, Jenison, Jones, Kerr, Lamp, Lee, Lewis, Linch, Lyon, Miller, Mills, Nichols, Olin, Pence, Rhoads, Rohrer, Sears, Seay, Till, Willett. 42.

23.

1. V a t i c a n
2. A l a b a m a
3. C h i c a g o
4. A l l e g a n
5. T o r o n t o
6. I n d i a n a
7. O n t a r i o
8. N u p t i a l

Initials, Vacation.

24.

1. D e n v e r
2. R a l e i g h
3. R i c h m o n d
4. J a c k s o n
5. B o s t o n
6. A l b a n y
7. A u g u s t a
8. B i s m a r c k
9. L a n s i n g

Star path, Vicksburg; number path, Gettysburg; letter path, Adams; Roman path, Johnson.

25.

```
P A S I G                P A S C O
  A L I D A                A L L E R
  S I N A N                S L A D E
  I D A H O                C E D A R
G A N O S A L A D O R E R E
        A V A L O N E
        L A F E R E
        A L E P P O
        D O R P A T
M I N G O N E O T A D A M S
  I D E L L              D E L I A
  N E M E A              A L M A S
  G L E N N              M I A M I
  O L A N D              S A S I K
```

26.

```
B O N D A G E A R L D O M
  T R O O P    P R I M E
    J U G        G N U
      G            C
      A L E        T O P
  S T A I N    C O L O R
P L A S T I C O I N A G E
```

Centrals, Douglas, Lincoln.

27.

```
      S
    T A G
  P R I A M
  T R A N S I T
S A I N T P A U L
  G A S P I N G
  M I A N I
    T U G
      L
```

New Tangles

28. SHAKESPEAREAN INSECTS.

Part of Banquo's last words.



—The Wizard.

29. SEPTEMBER ACROSTIC.

All words are of uniform length. The initials spell a September holiday; the third letters, a playtime that ends in September.

1. Prodigal. 2. A female warrior. 3. To befit. 4. An eloquent public speaker. 5. To confirm. 6. Fastidious. 7. To apply ointment. 8. At a distance. —Arthur L. Diamond.

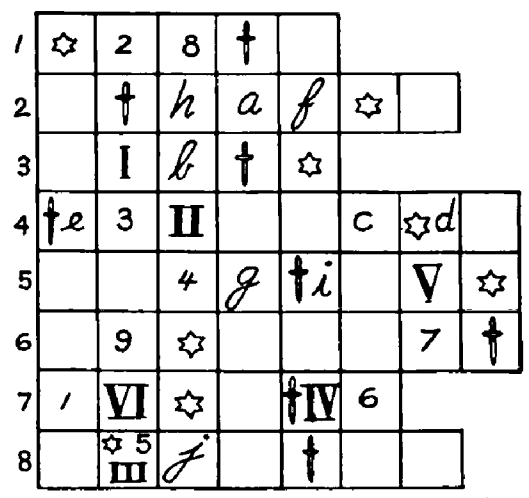
30. STATE INITIALS.

All the words are states. Their initials spell my own state, which is the only one admitted into the union in September.

1. One of the original thirteen states, and the fifth to ratify the constitution. 2. A state admitted in 1819. 3. A state admitted in 1812. 4. A state admitted in 1816. 5. A state admitted in 1845. 6. A state admitted in 1906. 7. The last of the original thirteen states to ratify the constitution. 8. A state admitted in 1867. 9. A state admitted in 1890. 10. A state admitted in 1836. —Elmer S. Ruff.

31. SEPTEMBER HISTORY.

A certain state has given us two martyr presidents, both of whom died in September. Fill the eight horizontal rows of squares with names of certain counties in that state, one letter of each in a square. The star path downward spells the surname of one of these presidents; the dagger path downward spells the surname of the other president. The numbered letters from 1 to 9 in order spell a great naval commander who fought and won a battle on a lake north of the state on a September day, and the name of that lake. The squares lettered a to j in order spell the only state admitted into the union in September. The squares numbered with Roman numerals I to VI in order spell the surname of the only president born in September.



—Dudley B. Kimball.

32. ANAGRAMS.

American cities. 1. Editor T. 2. Know rye. 3. Up last. 4. Rip and drags. 5. Hill had a pipe. 6. A leg lesson. 7. Fringed lips. 8. To Sam Crane. 9. I paid in salon. 10. Aids gone. 11. Grub St. tip. 12. I slip on name. 13. O, to hang a cat. 14. Sit, soul. 15. Omit blare. 16. Say, skin cat. 17. Can is for cans. 18. Moses, dine. 19. Grab on. 20. So pale. 21. Slower, Anne. 22. I wake mule. 23. Nerved. 24. Tan gloves. —Lester Flory.

33. TANGLED TITLES.

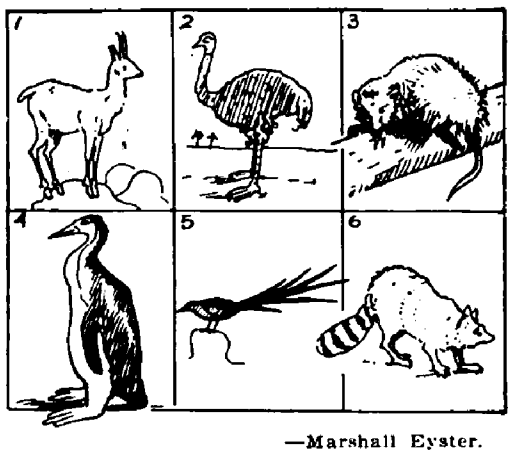
Following are all the words in the titles of eleven stories and articles published in the June, 1906, AMERICAN BOY, but here rearranged into imaginary titles. From these words form the titles correctly as they appeared in the June issue. Then place the eleven titles in such order that one letter from the first word of each will spell the surname of a favorite author for boys, who has a story in the June number.

1. Printer Frank the Jonah. 2. Book Shop Boys. 3. Between Logging Hole an' Iron Camp. 4. The Flag Whale. 5. From My Immortal Uncle. 6. Sportsman Sam's Senate. 7. Premier Young Ran Away. 8. To Camp Ourselves. 9. When de Agent Young. 10. Just in the U. S. 11. From Four to Five.

—John Thoen.

34. MENAGERIE.

The names of the six birds and animals are of uniform length. The initials in the order numbered spell the surname of a famous American author who was born and who died in September.



—Marshall Eyster.

35. NONSENSE HISTORY.

Take one letter from each word in order and obtain an American defeat that occurred in September during the Revolutionary war.

Able armed tattlers tell lately absolutely desultory fictions, brimming over, always elongated, tedious, dry, which ill concern presidents. —Veator Mendenhall.

36. SPORT WITH ADVERTISERS.

Find eight advertisements in the July AMERICAN BOY with the following addresses appended. From the introductory words of each advertisement take the first letter of one, the second of another, and so on, to the eighth letter of the last, and obtain an American outdoor sport played in autumn. The correct order for arranging the advertisements is different from that here given.

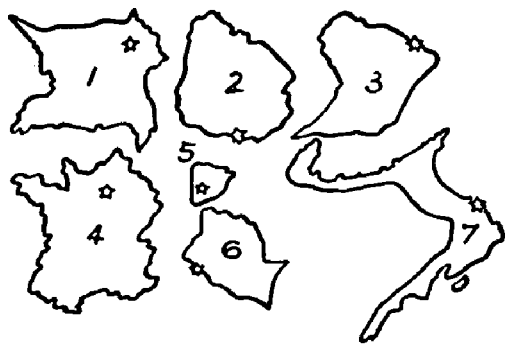
1. C. G. Lloydt, Dept. J, Sayre, Bradford Co., Pa. 2. C. F. Daly, Passenger Traffic Mgr., New York. 3. Cluster Springs Academy, Cluster Springs, Virginia. 4. John McQueen Company, Box 96 B, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 5. New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., New York. 6. Ideal Ink Co., Bridgeport, Conn. 7. Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 60 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana. 8. Fred W. Townsend, Dept. 58 K, Box 305, Rochester, N. Y.

—Raymond G. Heim.

37. HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.

```
1. - - 2 - - - - - - - - -   The maps are out-
2. - 5 - - - - -             lines of countries.
3. - - 1 - - - - - - - - -   The position of each
4. - - - - - 4                capital is given.
5. - - - 6 - - -             Write the names of the
6. - - 3 - - - -              countries as in the dia-
7. - - - 7                    gram and their initials
```

will spell the American city where a shocking deed occurred during a September of the present century; the numbered letters, in order, the place where a president died in September.



—The Wizard.

38. NAVAL BATTLE.

```
1. - - - - - - *   The initials read down-
2. - - - - - * -   ward spell a British war-
3. - - - - - - *   ship captured by John Paul
4. - - - - * - - *  Jones, in September, 1779.
5. - - - - - * - -  The star path read upward
6. - - - - - * - -  spells the name of the cap-
7. - - - * - - -    tain of the British ship.
```

1. A secretary of war under President Lincoln. 2. A celebrated American essayist, lecturer and poet. 3. An American general; secretary of war under President Grant. 4. A son of Hamoleketh (I. Chron. VII). 5. The inventor of railway sleeping coaches. 6. Son of Abram and Hagar (Gen. XVI). 7. A king of England; grandson of William the Conqueror. —Marshall Eyster.

39. GEOGRAPHICAL SLIDES.

Slide the horizontal rows right or left and spell ten foreign countries by vertical rows.

U T E S C I J H
U N H P T G A O
N R P Y A D I O
P L N I A M E T
N A I Y I O S T

—Harold Colegrove.

40. WORDS THAT SING.

Let the words in the first clause sing and they will form those in the second clause. Example: Gray, gracing.

1. A drama; setting in order. 2. A support; sharp. 3. The ocean; stopping. 4. A mongrel dog; profanity. 5. A fairy; opposite. 6. A beam of light; a sport. 7. A vegetable; putting together. —Frank C. McMillan.

Tangle Talk

Many of you have a worthy aspiration to secure publication of illustrated Tangles. This we like to encourage. You have noticed that more often than otherwise the prize winner for new Tangles is the author of a picture puzzle.

Some of our contributors draw well, and occasionally a picture puzzle is received that can be reproduced without calling on our own artist.

While it is not requisite that one should be able to draw in order to win our prizes, to those who find a pleasure in preparing their own pictures ready for the engraver we volunteer this helpful word of advice:

Draw in jet black ink on plain white paper, without ruling, using Bristol board if convenient, and for puzzles to be used in single column width, as most of ours are, make your drawings about twice that size, or say four inches wide. One-half reduction is very satisfactory. Write your name and nothing else on the sheet containing your drawing. Don't shade too much. Never roll a drawing, or anything else. Send it sealed with your letter, and pay full postage.

Originality and cleverness of idea are what secure publication and win the prizes, rather than ability to draw. A good subject is the first essential, and that is found only by patient research and careful thought.

Take The Wizard's Shakespearean Insects, in this issue. While not difficult of solution, it is one of the cleverest finds of many months.

Evidently the author, in reading his Shakespeare, saw the puzzle possibilities in the phrase, and thereupon developed it to send in with his next lot of Tangles. That's the way to do. Watch for possibilities whenever you read the great authors, the bible, or any standard work, and jot down at once the good things you find, to be worked out at your leisure.

Always give your authority for any quotation; for instance, book and chapter of Dickens; book, act, scene and line of Shakespeare; book, chapter and verse of scripture; title, verse or canto and line of the poets. Remember that I confirm every word you send me before I give it to the printer, and your being helpful is essential. You see, I am willing to help you Tangle others, providing you will not try to Tangle me!

A boy sends in a puzzle based on an unknown quotation from Sir Walter Scott. No authority, book of quotations or librarian can locate it. Unless I discard the puzzle I must read all of Scott's works in search of its answer, or take the contributor's word for it, and the latter course is not wise, as some boys skip whole words, punctuation and capitals with such reckless abandon! A word sent in with your puzzle would have told me exactly where to look, and your puzzle might have been printed.

The reason we offer our prize for the best "lot" of original puzzles each month, instead of for the best "one," is because several puzzles sent in at one time increases your chances of securing publication. We seek variety, both of theme and handling. If ten send in acrostics, for instance, on the same subject, nine are almost certain to be doomed to disappointment, as we have no intention of filling the Tangles with one kind of puzzle, nor with puzzles having the same answer. We like some of your puzzles to pertain in some way to the month of publication, but it is not necessary to confine yourself to seasonable subjects. The best way is to send in two or three that are seasonable and a few others that are general, but of your very best, original in idea and clever in treatment. If there are one or two picture puzzles in the lot, so much the better.

From your next lot of original contributions selections will be made for our Thanksgiving issue, and a month later for Christmas. Every Tangler should be able to contribute some seasonable puzzles on these popular themes. Our Thanksgiving Tangles of other years have contained a medley of Governor Bradford, Pilgrim Fathers, Plymouth Rock and turkey dinners. I should like this time to be able to publish the best Tangle on Thanksgiving dinner that we have ever had, and also a good historical treatment of the Pilgrim Fathers, or some of them, handled in your own way. This is an American subject and one that American boys should be full of, literally as to the dinner, and metaphorically as to the Pilgrims Let us have your best.

The mention of Christmas is only a warning. You have a long time to gather your wits together on the yuletide topics, as we will want no Christmas puzzles sent in till a month later, when we will duly call on you for them. Meanwhile, read up your bible and Christmas Carol, and consult Santa Claus for the best things to make the December Tangles full of the Spirit of Christmas.

But the turkey dinners and the Pilgrim Fathers are the immediate subjects for your first consideration. —UNCLE TANGLER.

Corrects Mr. Parsons

Rochester, N. Y., July 28, 1906.

Dear Editor,—I would take exception to the derivation of the word "Arkansas," as given by Eugene Parsons under "Nicknames of the States" in the August number.

"Arkansas" is a corruption of "Arcs-en-sang," a term which characterized certain Indians who painted their bows with the blood of their enemies. There are even now a remnant of these "bloody-bows" among the Sioux.

"Kansas" was originally "Escanzas," the name of a tribe.

No kinship exists between these two.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM BROWN.

DANIEL WEBSTER

(*Continued from page 350.*)

on motion of Counselor Gore, admitted to practice. In Mr. Gore's speech introducing Webster to the bench and bar, "he dwelt with emphasis on the remarkable attainments and uncommon promise of his pupil, and closed with a prediction of his future eminence."

Here, at the entrance of Webster's great career we close this sketch, only stating in conclusion that his renown as a great lawyer, great orator, great statesman did not come by accident or luck, but as the result of earnest, persistent, faithful work pursued with a determination and courage that allowed no obstacle to stand in his way.

SYNOPSIS OF SUBSEQUENT CAREER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

1805 Admitted to Boston Bar.
1813 Entered Congress, serving on Committee of Foreign Relations.
1816 Removed to Boston. Acquired a national reputation as an advocate. One of his greatest speeches was in the Dartmouth College case in which his contention was upheld by the Supreme Court.
1823 Re-entered House of Representatives.
1827 Member of Senate.
1830-1847 Mainly engaged in maintaining the doctrine of federal government sovereignty and supremacy of the Union. Served as Secretary of State under Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore. Settled question of Maine boundary; British claim of right of impressment, and extradition question.
1852 Failed to receive Presidential nomination from Whig convention.
1852 Died, October 4.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

DANIEL WEBSTER
1782-1852

I profess, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union.

OUR SAFETY RAZOR

OFFER EXTENDED TO OCTOBER 1st, 1906

The offer made in our August issue is taking so well that we have decided to extend it to October 1st.

LEARN TO SHAVE YOURSELF

We believe we are doing you a real service in giving you a First-class Razor for so little effort on your part. Form the life habit of shaving yourself.

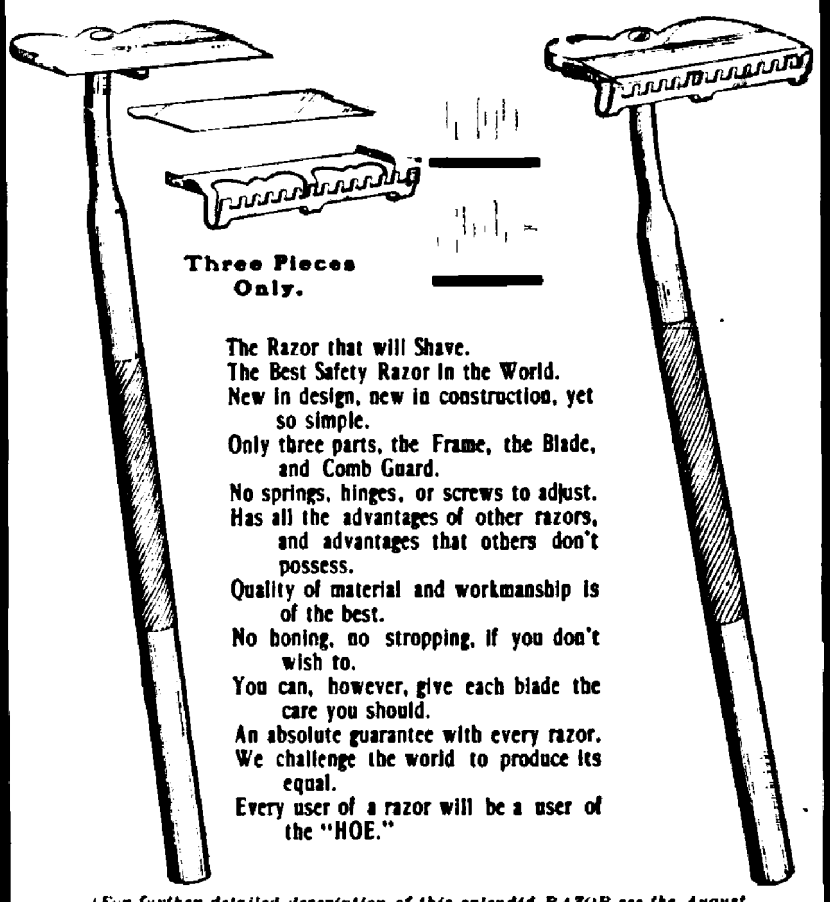
You will save money. Every visit to a barber shop costs 10 to 25 cts.

You will save time—no waiting in stuffy barber shops.

You will not run the risk of contracting dangerous skin diseases.

You will form a habit that is cleanly and one that is a decided luxury.

THE RAZOR WE OFFER YOU IS



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The Razor that will Shave.
The Best Safety Razor in the World.
New in design, new in construction, yet so simple.
Only three parts, the Frame, the Blade, and Comb Guard.
No springs, hinges, or screws to adjust.
Has all the advantages of other razors, and advantages that others don't possess.
Quality of material and workmanship is of the best.
No honing, no stropping, if you don't wish to.
You can, however, give each blade the care you should.
An absolute guarantee with every razor.
We challenge the world to produce its equal.
Every user of a razor will be a user of the "HOE."

(For further detailed description of this splendid RAZOR see the August AMERICAN BOY.)

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(GOOD TILL OCTOBER 1st, 1906.)

If you are a subscriber to The American Boy and will send us one NEW Yearly Subscription (not your own or a renewal subscription) with $1.00, we will send you, postpaid,

ONE HOE SAFETY RAZOR
ONE EXTRA BLADE
ONE NEAT BOX WITH RAZOR STROP ATTACHED

If you are not a subscriber and will send us $2.00, ($1.00 for your own subscription and $1.00 for another **new** subscription) we will send you the outfit free of charge.

PRICE. We will send the outfit to any one, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00. If it is not satisfactory it can be returned and money will be refunded.

You may not need this razor now, but you will in a short time. "In time of peace prepare for war."

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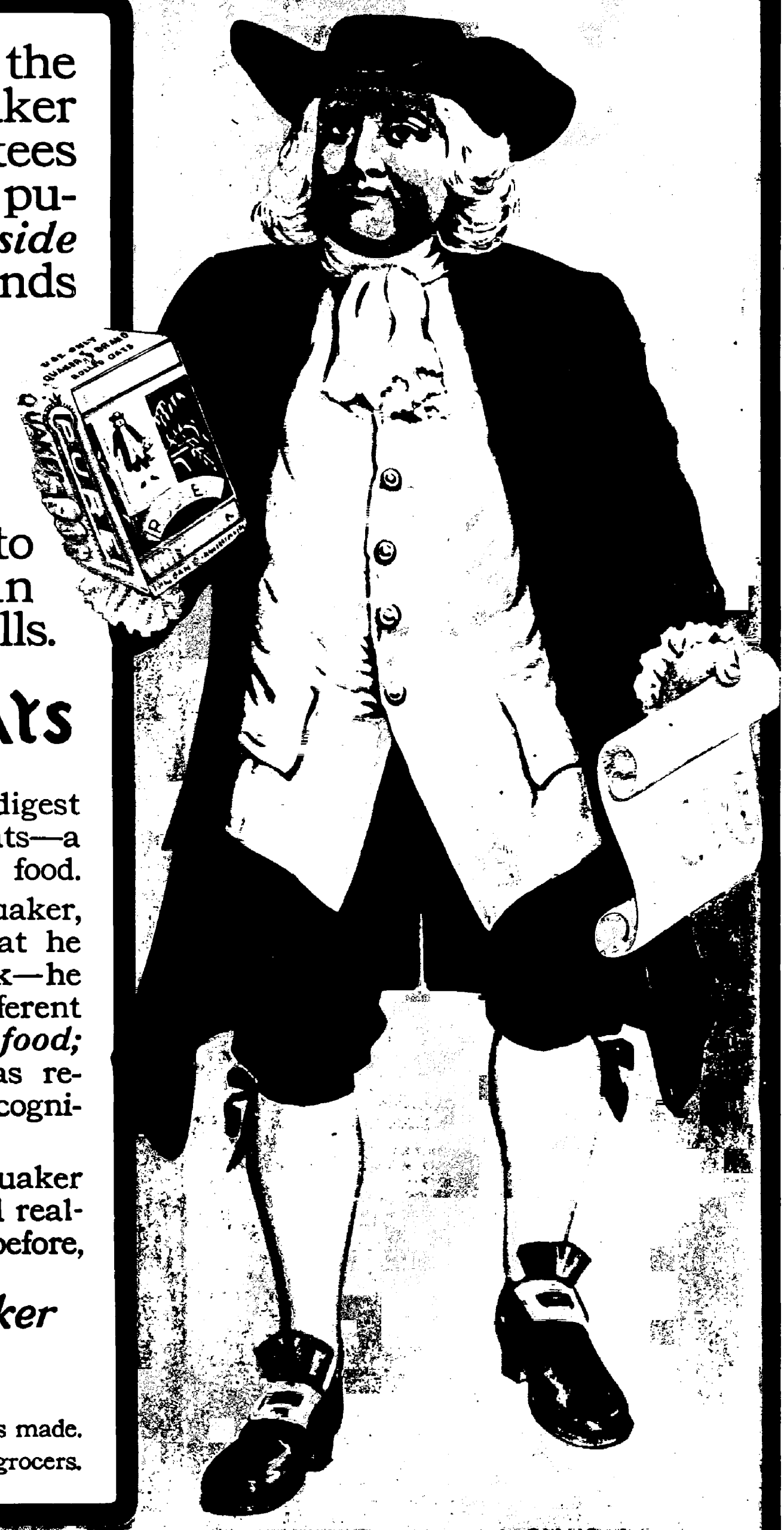

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is easier to eat and to digest than any other rolled oats—a wholesome, satisfying food.

When you see the Quaker, therefore, remember that he is no mere trade-mark—he signifies, not only a different package, but a different *food;* a difference which has received world-wide recognition and approval.

Buy a package of Quaker Oats today, and you will realize if you never have before,

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The best and purest rolled oats made.
Large package ten cents at all grocers.

VOL. VII, Nº XII

THE AMERICAN BOY

OCTOBER 1906



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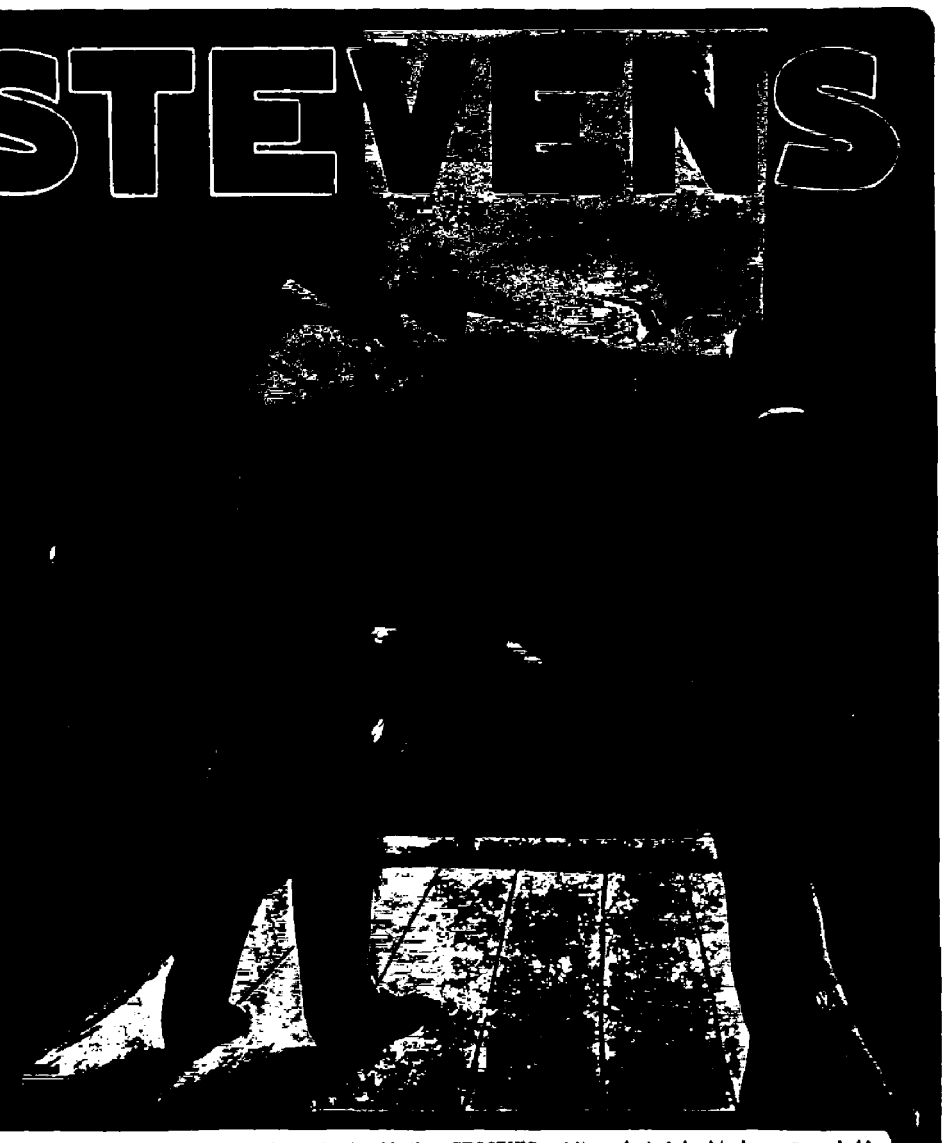

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Published Monthly by The Sprague Publishing Company

ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 7 — DETROIT, MICH., OCTOBER, 1906 — NUMBER 12



PLUPY IN PEACE AND WAR

Or, Chapters From the Lives of Plupy, Beany, Pewt, and Others

A SERIAL STORY BY JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Sequil," "Letters to Beany and Love Letters of Plupy Shute," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

PLUPY was grumpy. There was no doubt of it. Anyone who saw him as he sat on the fence in front of his house, dangling his long legs in the air, or idly drumming his heels on the boards, scowling fiercely at the world, would have known that deep in his heart dwelt a mighty indignation.

The day had begun inauspiciously for him. He had forgotten to split his kindlings the night before, and had incurred condign punishment that seemed to him unjust and wholly out of proportion to the offense.

If his father had whipped him he would have gotten over it long before this. But he had ordered him to stay in the yard all day. And he had promised to go fishing with Pewt and Potter, and Pewt knew where there were some bully perch, old lunkers. He almost wished his father was dead. Anyway his father would be sorry when HE was dead. That was just the way, nothing ever went right. What did he have to split up kindlings for, anyway? Why didn't they come all split?

If people only knew enough to cut down little trees instead of big ones, they would be little enough for kindlings anyway, and it was easier to cut up little ones than big ones. When he was a man he would never make his boy split kindlings, but would buy them all split.

He bet his father would feel bad if he drowned himself. He guessed he would miss him when he was gone. And his mother, too, she might have said something when his father told him to stay in.

He pictured himself lying dead in the river with the boats full of people with boathooks and eel spears, and the banks lined with other pale-faced, scared people, and he pictured himself brought home limp and dripping, and brought into the house amid the cries and groans of his family and the loud self-reproaches of his father, the father that had driven him to this dreadful death.

And he drew so affecting a picture of their unavailing grief, that the tears filled his eyes and a lump arose in his throat as big as the yarn-covered rubber-cored ball in his pocket.

As his swimming eyes roamed wistfully around in search of something to lighten the dreary monotony of staying in the yard all day, they fell on the huge old apple tree whose deep-green leaves stirred slightly in the light breeze, and were dappled all over by flecks of golden sunshine.

Suddenly, a thought struck him, the green apples were just large enough to throw with an elastic switch. "Bully," he would be the first to do it this season. He sprang from the fence and started for the tree. Then a most unusual spasm of obedience struck him. "Mother," he called, "Mother-er-er!" he shrieked, as she did not immediately answer.

"What is it?" a voice replied from the house.

"Kin I plug some green apples with a stick?"

"Why, ye-e-s, I think so," his mother replied, somewhat doubtfully; "only," she continued, "don't throw them at people and don't break any windows."

"All right, mother," he replied, swarming up the tree for a limber switch. The tree, a high old baldwin, was too large for his arms and legs to go around, although they were of abnormal length and thinness for a boy of his age, but as it bent slightly to the east and as there was a cavity about eight feet from the ground, it was climbed in this ingenious manner.

Plupy stepped upon the wooden railing round the currant bushes which was nailed to the tree, from there sprang straddlewise up the trunk until his fingers reached the cavity, where he squirmed and inched and twisted himself along until he reached the bend in the tree whence he could pull himself up by the branches.

When he had selected a suitable withe he found he had left his knife in the house, whereupon he began to yell for someone to bring it out. "Keene, Cele, Georgie," he shouted, until one of the young ladies mentioned, a black-eyed, saucy-looking, round-faced girl, appeared in a blue checkered apron with a dish-cloth and a plate in her hands.

"Whatcher howlin' like that for, Harry?" she asked in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "Whatcher want?"

"Wancher to gwup in my room n' git my jackknife. S'in my linen britches."

"Guess if you want it, you can go 'n get it yerself; I'm washin' dishes."

"Oh, gollong 'n' git it, wontcher, don't be so mean," urged Plupy.

"Go yerself, I won't," said Keene decidedly, turning her back on the suppliant; "I won't."

"Mother-er-er!" shouted Plupy, "can't Keene just gwup and get my knife for me?"

"Why," said that much-wanted woman, "I should think she might."

"Ma, he can go jeswell as I, he hasn't anything to do and I'm jest as busy as I can be," said Keene, attacking a platter with a great splashing of hot water.

"Make her, mother, she jest does it to be mean. I don't believe I can get up here again in a week," said Plupy.

"Come, Keene," said her mother good-naturedly, "run up and get his knife." Whereupon that young lady, with a frown and a defiant swing of her square shoulders, walked upstairs with some rather unnecessary noise, but soon returned saying she couldn't find his old knife.

"T'was right in the pocket of my linen britches," said Plupy; "betcher didn't look."

"Did, too," asserted the young lady.

"Cornelia," said her mother with a warning light in her eyes, "go straight upstairs and bring down Harry's knife."

There was but one reply to this argument, and in a trice "Cornelia" mounted the stairs and returned with the knife, which she tossed indignantly to her grinning brother, who caught it deftly, and jeeringly said, "Ya-ah-ya-ah, had to, didn't yer?"

"Smarty, you wait and see," replied black-eyes, tossing her head and returning to her dishes.

Left alone, Plupy cut a stout but limber switch and carefully trimmed off the twigs and leaves, whistling shrilly a popular band tune. Then he whittled the end to a sharp point on which to impale his projectiles. If he could only harden the end in fire it wouldn't split and would last longer.

There was Sam Dyer's blacksmith shop just across the garden, but then he couldn't go out of the yard. Perhaps, however, Sam would harden it for him. So he dropped his switch to the ground, where he speedily followed it by letting himself down from a bending branch..

Arrived at the boundary fence, he climbed to the top rail and accosted the blacksmith, who was sousing a hot iron in the water trough.

"Mr. Dyer," he said, with more deference than he generally used in accosting that gentleman, "wilyer please hold the end of this stick in your fire a minute, jest to harden it?"

Mr. Dyer looked up with a momentary frown. His experience with Plupy had been somewhat extensive and of such a nature as to put him in a condition of being constantly on guard. But he was an extremely good-natured and simple-hearted man, and his frown was speedily chased away by a cheerful grin.

"Why, in course, in course, sonny, come right over," he said hospitably.



WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SPLIT UP KINDLINGS FOR, ANYWAY?

"No, you do it, I can't come over, gotter stay in th' yard all day," said Plupy, shame-facedly.

"Whatcher bin doin' naow?" queried Sam.

"Didn't split no kindlins las' night."

"H'm, that all?" said the blacksmith, leaning his smutty arms on the fence, "didn't know but yer'd bin breaking winders er ringin' doorbells er suthin like that."

"No, honest now, 'twan't nothin' but jest that," affirmed Plupy; "hope to die and cross my throat," he added, drawing his fingers crosswise over his skinny neck, which with boys was then and may possibly be now the most solemn oath possible.

"Well," said Sam, "gimme yer stick an' I'll singe it for ye," and he obligingly did so, returning it with the point in quite a delightfully adamantine condition.

Plupy, in great elation, thanked him and ran back to the apple tree, where he filled his pockets with hard, green apples of about the size of bantams' eggs. Then choosing one, he tentatively bit it, made a wry face and spat. It was sour and bitter. Then, impaling it on the point of his withe, he lightly swung it into the air to try its temper, then gave it a throwing motion with all the strength of his arm.

"Whoof!" sang the withe as it cut through the air. Away went the apple with an audible hum, leaving the point at just the right moment. Away, away it soared, ascending for an incredible distance, where it passed out of sight among the trees.

Another was tried with equal success. The third left the point too soon and ascended perpendicularly until it was lost to sight, then fell in the next yard. Plupy forgot all his troubles; he was happy. But whenever a boy has anything to throw projectiles with, be it a bean-blower, pop-gun, blow-gun, bow-'narrer, arrow-rifle, or slingshot, some sort of a target is necessary for perfect enjoyment.

And so, after trying long distance shots for awhile, Plupy began to look about for something to hit. He soon found it. Across two gardens, nearly one hundred yards away, sat two men on a fence. They had been hired to work in a neighbor's garden, but in the absence of that neighbor they were improving their time by political discussion. The fact that they were doing wrong by neglecting their employer's work was no reason why Plupy should seek to even up matters by using them as a target.

But so he did, but with poor success for awhile. The shots went like lightning, but wide of the mark. At last Plupy began to get the range, and finally, to his intense delight, a hard, round apple took one of the disputants a prodigious thump on the back of the head.

In an instant he sprang from the fence with a whoop, and came charging toward the place from which the missile had come, pouring out blasphemies and threats. Plupy dodged behind the fence and dived into the barn to a hiding place near a small window, through which he could see Old Seth Tanner's performance, which was that frantic gentleman's name. Across the street came Skinny Bruce and Tady Finton, whistling and wholly unconscious of approaching doom.

Seeing the enraged Tanner charging them with horrid curses, they stopped not to argue the matter or to inquire his intentions. His warlike demonstrations were enough. They fled; he followed. They crawled under the fence; he jumped over. They dived under a big beach wagon standing in front of the blacksmith shop; he was compelled to go around, and fell over the pole, which, while it added fresh fuel to his wrath and fresh fluency to his vocal attainments, gave them a few rods start, and though he rose and followed, cursing, he never had a ghost of a show of overtaking them.

As he passed from sight and his frantic invectives died away in the distance, Plupy came forth from his hiding place, where he had been rolling in convulsions of sinful mirth, hunted up his withe, got a fresh supply of green apples and watched for new game.

An occasional shot at a dog or cat kept time from dragging too heavily, but were barren of result. At last, however, a glorious opportunity came. Old Si Smith's big white dog came trotting along the road. Now, old Shep was a rather savage old brute and the boys gave him a wide berth. But this opportunity was too good to be lost, and Plupy, hastily impaling the hardest and best apple he had, took aim and let drive with all his strength, intending to give the unconscious animal a most tremendous thump.

Alas! the furious energy of the stroke dislodged the apple a thought too soon, and, instead of striking the dog, it flew a bit high, and went through the window of the blacksmith shop like a bullet from a gun, causing in the breast of the honest and well-meaning blacksmith sentiments of keen astonishment, profound sorrow and righteous indignation.

In a trice he had doffed his leather apron, rolled down his sleeves and sallied from his shop to lodge a complaint at the door of Plupy's house, to which citadel that prudent youth promptly retired at the first jingle of flying glass.

"Now, Mrs. Shute," said this much-tried individual, "I don't think it jest right. This tarnal son of yours got me this mawnin' to fix him a stick for firing apples, 'n' what duz he dew but go a-firin' rocks right thro' my winder. Naou, I've got to jes' go 'n hire sum un to mend that winder, 'n' pay 'em fifteen cents, jes' likes not. Naou, whaddier think on't?"

"Well, Mr. Dyer," said that much-enduring matron, kindly, "I am quite sure Harry did not intend to break your window, and especially after your kindness to him. I think if he was intending to break a window he would not do it quite as near home," she added. "Harry," she called, "come down here."

Plupy reappeared, having been leaning over the banisters listening with all his ears, and now began to justify his mother's confidence by vociferous explanations.

"Honest now, mother, I didn't mean to plug his window. I was jest letting ding at old Si Smith's dog, 'n' it slipped, 'n' went through Sam's window."

"Mr. Dyer," she corrected quietly.

"Yess, 'um, Mister Dyer," hastily assented Plupy.

"Wa-a-a-l," said the mollified blacksmith, "I spusso. I seen that air dog, 'n I wuz jes a-goin' to fire a rock at him myself. In course ye'll pay fer my winder, Mrs. Shute, s'longs Herry broke it."



AN OCCASIONAL SHOT AT A DOG OR CAT KEPT TIME FROM DRAGGING TOO HEAVILY

"Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Dyer; how much will it be?"

"Wa-a-a-l," he drawled, making a mental calculation, "seems sough a feller had orter to git 'bout twenty-five cents for gettin mos' scart to death 'n' hevin' a winder broke."

"That is certainly reasonable, Mr. Dyer," said Plupy's mother, handing him a ten and fifteen-cent scrip. It will, of course, Harry, come out of your cornet money, and will, I hope, teach you to be more careful," she continued, whereat Plupy looked very much disgusted, as the accumulation of a fund sufficient to purchase a cornet had been the darling ambition of his young life.

All interest in life had now departed, and he listlessly dragged his shambling length to the front fence and slowly climbed on the top rail, where he sat moodily dangling his legs and musing upon the dreadful accumulation of disappointments and outrages to which he was peculiarly subject. Life was hard indeed. Other fellows had luck; he didn't.

As he sat there in moody silence, Pewt and Potter, returning from their fishing trip, jubilantly hailed him and held up each a string of kivers and small perch, with a few under-sized pickerel.

"Ya-ah, Plupy," roared Pewt derisively, "thotcher was goin' with us."

"Huh, couldn't; father made me stay in 'cause I didn't split my kinlins," said Plupy resentfully, glowering at the remembrance of his wrongs.

"That's too bad, Plupy," said Potter sympathetically.

"That's so, Plupy; your old man's meaner 'n tripe. I heard old man Collins say he cheated him and he had orter be hung."

Now, Plupy, however indignant he might feel with his father in his own small bosom, did not propose to allow his good name to be traduced, and he promptly called Pewt a liar, who instantly retorted that Plupy was another, and that his father was a bigger one. Plupy, although he might have passed over the personal application of the term, could not forgive it as applied to his father, and flopped from his perch and assumed a ludicrous posture of offense, with one arm extended and one crossed over his chin, the middle joints of his third and little fingers projecting beyond the others, which was supposed to give a cutting edge to his fists that nothing but brass knuckles could exceed.

Pewt promptly dropped his pole and string of fish and threw himself into an attitude of defense, doubling his fists more tightly than Plupy, but projecting the middle joint of the second finger, a proceeding which was popularly supposed to be very conducive to black eyes.

At these warlike demonstrations, several stable loafers and hostlers, who had been dozing in the sun in front of the stables, woke up and urged the boys, who were warily circling around each other, to sail in. As this encouragement did not precipitate matters, some one pushed Plupy violently into Pewt, who received him with vigorous punches. The fight was on. Plupy swung his arms like the spokes of a wheel. Pewt delivered side-winders, rib-roasters and semi-circular digs. They clinched, writhed, twisted and fell, Pewt uppermost.

Plupy's legs wildly waved in the air, vainly seeking purchase, then doubled under him. His stomach rose like a bow, there was a violent twist and Pewt was turned. But he squirmed out and they half rose, punching, pulling hair and twisting like eels; down they rolled off the sidewalk, Pewt again underneath, but they were pulled apart by more scientific bystanders and told to stand up like men.

At it they went, each one apparently trying to put in as many blows in a given time as he could, a clinch, a twist and a fall. Again they grovel in the dust. Plupy tries to pull out every spear of Pewt's stringy and copious thatch; Pewt tries to obliterate all signs of humanity from Plupy's freckled countenance.

It looked as if both would be successful, when suddenly there was an abrupt change of sentiment in the crowd, and old Mike Hartnett, who had been the most active in egging on hostilities, tore them apart with stern reproaches, just as Plupy's mother appeared, called from the duty of putting to sleep a wakeful baby by Keene's staccato shrieks of "Harry's a-fightin', Harry's a-fightin'," and took forcible possession of the most demoralized youth imaginable. His jacket was covered with dust and dragged over his head, one leg of his trousers pulled to his knee, his hair standing every way, his mouth swollen and his face scratched.

Pewt was also in the most astonishing condition possible, and looked as if he had been shaken up in a corncracker.

Plupy was hurried to the house by his horrified mother, notwithstanding his protestations and excuses, and sent to his room to spend the rest of the day in solitary confinement. He felt that this was unjust, but he recked not of injustice. He had played the man, and the deep and unspoken satisfaction that comes of a duty well done welled up in his breast and filled him with a sweet elation.

But he soon began to be uneasy. He was imprisoned. The outside world never before seemed so beautiful, so alluring. It seemed as if he must get out. He would. He listened. Everything was quiet about the house. Keene and Cele had gone over to Lucy Watson's, Georgie was in Aunt Clark's side of the house. Frankie and Annie were taking their afternoon naps, and the soft creak of his mother's rocking-chair, as she sung the baby to sleep, was the only sound in the house.

Outside the rhythmic tink-tink of the blacksmith's hammer was heard. He rose and peered out of the window. Nobody in sight. If he could only get down the back way, but his mother would see him. The front stairway led by his aunt's room. If he only had a rope he could let himself out of the window like Tom Bailey in the Story of a Bad Boy. There used to be a clothesline in the back closet. He tiptoed into the entry and back to the closet. "Bully," it was there, two long pieces. He would take both, to be sure. Back he went to the chamber and stealthily let them out of the window. Either was long enough.

(*Continued on page 358.*)



SHE BEHELD HER GRACELESS AND DRIPPING SON CLIMBING OUT OF THE RAIN BARREL

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF A STOLEN HORSE.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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FOR a quarter of an hour Andy listened to the shooting in the distance and worked upon his bonds at the same time. No one had remained to watch him, and if there was any way by which he could liberate himself he meant to do it. He had no desire to languish in a Northern prison. He knew well enough how Union soldiers were treated down South and he imagined that Confederates up North fared no better.

"I must get away—that's all there is to it; eh, Firefly?" he muttered between his set teeth, and Firefly shook his wet mane vigorously as if to agree with his master.

The soldier who had bound Andy had done his work in a hurry and in a bungling manner, and soon the young soldier found himself free. But he was still "in the woods," physically and mentally, and to get out was likely to prove a dangerous if not impossible bit of work. He was nearly in the center of the island and surrounded by a guard which was more than ever on the alert.

But there was one thing in his favor: the soldiers who had made him their prisoner were looking away from the island instead of towards the interior. Consequently, no matter how he turned, he was sure to come upon the guards from the rear.

His mind was soon made up as to what course to pursue. He would move to the lower end of the island with Firefly and trust to good luck to reach the water, where the swift current might carry him and his animal out of the reach of the enemy's firearms.

Had it been quiet he would never have proposed to take Firefly along, much as he would have regretted leaving the beast behind. But the rattle of the musketry drowned out all ordinary sounds, so the hoof-strokes through the brush and over the rocks counted for nothing.

In a few minutes he found himself within sight of the rushing and rolling river. Down near the water's edge was a fringe of bushes, and here he saw two soldiers at one point and a single soldier at another. He had picked up a stout club as he moved along, and with this ready for use, he made a short detour and came close to the shore of the island and less than a dozen feet from where the single guard was standing, his body bent forward and his eyes taking in the doings on the bluff beyond.

At that moment Firefly, with his nostrils still trickling from his bath, let out a warlike snort, as though ready to do battle. Instantly the guard straightened up, to see what had caused the disturbance. But before he could turn Andy was upon him. There was a quick shove, the start of an exclamation, and then a heavy splash, as the Union soldier fell headlong into the stream. As he went down he let fall his gun and this the young Confederate saved and appropriated.

Having disposed of the guard thus readily, Andy did not lose a fraction of time. Long before the Union soldier had regained the surface of the river, he was in the saddle and urging Firefly once again into the stream. The brave horse shied at first and Andy's heart leaped into his throat. "Go, Firefly, go!" he cried, and Firefly went with a leap and a splurge which carried him twenty feet from the shore.

As they descended into the water Andy remembered the other guards he had seen and instinctively withdrew behind Firefly that they might not discover him. He heard two shouts.

"What's up, Markham?"

"Hang me if the horse hasn't run away!" came in reply.

"But I heard two splashes."

"So did I, come to think of it. Hullo, Graves!"

To this there was no answer, for Graves was floundering in the water, too bewildered to save himself. He came up with a great splutter.

"Save me!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak. "Save me! I can't swim!"

"Can't you wade ashore?" queried one of his companions.

"No, it's too deep. Save me, Markham! Don't let me drown!"

"I will," was the ready answer, and without hesitation the Union soldier plunged into the cold water and started after his companion.

In the meantime the third soldier had made an important discovery. Andy was trying to swim beside Firefly and keep the gun above water at the same time, and now he exposed his hand and a portion of the stock of the firearm. Instantly the soldier took aim and fired, and the bullet struck the gun squarely, knocking the weapon from the young Confederate's grasp and nearly paralyzing his hand and arm for the time being.

There was now nothing left to do but to get out of range with all possible speed. Andy felt that the guard would reload and would then either fire at himself or the horse. If Firefly was killed he would have to swim along alone, thus exposing himself to an open attack.

"On, Firefly, on!" he cried, and the noble beast seemed to understand. Fortunately, he was used to the water and could swim fully as well as his master. On they went, the swollen stream sending them first towards one shore and then the other.

By this time the battle upon Ball's Bluff was drawing to a close. The gallant but reckless Colonel Baker had been shot and killed, and this, added to the galling fire poured in by the Confederates stationed in the woods upon three sides of the clearing, threw the Union men into confusion. With fearful loss they came tearing down the uneven path leading to the water and shoved off in their flatboats for Harrison Island. The enemy followed them up, and many a poor soul was sent to eternity before the island or the opposite shore could be gained.

The turn of the tide of battle took the attention of all of the guards left on Harrison Island, and from that moment Andy was forgotten by those left behind. But the Confederates on the bluff saw him



ANDY FOLLOWED ON FOOT, LEADING FIREFLY BY THE BRIDLE

and thinking him a Union man fired at him several times—shots that did no damage, but which made him feel very uncomfortable.

In a few minutes more the feet of the horse struck upon a sandy and rocky bar and instinctively Firefly followed the high bottom shoreward. It led to the northern bank of the Potomac to a spot thickly covered with hickory trees.

Feeling himself safe for the time being, Andy dropped upon a rock utterly exhausted. He was chilled to the bone and more than wet, for his cavalry boots were filled with muddy water. Taking off the boots, he emptied them, and then wrung out his coat and cape, and dashed the water from his hat.

"Well, Firefly, what next?" he asked, half aloud, when a crashing in the brush behind him caused him to start. He turned quickly, to find himself face to face with a short, broad-faced, and not unpleasant-looking negro. The darky wore a suit of cast-off army clothing of gray, from which every C. S. A. had been carefully stripped.

"Wh—what—how de do, massa," he stammered, as he came to a sudden halt.

"Are you alone?" queried Andy, quickly.

"Yes, massa."

"What are you doing here, running away?"

"Oh, no, massa," was the quick reply; but by the way the negro's eyes dropped before Andy's sharp gaze the youth knew he was lying.

"Are there any soldiers near here?" was the young Confederate's next question.

"No, massa; leas'wise, I ain't seed none."

"Any house close by?"

At this question the negro hesitated.

"Da is a cabin over yander, massa. But da ain't nobody dar but an ole woman most unable ter do anyt'ing."

"Show me the way and I'll make it right with you. What is your name?"

"Tom, sah, Tom Crosby."

"And where do you belong?"

"About ten miles north o' yere, massa."

"Well, Tom, take me to the cabin at once. And mind, we are not to be surprised by any Union soldiers, do you understand?"

"Yes, massa; ain't no sodgers in dese parts, massa."

The negro moved back, along a well-defined trail, and Andy followed on foot, leading Firefly by the bridle. The young Confederate knew only too well that he was upon the enemy's soil and upon dangerous ground, but for this there was no help. Crossing the river was impossible just now, and he was chilled to the marrow and felt he must have a chance to warm himself and dry his clothing if he wished to avoid a dangerous spell of sickness.

A distance of two hundred yards was covered, and they emerged upon a small clearing, in the center of which stood a log cabin built of wood with the bark left on, and having at one end a broad stone chimney. Smoke was curling from the latter, a most welcome sight to the shivering youth.

Without waiting, the negro led the way inside of the cabin, where a woman who looked to be at least seventy years of age was huddled before the open fireplace, smoking a black-looking clay pipe, filled with "tar heel" tobacco. She looked in amazement at the intruders.

"Thought you wasn't comin' back?" she cried, to the negro.

"Dis gem'man made me come," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"My horse and I fell into the river, madam," answered Andy, "I wish to warm myself and dry my clothing, that is all. And if you can furnish me with a bowl of hot coffee or something like that, I'll pay you for it."

"Humph!" The old woman took several long puffs at her pipe. "Ain't got no coffee in the house."

"You have tea, then?"

"I reckon I have, but—"

"I'll take a bowl of tea. Anything so long as it's warm. Tom?"

"Yes, massa."

"Will you rub down my horse and see if you can stir up something for him to eat?"

"Yes, massa."

"I see there is a shed over to the left. Put him in there."

"Yes, massa."

The negro hurried out, and watching him, Andy saw him do as directed. The old woman had meanwhile bestirred herself and set her kettle to boiling. She saw that he was a Confederate soldier, but this caused her no anxiety, for she was too old, and lived too near the border line, to take a stand in the great controversy.

It was now growing dark, and the distant firing had almost ceased. Deeming it improbable that any of the Union force would come to that immediate neighborhood, Andy proceeded to make himself as comfortable as possible before the fire, which soon blazed up red-hot from the extra chunks of hickory thrown upon it. In an hour he was fairly dry, and by that time he was served with tea, corn dodgers and some baked sweet potatoes. The old woman also offered him a drink of whisky, probably of the "moonshine" variety, but this he declined.

"Tom is a Virginia nigger, isn't he?" asked Andy, during the process of the meal.

"I reckon he is——" began the old woman, and suddenly stopped. Andy waited for her to go on, but she would say no more. The young Confederate, however, felt that his surmise was correct. Tom was a runaway slave, bound North.

Andy had taken a position near a window overlooking the shed in which Firefly had been placed, that he might make sure his horse was not tampered with, for he did not intend to trust the negro too far. He saw Tom working away vigorously, with the shed door open. Presently he turned away for a moment, and when he looked again the shed door was closed. He thought nothing of this just then, but soon a dim suspicion that all was not as it should be crossed his mind.

He had just been counting out some money for the old woman. Throwing the scrip upon the table, he caught up his hat and darted out of the house. In a minute more he was at the shed door and kicked it open. A groan of dismay escaped him. There was another door on the opposite side of the shed. This door stood wide open, and Firefly and the negro were gone!

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHASE AND A CAPTURE.

"That negro has outwitted me!"

Such were the bitter words which arose to Andy's lips as he burst into the shed. He did not remain in the rickety building long. A single bound took

him to the opposite doorway, and looking along the woody trail beyond, he discerned the shadowy forms of horse and rider not a hundred yards distant.

Andy was a fair runner, and feeling that he must regain his steed at any cost, he ran forth at the top of his speed along the trail, which sloped gradually upward into the state of Maryland. He forgot all about being in the enemy's territory. He was going to have Firefly back, or know the reason why.

At first he had thought to yell to the negro to halt, but prudently remained silent, feeling the thief would only endeavor to increase his speed on discovering that he was being followed. On he went over sticks and stones, until, his foot catching in the exposed root of a pine tree, he fell headlong, with a loud crash.

The noise reached the negro's ears and he swung around in the saddle. Catching sight of Andy, he began to urge Firefly on by words and blows, new to the horse, and which the gentle beast hardly comprehended. In the meantime, Andy scrambled up as quickly as possible.

"Stop!" he called. "Stop, you thief!"

"Yo' go on back!" returned the negro. "Doan yo' know de Yankees is jest above dis yere trail?"

"I don't care—you're not going to steal my mount in this fashion," returned Andy, determinedly. "You're a runaway nigger, and if you don't stop I'll put a bullet through you."

And as he spoke the young Confederate drew his pistol, which he had taken from the holster on turning Firefly over to be fed and rubbed down.

"If yo' shoot de Yankees will be down on yo' afo' yo' kin turn yo'self," answered the negro, but his tones showed that he was much disturbed. Again he urged Firefly forward, and bent low, to escape the expected shot.

The pistol was indeed ready for use, freshly loaded, and Andy would certainly have fired had the chance of hitting his mark been a good one. But the light was uncertain, the rough road made Firefly bob up and down continually, and he was afraid he might wound the very animal he had come to save.

At last a bright idea struck him. Stopping short, he took a deep breath.

"Whoa, Firefly! Whoa, old boy!" he called, with all the strength at his command.

The faithful horse heard and pricked up his ears. Then, when Andy called again, he suddenly came to a dead stop.

"Git on, yo' lazy hoss, git on!" screamed the negro, but in spite of a beating, Firefly refused to budge, for Andy kept calling to him to whoa, and ran up closer and closer. At last, seeing he was beaten in his attempt to steal the animal, the negro slipped from the saddle and darted off among the trees.

"I'll git dem Union sod'gers after yo' in no time!" he sang out as he disappeared. "I dun racken yo' won't nebber see Virginy no mo'!" and then off he crashed; and that was the last Andy saw of him.

Once again in the saddle, Andy did not deem it advisable to remain in the vicinity long. The Union soldiers, if not close at hand, were certainly not far off, and it was barely possible the negro might keep his word and send them down upon him. He turned Firefly on the back trail and urged the faithful beast on as rapidly as the nature of the uncertain ground permitted.

Reaching the cabin again, he found the old woman at the doorway, still smoking her pipe.

"Got back your hoss, eh?" she said. "That nigger is a sly one."

"I want to cross the river," returned the young cavalryman. "If you can furnish me with a flatboat I'll pay you well for its use."

"I ain't got no flatboat. But I'll tell you where to git one—up to Lemming's. There's a flatboat there—up in the creek."

Further conversation revealed the fact that Lemming's was nearly an eighth of a mile down the Potomac. Lemming was a plantation owner, and used the flatboat to ferry hay and other commodities from one shore to the other—or at least he had used it before the war put an end to such usage. The old woman was certain Lemming was off to the war and nobody was home but his wife and her two daughters.

Tipping the elderly female handsomely for her information, Andy continued on his way, feeling that the darkness of the night would greatly aid him in escaping from the enemy's country. A well-defined trail led along the Potomac, and in a short while he found himself at the bank of the creek or inlet where the flatboat was supposed to lie.

For some time he could learn nothing of the craft, and he was thinking seriously of venturing to the distant farmhouse for information, when he caught sight of the flatboat, drawn up among a number of tall bushes. To get the craft afloat was no mean task, but finally it was accomplished, and he moored her where Firefly might readily step on board. The horse was at first unwilling to do this, and it took loud and repeated urging to make the animal budge.

To guide the boat across the stream there was a broad oar to be used as a rudder. Andy had just taken up this oar and was preparing to shove off from the bank of the inlet when the sharp click of a rifle trigger caught his ear.

"Halt there!" came the command, and a short, stout Union soldier stepped into full view from behind a tree. He had a very red face, red hair, and a red beard, and his tone of voice was unmistakably that of an Irishman.

"Sthand where yez are," he went on, as Andy looked at him crestfallenly. "Have yez the countersign?"

"Potomac," said Andy, on a venture.

"Wrong, me laddybuck, it's not Potomac, nor president, nor potatoes, nor nuthin loike it. Yez are my prisoner. Oi was after watchin' yez fer tin minutes an' wondherin' what yez was up to. Sthep ashure now an' kape quoit till Oi call the guard."

"But I'm not an enemy, I'm a friend," began Andy.

"Yez is a Johnny Reb an' nuthin' else; Oi kin see it stickin' out all over yez—not to spake of the uniform yez is afther wearin'. Sthep out, Oi say!" and the rifle was pointed at Andy's head.

There was nothing to do but to obey. As Andy stepped ashore Firefly started to follow, but the young Confederate shoved him back. This caused the flat-bottom boat to wobble, and in a second more she was adrift and heading for the river.

"Sthop that boat!" roared the Irish picket, but when Andy started to obey the Union soldier caught him by the shoulder.

"No, yez don't!" he cried. "You sthay roight here. Corporal of the guard, it's Tim Moriarity wants yez! Picket numbher siven!"

The last words were delivered with all the strength of the Irishman's lungs. He was a new recruit, having been mustered in but a week previous, and he felt he had made a most important capture. He continued to hold Andy, meanwhile leaving his musket fall to the ground.

As soon as the weapon went down, the young Confederate planted his foot upon it. This accomplished, he pulled out his pistol and aimed it at the picket's head.

"Let go—unless you want me to fire," he said, in a low but earnest tone.

"Saints preserve us!" howled Tim Moriarity. "Don't yez shoot me! don't!" and releasing Andy he leaped behind the nearest tree for protection.

The alarm had now sounded, and from across the plantation clearing the young Confederate saw half a dozen Union soldiers approaching on a run. They were all armed and one called to the picket to know what was up.

"It's a Johnny Reb!" yelled the Irishman. "He was afther thryin' to murdher me, so he was!"

"There he is; I see him!" cried the under-officer, who accompanied the squad. "Halt, or we fire!" he commanded.

By this time Andy was in the water of the inlet, wading as rapidly as possible after the fast receding flatboat. He had just clutched the rudder-lock when several reports rang out and he felt himself struck in the shoulder. A pain like that of a thousand needles shot through his body, his grasp relaxed, and then he knew no more.

It was not until several hours later that he came to himself. At first he knew nothing, but that he was lying on a soft and warm couch in a dimly-lit room, and that there was a faint murmur of voices around him. Then he saw the faces of a kindly-looking woman and an elderly man, as both bent over him.

"Will he live, surgeon?" asked the woman.

"I think so. But the poor fellow has had a narrow escape," was the reply of the medical man.

"A narrow escape, indeed, to be shot and then half drowned. And he is so young, too; why nothing but a boy, one might say."

"Certainly young for a cavalryman, Mrs. Lemming. But then, you see, these Southerners are all crazy to fight, boys as well as men. Can I leave him here for the present, or shall I send down a stretcher and have him removed?"

"No, no; leave him here for the present. It might prove fatal to move him. I will do my best for the poor boy."

"I don't doubt but what you will, madam. To be sure, he is an enemy, but in such cases no one with a heart can make any distinction."

"True, sir, and one must remember also, that, at the end, we are all God's creatures," concluded the woman, solemnly. "On the Day of Judgment He will judge us by His rule of conduct, and not by our own."

Andy scarcely heard the last words. But in a dim manner he realized that he was among friends, even though they were of the enemy, and then consciousness again forsook him.

(*Continued on page 358.*)



The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony



A Serial Story By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Author of "The Rider of the Black Horse," "Winning His W," "Camping on the St. Lawrence," "Three Colonial Boys," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN OF THE QUAKER.

"WHAT'S THAT? Do you see it, boys? Do you know what that is?" demanded Noah in a whisper.

Holding his candle high above his head, Noah, who was in advance of his companions and farther down the rude stairway, peered with his friends into the wide cellar. Apparently almost the entire space was filled with small chests, which had been carefully packed in regular rows, and the topmost chests were close to the timbers beneath the floor of the room above. For a moment the excited boys stared in silence at the startling discovery they had made, and then in a low voice Ananias said:

"What do you think it is, Noah?"

"I have eyes and I can see, and I have a nose that can smell. If I was a blind man I'd know this cellar was full of tea."

"Are you sure it's tea, Noah?" whispered Caleb.

"Humph!" retorted Noah. "Here, Cale, you hold the candle and I'll make sure," he added. "We've been fooled by the wench and we don't want to make any mistake about this." Placing the candlestick in his cousin's hand, Noah at once approached the nearest tier of chests, and lifting the topmost box in his hands, said quickly, "It's full, anyway. It smells mightily like tea, too, but I'll find out for certain. Hold your light a bit higher, Caleb."

Obediently, Caleb lifted the candle and in a moment Noah had torn open a corner of the chest he was holding and had thrust in his hand. It's the stuff, boys, and no mistake," he added when he had tasted of the contents. "The cellar is full of it! We've seen it and smelled it and tasted it, too."

"'Touch not, taste not, handle not,'" said Elias solemnly.

The tones of the boy's voice served to relieve the tension of the moment and all the boys laughed. The excitement of each was strong and the meaning of the discovery which they had made was clear to every one. Someone, directly against the command of the assembly, and in opposition to the intense feeling of the loyal Whigs of the colony, had dared to bring tea into Greenwich and store it where it was not likely to be found. What the purpose had been every boy was convinced that he understood, for every one of the four shared in the determination of their elders to have nothing to do with the use of the "accursed stuff."

"What shall we do, Noah?" demanded Elias.

"Nothing now," replied Noah promptly. "The best thing for us is to get out of this house just as soon as we can, and not be seen here, either! Blow out your light, Cale, and we'll all make for the street."

Caleb Davis at once extinguished the light and then the four boys cautiously moved through the darkness toward the front door, which had been left open. No one spoke as they crept forward, and in a brief time they gained the exit.

"Now, Noah, what shall we do next?" whispered Elias as the boys halted on the street in front of the old house, which now seemed doubly somber and forbidding in the dim light. "We've got to decide what——"

"Sh-h!" interrupted Noah warningly. "Somebody's coming."

Instantly the boys turned and looked in the direction in which their friend was peering, and in a moment the forms of two approaching men could be seen.

"Come on! Let's run!" suggested Caleb eagerly.

"Hold on! Don't do that!" whispered Noah quickly. "A follower of Anthony Wayne doesn't want to get shot in the back."

"Never you mind Anthony Wayne," retorted Caleb sharply. "He doesn't run away. It's in the other direction he goes when he runs, I'd have you know. But I don't believe we ought to let anybody see us here. That's what I meant. I'm not afraid."

"We all know that, Cale," whispered Ananias consolingly. "But we've been seen already and it's too late to leave. If we run now it'll just show we don't want anyone to see us. It'll let the cat right out of the bag."

A warning word from Noah caused his friends to

become silent and all turned to await the coming of the two men, who were by this time so near that every one of the four boys could see that it was Elnathan Todd, with Thomas Hull, the owner of the old house, before them. The arrival of the two at such a moment naturally increased the excitement of the boys, and though no one of them made the suggestion, it was by common consent that Noah became the spokesman of the party as Mr. Hull and Elnathan stopped before them. Both the newcomers plainly were somewhat excited, and Noah's suspicions that the young Quaker had gone to warn the owner of the place that the boys were investigating the house, was confirmed, although he did not refer to his conviction in the presence of his companions.

"How is this, Noah?" said Mr. Hull, as he and Elnathan peered into the faces of the four boys. "I hear you have been searching my house."

"Yes, sir," replied Noah, endeavoring to speak in such a manner as not to betray his excitement. "We thought you'd be glad to have us find out what made the shutters slam and the doors open, and what made all those queer noises that have been frightening everybody for the past few nights."

"Elnathan informs me that you found my wench, Dinah, in there."

"Yes, sir."

"She always was a mischievous baggage. Did you send her home?"

"Yes, sir. We told Elnathan we'd let him take her to your house. He wanted to take her and we thought you would be glad to learn what she had been doing."

"Thank you. I am glad. I'll see to it that she plays no more of her pranks in the Elmer house. She's a saucy baggage. Sometimes I don't know what to do with her."

"Did she tell you we were here, Mr. Hull?"

"Why, yes—no—not exactly. It was Friend Elnathan who said to me that you were here and had found the wench. He told me also that you were searching the house to see if you could find any others here. Did you find any?"

"Not a soul," said Noah quickly.

"Ah, I thought she was the only one to try such tricks." Mr. Hull laughed lightly as he spoke, and it was evident to Noah that the man was relieved by the assurance that only Dinah had been found in the house. Noah did not feel called upon to volunteer any explanations concerning the discovery of other things, and it was strictly true that the girl was the only person that had been found in the gloomy old house.

"She won't be likely to try it again," suggested Noah.

"That she won't," laughed Mr. Hull, "for I shall see to it myself. I am sorry she made such a disturbance, but it will not occur again. I was fearful when you first told me of finding her here that the mischievous wench might have done more than just frighten people by her pranks. But you tell me you did not find anything else in the house that was wrong?"

"She was the only one we saw," said Noah quickly, "and she's so black we shouldn't have found her in the dark if I hadn't chanced to run against her in the hallway."

"I am obliged to you, young gentlemen, for what you have done," said Mr. Hull as he turned away. "Now that the cause of all the trouble has been found, I don't think the old house will disturb anyone again very soon. Probably no one will have to disturb it, either," he added casually.

"Good-night, Mr. Hull," called Noah as he and his friends also turned down the street. He was aware that Elnathan, who had not once spoken throughout the interview, was apparently reluctant to depart; but the young Quaker's hesitation did not cause him to delay, and in a brief time he and his companion had disappeared up the street.

"I tell you what it is, boys," declared Noah to his friends, who at his word had halted, "that man ought to have your name, Ananias."

"I wish he had," retorted Ananias so earnestly that the boys laughed.

"He certainly is the biggest liar in Greenwich," said Noah warmly.

"You think he knows all about that tea in the cellar?" inquired Elias.

"I don't 'think'; I know he knows. Didn't the wench tell us that he made her do all those tricks? And didn't she say that Sampson came with her, too? And what do you suppose they rattled those windows and slammed the shutters and did all that groaning for?"

"You think it was all just to scare the Greenwich people and keep them away from the Elmer house? Noah, do you suppose Mr. Hull knew that the tea was in the cellar and had his negroes do all those tricks just to scare folk so that they would keep away from the place?" demanded Ananias excitedly.

Noah laughed lightly as he replied: "You ask too many hard questions, Ananias. How do you suppose I know any more about it than you do?"



"THE CELLAR IS FULL OF IT! WE'VE SEEN IT AND SMELLED IT AND TASTED IT, TOO"

"How long has that tea been there in the cellar, Noah?" said Caleb thoughtfully.

"Nobody knows. It may have been three months," suggested Elias.

"I think I could figure just how many hours it has been there," said Noah.

"'Hours!'" exclaimed Elias. "You don't mean to say——'

"I don't mean to say anything just now; and, boys, that's what every one of us must do. Will you agree not to tell anybody about what we've found out before you see me tomorrow?"

"We can tell our fathers, can't we, Noah?" inquired Elias.

"No. Don't tell anybody till I see you. Good-night," Noah added abruptly.

When Noah and his cousin had proceeded a short distance after the departure of their friends, Noah suddenly stopped and said quickly, "Come on, Cale!"

"Where? What now?"

"Come on! Come on and you'll see," replied Noah.

Puzzled by the unexpected action of his cousin, Caleb nevertheless turned and obediently followed Noah, who was running swiftly back in the direction from which they had just come. However, instead of following the street to the Elmer house, Noah darted into the vacant lots on the opposite side, and then, warning his cousin to follow his example, crept forward through the darkness until he had gained the shelter of the great elms that were growing there.

"Take your place behind that tree, Cale," whispered Noah, pointing, as he spoke, to an elm four or five yards distant from the one that sheltered himself.

"What for?"

"To keep a watch on the front of the house."

"But I don't see——"

"Never mind what you don't see! Just keep your eyes open and wait for what you may see, that's all."

"You think Elnathan and Mr. Hull will come back?" whispered Caleb as a sudden explanation of the strange actions of his cousin presented itself.

Noah, however, did not respond and Caleb at once took the position which had been assigned to him, and in silence the two boys watched the front of the old house across the street. The hour was late for the quiet village of Greenwich, and already most of its inhabitants were in bed long before this time. Not a person could be seen upon the street, and the branches of the great trees as they were swept by the gentle wind that was blowing made the only sound which could be heard. The sound itself was weird and mournful, and aroused in the mind of Caleb, at least, a recollection of the exciting experiences of the night, which, despite his efforts to be brave, were somewhat disquieting. Noah he could see was standing almost as motionless as the great trunk behind which he was concealed. An hour passed before the silent vigil was interrupted, and Noah stealthily crept from his hiding place to the tree where Caleb was maintaining his watch.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIGHTNING.

"No use in staying here any longer," declared Noah in a whisper.

"Let's go home, then," responded Caleb. "I have had all I want."

As the boys stepped forth from behind the great tree, Noah suddenly clutched the arm of his cousin and quickly drew him back into the shelter as he whispered excitedly, "See that, Cale! They're here, as sure's you're born!"

Instantly Caleb again darted behind the tree, and both boys peered across the street at the sight which now could be seen. A man had just emerged from the doorway of the old house, and, standing for a moment there, had gazed first up and then down the street. Apparently satisfied that no one was near, he then turned to some one within the house, and was speedily joined by a second man, who was seen to come out from the hallway, and, taking his stand beside the first man that had been seen, peer eagerly about in every direction. Apparently satisfied by his investigation he had then spoken a few words to his companion in so low a voice that neither Noah nor Caleb could hear what was said, and then both men departed, going swiftly up the rambling street without once glancing behind them.

"Who was that?" whispered Caleb excitedly to his cousin.

"A blind man would know 'twas Elnathan Todd."

"Was it Mr. Hull with him?"

"It wasn't anybody else. I knew they'd both be here, though what I can't understand is how they got into the house. They certainly didn't go in by the front door."

"Maybe they used the back door," suggested Caleb.

"You're a wise man and no mistake, Cale," retorted Noah, laughing lightly as he spoke.

"The main thing, though, is that they have been here, just as I thought they would."

"What shall we do now?"

"Go home," replied Noah abruptly.

The two boys at once started down the street toward Noah's home, walking rapidly, and neither of them referring to the exciting experience of the evening. In a brief time they arrived at the gate into the yard, and as they approached the house Noah stopped abruptly as he said:

"There's a light in my father's room, Cale. Perhaps something is wrong."

"What will he say to you for being out till after eleven o'clock?"

"I don't know. I'm not very badly scared for I reckon he knew a bit about what we were up to. At any rate I told him. Come on, Cale, and we'll find out what he has to say, anyway."

As the boys drew near the piazza they were startled as the door before them opened and Mr. Dare was seen holding a candlestick in his hand to light the way for some one who was standing beside him. Both men evidently were deeply in earnest and were still conversing in low tones. The sound of the approaching footsteps of the boys caused Mr. Dare to lift the light in his hand and gaze sharply at the newcomers, but as soon as he recognized Noah and Caleb he turned again to the man beside him and said, "Well, I bid you good-night. Shall I see you before you return to Philadelphia?"

"I think not, as I shall depart early in the morning."

"I am glad you told me what you did. I shall see that it is looked into and if anything is discovered I'll see, too, that you are informed."

"Thank you, Mr. Dare," replied the stranger. "Good night," he added as he shook hands.

"Good night, sir; good night," responded Mr. Dare.

As soon as the visitor's steps were heard on the gravel walk, Mr. Dare turned to the boys, who now had mounted the steps of the piazza, and said, somewhat sternly, "You are very late, Noah. Where have you been?"

"Come inside, pop! We've something to tell you," replied Noah quietly.

Without another word Mr. Dare closed the door (doors were seldom locked or even bolted in the time of this story) and reentering the room placed the candle upon a table and looked keenly at the two boys standing before him.

"It's all right, pop," began Noah, confidently, "at least it's all right as far as Cale and I are concerned. I don't know what you'll think of some others, though." And then Noah related the story of the exciting events of the evening, not omitting the account of the return of Elnathan Todd and Mr. Thomas Hull to the Elmer house after the departure of the boys from the place.

Mr. Dare listened quietly and without once interrupting Noah until the story had all been told. Then he said quietly, "Sit down, boys." As soon as the boys had seated themselves and Mr. Dare also had taken a chair, he continued, "Did you notice that man who was leaving when you came home?"

"Yes, sir," replied Noah.

"Did you know who he was?"

"No, sir."

He was one of the committee of safety from Philadelphia. He came here to inquire if we had seen anything of a sloop named the Grayhound."

"Did you tell him?" inquired Caleb eagerly.

"I did. He went on to inform me that she had acted in such a strange manner that it was suspected she had a cargo of tea on board."

"She did!" said Caleb quickly.

"It does look like it," acknowledged Mr. Dare. "The rascals ought to know better than to try to land the stuff here," he added.

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[1] "Pop" and "marm" were the common terms by which parents were addressed in Greenwich in 1775.

"That tea ought to be treated the way the cargoes at Boston and Annapolis were," said Noah warmly.

"I'm not sure you're not right, my boy," responded Mr. Dare.

"And Tom Hull—" began Noah again.

"Who?" interrupted Mr. Dare sharply.

"Mr. Thomas Hull," said Noah, slightly confused by the implied rebuke, "and Elnathan Todd, too, ought to be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. The idea of their daring to bring in a cargo of tea here, right here in Greenwich!"

"I'm not certain they would venture to claim that the tea was theirs," suggested Mr. Dare dryly. "If they did, they would be bolder than the Grayhound, and what the sloop did beats anything within my recollection."

Noah could perceive that his father, in spite of his quiet manner, was angry at the very boldness of the landing of the tea in Greenwich, and his own excitement increased as he became aware of his father's feeling.

"It's all there. It's all stored in the cellar of the old Elmer house," said Noah eagerly. "We saw it. We saw it with our own eyes, didn't we, Cale?"

"We did," responded Caleb promptly.

"Are you positive the men that came out of the house were Thomas Hull and Elnathan?" inquired Mr. Dare quietly.

"We know it!" exclaimed Noah.

"I have had my suspicions of Elnathan's father, but I did not believe Tom Hull would be in such a deal," said Mr. Dare thoughtfully.

"They won't dare come out and claim it, anyway," suggested Caleb.

"They may not have to do that," responded Mr. Dare. "It may be that the cargo doesn't belong to them, anyway. The sloop may have run into the Cohansey and stored the tea in that cellar until such a time as it will be safe for her to come back and get it. Thomas Hull and Elnathan's father may not own a chest of it."

"What are they so interested in it, then, for?" demanded Noah. "What did Tom Hull—"

"Who?" interrupted Mr. Dare quickly.

"I mean Mr. Thomas Hull," laughed Noah. "Why did Mr. Thomas Hull, Esquire, have his negro wench go into the house and do all those pranks for unless he really meant to scare folk and keep them away from the place? And what did he want to keep people away for unless it was that he had or planned to have something there he didn't want anybody to see?"

"I have no doubt that both men are implicated," acknowledged Mr. Dare. "I am not sure, however, that either of them owned any of the tea. I can hardly believe that, in the present state of the feeling of our people. But that does not mean that they may not have been employed by the East India Company and are looking after the tea. It is quite likely, too, that they may have had some understanding with the company and provided a place where all the chests might be stored. That might be the explanation of all these foolish tricks of Tom Hull's negro wench."

"I wish the lightning would strike every chest!" exclaimed Noah fervently.

"So do I," assented Mr. Dare lightly. "In that event no one would have any damages to pay."

"Do you think either Mr. Thomas Hull, Esquire and Tory, or Friend Todd, Quaker and traitor, would dare claim any damages?" demanded Noah warmly.

"I should hardly think they would," laughed Mr. Dare. "Well, boys," he added as he arose, a hint which both boys instantly followed, "we'll have to see what can be done. The tea isn't likely to run away—or be struck by lightning tonight, and the Grayhound is under the suspicion of the committee, so she will not come back for her cargo right away."

"Not unless she runs up the Cohansey in the night—the way she came," suggested Noan as he and his cousin departed from the room. To Noan s suggestion his father made no response and both boys at once withdrew to their room. There Noah was silent until he and Caleb were in bed, and even then he did not speak before a quarter of an hour had elapsed.

"Asleep, Cale?" he called at last.

"Not yet."

"I have it all fixed."

"Have what fixed?"

"That tea."

"What about it? How are you going to 'fix' it?"

"We'll make a bonfire of it."

"What?" demanded Caleb excitedly as he partly rose in his bed and peered across the room at the bed in which his cousin was lying.

"I mean just what I say. If Boston can pitch a cargo of the stuff overboard into Boston harbor, and the men at Annapolis can get rid of the tea that was forced on them, I don't see why Greenwich can't have a bonfire. The tea doesn't belong to anybody," added Noah, dryly. "There isn't a man in the village who would dare say it was his, and if nobody owns it, who's going to make a fuss if the chests all go up in smoke? There isn't a man in Greenwich that will dare say he's anything but glad of it. And Tom Hull will be the noisiest of the crowd, too."

"What'll your father think about it?"

"You heard him say he wished the lightning would strike it, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Caleb, dubiously. "But a bonfire isn't lightning exactly."

"It's better," said Noah, positively. "It will do the work all right and won't harm a thing except the tea, and lightning might hurt somebody. See?"

"All right," responded Caleb quickly. "I'm ready for it if you are."

"Keep still for a minute and I'll tell you all about it," said Noah glibly, as he began to unfold his plan to his cousin.

(To be continued.)

The boys all say our serial stories are "great," and they get more interesting each month.

In Defense of His Flag

(Continued from page 356.)

It was morning when he opened his eyes once more, and the sunshine was streaming across the plantation fields and into the window of the room he occupied. Feeling a trifle stronger he essayed to sit up. Instantly there was a stir and a girl of fifteen came to him.

"You must remain quiet," she said, sweetly, then turned and called out: "Mamma, he is awake."

Mrs. Lemming came instantly into the room. "You must remain quiet, Mr. Arlington," she said. "It is the doctor's order. You are badly wounded in the shoulder. We will take good care of you."

"Thank you, madam." Andy was surprised how weak his voice was. He tried to say more, but the words would not come, and he felt compelled to close his eyes again. Later in the day he managed to swallow a little nourishment, and from that time on he grew stronger, although his progress was so slow it was scarcely perceptible.

"I suppose you wonder how we know your name," said the daughter, who was assisting her mother in caring for Andy. "I saw it written on a number of letters which were in your pocket. My name is Viola Lemming. Mamma and I and my younger sister Flossie are living here, for papa is off to the war."

"Your father is a Union man, I suppose?" said Andy.

"Yes. We are all Unionists around here. But you mustn't mind that. We will take good care of you."

"You are more than kind. Will you tell me what happened after I was shot?"

"There is not much to tell. You fell back into the water and two of the soldiers fished you out and brought you here, for the nearest hospital service is five miles away."

"And did they catch my horse?"

"No. They tried to stop the flatboat, but it got away in the darkness, and what became of it and the horse none of the men know."

"I hope he got back into Virginia," said Andy, with a little sigh; and then Mrs. Lemming came in and said it would be best for him to remain quiet.

Day after day went by and Andy remained on the couch. The Lemmings were as kind and patient with him as though they were his best friends, and he could not help but reach the conclusion that there were other good people on the side of the North besides the Rockfords. Viola, especially, did all she possibly could for his comfort, and one day he told her about his home and his sister Grace.

"I would like to meet her," said Viola Lemming. "Who knows but what we will when this cruel war is over."

"That when will prove a long one, I am afraid," answered the young Confederate. "We are bound to fight to the last, and I presume folks up North think the same way."

Once or twice, when Andy was well enough to be moved, it was suggested by the surgeon who visited him that he be moved to the regular army quarters. The youth shuddered at this, knowing he would not receive half the care he was now getting.

"If you will have me, I will stay here, Mrs. Lemming," he said. "I know I am a good deal of a burden, but some day I and my family will try to make it up to you."

"I shall be glad to have you remain," said the lady of the house. "But you must give me one promise—that you will not try to escape so long as the Union authorities leave you in our care?"

"I'll promise that," answered the young Confederate, seriously. "You have my word of honor as a Virginian."

(To be continued.)

The Boy Princes of Europe

LITTLE princes lead very simple lives. The American boy, however, is apt to picture a boy prince as very gorgeously attired, surrounded by attendants, given all manner of toys and sweets, and very generally indulged.

But if the truth be known, there are a great many American boys who live amid far more luxury than do royal princes in their youth, for a Spartan simplicity is usually followed in the bringing up of royal boys.

In their feelings and ambitions they are just like any other boys, though it may seem difficult to some not to imagine them of quite a different sort.

A great many royal boys are now brought up in the country and on a farm, where they enter into all manner of simple sports when they are not working. It is not all play-time with princes, for they are made to do all manner of difficult things.

All the German princes are brought up on farms in typical old-fashioned farm houses such as the peasants use, furnished in the simplest fashion. The sons of the emperor of Germany were not allowed any servants in attendance, did their own cooking and cleaning in the old farm house kitchen, and had a gay time over it. These young royal boys even raised the vegetables used on the table at the royal palace at Berlin, and the emperor examined each barrel of vegetables as it arrived to see how his boys were doing their work. These boys planted, weeded, and harvested the vegetables themselves without assistance of any sort.

The royal princes of Sweden are given a thorough course in carpentry and masonry, and when he is seventeen or eighteen years of age each royal boy is capable of building a house all by himself.

Besides this, the Swedish princes are taught to cook, and scrub, and mend and make their clothes, in addition to all their studies, which are far more numerous than those of other boys, for they are obliged to learn many languages.

The two princes of Portugal have always spent six months of the year on a farm, where they are allowed to run about freely with the farm hands, and are not pampered in the least. In winter they are taught engineering and navigation. The older of the two was obliged to earn all of his spending money, and he did this by making small wooden packing boxes, which were sold to a dealer without the latter knowing they were made by a royal prince.

The king of Spain, who is now a man, was a real boy. He always had a great love for outdoor sports like gunning and fishing. Every year he spent a month camping out and roughing it like any boy, helping to cook coarse meals, and sleeping under a lean-to, or rough tent. He had many narrow escapes from accidents, as he was a very daring boy, always wanting to do perilous things.

The two little Italian princes of Aosta and the little royal prince himself, son of the king, are all as yet too young to start out upon the experiences of boy-life, but even as babies they are not at all pampered, their toys being of the simplest kind and very few in number. American boys are allowed to have a great many more playthings than these little royal boys, who, indeed, are not allowed to eat candy even till they are ten years old.

There is probably more curiosity felt about the little Egyptian prince than any other, for his mother is never seen without a veil covering her face, and never attends any public place, for that is against the custom of her country.

Little Prince Mohammed Abdul Monem is a very happy, contented little boy. He walks every day with his father and has a great many playmates among the sons of the English officers who live at Cairo, which is his home. He is a very bright little fellow, and his father, the Khedive, has subscribed to an American boy's magazine, so that his little son may become familiar with the ways of American boys. He speaks English perfectly, as well as German, French, and Italian.

He is shown in the picture in his dress-up suit of velvet, but when he plays he wears overalls of blue jeans, which his father had sent from an American city, because Mohammed Abdul saw that so many American boys wear them.

It is a well-known fact that little English princes lead the simplest lives, having their tasks and duties to perform, and working hard to earn the right to play.

Little Prince Henry of Wales is shown here with his little donkey, which he is patiently training to do tricks. He has doubtless studied and worked hard to gain this privilege, and he is just a healthy, happy boy like good American boys.

Plupy in Peace and War

(Continued from page 354.)

Hastily but quietly he tied one end of the rope to the bed post and tried it. It held. Then he carefully knotted the other end round his waist. He was not going to run the risk of warming his hands the way Tom Bailey did. He knew better than that. You bet he did.

Then he stuck his head out of the window. Nobody in sight. He drew it in and then slowly and carefully a long, thin leg came over the window sill, then another, followed by a lanky body. There was a pause, and then he cautiously grasped the rope and let himself drop. There was a wild clutch for the window, a yell, and a tremendous splash, and the open rain-water hogshead, filled to the brim with tepid water, received him and charitably hid him from sight?

He had tied the wrong rope round his waist.

And when the bewildered mother came rushing to the door with her rudely-awaked and blinking baby in her arms, she beheld her graceless and dripping son climbing out of the rain barrel, his hair plastered down on his scratched face, and his dripping garments clinging close to his skinny limbs and emphasizing the ludicrous lines of his figure.

(To be continued.)

A Strange Custom

By A. B. FOX

A peculiar feature of Holy Week in Mexico, is burning the Judases. Judases are effigies of Judas Iscariot, and are grotesque figures of all sizes and shapes, made of pasteboard, and roughly painted. Some are but a few inches high, while others are as tall as a man. They are exploded by means of a fuse which is lighted from the outside. At ten o'clock on the Saturday before Easter the church bells of the city, which have been silent since Holy Thursday, commence to ring. At the same time, the Judases, which have been strung across the streets on ropes, are fired. The noise of the explosions, together with the clamor of the bells, produces a deafening uproar that is thoroughly enjoyed by the on-gazing multitude. After this celebration is over, the streets present a strange appearance, strewn with the charred remains of the pasteboard figures, while occasional remnants may be seen dangling from the ropes in midair.

The Judases are sold in great numbers at the plaza, or market place, during Easter week; the prices ranging from a few centavos (cents) to a peso (dollar), according to the size.

Rules Worth Observing

Here are some rules made up by Thomas Jefferson which have seldom been seen in print.

You boys and girls will enjoy reading them:

3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.


Children of the German Kaiser.
Prince Henry Of Prussia and Family.
Duke and Duchess D'Aosta and Children.
SONS OF ROYALTY
Son and Heir of Khedive of Egypt.
Little Prince Henry of Wales.
Crown Prince of Portugal and His Brother
Carl Wilhelm, Second Son of the Crown Prince of Sweden.
King of Spain
Eric, Third Son of the Crown Prince of Sweden

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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BEGUN IN JUNE

CHAPTER XII.

A BRIGHT BEGINNING.

WHEN FRANK entered Mr. Vincent's store and said he wanted a new copy of each of the three-dollar books, the clerk who filled the order was very much surprised.

"Didn't you get your case?" he asked.

"Yes. The two books are sold, and I want to deliver them."

"Good for you. You haven't wasted any time, I see."

Joel Perkins looked the two books over and then Frank had them wrapped up. With something like a sigh the countryman paid over the six dollars.

"It's a mountain o' money fer jest two books," he said. "But I like you, an' I guess it's all right."

Frank saw him to the corner of the street, and directed him to the Brooklyn Bridge, and so they parted. Then the young book agent hurried back to Philip Vincent's store.

"Let me congratulate you on your first sale," said Mr. Vincent, who had heard of the occurrence through the clerk. "I see you have lost no time. I think you'll make a success of it."

"I'm sure I will," said Frank. "And, Mr. Vincent, I want to take along four copies of the health book and four copies of the cattle book. They won't weigh much and I may be able to sell them on the spot, as they say, where folks won't wait several days or a week for delivery."

"That is a good plan. Some folks get out of the notion of buying books if you keep them waiting too long for the volumes."

"I'll pay you for the books I've sold and also for those I wish to take along," added Frank.

"You can pay for what you've sold, Frank; the balance I'll trust you for," said the book publisher, and so it was settled.

Having made his first sale, the young book agent was anxious to continue, and so he concluded to take the first train he could get for Bardon, a village on the railroad, three miles from Claster. With his case in one hand and his extra books in the other, he hurried to the ferry, and was soon on the train.

"I certainly can't complain of the start I've made," he told himself. "My commission on the two books is a dollar and a half. If I sell four books a day I'll be making three dollars, and three dollars a day is eighteen dollars a week. That is more than many a man earns. But perhaps I won't be able to sell so many books. Yet I'm going to try my best."

It was a ride of nearly two hours to Bardon, and the young book agent spent the time in studying the books he wanted to sell, and also in reading over the hints to agents and the other pamphlets furnished him. He was naturally quick to grasp anything new, and by the time he had finished he felt himself able to talk intelligently about all of his wares.

Having sat in one position for over an hour he felt somewhat cramped, and so moved from one car to the next, just for the exercise.

He was passing through the second car when he came face to face with a gentleman who had once lived in Claster, but who had moved to Newark.

"How do you do, Frank?" said the gentleman, whose name was Robert Begoin. He was a lawyer and had once done a little legal business for Mr. Hardy.

"How are you, Mr. Begoin?" answered our hero, and paused. Then the lawyer held out his hand and they shook hands.

"Sit down. Going home, I suppose?"

"I am going to Bardon first."

"Is that so? So am I. How are your folks these days, Frank?"

"Father is getting along as well as can be expected."

"Why, has he been sick?"

"No, sir, but he met with an accident," and our hero related some of the particulars.

"That is too bad. Well, your father can make the railroad foot the bill."

"So they say."

"To be sure he can. Has he had legal advice yet?"

"I think not."

"Then tell him, for me, that he had better do nothing with the company until he gets advice from a lawyer."

"I'll tell him. But why is that best, if I may ask?"

"If he is not careful they will pay him some small amount, and then get him to sign papers releasing them from further obligations. I know a woman whose husband was killed on the railroad. She accepted five hundred dollars, and released the railroad. If she had brought suit she might have got ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

"I see. Will you be in Claster one of these days?"

"I am going there day after tomorrow."

"Then I wish you'd call on father. I know he'd like to see you, and perhaps he will want to retain you as his lawyer."

"Certainly I'll call on him. But I don't want to force my services on him," answered Robert Begoin.

"I know that, sir. I'll tell him I met you and that I asked you to call."

"What are you doing for a living? I see you have a case of goods with you."

"I am selling books."

"Indeed? What sort of books?"

"I'll show you," answered Frank, and lost no time in bringing out the various volumes. The lawyer was not particularly interested in the health book or the cattle book, but took pleasure in looking over the set of novels by famous authors.

"I have always thought I'd like something like this," he said. "I do not care to have all the works of each author, even if that person happens to be famous. I want the cream of their writings."

"Well, you get the cream, and nothing but the cream in this set," said Frank. "It is certainly a set of books that ought to be in every library. The print is large, the paper first-class, and you can see that the binding is very handsome and durable. The illustrations are by the best artists."

"And what is such a set worth?"

"Twenty dollars, in this binding, and if you want the half-calf binding—the very best—the price is thirty dollars."

"That is certainly a fair value for the money. Can you deliver the books to my residence in Newark?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will take a set in half-calf. When will I get them?"

"I'll send in the order tonight. The books ought to come by the day after tomorrow."

"All right. And how do you want your pay?"

"You can pay when you get the books, Mr. Begoin," answered Frank. He knew the lawyer would not wish to pay in installments, and so said nothing on that point.

"Very well, I'll make note of it," said Robert Begoin, and put it down in a little vest-pocket blank book he carried.

"I am very much obliged to you for the order," went on Frank, as he packed up his books once more, and took the lawyer's home address. "Those are the kind of orders I like to get."

"I hope selling books pays you, Frank."

"I don't know how much it will pay me yet. This is my first day at it."

"Is that so! Why, you talked as if you were an old hand at the business."

"Did I? I am glad to hear it. I was afraid folks would take me for a greeny."

"I didn't take you for one, and I think I can read people pretty well. You evidently like the work."

"I do, Mr. Begoin."

"That is half the battle—to be in love with one's occupation. A man can't be a lawyer unless he likes it, and is cut out for it—and the same with a book agent. Is this your first sale?"

"No, sir," and Frank related how he had fallen in with Joel Perkins and sold him the two volumes. The lawyer from Newark laughed heartily.

"You certainly took time by the forelock," he said.

"I made a dollar and a half on that sale."

"Good! And I presume you will make a little more on the books you have sold me."

"The publisher allows me five dollars on each order in ordinary binding and seven dollars for an order in half-calf."

"Then your sales today will bring you in eight dollars and a half. You'll soon get rich at that rate."

"I don't expect such success every day."

"No, it would be looking for too much. You may have days when you won't sell a volume."

"Perhaps—but I am going to try my best to sell at least one book very day."

The train was now approaching Bardon, and in a few minutes the two alighted and Frank bid the lawyer good-by.

"I'll tell father you'll call," said he.

"Very well," answered Robert Begoin.

Bardon contained only a handful of stores and not over two-score of houses. Anxious to sell all the books he could, Frank visited the first store next to the depot. It was a grocery, and the proprietor was busy over his books.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he asked, abruptly.

"If you have a few minutes to spare, I'd like to show you some books," answered Frank.

"Don't want any books," was the curt reply.

"I have a very fine family doctor book that——"

"Don't want any books."

"It won't cost anything to look at them."

"Yes, it will—it will cost my time. I don't want to be bothered," grumbled the storekeeper, and seeing he could do nothing with the man our hero left the place.



"I TON'D WANT ME DOSE POOKS"

"Failure Number One," he murmured, grimly. "Well, I am not going to let it discourage me."

The next place was a butcher shop, and Frank found the proprietor chopping meat on his block.

"Vot vill you haf?" demanded the butcher, who was a round-faced, jolly fellow.

"I'd like to show you some books."

"Ach, yah, I vos vaiting for you. Vait till I got dis meat chobbed. Den I buy me a pook," said the butcher.

Frank waited for a moment, wondering if the butcher really meant to buy a book, or if he was only fooling.

"I have a family doctor book and one on cattle and poultry, and their diseases," he went on, opening his case.

"Vot is dot?" The butcher stopped chopping meat and stared at him.

Frank repeated what he had said, and showed the books. The fat butcher commenced to laugh.

"I ton't want me dose pooks," he said. "I ton't read English; I read Cherman. I dink me you got some plank pooks to sell. I vant a plank book to write down orders in. See, like dis," and he held up a counter book.

He was so good-natured that Frank had to laugh with him. "I see," he said, and packed up his books again. "When I am selling blank books I'll come around and see you." He walked to the door, and then came back. "What do you pay for such a book as that?"

"Dwenty cents."

"Could you use half a dozen of them if I got them for you?"

"Yah, I dake a dozen, den I got pooks enough for a long dimes."

"All right, I'll get you a dozen next week," and Frank put the order on a blank sheet of paper he carried. At a wholesale stationer's place in New York he had seen such books in the window at a dollar and a quarter a dozen. He knew he could send the money for them and have them shipped to him by freight at a cost of not more than twenty or thirty cents.

From the butcher shop Frank went to the remaining stores, and then to the first of the private dwellings. At the latter place he met a shrewd middle-aged man, who looked his cattle and poultry book over with keen interest.

"That's a pretty good book," he said. "How much?"

"Three dollars."

"It isn't worth it. I'll give you a dollar and a half."

"No, sir, the price is three dollars, and I think you'll find it worth every cent of it."

"I'll give you two dollars."

"Sorry, but I can't do it."

"Then make it two and a half."

"I would if I could, but I am not allowed to cut the price."

At this the man sighed.

"Then I suppose I'll have to pay what you ask. Have you a nice, clean copy with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, hand it over."

"I can get it for you in about fifteen minutes."

"Then do it."

Leaving his case with the man, Frank ran back to the depot, where he had left his package with the ticket seller. He had been cautioned not to sell books right out of hand, for in many places to do that would require a peddler's license. Soon he came back with the volume.

"It didn't take you long," said the would-be purchaser.

"No sir, I ran all the way."

"Humph! So you won't take less than three dollars?"

"I can't. But I tell you what I'll do. I see you have some chickens for sale."

"Yes, all you want."

"What will you charge for a nice chicken, cleaned and dressed? My father is home sick and I'd like to take one to him."

"I'll let you have your pick for sixty cents."

"Then I'll take one," answered Frank.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK ON THE ROAD.

Half an hour later found Frank on his way home by way of the stage which ran between Bardon, Claster, and half a dozen other points. He had his books in one hand and a fine, fat chicken, cleaned and dressed, in the other.

"I've certainly had a splendid start," said he to himself. "I've sold thirty-nine dollars' worth of books and made nine dollars and a quarter. If I do as well every day I'll soon be rich."

It was dark when he reached home, and it must be confessed that he was very tired, and his arms ached not a little from carrying the books. Yet he could not help but whistle as he entered the house, so light was his heart. Frisky greeted him with short, sharp barks of delight.

"Glad to see me, aren't you?" cried Frank, and putting his books on the hall rack, he patted the dog.

"You must feel happy, Frank," cried Ruth, who came into the hall to greet him.

"I do feel happy."

"Then you got an agency for those books?"

"I did more, Ruth—I've sold some of the books."

"Good for you!"

The family had already eaten supper, but a generous portion had been saved for our hero.

"Here's a chicken I brought from Bardon," said Frank. "I bought it from a man because he bought a book from me," he explained.

"It is a nice fowl," answered his mother, after an examination. "So you got your books and have begun to sell them? You were fortunate."

"Let's go up to father's room, and I'll tell you all about it, mother."

The whole family gathered in the patient's room to hear what Frank might have to say. Mr. Hardy was now able to move around the room a little bit, but could not go downstairs.

It was a long story, but all listened with deep interest to all our hero had to say.

"And you have really sold thirty-nine dollars worth of books, Frank!" ejaculated his father, in amazement. "It is wonderful. I did not think any agent could do so well."

"And to think his commission is over nine dollars!" put in Ruth. "Oh, Frank, you'll be a millionaire!"

"Hardly," he answered, with a short laugh. "You must remember that Mr. Begoin's order alone amounted to thirty dollars. If it had not been for that my commission would have been only two dollars and twenty-five cents."

"But even that is very good," put in Mrs. Hardy.

"I am glad you spoke to the lawyer," came from Mr. Hardy. "I shall be glad to see him. I want to know how I stand in this matter of damages from the railroad, and also how I stand in this Garrison case. I am not up in legal matters, and need somebody to straighten out the tangle for me."

"I've got to send in that order for the set of books to-night," continued Frank. "And I want to get those blank books too." And he wrote out the necessary orders without delay. For the blank books he obtained a postoffice money order, and sent off the letters before retiring.

It must be admitted that Frank slept

but little that night. His head was filled with schemes for selling books. He felt that, if he had not struck a bonanza, he had at least struck something that promised very well, and he was resolved to work it "for all it was worth," as he expressed it.

Like many another person taking up an agency, Frank had a feeling against working close around home, and so resolved to cover a number of towns and country places to the west of Claster. This would keep him from home perhaps a few nights at a time, and he had his mother put some things in a valise for his personal use.

"You'll be loaded down, with your books and your valise," said Mrs. Hardy.

"Never mind, mother, I'll get used to carrying them," he answered, bravely.

Frank left home at nine o'clock the following morning. He took the stage for Fairport, which was fifteen miles away. Fairport was a center for villages and farms several miles around, and the young book agent felt he could find enough to do in that vicinity for at least a week, if not longer.

He already knew of a cheap but respectable hotel at Fairport, and arriving at the town made his way thither.

"How much will you charge me for a room, with breakfast and supper, for a few days or a week?" he asked of the proprietor.

"Don't want dinner?"

"No, sir! I'll be away during the day."

"A dollar a day as long as you stay."

"All right, sir. Here is my valise, and I'll start from supper to-night."

"Very well. You can register, and your room will be Number 21."

Frank placed his name in the hotel book and then, after brushing up a bit, set out with his case of books in his hand, to see what he could do. The extra volumes he had brought along he left at the hotel.

He had an idea that he could do better just outside of the town than in it, and so took to a road which led to another settlement two miles away.

He soon came to a neat-looking farmhouse, and going up to the front door, rang the bell. A tall, thin woman, with a hard face, came to answer his summons.

"Good-morning, madam," began Frank politely.

"What do you want, young man?" the woman demanded, briefly.

"If you have a few minutes to spare I'd like to call your attention to several books I am selling."

"Books! You get right out of this doorway, or I'll set our dog on you!" she cried, shrilly. "What impudence! To take me from my baking like this!" And she slammed the door in Frank's face.

It was certainly a cold reception, and the young book agent's face grew red with mortification. He was on the point of making an angry retort, but checked himself, and, instead, left the yard whistling merrily.

"That was a flat failure," he reasoned. "But as I am bound to have them I must make the best of them."

He visited three farmhouses in succession, but nobody cared to buy books. Some said they had too many books already, and others said they had no money to spare.

It was now noon, and Frank's face grew sober as he realized that half the day was gone and he had not sold a single volume. Was his bright prospect of the day previous to vanish after all?

"I've got to sell something, that's certain," he muttered, as he set his teeth hard. "Now, the very next call must mean a book sold."

The next farmhouse soon came to view. As he walked up to the door he saw that the woman of the place and two men, evidently a father and son, were eating their dinner.

"Excuse me, madam," said he, struck by a sudden thought. "But would you care to sell me a dinner? I don't care to go away back to the hotel at Fairport."

The farmer's wife looked him over carefuly.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Frank Hardy. I'm selling books for a living."

"What does he want, Martha?" asked the husband.

"Wants to buy his dinner. He's selling books."

"Well, sell him a dinner if he wants it."

"All right, you can come in, Mr. Hardy."

"How much will it be?"

"Oh, I don't know—about twenty cents, I guess."

"Thank you, that's cheap enough."

Frank was soon in the house, and having washed his hands at the kitchen sink, sat down to the table. A really liberal meal for twenty cents was set before him.

"Like to look at some of my books?" he asked of the farmer, who had about finished his repast.

"I dunno."

"It won't cost you anything. Here you are. Look them over all you please," and Frank passed over the health book and the cattle and poultry work. Then, without saying more he continued to eat what was set before him.

"This here cattle book is quite something," said the farmer, after a spell of silence. "I think Bill Judkins has one of 'em."

"This is the latest and best—just issued last fall," returned Frank. "It is thoroughly up-to-date, and tells of the latest methods of treating cattle and poultry for all sorts of diseases."

"Samuel, you ought to have such a book," put in the farmer's wife. "Don't you think so, Hiram?"

"Might be a good idee," responded the son, who was about twenty years of age and six feet two inches in height. "Might be we wouldn't hev lost thet cow last month if we'd known what was the matter of her."

"Here is a chapter on cows," said Frank, turning to it. "Here are the diseases, and here are the remedies."

"By gum! That's what was the matter o' our cow!" exclaimed Hiram, looking into the book. "Here's the medicine to give fer it, too. It's too bad, pop, we didn't have such a book when she tuk sick."

"How much is a book like thet?" questioned the farmer, cautiously. "I can't afford no fancy figure."

"There is the price right on the front page," answered Frank. "Three dollars, no more and no less, and the same price to all."

The way he said this made the farmer's son laugh.

"Reckon you're a book agent right enough," he observed. "Bet you kin talk like one of them patent medicine men as travels around, can't you?"

"I can talk about these books, because I understand them." He turned to the farmer's wife. "It's just like this pie. You know how to make it, and that's why it's good."

She smiled broadly.

"Do you want another piece?"

"Don't know that I am entitled to it, ma'am—but it's mighty good."

"Yes, you can have it," she answered, and got another piece from a side table. Then she turned again to her husband. "You might better take the book, Samuel."

"Guess as how I will." And the farmer went upstairs to get the money.

"You can pay me to-morrow, when I bring the book," said Frank. "This is only my sample. I'll bring you a nice, clean copy."

"Good for you."

"What do you think of the other book?" went on the young book agent. "If you have one book with which to doctor your cattle and poultry, you ought to have another with which to doctor yourself."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Hiram. "Thet's a good joke."

"Betty Daws has a family doctor book," said the farmer's wife. "She says it saves her many a spell of sickness."

"Do you ever have much sickness?" asked Frank.

"Sometimes. Father, he had chills and fever, and Hiram had an earache."

"Here is an article on chills and fever, and here is another on earache and how to cure it."

"Gosh, if it tells how to cure earache I want the book," put in Hiram. "Tell you what I'll do, ma. It's your birthday next Tuesday. I'll buy you a book for a present."

"Thank you, Hiram, it will be very nice," answered his mother.

Frank remained at the farmhouse a short while longer, and then started to pay for the dinner he had had.

"Never mind that," said the farmer's wife. "Take it out of the price of the books when you bring them," and so it was settled.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BOY RUNAWAY.

When Frank left the farmhouse he felt in high spirits once more. Stopping there for dinner had helped him to take orders for two books, on which his profit would be a dollar and a half.

"I'd like to stop for dinner every day on such terms," he told himself. "In fact, I think I'd try to eat two dinners a day."

The next place was quite a distance away, and the walk was a hot and dusty one. Yet he did not mind it, and went along whistling as cheerfully as ever.

Presently he came to a bend in the road where there was a big elm tree, and in the shade he paused for a while to rest.

He was about to move on when he saw a lad of twelve or thirteen with a bundle, tied in a blue cloth, approaching. At first he took the stranger to be a peddler, but soon saw that he was a farmer lad. He had evidently traveled far and was tired out and covered with dust.

"Hullo," said Frank. "How far is it to the next house?"

"Hullo," returned the boy, wearily. "The next house is just beyond yonder trees." He paused and threw down his bundle in the shade. "Say, it's hot, ain't it?"

"Pretty warm," answered our hero. "You look as if you had done some traveling to-day."

"Tramped ever since six o'clock this morning."

"Is that so! Then you've covered a good many miles."

"I haven't covered as many as I thought I would. I was going to get to Fairport by dinner time. What time is it now?"

Frank consulted a silver watch he carried.

"Nearly two o'clock."

"I thought so—by the feeling in my stomach."

"Then you haven't had any dinner?"

"Haven't had any breakfast yet, excepting one doughnut."

"Why—er—what's the matter?"

"You won't tell, will you?"

"I don't understand you."

"I suppose it won't make much difference if I do tell you. I'm running away from home."

"Running away? What for?"

"Dad wants me to work all the time. He won't give me no time to play."

"That's too bad."

"I'm going to the city to make my fortune."

"That's uphill work."

"Maybe it is. But I read in a book how a boy went to the city and helped a Wall Street man, and got to be worth three million dollars. I'm going to help a Wall Street man if I can find one."

"I'm afraid you'll never find that kind. What kind of a book did you read that story in?"

"A book they called a five-cent library. It had a colored picture on the cover. The story was called 'Clever Carl; or, From Office Boy to Millionaire.' Say, but Carl was a wonder!"

"He must have been—in the book. Don't you know all such stories are fiction pure and simple."

"Fiction? What do you mean?"

"They are not true. If Carl went to the city it's more than likely he'd have to work as hard as anybody to make a living. Of course, he might, in the end, become a millionaire, but the chances are a million to one against it."

At this announcement the boy's face fell, and he wiped his perspiring and dusty face with a handkerchief.

"Don't you think I can make my fortune in the city?"

"You mean in New York?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't—at least, not for many years. You'll be lucky if you strike any kind of a job. Thousands of boys are looking for work every day without finding it."

"Can't I get in Wall Street?"

"Not any quicker than in any other street. Somebody might hire you to clean the office and run errands, for two or three dollars a week."

"I shouldn't care to do that."

"What would you want to do?"

"I should want to be a cashier. That's what Carl was."

"My advice to you is, to turn around and go home," said Frank, severely. "If you get to New York more than likely, unless you have money, you'll starve to death."

"I've got eighty-seven cents."

"That won't keep you more than a day or two. Don't you go to school?"

"Of course, when it's open."

"How much work do you have to do?"

"More than I want to do. Yesterday I wanted to go fishing, but dad made me stay home and chop wood."

"How much wood?"

"Six basketfuls."

"That isn't so much. One day last week I chopped wood enough to fill a dozen baskets."

"Do you chop wood?"

"Certainly—whenever it is needed."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over to Claster."

"What are you doing out here?"

"I sell books for a living."

"Story books?"

"I sell a set of famous novels, but the other books are not story books."

"And do you have to tramp around from house to house?"

"Yes."

"It must be hard work."

"It is."

The boy heaved a long sigh. Evidently walking such a long distance had taken away some of the romance of leaving home.

"What will your mother say to your running away?" went on Frank, kindly.

"I—I don't know."

"She'll be awfully worried. More than likely she won't sleep a wink to-night, thinking about you."

At this the boy grew very sober.

"What is your name?"

"Bobby Frost."

"Then, Bobby, take my advice, and go straight home. It's the very best thing you can do."

"Dad'll lick me for running away."

"Maybe not, if you promise to behave in the future."

"I'd go back if I was sure he wouldn't lick me."

"Go back by all means."

"I'm awfully hungry and thirsty," said Bobby, after a long pause.

"Maybe they'll let you have a dinner at the next farmhouse, if you'll pay for it."

"I'll pay."

"Then come on with me. And maybe you can get a ride part of the way back."

Frank arose and so did the boy. Soon they were tramping the road side by side, and kept on until the next farmhouse was reached. A tidy-looking young woman came to greet them.

"Good-afternoon," said our hero, politely. "I know it is rather late, but this boy is very hungry, and I would like to know if you cannot fix him up some sort of a dinner. He'll pay you for it, or else I will."

"I'll pay for it," put in Bobby, promptly, and pulled out a handful of cents and nickels.

"Everything is put away," said the young woman, but bent a kindly glance at the dusty and tired youngster. "Didn't I see you pass here a while ago?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I'll get you what I have. Have you had your dinner?" she asked of Frank.

"Yes, ma'am—I got it at the place below here."

The lady of the house passed into the kitchen and Frank followed her and motioned her to the back door, out of hearing of the boy.

"I picked him up on the road," he whispered. "I talked to him and found he was running away from home. He hasn't had any breakfast or dinner. I talked to him, and he has promised to go back."

"For the land sakes! Did you ever!" murmured the woman, in amazement. "Do you know, when he passed, I thought he might be a runaway. How foolish! And I suppose he left a good home too!"

"More than likely."

"Did he tell his name?"

"Bobby Frost."

"From Oakwood?"

"I don't know. He said he had been walking since six o'clock this morning."

"Then he must belong to the Frosts of Oakwood. I'll ask him."

"Are they nice people?"

"They are good farming folks. Mr. Frost is rather strict, but he is a good man, and they have a lovely home."

Bobby had seated himself on the doorstep, and was waiting as patiently as possible for the dinner to appear.

"Aren't you from Oakwood?" questioned the woman.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I know your folks. Your father is Wilson Frost."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I'll give you your dinner for nothing."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Can't you get a stage to Oakwood-" put in Frank.

"He can get a mail stage from Barrettsville," said the woman. "That's a mile west of here," and she pointed out the direction. "My son is going to drive to Barrettsville in about an hour."

"Then you had better go with him, Bobby, said Frank.

"I will—if he'll take me," returned the boy, who did not relish the long tramp home. Soon he was eating the meal the woman set before him. While doing so he told his story over again, and the woman gave him some good advice.

"It was nice of you to advise him to go back," she said to our hero.

"I thought it no more than right to do so," answered Frank.

He spoke to her about books, but she did not wish to buy, and he did not press the matter. Soon her son drove up, and Bobby climbed into the carriage with him.

"Thank you both," he cried.

"You're welcome," said the woman.

"Good-by," came from Frank. "Don't ever try to run away again."

"I guess I won't," answered the boy.

(To be continued).

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BIG KONAN.

BY W.H.WOODS.

"HERE'S SOMEBODY comin' out o' the mountain, Dave, and he's goin' to cross the Fork."

"He'll have to swim it, then," said Dave. "It's 'way past fordin'. Who is it, Idy?"

"Some stranger, I reckon," the girl replied. "There! He's hollerin' now. Hear him!"

Dave went to the cabin door. Twilight was coming, but he could still descry the horseman on the far bank of the river, three hundred yards away; and curving his hands about his mouth, the young mountaineer shouted, "Hold on there, stranger! Don't try to cross till I come!" Then, quickly bringing his horse from the stable behind the cabin, he mounted and galloped down the hill.

The stranger had not heard the warning, but had already entered the Fork, now much swollen by late rains. He had gone but a little way into the swift water when his horse blundered and fell, and in the struggle the saddle-pockets hanging across the saddle were loosed, and whirled away. The rider sprang after them, and, bundled though he was in his overcoat, had almost recovered them, when he heard Dave call. He secured the baggage, however, and then turned to see his horse scramble up the bank, shake himself, and make off up the road. Both men shouted after him lustily, and the owner hurried ashore; but the horse was already some distance away and now moving fast.

"He'll go all the way home," said the stranger as he stood dripping on the bank. "And what am I to do!"

That was the question. There was no house for miles on that side of the river, and mountain floods in March are icy cold. Nevertheless, there was but one thing to do; and Dave pulled off his coat and heavy boots and swam his horse across the river.

"Thank you, brother!" was the stranger's greeting. "Good mare you have there," and shivering as he was in his wet clothing, he began to look Kit over admiringly.

But Dave was in haste to go back.

"We'd better be gittin' to the fire," he said, dismounting. "You git up here, mister."

His companion demurred to this, but seeing that he was much the smaller and lighter man, finally got into the saddle, and, with Dave swimming at his stirrup, safely crossed the river.

"My name is Stein," the traveler said, as, after his hearty acknowledgments, they went up the hill. "I'm a circuit-rider back here in the mountain, and am on my way to conference. I tell you, brother, if I could afford to own such a horse as this young beauty, I should certainly try to buy her."

But Miss Kitty was not for sale. She was not only Dave Konan's sole worldly possession, but his pet and constant companion as well; and to have sold her would have been to Dave like selling his best friend.

The Konan children and the widowed aunt with whom they lived found the preacher a delightful guest. He had lived much in the South; and when after supper the storm began again outside and they drew up around the blazing hearth, it was good to hear the traveler tell of the sunny regions he had seen, so different from their own.

"I think you would like it, down there, daughter," he said as he caught Ida's eager look. "If your big brother here would take you behind him on his fine horse and ride away to Florida, you would soon be rid of your cough."

It seemed rather an unfortunate speech. Ida flushed, and her eyes filled with tears, and Dave stirred in his chair uneasily.

Late that night when the two were alone together, Ida said with a wistful face, "Just think of it, Dave, it's warm and nice down there right now!"

Dave looked at her a moment, and then, without a word, got up, and taking her in his arms, began to walk to and fro. He was not yet twenty-one, but the mountaineers already called him "Big Konan."

"Warm and nice," Ida repeated, pressing her cheek against his arm, "and all out o' doors a-bloomin' and a-singin' like 'twas June. But listen at that!"

The lad glanced toward the dark window, rattling now in a fresh assault of sleet.

"Floridy's a fur ways off from here," he said. "A fur ways."

"The preacher's talk put me in mind o' something in the Bible about springtime," said Ida, more cheerfully. "I'll learn it to you, Dave, whilst you are totin' me so good."

It was a pretty habit she had of making him chant after her a bit of a hymn, or a verse from the Bible, in the loneliness of the long winter hours. And now, carried up and down in his arms, as she had been many another night when "the misery in her side" was great, she taught him the oldest and sweetest of all the songs of spring—the song that the Sulemite's lover sang in the vineyards of Judea three thousand years ago.

The logs on the hearth blazed and crackled cheerfully. The firelight flickered against the tall figure moving slowly back and forth, and cast fantastic shadows on the cabin wall. Outside was March, hissing against the window in driving sleet and rain, or raging up and down the narrow valley in great gusts of wind. But Dave Konan, usually as shy and silent as he was strong, still walked to and fro and chanted after his sister the words of Solomon's song:

"Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

Soothed by the motion and the mellow voice, the sick girl fell asleep; and Dave, having laid her down with awkward gentleness, stood a long time looking into the fire, in deep and troubled thought. At length he turned toward the couch, and seeing his sister still asleep, quietly went out to find the preacher and talk with him further about Florida.

"It ain't fair, parson," he exclaimed, stirred out of his usual taciturnity, "it ain't fair. Here I am"—glancing down at his huge person in half disgust,—"here I am, strong as any three men ought to be, and my little sister just bodily pinin' away! You reckon 'twould help her, sure 'nough, if I could any ways git her off to Floridy."

That settled satisfactorily, Dave came to the business that had brought him there. Parson Stein was going down into the "Blue-grass"—would he ride Kit down there and sell her and send the money back?

Mr. Stein, in surprise, pointed out that this was a great deal to trust to an utter stranger; but Dave persisted.

"In course," said he, "I want you to git all you can for her, because that money'll have to take us to Floridy and keep us, too, till I can make a start."

The preacher looked hard at him.

"They were teasing you tonight about wanting to ride deputy-sheriff next spring," he said. "What about that?"

"That goes along with the mare," said Dave.

It was the simple truth. Young as he was, Dave Konan had already exhibited qualities which the mountaineers are quick to recognize; and going to Florida meant not only parting with his mare, but also the relinquishment of prospects which might have flattered even an older man.

Finally Mr. Stein got out the saddle-pockets which held his scanty savings.

"You take that, my son," said he, counting out two hundred dollars, the full price Dave had put on Kit, "and if I can sell her for any more, you shall have that too."

He would listen to no refusal, and Dave took the money.

There was one other thing, however. He explained that his sister was very fond of Kit, and he was anxious that the mare should be taken away, if possible, without Ida's knowing it. Mr. Stein readily agreed, therefore, to start early the next morning, and ride ten miles to breakfast in Frostburg, the next town on his route.

Dave promised to have the horse ready but himself professed to have business down the river, and would not see the preacher again; and so with a hearty hand clasp, they parted.

It was still dark the next morning when Ida, hearing a noise outside her window, opened it to find Dave riding up and down. He had made Kit ready as he had promised, and then with a boyish impulse, had led her out for a last ride, and now was talking to her.

"It's you or her, Kit," Ida heard him say. "Nothin' but that would make me do it—nothin'."

Ida called to him, and after a moment's silence, he answered hurriedly, "I got to go look up them stray shoats, Idy, and I won't be back tell towards night."

Then, as she supposed, he rode away. He had, in fact, only ridden around to the stable.

When he came back late that afternoon, Ida met him in great excitement.

"We've got her back!" she cried. "Sam Ransome caught the thief himself."

"What thief?" said Dave staring at her. But at that instant a familiar whinny caught his ear, and without waiting for further explanation, he hurried to the stable. There, soiled and splashed with foam and mud, stood the pet he had expected never to see again.

"Kit!" he cried, "Kit!" and slipping his hand under her mane, Dave turned his face to hide something shining in his eyes.

"We thought you rode Kit yourself this morning," said Ida, who had followed him, "and we didn't know what to make of the sheriff's fetchin' her home and wantin' to know if you had sold her. He says he suspicioned somethin' was wrong soon's ever he laid eyes on the fellow, and he hollered to him. He kept on hollerin', but the man didn't take no notice, so Sam fired off his pistol, just to stop him; and then the fellow lit out, sure 'nough, and Sam says he never would 'a caught him if it hadn't been for a short cut through the woods."

"Where was it?" asked Dave.

"Somewheres about Tampico," Ida answered.

Dave faced about suddenly. "Did the sheriff say what sort o' lookin' fellow it was?"

"Yes; he says 'twas a kind o' light-complected man; and he was deef and dumb."

"Deef and dumb!" Dave repeated wonderingly. "Idy," he said after a pause, "did you tell the sheriff anything about Parson Stein?"

The girl's eyes flashed. "Yes, I did," she said, "and he kept on askin' me questions till I up and told him that preacher want no more deef and dumb than he was." Her voice faltered. "Dave" she pleaded, tearfully, "you don't believe that old man done it, do you?"

"Sho! That man ain't no horse-thief!" he answered. "You go 'long in now, Idy; you'll be ketchin' more cold, next."

He caught up a wisp of hay and almost unconsciously began to rub down the mare. His brain was in a whirl. Could this suspected thief be the preacher? Mr. Stein had not started to Tampico, but to Frostburg, in altogether a different direction. Perhaps he had lost his way in the mountain roads. But then, the preacher was not "deef-and-dumb;" and finally, if this was Mr. Stein, why should he have tried to escape?

These were problems Dave could not solve.

But—the thought flashed into his mind—need he solve them? No one knew that he had sold the mare; why might he not keep her? He need say nothing, do nothing, but simply hold his peace; and if no one came to claim her, by and by he could re-sell her, and make the journey to Florida the more secure.

Satan tears some men only when he comes out of others; others he tears when he enters them, and Dave was of the latter class. The struggle that began in him now was all the more cruel because his temptation, like a weed in a flower-bed, grew out of the best part of him. It was of Ida alone that he was thinking. He thought he had never seen her look so thin and ill as she did that day, and he would do anything, he said within himself, if only he could provide a home for her in some more kindly climate.

And still he could not wholly consent to do this thing, even for Ida's sake. An uncontrollable restlessness possessed him. He could not talk; he could not sit still; he could not stay in the house; and finally, catching up his hat, he went out, and, heedless of the cold, walked out and threw himself down in the darkness at the foot of a tree.

As he lay there, by and by he heard the sound of horses' feet, and two men rode by, a neighbor, as he afterwards learned, fetching the doctor from Frostburg.

"Isn't this where Konan lives?" Dave heard the doctor ask.

"Yes."

"I'm afraid they're going to lynch the fellow who stole his mare."

"Sho, now, Doc! You mean tonight?"

"Yes; I expect they are at it now."

They rode on out of hearing; and a little afterward Dave opened the cabin door.

"I got to go to Frostburg," he said in a strange, hoarse voice. "It's the preacher they've got in jail."

It was a sudden conviction, and Dave could not reconcile it with the sheriff's story even yet; but he believed now that the prisoner who had been taken to the county jail in Frostburg was Parson Stein.

He had already saddled up; and Ida, going to the door to speak to him, heard him gallop away.

He knew that the people of the Cumberland Mountains were prone to summary dealing with horse-thieves; but for some reason he had not thought of that danger until now; and now might be too late.

In all that ten miles of mountain road he did not once slacken speed. His mare half leaped half swam the swollen streams, and went gasping up the hills, only to plunge down the other side in headlong, desperate bounds. There was danger, mortal danger in such blind riding; but the doctor had said the mob might be "at it now!" and the thought drove the boy on. Twice overhanging boughs had nearly torn him from the saddle. A tree-trunk dashed his foot from the stirrup, and for miles his leg dangled numb and useless. Once, indeed, Dave thought it was all over, and caught his breath in a quick, shivering sigh as the mare slipped on the edge of the cliff and hung one moment poised and trembling for the fall. But she recovered herself, and sprang onward, cheered by both hand and voice, until the last hill was climbed, and Dave saw below him the straggling village lights.

Was he too late? He stood up in his stirrups and peered through the darkness with straining eyes. Now the flash of other lights in the grove at the foot of the hill caught his sight. They were the torches of the mob. The race was over. Was it lost, or won!

It was not lost; but Dave had only a confused recollection of what followed. The scene under the trees, he knew, widened and grew more distinct. He saw the crowd; he saw a horse led forward, and a man, standing in the saddle, make something fast overhead; he saw the preacher's face, calm and pale, lifted for an instant above the mob. Then came a shout, a rush, a struggle, and voices about him—his own voice, too, perhaps—were shouting, "It's Konan! It's Big Konan himself!"

Dave did not know what came next. That same moment, as it seemed to him, he himself stood under the tree, battered and breathless, while the crowd slunk away in the dark; and Parson Stein was clutching him with shaking hands and in a broken and sobbing whisper thanking God.

Mr. Stein's explanation of his terrible



"WE'VE GOT HER BACK," SHE CRIED



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plight was simple. He had indeed lost his way that morning. Moreover, his wetting in the river had caused an almost total loss of voice, and he had so wrapped up his head and neck that he had not heard the sheriff hail him. Kit had, however, and at the pistol-shot, had promptly run away.

But the most conclusive evidence against the preacher was the sheriff's report that Dave had not sold the mare; and as Ransome, after having secured his prisoner, was called off to another part of the county, only Dave's coming had prevented the mob from perpetrating a fearful crime.

Before they parted that night, Dave made a manful effort to confess the temptation that had seized him; but Parson Stein would not listen.

"Not a word!" he protested while his eyes glistened, "not a word of that to me. My son, I'll pray for you all my life long!"

Dave had already given him the reins, and now the preacher mounted. He leaned down toward the lad.

"God bless you," he whispered, for he could only whisper yet. "Take that!"

He thrust something into Dave's hands and rode away. And the lad, presently bringing his dim eyes back from their last glimpse of Kit, found in his hand a roll of bills.

It was night once more on the North Fork, and the brother and sister sat by the fire, talking of their journey. Their simple preparations were all made, and tomorrow they should set their faces southward.

"It's done me good already, just thinkin' about it," said Ida. "All the same, I'm goin' to miss these old blue hills."

Dave stood up suddenly. Miss them? Nothing on earth but Ida could have torn him from his native mountains. Nevertheless, he stooped to lift her with a great content.

"Folks as is goin' on their journey ought to be gittin' some sleep," he said. "How does it go, Idy?—that song out o' the Bible?"

And so, walking to and fro in the firelight with that same burden in his arms, he took up again the ancient song, still fresh and sweet as the bloom of spring:

"Lo! the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Rise up, my love, and come away."

Our Pursuit of Old Golden

By W. G. MOORE

PART II

SEVERAL WEEKS passed before Old Golden was heard of again, and we had begun to think that perhaps he had died of his wounds, when one day while out hunting I met a hunter whom we knew as Indian John. Thinking that perhaps he had seen or heard of the animal, I stopped to talk with him.

"Yes, me see him," said John. "Him most knock John down two days ago."

"Where?" said I. "And how did that happen?"

"Why, I been putting out traps up Tamarac Swamp, and just as I come through thick brush old deer him jump and run right at me; Injun he jump quick behind big tree and deer go right on, but him very ugly."

"Did he seem to be wounded, John?" I asked.

"Him go plenty fast," was the answer, "but there was big bloody place on neck."

"Well," said I, "all my bullets did not miss. I'll get him yet, maybe."

But old John shook his head. "How many times you shoot at him, eh?" he asked.

"Six times, John."

"Huh! How far off he was?"

"Maybe ten steps."

"You shoot good with little gun sometimes?"

"Yes, generally."

"Shoot lots of squirrels, maybe through head?"

"Yes."

"Will you let Injun John tell you let Old Golden be. Him no common deer. No lead bullet ever kill him. You ever hear how him stamp old hunter up on Muskegon till he die in two days?"

Yes! I had heard about it and several other stories of his furious attacks upon hunters who had cornered him, but I was young enough to be conceited and obstinate enough not to give up easily, so I set off at once for the place where the deer had last been seen.

There was snow enough for good tracking and, as none had fallen lately, I easily found an old track of the deer I wanted. Before night I found a fresh track, and when it got so dark I could no longer see to follow it I left the deer in a long narrow swamp where I knew he would likely spend the night. On my way home I stopped at the house of a neighbor, who had two boys about my own age, and during the evening we got up a new plan for the capture of the animal.

During the summer, many cows and other cattle ran at large in the woods and most of them wore bells. These bells were not very musical, but they could be heard a very long distance and helped greatly in finding the milch cows at night or young cattle which had strayed too far away. From constantly hearing these bells the deer became so accustomed to them that they paid no attention to their noise. Indeed, we boys had several times found deer grazing peacefully with our cattle when we went after them at night.

Knowing these facts, we planned to take advantage of them. By daylight next morning Ben and Claud Stafford, another neighbor boy, Vet Kellogg, and I were at the swamp where I had left the big deer the night before. We had left the dogs at home, but I carried a large cow-bell, and we had planned that one of us was to follow the deer's tracks into the swamp while the other three were to follow one on either side of the swamp and another far ahead in case the deer left there. None of us were particularly anxious for the job of "belling," as we knew in case of this particular deer it would be somewhat dangerous, and it was hard work to travel through the swamp. So we drew cuts to see who should do it, and I drew the unlucky short stick.

After waiting for the other boys to get to their places I plunged into the swamp, following Old Golden's tracks. The spruce, tamarac, and other trees grew very close together and were covered with the freshly fallen snow, which, however, was not deep enough to conceal the deer's tracks. The ground was very uneven, hummocky, and full of holes, with a fine undergrowth of shintangle which, with the deep snow, made traveling very difficult and slow work. However, I wallowed along as well as I could, ringing the bell slowly, much as a cow would in walking, to let the boys know where I was.

In about half an hour I came to where the deer had laid down for the night, and shortly after to where he had stopped to browse. The tracks here were very fresh and I knew the deer must be close by, so I rang the bell more loudly to let the boys know it, and pushed cautiously forward. In order to be ready for emergencies I hung the bell upon my right arm by means of a strong strap we used in summer to hang the bell about the cow's neck. The strap was two inches wide, of good thickness and very strong, and was fastened by a strong buckle.

Holding my rifle at the ready and fully cocked, with my finger on the trigger, I pressed forward, looking keenly about me to avoid surprise. Several times I unavoidably touched a heavily laden branch of some evergreen tree. At such a time I had to be careful to keep the snow off my gun, for I was using G. D.'s, a poor grade of percussion caps, which dampness was liable to spoil.

In passing between two particularly thick clumps of cedar I knocked down an unusual amount of snow, and in spite of my precaution some of it lodged upon the lock of my gun. I raised it to blow the snow off, when a slight noise caused me to look quickly around. There was the deer, less than a rod away and coming straight towards me through clouds of snow. I tried to swing quickly about but my feet caught in some way and down I came just as the deer sprang at me. My rifle was knocked from my hands and discharged as it fell, while the deer ran past without hurting me except to knock me heels over head with its shoulder. I was thankful to have escaped his sharp-pointed antlers, and scrambled hastily to my feet. The deer had been alarmed by the discharge of my gun and was standing still, allowing me to rise unharmed; but no sooner had I gotten upon my feet than he rushed at me again. I had no other weapon except a knife, but the cow-bell still hung upon my arm and, grasping the middle of the strap in my hand, I swung the heavy bell and, just as the deer reached me, I brought it down with all my strength upon his head. It stopped his rush for a moment, but he struck at me furiously with his antlers and catching one of them within the strap jerked the bell from my hand. As he did so he reared upon his hind feet and struck me a fearful blow with one of his fore feet, knocking me flat upon my back and cutting a great gash in my shoulder with his sharp hoof.

I expected to be pounded to death now, but instead the deer seemed to be trying to walk off upon his hind feet, while he shook his head and struck frantically at the bell which had caught upon two of his antlers in such a way that he could not get it off. It dangled just in front of his nose and, as he shook his head, pounded him unmercifully, at the same time making a great racket. Seeing his attention was fully occupied, for a moment at least, I rolled quickly over and crawled under the wide-spreading, low-hung branches of a large spruce which grew near by.

I knew he could not get at me here and, being anxious to see the performance, I climbed into the branches where I could get a good view. Such a time as the deer was having with that bell! The heavy strap was caught in such a way that he could not get it off, do what he would, and the pounding he was getting on the end of his nose did my bleeding shoulder good. In spite of my pain I laughed so hard I nearly fell off the branches. Then I began to call loudly for Ben and Claud. Ben answered. "Come quick," I shouted, "I am up a tree."

I could hear the boys come crashing through the thick growth of alders at the edge of the swamp. Old Golden heard them too, and paused a moment to listen. How I wished then for my rifle or even my discarded revolver which I had taken to a repair shop. After listening a moment he gave me a last vindictive look, bounded away, and was soon lost to view, although I could hear the bell for several moments.

How the boys laughed at me when they came up! However, we were all very thankful it had turned out no worse and, having found my wound and bruises not serious, we set out again after the deer with the charmed life.

We followed his tracks for more than a mile. They showed he was traveling at the top of his speed. "We'll never see him again!" said Ben. "He's so scart at that bell he'll run himself to death, if he don't break his old neck." This last remark was caused by a tremendous jump over a wind-fall which we saw the deer had made. A regular swath of fallen trees lay before us and we had considerable difficulty in getting over it.

The deer apparently had gone into the air like a bird and sailed clear over it in spite of its height and its jagged limbs which formed a formidable barrier.

Vet was the first one over the wind-fall and immediately let out a whoop. "That's just what he has done, I'll bet a cookie," said he. "Here he lies, anyhow."

And there he was!

We approached cautiously but found him stone dead, his neck having been broken by his fall.

We found a place where the strap of the bell had caught upon one of the snag-like limbs and thrown him. His magnificent antlers were uninjured, and the other boys having voted that I had earned them, I took them home and have them now mounted with his noble head.



THE FIVE YEAR QUARTER-BACK.

BY

MOTT R. SAWYERS.

THE ONLY secret of success in which Judge Wilson had any confidence was hard work directed with good judgment, so that every moment of his waking time was filled with activity. He was, however, regarded as the most companionable person in his district. The reason for that was he never did anything that he could not do with his whole heart. He lived according to a carefully prepared schedule. Each evening he mapped out his work for the following day, wrote out instructions for his assistants, and informed his secretary where he might be found at any given hour. The plans thus formed were never departed from except for the most urgent considerations. Now and then he included among his arrangements an evening with his friends. At such times he gave himself without reserve to the occasion. He accepted only those invitations which suited him, and when he did go had the free air of a man who is interested and at ease. This evening he was attending the annual Bar banquet. It was a delightfully informal affair and good fellowship reigned supreme. One good story reminded of another and laugh followed laugh in rapid succession. In all of these proceedings the Judge was a valuable factor. He took no part in the narratives but he had the high accomplishment of being a good listener, and often said that it was as good to help someone else tell a story by your attention as it was to tell one yourself.

At last, however, he was appealed to. A story from the Judge was always welcome. His stories were not famous for their wit. They were often long. But they were virile and inspiring and always made a fitting close for an evening of wholesome diversion. "Judge, tell us something about your football experience, I understand you made the Varsity in your Freshman year," said the chairman. "Yes," added another, "I heard you made it in the first big game of the season and held the place as long as the intercollegiate agreement allowed —the whole five years." The Judge modestly admitted the truth of this report. "That beats anything I ever heard of," continued the second speaker. "How did it happen?" Yielding to the importunities of his friends, the Judge gave the following narrative as an answer to the question:

When I landed at college I was about as green a Freshman as the Campus had ever seen, and as for athletics I did not know the difference between a football and a punching bag. An incident which happened about a week after my arrival, however, led me to play, and play in such a way that I kept my position. With a classmate I went to the field to watch the practice. By way of expressing his admiration for a certain play he gave me a thump on the back and said, "Old man, why don't you try for the team?" "Don't have time," I replied, "I came to college to study." "I can't see what subject would pay you better than football," was the rejoinder. Another interesting play attracted our attention and the conversation was not resumed, but an idea had been put into my head that would not let me rest. He was right; no amount of book learning would be worth as much to me as the qualities I could develop on the football field. On our way back I observed a book under his arm and, taking it from him, began turning the pages. It opened to noted sayings by Napoleon Bonaparte. One declared that the factors of success in an enterprise were energy, system, and perseverance; another, that the effective method in warfare is to have a stronger force at the striking point than the enemy, for the less force always yields to the greater. I shut the book with a snap. As if by an instantaneous revelation I perceived that these things applied equally well to football, and I at once decided that if I did try for the Varsity, it would be with energy, system and perseverance, and that all of my football tactics would be based upon that other saying. The desire to play was rapidly growing on me. I would not, however, rush into the matter hastily. Two questions must first be settled; first, "Will it interfere with my studies?" Next, "Is there too great risk of bodily injury or damage to my health?" I wanted time to consider its bearing on my studies, but the physical aspect I would determine at once. I went directly to the office of a prominent physician and explained my purpose to him. "Now," I said, "I want you to give me a rigid examination, as if you thought I was trying to defraud you by concealing my weak points. If my physical make-up is such that I will endanger myself by playing football I want to know it." The examination lasted almost an hour, and at the conclusion I inquired the verdict. "As tough as a boiled owl," was his reply.

After supper I withdrew to my room to think the matter over from all sides. "Would it interfere with my studies?" I thought of some of the players who were worthless in their college work, but I was sure they would be worthless whether they played or not. Then I thought of some players who stood at the head of their classes, and my conclusion was that whether the game was a detriment or a help depended on the player. "Could I spare the time?" My decision was, that football, by calling for so much time, would compel me to make the most of every minute and thereby help me to form the habit of getting the most out of my time. Day was breaking when I went to bed, but the football situation as far as related to myself had been thoroughly discussed. That afternoon I presented myself to the captain as a candidate for quarterback.

I went at the game awkwardly enough and the fellows made much sport of me; but I bided my time, for I was confident that hard and painstaking practice would sooner or later make me all right. I followed the instructions of the coaches to the very letter. I did not like the supercilious way in which they called me "Freshman" and ordered me around, but I was willing for them to do almost anything, provided they taught me the game. My practice was systematic and followed the same general outline every day. On arising I spent ten minutes bounding the ball against the wall, catching it, handing it to imaginary runners, and going through the various plays of my position. I never hurried in these exercises, being anxious to get each motion exactly right, knowing that I could soon develop speed after I had gained accuracy. My studies then claimed my attention and I dismissed football from my mind until the practice hour. Each evening after supper I ran over in my mind the plays which I had made during the day, noted the mistakes, outlined my course for the next day and studied what the papers had to say about our team and others. For each game of the schedule I made laborious preparation. I studied the reports of the opposing team for days in advance, learning their weak and strong points and deciding just what I would do should it fall to me to lead our forces. Yet, in spite of all my efforts, I improved but slowly, and, though game after game was played with minor teams, the coaches never thought it wise to give me a chance.

At last came the contest with our real rival. Every one looked forward to it with anxiety. Our whole season's work



"NOW, WILSON, IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU"

was arranged for the purpose of winning that game. Two days before the time tickets were selling at two dollars. The seats were all taken and standing room was at a premium. Never in the history of the college had the interest been so great. Our fellows were in the pink of condition. Everything was moving along smoothly, but it looked as if my name would not even be on the list of substitutes. Our coaches were taking no chances with the men. But all precautions seemed to go for naught. The very evening before the game, in light signal practice, Dall, the substitute quarter, twisted his knee and had to be helped from the field. A gloom was cast over the whole school. What if something should happen to Grippen, the regular quarter? I was next in line and few had any faith in my ability to play the position, to say nothing of managing the team.

The day of the game dawned clear and crisp—ideal for football. The rooters for the opposing school began coming in by sunrise, and soon had the streets resounding with their yells and songs. Our fellows were just as loyal and answered song with song and yell with yell. The warfare of noise continued without interruption as the crowd poured through the gates into the grounds. The reverberations reached the dressing rooms and filled us with an indefinable restlessness. To me, as one who might possibly be called on, the coaches paid particular attention. Of all the commands I could remember only this, "Keep cool." I tried to; but the sight that met my eyes as we came on the field was too much. To the left was a huge bank of our colors; to the right, an equally huge bank of the enemy's. In front was a long stretch of mingled hues, while tally-hos and other gorgeously decorated turnouts filled the enclosure. Thousands of throats were fairly splitting themselves with cheers; horns were blowing and multiform instruments of noise were adding to the clamor—fifteen thousand people and not a neutral—all clamorous, all partisan—the most magnificent spectacle I had ever seen. My first sensation was one of astonishment and admiration, then came one of unnamable dread. I seemed to collapse inside like a punctured balloon, and if I had not laid down on my blanket, I believe I would have fallen.

* * * * * *

The goals were chosen. The teams lined up for the struggle. The stillness was appalling; the sense of expectancy, painful. With grim faces our men set themselves in the V and prepared to hurl themselves through the lines of the enemy. The shrill whistle of the referee broke the silence and the game was on. It is unnecessary to describe the play of the first half. The teams were evenly matched and there was no score when the timekeeper's signal sent the men to their dressing rooms. During the ten minutes' intermission, everything was confusion to me. The coaches were assisting in caring for the men and giving advice in jerky, emphatic sentences: "Jones, that was 'punk' when you let that tackle through," "Look out for that," "Pop, take care of that fullback," "Buck, remember what we told you about that center-play." My nerves were at too high a tension to permit me to attach any importance to these remarks, though in subsequent games I learned the value of them.

The time was soon gone and we were on the field again. It was their ball. A desperate rush carried it well into our territory, where it was given to us on a foul. Our full-back made a good kick and the ball was downed near their goal post. Then began some football that was simply magnificent. The determination to win could be seen on the face of each man in their eleven. Steadily they carried the ball down the field—to the twenty-five yard line—to the thirty-five yard line. In vain our fellows tried to stem the tide. They hurled themselves in front of the avalanche, but were either walked over or ploughed aside. The bleachers rose en masse, shouting themselves hoarse and making the air a sea of blue with their banners. At almost every play one of our men would be laid out and it would take the full time to bring him around. The merciless plow plunged on—to the forty-five yard line—to the center. The rooters grew hysterical. On came the team like a lot of inspired demons. Disastrous as it was, I could not withhold my admiration of such strength and fierceness,—on to our forty yard line—to our thirty yard line. Our followers were hushed with a tense anxiety. There was an ominous pause as the referee's whistle blew for time and our medical attendant hurried onto the field. We waited with eagerness to find out who was injured. A feeling of hopelessness came over our crowd as at the end of two minutes we saw the captain and one of the coaches carrying Grippen to the side lines. There was a subdued consultation and I heard one of the coaches say, "That does settle it. But it's the best we can do."

My chance had come. The head coach stepped over to me and said, "Now, Wilson, it all depends on you. Stick to your instructions and, whatever you do, don't get rattled." As I walked out to take my place, that same sickening, dizzy sensation that I had experienced at the beginning of the game came over me and I was far from the confident general I had pictured myself as being. Again the whistle sounded and the deadly avalanche was put in motion. It was the same process. I tried to keep cool as I hurled myself into the plays. Still they ground us down. I glanced back and saw the goal only twenty yards away. Then my wits returned to me. The sight of the posts so near woke me up and I prepared for the first play I had planned. I had read early in the season that the coaches were having trouble with Tass, their left guard, because he played too far from the center. I had calculated that in this his first game he would forget himself and revert to his old fault. I looked. Yes, there he was, and our guard out to match him. I whispered in our center's ear, "Play as far to the left as you dare." "Who's playing this place, Freshman?" was the response. Nevertheless, he obeyed. It made an ideal opening. As soon as the ball was snapped I was through and close upon the runner, but their alert quarter seeing the danger sprang in front of me. Angered at his interference I threw him with all my might against the man with the ball, who tumbled in a heap while the coveted spheroid went rolling beyond his reach. Like a flash one of our fellows was upon it and when the mixup was untangled it was our ball on the twenty-five yard line. The air shook with cheers for the man who had fallen upon the ball. No one had observed my part except the center, but the act had given me new confidence in myself and that was what I needed more than anything else just then. Our instructions were to kick when inside our thirty-five yard line and my plan was to follow instructions as far as advisable. A good punt sent the ball spinning down the field and pandemonium reigned among the bleachers as a fumble gave it to us. Cheer after cheer followed our plays as we drove on to their five yard line. The program prepared for us by the coaches called at that place for a run by the right tackle. It was against my judgment, but I yielded and gave the signal. A plunge, and the ball was in the air. Forty-four hands were grabbing for it, but a pair of blue arms encircled it and our hopes were gone. Then followed a repetition of the terrific onslaught that had wrought such havoc in our ranks before. All the tricks that we had been taught to block plays were tried, but to no purpose. After each untangling they were a little nearer our goal. The white lines moved beneath our feet until there was only one left. Their chief reliance in these gains was their big right guard. With eyes bulging and teeth hard-set, he pushed, pulled, dragged and blocked with every ounce of his two hundred and six pounds. I had a play ready for him, but as it could be used but once I was reserving it for a third down, when his failure to gain would give us the ball. Though he was carrying the ball as much as the rest of the team put together, it had not yet been entrusted to him on a third down, and here they were only five yards from the goal.

It was third down and I observed with satisfaction that he was to make the trial. "Now, fellows, hold 'em and it's our ball," shouted our captain. The teams massed in the center, but I stepped back. I saw the giant twist himself loose from the writhing mass and make a free stride toward the line. It was what I was waiting for. With a plunge I was at him—my head between his legs. Summoning all my strength I straightened up. His feet were in the air above me and he was kicking like a mule. The weight was straining every muscle of my body, but I staggered forward. A confused jumble of cheers came to my ears across the field and I was aware of falling on my face. The next thing I knew the medical attendant was sponging my forehead and saying, "I guess you are all right now." "Time's up," someone announced. The captain thumped me on the back and said, "Good play, old man! You carried him back for yards, but cheer up! The worst is yet to come!" "Twelve minutes to play, one hundred and five yards to gain. Here, let 'Beef' handle the ball till you get your wind." The captain decided not to kick and I mechanically followed the next two plays as we started on the long journey to the other goal. On the third play I resumed my position, boiling with indignation at myself for having been knocked out. The season's instructions and what I had read about this team stood out with wonderful clearness in my mind. I saw that we had failed before by following too closely the program of our coaches, and I determined to take things into my own hands. A tremendous energy seemed to fill me and I felt as if I were being directed by some power outside of myself. "Now steady, fellows, we're going clear through. I know their weak places," I yelled as we lined up. "What's getting into the Freshman," I heard someone say, but I had my mind made up and was not disconcerted. The call was for a smash on their left tackle. "Bang" went the halfback and we made our gain. Same signal, and again! "You're killing me," panted the halfback. "Here, switch over and let 'Beef' take it,' I commanded, indicating the fullback. We pounded onward and I saw by the look of distress on his face that the tackle must soon either give way to an inferior substitute or weaken so that our gains would be greater. That was my object in keeping the attack going at him. Under my direction the other halfback shifted over to relieve the full, and on we went. The enthusiasm of the team spread to the bleachers and the cheering grew in volume as the distance diminished. Changing our men as they grew tired we fought our way to the other twenty-five yard line. The tackle then gave way and the substitute came in. Our merciless battering-ram went at him and he reeled backward before the onslaught. Now and then there was a protest at my actions, but I shouted signals at the top of my voice and ignored all remarks. An oppressive silence settled over the whole assembly as we lined up for a first down on the five yard line. Amid a roar the wedge penetrated the center and made the distance one yard less. Again the smash! Twenty-two men rushed to a common point. The avalanche plunged against the side of a mountain and when the debris was cleared away the ball was where it had started from. Then their crowd took a turn at the cheering, and it must be admitted that they did full justice to their opportunity. "Third down! Four yards to gain! One minute to play," screamed the referee amid the uproar.

The play which I had reserved for such an emergency must now be used. I must follow Napoleon's ideas and make the attack where there was least resistance. Calling the backs around me, I whispered, "'Beef,' you play quarter and you fellows stand one on each side of me and when he gives me the ball throw me over their heads." As the teams lined up, I bawled out so as to be heard above the clamor, "Play low, everybody play low." Down went our men and theirs to meet them. Swift and true the ball came from "Beef's" hands to mine and the next instant I was flying through the air. I barely cleared the men beneath me, but lighted within two yards of the goal. A pair of fierce hands were clutching at me as I began to scramble for the coveted mark. "Pull, pull!" I called as I saw the striped arm of a friendly jersey around me. I felt as if I were being torn to pieces by a pack of wolves as the opposing sides fought and tugged. The last thing I remember is thinking that I was in a great railroad accident and a long freight train was running over me.

The shouts of the rooters were dying away in the distance, when I came to myself and realized that I was on a cot in the club house. The captain was sitting near me, and when he saw me open my eyes he said, "Well, old man, it's a good thing that time was called just then. You wouldn't have come around in two minutes that time. But I guess the victory was worth it."

That night our whole squad celebrated,

(*Continued on page 371.*)



"WELL, OLD MAN, IT'S A GOOD THING THAT TIME WAS CALLED JUST THEN"

Dan Blaney's Awakening

BY NORA L. GRAHAM



DAN BLANEY wriggled out of the crowd that had gathered around the little figure lying prostrate on the sidewalk. Straightening his shoulders as he reached its outer edge, he thrust his hands into his pockets and, in a careless drawl, remarked to the policeman who came running to the spot:

"Aw, it's only a kid that the mail wagon ran over."

The policeman peered through the crowd at the unconscious boy, then ran to the call box, while Dan sauntered down the street. He had reached the end of the block when the loud clanking of a bell caused him to turn, and he hurried back just as the ambulance drew up beside the curb. The crowd had separated, and the tall policeman stooped and gently raised the injured boy in his arms.

"Why, it's Teddy Ward," he said, "poor little fellow, his leg is broken."

The little fellow stirred, opened his eyes, dully gazed at the big, blue-coated officer, and feebly whispered, "Mama."

Dan, who was again edging his way to the center of the crowd, heard and stopped short. The kid had a mother! Dan, himself, could not remember to have ever had such a luxury, and it was the one regret of his idle, heedless, vagabond life. Instantly the injured boy became an important personage in his sight, and he stood and watched while the officer carefully placed the boy in the ambulance. When it had driven off to the hospital, and the crowd had melted, he stepped up to the big policeman.

"Say, officer, do you know that kid?" he asked.

"Why, yes," answered the policeman, "it's little Teddy Ward who's sold papers over on the corner for almost a year."

"Say, he has a mother, hasn't he?" continued Dan, stooping to pick up Teddy's cap which had rolled off the curb.

"Yes, and a baby sister," the policeman replied, as he turned to cross the street and continue on his beat.

Dan stepped along by his side; he was going to find out all that the policeman had to tell.

"Where do they live?" he asked, rolling the cap into a ball and stuffing it into his pocket.

"In a little cottage over there," waving his hand toward that quarter of the city where hundreds of poor families huddled together in every block. "His father died in the hospital about a year ago, and Teddy has been helping the mother. 'Twill be hard for her now, I'm thinking. The baby's sick most of the time and—But why are you so interested, youngster?" he asked, suddenly growing suspicious, "and what have you in your pocket?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing," quickly replied Dan, as he darted away and down a side street. A few minutes race brought him to the tenement district, and he wandered from block to block, asking everyone he met:

"Say, do you know where Teddy Ward lives?"

Again and again he asked the question, and the street lights had begun to twinkle faintly when at last the house was pointed out. He stood on the opposite side of the street, trying to sum up courage enough to cross, ring the bell, present the cap, and so see and speak to Teddy Ward's mother. He watched the window, and, when the curtain was pushed aside and a woman's tear-stained face appeared, he took the cap from his pocket and started forward. But before he had reached the step, a tiny girl crept beside the woman, and again he stopped. For a minute he stood looking at them both, then suddenly turned and was soon lost in the puzzling maze of dimly lighted alleys.

It was late when Dan reached the livery-stable, the only home he had ever known, but he lingered about in the hope of being able to earn enough money for a project he had just conceived. He patiently waited, but the buggies were all washed, the horses all blanketed and the men were beginning to go to their rooms. Dan sighed and was just mounting the ladder to the hay-loft, where he slept in a corner, when a physician came in and hurriedly ordered his horse and trap. Dan jumped to the harness room and worked so busily that not a moment was lost. The doctor thanked him and, as he drove away, put his hand into his pocket and handed him a coin. It was a fifty-cent piece, and Dan shouted just as a tally-ho came in. The night-man tossed him a quarter, and he unharnessed the six sleek beauties and led them to their stalls.

Early the next morning Dan joined the group of eager newsboys about the paper wagon and, after securing a share, marched off to Teddy Ward's corner. With his head held high, he walked to and fro, lustily calling: "Morning papers! Morning papers! All about the railroad wreck!"

Business was brisk and he jingled the nickels as they accumulated in his pocket. The regular newsboys wandered by and audibly jeered at the big boy who had pre-empted poor little Teddy Ward's corner. But Dan continued to call his papers, bravely ignoring their stabs and sneers.

It was the first time in his life that Dan had worked all day, and, when the nickel for the last "Extra" had joined those already in his pocket, he heaved a sigh of relief. Taking a scrap of paper from his pocket, he scribbled: "Teddy Ward's cap and his day's earnings."

A heavy tread sounded on the stone pavement, and the big policeman appeared round the corner.

"Hallo, youngster!" he said, and his tone was not over-cordial. "So you've taken Teddy Ward's corner, have you?"

"Yes," shortly answered Dan as he carefully folded the slip of paper. Taking the cap from one pocket and the money from the other, he wrapped all together and started to walk down the street.

The policeman stared, and, when Dan had turned from the business street and hurried toward Teddy Ward's home, he followed. Dan laid the bundle on the top step of the little cottage and rang the bell. Then he ran to the opposite corner, where he crouched behind the lamp-post and watched until the door was opened, and the parcel was taken inside.

The policeman softly whistled and returned to his post, resolving to check the newsboys' jeerings. An uncomfortable thought came to him that he had been almost abetting it.

After that, Dan, with his bundle of papers was at the corner regularly every morning, and every evening he slipped away to leave the money with its message—"For Teddy Ward's Mother.—his day's earnings." He always waited for a glimpse of the woman's face and then hurried back to the stable in order to earn enough to purchase papers for the following day.

Teddy Ward had been in the hospital about a month when, one morning, the big policeman strolled over to Dan's corner.

"Well, youngster, how's business?" he asked in a surly tone, and Dan failed to notice the kindly gleam in his eyes.

"Pretty good," answered Dan, darting across the street to hand a paper to the gentleman who had beckoned from a doorway. He jumped on to the step of a passing car, shouted "Papers!" sold one, and came back jingling the nickels.

"This is a good corner for a lively newsboy like you," remarked the policeman.

"Yes," thoughtfully answered Dan. He sorted his bundle of papers and slipped them under his arm. "Say, officer, when's Teddy going to get well? 'Cause his place's ready for him."

The policeman smiled but answered in well-feigned surprise, "Really?"

"Why, of course," answered Dan in an injured tone. "Did you think I was mean enough to steal a poor little fellow's place? One that has a mother, too? No, sir!" He savagely shook his head and held out a paper to a passer.

"So you'll go back to loafing around the stables," said the policeman, walking to the corner and anxiously peering down the street.

"Not much," sharply answered Dan. "I'm going to work. The boss says I can have a regular place in the harness room."

"Good for you, Dan," slapping his shoulder. "And here comes Teddy Ward, now. He left the hospital yesterday.

Dan held the papers out to the little fellow who came limping around the corner.

"Here, Teddy, business is great this morning."

But Teddy looked at the policeman, who nodded, and said: "Dan, you're coming to our house to live, and he," pointing to the officer, "is going to buy you some new clothes."

"Because you're going to night school," interposed the policeman, for Teddy was forgetting.

"And mother says she'll be your mother, too," excitedly continued Teddy.

"Honest!" Dan's papers dropped to the ground, and the policeman helped Teddy Ward gather them up.

A curious industry in China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered to the thinness of paper.



Mrs. Longworth's Pet Dog Starts a Craze for the Rare Royal Dogs of the Orient

Since the present Mrs. Longworth, Jr., made her recent trip to Philadelphia and New York, accompanied by her then future husband and a curious little pet dog whom she called Toodles, envious owners of lap dogs of an inferior breed to the Roosevelt toy have been inquiring from whence comes this prodigy and where a similar pet can be obtained. As a matter of fact, there are but a very few of these little spaniels in this country and their value is in proportion to their scarcity. Miss Roosevelt brought hers from the Orient, but there are a few in the possession of Alfred J. G. Edwards, of Glenolden, near Philadelphia. The photographs accompanying this, show the Glenolden spaniels.

They are known as the Pekinese spaniels, and are the royal dogs of China. They are the rarest dogs in the country. The parents of these Glenolden dogs have an illustrious history. Chutuey, the sire, was brought here from China; he is a descendant of the kennels of Li Ming Ching, a wealthy Chinaman, who in 1871 presented a male and female to Li Hung Chang, the late renowned Chinese statesman. Tai Tai, the dam, has frequently nestled in the lap of her majesty, the Dowager Empress of China. She and two sisters, together with father and mother, were found in the sacred palace at Pekin after the emperor and empress had fled, during the Boxer trouble, and were brought by Lieutenant Wise, son of F. M. Wise, captain in command, to the United States ship Monocacy.

These imperial dogs are believed to be the progenitors of the King Charles spaniels and up to the time of the war they were the exclusive property of royalty in China and were rarely found in the possession of foreigners.

The ears of this pretty dog are of the shape of a butterfly wing. When the dog runs he tosses back his head and the ears, inflated by the wind, look like the spread wings of the butterfly. The body is long and not unlike the body of a tiny lion; in fact these spaniels have been called the lion dogs of China. The legs are short and bowed in front, with long hair on feet and legs, the so-called feathers adding to the length of the feet. The body comes well down on the legs, giving to the animal an appearance of solidness. The heads are broad, especially in the male, and look almost square. The douce of the head is high and full, indicating, according to dog enthusiasts, an uncommon allotment of brain. The eyes are full and brown, rather deeply set and appealingly expressive. The tail is carried well up on the back and is feathered like a plume.

The DAISY Air Rifle



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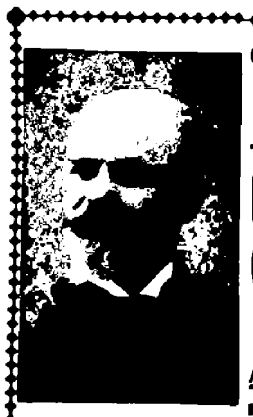

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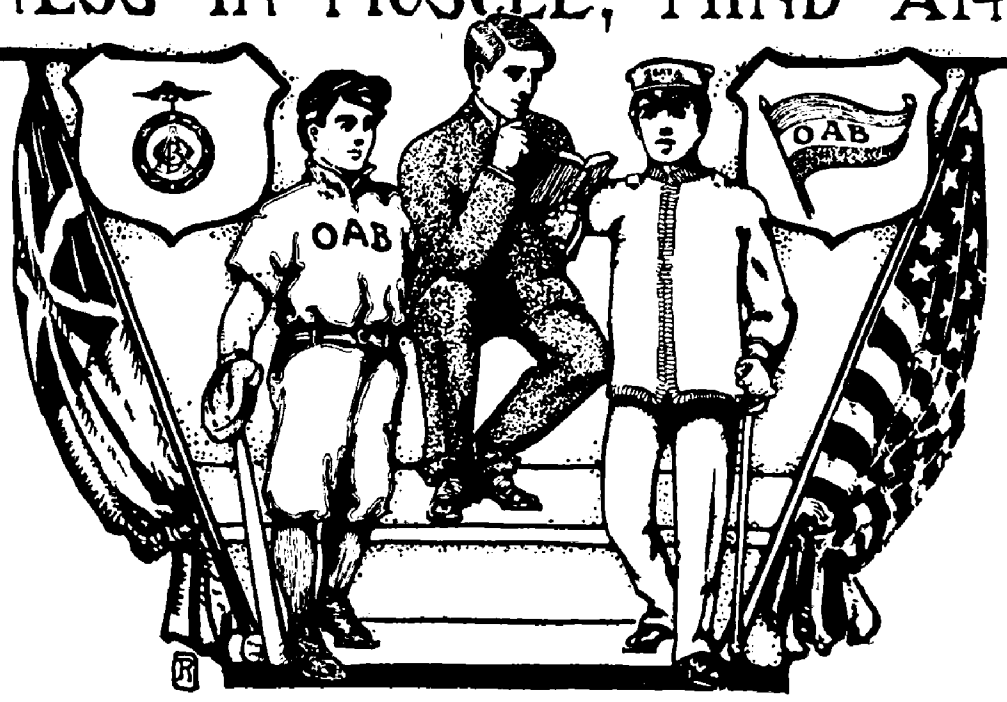

New Companies Organized

THE COSMOPOLITAN CO., No. 63, Division of Illinois, Decatur, Ill. GOLDEN GATE CO., No. 41, Division of California, Los Angeles, Cal. EDWARD STRATEMEYER CO., No. 11, Division of Oklahoma, Guthrie, Okla. HAWKEYE CO., No. 63, Division of Iowa, Guthrie Center, Ia. RUSSELL'S BEST CO., No. 64, Division of Iowa, Russell, Ia. GARDEN STATE CO., No. 15, Division of New Jersey, Mt. Holly, N. J. SPARKS ATHLETIC CO., No. 5, Division of Georgia, Sparks, Ga.

Company News

BULLDOG COMPANY, No. 38, Selma, Ind., has nice club rooms consisting of four rooms on the second floor of a large building, which they have converted into club room, initiation room, library, and reception room. The members entertained their lady friends on July 27th at a party at the home of one of their members and had a most enjoyable time. They have their charter neatly framed. PLEASANT CORNER COMPANY, No. 82, Grove City, Ohio, organized a baseball team and intends to have it give a good account of itself. The members have not been holding meetings during the summer months, but intend to begin with renewed enthusiasm during the fall and winter. QUEEN CITY COMPANY, No. 79, Traverse City, Mich., did not hold any meetings for some time, but started up again the first week in September. The captain, acknowledging receipt of an O. A. B. pennant, thinks it is just fine. During the fall months the members intend to get military suits and form a company. They also are looking out for new members, and we are promised a picture of the company so soon as they get their new suits. FARWELL ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 74, Farwell, Mich., recently elected the following officers: Wilmot Carpenter, Capt.; Fred McGuire, V. C.; Bernie Wiesman, Sec.; and Willam Fisher, Treas. The band of the company played during a celebration on the Fourth of July, and received great praise. The members have been enjoying outings to various places. CLAN ALPINE COMPANY, No. 19, Boulder, Colo., has elected officers for the ensuing six months as follows: Elbert Bidwell, Capt.; John Beigner, V. C.; Herman Krenger, Sec.; Everett Price, Treas. They recently received two new members, and at a reception which they held during August for their friends had a splendid time. BASIN CITY COMPANY, No. 8, Murfreesboro, Tenn., at a meeting held at the home of one of the members, elected officers as follows: C. G. Bowling, Capt.; G. Harrison, V. C.; W. T. Deadrick, Sec. and Treas.; and Roy Byrn, Lib'n. The club colors are green and white. It is intended that the Tennessee Division of the O. A. B. is to have a state meeting in Nashville sometime in October, and it is particularly requested that any companies of the division wishing information regarding such a meeting will address C. G. Bowling, 408 N. High St., Murfreesboro. SILVER GATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., recently held a house warming in their new club house. The evening was spent in playing games, dancing, singing, and music. Refreshments were served, and the company had a jolly time. This company has at last obtained a club house. The building cost $55.25. The size of it is 16x20 feet, and the greater part of the work on the house was done by the members. We are promised two pictures of the club house, which will be neatly furnished with lockers, book cases, desks, and athletic apparatus. We are glad to note that this company is in such prosperous working order. MT. LASSEN COMPANY, No. 32, Redding, Cal., has elected the following officers: Clyde Robinson, Capt.; Fred White, V. C.; Earl Behrens, Sec.; Fred Ross, Treas.; and Elton Richardson, Lib'n. This company is prospering finely. It has $5.70 in the treasury and fifty good books in its library. The gymnasium outfit consists of a punching bag, punching gloves, boxing gloves, dumb bells, weights, and a trapeze. The lodge room is decorated with bunting and flags. Meetings are held every Friday evening at which excellent programs are given, consisting of the giving of riddles, the telling of stories, debates, and mock trials. The dues are ten cents a month. DIXIE ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 12, Montgomery, Ala., sends us its report for the last six months. The members were entertained at quite a number of receptions and suppers during the spring months. When school closed, meetings were adjourned until September 15th. Camping trips were enjoyed by many of the members during the hot weather, and the captain reports that the fishing was excellent. ARTESIA COMPANY, No. 57, Potomac, Ill., has now twenty-five members on its roll and is in better condition than ever, lively interest being taken in all company matters. At a recent entertainment given by the members, notwithstanding a heavy storm, the treasury was benefited to the extent of $8. On July 28th the members gave an ice cream social and had a good time. The uniform rank of the company numbers twenty, and it has received many compliments on its excellent drill. The captain promises us a picture soon. On July 4th the uniform rank gave a dress parade and drill during the day, having its headquarters in a large tent on the grounds. At this time AMERICAN BOY DAY was also celebrated, and the O. A. B. quartette with four additional singers composed a glee club which furnished singing during the day. The quartette also took part in the W. C. T. U. picnic August 2d, rendering some six selections. The captain says that when the quartette is singing in the open air, they often use specially constructed megaphones. The members are getting together instruments in order to organize a brass and stringed quartette, consisting of mandolins, guitars, cornets, and horns. The following officers were recently elected: Rex J. Moon, Capt.; Oliver Leonard, V. C.; Denton McGrauder, Sec.; Bliss Collins, Treas.; Charles Smith, Lib'n; and Ralph Morse, S. A. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 46th regular report, and we note that during the vacation season all of the members have been having grand times. The Brooklyn Amateur Press Club, consisting of members of the company and others, will be formed during the fall months, which will be of great assistance in publishing the Universal Gazette. To meet additional expenses the dues have been increased to thirty-five cents a month. This company sent fifty cents for THE AMERICAN BOY Shut-in Fund, and hopes to send more later, as it considers this a splendid work. We may state that on account of vacations and companies generally not holding meetings during the summer months, no August letter or program was sent out. TAMPA COMPANY, No. 7, Tampa, Fla., has recently received a new member. This company has started a postal card collection which is being enthusiastically taken up by the members. So many of the members being away on vacations, it has not held any meetings recently, but will start up again in the fall. Its charter has been framed, and there are two candidates for election as soon as a meeting is held. OLD HICKORY COMPANY, No. 5, Nashville, Tenn., has not been holding any meetings during the last few months. Some of the boys have been working during vacation. Meetings will be started up again as soon as school opens. The following officers were elected at the last meeting: William J. Osborn, Jr., Capt.; Anderson Porter, V. C.; Albert White, Sec.; and Mark Osborn, Treas. OJIBWAYS COMPANY, No. 58, Yonkers, N. Y., intends soon to purchase another club house. Most of the members of the company were away during August at the Thousand Islands, Ohio, and other places. This company has opened correspondence with several other companies in the Order and has found it to be of great help in the way of exchanging plans, ideas, etc. If any companies wish to correspond they can address the secretary, T. P. Quaney, 42 North Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

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.

Height and Weight of Boys

A writer in an English magazine says, speaking of English boys, "Boys are generally heavier than girls, except at about the age of fourteen, when the girls increase considerably in weight."

Statistics are given to show that athletics are having their effect upon the physique of boys of the English middle classes and that they are becoming stronger and more robust; for instance, he says a boy of eighteen at Marlborough College today is 4½ pounds heavier and 9/10 of an inch taller than his father was at the same age, supposing that the latter was at Marlborough twenty-nine years ago.

Comparing boys of several countries he gives the following figures:

An English (Harrow) boy of eleven averages 4' feet 7 inches in height; an American (Boston) boy at the same age, 4 feet 5 inches; a Belgian (Brussels) boy, 4 feet 4 inches; a French (Bordeaux) boy, 4 feet 4 inches; an Italian (Turin) boy, 4 feet 3 inches. The writer thus puts the English boy at the head of the list, paying tribute to English birth and English breeding.

It Rained Willie

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.
—Princeton Tiger.

A Rising Son of the West

By FREDERIC E. WINSOR

Here is a portrait of Jay Darwin Bacon, fourteen years old, said to be the only boy in the United States who is stenographer in a Juvenile Court. He holds this position under Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, Colorado, whose good work in the Juvenile Court has given him national prominence. He also acts as private secretary to Judge Lindsey.

Young Bacon was born in Tyler, Minnesota. After the death of his father he removed with his mother and brother to Denver, where he was compelled to leave school and seek work at the early age of eleven. He became a telephone boy in a large office building, and won many friends by his frank, open



countenance, pleasing manners, and willingness to serve his employer. With a determination to better his condition in life, he set about learning shorthand under the instruction of H. D. Colburn, his stepfather, and after studying nights for a year and a half, he became proficient in the art.

Then it was that Judge Lindsey, learning of the boy's struggles, gave him work as a stenographer, and later he promoted him to the position of trust and responsibility he now occupies.

The lad is taking up the study of law during his spare time, and already possesses a remarkable understanding of legal questions. He finds Judge Lindsey willing to loan him text-books on law, and to offer him encouragement in many ways. Like many of the great men of past or present time, Jay Bacon is rising above the discouragements and disappointments of life, and pressing forward toward an honorable success.

Advice to a Young Man

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheel barrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see that the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boy," nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be likely to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.
—Robert Burdett.



AN OPEN AIR RUN AFTER GYMNASIUM PRACTICE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



WHAT WOULD NOT THE CZAR OF RUSSIA GIVE TO HAVE A NIGHT'S REST LIKE THIS?
—*Edwardsville (Ill.) Republican*

"THE DAILY ECHO"

By RUTH BRADEN

THERE IS only one high school in the world that publishes a daily paper. For eight years The Daily Echo has been so great a factor in the Shortridge High School of Indianapolis that Shortridgers would feel its loss in much the same way that a business man would miss his morning newspaper. This newsy little sheet of four pages is published by the students, printed in the building, and is self-supporting.

The miniature newspaper was established, and maintained for six months, as a private enterprise by a student, Fletcher B. Wagner. His first editorial states that "to publish a daily paper in a high school is a very dangerous undertaking." The new hazard was begun on one leaf, the first page being devoted to Echo matter (chiefly editorial), and the second to solid advertising. In January, 1899, Wagner presented the paper to the student body and it became a school organ. The faculty, and finally the school board, became interested. So good a thing did they consider The Echo they gave it a hand press and permanent quarters in the basement of the building. In its well-equipped printing office The Echo is now turned out upon a three thousand dollar cylinder plant under direction of a regularly hired manager.



FLETCHER B. WAGNER

In the editorial sanctum is an original division of labor, each school day of the week having its own editor-in-chief with his chosen corps of assistants. The leading editors, who are known as the Monday, the Tuesday, or the Wednesday editor, etc., according to the days upon which each serves, are selected by the school. Over all is the censor, a member of the faculty, whose duty it is to pass upon all copy before it is published. In order that there may be much matter to select from, and practice for the greatest possible number of students, the staff of assistants is usually large. The names of all the editors and assistants are printed in each issue.

Although each leading editor has entire charge of his paper and directs its editorial policy, The Echo maintains a uniform plan. The first and fourth pages are reserved for the latest local news and are not printed until the morning of the paper's appearance. The second page is editorial, and to the third belong the literary features and the exchanges. Advertising matter occupies from five to ten columns. Social and athletic events, oratory, the doings of the Senate—a unique institution belonging to the civil government classes—various contests, "locals," all receive crisp and masterly treatment. The editorials, frank, decided, and never arbitrary, are probably more widely and thoroughly read in proportion to their circulation than are those of the city newspapers. The pages are frequently illustrated and there have even been cartoons. One editor included a regular sketch artist upon his staff. Ten-page holiday numbers and picture supplements are of common occurrence. Besides all this, the superintendent of the public schools uses The Echo as his medium of official communication upon two days of the week, when it is sent to every school building in the city.

It was with a good deal of pride that a "staff correspondent" who happened to be in Washington two or three years ago brought The Daily Echo under the notice of President Roosevelt, who took much interest in the paper. Upon the first page he observed the appointment to Annapolis of a former Shortridge student and an account of the laying of the cornerstone of the Indianapolis Federal building.

"And this paper is printed by the high school students every day?" he asked. "Then they should be praised for the highly creditable manner in which it is done. I think you are right in saying that it is the only high school daily in the United States. At least I have heard of no other. Will you be kind enough to express my appreciation of it to your fellow-schoolmates and thank your editor for allowing me to have you here this evening?"

The fourfold object of the Daily Echo is to make the school better acquainted with itself by bringing all classes of students together, to support the organizations of the school, to influence public sentiment, and to raise the general literary standard. Besides this, it interests many in writing in a practical way that no composition course can do. It produces emergency writers by creating the faculty of rapid writing. It advertises the school through the exchange columns of other schools and colleges, and has followed some of its alumni as far as Europe.

These benefits have been so well recognized by the public school authorities that they allow a year's work on the staff as editor to count one full credit in the English course. Their estimate is well founded, for many of the staff members have become famous in college circles. One wrote the song that the seniors at Leland Stanford University sang every morning when they carried flowers to the tombs of the Stanfords. Another became editor-in-chief of The Vassarian. The founder of the paper himself carried off the Carut medal in debate at Leland Stanford, besides a fifty dollar essay prize offered by the alumni association of a prominent fraternity. Many have won scholarships in eastern universities, while at least one graduate, a former Friday editor and writer of a magazine prize essay upon The Daily Echo, is rapdly rising in newspaper work.

Sunday School Teacher—Fighting again, Tommy Tucker! Have you forgotten last Sunday's lesson, that when you are struck on one cheek you should turn the other to the striker?

Tommy—But you see, mum, he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one.—Half-Holiday.



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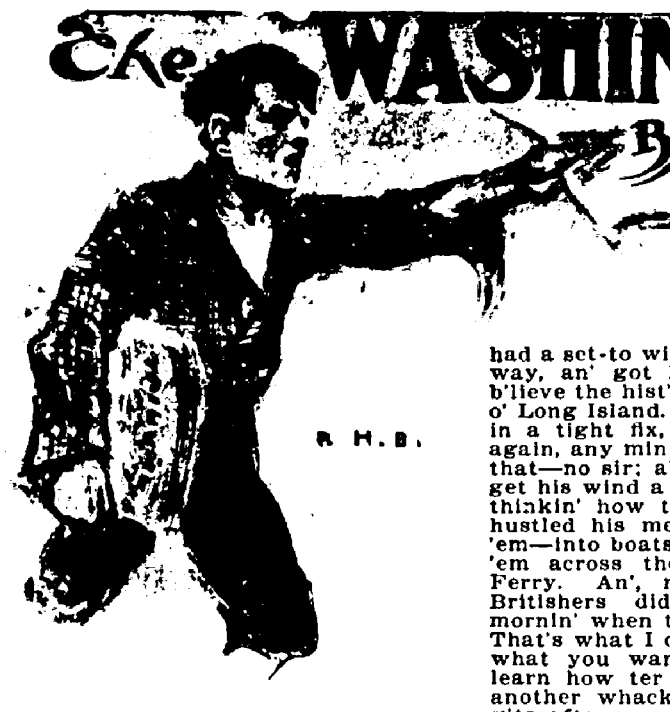
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The WASHINGTON BLUES

By WILLIAM



THERE WAS trouble in the camp of the newsboys, down by Fulton Ferry. Although hundreds of customers daily passed that way, to and from New York, the "old timers" were beginning to realize that the field was becoming crowded and competition growing keener every day.

"It's gettin' so's yer can't turn 'round without you're up against a lot o' Huns an' Dagos. I'll soak 'em, every time, if they git in my way," said Shorty Jackson just after he had "polished off" a diminutive son of Italy. "Let 'em stay where they b'long, 'stead o' comin' here to spile business."

"Hey, Shorty!" called Jim Connors, the ferry-house boot-black, his good-natured, lusty voice commanding not only Shorty's attention but that of the others as well. "Let up, now! What yer pickin' on the Dago fer? Ain't the town big enough fer more'n you?"

Jim was an acknowledged autocrat among the newsboys, and arbiter of many a dispute. Though rough with them at times, the real, hearty good-nature of "Big Jim" was proverbial, for he hated bullying, and always championed the weaker side if the altercation seemed other than a "good, even mix-up."

"What are they nosin' 'round here for, an' gettin' a feller stuck on a lot o' papers?" growled Shorty.

"Pooh! Just as if a little half-baked bundle o' bones like him could do you any harm!" exclaimed Jim. "Why, you red-headed anarchist, you orter be ashamed to own up that a dozen such as him could hurt your business any!"

"Ain't they always shovin' papers under my customers' noses?" demanded Shorty.

"What of it? Hustle, same's they do, if yer want ter do business. You don't own the earth."

"I got a better right here than a gang o' Dagos has, anyway," protested Shorty. "They wasn't born here."

"That's nothin'. 'Tain't no special credit to yer 'cause you was. You hadn't nothin' to do with it. Why," exclaimed Jim, who prided himself on his knowledge of American history, "where'd we all be, if Washin'ton hadn't pitched in an' made a free country fer us? You wouldn't be hollerin' 'Extrys', here at the ferry, I'll bet." Then, turning to Shorty's late victim:

"You come here, Italy. What's yer name?"

"Name's Tony," said the boy, still suspicious of possible annoyance.

"Well, what yer down here fer? Ain't yer pretty small ter git out an' hustle?"

"I got to sell-a de pape. My mudder she say I must get-a de mon or she giv-a me de strap," he said.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" eyeing the shrinking figure; "they'll send 'em out afore they're weaned, next thing! But look here, macaroni; the gang's sure to do yer up, down here. Why don't yer try some other place?"

"I did—plenty places; but all de time we get-a de chase, just like-a here. Always dey holler, 'Kill de Dago!', an' we lose-a de papes, or get-a de black eye."

"Yes, they're scrappers, no mistake, but yer want ter be foxy, an' learn when ter run. That's the way we licked them Britishers—just runnin' away half the time, an' peggin' into 'em the other half. Never heard of 'em, though, did yer, Italy?"

"I dunno; I come only 'bout two year in dis-a country," replied Tony, seeming only vaguely to comprehend.

"That's it," asserted Jim, with disdain, "no eddication at all—never heard o' George Washin'ton, or the Revolutionary War, or Fourth o' July, an' yet you kids expect to buck up ag'inst a lot o' 'Merican citizens what knows all the ropes!"

"Who is dis-a Washin'ton?" the boy asked, a faint interest arising from Jim's evident scorn of his ignorance.

"Why, he used ter be the boss o' the hull army. Look here, Italy, I'll tell yer a story about him—a true one, mind yer; yer ain't fit ter live here an' be so ignorant." And Jim settled himself to enlarge upon his favorite subject.

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"Well, I guess not; an' I wouldn't, neither. Here, take this nickel; guess it's worth the price of a shine ter have some one ter listen while I shout a little—just so's I won't forgit it, myself."

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"Yes, I know; all de same like-a we say 'cinque soldi', in my country," answered Tony to whom it was at least money—what he was most concerned about.

"Don't know nothin' about yer chinkey solder," said Jim with disdain. "Good enough fer Dagos, perhaps, but over here we got ter have the real stuff. Yer see, "If you fellers can stand a nickel apiece you go up there an' you'll find 'em. Comes high, bein' paterotic, but it'll pay yer," he added as the boys appeared rather doubtful.

However, it soon began to dawn on Shorty Jackson and the others that some new move was in progress among their adversaries. Here and there they noticed one wearing the Washington badge, and daily the number increased. Why one should wear any such decoration except on a holiday was a mystery.

Jim, though, seemed to enjoy it as being a huge joke on them, and finally they came to him for explanation.

"What's all the Dagos sportin' badges fer, an' callin' themselves the Wash'n'ton Blues?" Shorty asked. "They ain't got nothin' ter do with Wash'n'ton."

"Oh, they ain't, hey?" said Jim complacently. "Well, I guess they have. Ain't he the Father o' this here country? An' ain't they part o' the fam'ly?"

"Well, people don't go flashin' his mug 'round on their shirts, 'less it's a holiday," asserted Shorty.

"Perhaps folks what ain't paterotic don't," said Jim, with a disparaging look at Shorty, "but these chaps you've been pickin' on has more sense; they knows that what's good fer holidays orter be good any time. I tell yer," with a chuckle of satisfaction, "I should think you'd all feel pretty cheap, lettin' a lot o' macaroni-eaters give you p'ints on bein' good citizens!"

"Wearin' badges ain't much," said Shorty contemptuously.

"Yes, it is; it's a hull lot," maintained Jim, decisively. "It's just like sayin' 'See here, we ain't none o' yer cheap kind what don't know their rights. We got a mortgage on the Star Spangled Banner, an' yer don't want ter fool with us or yer may git hurt! That's what they mean—just givin' you fellers a hint, an' if any of yer gits too fresh with 'em, now they're wearin' the flag, like as not yer Uncle Jim'll take a hand in, too, an' do a little bouncin'."

But it didn't seem just the thing that this show of patriotism should be monopolized by foreigners, and soon the badges began to appear on some of those who had been most active in the former persecution.

"Looks as though you fellers was gettin' respectable," said Jim, slyly, one day. "Had ter come to it, didn't yer, when yer see Italy gettin' ahead of yer?"

"Well," said Shorty, rather sheepishly, "no use lettin' them be the only toads in the puddle. Helps business, too, these badges does. Folks ask about 'em an' I sell 'em a paper ter pay fer the talk; only I had ter give 'em a fairy story, 'cause I wasn't on ter just what it meant, myself. So I says ter that Dago, Tony—that one you was pitchin' inter me about a while back—I says, 'Look h re, what's all this about Wash'n'ton, any way? Tell us what yer mean by it an' we'll try an' git along peaceful.' An' then he give the hull snap away an' said you put 'em up to it."

"Well, what if I did? It's doin' what I said it would, ain't it?" said Jim.

"Well, we're goin' ter take a hand in, too, an' git up a reg'lar comp'ny of Wash'n'ton Blues, so's we can turn out on Wash'n'ton's Birthday an' Fourth of July, same's the other fellers what marches."

"Now yer shoutin'!" exclaimed Jim, delighted with the outcome of his advice and foreseeing great chances for the exploiting of his historical accomplishments. "Now yer talkin' sense, 'stead o' playin' dog-in-the-manger with them Dagos."

And then to Tony, now quite at his ease among his former enemies. "What did I tell yer, Italy? Guess we'll teach these chaps somethin' about war, if we keep on, hey?"

And Tony answered by a broad grin of acquiescence as he looked proudly at the talisman on his shirt and then into Jim's good-natured face.

"An' Jim, I s'pose you'll have ter be Pres'dent of the 'sociation," continued Shorty; to which the others all gave hearty assent.

"Sure," said Jim. "It'll be the only way to keep yer straight. I'll give yer some talks on hist'ry, an' knock a little learnin' inter yer. An' I'll tell yer what, Shorty," he concluded, in a reckless burst of enthusiasm as his eyes took in his entire peaceful family, "the very first time the Washin'ton Blues turns out I'll be blowed if I don't spend a fiver fer a carriage, with a big flag spread all over it, ter ride in at the head of the percession!"



"HEY, SHORTY! LET UP NOW"

"Yes, they're scrappers, no mistake, but yer want ter be foxy, an' learn when ter run. That's the way we licked them Britishers—just runnin' away half the time, an' peggin' into 'em the other half. Never heard of 'em, though, did yer, Italy?"

"I dunno; I come only 'bout two year in dis-a country," replied Tony, seeming only vaguely to comprehend.

"That's it," asserted Jim, with disdain, "no eddication at all—never heard o' George Washin'ton, or the Revolutionary War, or Fourth o' July, an' yet you kids expect to buck up ag'inst a lot o' 'Merican citizens what knows all the ropes!"

"Who is dis-a Washin'ton?" the boy asked, a faint interest arising from Jim's evident scorn of his ignorance.

"Why, he used ter be the boss o' the hull army. Look here, Italy, I'll tell yer a story about him—a true one, mind yer; yer ain't fit ter live here an' be so ignorant." And Jim settled himself to enlarge upon his favorite subject.

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"Don't know nothin' about yer chinkey solder," said Jim with disdain. "Good enough fer Dagos, perhaps, but over here we got ter have the real stuff. Yer see, Italy, yer got ter be like other folks if yer want a show. Tell yer what yer do," he continued, seized of an idea that seemed to fit the emergency; "why not give yourselves a good United States name, an' put up a bluff that you're reg'lar good citizens? Might call yourselves the Washin'ton Blues, an' fasten a flag an' a pictur' of Washin'ton onter yer shirts. Then, if these chaps git fresh, you tell 'em George's on deck yet an' has adopted you Dagos, an' if they go walkin' over him an' the flag they're liable fer high treason. Just flash the flag at 'em, an' tell 'em yer 'Merican citizens now, an' they got ter give yer a show," explained Jim, perceiving that as yet parts of his scheme of diplomacy were a little too much for Tony's complete understanding.

"Go 'on, now, an' git rid o' yer papers, an' I'll see yer ag'in to-morrow."

The next day matters were much as usual, but towards evening Tony, with several companions, appeared at Jim's stand, all anxious to sell their papers, and all with the same grievance.

"Where you get-a dem things like you tell me 'bout?" asked Tony as spokesman for the crowd.

"Oh, 'most anywhere where they sell badges—here," giving him an address.

The Magic Tumbler

Fill a saucer with water, place a small coin in it. Then ask someone to take the coin out of the saucer with his fingers without getting them wet. He will, of course, say that it is impossible, and will perhaps ask you to do it.

Take a tumbler and a piece of crumpled paper. Light the paper and place it burning in the tumbler, then immediately invert the later in the saucer. The water is immediately sucked up into the tumbler and the coin can be taken out without wetting the fingers.

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BOYS AT THE LAKE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

By W. FRANK McCLURE



THE CHAUTAUQUA BOYS' CLUB HOUSE AND SOME OF THE BOYS. THIS PLACE IS THE CENTER OF ACTIVITIES OF THE CHAUTAUQUA BOYS' CLUB

CONTRARY to the supposition of some people who have never been there, the life of a boy at the old original Chautauqua is full of vigor, in fact strenuous. I have recently come from the environment of the Chautauqua Boys' Club and from the annual Chautauqua circus in which boys figure so prominently, and have never seen a healthier and a happier lot of youngsters.

"Chautauqua" is an Indian name used to designate a lake in Western New York, twenty miles long and seven hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie, and also a particular spot on the lake—a beautiful grove on the side of a hill, wonderfully endowed by nature for the uses of a world-famous summer assembly. To this spot annually come many of the most notable personages in the world to participate in the program. President Roosevelt, for example, spoke there last year. It naturally follows that among the ten or twelve thousand people who take up their summer abode at Chautauqua, there are hundreds of boys—boys out for a vacation and a rollicking time.



THE ELEPHANT OF THE ANNUAL CHAUTAUQUA CIRCUS

Early morning finds the really enterprising lads of this summer city lined up in front of the Chautauquan Daily office and up until 9 o'clock at least their voices may be heard crying: "Chautauquan Daily—President Roosevelt's address," or, perhaps, it is "Dr. Gunsaulus' lecture" or "words for the oratorio for tonight." Out from the cottages come a string of men and women, young and old, wending their way to the markets or to the summer schools or may be to an early meeting in the amphitheater. Most of them want the morning paper containing the program for the day.

Ere long the bell in the boathouse tolls out the hour of nine. The doors of the Boys' Clubhouse on the lake front are thrown open and the Chautauqua boys, after two hours of money making and exercise of the lungs, burst into the building and its activities, still aglow with enthusiasm.

The carpenter shop is upstairs. There, an instructor is teaching the boys how to build real boats and numerous other articles in which a boy takes delight. In another room is a whittling class. In the reading room below is THE AMERICAN BOY magazine and a big assortment of other leading publications. The main portion of the building is given up to a gymnasium which is under the direction of a capable instructor. Dumb bells and Indian clubs are within easy reach about the walls. At intervals during the physical culture exercise the boys are all told to yell as loud as they can for a whole minute. The din of so many voices is furious.

Everyone is ready for a swim when the hour arrives for that, and the water is soon alive with youngsters. They are taught the rudiments of swimming. A class in rowing also affords exercise which most healthy boys enjoy.

The greatest diversion of all, however, is camping across the lake. One detachment from the club at a time is taken over to Maple Springs each evening. The distance of some three miles is covered in row boats. At the destination are three tents provided with mattresses on which to sleep. The boys arrive before 6 o'clock in the evening, build a campfire, cook their own potatoes and go to the nearby markets to purchase salt, sugar, and other necessities of the meal.

Circus day this year was on August 9. This event is always the signal for fun indeed. The parade forms and starts from a point near the Hall of Philosophy. The boys dress like Indians. With painted faces and with feathers in their hair, they ride ponies or are collected together upon a hayrack. Members of the Girls' Club and the Athletic Club also participate.

A cow is given an artificial hump to represent a camel. No circus parade is complete without an elephant. The one which participates in the Chautauqua parade is shown in the accompanying photograph. Also, clowns are not lacking and a brass band heads the procession. The route ends at the baseball grounds, where a tent is erected for the performers while the audience sits in the baseball grandstand. A goodly part of the program is made up of gymnastic feats.

In the Chautauqua amphitheater boys are welcome in the junior choir. Not only do they learn to cultivate their voices but they now and then participate in some such musical rendition as "Pinafore" given before an audience of perhaps six or seven thousand people.

Small boys at Chautauqua take a great deal of enjoyment in sailing their toy boats in the waters of the Dead Sea in miniature, which, with its surrounding hills, is built to represent the waters and hills of the Holy Land.

On the Sabbath day, Chautauqua rests. There is no boating, no amusements. There are no meetings except divine service. Boys at Chautauqua awaken Monday morning realizing better than ever the invigoration and reward which come from observing a day of rest.



BOYS AT CHAUTAUQUA SAILING TOY BOATS IN THE "DEAD SEA." THIS SEA AND ITS SURROUNDING HILLS ARE A REPRESENTATION IN MINIATURE OF THE HOLY LAND

Our Funny Little Brothers

Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's a half-dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains, be sure you take a cab home."

But Fred reached home drenched through.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father.

"I did, father," said Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

"Now, Alec, don't be selfish," said his mother; "baby's only going to play with your marbles for a little while."

"No, mother, he's going to keep them always if he can."

"O no, dear."

"I'm sure he is, mother, 'cos he's trying to swallow them."

Teacher—Willie, spell "wrong."
Willie—R-o-n-g.
Teacher—No, that's wrong.
Willie (puzzled)—But that's what you told me to spell, teacher.

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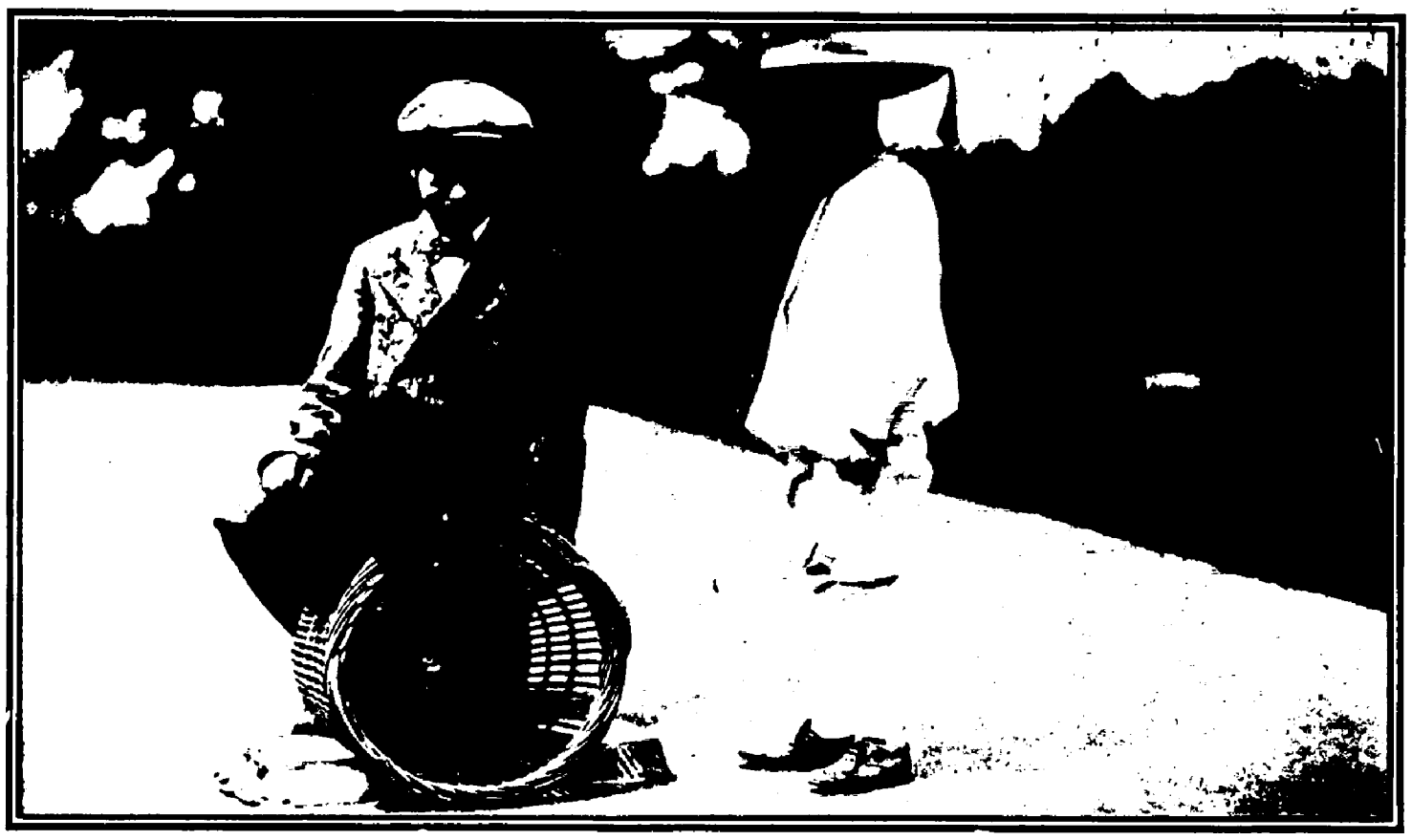


BOY MISCELLANY

Youngest of Travelers.—Charles Clinton Gladwin, of the tender age of two years and eight months, has achieved distinction by crossing the Atlantic in the Cedric from New York, with a label showing his name and destination attached to his overcoat.

To Save the Fines.—The judge of a court, who had to deal with the case of eight children charged with theft, imposed fines, but agreed to remit these if the mothers of the children gave them a good caning. The women agreed to this, and on being provided with canes, plied them so vigorously that the court for some time resounded with the lusty howls of the juvenile culprits. By this means the mothers saved fines amounting to five dollars a child.

Something More About the Swimming Needle.—In our March number we told how to make a needle swim. Laurence Whitman, Pendleton, Oregon, adds a little interest to the matter by suggesting that the experimenter put first a needle in the water, and aferwards a pin, so that they will be about an inch apart. The result will be that the pin will immediately go to the needle and they will float together. Put the tip of your finger into the water about a quarter of an inch from them, push it toward them, and you will find they will all the time keep about an inch away from the finger. If you put your finger under the water about an inch or so, the needle will be attracted by the finger and will immediately come to it.

Don't Loaf Away Your Holidays.—It may be a little late to give advice regarding the summer vacation, but here is what Howard R. Lowery, Biloxi, Mississippi, says: "Don't loaf away your holidays. If every boy who is able to work would do something in his vacation days, instead of loafing, he would find it helpful." Howard himself is something of an electrician. He is particularly interested in our Mechanical and Electrical Department, and says that he has tried all of the experiments in both electricity and chemistry that have been described in our pages. He has telegraph instruments, motors, generators, lamps, batteries, and a sparking coil that he himself made. Working in a drug store, as he does, he gets a great many chemicals, the nature of which he understands. He looks forward to becoming an electrician or a mechanic when he grows up.

A Spit Turned by Water Power.—Hubert Turner, Harrisburg, Illinois, says that he has received so much help from THE AMERICAN BOY that he thinks he ought to do something in return; so he tells us how to make a spit turn by water power, saying that it will be of advantage to boys out camping who do not want to remain about the fire to turn the spit by hand while the meat is cooking, but prefer to be about some other more pleasant occupation. The illustration furnished by Hubert is not so made that we can reproduce it. The scheme, however, is to build the fire near the bank of a stream. Let the one end of the spit having the water wheel attached to it extend out over the bank so the current will turn the spit. He suggests that the apparatus be used where the current is slow, for if the wheel turns too fast, the meat will burn.

A Dangerous Candy Stick.—Arthur Littleton, Island Heights, New Jersey, tells the following story:

A young woman, not an American, seeing the American flag hanging limply about its staff, there being no breeze, said to another,

"Huh, I'd like to see what's pretty in that thing. Why, it looks like a stick of tea-berry candy."

One standing near and overhearing the remark, replied, "Yes, it does look like a stick of tea-berry candy, but it is a stick of tea-berry candy that has made everybody sick that tried to lick it."

Boston's Patriotic Boys.—The boys of the Chickatawbut Boys' Club of Boston at a meeting recently held adopted a protest against the further use of the Old State House in Boston for subway entrances. The protest read as follows:

"We, the members of the Chickatawbut Boys' Club, do unfallingly believe in the preservation of the Old State House. We do hereby protest against any further encroachment upon that edifice, which stands for so much in the life of our nation."

The protest was signed by every boy in the club. Their names show that many of them are Irish, Hebrew, Italian, Portuguese, and German. And what we are glad to add, their protest won out. These boys are the descendants in spirit of the boys that gave so much trouble to General Gage before the Revolutionary days.

Two Boys Direct a Big Store.—William and Keeley Tilson, the former ten years of age, the latter twelve, are members of the firm of Tilson Brothers, Pulaski, Virginia, which conducts one of the largest retail establishments in their native city. Their talent for mercantile business is said to be phenomenal. They buy and sell goods, hire clerks, keep the books of the firm, and conduct the business as their father did before them.

Honest "Dummy."—Morris Miller, a deaf and dumb Boston newsboy, called by his associates "Dummy," has won prominent mention in Boston newspapers through his honesty in returning a five-dollar gold piece to a customer who in his hurry had passed it over for a newspaper, thinking it was a penny. The boy did not discover the customer's mistake until after he had gotten away. It was not until several days afterwards that he saw the customer again. He then explained the circumstances and returned the five-dollar gold piece.

A Peculiarity in 142857.—Chas Zerves, Uniontown, Pa., seeing the peculiarities of the number 9 referred to in our August number, calls attention to the number 142857. He claims to have worked the matter out himself one day while in school.

142857 times 1=142857
142857 times 2=285714
142857 times 3=428571
142857 times 4=571428
142857 times 5=714285
142857 times 6=857142
142857 times 7=999999

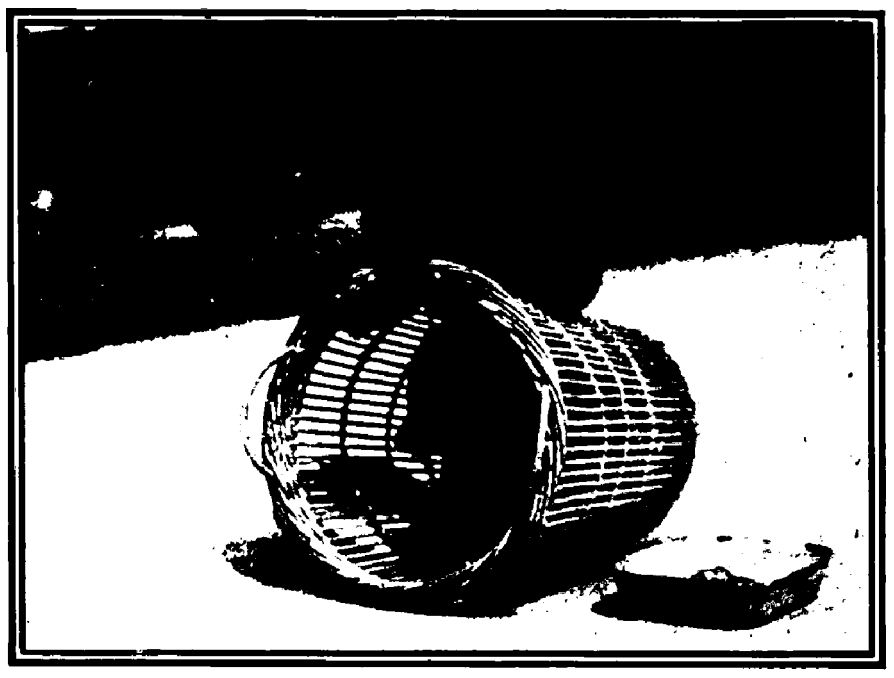
It will be noticed that in the first six products obtained by multiplication, the same figures are used but in different positions; and that seven times the number makes one less than a million.

Boys as "Policemen."—Fifteen hundred school-boys of New York have been appointed "deputy street commissioners." Their duty is to warn, and, if necessary, to cause the arrest of people causing a nuisance by throwing refuse in the streets.

The Roosevelt Bears

The favorite attraction to the young people of New York City are a pair of young bears which were given to the Bronx Park Zoological Department this spring. They are of the kind which easily yield to training and are often seen going about the country doing tricks for the support of their indolent masters.

These two have been named Teddy B. and Teddy G., because they are like the two bears having these names that have made so much fun for the boy readers of the New York Times. They are as tame and as frolicsome as a pair of well-bred kittens. The fact that they are on exhibition seven days a week and are much admired and told how cute and cunning they are at least a thousand times a day, does not make them vain in the least. In the picture given herewith they are shown just as they were having a jolly good time with a stray waste paper basket. Their pranks have often brought smiles where there were tears, and have lightened the hearts of many who came into the park full of the thoughts of their troubles. Teddy B. and Teddy G. Roosevelt I am sure are a happy pair and could they talk would certainly send their best wishes to every reader of the "best boys' paper in America"—THE AMERICAN BOY.



Why Fathers and Their Sons Should be Friends

It is a pretty hard thing for a boy or a young man to realize that his father is his best friend, remarks John Anderson Jayne, in the Philadelphia Bulletin. Especially is this true, says Mr. Jayne, if the young man knows that the father has wasted his life. And yet it is a good thing for boys and young men to remember that, even with all the misunderstandings and faults the father has there is that in him that makes him love his boy and wants him to go in the right path.

"Why must it be that not until the years of manhood have come does a boy realize what his father is to him? Why must he have to wait until the father is sleeping his last sleep, waiting the angel's trump, before he feels as though he would like to shake his father by the hand? Yet too often it is the case. Too often sons and fathers are estranged from each other, when by the tie of blood that binds them they should be the best of friends—the father a guardian to the son, the son to the father. Only occasionally do fathers and sons have mutual love and forbearance one for the other that they should have.

"Whose fault is it?

"Today, father, when you go home you know your boy will not meet you with a smile. You know he is afraid or ashamed of you. By the hopes and sorrows of the years that are to come, search your own heart and life, and if you are at fault make the matter right."

There Should be a Hundred Thousand Business Men Following This Example

"Seattle, Wash., Aug. 10, 1906.

"The Sprague Publishing Company,
"Detroit, Mich.

"Gentlemen:

"I inclose herewith check for $1.00 and request that you enter upon your subscription list for one year the name of _____, a colored boy who does janitor work in our office. As he is a very studious boy I believe your paper will do him good.

"Yours truly,
"JOEL R. GAY."

Mr. Gay is the manager of insurance and financial department of George F. Meacham & Co., Seattle.

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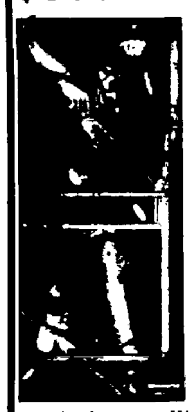

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Each contestant is to give five intelligent reasons. To make the contest more fascinating, each letter of the alphabet is given a different value. The person sending five reasons where the sum of the values of all the letters used shall be the highest will be given the

GRAND PRIZE OF $100.00

149 others will secure prizes varying in value—$300.00 in all. The prizes will be awarded on Christmas Day.

We want every reader of The American Boy to enter this contest. We want you to try it. Ask your hardware dealer to let you see a set of the Williams Ventilating Window-Sash Fastener and get him to give you a printed set of rules governing the contest. If he has not yet been supplied, send us his name, a postal card will do, and we will mail you a set of these simple rules.

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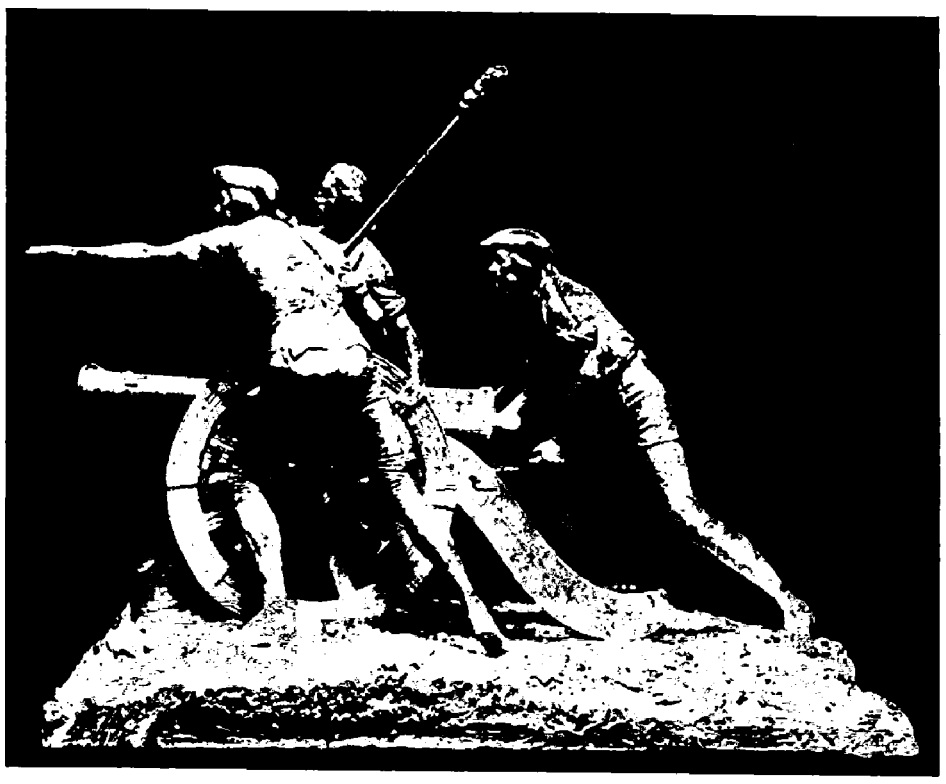
AMERICAN BOY ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ



To Commemorate the Gallant Actions of Yale College Boys in Revolutionary Days

THE HEROIC DEFENSE of New Haven by the students of Yale College, an almost forgotten page of American history, is to be thrown into the national limelight by the unveiling of a unique piece of statuary. The group is now in process of completion in the studio of James Edward Kelly, New York. The unveiling will take place on July 5th, 1907, the anniversary of the defense of New Haven.

The statue represents three figures, in the costume of the college boys of colonial times, operating a piece of field artillery. The stirring affair that the statue will commemorate occurred on July 5, 1779. The British planned to cause Washington to weaken his forces at West Point in order to defend the Connecticut coast. New Haven, then a town of 1,800 inhabitants was to be the object of the British attack. President Stiles, from the steeple of Yale College, saw the British fleet preparing to sail from West Haven and called out the students for the defense of the town.

Under General Garth the British forced a landing, hotly opposed by the Yale boys and the patriots, and proceeded to plunder and destroy. A pitched battle was fought at the northwest corner of Broadway and the defenders were eventually overwhelmed by superior numbers. Meanwhile the British had landed 1,500 men at Lighthouse Point and advanced from the east, with the intention of forming a junction with those in the town and crushing all opposition, while Sir George Collier bombarded the town from the warships in the harbor.

By this time, however, the entire country side was aroused and the patriots gathered in such numbers that the British withdrew and burned Fairfield. The heroic students of Old Eli were, therefore, left in possession of the college town. It is this fight that the group is to immortalize.

The Five Year Quarter-Back

(*Continued from page 364*)

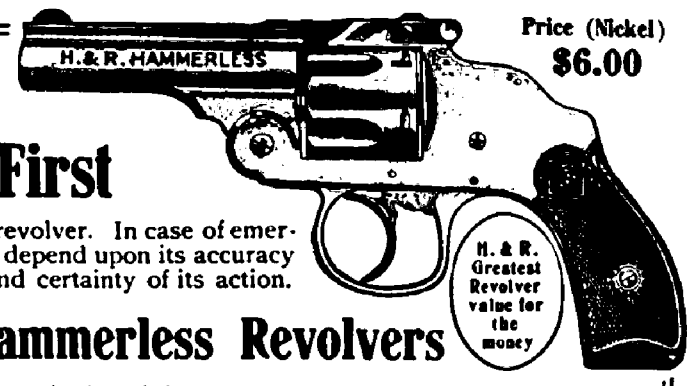
but the next, there was a conference of the coaches and I was invited to attend. After I had been there a few minutes there was an embarrassing pause, and then the head coach, who, I could see, had been assigned the task by the others, addressed me and said, "See here, Wilson, we are not saying you did not play a good game yesterday. But we want you to understand that our men must play according to instructions. Dall and Gribben are both out or we would drop you at once; as it is, we will leave you for a while, but if you break over again we are through with you, for where you win once you will lose a hundred times." It was no more severe than I expected and I withdrew without a reply.

The next fall, though Gribben and Dall were both candidates, the place was given to me, and it was the head coach who decided the matter.



MY FIRST DAY AT THE OFFICE

—*From "The Boys' Own Paper" (London)*



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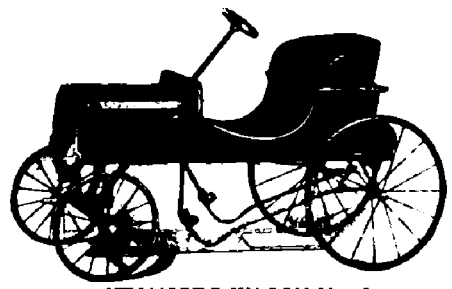

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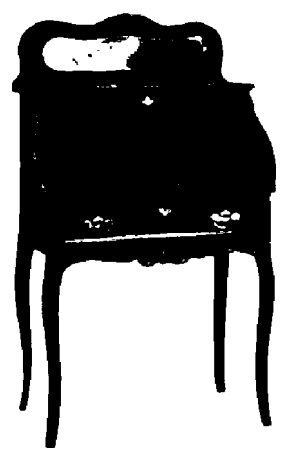

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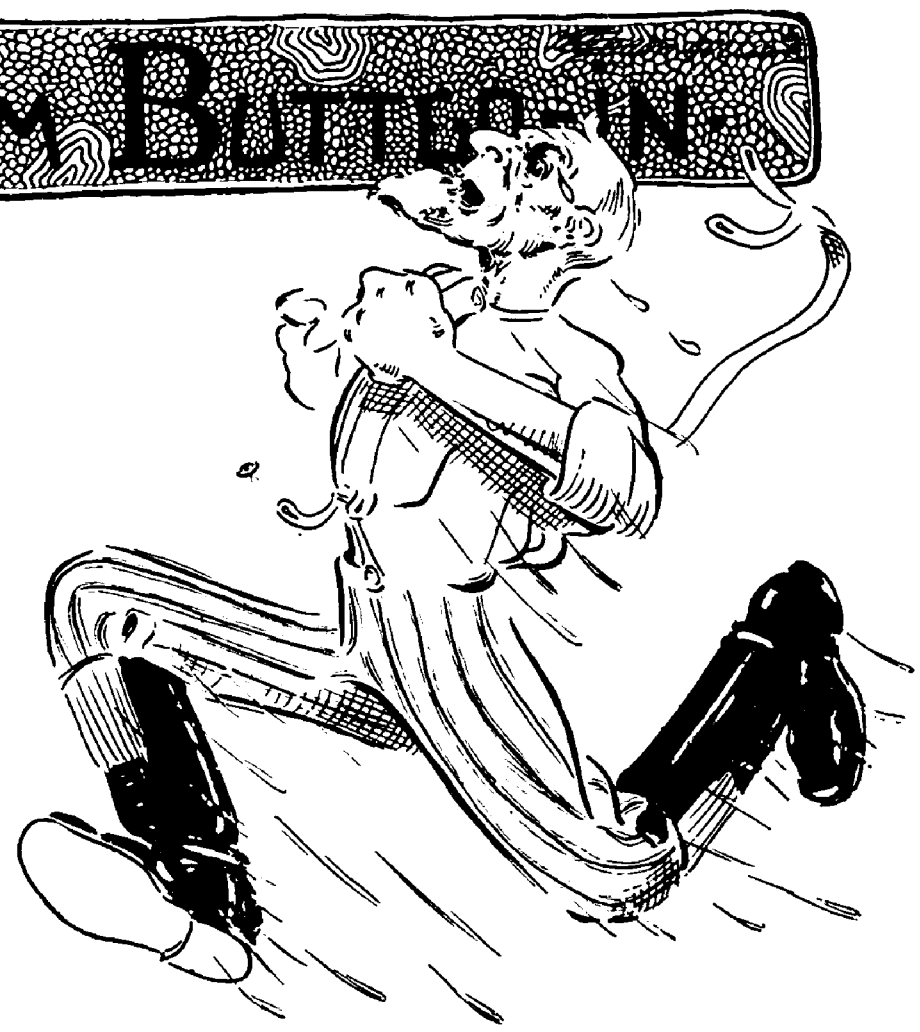
When Jim Butted In

By J. S. Ellis.



"BY GUM!" said Grandfather Tuffts, "you buttin' son-of-a-gun!"

He picked himself up, affectionately feeling a spot on the rear of his trousers. A red calf broke into a wild run just in time to escape a length of stove-wood which came ricochetting his way. "Ikey, the tarnal little whelp, larned him to butt," quoth Grandfather Tuffts. "By gum!"

He took an armload of the wood and strode, dark-browed, toward the house. A bunch of small boys had been watching the performance from reserved seats behind the barn door. When the kitchen door had closed behind the tall form of Grandfather Tuffts they fell into each other's arms and made merry with all the abandon of free and innocent boyhood. Then the leader called a halt.

"Le's have a bull fight, fellers."

"My eye!" chuckled Snoppy Roper, "didn't he swat him!"

"Come on, fellers. Where did Jim go?"

The band, armed with weapons, offensive and defensive, moved on the orchard where Jim, the red calf, was sorting apples. He preferred sweet ones, and a trifle soft.

"I've got him learned," bragged young Ikey, "to butt when I shake my hat at him, this way."

He ran up to the calf and flapped him over the eyes with his hat. But Jim was lazy. The juice of the apple filled him with a comfortable sensation and he was at peace with all the world. Moreover, it was warm. Ikey became insistent.

"Give me that broom, Tim."

He advanced again and thrust the brush into the face of the mild calf. He wanted results and he got them. There was what might safely be called an explosion. Ikey, from experience, saw it headed his way and endeavored to flee. When the smoke cleared the satisfied Ikey lay on the grass and four small boys were making frantic efforts to shin up apple trees. Jim frisked about gaily, tail in air, enjoying the sport immensely. Ikey sat up but made no attempt to rise. He had learned from experience. Jim made it a point never to hit a gentleman after he was down.

Loud and prolonged applause came from the trees as soon as the audience was a safe distance from the ground.

"Do it again, Ikey!"

"Wasn't that a peach!"

"Jump up an' swat him an' then hike for this tree," advised one.

Jim was tip-toeing around the ring, anxious to have time called. Ikey lay back on the grass.

"Come and help me, fellers," he called. "I can't get away."

There was a hurried consultation in the tree-tops. Each presented urgent reasons why the other should go, but none of the inglorious crew ventured down to the aid of their leader. After a while a longing for sweet apples again possessed Jim's soul and he withdrew and went back to apple picking.

Grandmother Tuffts, fat, fifty, and florid, was thumping a heap of dough over the bread-board when Grandfather Tuffts came in with the wood. She was singing "Beulah," and thumping out an accompaniment.

"Is not this the land of Beulah—"

Thump! Thump!

"It may be," Grandfather Tuffts remarked sarcastically, "but if it is there is a blanked calf that won't be in it long."

Grandmother Tuffts looked up from her work but said nothing. She had lived with "Dan'l" for thirty years.

"That whelp of a calf," went on Grandfather Tuffts in injured accents, "came up behind me when I was stoopin' down to git the wood and pushed me over."

"Why didn't you take a stick and knock him?" asked Grandmother Tuffts.

"Knock him? Of course, you'd knock him. Mebbe you'd shoo him with your apron."

"Well, I'd do something."

"You'd do something. I suppose you would. I'll do something, too. I'll shoot the son-of-a-gun, by gum!"

Grandmother Tuffts sniffed. "Let a little red calf like that scare you out."

Grandfather Tuffts plunked the wood into the woodbox and left the room.

"A woman," he remarked to the doorpost in passing, "can always tell what ought to be done when it ain't time to do it."

On Thursday afternoon the members of the Ladies' Aid were the guests of Grandmother Tuffts. To make the event still more eventful, four preachers from a local conference came also to enjoy the good cheer. The table was spread under the trees. Around this festive board the Ladies' Aid was drawn, punctuated at proper intervals with a preacher. Grandmother Tuffts was flurrying about with ready hands and hospitable mien.

"Pa," she called at the last moment, "we need some water. Take the pail and run down to the spring."

The four preachers and the Ladies' Aid looked wistfully across the groaning table and waited. Truly Grandmother Tuffts knew the weakness of the human heart and the way thereto. At the foot of the hill they could see Grandfather Tuffts bending to fill the pail at the spring.

"Mis' Tuffts," Sadie Green was saying, "your sweet pickles— O-o-o-h!!"

The four preachers and the Ladies' Aid started up in alarm at Sadie Green's piercing exclamation. The preacher nearest made haste to hold her from falling. But she motioned them back and pointed excitedly down the hill. Grandfather Tuffts had disappeared and Jim was standing by the spring, gazing regretfully downward. A moment later there was a splash and a yell and Grandfather Tuffts was out of the water looking for weapons. A fence plank was the first object his eager hand found. With this he made a mighty swash at Jim and laid a broadside along his ribs. The sounds of the conflict came by wireless with startling distinctness to the ears of the listeners.

"By gum!"—whack—"you son-of-a-gun"—whack—whelp—whack, whack.

In attempting to land a finishing blow Grandfather Tuffts struck out mightily, and, missing, was whirled around by the force of his own blow. Jim came back with one below the belt and Grandfather Tuffts went down for losses. He arose again and sprinted for the house. Jim gambolled gleefully around him. It was glorious fun! Once Grandfather Tuffts thought of stopping and trying to kick a safety from the field. On second thought he decided it was better to try to make the remaining fifteen yards. The Ladies' Aid and the four preachers arose to receive him. The ladies were worried. The preachers looked sad.

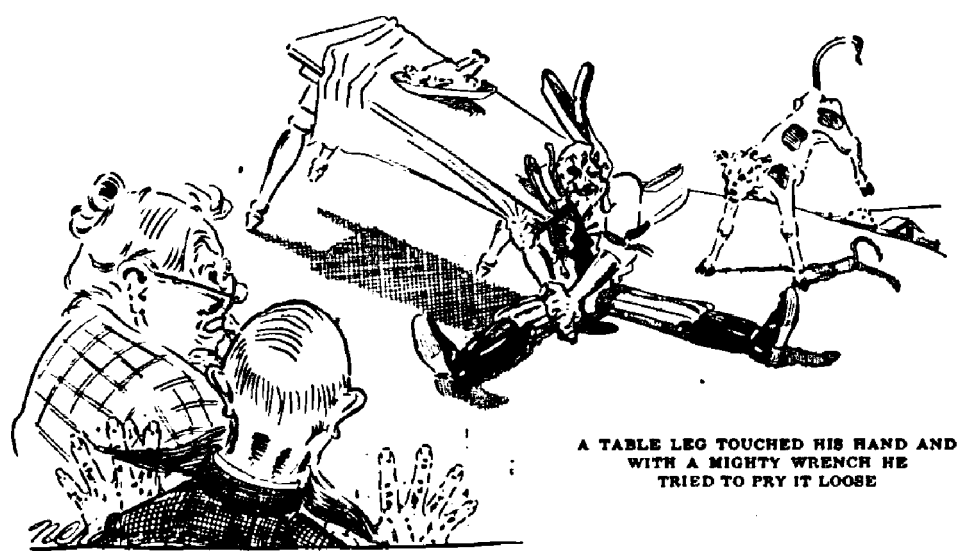
"Shoot him!" yelled Grandfather Tuffts; "shoot the ——"

What he would have said will never be known. Just then happy Jim hit him in the rear and Grandfather Tuffts made a touchdown beneath the table, plowing up a large area of turf without the protection of a nose-guard. Horror blanched the faces of the four preachers. The Ladies' Aid made a record for rooting from the side-lines. Grandfather Tuffts struggled up, striking his head on the edge of the table and grasping wildly for a club. A table leg touched his hand and with a mighty wrench he endeavored to pry it loose. He succeeded beyond expectation. The leg snapped, the table veered toward him and emptied a choice assortment of viands on his inoffensive head. Chicken gravy flowed down his shirt bosom. A little avalanche of dishes coasted over his back. An aureole of custard pie hit him on the head and sagged down to his ears.

The noise frightened Jim and he was safely away before Grandfather Tuffts struggled to his feet, striking out wildly with the table leg. The four preachers laid violent hands on Grandfather Tuffts at this point and wiped the custard from his eyes. Considering what they had lost they were remarkably well sustained. Grandfather Tuffts looked around at the ruin created and then at Jim peacefully eating apples in the orchard.

"By gum!" said Grandfather Tuffts. "I was stoopin' down to git a pail of water and had just got the bucket dipped into the water when that whelp came up behind me when I wasn't lookin' and pushed me over. I didn't have time to say yes ner no. The blamed whelp!"

And the Ladies' Aid reproved not; even the four preachers looked glad.



A TABLE LEG TOUCHED HIS HAND AND WITH A MIGHTY WRENCH HE TRIED TO PRY IT LOOSE

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 thought to myself: "That is because everything in the city has to be bought, and living is high." But I began to study the thing, and I found that even a country boy costs his parents a good deal. When you count what a boy eats and wants to wear, and the school books he must have, the doctor bills which must be paid, when he gets the measles and scarlet fever; he will cost his folks at least a hundred dollars a year. If a boy is given to breaking things, kicking the toes out of his boots and so on, he costs more than that; so when I am twenty-one and old enough to do for myself, I shall have cost father more than two thousand dollars.

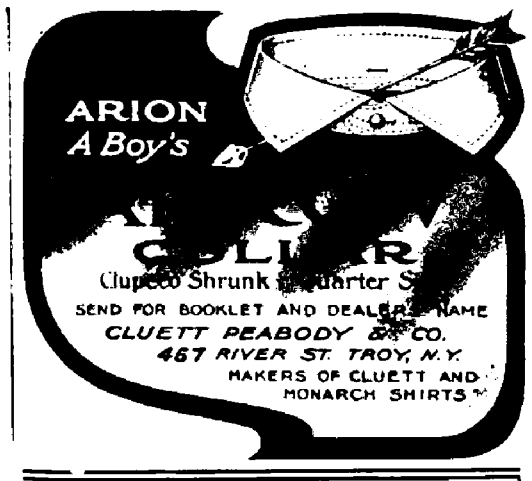
Mother cooked my food and made my clothes, and patched them, and washed and ironed for me, took care of me when I was a little fellow and when I was sick, and she never charged anything for it. If she were dead and father had to pay for all that it would cost another hundred dollars a year more, and that makes two thousand dollars worth of work that mother will have done for me time I am a man.

Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that? These are hard times, and when parents put four thousand dollars into a boy, what have they a right to expect from him? Is it fair for a boy to play truant at school? Is it fair for him to play ball, go swimming, or hang around all the time, when may be his father's potatoes are not dug, nor the wood brought in for his mother? Is it fair for him to disappoint them by swearing and drinking? Is it fair for him to forget his parents when he has left home, and neglect even to write the letters?

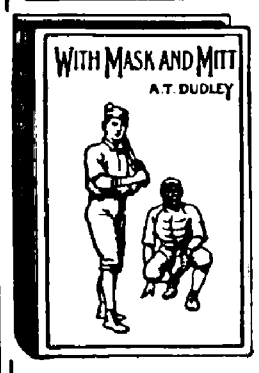
I remember a bright young man saying: "Some of our parents have put about all they have into us boys and girls. If we make whisky decanters of ourselves they are poor indeed; but if we make good citizens and substantial men and women, they will feel as though they had good pay for bringing us up."

Boys, what are you worth to your parents?

The foregoing, which appeared in the "Children's Friend," is said to have been written by a boy.



THE LATEST
Phillips-Exeter Story



With Mask and Mitt

By A. T. DUDLEY

Author of

Following the Ball
Making the Nine
and In the Line

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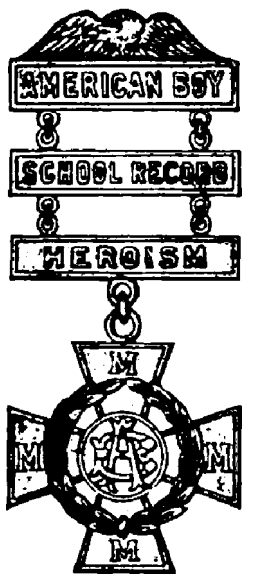

Division of the Legion Into Chapters

Every two hundred boys in the Legion constitute a chapter at the head of which stands a Counselor. The Counselor will be a prominent educator who agrees to stand as counselor and advisor to the two hundred Legion of Honor boys under him. The first chapter is now forming and will be known as "The Shepardson Chapter."

The Shepardson Chapter (Chapter 1) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL. D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago

Address (with postage for reply) care of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

School Record

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The Hervey Chapter (Chapter 2) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Walter L. Hervey, A. M., Ph. D., Examiner, Board of Education, N. Y. City

School Record

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Heroism

Matthew Butterfield, Phelps, N. Y.; Willie Dieterich, Milwaukee, Wis.; Nicholas Colangelo, Providence, R. I.; Thos. O'Rourke, Woodstock, Ontario; Charles Leroy Haynes, Emporia, Kan.; James Copeland, St. Louis, Mo.; Edward A. Murphy, Mt. Sinai, L. I.; Arthur Schratwieser, Mt. Sinai, L. I.

How They Won

Wells Leib, of Rushville, Illinois, received an average of 96%, the highest in the sixth grade during the school year.

Russell R. Sigler, Hayesville, Ohio, received the average of 96⅓% during the recent term of school, it being the highest in the class.

Leonard Manahan, of Belle Center, Ohio, obtained the highest average grade of any boy in the Junior High School for the term ended May 25th.

Paul Huling, an eighth grade pupil of the Tionesta, Pennsylvania, schools, has been perfect in attendance at school during the last five years.

Eleven-year-old Maurice Wolfers, of Hopkins, Missouri, has the honor of making the highest average in the sixth grade during the term just ended.

Mark Hodgson, a sophomore in the Hobart, Oklahoma, High School, received the highest average for the term ended May 18th. His percentage was 96½.

The highest average in the High sixth grade of the Santa Anna High School during the term of 1905-'06 was made by Jodie Mathews, Santa Anna, Texas, to whom a badge has been sent.

Robert M. Conley has finished the year's work in the freshman class of the Cedarville (Ohio) High School with the highest grade of any pupil in the class, obtaining an average of 94 7-9%.

Elwood Nye, Smith Center, Kansas, won the highest average in the eighth grade during the year 1905-'06, which average was 93 5-9%. Elwood and his brother Willie have taken THE AMERICAN BOY for several years.

Arthur Nigg, of Enterprise, Kansas, took part in a close race for first place in the eighth grade during the term just ended. He obtained an average that was but five-ninths above that of the pupil ranking second in the class.

Noble E. Loyns, who lives in Roseisle, Manitoba, has led his class at the Miami Intermediate School during the last two terms, his percentages ranging between 80% and 100%. His principal writes that Noble is a student of marked ability and merits success.

Joe and Jim Dickson, of Luella, Texas, have received School Record Badges; Joe for obtaining the highest average in his class for the term ended April 20th, and Jim for being perfect in attendance at school for the last five years.

The highest average in the seventh grade of the Athens, Tennessee, city schools was made by Cecil McDowell, who writes: "I have been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY for four years, and like it better than any other paper."

Clive-Ellerbe Chambliss, Bevier, Missouri, has led his classes for the last two years, and for the last six years has not been tardy at school. He is now in the sixth grade. His father writes, "My son has been for two years a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, and is an ardent admirer of the paper."

Earnest West, of Brecksville, Ohio, won a School Record Badge by maintaining the highest average in the sixth grade during the school year. There are three boys in the West family, Harry, Earnest, and Carl, and they have taken THE AMERICAN BOY for five years, using their own money to pay for it.

Alonzo Meek writes from Montgomery, Alabama, to thank us for his School Record Badge. Alonzo, who was born in Battle Creek, Michigan, and is not yet twelve years old, has been president and vice-president of a Junior League, and president of two school clubs. He likes THE AMERICAN BOY so well that he is trying to "pass it along" by speaking to the boys at school about it.



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Moseisle, Man.



T. A. HARRIS
Ogden, Utah



LESLIE HOMER BRASEL
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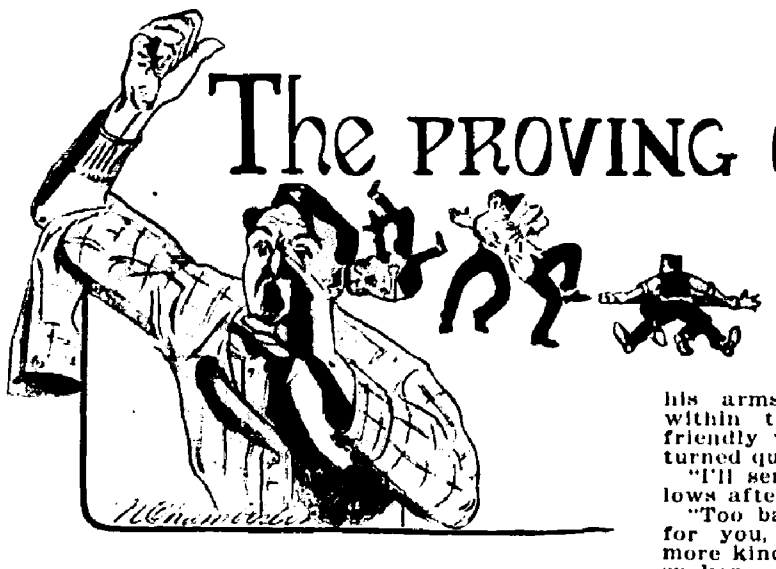

The PROVING of the GIRL-BOY.

By Herbert Walden

IT WAS THE end of the opening week of college. Wilbur Raymond, running lightly down the steps of North Hall, was greeted by a group of his classmates at the foot of the steps.

"Hello, Raymond! Coming out to the rush tonight?"

"Not I," replied Raymond good-naturedly.

"Oh, come, Raymond, you don't mean that!" exclaimed one.

"Yes, I do," said Raymond more seriously. "I have some extra work over at the mining camp this evening. Besides I quite agree with the President that our rushes are nothing but rufflanism, and I believe we ought to uphold him in his effort to put a stop to them."

A brief silence fell upon the group, then Rob Hilton, Raymond's old neighbor and lifelong enemy, burst out. "Oh, let him alone, fellows! He's afraid of getting caught. He always was a girl-boy."

Raymond flushed slightly and, turning walked away, Hilton's words sounding in his ears. Girl-boy, girl-boy. Would he never live it down? Would he never be able to convince them that that appellation given him long ago was wholly undeserved?

Meanwhile the rushers were busy with their plans. From time immemorial it had been the custom for the freshmen class to plant its numbers on the hill behind the university during the opening week of college. To prevent their doing so was considered one of the most sacred obligations that ever fell upon the shoulders of a sophomore class. The juniors were always present to direct the movements of the inexperienced freshmen, while seniors appeared in goodly numbers to aid the sophomores. In short it was the occasion for a fierce contest into which every college man who had any fighting blood in his veins threw himself with all his soul.

The new president, however, had boldly denounced this time-honored ceremonial as "rufflanism." Further, he had decreed that all students found guilty of "rushing" would be expelled from the university. The president was popular and the more conservative element among the students would have respected his mandate. But a tradition so firmly planted was not to be uprooted in a day. From the beginning of the week an atmosphere of unrest pervaded the campus. The students and instructors leaving the University late Thursday evening were not surprised to see little groups of shadowy figures making their way stealthily across the campus toward the hill.

Early the next morning Wilbur Raymond was returning from his mining camp beyond the hill. As he passed the scene of the previous night's encounter, he heard a cry from the brush near him. Pushing aside the thick branches, he came face to face with Rob Hilton lying on the ground bloody and dishevelled. Raymond gave an exclamation of surprise and Hilton answered sulkily. "I hate to ask you for help." Wilbur colored, but said nothing, and Rob hurried on. "The officers pounced down on us just as we were going to finish up the freshies. Lots of the fellows were caught. I succeeded in escaping, but as I was running down this bank my foot caught in a vine. I fell forward, my head struck a rock, and I didn't know anything more till about ten minutes ago. My ankle is pretty badly wrenched, but I think I can walk if you will help me. I'll be caught yet if I don't get off the campus before eight o'clock."

"Let me tie up your head first; it's bleeding badly," said Raymond. He bandaged the wounded head with his own tie, and they began to descend the narrow path. Hilton leaning on the shoulder of his enemy and groaning at every step. It was a long, painful walk and both boys had time for reflection. Wilbur Raymond's thoughts involuntarily went back to the past. He saw himself, a pale, lonely child standing at the fence wistfully watching the Hilton children at their games. What did it matter to him that the Hilton fathers and grandfathers and the Raymond fathers and grandfathers had been enemies as long as anyone could remember? He would gladly have foresworn family prejudices to join in the romps of his boy friends. But they had only called him a "girl-boy" and resumed their play. He saw himself again in high school, still the "girl-boy," still striving unsuccessfully to overcome the hostility which the more popular Rob Hilton had somehow instilled into his associates. Three years of successful college work had almost effaced the bitterness of those old memories, but he had yet to convince Rob Hilton.

Here a startled exclamation from Rob broke upon his thoughts. "There comes Professor Thomas!" he exclaimed. "It's all up with me now."

The professor had not yet seen them. It would take but two or three quick steps to reach an outbuilding of the chemistry department where a small porch thickly covered with vines would furnish concealment for one. But those two or three quick steps Rob Hilton was unable to take. Before he had recovered his breath Wilbur had picked him up in his arms and placed him within the shelter of the friendly vines, saying as he turned quickly away:

"I'll send some of the fellows after you later."

"Too bad there isn't room for you, too," said Hilton more kindly than he had yet spoken.

"Oh, I can pass the professor all right," responded Wilbur. And, indeed, he had all but passed him with a pleasant exchange of greeting, when the keen-eyed instructor noticed that the usually immaculate Raymond was somewhat dusty as to clothing and somewhat bloody as to hands. Professor Thomas was chairman of the "committee on students' affairs." Moreover, he had a perfectly defined conception of his duty.

"Mr. Raymond, pardon me," he said, somewhat coolly. "Of course your conduct in college has always been above reproach. But do you not realize, sir, that a young man who is seen coming from this direction at this hour of the morning after a rush is liable to suspicion?"

"I am just returning from my camp over the hills, professor," said Wilbur. "I'm doing some original work there in mining."

"Does that account for the dust on your clothing and the blood on your hands?"

Wilbur paled as he realized all at once that the evidence against him was great unless he could furnish a satisfactory explanation. And how could he explain? He had never been accustomed to evasions, and none presented itself now. The only explanation which came to his mind was the truth, and should he purchase his own acquittal by fastening blame on another, even though that other was guilty? Should he conceal a man and then betray his hiding place? All this flashed through his mind in the second that the professor waited for an answer.

"Professor, I-I can't explain, I——"

"Then," said Professor Thomas sternly, "I must report you to the president. I am sorry, sir. Have you nothing further to say?"

"Nothing, professor, except that I was not in the rush last night, only—I—I cannot explain."

"Good morning, Mr. Raymond."

Wilbur walked home in a daze, his mind full of conflicting emotions. Surely he would not be expelled. His past record and his present standing would save him from that disgrace. And even if the president were not inclined to be lenient, of course Hilton would be man enough to set matters right. But, if Hilton did not exonerate him, he hardly dared to think of such a possibility, but at least Rob Hilton should see that he was not a coward.

In the afternoon he was summoned to the president's office. An hour later he staggered blindly down the steps of South Hall, the president's last words ringing in his ears.

"Unless you can give a more satisfactory account of your whereabouts last night and of your appearance and conduct this morning when Professor Thomas met you, you are expelled from the university!"

Expelled! He was beginning to appreciate the awfulness of the situation. How could he face his mother! Was it right to bring disgrace upon himself and his parents to shield a guilty comrade? Should he not go back to the president and tell him all? No! Never! Hilton would surely set it right when he heard.

The next morning the university experienced a sensation when Wilbur Raymond's name appeared on the list of students expelled for "rushing." Many were the expressions of surprise and regret that a student of such promise should have brought that humiliation upon himself, and many were the expressions of wonder that Rob Hilton, who had always been known to take a most daring part in the "rushes," should have escaped.

All day Wilbur waited, pacing feverishly up and down in his room, for word to come that Rob Hilton had lifted the heavy burden of disgrace from his shoulders. No word came and Wilbur all at once found himself face to face with his sentence. Expelled! This, then, was the realization of his long cherished ambition to vindicate himself to Rob Hilton, to prove that he was not a coward and a "girl-boy." He had not thought to have to prove it at such a cost. Was it worth while, after all?

The day passed and another day came, and still Hilton was silent. Rob Hilton was lying on his couch enduring the jests of his friends.

"Rob always was a good boy. He's never broken a rule since he's been in college." "And he doesn't even know what a rush is like," said another. "How did he hurt his foot? "Oh, he fell down stairs," added a third. "Say, Rob, have you heard about your old friend, Raymond?" "Fifty times," answered Rob sulkily. "Why, of course, fellows, that's why Bob has been so glum these two days, grieving over Raymond's expulsion."

His companions continued their bantering, and Rob turned his face to the wall without paying them further heed.

Suddenly he started up, and the boys stopped their chattering, astonished at the expression on his face. "Jim," he said to his room-mate, will you get me my cane?"

"Where are you going, Robby?"

"To see the president."

"Going to 'fess up, Robby?"

"Yes."

"What!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"Why, man, you're insane!" exclaimed his chum.

Rob made a painful effort to rise. His companions crowded around him excitedly.

"Come, Robby! Brace up. This is madness. What——"

"There's no use in your talking, fellows. You don't understand. I tell you I'm going to see the president."

His friends would have remonstrated further, but the stern pallor of his face and the unwonted solemnity of his manner awed them into silence.

"Jim, will you help me?"

"All right, old boy, here's your cane."

Wilbur Raymond was mechanically putting his books and pictures into his trunk. Suddenly the door opened and Rob Hilton stood before him, haggard and old. Wilbur's heart gave a great bound. For a moment neither spoke; then Hilton broke the silence.

"Raymond, I've just been to the president and told him everything." Wilbur was still silent and Rob hurried on.

"Why did you do it, Raymond? At first I thought of course you would explain, and when at last I understood that you were just too much of a brick to give me away, well, I simply didn't have the nerve to face the president and own up. Then the longer I waited the harder it was. But, thank heaven, I did get my courage up at last. But, I tell you, Raymond, you're a trump! And I—I have been a cowardly cad!"

"Hilton," broke in Raymond, "I have waited years for the opportunity to convince you that I really am not a coward. It means more to me than you can ever understand."

"And I don't mind telling you now," said Hilton, "that I have often thought with shame of that day at high school——"

"O, let's not talk about that now," interposed Wilbur.

"You know, we kids were always taught to hate you," continued Rob. "But, by George, when I go home, there's going to be a new order of things. The Hilton-Raymond feud is hereby declared off.

"And, by the way, Raymond, the president says he likes your pluck and he wants to shake hands with you. And, if you don't mind, old man, I'd like to shake hands with you, too."

Then Wilbur knew that it had been worth while.

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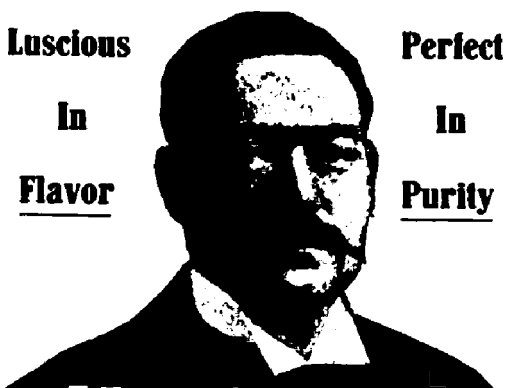

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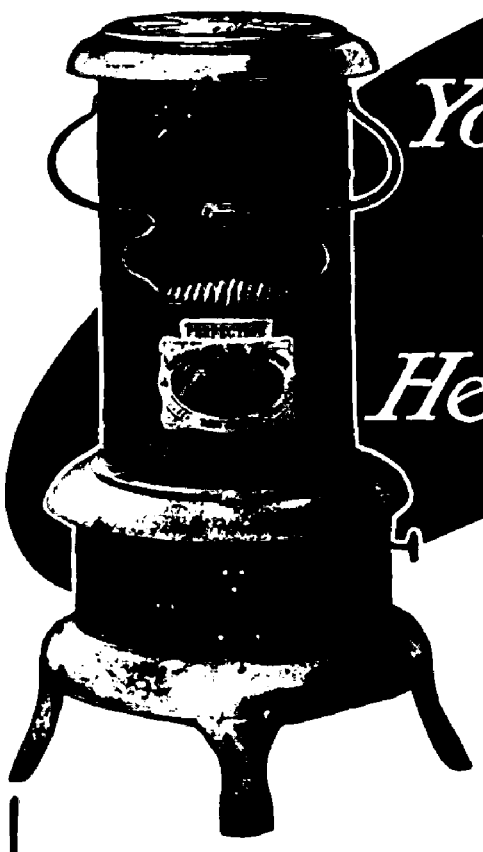

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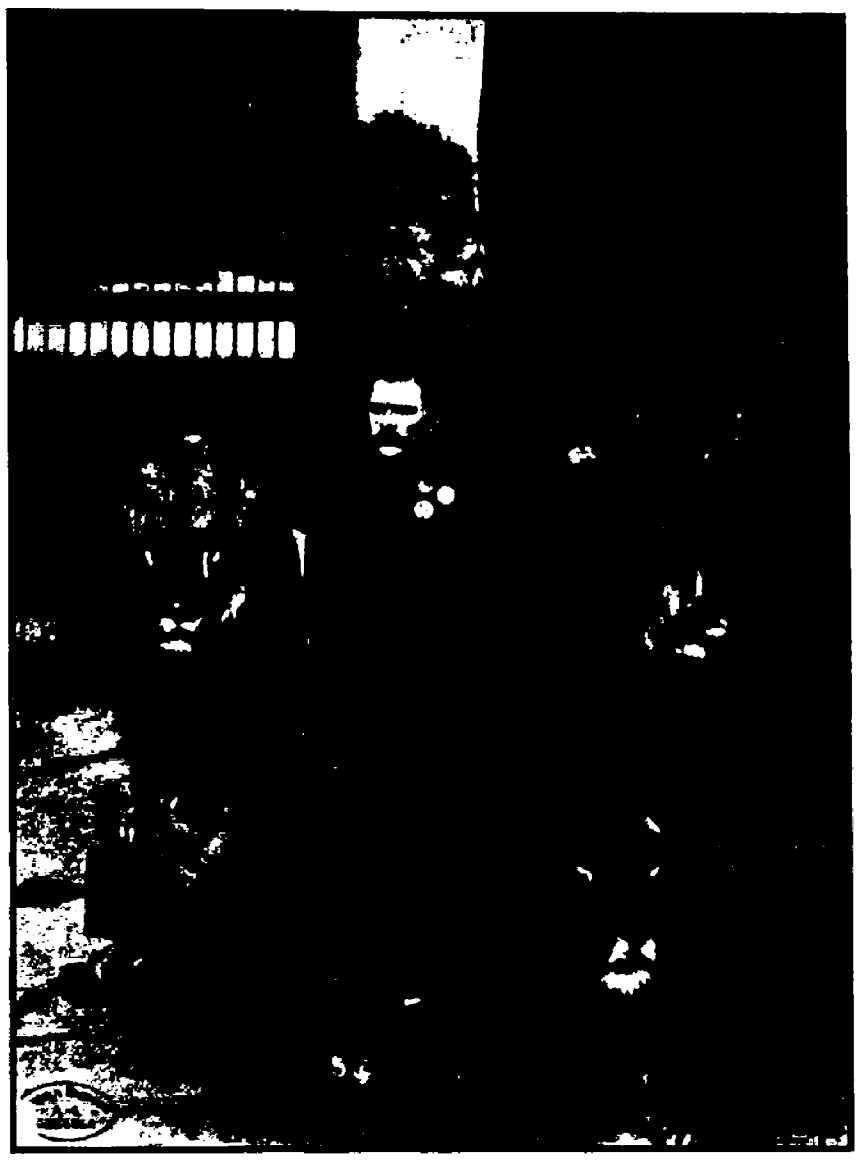

CHAMPION LION TAMER

By HUGO ERICHSEN

For utter fearlessness, for a presence of mind that does not forsake him under any circumstances, and for an exceptional skill in his chosen vocation, Richard List, the great dompteur of Berlin, Germany, possesses a world-wide reputation. "Dompteur," as he styles himself, literally means tamer, and is very suggestive of the patience he displays in making the king of the desert absolutely amenable to his will. Apparently the lions he works with are as tame as kittens, and obey his commands as readily as though they were little felines instead of the bloodthirsty brutes they really are. List, it is said, attached himself to a German traveling menagerie at an early age, and attracted the favorable attention of the director of the same by saving the latter's daughter from the attack of a panther that had escaped. Only armed with a stout whip, the intrepid young man slowly drove the snarling beast back into its cage, thus setting his foot upon the first rung of the ladder to fame.

MY YOUNG SPORTSMAN

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the amateur sportsman sees for the first time the old and experienced user of the shot gun, bring down bird after bird; or stands near an expert trap shooter and notices how apparently easy he smashes targets; then it is that our youthful friends, and perhaps some older ones, get the impression that shooting is an extremely simple art, and to be learned in a day. Sooner or later they are destined to learn their mistake, for on the contrary, a great deal of skill and experience is necessary to be a successful gunner. Some, upon learning of the difficulties attending the art of shooting, become discouraged and turn their attention to other sports. The writer wishes to say right here, that the difficulties to be encountered along this line are not unlike the obstacles that are to be fairly met and overcome in learning the details of any other business or pastime. The actor, the accomplished musician, the expert billiard player, and the athlete, have all learned to do certain things by constant effort and trial. What reason have we then to be discouraged if we do not prove ourselves to be experts with firearms the first time they are placed in our hands. If we are so unfortunate as to miss our birds and targets on the start, let us learn the cause and strive to find a remedy.

In wing shooting there are a number of things to be considered. Distance is one of the most important, and a gunner must learn to judge distance practically correct or he will be at a serious disadvantage. We are prone to make mistakes, especially where the object is of a large nature such as a swan or a goose, and is rapidly approaching us; indeed it is quite easy under such conditions to imagine seventy yards but forty. No better practice can be indulged in than to fix your eyes on some object; make an estimate of the distance, then pace it, and find how closely you judged. Practice of this kind will prove so beneficial, that within a short time you can form an estimate with surprising correctness. Its advantages will be manifest when you are afield in search of game, for it will enable you to bring down your birds, where without a knowledge of distance, you would certainly miss.

Another material thing of importance, entitled to considerable attention from the devotees of the gun, is the subject of velocity. Velocity means the speed of the projectiles in their flight from the muzzle of the gun. It is practically the same in one sense as penetration. At first thought it might appear to the young sportsman to be a subject without any particular value in the bagging of game, but let him remember that the slower the shot travels after leaving the barrels, the farther ahead he must hold on quartering birds, and then he will understand the object and purpose of knowing whether or not the explosive used gives a high or low velocity. Scientific instruments have been devised for measuring the speed of projectiles, and they perform their work with surprising exactness. For the purpose of the sportsman experimenting on his own hook, these costly outfits are out of the question; but he may resort to a very simple process, that, while not absolutely correct, will give him a reasonable idea regarding the velocity, or more correctly speaking, the penetration of his ammunition. Procure some old book that is of no value as literature. An old catalogue is a good thing, if thick enough. Now, if you are to test, say for instance, three kinds of powder, then cut the catalogue into three different pieces, and fire your shells containing the different explosives at these parts. Now, by counting the number of leaves actually penetrated by the charges, you can make a study of the comparative merits of the different loads.

The ordinary velocity of a load of three and one-fourth drams of black powder and one and one-eighth ounces of shot, is about seven hundred and fifty feet a second. Nitro powder gives a considerable higher velocity. Reducing the shot charge, or the use of larger pellets will add to the penetration.

A correct understanding of distance and velocity prepares the shooter for the field, in so far as calculation is concerned. But be it remembered that there is a vast difference in knowing where to aim, and being able to aim where you would. Both together constitute the fundamentals of good shooting. We said that a correct understanding of distance and velocity prepares the shooter for the field. Now, by the term velocity we mean not only the speed of shot, but what is of more importance, the speed of birds. It is evident that a bird flying fifty miles an hour and one flying one hundred miles an hour are not to receive precisely the same treatment from the gunner's standpoint, assuming that they are equal distances away.

Judging the speed of birds is one of the hardest things to learn, and strictly speaking, it is a knowledge to be acquired by experience only. For the benefit of my young friends who might be interested in comparisons, I have added herewith a table showing the speed of the various wild fowl. It would be impossible to give figures absolutely without error in a case of this kind; however, they are approximately correct.

Black Duck	40	miles	per	hour
Mallard	50	"	"	"
Wood Duck	55	"	"	"
Canada Goose	80	"	"	"
Blue Bill	85	"	"	"
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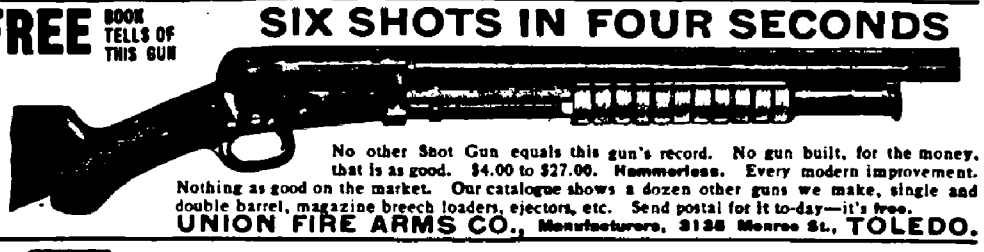

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"MY, BUT THAT was a hard climb." Jim sat panting on the lowest branch and rested. Farther up Jack was examining the higher branches and making a mental note of the crop.

"Many nuts up there?" shouted the little fellow after catching his breath.

"Yes, lots. More than we can carry this time. We'll have to come back tomorrow. Say! we'll have lots of fun cracking these next winter when the nights are cold."

The smaller boy was in no hurry to get higher. The climb up the trunk of the tree had been a hard struggle. It was not a large tree for a walnut; the boys could not have accomplished their task on a full sized one, but it was quite twenty feet from the ground to the lowest branches, and this distance the boys had to "shin" without assistance, but their bare feet were tough and their arms strong, and the rough bark had scarcely made a scratch on either of the climbers. Once up to the branches it was as easy as climbing a ladder and there was almost no danger of falling.

Directly under them Jim's rifle leaned against a fallen branch and Jack's was a few rods farther away leaning against a small tree. The boys had newer and better rifles at home, but they were a trifle heavy, and when not on any specially dangerous expedition they preferred the older and lighter pieces. Today they were not hunting at all, but carried the guns because it was their habit never to go into the woods unarmed. There was no telling what game might happen along when least expected and they could not afford to lose any opportunities. The boys had come some distance from home in search of walnuts, and as they were a little ahead of the season, the nuts had not fallen. This made climbing necessary.

Jim scrambled a branch higher and paused to look about him. Below, close to the base of the tree was a clear space with a few tufts of grass growing here and there. A little farther away was some underbrush and a few large boulders. They would crack a few nuts on one of those flat stones before returning home. But what was that beside one of the boulders? Jim held his breath and bent forward. His heart almost stood still as he searched the outline among the leaves and grass.

"Jack, Jack," he whispered, but Jack was too far up and too busy to hear. At that moment, quite unconscious of danger, he gave a branch a sharp shake and the large dark-green nuts pelted the ground. Then the thing that had caught Jim's eye raised its shaggy head and looked about. There was no longer a chance for doubt.

"Jack," again whispered the younger boy, "look."

The terror of his tones reached Jack, who looked about him in alarm and quickly dropped a few branches lower.

"Where? What is it?" he whispered.

Jim made no answer, but pointed in the direction of the big boulder. The animal did not take the trouble to get up. It rolled its ugly head from side to side, lazily looking for the noise that had disturbed its sleep. Then it snuffed at a newly fallen nut and probably concluded that there was nothing to get fussy about in the fall of a nut at that time of year, so, after a little more swinging of its head from side to side, looking very silly the while, and the muttering of some sounds that were probably bad words in its language, it again put its nose down on its outstretched forepaws and resumed its interrupted sleep. By this time Jack was at his brother's side moving as noiselessly as a cat.

"Was he there when we came up?" whispered Jack.

"Must have been."

"But we made plenty of noise."

"He was very sleepy I guess. What are we to do?"

"We must stay here and take chances. He would soon get us if we went down. My! if I only had my gun, I mean that new one. He seems to be asleep again."

"We can't get down without waking him. He may go away if we keep quiet."

"Yes—tomorrow, maybe, or next week. Bears sleep a long time when they're not hungry, and when this one gets hungry he is likely to get us if we are up here."

The boys remained silent for some time taking in the situation from all directions, and both failed to see any joke in it.

"There's that gun of mine looking up at me," said Jim, "and she's got a good load in her too. Is there no way to get her?"

"Look here," said Jack. "Can't we drop a noose over the barrel and pull her up? There's plenty of time, if we can only do it without making a noise. That's a basswood tree over there and we can easily get at the tips of the branches and peel them. He may not wake up for a long time."

"Good. Let's get at it."

The basswood referred to grew at a short distance from the one on which the boys were marooned. The bark of the basswood is soft and pliable, easily made into ropes and often used by backwoods people for such purposes as mending harness, and other repair work of a temporary nature. Quietly the boys worked their way upward and outward—outward until the branches bent dangerously near to the breaking point. The lighter boy worked the farther out. He peeled the bark and passed it back to Jack, who separated the soft pliable inside skin from the coarser outside bark and worked it into a stout cord, tying piece to piece until it reached the ground. Then they crept back to the lower and stronger branches, rubbed themselves and stretched their limbs, for they were sore and stiff from long occupying cramped positions.

Then began the most difficult work of all. With a noose on the lower end of the string they began angling for the gun. Time and again they had the noose almost over the barrel, but a pull at the wrong time or a puff of wind would render the work useless. Jim was a trifle nervous and would take glances at their sleeping enemy every few minutes, but Jack paid no attention to anything but the work of the moment. It was past noon and the gnawing of hunger was adding itself to the other discomforts of the situation, when Jack rested the hand in which he held the string by placing it on his knee.

"What's the matter?" whispered Jim anxiously.

"Just a little excited," said Jack. "I'm going to rest a few minutes and cool off. I've had it this way three or four times, and always lost it. Now I'm going to quit being in a hurry."

Down below the noose was hanging on the muzzle of the gun. The slightest move in the right direction and it would drop over, while a move in the other way and all the work must be done again. So Jack rested, cooled off a little and became steadier. Then the move was made and the noose slipped down over the barrel.

"There," said Jack. "That's what you get by keeping cool."

By gentle pulls the noose was tightened. It caught on the ramrod ferrule at last and the gun moved as Jack slowly pulled up on the bark string.

"You've got it," whispered Jim. "Don't be in a hurry, Jack. If she happened to shoot I'm right in line for the bullet."

Jack was in no hurry. The gun swung clear of the branch that had supported it. The string seemed able to carry the weight and the ascent was soon in progress, neither boy daring to breathe. The gun slowly turned once or twice, but when about ten feet from the ground the noose slipped, catching again on the sight at the very end of the barrel. For a moment it trembled in the balance and then concluded to hang on. Hand over hand the string was pulled in, but the hold of the noose was so short that Jack had little hope of success.

"Move down a bit, Jim," he said, "and catch it as soon as you can. "Be careful, Jim, I'm afraid it is going to slip."

Great beads of perspiration were almost blinding him, but he dared not wipe his face for fear of jogging the gun off the string.

"Up a little more," said Jim. "Another foot and I'll have her. Gee cracky! She's gone."

The sharp sight had cut the soft bark, and down went the gun, turning slightly in its descent. There was no more need of quietness. Striking the branch against which it had been leaning, the gun was discharged with a sound that appeared to fill the entire forest. Jack grasped the branch to steady himself and said nothing, but there was woe in every line of his face.

Jim looked up at his brother in pathetic despair.

"I didn't touch it," he almost sobbed. "It didn't get to me."

"I know it didn't. You couldn't help it. Oh, look at the bear."

The animal appeared to jump about ten feet in the air on hearing the report. Then he dashed at the smoking gun, but finding no man there he snuffed along the ground at the foot of the tree and began to climb, grumbling loudly all the time like one suddenly and roughly aroused from a pleasant dream.

"Come here, Jim, and let me go down. I'll fight him with this knife."

"No," replied Jim, who had recovered from his excitement and fear, "You hold me by the belt so I can bend down and fight him as he comes up. You can pull me back if I slip."

"Be careful, Jim. Cut his paws if you can. That may make him turn back. Be careful now."

Bracing himself as best he could Jack took a firm grasp of his brother's belt, while the latter leaned far forward with uplifted knife. The bear evidently thought little of the reception committee. Growling with rage he had almost reached the lowest branches, and it looked like a clash, as Jim carefully measured with his eye the distance between him and the enemy. Every muscle was tense, every energy on edge for the conflict, when suddenly a slight musical sound not unlike that made by the wings of the humming bird, was heard and both boys instantly ducked. They were not cowards but had heard that hum before and for a moment they almost forgot the bear.

Once during the war of the rebellion a general was about to lead some green troops into action. "Now, boys," he said, "go straight in and don't dodge." At that moment a shell shrieked over his head and he ducked. That brought a shout of laughter from the soldiers. The general straightened up and shouted: "Dodge the big ones, boys, but never mind the little ones."

So it was scarcely a wonder that the boys, hearing the sound of an Indian arrow, ducked. At the same moment the bear stopped climbing and angrily clawed at his ear, just behind which a keen flint arrow-head had cut the thick skin, but had not penetrated far. The shaft was broken by the bear's paw, but the head remained buried in the flesh, and every time the enraged animal clawed at it the pain was increased. Jim clambered up beside his brother and both eagerly searched the underwood for the sender of the arrow, but it was only after a second had been sent that they discovered their rescuer. He was no bigger than Jack and stood eagerly watching the effect of his second shot.

"That's the fellow we fought," said Jim, recognizing Eagle Wing.

"Sure. It's the same chap. Hope he doesn't try to get even."

The bear, pierced a second time by the carefully pointed flint, began to descend, evidently intending to make a meal of his tormentor, and the Indian looked about for a means of escape in case of attack.

"I wonder if he can shoot a rifle?" said Jim.

"Of course he can. Every Indian can," replied Jack. "Halloo! See that gun over there." This he shouted to the Indian, who looked anxiously about, but failed to see Jack's gun.

"Over there against the tree," shouted both boys, pointing.

The bear had now reached the ground, but instead of taking after Eagle Wing at once, he sat there pawing at the arrow head, which remained in the flesh of the neck. The Indian's knowledge of the English language was very small, but the signs made by the boys were more easily translated and he quickly reached the gun, which he carefully rested over a log and fired with sufficient accuracy to hit the bear near the heart. But bears are hard to kill and the animal showed no sign of having received a death shot. In the meantime Jack, believing that the bear would take after the Indian, had let himself down below the lowest branches in order to quickly reach the ground and secure Jim's gun. He was correct in his reasoning, for the bear bounded towards Eagle Wing, who quite slowly climbed a small tree. Jack almost fell to the ground in his haste and was pouring powder into Jim's gun by the time the bear reached the Indian's refuge. Jim was down close after his brother and was running to secure the rifle the Indian had dropped, when his brother's voice checked him.

"Lie down flat," yelled Jack. "I'm going to shoot over you."

Down went the little fellow, and a moment later a bullet whistled close over him. Jack had aimed at the head of the bear, believing that a bullet in the brain would be more effective than elsewhere. The bear was standing on its hind legs with its forepaws on the tree, ready to begin the climb, when the bullet caught him between the eyes. He fell with a loud grunt and Jim sprang forward and secured the rifle, which was very close to the fallen animal. The bear attempted to pursue him, but fell again and could not continue the fight. Two more bullets were soon in his head and he quit growling.

"How slow he is," remarked Jim, looking at Eagle Wing descending from the tree.

"Something ails him," said Jack.

"I wonder if he's afraid of us. See, he's going to fall."

Both boys rushed to the tree and assisted the Indian to the ground. It could easily be seen that the boy was ill, but there was some difficulty in communicating owing to his lack of English and the small knowledge the boys had of Indian. They conducted him to a fallen tree, where he sat down, evidently exhausted. Then Jim had a brilliant idea.

"Look at his belt," he shouted. "It's so tight he can scarcely breathe."

"Sure as you live. He's starving."

"That reminds me. We haven't had our lunch."

"Get it quick before he faints."

Jim hurried for his coat and returned with a neat package put up by his sister. In it were some toothsome venison sandwiches and a bottle of milk.

"Gee Cracky," said Jim, "I hate to give this up. I'm hungry enough to eat a bear and I know these are good."

"That's just what we must do," said Jack. "We won't eat all of him, but we'll have some bear meat instead of that stuff."

The Indian took the proffered food eagerly and let out his belt a few notches. The lunch revived him greatly and the three quickly had a fire burning and some choice bear steaks were prepared over it. No meal ever tasted better and Eagle Wing's belt was now let out to the limit. The boys talked little, but as they sat and satisfied their hunger there appeared to grow up between them an understanding that they were friends, an understanding that could not have been improved by words. With halting speech and many signs the Indian explained that he and his people had little food and depended upon game, which was scarce. He wished to know what the boys thought as to the ownership of the bear, as he wished to take home some for his parents. He was promptly assured that the animal was his, that the boys had not wanted it at any time and he was welcome to all he could drag home. They found some difficulty in explaining that they were very thankful to him for saving their lives, for they felt sure the battle should have gone against them but for his timely coming and bravery in attacking their enemy, but he purposely failed to understand that he had done anything of special value, explaining that he had attacked the bear because he was hungry.

The best parts of the bear were tied up in the skin. Eagle Wing then cut a long, slender piece of underwood, tough and supple. A branch near the thick end was cut to form a hook, while the smaller ones at the top were interwoven to form a loop. Attaching the hook to a hole in the bearskin, the Indian placed the loop over his head and, bending forward so that the strain came on his forehead, started for home drawing the dismembered bear along the ground behind him.

"I'd like to do something for him," muttered Jack, as the two boys watched the Indian making his way through the forest.

"He certainly saved us," said Jim.

"Say," an idea suddenly coming to Jack, that new rifle at home is better than this one. It's a little heavier, but I can carry it without any trouble. What do you think?"

"Bully idea," shouted Jim. "Shall I call him?"

"Yes."

Jim turned in the direction of the vanishing Indian, and gave a yell, which he cut into several pieces by bringing his palm smartly against his open mouth. The Indian was startled by the sound, for it was a good imitation of his tribe's war-cry. He disengaged himself from the branch and looked rather anxiously at the two boys who were running in his direction. Without a word of explanation Jack placed the gun in his hand and hung over his shoulder the pouch and horn containing a supply of ammunition.

(*Continued on page 379.*)



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, WHO HAS BEEN WRITING FOR BOYS FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS. HE HAS JUST COMPLETED A SERIAL STORY THAT WILL SOON BEGIN IN THE AMERICAN BOY



"SYMPATHY for the sightless is wasted," said the superintendent of one of the institutions for the instruction of the blind. The deprivation of the use of the eyes may seem dreadful to those who can see, but the blind are happy enough.

In proof of this strange statement, he opened a door leading into one of the playgrounds. Disclosed were a half hundred boys playing almost every game that boys with the normal number of senses indulge in, and yet not one of the laughing, jolly crowd could see a ray of light.

Boys were running races, holding in their hands spools strung on taut cords which they reeled along the line to keep them to their course as they ran. Boys were putting the shot—pulling back the weights after the throw by means of stout string attached to them and gauging the distance of their "put" by the length of cord to be hauled in. Boys were playing leap frog, walking on stilts, wrestling, acting in every way like boys who were getting all the fun out of life that accompanied health and abundant animal spirits. It was wonderful and the writer was forced to say so. Immediately, however, he was made to regret the use of the adjective—for the superintendent would have none of it.

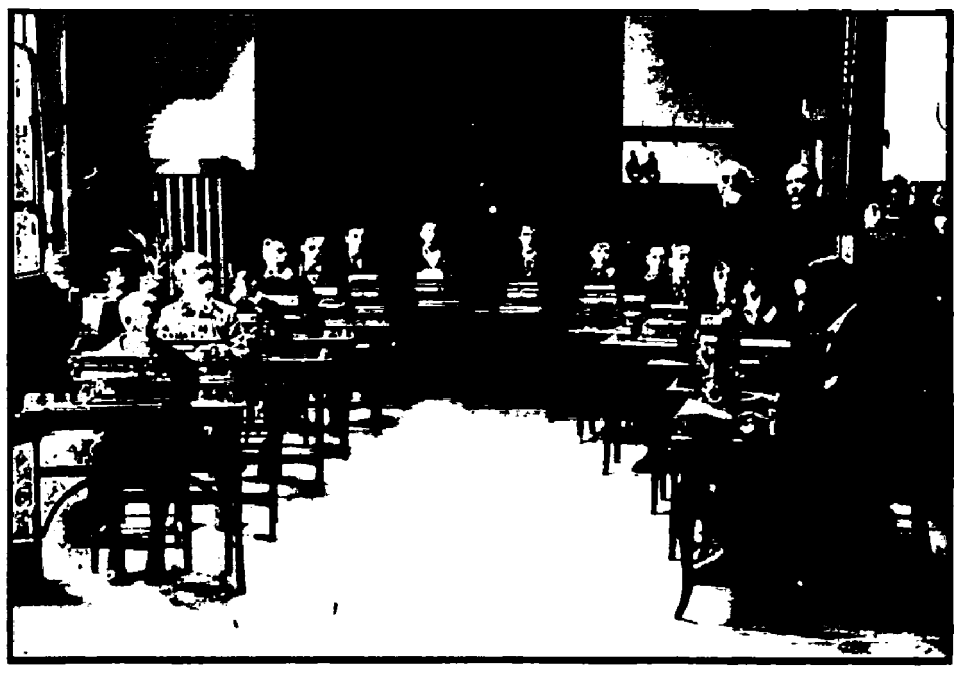
"Not wonderful at all," said this official. "They require no praise for doing what any blind person regards as perfectly natural. Their world is as full of joy as the world of the seeing ones—please don't pity and kindly refrain from praising. If you will consent to regard this institution merely as one in which the boys and girls are receiving their education for life's battle, and not as one in which a company of freaks are gathered I will show you some of the classes assembled."

Perforce the assurance was given. Perhaps the most interesting (will the superintendent permit the mild adjective?) class seen at work was that in the typewriting room. Actually boys and girls were learning to use the machine with all the skill of practiced students at a business college—and with the intention of seeking positions when the time came for earning a living. A shorthand machine that registered the characters in raised letters so that the reading could be done by the tips of the sensitive fingers made the typewriter a stenographer, too. Could there be any objection to employing a stenographer and typewriter, otherwise proficient, merely because the operator of the machine lacked the use of the eyes?

In the girls' department children were learning all about the formation of the creatures of sea and forest by the sense of touch alone—mounted specimens of birds, animals, and fishes were given to the students, and the hands wandered up and down the downy backs while the faces of the girls glowed with intelligent interest as the formation of the feathers, the beaks and limbs were noted.

A more advanced class was studying piano tuning. This is a branch of industry for which the blind are especially adapted. Their keen sense of hearing, rendered doubly acute by the loss of one sense, enables the blind to detect faults in a note that would frequently pass unnoticed by a musician with a less accurate ear. So generally is this fact recognized that few of the large piano firms are without their blind tuner of instruments. They are well paid and sure of their positions, for the demand always exceeds the supply.

It is interesting to see the blind boys out for a ride on their bicycles or enjoying a spin on the river. No joke is intended by this. Photographs printed on this page show just how the boys ride and row. One, that of the bicycle outing, is a unique 'cycling picture. The boys ride with the wheels linked in a long chain. At the head, guiding the machine, is a pilot who can see. He steers, the rest ride and pedal, perfectly satisfied that all is well. The same thing is done in the aquatic exercises. The boat is steered by a man who has the gift of eyesight, the oarsmen row as directed and enjoy themselves quite as much as though their sightless orbs mirrored the beauties of the scenery. As the superintendent explained, knowing nothing about these beauties by actual sight, they are content. Sympathy, as has been said before, is not needed in the institution for the blind. It can be saved for seeing persons who need it. The blind are jolly enough.



BLIND BOYS MASTERS OF THE TYPE WRITER



BLIND BOYS ENJOYING THEIR ROWBOATS

What a Boy Should Know

A boy should intimately know the English Bible. He should know it as literature quite aside from its religious teaching. He should know it from having had it read to him from his earliest years, and from reading and studying it for himself. Under this same kindly home influence, and with the same tactful personal introduction, every boy should have an opportunity to know the world's great stories, such as Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, The Swiss Family Robinson, and The Pilgrim's Progress. A mind well stored with poetry and a taste cultivated to the love of the best is a treasure to a boy. To give this seems so easy, if the home influence and interest begin early. It only requires a wide-awake boy to become possessed of these books. The public library is accessible to very many, whether they live in village or city. There are also very cheap editions of most of them which may be gotten. The difficulty, however, is not that boys do not have a chance to secure them, but that they are too often left like rare plants without any attention. No one suggests to them the real pleasure in an occupation which leads to such knowledge as best fits their growth. It is not strange then that in a very important sense the boy is left too often to grow wild. The common sense way is for each boy to keep his eyes wide open and take the chance that brings a suitable book within his reach. Always he may take up the Scripture, and its records have for generations charmed not alone grown people but the children too.—Review of Reviews.

Saw Bright Future for Boy

It so chanced that all the passengers that entered one of the elevators in a tall building were going above the sixth floor, so they had opportunity to glance at the book which the young elevator man had been reading, and which lay face up on his stool. He had been so intently reading it before starting with his passengers as to be almost abstracted, although very lively and handy with the actual work once the start was made.

"I'll bet that book is an Indian fighting blood-and-thunder," whispered one passenger to another he knew.

"No; he's too old for that—I'd say it was a thriller of a love romance."

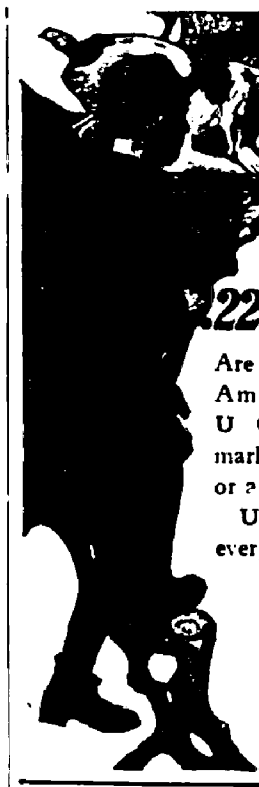
"Or one of the six best sellers of the month," interjected a third.

Everybody was interested. All were "rubbering" at the book and when the group of passengers got out of the cage one deliberately stooped and looked at it.

"Young America forever," he said; "it is a volume of Blackstone. This kid will be sitting on the bench some day."—San Francisco Chronicle.

In all 240,000 different species of insects are known to exist on the earth.

Kangaroos readily leap from sixty to seventy feet. The greatest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet.



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How Some of the Legion of Honor Boys Won

A letter received from Harold Hoover, Abilene, Kansas, under date of June 29th, reads as follows:

"I sincerely thank you for your kindness in rewarding me with a badge for my school record. My parents and sisters thought it was fine; so did I, you can bet.

Miles P. Kelly, Fall River, Massachusetts, passed out of the sixth grade this year with the highest record in his room. Miles is twelve years of age.

Whitfield S. Clary, of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, sends us a statement from his teacher to the effect that he has been perfect in school attendance for the last five years.

Frank Wilburn, Macon, Georgia, made the best record in his grade during the term which ended June 15th. He also had the honor of being valedictorian on the last day of school.

Richard Allen Arms, a member of Class A of the Pottstown, Pennsylvania, High School, obtained an average of 97.77% for the school year ending in June, 1906. This average was the highest received in a school of 250 pupils.

Elliot Jones, a thirteen-year-old boy of Celeste, Texas, completed the eighth grade work at the head of his class with an average of 98½%. He has missed only a half day from school during the last two years, and that absence was on account of sickness.

Elmer H. Dils of Aurora, Indiana, is an eleven-year-old boy who has never had a tardy mark since he began going to school at the age of six. For the term ended May 31st, Elmer made the highest grades of any one in his room.

Pearne Rightmyer, Springfield, Ohio, is the honor pupil of his class, the fifth grade, in the Southern School. The class numbers 49. Pearne has made an excellent record, not only in his studies, but also in school attendance and deportment.

Ernest M. Fernald, a member of the eighth grade of School Number 16, Buffalo, New York, obtained an average of 98.5% on his examinations for the recent school year. This was the highest average in the grade, consisting of 90 pupils.

Walter F. Hays, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has a school record to be proud of. He is twelve years of age, has attended school for five years, and has ranked first in his class each year. Walter writes that he likes THE AMERICAN BOY very much.

One of our subscribers in Marquette, Michigan, Philip W. Kemp, has been neither absent nor tardy during the last five years of school attendance. Philip has not only received our School Record Badge, but a Five-Year Badge from his home schools.

Some time ago Miss Ila Bollick, teacher of the school at Loray, South Carolina, wrote us for a badge to be awarded to the boy receiving the highest average for the term's work. We have now received word from her that the badge we sent was presented to Thomas McLelland Stevenson, on Friday, May 18th, at the close of the school. Miss Bollick writes that young Stevenson is a good student and deserved the medal.

Chauncey Boor, Indianapolis, Indiana, has won a Heroism Badge for saving the life of a child who ran in front of a swiftly approaching trolley car. The motorman gave no warning and the car was within a dozen paces of the child before he was aware of its presence. Too stupefied to run, he stood still on the track. Young Boor, who was standing on the sidewalk, ran to the track, jumped in front of the car and grasped the child just in time to save him from being run down. Chauncey is but fourteen years of age.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

The Numismatic Sphinx

Harry Tuller: You can purchase most all of the old copper cents from 1816 down, in fairly good condition, for from five to ten cents each. The V nickel of 1883 is quite common. You do not state on what bank your one dollar bill was issued. The probabilities are that the bank is long since out of existence. Your large rubbing is from an Austrian crown of Francis II., 1800. It is worth $1.50. Clarence Waite: Your coins are all of the commoner sort and none of them will bring over face value. A good half cent of 1804 sells for a quarter. Sidney K. Eastwood: The cent of 1856 (copper) sells for from five to ten cents. J. R. Irion: The half dollars of the twenties and thirties sell at the dealers for from seventy-five to eighty-five cents. That of 1810 is worth about a dollar if in fine condition. The three cent silver coin of 1851 sells for fifteen cents. The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for fifty-seven cents. Your other queries are answered elsewhere. F. L. B.: The half dollar of 1808 sells for eighty-five cents. Jos. W. Marr: An 1825 half cent is worth fifteen cents. Your "Hibernia" is evidently a half penny of Ireland. It is common. Your Belgium, German and French coins are very common. The "Millions for Defence" is a Jackson token or cent of 1837 worth about ten cents. Eber Messner: Your rubbings are very nicely done but the coins are quite common. Paul Dowling: The cents of 1903 have no premium. The same may be said of the half dollar 1894 S mint. Glen Unson: Of the silver dimes of 1894 only that of the S mint will bring a premium. Walter Watson: (1) Guernsey 4 doubles of 1864, ten cents. (2) Austria 1 kreutzer, 1818, five cents. (3) Lippe Schaumberg 4 pfennige, 1858, fifteen cents. F. W. Rice: The gold half dollar of 1853 is worth $1.50. There were no nickel cents issued in 1856. To make a pencil rubbing from a coin, place the coin beneath a plain sheet of writing paper, and holding it firmly in place rub over it with the blunt end of a lead pencil. A little practice and one can make a very good reproduction. M. L. E.: The S dime has the letter S on the reverse just beneath the wreath. The Philadelphia dime has no initial letter. Gordon Getchell: Your rubbing is from a common Mexican ¼ real. Your 5 ore is from Denmark, and the other Hannover. All are quite common. Harry Gustzlor: Your 1872 dollar is a nice coin but it is doubtful if you can obtain a premium for it. One satisfaction, however, it will always be worth a dollar, and that wherever you may be. Uncle Sam will guarantee that. M. G. Thompson: Lawrence Brodd: H. A. B., Harold H. Volkhardt and E. L. Gill: Your coins will not bring you sufficient premiums to make it worth your time to bother with them. John Babcock: Your rubbings are all from common coins worth from three to ten cents each. The Portugal V reis 1812 would be worth more if it was not holed. Robert W. Pollard: The old Continental and Colonial bills are mostly quite common. They were issued in enormous quantities and afterwards repudiated. Your Pennsylvania three pence bill 1777 is usually sold for twenty-five cents. R. B. F., Pine Bluff, Ark.: All gold dollars now bring a premium. The ordinary price being $1.75. Your other coins are comparatively common. Russell Byrum: The Trade dollars are really worth only bullion value. If you get face for them you may consider yourself lucky. Deadwood, So. Dak.: Your coin is, as you surmise, a Washington cent of 1783. It sells at the dealers for half a dollar. Bruce Miller: Austria, 1 kreutzer, 1816; very common. There is not a month but what we have several inquiries regarding this very common coin. Cornelia Lyon: A good cent of 1810 is worth thirty cents. Other coins rather common, or queries answered in this column. W. C. Pugh: A common kopeck of Russia (1898). W. D. Woollig: There is no premium on the dollar of 1901. There were just 22,566,813 of them issued that year. Evan W. Holway: Your coin is a French ecu of 1792. It sells at the dealers for about two dollars. John W. Edwards: The cent of 1800 when in good condition is worth a dollar. The head is that of Liberty and not that of Washington. The head of Washington has never appeared on any of the legitimate issues of this country. Walter W. Bettison: The flying eagle cent of 1858 has no premium. Fred Gorse: Your rubbing is from one of the new 5 sen pieces of Japan. It was issued in 1900. There are companion pieces of ½ and 1 sen. Walter Snell: A "Dix cent" or war token of 1863 worth five cents if anything. H. M. M.: A crown piece of Bavaria, 1777, worth $1.75. Ned Ford: A good 1804 half cent is worth a quarter. Your other question is answered in this column. Rex Brown, Harold Holzmann, Percy S. White, Lucius Holt, Jr., Logan C. Smith, Chas. F. Ens, and Nels C. Peterson: Your coins are all quite common, selling for very little if anything above face value. Paul Fortune: "Mind your Business" is a motto or legend on what is called the Franklin cent of 1787. Selmer Swenson: One of your pieces is a half skilling of Denmark, the other impression is so poor that we cannot make it out. Ray Seutch: Your coins are English and Canadian. Five to ten cents each at the dealers. C. Herbert Effert: A good quarter of 1806 is worth a dollar. While the dimes and half dimes of the thirties are quoted for from twenty-five cents upwards, we feel assured that the prices are high. One on the lookout for coins will often pick them up at face value. Only those in good to fine condition are worth preserving with the idea of ever obtaining a premium. J. R. Hoffner: A good 1803 half cent is worth seventy-five cents. A cent of 1796 sells for $1.50. A good 1806 half dollar, eighty-five cents. Your silver coin is a 50 para of Servia.

Stamp Inquiries

T. W. R.: The $1.00 of the current issue catalogues 35c used. Irvin K. S.: The oval design with eagle in the center which you submit is taken from an envelope used for official correspondence by the U. S. Government departments. It is of no value. F. P.: The 2½ penny stamp you describe is English, the head being that of Queen Victoria, and the 3c United States is of the issue of 1851; both of these are of very little value. W. A. H.: The stamps you describe are all United States internal revenue stamps of the issue of 1863 and used until 1872, several of them are common, and the catalogue value of the entire lot is about 75c. George K. F.: The 2c United States stamp of the current issue is found in several different shades, ranging from orange vermilion to deep carmine. The 2c Pan-American is also found in two or three shades, although not as many as the 2c of the current issue. All are printed on the same kind of paper. E. M., Jr.: The 5c playing card internal revenue stamp lists 75c, but they are frequently offered by dealers for one-third of this price. George G. S.: The 3c United States stamp you illustrate was issued in 1861. It is very common. Stamps inscribed Helvetia are from Switzerland. The blue stamp with double headed eagle in the center is from Russia, and the 20 Lepta with head of Mercury in the center is from Greece. N. C. P.: The St. Helena and Cuban postage stamps which you describe are catalogued at about 50c. A. L. S.: Stamps with "Marco de Bollo" are Italian revenues, and those with "Government of India" are India revenues. The Royalty stamp is a private affair. Mr. H. H. Norrington, who is given on the stamp as one of the owners of the patent, is, we believe, a resident of West Bay City, Mich., and may be able to give you some special information regarding its use. The 2c revenues are very common. C. H. C.: Current United States and foreign stamps of such countries as England, France, Germany, etc., are very common, the latter being sold by dealers at about 10c per thousand. Some of the older issues of United States and some of the higher denominations of current issue are saleable. The common 1c and 2c stamps are not worth saving.

Of Interest to Philatelists

The Grecian, Italian, and French governments are issuing new postage stamps, which show a distinct improvement over former achievements in philatelic art. The Greek publication is in the form of a series, with designs intended to symbolize the Olympic games. They display, respectively, a discus thrower; a jumper with jumping weights; Victory with a small caduceus; Atlas, having changed places with Heracles, supporting the heavens, (represented by eight stars and a moon;) Heracles and Antaios wrestling; wrestlers, with a view of the Acropolis; Victory holding a cock, typical of cock fighting; a group of runners; victor of torch race offering a sacrifice. Every stamp of the series bears the words "Olympic Games" and "Athens, 1906," in Greek characters.

An interesting circumstance is connected with the issue of the new Italian stamp. It is the reproduction of the portrait of Victor Emmanuel III., which a canvass of the manufacturers of souvenir postal cards has proved to be the most popular among Italians. With the new 10-centime stamp France for the first time adopts a postage which has long been in vogue in the United States; that is, the rate of 2 cents per half ounce for domestic letters. The new 10-centime red stamp takes the place of the old 15-centime stamp. In regard to the design of the sower upon its face, it is interesting to note that she spreads the seed against the wind and not with it, as was erroneously depicted on the old stamp.

A Ramble in Words

I went to a river and couldn't get across,
I paid five dollars for an old blind hoss;
The hoss wouldn't pull,
I traded for a bull:
The bull wouldn't holler,
And I traded for a dollar;
The dollar wouldn't pay,
And I traded for some hay;
The hay wouldn't grow,
And I traded for a hoe;
The hoe wouldn't dig,
And I traded for a pig;
The pig wouldn't squeal,
And I traded for a wheel;
The wheel wouldn't run,
And I traded for a gun;
The gun wouldn't shoot,
And I traded for a boot;
The boot wouldn't fit,
And so I thought I'd quit.

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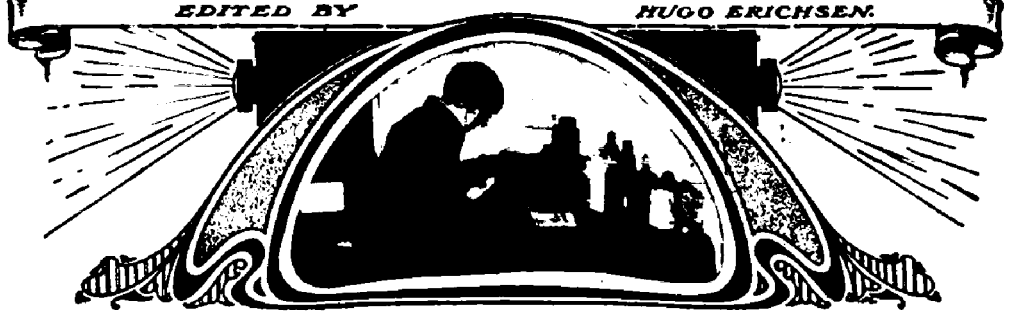
Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

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 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 NEWSBOY"
First prize photograph, by P. H. van Son, Natchitoches, La.

Our Prize Pictures

P. H. van Son, of Natchitoches, La., the winner of the first prize this month, introduces himself with a clever piece of work, entitled "The Newsboy." "A Woodland Path," by Harry H. Phillips, of Pittsburg, Pa., to which we have awarded second prize, was taken with a No. 3 A Kodak, stop 8, 1-5 second exposure, developed with hydrochinone and printed on platinotype paper.

The Golden Book

If we had such a thing as a golden book, the names of the following would surely be inscribed in it, in lieu of Honorable Mention: John E. Wood, Sherman Spurrier, Irving L. Connet, Geo. Howard, Jr., H. E. Fry, William J. Juengert, Vernon Heverly and Warren Van Every.

The Enlargement Contest

which closed September 1st, was not as popular as we expected, probably on account of the difficulty of making an enlarging camera. R. D. Von Nieda, of Ephrata, Pa., won the first prize with his "The Children's Pets." No photograph, worthy of second prize, was received.

Sensitizing Post Cards

Make the following:

Frankincense	60 grains
Mastic	48 grains
Calcium Chloride	30 to 60 grains
Alcohol	6 ounces

Immerse the card for two minutes, avoiding air bells, then withdraw and dry. When dry, it may be sensitized by coating for about a minute on a solution of silver nitrate 60 grains, water one ounce; or the sensitizer may be applied with a pad of cotton wool. Print out rather deeply, tone in a gold bath, and fix as usual.—British-Amateur Photographer.

Answers to Inquiries

Jos. W. Mast: Silver stains upon negatives, which sometimes make their appearance if the negative be damp when printing, are very difficult to remove. Apply: A, Ammonium sulphocyanide ½ drachm and water 1 ounce; B, Nitric acid ½ ounce and water 1 ounce. A freshly mixed solution is used for each negative. Afterwards wash well and immerse in a saturated solution of chrome alum. H. C. Wickliffe: 1. In the studio of a professional photographer; 2. Yes, at Effingham, Ill.; 3. Dust your plates with a soft camel's-hair brush before you put them in the plate-holder; 4. So far as we know, there is no such paper. A. T. Donnell: A 4x5 folding camera is, in our opinion, the best camera for a beginner. There are so many good cheap cameras of this kind, that we are at a loss which one to mention. C. H. Thomson: 1. No; 2. Because we cannot use them for illustration; 3. A tank-developing outfit will give you more comfort and just as good results. E. E.: It would take up too much space to answer your questions in detail, but you will find them fully covered in "Film photography," New York: Tennant & Ward, 25 cts. Leo Kelly: Having had no experience, we are unable to answer your question. Perhaps one of our readers can. It is: "How to make magic lantern slides from films." Walter Schubert: Your bromide paper holder is either too near or not far enough away. You will have to experiment until you obtain the correct focus. Why not put a ground-glass in place of the holder to aid you in finding it? C. W. Chesebro: So-called gas-light papers have to be developed after exposure, very much like a plate or film, whereas printing out papers are toned and fixed. Hervey B. Shoemaker: Descriptions for making enlarging cameras were given in our March and August, 1905, issues. Either of these may be obtained from this office for ten cents.

Yellow Fog

Negatives that have become yellow by too long immersion in the developer may be cleared by being placed in a bath of sodium sulphite, to which sulphuric acid has been added, until the odor of sulphur is apparent.

Toning Bath

When negatives take a long time to print on account of being too yellow, as is sometimes the case when they have been developed with pyro, they can be toned to a suitable color in the following bath. Sulphocyanide of ammonium, 8 grs.; chloride of gold, 1 gr.; water, 2 oz. Mix.

Drying Prints

A good method of drying prints—or, for that matter, negatives—quickly is to expose them to the action of a good current of air, provided that the latter is fairly free from dust particles. A favorite method with some is to slightly raise the lower sash of a window, and then lay the prints or negatives down upon a flat, clean piece of board placed upon the window-sill. In the case of negatives particularly it is surprising how quickly the draught of air sucks up the moisture.

Single Solution Metol Developer

A very useful developer for touring work is made up in the following manner. Take water, 17 ounces, and dissolve in it one at a time:

Metol	¼ ounce.
Sodium sulphite (crystals)	2½ ounces.
Potassium carbonate	1¼ ounces.
Potassium bromide	15 grains.

When about to use, mix one part of this solution with three of water. This is an excellent developer and one specially suitable for snapshot work.

A Lead Intensifier

Intensification by means of lead is not common, mainly because it tends to spoil the finer detail of the negative. Nevertheless, the process is not a difficult one, and may be employed with advantage in some cases. The bath is made up of:

Potassium ferricyanide	3 parts.
Lead nitrate	2 parts.
Glacial acetic acid	5 parts.
Water (distilled)	50 parts.

In this the negative should be immersed till thoroughly bleached. It may then be removed, well washed, and flooded with ammonium sulphydrate. Finally thorough washing is needed.

Ortol Soda as a Developer

This is a very satisfactory and useful developer for several reasons. In the first place it may be used for a number of times without any fear of the plates being discolored. Secondly, it keeps well and the solutions are not affected by light. The two solutions may be made up thus:

No. 1.—Potassium Metabi-sulphite		30 grains.
	Ortol	60 grains.
	Water	8 ounces.
No. 2.—Soda crystals		1 ounce.
	Sodium sulphite	1½ ounces.
	Potassium bromide	7 to 8 grains.
	Water	8 ounces.

For use, take one part of No. 1, one of No. 2, and one of water. The quantity of No. 2 can be modified according to the class of negative.

Starch Hypo Test

A very sensitive test for the presence of hypo in the washing water is that wherein iodide of starch is employed. To make the solution a little starch should be rubbed with water, and some 15 grains of it boiled in half an ounce of water till an almost transparent solution is formed.

When cold, a small drop of iodine saturated solution (in alcohol) should be added, stirring the solution rapidly the while. The result will be an intensely blue solution of iodide of starch. To test the washing water, a quantity, say, nine or ten ounces, should be taken and put into a long glass vessel. One drop of the blue solution should then be added, and if there is any hypo present, the color will be immediately discharged. Otherwise the blue tint will remain and gradually spread through the liquid.



"A WOODLAND PATH"
Second prize photograph, by Harry H. Phillips, Pittsburg, Pa.

Pinhole Photography

It is possible to dispense with a lens altogether, and to make a camera out of a simple cardboard box, using a pinhole as the lens. Pinhole, or "stenopaic" photography would probably be much more popular were it not that long exposures are required, and that, therefore, snapshot work is out of the question. The writer has seen very fair examples of portrait work done with a pinhole camera, and for landscape work it is of course recognized as a method capable of giving good results.

The pinhole is much nearer the plate than a lens would be, so that a box somewhat resembling an envelope-box is generally used. It is an easy matter to make one out of cigar-box wood, or the ordinary kinds used in fretwork, whilst failing these, cardboard itself must be employed.

Take a cardboard box, about 4 by 3 by 2 in. or 7 by 5 by 3 in. in size, and prick a pinhole in the center of the top or lid, cut a square piece out of the bottom and place a piece of ground glass there. On using this like an ordinary camera, a picture will be seen on the ground glass, and it may be sharply focussed by moving the glass nearer to, or further from, the pinhole, as necessary. This experiment will give you the necessary dimensions for making some sort of "camera" which will hold a plate or take an ordinary dark-slide.

A good pinhole may be made by placing a piece of the metallic paper supplied with pearl button over a cork, and pricking it carefully with a sharp needle. The punctured paper should be reversed, laid again on the cork, and pricked again from the other side, and the needle revolved in the hole two or three times to make it circular. The piece of paper can then be gummed over a small hole made in the center of the front of the box or "camera," and round it glued a pill-box, from which the bottom has been removed; the lid then acts as a cap.

With a rapid plate an exposure of from half a minute to two or three minutes may be required for a landscape or outdoor subject; but an experiment or two will be necessary to find out just how long is required.

MAROONED

(*Continued from page 376.*)

Then the boys ran back, leaving the astonished and delighted Eagle Wing to find his way home in the gathering darkness.

"Well, where are the nuts?" Their father had met the boys a short distance from home.

"Nuts?" The two boys stared at each other.

"Yes, weren't you out for nuts today?"

"Well, we forgot all about it. Come into the house, Dad, and we'll tell you why we didn't get any nuts."

This Boy Says:



"My Watch is a man's watch, just like father's. It didn't cost as much but it keeps just as good time.

"I used to have a cheap 'boy's' watch, and it was just like having a toy gun that couldn't shoot. It never could keep the right time.

"So I got this watch—a *NewEngland*. It will last me until I am a man because it is a *man's* watch."

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Angle Lamp

is not a mere improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely new principle of oil lighting which has made kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all lighting methods. Safer and more reliable than gasoline or acetylene, yet as convenient to operate as gas or electricity.

The Angle Lamp is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week.

It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE "S" and our proposition for a

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Write for our Catalog "S" listing 32 varieties of the Angle Lamp from $1.80 up, now—before you forget it—before you turn this leaf—for it gives you the benefit of our ten years experience with *all* lighting methods.

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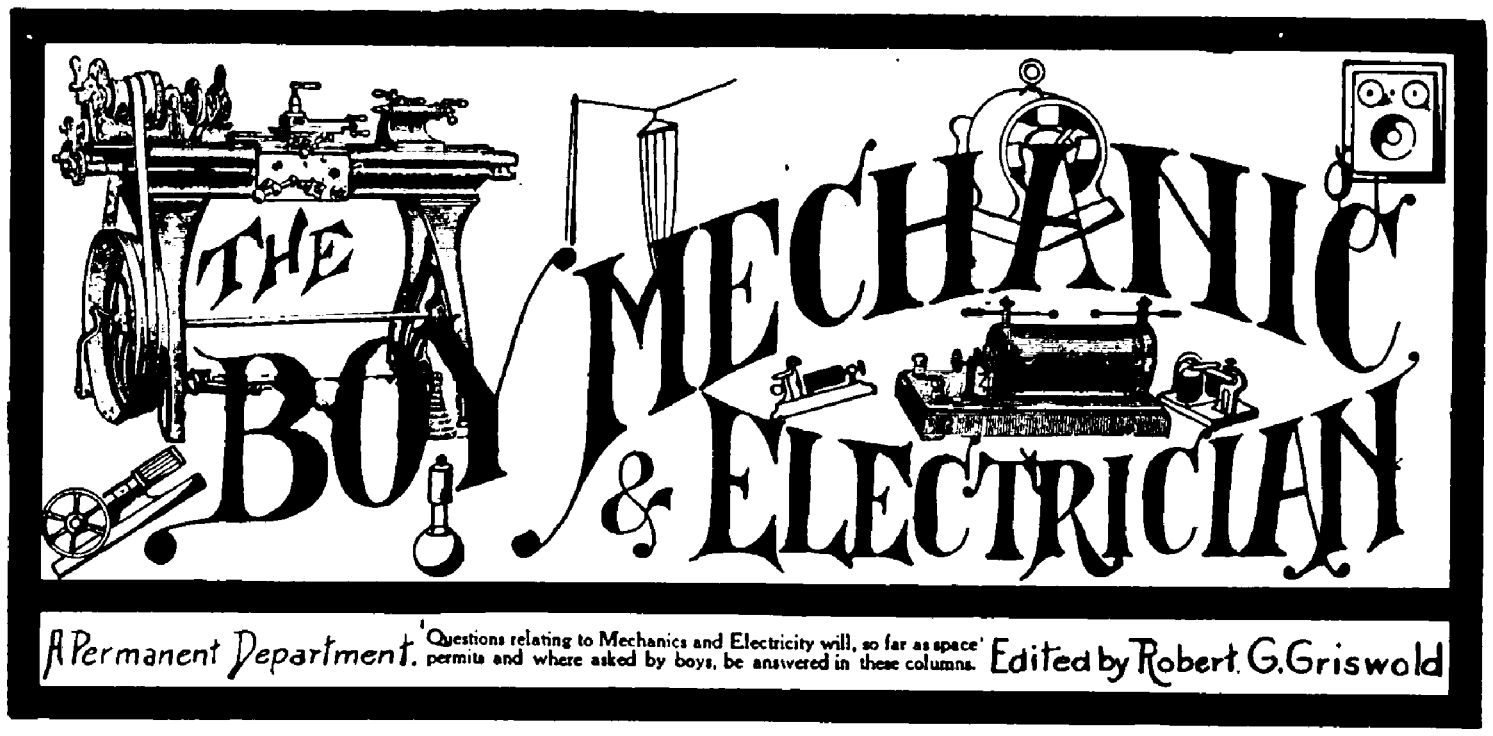
CAMERA NOTES

Try it three months at our expense. $30 in prizes monthly. Write today. Camera Notes, 675 Lumb. Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

A New Mexico Boy Friend

Andrew Jackson Russell, Reserve, New Mexico, is one of the boys to whom THE AMERICAN BOY comes as a real God-send. Andrew is twelve years old and lives in the heart of the Rockies on a big cattle ranch, his home being at Reserve, New Mexico. His school teacher is his mother. He has learned to ride and rope cows on the ranch. He read an article in our April number, entitled "The Truth About the Cowboy," in which the author says the calves are branded or burned. "In this country," says Andrew, "'burning' has a very bad meaning. No one but a cattle thief burns a calf. It is burned in order to change the brand." "Neither," says he, "do the cowboys ride in races bareback nowadays. In the good old days when my father was young they used to ride bareback, but my father has been a cowboy for more than thirty years."



Experimental Lessons in Electricity—Lesson XIII.

The Induction Coil

Our readers have asked for so much information regarding the "Wireless Telegraph Outfit," published in the January and February issues of THE AMERICAN BOY, 1905, that the editor has thought it well to go into a more detailed description of how to build a good induction coil for general use, wireless telegraphy, or other experimental work.

The construction of an induction coil is a very nice undertaking but if the finished product is well made, it will make the heart of any amateur very proud. There is no single piece of apparatus, perhaps, that possesses so many attractive features, but it must be carefully and thoroughly made, for the high tension spark will not overlook a careless move, and will search out every little air gap or break in the insulation. Therefore, observe these cautions. Do your work well; do not slight some little detail because it seems quite unimportant; it may be the cause of your coil being defective. Work well done once, very seldom has to be done twice.

This coil will be more powerful than the one described before. We will run over a little of the theory of the induction coil before beginning our work in order to understand it better.

An induction coil is a device for generating a current of electricity, by reason of the inductive effect that a current of electricity passing through a wire has upon another wire, lying parallel to it. That is, if we have a wire carrying a current, as in Fig. 1, lying parallel and close to a second wire, the passage of a current in the first wire will set up a similar current in the second wire, although there is absolutely no connection between them.

The current in the second wire is said to be induced by the current in the first. The first wire is said to convey the *primary* current because it is the current generated by some outside source and caused to pass through this wire. The second wire in which the current is set up by induction, is said to carry the *secondary* current.

Now suppose we were to lay two turns of the secondary wire beside the primary, as in Fig. 2. Then the current induced in the secondary would have just twice the pressure of the current generated in the first instance. This is the principle upon which the induction coil is built—one wire is wound many times around a primary wire in a parallel direction. The secondary winding is generally of very fine copper wire, having many thousand turns, and the primary is of much coarser wire wrapped around a core of iron wire.

When a wire is wrapped in the form of a helix (or in a cylinder), as in Fig. 3, and a current is passed through it, magnetic lines of force are set up inside the coil that pass from one end to the other, as shown by dotted lines, and, as we learned in an earlier lesson, if a wire is made to pass in such a direction as to cut these lines of magnetic force, a current will be set up in the wire. But if the current in the primary coil be broken or started suddenly, these magnetic lines will rise and fall every time a change in the current is made. If we place another coil, then, parallel to the first and near it, as in Fig. 4, but one inside the other, and pass a current through the first, an induced current will be set up in the second by reason of these magnetic lines passing or cutting the turns of the secondary coil.

This has the same effect as moving the wire so as to cut the lines of force.

Still another improvement in our crude induction coil can be made. If we place an iron rod in the center of the first coil, Fig. 5, it will increase the magnetic effect of the primary coil greatly, as it causes more of the lines of force to thread through the center of the coils. We now have the simplest form of the induction coil and it shows very clearly the construction upon which all induction coils are based. The current in the primary winding is rapidly interrupted by means of a vibrator operated by the magnetic core of the coil.

The voltage, or pressure, of the secondary current, is increased almost in proportion to the number of turns in the secondary winding. Therefore, within practical limits, the greater the size of the secondary winding, the more powerful the coil. The current passing through the primary winding should be of considerable amperage but of low pressure. The result to be desired is a strong, powerful, magnetic core, without which the coil would be of little use.

The order of work in the construction will follow the actual work and the completed coil will be shown in the next lesson. Our first step is to prepare the primary coil and magnetic core. The best cores are made of a bundle of fine iron wires, thoroughly annealed.

Secure from a hardware store, stoveman, or florist, two-and-one-half (2½) pounds of soft iron wire, the smaller diameters being best,—say about No. 24, although any size under 16 will answer. The wire should be straightened before cutting to length, by the following method. Drive a stout nail into the floor, or a post, to which the wire may be attached at one end. Then fasten the other end of say a twenty or thirty foot piece to a stick, as shown in Fig. 6, one end resting against a block nailed to the floor. Then by pulling on the lever, the wire may be stretched until it is felt to give slightly. Relieve the strain at once and cut the wire near the nail and lever, allowing it to lie on the floor. It will be found to be perfectly straight. After the entire lot has been cut and straightened, cut each length into pieces twelve (12) inches long. Pack them together carefully in a bundle and wrap with a piece of the same wire as in Fig. 7. The above quantity of wire will make a bundle twelve inches long by about one inch in diameter. Place this bundle inside of a piece of 1" or 1¼" iron pipe, 15" long, and plug both ends with clay. Put the pipe in a fire and heat to a red heat, keeping it at this temperature for several hours, finally allowing it to cool off in the hot ashes. The clay plugs are then knocked out and the core taken out. It will be found clean and free from ashes, such as would have adhered to it if heated directly in the coal. The iron pipe prevents the thin wires being burnt away when red hot.

Five sheets of foolscap paper are now cut 11"x8" and wrapped very tightly about the core, one after the other, as shown in Fig. 9, all the tie wires except the two end ones being removed, and these are left until the wrapping is finished. The last sheet is fastened by a little shellac varnish and allowed to dry. When dry the entire paper wrapping is given several coats of shellac and thoroughly dried. A half inch of the core extends out either end of the paper tube. The ends of the wires are now filed smooth and even, and the core is ready for the flanges and primary winding.

The flanges may be prepared first so that they can become perfectly cured before putting on. From a piece of hardwood ¾" thick, cut two 5" circles, boring a 1" hole in the center of each. Bake these blocks in an oven for at least a day to expel all traces of moisture and then give several coats of shellac, rubbing each down well before applying the next. This rubbing is done with fine sandpaper, the last coat being left with a brush finish.

The primary may now be wound on. This will require nearly one pound of No. 16 double, cotton covered, copper magnet wire. Begin the winding just 1" from one end, tying the end turn with a piece of thread, as shown in Fig. 11, leaving about 10" of free end for connections. Then wind closely and evenly until within 1" of the other end, and return to the starting point with the second layer, tying the last turn and leaving a long end. Give the primary a heavy coat of shellac and allow to dry, afterwards applying another. When dry, the wires will be found firmly cemented together.

When the primary winding is dry, one flange may be driven on and cemented with thick shellac, care being taken to see that it is perfectly square with the core, as in Fig. 12.

Wind the primary wire with fifteen sheets of foolscap paper 10" wide. Make this winding very tight, fastening the last layer with a thin coating of shellac. See that there are no air gaps on the corner marked by the arrow. Thoroughly coat this joint with several layers of shellac, allowing each to dry thoroughly, as air gaps at this point often prove fatal.

The primary is now ready to receive the outer layer of its secondary section, the winding of which and place on the coil will be taken up in our next lesson. In making up this coil, exercise the greatest care in every detail, as it will be a powerful coil and one of which you will be justly proud.

FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3

FIG. 4

FIG. 5

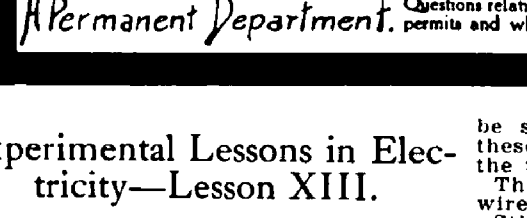


FIG. 6

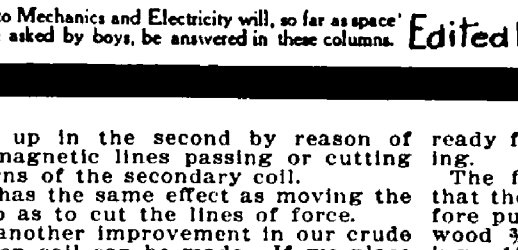


FIG. 9

FIG. 7

FIG. 8

FIG. 11

FIG. 10

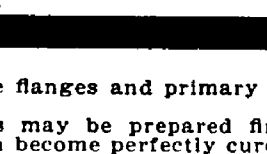


FIG. 12

Chemistry for Boys

Lesson V.—Nitrogen. (Concluded)

Ammonia, of which we learned in the last lesson, occurs free in nature. Every pile of decaying animal or vegetable matter gives off the gas freely, and very frequently we may see a white mist arising from piles of compost. This mist is caused by the combination of the ammonia with other gases being given off, just as the stick wet with the ammonia and held over the hydrochloric acid bottle in the last lesson gave off such dense white fumes. When you have an opportunity, notice how strong is the pungent odor of ammonia in stables.

Roll a small ball of hair or wool down to the bottom of a test tube. Then heat cautiously over the alcohol or gas flame. Fumes of ammonia will be given off, but if heated too strongly, other odors may mask that of the ammonia.

Secure a few hoof clippings from a nearby blacksmith shop and carefully heat in a test-tube as in the case of the hair. The same odor will be observed.

This is what is known as dry distillation, and was the method originally used for the production of ammonia. The fact that horns, as well as bones, were used in its manufacture, gave rise to its common name, "spirits of hartshorn."

The distillation of coal to give illumin-

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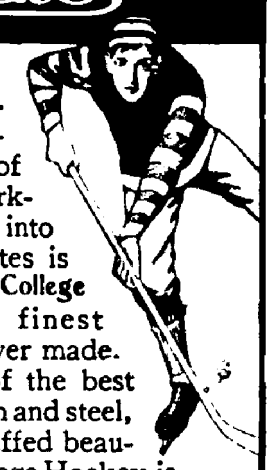

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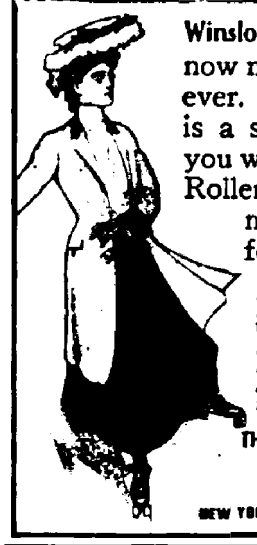

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Mechanical and Electrical advertisements in this column will bring results.

ating gas, gives off great quantities of ammonia gas and this is the source from which much of the ammonia of commerce is obtained. The nitrogen and part of the hydrogen contained in the coal are driven off. These combine as free ammonia, and when the gas is led through a body of water, it is absorbed exactly as in one of the experiments in our last lesson.

Ammonia gas does not burn under ordinary conditions, but when mixed with oxygen, will burn with a yellowish flame.

Make a spiral coil of a thin, steel wire. Heat to redness and quickly introduce it into the mouth of a bottle containing a strong solution of ammonia. The wire will continue to glow while the ammonia is decomposed.

Place in a large test-tube a dilute solution of nitric acid. Now carefully add ammonia until the solution is neutralized—that is, until the solution does not affect litmus paper when a strip is dipped into it. Then carefully evaporate the solution to dryness when a white salt will remain. This salt is the nitrate of ammonia, formed by the combination of the nitric acid and ammonia.

Since ammonia neutralizes an acid, it is used in cases when acids are spilled on the clothes or flesh. If a drop of acid falls on the clothing, quickly saturate the spot with ammonia. But should the acid be received in the face, it is best to wash it off in water first, then a weak solution of ammonia, and finally, without rubbing, to cover the injured parts with sweet oil.

Ammonia produces a stimulating effect upon the human system when inhaled, and is often employed in cases of fainting, or where over-doses of chloroform, ether, laughing gas, etc., have been taken. It will also neutralize the effects of poisonous gases when inhaled, such as chlorine, bromine, and sulphur vapors.

There are many other compounds of nitrogen, but they must be left until we are more familiar with the other elements.

QUERY BOX

Q. I would like to know how much water and sal-ammoniac should be used in re-charging dry and wet batteries?—D. C., Mondovi, Wash.

A. A saturated solution of sal-ammoniac and water is used in re-charging batteries.

Q. I have a coil giving a one-inch spark and one giving only one-half inch. Can I use them on a wireless telegraph line of one mile?—H. L. C., Springfield, O.

A. We fear that your one-half-inch coil would hardly be sufficient for transmitting a message over the distance you mention. The inch coil should, however, provided your receiving apparatus is very sensitive, and sufficient current is used for operating the coil. It might then create waves sufficiently powerful to carry for the distance you mention.

Q. I have a common toy motor which I wish to use in operating a small car. Will it be necessary to gear it down in order to run same and how can the direction be reversed?—A. R., Chicago.

A. A toy motor can be geared down so as to operate a light model car. A small pinion should be put on the armature shaft, and this in turn geared with another wheel which carries the pinion on its axle, and this in turn engaging with a gear on the car wheel shaft. In order to reverse the direction of motion, the connections between the battery and brushes should be changed, while that in the fields remains constant. This can be done by having a four-pole switch.

Q. I am making the motor described in the December issue. I have used nails instead of screws. I would like to know if I could wind coils upon the nails and have a wound armature? If so, please state the size of the wire and how to make a suitable commutator for the armature?—A. A., Orange, N. J.

A. We know of no reason why nails should not be used in making this armature; although it might not be practicable to wind them with wire, yet it might be done, and a commutator filed out of a copper disc as described in that article. The commutator would have to be so constructed that a connection would be made to magnetize the nail approaching the pole, and then to break the circuit as soon as it is directly in front of the pole. This would permit it to pass on without its being influenced by the field magnets. Then, as soon as another twelfth of a revolution has been made, another contact would be made on the commutator and the magnets energized for another pull. In a later issue a wound armature dynamo will be described.

Q. What is the longest distance that a wireless telegraph message may be sent, and what voltage will be required? My chum and I are building a set of instruments, and the distance will be about half a mile; the resistance about ten ohms.—H. S. C., Reading, Pa.

A. Your question is too vague to receive a very clear answer. It is claimed that wireless telegraph messages have been sent from shore to shore across the Atlantic. It is very certain that messages have been and are being received by steamships hundreds of miles apart on the ocean, and great distances are being covered on land. What the greatest distance is that can be covered is hard to say. The voltage required would vary greatly with different makes of instruments. The sending power of a coil lies more in the fatness of the spark than in anything else, but of course, fatness of spark requires the use of a current of very high voltage. The instruments necessary for sending messages for half a mile need not be so very large, but since you do not give any details as to its construction, we cannot give very satisfactory answers.

Q. A friend and I have decided to make a wireless telegraph instrument as we are both very deeply interested in telegraphy and electricity generally. There are several points which we would like to have you make clear to us if you would be so kind. First, could we use a regular Morse key in sending? How are the jars with the tin foil connected with the coil? What is the distance between the spark gap terminals? Are the aerial wires insulated or bare and from what are they hung?—C. R. O., Palo Alto, Cal.

A. A regular Morse key can be used in sending in wireless outfits. The jars used as condensers are connected in the following manner: All the wires from the top of the jars are connected with one wire leading to one side of the vibrator. The sheet of tin upon which the jars stand is connected with another wire to the other end of the vibrator, say, for instance, to the adjusting screw. The distance between the spark gap terminals for most wireless work need not be over an eighth of an inch. The aerial wires are bare where they emerge from the building to the top support, but those that pass through the building should be heavily insulated and it would be better for them to pass through tubes of vulcanite or stone, such as is used for regular electric light wiring.

Q. How should the coherer be constructed when a telephone receiver is used? Do you need a coherer when you use a telephone receiver? Does mercury evaporate? Would a circuit breaker made of an electric bell, so constructed as to raise or lower a point in a cup of mercury, be sufficient to operate a ½-inch spark coil? Can ordinary miniature incandescent lamps be used on alternating currents? Will the current from an induction coil decompose water? Are platinum plates needed for contact? Is a condenser needed when a mercuric circuit breaker is used?—Darien, N. Y.

A. The coherer is constructed practically the same as when a sounder is used, the telephone receiver being connected in place of the latter instrument. The de-coherer need not be used when the telephone is employed. Mercury does not evaporate under ordinary conditions, although it can be vaporized by heating. Yes, a circuit breaker can be made from an electric bell by the method you describe. Yes, but the current must be small enough, so as not to burn out the lamps. The current from an induction coil, if powerful enough, will decompose water. Platinum plates are used for contacts from the fact that they do not corrode, and consequently the contact points are always bright. A condenser should always be used in any form of circuit breaker.

Q. Can a "Little Hustler" motor be converted into a dynamo; if so, how? Can a dynamo furnishing nine volts charge a storage cell having four positive and three negative plates each 7 in. x 6 in. x 1 in.? Can an induction coil be used as a spark coil and how many volts can be safely carried if the primary is No. 20 and the secondary No. 36? Can gravity (blue stone) cells be used to charge a storage cell of the same dimensions as above mentioned?—J. J. McD., Chicago, Ill.

A. The "Little Hustler" motor cannot well be converted into a dynamo, owing to constructional difficulties. Yes, a dynamo furnishing nine volts should charge at least five cells of the size you mention, but since you do not give the amperage furnished by the dynamo, we cannot tell whether they could be recharged to their full capacity. An induction coil and spark coil are one and the same. If the primary is composed of No. 20 wire, any voltage could be used that the insulation would stand, but if a very heavy amperage was to be carried, No. 20 wire would hardly be sufficient. It is the amperage or quantity of current that causes damage in heating a coil, not the voltage, although a current of high voltage will often pierce insulation and cause short circuits. Probably one hundred and ten volts would be as high as you would want to use with your coil. Blue stone cells may be used to charge storage cells, but the combined voltage of the cells must be greater than that of the storage cells, and owing to the small output of the gravity cells, a great number would be required.

Q. What is a laminated armature? If a dynamo is wound for any voltage up to ten, does that mean that the dynamo will give ten volts? How many volts does the ordinary dry cell give when new? How many amperes? What is a watt? If a dynamo has an output of twelve watts, how many four-volt lamps will it light? What is the gauge of the enclosed wire? How many dry cells will it take to run the motor, cut of which is enclosed?—F. A. M., Chicago, Ill.

A. A laminated armature is one made of a series of discs of thin sheet iron. A dynamo wound for ten volts will give ten volts at a certain speed, but if the speed varies above or below that point, the voltage will vary greatly. The ordinary dry cell will give 1 7/10 to 2 volts when new. The amperage delivered by a cell depends upon the internal resistance and that of the outside circuit. "Watt" is an electrical term used to express the amount of energy delivered by a current of electricity and is equal to one ampere of current at 1 volt pressure; that is, a dynamo delivering 50 amperes of current at 10 volts pressure will be 500 watt machine, or if it delivered 5 amperes of current at 110 volts pressure, it would be 550 watts. You do not state the candle power of the lamp, therefore we cannot say how many amperes of current will be required to light this lamp. We fail to find the wire which you state you enclose, therefore we cannot give you its gauge. It depends on how the armature of the motor, cut of which you enclose, is wound. If it is wound for a comparatively high tension current, say 110 volts, you would require at least 75 cells of battery to run it, but if it is wound for a battery motor requiring only 6 or 7 volts, probably four or five cells would run it satisfactorily.

CLEVER WORK WITH THE POCKET KNIFE

By JOHN L. DOUGHENY

Other articles by Mr. Dougheny have appeared in the July, September, October, November and December numbers of 1904; and in the January, February, August, September, October and December numbers of 1905; and in the July, August and September numbers of this year.

No. 14.—Cupid Arrow and Heart

IN THIS SERIES we have treated many designs of the chain order, that is, we have often whittled a solid block of wood into two or more movable and inseparable parts. In every case heretofore the same common principle governed our work, and the same rules were applied. The boy who succeeded in making the chain we exploited some months ago has mastered the idea which is the basis of nearly all of our kind of wood carving jobs. Just as in the study of arithmetic, when a boy masters, say, decimals, he is able to do any question that involves that principle, so in the art we have attempted to systematize, if you thoroughly learn a basic principle you can apply it intelligently wherever it

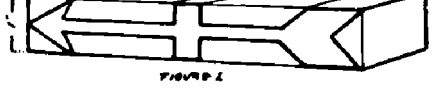

FIGURE 1.

would be advantageous. And it is because this art calls for concentrated mental effort that we dare recommend it as a serious pastime in this day when time is so valuable.

In this article we divide a solid block into two parts in an entirely new way. Being a first article it is necessarily very simple. With a good, sharp knife you should be able to whittle it in a few hours. The size of the piece of pine we begin on is 6 inches by 1 inch by 1 and a half inches. Our design is to be the pro-



FIGURE 2.

verbial "Cupid arrow and heart," so before beginning to cut we will draw those objects with pencil. Exercise great care right at the beginning for the lines we make are to guide the blade. Anyone can make a good enough diagram of those simple objects. Measure the height, width and length of our drawing and have yours proportioned the same. After the first rough draft you can continue to make alterations until you have it perfect. Fig. 1 illustrates the proper way. The next logical step is to cut away all parts not outlined. You need not, at this stage, trim closely to the pencil marks. Allow a comfortable margin for handling. Now we shave the arrow down, reducing its thickness three-quarters of an inch by taking three-eighths of an inch off the front and the same off the back. The purpose of this is very evident, and after it is hewn down to the shape pictured in Fig. 2, the subsequent work becomes very simple. It is easy to shape out the heart but as in many other things the seemingly slowest way may prove the quickest, as it is undoubtedly the safest. Begin by cutting notches at each side of the central section. Extend them around on all four sides, but do not make them very deep until after you shave some of the block off. As you proceed always keep the middle lower or rather thinner than the parts on each side. In cutting off the surplus be careful to draw the knife in the right direction. You know how easy it is to spoil a whittling job if the knife gets between two layers or fibers and starts to follow up a crooked line. As a rule it results in cutting too deep or going beyond the point at which you wish to stop. In the particular cutting we are considering both of these vexatious things are apt to happen. Note the grain and as far as possible cut across it. For one half you will have to draw the knife toward the heart and for the other you will begin at the heart and cut towards the end. This

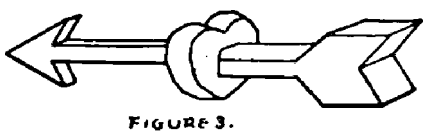

FIGURE 3.

simple advice is intended chiefly for beginners, still no matter who you are, if you fail to obey it you will have an accident. In order to make the text clear we introduce drawing No. 3 which shows the cutting about half done. We wish to say here that the drawings are perhaps a greater aid to good work than the text so don't fail to study them. In the last figure the heart appears to encircle the arrow, but of course, they are not separated. The actual work of loosening the heart is slow but not difficult. Use the small blade of the knife and have it good and sharp. Hold your thumb and forefinger on the reverse side so as to back it up firmly while you are carving. Grasp the knife in one hand in much the same manner as you would hold a lead pencil. Give short, firm jabs

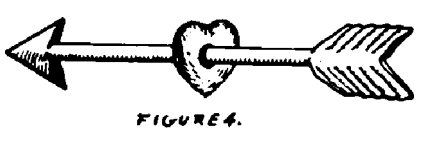

FIGURE 4.

with the blade, and after you have furrowed out a rather shallow ring, turn over and do the same on the other side. Don't try to cut it clear through from one side or disaster may result. The hole in the center of the heart should not be very large. Allow just space enough to enable the arrow to be slid back and forth. The more care you take in finishing the two parts the better they will look. Both objects are easy to shape. Keep Fig. 4 close at hand and by referring to it constantly you can get your wooden image of about the same proportions. The heart bulges a little, its extreme thickness being about one-half inch. Smooth off with sandpaper and give it a coat of paint or oil.



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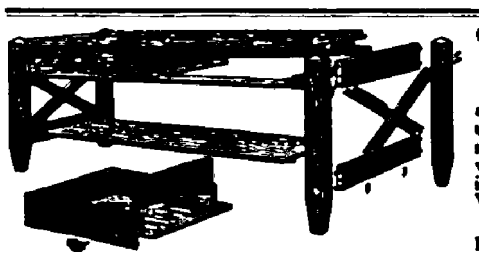

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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November (1905) number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin· No. IV, Abraham Lincoln No. V, John Adams; No. VI, Thomas Jefferson; No. VII, Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII, Henry Ward Beecher; No. IX, Nathaniel Hawthorne; No. X Robert Edward Lee; No. XI, Daniel Webster.

No. XII--John Marshall

WHILE THE men of no one section of our country were behind those of another in patriotism, courage, and self-sacrifice, during the days when the infant Republic was struggling for existence, yet there were three of the colonies whose sons by reason of intellect, ability, wisdom, and military genius, placed them foremost during that period: Massachusetts produced the two Adams's, Franklin, Knox, Otis, and Sherman; New York brought forth Schuyler, Livingston, Jay, Hamilton, and Clinton; and Virginia gave birth to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Henry, Lee, and Marshall. As the boys of today recall the parts these men took in defending and upholding the liberties of their country, they must agree that the "Old Dominion" (as Virginia was called because Charles II. was proclaimed its king two years before he mounted the throne of England and Scotland), is not only the Mother of Presidents, but of the greatest men of our early history.

It will be interesting to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY to know that on the Restoration of Charles II., coins were minted containing the declaration that the Kingdom should consist of "England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia," the Latin inscription on the coins being, "en dat Virginia quartam," meaning, "See, Virginia makes the fourth."

The American ancestry of the family of the "Great Chief Justice" began with his grandfather, John Marshall, who emigrated from Wales and took up a plantation of several hundred acres in Westmoreland County, Virginia, where were located the homes of Washington and Lee. This John Marshall does not appear to have prospered financially, probably because of the poor soil he had to till. When he died his son, Thomas, either gave up or sold the estate and moved to Fauquier county, locating at a little settlement named Germantown, afterwards Midland. This place situated on the frontier of the county and being sparsely populated, was continually agitated by rumors of atrocities perpetrated upon the settlers by the Indian allies of the French, and the inhabitants raised a body of militia for their protection.

Thomas Marshall was just two years older than George Washington and their families were neighbors. The boys were companions at school and play, contending with each other in schoolboy rivalry in both their studies and athletic games. Each in youth became a land surveyor, marching through the wilderness and forests of Virginia, exploring, measuring, staking off, and describing the boundaries of lands for the convenience of intending purchasers. Thomas Marshall also became a soldier, like Washington, fighting with great gallantry during the French and Indian war. Subsequently he became manager of the estates of that Lord Fairfax whom our readers will remember was the great friend of George Washington. A man of unusual natural ability, Thomas Marshall supplied the deficiencies of his early education by diligence and application. In time he became a fine English scholar and possessed a remarkably good library. Indeed, his library and learning were looked upon with astonishment and respect by his less learned neighbors. In his community he was highly esteemed for sound common sense and practical wisdom. His wife was Mary Isham Keith, daughter of a Scotch minister, who was by birth, education, and sweet womanly qualities a devoted wife and loving mother.

To this worthy couple there was born on September 24th, 1755, a son, the eldest of a family of fifteen. In those days, when money and hired help were equally scarce, the boys and girls always found plenty to do in assisting in the work of farm or plantation, and in the home. Boys who know their histories will remember that the year 1755 was also the date of what is known as "Braddock's Defeat," where two thousand British and Virginian troops were sorely defeated by the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne, mainly because of the stubbornness of General Braddock, who paid for his vanity with his life. In this battle Colonel George Washington did his best to avert defeat, having two horses shot under him while rallying his men.

The little son of Thomas Marshall received his grandfather's name and grew up a sturdy, strong-limbed, and strong-lunged youngster. While his parents were poor, so poor, indeed, that it is said Mrs. Marshall and her daughters were obliged to use thorns instead of pins to pin their dresses, yet by strict economy they were enabled to give their children a good education. John's schooling, which was received almost entirely from his parents, was far more thorough than could have been given by the ordinary schoolmasters of that time, who were, as a rule, only able to lead their scholars through a little reading, writing, and arithmetic. Marshall's father, being a fine English scholar himself, was in the habit of saying that no education was complete without a thorough knowledge of English both in prose and verse. Under such instruction we are not surprised to read that the lad at the age of twelve, "had transcribed the whole of Pope's Essay on Man and some of his moral essays, and had committed to memory some of the most interesting passages of that distinguished poet."

Young Marshall and his brothers and sisters were required to study passages from the English poets and prose writers, and to read these passages to their father to show that they understood them. In this practical way the boy was not only thoroughly grounded in English history, literature and poetry, but acquired a fondness and love for the great English writers which showed all through his life. Marshall's friend, the eminent Judge Story, writing of the Chief Justice's boyhood and the effect of such study says: "In the enthusiasm of youth, he often indulged himself in poetical compositions and freely gave up his leisure hours to those dreamings with the muses, which (say what we may) constitute with many the purest source of pleasure in the gayer scenes of life, and the sweetest consolation in the hours of adversity." Of his father, Marshall ever spoke with sincerest love and gratitude for his bringing up. "My father," he would say, "was a far abler man than any of his sons. To him I owe the solid foundation of all my own success in life."

When he was ten years old his parents removed with their family to a higher and more fertile region called Goose's Neck in the western part of Fauquier county.

While his education at home made Marshall to a large extent independent of the ordinary school, his father decided that his education should not be confined to English alone. The boy was, therefore, when about fourteen, sent to Cumberland county to the school where his father and George Washington had themselves been pupils. Here he spent a year engaged principally in the study of Latin and mathematics under the Reverend Mr. Campbell, a Scottish clergyman of considerable ability. One of the boy's schoolmates was James Monroe, who as our readers will remember became the fifth President of the United States.

During his absence his parents had moved again and settled at a place called Oak Hill. It was a wild country, very thinly populated, with great forests where game of all kinds and wild animals abounded. Naturally fond of sport of all kinds and a good shot, the boy was able to enjoy hunting, fishing, and the pleasures of the chase to his heart's content, and the out of doors life which he thus led gave him that strong, robust, vigorous constitution which he possessed throughout his life. In all athletic exercises, too, where quickness and strength were required he was easily the leader among his playmates. In running and jumping there were few who could beat him. One of his biographers states that a famous feat of Marshall's was to place a stick upon the heads of two of his tallest friends and then with a long run clear this at the first take-off. Once while he was in the army the stick used was half an inch thick and the men under it were each over six feet in height, making his jump almost equal to that of the trained athletes of today.

The boys of Marshall's time would look in wonder at a modern gymnasium outfit. Punching bags, exercisers, vaulting horses, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and the countless paraphernalia of college athletics were then undreamed of. The equipment of Marshall and his friends when running and jumping was of the simplest. They generally only laid aside their tunics and tightened their belts. The moccasins which covered their feet were light, but sometimes they took them off. Marshall was in the habit of running and jumping in his stockinged feet. These stockings, knitted by his mother, were generally of blue yarn with white heels and toes, and in his sports the white parts were always conspicuous which gained for him the nickname of "Silver Heels." Another game of which he was very fond was quoits, introduced by some Scottish pioneers. Even when Chief Justice, when court had risen, he would invariably be found enjoying a game of quoits with some friends. He was considered the best pitcher in the quoit club and could throw heavier quoits than any other member.

For another year young Marshall continued the study of Latin with a tutor, making some progress in translating the works of Horace and Livy. These two years completed his classical instruction, and it is not surprising to find very few classical references or quotations in his writings. His sympathy and liking were all for English literature. In speaking of his early education and his father's assistance, he says: "My father superintended the English part of my education, and to his care I am indebted for anything valuable which I may have acquired in my youth. He was my only intelligent companion, and was both a watchful parent, and an affectionate, instructive friend. The young men within my reach were entirely uncultivated; and the time passed with them was devoted to hardy, athletic exercises." This testimony as to what they owe to their parents has ever been characteristic of great men. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Webster, Marshall, and others whose names are familiar to boys, all gave affectionate witness to the assistance they had received from mother, father, or both. Somehow the boys of today do not show that respect and love to their parents which they ought. Many boys think their fathers and mothers are old-fogyish, and receive their counsel with something very like contempt, until it almost appears that the command "Honor thy father and thy mother" has become a



JOHN MARSHALL

dead letter. Boys, if your ambition is to pattern your lives after the great men of our country, never forget that these men were ever ready to admit that their success in life was in great measure due to the devoted care, tender sympathy, and wise leading of loving parents.

There seems to have been no question as to what John Marshall's life work was to be. He was now about eighteen years old, strong and muscular, good-natured and cheerful in disposition, fond of study and fond of play, able to shoot straight and true, and an expert with the hunting knife. Among the books in his father's library was Blackstone's Commentaries. It was a new book then, but had obtained a wide reputation, and among the names of subscribers to the first American edition are found: "John Adams, barrister at law, Boston," and "Captain Thomas Marshall." Young Marshall began at once to read the Commentaries, but other and more pressing work was at hand and Blackstone was laid again on the book shelf until happier times should arrive for its study.

It was a time of great anxiety in the colonies. The exactions of Great Britain were forcing thinking men of America to the conclusion that continued submission was impossible, and that an appeal to arms must soon be made. In 1774 a large body of militia was enrolled in Massachusetts prepared to take the field at a minute's warning, and this condition of enlistment caused the army thus raised to receive the name of "minute-men," a name which ought to be honored by every American boy. Virginia enlisted a body of minute-men in 1775. Marshall's father assisted in forming a regiment and was made major, while his son John held the rank of lieutenant.

Doing with his might whatever he had to do Lieutenant Marshall at once began to study military tactics and drill. A description of the young officer as he appeared in his uniform is interesting. "He was about twenty years old, six feet tall, slender, straight as an arrow, olive-skinned, dark-eyed, black-haired, and with an expression which fairly beamed with good-nature." His uniform consisted of a pale blue hunting shirt and trousers, the latter trimmed with white, a round black hat, mounted with a buck's tail for a cockade, and moccasins or hunting boots. His arms like those of his men consisted of rifle and hunting knife. He was a strict disciplinarian and spared neither time nor patience to have his company well drilled, both according to regular military rules and the fighting methods of the Indians.

Our space is too limited to follow Marshall's career as a soldier in the Revolution. Enough to say that from the time when Virginia heard the news from Lexington and Concord to the end of the war, he fought bravely and showed military skill of a high order; that he was idolized by his men and honored and respected by his fellow officers; that he was ever cheerful, looking always on the bright side; that even amid the misery, the cold, the hunger, and the suffering of that awful winter at Valley Forge, he was ever ready with words of encouragement, and did more than any other to revive the drooping hearts of his comrades.

In 1779 he was given the rank of captain and ordered to Virginia to enlist troops. His duties being merely nominal, he at once enrolled as a student in William and Mary College, attending the lectures on law and also those on natural philosophy. So well did he make use of his opportunities for study that he was admitted to the Virginia bar immediately after the summer vacation of 1780. During that winter Virginia was invaded by Arnold, the law courts in consequence were suspended, and Marshall had again to take the sword, so that it was not until the defeat and capture of Cornwallis in 1781, that he was able to hang out his shingle.

Notwithstanding that Marshall may be thought to have had very slight training for success in law, his rise in his profession began from the first. After the Revolution the courts were kept busy and Marshall's extraordinary talents, integrity, and goodness were so well and widely known that he was in constant demand as an advocate. It is said that during his practice in Virginia the calendars show him to have been engaged in nearly every important case in both the State and Federal courts. Political honors were showered upon him by his admiring countrymen. Again and again, he was elected to office, even those who were his political opponents voting for him.

In order to touch upon Marshall in his life work at the law we have gone beyond his actual boyhood, and the story of his receiving notice of the nomination to the Chief Justiceship must conclude this sketch. In November, 1800, Marshall was Secretary of War and his nomination for Secretary of State was before Congress. Chief Justice Ellsworth had resigned and Marshall being proud of his profession was anxious that the office should have a worthy occupant. He called upon President Adams to recommend a distinguished jurist. Scarcely had he began to speak when the President said, "Mr. Marshall, you need not give yourself any further trouble about that matter. I have made up my mind about it." "I am happy to hear that you are relieved upon the subject." "May I ask whom you have fixed upon?"

"Certainly," replied the President, speaking very slowly, "I have concluded to nominate a person whom it may surprise you to hear mentioned. It is a Virginia lawyer,—a plain man—by the name of—John Marshall." Thus says Justice Story, "If President Adams had left no other claims on the grateful remembrance of his countrymen than in giving to the public service this great magistrate, so pure and so wise, he would always have lived in that act as a great benefactor of his country."

For thirty-four years John Marshall was the head of the greatest legal body on earth, during which he "taught by his opinions and decisions the supreme power of the nation and the supreme position of the Constitution of the United States as the written law of the land."

SYNOPSIS OF JOHN MARSHALL'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

1795 Head of Virginia bar. Declined Attorney-Generalship offered by Washington.
1797 Envoy to France, returned the following year.
1799 Elected to Congress. Defended President John Adams in extradition case. Served as Secretary of State.
1801 Named for Chief Justice of the United States, January 20.
1807 Presided at trial of Aaron Burr.
1835 Died July 6.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

JOHN MARSHALL
1755-1835.

The Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are supreme; they control the constitutions and laws of the respective states and cannot be controlled by them.

TWO THOUSAND SHUT-INS TO HAVE THE AMERICAN BOY



Our readers contributed between August eighth and September eighth, $25.62 toward giving THE AMERICAN BOY to shut-in boys. As we contribute a like amount in value, the hand of the clock has moved to a point representing about $290.00.

We hope every boy will have a part in this praiseworthy undertaking before the first of January. We very earnestly hope we will be able by that date to furnish the paper to 2,000 shut-in boys; this will require our readers to send $1,000 for the fund. Up to date the total sent in by them is $145.01. There remains $855.00 to be contributed if our ambitions are to be realized. About three months remain in which to raise this money. Remember that every boy who contributes 50 cents or more is privileged to know the name of the shut-in who gets the paper through his generosity.

The following are those who have contributed since August 8:

May Riggs	.50
Rad H. Reed	.50
Harry E. Thompson	.10
John Huselstein	.30
Freddie Lang	.50
Earl R. Best	.12
John W. Porter	.50
Robt. Flautt	.50
Wm. F. Purcell	.10
John P. Hogan	.50
Russell George	.50
Henry W. Miller	.25
Vernon Craig	.50
Harry Western	.25
Joe B. Stamp	.25
Ken Montgomery	.10
Jas. Ketch	.10
Harry Webster	.10
Richard Calhoun	.10
John Brockway	.10
Karl T. Thompson	1.00
Everett Mettlen	.10
Charles H. Carroll	.25
Wm. L. Mason	.50
"Unknown"	.10
J. Russell Jones	.10
Clarence W. Keen	.25
Rudolph Malmberg	.10
J. Foster Anderson	.50
Hyrum Wheelwright	.15
Frank Gould	.10
Phil Felton	.50
Charlie H. Thomson	.25
Clarence Brown	.25
Harry F. Lett	.25
Claire McCormick	.10
Glenn Eggleston	.10
Stanley Sopp	.25
Henry W. Hollard	.50
Mountain View Co.	.50
Eric S. Dahlberg	.10
Fred Calef	.25
August F. Stauff	.10
Eddie Cedler	.25
Oswood Yopp	.25
Willie H. Shattuck	1.00
D. H. McGogy	.50
Howard L. Jewell	.10
Earle Woodberry	1.00
Wm. H. Gearhart	.50
Fay Harris	.25
Puttman Van Gasken	1.00
Paul A. Froelich	.05
J. Hayden Kershner	1.00
Loren E. Brown	.10
Gola Bronnenberg	.50
Earnest Oglesby	.25
Harry M. Crutcher	.50
Leo E. Steiner	.10
Donald W. Ellsworth	.10
C. E. Williams	.10
Rising Sun Co.	.50
G. Merrill Gray	.05
Bert F. Madden	.25
"A. A. C."	.25
Webster Housel	.25
Harry E. Milne	.50
Almon Tinkelpaugh	.25
Otto Kress	2.00
Rob. L. Meriwether	.50
C. Everett Saunders	.50
Eric Hart	.50
Talbert Thomas	.25
William Colver	.10
	$25.62
Total contributed by readers	$145.01
Our contribution	145.01
Grand total (representing subscriptions for 290 shut-in boys)	$290.02

Why I am Proud of My State

Three prizes were awarded California boys for their essays, the first, $3, going to Clarence E. Briggs, of Antioch; the second, $1.50, to Frank D. Conger, 1139 Dewey avenue, Los Angeles; and the third, 50 cents, to Charles Schroeder, of Wilmington. We must also mention particularly the essays of William Burbeck, of Napa, and Herbert Davis, of Salinas.

Good essays were received, too, from the following boys: Joe Franklin Hart, Thomas C. Haven, Willie C. Whitaker, William R. Field, Will F. Parker, R. N. Bennett, Page Austin, Asa V. Call, Elbridge Battelle, Arthur Cuningham, Thomas Connolly, Gerald F. S. Hooper, Lloyd Mitchell, Arthur S. Mason, Peter Leon Taix, Bernard Frisbie, Paul Fleming, Wiley A. Magruder, Stuart A. Queen, Percy E. Ritcha, Leslie Layton, Warren Bradford, True Bayley, Fred Bartholomoe, Irving R. Wills, Frank Neallis, Phil J. Curran, Harold M. Chapman, Frank Latta, Oscar Burton, Harold Wheelock and Arthur Dixon.

A post card giving several views of the San Luis Rey Mission was received, as were also pictures of the state capitol at Sacramento and of Yosemite Falls.

Many essays contained references to the courage and determination shown by the people of California in repairing the damage done by the earthquake which occurred in April.

California ranks second in size among the states, being exceeded only by Texas. It is said that one ranch alone is as large as the whole of Ireland. The state is noted for its beautiful flowers. The poppy, which has been chosen as the state flower, may be seen almost the whole year around. One boy, in speaking of this flower, says that in the months of March, April and May the fields look as if they were clothed in a golden mantle. The discovery of gold by a laborer named Marshal, in 1849, caused so many people to flock to California that in 1850 there was population enough to warrant a state being formed. San Francisco was a town of not over 600 inhabitants in 1848, and in two years it increased in population to 35,000. Mt. Whitney is said to be the highest point in the United States, and Death Valley the lowest. The higher mountains of California are always white with snow, while in the valleys oranges ripen in mid-winter. The climate of this state is famous the world over. On the coast the temperature varies but little the year around, but a few miles inland either warm or cold weather may be found, according to season and locality. California is connected with the Atlantic seaboard by trunk lines, and her railroads have an aggregate length of over 6,000 miles. There is a great variety of beautiful scenery. The Yosemite Valley is world-famous, as are the great redwoods, some of which are between three and four hundred feet high. From one essay we learn that it took five men three weeks to cut down one of these trees. California ranks next to Australia in the production of wool, the annual output being 40,000,000 pounds. The annual output of wine is 20,000,000 gallons, and there are 35,000,000 pounds of raisins produced. The largest wine cellar in the world, holding 2,500,000 gallons, is located in the northern part of the state. Southern California is the only locality in the United States where olives are raised. More gold has been taken from this state than from any other locality of equal area, the value, since 1848, being $1,000,000,000. There are also great quantities of quicksilver, lead, copper, coal, and borax. Agriculture and stock raising are leading industries, and many fruits are produced in abundance. The value of one year's crop of oranges is estimated at $20,000,000. Lemons, apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, and figs are also grown. Of late years manufacturing has developed rapidly. A number of battleships have been built. The Oregon, which made the famous run around Cape Horn at the time of the Spanish-American War, was built in California. The state has many good schools and colleges. The University at Berkeley enrolls 4,000 pupils each year, and Stanford University nearly as many. The harbor of San Francisco is one of the best in the world. Los Angeles is a noted resort for invalids, and the city of Fresmo boasts of being the greatest fruit producing city of the world. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys contain some of the richest farming land in the country. One essay contains the interesting statement that the largest grape-vine in the world is in Santa Barbara County. This vine is eight feet three inches in diameter at the base, produces ten tons of grapes a year, and could shelter 800 people. Among the famous Californians named in the different essays are the following: Luther Burbank, the great horticulturist; W. R. Hearst, the newspaper man; Paul de Longpre, the artist; Joaquin Miller, the poet and Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer. These people, while not all native Californians, have made that state their home.

WHY I AM PROUD OF CALIFORNIA

First Prize Essay by Clarence E. Briggs, Antioch, Cal.

First of all, I am proud of the spirit of grit and determination which animates our people in their endeavor to triumph over the great calamity of April 18th and raise our fallen cities to their pristine condition, both commercially and otherwise. I am also proud of the generous, hospitable spirit of the people, their great love for their state and their country, and their deep patriotism.

The climate in most parts of California is very agreeable, and has none of the extremes found in the northern and southern states.

All kinds of cereals are raised except rice. The annual value of the wheat, barley, and hay crops is fifty million dollars. We rank high among the fruit-producing states; our crop includes nine-tenths of the oranges, four-fifths of the figs, one-half of the peaches, prunes, plums, and grapes, and nearly all the lemons, olives, apricots, almonds, raisins and English walnuts raised in the United States. We rank first in the making of wine and second in the production of lumber, and raise one-fourth of the beans produced in the United States.

One-fourth of the gold mined in the country comes from California. Silver, copper, borax, salt, soda, granite, coal, petroleum, and asphaltum are also mined. The silver and copper mines are very valuable, and petroleum will soon be one of our largest assets. In a few years the value of farming and fruit-raising will be greatly enhanced, owing to etxensive irrigation.

The educational system of California is one of the best in the country. There are two universities and five normal schools, besides numerous colleges and high schools, and a grammar school in each district.

I am proud of the history of my state. Discovered by Cabrillo in 1542, no settlements were made until 1769. Its growth, from a few thousands living in the missions along the coast in 1848 to one and a half millions of people in 1900, is most remarkable. I am proud of the builders of the state, from Fathers Serra and Palon to our captains of industry of to-day.

Although California furnished few soldiers to fight for the Union, she sent over a million dollars fresh from her mines, without which our government could hardly have been successful in the end. I am proud of the gallantry of the Californians in the late war with Spain. But above all, I am proud of the hundreds of our people who have done their work well, and have exerted good influences in the more peaceful walks of life.

Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, and the Geysers are scenic features that cannot be excelled in their beauty.

Condensed into a few words, I am proud of California's past prosperity and of the conditions which point to future prosperity and industrial happiness.

North Carolina Next

¶ To the North Carolina boy who sends us before October 10th the best letter of not over 500 words, telling us why he is proud of his state, we will give $3; to the boy sending the next best letter, $1.50; to the boy sending the next best, 50 cents. In addition, we will print the first prize letter in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

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Take-down pattern; top snap action; automatic shell ejector; decarbonized blued steel barrel, choke bored; case-hardened frame, rebounding hammer, selected Walnut stock with pistol grip, and has hardened rubber butt plate. **A well-balanced, accurate, sportsmanlike shotgun, wonderfully safe, quick and certain in the hands of either the boy beginner or the experienced sportsman.**

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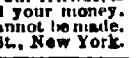

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Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Asst Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.



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.

Harry Elger, Jr., Hawthorne Inn, East Gloucester, Mass., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the August Tangles.

Clinton Fisk Elliott, 345 Norton street, New Haven, Conn., wins the second prize.

Raymond F. Katterjohn, Holland, Dubois Co., Indiana, wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: George H. Stanbery, J. Horace Trumbull, Kenneth Fullerton, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., Byron J. Bellas, Byron B. Dunklin, R. L. Mattocks, Herbert Collins, Fred Lindenau, George F. Guy, Grady Peerey, J. Glenn Patterson, Veator Mendenhall, Arthur Ahlen, Harmon Boyd, Lloyd Blanton, James A. Lynd, Leo E Bourdon, J. Cuthbert Long, and someone in Milwaukee who forgot to sign any name.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the October Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by October 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for Christmas and December, received by October 18.

Answers to September Tangles

28. Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! (fly, good, flea, ants, fly, fly, fly). Macbeth, act III., scene III., line 26.

29.

1. L a V i s h
2. A m A z o n
3. B e C o m e
4. O r A t o r
5. R a T i f y
6. D a I n t y
7. A n O i n t
8. Y o N d e r

Initials, Labor Day; third letters, vacation.

30.

1. C o n n e c t i c u t
2. A l a b a m a
3. L o u i s i a n a
4. I n d i a n a
5. F l o r i d a
6. O k l a h o m a
7. R h o d e I s l a n d
8. N e b r a s k a
9. I d a h o
10. A r k a n s a s

Initials, California.

31.

1. M e i g s
2. H a n c o c k
3. S t a r k
4. F r a n k l i n
5. H a r r i s o n
6. D e l a w a r e
7. P r e b l e
8. W y a n d o t

The state is Ohio. Star path, McKinley; dagger path, Garfield; number path, Perry, Erie; letter path, California; Roman numeral path, Taylor.

32. 1. Detroit. 2. New York. 3. St. Paul. 4. Grand Rapids. 5. Philadelphia. 6. Los Angeles. 7. Springfield. 8. Sacramento. 9. Indianapolis. 10. San Diego. 11. Pittsburg. 12. Minneapolis. 13. Chattanooga. 14. St. Louis. 15. Baltimore. 16. Kansas City. 17. San Francisco. 18. Des Moines. 19. Bangor. 20. El Paso. 21. New Orleans. 22. Milwaukee. 23. Denver. 24. Galveston.

33. The eleven titles are as follows, and one letter from the first word of each in the order given spells Stratemeyer.

1. Just Between Ourselves. 2. The Young Book Agent. 3. Four Boys in Camp. 4. Jonah an' de Whale. 5. The Iron Hole. 6. When Frank Ran Away. 7. From Logging Camp to U. S. Senate. 8. The Immortal Five. 9. My Young Sportsman. 10. Uncle Sam's Flag Shop. 11. From Printer to Premier.

34.

1. C h a m o i s
2. O s t r i c h
3. O p o s s u m
4. P e n g u i n
5. E m u w r e n
6. R a c c o o n

Initials, Cooper.

35. Battle of Brandywine.

36. The correct order is here given. 1. For sale. 6. BOys. 5. ShOt gun. 3. TulTion. 2. CranBerry. 4. Boys wAnted. 7. The ChiLdren's. 8. Boys, I wiLl. FOOTBALL.

37.

1. B a L u c h i s t a n
2. U R u g u a y
3. F r E n c h G u i a n a
4. F r a n c E
5. A n d O r r a
6. L i B e r i a
7. O m a N

Initials, Buffalo; path, Elberon.

38.

1. S t a n t o N
2. E m e r s O n
3. R a w l i n S
4. A b l e z o R
5. P u l l m A n
6. I s h m a E l
7. S t e P h e n

Initials, Serapis; path, up, Pearson.

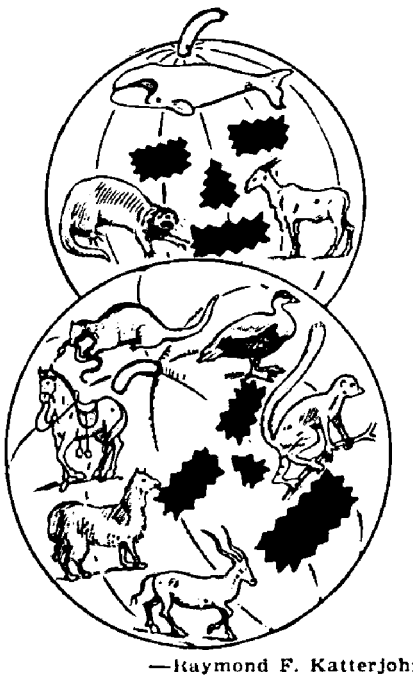
39. Chili, China, Corea, Egypt, Haiti, India, Italy, Japan, Spain, Tunis.

40. 1. Play, placing. 2. Pier, piercing. 3. Sea, ceasing. 4. Cur, cursing. 5. Fay, facing. 6. Ray, racing. 7. Pea, piecing.

New Tangles

41. JACK O' LANTERNS.

The nine pictures on the jack o' lanterns are to be interpreted by words of uniform length. When arranged in correct order their initials will spell a certain October evening.



—Raymond F. Katterjohn.

42. OCTOBER SLIDE.

Slide the four horizontal rows of letters right and left five times, and obtain the following by vertical rows, using no letter twice:

1. A very important American victory, won in October during the Revolution. 2. The surname of the American commander. 3. The surname of the British commander. 4. A city in Georgia where the Americans were defeated in October during the Revolution. 5. A place on the border between North and South Carolina where the British met defeat in October during the Revolution. 6. The unused letters remaining spell the surname of a great American statesman, orator and lawyer who died in October.

S N W I O Y T C W I K S N N
B A N O A S A N N O O I M T
R N O A S G R W R L V A E W
E K N H T N L A H G U I T S

—Veator Mendenhall.

43. LITERARY RESEARCH.

From the surname of each author of the following titles select the letter indicated by the number in parenthesis, in order, and obtain the name of a great American essayist, lecturer and poet, who was born and who died in Massachusetts:

1. The Faerie Queene (7). 2. Very Hard Cash (3). 3. Arthur Bonnicastle (3). 4. The Rape of the Lock (3). 5. The Scarlet Letter (5). 6. Uncle Tom's Cabin (4). 7. Thanatopsis (4). 8. Sartor Resartus (6). 9. Divina Commedia (1). 10. Paradise Lost (5). 11. The Spy (5). 12. Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (4). 13. Snow Bound (7). 14. Vanity Fair (7). 15. Pickwick Papers (7). 16. Ivanhoe (3). 17. Pilgrim's Progress (6).

—J. Glenn Patterson.

44. OCTOBER ACROSTIC.

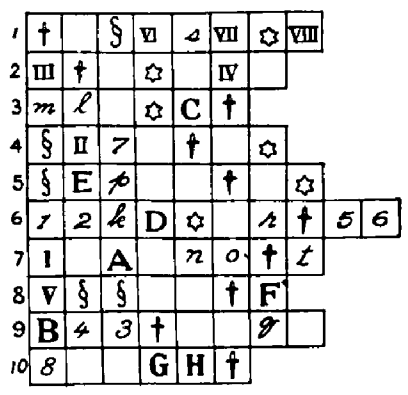
The words are of even length. The second letters in order spell a certain October night.

1. Surname of the principal female character in Vanity Fair. 2. An English philosophical writer of Shakespeare's time. 3. Author of Adam Bede. 4. A bellows-mender in Midsummer Night's Dream. 5. Author of Lalla Rookh. 6. Author of Gulliver's Travels. 7. Author of Robinson Crusoe. 8. Author of Put Yourself in His Place. 9. The hero of Last of the Mohicans.

—Morton L. Mitchell.

45. OCTOBER HISTORY.

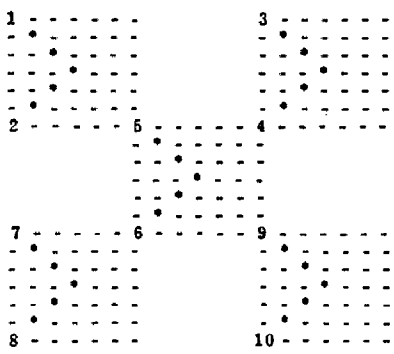
Fill the ten horizontal rows of squares with certain capital cities of the U. S., one letter of each in a square. The star path down spells a state admitted in October. The dagger path



down spells its capital. The numbered letters, 1 to 8, in order, spell a Revolutionary battle fought in October. The squares numbered with Roman numerals, I. to VIII., in order, spell the British commander, who surrendered in October as a result of this battle. The lower case letters, k to t, in order, spell a civil war battle fought in October. The capital letters, A to H, in order, spell the federal commander, and the section path, read downward, spells the confederate commander at this battle.

—Robert D. Holmes, Jr.

46. CONNECTED ZIG-ZAGS.



Upper left: A large western city of the U. S.; a city of Ireland; a city of Penn.; the third port of Germany; one of the five great lakeports; a suburb of San Francisco; a city and river of north Indiana. Zig-zag, 1 to 2, a great seaport of western U. S.

Upper right: A city of Wyo.; a French city famous for its porcelain; a city of N. C.; a city of northwest Penn.; a village of N. Y., on Lake Erie; a city of west Penn.; a city of Conn. Zig-zag, 3 to 4, a city of Neb.

Center: Capital of Persia; a seaport of north Africa; a large German city; a city of southeastern Mass.; a city of Java; a paper-making city of Mass.; an eastern summer resort of the U. S. Zig-zag, 5 to 6, a city of N. J.

Lower left: A city of north Texas; a port on Lake Erie; a city of N. H.; a city of Sicily; a city of Wis.; a city of Kan.; the metropolis of the new world. Zig-zag, 7 to 8, a city of New Zealand.

Lower right: A city of north Argentina; a Texas city; a Virginia seaport; a city of N. J. near New York city; a city of N. M.; a city of Ga.; a city on Lake Winnebago, Wis. Zig-zag, 9 to 10, a city of Canada.

—Russell B. Smith.

47. ACTOR'S CRISS-CROSS.

1. * - - - - -
2. - * - - - -
3. - - * - - -
4. - - - * - -
5. - - - - * -
6. - - - - - *
7. - - - - * -
8. - - - * - -
9. - - * - - -
10. - * - - - -
11. * - - - - -
12. - * - - - -
13. - - * - - -
14. - - - * - -

The star path reading downward spells the honorary title and stage name of a great English actor recently deceased, whose real name was Brodrib.

1. A county of Ala., Fla., Ga. and S. C. 2. A county of Ind. and Tenn. 3. A city of Switzerland. 4. A county of Ky. and Tex. 5. A river of England and Conn. 6. Mountains and peninsula of southern Europe. 7. A city of northern India. 8. A county of Idaho. 9. A peninsula of Russia. 10. A bay on the southwest of Ireland. 11. The fourth largest European capital. 12. A bay between France and Spain. 13. A city of China and Ohio. 14. A "neck" near Boston.

—Frank C. McMillan.

48. GREEK CROSS.

```
    1 2 3
    - - -
7 - - - - - 10
8 - - - - - 11
9 - - - - - 12
    - - -
    4 5 6
```

1 to 4, bravery. 2 to 5, a kind of floor covering. 3 to 6, entirely. 7 to 10, an outside window blind. 8 to 11, an inside window drapery. 9 to 12, dragged along the ground.

—Kenneth L. Aleshire.

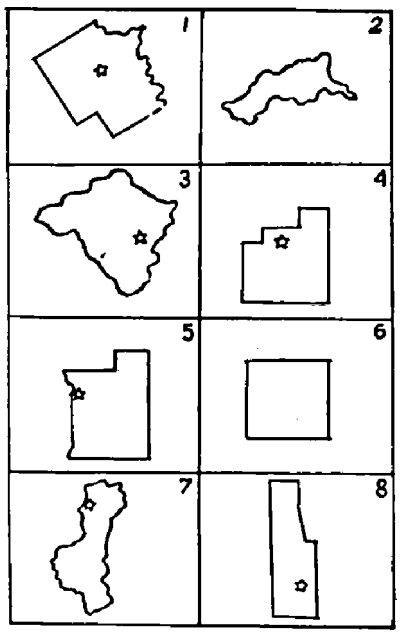
49. HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.

1. * - A - - -
2. * - - - B -
3. * - - - - C
4. * - - - - D
5. * - E - - -
6. * F - - - -
7. * - G - - -
8. * - - - - H

The names are of uniform length.

1. A county of Texas. 2. An island of Alaska. 3. A county of Wales. 4. A county of Ohio. 5. A county of Michigan. 6. A county of Texas. 7. An island of the Philippines. 8. A county of Nevada.

The outline maps of the above are here presented. Write their names as on the diagram.



The letter path in order spells an October battle of the Revolution. The initials, the British commander at this battle.

—Byron B. Dunklin.

50. CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

```
    -       -
   ---     ---
  -----   -----
 -------  -------
-------- --------
 -------  -------
  -----   -----
   ---     ---
    -       -
```

Left: 1. A letter in Celt. 2. Abbreviation for months. 3. A county of England. 4. A decree. 5. Seasoning for food. 6. Imprinted. 7. To guide. 8. Termination. 9. A letter in Celt.

Right: 1. A letter in Celt. 2. A rule of action. 3. Shaped like a dome. 4. A herb used in medicine. 5. A famous historical king of central Asia. 6. A celebrated American canal. 7. The goddess of the hunt. 8. A conjunction. 9. A letter in Celt.

—Morton L. Mitchell.

51. AUTHORS' TANGLE.

1. * - - - - -
2. * - - - -
3. - - * - - - - - -
4. - - - * - - - - -
5. - - - * - - - - -
6. - - - * - - - -
7. - - - - - * - -
8. - - - - * - - -
9. - - - - - - - - *

Write in the diagram the surnames of the authors whose works are named below. The star path downward spells the pseudonym of the author of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.



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1. For The Mikado. 2. The Young Book Agent. 3. In Defense of His Flag. 4. The Gentleman from Indiana. 5. Boyhood of Great Americans. 6. Via Crucis. 7. The Jungle. 8. The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony. 9. Brewster's Millions.

—Ernest A. Stifel.

Tangle Talk

I have advised you to consult your dictionaries on every provocation.

If you aspire to become a Tangler, to contribute or solve puzzles from month to month, you will need to know what the titles of the puzzles mean. This the dictionary will tell you, in the case of the established puzzles, and the newer ideas we are very careful to describe fully, ourselves, when printed. Any dictionary will tell you what is an acrostic, anagram, rebus, syncopation, palindrome, word square, and many of the common puzzles.

Webster gives the following example and definition of a word square:

H E A R T
E M B E R
A B U S E
R E S I N
T R E N T

"A series of words so arranged that they can be read vertically and horizontally with like results."

The Century, Standard and other authorities also give examples and similar definitions. So when a beginner sends in a series of words of the same length which do not possess the first element of a word square, and yet calls it a word square or a connected word square, we know that he has not consulted the dictionary nor grasped the first principles of our pastime, and has yet to learn the pleasure of making and solving puzzles; for it is no puzzle to write down five words or fifty.

No one may hope to be a Tangler who has not mastered the making or solving of a simple five-word square. Start with the three and four-word squares, if you must, which are the simplest A B C of puzzle knowledge—but don't expect us to print any of them. Fives are our lowest limit, while sixes are preferred, and sevens mighty scarce. We have seen thirty-five of Kosciusko McGinty's eight-word squares, and print one here for your edification. Making word squares of such dimensions is an employment rather than a pastime, taking weeks of research and disappointment to secure one success.

T A C T I C A L
A L I E N A G E
C I V E T T E S
T E E I R O N S
I N T R I N S E
C A T O N I A N
A G E N S A Y E
L E S S E N E D

C A T Quite in contrast are the childhood A T E efforts in three and four-word T E N squares, developed when one's vocabulary was limited and in the forming!

The title of every Tangle means something, and our titles that are not self-explanatory or supplemented by a description or diagram are fully explained by the dictionaries.

Puzzles that are so difficult or intricate as to be almost unsolvable are not welcome to our Tangles. Obsolete words we have never knowingly admitted. On the other hand, such simple affairs as "substitute 1, 2, 3 for a, b, c," etc., and the kindergarten line of alleged puzzles are better fitted to other publications than ours.

It is advisable, in sending in new puzzles to be printed, to follow each puzzle with its answer, on the same sheet if possible.

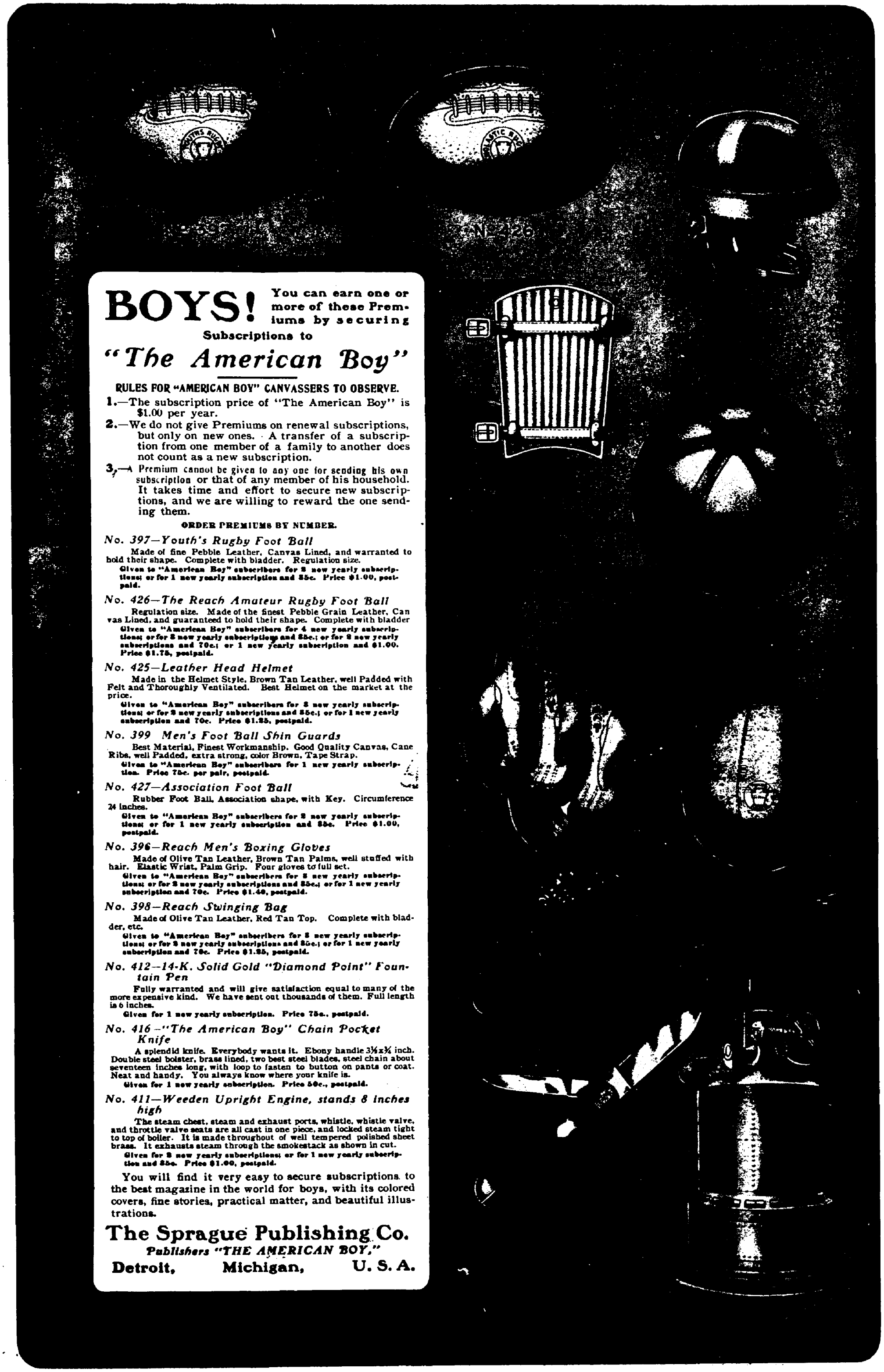
Also, when there is a long list of names or words, either in the answers to printed puzzles or as answers to your own new puzzles, always write the words in alphabetical order, the same as they always appear in the Tangle answers. Remember, I have to check over every word you send me and every word that all the others send me, and to criss-cross over the alphabet for all of you is so discouraging, especially when I keep thinking how much you didn't think when you threw them in any old way. Prizes have been lost through carelessness, many times.

If you have any questions to ask about Tangles or puzzles in general, I will try to answer them in our little talks from month to month.

As we warned you last month, we are ready now for your best efforts at Christmas Tangles. The best of those that reach us by October 18 will be published in December Tangles, and some one of you is going to secure our prize award in addition.

Why not you?

—Uncle Tangler.



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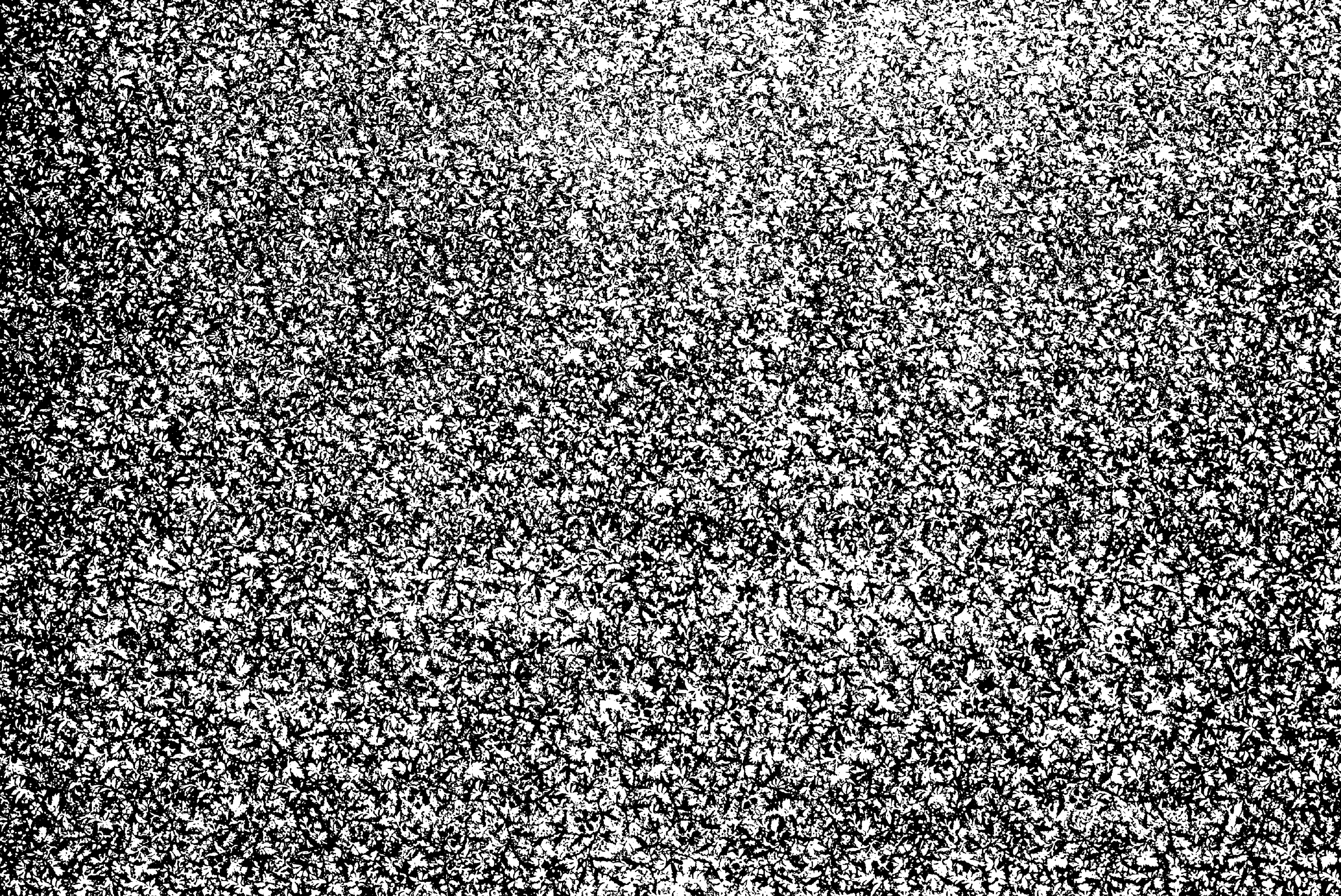



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VOL. VIII. NO. 1.



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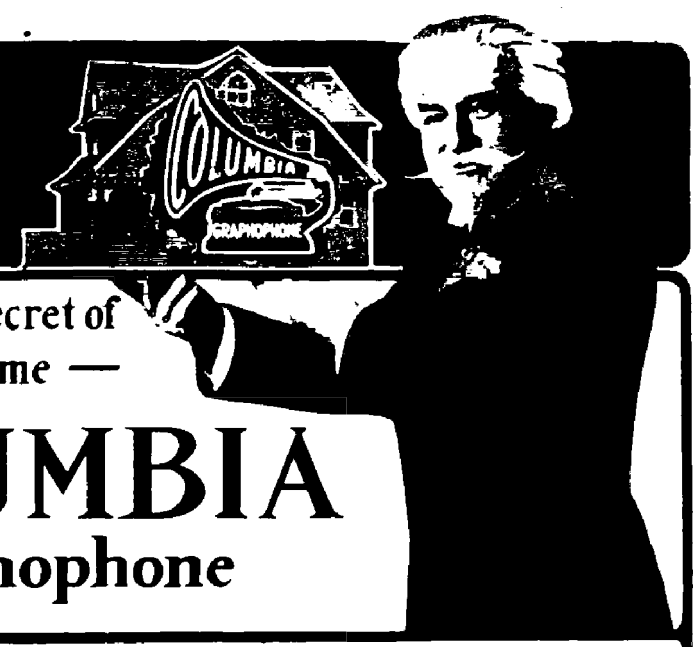

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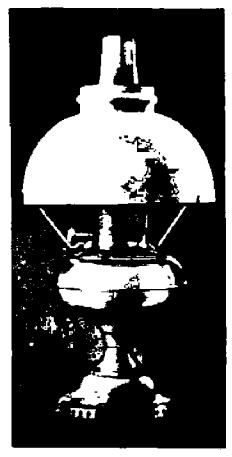

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ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 8 — DETROIT, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1906 — NUMBER 1

PLUPY IN PEACE AND WAR

Or, Chapters From the Lives of Plupy, Beany, Pewt, and Others

A SERIAL STORY BY JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Sequil," "Letters to Beany and Love Letters of Plupy Shute," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

JUST WHAT KIND of settlement poor Plupy had with his father on his return from Boston that night is known only to Plupy and his father.

Before pitying the young man too much it would be well to remember that the elder Shute was more than locally famous for a keen sense of humor, and in his boyhood had done perhaps more than his fair share in turning the little village of Exeter upside down. So it is fair to suppose that a graphic description of old Seth Tanner profanely chasing two wholly innocent but active boys, and the further portrayal of his son climbing dripping from the rain-water barrel would tend to put him in so cheerful a humor as to practically disarm hostility to that graceless youth.

Whatever he thought or did in the matter he made no objection when Plupy's mother, according to her custom in such cases, prepared a most appetizing meal and carried it up to the imprisoned youth.

Indeed, Plupy's father, as he sat that evening under the apple tree smoking, laughed heartily now and then, and indulged in sinful delight in reminiscences of his boyhood, which showed him to be in the most cheerful humor.

It was open to suspicion whether or not he was delighted beyond measure at the good account his son had rendered of himself in his fight with Pewt, and was heard to remark that if he would only lick that Watson boy he would be satisfied.

The family of which Plupy was a most prominent if not strictly ornamental member, was the most delightful family imaginable. The father, Mr. George Shute, a tall, handsome, well-built, and athletic man, was a clerk in the Boston Custom House, to which municipality he betook himself at a very early hour, and returned at 5:30 p. m. He knew everyone on the train, had a keen shaft of wit or a jolly laugh for everyone. His duties in the office consisted mainly in telling amusing stories, and making semi-occasional entries in a huge ledger.

That these duties were of a very important nature was evident from the fact that he was a well-paid official. His family was, however, numerous and hearty to such an astonishing degree that his income was barely sufficient for their combined wants.

Mrs. Shute, Joe as he called her, was a rather plump woman, with a strong, handsome, and most kindly face. She was an active, strong, and constant worker, giving her whole time to the care and management of her family, and having no time for outside matters. A fine pianist, she never had time to play. A beautiful alto singer, her voice was seldom heard except in singing cradle songs to the younger children.

Aunt Sarah, a sister of Mr. Shute, was one of those rare examples of an utterly unselfish woman, who gave her entire energies to the welfare of others, and in particular to the swarm of Shute children, every one of whom was in her eyes the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most obedient of children.

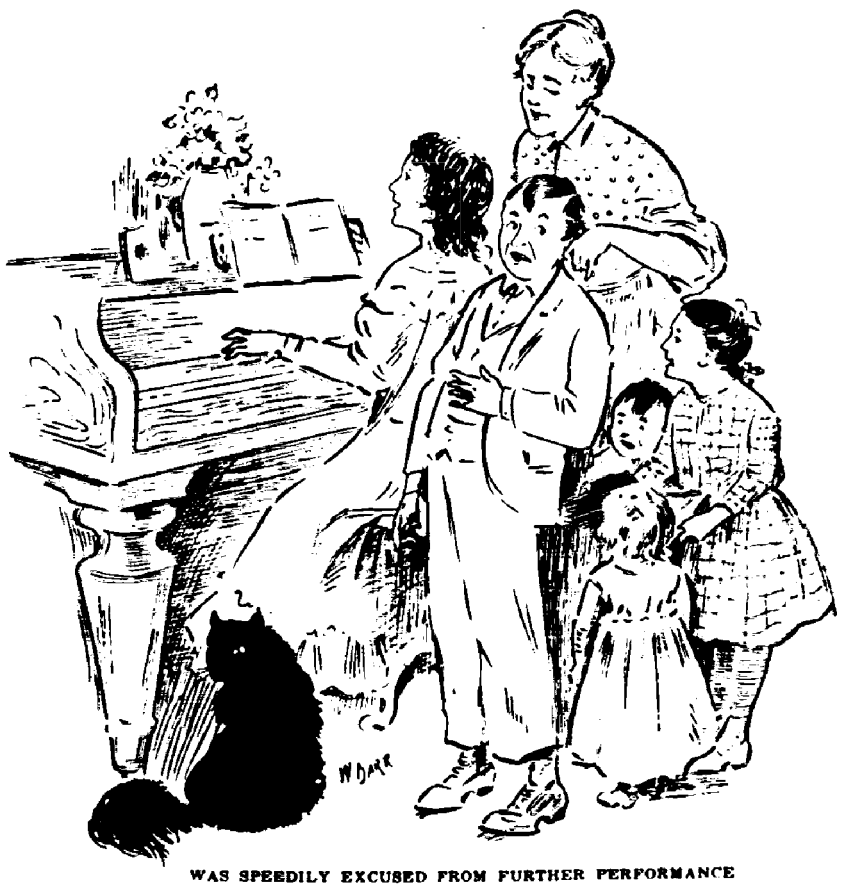
How such an opinion was possible in the mind of any person of good sense is not clear to the unprejudiced mind. Although certainly given to vagaries in relation to these children, in all other respects she was unquestionably of sound mind and memory.

She indulged these children lavishly, which was not good for them, and the only times she lost her temper in the household was on the frequent occasions when the elder Shute accompanied by a strap and the reluctant Plupy, retired to the woodshed for important business transactions, when she retired precipitately and with indignant looks to her chamber and banged the door.

Again she never would believe the complaints of any persons, however irreproachable their character, who reported misdemeanors of her nephews or nieces, and even when subsequent confessions were made by the malefactors, she obstinately maintained that they were wrung from them by threats of torture, and were wholly unfounded.

The oldest daughter, Celia, was a dark-eyed young lady with long black curls—a demure miss, with a mind attuned to music and poetry, but with a most unexpected leaning for Beadle's Dime Novels. The perusal of these highly-flavored frowned-on but delightful books imparted such a style to her own narratives that when, as the oldest girl, she was left in charge of the family, she seldom experienced any difficulty in keeping them quiet, as the announcement that "Cele's goin' to tell a story" brought them about her, respectful and attentive, and kept them there breathless and deliciously horrified until the end.

Although a peaceful damsel, she would in cases of necessity maintain her authority by the sword, even if she had to proceed to extremities and box the



WAS SPEEDILY EXCUSED FROM FURTHER PERFORMANCE

ears of the entire crowd, one after another.

Cornelia, or Keene, the second daughter, was a tornado in short skirts. She could run, climb, quarrel, make up faces, sew, knit, do tatting, or fight with her brother on the slightest cause. She was as lively as her elder sister was quiet, and although most of the time a state of most comical warfare existed between herself and Plupy, she stuck by him in adversity, and on many occasions when he was hard pressed by enemies from without, and the tide of battle was going against him, threw her fighting weight in the balance, and won glorious victories for the family cause.

She and Cele both had clear voices, remarkably true to pitch, and sang the sad ballads of the day most tunefully at church sociables, Sunday school concerts and similar festivities, Cele accompanying jinglingly or droningly upon piano or organ as the case might be. "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," "Evangeline," "I Know a Bank," "The Gypsy's Warning" and other cheerful madrigals were more than familiar to audiences at these fascinating functions.

Harry, the oldest boy, familiarly known as Plupy, Skinny, or Pole-legs, on account of the colt-like angularness of his build, perhaps needs no extended description. Nature had evidently made him out of the cast-off and misfit materials. He was of astonishing lankiness, tow-headed, freckled, and homely, bearing not the slightest resemblance to any member of the family. His main object in life, judging by its success, seemed to be getting into scrapes of his own, for which he was thrashed, and taking with raucous protestations, other boys' thrashings which he didn't deserve. His ambition was to be a bandman, and he loved music even better than witnessing fights or riding on hacks, and was gifted with a mellow alto voice. He considered singing with his sisters as beneath the dignity of a soon-to-be cornet player; and when forced by polite invitation or parental command to bear a part in duet, trio or family chorus, purposely and with rare skill sang so much out of tune that he was speedily excused from further performance.

Georgie, the next child, two years younger, was a very demure young lady, somewhat addicted to Sunday school and general goodness. She had a sturdy little backbone, however, and no threats, cajoleries or sophistries could turn her from a course that received her moral sanction. She was not as gifted musically as her brothers and sisters, but could commit to memory with astonishing skill anything that she read.

Annie and Frank, four and five years of age, spent most of their time playing together or fighting, in which they were about equally proficient.

This propensity of theirs was utilized by Plupy, who always took occasion, when no restraining influence was nigh, to set them fighting and doubled himself up with sinful pleasure at the comical contortions of the tiny warriors.

Ned, the baby, was a handsome, fat, and rosy youngster of about eight months of age, just beginning to creep about, and the object of devoted attentions from the entire family.

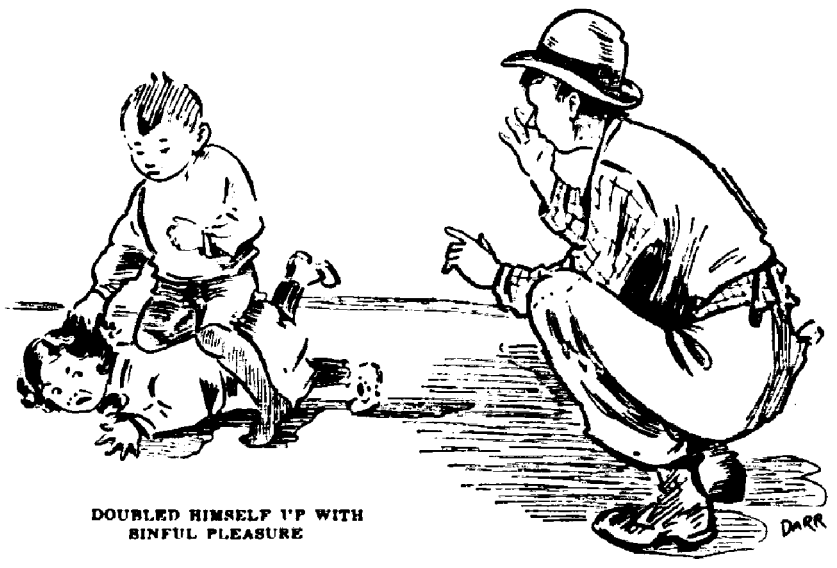
In fact, all the Shute children were good looking except Plupy, who seemed to be a sort of black sheep in various ways, which, while it at times caused him to feel a bit lonesome, afforded him a sort of pride in his peculiar claims to distinction.

That high jinks were the order of the day in that household was not surprising. It was a wonder that the good mother and aunt kept their sanity from day to day. Scarcely a day passed but what a temporary hospital was set up in Aunt Sarah's or mother's room. Plupy had been gashed all over with jackknives, stone-bruised to satiety, and green-appled almost to extinction.

In times of epidemic the house was a sort of insane hospital. Did one child return from school with the seeds of chicken-pox deeply imbedded in its system, every brother and sister straightway contracted the disease. Did one small unfortunate develop measles, the whole seven at once developed sore throats, inflamed eyes, and fretful dispositions, and made life a burden for themselves and their faithful nurses. No child escaped, and the different maladies occasionally claimed an adult Shute as its prey.

Indeed, when mumps came along and took violent possession of the family, the mother had the worst case of all, and the spectacle of seven children and one grown-up sitting in the sick room with their swollen and distorted faces bearing ludicrous resemblance to huge pumpkins, not one of them daring to laugh for fear of cracking their jaws, was a most amusing sight.

The children were generally well, however, and in the opinion of good Doctor Perry the family physician, "as healthy as rats." Plupy, whose feet were wet every day from the first fall of snow in Decem-



DOUBLED HIMSELF UP WITH SINFUL PLEASURE

ber to its disappearance in the ensuing March, had hideous colds and a portentously hollow cough, and added to his peculiarities of appearance by wearing a red flannel rag around his neck, enclosing pork sprinkled with black pepper.

They were indeed an engaging and amusing family.

CHAPTER III.

The morning after Plupy's accident in the rain-water barrel, the family were sitting at breakfast. The father had departed to Boston, and the children were ranged about the table, the baby next to its mother, Plupy and Keene carefully separated from each other by the width of the table, to prevent active hostilities which occasionally arose between them.

A slight cloud was visible on the expressive features of that young man as he was not allowed coffee, and Cele and Keene were permitted twice a week to drink a much-diluted cup of that liquid, and were assuming some airs in consequence. Plupy had also been severely reprimanded by his mother, and had incurred the displeasure of the family by taking advantage of an opportunity when his mother's back was turned to offer the baby a pickle to suck, which evoked hideous faces and loud howls of disgust from that small martyr, and brought the entire family to his chair to soothe and caress him. As a further



"S'CUSE ME, PLEASE"

punishment, poor Plupy was promptly restricted to butter on his fritters, instead of a combination of butter, sugar, and syrup.

Attention was happily diverted from this incident by the arrival of the kind-hearted blacksmith, who, thinking he had been a little severe the day before, entered the dining-room with a neighborly freedom, and handed a beautiful bunch of chrysanthemums with the words, "Here, Mis' Shute, tho't ye'd like some er th' old woman's Christian anthems; they've just begun to bloom. Didn't hev no luck with the tarnation pinks this year."

Plupy's mother thanked the worthy man, and he withdrew and soon the musical tink-tink of his hammer on the anvil broke the summer silence.

Just then Beany's whistle was heard in the street, followed by a mellow "Hoo-ee," and Plupy, hastily wiping his mouth on his napkin and cramming it unfolded in its ring, muttered "S'cuse me, please," and was making for the door, when his mother called him.

"Harry, have you fed the hens?"

"Yessum, 'fore breakfus," said Plupy, nodding violently.

"Have you filled the woodbox?"

"No-o-om," said Plupy, dubiously casting a side glance at that cavernous receptacle, "they is some in it."

"Well, before you go off, I want you to fill the woodbox, and then you must go down-town for some errands."

"Ma, can't Keene 'n Cele go, they don't have nothin' to do?" queried Plupy, with an injured air.

"Yes, we do, too, ma," retorted both young ladies warmly.

"We have to help get breakfast," said Keene.

"'N wash dishes," added Cele.

"'N sweep," said Keene.

"'N take care of the baby, 'n dress Frankie 'n Annie," said Cele.

"'N practice our music lessons," said Keene.

"'N sew 'n do tattin'," said Cele.

"'N go mos' all the errands," summed up Keene, triumphantly.

"Aw," said Plupy, derisively.

"That will do, children," said Plupy's mother; "now, go right off and get in your wood, Harry."

Thus adjured, Plupy went to the door and sent a loud "Hoo-ee" into space, which promptly brought Beany, a plump and wide-awake youngster, from across the road.

"Hi, Beany," said Plupy, "whatcher goin' to do?"

"Less go down to Jim Ellison's blacksmith shop and plug hosses with sling-shots. Yesterday Jim was tryin' to shoe Ed. Towle's father's Silvertail, and me and Fatty Gilman was hid behind Si Smith's fence and jest as soon as Jim would get one of her hoofs up between his legs we would let ding at her, and she would rare up and jump and kick, and Jim would go over backwards, holler and swear and lick her. 'N bimeby he got Bill Hartnett to put a twist on her nose, and then she would jump and they couldn't shoe her, and they told Ed's father never to bring her there ag'in," said Beany, in great glee.

"No, less not do that," demurred Plupy, "got licked like time for that las' Saturday. Old Si told father about it, and he said he would skin me if he ever caught me doin' it ag'in."

"Harry," called his mother, "I am waiting for that wood."

"Yessum," said Plupy. "Come on, Beany, 'n help a feller."

"All right Plupy," said Beany; "betcher I can lug a bigger armful than you."

"Betcher can't," said Plupy.

"Betcher!"

"Betcher!"

So each boy rushed to the shed, loaded himself with huge armfuls of pine wood and staggered groaningly to the kitchen. Now, in their mutual emulation they had piled it up so high that they could not see where they were going, and Plupy, with bulging eyes and contorted countenance, turned by mistake to the left and before his mother could warn him deposited his entire load with a crash in the kitchen sink, much to his amazement and confusion.

While the family, aroused from the breakfast by the unusual noise, were doubling up with laughter over Plupy's misfortune, a most outrageous rattling, bumping, banging, and clashing was heard, followed by protracted howls of anguish from the cellar. Beany had also blindly groped his way with even a larger load than Plupy, had missed the woodbox and had fallen down the cellar stairs, carrying in headlong course tin pans, pails, mops, and dustpans, with which the passage was hung, and landing in the soft soap vat.

In an instant there was a confusion of tongues, and great juvenile excitement, in the midst of which the two much-tried ladies rushed to the rescue and bore the soap-besmeared and luckless youth to the kitchen, where it was found he was not seriously hurt.

The filling of the woodbox was then completed without further accident, and the boys presented themselves to Plupy's mother for further orders.

"Now, Harry, remember, I want you to go to Mr. Haley's and get me three pounds of steak and three pounds of pork sausages, then to Mr. Conner's and get a half-bushel of potatoes and two dozen eggs. Now don't forget, and stop pinching Elbridge."

"All right, ma, I'll remember," said Plupy; "three pounds of steak and pork sausages at old man Haley's, and half a bushel of potatoes and two dozen eggs at old Tom Conner's," he continued glibly; "we can remember, can't we, Beany?"

"You bet," said Beany.

So the two small boys went gaily down town, chasing, pushing, wrestling and tripping each other up.

"Mr. Haley, wanter half bushel er pork sausages and three pounds er steak," piped Plupy, as they entered the market.

"What you mean?" said the amazed dealer, wiping his hands on his rough blue frock. "Your mother never sent you for a half bushel of sausages."

"Yes, she did, too; didn't she, Beany?" affirmed Plupy.

"Yes, she did, honest now," said Beany; "three pounds of steak and a half bushel of pork sausages. Hope to die."

"Well," said the dealer, as he fished several festoons of that dainty from an ice box, "don't believe I have got more'n fifteen pounds in the shop, but I'll take those up, and if she wants some more I can get 'em, but I don't see what she can do with so many."

The boys clattered out of the shop and went down Water street, occasionally stopping to look in store windows. When after an interminable time they arrived at Conner's store, they had forgotten what they wanted. "Whatcher s'pose it was, Beany?" said Plupy.

"I've forgot," said Beany, wrinkling up his brow. "It was three pounds of something and a half bushel or something else."

"I know," said Plupy, "we got the half bushel of sausages at old Haley's, and it was two pounds of potatoes and two dozen clothespins," said Plupy, delightedly. "I tell you, Beany, I don't forget things very easy."

"Umph," growled the old gentleman, on receiving the order, "some folks give mighty small orders."

"P'raps she wanted to see if they was good ones; father said the last potatoes we got here wasn't biggern' birdshot," explained Plupy, pacifically.

"Boy, don't be sassy," said the old gentleman, firing up.

"That's what he said," said Plupy, edging towards the door; "I wasn't sassy."

Their errands finished, they debated what to do. Plupy wanted to go fishing for eels down by the raceway, Beany to see if they couldn't get a ride on a hack. After much argument they compromised matters by going up to Major Blake's stable, where a variety of mishaps befell them.

(To be continued.)



"IT WAS THREE POUNDS OF SOMETHING AND HALF A BUSHEL OF SOMETHING ELSE"

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IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

BEGUN IN MAY

CHAPTER XV.

OFF FOR THE PENINSULA.

AS PREVIOUSLY mentioned, General McClellan, on taking charge of the Army of the Potomac and, later on, charge of the whole Federal forces, found affairs in Washington in a truly deplorable condition. The infantry numbered less than fifty thousand, the cavalry about a thousand, and the artillery less than seven hundred, with only thirty field pieces, many of them hardly fit for use. Added to these facts was the still more important one that officers and men were alike slack in military discipline, coming and going very much as suited their convenience.

This was all changed as rapidly as such a huge work could be performed. Officers were made to pass a regular examination to determine their fitness for their positions, men were drilled every day and had regular hours for doing things assigned to them, and each new command as it came in was made to feel that it must live up to the spirit as well as the letter of the military law. Whatever else may be said of General McClellan's fitness for the absolute leadership in a great campaign, the fact must forever remain that he was one of the best army organizers this country, or any other, has ever produced. Firm almost to the point of harshness, he was still a friend to all, and his men understood this so well that they would have followed him anywhere. To thousands he was "Little Mac," and for a long while the very idol of the army.

By February, 1862, General McClellan's forces were ready for an advance upon the Confederates. Over fifty thousand soldiers were stationed in and around Washington, below the city at Alexandria, above upon the Potomac, and at several places to watch the valley of the Shenandoah. Outside of these the great army numbered 158,000 men, of which not quite five thousand were regulars and all of the rest volunteers. By this it will be seen that in less than ten months the Northern states had converted over two hundred thousand men into trained soldiers who had previously been clerks, farmers, mechanics and followers of kindred occupations. During the same time the seceded states had turned out about half that number of soldiers from somewhat similar sources. This work was a wonder in itself and is well worth a moment's contemplation.

It had taken much valuable time to organize the Army of the Potomac, and now more time was lost in perfecting the details of the coming campaign. It was General McClellan's desire to strike "all along the line" at the same time, thus giving the Confederates no opportunity to rally from one point to another. The enemy was to be attacked not only in Virginia, but also in North and South Carolina, in Kentucky and in Tennessee. Had this plan been executed without delay, it is possible the war would have been of short duration. But delay after delay occurred at Washington, and meanwhile battle after battle took place elsewhere. At last, after numerous changes in the plan of campaign, it was decided between the administration and the general-in-chief that the army should be transported by boat to Fortress Monroe, at the extreme point of the Peninsula formed by the York and James Rivers, and then march up past Yorktown, and lay siege to Richmond, if the Confederate Capitol could not be taken in any other way. It was argued that, as the route from the water to Richmond was less than ninety-five miles in length, and as the troops would be perfectly fresh after their sea voyage, they ought to be able to make a steady movement forward, in which case Richmond might be taken with but little trouble.

The anticipated movement of the army was, of course, kept a secret from the public and the privates until the last moment. It was not until the middle of March that word came into camp that the Goreville Volunteers, now regularly attached to a regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, were to move two days later.

"Where are we going to move to?" questioned Louis, of Harry Bingham, who had brought the word from Captain Paulding's headquarters.

"We are to cross the Potomac, that's all I know," answered Harry.

"Perhaps we are to follow the rebels from Centerville," said Louis, for he had heard how the Confederate forces had left that vicinity.

"Maybe. We're going somewhere, that's certain."

It was a cool but clear day when the volunteers broke camp and struck out on a march which lasted the best part of ten hours. They went into camp in a sweet potato field, and by sunrise the day following were again on the tramp.

"I guess we are marching around for fun," laughed Harry Bingham. But he soon found out his mistake. That afternoon they reached Alexandria and here were waiting a whole host of vessels to receive them. The regiment to which the Goreville boys belonged was taken on a boat named the Boston Queen.

"Sure and they are going to send us south on a voyage of discovery," said one of the men. "I wonder if they'll land us at Charleston?"

"Charleston!" shrieked Jerry Rowe. "If they do that, we'll all be killed. Why, that is where they bombarded Fort Sumter."

"Never mind, Jerry, if you are killed, remember you died for your country when you didn't want to," put in Moses Blackwell, and a laugh went up, while Jerry groaned dismally.

The harbor was "a sight for to see," as one of the men said. Transports were there without number,

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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big and small, some filled to overflowing with soldiers, others waiting for their load of human freight. Here and there a band of music was playing and the stars and stripes were everywhere to be seen. The sight was an inspiring one, and Louis and Harry enjoyed it thoroughly.

"Creation, what a lot of us!" cried Harry Bingham. "Hang me if I don't believe half the men in the country have taken up arms."

"We are bound for Fortress Monroe," came the word, a bit later. "The rebels are congregating around Richmond, and we are to wipe 'em out!"

"Hurrah!" went up the cry. "On to Richmond, boys, and no turning back this time. Hurrah for Little Mac!"

"Besser ve valk to Richmond," said Hans Roddmann, one of the new members of the Goreville company. "Wen I come me ofer from Chermany I bes sick more as dree-quarters der dime. I ton't vonts me no more sickness like dot."

"Oh, this is only a little coast trip," said Harry Bingham, lightly—too lightly altogether, as he remembered later on. "We shan't hardly be out of sight of land."

"Vell, I ton't know." Hans Roddmann shook his head meditatively. "Put I vould besser been sick anyhow as let von of dem repel gunpoats come along und plow us up, hey?"

"You're right there, Hans," laughed Louis. "We'll have to keep a sharp watch out for the enemy. Although we are nearly a thousand strong, our rifles would prove a poor defense against a number of ten or twenty-pounders."



* * AND THEN, LOUIS STOPPED SHORT AGAIN, AND CLUTCHED HIS MUSKET TIGHTER

"Maybe de got some twenty ouder dirty pounders on poard dis ship," concluded Hans. Hans had been the village cobbler at Goreville and it had taken a good bit of talking upon Captain Paulding's part to get him to volunteer, and even then it had taken still more talking to get Mrs. Roddmann to consent to the enlistment. The woman was alone in the world, excepting for her husband, and it was only when Mr. Rockford had consented to take her in the house and give her work that she had granted her husband permission to leave at his country's call.

At last the time came to cast off the lines and start on the voyage down the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. A final hurrah went up as the Boston Queen swung clear of the dock.

"Good-bye, boys; meet me on the peninsula."

"What's the matter with meeting you at Richmond?" came back the reply.

"Just the thing. I'll make a date of it."

"All right; April first suit?"

"You klown, dot vos Abril fool's tay!" shouted Hans Roddmann, and then those on the boat and those left on the dock passed out of hearing of each other. Soon the voyage southward had began.

The day, which had promised fair, now turned cloudy and soon the Boston Queen was enveloped in one of the dense fogs for which this section of our sea coast is famous. Louis had thought to remain on deck, but now he was glad enough to seek the shelter of the cabin, already crowded to suffocation.

"Not much of a chance to bunk, boys," said Captain Paulding, as he passed among his men. "We'll have to make the best of it. One consolation, the trip won't last forever."

"How long will it last, captain?" queried Blackwell.

"Well, the trip is less than a hundred and fifty miles. We might make it in four days, if we had clear sailing. But we have two enemies to contend with—fog and rebel gunboats—" and the captain passed on.

By night the space on board of the transport had been divided among the different companies as evenly as possible, while the state rooms were reserved for the commanders from second lieutenants up. The Goreville Volunteers found themselves located in the front cabin, where there were six long benches and, as Blackwell declared, "as soft a floor of Georgia pine as could be found anywhere." Louis slept on that floor that same night, with his knapsack for a pillow, and found it anything but soft. Yet even that couch was infinitely better than some of those which he was glad enough to make his own later on.

"Ve vos all chickens in der chicken-coop, hey?" was the way Hans Roddmann expressed himself in the morning. "Blease somepotty fall oferpoard bis I stretch mineselluf!" And the room he required for the stretching process really made it look as if somebody would have to clear the deck.

"This is worse than the camp in Washington," began Jerry Rowe, but just then a shoe, thrown from the other end of the cabin, took him in the back of the neck and caused him to subside with a howl. The owner of the shoe came limping along with the other on a moment later, and when Jerry tried to argue with him, there was a regular pitched battle, in which a number of others joined, in the best of humor, although Jerry, who was at the bottom of the heap during a "pile on," did not see it exactly that way.

"Never mind, Jerry, have a cup of fresh chocolate," exclaimed Harry, a minute later, as the cook passed around with his wash-boiler, "all steaming hot," and again Jerry was disappointed for, as usual, it was black coffee, and particularly bitter at that. Louis was getting used to "hardtack" and coffee, but Jerry grumbled every time it was placed before him.

"I'm sick, tired, and disgusted with pork and beans and strong coffee and pilot bread," he would growl. "Why in the name of creation don't the government give us something else?"

"Never mind, Jerry; there's a sutler along and you can buy what you please from him," said one of the soldiers.

"Barker is a thief!" burst out the discontented one. "Why, he wanted to charge me a quarter for a measly four-cent pie and forty cents for a tiny pot of jam. If I patronized him, he'd draw every cent of my pay when the quartermaster turned up."

The following morning found the Boston Queen well down towards Chesapeake Bay. The fog was as thick as ever, but a wind had sprung up and this caused the ship to roll lazily from side to side as she moved southward. About noon Louis saw Harry drop upon a bench and catch his face in his hands.

"What's the matter, Harry, home-sick?" he asked, lightly.

"No, I'm not *home*-sick," was the short reply, and then Harry added, with a peculiar twitching of his mouth, "but I'm getting awfully sick otherwise."

"He vos sea-sick, py chiminatty!" roared out Hans Roddmann. "Now you vos see how *you* likes him, hey?"

"Oh, it's awful!" was all Harry could answer, and then he made a rush for the outer deck, closely followed by Jerry Rowe, who had been similarly attacked. An hour later Hans Roddmann had joined the pair, and during the remainder of the voyage the trio had plenty of company, for overloaded with men and baggage, the Boston Queen rolled dreadfully as she worked her way slowly along.

Twenty-four hours before they came in sight of Fortress Monroe the fog lifted, and soon after that came a good deal of a scare. Two strange vessels were seen approaching from the eastward and were at once put down as rebel cruisers or gunboats. At once the guns on board of the transport were gotten into readiness for firing and the soldiers were called to arms. In the meantime, the Boston Queen did all possible to increase her speed, in the hope of getting within the protection of the guns of the fortress before she could be run down or sunk.

The excitement lasted for two hours, and more than once the heart of many a soldier was in his throat. Many of the men could not swim and they knew that a single round shot, properly delivered, could put the Boston Queen at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Then came a hurrah from the mast-head, as those on the watch made out that the approaching vessels were friends and not enemies. The boats proved to be two transports which had in some way strayed from the fleet in the fog. They were flying signals to that effect, and soon after they joined in the rear of the vessels behind the Boston Queen, and again the passage to Fortress Monroe was resumed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LANDING—ON TO YORKTOWN.

"Well, here we are at last, Harry. Now for Richmond and the capturing of the Confederate Capitol."

It was Louis who spoke. The Goreville Volunteers, after landing at the government wharf at Fortress Monroe, had crossed the bridge leading to Hampton, marched through that semi-deserted and

forlorn looking town, and came to a halt on the highway leading to Yorktown.'

"We are on land, that's a fact," returned Harry Bingham. "But where is another question. What a desolate country!" he added, as his eyes swept a wide range of half-ploughed and neglected corn and tobacco fields. "Is this what we have come to conquer?"

"I was told we were only about eighteen miles from Yorktown," put in Moses Blackwell. "I am very curious to see that place, for, if you will remember, it was there that Lord Cornwallis of the British forces surrendered to Washington eighty years ago."

"That's so!" cried Louis, much interested. "My grandfather was in that war. And come to think of it, they say the breastworks Washington's troops threw up at that seige are still to be seen. I hope we catch sight of them," he added, after a pause, but never dreamt how useful some of those same old breastworks were to become to the Union troops during those stirring battles which made the peninsular campaign so famous in history.

Regiments of infantry, bands of cavalry, and divisions of artillery were everywhere as far as eye could reach, covering not only the roadway, but the fields beyond. The volunteers had fancied they had moved on far enough for that first day, but presently the orders came to move on and another half mile was covered, when the larger portion of their corps and another went into regular camp.

All of the boys in blue were in heavy marching orders, that is, carrying with them everything that belonged to each soldier, his gun, cartridge box, canteen, haversack, knapsack, great coat, blanket and private property, and a march of five or six miles under such conditions is exceedingly fatiguing. To be sure, the route step was given, and everybody marched very much as he pleased in consequence, but even so, when the order to halt came everybody was glad enough to throw down his load and rest himself upon it.

"Ven I march like dis I vos feel me like von pack-mule," remarked Hans Roddmann. "Dot load gits heavier und heavier bis it veighs apout a ton."

"I'm getting used to the load," answered Louis. "But it's no fun, Hans, that's a fact. But you must remember, we didn't enlist for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, no; put too much ist too much," and Hans went off shaking his head. He was extra tired, and suffering from a bunion, and the fact that it was his duty to play cook for the next week did not tend to put him into good humor.

"To the field on the right, boys," came the order from Captain Paulding, and the Goreville Volunteers hopped over a worm-fence located along the roadway. Two days later the fence had disappeared—chopped up for firewood. Firewood was not plentiful in the vicinity, and everything—fences, sheds and trees had to go for fuel. Only the log cabins and houses of the inhabitants were spared.

In going into camp, Louis soon learned that a regular rule was adopted. The four regiments forming a division were first placed in a large square, one regiment to each corner, or quarter, with the tent of the brigadier-general commanding in front of the whole. The grand square thus divided, each regiment was divided into divisions of two companies each, one company placed in a line behind the second company, the two about ten or fifteen yards apart, with each company divided from that next to it by about the same distance. When thus stationed, the soldiers were ordered to stack arms and unsling knapsacks, and then began the work of building up the tents in long rows behind the stacked guns, the officers' quarters being placed on a line with the others, but either on the outside of all or in the "cross streets" between companies.

Before starting out on the campaign each soldier had been supplied with a bit of strong canvas about five feet square, having on the edges rows of strong buttons and button-holes. Usually four of these pieces of canvas were buttoned together, making a sheet ten feet square. This square was now thrown over a ridgepole, sometimes a straight branch of a tree, sometimes a fence-rail and then again nothing but a musket with bayonet attached, the ridgepole held up at each end by a short post driven into the ground. Thus "hoisted," the canvas was stretched out as far as possible upon either side and pinned to the ground with sharpened sticks, after which a fifth patch of cloth was buttoned fast over the back end, when the "dog tent," as all the soldiers called them, was ready for occupancy. Under such a covering would sleep, closely huddled together, the five men who had contributed their patches of cloth. Sometimes a sixth man would join the crowd or mess, when the weather was cold, and then the "dog" would have a "front door."

"Gosh, this ain't no palace, is it?" queried Nathan Hornsby, who was one of the members of the mess to which Louis belonged. "It's all right enough in good weather, but creation help us if it storms."

"I wonder how long we'll stay here?" queried Louis.

"We'll have to stay until all of the troops come down from Alexandria, I suppose," said Harry, who also belonged to the mess, and who now sat on his knapsack in the shelter. "I heard somebody say that the last of the transports wouldn't be in for a week yet."

"If we stay here long the rebs will steal a march on us," put in Moses Blackwell, who was vainly trying to light some green tobacco picked up at a ruined storehouse on the route hither. "Of course, it's only natural they should fight like wildcats to keep us out of Richmond."

"I think myself some of the troops ought to be sent ahead, at least as far as Yorktown," said Louis. "That place ought to make a splendid base for supplies, being right along the York River, where our ships of war could cover it all the time."

"I reckon we're going to have lots o' fightin' afore we see the streets o' Richmond," ventured Bart Callings, who stood by. "We've got Yorktown to pass, an' it's full of rebels, an' Williamsburg, an' the Chickahominy River, where they'll make a stand as sure as eggs is eggs, and then comes a lot of swamp woods, an' I don't know what all—an' they'll have every hole an' corner o' it fortified, mark my words!"

"Oh, we'll get fighting enough," answered another. "The rebs are just as brave as we are, every bit, and we might as well understand it so, first as last."

"I go in for a dash," was the comment of a little wiry man named Fleck. "Start the army on a run for Richmond and let it stop at nothing, and the day will be ours in less than a week."

How long the discussion might have lasted, there is no telling, but just then came the cry: "Company B fall in for supper!" and every man sprang for his cup and dinner plate, for Company B in that regiment meant the Goreville Volunteers.

The cooking was done under a large tent at the end of the division grounds. Here, over a long fire built up of fence rails, tree branches, or any other fuel which came handy, hung a row of smoky kettles, one containing coffee, another soup, another fresh or salt meat, and so on, the diet varying but little from meal to meal and day to day. The men marched up in a row, from kettle to kettle, each getting his cup and plate filled and also his supply of pilot crackers, or "hard tack." This ended, the soldiers would return to their quarters, each crowd of five occupying a tent usually forming a mess of their own.

For over a week the Goreville Volunteers lay in the camp on the road not far from Big Bethel. During that time the weather remained fairly fine and, consequently, all were in the best of spirits, and even Jerry Rowe brightened up, although still grumbling because the fare was so plain and the war was not pushed so "it could be got done with and they could go home."

At last, early in April, came the order to move, "in heavy marching order," and once more the boys in that division found themselves on the way to Yorktown. In the meanwhile, another corps of the Army of the Potomac was pushing forward from Newport News Point, intending to clear the road up past a settlement called Lee's Mills, for it must be remembered that in advancing upon Richmond it was the intention of General McClellan to make a general advance from the York to the James up the peninsula. A glance at a map of this territory will aid my readers greatly in following the movements which ensue.

"Forward, march!" came the command, about the middle of the forenoon, a band ahead struck up the then popular Washington March, and off the columns moved, the men four abreast, every uniform carefully brushed up, each button polished, the bright red blankets carefully rolled, and each musket and bayonet glistening brightly in the morning light. It was a sight to inspire the most listless and Louis felt almost like singing, as he moved away on the long, swinging route step.

Twelve miles were covered that day, and early in the morning the march was again resumed. But now the sun failed to shine and soon there started a light rain which by noon settled into a steady downpour. Louis threw his cape over his head, and shielded himself as much as possible, but the elements could not be fought off, and an hour later he was wet almost to the skin.

"An umbrella wouldn't be a bad thing to have," Harry Bingham started in to say, when the report of a number of firearms cut him short. The sounds of the musketry came from ahead, and a moment later came the command to halt.

The army was still some two miles and a half from Yorktown when the advanced guard had come upon some formidable earthworks stretched across the road and well into the woods beyond. As a matter of fact, the Confederate defences were afterwards found to stretch directly across the peninsula, from in front of Yorktown, as described, to Southall's Landing. A sharp skirmish ensued between the advanced guard of the Union army and the Confederate outposts, and then the former fell back.

"Something is up," said Louis, when the orders finally came to go into camp. "And it's not a battle, either."

He was right. Instead of making another demonstration, all became quiet, saving from the direction of Lee's Mills, where the corps on the road from Newport News Point had also received a check. A regular camp was laid out and the boys in blue proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as the state of the weather permitted.

Early in the morning Benny Bruce, as bright and eager as ever, sounded the reveille, and the soldiers came tumbling out of their tents to listen to a few words from Captain Paulding.

"This regiment is to march to the front, to do picket duty for twenty-four hours, from sunset to sunset. I wish all the men to remember that we are now in the very heart of the enemy's country, and that each man must do his full duty. There must be no shirking from work, no nodding on post. Remember, a picket found asleep on his post is liable to be shot for his offense. Company will get ready to march in fifteen minutes."

"Hurrah, we're going to the front at last!" cried Louis. "I'm glad of it," and he started to pack up with all possible haste. Soon they were on the march, Benny beating his drum louder than ever, until stopped by a general order to keep quiet, as they were now within easy hearing distance of the Confederates.

At the time the sun set, although there was no telling when that was by looking at the sky, for it still rained, Louis found himself on picket duty for almost the first time in his life. He had often stood guard, but picket duty was different, for now it was positively known that the enemy was just ahead. He had been stationed close to the edge of a woods and was given a beat of twenty feet, ending on the right at a big oak and on the left at a sideroad running into the Yorktown highway. Next to him, at the other side of the oak, Harry was stationed, while Callings covered the road. The reserves, or companies sent forward to aid the pickets, if needed, lay in a hollow some distant back, and with these were several cavalrymen detailed for any messenger service which might be deemed necessary.

Up and down his short walk tramped the young Union soldier, his gun loaded and his eyes and ears on the alert for anything which might appear in the least suspicious in the uneven field beyond the woods. He felt that he was now placed upon his mettle, and resolved that nothing should happen which might be put down to the enemy's credit.

Two hours went by, long hours to the youth, for the short beat soon became a wearisome one, and the pickets had been cautioned not to speak to one another unless it became necessary. Stopping now and then, he could hear Harry tramping up and down, and occasionally came a murmur from the roadway, as Callings forgot himself and started to hum some well-known tune.

And then, Louis stopped short again and clutched his musket tighter. What was that out in the field, moving slowly along beside a large, rough rock? With his heart standing fairly still, he dashed the rain from his eyebrows and took a step forward. Beyond a doubt it was the form of a man.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAPTURE OF A SPY.

For the instant, after making his important discovery, Louis knew not what to do. That the fellow who was advancing so cautiously was an enemy there could be no doubt. That being so, why was the Confederate taking so much pains in the rain and darkness to enter the Union lines?

There could be but one answer to this question. He must be a spy, bent upon some secret and important mission.

As the truth forced itself home to the young Union soldier's mind, he took a step in the direction of the roadway, feeling that the eyes of the man by the rock were upon him and that if he knew he was discovered it might prove a case of "who shot first" as to who remained alive to tell the story afterward. He must not show his hand until in a position to use his gun with quickness and accuracy.

Turning from the roadway, he walked slowly back toward the big oak. As he did this he noted that the man had shifted his position and was now some six feet closer to the woods, where a low fringe of brush stuck up, and where the rain had formed a pool of shallow water extending a distance of several yards.

Unionist and Confederate were now less than fifty feet apart, and the rain was coming down furiously upon both. Two steps more and Louis was close to the shelter of the tree. He listened intently. The man by the bushes made no sound; Harry's footsteps were some distance away. Something had attracted his attention at the other end of his beat and he remained there.

It must be acknowledged that Louis's heart now beat like a trip-hammer. He felt it his duty to challenge the man, and, if his answer was not satisfactory, and he tried to escape, to shoot him on the spot. On the other hand, he knew that a single word from his lips might be the signal for a shot from the unknown, who would then make a rush for the woods on the opposite side of the little clearing. He was not certain, but he imagined he saw the gleam of a pistol in the right hand of the fellow as he turned from the rock.

Stepping behind the tree for an instant, Louis examined his gun, to see that all was in perfect order for firing. He shuddered as he tried the trigger. In a moment more he might be taking a human life.

Again he stepped forth, but partly behind a bush in front of the oak. He opened his lips to shout out the word halt! when he made a most startling discovery.

The man had disappeared.

In vain he strained his eyes, in this direction, that direction, and beyond. It was useless. The fellow was not at the rock, not on the ground near the pool, nor was he at the fringe of brush to which he had turned. He was as completely gone as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Louis was dumbstruck. What in the world had become of the man? He clutched his gun in nervous perplexity. Had the man made a silent but rapid rush and passed the line? No, such a thing was impossible. He must still be in front.

The young soldier heard Harry returning now and resolved on a new course of action. Waiting for his friend to reach the oak, he caught him by the arm and clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Harry, listen, but don't make any noise," he whispered into the other's ear. "There is a man out there, near the pool. I saw him crawling along a moment ago, but he has now disappeared. Tell the next guard to you, and I'll tell Callings, and we'll round him up."

Harry understood and nodded. Then struck by a sudden idea, he exclaimed aloud: "I ain't got any tobacco. Ask Callings for his plug."

"And you ask Risby," answered Louis, catching the cue, and speaking just as loudly, and then they separated, but each kept an eye on the vicinity of the oak, that the man who had disappeared might not try to break through the picket guard at that point.

"A reb, eh?" whispered Callings, when Louis had called him up. "All right, I'll help you. Wait till I've called the next man to overlook the road. Send the word back, too, Louis; it's ag'in orders to try to do too much without letting the officer of the guard know."

In a moment Louis had glided back and given the necessary order. Then he, Harry, Callings, and Risby moved forward in a semi-circle. They had scarcely advanced five yards, when Callings found himself sinking into a half choked-up rifle-pit.

"Hi! hi! here's the rascal!" he yelled. "Down

with that pistol, you rebel, or I'll finish you in short order."

"Hang the luck!" came in a growl from the bottom of the hole. "Git off of my back, you confounded Yank!"

"I will, when you surrender, Grayback! Throw up that pistol."

By this time not only Louis and Harry, but also some others were at the edge of the hole, which was several feet in diameter and overgrown with grass and weeds. Down at the bottom the water was over a foot deep, and in this a man was crouching, wet to the skin and covered with mud. Callings had landed directly upon the fellow's back with his heavy boots, and it was small wonder the victim yelled with pain.

"This yere is the wust luck I ever struck," muttered the captured one, as with very bad grace he surrendered his pistol, of the old-fashion "hoss" variety and nearly two feet long. "Let me git outer the hole before I sink clear outer sight."

Callings sprang up and a few feet back. Then he and Louis covered the man with their guns, but this was not necessary, for the chap was thoroughly cowed. It was soon found that the clay at the bottom of the hole held him fast, and Harry and Risby had to haul him forth by main strength.

By this time the cry, "Corporal of the guard! Number seven! A prisoner!" had gone down the line, and the corporal was hurrying forward to picket number seven, which was Louis. He was followed by a detachment of others, who marched the prisoner to the guard tent. Louis, relieved from duty by another soldier, following on behind.

When surveyed by the lantern hanging to the rear post of the guard tent, the captured one presented anything but a prepossessing appearance. He was a tall, lank individual, with sallow complexion, high cheek bones, and tangled beard and hair. His tattered clothing hung upon him as garments hang upon a scarecrow. In his left cheek was a large quid of tobacco, which he chewed upon with great vigor, as if to thereby keep up his fading courage. Long and earnestly Louis gazed at the face, wondering if he had not seen the man before.

"Your name?" was the first question put to the stranger.

"My name?" answered the prisoner, slowly. "Er—Tom Johnson."

"Brother to General Johnson, I suppose?" sneered the corporal, satisfied the man was not telling the truth.

"No, sir; I ain't no relation to that measly rebel."

"Well, Johnson, where do you belong?"

"Belong to the Second Maryland Volunteers, Company B."

"Captain's name, please?"

"Captain—er Thompson."

"First cousin to Johnson, I suppose?"

"No, sir; no relation."

"That's too bad. When did you leave your regiment?"

"Right after leaving Fortress Munroe. I wanted to call on an uncle of mine living up around yere, an' the cap'n let me go."

"Why did you try to crawl through the lines?"

"Didn't have no countersign."

"What was the countersign the day you left?"

"It was—" the prisoner pretended to think. "Hang the luck! I've forgot wot it wuz, corporal, upon my honoh."

"When you were off did you see anything of the rebels?"

"Not much, I didn't. I give 'em the biggist go-by I could."

"Supposing we search you? Have you any objections?"

"'Tain't gentlemanly, corporal."

"Oh, yes it is; under certain circumstances."

"But I've gin yer my name an' regiment," pleaded the prisoner, who seemed to be alarmed over the possibility of a search. "Yer moight ez well let me find my quarters."

"You've put your foot into it, my man. The regiment you mentioned is not with us, but is stationed somewhere up in Maryland, in the vicinity of Baltimore."

At this announcement the lower jaw of the prisoner dropped visibly, and he forgot to go on with the chewing process.

"Well—er—we cum down—our company, I mean," he stammered. "It was a mistake, but our company is yere—I'll take my oath to that."

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt—after I've searched you. Stivers, take off his coat and vest and make him remove his boots. Number Seven, what is it?"

"Can I speak to the prisoner, sir?" asked Louis, who felt he was on the verge of a discovery. "I think I know him and can make him reveal himself," he added, in a whisper.

"Go ahead," answered the corporal, briefly. The other officers had been called away to general headquarters and he was, consequently, in sole charge.

"I want to ask you how you left Sam Jacks, and Hogwell, and the rest," said Louis, aloud, and as he spoke he eyed the prisoner narrowly.

"By gum!" was the ejaculation, and the man fell back a step. Then, by the light of the smoking lantern he surveyed Louis closer. "Ef it hain't the chap we wuz arfter at Lee Run!" he continued, before considering his words.

"Exactly!" burst from the young soldier's lips. "I thought I knew you. Corporal, he is a rebel, and worse."

"What do you mean by worse?"

"He is a thief. He and a gang of others once robbed me of my watch and money. It was up near Deems, and I was trying to get through Maryland to my home in Pennsylvania. Afterwards I met some of the same crowd at Lee Run, and they tried to injure me there."

"It ain't so!" roared the prisoner. "I don't know Sam Jacks, nor Hogwell, nor Ross, nor none of 'em."

"You remember the names right enough," returned Louis, coldly. "And you will note that you add Ross's name, which I didn't mention." He turned to the corporal. "Ross was another of the crowd."

"We'll search him," was the short answer. The work commenced at once. Slipped into one of the man's boots was a slip of paper, which, on being unfolded, was found to be a Confederate pass, signed by General Longstreet. There was also another paper, which the corporal perused with even deeper interest.

"A spy!" he murmured. He turned to Louis. "Your name?"

"Louis Rockford, sir."

The corporal made a note of it. Then Louis was sent back to his regiment, and the spy was taken to general headquarters. Here it was at last ascertained that his name was Caleb Fox. It was surmised that he had been sent over to learn whether the Unionists contemplated an attack, or if they thought of settling down to a siege. He would speak but little, and was placed under heavy guard until some of the higher officers could question him further.

"That's a feather in your cap, Louis!" cried Harry, as they were eating breakfast the next morning. "You'll hear from headquarters about it sooner or later, see if you don't."

"It's odd that we should capture one of Sam Jacks's crowd," mused Louis. "Doesn't it seem to prove that a good part of the rebels who were up around Manasses have moved down here?"

"If they ain't down here now they will be pretty soon," put in Moses Blackwell. "You can bet they won't give up their main stronghold without the toughest kind of a struggle."

"One thing is certain," continued Harry. "This man won't bother you any more."

"Do you think they'll shoot him?" said Louis, with a shudder.

"Of course they'll shoot him. It's the fate of any spy that is captured."

"I shouldn't like to have his blood on my head, Harry."

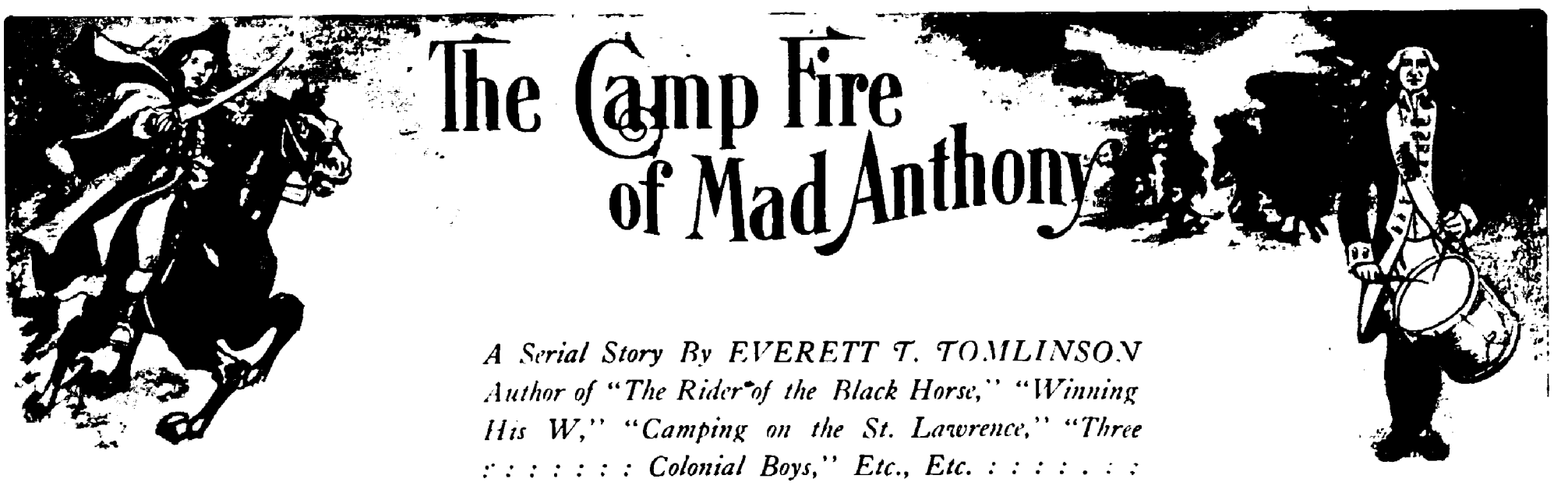
"He brought his fate on himself, Louis—you had nothing to do with that. He knew just what to expect when he left the rebel breastworks in the rain and darkness and tried to worm his way over here. And more than that, the fact that he had his big pistol ready for use, shows he was prepared to sell his liberty dearly, if given half a chance. If you had advanced upon him openly and alone he would have shot you down and run for it, as sure as fate."

That afternoon Louis was called up before the general of the corps, who questioned him closely. Then the prisoner was brought in, and Louis for the first time learned his name. As Louis went out, he passed close to Caleb Fox, who scowled at him viciously and whispered into his ear:

"You skunk! I'll git squar—ef I live."

To this Louis made no answer. But the words haunted his mind for a long time. The day was destined to come when he would remember them even more vividly.

(To be continued.)



A Serial Story By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Author of "The Rider of the Black Horse," "Winning His W," "Camping on the St. Lawrence," "Three Colonial Boys," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BAND OF "WARRIORS."

"THERE WILL be four of us to begin with, Ananias and Elias and you and I," explained Noah. "And every one of us can get five fellows to join."

"I don't know about it, Noah," replied Caleb dubiously. "We can—"

"Of course we can," interrupted Noah quickly.

"What will your father say about it?"

"We won't say anything to him. I don't believe he'll care, anyway. You heard what he said tonight?"

"Yes, I heard him. But there's a sight of difference between having the tea struck by lightning and setting fire to it ourselves."

"No difference in the end. It's burned up either way, isn't it?"

"That may all be," responded Caleb, still not entirely convinced. "But I am afraid of trouble. Don't you think it would be better to speak to your father about it first? He doesn't like the tea being here any better than you and I do."

"Oh, I don't want to bother him with it," said Noah lightly. "He has enough to worry about without this. Besides, he won't know that we did it, anyway."

"Yes, he will. Everybody'll know it. There will be a crowd there inside of five minutes if we have a bonfire. I believe if there was a fire right out in the middle of Delaware bay at midnight there'd be a crowd around it before it was fairly started."

"That's all right, Cale," laughed Noah. "I think there would be a crowd on hand, too. But we shan't mind a crowd you see, and the bigger it is the better it will be for us."

"I don't see how it will be. Somebody will be sure to know us."

"No, they won't."

"I don't see how you'll help it."

"Because they won't be able to tell one fellow from another."

"Why, Noah, it'll be as light as day. That tea will burn like old hay and there'll be a blaze that will light up the whole town."

"That's just what we want!" said Noah eagerly. "But the light won't make any difference. Nobody'll know us even if it is as light as day."

"Why not?"

"Because we'll all be dressed up as Indians, that's why."

"'Indians!'" exclaimed Caleb, leaning forward as he spoke and peering excitedly at his friend. "'Indians!' What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Didn't the Boston men disguise themselves that way? Of course they did, and we can do it, too! Anthony Wayne would do it if he was in our place, Cale, and if he was here you wouldn't draw back a step, you know you wouldn't."

"I don't know what Anthony Wayne would do."

"Well, I do. It would be just the kind of a trick he'd like. And I tell you, Cale, we've just got to do something. The idea of the Grayhound bringing that cargo right in here under our noses! And then think of what Tom Hull has been doing, and Elnathan Todd, too! You heard what my father said and what that man, who's come all the way from Philadelphia just to find out if it was true the sloop had dared to run up the Cohansey and bring her cargo here, said, too; didn't you?"

"Yes, I heard them," replied Caleb, who was now beginning to share in the excitement of his cousin. "How do you propose to do it, Noah?"

"Why, it'll be as easy as running aground in the bay with a lubber at the helm. Tomorrow morning you and I will see Elias and Ananias the first thing we do, and we'll make out a list of the fellows we want to go in with us. Of course we'll have to be careful, for we don't want anyone to join that we can't depend upon. We'll have some one keep watch all day at the Elmer house, to see that no one carries the stuff away, though I'm not very much afraid of that in the daytime—"

"Perhaps they'll get it out of the house tonight, Noah," broke in Caleb, who by this time was as eager for the project as his cousin.

"I've thought of that," responded Noah, "and I think I'll go down there pretty soon myself, and keep a lookout on the old place. But first I'll go on and explain what my plan is. Tomorrow morning, as I said, we'll see Elias and Ananias the first thing and decide on the fellows we want. I'm inclined to think we don't want any one but boys, and those that we know, too, to go in with us. Then we'll appoint different ones of us to see these fellows and tell them what we're going to do. They'll have to get up their disguises during the day and then we'll decide where we are to meet and just what every one is to do. See, Cale?"

"Yes, I see."

"Then I think I'll get up now and go down to the

Elmer house and keep a watch on the place. I think everybody in our house is asleep by this time."

"I'll go with you, Noah!" exclaimed Caleb quickly as he sprang out of bed.

"No, Cale. You stay right here. One can do all that's to be done, and there isn't any use in your going. I'll be back here before anybody is up and you'll be all the better for a good night's sleep. Tomorrow night you may not get very much, you know."

As Noah insisted upon going alone, his cousin agreed to remain where he then was, although he was eager to share the vigil. In a brief time Noah crept noiselessly out of the house and Caleb again sought his bed. It was long, however, before sleep came to the excited boy. Several times he was confident that he heard the returning steps of Noah on the gravel walk in front of the house, but every time he found that he was deceived. The long hours passed slowly for the waiting Caleb, but at last he fell asleep and was not even awakened by the stealthy return of Noah, who crept into the room and hastily climbed into his high "four poster" bed just as the dawn began to appear in the eastern sky.

When Caleb at last awoke it was broad daylight and he could see that his cousin was in the other bed. Hastily dressing, he did not disturb Noah, although he was eager to learn what the results of his vigil had been, and quietly descending the stairs he ate his breakfast with the family, and was not a little relieved when his aunt explained Mr. Dare's absence from the table by saying that he had unexpectedly departed for Philadelphia and might not return to Greenwich until the following day.

The absence of Mr. Dare was somehow a relief to Caleb and as Noah's mother gently said that "Noah was tired" and that "she would not disturb him"—a declaration she would have been less likely to make had the young gentleman's father been present—he departed from the house as soon as he had eaten his breakfast and hastened to the old Elmer house.

Not a person was to be seen near the place when Caleb arrived. The shutters were all closed and there was nothing to indicate that the house was not deserted. Caleb walked up and down the street several times and then returned to his cousin's house, where he discovered Noah seated before the breakfast table. Mrs. Dare, however, was also in the dining room, personally attending to the wants of her boy, who winked solemnly at Caleb as his mother repeatedly expressed her sympathy for him because "he must be tired or he never would have slept so late in the morning." Caleb looked out of the window and laughed, for he was well aware that if Mr. Dare had been at home one sharp call from the foot of the stairway would have banished all of Noah's "weariness" and caused the lad promptly to respond to the summons.

It was not until Noah had finished his breakfast and the two boys had withdrawn to the barn that Caleb was able to satisfy his curiosity.

"Noah, did you see any one? Did you find anything wrong?" he demanded eagerly.

"Not a thing. There wasn't a soul that came near the place all night."

"That's good. Now, what shall we do next?"

"Get Elias and Ananias."

"I'll go and get them," said Caleb quickly. "You're tired. Your mother says you are, and I reckon she knows."

"My mother is a good woman," responded Noah, soberly. "All right, Cale; you go for the boys and I'll rest up here. Come back just as soon as you can, for we'll have plenty to do today."

Caleb at once departed on his errand and fortunately finding each of the two boys he was seeking at home, he speedily returned with them and rejoined Noah, who was found "resting" on the hay beneath the rafters of the barn.

Apparently completely restored Noah hastily arose as his friends appeared and briefly explained his project to them. Startled as both Elias and Ananias were by the plan, it was not long before they were sharing in Noah's enthusiasm and declared themselves ready for the task. A list of their friends upon whom they might rely was carefully made and then the boys separated, each to explain to the list which had been assigned him what the project was to be. Every one was to be pledged to secrecy and was to provide his own disguise, and at three o'clock that afternoon all were to assemble in the woods near the "swimming hole" in the Cohansey, where final arrangements for the night were to be made.

At the appointed time and place every one was present and after a full discussion it was agreed that they should assemble at eight o'clock that evening at Noah's barn and then together advance upon the Elmer house.

Promptly at the hour agreed upon all the boys were on hand, bringing their disguises in bundles which were carried under their arms. There was manifest a feeling of tense excitement and the boys were unusually subdued and quiet as they donned their somewhat startling garbs. Noah, who was the natural leader of the band, quietly gave his directions and frequently made suggestions concerning some changes that to him seemed desirable in the dress of his companions.

At last all declared themselves to be ready, and the dim light of the lantern revealed an assembly that was weird and startling. There were twenty in the band, some with the feather head-dress of the Delawares, some with false scalps into which long feathers had been thrust, while the face of every one was stained a dark red, and brilliant-hued daubs of war paint had been smeared upon cheeks chins, and foreheads. Long leggings also adorned the person of every warrior, and the disguise was declared to be complete when two of the "warriors" were led to the line and expressed their inability to declare who the most of their disguised companions were.

There was a brief delay while Noah selected two of the band, who were to take positions in the street, one above and one below the Elmer house, those who were to heap the chests together on the open ground in front of the house where the bonfire was to be made, and every other member of the party was to assist in bringing forth the tea from the cellar where it had been stored and carry it swiftly to the common pile on the vacant lot.

At last, when every direction had been given, Noah declared the time for action had arrived and quickly the boys fled from the barn and together began to run swiftly toward the Elmer house.

CHAPTER IX.

A BLAZING PILE.

The excitement of the band as it proceeded up the quiet street was intense, although not a word was spoken as the boys followed Noah Dare, who was marching at the head of the line. If any one had misgivings, he endeavored to quiet them by persuading himself that he was doing no more than the men at Boston and Annapolis had already done. The destruction of property which the project involved was justified by the fact that by the expressed sentiments of all the colonies the tea never should have been brought to America, and the very fact that it had been stored secretly in a place where precautions had been taken to frighten any chance visitors, was of itself sufficient to indicate that the owners



were aware of the questionable character of their operations.

The more immediate problem of the young "warriors," however, was that of avoiding all interruption until the bonfire they were planning to make had been accomplished. Accordingly they moved swiftly along the street and not a soul had been seen when the band arrived in front of the house which was to be their destination. Then a halt was made, and at a word from Noah the two guards quickly took the positions to which they had been assigned. It was Noah himself who then mounted the steps and attempted to open the front door. He discovered that it was securely barred and that some other means of entrance must be obtained.

"Come on, Cale," he called eagerly in a low voice. "We'll have to get in by one of the windows."

Caleb quickly responded to the call and as the two boys darted around a corner of the house, he said, "This is almost like housebreaking, Noah."

"Too late to stop for that," replied Noah curtly. "We must have that tea now. Here, give me a lift and I'll try this window."

Caleb at once stooped and grasping his cousin by the knee lifted him until Noah was easily able to test the window from which one of the shutters was blown back. The sash at first resisted his efforts to raise it, but by shaking it sharply he was able to remove the stick which had been placed as a brace, and in a moment he had clambered into the room and dropped upon the floor.

"Go around to the front, Cale, and tell the boys I'll open the door for them," he whispered, and then noiselessly dropped the window into its place and withdrew from the sight of his cousin.

Without delay, Caleb ran swiftly back to rejoin his waiting comrades and just as he ran up the steps of the piazza the door before him was opened and Noah himself appeared.

"Now, boys," began the leader quietly, "every one of you knows just what he has to do, so take your places and we'll begin."

Instantly the boys responded and a line was formed reaching across the street to the lot where the chests were to be placed in a pile. To Noah and Caleb had been assigned the task of entering the cellar and bringing the chests up to that part of the line which extended into the house. A candle had been brought by the leader and this was at once lighted and so placed that its light enabled the boys in the cellar to see about them.

"You stand on the cellar steps, Cale," suggested Noah, "and I'll toss the chests up to you and you can pass them on to Elias, who'll be the first of the line. "He'll stand right at the head of the stairs."

The leader's suggestion was at once acted upon and the work was begun. As fast as Noah passed the chests to Caleb his cousin in turn passed them to Elias, and in this manner there was very little confusion in the work. Not a word was spoken as the boys, all intensely excited now, busied themselves in the task. The chests were comparatively light and the well organized plan by which they were to be taken from the cellar worked admirably.

The guards that had been stationed in the street did not once call during the transferring, and when an hour had elapsed the entire work had been accomplished.

When Noah appeared from the cellar his face was streaming with perspiration but his manner was apparently as calm as if what he had been doing had not in any way violated the law of the land.

"Go out into the street, boys, and wait for me in front of the house. I'll bar the front door and come out through the window. We must leave everything in the house just as we found it."

"Except the tea," suggested Elias dryly.

"Yes, except the tea," said Noah.

As soon as the boys had departed Noah quickly closed and barred the door and then returned to the window, extinguished the light of the candle and slipped to the ground, carefully closing the window behind him. He then ran across the street to the spot where he could see his assembled comrades, and as he joined them, he said:

"'So far, so good,' boys. Come on now and we'll—"

"Hssh!" whispered one of the warriors. "There comes Ananias."

Instantly all became silent and turned to watch their companion, who could be seen running swiftly to join them.

"What is it? What's wrong, Ananias?" demanded Noah quickly.

"There's somebody coming! There he is, right over there, now!" replied Ananias, as excited as his friends.

"Who is it?" said Noah.

"I don't know. There's only one. Shall we drive him away or wait to see if he notices us, first?" responded Ananias.

The boys were all motionless and as they were standing close to the trees they were hoping that the approaching man would pass without observing them. Every eye was fixed upon the man on the opposite side of the street, and the excitement among the watching boys became more intense when the man stopped directly in front of the Elmer house and at first seemed to be about to go up the steps.

"See who it is?" whispered Caleb to Noah, clutching his cousin by the arm as he spoke.

"Yes. It's Elnathan Todd."

Neither spoke again for a moment as all the boys excitedly waited to perceive what the young Quaker would do. It was later than people ordinarily appeared upon the streets of Greenwich and the presence of Elnathan at such a time was consequently the more mysterious. To the consternation of the band Elnathan now turned about and stood peering first up and then down the wide street and just as the boys began to hope that they were to escape his notice the young Quaker spied them.

Startled by the sight he at first seemed to be about to run from the place, but in a moment, apparently thinking better of his plan, he boldly advanced directly across the street and approached the place where the boys were standing.

"Sch! Don't run! Stay right where you are! Don't say a word! Let me do the talking," whispered Noah to his fellows, and then turning sharply he found himself face to face with Elnathan Todd.

The young Quaker was plainly startled as he became aware of the numbers and the garb of the band before him, and apparently he was hesitating as to whether or not it was wise for him to remain there. He glanced nervously up the street, but still did not offer to flee. For a moment no one spoke and then Elnathan said sharply, "Will thee tell me what this means?"

"How-ow-ow-ow-ow!" began Noah suddenly, and instantly the shout was taken up by his comrades. "How-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" yelled the boys together, some of them at the same time brandishing the tomahawks they had brought with them and advancing upon the young Quaker. Plainly Elnathan was startled by the unexpected outburst, but he did not retreat from his position.

"I know not what foolishness this is," he said, his voice trembling in spite of his evident attempt to conceal his alarm.

"How-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" responded the warriors threateningly.

"I will say to thee one thing," said Elnathan sturdily facing the warrior who was nearest him, "I know that whatever may be the folly or the wickedness thou art plotting, that Noah Dare and Ananias Smalley are in this mischief. There is never a deed of naughtiness done in Greenwich that those two are not concerned in it."

"How-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" yelled the warriors, although from one or two there came sounds strongly resembling a snicker.

"What is that yonder?" demanded Elnathan suddenly as in the dim light he perceived the great heap

of the chests of tea. As the young Quaker spoke he turned as if he was about to approach the pile. But as if by one purpose the band instantly began to press upon him and the principle of non-resistance apparently reasserted itself with great vigor, for bestowing one glance of terror upon the threatening actions of the "warriors" he abruptly turned and fled down the street in the direction from which he had come, followed by a wild whoop of derision from the entire band.

Hastily turning to his companions, Noah said, "Come on, boys! We haven't a minute to lose! Elnathan will be back here before we know it, and he won't be alone, either!"

Obediently the whole company ran swiftly to the place where the chests had been piled. There were no directions given now, and none was required, for flint and tinder were quickly produced and in several places at the same time a fire was kindled in the heap. No one knew just who were engaged in this duty nor did any one in the excitement stop to inquire. In a moment the entire mass was in flames and the purpose for which the young warriors had come had been accomplished.

"Hadn't we better leave now, Noah?" whispered Caleb to his cousin.

"No. We might as well be 'hanged for sheep as for lambs.' Besides, we don't want to let the fire scatter any."

"Do you think Elnathan did really know you?"

"I don't know and I don't care," answered Noah recklessly. Then in a louder voice he turned to his comrades and said. "We'll have a war dance. Join hands, all you fellows, and we'll have a ring here."

Instantly the boys obeyed and though the fire was too large to permit of their encircling it, they formed a ring at one side and with wild whoops and yells began their dance. In a moment Noah began to sing and his comrades instantly joined in the song which at the time was popular throughout the colonies:

"Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, friends, steady,
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give."

Faster and faster still danced the excited "warriors," and louder grew the wild song.

"Another verse, Noah," called some one, and instantly the leader began again, the boys all joining with a louder response.

"All ages shall speak with amaze and applause
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear—but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful——"

Suddenly the song was hushed and the startled boys were gazing at the cause of the interruption, which had appeared in the street immediately behind them.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE FIRE.

Running swiftly toward the blazing pile came Elnathan Todd and by his side was Thomas Hull, the latter wheezing and puffing from the violence of his exertions and the excitement under which he was laboring. The sight of the two approaching men had been sufficient to check for the moment the wild dance of the "warriors," and the entire band stood silent and motionless as the boys waited for the blast which they were confident would be forthcoming.

"You rascals! You villains!" shouted Thomas Hull as he stopped in front of the band and shook his fist at the assemblage. "What does this mean? You shall pay dearly for this, every one of you! I know you! I know every one of you! Give me your names this instant!"

"There isn't any use in giving you our names," said one of the "warriors," "for you know already who we are." The voice of the speaker sounded very like that of Elias Bacon, but as the disguise was still worn it was difficult even for the excited man to distinguish one of the band from his fellows.

"You broke into my house!" shouted the infuriated man.

"Who did, Mr. Hull?"

"All of you! Every one of you!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Hull. Only four of us have been inside the house this night," responded another of the "braves" and this time the voice strongly resembled that of Noah Dare.

"You burned all the tea!" again roared the man.

"Was the tea yours, Mr. Hull?" inquired the "warrior" who had last spoken.

"It doesn't make any difference whose it was!" shouted Thomas Hull, now almost beside himself with rage. "You have destroyed property! You have broken into a house! You have—you have——" The man's voice seemed to fail him and he shook both fists at the band in a manner that appeared to delight every member. A shout of derision greeted the response which one of the warriors made as he said, "You are right, Mr. Hull! We have! We have!"

"S-s-s-h!" warned one of the band. "Don't be disrespectful, boys. Here come some more. Look at them! They're coming from every direction!"

For a moment no one spoke and even Thomas Hull and his young Quaker companion turned to perceive who the newcomers were. Across the vacant lots, from up the street, as well as from the opposite direction, men and boys and even a few women could be seen running swiftly toward the blazing tea. The excitement could be plainly discovered on the faces of the approaching people as they came within the circle of light, and in a moment the leader of the band again broke into the song which had been interrupted by the approach of Thomas Hull and Elnathan Todd. Wildly dancing and flinging their arms about as they once more began to leap and shout, the words of the stirring song only added to the excitement.

"This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just and we are but free.
In freedom we're born and in freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready,
Steady, friends, steady,
Not as *slaves* but as *freemen* our money we'll give."

"You'll give your money, and mine, too!" shouted Thomas Hull as there came a momentary break in the song at the end of the stanza.

"You know us, don't you, Mr. Hull?" called one of the band derisively.

"Yes, I do. I know every one of you!"

"Who are we?"

For an instant Thomas Hull turned to Elnathan, and the young Quaker could be plainly seen as he replied to the evident query of his companion. Then once more angrily facing the band, the man said:

"Noah Dare, Caleb Davis, Ananias Smalley, Elias ——" A loud shout interrupted the recital and the "warriors," who again had ceased dancing, stood facing the little assembly and together shouted: "Whose tea is this? Whose tea is this? Whose tea is this?"

As only a loud laugh from the assembly greeted the query, the boys varied their question and again demanded as they shouted together: "Whose tea was this? Whose tea was this? Whose tea was this?"

"It doesn't make any difference whose it was!" shouted Thomas Hull as now, furious with anger, he faced the assembly. "This is an outrage! These lawless persons have destroyed property of the value of many pounds! They have broken into my house——"

"Burn the Tory's house, too!" interrupted some one in the assembly. "'Twould serve him right! Hiding his tea in his own house!"

"Hi Hi-i-i-i!" shouted some of the "warriors" in response to the suggestion, and a rush toward the house across the street was begun. It was checked, however, by the energetic words and actions of the one who appeared to be the leader of the "Indians," and the alarm of Thomas Hull, which under other circumstances might have been amusing, was speedily relieved.

Some of the boys who had been drawn with their elders to the spot where the alarm of fire had first been given were now manifesting their own intention to share in the excitement, and were beginning to cast stones into the burning mass and scatter the glowing embers. Their attempts were promptly checked by the actions of the "warriors" themselves, who seized the culprits and cast them back within the encircling lines of the spectators, whose sympathies were all with the burners of the tea, if their jeers and cries were true manifestations of their feelings.

The shouting, dancing, and singing continued until the fire burned low, as it speedily did, and as if some perverse spirit animated the "warriors," not one fled from the field. Doubtless the friendly expressions of the assembled spectators encouraged them in their mad prank, and as Thomas Hull no longer shouted his protests, his silence was looked upon as the removal of the last vestige of opposition.

At last when the mass of tea chests had all been consumed and only the charred embers remained upon the ground, the "warriors" seized branches of trees and together advanced upon the smoking remains, and fiercely began to beat all about the place. In a brief time the last sparks of fire had been extinguished and the conflagration was ended.

The band of "warriors" then gathered together and turning to the spectators shouted in unison: "This is the way the man who dishonors the colony of the Jerseys and the village of Greenwich shall be treated! Long live the king! Death to the tea drinkers! Down with the Tories! How-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

With a final prolonged yell the "Indians" then turned and together ran swiftly up the street until they disappeared from the sight of the assembly.

On the outskirts of the village the band halted and Noah said: "Now, boys, the best thing for us to do is to scatter and make for our barn."

"Noah," inquired Caleb, "did you see your father there?"

"Where?" demaded Noah quickly. "No, I didn't see him. Where was he?"

"I'm quite sure I saw him in the front row just before we left. Didn't any of you see him?" Caleb demanded of his companions.

Not one of them, however, had perceived Mr. Dare in the assembly, and Noah said: "You must have been mistaken, Cale. My father has gone to Philadelphia."

"That doesn't mean that he can't come back, does it?" demanded Caleb. "Perhaps he wasn't there, though I was sure I saw him. What would he say to you, Noah, if he knew you had a hand in this?"

"What will Thomas Hull say? you'd better ask," spoke up Elias Bacon.

"We know already what he said," suggested Ananias dryly. The boys all laughed at their companion's demure words, but there was evident a feeling of uneasiness. Now that the prank had been performed and the excitement of the moment was gone a reaction had come in the feelings of the "warriors," and the possible consequences which were still to be faced were not to be ignored.

"Can't be helped now," declared Noah stoutly. "We've done it and it can't be undone. The only thing for us to do now is to see to it that Ananias doesn't talk too much——"

"You needn't be afraid of my talking," interrupted Ananias quickly. "It's what the other fellows will say that you need to look out for."

"Tom Hull, for example?" suggested one of the boys.

"Yes, and Elnathan more than any one else," declared Ananias.

"How would it do for us to scare the sneak? We might fix him so that he'd be glad to promise not to open his mouth," suggested Elias.

"Too late now. I don't believe Tom Hull will talk very much," declared Noah positively. "The less he says the better it will be for him. He saw how the men there at the fire took what he did say. No, fellows, the one thing for us to do now is just to do—nothing. If Ananias doesn't talk I don't believe there'll be anything said or done either after a day or two. Of course, for a little while the fire will be the talk of the town, but it won't burn much longer than the tea did if you don't feed it."

"Don't stand here any longer or Elnathan Todd will find us," suggested Elias.

"All right!" replied Noah. "Cale and I'll go ahead, and the rest of you better scatter so that you'll come by twos to our barn."

The two boys instantly turned into the pasture that was near and by a circuitous way arrived at the barn where the disguises had been donned. Then Noah quickly lighted the candles in the lantern he had left there and he and Caleb at once began to remove their savage garb.

In a brief time their companions appeared, coming by twos as Noah had suggested, and when he and his cousin were clothed in the garments in which they were wont to appear, not one of their comrades was missing. Every one declared that he had successfully avoided discovery and had neither seen any one nor been himself seen as he had fled across the lots.

In spite of Noah's words of caution, the boys were not able to dress in entire silence, and when someone would repeat the frequent query as to what was likely to be done by the authorities, there was someone to reply in unnecessary boldness that "nothing would be done and no one need be afraid." In spite of the declaration, however, there was a manifest feeling of anxiety among the boys; and when at last the door of the barn was opened and, after Noah had extinguished the light of the candle, they silently and stealthily departed for their homes, there was not one who was not more fearful than he was willing to acknowledge to his friends, and perhaps even to himself.

In silence, after they had watched the departure of their comrades, and then had carefully fastened the door of the barn, Noah and Caleb quietly walked to the kitchen door. To their surprise they discovered Mrs. Dare there, plainly awaiting their coming, and as soon as the boys entered she said quietly, "Your father is waiting for you and Caleb, Noah. He is in his library, and three men are with him."

"Who are they?" inquired Noah quickly.

"Mr. Thomas Hull and Elnathan Todd and his father."

(To be continued.)

The Boy Who Takes Pride in His Work

By J. L. HARBOUR

"DON'T THAT LOOK just fine?"

It was no vain conceit that made a certain boy say these words one day last summer. His blue eyes were shining with honest pride because of the perfectness and trimness of the small garden he had finished weeding and hoeing. Three days before the garden had been completely overrun with weeds and grass. Some of the grass had been of the variety called "wire-grass," and if you have ever tried to hoe out or pull up grass of this kind you know as well as that boy knew, that it is mighty hard grass to tackle. But this boy had tackled it with his teeth set and a determination to rid that garden of every spear of it, and it had disappeared root and branch. He was a small boy of French Canadian parentage whom the farmer with whom I was spending some weeks had hired for the summer, and only that day the farmer had said to me,

"I never saw a boy take so much pride in his work as Louis does. That boy will get along all right in the world. He is not only so very industrious, but he is so thorough. Everything I give him to do is done just as well as it is possible to do it. He never gives anything a lick and a promise."

Give me a boy noted for being industrious and who takes so much honest and manly pride in his work that nothing but perfection will suit him and I shall feel that I am safe in prophesying a successful future for that boy.

There is something fine and manly in the boy who takes pride in his work, who feels that it is a reflection on his character to be lazy and who likes to put an "A one" mark on all that he does.

I remember that I once happened to be near two boys who had each been given a certain task to do. I do not know how long they had been working on it, but presently I heard one of them say to the other,

"There, Joe, that will do. It looks good enough."

"No, it doesn't," the boy called Joe replied. "I'm not going to leave mine until it looks a good deal better than it looks now. I'm no slouch."

Good for Joe! The boy who sets out in life determined that he will not be a "slouch" is on the right track. Slouchy work will not pass muster in these days. If you have slouchy tendencies, boys, you'd better get rid of them just as soon as possible. Let a man acquire the reputation of being a "slouch" and he is a goner. No man wants a "slouch" around, and no man with a particle of honest, manly pride will be a person of that description. Pride in one's work, no matter what that work may be, is a tremendous help to success in life.

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

BEGUN IN JUNE

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

THE REMAINDER of the afternoon proved uneventful. Frank visited nine farm-houses, and succeeded in selling one more cattle and poultry book. He returned to the hotel at Fairport utterly tired out with his day's tramping.

"Only three sales to-day," was his mental comment. "That is not so good. My commissions amount to two dollars and a quarter, and my expenses will be a dollar and forty-five cents. That leaves a profit of just eighty cents. Well, that is better than nothing. I might have sold more if the houses weren't so far apart."

He found that the hotel keeper had assigned him to a small, but clean and comfortable room. Supper was plain, but substantial, and Frank ate all that was set before him.

"Traveling salesman, I suppose?" remarked the hotel man, when Frank joined him on the hotel stoop, where there were a row of armchairs for guests.

"I sell books," answered the young agent. "Maybe I can sell you some."

"No, I've got about all the books I want. Had any success?"

"I sold three books at three dollars each."

"That's pretty good."

"I might sell more if I could cover more ground."

"Why not hire a horse and bugy? I'll let you have one for two dollars a day."

"Thank you, but my business won't warrant the outlay. But I tell you what I wish I did have," continued Frank, suddenly.

"What is that?"

"A bicycle. The roads around here are pretty fair for wheeling."

"My boy has a wheel. Perhaps he'll rent you that."

"Where is he?"

"Down around the barn, I think."

Frank walked to the barn, and soon found Tom Grandon, the hotel keeper's son. He also saw the wheel, which was in the carriage shed.

"So you'd like to hire my wheel, eh?" said Tom. "I'm willing, if you'll promise to take good care of it."

"I'll do that. I have a wheel at home, but I didn't think to bring it."

"What will you give me for its use?"

"Twenty-five cents a day."

Make it fifty cents and I'll take you up."

"Let us split the price and make it a dollar for three days," went on Frank; and to this Tom Grandon agreed, and the bicycle was turned over to the young book agent. As tired as he was Frank tried the machine, to see that it was in running order, and to adjust the seat and the handle bars to suit him.

"Now I'll be able to visit twice as many places," he told himself.

The following day Frank started away early, with his case of books strapped over his shoulder. In the hotel office he had found a map of the county and had studied the roads carefully, and he had also asked about their condition.

It was a perfect day, and as he was a good wheelman he made rapid progress, so that he reached the first place at which he wished to stop by eight o'clock. He found the lady of the house in the garden cutting a bouquet.

"Books?" she said, in answer to his question. "Oh, dear, no, we have all the books we want. Why, there is a box of books in the garret which we wish to sell."

"What kind of books?" questioned the young agent, for he had heard that some old volumes were rare and valuable.

"Oh, all kinds. Do you buy?"

"I might—or I might make a list of what you have, and get you a price on them."

"Well, you can look at them," said the lady.

The garret was dark and dusty, but taking off his coat and collar, Frank went to work and sorted out the books, about a hundred in number. Many, he could readily see, were of small value, but others looked as if they might be worth considerable money. He made a list of the latter in a blank book he carried.

"What will you take for the lot?" he asked.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"Will you hold them for one week for me?"

"Yes."

He took down her name and address. "If I don't want them I'll drop you a postal card," he added.

"Very well."

Jumping on the bicycle he pedaled to the next house. Had he walked the distance it would have taken him ten minutes or more. As it was, it took hardly any time at all. Here he met an old man, and after a good deal of talking took an order for one of the health books.

"One order anyway," he thought, grimly. "I won't be whitewashed to-day." He dreaded to put in a day without an order.

He obtained his dinner at another farmhouse. It was a scant meal and cost him twenty-five cents. The folks did not want to talk books, and were so disagreeable that he was glad to leave.

Up to four o'clock he visited sixteen additional places. Although he talked his best he could sell nothing. It was now beginning to cloud up and he knew a storm could not be far off.

"I suppose I ought to be geting back to the hotel," he said to himself. But he hated to think of going back with just one order.

Some distance ahead was the entrance to a very fine grounds. In the midst, between some beautiful trees, a new mansion had been erected. He wondered if he could sell any books there.

"Nothing like trying," he said, half aloud, and wheeled into the grounds with all speed. He left his bicycle under a carriage shed and then walked up the piazza steps and rang the bell.

Nobody answered his summons, and after waiting a few minutes; he rang again, this time as hard as he could. Still nobody came to the door.

"Perhaps they saw me coming and don't want to let me in," he mused.

While he was waiting a sudden gust of wind came up, followed by some big drops of rain. Then came more wind, and a sudden downpour that would have soaked him to the skin had he been out in it.

"Well, I am under cover anyway," he reasoned, and then he rang the bell once more. Still not a soul appeared.

Close at hand were several windows, and all of them were wide open. The wind blew the lace curtains furiously, and soon the rain began to beat into two roms, which Frank could see were handsomely furnished.

"I believe the folks must be out," he said, at last. "And they certainly won't want those windows open in such a storm as this." And then he began to close the openings from the outside. It was rather hard work, and he grew quite wet doing it. All told there were eight windows on the lower floor which were open and three upstairs, but the latter he could not, of course, reach.

Frank had all but two windows on the lower floor shut up when a carriage drove into the grounds at a furious rate. It contained a colored driver, a lady, a maid, and four children.

"Hi, dar, wot you doin'?" demanded the colored coachman.

"I'm closing the windows," answered Frank. "It's raining in."

The carriage came up to the piazza, and the lady and the children leaped out, followed by the maid. All stared at the young book agent inquiringly.

"Excuse me, madam," said Frank, touching his cap. "But I got here just as the storm started. I saw all the lower windows of your house open and thought nobody could be home."

"Where is Sarah?" demanded the lady. "I have seen nobody. I rang the bell several times."

The lady went up and rang the bell just as our hero had done.

"She must have gone out or else she is asleep. Marie, run around and try the back door," this to the maid.

"Ze back door ees locked," said the maid, on returning. "Sarah, she must be at ze next house, madam."

"I told her not to go away while we were on our little picnic. Have you a key, Marie?"

"I haf not, madam."

"I'll climb in a window, mamma," said one of the children, a boy of about seven.

"You can't unlock the door, Freddie."

"Shall I go in and unlock the door for you?" asked Frank, politely.

The lady of the mansion gave him a close look, and was evidently reassured by his gentlemanly appearance.

"If you will be so kind."

Without waiting further, Frank opened the nearest window again and stepped into the house. Then he hurried around to the front door, and threw it open. A fierce gust of wind tore through the mansion, and all who were on the piazza hurried inside.

"Excuse me while I look after the windows," said the lady. "Come, Marie, run to the top of the house, and close everything. The storm is growing very severe."

Frank took a seat in the hallway, and one of the little boys came up to him.

"We were on a picnic in the woods with mamma," said he. "We were just having a beautiful time when it began to rain, and John had to drive us home."

"You were lucky to get home so soon," answered Frank, pleasantly. "See how it is pouring."

"And, oh, how the wind is blowing!" put in one of the little girls. "I'm sure it will blow a tree down if it keeps up like that."

Frank heard a number of windows being shut, and then the lady of the place rejoined him, and invited him into the parlor.

"I left the house in charge of one of my servants," she explained. "I told her not to go away, but she has disobeyed me. She has a cousin living half a mile from here."

"She took a big risk to leave the house wide open," was the young book agent's comment.

"You are right. A thief might have looted the place from end to end. Even as it is, the rain has done quite some damage. I am very thankful to you that you shut down the windows as you did."

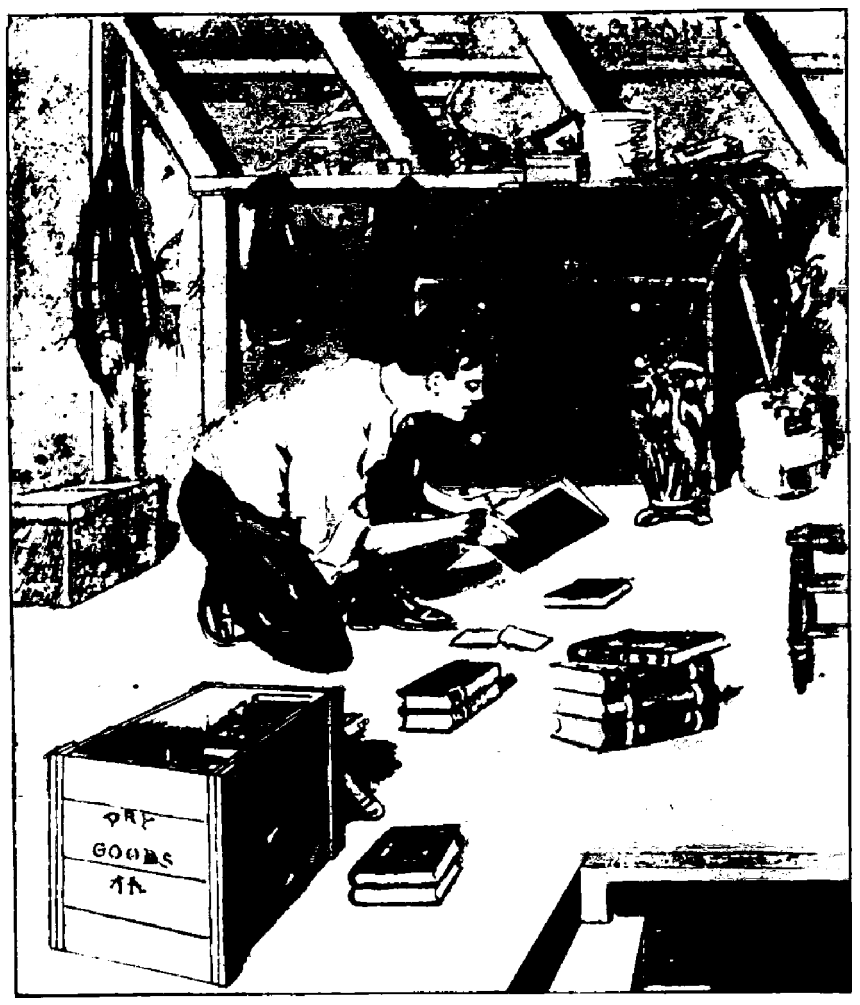
"You are welcome."

"Did you come here to see me, or just to get out of the storm?"

"I came to see you—or somebody living here. I am selling books."

"Oh! What sort of books?"

"I will show you," answered Frank.



FRANK WENT TO WORK AND SORTED OUT THE BOOKS

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IMPORTANT SALE.

Frank found Mrs. Carsdale a very nice lady with whom to deal. She was well educated and rich, and she took him to her library to show him the many volumes she possessed.

"You can see I already have the majority of authors represented in your famous set," said she. "If it were not so, I believe I would give you an order."

"You certainly have a nice collection of books here," was our hero's comment. "That set of Scott must have cost a good bit of money."

"A hundred and twenty dollars."

"I see you have some books here that are quite rare."

"Yes, I like some old books better than the new ones."

"I have a few old books to sell," went on Frank, thinking of the list he had made out earlier in the day.

"Indeed? What books are they?"

The young book agent got out the list, and read off the names of the volumes, with the authors, bindings, and dates of publication.

"What will you take for that volume of Dante you just mentioned?" asked Mrs. Carsdale.

"I haven't set a price on it. I'd like you to make an offer."

"Is it in good condition?"

"Quite fair. It is a bit dingy, and the back cover has some water spots," added our hero, who could recall the volume very well. "It looks about like this book," he went on, picking up one before him.

"If it is in as good condition as that book I'll give you twenty dollars for the volume."

At this answer Frank's heart gave a bound. Twenty dollars, and the other woman had offered him all the books in the garret for five dollars! Here was a chance for business truly.

"Is that the best you can do," he said, cautiously. "The book is quite rare, you know."

"Well, I might give you twenty-five dollars."

"I'll let you have it for that," answered the young book agent.

He remained at the mansion for an hour longer, during which the storm cleared away as rapidly as it had come.

"Thank you for giving me shelter," he said, on leaving. "I'll bring that book to-morrow or the day after."

"There is no especial hurry," answered Mrs. Carsdale. "And it is I must thank you for closing the windows."

As Frank wheeled down the muddy wagonway he met a woman who looked like a cook, coming towards the house. She was out of breath from rapid walking.

"Is Mrs. Carsdale home?" she demanded.

"Yes, long ago," was our hero's answer.

"Oh, pshaw!" came from the cook, and on she went towards the house.

"I guess she'll catch it," thought Frank, and he was right.

"Sarah, why did you go away?" demanded Mrs. Carsdale, as soon as the servant appeared.

"Please, ma'am, I had a—a toothache and I had to get some medicine for it from my cousin."

"This is the second time you have left the house without my permission."

"It shan't happen again, Mrs. Carsdale."

"You left all the windows open. If it hadn't been for an utter stranger who came up and shut them, many things in the house would have been ruined."

"Please, ma'am, the toothache was that dreadful I didn't know what I was doing," pleaded the cook.

"You have been drinking, too," continued the lady of the mansion, as she caught a whiff of the cook's breath.

"It's the toothache cure, ma'am."

"I warned you before about leaving, and about drinking, Sarah. Your month will be up next Wednesday. I think I'll get another cook."

"Oh, ma'am, don't say that! Give me just another chance."

"And if I do, will you promise to obey me after this?"

"I will that."

"Very well then. But if you disobey me once again it will be for the last time," answered Mrs. Carsdale.

Frank had expected to go direct to the hotel, but as it cleared off so nicely he decided to wheel down a side road and purchase the books the lady had offered him early in the day. The highway was rather heavy in spots, and twice he had to dismount to avoid large mud puddles, but with it all he considered traveling on the wheel much better than walking the distance.

"Back already," said the lady. "Have you decided to take those books?"

"Is five dollars the lowest price you will accept?" asked Frank, whose bump of business caution was developing rapidly.

"Yes, I told my husband about them and he said not to sell for a penny less than five dollars."

"Then I'll take them on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That your husband will deliver them for me to the hotel at Fairport. I can't carry them, and I haven't any horse and wagon."

"Very well; he can deliver them to-morrow, when he goes to town for feed. He'll go in the morning."

"That will be satisfactory. I will write out a bill of sale, and you can sign it."

For the purpose of having book orders signed in ink, Frank carried a stylographic pen with him, and soon he had the bill of sale written out in due form. In it he mentioned the most important volumes, and added, "and eighty-four others."

"Now please sign this and I'll pay you," he said, and handed over the money. The receipt was signed, and he placed it away carefully in his pocket. Then he said he would take three or four of the books with him.

"And your husband can leave the rest with the hotel keeper," he added.

When he returned to the hotel he had the precious volume of Dante and two other rare books in his possession. He placed them in his traveling bag and went to bed with a good deal of satisfaction.

"It seems to me, I'm getting along famously," was his thought. "Even if I can't sell any more of that lot of books I'll clear twenty dollars by the transaction."

The next morning was as bright and clear as ever, and, much to the satisfaction of the hotel keeper's son, the young book agent spent half an hour in cleaning and oiling the bicycle.

"You're the kind to rent a wheel to," said Tom Grandon.

"I like to have a bicycle look nice," answered our hero. "Besides, it runs easier if it's clean and well oiled."

"How are you making out?"

"Pretty fair."

"I don't think I'd care to sell books."

"And I shouldn't care to run a hotel," returned Frank. "It's a good thing everbody doesn't want to do the same thing."

By the middle of the forenoon Frank was at Mrs. Carsdale's residence once more. He carried the volume of Dante and also two others he thought she might wish to look over.

"This Dante is certainly just what you said it was," said the lady. "And I will pay you twenty-five dollars, as I promised."

"Here are two other books that may interest you," said Frank, and passed them over.

Mrs. Carsdale gave each a thorough examination.

"I do not think I can use them," she said, "but I know a friend of mine in Trenton who may buy both from you at a fair price. He collects just such books."

"Please give me his address."

"I will."

When Frank left the residence he was just twenty-five dollars richer than he had been. His high spirits made him put on an extra spurt, and his bicycle flashed over the road like a meteor.

"That is what I call doing business," he said to himself. "It beats the old feed store all to pieces. Won't the folks at home stare when they learn how I am getting along!"

The young book agent had his case of samples with him, and also some volumes to be delivered, and put in a full day delivering and collecting, and in trying to get new orders. But new business was slow, and by nightfall he found he had but one extra order for the cattle and poultry work to his credit.

"Never mind; I've got to take matters as they come," he said to himself. "The best of marksmen can't hit the bull's-eye every shot."

He found that the books he had bought had been delivered, and placed in a corner of the bedroom he occupied.

"Buying as well as selling, eh?" said the hotel keeper.

"I buy sometimes," answered our hero, cautiously.

"If you want any more old books, I've got a lot in the back office you can have cheap."

"Let me look at them to-morrow," answered Frank. "I'm too tired to do it to-night."

In the morning the hotel man took him into the office, and pointed to a row of volumes on a top shelf. All were covered with dust and cobwebs.

"Before I look at them I want to know what you want for them," said Frank.

"Make an offer."

"No; I prefer to have you set your own price."

"Then make it ten dollars."

"Why, I only paid five for all those other books."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and here is the receipt."

"Hum! Then I'll let you have this lot for the same price."

"Make it three dollars and I'll see if I can use them."

The hotel keeper consented after some talking, and Frank dusted off the books, and began to examine them. The majority were of small value, but he saw several he fancied might bring in some money.

"I'll risk taking them," he said, at last. "I'll pay you now, and take them away when I take the others."

"All right, Hardy. But you can't leave them here too long, or I'll make you pay storage," returned the hotel keeper.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURIOUS HAPPENING.

The following week was a busy one for the young book agent. He spent one day in collecting all the old books he had bought, and sent them to his home, where they were stored in a vacant bedroom, which was thus turned into what the family called "Frank's bookery." He also ordered the new books he wished.

"You are certainly doing remarkably well," was Mr. Hardy's comment, when Frank had told the story of his week's work. "I never dreamed you would do half as well."

"I don't suppose I'll do so well right along," answered the son. "But I'm going to do my best."

Mr. Hardy also had news to tell. Mr. Begoin, the lawyer, had called upon him, and a letter had been sent to the officials of the railroad company, notifying them that damages for the accident would be demanded. As a consequence, a lawyer in the employ of the railroad company had appeared.

"He was a very slick fellow," said Mr. Hardy. "He tried his best to get me to accept two hundred dollars in full for my claim. When he saw that I wouldn't take two hundred, he advanced to three hundred, and then to four hundred. He said I was very foolish not to accept four hundred."

"And what did you tell him, father?" questioned Frank.

"I told him, after he had talked for half an hour, that I meant to leave the matter entirely with my lawyer, Mr. Begoin."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He was much disturbed, and before he went wanted to know if I'd sign off my claim for five hundred dollars. He said if I sued the company they would fight to the bitter end."

"Do you think they will fight?"

"Perhaps; but Mr. Begoin says I have a perfectly clear case and need not be afraid of them."

"How much does he think you ought to have?"

"He says he will sue them for five thousand dollars. I don't think, though, that I'll get more than half that. But if I get only a thousand it will be better than accepting five hundred now."

"You are right, father. I'd let Mr. Begoin go ahead. He must know just what he is doing. What did he say about the Jabez Garrison affair?"

"He cannot help me much in that matter. Our only hope is to find Garrison, and make him give up whatever money he still possesses."

"Do you imagine he took much cash with him?"

"It's more than likely he took some. But you must remember he owes some large amounts. Those would have to be squared up before I could get back the amount of my bond."

"But wouldn't the claim of the benevolent order be a prior claim to ordinary business claims?"

"I think so, since that was actual cash entrusted to him."

"When do you expect to hear from Mr. Begoin again?"

"Not until he hears from the railroad company, or from Philadelphia."

Mr. Hardy could now hobble around the house with the aid of a cane, but it was thought best not to let him go beyond the porch and the back garden.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said to Frank. "I'll make out several lists of the books you have."

"Just make out one nice list, father, and that will be enough," returned our hero. "I am going to New York again before long and see some dealers in second-hand books. Perhaps I'll do as well buying up old books as in selling new books."

"Perhaps you can make more sales, Frank, if you'll agree to take old books in part payment."

"I've thought of that."

It rained for two days so hard that to attempt to go out and sell books was out of the question. Frank spent the time around the house, doing whatever came to hand. He also put his bicycle in prime condition, for in the future he intended to ride the wheel as much as possible, and thus save railroad and stage fares.

He received a very complimentary letter from Mr. Vincent, in which the publisher congratulated him on his success.

"You are undoubtedly cut out for this business," wrote Mr. Vincent. "Keep at it by all means, and some day you may become a publisher yourself—provided you don't come to the conclusion that you can make more money by selling alone."

As soon as it cleared off, Frank set out with a large package of books which were to be delivered. He also carried his order case, and a small valise, for he expected this time to remain away from home for some time.

"You are pretty well loaded down," said Mrs. Hardy, who was at the gate to see him off.

"He is a peddler with a pack," said Ruth. "But don't mind that, Frank, so long as you are making money."

"I don't mind it a bit," he answered, cheerfully, and then, with a wave of his hand, he started for Camperville, twenty-two miles distant.

He had three calls to make on the road, and at the last of the three he stopped for dinner. As he was entering the yard, he encountered a small-built, sallow-faced man coming away, valise in hand. The stranger had an air about him that was far from reassuring.

"I am so glad he has gone, ma," Frank heard a girl in the kitchen say.

"So am I glad, Emma. I wonder where the money went to?"

"I'm sure I don't know. We didn't take it, goodness knows."

"He was awfully angry."

So the talk ran on, and Frank soon gathered that the stranger had lost ten dollars while stopping at the house overnight.

"He almost acused us of stealing it," said Mrs. Farley, the lady of the place. "He said he had placed two five-dollar bills on the mantelshelf in his room, and now they were gone. We hunted everywhere, but couldn't find the money."

"What is he going to do about it?"

"Nothing—now. First, he asked where the constable lived, but at last he said if we wouldn't charge him anything for stopping here he wouldn't make any complaint. We didn't want the notoriety, so we let him go."

"Perhaps it was only a game to cheat you out of what was coming to you," suggested the young book agent.

"Oh, ma, maybe that's so," put in Emma.

"It might be," answered Mrs. Farley, doubtfully. "But I shouldn't want to be dragged into the court over the matter."

"He looked like a sharper to me," said Frank. "Still it is possible that he lost the money. Maybe it blew out of the window."

"We looked under the window and all over the dooryard."

All during the meal the strange affair was discussed, but without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Frank had a health book to deliver, and after collecting for this, and settling for his meal, he went on his way.

About a mile down the road he came across the stranger once more. The fellow was seated on a bridge that crossed a small stream, and was munching an apple.

"You certainly don't look like an honest man to me," was our hero's mental comment. "I believe you've swindled Mrs. Farley out of her board money."

"Hullo there!" called out the man.

"Hullo!" returned Frank, briefly.

"How far is it to Camperville?"

"About two miles, I think," and now Frank came to a stop.

"What are you doing? Peddling?" went on the man in a hard, unpleasant voice.

"Hardly. I'm a book agent."

"Oh! Hard work, isn't it?"

"Rather hard; yes."

"I tried it once, but there wasn't enough money in it to suit me."

"What do you do?" asked our hero curiously.

"Me? Oh, I'm in half a dozen things. What's your name?"

"Frank Hardy. What's yours?"

"Gabe Flecker. I'm buying up butter on commission just now."

"For a New York house?"

"Yes—the Gasson & Flecker Company. Flecker is my uncle. Do you know anybody who has butter to sell?"

"No."

"We'll pay the best price," went on Gabe Flecker, handing out a card. "Tell your friends around here to write to us, and send us their butter on commission."

Frank slipped the card into his pocket and mounted his wheel again.

"Guess I'll have to get a wheel," said Gabe Flecker. "It's better than walking."

"You are right there," answered the young book agent, and in a moment more he was out of hearing.

Frank was more convinced than ever that the fellow was a sharper. His eyes had a look in them that could not be trusted.

"I'd not trust him with a single tub of butter," he told himself. "I don't believe he'd ever send a cent back for it. That company may be nothing but a fake concern." And in that latter surmise the young book agent hit the nail on the head. He was destined to meet Gabe Flecker again, and in a most unexpected manner.

(To be continued).

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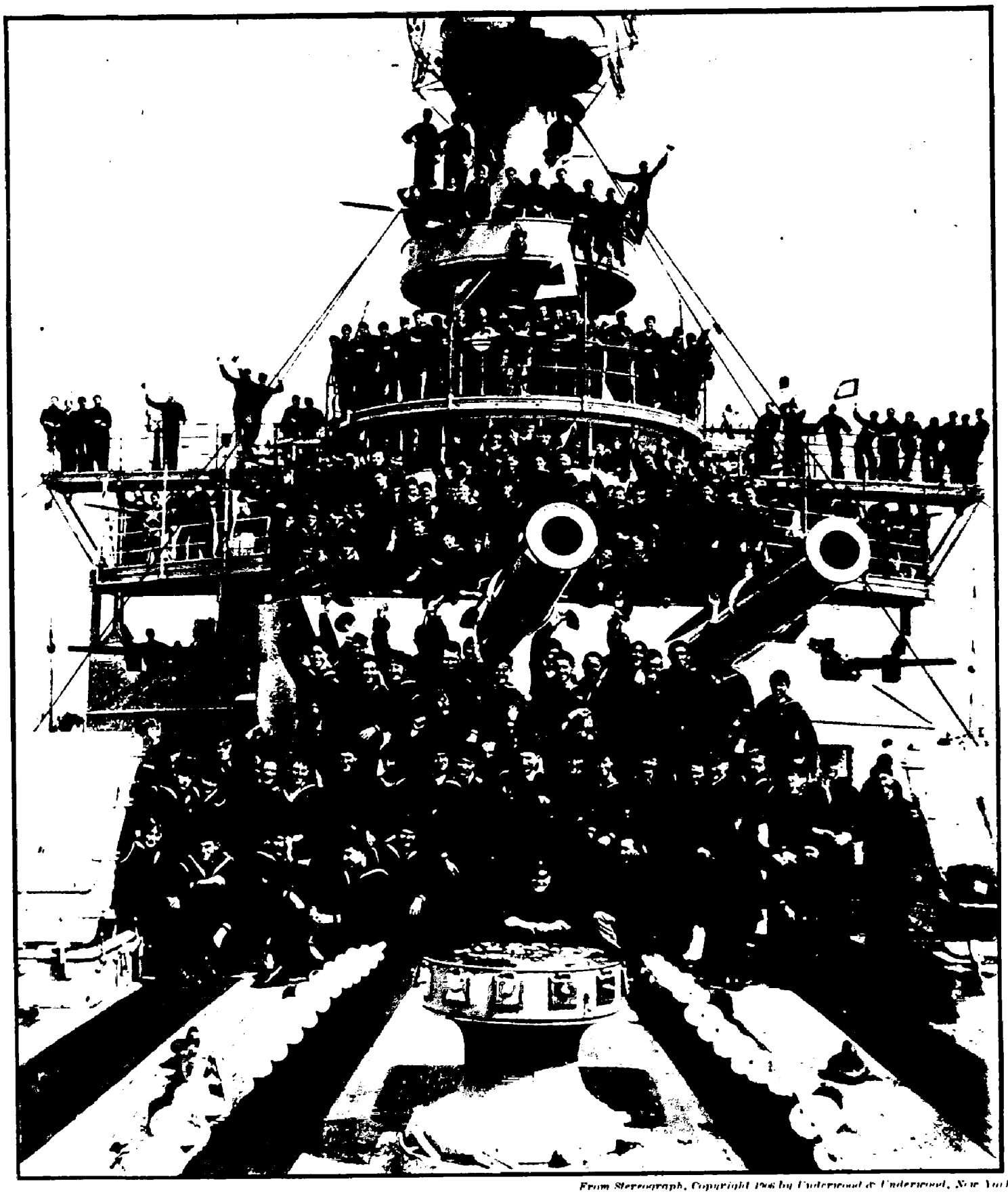
AN EARNEST APPEAL TO OUR READERS

At this time of the year the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY are flooded with business. Everybody in the office has more than both hands full to do in taking care of new subscriptions and renewals that in the months of November, December, January, and February produce a very avalanche of work. Thousands of subscriptions expire within the next three months, while new subscriptions mounting up into the thousands come in the few weeks prior to Christmas. The result is that the machinery of the office is often clogged and delays follow. In order that you may be sure to receive your Christmas paper on time and that your renewal may come in before the heaviest work sets in, will all the boys whose subscriptions have run out within the last two or three months, or are about to run out, send in their renewals *at once?* Don't even wait to read this number of THE AMERICAN BOY before sending in your dollar. If all the boys whose subscriptions have expired recently, or will expire within the next thirty days, heed this request, it will save a large amount of worry and work, as well as expense, in our office, and it will insure their getting their Christmas papers on time, and make everybody feel good. Don't pass this request by as being intended for some one else. If your subscription should be renewed now, please attend to it. Call the matter to the attention of your elders, if they are to furnish the dollar, and they will appreciate the reason for our request, we are sure. We want to make THE AMERICAN BOY for the coming twelve months even better than it has been for the last twelve, and every one knows that it has within the year just past been a decided improvement on the years that went before. You can help with your dollar more than you know to make THE AMERICAN BOY successful from every standpoint, and that means to make it the best possible magazine for you.



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CREW AND GREAT 12 INCH GUNS (FORWARD TURRET) OF THE FORMIDABLE FIGHTER, U. S. BATTLESHIP MISSOURI

Working Their Way Through College

It would seem that there is little excuse for an American boy's fighting shy of trying to get a college education. A paper published in New Haven, the home of Yale College, says that the trolley roads in and about New Haven are being manned by college boys, who are finding in this sort of employment a way to earn money during the vacation. They are seeking employment as motormen and conductors, and are getting the jobs.

"There are hundreds of young men," says the paper, "who are struggling for a college education at New Haven with a determination that is simply marvelous. They room away off in the outskirts of the city, and employ every sort of a scheme to make money enough to keep them in school. Many of these boys never see home from the time they enter college until they have graduated. Others, living in some New England village, often hundreds of miles from New Haven, walk home in the spring and return by the same mode of conveyance in the fall. Yet these boys who are finding an education under such unfavorable circumstances are among the happiest students in the college. They are among the fellows who, in after life, will say of their college days, 'Those were the happiest days.'"

Brave Boys

The following is from the Sunday School Visitor:

Once at school two boys were called up after recess to give an account of themselves for fighting on the playground. One of them said the other got mad at him for accidentally hitting him with the bat, and that he called him a coward, and for that reason he was obliged to fight him.

The teacher punished both of the boys. The little talk he gave at that time made such an impression on the minds of some that they have never since forgotten it. The remembrance of what he said has enabled them, in many instances, to control their temper.

The teacher said: "Boys, the man or boy who can hear another call him a coward without getting mad or fighting is much braver than the one who resents it. It requires more courage to control one's self than to strike another. Suppose when you start home this afternoon you were to meet a mad dog in the road. Would it be braver or wiser to stand in the road and snap at the dog or to get out of the way? If a mad boy strikes you, you get mad and strike him unless you get out of his way, which is by far the better plan. Of course, the laws of God and man allow people to protect their own lives; but there is no more foolish sight in the world than two boys with their sleeves rolled up, each daring the other to hit the first lick unless it be the boy who is always looking for someone to call him a coward so he can have a fight. How would a boy look with a card pinned to his coat, and on the card this writing: 'I am a brave boy; if you call me a coward I will fight you.' Boys, if you would be men genuinely brave and courageous, learn to control yourselves."

"George Washington was no Sailor"

A Baltimore school teacher was telling one day of how often the instructor of "the young idea" is astonished by the quickness of wit exhibited by the pupil who is otherwise deficient.

One day, says this teacher, she had encountered such a degree of ignorance and mental obtuseness on the part of one of her boys that she became disheartened. So it was with considerable sarcasm that she said to the youngster:

"I wonder if you could tell me whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor."

The kid grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," was his reply.

"How do you know?" asked the weary teacher.

"Because I seen a picture of him crossin' the Delaware," explained the boy. "Any sailor'd know enough not to stand up in a boat."

Mother's Advice

Andrew Carnegie is famous for the excellent advice that he gives to poor young men.

"In considerable fear," said a New York millionaire, "I once consulted Mr. Carnegie about a new venture. The business looked as if it ought to be profitable. There seemed to be a public need of it. Still there was some risk involved, and I was afraid.

"But Mr. Carnegie laughed at my fears.

"'If it is a good thing plunge in,' he said. 'Fear is old womanish. Fear is what keeps untold millions from making fortunes. When Benjamin Franklin thought of starting a paper in Philadelphia his mother, greatly alarmed, tried to dissuade him. She pointed out that there were already two newspapers in America.'"

The Man in the Boy

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the little brook the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow today
Is tomorrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in its youth:
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in its play;
The eaglet's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's bald and gray.
The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy, is king of the world.

—Anon.



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FORMAL VISIT OF ADMIRAL EVANS AND OFFICERS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE MAYFLOWER ON THE OCCASION OF THE REVIEW OF THE GREAT AMERICAN ARMADA. READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: ADMIRALS BRONSON, DAVIS, EVANS; PRIVATE SEC'Y LOEB; PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT; SEC'Y BONAPARTE



A Scenic Railway Built by Boys

The Boys' Athletic Club has its headquarters at the corner of Cherry and Lilac street in New Britain, Conn., and the charter members, of whom there are eight, have, under the leadership of Henry Swanson and Emil Anderson, constructed a scenic railway on the grounds. They have erected a ticket office, and a sign on this structure advertises the fact that three rides may be had for a cent. The boys contemplate increasing the length of the road and raising the rates, or rather limiting the number of rides for a cent, from three to two.

In the construction of both the railway and the car, the boys have displayed considerable mechanical ability. The rails are composed of 2x3's, and cost the boys eighteen cents apiece. These rails are laid on a steep incline toward the back yard, and are fastened together by cross ties composed of short pieces of wood. At one point the railway spans a gap of fully five feet, and a number of uprights driven in the ground support the aerial structure. The railway is one hundred and twenty-three feet in length and there is a sharp curve at the foot of the incline that is capable of producing thrills.

The car, which was designed and constructed by the boys, deserves a description, as it is skillfully made. It is composed of a body about 5 feet long and 18 inches wide, and is mounted on a pair of trucks. Each of the wheels is made of two solid pieces of wood, one about four inches larger in diameter than the other. These pieces are nailed together forming a car wheel with flange, and were sawed out by the boys with a scroll saw.

The members of the club range in age from eight to sixteen, and their efforts as mechanics does them great credit. Their names are as follows: Henry and Fred Swanson, David Modeen, Howard Bruemmer, Kenneth Relyea, Conrad Lomme, Emil Anderson and Gunner Bruzevig.

The car is registered as C 23.

An Enthusiastic Post Card Collector

Ray D. Boynton, Menasha, Wisconsin, has collected over 3,000 picture postcards, which he has nicely mounted in eighteen albums. He has, also, two pillows covered with leather postcards. His postcards are from all parts of the



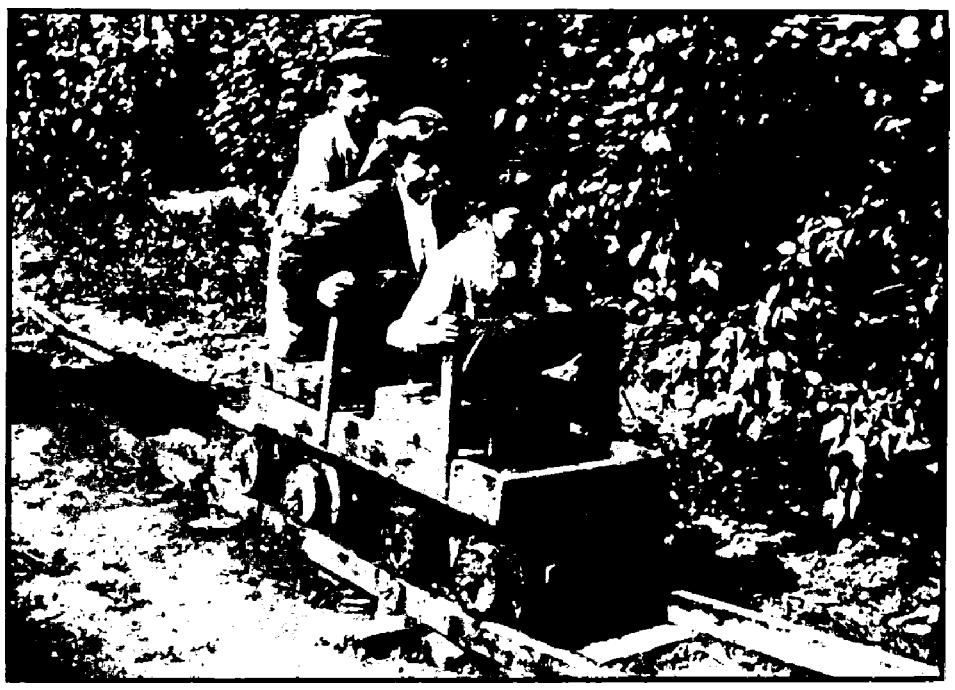
United States, as well as from many foreign countries. They are made of wood, leather, aluminum, birch bark, glassene, delft, kodak, and cardboard. The young man is especially proud of his World's Fair series, representing the years 1893, 1898, 1901, 1904 and 1905.

This Will Interest You

Sidney Kline, Chestnut, Mont., sends us the following:

"If a farmer owned a peacock and the peacock laid an egg in a neighbor's field, whom would the egg belong to?"

Answer: "Peacocks don't lay eggs."



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While whirling through wonderful country of the West, toward

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is surely worth the trouble of packing and the price of the ticket.

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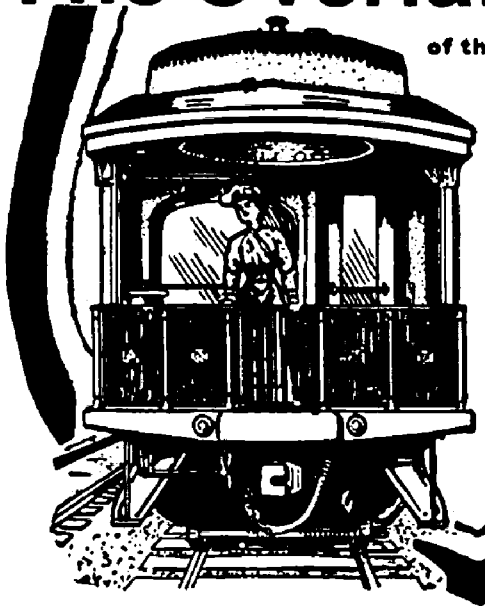

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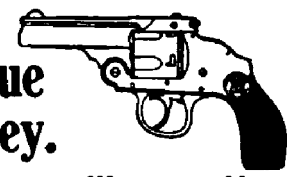

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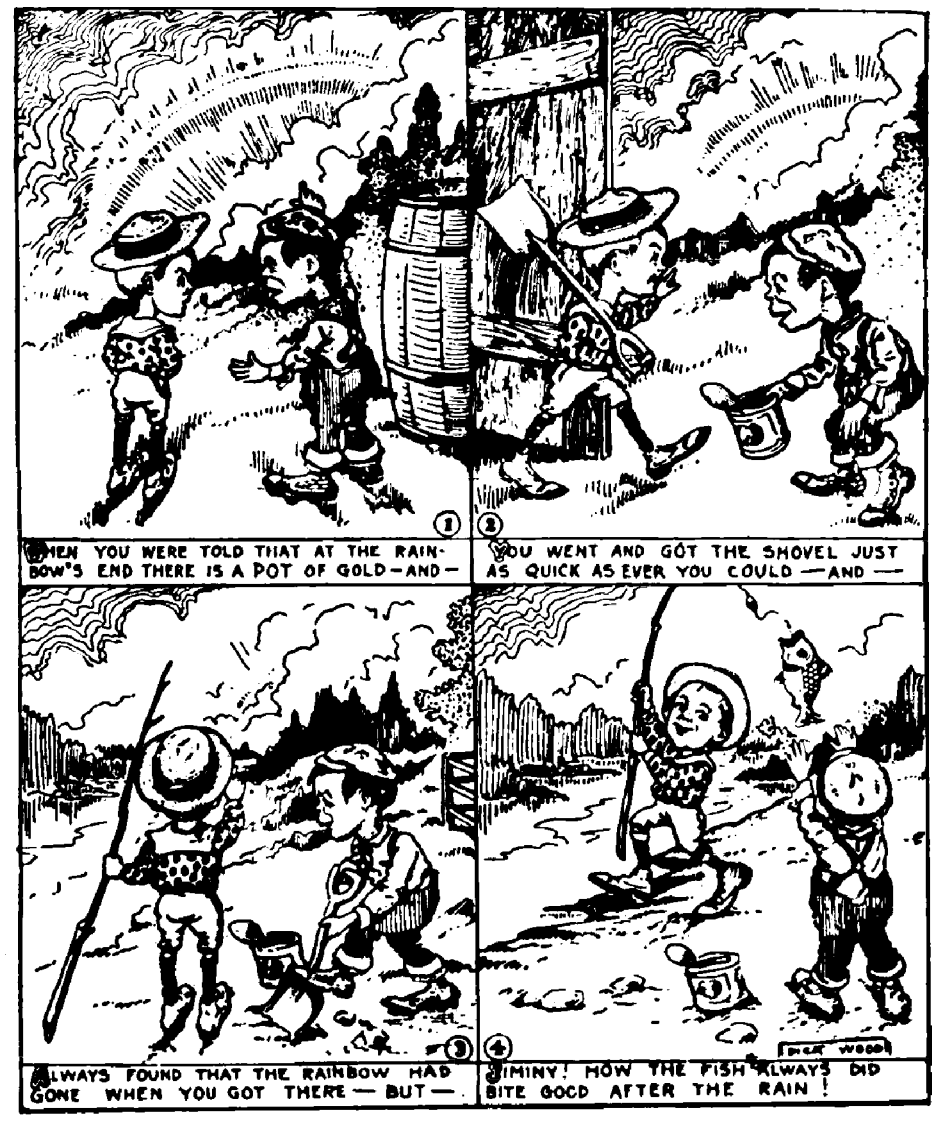
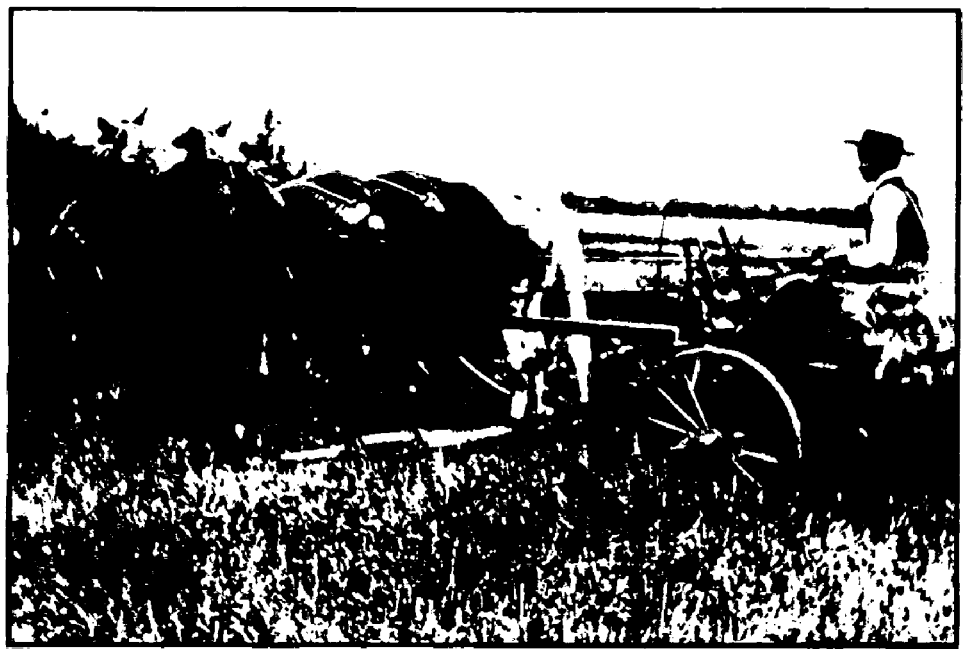
The Good Old Kid Days

They Were All Right, All Right.



A Champion Plow-Boy



HENRY SHOGER, A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD LAD WINNING THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE MEN'S CLASS, WHEATLAND (ILL.) PLOWING MATCH

The foregoing picture represents Henry Shoger, a seventeen-year-old lad plowing in the men's class at the twenty-ninth annual match of the Wheatland Plowing Match Association, of Wheatland Township, Will County, Illinois, on Saturday, September 15 last. There were three other plowers, all men, in the same class, but young Shoger carried off the first prize of $15 cash. It was said that in all the plowing of the contest, in which were fourteen horse plows, gang and walking, and one steam plow that turned ten furrows at a sweep, the boy-plower scored the highest in the matter of high-class plowing which consists of these essentials:

Low back, slightly crowning, all trash covered.
Line of furrow.
Covering trash.
Furrow showing slight ridge and even from end to end.
Appearance of ends.
Uniformity of depth.
Uniformity of width.

The Wheatland Plowing Match Association, established nearly thirty years ago, has had a wonderful influence in all parts of this country. Hundreds of young men have graduated in the art and have gone to other states where they have set up and maintained the art of good plowing, which is the most important thing in farming. The association has awarded prizes amounting in the aggregate to over $3,000 besides a large number of gold medals, silver cups, and fine plowing machines. A large proportion of the contestants have been boys, some of them under seventeen years of age.



ANOTHER YOUNG PRIZEWINNER OF THE WHEATLAND PLOWING MATCH

A Young Editor of a Real Newspaper

Probably the youngest editor of a regularly published newspaper in the world is Herschel Miller, of the Boyd County (Neb.) News. He has two worthy aims in view in thus devoting his youthful energy to the newspaper business. One is to pay off the mortgage upon his mother's home, so that she and the other five children, all younger than himself, will be comfortably settled; the other is to save enough money to go off to school for two or three years and fit himself for a more responsible place in the newspaper world.

The story of young Herschel is one to put to shame many a youth who has started out in life with every advantage. For three years he has been the mainstay of the large family, and for the last year he has been its head, bearing the responsibility and burdens on his younger shoulders with a courage and devotion and cheerfulness that never lagged.

Herschel began his newspaper career when he was seven years old. His father was the owner and editor of the Sun, and the boy would come to the office and help whenever he had the opportunity. He soon became a proficient type setter, and gradually mastered the details of the work.

Three years ago the family was deprived of the father's help. The printing plant as well as the home was heavily mortgaged. Young Herschel stuck bravely to his task, and while one after another acted as editor of the Sun, he set most of the type and looked after the details of the office.

One year ago Herschel's uncle—also a newspaper publisher and editor—came to Lynch to help the struggling boy. The uncle remained for six months, giving the boy the benefit of his own experience. Last summer he left, and young Herschel assumed full charge of the publication.

He made good from the start. Almost immediately he changed the name from the Sun to the News. His mother helped all she could. The paper was enlarged and improved in many ways. Since that time it has never missed an edition, or been late. Every week the News makes its appearance.

Young Herschel gathers the news items, sets some of the type, solicits the advertisements, attends to the business details of the publication, and writes the editorials.

The Crazy Engineer

"I have thrown the throttle open, and am tearing down God's track;
I have thrown it out to full speed, and no hand can hold me back;
'Tis my arm controls the engine, tho' another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open, and the yard lights pass and pale!

"So from siding on to junction point, now, I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right of way.
On the down grade I will thunder, and around the curve I swing,
For my hand is on the throttle, and my heart shall have its fling!"

Green lights! Red lights! He has hung his signals out!
Caution here! Danger, ho! And what's the man about!
'Tis true he rules the engine, to do as he has done,
But what about the Final Word—when he ends the run?

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block His track?
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say?

—Arthur Stringer in McClure's Magazine.

What is the Matter With Our Schools?

It has been for some time a notion of ours that our public schools do not give sufficient attention to the "three R's"—reading, writing, and arithmetic. The following statement has back of it the authority of a New England magazine and seems to present evidence that we are correct:

In Cleveland, Ohio, which certainly is a representative American city with a school system quite up to the average, only 3 teachers out of 1,312 reported satisfactory results in reading in grades 5 to 8, inclusive; writing was reported as not quite so bad. A committee selected a representative 8th grade class and gave each pupil a memorandum of purchases of common articles requiring him to make out a receipted bill. It was thought an easy task for 5th grade pupils, but these 8th grade pupils misspelled on an average over 25 per cent of the words, 33 per cent failed to use the debtor's name, only 11 per cent receipted the bill, and but 33 per cent figured the bill correctly. A similar slip was prepared for about 200 representative 5th grade pupils covering four simple rules in arithmetic and percentage. Over one-half failed in addition, and 22 in subtraction; only 22 were correct in multiplication. 86 failed in division, while over one-third failed in percentage. In a spelling contest, with 50 common words, out of 141 pupils who turned in papers, but one was perfect, while in the worst only one-quarter of the words were correct. The errors averaged 13 to a competitor. The teachers attributed this poor showing to excessive time spent in drawing and physical culture, and the undue attention paid to preparation for holiday exercises and public exhibits.

The magazine referred to, in commenting on this state of affairs, says: "It is certainly true that the average high school American boy in New England is not fitted for even ordinary clerkship positions."

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY receives thousands of letters from boys during the year. These indicate that, generally speaking, the American boy is a poor writer and poor speller, and that these subjects are being slighted in the schools.

A Bad Outlook for Thomas

A regulation of the public school administration of Baltimore requires that notice shall, from time to time, be given the parents of any pupils whose eyesight needs attention.

In one case, the teacher of a primary school, in the poorer quarter of the city, had written the father of one pupil this note:

"Dear Sir: It is my duty, under the regulations, to advise you that your son, Thomas Blank, shows unmistakable signs of astigmatism. The case should receive immediate attention."

In reply the teacher received a note from the father, in these laconic terms:

"Dear Madam:
"Lick it out of him.
"Very truly,
"CHARLES BLANK."
—Success Magazine.

"Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your schoolmaster says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-five."
"Well, I could be worse."
"I don't see how."
"It might have been a bigger class."

The winner of the prize essay, "Why I AM Proud of Florida," Robert W. Shackleford, of Tallahasse, is the son of Thomas M. Shackleford, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Florida.



School for Wireless Telegraphy at Brooklyn Navy Yard

The United States navy, being an up-to-date institution, found the wireless telegraph a very useful instrument. No admiral would now, whether in quest of an enemy or on a peaceful cruise, feel that his squadron was fully equipped if it were not supplied with this wireless means of sending and receiving messages. But this aerial messenger is a comparative stranger even in this land of marvelous progress. Few men, though they have a sort of an idea of what it means to send word by wireless, could give an intelligent explanation of what that really means. True, a number of THE AMERICAN BOY readers understand fully, for they have been told how to make the instrument, and a number of these boys have shown great ingenuity in really making their own outfits. But it must be understood that the readers of this magazine have unusual advantages and they are a very bright set.

Uncle Sam has found it expedient to establish schools in which his sailor boys may learn to operate the wireless telegraph. The picture given here shows one of these schools in session. The blackboard is covered with sketches showing how this new invention works. An instructor is explaining how the currents of electricity behave and how they are generated.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS



Tents, $1.90 up.		Old Pistols	$ .50 up.
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Hunting Knife	.80 "	Mil. Blanket, new	1.50
Army Saddles	3.00 "	Overcoat and Cape	3.00
" Bridles	1.00 "	Navy Reefers	$5.00 up
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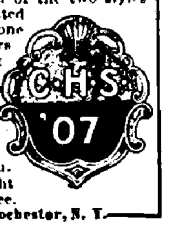

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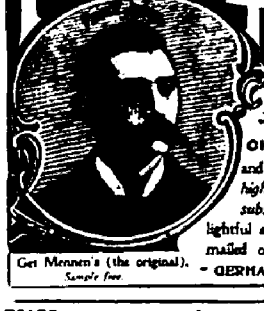

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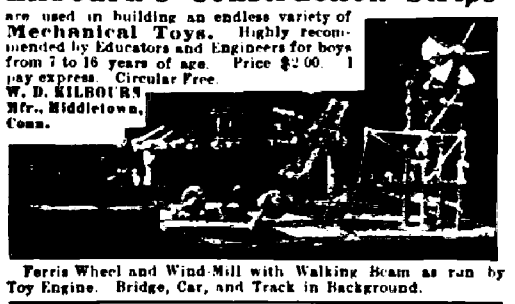

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Every boy interested in books should write for our Catalogue A.
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22 Cal. Hunting Rifle, will kill game at 100 yds. Given for selling 80 packages PERFORATED COURT PLASTER at 10c. NEW, LONG-NEEDED, EASY-SELLING. All Doctors praise it. Send *at once* for 80 to sell. Extra Present, BOOK on HUNTING.
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Our STEM-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timekeeper; of proper size, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. Watch is FREE to Boys or Girls for selling $9 Jewelry articles at 10c. each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold send $9.00 and we will positively SEND watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail; also GOLD LAID CHAIR, LADIES' or GENT'S STYLE.
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Everybody Works But Father
10c SILVER
Sympathy; The Yankee Doodle Boy; The Whole Darn Family; I've Got a Feeling For You; Can't You See I'm Lonely; Won't You Please Meet Me Around the Corner; In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree; I'm Trying so Hard to Forget You; Tuning Bird Bell; Come Me; Good-by Little Girl; I'm Wearing My Best Clothes For You. This BIG, UP-TO-DATE Illustrated SONG BOOK contains all of above and 100 more just as good, all for ONLY 10C Silver, 2 Books 25c. Don't miss this offer. You'll be delighted. Address TEEL MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

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here is a chance to earn pocket money for Christmas presents. If you can sell an article of merit used in every household, write for particulars. Your friends will become regular customers.
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Please Mention The American Boy When Writing

Adna R. Chaffee, Jr.

Among the graduates at the West Point Military Academy last June was Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., son of Gen. Chaffee, who rose from a farmer boy to the highest position in the United States army. Secretary Taft presented the



diplomas to the graduates. When he came to young Chaffee he said: "My young friend, I am going to ask your father to deliver your diploma and hope you will follow in his footsteps." Then General Chaffee presented the diploma to his son.

"I Will Not Say"

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends even on the threat of death is told by an English officer as an illustration of deeply rooted love of freedom and of the Boer war.

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily, and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farmhouse and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.'

"I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy.

"'Now,' I said, before I give the word, which way has the general gone?'

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfigured before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

No Excuse Allowed

We copy from the Christian Uplook a few paragraphs that every boy will be willing to read:

A successful business man told me there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him—namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say, "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit of the mind, which he cured."

Girls Displace "Buttons"

The charity school boy and the boy in buttons were two types of boyhood out of which Dickens contrived to get a great deal of humor. The first named has entirely disappeared, while page boys of the "Joe the Fat Boy" class are almost extinct, and the last specimens are to be found in clubs and hotels.

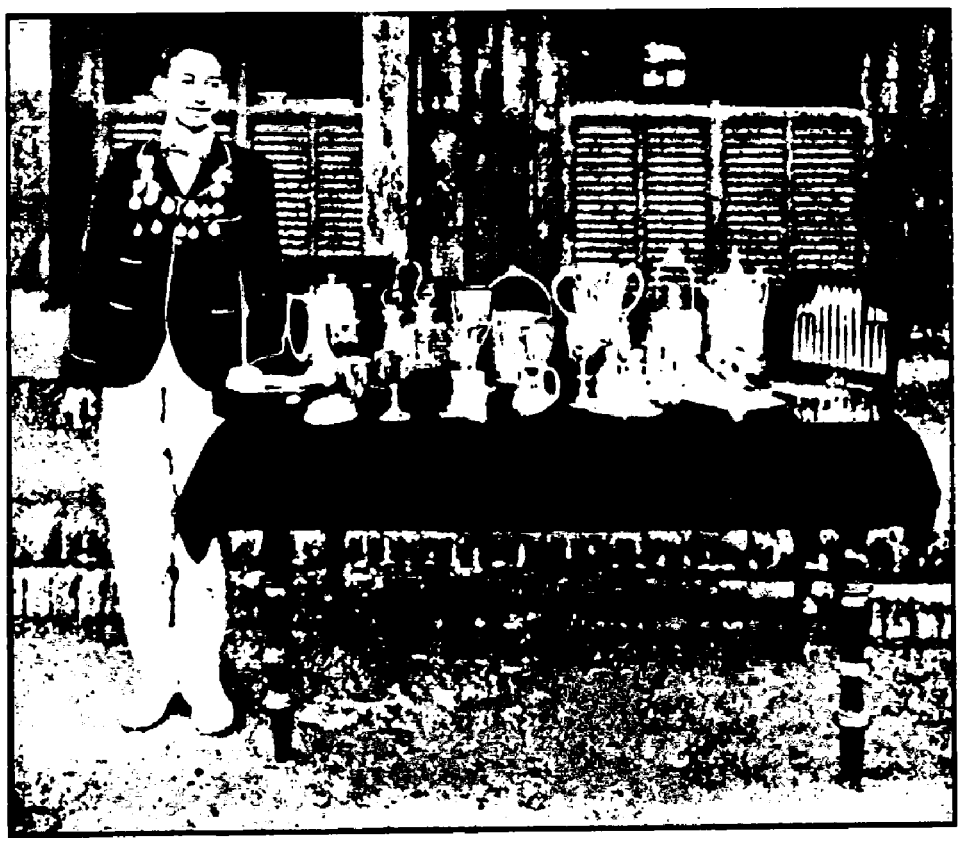
At one time the possession of a bright little boy in buttons was held to indicate that the mistress had risen above the rank of a mere suburbanite and was reaching the fringe of society, but now the parlor maid has taken his place.

Within the past nine or ten years the demand for page boys for private houses has dwindled to almost nil, except in the case of doctors, who combine in them the duties of door opener, medicine carrier, and boot cleaner.

People nowadays prefer to have a smart parlor maid to open the door and receive callers, or to employ a young foreigner of 18 or 20 years of age, who not only acts as footman, but also as window cleaner and general handy man for a trifling wage, leaving after he has learned the language.

In the West End clubs and hotels, however, there is still a demand for the services of the boy in buttons.

What has become, also, of the "tiger," the perky little being in top hat and top boots who sat with folded arms and supercilious air on the back seat of the high dogcarts driven by the young bloods of thirty years ago?—London Daily Mail.



A Champion Boy Athlete

We are sure readers will be pleased to read about the lad shown in the accompanying sketch, with the trophies he has won in the realm of athletics. He is a young Burmese student, named T. Barton. What the native cognomen is we cannot say, but it is certain that young Barton, who is a student at the Government College, Rangoon, is an athlete of more than average proficiency. As a matter of fact, he is the champion of the college, and the Indian Press speaks of him as the "phenomenal schoolboy athlete." Barton recently put up a new Indian record for the broad jump by covering 21 ft. 9 in., and last year he cleared 6 ft. 1 in. in the high jump at the college sports. The trophies shown in the picture, however, prove that he is a smart youngster, and it is not surprising to learn that the college championship medal has been his prerogative for a year or two. Barton, it is also interesting to note, is a color-sergeant of the cadet corps attached to his college.

The Youth's Companion
offers a Harvest of Good Reading for 1907



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As much reading as would fill twenty 400-page Novels or Books of Science or History or Travel ordinarily costing $1.50 each will be given to Companion subscribers in the 52 issues of the 1907 volume. There will be

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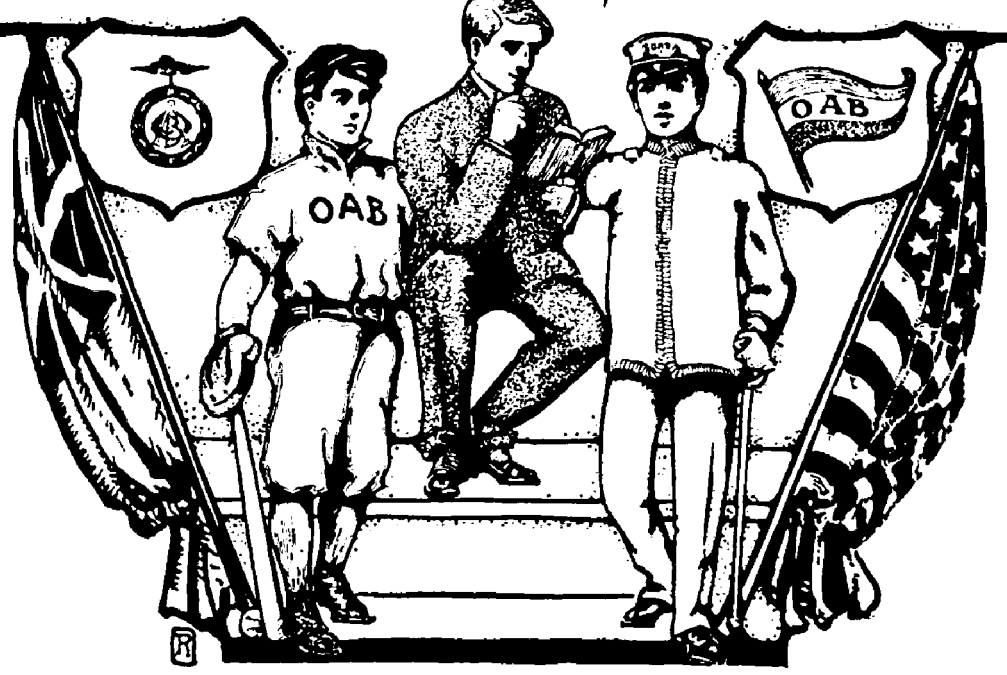
FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.



The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS

Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

Object:—*The* Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals

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

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

New Companies Organized

SPRINGLAKE CO., No. 9, Division of Mississippi, Grenada, Miss. TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS CO., No. 40, Division of Texas, Valley Mills, Tex. OLIVER P. MORTON ATHLETIC CO., No. 40, Division of Indiana, Star City, Ind. U. S. ARMY CO., No. 42, Division of Kansas, Fort Riley, Kan. WOLVERINE CO., No. 82, Division of Michigan, Chesaning, Mich. OLD GLORY CO., No. 16, Division of New Jersey, E. Rutherford, N. J. LAKE ERIE CO., No. 92, Division of Ohio, Ashtabula, Ohio. GEN. WILDER CO., No. 41, Division of Indiana, Frankfort, Ind. NORTH WESTERN CO., No. 28, Division of Missouri, Maryville, Mo. JEFFERSON DAVIS CO., No. 10, Division of Mississippi, Jackson, Miss. WADE HAMPTON CO., No. 4, Division of South Carolina, Gaffney, S. C. ASHVILLE ATHLETIC CO., No. 59, Division of New York, Ashville, N. Y.

Company News

TIGER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 17, Rochester, Wash., is a company that is in a very prosperous condition. It has $75.50 in the treasury and intends to begin building a club house; it will later organize a brass band. UNIVERSITY CITY COMPANY, No. 39, Bloomington, Ind., recently voted in two new members. It also has its charter framed and possesses an O. A. B. pennant and gym outfit. Two of the members are starting a newspaper which will be the organ of the company to give out news concerning its doings. The secretary informs us also that several boys will be taken into the company soon. The members have donated thirty books to the library. TEXAS LONE STAR COMPANY, No. 37, Goldthwaite, Texas, is getting along nicely. It has recently had its charter framed and purchased a carpet for its club room. It has also $2.75 in the treasury. MINNESOTA SKIRMISHERS COMPANY, No. 22, St. Paul, Minn. The secretary writes that during the summer months its members were away on vacation and no meetings were held, but they have started up again for the fall and winter months. They drill every Tuesday and Thursday. It has recently procured a nice American flag which is used during their drills. Officers were recently elected as follows: Paul A. Froehlich, Capt.; N. M. N. Minnes, V. C.; John B. Kagerer, Treas.; Frank E. Mitchell, Libn. It has a military company of thirty-three boys, with a captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants, one color sergeant, seven corporals and a drummer. THE RISING SUN COMPANY, No. 59, Brooklyn, Pa., sends us its report for the six months ending July 31. It has twenty-four members with an average attendance at its meetings of seventeen. It has a library of seventy books and magazines, which is greatly taken advantage of by the members. It has also a well-furnished club room in which meetings are held weekly; it has also $21.25 in the treasury. The present officers are: Myron Tiffany, Capt.; Boyd S. Austin, V. C. and Sec'y; Shirley Stephens, Ass't Sec'y; Myron Craver, Treas.; Charlie Doran, Libn.; Mr. W. A. Stephens, C. C. The secretary will send us a picture of the company in the near future. SPARKS ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 5, Sparks, Ga., recently elected the following officers: Geo. P. Padrick, Capt.; Archie Williams, V. C.; Lindsay Lovett, Sec'y; Wilmer Shaw, Treas.; Frank Simons, Libn. This company expects to organize a military company in the near future, and perhaps some of the other companies who have organized can help them to find out how they may best be able to obtain uniforms and military equipment. MATTABASSETT MILITARY COMPANY, No. 15, Middletown, Conn., elected the following officers on August 31: Eric Ahlberg, Capt.; Herbert Johnson and Arthur Ganberg, Lieuts. It has $3.20 in the treasury being the proceeds in part of a pillow raffle which the members held. It has eight members and dues are twenty cents a month. Its club room is nearly finished, and the members expect to have a very prosperous company. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill., gave an all-day picnic August 21, at Fairview and Dreamland parks, to which they invited their friends. The party had a fine time playing baseball, boating, swimming, and other games. The company counsel writes us that he completed his second year's connection with this company September 18. COSMOPOLITAN COMPANY, No. 63, Decatur, Ill., has started in with good prospects and will send for an O. A. B. pennant. The members of this company also held a picnic at Fairview Park and had a most enjoyable time. This picnic marked the close of school vacation. COL. MORGAN COMPANY, No. 14, Fort Morgan, Colo., elected at its last meeting in August: Joseph Hosmer, Capt.; O. M. Simpson, Lieut.; Ralph Crawford, Sec'y; Milton Kimball, Treas.; Earl Ross, S. A. The captain writes us that during the summer months the members were away so much from home that no meetings were held, but now that school is commenced all seem to be expecting, not only a good attendance at its meetings, but increased interest in the work of the company. DELTA MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 17, Delta, Colo., has been getting along very nicely, but hopes to do still better now that school vacation is over and the boys have settled down to their studies. The captain promises a picture very soon. As we mentioned in last month's Company News no August Company Letter was sent out because it was vacation month, and we considered that the boys generally would not be attending meetings. THE SAM HOUSTON COMPANY, No. 38, Oakdale, Texas, reports that it is getting along in good shape. It has its charter framed and possesses a fine American flag. The treasury is rich to the extent of $1.35. Its meetings are taken up with debates, essays, and talks by different members of the company. The captain expects to report several new members in the company very soon. WINDING RIVER COMPANY, No. 63, Monessen, Pa., reports that it is in a flourishing condition, and expected to move into its new, handsomely decorated club rooms October 15. New members are expected to be added to the company at its next meeting. The captain writes that he thinks the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY "is the best yet." THE TREZEVANT ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 6, Trezevant, Tenn., had a splendid meeting on the evening of September 6, when a debate was held on the question "Whether Washington or Columbus was the greater man." The decision was in favor of Washington. We are sorry to learn that the captain recently sustained a very severe injury from a hard ball accidentally thrown by one of his companions, but as he writes the report, we imagine he has recovered from his injury. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 17th regular report. The energetic secretary says that the company has very bright prospects for the coming season, and all the present members are going to do their best to bring new members into the company. Their war cry is, "One hundred members by 1907." A yacht club has been organized which has been enthusiastically taken up by many of the members. Very pleasant vacations were spent by all the boys, and some of them have started in their school term with the determination to win a Legion of Honor badge. The officers elected in June are: Freeman H. Smith, Capt.; Leslie H. G. Groser, V. C.; Granville D. Williams, Rec. Sec'y; Harold B. Pratt, Corres. Sec'y; Russell G. Bruce, Treas.; Amos Pascual, Libn.; Robert D. Vanderbilt, S. A. During the winter months the various societies of the company expect to hold many interesting as well as profitable entertainments. TAMPA COMPANY, No. 7, Tampa, Fla., at a recent meeting, discussed the question of having a national emblem for the Order, and writes for our opinion of the matter. We would like to hear what the other companies think about this. We may state that we are very well satisfied with the present badge of the Order. This company seems to be in first class shape. CHEROKEE COMPANY, No. 7, Chattanooga, Tenn., had a balance in the treasury for September of $6.20. The total membership is eleven; monthly dues have been reduced to twenty-five cents. U. S. ARMY COMPANY, No. 42, Ft. Riley, Kans., has the following officers: Arthur Jones, Capt.; Arthur Snow, Sec'y; Harry Ogilvie, Libn. It has nine members and expects to do some good work during the fall and winter months. The captain writes that he will send us a picture soon. WOLVERINE COMPANY, No. 82, Chesaning, Mich., recently elected the following officers: Chas. Walser, Capt.; Dale Parshall, Sec'y; Harley Peet, Treas. A picture of the company will be sent headquarters in the near future. It starts the winter months with nine members with the expectation of having more to report at no distant date. OLYMPIA COMPANY, No. 23, Emporia, Kans., is in first class shape. An election of officers recently resulted as follows: Dono Peters, Capt.; David Bailey, V. C.; Otto Mulvaney, Sec'y; Harry Martin, Treas.; Colvin Lambert, S. A. After the business meeting was over a plentiful supply of watermelon was served to the boys. The company has organized a football team which, it is expected, will give a good account of itself. Dues have been placed at ten cents a month.



BASEBALL TEAM OF THE TIGER ATHLETIC CO., NO. 17, O. A. B., ROCHESTER, WASH.

This team has won four out of five games. The day this picture was taken the team beat its competitors with a score of 10 to 3. One of the boys of the club was hurt during the game, and his face is not in the picture. Reading from left to right, top row: Guy Neeley, Clyde Paton, Frank Tripp, Leo Beebe; middle row: Chester Salmi, Lyle Null; bottom: Elmer Salmi.

Boys Who Have Won Without Pull

By DENNIS J. HERN

To one who for more than twenty years was associated in a supervisory relation with thousands of boys who subsequently won success with nothing but push, the question whether pull, or influence, is necessary to success, must seem a little odd.

There is probably no branch of youthful service in the country that can compare with that of the telegraph messenger service in providing information as to the ability of boys who have to rise without pull.

A good messenger boy, of course, must be a bright boy, must have some measure of common sense, must be alert and active, honest and obliging. These are qualities that usually make for success in any boy, but sometimes we hear of persons claiming to possess these qualities who have not succeeded and who attribute their failure to lack of pull or influence.

I suppose that no boy has less pull than a messenger boy. He is hired on his appearance and such recommendations as any honest, enterprising boy may obtain. No pull will keep in employment a boy who lacks the qualities that a good messenger boy ought to have.

And yet it may truthfully be said that of the thousands and thousands of messenger boys who have graduated from the service here in Boston in the last 25 years, the vast majority of them entered into gainful occupation which has enabled them to become worthy and self-supporting citizens, and a very large proportion of them have already carved for themselves careers which would mark them as picked men in any community.

These were practically all boys without any pull whatever except such as their own good qualities enabled them to exercise. The fact that they were able to leave the messenger service and enter upon promising careers elsewhere was due to their own proved capacity which attracted the attention of their watchful elders always on the lookout for desirable employes.

The stores and offices, the great banking and commercial houses are filled today with young men, and men more mature, embarked safely on successful careers who first went to work as messenger boys, and by push alone—and not by any kind of pull that counted for anything—have won their way.

I think this answer to your question bears on the matter of the relative importance of push and pull in the struggle of life.—Boston Globe.

Says The American Boy is Inspiring

The following from a gentleman connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Renovo, Pennsylvania, under date of August 30th, may not be uninteresting reading to friends of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Mr. W. C. Sprague,
Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—I have just received my September number of THE AMERICAN BOY and think it is one of the best numbers published. I would like to see it sent to every boy in America, it would inspire them to such an extent that there would be more honest and fair dealing men in the future.

This country today is just awakening from a long sleep of dishonesty and graft, it now needs men of honesty and integrity to place this country in what you could call "the land of the free." President Roosevelt is a shining example for the American boy of today, and a boy will do well if he can follow his footsteps in the right as he sees the right. I am holding a responsible position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at this place and owe the greater part of my success and ambition to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. BERRY.

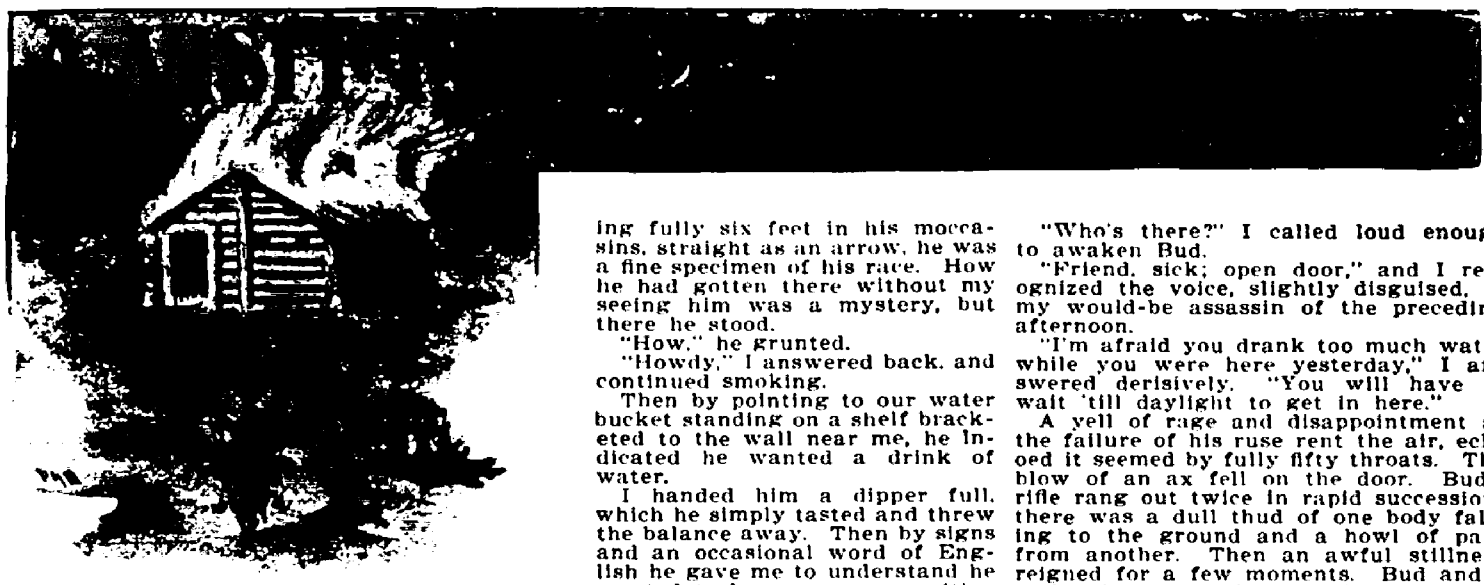
"Moseses Birfday"

A prominent Southern statesman says that last summer he was making a horseback trip through the northern part of Alabama when he came upon a negro cabin, the sounds issuing from which gave evidence of an extraordinary commotion within. Shouts and yells of terror succeeded each other so rapidly that the traveler hastened to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

As the rider drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cartwheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway. In answer to the traveler's inquiries the darky vouchsafed the following explanation of the mystery:

"Yo' see, Sah, dis is Moseses birfday," indicating the pickaninny whose joyful antics have been referred to. "Now I'se powerful hard up jes' at present, an' ain't got no money to celebrate. An' it jes' bruk me all up to see de res' habin' jes' as much fun on Moseses birfday as Moses was habin' hisself. Times bein' hard, de only thing I could see was to give all de res' a lickin', an' dat kinder raises Moses up over de others."—N. Y. Times.

The publishers of The American Boy are giving special prizes of good books, pennants, and pictures, in addition to their regular handsome premiums, to companies that show the largest increase in membership each three months.



"WELL, BUD, what is the news over at the post?" I asked.

Bud, whose manner had been preoccupied, since his return late in the afternoon, stirred up the oven fire before which he was broiling some venison, and with an effort answered—

"Old Crazy Horse has broken out again," and relapsed into his study.

I now understood Bud's silence. Usually upon his return from a visit to the trading post he readily told all he had seen and heard without having to be questioned. To-day, however, he had been replying in monosyllables and my curiosity kept getting the better of me. The ride from the trading post was a long and tiresome one to be sure—fully fifty miles—but to a horseman of the plains from sunrise to sunset in the saddle did not tire him so he could not talk.

I had been two whole days alone while Bud rode over to Cheyenne to purchase a supply of ammunition and sufficient groceries to last us through the coming winter. To the one who stayed at home the other's return from this slight contact with the outside world was an event to be looked forward to.

"And the government?" I asked.

"Well, there are a few troops at Laramie and more are coming. But when they'll get there is another question. The outbreak's spreading—Sitting Bull and all the other big chiefs of the Sioux and Cheyennes have left their reservations and gone on the warpath. The government's got its hands full this time, I reckon. The telegraph line to Laramie has been cut and the agent at the post could not give me much information, but advised us to pull out of here 'till it's all over. I don't want to lose my scalp, Jim, but I ain't never been much at runnin'," and Bud, having finally made a clean breast of his mind's burden, looked his inquiry of my opinion.

It was then the early fall of 1876. Since the spring of the year Bud Hardman and I had been busy locating and establishing a ranch in the Tongue River region of Wyoming. Prospecting for gold for three or four years had not proven very profitable and we had concluded we would try cattle raising at the first opportunity. The sale of our last "strike" had placed in our hands sufficient money to make the venture, and after taking a look around the Tongue River region seemed the best suited to our requirements.

There we found an abundance of fine grass for grazing, plenty of fresh water and considerable timber fringing the streams, affording both fuel and building material.

After considerable hard work we had erected a cabin having double walls between which we packed sod and long grass. This was done to make the walls as impervious to the penetrating winds of the severe winters as it was possible for us to do. By the time we had our cabin completed the season was too far advanced to think of buying stock before spring. So we started in to while away the time intervening before cold weather, in hunting, fishing, and in taking a thorough survey of our surroundings.

While we were far from the scene of the outbreak, we knew it was the unprotected and isolated places that were most liable to receive the Indians' visits. We talked the matter over and decided we would risk staying where we were. Then we planned and studied ways and means of defense.

Bud had taken the precaution to bring from the trading post an extra supply of ammunition and with our two Winchesters and revolvers we felt able, if necessity demanded, to give a good account of ourselves.

In the daytime no one could approach our cabin closer than two hundred yards without being seen—so we thought; but when darkness settled down it was a different matter, and we very well knew that an Indian on the warpath preferred to call when the hour was darkest.

The next few days we were busy arranging our cabin for defense. We cut loopholes so as to command all approaches. We built a double door to slip into place in case of necessity. Then we removed the dried grass from around the cabin for quite a distance to guard against fire.

A couple of weeks went by and, having seen no sign of Indians, we commenced to think that all our fears had been needless. Fortunately we never relaxed our vigilance. When riding up or down the valleys or out on the plains we kept our eyes open for signs of the red men. We would occasionally climb up on the mountain side and scan the plains for great distances, but we never saw anything beyond a few buffaloes grazing.

One Sunday afternoon I was sitting just outside the doorway of the cabin enjoying an after dinner pipe and thinking of the folks back home, when there seemingly arose right up out of the ground at my feet the form of a Cheyenne buck Indian. He had on an old blue flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers of Indian manufacture, having a fringe of beads down the outer seam. Standing fully six feet in his moccasins, straight as an arrow, he was a fine specimen of his race. How he had gotten there without my seeing him was a mystery, but there he stood.

"How," he grunted.

"Howdy," I answered back, and continued smoking.

Then by pointing to our water bucket standing on a shelf bracketed to the wall near me, he indicated he wanted a drink of water.

I handed him a dipper full, which he simply tasted and threw the balance away. Then by signs and an occasional word of English he gave me to understand he wanted to buy some ammunition I told him we had nothing to sell, but that if he would sit down I would give him a pipe of tobacco.

Meanwhile he kept trying to peer into the darkness of the interior of our cabin, Bud had not shown himself nor had I heard him move about. I thought he was asleep as that was his announced object after dinner.

The Cheyenne suspected I was not alone and this fact he wanted to determine. Instead of sitting down and smoking the proffered pipe he started to enter the door. Although I was unarmed I stepped before him to bar his entrance. Quick as a flash he whipped out from under his belt a large hunting knife and the next moment I would have been dead had not the cold barrel of Bud's Winchester been shoved past my ear full in the face of my enemy.

"Drop it," was Bud's command, and with a look of baffled rage the Indian sullenly let the knife fall at my feet.

"Now, git," and the Cheyenne needed no second invitation.

We knew instinctively that our visitor was but a spy sent to find out all about us, and that as soon as he reported back to the chief of his tribe something would happen—possibly before morning.

We got in a supply of fresh water and did everything we could to make ready for a siege.

We stowed all our bedding, saddles, and supplies of every kind in a small cave we had dug in the back end of our cabin.

This cave was shaped like a small house, only the entrance was down the chimney instead of through a doorway. The sides of the cave, and the roof, which ran to an apex in order to lessen detection by sounding, were lined with timber to hold the dirt in place. The chimney, which was not larger than a barrel head, was fitted with planks shaped to fit the hole, and covered with about six inches of dirt, tamped so that when fitted in place it looked not unlike the floor of the cabin.

Ventilation was provided by two long hollow poles placed at either end of the cave and running to the surface of the ground outside the cabin in such a way that their presence could not be readily detected.

We had no intention of using this cave ourselves only as a place of last resort, but we had prepared it as well as we could for all contingencies.

We took turns about standing watch that night. About four o'clock the next morning I was aroused from a light doze by a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" I called loud enough to awaken Bud.

"Friend, sick; open door," and I recognized the voice, slightly disguised, of my would-be assassin of the preceding afternoon.

"I'm afraid you drank too much water while you were here yesterday," I answered derisively. "You will have to wait 'till daylight to get in here."

A yell of rage and disappointment at the failure of his ruse rent the air, echoed it seemed by fully fifty throats. The blow of an ax fell on the door. Bud's rifle rang out twice in rapid succession; there was a dull thud of one body falling to the ground and a howl of pain from another. Then an awful stillness reigned for a few moments. Bud and I took advantage of it to slip our extra door into place and then took up our stations on either side of the room to wait developments.

We were not kept in suspense long. A rush was made and something hard hit the door. They were trying this time to crush it in with a log.

Bud's rifle poured out a stream of lead and cries of pain told the result. This method of attack was proving too costly and the door was let alone.

Then my turn came. I heard a stealthy climb on to the roof of the pony shed built at the rear of the cabin. I fired and by the light of the flash I saw my victim, and fired again. A heavy fall and an agonizing groan marked another enemy gone.

Daylight began to break and the Cheyennes withdrew out of rifle shot to hold a council of war. We had not proven to be the easy prey they had expected to find.

The day passed in desultory firing on both sides. We had to be constantly on the alert for sudden attack and the strain was great.

Some of the bucks eager to gain renown in their tribe, took daring risks. For their temerity a number of them paid a severe penalty. Both of us were good shots and no Indian could so cleverly disguise himself in his efforts to get near our cabin but what Bud's lynx eyes would detect him, then a bullet from his unerring rifle would reach its mark.

I saw him break the arm of an Indian at three hundred yards. Nothing but that portion of the Indian's body was visible from behind a small tree. It was difficult for me to even distinguish the outlines of the brown bare arm hanging motionless by his side.

When Bud fired the Indian scampered for better cover, his right arm hanging limp.

Things looked blue for us, but the grim determination to sell ourselves as dearly as possible nerved us to fight it out to the bitter end. As dusk approached we could discern the enemy gathering quantities of dead limbs and dried grass. We knew what that meant. Closer and closer they drew the cordon around us.

When darkness was complete the attack commenced in earnest on all sides. Bud took up his accustomed stand beside the door. As each load of wood was dropped we fired in the direction of the sound. Sometimes we were successful, but more often we were not.

(*Continued on page 17.*)



"DROP IT," WAS BUD'S COMMAND

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A FEW OF THE DELEGATES ATTENDING THE INTERSTATE AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION HELD AT BOSTON SEPTEMBER 3D LAST

AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT

Edited by W. R. MURPHY

[The editor will send copies of typical amateur papers to boys interested in the hobby, providing a stamped addressed wrapper is sent.]

Some Conventions

As "Ye Olde Farmer's Almanac" might phrase it, had the maker ever heard of Amateur Journalism, "about this time look out for conventions." That of the N. A. P. A., which was noticed in our last number, having become a matter of the past, so far as the year 1906 is concerned, the other associations compete to complete the cycle. First came that of the United Amateur Press Association, which was held in Philadelphia, July 5 and 6, being the dates. Odd Fellows hall held an interested group of young people. The convention was called to order by J. Ray Spink, chairman of the reception committee. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. E. B. Swift, of New York City; vice-president, Vincent Haggerty; secretary, H. L. Lindquest, of Chicago; treasurer, L. B. Chase, of Chicago; official editor, E. F. Daas. There have, since the convention, been one or two changes in the official board, Paul H. Appleby, of Sedalia, Mo., having become official editor, while others of the official board are historian, W. J. Clemence, Nooseneck Hill, R. I.; Eastern Mss. manager, Bertram Adler, of New York City; Western Mss. manager, A. F. Lockhart, Milbank, S. D.; laureate recorder, Mrs. Flora S. Emory, Woodlawn, Md.; activity recorder, Paul H. Appleby, and directors, A. H. Hutchinson, San Francisco, Cal.; F. D. Murphy, Brantford, Ont., and Geo. J. Boutain, Brooklyn. Laureate winners for work done the past year were Flora Stewart Emory, essay laureateship; honorable mention, John W. Smith; Lloyd B Smith for stories, honorable mention for Ralph C. Purser; Minnie E. Henderson for poems, honorable mention for Margaret Minaker; Paul H. Appleby for editorials, honorable mention for Harry Lindquest. An enjoyable banquet closed the two-day session of this convention. Chicago is the next meeting place.

On July 9th, 10th and 11th the United Amateur Press Association of America held its convention at the St. Charles Hotel in Milwaukee, Wis. The election resulted as follows: President, William C. Ahlhauser; first vice-president, Vincent Haggerty; second vice-president, Ada Parkhurst; secretary, R. G. Ballard; treasurer, Richard R. Kevern; official editor, Louis J. Brechler; historian, A. M. Hamilton; laureate recorder, Vincent Dailey; Eastern Mss. manager, Sophia Baer; Western Mss. manager, A. J. Lockhart; directors, J. F. Roy Erford, Ed. F. Daas, H. Pickerell. Seattle, Wash., was selected as the next convention seat. Miss A. M. Thomas, who has lately become Mrs. C. F. Bretholl, won the story laureateship, and Mrs. Flora S. Emory that for essays. Besides the banquet there were many social features. A visit was made to the home of F. F. Heath, an ex-president of the N. A. P. A., and on the evening of the 9th a performance was given of the fourth act of a drama, "In Love's Captivity," written by Arthur J. Ebert, one of the Milwaukee amateurs.

On July 8th at the Western Amateur Press Association convention, held in the St. Charles Hotel, Milwaukee, C. A. McCormick was made president; E. F. Daas, vice-president; Miss Maisie McLaughlin, corresponding secretary; H. G. Wehking, recording secretary; J. Roy Erford, treasurer; J. Irene Maloney, official editor, and William C. Ahlhauser, L. B. Chase and P. J. Campbell, executive judges.

The fourth annual convention of the Interstate Amateur Press Association was held at the American House, Boston, Labor Day, with a thoroughly representative attendance. It was called to order by the president, Dr. E. B. Swift, of New York City, and these officers were elected: President, Mrs. Edith Miniter, of Boston; vice-president, W. R. Moscow, of Newburgh, N. Y.; secretary, Mrs. Laurie A. Sawyer, of Boston; treasurer, J. Ray Spink, of Philadelphia; and official editor, A. M. Adams, of New York City. The next convention is to be held in Philadelphia. The election of a women to the presidency of an association national in its scope is something of an experiment, this being its first trial, and Mrs. Miniter herself attempted to decline the honor, desiring to see the chief executiveship go to Paul J. Campbell, of Illinois, but despite her objections was elected during her temporary absence from the hotel. Mr. Campbell won the editorial laureateship, honorable mention going to Dr. E. B. Swift for his Weekly Amateur. Mr. W. R. Murphy is the poet laureate, Mrs. Alice Heins having honorable mention. The social features of this convention included a sight-seeing trip about historic Boston, John Leary Peltret, an ex-president, acting as guide. Sunday evening Mrs. Edith Miniter entertained the delegates and visiting amateurs at her home. The banquet, on the evening of the 3d, was held at Mieusset's French restaurant, Dr. E. B. Swift being toastmaster. Mr. N. G. Morton, president of the Hub Amateur Journalists' Club (the local club of Boston), delivered an address of welcome, incidentally presenting a slight token of esteem to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. A. Parker, Mr. Parker being the retiring secretary and Mrs. Parker the "convention bride." W. R. Murphy, an ex-president, spoke for "Interstate Work," James F. Morton, Jr., for "Its Ideals," and Charles W. Heins for "Its Reality." Mrs. Miniter had something to say for the "Literary Politician," and Mr. E. H. Cole responded for "Our Visitors." Miss Eleanor Keating, of New York, making graceful acknowledgment on behalf of "Our Hosts." Mrs. L. A. Sawyer gave "A Voice from New York" in her famous "Mrs. Dooley manner," J. Ray Spink struck a new vein with the hackneyed "The Ladies," and Mrs. Jennie E. T. Dowe noticed "The Men." Ex-President J. L. Peltret was also called on, and Master Jacob Golden said "Good Night." It was notable that at this convention were present all four presidents of the four associations of national scope, and President Swift of the United, President Ahlhauser of the United of America, President Murphy of the National, and President Mrs. Miniter of the Interstate, were photographed in the act of giving what might be called a "quartette handshake," illustrating the harmony now existing in all amateur organizations, and among their principal representatives. The activity report, which is a feature of each Interstate convention, showed a gratifying advance on even the splendid record of last year.

The master had been engaged in telling his pupils about the three kingdoms of Nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When he had finished he asked:

"Now, who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

A little lad in the front seat raised his hand.

"The highest form of animal life is a giraffe."

The Boscobel Star

WILLIAM ALBERT FITZGERALD, Publisher.

VOL. 1. NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL-MAY, 1906. NOS. 4 AND 5.



Vacation next.

This is the last twinkle this term.

Boys don't appreciate invitations to piano recitals. Hand-organ music is good enough for them.

Bill Ogden and Willie Lincoln have decided not to be prize-fighters. Bill wants to be a preacher, and Willie thinks he would like to be a lion-tamer.

Before the next STAR is printed this term of school will be over and the Boscobel family scattered far and wide. All the "irrepressibles" expect to return next September.

The publisher enjoyed a visit from Miss Emma Chambers, of the kindergarten, last week. You may be sure that he didn't give her a chance to talk to his mother privately. It won't do for a teacher to tell all she knows about a boy.

Since the last issue of the STAR post cards have been received from Mrs. S. M. Godbey, literary editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate; Miss Carrie Kennedy, Nashville, Miss Pauline Eberhart, New York, Harold Shallcross and Colbert B. Wynne, Birmingham, Ala.

The "irrepressibles" were treated to a picnic in the country on the 18th of May. Miss Emma Chambers and Miss Nellie Few went with us to keep order and see that we didn't get into trouble. We all had a nice time except Bill Ogden, who fell in a ditch and had to be fished out. It hurt his feelings and spoiled his clothes.

The picture in this issue was taken especially for the STAR, and looks just like the publisher in his every-day clothes. His mother don't like it because his hair isn't combed back; grandma says it is not pretty enough. Uncle Baley thinks it's "bum;" Aunt Bertie pronounces it "rowdy;" grandpa says it looks like he did in 1848 and father says it's all right. A boy can't please everybody when he has a picture taken. This picture was made for publication, not for comment. If you don't like it, say nothing.

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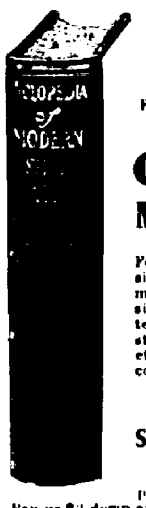

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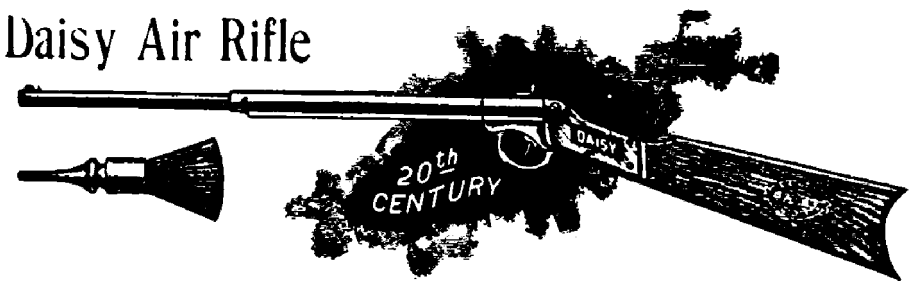
433

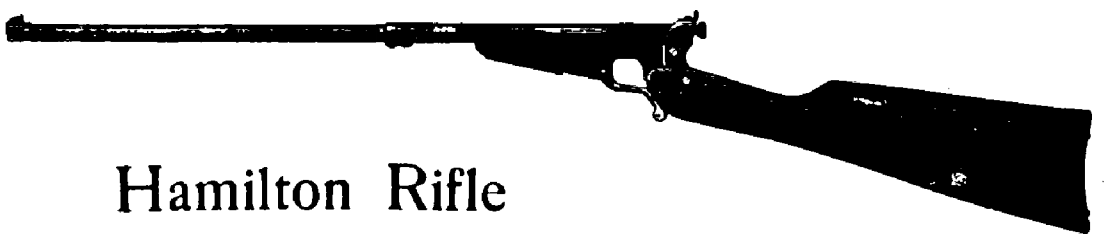
Daisy Air Rifle



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.

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.

434



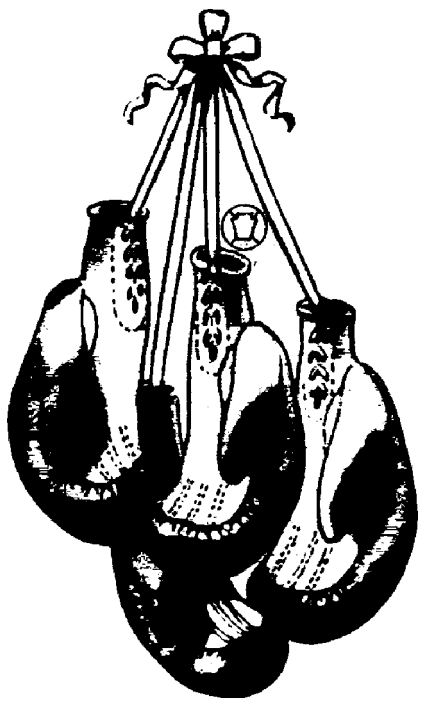
Hamilton Rifle

The Hamilton rifle is a perfect firearm, absolutely accurate, strong and durable, and weighs only two pounds. Take down, and length over all 22½ 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.

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.

435

Reach Men's Boxing Gloves

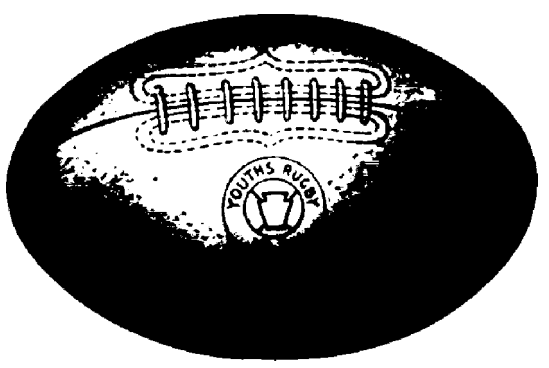


Made of Olive Tan Leather, Brown Tan Palms, well stuffed with hair. Elastic Wrist. Palm Grip. Four gloves to full set.

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 $1.40 postpaid.

436

Youth's Rugby Football

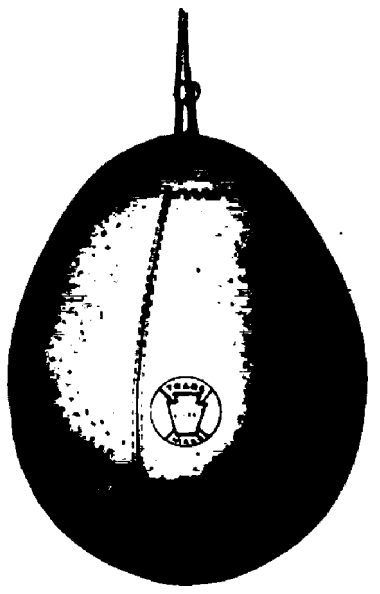


Made of fine Pebble Leather, Canvas Lined, and warranted to hold their shape. Complete with bladder. Regulation size.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price $1.00 postpaid.

437

Reach Swinging Bag



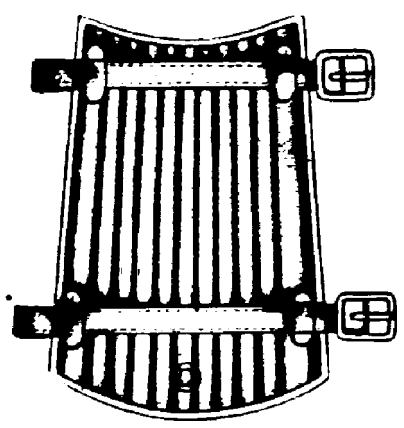
Made of Olive Tan Leather, Red Tan Top. Complete with bladder, etc.

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.

438

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.

439

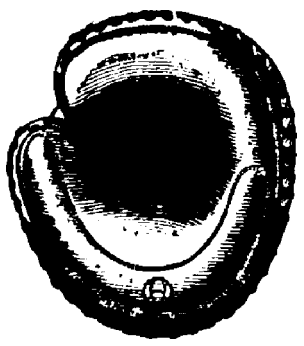


REACH PROFESSIONAL BALL.

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 subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price 85c, postpaid.

440

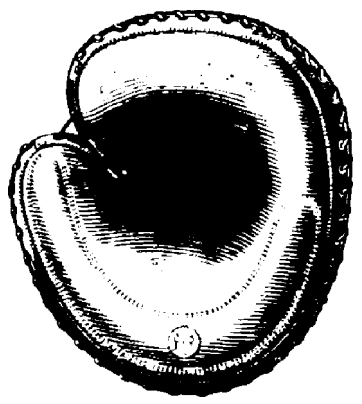


REACH LACED YOUTHS' CATCHER'S MITT.

Is made of fine Buck Dressed Drab Leather, Patent Hump, Patent Laced Thumb, and Patent Deep Pocket.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

441

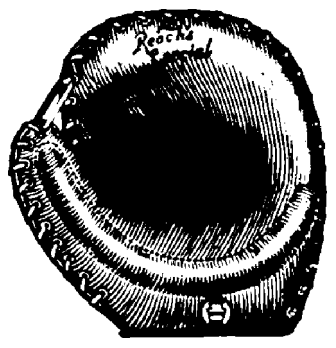


REACH LACED CATCHER'S MITT.

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 wrist. Something extra fine.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions, or for only 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price $1.25, postpaid.

442



REACH LACED FIRST BASEMAN'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.

443



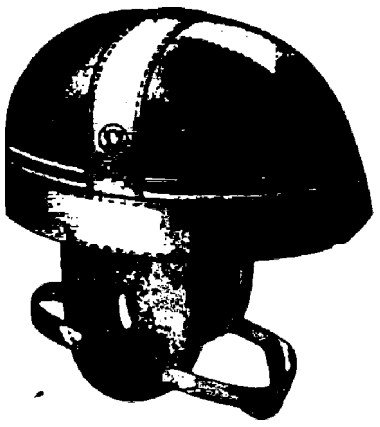
REACH BOYS' FIELDER'S GLOVE.

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 postpaid.

444

Leather Head Helmet

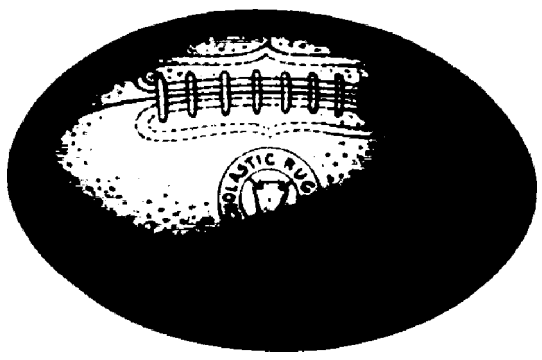


Made in the Helmet Style, Brown Tan Leather, well Padded with Felt and Thoroughly Ventilated. Best Helmet on the market at the price.

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 $1.35, postpaid.

445

The Reach Amateur Rugby Football

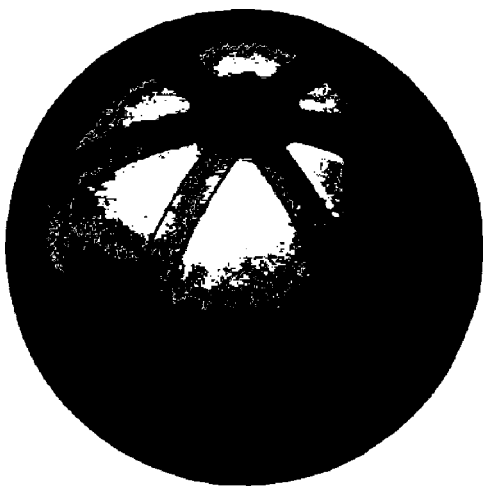


Regulation size. Made of the finest Pebble Grain Leather, Canvas Lined, and guaranteed to hold their shape. Complete with bladder.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 4 new yearly subscriptions; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and 35c; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 70c; or 1 new yearly subscription and $1.00. Price $1.75, postpaid.

446

Association Football

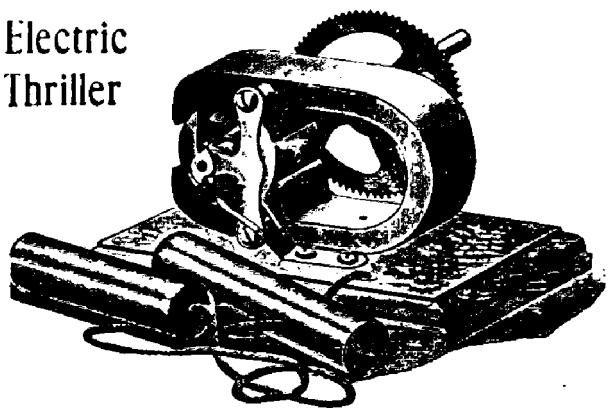


Rubber Foot Ball, Association shape, with Key. Circumference 24 inches.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price $1.00, postpaid.

447

Electric Thriller



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 producing.

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 35c. Price $1.00 postpaid.

448

New Books for Boys

A series of popular paper bound books containing the best of the matter that appeared in the early volumes of

THE AMERICAN BOY

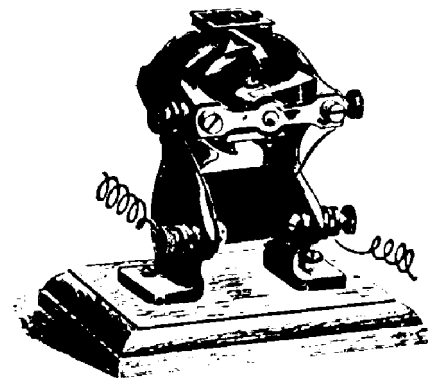
VOL. 1—School Stories from The American Boy.
VOL. 2—Hunting Stories from The American Boy.
VOL. 3—War Stories from The American Boy.
VOL. 4—A Boy in the American Congress, and other Stories, by the Editor of The American Boy.
VOL. 5—Turning Points in a Boy's Life, by the Editor of The American Boy.
VOL. 6—Stories Out of My Own Life, by the Editor of The American Boy.
VOL. 7—The Boy Photographer, giving Hundreds of Hints to the Amateur Photographer.

25 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.

To American Boy subscribers we will send any two of the above books for 1 new yearly subscription; or any 4 books for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or we will send the entire lot of seven books for 3 new yearly subscriptions.

449

Little Hustler Motor



This well-known motor, ever leading in efficiency and value, is a complete specimen of electrical science and workmanship.

The binding posts are mounted on the field, to avoid disturbing the connections when it is desired to use the motor without the base.

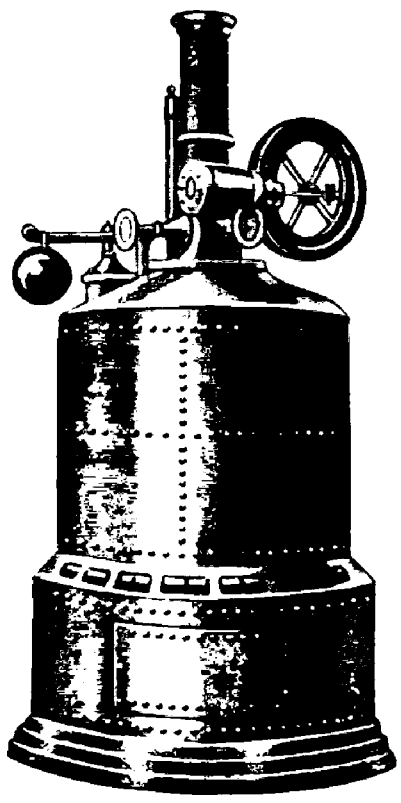
It is 3½ inches high, finished in black enamel with nickel plated trimmings. Has a three-pole armature, causing the motor to start without assistance when the current is applied. It drives a fan at a high rate of speed and is fitted with a pulley for running mechanical toys, models, etc.

One 6x2½" dry cell or any cell that will run any motor will drive the Little Hustler.

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 $1.10 postpaid.

450

Weeden Upright Engine



Actual height 8 inches.

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. 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.

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.

451



14k Solid Gold
"Diamond Point"

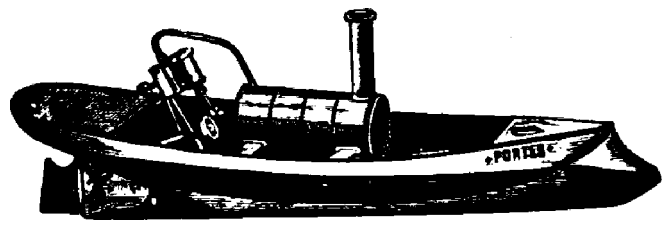
Fountain Pen

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 channel, reinforced 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 be sent. A printed guarantee slip will be found in every box. We firmly believe that this Pen will give better satisfaction than most $1.00 and $1.50 Pens now on the market.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price, 75c, postpaid.

452

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, 15½ inches; of Boiler, 8¾ inches.

A small balance wheel is connected to the cylinder and propeller shaft, and to the latter is fixed a three-bladed brass propeller.

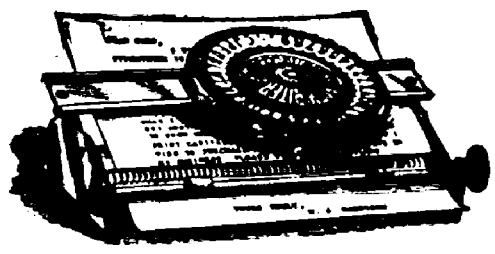
The lamp is securely soldered in the bottom of the boat to prevent it sliding about while the boat is in motion.

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.

453

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 1 new yearly subscription and 90c. Price $1.50 postpaid.

454

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 Screws.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

455



One-half actual size.

The American Boy Chain Pocket Knife

A splendid knife. Everybody wants it. Ebony handle 3½x¾ 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 coat. Neat and handy. You always know where your knife is.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

456

EVERY BOY SHOULD AND CAN HAVE THE LATEST THING OUT, A

Pocket Knife Tool Kit

Any tool **firmly** attached to the Pocket Knife, as indicated by arrow, in one second by a simple, backward wrist movement, and as quickly removed by a forward wrist movement.

More useful than any other Pocket Knife Combination ever made. With more or less frequency almost everyone has use for a Knife, Reamer, File, Saw, Chisel or Screw Driver, and this outfit is so practical, yet so small, that the owner, by carrying it in his pocket, always has it at hand for immediate use whether Camping, Boating, Teaming, Driving, Automobiling, Bicycling, in the Shop, Factory, Office, Store, Warehouse, on the farm, or around the home. *Made by skilled American workmen,* of the best material.



Each article one-third actual size.

ONE-THIRD SMALLER THAN ACTUAL SIZE.

No. 1 Shows Leather Pocket Book

4½ in. long
3¼ in. wide
¾ in. thick

Containing all of the tools illustrated, making a convenient case, easily carried in the pocket.

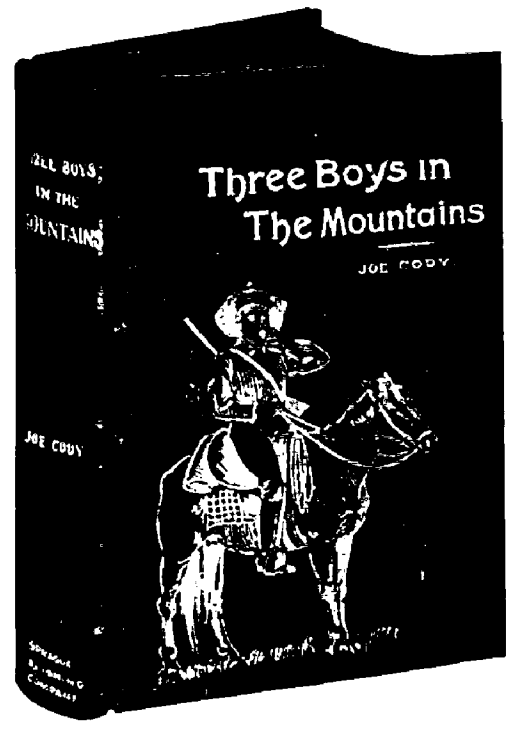
No. 2—Pocket Knife, 3⅞ in. long
No. 3—Reamer, 3½ in. long
No. 4—File, 4 in. long
No. 5—Saw, 4 in. long
No. 6—Chisel, 3⅝ in. long
No. 7—Screw Driver, 3¾ in. long

We will send this Pocket Knife Tool Kit, all charges prepaid, for two new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY at $1.00 each, not including the sender's subscription; or we will send it for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents. The purchase price is $2.00 and we will send it anywhere in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of that amount.

457

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," 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 1 new yearly subscription. Price 75c postpaid.

458



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, 1¾ 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 subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 45c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 90c. Price $1.50 postpaid.

459

Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue

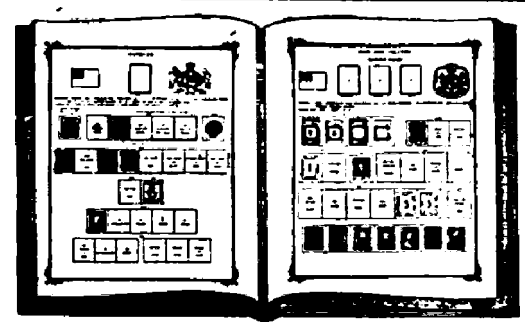


This is the last edition and gives the date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any Government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every stamp, and giving the prices at which most of them can be purchased used or unused. It is the 82d edition and 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, postpaid.

460

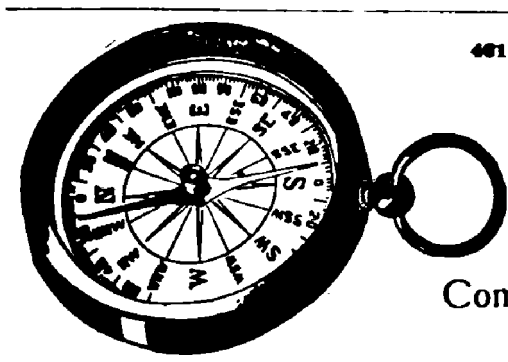
International Postage Stamp Album



This is the large 19th Century edition. Measures 9½x12 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.

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 $1.00. Price, $1.50, postpaid.

461



Compass

This Compass is open face, nickeled back with ring handle. Dial is 1¾ inches and very fine. Needle very sensitive, and it is guaranteed to be first-class in every particular.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c 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.

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REMEMBER, WE DO NOT GIVE PREMIUMS ON YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION.

The Sprague Publishing Company, Publishers of "THE AMERICAN BOY" Detroit, Mich.



PASSING THE MEDICINE BALL. SCENE IN THE GYMNASIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

working our way backward, we finally landed him. Making our way to the shore some two miles distant, we broke into a run, for, to use an old expression, "our hearts were way up in our mouths."

When we reached DeGraw's house, the icy water dripping from us and hatless, Will's wife fainted away at the sight of us. It was not long, however, before we had changed our clothes and were sitting before a roaring hot log fire.

A little later, on looking into a mirror, I discovered that my hair was turning white; indeed it was not long before it was completely white; and it has remained so ever since.

In closing I would say that had we each relied on himself that night and been "game" to the last, none of us would have escaped, and I would not now be alive to tell you this story. I close by giving you the first verse of the poet John G. Saxe's lines entitled

"GO IT ALONE."

In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can "Go it alone."

A Visit From the Cheyennes

(*Continued from page 15.*)

Then came a digging on the roof. A couple of poles were lifted and the sod resting on top came tumbling through the opening.

Silhouetted against the sky were two heads seeking to penetrate the interior darkness. Two shots rang out simultaneously and the body of one came tumbling into the cabin; the other remained motionless.

No more heads showed above the opening, but it served another purpose. Burning brands were flung through that not only partially lighted up the interior but filled the cabin with suffocating smoke. Burning brands were also flung down the chimney and the top covered over to prevent the smoke's egress. Things were growing unbearable. The flames outside commenced to crackle and roar ominously.

In a short time the whole outside was one mass of flames and the heat grew stifling. Another blazing fagot fell through the roof. Bud dashed over it a bucket of water and in the succeeding momentary darkness we entered the cave.

We were not a moment too soon. Hardly had we gotten the entrance closed when a portion of the roof fell in directly over us. A minute later and our retreat would have been cut off. We each took up a station at one of the hollow poles. The air was close and warm. We could hear distinctly above the roar of the flames the Indians shouting their war-cry and impatiently waiting the final scene in their deadly work.

As time passed by and we did not put in an appearance they could not imagine what was wrong. Their war-cry ceased and we could hear them holding consultations. They were nonplussed. No shots had been fired at them for some time and they knew we could not live in that fire. Yet it was seldom their victims deliberately roasted to death.

Towards morning there was a stir of excitement among them. Though we were half dead from fatigue and our cave was as hot as an oven, our sense of self-preservation sprang to duty again. We feared they had discovered our hiding place.

But we were happily disappointed. They made a hurried examination of the smoking ruins and then dashed rapidly away on their ponies.

The reason for their sudden departure was to us of course shrouded in mystery. For fear they were trying to set some sort of trap for us we remained for some hours where we were. Then we heard the trample of horses and all our fears returned. The trampling drew nearer; then we head the sound of voices, not the guttural of the red man but our own mother tongue. It had never before sounded so sweet to our ears.

We let out such a cry of joy and thankfulness that we almost threw the soldiers—for such they proved to be—into a panic by its suddenness and mysterious source.

"Howly Mither av Hivin!" we heard an Irish Sergeant say. "Halt and find the divil if ye kin," was his order.

Willing hands soon made an opening for us and into the fresh air we were drawn, scalps intact, but almost dead from suffocation and exhaustion.

Our rescuers were a detachment of the regular army under the command of General Crook, out scouting and following the recent Indian signs.

In the course of a few weeks General Crook administered to the redskins such a punishment that we were never again molested by them.

HOW PLACE THE NEW STARS?

NOW THAT Oklahoma and Indian Territory are to become a State it is necessary to place a new star on the flag. But how to place it is the problem that must be solved within the next few months. It has become evident that the time has arrived for a definite settlement of the pattern of the flag of the future. It it realized that the next half century may see twice as many States in the Union as comprise it now, for not only will other territories be admitted, but the vast lands of the Western States may have to be divided into separate Commonwealths, each entitled to a star on the flag. This has brought home to the government officials the unsatisfactory situation with regard to our national emblem and it is probable that steps will be taken to settle once for all the matter of the flag's shape and pattern.

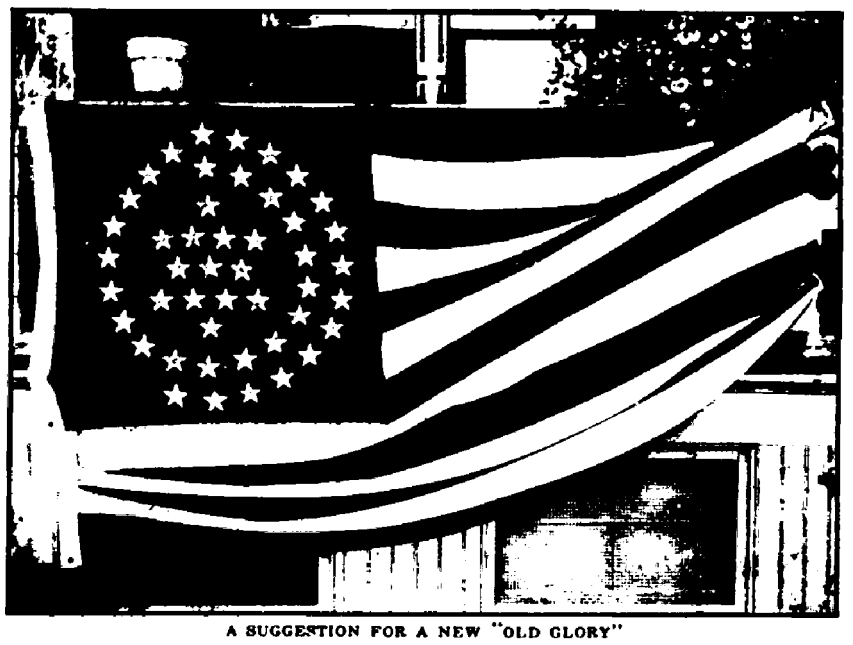
It will shock methodical Americans to know that there is no very definite authority to guide the makers of the flag. On June 14, 1777, this resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the flag of the Thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field."

It was further enacted that: "On the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission."

Nothing has ever been settled as to the shape in which the stars are to be placed. The flags of the United States army are made by order of the War Department. When a new star is added the department must issue new flags. It has been customary for the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War to get together and arrange how the flag shall be made. This, it is declared, is not sufficiently dignified for the American naton. It is contended that in a matter so momentous the nation should be consulted, and with the necessity for arranging a place for the new star there has arisen a growing sentiment in favor of an appeal to the people for a consensus of opinion, to be followed by a special discussion in Congress and a final settlement, with the approval of the President.

One patriotic citizen, Mr. Henry Vogt, of 5168 Viola street, Philadelphia, has prepared a design and forwarded it to the War Department, receiving in return a letter of thanks for what is considered to be a very sensible suggestion concerning the flag. Mr. Vogt's design is shown herewith. He would place the stars in a circle, with a keystone design in the centre, leaving room for the addition of stars around the circle. Mr. Vogt had a large flag made to show his idea and this flag was draped on his porch last Independence Day, attracting much attention.



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THE "LARD EATERS"

MARTIN M. FOSS

"LARD EATER," the worst taunt in all Boothby, sprung from a fallacy. To the popular mind of the boys in that town, every French Canadian who worked in the mills across the river ate lard on his bread, from necessity perhaps, or maybe economy. It mattered not. To be a "lard eater" was a shame, almost a sin. To have that name applied to you was a brand of disgrace. The eternal enmity of the village boys for those men and their families who had succeeded the natives in the mills, coined that phrase, and from what was supposed to be a mere statement of disgraceful fact it grew to be the most odious term in the vocabulary of Boothby boys.

Francois LaFontaine was a "lard eater." The bare fact that his father bought a farm from the careful savings of his years of mill toil, that cows abounded at the neat and prosperous LaFontaine home, made not one whit of difference. Francois was a French Canadian and an enemy, and of necessity a "lard eater."

He could not join in the games, he could not play in the school yard, he could not find a companion in all Boothby; for he belonged, by race, across the river where the "lard eaters" lived. Yet the heartlessness of Boothby boys, and the race prejudice, more marked than any color line, was not shared by one, or perhaps more truly he had a prejudice of his own as marked as that of the village boys; for he loved this little "lard eater." Wherever Francois went this faithful friend followed. He protected him from attacks, hovered about him in the school yard, followed him in the streets. Only the fact that he was a dog, a splendid collie, protected Boothby boys when they taunted Francois from afar; for he did not know the hated phrase, and resented it only when the speaker was too near.

Yet of all dogs, Pete was the most kindly. He had an absolutely clean record. He had never bitten a man, woman, or child; he had never even growled at them when Francois was away. From his corner just inside the school house door he waited, as patient and kindly a servant as ever lived. Boys would go to him freely, pat him and play with him as if he were their own. But when Francois came to the head of the steps, he rose, a new dog, conscious of his responsibilities. The boys who had patted him a minute before knew that it was unsafe to go near him now.

Thus guarded, Francois left the school one late May day, and toiled up the long hill road toward his home. He walked slowly, looking back now and then, half-longingly, to the noisy groups of scatterings boys and girls. Pete trotted at his heels, stopping to look back when Francois did, as if there was something he must not miss.

A crowd of boys, breaking the bonds of long distance conversations, hurried up the hill which Francois had just climbed. Francois was only a boy. He longed for the companionship of these lads, longed for it frankly, with a face that would have touched older hearts. But these boys, strangers to grief and pain, only scoffed at the feeling they could not understand. They would have passed him without speaking, but Francois stepped to the roadside, as they came up, with Pete in front of him.

"Goin' swimmin'?" he asked feebly.

"Hello, Frenchy," shouted Reddie Dow. "Have lard on your bread today?"

The boys joined in a wild shout. Francois turned his head away. Pete stolidly held his ground.

So, with Francois loitering behind them, they marched for a mile to where Deep Brook dipped under the road, through a dark granite culvert. From here they had but to drop over the fence and follow the stream for a hundred yards to come suddenly upon a clump of alders, behind which the brook bowed into a big pool. This had been the swimming pool for a hundred years in Boothby. It was eminently safe, yet there was a place "over" every boy's head, not very wide, but deep enough so that one had to swim to get across and to do this marked one as a swimmer.

High above it on the hill to the west the roof of the LaFontaine house just showed above the trees. Francois crossed the brook, following through the pasture, wonderfully green on this May day, with here and there clumps of juniper, darker green against the grass. He went along the low valley and up the side of the hill, which to him marked the bank of what was once a great river, now reduced to a brook rambling in the bed.

There was no bitterness in his heart. All of his life he had looked on longingly, hoping against hope, that one day these boys would know that he was no different. Yet he was. The very loneliness of his life, cut off from the boys of his race by choice and the boys of his choice by race, had shut him up in a little world of his own. He did not know yet that he was undignified, tagging where he was not wanted. He had not learned the hard lesson of life, that few men who seek friendships find them. He was simply a boy, with only his thoughts for companionship and only a dog for a playmate.

He threw himself down on the grass, high above the pool, on the banks of this river of his imagination. Pete sat down beside him. They gazed down the hill, unobserved, to where the boys were swimming.

"Reddie Dow is in first," muttered Francois. Pete wagged his tail. The excitement of swimming always seemed to fascinate Pete.

Reddie Dow had won out that day, perhaps because his thin body usually bore less clothes than the others. But somehow he was one of the round, slender fellows whose clothes never stuck when he was peeling them off. Fred Bean was second. He had never been so near to honor before, Francois knew. But the cause was evident. He had not taken off all his clothes. He came up, dripping, his trousers dragging at his suspenders with the load of water they had absorbed. Reddie Dow promptly jumped on his shoulders and forced him under again. Harry Bowen, Ben Cole and John Haines jumped into the melee.

Francois stood up in his excitement. Later, when the boys had gone, he would slip down to the pool and swim alone. He could dive better and swim farther than any of them. He knew because he had watched them, but they had never seen him. How he longed to join them now! Pete barked in his excitement.

But Fred did not reappear, when out of the tangled mass the boys stood up, one by one, dripping, sputtering and yelling. They rubbed the water from their eyes, they collected their bearings, and then they joined in a splashing contest. The surface of the water was lashed by the constant slapping of brown hands and the air was rent with the noise and the shouts. Nobody missed Fred Bean.

Francois looked for him. He saw at once that he was gone. He looked again, and then raced down the hill shouting. The boys did not hear him. Almost at the bank he stopped. Perhaps Fred was playing a trick. How they would laugh! But Francois could see the whole pool. Fred was not in sight.

He threw off his jacket as he ran, Pete bounding beside him. From the westerly bank, where Francois had been, it was a long shallow reach to the depths of the pool. Francois would have waded in had there been time, but there was not. He took a long, scooping dive, and not a boy saw him until the splash came, and then they stood up in amazement. They saw Pete jump in, barking, and swim rapidly toward them.

It seemed like an hour, they said afterward, before they saw Francois. Pete swam to the center of the pool, and nosed about, sticking his head far down into the water. The boys stood as if petrified. But it was probably only a minute before Francois came up, puffing and blowing. Pete swam to him. The water was over Francois's head, but he struck out strongly. He caught Pete by the collar presently, and with this help dragged Fred Bean above the water. The body was limp, but Francois did not try to lift the head clear. Instead he struggled toward the shore. Pete understood. He bore more than his share of the weight over the short space to the shoal water. When Francois's feet touched, he let go of the collar. Pete swam back as if to help carry Fred's body.

The boys had come to their senses now. Quickly they took the long dive across the pool. Splashing and sputtering they came up to Francois and helped him to drag Fred ashore. Then they stood about helpless.

"Quick, run up to the house and get father!"

The boys, naked, hung back. Francois turned to them in despair.

"Roll him, roll him hard! Hold him up and let the water run out! Quick! I'll go for father."

He sped up the long, grassy hill to his father's house at the top. Pete raced ahead, seeming to understand. It was a long pull, but Francois knew only that he was going slowly and wished that he could run faster. They found Mr. LaFontaine by the barn door. Pete was there far ahead, his wild barking having brought Mr. LaFontaine out.

"Come, quick, father! Fred Bean is drowned!"

Together the three raced down the hill. But Fred was not drowned. The boys had rolled him well, had held him so that the water would run out, and when Mr. LaFontaine got there it was but the work of a minute for him, trained in his boyhod to the hardships and tricks of a river driver, to lay Fred on his back, to stretch both the boy's arms above his head, to drive the air from his lungs by kneeling on his chest, and then, to bring the arms slowly downward, until, with this artificial breathing, Fred slowly came back to life.

They bore him slowly up the hill, the boys following as fast as they could dress. They took him into the long, low dining-room, with its dark polished floor, and stretched him on the lounge. Mrs. LaFontaine brought him medicine, and the boys, hovering about the door, were hushed with the awe of death's presence and the strangeness of a house which they had only seen from afar. Then Mr. LaFontaine sent them away. Fred was saved. He must stay there that night; would they tell his mother? But she could come, of course, and stay with him.

Far into the evening Francois sat by Fred's bed, with Pete on the floor at his feet. Fred slept, unconscious still of Francois's act. He waked at last slowly.

"Where am I?" he asked.

His mother came forward.

"You are all right, dear. I am here. You will be well tomorrow."

And Fred slept again. To Francois it was a night of joy. It was not that he had saved a life. That meant nothing to him. It was that Fred was there, and the other boys had come to the door. They would come again tomorrow, perhaps.

And they did.

But the miracle of Francois's installation in the most exclusive Boothby "crowd" was not his rescue, though the boys talked about that dive for years, and do yet when they go by the pool, though they are grown men now. Such acts do not change boys. The fact was that Fred reported enthusiastically of the splendid things he had to eat at Francois's house, cookies and cake, jelly and tarts and pies, and the funniest dark-colored bread, almost as sweet as gingerbread, with butter on it, real butter, and Francois became a Yankee.



PETE UNDERSTOOD. HE BORE MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF THE WEIGHT

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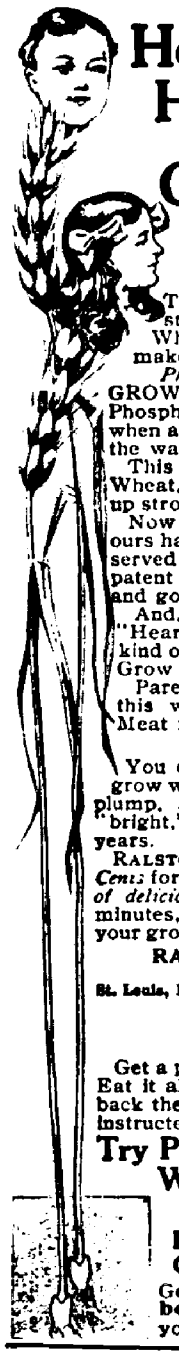

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The SOCIETY of the F.F.F.

A Tale of the Doings of Some Buckeye Boys

By Vaughn Ely Wyman



"SAY, ARTIE! you'll find the potato-masher on the shelf in the butt'ry, if you want to make lemonade."

Absolute silence reigned in Grandma Graham's clean, white-floored kitchen and the spell was only broken when Petie Spriggins tittered "She's been lis'nen."

The lodge fever had recently struck the staid old Western Reserve with a vengeance, and fathers, brothers, and uncles were at this time making their weekly visits to Monroe, the county seat, six miles away, with much regularity.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that "Shine" Spriggins, whose father had just been elected Chief Grand Bushwhacker of the Monroe Lodge, Drones of the Honeybees, was inspired with the idea of starting a lodge of neighboring boys.

His chum, Ned Riley, lived on the adjoining farm, and it did not take the two boys long to put their ideas into execution.

"Just the thing," said Ned, when the subject was mentioned. "Let's get Joe and Petie and go over to Arthur's and talk it over."

And talking it over they were, indeed, when Grandma Graham made her suggestion of refreshments.

Ned, with his characteristic promptness, drawled, "I second the motion," which was carried, unanimously, all members bolting for the butt'ry forthwith.

Arthur, in his haste, succeeded in knocking down a pile of milk pans, while Peter promptly cut his finger with the butcher-knife and squirted lemon-juice into Joe Liebenhart's eye.

After eating and drinking everything in sight, Jack, or "Shine," Spriggins, as he was usually named, called the meeting to order in his most official manner, and stated that Mr. Edward Riley had the floor and would present to them for their careful consideration, the constitution which had been drawn up for their approval.

Mr. Riley, having the floor, proceeded in his most dignified manner to read the proposed constitution, which was as follows:

"Constitution of the Society of the F. F. F. Lodge.

"Be it enacted, that we, the undersigned, desiring to establish a lodge of our own, have hereto signed our names and affixed our seals at Ladue, Leroy County, Ohio, this 30th day of March, A. D. 1886.

"Article 1. The name of this lodge shall be the Society of the Five Funny Fellows, which shall never be revealed under penalty of death.

"Article II. The objects of this lodge shall be to disseminate the teachings of the Grand Mogul throughout the civilized world, and to promote the welfare of the youth of the glorious United States.

"Article III. The officers of this lodge shall be a Regal Grand Mogul, a Noble Vice-Mogul, a Knight of the Round Table, a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Captain of Marines.

"Article IV. All officers shall serve for the term of one month.

"Article V. The regular meetings of this lodge shall be held every Monday evening, beginning with the first Monday of April, 1886.

"Article VI. Members revealing secrets of this society shall be fined for the first offense, and for each offense thereafter shall be expelled.

The constitution as read was then adopted by a unanimous vote, and was signed with many flourishes by Arthur M. Graham, John Spriggins, Donald Peter Spriggins, Edward Riley and Joe Liebenhart.

The first election of officers being next in order, Ned found an empty cigar box and cut a slit in the top, for a ballot box, and the polls were declared open.

Jack, Joe, and Arthur acted as judges of election, while Ned and Petie kept the poll-book and tally-sheet.

After much writing, erasing, counting and re-counting the judges announced the following result.

For Royal Grand Mogul each member received one vote on the first ballot, but on the second ballot, John Sherman Spriggins was elected by a majority of one vote over Edward Riley.

For Noble Vice-Mogul, Ned Riley was elected unanimously.

For Knight of the Round Table, Joe Liebenhart received three votes, Arthur Graham one, and Petie Spriggins one, Liebenhart elected.

For Chancellor of the Exchequer, Arthur Graham four, Peter Sprigigns one.

For Captain of Marines Donald P. Spriggins was choesn without opposition, and the meeting adjourned to meet with the Spriggins boys the following week.

What with going to school and doing chores, the week passed quickly enough, and before the boys fairly knew it, it was lodge night again.

All members were on hand bright and early, and what was done at this meeting is best shown by the minutes of the society, which I will reproduce verbatim.

"Minutes of the Meeting of the F. F. F. held at the residence of the Spriggins brothers, on the East Ridge, April 5, 1886.

"The meeting was called to order by the ch'man, Shine Spriggins. Minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary. Mr. Ned Riley had a very fine essay on "How to plant potatoes," which was very interesting. After a spirited discussion it was decided to have each member pay the sum of three (3) cents into the treasury to buy badges, the color to be pink. A motion was made and carried, that Joe Liebenhart have a essay on "China" at the next meeting. Refreshments were had, consisting of warm maple sugar and biscuits, contributed by Pete and Shine's mother. Pink Spriggins peeked through the key-hole and we had to stuff it up with cotton batting. The treasurer reported the sum of nine cents in the treasury, and said that Arthur and Petie had not paid yet. Peter Spriggins was fined one cent for telling secrets. Petie said he didn't tell any but one of the girls twitted him with belonging to the Five Feeble Fools, and he just said that that wasn't its name. All members were present. A good time was had. The meeting adjourned at 9:30 p. m. to meet at the residence of E. S. Riley, Esq., April 12. J. Liebenhart, Sec'y of the Round Table."

At the next meeting, at Ned Riley's, they met in the harness-room of the new horse barn, as Mrs. Riley had heard of the condition of Grandma Graham's butt'ry after the "meetin."

Ned's older brother, Will, had decorated the room for the occasion, and it certainly was decorated—with chalk.

The walls were covered with inscriptions of a highly complimentary character, and one in particular, a representation of five youngsters sporting in the water, was labeled "The Nymps," and was accompanied by the following verse:

"There was Phive Pheeble Phools
Who ran away from School
To go swimmin in the River,
But they all got licked togither,
Did these Phive Phoolish and Pheeble little Phools."

It fell to Joe to have the next meeting, but as he was an orphan and lived with Mr. Marshall's folks, his entertainment was of his own making, and proved to be the undoing of the club.

Mr. Woodbridge, a neighbor, was the possessor of both a duck pond and a row boat, and these Joe promptly borrowed for the occasion, proposing to entertain his guests in the middle of the pond where secrets would not have to be spoken in whispers.

However, the best laid plans of mice and men, to say nothing of boys, aft gang contrawise, and Joe little thought that just as he was about to pull his boat-load of guests out into the pond, Peter, the irrepressible, would fall into the water and overturn the boat in his struggles, but that is exactly what he did, and that is the real reason the lodge fever so suddenly abated with five dripping and bedraggled young gentlemen.

Studied Music When Only Three

Senor Albeniz, latest to "arrive" of present-day musicians of first rank, having disproved the proverb about a prophet lacking honor in his own land, and leaving his native Spain ringing with his praises; is soon coming over to



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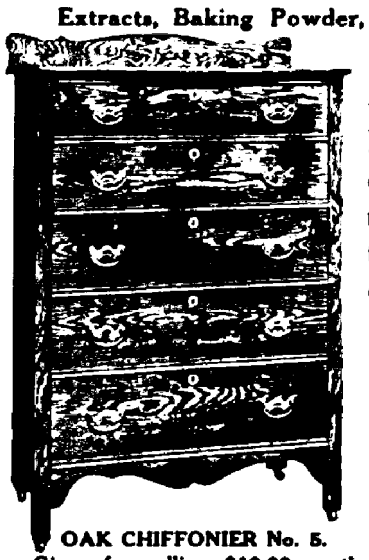

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A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER

By An English Cavalry Officer



THE PAGES of literature devoted to sport and the hunting of wild game teem with stories and instances of occasions when the hunted, driven to desperation and enraged to ferocity by wounds, turns, and itself becomes the hunter and the avenger of its own hurts.

Of all wild animals perhaps the most vindictive, the most cunning, and the most dangerous to hunt is the panther (Felis panthera); indeed, nine out of ten who have had experience of shooting in all parts of the world will concede that the pursuit of these animals is really more fraught with danger and hazard than that of even the tiger, lion, and elephant; and the following is one of many instances, of yearly occurrence, of the man behind the rifle not having it all his own way when drawn in actual combat against the denizens of the jungles.

It was drawing on towards the hot weather when a friend, whom we can call B, who had been very seedy, thought that I might try and get a few days' leave and join him in a small shooting expedition into the jungles of Southern India, where he was sure he would recover his lost strength and vitality, and so face the coming hot weather with a fair amount of equanimity.

The necessary leave being forthcoming, we consulted maps, arranged ways and means for a fortnight's camp—always a considerable thing in India—and, accompanied by two Sikhs and a Rajput orderly, with horses, guns, rifles, and dogs galore, after a day's journey in the train reached the place from where the remainder of our journey was to be done by road.

Our destination was a place called Bokeir, and constituted what is known in India as a jargir, that is, a tract of land which, together with the rent-roll and tribute of the villages therein comprised, is given to men whose services have deserved well of their State. Such are known as jargirdars, and enjoy almost sovereign state in their little domains, receiving absolutely feudal devotion from their tenantry and dependents.

We pitched our camp in the midst of a magnificent grove of mango-trees, which at this time of the year were covered with the green fruit. I was told that before the famine of 1898-99 the grove comprised over two thousand trees; but at present there are about half that number.

We then received and returned visits with the jargirdar, a Mahratta, and an exceedingly courteous and dignified man. We asked for and received permission to shoot in his country, and in addition everything possible was done for our comfort, supplies of every description being at once forthcoming. So tenacious were the people of the villages in their devotion to their chief that not a hand would have been raised to help us nor a blade of grass given without an order from the head of this tiny State.

Then we commenced our jungle campaign. The footmarks of a tiger and tigress, of a very large panther, of bear, sambar, and blue bull abounded in a wooded valley some six miles from the camp. We tied up helas, or young buffalo-calves, to attract the large Felidæ, and ultimately met with success, for one morning we were having breakfast early when in trotted one of our Sikhs who had gone before the pegp of dawn to look at the "kills." He reported that one of the helas had been killed at five that morning; so, putting a hasty conclusion to our breakfast, we called for horses, saw to our rifles and cartridges, and rode away to the scene of the early morning tragedy.

Arrived at a village called Sirpalli, we left our horses and proceeded on foot up a lovely wooded valley filled with the bastard teak, the strong-smelling moha-tree (from which the bears of these parts receive their chief sustenance), the giant mango, pipal, and banyan.

The awesome silence of the dense forest reigned supreme in the noonday heat. The whispered consultations and the occasional footfall of some one of the party on a dry teak-leaf seemed to echo for miles and to rudely break the well-nigh appalling quiet of the jungle. Here and there, sometimes traversing, sometimes crossing, our path, were the fresh footprints of deer and of antelope, of pig and the lordly sambar stag that had passed this way last night to drink at a time when the presence of man does not disturb the domain of the beasts of the forest. Here was a tree with deep, clean marks all the way up its trunk, from which the sap was still oozing, showing us that for some purpose a bear had climbed up it in the early morning, though why, we could not tell, as there was neither fruit nor leaf on its bare branches.

And then a turn in the path brought us to the kill, to the tragedy of a few hours ago. Surely this is the work of a tiger—the broken neck, the tail bitten off and flung aside, the hind-quarters partly consumed? No, for there are only the marks of a panther's pads and none of any tiger. They lead away into some dense jungle in front, and from here we decide to work.

Leaving the beaters here, we went by a circuitous way until we arrived two or three hundred yards ahead of the direction the beat would take. Here we were nonplussed, for the jungle was so dense and the configuration of the ground such that there were many chances in favor of any animal that might be before the beat being able to make a very good bid for eluding the enemy.

However, we came to a place which appeared as good as any, and, as each of us seemed to think that it would suit himself exceedingly well, we drew lots, and, contrary to my usual luck, I drew the longer of the two pieces of grass and decided to remain, while B took up his position about fifty yards to my left.

When shooting in the jungle, it is the practice of most to shoot from a tree not so much from a sense of added security—as both bears and panthers think little of running up a tree and mauling you there—but from the better field of view you get. Accordingly, as there was a small tree near, I ascended, and, because the footing was precarious and the position unfavorable for a good shot I buckled myself to a bough by means of one of my stirrup-leathers. This is a device, by the way, which I can most thoroughly recommend to all, for it as often as not gives you free use of your arms, and even enables you to swing right round to score a shot at a running object.



"CAN I HIT IT WITHOUT KILLING B?"

I had not long disposed myself thus, when the beat sprang into life with a suddenness and intensity which made me pretty sure that they had disturbed some animal. The shouting, cat-calling, and tom-tomming increased in violence, when all at once I heard a quick and rather hurried tread, tread, tread over the dry teak-leaves, and looking that way, out of the dense jungle into the sunlit glade before me came a large panther.

I put up my rifle. It saw me, and crouched head on in some long, dry grass. It was a difficult shot, but I hazarded it.

The beast turned and went up the bank to my right. "Missed," thought I, and let it have my left barrel as it was moving past. "Missed again," I thought, and growled inwardly.

I caught another glimpse of the brute as it went behind me, and to my relief a crimson patch had appeared on its right side. I howled to the beaters, who had now approached, to be careful, as a wounded panther was in front of them, and, B joining me, we made them all sit down to keep them out of harm's way.

Accompanied by the two Sikhs, B and I began to stalk the wounded animal. Where had it gone? Into that dense bit of jungle in front, apparently. So we began to cast around among the leaves. They at first yielded no betraying footmarks, but at last a leaf was found with a large spot of frothy blood, showing the animal's injury to have been through the lungs.

"Put a man up that tree," quoth I: "the animal is badly hit and cannot have gone far." But my advice was ignored.

Then from a spot over which I had walked not a minute before there came a rush and a roar. Swinging round, I saw ten paces off B raise his rifle and fire two barrels, but, alas! apparently without result. Down he went before the savage rush of the beast, which began to worry him.

B had fallen back on his elbows, and in the curve of his neck and right shoulder I could just see, though so near the dark-spotted body of the panther. There was no time to lose. "Can I hit it without killing B?" I thought in an agony of uncertainty, but the hazard followed quick upon the thought, and bang bang, went my two barrels. At the same time the Sikh dafadar, Gopal Singh, with all the characteristic bravery of this magnificent race, ran in and beat the animal about the head with the butt-end of B's shot-gun, which he was carrying at the time.

All this was too much for the panther who then left B and shambled away. I threw down my own rifle and ran to B's assistance, when the panther stopped and half turned towards us. B called out "He's coming at me again," and covered his face with his hands. We were all unarmed; like a fool I had left my rifle ten paces behind me, the Sikh's shot-gun was smashed to splinters, and B's rifle had fallen nobody knew where during the melee. But, fortunately for us, and more especially for me, who was then nearest her, the panther seemed to think better of it, and tumbled off into the jungle, as far as I could see, very badly knocked about.

Then we attended to B's injuries, which consisted of a large piece torn from his left fore-arm, three great teeth marks in his left thigh, and claw-marks all over his left calf. He was very brave, though bleeding a lot, and walked with our assistance towards the village until one of the orderlies galloped up with the "charpai," or native bed I had sent for immediately the accident had occurred. Then on to camp, where I redressed his wounds, sprinkled them with boracic acid, which was, foolishly, all we had provided in the way of antiseptics. Then a "palki" or palankin arrived, lent by the jargirdar, who had also sent his ten private carriers, and, accompanied by the dafardar, we started for the railway, the nearest point of which was forty miles away, and reached it at five the next morning, having experienced thirteen hours of anxiety, dead weariness, exhausted palankin men, bad and in some places roads non-existent, and, to crown all, one river to ford.

B had happily survived his injuries—always severe when inflicted by panthers as these animals' teeth and claws, from their habit of killing their prey and leaving it exposed for a day to the Indian sun, seldom fail to induce blood-poisoning, which few, if any, have been known to survive.

The panther was found next day, quite dead, with three bullet-wounds in her—one in the chest, one through the ribs, and one through the body from the front left ribs to the left haunch; and that she was able to do all the damage she did testifies to the proverbial tenacity of life and ferocity of these animals. The native of India will tell you, "The tiger is a janwar (animal), but the panther he is a shaitan (devil)."

Puzzle Verse

Here is some puzzle verse sent us by one of our boy subscribers, W. S. Ashland, Burlington, Vt. You will notice that the lines are not complete. There are seven words missing and the trick is to find the seven words. Those seven words are each composed of six letters and the six letters in each word are the same, but arranged differently. In order that you may supply the words without much study we will give them to you: Sutler, ulster, luster, rustle, lurest, rulest and result. The verse is as follows, and you may work the puzzle on your friends:

A ——— sat in his ——— gray,
Watching the moonbeams ——— play
On a keg that in the bushes lay.
And the leaves with their ——— took up the song,
Thou ——— the brave; thou ——— the strong.
To thee doth the ——— of great battles belong.

A Queer Epitaph

Donald Asselstine, one of our boy readers at Litle Falls, Minnesota, sends us the following, which he says is the epitaph on the tombstone of the woman who sold earthenware:

Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends: Let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
She, in her shop, may be again?

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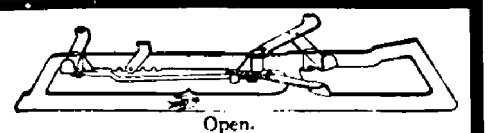

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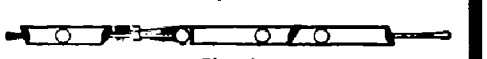

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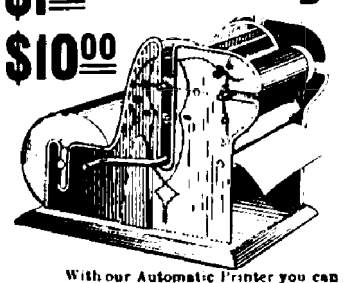

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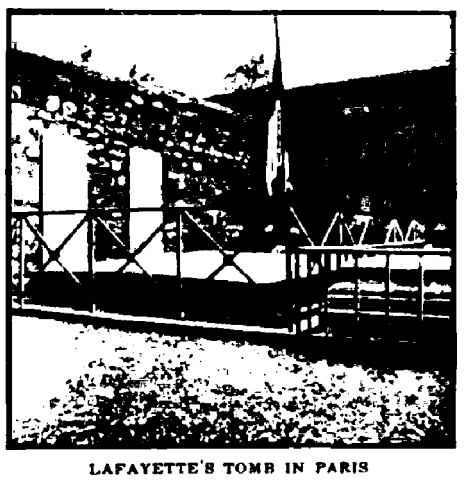
A Vermont Winner

Charles Sykes, Richford, Vt., has won the Vermont prize essay. According to a letter from his mother, addressed to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, he is a genuine Vermont farmer boy, sixteen years of age, and was born on the farm once owned by his great-grandfather, later by his grandfather, and now by his father. In taking his high school course, he had to travel three miles in going to and from home. He is not a grind, as he is fond of baseball and fun. He expects to go to college, having recently taken the college entrance examination in English at Burlington. He has a brother, twelve years of age, who expects to go into high school this fall. Both are good, clean boys, and will make the right kind of men.

The Flag on La Fayette's Grave

Every year the American ambassador to France places a fresh flag on the grave of Marquis de La Fayette in an isolated convent cemetery in Paris. The ceremony is usually performed in the



LAFAYETTE'S TOMB IN PARIS

presence of many American tourists then in the city. It is probably the only place in the world, outside of our country, where Uncle Sam so decorates a grave.

A well-known professor asserts that the smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than it can with both.

The American Boy Legion of Honor

COMPOSED OF BOYS WHO STAND AT THE HEAD OF THEIR CLASSES IN SCHOOL AND BOYS WHO HAVE DONE CONSPICUOUS ACTS OF HEROISM

Who Are Eligible

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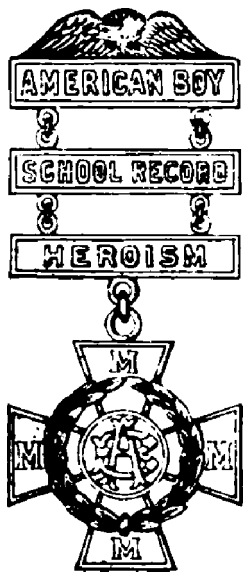

Division of the Legion Into Chapters

Every two hundred boys in the Legion constitute a chapter at the head of which stands a Counselor. The Counselor will be a prominent educator who agrees to stand as counselor and advisor to the two hundred Legion of Honor boys under him. The first chapter is now forming and will be known as "The Shepardson Chapter."

The Shepardson Chapter (Chapter 1) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL. D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago

Address (with postage for reply) care of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

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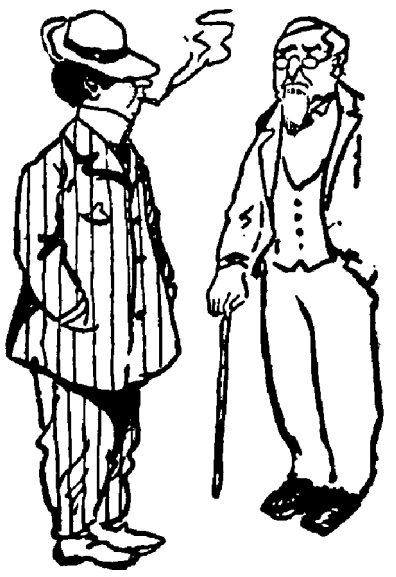
Robb, Jr., Greenville, Miss.; Walter Scales, Fort Worth, Tex.; Harold Bensinger, Terre Haute, Ind.; Michael Meisel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Philip A. Hayden, Milford, N. H.; Eugene Oster, Cincinnati, O.; Elmer Wamboldt, Cincinnati, O.; Walter F. Hays, Philadelphia, Pa.; Richard Allen Arms, Pottstown, Pa.; Whitney H. Shepardson, Hamilton, N. Y.; Theodore Burton Korony, New York, N. Y.; Ernest M. Fernald, Buffalo, N. Y.; John Wesley Farr, Lowell, Mass.; Pearne Rightmyer, Springfield, O.; Whitfield S. Clary, Rocky Mount, N. C.; William C. Sherwood, Black River Falls, Wis.; Cyrus Truitt, Novinger, Mo.; Elmer H. Dils, Aurora, Ind.; George Buchner, New York, N. Y.; Donald Joseph, Whitewater, Kan.; James Hoskins, Gardner, Mass.; Harold F. Slade, White Hall, Md.; Herman O. Ingalls, Honolulu, T. H.; Frank Wilburn, Macon, Ga.; Elliot Jones, Celeste, Tex.; Miles P. Kelly, Fall River, Mass.; Henry Gardner Lehrbach, Buffalo, N. Y.; Bettice Garsido, Stringtown, I. T.; Edward Biele, New York, N. Y.; Herman I. Graser, Riverside, Cal.; Chester E. Loper, Bridgehampton, N. Y.; Wilbur Wride, Ada, Mich.; Robert Krohn, Jr., Portland, Ore.; Benjamin O. Wilkins, Port Chester, N. Y.; James Wilkins, Port Chester, N. Y.; Orrin Wright, Los Angeles, Cal.

Heroism

Louis Saretsky, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Walter Juedes, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Leo Hyde, Lynn, Mass.; Frederick Herendeen, Chicago, Ill.; John Joseph Drumgould, Barre, Vt.; Thomas A. Harris, Ogden, Utah; Harry Riegger, Medina, Ohio; Cranston Rader, Arvada, Colo.; Chauncey Boor, Indianapolis, Ind.; Robert Harding, Oneida, N. Y.; Arthur Scott, Gilson, Ill.; Erwin Walker, Champlin, Minn.; L. Fowle, Woburn, Mass.; Raymond Virnstein, Washington, D. C.



Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theatre parties, late dinners and the like.

Modern Son—Oh! that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Hervey Chapter (Chapter 2) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Walter L. Hervey, A. M., Ph. D., Examiner, Board of Education, N. Y. City

School Record

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COUNSELOR WALTER L. HERVEY OF CHAPTER 2 OF THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has asked Professor Walter L. Hervey of New York City to act as counselor of Chapter 2 of THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR, and he has accepted the appointment in the following letter:

"Board of Education.

"New York, Sept. 7, 1906.

"My Dear Mr. Sprague:

"I appreciate the honor conferred by your requesting me to serve as counselor of Chapter 2 of THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR, and I shall be happy to serve.

"With kind regards, I am

"Yours truly,

"Walter L. Hervey."

As the boys of this Chapter will want to know something of the man who stands ready to advise them on matters relating to their course in life, we have to say that Mr. Hervey is now one of the Board of Examiners of the Department of Education of New York. He was born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, September 28, 1862. In 1886 he graduated from Princeton, receiving from that institution the degree of A. M. in 1889, and that of Ph. D. in 1892. From 1886 to 1889 he was teacher of Latin and Greek in secondary schools; in 1889-91 he was professor of history and dean of faculty in the New York College for Training of Teachers; in 1891-2 he was acting president of that college, and in 1892-97 was president. From 1894 to 1899 he was dean of the Chautauqua School of Pedagogy, a member of the National Council of Education, and a member of the executive board of the Religious Education Association. He is the author of several books and is a lecturer on educational topics. Letters by boys belonging to this Chapter should be addressed to him in our care at the office of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan.

It Made Him Sick



Willie—Was you the one I heard making love to my sister last night?

Fiddleback—I was here. Why?

Willie—I didn't suppose anyone living could make me feel so sick as that.—Scraps.



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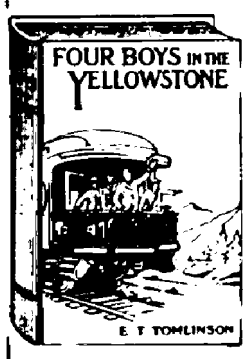
FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE



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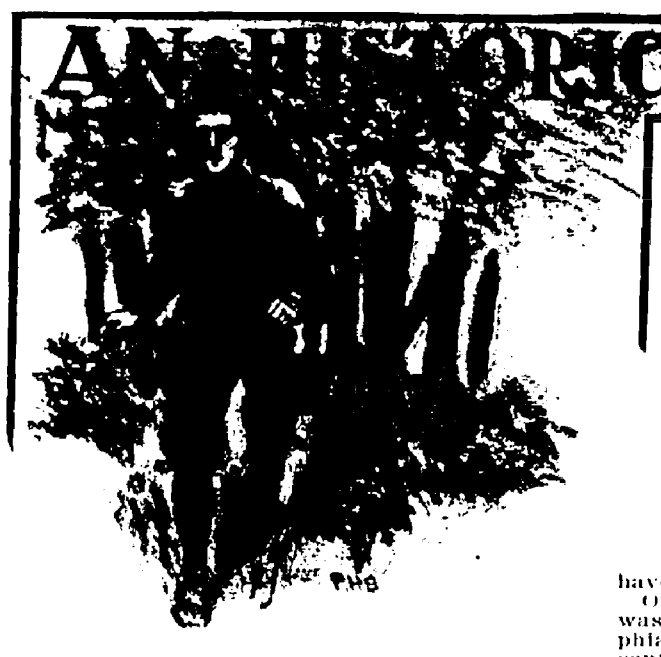
AN HISTORIC WALKING MATCH



CHAMPION WALKERS and runners of today are inclined to think that they have made more marvelous records in their numerous contests of the twentieth century than any that have been made during the previous centuries. Surprising records are frequently compared to the contests of the old days of Grecian sports; but there is a far more interesting contest for comparison, that was made in our own country over a century and a half ago, by which the Indians were cheated out of hundreds of thousands of acres of land.

Many boys of today would delight in a walking match in which they might have an opportunity of outwitting the Indians, and also of winning a prize of land and money; but there are few who would be willing to submit to the trials and disaster which overtook the contestants of the famous "Walking Purchase"—or "the Indian Walk," as it is sometimes known—of 1737.

Of all the records of trickery against the Indians made in almost every state in our union, there are few that depended upon the championship of a walking match for a successful issue; and probably no walking match was ever recorded in which the contestants fared so badly as in that which gained a great extent of Pennsylvania lands for white settlers, and drove out the Indians from their favorite hunting grounds along the Delaware river. Not one of the three contestants in the walking match secured a prize, and all met with adverse fate. The boys who will follow the outline of the famous walk on their maps, after reading the story of the contest, will not be surprised that one of the walkers died within three days after the trial, and that another was a physical wreck from his efforts and lived only three years. This is the story of the famous "Walking Purchase," as recently given by a noted lecturer before a gathering of schoolboys who had visited the Wrightstown monument:

In a corner of the old Friends graveyard, at Wrightstown, Pa., there stands the rough stone monument where once stood a wide-spreading chestnut tree that 169 years ago sheltered a remarkable company of white men and Indians.



" " THEN THREW HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH AND GRASPED A SAPLING

They had assembled there for the start on the historic walk which had been agreed upon to determine the extent of the purchase made by William Penn of the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware, Indians fifty years before.

After standing for a century and a half as a landmark of that historic region, the old chestnut fell a victim to time; then the Bucks County Historical Society placed on the spot a time-enduring monument, inscribing on the large boulder which forms part of the pedestal these words:

To the Memory of
The
Lenni-Lenape Indians,
Ancient Owners of This Region,
These Stones Are
Placed at This Spot,
The Starting Point of the
"Indian Walk,"
September 19, 1737.

The monument commemorates one of the most interesting incidents of the early civil history of this country, and also one of the first departures from that policy of strict honesty and fairness which distinguished the dealings of William Penn with the Indians.

It is noteworthy that in this bit of sharp practice, by which the Indians were deprived of thousands of acres of land they had never intended to cede away, the most conspicuous figure was Thomas Penn, a son of William Penn, who succeeded to his father's rights.

It was in 1686 that William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape Indians a section of land bounded on the east by the Delaware River, on the west by Nashaminy Creek, and extending to the north from its previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half."

William Penn never took any steps toward fixing the northern boundary of this purchase, nor did his son after his death, until the Indians, disturbed by the steady encroachments of the white settlers, asked to have the line fixed.

On August 25, 1737, there was a meeting in Philadelphia, at which the Indians confirmed the purchase of 1686, and September 19 was agreed upon as the day for the beginning of the day and a half walk.

Thomas Penn had offered five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the man who would make the greatest distance, and there were three contestants: James Yeates, Solomon Jennings and Edward Marshall.

It was very early dawn when the signal to start was given, and it was not long afterward when the Indians who were appointed by the Lenni-Lenape chiefs to accompany the walkers discovered the trick by which the white men meant to place the northern boundary of the purchase as far north as possible.

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a party of experienced hunters to select the best and most direct route, and to blaze the trees along the way, so that the walkers would lose no time unnecessarily. The Indians noticed the blazed trees as quickly as the white men for whose benefit the guides had been placed, and they had also noted the unusual speed at which the "walk" was being pushed.

They protested that the treaty contemplated walking, not running, but were reminded that the wording of the treaty was "as far as a man can go." Their protests proving of no avail; they tried to delay the progress by stopping to rest, but the white men who had accompanied the walkers on horseback compelled the tired Indians to mount with them and ride.

At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and the whites pushed on alone One old Indian who represented his people in a subsequent protest, said:

"White man too much hurry; him no walk; him no sit down to rest and smoke; him no stop to shoot squirrel for dinner; him lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Before the Lehigh River was reached Jennings dropped out of the contest exhausted. Yeates was unable to take up the last half day's walk, and died three days afterwards.

Marshall, more experienced in such travel, remained comparatively fresh, and thus won the contest. Tradition has it that, the contest over, the prize being decided, nothing remaining but to determine how far north Marshall could get before the end of the day and a half, Marshall was carried the greater part of the time on the horses with other riders.

After having gone far beyond the blazed trees, and the halt being called, Marshall threw himself at full length and grasped a sapling, which became the point of the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686. This point was near where Mauch Chunk stands, and is twice as far north as the Indians expected it to be.

There yet remained to be determined the direction in which the northern line should extend to the Neshaminy and the Delaware, and here the Indians were again the victims of a trick.

They claimed that the lines should be drawn direct to the nearest points on the two streams, which would strike the Delaware at a point on a line direct from Mauch Chunk to New York City. But Penn claimed that the line should be drawn at right angles to the direction of his walk, which had been northwest, according to which the line would touch the Delaware where the borders of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey meet, and Surveyor-General Eastburn so decided.

Thus the Indians, after seeing the starting point of the northern boundary fixed twice as far north as they expected, were obliged to concede two hundred thousand acres more, owing to the direction of the line.

The Indians never recovered any of the land of which they were thus deprived, and it ended their proprietorship along the river from which they took their name. But there was a sort of poetic justice in the subsequent experiences of the white men who were the principals in the fraud.

Marshall never was able to secure from Penn the land he won, and his wife was butchered by the Indians. Surveyor-General Eastburn was repudiated by Penn, and in the end Penn himself was called to account by the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in the most humiliating manner.

Cried Himself to Liberty

Hans Guyine, a tow-headed boy, 16 years old and small for his age, accompanied by his mother, Theresa, came to this country two years ago from Germany. Hans's father had died a few months before, and the two had barely enough money left to squeeze through Ellis Island after paying their passage. The mother went to work diligently. She baked little German cakes and cookies besides making lace; Hans was put in school, and soon their little flat in Willett street became known for its thriftiness and its goodies.

In the vacation months Hans picked up odd jobs. One day last June he happened to be near the Barge Office when some immigrants asked to be directed to a place in the city, and the boy politely volunteered to take them to their destination. When he arrived there the head of the party pressed a silver piece into his hand. Hans after that stood at the South Ferry entrance to the subway. He steered numerous parties to places they were seeking and soon his mother started a bank account for him.

In the crowd of immigrants that landed from the North German Lloyd steamship Main recently was a man who later gave his name as Eugene Tenney, of Bremen. He became confused in the swarm of bustling people and the noise of traffic and turned to the boy for assistance. He said he wanted to go to East Ninth street. Hans and the stranger boarded a Broadway car and transferred at Park row to the Third avenue line. When the pair reached Delancey street the stranger suddenly let out a cry that he had been robbed.

On second thought he grabbed Hans and became so excited that the conductor stopped the car and called Policeman Crimmins of the Delancey street station, who was on post near by. Tenney then told the cop, through a passenger on the car who spoke German, that the boy had taken his wallet containing $45. Hans burst into tears, indignantly denying any knowledge of the missing money, but nevertheless was haled before Magistrate Finelite in the Essex Market police court by the big policeman.

The more the magistrate questioned the louder the boy howled. Finally the case was adjourned to allow the complainant to get witnesses. The boy was then taken to jail, crying and protesting his innocence. His mother was notified, but she could not scrape up enough ready coin to get Hans out. Instead of sleeping Hans cried all night long.

Prison Keeper Whalen and the matron did their best to comfort Hans, and finally a collection of nickels and coppers amounting to several dollars was taken up and given to him. But it did not check his tears, and he was still crying when brought before Magistrate Breen in the morning.

"What evidence have you against this poor lad?" asked the magistrate. "He looks honest and cries as if he were honest."

"I felt somebody going through my pockets and I think it was him," said Tenney through the interpreter, in a hesitating way.

"You didn't tell this boy to cry, did you?" asked Magistrate Breen of the lawyer appearing for the prisoner.

"No, your honor."

"In that case I think it an outrage to hold him a minute longer. This immigrant is a greenhorn and some professional sharper got him. The boy, I'm positive, is innocent," concluded the magistrate.

The prisoner was discharged. Hardly had he been informed of the fact than he made a dive for his mother and brother, who were seated among the spectators. He did not wait for the policeman to open the gate, but vaulted over the four foot railing and hugged both at once.

"That boy wouldn't steal in a thousand years," commented Magistrate Breen, as he watched the greeting.—New York Sun.

A Word to the Boy Who Smokes Cigarettes

A word to you, sonny—you little twelve or thirteen year old boy who is smoking cigarettes on the sly. What do you want to be when you grow up—a stalwart, healthy, vigorous, broad-shouldered man, or a little, puny, measly, no-count, weak-minded dude? If you want to be a man, strong like a man, with hair on your face, brains in your head, and muscles in your limbs you just let those cigarettes alone. If you want to be a thing pitied by your folks, despised by the girls, held in contempt by the fellows, keep right on smoking.—Seneca (Mo.) Hustler.

Robert W. Brain

One of the most remarkable instances of musical ability possessed by a boy of tender age is that of Robert W. Brain, of Springfield, Ohio, aged ten years. His father is conductor of music in the Grand Opera House at Springfield and his mother is also a musician.

Several years ago Robert began to show a wonderful sensitiveness to sound and to accurately imitate the notes of animals, birds, whistles, and other sounds with which we are familiar. At the age of six years he composed a polka, playing it upon a toy piano. The melody and musical form were excellent. As a violinist and pianist he has played solos of his own composition in public many times. Among these are "The Mill," and an intermezzo, "The Robin." He has also played in public The First Fantasie by Mozart.



Next he took up the art of writing music from sound, and for nearly two years now has been able to write down his own compositions. He prefers classical music. At a concert he can always tell the key in which each selection he hears is being sung.

Robert has written an operetta in three acts entitled, "The Land of Flowers," which he looks forward to seeing staged. Musicians are amazed at its beauty and freshness. He has taught the different parts to his schoolmates and is arranging some of the music for the use of orchestras.

The boy is to be given every opportunity for the development of his talent and will eventually be sent to Europe to complete his musical education.

Americans Honored by King George of Greece

The King of Greece bestows upon American Commissioner, James E. Sullivan, Golden Cross, and Upon Manager Halpin, Silver Cross.

Hon. D. N. Botassi, Greek Consul in New York, has received official information to the effect that the King of Greece had conferred upon the American Commissioner to the recent Olympic games, Mr. James E. Sullivan, a golden cross.

The Decoration of the Kingdom of Greece is called The Royal Order of the Saviour, and is divided into five classes, namely: First, the Silver Cross; second, the Golden Cross; third, the Order of the Commander; fourth, the Order of High Commander; and fifth, the Order of the Great Cross, which is given only to Sovereigns, Ambassadors, Ministers and Commanding Generals. This last decoration is considered the highest honor that can be bestowed upon an individual. To foreign sovereigns and ambassadors the number is not limited, but among Greeks only twelve individuals can have it, and some one of the twelve shall have died before another cross is given.

The bestowal of such decorations is an exclusive privilege of the king, and the fact that upon Mr. Sullivan has been bestowed the Decoration of the Golden Cross, for the distinguished services rendered by him towards the success of the Olympian games at Athens, is considered a high honor for the reason that Mr. Sullivan does not hold an official position in Greece.

Jealous of the Reputation of His State

Robert E. Power, of St. Paul, seeing that a Minnesota boy had taken exception to the statement of the Michigan boy in the Michigan prize essay to the effect that Michigan was the chief state in the matter of its iron production, adds a criticism to the effect that the Michigan boy is wrong in claiming that the scenes of Hiawatha were laid in Michigan. "I have looked up the question," says he, "in Redway and Hinman's Geography of the United States, published by The American Book Company of Chicago, and it says that it was in Minnesota. Minnehaha Falls are between Minneapolis and St. Paul. In Hiawatha it reads like this, 'Heard the falls of Minnehaha calling to them from the distance'." The boy also sends us a clipping from the St. Paul Dispatch which contains a picture of the falls at Pipestone, Minnesota, made famous by Longfellow's Hiawatha. He also calls attention to the fact that the Michigan boy is wrong in saying that Michigan produces more lumber than any other state.

Without settling the controversy between these boys, we want to express the pleasure that we feel over the fact that these essays are encouraging the boys to investigate. It is almost worth while to have a boy make a mistake in his essay if it sets other boys to studying.



MR. AND MRS. PATRICK ROONEY lived in an old ramshackle of a house in Poverty Lane on the edge of "Nowhere." If Pat had been less fond of whiskey and Mrs. Pat had been less shiftless, they might have lived somewhere else. If Pat had been different, Mrs. Pat might have had her ambitions, but as it was these were conspicuous by their absence.

"What's the use tryin' to fix things up?" she would say. "Pat makes everything fly when he's drunk?"

A time came, however, when Pat kept on the safe side of whiskey. A letter had come from his brother Mike who lived in Nebraska. Mike wrote that he was "coming on for a visit." Pat had not heard from Mike for many years. During that long interval Mike had made money steadily and was now a rich man. He wrote that he would be glad to take one of Pat's boys home with him, if he could have his choice.

Pat suddenly grew some inches taller after reading the letter, but his height diminished rapidly when Mrs. Pat remarked:

"'Taint likely Mike'll stay here long when he sees how we look and live. And like enough he won't want any of our boys when he sees how they are neglected, a runnin' the streets day and night."

"What makes you let 'em run the streets?" Pat demanded. "You're their mother."

"What makes you let 'em?" was her rejoinder, "You're their father."

"Well, I'll show 'em I am, that's what I'll do," Pat said with determination, "I'll make 'em stay at home or know the reason why."

He struck the table with his fist to add strength to his resolution.

It was on Tuesday the letter came and on Thursday, Thanksgiving day, Uncle Mike would arrive.

"Shure we'd ought to hev a toorkey in honor of Mike," said Pat wistfully.

He tried in vain to get trusted for a turkey. He had been "trusted" too frequently in other days.

"'Twouldn't be nice to hev bacon or codfish for Thanksgivin' when Mike's here," Mrs. Pat observed deprecatingly.

"No," agreed Pat, "An' we ain't goin' to hev it," he spoke irritably, and then, suddenly, a broad grin overspread his face.

He gave the table a resounding whack.

"I hev it," he exclaimed joyfully. "Shure and we'll hev Tim's pig fer Thanksgivin'."

Tim was the youngest boy, only eight years old, a little fellow with big blue eyes and red hair curling all over his head.

His brother Pat was ten years old. Next came Mike (named for the rich "Uncle Mike"), who was twelve.

Little Tim's face grew pale at the allusion of his father's.

"You can't take my pig," he cried out in great distress.

His brothers laughed mockingly.

"Can't take yer pig?" exclaimed his father. "An' why not?"

"It's mine."

"An shure ye'll let yer mother roast your pig fer yer Uncle Mike—an' on Thanksgivin' too?" coaxed Pat Rooney.

"No, I won't hev it roasted for nobody."

The contention was quick and sharp. Pat was determined to have the pig and little Tim determined that he shouldn't. To the child the pig meant much. Mrs. Murphy, a neighbor, had intended drowning it when it was a little bit of a thing.

"Taint wuth it's keep," she had said as she looked with disgust at the miserable grunting creature.

But Tim had pleaded "not to drown the poor thing" and then she had given it to him. From that moment the pig became Tim's pet. He did everything he could for its welfare and his efforts were crowned with success. Many a day when provisions were low Tim had divided his meals with the pig. But he felt rewarded for all his efforts and sacrifices. There was not a healthier or cunninger pig anywhere and it manifested a wonderful fondness for Tim. The boy had taught it a number of tricks, such as jumping through a hoop, standing on its hind legs and begging.

"Oh, dear me!" Tim thought, "I'd as soon think of roasting myself as of roasting my pig."

On Thanksgiving morning there was no discussion in regard to the pig. Pat Rooney had decided that it must be roasted and that—he thought—ended the matter.

"Now, Tim," said he, "no more nonsense. You've got ter obey yer father. What's yours is mine—d'ye hear? Git thet pig right off. Wash it clane an' bring it to yer mother. Whativer ye forgit—ye must remimber that it's right to always obey yer parents."

After Pat had delivered his speech in his most impressive way he went out, fully believing that his mandate would be obeyed. He would be gone several hours and when he returned Uncle Mike would accompany him.

These were sorrowful hours to poor little Tim. He had cried so much during the past twenty-four hours that he felt dazed. A question kept ringing through his aching head—was it always right to obey his parents? Was it? His father had declared that it was. Oh, dear! Oh, dear. It did not seem as if it could be right. He trembled from head to feet as he went out of the house.

"Hurry up, Tim, thet's a good boy," called his mother, "give the pig a good scurrin'—it's time it was gettin' ready fer the oven."

Oh, horror! Mrs. Pat was sharpening the butcher knife on the stove.

"Oh, she means to cut and gash my dear little pig," was the unhappy child's thought, "she shan't do it—she shan't."

He hurried to the shed. As he opened the door the pig ran to meet him. He sank down on his knees—crooning over his pet, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Poor little piggie! Dear little piggie!" he said tenderly. "Oh, I wish Uncle Mike had stayed where he belongs!"

But Tim was a hero. Having made up his mind at last that it would be wrong not to obey his parents, he lifted the pig in his arms and carried him to the lean-to kitchen where there was a tub of warm water waiting. Piggie enjoyed his bath, which was prolonged on account of what must come after. There was an old rusty stove in the lean-to, his mother had been doing all her cooking there. Tim supposed that she intended getting the Thanksgiving dinner there, too. He opened the oven door, finding the oven just milk warm. In another minute the pig was in the oven and Tim was out in the shed on the hay crying his heart out. His head was hot, his brain confused, but one thought brought him a ray of comfort.

"Ma didn't get her knife in him any way—she didn't cut an' gash poor little piggie."

He had not slept at all the previous night, so it was no wonder that he fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the hay. Presently he had a beautiful dream to comfort him—piggie was in his arms; he held him close.

But it was no dream, or at least if it were, no one could tell dream from reality. For piggie was there on the hay beside him. Tim slept for hours.

Meanwhile at the house Mrs. Pat was working harder than she had worked for years before. She was cooking on the kitchen stove—something she had not done before during the fall. She heard Tim scrubbing the pig in the lean-to but just then she was mixing some biscuit. As soon as her hands were out of the dough she started for the lean-to. As she opened the door she heard a splash behind the stove and suddenly a little dripping form raced across the floor and disappeared. It was Tim's pig. The oven door had not been tightly closed on the side toward the wall.

"Well," said she, "ef thet don't beat the Jews. The poor boy is daft—he must ha' put the pig in the oven alive to roast. I wish Pat had let him alone, so I do. I s'pose I'll hev to go an' get thet pig and kill him myself."

Mike and Pat, junior, had gone off—a habit of theirs when there was anything particular to do. Mrs. Pat proceeded hastily to the shed—the sharpened knife in her hand. But the scene that met her gaze was too much for her mother heart. Tim fast asleep with one arm thrown over his pet protectingly. The tears were dried on the round face—there was a smile on his lips.

"There'll be no roast pig in our house this day," she said to herself. Then hurrying back to the house she brought out a blanket—throwing it over the sleeping boy, gently.

"Shure," said she, as she went back to her work, "instead of roast pig we'll have codfish. That's what they call the 'Irishman's Toorkey,'" and she laughed light-heartedly. She was glad, after all, that Tim's pig had been spared.

Mike and Pat, junior, returned from their wanderings in time to "fix up" in their "best bib and tucker" for Uncle Mike. They were two absurd looking chaps when they were "fixed," the crowning touch of the "fixing" being hair plastered down with ill smelling bear's oil. Then Pat Rooney and Uncle Mike arrived, the latter a big, jolly looking man who greeted every one pleasantly and made himself at home.

"Where's the other boy?" he questioned. "You said there were three."

"Where's little Tim?" asked Pat, senior.

"I dunno," said Mike.

"I dunno," echoed Pat, junior.

All eyes were turned on Mrs. Pat, who answered, "He's asleep. He cried himself to sleep and nobody's goin' to wake him till he wakes himself."

"Poor little chap!" said Uncle Mike kindly, "I hope he isn't sick."

Mrs. Pat did not say whether he was or not, but instead she remarked that "dinner was ready."

The table was neatly set with the best the house afforded (which was not saying much) and there were cranberries, a dish of sweet pickles, some cheese and jelly. They were indebted to little Tim for these luxuries. He had done some chores and errands for a grocer in Poverty Lane and in the goodness of his heart taken these things in payment "so's to help along."

Ah, poor little Tim! His was one of the sweet, helpful natures ever ready to do what he could.

As Mrs. Pat invited them to sit down at the table she first served soup. Before marriage she had been cook in a nice family, consequently could do things in first-class style when she had the material.

The soup was excellent. Uncle Mike ate his in a well-bred way that quite charmed Mrs. Pat. Pat and the boys fairly gulped down their portion, almost blistering their mouths and throats in their haste for the second course.

"Shure, Mike, an' you'll taste a roast pig as is a pig, the nicest, plumpest pig ye ever saw, an' roasted to a turn," declared Pat senior in a jubilant tone, smacking his lips in anticipation of the great treat.

"An' 'twill have a lemon in its mouth," said Mike.

"An' a wreath of parsley 'round its neck," Pat, Jr., put in with a broad grin.

Mrs. Pat said nothing, but there was

(Continued on page 29.)



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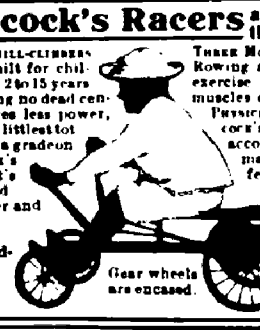

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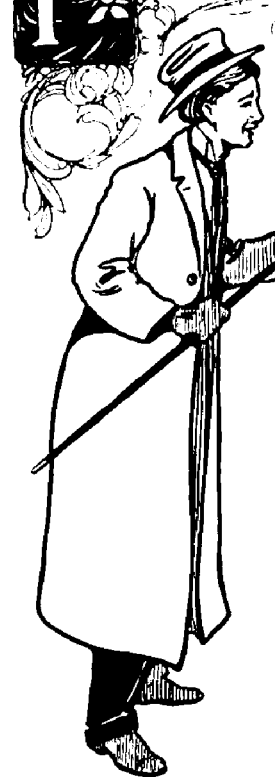

THERE are some things that people take a long time to forget. The students of St. Mary's whose fathers had fought the last of the Indian tribes, could not forget the many unmarked graves out on the prairies, nor the many burned cabins that dotted the wilderness. That was the reason also why Oscar Bender, big, strong, and brawny, stood on the side lines, while substitutes, weaker and with less knowledge of football than he, were sent out to take the places of players carried limply from the field.

It had been a fiercely played game, and the second half was drawing to a close. At the finish, the score board would tell whether Kingston or St. Mary's had carried off the championship of the college world. Neither side had pushed the ball between the goal posts, and St. Mary's was weakening. The blue and gold still waved from the stands, but not as gayly as it had shook earlier in the day. The blood red of Kingston showed everywhere and as the game dragged on, a constant series of scrimmages on the chalk-lined field, the sharp rattle of the Kingston cheer floated out on the field to encourage the tired wearers of the red.

Yard by yard, St. Mary's was being pounded back, and on the sidelines, big Dan Carroll, the coach, raged in his heart at the fate that had crippled his best and heaviest men. Of the substitutes left, only Bender was silent.

"Johnson," he thought to himself, "is weakening. They'll send me in now." But a moment later, when the full-back was carried from the field, and even while Kingston was shrieking its joy, Davis was sent into the game—Davis, a 120-pounder, to buck the heavy Kingston line.

"O—oh," groaned Bender. It was the first sound the Indian had made since the game began.

The first rush bowled Davis over as though he were a reed. After that Kingston sent man after man toward him, until staggering as though drunk, Davis cried with the rage of his weakness. Despair settled over St. Mary's, and the blue and gold hung limply from the stand. Carroll stalked the chalk lines begging his boys to stay the wild plunges that were carrying them toward their own goal line. Bender, standing beside him, saw Davis go down again, and as they lifted the little fellow from the ground, the Indian slipped on a nose guard and went out on the field.

Carroll ran after him and caught his arm.

"Where are you going? he demanded.

"To play," answered Bender, doggedly.

The coach's glance rested on the students in the stands.

"After the way they turned you down?"

"This isn't for them," said the Indian; "it's for St. Mary's," and then all the manhood that was in big Dan Carroll came to the surface.

"Go in," he said, huskily; "you're a brick. I told them you were the best man we had. Hold them, Bender, hold them."

Those were the first coaxing words the Indian had heard since he joined the training squad, and they sent the blood tingling in his veins. He felt, rather than heard, the awed whisper that ran the length of the Kingston stands. Over where the blue and gold of St. Mary's made a sea of color, the students, as a matter of college loyalty, broke into a steady, ponderous rah, rah, rah, and tacked his name to the end of the cheer. The sound went to the Indian's head like wine.

Jones, the little quarter-back, was going to pieces as the teams lined up again, and Bender fresh and confident, caressed him gently.

"Steady," he whispered, "steady," and the quiver left the boy's body, and he laid his hand on the crouching center in front of him.

"Steady," he whispered, and the word ran down past the guards, the tackles and the ends.

The autumn sun, sinking in the west, flared up the faces of the straining athletes. Kingston would try the new man first. They went at the center in a wedge, but even as they rushed, a suddenly stiffened wall of bone and flesh arose to meet them, a form flashed through their interferers, and the runner dropped in his tracks for a loss of a yard.

A yell of sudden hope burst from the blue and gold. As Bender rose from the dust, the stand recognized him and stampeded to their feet to once more cheer his name. People to whom sport is sport and Indian blood as nothing, asked each other why he had not been put in the game before, while off on the side lines, Carroll hugged himself in glee.

"Oh, Bender man, Bender," he crooned, "you're a peach."

The Indian was speaking rapidly.

"Go at them," he urged. "They're easy. Tackle low." But in his own mind he was whispering that he would have to play the game alone until St. Mary's got back her nerve.

But nerve was not all St. Mary's needed then. Her strength was gone. Battered and bruised, the eleven was pushed back sullenly yard by yard, and Carroll's joy died even as it was born. The time-keeper's whistle sounded five minutes more of play. St. Mary's was fighting her last fight on her ten yard line, and the Kingston cheer was flinging defiance at the weary blue and gold.

They crouched again. St. Mary's hopeless but still fighting; Kingston eager and anxious. They sang their battle songs as they bent over the ball, and one stand answered back another. Up they rose at last, and St. Mary's defense fell like a giant tree before the woodman's ax. Bender alone stood firm, and as Kingston tore a hole between center and the guard, the Indian bent slowly forward and met the runner headlong.

The shock jarred the ball from the runner's hand, and Bender was up and after it. He took it on the bound. Two of St. Mary's men, tired but willing, tried to break through before him, only to stumble and fall with the shock of collision. With almost the entire Kingston eleven before him, Bender was left to fight alone.

He went at the right wing of the Kingston line. There seemed to be a larger opening there, but before he got fairly started a tackle made a flying clutch and caught him. He shook the fellow off, though not before the greater part of the enemy were before him and around him.

The blue and gold had awakened. The Indian heard the college cheer, and the next man to tackle him went backwards like a bent spring, clutching wildly at the air. From some place on the field little Jones dived past him and opened a hole through which he plowed. He seemed scarcely to have moved; in reality he had gone almost ten yards.

Then they got him—three of them. Bender saw men jumping up and down and waving flags, flags, flags—flags everywhere. He wrenched himself violently and sent one of those holding him sprawling. That left only two.

He wondered vaguely, as he dragged one foot after the other, why the rest of the Kingston men did not pile on and pull him down; he did not know that behind him St. Mary's was holding Kingston as they had not held them all that day. Five yards farther he shook himself free from another of his captives, as a tree might shed its dead leaves. He still had a wearer of the red clinging to his thighs, and he began to go forward with bounds and jerks. Twice he shook himself free, only to be caught again. The third time the Kingston man let go with a sigh and lay white and still. The Indian had a clear field before him.

He ran, not as he had seen the track team run, but as his forefathers ran. He saw somebody waving an excited pair of arms on the side lines, and after a while decided it was Carroll. The roaring of many voices was in his ears, and he knew they were shouting Bender, Bender—Why, he was Bender, and then suddenly his brain cleared and he heard the quick patter of feet behind him.

He shut his teeth hard. The white chalk of the five yard lines danced before his eyes, and the patter of feet came nearer. He tried to run faster, but the struggle down the field, with men clinging like flies to his back and feet had sapped much of his strength. He began to count the patter of feet behind him. One, two, three, four—He shook himself again with the realization that he was beginning to lag.

Why did everybody shout at him? He heard a gasping breath, and something closed about his knees like a vice. He pitched sideways, struggled to save his balance, reeled another yard and then crashed against a goal post, to double up like a jack knife and cough harshly as he fell.

He was still coughing weakly when somebody ripped open his jersey and dashed cold water on his chest. He looked up into rows upon rows of faces. The world seemed to have turned to blue and gold. Carroll was bending over him.

"Hurt?" asked the coach.

"No." The Indian sat up. "What's that."

"That's you," said Carroll, grinning "Listen."

Five thousand throats were singing. The words came booming across the field:

"Bender, Bender, Big Chief Bender."

"And St. Mary's," said Bender, smiling.



FIVE YARDS FARTHER HE SHOOK HIMSELF FREE FROM ANOTHER OF HIS CAPTORS

Sent a God Bless You After Him

The following is an extract from the address of O. M. Spencer, St. Louis, one of Missouri's most successful lawyers, delivered to the newsboys:

"Every man was a boy—it seems strange, but it is really so. Wouldn't you like to turn time backward and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn boots—the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy, hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out crouched before the glare of the burning logs.

"Distinctly and vividly, I remember a squat, freckled boy who was born in the 'Patch,' and used to pick up coal alongside railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Court of Appeals at Rochester. That boy from the 'Patch' was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

"Yesterday, I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat, one suspender held his trousers in place, his form was bony and awkward, his bare legs and arms were brown and scratched and briar-scarred. He turned his horses just as I passed by, and from under the flopping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes, and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and sent a God bless you down the furrow after him. Who knows! I may yet go to that boy to borrow money, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a law suit; or he may stand with pulse unmoved, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face and night and death come creeping into my veins.

"Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul stuff."

Why Some Boys are Bad

The following are words of wisdom from Chas. O. Krauskopf, Secretary of the Illinois Society for Child Study:

"There is in the present day city life absolutely no place in the economic community for the man-child between four and fourteen years of age. There is no place or condition where he becomes a natural, essential factor of the social body. Nobody really needs him or wants him. His mother may ask him to run a few errands, but there is rarely any attempt to require of him the performance of regular daily duties. He has nothing to do, and is forced to play or loaf.

"His father's place of business is usually far from home, frequently behind walls and fences with "No admittance" over doors or gates. Even if the boy can visit his father and see him at work, the differentiation of labor is so great that the purpose of the father's task is often incomprehensible to the child.

"After a few minutes the novelty of watching the wheels go round wears away, and his naturally active mind and body carry him to where he will again be kicked off the neighbor's lawn, ordered from vacant lots or streets because of his noise, until finally, an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, in self-defense he forms a band or gang to fight for or to gain secretly his rightful share of innocent pleasure, and then, by an always easy road, he usually passes to a more questionable occupation."

College Fraternities

In August, 1826, William Morgan, a Royal Arch Mason, who had threatened to expose the secrets of Freemasonry, was abducted from Canandaigua, N. Y. Vigilance committees traced him and his abductors to Fort Niagara, and thence in a boat to Lake Ontario, where he finally disappeared, his body never being found.

Amid the most intense excitement the ani-Masonry party was formed. It was dominant in New York for twenty years, and effected national elections, even preventing Henry Clay's nomination for the Presidency, because he was a Mason. The feeling against secret societies ran so high that more than 3,000 Masonic lodges gave up their charters.

Yet it was during this very time and in the New York colleges, says the Outlook, that the older college secret societies (excepting Phi Beta Kappa, which till then had been a secret society, and Kappa Alpha) were founded, as follows: In Union College, Sigma Phi, 1827; Delta Phi, 1827; Psi Upsilon, 1833; Chi Psi, 1841; in Hamilton College, Alpha Delta Phi, 1832.

These societies were at first strictly forbidden and known members were expelled from college or lost college honors. Pins were usually worn inside the vest pocket, and meetings were held in secret.

In 1832 Phi Beta Kappa was forced by Harvard's president to relinquish its secret features. Yet it was during this period that the fraternities adopted the constitutions, policies of administration, and traditions which have snce largely governed and hampered them.

After some years the secret societies were tolerated and even recognized, although earnestly opposed by many who believed that they were inherently wrong or that their growth would kill the college debating societies. During this second period simple lodge rooms were hired in some business block, or even in the attic of a hotel.

Their infrequent conventions consisted of a public address, and probably a poem, by prominent alumni, and a private banquet. The active members met as a body only once a week—on lodge nights. Although the colleges were constantly asking for large sums to build dormitories, no one dreamed that the fraternities would largely solve this problem by housing their own members.

About twenty-five years ago the fraternities entered their third or present stage. Their position in college life is now recognized and influential. They own many fine chapter houses and maintain close relations between their graduates and undergraduates, and between their various chapters. Most of their members room and often eat in the fraternity houses, which are sometimes built on land leased from the college. Some colleges in which the fraternities are strong have ceased to build new dormitories.

Reminders of the Little One

A man from Denver is in New York on business. On the bureau in his room in the hotel rests a tiny pair of shoes. Every night, before he retires, he unbutons the little shoes. In the morning, so soon as he arises, he buttons the little shoes again.

There is a very tender light in the man's eyes when he handles the little shoes, for he is thinking of the toddler 2,000 miles away who is just beginning to say "papa."—New York Press.

Japan's chrysanthemum flag is probably the oldest national banner in existence. That of Denmark is the oldest among European nations.



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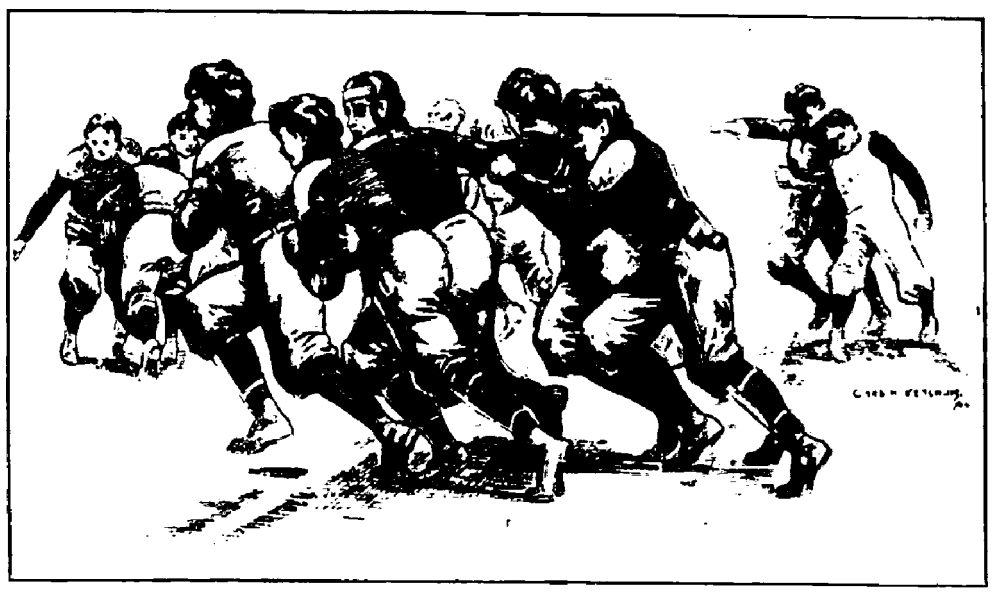


The School Football Team

Some Practical Suggestions on Important Points

: : : By WALTER B. NORRIS : : :

I. THE QUARTER BACK.

NO ONE is more important on a football team than the quarter back. In his selection of plays he should look carefully for weak spots in his opponents' line, and then hammer them often. While in his own half of the field, he should play cautiously, kicking the ball away when he cannot gain ground with it, and so getting his goal out of danger. Trick plays should be played in one's opponents' half of the field and generally on a first down.

II. RULES WORTH KNOWING.

When a team is on the defensive, it is very important that they do not commit fouls, such as off-side play, as a single foul by them gives to the opposing team a first down. Thus, if a team with the ball has second down and fifteen yards to gain, and their opponents are penalized five yards, the ball is moved up five yards and the down is a first down.

At the kick-off all of the kicking team are on-side and may secure the ball as soon as it has gone ten yards. If they drop on it behind their opponents' goal line it is a touchdown.

The question of when a touchback has been made is a puzzling one, and this year it will frequently arise. This year any punt or forward pass that goes over the goal line, or any ball that bounds or rolls over the line, before being touched by a player of either side, must be declared a touchback. This does not apply to kicks from a kick-off or a free kick, which may be run back.

When a touchback is made, the defending side kick out from in front of their goal line. The other team may line up on the twenty-five yard line or nearer their own goal. They generally arrange themselves as at a kick-off, but putting the first man on the twenty-five yard line.

The ball is "out of bounds" as soon as it or any part of the player carrying it touches the side line or the ground outside it. If the ball goes out before being touched by a person on-side, it belongs to the opponents at the spot where it crossed the side line. If, however, it was touched by a person on-side, it belongs to the first one getting it. Thus, to avoid a kick being run back, kick across the side line.

Another point that might be overlooked is that a captain may not call for "time out" just when he pleases. He may ask for two minutes any time he wishes to put a player out of the game, but he cannot ask for time for other reasons, such as resting a player who is hurt, more than three times in a half. If he does his team must lose two yards each time, the number of the down being unchanged, and, unlike a foul, the distance (not the point) to be gained remaining the same.

Such points as these, and in fact all the rules, should be clear in the mind of the captain, or he will be unable to avoid penalties or secure fair play for his team-mates. In all disputes and protests, however, he should be courteous, and never interfere unless the rules are violated.

A FEW GOOD PLAYS.

The two plays illustrated here are merely types of many others that can be run off in similar fashion. The first shows a half back run around the end, the second a trick play from a punting formation, where the left half carries the ball through the opposing left tackle.

The diagrams show the positions of the players when the ball is snapped and the directions they travel in, but not the distances.

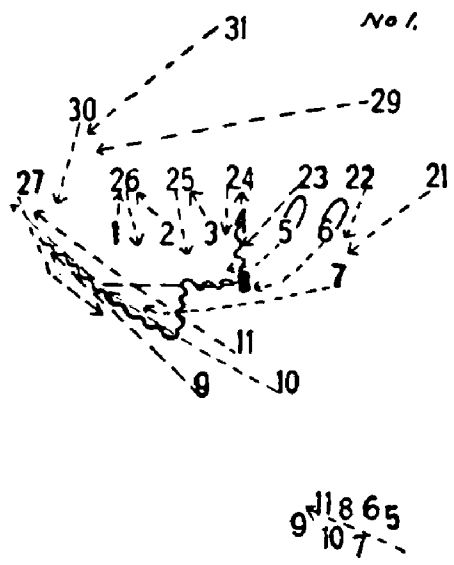
The numbers 1 to 11 are the team with the ball and those 21 to 31 the defending team. The numbers correspond to the positions, the left ends being 1 and 21, left tackles 2 and 22, left guards 3 and 23, centers 4 and 24, right guards 5 and 25, right tackles 6 and 26, right ends 7 and 27, quarters 8 and 28, left halves 9 and 29, right halves 10 and 30, and full backs 11 and 31. The waving line shows the course of the ball as it is passed and carried.

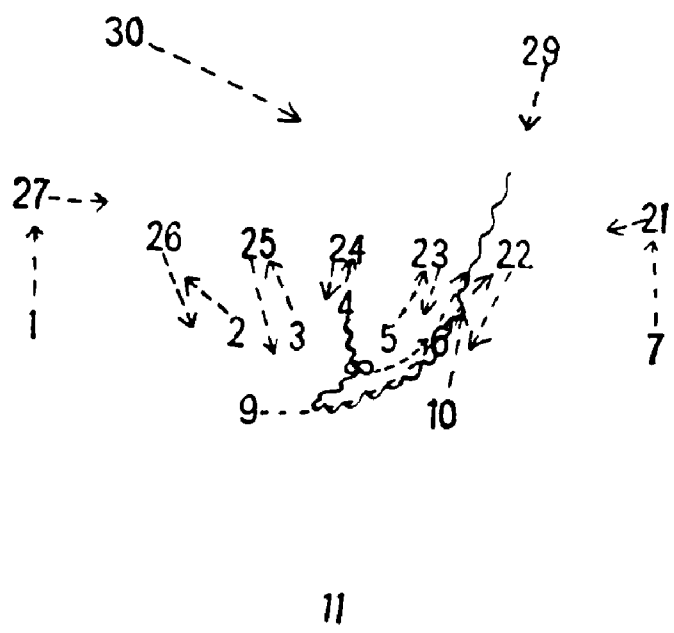
In the first diagram, illustrating an end run, the quarter back on the defense is about fifteen yards behind the full back. The side having the ball line up with the right end playing a few feet back of the line in order to get into the interference more easily.

As the ball is snapped, the interference led by the full back and left half run straight for the opposing right end. If the latter dodges out, the left half takes care to block him and keep him from breaking up the interference or tackling the runner with the ball. If he comes inside, or if the tackle breaks through, the full back takes them. The quarter back throws the ball to the right half about back of tackle and then falls in behind the full back. The half back runs beside him. Their formation is now as shown in the small plan in the lower right hand corner of the diagram.

The right end follows the man with the ball, to protect him from behind, and the right guard and tackle, as soon as they have held their opponents for a moment, as shown by the curved lines, fall in behind the quarter back. The other members of the team with the ball block their opponents. Notice that both left end and left tackle attack the opposing tackle as he must not be allowed to break through.

The other diagram illustrates a trick play. The formation is as for a punt. Notice that the ends are spread out from their tackles, and that the quarter (8) stands just behind the center's right foot, facing toward left end. The halves are behind the tackles to protect the full back when he kicks. This time, however, the center does not pass the ball to the full back but to the quarter. As soon as the ball is snapped, the left half starts straight for his own right tackle and receives the ball from the quarter, who turns, passes it to him, and goes with him. The right tackle pushes his opponent outward, and is helped by the right half, who plunges in as the play begins. The right guard pushes his opposite inward and so opens up a hole for the left half, who, if he gets through, goes down the field. The other men block their opponents from getting to the spot of the play.





Some harps have been discovered in Egyptian tombs the strings of which, in several instances, were intact, and gave forth distinct sounds after an estimated silence of 3,000 years.

Self-Reliance Better Than Money

Nothing better could happen to the young man, who has the right kind of spirit, than to be thrown upon the world and his own resources, Dr. Samuel Smiles has written. A well-to-do judge once gave his son $1,000 and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone, and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you $1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; again leaving home, he worked his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.

A Brave Boy

When Coley Patterson was a boy at Eton he was popular with all his schoolmates. He studied well, and, besides, he was "captain of the boats," and on the cricket eleven. At a certain gathering coarse songs were started. They were part of the traditions of the school, and had been sung for years. But Coley was as brave morally as he was physically. He declared that those songs should not be sung in his presence. When one was started he left the room—something few boys would have dared to do—under the circumstances. Then and there, however, the custom stopped.

That brave boy at Eton who courageously stood up for his principles, even at the risk of being described as "tied to his mother's apron-strings," became a famous missionary in the South Seas. As Bishop Coleridge Patterson, he fearlessly faced the Melanesians with their clubs and arrows, and daily risked his life for the cause of Christ. Physical courage has a moral foundation. Dare to do right, boys, and nothing of physical danger then can daunt you.—New York Observer.

MY YOUNG SPORTSMAN

A Series of Articles Descriptive of Firearms and Their Use

Written for The American Boy by Edward Van Antwerp

CHAPTER VI.

PRECEDING THIS we have directed our attention wholly towards those things that would enable us to determine where to aim. How to aim is the problem that now confronts us, for as we said before, these two essentials are so bound together, and in such close relation that we can hardly think of one without remembering the other.

Having selected the proper gun, one should become familiar with the handling of it. If you have spare time, take the gun and repeatedly throw it to your shoulder, striving to cover some particular object. Do this constantly, day after day, and soon you will find yourself able to cover instantly any object your eye chances to rest upon. When you have accomplished this, try swinging the gun as you would in following a bird in its flight. By practice of this kind you will be very materially benefitted, and when afield or attending a shoot, you will fully grasp the meaning and purpose of this preliminary practice.

The beginner in wing shooting almost invariably misses, from shooting under or behind his birds. Most of guns are constructed with an elevated rib, so that in use they will shoot a little high. This is essential, for at anything but long range the arm need not be held above the object fired at. Not shooting far enough ahead is a common fault. It is far better to hold a little too far in the lead, than a trifle behind. In the first case the charge of shot traveling as it does in the form of a long oval, twelve feet or more in length, is so drawn out that the stray pellets following in the rear are quite liable to kill the bird, although you really held too far ahead to center the game. In the second instance, shooting behind, although but a trifle, causes the loss of your meat.

How far ahead of a bird should one shoot in order that the game may be centered? This is a question involving so many things that no fixed rule is possible. As we have previously seen the velocity of the shot and the velocity of the bird have a direct bearing upon this question, as does also the direction of the bird, and its distance from the gunner. We purpose giving herewith a table showing aproximately the distance one should hold ahead of a bird, flying forty miles an hour, and at right angles to the shooter. It is assumed that a medium charge is used, and that the sportsman is fairly quick in pressing the trigger. If, however, a light load is used, or the gunner is slow in firing; in that instance, the distance must be increased accordingly.

Distance of bird from gun.	Feet one should hold ahead of bird.
20 yards	4½ feet
30 "	6¾ feet
40 "	9⅛ feet
50 "	12½ feet
60 "	17½ feet

Mathematicians might object to these figures, forgetting that a momentary pause exists after the mind of the shooter has reached a decision, and the actual discharge of the gun. This time is almost one second, and is practically the same, whether the object shot at is twenty or sixty yards distance.

At one time there seems to have been considerable discussion as to the advisability of shooting with one, or both, eyes open. It is purely a matter of individual preference, although our best gunners are inclined to take the advice of the poetical Watts, who says:

Close neither eye; some good shots say
Shut up your left; that's not my way;
But still a man may take his oath,
He'd better shut one eye than both.
I've heard of men (it may amaze)
Who never care their guns to raise,
But fire them from the hip as true
As we can from the shoulder do;
I mention this that you may see
How motion doth with sight agree:
If you're collected, I believe,
Your eye will ne'er your hand deceive.

HYLO

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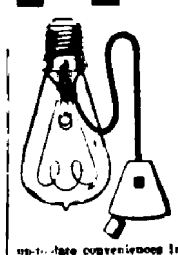

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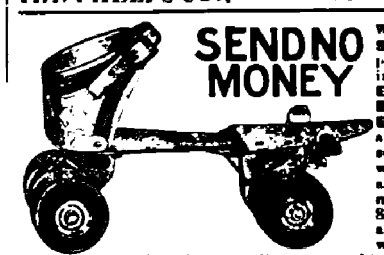

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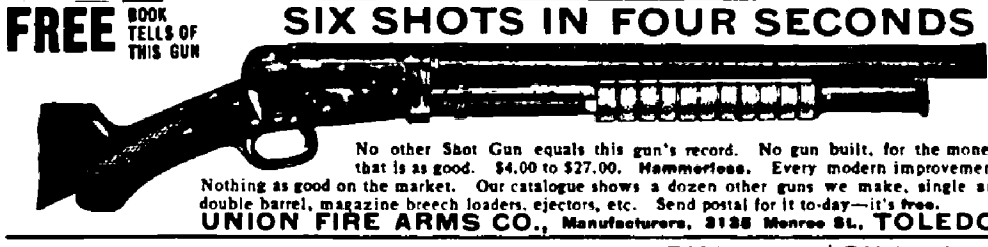

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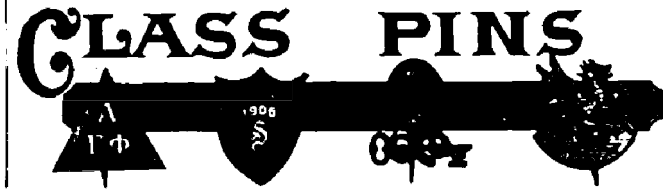

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The Numismatic Sphinx

F. W. Kolbe: The California gold quarters and half dollars of 1883 sell for about $1.50 each. Wm. M. Johnson: Your rubbing is from a 1 real of Honduras and sells at the dealers for half a dollar. Francis Knight: A $20.00 Confederate bill has no value only as a souvenir and very little for that. A. Chormba: (1) Army and Navy token, 1863, five cents. (2) Nickle three cent, 1865; face value only. (3) Central American 5 centavos, nickel, five cents. (4) 1827 half dollar, seventy-five cents. Roy Plasket: The 1894 dime of the S mint is worth at least $50.00. There are two of the English copper coins of the date 1797, 1 and 2 pence. The first is worth a quarter and the last about seventy-five cents providing they are in good condition. 1835 cents, ten cents. There is no premium on the ordinary Canadian copper and silver coins. E. R. Armstroff: The dealers charge 25 cents for a good half dime of 1837. I. J. C. Hamilton: See answer to F. W. Kolbe. Eugene Chandler: 1818 cent, ten cents. 8 soldi, 1811, is an Italian copper coin issued under Napoleon at the Milan mint. It is worth fifteen cents. The simple fact that one of the 1878 dollars has eight feathers in the eagle's tail instead of seven does not give it added value. Feathers are cheap you know. David Evans: (1) Greece 10 lepta, fifteen cents. (2) Mexico 1 centavo nickel, five cents. (3) Mexican State, Chihuahua, ¼ real, twenty-five cents. Ed. C. Weadman: (1) 1826 half cent, fifteen cents. (2) 1850 cent, five to ten cents. Colin Herrle. Old Austrian crown piece struck for the Tyrol in 1620, $2.50. The dealers charge about sixty-five cents for a good dime of 1838 of the New Orleans mint. Spencer Lucas: The dollars of 1798 and 1799 sell for about $2.50 each. The half dollar of 1830 for seventy-five cents. Your other rubbing is from a common 10 (diez) centavo of Spain. Asa V. Call: There is no premium on the dollar of 1903. Paul S. Dard: Your coins are from Spain and Brunswick. The former will not bring a premium. The latter sells for about fifteen cents. Carl G. Blochwitz: Your "Millions for Defence and Not one cent for Tribute" is a "Hard Times" of the Jackson period. It is quite common. I. P. Laltue: An English "quarter" (shilling) of 1829 is worth face value if in good condition. Don Thompson: As your bills or currency are worn we presume you will not be able to get a premium on any of them. Collectors of currency are very particular as to the conditions of their specimens. John W. Foster: Your 1863 cent is a nickel coin. It has no value over face. Maurice Babcock: The small silver three cent pieces usually bring from ten to fifteen cents each at the dealers, depending upon the condition of the pieces. Harry Schmid: The cent of 1818 sells for ten cents each. Your others are common. James J. Jolly Jr.: Your rubbing is from a quarter kopeck of Russia of the current issue. There is no premium on them. Edyund B. Williams: You will hardly be able to get a premium on your $5 gold piece of 1845; the same may be said of your D mint piece of 1838. See answer to F. W. Kolbe. R. M. Stevens: The quarter eagle of 1853. Hugh Zelgler: The quarter eagle of 1836 has no premium. Ralph Forester and Hugh Brinker: The half dollar of 1806 sells at the dealers for eighty-five cents. Harold J. Danelson: The 1829 half dollar is worth to collectors seventy-five cents. This will answer a correspondent from Cleveland, O., also. Frank Crockett, C. R. C., Luther Connell, Fred Franklin, and Willie Russell: Your coins will not bring over face value unless perchance they should be in uncirculated or proof condition. Edwin Perkins: The half dollars of 1826, 1828, 1831, and 1834 sell for about seventy-five cents each at the dealers. Trade dollars, unless in proof condition, will hardly bring face value. Your Italian coin is very common. R. L. Mattocks: Your rubbings are from very common Austrian and Turkish coins. J. Potter Stewart: The dealers charge twenty-five cents for a fine half dime of 1832. Shembeck and several others: The Columbian half dollars of 1892 and 1893, while nominally at a slight premium, it will be difficult to sell them above face value because of so many of them having been issued. Elwin Little: The best way to obtain coins for a collection is to keep in touch with those who handle money and engage their interests in your behalf. The quarter of 1856 is common. Lewis B. Foster: The cents of 1800 and 1812, when in good condition, sell for one dollar, and fifty cents each, respectively. Your others face value only. Henry P. Greer: See answer to Edwin Perkins. Chas. F. End: The half cent of 1853 is worth fifteen cents. Others common. Albert Holmes: (1) Austria, 15 kreutzer of 1807, twenty-five cents. (2) and (3) common German and Austrian coppers. (4) Corean cash coin which sells for about fifteen cents. Zenos M. Laws, Roy A. Smith, and Roy Wolfe: These have very nice selections of coins judging from their lists sent in, and seem to be quite interested in numismatics. It would take too much of our space to answer each one fully as much as we should be glad to. While we notice no particularly valuable coins from a premium point of view, they have coins that any collector might be proud to own.

Stamp Inquiries

Edw. B.: Magyar Kir Tavarda is found on Hungarian telegraph stamps. CPENJA means Servia. Edison E.: No. 1, Mexican revenue; No. 2, French revenue; No. 3, French military stamp; No. 4, a private express stamp—is not catalogued. Harold B. S.: Cannot locate your Mexican stamp. It may be a revenue. Geo. O. H.: Your 3c U. S. 1856 is probably No. 44 in Scott's catalogue, not No. 56. The latter is a very rare stamp. The 1 real red Mexico 1864 lists 3c unused. These are remainders that were not surcharged and are common. Ralph S. M.: "Bayern" means Bavaria; so many stamps have eagles on them that it is difficult to tell which you mean. Send a drawing of the stamp. Stamps you enclose are common French stamps. Spencer L.: Centennial envelopes catalogue, 3c green, 10c new and 20c used; 3c red, 30c new or used. They are worthless if torn. L. W. D.: "Grande Cormore" is an island belonging to France, lying north of Madagascar. Your other stamps are from Bavaria and Russia. Neal J. H.: Your red stamp is a one penny Great Britain. "Segnatasse" is found on Italian postage due stamps. Your other stamp is an Italian revenue. J. I. D.: Your 2c Canal Zone is surcharged on a 1 peso Panama and was issued this year. The 6 pence Prince Edw. Isld. lists $2.50 new and $2.00 used. L. N. C.: Your stamps are Hamburg envelopes. They are reprints and worth very little. See answer to Spencer L. about Centennial envelopes. Your drawing is of a Mexican Officially Sealed stamp. Your "Eine Krone" (one crown) Austrian stamp lists 3c. L. F. C.: 1c Proprietary U. S. revenue issued 1883 catalogues 5c perforated. It is not listed imperforate. James B.: See answer to Edw. B. this column. Box 25, Leesburg: "Husseys" is a U. S. local issued in 1877. There are several varieties listing from 15c to $1.00. The other stamp we are not able to identify.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and 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.

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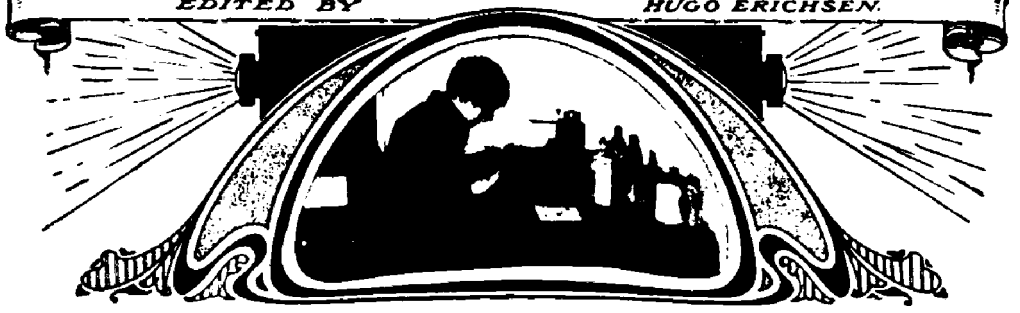
THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER.

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 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.



"BY THE BROOK"
First prize photo, by E. E. Trumbull, Plattsburg, N. Y.

To Prevent Hypo Stains

If a thin coat of grease is put on the fingers, they will not be stained by using pyro. Care must be taken not to touch the film with them, or undeveloped patches will result.—C. P. in "The Photographer."

The Smallest Ever

If THE AMERICAN BOY had such a thing as a cake, Raymond Baker, of Middletown, Pa., would take it this month with a landscape photograph about half the size of a postage stamp. It was taken with a watch-camera and represents a road, with a lake in the distance. The trees at the side of the highway are quite plainly indicated.

Our Prize Pictures

Plattsburg, N. Y., captures the honors of our photographic contest this month, both prizes being awarded to inhabitants of that city. The "By the Brook" of E. E. Trumbull, the first prize winner, is an excellent example of what can be done in the way of artistic landscape photography. "You Can't Have My Lunch," by S. Weaver, is a bit of everyday life caught by the camera that could not have been posed more successfully.

Honorable Mention

A very large number of photographs that are decidedly above the average and an unusually large mail, account for the fact that our roll of honor is a rather long one this month. It includes: Paul Fournier (whose address, by the way, is East Aurora, N. Y., and not Illinois as announced in our June issue), Eddie Goring, G. E. Allen, Angie Boughner, Ali Haidar (a youthful reader of THE AMERICAN BOY in the Turkish legation at Washington), V. Lathrop, W. S. Howell Jr., V. W. Hutchins, Claire Swan, Fred. A. Marx, Fred. Potter, H. E. Fry, R. D. Von Nieda, R. Faulkner, R. Laib, F. Meader Jones Jr., O. E Fyffe, F. R. Benson, Arthur Wilcox, M. Engler, R. C. Line, C. J. Corlett, Vernon Heverly, Alvin Knudtson, and H. C. Simonin.

Our New Contest

In order to stimulate the interest of our readers in artistic composition by means of the camera, a new contest is herewith announced for a heading of this department, similar to those we have used in the past. Entries will be received up to but not later than March 1, 1907. It is not necessary to put in the title "The Boy Photographer," but room should be left for the lettering. For subjects we would suggest: Boys photographing out of doors, boys developing, or examining negatives, etc. Two prizes will be awarded: a first prize consisting of a copy of "Why My Photographs Are Bad," by Chas. M. Taylor, a useful work that relates to the most glaring defects with which amateurs have to contend, and contains methods by which they may be prevented. It is bound in cloth and copiously illustrated. The second prize will consist of a copy of the gleanings from this department, which will be published in the near future under the title of "The Boy Photographer," as announced elsewhere in this issue.

Questions and Answers

W. W. Kimmell—Your suggestion is a good one, but we tried the plan years ago and it proved a failure. Harland E. Smith—1. 4x5. 2. Stanley. 3. Bulb. 4. Yes. 5. Plates. 6. Kloro. C. W. Chesebro—No, you will require a regular reflecting mirror. Willard Hillman—It is impossible to tell, from the appearance of your film, what caused your trouble. We do not believe, however, it is a defect in the film. If you make your own developer, the trouble may be due to that or, perhaps, the film was not perfectly covered when first placed in the developing solution. We would advise you to write to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.; they are film experts and will be able to tell you exactly what to do in order to avoid future disappointment. If you had no trouble with your films before and this occurs only in a certain lot, it would indicate that that particular lot is defective. In writing to the above named firm, give them full particulars and enclose stamp for reply. Henry Wislander—The formula desired is as follows: Distilled water, 10 parts; silver nitrate, 3 parts; uranium nitrate, 30 parts; and absolute alcohol to 100 parts. Apply solution with brush. Allow to dry in dark. Expose in contact with negative. Fix by immersion in two or three baths of water, acidulated with nitric acid, and then rinse in plain water and dry. Elmer Fridell—So far as we know, there's only one: The Amateur Photographer, of New York. C. M. Carson—Tennant & Ward, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. 25 cents. E. A. Brainerd—Moonlight effects in a landscape can best be secured by photographing against the sun when it is obscured by a cloud. Real moonlight photographs require very long exposures. Robert Hill—Yes; let us see what you can do.

The A. B. C. of Development

The development of a plate means simply the making visible of the invisible image produced by light. If we examine a plate after it has been exposed in the camera, no sign of a picture can be seen; yet we know that it is there, because on putting the plate into a developing solution it gradually appears, and continues to gain strength and intensity until we take it out and fix it.

If all plates developed had been correctly exposed, it would only be necessary to leave them in a known developing solution for a definite length of time; but the plates one has to develop may be under-exposed, correctly or over-exposed, and unfortunately all developers work differently with each of these three classes of plates. Thus, an under-exposed plate, when developed, is generally very harsh, because the well-lighted parts of the picture "come up," whilst the darker portions are very backward, and seem almost like clear glass in the negative when fixed. Over-exposed plates, on the other hand, look what is called flat; there is very little contrast between the bright and dark portions of the picture. The brightest parts of a picture, by-the-way, such as the sky in a landscape, the white collar in a man's portrait, etc., are termed the highlights, whilst the darkest portions, such as shadows or shaded parts, are termed the shadows. We shall refer to them as such in this article.

Now all developers will give the same result in the long run, but some work more rapidly than others. Some are more inclined to give fog than others; and so on. The two most popular developers of all are metol-hydroquinone and pyro-soda; the former is generally made up in one solution, whilst the latter is prepared in two. It is, of course, very convenient to have to use only one solution, but there are great advantages



"YOU CAN'T HAVE MY LUNCH"
Second prize photo, by S. Weaver, Plattsburg, N. Y.

in working with two. Every developer consists of three essential parts; one is the developer itself, such as, for example, pyrogallol or hydroquinone; another is the preservative, to keep the developer in good condition, such as sulphite of soda; the third component is what is termed the accelerator, such as carbonate of soda—the more we use of it the more rapid will development be. As the preservative is always mixed with the pyro or metol, etc., the developer is resolved into two parts, developer proper and accelerator, or more generally "A" and "B."

The advantage lies, then, in the fact that with a two-solution developer we can rectify any mistakes made in exposure, by varying the proportions of A and B. Thus, an under-exposed plate can be made more often than not to yield a good negative by using more B than A, whilst a much over-exposed plate can be saved by using more A than B, and so on. Most two solution developers are so made up that we shall require equal parts of A and B for correctly exposed plates.

How can we tell during development whether a plate has been correctly exposed or not?—This is a question which is easily answered, as everything about a plate can be ascertained during the first minute or two of development. Let us assume first that the reader prefers to use a one-solution metol-hydroquinone developer, which is nowadays so extremely popular. The following is an excellent formula:

Water	10 ounces.
Metol	5 grains.
Dissolve and add	
Potassium metabisulphite	5 grains.
Sodium sulphite	½ ounce.
Hydroquinone	20 grains.
Sodium carbonate	¾ ounce.

You may either add to this solution four grains of potassium bromide, or add it separately as required, that is to say, before use add three drops per ounce of a ten per cent. solution of potassium bromide. Much is gained by having at hand in the dark-room a ten per cent. solution of potassium bromide, which can be made by putting ninety-six grains of this substance in a two-ounce bottle and filling it up with water. This solution is called the restrainer, as it slows development if a few extra drops be added to the solution. A ten per cent. solution of sodium carbonate, similarly prepared, cannot be too strongly recommended; its use and power we shall now see.

The plate, when taken out of the sheath or dark slide, is laid film upwards in a clean developing dish; two quarter-plates can always be developed together in a half-plate dish, and so on, but the beginner should always develop one plate at a time, so that his whole thought can be concentrated on it. Sufficient developer having been put into a clean glass measure before the room was made dark, it is now poured in one "sweep" over the whole plate, the dish being rocked at the same time. In this way one ensures the whole film being covered with solution uniformly at once, and it also prevents air-bells or small bubbles coming on the surface.

If, in about fifteen seconds, the picture flashes up, and the whole film becomes discolored, it may be taken for granted that the plate has been over-exposed; the developer should be poured back into the measure, and the dish temporarily filled with water. Next add four or five drops of ten per cent. bromide solution to the developer, pour away the water from the dish, and again put the restrained developer over the plate, and continue the work; rock the dish gently the whole time, and look occasionally to see whether the film is thoroughly wet all over. Patches of irregular shape come in the film owing to uneven development, if too little solution be used; an ounce for a quarter-plate, two ounces for a half-plate, is about the right thing.

Now for under-exposure. Suppose you find that after a whole minute or even longer the brightest highlights begin to show, but nothing else comes out; this will indicate under-exposure. This can often be set right by adding some carbonate of soda solution to the developer, but it must never be put straight into the dish, or patches and stains will result. In fact, take it as a general rule that if ever you want to add either restrainer (i.e., bromide) or accelerator to the developer, first pour it off the plate into your measure, then make the addition in the measure, then flood it again over the plate. As a rule, you should never add more than half an ounce of carbonate solution to one ounce of metol-hydroquinone developer, and with pyro-soda never use more than two ounces of B with one of A.

If the picture seems to be coming up fairly evenly all over, and looks contrasty, but as if possessing the details in the shadows, continue developing in the ordinary way without any alteration in the solution. Above all, never be in a hurry! Take out the plate every now and then and look at it from the glass side; when a plate is properly developed it should seem to have the image through to the back; as it lies in the dish, it should appear almost black when finished. Six to ten minutes is the usual time with pyro-soda, and three to five minutes with metol-hydroquinone. An ounce of the latter can be safely used over and over again for six quarter-plates; pyro-soda does not keep when once mixed.

Development finished, give the plates one rinse in water, then place them in the fixing bath for at least ten minutes. Do not take them out of the ruby light until this ten minutes is up, or they may strain yellow.—Hobbies.

Marking the Santa Fe Trail

School Children of Kansas Contributed 369,166 Pennies for This Purpose.

The famous old Santa Fe trail is to be marked so that its location will not be forgotten. The school children of Kansas were asked to contribute a penny each to secure suitable markers for this pioneer highway of progress, and 369,166 responded. With this fund the trail will be outlined in an enduring manner from Kansas City to Santa Fe, 800 miles as the caravans made it, the time consumed for the round trip being 110 days.

It is believed the trail dates back to 1540, when a Spanish adventurer led an expedition from Mexico as far north as Kansas. But it was not until the beginning of the last century that the American trader and pioneer utilized the long trail that stretched out into the wilderness of the new El Dorado.

No highway in the country has been marked with as many dramatic episodes as this same Santa Fe trail. Almost every mile of the way was at some time the scene of a thrilling incident. For the caravans of the earlier day there was no haven of safety after leaving Kansas City. Even when military escorts were provided, the Indians were at times sufficiently strong to hazard an attack, and these attacks always added to the long roll of tragedies that can be charged against this historical pathway, marked as it was by the bones of the dauntless pioneers who dared its terrors.

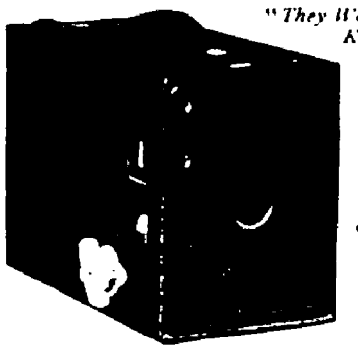
The last caravan sent out was in 1865, and since that year the trail has fallen into disuse. Consequently, the project of marking it so that its course, as well as its lessons of courage, and perseverance, and indomitable will, may be preserved to an appreciative people, is an admirable one.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Secret of Success

The chief factor in a success of any kind is work; and if you add to that the next essential, which is to work for the work's sake and not for the money it may bring, you have covered the ground. —Edward Bok, Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.



"INDUSTRIOUS"
Photo by G. R. Schulz, 740 Adams St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



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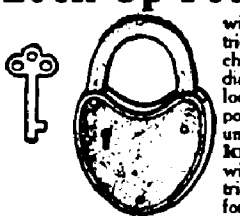

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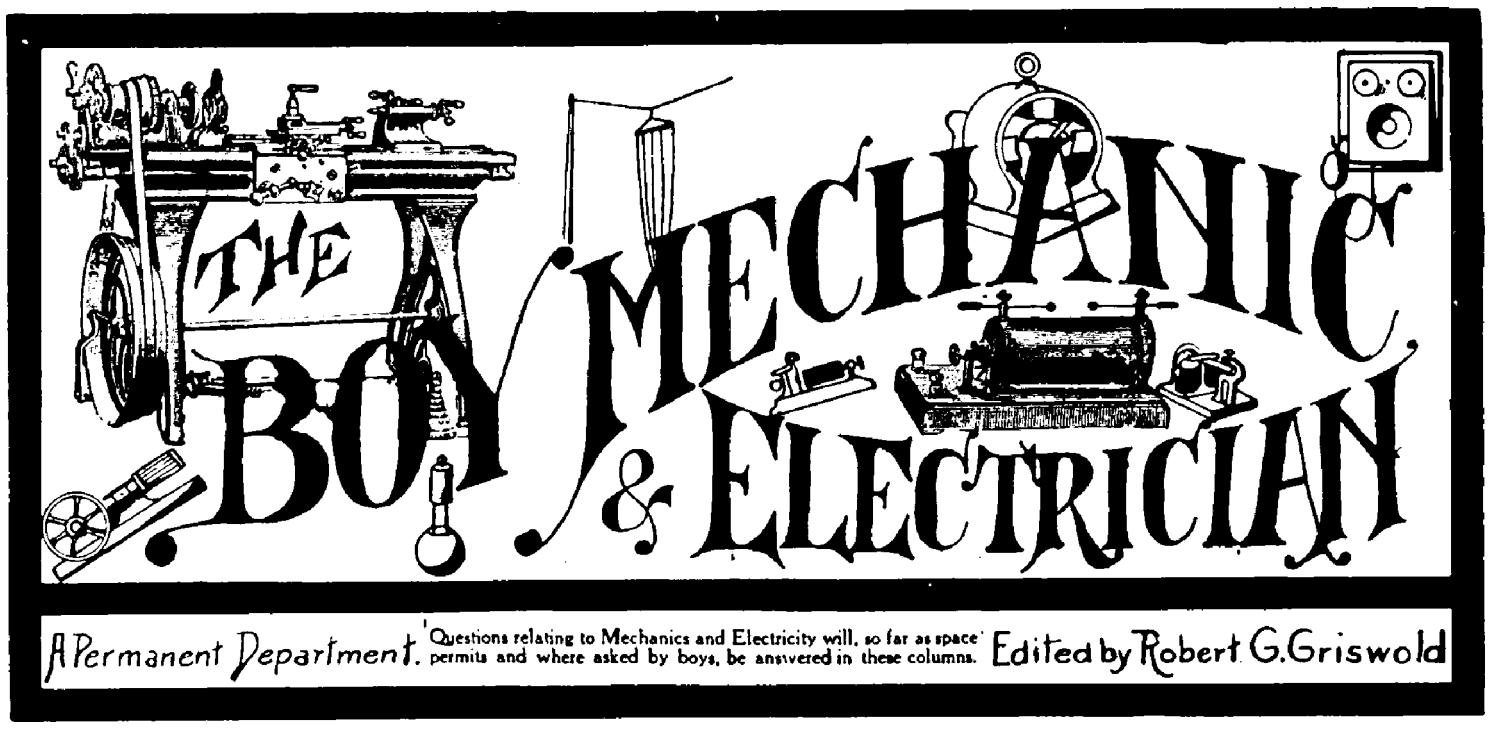

Experimental Lessons in Electricity—Lesson XIV.

The Induction Coil (Continued.)

WE WILL wind this coil in sections, which is the most approved method and the one employed by all large coil makers. At first sight it seems like a great deal of work, but the subsequent operations and the assurance of greater security against short circuits render it the shortest method in the end. Bare wire cannot be used, however, and single cotton covered magnet wire, No. 36 B. & S., can be used instead of the more expensive silk insulation.

The winding is done on a form, making a number of rings which are threaded on over the primary winding. The connections between the various sections

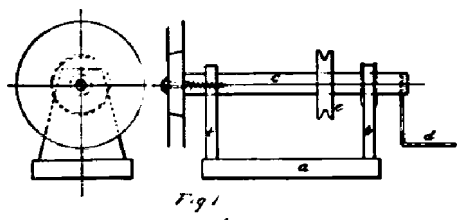

Fig 1

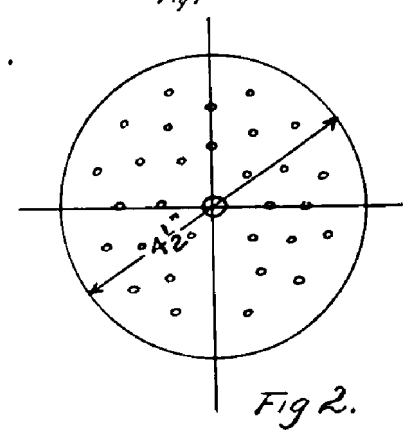

Fig 2.

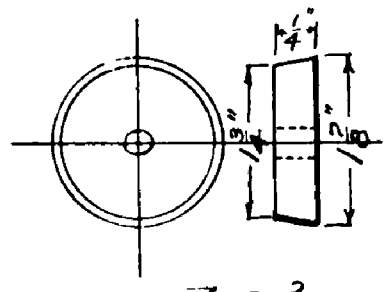

Fig 3.

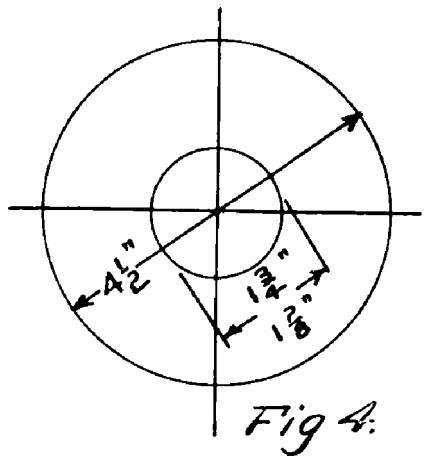

Fig 4.

are easily made, and, in the event of a chance short circuit or a break in the winding, it is only necessary to rewind that particular section in which the break occurs. A repair can be made very easily without rewinding the entire coil, a task not to be envied.

The first thing to be made is a form winder shown in Figure 1, a very simple fixture to construct. A bent wire handle serves to turn while winding, but if a sewing machine or scroll saw is handy, a grooved pulley may be driven on the spindle for turning it rapidly. This will save a great deal of time, as when a number of sections are to be wound the work when done by hand becomes very tiresome.

To a base *a* 12 inches long by 6 inches wide are fixed two standards *b*, each having a hole bored in the top to carry a broomstick or piece of curtain roller *c*. A piece of heavy wire is bent for a handle *d* and driven into the end. A small grooved pulley *e* may be driven on for use with a belt for power. The end *f* of the shaft *c* is made perfectly square with the axis, and a small hole is drilled exactly in the center for a screw.

Two circular plates are then cut out of sheet iron or brass, 4½ inches in diameter. A lot of small holes are drilled in each piece as shown in Fig. 2. A hole in the center just fits the screw fastening the plates to the end of the shaft *c*. A washer is now made of a piece of hard wood, ¼" thick, 1⅞" in largest diameter, tapering to 1¾" on the smaller end. This washer goes between the iron plates and determines the size of the coil.


Fig 5.

This coil will require thirty sections, ¼" thick. Each section has a paper lining on the sides. These washers are cut out of stout brown paper as in Fig. 4, 4½" in diameter, and half of them have a 1¾" hole cut in them, the others 1⅞". A small shallow pan is provided for melting paraffine and this may be kept on a small oil stove to keep it hot.

We are now ready to wind the sections. A paper ring is soaked in the paraffine and then pressed flat on one of the metal disks, another ring (having the smaller hole) being applied to the remaining disk. They are then ready to thread on the screw and fasten to the shaft *c*. First a disk is put on with the paper side facing in, then the wooden washer is placed so that either the larger or smaller diameter just fits the hole in the paper ring, and last, the remaining ring with its paper lining facing that of the first. The screw is then driven tightly into the shaft *c* and the winding may be started. A hole should be provided in one of the plates just at the edge of the wooden washer so that the end of the wire may be led through it.

Passing one end of the wire through this hole, the wire may be wound on, guiding it with one hand while turning with the other. No attempt need be made to keep the winding smooth as it cannot be done readily with such small wire. Half of the sections, or fifteen of them, are wound in one direction, and the remaining half in the opposite direction. It is a good plan to mark one of the outside papers of each section with a small red ink mark (a pencil mark is a good conductor) so that they may be put on the coil all facing one way.

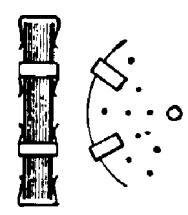
Fig 6.

When wound completely full, a number of small clips made of sheet iron as shown in Fig. 5 are slipped over the edges of the plates as in Fig. 6 to hold them firmly together. The screw is then taken out of the center and the form is dropped in the pan of melted paraffine and left until all air bubbles cease to be driven off by the hot liquid. This bath will cause the melted paraffine to permeate the entire winding, thoroughly insulating it. The form is then removed and allowed to cool. When cool the little clips are removed. The side plates are easily removed by laying the form for just a moment on a hot plate; as soon as the plate is warm enough to melt the wax it may be picked off the paper quite easily. The other plate is then removed in a similar manner. The coil of wire is now firmly bound together in a solid mass which will never come apart and may be handled with ease. The block in the center can be removed in exactly the same manner, using the end of a heated rod to melt the wax around the edges. It may be pushed through from the smaller end so that it will not injure the insulation of the inside layer of wire. A metal block, made of cast lead, would be better as it would heat more readily and uniformly. It would also be well to have two or three sets of these form plates as it takes some little time for one to cool, and another may be wound in the meantime.

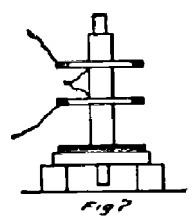
Fig 7

When the thirty sections are finished, you will have fifteen wound in one direction and fifteen in the opposite direction, all having a red mark on one side. They could have been wound the same way and turned afterwards, but this method is more likely to prevent errors in assembling the coil.

The primary winding is now placed on end, resting on two blocks as shown in Fig. 7. This raises the end of the core off the bench. Five or six washers of heavy cardboard, thoroughly soaked in paraffine, are placed in position first so that the first section is well insulated from the wooden end.

The end of the outer layer of wire is drawn out for several inches as shown. Then the inside end is also drawn out and the insulation scraped off. Three or four paper washers are then placed on top, the inside end of wire passing through the hole.

The ends of the wire of the next section, which is one wound in the opposite direction, are bared and this section placed over the core. Before it rests on the first section the two inside ends are twisted together and soldered. The two

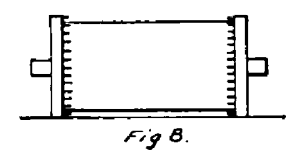
Fig 8.

sections are then laid together and the upper one turned until the wire straightens out and lays evenly between the sections. Then the third section and its intervening paper washers are put in place, and when the third section is in place the two outside ends are twisted together, and so on until the last section is in place.

Here is the place where the greatest care must be exercised and for this reason the red ink mark was placed on the side of the paper disks, so that when properly assembled all the red marks will be facing upwards. Owing to the method of connecting the inside ends of one pair and the outside ends of the next, it is necessary to have the winding alternate in direction as the current will then travel from one end of the winding to the other in one continuous course. If the outside turn of one layer was connected to the inside layer of the next, a short circuit would very likely occur where the connecting wire passed down between the section. This is prevented in the method adopted for the coil described.

When the last section is in place, a space will be left between the sections and the primary winding. This is filled with melted paraffine and allowed to become cool, fresh paraffine being added at the top as shrinkage occurs. The sections should be pressed together firmly and a heavy weight placed on top to prevent the liquid paraffine running out between the sections.

When the paraffine has hardened the weights may be removed and the sections will be found firmly cemented together. The other flange may now be placed in position, the intervening space between it and the top section being filled with paper washers soaked in paraffine. This flange should fit very snugly over the end of the core of iron wires so

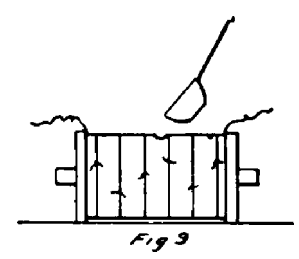
Fig 9

that it may be driven on. The ends of the terminal wires should come out on the same side of the coil, which is now ready for its jacket.

The jacket is formed by covering the entire winding with a layer of paraffine which will prevent short circuiting from the spark-gap to the winding. A row of small wire brads is driven into the flanges on the inside, as shown in Fig. 8. These brads are placed about ½ inch apart and in a row ¼ inch from the outside edge of the flange. A piece of cardboard is now cut to just fit between the flanges—very tight—and of such length that it will wrap entirely around the coil and overlap at least an inch. This is then tied on with string, a hole having been left in the lap for pouring the paraffine. To make the joint between the flanges and cardboard very tight and secure, sealing wax may be run around it, as this can be scraped off readily when finished. The coil is now leveled on two blocks and melted paraffine poured in at the top as in Fig. 9. As the paraffine cools it will shrink away and the shrinkage must be made up by pouring in fresh paraffine. When thoroughly cool, which should be in about twelve hours, the cardboard may be removed and a smooth, even shell of paraffine will remain. The terminal wires should be passed out under the lap in the cardboard.

The coil may now be covered with a sheet of silk sewn tightly together, which will make a good finish and at the same time an insulator. The coil is now ready for the secondary terminal posts and mounting; this work will be taken up in our next lesson.

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AMERICAN BOY ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ

QUERY BOX

Q. Could a larger rheostat be made after the same plan as the one described in the July issue, to reduce the strength of a 110-volt circuit, and if so, how large should it be made?—H. B., Wapakoneta, O.

A. This form of rheostat is very frequently used on heavy currents for experimental work, and you could probably get satisfactory services from one made of an ordinary wooden bucket.

Q. What is the best size wire to use on a common spark coil for igniting gasoline engines, etc., and how much should be used? 2. What is a jump spark coil and what is it used for? 3. What is a transformer?—H. F., Platteville, Wis.

A. It would be difficult to state just what would be the best size spark coil for igniting gasoline engines, as almost any winding could be used at will. Probably one pound of No. 20 wire wrapped around a core of fine iron wires, 10 inches in length, would make a satisfactory coil. A jump spark coil is one which is composed of a primary and secondary winding, the induced secondary current being of very high tension and sufficient to jump the air gap in its circuit. It is this fact which has given this form of induction coil the name of jump spark coil, to distinguish it from the ordinary igniting coil used with gasoline engines as mentioned in your first question. A transformer is nothing more or less than an induction coil wound in a special manner, so that every line of magnetic force is utilized.

Workshop Notes

9. **To Make Shellac for Electrical Purposes.**

Ordinary shellac purchased at stores is not always of the best quality. It is frequently made with wood alcohol which contains a considerable portion of water, and this takes a long while to dry up thoroughly. All shellac should be made by dissolving the gum in pure grain alcohol. The gum shellac may be purchased from dealers in paints or at druggists. Cut this into small pieces and place in a bottle with a sufficient quantity of alcohol to dissolve same. Allow this to stand and shake frequently, until the entire mass is rendered liquid. It may then be strained through a fine piece of muslin, and the resulting varnish will be of the best quality that can be secured. The bleached shellac is not so good as the yellow.

10. **Cement for Electrical Work.**

It very frequently occurs that small pieces of metal or wire must be attached to other portions of apparatus, where a screw or other form of fastener can not be readily used. This may be easily overcome, as will be found by using the following cement:

At the bottom of a can of shellac, especially if not thoroughly dissolved, will be found a thick, viscus mass. This should be put in an air-tight bottle. When needed, a small portion is dropped on the two pieces and allowed to stand. When dry it will be found to form a very strong bond. This is used very frequently in instruments for attaching vanes and other light attachments to movable parts of the apparatus.

11. **Renewing Screwdriver Edge.**

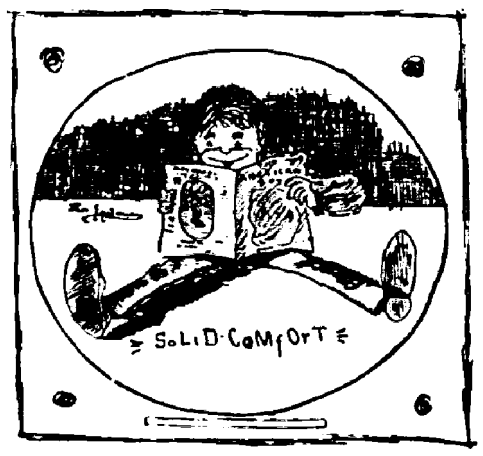
When the point of a screwdriver is worn away so that it jumps the nick in the screw, the edge can be renewed as follows: Hold the screwdriver in the vise with the bevel of the point lying horizontal and projecting above the surface of the vise jaws; then use a medium flat file on it, giving a forward thrust only, and keeping a horizontal position throughout, directs the "British Optical Journal." Turn the driver over and repeat the operation until the edge becomes very thin. Then file it down to a perfectly straight margin, and regulate its width for the size required. This method is more satisfactory than truing up the point on a grindstone.

How Much Shall Boys be Paid

"It is not a good thing for boys to have much money to spend," says the Chief Examiner of the New York State Civil Service Commission, and he gives this as his reason for saying so: "In the past, pages and office boys at Albany—the State Capitol—were paid salaries ranging from $6 per week to $750 per year. In New York City—and in other cities, too—the usual pay for this kind of service is from $3 to $5 per week. That does little more than pay for car fare and lunch—and it leaves very little to tempt the boy into habits of extravagance. This scale of remuneration has existed for many years and many of the men who started in that way are now successful business men or leading men in the professions.

What has been the result of paying such princely salaries as was the custom at Albany? The examiner says that it demoralized the boys. It was a case of "money easily earned, easily goes." Instead of thrift it cultivated extravagance. Men's vices were copied in the belief that such things gave the appearance of being manly.

The salaries at Albany are now to be reduced so that $9 per week is the maximum.



THOMAS E. EASTMAN'S CONCEPTION OF A BOY'S DELIGHT IN HIS AMERICAN BOY

THE TRUE EDUCATION OF BOYS

A PHILOSOPHER has said that true education for boys is "to teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know then?

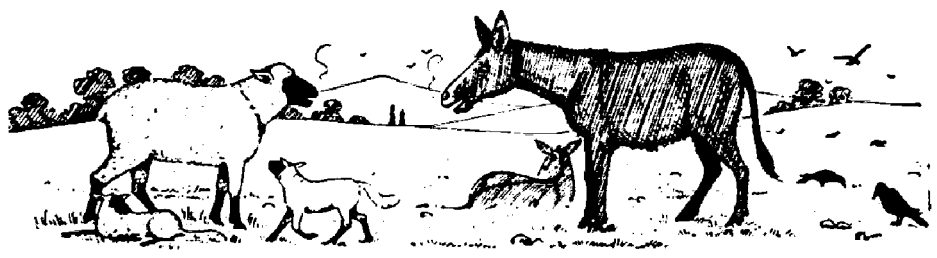
FIRST—To be true, to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and languages to be at the same time false in the heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach them that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or position.

SECOND—To be pure in thought, language, life—pure in mind and body. An impure man—young or old, poisoning the society where he lives with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, who ought to be treated as the lepers of old who were banished from society and compelled to cry "unclean!" as a warning to save others from pestilence.

THIRD—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life, dependent on other, is a disgrace.

When a boy has learned all these three things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor, however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

A Beautiful Flower



TIM'S PIG

(*Continued from page 23.*)

a peculiar smile on her face as she took off the soup plates and put on the vegetables.

"An' now the pig's coming," said Pat, his spirits rising still further when the critical moment had actually come.

He flourished the sharpened butcher knife in preparation for the fray, but it dropped suddenly as Mrs. Pat put down right before him a big platter of creamed codfish. It was a scene for a caricaturist—Pat's face and the boys'. On Uncle Mike's face, however, there was not the least disappointment; instead there was increased good humor.

"Well," said he, laughing heartily, "that's the queerest roast pig I ever saw. Seems to me we used to call that dish the 'Irishman's Turkey,' didn't we, Pat?"

In his vexation and disappointment Pat forgot his resolution to "behave himself" while his brother was his guest. Giving the table a tremendous blow he answered,

"Be jabbers, I dunno what we used to



A PLATE OF "IRISHMAN'S TURKEY"

call the plagued codfish, but I know what I call it now, a darned impersination! Where's the roast pig?" he demanded of Mrs. Pat, looking at her with a cannibalistic expression. It was time for the explanation. Mrs. Pat gave it in a few words. Uncle Mike laughed until he choked. His laugh was contagious. Presently they were all laughing and eating the "Irishman's turkey" with a great relish. In the midst of the excitement, little Tim walked in. Some wisps of hay clung to his red curly head—his face was still grimy with the dried tears, but his countenance was radiant. The other boys, with their company airs and plastered hair had not appealed to "Uncle Mike," but his heart went right out to the little fellow who had not been willing to sacrifice his pet even for "Uncle Mike," and had only brought him after the fierce battle, as a lamb to the slaughter—because he thought it must be right to mind his father.

Uncle Mike never stood on ceremony when his feelings were touched. He sprang from his chair and lifted Tim in his arms, after which he kissed him on both cheeks, not minding the dirt. Then, putting him down, he called three cheers and a tiger for little Tim, which were given.

"Now," said he laughing, "three more for Tim's pig!"

These, too, were given, after which Tim was sent to the kitchen to wash up and brush his hair. When he came back, Uncle Mike made room for him beside himself.

Soon after dinner Pat took his brother out for a stroll. As soon as they were out of sight young Mike and Pat, Jr., cleared out. Little Tim went to the shed to feed and pet his pig. When he returned to the house he heard his mother sigh. "What's the matter, mother?" he asked.

"Oh, such a pile of clearin' up to do!" she said, "I ain't had such a lot o' dishes to wash up since I was out to service."

"Lemme help you," offered Tim, "lemme wipe the dishes an' put 'em away. I can."

And he did.

"What's for supper?" he asked during his work of wiping and putting away.

"Goodness knows—I'm sure I don't," was her answer, "an' yer Uncle Mike is goin' ter stay a week."

Just at this point a delivery wagon stopped outside. Mrs. Pat opened the door.

"You've made a mistake," she said as a colored man held out a big basket with the request that she should empty it.

"No mistake, ma'am," he answered, "Mr. Mike Rooney said he sent the things with his compliments."

I will not weary you with a recital of all the good things which came out of that basket, but there was a big hot roasted turkey for one thing. So the supper was provided. The next day Pat obtained work. Not a drop of liquor passed his lips during his brother's visit.

"That shows that you can keep from drinking if you will," Mike told him after he had made a confession of his shortcomings. "If you stick to your family faithfully for a year and leave liquor alone, I'll pay the expenses of you and all your family to join me out West and you and I will be partners."

One morning Uncle Mike told his choice—he had made it really on Thanksgiving.

"It is little Tim I want," he said, "he's a boy after my own heart."

That night Uncle Mike and little Tim were on the sleeper and Tim's pig was grunting contentedly in a snug box in the freight car. The trio were bound for Nebraska.

"Uncle Mike," said Tim, "did you ever have any little boys?"

"Yes, I had two, but they died long ago."

The voice was very sad. It hardly sounded like Uncle Mike's. A little hand reached out and stroked the large hand in quick and tender sympathy.

Presently Tim spoke again—

"Uncle Mike?"

"Well, my boy?"

"Do you think Aunt Katie'll be glad to see me?"

The big hand grasped the little one in a close clasp.

"I know Aunt Katie will be glad to see you; she'll love you as if you were her very own."

When the boy's pretty blue sailor suit (a gift from Uncle Mike) was taken off and he was ready for bed, he said,

"Good night, Uncle Mike!"

"Good night, laddie!"

The boy was very tired. He was just falling off to sleep when he aroused to remark,

"Uncle Mike?"

"Yes, laddie."

"Will Aunt Katie be glad to see my pig?"

"She surely will, laddie."

In another minute little Tim was sleeping peacefully, but Uncle Mike was nearly smothered with repressed laughter under the bedclothes.

Speed of the Stars

One of the most remarkable features of the universe is that every so-called fixed star is moving forward on an undeviating path which, so far as we can yet determine, is a straight line. Nothing is better calculated to give us an idea of the extent of the universe than the contrast between the speeds as we observe them from the earth. The actual speed is enormous when compared with any that we can produce by artificial means. The speed of a shot from the most powerful gun can scarcely, if at all, exceed half-a-mile per second. But if the motion of any star is as slow as one mile a second, it is only in very rare and extraordinary cases.

The average speed of the stars, says the "Mining World," is about 20 miles a second; and this motion, it must be remembered, is not, so far as determined, motion round and round in an orbit, but a straight ahead motion, never relaxing and never swerving. Almost every star, therefore, travels hundreds of millions of miles every year, century after century. And yet so slow do the motions appear to us that the naked eye can see no change in the configuration of the constellations during a period of thousands of years.

A remarkable instance of this kind is afforded by Arcturus, which is, so far as we know, one of the swiftest moving stars in the heavens. It seems quite certain that its speed exceeds a hundred miles each second of time and it may be much greater. And yet if Job could come again to life and study the constellation Bootis, in which Arcturus is situated, he would scarcely notice any change in its appearance. There is not a star in the constellation Orion moving so fast that any change would be noticed by the naked eye in 100,000 years. Every star in the heavens apears in the same position when observed night after night. There are very few in which the astronomer can detect any motion by one year of observations.

Accurate determinations of position commenced with the observations of Bradley in the eighteenth century, who determined the position of more than 3,000 of the brighter stars. Since his time the position of several hundred thousand stars have been accurately fixed. Yet so small is the apparent proper motion in most cases that it has been actually detected in the case of only a few thousand stars. Even now there are scarcely a hundred stars of which the motions are known to exceed one second in a year. To understand what this means we must reflect that it would take a good eye to see that two stars in the sky, 200 seconds apart, were not a single object.

Had it not been for the great precision of the telescopic determination, astronomers would not have known to this day that any star in the heavens had moved from the place which it occupied in the time of Ptolemy, 1800 years ago. The star, Z. C. 5243, if it were to continue its course round the sky without ever stopping, would take more than 140,000 years to make the circuit of the heavens and the actual speed of this star is known to be about 100 miles per second.

The Victor

Though one may win the goal by luck.
And one by chance be hero hailed,
The palm is for the man of pluck
Who conquers where he once had failed!
—Aloysius Coll in Success Magazine.

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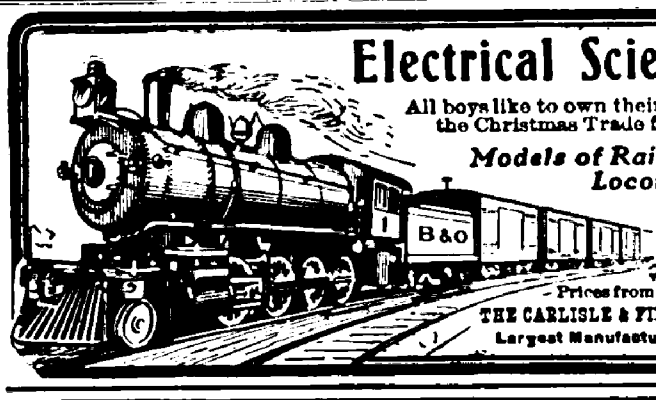

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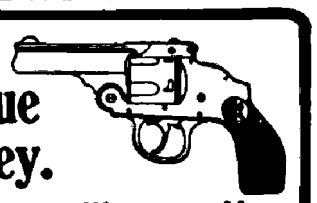
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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November (1905) number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin· No. IV, Abraham Lincoln No. V, John Adams; No. VI, Thomas Jefferson; No. VII, Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII, Henry Ward Beecher; No. IX, Nathaniel Hawthorne; No. X Robert Edward Lee; No. XI, Daniel Webster; No. XII, John Marshall.

No. XIII--Eli Whitney

IT HAS BEEN truly said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race. How great a benefactor, then, must he be who has by his genius given employment to tens of thousands, trebled the value of land, and covered the waste places with plenty.

Perhaps there has been no established industry in America which has produced such large results, financial and national, as the cotton industry; and these were the result of a simple invention by the man of whose boyhood we shall try to give some account.

Both the paternal and maternal ancestors of Eli Whitney emigrated from England and were among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. They were of the number of these English yeomen who brought to their new homes all the grit, courage, honesty, and sturdy manhood for which their class was noted. They worked early and late striving to bring up their families in the fear of God, to the accompaniment of hard, continuous labor.

Eli Whitney was born on the ancestral farm in the village of Westborough, Worcester County, Massachusetts, on December 8th, 1765, just ten years before Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. His father and mother were highly respected by their neighbors.

The father of Eli Whitney was a man of great firmness of purpose, just and honorable in his dealings with others, and somewhat strict in the regulation of his household. He believed in the Solomonic injunction that "sparing the rod spoiled the child," and that in the society of their elders, boys and girls should be seen and not heard. Notwithstanding his sternness, however, he was kind and considerate, sparing no pains to give his children all the advantages possible. The boy's mother was an invalid for many years, and he and a sister next to him in age, probably learned their first lessons beside her chair.

As we read the various accounts of Eli Whitney's boyhood, we find that his fondness for doing things began almost as soon as he could grasp a tool.

Farmers in New England in those early days required to have a considerable knowledge of carpentering, blacksmithing and tinsmithing. Their means were limited and the expense of hiring a carpenter to repair the house or barn, or a blacksmith to put a tire on a wagon wheel, or a tinsmith to solder a leaky kettle or pan, was altogether out of the question. They were thus forced to make such repairs themselves, so there was usually a small shed alongside the house or barn where were kept a variety of tools for making such repairs. The elder Mr. Whitney, who never liked to be idle, had just such a little workshop, and on days when outside work was suspended by rain or snow, was accustomed to gather all the broken articles of the farm and house together and with hammer, chisel, saw, and soldering iron spend the time in repairing. A lathe was among his appliances, and with it he made wheels for his wagons, and chairs and other articles of furniture for the house.

This little shop had the greatest fascination for young Eli. It was a source of never ending delight to be allowed here to watch his father at work. He never showed much liking for the things a farmer's boy usually cares for, and was very willing to allow his brothers to gather the eggs, feed the pigs and poultry, ride the horses, and have all the pets they wanted. When almost a child Eli Whitney became familiar with the contents of this little workshop. We can imagine the fingers of the little fellow just itching to touch the tools long before permission was given. Having himself a liking for the work of the mechanic, the father somewhat sympathized with his son's eagerness to use the hammer and saw, and soon gave his consent, not without many warnings about his being very careful with them.

The mechanical genius of the boy soon began to show itself. He was always asking questions, especially about machinery, and was never satisfied until he had found out all that was to be known. There were no such books of instruction on tools and their uses in those days as the boys of the present time enjoy, and the tools which his father possessed were few in number and roughly made. But the young lad speedily began to make things, useful or otherwise, and to become intensely interested in everything relating to mechanics. For a mere boy his observation was deep and accurate, and that strict attention to the slightest detail in his work which made him so successful in after life was noted in the simple things he did when very young. He had long observed with eager eyes the big silver watch which his father possessed. He wanted to know what made the tick, tick that he heard, and what made the hands go round, and why the big hand went round faster than the small one. How he longed to peep underneath the case; but his longing had to go unanswered for he knew he could never obtain his father's consent. But the longing grew until one Sunday morning, finding that his father was not to take his watch with him to church, he pleaded illness and was permitted to stay at home. Scarcely had the others of the family gone, when he was in his father's room with the coveted article pressed to his ear. His curiosity increasing, he soon had the back of the watch taken off. But this did not satisfy him; he could see some of the wheels, but others were hidden by the metal plate, and he could not make out where the little mainspring did its work. The little screws were found and taken off and then, of course, the whole mechanism of the watch came apart. So much interested was he in his work that not until he had the watch in pieces did he think how angry his father would be, and of the sure punishment he would receive. Fortunately for the youthful investigator a minister's sermon in those days lasted much longer than the usual twenty minutes of the present time, and he was able to thoroughly examine the watch. But now he was confronted with the task of replacing all the small pieces—the wheels, spring, screws, and hands—and began to realize his wrong-doing. He had, however, been so careful in noting how the different parts acted upon and worked with one another, that he was able to put the whole delicate machinery perfectly together. We can imagine the great relief of the lad when he heard again the familiar tick, tick, and knew that no damage had been done. His father never found out that his timepiece had been tampered with until Eli told him, many years after.

While the elder Whitney was pleased at his son's fondness for tools, he considered that they should only be used by him as a means of recreation, and that the work of the farm should have the boy's first attention. On one occasion Mr. Whitney had been away from home for some days, and on his return inquired how the boys had been working during his absence. One had been weeding and digging, and another had been repairing fences. "And what has Eli been doing," he asked. "He has been busy making a fiddle," was the answer. "Ah," said Mr. Whitney, as he shook his head, "I very much fear that Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles," showing that the father had no very high opinion of a boy who preferred to make fiddles to working on the farm. But the fiddle Eli made was a good one and tuneful, so the boy soon had more to do in repairing the fiddles of his neighbors that he could attend to.

New England fathers and mothers, while generally strict in the rearing of their children, were yet fully aware of the value of education, so every township in the colonies had its school. The knowledge to be got at these little log schools was not, perhaps, as the boys of today would think, very extensive; but it was the foundation upon which all of the greatest men in our nation's history built their success. Young Eli attended the village school at Westborough and there learned to read, write, and cipher. He became particularly fond of arithmetic, being always found at the head of his class in that branch of study. While he did not show any great liking for his other school work, it is to be noted that when scarcely in his teens his fund of general information and his skill in the use of tools made him regarded in the neighborhood as an uncommonly clever lad.

His mother, long an invalid, died while he was very young, and his father married again. His stepmother brought to the home many articles of household use, among these a very fine set of dinner knives of which she was very proud. One day she uncovered the cloth in which they were kept from rust and scratches, and showed the knives to Eli and his sister. The little boy (he was then about 13) examined them very carefully, much to the enjoyment of his stepmother, who remarked: "These knives came all the way from England. They could not be made in America." The future inventor replied instantly, "I could make as good ones if I had the tools, and I could make the tools, if I had some common tools to work with." Mrs. Whitney was very much offended at what she thought the boy's boasting, and at once showed her displeasure by scolding him. However, Eli had not long to wait to make his words good. Some weeks after the scolding one of the knives was accidentally broken, to the great grief of Mrs. Whitney. The young mechanic took the broken parts to his shop, where, using the pieces as a model, he made a knife so exactly like the broken one that his stepmother could only detect the difference by the absence of the manufacturer's stamp on the blade.

That young Whitney, for all his fondness for mechanics, was no foolish dreamer, but was in every way a shrewd, wide-awake New England boy, is shown in his first business venture. The war of the Revolution, which was at its height when Eli was about sixteen, had put a complete stop to all trade between the two countries; and as America, having few manufactories, depended almost wholly upon the mother country for manufactured goods, the sudden scarcity caused a great increase in prices. One of the articles which the colonies imported in great quantities was nails, and when the scarcity was felt and prices rose, young Whitney, who had already made nails in small quantities, saw his opportunity to go into business and make money. He told his father of his scheme, and the latter at once advanced him the money to buy the necessary tools. These obtained, the boy at once went to work. During the remaining years of the war young Eli put in all his spare time at nail making with such success that he enlarged his workshop and employed an assistant.

As soon as the Revolution was ended and trade resumed between the two countries, the price of nails fell and Eli gave up their manufacture. Unwilling, however, to allow his shop to stand idle, he began to make the long pins with which women fastened their bonnets, and in this he soon had a monopoly. Another business which he carried on successfully was the making of walkng sticks. It may be somewhat surprising to read of such success coming to a mere boy. You will find the secret in his determining that what he made should be the very best. He never went ahead until he had thoroughly examined every detail, but once satisfied, he spared neither time nor effort to bring about a successful result. His favorite motto was: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," one which it would be well for the boys of today to take as their own.



ELI WHITNEY

Eli Whitney was now nineteen years old and an expert mechanic with a wide reputation for the good quality of his work. It was naturally expected that he had chosen his life work. But the boy had been thinking, with the result that he informed his father that the trade of a country blacksmith and life in Westborough was not to his liking. He had resolved to make his life count for something more than ordinary success, and in order to do this he must have an education. His father was considerably surprised and somewhat pleased that one of his sons should go to college. Mrs. Whitney, however, was decidedly against it, saying that Eli was unfit for college by reason of his lack of education, and that he had no money to support himself while there. This also was the advice of friends, so the boy was compelled to wait. But his determination to go to college never wavering, he set himself to do two things: To prepare himself to pass the examination necessary to enter Yale, and to earn enough money to keep him there. For four years, or until he was twenty-three, he stuck to his self-imposed task in spite of the discouraging advice of friends. While he worked he had his books beside him. He was also always on the lookout to meet people who could by their knowledge help him. To get money he worked on the farm, in his shop, and teaching school; no job, however small, was refused if it would add to his savings. A serious illness threatened to put an end to his hopes, but in the end he overcame all difficulties, passed the examination, and entered the Freshman class of Yale in May, 1789.

Eli Whitney, on his entrance to college life, was older than most students and with less of an education than many of them. But these drawbacks did not daunt him. To make his money go as far as possible and to escape the rough treatment with which the Seniors of those days treated the Freshmen, Eli boarded with a private family. Greek and Latin were the principal studies during the first year, and, as he had the uncommon faculty of being able to put all his mind upon whatever subject he was engaged upon, his lessons were quickly learned. He had thus considerable extra time and at once proceeded to find some work. A carpenter whom he asked to be allowed to use his tools, hesitated, thinking that in the ignorant hands of a college boy they would be damaged. The student's landlord spoke for him and the carpenter consented. He watched the boy, and so astonished was he at the knowledge of tools that the boy displayed, he remarked: "There was one good mechanic spoiled when you went to college."

Of all the subjects which made up the Yale curriculum, Whitney liked most trigonometry and natural philosophy, perhaps, on account of the instruments used in class experiments. One day the professor of natural philosophy during his lecture expressed regret that he was unable to make an experiment, as the instrument was broken and it would have to be sent to Europe to be repaired. Young Whitney took up the instrument and studied it for a moment, then said to the professor: "I believe I can mend it, as I can see just where the trouble is." The professor knew and appreciated the young student's ability, but he thought this was a task beyond his powers. However, he allowed him to do what he could, and to the surprise and delight of professor and classmates the instrument was soon in as good shape as ever.

When Whitney entered college he was, of course, a raw country lad unused to society, and his bashfulness combined with his determination to succeed, kept him somewhat apart from the other students; but in his junior and final years he joined the literary society and came more in touch with the social life of Yale, making many good and lasting friendships. Graduating in 1792, he left Yale carrying with him the respect and good will of both teachers and students.

Eli Whitney had determined to become a lawyer, but having no money to support him through a law course, he had to find some means of earning funds for his purpose. A position as teacher in a school in Georgia was accepted and he made the journey by sea. On board the vessel he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Greene, widow of the celebrated Revolutionary soldier, General Nathaniel Greene, who was, with her children going to her home, Mulberry Grove, near Savannah.

Mrs. Greene took quite an interest in the young man, and when on reaching Savannah, Whitney found to his disappointment that the promised position was lost to him, she invited him to her home until a better situation could be secured. This kind offer was at once accepted, and the young man lost no opportunity of showing his gratitude. He heard Mrs. Greene one day complain that her embroidery frame was continually breaking the threads, and he at once proceeded to make her a new frame. When he helped her adjust the threads on the new frame she found that no threads were broken and asked, "Where did you get it?"

"I made it," was the reply.

"It is a splendid idea," she said delightedly, "where did you get the idea?"

"Oh, I made that, too," he replied, laughing.

As we have already sketched the life of Eli Whitney beyond his boyhood, a very short account of how he came to invent the cotton gin must close this article.

While he was staying at Mulberry Grove, a large party of old comrades of General Greene called upon Mrs. Greene. In conversation the difficulty of quickly separating cotton from the seed was much discussed and the opinion was generally expressed that if a machine to do this could be invented it would bring new life and prosperity to the South. Mrs. Greene after asking some questions told her guests about Eli Whitney, showed the embroidery frame and other things he had done, and concluded by saying she believed the young man could help them, as "he could do anything."

Young Whitney was called in and the matter broached. At once he became much interested in the subject. He had never seen cotton in the seed so he went to Savannah and procured a small quantity. He found that there were two kinds of cotton; one, the black-seed, long-staple or sea-island cotton, the seeds of which were removed easily, and the green-seed, short-staple variety whose seeds stuck to each other so closely that it was the hardest kind of labor to part them. Indeed, the picking of a pound of cotton was considered a day's work for a woman. As this latter variety of cotton could be raised on inland plantations, it was of much more commercial importance than the long-staple which grows well only near salt water.

Whitney gave the matter considerable thought, but at first decided not to pursue the matter further as it would be an expensive undertaking and would interfere with his law studies. Mr. Phineas Miller, who was a man of means and had faith in Whitney, proposed that he should furnish the money required and become his partner in the undertaking. At once Whitney shut himself up in his shop and went to work. We cannot here enter into a description of the inven-

(*Continued on page 31.*)

TWO THOUSAND SHUT-INS TO HAVE THE AMERICAN BOY



Our readers contributed, between September 8 and October 11, $19.90 to help us send free subscriptions to shut-in-boys. The total amount contributed by our readers up to date is $164.91; to this we add a like sum, making a total available for sending subscriptions of $329.82. The following sent in money between September 8 and October 11: Tom Hannon, .10; Raymond Evans, .25; Bennie Elliott, .50; Eustace Hutchens, .20; Jay Maynard, .35; Charles H. Benton, .15; M. J. Gaffegan, $1.00; Arthur Baseley, $1.00; Everett Spencer, .25; Fred Chiddle, .10; Maxie Crans, .20; Harland Ragle, .50; Harry S. Walters, .50; Elwood Long, .50; Harold R. Jenne, .10; D. Franklin Wallace, .50; J. L. Roseberry, .25; Forrest Limbocker, .15; Earl Turner, .50; A. Lloyd Shultz, $1.00; Mrs. J. F. Dearing, .50; Harold Lane, .25; Kenneth A. Matol, .10; Douglas Miller, .10; Phillip Dix, .25; Edward S. Dieckman, .10; Edson K. Smith, .50; Edith Bales, .25; Will R. Burkhardt, .50; J. D. Caman, .50; Horton Pownall, .10; Glenn Stevens, .10; Gilbert Knipmeyer, .50; Grady Peerey, .10; W. L. Chambers, .25; S. A. Townsend, .50; Albert E. Neale, .25; Ellery and Elmer Reed, .50; Robert M. French, .15; Floyd Moss, .25; Lyle B. Rich, $1.00; Randolph Rector, .25; H. C. Schuyler, $1.00; Fred Gerlach, .25; Ernest Hake, .25; Hiram K. King, $1.00; Lawrence L. Wigell, .50; Willie Cornwell, .50; Iowa Rough Riders, .50; Mrs. M. Franz, .25; Charles Seeley, .25; Wm. Jarboe, .30. There is now left but fifty-one days in which to raise enough money to send THE AMERICAN BOY to two thousand shut-ins. Are we going to be able to do it? Our subscribers will have to send us in these fifty-one days a total of $836.09. Can we hope that any large part of this amount will reach us? We hope that every boy who reads THE AMERICAN BOY will have some part in this good enterprise that many more poor, sick boys may have the pleasure of reading THE AMERICAN BOY. Remember that for every cent sent in we contribute a cent, so that your money does double work. Send in any amount from five cents up. It may be that some good hearted boy can induce a worthy friend or relative to make some big contribution. What better could a man do for a Christmas present to a worthy object than send $100.00, and thus enable 200 shut-in boys during 1907 to read THE AMERICAN BOY? Every one who sends 50 cents or more will receive the name of the shut-in to whom the paper is sent in return for his money. Let every boy help in this good cause.

Why I am Proud of My State

In the essay contest, "Why I Am Proud of Iowa," the first prize, $3, was won by Merl W. Reese, 225 East Twelfth street, Davenport; the second prize, $1.50, by W. Lee Stairs, who moved from Des Moines to North Waco, Texas, after he had writen his essay, and who writes us that he is an Iowan "all the same;" and the third prize, fifty cents, by Freddie Slob, Orange City. We accord honorable mention to Frank E. Gibson of Emerson and Carleton W. Waters of Fairfield.

We wish also to name the following boys, whose essays were especially interesting: Ellery F. Reed, Ernest Miller, Arthur Baumgart, Clifford W. Michaels, Kyle Pierce, Roy Jeffries, Chester Harlan, Floyd W. Paul, Charles Tainter, Joe B. Kingsbury, Frank Rusk, Howard S. Noble, Wesley G. Henke, Roy Fisher, Earnest Kirkpatrick (whose essay was easily read in spite of the fact that he was obliged to write it with his left hand because of an abscess upon his right), Joe O. Lowrey, Wilbur Pressley, Granger Mitchell, H. C. Mycum, Noah S. Guengerich, Burleigh C. Fordyce, Ralph Pringle, and Vine Stoddard.

The word "Iowa" is an Indian name meaning "The Beautiful Land," and Iowa boys agree that the state was properly named.

Iowa contains 35,228,200 acres, of which 95 per cent is tillable. The soil is a rich, black, sandy loam. From twenty to forty inches of rain fall each year. Six trunk lines of railroad cross the state, giving direct communication with Chicago, the great market for farm products, and connecting with lines which extend to the Pacific Coast. Iowa is noted for her activity in the cause of temperance, there being but one distillery within her borders. It is said that her watchword is "A schoolhouse on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley." A natural curiosity situated in the bluffs above the river near Decorah is an ice cave; in midwinter water trickles forth, but in the hot summer months ice forms. This cave is visited by hundreds of people annually. Iowa is noted for the raising of stock, her horses rivalling those of the famous Blue Grass region in Kentucky. The cows number about 1,500,000 and are worth about $45,000,000. They furnish cream for 150,000,000 pounds of butter a year. The largest oatmeal mill in the world is located at Cedar Rapids. Among the foremost educational institutions are Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa Wesleyan University at Mt. Pleasant, Parson College at Fairfield, and Elliott's Business College at Burlington. Tuition is free to all students in the State Agricultural College. There are over 14,000 schoolhouses, employing over 28,000 teachers at a yearly expenditure of $10,000,000. Tuition is also free in the State Normal School. Coal fields are said to underlie one-third of Iowa's total area, and the lead district in the northeastern part covers 700 miles. It was an Iowa boy who first scaled the wall at Pekin during the Boxer uprising. No place in Iowa is situated more than twelve miles from a railway. Among the manufactures are flour, packed meats to the value of $20,000,000, furniture, and carriages, also bricks and tiles to the value of $2,000,000 annually. The Mississippi and Missouri rivers bound the state on the east and west, and the Des Moines drains an area of 10,000 square miles. There are over 230,000 farms and the value of their products for a year is about $365,000,000. Iowa's population is 2,231,853.

WHY I AM PROUD OF IOWA

First Prize Essay by Merl W. Reese, 225 East Twelfth Street, Davenport.

I am proud of Iowa, the first free state in the Louisiana Purchase, because of her great progress in agriculture, manufacturing, and education; because she thought no sacrifice too great whether of blood or treasure, in helping to maintain the integrity of the Nation in the war with Mexico, the great Rebellion, and the war with Spain; and because of the rank she has gained among the states for the intelligence of her people and their moral and social order. Her progress has been rapid, sure, and unfaltering from the little Zion Church at Burlington to the magnificent $3,000,000 capitol at Des Moines.

Covering but an eighteenth part of the Louisiana Purchase, Iowa now possesses one-sixth of the population and one-third of the taxable property of the thirteen states and territories into which the purchase has been divided, and she has a more general and even distribution of wealth than exists elsewhere in the United States.

In the Mexican War Company K, Fifteenth United States Infantry, proved of what stuff Iowa men are made.

When the call for troops came in the Civil War Iowa sent 80,000 of her sons to do battle for the nation, and we have every reason to be proud of their record.

Those of Iowa's men who fought in the war with Spain sustained our reputation as one of the grandest states in the Union.

The fertility of the soil and the ease with which it may be worked present special advantages for agricultural pursuits. In the census of 1900 Iowa exceeded every other state in the value of farm products. There are only two or three states which rival her in the production of cereals, nearly one-half of the land being devoted to them. Corn, oats, and wheat are raised in abundance, and in the production of barley Iowa ranks second. Less important cereals are flaxseed, rye, and buckwheat.

Among native fruits are the plum, crab-apple, grape, cherry, blackberry, gooseberry, strawberry, and raspberry.

There is but one state west of the Mississippi that exceeds Iowa in the value of the coal output, that being Colorado. Other minerals are lead, limestone, gypsum, clay, pyrite, iron, and building sand.

Many noted Indians lived in Iowa, the most prominent being Black Hawk, Mahaska, Keokuk, and Tama.

In 1900 there were reported by the United States Census to be 14,819 manufacturing establishments in Iowa, thus proving our worth as a manufacturing state. Since then the number has greatly increased.

Iowa's total banking capital is $24,545,845, contained in 222 National banks and 214 State banks.

Iowa has twenty-five universities and colleges; eighteen private normal schools; thirty-five private secondary schools; and 334 high schools. Her school regulations are rigidly enforced and she has one of the finest systems in the world.

When everything is considered Iowa is a grand state, and I say with every other loyal Iowa boy: "Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain."

KANSAS NEXT

¶ To the Kansas boy who sends us before November 10th the best letter of not over 500 words, telling us why he is proud of his state, we will give $3; to the boy sending the next best letter, $1.50; to the boy sending the next best, 50 cents. In addition, we will print the first prize letter in an early numberof THE AMERICAN BOY.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHESTER A. OLWEILER, ELIZABETHTOWN, PA.

ELI WHITNEY

(*Continued from page 30*)

tion, which revolutionized not only the cotton industry but brought prosperity to the south. Enough to say that he was completely successful and patented his invention in 1793. It is a curious fact that cotton was so little thought of as an American product during the latter part of the eighteenth century that when John Jay drew up the treaty of commerce with Great Britain in 1794, he did not know that any cotton was produced in the United States, and it was omitted from the schedules.

What effect Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin has had upon the production of cotton may be understood when it is mentioned that the production in 1791 was less than 2,000,000 pounds, while in 1902 it was 10,827,168 bales, each bale weighing 500 pounds. America now produces four-fifths of the world's crop of cotton and the machinery used for separating the cotton from the seed is substantially the same as that invented by Eli Whitney.

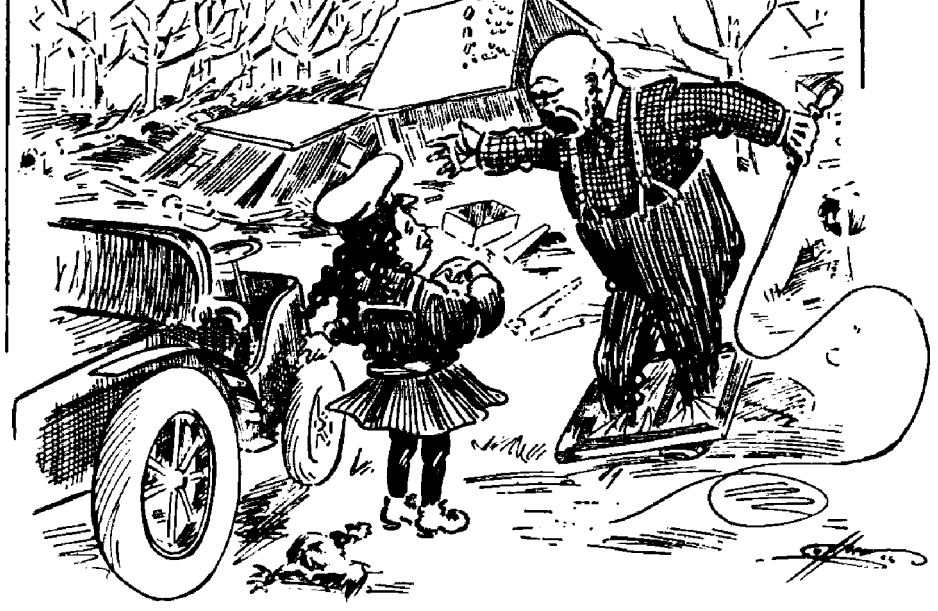
SYNOPSIS OF ELI WHITNEY'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

1793 Invented and patented the cotton gin.
1798 Commenced manufacture of firearms, from which he gained a fortune.
1817 Married daughter of Judge Edwards, of Connecticut.
1825 Died January 8th.

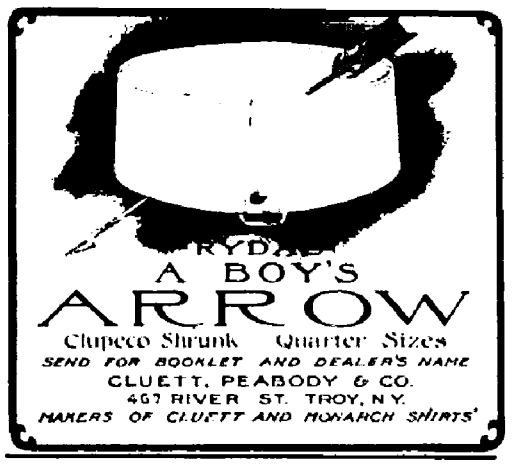
INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

ELI WHITNEY,
1765-1825.

The machine, it is true, operates, in the first instance, on mere physical elements, to produce an accumulation and distribution of property. But do not all the arts of civilization follow in its train?



Enraged Parent—"My son, what is the cause of this havoc?"
Truthful Georgie—"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little auto."



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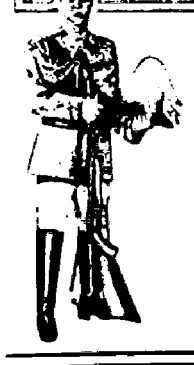

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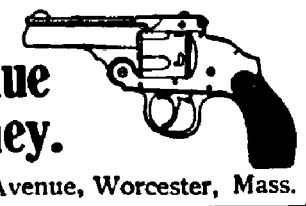

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, - - President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., - - Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.



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.

Ozmun Wyckoff, Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the September Tangles.

Arthur McCain, Jonesboro, Ark., wins the second prize.

Thomas Devlin, "Crescent," 3535 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La., wins the prize for the best original puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Ernest A Stifel, Carl N. Austin, Claud E. Gill, Frank von Tobel, James A. Lynd, Raymond Dupuy, F. C. Millspaugh, Harry Elger, Jr., J. Horace Trumbull, Wallace A. Philgreen, Russell L. Proctor, Chas. S. Gerrish, Ray Nichols, Archie Reynolds, Geo. Frary Hutchison, Archie N. Kesterson, Elmer Swartzendruber, Clarkson P. Stelle, O. D. Wetherell, Jr., Malvin Johnson, R. L. Mattocks, Lewis Alway Smith, George H. Stanbery, Clarence L. Wells, Frank M. Walling, Harry J. Button, John H. Seamans, Gilbert Freeman, Kyle Pierce, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., Osborn J. Dunn, Alexander W. Limont, Cortlandt R. Sweet, Clinton Fisk Elliott, Frank Bolton, H. D. Seeley, George Brodthage, Walter J. Tilton, Arthur H. Alexander, William P. Channon, Ora King, Vinton E. McVicker, Emerson Grant Sutcliffe, Claude Coon, Feodore Edenborg, Wm. Fink, Ralph W. Westcott, Fred W. Hanson, Harold Prime, J. Cuthbert Long, Joseph Loth, Lewis Wm. Lacey, Marietta C. Gardiner, Stephen E. Connor, Carl G. Blochurtz, Ralph S. Howell, Paul C. Hassler, Philo Hall, Jr., Everett L. Woodworth, Clarence Gull, Adam G. Quandt, Marshall A. Eyster, Percy C. King, Arthur B. Hussey, Linden L. R. Jones, Joseph Rosecrans, Fred Meinhardt, Ralph Laushey, Grady Peerey, G. H. and Karl Wills, Noah S. Guengerich, Raymond F. Katterjohn, Moxie Craus, Norman Miles, Charles S. Stewart, Geo. J. Rhein.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the November Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by November 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for New Years and January, received by November 18.

Answers to October Tangles

41. The following is the correct order. The initials spell Halloween.

Horse, Addax, Llama, Lemur, Otter, Whale, Eland, Elder, Nyula.

42. 1. Yorktown. 2. Washington. 3. Cornwallis. 4. Savannah. 5. King's Mountain. 6. Webster.

43. 1. SpenseR. 2. ReAde. 3. HoLland. 4. PoPe. 5. HawtHorne. 6. StoWe. 7. Bry-Ant. 8. CarlyLe. 9. Dante. 10. MiltOn. 11. CoopEr. 12. HolMes. 13. WhittIEr. 14. ThackeRay. 15. DickenS. 16. ScOtt. 17. BunyaN. Selected letters, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

44.

1. S H a r p
2. B A c o n
3. E L i o t
4. F L u t e
5. M O o r e
6. S W i f t
7. D E f o e
8. R E a d e
9. U N c a s

Second letters, Halloween.

45.

1. C h e y e n n e
2. R a l e i g h
3. D e n v e r
4. A u g u s t a
5. R i c h m o n d
6. S a c r a m e n t o
7. B i s m a r c k
8. O l y m p i a
9. H a r t f o r d
10. A l b a n y

Star path, Nevada. Dagger path, Carson City. Number path, Saratoga. Roman path, Burgoyne. Lower case letter path, Cedar Creek. Capital letter path, Sheridan. Section path, Early.

46.

S t L o u i s		L a r a m i e
B E l f a s t		L I m o g e s
R e A d i n g		W I N s t o n
S t E T t i n		O l l C i t y
D e T r o i t		B r O c t o n
A L a m e d a		A L t o o n a
E l k h a r	T e h e r a	N o r w i c h
	T R i p o l i	
	D r E s d e n	
	T a u N t o n	
	B a T a v i a	
	H O l ' y o k e	
D e n i s o	N e w p o r	T u c u m a n
B U f f a l o		H O u s t o n
C o N c o r d		N o R f o l k
P a l E r m o		H o b O k e n
M a D i s o n		S a N t a F e
W i c h i t a		A T l a n t a
N e w Y o r k		O s h k o s h

Zig-zags, Seattle, Lincoln, Trenton, Dunedin, Toronto.

47.

1. S u m t e r
2. T I p t o n
3. Z u R i c h
4. O l d H a m
5. T h a m E s
6. B a l k a N
7. L a h o R e
8. C a n Y o n
9. C r I m e a
10. T R a l e e
11. V i e n n a
12. B I s c a y
13. C a N t o n
14. H o u G h s

Criss-cross, Sir Henry Irving.

48.

C M T
O A O
S H U T T E R
C U R T A I N
T R A I L E D
G N L
E G Y

49.

1. B a S q u e
2. U n I m A k
3. R a d n o R
4. G e a u g A
5. O t T a w a
6. Y O a k u m
7. N e G r o s
8. E u r e k A

Star path, Saratoga; initials, Burgoyne.

50.

C
M O S
H A N T S
M A N D A T E
C O N D I M E N T
S T A M P E D
S T E E R
E N D
T

T
L A W
D O M E D
L O B E L I A
A M E R L A N E
W E L L A N D
D I A N A
A N D
E

51.

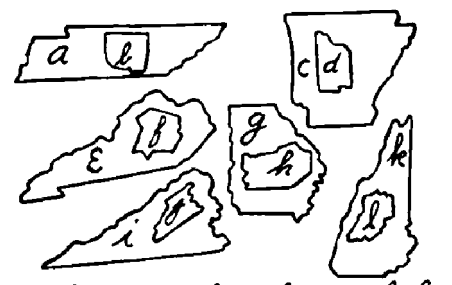
1. M u n r o e
2. A l g e r
3. S t R a t e m e y e r
4. T a r K i n g t o n
5. M o n T g o m e r i e
6. C r a W f o r d
7. S i n c l A i r
8. T o m l I n s o n
9. M c C u t c h e o N

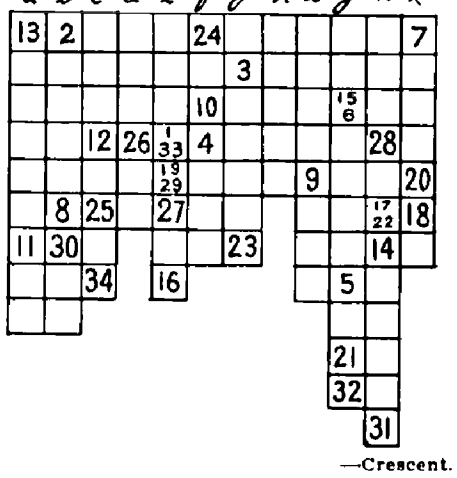
Capital path, Mark Twain.

New Tangles

52. THANKSGIVING GEOGRAPHY.

Here are the outline maps of six states, each enclosing the outline map of one of its counties. In the diagram write the name of each state and county vertically under the corresponding letters, one letter of each name in a square. The upper row of letters, a to l, spells a November holiday. The numbered squares, in numerical order, 1 to 31, spell by whom and where this holiday was first celebrated.





—Crescent.

53. THANKSGIVING TEXT.

One word from each of the following verses in Psalms in order will spell a verse in Psalms that is a fitting text for a Thanksgiving discourse.

(1) CIV. 17. (2) CXXIX. 2. (3) XXXV. 9. (4) LV. 2. (5) LXVIII. 29. (6) XI. 7. (7) CV. 1. (8) X. 4. (9) VII. 7. (10) XC. 2. (11) XXXVIII. 22. (12) XXIII. 5. (13) XXXIII. 3. (14) C. 1. (15) CXIX. 105. (16) XXI. 1. (17) LXI. 7. (18) XIII. 6. (19) XXVIII. 7. —Fred E. Day.

54. NOVEMBER SLIDE.

Slide the five horizontal rows of letters right or left until the following appear in vertical rows, using no letter twice:

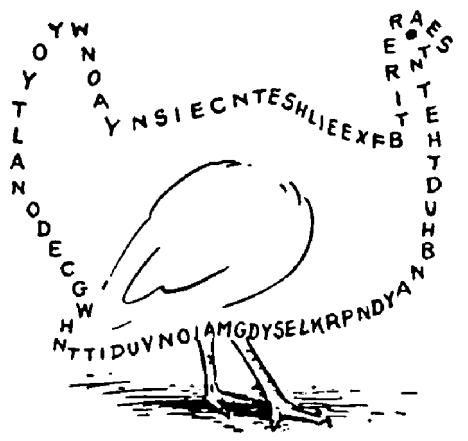
1. A federal general, born Nov. 18, 1824.
2. A confederate general, born Nov. 9, 1825.
3. A federal general, born Nov. 5, 1818.
4. A federal general who became president, born Nov. 19, 1831.
5. A confederate general, born Nov. 3, 1816.
6. The remaining letters will spell a celebrated Rock, remembered at Thanksgiving time.

F S A S L B M U J A I J A Y
M E L R I E I T A G E U E P
M A L B P A G N N I L B A Y L
R H J F E E R D N E A R O M
S F O I A B R Z L L L H T I'

—Fred Domino.

55. TURKEY SKIP.

An historical fact regarding the first Thanksgiving day will be found by commencing at a certain letter, proceeding in a certain direction, skipping a uniform number of letters each time until all are used once, going round and round the turkey.



—Arthur B. Hussey.

56. STATE ACROSTICS.

All the words are of uniform length. The initials down and the finals up each spell a state admitted into the union in November.

1. A large lake bordering on the state of East Africa. 2. A county seat of South Dakota. 3. The province in the "toe" of Italy. 4. A river of eastern Afghanistan. 5. A county seat of Arkansas and Montana. 6. A county seat of Florida. 7. A county and town of northern Ireland. 8. An island in Lake Champlain. 9. The largest town between Christchurch and Dunedin, New Zealand. 10. A city and province of central Spain, after which is named a city of Ohio. 11. An island and town of Greece.

—Moxie Craus.

57. POET'S LABYRINTH.

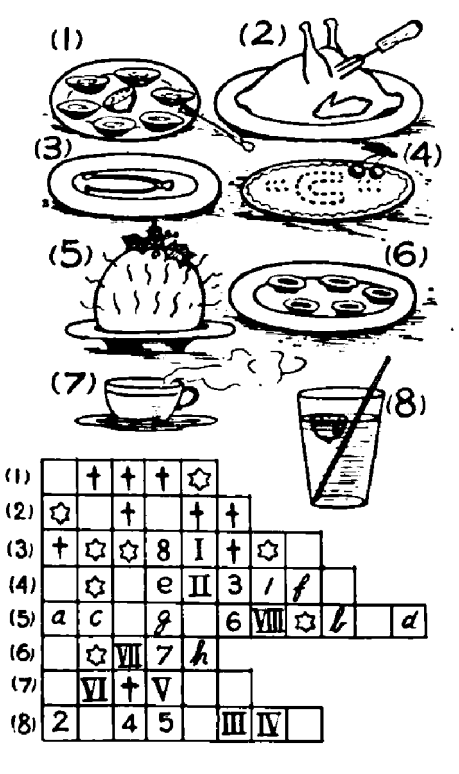
Starting with a corner letter and continuing by single squares, using each letter once only, find a celebrated English dramatist and five of his tragedies.

L	T	H	C	S	K	A	W
L	E	O	A	E	U	I	H
O	T	H	E	S	I	L	S
E	C	S	P	L	A	M	L
B	A	E	A	R	U	I	T
M	E	A	M	A	H	J	E
T	R	L	M	A	N	D	I
E	R	O	E	O	J	U	L

—Lee and Cleary Bullard.

58. THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Here are eight articles frequently seen at Thanksgiving dinners. Write their names from left to right in the diagram, in order as numbered, one letter of each name in a square. The letter path, in alphabetical order, spells the people with whom Thanksgiving day originated. The dagger letters, when correctly arranged, spell the ship that brought them to America. The number path, in order, spells where they landed. The Roman path, in order, spells their second governor. The star letters, when correctly arranged, spell their military captain.



—Raymond F. Katterjohn.

59. CONNECTED WORD SQUARES.

- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -

Upper: A bird once raised in Egyptian temples; a capital city near the mouth of the Congo; the priest having charge of the services at a mosque; identical.

Left: The chief female deity of Egyptian mythology; frozen vapor; a state; a long necked natatorial bird.

Right: Long ago; mother of Jupiter; a clan; residence of an African chieftain.

Lower: A tailed batrachian; a mythical woman who was condemned never to speak first; one of the early American political parties; the ancient Roman outer robe.

—The Wizard

60. HEXAGON.

1. - - - - -
2. - - - - - -
3. - - - - - - -
4. - - - - - - - -
5. - - - - - - -
6. - - - - - -
7. - - - - -

Read the same across and down.

1. Failure to win. 2. Pertaining to vision. 3. Relates. 4. To place or locate. 5. Stopped. 6. A spirited horse. 7. A circular motion in the water. —The Sphinx.

61. UNIFORM TERMINATIONS.

Prefix the following letters, one at a time, to the same four letters and form eight common words of one syllable.

B, F, H, M, P, R, S, W.

—Grady Peerey.

Tangle Talk

Had there been a hundred prizes to distribute for excellence of answers to September Tangles and for new Thanksgiving Tangles, this month, my task of making the awards would have been easier. To select but three and omit the many others who were nearly or quite as deserving of the honor of the award is rendered most difficult by reason of the universal excellence of your work. Many of you are entitled to greater encouragement for your efforts than is permitted me to give you, with so few awards available for so many deserving contestants.

I want to thank you all for your hearty response to my Thanksgiving suggestions.

Following is a brief, personal review of some of the Tangle mail received by September 18.

George H. Stanbery quotes the World Almanac as authority for President Taylor's birth occurring in November, 1784. He might also have quoted the Encyclopedia Brittanica to confirm that date. On the other hand, Century Book of Proper Names gives September, and so does Benson J. Lossing's Cyclopedia of U. S. History. Hellprin's Historical Reference Book says 1784, no month; Phillip's Dictionary of Biographical Reference says 1786, no month. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Percy C. King failed to name one of his birds and we could not find in any bird book anything like it that fitted into his puzzle. We like Mr. King's ideas and he draws well.

O. D. Wetherell, Jr., omitted Liberia from number 37, probably by accident. Every other word was perfect. By the way, two other splendid lists came from far away Tampa, Florida, this month, besides Mr. Wetherell's. Evidently somebody in the land of flowers is bent on capturing an award.

C. G. Blochurtz wishes to know if typewritten work will be accepted. Certainly it will, and most welcome. We receive lots of it. Did you ever see a typewriter that did not "write in ink?"

M. S. McGowan does not tell us the names of his flags and fails to observe our printed rules, writing on both sides and omitting any address. Another good effort with a little care as to such important details may secure publication.

Linden L. R. Jones, Noah S. Guengerich and Lewis Alway Smith were a month late with their October puzzles, while their August answers, and those from Frank C. McMillan, Ralph H. Wirt, Clarence L. Wells and Walter J. Tilton, were also tardy a whole month. We know how disappointed you are at being left out of the contests after your splendid efforts, and advise being a day earlier at the mail box.

President Roosevelt has not authorized any "deformed" spelling of proper names. There were some "bad spells" reached us this month, especially in geographical names. Here are some of the funny ones: Missuri, Nebrasca, South Dacota, Pencilvania, Lousiana, Sacremento, Deleware, Colombus, Bismark, Connecticutt, James J. Polk, Jubal A. Earley. As a rule our Tanglers are accurate spellers, as they should be. Ours would be "tangles" indeed did we base them on misspelled words!

Several boys write us, "If I win the prize I would like you to send me a year's subscription instead of the dollar." You may not understand just why we cannot do this, but take our word for it, we cannot, so please do not ask it. Send your subscriptions to the Sprague Publishing Co. and your Tangle mail to Uncle Tangler, just as directed in the editorial column every issue. It may be a coincidence, but no boy who has written such a request has ever won a prize for that month. We appreciate your intended compliment to THE AMERICAN BOY and your desire to possess it, but the direct and business-like way is the better way.

From the new and original puzzles sent in by November 18 will be selected the assortment to appear in this department in January, 1907. The new year, winter, and January should suggest many themes for our boys' ingenuity in Tangle making. As the New Year is always a time for making good resolutions, suppose you make up some Tangles based on appropriate quotations from the poets or the bible or elsewhere, expressive of your intentions and mine to be better and do better in every way possible during 1907.

—Uncle Tangler.



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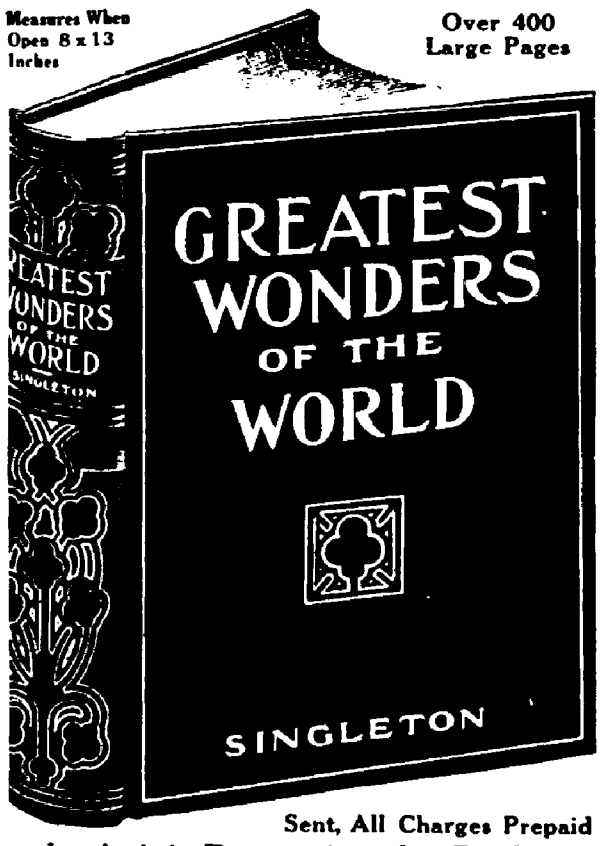

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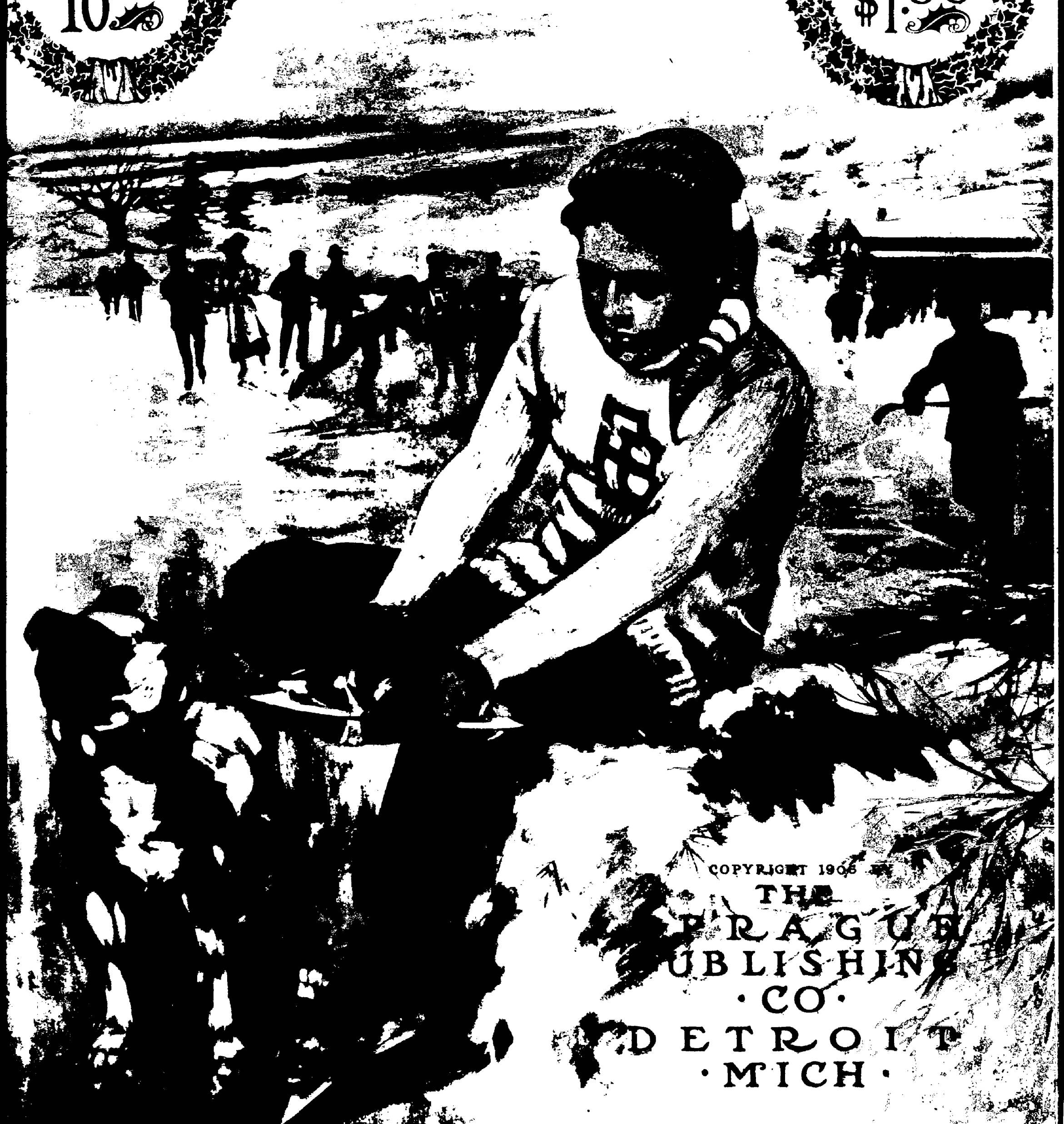

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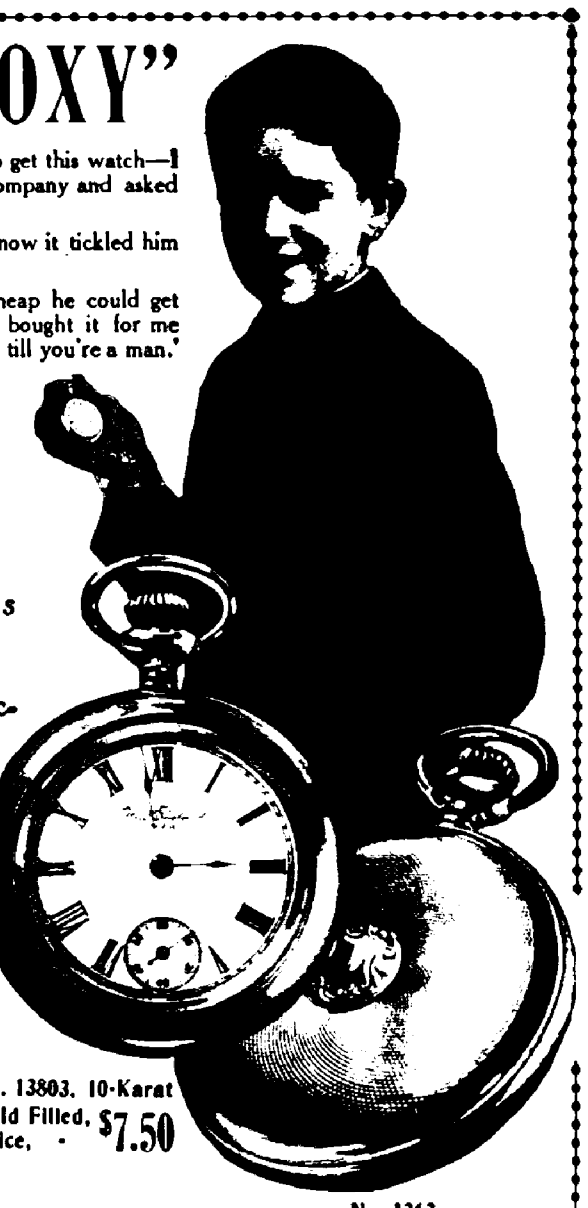

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ENTERED AT THE DETROIT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOLUME 8 | DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER, 1906 | NUMBER 2

PLUPY IN PEACE AND WAR

Or, Chapters From the Lives of Plupy, Beany, Pewt, and Others

A SERIAL STORY BY JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of "Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Sequil," "Letters to Beany and Love Letters of Plupy Shute," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SQUAMSCOTT House Stables were on Court Street in Exeter and well in the rear of that flourishing hotel. It was a most interesting and lively place at all times, but not exactly the sort of a place in which one would like to bring up children.

The class of assistants in the stable was somewhat given to liquor and low language, but were in the main hearty, good-natured fellows, who were nobody's enemies but their own. They were perfectly willing to let other people do their work, and particularly civil to Plupy and Beany, who were only too delighted to do any work, except at home, from washing carriages to rubbing down horses and running errands for them.

Adjoining the stable was the harness shop of old Mr. Kellogg, a very worthy and decidedly grumpy old gentleman, who passed his waking hours in alternately straddling a wooden horse and drawing waxed thread through harness leather, and chasing disrespectful urchins with a strap.

He glared at the world through horn spectacles and was the most formidable looking old chap imaginable.

As the boys arrived at the stable, a loud and profane altercation was heard inside, followed by a noisy scuffle, as the head hostler, old Mike, came out of the broad door backward, dragging after him the reluctant and writhing figure of Dinky Nealey, who was in a condition of intoxication frightful to behold. After old Mike had kicked him into the street he beckoned to the two boys, who approached much refreshed in mind by the not unusual but intensely interesting spectacle.

"Coom in, bhoys," said Mike, who had kissed the blarney stone in early life. "Oi've been lukin' for two schmart foine yoong felleys to do jist a wee bit o' wurrk. Dinky's droonk and th' Cate mare 'n pianny box boogy's ordhered fur noine o'clock. Jist ta-a-ke hoold noo 'en wash the boogy, 'n help a mon."

Willingly the boys complied and while one squirted water from a small foot pump, the other whirled the jacked-up wheels and plied the sponges. But, as is usual in such cases, the possession of any sort of an engine for throwing water, from a rubber ball with a hole in it to a force pump, induces in the mind of a small boy an unconquerable desire to wet someone down.

So Plupy and Beany had only been engaged in their delightful pastime but a few minutes when Beany improved the occasion by turning the hose on Plupy and thoroughly wetting his paper collar and false bosom. Plupy promptly dodged behind a partition and retaliated by taking Beany in the small of the back with a full stable sponge, and then from his comparatively safe position he alternately peeped and dodged, jeering at Beany, who let fly at him whenever his head appeared.

Now, old Mike, seeing Plupy apparently loafing, tiptoed softly along with the stable broom, a most formidable instrument made of birch withes, with the praiseworthy intention of giving him a fraternal welt, as a mild incentive to renewed exertion.

Arrived within reach he sprang from his concealment with a "Whirroo!" of triumph, just as Plupy poked out his head and Beany sent the stream hissing in his direction. Back dodged Plupy just in time to receive the broom across his back, while the stream of water struck old Mike fairly in his broad and hitherto unwashed face, sending him staggering backwards coughing and strangling.

"Aaugh-aaugh, ye murdherin' rascals, augh-aa-augh," he coughed, doubling himself up, while Beany and Plupy, having rapidly put the roadway between them and their convulsed victim, awaited his recovery in some trepidation.

Mike was not long in recovering his breath, and grasping his broom looked about balefully for the boys, muttering threats. Becoming aware of their escape he began to wheedle, "Arrah, now, byes, Oi doant ta-a-ke me wather jist thot wa-a-y or so mooch av it. Coom over, noo," crooking his huge forefinger at the boys.

"Guess not," said Beany, "ye want to lam us."

"Nary a bit," said the bland Michael. "Come on, noo, auld Moike wo-o-nt hur-rt the loikes o' ye."

"Cross yer throat," said Plupy.

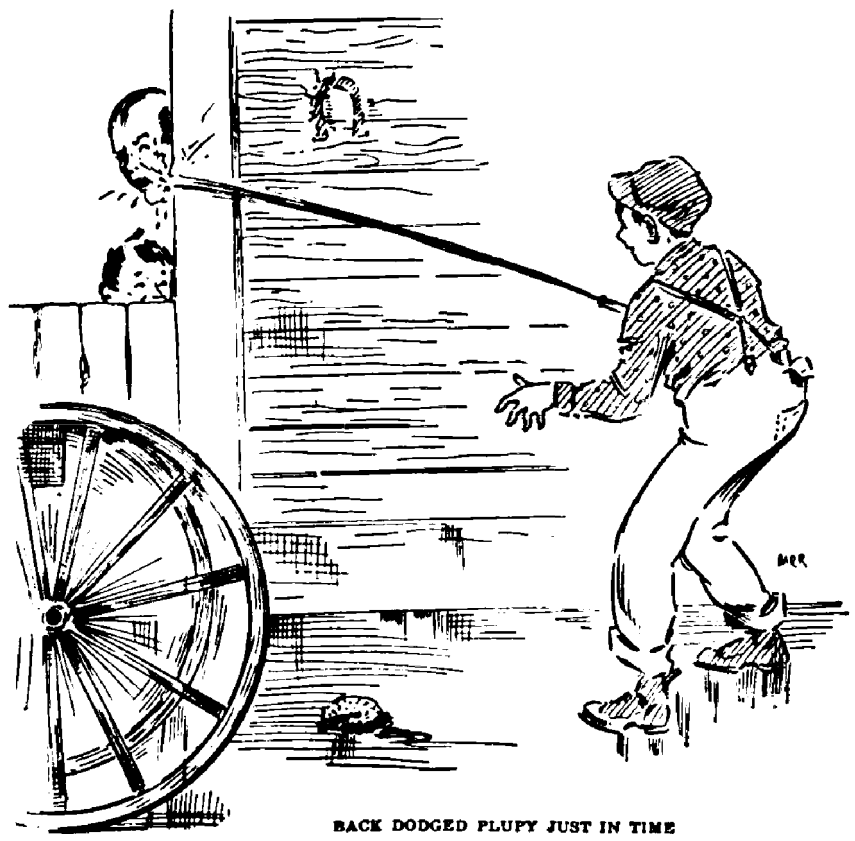
Mike gave an exaggerated swoop across his windpipe.

"Say, 'Hope to die,'" insisted Beany.

Mike raised his horny hands aloft and called down upon his head the most terrific penalties, at the conclusion of which impressive ceremonies the boys, reassured, approached the restored Milesian, and resumed operation on the buggy with the sponges and chamois, Mike having laid an embargo on the force pump, occasionally breaking into spasms of laughter over Mike's mishap.

"Be gob, byes," said Mike, smiling broadly, "'f ye'd squir-r-ted some of th' rale auld sthuff at me, Oi wouldn't ha moinded it, but wather from an auld poomp, aaugh!" he finished expressively, and he betook himself gruntingly to his work of rubbing down the Cate mare, a shapely, long-bodied bay.

For a while nothing was heard but the soothing grunts of Mike as he rubbed and curried and smoothed the mare, and the subdued giggles of the two boys as they polished the buggy.



BACK DODGED PLUPY JUST IN TIME

"Now, byes," said Mike, having harnessed the mare, "wad ye be ta-a-kin' all da-a-y for a tin minits' jhob? Rhun out th' boogy," and they held up the shafts while Mike backed the mare between them and stood while they fastened the traces and breeching. This done they were allowed to climb into the buggy and were told to drive the mare around to the hotel where the gentleman who had ordered her was waiting.

Some dispute arose as to who should drive, but this was cut short by Mike, who promptly decided in favor of Beany, promising Plupy next chance. "Shure, now, Polelegs, let little Fat Belly dhrive this woonst, an' yez can dhrive the nixt out."

So Beany gleefully seizing the reins, clucked to the mare and she obediently trotted out of the stable yard. Drawing up in front of the hotel Plupy got out and made the announcement at the office that the team was ready, and the sporty-looking man, who was waiting, at once retired to the barroom for another bracer, telling the boys to trot her round the square.

This was a most delightful surprise to the boys and away they went. The Cate mare was a well-broken animal, but high-spirited and fast, and in a brush down the street could hold her own with any stable crack in the town not excepting Levi Towle's "Johnny Roach."

Now everything would have gone smoothly had not the boys overtaken Fatty Gilman and Billy Swett, who were driving "Old Chub," Fatty's family horse, which, although old and fat, was quite fast, and as Fatty at once pulled out the whip and began to lambaste his old plug, emphasizing his desire by loud yells of encouragement, our friends could not resist the temptation to go down the stretch with them.

A word was enough for the mare at any time, but a yell such as the boys at once let out, and a cut with the whip was more than sufficient. It wasn't safe to whip the Cate mare. She went into the collar with a jump that nearly jerked the boys' heads off, passed the other horse as if he had been hitched to a post and disappeared up the street in a cloud of dust.

It was nearly a mile from town before the frightened boys managed to pull the excited mare down sufficiently to turn her into a yard and stop her.

Then they got out and petted and soothed her, fed her with grass and dusted the buggy with their handkerchiefs, and then carefully drove back. When they arrived at the hotel they found the sporty-looking man and his friend very much excited and indignant, and arguing the matter loudly and profanely with old Major Blake, the proprietor, who in turn was berating the innocent Michael for having let the boys drive the mare.

A general shout greeted their appearance, and as they drove up Mike seized the horse, and the major dragged the boys from the buggy and held them firmly by the collar.

"Lemme be," said Plupy indignantly; "I didn't do nothin'."

"Me neither," said Beany, with his head drawn about a foot out of plumb by the strong grip of the burly major.

"You infernal scoundrels," roared the major," what did you drive that mare that way for?"

"Well," said Beany, "that man told us to drive her round till he got ready, 'n—'n——"

"'N me 'n Beany started her 'n Fatty 'n Billy Swett come along with a trotter, 'n they yelled and went by us, 'n—n," chimed in Plupy, "'n——"

"'N first we knowed," said Beany, "she started 'n passed them jest flukin' 'n we both pulled 'n pullel 'n we got way up t' old man Giddinses 'fore we could stop her, 'n—'n——"

"'N you sh'd seen us pass Fatty's hoss; gorry, we went so fast t' I couldn't see the telegraph poles mos'," said Beany, smiling expansively and conscious that he touched a responsive chord in the breast of the old major.

"Oi guess, major, ye'd bether lit the byes go," said Mike; "shure tain't ivery bye thot w'd bring her back without sma-a-shin th' boogy. It's too good horses ye hav, ontoirely. Wun av Char-r-less Toales harses woodent ron awaa, 'f ye hit 'im with a goon."

At this the major, much mollified, let go the boys' collars, and withdrew to the porch, where he seated himself ponderously, and smoked contemplatively, while Mike, accompanied by the boys, returned to the stable, old Mike taking much credit to himself for the adroit way in which he extricated them from what he termed "a divil av a schrape."

"Shure, byes," he said, confidentially, "'twas auld Moike thot sa-a-ved yer loife this toime. Auld Moike hez a wa-a-y with th' auld majo: He'd a kilt ye shure. An' ye wouldn't be aboove hilpin a mon with jist a bit av work?"

Both boys assured him of their willingness to do anything in reason, and shortly found themselves with jack and grease-pot, greasing axles, and their own hands and clothes rather indiscriminately, while Mike rubbed down the horses and wheedled the boys, stimulating them to further exertions by jovial and uproarious Hibernian songs, occasionally stopping to apostrophize the horses somewhat profanely, when they cringed and winced under his vigorous hands.

"'Twas in th' moonth av Joon,
From me ho-o-me Oi sthar-r-r-ted."

"Say, Mike," said Beany, "do you know what old Seth Turner said about ye?"

"Noa, Oi doant, 'n Oi doant care a rap fhwat he says," said Mike, stopping his song a moment and then resuming.

"Ahl th' byes 'n gals wuz narely bhroken hear-rted,
Kissed me sishter dear-r, 'n——"

"He says he can lick ye, Mike," said Plupy in a tentative manner.

"Oho," said Mike, suspending operations again; "he sid thot, dud he? Th' auld droonken bhum; auld

Mike cud lick tin of th' loikes av him, till him thot!"

"'N then Oi kissed me mither,
Dhrank a pint av bheer, me faleins for to smither."

"Mike, why didn't you go to war? Old Seth did," inquired Beany again.

"Faith," said Mike, "'twud be gude riddance t' auld Seth 'f he'd sthaid awa-a."

"But why didn't you go, Mike?" insisted Beany.

"Wull," said Mike with a complaisant smile, "th' bist min av th' toon had to sthay t' hoom with th' la-a-idies, an' th' bist lukin' wans, too."

"Aw now," said Plupy, disgustedly, "that ain't th' reason."

"Arrah, now, whot a bye yez be for knowin' fule things. Well, Oi alwuz think th' bhut ind av a goon th' sa-a-ifest ind, av yez kape away from both inds, 'n th' sa-a-ifest ind of a swoord is th' handle, excipt for th' other felly. But th' bist wa-a-y t' fight is with a wee sthick av blackthorn, or with a mon's two fhists, begob."

"Was you a good fighter, Mike?" queried Beany.

"Oi wuz thot," said Mike.

"Could you lick Fuzzy Thurston?" said Plupy in turn.



"WE DIDN'T DO IT, MIKE"

"Oi cud that, aisy," said Mike.

"Why didn't you las' Saturday night, when he called you a broad-faced Mick?" persisted Plupy, somewhat impolitely.

"He was droonk, 'n a rale Oirishman niver hits a mon whin he is droonk."

"Sposin they is both drunk?" asked Beany.

"Wull," said Mike, with a reminiscent grin, "th' has been toimes whin Oi wuz a bit myshtified wid th' dhrink moisilf, 'n things wuz a bit loively." He leaned against the door of the barn, filled his pipe with black plug, put on the cover, tipped it upside down, and began to puff loudly. A terrific odor of burning tobacco arose. Mike puffed and sniffed ecstatically, and closed his eyes.

"Mike," said Plupy, "whatcher smoking, rope?"

"No," said Mike, dreamily; "th' bist of auld nagurhid."

Suddenly there was a flash and an explosion, lighting up Mike's face as with a halo, and the bowl of the pipe disappeared as if by enchantment, leaving Mike holding about an inch of the stem in his teeth, and with a look of complete bewilderment on his honest countenance.

"Be jabers," he ejaculated at length, "Oi thot someone had foired a goon at me."

"Did it hurt ye, Mike?" asked the two boys, who although entirely innocent of complicity in the trick, were so full of laughter that they could scarcely speak.

"Hur-r-t, is ut?" said Mike, eyeing the boys furtively as they approached; "ho-ho, it s not hur-r-t thot Oi am ot-ahl-at-ahl. Auld Mike niver moinds a jhoke. Oho," he continued, pointing at something on the ground near, "luk at th' auld poipe."

As the boys approached to look, Mike made a sudden spring, his long arms reached out like fish poles, his huge hands grasped each a collar and in a second the astonished boys were making their rapid but unwilling way towards the huge watering trough.

"We didn't do it, Mike; honest now, hope to die, cross our throats," they yelled in terror.

"Ye yoong spalpeens, Oi'll tache ye to play jhokes on an auld mon. First yez squir-r-t me full of wather, 'n thin ye thry to blow me oop with poodher. Oi can't sit foire to yez for yez be too grane to burn, bhut Oi'll give yez ahl th' wather yez want."

In vain they twisted, writhed, and struggled. In vain they protested. In they went all over, and as two dripping, bedraggled, and indignant boys legged it for home, they solemnly promised to keep out of low company for the future, a promise, which I regret to say, they broke the next day.

The thorough drenching Plupy had received made it incumbent on that unfortunate youth to go to bed until his clothes dried. To speak more accurately, he did not go to bed, but retired to his room, and, attired in garments insufficient for public appearance, but quite appropriate for a hot day, leaned from the window and viewed the outer world with bitterness and repining in his heart.

He was a little more afflicted by his banishment on seeing Beany, whose wardrobe was more extensive than his, restricted to the paternal yard; but not immured in a dungeon. And he had promised to go in swimming with the Chadwick boys that afternoon at the "eddy"!

If Cele would only come up and read "Billy Bowlegs" or "Nat Tood" to him there would be some fun. But Cele was mad because he had written a letter to Billy Swett and signed Cele's name to it. Father said they sent people to jail sometimes for that. He said it was, he couldn't remember the name, but it sounded like fudging. It couldn't be that, because fudging was cheating in playing marbles when you got up nearer than you ought to. Anyway, he said it was something pretty tough.

It was just like Cele to be mad at such a little thing as that. Anyway, she might at least have sent up the book. Girls were mean things anyway. If he had a brother penned up in a room, you bet he would plug something up into his window. A book, or some juju paste or a picture paper or some green apples or something.

As Plupy thus gloomily meditated he saw a farmer's team coming down the street, followed by a savage-looking bulldog, a strange dog, and his thoughts took a sudden turn into more exciting channels.

"Gosh," he bet there would be a dog fight when that dog went by old Si Smith's store. His dog always came out at strange dogs. There would be a fight sure and he wouldn't see it. That was just his luck. If it was anyone else there would be a dog fight right in front of his window, but he never had any luck, not he. He bet it would be a good one and he wouldn't see it. Beany could, but Beany always had good luck, but he didn't. Beany's folks weren't as mean as his. They let Beany go out in his yard, where he could see dog fights and lots of things.

All at once there was a sound like pulling a board fastened with rusty nails from a dry goods box, again repeated, the opening snarl of a dog fight. Plupy leaned from the window; he could see Beany in great excitement looking down the street. The sounds grew more confused, snarls, short-muffled growls, the voices of excited bystanders. Plupy projected a yell of inquiry to Beany.

"It's a buster," said Beany, jumping up and down; "they has got right hold of each others gozzles and won't let go. Now the old man's layin' onto 'em with his whip," said Beany, jumping up and down in his excitement; "now old Si is shaking his fist at him, now Squawboo Bowley is a kicking of the old man's dog. Hi! Hi! Hi!" said Beany, in great excitement; "the old man is lacing Squawboo with the whip and Squawboo's"—

Plupy could stand it no longer. He must see it, notwithstanding his slightly informal costume. He opened his chamber door and listened. He could hear nothing of the family. They were probably out on the front steps looking at the fight. He bolted for the front chamber and rushed in. Horrors, what did he see? His sister Celia, dressed in her mother's long flounced silk, with lace collar and black half-mitts was gracefully presiding at a tea table, while Keene, sporting an immense waterfall and garbed in her aunt's best black silk, was handing round tea and cakes to Lady Genevieve McAllister (Lucy Watson), Countess Hildegarde Buckingham (Jennie Morrison), and Princess Cassenova (Bessie Tilton).

The effect of this skinny apparition, clad only in a night shirt, was marvellous. The ladies recoiled in horror. The Countess Hildegarde gave a loud shriek; Lady Genevieve covered her charming face with her bejewelled hands; Princess Cassenova laid her regal head on the table and covered it with her arms. But the hostesses were of sterner stuff, and after a pause of amazement Keene seized the pitcher and Cele an umbrella and rushed to repel boarders.

They were too late, however, for Plupy, who was standing in a sort of saucer-eyed paralysis at the unexpected vision, let out a yell of abject surprise and mortification, and fled to his room, while the outraged hostesses marched straight to their mother's room to lodge a complaint to the effect that "Harry had come right into their party without any clothes on, boo-hoo! boo-hoo! and he done it a purpose, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

They were pacified by further and unprecedented indulgence in seed cookies, and molasses and water (best Hyson) and a promise of a searching investigation of the affair, whereupon they returned to their titled guests, and their mother proceeded to her son's room, where she found that youth cowering under the bedclothes in a state of mortification impossible to describe, which convinced her that his uninvited presence at the party was wholly innocent.

Indeed, his distress was so great that although by this time his clothes were so thoroughly dried, and he was given permission to dress and go out, he declined utterly, and reclined gloomily in bed, declaring that he would never go out of his room again as long as he lived. Nor did he recover his cheerfulness in the slightest degree until after supper, which was brought to him on a tray by a scornful sister, when he was allowed the rare luxury of reading in bed, and plunged so deep into the fascinating adventures of "Midshipman Easy," that he resolved to go to sea the next day, and not spend the rest of his young life in a chamber, and he fell asleep, devising plans to pack his few treasures in a handkerchief, steal out at midnight, cut a trusty stick, and strike for the nearest coast-town to take ship.

As, however, he slept profoundly until the next morning, his journey was indefinitely postponed and his cheerfulness restored.

And as he blithely split his kindlings in advance, and filled the woodbox to the brim, he joyously planned making up for two days enforced abstinence from voluntary baths, by going in swimming at least ten times that day.

(To be continued.)



LET OUT A YELL OF ABJECT SURPRISE AND MORTIFICATION

Rare Presence of Mind Shown by an Eight-Year-Old

The two children of Rev. Mr. Hightower, of near Millsap's College, Mississippi, boy and girl, were out at play when the little girl, who was barefooted, stepped on a large moccasin snake that bit her on the heel. The little brother, although but eight years old, with rare presence of mind secured a stout twine and tied it tightly around the litle girl's leg just above the knee, and then, placing his lips to the wound, proceeded to suck the poison from the blood. Where the boy got his knowledge of this treatment for snake bites is not known, but he displayed more common sense than most grownups would display under the circumstances. We got our information from Mr. L. P. Yerger, a prominent lawyer of Greenwood, Mississippi.

Beamed Too Soon

It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! It is our first little girl!"

Wallace's smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate.

"A girl!" as if it were the synohym for all that was opprobrious. "Gee! must I always sift ashes?"—R. B. Sweezey, in Lippincot's Magazine.

Bad Boy May Be Good Man

By FRANK H. BEEDE, Superintendent of Schools, New Haven, Conn.

LET us not pass too lightly over the incorrigible boy. Often he is incorrigible because he is a boy of such buoyant life and SUCH TREMENDOUS ENERGY that the teacher is without the ability to reduce him to school terms. He laughs in scorn at the rules of the school. He will not be run into the same mold that holds all the other tallow candles.

He may have more of human power than the teacher himself. RIGHTLY TRAINED he may be the very one—he often is to lead in momentous political battles, to superintend gigantic commercial enterprises, to build great railroads, to construct massive bridges and rear skyward city blocks. What we call incorrigible boys MAY afterward become criminals. More often they grow up into respectable men and useful and public spirited citizens.

THERE SHOULD BE IN EVERY LARGE CITY IN CONNECTION WITH THE SCHOOL SYSTEM AT LEAST ONE DISCIPLINARY SCHOOL FOR TRUANTS AND INCORRIGIBLE BOYS. BOYS WHO DO NOT YIELD TO THE MILDER MEASURES SHOULD BE PLACED IN ONE OF THESE.—Exchange.

Too Small to Divide

An exchange tells a story of a bright-faced lad who, having applied for the position of office boy, stood anxiously waiting while the proprietor pondered. The latter surveyed the young applicant with a gaze half humorous, half doubtful; he had had much experience, and was not very hopeful of really valuable service.

"I wonder whether you expect to engage as a whole boy or half a boy—half a boy, most likely," he said, musingly. The gray eyes in the freckled face flashed inquiringly wide, and he explained, "Oh, I don't mean to question your having the requisite number of arms and legs; your body's all right; it is your mind I am talking about—your thoughts, wits, memory. I suppose you have a host of schemes and employments of your own that will be a great deal more important than anything here. You are interested in ball games and—"

"Yes, sir, I like ball first rate; but when I am here, I'll be all here, and when I am through here, I'll be all there. I'll do my best in both places, but I ain't big enough to divide."

He gained his place, and he is true to his word; but his opinion of himself is one that might well be widely adopted. Few of us are "big enough to divide" in the sense of giving only half our mind to the duty in hand.—Young People's Weekly.

Don't let your subscription run out. Hurry in your dollar. Big things coming!

IN DEFENSE OF HIS FLAG

OR, A BOY IN BLUE AND A BOY IN GRAY

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANDY CROSSES THE POTOMAC ONCE MORE.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER

Author of the "Old Glory Series," "Soldiers of Fortune Series," "Colonial Series," "Pan-American Series," Etc.

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TO GO BACK to Andy at the time he was slowly recovering from a bullet wound in his shoulder, inflicted by a Union soldier at the time of his capture during the battle of Ball's Bluff.

The pain had now left him entirely, and although he was still weak from what he had experienced, still he was able to sit up, and that was a great comfort. Every warm day a chair was placed for him upon the piazza of the Lemming homestead and here he would read, or watch the river, or play checkers and dominoes with Viola Lemming.

So the golden Virginia summer passed. In the meantime Andy heard how the great army of the north was assembling at Washington, and of what that patriotic body was expected to do. But from home, from his parents, his company, or the rebel cause, he heard nothing.

The late autumn found him walking about the plantation. Viola Lemming often accompanied him. She noticed how strong he was getting.

"I presume you will want to leave us soon," she said, with half a smile.

"I was thinking I would go away next week," he answered. "I have ventured on your hospitality too long already."

"You are welcome to stay as long as you please," she returned, quickly. "You—you seem like one of the family."

His thin face flushed with pleasure at this. "You are very, very kind—you and your mother and your little sister," he said, taking her hand. "As long as I live I will never forget you, and I do trust that some day I will be able to repay you, at least in part." And then he turned away as he saw how red in the face Viola became. The two young folks had grown to think a great deal of each other.

That night he told Mrs. Lemming of his intention. "I will not outstay my welcome, warm as it has been," he said. "Tomorrow you can notify the army authorities, if you will. As soon as they come for me, you will no longer be responsible for my keeping."

"But they will put you in prison!" shuddered Viola. "I didn't think of that when you spoke. I thought——" she did not finish.

"Did you think I would break my word of honor?" he questioned, seriously.

"No—but—but! Oh, to go to prison! It is horrible!" She tried to speak on, but the words stuck in her throat and she rushed from the room. Her mother was scarcely less affected.

"It is terrible, this change you think of making," said Mrs. Lemming. "Better stay here, while you can. Perhaps the war will soon be over, and then you can cross the river to your folks."

But he was obdurate. He did not intend to go to a Union prison if it could be avoided, but at the same time he would not break his word to them and get them into trouble with the army authorities.

That afternoon a slave carried a note from Mrs. Lemming to the nearest Union camp. In this she stated that the prisoner left at her house was now almost well and had desired to be turned over to the proper authorities. She added that he was not much more than a boy, and she trusted that the commandant would treat him with as little harshness as possible, and that if he could have him exchanged for a Union prisoner in the near future, she would consider it a special favor, for the prisoner had acted so gentlemanly during his illness that he had quite won her heart.

On receiving this note the captain in charge smiled grimly. "All woman's bosh," he muttered. "We'll soon have the young rebel behind the bars and give him a taste of how Union men are treated in their own foul prisons."

It was not yet sundown when he detailed a guard of three soldiers to bring Andy to the camp. The soldiers started off on foot, and having to tramp a distance of three miles over rather rough roads, reached Mrs. Lemming's place an hour later.

"So this is the young rebel, eh," said the sergeant in charge. "All right, we have a description of him on file. Come on."

"In a moment," answered Andy, and shook hands with Mrs. Lemming, Viola, and the younger girl. "Good-bye, and remember, I shall never forget your kindness. You'll have a little more ease, I fancy, now you are no longer responsible for my safekeeping," he added, with peculiar emphasis, which, however, no one but Viola noticed.

"I shall regret having you go," answered Mrs. Lemming. Viola said nothing more just then, but turned and re-entered the house. In a second more Andy was off, with the sergeant ahead and a soldier upon each side of him.

"I guess you'll remember the sweet time you had there when you're in a regular prison," remarked one of the soldiers, in an effort to twit the lad. "You won't have no sech soft bits of calico to look after you, I'll warrant you that!"

The end of the plantation grounds had hardly been reached when Viola came rushing along the path, calling to Andy to stop. He halted, turned and took several steps towards her.

"Here is a silk neckerchief for you," she said, handing over the gift, and then she added in a whisper, while her face was crimson: "You are no longer responsible to us—the neckerchief contains a pistol—*escape if you can!*" Before the astonished young Confederate could reply, she was speeding back to the house.



"HERE IS A SILK NECKERCHIEF FOR YOU"

Although nearly dumfounded, Andy did not lose his wits. He turned his back to the soldiers, slipped the little silver-mounted weapon, which had belonged to Mrs. Lemming, in his bosom, and waved the silk cloth in the air. "Thank you, and good-bye for the last!" he cried, and gave himself up once more, and again the march forward proceeded. One of the soldiers would have taken the neckerchief away from him, but the sergeant, though rough, was too fair-minded to allow anything of such a nature to take place.

On they went along a road bounded on one side by an open tobacco field and on the other by a spare growth of wood, with here and there a patch of brush. Andy noted with satisfaction that it was growing dark rapidly and that the timber was between himself and the river.

He understood thoroughly what a risk he would run in trying to escape—that his captors would first try to catch him, and failing in this, would do their best to shoot him down. But, on the other hand, what was he to expect? A journey to a Northern prison, where perhaps he would be made to pass months, and it might be years, in some loathsome cell, crowded in with others, poorly fed, and made to suffer all sorts of indignities. He imagined things worse than they were, but the effect upon his actions was the same as though it were all true.

A mile had been covered, when they reached a bend in the road, which now turned away from the Potomac. Here stood a deserted farmhouse, set in a wilderness of pear trees.

"Great smoke, look!" yelled Andy, shoving the soldiers away from him and pointing towards the house. "Look out, they are going to shoot us! Look out!" And with a quick dash he gained the side of the highway and leaped the worm fence. As was natural, all three of the Union soldiers ducked their heads and strove in vain to ascertain what Andy meant. By the time they had recovered and comprehended the trick that had been played, the young Confederate was out of sight behind the trees.

"Fools! After him!" shrieked the sergeant, and clambered over the fence as rapidly as his somewhat dumpy form would permit. At the same time one of the soldiers, seeing a quiver among the trees, fired, but the bullet did not touch Andy. In a moment more all three of the Union soldiers were in full pursuit.

In the meantime, the young Confederate was making his way through the tangled undergrowth and over jagged rocks and exposed tree roots with all the speed at his command. There was no mistaking the direction of the river, for the whole neighborhood sloped in that direction, so all he had to do was to keep on going down hill until the water was gained.

It was perilous moving, too, for the undergrowth was thick with briar bushes, which scratched his face and his hands, and caught his clothing so tightly that often it was impossible to move until the offending branch had been torn completely from its bush.

"I'm bound to get away somehow," he muttered, as he flung aside a briar which left a scratch from nose to ear. "There is one consolation, they are all larger than me, especially that sergeant, and traveling down here will be just that much more difficult for them. If only they don't send word along the river front to watch out for me."

The last thought gave him a chill. But he did not waste time upon it. He heard his pursuers crashing along, a hundred feet behind him. They seemed to be getting closer, or else it was only his imagination. Coming to a clear spot, he crossed it like a deer chased by dogs and hunters.

Bang! bang! He was seen, and the sergeant and one of the privates had fired. He felt one bullet clip his shoulder, directly over the spot where he had been wounded before. It was agony to think of this. What if he had to suffer the awful pain of being shot again? He was almost tempted to give up.

But before he could reach such a conclusion he was safe among the trees again. He was now descending into a hollow, thick with undergrowth, and here it was as dark as though the time was midnight instead of eight o'clock of a summer evening.

At the bottom of the hollow he paused, and at a spring that was handy, procured a drink. On the opposite side of the hollow was another clearing. Should he attempt to cross it at once, or wait until a more favorable opportunity presented itself? While he pondered the situation, the voices of the three soldiers broke upon his ear.

"See anything of him, sergeant?"

"No, Fosdick, do you?"

"Nary a hair."

"How about it, Cramer?"

"He came down into the hollow, I'm sure of it," replied the third soldier. "But I guess he's up the other side now."

"We'll go around and see."

The trio moved off, one to one side, the remaining two to the other. Andy, fairly holding his breath, crouched low behind a brush overlooking the spring. What if they should surround him and call upon him to give himself up.

"I'll sell my life as dearly as I can," he thought, and drew forth the silver-mounted pistol Viola Lemming had given him. It was a six-barrelled affair, in those days something quite up to date, and every barrel was loaded. With great caution he raised the trigger.

An anxious ten minutes passed. The men had gone beyond sight and hearing, and he was beginning to think they would not return, when he again heard the voice of the sergeant.

"Fosdick! Cramer! Where are you?" was the cry. "Confound the luck, where can that young fellow be? I'll take a look into the hollow on my own account." And the sergeant began to descend.

He was almost upon the young Confederate when Andy thought it time to act. Leaping to his feet with marvelous swiftness, he thrust his pistol into the sergeant's face.

"Throw down your gun, quick!" he commanded, in a whisper. "Down—or I fire!"

The words and the flash of the silver-mounted pistol took the Union soldier by surprise and he started back with lowered gun. Then Andy sprang upon him, and with a shove and a twist of the foot sent the dumpy figure headfirst into the spring.

"Wough!" came in a splutter from the sergeant, but the youth did not hear him. With nimble steps he made his way up the hollow's side, and once more began the race for the river bank.

Andy now felt that he must be alert for the enemy in front as well as behind, for the two soldiers not having come back, must have gone forward. He strained his eyes to their utmost and clutched his pistol tighter. A half-articulated prayer for deliverance arose to his lips. Oh, if only he was safe in Virginia again.

Presently a welcome sound broke upon his ears. It was the murmur of the swollen river, as it rushed over the rocks in the shallows and made a bend southward. Soon he parted the final line of brush and saw the dancing water before him. Catching the trigger of the pistol in his hat, so as to hold the weapon dry, he jammed the headgear down tightly and waded into the stream.

He advanced with extreme caution, knowing how treacherous the Potomac is at certain times of the year, and aware that the whole northern side was picketed by Union soldiers, while the southern shore was guarded by men of his own stamp. To be shot by one or the other of the military guards would be equally unpleasant and, perhaps, equally fatal.

"If I only had some way of letting our men know that I am all right," he thought, as he paused when about one-fourth of the stream had been passed. He knew they could not see his uniform in the gloom, and, having lost his cavalry hat, he was now wearing one which had formerly belonged to Mr. Lemming, and which Mrs. Lemming had kindly given him.

A few steps farther and he suddenly went down almost to his armpits. The current now took him off his feet and sent a shiver over him. He felt very cold, and realized that he was not yet half as strong as he had imagined. But turning back was out of the question, and he struck out boldly for the opposite bank, a distance of over a hundred and fifty feet.

The middle of the stream had been gained and he was congratulating himself on the fine progress

made, when suddenly a challenge rang out from a point some distance below him.

"Hullo, there, in the river! Who are you?"

"A friend!" cried Andy, but instead of halting, he swam on faster than ever.

"If you are a friend, turn in here and give the countersign."

"I can't turn in—I'm bound for the other shore," answered Andy, but the last words were so low the picket did not hear them—nor did the young Confederate intend that he should.

"Can't turn in?" queried the guard. "Yes, you can. Come now, or I'll fire."

"Don't fire!" yelled back Andy, and then having swam a few more strokes he clutched his pistol and dove out of sight.

He was none too soon, for feeling he was being duped, the Union picket brought his gun into range and pulled the trigger. From under the surface of the stream Andy heard a muffled report, but the bullet passed wide of its mark.

The young Confederate remained under as long as possible, at the same time reaching out with desperate efforts for the southern shore. He felt himself carried downward by the current and this in itself tended to bring him closer to the picket than ever. At last, unable to hold his breath a second longer, he came up and gave a gasp.

The firing of the gun had aroused the picket line for several hundreds of feet up and down the river and on both sides. A rush was made on the Union side, and the picket was asked to explain matters, which he did as well as he could.

"We'll have him yet," cried the officer, in command. "Bring out the flat-boat, Carriwell, quick!"

His order was obeyed, and the officer and two men entered. But all this had taken time and now Andy was once more where he could touch bottom. He looked back and saw the boat put out.

"Save me, brother Confederates!" he cried. "Save me! Shoot the Yankees!"

"We will!" came an answer from almost in front of him, and then two guns spoke up spitefully. A groan came from the flat-boat, which was immediately turned back. The pursuit was over. Several shots were fired, but in the gloom they went wild, and then the shooting came to an end.

Not until it was all over did Andy fully realize what a tremendous strain he had been under. He waded out of the water and up the muddy bank, to find himself confronted by half a dozen anxious men in gray.

"What does this mean? Who are you?" demanded one of the number.

"I am a Confederate, like yourselves. I have been a prisoner and I just escaped," answered Andy. "My name is Andy Arlington, and I belong to the Montgomery Grays, cavalry, of Lee Run. If some of you will help—"

He could get no further. Everything danced before his eyes, trees, soldiers, and guns, and he fell back into a pair of outstretched arms, utterly exhausted.

"A brave youngster, I'll wager a fortune," was the comment of the Confederate who held him. "Come, men, let us take him to camp and do the best we can for him."

CHAPTER XIX.

ANDY GOES TO YORKTOWN.

When Andy came to his senses, he found himself lying on a cot in a farmhouse, quarter of a mile from where he had crossed the Potomac. The farmhouse was being used as a rebel headquarters, and half a dozen Confederate officers were present, making out various reports and attending to other duties of a military nature.

As soon as he felt strong enough, he told his story in detail, to which those present listened with lively interest. An officer knew of the advance to Ball's Bluff of the Montgomery Grays and what the youth had to say was readily believed.

"I suppose you would like to go home as soon as possible," said one of the officers. "We are going to send some army wagons southward tomorrow, and one of them can go down by the Lee Run road and you can ride with the teamster, if you wish."

Andy gladly accepted the offer, and six o'clock in the morning found him homeward bound at the rate of four miles an hour, for the canvas-covered vehicle was loaded to the ash bows and the recent rains had rendered the roads almost impassable. Ordinarily the time would have dragged heavily, but the teamster was a jolly fellow, full of jokes and war stories, and he made Andy forget his troubles in spite of himself. They had their army rations with them and only stopped long enough to feed the horses. The teamster intimated several times that they might stop at a roadhouse, "to become better acquainted," but as neither he nor Andy had money to spend this was not done.

Andy's heart beat quickly as they approached the familiar surroundings of Lee Run. What a long while it seemed since he had gone away! He wondered how his father and the rest of the family were.

"Andy, my son! God be praised!" came from the stoop of the country store, and the next minute the young soldier was in his mother's arms, while Grace was bobbing around, this side and that, looking for a chance to get at him.

"You have been shot and a prisoner!" gasped Grace. "Oh, Andy!"

"We thought you had been killed," put in the mother, with her eyes full of tears. "Captain Montgomery sent us word of how you had gone over the bluff while on horseback, and when Firefly came back alone—"

"Firefly!" burst out Andy, his face beaming more brightly than ever. "Is he really back?"

"Why, yes, he came back the next day. A man caught him who knew him and turned him over to Captain Montgomery. He is at home in the stable now."

"I'm awfully glad, mother. I was afraid I would never see the dear old fellow again. And how is father?"

"As well as can be expected. The war has upset him completely, and he cannot settle down to work as he used to do. But how pale and thin you are!"

"He's only a ghost of himself," added Grace. "But never mind, Andy," she went on, warmly, "we'll fatten you up again, and make you strong, and I'm proud to know what a hero I have for a brother!" and then he gave her such a hug and a kiss as only Andy could give—he was so whole-souled in everything he did.

Mrs. Arlington and Grace had been down to the store to do some trading and to hear the latest news from the seat of war. Around Washington, as we know, all was quiet, but in the west, especially in Missouri, matters were getting livelier every day. The news from this district did not arrive until three or four days old, there being no telegraph lines in use south of Cairo, but when it did come, how eagerly every line was perused, and what a running fire of comment ensued.

Soon the three were on their way to the dairy farm. As the old horse jogged along over the stony road, Andy related the particulars of his experience at Ball's Bluff.

"I don't mind telling you that I was scared," he said to mother and sister, frankly, "but I wouldn't have let the enemy know that for the world!"

"You're your father over again," smiled Mrs. Arlington. "He was captured by the Mexicans at the time he was wounded, and they took off his leg very roughly, but he never winced—so some other soldiers told me."

"Oh, I hope Andy never loses a leg," cried Grace.

"If I do I'll try to be as heroic as father was," said the youth, gravely.

Mr. Arlington was as well pleased as the others had been to see his son once more. "I was afraid you had been shot and your body had drifted down into Chesapeake Bay," he said, as he took both of Andy's hands. "Tell me all about it," and again the tale was told, the others as eager to hear as though not a word had been said before.

Christmas came and went and by that time Andy felt as well and strong as ever. Sometimes, when the weather was particularly raw, the place where the bullet wound had left a scar hurt him, "itched" he said—a feeling plenty of old veterans know only too well. But he never complained, being fearful it might hinder him from going to the front again.

In the meantime he had written to Captain Montgomery. The Grays were in winter quarters several miles back of the bank of the Potomac, and an equal distance south of Alexandria. To join them at this time would have been useless, and Andy received word that he might stay home and "get braced up" until the army moved again in the spring.

Now that he felt able to do so, the youth worked around the dairy as before, superintending the women and men and giving his father a much-needed holiday. But Andy's heart was not in the task—it was with the Grays. He was impatient to rejoin them.

"A letter fo' you, Massa Andrew," said one of the slaves, one day in the spring.

Andy took the communication quickly. It was from the army, as the stamp in the corner of the envelope showed. He tore it open hastily, then rushed off to find his folks.

"I've got an order to join our cavalry at once! The Federals are getting ready for a move from Washington!" he cried, and then followed two hours of hustling, as he arranged his clothing, packed his saddlebags and had Firefly groomed his very best. Firefly seemed to understand the order, too, for his brown eyes brightened and he snorted in approval.

"Take care of yourself, my boy," said the fond mother. "Write as often as you can," added the father. "Don't let the Yankees catch you again," chimed in Grace, and then all kissed him affectionately and followed him out on the verandah. Soon he was in the saddle, and with a last wave of the hand he galloped off and was lost to view among the trees.

The day was bright and warm. Andy was in the best of spirits, so was Firefly, and mile after mile was paced off in the charger's best style. At noon Andy stopped at a little tavern at a cross-roads for dinner, and here two other cavalrymen joined him, neither belonging to the Grays, but both bound southward. For the rest of the day the trio remained together, and this made the journey even more pleasant than before.

"The Yankees are going to give us a shake-up at Richmond, to my way of thinking," said one of the cavalrymen. "I received a letter from a friend who lives down there last week, and he says the authorities are certain that Yankee spies are around sizing up the defenses."

"Well, I reckon we have spies in Washington, too," said Andy, and in this he was right. Long afterwards it was found that a spy occupying a confidential government position had given to the Confederates the first intimation that the Army of the Potomac was about leaving for an attack upon Richmond by way of the peninsula. It was such spy work which gave the Confederates time to throw up their defenses at Yorktown and elsewhere and thus hold General McClellan's forces in check until further re-enforcements for the Confederate Capitol could arrive.

"They won't gain a thing by another attack out here," put in the second cavalryman. "Why, companies of soldiers and bands of cavalry are springing up like mushrooms. We're bound to wipe 'em out by mere force of numbers."

"That may be true—just now," returned Andy, seriously. "But what worries me is, sooner or later, they'll be able to put more men in the field than ourselves. Why, the northern states have four times as many citizens as we have."

"Yes, but they won't fight like our boys will, Arlington. We are fighting not only for state rights but for our homes. A man can stay at home and fight for it better than he can go off and fight."

"Another thing to remember," put in the other horseman. "They are blockading our ports so that we can't send our cotton to the foreign countries that want it. It won't be long before these foreign countries begin to kick, and if we put up our cotton they'll furnish us with both money and men to show the Yankees their places. Cotton is king in America, and don't forget it."

And so the talk went on. The remark about cotton was one heard everywhere, having even been mentioned in Congress before the Southern representatives and senators took leave of the Capitol. Cotton and tobacco did play a prominent part in the war, but they were not as powerful as some of the Confederate leaders imagined.

On the third day of his journey, Andy reached Camp Lee, as the spot where the Grays had gone into quarters was designated, out of honor to the illustrious line of Lees which have ever been prominent in Virginia chronicles from Revolutionary days on. The first person to rush up and shake him by the hand was Leroy Wellington, and Captain Montgomery and a dozen others followed.

"By jinks! but I thought you were done for when I saw you fall into the Potomac and float down to Harrison Island!" exclaimed Leroy. "You are a sight for sore eyes!" and he fairly hugged his friend. Andy had to tell his story twice, once to the officers and again to the mess he had joined.

The winter quarters of the Grays had been close to the shelter of a belt of timber land. Here the cavalrymen had built up houses of logs and mud, covered over in many cases with bits of canvas and whatever of boards came handy. The floors were strewn with pine brush, the brush, covered with rubber cloths, serving also for beds. Some of the houses had little ovens built of sun-dried bricks, and two had sheet-iron wood stoves. All told, the boys in gray had passed a fairly comfortable winter.

"The worst part was when we went out with the pickets," said Leroy. "That week was a corker, and I was detailed up at the top of yonder hill, to carry the news back in case there was an alarm. It rained and snowed nearly all the time, and one night I was nearly blown away, and an old tree came down within ten yards of me and the horse. That was a close call, I can tell you, and I didn't get over it for hours. You can thank your stars and bars you were at home in a warm bed."

The orders to move came that night, at nine o'clock. "Roll call at five o'clock, boys; half an hour for breakfast, and the column moves at six sharp. Heavy marching orders. We are not coming back, but the general's order is not to carry any more than necessary."

"Heavy marching order, but don't carry more than what is necessary," mused Andy. "That looks as if we were going to get along as fast as possible. Where are we going, Bosdell?"

"Don't know, but I heard something said about crossing the Rappahannock. My opinion is the Yankees are going to leave Washington by boat and land at Urbanna, and then try to march overland to Richmond."

"We can get to Urbanna in one day, if we ride hard," said Leroy. "But can enough of our troops get there?"

"We might stop them at the York River," said Andy, "that is, if we could hurry and steal a march around their right flank."

History has shown how near Bosdell's guess was to being right. One of the first plans of the campaign was to land at Urbanna, situated some fifty miles above Fortress Monroe, but delays and military operations in the interior of Virginia made a change necessary, and the Union forces went clear down to the end of the peninsula, as previously described.

By five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir. The cavalrymen were having their horses and trappings looked after, the artillery were testing wheels, carriages, and harnesses, everybody was packing knapsacks and saddle-bags and rolling up blankets. The day was foggy and cold, more than half the soldiers were out of humor, and grumblings were frequent. It was, "Where's that strap?" "Who took my cake of soap?" "Did you see anything of my gun?" "Have I got to leave this folding chair behind, or can I tote it along?" "Have we got to move before the mail comes in?" Then came the call to fall in for breakfast; hot coffee, really fresh bread, and some fresh meat and beans were served out, and everyone felt better. It was the best meal Andy saw for many a weary day. The news had spread throughout the district that the "sod'gers" were to move, and crowds came down to see them off, many bringing with them some dainties, in the shape of chicken, jam, hoecakes and the like.

Promptly at six o'clock the bugles sounded, and the head of the column moved off. First came the advance guard, then the pioneers—men with heavy axes to clear the way—then a detachment of cavalry, and then the regular troops. After the troops and artillery came a small detachment of cavalry, detailed to "whip up" the stragglers, who, if they would not obey orders to "march on, and get where you belong," were pitched into one of the guard wagons which followed for such purposes. Last of all came the wagon train, covered by another band of cavalry and by a small battery. On each side of this long column moved a line of skirmishers, keeping from two to five hundred feet from the road, to prevent any possible surprise from the right or the left, although, just then, no surprise was anticipated.

By a quarter to seven the Montgomery Grays fell into their proper place, and then ensued a long march lasting until nightfall, with half an hour's rest at one o'clock for dinner. Three days' rations had been served out, to be eaten directly from the knapsack, with possibly a chance to kindle a brush fire and heat some coffee. The food was hardtack, coffee,

pork and beans, nothing else. Regular army fare had again begun.

On the following day, in the middle of the afternoon, it began to rain. At first many thought it would be but a shower, but by the time a camp was selected, it was pouring down in torrents. The Grays found themselves booked for an eighth section of an open field, a portion of which had already been plowed for spring planting.

"Here's a picnic!" grumbled Leroy, as he dismounted, to find himself in water several inches deep. "How under the sun are we to pitch tents out here?"

"We are not going to do it under the sun, Leroy; we're going to do it under the dripping clouds. Come on, pitch in. Ask Groman for a spade and we'll soon have a trench dug in which the water can run off."

Leroy went off, and Andy took charge of his horse. By the time he had seen that animal and Firefly cared for, Leroy was back and digging a trench about six inches deep. He cut it in the form of a square just a trifle larger than what the tent would cover. The others of the mess had gone foraging for tent poles. These were easily procured, and fifteen minutes later the canvas was up. It shed the rain into the trenches, and soon the water inside also found its way down into the hollow, and then the ground became fairly dry. But a night there, even with a rubber cloth and blankets, was far from home-like, and many a poor chap caught his death of cold. Andy was glad when morning came and the sun shone brightly through the flying clouds.

Four days later found the Montgomery Grays detached from the main body of the troops and on their way to Yorktown. Everything was bustle and excitement, and the youth felt that something was up. Soon the news came that the Union troops had landed at Fortress Monroe and were on their way up the peninsula. By the time Yorktown was reached the Confederates there had already thrown up a long line of breastworks which practically extended across the whole peninsula.

On the second day in camp on the outskirts of Yorktown, Captain Montgomery came to Andy with a folded paper.

"Arlington, here is an order I wish carried to General Magruder or his representative in the field. The orderlies are all away on other business. You will find Magruder's command somewhere near Lee's Mill. Make the most of your time," and off Captain Montgomery dashed again.

Without losing a moment Andy placed the folded paper in his pocket and urged Firefly down the muddy road leading along the rear line of the confederate forces. His progress was soon barred by a breakdown on the highway and he was compelled to make a detour through a woods. Thinking to gain the point he was seeking sooner, he kept on along the woods until he reached a small clearing, not far from the Warwick River and at a point known as Garrow's Chimneys, because of three tall, burnt-out chimneys standing there. Just below him were located a long line of rifle pits belonging to the Confederate troops.

As he approached the spot, half a dozen rifle shots sounded out from the river, and then came the sudden booming of a cannon.

"The Yankees are fording the river!" was the cry. "They are just below Dam No. 1. They are going to break through the line if they can! We're going to have hot work now!"

The remainder of the talk was cut short by a volley from the Warwick. The Union troops were coming true enough. Unable to restrain his curiosity, Andy rode forward to where a slight hill overlooked the stream. Hardly had he shown himself, when spat! a minie ball hit the tree beside him and clipped off a bit of bark. The young Confederate lost no time in returning to cover.

(To be continued.)



TAD: The Story of a Boy who had no Chance

By WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE

: : Editor of The American Boy : :

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IN SEVENTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

HE WAS just a plain, ordinary boy. Nothing distinguished him from the general run of his fellows, unless it was the abnormal crop of hair that adorned his head, the quantity and quality of his freckles, the obtrusiveness of his feet, and the brevity of his name—Tad.

Thaddeus Chapman, which was the name his parents first gave him, was neither a very good boy nor a very bad boy; indeed, no one ever thought it of sufficient importance to determine in which of the two classes he belonged. No one ever accused him of being a bright or an energetic boy, and yet he was neither dull nor lazy. He was rather of the sort that makes people say, "He will never set the world on fire."

More specifically, it may be said that Tad Chapman was quiet, peaceable, bashful, and retiring—this last to the point dangerously near that of vanishing entirely.

He never played games with other boys, because no one ever thought of asking him. Like the cipher after the decimal point, he seemed merely fit to occupy vacant places. He never took a prize in school, because no one ever expected him to, and it never seemed to him worth while. He was not much of a worker in vacation time, mostly because when the job needed him he was seldom on hand to meet it. He was one of those boys who never know that anything has happened until the day after and never expect anything in the day yet to come.

Tad never did a heroic thing because he never saw a chance, though there was nothing really the matter with his eyes. He never whistled, though he seldom was in mischief. He never grew angry; never was really clean; and he never missed a meal. Nobody companioned with him—yes, his father did.

Tad's father, Eben Chapman by name, was the author and finisher of Tad's father's son. "Like begets like" never had a better illustration than in these two. And something more than sameness of blood made Tad a miniature Eben. Association, they say, breeds likeness, and Tad and his father were the closest of associates. If Tad's father and Tad had wintered, springed, summered, and autumned together for an hundred years instead of fifteen they could not have been more like the proverbial peas in a pod. Tad's long, straight hair that bulged over his ears, his dreamy eyes, his loose joints, and his lack of self-assertion were none of his fault. His father and mother had unconsciously plotted together against him before he was born, so what could Tad do about it? Nothing, to be sure; and he didn't bother his head to try. He was the most satisfied boy in the town of Bellmont. Indeed, "What's done's done" might have been well written on his family escutcheon.

Nobody loved Tad—but his father; and Tad's father—well, that's my story.

One Sunday Tad came home from a mission Sunday school. His father stood at the front door impatiently awaiting him. It was the boy's first visit to the school. The approach of Christmas, the hint of the doings in prospect at the mission, dropped temptingly by a zealous young Christian in Tad's ear, and the suggestion by the young man that he would call for Tad, and this followed by a long argument between Tad and his father, resulted in the experiment—but experiment it was understood to be.

Christmas in the air was about the only thing that could set Tad's nerves a-tingling, though Christmas never, in reality, was a whole heap of fun to him. He had no brothers and sisters with whom to share his pleasures; no troops of uncles and aunts and cousins to remember him; nobody to visit, and nobody to visit him. But Eben Chapman always did something for Tad at Christmas, though Eben's "something" was never much. The prospect of something a little extra from the mission outweighed Eben's arguments against mixing with the mission folks, and so Tad won his father's half-hearted approval of his going "just this once."

Tad came home from the mission school with a peculiar light in his eye and a small Testament in his pocket. His father met him at the door with some commonplace remark that had nothing to do with the school, for Eben Chapman saw in the boy's face a new expression, and he hesitated to say what was in his mind.

A little later the two sat eating their supper, each watching the other furtively across the table and sparring for an opening.

"Ain't yuh got anythin' to tell me about it, Tad?" Eben Chapman's dreamy eyes sought his son's in a way you may have seen a pet dog's eyes look up into yours for recognition and sympathy.

"Nothing much to tell, dad," replied the boy. "There was singing and praying, and then a bell rang and everybody talked, and then a bell rang again and there was more singing and praying, and that's about the whole of it."

"Huh," grunted Eben. A moment later he asked, "How d' yuh like it, Tad?" The question came slowly.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," answered the boy with seeming indifference; "I don't see nothing much for it and nothing much against it. I suppose I learned something, though I don't know as it'll do me any good. They were very good to me, but I didn't feel comfortable like. But I suppose I can get used to that."

"Goin' agin, Tad?"

"I'm going up till Christmas, anyhow—may be longer." This was about as near to a positive assertion looking to the future as Thaddeus had ever made, and it startled his father.

"S'pose, Tad, I'd say yuh can't go agin?"

"Suppose," replied Tad, with a suspicion of a smile, "I should say I'd go anyway, dad?"

The eyes of Eben Chapman opened wide. He laid down his knife, the blade of which, heaped high with beans, had stopped halfway between his plate and his mouth, and he leaned far over the table.

"Thaddeus, boy, ye never talked like that to me afore. That's somethin' yuh learned at the mission. I tell yuh now, Thaddeus Chapman," and the big fist of the man was lifted above his head and in imminent danger of coming down upon the table, "yuh can't never go there agin. D'yuh hear me? That's settled."

Tad had but few times in his life seen his father angry. It would not be true to say that he was not frightened. For a moment he wondered what answer to make; then slowly rising from the table, he took out of his pocket his Testament, wet his thumb on the end of his tongue, and began slowly and laboriously turning its pages. Backward, forward, backward again he turned its leaves till his eye lit on a page that looked familiar. Running his index finger up and down the page from verse to verse, he suddenly stopped, and, approaching his father, bade him read where his finger pointed.

"Read it out loud, dad."

Eben was not without curiosity, and this overcame to some extent his angry mood. Taking the book for a moment, with some difficulty he read:

"He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Eben stopped and looked up puzzled into the eyes of his boy, who was standing directly over him and following the words of the printed page as the man read.

"That was our lesson today, dad."

And still Eben Chapman was silent, but all the time a storm was gathering within. 'With knitted brow and trembling hands, he turned again to the page and read the verse—this time to himself.

"And the man said it was this way," said Tad. "If a fellow's conscience told him to do anything or not to do anything, it was God talking to him, and he'd better listen to God than listen to anyone else—even father or mother."

"He told yuh that? That smooth-faced upstart come into my house and set my boy agin me and his mother? Who is he? Where is he?"

Eben rose from the table and looked wildly about as if expecting the mild-mannered young missionary to suddenly appear before him.

"I'll thrash him, Tad," he went on; "I'll clean out that hull mission, I will. Eben Chapman's no fighter. He's a peaceable man, but Tad, Tad, my boy, yuh're all I've got on earth, and they ain't goin' to take yuh away from me."

The man threw the book upon the floor as though it were a thing of evil, and reaching out his two hands toward the lad who stood awkwardly irresolute before him, he continued pleadingly, "It don't mean that, Tad; it don't. Yer mother loved that book, an', if she was here, she'd say, 'Tad, obey yer parents.' It says somethin' like that some'eres in the book. I'm no scholar, an' I can't find it, but it's there. And I reckon it says, too, that when yer mother is dead, yuh most obey yer father. That there," he pointed to the book under the table, "ain't like yer mother's. I've heerd of folks makin' their own Bibles. This is one of 'em. They've doctored it up to suit theirselves. Come here, Tad, an' let me tell yuh somethin'. I've never said much about it 'cause I didn't want to trouble yuh. Come in the other room where we can look at her pictur."

The two went together into the only other room of the cottage and took seats facing each other.

"Years ago," began Eben, "an' next month's the month, yer mother an' me was married. It was in a little church down East a ways. I've never heerd anyone call yer mother purty, but to me she was allers the purtiest woman in all the world. That's her pictur on the wall there. It's faded some an' don't look like her, but anyone can see, Tad, she was worth doin' anythin' for, an' what Eben Chapman did fer her didn't begin to be enough. For five or six years we worked together; yer mother worked harder than I did, an' besides she helped along by prayin' an' readin' that book. Then when we got our little home all paid fer, she began prayin' fer yuh—before yuh was born, Tad. Then yuh came an' we was rich. I hate to tell yuh the rest, Tad. I thought I never would, but what yuh read in that book makes me change my mind. When yuh began to live, Tad, yer mother began to die. It seemed like every breath yuh drew came out o' her. As yuh got bigger an' stronger, she pined away an' got smaller an' weaker. Fact was, Tad, the minute they put yuh in her arms that first day, she was as good as lost to me. She used to say to me, 'Eben, I'm goin' to die, but our little Thaddeus will take my place.'"

There was a long silence, in which the man struggled with his emotions. Tad did not move or utter a word.

"The doctor came every day," Eben went on. "I had to give up work an' take care of yuh. Then they told me I must go away with her, that we were too near the sea; the air wasn't good fer her. It was purty hard to sell the place after workin' so long fer it, but I didn't have any money to take her away an' I had already borrowed some, so I had to sell it. After payin' my debts I didn't have much left. Then we went up into New Hampshire where her folks lived an' I got a few acres of hardscrabble on the sunny side of a hill an' grubbed away fer a livin', an' all the time yuh kep' on a-growin' big an' hearty, an' she kep' on a-dyin'. I saw she was a-goin' an' I couldn't help it. They kep' tellin' me it was the climate she wanted, so I sold the new place an' borrowed some money from her folks an' we moved a'gin. I thought she couldn't live to git there, but she was a plucky woman, Tad, yer mother was. An' all the time she was tryin' to encourage me an' tellin' me not to worry. She didn't want me to do what I did, but what could a fellow do as long's he had a dollar in his pocket or two hands to work with? I couldn't help it, Tad, fer she was yer mother. I couldn't help thinkin' she was givin' her life fer yuh an' fer me, an' I thought turn about was fair play,

an' I'd give mine fer her. I allers thought, Tad, maybe when yuh growed up yuh'd do somethin' fer me, so's to sort of even things up."

Then there was another pause. Perhaps Eben Chapman thought his boy would say something. Tad, indeed was gathering himself to speak, but somehow he couldn't. So Eben went on:

"It wasn't any better in Virginny. So she said one day it wan't no use tryin'. Then I knew if she had giv'n up it wan't no use fer me to hope. I knew then she was really goin' to die. I didn't want her to die there among strangers. This time there wasn't much to sell, but it give me enough money to get her back to Connecticut and to the old town where we was married, and where I could lay her among friends."

The tears were now running down the man's cheeks, the first wetting those furrowed cheeks had had in many a year.

"Just before she died she didn't say much, but she just took one of your little hands and put it in mine an' says, 'Tad, my little son, be good to yer daddy.' She allers called me daddy in talkin' to ye. I allers thought that when she said that, she knew everythin' was gone with me, an' that some day I'd need somebody to look after me. I allers tried to keep it from her that we'd lost everythin' huntin' health fer her, an' I never complained. But somehow, she had a way of knowin' everythin' that was goin' on. I guess she knew I wouldn't ever amount to much ag'in, an' was just thinkin' that some day somethin' might come between you and me—somethin', maybe, like a—mission. Yer mother gave her life for yuh, Tad; an' I——" The man could go no further. His frame shook like a great tree in a storm. He reached out both hands towards his big, awkward, freckle-faced boy. Both stood up, and then for the first time Tad spoke:

"I'll not go to the mission again, dad. I'll do what you tell me." Then for a moment the two stood locked in each other's arms—a homely picture, unless viewed from heaven.

That night after Tad had gone to bed, Eben Chapman hunted up his dead wife's Bible and spent hours by the dim light of a candle hunting the key to the meaning of the strange verse he had read.

(To be continued.)



THE TEARS WERE NOW RUNNING DOWN THE MAN'S CHEEKS

In Your Own Home

If a boy should speak to his friend's mother as he does to his mother, or if he should be as surly and unkind to his friend's sister as he is to his own sister, we do not think he would be asked to visit that friend's house more than once. It is a shame for anybody to behave better away from home than he does at home. Let the boys know that bad manners at home will soon be known to all the neighbors and friends.

THE CAMP FIRE OF MAD ANTHONY

A Serial Story By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, Author of "The Rider of the Black Horse," "Winning His W," "Camping on the St. Lawrence," "Three Colonial Boys," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERVIEW.

STARTLED as the boys were by the announcement of Noah's mother, they nevertheless went at once to Mr. Dare's library. There their misgivings were in nowise lightened when they perceived the three visitors. In the dim light Noah could see the expression of triumph on the face of the young Quaker, but he himself in a measure succeeded in controlling his own surprise, and his face betrayed neither alarm nor consternation at the discovery of the presence of the men whom of all the Greenwich people it is certain he was least desirous of seeing at that time.

A brief silence followed the entrance of Noah and Caleb and then Mr. Dare said quietly, "Mr. Hull, here are the boys. You may ask them what you please." "I'd like to know," began Mr. Hull promptly, his anger betraying itself in the loudness of his tones, "by what right a parcel of vagabonds set fire to the property of other people."

As Noah appeared to be the one to whom he addressed himself that young gentleman at once responded, speaking in a low voice as he said, "I think that is perfectly natural, Mr. Hull. Nobody will blame you."

"'Blame!' 'Blame' me!" retorted Thomas Hull sharply. "I should say not! I am not the one to be blamed."

"Then you didn't know anything about the tea after all?" said Noah demurely. "That's about all one can tell by what people say. I'm glad to hear that you didn't have anything to do with the stuff that was hidden in the old Elmer house. Some people were unkind enough to say, just because it had been stored in the cellar of a house which you happened to own, that the tea must be yours or that you knew all about it. That's just about as much as you can tell from the speech o' people." Noah had glanced at his father while he was speaking and the smile he had seen in the corners of his father's mouth had encouraged him to assume a bolder manner than otherwise he would have dared, and perhaps his manner was bolder than the true feeling in his heart at the time.

"I didn't come here to discuss the ownership of that tea. I came to talk about the vagabonds who burned it."

"Yes, sir," responded Noah demurely.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"'What have I to say?' Why, Mr. Hull, I haven't anything to say."

"That's just what I thought!" retorted the man triumphantly. "You own up to the part you took, do you?"

"Why, Mr. Hull, I don't own up to anything."

"You set fire to that tea!"

"Did I?" inquired Noah so innocently that Caleb laughed.

"Yes, you did! First you stole it and then you burned it."

"Did the man that owned the tea say that?"

"It doesn't make any difference who owned it!" declared Mr. Hull angrily. "I am not talking about that. You set it on fire, now didn't you? You and the nineteen others that were with you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Hull," said Noah quickly. "If the man or the men;" he added, as he glanced significantly at the two Quakers in the room, "who owned that tea will come to me, I'm perfectly willing to tell them all I know about it. I don't say that I know very much, but what little I may happen to know I don't intend to tell to everybody—not even to you, Mr. Thomas Hull, unless you are the one who had the Greyhound bring her cargo up the Cohansey. Are you?"

"I know who owned it."

"Who are they?"

"I'm not at liberty to state."

"Nor am I at liberty to state what little I may know except to the responsible parties."

"You were seen in the Elmer house—more than once, too," said Mr. Hull loudly.

"Who saw me?" demanded Noah sharply.

"Elnathan."

"Did you see me in the house, Elnathan?" demanded Noah of the young Quaker.

"Yea, I saw thee; and I saw others also," responded Elnathan viciously.

"Yes, I was in the house," acknowledged Noah slowly. "There were several others in there too at the same time."

"Who?" demanded Mr. Hull eagerly.

"Let me see, I was there, that's one; Elnathan Todd was there—he makes two."

"Thou knowest I was there to spy thee out," broke in Elnathan angrily. "I had nothing to do with thy thievish designs."

"Why, Elnathan!" said Noah so demurely that Caleb laughed again and Mr. Dare turned his head away quickly as if he was trying to hide the expression on his face. "You don't mean to say that you were just a sneaking spy, do you? Weren't you as much afraid of the witches as we were, and didn't you go in just to find out what it was that was taking place in the old house? I'm sure that's what we went in for; didn't we, Cale?" he added turning to his cousin.

"That's right!" responded Caleb promptly, "and that's what Elnathan said he went in for, too."

"So I did," retorted Elnathan quickly, "but—

"You hear what he says, Mr. Hull. Elnathan declares that he was one of the band," Noah hastily declared. "Why don't you ask him all about it? He owns up to what he's done. As far as I know he's the only one that has."

"Thou knowest as well as I that my son Elnathan had no part nor lot in this matter," said Friend Todd in his deepest tones.

"Why, Mr. Todd, he just said he did," replied Noah simply.

"I can tell thee, Noah Dare, I know the name of every one," said Elnathan.

"Do you, indeed?" answered Noah," who were they?"

"I have no need to tell thee!" responded Elnathan glumly.

"But I'd like to know. And, say, Elnathan, did you find out who owned the tea? I fancy there are men here in Greenwich who would like better to have you find that out for them than they would even to know who set it on fire or who drove the wenches—witches I mean—out of Mr. Thomas Hull's house. From what some of them said to-night I have an idea there would be livelier doings than a bonfire of tea chests could ever bring."

"I did not own the tea, Friend Noah," declared the young Quaker.

"I never thought you did, Elnathan," laughed Noah. "You're not old enough to 'own' anything in your own name. How about your father and Mr. Thomas Hull here? Did they own any of it?"

There was a brief and awkward silence for a moment, and then Mr. Hull said. "It matters little who the owners of the cargo were. The thing that interests you most, young man, is who the incendiaries are. As far as I am concerned I don't mind telling you that I didn't own the tea."

"Not any of it, Mr. Hull?" interrupted Noah quickly.

"You heard what I said," retorted the angry man.

"Yes, sir, I heard what you said. Did you or Friend Simeon Todd own anything in the cargo? Did either of you know the Greyhound was to come here? Did you tell anyone that the tea could be hidden in the cellar of a house you owned? Did you or Friend Simeon Todd enter into any agreement about that cargo of tea? Were you to be paid——"

"You are an impudent young puppy!" broke in Mr. Hull, no longer able to restrain his feeling of anger. "If you were my boy I would take a strap to you. And what is more I cannot understand how your father is able to sit quietly by and let you be so disrespectful to your elders and he not even making a single protest. In my day young puppies were taught better!"

"I didn't know you ever were a young puppy, Mr. Hull," said Noah dryly.

"Noah!" said Mr. Dare sternly, speaking for the first time during the interview.

"Sir?" responded Noah.

"You must beg Mr. Hull's pardon instantly."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Hull," said Noah turning and bowing to the offended man, "I said you were a young puppy. I am sorry for it."

A snicker from Caleb caused Mr. Hull to turn angrily upon Mr. Dare, and in tones that could have been heard throughout the house (and doubtless were heard, for Noah's mother and his sisters were not far away from the room, we may be sure) said, "Joe Dare, this is the first time I ever have been insulted in your house! And you sit calmly by and let this—this—young—young—" another snicker from Caleb caused the excited man to change abruptly the word he was about to use—"this young man to be disrespectful to his elders."

"Did he not say to you he was sorry?" inquired Mr. Dare gently.

"Sorry for what? Sorry for what?"

"For what he said."

"No, sir! That is not what he said! He said he was sorry that I was a young puppy."

"Mr. Hull, what did you want me to say?" inquired Noah. "You wouldn't want me to say I was glad, would you? You tell me just what you want me to say and I'll say it." Noah's manner was so thoroughly respectful that Mr. Hull could only glare at him in response.

"Come, Friend Thomas," suggested Simeon Todd. "We will go to thy home. It is evident that Friend Joseph is upholding his own son in his naughtiness. These are evil days that have fallen upon us."

"Stop a moment, my friends," said Mr. Dare. "What I told you was that I would call the boys and you could question them yourselves. Have I not done so? Have you asked all the questions you desire?"

"Humph!" retorted Mr. Hull, as he turned toward the door, followed at once by the two Quakers.

As soon as the owners were gone Mr. Dare turned to the boys and said, "This is a serious matter, Noah."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"Why did they bring the tea up the Cohansey and land it right here under our very noses?" responded Noah earnestly.

"Two wrongs have never yet made a right."

"Do you think the Boston men did wrong? Was it wrong for the men at Annapolis to do what they did? I have heard you say you didn't think it was," urged Noah.

"It seems to be a different matter when it happens right at home," replied Mr. Dare quietly, though there were traces of a smile to be seen in his face. "Right or wrong I am confident we have not seen the end of it. Good night to you, boys."

As Noah and Caleb lighted a candle and climbed the stairway to their room, neither spoke, although both were aware that a new aspect of the escapade was now certain to appear.

CHAPTER XII.

A REFRESHING SUGGESTION.

On the morning following the burning of the tea when Noah and his cousin took their seats at the breakfast table, both boys were made aware of the feeling of anxiety that was manifest. Throughout the meal it was seldom that any one spoke, and then it was only in few words.

"Caleb, did you say you were going home to-morrow morning?" inquired Mr. Dare, when at last his wife and daughters departed from the room. "Why, no, Uncle Joseph!" replied Caleb in surprise. "Do you want me to go home?"

Ignoring the manner of his nephew, which seemed to imply that Caleb was confused by the implied suggestion, Mr. Dare said, "And did you say, Caleb, that you wanted Noah to go back with you?"

"You know I'd like to have him go with me," responded Caleb as he perceived that Noah was winking at him.

"Very well, then. I give my consent, Noah may go with you, since you are so eager to have him."

"How long am I to stay?" inquired Noah.

"That depends," replied Mr. Dare. "If I shall need you here at any time I can send you word. Ordinarily you are in no haste to come back to Greenwich. I do not think you will be needed at home right away. I think I may say to you that you can stay as long as you desire unless you receive word to the contrary."

"That is just what I want."

"Did you say you planned to sail directly after breakfast to-morrow morning, Caleb?" inquired Mr. Dare as he arose from his chair and started from the room.

"Yes, sir, that's just when we'll start," said Noah quickly.

"Very well, then, I'll not say goodby to you till then. I shall doubtless be busy to-day, and I may not see you before to-morrow morning."

"What does it mean, Noah?" demanded Caleb when the two boys were left to themselves. Caleb plainly showed that he felt hurt by the evident purpose of his uncle to cut short his visit at Greenwich.

"'Mean,' Cale?" laughed Noah. "Can't you see?"

"No, I can't see, unless he is tired of having me here and thinks it would be better for me to go home. Maybe he doesn't think my influence is good on you, Noah."

"You're as blind as a bat," laughed Noah. "Why, all my father wants is to get us both out of town for a few days till this affair has blown over. I know he isn't worried about you having a bad influence on me. If it was your father, Cale, who was worrying there might be some reason in it."

"I believe you are right, Noah," said Caleb quickly, the expression of his face lighting up instantly. "He is afraid of what may be done here in Greenwich and he wants us both out of the way."

"You can see through a barn door if there is a hole in it."

"Yes, but I hadn't once thought Uncle Joseph could be scared and would want us to run away."

"You don't call going home 'running away,' do you? My father isn't afraid of Tom Hull or those sneaking Quakers either. I have an idea though that he is a bit fearful of what we might do. You know, Cale, how easily I am influenced and you might get me into another scrape if we don't get out of Greenwich pretty soon."

"Uncle Joseph ought to have asked me if I wasn't going home to-day, then," remarked Caleb as he and his cousin departed from the dining room.

"Noah," called Mr. Dare as the boys stepped out upon the piazza, "I want you to go out to the farm and take a message to Dan."

"Yes, sir," replied Noah respectfully at the same time bestowing a glance full of meaning upon Caleb. The "farm" was nearly five miles from Greenwich and Dan" was the negro who was in charge.

"Tell Dan that I have changed my mind and that he need not drive any of the stock into town to-day," continued Mr. Dare.

"Yes, sir."

"And, Noah, if Caleb wants to go with you he may do so. You can use any of the horses you wish."

"All right. Do you want us to start now?"

"Yes, I think so. There is no need of haste, still it would be better to tell Dan now so that he won't be making any mistake."

"Was he to drive the cattle in to-day?" inquired Noah innocently.

"He was told to bring them in," replied Mr. Dare quietly, a faint trace of a smile appearing upon his face as he spoke.

Without any further delay the boys at once proceeded to the barn where two horses were saddled, and the young riders prepared at once to depart.

"I tell you, Cale, my father knows a thing or two," laughed Noah as he and Caleb turned into the street. "He didn't want to tell us to keep out of the way, but he let us know what he wanted just the same."

"That's just what I'm willing to do, too."

"Cale, if I go home with you I'll see Anthony Wayne, won't I?"

"That's what you will, Noah!" responded Caleb eagerly. "He's worth seeing, too, let me tell you."

"What does he look like?"

"He's tall and straight as a pine tree. He has black hair and a pair of eyes that can look right into the marrow in your bones. He's as quick as a flash and there isn't a man in our company that he can't throw. You ought to see him when some fellow doesn't do what he has told him to do. Not much like your Tom Hull or your Quaker Todds, Noah."

"Why? What does he do?"

"He just makes the man do what he's been told and he doesn't beat about the bush any, either."

"Does the gentle Anthony lay hands on the man?"

"He does that, and if his hands aren't enough he'll lay anything he can grab, too."

"I don't think I should like to be in his company."

"Yes, you would, Noah; yes you would. Everybody likes him."

"Does the man that Anthony grabs like him, too?"

"Yes, sir. He likes him best of all."

"That may do for your Pennsylvania men, but I don't believe the Jerseymen would stand for a thing like that."

"Yes, they would, Noah! You would anyway. You couldn't help liking him. His voice is pitched high and when he calls on his men for something it just makes you tingle all over. You think that's the very thing you'd rather do than anything else in the whole world."

"That's the way you may feel about it, Cale; but it doesn't strike me that I'd have any such feeling."

"Oh, but you would, Noah; you couldn't help yourself," protested Caleb eagerly, for, as we know, he never tired of singing the praises of the man who was destined to become one of the most dashing of all the American leaders.



INSTANTLY THE TWO BOYS DREW REIN

"Tell me more about him, Cale."

"Why, you know already what there is to tell, or if you don't I'm sure the fault is not mine. When he left school, or soon after, he started out with a surveying party for the wilderness—"

"What wilderness?" interrupted Noah as demurely as if he never before had heard the story.

"Why, Pennsylvania of course."

"That's so, I might have known. Pennsylvania is a wilderness, isn't it?"

"It isn't so bad as Jersey," protested Caleb quickly. "You know that as well as I."

"Go on with your story, Cale," interrrupted Noah laughingly, for his cousin never failed to respond to his prodding.

"I've heard him tell a great many times about his experiences in the woods—how he had to fight Indians and shoot the painters and bears and wild cats—"

"I thought you said he went out there to survey," broke in Noah.

"So he did. He did that and all these other things too."

"Smart man," remarked Noah soberly.

"He is that. He was only twenty years old when Ben Franklin sent him up to Nova Scotia to survey the land his company had bought there, and he had to keep the settlers in order, too. And he did it."

"So I have heard you say. What does this paragon of all the virtues do now?"

"He does most everything. He's a member of the county assembly for one thing, and since the meeting of the Continental Congress there is plenty to be done. Then he has his company to drill—"

"That's enough to keep him busy," broke in Noah with a laugh.

"He's been simply fierce ever since the Polly tried to land her cargo of tea last year. She didn't land it though. The Greyhound did, you'll have to acknowledge that. The Jerseymen weren't smart enough to head her off."

"Never you mind that. It would have been easy to drive her off, but when she lost all her cargo—why that puts the Jersey men ahead doesn't it?"

"How does it?"

"Why, that tea has gone up in smoke, that's all. Your Polly could take her cargo off to some other port, but the Greyhound won't ever bother anybody again with the stuff she had on board. The Jersey men fixed that for her."

"And got themselves in a fix too at the same time."

"That remains to be seen. Look behind you, Cale, and see who that is that is following us."

Startled by the unexpected request Caleb glanced quickly behind him, and in a moment exclaimed, "There are three of them."

"Who's in the middle?"

"It's Elnathan Todd!" exclaimed Caleb, "and that's Ananias and Elias with him! What do you suppose it means?"

"You know as much about it as I do. Shall we pull up and wait for them?"

"Yes! Yes!" said Caleb eagerly.

Instantly the two boys drew rein on their horses and turning about peered at the approaching party. All three were on horseback, and it was manifest that Caleb had spoken truly when he had declared that the young Quaker was in the center, and on either side of him were the two friends of Noah and Caleb. The surprise of the latter was increased when it was seen that Elnathan's bridle was being held by Ananias, and when the trio halted before their friends the expression upon their faces clearly betrayed that something was wrong.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LIST OF NAMES.

"Why didn't you stop, Noah, when we called to you?" demanded Elias when the five young men were together in the road.

"Didn't hear you," retorted Noah. "Why, Elnathan, what's the trouble?" he added demurely as he faced the young Quaker. "Lost some more tea?"

Elnathan scowled as he replied: "The tea concerns thee more than it does me."

"Oh, I'm not concerned, not in the least," said Noah lightly. "My father did not lose any money in that bonfire."

"I tell thee, though, he may lose something more than tea."

"What's that?"

"He may lose his son."

"I'm not lost if you mean me, Elnathan," laughed Noah. "You can see for yourself that I'm not lost. I'm right here."

"What made thee run away?"

"I didn't run away. I've nothing to run from."

"Did not the sheriff come for thee this morning?" demanded Elnathan in evident surprise.

"He did not," replied Noah slowly. The words of the young Quaker were startling and despite his apparent indifference Noah was made somewhat uneasy by them, as well as by Elnathan's manner.

"Why didst thou ride away directly after breakfast?"

"How did you know I did?"

"I saw thee."

"Ah, still playing the spy! Boys, how is it that a spy is treated? Have any of you a strap with you?" demanded Noah quickly of his companions. The face of Elnathan instantly became pale and in evident alarm he glanced at the boys. His bridle, however, was still held by Elias and escape was apparently impossible.

"We found him out on the road," broke in Ananias. "We went up to your house and your mother told us that you and Cale had started for the farm. We overtook Elnathan back here about a mile and he said he was looking for you. We told him he wouldn't find you where he was, but that he would if he would come with us, for we were looking for you, too. He didn't seem to want to come a bit; but we persuaded him," Ananias added demurely, glancing amusingly at the rein in the hand of Elias as he spoke.

"Friend Ananias, thee made me come. Thou knowest thee didst," said Elnathan solemnly.

"Did we?" replied Ananias soberly.

"Elnathan, did you come out here just to tell me the sheriff wanted to see me?" inquired Noah.

"He does want thee. I advise thee to go back."

"I'm going back—when I'm done my errand here."

"I advise thee not to delay."

"That's good of you, Elnathan. I don't think I ever saw a more thoughtful fellow than you are. You are thinking of us most of the time, aren't you?"

The young Quaker scowled but made no reply.

"Come on, boys," called Noah. "We'll make a break of it for the farm and then we'll go back, so that if the sheriff wants to ask us just what it was Elnathan was doing in the old Elmer house the other night, we'll be on hand to tell him all about it."

"I shall not go with thee," said Elnathan angrily.

"Oh, yes, you will. You just can't tear yourself away from us, Elnathan," laughed Elias as his own horse started forward, and at the same time the young rider yanked the bridle of the horse which the young Quaker was riding.

"I tell thee to let go!" shouted Elnathan fiercely. "I will not go with thee! It would shame my father's good name for his son to be seen in thy company. Jail——"

Whatever it was that Elnathan was about to declare he abruptly ceased, for Ananias had suddenly given the young Quaker's horse a vicious cut from behind and the startled animal leaped forward so quickly and the bridle-rein was lost by Elias.

"Take after him!" called Ananias sharply. "Get him! Chase him! Don't let him get away! We mustn't lose him!"

Instantly the four boys started their horses into a swift run and began the pursuit of the fleeing Quaker.

(*Continued on page 42.*)

THE YOUNG BOOK AGENT

OR, FRANK HARDY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS

BEGUN IN JUNE

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Lost at Sea," "Nelson the Newsboy," "Out for Business," "Young Captain Jack," "Ragged Dick Series," Tattered Tom Series," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOULD-BE ACTOR.

THE REMAINDER of the day proved uneventful. Frank collected for all of the books sold, and took two orders. He also left his card with a druggist who was very much interested in the set of famous novels, and who promised to write to the young book agent later on the subject.

Business proved to be far from encouraging in Camperville, and after one day spent in the village, the young book agent took again to the farms lying for a distance of five miles on all sides. Here in the first day he sold four books, and once more his spirits arose.

"It's a sort of see-saw game—first up and then down," he thought "But as long as I can make ten dollars or more a week at it I'll stick to it."

On Wednesday afternoon our hero had a rather amusing experience. As he was passing a brook he discovered a boy who was fishing and talking loudly to himself.

"I'd not do it for all the gold in the world! Stand back, I tell you, stand back!" came from the youth, who was seated on a rock.

"Hullo! that fellow must be crazy," murmured Frank.

"Stand back, I say!" went on the youth, "or with my trusty blade I will slay you!"

"Crazy as a loon," thought Frank, when of a sudden the boy looked up at him and turned red in the face.

"What yer want?" asked the boy surlily.

"Nothing," answered our hero. He knew that crazy folks were ofttimes dangerous.

"Was you listening to my talk?"

"I was."

"Thought it funny, didn't you?"

"Well, rather,' and now Frank began to smile, for he saw that the youth was not crazy at all.

"That's in a book I'm studyin'," went on the lad. "It's a play."

"Then you are studying to be an actor?"

"That's it."

"What is the play?"

"It's a three-act melodrama called 'The Lost Pot of Diamonds; or, Adrift on the Streets of London.' I'm studying the part of Jack Merridale, the hero. It's a corker."

"What are you going to do when you know the part?"

"Oh, I'm going to study up a whole lot of parts from different plays, and then I'm going to New York to be an actor."

"How much do you know of the play?"

"About half. It's puty hard to learn, but I'll have it in another week."

"Better give up acting and take to minding the cows," said Frank, and started to ride off.

"Ah, you go on!" growled the boy, and made as if to throw a stone after the young book agent. But Frank was too quick for him and was soon out of sight.

"He's worse off for notions than Bobby Frost was," thought Frank, as he wheeled along. "One wanted to make a fortune in Wall Street, and the other wants to become a famous actor. What notions some boys do get!"

Frank worked on a country road that was rather winding, and the next morning found him not over half a mile from where he had met the boy. A good-sized farmhouse was in sight and he rode up to this to see if the folks there would purchase any of his wares.

He was just talking to the lady of the place when a small boy came rushing up, his face full of terror.

"Mother, Jack's crazy!" he screamed.

"Crazy?" queried the lady.

"Yes, crazy. He's out in the barn, throwing around the pitchfork and screaming like thunder!"

Alarmed by this statement, the lady of the house ran out to the barn, with Frank at her heels, and the little lad following.

"Villain, beware of my wrath!" came from the barn, which declaration was accompanied by a violent thrust of the pitchfork into a neighboring pile of hay.

"Oh!" whispered the mother. "Yes, he is certainly crazy!"

"I shall kill you, base rascal that you are!" went on the boy in the barn, and again he thrust out wildly with the pitchfork.

"Oh, Jack! that I should see you crazy!" went on the lady.

"He isn't crazy," put in Frank. "He is stage-struck; that's all."

"The pot of gold is mine!" went on the stage-struck Jack. "It is mine, I tell you, all mine! And Lady Leonora shall be my bride!" And throwing down the pitchfork, he stooped and caught up a bushel basket filled with blocks of wood and hugged it to his breast.

"Jack, what is the matter!" cried his mother, and caught him from behind.

"Wha—wnat's up?" stammered the would-be actor, and he dropped the bushel basket like a hot potato. "I ain't doin' nothin', ma!"

"What do you mean by carring on so?" she asked severely.

"Ain't carryin' on. I'm speakin' a piece."

"A what?"

"A piece."

"It didn't sound much like a piece to me. What reader did you get it from?"

"Didn't git it from no reader."

"Then you made it up."

"Didn't nuther. I bought the book from Tom Johnson for ten cents. It's a great theater piece."

"Let me see the book."

It was lying on a feed box, and before the luckless Jack could get it, his mother snatched it up and began to peruse it.

"What worthless trash!" she cried, and tore it into a dozen pieces.

"Oh, ma! Don't tear it up."

"Don't you talk to me," said the lady, severely. "I don't want any more such goings-on around here. You march yourself to the corn patch, and be quick about it. If I hear of any more theater pieces, I'll send you to bed without your supper."

"It didn't do no hurt to learn the piece," whined Jack, with a dark look at Frank.

"Yes, it did. If you want to learn anything, you learn your history and geography and spelling," answered the lady of the house.

Jack procured a hoe and walked off to a distant cornfield. But when his mother and his little brother were not looking he shook his fist at Frank.

The young book agent had been amused by the scene. Now, however, he grew serious.

"That boy thinks I am responsible for this," he thought. "And he will get square if he can."

"Such tomfoolery I never saw in my life," said the lady to Frank. "Stage-struck indeed! I'll have to watch him."

She was so out of patience that she scarcely paid any attention to what the young book agent had to say.

"No, I don't want any books," she said. "We have more now than we can read."

"Have you any to sell?" asked Frank. "Do you buy old books?"

"Sometimes."

"I'll sell you these," she went on, and after a few minutes' search brought out half a dozen cheap cloth-covered novels.



"HE ISN'T CRAZY. HE IS STAGE-STRUCK"

"I don't buy that kind of books," said Frank.

"I'll let you have the lot for a dollar"

"They would not be worth twenty-five cents to me, madam."

"Oh, you book agents want to make all you can," she sniffed, and shut the door in his face.

"What a family to deal with," thought Frank, as he rode away. "I declare, I'm almost glad I didn't sell her a book."

Close at hand was a small side road where were located two other farmhouses. To these places, our hero next made his way. One place was closed up, but at the other he met a young couple who treated him cordially.

"I'd like to have both of those books," said the young husband, referring to the health and the cattle and poultry works. "But to tell the truth I can't afford them. Just now, six dollars is a heap of money to me."

"I can deliver the books whenever you say," returned Frank. "Perhaps you'll be able to take them next week."

"No; I don't want to give an order for them unless I am sure I can pay. 'Pay as you go' is my motto."

"And a good motto it is," said Frank. Then he continued: "Perhaps you have some old books you'd like to exchange for these new ones."

"I've got a box full of old books that were left to my wife by her Uncle Alexander. Millie, do you want to make a trade?"

"I might," answered the wife.

"Let me see the books," said the young book agent.

He spent a few minutes in looking the volumes over. They were not of great value, to his manner of thinking, yet he thought they might bring him six dollars or more.

"If you wish it, I'll give you the two new books for those old ones," he said. "I am not particular about it, but I'd like to do a little to-day before stopping work."

"Don't you think the books are worth more?" asked the young wife.

"Honestly, I do not."

"Then take them and give us the new books."

"It's hard luck, Millie," said the young husband. "You didn't get much out of your Uncle Alexander after all."

"No, Samuel," and the young wife heaved a deep sigh.

"You see, it was this way," explained Samuel Windham. "My wife nursed her uncle for over two years. He promised to leave her a thousand dollars or more when he died. But when he did die he didn't leave anything but some old furniture and these books and just enough to pay for his funeral."

"That was hard luck," said Frank.

"I didn't nurse him for the money," said Mrs. Windham. "I nursed him because I thought it was my duty."

"All the same you should have had something," answered her husband.

"Did he leave anything to anybody else?"

"No, he left what he had to me. But we thought it might be more than it was."

"It was certainly hard." Frank paused after a moment. "I'll leave the two new books now and make a package of the old ones and take them to the Camperville hotel with me."

"Are you stopping there?"

"I'm going to stop."

The old books were done up in some newspapers and Frank put a strap around them. Then he passed over the two new volumes, and bid the young couple good-by. Soon he was wheeling up the side road into the main road once more.

He had passed less than half a mile when he came to a bend. Here the highway was narrow, and on either side were masses of trees and bushes.

"Here he comes now!" he heard a voice shout, and a moment later found himself confronted by three farmer boys, all armed with clubs. They compelled him to halt and then surrounded him.

CHAPTER XIX.

GIVING AN AUTOGRAPH.

The farmer lads had cloths tied over the lower parts of their faces, and had their hats pulled far down over their foreheads, so as to conceal their features as much as posible. One, the smaller of the trio, had his jacket turned inside out.

"What do you want?" demanded Frank, as he leaped to the ground.

"We want to speak to you," said one of the big boys, in a rough voice.

"What about?"

"You'll soon see."

"Make him a prisoner, fellers," cried the lad who had his coat turned inside out.

The voice appeared familiar to Frank, but he could not, for the moment, place it.

"You can't make me a prisoner," said the young book agent, and tried to back out with his bicycle.

Cant' we, though?" came from the lad who had not yet spoken. "Don't you try to run. If you do, you'll get a taste of this." And he brandished his club.

"We're goin' to give you a good lickin'!" came from the boy with the turned jacket.

"Oh, so it's you!" ejaculated Frank, for he now placed the speaker as the stage-struck farm boy.

"You don't know me," said the boy in quick alarm.

"Yes, I do."

"You don't."

"You're the boy that wanted to become an actor."

"It ain't so. I'm Joe Small."

"Your name is Jack, and you live in the yellow house over yonder hill."

"Don't talk to him," put in the biggest of the trio, who had been offered five cents to help "polish off" the young book agent. "Give him what he deserves and let him go."

"He'll tell on me," whispered Jack.

"No, he won't. Just help make him a prisoner and leave the rest to Ollie and me."

Watching their chance, the three boys crowded in on Frank, and overturned both him and his wheel. Then, despite the fact that he hit out vigorously, they sat down on him. Jack tried to kick him, but our hero pulled him down by the leg, and gave him a severe blow in the nose that drew blood.

"Oh! oh! my nose!" roared the would-be actor, and clapped a hand to that organ.

Frank had been hit several times, but at last he managed to throw off his assailants, and then he struck out in a lively fashion. Yet, with their clubs, they were at an advantage, and he was speedily getting the worst of the encounter when a man appeared in the distance, carrying a basket of eggs in his hand. It was Samuel Windham.

"Hi! hi! What does this mean?" cried the young farmer, in amazement.

"Help me, please!" gasped Frank, who was almost out of wind from his exertions.

"Highway robbers, eh?" cried the young farmer, and setting down his basket he leaped forward, and threw one of the masked youths headlong.

"Don't!" screamed the other. "We ain't no robbers. We're only havin' a bit of fun."

"Pretty rough fun," came from Samuel Windham, and he made after the lad, who took to his heels, and disappeared behind the trees. Seeing this the others also ran off at top speed, leaving the field to Frank and his friend.

"Thank you; you came in the nick of time," said our hero, as he brushed off his clothing.

"Hurt much?"

"Not very much. I got a nasty crack in the shoulder and one on the left hand, but I'll soon get over them."

"What made 'em atack you, I wonder."

"It was on account of the smallest boy," said Frank, and then told of the lad's stage tendencies. Samuel Windham laughed uproariously at the story.

"Just like him," he said. "That boy always was a queer stick. His folks had better take him in hand. Will you make a complaint?"

"I guess not. I don't expect to visit this neighborhood again in a hurry. They got about as good as they gave."

"Wonder who the other boys were?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

As he was in no hurry, Frank pushed his wheel along, and walked into Camperville with Samuel Windham.

"I shall not forget you," said our hero, on parting with the young farmer. "If you hadn't come up I don't know what I should have done."

"Oh, that's all right." And then they shook hands, and Samuel Windham walked on to a grocery store, where he traded his eggs for table commodities.

Reaching his room at the hotel, Frank placed the books he had purchased in the closet. He had expected to look them over before retiring, but felt too tired to do so. He procured his supper, and after a glance at a local weekly paper, returned to his apartment and went to bed.

Business around Camperville continued rather poor, and by the end of the week, Frank moved on to the next town six miles westward. He crossed the Delaware River, and now found himself in Pennsylvania. Here business was a little better, and he took up his quarters at a hotel called the Grandmore House, which was partly filled with summer boarders.

At the hotel Frank fell in with rather a pleasant man by the name of Sinclair Basswood, who had at one time been the mayor of a New Jersey town. Mr. Basswood had a great idea of his own importance, and never grew tired of speaking of his rise in life.

"Stick to your work, my lad," said Sinclair Basswood to Frank, graciously, and some day you may become a mayor, as I did."

"I don't know as I want to become a mayor," answered our hero. "I'd rather become a book publisher. Not but what it's a great thing to be a mayor," he added hastily.

"A very responsible position, I assure you," responded the ex-mayor.

"A mayor must have his hands full?"

"Quite true, my lad; the duties are arduous enough. But I felt that I owed something to the town in which I was born and raised, so I consented to run on the ticket when they asked me, and I was elected by two hundred and six majority," responded Sinclair Basswood.

One day the ex-mayor was sitting on a side veranda, smoking a cigar, when a small-built, shrewd-looking individual approached him.

"Excuse me, but is this Mr. Sinclair Basswood," said the newcomer, politely, after making certain that the ex-mayor was alone.

"I am that individual."

"I mean the ex-mayor."

"The same."

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Basswood; very glad, indeed." The newcomer shook hands warmly. "Excuse me, but do you know I have desired to know you for a long time."

"Really you flatter me," said the gratified Mr. Basswood.

"Not in the least, my dear sir—not in the least. And now let me tell you what motive has prompted me—a stranger—to intrude myself upon you."

"Oh, no intrusion, sir."

"Thank you—thank you a thousand times for saying so. But in a word, I wish to obtain your autograph."

"I fear," replied the ex-mayor, "that it is scarcely worth the giving."

"Let me judge of that, Mr. Basswood. I have already secured the autographs of some of the most distinguished men of our country, including the President and his Cabinet. I wish to place your autograph in that collection of celebrities."

"Well, you are welcome," said the ex-mayor, secretly tickled to be thought of such importance.

"Please write your name here," went on the stranger, and produced a stylographic pen and a small sheet of paper, and, without hesitation, Sinclair Basswood complied with the request. In finishing up with a flourish he made a small blot on the edge of the sheet.

"That's too bad," he said, in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, I can easily remove that, sir," said the stranger. "Very much obliged, sir, for your kindness. I shall prize the autograph exceedingly." And then, before Sinclair Basswood could question him regarding his name, he bowed and withdrew.

The man who had obtained the autograph was just passing through the hotel when he met Frank.

"Hullo, are you stop ing here?" exclaimed our hero, as he recognized the slick features of Gabe Flecker.

"No, I am not," was the quick reply, and then the dapper young man lost no time in leaving the hotel and disappearing.

"Do you know that young man?" demanded Sinclair Basswood, who had seen Frank address the dapper individual.

"Not very well. I met him once on the road.'

"He asked me for my autograph."

"Is that so? What did he want to do with it?"

"Said he wished to put it in a collection he owns. He has that of our President, his Cabinet, and other celebrities."

"He told me he was buying butter from the farmers," said Frank, bluntly. "But, even so, he may be an autograph collector."

"Well, the autograph didn't cost me anything," responded Sinclair Basswood, loftily. "He supplied the pen, and the paper too."

"Are you sure it wasn't an order you signed?"

"An order?"

"Yes. I once heard of a good-for-nothing book agent who used to collect autographs. After that he would write out an order for books over each signature."

"Good heavens! Perhaps that chap is a swindler!" ejaculated the ex-mayor, turning pale. "Where is he?"

"He has left the grounds."

A search was made, but Gabe Flecker had disappeared and could not be traced.

"I'd give five dollars to have that autograph back," groaned Sinclair Basswood. "How foolish to give it to an utter stranger."

"Let us hope that it is all right," replied Frank. "Remember, there are many honest autograph hunters in this world, and Mr. Flecker may be one of them. But I must admit I do not like his looks."

(To be continued.)

STARTING IN LIFE

A Series of Papers by NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., Lecturer on Publicity and Business Methods, Author of "Business Building," "The Boy—How to Help Him Succeed," "Gumption," "Opportunity," and other books

The Physician

TO BECOME a physician, one must pass through the longest and hardest courses of study, where favoritism is unknown, and where each student must depend upon himself or fall by the wayside.

Not one boy in ten thousand has the natural abilities to make him fitted for the medical profession, no matter how many there may be who think they want to become doctors, and the parent who pushes his son in this direction, unless the boy shows marked characteristics which point to this profession, not only wrongs the boy, but the community as well.

The boy most likely to succeed as a doctor is one who takes life seriously, and yet is not morose; for successful seriousness sees the bright side of life as often as it does the cloudy side.

While it is true that some frivolous boys have later acquired great sobriety of demeanor and thought, and have become eminent physicians, yet the majority of good physicians have developed from thoughtful and serious lads, who early realized that life had its responsibilities, and that there was something in it besides chance and pleasure.

The embryo physician is likely to be a student, almost always an experimenter, an early seeker after truth, a natural reasoner, and one who does not readily accept any statement unless it is backed by probability. He is seldom, if ever, superstitious. The miraculous is to him the natural law of God, and the working of God's Nature.

Such a boy loves Nature, and in his crude way is an evolutionist and a believer in cause and effect. He feels the growth of life, and becomes familiar with its different forms. Physiology is his favorite study, and he may even acquire a fair knowledge of anatomy. He may faint at the first sight of blood, and become unnerved in the presence of suffering, so that his parents may conclude that, because the boy does not seem to have the strongest of nerves, therefore, he is unfitted for the medical profession. The physician has nerves. No man without nerves, and no man without feeling is fitted to be a physician. The greater the physician the greater the amount of feeling he possesses. But he also has the power of nerve concentration, which allows him to cut in mercy and to seem not to care while in action; but no man of fine intellect, no man of consummate skill, can idly stand unmoved beside the bed of suffering. Good butchers are not good doctors, and the man without tender feeling never made a good surgeon.

The wild boy, the thoughtless boy, the boy who does not possess the characteristics of manliness, and who is not willingly a student, will never become more than a mediocre doctor.

One of the first indications of ability in this direction is the perceptible enjoyment which the boy shows at the visits of the family physician and the earnestness with which he listens to all the doctor says. As he grows older he associates with medical men, and probably borrows medical books, and studies them earnestly. The chances are that he does not display marked money-making ability, and he probably thinks more about becoming a man, and a useful member of society, than of being a mere money-getter. He does not necessarily despise money, but his inner thoughts, his higher ideas, are along the ethical, scientific, and professional sides of life. His first aim, his first ambition, is to become proficient in some special line of work, to actually do something worth the doing, something for the benefit of humanity. His secondary aim may be to make money, but he does not allow money-getting to interfere with the development of his better talents.

The ordinary boy, the boy who has no particular ambition, who does not know what he wants to do, and does not seem to care what he does, is not fit to enter the medical profession, and any attempt to force him in that direction is criminal. Thus it is the exceptional boy, not the average boy, who is fit to become a doctor.

Adaptability is absolutely essential to any kind of medical success. Any one can learn the elements of the technique of medicine and surgery, almost any one can become a "book doctor," and any well-read book doctor can successfully treat a case when he knows exactly what is the matter with the patient and what the patient's constitution requires. In the skill at diagnosing lies the physician's real success and his real value. Without this proficiency he is little better than a medical book.

Unless the boy, some time during his common school career, shows indications of a diagnostic instinct he is not likely to become a good physician, and should not be allowed to enter the profession.

Mere scholarship is not an indication of adaptability. The successful physician is more than a scholar. While he must have a fundamental education, and must have passed through the courses of medical study and have answered questions put to him by the severest examiners, he must also have had actual experience, hospital and laboratory practice, and know from observation and from feeling much that no book, or any amount of theory can teach him.

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the proportion of college-educated physicians and those whose higher education began with the medical school, but it is said, at a venture, that probably sixty per cent of our leading physicians are college graduates and that about half, or a little more, of the rank and file of doctors are college-bred.

A college education will prove of great value to the physician, not because he will practice the classics, but because he needs the discipline, and the more general knowledge which is not obtainable in the common schools. It is true that many of our most successful practitioners never entered college; but few, if any, of them would refuse a college education if they could start again.

The discipline of the higher education, with its environment, fits a man the better to grasp the perplexities of life.

Jay W. Seaver, A. M., M. D., of New Haven, for twenty years at Yale University, and president of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, in a letter to the author, says:

"If I advised a young man to study medicine it would be because I found that he was a man of sympathetic nature, and had a mind that was quick and resourceful in meeting the emergencies of life, and a body that was strong and able to bear all the possible hardships, and that was under such control that it could be depended on to do the bidding of the mind in the most exact and easy manner.

"He must possess both mental and physical accuracy, and a fund of patience and optimism that will carry him through all the experiences of a physician's life without letting him drop into pessimism or cynicism, for the physician must believe in man as well as in God and have an enthusiasm for service.

"If I advised a man not to study medicine, it would be because I knew him to be unhealthy morally, mentally, or physically.

"If a man has an ambition to gain wealth, or notoriety, or influence, or social prestige I would advise him to seek some other avenue to his goal.

"The lack of certain necessary qualities, such as have been indicated above, would also lead me to advise a young man not to become a physician."

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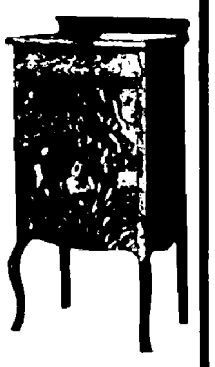

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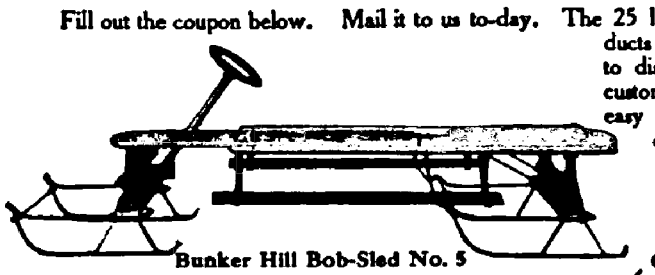

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How Tony Proved Himself

By Winifred A. Cheaney



"IF I only had a home of my own," sighed Mrs. Smith.

Tony looked around the one bare room that they two, for only a few short weeks, had been allowed undisturbed to call home; and, as he looked, he tried with all his simple heart to give due sympathy to his mother's regret that on the morrow even this poor dwelling place must be given up.

Mrs. Smith reached out her hand, with an almost pathetic helplessness, to feel the warmth that radiated from the little cracked stove. "It's awful hard on a woman of my age to be dragged around from pillar to post in the middle of the winter," she bemoaned. "Your father warn't much account, Tony, with his drinking and gambling and carryings on; or he might have left me a little cabin to rest my head in. But I guess I orten ter growl, Tony; for I've got you, and you ain't a bit trifling like your daddy. You've done a good part by your old mother, ever since the first day when you got your job. If it warn't for being drove around by landlords and living in a rented room all my life, I'm thinking I could die plum happy."

"But I ain't looking forward to your dying happy nor unhappy, nor no other way, mammy," declared Tony, having finished his inspection of the room, and giving expression to his thoughts by a nervous clasping and unclasping of his rough, coarse fingers.

"If I had a home of my own, Tony,—even if 'twarn't nothing but a one-roomed shanty, I'd have a flower in a pot in a window; and I could make a curtain out of the embroidered frill of my old wedding dress. I've been saving it all these years, Tony, for a window of my own. And, of course, if we had our own home, we'd have a little strip of ground somewheres around it; and I could raise my own herbs for winter. There ain't nothing like home-raised herbs for curing a cold, Tony. But, lawsakes, a woman can't take no pride in fixing up other people's rooms with flowers and curtains and herbs and such!"

"I think—the room—I found for you to move into tomorrow is—is quite as comfortable as this," stammered Tony, with another criticising stare around.

"I ain't a-doubting it," cried Mrs. Smith hastily. "You've allers done well about finding rooms, Tony. Notwithstanding," she was impelled to add, with a choking attempt at cheerfulness, "notwithstanding, Tony, chances are we won't no more than get settled comfortable for the rest of the winter before the landlord's aunt or cousin or sister'll happen to want the room, and we'll have to move on again."

"It's been that way considerable," acknowledged Tony. "But, I say, mammy," he asked uneasily, "I ain't letting you really want for nothing since I've been putting my dimes away in the bank, have I?"

Mrs. Smith shook her head decidedly. "I tell you I ain't needing of nothing but what you ain't got money enough to buy and ain't likely to get no time soon," she said. "I ain't needing of nothing but a home of my own to die in; so don't you go to feeling bad about them few dimes you're a-hiding away. 'Tain't no more than right that a young fellow should provide a little ag'in the future; and if you're going to buy that interest in old Dinky's cobbler shop, like you're saying, you'll have to take to being savinger than you are now. You ain't needing to be considering of me; for if your daddy had a-had a little of your foresight, I'd not be knocking around like I am in my old age. Don't you go to reproaching yourself for nothing; for you're a man, every inch of you, and your mammy's looking to you for every bit of good she's ever expecting in her life."

Tony wrung his fingers until they cracked. "I ain't done nothing to prove myself yet," he said. "But I'm wanting to be a man; and I'm wanting to make you happy."

Mrs. Smith held out her other hand to the stove, and rubbed the heat between her palms. Her thoughts now lay too deep for words; and, the silence becoming oppressive, Tony pushed back his chair, leaped to his feet, and reached for his hat that hung on a peg behind the door.

"I'll go on down to the shop," he mumbled. "There's a pair of shoes or two that old Dinky warn't willing to handle; saying they was too far gone. But he says they ain't impossible, and that, if I'm a-mind to tackle 'em, I can work in the shop after night and take the pay myself. These little extrys help out, mammy; and you won't be troubling?"

"I ain't troubling," said Mrs. Smith gently. "'Tain't like when your daddy went out o' nights. Then I knowed there was something happening to trouble about. But you—why, I ain't got nothing to trouble about you, only for the cold and the overwork."

Tony, stout, broad-shouldered Tony, gave a sneerful shrug at the thought of overwork; and gloveless and overcoatless, swung himself out through the door into the bitter, blustery night. It may have been a single drop of sleet, or it may have been a frost-nipped tear that slid down his cheek as he hurried shopward. But, whatever it was, he did not brush it off; and it was not until he had entered the half-warm shop, lighted a smoky lamp, and raked together the dying embers in the stove, that the little drop slid off his chin and glistened on the back of his hand. With a start he noticed it there; and, giving his hand a scornful fling, he shook it off into the fire. Then he muttered under his breath, "It sure is hard for an old lady not to have a roof of her own over her head, and four walls, and a bit of floor to stand on that she won't be ordered off of whenever somebody takes a notion. When one moves off the floor these cold days, it's often to step down hard on mighty slippery ground. I've knowed it when it was stepping off into the grave. It ain't fitting weather for even a dog to change his kennel."

Now, busy with his hands, yet busier with his thoughts, Tony threw an extra shovelful of coals on the embers, sought out the old shoes, drew out his tools and his stool, and set himself to work. He had no watch by which to tell the time, his ears were too full of listening to his own plans to hear the striking of the town clock, and the shoes were hard to mend. So the fire burned low and the smoky lamp flickered and went out, and the daylight peeped in at the dusty little window before he threw aside the shoes, quite finished, and, with a half-doubtful smile curving his lips, arose, shook himself, and looked out.

"I must be going home to mammy," he said. "She'll have breakfast ready."

Breakfast was indeed ready and smoking hot on the table when he stepped into the little home room. Mrs. Smith looked anxiously into his face, when he greeted her with a gruffly cheerful good-morning, for signs of special weariness. But finding none, she ventured to remark,

"It was bitter cold last night; and it's well you didn't try to come home. But I hope you have cover enough when you sleep at the shop; and I hope you didn't work too late."

"It was uncommon early when I stopped work," answered Tony vaguely. Then he drew up a chair, seated himself at the table with no little confusion, and fell to eating in a manner that left small opportunity for further conversation. However, he paused near the end of the meal to make the remark,

"I've tried to fix it so as little of the burden of moving as possible shall fall on you, mammy. But I can't be with you no more before night; for I've got particular business to attend to during the noon hour."

Mrs. Smith glanced up from her plate, a quiver of disappointment in the corners of her mouth. "I had thought we could eat a cold lunch together for the first meal in our new home," she said. "Notwithstanding, Tony,—notwithstanding, I say, business is business!"

Business was indeed business with Tony that day. For, when the noon hour had come, scarcely waiting for more than a word in old Dinky's ear, he hurried out to the street and turned his face in the direction of the opposite outskirts of the city.

"A hundred dollars ain't much," he muttered, as he hasted; "but it was almost enough to buy that interest in old Dinky's shop. But mammy's getting old; and there's more ways than one for a fellow to prove himself a man; and —life is before me yet!"

His long steps took him rapidly over the two or three miles between the little shop and the tiny plat of ground before which he came to a halt at last. Eagerly, with his eyes, he measured the tiny plat in length and breadth, and devoured the announcement on the great board sign that stretched quite across its front: "This lot for sail cheep. ask nex dore."

He needed not a moment in which to make up his mind. Into the next yard he stepped promptly, and on the "nex dore" he knocked. After some delay a woman answered his knock; and from her he inquired the price of the pigmy lot.

"The old man hate to gif it up. But times be hart, and it is but a gorner. He gif it up for fifty dollar, spot gash," she replied.

So Tony inquired when he could see the old man; and being informed that he was then within, he accepted the woman's invitation and followed her into the presence of the old man himself. Without more ado he stated his errand; which was to buy the baby lot for fifty dollars "spot cash," and to arrange to bring old Dinky with him that very night to witness the paying of the money and the transfer of the papers.

"You be a quick business youth," said the old man.

So Tony hurried shopward again to finish his afternoon's work, and afterwards to go home to supper in the new room and make peace with Mrs. Smith for this second night's absence.

"It's mighty lonesome in a strange house," she protested. "But—I suppose you've got to prove yourself; and—I ain't troubling."

But for all her sly coaxings, Tony would not reveal the secret of this evening's business.

He did not reveal the secret even after the papers were all drawn up and his name was recorded on the city book as a landowner; for, he confided to old Dinky, "A woman can't live on a lot without any house."

"I'm feared it'll take more to build a house than it did to buy the lot; and the cobbling business don't lay a fortune in a fellow's hand every day. Howsomever, I've knowed people to live in a tent," suggested Dinky.

"A tent wouldn't do nohow this kind of weather," objected Tony; "and this is just the kind of weather when a woman wants a home worst."

"You're right," agreed Dinky. "But you've had one inspiration; and may be, if you'll mend another pair or two of shoes after night, you'll get another."

So Tony mended shoes at night; but nothing came of it but the extra dimes. His second inspiration was not to come that way.

Then the landlord served Mrs. Smith with a ten-days' notice. "'Taint like you ain't good tenants," he apologized; "but my married daughter's come."

"A woman might as well live on the street, and be done with it," wailed Mrs. Smith; and the wail sent Tony rushing out to give his Saturday afternoon off to the search for new quarters. And here it was, on the blustery street, in the midst of his troubled search, that he met his inspiration.

It was late in the afternoon, and his search had been in vain, when he passed an old street-car barn and saw the dummy cars of a former period tumbling to pieces on a rusty side-track. His inspiration transfixed him for a moment, then sent him hurrying into the barn.

There were men present, tearing away parts of the barn; and a particular man, giving orders, who appeared to be the manager. To him Tony appealed.

"Will you sell those cars?" he asked.

The man scratched his head. "We've sold a number of them for chicken-coops and store-rooms," he answered. "Are you wanting to buy?"

"What's your price?" asked Tony, in a businesslike manner.

"Well, now," answered the man reflectively; "we've never sold any of them as cheap as twenty-five dollars aplece. That's giving them away; but it beats making a bonfire of them."

So Tony agreed to take two of the best at the named price, and he had a mark put upon his choice. Then he arranged to bring old Dinky around to serve as witness and adviser. This he brought to pass; and old Dinky performed his part so well that three instead of two of the cars were transferred to the ownership of Tony Smith and hauled around on the street-car track as near to the baby lot as possible. Through his good services, too, they were put into comfortable repair and arranged so that two of them faced the street, with their back ends joining the third car placed crosswise, and leaving a narrow strip of lot between them for Mrs. Smith's herb garden.

But all this took time, and the ten days were quite up and Mrs. Smith was in despair before Tony was ready to take her home.

Even then she did not know she was going home indeed. The things were all moved and set in place when Tony led her across the threshold and explained, as best he could, that she need never move again.

"'Tain't much of a house," he said: "but——"

Then Mrs. Smith comprehended. "But what about your interest in old Dinky's shop?" she cried.

"Old Dinky and me are standing in the best of friends together," answered Tony proudly. "He's going to get another apprentice and help me to set up a shop of my own in one of them front rooms. He says all the shoes to be cobbled ain't in his end of the town. Which is very kind of Dinky; but 'twill make the house smaller for you, mammy."

"Don't you dare talk about small!" cried Mrs. Smith, in tearful indignation. "Why, bless your heart, Tony, don't you know there's plenty of room for all the flowers and curtains I can get? To think—to think I've really got a home of my own to die in at last! You needn't ever say again that you ain't proved yourself, Tony. You're the best son in the world, and every inch a man!"

"But the proving ain't finished yet," said Tony demurely. "I've got a whole lifetime before me yet; and—and it seems like a fellow ought to make up to his mammy something of what his daddy lacked in sense and care and—love."

THE CAMP FIRE OF MAD ANTHONY

(*Continued from page 39.*)

Elnathan had not been able to grasp the rein when his horse had plunged forward and now he was lying low on the horse's neck, frantically endeavoring to regain his lost control and at the same time retain his seat on the back of his own horse. His broad-brimmed hat had been lost, the long tails of his coat were flapping like wings and if his pursuers had not been so eager to overtake him the ludicrous sight would have sent them into roars of laughter

As it was, however, every boy was riding swiftly, and in a brief time Noah and Ananias had gained on Elnathan and passed him in the road. As soon as this had been accomplished both boys turned their horses about, and with Elnathan between them and their friends it was an easy matter to check the speed of his horse, and Ananias soon was holding the Quaker's bridle again and Elnathan was riding in the midst of the little band. His face, however, did not indicate that he was enjoying either the position or the experience, for he was angry and like some angry persons he had lost control of himself.

"I will have the law on thee, Noah Dare!" Elnathan shouted. "Thou art a highway robber! 'Tis bad enough for thee to set fire to property, but I tell thee this will be the worse for thee! Thou hast held me up in broad daylight! Thou art——"

"That's all right, Elnathan," interrupted Noah smoothly. "I know just how you feel. I've often felt that way myself. Now, you sneaking spy, if you'll give me that list of names you have in your pocket, we'll let you go!"

For an instant Elnathan stared blankly at Noah and then the flush slowly faded from his face.

"W-w-what list does thee mean?" he stammered at last.

"You know what I mean," retorted Noah sternly. "Let me have it."

"I will not let thee have it!" shouted the young Quaker. "Thee does not know that I have any list. Thou art—art a-a-son of Belial——"

"Hold his horse's head, Elias," said Noah calmly as he leaped for the ground.

"Hold my horse, too," he added, as he tossed his bridle to his friend. "Now then, my gentle, inoffensive, peaceful Quaker spy, will you give me that list or shall I take it from you?" said Noah, turning firmly upon Elnathan. "I know your creed is for you to give me the list when I ask for it, and some other things, too, that probably are in those pockets of yours, just the same as you do when your 'enemy compels you to go with him a mile and you go with him twain.' Let me have it!"

For a moment the young Quaker gazed wildly about him, seeking some way of escape, but apparently finding none he said tremblingly: "Thou wilt give it back to me, Friend Noah?"

"Let me have it!"

Elnathan slowly drew a paper from his inner pocket and handed it to Noah, who took it and after carefully scanning its contents began to read aloud to his companions: "Ebenezer Elmer, Richard Howell, Joel Fithian, James Ewing, Andrew Hunter, Philip Fithian, John Hunt, Clarence Parvin, Henry Stacks*—"

The reading was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation of rage from Elnathan, who suddenly leaned low and snatched the paper from Noah's hand. At the same moment he yanked the bridle from the grasp of Ananias and with a savage call to his horse instantly started up the road at his swiftest pace.

"Stop! Stop! Elnathan——," began Elias, as he instantly prepared to start in pursuit of the fleeing Quaker.

"No! No, Elias! Let him go," called Noah, who had not even made a movement toward his own horse. "We don't want him any more."

"Why not?" demanded Elias, nevertheless stopping his horse. "Are you afraid?"

"Not a bit," responded Noah. "But the fellow is no good to us."

"He had that list all right," suggested Ananias. "How did you know he had it, Noah?"

"I didn't know. I only guessed at it."

"'Twas a good guess."

Noah laughed as he said, "I'm sorry for you, boys."

"You're in the same box," retorted Elias.

"No, I'm not. I'm going to leave."

"'Going to leave!' Where are you going?"

"Caleb is very anxious to have me go home with him and my father at last has very reluctantly consented to my going," said Noah demurely.

"So you're going to let the rest of us stay to face the music, are you?" demanded Ananias half-angrily.

"No music to face, Ananias," laughed Noah confidently "If there was, you don't think I'd leave, do you?"

"No, I don't think you would, Noah," acknowledged Ananias. "But for my part, I don't agree with you about one thing. I think there will be something done about that tea burning."

"If there is, I'll come back," said Noah quickly. "I shan't run from Tom Hull or Elnathan Todd. Here we are at the farm," he added, for the boys had been riding slowly forward during this conversation.

Leaving his companions at the entrance of the lane, Noah rode swiftly to the barn, where he discovered Dan and delivered his father's message. Then hastily returning to his friends, all four started back toward Greenwich. Throughout the ride they were silent for the most part, and it was evident that despite Noah's confident assertion all four, including even Noah himself, were not without certain misgivings.

"Why don't you come with us tomorrow?" suggested Caleb to Ananias and Elias when the boys had entered the village and were preparing to separate. "You know I'd be glad to have you."

"Have to stay and face the music," replied Elias demurely. "If you and Noah leave it will be all the more reason for Ananias and me not running away."

Noah laughed, but made no reply, and in a brief time he and Caleb arrived at Mr. Dare's house. To the surprise of the boys they found Mr. Dare in the barn, apparently awaiting their coming. Noah was aware that his father was troubled, for without inquiring whether his message had been delivered or not, Mr. Dare said, "Caleb, did you say you and Noah preferred going today? Very well, then," continued Mr. Dare without waiting for a response, "I am willing, and as soon as you boys have had your dinner you may start. The catboat is all ready, for I have been down to the dock and looked after it myself."

*The list of the names of the twenty young tea burners is remarkable for the number of those who afterward became prominent. One became a governor of the state, several were well known clergymen, others became prominent as physicians, one was father of the chief justice of New Jersey, and indeed all the members of the young band were sterling and true-hearted.

(*To be continued*).



Life Among the Lowly East Side Boys

Most of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY live where green fields are not far away, where pleasant scenes greet the eye in many directions, and they are often more fortunate than they know to be so pleasantly located. If by some magic they were to be brought to the city of New York and had their home fixed in one of the lower east side streets theirs would certainly be a life of misery.

Yet here on these very streets are plenty of boys who would find life in any other locality dreadfully dull. What care they for green fields? Cement sidewalks serve their purpose much better. On these they can play their games. The noise and excitement of the street is as sweet to them as is the song of birds to the boy in the country.

The picture given above shows a group of these young street arabs at a game of which they never tire—shooting pennies.

A Nine-Year-Old Orchestra Leader

Boys have heard of Mozart's wonderful ability as a musician at the age of twelve, of Josef Hoffman entrancing audiences at thirteen and fourteen, and of Kubelik doing marvels when but a boy. Now we have little nine-year-old Michael Di Vito, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who successfully leads and manages an orchestra that plays the most severely classical music. Michael began to study music at the age of four. His father before him was a musician. At seven and eight the boy could play well on the violin, the mandolin, and the piano. Early he began to show ability in directing other musicians, often showing marked talent in the way of criticising the work of his elders. Young Di Vito is now an orchestra director, having an orchestra of his own. He has given concerts in New Haven, Bridgeport, and other New England cities. He has something of the mannerisms of Creatore, sometimes jumping from his platform and running among the musicians encouraging, threatening, and begging. His gestures are often such as result from great excitement. He seems to forget everything but the beauty of the music. His favorite, he says, is Verdi. Hans Saro, conductor of the Connecticut State Sangerbund, says of young Di Vito:

"To say that he is a genius hardly expresses it. He is the incarnation of musical enthusiasm and temperament. To my surprise, when I went first to witness his work, I found that he conducted with great technique and feeling, with all the skill of a seasoned leader. I expect that the world will hear a great deal of him and his work. Spoil him? Impossible! He is not swayed by flattery. He thinks only of the music, and not of himself or the praise that is showered upon him."



DI VITO AS SEEN IN LEADING HIS ORCHESTRA

A splendid continued story of Old Geronimo, by Edward S. Ellis, begins soon.



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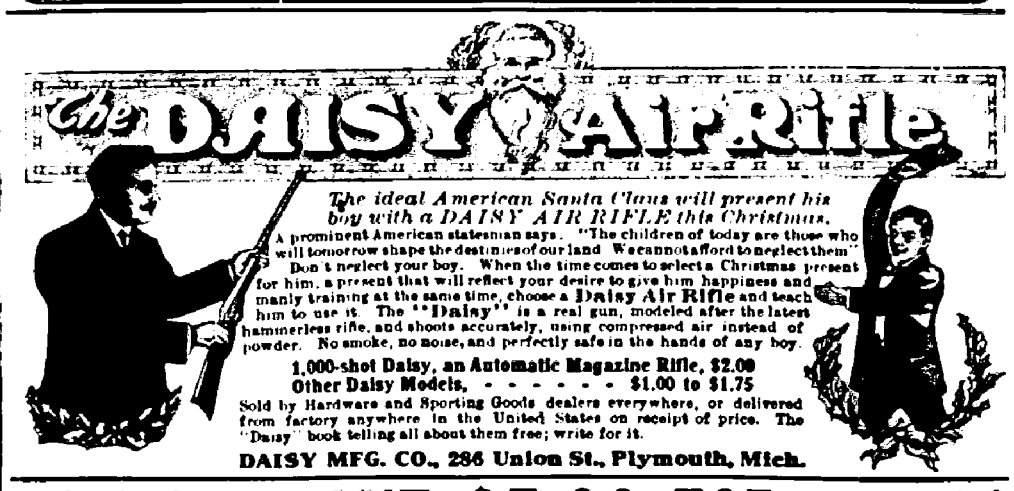

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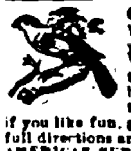

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The Shah of Persia, His Two Sons, and Their Tutor

The Shah recently suffered an apoplectic shock, and recent political events have seriously aggravated his malady to an extent which has caused serious alarm in diplomatic circles

The photographer who took this picture did not provide any further information about the interesting group he shows. He shows the quartet in a very serious state of mind. It is said that the Shah has lately been in no other than such a state of mind. He has not been well and the troubles of his position are weighing heavily upon him. The two sons reflect the seriousness of their father in their joyless faces, and the tutor must, of course, enter into the mood of his royal charges.

To give the readers of The American Boy an idea of the relation between the children of the royal families in Persia and their tutors, I will quote a few excerpts of an account given by one of these tutors.

In the family of the senior brother of the reigning Shah there are five sons. The oldest of these is, of course, in line for the throne. The tutor to these five boys was a Mr. Spry, of England.

"Speaking of discipline," says Mr. Spry, "I am free to say that there was nothing of the sort. If the young princes wished to work, you will work, if to play you will play. When they weep you weep, and when they laugh you join in their merriment.

"All Persian boys are dressed from early childhood as full grown men. The imperial dress was, of course, worn by my young charges.

"The ever present overcoat is buttoned at the neck, has a straight military collar, fits tight at the waist, whence it falls in plaits innumerable to the shins. Save the button at the neck the coat is left open in front so as to display the gaudy undercoat of silk or velvet. The color of both coats, is a matter of choice, except in the month of Moharrem, when black is the only wear. * * *

"We were in the middle of the lesson one day when Akbar Mirza the Magnificent, the oldest of the five sons, laying down his pen, complained about the heat (it was 108° in the shade), saying: It is too hot—yes, ser.'

"Receiving no reply he renewed his work. Soon he lifted up his voice once more. This time his tone was loud and imperious.

"'Bach-ah'" (child) he cried—Persian servants being always summoned and addressed as their master's children. To my surprise in stepped a stately general and stood at a respectful distance, his head bowed and hands folded on his breast.

"'Ab-i-Khwardan'" (drinking water) was Akbar's word and smart the sartip's action. Back he came with a silver teapot in his hand, very solemnly and slowly he went the rounds of the class (of five) and raising the spout to each thirsty little mouth in turn waited in patient silence until the imperial thirst had been quenched.

* * *

"The climax of the ludicrous was however attained when Feridum Mirza having to leave the room in a hurry, was escorted by the general, the major, a black eunuch and another servant."

In America the boy who requires an escort at any time is looked upon as a mamma's boy—and is promptly nicknamed "Mary"—but Persian boys have not been taught even the first principles of self-reliance or self-help.

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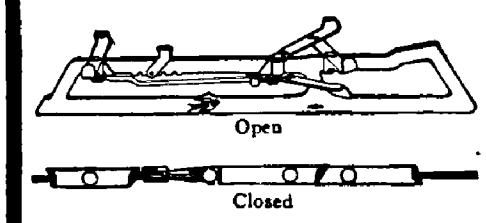

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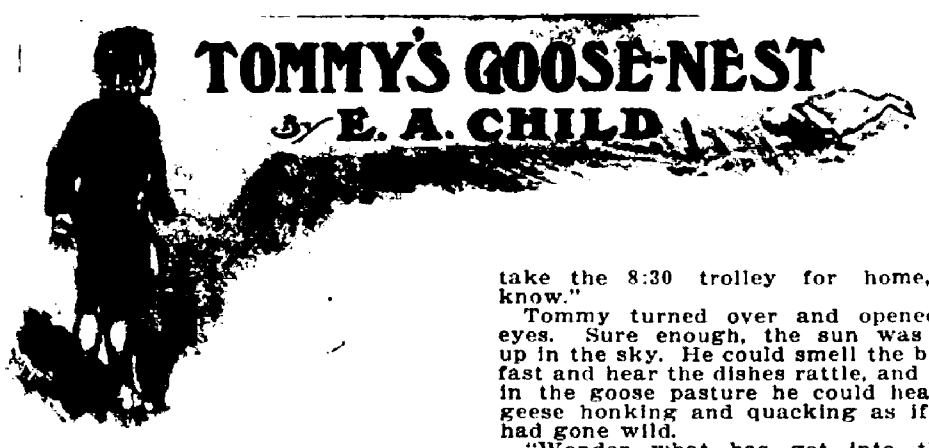

TOMMY'S GOOSE-NEST

By E. A. CHILD

A STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.

TOMMY lived on a farm, where he had all kinds of pets and fun, and where quite often his city cousins and other acquaintances came to visit him. He always took keen delight in showing them all about the "ranch" and telling them of the habits and ways of everything that was so familiar to him. It added to his delight to see how little many of his friends really knew of these country things, and to have them see that he knew so much.

One spring a boy from the city came to see Tommy and they went the rounds as usual. When they came to the goose pasture, Tommy explained that the geese were hunting for nests and that they were about to begin to lay eggs. "Let us help them," said he, and then they hastened off to the barn for some straw.

After scooping out the leaves from the fence corner and placing the straw in a circular form, who should appear and look over the fence but Mike Fagan, a neighbor's boy, who remarked that the nest was in a good place for he could reach in and take the eggs from his side.

"See," said Mike, as he reached through and began to claw in the straw, "I shall want some aigs to sit under me ould hin this spring."

Tommy shook his head warningly and reminded Mike that if he did not want to get into trouble he had better leave his goose-nest alone. Mike laughed loud defiance at him as he watched the boys disappear around the barn.

That night Tommy got to thinking what he could do to get even with Mike for his threats. Finally he decided that Mike would surely put his hand into the nest the next morning, if for nothing more than curiosity, so he would just slip down and set the steel trap and hide it in the nest the same as the old goose would hide her egg. The trap thus set and secreted, Tommy slipped away to bed without telling any one of his plan, and soon was dreaming of a goose-nest as large as a straw-stack with hundreds of eggs in it, and his old pied goose the proud possessor of the whole thing. It seemed to him that he had just got to sleep when he heard his mother calling: "Tommy, Tommy, get up and go down to the geese. One seems to be caught down there in the fence corner. Hurry up, it is late, and your little friend must take the 8:30 trolley for home, you know."

Tommy turned over and opened his eyes. Sure enough, the sun was high up in the sky. He could smell the breakfast and hear the dishes rattle, and down in the goose pasture he could hear the geese honking and quacking as if they had gone wild.

"Wonder what has got into them," thought he, as he drew on his clothes and started down to see. Just then his little friend came running half out of breath to meet him. "Oh, Tom, someone has set a trap in the nest you made and your old pied goose has got her leg caught and broken in it."

Just then Mike Fagan came along from the opposite side of the fence and burst out in a loud laugh as he saw how Tom's trick had resulted; but, being a boy of more feeling than Tom had given him credit for, Mike sprang over the fence and helped Tom liberate the poor goose, which went flopping off on one foot, while Tom hung his head and did not speak but went straight to the house and to mother, who always was ready to put the best construction on all of Tom's motives.

Poor Tom could expect nothing but censure from everyone and a severe punishment besides. But mother decided that Tom's punishment was sufficient, since his old pied goose would have to be killed and Mike Fagan would always twit him of it, and then the little city friend would probably tell it to all of his cousins.

Tommy never made any more nests for his old pied goose, for she had to be killed that morning, and the trap was put away never to be used for such tricks again.

Breaking News of the Lynching

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Alaska is a land of adventure and romance," said Raymond Brumbaugh, a gold miner. "Many queer things have happened in Alaska," said Mr. Brumbaugh, smiling. "Many wretched things. Sometimes it has been necessary to break sad news to mothers at home. And sometimes this news has been broken with wonderful skill.

"An Alaskan called on a woman in New Hampshire to tell her of her son's death in the Klondike.

"Yes, lady," he said to the weeping mother, 'I was with him to the end. I seen him die. And I tell ye, ma'am, as he wuz dyin' he looked just like an angel.'"

"'Did he?' the mother sobbed.

"'He certainly did, ma'am,' said the Klondiker. 'Swingin' back'ards and for'ards in the air thar, ye'd 'a' thought he had wings.'"

DON'T FORGET

The prompt renewing of your subscription will ensure your getting your January American Boy on time.



VERANDA SCENE AT THE HOME OF JOHN P. RUPP, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

The young Americans shown in the picture have often assembled during the summer just past to enjoy the good things found in The American Boy, of which they are all interested readers. Mr. Rupp is a sincere friend of the boys

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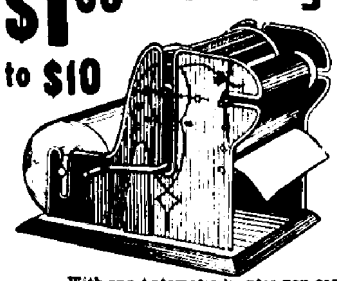

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HOW CURIOSITY KILLED A BEAR

By DAN PEARSALL

"YES, I RECKON that was about the cutest trick I ever turned on a bear," said Hank, the old Olympic guide, "and I have always felt sort of ashamed of myself ever since for taking advantage of the crittur when she was simply acting accordin' to the dictates of her motherly instincts.

"You see, it was like this. Back in the early eighties Ben Arnot and me were prospectin' over in the Cascades. We had struck pretty fair pay dirt and were buildin' a flume from a little creek up the gulch a ways to our claim. One afternoon I was busy makin' a clearin' through some underbrush, when Ben, who was a few hundred feet higher up, yells, 'Hi, Hank, take a look across the gulch on that hogback.' I glanced over to the place he pointed out, and what did I see but two half-grown cubs not over two hundred yards away. They acted as unconcerned as if they were right at home in their den with their old mother nigh to protect them from any critturs that might be prowlin' around.

"'Ben,' says I, 'them critturs have pretty fine lookin' fur on them and I am goin' to have their hides.'

"'How're you goin' to get the pesky critturs?' says Ben. 'You can't go back for your rifle, as they are bound to see you and vamoose.'

"You see in them days one didn't tote any shootin' irons around with him, for when you had been swingin' a miner's pick all day, you didn't feel like draggin' along a few extra pounds of steel and lead. I reckoned that I could get them by doin' a little shenanigan around the hogback, so I says to Ben, 'You take a good sized club and sneak around the other side of the hogback. Climb up and hide yourself behind a boulder. Then when you see me wave my hand let a yell out of you that would put a coyote to shame, and rush at them cubs, swattin' the first one you come to, and I will take the other one.'

"He did as I told him, and when I gave the signal we both let a yell out of us that would make a wall-eyed cougar scratch gravel for the tall timber. The cubs, poor little fellows, were scared almost to death, and fell all over each other in their efforts to climb a small fir, but finally succeeded in escapin' us for the moment as we could not reach them.

"'Now, Ben,' says I, 'you just plank yourself right down at the foot of that tree, while I run back to the cabin and get my rifle,' which he did, and in a few minutes we had them cubs up to the cabin, skinned and with their pelts stretched out to dry.

"Soon afterwards we had supper and turned in for the night, thinkin' nothin' more about the cubs, for it was no unusual thing to rub elbows with bears in that neighborhood.



"I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND FIRED"

"I reckon that it was about midnight when I was awakened by some crittur prowlin' around the camp. I calculated as how it was some beast out foragin', but as it was makin' such an all-fired racket crashin' and plowin' through the underbrush I became sort of curious and, nudgin' Ben, woke him up. He lay listenin' for a while, then he said, 'Hank, that is the old she bear lookin' for her cubs. She has followed the trail we made draggin' them up this afternoon. I allow that she will nose around for a while, and when she finds that they have gone to the happy huntin' grounds she will be so tarnal mad that she will roar loud enough to raise the dead and simply tear them pelts to pieces. I wouldn't care to meet the old lady unless my decks were cleared for action.'

"'Ben,' says I, 'I'm goin' to capture her. Reckon she will be in just about as good a condition as the cubs, and then I don't want her prowlin' around here for the next six months.'

"'How're you goin' to do it?' says he. 'You can't see to shoot, for it is pitch dark, and she is not big fool enough to come out in the open if you show a light.'

"'Ben,' says I, 'did you ever hear of that trait common to females, known as curiosity? Well, a bear, 'specially a she bear, has women folks skinned hands down, and just as sure as curiosity killed a cat, it is goin' to be the death of that bear.'

"I took down my rifle, looked to see if it was loaded, and placed it where it would be handy. Then I took a candle, fastened it to a board, and lightin' it, went out and set the board on a log about thirty feet from the door. Goin' back to the cabin, I crouched in the doorway with my rifle to await developments. I could hear the crittur crashin' around in the underbrush, for she had chased back into the timber when I had showed a light.

"I reckon I sat there almost an hour before she came any nearer; but finally she seemed to have recovered her nerve and commenced circlin' the cabin, each time gettin' a little nearer, till she was not more than fifty feet away, then she stopped right beyond the candle. I could hear her sniffin' the air and imagined she was eyein' the light and wonderin' what it might be. Soon she began to advance towards it, takin' a couple of steps then stoppin' to listen. Once a badger started some small pebbles rattlin' down the mountain side as it ran to its lair, and she rushed back into the brush, only to come creepin' forward as soon as all was still. This time she seemed less nervous, and soon I could see her eyes flashin' in the darkness, but I waited, for I knew she would come closer."

"Well, she stood lookin' at the light and snuffin' the air for a few minutes, then walked boldly towards it, stoppin' only when she came to the log, and throwin' her paws upon it, almost put out the candle.

"Now was my time. I had a good view of her head and shoulders, and I feared if I waited any longer she would fool around until she doused the light and I never would get a shot at her, though I was mighty curious to see what the crittur would do next, but I didn't dare. So raisin' my rifle I took careful aim and fired. She just gave one big 'woof-woof' and fell back over the log and in a few minutes was stone dead.

"Ben, who had been lyin' before the door wrapped up in his blankets watchin' the performance, remarked: 'Jimminny-crickets, Hank, I always knew that women folks had a powerful big bump of curiosity, but I never reckoned that it extended to the whole blamed female tribe.'"

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Don't let your subscription run out. Renew quick. It's our busy season. Keep up to date. A little delay makes trouble.

RENEW!

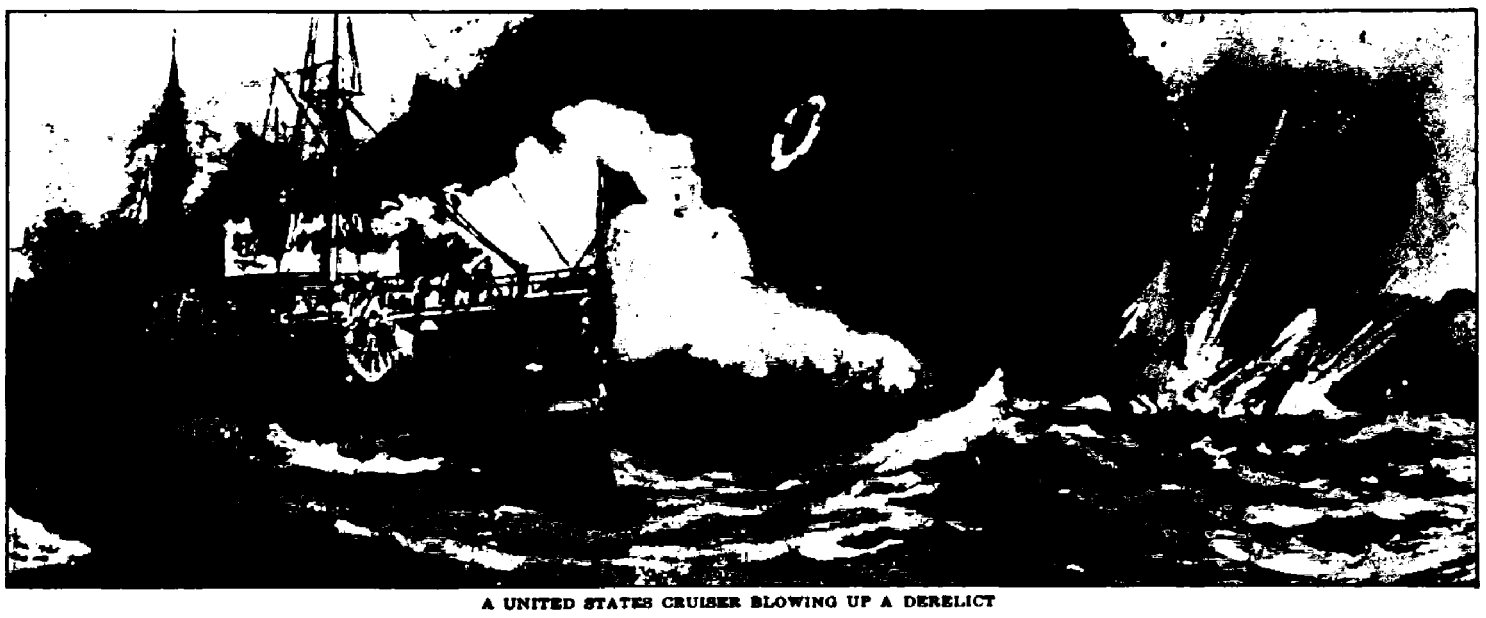
THE HUNTING DOWN OF DERELICTS

The most curious warfare waged by the battleships of the United States is the ceaseless hunting down of the most dangerous enemy known to mariners—the wandering derelict. So serious a menace to shipping is this terror of the seas that Congress has been asked to make an appropriation for the express purpose of building a ship to be set apart for the hunting down and destruction of derelicts. Until this ship is built the work will be done as well as it can by cruisers of the navy despatched on this particular mission. At this time of the year, when the ocean is being crossed and recrossed by passenger boats crowded with tourists, the danger from the derelict is especially great, and many a navigator spends sleepless nights lest in the darkness this uncharted demon of the deep should cross his path.

The ocean is never free from this terror. A vessel is abandoned by a frightened crew and, instead of foundering decently as expected to, it remains afloat and thenceforth wanders from sea to sea at the will of the currents, the sport of the winds and waves, unpiloted, unlighted, a mass of dead wood and iron, but terribly alive so far as its dangerous qualities are concerned, for the sharpest eyes cannot see the dark mass at night until too late to avoid a collision and the waterlogged bulk of the derelict sends to the bottom any ship that strikes it as sure as fate.

That is why every skipper is alive to the danger and not a derelict escapes his keen sight if it looms in range during daylight. Promptly the latitude and longitude of the spot where the derelict is sighted is logged and a report is made to the government as soon as land is reached. When the report is received a ship is at once despatched to the spot where the dangerous wreckage was sighted and the waters searched day and night for it. When found it is promptly treated as any other maritime enemy is—a well aimed shot sends the wreck to the bottom of the sea.

Sometimes these derelicts wander around for years before they are finally rounded up and destroyed. How many of the "never heard of again" ships may be accounted for by these derelict wanderers cannot be told, but the abandoned ships and the floating icebergs probably divide the larger part between them.



A UNITED STATES CRUISER BLOWING UP A DERELICT



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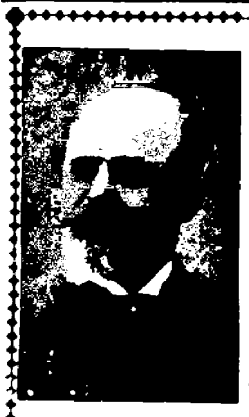

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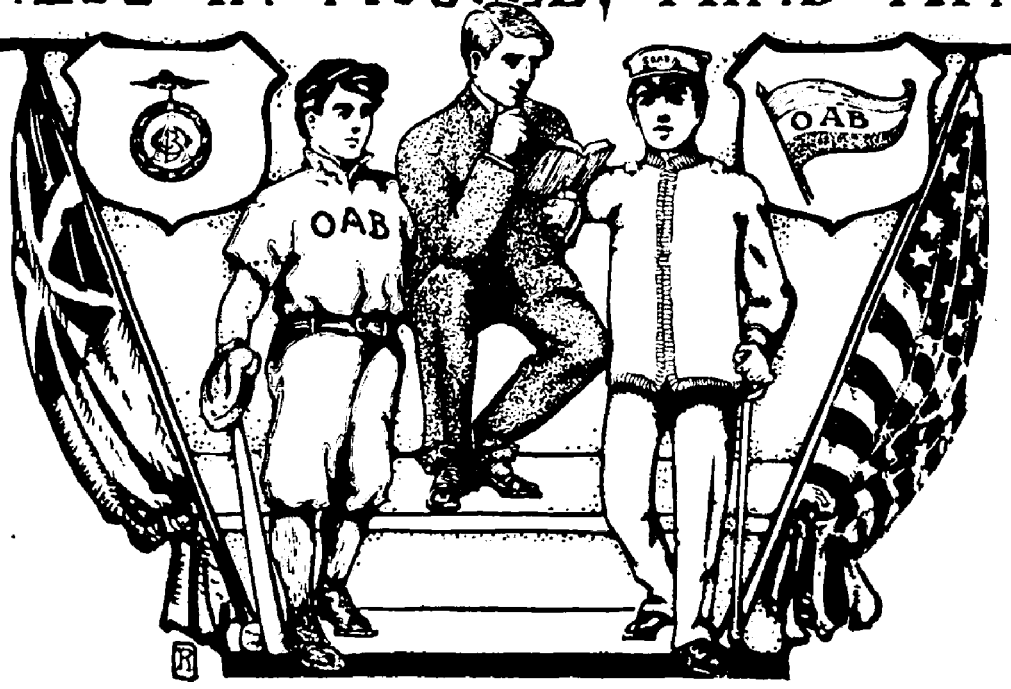


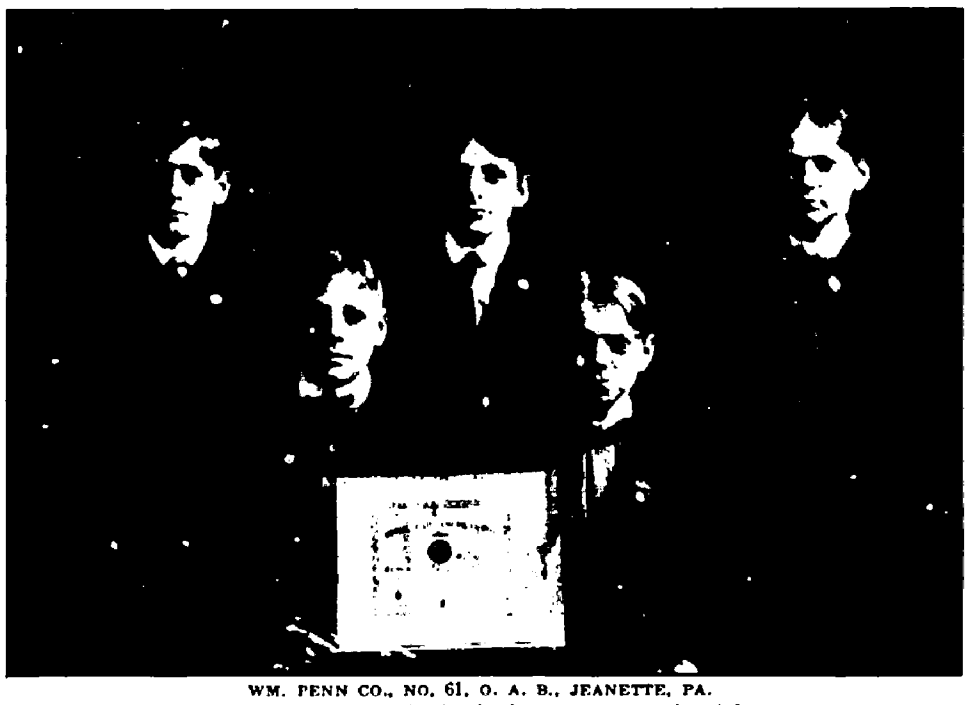
New Companies Organized

Tigers Athletic Company, No. 60, Division of New York, Watkins, N. Y. Milwaukee Blue and White Company, No. 25, Division of Oregon, Milwaukee, Oregon. Des Moines River Valley Company, No. 23, Division of Minnesota, Jackson, Minn. Algonquin Company, No. 13, Division of West Virginia, Wheeling, W. Va. Bound To Win Company, No. 42, Division of Indiana, Marion, Ind. Queen City of the Gulf Company, No. 9, Division of Florida, Tampa, Fla. Bitter Root Company, No. 5, Division of Montana, Billings, Mont. Clear Valley Company, No. 61, Division of New York, Pike, N. Y. George H. Fowle Company, No. 25, Division of Massachusetts, Woburn, Mass. Electric City Company, No. 4, Division of Montana, Great Falls, Mont. Los Angeles Boys Company, No. 42, Division of California, Los Angeles, Cal. Teddy's Rough Riders Company, No. 93, Division of Ohio, Belle Center, Ohio. Mancelona Company, No. 83, Division of Michigan, Mancelona, Mich.

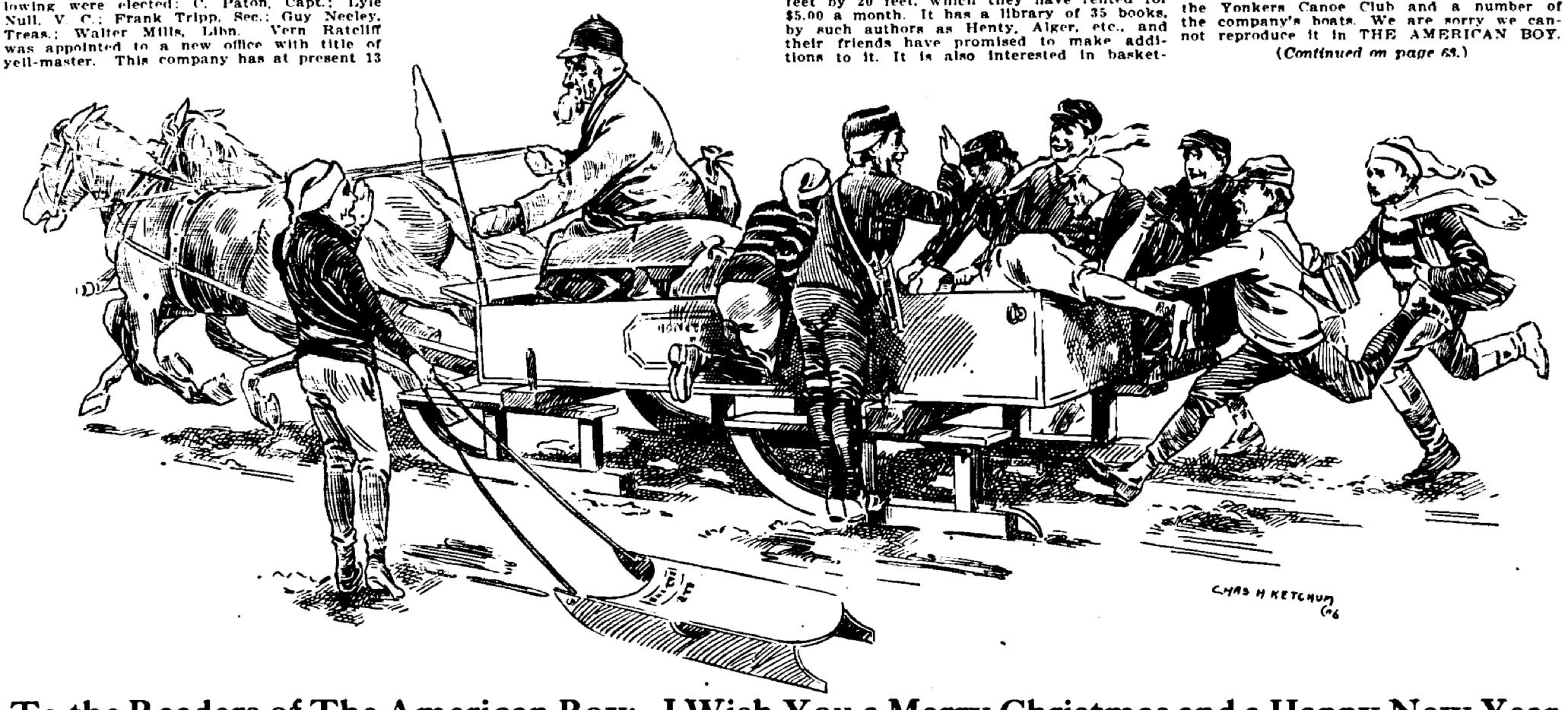
Company News

SILVER STATE COMPANY, No. 26, San Diego, Cal., recently elected the following officers after a warm contest: Will Cralle, Capt.; John Lydick, V. C.; R. S. Porter, Sec.; E. A. Cheney, Treas.; Forest Johnson, Libn. MIDWAY CITY COMPANY, No. 19, Kearney, Neb., reports that it is starting in for real business during the fall and winter months. Its new officers are John Freeman, Capt.; Donald Gregg, V. C.; Philip Brodie, Treas.; Claire Sheahan, Sec.; Arthur Robinson, Libn. It has a baseball team and played seven games during the season out of which it was successful in winning six. MOUNTAIN VIEW COMPANY, No. 59, Altamont, N. Y., has not been holding meetings during the summer months, but intends to do so with renewed enthusiasm during the fall and winter months. ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 41, Peru, Ill., recently elected the following officers: Ernest Roth, Jr., Capt.; Lewis Ream, V. C.; Benjamin Linnig, Sec.; Arthur Zimmerman, Treas.; A. Nadler, Libn. The meetings of this company have now been resumed for the fall and winter months and intends to do good work on behalf of the order. WEBB FOOTERS COMPANY, No. 21, Roseburg, Ore., has the following officers: Fairfax Parrish, Capt.; Ben Eddy, V. C. and Sec.; Wallace Benson, Libn. and Treas. IOWA ROUGH RIDERS COMPANY, No. 62, Sheldon, Iowa, has, at the present writing, 19 members. Its officers are: Chas. Stoker, Capt.; Will Royce, Lieut.; Clifford Jory, Sec.; Victor Button, Treas. Meetings of this company are held every Friday evening in itis own club room where it has fitted up a gymnasium. It has, also, nearly $5.00 in the treasury. RUSSELL'S BEST COMPANY, No. 64, Russell, Iowa, reports that it is getting along nicely, and that the boys are considerably interested in company doings. This is a new company and seems to have the necessary enthusiasm to make it a prosperous and successful one. WM. C. C. CLAIBORNE COMPANY, No. 7, Moorfield, Ark., has 18 members and expects to enroll more within a short time. Its dues are ten cents a month, and it has $10.00 in the treasury out of which the members intend to purchase a number of new books for the company library. The officers of this company are: Ed Goodwin, Capt.; Elvis Monnings, V. C.; Dan Crownoner, Sec.; B. Conine, Treas.; Ned Hamm, Libn. LAKE ERIE COMPANY, No. 92, Ashtabula, Ohio, held its election of officers on September 25, with the following result: C. H. Davis, Capt.; W. C. Harvey, Treas.; N. F. Elliot, Sec.; W. M. Elliot, S. A. OLD GLORY COMPANY, No. 16, E. Rutherford, N. J., has the following officers: Louis Kunz, Capt.; Victor Schoeller, V. C.; Andre Jeanneret, Sec.; Russell Binning, Treas.; Frank Baker, Libn. TIGER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 17, Rochester, Wash., held its election of officers Sept. 1, and the following were elected: C. Paton, Capt.; Lyle Null, V. C.; Frank Tripp, Sec.; Guy Neeley, Treas.; Walter Mills, Libn. Vern Ratcliff was appointed to a new office with title of yell-master. This company has at present 13 members, and there are some more to come in. It has been giving a number of socials, having had one on the Fourth of July, August 4, and September 29, which enriched the treasury to the extent of $78.90. FOREST CITY COMPANY, No. 13, Portland, Me. This company meets every Thursday evening, excepting during the summer months, at the homes of the members. It recently added one new member. Dues are five cents a week, and the company has $1.78 in the treasury and all bills paid. This company recently held a debate on whether the United States government or the Spanish government would be better for the people of Panama. Its club colors are crimson and white. The company has also a small library which is gradually being increased. EDWARD STRATEMEYER COMPANY, No. 11, Guthrie, Okla., is getting along nicely, and is expecting some new members to be enrolled very soon. Dues are ten cents a month. Its club room is fitted up with nice furniture, and decorated with flags. Their athletic apparatus consists of trapeze, rings, dumb bells, and Indian clubs. During the summer months the members have been meeting only once a month. During the fall and winter they will meet every two weeks. A football team is expected to be organized during the fall months which will, no doubt, give a good account of itself. The captain concludes his report by saying: "I hope that the O. A. B. will last as long as the sun, moon, and stars shine." WOLVERINE COMPANY, No. 82, Chesaning, Mich., is a company that seems to be equipped for splendid work. It has two company counsels in the persons of Mr. Jos. Devereaux, a prominent lawyer, and Mr. Wm. Lutz, a druggist. They have a nice hall as a club room, 40 feet by 20 feet, which they have rented for $5.00 a month. It has a library of 35 books, by such authors as Henty, Alger, etc., and their friends have promised to make additions to it. It is also interested in basketball, football, and has a rifle team. It recently held a social which increased the treasury to the amount of $5.00. Its captain writes that he will be glad to correspond with other companies for the good of the order. WADE HAMPTON COMPANY, No. 4, Gaffney, S. C., has held its election of officers which resulted in A. F. Littlejohn being captain. The secretary and treasurer is to be elected at its next meeting. HAWK EYE COMPANY, No. 63, Guthrie Center, Iowa, is interested in baseball, and has had quite a successful season. They are planning to go out camping next summer and take a large tent with them. GARDEN STATE COMPANY, No. 15, Mt. Holly, N. J., has now 9 members, and has $2.00 in the treasury. Meetings are held every Thursday evening, and weekly dues are five cents. It occupies a club house which is becoming too small for its meetings, and the members hope to have a much larger one at no distant date. We are promised a picture of the members soon. KIT CARSON COMPANY, No. 13, Bolckow, Mo. No meetings of this company were held during the summer months, but were resumed September 28. Its meetings are held every Friday evening, and the captain wishes advice as to some plan that will be of interest to the members at the meetings. We have already spoken regarding this matter. A nice program for a literary or social meeting consists of games, recitations, essays, short talks on great events that are happening in our country. Occasional light refreshments would be a great inducement for a large attendance. We are, however, hardly in a position to state what kind of a program the members would like. OLYMPIA COMPANY, No. 35, Emporia, Kans., writes that the company is now in fine condition, having nine members, and three candidates for membership. Its meetings are held every Friday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock. All the members will attend a banquet at the home of the captain, and they expect to have a splendid time. STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us its 48th regular report, from which we note that very pleasant social times are held at its meetings which, of course, attract a large number of members. The secretary is in favor of celebrating AMERICAN BOY DAY at the Jamestown Exposition in 1907. THORSBY NATURALIST AND ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 4, Thorsby, Ala., has a new company counsel and expects to have a prosperous season during the fall and winter months. The members gave an entertainment at the home of Private Norton, Oct. 31, and had a most enjoyable time. It has 11 members and $4.00 in the treasury. UNIVERSITY CITY COMPANY, No. 39, Bloomington, Ind., recently elected the following officers: Darby Scott, Capt.; Humphrey Barber, V. C.; Bert Beldon, Sec.; Carrol Oakes, Treas.; Day Robertson, Libn. Three new members were recently added, and the company is the possessor of a football and boxing gloves. U. S. ARMY COMPANY, No. 42, Ft. Riley, Kans., will have athletic suits for a basket ball team and for field days. They also expect to have a larger club room than they occupy at present, which would enable them to give entertainments. Its present club house is nicely furnished and holds a library of 57 books. W. J. BRYAN COMPANY, No. 39, Commerce, Texas, has at present 55 cents in the treasury, and expects to have four new members within a short time. The captain promises us a picture of the members. He wishes that other companies would write to him regarding what they are doing and accomplishing. OJIBWAYS COMPANY, No. 58, Yonkers, N. Y. This company is much interested in boating, and intends building a large float upon which to erect a club house. It possesses the best fleet of small boats in Yonkers. Its fleet numbers 10, with sloops and cat boats. The members are looking forward to having a bicycle tour to New York City. They expect to have 25 bicyclists in line. The address of the secretary of the Stephen Decatur Company is: Harold B. Pratt, 569-a Halsey street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The secretary sends us a picture which shows the Yonkers Canoe Club and a number of the company's boats. We are sorry we cannot reproduce it in THE AMERICAN BOY.

(*Continued on page 68.*)



WM. PENN CO., NO. 61, O. A. B., JEANETTE, PA.
Jos. Miller, Capt., sits in the bottom row, at the right



To the Readers of The American Boy: I Wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—The Editor.

Senator Atkinson's Telegram

By F. B. Linton.



HIS telegram must be delivered before eight," said the delivery clerk, firmly.

"Well, I can't find Senator Atkinson and there ain't no use lookin' any more," replied messenger Number Ten, wrinkling his brow into a frown. "Number Eight couldn't find him neither."

"Charley Brown could find him," said the delivery clerk, confidently, noting that it was six-thirty by the clock. "But he is off at six."

Number Ten looked sullen.

"Were you up at the Senate?"

"Yep."

"And to the Arlington?"

"Yep."

"No one knows where he is?"

"Nope."

"Did you leave a notice?"

"Yep."

"Say," spoke up messenger Number Twelve, "Charley Brown is in the back of the office practising telegraphy. He does that every evening."

"Gee!" exclaimed Number Ten with disgust. "Catch me loafin' around here when my time is up!"

"Well, I should say!" put in Number Eight.

The delivery clerk rang Number Five's bell.

Charley Brown appeared from the rear of the office.

"Here, Charley," said the delivery clerk, "I've a rush message for Senator Atkinson. It must be delivered to him personally and to no one else—not even his secretary."

Charley looked significantly at the clock.

"Yes, I know, Charley, you're off; but the Senator must have this message before eight. It is very important. None of the other boys can find him."

"All right; I'll take it."

"Don't come back until you find him, and get it to him quick."

Charley took the message and hurried out.

Two minutes later he leaned his wheel against the curbing and entered the Arlington Hotel where he knew Senator Atkinson lived while in Washington.

"The Senator has not been in this afternoon," said the hotel clerk. "His secretary is not here either. The senate has adjourned, but he may be in his committee room at the Capitol."

Charley nodded and turned to go.

"You can leave his message here. I will sign for it," volunteered the clerk.

"No, I can't. Good-bye."

As Charley wheeled along broad Pennsylvania avenue, he defied speed limit laws and in an incredible short time covered the mile and a half between the Arlington Hotel and the Capitol. Through the long halls of the Capitol he hastened. He had carried hundreds of messages to Senator Atkinson and he went directly to his committee room. Charley was informed that the Senator left ten minutes ago. No one knew certainly, but the committee clerk supposed he had gone to his hotel.

"Back to the Arlington," said Charley, hurrying to his wheel.

Six minutes later he again accosted the Arlington Hotel clerk.

"The Senator has not come in yet," said the clerk, "but his secretary is here now."

"Which room?"

"Number 405. Take the elevator."

Charley was in the elevator before the clerk finished speaking. "Fourth floor, quick," he said.

The elevator boy looked at him contemptuously. "What's the rush?"

"I'm in a hurry."

"I'm not."

"Good-bye." Before the astonished elevator boy could answer, Charley was half way up the first flight of stairs.

All out of breath, he knocked at the door of 405.

"An important message for Senator Atkinson," he explained to the secretary who opened the door.

"All right. Leave it with me."

"No; I must deliver it to him."

"But I receive all his messages; you ought to know that."

"This is different. I must give it to him and to no one else—not even his secretary," replied Charley, repeating the instructions of the delivery clerk.

"Well, he is not here."

"Where's is he?"

"I don't know. You are crazy, boy. Give me that message. I must have it. I can attend to it or give it to the Senator when he returns. Give it to me, I say," and he advanced towards Charley as though to take it by force.

Charley backed out the door. "I can't do it. I must find him."

"You cannot get to him. He is having a conference with the President. He will not be here for some time."

"Then I will give it to him there." Charley did not wait for the elevator but went down three stairs at a time.

He mounted his wheel, sped past Lafayette Park, across Pennsylvania avenue, and into the driveway that leads to the White House. He entered the executive offices which are on the west side.

"I want to give a message to Senator Atkinson," he said to the doorkeeper.

"See the clerk," replied the doorkeeper motioning for him to enter.

Charley repeated his business to the clerk.

"The President cannot be interrupted," replied that dignitary, coldly. "Take the message to the Senator's hotel."

"I have been to the hotel. The message is important and must be delivered quick."

"The Senator will soon be through talking with the President."

"He may not go directly to the hotel, and he must have the telegram before eight," Charley edged towards the door leading to the President's office.

"Boy, you cannot go in there," said the clerk, sternly.

"This message may be about what the Senator and the President are talking about," suggested Charley.

The clerk had not thought of that.

"Well, give me the message and I will see what I can do."

Charley hesitated. "I'd rather take it to him myself."

"I tell you once again and for all that you cannot go into that office."

"Take it then." Charley handed him the telegram with reluctance.

The clerk held a short conference with one of the President's secretaries in an adjoining office. The secretary after some protest took the message into the President's office. A moment later he came out and returned the message to the clerk.

"The Senator left by the other door about ten minutes ago," he reported.

The clerk handed the message to Charley.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Charley. It is only twenty minutes until eight! I wonder where he went."

The clerk smiled at his perplexity. "I dont' know. Chase after him," he replied, laughing.

"Say," said Charley, eagerly, "please ask the President where the Senator went; maybe he knows."

The clerk looked at him in amazement. "Get out of here!" he exclaimed.

"Please ask the President," pleaded Charley.

"Ask the President what?" inquired a hearty voice, as the door of the private office opened. Charley, looking that way, saw the broad smile of the President.

The clerk made a deprecating gesture disclaiming all responsibility for the situation.

The President gave Charley a kindly slap on the back. "What is it, my boy? What can I do for you?"

"I want to find Senator Atkinson, quick. I've a rush message for him. Can you tell me where he went from here?" Charley looked up at him eagerly.

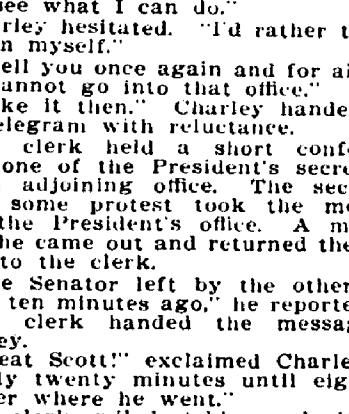
"Certainly, my boy; he went from here directly to the residence of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Do you know where that is?"

"Sure." And Charley rushed for his wheel so quickly he did not see the approving smile that followed him.

When Charley arrived at the Speaker's house on Vermont avenue, he was again too late. The Senator had driven away a few minutes before. Charley could not learn where he had gone.

"This is the worst luck I ever had," muttered Charley, with a wry face. "This message's got to be delivered by eight. It's ten minutes to eight now, and no tellin' where he's gone."

The Arlington Hotel was only a block away and he hastened there. The Senator had not come in. As Charley was



walking disconsolately to the door, he met a newspaper correspondent who knew him well.

"Why so blue, my messenger boy? You are usually too gay," said the newspaper man.

"I've got to find Senator Atkinson in six minutes and I don't know where to look for him," replied Charley, from the door.

"One good turn deserves another. You have helped me many times; now I will help you. I saw the Senator at the Speaker's house a few minutes ago. He told me confidentially that he will leave for New York over the P. R. R. at eight o'clock—remember, my boy, confidential—I know I can trust you."

Charley did not hear the last remark. He was spinning down Pennsylvania avenue as fast as he could make his wheel go. It was fully a mile to the station and he had only five minutes. The station was crowded and it seemed an age to Charley before he could squirm into the line near the gate leading to the train shed. When at last he was through, he made a dash for the New York train which stood on a nearby track. In the second Pullman, as the train started, he found the Senator.

The Senator hastily tore open the envelope and read the telegram.

His face whitened. "I was walking right into their trap!" he exclaimed. "I must not leave Washington now."

"Hurry then, Senator," said Charley. "She's going."

Charley grabbed the Senator's satchel and they rushed to the door.

When they were safe in the station, Charley handed the Senator his satchel. The Senator handed him a five-dollar bill.

"How did you find me, boy?"

Briefly Charley told him, leaving out his meeting with the newspaper correspondent.

The Senator took out his note book and recorded Charley's name and address.

"You will hear from me again, my boy," he said. "Good night."

Charley wheeled back to the office, reported the delivery of the message, and took up his telegraph practice.

Taft Wins Prizes

Robert Alphonso Taft, of Washington, D. C., the son of Secretary of War Taft, was awarded two of the prizes for entrance examinations at Yale.

Young Taft prepared for college at Taft school in Watertown, which is owned by Horace D. Taft, a brother of the secretary. The official announcement of the awards was published in the Yale Bulletin, and is as follows:

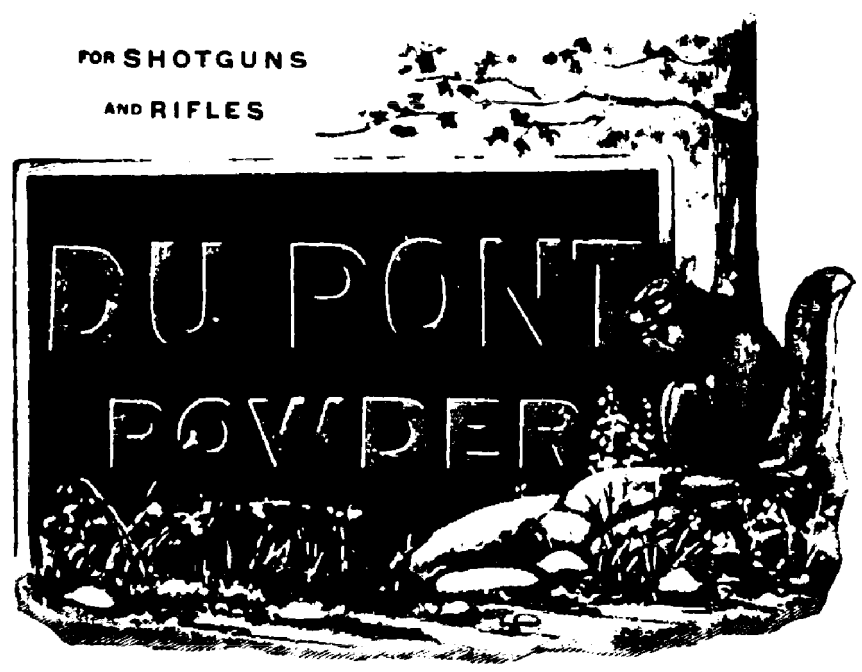
The Hugh Chamberlain prize for the best entrance examination in Greek has been divided between Robert Alphonso Taft of Washington, D. C., and Thomas Lason Riggs of Washington, D. C., who prepared at the Westminster school of Simsbury, Conn.

Honorable mention is made of Charles Raymond Bentley of Rochester, N. Y., who prepared at the Rochester high school.

The Samuel Henry Galpin Latin prize for best examination in Latin for admission to Yale college is divided between Samuel Michael Cohen of Hartford, Conn., who prepared at the Hartford high school, and Robert A. Taft of Washington.

In the list of honors for the class of 1908, which have been given out at Yale Charles Seymour, the son of Professor T. D. Seymour, received a philosophical oration, the highest rank awarded to the members of the junior class.

Seymour was manager of his freshman crew and in line to manage his varsity in his senior year. L. W. Perrin, son of Professor Bernadotte Perrin, received an appointment of first disputant as did Dray, the pole vaulter. Riglow the tackle, Overall the end and Ide the oarsman received first colloquy appointments.







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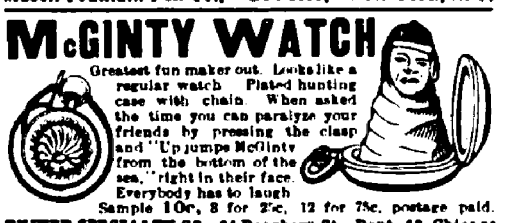
McGINTY WATCH



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Catapult Bean Shooter, Box of Paints with Brush, Cameo Finger Ring, False Mustache. Address, IDEAL TOY CO., Providence, R. I.

Mention The American Boy When Answering Advertisements



In the Black Growth.

By Agnes Barden.

"WHAT happened to him?" queried Rand curiously, as the half-breed silently received his ammunition and left the trading post.

"That's Ba'tiste," volunteered the agent. "He hasn't been here for months, and we had about concluded that he had hit the long trail with the others. It's been a bad thing for the post," he reflected gloomily, blocking the doorway with his burly form to watch the half-breed out of sight. "He's headed again for the Black Growth. I hope he'll get his vengeance this time," and the vindictiveness of the agent's growl awakened the boys' liveliest interest.

Rand and Bob McGonagle, two young but successful Scotch trappers, had reached the trading post the night before, purposing to set out from there with fresh supplies and work their way into the richer fur region north of the post for the fall catch. Scenting an incident out of "the usual from the scarred face" of the half-breed and the allusions of the agent, they questioned him and learned the chapter of accidents with which every hunter, trapper, and settler of the region was familiar, and which had caused a serious loss of pelts to the post.

It seems that the former agent of the trading post had kept a tame bear which had been brought in when a cub, and had grown up amid the frontier life playful and full of mischief, but with never a hint of viciousness till after she was full grown, when she had suddenly "gone bad," and that without a sign of warning.

Late one afternoon some fur traders had come in to find the agent unconscious on the floor with his gun beside him. He was terribly mauled and died two days afterwards, but not before making known how the bear had suddenly set upon him from behind with cunning malice. He had managed to reach his gun and had shot the beast, breaking her foreleg and inflicting several flesh wounds which but added to her fury, but in his crippled condition he had been unable to withstand her repeated attacks and had been beaten down, the bear escaping to the woods.

That had been two years ago, and soon after stories were adrift of a bear-devil, as the superstitious Frenchmen termed it, a huge creature that looked as no other bear had ever looked, that was abroad all winter, that habitually walked upright like a man, and possessed a malicious cunning which bordered on the supernatural.

Hunters and trappers had strange tales to tell when they met at the post—tales of narrow escapes, of robbed traps and loss of furs, of many an accident or the death of a comrade, received in ominous silence by the little company of hardy men, for a veritable reign of fear had settled down over this broad tract of the northern wilderness.

For was there not something diabolical in the great hulking beast which was proof against the combined arts and strategies of the long experienced hunters of the post?

Jaques, the best hunter north of the Mirimichi, was on the bear's trail. He sat down to eat his spare meal of jerked meat in broad daylight when "it" had stolen noiselessly up behind the tree against which the hunter had set his back, and with one blow had broken his neck.

Two trappers had been talking beside their blazing camp-fire, when the bear had charged into the circle of light and only their agility had saved them; they fled in frantic terror, spending the cold night in violent exercise or miserably huddled among the thick branches of a pine, leaving the bear in possession of their camp and supper.

Jo Brissette, the bear hunter, whose score had tallied into the nineties, had crawled into the post with a broken arm and marks of the brute's savageness deep upon him which he would bear throughout his life.

By the second season the bear had taken up her range among the low, rocky hills and the beaver meadows covered with spruce and hemlock, known as the Black Growth, a tract lying off to the far northwest of the post, and accounted the richest fur belt of the region.

Here the bear had proved a scourge—and the agent's wrath waxed hot as he told of the brute's depredations and how the superstitious Frenchmen had avoided the region as they would a pestilence, believing that certain death awaited any who should brave those solitudes. Ba'tiste and his brother Michel had been the last to enter there. Within a month Ba'tiste had staggered back alone, his scalp and one side of his face torn to shreds, the price of fearlessness and dogged courage. Always taciturn, a brooding silence now pervaded the half-breed, and no one dared to question him. Michel was dead, he had told them with a sullen fire in his eye, and he had waited with the patience of the Indian till his wounds had healed, and now for seven long months he had hunted in the Black Growth for his enemy.

"Tomorrow," said Rand, when the agent was fastening up for the night, "we set out for the Black Growth."

"Just what I was going to propose," acquiesced Bob heartily. "If superstition has driven the French trappers out of the region—why, it's pure luck, Rand!"

"And so," said Rand, as they were hard at work cutting logs for their winter camp, "here we are in the Black Growth. Have you seen anything that resembled a bear-devil, Bob?"

"Not I," grunted Bob. "Don't believe there's any such thing!"

"Nor I," acceded Rand cheerfully. "'Twas kind of queer, though, what did chew up those men," he added thoughtfully. "But if I was going to select a haunt for such a creature I'd take this, every time. The everlasting gloom and green-blackness of these firs plays the deuce with your eyesight, and kind of gets on your nerves when you are alone. Yesterday when I was over in the crooked beaver meadow setting traps I felt queer all the time I was there, just as though something was watching."

"Probably there was," interposed Bob. "Maybe a wild-cat; their green eyes bore into you the hardest of anything I know."

"Yes," assented Rand, "probably it was. But honestly, Bob, I glanced up once and I thought I saw just such a bear as the agent described, walking erect among the spruces on the ridge. That's what imagination and the dim light of this woods does for you!"

"Didn't find any tracks?" questioned Bob, interestedly. "If we could trap a few bears their pelts would count up."

"Huh! I was too busy to fool round up on that ridge," declared Rand with hasty conviction.

Within a fortnight the young trappers were well settled; their snug log camp was finished and banked and chinked against the cold; their traps were all out, and as the season advanced they had cause to be well content with the unusual number and prime quality of the pelts taken.

It was with the first light fall of snow that one night as they were cooking their supper the camp door was pushed open and the half-breed Ba'tiste entered silently, and without a word crouched down beside the fire.

The boys glanced uneasily at each other. There was something sinister in the coming of their stealthy visitor, inevitably as they knew his presence to presage that of the rogue bear. Had he tracked the beast hither? Was it somewhere outside in the blackness and the falling snow? With the evidence of its uncanny ferocity in the scarred face of the half-breed before them, the supposition was gruesome in the extreme.

Bob essayed to talk with the hunter, but as his friendly advances were met by an unbroken silence he was forced to give up the attempt. When supper was ready they placed a generous portion before their strange guest, who ate as though famishing, and then wrapping himself in his blanket he lay down beside the fire, and when the boys awoke in the gray light of the following morning he had disappeared, as unexpectedly as he had come.

"Well, if I was in that bear's place I'd be mighty uncomfortable with that Indian dogging my tracks!" Rand exclaimed, as he rolled out from under the furs of his bunk.

"She seems capable of taking care of herself," observed Bob, dryly, as he heaped the fire. "It's a grand day for a hunt with this light snow on the ground. We'll get the trap round out of the way this morning," and in the strenuous daylight their half-defined fears of the night were forgotten.

The clouds hung low and it snowed in spits all day and late in the afternoon the wind arose and the threatened storm set in in earnest. Darkness descended on the thick spruces before the boys reached camp, and Rand shut and barred the door behind them with a great breath of relief, while Bob shook himself impatiently, as if to throw off a disagreeable impression.

"There is no use in keeping such a tight mouth; you might just as well speak out what we both know," Rand said deliberately, watching his brother light the fire. "If I ever was glad to reach shelter it was tonight! You know that we have been trailed all day, Bob; but by what, that's the question. I never heard a sound nor saw a thing, did you? But something was there, following, just the same; and in the dark out there by the big hemlocks it got pretty near, Bob."

Bob's only reply was a grunt.

"By Jove," cried Rand impatiently, "you're growing about as sociable as Ba'tiste! Are you afraid 'it' will hear your remarks and lay them up against you?" tauntingly.

Bob shivered and glanced at the door as a blast of wind shook the cabin and fled shrieking through the forest.

"Something rubbed against the back of the cabin, then," Rand observed calmly, as a piece of clay fell from a chink to the floor. "Is that a star or an eye that is peering in at the crack, Bob?"

"Hold your yap! You talk like an old woman," growled Bob, impatiently. "Let's have some of that venison, for I am as hungry as a wolf. You fix that.



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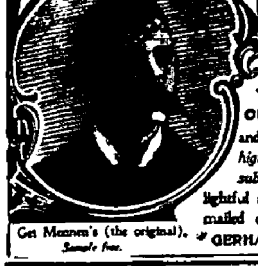

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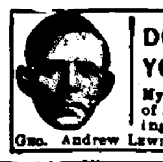

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THE BOYS KNEW THAT THE LONG WEARY VENGEANCE TRAIL OF THE HALF-BREED WAS ENDED

and I'll get in the wood," and seeing that his brother was really growing angry at his half-joking remarks, Rand willingly set about cooking their evening meal, while Bob unbarred the door and stepped out into the night to fill his arms from the woodpile close by.

Suddenly Rand heard a shriek of fear, and Bob dashed in and threw his weight against the door, shouting wildly.

"Hold it! Fasten it!" trying frantically to adjust the bar with shaking hands.

Rand dropped the meat he held, but before he could spring to his brother's assistance the door was sent spinning with one powerful blow from without, landing on the top of Bob at the other side of the camp; and there in the narrow doorway upreared the terror of the Black Growth.

Rand gave one look and with a leap headed for the rude log chimney as the only accessible place of concealment, scrambling high up out of reach as he heard the bear shamble forward into the cabin.

Seeing that the coast was clean of hated human beings the hungry bear, attracted by the smell of the meat, made towards the haunch of fresh venison from which Rand had been cutting steaks, and began to devour it eagerly, with hoarse gutturals of satisfaction.

Bob peered out from beneath the fallen door in consternation at the predicament in which he found himself.

"I've got to get out of here before she's through eating," he thought, "or I'll be smashed flat. I know now that the stories about her are no myths," bitterly; watching in fascination as the bear pricked up her ears at a sound from without and her wicked little red eyes roamed around the cabin.

"I don't dare to make a dash for it. If I could only edge along under cover," and hoping that the bear's scrunchings would drown any noise made, Bob ventured to crawl slowly and cautiously, inch by inch, over the hard earth-trodden floor, bearing the door along on top of him.

Twice the great beast stopped her hasty gluttoning to turn towards the scraping sound, but Bob had his eye on her and lay motionless till the meat again engrossed her attention, and then moved forward with redoubled caution.

He was within a few feet of the door and had just decided to hurl off the planks and make a desperate attempt to escape in the darkness, when he heard a whispered "Bob," and knew that Rand was standing just outside, watching his progress.

"We'll pen him in, Bob, pen-him-in," he hissed under his breath.

Bob understood the plan, and a thrill of exultation swept over him at the thought of foiling the great, hulking beast, which else would be certain to drive them out of the forest.

He crawled as far as the plank door would let him go.

"When I say h'ist, jump up and I'll grab hold," came the whispered order, excitedly.

Bob raised himself a trifle and gathered his muscles for a leap.

"H'ist!"

There was a wild scramble. Bob sprang upright, clutching the door; Rand caught at one side and they hauled it quickly into place, grasping the stout cross-piece on its outer side to hold it there, just as the bear hurtled across the cabin, roaring with rage at being trapped, and clawing to get out.

"Let her ramp! We've got her!" shouted Rand exultingly, carried away by his excitement. "The door opens inward and she can't get out."

"We've got her," echoed Bob, with immense relief.

But the boys had miscalculated the bear's strength and cunning.

The angry mutterings had now ceased and they could hear her moving investigatingly around inside.

"She's planning mischief," Bob said uneasily. "If we only had our guns out here!"

Suddenly the whole front side of the cabin shook with the force of the bear's exerted strength. There was a mighty uplift at one corner; a log was forced upward from its joint and fell outward, swinging loose; another followed, and the savage head appeared in the aperture.

"Run! A tree!" yelled Rand, aghast.

A grunt of intense satisfaction sounded behind them, and both of the young trappers whirled to face this new invader of their solitude.

There stood scarred Ba'tiste, his rifle at his shoulder, and as the echo of his shot died away, the boys knew that the long, weary vengeance trail of the half-breed was ended.

The Power of Industry

By Maj.-Gen. William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated.

Nothing succeeds like industry, joined with honesty. That may be accepted as a rule to which there are few exceptions.

It is true, of course, that a young man may have powerful relatives or friends who can place him in an advantageous position, who can hold him there, or obtain for him promotion involving increased advantage and income, and who under ordinary circumstances may insure him a high degree of prosperity while they live or their influence survives.

But if the extraordinary condition arises, if that influence be withdrawn, and the young man be thrown suddenly upon his own mental and moral resources, he may or may not fall. If he has been supported entirely by the influence to which he owed his original good fortune, if he has not developed qualities of decision, self-reliance, and industry, he is likely to go to pieces.

The cases are not numerous in which influence alone has been able to insure a successful career for any man to the very end, and the power of influence, or pull, so called, bears no comparison with that of push.

The young man with honesty, capability, and industry enjoys power of his own, power that is developed and strengthened with use or exercise. It is impossible for any great enterprise to exist without that kind of man, and such a person always is in demand.

He may have some difficulty in obtaining the necessary start; he may have to do much toward creating his own opportunity.

The young man who has opportunity provided for him enjoys that much advantage; other things being equal, he may be said to enjoy a permanent opportunity. Influence is, therefore, a consideration of value not to be under-estimated. But it is unreasonable to think that it can ever take the place of industry and enterprise.

The old Roman proverb had it that "labor conquers all things," labor being another name for industry. That is as true now as it ever was, and in a society like ours, under the institutions that we enjoy, it is truer than it ever was.

A man may "enjoy" a great deal of prosperity through "pull" alone; but through that alone he can accomplish little or nothing for his own real permanent good or for the good of the community. Push, or industry, is indispensable to progress. It is essential to the accomplishment of great and useful things.

If a young man contemplates a career in which he aspires to be useful, push, that is to say, industry, is the quality, along with honesty, which he must cultivate with the most earnest devotion. "Pull" is at best a precarious support to lean on.—Boston Globe.

Boys' Books Reviewed

THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1906 AT ATHENS, edited by J. E. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan was U. S. Commissioner to the Olympic Games, and his book is filled with most interesting matter concerning these celebrated contests. In addition to giving complete records of the games held this year, it contains over 100 pictures, including the various events, scenes in Athens, portraits of members of the Greek royal family, officials, and the contestants from America and other countries. There is also a record of the games of 1896, 1900 and 1904, a history of the Olympic games, and a description of the Stadum, said to be the most remarkable athletic structure ever built. Paper cover. Price 10 cents. American Sports Publishing Co.

THE MOST POPULAR HOME SONGS, selected and arranged by Gilbert Clifford Noble. The songs here given are those which are familiar to everyone. The compiler has in addition given some familiar hymns, as well as a few old songs of other nations. In all there are about 140 songs from which old and young can spend many delightful evenings. The cover page has a fine picture of a cosy fireside, just the place for the singing of these old favorites. Paper cover. Price 50 cts. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge.

SPALDING'S OFFICIAL FOOTBALL GUIDE FOR 1906, edited by Walter Camp. Football enthusiasts will find this book a regular encyclopedia. There are reviews of the past season from all important sections of the country; list of All-American teams for the last seventeen years; scores made by all leading colleges and athletic teams, and schedules and list of captains for 1906. The alterations in the rules of the game recently made by the Football Rules Committee, as well as the complete laws of the game, are fully set forth. In addition there are illustrations showing almost every important team in the country. Price 10 cts. postpaid. The American Sports Publishing Co.

RED CAP TALES, stolen from the Treasure Chest of the Wizard of the North, which theft is humbly acknowledged by S. R. Crockett. The reason or excuse for the theft was as the author explains: "Four children would not read Scott, so I told them these stories—and others—to lure them to the printed book, much as carrots are dangled before the nose of the reluctant donkey." The result was that Scott was read with enthusiasm. This book consists of stories told from Waverly, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy and The Antiquary, with frequent stops while the children discuss and comment on what has been read. It is a delightful volume for both old and young and the splendid illustrations in color by S. H. Vedder bring out the spirit of the tales and add to the book's attractiveness. In neat covers, good paper and clean type. Over 400 pages. Price $2.00 net. The Macmillan Co.







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IKEY ROSENSTEIN'S CHRISTMAS



By CHARLES ROGERS BOURNE



'TWAS the night before Christmas. The streets were filled with people hurrying homeward with their bundles of presents, as Ikey wandered slowly up Broadway, gazing with longing eyes at the display in the brilliantly lighted shops. Finally, he reached Macy's corner and stood spellbound looking at the moving panorama in the windows. Hour after hour he stood there; unheeded by the passing throng; unmindful of cold or hunger—fascinated—entranced; his eyes lighted up with rapture at the wonderful sight, as he muttered to himself: "I'd like ter buy der horses fer brudder Jakey, und der dolls fer little sister Rosey. Mein gootness; vould n't dey be happy. Und somet'ings fer fader und mudder, but, I got no monies. Vell, ain't id nice? Ikey, youse has had a fine time."

The snow began to fall softly but steadily; enveloping in a mantle of white roofs, sidewalks and street pavements. The little boy took no heed; he was in a fairyland of delight; no such sight had ever come before his vision; he was oblivious to his surroundings. Just as the Christmas chimes were ringing, and the clock was striking the hour of midnight from a distant church, the lights in the windows went out, the curtains were drawn down and fairyland vanished.



THE LITTLE FELLOW DREAMED OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS HE HAD SEEN

Then, Ikey began to feel cold and hungry; he was lonesome, and looking around was frightened; he was in a strange part of the city, and knew that he was lost. He burst into tears, sobbing for his mother, and walked along 'till he came to the stairway of the "L" station; then, overcome by sleep sought shelter from the wind and snow. He sank wearily down on the lower step and fell asleep; and as the little fellow dreamed of the wonderful things he had seen, he smiled.

Patrolman Patrick Rooney, just off duty, on his way home from the station house, was walking rapidly to keep warm, and, as he passed the "L" station glanced casually in that direction and saw a bundle lying at the foot of the steps. He stepped forward and stooping lifted it from the ground and discovered a little boy, stiff and cold, half covered with drifting snow, but sleeping tranquilly.

Rooney unbuttoned his great coat, covered the inanimate form, then went on his way carrying Ikey, and soliloquizing: "Shure, Ol'll take th' kid to me home an' let Bridget an' th' childer give him a bit uv Christmus; that Oi will. Thin O'll take him to th' station an' thry an find his fr'en's. 'T is too late to take him there, now, if Oi want anny Christmus meself."

When he reached his flat in West Thirty-third street, he found his wife busily engaged trimming a small tree which stood in the parlor, and arranging the presents for the children. She looked up as he entered, and exclaimed: "Eh, Pat, dear, w'at have ye got there?

"Shure, 't is a little lad Oi found slapin' in th' snow, Biddy."

"Och, th' poor darlin'," said Bridget, taking Ikey in her arms, and coddling him. Shure, its a Sheeny bye, Pat?"

"Is thot so?" answered her husband. "Sheeny or not, we'll give him a good Christmus annyway. 'T is th' fust one he iver had, Ol'll bet me boots."

Just then, Ikey opened his eyes and gazed sleepily at Bridget, and muttered: "Mudder, Ikey's hungry," then, seeing the two strange faces, began to cry. Bridget snuggled him up to her motherly bosom soothingly, and patting him, said: "Hush, me little bye, we'll not hurt ye, Ol'll get ye both somethin' to ate. Come to th' kitchen, Pat."

When Ikey had satisfied his hunger, with two large bowls of bread and milk, Bridget asked him his name.

"Ikey Rosenstein," he replied.

"W'at strate do ye live in?"

"In Ludlow street. Me an' fader an' mudder, Rosey, Rebecca, an' Jakey, lives dere," he answered.

"Be th' powers, 't is a long way ye've wandered, me little man," Pat remarked. "Wull, Biddy put him to bed wit' Patsey an' little Moike. Oi'll find his folks this day an' give thim a Christmus prisint uv th' lad."

Ikey fell at once into a sound sleep. Pat and Bridget hung up an extra stocking at the foot of the bed, filled with candies, cakes, nuts, a banana and a big orange, and Bridget remarked: "Pat, darlin'," we'll be afther givin' th' little bye a prisint or two on th' three. Shure, 't is th' fust Christmus th' poor child iver had."

"All right, Biddy, mavourneen, do as ye wish."

At six o'clock the Rooney children woke up: Patsey, aged twelve; Mary Ann, ten; Mike, eight, and Katie, six. They scrambled out of bed to get the stockings of goodies that Santa Claus had brought, shouting: "Merry Christmas," to each other.

As Patsey and Mike climbed back into bed, Patsey discovered their bedfellow, and exclaimed: "Hey, kids, ther's a bye in me bed!"

"Patsey, d'yer t'ink Santy Claus bro't him?" said Mary Ann.

"Oi dunno," answered her brother. "Oi'll wake him up an' find out w'ere he come from."

He yelled in Ikey's ear: "Merry Christmus," and shook him, hard. Ikey sat up; looked around the room, rubbing his eyes, then at the four children, an' cried: "Mudder, mudder. I vant me mudder. Come to Ikey, mudder!"

"Shut up yer mout'," said Patsey, "Nobody'll hurt ye. W'ere'd ye come from annyway? Did Santy Claus bring ye?"

Ikey stopped crying and answered: "Me dunno 'bout no Santy Klos, vat is idt? Me name's Ikey Rosenstein, und me vants me mudder und me fader. Boo-hoo-boo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

"Kids, dis here bye's a Sheeney. Ikey, Ikey, yer a sheeney. Sheeney Ike," yelled Patsey.

"Me ain't no sheeney. Me's a Jew, no sheeney. A sheeney's a tief, me no tief. Mudder, oh, mudder!" Ikey answered, between his sobs.

Bridget, wakened by the hubbub, came running in; slapped Patsey over the head, saying, "Patsey, stop yer n'ise, an' stop callin' th' bye names, or, Ol'll have yer fayther give ye a lickin'. Shure, it is Christmus marnin'. Yer popper bro't th' little lad home, to spend th' day wit' yez, now, be good. Give Ikey his stockin', an' wish him a Merry Christmus, childer."

"All right, mudder," said Pat, Jr., as he handed the other boy the stocking of goodies. "Ol'll be nice to him. Merry Christmus, Ikey."

The other children also, wished him "A Merry Christmus." And as he viewed the contents of the stocking, he asked: "Am all dese fer me?"

"Yis," answered Bridget, "they're all fer ye. Its Christmus marnin' an' Santy Claus lef' a lot uv t'ings to all ther' childer in th' city."

"T'ank yer, ma'am. Dese am lofely, und me t'anks Santy Klos, too," said Ikey, munching the candy.

After breakfast, Bridget, followed by Pat and the children, went to the parlor, where the Christmas tree was ablaze with lighted candles, and the tinsel trimmings shone like silver. The Rooney's, to whom the sight was familiar, went looking for their presents at the foot of the tree; but little Ikey Rosenstein stood in the doorway, transfixed with amazement; delight depicted on his face; his eyes shone like diamonds, and he exclaimed, rapturously: "Oh, my, how pritty! Did Santy Klos bring dot dree? Me vishes dot mein mudder und fader, und mein bruder und sisters vos here. Mein gootness, ain't id nice?"

"Yis, Ikey," Bridget replied, "Santy Claus bro't that tree, an' here's a bundle marked wit' yer name. See w'at's in it?"

Ikey unwrapped the package and disclosed a woolly sheep: "Baa-baa, ba-a, ba-a, ba-a, ba-a," it bleated, when a string was pulled.

"Ach," said the boy, "look adt mein scheeps?" and handed it to Mary Ann and Katie to admire; while he admired their dolls.

"Nother prisint for ye, Ikey," said Patsey, holding up a pair of warm woolen mittens.

"A Kissmus card fer yer," Katie announced.

"An' here's a little gun," said Mary Ann; while Mickey gave him a tin horse and wagon.

"T'anks to yer, mein fr'ents," returned Ikey, as he accepted his good fortune, smilingly. "Me'll always t'ink uv dis day."

But the little nine-year-old Jew could not understand what all the celebration was for, and turning to Bridget asked: "W'y fer hafe yer drees and bresents und sooch t'ings? Is idt Santy Klos's birt'day, ma'am?"

"Shure, me little bye, come set on me lap an' Ol'll tell ye th' story."

So, Ikey climbed up on her knee, and she told him the wondrous, old, old story of the Christ-Child.—the Babe born in a manger, in Bethlehem of Judea, nineteen hundred years ago.

With mouth and ears open, and with eyes distended he gazed at Bridget; then when she had finished, said: "Missus, den dis Krismus is Jesus Christ's birt'day. Vell, me mus' tell mein mudder und mein fader, 'bout dis t'ing,—und den us'll have Krismus, too."

"Bless th' lad," exclaimed Bridget, "D'ye hear th' bye, Pat, dear? Shure, he'll be a bit uv a Christian yit, instid uv a haythan Jew. Be th' Saints, Ol'll pray thot th' Holy Mother Church, will receive him very soon."

"But, missus, vat is Santy Klos?" the boy inquired.

"Come to me, me lad," said Rooney, "an' Ol'll till ye 'bout ould Santy Claus an' th' reindeer," and as the other children gathered around him, he continued: "Shure, Santy Claus is an ould, ould man, 'bout five fut tall, fat an' jolly, wit' a long w'ite beard r'achin' to his knees. He goes all over th' worl' Christmus Eve, drivin' eight reindeer before a big sled loaded wit' threes an' prisints fer th' good little byes an' gurls. Whin he gits to a house w'ere ther' are childer, he drives his sleigh up on th' roof, an' thin climbs down th' chimbly. If ther' ain't no fireplace in th' house he goes thro' a winder. He thin fills all th' stockins' an' fixes th' three an' l'aves th' prisints. Whin 't is all done, thin he drives away to his home at th' North Pole, an' stays ther' makin' up his manny prisints, until th' nex' Christmus comes 'long. So, yes see, me childer, thot's th' sthory uv our ould fri'nd, Santy Claus."

"T'ank yer, Mr. Pat," said Ikey. "But, if dere is nodt anny ice or schnow, vat dos Santy Klos ride in den, ven he cooms to der kinders houses?"

"Och, shure, he thin comes in a ortymobile, an' goes in thro' th' front door, instid uv th' chimbly, or winder."

"Ven me gets home, Mr. Pat, me'll tol' dot Santy Klos story to mein schwesters, Rosey und Rebecca und to mein brudder Jakey. Me vish Krismus coom ev'ry week in de year."

At noon, Patrolman Patrick Rooney walked into the station house of the Tenderloin district leading Ikey Rosenstein by the hand; in his other hand he carried the presents which Ikey had received, but the boy carried the precious sheep.

The policeman stated the case of his finding the boy, and about the Christmas tree. Captain O'Brien said, at the conclusion of the report: "Ye done just right, Rooney, to give th' kid a good time; but, there's a crazy lot of Sheenies been pesterin' th' detectives at headquarters, to know th' whereabouts of a little Jew, name of Ikey Rosenstein. Is this kid th' boy?"

"Yis, sor, it is," answered Rooney. "An' he wants his mother, poor bye, don't ye sonny?"

"Ach, yah, Mr. Pat," Ikey replied, "me vants mein mudder."

"Hello, hello, this is O'Brien," said the captain, as he picked up the receiver of the 'phone and called up Headquarters: "The Rosenstein boy is here; found by one of my men. Send his folks after him. Notify them at once, as th' kid wants to go home."

"All right, Captain," responded the Mulberry street man, "we'll attend to the matter. Good-bye."

A short time elapsed, then the door opened, and Abraham Rosenstein and wife entered the room. The boy saw them, and dropping his toys on the floor, ran to his mother, crying: "mudder, oh, mudder!" she gathered him up in her arms, and kissed him, murmuring: "Oh, Ikey, meine liebchen, let mudder hold you. Meine liebchen kinde," then, between her sobs of joy, said: "T'anks, shentlemen."

The father meanwhile, after kissing his child, gathered up the toys, then thanked the captain and Rooney for their kindness.

"Rachel," he said to his wife, "ve mus' be gettin' home."

"Manny t'anks, Mr. Pat, said Ikey, as he bid him good-bye. "Tell de kids dat Ikey had a lofely dime," then, turning to his parents continued: "Mudder and fader, see der scheeps und de odder t'ings dat Santy Klos bringed me, und lef' fer me at Jesus' Birt'day Party."

"Good-bye, Captain and Mister," said the Rosensteins.

As the three Jews walked out of the station house door, Pat Rooney turned to Captain O'Brien and remarked:

"Shure, Capt'n, th' little bye, do be afther inj'yin' his fust Christmus Day."



"LOOK ADT MEIN SCHEEPS"

Wronged

"Now, look here," said Mr. Woppsleigh addressing his ten-year-old son. "I'm going to make a few remarks to you and I want you to remember them. You're spending altogether too much money for candy and such trash and you've got to stop it.

"Look at your cousin Harry. There's a boy who is going to amount to something some day. He knows better than to hurry to the candy store or the ice cream works every time he gets a dime. He has learned the value of money. Do you know how much he has in the bank? His father told me this morning that he had saved up sixty-five dollars.

"And what have you done? By George, it's a shame! Here I've been paying you fifty cents a week for mowing the lawn, and I've given you money for pulling weeds and running errands, and I have no doubt that if we counted it up we'd find that you've been getting four dollars or five dollars a month all summer. If you had saved your money as Harry has saved his, you'd have a bigger bank account than he has. But what have you done? Spent every cent! You seem to be afraid that it'll burn a hole in your pocket if you don't rush away and squander it the minute you get a nickel. It's a shame the way you—"

"I don't, either, spend every cent I get," little Edward indignantly replied, "and I can't see why you always have to go and scold me the way you do for nothing. I guess Harry isn't the only one that saves money. Mother gave me a quarter for taking some cloth to the dressmaker yesterday afternoon and I've got four cents of it left! Blame it, you're always pickin' on me!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Little Eric's Troubles

There was something strange about Eric's actions. He had been out most of the day and looked tired. He ate very little supper, and was ready to go to bed early. All these things were noticed by his mother, who wondered what could be wrong.

"Are you sick, darling?" she asked, after a long silence.

"No."

"What?"

"No, ma'am; I ain't sick."

"Are you feeling a little bad, my boy?"

A long silence.

"Did anything go wrong with you today, pet?"

Perhaps it was the tender tone of her voice, or maybe the divining mother had hit upon the magic sesame that opens the secret doors to a heart full of woe. Whatever it was, a great big tear rose in his eye, that overflowed and ran down his cheek. Quickly brushing it away, as if ashamed, he knit his brows and glared. Presently, with an expression of a different sort upon his face, he said:

"I gave him a swipe in the nose I bet he will remember."

"Who?"

"Tommy Hardnut."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, you see, mamma, we wuz comin' down the road together on a run, an' Tommy Hardnut tripped me up. I didn't fall very hard, though—only skinned my knee a little—an' then I made for him. 'Fore I caught up he wuz 'way down the road, an' as I kem on him he turned roun' an' I gev him a roaster in the nose jes' like that—biff!" And Eric caught the blow in his left hand.

"What did he do then?" queried his mother.

But silence fell on the little fellow, and the tears were beginning to flow once more, when all of a sudden, with the courage of a true warrior, he straightened up and answered:

"He licked me."—Boston Globe.

The Cigarette Habit

The teacher of a public school in Chicago found that eighty of her scholars smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day. Six only of these boys were able to do good work in their classes. The victims of the cigarette habit confessed that they were suffering constantly from headache, drowsiness and dizziness.

Many declared they could not write well because their hands trembled. A number were "shaky" when they walked, and unable to run for any distance. They could not rouse themselves to meet the examination test. The teacher reported that they were sure to fail if asked to memorize anything. Several of the smokers were from four to five years too old for their grade, and it was found that after they began to smoke their progress ceased.

Except in three instances, the scholars hardest to discipline were smokers. Truancy and theft were directly traced to indulgence in the habit. Boys who had reformed and joined the Anti-Cigarette Society said they "felt like different boys." The power and perniciousness of the cigarette habit are revealed by this fresh testimony from a competent and careful observer.—Youth's Companion.

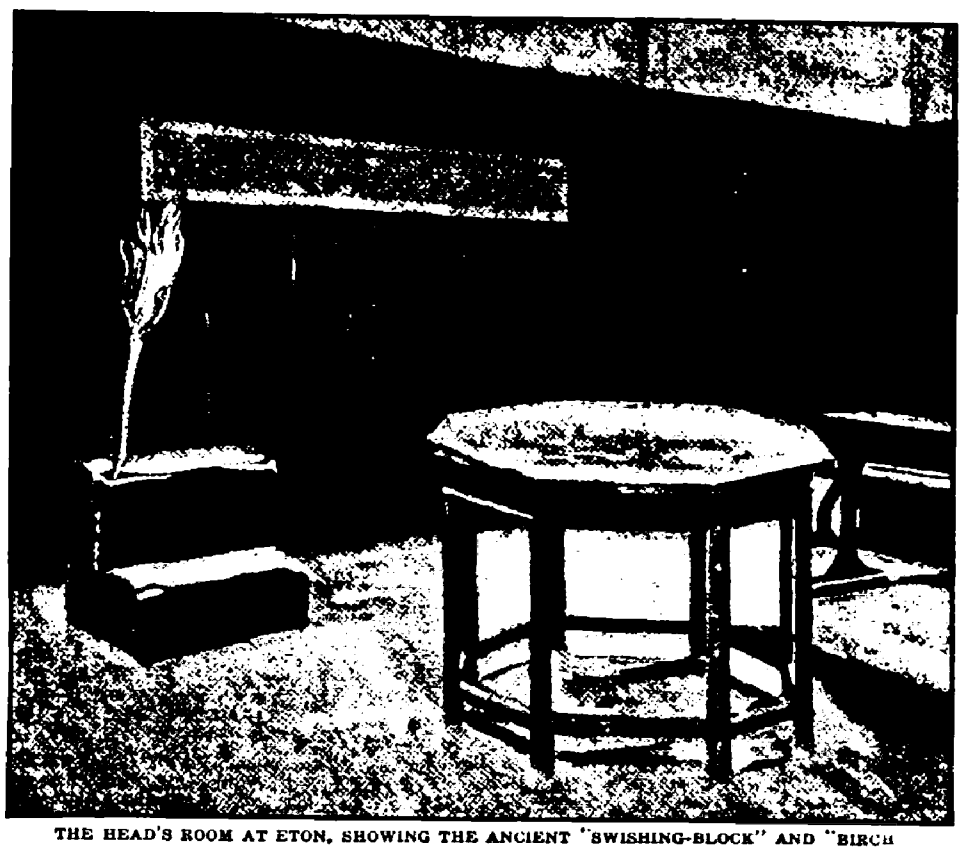
"Father, won't you buy me a watch?"

"What do you want a watch for, my boy?"

"I want to swop it with Billy Wiggins for one of his pups."

How Boys are Punished at the Chief Schools in England

By YORK HOPEWELL, B. A.



THE HEAD'S ROOM AT ETON, SHOWING THE ANCIENT "SWISHING-BLOCK" AND "BIRCH

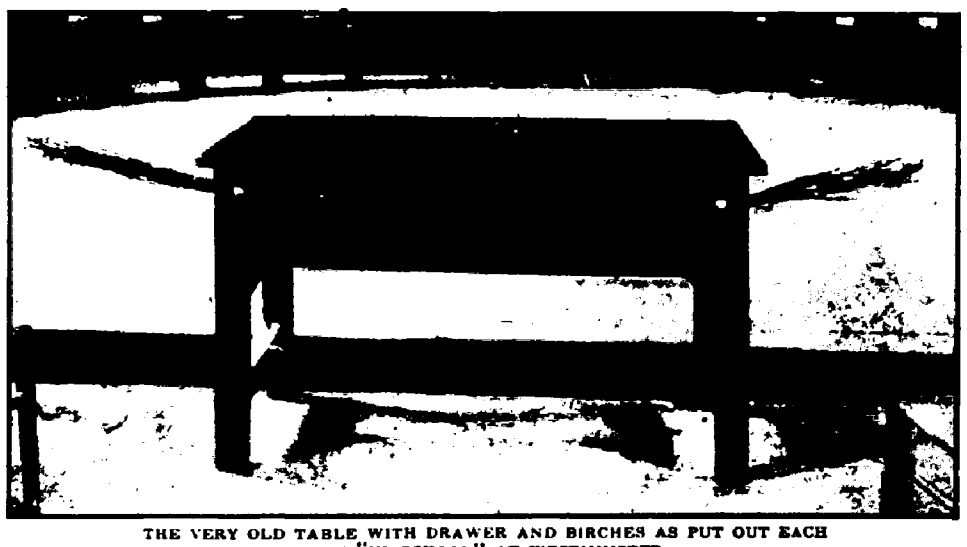
EVER SINCE the time when the renowned Jewish king laid down his celebrated maxim about "Sparing the rod," etc., there has always been a great and fascinating interest shown by the average boy as to what methods of punishment were in vogue at the seat of learning to which he was in due course to become attached. In English schools there has been no exception to this, though perhaps the thousands of youths who attend the elementary schools—whose mothers are so careful of the tender skins of their offspring as to absolutely object to any corporal punishment whatever, and to go with threatening voice and fist to attack the master who uses it to reform the hooligan instincts of certain juveniles!—may be allowed to constitute a class to themselves in the matter, even if a very large one.

It is quite true what one well-known authority recently said: "You may see the heir to a dukedom, or actually a duke himself, well thrashed at Eton by an annoyed monitor, who is only a schoolfellow after all, and nobody ever thinks of making the slightest remonstrance; but you must not expect to see the son of the village cobbler given even one stroke by the headmaster of the village school for outrageous conduct without also seeing enough stir made in the village to incline one to think that the Constitution had come to an end."

It cannot fail, then, to be interesting to learn how the various famous schools of our land punish their refractory or lazy boys, and so we propose to look into this matter for a little while. Turning first to Eton, we find that the ancient "swishing-block" and "birch" are still in use when needed. It is a curious fact that, barring the Headmaster and the Lower Master, certain boys have much greater power at Eton in ordering and administering corporal punishment than have masters themselves. A boy of the Sixth form may set a junior youth "lines" for minor offenses, and fag-masters can cane their fags for neglect of duty. When any boy, however, is recommended for severe punishment, to be given by the Head or the Master of the Lower School, he is brought forward to the particular master by two præposters, or monitors, who explain the offense. Two small boys are always "fagged" to hold the culprit down on the swishing-block, lest he may struggle, and one præposter stops to see the sentence carried out. The Head usually makes the boy—duke or commoner—undo his trousers, kneel down on the step of the block, bend forward, and ——! A desire on the culprit's part not to sit down for some time afterwards is the ordinary result.

Before the war of 1834 the usual method of flogging at Eton used to be on the bare back, which was often made to bleed, but the punishment just described is the one now always given for serious offenses. It is a sort of unwritten law in the Eton code that the culprit shall not struggle nor cry out, and this rule is rarely broken, so that the work of the two fags who are brought in to "hold down" is mostly nominal. The famous block and birch stand in the Lower School, in the chief room, and are often shown to visitors. How much they are used, when necessary, may be judged from the remark of one former Headmaster that he believed he "had flogged nearly the whole bench of bishops!"

At Harrow there is one material difference from Eton's traditions. Any master can punish boys for minor misdoings or laziness. This is, it must be confessed, an unusual thing in most of our great schools. There are several methods the lower masters can adopt in this punishment, according to the offense.



THE VERY OLD TABLE WITH DRAWER AND BIRCHES AS PUT OUT EACH DAY "UP-SCHOOL" AT WESTMINSTER

They often give "lines," which have to be done on special paper fetched from the tutors. If a boy persists in being lazy, careless, or otherwise troublesome, the master sends a weekly report of him to the Head, and the resulting punishment is the rod, somewhat strongly applied.

The major portion of punishment, however, lies in the hands of the boys who have been appointed monitors, if they like to use it, and in the cricket captain. The monitors have the power to "whop" a boy—that is, to cane him across the shoulders—for what they deem offenses against the laws and traditions of the school. Any four monitors may consider a complaint made by one monitor against any boy below the first Fifth Form, and may decree a caning, with any number of strokes up to ten, on the bare shoulders. The cricket captain can give one or two cuts with the cane to any boy who has not "fagged" properly during cricket practice, and the football captain can similarly punish his delinquents.

Perhaps no school, unless it be Eton, so hates any innovation with regard to its ancient forms of punishment as does Charterhouse. One of the most amusing anecdotes connected with school punishments belongs to the Carthusian foundation, and will well show this. A new master, to whom the boys did not take at all kindly, conceived the notion of making the Wednesday afternoon penalty extremely annoying to them. He lodged at some distance from the school, and he ordered seven boys whom he sent down for "extra school" to bring him a number of lines of Virgil every hour during detention, thinking that they would be so irritated by the journey each way to and from his house that it would have a very salutary effect on their future behavior.

They were irritated, it is true, and they resolved to get the better of the master. So they engaged a cab, and one of them procured a cornet, another a posthorn, another a bugle; and they all set out, amid tremendous shouts of delight from the assembled school—with much "playing" by the band — to the lodgings of the master. The commotion was great; the effect ditto. When at the end of the second hour similar scenes were enacted, and the whole neighborhood in an uproar, either with delight or annoyance, the landlady had had enough of it, and gave the master notice to quit! This further improved the occasion, greatly to the pleasure of about three score representatives of "Jones minor," who had not had so much genuine and effective fun since they had entered Charterhouse.

At Westminster the four monitors have the right of punishment vested in them, and anything deemd too much for them is sent on to the Head. When some unfortunate successor of Gibbon, Warren Hastings, or Robert Southey is judged worthy of summary correction corporally, the four monitors hold what they call a "case"—that is, an inquiry according to prescribed form into the affair, at which witnesses for the prosecution and defense can be heard. It is seldom the offender gets off if a monitor is the complainant, for these boy-leaders of the school have great powers, and their colleagues hardly ever place them in an invidious position in such circumstances. If the culprit is found guilty, he is "tanned" by the monitors—that is, four severe strokes are given him in a very feeling part by one of the four judges, and he knows about it for some time afterwards.

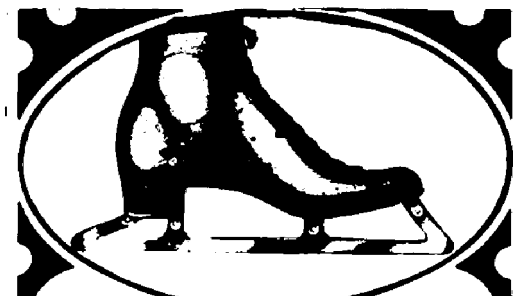
Should the monitors deem the "case" too serious for them to punish, they remit it to the Head, who orders an assembly "Up-school." All the boys have to attend in the great hall of the Upper School, where they sit in due order. The Head sits behind an ancient table, scored with names and dates of pupils of long years ago, and the four monitors sit with him, two on each side. The "first election" scholar on duty for the day—i. e. one of the junior "King's Scholars"—comes up and opens the drawer of this old table, takes out the two ancient, but effective, birches, and hands them to the Headmaster. Then the complaining monitor goes down the central gangway, and, without a word, touches the culprit in question, who follows him to the table.

The offense having been detailed to the Head, the boy has to put out the *back* of his hand, and he receives four sharp strokes with the birch across it. The actual cuts do not, perhaps, hurt him very much—not nearly so much as the "tanning" he would have got from the monitors themselves. But the disgrace of being "handed" by the Head is so keenly felt at Westminster that there is no boy who would not choose half a dozen "tannings" before undergoing the cold shoulder from his fellows that always accompanies a "handing." The Westminster boys have for generations felt a "handing" to be the greatest disgrace that could attach itself to their school career, hence "handings" are extremely rare events.

Strange to say, it is always the boys themselves who resent most strongly any attempt to change the order of punishment that has obtained, sometimes for centuries, at the various schools. They are proud of Harrow, of Haileybury, of Fettes, of Wellington, of whatever school they belong to, and they stick up through thick and thin for all that their alma mater has adopted, punishments included. This is as it should be, and this is what will make the strong, healthy-minded, gallant, and true men of the future.



PUNISHMENT DRILL AS IN VOGUE AT SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS



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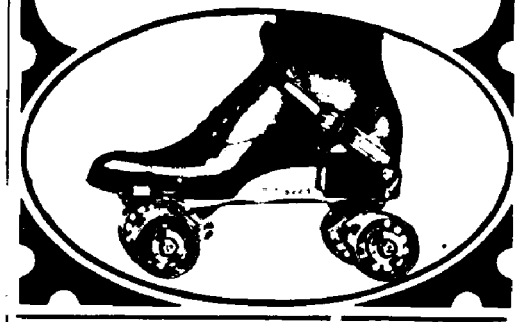

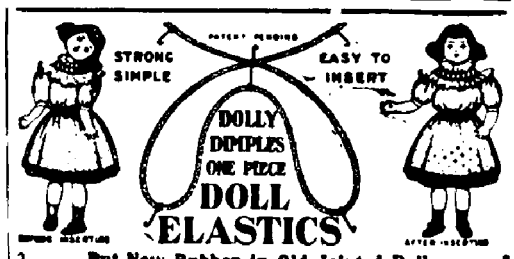

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The HIGHTON CADETS

By

George Wetherill Earl Jr.



"GENTLEMEN," said Captain Bart, a retired army officer with a brilliant record, the new commandant and physical instructor of the Highton Cadets, the first day he appeared on the athletic field, "we will practice athletic sports this fall. But not a game will be played until you are perfect in military discipline and drill. Discipline will win on the athletic field as well as on the field of battle."

The spring of 1898 brought forth the regular Highton unbeatable baseball nine—but military subjects were not neglected. On learning of the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and a possible war with Spain, the cadets became serious, and put heart and soul into their drill. Word had reached the academy of several of its graduates who were nobly battling in the tropic swamps and mountains under the Star of Cuban Liberty.

The following fall but repeated the successes of the cadet football eleven. Their flying wedge, which originated in the fertile brain of Buckie Wiltbank, the academy's justly celebrated half-back, placed many a touch-down to their credit. But drill and military tactics had not been lost sight of. Four of the year's graduating class had secured commissions in the regular army, and were with their regiments upholding Old Glory in the Far East.

In February, 1899, news came of the uprising under Aguinaldo in the Philippines, and a rumor that the President was to make a call for volunteers.

One beautiful spring day, during the last drill of the regiment, preparatory to the June examinations, the battalions were drawn up in a hollow square, and their commandant, with a martial glitter in his eyes, read to the assembled cadets an order from the War Department appointing him a captain of volunteers.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "in temporarily severing my connection with Highton and its student-cadets, I desire to thank you, one and all, for your prompt obedience to discipline and soldierly courtesy. My one regret is that I cannot lead a company of Highton Cadets into battle under the flag—Old Glory—we all love so well—I know you would win—or die in the cause. I love Highton well—but love of country is supreme.

"In the coming years, in your professional or business careers, show the same gentlemanly spirit of forbearance, discipline, and indomitable courage you have shown on gridiron and diamond, and in all your other athletic games and sports, and success will be yours. Before I dismiss you, gentlemen—some of you for the last time—I would like to hear our grand old academy yell. Now, boys—all together!" he shouted, waving his sword on high.

"Highton! Highton! High! High! High! Highton! Highton! Do or die!" rang out over the campus, and echoed back from the surrounding hills!

When the regiment passed in review to the strains of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night!" played as it had never been played before by the academy fife and drum corps, there were tears streaming down the stern face of Commandant Bart.

Commencement Day came, with all its attendant excitement—flowers—parents and friends, and many pretty girls. As the exercises, which were held in the chapel, came to an end, Dr. Green, the aged and scholarly principal of the academy, addressed the cadets:

"Gentlemen, I have a communication from the War Department which will interest you—greatly—yet it is with extreme reluctance that I make it public—but I feel I am in honor bound to do so. Your parents must be the judges." Then he read the letter. The War Department had granted special permission to Captain Bart, of the Fifty-sixth Volunteer Infantry, to enlist as many of the students of the Highton Academy as could pass the phyhical examination—but only with the express permission in writing of parents or guardians.

A mighty roar burst from the cadets, followed by the academy yell! The chapel rang again and again with the wild, tumultuous cheers!

As the chapel emptied itself on to the campus, the audience split up into little groups composed of tearful mothers and sisters, and fathers who tried to be stern, notwithstanding their aroused latent patriotic enthusiasm—and pleading sons.

Before 6 o'clock that evening Captain Bart wired the War Department that he had recruited his full company from the Highton Cadets, with all necessary permission from parents or guardians. Ending his message: "I have the best physiqued and drilled company of men in the service—they will show their worth on any field of battle."

Captain Bart's company joined the regiment but a few days before their long journey across the continent. An order had been issued granting the cadets a furlough until the regiment left for San Francisco, they thus avoided the trying details of the regiment whipping into shape.

At the Presidio of San Francisco, Company "G," such was the designation of the Highton Cadets, became the color company, and Buckie Wiltbank, the old half-back, was made the color sergeant. Proudly the company marched across the city with flying colors to the transport which was to carry them to the Philippines and war!

The life of the company for the first few weeks after landing at Manila was one of excitement. They, together with the balance of the regiment, were assigned to the outer line of the defenses of the city.

The insurgents made nightly attacks. Our troops simply returned their fire, but made no effort to chastise them—the plan of campaign had not as yet been completed.

A skillfully placed earthwork which the insurgents had recently thrown up, began to worry our troops by day. The natives would fire through cleverly concealed loopholes every time a soldier unduly exposed himself. Although but few of our men were hit, it became so annoying, the commanding general decided to capture or destroy it.

In the assault it would be necessary to cross at least 800 yards in the open, which was strewn with wire entanglements and other obstacles to retard an advance. The Fifty-sixth was the regiment selected for this arduous and dangerous duty.

The morning of the day decided upon for this work came into being hot and humid. The sun hid behind darkening clouds which foretold the coming of a storm. The regiment lined up with "G," the cadet company, in the center, with the flag hanging limply in the damp, still air.

The bugles sounded the advance—First, slowly, deploying as they went—then as skirmishers, advancing by rushes—lying down, firing—forward to again lie down and fire. These tactics were repeated until the line arrived within 200 yards of the earthwork. The insurgents now sprang a surprise on our troops: They opened on them with "lead squirts" and rapid-fire machine guns. The small, shrieking, and nerve-racking shells bursting over the prostrate men became most disconcerting. The colonel of the regiment did not care to assume the responsibility of continuing the advance under these new conditions until he had communicated with the general.

"Capture the earthwork at any cost!" was the order transmitted through an aide-de-camp.

"Forward!" sounded the bugles! The line arose as one man and rushed forward but to throw themselves to the ground! The fire was murderous—almost too much for the green troops to stand. The cries of the wounded shook the nerves of many of the untried men.

"Forward, men! Forward!" madly shouted the colonel, running up to the center of his long strung out regiment, where Company "G" lay under Captain Bart, in the thickest of the fire. The insurgents had espied the flag and were concentrating their efforts upon it. The colonel stepped in front of the reclining line of cadets.

"Forward!" he cried; "Forward!" He did not continue, but fell plunging to the ground.

Captain Bart, on seeing his colonel fall, jumped in front of his company: "Come, Highton!" he quietly said, as he drew his sword. "Sergeant, the colors!" he cried.

Buckie Wiltbank sprang to his feet and waved the flag over his head. "Come on, Highton!" he shouted and rushed forward.

With a yell, the company of cadets followed, fixing their bayonets as they went—only to throw themselves down as the captain and several of their comrades fell wounded.

"Come, men! Come, Highton! Come—The flying wedge!" shrieked Buckie, above the din of battle. The cadets faltered but an instant. Forming themselves into such a wedge as had always won on the gridiron, with Buckie and the flag in the center, they went dashing forward, stumbling over and through all obstructions. With a wild "huzza," they scrambled across an abatis and over the steep earthwork into the midst of the astonished natives, who had ceased to fire in their surprise at the audacity of the cadets, and fled on every side before the flashing bayonets.

Buckie planted Old Glory on the earthwork just as the sun burst through the rift of clouds, and the flag waved gloriously in the rising wind.

"Now, boys— all together!" shouted Buckie.

"HIGHTON! HIGHTON! HIGH! HIGH! HIGH! HIGHTON! HIGHTON! DO OR DIE!" burst above the cheers of the entire line, now advancing on the enemy.

The general rode furiously up to the captured earthwork. "Whose company carried this position?" he asked.

"Captain Bart's Cadets, sir," proudly answered Buckie, saluting as he stood beside the flag they had so gloriously planted.

"If I had a brigade of such true American grit," he said, turning to his chief of staff, as he doffed his hat to the colors. "I'd march anywhere on the island with them—capture Aguinaldo and end the war."



"COME, MEN! COME, HIGHTON! COME—THE FLYING WEDGE!" SHOUTED BUCKIE

Books Received for Review

Pelham and His Friend Tim, by Allen French; Little, Brown & Co., $1.50. The Camp on Letter K, by Clarence B. Burleigh; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.50. The Young Violinist, by Mary E. Ireland; The Saalfield Publishing Co., $1.00. The Cruise of the Firefly, by Edward S. Ellis; John C. Winston Co., 75 cents. Trail and Trading Post, by Edward Stratemeyer; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.25; Polly of the Pines, by A. E. Thompson; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.25. Two Little Friends in Norway, by Margaret Sidney; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.50. When I was a Girl in Italy, by Marietta Ambrose. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., 75 cents. Ester Ried's Namesake, by Pansy; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.50. Harding of St. Timothys, by A. Stanwood Pier; Houghton, Mifflin Co., $1.50. Five Little Peppers and How They Grew, by Margaret Sidney; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $2.00. Merrylips, by Beulah Marie Dix; The Macmillan Co., $1.50. The Making of a Merchant, by H. N. Higginbotham; Forbes & Co., $1.50. Jasper, a Story for Children, by Mrs. Molesworth; The Macmillan Co., $1.50. Danny, by Jean K. Baird; Saalfield Publishing Co., 60 cents. The Woodland Elf, by Florence A. Evans; Saalfield Publishing Co., 60 cents. The Fairy Cashier, by Mary A. Byrne; Saalfield Publishing Co., 60 cents. Cash Three, by Jean K. Baird; Saalfield Publishing Co., 60 cents. The Good Fairy and the Bunnies, by A. Ayrault Green; A. C. McClurg & Co. The Goose Girl, by Lucy Fitch Perkins; A. C. McClurg & Co. Panama, by C. H. Forbes Lindsay; John C. Winston Co., $1.00 net. Witch Crow and Barney Bylow, by J. Ball Naylor; Saalfield Publishing Co., $1.00. Jimmie Suter, by Martha James; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., $1.25.

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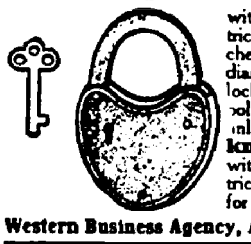

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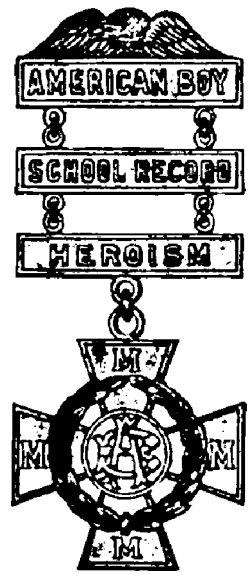

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The Shepardson Chapter (Chapter 1) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL. D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago

Address (with postage for reply) care of The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

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The Hervey Chapter (Chapter 2) of The American Boy Legion of Honor

Counselor: Walter L. Hervey, A. M., Ph. D., Examiner, Board of Education, N. Y. City

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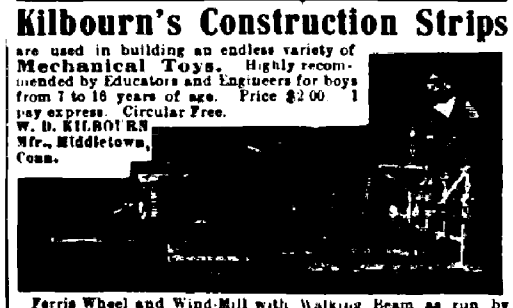

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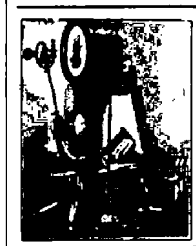

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The PROFESSOR'S STRANGE CROP

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD

WALTER had been urging upon his parents his plans for his own future. With all the eloquence he could command he had stated the advantages of the correspondence course which he desired to take, and how sure of returns the money invested in his education would be. He looked very gloomy when at last his father gave an adverse decision. The fact that a lack of money compelled the decision did not make it the easier to bear. Without his father's assistance he could not expect to carry the undertaking through, of that he was sure. He listened in silence as his father said:

"No, my boy, I do not see any way to help you. I am willing you should take the course since you can do so without leaving the farm. I could not spare you until we get this year's crop off. But if you could prepare yourself so as to be ready to take the position Senator Brown would secure you in the winter, I could probably spare you then. You know I have been far from well this spring, but in a few months I hope to be strong and able to do more farm work. I am willing you should go ahead, but I cannot spare a dollar toward the expense. Cannot you earn it in some way?"

"I don't see how I could," returned the boy, moodily. "I will be kept too busy with our work to do anything outside, and there is no way to make an extra dollar on this old farm."

"Seems as though there ought to be some way to get the cash right here," interposed his younger brother.

"O, you think so, do you?" returned Walter, scornfully. "Let's have your advice, Professor. I suppose you will suggest raising ginseng or Belgian hares, or some such fool notion. But I haven't a dollar to start with, and couldn't earn the money in any such way if I had, for those things don't really pay half the time.

"I wasn't going to suggest either of them, nor silkworms either," answered Carl, flushing angrily.

He tried not to mind the nickname Professor, and the chaffing he usually got for his ideas, but he was naturally sensitive, and the remarks of his brothers and sisters often hurt a little. Of the two boys, Walter and Carl, it was the elder who got the praise at school and at home. Walter had a good memory, and learned rapidly; he had the reputation of being the best scholar, for parents and teachers did not yet realize that he simply learned by rote what was printed in his school books, while Carl, who could not commit to memory rapidly, thought things out for himself.

"Well, what is it?" continued Walter. "Not rabbits, ginseng, frogs' legs, raising silk worms or tea?"

"I haven't any suggestion ready," returned Carl, uneasy under this banter. "I know there ought to be a way, and I mean to study one out. Let me think about it for a few days. You haven't any faith in my schemes anyway, and if I found a way to earn money I don't think I would tell you."

"Think away all you want to, but I know there is no chance here without a bit of capital. I'd borrow a few dollars if I could, but I don't know who would lend me anything." With this Walter flung himself moodily out of the room.

For several days Carl went around the house in a brown study. His wits were wool-gathering, said his mother, when instead of a basket of chips he poured a bucket of water into the woodbox. The family were accustomed to these spells of abstraction, but this one lasted longer than usual.

The case had begun to seem hopeless even to Carl. All of his hours of thought had produced no marketable idea. As a last resort, he turned over his collections. Was there anything he could sell to help Walter? His birds' eggs, or his butterflies? He knew there were moths and butterflies so valuable that a few lucky finds would net a nice sum, but no such prizes had come his way. He had studied the subject, and could recognize many insects of other kinds. He was turning over the pages of one of the books on insects, looking for some suggestions, when one sentence attracted his attention. He looked again, then read the whole article carefully, considering at the same time what he had heard the boys say at school a few days before.

After pondering for a few minutes, by a curious sequence he put the book away and went out to the barn. Here he poked about in the corn-crib and barn chamber and other dusty corners, and then emerged, powdered with meal and cobwebs, but wearing an air of triumph quite in contrast to his abstraction of the previous weeks.

"Hello, Al," he said, overtaking a schoolmate on the road ahead of him a few days later. "Didn't you say that Lawyer Graves has a mocking-bird?"

"To be sure I did. You ought to go over and see it. 'Twas sent him from the south. He said it was a fine singer and a wonderful mimic, but he was afraid he couldn't raise it. Guess you had better go over soon, for I heard it was sick and he didn't know what to do for it."

"I'm going over tonight after the chores are done," returned Carl.

That night, when Carl and his father were at the barn together, the boy asked a queer favor.

"Say, father," he began, "can I have the bran that is in the corner bin and the lot of old meal that is in a sack in the loft?"

"What in the world do you want of that nasty stuff?" returned his father in surprise. "It isn't fit to use for anything. It ought not to have been left to get musty and full of worms. I wonder what sort of a scheme you have on hand now?"

"I'd rather not tell you, father," answered the boy. "I am not going to sell the stuff, and I am sure you would not object to my plan if you knew. But I would like to keep still about it. You know how the boys make fun of my ideas. I hoped you would let me have the stuff and not say a word."

"And so I will, Carl. The bran and meal are worth nothing; you are welcome to use it, and I will be glad to have the place cleared out. There's no harm in your keeping your plan to yourself till you see how it turns out. I know the boys do tease you. Take the stuff and welcome, but I hope you will tell me how the scheme works."

That night Carl went over to the home of Lawyer Graves. "How are you, Carl?" said the big man of the village in a friendly manner. "Come to see my new pet, eh? I'll be glad to show you the bird, but I'm afraid he will not show off much tonight. He's homesick, I guess. Won't eat, and I don't know what to do for him. I don't know much about birds, anyway. Wonder if you can give me any information? You are the boy they call 'Professor,' aren't you? You ought to know something about the case."

"Why, Mr. Graves," returned Carl, a little embarrassed, but holding his ground bravely, "I did see something a few days ago about the best food for mocking-birds. It was an item in a reliable book, and maybe you could help your bird if you fed him on this diet."

"Glad you know what is needed. What was it the book suggested?"

"The larvae of certain beetles, either of Tenebrio Molitor or Tenebrio Obscurus. These are the best possible food for any soft-billed birds."

Mr. Graves looked amused and puzzled. "Thank you, Professor, the information is doubtless valuable, but I fear it is no use to me. I never studied up such subjects, and wouldn't know Tenebrio Molitor, or the other fellow, either, if I should happen to meet them. Are you acquainted with the creatures, Carl?"

"I heard you were having trouble in feeding the bird, so I brought some along for you to see if he relished them."

Carl produced a box from his pocket, and opening it, displayed a mass of fat, soft, white worms. He offered one to the mocking-bird, who surveyed it critically for a second, and then devoured it with much satisfaction. A second and third met the same fate, and Carl looked up at Mr. Graves in trimuph.

"It fills the bill, doesn't it?" said that gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye over the slang phrase. "What disgusting creatures they are! But Monsieur Mocking-Bird does not indorse my opinion! Evidently the new food suits his taste, but the question is, how am I to get enough to satisfy him. Do you think you can keep me supplied? And what would you charge?"

"But I ought to explain," said Carl, "that these are only common meal-worms, grubs hatched in bran, shorts or flour from the eggs laid by the beetles I spoke of; they are nothing rare, though they are valuable as bird food. Perhaps you could get some yourself."

"So that's what they are. I have heard of meal-worms, but I'm sure I would not know where to get a supply. My wife is too good a housekeeper to raise them in our flour, and I could not expect a grain dealer to confess he had them in stock. I must depend on you—if you really have any way of getting them."

"I could furnish enough for awhile, anyway," said Carl. "As to price, I wrote to several firms in the city, places where birds and bird supplies are sold. I received word they had none just now, but thought they could get them for me at twenty-five cents a dozen. That seems a big price."

"Well, I will pay you that till the bird can pick up an appetite, or maybe your supply will not hold out. Bring over some more right away, please."

Carl left the lawyer's house that night a very well satisfied boy. His next step was to take measures to supply the demand that had been created. He went around to several of the neighboring farms, and obtained all the old, spoiled bran and meal he could find. The farmers were glad to be rid of the stuff that he carried away in triumph. Little he minded the fun they made of him.

He knew that for Lawyer Graves' bird he must get full-grown worms, but he was looking forward to raising a crop for sale to the dealers, and for this he made preparations. A quantity of bran was placed in a heap, some pieces of cut raw potatoes mixed with it to furnish moisture, a few beetles caught and introduced to their new home, and the whole covered with old carpet. By fall he would have a crop of worms to sell to city dealers at the low wholesale price, probably getting about two dollars a thousand. But Carl estimated that even at one dollar and fifty cents a thousand he could make a fair sum when added to what he would receive from Lawyer Graves.

Some weeks later his father's attention was atracted to the piles in the barn chamber. "How is this, Carl?" he questioned, "I thought you were going to get rid of this musty stuff, and now there is twice as much as when I gave you permission to use it. I think it is time you explained, young man."

"I have been using it, father," returned Carl. "I have been raising crops in it, a new kind of crop, but it pays pretty well. See here," and Carl drew out his purse, and counted out dollar after dollar before the eyes of the astonished farmer.

"Whew!" exclaimed his father in surprise. "Do you mean to say you have earned all that this summer? Why, you haven't been away from the farm a day, and you have attended to your chores regular. I don't see when you earned it or what the bran had to with it."

Then Carl told the whole story, and showed his strange crop to his perplexed father, who could scarcely believe that there could be a market for "vermin." There was a new note of respect for his boy in the tone in which he addressed him.

"Well, I must say, Carl, there is no other boy who would have known enough to take advantage of such a chance. And you say Lawyer Graves is glad to get them at that big price? Strange cattle you have been raising here without my knowing! And you expect to be able to sell all you can raise in the city? It's the queerest thing I have heard of for many a day. When they hear of this the boys won't make fun of you any longer."

"I reckon they'll call me 'meal-worm' instead of 'Professor,'" returned Carl. "Please don't tell them yet."

But it was hard work for the father to kep still on the subject. When a few days later Walter was complaining that he had not been able to earn but a dollar or two all summer, the father could not resist saying:

"Maybe the Professor could help you out. Eh, Carl? Couldn't you do something for Walter?"

"Carl!" returned Walter, scornfully. "Yes, to be sure. How about the wonderful schemes he was going to invent for getting money out of nothing on this old farm? I'd just like to see how much money he has earned this summer."

Carl pulled a pocketbook out of his pocket and handed it over to his brother without a word. Walter took it in astonishment, whistled at its bulky appearance, and, slowly opening it, drew out bills and silver.

"Do you mean to say, Carl, that you have earned this money?" he asked, incredulously.

"I earned it myself, on this farm and without capital," replied Carl. "Come out to the barn with me and I will show you what I have been raising."

Walter, his mother and the two little brothers all followed to the barn. When the strange crop was seen and the business fully explained, Carl gained a new station in the family esteem. "The Professor" became a title of honor instead of a teasing nickname. And in the future Carl will have a chance to become a trained scientist, for he has proved his ability, and his queer ways are now set down to genius, not stupidity.



This picture represents two of our subscribers: Maurice Stimson and Wilber K. Miller, Owensboro, Ky., engaged in their favorite pastime.

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WALTER TOOK IT IN ASTONISHMENT

THE ANTEDILUVIAN

By ANNA D. PATTEN

PROFESSOR BISBEE was sometimes called an old fogy. Perhaps the title was justly given. Never having been a dozen miles from his native town in New England, he was naturally biased a trifle in his method of formulating the youthful mind. He did not believe in innovations. Other schools might adopt new methods and up-to-date text books; Professor Bisbee still clung to the old regime. Heretofore, it had borne good fruit, for Oak Hill Academy had the reputation of being one of the best managed schools in the country. The roll of the institution included names from every state in the Union, but the last few years had shown a noticeable falling off in the list.

Although the Professor was getting along in years, he was as strict in the solution of an algebraic problem as in his palmiest days, and his wife, in spite of slight rheumatic touches, was as careful as to the regularity of meal times as she had been in the past. It was the Professor's queer notions as to holidays that caused the trouble. He thought these national observances a sheer waste of time; they broke in on the trend of daily duties and served to distract the juvenile mind. The trustees argued with him in vain. They had even talked of deposing him, but at every session there was always a dissenting vote. He was as much a part of the institution as the old desks, disfigured by long usage. The boys were not so sentimentally inclined. They held an indignation meeting on the night of April 19th. All that day, while they had been penned up in the chapel, the boys at Braddock Hall were marching through the streets to the sound of fife and drum, and indulging in patriotic speeches on the historic ride of Paul Revere.

"We will write a petition," said Bob Rivers, the spokesman of the party, when they had all assembled that night to take action. "Word it nicely, you know. State how much we appreciate his services, etc., but we think a younger man might fill the place to better advantage. I tell you, if we take every boy after a holiday in school we won't find one but will sign it."

There were none present who objected: The thought of the day's injustice rankled deeply, and each one stepped forward briskly to put his name to the important document.

"There!" said Bob, when the last signature had been appended, "I rather think 'The Antediluvian' will have to change his ways when he sees this or quit the service!"

He was shaking it gleefully in the air when the door opened a crack and a curly head appeared in the aperture.

"What are you boys up to? Did you know it was half past eight? Lights out at nine, you remember."

Bob tried to slip the paper out of sight, but his sister Rosalie's sharp eyes were too quick for him.

"What's that, Bob? Come, tell me, that's a good boy!"

Bob folded it up hastily.

"It's—it's—only our base ball score." His eyes evaded his sister's searching gaze. "Now, do go off, Rosalie. We don't want girls around!" Bob tried to hide his sense of wrong-doing by a show of bravado.

"Those boys are up to some mischief, I know," said Rosalie, when she joined her roommate a moment later. "I think it is something about Professor Bisbee. I do hope they will not do anything to hurt his feelings. I never shall forget when we had the malignant typhoid, how the Bisbees nursed us, night and day, and Miss Sophy took it and died! I don't think we could ever make it up to them for losing her, do you?" and Rosalie winked away a sympathetic tear or two.

"No, but I think we ought to try," answered Jess, softly, "for, do you know, I think they are having a pretty hard time. The Professor hasn't had a new suit since I can remember, and Mrs. Bisbee really looks a trifle shabby, although she tries to hide it all she can. You know they have so few pupils now, and the expenses are about as heavy."

"I tell you, Jess! I have a plan," and Rosalie clasped her hands around her knees and looked at her friend reflectively, "let's give them a testimonial—a token of our esteem, you know; get every girl to give as much as she feels able—and then write the nicest kind of a letter to send with it—"

"Just the thing," said Jess delightedly, "and I will head it with the ten dollars papa sent for my month's allowance!"

"I've only got five left of mine! Well, that will make fifteen. We will canvass the school tomorrow. Isn't it lovely, Jess?" and Rosalie caught her friend by the waist and waltzed her around the room.

The next day passed like every other day at school. Desks were opened and lessons droned off monotonously. An outsider would have noticed nothing unusual, but to those familiar with the drift of things there was an unmistakable change in the atmosphere—an oppressive quiet—the calm before the storm. The boys wore a strangely subdued air and kept their eyes steadily turned away from the girls' corner, while the latter seemed to be secretly elated and keeping a steady rein over their spirits, lest they give way.

The Professor was blind to it all as he leaned back in his chair, poring over his book through his large spectacles, or inclining his head to either side to catch the low replies. He had been growing more feeble of late, and today it was very marked, as he climbed to the platform and sank wearily into his chair. Impulsive Bob, who was inclined to regret his rash deed, seemed to notice this for the first time. Those forty years of faithful service stabbed him to the heart, but it was too late to retract; the others would ridicule him if he held back. He was too confused to look up when Rosalie rallied him on his sober looks as she passed him when the class was filing out at recess.

"Over one hundred dollars," she confided gleefully to Jess, when she joined her in the cloak room. I never thought of asking the teachers, but Mr. Mead heard about it and said he would like to add twenty to the fund, and he had no doubt the other instructors would like to show their appreciation also; and we have not been around to half the girls yet," and Rosalie's eyes were round with anticipation.

Jess clapped her hands gleefully.

"Isn't it a grand success? All the girls have been just lovely! Why, even Maggie Brent, the charity pupil, brought one dollar to me today that she had earned by selling matches at odd moments."

"But how shall we present it to him?" queried Rosalie, as she bit her pencil point reflectively. "I think the best way would be to place it in a sealed envelope and lay it on his desk tomorrow morning. Those boys are to hold another indignation meeting tonight, but I can't find out what it is about. Well, whatever it is, they will be ashamed to do anything hateful after we have set them so good an example!" and Rosalie placed the precious testimonial in her pocket and started out on her canvassing tour of the school.

The next morning, when the rest of the scholars were giving a last hurried glance at their lessons before the bell rang, Rosalie stole down the stairway on her way to the schoolroom. She met Johnny Somers coming out of the upper recitation room with a large envelope in his hand. Rosalie's suspicions were immediately aroused.

"What have you there, Johnny?" she asked, stepping quickly in front of him

Johnny looked at her timidly.

"Your brother Bob—" he began hesitatingly. "He said I was to put this on the Professor's desk before school began—"

"Oh, yes, I know." Rosalie had made a sudden resolve. "Give it to me, Johnny. I have something for the Professor, too. I will take them together."

Johnny gave it up a little reluctantly.

"He said I was to be sure and let no one see it, but you're his sister. I s'pose it's all right."

"Yes, of course it is. Now, Johnny, I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the stationer's and get me a blank book. I want one for my examples. You will have plenty of time before the bell rings."

Johnny was only too eager to earn additional change, and started off at full speed. That would keep him out of the way till school time. Hadn't her mother cautioned her, the last thing, to see that Bob did not get into mischief. If he was not doing anything wrong, why was he so careful to keep the whole affair secret? She darted into a window recess and tore open the envelope with trem-

(*Continued on page 61.*)



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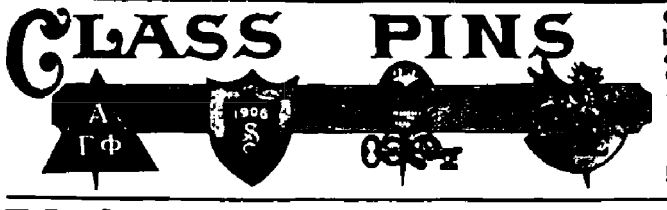

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HOW MY HAIR TURNED WHITE

By Ex-Judge J. C. Julius Langbein



"THE MEDAL of Honor Legion of the United States of America" is composed of regular and volunteer officers, soldiers, and marines who have received a medal of honor from the Congress of the United States for conspicuous gallantry and bravery upon the field of battle above and beyond their line of duty. It may not be known to my readers that I am its commander in chief. But it is not my purpose at this time to tell you about this order, but to tell you of something that happened to me once.

It is not often that a young man, or a man of middle age, has his hair turn prematurely white in one night by a natural process and without the use of chemicals, but I can assure you that mine did, and it has been white ever since. The incident will never fade from my memory. I had gone through the Civil War as a drummer boy in a gallant fighting regiment known as the Ninth New York Volunteers (Hawkins's Zouaves) and come out unscathed. I had several narrow escapes, such as having a horse shot under me, the tassel of my fez or zouave cap shot away, and my drum riddled with bullets, but I can assure you that none of these happenings were as harrowing or hair-raising as what I am now about to relate.

At that time, I was about thirty-four years of age and a judge of a civil court in the city of New York. It was the day before Thanksgiving in the fall of the year 1880 and George A. Moulton was my stenographer. We had always been on intimate terms and frequently went out with our guns for a day's shooting. I had not been in very good health for some time, having overworked, and on the day in question, the court having adjourned, George said to me, "Judge, you haven't been looking well the past few days. You are overworked. Come up to Greenwood Lake with me for a few days and have a shoot and a rest. You need it." I accepted the offer, and that night off we went with our guns and outfit.

Greenwood Lake is in the State of New Jersey and I should say was about six miles long and three wide. It was then and still is a favorite summer resort. On the side of the lake opposite the railway station, which, by the way, is called Hewitt's (after ex-Mayor Hewitt of New York), lived Will DeGraw, the mail carrier for that settlement, whose father kept a well-known road house or inn known as DeGraw's. Will was as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever saw. He was not only an expert boat-puller, but an athlete as well. His physique was splendid, and had been developed to the highest point of perfection by his daily work, which, in summer, was pulling a boat over the lake and, in winter, skating and other outdoor exercises. The weather was exceedingly cold and the lake was frozen over solid, except in the center, where it was open. Will met us at the station, gave us a good rousing welcome, and promised us a good time—how good it was will appear later on; if it was not hospitable, it was icy, to say the least. After he had obtained the mail we started for his house, talking and laughing all the way. Will had only been married the week before so we were welcomed not only by his father and mother, but also by his young and admirable wife.

A WILD TRIP ON A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT.

We spent that evening telling stories and in having a good time generally, and the next day was given up to rabbit shooting. About nine o'clock that night, Will said he would get out his sled and go after the mail. He asked George and me to go with him, which invitation we at once accepted, George taking his skates with him. DeGraw's house was about three miles from the station up the lake shore, and in the summer time Will was accustomed to drive to the station, while in the winter time, the lower end of the lake being frozen up to nearly opposite the house, he crossed on his sled, which he hid in the bushes on the shore of the lake.

When we started out the night was very dark, the wind was fiercely blowing and howling like a demon, and a fine, thin, cutting sleet of snow rapidly falling, at times making it impossible to see your hand before your face. We were wrapped up in overcoats and wore thick gloves, and I carried the mailbag on my arm. We found the sled, which was an ordinary schoolboy's sled. I sat on the sled in front with the bag and lantern, Will sat behind me, while George skated and pushed us along. Will had cut a broom handle in halves and on each side he had fastened a sharp nail or spike, by means of which he helped to push the sled along. The only object we had to guide us was the light at Hewitt's, about three miles away, which was our destination.

Off we started in high glee and at an exceedingly swift pace. At times we were compelled to stop talking and laughing for fear of losing our breath altogether. Thus we sped along in the silence of the night, and in the face of the driving sleet and snow. It was not long before we lost sight of the light, the station master having put it out and gone home thinking that Will was not coming. We kept on our course, however, as we thought. Soon we saw the light again, as we supposed, but later learned, to our horror and surprise, that we had been going towards a farmhouse light more toward the middle and toward the open part of the lake.

On we sped, joking and laughing, totally unconscious of our impending danger. At times I heard the ice cracking and remarked about it, but so swift were we going that it scarcely could be heard before we were over and past the danger. At one time Will asked George if he was not steering us too far to the left, but George answered, "No, there is the light straight ahead of us. Don't you see it? We are making a bee-line straight for it." His answer was reassuring, for, sure enough, there was a light straight ahead of us; and so on we sped.

INTO THE ICY WATER.

Finally Will excitedly and emphatically declared that we were going too far to the left. Then all of a sudden the sled disappeared from under us, the light of the lantern I was carrying went out, the mailbag disappeared, and we found ourselves floundering in the cold and icy water. We were going along so swiftly that I, being ahead on the sled, was carried under a cake of ice and had my chin and forehead cut, but, fortunately for me, the cake was thin and I managed to push my head through it and come to the surface. George being on skates and pushing, was thrown almost over both of us. No one of us knew whether the others could swim, but we were "game." Floundering in the water among the broken cakes of ice, we each determined not to catch hold of the others. We each had on overcoat and gloves, and must have weighed at least three hundred pounds.

As illustrating how entirely unconscious we were of our danger, just before and at the time this sudden plunge and stoppage happened, I was telling Will and George a story about an Irish superintendent of a gold mine out in Colorado who at noontime had shouted down the shaft, "Hello, there, how many of yez are down there?" The answer came back, "Seven, sir." "All right," he replied, "let the half of yez come up for dinner." We were laughing at this story and at the idea of three and one-half men coming up, when down we three went and our laughter was suddenly silenced.

Fortunately I was a good swimmer and notwithstanding the cold, I struck out and soon had hold of the ragged edge of the ice and was endeavoring to raise myself. My weight, however, was too great, and every time I tried to raise myself the ice broke and I was floundering in the water again. This was the way with all of us. It must be remembered that all this time it was pitch dark. We could scarcely see each other. The wind kept on howling and blowing the sleet and snow in our faces.

Finally I reached some ice that seemed to be firm enough to hold me, but by that time I was so stiff and frozen with the cold and the icy water that I found it utterly impossible to lift myself up. In fact I could only move my arms and that only with the greatest difficulty and with exceeding pain and suffering. My hat was off, and, feeling of my hair, I found that it was a mass of icicles. I made a number of efforts to hold on to the ice, but all in vain. Hope and "grit" were fast vanishing, and I began to feel that languor which I knew well was the forerunner of death. It began to creep all over me, beginning with my feet and working its way up along my body. I realized what it meant, but seemed indifferent to it. I felt it extend to my hip and loins, but rather relished the idea of its progress to my heart and other vital organs. The fact is I was fast becoming like the man who is gradually freezing to death, to whom at the end comes a beautiful dream, the dream of death. I could feel its grasp gradually circling round my heart, and I began almost insensibly counting the seconds to see if I could be able to count the next five, then the next five, and so on until at the last came oblivion. Suddenly the green blinds on my father's house appeared before me in fancy's vision, and dreamingly or unconsciously brushing my hand across my face to clear my vision, I realized that I had my gloves on. I don't know what put the idea into my head, but it suddenly occurred to me that if I could get at my knife from the pocket of my pants, I could open the blade, stick that into the ice, and thus hold on, and may be draw myself up on to the ice. It was a hope suddenly acquired but soon dispelled and lost, for after great efforts to get my knife out, I found that my fingers were frozen stiff, so that it was impossible to open the blade. But this operation, together with the vision of the green shutters of my father's house, seemed to have given me new life and new hope. I suddenly remembered how in crossing ice or in skating in my boyhood days I had frequently attempted to kick a piece of wood or a cigar imbedded or frozen in the ice, and how obstinately it resisted my effort. This gave me a new idea. I made a desperate effort to pull off my gloves, intending to throw them on the ice just within my grasp, and after they had frozen on, pull myself up and out by means of them, but my gloves would not come off; they were frozen tight to my fingers. I then put one of them into my mouth, treading water all this time to keep my body straight and my head up. After thus heating it a little, I finally managed to bite it off with my teeth. Then I threw it on the ice. How long it was before it froze I don't know, but it did, and this gave me new hope. I fought the feeling of numbness that was again gradually coming over me by treading water violently. At last I ventured to feel the glove, and great was my joy when I found that it was frozen fast. I slowly put my weight on it, and gradually got the upper part of my body on the ice, but farther than this I could not get, no matter how hard I tried. I was about to give up in despair.

HELP COMES AT LAST.

Just then I heard George call out, "Hold on, judge, I guess I'm out." Turning my head I could just see the dark form of a man within a few feet of and evidently endeavoring to reach me. But you will wonder how George got out. It was by means of his skates. They were of the old fashioned kind with sharp points on the heels. He had managed to float on his back and work his feet over on an ice cake of jagged form, and, striking his skates in the ice, had gradually but surely drawn himself out. Then he began his search for me and found me in the position I have just described. He reached out his hand to me, but in my eagerness to grasp it the cake of ice broke under me and I was again soused into the freezing water. I, however, soon managed to get within his reach again, and this time was hauled out to a place of comparative safety.

It was at this juncture that we heard Will cry out, "I'm going, boys, I can't hold out any longer. I'm losing my grip." "Hold on a minute, Will, I'm out," I cried, "and we'll help you." In my eagerness to get to where the voice came from—for it was too dark to see—I did not consider the danger I was running, and before I knew it the ice cracked and broke and I found myself soused in the water again, but this time where it was not so hard with George's help to get out. Then we hit upon a plan to get Will out. Being the lighter man of the two, I was to slide out on my stomach at full length along the ice to the icy hole where Will was battling for life, while George was to lie at full length on his stomach behind me, holding on to my feet. In this manner I reached the dark spot where Will was still struggling in the water, grabbed hold of his hands, and then, by carefully working our way backward, we finally landed him. Making our way to the shore some two miles distant, we broke into a run, for, to use an old expression, "our hearts were way up in our mouths."

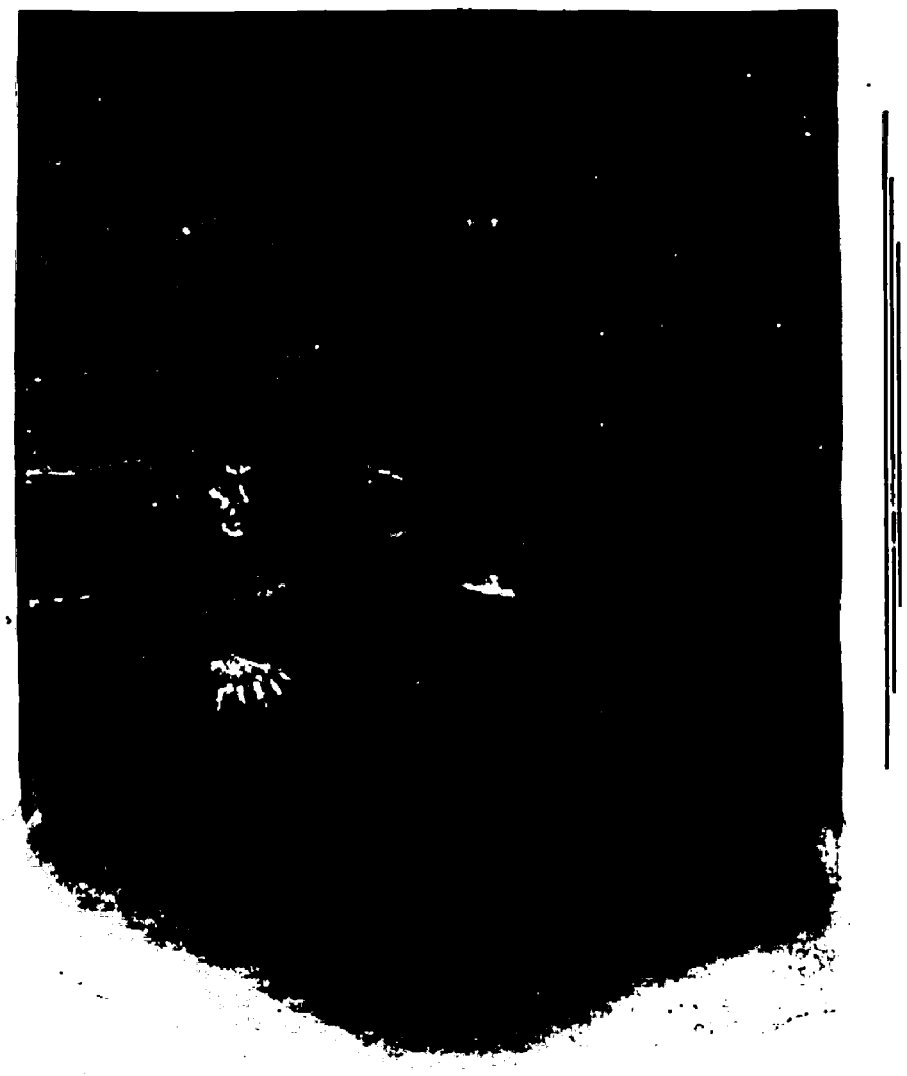
When we reached DeGraw's house, the icy water dripping from us and hatless, Will's wife fainted away at the sight of us. It was not long, however, before we had changed our clothes and were sitting before a roaring hot log fire.

A little later, on looking into a mirror, I discovered that my hair was turning white; indeed it was not long before it was completely white; and it has remained so ever since.

In closing I would say that had we each relied on himself that night and been "game" to the last, none of us would have escaped, and I would not now be alive to tell you this story. I close by giving you the first verse of the poet John G. Saxe's lines entitled

"GO IT ALONE."

In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can "Go it alone."



"I FOUND THAT IT WAS FROZEN FAST"

What is the letter of YOUR line?

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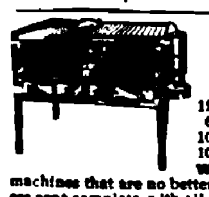

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AFTER CHRISTMAS TREES



By FRANK H. SWEET

TOM MARSHALL and Fred Alwood had jumped to the bank of the Maine river, and were now waiting for their friend, Win Dubbs, to join them. The slope above, as far up and down as they could see, was covered with a thick growth of young balsam firs. The boys' eyes glistened.

"No trouble getting a cargo of Christmas trees here," said Tom emphatically.

"That's so," agreed Fred, "provided the owner hasn't already leased them and will make reasonable terms."

"Well, we'll soon find out," cried Tom. "Come, hurry up there, Win!"

But Win Dubbs shook his head.

"Wait a minute, fellows," he said. "I must confess something before you go up yonder. It—it didn't seem necessary to tell before, though I suppose it was cowardly. Afterwards I will leave you."

"What are you driving at?" interrupted Tom scornfully. "Of course, we understood about your working all the time out of school hours, and not taking time to join in our fun. But we respected you all the more for that."

"Yes, I supose so," a little drearily. "But that isn't what I mean. I am not merely a poor boy working for his schooling. It's worse than that. I—I didn't mean you to know—I am an impostor."

Tom looked at him curiously.

"Well, what was the matter, then?" he asked. "You certainly didn't want to come up this stream, though its mouth looked just as promising as the one you did want to come up. What was the trouble?"

"I was a coward," Win answered calmly. "I was trying to avoid telling what I ought to have told years ago. See that house yonder?"

They followed the direction of his fingers, but shook their heads.

"Only firs," Tom declared.

"Just near the top of the slope there, where the firs are a little thinner. Only a small bit of the roof shows. I believe there is some smoke rising above the trees now."

"Y—es," I think I do see it," hesitated Tom, "the smoke anyway. But it must be a pretty small sort of house to be hidden by those trees. How'd you ever happen to notice it, Win?"

"I knew it was there, and saw it even before we cast anchor. It is a pretty small sort of house, scarcely higher than one's head, and only two rooms with dirt floor; but it's plenty good for the people who live in it. It's my home."

PART II.

What the Cruise Brought Win.

They looked at him incredulously, then laughed.

"Oh, come, come, Win," Bert protested; "don't get off any of your jokes now. You never saw the Maine coast before this trip. You'd have betrayed some knowledge of it if you had."

"It's my home," Win repeated. "I ran away from there when I was only nine years old. And I did it in the very dread of my life, and to get something to eat. Afterwards, when I found there were schools and a different way of living, I worked to reach them. One of my vivid recollections of the house up yonder is of frequent skurryings among the firs to escape a dreadful visitor who was seeking to carry one of us off. Later, I found the man was a sheriff, and that he was after my father or uncle or one of my older brothers. My uncle's house was just over the ridge, and I suppose it is still. At that time he owned the land along here, although it was too poor and valueless to sell. He was like the rest, and it was chiefly owing to him that I ran away. A few weeks before, in a fit of rage, he broke one of my arms, and before it fully healed I left home. You boys can have no conception of what that home was like. You have read about criminals, I suppose; but not of a whole household, like mine. I—I can hardly believe it myself. It seems more like a horrible dream."

The boys were gazing at him strangely, with the horror of the recital showing plainly in their faces. Win saw, and his own face paled a little more.

"Now, you understand why I was so insistent about the other stream," he said in a low voice. "When you first spoke of the Maine coast I did not suppose there was one chance in a million of meeting my people; and when we reached it, you remember, I proposed stream after stream, but for some reason none of them seemed quite what we wanted. I suppose I was getting desperate when we came to the last stream before this, and advocated it more strongly than I ought. I had a feeling that my family was something horrible, something I must avoid more persistently than I would death; and that if by chance I should meet them all I had done or hoped to do would be lost. It was cowardly, of course, and was owing to my leaving them when so small, when the full, unreasoning terror of them possessed me. I can never get away from that feeling, and it is always in my dreams. But you fellows must excuse me," with a shiver. "If you don't mind I'd rather go up to the house alone; then I'll cut across the hills toward some other part of the world and try again. I'll say good-bye to you now."

At this they all sprang upon him, Tom with an arm across his shoulders, Bert patting him hysterically upon the back, and Fred pumping his hand up and down without any appearance of stopping. There were tears in Fred's eyes.

"Of course you ought to have told us years ago," he cried gruffly. "It wouldn't have made a bit of difference—at least, I think it wouldn't. Anyway, I'm glad you've told us now. And every one of us think a whole lot of you, more than we ever did. You've had a tough time of it, old fellow, and had to show grit, but now you've got to let us in and share a little. You're going back with us, and to college just as we've planned, and you're not going up to see your—those people alone. We understand now, and maybe the whole crowd of us can make it easier. Anyhow, we're going. What do you say, boys?"

"That's right," cried Bert and Tom in a breath.

"Of course it is," declared Fred, still winking the moisture from his eyes. "And we'll do the thing right up now. The quicker it's over the better Win will feel. Then we'll look up the owner of the land and arrange for the trees. Come."

He started briskly up the slope, still grasping Win's hand; and Win, his lips again quivering, allowed himself to be drawn on with them.

As they approached the house—which was little more than a hovel, with the roof beginning to fall in, there was at first no signs of life; then a harsh-featured woman hobbled to the door with a pipe in her mouth. The boys looked at Win with inquiring sympathy in their faces. He understood, and shook his head.

"No, it isn't my mother," he answered in a low voice. "I do not remember her. This is my step-mother, and, if possible, she was even more cruel than the others."

The old woman had turned and was speaking with some one inside; but as they stopped in front of the hut she suddenly closed the door behind her and came to meet them, her face suspicious, defiant, alert.

"What d'ye want?" she demanded fiercely.

"Does Mr. Dubbs live here?"

"No, an' if he does he ain't to home. What d'ye want?"

"We want to see the owner of this land," spoke up Tom. "That's our schooner down in the river. We came after a load of Christmas trees."

Instantly the old woman's manner changed. A sheriff would not come on a schooner; and, besides, these four were scarcely more than boys.

"Pete! Jimmy!" she called shrilly. "Come out here. It's nobody but tree buyers."

The door opened cautiously and a young man a few years older than Win appeared. Behind him skulked an old man. Both were brutal-looking and disreputable in the extreme.

"I'm the owner," rasped the old man. "How many trees d'ye want? Show the color o' your money fust."

"We want proof of your ownership first," said Win, stepping to Tom's side. "If that's all right we'll want a schooner load."

He tried to speak quietly, but there was an odd, apprehensive quiver in his voice. The old terror was still influencing him. They looked at him curiously, but without recognition. The old man shuffled inside, presently returning with a folded paper, which he handed to Win.

"There's proof, drat ye," he snarled. "Look at it an' see for yourself."

Win glanced at the paper and started.

"Why, this is made out to Winfield Dubbs," he exclaimed wonderingly.

"What o' that?" aggressively. "Win's my son, an' he's dead, an' this here's his brother. Of co'se the prop'ty comes to us. If ye've got any money, buy the trees an' stop fussin'; if ye ain't, say so."

"How did the land come into your son's possession?"

"An old fool uncle willed it to him. Seemed to think he'd done harm to the boy by breakin' his arm, an' when he died he give Win his land. But what ye doin'? angrily, "hand me back that paper." For Win was slipping it into his pocket.

"No, thank you, father. Don't you know me?" and Win took off his hat and stood before them, his face pale but calm.

They stared at him a moment, their faces growing dark.

"'Tis Win," the old man muttered, scowlingly. Then his voice suddenly became whining.

"Ye'd ought to be sendin' us more money'n ye've been doin', Win," he complained. "Eight dollars a month ain't hardly 'nough for one, let alone a big fambly like ours. Now ye've got the deed ye'd ought to sell the land an' share round with us equal. The old woman an' Jimmy an' me have tried to sell lots o' times, but nobody'd buy 'cept we could prove ye was dead. Ye'll share now, Win, won't ye? Ye allers was a good boy."

"No, I shall not share," coldly. "The money would do you no good. It would all go in a month. But I will continue to send you a little from time to time. Come, boys."

They followed him silently, having no words for the suffering they saw in his face. But before they entered the firs Fred turned.

"If you three will come down to the schooner," he called, "we'll give you all the provisions you can back up the hill. And I think we can find some better clothes you can have, and perhaps a few household utensils for Mrs. ——" He paused abruptly, for the old woman was not there, she had slipped away.

They found her halfway down the slope, appearing suddenly in front of them from the firs. Her face was wrinkled into a conciliating smirk.

(*Continued on page 59.*)



"HER FACE WAS WRINKLED INTO A CONCILIATING SMIRK"



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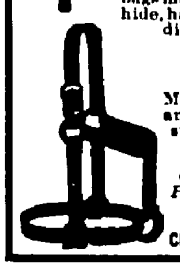

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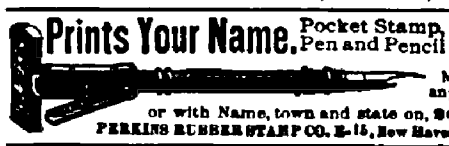

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An invisible appliance. Fits roof of mouth. Imitates Punch & Judy, the song of Mocking Bird or Canary or the sounds peculiar to any bird or animal of field or forest. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Only 10c ea. or 4 for 25c. W. F. HILLPOT, Frenchtown, N.J.



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Illustrates and gives prices of 45 varieties land and water fowls and eggs. This book should be in the hands of every person interested in poultry for profit. Address S. A. Hummel, Box 51, Freeport, Ill.

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Burns won't even blister when my ointment is promptly used. Takes pain out like magic. Hot fat burned my wife (frying), this took all pain in 5 minutes. Price (25c, stamps) refunded if not satisfied. Users recommend it. JOHN FAIRMAN, Leonardo, N. J.

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and up. Boy agents wanted. Send 25 one-cent stamps and receive Fountain Pen and general catalogue.

J. D. BRASINGTON & CO.,
Main and Common Sts., Victoria, Texas

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"23 SKIDOO" BADGE, 2c

You know what Skidoo means. It's the latest Joke out, and our badges are all the rage in New York. Get most cuss, be up-to-date, and join the "Skidoo League." One badge sent post paid with our big Catalogue of Novelties Jewelry, etc., for only 2c in stamps. Address S. DRAKE, Dept. 65, 536 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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MARY E. BROWN, St Louis Mo.

2 Fine Pencils stamped in gold with **Any Name 10c**

Send silver. Longmont Co., B 134 E. 25th St., New York

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1000 " Foreign	$2.24	50 " British Colonies	.06
2000 " Foreign	$7.49	50 " United States	.05
10 " Paraguay	.07	15 " India	.04
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Marks Stamp Co. Toronto, Canada		1000 Mixed Foreign	.10

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100 all different U. S. stamps, fine ..... .20
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1,000 finely mixed foreign stamps ..... .14
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Our Magazine is full of helpful hints for Christmas buyers; send for a FREE copy. *A Christmas Present Free* to everyone sending us the names of a few stamp collectors.

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A No. 1 XMAS OFFERS *PRICES LOWEST*

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Send written consent of parents, or a good reference that will stand investigation, for our fine approvals at 60% discount, enclose 2c for return postage and we will give you FREE, a set of Am. Rapid Telegraph Catalogued 15c. 40 fine stamps, priced and mounted on sheets, value 75c, an extraordinary bargain at the price—18c.

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Our 50% APPROVAL SHEETS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD

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STAMPS 100 all different, Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, Peru, Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Philippines, etc., and A bum 1000 FINELY MIXED, 20c; 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. NEW LIST FREE. C. A. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo. **10c**

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THE APPROVAL SHEET NAPOLEON

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100 all different Postage Stamps Argentine, Japan, etc., for the names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2 cts. postage. Oriental, Australia and South American stamps a specialty. Imperial Album, holds 3,500 for 30 cts. Let us hear from you.

SUNSET STAMP CO., Los Angeles, Cal.



108 all different genuine stamps, Paraguay, **Malay Tiger,** Newfoundland, Honduras, Victoria, India, Brazil, China, Bosnia, Japan, Servia, Egypt, etc., only 5c. 1000 die cut hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50 per cent com. **Price list free.** Largest stock in America.

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Many of those **cheap but "Hard-to-Get" Stamps** 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 civil war revenue stamp—your choice. Wm. F. Price, Arnold Ave., Newport, R. I.

100 STAMPS FREE! all different. Postage 2c. When possible send the names of two collectors. 220 Foreign, fine, 25c. List FREE of 600 sets from 1c up and 1000 stamps at ½c each. Agents 50 per cent commission.

QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

SUBSCRIBE to the Chicago Stamp News, Chicago, Ill. The best stamp paper in the world. All the news, thousands of stamp bargains, etc. Big ex. dept. Advs. free to subscribers. Comment dept. Questions answered free. Big help to collectors. SPECIAL—one year 25c and a premium of 1000 fine hinges.

Stamps, Coins, and Curios



INQUIRERS MUST NOT SEND STAMPS, COINS OR CURIOS FOR EXAMINATION AS WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAFETY. A CAREFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STAMP OR RUBBING OF THE COIN ON WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

Stamp Notes

After February 1 next the American Bank Note Co. will manufacture all United States postage stamps. Under a contract the concern must deliver 27,000,000 stamps daily. The American Bank Note Co., formerly the Continental Bank Note Co., made the postage stamps used by the government from 1873 to 1894, since which time the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington has turned out all the adhesive stamps. According to Warren L. Green, president of the bank note company, the government decided to again employ a private institution because it can do the work cheaper. What will the friends of municipal ownership say to this?

At the Universal postal congress recently held in Rome, it was decided that after October 1, 1907, the rate for foreign mail matter would be 5 cents for each ounce and 3 cents for each additional ounce. The present rate is 5 cents per half ounce.

Personal fees in the U. S. consular service have been abolished and now every consular certificate must be stamped. The State Department has furnished all of our consuls abroad with the stamps, which consist of seven denominations, viz: 25c, 50c, $1, $2, $2.50, $5 and $10. The stamps are oblong and bear the inscription "American Consular Service," "Fee Stamp."

The 16 centavos stamp recently issued for the Philippines bears the portrait of Admiral Sampson, who commanded the American squadron at Santiago in 1898.

Be particular about the condition of the stamps which you place in your collection. Torn, heavily cancelled or badly off centre stamps should not be admitted unless very rare. The wisdom of this course will be found in after years, when, if you desire to realize on your collection it will not be subject to a heavy discount by reason of its containing a lot of stamps listing high in the catalogue, but of very little value.

The Numismatic Sphinx

McCulloh Zimmerman: The half dollars of the twenties and thirties sell for seventy-five cents at the dealers. The old copper cents from 1816 sell for from five to ten cents each. When in fine condition they will often bring a higher price. Your others are quite common. Donald Harkins: Your rubbings are from the common 2 heller and 2 fillers of Austria and Hungary. Fred Gerlach, Edw. Biele, and Karl Oleson: Your coins are all very common and will bring only face value. Walter Hinker: Your coin is a three-cent nickel piece of 1865. It is very common. Percy C. King: Your English and U. S. coins are all very common. The Indian coins sell for ten cents each. Thomas Sandham, Jr.: The five dollar gold piece of 1834 will not bring a premium. E. C. Rein: The coins of France, Canada, Belgium and U. S. that you send rubbings of are all comparatively common, none selling for over five cents each. Emmett M. Reed: The gold dollar of 1856 is worth at least $1.75. Dime of 1853 common. John A. Heberling: Your rubbing is from an 8 real piece of Spain (Charles IIII, 1792). It was struck at the Mexican mint and has only a face value. The same may be said of most all of the old Spanish and Mexican silver. A. B. Dover, N. Y., can obtain all the information he desires if he will address any of the dealers in coins. Joseph Wolongevig: (1) Thaler of Bavaria worth about a dollar. (2) The 1865 nickel five cent piece has no premium. (3) The cent of 1877, in fine condition, is worth about ten cents. J. E. Ward: The half cent of 1834 is worth fifteen cents. Your spielmarke or spielmunze has no value. Roland Lacey: Your coins are quite common, selling at from five to ten cents each at the dealers. Sidney Southmayd: No premium on the dime of 1854. Herman Leichsenring, Jr.: There is no premium on the 1883 V nickel without the word "Cents." Mrs. H. T. Kirkland: All of the gold dollars now bring a premium of from $1.75 upwards. Your 1795 dollar loses much of its numismatic value owing to its being holed. Only the half dollar of 1853 without the rays and arrow points will bring a premium. Your other coins, face value only. Geo. D. King: The half-dollar of 1818 sells for eighty-five cents. Others are quite common.

Popular Stamp Albums

Large illustrated, well bound books, spaces for 2,500 to 6,000 Stamps

No. 1—30c edition, post free 14c
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These quotations are not for wholesale trade, only made to encourage new collectors (only one album sold to each new name). Illustrated stamp catalogue, pocket album and printed matter Free.

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GIRAFFE SET Nyassa—6 different very scarce stamps **10c**

7 varieties same only 18c—**Liberia 5c triangle** and 203 different selected foreign, 25c—**North Borneo** 1897 set, 6 varieties, 15c. *Premiums with each 25c order.*

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STOCK BOOK HOLDS 200 Stamps, Big List, 100 diff. stps., 1000 Omega Hinges and Approval shts all for **15 Cents**

Order now. The above goods are worth 50c. Only one to a customer. 150 diff. foreign, 12c; 200, 25c; 250, 40c; 300, 50c.

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Just to Get You Interested

We give you for a one cent stamp, to pay delivery, a package of foreign stamps, absolutely free. Address

Stamp Department

THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

The Story of the Spanish Coinage

Europe has undergone many changes in its divisions, and has been ruled over by many dynasties during its historic period; and Spain was ravaged in turn by Norsemen, Vandals, and Visigoths. These latter held sway over Spain and Portugal, but they were in course of time destroyed by the Moorish conquerors from African shores. The coinage circulating in the Spanish peninsula at that period was barbarous, and it is said to have consisted chiefly of gold trentes, issued from mints at Barcelona, Toulouse, and Toledo. Some small silver coins also of this period—the sixth to the eighth century—exist. It must be remembered that Spain, as well as the greater part of Europe, was dominated by the power of Rome during the first three or four centuries of the Christian era. The small silver denarii, as well as the fine series of bronze sestertii, dupondii and smaller "third brass," then circulated in large quantities throughout the Empire. It is therefore conjectured that the moneys bearing the well-executed portraits of the Roman emperors of the latter days of the Western Empire continued to be the chief coins employed by the scattered settlers in Spain for many centuries after the Empire of Rome had fallen.

The Moorish rule seems to have largely formed the habits and customs of the people of Castile, Arragon and Province, and was not without its influence upon the types of coins struck in Spain long after the foundation of its kingdom. Several authorities concur in affirming that the coins of Arragon in the latter part of the fourteenth century were



FIG. 1.

all modeled upon the English groat. This was probably the case, for the close alliance and the interchange between the two powers during times of peace was considerable. The marriage bonds have oftentimes effected an influence upon the destinies of Spain, and several times have been the means adopted whereby the extension of the Kingdom and its consolidation has been brought about.

The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1479 is an important illustration of the fact just related. The position of the House of Castile, which was then in the ascendancy, was largely under British influence, the bonds between the two countries having been forged two centuries before, when Edward I. of England made Eleonora of Castile his bride.

(To be continued.)

100 Stamps, Album and 1,000 Hinges for 10c and the names of 2 collectors. 40 U. S., 10c; 200 varieties Foreign, 25c; 30 King's Heads, 25c; Collector's Album, holds 1,200, 15c; Imperial Album, holds 3,500, board covers, 30c. 32 Page List Free. Agents wanted.

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1000 Choice Mixed Foreign Stamps	10c
100 Varieties Extra Fine Foreign Stamps	10c
25 Fine Foreign Revenue Stamps	5c
40 Varieties Japan Stamps	15c
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250 Stamps Free to those sending for our approval sheets at 50 per cent. discount. We have moved our general stock to Baltimore which will greatly facilitate matters and put you in closer touch with the leading stamp house of the South. Address all communications to

GREAT SOUTHERN STAMP COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

Stamps for Xmas If you would like some fine stamps for a Xmas present, ask your father or mother to write us. Stamps on approval at 60 per cent. discount. Rare Elobey stamp **FREE** to applicants who ask for it. F. W. Pickard, Station R, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OLD COINS Foreign coppers, bright, new, 5 var. 20c; 5 dated before 1780, 25c; U. S. cents, dates 1803 or '07, each 12c; half cents, dates before 1810 each 15c, 5 for 60c. Beautiful Confederate $100 bill, 12c. Half dollar, date 1806, each $0.90. Large U. S. cents, 50 for $1.50. Old bills, 10 for 25c. 1906 coin books, U. S. & For'n, 160 pp., 750 illustr., only 25c. Retail lists free. T. L. ELDER, 22 E. 23d St., New York City

THE NUMISMATIST

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Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News 6 mos. 25c and a lot of all dif. foreign stamps catalog value $2.85, FREE. Don't collect stamps without a stamp paper. Keep posted! Sample free! Biggest and best in the world. Mekeel-Severn-Wylie, Boston, Mass.

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Set 1c, 2½c, 3c, 5c and 10c unused, catalogue 72 cents, price 36c.

10 Cent Specials

15 Argentine	10	15 Greece	10
15 Bulgaria	10	10 Luxemburg	10
10 Bosnia	10	5 Newfoundland	10
7 Bolivia	10	10 Persia	10
20 Canada	10	20 Russia	10
10 Cape of Good Hope	10	11 Servia	10
11 Dutch Indies	10	30 Spain	10
10 Egypt	10	10 Uruguay	10
10 Finland	10	Imported Hinges, per 1,000	10
50 Asia	25		
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Set 6 N. Y. State Revenues, just out 8c
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Big Lists Free. Wholesale lists for Dealers.

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To get acquainted with New Customers, we will Give a set of Four Servians, Unused, to Every Applicant for Our Approvals, at Fifty Per Cent. Discount. Try us. LIBERTY STAMP COMPANY, 305 Woodford Street, Woodfords, Me.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and 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.

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All for **10c** and names and addresses of 3 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.
1 Millimeter Scale and Perforation Gauge.

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50 STAMPS all diff. Cores, China, etc., 5c; 105 diff. Cores, Mex., China, Finland, Gold Coast, etc., 10c; 205 all diff. Antigua, Cuba, Ivory Coast, Jamaica, Japan, etc., 20c; 18 U. S. rev. 5c; 1000 hinges 8c; Imperial Album board cover with 50 stamps 30c; Agts. wanted. 50 per ct. List Free. We buy collections. Union Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo

3 DIFF. MAURITANIA FREE

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Set 17 varieties Japan, Catalogue 26c for 4c, postage extra. WHOLESALE—$4.00 catalogue 2 cents and up mounted and priced $1.00, clean stamps. SUN STAMP COMPANY, 125 Manhattan Street, New York City.

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 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 LELAND THOMPSON, LIGONIER, IND.

Same Old Excuse

Judge—"Well, my boy, what excuse have you for taking the picture when you were forbidden to do it?"

Small Boy—"Your honor, I didn't know my camera was loaded."—Ex.

The Prize Winners

"Nuts to Crack," by Leland Thompson, of Ligonier, Ind., the winner of the first prize, represents a scene with which every boy is familiar. It is well-posed. In fact, it looks entirely natural and not posed at all, an effect that our readers should always try to obtain in photographing similar scenes. The same remarks apply to the portrait, to which the second prize was awarded. It was taken by Elwood C. Howell, Liberty Center, Ohio, with a No. 2 Brownie, stop 3, exposure 2 seconds.

A Hint on Blocking Out

Blocking out figures, trees, etc., is often resorted to by many in order to separate from their surroundings such objects as the above. There are several preparations sold for the purpose, but for cheapness and efficiency there is nothing to beat a penny stick of Indian ink. This is applied with a fine brush to the gelatine surface of the negative and will be found to answer excellently. If surface of negative is "greasy" and paint refuses to stay on properly, give the negative a rub over with a swab of cotton wool, made slightly damp with ether. The gelatine surface will be found after such treatment to be in a perfect condition to receive the ink, and to retain it wherever applied.—The Amateur Photographer (British).

Our Roll of Honor

Beginning with this issue, THE AMERICAN BOY will confer a certificate of Honorable Mention upon all competitors in our photographic contests, except the prize-winners, whose work is decidedly above the average and merits the distinction. The first to receive this reward of proficiency are: Chas. S. Burlingham Jr., H. Edward Fry, Elmer W. Lyon, Harry R. McMillan, Victor E. G. Emery, Austin L. Moore, Ernest L. Hardy, Robert Lafean, James A. Nisbet, S. Ward Seeley, W. J. Burnside, Chas. J. Corlett, Raymond M. King, W. Earl Berry, S. E. Overly, Harry H. Phillips, Henry Enz, Robert Faige, J. H. Randolph, Willis Haskell Jr., Angie Boughner, E. L. Morehead, E. V. Hefner, J. S. Reynolds, Vernon W. Hutchins, Geo. Yerger, Kenneth Weagant, Edwin M. Jones Jr., and Leroy W. Blaker.

The Letter Box

Vernon W. Hutchins: 1. Yes, it will lessen it to some extent. 2. Yes, the prints will be just as permanent. Cliff Brown: We prefer unmounted prints. Particulars of contest are given on this page. Clarence M. Carson: In order to have prints criticized request should be made at time they are submitted. So many prints are received each month that it is impossible for the editor to remember individual ones. Of the two pictures you sent us this month that of the trapeze act is satisfactory but your lens was not fast enough for the racing scene. E. W. Slocum: Blue-prints are the only photographs that are barred from our competitions. Any size, from a Brownie to an 8x10, is acceptable. Prints on glossy printing-out paper are preferred, because they make better half-tones. In selecting a subject, kindly bear in mind that our periodical is intended for boys. Anything that will interest a good healthy clean-minded American boy will be particularly welcome. Justin L. Patterson: Please note what we say in regard to blue prints. Oscar Anderson: The reply to Clarence M. Carson will answer one of your questions. In regard to the second would say that you probably take your plates out of the developer too soon, assuming that the exposure is correct. Todd C. Robins: You appear to have focused upon the cloth instead of the birds, for most of the latter are out of focus. If the cloth had been much further back, it would not have been noticed at all and the background would have been uniformly dark. Try it!

AFTER CHRISTMAS TREES

(*Continued from page 67.*)

"What'll ye give for a secret, Win?" she demanded.

"Nothing. I don't wish to buy any."

"But if 'twas 'bout you," she persisted; "if—if 'twould prove ye ain't no kin to Pete nor none of us?"

Fred turned to her quickly, before Win could speak.

"If you'll prove that," he cried eagerly, "I'll give you ten dollars myself."

"Show your money."

Fred drew it out, holding it before her eyes.

"There it is," he promised, "and it's yours for the proof."

"D'ye know where old Bill, the trapper, used to live?" she asked of Win.

"Yes."

"Well, he lives there now. You go an' ask him. He helped Pete get ye off a wrecked boat when ye wa'n't nothin' but a baby. Ye had on some good clothes an' pins an' things, an' Pete sold them. He'd likely a-throwed ye into the water then, only he hoped to make some more money from your people, if ye had any. When he didn't he commenced to 'buse ye. There," vindictively, "that's every word true, an' I've said it more to git even with Pete an' Jimmy than for the money! When they got the eight dollars they allers spent it for drink an' tobaccer, an' never give me a cent. If I asked for any they beat me. Now I'm even. You go to old Bill," to Fred, "I'll be down to the boat to-morrer, and if he says yes ye can let me have the money.

Fred slipped the ten dollars into her hand.

"No, I'll let you have it now," he said, "for I believe you've told us the truth. And I'm much obliged."

Win had listened with a great light coming to his face. His hand was in his pocket, drawing out all the money he had in the world, twenty-five dollars.

"Here, Liza," he said, with a quavering laugh that made the other boys turn away suddenly to hide the mistiness it brought to their eyes, "put this in your pocket. It's all I have, but I wish it were a hundred times as much. I don't believe in this sort of thing, and I know you're doing it all through spite; but I—I can't explain what it means to me. Was there any—any name or mark on the clothing—the baby's, I mean?"

"Baby Gifford on some, an' on others jest Winfield. That's why we called ye Win."

"Thank you. I—I—" He swung round suddenly. "Come, boys, let's race to the schooner," he cried. "I've got to run, or—or break."

At the schooner he met them with a bow. They had never seen that look on his face before.

"Come, fellows," he said, "let me introduce myself, Winfield Gifford, at your service."

Then they all laughed and shook hands.



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Vol. 5. TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE, by the Editor of The American Boy
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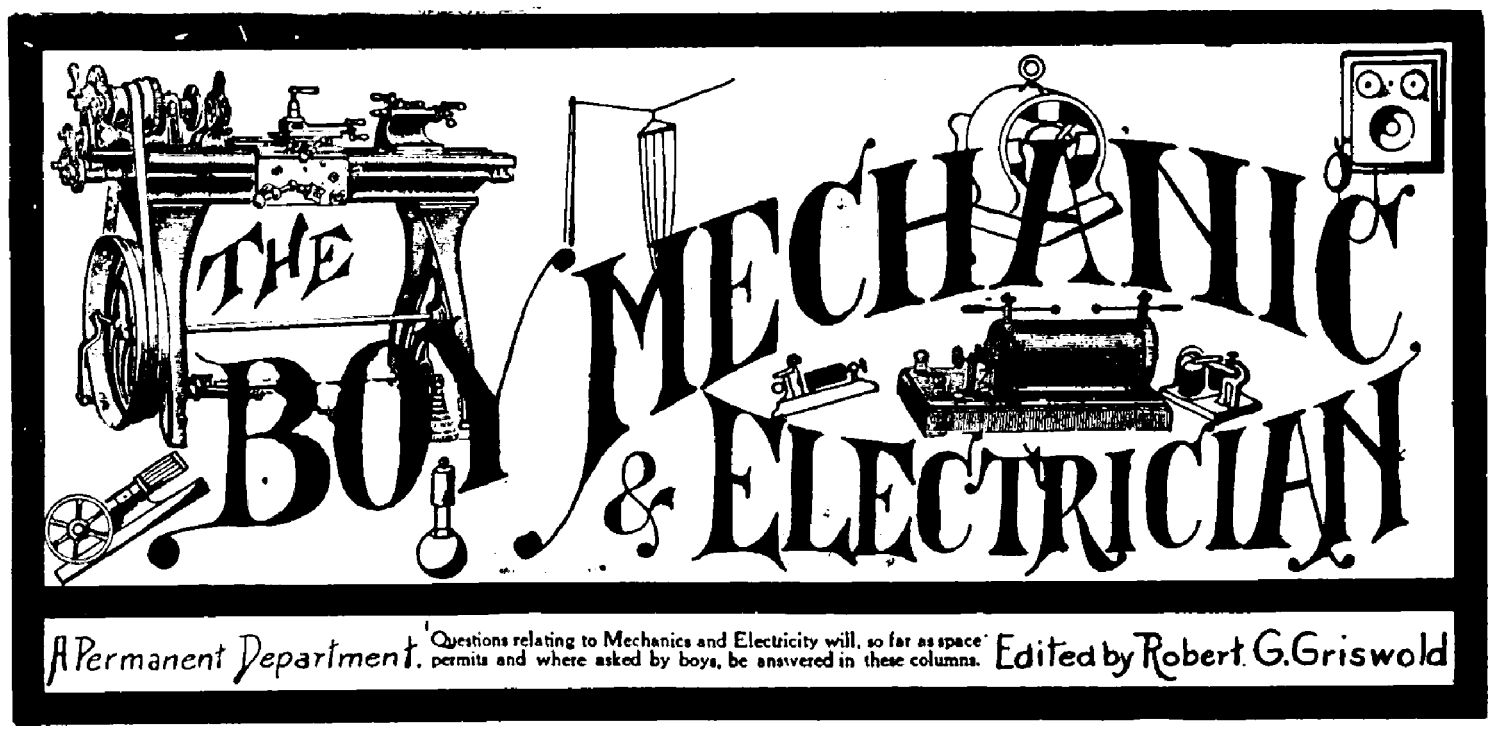
The Letter Box

Gilbert Pettit—Use a pane of glass instead of the usual ferrotype plate. Clean it thoroughly and dust it over with French chalk. Lay your gelatine prints face downward upon the glass, press into contact with a squeegee and when dry they will leave the glass with a brilliant surface. O. B. Cardwell—There are so many good 4x5 cameras in the market, at



TWO OF OUR ADMIRERS
Photo by Sara Weaver, Plattsburg, N. Y.

the price you mention, that it is difficult to single one out as the best. You will have to make your own choice. Yes, the camera you mention is all right and generally gives satisfaction. A double extension camera is only required when a number of lenses of varying foci are employed. For an amateur, requiring a good all around lens, the double combination rapid rectilinear is undoubtedly the most suitable. Very rapid plates are required for snap-shot work; there are many excellent brands. I have never tried a film-pack, so cannot give an opinion in regard to it. E. Claire Swan—If your camera is not entirely satisfactory, write to the manufacturers about it; a letter addressed to the Rochester Optical Company, Rochester, N. Y., will reach them. Willie Caldwell—The method of recovering silver from undeveloped negatives is a long-winded chemical process. We cannot waste space by giving it here. Moreover, in the ordinary work of an amateur, the amount of silver contained in the waste negatives is so small that its recovery would not repay the time and trouble required. Kurt Stolberg—Development with pyro sometimes causes a general yellow stain over the whole negative. This may be generally removed by a clearing solution of alum and hydrochloric acid. Elmer S. Ruff—The picture, to which you refer, was made with a cap that fits over the lens and may be obtained from any dealer in photo supplies. W. W. Hubbell—There is no limit.



Experimental Lessons in Electricity—Lesson XV.

The Induction Coil (Continued.)

Having finished the winding and insulating of our coil we are now ready to attach the secondary terminals and mount it upon its base. The base in this case we will make hollow for receiving the condenser, instead of using the jar form as mentioned in our previous coil (January, 1905).

The base, Fig. 1, is sixteen inches long by twelve inches wide and contains a hollow space two inches deep. The top

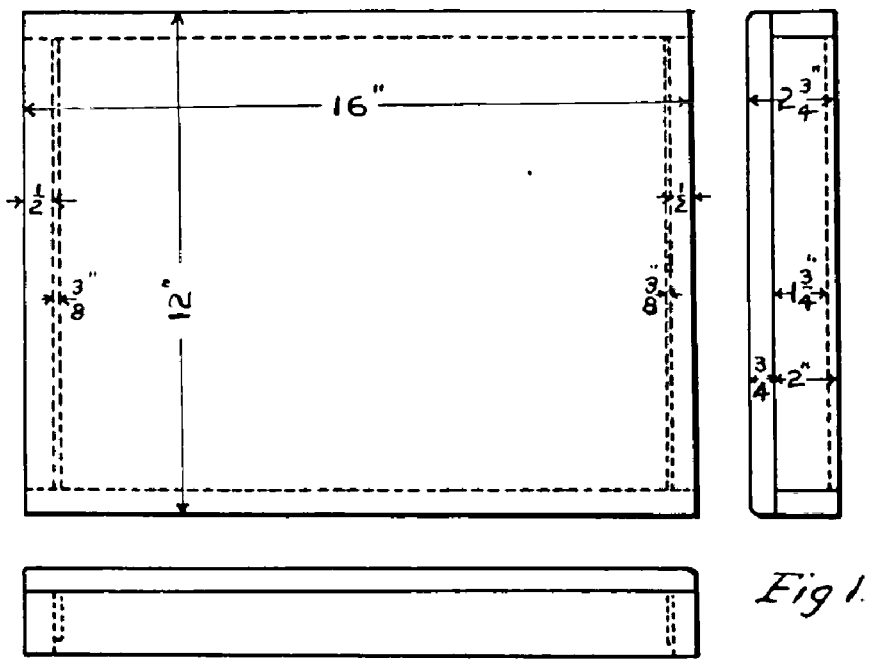


Fig 1.

is made of ¾" mahogany or cherry, the sides being of ½" stuff. A strip 1¾" wide and ½" thick is glued to the inside of the ends as shown at *a*. These serve to fasten the bottom to by screws, holding the condenser firmly in place. The bottom is made of ¼" pine 15"x11" fitting snugly between the sides and ends of the base.

Before any holes are drilled for screws or any of the apparatus is mounted thereon, the base is finished by staining and varnishing, as this cannot be done conveniently after pieces have been secured thereto. For the benefit of those who do not understand the finishing of wood we will describe the process in detail.

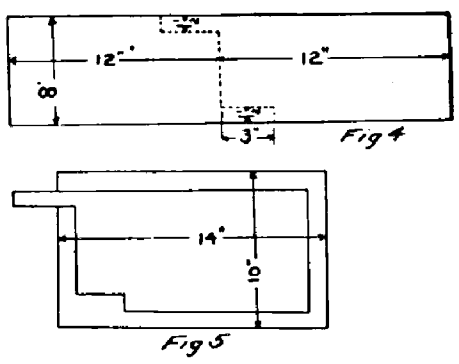
The wood is carefully sandpapered so that all scratches and tool marks are taken off the surface. Always rub the sandpaper with the grain of the wood and never across the grain. It is almost impossible to remove scratches crossing the grain and although they appear to be very small and hardly noticeable to the eye, they will show up on the finished surface with alarming vividness. If there are any small nail or screw holes, fill them with putty of the same color as the finish (made by mixing a little of the stain with the putty) and allow it to dry before rubbing with sandpaper. The final rubbing should be done with the finest sandpaper.

Now pass over the wood with a filler, allowing it to become almost dry. Then rub off the surplus with a piece of burlap or a handful of excelsior.

The work is now ready for staining. If mahogany or cherry is used, a dark red flat stain, called "mahogany flat stain," is laid on with a brush. Do not put on too much and the thin liquor at the top of the can is much better than the bottom, as the latter is likely to be muddy. The upper liquor gives a fine transparent color to the wood, through which the beautiful grain of the wood appears.

When the stain has dried, give a coat of clear white shellac varnish made rather thin with alcohol. When dry and hard, apply another thin coat, allowing it to get bone dry. Then with a piece of very fine sandpaper, previously rubbed on a board until all the sharpness has been worn off, go over the surface until it is perfectly smooth and every little roughness or air-bubble removed. Then apply the last two coats of the same varnish, allowing the first to dry thoroughly before the last is put on. The last coat is applied by what is known as the "floating" method. A soft brush is well filled with the varnish and then passed over the work in one direction only, and never passing over the previous stroke, but each stroke should join the previous one exactly. If this is well done a beautiful finish will be the result.

A flat is now cut on the lower side of the coil flanges as shown in Fig. 2, upon which the coil may rest. The position of the coil is laid out in Fig. 3. Two small holes are drilled through the base to receive screws from the underside, passing through into the coil flanges; these screws will draw the flats firmly down against the base and fasten the coil securely in place.



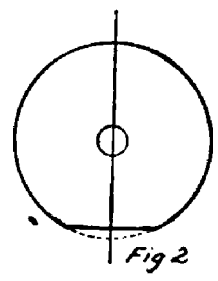
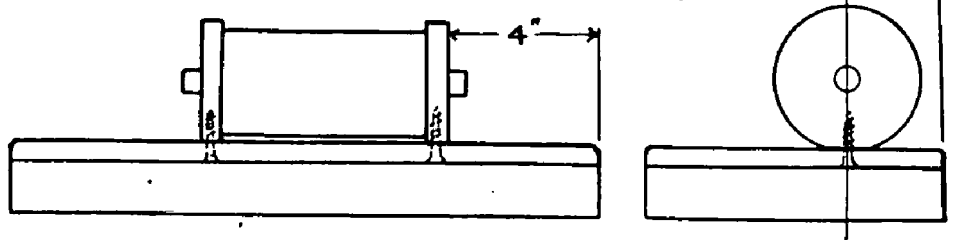


Fig 2

Fig 3.



Before giving the wiring diagram for the connections we will take up the construction of the condenser. The Leyden jar form was described in our early lessons because it was very simple and cheap, but one of large capacity would be very awkward and cumbersome. The type to be used with this coil is the flat built-up form, made of alternate layers of paraffined paper and tin-foil.

Tin-foil comes in sheets about four feet long by eight inches wide, rolled into a small roll, and may be had by applying to any electric dealer. Unroll the sheets, smooth them out and cut into halves, 24" long. Then place one pile on top of the other and cut as shown by the dotted line in Fig. 4. The finished sheets will then have the appearance as in Fig. 4*a* with a tongue extending from one corner. To make a condenser of sufficient size for this coil will require about four (4) pounds of foil. A pound contains about twenty long sheets or eighty sheets when cut size, giving 320 sheets in the four pounds.

Now have about 700 sheets of a good white paper cut 10"x14". This paper may be quite thin, provided it is free from holes. Each sheet is dipped into melted paraffin and hung over a string stretched across the room. They dry almost instantly. When the entire pile has been dipped, the condenser may be started.

Two sheets of the paraffined paper are first laid on a board, all air bubbles being squeezed out with an ivory paper knife or strip of soft wood. Then a single sheet of the foil is laid on with an edge of paper of equal width extending completely around the edge as shown in Fig. 5. The tongue protrudes over the edge two inches.

Then two more sheets of paper are laid over this foil and smoothed, another sheet of foil being laid on top, but with the tongue on the opposite end as in Fig. 6. Thus the pile is built up until all the papers and sheets of foil have been used, leaving three or four sheets of paper on either side as an additional protection. The pile is then placed in a letter press or beneath a heavy weight to press out all air bubbles. Strings may then be passed around the pile to bind the sheets securely together. If the edges of the sheets are held for a moment against a hot plate, they will be cemented firmly together.

The condenser is now completed and ready for placing in its case and connecting to terminals. We will take up this work in our next lesson.

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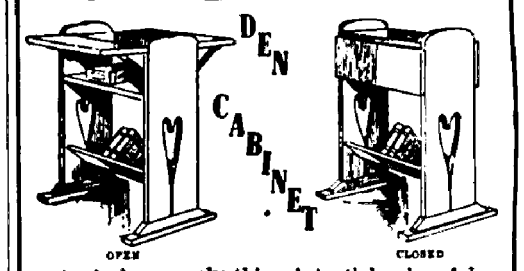

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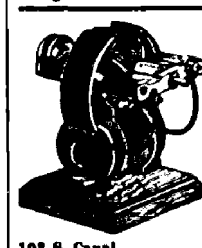

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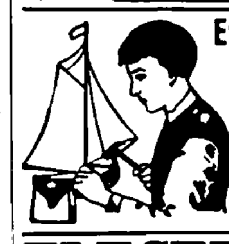

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DO I LIKE IT? WELL!
Photo by Roy Clark, Tabor, Ia.

THE ANTEDILUVIAN

(*Continued from page 55.*)

bling hands. As her eyes ran over the contents she saw that her worst fears were confirmed.

A petition to the Professor to resign, headed by Bob's name! Quick as a flash, she tore away the upper part of the petition and enclosed the boys' names with her own testimonial. Then she hurried to the schoolroom and laid the envelope in a conspicuous spot on the Professor's desk. She was just in time, for the great bell pealed out its summons and she had only a second to get out into the hall and take her place in the opening march. There was a look of expectancy on every face. The girls exchanged glances of mutual intelligence, while the boys glanced sheepishly at each other and then dropped their eyes on their books.

After the scriptural exercises the Professor rose slowly to his feet and gazed fixedly at the faces before him. As he stood thus, there was something pathetic in the bowed form and the face, so lined with care.

Twice he essayed to speak, but the words failed him, and the scholars felt there was something terrible impending. At last he began in a low, hesitating voice:

"My dear pupils, I have a few words to say to you this morning. I have heard on several sides that there is some dissatisfaction at the lack of holidays in this school. I have lived so long in one groove it is hard to get out of it, but I will try to put myself out of the question, or, perhaps, I am beginning to need the rest of a holiday, myself. At any rate, the school is dismissed for the balance of the day—the time is at your own disposal," and, with a feeble wave of his hand, he sat down.

Twenty-four hours' waste of time! Every scholar realized what a concession this was on the part of the master. As for the boys, there was not one of them but longed to slink out of the door and creep out of sight. If only they had waited one day longer, or if the school would be dismissed before the Professor caught sight of the envelope no one would be any the wiser, but just then the Professor's eyes fell on the document in question and he picked it up, glancing curiously at the address.

Bob trembled and felt his cheeks flush with shame. He could almost hear his own heart beat in the awful silence that followed. When he summoned courage enough to steal a glance at the Professor's face he was startled at its pallor. Would the shock kill him? Something rose in Bob's throat and choked him as he saw the feeble old gentleman struggle to his feet and cling to the desk in front of him for support.

"My dear young pupils—" the words came in faint gasps of breath—"you have made me very happy—today—"

Bob's eyes opened wide in fright—the Professor must have gone mad. What else could it mean?

"I have—not—words to thank—you—I—" He did not finish the sentence. Before anyone could rush to his assistance he staggered, caught hold of the railing, slipped and fell to the floor.

The poor Professor had earned his long holiday of rest.

In the confusion that followed Rosalie forgot Bob entirely. When something like quiet had been restored she looked around for him, but he was not in sight. She hunted over the building but could find no trace of him. At last, in searching the grounds, she heard the sound of sobbing as she drew near the summer house. Peering into the gloom, she saw a figure crouched in the corner. It was Bob! Rosalie entered softly and laid her hand on the bowed head comfortingly.

"Don't cry, Bob. It was dreadful, but Mrs. Bisbee says she was expecting it. The doctor had warned her. It was his dearest wish she said, that he might die in harness, and he did, you know—"

"Don't, don't, Rosalie," and Bob choked back a sob. "You don't know what killed him. We boys did it. We sent him a petition asking him to resign—and—I signed it!" Bob raised his head and stole a glance at his sister's face, expecting to see a look of horror supersede its usual expression, but Rosalie only smiled gravely.

"I know all about it, dear. I suspected something of the kind and I got the girls to subscribe to a testimonial for the dear old Professor, and we raised quite a sum for him. Perhaps you will not like it when I tell you that I stopped Johnny this morning and opened your envelope and tore up the petition. So the Professor never saw it. I added the boys' names to ours, and he thought the gift came from the whole school. Why! what is the matter, Bob?" for Bob sprang suddenly to his feet and caught his sister round the waist.

'Oh, Rosie, what a trump you are! I did not dare to back out for fear of the boys, but you don't know how mean I felt this morning. You will not tell father will you? I'll promise to be a first rate boy all the rest of the term."

And Bob kept his word. When they got up the fair in the spring for the benefit of the Professor's widow he was a host in himself, and Mrs. Bisbee always found him at her right hand, ready to do some service.

"I had no idea Robert was such a helpful lad," she said to Rosalie one day. "I am afraid I used to misjudge him."

And Rosalie kept her own counsel as to what had changed her brother in one day into a thoughtful, manly boy.

Among the boys who are particularly interested in our Mechanical and Electrical Department is Harold S. Chandler, of Rutland, Vermont. He sends us a picture of an electric car which he constructed. It is a large, substantial car and will make about two hundred feet a minute. We are sorry that the photograph cannot be reproduced. Harold has been taking THE AMERICAN BOY for three years.





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Every boy can turn his spare time after school hours on Friday and on Saturday into money. Some boys are earning $15.00 a week or more in this way. The work is easy. No capital required to start—we supply everything necessary to make money right from the start SELLING

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If you wish to try it all that is necessary is to write us a letter and we will furnish ten copies of magazines free of charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. After that whatever you require at wholesale price. We will also send you a booklet written by some of the boys telling how they work.

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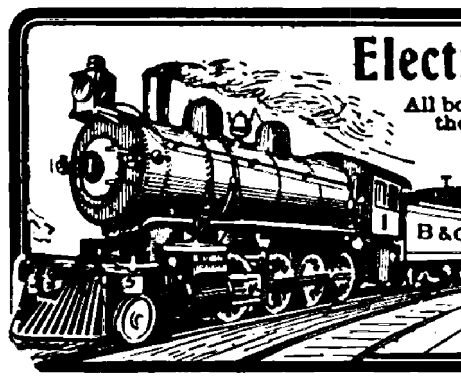

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THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS

¶ EDITOR'S NOTE—For purpose and plan of this series, see our November (1905) number. No. I of the Series was Ulysses Simpson Grant; No. II, David G. Farragut; No. III, Benjamin Franklin· No. IV, Abraham Lincoln No. V, John Adams; No. VI, Thomas Jefferson; No. VII, Ralph Waldo Emerson; No. VIII Henry Ward Beecher; No. IX, Nathaniel Hawthorne; No. X, Robert Edward Lee; No. XI, Daniel Webster; No. XII John Marshall; No. XIII, Eli Whitney.

No. XIV--Peter Cooper

NOWADAYS the advice generally given a boy who is about to take up his life-work is, find out what you like best, what you are particularly fitted for, and then bend all your energies in that one direction. The boy is advised that the greatest success comes through being able to do some one thing better than others can do it. This is sound advice and we are not finding fault with it, but we are going to tell our readers something about a boy who became successful and great by applying his abilities in many directions.

Peter Cooper, merchant and philanthropist, was born in Little Dock street, near what is now Water street, New York City, on February 12th, 1791. It is worth noting, perhaps, that February has been the birth month of many of America's most famous men, among them George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander H. Stephens and Thomas A. Edison.

The ancestors of Peter Cooper were staunch Revolutionary patriots. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, gave his life freely to aid the thirteen colonies, while his paternal grandfather and his father served gallantly in the Continental army, the latter retiring from the army, on peace being declared, with the rank of lieutenant.

At the time of Peter's birth his father was engaged in the business of hat making, and the family were in quite well-to-do circumstances. When Peter was about three years of age, his father removed from New York, then a city of less than thirty thousand people, to Peekskill, in the same state, believing that a successful business could be carried on better in the country than in a large city. At Peekskill he built a small hat factory and also opened a general store. But he speedily found that doing business in the country was altogether different from doing it in the city. He had enough customers, but, ready money being scarce, there were very few cash sales, almost everything being sold on credit. Mr. Cooper was a good man, but he had not the ability to deal rightly with such conditions. Kind-hearted, generous, and hospitable, he trusted his customers right and left. Of course, no business could stand such loose management; his own bills had to be paid as they became due, and, as his distinguished son was accustomed to say, "he soon found all his property in the hands of other people, and he was unable to get any of it back."

In the effort to keep out of bankruptcy Mr. and Mrs. Cooper exerted themselves to the utmost, even little Peter, then only eight years old, was forced to work. As there was no law in those days prohibiting the employment of children of such tender years, the little fellow was engaged day after day drawing the hair out of the rabbit skins to make the pulp of which hats were made. Young as he was, the boy was observant, quick with his hands, and eager to learn, so that in a very short time he could make a hat in as workmanlike a manner as could any of the older men. But in spite of all their efforts the fortunes of the Cooper family did not improve.

Thinking that a change of business might meet with success, Mr. Cooper started a small brewing establishment and Peter gave up the hat making to become a brewer of ale. This business also failed to prove successful, and again there was a change. This time it was brickmaking; and to Peter was given the duty of carrying and turning the bricks. This business likewise failing, the Cooper family was now in great distress. But through the aid given them by Peter's grandmother, their debts were paid and the family moved to Brooklyn, then a small town of scarcely two thousand inhabitants. But the elder Cooper's ill-success still followed him and the family once more moved, this time to Newburg-on-the-Hudson, where a brewery was again set up. This time, mainly through the work of Peter, the business yielded a fair return with a promise of continued success.

Peter now at the age of sixteen was a pale, sickly, stoop-shouldered lad, looking older than his years by reason of his hard, knockabout life. All the schooling he had received was two quarters, hardly sufficient to allow him to know more than the simplest words. The laws now restrict the number of working hours in a day, but when Peter Cooper was a lad the day's work began at sunrise and ended only when it was too dark to do any more. Peter never knew what it was to have a holiday. Little wonder that he looked old for his years, and little wonder, also, that the poverty and ill-success of his father made him believe that to get money and keep it was of greater importance than anything else. Many years after, when speaking about his boyhood and of his taking care of what he had, he told how one day he, with several other children, were busily engaged in an alley scraping the brown mortar from between the bricks of a building, pretending it was snuff and intending to use it in the play of "keeping shop." While thus employed a large black dog sprang through the fence and with loud barks ran at the boys. Peter's companions at once dropped their snuff and fled in terror, but young Peter, although badly frightened, held in his hand his dish of snuff and resolutely faced the furious animal, which after a moment turned and went away. The boy immediately hurried after his companions with his snuff still held tightly in his hands. As we read the story of Peter Cooper's life we can see that this characteristic of boldly facing difficulties and dangers contributed in no small degree to his success.

Another story is told of a money investment he made, the result of which taught him a lesson he never forgot. Early he began to save up all the pennies he could call his own, and at length had gathered together ten dollars. He was much troubled as to how to invest such a big sum. A relative advised him to buy lottery tickets. This he did, but he drew only blanks, and the whole of his fortune was gone. During his whole after life, speculation on chance and get-rich-quick schemes received no encouragement from Peter Cooper.

Having now seen his father's business in a fairly prosperous way, young Peter made up his mind that if he wished ever to amount to anything, he must strike out for himself, so he made his way back to New York where, unlike his father, he believed there were better opportunities for a boy. His intention was to continue in the brewery business, having already had experience in it. He had picked up a few good business ideas with which he hoped to make a successful career. One of these was that the public would be always ready to pay a good price for a superior article, an idea which he carried out in after years and which was a pronounced factor in placing him among the wealthy merchants of his day. However good his plans and ideas, Peter had to wait before putting them to practical use. The little money he had was gradually disappearing and something had to be done, as he was not one to eat the bread of idleness. He decided to become an apprentice to a coachmaker, who had quite an extensive business, so he bound himself to serve his master at his trade for four years, and to take as his pay board and lodging and the sum of twenty-five dollars at the end of each year. Boy apprentices in those days were required to work hard and for long hours, their masters being the sole judges of what constituted a day's work. They had only a very few hours in the evening which they could call their own, and as there were no opportunities in the form of night schools or reading rooms where they could improve their minds, these hours were generally spent in low pleasures, the frequenting of drinking places, and dance halls. When young Cooper came to New York he was strongly tempted to join his fellow apprentices in their so-called fun and dissipation, but life to Cooper was a serious thing and he had made up his mind that his future success in life depended upon his learning and doing as much as he could, and, besides, he was of a shy and retiring disposition and weak physically. For these reasons he persistently refused to join the boys.

Left to himself, Peter Cooper made good use of the few hours at his disposal, causing every moment to count in his efforts at self-improvement, whether it was in studying books or working after hours in the shop carving out new designs in coach panels. Incidentally this and other work which he did in his spare moments brought him considerable money. He proved himself by his intelligence, faithfulness, and painstaking care to be a valuable apprentice. He devised quicker methods of work and invented a machine which would mortise the spoke holes in carriage hubs in far less time than by hand and at much less expense.

So passed the four years of Peter Cooper's apprenticeship, years of hard work and little play. But these four years meant much in trying and testing. While he was shy and diffident, he was quick to observe, and the hard lot of the working lads among whom he lived appealed to him very strongly. He saw that many of them sought the drinking dens and low places of amusement because there was nothing to attract them elsewhere, and that their masters cared nothing for their well-being beyond getting as much work out of them as possible. There and then the germ of a great thought took root in young Cooper's heart and mind, which, years after, was to take form and substance in that magnificent expression of Christian helpfulness—the Cooper Institute.

With the arrival of his twenty-first year, Peter Cooper's apprenticeship ended and he was free to leave his master and seek employment where he pleased. His few belongings were packed up ready for departure and he went to bid his master good-bye. That master seems to have been one who appreciated faithfulness and good workmanship, and both of these qualities he had found in his apprentice. As the boy held out his hand in farewell he was startled by his master saying: "Peter, you have done good work for me. I will build you a shop and set you up in business for yourself. You may pay me when you can." It was an offer which reflected credit upon the man's head and heart; it was a disinterested offer, the acceptance of which could benefit Peter alone; it was an offer which would at once place the boy in the position which he longed for—that of an employer; it was an offer which not one in ten thousand of the apprentices he knew would refuse; and yet Peter Cooper, with nothing apparently before him but a workman's daily wage, refused it. With deep emotion he expressed his gratitude for his master's kindness, but he had no money, his only capital being his two willing hands and his head. Further he had seen in his own home life the misery of the debtor and he had resolved that, however hard his lot might be, he would not begin his life under a burden of debt. It was a noble resolution for a boy under such circumstances to make, but his subsequent career shows that he never had the slightest cause to regret his resolution.

Here, properly, the boyhood of Peter Cooper ends, but we are unable to close this sketch without touching, at least slightly, upon some of the notable acts of his life which have amply justified his right to occupy an honored place in the Hall of Fame.

Summing up his equipment for the battle of life we may say, Peter Cooper had a knowledge of four trades—coachmaking, hatmaking, brewing, and brickmaking, a liking for tools and machinery, very little schooling, and no money.



PETER COOPER

It was as a workman at one of his trades that he expected to make his living, but curiously enough he never afterwards worked at any one of them.

During the war of 1812 America had to depend upon her own few mills and factories, and the cloth mills among the rest were extremely busy. Peter's brother lived in Hempstead, Long Island, where there was a cloth mill, and Peter was invited to go there and work in the mill. His duty was to shear cloth, that is, snip off the fuzz which covered the cloth as it left the loom. His wages were one dollar and fifty cents a day, then considered good pay. He worked in this mill for three years, during which time he married.

While working at his bench he saw that shearing the cloth by hand was a slow process and pondered upon whether a machine could not be constructed which would do it more rapidly. After various experiments he invented a machine which not only did the work quicker but at far less expense than when done by hand. Having saved his money, he at once began the manufacture of these machines. In a short time the profits from their sales gave him a capital of five hundred dollars. While considering whether to extend his business he paid a visit to his parents and found that his father had become so deeply involved in debt that even the home was about to be sold to satisfy his creditors. At once his affection for his parents overcoming all his ambitious hopes, Peter gave up his little fortune to help pay the most pressing debts, and made himself responsible also for the remainder. It may here be said that he subsequently paid every one of his father's creditors in full.

With barely enough money to buy material, young Cooper went to work again manuacturing cloth shearing machines. The business paid so well that when the war with England closed he sold out and engaged in the grocery business. This also made money for him. Then he extended his interests by becoming the proprietor of a glue factory in which he made glue, isinglass, oil and other products. This business he greatly extended and continued until his death. Money was now coming in to him rapidly and, altho' he well knew its value and looked shrewdly after every detail, he was always liberal in every good cause; his purse was ever open to assist true worth, and his advice and encouragement freely given. He always counseled young men to save something out of their earnings, saying that from the time he became his own master, he never failed to save at least one dollar every day, and it was to these savings and the opportunities for investing them that he owed his fortune. Here is a lesson which the boys of today should learn, for there are many chances in business life for the young man or boy who has saved his money.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railway, in which Mr. Cooper later became financially interested, found that there were so many sharp curves and steep grades in the making of the road into Baltimore that the amount estimated for the work would not be sufficient. Also it was found that the engines which were to come from England, where the roads were straight and level, would be useless on the quick turns and heavy grades. Many of the stockholders were for throwing up the road in disgust. Mr. Cooper at once went to work and himself built an engine which successfully overcame all the difficulties and saved the great railroad from bankruptcy. To describe the many other enterprises in which Peter Cooper was financially interested and to tell how he came to be a millionaire many times over, cannot form part of this sketch. We must skip even that part of his career in which he was President of the first Atlantic Cable Company, an organization which after twelve years of disappointments and discouragements was finally successful.

It was now thirty years since the idea of helping in some way his fellow workmen had taken hold of Peter Cooper's heart, and during these years it had never left him. He had determined that his wealth should not be hoarded up until his death, but that he should see, while alive, some of the good it should accomplish. Ever interested in education, he was a member of New York's school board when a friend who had visited Europe told him of the great work being done by the Polytechnic Institute of Paris for young men desirous of an education, but unable to get it by reason of poverty. Here was the solution of the problem which Peter Cooper had long pondered over. At once he conceived the idea of establishing such an institution in New York, for the benefit of young people whose days were filled with hard work and whose desire for wider knowledge could not be gratified. With all his accustomed energy he at once went to work, with the result that the great Cooper Institute was completed and presented to the people of New York in 1859. The amount of money which Mr. Cooper spent upon its erection was $750,000. His descendants have added to this other large sums.

The scope and purpose of the institution was thus spoken of by Mr. Cooper in a speech made at one of the annual meetings of trustees: "Feeling, as I always have, my own want of education, and more especially my want of scientific knowledge, as applicable to the various callings in which I had been engaged, it was this want of my own which I felt so keenly that led me, in deep sympathy for those whom I knew would be subject to the same wants and inconveniences that I had encountered—it was this feeling which led me to provide an institution where a course of instruction would be open and free to all who felt a want of scientific knowledge, as applicable to any of the useful purposes of life. Having started in life with naked hands and an honest purpose, I persevered through long years of trial and effort to obtain the means to erect this building which is now devoted, with all its rents and revenues of every name and nature, to the advancement of science and art."

From Maine to California there are men and women who have been successful in life only because of the start given them by the Cooper Union. Its influence is as wide as the United States. Instruction is given in the arts and sciences. Thousands every year take advantage of the great reading room and library, while in the winter months other thousands fill the great auditorium listening to the popular course of lectures delivered by men famed in their several departments of knowledge and research.

When Peter Cooper died he left an estate of $2,000,000. It is said that during his long life his philanthropies amounted to over $4,000,000. His splendid life is an example, and an encouraging one, to the boy who thinks he has no chance. From it can be learned that successful men are developed from the boys who make the fullest use of the chances they have.

SYNOPSIS OF PETER COOPER'S CAREER.

1828	Bought 3,000 acres of land in Baltimore and established the Canton iron works.
1830	Built first locomotive engine in America.
1845	Established the largest blast furnaces in America.
1854	Became first President of the first Atlantic Cable Company.
1854	Laid cornerstone of the Cooper Union.
1876	Nominated for Presidency of the United States.
1883	Died April 4, aged 92.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET IN HALL OF FAME.

PETER COOPER
1791-1883

The great object I desire to accomplish is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to youth (and so unfold the volume of nature), so that the young may see the beauties of Creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author.

THIS CLOCK FACE WILL APPEAR JUST ONCE MORE



Our Last Appeal

Some six months ago we expressed the hope that our subscribers would send us a total of $1,000 before the first of January, 1907, to enable us to send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year to two thousand shut-in boys. While the response up to date (November 9th) has been generous, it has not been generous enough. We find that unless our readers come immediately to the rescue, we will fall far short of doing what we hoped to do. Few things perhaps could come into the life of a shut-in boy to give him more real pleasure than THE AMERICAN BOY. Surely every boy that reads this paper will want to see it in the hands of every shut-in boy. Up to November 9th, the amount contributed by our readers is $195.69, about one-fifth of what we planned to raise by the first of January next. There are some seven or eight weeks left in which to move the hands of the clock entirely around the circle. We had hopes that some one or more good Samaritans would appear with large subscriptions, and that no boy would permit the enterprise to fall without at least doing his share. The following contributed between October 9th and November 9th the sums set opposite their names: W. A. Beckman, .10; Rainbow Falls Co., .53; Oliver B. Cardwell, .10; Neil B Gregory, $1.00; Floyd Case, .50; Lewis S. Gibbs, .25; C. Fay Sarle, $1.00; Albert Berlin, .10; Lester C. Daniels, .25; Lester Galley, .25; Wm. Ankeney, .15; Gilbert Hedman, $1.00; F. C. S., $1.00; Willie Koch, .50; Stanley G. Chilson, .25; Alvah and Harold Starkey, .50; C. B Case, $1.00; Bruce Casbere, .50; W. I. Hackett, .25; Robert Trew, .15; Jno. R. Brown, .50; Wesley Richards, .50; Arthur F. Hagar, $1.00; Harold M Pavey, .50; E. E Cobleigh, .10; Floyd McKevitt, .25; Thorsby Naturalist and Athletic Company, $1.00; Walker Hooper, $3.00; Geo. E. Kennam, $1.00; F. Chester Farr, .25; P. Hayden Davenport, .50; Mrs. S. E. Davenport, .50; Victor P. Morris, .50; Chris R. Ingall, .50; Ralph A. Sherwood, .10; George S. Montgomery, Jr., .10; Vance S. Utz, .10; Harry F. Lett, .50; A friend from Old Cape Codd, .50; Chas. S. Gerrish, .15; Robert Berkman, $1.50; Chas. Montgomery, .25; Geo. E. Back, .50; Ralph B. Lindsey, .25; Clifford Miller, .25; A. S. Breninger, .50; Hugh C. Gruwell, .25; Abraham Lincoln Co., $1.00; Ray L. L. Holt, $2.00; Harry B. Humphrey, .25; J. Fred Wright, $1.00; Orel E. Young, .10; Paul E. Thomas, .25; Karl Wells, $1.00; John C. McNary, .25; Elmer Hooton, .50. Total $30.78.

WILL YOU NOT HELP?

Why I am Proud of My State

The first prize, $3, in the North Carolina essay contest, was won by Jarrette M. Tyler, Whitakers; the second prize, $1.50, by T. P. Byrum, Edenton; and the third prize, fifty cents, by Percy S. White, 132 Price street, Greensboro. Honorable mention is due D. Franklin Wallace, of Statesville, and Leslie G. Bullard, of Fayetteville.

The following boys wrote pleasing essays: Francis B. Brown, Samuel B. Turrentine, Jr., Linwood C. Fink, N. Hunt Gwyn, Paul Hendren, John W. Harris, E. Oscar Leach, Geo. Howard, Jr., Yates Clarkson, Charles W. Haskett, Joseph W. Holford, Douglas L. Rights, Norman Scharth, Theodore S. James, Bryan C. Murchison, Charles Bagley, R. Grady White, Watson W. Sherrod, Stuart W. Cramer, Jr., Joe J. Thaxton, Gordon M. Carver, Tom Blackburn, G. Wilder Fort, Braxton Jones, Jim Pate, Titus E. Chappell, and James Crawford.

North Carolina is about the size of England, having an area of 52,286 square miles. A vast amount of water-power is furnished by the 3,500 miles of rivers. The climate is mild and agreeable, and the state contains many health resorts. The highest mountains east of the Mississippi are to be found in North Carolina. Mount Mitchell reaches a height of 6,688 feet. The state has a large and growing foreign commerce, besides an enormous coasting trade. Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America, was born on Roanoke Island, in the eastern part of the state. It is stated that out of every two hundred people in North Carolina, only one is a foreigner. The peanut crop exceeds 100,111 bushels annually. In the raising of tobacco North Carolina ranks second. In the year 1905, 98,618,080 pounds were raised. The capital invested in the fishing industry amounts to more than a million dollars, and over 10,000 men are employed in the fisheries during the season. Fruits of all kinds are plentiful. It is said that one variety of apples grown in North Carolina was used exclusively by Queen Victoria. This was the Albemarle pippin. There are many fine granite quarries, and a variety of jewels, including the diamond, garnet, sapphire, opal, ruby, and emerald, are found. The "Hiddenite," a valuable species of emerald, was first found in North Carolina. The manufacture of cotton is a great industry, giving employment to 40,000 people, and enough cotton is raised in the state to supply the mills. Fifty thousand persons are employed in the manufacture of tobacco. Wilmington, the metropolis of North Carolina, is one of the greatest ports for the exportation of cotton and naval stores; Charlotte, the next city in size, is noted for the number of textile mills; and Raleigh, the capital, has many fine colleges. The first officer killed in the Spanish-American War was Worth Bagley, of Raleigh. His remains lie in Oakwood Cemetery in that city, and funds have been collected for a splendid monument in his memory. North Carolina has furnished three presidents: Jackson, who won the battle of New Orleans in the second war with Great Britain, Polk and Johnson. The Biltmore estate, owned by George W. Vanderbilt and valued at more than ten million dollars, is located at Asheville. The forests of the state are especially valuable. Oak and pine are exported in large quantities.

One essay states that North Carolinans are especially proud of their reputation for true Southern hospitality.

The opinion of North Carolina boys is summed up at the close of one essay as follows:

"And I believe that happy land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old North Carolina."

WHY I AM PROUD OF NORTH CAROLINA

First Prize Essay by Jarrette M. Tyler, Whitakers

I am proud of my native state because of her glorious history and her rich endowment of climate and natural resources.

On Roanoke Island was planted the first English colony in the New World. Here was born the first white child and here celebrated the first baptism in America.

The fisheries of North Carolina are the greatest in the world, and her corn lands make her the Egypt of the South. In the production of tobacco she stands first in quality, though second in quantity. The annual crops of cotton, peanuts, rice, wheat, oats, rye, Irish and sweet potatoes, are enormous.

Along the Atlantic coast are many fine truck farms, and in the western part of the state are belts where frost is unknown. Here flourish all the fruits of the temperate zone. The grape-vine grows in every section. Among the varieties are the Lincoln, Isabella, Catawba, and Scuppernong. The wines made are noted for their richness and flavor.

The forests of North Carolina are very valuable. The long-leaf pine furnishes immense quantities of lumber and naval stores. In the eastern section are found the live oak, the magnolia, and the palmetto. The gold medal for forestry was awarded to North Carolina at the World's Fair.

The hills and mountains of this state contain nearly two hundred useful minerals. Gold is found in twenty-nine counties.

The state possesses unsurpassed facilities for manufacturing and commerce. Her water power is unlimited.

North Carolina was one of the first of the Southern states to encourage education.

The climate of certain sections is very beneficial to those suffering from throat and lung troubles, and winter resorts are numerous. The mountain region contains some of the grandest scenery in the world. Here is Mount Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rockies. No section presents greater attractions for sportsmen.

The sons of the "Old North State" have ever been ready to shed their blood at honor's bidding. On the "Blood-stained Field of Alamance" was made the first armed resistance to British tyranny. At King's Mountain, Moore's Creek, and Guilford Court House stubborn resistance was made to the British. In Mecklenburg County, called the "Hornet's Nest" by Cornwallis, was drawn up the first declaration of independence in the colonies. This was thirteen months before the Declaration of Independence was issued by the Continental Congress.

In the Civil War North Carolinins were "First at Bethel, foremost at Gettysburg, furthest at Chickamauga, and last at Appomattox."

The first officer killed in the Spanish-American War was a "Tar Heel."

Is not this a glorious record?

In the words of one of her gifted sons I join:

"North Carolina, great, glorious, and free,
The joy of thy children shall thou ever be;
In storm and in sunshine around thee we'll stand,
And may God bless thee with most bounteous hand."

Company News

(*Continued from page 46*)

COSMOPOLITAN COMPANY, No. 63, Decatur, Ill., gave a Hallowe'en party October 29, at which the members present were dressed in costume, and masked. The following are the company's officers: Robert Jackson, Pres.; Helmer Landholt, V. P.; Clarence Heinds, Sec.; Neal Sine, Treas. The company's charter has been framed, and the members are taking active interest along literary lines. A series of interesting programs is expected to be held during the winter months. This company altogether seems to have a bright future before it. We trust that all its hopes and ambitions may be realized. SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45, Decatur, Ill. The members are planning to have a reception soon to which the public will be invited. This company is one of the most energetic in the order, and we trust that the good work it has done in the past in showing sympathy and helpfulness towards those who need it may be continued. We are sure that the consciousness of being able to assist will encourage them in further efforts along these lines. THE AMERICAN BOY CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 24, Fairbury, Neb., went camping during September, and had a most enjoyable time. They also celebrated Hallowe'en with a party. Meetings are held in the basement of one of the boys' homes every Friday evening, where the members engage in different athletic stunts, having two trapezes, dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc. There is also a laboratory in which chemical experiments are made.



The Music Master Plans a Christmas Surprise

COLUMBIA Graphophone

As the pleasure grows upon the Music Master, so it grows upon the whole family.

CHRISTMAS! It is in the air. My friends, they demand of me, "What shall I give to the children for the fete of Christmas?"

On the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at the Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little."

"One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

"I tell you. It is this way: One gift, **A Columbia Graphophone,** with those **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,—songs of Christmas, of the Opera, of the Vaudeville—music of all instruments. Stories that make the entertainment, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea of the greatest—One gift for the whole family—**The Columbia Graphophone.**"

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia,** if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records.**

We don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l
353 Broadway, New York

Grand Prix Paris, 1900 Double Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904 Grand Prize Milan, 1906

A. B.-13



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Ingersoll WATCH

The boy who gets an Ingersoll Yankee for his Christmas is getting the ideal gift for sure. It not only tells him the correct time, but it makes a more ambitious and manly little fellow of him the minute he drops it into his pocket.

Thousands of men all over the world are proving the reliability of the **Ingersoll** Dollar Watch (stem wind and set) right this minute.

The **Ingersoll** signed guarantee in the back of every watch protects you after you buy; but to be sure beforehand that you're not getting a cheap substitute—

Look for "INGERSOLL" on the Dial



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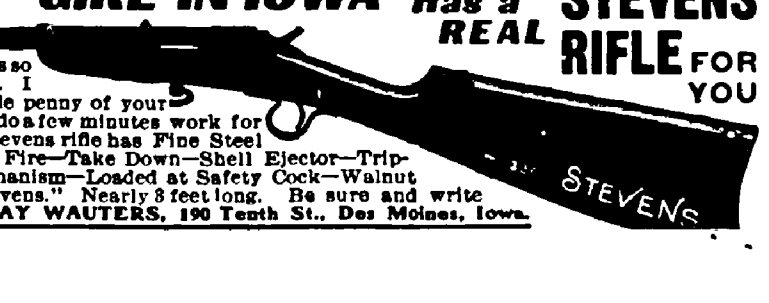
AGENTS MAKE GOOD MONEY BY TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE AMERICAN BOY AT THIS SEASON



THE SWEETEST GIRL IN IOWA Has a REAL STEVENS RIFLE FOR YOU



SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address so I can tell you how to get this rifle absolutely free. I mean just what I say—it will not cost you a single penny of your money. All I want is one honest boy in each town to do a few minutes work for me which is very easy and pleasant. This real Stevens rifle has Fine Steel Rifled Barrel—Breech Loader.—½ Cock Lock—Pin Fire—Take Down—Shell Ejector—Triple Reinforced Breech—Patent Drop Breech Mechanism—Loaded at Safety Cock—Walnut Stock—V Sights—Each rifle stamped genuine "Stevens." Nearly 8 feet long. Be sure and write today for particulars.

MAY WAUTERS, 190 Tenth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

The American Boy

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THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as Second-class Matter

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is $1.00 a year, payable in advance. Foreign subscriptions, $1.50.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail, should be made in a Postoffice Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order, or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to **The Sprague Publishing Co.**, Majestic Building, **Detroit, Mich.**

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, . . President and Editor
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Vice-President and Ass't Editor.
J. COTNER, Jr., . . Secretary and Treasurer.

SOME DON'TS THAT BOYS SHOULD BEAR IN MIND

Don't expect our department editors to write you direct. All questions asked will so far as possible, be answered in the paper.

Don't send us stories and poems. We have not sufficient room to print the many contributions that come from boys.

Don't ask us for the Legion of Honor Badge without furnishing a letter from some adult certifying to the facts upon which you base your claim.

Don't send in coins or stamps and ask to know their value; send a description only; and in the case of the coins, a rubbing.

Don't ask questions on two or more subjects on one sheet of paper. Where you have several questions to ask the editor, write them on separate sheets, signing each.



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.

Albert B. Ellard, 1124 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the October Tangles.

B. Frank Sterling, 1819 Avenue F, Galveston, Texas, wins the second prize.

Moxie Craus, McKinney, Texas, wins the prize for the best original Christmas puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Ralph A. Clark, J. Horace Trumbull, Amy von Tobel, Arthur Townsend, Harry J. Button, Clarkson P. Stelle, Henry Hansen, Noah S. Guengerich, Claud Gill, James A. Lynd, D. Waldo Brown, Elliott P. Ross, F. C. Millspaugh, Wycliffe C. Burgess, Carleton W. Adams, Kenneth M. Gould, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., Clinton Fisk Elliott, George Brodthage, Jr., Elmer Rodgers, J. Glenn Patterson, William Jarboe, John Thoen, Emerson Grant Sutcliffe, Raymond F. Katterjohn, Wm. McGum, Harold Podhasky, Grady Peerey, I. Lewis Mills, Clarence Argabute, Elmer W. Backus, Louise Ayres Garnett.

Answers to September Tangles were received too late for acknowledgment in the November issue from Veator Mendenhall, Eric Verrill, Gordon T. Cloyd, Albert B. Ellard.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the December Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by December 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for February, received by December 18.

Answers to November Tangles

52.

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l			
T	H	A	N	K	S	G	I	V	I	N	G			
e	o	r	e	e	i	e	r	i	s	e	r			
n	n	k	v	n	m	o	w	r	l	w	a			
n	d	a	a	t	p	r	i	g	e	H	f			
e	e	n	d	u	s	g	n	l	o	n	t			
s	r	s	a	c	o	l		n	f	m	o			
s	s	a		k	n	a		i	w	p	n			
c	o	c		y				a	l	s				
c	n								g	h				
									h	l				
									t	r				
										c				

A to l, Thanksgiving. 1 to 34, The Pilgrims, at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

53. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Psalms XCVIII., 4.

54. 1. Franz Sigel. 2. Ambrose P. Hill. 3. Benjamin F. Butler. 4. James A. Garfield. 5. Jubal A. Early. 6. Plymouth.

55. Commence with the T on top of the turkey's back and take every third letter around to the right: The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by Plymouth Colony in sixteen-hundred and twenty-one.

57. William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello.

56.

1. N y a s s A
2. O l i v e T
3. R e g g l O
4. T a r n a K
5. H e l e n A
6. D e l a n D
7. A r m a g H
8. K n i g h T
9. O a m a r U
10. T o l e d O
11. A n d r e S

Initials, down, North Dakota; finals, up, South Dakota.

58.

(1) C L A M S
(2) T U R K E Y
(3) W I S H B O N E
(4) C H E R R Y P I E
(5) P L U M P U D D I N G
(6) T A R T S
(7) C O F F E E
(8) L E M O N A D E

A to h, Pilgrims. Daggers Mayflower. I to 8, Plymouth. I. to VIII., Bradford. Stars, Standish.

59.

```
        I B I S
        B O M A
        I M A M
1 S I S A M E R S T
S N O W   R H E A
I O W A   S E P T
S W A N E W T A T A
      E C H O
      W H I G
      T O G A
```

60.

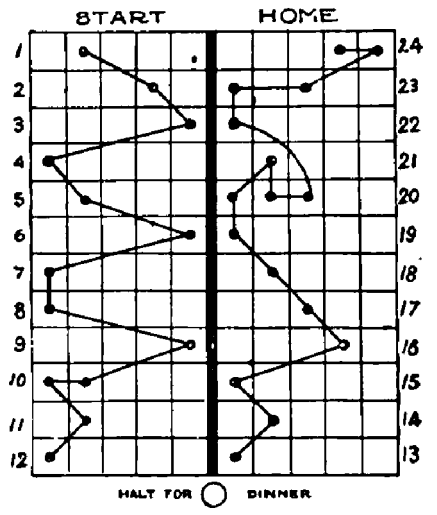
1. L O S S
2. O P T I C
3. S T A T E S
4. S I T U A T E
5. C E A S E D
6. S T E E D
7. E D D Y

61. Bound, found, hound, mound, pound, round, sound, wound.

New Tangles

62. XMAS CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

Fill each numbered set of five squares with the surnames of the required authors, each of which contains five letters, writing one letter of each name in a square, from left to right. Take letters in order as indicated by the dots on the path of the cross-country run, from start to dinner and from dinner to home, and obtain a well-known quotation from Saint Luke pertaining to the first Christmas.



The required names to fill the squares are the authors of the following works, in order: 1. The Iliad. 2. For A' That and A' That. 3. Robinson Crusoe. 4. Ragged Dick. 5. For Love of Country. 6. Gulliver's Travels. 7. With Lee in Virginia. 8. Two epistles in the new testament. 9. Lalla Rookh. 10. The Manxman. 11. Fables. 12. Household Fairy Tales. 13. The Boat Club. 14. Night Thoughts. 15. The Psalms. 16. Dred. 17. Under Two Flags. 18. The Mill on the Floss. 19. Handy Andy. 20. Pudd'nhead Wilson. 21. The Pentateuch. 22. It's Never Too Late to Mend. 23. The Count of Monte-Cristo. 24. The Age of Reason. —Moxie Craus.

63. CHRISTMAS C.

Write the defined words on the big C as indicated. All the numbered letters, only, in numerical order, spell the first four lines of a well-known poem concerning Christmas time. The words which make up the C may be thus defined:

From 38 to 84, to unpack. 80 to 5, of a combative disposition. 16 to 25, looking on the bright side of things. 4 to 65, sluggish. 19 to 7, to interpret. 17 to 54, to allude. 10 to 77, an open passage through a wood. 64 to 29, a glistening brightness. 11 to 57, courage. 46 to 14, improper. 1 to c, a path. 70 to b, bare. 40 to a, a dog used in the chase. 12 to 79, a diadem. 79 to 14, to muddle. 2 to 49, to rouse. 15 to 42, to bring. 62 to 35, to confound. 39 to 47, a conjecture. 45 to 67, a king of Sweden. 83 to 48, to accumulate. 50 to 56, a lyric drama. 66 to 27, a river of India. 37 to 21, not the same. 37 to 78, a great body of water. x to 20, the working part of a saw. y to 6, to tie. z to 34, a bird of the heron family. 21 to 51, to correct. 60 to 32, to praise highly. 52 to 44, the Moslem's God. 9 to 55, conclusion. 71 to 23, a dozen dozen. 24 to 43, a tenth part. 31 to 63, faulty. 81 to 41, the path of a heavenly body. 22 to 73, a western state. 61 to 68, to fluctuate.

12	40	70	1	46	11	64	10	17	19	4	16	80	38	
69	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
28	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
59	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
79	a	b	c	14	57	29	77	54	74	-	-	-	-	72
2	-	-	-	49					36	-	-	-		30
15	-	-	-	42					82	-	-	-		33
62	-	-	-	35					7	65	25	5		34
39	-	-	-	47										
45	-	-	-	67										
83	-	-	-	48										
50	-	-	-	56										
66	-	-	-	27										
37	x	y	z	21	60	52	9	71	24	31	81	22	61	
53	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	
75	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	76	
26	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18	
78	20	6	34	51	32	44	55	23	43	63	41	73	68	

—Albert B. Ellard.

64. CHRISTMAS TREE.





All the World Wants a Lawyer

Court records in every State and County show that never before was there so great a demand for men learned in the law as there is to-day—everyone, everywhere, at some time needs the counsel of a lawyer. Educational authorities agree that never before was there so great an opportunity to acquire a thorough legal education as to-day. **The Sprague School of Law,** under the direction of the most able practitioners, has perfected a method at once practical and efficient, by which any young man may

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Interpret the gifts by words of uniform length. The primals in order spell a most desirable Christmas gift for boys. Rearrange the finals, omitting number 8, and obtain a famous Scotch essayist and historian, born in December.

—Grady Peerey.

65. CHRISTMAS DESSERTS.

On our chess-board, by the king's move, one square only in either direction, find fifty or more desserts, pies, cakes, confections, fruits, nuts, etc., using every letter at least once and as often as needed, but repeating no letter till after moving from its square.

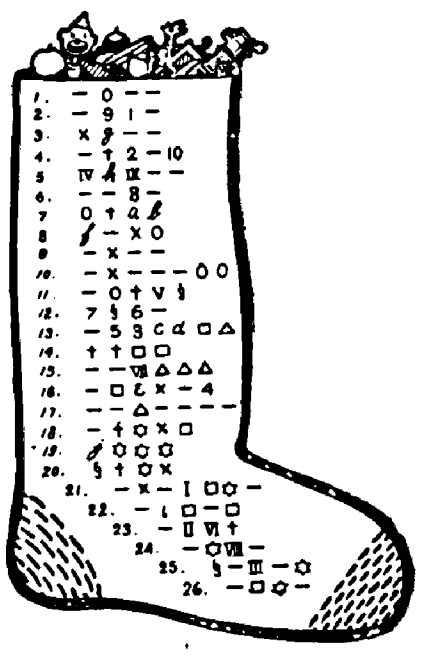
J	K	E	A	D	Q	G	E
A	R	K	M	U	D	U	R
M	C	I	P	A	L	I	F
L	E	N	E	P	N	I	T
D	M	O	O	L	G	C	R
A	N	D	A	E	P	E	O
C	Y	N	T	S	R	A	N
T	U	E	I	E	V	G	M

—Fred E. Day.

66. CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

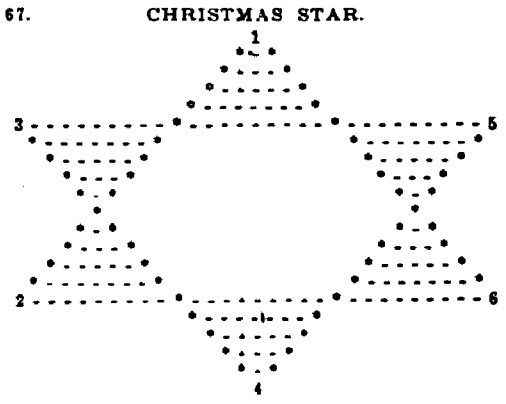
Fill the diagram on the stocking with twenty-six words as here defined, in their numbered order.

1. The eleventh king of Judah. 2. Employed. 3. Cajole. 4. Portrays. 5. A pupil. 6. The Dutchman's wife. 7. The main point. 8. Head coverings. 9. Munich's river. 10. The narcissus. 11. Retains. 12. The crazy-weed. 13. Aping manhood. 14. The margosa tree of East India. 15. Vocally. 16. A sentinel. 17. "By what right," in Latin; a common legal term. 18. To send in return. 19. An ornamental belt. 20. Neat. 21. Alike. 22. A male body-servant. 23. Untamed. 24. One way of writing 290 in Roman numerals. 25. A dialectical form of the word "herbs." 26. The Greek letter corresponding to our Z.



The initials read downward spell the alphabet, in order; the fourth letters read upward also spell the alphabet, in order. The star letters when rightly arranged spell a December holiday. The number path in numerical order and the letter path in alphabetical order each spell a name of the patron saint of this holiday. The Roman numeral path, in order, and, when correctly arranged, the dagger, section, cross, circle, square and triangle groups of letters, each spell an adjunct of this holiday. —Raymond F. Katterjohn.

67. CHRISTMAS STAR.



Upper triangle: A letter in Christmas box; a "ville" that is a county seat of Cal.; even; unlawful; an address book; annual.

Left hour-glass: The ancient name of Norway, Sweden and Denmark; enmity; the goddess of retribution or vengeance; a river in Scotland and England; one of the stages of life; a letter in Christmas box; a measure for cloth, now rarely used; an island in the Mediterranean; the capital of Silesia, Prussia; frugalities in expenditure; pertaining to a ritual.

Right hour-glass: A national park of the U. S.; a subordinate; a county and county seat of Pa.; a county seat of northern Mo.; a city of southern Persia; a letter in Christmas box; a "Harbor" of Long Island; a representative; tanned skin; to found or begin; a vine bearing beautiful and fragrant flowers.

Lower triangle: Pertaining to Canaan; mechanical; a county of Montana; a common vegetable; to allow; a letter in Christmas box.

The starred letters from 1 to 2 spell what occur at Christmas time and the month; from 3 to 4, a Christmas saint and what are sung at Christmas; from 4 to 5, a Christmas saint and a fruit enjoyed at Christmas; from 1 to 6, three products of the forest, seen at Christmas. —Emerson Grant Sutcliffe.

Tangle Talk

You are advised to observe the answers closely each month, and compare them word by word with the originals of the month preceding.

Any definition or device that was found unmasterable as you went over the originals, seeking out the answers, becomes simplified and wonderfully easy of solution under the light of publicity.

It is by such a comparison that vocabularies are enlarged, exact definitions unconsciously memorized, and easier and better work made possible in our Tangles from month to month for all who keep their weather eye open.

If there was one or more "hard" words that challenged you last month in the Tangles, look up the printed answer in this issue, and that simple action will serve to store up both the definition and the answer in one of those brain cells of yours, for future use.

From the new contributions that reach us by December 18 will be selected those to appear in the February issue. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Saint Valentine usually divide honors among our boys on that month, and very properly so, but you need not feel limited to these subjects.

We would all enjoy it very much if our many old-time Tanglers would take a "post graduate" course by again contributing some of their best ideas to the Tangles.

Our newcomers, new subscribers, readers and contributors, are not familiar with a long list of names that once frequently graced our department.

How many there are, now interested in the Tangles, who never have had the opportunity to enjoy the brilliant work that bore the following and many other names of those that have helped to make the Tangles famous:

Lot Armin, Kenneth Trainer, Kent Brooklyn Stiles, Russell G. Davidson, T. Lynn Chase, G. W. Hodgkins, Frank M. Field, Viking, Mary Elizabeth Stone, Eugene Marius Stewart, Page Alden Perry, Edward Langdon Fernald, Vattel Elbert Daniel, Nels W. Kindgren, Sherman Spurrier, Virgil S. Schory, Joseph Phillip Smith, The Oracle, The Idiot, Clement Barnes, Litta Voelchert, William Felder Howell, J. Klahr Huddle, Charles Stewart, Leonard M. Steberg, Katherine Haren, Ray Blore, William B. Kirk, Willie R. Schoenberger, S. Ward Seeley, John W. Dulaney, Jr., Vernor Lovett, Harry Dinges, Emmons Emerson, S. John McCarthy, James Edward Shields, J. Horace Trumbull, Cleary Bullard, Hugh V. Harlan, Richard Rundell, Ross Richtmyer, Hubert Fentress, and so many others we would like to name did space permit.

The following and several others of the "Old Guard" are entitled to be numbered among the stragglers, for their work still appears at rare intervals, with far too great infrequency to suit the editor and all of the Tanglers:

Morton L. Mitchell, The Gopher, Frank C. McMillan, Benjamin L. Miller, Otis Merlin Sisson, Osborn J. Dunn, Allert Brager, George Harrison Stanbery, Ralph Williams, Russell B. Smith, Kenneth Fullerton, etc.

Then again there are some of the faithful whose contributions continue to come with a regularity that is most gratifying.

Could we but have a revival of interest among all the Old Guard, a post graduate series, an alumni reunion in these columns, what a feast it would be for all of us!

Why cannot we have it?

Some of you, I know, have taken up studies and lines of work that allow little time or opportunity for the preparation of Tangles. The greater tangles of life are now before many of you.

We would greatly enjoy a letter from all such, telling of their present occupations and successes, and a photograph, if it may be.

We never forget the boys. "Once a Tangler, always a Tangler," at least in the heart of your —Uncle Tangler.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

THAT LASTS THE WHOLE YEAR 'ROUND

Everyone remembers some boy at Christmas. If it isn t a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin, it's an acquaintance, an employee, a friend, a chum; or maybe some poor boy known only by name and address.

Where in all the world can you find a better Christmas Gift for a boy than a year's subscription to The American Boy? He gets it every month. It isn't something to give joy today and be forgotten tomorrow. We furnish on request, a handsome Christmas Card which tells the boy who gave him The American Boy. If the request too is made, we can mail the Christmas number so that it will reach him on or near Christmas morning.

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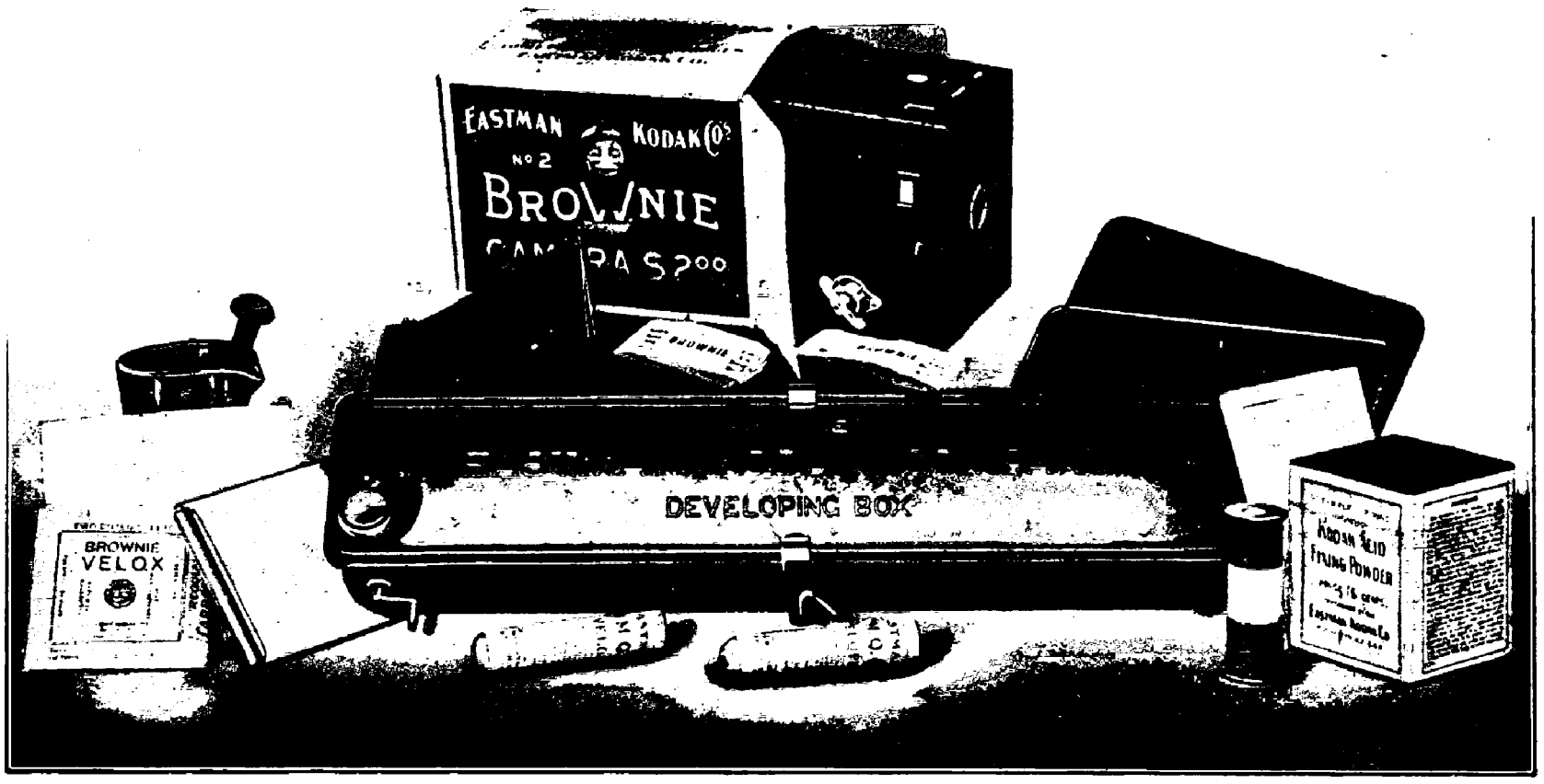

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1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, 6 ex.,	.20	2 Eastman M. Q. Developing Tubes,	.10
2 Brownie Developing Powders,	.05	3 Paper Developing Trays,	.30
1 Pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder,	.15	1 Doz. 2¼ x 3¼ Duplex Mounts,	.05
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