

THE DEACON'S IDEA A THANKSGIVING TALE

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON



Stood Staring at the Wonderful Feast Before Him.

"HELLO, Deacon!" greeted Ted Gray, poking his red head into the woodshed where Phil Mertin was busy with saw and plane. "What you making now?"

"Come in and see, Ted," invited the boy addressed as Deacon. He was a pleasant-faced lad of fifteen, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow displayed a pair of strong brown arms. His studious habits and his thoughtfulness of others, while helping to make him a favorite with his school fellows, had won him the staid nickname of Deacon, a title which Phil's excellent good-nature enabled him to bear without a demur.

Not waiting for a second invitation, Ted Gray followed by his usual brigade of boy cronies, entered the woodshed and crowded around Phil.

"Good morning, boys," he greeted them pleasantly. "Where are you bound?"

"Over to Harley's woods," answered Ned Davis. "There are plenty of walnuts and pecans to be gathered yet. We want you to go along, Deacon."

"I wish I might, boys," said Phil, but I can't disappoint Rodney. I have promised to have his wagon finished for Thanksgiving, and this is the only day I can have to work at it."

"And you all know the Deacon wouldn't break his word if the lure was double that of a day in Harley's woods with us fellows," observed Ted.

The half-score of boys eager for a Saturday's outing to gather nuts in the fine woods two miles from town, looked half in vexation, half in admiration at the boy who chose to decline the pleasure of a good time with his schoolmates rather than to disappoint a little brother.

"Well, if he won't go he won't, that's all," said Ben Douglas. "But, say, Deacon, what's to hinder your joining with us for a fine old time Thanksgiving?"

"Yes, do, Deacon!" chimed in several voices.

"We deserve some fun," remarked Ted, "for we didn't have a chance to play off any Hallowe'en tricks, because of the watchmen hired by the business men."

"What are you planning for Thanksgiving?" asked Phil, as he fitted a wheel on the little wagon he was constructing.

"The gang are plotting something," returned Ted with a laugh, pointing to his companions. "Have you decided on any plan, Ben?"

"Ned and I think it'd be a good joke on Uncle Nebby to take his pet gobbler off the roost, go off up the river, and have a secret roast for the entertainment of this brigade," answered Ben.

"Good! That'll be a gay lark," approved two others.

"It'll get even with old Uncle Nebby for pilfering so much," said Ned. "He took some of my walnuts two weeks ago. I had them spread out in the barn loft drying, and while I was upstairs in the house, I watched the old fellow help himself to the nuts. Then he went to the apple barrel and boldly filled his pockets with the winesaps father had just brought home from the farm. I didn't say a word to the folks, for they will have him around to do odd jobs. I'm playing private detective now, and Uncle Nebby is likely to find himself up against it if he monkeys around our place any more."

"He took a sack of our wood last night," reported Ben. "When father comes home tonight I'm going to tell him. I didn't know what he was

carrying off till he was gone. Then I counted the sacks and found one missing."

"And I know the old fellow helped himself to some of our potatoes and turnips, when mother hired him to clean out the cellar," stoutly charged Edgar Osborne. "This morning I was down there, and it looks as if a cyclone had struck the vegetable bin."

"I don't see why folks in Hatfield hire Uncle Nebby to do jobs for them," remarked Dick Finley.

"He ought to be drummed out of town." "Uncle Nebby is very handy," defended Phil. "He can do almost anything."

"Yes, and take almost anything that's lying around loose," interrupted Ben in a tone of sarcasm. "He's never been very well since he came back from the war," Phil went on explaining, unmindful of Ben's interruption. "His daughter ran away to marry a man Uncle Nebby knew was no account, and that has worried him a great deal."

"I'll worry him more if he ever takes anything from our place," threatened Ben. "Let's take his turkey, boys, and go off up the river and have some fun. We can take bread and cake from home, and O Kiddos! we'll have a feast fit for a king and his court," smacking his lips.

Some of the boys cheered lustily.

"Turkey for us!" they shouted.

"What do you say, Deacon?" urged several.

Phil's decision was eagerly listened for. "I'm in for some good sport, too, boys," he replied, speaking in an earnest voice. "But I don't like the idea of having fun at the expense of a queer old man. If we live long enough we'll be old ourselves some day. Then I don't believe I'd feel very thankful for turkey taken that way."

The boys were all silent. Evidently Phil's words had set them thinking.

Presently Ned broke the silence.

"I don't call stealing being queer, he asserted. "Your father's a lawyer, Phil. Did you ever hear him define pilfering?"

"No," answered Phil. But see here, boys, have you absolute proof that Uncle Nebby took the things you charge him with stealing? I know things come up missing here in Hatfield very often of late, and nearly every time the theft, without proof, is shouldered off on old Uncle Nebby. It isn't just, boys. Father and mother don't believe the stories. They are of the opinion that other dishonest persons do the thieving and manage to get suspicion directed toward that poor, friendless old man."

"I saw him take some of my walnuts, and some of the apples," Ned said. Isn't that proof enough?" impatiently.

"Maybe some of your folks told him to take a few of the nuts and apples," suggested Phil. "Father often has Uncle Nebby over here to do little turns for us. Rodney just worships the old man; he tells him so many funny stories. Mother and Aunt Harriet nearly always give him some little thing to carry home for his supper. He has never carried off anything from us without permission. Let's not be hasty in our judgments, boys. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but you go on to Harley's woods, and while you're picking up nuts think it over. After supper come back here to the woodshed and we'll discuss plans for Thanksgiving."

Uncle Nebby was a poor old man, bent with bodily infirmities brought on by exposure in the line of duty as a soldier. In the suburbs of Hatfield he lived in a dingy little cabin, quite alone, save one companion only—a sprightly turkey gobbler. Uncle Nebby had found it, a forlorn, lost downy creature in the ravine below his house. He had taken it home with him, nursed it and cared for it all summer. It was a curious sight in the town to see the

friendless old jobdoer with the pet turkey following his steps like a dog.

Phil's father had interested himself in the old soldier and had for months been trying to secure a pension for him; but it had not been possible to find an important voucher, and Uncle Nebby's circumstances became gloomier than ever as winter approached.

True to the appointment the boys promptly appeared at the woodshed that night. Two Japanese lanterns gave sufficient light for this business meeting.

After relating to Phil their adventures of the day just spent in Harley's woods, the boys were ready to listen to any proposition the Deacon might place before them.

"Now, Deacon," began Ted, "we want to hear what that serious noggin of yours has been hatching up for Thanksgiving."

"Well, fellows," he answered with one of his pleasant smiles, "you know I'm not such a 'goody-goody little boy' after all, in spite of the name you've given me. I like fun, and plenty of it. But I've been wondering why we can't all work together and do something to make us feel manly and thankful all the rest of the year."

"Sure! That's right!" a chorus of voices broke in approvingly.

"Now," Phil continued, "suppose we went ahead and played the trick as proposed on Uncle Nebby, not one of us would come home happy, none of us would be made better for taking part in it."

"You're right, Deacon," agreed his immediate satellites. Ben and Ned were silent. They looked somewhat sheepish.

"Uncle Nebby is a poor old chap without friends," Phil went on. "Now we are young and strong and ought to help the weak and aged. Instead of playing a trick on him, let's turn in and do him some good turn. Let's give him a kind of Thanksgiving surprise."

"I'm willing," sanctioned Ned, looking rather shame-faced. "Uncle Nebby didn't steal my walnuts after all. Mother told him to get some and carry them over to Barker's little cripple boy, and she forgot to tell me till tonight at supper."

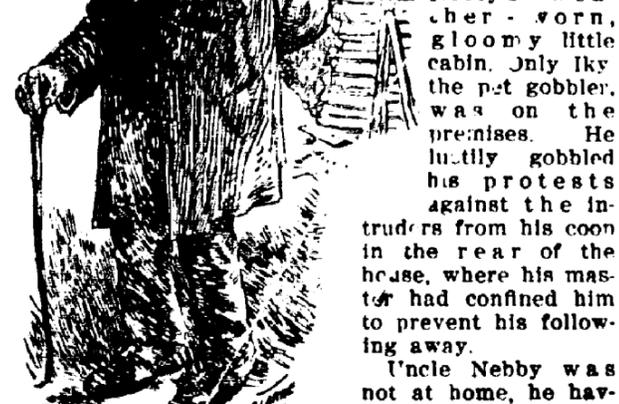
"He didn't steal that sack of wood from us either," admitted Ben, a trifle confused. "I asked father as soon as he got home this evening, and he said the wood was given to Uncle Nebby for some odd jobs he had done about the place."

"Mother gave him the potatoes and turnips," put in the other accuser. "I asked her about it before I came."

These Hatfield lads were by nature kind-hearted, and now that they saw how hasty they were in judging a harmless old man, every one was eager to make amends. So it was that they entered with much enthusiasm into the plans that Phil Mertin laid before them.

Thanksgiving morning a mysterious brigade of boys accompanied by two of their mothers, charged down one of the alleys of Hatfield and took forcible possession of Uncle Nebby's weather-worn, gloomy little cabin. Only the pet gobbler was on the premises. He lustily gobbled his protests against the intruders from his coon in the rear of the house, where his master had confined him to prevent his following away.

Uncle Nebby was not at home, he having been taken by Ned's father to the farm for a day's work.



Uncle Nebby

This was a part of the plot to help the boys carry out their surprise.

With the aid of brooms, cloths, and water the dismal cabin was soon clean from ceiling to floor. Then bright curtains took the place of newspapers at the windows, new quilts replaced the miserable rags on the beds, rugs donated by the mothers of this Thanksgiving brigade made the rude floor look inviting, and some pictures soon cheered the bare walls.

This renovation was barely finished when Phil and Ben arrived with a dray-load of furniture and provisions collected from the homes of plenty in the town. After these were neatly arranged to the satisfaction of the supervising Deacon, the mothers loaded the table with such a feast as poor old Nebby had never before placed his eyes upon.

"Why do you put three chairs at the table instead of just one, mother?" asked Phil, surveying the table with eyes of approval. "So Uncle Nebby can change his position and eat a while on one side, then on another?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Mertin, exchanging smiles with Ben's mother, "we thought Uncle Nebby might have some unexpected guests for Thanksgiving."

When every arrangement had been carefully looked after, the mothers went home, leaving the boys in charge of Uncle Nebby's cabin.

Then Phil and Ned went away for a short time, while the others kept guard. When they returned they carried a mysterious bundle in a gunny sack.

"What have you there, boys?" demanded the others, swooping down upon them from the cabin.

"Come and see," said Phil, smiling.

Phil and Ned, followed by the curious brigade, made their way to Iky's coop. That dignified tenant expressed his objections to this intrusion by a series of hearty gobbles, which some of the boys were impolite enough to imitate, to the aroused indignation of Iky, whose head became red, then purple, in turn.

While Ned cautiously held the door of the coop ajar, Phil inserted the mouth of the sack, and out stepped a sprightly young turkey hen whom Iky at once eyed with wonder and admiration.

"A mate for Iky," explained Phil. Now Uncle Nebby can start out in the turkey business."

The boys were scarcely back in the cabin when Ben, peering from behind a window curtain, announced:

"There he comes, boys."

"Hide!" came the command from Phil, captain of the brigade.

A quick scrambling ensued as the boys concealed themselves under the beds, behind curtains, and back of the wood-box.

They heard the old fellow go around the house to Iky's coop, heard him break into surprised exclamations when he saw that his pet had a companion; then he came back to the front of the cabin.

Pausing a moment to puzzle over the prints of wheels in the yard, he opened the door and stood staring at the wonderful feast before him. Then he noted the changes in the room.

"What does this mean?" he said, speaking aloud



"A Mate for Iky," exclaimed Phil.

from habit, and addressing himself in an astonished voice. "Surely, surely, the fairies have been to see you, Uncle Nebby!"

A snicker from some of the boys who could hold in no longer followed Uncle Nebby's remark. Realizing that concealment was now useless, Phil stepped forward, and taking the old man's hand, said: "The fairies are right here, Uncle Nebby. It is just a little Thanksgiving surprise for you. Everything you find here is yours."

As soon as Uncle Nebby could control his emotion, excited by this unexpected kindness, he turned to the smiling brigade that surrounded him, and with tears in his eyes said:

"Thank you, thank you, young gentlemen. Your kindness has made an old man very happy. You have given me a real Thanksgiving."

At this juncture the door was pushed open and Mr. Mertin, followed by a lady closely veiled, lead-

ing a beautiful young girl, unbidden entered the cabin.

"Uncle Nebby," announced the lawyer, thrusting a large official envelope bearing the postmark of Washington, D. C., into the old man's tremulous hand, "I have at last succeeded in getting you a pension from the government, and they have allowed you all the back payments to which you are entitled. This lady," indicating the black-robed woman who accompanied him, "now a widow, has returned to Hatfield with her only child to visit you. I hope you will make them welcome. They have come a long journey to spend Thanksgiving with you."

The lady lifted her veil, disclosing a pale, sad face. Her lips trembled with emotion as she looked tenderly upon the lonely old man.

Uncle Nebby stared incredulously at his guest. Then a great yearning crept into his faded eyes, and stretching out his arms toward her, he cried in a choked voice:

"Nancy! My child!"

"Father!" and the next moment she was sobbing and asking for forgiveness on her father's shoulder.

When Mr. Mertin had the entire brigade outside, he said with a quizzical smile:

"Now, boys, you will find that even in old sleepy Hatfield you cannot enter a man's house in his absence and make such changes as you have in Uncle Nebby's cabin without some punishment. Therefore every mother's son of you may consider yourself under my arrest till he finds himself at the house. You are under mysterious orders to report there at once."

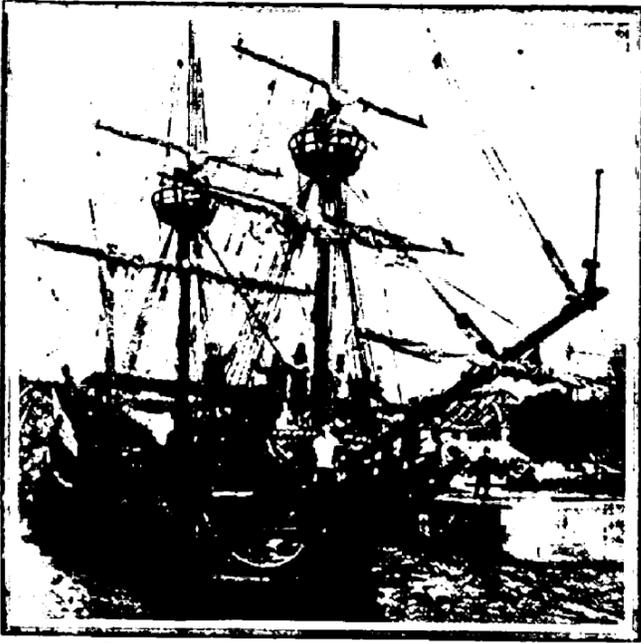
The wondering brigade, headed by Phil, followed the lawyer up to the Mertin home, reaching which they were immediately ushered into the spacious dining-room, which they found beautifully decorated. A long table groaning with all the good things that boys crave stood in the center of the room. Mrs. Mertin was there to greet them.

"Be seated, boys," commanded Mr. Mertin. Now for your punishment. You are to eat everything before you."

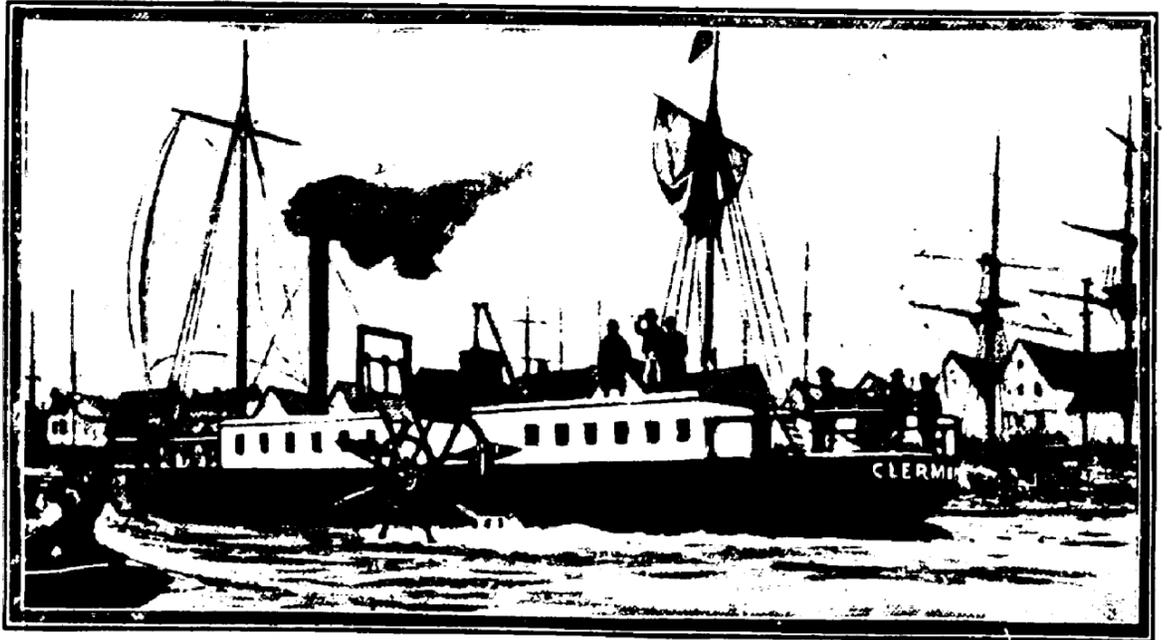
They were no sooner seated at the table than from a side door there entered Leta, Phil's sister, and Ned's sister, Margaret, followed by all the girls of their class, clapping their hands and laughing merrily at the surprise of the brigade.

"You see," said Mr. Mertin, "even in these busy times true knighthood is recognized and rewarded. Getting wind of what our Deacon and his gang intended doing for Uncle Nebby, Leta and Margaret, assisted by all these young ladies, contrived and carried out this little surprise for you. Now, let us all eat and be thankful."

Hudson-Fulton Centenary Celebration



Replica of Henry Hudson's "Half Moon"



Robert Fulton's "Clermont" a Replica of which Took Part in the Celebration

POSSIBLY no part of the great water pageant of battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and water craft generally has attracted more attention from the hundreds of thousands of spectators at the Hudson-Fulton Centenary Celebration than the replicas of Henry Hudson's "Half Moon" and Robert Fulton's "Clermont."

The "Half Moon" was the vessel in which Henry Hudson, one of the most famous English navigators, set sail on March 25, 1609, with the "Good Hope," in the service of the Dutch East India Company, to attempt to discover a northeast passage. During the voyage his crew mutinied, and the "Good Hope" returned. The "Half Moon" proceeded and sailed across the Atlantic to Nova Scotia. Proceeding south she explored the coast as far as Chesapeake Bay. It was in September, 1609, that Hudson explored the river which afterward was given his name, ascending it almost as far as what is now the city of Albany. The replica of the "Half Moon" was brought from Rotterdam as deck cargo on a Dutch cruiser, the "Soestdyk."

The "Clermont," Robert Fulton's invention, was the first steambot to ascend the Hudson River from New York to Albany, the distance of 150 miles being accomplished in 32 hours. The replica of the "Clermont" on its launching was named by the great granddaughter of Robert Fulton.

The celebration which lasted through the last week in September and the first week in October was fitting largely of a naval character, principal because of the fact that it commemorated two of the most important events in the annals of navigation—the discovery of a great river by an English navigator, and the

successful application of steam as a new motive power for propelling ships. What marvelous strides have taken place in navigation during the 300 years that have elapsed since Henry Hudson sailed up the river which has been given his name, and what wonderful advances have been made in the science of naval architecture. What a wonderful contrast is shown between the little Half Moon, only 74 feet long, of Hudson's time, the Clermont, 155 feet long, of Fulton's time, and the Lusitania, and Mauretania, each of which is 790 feet long.

To honor the achievements of the men who commanded the Half Moon and the Clermont there were assembled great war ships from many foreign nations. Never before were so many countries represented in such an assemblage of war vessels. From Great Britain there came, under the command of Sir Edward Seymour, Admiral of the fleet, the Drake, Argyll, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Invincible. Kaiser Wilhelm sent the Dresden, the Bremen, the Hertha, and the Victoria Luise, these being under the command of Admiral von Koester. Rear Admiral Le Port commanded the French squadron, which consisted of three war-ships, the Justice, the Verite, and the Liberte. The Italian government sent the Etruria and the Etna. The Kingdom of the Netherlands sent the Utrecht. Argentina was represented by the Presidente Sarmiento. From the Republic of Mexico came the Bravo, and Cuba sent the revenue cutter Hatney. Austria also sent three war cruisers to swell the pageant. Altogether about 80 war vessels from different countries made one of the finest spectacles ever seen mov-

ing in dignified procession on the historic Hudson.

The naval parade, while perhaps the most important, was still only a part of the celebration. On shore there were three great parades, which in spectacular effect equaled those of the water. The school children who took part in the celebration on Saturday, October 2nd, were numbered by hundreds of thousands. The cadets of West Point were also present. Decorations of the most lavish and costly description were everywhere, and at night the illuminations exceeded anything ever attempted before in America. Public and private buildings glowed with electric lights, and bridges, arches, and in fact every available structure were brilliantly lighted up. Along the water front the illuminations were of the most magnificent and beautiful character.

The celebration was not confined to New York City, but during the week of October 4th the towns along the upper part of the Hudson reaching to Troy had their celebration, in which all of the lighter vessels took part. The evening of the close of the celebration bonfires and beacon lights were kindled on every height stretching from Troy to the Palisades, reviving the method of signaling in use during the Revolution.

Of course such a celebration could not pass without exhibitions of the newer and more wonderful mode of progression. Aeroplane flights were made by Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtiss from Governor's Island in New York Harbor.

As a permanent memorial of the celebration there has been a monument erected to Henry Hudson at Spuyten Duyvil. This monument has been built

by public subscription, the cost being in the neighborhood of \$100,000. Also, there was dedicated the great Palisade Interstate Park, consisting of a tract of land running thirteen miles along the western bank of the Hudson, and which includes those great cliffs known as the Palisades.

A Gun That Shoots Eighteen Miles

In the mad race of nations to produce more and more destructive appliances for war, England has just successfully manufactured a naval gun with a range of eighteen miles. It is a 12-inch bore and emerged from the tests made at Woolwich in a manner that was completely satisfactory.

It is understood that orders will shortly be placed for the manufacture of a number of these weapons, and that they will form part of the armament of battleships of the Dreadnaught type. Shells have already been made in Woolwich arsenal. Compared with the present 12-inch gun, which has a range of, roughly, sixteen miles, the new gun has many points of superiority, the most important of which is its greater range. It is said to be effective at eighteen miles, and those who have seen it tested declare it to be the finest weapon in the world.

It is hinted, too, that we have not yet reached finality, and that in the course of the next year we may see a 13.5-inch gun, with an even higher velocity, put to the test.

RED TREASURE

A TALE OF THE GREAT LAKES

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Two boys, Tom and Will, are canoeing in the Detroit River, when a heavy fog comes up, causing them to lose their bearing. Suddenly a large freighter crashes into the canoe and the boys only escape drowning by taking hold of the anchor chain. Shouting for help proves useless, and the boys, drenched and cold, are nearly exhausted when they are discovered and hauled on board. The freighter proves to be the steamer Myron H. Rogers, Captain Wilson in command. The boys are welcomed and made comfortable and news of their safety is sent to their parents by another steamer. The boys are delighted with the novelty of their position, wander around the ship and become acquainted with Old Peter Holmes, the watchman, who tells them about Captain Wilson. The captain accuses a Swedish deckhand, Olaf Jonson, of having whisky and orders it to be given him. Jonson refuses and the captain fells him with a blow. Jonson walks aft muttering threats and the captain joins the boys. Later in the day the boys hear a conversation between the Swede and another deckhand, Mike Cafferty, during which the Swede vows vengeance on the captain, and Cafferty urges him on. The boys have no time to warn the captain, but both jump on the Swede as he waits to strike the captain with a club. Jonson is put in the deck-house. Tom and Will tell the captain to look for danger and he thanks them. A number of the crew, headed by Cafferty, appear and demand the Swede's release. This is refused, a fight ensues and the mutineers are driven off.

CHAPTER V.

IT PAYS TO LEARN TO SHOOT.

"WELL, what's to be done now?" Captain Wilson said half to himself, as he walked up and down before the companionway. That something must be done was clear. Forward were the captain, one wheelsman, and Tom and Will. They were without provisions, but they had the only firearm on board—or at least that was the officer's opinion. The engine room was aft, but it was doubtful if the mutineers would attempt to injure the engineer or tamper with the machinery. That involved a danger to themselves in case of storm, and, should the vessel become helpless, it was certain she would be sighted sooner or later by some other, and the capture and punishment of the sailors would be certain. Then there were the mates, two of them, to be reckoned with. That they were loyal to the captain there could be no doubt. But both of them were aft, and probably in the hands of the mutineers, for nothing had been seen of them. The stokers were admitted by the captain to be more than likely to cast in their lot with the enemy.

His musings were sharply interrupted by the crack of the rifle in Tom's hands.

"Keep away from there!" shouted the lad. "I'll shoot to hit the next man who goes fooling around that deck house!"

Mike Cafferty was seen dashing for the shelter of the after cabin.

"He sneaked up to let Olaf Jonson out," said Will. "I saw his head stick out around the corner of the deck house, and watched him fumble at the lock. Then I shot just above his head to let him know we were keeping our eyes open. It's a lucky thing father taught me to shoot. He says I'm a pretty good marksman, and that everybody should learn to handle a gun because it might come in very opportunely some day. I guess they'll leave Mr. Olaf alone, at least so long as it's light enough to shoot."

"We've got to form some sort of a plan before we get to the canal at Sault Ste. Marie," said the captain. "The men will know that whatever they are going to do they must do before then, because all I will have to do will be to notify the authorities and have them imprisoned. But I can't afford to do that. I will be unable to get more men to replace them, and it is necessary that I get this cargo to West Superior on time. You see we are carrying under a contract that calls for delivery within a certain time. If we could only capture Mike Cafferty I think the other men would behave themselves if we promised not to get them in trouble."

"There's something going on," called Will, who had been keeping a sharp lookout aft. "I see the men gathering just around the corner. Cafferty is talking to them, and it looks as if they were going to try to make another dash for it."

But Will's surmise proved to be a mistaken one. The men appeared presently, but in their midst, securely bound, were the mates. In a compact body the sailormen advanced almost to the deck house, there they paused, and the prisoners were shoved forward.

"Here's yer mates," shouted Mike Cafferty. "We'll trade them to yez for Olaf Jonson. It's an exchange of pris'ners we're offerin' yez, an' a good wan. We're swappin' ye two f'r one."

Without warning Will raised his gun and fired. The bullet whistled above the heads of the mutineers, and splashed in the lake far astern. With one accord the men broke for shelter, leaving the bound mates to fall helpless to the deck. That is, all ran but Mike Cafferty. He stood his ground, howling in rage at his cowardly allies.

"Throw your hands up, Mike, and walk up here," ordered Will. "Up with them quick, or I'll let you have it!"

Too late Cafferty saw his mistake in remaining in the open, and made a dash for the protection of the deck house. But Will was too quick for him. "Crack!" sounded the rifle, and Mike stumbled to the deck with a bullet in his thigh.

"Now," shouted Captain Wilson, as he rushed down the stairs club in hand, and charged the men. With-

out hesitation Tom and Will followed close behind him, the latter stopping to release the mates, and thus gain a reinforcement of two strong men, angry to the core at the rough treatment they had received.

It was a short battle, for without their leader, the men lacked courage to make a fight, and, too, the numbers were now almost equal, for a couple of the mutineers had been too badly injured to come with the crowd.

Cafferty, cursing with rage and pain, was trussed up, after his wound had been attended to, and bundled into the deck house to keep company with Jonson. Then Captain Wilson turned his attention to the men.

"I could have every one of you men sent to prison for a long term of years, if not for life," he said. "You are guilty of mutiny. But, if you will promise to behave yourselves, and will work like men and sailors until we pull into port at West Superior, I will agree to say nothing of this little unpleasantness. We will forget all about it, and when you get there you can disappear as fast as you want to. In the circumstances I would advise you to get out of sight as quickly as you can. Is it a bargain?"

There was a consultation among the bruised and battered men, ending when one of them stepped forward and asked:

"An' you'll promise not to make no complaint to th' authorities agin' us?"

"Yes," answered the officer.

"Then we'll go back to work, an' obey orders," was the reply.

With that the group separated, each man going to his regular task, and the officers and boys moved forward to the hurricane deck.

"They're converted now, all right," said Hank McKay, the first mate, "but if they found a good chance they'd become unconverted quick. They're a bad lot. Mike Cafferty has told them that you have a considerable amount of money on board, and they want to get it. We had better keep a pretty close watch on them, and ship a couple of extra men at the Soo if we have time."

"I wonder how Cafferty found out about that money," the captain exclaimed. "I have nearly \$5,000 in



gold, which I am carrying up for the company. I supposed no one knew a thing about it except our treasurer and myself."

"Oh, they found it out some way."

"So long as we can keep our hands on Cafferty and Olaf I anticipate little danger from those other fellows," said the captain. "They appear to be a pretty poor lot. But we won't let them catch us sleeping anyway."

CHAPTER VI.

A COMMENDABLE AMBITION.

After the captain had assigned the first mate to keep guard over the prisoners, he accompanied Tom and Will into his cabin. Here the officer threw himself down on his sofa to snatch a little rest, for he anticipated that it might be necessary for him to be on deck during the night. The boys satated themselves near by and talked as the captain smoked.

"You boys have told me very little about yourselves," said Captain Wilson. "Things have been happening so rapidly since you came on board that I have not had the time to talk with you that I would have liked to have spent in that way. But, inasmuch as we are to be friends for a long time now, and good ones, too, I hope, I would like to know all about you."

"There isn't much to tell except what you already know," said Tom, with a smile. "Will and I have chummed together for years. We are neighbors, have always been in the same classes in school, and will graduate from high school together next spring. Both of us want to go to college, for I mean to be a lawyer, while Will is going to be an engineer and build bridges and dig tunnels and things like that."

"That's right," Will broke in. "But Tom and I can't quite see how we are going to make out to do as we want. Neither of our fathers can give us the money it would take to send us to the University, so I expect we will have to wait a couple of years before we start in. If we could earn enough in a

year or so to pay our way for the first semester, until we could get acquainted with the ways of college life and get to know the people who could help us, I am sure we could earn the rest of our way through by working after school hours."

"I've heard that lots of students at the University of Michigan wait on table for their board and things like that," said Will, "and that nobody thinks a bit the worse of them for doing it."

"I know you will get on in fine shape," was the captain's comment. "Boys who want to make something of themselves generally do. And with your nerve and quick heads I see no chance for failure. You lads have put me under great obligations to you, and I would like to do a little in return if it is ever possible. I want you to promise me that you will let me know as soon as you are through school, and I may be able to help you find positions."

The boys thanked the captain, very much delighted at having made a friend of the real master of a vessel. In their enthusiastic eyes the officer appeared in quite a heroic light; but more than all they were filled with delight to think that their dreams of college were so much nearer to being realities.

Seeing that Captain Wilson's eyes closed drowsily, they stepped softly out on deck, leaving him to the sleep which he appeared to need so much.



"Crack!" Sounded the Rifle.

"Pretty soon we will be getting to Sault Ste. Marie," said Tom, with a sorrowful tone in his voice, "and then we will have to go ashore to make for home. I suppose we will find letters there for us enclosing us the money to get back."

"Gee! but don't you wish we could stay by the boat until she comes back, and then leave her at Detroit?"

"You bet I do, Will; but that will be impossible. The captain probably wouldn't want us around, for one thing; and our parents would not only be terribly worried, but very angry. It may be, you know, that they haven't had the message we sent them."

As they talked they walked aft, and presently sat down on the deck, in the lee of the deck house, out of the chill night wind. Darkness was falling rapidly, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to any great distance from the vessel. Far to starboard they saw the lights of a vessel, and miles astern other twinkling lanterns could just be detected. But, on looking ahead they met with a disappointing surprise, for there glimmered and twinkled numerous little illuminations."

"Land!" exclaimed Will.

"Sure enough," responded Tom. "Our voyage is almost at an end. The morning will see the last of it."

Silently they fixed their eyes on the lights ahead, wishing heartily that they would not grow nearer with such rapidity. As a matter of fact it was almost impossible to see any diminution in the distance between the distant shore and the vessel, but to the boys' imagination the gap seemed to be closing with almost breakneck speed.

Their thoughts were far from the prisoners within the deck house against which they leaned. Forgotten were all the disagreeable experiences they had encountered, and their sole wish was that the voyage might be days, yes weeks, in duration. But as the boys sat looking into the night, Olaf Jonson and Cafferty were more actively employed.

"We gotta git out av this before we git to th' Soo," growled Mike carefully.

"Dat bane right," whispered the Swede.

"It's meself that's thinkin' we'd better be doin' somethin' th'in."

Cafferty rolled as near to his companion as he could, so that the backs of the two men were together.

"Reach out wid yer hands, Olaf, so's Ol kin fale av thim. That's th' bye. Ol'll be tryin' to undo this

here knot. Thin wld yer hands free ye kin let me loose an' we kin make a break f'r it when we git near enough to shore to swim it."

For fifteen minutes the Irishman fumbled with the big Swede's bonds. The knots were well and firmly tied, and it seemed as though it would be impossible for one man, his hands tied behind his back, and thus held together so that they could not work freely, to undo them. Besides, Mike could not see where his fingers were at work, and this made his task doubly difficult.

"Be patient, will ye?" he whispered angrily, as Olaf moved from his uncomfortable position. "If ye can't hould still O'll niver git ye loose."

But at last it was accomplished, and the Swede, in his turn, set Cafferty free. He rose to his feet, taking the utmost care to make no sound, but a moan of pain was almost forced from his lips as he moved the leg where Will's bullet had struck. Under his breath he cursed the lad.

"Wait till Ol git me hands onto ye, young feller," he muttered. "Ye'll niver be firin' off no guns no more! O'll wring th' neck av ye loike 'twas a duck!"

He edged his way to the door, but there was no crevice for him to gaze through. Looking about him, however, he saw a dim light filtering through a little hole in the wall, and to this he applied his eager eye.

"We're a-comin'," he whispered. "Twill not be many hours before we git clost to shore. Th' nixt thing now is to see how we kin git outa this here hole quick whin th' toime comes."

With that both men began a search of the little room for something with which they could batter down the door. Fortune was in their favor, for their groping hands fell upon a heavy iron bar, a scrap of some broken machinery.

"Twill do," said Mike with satisfaction.

The prisoners settled themselves down to wait as comfortably as they could until the time for their attempt to escape should arrive.

"O'd loike wan crack at thim byes," Mike said savagely. "O'hate to lave widout settlin' wld thim. But gittin' away is th' thing—we kin tend to evenin' things up later."

Outside Tom and Will continued to bemoan the fact that they were so soon to part company with the Myron H. Rogers, until they perceived a dim figure approaching them from the forward part of the deck. As it came nearer the boys made out that it was Captain Wilson, and they called to him.

"Why, boys, what are you doing here? I wondered where you had hidden yourselves away."

"We were just sitting here talking over our trip," said Tom. "Then we saw the lights ahead, and realized that it was soon to come to an end, and we have been regretting it. Both Will and myself wish we might stay with you the rest of the summer."

"But you've got to leave me at the Soo, haven't you?" the captain asked with a quizzical smile on his face which the darkness hid from the boys. "Well, you haven't left me yet, and nobody can tell what may happen. I'd like to have you make the round trip with me, but I suppose it is impossible."

"Yes," answered Will. "We will have to go ashore in a few hours."

"How about those fellows inside?" the captain wanted to know. "Have you heard any sounds within—anything to denote that the prisoners were hatching up any mischief?"

"We haven't heard a sound, sir; but then, we haven't been listening very carefully."

"Where is the guard?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him since we sat down here."

"Well, I guess that doesn't matter much. We're nearly where we can get rid of them now, and I feel sure none of the other men would dare attempt to make any trouble with the Soo so near."

The officer walked aft and descended to the engine room, while the boys sat silently watching the glimmering lights ahead.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

Both lads must have dozed off and slept soundly for a couple of hours, for when they opened their eyes they were astonished to see the shore lights no more than a score of boat lengths away.

Tom rubbed his eyes and looked about him as if expecting to see something. Then he settled back and slapped Will on the shoulder.

"Guess I must have been dreaming. But it was a most realistic dream—somehow it seems now as if it happened. I feel just as if something dreadful were going to happen. I dreamed that Mike and Olaf broke out of the deck house, and that they found us and began to chase us about the deck. When I awoke I thought I had been caught by Cafferty, who was just going to throw me overboard."

"That's just because you had the men on your mind. I read once that one's dreams are just the outcome of an idea that is in the mind when one goes to sleep, and that it is followed to a conclusion by the mind after the body is unconscious. It is natural that you should dream such a dream, for it is the thing that might well happen if those men broke loose."

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a crash and a splintering of wood. The boys felt the jar, and at once realized that the prisoners were trying to escape. With a shout for help they dashed to the door of the deck house, but only in time to see it fly from its fastenings, and the desperate men rush out. With another call for help, Tom dived at the legs of the first dark figure just as he would have dived at the legs of the man carrying the ball in a football game. His arms closed about the knees,

and slipped to the ankles, as the man crashed to the deck, striking his head with a thud. At the same time Tom heard a cry and a splash, closely followed by another. The man whose ankles Tom's arms gripped, did not move, and the lad loosened his hold and rose to his feet. Now the deck was in a turmoil. Officers and crew rushed to the scene, and speedily bound the unconscious Cafferty, who had been knocked senseless when his head struck the planking.

But neither Olaf nor Will were visible. Everybody rushed to the



Tom Dived at the Legs of the First Dark Figure.

side of the vessel, but no sign of life was to be seen within the narrow range of vision. Lanterns were held low over the side, and Will's name was called again and again. The vessel was brought to a stop and a boat lowered, into which the mate and Tom, and a couple of the crew to man the oars, scrambled. For twenty minutes they rowed that way and this, calling and shouting, but it was unavailing. No sign of the missing lad or of the escaped prisoner could be found.

Sadly they rowed back to the steamer, for it seemed certain that Will was lost. It appeared to be the only reasonable theory that Olaf had found the boy in his path as he dashed for the water, and had struck him down and thrown him overboard in such an injured condition that he could not swim or cry for aid.

"Is there nothing we can do?" asked Tom heart-brokenly, as the boat drew up to the vessel's side.

"Nothing, I'm afraid. We have done all we can."

The captain met them on deck and put his arm consolingly over Tom's shoulders. His eyes were dim with tears, and he could scarcely speak, so choked was he by emotion.

"I would rather have lost my vessel ten times over than have had anything happen to one of you boys," he said. "I feel that I am responsible for this, and how will I ever answer to Will's father and mother? I should have had a better watch over you, and kept you out of danger."

"Do not blame yourself, Captain Wilson," replied Tom, brokenly. "You are not in the least at fault. When I explain to the folks at home you will have nothing but their gratitude for your kindness to us."

"There is nothing more that I can do," the captain said sadly. "I have done all that I could in the circumstances. And we will hope for the best. Nothing but a miracle could save the lad, but we will all pray that a miracle has taken place. If it would do any good," he continued, "I would stand by here for a week, but no good purpose would be served by doing so, and a protracted delay will mean a great loss."

"I understand perfectly," was Tom's sensible answer. "The best thing to do is to steam ahead to the Soo, where I will send the news to Will's people by wire."

Once more the steamer got under way, but now the shore lights had no attraction for Tom; he had forgotten his regret over the ending of the voyage in his greater grief at the loss of his chum. He could not bring himself to remove his clothes and try to sleep, but paced the deck slowly, his mind held by the appalling catastrophe that had overtaken him.

At last the dawn came rosy. The morning mists lifted, and the land scented breeze swept across the water to the steamer as she surged onward toward the locks. Soon a long line of vessels were sighted, and presently they drew up under the stern of the last one to await their turn to pass through the canal. It is no infrequent thing, during the busiest part of the season of navigation, to find a score or more boats waiting to pass through the locks. So great is the traffic on the lakes that not even the two great canals at the Soo are adequate for its necessities. Hours passed while the vessels at the head of the line entered the locks and passed through into the river above the rapids.

In the meantime the captain had caused a boat to be lowered and had gone ashore. With him Tom had sent a telegraph message to be sent to Will's

father notifying him of his son's fate. Tom, himself, had not the heart to accompany Captain Wilson, but had lain down on the captain's bed and fallen into a fitful slumber. It was the officer's intention to transact his business before the vessel reached the locks, so that there would be no more delay than was absolutely necessary, and he intended to return with officers into whose charge he would place Mike Cafferty, after laying a charge against him before the proper authorities.

In an hour or two Tom awoke and went out on the hurricane deck. He walked forward into the extreme bow and leaned heavily on the bulwarks. Thoughts of his lost chum and his untimely fate haunted his mind, and tears of grief coursed down his cheeks.

He watched without interest as the vessel entered the gates of the lock, and saw them close behind her. He could take no pleasure in the spectacle. It mattered little to him that the basin was filling with water and that the ship was being raised to the level of the next lock. All these things he saw, as if in a dream, but it is doubtful if he really realized what was going on about him, so bitter was his grief.

As the gates swung open to allow the Myron H. Rogers to pass northward on her way, Tom glanced ashore at the wall of the canal. Suddenly his face changed; a startled look came into his eyes, and he turned his head away unbelievably. Then he looked again, long and carefully. His cheeks flushed, his body became erect, and a yell of wild joy rang from his lips. And in an instant, this lad, who had been bowed down by sorrow but a moment before, began a bewildering dance on the deck! For on the shore he saw a sight that gave him more pleasure than anything he had ever before seen in his life!

CHAPTER VIII.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

When Will heard the crash of the deck house door as it was dashed from its hinges by Cafferty and Jonson, he followed Tom's lead and sprang after one of the escaping prisoners. His leap carried him directly into the fleeing man's path, and, unluckily, his foot slipped on the deck and he lost his balance. Before he could recover he was dealt a stunning blow on the head, and then felt himself lifted by powerful arms and hurled through the air. He emitted a terrifying scream, which was cut short as he plunged beneath the surface of the water.

Dazed and all but unconscious he struck out weakly, but so powerless were his muscles that he must have sunk had not his hand encountered something solid that floated on the surface. Hardly realizing what he did, he grasped the log and clung to it with that tenacity which is credited to the drowning man. His brain was numbed; he could not collect his senses enough to make an outcry or attempt to attract the attention of those on board the vessel, which was now some distance away. It seemed an hour later when he heard his name being shouted, yet he could not muster up strength to respond. Again and again the call was repeated, and it roused the lad from his stupor, so that he began to call in reply. But it was too late. The boat had returned to the vessel, and he was abandoned.

By degrees Will's strength returned to him, and he raised himself as far out of the water as he could to look about him. Far ahead he made out the black bulk of the steamer, and saw, with dread, that she was rapidly drawing away from him.

"They have given me up for lost, and have gone on," he said to himself.

Little time was given him to bemoan this fact, however, for he soon heard a splashing in the water near by, and the sound of labored breathing. Looking cautiously about he was able to see, though the night was black, the approaching head of a swimmer. There was but one solution to the question of who the man could be. Nobody could be swimming there save Jonson or Cafferty. The boy realized that it had been the intention of the mutineers to leap from the vessel and endeavor to swim ashore, and that the approaching man was one or the other of them. Will felt as certain as though he could see the face.

Clinging to the log with one hand he lowered himself in the water on the side opposite the swimming man. He hoped that, in the darkness, the

fugitive might miss the float and pass, leaving the boy in safety; but chance was against him. The log drifted directly in the man's way, and his hand fell upon it as he reached out for a stroke. He clutched it at once and lay still in the water, resting and regaining his breath.

Will was in a terrible position. That the mutineer knew of the part he and Tom had played in the defeat of the

plot, he was well aware, and that he could expect no mercy he felt equally certain. Therefore he maintained his position as nearly submerged as possible, while

he tried to discover the other's identity without revealing his own presence.



Will

Finally the man raised his head above the top of the log and Will recognized the tangled mane of Olaf Jonson.

Although the lad had felt certain his companion could be no other than the Swede, nevertheless the shock of actually seeing the man on the log with him almost paralyzed him with fright. But his momentary terror passed, permitting him to bring all the resources of his brain to his assistance. That he would need all his faculties if he was to save himself he knew well, for with the danger of violence from his enemy added to the peril of his position on that bit of floating wood, his case appeared little short of hopeless.

As the moments passed and he remained undiscovered, Will's courage fully returned.

"I'm better than a dozen dead men yet," he whispered to himself. "The shore is not far distant, and besides some boat may pass along at any time. Perhaps when Olaf rests a little and sees the light he will swim away without discovering me."

This thought was a very comforting one, for no matter how brave a boy may be naturally he cannot but tremble to find himself in a position of such extreme danger as that in which Will was placed.

Living as he had on the banks of the Detroit river all his life he had, fortunately, been very fond of aquatic sports, and swimming was an accomplishment with him. He was perfectly at ease in the water; could dive and swim under the surface for distances that seemed little short of wonderful to the beholder; in fact, he was as expert at the art as any boy of his acquaintance, which was saying a great deal. So he felt that his chance to escape Jonson, even should the Swede discover him, would be worth considering.

"I'll give him a good race, anyway," he soliloquized. "And if he catches me he'll know he's been traveling through the lake."

Feeling considerably comforted Will settled lower in the water to await the turn events should take.

The boy did not suffer so severely from the exposure as might be supposed, for while the water was not of that warmth at which we like to have it when we go bathing, it was far from chill, and the

air was not cold. Presently the gloom grew less impenetrable, and it was not long before a dim light appeared in the east. Morning was at hand.

Soon it would be light. Will had neglected to figure on that. He realized that as soon as the sun rose and the brightness of day came it would be impossible to prevent his unwelcome companion from discovering his presence. Yet there was nothing to do but wait. The lad bethought him that it might be a good idea to put as much space between himself and Olaf as he could in the circumstances, so he began moving slowly, cautiously, to the extreme end of the log. Inch by inch he altered his position, pausing between each movement, and almost holding his breath with the fear that some little splash or tremor of the bit of wood had betrayed his presence. However, he succeeded in getting to the desired spot without accident, and there he held himself ready for whatever was to happen.

Slowly the light increased, and the lad became aware of the shore, which was but a few hundreds of yards distant.

"It's an easy swim," he told himself. "If I can make it ahead of Olaf I'll take my chances with him on land. He's too clumsy to be much of a runner."

All this time Will had remained in his coat, with his shoes on his feet. Now he knew that he must make a supreme effort, so he reached cautiously down and uncovered first one foot and then another. When this was done he wriggled out of his coat, and was as ready for the race as he could make himself.

"I'll keep out of sight as long as possible," he thought, "for there is always a chance that some boat may come along. We can be at no great distance from the channel, and I should think that a tug or some other craft would be likely to show up at any time. That would remove all danger of discovery by Olaf, for he would not dare to molest me if strangers were near."

Will's hope was a vain one. No boat or vessel of any sort appeared, but the daylight was growing stronger and stronger, and the moment of inevitable detection drew nearer and nearer.

The lad's mind wandered off to the vessel and to Tom and the captain. He wondered how they felt,

and whether he would be able to find his chum at the Soo.

"If I do get out of this all right I hope I do it in time to keep Tom from sending any message home about my being drowned," he thought.

He heard a splashing in the water at the other end of the log and knew that Olaf was stirring. Would he loosen his hold and swim away without discovering he was not alone? What would he do if he did see the lad? These questions ran through Will's mind as he waited without a sound.

The huge Swede drew himself up out of the water to look about. Resting his arm over the top of the log he peered toward the shore intently, it seemed for five minutes. It began to look as though he would plunge in and make for land without turning to look in the other direction; but gradually his eyes followed the shore line, and circled about in Will's direction. At last the boy felt the man's eyes resting fully upon him, but he did not move. Perhaps, he thought, he might even then escape detection, for he was nearly submerged.

A look of surprise appeared on Olaf's face, and he craned his neck to get a better view. Then a scowl and a muttered curse told Will he was recognized.

Olaf grinned! It was a triumphant, evil grin.

"You bane dere!" he growled. "Good! Now Ay git you! Now Ay square t'ings wit you!"

But the boy had disappeared from before his very eyes! The spot where the head had been but a moment since was now nothing but lapping water; the hand had gone from the end of the log. Olaf looked again to make sure Will had not changed his position and was really in sight yet—but no sign could he see of him. Slowly a look of comprehension lighted his dull features.

"Dat boy bane dive," he muttered, and began scanning the surface of the water on all sides of him. At last he was rewarded, for Will's head popped into view fully thirty feet away, between the log and the shore.

Olaf roared with anger. "Ay git you now—sure!" he shouted, and, loosening his hold on the log, began the pursuit with long, powerful strokes.

(To be continued.)



JUST FOR THE BOYS

By J. L. HARBOUR

A BOY came to me one evening last week to ask my advice regarding an offer he had had to leave his present position and take another. Among other things he said this:

"I have ambition, I have. I want to get on in the world and be somebody, and do something worth while."

"A good ambition, my boy," I said. "But it all depends on how much of the spirit of work and patience there is back of it. What do you do evenings?"

"I go to night school three nights each week."

"Good enough! What about the other evenings?"

"I belong to a reading club, and it takes me one evening each week to get through with our magazines. I leave one evening free for special things, and I always go to church with my mother on Wednesday evenings. She loves to go, and of course I don't want her to go alone. As you know, my father is dead and there is no one to go anywhere with mother but me. Then I stay at home on Sunday evenings."

"I guess you'll do, and if the opportunity offers for you to advance in life, my boy, I feel sure that you will make the best and most of it," I said.

I based this conclusion on the report of the way in which this young fellow spends his leisure time. Therein is the true test of character. What a boy does in his spare hours is telltale. What he does when he is working for others does not count for so much, because then he is doing what he must do. What he does when the choice is left to him is different. Then he is setting forth

his real tastes and showing what he really is. The record of the boy I have referred to in regard to the way in which he spent his evenings was good. It proved that he was a boy whose ambition was genuine and that there was the spirit of work back of it. A boy who will work all day and then go to an evening school three evenings a week and spend another evening reading up on the current events of the day is a boy who is in dead earnest in his desire to be somebody and to get on in the world. Ambition alone never yet carried anyone very far toward the goal of success. An ounce of work is worth more than a pound of ambition. I heard a public speaker make rather a serious charge against our American boys one day not long ago. He said that they had not the pluck and the energy that the boys of fifty years ago had. I do not think that is true of all of our boys, and I rather think that if a test could be made it would be discovered that the boy of today averages up very well with the boy of half a century ago. But he should average up better. Why? Because the boys of today, as a class, are far better educated than were the boys of fifty years ago. The opportunities of the boy of today are better if he is made of the right kind of stuff.

This fact should be remembered by the ambitious boy: He must have not only energy, but concentrated energy. I know a young fellow twenty-seven years old who is as unsettled today as he was when he was twenty-one years old. When he came out of college he thought he would be a lawyer. He studied law six months and didn't like it. Then he took up civil engineering, and in another six months he

decided that he was not "cut out" to be a civil engineer. Forestry engaged his attention for a number of months, and he then came to the conclusion that there "wasn't enough in it for him." Then he "went into business"—that is, he got a place in a broker's office at eight dollars a week, with the intention of learning a business in which there was such "big money." He was four months in the broker's office and then concluded that he didn't have any "aptitude" for that business. I heard the other day that he was wanting to learn the railroad business.

Now, boys, thousands of men have made failures of their lives because of a vacillating purpose. They have not had the stick-to-it-iveness that is one of the most imperative essentials of success. They have dissipated their energy—sent it out in too many directions, and have at last unfitted themselves for any regular occupation. "Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely, is the demand of the hour. He who scatters his efforts in this intense, concentrated age, cannot hope to succeed." His ambition will be unavailing unless he concentrates his time and talent on some one thing. The man who can "do anything" is not in nearly such great demand as the man who can do one thing well. You never find a great lawyer trying to make an equally great success of medicine, and you never find a great doctor meddling with the law. Life is not long enough for the great doctor to learn all that he would like to know about medicine, and he has no time for anything else. He never dallies with his purpose—

"The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,

May hope to achieve it before life be done;

But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,

Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,

A harvest of barren regrets."

THE QUEEN'S MOLESKIN CLOAK

By WINTHROP PACKARD

CHAPTER I.

SHAD-HORNING FOR RABBITS.

IT WAS late in October when we realized that it would take fifty dollars payable in February to send Billy to the Academy for the spring term. Sam was provided for; his father had the money and would use it to send Sam. So was I. I had earned a good part of it myself during the long summer and the previous spring, and I had added to this the prize for oratory the year before and a small scholarship for proficiency in study.

As Sam said, the scholarship and the prize were luck and weren't to be depended on for another season, but what we had earned was money, and could be earned in the same way another spring. Had we not the only angle worm factory in Spruce-ton?

The ice goes out of the trout streams about Spruce-ton in April, and with its disappearance come the city fishermen. Every one of these fishermen wants angle worms, but the ground is still frozen in April, and it is not easy to get them. They had offered us boys high prices for them and we had set our wits to work.

Hence, what Sam had called our "angle worm factory." This was the unused shed of an old brick kiln built on a knoll at the edge of a meadow over a rich sandy loam. We captured quantities of angle worms, planted them in the soft soil in the old shed before the ground froze and covered them deep with meadow hay. This kept the ground from freezing, and they could be obtained at any time by simply scraping away the hay and digging.

We supplied every city sportsman that came to Spruce-ton that spring and by June had cleaned up ten dollars apiece.

We had now planted even more generously than before, and had a right to expect an even greater spring harvest. But the money would come too late. We needed it in February and it would not be all in 'till June. Now it was October, and the problem before us was to provide fifty dollars early in February.

It was of no use to expect Billy to earn it alone. He was the best shortstop in the Academy nine, the best fisherman in town, the most enthusiastic hunter and trapper of any boy about, but he simply didn't have the faculty of earning or saving money. We would have to help him get it.

My own idea, which I thought not so bad, was that if we could show some Spruce-ton capitalist that we had a stock of angle worms in the old shed which would easily bring us fifty dollars in the spring, we could borrow that amount of money. So we set to work to increase our stock.

There are three ways in which angle worms are commonly obtained. The first and most obvious is to dig for them. Children and amateurs do that. Professionals crawl for them. To do that you need a warm summer night just after a rain. Take a lantern on your arm and go down on your hands and knees in the wayside grass. Here you will find myriads of worms half out of their holes, seemingly holding a summer evening convention. The largest and fattest are there, and a succession of quick dabs and steady pulls brings them fully out and lands them in your bait box. It is the same trick the robins play on dewy lawns in the early morning, only the worms of that time of day are as one to a hundred compared to those of a summer evening after rain.

October, however, is too late for crawling, and we must dig or jab for them. Jabbing is often more successful than digging, but it takes an expert both in the selection of ground and the jabbing itself. You need a crowbar and a fine, moist, gravelly soil where are plenty of worms. Jab the crowbar into the ground for about a foot and work it round and round in the hole thus formed. The crunching of the tip of the bar on the gravelly earth will sound to the earthworm like the furious digging of a mole. The earthworm is the natural food of the mole, and the dangers of a thousand generations has taught him the best way to escape. At the crunching of the bar he rushes to the surface and stretches himself out there. All you have to do is to pick him up.

Sam was the best jabber for angle worms there was in Spruce-ton, but that autumn he met with little success. Even the little meadow back of the shed where our stock was kept failed to give many. This plot of ground had been absolutely alive with them in the spring. Now it was barren and the cause was not far to seek. Moles had flocked into the place during the dry summer and fall in almost as great numbers as the angle worms, and the ground was fairly honey-combed with their tunnels.

"I wish we could sell moles for bait," said Sam as he prodded disconsolately. "That's all there is here now. Humph! Look at that!" He had inadvertently dropped the bar on a little wad of soft gray-black fur that had slipped to the surface at that moment and now lay motionless.

I picked the little creature up and examined it. I noted the pointed, pig-like head and snout, the stubby, immensely strong, out-turned fore arms with their five stiff, pointed, scoop-like claws, the eyes withdrawn till almost hidden, the short tail and the body beautifully built for one thing, burrowing.

"The mole," began Sam, who was an ardent naturalist and had devoured everything on such topics which the Academy and Spruce-ton libraries afforded. "Is a quadruped of the order Insectivora and the family Talpidae. He feeds on worms, grubs, and, rarely, small quadrupeds and birds, even turning

cannibal when hunger prompts. His principal food is earthworms, in pursuit of which he fills the ground with subterranean galleries of peculiar construction. He is very voracious, his digestion is rapid and he must eat almost continually or he starves in a short time. In Europe where his skin was in former times used for cloaks, mole catching used to be a distinct trade. In this country—Well, well, look at Billy!"

Billy was coming down the path with a shad horn, a section of rubber hose and a gunny sack. His face shone with the excitement and pleasure which comes with a new idea and an opportunity to try it out.

"O, fellows," he said, "I've got a great scheme for making that money. Rabbits are worth ten cents apiece. Johnson, down at the store buys them and ships them to Boston. Here's the Kinnecum pasture up here all full of rabbit holes. Come up with me and I'll show you how to get every rabbit in it."

Sam gladly dropped the bar with a final jab and left it standing. Without thinking I slipped the mole into the side pocket of my coat and away we went to the Kinnecum pasture. There, amid berry bushes, cedars, and a furious tangle of blackberry vines were many, very many, burrows which Billy confidently declared were full of rabbits.

"Here we are," said Sam with a grin, "but how are you going to get rabbits with a tin horn and a gunny sack?"

"Will you lug home all we'll get?" asked Billy, boastfully.

"I will, if it's rabbits," Sam replied, and in this he voiced a doubt which was my own.

"This is the way you do it," said Billy eagerly, sulking the action to the word, "You put the rubber hose on the mouthpiece of the shad horn, then you put it in the fork of a limber stick and push it into the rabbit burrow as far as you can. Then you hold the mouth of the sack over the hole and blow hard on the hose. The horn toots and scares the rabbit and he rushes out into the gunny sack; see? It was invented by a ducky down in Virginia and he caught most all the rabbits in the state. I read about it in one of the magazines about the woods, so it must be so. Come on."

Billy's enthusiasm was infectious, and as he poked the shad horn down the burrow as far as it would go we took hold of the gunny sack as directed. When the horn would go no farther Billy withdrew the stick, laid his cheek to the earth at the mouth of the burrow, his lips to the rubber tube, and blew hard and long.

Muffled and weird beyond measure sounded the discordant bray of the shad horn beneath the earth. It startled me so that I inadvertently dropped my

very tight indeed over the opening. Billy blew, and immediately something shot into the bag and began to thrash around in it. Sam and I closed the mouth and held it firmly and Billy began to dance about crying.

"We've got him! We've got him! I told you it would work all right. Here, give me the sack and let me take a look at him."

I relinquished my hold on the sack willingly. If that was a rabbit it had the queerest motions of any that ever got into a sack!

Billy drew the neck of it carefully open, far enough so that he might look inside, but not far enough for a rabbit to escape. He put his eye to the hole, let go with a yell and dashed away, followed by us both, while out of the sack raced the largest black snake I have ever seen, to follow the rabbit into the briars and disappear from view.

Of course our scare was only momentary. The black snake is harmless, though a six-footer is apt to give you a nervous start when he rushes out of a bag at your feet, and we were soon laughing at one another and ready for the next hole. Somehow, though, it was some time before we found one that suited. It had been late when we left the angle-worm meadow, and the sun was almost down when we held the bag to the biggest hole in the pasture.

"Say," said Billy exultantly, "this is a buster. There might well be a dozen rabbits in it."

He poked the shad horn as deep as possible. Sam and I held the bag firmly and completely over the mouth of the hole and Billy blew his loudest, longest peal. There was a moment's silence and then something which might well be a rabbit ambled placidly into the bag. Billy blew again and another and another came in at the same pace. Three of them! We closed the mouth of the sack firmly and, without looking in, started for Sam's house where we had planned to cage our rabbits until we got enough to make a good bargain with Johnson. We carried it carefully, and all the way Billy exulted. Sam did not say so much for he had an uneasy feeling that he ought to have been at home for chores an hour before.

When we arrived Sam's father had just driven in from the village; his mother and sister stood at the door to receive his parcels, and Uncle Silas, the ancient hired man who had been on the farm so long that he was a privileged character, was just coming across the yard with brimming milk pails. One of Uncle Silas's privileges was to scold us boys soundly when we needed it, and now he set his pails down where he stood and turned upon Sam.

"You're a good-for-nothing parcel of boys," he said, including us all in his glance. "Y' ought t' have been here an hour ago to do your chores. I've had to do 'em all for ye. Now take this milk in. What ye got in the bag? Here; I'll tend to it."

Before we could say a word he had caught the bag from us and was on his way to the barn with it.

"Oh, Uncle Silas," cried Sam as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, "Don't let 'em go, please. They're rabbits. We've just —"

But Uncle Silas turned hurriedly at the call and swung the bag vigorously, though unintentionally, against the barnyard gate-post. As he did so a strange look came across his face, he hung irresolute for a second, then dropped the bag and fled toward the barn. All three of us sprang forward with a cry as he dropped it, but immediately sprang back again, for forth from the bag shambled three large black and white skunks. They eyed us for a moment, clicked their teeth, and then leisurely strolled off on the trail of Uncle Silas and disappeared around the corner of the barn toward the woods.

Billy and I left without saying a word. Whatever Sam's troubles our presence could only aggravate them, and it was high time we were both at home. On our way I happened to put my hand into my side pocket and drew forth the mole. We both examined him curiously, but Billy was the one to see possible profit in him and his myriad brothers in the meadow.

"What a wonderful pelt he has!" he cried. "See how the fur grows out just at right angles to the skin and lies smooth whichever way you stroke it. Then how beautifully soft and silky fine it is. It's a wonder they don't buy moleskins at the furrlers. Do you know I'm going to write to Batson at Bangor, who buys all my pelts of me, and see if there is not a market for them. We may not do much on rabbits," continued Billy, looking regretfully at his shad horn and tube, "but we've got moles by the million down there in the meadow."

CHAPTER II.

THE PORCUPINES OF BLAIR'S LEDGE.

Billy got a letter in reply from Batson the Bangor furrier within a week. It was a friendly letter and gave us a variety of information. As to moleskins, it said, the writer had never heard of a market for them. It was true that in legend and fairy tale moleskin cloaks were spoken of as worn by royalty, but he had never had an inquiry from the big houses for moleskins; indeed, had never seen any. If we boys had a chance to get them and would send him some samples he would forward them to headquarters at St. Louis and see what they said. Meanwhile he would be glad to pay current prices for such peltry as we might have, and sent us a price list. Also, he suggested that we note that the Maine Legislature had just passed a law putting a bounty on porcupine noses. After the first of January town clerks would pay twenty-five cents apiece for them. There was no profit for him in this, of course, but he liked to have his agents prosper and was willing



And Bounded Into the Briars

corner of the gunny sack, and it so scared the lone occupant of the burrow, a cotton-tailed rabbit, that he rushed out as I verily believe no rabbit ever left a burrow before, landing with a tremendous thump of his hind legs on the side of Billy's head as he lay there, and bounded thence into the neighboring briars.

"Here!" cried Billy, "Who kicked me in the head? That hurt!"

Shamefacedly I explained my failure to hold the bag and how it was the rabbit that had kicked him. At this his good nature returned, along with, if anything, an increase of enthusiasm. It was plain that the rabbit had followed instructions if I had not, and our hopes were high. At the next hole and the next we held the sack tight. Billy blew with all his breath and the horn roared and wailed with strange unearthly cadences, but either the holes were unoccupied or else the occupants went the other way. Sam thought the latter.

"You must poke it in deeper," he said, "then they'll have to come out. They don't dare run by it when it talks like that."

This seemed probable. Billy poked and poked with the horn at the next hole until he was satisfied it was in far enough, and Sam and I held the sack

to do anything; in a friendly way that he could for them.

This was nice of Batson, who was always friendly and helpful, a man of good education and wide reading, in proof of which note his reference to the moleskin cloaks of legend and fairy tale. Not many fur buyers read that sort of thing or would have found time to write a long letter of that sort to boys.

Billy came to us next Saturday with this letter in his hand and a glow on his face. "Hurrah!" he said, "Things are looking up again. We'll send Batson a few moleskins for samples right away. Then we'll get at work capturing hedgehogs. Think of it! Twenty-five cents! Why, the woods are so full of hedgehogs that you can hardly help stepping on them. Twenty-five cents! Hurrah!"

We shipped a dozen moleskins to Batson within a fortnight, just dried pelts of course, but the loveliest and softest fur imaginable. It was not such an easy matter to capture the little fellows, and our efforts revealed the most amazing underground galleries and intersecting tunnels through which the builders slipped with ease and baffled us. That sent Sam to his books again and before long we had built mole traps after the designs of professional European mole catchers which worked readily and surely. These traps were set in the principal galleries, the main highways of moledom, and the moles passed into them on their travels. We found that these main highways (turnpikes Sam called them) were in some cases newer than in others, and in this way we learned that the whole mole community seemed to be moving steadily up the slope toward the old kiln shed, yet we never thought what this might portend, and as soon as we had our dozen pelts we ceased to pay attention to the moles.

As for hedgehogs, Sam and I had asked Billy, in good-natured raillery, if he expected to catch them with a shad horn and gunny sack, and Billy had replied with his usual imperturbable good humor that hedgehogs were too stupid to be afraid even of a shad horn, but that Sam surely ought to know how to capture them. This brought a laugh from us all, it being one of the folk tales of Spruceton that Sam when a youngster had found a hedgehog in the garden and brought it into the house for his mother's inspection. Of course, he got his hands full of quills, but with a courage and determination, which were always characteristic, he had hung on to his game.

Like the bear and the woodchuck, hedgehogs hibernate, and while we were discussing plans for their capture in large numbers they had gone into their dens curled up and gone to sleep, feeling per-

fectly safe from all danger. It was November and the weather, which up to that time had been phenomenally mild, changed suddenly and the lid of winter shut down with a snap. Zero weather and three feet of snow came with one storm, and snow and fierce cold alternated until after the first of the year. Weather of this sort in Spruceton meant a steady battle for everybody to keep shoveled out and keep warm. Mole catching, even if there had been a price for their pelts, which there was not, was not to be thought of, and it seemed as if hedgehogs were equally out of the question. What ordinary hunting and trapping we might do during the winter would not bring in five dollars, and though there were opportunities for stout boys to earn money in the lumber camps to the north of us, or even in the woods near home, home and school duties prevented us from availing ourselves of them.



Three Porcupines—Torpid and Motionless.

We had our Saturdays, however, and Sam and I were patient and determined, and Billy was enthusiastic and ingenious, so that we made a strong team. Billy still clung to the hedgehog idea.

"Hedgehogs," he argued, "hibernate. Where are they now? All abed and asleep. Where? In their dens in the ledges. Isn't that so, Sam? What we've got to do is to go up among the ledges with a crowbar, pry into their dens and pull them out. Come on; what do you say?"

"But the snow," said I, "is five feet deep all over. The ground is frozen till it is like granite. You can't dig out hedgehogs in this weather even if you could find their dens under the snow."

"Have you been up around Blair's mountain lately?" asked Billy.

"No," said I.

"Well, I have. I came in from my fox traps up there at daybreak this morning and I noticed that big slate ledge on the southwest side is all bare. The wind has blown the snow all off it. There is no dirt, to speak of, in that ledge. It is just a jumble of broken rock. The woods at the foot of it are always boiling with hedgehogs in summer. I believe the rocks are full of them now. Let's go up and see."

Away we went, of course. You couldn't resist Billy's enthusiasm, especially as he always said "Come and meet the enemy" not "Go and meet the enemy." That's why we wanted to keep him on the Academy nine. He could be captain and coach and play short stop all in one game, and make everybody else play his best, too. He was the first man into his snow shoes and led the way with the crowbar and fell to with a will when we got there.

Blair's mountain was a rough hill about a half mile out of town, and we found the jumble of slate rocks at its southern base bare, as Billy had said. It was not difficult to find crevices that led inward and might be the openings of hedgehog dens. We had but little difficulty either in moving the broken rock with the aid of the crowbar, and after one or two false leads Billy, who was ahead with the crowbar, gave a little whoop of delight as he turned over a flat rock and disclosed three porcupines curled up snout to snout, torpid and motionless. We dumped them into the gunny sack—not the one of the shad horn rabbit hunt, Uncle Silas had buried that—and fell to work furiously.

Good luck and bad varied through the afternoon's work, but when the cold blue shadow of the hill lay long on the snow warning us that chore time was at hand, we had seven porcupines in the gunny sack which we carried between us on a pole, for spines protruded everywhere. Billy did snowshoe dances all the way home in his glee, not so much because we could see money coming to us as in the delight of achievement. He had noted the bare ledge, prophesied porcupines there, and we had found them.

"Oh, my!" he chuckled, "I believe there's hundreds of them up there, and we'll have every one of them by the first of January."

(To be continued.)

The Young Continentals at Lexington

By JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"BUT WHY does not General Gage make an effort to stop all this?"

"How can he? Massachusetts must first be overawed by a huge army—which Gage has not at command—before any sort of successful measures can be taken. To attempt it now might cost a thousand lives. And I know," added the man, with a grim smile, "that you wouldn't care to see that."

"No, no," replied the boy, his face going pale. "I think that above all else open war must be prevented."

"Gage is willing enough to let matters stand as they are. He thinks that in the end the people will become more divided and the whole matter settle itself. But the Tories are at him constantly to take measures. Nothing will do them but that their Whig neighbors shall be hanged or punished in some equally vigorous way; and they also demand that expeditions be sent to suppress the outlying towns. Up to this time, the governor has resisted them; but I hardly think he is man enough to continue to do so."

Then for a long time the two ate their food in silence. Then the man asked:

"You are living at Cambridge, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"And still hold yourself in readiness to answer our call?"

"You know that I do."

"Good! If all in Massachusetts were half so ready to prevent an outbreak as you, we'd need to have no fear of the result."

Finally they arose and paid their score. While awaiting change for the gold piece which Lieutenant Chesbrook had given the waiter, that officer asked:

"But you intend to return to Philadelphia, do you not?"

"If there is a message from the Adamises, I will," replied the boy.

And with that their change came; then the two walked out of the place, while Nat and the Porcupine sat staring at each other across their table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH DR. WARREN AND PAUL REVERE LISTEN INTENTLY

It was some little time before either Nat or the dwarf spoke; then the latter said slowly:

"Well, I suppose you have no more doubts now. I guess you'll think with me that he'd only one reason for going to Master Chew's house on the night that I saw him there."

Nat's face was sternly set and there was a look in his eyes that was unmistakable.

"No," replied he, "I have no more doubts now. Ezra Prentiss is all that I have suspected him to be. But in this he has reached the end of his rope. I shall keep silent no longer."

"Good!" exclaimed the Porcupine, his stiff crest of hair seeming to grow more erect with excitement. "But," lowering his tone, his manner changing quickly, "even now there is something queer about it all."

Nat looked mutely at the lad for an explanation; the dwarf went on:

"There was a plan laid between Ezra and this naval officer to steal the message of Mr. Adams, was there not?"

"Their talk would make it seem so, at all events," replied Nat.

"Then why was the plan not carried out? The matter lay in their own hands. If Ezra Prentiss wanted the message taken, why did he remove it from the saddle-bags?"

"That is more than I can say," answered Nat, in a low, brooding voice. "It has a very unusual look. Something happened, perhaps, to show the thing not to be desirable at the time. Otherwise I cannot account for it."

They sat in the Orange Street coffee-house for some time talking over the matter. Nat had often before noticed the good sense of the dwarf and the intelligent expression of his opinions. But today both were so noticeable that in sheer surprise the young mountaineer finally said:

"Porcupine, how old are you?"

"Sixteen," replied the dwarf.

"You must have had pretty good schooling."

"Five years. A Quaker gentleman sent me to Master File's Academy. But he died and I had no money to continue any longer, so back I went to sleeping in doorways, while I staid in the city, and in barns when I took to the country."

A little later, Nat, looking at the tall clock which stood in a corner, said:

"I think I'd better make my way to North Square, and see Mr. Revere; and as he seems disinclined to talk before a third person, you had better wait for me at the Dragon."

After leaving the Porcupine to make his way to the inn, Nat Brewster set into a brisk pace and in a short time found himself once more at the house of Paul Revere.

"Ah," said that worthy, heartily gripping him by the hand. "I was just this moment thinking of you."

Nat sat down upon an oaken bench; the engraver went on with his work, every now and then looking up to nod at his caller! but all the time he talked steadily.

"Last night," he said, "I saw Dr. Warren and Dr. Benjamin Church, and I talked with them about you."

"Who is Dr. Church?" asked Nat, who had never heard of that gentleman before.

Revere's face became clouded; a little frown wrinkled itself across the top of his nose.

"Dr. Church," said he, "is a well-known gentleman who has mixed himself much in the movement. He is a frequenter of my shop; he has written verses that have appeared upon some of my prints."

"Ah," said Nat, "a patriot."

But Paul Revere shook his head. Lowering his voice cautiously, he made answer:

"I'm not so sure of that. He is a member of the Committee of Safety, and, with the exception of Dr. Warren, is the only person who is told of the secret doings of the Sons of Liberty. Yet I don't trust him overmuch. He's too friendly with the Tories and, I have heard, is upon terms with Gage himself."

An anxious look crept into Nat's face.

"Why, the struggle for liberty is like to be honey-combed with treachery before it has fairly begun to live."

He was about, there and then, to bring up the matter of Ezra Prentiss, deeming it a fitting time; but Revere's thoughts drifted back to what he had upon his tongue in the first place.

"Dr. Warren was most pleased with what he heard about you," said the engraver. "More than ever he desires some one in whom he can trust to be at hand when wanted. Ordinarily he would call upon me, but I'm oftentimes taken up with my own affairs and cannot attend to the committee's business as I'd like. He said," continued Revere, "that he'd like to have a talk with you tonight."

It was arranged after some further conversation that Revere was to call for Nat at the Dragon about eight in the evening and then they were to go together to the doctor's house in Hanover Street.

This program was carried out, and they found the great patriot still at his supper.

"I had been called out, and am but now returned," he said. "But I am delighted to see you both."

Nothing would do but that they should draw up their chairs and join him.

"Here is an excellent joint," smiled he, "and a capon pie that will please you if you admire cookery. And then we can talk more comfortably, you see."

And, though they had just supped, they again sat down with the doctor. After some little gossip of a general nature, Revere said:

"I have been talking to Master Brewster, doctor, as you suggested. And as he seems anxious to help in the work, I brought him to see you."

The doctor looked at Nat good-naturedly.

"Mr. Revere is an ardent admirer of yours," said he, "and has been telling me some of the misadventures of your journey north. And I may say that your own part in them has taken my fancy."

"Travelers," replied Nat, "come upon unexpected things, and must somehow overcome them. That's all I tried to do."

"All!" cried Revere. "All! Well, perhaps so; but it was enough to save all our lives from the hulking thieves gathered in that ruin. And again, it required courage to do what you did to save Mr. Adams's letter, even though you failed."

"You see," said Dr. Warren, laughing, "Revere will make you out a hero whether you will or no. But," and his face grew graver, "I think you would be of good service here if you could but stay."

"If there is need of me," said Nat, "I can stay."

The doctor's eyes shone with pleasure.

"Excellent!" ejaculated he. "There is a promptness and decision about that which I like. And," he proceeded, bending toward Nat, "there is much need of you. We have things to do which require courage and adaptability—qualities which I'm inclined to think you possess."

"I am ready to undertake anything that you think I can do," said the lad.

"Gage and his officers are to be watched. The British must make no move that shall not at once be reported to us. Revere has organized a body of mechanics to patrol the streets night and day; but we must have some one for a venturesome task—to learn what the governor's intentions are before he gives the command."

"How is that to be done?" asked Nat, puzzled.

"I will explain some ways in which I think it might be done, later," said Dr. Warren. "Ezra Prentiss was to have taken up this task; but his being selected by the Adamses to help in their work at Philadelphia prevented it. I know that he would have been successful; and I feel sure that you will."

Nat had, after careful deliberation, made up his mind that before this meeting with Warren came to an end, he would unburden himself of all his knowledge of Ezra and lay his suspicions and the cause of them out for the judgment of that calm-minded patriot.

As he could imagine no better opportunity for doing this than the one which now presented itself, he addressed his host nervously, across the table.

"Dr. Warren," he inquired, "how long have you known Ezra Prentiss?"

The patriot hesitated, then turned to Revere.

"How long has it been since you first brought him here?"

"Some two years, I should say," returned Revere. "He'd but lately joined the Sons of Liberty, and seemed so warm for the work that I thought we could find things out of the ordinary for him to do."

"And some of the tasks we set him to perform were very much out of the ordinary," praised Dr. Warren, warmly. "And I never expect to see anything more enthusiastically done."

"But," insisted Nat, "do you know nothing more of him than this?"

There was something in the boy's voice that made the two men look at him questioningly.

"I know," answered Revere, "that he is a native of Boston; but that's all. However, we don't ask for pedigrees in these days. For proof of that witness your own case. Deeds are what count with us and nothing else."

There was a pause. Dr. Warren laid his knife and fork crosswise upon his plate, sat well back in his chair and looked at Nat intently.

"I think," said he, at last, "there is something more back of what you've said."

"I'm going to tell you something," said Nat, with a grave air. "Something that will try your credulity, perhaps, but which is nevertheless true for all that. I ask your attention and I promise to venture no opinion. I am going to tell you nothing except what has happened and will leave it for you to pass judgment."

"Go on," said Dr. Warren.

Thereupon Nat began his tale and related it much after the fashion in which he had told it to his uncle. But of course there were the additional things—the happenings since they had left Philadelphia, and most damaging of all, the scene in the coffee-house only a few hours before.

Both Warren and Revere listened with the utmost attention; not once did they interrupt the boy as briefly and lucidly he sketched the happenings that had given him so much anxiety.

"And now," he concluded, "I felt that I could not withhold this any longer—that it was my duty to place the facts before you. And, as I said at the beginning, I venture no opinion. I leave it to you to say what it all means."

"What you have told us is most astounding," said Warren, "and yet there is that in it which carries conviction. What is your opinion, Revere?"

The engraver shook his head.

"I don't know what to say," he replied. "Ezra has always, as far as I could see, been worthy of trust. But in the face of all that I have just now heard—," and he gestured helplessly, as though unable to finish the sentence.

Then the two plunged deeply into the matter and discussed its every side. Every now and then they appealed to Nat for the verification of some fact; and the boy was greatly relieved to find that not once did they doubt any feature of his story. At length Dr. Warren said:

"To spread this tale abroad would do little good. In fact, it might do considerable harm; for the people, you know, are easily struck with panic. The knowledge that there are traitors within the lines would have a bad effect upon many."

"But," said Nat, "will it not be much more harmful to allow this boy to continue as he is doing? He occupies a position which endangers —"

But Dr. Warren interrupted him.

"He will not occupy it for long," said he, quietly. "I will despatch word to Samuel Adams tomorrow detailing everything and asking him to act upon the matter as he thinks best. And that will mean only one thing—that Ezra Prentiss will be entrusted with no more important work."

It was late at night when Revere and Nat Brewster left Dr. Warren's house and proceeded along Hanover Street.

"I never expected to hear anything like this," said the engraver, as he shook his head sadly. "I'd have trusted that boy with my life if need be."

"I can understand that," replied Nat. "And that is the feeling that made me hold my tongue till now."

"However," spoke the man, "we have other mat-

in the king's service," complained the red-faced captain in charge of the work. "They'd rather stand about the streets meditating treason and throwing black looks at decent persons who uphold the laws."

So during the days to come Nat sawed and planed and nailed in the midst of the British with great energy. And all the time he watched keenly and listened for any news that might be of importance. At night he patrolled the streets with Revere and his thirty mechanics; and there was little that escaped their sharp eyes and alert minds, for they scattered into every part of the town where they thought there might be a movement of the king's troops.

Nat saw very little of Ben Cooper, and nothing at all of Ezra for some days; finally one evening as he sat at supper at the Dragon Ben burst in upon him.

"Ezra has been recalled to Philadelphia," he stated. "He starts in the morning, so be ready and you can pick us up on the way."

"I'm going to remain in Boston," said Nat, calmly. "Going to remain in Boston!" Ben almost gasped these words, so great was his astonishment. "Why, what for?"

"I have urgent reasons," replied Nat. Then seeing his cousin's reproachful look, he added, laughingly, "Well, I suppose I'll have to tell you about it; but you will have to promise not to say anything to any one—not even Ezra."

Ben looked at Nat challengingly.

"I say," said he, "what's the matter with Ezra? Somehow or other you don't take to him very well."

"He's said something to you, has he?" said Nat.

"He's said nothing," replied Ben warmly. "But I've got eyes and I can see as well as the next."

Nat was silent for a moment. He could tell Ben nothing of that particular affair because Dr. Warren had asked both himself and Revere to keep silent.

"I'll say nothing about your ideas regarding Ezra and me," said he, at last. "But I will say, under promise that you tell no one, that I remain in Boston to carry out some work required of me by Dr. Warren."

Now there was no more ardent patriot among them all than good-natured Ben Cooper. So upon hearing his cousin's words he at once gave up all expectations of his accompanying them south.

"Very well," said he. "If that's the case, I suppose I'll have to leave you here. But the Porcupine will go back with me, of course."

"No," said Nat. "I rather think he wants to remain. But," turning to the dwarf who sat near him, "speak for yourself."

"I'll stay with you if you'll let me," came the answer promptly.

"So you see," smiled Nat to Ben, "you will have the trip all to yourselves." But with a sudden recollection of what was due to his uncle, "I must get you to take a letter to your father."

So while Ben waited, he got a bottle of ink, a quill and a sheet of thick paper, with which he set about composing a long letter to Mr. Cooper. When he finally finished and sealed it up, he had told everything of importance there was to tell. Ben remained for some time talking and then got upon his horse for the ride to Cambridge.

"Do you know," said he, as he mounted and sat looking down at his cousin, "that I rather envy you."

"Why?"

"Because there is something in the air of this town that tells me that it's here or hereabouts that the explosion is going to take place."

"You are always finding things in the air," laughed Nat.

"Well, if I do I am generally right," argued Ben. "Just you wait and see."

Then they shook hands and said good-bye; Ben waved his hand and nodded smilingly to the Porcupine, who replied with a grin; then the rein was given the little roan, and she scampered away down the dimly lit street.

During the whole of the long, gloomy winter that followed, Nat Brewster saw no more of his cousin; once there came a letter from Mr. Cooper in which Ben enclosed a page of greetings, but that was all.

But Nat had little time to think of these things. As the winter advanced the situation became more and more tense. The arming of the people went steadily on, as did the collecting of the military stores. Nat, in one capacity or another, served Dr. Warren and the Committee of Public Safety continuously; he kept as close as possible to the British sources of information and more than once was lucky enough to secure news that was of great help to the cause. But the Porcupine was invaluable; he developed a musical talent, which Nat had not suspected, and upon a weird looking string instrument of his own manufacture he played and sang Tory ballads at inns and places where the royals resorted. In this way he made himself popular with them and so gained admittance to places which would otherwise have been denied him; the result was that there was scarcely a thing of consequence talked of among the Tories that escaped him, or failed to reach the ears of the committee in due course.

In this way it became known to Warren and the



Lifted an Oar with which to Defend Himself.

ters to think about. It's a sore thing to lose a friend, but we've no time for grieving. Work is ahead for you and me—work that will mean much for the colonies if we can perform it properly."

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH A WINTER PASSES, BRINGING MANY THINGS

The very next day, Nat Brewster was admitted with all due formality to membership of that devoted band of patriots known as the "Sons of Liberty," of which Paul Revere was a leading spirit. This organization met in one of the upper rooms of the Green Dragon, and the young mountaineer was astonished to find how complete were their plans of resistance should the time come when it should be necessary to take up arms.

Immediately, after another consultation with Dr. Warren, the boy took up the work that had been assigned to him.

"One of the most pressing needs of the British army now encamped in Boston," said the doctor, "is for barracks to shelter them during the coming winter. The artisans of Boston have refused to undertake the building, and so bricklayers, masons, plasterers and carpenters are largely in demand. If you were one of these now"—and he looked at Nat speculatively, "you'd be able to get inside the lines and perhaps gather information of great value to us."

"I have done a great deal of rough carpentry," said Nat. "And though I am no great mechanic, still, I may do, if they are badly pressed for men."

"Excellent!" said Dr. Warren, greatly pleased. "Lose no time in applying to the officer in charge."

This Nat did, later in the same day; and his services were snapped up eagerly at much higher wages than usual.

"Those villains of Whigs will not take honest work

rest of the patriot committee that Gage had about despaired of his policy of inaction; he had made up his mind to disarm the people and seize upon their leaders.

"He has been desirous of having an army of twenty thousand men before resorting to this," Nat told Dr. Warren in repeating what he had heard. "But he has made up his mind that these will never be sent him, so he is going to make the attempt with his present force."

"Which is about thirty-five hundred," said Dr. Warren. "But how is he to proceed, or haven't you heard?"

"The Porcupine, as it happens, heard that very subject talked of last night at the George and Griffin. Ruggles, the royalist leader, has asked General Gage to send troops to Marshfield to protect the Tories from violence."

"No violence is meditated against them," said Warren, sternly. "That is but a subterfuge to test the willingness of the people to permit troops to march into the outlying sections."

On January 23d, General Gage sent one hundred men and three hundred stand of arms to Marshfield. All Boston, it seemed, was on the streets to watch the tiny column move out of the city; and as Nat stood gazing with interest upon the scene, he was surprised to see Ezra Prentiss upon the edge of the crowd at the opposite side of the street. They exchanged formal salutes, but neither made any attempt to cross to the other. Nat knew that the brothers Adams had left Philadelphia at the adjournment of Congress, but he had heard nothing of Ezra; and, indeed, had given him but little thought.

"That means that we must both be more careful," said the Porcupine, when Nat told him of the meeting. "If he sees you among the British and me among the Tories, he'll be sure to whisper something in their ears that will put us in danger."

In sending the troops to Marshfield, Gage feared an outbreak; but when the colonists merely looked sullenly on and no hand was raised against the soldiers, the governor grew elated.

"They dare not really oppose the king's troops," he is reported as saying. "And when the spring opens, I'll prove it to even themselves."

A few brass cannon and gun carriages had been deposited by the patriots at Salem, and about a month later Nat, by the merest chance, learned that Colonel Leslie and a detachment were to be sent to seize them. At Warren's command the young mountaineer sped to Salem as fast as the hard-mouthed black would take him.

It was Sunday morning and the Puritan town was still and covered with snow. But within an hour the streets were alive with citizens, all ready to defend the guns. As the latter were upon the upper side of North Bridge, the draw was raised, and when the British arrived they could not cross the river. Several large gondolas lay upon the south bank. Colonel Leslie at once gave orders that his men cross in these; as the soldiers moved toward the boats Nat saw a youth, followed by several older persons, rush forward, push the craft into the water and proceed to scuttle them.

The redcoats waded into the stream and with their bayonets tried to stop this. The boy leader lifted an oar with which to defend himself and then, for the first time, Nat recognized him.

"Ben Cooper," he cried in amazement.

A moment later the boats sank, and their occupants struck out for the north side, swimming lustily and uttering derisive cries.

Flushed and angry, Colonel Leslie stood at the open draw and shouted across at the townspeople:

"Lower the draw in the name of the king!"

The Rev. Mr. Bernard, a clergyman of Salem, stepped forward.

"Colonel," said he, "I take you for a just and reasonable man, and one who would not wish to stain the Sabbath day with blood. This is a private way; you have no right to cross if the owners see fit to object. So go your way in peace."

Leslie had been especially warned by Gage not to persist if there was danger of bloodshed; and now the news reached him that the minutemen from all the country round had been sent for, and indeed, that the company from Danvers had just arrived. But he was a determined officer, and as he had set out to cross the bridge he made up his mind to do so.

"I am going to march my men across," declared he. "If you will peaceably lower the draw, I'll agree to proceed no more than thirty rods beyond it. But if you refuse—well, you must accept the consequences."

Thereupon the draw was lowered; the British had the empty triumph of crossing; but the brass guns were safe, and the incoming militia drew up in line and watched the redcoats depart, their files squeaking dismally, their drums beating a hollow tattoo.

When all danger was past, Nat began a search for Ben Cooper. But the swimmers had landed some distance below the bridge; he located a few of them, but Ben was nowhere to be found.

"The boy who first started for the boats was a stranger to us," the men told Nat. "We never saw him before. But he's a plucky one, whoever he is."

All the way back to Boston Nat wondered over this strange incident.

"Why, I had not thought Ben within hundreds of miles of Boston," he said. "And here he pops up in the midst of a thing like that just passed. However, I suppose he'll hunt me up before long and give an account of himself."

But this Ben did not do; weeks passed and Nat still heard nothing of him. At last the latter made up his mind that he had been mistaken.

"It couldn't have been Ben, or he'd have looked me up," he reasoned. "It was the excitement of the moment that led me astray; one is apt to imagine all sorts of things at such times."

However, as has been noted before, he had not much leisure to think over his own affairs. With Revere

and the faithful mechanics, who continued to patrol the bleak streets each night, ever watchful and alert, he gave all his waking time to the Committee of Safety. And in pursuance of the change of policy on the part of their commander, the British grew aggressively offensive. Once they tarred and feathered a citizen whom they claimed had tempted a soldier to desert, and drew him about the streets upon a dray guarded by soldiers, their band playing "Yankee Doodle" in derision.

They attended public meetings at the Old South Church and hissed the speakers. On the day in March set aside by the Provincial Congress for fasting and prayer, they pitched tents near to the meeting-houses and the services were constantly interrupted by the sound of drum and fife. The very next day Mr. Hancock's house was assaulted and damaged.

"All this is to provoke the people to strike the first blow," said Warren.

And thereupon the precautions taken by their leaders to prevent their doing so were redoubled.

Some fourteen thousand musket cartridges were seized by the British guard as the patriots endeavored to get them across Boston neck, and the driver of the wagon was severely handled. This was on March 18th; and the same evening a party of officers attacked the Providence coach.

It was about this time that Nat Brewster became aware that an enterprise of some moment was soon to be undertaken by Gage. There was nothing said openly, no one put it into words; but there was much whispering and signaling among the younger officers; and Nat, whose days were almost all employed at the barracks or officers' quarters, listened with all his ears.

At length, as March neared its end, the rumor became more definite; and then it was given a name. The stores at Concord were to be destroyed!

When Nat excitedly bore this intelligence to Warren, a guard was at once placed over the magazines; teams were held in readiness to carry them away at the first sign of a British advance. Riders were also despatched to carry the alarm to all the towns and have them hold their companies of militia to answer any call that might be made upon them.



He Broke Into a Run.

Gage now sent out engineer officers to inspect the state of the towns, to make sketches and maps of the roads and all possible places of defense. Bodies of troops were frequently sent out. On the 30th of March, the first brigade, numbering some eleven hundred men, took their way toward Jamaica Plain, and on their march did much damage by throwing down stone walls and otherwise misconducting themselves. Armed to the teeth, they swaggered through the near-by towns like ruffians. Little did they dream what danger they were in. All about them the country slowly arose; bands of armed minutemen appeared like magic, and, unseen, awaited the word. Dr. Warren, watching the truculent brigade of British from a neighboring hill, smiled grimly to Paul Revere, who sat on his horse beside him.

"Let them advance a few miles farther, attempt to destroy a magazine or in any way abuse our people, and not a man of them will ever see Boston again."

But the time was not yet. In the city, the bearing of the king's soldiers became more and more proud; the population, unable to stand their insults, was slowly drifting into the country. It became quite dangerous for a patriot of mark to remain, and, indeed, most of them had taken their leave of the town long before. But the gallant Dr. Warren remained.

"Some one must take the risk," said he, simply. "And why not I?"

Gage made every effort to purchase supplies for camp service; but the people were before him everywhere; they cut him off both in Massachusetts and New York. About the middle of April a reinforcement came, and the very day of its coming, Nat overheard a conversation between an ensign and a lieutenant at a mess table which immediately set his expectations upon edge. The boy from Wyoming was fitting a window-sash which had been much complained of; and as the two officers were but a half dozen feet from him, he lost not a word.

"This is all the general's been waiting for," declared the ensign, a youthful, strapping fellow. "Now mark my words, he'll slip a second expedition out upon the Yankees and capture all the nest-eggs they've been hoarding so carefully at Concord."

The lieutenant shook his head.

"Of course it's for General Gage to do as he thinks best," said he. "But if I were asked what I thought about it—which I'm not likely to be—I'd tell him to go slow."

"Oh, he's been going slow since he's been here," exclaimed the ensign, "and what has it done for him? Not a thing. He sees an assembly of men, styled the Provincial Congress, and which is totally unknown to the constitution, collecting the public moneys. That alone is enough to arouse him to action; but when he sees the same moneys invested in warlike stores, he grows angry. It's his duty to stop this and prevent the calamity of a civil war."

The lieutenant nodded.

"You are right," said he, "so it is; but I don't like the way he's going about preventing it." He lowered his voice after a glance at Nat, and continued: "Have you heard that the grenadiers and light infantry have been relieved from duty?"

"Yes," returned the other, with a laugh. "The excuse is that they are to learn some sort of a new exercise. It's a rare good dodge, for of course they're being got ready for a march."

"I fancy you are right," nodded the lieutenant. "And those boats of the transports, which were hauled up for repairs, have been launched again and are now under the sterns of the men-of-war, ready for service."

Late that night, for he always visited Dr. Warren's house at hours when he'd be little likely to be seen, Nat Brewster hastened to Hanover Street. Revere was with the doctor at the time and they received the news which he had to tell with set faces.

"Mr. Hancock and Samuel Adams are at the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark at Lexington," said Dr. Warren to Revere. "I shall wish you to bear a letter to them at daybreak tomorrow."

"I will be ready," said Revere.

Nat bore the courier company on the following morning.

"The time," said Revere, soberly, as they jogged along, "is not now far off."

"I fear not," replied Nat. "If Gage strikes, we must strike back. And that will mean a relentless war."

"I had some faint foreknowledge of what you told us last night," said Revere. "The whisper came to me that Gage intended to seize Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams, but just how or when I did not know until you came."

"If they were taken it would be a worse blow than the loss of the stores could well be," said Nat, seriously. "Such an event will, of course, be especially guarded against."

"Right," returned the man in the same tone. "You may be sure that it will be, if I have any voice in the matter."

The house of the Rev. Mr. Clark was a wooden one upon a shady street; as it happened both Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock were at home, and they received the news calmly.

"We have arranged for just this emergency," said Mr. Hancock. "There are safe places at Sudbury and Groton for the stores; within an hour they shall be on their way."

"And no British column, no matter how strong, will be able to get that far in search of them," added Mr. Adams, grimly.

Revere and Nat rode back by way of Charlestown, and here they met Colonel Conant of the militia, and some other gentlemen warm in the cause.

"It puzzles me," said Revere, after some talk, "how we shall get word across the river when the troops are about to start."

"I had thought of that," answered Conant. "From where we stand, the tower of Old North Church is plain to be seen in day-time. When the troops start, climb to the windows in the steeple and signal us by flashes of light—one if they are going by land, two if by water."

"Good," praised Revere, "a fortunate idea, colonel. We will act upon it. Don't forget," as they were going, "two flashes of a lantern if they go by water—one, if by land."

When they reported to Dr. Warren he breathed a sigh of relief.

"It now only remains for us to keep a strict patrol," he said, "and give the signals promptly. Do you," to Nat, "watch like a hawk. And you," to Revere, "see to it that your men do the same."

Monday passed, and Nat, still employed at the officers' quarters, noted many things that gave him alarm. Late in the afternoon he saw a dozen horses brought out and a group of laughing, chatting officers all ready to mount.

"I think," said the strapping ensign whom Nat had heard talk a few days before, and who now made one of this party, "that there will be little need for us to watch the roads. The Yankees know nothing, and therefore can send no warning to the peasants in the out-sections."

Nat did not desire to hear more. In a sheltered spot he scribbled a few words upon the face of a smooth pine block with the point of a nail; hiding this beneath his coat, he made his way to a point beyond the barracks.

"It's lucky that I thought to tell the Porcupine to hold himself ready to carry a message," he said as he hurried along.

Rounding the far end of the barracks, he heard a door close, then he caught a quick, sure tread upon some wooden steps; turning his head the least bit, he got a glimpse of the newcomer out of the tail of his eye.

"Ezra!" almost cried Nat, in dismay. But he choked back the exclamation, lowered his head and walked steadily on. Even though his back was now squarely toward the other, Nat knew that the boy

had halted and was watching him. But it was only for a moment, then the quick, light footstep resumed, now upon the plank walk; and Nat, with a keen, quick glance over his shoulder, saw him hurrying away toward the group of officers who were still gathered, awaiting the command to mount.

As luck would have it, there was a sharp turn around some buildings for Nat to make in order to reach the place where he had told the dwarf to await him. As he rounded this he was screened from view and broke into a run.

With set face he sped forward, not knowing what another moment would develop. And, as it happened, the very moment that he caught sight of the grinning face of the Porcupine, he also heard the roar of hoofs upon the planks of the barracks yard. In a flash he slipped the dwarf the pine block.

"To Dr. Warren—and get out of sight quickly!" he said, hastily.

The keen perceptions of the dwarf grasped the situation instantly. Clutching the block, he vanished between two buildings; and Nat, his head bent, as though totally unconscious of everything but his own private affairs, continued on up the street. Nearer and nearer sounded the hoof beats; then two horsemen drew up beside him.

CHAPTER XX.

NAT BREWSTER FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS FOES AND PAUL REVERE BEGINS HIS MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Nat gazed up in assumed astonishment at the two excited faces that bent over him. He felt that the dwarf was safely away and all his native coolness returned to him.

"What now, my lad?" demanded one of the horsemen, a puffy-faced captain of light infantry. "Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way home," answered Nat, innocently enough.

"I think," said the puffy-faced captain, "you'd better delay that for awhile and come back to the barracks. A few words with you may do no harm."

"Very well," agreed Nat, promptly.

And with that he turned and started back over the road he'd just traveled. His willingness to do what was demanded of him seemed to take the officers by surprise; the second of them, a lank youth with vacant eyes, drawled:

"Why, this fellow is too wooden-headed to be dangerous, captain. That lad must have been hoaxing us."

"It's not for us to judge of that," replied the puffy-faced man, who seemed a competent officer. "Major Pitcairn told us to bring him back, and that's what we are going to do."

"Oh, of course," the lank youth hastened to say. "We'll do that surely."

So Nat was marched back within the British lines. Where but ten minutes before there had been laxity and careless superiority, all was now tense excitement and bustle. The group of officers were in the saddle; guards were being placed at different points where it had never been deemed worth while to have them before. Scowling looks met the boy as he trudged calmly along before the two riders.

At Gage's headquarters they drew up; dismounting, the officer led Nat past the sentries into a long room, where sat the governor, a stout, bluff Englishman in undress uniform.

"Is this the fellow, Pitcairn?" demanded Gage of an immaculately dressed officer across the table from him.

Major Pitcairn surveyed Nat carefully.

"I've seen him among the workmen for some months past," said he. "But I'm not sure of anything else."

"Ask Lieutenant Chesbrook to step in," said General Gage to an orderly who stood at the door. "And tell him to bring his friend."

In a moment the tall naval lieutenant stalked into the apartment, and following him was young Prentiss. Nat met the latter's eye with a steady, accusing gaze. But the Boston boy did not flinch. He merely gazed back with inquiring interest, nodded and smiled genially.

"Yes," replied the hawk-nosed lieutenant, glancing at Nat and replying to a question of Major Pitcairn's. "That is the person."

"You are quite sure, lieutenant, that he is in sympathy with the rebels?" asked Gage.

"I am positive," answered Chesbrook.

"And you?" turning to the other.

"It is the same boy," replied young Prentiss.

There was a moment's silence, broken by the rattle of hoofs. At the sound, Gage glanced at Pitcairn and the major nodded.

"They are off," said he, briefly.

"Tell Smith to get his men ready with all despatch," commanded Gage.

Pitcairn arose and left the room; then the governor turned his bluff countenance upon Nat once more.

"So, young man, you've been spying upon us," said he, sternly.

Nat saw that there was no use denying anything that was charged against him. The best way, so he concluded, was to put a bold face upon the matter, for it would be as likely to carry him through as anything else.

"Yes," he answered, "and have also been doing some rather competent work as a carpenter. If one is to count against me, I trust you will not fail to credit me with the other."

A smile stole over the British general's face.

"You do not lack coolness," said he. "But that alone will do little for you. You admit that you are a spy. Do you know the fate of such?"

This last was asked in a sharp, stern way. Instantly young Prentiss took a quick step forward as though to protest, but the hand of Chesbrook closed upon his arm and drew him back. A moment later the lad left the room. Nat looked steadily into the British general's face, paying no attention to this by-play.

"You mean that spies are shot?"

"Or hanged," added Gage, grimly.

"In time of war—yes," said Nat. "But not at such a time as this. Another thing. I am not a spy in a strictly military sense. Such a person would be an enemy to the king—which I am not."

"No?" and the governor looked at him with interest.

"I came here for the same reason that you did," declared Nat, boldly. "And that is to prevent war."

"Your argument is ingenious enough," said General Gage, "but it scarcely meets the facts solidly. However, I have no time now to examine you. I'll have you put under a guard for a few days until I get some important matters off my mind."

"If the taking of the colonial stores at Concord is one of them," said Nat, coolly, "you may as well rid yourself of it now."

General Gage's face was naturally red, but at this it grew much more so.

"It seems to me," remarked he, with a nod of the head, "that your time here has not been wasted."

At this moment Major Pitcairn re-entered and the governor turned to him.

"Pitcairn, see to it that parties are set to guard all the roads. No one is to leave the city."

"Have you learned anything?" asked the major, with a quick look at Nat.

"No. But our young rebel here has set me thinking that our plan may not be so secret as we think."

Once more Pitcairn disappeared. As he did so, Lieutenant Chesbrook stepped forward and saluted.

"General," said he, "if I may be permitted to do so, I'd like to offer a suggestion."

Gage glanced at him inquiringly. There was something in the set of the thin lips and the expression in the cold, light-colored eyes that gave the impression that Chesbrook's suggestion might have value.

"I shall be happy to listen to you," answered the soldier readily.

Lieutenant Chesbrook bowed his thanks. With his finger-tips on the edge of the table he said:

"Some time ago I was detailed by the admiral for shore duty—of a certain kind."

Gage nodded.

"Yes; the admiral spoke to me of it at the time. He said that you had peculiar persuasive powers," with a laugh. "Indeed it was his opinion that no one could resist you if you chose to set yourself to convince him."

"The admiral is most flattering," spoke Lieutenant Chesbrook. "But then, I've given him proof upon more than one occasion, so he speaks from personal knowledge. But what I was about to say was this: I intend riding with Lieutenant-Colonel Smith's column tonight; and I think if this boy," indicating Nat, "were permitted to accompany me, he would be of considerable service."

"In what way?"

"In several—but more especially in recognizing and pointing out persons whom it would be worth while taking into custody."

Gage's eyes snapped.

"Bravo!" exclaimed he. "That is a most excellent idea. It never occurred to me. Take him, by all means."

"Thank you," said Chesbrook, and his cold eyes had an odd expression as they measured Nat from head to foot.

But in reply to the look, Nat merely laughed.

"You surely do not think," said he, "that I will recognize and point out people, as you put it, or betray my friends, as I would put it, just at your request?"

"I don't think when a little matter like this presents itself. I act, as you will learn at no distant time," replied Chesbrook. "Recollect, my lad, I have no great love for you."

"A small thing like a fall from a porch roof should not be permitted to sour your temper so," said Nat, evenly. "I would have thought that Lieutenant Chesbrook of His Majesty's navy was beyond that."

But Chesbrook made no reply to this. The puffy-faced captain called a file of men and the boy was seized.

"Be careful of him," warned Major Pitcairn, who had re-entered in the meantime and to whom the arrangement had been explained. "Lock him up securely and keep a guard over him—a strong guard."

The captain and his men saluted. The boy from Wyoming was placed in the midst of them and led away.

He was placed in a room in a small stone building not far from the barracks. This was generally used for refractory troopers and contained a chair, a table, and a heavy chain fastened to the wall on the end of which was an iron band, which was now locked about Nat's waist.

Hour after hour went by; the footsteps of the double guard outside his prison door went steadily up and down; now and then as the men passed one another their voices were heard murmuring. Through a small window, barred and high up in the wall, Nat got a glimpse of the sky; it was black and a few pale stars burned against it waveringly.

The boy sat with his head drooped forward upon the heavy table and the thoughts that filled his mind were gloomy enough.

"Suppose," reflected he, "my message did not reach Dr. Warren; suppose he does not send Mr. Revere to warn Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams and rouse the minutemen in defense of Concord. If General Gage can deal them this blow, the cause of the colonies may be wrecked."

He pictured to himself the dark, midnight roads; the armed British troopers that guarded them. All along the route to Lexington, so ran his vision, the houses of the colonists were without lights; the inmates were wrapped in slumber. He imagined the party of officers riding far ahead with ready swords and pistols; then came the column of troops, solid, compact, dark, winding slowly along the highway like a huge serpent. And nowhere was there any one to oppose their progress; nowhere was there a voice raised to warn the sleeping ones of the danger that was approaching, slowly, deliberately, like Fate.

It was Nat's helpless situation, chained, locked in a strong room, guarded by watchful soldiers, that so tinged his thoughts. The truth was that matters were not nearly so helpless as he pictured them.

The Porcupine, breathless, pale of face, had reached Dr. Warren's door. Scarcely could he reach the knocker, even by standing upon his toes; but when he did reach it, its "rat-tat-tat" awoke the echoes in Hanover Street. It was the doctor himself, anxious, expectant, that came to the door and received the queer message. As he read it his mouth tightened.

"And where is Nat?" inquired he.

"I think they've got him," said the Porcupine. "They were after him when he passed me this and told me to run."

Warren said nothing to this. Bidding the dwarf sit down, he scratched off a note and sealed it.

"You'll take my horse and ride to North Square," he said quietly. "Mr. Revere will still be at home," with a glance at the clock. "You'll give him this note. Don't fail. A great deal depends upon it."

In an incredibly short time the dwarf pulled up at Revere's house, and walking in presented the



note, which that gentleman immediately read. It was past dark by this and some candles burned in the room. Revere twisted the note into a spill, touched it to a flame and watched it turn black and crumble away on the floor.

"I'll go with you at once," he said quietly.

So he pulled on his heavy boots, buttoned his surtout, took up his three-cornered hat and started back to Hanover Street with the dwarf. Once there, Warren received them with great eagerness.

"I have just sent off William Dawes by the long way 'round the neck," said he.

"It would be as well," spoke Revere, after some discussion, "for me to make a personal examination of things and be sure that the expedition is really about to start."

This was agreed to, and off the engraver started, the dwarf still with him and riding Warren's horse. They had reached the Common when they noted considerable movement; rows of boats were drawn up at the water's edge at the bottom of the Com-

mon, each bearing a light in its bow. Approaching these were a body of troops armed and equipped as for a march.

"That means two flashes of the lantern in the North Tower," said Paul Revere, with a suppressed laugh. Then as though a thought had just come to him, he added, in a changed tone, "But suppose by some accident they do not see the signal?"

The idea apparently troubled him; for a moment he stood still; then he turned suddenly to the Porcupine.

"You know the sexton of North Church, do you not?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Ride there at once," directed Revere, with the manner of one who has made up his mind, "ask him to give you the lantern which he has ready, and do you give the signal."

Without a word the Porcupine turned the horse and galloped off over the soft sod toward the north. Revere hastened toward the river; at the end of a

deserted wharf he uttered a whistle and two men came forward from some unseen hiding-place. Without any explanation being necessary, they drew a dory from behind some piles; all three got into it and pulled sturdily across the river.

Upon the farther side they found Colonel Conant and a group of others upon the bank, and the militia officer greeted Revere hurriedly.

"We just now received the signal," said he, "and had secured a horse from Deacon Larkin upon which to send a courier with the news."

"I'll go myself," said Revere, promptly, and he vaulted into the saddle of a strong looking horse which a lad was holding by the bridle. "Tell the deacon that I'll ride his beast as carefully as I can, but not to expect too much, for speed is the thing that will count to-night."

And then, with a wave of the hand, along the midnight road, bearing the alarm that was to awake the whole world to liberty, sped Paul Revere.

(To be Continued)

MESSAGES FROM GROWN-UP AMERICAN BOYS

HON. JAMES WILSON, United States Secretary of Agriculture:

"Tell the boys to be industrious, economical, obey their parents, tell the truth, read their Bibles, and they will be heard from."

REV. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, Ph. D., President of the General Alliance of Workers with Boys:

"I saw the other day a splendid incident of boy life in an account of the collision of the Republic and the Florida last spring. Dr. Coulter of Chicago and his young son were going abroad in the Republic. After the ships came together in the fog it was decided to transfer the 1,500 passengers, first to the Florida, and later, when she came up to the rescue, to the Baltic, a sister ship of the Republic. When the boats were lowered and the time had come, the captain gave the usual order, 'Women and children first.' Then Merle Coulter, this boy of twelve, stepped back from where the women and children were and stood by the side of his father. He would go down in the ship at his father's side rather than go with the children. He lined up with men—and he proved himself a man. This story answers the oft asked question, 'When does a boy become a man? When he begins to do manly deeds.'"

HON. JOHN E. GUNCKEL, President of the National Newsboys' Association:

"I would like to impress upon the minds of every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY the importance of each one's trying to strengthen and guide the boy who has a bad habit. Help the weak boy to cut out swearing, stealing, gambling, smoking cigarettes, and I will venture to say that ten years from now our country will have the finest lot of young men the world ever knew. We may shudder at sin, the real sin, but we certainly can hold out a helping hand for the sinner. If there is a germ of good, we can develop it; if there is none, we can dig for it. The best men we have today are men of active moral integrity; of intellectual vigor; the men who do something useful; the broad-minded and big-hearted

men; the men who love their fellowmen and try to do good in this world. These are the men who are the best and most useful to humanity and live longer after they have left this world. I believe that every boy's future must be made by himself. In nearly every city and town I have visited during the past ten years I have found boys who were waiting for something to turn up, something to come their way without any effort ever made upon their part. They want something for nothing. They think the future can be given to them irrespective of what they are, that a series of blessings and events may be prepared for them—but this is not so. It's up to you, boys, to make people love you. Young men are begging no harder for work than the high-grade positions are begging for competent men to fill them. The world is seeking for men with the strength and force of quality, men who are active not only for themselves, but who are willing to do for others. Every young man was made for a purpose, and that purpose was to do something. Every young man has talents; they are given him not to bury, but to exercise and improve. Men and women may preach and sing and plead and sympathize to rid the world of evils, but they will not do it. This belongs to the young men. They must do the world's reforming. Boys love the world, live for it, help it, build it up, make it better, that your light may shine out upon the universe everywhere, and do your part in the coming time."

JEFFERSON LEE HARBOUR, well-known editor, author, and lecturer:

"This is pre-eminently the age of the boy. More is being done for his moral, physical and spiritual uplift than ever before in the history of our country. It is the day of opportunity for the boy—such opportunity as is not offered to all of the boys of any other land. Poverty offers no permanent obstacle to success in our country and no boy need be an ignoramus in our day of free education. The boy who will may win out in the battle of life. The greatest and truest successes in life in our country have in many instances been won by the men

who were once poor boys filled with the true American spirit of conquest. So here's to the American boy. May his kind increase and may he be true to all that his country stands for, and do all that he can to add to its honor and glory."

REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, the noted clergyman and author:

"I advise the American boy to learn in his youth and in his home the hard lesson of prompt, cheerful, respectful obedience to those set over him to train him for future manhood—parents, guardians, teachers, pastors! So that when he grows up he will be a law-abiding citizen with a proper respect for the powers that be and the laws that are for the preservation of the state and the promotion of the welfare of all its citizens equally."

HON. JACOB A. RITS, journalist and author:

"Here's good luck to you, and to every lad who does his best and does it squarely. It will come—the luck, I mean—for the thing men miscall 'luck' is won by hard work and honest endeavor. It doesn't happen."

JOHN MITCHELL, New York, formerly President of the United Mine Workers of America:

"To achieve success in the struggle of life is the ambition of every American boy. It is not unusual, however, to measure success by the size of one's fortune. Indeed, there is grave danger that in the race for wealth we may disregard obligations much higher and that what is commonly termed success in reality may be failure. I believe it to be the duty of every man to provide for his own requirements and for the requirements of those dependent upon him, and it is his right, in every honest way, to acquire a fortune. But the accumulation of riches should not be the chief ambition in life. The contribution we make to the betterment of society and the uplift of humanity is the best measure of success. Man should not live for himself alone; that man fails to discharge his obligation to society who fails to hold out the hand of helpfulness to his less fortunate fellow creatures."

"OUR" COLUMN

TO AMERICANS, whether at home or abroad, there is no month in the year that signifies so much as November. We have, of course, July 4th, with its memory of the men who boldly dared to do and, if necessary, die for the sacred cause of freedom and right; but that day somehow has become mixed with so much of noise and turmoil that many people dread its coming. True, also, we have Christmas, with all its wealth of meaning and teaching for young and old; but after all, neither of these gets quite so near to the hearts of the people of our great country as does Thanksgiving Day. It is, indeed, typically American.

THANKSGIVING In recent years I am glad to see that this festival has taken on a far wider significance than was ever contemplated by Governor Bradford, with whom it was instituted in 1621 as a mark of the people's thankfulness for their plentiful harvest. Thanksgiving has now become the united expression of a nation's gratitude for the prosperity that has year after year come to our land in the evidence of its increasing industries and commerce, as well as its bountiful harvest. But more especially, I am glad that Thanksgiving Day has become permanently established as the Homecoming Day, the day when all the members of the family, scattered widely during the rest of the year, gather together in the old home. I venture to say that all over this country thousands of men and women, busy though they may be, are looking forward with eager, pleasurable anticipation to that joyous reunion round the family dining table that many can enjoy only once a year.

Perhaps you, boys, who are yet members of the

home circle will smile at this, but the time will come when, away from the home-nest in the midst of the heart-breaking, never-ending struggle of life, you will think longingly of the old fireside and wish that you were again at home.

One thought just leads to another, and what I have said of Thanksgiving reunions draws my thought to a subject which is often carelessly and thoughtlessly forgotten. A boy's loyalty to his home is something that stamps him as one who will build for himself a strong, useful and noble life. The great American philanthropist, George Peabody, throughout his long life, loved his home and idolized his mother. The late Roswell P. Flower, who was at one time governor of New York, declared that it was in his home he first learned the lessons of independence, self-reliance and fair play. "My mother taught me as a boy," he said, "that there was nothing so contemptible as cowardice, nor so mean as telling a lie."

Happy indeed is the boy who has enjoyed the happiness of true home life. It will mean much for him in his start for a successful life. Never be ashamed of such a home, however plain, small or old-fashioned it and the occupants may appear to others, and never be ashamed of the teaching and counsel of the father and mother who worked and sacrificed that your path through life might be easier than the one they had trod. I came across a story the other day which aptly illustrates my thought. A young man in the employment of a construction company was stationed at a little out-of-the-way station. There were just a few houses and one small store, which, of course, became the social center during the evenings. The storekeeper was also a young man and posed as a free-thinker. One evening he began reading aloud from an infidel paper something that he thought witty—a scurrilous attack on Christianity.

"Stop that," interrupted the young engineer. "I come from a home where they believe in such things—and are a good deal the better for believing in them, too—and I will not listen to such vile stuff. You've a right to your own opinions, and this is your store, but its the only place where we fellows can gather in the evening, and while we come there must be no more such reading or talking."

Boys, many of you have gone out from your homes this fall to attend school or college, or to work. You will meet with other boys who have not the same thoughts of home and its joys as you have. They will talk lightly of it and of other things which have always been sacred to you. Don't listen to them, nor make friends of such. There are plenty of others, boys who are clean in life and pure in speech and behavior, whom you may gladly receive in friendship.

I refrain from saying anything about our Anniversary number, only expressing the hope that you will like it and tell your chums about it.

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

Patriotism

It is a good thing for a boy to be proud of his name, to love his home town, to be loyal to his state. But let his best love and loyalty go out to his country. You are an American—put that first on your list of honors. From Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, there are plenty of chances for differences, but one great bond of union, North, South, East, and West; we are all Americans, united under one constitution, loving one country, honoring one flag.

A German savant devoted eleven years to studying the muscular attachments of caterpillars, and this man deserves a place in history along with the Swiss watchmaker who spent an equal time in constructing a steam engine that could be covered by a lady's thimble. Both of these geniuses form startling illustrations of how nature sometimes wastes raw material.

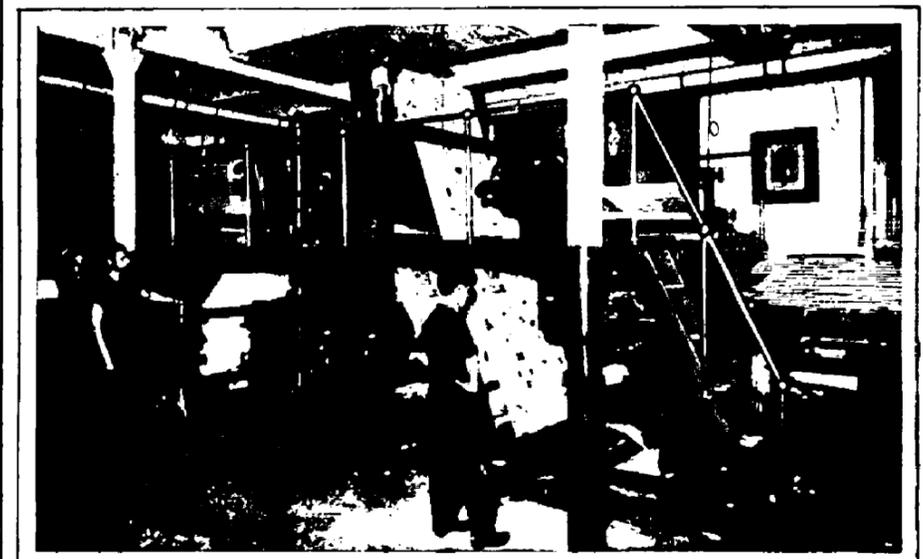


SOME INTERESTING FACTS

WHAT IS REQUIRED TO GET OUT ONE ISSUE OF THE AMERICAN BOY



Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor.



THE HUGE PRESS ON WHICH THE AMERICAN BOY IS PRINTED



J. Cotner Jr., Secretary & Treasurer.



PRINTING COLORED COVERS FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



FOLDING, BINDING & MAILING THE MAGAZINE.

HOW THE MAGAZINE HAS GROWN:

IT IS always interesting to know some of the intimate affairs of one's friends, and, because we are sure you consider THE AMERICAN BOY as a friend we take you into our confidence. We wanted to know just what things about the magazine a boy would want most to know, so we asked a young friend to go all through our plant and pick out the most interesting points. We think he made an excellent selection and hope you will agree with us. In the first place we want to tell you how big THE AMERICAN BOY has grown in its ten years of life. Every month 160,000 copies go into as many homes. This means that we have become the largest boy's paper in the world in point of circulation.

MILES OF PAPER:

Sixty-six huge rolls of white paper, 46 inches wide, are consumed in printing one month's issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. Each of these rolls is 13,334 feet long, which is more than two and one-half miles, and the total length of the 66 rolls is 166 miles 3,520 feet. That is something to think about, isn't it? Pick out some towns in your state that are 166 miles apart and then imagine if you can a sidewalk of paper running between them broad enough for four boys to walk abreast on.

That you may get some idea of the size of these huge rolls of paper we will inform you that each weighs 917 pounds, or very nearly half a ton. Sixty-six of them weigh 60,522 pounds, which amounts to over 30 tons. In addition, the covers weigh 10,000 pounds and would reach 41 miles.

MILLIONS OF WORDS:

Naturally you would suppose that the ink used in printing 160,000 copies of THE AMERICAN BOY must fill a big bottle. Printer's ink does not come that way, however; it is bought by the pound, and 450 pounds of ink are used up every month to print this magazine. However you will not feel astonished at this great mass of ink when you remember how many words have to be printed with it. In every single paper are about 90,000 words, counting advertisements. Multiply this by 160,000 and you have the enormous total of 144,000,000 words every month.

Suppose we could tear the leaves of a month's issue of THE AMERICAN BOY apart and lay them end to end. The line would reach 738 miles, or 3,900,000 feet. It is hard to imagine that, isn't it? A roadway of AMERICAN BOY paper 738 miles long—that would reach from New York City to Columbus, Ohio, with a considerable margin over.

OUR EDITORS AND EMPLOYEES:

Probably you never gave a thought to how many people are required to edit and print a magazine, and to fold and mail it. Aside from the editorial staff not less than 100 persons are needed to get out an edition of the magazine. In the editorial department seven men do the work. There are four department editors, two assistant editors and readers, and the editor. To attend to the business and advertising departments six more are retained, and stenographers and office employes bring the number up by a dozen more.

This is not all by any means. One of the most important items has not been mentioned—our authors. On the next page you will find pictures of a number of the most prominent men who have written stories for THE AMERICAN BOY—but these are only a few. Stories are sent to us from every state in the Union; stories come to this office from Europe and Canada and Mexico and Hawaii—in fact, men and women in all parts of the world write the best things they can and send them to this magazine. From these hundreds and hundreds of manuscripts our editors pick out those they feel sure will best suit our subscribers—and we feel satisfied that we are giving you the best that can be had.

THE AMERICAN BOY is a great traveler. It goes to almost every city and town in the United States. It travels throughout Canada. Boys read it in Mexico and Cuba. It goes to Europe and to the Sandwich Islands and to Japan, and to China and Turkey, wherever boys who read English are to be found THE AMERICAN BOY is welcomed.



H. D. Montgomerie Assistant Editor



Verne W. Tucker Ass't Advt'g Manager



Capt. H. A. R. Gray Mech. & Elect. Dept.



C. B. Kelland Assistant Editor



Dr. Hugo Erichsen Photographic Dept.



Willard O. Wylie Stamp Dept.

OUR TENTH BIRTHDAY

WHAT WE PURPOSED AND SOME OF THE THINGS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PERFORM.

WHAT THE AMERICAN BOY WANTS TO DO:

THE MONTH of November, 1899, was the birth month of THE AMERICAN BOY. Its advent was not heralded by any mysterious signs or wonders; indeed, very little announcement of its coming had been made. Yet it came with a certain degree of boldness to make for itself a place in the already crowded ranks of journalism. Its boldness was not the result of the enthusiastic approval of friends, which was of an exceedingly negative quality, but of an inborn conviction that there was a peculiar need for such a magazine, and that the ideas and plans of editor and publishers for the conduct of THE AMERICAN BOY would fill that need.

Some of these plans were: That it should be a magazine edited for boys, and their experience warranted them in the belief that they knew what boys wanted; that the stories published should be interesting, inspiring, thrilling, clean, and uplifting, and that they should be written by the best story writers for boys to be found among the men and women of the literary world; that there should be articles instructive as well as entertaining; that there should be a judicious admixture of biography, history, and geography; that the way to true success and achievement should find prominence; that the various practical departments should be edited by experts who not only knew thoroughly their subjects, but were able to write about them in a way that boys with hobbies should thoroughly understand and enjoy.

Every subscriber must have observed the gradual and gratifying increase in our advertising patronage, which has enabled the publishers to put out an increasingly interesting magazine, as it is patent that \$1.00 a year would not cover the expense of twelve numbers.

WHAT THE AMERICAN BOY HAS DONE:

Ten years have gone by, years fraught at first with much anxiety and thought, yet years of hope and encouragement and somewhat of satisfaction that the things promised in 1899 were being fulfilled. Looking back over these years, the editor and his associates truly can say that they have endeavored conscientiously to give to the boys of America a magazine of their own in every way suited to their best and highest aspirations. Such well-known writers as Kirk Munroe, Edward Stratemeyer, Horatio Alger Jr., Edward S. Ellis, Hezekiah Butterworth, Everett T. Tomlinson, J. L. Harbour, Henry A. Shute, John T. Trowbridge, Clarence Hawkes, Charles Battell Loomis, George A. Henty, James Buckham, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Frank H. Sweet, Caroline K. Herrick, J. Macdonald Oxley, Tudor Jenks, George Whitefield D'vys, William Jennings Bryan, Edwin J. Houston, John T. McIntyre, Norman Brainerd, and Clarence B. Kelland, have contributed or are contributing to its pages, and their names are vouchers for the excellency of the stories and articles appearing. The phrase "The biggest, brightest, best boys' paper in the world" has been applied to THE AMERICAN BOY because it is the largest boys' paper, containing as it does, nearly 400 pages a year, with illustrations numbering over 1,000, drawn by the best artists. It contains instruction and entertainment on subjects boys like. Look at its departments of Photography; Stamps, Coins and Curios; Mechanics and Electricity; Puzzles; Popular Science; For Boys to Make; and Current Events; all are edited by men who are experts in their departments and know how to convey instruction attractively. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of letters have been received from boys warmly expressing their thanks for the instruction given them in these departments. The many hundreds of articles, also, practical and useful, which have appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY, have given to boys just that impetus and encouragement that has started them on the road to success and honor; for THE AMERICAN BOY has always preached the religion of "Do" rather than "Don't." In the field of games and sport there have appeared noteworthy articles by the foremost athletes of cinder track, diamond, and gridiron.

ORDERS THE AMERICAN BOY HAS ESTABLISHED:

In addition to giving the boys of America this wealth of fascinating and instructive reading matter, it also was the originator and sponsor for THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, a society at present numbering 25,000 of the brightest and best American boys, made up of companies located in every state in the Union, banded together for the cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind, and Morals.

The founding of THE AMERICAN BOY LEGION OF HONOR is something of which THE AMERICAN BOY is especially proud. To the boy who has for an entire term of school stood at the head of his class and produces his teacher's certificate to that effect, THE AMERICAN BOY forwards a handsome and costly badge with the words "School Record" inscribed on the pin. A similar badge inscribed "Heroism" is sent to the boy who performs an act of bravery. These Legion of Honor boys are divided into Chapters of 200 having the name of some prominent man as counselor, who stands ready to advise a member of his chapter as to his lifework. The name of each boy enrolled is published three successive months in THE AMERICAN BOY, and his picture is also printed in the magazine. At present there are over 1,100 boys belonging to the Legion, divided into six chapters.

All the expense attending the formation of Companies of The Order of the American Boy and The American Boy Legion of Honor is borne by the magazine.

Many philanthropic persons, pleased with the pure, high-grade tone of THE AMERICAN BOY, made appeal to the publishers for old copies of the magazine to give to poor boys and boys who were sick or disabled and unable to pay for it. The publishers granted such requests so far as they were able, but the postal laws and an increased subscription mailing list intervened to prevent a continuation of this good work. To bridge these difficulties THE AMERICAN BOY presented a plan to its subscribers whereby for every fifty cents subscribed the magazine added fifty cents and agreed to send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year to any shut-in boy such subscriber should name. In this way THE AMERICAN BOY has been sent to several hundred boys who were unable to buy it, and the many letters received telling how the magazine has brought hope and good cheer into many a boy's life, otherwise darkened with despair, have made the hearts of editors and publishers glow with thankfulness at the result of their efforts.

A WORD AS TO THE AMERICAN BOY'S FUTURE:

The past has been lightly touched upon, and now what of the future? The experiences of editors and publishers during the past ten years have taught them many things. Many of these experiences have been helpful and well worth extending and continuing; others have hardly been so helpful and have been set aside. But all these experiences have resulted in a broader and more enlarged view as to the mission of THE AMERICAN BOY, and plans are being made and ideas formulated whereby the magazine will not only continue its purity and loftiness of tone, making for the highest welfare of its readers, but will endeavor to make itself a greater power than ever for the mental, moral, and physical well-being of American boys, for the rearing of good citizens and good men.

TO AMERICAN BOYS:

Words are feeble to express the thanks of the editor and his associates to those friends who have stood so loyally by the magazine, many during all of ten years, others during shorter terms, yet all true and faithful; but to one and all, thanks, most grateful thanks are given, and the fervent wish expressed that when another decade has passed there may still remain some of these friends with whom to rejoice that THE AMERICAN BOY has reached the years of a sturdy, glorious manhood.



Edward Stratemeyer



John T. Trowbridge



Judge H. A. Shute



Everett T. Tomlinson



Mary Alden Carver



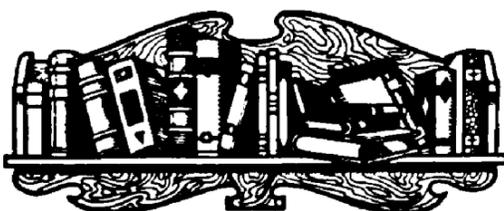
John T. McIntyre



Winthrop Packard



Ernest Cobb



Edward L. Fox



Kirk Munroe



Edward S. Ellis



Horatio Alger, Jr.



A. Hyatt Verrill



Agnes Barden



Geo. W. D'vys



H. F. Hamilton

THE SUBDUING OF CHAD

By MARY ALDEN CARVER

"YOU WON'T last two weeks in this neighborhood," a brawny member of the school board informed Miss Darrow when she arrived at the little village of Catamount Creek. Miss Darrow was slight and fragile, but she had decided to teach the school, and, much to the surprise of the entire community, she was still in charge a month later.

Miss Darrow was not surprised. She had never been surprised by even the most surprising circumstances occurring from day to day in the school at Catamount Creek. Perhaps this accounted for the fact that she was still mistress of the situation at the end of a month. The semester had begun with a quick succession of three teachers in as many weeks.

One drowsy morning Miss Darrow rang the bell promptly at nine o'clock. Ordinarily this was the signal for a riotous influx of upward of sixty pupils of all ages and nationalities into the schoolhouse. This morning, however, the signal for assemblage was followed by an ominous silence.

The teacher smiled as she went to her desk and gave her attention to some writing there.

Three minutes elapsed. She was still alone. Five—six—"Oh, good morning, Tommy," she called cheerily as a pair of wondering brown eyes peered through the doorway. Tommy stared in dubious uncertainty, with a chubby finger in his mouth. He was a dear, baby boy, barely five years old.

"Did you see the red pencil I brought for you to write with today?" queried Miss Darrow sweetly. No, Tommy had not seen it. He stepped eagerly to Miss Darrow's side to investigate. "Take it to your seat, dear, and here is a nice big piece of paper for you to write on."

Tommy went contentedly to his seat. The teacher turned once more to her writing. It was ten minutes past nine now.

"Please, teacher, hey you got any more of them purty pencils?"

Miss Darrow glanced up quickly. She had imagined that she and Tommy were still alone in the room.

"Why, Maggie, is that you?" she asked. "I have been waiting for you to come in, for I thought you would like to cut out a few pictures from these old magazines for some of the other little people to paste in the scrap-books."

Maggie slid shyly into her seat, while a look of unutterable adoration shone in her eyes as she furtively watched the teacher.

Bennie Johnson came in next. Bennie was invariably tardy, and this was his customary time for arrival. Bennie went directly to his seat, where he was joined immediately by Gustave Peters. "We're not coming in this morning," Gustave whispered loudly into Bennie's ear. "Chad wants to see what she'll do if we stay outside. He—"

"I'm afraid you are making an unnecessary noise, Gustave," interrupted Miss Darrow, as she placed an open arithmetic before the boy. Gustave eyed the teacher sheepishly and fell silently to work.

"Did the bell ring?" asked "Skinny" Burke, as he blundered noisily into the room a moment later. "It did," answered the teacher with dignity as she stepped beside the open door and cut off the lad's anticipated retreat. "Go to your work immediately." The boy laughed good-humoredly as he drew a battered text-book from his desk.

"I wanted to come in, but they wouldn't let me," came from timid Mamie Crouse in the doorway. "But I sneaked away from them at last. I wanted to be coming in all the time, but they wouldn't let me."

"You are a dear little girl," reassured the teacher, patting the dark brown curls. "Good morning, school-mother, do you allow a feller to chew tobacco in school?" came from "Long John" Morley as he strode in with a look of the younger children at his heels.

"I have never forbidden the use of tobacco," was Miss Darrow's cool rejoinder, "so you are violating no rules."

Somehow her cool manner, clear voice and calm words deprived the young man of all the pleasure and glory he had hoped to derive from his advent. He had created no sensation whatever. He removed a large quid of the weed from his mouth and cast his eye about the room for a convenient manner of disposing of it. At length he hit upon the lucky idea of hurling it through the window, with much ostentation.

"A very straight shot," whispered the teacher at his elbow. "But then," she added audibly, "that window was certainly a large target, you must bear in mind." There was an appreciative laugh from the small audience, and "Long John" sank out of sight behind a huge geography. It was 9:20 now.

Libby Gray and Anna Thomas came in with their arms about one another's waists. They smiled sweetly at Miss Darrow as they began their work. They were the oldest young ladies in the school and their entrance was the crisis that brought "Dude" Curtis and "Oily" Bowles with several other lesser satellites into the room.

At nine-thirty the entire school was assembled. Miss Darrow noticed that every one was present—except Chad Andrews.

Chad presently stuck his head in at the open window. "Anything doing?" he asked impudently as he made his entrance through the window.

"Charles is evidently in a great hurry," remarked Miss Darrow casually. "He was afraid he might be tardy if he took time to enter by the door."

There was a general burst

of merriment at Chad's expense. After the merriment had subsided the work proceeded quietly and in order. No mention was made of the morning's delinquency.

It was nearly four o'clock when the teacher proposed a special exercise in language for the whole school in general. She read a fascinating little story and had it retold orally by a number of the smaller pupils. Then one or two of the older pupils paraphrased the tale cleverly, after which pencils and paper were



Plunged His Head in the Water Pail

supplied and the school reproduced the story in written statements.

It was a fascinating narrative and everyone was enthusiastic over the work. It was Chad who presently broke the spell. "I say, schoolma'am," he inquired insolently, "isn't it time to go home?"

"Not quite," was the sweetly murmured rejoinder.

Not very long afterward Miss Darrow took a little Waterbury clock from her desk and turned its face toward the school. It was nearly five o'clock. The teacher explained, "It made no difference whether I taught from nine until four or from ten until five today. I am under contract to teach six hours daily. I was glad of the extra hour of leisure this morning because it gave me an opportunity for attending to some really very urgent writing. You are all dismissed now. Good-night."

The children filed out. Miss Darrow was alone. The following morning the school was seated before her promptly at nine o'clock.

One morning, during a recitation in physiology, Miss Darrow remarked casually that an insect breathed through rows of tubes along its sides. "Now you couldn't drown a grasshopper," she concluded, "by holding its head under water."

A day later she missed Glen Ashley from his accustomed corner. This was unusual, for Glen was invariably punctual. At ten he came in shouting excitedly. "No, ma'am, you can't!"

"What is the matter, Glen, and what do you mean?" was the puzzled interrogation of Miss Darrow.

"I tried to, but he don't," Glen explained as he pulled from his pocket a large green grasshopper. "I caught him in the meadow," he said. "I stopped at the creek to try to drown him. I held his head under water for an awful long time, but he hasn't died yet." He opened his hand and the insect leaped through an open window near by.

"How'd you like to have your head held under water?" asked Chad, leaping to his feet and stepping quickly to Glen's side. He grasped the little fellow about the waist and plunged his head three times in rapid succession to the bottom of the water pail. Then he fled from the room.

"Of course, this water is unfit for use, now," said Miss Darrow, as she came in from the hallway, where she had been comforting Glen. She was evidently un-



Struck Chad Squarely in the Face and Drenched Him Completely.

conscious of Chad, who stood just outside the door. "I'll throw this away," she continued, "and at recess some one can bring in another pailful. She turned swiftly to the open door and flung the water outside. It struck Chad squarely in the face and drenched him completely. He leaped aside with a howl of surprise and rage. He caught the teacher's eye for an instant. There was a world of subtle knowledge in its depth.

"I don't believe he's drowned," said the teacher briefly, mentioning the incident to the school, "but I'm sure he must be dreadfully wet."

Chad was quite docile and subdued for several days.

One afternoon Miss Darrow stepped into the hallway to summon the children for the afternoon session of school. She beheld with dismay that there was a barren space where her wraps usually occupied a conspicuous place on the wall. Phillip Wondray stood in the doorway. Phillip was slim and white, with a tangled mat of dark, curly hair. He was a little Italian boy. His father was a rag-peddler who lived in the neighborhood temporarily and sent his boy with the large dark eyes to the village school. Phillip did not get along very well with the other pupils. He was afraid of the larger boys, and was sensitive concerning the mischievous jests the younger children made at his expense. He adored his teacher and could never be persuaded to leave the school building for even a moment during the period of intermission that the other pupils all hailed with such manifest delight.

"Phillip," said Miss Darrow, "where are my wraps?" The boy looked frightened, but made no reply. "Can you tell me?" the teacher persisted.

"Yessum," blubbered the boy. "I knows, but I doesn't dare tell."

"Tell me immediately," the teacher insisted sternly.

"Chad'll kill me if I does," said the child with a look of genuine terror lurking in his eyes.

"But you must tell me," said the teacher.

"He throwed 'em up there," said the boy, pointing to a crude trap door that opened into a rough attic above the schoolhouse. The trap door was fifteen feet from the floor.

Miss Darrow squeezed Phillip's dirty little hand affectionately as she thanked him for the information. "See if you can find a pen I dropped behind my desk this morning," she requested sweetly. "And never, never let Charles know that you told me where my hat and coat were."

"O, no, ma'am, I surely won't," assented Phillip eagerly as he hurried away to search for an imaginary pen.

Then Miss Darrow worked feverishly for a moment or two. She deliberately closed and locked the door, to permit of no interruptions. She took Chad's hat and lunch-box and wrapped his coat about them. While standing on a chair she managed, with the help of a broom, to poke the bundle up overhead through the trap door. This accomplished, she unconcernedly tapped the bell. She calmly conducted the ordinary exercises until the hour for dismissal arrived. As soon as school was over she busied herself with some blackboard work.

A commotion arose in the hallway. Angry voices were heard in loud altercation. Phillip Wondray stood beside the teacher with his eyes widely dilated in horror. Miss Darrow stooped and pressed a kiss upon his high, white forehead.

Half of the school was huddled in the hallway; the rest were on the porch just outside the door. Chad stood with flashing eyes, his back against the door, effectually cutting off the retreat of any who might wish to depart. He shook a tightly clenched fist in the face of stolid Nick McPhee.

"You're all cowards," he shouted. "All miserable, low-lived cowards! You hain't none of you got the nerve to come out and fight in the open, but you'll sneak around behind a feller's back and play dirty little tricks! Now I tells you, Nick McPhee, if some one don't tell me mighty quick where my hat and coat are I'll knock the tar out of you! I'll thrash the whole bloody lot of you—one at a time, or in bunches, I'll—"

"Charles," interrupted the teacher, "what does this mean? I can't have any such performance as this after school closes. You are all supposed to go directly home. What is the trouble this evening?"

"Some one have stole Chad's hat and coat, teacher," piped up Eddie Grant through a cavity of missing front teeth.

"Let Charles tell me about the difficulty," said the teacher.

"The kid told you," grunted Chad, with a nod toward Eddie Grant. "I left my hat and coat here this afternoon and some one has swiped them."

"That's a pretty strong statement, isn't it?" queried Miss Darrow. "You must not make such assertions unless you are quite positive that you have good foundations for your accusations."

"Them things never walked out of here alone!" sneered Chad.

"Evidently not; still there must be a mistake somewhere. I agree with you in not seeming to grasp the joke if some one has been contemptible enough to conceal your property for fun. It would be a low, mean thing to do, unless a person had a really good reason for doing such an act. No one enjoys having a person play a dirty little trick behind his back. It is certainly unworthy of every member of this school. It is certainly a cowardly manner of dealing."

Several of the large girls glanced shyly toward the teacher's hook in the hallway and a number of the larger boys laughed bolsterously as Chad's face turned a deep crimson during the teacher's remarks.

"I can't blame Charles for feeling indignant," concluded Miss Darrow. "For I imagine I would feel the same under the circumstances. However, he must not make such a disturbance at the schoolhouse and we can have no such language at any time."

Then she turned and addressed Chad directly once more. "Have you searched thoroughly, Charles? It hardly seems possible that they can be very far away. I might suggest that you look in the attic overhead."

Chad started in surprise. "Mind," said the teacher, "I am

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making no claims to definite knowledge. I merely mention this casually. Of course, I cannot state positively that your hat and coat are above us in the loft, but I think the hint I have given you is worthy of an investigation."

"Skinny" Burke and "Jolly" Rogers came forward. "Can we get Sam Carey's ladder to climb up there on?" they queried eagerly.

When the teacher consented, the two boys ran across the road to where a ladder was leaning against a small haystack. They brought the ladder to the schoolhouse and carried it into the hallway. Chad adjusted it satisfactorily and climbed up into the little attic.

"Remove that ladder," commanded Miss Darrow curtly, and a dozen pairs of willing hands were thrust quickly forward to do her bidding. Laughing faces showed that the humor of the situation was appreciated.

"Will some one please cut the bell rope?" asked Miss Darrow. An instant later the rope lay in a coil at the foot of the ladder, while volleys of coarse oaths were being fired through the tiny opening from the attic.

The pupils all stared expectantly, eager for the outcome of the matter; Miss Darrow felt intuitively that for the present, at least, she was undeniably supreme ruler of those about her.

She stepped forward and called to the boy above. "Charles, you will certainly have to be more careful about the language you use. We cannot have such oaths, you know." Then she added more slowly and in low, well-modulated tones: "I am quite sure you will find your hat and coat—yes, and your dinner pail, too, right up there together. And, Charles, while you are up there I wish you would please look around and see if you can see anything of my hat and coat."

"They're here," screamed Chad, "but you'll never get them—never, never!"

"Well," said the teacher, and she spoke coldly, "they are of no great importance. I guess I can get Nellie Grover to loan me her sailor to wear back to the hotel." Nellie, who lived beside the schoolhouse, was delighted to find an opportunity for serving Miss Darrow.

"But," resumed Miss Darrow, "let me assure you, Charles Andrews, there is no way on earth for you to get out of that garret this evening unless we assist you, and that we most assuredly will not do until you have returned my wraps to me. Please take them as he hands them down, John." "I must finish my blackboard work now."

She quickly re-entered the schoolroom without further words with anyone. She could with difficulty repress her mirth as she heard Chad alternately threaten and bribe his comrades to aid him. They were unani-

mously obdurate. At length Miss Darrow pinned Nellie Grover's little chip hat coquettishly upon her glossy hair and stepped into the hallway. The pupils were grouped as she had left them.

"What!" she exclaimed, in well-feigned surprise. "Not gone yet." She had evidently forgotten the prisoner and his booty. "Well, we will all go together."

"Teacher, will you lock Chad in up there?" queried a small maiden in a pink pinafore. "Of course," was the firm rejoinder as the teacher began to insert her key in the lock.

She was just closing the door when a swish and a thud told her that Chad had hurled something from above. She peeped back into the hallway. "Thank you, Charles," she murmured carelessly as she picked up her hat. The hat was followed in quick succession by her gloves and coat, and as she gathered them up from the floor she turned to the larger boys. "Please raise the ladder," was her quiet remark. An instant later the ladder was ready for Chad's descent. Down he came eagerly and dashed through the merry group of his companions.

It was a new experience for Chad to be defeated, and he did not take kindly to the idea. A new leader had entered the school at Catamount Creek and Chad could see that every pupil except himself was enrolling under her banner. As the dethroned ruler was hurrying gloomily homeward over the dusty highway he heard peals of laughter behind him from a group of boys who were returning the ladder.

The next morning the fallen commander sat on the fence whittling a piece of pine wood with a very sharp knife. Philip Wondray was walking toward the schoolhouse with the teacher. The little fellow was chatting gaily.

"Oh, they are awful nice little puppies!" he remarked confidentially. "Can't you come past my house tonight, when you go home from school and stop to see them?"

"I'm sure it would be nice to see the puppies, and I will surely stop some time, but I don't believe I can do so this evening. Philip, for I am going to Beach Island to gather some autumn leaves after school today. I am—"

But Chad heard no more. His heart was beating wildly and an evil light leaped into his face. He was quiet and absent-minded all day long, and as soon as the work for the day was ended he set forth along a foot-path through the woods, running swiftly and quietly. He made his way to Beach Island with difficulty by utilizing a crude little raft that he and a few rash companions had improvised several days before. Once upon the island, he set the raft adrift.

Miss Darrow attended to her customary duties and then strolled leisurely along the path that Chad had traversed while en route to Beach Island in Catamount Creek. From a tangle of underbrush, Chad eagerly watched her ad-

vance. She crossed to the tiny island by the aid of a little boat, rowing across a narrow portion of the turbulent current.

Chad watched her as she gathered a large armful of red and yellow autumn leaves. He saw her turn once more toward the little boat. When she had almost reached the skiff, Chad stepped boldly into view. Before Miss Darrow could apprehend his plans the boy had leaped nimbly into the boat and was drifting out into the swirling current, into the dizzy waters of Catamount Creek.

"There you be!" called the boy maliciously. "If you get off that island tonight you'll get wetter than I did the other morning. Maybe you'll get cold over there. You see there's one advantage in being locked in a schoolhouse over night. Perhaps school won't be called at nine o'clock Monday morning, either. And our pretty leavies will get all spoiled!"

He called other words of mock consolation across the abyss of seething waters as the boat drifted away beyond the range of the thicket where Miss Darrow stood in dismay. He gained the opposite shore and tied the boat securely. Then he sought a sheltered nook, from whence he could command a view of Miss Darrow.

"Wonder how she likes playing Robinson Crusoe," he chuckled, as he watched her slightest movements with great interest. "She don't seem a bit nervous," he sneered. "See her there on that old log!" He was enjoying the scene immensely. "Suppose she imagines she can think of some way of getting off that island tonight. I'd like to see her do it!"

He clambered down the slope and stood on the narrow sandstone ledge that projected over the water. He leaned forward. He meant to call across the narrow breadth of dark, swift water. There was a crash and rumble as the ledge he stood upon broke loose from the parent cliff. There was a splash, followed by a little avalanche of descending pebbles and shifting sand. Then silence reigned again. Away out in the stream a dark head appeared in the midst of a seething eddy. Then the head disappeared beneath the surface of the angry waters.

Miss Darrow sprang to her feet. Farther down the creek a white face floated. A hand thrust itself above the foaming waves. The fingers clutched vainly for a support and then sank from view. Miss Darrow knew that in a few moments the body of Chad Andrews would descend, lifeless, to the bottom of Catamount Creek.

She threw aside her jacket, and as she ran swiftly along the beaten path



Succeeded in Dragging the Boy Beside the Trunk of the Tree.

beside the river she knotted her long silk neck scarf and her long sash of Scottish plaid into a rope. Working feverishly against time she secured some pebbles in one end to give weight to the rope she had improvised and a wild hope surged through her heart that her feeble efforts might not prove futile. She ran out upon the fallen trunk of an old pipe tree that extended into the gurgling creek and as she did so, far beyond her in mid-stream, arose the frightened countenance she looked for. She tossed her fragile life-line toward him. He clutched at it, but it eluded his grasp. Once more she hurled it from her and her heart stood still as she saw it sink beside the boy just as his head dipped below the surface again. A loud sob whistled through her drawn lips, and she nearly dropped her hold of the line when a violent tug almost cost her her balance on the round trunk of the fallen pine tree. She seated herself and braced her shoulders against a gigantic branch. Her feet were braced against a huge limb beneath the water. Then she pulled slowly and steadily, and at length, after what seemed a slow age of torturing endeavor, she succeeded in dragging the boy beside the trunk of the tree. She reached down and grasped the collar of his coat. Then the light faded from his widely staring eyes and he sank into a deep unconsciousness.

A miraculous strength came to the little teacher at that moment or she never could have battled with the icy rapids while she held the boy's head above the water and guided the body ashore. At the shore she did not falter. In some manner she dragged the lad up the bank. Then she sank, completely exhausted, upon the soft green turf beside the path. Only a moment did she falter. Then she rushed back along the path to where she had left her coat. Her dinner pail and a small hand-bag were beside it. She took her place beside the unconscious boy and did all in her power to restore his senses. She made use of the only restorative she had—a tiny phial of essence of peppermint.

She chafed his temples and rubbed his hands vigorously. She managed to draw off his wet coat and spread her own dry one over his shoulders. She pulled off his wet shoes and socks and wrapped the cold feet in her woollen dress skirt. The boy stirred restlessly, and she knew her efforts were not in vain. At length he opened his eyes and gazed long and

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SHOW CARD WRITER

Popular Science Department

A DEPARTMENT OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PROFESSOR A. HYATT VERRILL

Nature Puzzles and Their Answers

Sandal Wood, Kaolin, Tree Diseases, Etc.

Maxwell E. Ball: The wood you send is the tropical wood known as Sandal Wood. It may have drifted from the tropics to the spot where found, but was more probably a piece from the load of some vessel. The clay is a kind of Kaolin. If in large quantities and near a railroad or settlement it might be of value. The beech tree was affected by some disease—either the result of some gall-insect, or a fungus. Fish do not bite better when water is receding than when rising in all places. In the East fishermen consider the rising tide the better time to fish. Such habits vary with locality and depend upon a great number of causes.



Horned Toad

of lizard known as the Horned Toad. They are harmless creatures found on the western plains and make very interesting pets.

White Violet.

E. W. Miranda: The specimen you sent is a white wild violet. There are a number of species of white violets as well as blue and yellow ones, and among them are both stemmed and unstemmed species. Your specimen is one of the former.

Hickory Devil.

Wyman Dunning writes: "I am sending a worm such as I never saw before and many old trappers and woodmen here say it 'beats them'." The worm is the larva of the Regal Moth, a fine, large, orange, olive, and yellow moth greatly prized by most collectors. The larva is our largest caterpillar, and its ferocious-looking horns and great size cause many people to look upon it with dread. It is perfectly harmless, and is often beautifully colored with green, blue, yellow, and orange. Usually it is rather plain brown or green however. It feeds upon many species of trees, but prefers hickory, butternut, sweet gum and sumach. The pupa is made beneath the surface of the ground. Its common name of Hickory Devil, or Horned Devil is due to its appearance.



Hickory Devil

Argonaut and Nautilus.

Harold Rice sends a sketch of a Paper Nautilus or Argonaut and wishes to know if it is a Nautilus shell and how they sail on the surface of the sea.

We frequently see, both in prose and poetry, reference to these two creatures and in most cases the writers speak of their sailing on the surface of the sea. So general has this idea become that it will no doubt surprise many to learn that it is just as impossible for a Nautilus or Argonaut to sail as it would be for a clam or oyster. Both the Argonaut and Nautilus, for the two are quite distinct, belong to the group of mollusks known as Cephalopods and they are closely related to the Octopus, Cuttle-fish and Squid. The shell of the Nautilus is thick and heavy and is brightly colored, with its interior curiously partitioned off into a series of chambers. Only the outermost of these is occupied by the animal, which builds a partition behind his body as he increases in size, at the same time adding on to the forward edge of the shell. In this way he is constantly moving into new and larger quarters and leaving his vacant rooms sealed up behind him. The animal is quite similar to a small cuttle-fish in appearance and has similar arms or tentacles with which to seize its prey, but unlike other members of the cuttle-fish family, the tentacles are bare of suckers. The shell of the Argonaut is very different, being thin and delicate from which fact it has received the name of "Paper-Nautilus." The animal is much like an Octopus with two of the tentacles especially constructed for holding the shell in place. These tentacles are broad and flattened and oar-shaped at the tip and from their inner surface the lime of the shell is secreted. The shell of the Argonaut only exists in the female and is used as a receptacle for carrying the eggs about. Doubtless the paddle-shaped arms—together with the fact that dead or injured specimens are often found floating at the surface,—first suggested the idea that these creatures navigated the sea like miniature ships. The Nautilus is a native of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, where it lives on the bottom and crawls about like a snail. The Argonaut is an inhabitant of the Gulf Stream and sometimes occurs off our own coast.



Nautilus at Home

odd insects from Oregon. Chas. J. Williamson: The insects sent reached me in bad condition, but they are as follows: 1. A species of flower beetle. These beetles feed on pollen and are quite common

on various wild flowers. There are a number of species of them. 2. A species of large biting fly. These flies are often a serious pest as they inflict severe bites on horses, cattle and people. 3. Too badly smashed to identify. 4. A species of ground beetle known as the "Bombardier" from its habit of firing off a tiny bit of gas from its tail when pursued or attacked. This fluid changes to gas upon contact with the air and gives the appearance of a tiny pop or explosion, and any larger insect endeavoring to catch the little fellow is usually frightened and blinded by the sound and pungent odor of the insect-soldier's shot. 5. A very odd and interesting insect known as a "Kaphidlan." These insects are found only in the western states and are very strange and striking in appearance with their long, camel-like necks and gauzy wings. The larvae are found under bark of various trees and are especially fond of Eucalyptus. They are carnivorous and do a great deal of good by destroying the larvae and pupae of the Codlin-moth.



Water Boatman. Harold Luck: The insect of which you send a sketch is an odd creature known as the Water Boatman or Water Spider. They spend their lives on or in the water and often leap into the air or dive to the bottom after smaller insects on which they feed. During the winter they bury themselves in the banks or bottom of the ponds or rivers in which they live. Some species are found far out in mid ocean.

Silkworm Eggs for Sale.

Robt. D. Holmes, 279 Winthrop st., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Many boys have written me asking where they can obtain silkworm eggs. I am, therefore, pleased to give your address for their benefit.



Caterpillar Eggs.

Earl V. Eastwood: The eggs are of the larva of a common moth known as Mocha-stone Moth (Ichthyura inclusa). The larvae feed on poplar, willow and cottonwood and are often very injurious. The illustration shows how they strip the leaves from twigs.

Soldier Horse Fly.

Lynn H. Leslie: The "bee" you send is a species of Horse Fly commonly called the "Soldier Horse Fly" from its bright colors. The flight is very powerful and rapid and they can easily overtake the swiftest horse. The males feed on the nectar of flowers, while the females suck the blood of man and various animals. The females, however, also feed on honey and pollen when they cannot obtain blood. The larvae are also carnivorous and live in the earth or in water. They feed on snails, other insects, etc.



Mocha-Stone Moth Eating Leaves

Monarch Butterfly Pupa.

Robert Olsen: The specimen you send is the pupa of the Monarch butterfly, see reply to E. D. Vining in this issue.



Pupa of Butterfly

fertilize and hybridize to some extent. Usually the fruit does not taste like a mixture, but if the seeds from the fruit are planted the melons resulting would be a cross between the two, or a poor quality of one or the other. By judicious selection of such hybrids all the various kinds of fruits, etc., have been developed to their present perfection.

Red Spiders.

G. S. W.: The red, velvety, bugs you describe are a species of mite and feed upon various plants. They thrive only in dry weather and hence after a rain they are seen upon the ground where they have fallen from their food plants.

Geometrical Spider.

Vere Ranadell: Your spider is one of the Orb-weaving or Geometrical Spiders described in September AMERICAN BOY.

Giant Water Bug.

Sam Robinson: The bug you sent is the Giant Water Bug described and figured in several former issues of AMERICAN BOY.



Larva of Monarch Butterfly

Monarch Butterfly Pupa.

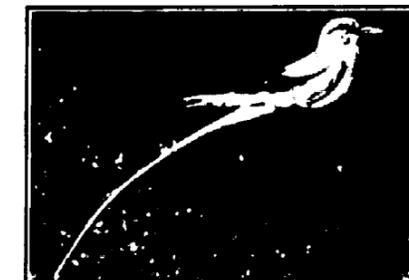
E. De Vere Vining: The "cocoon" on stalk of wheat is the pupa of the Danais or Monarch butterfly. The butterfly and larva as



well as pupa have been described in the former issues of the magazine. The larva feeds on milkweed.

Tropic Birds.

Raymond Taylor: The birds that you saw at sea were Tropic Birds, also called "Boatswain Birds" owing to the two long tail feathers which were supposed to resemble marlin spikes. The Tropic Birds are related



Tropic Birds

to the pelicans and are found only in tropical seas. They can swim and dive, but spend most of their time on the wing searching the surface of the sea for small fish, crabs, molluscs or offal from passing ships. They breed in various West Indian islands and are especially abundant in Bermuda. Here they breed by thousands and are rigorously protected by law. The nest is merely a cavity or crack in a rock cliff, although sometimes a few bits of sea weed are placed within. The eggs are usually one or two in number and are light buffy, so thickly spotted with brown as to give the appearance of a solid chocolate color. In life the breast, lower parts and tail are delicate rose or salmon pink. Two species are found north of the equator on the Atlantic. The commonest is the Yellow billed Tropic Bird; the other is known as the Red billed.

Flannel Moth Cocoon.

James Swain: The specimen you sent was the larva of the Flannel Moth (Megalopyge crispata). The moth is creamy white with



Larvae of Flannel Moth

curly crinkly hairs on the fore wings. The larvae are remarkable for having ten pair of legs and the cocoon is a strange affair provided with a neat trap door. The larvae feed on various shrubs and trees.

Hemerobian.

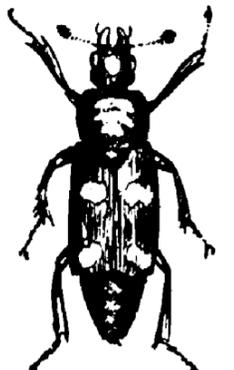
Carleton W. Dark: The insect sent is a queer creature known as a "Hemerobian." This particular species is named Polystoechotes punctatus. Very little is known of the habits or larvae of this species, but the grubs of smaller, related species live on evergreen trees and feed upon smaller insects. After sucking the blood from their victims they cover themselves with the empty skins and thus masked go about like veritable "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Noise in Shells.

C. S. Southall: The noise in sea shells is due to the shape and polished surface of the interior catching and magnifying all the various sound vibrations of the air. It acts much like the receiver of a telephone, but is more confusing owing to its shape.

Carrion Beetle.

Charlie C. White: The insect is a "Carrion Beetle" or "Burying Beetle," so called from its habit of burying carrion. When they find a dead bird or animal they dig beneath it thus allowing the dead body gradually to settle into the earth. They continue this until the body is beneath the surface of the ground and then cover it with earth. Then the female digs down and lays her eggs on the buried object. The young beetles, when hatched, feed upon the food thus provided. These beetles often exhibit a great deal of strength and have been known to roll a large rat several feet in order to find suitable ground in which to bury it.



Carrion Beetle

Deer Shedding Antlers.

G. E. Nelson: Yes, deer shed their antlers each year. It is rather strange that more cast horns are not found as you state, but old horns soon decay; they are difficult to find among brush, and moreover they are scattered over so much territory that there is small chance of finding them. In some parts of the western states the cast-off elk horns are very common, and in deer parks they are easily found.

Burrowing Bee.

Frank R. Donahue: The green insect you describe was either a burrowing bee or burrowing wasp. Both are common and live in holes which they dig in the ground.

Tussock Moth.

Dana Kellam: The caterpillar you found and describe so well was the larva of the White-marked Tussock Moth (Notolophus leucostigma). It is a common and often very injurious insect and feeds on various shade and orchard trees. The male moth is ash gray marked by darker bands, and with a clear white spot near the angles of the fore wings. The female moth is wingless and looks like a hairy white grub. She lays her eggs upon the cocoon from which she emerges and covers them with a peculiar frothy white substance. The "Itain Crow" is the same bird as the Black-billed Cuckoo.



Tussock Moth

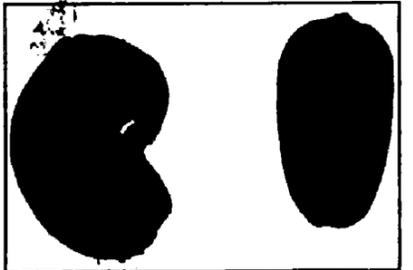
Walking Stick Insect.

A Subscriber: The insect sent is the "Walking Stick" described and figured in Jan. 1908 issue of AMERICAN BOY. It is related to the grasshoppers and Katydid.

NATURE'S SIDE SHOW

Monkey Beans

These curious monkey heads are often brought back as curios from the West Indies. They are really the seed or nut of the "Cashew"—a curious fruit of the tropics. The Cashew looks like a pear in shape and is usually bright red or yellow in color. It is peculiar but not disagreeable in flavor, although the coarser varieties are "puckery" with tannin. Unlike other fruits the nut is borne on the outside of the fruit and in fact it forms before the fruit itself. These nuts are



acid and poisonous when raw, but when roasted are nutritious and flavored much like almonds. The Monkey nuts are those seeds with heads inserted for eyes and a slit cut for a mouth.

Learn To Mount Birds And Animals



Anyone can learn. We quickly teach you, right at home by mail, how to stuff and mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish and game heads; tax skins for rugs and robes, etc. Boys, you can learn this great secret art during your spare time and decorate your own home with your own specimens or make big money mounting for others. No previous experience necessary—we absolutely guarantee success. This is the only school of Taxidermy in the world. Thousands of enthusiastic graduates. And boys can learn this interesting work just as well as adults. Many boys are making \$10 to \$18 a week working only in their spare moment. Lots of fun, too. Every lesson is interesting and the work is very fascinating.

FREE For a short time, we will send absolutely free to every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, a beautiful illustrated work on Taxidermy, fully explaining every detail of this fascinating work; also free copy of TAXIDERMIST Magazine, Sample Diploma and full particulars of this thrilling, fascinating, and profitable pastime. If you like to hunt, fish or trap, or if you want to make more money, you need these books. Send your name and address for them today.

N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY

2548 ELWOOD BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.



YOU CAN EARN choice pure bred fowls, chicks, typewriters, cameras, etc., by entering our big subscription contest, in which we give away \$1,000.00 in Grand Prizes, besides cash commissions or premiums for every subscriber you secure. Particulars free.

POULTRY POST, Goshen, Ind. G. McLAUGHLIN, a civil engineer, has a very interesting catalogue describing 150 specimens of the common ores, minerals, and some of the precious stones. What they are, where they come from, and how we use them. You should have a copy. Send 4 cts. to the above address.

Get Your Boy Friends Interested in the Best Boys' Magazine in the World and Earn Some Handsome Premiums for Yourself by Employing Your Spare Moments.

THE AMERICAN BOY FALL and WINTER 1909-10 PREMIUM LIST

Address THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

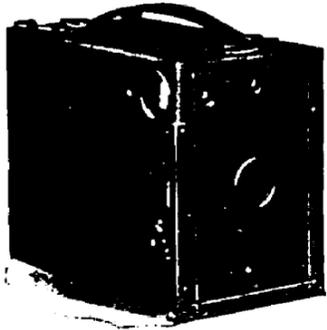
RULES FOR THE AMERICAN BOY CANVASSERS TO OBSERVE:

1. The subscription price of THE AMERICAN BOY is \$1.00 per year.
2. We do not give Premiums on renewal subscriptions, but only on new ones. A transfer of a subscription from one member of a family to another does not count as a new subscription.
3. A premium cannot be given to anyone for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his household. It takes time and effort to secure new subscriptions, and we are willing to reward the one sending them.

ORDER PREMIUMS BY NUMBER

No. 1. The Premo Junior Camera

This Premo is suitable for all members of the family, and will take a picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The operation is very simple. Open the back, drop in a Premo Film Pack, close the back, and the Camera is loaded for exposure. No focusing—just point the Camera at any object, press the button, and the exposure is made. There are twelve films in each pack. When one has been exposed, pull out a black paper and you are ready for the next. The Premo Junior has nickel-plated trimmings, a horizontal and vertical finder, two tripod screws, and a time and instantaneous shutter. It is a convenient size, $5\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighs ten ounces. Our Offer does not include the Film Pack. This will be included for 40 cents extra. It is not necessary to use the entire Pack, one or more exposed films may be removed at any time and Pack replaced in the Camera. This operation may be repeated until the films are exhausted.



Given to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 65c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.25. Price \$2.00. By express at receiver's expense in either case.

No. 2. Premoette Film Folding Camera



The remarkable compactness of the Premoettes, considering the good size pictures which they make, is astonishing to one who sees one of these dainty little models for the first time.

They are by far the smallest and lightest cameras made for pictures of practical size—so small that even a boy can easily carry one in his pocket. And the Premoettes make pictures of as good quality as ordinarily will be obtained with cameras

of the largest sizes—pictures of good size for snap shot work and portraiture—of excellent quality for enlargements.

Then it's so easy to make pictures with these cameras. They load in daylight in the same simple way as the Premo Juniors, and they offer all the conveniences of Premo Pack operation. Exposures may be removed at any time for development.

They have substantial seal grain covering, all metal parts are nicked and the general appearance is most attractive.

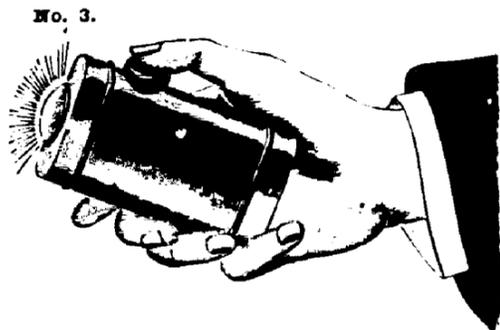
Size, folded, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Takes picture $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$. Film packs, (12 exposures) cost 50 cents extra.

Given to American Boy subscribers for 10 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00. Price \$6.00. By express at receiver's expense.

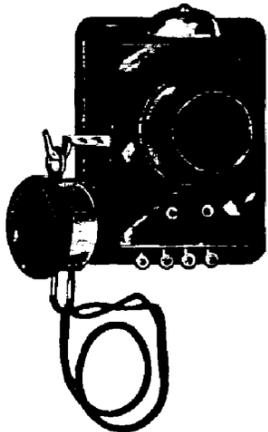
No. 3. Vest Pocket Electric Light

This Electric Light, which can be carried in the vest pocket, is always ready for use. A pressure upon a button, as shown in the cut, instantly produces a most penetrating light. It is useful about the house, farm, stable or barn, or wherever a temporary light is required. When the battery is exhausted a new one can be obtained of us for 30 cents, postpaid.

Given to American Boy subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for one subscription and 50c. Price \$1.00 postpaid.



No. 4. Battery-Call Telephone

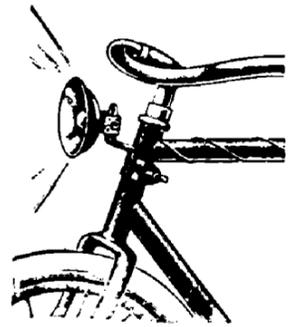


This Battery-Call Phone is a handsome, well made instrument with long distance transmitter, standard receiver, vibrating bell and call button. Battery-Call Phones are intended for lines under 1000 feet long. Anyone can set them up. For inside wiring use No. 18 office wire; for outside use No. 14 bare copper wire. A pair of these Phones between factory and office, house and barn, kitchen and rooms, will prove a great convenience. Any number of these Phones can be used in buildings and by using a small switch any Phone can call any other.

Can be operated with 4 Dry batteries. A pair of these telephones will be given to American Boy subscribers for 8 new yearly subscriptions; or for 4 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.50. Price \$4.00 per pair. By express at receiver's expense.

No. 5. Electric Bicycle Light

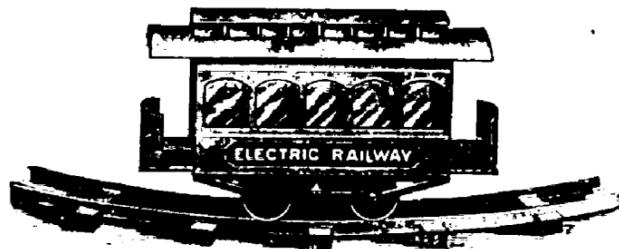
This Electric Bicycle Light with 3-Cell Dry Battery is the only satisfactory light ever placed on a wheel. It is stylish, bright, economical and no trouble. The Battery is always ready for use, requires no charging or other attention, except to turn the switch on or off. The Lamp goes on a head bracket and the Battery is carried on frame like a tool bag. The Lamp is six times the efficiency of ordinary incandescent lamps, taking only one-half watt to the candle power, and is backed by a scientifically correct and powerful reflector. By electricians it has been regarded as paradoxical; but all scepticism is removed on examination of the efficiency of the lamp, battery and reflector.



The outfit consists of a 7-Volt Lamp, Reflector, Bracket, Conductor Cord, and 3-Cell Dry Battery in neat case, with Switch, ready for use.

Given to American Boy subscribers for 6 new yearly subscriptions; or for 3 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00. Price \$3.00. By express at receiver's expense.

No. 6. Electric Railway



This model is an entirely new and improved design. It has trucks the same as a large trolley car. The motor is connected to the axle by means of brass spur gearing—machine

cut. The motor is reversible and has strong and substantial bearings, brushes and commutator. It is provided with a 3-pole self-starting armature.

A reversing switch enables the operator to run the car backwards or forwards, or start and stop it at will.

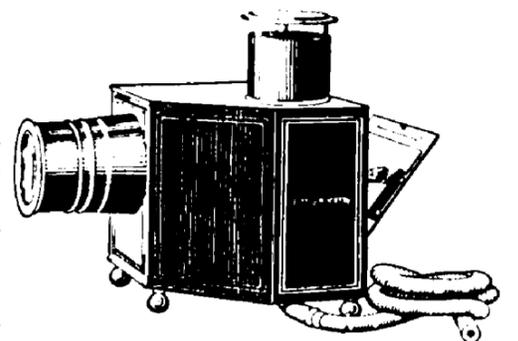
The car is 8 inches long, 5 inches high; has brass wheels $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. It will fit standard 2 inch gauge track.

Speed of car, 150 to 200 feet per minute. The complete equipment consists of car, 9 feet of strip steel track and 4 cells of dry battery.

Weight, boxed, $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Given to American Boy subscribers for 9 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.00. Price \$4.70. By express at receiver's expense.

"MIRROSCOPE" or Post Card Reflector

The Mirroscope enables snapshots to be shown clearly and in detail to a large number at once. It increases 100 per cent the interest of a collection of post cards or photographs. It is in a hundred ways a source of constant, varying, intellectual amusement. It is a medium of pictorial instruction to young and old; in fact, a volume would hardly exhaust the ways in which the Mirroscope can be turned to a source of pleasure and profit.



No. 7. Electric "Mirroscope" Projector

Length, $11\frac{1}{4}$ "; Width, $9\frac{3}{4}$ "; Height, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Fitted with one high candle power electric lamp and other necessary electrical equipment ready to attach to light fixture in the home as a drop light.

One D. C. lens system, graded selection. Single dropping door card holder suitable for holding cards or clippings vertically and horizontally. Will reproduce the entire card.

Finished in black enamel. Decorated. Shipping weight, each piece, 8 lbs.

All instruments fitted complete ready to operate. Unless otherwise specified, electric instruments are fitted with lamps for 104 to 115 volt circuits for alternating and direct current.

Given to American Boy subscribers for 8 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 3 new subscriptions and \$2.00. Price \$5.00 by express from Cleveland, Ohio, at receiver's expense in either case.

No. 8. Gas "Mirroscope" Projector

Length, $11\frac{1}{4}$ "; Width, $9\frac{1}{2}$ "; Height, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ".

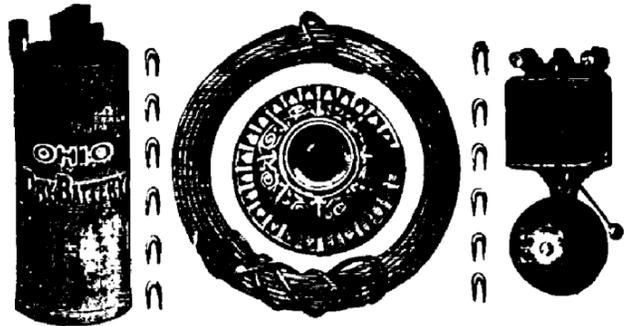
Fitted with one high candle power gas burner standard "LITTLE BUCKEYE" mantel and other necessary gas equipment, including 6 ft. of gas tubing. Suitable for natural and artificial gas. Otherwise same as No. 7. Can be had on same terms as No. 7.

No. 9. Acetylene "Mirroscope" Projector

Length, $11\frac{1}{4}$ "; Width, $9\frac{3}{4}$ "; Height, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Fitted with one high candle power acetylene burner, including improved generator. Otherwise same as No. 7 and No. 8. Can be had on same terms as No. 7.

No. 10.
Electric Call Bell Outfit



What is more practical for a boy than this Electric Call Bell and Outfit? It will give him an opportunity to become familiar with this branch of electrical science, and also give him something to do. Boys can earn money by putting Call Bells in the homes of their neighbors. It is not only practical and useful, but may be used to good advantage in many homes. The Outfit consists of 1 Dry Battery; 1 Electric Bell with platinum contact and 2½-inch nickel-plated gong; 1 Push Button; 50 feet insulated Copper Wire; Clamp Tacks, and Directions for putting up.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new subscriptions; or for 1 new subscription and 35c. Price 90c. By express at receiver's expense.

No. 11.

Go Coasting in the Summer Time on a Rockaway Coaster and Safety Wagon



Boys and Girls now are not dependent upon cold weather for the frolics that bring health tints to their cheeks and keep the doctors at a distance. Unlike the sled, the Rockaway furnishes the sport of coasting every month in the year. In its construction, it suggests the appearance of a sled.

FEATURES.

Ball Bearings (Cylindrical roller type, same as used in driving wheels of automobiles.)

Guiding Principle (Patented.) The steering wheel in front is rigidly fastened to the pliable oak tongue and steering bar, so the wheel cannot be turned by striking a sudden bump. This affords a stability to the steering wheel that gives a remarkable steadiness in coasting, a feature found only on this Coaster.

Brakes The powerful leverage brakes can stop it in ten feet when going full speed. They are used to regulate the speed in coasting and they give perfect speed control.

Elevated Center Wheels—(Patented). Allow Coaster to turn freely and follow the rope when drawing it about.

The Tops are of one inch selected white oak, finished in natural wood, varnished—very handsome.

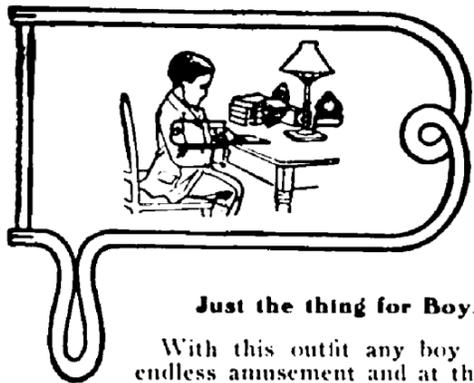
Wheels have rubber tires.

Weight, 22 lbs.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 12 new subscriptions; or for 6 new subscriptions and \$2.00. Price \$5.50. Shipped from Cincinnati at receiver's expense.

No. 12.

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.

No. 13.

Hockey Skates



The celebrated Winslow Hockey Skates. Runners are cast steel and are nickel-plated. Sizes 9 in. to 12 in.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions. Price \$1.50. Delivery charges are prepaid.

No. 14.

Rink Skates



Winslow Rink Skates. Runners are cast steel and nickel-plated. Sizes 8 in. to 12 in.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions. Price \$1.50. Delivery charges are prepaid.

No. 15.

"Old Glory" Should Float From the Home of Every Patriotic American Boy



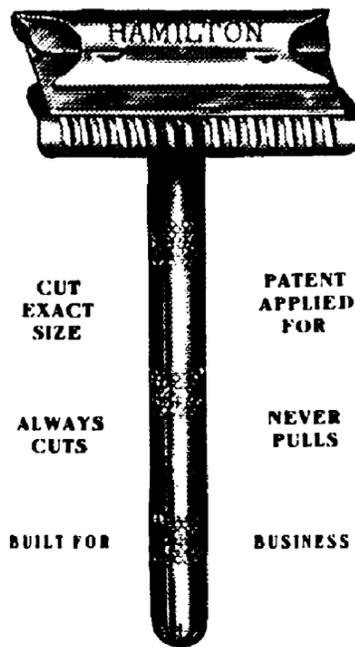
The flag measures 3 ft. x 5 ft., is made of extra heavy, soft cloth and the colors are fast, sewed stripes and printed stars. It is such a flag as any one will be proud to own.

Sent to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 75c postpaid.

No. 16.

Hamilton Safety Razor

(SILVER PLATED)



CUT EXACT SIZE

ALWAYS CUTS

BUILT FOR

PATENT APPLIED FOR

NEVER PULLS

BUSINESS

Here's a chance to secure one of the EASIEST and SMOOTHEST SHAVING Safety Razors in the market, with a

Five Years' Guarantee

by the Manufacturers.

The frame and holder is silver plated, and is made all in ONE PART, which makes it EASY TO CLEAN and STRICTLY SANITARY.

The blade is made of the BEST SHEFFIELD RAZOR STEEL, each blade being inspected under a microscope before leaving the factory, thus insuring perfection.

This razor with one blade given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 65c. postpaid. Five extra blades can be had for 25c. postpaid.

No. 17.

The Flexible Flyer



Every boy knows that this is the best and swiftest sled made. Length, 40 in.; Height, 6¼ in.; Width, 13 in.; Weight, 10 lbs.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 4 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and \$1.25. Price \$2.50. By express from Philadelphia at receiver's expense.

No. 18.

The Rogers Scroll Saw

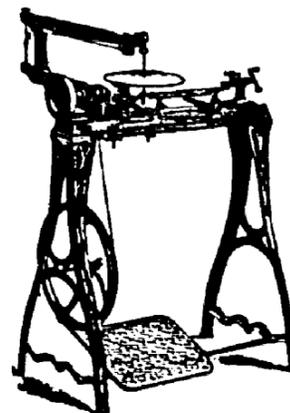
The framework is of iron. The arms have a reach of 17½ inches. It has a tilting table, 4-inch emery wheel on spindle, with drill at end, and a dust blower. With each machine we give 24 Saw Blades, 7 full-sized Designs, 6 Drill Points, 1 Wrench, and a Manual of Bracket Sawing and Wood Carving.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 7 new yearly subscriptions; or for 5 new subscriptions and \$1.00; or for 2 new subscriptions and \$2.00. Price \$3.50. Sent by freight, charges paid by receiver. Shipping weight, 45 lbs.



No. 19.

Companion Lathe and Saw



Length of bed, 24 inches; height from floor, 27½ inches. Has head stock and sliding tail stock; two speeds; a 4-inch emery wheel; a screw chuck and a spur center; dust blower, and a tilting table. With the Lathe and Saw we include 70 full-sized Bracket Sawing Designs, an assortment of Designs for Wood Turning, 24 Saw Blades, 6 Drill Points, 1 Screw Driver, 1 Wrench, 1 Round Leather Belt, 3 Turning Tools, and 2 Iron Tool Rests.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 15 new yearly subscriptions; or for 10 new subscriptions and \$2.00; or for 5 new subscriptions and \$4.00. Price \$7.50. Sent by freight, charges paid by receiver. Shipping weight 75 lbs.

No. 20.

Electric Thriller



MAGNETO.

This machine has recently been improved, mounted on a polished base, brass parts nicked, 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.

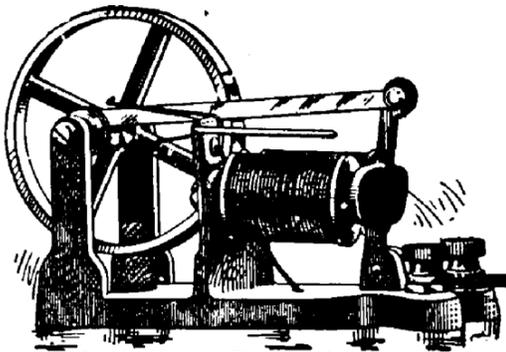
Every boy wants one for instruction and experiment. It is a veritable Fun Factory and in a group, side splitting laughter is created by the many amusements and tricks the machine is capable of producing.

It strengthens the nervous system, costs nothing to run, can be applied without aid, and supercedes 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.

No. 21.

Student's Electric Engine



(Student's Electric Engine, 1/2 Actual Size.)

would run on one battery, but it would only last a few minutes, as the motor took so much power that the battery was soon exhausted.

It has been the aim of the inventor of the Student's Engine to eliminate all friction possible and use all the energy stored up in a dry cell and develop it into power and speed. The manufacturers have made test runs on the engine and it has run from 20 to 30 hours continually on one battery without a stop, then by stopping it and putting on a few drops of oil it is ready for the same kind of a run. The length of time depends entirely upon the kind of battery used, as the engine itself will run for months without stopping only long enough for oil.

We are safe in saying that there never was developed as small a piece of Electrical Apparatus that is as efficient as the Student's Electric Engine. It is worth anyone's time to study it, as it is a little wonder.

It can be operated by either one or two dry batteries. These should be purchased at any electrical store or telephone station, to save express charges. Two batteries will develop sufficient power to run small toys, thus affording much pleasure to any bright boy who desires to investigate and study this most interesting science.

HOW TO GET A STUDENT'S ELECTRIC ENGINE

Secure TWO NEW yearly subscriptions to "The American Boy" at \$1.00 each; send the \$2.00 to us and the engine is yours. If you can only get one new subscriber, send in the \$1.00, and 35 cents extra, and we will send the engine. Note—A renewal subscription, or your own subscription will not count. Price—If you want to buy it send us \$1.25 and we will send it postpaid anywhere in the United States.

The Student's Electric Engine is a remarkable piece of Electrical Mechanism. It will run at variable speeds either way from 200 to 3,000 revolutions per minute. Both speed and reverse can be changed by working the controlling lever while engine is in motion.

The Student's Engine is the result of months of work in developing an engine that can be operated on one dry battery for any considerable length of time. Heretofore, motors of different kinds have been developed that

No. 22.

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.

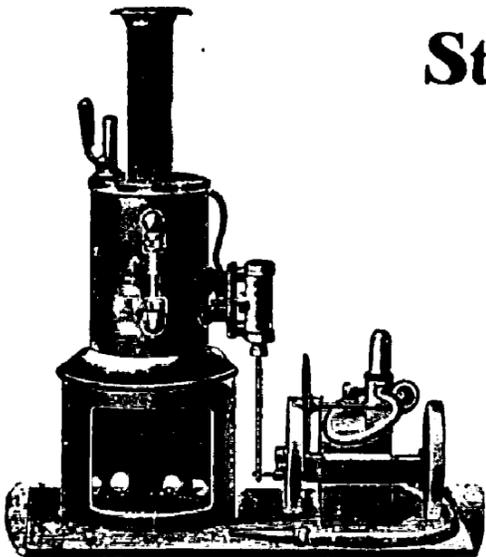
It is 3 1/2 inches high, finished in black enamel with nickel plated trimmings. Has a three-pole armature, causing the motor to start without assistance when the current is applied. It drives a fan at a high rate of speed and is fitted with a pulley for running mechanical toys, models, etc.

One 6x2 1/4-inch dry cell or any cell that will run any motor will drive the Little Hustler.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 40c. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

No. 23.

Steam Force Pump



Height 8 1/2. Base 6 x 8 1/2.

farthest will prove an unfailing source of amusement.

Each one is thoroughly tested before packing and fully warranted by us.

All the parts are interchangeable, and we have always on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our customers.

Each pump is packed securely in a wooden, locked-corner box, suitable for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running will be found in each box, with the price of duplicate parts.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.00. Price \$1.75 postpaid in either case.

The Steam Force Pump is a Steam Engine and Force Pump combined, and in operation gives a good idea of how water is pumped and forced by steam pressure.

IT IS A VERY ATTRACTIVE STEAM TOY and is designed to educate as well as to amuse.

The Boiler, Engine and Pump are mounted on, and well secured to, a strong base. The Boiler is made of Brass, is strong and durable, and has a Whistle and Water Glass. The Lamp is provided with a large wick so that a good-sized flame can be had and the engine run at high speed. The double balance wheel serves to regulate the speed, thus insuring a steadier flow of water from the nozzle.

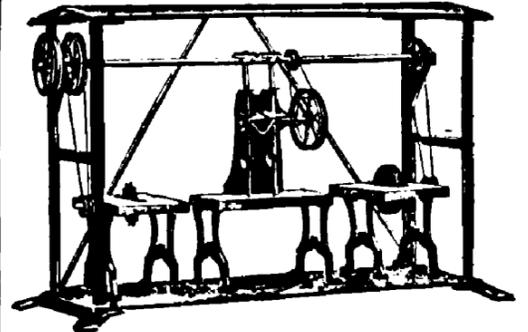
The motion of the Engine is transmitted to the pump through the medium of our patent Pinion and Gear wheel.

Suction hose, Leading hose and nozzle are provided with each Pump. The Pump is finished in polished nickel plate and colors. At ordinary speed it will throw a stream of water about six feet. The higher the speed of the engine, the farther the stream of water will be thrown.

Rival contests with two Pumps to see which can throw water

No. 25.

Machine Shop



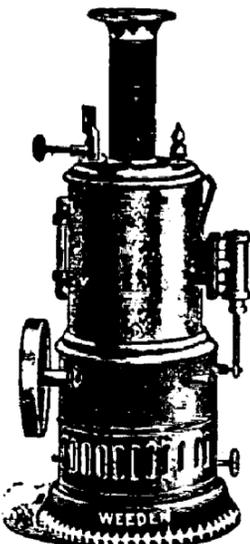
This large and interesting toy represents the interior of a Machine Shop. It is 12 in. long, 7 1/2 in. high and 5 in. wide, nicely arranged.

Any of our engines placed in position will run the line of shafting and operate the machines, which are an Emery Wheel, Slitting Saw and Stamp Mill. The supports are of iron and all other parts metal, finished in nickel plate and colors.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 50c. Price \$1.25. By express at receiver's expense in either case.

No. 24.

Upright Engine



11 Inches High

This is a large and attractive engine and is well made in every particular. It has a finely fitted water gauge, made perfectly tight by means of adjustable nuts, which can be easily tightened or loosened with a little wrench packed in box with each engine.

It has a large balance wheel, and all the parts necessary to make it a Complete and Beautiful Model Engine.

The boiler is polished brass and the base and running parts are finished in colors. The lamp and draft arrangement in this engine is especially adapted for the use of petroleum oil as a fuel and can therefore be used in many places where alcohol cannot be easily obtained, and the cost of petroleum for fuel is very small compared with alcohol.

Every Engine is thoroughly tested before packing and fully warranted.

All the parts of the Engine are interchangeable, and we have always on hand duplicate parts with which to supply our customers.

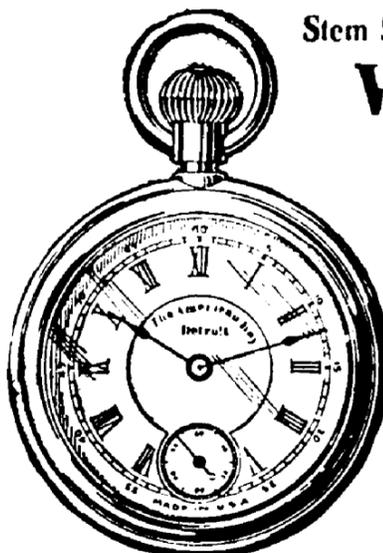
Each Engine is packed securely in a wooden, locked-corner box, suitable for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running engine will be found in each box, with price of duplicate parts.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 50c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 26.

The American Boy Stem Set and Stem Wind Watch



Front of Watch



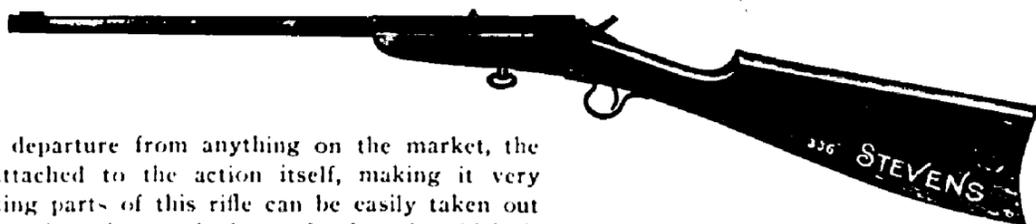
Back of Watch

It's guaranteed and a splendid time-keeper; American made, open face, nickel, 12 size with an ENGRAVED CASE, and while it is a popular size and thin model, it was especially constructed to stand rough usage and the hardest wear. The movement is stem-wind and stem-set, has steel polished pinions, single hair spring, safety barrel with steel settings, and a double sunk dial with a sunk second hand. The case is of seamless nickel, thin model, snap bezel and back, and is fully and HANDSOMELY ENGRAVED. This watch is made by skilled American workmen, only the best material being used. We want to impress upon you that this is not a toy, but a tried and found true time-keeper, and one which we are confident will give perfect satisfaction. They have been made especially for us and are known as "The American Boy Watch." By having them made in large quantities we are able to get them at a price which enables us to offer them as premiums to our boy friends for doing just a little work for us.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 50c. Price \$1.50, postpaid.

No. 27.

Stevens "Little Scout" Rifle



A distinct departure from anything on the market, the parts being attached to the action itself, making it very simple. Working parts of this rifle can be easily taken out by simply removing the stock from the barrel, which is attached with a thumb-screw. Action is attached to barrel and breech-block drops down when cartridge is to be inserted or empty shell extracted.

Has a positive, horizontal extractor; 18-inch barrel; open rear and German silver knife-edge front sights; weight, 2½ pounds. Chambered to take the .22 Long-rifle R. F. cartridge, but will shoot the .22 Long R. F. and 22 Short R. F. as well.

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.

No. 29.

14k Solid Gold Diamond Point Fountain Pen

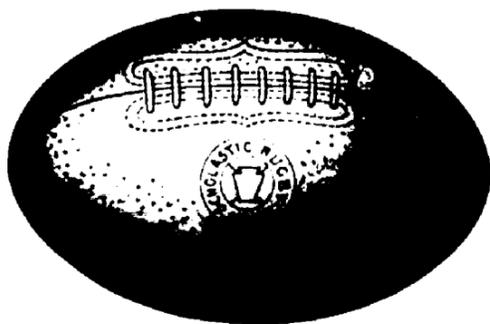


These pens are made of the very best quality hard rubber fitted with 14k guaranteed gold "Diamond Point" Pens. They are of the simplest construction and cannot get out of order, overflow, or fail to write, as the feeds are made exactly the same as now used by all the standard Fountain Pen Manufacturers, 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.

No. 30.

The Scholastic Rugby Football



Is made of fine American Pebble Grain Leather. Put up complete with Pure Rubber Bladder, Lacing Needle and Leather Lace. Regulation size.

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, postpaid.

No. 28.

Daisy Air Rifle

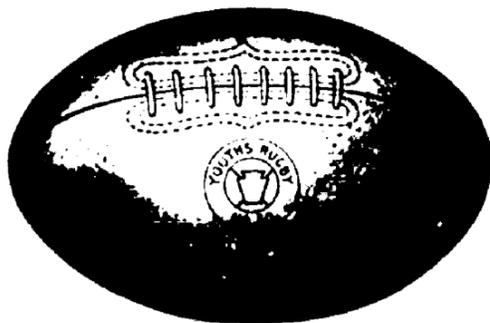


Shoots BB shot or darts. They shoot as straight as any gun made, and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise. With a little practice any boy can become a crack shot.

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.

No. 31.

Youth's Rugby Football

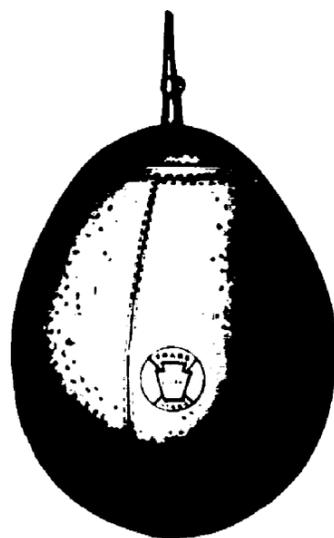


Is made of fine Brown Leather. Canvas lined and guaranteed to hold its shape. Complete with Pure Rubber Bladder. Regulation size.

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.

No. 32.

Swinging Bag

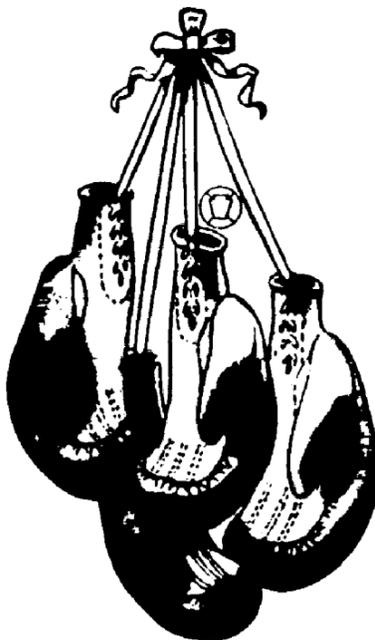


Made of Craven Tan Leather. Complete with bladder, etc. New style top.

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.

No. 33.

Men's Boxing Gloves



Made of Olive Tan Leather, Brown Tan Palms, well stuffed with hair. Elastic Wrist. Four gloves to full set.

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; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.50. Price \$2.00, postpaid.

No. 34.

Goodyear League Ball

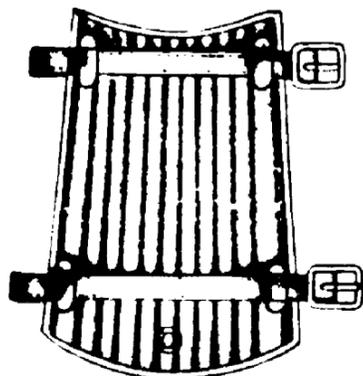


The only ball that outwears the cover, or which after play is fit to recover. The compressed air in the center keeps the ball sound and perfectly round. Does not get soft or punky from batting. The inner wall is a gelatine composition; the air is put in through a hollow needle; when the needle is withdrawn the Gelatine closes up permanently, sealing the air. The strength of the ball is its wall of strong thread.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for two new yearly subscriptions to "The American Boy" at \$1.00 each; or for one new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

No. 35.

Football Shin Guards Men's Size

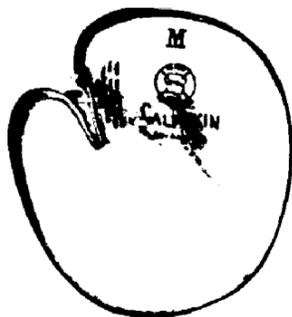


Best material, finest workmanship. Good quality canvas, cane ribs, well padded, extra strong, color black, tape strap.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00 per pair, postpaid.

No. 36.

Youth's Professional Catcher's Mitt



Drab finish calfskin face, fingers and back, olive strip, inside hump, patent laced thumb and deep pocket.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c, postpaid.

No. 37.

Laced Catchers' Mitt



The Laced Men's Catcher's Mitt, Face, Back and Fingers are made of fine Drab Finish Calfskin, Strip of Olive Tan Leather, Patent Laced Thumb and Deep Pocket, Strap and Buckle at Wrist.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for only 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 38.

Laced First Baseman's Mitt



The Laced First Baseman's Mitt. Face is made of fine Craven Tan Leather, Back and Lining of Buck Dressed Brown Calfskin.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 39.

Fielder's Glove



Is made of fine Drab Finish Calfskin, Patent Inside Hump, Well Padded, Deep Pocket, Web Thumb.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 65c, postpaid.

No. 40.

Keen Kutter Tool Kit

There is something continually getting out of order in every home, no matter how large or how small it may be. As long as there are doors, windows, closets and furniture, something is sure to need repairing at almost any time. Why not be your own carpenter, do your fixing and repairing yourself, and at the same time get a lot of real pleasure from it?

If you have a KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet you can do it. In it there is an assortment of just the tools you need; Saws, Chisels, Screw Drivers, Augers and Auger Bits, Monkey Wrench, in fact just the selection you would choose if you bought them one by one, and all belonging to the famous KEEN KUTTER line.

Each tool is tested for everything that makes the perfect tool—finish, sharpness, temper, strength, accuracy and balance, and every KEEN KUTTER Tool is guaranteed to be satisfactory.

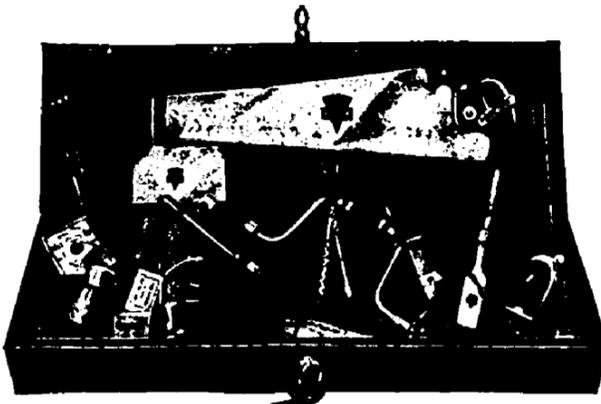
Heavy Ash Case with Hinged Cover; Antique Finish, Finely Varnished and Hand Rubbed; Brass Plated Steel Hinges and Hasp; Polished Brass Padlock, with Two Steel Keys; complete with outfit of highest grade tools.

Dimensions of Case.

Outside 27 1/2 inches long, 9 inches wide, 5 inches deep; inside 26 inches long, 7 1/2 inches wide, 3 1/2 inches deep.

Keen Kutter Tool Set, Complete with Outfit of the Following 17 Highest Grade Tools.

- 1 Block Plane.
- 1 Blue Brand Nail Hammer
- 1 Hand Saw, 18 inch.
- 1 Brace, 8 inch.
- 1 Auger Bit 1/2 inch.
- 1 Auger Bit, 3/4 inch.
- 1 Gimlet Bit, German Pattern, 4-32 inch.
- 1 Butt Chisel, 1 inch.
- 1 Mill File, 8 inch, with Handle.
- 1 Special Slim Taper File, 5 1/2 inch with handle.



- 1 Blue Brand Screw Driver, 5 inch.
 - 1 Flat Nose Plier, 5 inch.
 - 1 Nail Set.
 - 1 Cabinet Scraper, 3x5 inch.
 - 1 E. C. Simmons' Carpenters' Pencil.
 - 1 E. C. Simmons' Redline Rule.
 - 1 Never-Slip Wrench, 8 inch.
 - 1 2-oz. Can Kilncher Glue.
 - 2 Sheets Sand Paper, Assorted.
 - 1 Spool Wire.
 - 1 Coil Picture Wire.
 - 1 Package Furniture Nails.
 - 1 Package Assorted Screws.
 - 1 Package Assorted Nails and Brads.
 - 1 Package Tacks.
- Weight of Case with Tools about 18 lbs.; crated 21 lbs.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 14 new yearly subscriptions; or for 10 new yearly subscriptions and \$3.00; or for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$6.00. Price \$7.50. By express collect from St. Louis.

No. 41.

Pocket Knife Tool Kit

EVERY BOY SHOULD AND CAN HAVE THE LATEST THING OUT.



Each article one-half actual size.

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.

ONE-HALF SMALLER THAN ACTUAL SIZE.

No. 1—Shows Leather Pocket Book.

- 4 1/2 in. long.
- 3 1/4 in. wide.
- 3/4 in. thick.

Containing all of the tools illustrated, making a convenient case, easily carried in the pocket.

No. 2—Pocket Knife.

- 3 3/4 in. long.

No. 3—Reamer.

- 3 1/2 in. long.

No. 4—File.

- 4 in. long.

No. 5—Saw.

- 4 in. long.

No. 6—Chisel.

- 3 3/4 in. long.

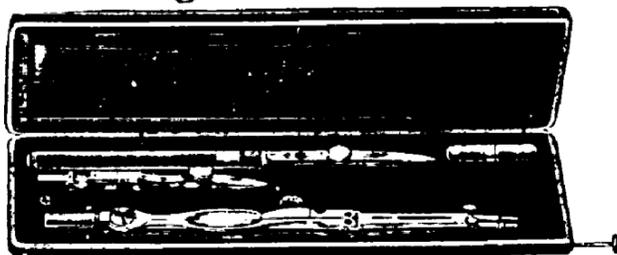
No. 7—Screw Driver.

- 3 3/4 in. long.

We will send this Pocket Knife Tool Kit, all charges prepaid for 3 new yearly subscriptions to The American Boy at \$1.00 each, not including the sender's subscriptions; or for two new yearly subscriptions and 80 cents; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.25. The purchase price is \$2.00, and we will send it anywhere in the United States, charges prepaid on receipt of that amount.

No. 41a.

Drafting Instruments in Case



This set consists of well made German Silver drafting instruments, and has all the adjustments of a much higher priced set.

The set is composed of 6 inch compass, with ruling pen, box of leads for compass and screw driver. The case is flat, velvet lined, and leatherette cover.

Given to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for four new yearly subscriptions; or for two new yearly subscriptions and \$1.00. Price \$2.00 postpaid.

No. 41b.

Tripod Brass Microscope



These Microscopes are adjustable, with double lenses. Can be used for examining minerals, bugs, insects, and are useful in school work generally.

Given to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for one new yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

No. 42.

THIS SET IS ENTITLED

"A Trip Around the World"

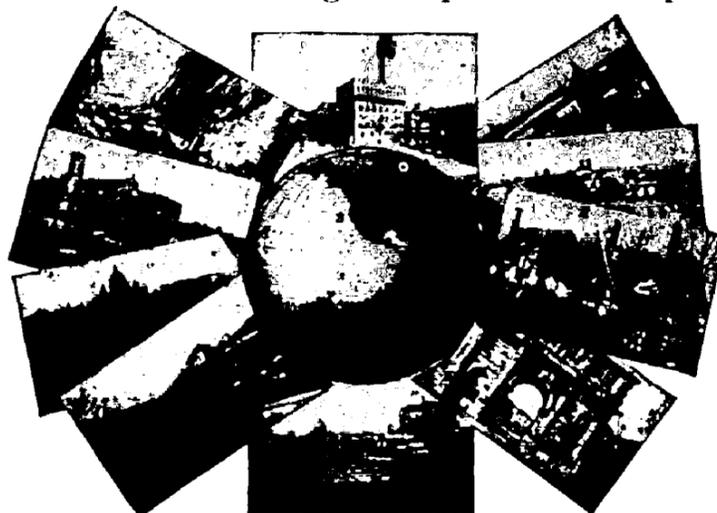
50 Post Cards in Colored Photogravure 50

"A Post Card Trip Around the World" from original negatives taken by the famous travelers and photographers—Stoddard, Harper and Gross. These are original, copyrighted negatives by a new color gravure process, which is a direct photographic print—colored in water colors, with all the features of a beautiful hand-colored picture; every one a gem of art.

These cards are usually sold anywhere in the United States at 5 cents and 10 cents each. They are cards that are simply wonderful in their artistic effects, being direct photographs from the original negatives; all the beauty of detail, and all the soft coloring and tinting of nature is preserved.

It is not a cheap color process card, but is a card reproduced from the regular negative, and colored in water colors, just the same as the most expensive photograph is colored. The soft tints and all the features of a hand-colored photograph are perfect in detail.

A full description of the subject and history is printed on each card, making the series the most attractive and entertaining set of post cards ever published.



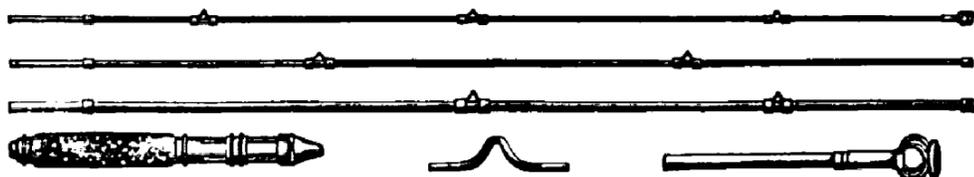
In this magnificent series are original colored photographs of Scott's Monument, Edinburgh, Scotland; the Great Cathedral, Milan; Windsor Castle, England; Church of the Madeline, Paris; Panorama of Venice; the Great Jungfrau, Switzerland; Heidelberg Castle; St. Peter's at Rome; the Beautiful "Como," Italy; Castle of St. Angelo, Rome; the Great Arch of Constantine, Florence; Fountain of Trevi, Rome; Pyramids of Egypt; Loch Katrine; Stratford on Avon; Lakes of Killarney; Oxford College, London.

Together with all the wonderful spots of the world, including the Holy Land, and in fact a complete series of the great and historical spots of the world, with full descriptions of each place accompanying the post cards. These cards are just the thing for post card projecting machines.

Given to American Boy subscribers for one New Yearly subscription. Price 50c postpaid.

No. 43.

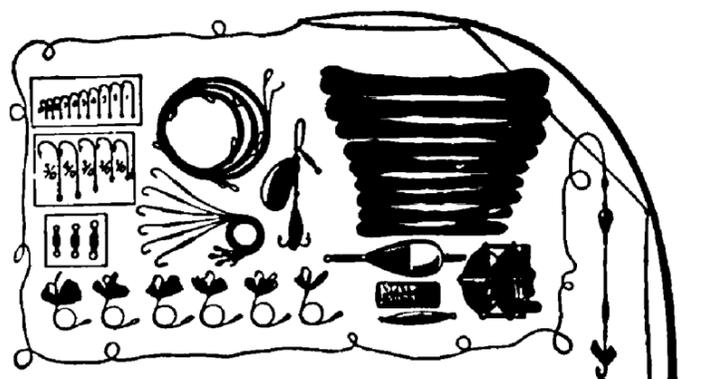
Samson Steel Bait Rods



A tip top 7 ft. steel jointed fishing rod. Trimmed with snake binder, three ring top, cork grip handle, rod enameled in black.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 3 new yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 50c; or for 1 new yearly subscription and \$1.00. Price \$1.50, postpaid in either case.

No. 44.



Our Special Fishing Outfit

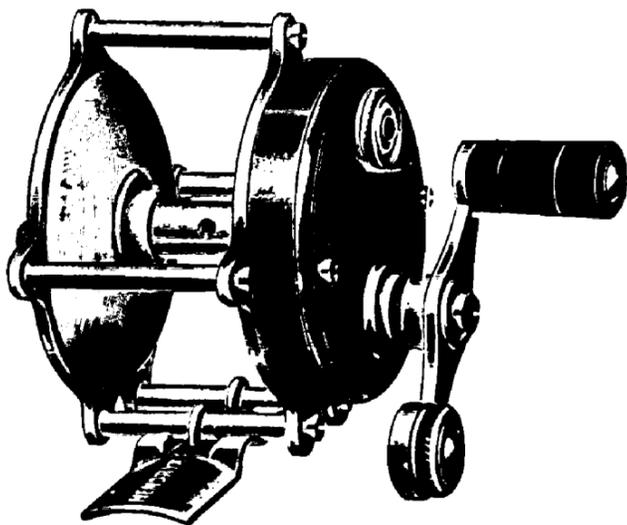
Consists of everything herewith described and illustrated. In adding this Fishing Outfit we felt sure of immediate success, and we have not been disappointed.

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 Bamboo Rod; All-Brass Reel, strongly riveted; 9 Fishing Lines of assorted sizes; 6 Trout and Bass Flies, popular styles; 1/2 doz. Snelled Hooks; 2 doz. Kirby Hooks, assorted sizes; 1 Kidney Bait; 3 three-foot Leaders; 1 Float, 1 3/4 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.

No. 45.



Multiplying Reel and 25 yard Bass Line

A first-class Multiplying Reel, nickel-plated, raised pillars, balance handle, with patent slide drag and back sliding click. Capacity, 60 yards.

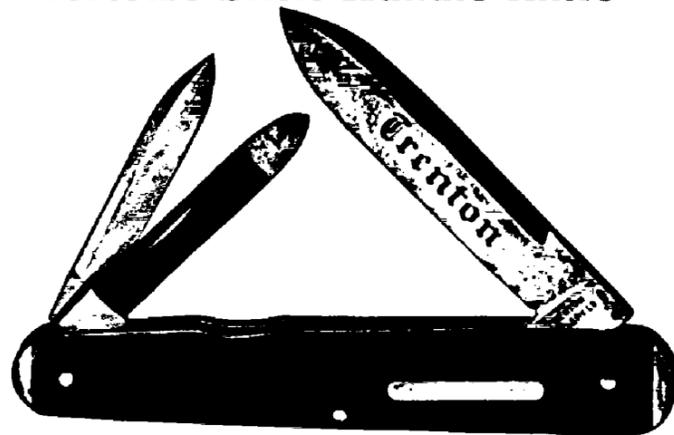
The bass line is waterproof and contains forty-eight distinct threads.

The reel and this 25 yard line will be given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new subscription and 50c. Price for both \$1.00. Postpaid in either case.



No. 46.

Tortoise Shell Handle Knife



Any boy would be proud to own this handsome three-bladed pocket knife. Blades of best steel. Tortoise Shell handle. Brass lined and nickle bolsters.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price 90c, postpaid.

No. 47.

Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue

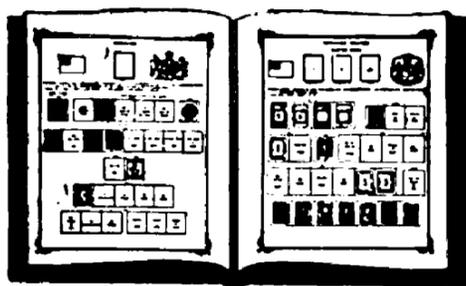


This is the last edition and gives the date of issue, color, shape, and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any Government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every stamp, and giving the prices at which most of them can be purchased used or unused. It is the 62d edition and 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 75c, postpaid.

No. 48.

International Postage Stamp Album



This is the large 19th Century edition. Measures 9 1/2 x 12 inches, and has 680 pages. It contains spaces for all varieties of postage stamps issued in any country of the world during the 19th Century, also Portraits of the Rulers, Flags and Arms of every Nation, together with full statistical information regarding their size, population, capitals, etc., etc. Illustrated with over 4,000 engravings and with maps of all countries of the world.

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, postpaid.

No. 49.

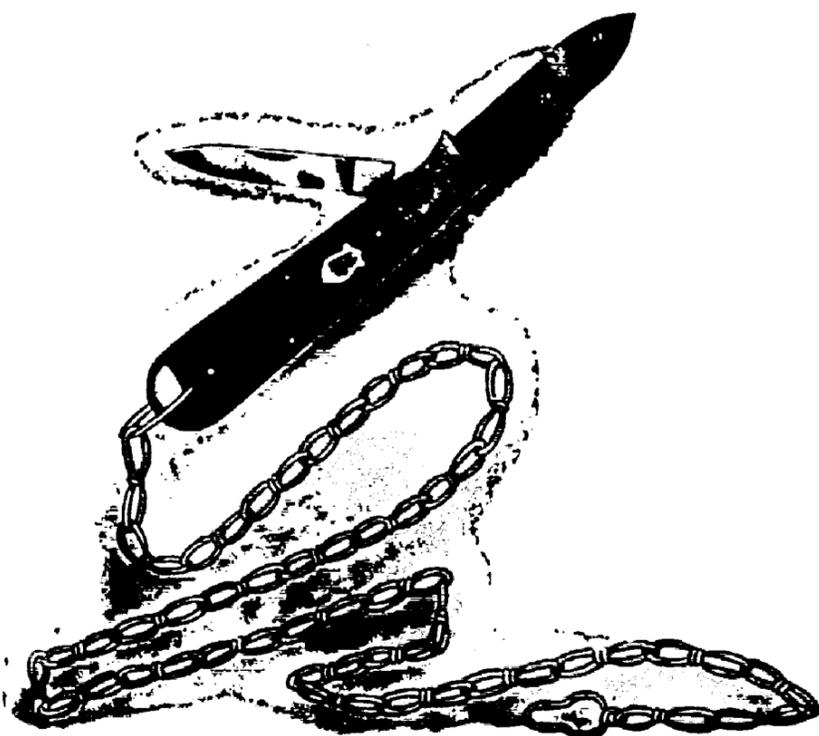
The Modern Postage Stamp Album

Designed to meet the needs of the younger collectors who want a smaller Album than our International. Has 275 pages and contains spaces for 10,000 stamps, also spaces for the Coat of Arms, Flags and Portraits of Rulers of the various countries. Illustrated with over 2,200 cuts of stamps. Printed on fine, heavy paper and bound in cloth.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 50.

The American Boy Chain Pocket Knife



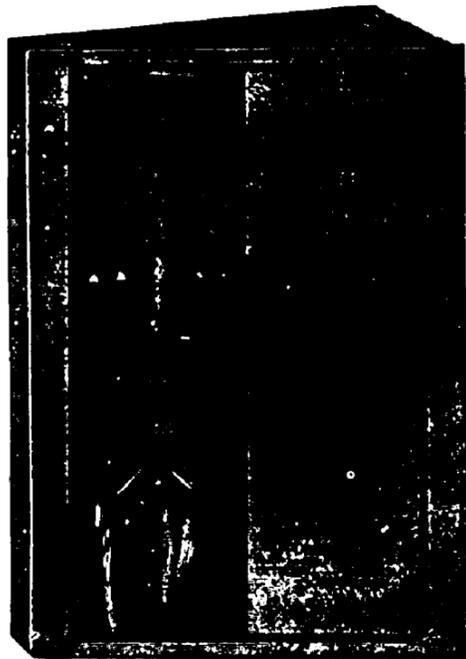
A splendid knife. Everybody wants it. Ebony handle 3 1/2 x 3/4 inch. Double steel bolster, brass lined, two best steel blades, steel chain about seventeen inches long, with loop to fasten to button on pants or coat. Neat and handy. You always know where your knife is.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c, postpaid.

NINE AMERICAN BOY BOOKS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH

We have published some of the best of the matter that appeared in the early volumes of *The American Boy*. Many of our readers never saw the volumes for 1899, 1900, and 1901. Of course all the copies of these early volumes were disposed of long ago to boys who are now men. These volumes contain much interesting matter that our boys will be glad to read. The only way we have of getting it to them is by putting the matter in book form and selling it to them at a small price. The stories are just as good for the boys of 1909 as they were for the boys of 1899 and 1900. The books are substantially gotten up, bound in strong paper, contain an average of 140 pages each, and are printed in type that is easily read. We have sold thousands of these books. Many are in the second and third editions.

The following are the books by name and contents:



NO. 51. SCHOOL STORIES.

Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: How the Prize Was Won; A Young Thief and How He Was Saved; Jack and Jill; Scrub; The MacMaster-Brownell Game; An Unfledged Genius; Who's All Right? Trainor; The Great Pine Hill Snow Ball; The Men of Might, or, The Lusty Nine; The Boy Who Wouldn't Be Ducked; The Toughness of Peter; Captain Jack Brier's Triumph; That Larkin Boy; The Problem of a Philatelist.

NO. 52. HUNTING STORIES.

Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: The Way of the Transgressor; The Boy Who Rode a Moose; Jim; Christmas on an Iceberg; How Charlie Won a New Name; Peet-Ka-Lop; The Brakje; In a Forest Prison; A Brave Chase; We-All's Deer; The Bear Kidnapers of Crow Peak; The Christmas Bear; A Night in the North; How the Boys Earned a Cow; Sammy Dixon's Bear; My Only Bear; A Tale of the Southwest; Muswak—A Tale of the North Woods.

NO. 53. WAR STORIES.

Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: Bravery that Made History; A Young Partisan; A Boy Hero in English History; The Spy—An Incident in the Life of General George Washington; A Yankee Boy's Romance; Ned's

Stratagem; Trooper Stork; In the Days of Paul Revere; A Bond of Honor; In the Brave Days of Old; How the Boys Beat Governor Tryon; A Young Hero of the Frontier; Kit Carson, the Scout; The Wreck of the "My Love."

NO. 54. A BOY IN CONGRESS, AND OTHER STORIES.

Price 25 Cents

By William C. Sprague.

CONTENTS: A Boy in Congress; Jim Leonard's Kid; Chip; Dumpsey's Diamond Ring; Menges; Tigliath Pileser; An Historic Game of Ball; A Prairie Christmas.

NO. 55. TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE, AND OTHER STORIES.

By William C. Sprague. Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: Turning Points in a Boy's Life; The Little Independence; Hal's Fourth of July "Hummer;" Rattlesnake Pete; How Harry Proved He Was Not a Thief; The Grocer's Test; An Engineer's Story; A Holiday Adventure; Timmy O'Flanigan; A Proper Penance; Rob's Gymnasium Ticket; The Transfiguration of "Love;" The Spotted Pony, or, A Boy's First Lesson in Finance; Why Tim Missed the Circus.

NO. 56. STORIES OUT OF MY OWN LIFE, AND OTHER STORIES.

By William C. Sprague. Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: A Conquering Hero; Hank and the Walnuts; Won by a Cheat; Up in the World; My Last Game of Ball; A Forty to One Game.

NO. 57. THE AMERICAN BOY PHOTOGRAPHER. Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: A Bit of Human Nature; Beginning Again After a Rest; Bird Photography; Bust Pictures; Camera as an Instructor and Pleasure Giver; Buying the Camera; Camera in the Garden; Camera Made from Cigar Box, etc.; Camera, Making It Pay; New Magazine Camera; The Camera on the Farm; Selecting the Camera; To Buy the Right Camera; Work for the Small Camera, and 108 other practical articles.

NO. 58. "HOW TO" BOOK. Price 25 Cents.

CONTENTS: The Boy Trapper; To Make a Canvas Canoe; A Home-made Swimming Pool; How to Make Your Own Fishing Tackle; Experiments with a Home-made Kaleidoscope; How to Mount Birds; How to Build a Rowing Skiff; How to Build a Canadian Canoe; How to Braid and Throw a Lariat; A Skating Sall; Ornaments Made of Walnuts; Cardboard Yachts; A Catamaran Houseboat; How to Sail a Boat; To Make Soap Bubbles Durable; A Champion Skater Tells How to Skate Fast; Sailing an Ice Yacht; How to Throw a Lasso; How to Lay Out Football Grounds; How to Camp Out; How to Make Old Books Look Like New; How to Make an Outdoor Gymnasium; How to Measure the Chest; What Can be Made of Orange Peel; How to Carve a Turkey; How to Find the Points of the Compass; A Miniature Navy; How to Make a Doll House; How to Make a Bicycle Out of Groceries for Display Purposes; How to Handle a Monkey Wrench; How to Care for Your Watch; How to Cut Paper; How to Break Your Colt; How to Make Tailless Kites; A Water Wheel That May be Made at Home; How to Make a Pair of Home-made Scales; How to Make a Bicycle Tent.

NO. 59. THE AMERICAN BOY MONEY-MAKER. Price 25 Cents.

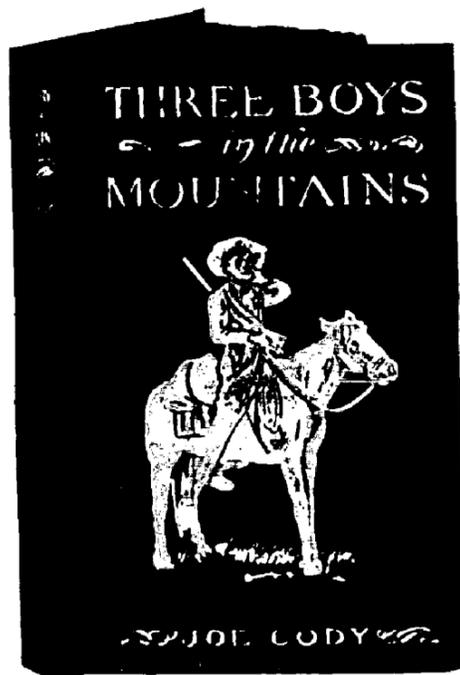
CONTENTS: Fun and Profit in Trapping; Advice to Boys Entering Business; Debt and Its Danger; What a Boy Has to Say About the Pet Stock Business; The Boy Candy Maker; Publishing a High School Paper; The Boy's Garden, and 66 other useful and practical articles for the boy who wants to make money.

Any or all of the foregoing books sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents each; or We will send to American Boy subscribers any two of the books for one NEW yearly subscription to *The American Boy* at \$1.00; or any four of the books for two NEW yearly subscriptions to *The American Boy* at \$2.00; or we will send the entire lot of nine books for three NEW yearly subscriptions to *The American Boy* at \$3.00. Remember, these subscriptions must be NEW; your own subscription or a renewal cannot count.

No. 60.

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 William C. Sprague, 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.

Horatio Alger Jr.'s Books



No writer ever succeeded in reaching the hearts of the boys like Horatio Alger, Jr. He could look on life as boys do, and enter into their plans, hopes and aspirations as they do. His characters are living boys who do things. Ask your father or big brother if they ever read Alger, and if they did they will want you to read his books.

While there are several editions of the Alger stories, none is equal to the new edition we are now offering to boys. Each book is 5x7 1/4 inches, printed from new plates, with new illustrations. Bound in cloth, with picture covers in colors in several designs.

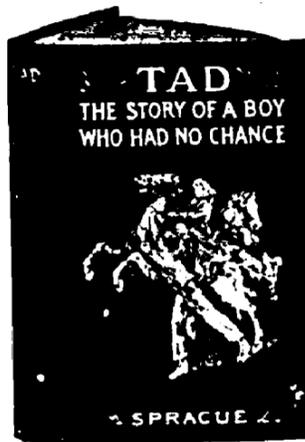
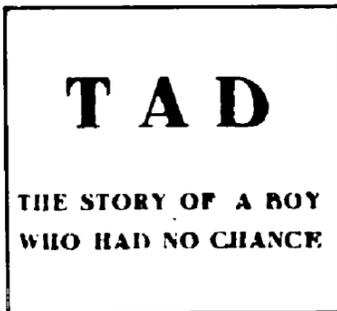
Make your selections from the following titles:

- No. 61. Adrift in New York.
- No. 62. Andy Gordon.
- No. 63. Andy Grant's Pluck.
- No. 64. Bob Burton.
- No. 65. Bound to Rise.
- No. 66. Brave and Bold.
- No. 67. Charlie Codman's Cruise.
- No. 68. Chester Rand.
- No. 69. Cousin's Conspiracy.
- No. 70. Do and Dare.
- No. 71. Driven from Home.
- No. 72. Erie Train Boy.
- No. 73. Facing the World.
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INSTRUMENTAL

- 1 A Frangosa, March.....Costa
- 2 Americana, March.....Keiser
- 3 Alpine Hut.....Lange
- 4 An Easter Emblem.....Lerman
- 5 Angela's Serenade (Transcription).....Smith
- 6 Anvil Chorus (from Il Trovatore).....Verdi
- 7 April Smiles, Waltz.....Depret
- 8 Arbutus Waltz (Merry Belle).....Vogler
- 9 At Sundown.....Wilson
- 10 Artful Life, Waltz.....Strauss
- 11 A Trip to Niagara, March.....Cornish
- 12 Autumn Gavotte (Merry Belle).....Vogler
- 13 Buds and Blossoms (Tune Poem).....Federe
- 14 Battle of Waterloo (Transcription).....Anderson
- 15 Beautiful Blue Danube, Waltz.....Strauss
- 16 Black Hawk, Waltz.....Walsh
- 17 Black Key, Polka Mazurka Herzog
- 18 Bluebell Polka (Merry Belle) Vogler
- 19 Budding Flowers.....Tobini
- 20 Brook, The.....Spindler
- 21 Bohemian Girl.....Haff-Ketterer
- 22 Champion March (Merry Belle).....Vogler
- 23 Cavalleria Rusticana, Intermezzo.....Mascagni
- 24 Cherry Blossoms.....Troja
- 25 Clown Franks.....Quinn
- 26 Colonial Medley.....Fitzpatrick
- 27 College March Medley.....Hawley
- 28 College Airs.....Keiser
- 29 Con Amore (With My Love) Beaumont
- 30 Convent Grand March.....Nichols
- 31 Convent Bells, La Clochette, Ludovic
- 32 Cornflower, Valse.....Coote
- 33 Chaconne.....Jurand
- 34 Chapel in the Forest.....Jungmann
- 35 Consolation.....Mendelssohn
- 36 Crimson Blushes, Caprice, Lender
- 37 Daffodil, Schottische (Merry Belle).....Vogler
- 38 Dance of the Goldenrods.....Fitzpatrick
- 39 Dance of the Stars.....Richmond
- 40 Dance of the Zephyrs.....Cone
- 41 Dorothy, Old English Dance, Smith
- 42 Dixie Transcription.....Lerman
- 43 Dixie's Land, Theme and Variations.....Meacham
- 44 Dying Poet.....Gottschalk
- 45 Echoes of the Ball.....Gillett
- 46 Evening Song.....Lange
- 47 Evening Star (from Tannhauser).....Liszt
- 48 Falling Waters.....Fitzpatrick
- 49 Faust, Transcription.....Leybach
- 50 Fifth Nocturne, op. 6.....Leybach
- 51 Flatterer, The, La Lionjera, Chamnade
- 52 Fleeting Hours (A Graceful Number).....Brinkman
- 53 Flowers and Ferns.....Keiser
- 54 Flower Song, Blumenlied.....Lange
- 55 Flower of the Flock, Mazurka Smith
- 56 Flower of Spring, A.....Haberbier
- 57 Fairy Wedding Waltz.....Turner
- 58 First Heart Throbs.....Ellenberg
- 59 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz.....Watson
- 60 Fur Elise.....Beethoven
- 61 German Airs, Medley.....Keiser
- 62 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz.....Beethoven
- 63 Gipsy Dance.....Lichner
- 64 Girlhood Blossoms, Three-Step.....Lerman
- 65 Hazel Blossoms.....Lange
- 66 Heather Rose.....Lange
- 67 Heart's Ease.....Rosenfeld
- 68 Herald Chimes March, The.....Rosenfeld
- 69 Home, Sweet Home, Transcription.....Slack
- 70 Irish Airs, Medley March.....Keiser
- 71 Il Trovatore.....Don
- 72 In the Country.....Hiller
- 73 In the Meadow.....Lange
- 74 In the Twilight.....Holler
- 75 Invitation to the Dance.....Von Weber
- 76 Il Baile (The Kiss), Waltz.....Artili
- 77 Japanese, Romance.....Yama Sen
- 78 Jolly Fellows, Waltz.....Vollstedt
- 79 Jock Billings, Characteristic March.....Haskin
- 80 La Fontaine (The Fountain), Bohm
- 81 La Sorella, March.....Gallini
- 82 Largo.....Handel
- 83 Last Hope, Meditation.....Gottschalk
- 84 L'Argentine (Silver Thistle), Ketterer
- 85 La Czarine, Mazurka.....Ganne
- 86 La Paloma.....Vradier
- 87 Last Waltz of the Madman.....Sinnegen
- 88 La Tremolo.....Rosenfeld
- 89 "Let 'er Go," March.....West
- 90 Lily.....Lichner



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- 91 Little Fairy Waltz.....Streabogg
- 92 Little Fairy Polka.....Streabogg
- 93 Little Fairy Schottische.....Streabogg
- 94 Little Fairy March.....Streabogg
- 95 Love's Dream After the Ball, Waltz.....Czibulka
- 96 Loving Hearts (Tune Poem), K. Reiser
- 97 La Serenata.....Jaxone
- 98 Lily of the Valley.....Sidney Smith
- 99 Longing for Home (Heimweh) Jungmann
- 100 Loin Du Bal (Sounds from the Ball).....Gillett
- 101 May Has Come.....Bohm
- 102 Maiden's Prayer.....Hadzarzewski
- 103 Melody in F.....Rubenstein
- 104 Mocking Bird, The, Transcription.....Meacham
- 105 Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Mendelssohn
- 106 Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Transcription.....Freeman
- 107 Menuet, de la An'ique.....Paderewski
- 108 Merry Widow Waltz (from "Merry Widow" Opera).....Lehar
- 109 Merry Widow Selection (from "Merry Widow" Opera).....Lehar
- 110 Monastery Bells, Nocturne.....Wely
- 111 Music Box, Caprice.....Lieberich
- 112 Moonlit Waves, Concert Number.....Williams
- 113 Moonbeams on the Lake.....Fitzpatrick
- 114 Morning Flowers, Gavotte.....Spek
- 115 Moment Musical.....Schubert
- 116 Mountain Belle, Schottische.....Kinkel
- 117 My Old Kentucky Home, Transcription.....Lerman
- 118 National Airs.....Keiser
- 119 National Echoes, March.....Ellis
- 120 Nero, Characteristic March.....Noble
- 121 Olumna, Intermezzo.....Corinne
- 122 Old Black Joe, Transcription Meacham
- 123 Old Folks at Home, Transcription.....Meacham
- 124 Old Oaken Bucket, Transcription.....Anguera
- 125 One Heart—One Soul.....Strauss
- 126 Orange Blossoms, Waltz.....Ludovic
- 127 Orvetta, Waltz.....Spencer
- 128 Over the Waves, Waltz.....Rosas
- 129 Palishah (Persian March).....Lorraine
- 130 Palms, The.....Faure
- 131 Patti Waltzes (Tyrolenne).....Baker
- 132 Pearl, Waltz.....D'Albert
- 133 Pearly Dew Drops, Mazurka.....Birbeck
- 134 Pious Peter.....Van Alstyne

- 135 Plantation Airs, Medley March Keiser
- 136 Plantation Medley (of Southern Airs).....Snow
- 137 Placida (Tune Poem).....Keiser
- 138 Peacemaker, March.....Sturtevant
- 139 Polish Dance, op. 3, No. 1.....Scharwenka
- 140 Precious Moments.....Hickman
- 141 Pretty Picture.....Lange
- 142 Princess Patches.....Riso
- 143 Pure as Snow, Edelweiss.....Lange
- 144 Remember Me, Far Away.....Brinkmann
- 145 Ripples, A Concert Number.....Andrews
- 146 Ramona, Waltz.....Cooper
- 147 Rippling Waves.....Millward
- 148 Royal March Medley.....Snow
- 149 Rustle Dance.....Howell
- 150 Sack Waltz.....Metzger
- 151 Sagawana, Indian Intermezzo.....Gray
- 152 Scarf Dance, Scene de Ballet Chamnade
- 153 Scotch Airs.....Keiser
- 154 Schubert's Serenade.....Schubert
- 155 Secret Love.....Resch
- 156 Silvery Waves, Reverie.....Wyman
- 157 Simple Confession, Simple Aven.....Thome
- 158 Simple Life, Waltz.....Balford
- 159 Shepherd Boy, Nocturne.....Wilson
- 160 Snow Dance.....Parsons
- 161 Spray of Gold.....Braunbach
- 162 Spring Song (Song Without Words).....Mendelssohn
- 163 Steady, Boys, Steady, March Grant
- 164 Storm, The.....Wohler
- 165 Star of Hope, Reverie.....Kennedy
- 166 Spring's Awakening.....Bach
- 167 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Belle).....Vogler
- 168 Stephanie Gavotte.....Czibulka
- 169 Shepherd's Song.....Spindler
- 170 Sweet Meditations.....Kay
- 171 Tam O'Shanter, Descriptive.....Warren
- 172 Thine Own, Dein Eigen, Lange
- 173 Traumerl and Romance.....Schuman
- 174 Twentieth Century Woman, March.....Norris
- 175 Two Angels.....Blumenthal
- 176 Under the Double Eagle, March.....Wagner
- 177 Up in a Swing, Reverie.....Mntaine
- 178 Valse Bleue, Valse Francaise, Margis
- 179 Valse in E flat.....Durand
- 180 Waltz Dream, A (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera).....Straus

- 181 Waves of the Ocean.....Blake
- 182 Waves of the Danube.....Ivanovici
- 183 Warblings at Eve.....Richards
- 184 Weber's Last Waltz.....Weber
- 185 Whispers of Love.....Kinkel
- 186 Wine, Women & Song, W. Strauss
- 187 You and I Waltz.....Claribel

VOCAL

- 188 Afterwards.....Mullen
- 189 Alone (G. Medium).....Fitzgibbon
- 190 Anchored.....Watson
- 191 Ave Maria.....Mascagni
- 192 Angel Voices Ever Near.....Roberts
- 193 Battle Cry of Freedom.....Root
- 194 Calvary (High).....Rodney
- 195 Calvary (Medium).....Rodney
- 196 Calvary (Low).....Rodney
- 197 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....Shaw
- 198 Come Unto Me (G. Med.) King
- 199 Daily Question, The.....Meyer-Helmund
- 200 Dear Heart.....Mattel
- 201 Does He Love Me or Love Me Not? (Medium).....Sterling
- 202 Down Mobile.....Keiser
- 203 Dream of Paradise (High) Gray
- 204 Dream of Paradise (Med.) Gray
- 205 Dream of Paradise (Low) Gray
- 206 Drop in On Mother and Me! Self
- 207 Eat, Drink and Be Merry, Wilson
- 208 Edlie, Edlie, Oh!.....Corin
- 209 Flies As a Bird.....Dana
- 210 Forsaken.....Koschat
- 211 From the Tolls of the Sea, Trevelyan
- 212 Good-Bye.....Tosti
- 213 Good Night (Hb. Low).....Brown
- 214 Good Old Days Gone By, The.....Von Tilzer
- 215 Home, Sweet Home.....King
- 216 Home, Home, Dear Home (Eb. Medium).....Trevelyan
- 217 How Can I Hear to Leave Thee.....Keiser-Kinkel
- 218 Heart Bowed Down.....Balfo
- 219 If All the Girls Were Roses.....Pratt
- 220 In Old Madrid.....Trutere
- 221 I Love You So (from Merry Widow Opera).....Lehar
- 222 Ivy.....Dorothea Hewlett
- 223 Jerusalem.....Parker
- 224 Juanita.....Norton
- 225 Just Before the Battle, Mother.....Rott
- 226 Kaaterina.....Rennett
- 227 Kathleen Mavourneen.....Crouch
- 228 Kiss Duet (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera).....Oscar Straus
- 229 Last Hope.....Gottschalk
- 230 Last Night.....Kjerulf
- 231 Last Rose of Summer.....Moore
- 232 Little Dolly Driftwood.....Vivian Grey
- 233 Lost Chord, The.....Sullivan
- 234 Love's Bouquet.....Berman
- 235 Lorna Doone.....Stanford
- 236 Love's Old Sweet Song.....Molloy
- 237 Ma Lili Sweet Sunbeam Mabel McKinley
- 238 Marching Through Georgia.....Work
- 239 Mary Ann.....Dillon
- 240 Maryland, My Maryland.....Winner
- 241 Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.....Foster
- 242 My Nightingale.....Myer
- 243 My Old Kentucky Home.....Holzmann
- 244 Nyomo.....Holzmann
- 245 Oh, Fair Dove, Fond Dove.....Gatty
- 246 Old Folks at Home.....Foster
- 247 Old Black Joe.....Foster
- 248 Old Oaken Bucket.....Woodworth
- 249 Old Farm-House on the Hill, Lerman
- 250 One Sweetly Solemn Thought, Ambrose
- 251 Palms (High).....Faure
- 252 Palms (Medium).....Faure
- 253 Palms (Low).....Faure
- 254 Pogy Mine.....Stonehill
- 255 Perchance (The Dream) King
- 256 Picolo-Picolo (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera).....Oscar Straus
- 257 Rosary.....King
- 258 Sally in Our Alley.....Carey
- 259 Someday Bye and Bye.....Gerard
- 260 Star Spangled Banner.....Arnold
- 261 Still as the Night.....Bohm
- 262 Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
- 263 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.....Root
- 264 Twilight.....Anderson
- 265 Vilja (from "A Merry Widow" Opera).....Lehar
- 266 Waltz Duet (from "A Waltz Dream" Opera).....Oscar Straus
- 267 When First I Saw the Love-light in Your Eyes.....Wood
- 268 When the Gold is Turning Gray.....Morse
- 269 Yankee Doodle.....Composer Unknown

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HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL

The On-Side Kick and the Forward Pass, Important Features of the Revised Rules

By FIELDING H. YOST

BY THE "new" game of football we mean the gridiron contest embodying the plays made possible by the rules providing for the forward pass and the putting on-side of a player by a kicked ball touching the ground.

Of course this marked revision of the rules governing football has materially changed the game. But the essentials, the basic principles, are the same as were those of what we now term the "old" game. This is especially true of the style that Michigan has used for the last several years. The Michigan teams were always characterized by their speed and rapid-fire method of attack; in fact, speed was our greatest asset. Some teams did not rely on speed under the old rules, but sought to excel by physical prowess. However, I believe that speed was just as essential then as it is now. And to play a superior game today a team must first develop a rapid style of play.

In the generalship, the formation of plays, and the carrying out of the plan of attack as laid down by the coach, there must be no hesitation. Every man must know exactly what lies before him, and he must do his best to accomplish this, regardless of what the others do.

As for the plays themselves—the forward pass, the on-side kick, and, especially—the requirement that the ball be advanced ten yards in three downs, have changed them almost entirely. The same standard of blocking, tackling, passing, and kicking that were always required are necessary now. But the formations are far different than were those used when a five-yard gain in three trials gave the offensive team another first down.

Up to this year little was heard of the on-side kick. Michigan used it to a small extent last year, as did a few other big elevens. But the working out of plays based upon the short, quick punt requires much time and practice. The on-side kick will be used far more this year than it has ever been used before, and each succeeding football season will see its use become more general. The reason for this is that plays based upon this kick are in reality more valuable than those in which the forward pass is used. In the first place fewer chances are taken, and new formations will open up to any team that becomes proficient in kicking the ball properly.

When the ball is punted for an on-side kick, it should not "spiral" as it is made to do when distance is the sole object in kicking. A spiraling ball is likely to bound in any direction. That would often times prove fatal for this play. The ball should be kicked so that it will turn end-over-end through the air. Then when it strikes, the chances are good that it will give a slow, upward bound in the direction that it has been kicked, giving the men who are playing on the offensive the best possible opportunity to secure possession of it.

No team should attempt to enter upon a season with the intention of using the on-side kick and having but one man who is able to carry out the first stages of such plays. At least three or four should be coached to proficiency in the kicking. It will take time and patience, for it is something that will come to a man only after prolonged effort. The kicker should be able to use either foot and to kick the ball while running.

The on-side kick is far more difficult than is the forward pass. Men have become highly proficient within a few weeks in hurling the ball long distances, but it will take months to develop good men for the kick. Its success depends on proper placement.

Of course the forward pass will never be entirely supplanted by the on-side kick. For two years many elevens have used the pass with great success, and the men are steadily improving in the art of shooting and passing the ball with accuracy. Plays based upon the forward pass net good gains when not failures, and these failures will become fewer as the seasons go by. At Michigan we have been carrying between thirty and forty plays based upon the forward pass. This illustrates the many opportunities that are offered for the use of the forward pass.

These two styles of attack, made necessary by the ten-yard rule, are the great things that were given to football by the revision of the rules. It means much to the game. A gridiron contest today is far more spectacular than it was when the old style of playing was in vogue. Nothing has been taken from the game except the heavy massed plays on the line. These were not nearly so interesting for the spectator as are the open formations and the faster style of playing. And, on the other hand, the player has greater opportunities for the use of strategy and cunning in his plan of attack, which must necessarily be varied.

Years ago coaches were continually looking for big men. The smaller fellows had little or no chance on a college eleven unless they were possessed of exceptional ability. Weight was what counted and, in most cases, speed was sacrificed for power. This is not true under the present rules. Of course, big men—good,

speedy big men—are just as valuable to a squad now as they were earlier in this century. But the lighter fellows are having their innings, because of this all important requirement of speed. Some heavy men are fast on their feet, but they are in the minority. Hence, the opportunity for the lighter players. It is easy, therefore, to see that the so-called "new" game has opened the way to football for a much larger number of men. The prospective player who weighed less than 180 pounds five years ago had no chance to play in the line. It was a physical impossibility for him to withstand the grinding, crushing plays that it was his duty to stop. But with the coming of the ten-yard requirement these old mass formations have been thrown aside. True, we have plays directed on guards and tackles today. They are, in many ways, safer than the open plays, but it is largely by chance in an evenly matched game that long gains are made through the line.

Another feature of revised football is the countless new situations that are continually confronting the player. A man has always been forced to think quickly when playing football, but now there are so many more situations developing which require instantaneous thought and action, that the men with good, clear brains, coupled with the physical requirements, are the ones who will excel.

Although only three radical changes were made in the rules of football, it opened up a field of work that will take years to master. People think that the game has changed beyond belief. It has changed, but this changing has only begun. As the years go by and men become more and more proficient in the forward pass and on-side kick, the game will be of increasing interest. As I have said be-



Fielding H. Yost
University of Michigan Football Coach

fore, strategy and cunning are the elements that count heavily. New schemes will be evolved whereby the opposing eleven can be deceived; greater speed will be developed, and men will become so proficient in the new tactics that the game as played today will be comparatively crude and ragged.

Of course all of this development is going to take time and earnest endeavor. In years past we were able to take a man absolutely ignorant of football and make a splendid player of him in one season; but that condition no longer exists. When a man enters college today with no experience on the gridiron it is a difficult matter to round him into an accomplished player before he graduates. The ruling that athletes compete only three years in 'varsity' games has cut even shorter the time limit for developing men.

In conclusion I want to say that the future of college football rests with the schoolboys of the country. In every city and town of the country can be found boys who are interested in this great game. Thousands of them are playing on school and other teams. Of course the great majority are without regular instruction in the many phases of the game, but they can learn if they but will. In almost every eleven will be found at least one who excels. He may be an adept tackler; he may be able to run through a broken field with great proficiency; he may be a good kicker or lineman, or a boy who is displaying ability with the forward pass. If such a boy has ambition to progress in the game of football, it is up to him to keep continually working with the passing and kicking. He may be the best all-around man in his town or city or state, but he cannot afford to rest on his oars if he desires to wear the letter of a large college or university upon his sweater. None of us can attain perfection in any one line. Mistakes are always made and always will be made. But the number of mistakes may be cut down by steady, concentrated effort.

Let the schoolboys work with the various phases of football. Let them pay especial attention to passing and the on-side kick. They will get four years experience before entering college at least, if they want it, and by that time they will be far enough along in their development to start in a big 'varsity' squad and keep pace with others of their class who

have been working faithfully on the principles of the new game.

Most things are hard when attempted for the first time. The forward pass is no easy thing to master, and the on-side kick is far more difficult. To become expert in the use of either a player must go over them thousands of times, until the action required becomes habit. In a football game a man cannot stop and think just what moves he must make. It is up to him to be so accustomed to making those movements that he is not forced to stop and think what he is to do next. Men will be able to pass or kick a ball with no more mental effort than it requires a schoolboy to use a pen. Get the habit in these things pertaining to football. Then, and only then, will you be able to move with the necessary speed and carry out plays with the necessary accuracy.

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"Nothing is so certain to make a dog sullen or cross as chaining him up. He suffers so much from confinement that it inevitably changes his disposition. It is not only a wrong and cruel way to treat a dog, but it is foolish, for a chained dog can be of no service to his owner excepting to bark.

"A chained dog is as likely to bark at a friend as at a foe, or at a dog running by or a passing team. The family gets used to his barking, and no one is likely to get up in the night and investigate.

"A dog that is well treated and has his freedom stays about the place and guards it. Of course there are exceptions—'tramp dogs,' we call them; but the family wanting a watch-dog can find one that will discriminate between friend and foe, and strike terror to evil-doers by the very fact that he is loose.

"I have heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that burglars dread a little house dog inside the house more than a dog outside the house, as they have ways of quieting the latter. A dog that sleeps inside the barn is a greater safeguard to the barn than that one outside and chained up.

"If a dog is kept outside to guard a place he should not be chained, but should have a good sized, comfortable dog-house, facing south, raised at least six inches from the ground. There should be a bed of loose straw or excelsior, changed frequently enough to keep it clean and dry, and a dish full of fresh, clean water.

"A dog is a living, sensitive creature, not a machine, yet he frequently gets less careful attention than the machinery men use. It is seldom a boy or even a man will take as good care of his dog as he does of his bicycle or his automobile.

"A chained dog is wretched, and no one has a right to cause any creature constant suffering, even to serve what one may call a useful purpose."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY CAPTAIN H. A. R. GRAY, U. S. A.

Batteries

Part II

AS STATED in Part I, the type of primary cell or wet battery most extensively employed for open circuit or intermittent work consists of but two elements: a carbon cylinder and a zinc rod placed in a glass jar, and is known commercially as a carbon battery. In Fig. 1, a complete cell is shown. It will be noted that the zinc passes through a porcelain bushing which fits into a hole in, and insulates it from, the top of the carbon cylinder, while on the lower end of the zinc a soft rubber ring is placed to prevent the possible contact of the two elements. The electrolyte employed is a saturated solution of ammonium chloride (NH₄Cl), or as it is commonly known, sal ammoniac, that is, no more sal ammoniac should be put in than the water will dissolve. All sal ammoniac which settles in the bottom of the jar is in excess and is a detriment to the efficient operation of the cell. The best results can be obtained by using warm, and preferably soft, water. As no special depolarizer is employed nor required in view of the large carbon surface presented, the pores of the carbon may become clogged with hydrogen or the ammonium salts, in which event soaking the will generally remove the deposit. The old solution should be thrown out, the glass jar washed and a new solution made up. The top of the carbon and that of the jar should be dipped in melted paraffine to a depth of two inches. This is done to prevent creeping salts. The binding posts and contacts should be kept clean, bright and well tightened. In fastening a wire under the thumb nuts, a hook should be formed in the well cleaned end of the wire and placed under the nut in the direction in which the nut is tightened. This type of cell can be purchased, complete, for 10 cents.



Fig. 1

In Fig. 2 (a), is shown what is termed a semi-dry battery and consists, as shown in (b), of a hollow, fluted carbon cylinder, which is the negative element, around which is fastened a strong linen bag filled with manganese dioxide (Mn O₂) which acts as a depolarizer. A heavy cylindrical zinc forms the other element. The two elements are then placed in a porcelain jar and a suitable sal ammoniac charge is inserted, after which the top is sealed with black wax. When ready to use, water is poured into the cell through a hole left for the purpose. The price of a complete cell is about \$1.25. From this type of cell that shown in Fig. 3, which is known as the Le Clanche cell, is but a step. In this type a flat bar of carbon is placed in a porous, earthenware jar and packed with manganese dioxide as a depolarizer. The top is sealed with wax, two funnel shaped holes being left therein. The porous cup is then placed in a glass jar and a solution of sal ammoniac is poured into the jar to within two inches of the top. A common battery zinc pencil is placed within the jar between the wall thereof

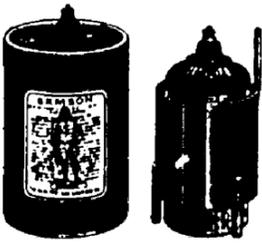


Fig. 2

and the porous cup. If immediate service is desired, water may be poured into the porous cup. The price of this cell is 40 cents. In Fig. 4 (a), a modification of the Le Clanche cell is shown. The porous cup in this type is a hollow, porous carbon cylinder shown at (b) which is filled with manganese dioxide and a cork stopple inserted. It is provided with a threaded portion which screws into the hard rubber cover of the cell. The zinc used is shown in Fig. 5 and is made from heavy sheet zinc and is cylindrical in form. The cost of these cells, complete, is 60 cents. In the Gonda cell, Fig. 6, the depolarizer is compressed into prisms, one of which is placed on each side of a flat carbon and the three pieces held together with heavy rubber bands. A distinct feature of this cell is the location of the zinc; a special opening in one corner of the glass jar being provided therefor. The cost of this cell is about 80 cents. In Fig. 7, is shown a Grenet cell which is imported and consists of two carbon plates between which is suspended a zinc bar provided with a stem which extends through and above the cover, permitting the zinc to be raised from the electrolyte, which is a saturated solution of potassium-Dichromate (K₂Cr₂O₇) and sulphuric acid (H₂SO₄), commonly called "Electroton Fluid." These cells range in cost according to size from \$1.00 to \$2.50. Their special value lies in their high E. M. F., their low internal resistance and adaptability for continuous or closed circuit work. Similar in construction is the "Plunge Battery" recently described in The American Boy. The Fuller cell shown in Fig. 8 (a), employs the same elements and electrolyte as the Grenet, but in addition has a porous cup in which is placed a zinc of the form shown in 8 (b). Sufficient mercury to cover the zinc is deposited in the porous cup which insures the constant amalgamation of the zinc. A standard Fuller cell costs 80 cents, and for continuous work where a large amperage is desired is unequalled. We now pass to another class of cell where the carbon is displaced by copper. In Figs. 9 and 10 are shown two types of Daniell cells. The one shown in Fig. 9, will be readily recognized as the common crowfoot or gravity battery. The two elements employed are thin leaves of copper to which is attached an insulated copper wire and a zinc which resembles the extended claws of a bird, from whence it derives its name. The electrolyte is a saturated solution of blue vitriol, which readily acts upon both elements and liberates copper sulphate (Cu SO₄), which is the excitant, and zinc sulphate (Zn SO₄), which acts as the depolarizer. The copper sulphate being heavier than the zinc sulphate, remains at the bottom of the jar surrounding the copper, while the zinc sulphate rises and surrounds the zinc. In this case the liquids are separated by gravity, while in the cell shown in Fig. 10, the same result is obtained by inserting the zinc in a porous cup. The price of the cell shown in Fig. 9 is 60 cents, while that of Fig. 10 is \$1.40. The one type employing iron as an element is the Papst cell, the other element being carbon and the electrolyte ferric chloride (Fe₂Cl₃). The E. M. F. of this cell is about 0.4 volts and it is not manufactured commercially. The last type of cell to be described is the Lalande or Edison, shown in Fig. 11. The elements are two zinc plates and one of copper oxide immersed in an electrolyte of caustic potash or potassium hydrate (KOH). The copper or cupric oxide acts as the depolarizer and is gradually exhausted, leaving metallic copper, while the zinc plates are dissolved. When the oxide plate is fresh it is black but becomes red throughout the entire thickness when exhausted. Thus, by picking into the body of the plate with a sharp pointed knife the amount of active or black oxide remaining can be determined and the entire absence thereof denotes

complete exhaustion. Care should be taken not to remove the oxide plate from the solution and leave it in the air until dry as the surface becomes reoxidized by absorbing oxygen from the air and this oxide is more difficult of reduction than that of which the plate is formed and the internal resistance of the cell is increased thereby. In this cell paraffine oil, which should be a heavy, pure mineral oil of high viscosity, is employed to prevent creeping salts from disintegrating the portion of the zinc immediately above the level of the electrolyte and is poured on the electrolyte before the plates are immersed. If the plates are wet before immersion no oil will adhere. If the oil is omitted the caustic soda will extract carbonic acid from the air and carbonate of soda will be formed, which will destroy the upper portion of the zinc. The price of these cells is from \$1.50 to \$3.00 each, according to size. In another paper storage batteries and dry batteries will be described.

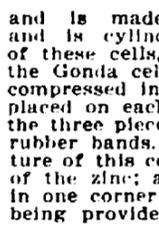


Fig. 7

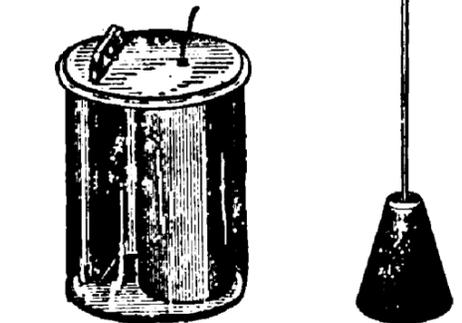


Fig. 8 (a)

Fig. 8 (b)

cost of this cell is about 80 cents. In Fig. 7, is shown a Grenet cell which is imported and consists of two carbon plates between which is suspended a zinc bar provided with a stem which extends through and above the cover, permitting the zinc to be raised from the electrolyte, which is a saturated solution of potassium-Dichromate (K₂Cr₂O₇) and sulphuric acid (H₂SO₄), commonly called "Electroton Fluid." These cells range in cost according to size from \$1.00 to \$2.50. Their special value lies in their high E. M. F., their low internal resistance and adaptability for continuous or closed circuit work. Similar in construction is the "Plunge Battery" recently described in The American Boy. The Fuller cell shown in Fig. 8 (a), employs the same elements and electrolyte as the Grenet, but in addition has a porous cup in which is placed a zinc of the form shown in 8 (b). Sufficient mercury to cover the zinc is deposited in the porous cup which insures the constant amalgamation of the zinc. A standard Fuller cell costs 80 cents, and for continuous work where a large amperage is desired is unequalled. We now pass to another class of cell where the carbon is displaced by copper. In Figs. 9 and 10 are shown two types of Daniell cells. The one shown in Fig. 9, will be readily recognized as the common crowfoot or gravity battery. The two elements employed are thin leaves of copper to which is attached an insulated copper wire and a zinc which resembles the extended claws of a bird, from whence it derives its name. The electrolyte is a saturated solution of blue vitriol, which readily acts upon both elements and liberates copper sulphate (Cu SO₄), which is the excitant, and zinc sulphate (Zn SO₄), which acts as the depolarizer. The copper sulphate being heavier than the zinc sulphate, remains at the bottom of the jar surrounding the copper, while the zinc sulphate rises and surrounds the zinc. In this case the liquids are separated by gravity, while in the cell shown in Fig. 10, the same result is obtained by inserting the zinc in a porous cup. The price of the cell shown in Fig. 9 is 60 cents, while that of Fig. 10 is \$1.40. The one type employing iron as an element is the Papst cell, the other element being carbon and the electrolyte ferric chloride (Fe₂Cl₃). The E. M. F. of this cell is about 0.4 volts and it is not manufactured commercially. The last type of cell to be described is the Lalande or Edison, shown in Fig. 11. The elements are two zinc plates and one of copper oxide immersed in an electrolyte of caustic potash or potassium hydrate (KOH). The copper or cupric oxide acts as the depolarizer and is gradually exhausted, leaving metallic copper, while the zinc plates are dissolved. When the oxide plate is fresh it is black but becomes red throughout the entire thickness when exhausted. Thus, by picking into the body of the plate with a sharp pointed knife the amount of active or black oxide remaining can be determined and the entire absence thereof denotes



Fig. 9

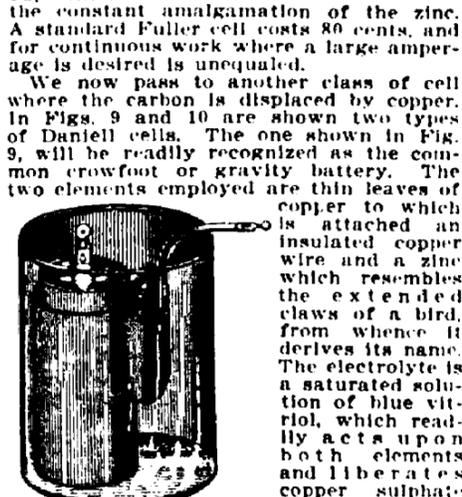


Fig. 10

wire and placed under the nut in the direction in which the nut is tightened. This type of cell can be purchased, complete, for 10 cents.

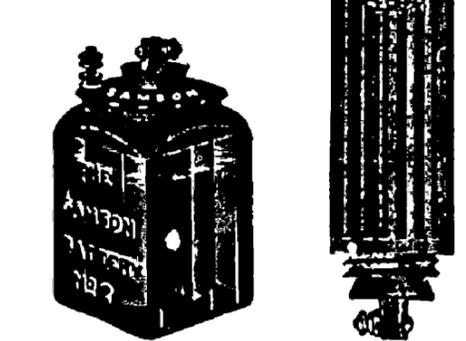


Fig. 3

Fig. 4

low, fluted carbon cylinder, which is the negative element, around which is fastened a strong linen bag filled with manganese dioxide (Mn O₂) which acts as a depolarizer. A heavy cylindrical zinc forms the other element. The two elements are then placed in a porcelain jar and a suitable sal ammoniac charge is inserted, after which the top is sealed with black wax. When ready to use, water is poured into the cell through a hole left for the purpose. The price of a complete cell is about \$1.25. From this type of cell that shown in Fig. 3, which is known as the Le Clanche cell, is but a step. In this type a flat bar of carbon is placed in a porous, earthenware jar and packed with manganese dioxide as a depolarizer. The top is sealed with wax, two funnel shaped holes being left therein. The porous cup is then placed in a glass jar and a solution of sal ammoniac is poured into the jar to within two inches of the top. A common battery zinc pencil is placed within the jar between the wall thereof



Fig. 5

Fig. 6

inserted, after which the top is sealed with black wax. When ready to use, water is poured into the cell through a hole left for the purpose. The price of a complete cell is about \$1.25. From this type of cell that shown in Fig. 3, which is known as the Le Clanche cell, is but a step. In this type a flat bar of carbon is placed in a porous, earthenware jar and packed with manganese dioxide as a depolarizer. The top is sealed with wax, two funnel shaped holes being left therein. The porous cup is then placed in a glass jar and a solution of sal ammoniac is poured into the jar to within two inches of the top. A common battery zinc pencil is placed within the jar between the wall thereof

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No. 11

which will destroy the upper portion of the zinc. The price of these cells is from \$1.50 to \$3.00 each, according to size. In another paper storage batteries and dry batteries will be described.

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CURRENT EVENTS

Governor John A. Johnson.

GOVERNOR John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, is dead. In the life of this man the boys of our country possess an example of ability and earnest endeavor such as few lives have shown since that of Abraham Lincoln. Most of our presidents of recent years have come to us from families of distinction, or at least have arisen from circumstances that were not surrounded by vicissitude and poverty. This was not so with Governor Johnson, who, although he had not attained to the presidential chair, nevertheless appeared at the time of his death to be the logical candidate for that office on the Democratic ticket. The father of Governor Johnson was a Norwegian blacksmith, an immigrant who very probably would at the present time be turned back from Ellis Island because of his intemperance. He gave no evidence whatever of intellectual superiority over the class to which he belonged. He was married to an immigrant girl who possessed the same social attributes and was on the same intellectual level as himself. After a brief effort to reform, Governor Johnson's father returned to his intemperate habits and he was sent to the almshouse by the authorities, so that his wife, who had been supporting herself and children and her husband by taking in washing, would be relieved of so much of her burden. Governor Johnson's mother managed to keep him in school until he had finished the grammar grades, and at thirteen he entered commercial life as a clerk in a general store. Thereafter he was the main support of his family, and his mother did not from that time work for hire. There were other children, and they were also supported and educated by the future governor. Subsequently, he worked in a drug store and a printer's shop. Any position he could obtain which was an improvement over the last one he held was good enough for him. He always spent less than he earned, and continually added to his meager education by reading. At last he was able to get an interest in a newspaper, and at the same time he connected himself with the National Guard. Because he always tried to "make good," as he expressed it, and made friends easily, he was elected to the state senate. Five years ago he was the Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota, which is a Republican state. The Republicans made the mistake of launching attacks against him on the ground that his father was a drunkard and that his mother took in washing. In consequence of these scurrilous attacks and of his own personal popularity and known probity, he ran 92,000 ahead of his ticket and was elected. From that moment he became a political figure of national importance.

Bringing Europe Nearer.

The Mauretania has set a new record on the transatlantic trip, in making the trip from Fishguard, England, to New York in 4 days, 11 hours and 35 minutes. This called for an average speed of 25.87 knots, and more than a thousand tons of coal a day were consumed in the passage. It is now possible to make the entire journey between New York and London well within 5½ days. Fishguard is a little town on the southwest coast of Wales, from which a special train of the Great Western Railway crosses Wales and England to London in 4 hours and 33 minutes. At the present time Fishguard is only an adjunct to Liverpool, but inasmuch as the Great Western Railway intends to spend \$25,000,000 in improving its harbor, it will undoubtedly become a port of the very first importance. By running express trains from Fishguard to Dover, Paris will be within 5 days of New York.

Edward H. Harriman.

Edward H. Harriman, the greatest railroad man in the United States, died on September 9th. He controlled or influenced nearly 75,000 miles of railroad. At the time of his death his influence was controlling in the handling of \$475,000,000 in stocks and bonds, and \$150,000,000 in cash. Rich and powerful as he was at the time of his death, Harriman was not always so. His father was a poor clergyman. But E. H. Harriman, by the exercise of the greatest hard work and intelligence and an almost superhuman business ability, rose from the bottom to the prominent position in the world of railroads that he occupied. It has been said that Mr. Harriman would have lived many years longer if he had worked fewer hours; at any rate, when he died the work which he personally did during his lifetime was turned over to five men. It has been said that for years he has done the work of from five to eight men, and that consequently, while he was not an old man at the time of his death, on the basis of work done and things accomplished he was in reality very, very old. Many harsh things have been said about this man by newspapers and critics. Nevertheless, his general honesty and uprightiness seem to be conceded; for while his aims were great and his ambition was all-powerful, and at times he seemed to resort to means that were reprehensible, still his object seems to have been for the benefit of all, and there can be little doubt that his influence upon the world of transportation has been for good.

The President and the People.

President Taft is now on the long journey throughout the United States of the preparations for which you have heard so much. The people in all parts of the country were waiting eagerly to hear what the president would have to say regarding the tariff measure which was passed by the last congress. In many sections of the country dissatisfaction has been apparent over the schedules called for by this measure. In his speeches, both in the East and in the West, President Taft has expressed himself as very well satisfied with the Paine-Aldrich tariff bill. While he has said that it is not, perhaps, a perfect tariff bill, nevertheless it is as good as could be had considering all the circumstances. Not only this, but the president has praised Senator Aldrich as a statesman,

and names him as the leader of financial legislation in this country. He also had good words to speak for Speaker Cannon, of the House, and for Sereno Paine, the framer of the House tariff bill. There are many people who disagree with the president and there are many who agree with him. The tariff bill was, of course, the first important measure to come under the new administration of Mr. Taft, and for that reason it was scrutinized more carefully by the people than would any measure be which came later during his term of office. There seems to be a feeling of disappointment in the attitude the president has taken toward this matter. Groups of people in various parts of the country would have preferred to see the president take more vigorous action and endeavor by the use of the powers of the executive position to force the legislature to pass such a measure as he desired. However, it does not seem wise to censure the president at this time. He undoubtedly knew the facts of the case better than the people at large, and it is safe to say that whatever he did, he did the thing he thought was best in the circumstances.

The North Pole Controversy.

The controversy regarding the discovery of the North Pole continues among men of science. Nevertheless, the reading public of the world seems generally to have admitted and to believe that both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary reached the objective point of their expeditions. Dr. Cook generously admits that Commander Peary arrived at the Pole and says that in such an accomplishment there is glory enough for all who have passed through the dangers and arrived at the top of the world. Commander Peary, after several weeks of emphatic impeachments of Dr. Cook's declarations of his discovery, has become silent. However, the impression he leaves is that he will at once endeavor to prove that he is the only man who has ever arrived at the North Pole. Dr. Cook arrived in America some time ago, and was enthusiastically received. He is now on tour lecturing on his expedition.

Col. Roosevelt's Story.

In one of the October magazines President Roosevelt begins the story of his adventures in Africa. This story was not written for boyish audiences, but was rather directed to their parents and elders. Nevertheless, the president says what he has to say clearly and entertainingly, and there is no doubt that his story will find as many boy readers as do many books which have been prepared especially for their consumption. At least, there can be no doubt that any boy who reads the adventures of Theodore Roosevelt will find nothing harmful or pernicious in them, and he should be able to discover many lessons there which will be of the greatest benefit to him in his everyday life.

Boys' Books Reviewed

UNLUCKY TIB, by Edward S. Ellis, is a book which equals some of the best boys' stories written by this famous author. It is the life story of Tiberius Marshall, and is full of humor, and boyish adventures, which cannot fail to charm juvenile readers. The story contains a profound moral lesson, but this is conveyed in such a manner as to make the boys feel, rather than see, the things that Mr. Ellis is endeavoring to teach them. Price \$1.25. Published by Dana Estes & Company, Boston, Mass.

THE AIR SHIP BOYS, by H. L. Saylor, strikes a new note in juvenile fiction. It is the account of the adventures of three boys in search for Aztec treasures in an air ship. Mr. Saylor has studied the subject of aerial navigation thoroughly, and is well acquainted with the sort of literature that pleases boy audiences. From first to last the story is fresh and invigorating, and while it is sowed with excitement and adventure, there is nothing lurid or objectionable about the entire book. Published by The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago, Ill.

THE SCHOOL FOUR, by A. T. Dudley, is the first volume of a new series by that popular boys' author. From beginning to end the story is full of life and action. The hero is such a boy as all other boys will be very glad to become acquainted with, and his success in football and especially in the rowing contests, which make the climax of the book, will be greeted with applause by every reader. The story is an accurate picture of life in one of the great public schools, which forms such a feature of the American educational world, and which send to our colleges so many of the best athletes, as well as the finest students. Price \$1.25. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston, Mass.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF SEVENTY-SEVEN, by Mary P. Wells Smith, is a valuable edition to the literature relating to that period when the Colonies had just taken up their fight for freedom from the mother country. It is an accurate picture of life at that time. The historical allusions which it contains are accurate, and the story itself is interesting as well as informative. The Revolutionary Period is always especially interesting to the boys of this country, and they should be glad to welcome this new book upon the subject. Published by Little-Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

THE LITTLE HERONIE AT SCHOOL, by Alice Turner Curtis, is a continuation of the adventures of Happy Edith Austin, who appeared before as the Little Heronie of Illinois. In this book Edith is sent to a girls' school in the suburbs of Boston, where many pleasing adventures befall her, chief of which is the discovery that she is not a waif without relations, but that she has cousins of whom she is very proud, and who are pleased to acknowledge her as their relative. The book contains many suggestions in regard to entertainments for school girls, and the pleasing character and high courage of this child will gain her the friendship of every girl who becomes acquainted with her. Price \$1.25. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Mass.

PRUE AT SCHOOL, by Amy Brooks, is a story for the littler folks. The book is written in a very pleasing vein, and the character and adventures of little Prue will delight the children. Price \$1.00. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.



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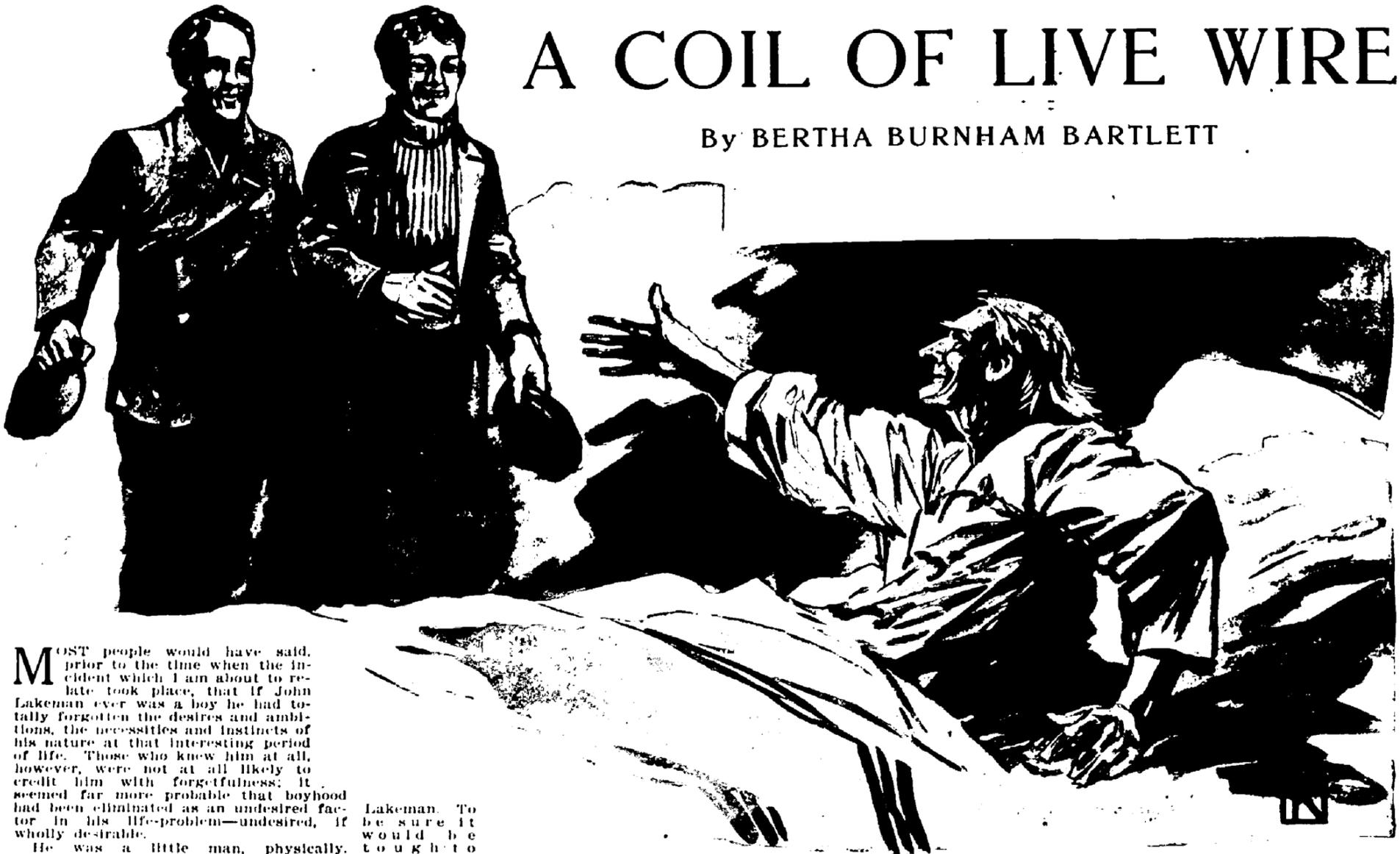
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A COIL OF LIVE WIRE

By BERTHA BURNHAM BARTLETT



MOST people would have said, prior to the time when the incident which I am about to relate took place, that if John Lakeman ever was a boy he had totally forgotten the desires and ambitions, the necessities and instincts of his nature at that interesting period of life. Those who know him at all, however, were not at all likely to credit him with forgetfulness; it seemed far more probable that boyhood had been eliminated as an undesired factor in his life-problem—undesired, if wholly desirable.

He was a little man, physically. Psychologists might perhaps have said the same of his soul, so warped and dwarfed was his nature as he showed it to the world. In ordinary circumstances, however, the mind which dominated his body was large and keen, quick of apprehension in curious ways, but dogged and obstinate to a degree, so far as his already formed opinions were concerned, while yet progressive and open-minded in many respects.

The farm owned and operated by John Lakeman was located some twelve miles from the city of Blakesly and five miles from his nearest neighbor. Originally the land must have been almost worthless, but by progressive, scientific methods of farming it had been brought to a high state of cultivation, yielding its owner a more than comfortable livelihood, in spite of the fact that only a limited number of "hands" were employed, and these, invariably, young and inexperienced boys of sixteen, or at the most, seventeen years of age.

Not was the employment of such unskilled labor because of monetary considerations. On the contrary. Indeed, it was a well known fact that Farmer Lakeman, employing boys though he did, yet paid to his employes fully twice as much as the most generous of his local contemporaries paid for the service of mature, competent men. The reason for such "freak generosity" was given, given with surprising candor.

"I pay well and am willing to do so. I don't propose to hire cheap help. That's putting money into a bag with holes. They'll get it out of you somehow. I would. Men that don't get a living wage either lack in ambition or energy, or else they are planning to 'get even' sometime or other. Maybe they'd rob me—or murder. As for hiring boys, well, boys may be pig-headed and conceited, but they haven't got set in their ways yet, and so will be more likely to obey orders, especially when they're paid well for doing so. Consequently!"

Yet in spite of the high wages attached to the position of "hired man" for Farmer Lakeman, the situation was not considered a desirable one, and for varied reasons.

Isolated as it was from the town, the farm proved to be of almost insupportable loneliness to the average boy, who found in the usually taciturn bachelor farmer little companionship. To be sure, this isolation was mitigated slightly by the hourly trips of the trolley cars which ran directly through the farm, a concession given free of expense by the erratic owner in one of his inexplicably generous moments. Other circumstances which helped to relieve the sense of loneliness was the telephone introduced with characteristic progressiveness by Lakeman. Besides these, the fact that two boys were always employed helped to make life bearable.

As an offset to even these few desirable conditions, one of Farmer Lakeman's prohibitive commands was that his doors should not be opened after seven o'clock at night. The milking, summer and winter, was completed by six o'clock; then came supper; the washing of the day's accumulation of dishes, since no woman was an inmate of the lonely farmhouse; the bringing in of the following day's supply of wood. After that the boys were free to occupy themselves as personal tastes dictated, so long as they obeyed the dictum of the master of the house and remained securely housed. For himself, he was no mean cook and spent the earlier hours of each evening in concocting dishes which proved him epicurean indeed. Later, his well-beloved books were brought out, and until midnight he and his employes were alike free to spend the hours in his exceptionally good library.

Early in the fall of 1902 Horace Gordon and Kitfield Winters, young fellows of seventeen and chums from babyhood, determined to brave the discipline of which they had heard much in their homes a dozen miles away, the incentive, of course, being the large wages paid by Farmer

Lakeman. To be sure it would be tough to have to remain indoors after supper "like kids," as they said with rueful grimaces while talking the matter over with their friends, prior to applying for the situations. Still, even this would have its compensations, since there would thus be no disturbing elements to prevent their studying, in anticipation of the examinations to be passed when, having acquired the necessary funds by their hard and disagreeable work, they applied a year later for admittance to Yorktown Academy.

Being healthy, rugged, well-developed young men, a half-head taller than himself, the farmer was disposed to look with favor upon the boys, although the evident solidity of Kitfield caused him to exact a demonstration as to whether the boy could move as rapidly as he should require of, one he might engage. That this was satisfactory his subsequent enrollment as a member of Lakeman's "family" proved conclusively.

At first the unwonted restraint was almost unendurable, but eventually the boys became accustomed to the life, even finding considerable pleasure in doing their employer's bidding, as they discerned, with a growing respect, his unmistakable interest in the most advanced methods of doing a farmer's work, and learned, through observation, the secrets which nature only reveals to her children who serve her with sincerest devotion, as none could deny, John Lakeman did serve.

With the coming of winter, however, the boys became restive and impatient, the call of the ice king sapping in their ears and beating its insistent music in their very hearts. And what wonder! At the very threshold of the farm, the river, smooth and glassy, extended its silent length in inviting splendor.

As hired "men" earning more, indeed, than their own fathers, they for very shame were debarred from asking for time during the working hours of the day in which they might enjoy that king of sports, the exhilaration of racing, steel shod, with the wind itself. With their work done, however, why should their employer deprive them of a boy's right to skate, they queried aggrievedly, though secretly.

On the day of our story it seemed impossible to keep silence longer. A company of the young people from Blakesly had determined to take advantage of the exceptional skating to go to the Norwood farm—the one five miles south of Lakeman's—where an oyster supper was to be served them. By telephone the boys had been apprised of the affair that they, too, might enjoy it with them.

Talking it over between themselves, Kitfield and Horace decided that the most advantageous time for "springing" the subject upon the old man was at milking time, previous to leaving the barn, which was situated several rods from the house and upon the opposite side of the road.

Alas for the hopes of the boys, however, the farmer was obdurate, refusing to consider the proposition for a moment. If the boys went, they stayed. That was all. He would pay them their wages—but there were six months before them; months when they might be earning good money, as they probably would not if they left his employ.

Finding the young men as obstinate as he himself, the farmer at last employed a different tactic, as, in his shirt-sleeves, he left the barn, the boys angrily listening as they strode beside him, each with his brimming pail of milk.

"Young men anxious to gain an education? Children! With thoughts simply of childish sports. Brainless and undependable! Satisfied with the cap-and-bells of the fool when you might have the equipment of the learned! Working to earn an education, are you? Faugh! It was all a—"

Swish! In the darkness there was a sudden sibilant sound, a crackling, and then apparently a gleaming, fire-emitting

whip-lash which cut the air about them. The boys, nearer to the house than the old man, sprang yet farther into the road away from that curling, glistening copper, which, in the bright moonlight, they could see had somehow coiled itself about the farmer, not touching him it was evident, but surrounding him, nevertheless, for perhaps two feet in every direction.

Startled by the suddenness of the danger, Mr. Lakeman had himself jumped, and in so doing had spilled some of the contents of the pail which he carried. But for this it would have been an easy matter, since the wire really had not touched him as yet, for him to step over the coils. Coming in contact, however, with the now wet snow the wire continued to jump, as it emitted fiery sparks which would have tried the nerves of the most phlegmatic of men, and rendering it difficult, indeed, for a man as short as John Lakeman to stride above the coils and into a place of safety. Whether he could have achieved the feat had his nerves not played him false is a matter of doubt; with every nerve at tension it was an impossibility. Nevertheless, his voice sounded cool and hard as he suggested a way of escape.

"I'm in about as tight a box here as I may be a little later on, boys. Horace, you go and telephone to the power house. I suppose," he added reflectively, and addressing Kitfield, who, with fascinated eyes was continuing to watch the spitting wire, "I suppose that car that went along a moment or two ago is responsible for the broken wire. I hope Horace gets the power-house ready; I tell you, Kitfield, this thing's getting onto my nerves, and I can't stay here very long—besides, it's cold!" glancing as he spoke at his almost unprotected arms.

A moment later Horace hurriedly returned, his face pale and troubled.

"Something's wrong with the wire," he announced, breathlessly. "There isn't a sound on the line. Won't you try, Mr. Lakeman, to jump across? I'm sure we could pull you over safely."

But Lakeman shook his head. "I can't, boys," he said through his set teeth. "I couldn't do it. There!" as the wire suddenly touched one of the rails and then with redoubled activity jumped yet higher than it had previously done.

"Let me take your pail," begged Kitfield, "and you put on this coat;" but again Lakeman shook his head as his eyes followed the contortions of the wire. Suddenly he turned his face, laughing immoderately.

"I guess I will let you take the pail, Kitfield," he said at last, "and then I'm just going to see how long I can keep my eyes fixed on the sparkles. One wire is within two inches of my left foot, and it must be less than three from the other foot. If it happens to touch me in its gyrations, why, good-bye! You boys can go skating, after all, then, and you'll find the door unlocked when you get back, too. Sorry I haven't paid you, boys, but you can help yourselves—tell the authorities I told you to—"

"I'll skate to Norwood's," whispered Horace, realizing, as did Kitfield at the same instant, that the horror of the situation had crazed their employer's brain. "If you can keep him from touching the wire for fifteen minutes I guess it'll be all right. I stopped long enough to get my skates," he added in explanation as he began buckling them on, while the old man apparently heard nothing except the horrible hissing of the broken trolley-wire.

As the moments dragged away, however, Kitfield noticed the increased unsteadiness of the old man's muscles, and wondered whether it would be possible for him to remain in his present cramped position until Horace should reach Norwood's place, where he would, of course, telephone to headquarters. If—a sudden thought, an inspiration, came to him,—

if he could only put his plan in execution! Softly, that the man might not miss him, he stole away to the house, returning quickly with two coils of rope.

In the end of the shorter rope he made a slip-noose, attaching an end of the long rope, also, firmly to the noosed portion. Then, soothingly, as to a child, he spoke to his employer.

"The sparkles are bright, aren't they, Mr. Lakeman? I'm going up into the big birch so as to see them better. You can keep your eyes fixed on them just the



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Dangling in Safety Above the Sparkling Wire.

his favorite remedy for colds' "composition tea."
 When the current was turned off Kit was too tired to know, but the wire was dead when Horace returned, tired and haggard with dread of what he feared he might find. He had skated to Norwood's place, only to find that there, too, the telephone was out of order, as it was, indeed, all along the line because of a fire in the very heart of the city from which the electricity came. There was, therefore, but one thing to do—that was to skate the whole distance to the powerhouse, when the fluid was of course immediately switched from the line running out into the country, while linemen able to skate were at once despatched to "take up" the broken wire.

same, but I'll have a chance to see, too. I may go, may I not?"

"If you'll get back—oh, yes, yes, yes! Don't bother—four hundred seventy-nine—I've lost my count—never mind—"

"If I can see them better up there," persisted the boy, softly, "I'll drop a line down over your shoulders and pull you up where I am. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

While he spoke he was climbing the birch in feverish haste, carrying his ropes with him. A large branch hung over the road, and Kitfield crept warily out upon this, attaching the noosed rope to the limb just above the spot where John Lakeman stood. Then, gently, he lowered the loop over the man.

It would not do to startle the farmer. Boy as he was, Kitfield was using the judgment of a physician, and he spoke softly, persuasively, in slow, even tones:

"Keep on with your counting, Mr. Lakeman, but I know you could see better up here, and I'm going to pull you up here as you asked me to do. Don't look up or you'll miss your count. I've got a slip-noose just over your head, and if you don't jump you'll have a great chance to watch the sparkles. Now, then!"

His eyes still fixed on the "sparkles" John Lakeman obeyed, while the noose settled over his neck and shoulders; then, still counting, he raised his arms, allowing the rope to pass beneath.

With a sigh of relief Kitfield hastily took a backward movement, and at the same instant, the branch, relieved of the one hundred and seventy pounds of boy, sprang into the air, with the little man of scarcely a hundred pounds' weight dangling in safety above the fendishly fascinating, sparkling wire.

Saved though he was from the death which had seemed imminent, Mr. Lakeman's position was far from being enviable. To dangle in mid-air at the end of a twenty-foot rope, even though it be around one's body instead of one's neck, must necessarily give one an unpleasant sensation, to say the least. When, moreover, one considers that the mercury was standing but little above zero, it is easy to have some appreciation of the predicament which was still his. However, the boy's clear head had conceived a scheme by which the man might eventually reach terra firma, and as soon as he himself had reached the trunk of the tree, he began to make effective the plan already in process of operation, the while the old man indignantly cried out over his lost count.

Half way up the tree Kitfield had fastened the longer rope, one end of which, as has already been stated, was firmly attached to the slip-noose in the shorter length. Now, with the derrick-crane thus rudely constructed from this rope and the projecting branch whereon John Lakeman was suspended, he began to swing the farmer toward a firm foundation, only to find him helpless and inert when at length he was within his reach.

Fortunate, indeed, was it that Kitfield Winters was so strong, for it was no easy matter to swing even a hundred-pound weight into a tree, and then with numbed fingers to loosen ropes and knots. And then to descend the tree with his unconscious employer—ah! it would tax every nerve and muscle and joint, yet he knew if he would save the man's life even now, with the danger of electrocution past—that terrible, fascinating danger!—if he hoped to save him, it was imperative to do this, however, and without delay, as he realized. And somehow, Kit never knew how, he accomplished it, carrying him in his aching arms into the house, where he put him to bed after restoring him to consciousness and dosing him with

A week later John Lakeman called the boys to his bedside,—they had nursed him until health was almost back again, besides doing the customary work about the farm,—and smiled in unusual fashion upon them as they answered his summons.

"I'm wondering," he said, with his dry smile, "I'm wondering, boys, whether it's good skating this evening. No," as the boys looked askance at each other, "no, I'm not wondering. Head's clear as a bell. Was a little lunny at the time Kitfield pulled me into mid-air, but it was only a ripple compared with the lunacy I've experienced for years. In reality I think I must have got a shock or something of the sort from that live wire; at any rate I was electrified into seeing things pretty plainly that night. I don't understand how I got caught in between those coils, nor how, getting caught there, I was ever saved from death. I do know, however, that the boys I was at that moment calling brainless and not to be depended upon, showed themselves brainy and plucky and trustworthy and—forgiving. Moreover, boys, I owe you an explanation; the reason I never wanted my 'family' to go out evenings was because I was—a—coward! I didn't want to be alone. That's the plain truth. I loved young folks—and I never had a real family—I might have had—but—she died the day before we were to have been married,—forty years ago.

"Well, we're begging the question. I'm a little more alive than I was before—that. I'd rather have you boys with me (in feelings than simply in body, and hereafter when you want to go out evenings, why go just as you would if you were at home, remembering that an old man who loves you is waiting for you to get back again."

It was Horace who took the initiative in speaking, though both boys caught the old man's hands in a warm-hearted clasp: "Neither of us have grandfathers," he said simply, "but we wish we had. Can't we have a—game of parcheesi tonight, grandfather? We don't want to leave you!"

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NOTE

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1082

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Counselor: Professor Francis W. Shepardson, LL. D., Dean of the Senior Colleges of the University of Chicago.

The names of the 200 members of this Chapter have appeared six times in these columns.

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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The Beal Chapter (Chapter 3) of The American Boy Legion of Honor
Counselor: Junius E. Beal, A. B., Regent of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The names of the 200 members of this Chapter have appeared six times in these columns.

The Hull Chapter (Chapter 4) of The American Boy Legion of Honor
Counselor: Lawrence Cameron Hull, A. M., Superintendent, Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake, Mich.

The names of the 200 boys of this Chapter have appeared six times in these columns.

The Castle Chapter (Chapter 5) of The American Boy Legion of Honor
Counselor: Clarence F. Castle, A. B., Ph. D., Professor of Greek, University of Chicago.

The names of the 200 boys of this Chapter have appeared six times in these columns.

School Record

Southall Rozelle, Little Rock, Ark.; Thaddeus Goode Holt, Birmingham, Ala.; Raymond M. Yeatman, Avondale, Pa.; J. Arthur Tucker, Florence, Kan.; George J. Heckendorn, Greeley, Colo.; Harold Rose, Nashville, Tenn.; Edwin L. Hartman, Couchville, Tenn.; George Spinning, Sumner, Wash.; Taylor Sandison, Macon, Mo.; Charles H. Northway, Tustin, Mich.; Lewis M. B. Rist, Alcona, Ia.; Albert H. Smith, Longmont, Colo.; Perry Lawrence, Coquille, Ore.; Walter Truran, Pierce, S. D.; David Meyerhardt, Rome, Ga.; Raymond C. Rundlett, Worcester, Mass.; John C. Mechem, Fairbury, Ill.

And 170 names that have appeared 3 times.

Heroism

Harold Paxton, Columbus Junction, Ia.; Leodore Strauss, New Haven, Conn.; Fred Reynolds, Mackinaw, Ill.; A. H. Bruner, Bloomsburg, Pa.

And 23 names that have appeared 3 times.

The Ben B. Lindsey Chapter (Chapter 6) of The American Boy Legion of Honor
Counselor: Ben B. Lindsey, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado.

The names of the 200 members of this Chapter have appeared six times in these columns.

School Record

Norton S. H. T. Roberts, Key West, Fla.; Sumner Curtis, Gloucester, Mass.; Eugene Dunning, Warren, Ill.; John L. Lanegan, Kelly, Kan.; Karl Worth Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.; Roy M. Linnard, Princeton, Ill.; Nelson Frange, Kent, O.; Joshua F. Pollock, Morley, N. Y.; Howard Kolb, Cleveland, O.; Howard A. Johnston, Still Pond, Md.; Severi A. Mathre, Stanhope, Ia.; David McCurdy, Wapato, Wash.; Leslie McCurdy, Wapato, Wash.; Harold Swinson, Gloucester, Mass.; Paul H. Startzman, De Graff, O.; Harmon Plinkers, Cleveland, O.; Richard D. Guy, Jr., Willoughby Beach, Va.; Theodore J. Moore, Washington, D. C.; George V. Gregor, Alkoma, Wis.; Chas. Rodewald, Rushville, Ill.; Denman Crutenden, Quincy, Ill.; George P. Ward, Nyssa, Ore.; Maxwell E. Bull, Portland, Ore.; Kimmell Rockwell, Portland, Me.; Myron B. Craver, Brooklyn, Pa.; Thomas M. Wolfe, Jr., Smithfield, O.; James D. Irwin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harold Lynch, Philadelphia, Pa.; Byron O. Wilson, Fridley, Mont.; L. Leroy Fitz, Melrose, Mass.; Willis C. Carling, Roxbury, Mass.; W. H. Norris, Posthoy, O.; Gerson Friedman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Dudley, Providence, R. I.; Clarence Hartnett, San Francisco, Cal.; Harold Robbins, Schenectady, N. Y.; Edward Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Arthur Robison, Chetopa, Kan.; E. Carlisle Hearn, Cambridge, Md.; Allen Watson, East Liverpool, O.; Harold Wester, Scottsburg, N. Y.; John W. Freels, East St. Louis, Ill.; Roy Bellwood, Pasadena, Cal.; Stratton Ellington Kernodle, Skiatook, Okla.; Earle Dillinger, Humphreys, Mo.; Harry Schwartz, Portland, Me.; Oscar Clifton Moerke, Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines; Lloyd

O. Miller, Clovis, N. Mex.; Zera C. Foster, Pigeon, Mich.; Thomas F. Cox, Jr., Kearny, N. J.; Francis Greenya, Milwaukee, Wis.; Max Kenworthy, Guthrie Center, Ia.; Donald Cornell, Rolfe, Ia.; James Turner Garner, Cisco, Tex.; Carl Jones, Atmore, Ala.; Norval Wright, M. Leansboro, Ill.; E. Wright Emory, Richmond, Mo.; George Bloom, Mayaville, Mo.; George Steele, Merrimac, Mass.; Charles T. Paugh, Coolville, O.; Lyle Schick, Beloit, Kan.; Palmer Hutchinson, Girard, Pa.; Edward A. Adams, Tucson, Ariz.; Foster M. Poole, Carmi, Ill.; Warren Chase, Eau Claire, Wis.; Thurston J. Davies, Gloucester City, N. J.; Philip Jones, Mexico, D. F.; W. Lynn Hart, Girard, Pa.; Herbert Lee Evans, Greensboro, Ala.; Kenyon S. Campbell, Lima, O.; Vincent Richardson, Rock Hall, Md.; Maxwell Kearns, Hillsdale, Mich.; Dwight E. Brown, Richmondale, O.; Philip Thomas, Omaha, Neb.; Harry F. Carney, Providence, R. I.; Harrison Lowe Hays, Dixon, Wyo.; Raymond Whitney, Cleveland, O.; Lee T. Kennedy, Austin, Tex.

Heroism

Samuel V. Hanson, Hawthorne, Wis.; Ned Rubin, New Haven, Conn.; Meyer Sclar, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Cohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE WORLD'S SERIES

WHAT IT MEANS TO PLAYERS AND FOLLOWERS OF THE NATIONAL GAME



The Overflow in the Outfield at the Game on October 11th in Bennet Park, Detroit

EDWARD WALSH, a pitcher on the Chicago American league team, stood in front of a large hotel in Philadelphia during the last week of September, 1909.

In front of the hotel, ranged along the sidewalk, were fifty boys whose chief interest was in baseball and in whose minds the greatest men were the best players in the two big leagues.

Probably the presence of the boys longing for a closer view of some of the big

athletes called Edward Walsh to the sidewalk. At any rate he began walking back and forth before the group.

Running from the lapel buttonhole to the upper pocket of Walsh's coat was a watch chain and attached to this chain was a gold locket. Walsh glanced at it, played with it, turned one side, then the other side to the sunshine, and twisted it so that the bright rays fell on a tiny diamond. The boys looked on admiringly and Walsh, not seeming to know of their presence, continued

calling attention to that locket and the boys continued wondering what it was and why Walsh took such pride in it.

Finally one of the boys asked Walsh to let him see the locket, and Walsh sat down on the steps leading to the hotel. He allowed all the boys to examine it. They looked at it for a long time; they talked about it; they examined it again and again. That locket was the grandest piece of jewelry the boys had ever seen, and there was not one of the crowd who did not envy Walsh and make up his mind that at some time or another, he would be able to walk back and forth in front of some hotel and have boys beg to get a glimpse of such a locket.

That locket was given to Walsh in the year 1906, and he has prized it above everything in his possession.

All the boys who saw it called it a locket, but in reality it is a medal made to serve as a watch fob. It is the medal given the players who made up the Chicago American League team of 1906 and the medals were given to the members of Fielder Jones's team because they beat the Chicago National League team in a series of six games, winning four of them, the number required to decide a world's championship.

The medal itself is not of such great value. There are any number of athletes in this country who have received medals worth several times as much as that donated to Walsh and his team mates, yet in the mind of the American boy that medal or a medal standing for what the medal Walsh wears stands for, is the most precious thing a man can own. Half the boys in America would sooner have that medal with their own names engraved on it than the presidency of the United States.

"Champions of the World."

It is a grand title. There are world's champions in every line of sport, yet the champion baseball team brings more enthusiasm and claims more admiration than any individual champion or any group of champions in the world because baseball is the one sport nearest to the heart of the greatest nation on earth.

The title means much. The men who hold it have achieved the highest honors in the world's greatest and most popular sport.

In America we have football, lawn tennis, basketball, hand ball, golf, and a dozen other good sports. But baseball will draw more people and create more interest than any or all of them.

In this country there are about thirty professional baseball leagues. They are composed of from four to eight teams, most of them consisting of eight clubs. Take an average of six clubs to a league and you have about 180 good professional teams in this country, and give each club an average of fifteen players and you can easily figure that there are more than 2,700 men in the United States earning a living by playing baseball.

Think of the thousands of boys and young men who are playing baseball on

Saturdays and on holidays; think of the thousands who will probably never play for salaries but who have all at some time or another wished that they could play in a series of games for the world's championship.

On October 23, 1884, the first world's championship series began. The contesting teams were Providence, R. I., champions of the National League and the Metropolitans, champions of the American Association. But three games

Probably you have never been with a team on the night when it realizes that it has won the pennant of the year, that it is champion of its league. The members of the pennant-winning team can hardly speak. Surprise, joy, inability at first to realize, and the gradual awakening to the greatness that has been thrust upon them, all mingle in the minds of the men. Now imagine how much greater must be the feeling of the men who have won the world's championship.

After the White Sox beat the Cubs four out of six games in 1906 they had large emblems denoting the world's championship made and sewed on to their shirts and sweaters.

When John J. McGraw and his New York Giants won the world's championship, they had the title printed on large blankets. The horses drawing the wagon that took the Giants from their hotel to the ball park when they played in other cities, were covered with these blankets and after the wagons generally followed any number of boys, all proud to be near men of such achievement.

Ralph Works, a right-handed pitcher on the Detroit club, three times winners of the American league championship, is only twenty years of age. He is a big boy and shows it in every sentence he utters and in all his actions. Works is a splendid pitcher. He has the making of a great twirler possessing strength, control, ability to curve a ball, and all kinds of witt.

This has been Works' first season in the big leagues. He worked hard and made probably the best showing of any right-handed first-year man in the American League.

The day on which Detroit won the pennant of 1909, Works was the happiest boy in the country. He was dancing a jig in a Boston hotel, where the Tigers were stopping at the time. After supper he was seated on the veranda. The Tigers were receiving congratulations from friends and fans.

Works was silent. He seemed to be thinking hard. Someone stepped up to him and asked:

"What's the matter, Ralph? An hour ago you seemed the happiest kid on earth; what are you pouting about now?"

"Well," replied Works, "I want to pitch in the world series and I don't think there's a chance for my getting in. I don't think Hughie Jennings will send me to the box, and I've longed to pitch in a world's series game ever since I can remember. I would give \$100 of my salary to pitch part of one game in that series."

"You're still young, Ralph," consoled one of the Tigers' veteran pitchers. "You may not get a chance. Jennings expects to rely on only four men and they are all experienced in the big leagues."

But Works was still silent.

"What do you care anyway?" asked a friend. "You'll get your share of the world's receipts and there will be older men to carry the responsibility."

"Money! What do I care about the money?" asked Works. "I'd give it all to win one of those games. It isn't the money. I want to get the highest honor that any pitcher can get. I want to be at the top of all of them. I want to have my name in the list of those who played."

And Ralph Works did pitch two innings in the third game between Detroit and Pittsburgh.

Then there is Owen Bush. Many of you boys who will read this are larger than Bush. He's "pint size" but considered by many experts to be the best shortstop in the American League.

Bush, before reaching the age of twenty years, has helped to land three pennants, but did not play in a world's series until this year. In 1908 he helped Indianapolis win the American Association championship, and after the season in that organization closed he came to Detroit, materially helping the Tigers to capture the pennant of 1908, both by his hitting and fielding.

He played in more games this year than any shortstop in the American League, and participated in his first world's series since becoming a professional ball player.

Opposed to this mid-

get of a boy was the mighty John P. Wagner, called "Honus" and "Hans" by fans. Wagner also plays shortstop and is considered the greatest player the game has known. Yet the performance of Bush in the world's series of 1909 will live forever, matched against the experience, training, and cunning of the mighty Wagner. Bush played a marvelous game in which he threw all the courage, the speed, and the ability he could call to his command. He gave a fine example of what an American boy will do against great odds and when under a big handicap. Bush played a brilliant game, and he took much of the honors that were expected to go to Wagner. Thousands applauded the boy as he made his wonderful stops. And what caused Bush to play was the fact that his name might live in the history of baseball, and the most sacred chapters of that history are those of the battle of the world's series.

The team that plays in a world's series is not necessarily a team whose members are all at the head of the positions they play. The two teams that played this year, the Tigers and the Pirates, met because they showed the best team work and the best individual work, but there were men on other teams in both the National and American Leagues who outshone some of the men playing on either contesting team.

The Tigers had Cobb, leading player in the American League, and the Pirates had Wagner, leading player in the National League. The Tigers had Crawford, the second best outfielder in the country; Bush, leading shortstop of the league, and Mullin, who led all American League pitchers.

The Pirates had Clarke, Leach, Miller, and Gibson who this year created a new catching record. Then they had Leever, leading pitcher in the National League for 1909.

In the American League there is Hal Chase of the New York Highlanders, peer of all first basemen; Napoleon Lajoie and Edlie Collins, running a close race for first honors as second basemen, neither being connected with the Detroit club. Lajoie playing with Cleveland and Collins with Philadelphia; Billy Sullivan, manager of the Chicago White Sox, considered by many to be the best catcher in the American League. All of these star at their positions and top the men who represented Detroit in the same positions.

Some of the best players in both leagues will never have their names printed among those who played in a world's series yet they will be remembered for their great playing.

The average fan will look over the line-ups in the various games of world's series up to date. He will remember the names of the men who participated in them, while others who have done better work will be in the background. On one occasion a remark to this effect was made to one of the best players in the National League. He was a man who led a team to two world's championships. He was asked why the world's series should be considered as seriously as it is. This is his reply:

"It is true that there are men in each league who are better than some of the men appearing on the championship clubs, but you will find that a club playing for honors in the world's series has more stars than any other club."

"It is the honor that we strive for all the year round. Every man on a team realizes that he must do his best if he expects to participate in the world's series. There must be team work. The desire to achieve the highest honor will bring out the best in every man. Men will work together; they will work with one aim in view. It produces better baseball and it makes better teams. It brings out hundreds of men every year who at some time or another expect to play in a world's series. It makes fighters and it helps all around. A world's series brings together two clubs that have men who have personal achievements and two groups of men that have fought together and won."



Ty Cobb, King of the American League, Sliding Into Base

were played, Providence winning all of them. That was the day of Radbourne and Sweeney and Farrell and Irwin. From 1884 till 1890 the games were played every year and from 1892 until 1897 they were resumed. In 1903 the Boston American team defeated the Pittsburgh National League team, and in 1904, when Boston again won, John T. Brush, owner of the New York Giants, who won the pennant in the National League that year, refused to allow the Giants to play with Boston. The world series again capped the climax of the baseball season of 1905 and has been with us since.

The record of the world series games from 1884 till the present time, including games, dates, results, attendance, receipts, and the names of the players who participated in them, could easily be published in two columns of ordinary newspaper space. Considering the thousands that have played ball since 1884 those called for championship honors are many and those chosen naturally few.



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HIS PLACE ON THE ELEVEN

By MARY E. CHASE

Phil Elliott, leaning upon his crutch, stood on the outside of the group of excited boys and heard it all. Bob Cole was telling it—Bob, with his six feet and two hundred pounds—Bob, football captain, college hero and general good fellow, was actually telling that which made the slender boy on the crutch as sick at heart as it did the big varsity squad surrounding their hero. Hero no longer, in the ranks once more. Bob stood and told it all.

"Come this morning," said he, waving the officially-stamped envelope. "Come this morning, and I'm out. Back in math, and Latin, and they won't let me play."

A portentous silence followed the announcement. Phil, on the sidelines, drew nearer. Then Bob went on.

"I can't tell you fellows how sorry I am. I've done my best, but I was late in coming back, you know, and I couldn't make up. I'm mighty sorry"—and his big voice broke—"but I'll coach—I'll coach until you hate me for it!"

The boys laughed—a laugh that relieved the tension.

"No time given, Bob?" asked one.

"A month, but it's no use. I'm too far back. I've got to drop out."

Then a tall fellow in well-cut clothes offered a suggestion:

"Tutor, Bob. There must be some one to pull you through. Tutor. I'll make it right."

Bob flushed.

"No, you won't, Sam. I don't do things that way. You ought to know by now. The thing for you fellows to do is to get another captain, and I'd like to suggest—"

But a chorus of derisive yells greeted his unspoken suggestion, and Hanson, the little quarterback, added his voice to the general confusion.

"We don't want your suggestions this time, Bobby. If I can't give my signals to you, I'll give them to no other captain. You're captain if you don't touch the ball this year. Eh, fellows?"

The applause that burst forth from the disappointed but still enthusiastic crowd, made the lump in Bob's throat a bit smaller. Then he left the loyal fellows who were cheering for him and went across the campus through the pines to think it over. But he did not go alone, for the boy with the crutch, moved by a sudden impulse, followed, and Bob, hearing the familiar tap, turned around.

"Hello, Phil," said he, and he put one big hand on the lad's shoulder.

They walked together—the big fellow and the small, neither saying much until they reached the great pine on the hill slope, where they stretched out together in the sunshine. The October air was sharp and crisp and the campus foliage stood out bright against the dark pines.

Phil broke the long silence.

"Bob," said he, and Bob looked at him.

"Bob, will you promise not to speak till I get through?" Bob, surprised, promised and Phil went on. "I've never told this before, Bob—I don't like to speak of it—my being lame and all, but I got hurt when I was thirteen and I've had this thing ever since. I can't play football—I never can—but I'd rather do it than anything I know. I've done nothing for it ever since I've been here except give money here and there. I've never had a chance before, but now—Bob, will you let me help you make up that month's work so you can play in the last big game? We've got to win this year! Bob, won't you let me?"

Bob did not answer, but he put his hand again on Phil's shoulder, and the lad, aided by this encouragement, went on.

"I know you're kicking inside about the money part. You think you ought to pay me. It isn't for you, Bob, it's for football. I want to be a part of that eleven—and if I help you to play—"

Bob was on his feet.

"Phil," he cried, "you're a brick! For you and football I'll do it, and we'll begin tonight!"

Phil's dark eyes shone. "Tonight," he repeated. "In my room—14 Stanford—and Bob, don't say a word!"

That night and for many nights after a "busy" sign was on the door of 14 Stanford, and within by Phil's study table a big fellow and a small, slight chap, worked for three long hours through the labyrinth of Latin and mathematics. Phil coached and Bob worked under his instruction with as much painstaking obedience as if the coach were giving him football instructions. And Phil, nervous and excited, hovered about his big pupil, giving a suggestion here and there as Bob figured or translated, and very often solving the problems himself and then explaining in such a clear way that Bob felt himself taking a fresh grasp upon things, and when he left Phil at ten—the hour agreed upon—he almost felt the football in his hands again.

Afternoons at four he was on the field coaching as he had never coached before, building up the team, and inspiring with fresh vigor the sub-center, who was filling his place, and too poorly filling it, as all the fellows knew. Phil was there usually, though often he resolutely turned away and went home to get his own work for the next day. His coaching, though, he loved it and would not for the world have given it up, was telling on his own work. His Latin was often merely looked over and his translations, consequently, poor. He was no longer a joy to his mathematics instructor. The professors were troubled and the boys grew each day more and more surprised.

One morning after Latin he was called before the desk. The professor looked at him kindly.

"Aren't you well these days, Elliott?" he asked.

Phil's eyes sparkled in spite of himself.

"Well, Professor Hunt?" he queried.

"Why, I never was better."

The man looked puzzled. "But your work is poor," he persisted. "I had your

work for the Latin scholarship, but really—"

"I know, sir," Phil interrupted. "but you'll have to take me off. I can't win it this year. It's impossible—" and he left a most troubled professor to his own thoughts.

The boys questioned among themselves.

"What's the matter with Phil Elliott? He's a shark no longer," they said, and one day the question reached Bob's ears and Bob knew. It was Sam Atkins who asked him one day after practice, because he knew of the friendship Bob had with the lame boy who had made himself such a fa-



"Bob, Will You Let Me Help You?"

vorite about the campus; but Sam got no answer, for Bob brushed him quickly aside and started on the run for 14 Stanford Hall. He found Phil on the window seat with his Latin.

"Phil," he cried. "It's all over. I won't try to play. You're killing your marks for me. I'm a beast not to have thought of that. You sha'n't help me any more!"

Phil's large dark eyes grew larger and darker.

"Sit down, Bob," he said, "and let me tell you. It's nothing to me—a few marks. I sha'n't fall. My work isn't so good, I know, but it's better now than some. It's just because I don't shine that the fellows wonder. Bob, I never knew what college meant until this fall when I've been coaching for football—and Phil's bent shoulders straightened proudly. "You've got to play, Bob, and you're going to for you're coming fine. Bob, I'll almost kill me if you don't let me keep on."

And Bob, great, strong fellow that he was—Bob, three years Phil's senior—could not resist the pleading in his eyes.

"All right, mate," he said. "I'll pay you some time in some way. That's all I can do."

"Pay me by winning the last game, Bob. I'll have you ready for that. It's only two weeks more."

Only two weeks more and the last of those two Bob would be ready to play again. Phil felt sure of that. Nights now Bob took the lead and Phil watched eagerly, proud of his pupil. They kept the secret between them. The squad every day mourned the loss of Bob, but every day did their noblest under his sideline coaching. Yet all the games worth winning had been lost—lost for the lack of a center with Bob's shoulders, Bob's courage, Bob's enthusiasm, Bob's leadership. Every gain, every quick play was through their center. The rest of the line stood firm. The "sub" did his best, but he was not Bob, and he realized it too well.

The big game—the last of the season—was to come Saturday and the Monday before the discouraged squad began its final practice. Not a big game won—all lost. Was the consolation that they had been nobly lost much consolation? Today they thought not. And the last game! They had won it for years—eight years the silver cup in the gymnasium said—



"Three for Elliott, Fellows! All Into It, Now!"

eight years. And now they must lose the cup. It was inevitable.

Bob was not there. It was the first practice he had missed and they felt the lack of his sharp commands and keen suggestions. No, Bob was not there. They did not know that for an hour in the Latin room of Wingate he had been writing all he knew—writing with a confidence and rapidly that surprised even him. Outside Phil walked up and down the corridor, unable to keep still. Bob finished with a flourish.

"I suppose you'll have to look this over, Professor Hunt," said he, "before I get into my suit, but I know I passed. I knew every question, and I passed my mathematics this morning. Could you do it while I wait—now?"

The grim, gray old professor laughed genially.

"Get into your suit, Cole," he said, like a boy in his eagerness, "and come back. If you're sure, you may as well get ready."

Bob started for the door then stopped. "I don't know, Professor Hunt," he said, "that anything I say will make any difference about Phil—Elliott, I mean. They say he's back in his Latin, and I'll tell you why." And Bob told him all.

The gray eyes of the professor gleamed again. This time with a fine, proud light. "I'll remember that, Cole," said he. "Thank you." And Bob went out.

Down stairs he went and into the rough, torn old suit. How good it felt once more! Back again to where Phil and the professor stood—the old man with his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"All right, Cole," said the professor. "Shake hands. Now, go." And Bob snatched Phil in his big arms, crutch and all, ran down the stairs of Wingate and out into the crisp November air.

"Just wait, Phil—just wait till Friday night when we've won the game! You'll be the hero, then—just wait!" But Phil heard nothing, cared for nothing, except that Bob could play.

Out on the gridiron the fellows saw them coming—Bob and Phil, arm in arm, and a shout went up that should have crossed the state and shown their rivals that they no longer needed a center. Bob was to play! They forgot all else—forgot Phil, who did not in the least mind, hurried their captain to his old-time position and went into practice with courage renewed and enthusiasm unbounded.

For four days the practice was unrivaled; for four days Phil stood on the sidelines and saw it all, and for four nights the captain left the squad after work and walked home with a lame lad whose dark eyes glowed with an unutterable pride.

"Oh, Bob!" he would breathe. "Oh, Bob!" and that was all.

Friday came—a perfect football day. The wind blew from the northwest, clear, cold, and steady. Phil stood on the sidelines. He could not keep his seat. His eyes followed Bob in every movement he took—Bob, his hero. The game called he saw Bob settle into his old position, immovable as Gibraltar; Bob holding the line, Bob going straight through the other and down the field for a touch down, the ball under his arm, his thick hair blown in the wind, Bob flat on his face behind the goal posts, Bob cheered by hundreds.

At the close of the first half he saw him lifted on the shoulders of the weary men and hurried to the "gym" with half the yelling student body behind. There Bob sent for him and Phil watched them rub him down and gloried in the strength which was not his.

Bob said nothing, but Phil understood and when he shook hands and went out for the second half Phil was quite content.

The second was as the first, long steady gains, brilliant plays, two more touch downs, goals kicked, the whistle, and Bob had been everywhere; had done it all.

The celebration that night will never be forgotten. A great bonfire of tar barrels in front of Wingate, a mad war dance around it—and speeches from the steps. They yelled for Bob—a wild yell from hundreds of wild boys, and Bob moved from under the pine trees where he had been watching it all and went upon the steps.

Cheers arose—deafening cheers—and he waited till with difficulty they were hushed. It was not his first speech, twice before he had stood there and said the same thing about college spirit and enthusiasm and future prospects and the coach and all. This time he had something different to say.

"Fellows," he said, and his great, strong voice rang out. "Fellows, I can't tell you how to play football. I didn't win your game this afternoon. I'll tell you who did. The fellow who's coached me every night for a month won it—the fellow who's given up the Latin scholarship for football; who's lost his honors for the game to-day. He can play football. He's center, and guard, and tackle, and quarter, and

end, and coach all at once! Phil Elliott! Call on him! He'll tell you how to play!"

Phil, from where he had stood with Bob, tried after the first gasp of astonishment to get away, but Bob had sprung from the steps, grasped him in his arms before he had taken six steps, and carried him through the cheering, surging crowd upon the steps of Wingate.

Had they cheered Bob at all? One had thought so, but it was nothing to the wave upon wave of cheers that reached Phil, standing there upon his crutch, with Bob's hand upon his shoulder. He tried to speak, got as far as "Fellows," and then could get no farther, but Bob, who always understood, understood then, and just cried:

"Three for Elliott, fellows! All into it, now!" And Elliott, the "center, guard tackle, quarter, end, coach, and all," was carried home on the shoulders of the triumphant eleven—his name cheered by freshman and senior alike.

And then, if all this were not enough, there were two letters awaiting him in 14 Stanford—two letters which Bob read to him as he lay upon his couch, weary from excitement, and a happiness he had never expected to experience. One from the Latin department announcing that the scholarship for the fall term in Latin honors was awarded to Philip Colfax Elliott, of the class of 1910, and the other—and the pride in Bob's voice would not be concealed as he read—from the committee in charge of football honors, who "unanimously awarded the privilege of wearing the college letter on hat, cap, sweater, and Jersey to Phillip Colfax Elliott for unprecedented work in behalf of the 'varsity eleven.'"

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COOKING IN A CRATER

By A. HYATT VERRILL

THINK of pic-nicking in an active crater and cooking your lunch in a stove a mile or more across and a thousand feet in depth, with the forces of the volcano for your fire!

This sounds like a fairy tale, does it not? Nevertheless, the feat has been accomplished by several people, including the writer, in the little island of Dominica in the British West Indies.

This small island is barely twenty miles in length by ten in width, but within its narrow borders are several active volcanic craters—the largest and most active of which is the famous Boiling Lake or Sulphur Lake.

This immense, seething crater is only reached by a most arduous trip through the virgin forests and over rough trails across the high mountain ranges with which it is surrounded.

The crater is a most remarkable sight, however, and any one interested in Nature's handiwork—in its grandest and most impressive form—is amply rewarded for the hardships and difficulties encountered.

A horseback ride of some five miles from Roseau (the chief town of the island), along picturesque roads embowered by cacao groves, giant bamboos and dense tropical growths; brings the traveler to the little mountain-side hamlet of Laudat, three thousand feet above the sea.

Accompanied by a native of the village, we set forth from Laudat on foot for the lake, whose roaring can now be plainly heard, although still four miles distant.

For the first half mile, after leaving Laudat, the pathway winds through banana-fields, across garden-plots and under the cool shade of palm and cacao groves, and then enters the heavy tropical forest,—the "High-woods" of the natives.

To the stranger, this first experience in the primeval forest of the island is like being suddenly transported to another world. On every hand rise huge, rough, buttressed trunks; towering upward—without branch or limb—for a hundred feet or more, to where the spreading tops are lost to view in the maze of foliage.

From far-off tops and limbs, from trunks and bark, hang gnarled and twisted vines and lianas; some small and delicate as threads; others great, knotted cables; but all crossing and recrossing and binding one another and the trees as well, into an intricate, confusing mass, like the tangled rigging of a mighty ship.

On vines and trees, and even on the ground itself, grow myriad forms of strange, exotic, plants,—brilliant orchids and odd parasitic growths,—about which brilliant humming-birds dart back and forth. Underfoot the ground is damp and moist, with scarcely any underbrush, while over all, broods a calm, profound and restful silence.

Rapidly our path ascends through the forest and soon we find the character of our surroundings changed and we enter a new region of wonders.

This is the home of the giant tree-ferns,—beautiful, feathery-leaved trees, forty feet in height, crowned with plume-like fronds twenty feet in length.

Our guide, however, gives us scant time to marvel at our surroundings but ever hurries forward, towards the rumbling roar of the volcano that becomes louder and louder as we proceed.

Pushing through tangled jungles; wading, rushing mountain torrents; slipping and sliding over moss-grown rocks and toiling by aid of hands, as well as feet, up precipitous mountain-sides, we at last emerge upon a land of coarse, dry grass and look down upon the dark green forest far below; with the sparkling, azure, Caribbean in the distance.

Along this grass-grown ridge we force our way, ever ascending, until presently we reach the crest and gaze upon the stupendous crater of the boiling lake.

From the brink whereon we stand, there stretches a great, irregular pit nearly a

beneath,—the noise of the many hundred jets of steam and the roaring of subterranean forces, is almost deafening.

For only a brief space of time we stand and then, in obedience to a gesture from our guide, prepare to descend into the crater itself. It seems a perilous undertaking surely, and although our bare-footed native finds no difficulty in obtaining a secure foothold upon the narrow ledge that forms the path, our hard-soled shoes slip and slide, and—as dislodged stones go bounding down the precipice,—

we tremble to think of what our fate would be, were we to make a single false step or lose our balance for one brief instant.

Back and forth upon the all but perpendicular wall, the foot-way zigzags downward, until we finally reach the fairly-level crater floor, and half in wonder, half in fear, pause to take breath and look about. On every hand are strewn

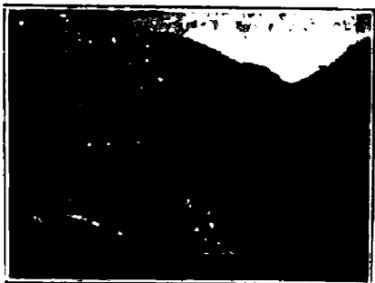
masses of laval bombs and boulders, patches of white sand and masses of crystallized sulphur.

A quarter of a mile away, and close to the further wall of the crater, is a group of hissing, spouting geysers; from which jets of black water and dense masses of white steam are being constantly thrown fifty feet in the air.

These geysers constantly shift about, subsiding in one spot only to break forth with renewed energy some distance away; at times spouting straight upward, and again throwing their boiling discharges at an angle. Curious to see them at closer range, we follow our guide across the floor of the crater towards the steaming group and as we proceed he cautions us to walk with care, for underfoot is but a thin crust of baked earth with many a crack and fissure through which steam issues, while in every hollow and depression, black water boils and bubbles. When within a few hundred feet of the geysers we halt and watch with intense interest the wonderful display. We notice that each jet of steam and water issues from a small, pyramidal mound



Geysers in the Crater



The Water of the Lake Recedes, Across Which One May Walk in Safety

and that when activity ceases in one of these, the hollow top remains filled with boiling water.

At each outburst we can feel the ground tremble and shake, and to illustrate the frailty of the crust whereon we stand, our guide thrusts his stick into the earth, and upon withdrawing it a tiny jet of steam and water shoots upward.

Leaving this interesting spot, we proceed across the crater, finding our way along the sides of a rushing stream of boiling-hot water that flows from the group of geysers we have just left.

Soon the crater assumes a different aspect, for here,—at a distance from the geysers,—hardy shrubs, stunted trees, coarse grass and beautiful gold and silver ferns, have found a foothold, and serve to clothe the barren waste with greenness.

Pushing through this miniature forest, we ascend a small ridge and come upon another area of cinders and sulphur-sand, where flows a second river of inky, hot water with its bed and sides coated with a thick incrustation of borax and sulphur.

All over this desolate plain, and even in the bed and bank of the stream as well, are hundreds of little geysers, steaming pools and fumeroles, while an horrible smell of sulphureted hydrogen and brimstone pervades the atmosphere.

Threading our way carefully over this treacherous spot, we scramble up a steep, lava-strewn hillside and peering over the summit are confronted by the boiling lake itself.

Before us is a round, bowl-shaped depression, 150 yards across and filled to the brim with bubbling, milky water,—half veiled in a mist of drifting steam.

Gradually the ebullition in the center increases, and boiling more and more violently, soon rises far above the surrounding surface, while from the seething mass scalding waves dash and break against the rocky shores.

Harder and harder it boils, while steam rises in clouds from the surface and presently the bowl becomes a steaming, roaring, bubbling cauldron from which our guide hastily draws us away; explaining, as he does so, that the vapor is charged with poisonous gases that have already proved fatal to several strangers.

Descending the hill and passing around to one side, our guide leads us through a narrow defile close to the lake's shore. By this time the boiling has almost ceased and the lake lies calm and tranquil,—though a still steaming,—in its bed.

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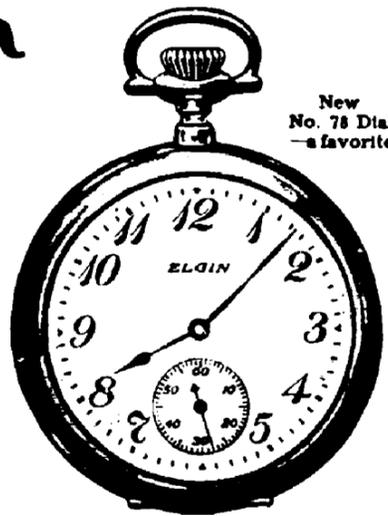
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obstructed avenue of retreat behind us,—baskets are opened and we prepare to picnic in the crater. Scooping a shallow hole in the sand, close to the water's edge, chickens, wild-pigeons and other delicacies,—wrapped in plantain leaves,—are placed within and hastily covered with earth.

Green plantains are dropped in similar holes; slices of bread-fruit and yams are placed in an old tin pail, half-filled with water, above a tiny hissing geyser and several eggs,—tied in a piece of bagging,—are lowered into the water of the lake.

Meanwhile, coffee is boiled over a fumerole and by the time this first course is finished the meats and vegetables are disinterred and are found to be cooked as perfectly as the most exacting could desire.

Dining in this strange spot, with the steaming lake before us and the rumbling of hidden forces shaking the earth beneath, while around us tower the grim, red mountain-sides; we can almost believe we are on another planet.



Crater with Boiling Lake in the Distance

thousand feet in depth and a mile or more in diameter. The sides are scamed and scarred and burnt to a vivid red, with here and there glaring, white and yellow patches of sulphur, or jutting blue-black boulders; while around the edges, gaunt, blackened skeletons of trees testify to the destructive force of former eruptions.

Almost beneath our feet, a dense mass of white steam floats slowly upward while many other clouds of vapor rise from the dull-red floor of the crater.

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New Companies

RIVER VIEW ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 98, Pulaski, N. Y., elected officers at its first meeting after the summer vacation. These are John Daly, Capt.; William Howlett, V. C.; Harrison Ellsworth, Treas.; DeWitt Smith, Sec.; Newton Philbrick, Libn. Meetings are held each Monday at 4 o'clock in three rooms secured for that purpose. It is intended to install a printing press and print a club paper. During institute week a fair will be held. It will consist of side shows, football and tennis tournaments, running jumping, etc. IOWA STAR COMPANY, No. 89, Edgewood, Ia., has officers as follows: Claude Beyer, Capt.; Robert Wheeler, V. C.; Ray Woodbridge, Sec.; Leo Wiley, Treas. Two members will be added to the company in the near future, making a total of 7. Three of the members have cameras, so pictures of the company may be taken at any time. THEODORE ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 104, Brockport, N. Y., recently began meetings after the summer vacation. They have a gymnasium fitted up in the barn at the secretary's home, and have a basketball, a pair of boxing gloves, mats, and a horizontal bar. Dues are 15c a month. HAVANA ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 91, Havana, Ill., has recently organized and elected the following officers: Clarence Hengstoffer, Capt.; Frank Coppel, Libn.; Clifford Kennison, Sec. GENERAL JOSEPH LANE COMPANY, No. 33, Myrtle Creek, Ore., has its charter framed and has ordered an O. A. B. flag. The company meets in the parson's office of the treasurer's father, which has been appropriately decorated for the purpose. SILENT WORKERS COMPANY, No. 16, Hattiesburg, Miss., served an ice cream supper on August 12th, and cleared \$2.30 for the library fund. That will buy at least 3 books that will make each member of the company just three times as happy as he is now. WASHINGTON COMPANY, No. 86, Edwardsville, Ill., held but four meetings during the summer, because many members were out of town. The baseball team made a splendid showing, as it lost but 6 out of the 22 games played. It is to be hoped that the football team now being organized will do as well. The regular monthly dues of 15c will now be resumed and the \$1.10 in the treasury will thus be materially increased. The boys are looking to fine sport during the winter sleighing, skating, and snow-fighting, and are ready to work hard to make their club meetings enjoyable with games and entertainments. ARIZONA PIONEERS COMPANY, No. 3, Tucson, Ariz., at its first full meeting elected officers as follows: Raymond Jacobus, Capt.; James Sawtelle, V. C. and Libn.; John Gardner, Sec.; Edward Estill, Treas. The company has had a club house built at considerable expense and it is nicely furnished. It contains the library of 20 books and the gymnasium fittings. Dues are 25c a month. The company flag is orange and purple and the boys will erect a flagpole and be flying an O. A. B. flag in the near future. STONY BROOK COMPANY, No. 20, Suffield, Conn., gave a most enjoyable lawn party on August 28th. The large and pleasant lawn was attractively lighted with Japanese lanterns and the fifty guests in their dainty summer apparel added to the pretty picture. Games and dancing on the lawn were indulged in, and for the grand march the company sang "John Brown's Body." Refreshments of ice cream, cake, and punch were sold in a summer house which had been gaily decorated with pennants and lanterns. The boys cleared \$4 for the company treasury, and are most jubilant over the success of this, their first money-making scheme. BLUE RIDGE CADETS COMPANY, No. 95, Glassport, Pa., has a football team that has already played and won 4 games. Two basketball teams will be organized and blue and gray will be the colors. The club admitted a new member recently. The treasury contains \$8, and the library 250 books and 60 magazines. The majority of the members of this club sign a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco, and in this way their organization is a help toward cleaner manhood. Each month a party is held at the home of a member, every one having his turn during the winter. A pleasant custom which adds variety and sociability to the winter's work! GEORGE ROBERTS CLARKE COMPANY, No. 90, Quincy, Ill., has the following officers: Clifford Hrease, Capt.; Edward Levi, V. C.; Miles Hrease, Sec. and Treas. Meetings are held at the captain's home, but the club hopes to secure a room for that purpose. Dues are 10c a month in advance. The treasury contains 65c. One member has been added since the organization of the club. ORANGE MOUNTAIN COMPANY, No. 24, Orange, N. J., elected officers as follows: Wallace Ballie, Capt.; Fred Jurgens, Sec.; Edwin Wiggins, Treas.; Lowell Riley, Libn. The library contains 20 books. Meetings are held at the home of a member on Monday nights, and games are played for entertainment after the regular business meeting. The charter has been framed and makes a neat appearance. THE JOLLY RUSTLERS COMPANY, No. 85, Merrill, Ia., held its semi-annual election of officers on September 3d, with results as follows: Ernest Hauswald, Capt.; Clarence Bristow, V. C.; Wesley Gowen, Sec.; Wesley Brown, Treas. A member has just been added to the club, making 9 in all, and 2 more are expected to join soon. There is \$1.40 in the treasury at present. The boys are busy planning good times for the coming winter. WOODLAND TIGERS COMPANY, No. 116, Woodland, Mich., have elected the following officers: Karl Taul, Capt.; Gerald England, V. C.; Burr Van Houten, Sec.; Leonard Holly, Treas.; Leo Boyce, Libn. The captain's father has kindly provided the boys with a building for meetings, and they are repairing and decorating it to suit their purposes. ATHLETIC BOY COMPANY, No. 128, Lebanon, O., recently elected the following



The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS Under the Auspices of "The American Boy"

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

The object more definitely stated: To promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high class boy literature; to cultivate in 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.

officers: Francis W. Hawley, Capt.; Hershel Williams, V. C.; Earl Spencer, Sec. and Treas. The boys meet each Wednesday at the secretary's home. They expect to take in two new members soon. They are hoping to get running suits for the practice of this sport. ELKS COMPANY, No. 89, Holton, Kan., has

admitted one new member since its organization. Meetings are held every two weeks at the homes of the members, usually on Friday just after school. Dues are 10c a month and fines are 5c. The treasury now contains 70c, but the boys are intending to increase this amount in the near future.



Maple-Wood Company, No. 78 (A. O. B.), Carbondale, Pa. Left to Right: Albert Lawsley, Robert Lawsley, Libn., Rexford Stone, Harold Tiffany, Sec'y and Treas., John Hiller, William Nichols, Captain.

MOST OF THESE PLAYERS ARE TOTALLY BLIND



Of all the remarkable achievements credited to the blind, the work of the football teams of the Kentucky Institute for the Education of the Blind is perhaps most unusual. The illustration is from the publication, Outlook for the Blind, and shows one of the school teams lined up ready for the play. Mr. B. B. Hun-

toon, in charge of the institution, writes: "Our football squad now numbers 26 boys, no one of whom has perfect sight; 15 of these are totally blind. We have never played a game in which any one of our side had perfect sight; never one with less than five and frequently with seven totally blind boys."

How to Make a Speech

When you want to make a speech beware not to make a speech. That sounds like an Irish "bull;" but what I really mean is that to make a speech is just to say what you have to say in the most simple, direct, brief and straightforward way possible; and to avoid any attempt to make it sound "speechy."

At one of my lectures not long ago a young man, president of the society, got up to introduce me. He was a good looking fellow, about twenty-five, bright and well educated, with a good voice and clear speech. If that young man had taken me to his home and introduced me to his family he would have said something like this: "Mother, you are interested in educational matters; and you will therefore be glad to meet Dr. Cunningham," etc., etc. "Dr. Cunningham is an authority on education, and he will tell you something about his work in that line—how to train the mind." And so on.

That would have been a perfectly simple, natural way of introducing me to the family. And—here is my point—such an introduction was all that was necessary before the audience. But my friend thought differently. He felt that it was an occasion for a speech—a real speech. So he began to recite from memory a great lot of elocution, evidently written out with much care and committed to memory. He used words that are found only in the dictionary or in the writings of cheap literary hacks. His words and his sentences were all too long, too fancy, too studied.

He commenced by outlining the object and the history of the society, what it ought to do, what it might do, what it had failed to do, and what it was going to do. Then he tackled me, and told them what a great and glorious person I was; and what a privilege it was to listen to me. And so on and so on; until finally he forgot his words and could not find his place. So he pulled himself together and said simply:

"It therefore gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the speaker of the evening, Dr. —," etc.

Now I appreciate that man's kindness to me personally; I appreciate his intelligence and honesty. But as a public speaker he will never succeed until he has entirely changed his methods. How?

Why, in the simplest way. If you look out and see it raining, you don't write out: "The condition of the planetary atmosphere is such that the moisture in the air has become condensed, and falling in circumscribed particles constitutes that physiographic phenomenon commonly known as rain."

Oh no. You don't say that—not if you want to play on "our" block and stand around our bonfires. Oh no. You just sing out: "Say, fellows. It's raining." And that's enough.

Now do the same before an audience. What's the difference whether the audience is a half dozen fellows or a half thousand men and women? Of course you won't be foolish enough to get up before an audience unless you have something to say. All right, say it. How? I don't know; and I don't care. Neither does the audience. If you have anything to say, they'll listen. The trouble is there are so many people writing and talking who have nothing to say. You just go off and find out something—that's the first thing. Then tell people about it. And that's the whole art of public speaking.

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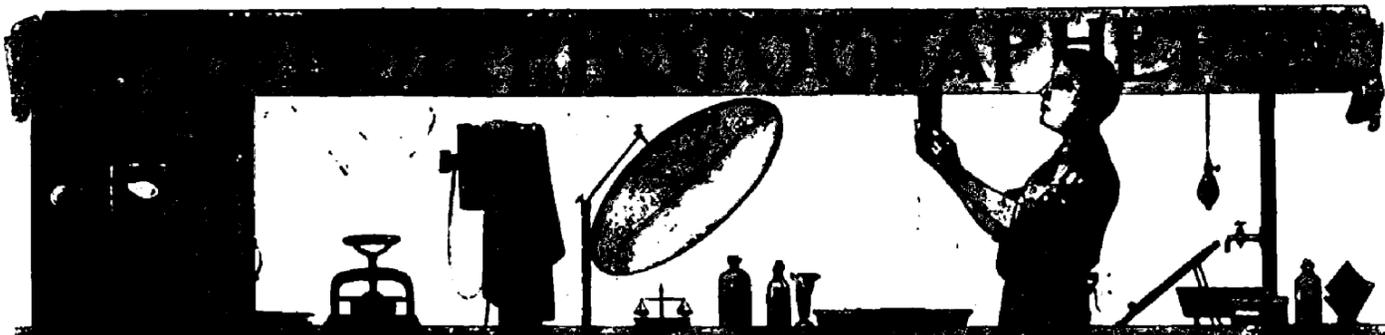
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EDITED BY DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

The Prize Winners

"An Idyl of the Woods," by H. C. Lindahl, of Isanti, Minn., to which the first prize in this month's contest has been awarded, was taken on a Seed 26 X plate, with a Conely Cycle Camera, Stop 16, exposure 1-5 of a second. It was printed on a Kruxo Glossy Postal Card. No details were given in regard to the second prize picture, which is entitled "The Camp," by O. Holmes, of Chicago, Ill.

Honorable Mention

The list of those entitled to this honor in the November contest includes: Russell Witte, Walter E. Berwald, Charles Shepherd, Eugene F. Rosfeldes, Rex Lowhead, Lyol Bush, L. S. Dick-

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, also a second prize each month, of one dollar, for the next best photograph, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and fifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photograph in any event to 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. Contestants will please note that blue prints will not be received, as they cannot be reproduced.

A New Film-Pack Adapter

An Eastern firm has just placed a new film-pack adapter upon the market which will undoubtedly commend itself to every photographer owning a plate-camera and desirous of using films because of its lightness and simplicity. It is hingeless and daintily fashioned of aluminum and oak with a press board slide. Its points of superiority over similar contrivances are said to be: 1. The ease with which it can be loaded and manipulated. 2. The light-trap preventing fogging, no matter at what angle the slide is introduced. 3. The peculiar construction of the slide which has no handle to crack or break off. 4. The position method of introducing and holding the film-pack. The latter, after being inserted in the adapter is tightly held in position by two positive retaining clips, fastened to either side of the adapter. The adapter is introduced just like a plate-holder. After it and the film-pack are in position, the slide is withdrawn and the exposures are made exactly as if plates were being used. The use of film pack adapters affords the additional advantage of one being able to use the ground-glass for focussing while using film for exposures.

A Good Intensifier

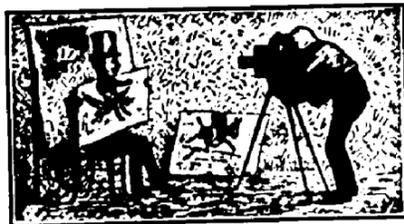
An intensifier that has proved very satisfactory in many hands is composed as follows:

- Iodide of Mercury..... 15 grains
- Anhydrous Sulphite of Sodium. 150 grains
- Water 3 1/2 ounces

Dissolve the sulphite of sodium first and then add the mercury. Stir until solution is clear. Soak dry negative in water for about five minutes and then immerse in intensifier. Intensification can be easily watched by transmitted light. When sufficient density and contrast have been obtained, immerse the negative in hydroquinone or some other developer so as to darken its color and prevent it from turning yellow with age. A bath of this kind can only be used once and must be freshly prepared whenever required.

Comic Caricatures

The illustration, which is given herewith, clearly demonstrates the method in which the comic pictures are made that have afforded so much amusement to many thousands in the past. The sitter being photographed holds a cardboard, bearing the representation of a donkey, an elephant or, for that matter, any other animal, with the small figure of a person, in front of him and inserts his head in a semi-circular opening that is left in the neck of the figure. If the resulting negative would not be retouched, the point at which the cardboard neck and real head join would naturally be noticeable. In order to obviate this, a little retouching varnish should be applied on the film side of the negative at the point of junction; as soon as this is dry, the line of division is carefully retouched with a BBB or BBBB Faber pencil, that is to say it is shaded in such a manner that it will



appear white, like the rest of the neck on the print. If the amateur should not care to do the retouching himself, he can have it done for him, at a low price, by any professional photographer. It is absolutely necessary to use the retouching varnish in this work, as the pencils will not properly mark the film without it. For those who are familiar with the use of pen, pencil, or brush, it will be an easy matter to produce cardboard pictures for the above-mentioned purpose. Those who are not, can obtain them through one of the large photographic supply houses of Chicago.

Concentrated "Hypo" Solution

This is very useful and is best made by dissolving four pounds of hyposulphite of sodium in 44 fluid-ounces of water by heat, filter through absorbent cotton, and add enough water to measure 80 ounces. Of this, 5 fluid-ounces is equal to four ounces avoirdupois of the dry salt.

Window Transparencies

For producing an opalescence which dispenses with the use of ground-glass behind the transparency, and at the same time gives a rich tone to the picture, Dr. John Bartlett immerses the plate in the following:

- Iodide of Iron..... 1 drachm
 - Water 16 ounces
 - Alcoholic Tincture of Iodine ... 6 to 8 drops
- which is used after removal of the hypo by washing.



An Idyl of the Woods
First Prize Photograph, by H. C. Lindahl, Isanti, Minn.

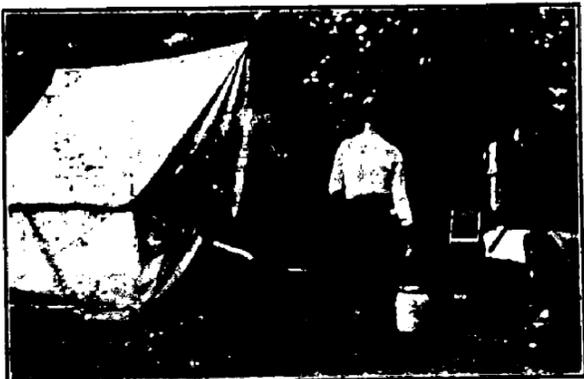
heets, H. J. Trueblood, Orville V. Engstrom, Eldon R. Clay, Harry G. Adam, Harry W. Bell, John L. Dinsdale, Chas. H. Upp, Glenn Davidson, John K. Baker, Jr., Reginald Tainton, Lee A. Shiner, William D. Lohr, Herbert A. Mann, Fred Sandahl, Albert E. Steele, Ernest Tuttle, Albert Allsopp, Garrett Nash, Henry W. Shepard, Harry Stone, Norman L. Macdonald, Arthur Z. Lytic, Kenneth Robinson, Earl L. Miller, Fred Hemsath, John Blair, John Harris, Frank W. Officer, John K. Simonton, H. Streur, Jr., Chas. M. Schloss, Carl Hoffman, Geo. A. Mitcheson, Jr., R. G. Saxton, Reginald Pasewalk, Paul Manning and R. C. Hull.

Photographing Trees

Under the head of Landscape Photography, David J. Cook writes, in the September Photo-Era: "In photographing trees, choose an hour when the sun is low in the heavens—the early morning or evening—and photograph against the light. Great care must be exercised, however, to shield the lens from all waves of light excepting those which come directly from the object photographed; otherwise the interior of the camera-bellows will be unduly illuminated, and destroy the brilliancy of the image. Double-coated, non-halation plates are to be preferred for this class of photography; particularly for woodland scenes, in which just a fringe of the heavens is visible. In the autumn, when the leaves of the trees are of many colors, color-sensitive orthochromatic plates will be needed to give correct tone values. The diaphragm of the lens should be of normal opening, as a certain diffusion will the better express life and give feeling to the picture. A painfully sharp photograph, one in which every leaf stands out strong and clean-cut, detracts from the natural beauty of the scene. The exposure should be ample; a slight movement of the branches and leaves will not be objectionable in the least, but rather add to the naturalness of them. Development should be full, and a rather strong developing solution should be used, excepting in the case of double-coated non-halation plates. For a normal developing solution about 3 grains of Pyro to the ounce of solution will be right; but for double-coated plates one-half this amount of pyro will suffice. The addition of from five to ten drops of a ten-per-cent solution of potassium bromide to the strong developer is also advantageous. The negative should be snappy and possess a nice balance of light and shade.

Portraits in Imitation of Old Paintings

For a background procure a coarse canvas—burlap will do. Nail it with tacks on a frame, say 2 by 3 yards, and stain it with a medium dark-brown color, mixed with water and a little glue or skimmed milk, taking care not to clog the threads of the canvas. Place your subject against this background, and after exposure, according to the sensitiveness of your plate, close the shutter, remove the plate-holder, and without removing the camera from its original position, focus anew on the canvas, the figure having been removed. Expose again for the plain canvas the same length of time as for the portrait, or longer if you want the texture of the canvas showing more prominent. In order to facilitate the focussing on the dark background pin a scrap of a large newspaper advertisement on it. The printing ought to be carried somewhat deeper than for ordinary portrait negatives.—Karl Klausner.



The Camp
Second Prize Photograph, by O. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.

The Library

The Photography of Colored Objects, by C. E. Kenneth Mees. New York: Tennant & Ward, boards, 50 cents. A concise and yet complete and practical manual on orthochromatic photography. It treats of the rendering of color contrasts, takes up the subject of orthochromatic photography in connection with portraiture, and devotes a chapter each to "The Photography of Colored Objects

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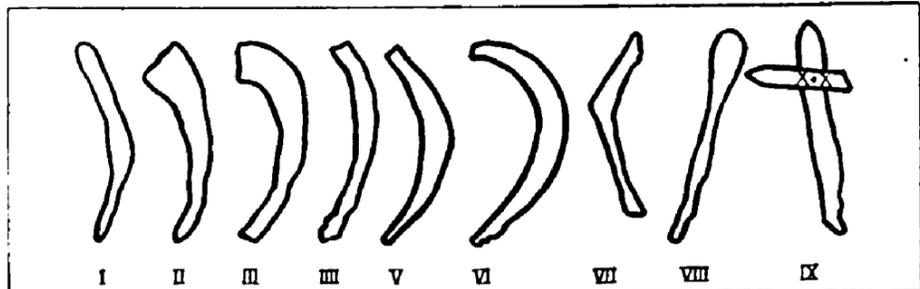
Boston Boston, Paul Reynolds House, O. J. North Green, Old State house, and others. We'll mail them FREE if you will send us names and addresses of 5 boy or girl friends, 8 to 16 yr. old.

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THE BOOMERANG

Something About the History and Use of This Queer Weapon
How to Make and Handle One

By A. N. BROWN



1. Ancient Egyptian boomerang.
2. Arizonian boomerang.
3. Australian square-topped boomerang.
4. and 5. East Indian boomerangs.
6. Australian boomerang.
7. Abyssinian boomerang.
8. Stick used for warding off blow of boomerang.
9. Right-angled Australian boomerang.

UP TO the time that Wombi-Wombi and his son, Wombi-Jim, met the writer, the latter did not quite believe all the stories which he had heard about the boomerang. Of course, it was taken for granted that the weapon was a wonderful one, and that it could be made to do extraordinary stunts when in the hands of an expert. But for all that, the tales told about it and its aboriginal users by explorers of the Australian bush, appeared to be "colored" by the vivid hues which travelers in out-of-the-way places of the earth sometimes develop in their imaginations. Was it not incredible that a bit of flattened wood could be made at will to circle and cavort, to fly up or whirl down, to "shoot around the corner," so to speak; to strike this, that and the other, and to finish its erratic flitting through the air by coming back to the feet of its owner? Unquestionably. And so, like a good many others who harbor doubts because they are ignorant of the facts, it was concluded that exaggeration had rudely twisted the features of truth.

Then happened along Wombi-Wombi and his offspring, natives of Queensland, Australia, and possessed of boomerangs of various shapes and sizes. And they did things with the weapons—much and many things. When they were through, the writer made mental apologies to everybody who had written of the boomerang, whom he had wronged by his skepticism. It really seemed that about the only things that the bushy-haired aborigines had not made their weapons do, was to talk and eat out of their hands. For the rest, they—the boomerangs—were apparently as obedient as well trained children. Leastways, they did all and more than anyone could reasonably expect of curved and crooked or angled pieces of lumber. But before a description is attempted of the marvels which they performed, let us speak a little

that the great island continent is the true and perhaps original home of the weapon.

Most of you know somewhat about the boomerang, either through sight or description. But for the benefit of those who have only a vague idea of what it does or what it looks like, it may be said



Taking Aim

that it is usually a more or less sickle-shaped piece of hard wood, of from sixteen inches to three and a half feet in length. Its width is two to three inches, according to its other dimensions, and it is rarely more than three-eighths of an inch thick. One of its sides is rather convex, the other is flat. The edge is sharpened all the way round. The convex surface is slightly wavy and has a series of angles running along it, which, so it is said, give it steadiness of flight and also impart buoyancy. The arrangement of these curves and angles constitutes the secret of boomerang-making, the formula of which has puzzled all the scientists who have tackled the problem. It is indeed questionable if the Australian natives themselves know what makes the boomerang behave as it does, although they know how to make it so behave. It is certain, however, that in fashioning the weapons, they follow the natural grain of the wood, which leads to an endless variety of surface curves and angles. Thus it is, that no two boomerangs are alike in shape, and it is further stated that no two act quite the same, even in the hands of an expert. Their peculiarities of flight and action have to be discovered by use.

Wombi-Wombi also had a boomerang that, as far as the writer knows, is not often alluded to in literature having to do with the subject. It was made of two pieces of wood, each about eighteen inches in length and placed at nearly right angles to each other. The upper ends were sharpened to acute points. He and his son did some of their most remarkable feats with this weapon. Also, he personally was interesting by reason of his fuzzy-wuzzy (as Rudyard Kipling would say) head of hair, his big and tangled beard and his general good nature. Wombi-Jim was cleanly shaven, but had the family wig. The father was nearly sixty years of age; the son has seen less than half that number of birthdays. Both were splendid specimens of humanity in a physical sense, and neither used tobacco or intoxicants.



Poising for an Upward Throw



Throwing at an Animal On the Ground

about the peculiarities of their construction, the countries in which they are used, and the people who use them. In this connection it may be suggested that the boomerang opens a new and fascinating field to the ingenuity and skill of the American boy who lives in a locality of open spaces. On this, too, we shall later have something to say.

Most people think of the boomerang as peculiar to the natives of Australia. This is hardly correct. While it is true that the weapon is commonly used by these people and seems to have reached the highest development of its singularities at their hands, yet, in some form or the other, it is found among primitive tribes in a good many parts of the world. More than that, it has been traced back thousands of years. Thus, in the British Museum, London, England, there is an ancient Egyptian boomerang which is curiously like a type known to the Australian savage of today. In Abyssinia, the natives have a boomerang that is effective, but does not return after being thrown. Among some of the Indian tribes of Lower California, there is a boomerang used to kill rabbits which skips along the surface of the ground like a stone on a sheet of water. The Moqui Indians of Mexico and Arizona employ a boomerang in the same manner. In Patagonia, it is said that some of the natives throw sticks headed with sharp stones which behave like the Australian weapon in everything except in coming back to the owner. Some of the Dravidian races in British India are dexterous with a species of boomerang, and it is interesting to note that Professor Huxley has traced these people to an Australian stock. Yet in Australia alone, does the boomerang always return to the thrower, which fact justifies the general belief

It was in one of the suburbs of New York City that the writer met the pair, and they did not hesitate to face a camera or explain in pantomime—their stock of English being limited—just what they proposed to do. First of all, Wombi-Jim came forward, laden with a dozen or more boomerangs. With sundry grunts and chuckles he called attention to the shapes and curves and other features of the weapons. Then the old man took the center of the stage and showed how one defends oneself in a boomerang duel. A long, narrow shield of Kangaroo skin or a stout stick with a pear-shaped head was used. One or the other was held at arm's length in front of the body and the blow of the incoming boomerang caught upon it. This sounds simple, but an alert eye and a quick hand are required to fend off the whirling, dodging, buzzing weapon. Next, Wombi-Jim took up a right-handed boomerang and motioned to the writer to stand close to him. Wombi-Wombi had already taken up a position near and to the right of his son. In front of us and about thirty feet away, was a fairly tall Indian tepee. The young aborigine threw back his right hand, which grasped the boomerang, as far as possible, and then sent the latter spinning in the direction of the tepee with all his force.

Making a noise like an angry bee many times exaggerated, the boomerang flew a little to the right of the tepee, gracefully circled around the latter and to the left, and then, flying in a sort of long ellipse, came back to within a few feet of Wombi-Jim. A ghost of a grin flickered over the face of Jim as the writer uttered an involuntary cry of astonishment.

Then the elder man stepped forward and picked up the boomerang. Pointing upwards he imitated the cries of a flock of parrots, and twiddled his fingers to represent their flight. With a whir-r-r-r away shot the weapon. It rose swiftly for about thirty feet and then began to swoop around in a series of short, sharp, erratic half circles, finishing its performance by suddenly descending and burying one of its points in the earth only a couple of feet away from Wombi-Wombi.

Again Wombi-Jim advanced; this time he imitated the loping hop of a kangaroo, and pointed to a spot some distance away where the animal was supposed to be. Posing a sickle-shaped boomerang above his head, he bent low and sent the weapon skimming along a few feet above the ground. All at once the boomerang darted down, then shot up again, repeated its movements twice or thrice, and with a final upward and backward sweep came nearly back to Wombi-Jim. Evidently a kangaroo or a "mob" of kangaroos would have come badly off if they had been in the neighborhood.

A few yards behind us were electric-light wires strung between pretty high poles. Wombi-Jim pointed to these and then at the tepee. The weapon flew to the right of the canvas dwelling, described a long curve around it and to the left, came back in our direction, swerved toward the ground and, rising again, shot under and circled over the electric light wires and fell close to the writer.

Wombi-Wombi now took a hand in the proceedings. Picking up a boomerang of the sickle pattern which had a square head, he threw it with all his force some-



Using the Shield for Defense Against the Boomerang

what to his left, and at about the height of his head. Humming loudly the weapon flew straight and true for thirty or forty yards; then it turned suddenly to the right, made a complete circle, and, resuming its course, sailed back to the feet of the thrower. Something like a gleam of satisfaction appeared on the stolid face of the dusky expert as the writer applauded vigorously. Again he chose a boomerang and looked it over critically. Then he put his hands on the spectator's shoulders in a manner that intimated that under no circumstances was the latter to move. Stepping right in front of the writer, he threw the boomerang sharply upwards, making it describe a long ellipse, the topmost point of which was at least one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. On reaching the apex of its flight, it circled twice and came slowly back to earth, right into the outstretched hand of Wombi-Wombi. Then followed Wombi-Jim with other feats, and finally the old man, drawing a circle about a yard in diameter, pointed to its center and looked inquiringly at the white man. The latter took the hint and dropped a quarter on the spot indicated. Away flew the boomerang and, after dodging and circling like a frightened pigeon, shot back into the circle. It was a startling proof of the aborigine's control over his weapon. Also, he and his son repeated the feat until the supply of quarters gave out. Of the other and equally marvelous feats performed by the pair, there is no need to speak in detail. For nearly two hours they kept themselves busy and the lone spectator wondering, with varying movements of their boomerangs. But without attempting to describe any of these last, it may be said that they proved

(Continued on page 39, col 4)

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SPENCER'S SPUNK

By JAMES WILLIAM JACKSON

"DON'T be afraid, Spencer. Talk right up to him." Spencer and Maldin were on the roughly laid upper floor of a new mill building, putting on their overalls in preparation for the day's work. Spencer had heard a sound of carriage wheels down below and springing up he darted over to a window opening in the belief that the superintendent was on the ground. In his haste he caught a twisted



In His Haste He Caught a Twisted Board.

board over the top of his shoe, tilted it and upset a load of dust and scrap cuttings. The choking, clattering shower poured down upon the head of Eggleston below.

Eggleston was a cranky, unpopular journeyman. The angry tone which he used in denouncing the author of the accident showed pretty plainly one reason for his lack of friends in the force. A man who expressed himself so nastily could not help being disliked.

Eggleston lost no time in hastening up to the second floor. It was his evident intention to make good the threats he had hurled at the young man.

Maldin repeated his injunction to stand firm. If it had rested with him to talk to Eggleston he would have irritated the journeyman and goaded him on to some reckless act. Then he would have enlisted the sympathy of the other workmen in taking some appropriate revenge. Eggleston's bad disposition had been made worse by that very sort of thing.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Eggleston," Spencer spoke up, in all sincerity, the moment Eggleston's frowning face appeared above the floor line. "I didn't go to do it; it was an accident."

Eggleston had come up with clenched fists, evidently beside himself in the thought that one of the lads had done the trick out of pure dislike. He seemed surprised by Spencer's sincere tones, however. His fists came unclenched, the frown disappeared and his face assumed a mollified expression. With as good a grace as his unfortunate disposition would permit he acknowledged Spencer's explanation.

"Of all the milk-sop nerves I ever saw in my life," Maldin commented in amazed tones, after Eggleston departed. "you're the worst I ever saw. Why, you haven't the spunk of a tame marble statue! Before I would offer an apology to a man like Eggleston! Ugh! You're afraid of him. I believe you would get frightened at the picture of a runaway horse."

Maldin did not mean to be insulting. He supposed he was simply teasing; but there was a great deal of conviction in his tone and it was not at all complimentary. Spencer colored and shut his mouth tightly for a second.

"I owed him an apology," he insisted. Then, with some heat, "It was an accident, just as I said. I wanted to get to the window in time to speak to the superintendent."

"Oho!" Maldin accused, "so that was what you were after. You wanted to get the ear of the superintendent and ask him for work on the Corson house, did you? You couldn't tell your old chum that the superintendent was there, so as to give him a chance, too, could you? You couldn't play fair, with such a chance as the Corson job."

The "Corson job" was a fine new mansion in course of erection for a wealthy owner. The interior finish of the house, which was nearing completion, offered extremely interesting work in exquisite woods. There was a lavishness about the house that tingled the fingers of a true mechanic. Many an evening, going by, Spencer had stopped in to look over the finished work and to wish that he were so fortunate as to have a chance at such interesting labor. His enthusiasm had been such as to win the attention of the foreman on the work.

The previous evening one of the workmen on the house had gone home sick. With so much need of haste it was very certain that someone would be detailed from the new mill to fill the place of the absent workman. It would mean, so far as Spencer or Maldin were concerned, not only fine work but a temporarily increased wage, according to the custom of the firm. Naturally the lads were eager to hear the superintendent's orders.

"Sneaking over to the superintendent," Maldin continued, in the same teasing tone. "Well, I might know what to expect from a fellow who would knock down to Eggleston the way you did."

The color came into Spencer's face again at this fresh insinuation. He went on with his preparations, however, not deigning to make any defense.

"Yes, sir," Maldin repeated, as he searched for a nail-punch. "A fellow who would get down on his knees to Eggleston and shake from head to foot with terror—that fellow hasn't the spunk to do a right thing. He'd get the ear of the superintendent first, if he could. I don't see how I missed the superintendent myself," Maldin innocently concluded. "I was listening for him all the time."

If Maldin had not been so over-anxious to start a vicious quarrel between Eggleston and his chum he would have had ample opportunity to play the sneak himself. Spencer felt like saying so, but with a second thought he refrained. Maldin's rude badinage might easily be turned into something bitter.

Starting time had arrived and the boys made their way to the roof of the mill, where the hot and heavy work would be in sharp contrast to the fine fitting at the Corson house.

"I don't see why the superintendent didn't pick out his man and take him over," Maldin grumbled. "I wouldn't bother myself about the old job so much," he virtuously continued. "If you hadn't acted the way you did, now I warn you, if I get a chance to speak to the superintendent first I won't tell you. You have set the pace; now suffer by it."

Spencer, with half a smile, replied, "All right." He thought it would be just as well not to bother telling Maldin why he was so anxious to see the superintendent. That morning, on the way to the mill, he had met the sick carpenter, who was apparently much better and on his way back to work. The journeyman had asked Spencer to tell the superintendent before another man could be brought to the Corson home. It seemed likely that the superintendent had already been made acquainted with the situation. That would explain his going off without saying anything about filling the sick man's place.

Spencer made none of this clear as the two climbed up on the steeply pitched roof. Rather he gave his entire mind to his work and the danger of it.

There was a path of cleats up the slope to the ridge pole; and behind the two young workmen was a clear drop from the eaves of sixty feet to the ground, where piles of building material—stone and timbers—made it certain that any unfortunate who lost his footing would imperil his life by a terrible fall.

The exact work before Spencer and Maldin was to finish the sheathing of the roof, in preparation for the slates. There were only a few boards to lay, close up to the ridge-pole. Spencer took the far side of the roof.

As the work progressed with silent speed, so far as conversation was concerned, Spencer could not help an occasional chuckle at the thought of how Maldin was straining his eyes to keep a constant watch over his work and a look-out for the superintendent.

"The chief has been here once this morning," Spencer observed, to himself. "He isn't likely to come—"

A sudden, half-smothered cry of fear interrupted his reflections. A nameless dread came into his heart as he noted the silence of his mate's hammer.

Without the loss of a second Spencer reached the ridge-pole. One brief glance from that vantage point told the simple story in full.

Down on the ground stood the superintendent's carriage; and the chief himself was just leaving it. That Maldin wanted to see



The Ladder Was Giving Way.

him at once was also evident, for Spencer's chum was at the moment sliding, hurtling, tumbling down the slope of the roof to the sixty feet fall from the eaves. In his haste to reach the ground Maldin had trusted his entire weight against a cleat which had not been nailed at both ends. The cleat had turned, tilted him and thrown him heavily to the planking, which he had struck with a cracking thump from the back of his head.

Spencer's heart grew sick as he noted Maldin's wild attempts to clutch at something that would stay his course. The face of the imperiled boy was turned partly toward Spencer; and from the whitening lips came an appeal: "Help, Spence!"

It seemed as if it could be only the matter of a breath of time before Maldin reached the edge and disappeared, to fall on the jagged heaps of material more than half a hundred feet below. Spencer's forehead grew damp with terror at the thought. Maldin was doomed to at least a fearfully maiming accident unless help came instantly; and Spencer knew that help could not possibly come save from himself.

He had already scrambled over the ridge-pole. There was but one course to follow. He must go down that steep roof faster than Maldin, catch him before the eaves were reached, and—

Spencer dared not think any further. "Dig your toes into the roof!" he shouted, as he placed his feet ready to shunt.

It was futile to shout suggestions. Maldin was plainly dazed by the blow on his head. His frantic efforts to save himself only made his situation worse.

Down on the ground the several persons stood at appalled attention and watched as Spencer, crouching low, slid with fearful speed down the grade.

The steeply inclined roof made a fast toboggan slide. Spencer experienced a dread sort of exhilaration as he began the descent. That quickly changed to a trembling terror as he anticipated the end of his journey.

A half a dozen feet from the eaves he came up with Maldin, who was scratching and tearing his hands as he snatched at the inequalities of the roof. Spencer caught him and stiffened out flat, in the effort to break his course by dead weight and friction.

His foot touched the ladder, protruding above the roof. He had counted on that—foolishly, he believed. For a second the ladder seemed to hold. Then there was a crunching sound, a snapping and a tearing. The ladder was giving way!

A sickness came over Spencer—a horrible nausea. He closed his eyes to shut out the impending fall. Holding grimly to Maldin, who had fainted, he reckoned stupidly that he would fall first upon those jagged timbers, with Maldin on top. Already he seemed to feel himself going, feet first, as his body scraped and bent over the rough edge of the roof.

The oblivion of over-strained strength came to him then. He thought he had fallen and that the men bending over him had come to pick him up from the timber pile. The dull sensation in his limbs seemed to mean a hopeless damage.

But he had not fallen. While he and Maldin were at work the men on the ground had been sorting and upending timbers. One or two heavy specimens had been left reclining against the ladder; and their weight was just sufficient to overcome the impact of Spencer and Maldin.

Spencer was hardly conscious of all that was going on while the men from below separated rescuer and rescued from what had so nearly been a death-grip. But strength and steady nerves came back little by little. A few minutes later the two lads had been assisted to the ground. The superintendent came forward with



much concern in his expression. Spencer remembered the undelivered message and hastened to fulfill the commission.

"Yes, I knew Denby had returned to work this morning," the superintendent nodded. "That was the reason I did not take one of you over there early. But it seems that Denby's ambition was greater than his

strength. He has been obliged to go back home. You get ready to go over to the Corson house with me, Spencer. The foreman there has preferred a request to have you fill Denby's place." Spencer found Maldin seated on his tool-chest, resting up from his experience. "I take back what I said about your spunk, Spence," he declared. "If I had been right about it I would be dead now."

Too Busy

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what does it mean to pile Ossa on Peillon?" "There don't bother me now," replied pa; "ask your ma, she understands all about millinery."

THE BOOMERANG

(Continued from page 38)

that the missile not only furnished unique amusement and wholesome exercise, but is the most singular of all the weapons used for hunting or for war in past or present history.

Boomerang making is a task which is not altogether beyond the power of the white man, although, as has been said, the Australian native works by a rule of thumb which he has inherited from generations of ancestors and which rarely leads him astray. On the authority of Horace Baker, Edward John Eyre, Colonel Lane, Fox, and other distinguished persons who have studied the boomerang and its peculiarities, anyone who has the needed tools and perseverance stands a good chance of turning out a usable weapon if he will proceed as follows: Get a thin piece of bass, oak or other hard wood; decide on the shape of the boomerang; cut this shape out of paper, paste it on the wood-block and saw around it. Then scrape one side of the boomerang with the edge of a piece of glass, until it is smooth and quite flat. Scrape the other side also, but do so in such a way that it swells or rises a trifle from the edges to the center. If the grain of the wood is naturally wavy—up and down—follow the grain with your scraper. Don't try to smooth out the surface.

To throw the boomerang, you grasp it so that its concave side is downward. Then, bringing the hand back over the shoulder as far as possible, bend back the body, and throw with a full, strong, combined movement of the body, arm and hand. Do not be disappointed if at first the boomerang refuses to do a single stunt, but on the contrary falls "dead" a few feet from you. Such things will happen, you know, and they may be the fault of the throw or of the weapon itself. In the former case, the trouble adjusts itself after a time. In the latter, there is no remedy, and the only thing to be done is to throw the piece of useless wood away and make a fresh start all over again. But in seven cases out of ten, you'll get results of some kind or the other—sometimes such as you are least expecting. The author was once trying out a boomerang which had been obtained by a friend direct from Australia. To his amazement and—if the truth must be told—alarm, the weapon, after a short forward flight, suddenly turned and came back buzzing and twisting angrily, directly for his head. Only a quick and instinctive drop to earth saved the writer from a bad crack on the pate. But the lesson was not lost on him. After that, he sent such strange boomerangs as fell into his hands, speeding on their trial trips with cautious gentleness. And his advice to the reader is to do likewise.

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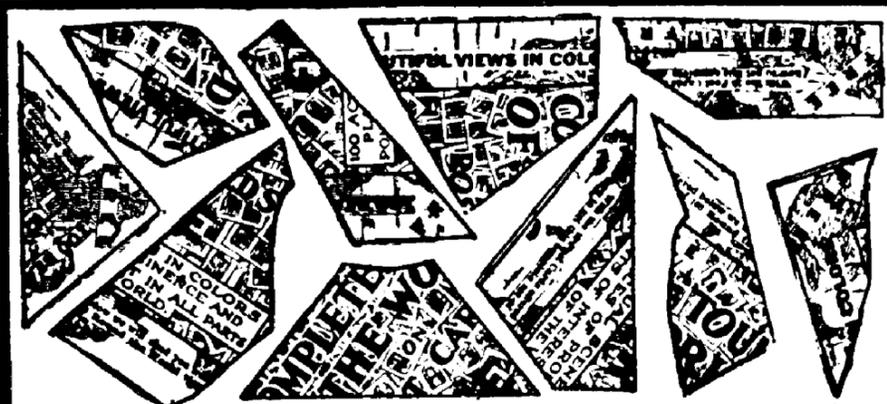
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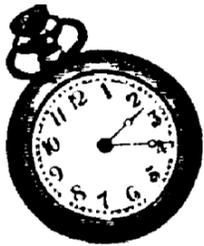
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You Don't Need a Cent of Money.

We Will Help You Start.

All you have to do is to get one of our complete Product and Premium Lists, which tells all about the Larkin Products and illustrates and describes over 1,600 Premiums, and some lists of Larkin Products—we will gladly mail them to you, post-paid, on request—and start right out taking orders among your neighbors. You will be surprised to see how soon you will get orders enough to amount to \$10.00. Many boys and girls easily find ten families who will each buy a dollar's worth of Larkin Products or the tenth part of a \$10.00 order. This provides the money (\$10.00) to pay for the Products, and, without cost, you secure the Premium given with the order as a reward for your efforts.



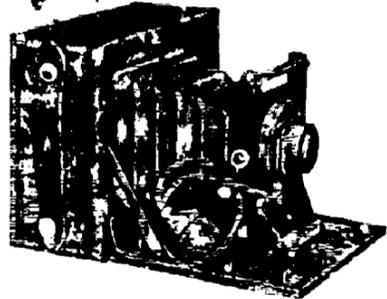
Music Cabinet,
No. 15.



Boudoir Desk, No. 75.



Chiffonier, No. 5.



Chautauque Folding Camera,
No. 8.

BERTHA BURT, Ashland, Pa., writes:
"I am twelve years old and have sent you fifty-seven orders. My fifty-eighth order is nearly ready to send. I have sold nearly \$2000 worth of Soaps, etc., and have earned many useful and beautiful Premiums. We are as fully well pleased with everything we have received from the Larkin Co."

ELMER LINDWAY, Lebanon, N. H., writes:
"I am twelve years old, and got up this order so as to get a set of Furs. I got up one order before this for Furs and they were fine. I also got a Doll, which I have had for nearly three years. I hope to send you many more orders."

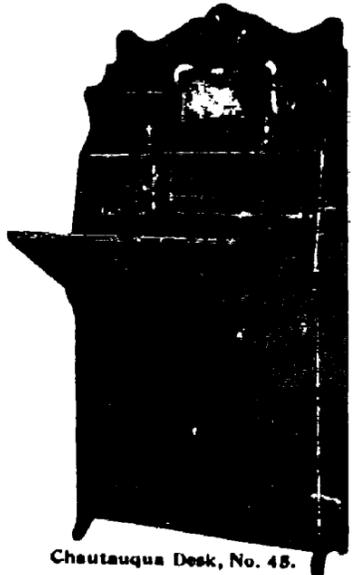
IRVING LEVY, Syracuse, N. Y., writes:
"I have taken orders since I was eight years old and I am now 14, this being my 10th or 11th order. Every one wants Larkin Products and I cannot begin to praise them enough. I have received some very nice Premiums. I am completing another order now."

Read What
These
Enthusiastic
BOYS
and
GIRLS
Say About The
Larkin
Premium Offers

BRYAN C. WARD, Clarks, Neb., writes:
"I am eleven years old and have worked for your firm for some time, thus earning many beautiful Premiums. I have several regular customers and never hear a word of complaint."

CLARENCE LOWE, Astoria, Ill., writes:
"I am only eleven years old and have sold seven orders for your firm and have obtained as many Premiums. I shall continue to work for you because of your courteous treatment of me. The Premiums I have gotten are: Desk, Brass Cornet, Chautauque Rocker and Reclining Chair, All-Wool Ingrain Art Square, Chautauque Bicycle, an extension Table and a Double-Barrel Hammer Shotgun."

SAMUEL D. MOHIER, New Berlin, Ohio, writes:
"I received my Soap and other Products and Premium all right. The Chautauque Rocker and Reclining Chair which I selected is fine. Every one says it is a beauty. I am 12 years old and wish to sell a \$20.00 order soon."



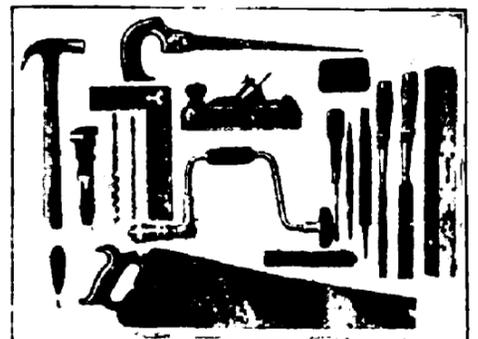
Chautauque Desk, No. 45.



Oak Bookcase, No. 55.



Flute No. 105.



Set of 17 Household Tools.

Our Premium List contains an order-blank on which you can order, to the retail value of \$10.00, your customers' selections from our list of

Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Starches, Bluing, Perfumes, Toilet and Pharmacal Preparations, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Extracts, Baking Powders, Dry Yeast, Gelatine, Tapioca, Shredded Coconut and other Food Specialties, Polishes, Varnishes and Sundries—in all there are over 300 home needs to choose from.

It isn't like trying to sell something no one wants. The Larkin Products are most all things that are needed daily in every household.

Their high quality and purity are widely known and appeal to housekeepers everywhere, who know the advantage of using the best. You can refer new customers to many of your acquaintances who are already our patrons.

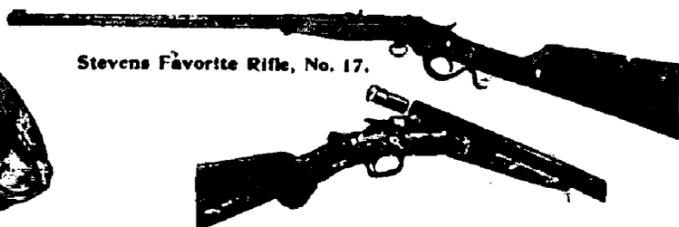
Thousands of boys and girls have earned, by very little effort, from one to a dozen of our Premiums, which they will always value.

Our Free Premium List is full of good things for every Boy and Girl. Write for a copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1875 **Larkin Co.** BUFFALO, N. Y.



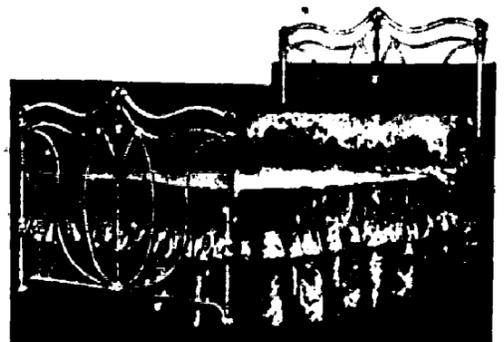
Mandolin.



Stevens Favorite Rifle, No. 17.



Stevens Single-Barrel Shotgun, No. 115.



White Enameled Bed, No. 55.