

CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER  
1910

# Grain America

VOL 12.  
NO. 2.

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MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO  
ALL



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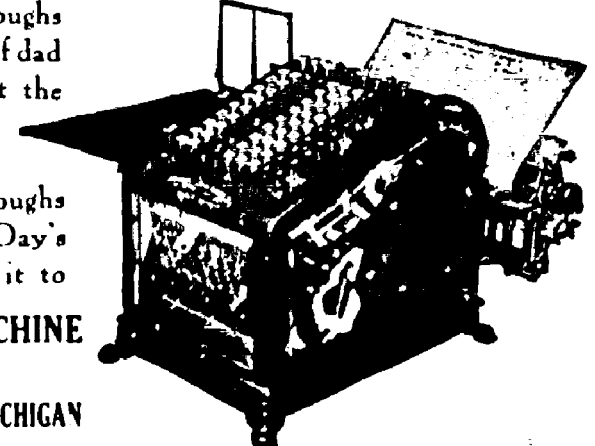
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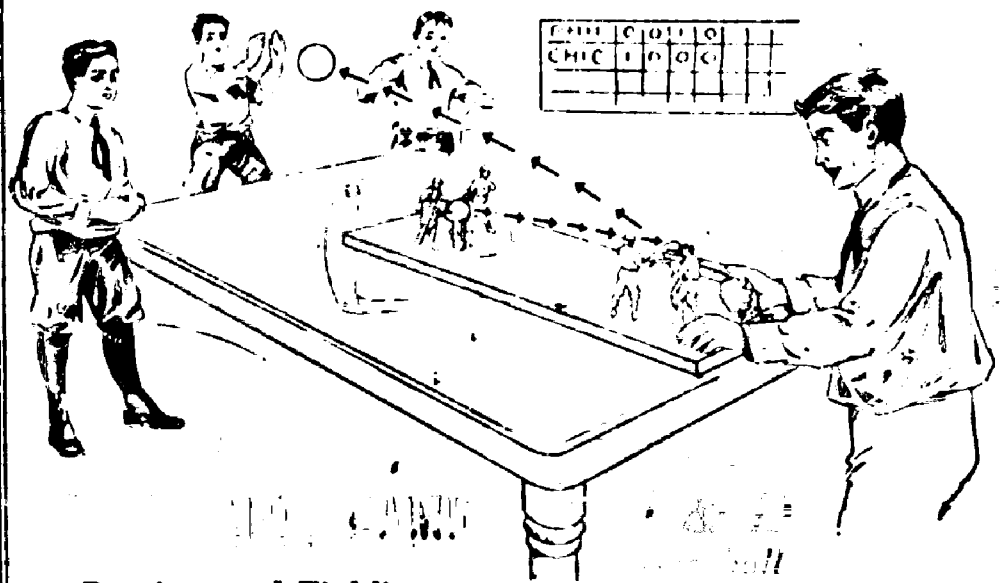
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# The American Boy

Published by The Sprague Publishing Co

Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

VOLUME 12

DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

## The Best Gift

### A Christmas Story

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

"GIVE to me the violin—give. Ach, you have not music in you—only sound. I cannot bear it to hear more."

Old Rudolph Mentz, musician, genius come of a line of geniuses, almost snatched the instrument from his grandson's hand and hugged it to his breast.

"The ear for music, you have it not; the soul for music, neither have you that. Why it is I cannot say. In ten generations there has been no Mentz who played not on the violin better than other men."

In the old man's eyes the sorrow overshadowed the anger; keen disappointment crowded out his vexation at his pupil's mediocre performance, for the Mentz men were all lovers of music and makers of the music they loved—all of them so long as any could remember save only the last of the line, this Otto who had not the ear.

"Your father," said Herr Mentz, "he would have been great. Everything he possessed—the ear, the soul, the genius which sometimes comes. Greater than I was your father and greater than my father before me—but you." The old man shook his head sadly, wearily. "But you, you have nothing that is not in the music box. The music you play is dead music."

The lad hung his head and tears stood ready to seek a path down his cheeks. "I try," he said in mournful discouragement. "I do my best, grandfather, because it is your wish and because I am a Mentz, but it is no use. Many hours every day I practice, and I learn the lessons you set for me so that I make no mistake—yet I cannot put music into my playing. I know it. When I play there is only sound, as you say."

"Aye," nodded the old man, "you work, that is to be said for you. And you play without mistake. Your fingers do what is their duty, and your bow, but the result is only notes. When you play, I all the time think of a rose carved out of ice. I do not understand it. Technique you have, skill is yours—but nothing more. Rather would I that you make mistakes without number yet play living music between. I can teach the notes and train the fingers, but the heart, the soul is where I cannot reach it. The one thing that makes the musician you have not."

Again the old master shook his head and looked out of the window away from his grandson. Stricken to the heart was he; worse to him than the death of one loved was this failure of his Otto to be worthy of his name and his ancestors.

"I will work, grandfather," Otto said earnestly. "Very hard will I work, and it may yet come to me."

"No," the old man muttered. "It will not come. It must be there in the beginning. Yet I cannot give up, no, not even when I know it is a thing impossible. You shall work and I shall work, and together we will try to make of you an artist—but it will not be. You have not the feeling."

"I love the music," said Otto passionately, "yet I cannot love to play. All day I could sit while you are at your violin, but when I take it myself I am only vexed and unhappy. I cannot help it, grandfather. I like not to play."

"I know," the old man answered softly. "I know." "Is there no art but only the music?" asked Otto. "Are there none who are the equal of musicians? Can one be an artist only if he plays the violin?"

"There are others," replied Herr Mentz, "but they too must have the feeling. They too must put into their art the soul, and if they do not then they are as you are, and their work is dead work. There are painters, Otto, and sculptors. These are artists, but we of the Mentz family have never been such. To play the violin has descended from father to son—until you."

The Master laid his violin reverently in its case and carried it from the room. Presently Otto heard him begin to play in a distant part of the house, and his music was very sorrowful, full of yearning and disappointment, and when the lad had listened a

little while he threw himself down on the floor and buried his face in his hands.

OUTSIDE the first snow of the year had fallen, white, moist, beautiful, and it called to Otto. He went out into the crisp, sweet air, and every breath seemed to expel a portion of his sorrow, until it was nearly forgotten. Great snowballs grew under his hands and were piled one upon the other to form a fort behind which Otto enacted the part of a besieged garrison. With deadly volleys he repelled imaginary assaults and even ventured daring sorties until he became tired of the play. Then he sat upon the ground and began idly to chip away at a great snowball with his hands. He was making no conscious effort to fashion any figure, yet ever



"It is myself," he cried.

as he worked his eyes sought and followed the motions of his little dog, Fritz.

So he chipped away and chipped away until he became engrossed in his occupation and forgot everything else. With unconscious skill he removed a particle here and modeled a line there until the snowball was a snowball no longer, but began to give up the figure which was hidden in it—even as the marble will give up to the master sculptor the goddess who had suffered age-long imprisonment within.

Otto was lost in his modeling, his surroundings vanished, nothing existed but his block of snow, and he strove with his soul in his fingers to release the image he saw within it. Slowly, gradually it began to stand forth, and the joy of creation sung in Otto's heart, sung so loudly that he did not hear the approach of a gentleman along the sidewalk outside the fence, nor was he aware that this gentleman paused and watched him with eyes that ever widened with wonder and with something else that was very kin to delight.

At last Otto stood off to regard his work, and the thrill of pride that he felt thus for the first time was ample reward for his labor. There, hewn from the lifeless snow, stood his little dog, real, full of life, with head cocked saucily as though about to bark from sheer mischief.

The man at the fence could restrain himself no longer. "Well done, lad," he cried. "Well done. Who has taught you to do that?"

Otto looked about, startled, and blushed with embarrassment at the praise, a thing with which he had little acquaintance.

"Nobody has taught me, sir," he answered. "I did not know I could do it myself—and it does look like Fritz, doesn't it?"

"You mean," exclaimed the man, "that this is your first attempt at sculpture? That you have never modeled before?"

"This is the first time. I never thought of it before. I was but playing, and it made me forget how sad I have made my grandfather."

"You have made your grandfather sad?"

"Yes," Otto said, hesitatingly. "My grandfather is a great musician, sir. So have all of our family been for many generations, and I am the last of

them. But I cannot play. My grandfather says I have not the soul, and I know it. I cannot make real music. He was so proud of my father, who had genius, but I, I am a disappointment, a sorrow. I am not an artist."

"So," the man said softly to himself. "And you are not an artist. Your grandfather sorrows because you have no genius, is that it?"

"It is enough," Otto replied.

"Would your grandfather be glad, perhaps, if you should show him that you have the genius?" asked the man. "Even if it were not the music genius?"

"I do not know," Otto answered thoughtfully. "He loves the music. We have all been artists—until myself."

"We shall see, we shall see," the man said under his breath. "Would you like to model other figures? From clay and then from marble? If you could be a sculptor some day, a master sculptor as your grandfather is a master musician, would you be willing to try and to work?"

"Yes," said Otto simply.

"Come to me every day, then," the man told him, "and we shall see. But do not mention it to the grandfather. We may be wrong and then he would be disappointed doubly. We shall have it for our secret for a little while. Do you agree to that?" he wanted to know, and smiled a smile that was full of kindness.

"I shall come," Otto promised.

AND he did come. Every day he went to the studio of the man who had seen him model the dog from the ball of snow, and there he worked as he had never worked at the violin, because his heart was in it. Still he labored at his violin to please his grandfather, practicing many weary hours and mastering his lessons with his accustomed accuracy. But ever the necessary element was lacking, still he was not a musician, and his grandfather despaired.

"It cannot be," the old man mourned. "Hope now is all gone from me. The last of all the family is not an artist. After ten generations comes a Mentz who is not as his fathers were. It is hard to bear, most hard."

Every day the old man's hair seemed to grow whiter, and the sorrow in his eyes to deepen. The failure of his hopes was making his heart lead within him, and to carry a heart of lead within one's breast is an ill thing for anyone, and more especially for one of many years.

Even the approach of Christmas had no cheering effect on Herr Mentz. In former years his anticipation had been as keen as that of a child. He had looked forward to the Yuletide with its little mysteries, its surprises and its overflowing joy. But this year it seemed almost that he had forgotten.

"What would you like best of all for a gift?" Otto asked him as the day drew nearer.

"Gift?" asked the old man. "I have no desire. There is no gift I want save one, and that is not for me. Oh, my Otto, this is a sad Christmas for thy grandfather. There is no joy for me—and yet I should not spoil your joy, for no fault is it of yours. You have tried, lad, but the thing was not in you. Yet I cannot be glad, it matters not how hard

I try. I have no longing for gifts but only the one that cannot be mine. If you could come to me, my Otto, and show me that you are as your father was and my father and his father before that, then would I have a Christmas gift indeed. Then would the day be happy, happy as never was a Christmas in all my life." The old man laid his hand kindly on his grandson's head as though to show that the lad could not be blamed for his failure; then he stole away to seek what solace he might find in the music of his loved violin.

Otto said no word, but went his way to the studio of the man who had seen him model little Fritz, and there he worked as never pupil worked before. With the clay he had begun, and in a few weeks had passed the point which many have consumed years to attain. He was a joy to his master, a joy that grew greater with the days, for they showed that a new artist had come, one whose work would stand for ages by the side of the greatest masters of the craft and suffer none by the comparison. But this Otto did not know, he only hoped; and his hope was not for fame, nor greatness, but only that he might heal his grandfather's heart-wound—that he might become an artist and worthy of the name of Mentz.

At last he was permitted to start upon the work which was to prove him to his grandfather, for the instructor deemed him fit. Now did Otto work more with his heart than with his fingers; he strove to put that into his figure which his music had wanted, and when the clay model was done and ready to be transferred to the indestructible marble his heart chilled with the fear that it was not worthy, that he had failed again. And still his instructor said no word, offered no praise.

At last, on Christmas eve the statue was completed. The last finishing touch was added, and Otto had done all that lay within him. By the bit of sculpture within its wrappings must he stand or fall—by it must it be judged whether or no he was a worthy wearer of the name of Mentz. His hands shook as he carried it home, for he feared.

HERR MENTZ had aroused himself somewhat when Christmas was almost present, and did his best to show a cheerfulness that he little felt. Many gifts he purchased for Otto, and when the boy was long abed the old man remained awake, trimming the tree and arranging the presents for the pleasure of his grandson.

"Ah," he whispered to himself huskily, "if he could but make me as happy as these little things will make



"The Ear for Music, you Have It Not."

him. . . But that can never be. . . It can never be."

When at last he retired to his bed it was to spend a long, sleepless night, a night filled with unquenchable sorrow and spectres of regret that would not be laid.

"The last Mentz," he whispered. "The last Mentz—and no artist. . . It is very hard."

Otto was awake and dressed long before his grand-

father left his room. From its wrappings he had taken the precious statue, the work of his own hands, of his own art, and placed it on the table beside the Christmas tree. Then he waited, and it seemed that his heart must choke him so fiercely did it beat and so anxiously.

"What will he say? What will he think?" the lad muttered brokenly. It was so hard to wait, so hard not to know.

At last the old man came into the room wearing on his face a smile that he had schooled himself to wear.

"A merry Christmas, my Otto," he cried cheerily. "I hope thy gifts have given pleasure."

But Otto could say no word in reply; could only wait with burning eyes fixed on his grandfather's face.

Herr Mentz glanced about the room; at the gaily lighted tree, with its glittering decorations, at the unopened packages containing his gifts to Otto.

"You have not opened—" he began in surprise. Then his glance fell upon the table with its statue and he took a little step forward, hand outstretched before him.

"It is myself," he cried. "Myself, and I am playing. See. I am playing the violin. Behold thou the face, Otto; there is music. There is feeling; there is soul." He approached another hesitating step. "What genius," he breathed. "He has told it in my face—the very music I play. It is wonderful."

The master musician reached for his violin and tucked it lovingly against his throat. "See," he cried. "It is this I am playing in the statue, mine favorite music is it—see." And the face of the old man as he played the music of the master composer was the face that Otto had given to the marble.

Herr Mentz laid his violin down softly and stepped even nearer. "Who hath done this?" he cried. "Who has given it to me? A master wrought it, Otto. A greater master than I or than any Mentz. Why do you not tell who hath wrought it?"

Still Otto said no word, but his grandfather read the thing from his eyes.

"Thou," he sobbed, "thou, mine little Otto, who had no soul for the music. O—oh, this is a gift. No artist, I said of thee—and thou the greatest of us all." He caught the lad in his arms and pressed him tight to his breast. Presently the old man released him and held him at arms' length.

"My Otto," he said, and the joy in his voice was wonderful to hear. "It is the world's best Christmas gift—another artist has been given, not to me alone, but to all the world."

## From Farmer's Boy to a Leader of Men

By J. L. HARBOUR

VENTURE the assertion that if the life histories of the most successful men of the day in our country were known, they would reveal the fact that a large percentage of them went to a country school when they were boys, and many of them became teachers in the little wooden or brick schoolhouses to be found by the thousands in our rural districts. It would also be discovered that poverty, or at least comparative poverty, had been the portion of many of these boys, and that the habits of industry acquired by necessity in early life stood them in good stead in their later years. Many a farmer's boy has found the teaching of the district school to be a step toward realization of the "dreams that are wondrous fair" that he dreamed by night and day in his boyhood. Small as the salaries of the country school teachers have been, they have been large enough to give many a thrifty and ambitious boy his first start in life and have put the first cash into his pocket. Many of our congressmen began life for themselves teaching a country school. One of these men is the Hon. George W. Norris, the leader of that progressive and somewhat troublesome band of men in Washington known as the "Insurgents." They are actuated by what they believe to be right and just, and such men are always worthy of respect, even though one may not agree with them. The "Insurgents" have been very much in the "public eye" of late, and their leader, Mr. Norris, is a man who is causing a good many people to sit up and take notice. He is a man of undoubted ability and force of character, who has forged his way to the front in the face of a good many obstacles.

Congressman Norris was born at Sandusky, Ohio, in the year 1861, so that he is still a comparatively young man in an age when men much older than he are so useful and so active in the world of affairs. His father died when the boy George was a small child, and he had to go to work at a very early age. He was working out as a "hired hand" on a farm when he was a mere boy, and all the "schooling" he could get was a few months in the winter. Then he went to the district school, which was pretty crude in the degree and kind of its instruction. At nineteen years of age young Norris was teaching a country school and saving his money with the greatest care that he might go to college. He had to cut out everything in the way of luxuries in his life, and all of the pleasures that would cost money. Of course, he had to do a great deal of studying when his day's work was done. In the end he had to borrow some money. He was not yet twenty-one when he entered Baldwin University at Berea, Ohio. Few students did more pinching and saving that he did in order to get himself through college with as little debt as possible. He had made up his mind to become a lawyer and it was a proud day for him when he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two, and then he did

as so many young lawyers have done for he "drifted into politics." Many a young lawyer has served his country better by doing this than he could have served it by practicing law. The political world is always in need of all the men of ability and honesty of purpose who are willing to enter it. Young Norris entered it with this sincerity of purpose. He had gone out to Nebraska to begin his career as a lawyer, and very soon after his arrival in that state he was made prosecuting attorney of the county in which he lived. He was twice re-appointed to this office and was then regularly elected to it. He declined to accept a second nomination as a candidate for the office because he hoped to bring down bigger game—that of district judge.

He had need of all the reserve fighting force there was in him in order to win out in this contest, but win out he did with no majority to brag of. He had less trouble in being re-elected to the office in 1901, and when he resigned three years later to make the race for Congress the people knew that

here was a man with many of the elements of true success in make-up, a man who had many of the qualities of leadership. He was an out-and-out Republican and did not pretend to be half in sympathy with any other party in order to curry favor and secure votes. He was a "stand-patter" all right when it came to party affiliation. He was like the old woman who declared that she had no use "for folks who purtend to be what they ain't." The way in which he has clung tenaciously to his sincere convictions has made many friends for Mr. Norris. He came forth triumphant in his race for Congress, and once a member of that body he soon made it apparent that he was there to butt in whenever he felt that he could serve any good purpose by doing so. He was not there to obey the behests of others unless he felt that he ought to do so. A good many things in Congress did not suit Congressman Norris, and he made no secret of the fact that he did not wholly approve of Speaker Joseph Cannon whom few Congressmen would have thought it safe or wise to oppose. Congressman Norris is above all else a man of high courage, and when he felt that it was his duty to take issue with even so great a personage as the Speaker of the House he did not hesitate to do so. So it was that he became the leader of what is known as the Insurgent Movement. Just what that is in its entirety every American boy who has enough patriotism and interest in his country's affairs to vote when he is able to do so should know. One cannot know all about it without having a certain respect for the cleverness and the courage of Congressman Norris, the boy from the farm, even though one may disagree with him. He lives in a simple little cottage in McCook, Nebraska, and is a poor man who has no use for men in office who are willing to become rich through graft. Those who know him best declare that he is simply a clear-headed, clean-minded and clean-handed man doing his best to be true to himself and his convictions of the things he feels to be right.

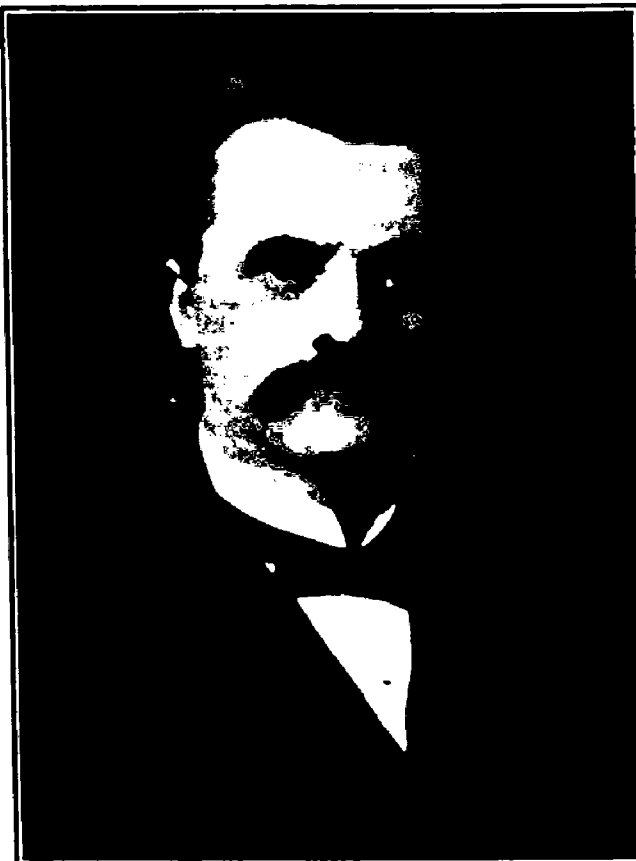


Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

Representative Geo. W. Norris, Nebraska.

### You Will be Wanted

Take courage, young man. What if you are but an humble and obscure apprentice—a poor and neglected orphan; if you have an intelligent mind, all untutored though it may be, a virtuous aim, and an honest heart, depend upon it, one of these days you will be wanted. The time may long be deferred. You may grow to manhood, and may even reach your prime ere this call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few not to be wanted. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be active, however small your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every moment, and your influence will have constant increase.





His Paws Barely Touched the Logs

# Hair-Face, the Son of a Wolf

## A Story of the Great Woods

### SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens on Christmas Eve in the great woods. Roderick McElwain, a boy of twenty, is driving a team containing supplies to Lumber Camp No. 18. The snow is deep, roads are bad and progress is slow. Roderick hears wolves and tries to make greater haste, but is overtaken by the pack. For a time he fights them off, but they are almost overpowering him when Vixen, a great wolf dog, springs on the wagon and the wolves are routed. Roderick and Vixen are almost inseparable. One night a great dog wolf comes to Vixen's quarters and next morning she is missing. Roderick mourns for his friend and after the season's work is over goes back to look for her. A great buck is followed by a wolf which Roderick kills. He finds that he has shot the lost Vixen and buries her; but not before noting that a litter of wolf dogs must be somewhere near. Roderick tries to find the litter but fails. The great dog wolf has better luck and acts as mother to Vixen's three whelps, one of which is Hair-Face. The dog wolf trains the whelps to kill, and Hair-Face is the most courageous. The old wolf trains them to know the scent of man, and initiates them in the hunting of rabbits and other small game. When snow comes their training is continued and a buck is killed after a long chase. To complete this training the old wolf starts a moose hunt. The moose defends himself for nearly two days, but at last succumbs to the wolves' attack. In the fight Hair-Face receives a broken rib and the wolf is killed. During the winter much alarm is caused by the report of three great wolves killing the sheep. The men of St. Boniface organize a hunt but nothing comes of it except the death of some of their best dogs. Roderick McElwain and two friends set traps but for a time they have no success. At last Roderick digs a pit and covers it with brush and leaves. Hair-Face is captured and after great trouble Roderick drags the wolf dog to his barn. Roderick recognizes Hair-Face as the son of Vixen and tries to tame him, but at first his efforts are fruitless. Finally Hair-Face begins to eat and by degrees Roderick masters him by kindness.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### BACK TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

**M**AN was the first love of the great gray timber wolf, who himself was the wilderness dog. Until he at last came to know and love man this finer passion of the heart had never touched him. He had loved his mate in the mating season in his harsh way, after his kind, but no other tender sentiment had ever stirred his heart until he rubbed against the leg of primeval man, who was almost as much of a wild beast as he.

They had often met on the mountain top and in the deep valley, at the fording of the stream and in the dark thicket, yet were strangers.

But there was something about this erect self-reliant man creature that fascinated the wolf. This two-legged animal had such fearful powers over the other animals and over the forces of nature. He could bring fire from two sticks, which of themselves really possessed no warmth. He could draw fish from the stream with a small cord. With a stick he could bring birds down out of the sky, and the strong, fleet buck, that the pack would have to follow for a day to haul down, stopped at his bidding and lay dead on the ground.

This man creature, too, lived in a den that he fashioned for himself above the solid earth while the wild beasts lived in holes and dens under the earth. He could make the night bright with his campfire, when there was no moon, and could warm his den with that mysterious dancing brightness which held such terrors for the wild beasts.

He could catch the wild horse which was fleetier than a wolf and make it carry him far over the prairies.

Is it any wonder that such a creature finally drew the wolf to him and took him for a friend as he has done with so many of the beasts of the fields?

But when the wolf took man for his master he put off hate, and love entered his heart. Such love and fidelity as man has never received from any other of the wild creatures.

Man was also the wolf-dog's God. A creature that he could worship, a being for whom it was sweet to die, if need be.

But poor Hair-face, crouching in his corner of the box stall and glowering at the man creature who confronted him, was neither a dog nor a wolf, but a wolf-dog. He had been born upon the boundary line between the domestic and the wild creature. Had Roderick found him that spring when he

By CLARENCE HAWKES

searched for the den in the rocks, he never would have been a wolf, at all, in disposition or habits of life, but the old wolf found him instead, and in the two years that he had hunted under his guidance had taken him entirely back to the wild. Now he was a wolf from the tip of his massive jaws, which were so eager to sink their fangs into human flesh, to the end of his bushy tail, which was also the typical wolf banner. But there was one thing about him that was still dog. Nothing could change that fact. The blood of the old deer-hound ran in his veins, and sooner or later would assert itself.

It was because of this that Roderick waited and was patient when all his friends clamored for the life of Hair-face.

He also remembered a scene in the thicket on that spring morning when the dying hound had licked her master's hand as she gasped out her last breath and forgave him, although he had taken her life.

Surely he could forgive Hair-face when he sank his fangs in his flesh provided he overcame him at last.

But the good seed was already sown and taking root, although they were slow to see it.

Hair-face trusted him, for he now ate the food placed before him, and for him to trust in one thing was a sign he would soon trust in others.

About a week after the first sad experience when Roderick had attempted to lay his hand upon Hair-face, he tried it again. This time the wolf-dog growled and bristled as before, but instead of striking when the hand approached within reach, he slunk farther and farther into the corner, turning his head lest he might again bite his master, or so Roderick interpreted it.

So much at least had been gained. He no longer wished to bite his master. This was a great step, and with another week of patience Roderick was able to put his hand fairly upon the massive head, and stroke it, although the process was not pleasing to the wolf. One peculiarity, however, Hair-face always retained, even after he had come to love his master as deeply as any dog could have done. He always reached out to meet the outstretched hand with his jaws. He never allowed you to put your hand fairly upon the top of his head. First, you must pass by those upturned jaws. This is a wolfish trait that many dogs possess. A remnant of the wolf's lack of confidence in man. He must first see for himself, and then if all is well will suffer the hand to approach him. Once they had gotten thus far the friendship between Roderick and his wolf-dog grew rapidly.

Finally to the consternation of the good people of the village, he took the double collar from Hair-face and led him about upon an ordinary leash, just like any other large dog.

"Mebbe ye can tame a wolf, and mebbe ye can't," said Robert Killdare, an old Scotch log-driver of the place. "A wolf he war born, an' a wolf he will always be, I am after thinking. If ye wake up, Rod, some fine morning and find yourself eaten up boots an' all, don't say I didna tell you, that's all, mon."

But the dog nature, which was as much a part of Hair-face as was his long gray coat and his whip-cord sinews, even now had asserted itself more than Roderick dreamed. In the dark corner of his box stall the seed had germinated as Hair-face watched this man creature coming and going.

Surely this was the same in kind as that wood-cutter, whom the whelps and the old wolf had shadowed for nearly a week the fall before, and of whom the old wolf had tried to make them so afraid. Yet this man creature seemed full of kindness. His voice, when he talked to Hair-face, did not convey any menace. On the other hand it was low and pleasant and reassuring. Could it be that his sire, the old wolf who knew the wilderness so well, and whose knowledge of men so far surpassed his own had been mistaken, or was there a difference in these man creatures just as there was in wolves. Hair-face himself, was not like the mongrel, so per-

haps this man creature was not like that other they had watched in the woods.

Instinctively Hair-face felt that the villagers whom they met upon their walks, when his master led him about the town, feared him, and this pleased the wolf-dog. The mongrel had feared him. Perhaps all the men creatures with the exception of his master were like the mongrel. That was the way in which Hair-face finally classified the world of men. Those who did not fear him were strong like his master and to be respected, and those who did were mongrels to be despised.

When Hair-face had first been tied in the stall, with his jaws locked tightly together he had been all hate. There was not a hair upon his back and neck that did not bristle whenever any one came near him. He was fairly bursting with rage. They had undone him—taken away his freedom. If he ever got loose he would kill them all.

But after a week or two a new feeling, that was strange to him, stole softly into his nature which, up to this point, was all wolf. He began to watch for the coming and going of this man creature who had such strange power over him.

At first, when Roderick had talked to him it would put him into a rage. The man creature was taunting him, but gradually he got to love the tones of his voice, and to miss them when Roderick did not talk.

Finally the feeling inside him which was so different from the wolf hate began to assert itself more and more. He did not wag his tail, nor laugh at his master's coming as a dog will often do, but his all-seeing yellow eyes followed his every motion, and this was the first sign that he gave of love.

But never in his life, even when he grew to love his master as devotedly as any dog, was he demonstrative. His love was always silent, a smooth current that ran deep. He had lived too much in the woods, in the vast silences, which subdue the lives of those who dwell in the echoless depths, to be a creature of enthusiasm or noise.

So it happened that although Hair-face trotted as obediently at heel as any dog and was quick to mind his master, yet the villagers distrusted him. He was no dog, and no part of him was dog. He did not love Roderick or he would have wagged his tail or shown some other sign of affection. He was a wolf, grim and terrible, silent and unloving.

This was the verdict of the village, and, although the young Scotchman argued and expostulated, he could not change it.

"A wolf he was born, mon, an' a wolf he will die. You canna' get figs from thistles, an' no good will come on't." This was the way in which Bobbie McGinnis sized up the wolf, as the villagers persisted in calling him to Roderick's great disgust.

All the dogs in the village, too, considered Hair-face an outcast. They recognized only the wolf in his nature as did the men. Most of them put their tails between their legs and slunk away whenever Hair-face came in sight. So he at once sized them up as mongrels. They had not courage like himself, and Hair-face accordingly despised them.

There were two or three, however, of better stuff than their fellows who were not afraid of anything, having bulldog blood about them, and these one evening fell upon Hair-face when he had loitered for a moment behind his master; and there was straightaway such a fight as had not been seen in the village in many a day. It was three to one, but that made no difference, for the one was a born fighter. He had been trained to fight from the moment that he could stagger about, and fighting was his element.

His motions were like lightning, and his powerful jaws worked with deadly effect. He did not clinch as the bulldog likes to do, but sprang and snapped and then sprang again, and each time he punished his adversary as only a wolf can.

In less than a minute one of the dogs was lying upon the ground weltering in his own blood, gasping out his life and a second had turned tail and ran. The third still faced the wolf, but only the intervention of men saved his life, for Hair-face was tearing deep gashes each time he struck.

This dog fight, although the dogs had been the aggressors, also helped to put Hair-face in disfavor, and there was again a clamor for his life, but Roderick laughed such entreaties to scorn.

"He can lick all the dogs in town in a bunch," he said. "If you don't believe it, just bring them on."

About this time, Roderick again resumed the driving of the tote team to the lumbering camps far into the heavily timbered wilderness, and took his wolf-dog with him, so the villagers had nothing further to complain of for that winter.

It was surprising with what whole-heartedness Hair-face gave himself to his master once his wolf nature had been displaced by the dog in him, although he was undemonstrative and silent so that no one ever knew the depth of his affection but Roderick, who had understood him all along.

Following the tote team through the snow-laden woods was much more to the wolf-dog's liking than living in a village. Here was the old free life which he had lived in the wilderness, and at the same time possessed his master, who was his new-found love.

In the lumber camp the wolf, as they called him, was not much more of a favorite than he had been in the village, for even here the rough lumbermen, inured to all kinds of danger, were afraid of Hair-face. He was so silent and unapproachable that they could not believe him to be anything but a full-blooded wolf.

Hair-face was always on his dignity with the lumbermen, and did not allow any of them so much as to put a hand upon him. In fact Roderick was the only person who ever dared touch him.

"Can't make me believe that there is any dog about that critter, Rod," growled an old lumberman one day. "He is wolf, and nothing but wolf, and he don't care any more about you than he does a stick. He can't care. It ain't in his nater. He is a wolf, all fight and hate."

"He'd go through fire for me, and I know it," replied the boy stoutly.

All through the winter Hair-face and the tote team came and went in the silent forest, but in the spring something happened that amply bore out Roderick's assertions that his wolf-dog would go through fire for him, and forever silenced the wolf-dog's critics as far as the lumber camp was concerned.

The camp this year was in a new region, and a part of the lumber was cut near a deep gulch, which led down to a branch of the Ottawa. To save drawing the lumber to this river the lumbermen dumped it all into the bottom of the gulch and built a dam across it below the logs. Their plan was, that in the spring when the heavy rains came, the gulch would fill, and when the dam was full they would dynamite it and let the water, lumber and all, go down to the river in a mad rush. This is a common practice among the lumbermen, who will resort to almost any expediency to get rid of hauling so many logs.

In the spring the rains came just as they had planned and the valley was filled with water even with the top of the dam. By this time the trips of the tote team had been given up, and Roderick was temporarily helping the river men get the drive started. On the day that they were to dynamite the dam there was great excitement, for it was an awful, yet inspiring, sight to see these mountains of water sweep millions of feet of timber down the gulch to the river. If all went well, when the last small stream had run out, the logs would be down in the river, but it sometimes happened that the logs jammed midway in their course and the water went out, and left a part of them in the middle of the gulch.

While the river men were making ready for the blasts that should unloose the turbulence of the waters and set the lumber in motion, Hair-face sat gravely upon the bank, his eyes constantly riveted upon Roderick as he walked from point to point upon the logs, loosening one here and there with his spike-pole, and making sure so far as possible, that all would move out smoothly when the time came.

Finally all was ready and the charges of dynamite were set off. Tons of water and mud were thrown up with the explosion and the timbers of the dam were tumbled in all directions. A turmoil filled the valley, where but a moment before all had been quiet and calm. With a roar like continuous thunder, foaming, lashing, and tumbling the waters poured through the broken dam and the mighty mass of lumber started on its way to the river. The logs that a moment ago had seemed inanimate suddenly took life and motion to themselves. They butted and fought like mighty battering rams. They rolled and twisted, groaned and scraped, each doing its best to shoulder its neighbor out of its place. All were fighting for the right of way.

Once the mass had fairly started the courageous river men were upon the logs with their pike-poles and peaveys, pushing and prying, doing their level best to see that the drive went down to the river without a hitch.

As Roderick was borne farther and farther down stream by the moving logs, Hair-face followed upon shore, watching his master's every motion.

This short drive was doomed to miserable failure, for it had not gone over a quarter of the distance to the river when the logs began to jam, and where there had been confusion before there was now pandemonium. Fiercer and fiercer grew the struggle of the fighting logs to get over the jam. They butted and pushed and every moment the current behind

them piled them up higher until they were reared mountain high, all seething and tumbling, crashing and grinding. It was in such a death trap that Roderick suddenly found himself far from shore.

The logs danced and leaped so that he could hardly keep his footing. Great chasms suddenly yawned at his feet threatening to engulf him, and then crashing shut with a sound like thunder. He sprang from point to point avoiding death at every leap by a hair's breadth.

In this frightful scene all had forgotten the wolf-dog, but presently, above the thunder of these millions of feet of grinding logs and the roar of the mad waters, was heard a long pathetic howl, cutting the great volume of sound like a knife, and Hair-face sprang from the bank upon the jam.

Dog that he was, and without retractile claws to keep his footing as he sprang, he nevertheless jumped from log to log with the precision and dexterity of a great cat. He cleared eight and ten feet at a bound, and his paws barely touched the logs as he sped to his imperilled master. He had nearly reached Roderick's side, when the log upon which his master stood suddenly shot up at one end and the young Scotchman was thrown heavily, the end of the falling log barely missing his skull as it fell. With a single bound Hair-face was at his side. Instantly another gap yawned at their feet, and, closing his teeth upon his master's coat collar, the wolf-dog dragged him back a couple of feet to safety.

Death was all about them, and the most that Hair-face could do was to haul his master this way and that and keep him from rolling between the logs. And this temporary aid was just what stood between Roderick and a terrible death, for his companions were coming to his rescue, leaping from log to log, and were soon by his side.

The jam was now so thoroughly packed that its

spot where he had first missed his pet. There he came suddenly upon Hair-face lying in the rough road close by an old coat of his master's which had accidentally fallen off the load. When he saw Roderick he leaped about with great glee and continually ran back and nosed the coat, as much as to say:

"Here it is, master. I have been guarding it until your return."

A dog might have picked up the coat and followed with it, but not so the wolf. His kind had not acquired the habit of retrieving, so he stayed faithfully by his master's property.

It was a very slight incident, yet it brought a great lump into Roderick's throat, coming as it did so closely upon the scene at the log jam, and the young Scotchman got off his horse and sat upon the ground and hugged his great wolf, while Hair-face licked his face and hands, feeling well pleased with his day's vigil.

Once back in the parish of St. Boniface Roderick and Hair-face took up their old duties of farmers, which had been temporarily interrupted by the winter's work with the tote team.

Hair-face's rescue of his master from the jam gained him a few friends among the villagers, although he was still viewed with disfavor by most of them.

That summer Roderick determined to make a sheep and cattle dog of Hair-face and began training him as soon as they were back upon the little farm.

Roderick took great pride in developing his wolf, so that before the summer was over the wolf-dog was one of the best sheep and cattle herders in the valley of the upper Ottawa.

It is doubtful if it would have made any difference with the young Scotchman about making a sheep-dog of his wolf, had he known in how many bloody forays upon sheep he had participated, for the memory of the great gray wolf often recalled pictures from the past, when he and his sire and the mongrel had scattered these flocks of stupid creatures to the wind and then killed them right and left.

It was a striking picture to see the tall wolf guarding the white innocent flock. His hungry yellow eyes watching warily to see that harm did not come to them. His kind had been the sworn enemy of sheep for all time, but now the lion and the lamb were lying down together.

About the first of October something happened in connection with the sheep herding that tested the sheep-dog as no other event could, and showed how utterly he had become dog, the sworn ally of man.

It was about the middle of October and Indian Summer in this cold north land. A dreamy blue haze was spread like a pale transparent veil over all things. The sun's rays were mellow, like the soft smile of the dying year, who knew that her time had not yet come, and the air was clear and cool.

Hair-face and his flock were upon a sidehill, close to an evergreen woods of spruce and hemlock. The sheep were feeding and the wolf sat upon his haunches, his restless yellow eyes roving this way and that.

Presently, two tall gaunt figures, as mighty as the sheep-dog, slunk through the cover towards the open pasture land and stood in the thicket peering out at the sheep and their guardian.

It was the old wolf, the sire of Hair-face and also his litter brother, the mongrel.

They stood for a few minutes testing the air until they had analyzed both the scent of the flock of sheep, and that of the sheep-dog. They knew at once that it was their comrade of many a sheep killing, for a wolf's nose never forgets. They also understood intuitively, by his attitude of watchfulness over the sheep, that he had turned dog and gone over to their enemy, man.

Their manes went up and their fangs were bared, and of one impulse they started forward to kill this wolf who had turned dog and now guarded the sheep of man—the sheep which were the legitimate food for wolves.

Hair-face saw his sire and the mongrel almost as soon as they did him, and his thought was diametrically opposed to theirs.

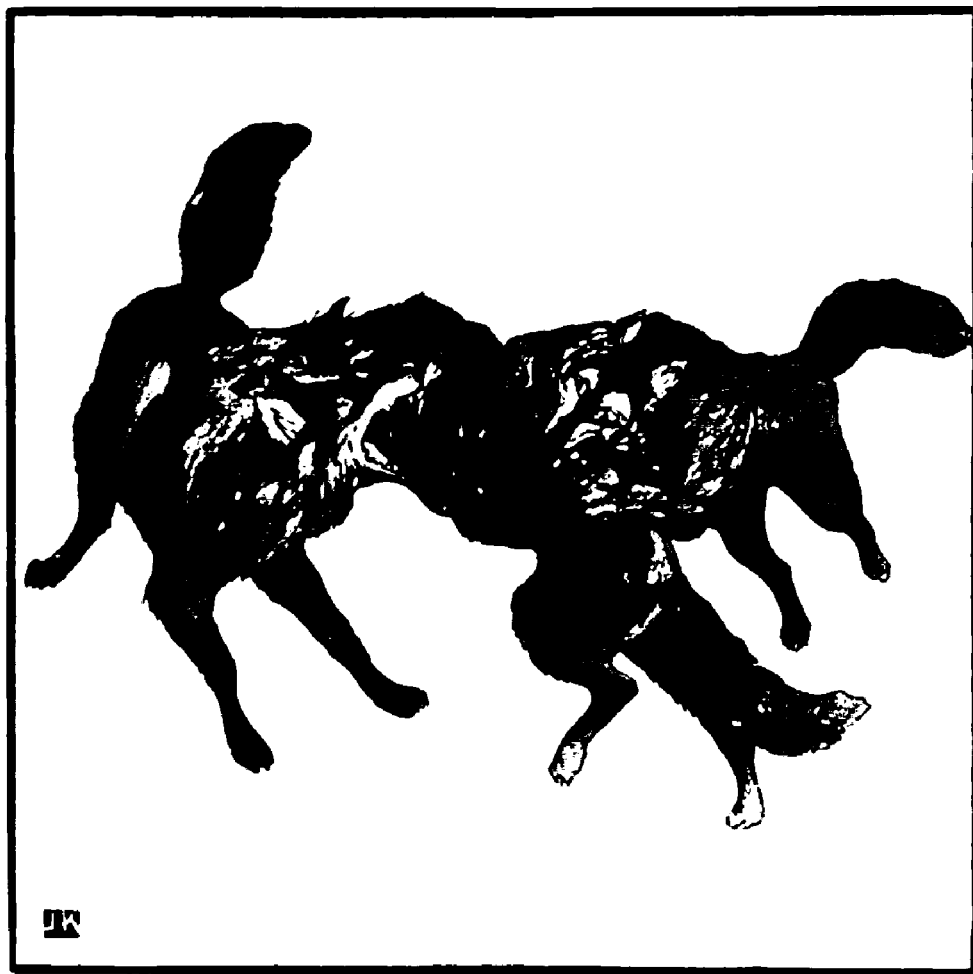
Here were two wolves, the enemy of his friend man, who had come to destroy the sheep that belonged to his master, and he sprang forward with bristling mane, raised hackles and gleaming fangs to kill these destroyers of sheep. Dearest to him than life was his master. So what mattered wounds or even death if he might die fighting for the man creature, who was his god.

The old wolf and the mongrel came on furiously without fear, but Hair-face was wary. He had developed his dog traits, and they had not. He knew full well that if he was to win this fight he would need all the cunning of man as well as the fierceness of the wolf.

He backed up against a juniper bush that his flank might be partially protected and awaited the attack. He did not have long to wait, for without any parley or sparring the wolf and the mongrel were upon him.

They sprang in together like trained fighters, and Hair-face had to take the punishment of one while he punished the other, but his coat was much thicker than either of his antagonists, and that stood him in good stead.

There was no barking, only desperate fighting. They sprang like flashing gray streaks, and their long jaws worked like machines. Fang struck



Hair-face had to Take the Punishment of One, While He Punished the Other.

pounding and pushing each second lessened, and the river men who were now at Roderick's side, lifted him in their strong arms and bore him over the jam to the shore.

When they laid him on the solid earth, Hair-face snuggled up as closely to his master as he could get and licked the blood from his face and washed the dirt from his hands with his soft long tongue. He was nearly frantic with the deathlike stillness of his master, and when Roderick at last opened his eyes and stroked his head, he barked again and again with delight.

"Just that moment's help, when Hair-face pulled me out of the way of that log and then kept me from falling in between two others, was what saved me," he said as soon as he could speak. "I saw the danger myself, but was too faint to move." "What do you boys think of my wolf now?" Roderick continued triumphantly. "I guess he is about worth his weight in gold."

#### CHAPTER VIII. FAITHFUL AS A DOG.

ON the last trip of the tote team out of camp and back to the settlement, another incident occurred that showed Hair-face's fidelity to his master.

When about halfway to McGregor's Point Roderick missed his wolf-dog. He thought nothing of it at first, as he often ranged wide along the trail, looking for rabbits or other game; but when an hour passed and he did not appear Roderick thought it strange and whistled from time to time, but all in vain, for Hair-face had not rejoined the team when the Point was reached.

"He's left you, mon," chuckled old man McCormick. "Gone back to the wolves just as the deer-hound did."

Roderick stoutly denied this, although he was sorely troubled by the incident.

When the following morning Hair-face had not returned, Roderick went back along the trail to look for him, going horse-back and taking his dinner. Roderick saw nothing of the missing wolf-dog until he rounded a sharp twist in the trail, at about the

shoulder and shoulder met fang, and the blood flowed in small trickling streams down their sides. Soon both of Hair-face's ears were in ribbons, and still he fought on. His sire, the old wolf, had the skin at his throat ripped open so that it hung in a loose flap, but he did not mind a little thing like that. Hair-face's own fangs then met in the mongrel's shoulder, who thereafter fought on three legs.

The old wolf punished his traitorous whelp with a great gaping wound in the throat, but he was nothing daunted. They should not kill his master's sheep until they had killed him.

Both sprang together and all but knocked him off his feet. Had this happened, his hour would have struck, but he was up like lightning and gripped the mongrel by the throat. He sunk his teeth deeply and then sprang back taking a part of his hold with him.

This stroke probably saved Hair-face's life, for the mongrel's jugular vein was torn open, and with a gasp he sank to earth and did not rise again. He kicked feebly and soon lay still. His part in the fight was over, but the old wolf fought on. He was, however, clearly no match for Hair-face, who was fighting for his master's sheep.

Steadily the wolf-dog bore his sire back towards the woods, until at last, still putting up a running fight, the wolf disappeared in the thicket.

But Hair-face soon returned, and sat down on the hillside near to his sheep and licked his wounds. He was so spent with fighting and loss of blood that he could hardly stand, but this was nothing as long as his master's property was safe.

That night, when Roderick came out to salt the flock, he found his wolf-dog still guarding them, but so stiff that he could scarcely move. When Roderick interrogated him he proudly led the way to where the mongrel lay dead, and after looking the ground over carefully the young Scotchman understood. So once more he sat down upon the ground and put his arms around the neck of his faithful friend.

A couple of weeks after the encounter between Hair-face and his kin, Roderick decided that it was just as well to bring home the sheep. It was growing cold rapidly and feed was short and dry. They had not lost a sheep during the year under the watchful care of Hair-face, and he did not want anything to happen now to break this fine record.

The snows fell early that year, and by the middle of November there was six inches on the ground and the skies were a dull leaden gray, which promised well for more.

This was good news for Roderick and Hair-face, for it meant that they would soon go back to the tote team, and both liked the wilderness better than they did the primitive village life.

To Roderick, as to his wolf-dog, the smell of spruce and hemlock and the gray vistas of the forest were satisfying as only wild life can be. They were never lonely in the woods, which teemed with life and were full of low, sweet voices. If one listened long and intensely he could even hear the breathing of the forest, a deep rhythmic sighing coming at regular intervals, like the low gasps of a mighty bellows.

About the middle of December, Bill Holland, timekeeper and paymaster of the camp, was taken sick, and Roderick was put in his place for the time being. The young Scotchman was a good mathematician and capable of better things than driving the tote team, so he kept the job even after Holland had partially recovered and gone back to civilization.

This camp was a small one, so that the bookkeeper was also the scaler, measuring all the logs as they were cut and piled.

Roderick's new duties kept him busy from morning till night, and also brought him into very intimate relations with the men. He not only measured the logs that they cut, but also kept their time and paid them their wages. The timekeeper and scaler, who had preceded Roderick, had been very slack in his duties, and had always played into the hands of the men in the matter of keeping their time. He also was not particular about the way in which they cut the logs. This was partly to curry favor with the camp.

But Roderick's Scotch conscience would not let him continue any of this favoritism, which was really sharp practice. So he docked the men whenever for any reason they did not put in full time; and he made them butt their logs carefully and saw them close to the ground.

For this he became unpopular. Besides he was young, and had jumped into his position over the heads of some of the rest of the help, and this also made jealousy.

Every day that went by the feeling grew until at the end of a month Roderick and Hair-face were almost outcasts in the camp. None of the men spoke to Roderick without they were obliged to, and Hair-face was hated more even than he had been the year before.

This might not have happened in an intelligent community, but this was one of the roughest camps upon the Upper Ottawa. Its members were gathered from all quarters of Canada, although most were either French, Canuck, or Scotch, or Scotch-Irish.

The trouble between Roderick and the men probably never would have been very serious had not Whiskey Jake, a rum-seller from McGregor's Point, smuggled liquor into the camp. As it was against the regulations of the camp to have liquor, he came in the evening bringing his goods in a sleigh, and departed before daylight, but he left behind him several large demijohns and the effect of his visit was at once apparent in the demeanor of the men.

Where they had only treated Roderick with silent disdain before, they now openly jeered and leered at him. This attitude of the men grew worse and worse as the days wore on, and Roderick hoped

and prayed for the return of the boss or that the bad whiskey might give out.

At last the trouble reached a crisis when the young Scotchman refused to scale a log until it was rebuffed, saying that it could not be sawed as it was, and that they would have to do it at the mills if it was not done now.

Instantly there was a storm among the men, and an excited crowd gathered around the scaler. Mike Mahoney, the bully of the camp, swore that Roderick would scale the log or he would thrash him.

But Roderick came of a race of men who had died for their faith, and the threat of the bully had no terror for him, although it was backed by a dozen ruffians, all anxious to help pound him.

The bully laid a heavy hand upon the young man's shoulder and glowered upon him, but Roderick looked straight in the man's bleared eyes, his own clear blue ones glinting like steel.

"Whatever you fellows see fit to do, I shall not scale that log until it is squared up at the butt," he declared in a clear ringing voice, in which was not a tremor.

This declaration was the signal for a roar of anger from the men and a combined attack which in a second had attained the fury of a football rush.

Mike's heavy fist was aimed at Roderick's head, but the blow was warded off by a hair's breadth, and Roderick returned the bully one in the face.

But it was a hopeless fight, for in five seconds the brave young fellow was down and a dozen reckless men, so crazed with whiskey that they hardly knew what they did, were kicking the life out of their victim with their heavy boots.

"Stop, we'll kill him," warned one of the gang, who was a little less intoxicated than his fellows.

But just at that second there was a change in the program, which could not have been more sudden if a ten-inch shell had been thrown in their midst and burst at the very heart of the fight, for a tall, gaunt gray figure, making fifteen feet at a bound, came out of the woods like a cyclone, and landed with a last mighty leap full upon the top of the struggling mass.



Ripped and slashed with his mighty jaws.

It was Hair-face, and his fury was something terrible to see. His mane and hackles were up, his great cavernous mouth was open ready for the death-dealing snap. Every inch of his one hundred and twenty-five pounds of whipcord sinews, and his rawhide muscles seemed bursting with rage. The horrible sound, half snarl and half roar, that came from his throat as he sprang, was enough to freeze the blood in the veins of the horrified lumbermen. Right and left he ripped and slashed with his mighty jaws. Here he ripped open an arm, there he laid a thigh bone bare and white, but by good fortune he did not happen to strike at any man's throat.

Roderick at the bottom of the heap heard the snarl, and knew well what it meant. Although he instantly understood that his wolf-dog had come in just the right moment to save his life, yet a horrible fear seized him. Unless he could free himself and stop him the beast would kill some of the men, for his rage was terrible.

"Hair-face, back," he called through the struggling mass, "Back, I say, Hair-face, back!"

With lightning-like haste those who could do so struggled out of the mass, each for himself and fled in every direction. They were almost as white with fear as the snow upon the ground. Their eyes bulged out from their heads and their teeth chattered.

At the sound of his master's voice Hair-face paused for a second in his deadly work. In that second Roderick reached up his hand and caught hold of the long coarse hair upon his neck, and spoke gently to him.

The wolf-dog still continued to growl like a demon, but he stopped long enough to lick his master's hand.

"Now, men," called Roderick, "pile off as carefully as you can and I will hold him."

As fearfully as though they were working with dynamite, the men untangled themselves and stood erect; as astonished and terrified a set of lumbermen as ever stood up.

Roderick was covered with bruises and blood flowed freely from a cut upon his head, but otherwise he was not injured.

Hair-face stood by his side still raging, all eagerness to get at his master's enemies.

"Boys," said Roderick as soon as he got his breath, "you might have killed me had it not been for Hair-face, and I feel he has saved you from as horrible a fate as he has me. But I know that you are not more than half responsible, so I am going to overlook it this time, with one exception. Mike, you git. I will give you just two minutes to get out of camp," he said sharply.

One glance at the wolf-dog was enough for Mike. He turned without a word, not even stopping for his cap, which had been knocked off in the scrimmage, and took the trail for McGregor's Point at the best pace he was capable of. Hair-face followed him with his blazing yellow eyes until the blue-green plumes of the forest hid him from sight.

(To be continued.)

## "OUR" COLUMN

Of course, as you enter upon the last month of the year, your thoughts most naturally look forward to

Christmas; in fact, I know some boys to whom December is just

CHRISTMAS JOYS Christmas, and its coming is

eagerly anticipated, because of the gifts given and received, the happy reunions of brothers and sisters in the homes and the general air of rejoicing that is felt when the gladsome season comes around. As I have thought about this happy time, the why and the wherefore of its joyousness, I have come to the conclusion that the degree of our enjoyment is very much in proportion to the manner in which we have used the other eleven months of the year. If we have been faithful, painstaking, obedient, and considerate of others during the preceding months, our Christmas enjoyment will be all the more delightful and satisfying. On the other hand, if we have not used our best endeavors not only to promote our own best welfare, but to give happiness to those around us and with whom we have come in contact, then it seems to me Christmas with all its pleasures will not fulfil our highest expectations. It is more than likely that some of you boys are beginning to regret that in the months past you were less diligent in your studies than you should have been; that many little duties were neglected, just through carelessness and because you "didn't think"; that you did not show just that attitude of respect or spirit of obedience that was your duty, and somehow you are dissatisfied with yourself. Well, if that is so, you should be pleased, because it may be, and I trust is, a sign that you are sorry for the past mistakes and have resolved to do better in the future. And just here let me remind you that it is no disgrace to make mistakes. The disgrace is in continuing the mistakes after we have found them out. Don't repeat the mistakes; try to overcome the tendency to make them.

One of the things that makes me realize that the couch of the editor of a magazine like this is by no means a bed of roses, is the

THOUGHTLESSNESS want of thought shown in

far too many of the letters from boys that come to my desk. The great majority of these letters are requests for information as to stories or articles that have appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY. Now, we try as far as lies in our power to answer these requests, but the writer has forgotten the month and even the year when the story or article appeared, and indeed it frequently happens that the title itself is either wrongfully set down or cannot be remembered at all. It can easily be seen, therefore, considering the almost countless items printed in the magazine in the course of a year, and also considering that we keep no index of the contents, which would be practically impossible, that we often have to confess our inability to locate the particular article or item wanted. When a boy writes, as appears in a letter now on my desk, saying, "I think the article was printed in THE AMERICAN BOY two or three years ago, but you will be able to find it," I consider that he is not only unreasonable, but exhibits a lack of thought and consideration which if not checked will be a very great obstacle to his future success in life. A little more care and thought on the part of our readers would ease the work and save the time of this office wonderfully, and we would be grateful indeed. In this connection let me suggest a plan which I have found to be exceedingly useful. I keep a special notebook and whenever I run across a story, article, or item of information which appeals to me as worth future reference, I jot down the title, name of the magazine, and the date of its appearing. I have department heads such as Fiction, Poetry (tragic or humorous), Biography, History, Curious Happenings, Mechanics, etc., and I enter the item under its appropriate title. When I consult this notebook, I find no difficulty in locating any particular subject wanted. This plan is, perhaps, not the best that could be devised, but I have found that it answers my purpose, and should any of you try it, it will at least obviate the necessity of my writing again on this subject.

The other day I came across a sentence which it struck me might help many a boy just when help

was most needed. Here it

SUCCESS OR FAILURE is: "There is no power

in the universe that can

help a man do a thing when he thinks he cannot do

it." The biggest, scarliest obstacle to our success is

(Continued on page 32)





# Why Dan Was Needed

## How One Boy Made a Place for Himself

By ISABEL GRAHAM BUSH

"BLESS me, if there isn't Dan Penny!" Silas Gibbs reached out a horny hand in welcome as his horse came to a standstill before the store. "When did you get back?"

"Last night," answered Dan, briefly re-

suming his brisk manipulations of the broom on the snowy sidewalk.

"Well, I'm right glad to see you. That Jim Lowden was enough to set the hull Corners crazy; he was just as liable to give me Joe Burt's mail as my own. Ma thought that mebbe he couldn't read very well, or was near-sighted, but I made up my mind it was jest nothing but heedlessness. I tell you your pa's had a hard time of it. How's he feeling this morning?" Mr. Gibbs climbed stiffly from his buggy, and with a basket of eggs on his arm followed Dan into the store.

"Father's better, thank you, but I shan't listen to his coming out until it gets warmer."

"That's right," chuckled the farmer. "It's just what he needs—somebody to see that he takes care of himself. I know from experience that rheumatism needs a slight of coddlin'. I hope you've decided on settlin' down now and helpin' keep store. I s'pose you'd set your heart on bein' a musicianer and it was dretful disappointin' to have to come home, but there isn't anybody needs you as much as the folks right here at The Corners. And as for learnin' more about playin', you couldn't suit me better'n you do now if you was to study 'til Gabriel tooted his horn."

Dan looked at his customer in amazement, then a great crimson flush mounted to the roots of his stubbly red hair. "Thank you, sir," he said in a voice which bespoke a sudden illumination. "Thank you, Mr. Gibbs."

Beech Corners was not on the map, in fact it had not a thought of ever being eligible to that distinction. To the end of its days it would only be a small, commercial oasis in the midst of silent stretches of farmland. A dozen or more dwellings kept the general store and postoffice company, while a square away a white church steeple towered above a hedge of tall evergreens.

Beech Corners was quiet to dullness as all corners are apt to be. To the older people such a condition was a cause for thankfulness, but the boys were stirred to a restlessness which had increased after Dan left for the city. The Pennys had made life bearable. They were the owners of the only piano at The Corners—a square, old-fashioned instrument—and when Ruth Penny, with no little natural skill, accompanied her brother on his flute, it seemed to give the young listeners beautiful glimpses into another world and set their hearts throbbing with a delicious delight. Alone, Ruth failed to evoke such sensations. After all, it was Dan, and the magic of his flute which could fairly out-twit the birds, they wanted. Beech Corners felt the loneliness of a personal loss.

Mr. Gibbs was not the only one to make it plain to Dan's shy, sensitive soul, sore from the hurt of his great disappointment. In spite of his teachers' encouragement he had been homesick and lonely in the great city. If his one great ambition must be relinquished for the sake of those dearest to him, it was inexpressibly comforting to know that in one place he was appreciated, that friends more loyal than he had imagined rejoiced at his home-coming.

Silas Gibbs' roan had hardly turned his nose farmward before a small avalanche of youth descended upon Dan. He emerged with difficulty, pale, but with shining eyes to wait upon entering customers.

"Come to the house tonight, boys," he called back over his shoulder, "and we'll have a big time; father'll enjoy it, too." It was just the invitation they were looking for.

Supper was hardly over, when Ruth, popping corn in the kitchen, heard shrill whistles up and down the street. It was the gathering of the clan. A few moments later her brother entered the room.

"I've closed the store and left everything shipshape for tomorrow," he said. "The crowd's coming; don't you hear them?"

"It seems so good to have you back, Dan." Ruth smiled up into his face and gave a tender little pat on his coat sleeve.

"It seems mighty good to be home, sis. This is a sight pleasanter than a little tucked-up room without a soul who cares a cent for you to speak to. There they are!"

A chorus of merry voices suddenly came from the sitting-room. When Dan opened the door not only the young people, but their parents as well, greeted him.

Dan took the flute from its case with a thrill of pleasure. It was something he could breathe life into, which sang and caroled at his will. Ruth at the piano was turning the leaves of her music. He

looked down at her and nodded, then raised the instrument to his lips, and all the uncertainty which had hovered over the company vanished with the first strains of "The Last Rose of Summer" in exquisite variations.

"You haven't forgotten the old ones!" exclaimed Jacob Tweedy, delightedly as it ended. "Give us another, Dan; there isn't anything like 'em."

So Dan played on and on, ending with several of the late popular selections for the benefit of the younger ones.

After the first excitement of home-coming, Dan's mind reverted more forcibly than ever to his disappointment. Mr. Gibbs was mistaken. Beech Corners didn't need him after all. There was nothing going on of interest, nothing for him but the irksome monotony of his position. With a greater ambition than ever he longed to get out into the world and do something really worth while, but Mr. Penny's ailment precluded all possibility of such a move. Dan worked on with a fierce sort of haste, and on stormy days when trade was duller than usual, he waged a desperate fight with himself.

One evening as he was about to close the store, Silas Gibbs entered followed by a dark, sharp-featured little man, a stranger to Dan.

"This is Mr. Frey," said Silas Gibbs by way of introduction. It might appropriately have been ferret, thought Dan as he shook hands with the newcomer.

"I thought we'd find you alone," said Mr. Gibbs, pulling off his hat and stroking the bald spot on his

night. Tomorrow he might be able to think of some more definite plan of action.

The Tweedy place was the last on the main street going west. As he drew near it a light twinkled for a moment in an upper window, then disappeared. Below all was dark. Mr. Tweedy and his wife were known to retire early. It was not more than half-past eight; Dan had looked at the clock before he left the store. He stood for a moment near the gate with a sense of great relief. Jake had just gone to bed—that was his room under the eaves where the light had disappeared.

Dan was turning away when his quick ear caught the sound of a creaking door being softly closed. He dropped down and peered through the fence. It was not so dark but he could see something moving near the lilac bushes. Then a figure sprang lightly over the fence beyond him. It was Jake with a bulky-looking bundle under his arm.

In his astonishment and distress Dan longed to call out and warn him of his danger, but his lips seemed sealed; he could not bring himself to utter a sound. One thing possessed him. He would follow the lad and find out who these companions were.

As they neared the turn to the Gibbs' farm a half mile away, Dan's heart pounded against his ribs, and something in his throat choked him. But to his surprise the figure ahead hurried past the turn and climbed the fence beyond. It was a pasture, but the ground was soft from the spring rains. There were no trees whose shadow he could keep within should the sky suddenly grow lighter. He might be discovered any moment if there were scouts about or if Jake chanced to turn in suspicion. Dan allowed him to get some distance in advance, but not so far as to lose sight of the figure striding along in such evident haste. It was like following a phantom—that any moment might vanish into air. Above his head the gray clouds hung low and a wind was rising.

They were nearing a wide strip of woodland. Jake sprang over the intervening fence and paused to give three shrill whistles which were answered from as many directions.

Dan stopped short; his worst fears were confirmed. It was the gang. He knew at once their destination—the old log shack in the woods. It had been vacant since he could remember except for an occasional tramp, or a nutting party in late fall that would build a fire on the stone hearth to warm their chilled fingers. There was no need now for haste; in fact it would be imprudent, for he could hardly hope to escape detection. Crouched behind some bushes which bordered the fence he listened. There were subdued greetings as the gang met, then the sound of footsteps died away.

Dan rose cautiously and stood straight and still, but alert. In the gloom of the April night he might have been taken for a young sapling. At last he slipped over the fence and among the shadows of the large trees. He knew the way perfectly even in the darkness. Dodging along under the branches he suddenly came to a standstill. What was that? Dan listened, his head bent forward.

A curious rumbling sound came to his ears, followed by a series of uncertain squawks which certainly were not emitted by a human voice. Then there was a sudden silence.

Dan held his breath. What could it all mean? What kind of orgies were the gang holding? For the sounds had begun again louder, shriller, more insistent. Gusts of wind filled the woods with a jargon of echoes that mocked shriekingly at each other and died away in a dismal wail.

Dan waited no longer. He strode on, his lips set in one straight line of determination. Not a thought of fear at the unequal numbers entered his head.

He came suddenly, and without warning upon the shack, for the sounds had mysteriously ceased. The windows had been darkened and not a ray of light was visible to an outsider. He walked softly around the place to find some peep hole, but in vain, and he could hear nothing but a confused murmur of voices. Evidently he was baffled.

Pausing to consider, Dan suddenly remembered the small opening in the back gable. If he could only reach it in some way he might manage to raise the curtain enough to learn who the occupants were and what they were doing. The wind in the trees covered the sound of his movements as he struggled with a strong limb the wood cutters had left for another day, and which he had accidentally stumbled against. He hoisted one end noiselessly as possible against the low shack, imbedding the other firmly in the earth.

Up this Dan shinned with agility, and caught at the ledge of the opening—his calculations had been



Brought into Relief the Four Familiar Faces

head. "It's a mean kind o' night—no moon, and it smells of rain. I wouldn't be out, but there's a little matter we'd like to talk over with you. You're close-mouthed and I can trust you."

Dan flushed and grew instinctively alert.

"That Tweedy boy is in here considerable, isn't he?" inquired the farmer. "I know I see him 'most every time I come. Well, I've been missing things lately—six chickens went off last week, and last night a couple o' sacks of oats. Now, I don't like to suspicion anybody, but I've heard that Jake Tweedy was gettin' pretty wild, that he goes off nights, nobody knows where, and that certainly looks queer if he isn't in any mischief. Mr. Frey thinks like as not he's got in with a gang that have a hiding-place for their plunder. He's going home with me tonight to see if he can't catch 'em red-handed. I hope I'm mistaken about Jake on his father's account, but—"

"Oh, I think you are, Mr. Gibbs," Dan burst out impetuously. "Jake is full of pranks, but he's above doing a mean thing, I'm sure."

"Well, we'll see, we'll see," interrupted the old gentleman testily. "But mind, you're not to mention a word of this to anybody, and if you keep a sharp lookout you may find out something for yourself."

Mr. Gibbs, in not the best of humor, departed with the sheriff. He had never liked Jake Tweedy since the Hallowe'en night the boy had unfastened his horse, hitched before the store, and tied it a block farther down the street, giving the old gentleman a great scare for a few moments.

As the door closed behind the two men, Dan sank into a chair utterly bewildered. He could not for one moment bring himself to believe that Jake was guilty. There was not a kinder-hearted, more obliging boy at The Corners if he was bubbling over with life and spirit. But suppose he had really fallen into bad company, who were using him as a tool? Dreadful visions of disgrace and the grief of his parents sent a chill down Dan's spine; it would be the first time such a thing had happened to a Cornerite. He sprang up with a sudden resolution, turned out the lights, locked the door and started in the direction of the Tweedys. He could at least learn whether Jake was at home, and if so he would be safe for one



so nearly exact. Cautiously—for the racket had begun again—he parted the flap of the old coat which covered it and peered in. A most unexpected sight met his eyes.

Two smoky kerosene lamps lighted the place and brought into relief the four familiar faces. Jake, evidently the leader, sat facing his companions firmly clutching his father's old bass viol which had seen long service in the village church. Job Rice, from The Hollow, puffed at a wheezy cornet, also an heirloom, and Tad Peters beat vigorously upon a drum—a brand new affair which Tad could hardly take his eyes from. Mel Smith, the son of a nearby farmer, was evidently acting in the dual capacity of audience and supernumerary should Tad at any time become incapacitated for duty.

"Stop!" suddenly shouted the leader, waving his bow. "You're 'way off the key, Job. That isn't 'Bonnie Doon.'"

"Well, I don't care," retorted Job, wiping a very red face. "I can't hear anything with Tad keeping up such a racket. He came in a count too soon on that last line and mixed me all up."

"I didn't either," said Tad fiercely, "and I couldn't drown you out if I tried. That old horn of yours is worse than a callope."

"There, there," said Jake soothingly, foreseeing trouble ahead; "I guess we all got mixed up some way; anyhow, we don't seem to get the hang of it. Let's try 'Yankee Doodle'; maybe that'll go better. Tad, suppose you rest a spell and let Mel take a turn at the drum. We'll give you a chance on the last verse."

Good feeling evidently restored, the leader raised his bow. "One-two-three, begin!" The bow went down on the strings with a squeak; Job's cheeks assumed the rotundity and color of plump winter pippins, and the drum-sticks flew up and down like a pair of jumping jacks. There was no denying the vigor of the performance in spite of the dire lack of time and tune. It was too much for Dan's sense of humor. His fears for Jake had departed, and he shook with such uncontrollable, but silent laughter, that he slipped from his perch and fell with a thud upon the soft earth.

Unharmful, he picked himself up and stole away, thinking soberly.

Dan was unwilling to reveal the boys' secret unless it became positively necessary to prove they were not in mischief, but that night he found opportunity for a long conference with Ruth without mentioning what he had seen that evening.

The next morning Mr. Frey walked into the store. Dan was alone. "Did you catch the thieves?" he inquired.

The man looked disgusted. "Thief, you mean. We got a glimpse of him, but he was too sly to be caught. He must have a family in these parts for he carried off those hens and with the least fuss and feathers of any fox I ever saw."

"What about the sacks of grain Mr. Gibbs missed?" asked Dan eagerly.

"Well, we found one of them under a heap of straw which had fallen from the bay. I presume he'll find the other there somewhere. Silas Gibbs is a good man, but he's dreadful quick to jump at conclusions."

Late in the afternoon Jake Tweedy came in on an errand for his mother. "I've been wanting to see you," remarked Dan carelessly as he weighed out the half dollar's worth of sugar. "Did your father ever teach you to play on that bass viol of his?"

Jake looked up in alarm, but there was nothing in Dan's blue eyes to arouse suspicion. "A little," he nodded. "But it's awful slow work; I'm getting pretty well discouraged."

"If we could get enough fellows together don't you think it would be nice to have a little orchestra?" inquired Dan, passing the sugar across the counter.

Jake's jaw dropped in astonishment. "You don't mean it?" he gasped.

"Sure I do," Dan answered. "Think it over, now; how many do you think we could get?"

"Tad Peters has a splendid new drum he got Christmas, and Job Rice has a cornet. It's kind o' old—one his father used to play on—but I think Tad does real well."

"That's good," encouraged Dan, repressing a smile. "But we've got to have a violin. Can't you think of somebody?"

Jake's face puckered in a fierce frown as he racked his brain. "There's Abel Watkins over at The Hollow. He could do real well only he hates to practice. He can play anything he's ever heard after going over it a time or two. Do you want me to speak to him? When do you want to begin?"

"Right away," said Dan, unhesitatingly. "Tomorrow night at 7 o'clock sharp."

"All right, we'll be on hand." Jake picked up his package and marched out of the store whistling.

The sounds which issued from the Penny house the next evening would have made a music lover smile, but if Dan and his sister groaned inwardly, there were no outward signs. With unwavering patience the eager amateurs were singly and together led through the simple rhythms of "Bonnie Doon," until discord softened into something like harmony.

"It wasn't really so bad at the last," laughed Ruth as her brother closed the door on the departing musicians.

Dan smiled. "If they didn't think the more noise the more music. I declare, I thought Tad Peters would drive me crazy. I could have pitched that drum into the well. But as you say, it wasn't bad for the first rehearsal, considering."

"Of course it wasn't, and it will be something to look forward to," said Ruth. "Beech Corners is a pretty dull place for boys—and girls, too, for that matter," she added.

Dan looked at her in surprise. Ruth had always seemed happy and contented. Perhaps this new interest would liven the days for all of them. And it did. The rehearsals progressed slowly, but progress

they did, as could be expected with not only The Corners, but The Hollow taking the deepest interest in them. If all visitors had not been strictly denied admittance, the room would have been filled. As it was, loiterers might often have been seen leaning against the Penny fence listening to the sounds floating out on the night air.

If Dan had not been a born leader as well as musician, things might not have gone so smoothly, but the young musicians sailed out into deep water fearlessly with flying colors—"Auld Lang Syne," "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" woven into a delightful pot pourri gave full scope to the drum, and sent the quickened blood tingling through the players' veins.

Abel Watkins practiced as though his very life depended on it, when it was rumored that Hal Briggs—who had suddenly begun lessons with Uncle Billy Simons up Convis way—a master hand with the bow—was to play first violin. Jake Tweedy needed no such incentive. To him music was just the outlet his restless spirit needed. He often wondered if Dan really knew of those secret rehearsals at the shack, but he would not hazard so much as a question to satisfy his curiosity.

In turn, Dan speculated as to whether Silas Gibbs' unjust accusation had reached Jake's ears. If they had no one knew it from the boy's demeanor.

It was after Hal Briggs had begun to play second violin that Mr. Gibbs had a fall which bade fair to keep him indoors the rest of that spring, at least. Dan knew how the active man chafed under confinement at one of the busiest seasons of the year. He thought it over for some time before he spoke, and then he watched Jake with some trepidation.

"Boys," he said, at the close of a rehearsal, "I was just thinking how this last piece would sound in the moonlight under somebody's window."

"But you couldn't use the drum," grumbled Tad, "nor the piano, either, in a serenade."

"Ruth wouldn't mind about that," answered Dan cheerfully. "You could take your drum along and if we had an encore we'd play 'Yankee Doodle' and that would give you a chance to let the sticks fly."

## To-day

**WRITE** it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. Today is a King in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived, let us unmask the King as he passes.—

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"Where do you want to go?" inquired Job Rice, carefully polishing his new cornet with a silk handkerchief.

"Suppose we try Mr. Gibbs, he's having a hard time and it might brighten him up a bit?"

"All right," assented Jake. He was the first one to speak. The others acquiesced slowly.

"It's my opinion he won't care a cent for our playing," argued Job, "but it will be good practice and we won't be scared to death if we happen to make a few mistakes."

The moon was at its full, and the next evening the whole world seemed flooded with light. The boys slipped away separately to avoid arousing the suspicions of the younger crowd, who would have persistently tagged after them. Once clear of The Corners, Dan stopped to marshal his musicians, and they proceeded in triumph.

As they reached the bend in the road a light was visible from the farmhouse. Dan halted. "We'd better stop here and tune up," he said. "Don't make any more noise than you can help, boys."

It was so still the scraping of violin and bass viol seemed to shriek in their ears. The frightened birds fluttered from the bushes by the roadside, and in the pasture an old white horse listened for a moment, then kicked up his heels and cantered away.

"If we scare Mr. Gibbs like that he can't run away that's sure," laughed Job. "He'll just have to grin and bear it." The boys were chuckling over the remark as they reached the fence separating the front yard from the pasture lot.

"Hist!" called Dan. "We'd better get over here, and cut across to the house; we'll be less liable to be seen."

The sitting-room lamp showed plainly the old man stretched out in a big chair, his injured foot resting on a cushion. His farm papers lay unopened at his hand, and it was evident by his restless movements that he was either in pain or in an unhappy frame of mind. As they looked, the boys were suddenly seized with a desire to do their best. Their fingers thrilled with a nervous eagerness as they lifted their instruments.

"Softly, softly now," warned their young leader. "One-two-three—"

Softly, indeed, hardly more than a breath that trembled with anxious fervor, "The Last Rose of Summer" rose and fell upon the evening air. Their whole souls were in it, and never had they felt quite so sure of themselves.

A broad lilac bush screened them from the window, but as they ended they heard Mr. Gibbs saying excitedly: "If it isn't Dan Penny—the young rascal—and that orchestra of his! Go and bring 'em in, ma, don't let 'em get away."

"Quick, boys!" whispered Dan, "let's have 'Yankee Doodle.' Now for your drum, Tad."

The little woman in the doorway stood transfixed for a moment and then she laughed. "Why, if they ain't serenadin' you, pa—" But the words were lost in the jingle and swing, and the pulsing drum beats. She looked back to see the old man's head wagging in time, the smile on his face growing broader every moment.

The old Yankee favorite was followed by others—the orchestra's entire repertoire—then breathless but triumphant they were ushered into the sitting-room.

"Bless me, Dan—and Jake—" Mr. Gibbs gave each one a warm grip of the hand. "The first appearance of The Beech Corners orchestra, hey? What put it into your heads to serenade such an old duffer?"

Dan laughed. "I hope it won't make you any worse."

"Worse! Here, ma, haven't you anything for these chaps to eat?"

The boys protested, but the farmer would have his way, and they did full justice to the bountiful spread.

An hour later the young musicians departed, all but Dan, who remained at a sign from the old man. Mr. Gibbs looked keenly at him when they were alone. "Did Jake ever find out?" he asked.

Dan made no pretense of misunderstanding. "No, I'm sure not," and then he paused. Now the opportunity offered should he not clear Jake's reputation of the least breath of suspicion? It seemed the only right thing to do. The man's face reddened as Dan described the rehearsal in the shack.

"I supposed I was too old to make such mistakes," he said as Dan finished. "It's a lesson for both of us, but I hope you don't need it; and it's to your credit that it turned into good. But you never would have thought of helping the boys if I hadn't put you on the scent, and you found out for yourself how much they needed it, now would you?"

"No," Dan confessed soberly.

"And you don't know yet what you've saved 'em from," continued Mr. Gibbs. "It's just as I said when you came home. There isn't any place needs you as much as we do right here at Beech Corners, and now you know why."

## "If I Only Had the Time"

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time, which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies which others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

On this subject Success Magazine says: You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried through life a little book in his pocket lest an unexpected moment should slip from his grasp, what should we, of common abilities, resort to to save the precious moments from oblivion?

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

Drive the minutes or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of "margins." Tell me how a young man uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals or tardy appointments, after his day's work is done, or evenings—what opportunity—and I will tell you what that man's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not.

"The most valuable of all possessions is time; life itself is measured by it." The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our callings.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Never shun small responsibilities. The small duties are the links making the chain.

Never lose your self-respect. Character is the foundation on which all good work is built.

Never refuse advice. Take all men's opinions, and season them with your judgment.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

Never hesitate to give a man the benefit of the doubt. Remember to err is human.

Never shrink from work. If you must envy any one let it be a man who has more and not less responsibility than you.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

# The Gage of Battle

## A Story of English Boy Life in the Days of Chivalry

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

The scene of the story is laid in England during the latter part of the fourteenth century. Robin Bowman, archer, riding to the castle of Lord Rumsley, his master, is startled by thick clouds of smoke and the appearance of a woman crying. To his questions she tells how Lord Lanterell had foully attacked the castle of her master, Lord Linmouth, setting fire to it and murdering the inmates. She had snatched up the little heir Geoffrey and escaped to the woods, where she left him to find out if the enemy had gone. On her return the child is gone and her grief is sore. Robin tries to comfort her and rides on. Proceeding some distance in the forest, he is suddenly halted by a little boy, who bravely orders him to yield himself. The amused archer immediately surrenders and discovers that this is the lost heir of Linmouth. He takes the child to Rumsley Castle, explains the matter to his lord, and it is agreed to bring up the boy, first giving him a new name, lest his enemies find him. He is henceforth known as Geoffrey Severles. For a time he is placed with the women of the castle, who teach him the virtues of kindness, courtesy and true chivalry. Robin Bowman is his teacher in physical training and performs his duty conscientiously. The boy as he grows up is gradually taught those accomplishments which were demanded of those who would become knights.

## CHAPTER III.

It must not be thought that Geoffrey grew companionless from babyhood to youth—companionless in the sense of none of his own age with whom to share his toils, discuss his small troubles, and assist him in boyish mischiefs. In Rumsley castle were near to three score lads of various ages; pages, esquires and bachelors, as the older 'squires were termed. The Earl of Rumsley was a man of mark and importance in the realm; his wide lands, his high connections, his admired, yet feared statecraft, made him a patron to be desired and one with whom it was thought wise to curry favor. Because of these things many of his neighbors of somewhat less rank and standing, as well as a goodly number of his peers, saw fit to pay to his lordship the compliment of sending to him their sons to be trained for their knighthood. The number of youths in this rough school varied from time to time, but on occasion it reached high to a hundred.

So it will be seen that Geoffrey had many lads to choose from if he desired friends of his age—and the boy who does not yearn for such is strange indeed.

One day while Geoffrey was lounging on the long wooden bench outside his lordship's door, awaiting such service as might be required of him as page, a man-at-arms, accompanied by a youth some thirteen or fourteen years of age entered, stained with long riding and marked by fatigue. These Geoffrey eyed with curiosity.

After gazing about him awkwardly, evidently much in doubt as to what he should do, the man-at-arms descried the page and approached him clumsily.

"Young master," said he, "canst tell me how I may come at his Lordship of Rumsley?"

"Aye," replied Geoffrey, casting a friendly glance at the stranger lad. "Dost bring us another page? What is thy name?" The question was addressed to the boy.

"Robert Hamworth, an it please thee. My father hath sent me hither, praying of the earl that he permit me to be enrolled among the pages in his household."

"I hope well it may be so," Geoffrey said, for he felt within him a sort of friendship begin to warm for the newcomer. "Right well will I be glad to have thee stay."

"I give thee many thanks. When may we see my lord?"

"I will e'en ask," Geoffrey said. Forthwith he returned beckoning the twain to follow him.

Geoffrey waited the outcome of the interview with eagerness, and answered the earl's summons with alacrity.

"Conduct this young gentleman to the quarters of the pages and esquires," said the earl, "and see to it that this man hath such refreshment in the kitchens as is meet. Tell Andrew Manty the lad is to be enrolled among the pages."

"Come, Robert Hamworth," said Geoffrey. "First will we take thy man to be fed, then will I lead thee to Andrew Manty, who will put thy name on the rolls with the rest of us."

Andrew Manty was master of 'squires. To his charge were the scores of unruly lads committed and his duty it was both to give them instruction in the bearing and using of arms and to keep such order as he might among them. Him, Geoffrey and Robert found in his office seated on a wooden bench before a sort of desk. Laboriously and with much hoarse mutterings he went over some list pertaining to his everyday labors.

"Good den, Master Manty," Geoffrey began.

"Out upon thee. Out upon thee," roared Andrew Manty. "Now when I have done drubbing thee may a murrain pick up what remains and fly away with it. What mean'st, thou imp of mischief, bawling out so when I am engaged with this toll of reading? Thy clamor hath caused me to lose my way in this desert of pen scratches. By my good sword I have e'en lost the sense to it altogether."

"I crave thy pardon, good sir," said Geoffrey solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye. "I did not see thou wast engaged in thy clerky capacity else had I been quiet as any mouse."

Andrew Manty stood upon his feet, still scowling at Geoffrey. Robert Hamworth gave a very little gasp and felt his legs quaking beneath him, for Manty looked very fierce indeed—and gigantic, for though both lads were tall for their ages their heads came but a little way above the angry man's belt,

and a broad window behind him was completely hidden from view by the stretch of his shoulders.

"My lord hath sent me hither with this lad," Geoffrey continued. "I was to tell thee to enroll him among the pages."

Andrew Manty smote the table with his fist until it leaped from the floor. "Now," he roared, "wilt listen to that! Another one of them. Yet another. As though they flocked not over me now like fleas upon a hound. I will not take thee. I will have none of thee, I say. Get thee gone before I come at thee and cast thee over the battlements. Enroll him among the pages, saith my lord. Ha. 'Tis easy for him to say, aye, but he giveth no thought to Andrew Manty who must have the trouble of it. Rather would I endure two pitched battles, yea, rather would I endure two pitched battles, than have another of ye foisted upon me. . . . What is thy name?"

"Robert Hamworth," stuttered the frightened lad, who would have dashed through the door and taken instantly to flight had not Geoffrey grasped him firmly by the sleeve.

"Why comest thou hither?" demanded the giant.

"I am sent by my sire that I may have the benefit of such things as are to be learned," replied Robert. "My sire telleth me that there be few places in the realm where one may get such instruction as with the Earl of Rumsley, an it please thee."



"Dost Bring Us Another Page?"

"'Tis true. 'Tis true as holy writ," boomed Andrew Manty much pleased at the compliment inferred. He glowered at the lads and sat heavily down upon his bench again. "It may be," said he, scratching his great head, "that I have room for just one more of ye. Yea, methinks thou mayest stay now that thou art here, but, Robert Hamworth, bear thyself right softly; get thyself into no mischiefs, or out thou goest, neck and crop."

"I give thee thanks, sir," Robert began, but Andrew Manty interrupted with his bull's voice. "Nay, thank me not. Think'st I would take thee an I could help myself." He turned to Geoffrey. "Take thou this fresh worry of mine and show him the things he must needs know. Now get ye gone."

Geoffrey and Robert retreated from the room, the former chuckling softly to himself, the latter still somewhat in a tremble.

"Truly," quoth Robert, "this man is a very bear."

"A bear is he only in the roar," answered Geoffrey. "Wait till thou comest to know more of him. He delighteth to bellow, yet, methinks, he loveth every lad in the castle."

"He is no knight," observed Robert who had noted this fact from Manty's attire.

"Nay, he hath remained in the estate of 'squire, though many times hath knighthood been offered him, so the story goeth. His blood is as good as any I these parts, but poverty hath kept him from the golden spurs."

What Geoffrey said of Andrew Manty was equally true of large numbers of other gentlemen of little fortune, who by blood and position and accomplishments were entitled to be received into the order of knighthood. To be a knight, however, necessitated the possession of sufficient wealth to maintain the knightly position. So, many brave men chose to remain 'squires throughout their lives rather than take upon themselves a position they could ill support. These 'squires were an important branch of the order of chivalry; they rode at the head of

their own men, if so be they possessed retainers; they carried the shield, lance and sword, even as did the knights themselves—all they lacked was the accolade. They might not wear the golden spurs.

"'Tis my hope to become knight and go to the wars," said Robert as the lads walked along.

"And mine," said Geoffrey. Here we be." They now entered a huge doorway and presently stepped from the stone-paved passageway into the great room used as a dormitory for 'squires and pages. Here were long rows of small beds with sheepskin coverings thrown over their feet, and it was no difficult matter for Geoffrey to find a vacant one for his new friend. This business transacted, the boys went outside, Geoffrey conducting Robert over the castle, showing him the tilting yard, the stithy where the smith was busied repairing a piece of Milan armor for the earl, the stables and all places of interest.

When they came to the exercise yard wherein were the pels Geoffrey glanced questioning at Robert.

"Hast practiced at these?" he asked.

"Aye," replied Robert, "and that right steadily."

"Come," suggested Geoffrey, "let us arm ourselves with staves and have at one another. I would e'en try thy mettle, Robert, and I ween thou hast a like thought in thy pate concerning me."

"Right blithely," Robert responded to the challenge. "Where get we staves?"

There were plenty of these to be had and soon the lads were at it might and main. They were of equal stature, and in strength appeared to be nearly matched. Concerning skill, that was a point yet to be decided. From the first it was to be seen that the natural temperaments of the lads affected their manner of fighting. Robert's eyes glistened with a smile; he danced lightly to and fro, exuberant, debonair, quick as a cat; Geoffrey was more serious. His movements were slower and more studied, his face was immobile, his eyes were grave, his chin set with determination. Robert was of the sort who possess the laughing courage, who meet danger as if it were a thing of pleasure, and who fight even to the death with the lips curved in a smile. Geoffrey was not so. His mind was of a more serious cast. He met not peril with a laugh but with brow bent in determination, coolly, calmly. Robert fought brilliantly; Geoffrey steadily. This, their first trial of strength and skill was well worth the watching.

Staff clattered against staff. Thrust, parry, stroke, recovery followed thick and fast. Geoffrey stood firmly with legs braced, ever facing his antagonist who skipped nimbly about him, feinting, dashing in and out lightly, fearlessly. If the combat were to be long sustained Geoffrey had the advantage of it, for he husbanded his breath and strength, making no unnecessary movement, speaking no unnecessary word. Robert kept up a constant merry banter.

"Ha," he cried as a stroke grazed Geoffrey's brow. "Nearly did I clout thy skull. Have at thee, man. Nobly parried. . . . Truly thy wrist is steel. . . . By 'r Lady an thou a'most finished it then. . . ."

Sturdy blows were given and taken, a tiny trickle of blood appeared on Geoffrey's cheek, while Robert's forehead was fast increasing by the measure of a goodly bump. Still they fought on, neither having the advantage.

"Hast enough?" Geoffrey asked out of courtesy to the newcomer.

"Nay," responded Robert. "Let us go on 'till one hath the best of it."

Now the strain of the exercise began to tell. Blows were delivered less swiftly, breath came in labored gasps, muscles ached and sweat poured down rugged faces in streams. Yet neither could boast that he had delivered a more telling stroke than the other; so far the combat waged evenly. Suddenly, however, a voice from the shadow of a nearby wall interrupted the combatants.

"Have done, cockrels, have done. Wilt stand thus and baste away either at the other till nightfall? Have done."

"Neither hath advantage, Robin Bowman," called Geoffrey. "We continue 'till either Robert doth best me or I best him."

"That thou canst not, and that can not he," replied Robin. "Marvelous even skilled ye be. I wot there be none of your age within these four walls that can match either, stroke for stroke."

"What sayest thou?" Geoffrey asked of Robert.

"Let us e'en stop an that be the case. 'Twere little good to stand here clouting the livelong day an neither can thrash other."

Both rested on their staves eying each other gravely and with some admiration. Geoffrey was first to move. With hand extended he stepped toward Robert. "I would clasp thy hand," said he, "and be true friend unto thee while life doth last. Thou art right gentle enemy and will e'en prove right true friend."

"Friend and companion in arms would I be with thee," responded Robert. "From the beginning mescemeth I loved thee passing well. Ever will we be friends, and nothing shall come between the two of us."

"Bravely said," Robin Bowman called. "And right glad am I of this outcome. 'Tis not well for lad to grow to manhood without dear friend to lean upon and share with, come good come ill."

"'Tis my good friend, Robin Bowman," Geoffrey explained to Robert. Together the lads approached the archer and Geoffrey told him his new friend's name and that he was come to be page in the household of the earl.

"Right welcome art thou," Robin said heartily. "Page art thou to be? Methinks from thy stature

and general seeming thou shouldst be 'squire rather. Both thou and Geoffrey here will be ready to carry your swords to the altar for blessing and take upon thyself this somewhat better estate ere many months have passed."

Geoffrey laid his hand affectionately on his new friend's shoulder. "Good Robin," said he, "Robert here hath said he holds a great love for me, and I have e'en said the same to him. It hath been agreed between us that we shall be companions in arms through life, and so share with each other what may come."

"'Tis well," replied Robin thoughtfully. "A true friend will be no ill thing for thee to possess, and it may so fall out that thou shalt one day have grave need of such an one. Aye, it doth mine old heart good to hear that it is so. Companions in arms, sayest thou? A right fair and honorable thing is such a union, and many worthy knights have derived great credit and advancement by reason of it."

"Yea," Robert said softly, "many such stories have I had from my father: stories of companions in arms who gained great consideration for themselves in divers ways and by divers means. Methinks there was one Sir Louis Montaigne who hath a song written about him for that when his companion in arms, Sir James Wilmer, was taken in battle in Flanders, he did conceive it dishonor for himself to go free, but did give himself up to share whatever fortune might come to his friend."

"'Tis good sooth. And those have been known who did even refuse to remain alive when their comrades were slain."

"'Twas of such mettle, so the story goeth, that Sir Damon and Sir Pythias, knights of ancient times, were made," suggested Geoffrey.

"Aye," replied Robert, "and even we may hope to follow in some sort these examples, may we not, my Geoffrey?"

"Aye," replied the lad. And thus was formed a friendship which was to last through many long years, and which was to endure through trials, through danger, through adversity and through good fortune. So was a friendship formed which came to an end only when those hearts that harbored it ceased to beat.

#### CHAPTER IV.

TIME seldom hung heavily on the hands of the pages, Robert and Geoffrey, for there was ever much to be seen and to do in and about Rumsley castle. What time they had to themselves after their service to their lord and their daily exercises were done they spent right merrily, and the mischief they caused resulted many times in backs sore from the contact of leather belt. In warm weather there was swimming in the river; there were many rough games for boys had games in that day as well as now, among which was a very early forerunner of baseball. Of course there was no great semblance to the game as it is played today, but a ball there was which was batted about, and much running and shouting as is ever the way with lads.

When there was no game afoot there were long tramps through the woods where the red deer of the king browsed, red deer which it was death for any poor man to kill; there were the bachelors at their knightly exercises in the tilt yard to watch as they learned to sit their great horses and to bear lance and sword and shield in friendly encounters with each other. Sometimes, too, splendid visitors arrived at the castle with gallant, glittering retinues. But a point of great interest always was the stithy, where old Wat Smith labored ever making new weapons or mending old, refurbishing armor, replacing missing links in chain mail and doing a hundred other things pertaining to his craft, which was an honorable one indeed. As Wat Smith himself was accustomed to say:

"If man must work what better can he turn his hand to than this trade of mine. A right noble thing is it to wield steel with skill, but, by the rood, 'tis little less worthy to work in this same stern metal. Aye, lads, of all craftsmen the smith hath the most noble trade."

"What hast there, Wat Smith?" demanded Robert, eyeing with curiosity the piece of armor which their friend was handling with evident pride. "Meseems 'tis of goodly make and right noble withal."

"Aye, young sir, that it is," and the smith held up for their inspection a cuirass of glistening steel, beautifully polished and enriched with inlay of gold. "By these five finger bones but it doth warm the cockles of the heart to handle such a piece. Light it is, so that a lad might bear it, and seemly to the eye, yet of such strength and temper that sword stroke or lance thrust mar it no more than would a buffet of the fist. It belongeth to none other than my lord himself."

The lads bent over it, touching it with admiring fingers, and wishing in their secret hearts for the day when they, too, should don armor of proof on stricken field.

So keen was their interest that old Wat's eyes glistened with satisfaction. "Knowest aught of armor?" he asked.

"Nay," replied the lads in a breath.

"'Tis full time," quoth the smith. "Such knowledge importeth much. Come, I will instruct ye. Here have I a full suit of armor, and right merrily will I point out the parts, naming them with their proper names, if so be ye care to weight your memories with such a matter."

"Do so, good Wat," begged Geoffrey. "We will be all ears and eyes. Begin thy lesson I prithee."

Wat Smith cleared his throat with preparatory impressiveness and patted the armor lovingly.

"Here," he began, touching the head piece, "is the helmet. It encaseth the head. Over the face is the vizor which may be raised when not in actual combat to give better view and freer breath. The chin covering is termed the beaver, and may be lowered to eat or drink. Next cometh the gorget of chain mail which doth protect the throat. These upon the shoulders be the ailettes, and upon the arms are the brassarts, jointed that the movements may have full play. The hands are clothed in gauntlets. This larger piece which giveth safety to breast and back is the cuirass. The thighs be protected by cuisses and the shanks be saved from scathe by the greaves. The elbows have for defense the cubiters, and the knee cap sheltereth behind the genouilliere. . . . There, my masters, ye have enough for the first lesson, and right well will ye do an ye forget no part of it forthwith."

"We give thee thanks, good Wat," Geoffrey gave assurance, "and will truly profit by thy instruction."

"It becomes every man to know well the language of his calling," replied the smith. "An thou be'st knight and gentleman thou must always be of sufficient learning to speak aright of the thing conversed



"This Larger Piece Which Giveth Safety to Breast and Back is the Cuirass."

of. It may fall out, young masters, that ye may see great sights and fall in with high companions. If so be it should be so ye must ever look with care to your manners and speech. Call each thing by its proper name; use always the true term else ye shall be held up to derision."

"Much teaching have we had," quoth Geoffrey somewhat ruefully, "and already our heads be crammed until learning drippeth from out our ears. Is not Robin Bowman forever threatening my back with his belt? Does not Will Forester pursue me with questions of venery? Fear not, Wat Smith, thou shalt have little cause to blush for mine ignorance an these good friends have their way."

An imp of a page, one constantly in service in the household, came panting into the stithy, and with his tongue in his cheek, made a mouth at Geoffrey.

"Ho, Ho," he cried gleefully. "Thou art in for it now. Now thou shalt answer for it. Ho, ho."

"What ails thee, thou ape?" asked Geoffrey somewhat sharply.

"Ails me, quoth he, mimicked the page. "'Tis little ails me, but were I sick of a fever I would not exchange and stand in thy shoon. Tidings of thy evil deeds have come even to my lord himself. What think'st thou now? And my lord hath sent me to bring thee to him. Oh, my back, my back," and the little fellow went through the pantomime of dancing with the pain that follows a thorough drubbing heartily administered.

Geoffrey looked at Robert somewhat blankly, for it could be no light offense that called him to the attention of the earl himself.

"What hast been doing?" asked Robert solicitously. "I' faith, I know not. Give me a moment to think on it, Sir Ape. Cudgel thy brains, Robert. Thou knowest my sins as well as I. Which of them is so passing villainous as to carry over Master Manty's head? Methinks it must be treason itself."

"Truly, Geoffrey, I mind nought of such a nature. It could not be the matter of the ducking of Goodman Farmer, for Manty thrashed thee soundly for that. Nor could it have to do with the orchard of the good father Abbott. . . . Nay, 'tis too much for me. Go thou and may the saints be with thee."

Dubiously Geoffrey followed the little page to the closet wherein the Earl of Rumsley awaited him. Here, standing beside his lordship, was Robin Bowman, grave, without smile to crinkle his leathern cheeks. This, said Geoffrey to himself, boded ill indeed.

Geoffrey louted profoundly, wondering all the time in his own mind what misdeed could have brought him to this pass, and what grievous punishment this stern nobleman would meet out to him. With downcast eyes he waited.

"Geoffrey Severies," said the earl softly, "I have had reports of thee."

For near to a minute thereafter his lordship remained silent, glowering at the lad beneath bushy brows. Intently he scrutinized the lad without seeming to do so. To the beholder his lordship's expression showed no interest, no curiosity, only smouldering wrath. The silence irked the lad. The red blood climbed his throat and hung out its banner of resentment on his cheeks. Backward he thrust his shoulders and raised his eyes to the face of the earl, gazing steadily, unwaveringly into the eyes that were fastened so sharply upon himself.

"How old art thou?" the earl rapped out suddenly.

"I want a few months of sixteen years, my lord."

"I am told thou takest not kindly to restraint," said my lord evenly, but, or so Geoffrey thought, ominously. "It cometh to mine ears that thou art of a disorderly disposition and one who ever finds himself in difficulties with those set over him."

"Nay, my lord," said Geoffrey boldly. "That I be not. Mayhap I do mischiefs. But, my lord, my disposition is not evil, nor do I rebel against authority. Overly good am I not, nor am I a milk-sop, but he who hath made such evil report of me to thee hath spoken without truth and with malice."

"What, sirrah," glowered Lord Rumsley, "dar'st answer me to my face?"

"That do I, my lord," Geoffrey responded but with respect in his tones, "when thou or any man else maketh charges against me which have nought of truth in them but are false altogether." There was nothing of impertinence in Geoffrey's words, but rather a dignified sturdiness, and the lad was sure the earl was not offended by it however dark his face might appear.

"So thou deniest that thou art a quarrelsome fellow, a noisy, wrangling, untamable knave?"

"That do I."

"Let it pass," said the earl. "What education and training hast thou? Have thy studies and exercises kept pace with thy years? Art fit for 'squirehood?"

"That I know not—whether I be fit," Geoffrey answered. "Methinks Robin Bowman yonder could give thee much information on that point."

"He is fit," interjected Robin hastily. "Fit and worthy at all points."

Geoffrey knew not how to take this turn of the inquiry. From charges like to cast him from the ranks of pages in disgrace the talk was now switched to giving him promotion to the secondary order of chivalry. Being not without wisdom Geoffrey maintained a discreet silence, waiting to see what should come of it all.

"How stands he among his fellows, Robin Bowman?" was the earl's next query.

The old archer looked at his charge somewhat askance. It was his great desire that the lad should gain this merited advancement yet he cared not to praise him to his face. He coughed tremendously to hide his embarrassment and wagged his head as he chose his words.

"The lad hath a good growth, which is no fault of his but a gift of nature, and he hath strength somewhat beyond his years, but this cometh through the instruction and overseeing of his teachers and is nought to inspire pride. Also he hath a little skill with the yew bow and wieldeth the sword fairly. These things come from practice to which he is compelled by Master Manty and myself; there is nought in them to puff him up. For his years"—this came slowly and with much difficulty from the old fellow—"he hath not an equal among the pages. But this hath come about through his size and weight which are somewhat past his companions."

"It is then thine opinion he should be advanced to 'squirehood?"

"Yea, my lord."

Once more Lord Rumsley fixed his eyes on Geoffrey's face. These eyes of the earl's were wonderfully bright beneath their shaggy brows, and always they gave to the beholder the sense that they not only saw but understood. Men said that the Earl of Rumsley weighed character at a glance; that his eyes pierced deep, past the face which could counterfeit expression, into the brain itself and there read the thoughts. Mayhap this was so, at any rate Geoffrey felt it to be true.

"Hast courage?" asked my lord quickly. "Is thy heart strong?"



"I know not," replied Geoffrey honestly. "How should I know, my lord, for I have never been where courage was needful. Methinks I am not fearful."

It seemed to Geoffrey that Lord Rumsley's eyes grew even more piercing; the idea dawned in his mind that this great nobleman, for some strong reason, wished to see into his very soul, to weigh him, to test him, to know him better than he knew himself.

"If a day should come," said the earl after a time, "when thou could'st rescue from infamy the memory of one dear to thee; if at the same time thou could'st gain lands and position, would'st have the hardhood to risk thy life? And if added to the things I speak of there were chance to aid one who had befriended thee, perhaps selfishly, would'st still dare the matter?"

"I think, my lord, that I should dare."

The earl leaned far back in his chair and closed his eyes as though very tired, tired of intrigues, of strife, of the continual battle of wits which the maintenance of his position in the realm demanded. Slowly he raised his hand, at the same time opening his eyes, and pointed impressively at the lad.

"What I have said to thee remember, but if thou so much as whisper a word of this matter, out thou shalt go from Rumsley castle, and there shall be no returning."

Then he turned to Robin Bowman. "I deem the lad now fit for 'squirehood," he said. "See to it that all be done fittingly and in order."

With a wave of his hand, Lord Rumsley dismissed the twain. Geoffrey would have said a word of thanks, but Robin motioned him to hold his peace, so they went out quietly, leaving their lord world-weary in his chair.

In Geoffrey's mind the uppermost thing was that he soon should be an esquire. His pride in this advancement, the excitement attendant upon this first forward step erased from his thoughts the graver, sterner part of his lord's words. To carry the news to Robert was his first desire, so he posted off at a run to seek his friend.

Robert he found sitting glumly over against the chapel wall where he had gone disconsolately to await news of Geoffrey with whom he feared it would go hard. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw his friend coming at a run, face wreathed in smiles and evidently in the topmost height of good spirits.

As Geoffrey sank panting on the sward beside him Robert enquired anxiously what had befallen; how had he displeased my lord; what was his punishment. Question fell tumbling over question.

"Hold, hold," cried Geoffrey. "Patience, Friend Robert, let me but have my laugh out and I will tell thee all." Whereupon he fell a-laughing until tears rolled in streams down his cheeks and until Robert was forced to join in from very sympathy.

"Oho," sighed Geoffrey presently, "an I be not lucky may I never sit horse nor wield sword. To be led to punishment in fear and trembling and to come out thus. Oh, it passeth the bounds of fancy."

"But what," interrupted Robert, "what hath befallen thee? Methinks my lord hath frightened thee so thy wits have flown."

"Nay, good Robert, I do but laugh at myself. My lord did but wish to see if I were worthy of 'squirehood. He made as though passing angry with me, but soon I saw 'twas but make-believe. Then he questioned me concerning many things and gave Robin Bowman orders that I be made esquire forthwith. Be these not good tidings?"

"Yea," said Robert heartily and without hint of envy at his friend's fortune. "It doth warm my heart to hear it. Worthy 'squire wilt thou be. Yet I fear me this will separate us somewhat."

"Nay," replied Geoffrey quickly. "And if we be separated it will be for a short time only, for thou art full as ready for the silver spurs as I, and will soon come to 'squire's estate."

#### CHAPTER V.

Geoffrey was not long alone in his 'squirehood for it was but a month or so later when Robert was deemed worthy of the same advancement. Great as the promotion seemed to both of them it really made little change in their lives, and surely none in their natures. To neither was added anything of gravity; either was as ready for frolic or mischief, and as liable to become irked by duty or routine as when they were mere pages. Andrew Manty's belt was applied to their jerkins as frequently as ever.

Although they were now regarded almost as men they nevertheless were required to keep at their military exercises as arduously as ever, nay their training became more rigorous, for they were well able to undertake the heavier portion of chivalric schooling. Neither did their personal service in the household cease. Each lad of all the 'squires had his appointed tasks to perform, tasks which today would be regarded as menial, but which in that time even the noblest and best born did not regard as beneath them. To serve one's lord was looked upon not only as duty but as an honor.

The meaning of the word esquire has come through common usage to be much narrowed. Today the great majority of persons consider the term to refer alone to the personal attendant of a knight; to the young man who followed him to war, carrying his shield and helm, and whose duty it was to see to his patron's needs, to aid him in his arming, in short to be a sort of soldier-valet-friend. True enough the word esquire does have this significance, but that is an exceedingly narrow interpretation. As a matter of fact a great majority of esquires never became the personal attendants of knights at all, but formed a second rank in the order of chivalry. In time of war an army was said to consist of knights, esquires, men-at-arms and archers. Each represented a distinct class with distinct position, well defined, and duties well known. It was usually from the ranks of the esquire that knights were chosen, though not so of necessity.

In the days that followed Geoffrey's elevation to this rank he thought again and again of the question put to him by Lord Rumsley, and he said to himself that if a time ever should come when he were offered the opportunity to wager his life against honor he would not shrink from the issue. Though, as the months sped by, his lord's words lost their vividness and the impression they had made on the lad wore away, he often referred to them in his thoughts with a certain curiosity. It seemed to him that Lord Rumsley had uttered them for a purpose; that he, Geoffrey, had an appointed part to play which the earl knew well. Nevertheless there was nothing in the treatment which the young esquire received to strengthen his belief. In no way was he singled out from his fellows; his life was their life and Lord Rumsley appeared to forget that he existed.

To the several esquires special household duties were assigned. Chief of the young men, of course, and he who was regarded with envy by the rest, was the personal esquire to the earl. In addition



"I Think, My Lord, that I Should Dare."

there was the 'squire of the chamber, the carving 'squire, whose duty, as the name implies, was to carve the meat at mealtime, in short every branch of the domestic arrangements was under the charge of one or more of the lads.

Geoffrey's mornings were devoted to chivalric exercises. He now laid aside the staff which had until lately been his weapon, and learned to handle the sword. Light armor was fitted to him, and he was required to become accustomed to its weight. Now he slashed the pels with a blade of steel, and the hilt in his hand made him feel a man indeed.

It was not long before he was appointed a horse from the stables and taught to ride, for horsemanship was regarded as the most important feature of knightly accomplishment.

At dinner both he and Robert were among the 'squires who sat and furnished forth the table, and one of whose duties it was to present to the guests water with which to wash before the repast. When the meal was through they assisted in preparing the tables for chess, a favorite game of their lord, or in arranging the great hall for minstrelsy or dancing. These matters out of the way and the lads' time was much their own.

Late one afternoon the friends were lounging in the shadow of the walls, gossiping, planning, dreaming of the future, of chivalric deeds and brave strokes to be given and suffered. It was Robert who changed the subject to matters more concrete and closer at hand.

"Knowest thou the fair beginneth at St. Leonard's village on the morrow, Geoffrey?"

"Nay, I had heard not of it."

"'Tis so. My very tongue watereth at the words. Such frolicking will there be. Booths wherein can be purchased things curious and things good to eat. Gleemen and jugglers will come in troupes, and men of the country will vie one against the other with singletick and at the butts. Methinks, good Geoffrey, it were meet we should be a part of the merrymaking."

"Andrew Manty never, be he urged until our tongues ache, will grant us passes for such an occasion."

"Then will we fare forth without," Robert rejoined with a care-free smile and a toss of his head. "Twould be a pretty adventure."

"Aye, pretty it would be, but the feel of a strap across the shoulders is not pretty. Nay, Robert, I yearn for no such pleasure as that."

"Dost not care to see the fair?"

"Right heartily. Yet, meseems, the pleasure is ill worth the cost."

"Stay thou here then, and save thy back. An thou wilt not go with me I shall adventure it alone."

"Robert Addeplate! Robert Scatterbrain! Thou'lt bring me to a bad end ere thou hast done. Well thou knowest I will not see thee go alone, so if thou art of a verity determined to do this reckless thing I must be jack fool to thy tom fool and stick with thee close as a brother."

Robert glanced at his companion out of the tail of his eye and smiled roguishly. "Let me not over-persuade thee," he said with mock solicitude.

"Nay," replied Geoffrey. "I'll not see thee go alone."

"Who cometh without?" asked Robert, cocking his ear toward the gateway. "And I do not hear the trampling of horses' feet then are my ears fit only

to be sheared from my head and cast among the rubbish."

The notes of a trumpet proved Robert's ears in the right and presently the clattering and creaking of the drawbridge apprised the lads that visitors were entering the castle.

With the curiosity of youth they scampered off to see who the newcomers might be, and hiding behind a corner of one of the drum towers they watched the cavalcade wend its way through the arched passageway and into the courtyard.

At the head rode a knight of great stature, broad of shoulder, bulky of leg. Well past middle life was the man, his once black hair now turning iron gray. His face was heavy, forbidding, with a hint of cruelty, a touch of cunning. By his side rode a younger man, his son if likeness spoke truth—a younger man who was in everything the counterpart of the knight save only in youth.

Geoffrey nudged Robert as he watched the pair. "I like them little," said he.

"Nor I. Marry come up, but they be of a kidney. An my life depended on their courtesy methinks mine should be a short shrift."

The castle doors were thrown wide to receive the guests; the men-at-arms and retainers were conducted to the kitchen, there to be regaled while their masters should partake of the personal hospitality of Lord Rumsley. When all were passed from view the lads fell to discussing them.

"The younger one—he appeared to be son to the older—seemeth our elder by two years," was Robert's opinion.

"It may be so. I noticed him not at all. 'Twas on the older my eyes were fastened. A fearsome man, Robert, an ill man, a man little to be trusted."

"Thou'rt right, friend Geoffrey, and if his son be not true cub to him then am I no reader of faces."

"What think'st thou is their purpose here?"

"Mayhap 'tis but a stage on their journey and they crave shelter for the night."

"Perchance thou'rt right," Geoffrey said slowly, "but I would wager much the older bringeth the younger to be enrolled among us 'squires. Good lack, an that be the case I hope he is turned away. My stomach turneth against the twain of them. I feel in my bones that we should be unfrinds were he to tarry among us."

"If so be he cometh among us seeking strife methinks he goeth not disappointed away," quoth Robert.

"I hope it may not be so," Geoffrey said half to himself, "for by the Thorn of Glastonbury I feel it in the bones of me that ill will come of it."

It was Robert, ever mercurial of disposition, who changed the subject. Never was it his disposition to live long with unpleasant thoughts; always he looked on the brighter side, and ever was he bent on mischief.

"If we be hieing to St. Leonard's fair it behooves us to study out the manner of our going. Thou knowest we cannot walk openly away, nor can we enter again without detection unless we plan a plan. Hast ought to propose?"

"I had not thought on it," replied Geoffrey absently. For some reason he could not get the crafty-visaged knight and his son out of his mind. A presentment lay heavily upon him that these men were to be met with again in his life, and that the part they should play would be never a kindly one. With an effort he aroused himself.

"We might e'en clamber to the top of the wall and lower ourselves down on the farther side by a rope," he suggested.

"Aye, and get a shaft in the ribs for our pains. Marry, Lord Rumsley's watchers be of better mettle than that."

"What then wouldst thou do?" Geoffrey demanded.

"That I know not. Give me time to think on it and I will scheme such a scheme as will make thine eyes to pop with astonishment. \* \* \* I will sleep on it the night. Be thou ready to go on the morrow."

(To be continued)

### True Courage

Colonel Higginson, when asked to name the incident of the Civil war that he considered the most remarkable for bravery, said that there was in his regiment a man whom everyone liked—a man who was brave and noble—who was pure in his daily life, absolutely free from the dissipation in which most of the other men indulged. One night at a champagne supper, when many were becoming intoxicated, some one in jest called for a toast from this young man. Colonel Higginson said he arose, pale, but with perfect self-possession, and said: "Gentlemen, I will give you a toast which you may drink as you will, but which I will drink, if you please, in water. The toast that I have to give is, 'Our Mothers.'" Instantly a strange spell seemed to come over all those tipsy men. They drank the toast in silence. There was no more laughter, no more song, and one by one they slunk out of the room. The lamp of memory had begun to burn, and the name of "mother" touched every man's heart.—*Independent*.

### Force of Will

Every name enrolled on the page of history, says a recent writer, as eminent in any particular line of thought or action, represents men of purpose and will. The boy who starts in life determined to succeed and adheres to his resolution, will generally do so. If adverse circumstances arise, he overcomes them by the force of will and energy. It is the will that enables one to accomplish a desired object. The will may be termed the rudder of the mind, directing its movements; it is the great engineer of the mental machinery. It is the power that concentrates our energies in a given direction and keeps them within that orbit. The strong-willed, plucky fellow dispels opposition at the start and practically exemplifies the old proverb of "Where there's a will there's a way."



# The Youth of Senator Dolliver

MARGARET SULLIVAN BURKE

THE late Senator Dolliver grew up in an atmosphere of industry and economy that proved a mental tonic, just as the mountain air toned up his body into a virile maturity. And little Prent, while he was storing up every stray nail, the piece of board nobody else wanted, remnants of cord, etc., cared nothing for the steel schedule, the tax on lumber or binding twine; and gathering up the eggs each morning, or doing his number of strokes on the churn, were far more important to him than reducing customs on mercerized cottons, or lowering the rate on the poor man's chevrot, as he was seeing to it, personally, that the working man had a "free-breakfast table."

The father, born in Massachusetts, went as an itinerant preacher to Virginia, where he soon became known as one of their most successful emotional exhorters, married a parishioner, and settled down in the home of her parents, a roomy old farm-house, where the young couple reared their children through a healthy youth to an educated maturity.

The nearest school being three miles distant, the mother started a preparatory school for them, until old enough to make the daily trip, herself a teacher, and the schoolroom the space under a wide-spreading tree in the back yard—when the weather permitted—where they took in great draughts of mountain air along with their mental pabulum. Even after they had entered school the mother kept up her task, and as each individually unfolded, the parents determined upon the field best suited to it; Robert Henry, who was of a sedate, self-possessed turn, was dedicated to his father's calling; but Jonathan Prentiss was a widely different variety—an expert in boyish pranks, not always escaping actual mischief; thus, ever buoyant, full of enterprise and aplomb, he became a leader of the young people in the vicinity. This son was encouraged, therefore, in the acquisition of political knowledge—to which he took with considerable avidity, by the way—and incited to a generally strenuous activity in the public arena, as the legal profession had been chosen for him—to lead, possibly, the mother hoped, to a statesman's career, like one of her brothers, Hon. William Brown, who was chosen a member of the first delegation from the new State of West Virginia to the National Congress.

Both boys were incited to oratorical achievements, as a very necessary equipment for either profession; and the mother generally became their audience in the great barn on the hill, when they rehearsed for some contest in speech making about to come off in the rural debating society. But in this latter branch of their education they, incidentally, became a nuisance to old farmer "Growley," who occasionally exploded in the following fashion:

"It's a blamed impertation, the belling kept up by them confounded Dolliver boys, fer yeh c'n hear 'em a mile. Preachers' sons air always smarties though, but they never come to no good fer all that."

In financing the educational venture, the boys themselves contributed all they could—working during the vacation months, and saving up every penny against the time when they should enter college. But the process proved decidedly irksome to the restless second son, who was continually hatching plans for something better, and he came rushing into the house early one spring morning, with the news of his life:

"There's the biggest flood you ever saw!" he shouted. "The river has burst clear over its banks! Come on, Rob, let's go down."

They ran over to the river forthwith, taking along a neighbor boy who joined them on the way; and what a sight met their eyes when they got there! The water was dashing on in a mad torrent, taking everything, in reach, with it, and among the various flotam of the swollen stream were a large number of logs, hewed ready for the mill.

"Somebody's property getting away," deplored Robert.

"And somebody else's opportunity to make some money," and Prent began disrobing,—"I'll catch 'em, boys, and tow 'em in, and you can tie 'em up. Get some rope ready by the time I begin to haul 'em in."

Then plunging into the torrent, the daring chap captured log after log, dodging the others as they came booming past, and steering his various prizes into the quieter waters of a little cove, where his companions made them fast. One immense log, being too much for his strength to tow, the boy promptly straddled it and attempted to ride it into port; but the monster was already heavy with water and the added weight sent it down immediately, taking its passenger along, but the plucky lad, though almost worn out with his previous exertions, freed himself from it and, with rare presence of mind, made a dash for a lighter object to buoy him up until he could regain the wind necessary to swim for the shore, while the others were frantically screaming: "Prent is drowning! Oh, Prent is drowning!"

His strength spent, he was quite satisfied to quit the perilous enterprise, but the three boys had secured about a hundred logs in the meantime, and the two-thirds of salvage coming to the Dollivers swelled the educational fund considerably.

Soon after this, their course in the district school being finished, they matriculated in the State University at Morgantown, from which they were graduated later in the same class—Prent only seventeen years old, and Robert but two years more. Immediately after graduation, the elder brother returned to Indiana where he had been teaching during vacations, and Prent decided to try his luck at pedagogy also, as about this time their father's sister, who lived in Sandwich, Ill., wrote that a teacher was

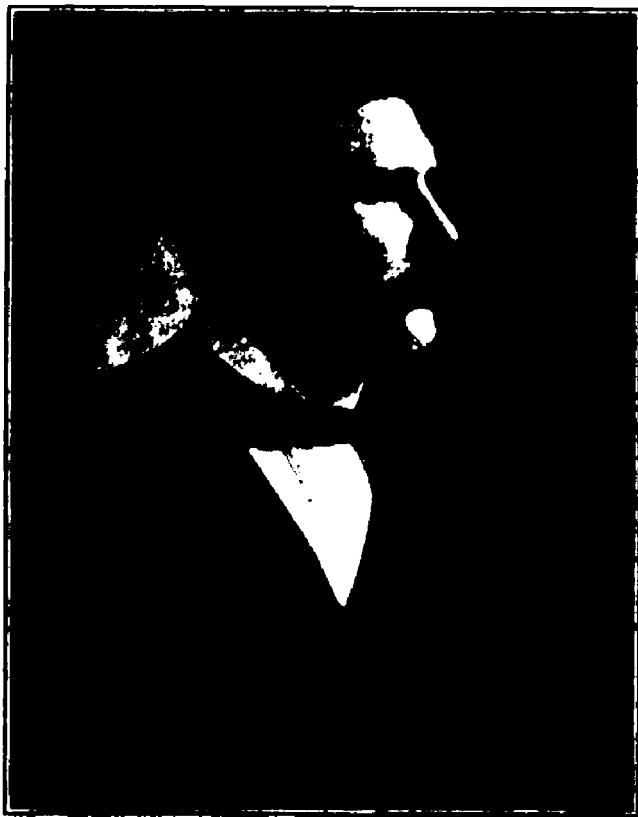
wanted there. He had earned a small sum in odd jobs, so he started for that place at once, riding in a stage as long as one was handy and walking when nothing better offered, till he reached a railroad, the first he had ever seen. The initial backset he suffered at the end of his journey was quite unexpected, therefore, he finding that the school term would not begin until a month later.

"Well, never mind. You can run around and have a good time while waiting," suggested his aunt, thinking he would be caught by the idea.

"Not much, aunt Maria. I'm going to get temporary work of some kind to swell this collapsed pocket book of mine," and with the talent for filling up breaches that helped him, afterward, in many a scuffle with fortune, he hired himself, at once, to a farmer for the interval; hoeing potatoes and gathering tomatoes and beans until the day big with fate arrived.

He passed highest in the examination, but was rejected, notwithstanding, on account of his youth: "Not sufficiently commanding," the school board decided. He was indignant, naturally, since nothing had been said as to an age condition, and he had clearly won in the required test; so he went back into the country where, while playing farm hand the previous month, he had successfully defended a leading farmer in the court—his first case—and through the prestige of this exploit found it easy to get a school there. He made it so successful, too, that a few months thereafter the same trustees who had relegated him to an undeserved defeat, offered him a place in their high-school; but, never a quitter, he chose to remain with the people who had given him his first chance.

At the close of this course the young fellow sent his savings, about two hundred dollars—originally intended to carry him farther toward the goal of his



*Yours very truly  
J. P. Dolliver*

ambition—to his mother, for the hard times of that period had laid a rather heavy burden upon her; and both brothers returned to Morgantown to take up the study of law—for Robert had chosen that profession, after all, instead of theology. Prent entered the law office of a maternal uncle, where he had the benefit of pretty thorough training, while it lasted, a period rather unexpectedly shortened in this wise: The Republican National Convention was held in Cincinnati the following year, and the ambitious student determined to be present at that function. The lack of cash had no terrors for him, and he set about finding ways and means—begging rides of the farmers, walking when there were no farmers, beating his way on the steamboats, just any way to get there; and returning home afterward in the same fashion.

The sights he saw at the convention the ideas he imbibed, and the enthusiasm pumped into his very receptive nature, sent him home so brim full of the untutored zeal of inexperienced boyhood, that, on his arrival in the West Virginia city, he proudly responded to a call for a speech, from a parti-colored crowd that assembled in front of his uncle's office. He poured forth the Dolliver eloquence most generously, making it hotter and hotter as he went on, his spirit drunk with the cheers of the motley gathering, and he was never before, and possibly never since, so thoroughly satisfied with himself—not even when he made his recent fearless speeches before the Senate. But his harangue gave deadly offence, the political atmosphere being charged with rancor just then to such an extent that the people were looking for another outbreak, perhaps even another civil

war—not a very good time, evidently, for unconsidered political utterances.

When, therefore, a local paper honored this mere striping with a scathing editorial criticism, setting him down as "a scurrilous blackguard, endowed only with utter depravity," his relatives feeling that he had brought disgrace upon an honorable family, told him so; and it was then that he had his first serious doubt of himself, for he felt like an alien on his native soil. But once again "Prent's luck" came to the fore at the supreme moment, for just at this crucial time he received from the school board at Sandwich a notification of his election to the superintendency of their schools, at a salary of one hundred dollars a month; and he joyfully hied himself thither, the strained relations with his family making it an unspeakable relief to go, though he would have liked nothing better than to have stood his ground with the others.

The brothers journeyed together this time, and at the end of the school year found that their combined savings amounted to quite a respectable sum for those days, which they intended to use in seeking a law practice farther west, as affording a better field for new men than the older States.

"But where shall it be?"—and Robert's countenance had taken on an additional shade of seriousness, if possible,—"we can't afford to make a mistake, you know."

"So I faintly suspect," laughed Prent, "for our bank might suspend payments before we could cover the price of it. Well, I will borrow an atlas from the boy down stairs, and we can look over the territory in advance,"—so away he went, returning presently, two steps at a time, with the book. Then, spreading the map of the Western States before them, they proceeded to study the geography of their country with an interest somewhat more absorbing, it must be confessed, than that of their rather recent school days.

"Iowa seems to hold the commanding position, as it lies between two of the principal rivers," remarked Robert, tracing the boundary line with a firm forefinger.

"And the city of Fort Dodge, right in the center, will be washed by waves of prosperity from both of them, don't you see?" cried Prent enthusiastically. "Fort Dodge let it be!" throwing his hat up in boyish fashion. So Fort Dodge was elected, though they had not the slightest acquaintance there. Prent had a letter of introduction, however, of the "To whom it may concern" variety, given him by his Sunday school teacher away back in Morgantown, that they hoped might serve as an introduction. So, buying their tickets and reserving fifty dollars for immediate expenses, they invested the balance of their hoard in law books and shipped them to Fort Dodge at once, following, themselves, by the next train.

Arrived at their destination, they hired a couple of rooms over a shop for a law office, and domiciled themselves in a boarding house.

"See here," said Prent one morning as they opened up for the day; "It won't take long for our landlady to absorb all our cash, and if no more materializes in the meantime, then what?"

"We must cut down expenses," came promptly from Robert.

"I guess we'll have to move our hotel here then," Prent agreed; "and you, having the diploma, can represent the firm in this room, while I solve the problem of the pantry by setting up our kitchen in the back one. I think I am mature enough to cook the sheep, if not old enough for the sheepskin."

"How about a bed?" asked the fastidious elder brother.

"What is the matter with the floor, if it is well swept?" laughed Prent.

Still the cases did not keep pace with the expenditures, and when the tax gatherer suggested that the price of a couple of poll-taxes was in order, they did not have the dollar per required; so, suspending legal business temporarily, they closed the office door and proceeded to the roadway for a day's digging, according to the custom of the impetuous. Prent meanwhile had been admitted to the bar, and after this experience they redoubled their efforts with increasing success, though in a small way. But the Rubicon had been passed.

The influence of mother training, however, had been working, silently, on Robert all the time, and at a letter of appeal from his father, it became too strong to resist, so, concluding that the pulpit was his legitimate field, he bade adieu to the law and his brother at the same time, leaving Prent alone, and on the minus side as to cash also. But this mere lad never made a sign, though often hungry, but mingling with the leading men of the town, discussed political questions with them in his bright, breezy way, when the business of the day was done; and at last, most unexpectedly, he was chosen for corporation counsel, the salary only two hundred dollars per annum, but a bar to the wolf all the same, and he was just winning his way as a lawyer by the usual humdrum method when the opportunity, said to be due to all, came to him. He was chosen temporary chairman of the State Convention that indorsed the nomination of Blaine, and the speech he made on that occasion was telegraphed all over the country. It greatly pleased the candidate and he insisted on having it printed as a campaign document, inviting the young orator to make the tour of the Eastern States with him. When lo! wherever they went it was whispered that the new campaigner worthily supplemented the honors of the "Plumed knight" himself. The ascending scale had been reached at last, so that the music of success, henceforth, trilled the higher notes.

# Popular Science Department

A DEPARTMENT OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PROFESSOR A. HYATT VERRILL

## Nature Puzzles and Their Answers

### Portuguese Man-o'-War.

Harold Barnes:—Your questions in regard to the "stinging jelly fish" along the Atlantic coast are very timely and a number have written me regarding the same matter. These are not the "Portuguese Man-o'-War" but are a common northern species known as the "Red Jelly Fish" or "Cyanea Arctica." They range from Greenland south along the New England coast and are usually not very abundant. During the past summer, however, they have occurred in countless thousands along the coast and in a great many places have proved an annoyance to bathers, for their sting, while harmless, is decidedly painful for a time. The sting is inflicted by poisonous thread-like tentacles which sting anything they touch, much in the same way as a nettle. Even after becoming detached from the owner these tentacles will sting. These jelly fishes have a curious and interesting life for they pass their youthful days attached to the bottom of the sea in a form resembling a plant. Buds from this plant-like growth break off and become jelly fish while the eggs of the jelly fish become plant-like again. The Portuguese Man-o'-War is a tropical species which sometimes occurs on our coasts. The sting of this animal is far more serious than that of the red species and is said to have proved fatal at times. The red jelly fish consists of a gelatinous disk below which is a mass of tentacles and this species swims at or below the surface of the sea by opening and closing the disk like an umbrella. The color is white or pink with red or brown internal organs and tentacles. It grows to large size—sometimes two feet in diameter. The Portuguese Man-o'-War has a bladder-like float instead of a jelly-like disk and this is brilliantly colored with red, pink, blue, violet and green. This bladder floats high out of water and the creature drifts about by the force of the wind on the bladder which acts like a sail.

Portuguese Man-o'-War

rest and in some species spend the winter months. The web-worms are mainly injurious to fruit trees.

**Indian Whetstone.**  
Ellsworth Cowles sends a sketch of a stone object which was evidently an Indian whetstone.

**Salamander.**  
James Armitage:—The creature you describe was the young of the common, spotted, fresh-water salamander or "Newt." When first hatched they live in the water but soon go out on the land and live in moist woods until nearly full sized. They then return to the water and lose their bright pink color and red spots and become dull yellowish with reddish spots. Their feet also become webbed, their tails flatten out and they become a typical water creature.

**Mountain Ash.**  
J. Barton Steele:—The sketch and berries are from one of the species of Mountain Ash. They are often used as ornamental trees.

**Fish Parasites.**  
Lewis S. Coryell:—The Perch and "Red-eyes" you describe were afflicted with some parasitic worm. Such parasites are very common. If in the skin only it would not injure them for food if skin was removed. Usually, however, the parasites are in the flesh under the skin and such fish should not be eaten.

**Killing and Preserving Insects.**  
Norris K. Repp:—Insects may be killed either by cyanide or by gasoline or benzene. You will find full directions for killing and preserving insects under my department, "A Boys' Museum" in the May, 1910, AMERICAN BOY.

**Dwarf Palmetto.**  
Fred H. Smith:—The photograph sent is of a species of dwarf palm or palmetto. There are numerous species of these and they are very difficult to identify except by a specialist. All palms or palmettos bear berries or fruit of some sort and many species of palmettos have edi-

### Web-Worms.

George Hardy:—The "worms" on the walnut trees are not true web-worms but a species of "Datana." These caterpillars are gregarious and live in large colonies but do not make a true web or nest, although when resting or about to molt, they gather in large masses and their long hairs give the effect of a web. There are numerous species feeding upon apple, hickory, walnut, sumach and various other trees and if not destroyed they will strip a tree of its leaves very rapidly. They are rather repulsive creatures with a habit of curling up both ends of the body and ejecting a greenish fluid from the mouth when disturbed and unfortunately they are so distasteful that birds seldom if ever devour them. The moths are rather handsome, reddish or



Datana Larvae changing skins



Dwarf Palmetto

ble berries. The huge Royal palms of the tropics bear edible berries while others have fruit that nothing will touch. Any botanist or horticulturist should be able to identify the palmetto for you.

### Sea Urchins.

C. E. Myers, Jr.:—The "Bachelor's Button" sent is a species of sea urchin closely related to the "Sea-egg" but are not identical. There are numerous species of sea-urchins on our coast and all have a general resemblance. The American species are not eaten as far as I know, however.

### Reptile Books.

Paul V. Templeton:—I do not think there is any book published such as you describe. Write to Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass., and he will inform you if there is such a one and will gladly quote price, etc.

### Upland Boneset.

Sherwood C. Meigs:—The plant sent is one of the Upland Bonesets, probably Eupatorium hyssopifolium. These plants are exceedingly difficult to identify, especially without flowers, but it is probably the above species.

### Larvae, Indian Relics.

Leslie Miller:—You can secure specimens of larvae from the Kny Scheerer Co. of New York, and Mr. Stillwell, of Deadwood, N. D., can furnish Indian relics.

### Gila Monster.

Donald F. Bell:—Gila Monsters do not have a regular market value, although menageries, parks, etc., will often purchase them. They feed on insects, eggs, etc. I have had success in feeding raw eggs, but in their own climate and locality they might eat other things. Often the

only way to feed them is to pry open the mouth and force an egg down their throat. Opinions vary as to their poisonous properties. There is no doubt that they possess venom but they seldom bite and in most cases their bite does not prove dangerous. Be on the safe side, however, and do not get bitten.

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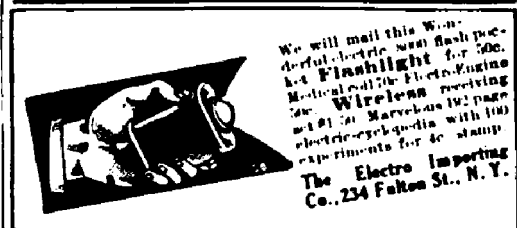
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tawny insects and are much less common than the caterpillars, the true web-worms live in colonies and build a substantial web or nest within which they

# Out With the Seiners



## How Fred Bixby Carried a Man's Share By GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS

*"There's no craft afloat can beat her  
As the home port draweth near;  
There's a cheering crowd to greet her,  
As she comes up to the pier;  
And when shades of night are coming  
All the chummies, think of sport,  
For they know things just go humming  
When the Fiji is in port.  
When the Fiji is in port, lads,  
When the Fiji is in port,  
It is then things just go humming,  
When the Fiji is in port."*

"WELL, done, lad, and no mistake! All the fishing fleets in the world put together couldn't produce a chummy man who could sing it like that! You put spirit into it, a spirit and dash that's about as contagious as the measles aboard ship! Just look at that youngster on the stringer, his eyes bulging with joy. He looks a good stocky bit of timber. Guess I'll hail him for a chat to break the dull monotony as they say."

Skipper Paul as he leaned against the port-quarter, nodded toward a boy standing on the stringpiece of the northerly side of T wharf, Boston's great fish mart. "Ahoy there, lad. Ahoy!" he hailed cheerily, his huge weather-beaten hands forming a speaking trumpet at his lips. "Ahoy there, lad!"

Rising and falling in the heavy swell, the Fiji was tugging violently at her moorings. The waves slapped fiercely against her black and red sides as if angry that for so many seasons the staunch, trim, fishing schooner had successfully defied their ceaseless struggle for mastery.

"Ahoy, lad. Ahoy!" "Are you calling to me, sir?" the boy shouted in surprise.

The skipper turned his bronzed face more to one side, shielded his voice from the high wind and called: "Yes, you look lonesome up there, and there's nothing doing down here. Don't you want to come aboard for a chat?"

The Fiji was among those on the outer edge of a perfect network of storm-bound fishing craft, yet as if at one glance he had decided how best to board her, the boy sprang up on the rail of the schooner abreast the wharf, crossed her deck, and in true schoolboy fashion, vaulted the rails of intervening craft and boarded the Fiji at a bound.

"Shades of Farragut, but you did that well, lad! That white face of yours shows you are no sea dog, so then where did you learn to tumble aboard ship in that style? Shake hands, lad, and give one to young Oxford here. Will, is his name, what's yours?"

As the newcomer extended to each a hand in greeting he said cordially: "I'm an East Boston boy, skipper. They build ships over there, and I rather guess every boy on the island knows a little something about all kinds of sailing vessels. My name is Fred Bixby."

"A good name, and a good craft, too, I'm thinking," Skipper Paul said approvingly: "How do you happen to be down on the old wharf on such a nasty morning?"

"It's the bad weather that got me here," Fred said laughingly. "We couldn't play ball, and being housebound, an idea occurred to me." Then his manner suddenly changed and he added seriously: "Fact is, sir, I'm looking for a berth. We've just buried my father. His long sickness so weakened my mother physically that yesterday her folks took her back home with them to Maine. They wanted me to go along for the vacation season but I preferred salt water, and finally Marm consented. My idea is to try for a berth as deck boy on the steamer Cape Cod, which on June fifteenth begins her daily trips to Provincetown. Passing along the avenue I could but notice the sea of masts at T wharf, and naturally I wanted a closer view; then I heard the singing and stopped kerplunk, for that song was all right!"

"So you're out for money, are you, lad?"

"I've got to be, skipper!" Fred answered vehemently. "We are not down-right poor, mind you, not a bit of it, yet my mother talks of doing dressmaking in order to earn the money to pay certain bills we owe. I won't stand for her doing that, as she isn't at all strong. I'm fifteen years old and well able to lend a hand so that money matters needn't bother her. I've had one year at the Latin school. I want to finish the course and then go through college, and I not only intend doing it but I'm going to work my way through."

"You'll do it all right, and no mistake!" the skipper responded heartily. "Upon my word, Fred, you've got what folks call the get-there-spirit, and every time it is bound to land a boy a winner! What do you say to a trip with us, as spare hand? We don't give wages, you know, we go shares and as a boy you'd get half of one share. Usually the Fiji is what they term a lucky craft. Our last trip, however, was a big exception. We were out six weeks and yet each man got as his share but eighty-five dollars. Well, what do you say?"

"May I go, skipper? Are you in earnest? May I go with you? Seasickness won't bother me, it never does. I've been to

New York twice by boat. I am strong for my age, and I can handle oars. May I go?"

"Yes, and welcome!" Skipper Paul said decisively. "We can easily fit you to red jacks and an oil skin suit, I'm thinking, lad,—yes, and I'm thinking too, by the looks of things some of these skippers are getting ready to set sail, so that now is a good time for the Fiji to get under way. It's a pretty stiff nor'westerly we're getting. Forty-five miles an hour at least. Bad, mighty bad, for incoming craft, yet a fair wind for those out of port. Not a mackerel has been received here for three days and the scarcity will send prices sky high. This blow ought to be about over, and maybe if we were on hand when the speckled beauties rise for a peep at a clear sky we might be able to catch a few of them. The Fiji never follows, lad, she leads!"

Going quickly to the companionway he called sharply: "All hands!" The men came tumbling on deck, fifteen stout hands and selected by the skipper for proficiency both as seamen and fishermen, each of whom he well knew he could at all times rely upon to perform without flinching any necessary duty.

"Cast off, lads!" he called cheerily. "We'll after them once again and we'll hope fortune favors us with a rich haul this time to even up matters. Work her out of this hole lively, lads, and away we go. Seemingly these other chaps are somewhat afraid to venture out yet. We'll show them we aren't."

Fastenings were quickly loosed, boat hooks vigorously plied, and stern on the Fiji was worked out into the stream. The skipper was at the wheel and sharp and clear his orders rang out:

"Give her all four lowers, lads, all four of them!" and as the wind caught the first bit of canvas raised, he put her nose toward the harbor with its numerous historic and beautiful islands.

"Heave ho, my hearties, heave!" sang Tom Dolbeare, the Fiji's chanty man, as the foresail was hoisted, and thus as they loosed the lashings to set the mainsail he called to young Oxford:

"Willie, my boy, you did the first leg of the queen in right royal shape this morning, now then, get your back to the breeze and give this new youngster the balance of it, and we'll all help out on each chorus."

As he gripped the halyards Will's voice rang out:

*"When they put the dories on her  
For the Banks or for the Isles;  
Old Dame Fortune beams upon her  
With the very sweetest smiles;  
And no matter what her catch is,  
'Tis for all, a goodly shore,  
For she's loaded to the hatches  
With a quickly taken fare!"*

Then came a mighty refrain:  
*"With a quickly taken fare, lads,  
With a quickly taken fare;  
She comes loaded to the hatches  
With a quickly taken fare!"*

Fred Bixby was lending a hand at the arduous work and enjoying hugely the song. Will resumed:

*"Out for mack'el, she's oft found them  
First of all the hustling fleet,  
And the way her seine goes round them,  
There's no other boat can beat!  
Under water is her railing,  
As she reels the home miles off,  
She's the ablest craft that's sailing  
In and out of old T Wharf!"*

Fred managed to join in on the final chorus:

*"In and out of old T Wharf, lads,  
In and out of old T Wharf;  
Crown the Fiji Queen of Fishers,  
In and out of old T Wharf!"*

Fred was a very happy boy. Not alone did he enjoy the singing, but he already realized that he was among a whole-souled, agreeable lot of men. Then, too, the schooner was rushing along at great speed, her lee rail fairly smothered as she lay far over to the weight of her sails drawn flat, while the frequent dashes of spray which came flying over the port rail made the oilskins of the toilers glisten in a manner that added to his delight.

"This surely is going some, lads," Skipper Paul called as the crew came aft with their task completed. "Mack'el will be bringing fifteen cents each when the market opens tomorrow. We're not the only one of the seiners that will chase after them, but we were first to get under way, and often that's what counts! Folk say nothing venture—nothing have! Well, we'll do the venture part to perfection and maybe sometime we'll have."

"Where are we bound, sir?" Fred asked as bearing east by south, one-quarter south, the Fiji speeded by Boston light which marks the entrance to the harbor, and is seven and five-eighths miles above the wharf.

Skipper Paul laughed heartily a moment and said: "I'm blest if I can tell you, lad, for I don't know! We'll stand round the Cape and run down off No Man's Land, and go cruising about looking for them. They are somewhere and we'll get them sooner or later, even if compelled to go to Nova Scotia! Hullo, look back, lad, the other chaps are after

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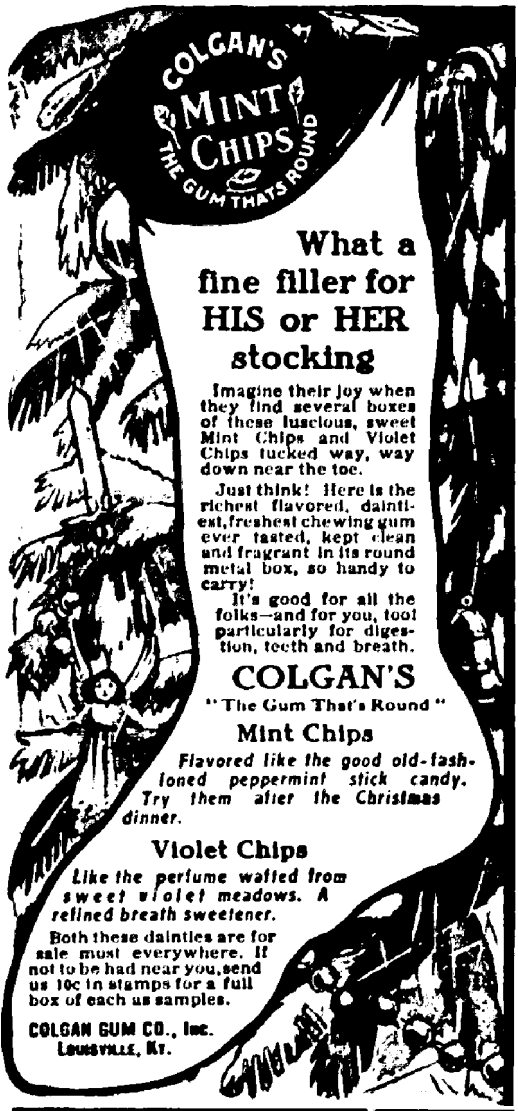
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us. Well, say I, may they all smell mackerel before tomorrow night!"

"Do you ever get any really large ones?" Fred asked.

Again the skipper laughed.

"Don't ask that question in the fo'c's'le, lad," he said quietly. "Some of the crew might have a yarn coming. As a rule mackerel are not large. They weigh from one pound to about four. Once, however, I saw a mackerel that weighed eight pounds. Think of it, lad,—twenty-nine and a half inches from nose to tip of tail, with its largest circumference nineteen inches! Why, in comparison, ordinary mackerel look like sardines!"

"I was on the steamer Harvard coming up from New York one night last summer, when we sighted great schools of them, and not a selder anywhere above the horizon."

The skipper shrugged his broad shoulders and smiled grimly as he said: "That's what they call 'Fisherman's luck.' So you'll know the beauties when you see them, eh?"

"I surely ought to after that experience. What part may I take in the chase, sir?"

"You said you handled oars?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a good heavy fellow, Fred, so then I guess it'll be all right to pair you and Will as dory mates. You see when we sight a school the seine is dropped into the boat which is always towing astern while we are cruising, and fourteen of us tumble in after it and away we go, rowing like fiends until our two hundred and fifty fathoms of netting have been rowed out and cast about the school in a big circle. The weights carry the seine some thirty fathoms below the surface, and by the time we get to the dory, which has picked up the first end of the seine, it is hanging about the school like a big tube, but quickly we draw in on a rope called the latchet, which runs around the bottom of the net and closes it tight, so that the seine is cornucopia shape. Then the Fiji is hove to alongside the floats and a portion of the cork line is pulled aboard. This brings the catch right between the schooner and the seine boat. The tackle connected with the dip net is then made ready and in a jiffy mackerel are being thrown on deck by the half barrel."

"Where does the danger come in, skipper?" Fred asked.

"A good big portion of it comes in right there," was the decisive reply. "The men left in the boat, you understand, are help-



"All Hands!"

ing to hold up the outer side of the seine. The beauties make a fierce fight for freedom, and often they will drop in a mass; then, likely, over goes the boat, and we're pretty apt to come home with the flag at half mast."

"Why, can't all fishermen swim?" Fred asked in surprise.

"Not half of them can, and, anyway, they're badly hampered with their heavy toggery, you know. I tell you, lad, the bed of the old Atlantic is literally covered with the bones of fishermen. This business pays a pretty heavy toll in human life and no mistake!"

In but little more than three hours after passing Boston Light, the Fiji passed Highland Light. Skipper Paul telling Fred that many a steam freighter could not make it in quicker time.

About sundown, rain ceased falling, the wind abated considerably and sail was shortened for the night. The watches had been set during the afternoon and the counting put Fred in the eight to twelve watch.

The rill upon which he leaned was wet. Great drops of water dripped, dripped, dripped from the rigging and struck the deck with a loud spat. All save the watch were below. Up bow stood Fred peering ahead with watchful eyes, on the lookout for other vessels or for dories, in obedience to the instructions given him by Tom Dolbore, who paced restlessly from stem to stern, pausing at times for a short chat with Will, at the wheel, or with the spare hand leaning over the starboard rail forward.

To the latter he had just remarked: "I reckon it wouldn't be a bad guess to say we'll be seeing stars afore long, lad," and his words had put Fred in a happy frame of mind.

"I guess I've done the right thing," he mused when left to himself. "There couldn't be a more noble fellow than Skipper Paul, and the rest of them are all right! With anything like the success the song says the Fiji has, then even half a share ought to mean for me more than the steamer folks would pay me, and besides, I'm learning something now almost every minute. Learning and earning; that's a dandy combination all right, and goodness knows I need to be earning."

Shortly after six bells the stars predicted by Tom began to illuminate the heavens, and Fred was thrilled with the joy that comes to one who, as he stands alone on watch, peers out over the grand old Atlantic on a beautiful June night.

Suddenly he became alert and peered

earnestly over the port bow into the far southeast. A wondrous phosphorescent glare met his gaze and he called quickly. "Come forward, Tom, I think it's mackerel."

The big seine heaver darted into the forerigging and then came tumbling to the deck.

"And it's a big school too, lad!" he said excitedly. "The bad part is we didn't expect them here, so of course ain't ready for 'em." Then down the companion way he shouted "All hands! All hands! Ev'rybody oil up lively!"

Returning to Fred's side he said quietly. "It's about eight bells, lad, but they won't relieve the watch this time, for your sharp eyes have cut out a great night's work, I reckon."

Skipper Paul rushed on deck closely followed by his men, and within ten minutes both boats were speeding away, two men being left aboard.

"I'm glad you were the one to see them, Fred," said Will as the boys chased after the seine boat. "A green hand newcomer is generally looked upon as a Jonah, but you've proved yourself wide awake and they won't be so apt to play the pranks on you, that they surely would while we're just killing time later on. Great sight, isn't it? The whole ocean off that way seems afire, doesn't it? Ah, here's our end of the net, and I hope we get at least fifty barrels. This is our best seine, it cost a thousand dollars!"

With intense eagerness Fred watched the proceedings which accorded fully with the methods described to him earlier in the day.

"It's a big one and no mistake, Jim!" he heard the skipper call to the men left with the cook on board, as he scrambled over the schooner's side, with those who were to operate the long handled dip net. Then he called to the men in the seine boat. "Eight of you hold down the port gunwale, that ought to counterbalance the weight of the beauties. Be lively, but above all else be careful!"

The captured fish became decidedly uneasy, and with terrific power they went rushing from one side of the seine to the other as again and again the large dip net dropped in among them.

"Lively, lads, lively. A thousand eyes are on you! Show 'em our speed. To north and west of us there are at least thirty mackerel catchers who know they just missed this school. Show 'em, lads, show 'em. Lively now, lively!"

In the boat they were hauling in the slack of the seine to prevent as much as possible the frantic, furious rushing to and fro of the panic-stricken fish.

Far, far over was the starboard side of the boat which was tossing about violently because of the fierce struggles of the captives for their freedom. At the outset the dory had come abreast the port side of the boat and the boys were adding their weight with that of the men on the gunwale to prevent capsizing.

Suddenly the mackerel dropped as it were in a body, to the bottom of the seine.

The boat careened and a disaster seemed certain.

"We're done for! Let go, let go!" shouted a voice.

"Don't! My weight may help!" Fred Bixby's voice rang out sharp and clear.

Falling into the water, and in doing so striking the keel of the boat with all of his weight, he threw up his hands and the men on the gunwale quickly leaned far over to reach him.

Strong arms gripped Fred. "Don't pull me up," he gasped, "I'm all right—my weight, you know!"

The mackerel found no outlet at the bottom, and being baffled rose again to the surface and the big seine boat quickly came on a more even keel, half full of water.

Down came the dip net. Then up it went, the men tolling at the gear with an energy born of desperation, and so the work went on to the finish and once again every member of the crew stood on the deck of the Fiji.

"Set every stitch of canvas, lads," the skipper called cheerily. "Every stitch—we'll get them into Boston fresh!"

Then turning his glowing face upon Fred he said heartily: "That trick of yours, lad, just turned the tide our way. You run below now and give 'Rastus those wet duds to dry out for you and then you tumble into your bunk for a well-deserved snooze. Come now, get away lively!"

"Though really anxious to stay on deck Fred well knew that obedience to orders is a sailor's rigid duty, so into the galley he went, took a good rub down and tumbled into a bunk selected for him by the cook.

"Howling winds, will the boy ever wake up?"

Fred awakened with a start.

"Is it my watch, sir?" he asked in surprise.

"Your watch, no, lad!" Skipper Paul said good-naturedly. "We're in port. There's no watch to keep and nothing to do. It was the biggest trip ever made by the Fiji,—as a seiner. We culled nearly sixty thousand of the beauties, which is one of the largest single catches on record. The price was up this morning, way up, thirteen and fifteen cents, and so we stock quite seven thousand dollars. Fred, lad, I'm more than pleased to tell you that the owner and every member of the crew votes to give you now and always a man's share. Here's your toggery as dry as a chip. Come now, be lively about getting on deck. We won't hang round here long, I'm thinking. But say, you haven't asked me the amount due you?"

"How much?" Fred asked eagerly.

"One hundred and seventy-five dollars. It pays for a youngster to use his wits, doesn't it?"

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# For the Boys to Make

Edited and Illustrated by JOHN L. DOUGHENY

All letters concerning this department must be addressed to The American Boy, Detroit, Mich., and should contain a stamped self-addressed envelope to insure reply.

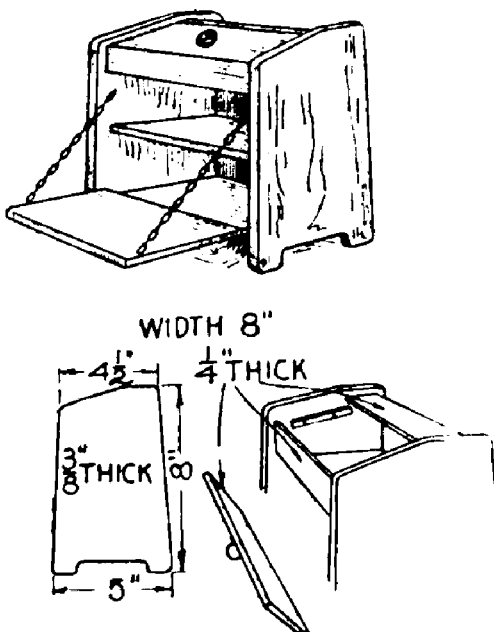
## How to Make Christmas Gifts for Each Member of the Family

### Introductory

Here is a chance for the boy to become the good St. Nicholas of the family. All of the fine articles listed here are appropriate and valuable, and outside of all considerations of mere worth there is a peculiar sentimental value attaching to a thing that is hand-made that will never die. The easiest way to obtain happiness is to make others happy, and now that I have given you ample provision in which to exercise your goodness and your mechanical skill, I sincerely wish, you and your mother, father, grandparents, sisters, brothers and chums a happy Christmas and a merry and prosperous New Year. J. L. D.

### For Mother

Mother is first on the list as she is always first in our hearts. Her present will be a glove, trinket and handkerchief box of mission design. It is to set on the dresser in her room, so nothing but the choicest oak will do for material. The sides of the box are the only parts that will tax your skill and patience. Lay your flat piece of oak on a table and carefully mark the diagram to the shape

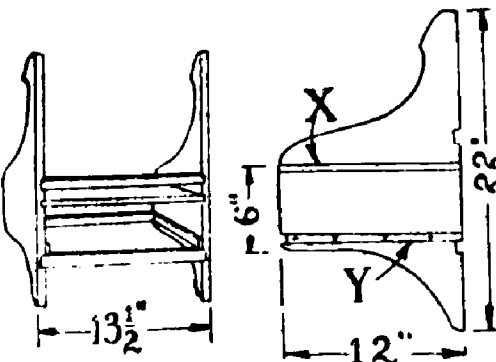
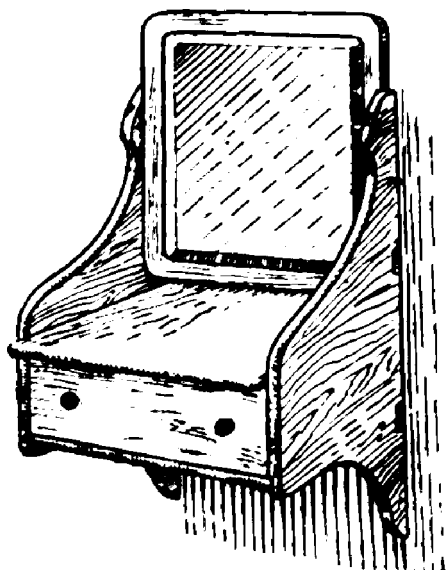


and dimensions indicated by our sketch. When you have sawed them out, cut three grooves on the inside of each to receive the ends of the shelves. The grooves need not be any deeper than the thickness of a match and may be gouged out with a sharp knife. The three shelves are now glued in and left to set over night. The back of the cabinet is nailed to the shelves and sides and serves to strengthen the whole frame. The top compartment and front door are clearly shown by the drawing. The cover lifts out and when in place rests upon the small cleat as shown.

The finishing of the cabinet is a very important part of the work. First smooth it with the finest sandpaper, then apply wood filler of the desired shade, next brush on some mission stain, and when it has dried a few minutes rub off the surplus with a soft rag. The next day stain it again and finally polish with furniture wax. You can get small half-pint cans of this finishing stuff at any good hardware or general store.

### For Father

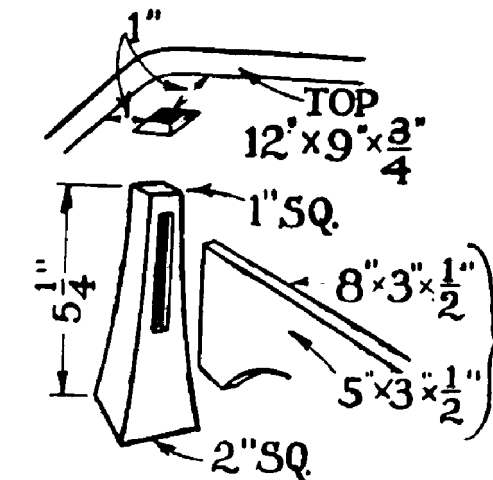
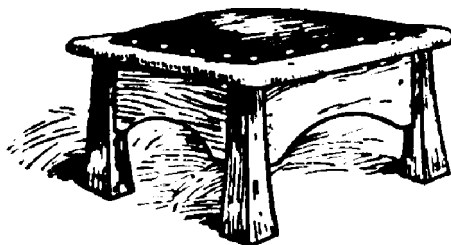
Your father will take more pride in your ability as a craftsman than any other member of the family, so you will want to do your very best in making this shaving cabinet. I think I have reduced



it to the simplest possible lines without destroying either its beauty or utility. It will probably be a good plan to first buy the mirror you are going to use and then build the cabinet to suit its size. The size of each side piece is shown in the lower right hand diagram. It is easy to cut out. "X" is a groove, "Y" is a cleat for the drawer to slide on. The top fits into the grooves, a glue joint being used. The back of the cabinet consists of two cross pieces fitted into notches. They will be hidden when it is in use and may be bored so that screws can be driven through to the wall. The smoothing of the curved edges and the finishing must be slowly done if you intend to have your finished article a real success. In this case I would finish the same shade as the room in which the cabinet is to be used. The mirror is pivoted in the center and tilts both ways. The addition of two fancy hooks to the side of the cabinet might add something to its value. One would be for the razor strop, the other for a towel.

### For Grandma

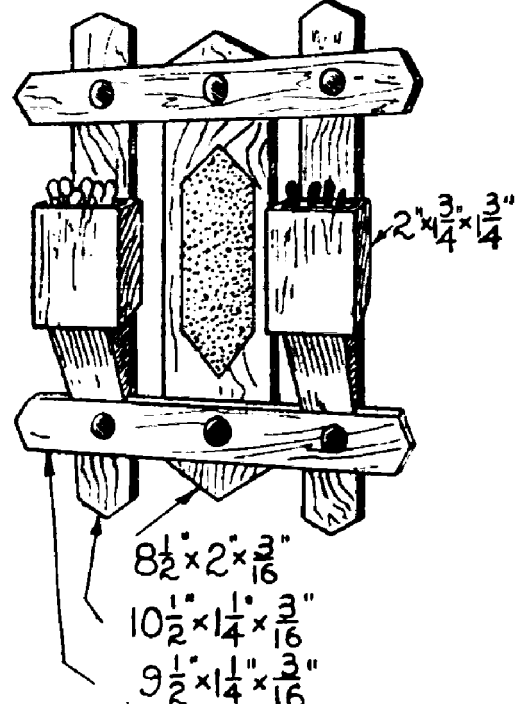
This substantial footstool is a thing of beauty as well as an article of real practical value. It will make an appropriate gift for your grandmother or grandfather. But little lumber is required, but it should be the best quality of oak. As the most difficult work is the making of the legs we might as well begin with them. In sawing each square piece to the tapering shape the main thing is to have them held firmly and to proceed slowly. Mark lines on all sides and after every third or fourth stroke of the saw look to see whether you are going right



or not. Considerable time must then be spent in sandpapering the legs so as to remove all saw marks. The mortise is cut by boring a row of holes and then squaring up the edges with a small wood chisel. The rails that connect the legs are next. When finished glue them in place and while they are setting saw out the top. Note the holes on each corner of the under side of the top to receive the legs. The upholstering is done by padding the center and then covering with a piece of leather or suitable cloth. Large headed tacks are used. The finish should be dark oak or weathered oak.

### For My Chum

No doubt there is one lad who is your heart to heart friend and close companion. You will want to remember him in a manner befitting the season, so why not present him with this neat and practical



match holder. It will be just the thing for his room and he will certainly appreciate it. There is no trouble in making it, but you must be accurate and pains-

(Continued on page 16)



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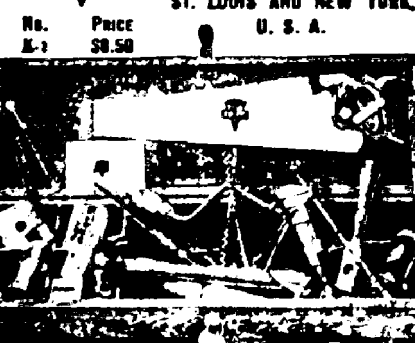
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# The Grand Mogul

## A Boy Scout Story

By HERBERT WYNDHAM-GITTENS

THERE were a good many athletes at Rivington, the crackest of crack schools; but somehow one heard of only two. Possibly that was because the rivalry between Jim Cardigan and Stanton Forbes was so keen that nobody thought of the others who year after year helped to bear Rivington's name and colors to victory on track and gridiron and diamond.

When the football team, under Captain Cardigan, tore down the field time after time to defeat St. Anne's by 22-0, all the fellows—even the other nine of the team and the substitutes—wondered what Forbes would do next spring to equal this feat of captaincy. Forbes, playing capably at left end, himself wondered a little. But in the spring the blue, under his piloting, swept the slate clean by giving the Starsdale veterans the drubbing of their baseball lives; in which Cardigan's three-bagger helped considerably.

So when Jim Cardigan, back from the long vacation, broached the big idea which he had been nursing, not one of the dozen "old-timers" would voice an opinion until Stanton Forbes had been heard from. He was not slow in speaking.

"It's all very fine for you, Jim," he said earnestly, "but where does it leave the baseball team? The football season's short, and after the snow comes we could still be Boy Scouts; but in the spring we've either got to practice baseball or we've got to make up our minds to be licked."

Cardigan swept with his blue eyes the circle of veterans who were discussing plans for the coming season in the big double room shared by the rivals. No one seemed willing to interfere in the argument, and he squared his shoulders, thus unconsciously heightening the contrast between his own sturdy figure and the light, nimble-looking Forbes.

"I think you're wrong, Stan," he answered quietly. "I've been reading and hearing a lot about this Boy Scout movement, and it seems to me that the idea of the thing is just contrary to what you seem to think. It isn't meant as a substitute for football or baseball; it's meant to go along with them. We fellows play football for fun and the glory of the school, and we could be boy scouts for the same reasons. Instead of taking us away from baseball practice, it's meant to make us play all the harder. The idea is that a boy scout must be a good citizen, in or out of school."

Forbes' black eyes snapped. "I'm not saying that isn't the idea of the thing, Jim," he said; "but I can't see how it will work out. It looks all right in theory, as old Hinkleman says in geometry; but you'll find it'll work out differently in practice."

"Well, we'll only be able to find out by actually trying it," was Cardigan's quick answer. He turned to the others. "What do you fellows think?"

"I'm with you, Jim," agreed Gink Waddell, who was reputed to be able to hit the head of a nail with an out curve as far as he could see it.

"And I," said Steve Allen, the fastest quarter Rivington ever had.

"And I," chorused half a dozen others.

"Well, I'm not," declared "Squat" McTurk, and there was a general laugh, in which he, too, joined.

"No, Squat—you'd want to pitch camp every five minutes," said Gink, referring to McTurk's habit of sitting down at every possible opportunity. This habit, combined with his extraordinary pose behind the plate as he prepared to snap up one of Gink's fast inshoots, had served to give him his nickname.

"At any rate, he'd be a good subject for the ambulance corps," suggested Allen; and the crowd laughed again as Squat started to expostulate. "We'll have a special stretcher for you."

"Well, I take it all you fellows know what's to be done," said Cardigan. "Now we'll leave it to the faculty."

That was the final word, for anything that was left to the faculty usually went as the boys wished it. This may have been due to the fact that every member of that august board had once been a Rivington boy, and so the faculty knew the Rivington point of view. At any rate, within the week the official announcement was on the notice board of the gymnasium, and the enrollment of the Rivington Troop of the Boy Scouts of America was begun.

As Jim Cardigan had prophesied, it was fun from the start. The athletes took it up with zeal; the lucky youngsters who happened to be twelve years or over followed the lead of the school's heroes; and the small fry wailed because they were "minnows," as Gink Waddell christened them. So the troop was fifty strong in no time, and the real work was begun indoors, pending the arrival of uniforms and badges.

On the first day the great discovery was made. Everybody was wondering which one of the teaching staff would be detailed as Scout Master; and when young Mr. Lawlor, the popular instructor in mathematics, looking like a member of the national guard in khaki, puttees, and a brown Stetson, swung through the gymnasium door, the rafters rung with a cheer.

"Isn't Lawlor a peach? Wonder where he got the uniform?" whispered Gink to Steve Allen, as they stood in line. And soon afterward an enterprising junior voiced the question which was teasing everybody. The school gasped at his audacity, but rejoiced when Mr. Lawlor, with a smile and a few words, explained the mystery.

"He a seventh regiment man!" exclaimed Steve Allen. "Why, say, Lawlor's all right! My big brother belongs to the seventh. He took me down to the army last vacation and let me see the fellows drill. It was great!"

"Tention!" The command rang out, and all of a sudden it was a very different Mr. Lawlor who was the focus of all eyes. Every boy there, down to little Jones, who had just squeezed past the age limit, felt instinctively as if he were a soldier, and this tall, slim young man in khaki his commanding officer.

"We're not going to do very much at first, fellows," began the Scout Master, in his ringing voice. "But what we're going to do is important. We're going to take the scout's oath, first of all. You all know what that is, I think—to do our duty to God and country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the scout law. We'll sign the roster, and then we'll just learn a few marching steps. You know, we're all tenderfeet now; but there's no reason why we can't all be first-class scouts by the end of the term."

As everybody agreed, it was an overwhelming success. Before the enrollment was half completed, at least twenty boys each had the private conviction that he had been born to be a brigadier, or a

the troop had legged it from the school up over the long Arapahoe incline—six miles in seventy brisk minutes by Mr. Lawlor's watch. They had paused on the summit for a well-earned rest, and the patrol leaders were conferring informally with the Scout Master and his two adjutants.

"There's a track walker down there. I wonder what he's doing?" remarked Steve Allen irrelevantly, in the midst of the talk. He raised his ten-foot staff and pointed toward the twin silver ribbons of the railway unrolled down the far hillside between Calderon and Rivington Junction.

"Oh, fixing the track, I guess," answered Squat McTurk carelessly, from his position on the ground, where he had thrown himself immediately on the command to halt.

"Track walkers don't fix the track," objected Gink Waddell. "They report to the division super, and the repair gang is sent out—isn't it, sir?" he appealed to the Scout Master.

"Quite right," answered Mr. Lawlor. "It looks as if—" He broke off and raised his binoculars. "Troop tention!" his voice rang out startlingly. "There's something crooked on foot!"

Squat McTurk leaped from the ground; the clattering youngsters came to attention with wondering faces; the patrol leaders took their places; and then Mr. Lawlor spoke again. There was decision in his tone.

"Cardigan, follow me! Forbes, take the Heron, Hawk, and Hound patrols up the railroad track as far as you can go! Flag the Montreal express—she's due here in ten minutes! Report back here! The rest of us will catch that fellow!"

Theirs not to reason why, the Herons, Hawks, and Hounds swung away at a smart trot, trailing their ten-foot staves behind Stan Forbes. They had to skirt the summit of the Arapahoe and flag the Montreal express before she should reach the down grade; for Engineer Kane always "let her out" at this point in the long overland stretch, and if she should strike the broken rail— for they felt sure that it must be a broken rail, or something equally terrible to contemplate.

Before they had gone thirty yards, the Scout Master had issued his instructions to the Bisons, Beavers, and Wolves. "Above all, don't alarm him," he concluded rapidly. "If he loses himself in the woods, we may never get him."

At the word of command they were off, no less swiftly than the other three patrols, but handicapped by the necessity of keeping under cover.

Had a single member of the troop remained behind in possession of Mr. Lawlor's binoculars, he would have halted irresolutely between two thrilling sights. On the right, clear-cut against the sky line, strung out behind the greyhound Forbes, twenty-four khaki-clad figures played "follow-my-leader" in a race to save human lives. On the left, yellow dots against the dark background of the firs which skirted the tracks, twenty-six other figures skulked forward like wolves for no less worthy purpose—to apprehend the man who would throw those lives away. And in the centre, where the steel ribbons glistened in the sunshine of the afternoon, the man worked hastily but with deadly effect—a shabby, bristled-headed unkempt figure, stooping to his ugly task, and muttering to himself the while.

"They'll fire me, will they! I guess this'll square us! One more spike, and she's done. Kane'll whoop her up like he always does comin' down; an' when they come to find out what wrecked the flier, they'll find a rail tore loose. They'll never guess the spikes was drawn with a claw-bar."

Once more he inserted the claw end of his iron implement under the head of a spike where it hung clear of the rail flange, an eighth of an inch from the stout wooden sleeper. A heave, a wrench, and the spike was drawn. The dastard dropped it beside the track, as he had dropped the others. Then, shouldering the heavy claw-bar, he stepped toward the fringe of firs. Nothing could save the flier now, and in ten minutes no one could possibly connect him with the disaster.

But he was reckoning without his host. Five feet from the line of firs, some instinct caused him to pause and peer into the shadows. At the next instant, with an oath, he dropped the claw-bar in frightened amazement, then stooped and picked it up again, grasping it in threatening fashion. For facing him were more than a score of waiting figures, and more than two score eyes challenged him from behind what seemed to be a score of leveled rifles.

"Drop that bar!" rang out a stern voice. The ruffian obeyed, but an instant later the bar was again in his hand, and he was flourishing it threateningly. In that instant his eyes had become accustomed to the shadows, and he had discovered with relief that the threatening figures were nothing but a lot of boys in fancy costume. No—there was one man with them. Well, he could take care of any single man that ever lived.

"Drop that bar!" ordered Mr. Lawlor again, and with a howl of pain the fellow obeyed, as a ten-foot staff fell across his wrist with a smart rap. "Surround him, boys! We've got him!"

The khaki-clad figures swept forward to obey. Now they were hemming him in, closing about him, each armed with a



"The rest of us will catch that fellow."

brevet colonel, or an adjutant—they were not quite sure of the rank, but they knew it was something big.

For some days the mail carrier worked overtime delivering mysterious packages in plain wrappers; and by the fourth day there were fifty private copies of the manual, procured from official headquarters in New York.

As time passed and things shaped themselves, there was much speculation as to who would be appointed officers. Counting eight scouts to a patrol, there were six patrols and two men over. Of course, everybody knew that Jim Cardigan and Stan Forbes would get the first two places assigned, but no one quite expected what happened.

"I'm going to make our first appointments to-day," said the Scout Master, after the exercises. "The patrol appointments are as follows: Heron, leader Waddell—"

Waddell! The school stood in shocked amazement while Mr. Lawlor went on:

"Hawk Patrol, leader Allen; Bison, leader McTurk; Wolf, leader Graves; Beaver, leader Bartlett; Hound, leader Farrelly."

The appointments were all made, and no mention had been made of Cardigan and Forbes! But the Scout Master was speaking again.

"Six patrols are a good many to have in a troop," he was saying. "I want some assistance. So I'm going to appoint two adjutants—"

He got no farther. Despite the fact that it was a very unscout-like thing to do, the entire troop cheered lustily. They knew who would be appointed adjutants. As Cardigan and Forbes led the school in everything else, it was entirely fitting that they should lead now.

The rivalry was immediately more intense than ever before. Each resolved to do his best for the movement; and if there was any slight advantage at the start, the advantage lay with Jim Cardigan, since Stan was still obsessed by a lingering doubt concerning the possible interference of the scouting with his baseball manoeuvres in the coming spring.

"No, Jim," he confided to his roommate that evening, when they were discussing the events of the day. "I'm not convinced yet—I'll have to be shown. But of course I'm going to do the best I can for the troop, and I'm going to give you a hot race for the honors, you old duffer!" he added affectionately.

His opportunity came sooner than he had expected. It was a situation to try the resources of grown men—a situation which would have disconcerted a troop of certified first-class scouts. Yet here was the Rivington troop, still tenderfoot all, face to face with a tremendous work on their first long ramble.

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# The Divine Bruin Intervenes

### Where Photography is a Perilous Calling

By ARTHUR PIERCE VAUGHN

WE WILL break camp for the coast in the morning, Shinichi; our work is done."

Doctor Muench was smoothing and arranging in his pocket portfolio a curling mass of newly finished photographs. Occasionally he re-examined certain ones, making satisfied comment concerning them to his bronze-skinned Japanese guide, who was busy over the supper fire just in front of the explorer's little camp tent.

Following the doctor's announcement the two adventurers were planning their packing for the morrow, when quietly out of the brush around the camp from

tank for his pictures. The results pleased him immensely, for he had good photographs of some of the finest types in the tribe. Half adventurer and half scientist, he had spent a score of years cruising up and down the coast of Asia, studying uncatalogued animals and men, and collecting specimens of both in the shape of skeletons and hides—the latter not included in the human exhibits, however. But his zest in such exploration was as keen as the day when he came into the East with his first commission, fresh from the university.

"It's the only collection of Alnu photographs that has ever been made; we're Number One, Shinichi, and it's the best set of types I have ever gotten of any barbarous tribe. We may get 'em safely out; we're back within three hours of the coast, you say, and no poisoned arrows in our ribs yet."

The Japanese was not less pleased than his chief with their success, and responded:

"Hah, we dai Ichiban, Doctor, and nobody care to be Number Two on same job very quick, maybe. Company men down by Mauka barnek say those fellow feeneesh by Alnu long time ago. They say, no can do. I think tomorrow we eat dinner with 'im, and show 'im picture."

The Alnu are firm believers in sympathetic magic. The making or possessing of a representation of any person by another is a crime worthy of capital punishment; and the tribesmen take care that the sentence overtakes the offender. They believe that a portion of the spirit of the one represented in any portrait takes up its abode in the likeness, and any injury done to the latter at once endangers the life of the subject. A picture thus puts one in the power of an enemy holding it, and is a mysterious danger that must be most carefully guarded against. So Doctor Muench with the patience of the scientist



Stroked His Scant Beard in the Alnu Gesture of Salutation.

and the quiet courage of that race of intrepid Teutonic forefathers of civilization of which he was so fine a type, had gone over this untouched field and gathered his treasures. He smoothed out his newly dried prints and tied the little packet carefully. The only thing that could have added to his contentment as he slipped them into an inner pocket was the old meerschaum, shelved on his chum's bookcase at home, a big, comforting engine of enjoyment which he had been deprived of during these strenuous years from the very fact that it was too ponderous for transportation by an explorer. In lieu of this foregone pleasure he stretched his feet towards the fire where supper was almost ready, found his tobacco pouch and papers—and the circle of savage warriors had risen out of the dusk around them to watch as he rolled his cigarette. Shinichi's salutation brought no response, but the signal of enmity was answered by that perpetual tortoise-smile as he asked the wishes of the chief.

Without reply the leader nodded to one of his warriors, the one of whom Muench had gotten a half dozen different negatives because he regarded him as the finest type of his race to be found in the tribe; and while the Alnu circle, every one with his weapon in hand, closed in a little, this man came forward, and reaching into his tunic of woven-bark cloth, drew out a tiny stereo photograph of himself, still damp, and showed it to the Japanese, but at such a distance that the latter could not gain possession of it.

His charge was brief—The white heathen, or the brown one, had made a picture like himself to the fingernails and eyebrows and the weave of his coat; and they had drowned this picture in the stream, and one of the women had found it below the village; doubtless he himself would drown before another moon—but who had made the picture?

Unwavering and serene as a face of bronze was Shinichi's smile as he fabricated conciliations in broken Alnu words, the softest that he knew. But a little group of old men and women from the village were already standing in the gathering dusk back of the circle of warriors, waiting to witness the honor of unwritten Alnu law vindicated. Any unguarded movement of the two men might bring the attack upon them instantly. Muench was quietly smoking his cigarette, his deep, keen eyes far less restless and inquiring than usual. Still Shinichi smiled and asked questions about the finding of the picture. It was getting dry, and was uninjured; therefore no harm need come to the brave; he will not surely drown, said the optimistic diplomat. But he failed to win converts to this idea.

Suddenly the chief spoke again, and Shinichi bowing acknowledgment, interpreted it to Muench.

"Have more pictures other men here maybe? he say."

In quick discussion the two resolved that the turning over of their treasured collection would be satisfying neither to the tribesmen nor to the explorer who had gathered them at such hazard. Then Shinichi asked: "Maybe give 'im your picture, all-right?"

every side a score of Alnu warriors moved in towards them. Hostile intent was evident, otherwise the men would have come by the usual path from the village to the tent. Hostility was more than evident in their manner too, and in their ready bows with the slight venom-tipped reeds laid to the strings.

To the Alnu chief, who was in the circle, Shinichi turned with an unperturbed smile, and stroked his scant beard in the Alnu gesture of salutation. The greeting was not returned; but the smile continued as the brown voyager over his fire made inquiry as to how he might serve the chief.

Coming out of Siberia a month before Muench had picked up at Vladivostok a Japanese boy that had served him well on former trips, and together, in a Russian fish-company's boat, they crossed to Mauka on the west coast of Sakhalen. The traders at the company's warehouses suggested that a trip inland among the Alnu was not very safe and advisable—this from men living with their lives at their fingertips daily—but Muench and his helper with a couple of native porters pushed into the interior, studying the dwellings, occupations, customs and physical characteristics of the Alnu tribes, the heavy-haired, Aryan aborigines of Japan and the Siberian coast. As part of his equipment he carried slung to his shoulder in a double case, his fieldglasses and another instrument, the exact duplicate of the glasses in appearance, but fitted as a stereo camera with two high-grade lenses that made tiny negatives of such perfect definition in all the detail of the picture that they would bear enlargement to almost any desired size. With this camera he could photograph tribal types and household occupations without awakening any suspicion on the part of the subjects. Muench also carried for his bed a splendid bear-skin with heavy, lustrous fur, that he had brought with him out of Siberia.

The doctor and his guide had made a circuit of a half dozen villages, quietly seeing the things they desired to see, placating local chiefs with strange baubles, and were returned to within a few hours of the fish company's post without mishap, though Alnu warriors had more than once been on the verge of a dangerous eruption of wild impulses. Shinichi, with his fragments of Alnu talk, gathered a considerable quantity of information which afterward, in camp, he and the doctor digested together in fragmentary English; and Muench had scores of priceless photographic plates in his pack. From many a tight corner Shinichi had found an exit with the wisdom of a serpent, maintaining in the face of every danger the same imperturbable exterior on a physiognomy that Muench compared to a sea-turtle's, whenever he had occasion to describe his brown lieutenant.

They made their last camp beneath two enormous Yezo pines on the banks of a brook near an Alnu village. Muench took more photos and traded for ceremonial utensils that, because of their religious significance, he had been unable to obtain from other remoter tribes. He developed his negatives, and the following day made prints from them, using the cold purling brook as a washing



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# The Grand Mogul

## A Boy Scout Story

By HERBERT WYNDHAM-GITTENS

THERE were a good many athletes at Rivington, the crackest of crack schools; but somehow one heard of only two. Possibly that was because the rivalry between Jim Cardigan and Stanton Forbes was so keen that nobody thought of the others who year after year helped to bear Rivington's name and colors to victory on track and gridiron and diamond.

When the football team, under Captain Cardigan, tore down the field time after time to defeat St. Anne's by 22-0, all the fellows—even the other nine of the team and the substitutes—wondered what Forbes would do next spring to equal this feat of captaincy. Forbes, playing capably at left end, himself wondered a little. But in the spring the nine, under his plotting, swept the slate clean by giving the Seaside veterans the drubbing of their baseball lives; in which Cardigan's three-bagger helped considerably.

So when Jim Cardigan, back from the long vacation, broached the big idea which he had been nursing, not one of the dozen "old-timers" would voice an opinion until Stanton Forbes had been heard from. He was not slow in speaking.

"It's all very fine for you, Jim," he said earnestly, "but where does it leave the baseball team? The football season's short, and after the snow comes we could still be Boy Scouts; but in the spring we've either got to practice baseball or we've got to make up our minds to be licked."

Cardigan swept with his blue eyes the circle of veterans who were discussing plans for the coming season in the big double room shared by the rivals. No one seemed willing to interfere in the argument, and he squared his shoulders, thus unconsciously heightening the contrast between his own sturdy figure and the light, nimble-looking Forbes.

"I think you're wrong, Stan," he answered quietly. "I've been reading and hearing a lot about this Boy Scout movement, and it seems to me that the idea of the thing is just contrary to what you seem to think. It isn't meant as a substitute for football or baseball; it's meant to go along with them. We fellows play football for fun and the glory of the school, and we could be boy scouts for the same reasons. Instead of taking us away from baseball practice, it's meant to make us play all the harder. The idea is that a boy scout must be a good citizen, in or out of school."

Forbes' black eyes snapped. "I'm not saying that isn't the idea of the thing, Jim," he said; "but I can't see how it will work out. It looks all right in theory, as old Hinkleman says in geometry; but you'll find it'll work out differently in practice."

"Well, we'll only be able to find out by actually trying it," was Cardigan's quick answer. He turned to the others. "What do you fellows think?"

"I'm with you, Jim," agreed Gink Waddell, who was reputed to be able to hit the head of a nail with an out curve as far as he could see it.

"And I," said Steve Allen, the fastest quarter Rivington ever had.

"And I," chorused half a dozen others. "Well, I'm not," declared "Squat" McTurk, and there was a general laugh, in which he, too, joined.

"No, Squat—you'd want to pitch camp every five minutes," said Gink, referring to McTurk's habit of sitting down at every possible opportunity. This habit, combined with his extraordinary pose behind the plate as he prepared to snap up one of Gink's fast inshoots, had served to give him his nickname.

"At any rate, he'd be a good subject for the ambulance corps," suggested Allen; and the crowd laughed again as Squat started to expostulate. "We'll have a special stretcher for you."

"Well, I take it all you fellows know what's to be done," said Cardigan. "Now we'll leave it to the faculty."

That was the final word, for anything that was left to the faculty usually went as the boys wished it. This may have been due to the fact that every member of that august board had once been a Rivington boy, and so the faculty knew the Rivington point of view. At any rate, within the week the official announcement was on the notice board of the gymnasium, and the enrollment of the Rivington Troop of the Boy Scouts of America was begun.

As Jim Cardigan had prophesied, it was fun from the start. The athletes took it up with zeal; the lucky youngsters who happened to be twelve years or over followed the lead of the school's heroes; and the small fry waited because they were "minnows," as Gink Waddell christened them. So the troop was fifty strong in no time, and the real work was begun indoors, pending the arrival of uniforms and badges.

On the first day the great discovery was made. Everybody was wondering which one of the teaching staff would be detailed as Scout Master; and when young Mr. Lawlor, the popular instructor in mathematics, looking like a member of the national guard in khaki, puttees, and a brown Stetson, swung through the gymnasium door, the rafters rang with a cheer.

"Isn't Lawlor a peach? Wonder where he got the uniform?" whispered Gink to Steve Allen, as they stood in line. And soon afterward an enterprising junior voiced the question which was teasing everybody. The school gasped at his audacity, but rejoiced when Mr. Lawlor, with a smile and a few words, explained the mystery.

"Ho a seventh regiment man?" exclaimed Steve Allen. "Why, say, Lawlor's all right! My big brother belongs to the seventh. He took me down to the armory last vacation and let me see the fellows drill. It was great!"

"Tention!" The command rang out, and all of a sudden it was a very different Mr. Lawlor who was the focus of all eyes. Every boy there, down to little Jones, who had just squeezed past the age limit, felt instinctively as if he were a soldier, and this tall, slim young man in khaki his commanding officer.

"We're not going to do very much at first, fellows," began the Scout Master, in his ringing voice. "But what we're going to do is important. We're going to take the scout's oath, first of all. You all know what that is. I think—to do our duty to God and country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the scout law. We'll sign the roster, and then we'll just learn a few marching steps. You know, we're all tenderfeet now; but there's no reason why we can't all be first-class scouts by the end of the term."

As everybody agreed, it was an overwhelming success. Before the enrollment was half completed, at least twenty boys each had the private conviction that he had been born to be a brigadier, or a

the troop had legged it from the school up over the long Arapahoe incline—six miles in seventy brisk minutes by Mr. Lawlor's watch. They had paused on the summit for a well-earned rest, and the patrol leaders were conferring informally with the Scout Master and his two adjutants.

"There's a track walker down there. I wonder what he's doing?" remarked Steve Allen irrelevantly. In the midst of the talk, he raised his ten-foot staff and pointed toward the twin silver ribbons of the railway unrolled down the far hillside between Calderon and Rivington Junction.

"Oh, fixing the track, I guess," answered Squat McTurk carelessly, from his position on the ground, where he had thrown himself immediately on the command to halt.

"Track walkers don't fix the track," objected Gink Waddell. "They report to the division super, and the repair gang is sent out—ain't it, sir?" he appealed to the Scout Master.

"Quite right," answered Mr. Lawlor. "It looks as if—" He broke off and raised his binoculars. "Troop tention!" his voice rang out startlingly. "There's something crooked on foot!"

Squat McTurk leaped from the ground; the clattering youngsters came to attention with wondering faces; the patrol leaders took their places; and then Mr. Lawlor spoke again. There was decision in his tone.

"Cardigan, follow me! Forbes, take the Heron, Hawk, and Hound patrols up the railroad track as far as you can go! Flag the Montreal express—she's due here in ten minutes! Report back here! The rest of us will catch that fellow!"

Theirs not to reason why, the Herons, Hawks, and Hounds swung away at a smart trot, trailing their ten-foot staves behind Stan Forbes. They had to skirt the summit of the Arapahoe and flag the Montreal express before she should reach the down grade; for Engineer Kane always "let her out" at this point in the long overland stretch, and if she should strike the broken rail—For they felt sure that it must be a broken rail, or something equally terrible to contemplate.

Before they had gone thirty yards, the Scout Master had issued his instructions to the Bisons, Beavers, and Wolves. "Above all, don't alarm him," he concluded rapidly. "If he loses himself in the woods, we may never get him."

At the word of command they were off, no less swiftly than the other three patrols, but handicapped by the necessity of keeping under cover.

Had a single member of the troop remained behind in possession of Mr. Lawlor's binoculars, he would have halted irresolutely between two thrilling sights. On the right, clear-cut against the sky line, strung out behind the greyhound Forbes, twenty-four khaki-clad figures played "follow-my-leader" in a race to save human lives. On the left, yellow dots against the dark background of the firs which skirted the tracks, twenty-six other figures skulked forward like wolves for no less worthy purpose—to apprehend the man who would throw those lives away. And in the centre, where the steel ribbons glistened in the sunshine of the afternoon, the man worked hastily but with deadly effect—a shabby, bristle-bearded, unkempt figure, stooping to his ugly task, and muttering to himself the while.

"They'll fire me, will they! I guess this'll square us! One more spike, and she's done. Kane'll whoop her up like he always does comin' down; an' when they come to find out what wrecked the flier, they'll find a rail fore loose. They'll never guess the spikes was drawn with a claw-bar."

Once more he inserted the claw end of his iron implement under the head of a spike where it hung clear of the rail flange, an eighth of an inch from the stout wooden sleeper. A heave, a wrench, and the spike was drawn. The dastard dropped it beside the track, as he had dropped the others. Then, shouldering the heavy claw-bar, he stepped toward the fringe of firs. Nothing could save the flier now, and in ten minutes no one could possibly connect him with the disaster.

But he was reckoning without his host. Five feet from the line of firs, some instinct caused him to pause and peer into the shadows. At the next instant, with an oath, he dropped the claw-bar in frightened amazement, then stooped and picked it up again, grasping it in threatening fashion. For facing him were more than a score of waiting figures, and more than two score eyes challenged him from behind what seemed to be a score of leveled rifles.

"Drop that bar!" rang out a stern voice. The ruffian obeyed, but an instant later the bar was again in his hand, and he was flourishing it threateningly. In that instant his eyes had become accustomed to the shadows, and he had discovered with relief that the threatening figures were nothing but a lot of boys in fancy costume. No—there was one man with them. Well, he could take care of any single man that ever lived.

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"The rest of us will catch that fellow."

brevet colonel, or an adjutant—they were not quite sure of the rank, but they knew it was something big.

For some days the mail carrier worked overtime delivering mysterious packages in plain wrappers; and by the fourth day there were fifty private copies of the manual, procured from official headquarters in New York.

As time passed and things shaped themselves, there was much speculation as to who would be appointed officers. Counting eight scouts to a patrol, there were six patrols and two men over. Of course, everybody knew that Jim Cardigan and Stan Forbes would get the first two places assigned, but no one quite expected what happened.

"I'm going to make our first appointments to-day," said the Scout Master, after the exercises. "The patrol appointments are as follows: Heron, leader Waddell—"

Waddell! The school stood in shocked amazement while Mr. Lawlor went on:

"Hawk Patrol, leader Allen; Bison, leader McTurk; Wolf, leader Graves; Beaver, leader Bartlett; Hound, leader Farrelly."

The appointments were all made, and no mention had been made of Cardigan and Forbes! But the Scout Master was speaking again.

"Six patrols are a good many to have in a troop," he was saying. "I want some assistance. So I'm going to appoint two adjutants—"

He got no farther. Despite the fact that it was a very unscout-like thing to do, the entire troop cheered lustily. They knew who would be appointed adjutants. As Cardigan and Forbes led the school in everything else, it was entirely fitting that they should lead now.

The rivalry was immediately more intense than ever before. Each resolved to do his best for the movement; and if there was any slight advantage at the start, the advantage lay with Jim Cardigan, since Stan was still obsessed by a lingering doubt concerning the possible interference of the scouting with his baseball manoeuvres in the coming spring.

"No, Jim," he confided to his roommate that evening, when they were discussing the events of the day. "I'm not convinced yet—I'll have to be shown. But of course I'm going to do the best I can for the troop, and I'm going to give you a hot race for the honors, you old duffer!" he added affectionately.

His opportunity came sooner than he had expected. It was a situation to try the resources of grown men—a situation which would have disconcerted a troop of certified first-class scouts. Yet here was the Rivington troop, still tenderfeet all, face to face with a tremendous work on their first long ramble.

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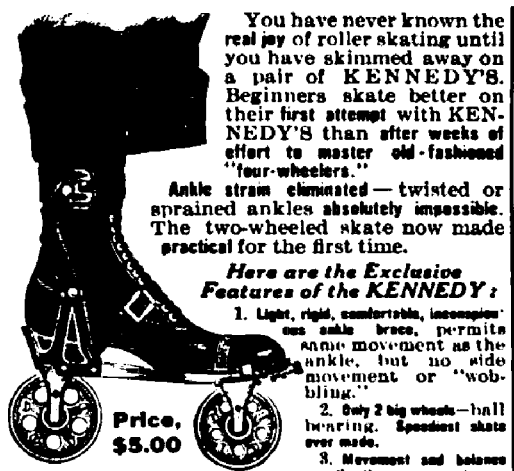
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(Continued on page 29.)



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# The Divine Bruin Intervenes

Where Photography is a Perilous Calling

By ARTHUR PIERCE VAUGHN

WE WILL break camp for the coast in the morning, Shinichi; our work is done."

Doctor Muench was smoothing and arranging in his pocket portfolio a curling mass of newly finished photographs. Occasionally he re-examined certain ones, making satisfied comment concerning them to his bronze-skinned Japanese guide, who was busy over the supper fire just in front of the explorer's little camp tent.

Following the doctor's announcement the two adventurers were planning their packing for the morrow, when quietly out of the brush around the camp from

tank for his pictures. The results pleased him immensely, for he had good photographs of some of the finest types in the tribe. Half adventurer and half scientist, he had spent a score of years cruising up and down the coast of Asia, studying uncatalogued animals and men, and collecting specimens of both in the shape of skeletons and hides—the latter not included in the human exhibits, however. But his zest in such exploration was as keen as the day when he came into the East with his first commission, fresh from the university.

"It's the only collection of Ainu photographs that has ever been made; we're Number One, Shinichi, and it's the best set of types I have ever gotten of any barbarous tribe. We may get 'em safely out; we're back within three hours of the coast, you say, and no poisoned arrows in our ribs yet."

The Japanese was not less pleased than his chief with their success, and responded:

"Hal, we dal Ichiban, Doctor, and nobody care to be Number Two on same job very quick, maybe. Company men down by Mauka barrack say those fellow feeneesh by Ainu long time ago. They say, no can do. I think tomorrow we eat dinner with 'im, and show 'im picture."

The Ainu are firm believers in sympathetic magic. The making or possessing of a representation of any person by another is a crime worthy of capital punishment; and the tribesmen take care that the sentence overtakes the offender. They believe that a portion of the spirit of the one represented in any portrait takes up its abode in the likeness, and any injury done to the latter at once endangers the life of the subject. A picture thus puts one in the power of an enemy holding it, and is a mysterious danger that must be most carefully guarded against. So Doctor Muench with the patience of the scientist



Stroked His Scant Beard in the Ainu Gesture of Salutation.

and the quiet courage of that race of intrepid Teutonic forelopers of civilization of which he was so fine a type, had gone over this untouched field and gathered his treasures. He smoothed out his newly dried prints and tied the little packet carefully. The only thing that could have added to his contentment as he slipped them into an inner pocket was the old meerschaum, shelved on his chum's bookcase at home, a big, comforting engine of enjoyment which he had been deprived of during these strenuous years from the very fact that it was too ponderous for transportation by an explorer. In lieu of this foregone pleasure he stretched his feet towards the fire where supper was almost ready, found his tobacco pouch and papers—and the circle of savage warriors had risen out of the dusk around them to watch as he rolled his cigarette. Shinichi's salutation brought no response, but the signal of enmity was answered by that perpetual tortoise-smile as he asked the wishes of the chief.

Without reply the leader nodded to one of his warriors, the one of whom Muench had gotten a half dozen different negatives because he regarded him as the finest type of his race to be found in the tribe; and while the Ainu circle, every one with his weapon in hand, closed in a little, this man came forward, and reaching into his tunic of woven-hark cloth, drew out a tiny stereo photograph of himself, still damp, and showed it to the Japanese, but at such a distance that the latter could not gain possession of it.

His charge was brief—The white heathen, or the brown one, had made a picture like himself to the fingernails and eyebrows and the weave of his coat; and they had drowned this picture in the stream, and one of the women had found it below the village; doubtless he himself would drown before another moon—but who had made the picture?

Unwavering and serene as a face of bronze was Shinichi's smile as he fabricated conciliations in broken Ainu words, the softest that he knew. But a little group of old men and women from the village were already standing in the gathering dusk back of the circle of warriors, waiting to witness the honor of unwritten Ainu law vindicated. Any unguarded movement of the two men might bring the attack upon them instantly. Muench was quietly smoking his cigarette, his deep, keen eyes far less restless and inquiring than usual. Still Shinichi smiled and asked questions about the finding of the picture. It was getting dry, and was uninjured; therefore no harm need come to the brave; he will not surely drown, said the optimistic diplomat. But he failed to win converts to this idea.

Suddenly the chief spoke again, and Shinichi bowing acknowledgment, interpreted it to Muench.

"Have more pictures other men here maybe? he say."

In quick discussion the two resolved that the turning over of their treasured collection would be satisfying neither to the tribesmen nor to the explorer who had gathered them at such hazard. Then Shinichi asked:

"Maybe give 'im your picture all-right?"

(Continued on page 22)

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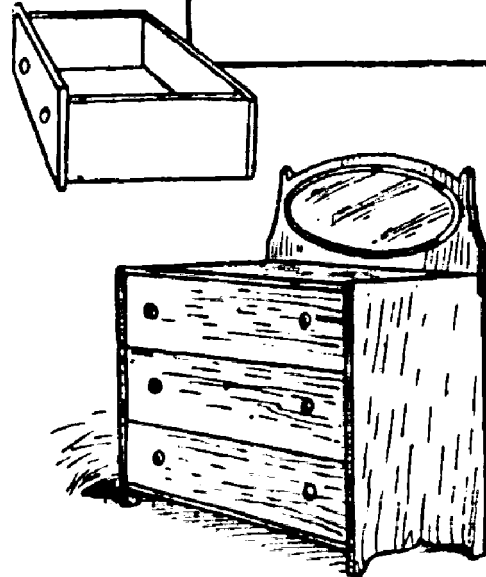
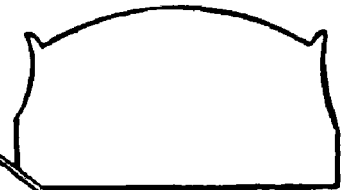
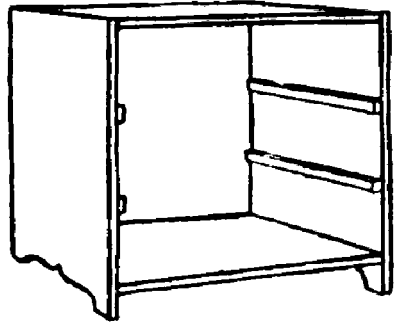
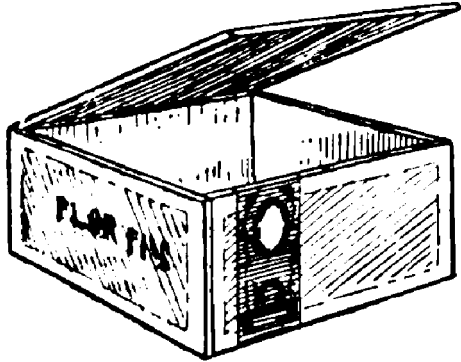
# How to Make Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 15)

taking. Four different sized pieces are used. Note the dimensions and the arrows leading from them to the piece indicated. You should have them all cut to shape and carefully sanded before you start to put them together. Use oak and select the prettiest grain where it will show up best. For fastening together use large headed upholstering tacks or round-headed screws. Finish it by staining a dark color and polishing with wax. If it is to be attached to a door or casing leave holes in the center piece where they will be covered by the piece of sandpaper.

## For Sister

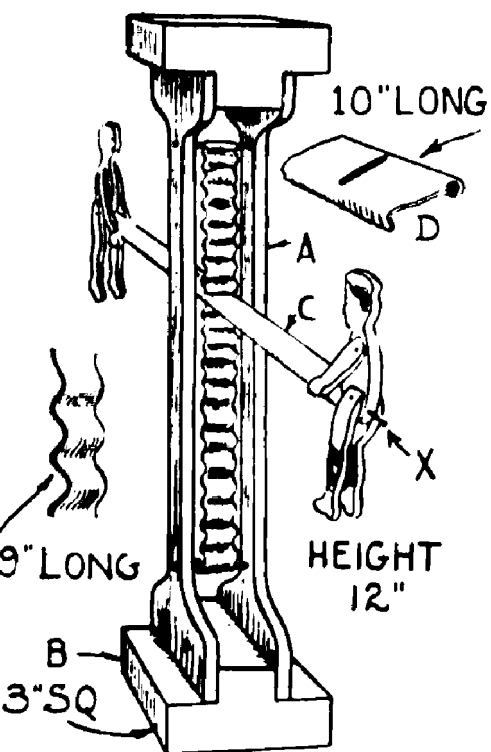
It is presumed that your sister is a small girl and that she likes to play at keeping house. The bureau shown here



should please her greatly, for it has real value in the toy household as a stowing place for dolly's clothes. It may be easily constructed from a couple of large cigar boxes. The first step is to remove the cover of the box and the lower end. The end is pushed up off the ground about an inch and immediately nailed in again. The sides are then curved at the bottom. You can do this cutting with your knife. The second drawing of the four shows the bureau thus far completed. The only remaining parts to be added to it are the slide drawers and the top piece that represents the mirror. It is hardly necessary to describe them. The pictures leave nothing to be said. One point, though, in removing the paper from the cigar boxes do not soak them in water or they will warp. Dampen the paper with a wet rag and scrape it off gradually. Two good coats of mission stain will finish your toy up beautifully and make it look like a real store article.

## For Brother

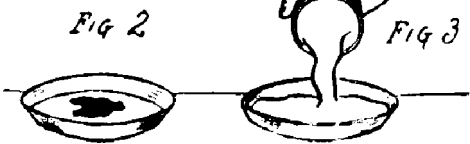
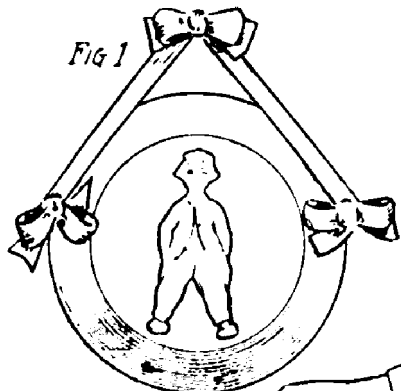
This toy is for your little brother. It is clever and easy to make and will no



doubt please the youngster very much. In effect it is an automatic see-saw. The figures move up and down and at the same time descend to the bottom, then the thing is turned over, the figures are twisted by the pin in the center until they are right side up and again they will teeter and drop notch by notch. Make the top and bottom blocks as shown and nail them together by fastening two strips on their sides. The strips are whittled from cigar box wood. We now get a strip of tin nine inches long and curve it as the small picture shows. The teeter board is a cigar box strip with a cross slot in the center; around it put another strip of tin with a corresponding slot. (See "D.") Insert the curved strip through the slot and then fasten the whole to the wooden frame. The drawing is so clear that there is no chance of your going wrong on this point. The figures are cut from light wood and pinned to the ends of the teeter board. They should be heavier at the feet so they will keep upright. Don't fail to make this joy-giver for your little brother. It will be a treat to see him play with it.

## Framing Pictures

Here is a little scheme that you should be able to use to great advantage in decorating your room. Briefly stated it is simply casting a frame of plaster of paris around the print you wish to preserve. If the picture is a round one place it face down on the bottom of a shallow pan, being careful to get it in the center so that there is the same distance from any point on the outside to the rim of the pan. Next make sure that



the pan is level. Now mix water with your plaster of paris and be quick about it for it sets rapidly. When it is thin enough to pour, turn it into the pan and let the mass harden for about two days. It will stick a little to the pan but by a little patient work on the edges with a knife you can remove it. You will then have a neat and serviceable frame. It can be tinted with paint or water colors. I would like you to try this plan and then write me a letter and say how it worked. It is really the simplest thing I ever heard about and I know you will appreciate it. Keep your eyes open for nice pictures in the magazines and Sunday papers for here is a way to preserve them for all time to come.

## A Wireless Station in a Public School

Harry Stewart and his chum, Royal Bolger, have provided the manual training department of the Franklin School in Detroit with something which few if any other schools in the United States possess at the present time. This is a



Harry Stewart and Royal Bolger and Their Wireless Outfit.

complete wireless telegraph outfit capable of receiving and sending messages over long distances. Young Stewart is fourteen years old, while his chum is a year younger.

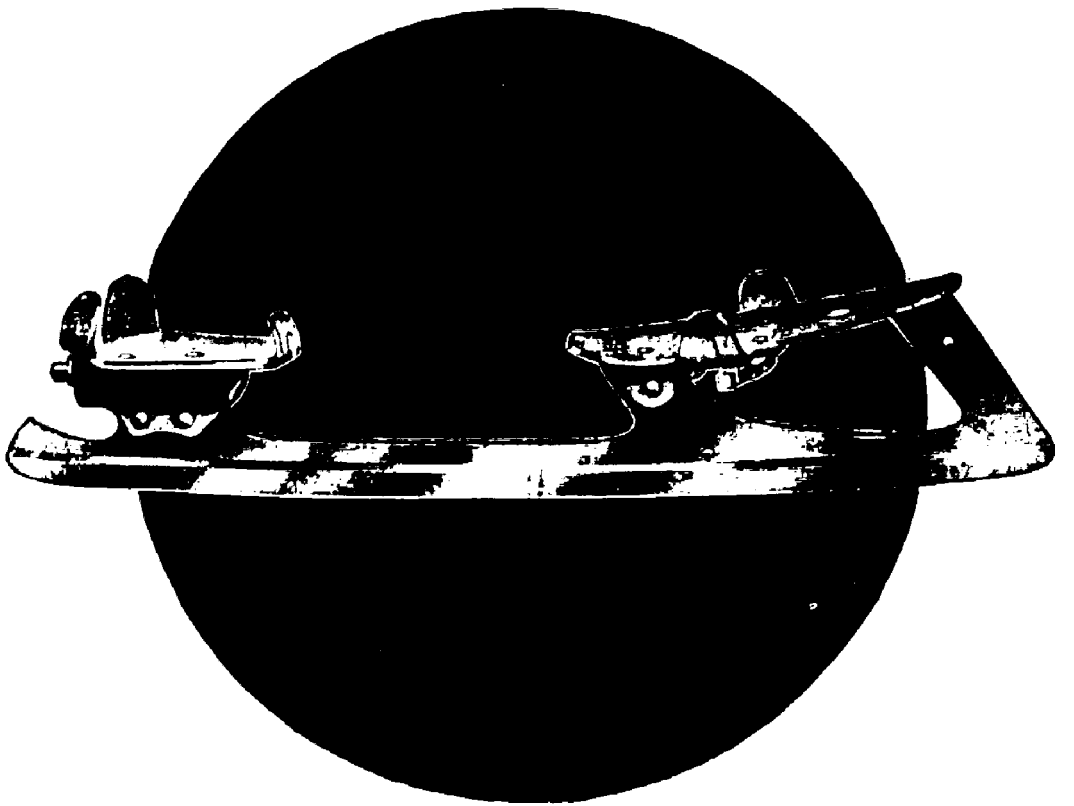
For a long time these boys have been interested in wireless telegraphy and Stewart has had a wireless outfit in his home for the past eighteen months. These boys conceived the idea that it would be both instructive and interesting

to provide their school with this wonderful apparatus, and after considerable argument induced their principal and the Detroit school board authorities to permit the installation.

Not only did these boys put in the apparatus, but they made in the manual training department of the school all of the woodwork which the wireless requires. Harry declares that they have caught messages from Cleveland and Toledo and that the school apparatus has a capacity of sending over seventy miles.

Harry claims to have some new ideas for the improvement of the wireless system. "You just wait till I get things fixed up," he says, "and I'll show them all something." Of course, I don't pretend to know all about wireless; I'm not quick enough yet to get all of a message as it's sent, but I'm learning all the time." As he spoke, bending lovingly over his instruments and wires, Royal Bolger, who had adjusted the headpiece to his own ear, called excitedly "Harry, quick; someone's sending." Harry, electrified into action, slipped the metal band over his own head and listened. He received part of the message, then turned away. "From George," he said; "not very clear."

Both boys are in the seventh grade at the school. It is their principal's plan to have them give little talks to the other pupils of the school, explaining the principles of the wireless system. "I feel," said the principal, "that although this is considerably at variance with the regular work of the school, every child ought to be encouraged in the work which appeals to him in particular. I am always anxious for advancement, and if the children of the school can learn anything, as I am sure they can, from two clever boys like Roy and Harry, I am more than pleased to have them do so."



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# CURRENT EVENTS

## Safety Devices.

Fifteen representatives of the Railway Commission appointed by the International Commerce Commission have recently met and determined on definite standards of safety appliances to be attached to railway cars and locomotives. It is estimated that the proposed change in equipment will cost the railways nearly \$50,000,000.

## Cement.

During the year 1909 64,196,386 barrels of Portland cement were used in the United States. This vast amount of cement was valued at \$51,232,979 and shows an increase of 21% in quantity and 15% in value over the output of 1908.

## Traveling in Great Britain.

It would seem that it is much safer to travel on railroads in Great Britain than in the United States. A recent report of railway accidents covering the year 1909 shows that only one passenger was killed in the train in which he was traveling, and this was the first fatality for twenty preceding months. The number of passengers injured while traveling was 390, and in view of the fact that during the year 1,264,000,000 passengers were carried, this record seems to be remarkably small.

## Aeronautics.

On October 31 Ralph Johnson in a small Wright aeroplane succeeded in setting a new world's record for altitude, flying to a height of 9,714 feet. This exceeds the previous record by 528 feet in the same meeting, John B. Molsant covering a distance of 87 1/2 miles in two hours.

## Radium.

It was recently announced by Sir William Ramsay that radium now costs \$2,100,000 an ounce. A year ago there was said to be about one-fourth of a pound of radium in the world, and as a matter of fact the actual quantity is not now much greater. Banks have been established in Paris and London for the purpose of lending radium for a consideration. Recently \$200 was charged for the use of a microscopic amount for a single day.

## The Portuguese Republic.

On October 4 a rebellion broke out in Portugal which had for its object the overthrow of the existing monarchy and

the establishment of a republic. The warships in the harbor of Lisbon and a number of regiments of troops took sides with the Revolutionists, and after a severe fight in the streets, King Manuel, together with his mother and grandmother, sought refuge on a British man-of-war which carried them to Gibraltar. The next day a temporary government was proclaimed with Theophilo Braga as president. The establishment of the republic seems to have met with favor throughout the country, and at this time the new government appears to be upon a stable foundation. King Manuel, who is only twenty-one years of age, became king in 1908, following the assassination of his father and his older brother, the Crown Prince. His entire reign has been troubled with conspiracies, riots and religious ferment. It is the policy of the new republic to extend education, to separate the church and state, to expel religious orders from the country, to provide more competently for national defense and for greater economy in carrying on the government.

## Parade of Geese.

An unusual spectacle, the parade of 3,500 geese, was witnessed in Maysville, Ky., on October 25. The birds, which came from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, were lured through the streets by a man dropping corn. They were taken from a farm twenty-six miles from the city to be fattened for Eastern markets.

## Mail Automobiles.

Expedition in the handling of the mail has been arranged for by the postoffice department in adding another purchase of a number of automobiles and motorcycles. Heavy automobile express wagons are being substituted for the old type of horse-drawn wagon and the motorcycle is being extensively used in the collection of mails even in the suburban towns where the residences are widely scattered and long distances have to be traveled rapidly to insure prompt service. It is planned by the department to substitute light automobiles for horse carts on the Rural Delivery routes, which will make possible a much more prompt service than is now possible. After the plans of the department are put in force the service will be much more effective and considerably less costly.

## Boys Books Reviewed

**JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND**, edited by Charles H. Sylvester, is one of the most pretentious attempts so far to be made in publishing a library of the world's best literature for children. In the ten volumes of the Journeys will be found practically all of the great children's classics, whether poetry, prose, biography, or historical selections. Large numbers of great short stories for children are included. Excerpts are made from such works as George Elliot's *Mill on the Floss*, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, and other authors of similar note. Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow are among the authors included. Something of value will be found in these books for all the juveniles in the family, whether young or old, ranging from nursery rhymes and fairy tales to matters which will be of interest to the young men and young women. Not only is the work complete as to the matter contained and excellent as to the selection, but the editor has pointed out from time to time, where guidance is necessary, how the various selections should be read and why they are to be regarded as classics. Without doubt this is the most valuable collection of the sort ever put upon the market. It is profusely illustrated. Published by The Thompson Publishing Company of Chicago and St. Louis.

**MODEL BALLOONS AND FLYING MACHINES**, by J. H. Alexander, M. B. A. I. E. E. This little volume is at once a history of aerial navigation and a text-book on ballooning and aviation, together with directions for the making and flying of model aeroplanes. It is very carefully prepared along exact scientific lines. Illustrated by photographs and diagrams. Published by the Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, New York.

**THE CRIMSON RAMBLERS**, by Warren L. Eldred, is a new volume by the author of *Lookout Island Campers*. It is a story of school life, in which the four principal characters have all sorts of fun and adventure. It is written in Mr. Eldred's best vein. The dialogue is bright and snappy, and it is altogether a book of excellent purpose. Mr. Eldred is one of the best of the new writers for boys, and this latest volume of his should meet with great favor. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.

**THE AIRSHIP BOYS IN THE BARREN LANDS**, by H. W. Saylor, is the fourth volume of Airship Boys series, and may be said to be the best of the four books of the series to which it belongs. While the book is exceedingly fanciful and there is no dearth of exciting adventure, nevertheless the author keeps himself well within the bounds, and has succeeded in making a book which is not devoid of literary merit. In fact, in the handling of this book the author has shown a skill and a care which is not usually to be found in boys' books of adventure of this type. Published by The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago.

**IN THE CLOUDS FOR UNCLE SAM**, by Ashton Lamar, is another piece of juvenile fiction which has been called out by the recent strikes in aviation. It is an entertaining story of a young man who succeeds in the selling to the United States Government his secret of aviation. Published by The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago.

**A SCOTT'S STORY**, by Owen Rohoscomyl, is a typical Western adventure story of the old school. It is neither better nor

worse than the many stories of like type which have gone before it. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

**MARTIN HYDE**, by John Masfield, gives the reader a glimpse of life in England at the time of Monmouth's attempt upon the throne. The author shows a minute knowledge of the time of which he writes and tells a story which holds the interest from the beginning to end. Martin Hyde's adventures as a messenger of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth should appeal to every boy reader. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

**OVER ONE HUNDRED WAYS TO WORK ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE**, by Selvey A. Moran, is a book of suggestions to young men who must make their own way if they desire a higher education. The suggestions in this book are logical and valuable and any boy who is expecting to attend college would profit by its perusal. Published by The University Press, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**JACK COLLERTON'S ENGINE**, by Hollis Godfrey, is the second volume of the Young Captains of Industry series, of which "For the Norton Name" was the initial volume. This present book is fully the equal of its predecessor and maintains the very excellent standard which Mr. Godfrey has set for himself. The literary standard of this book is considerably higher than is usual to be found in a juvenile story. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

**CHILD PROBLEMS**, by George B. Mangell, is a volume which the parents might read with great profit. The purpose of this book, as the author states in its preface, is to give a general view of the principal sources of child problems of today. The author makes his points tellingly and is never illogical. Published by the MacMillan Co., New York.

Henry Holt & Co. of New York, have published a new and handsome edition by James Fennimore Cooper of "The Last of the Mohicans." To the story itself no American boy needs introduction. This volume is handsomely illustrated in colors by E. Boyd Smith.



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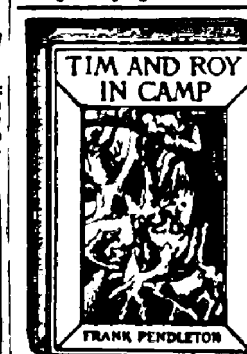
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# How Christmas Came to the Westons

## The Ocean Solves the Yuletide Problem

If there had been anyone to see, it would have been quite evident to that anyone that the head of the Weston family was troubled. If the night rain which was beating slantingly against the redwood shakes of the roof, had peered through the little window and seen him sitting there before the embers of the fire, his chin in his hands and a frown between his eyes, it would have known at once that he was worried. If the surf which was flying high up in the air over the tops of the cliffs, urged by a southwest gale from the sea, had cared to pry, it would have discovered that he had a problem to be solved, a problem that was knotty and tangled and sadly twisted.

The head of the Weston family was not old at solving problems. The face which wore the frown of care was a boy's face. Bob Weston was sixteen, which is certainly too young to have life problems to work out, too young to be head of the family. But life does not always consider such matters and sometimes gives its problems to the immature just as though they were grown-ups. Bob Weston had to work it out himself.

Because little Billie, of the twins, had started it that evening at supper, Bob was sitting up at all hours of the night and studying it out in his mind. Little Billie had been arguing—not quarrelling, you understand—with little Bennie, the other half of the twins. "It is always Kismas when it is Kismas time," he had said, "even when you are poor, like we is, Kismas just comes, and you can't help it."

Little Bennie was sure that Billie was wrong because sister Betty, who was fifteen, and next to Bob, had told him that very afternoon that Christmas would have to be passed over this year, owing to the financial stringencies of the family. She did not use just that language, of course, but Benny had understood and agreed; but here was Billie with a different outlook on Christmas.

"Kismas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer."

quoted Billie, with a memory from the distant past, and an optimism that poverty could not down.

Bob had heard and Bob had been appealed to for a decision between stern fact and ideal optimism. Five pairs of wistful eyes had looked their desire for the improbable, impossible, optimistic answer. Even Betty, who was only fourteen months younger than the head of the family, and knew how things were in the flour bin and the potato cellar better than the head did himself, looked at Bob as though there was a hope somewhere. Elsie was nine, Vera was seven and the twins were only five, so they could not be expected to understand all the difficulties of daily meals and sufficient clothes, let alone Christmas.

Bob had dodged the decision. He had left it open for a next-day answer, sending four children to bed in their box-like bunks against the wall with hope in their hearts. Only Betty had whispered to him, as she went to her curtained-off room, "Don't worry, Bobbie. They won't care so much." But he knew that they would care, and so he puckered his face into a frown and thought deep and hard before the fire, while the rain slanted against the roof and the breakers of the Pacific pounded away at the cliffs.

His problem was this: How to get a real Christmas out of an empty purse and one hundred and sixty acres of mountain ranch. Ever since his father had died in the spring, it had been problem enough how to get food sufficient for each day from the ranch, let alone Christmas. Four years before, Mr. Weston had brought his family there to secure the homestead that Uncle Sam has ready to give to each of his citizens with the strength, courage and desire to make the wilderness habitable. The quarter section of Mr. Weston's selection was in that narrow strip of California's coast that lies on the western slope of the Santa Lucia mountains, and the western line of the lowest forty-acre tract of the homestead was the white surge line of the Pacific ocean.

Mr. Weston had expected to do great things with the cattle he brought in, for there was fine grazing during the winters in the grassy meadows of the hills. But that first winter Mrs. Weston had died, died when the twins came, and there was no money saved from the sale of the beef in the spring. So, Mr. Weston had to clear away the wild laurel from the flat below the log cabin he had built, and turn his cow ponies into plow horses. He put in wheat, rye and potatoes, a little orchard in the gully where the cold winds did not come, and a garden near the house. He built a ditch that took the water from the stream that hurled itself down the ravine to the sea, and carried it around the side hills to irrigate the orchard and the garden. Game was abundant in the mountains and the bees roved wild through white sage and lupine, gathering great boards of translucent honey, to hide in the hollow trees.

Mr. Weston as a farmer had done so well that he again became cattlemann and drove in a hundred head to winter on the hills. Again luck went against him. That winter—it was the winter before—had been dry and hot and the pasture lands had burned to brown under the sun's hot rays. One after another the cattle had died, and when the delayed rains did come, there was no hope in their freshness for the Westons. Too late to save the cattle, the rain drove Mr. Weston's despondency into pneumonia, and he died in the spring. His last words to Bob were: "Hang on to the ranch, my boy. There is a living for you all in it, and some day, when you have proved up and have your patent, it will be of value. Keep the kiddies together if you can—and leave cattle alone."

Bob left cattle alone and had kept the kiddies together, but it was a full-sized man's job doing it. The girls must go

By PERRY NEWBERRY

to school, three miles each way, to the log house on the Arguello ranch, where they were taught with the Spanish children, and they must be well dressed so that their minds might be free for their lessons. The bees bought their clothes. Bob found the hollow trees where the honey was stored and pilfered the contents, which he carried to Arbolado and sold. And so that the bees might have a home thereafter, a home that might be entered at any time and its contents taken, Bob brought the queen bee from the destroyed tree and placed her in a rough, home-made hive in the orchard. There were twelve hives there now, and the bees were working all day, each day storing up honey to buy the Westons' clothes.

For food, there was the garden which gave forth vegetables every month in the year, winter and summer; and there was the rifle hanging on the wall above the fireplace. A deer hung now under the eaves on the windward side of the house, a young buck that Bob had shot and brought home across his sturdy back.

But all this was the problem of life, not the Christmas question that he must answer tomorrow. Could they have a Christmas—even a little, tiny Christmas? It would not take much to make that brood of young things happy. An addition to their Christmas dinner of—of—Turkey was out of the question; there were no wild turkeys in the California mountains. But there were wild geese. Wouldn't a wild goose do it?

Bob came to his feet and took down the rifle from its peg. Quietly he threw open the breach—once, twice, three—eight times. There were eight cartridges left. Eight cartridges would have to last him until he could empty the hives in the middle of January. Could he spare one for a wild goose dinner on Christmas day? He would risk it. That matter settled, the details of the celebration were easy. He would cut a tree—a silver fir, if he could find one small enough; if not, a lit-



A Steady Hand, a Sure Eye, and Ready Feet Had Won.

tle pine. He would gather red manzanita berries and Betty would string them and hang them, festooned, among the branches. Then they would wrap up in paper and tag with each one of the children's names, a present—one each of the small, first year's crop of the orchard, an apple apiece, all around!

"There will be a Christmas on Christmas day," announced the head of the family, solemnly, next morning. "It will be a little Christmas, not nearly so big as last year, but it will be Christmas, just the same."

"Hooray!" shouted the twins together. "Lovely!" cried Elsie and Vera; "with presents!"

"With a present for every one." "Oh, Bob! How can you?" Betty was the anxious one.

"And a special Christmas dinner," continued Bob.

"Turkey?" gurgled Vera, in a voice that expressed the summit of hope.

"No; not turkey, but almost as good." "Not venison," Vera sighed now; "I am so tired of venison."

"Nor venison," said Bob.

"Squirrels? Quails?" guessed the twins.

"You are all wrong. It will be something you have not had for dinner for a very long while. And you are not to try to guess, because then you might know and it would not be a surprise."

Betty was looking at the head of the family, her eyebrows raised high in surprise. She knew the contents of the flour barrel and just how long the bacon would last. Betty was the housekeeper, and the promises of the head of the house filled her with awe and dismay. "How? How? How?" she kept asking herself, but she had great confidence in Bob. Perhaps he had discovered a gold mine or found an overlooked four-bit piece somewhere. Anyhow, he would tell her all about it when the children were away, the girls off for school and the twins playing in the redwoods.

The rain had blown over the mountains and the sun was shining down on a sea of fog which hid the real sea beneath it. The surf still beat on the rocks at the bottom of the homestead, but the roar of the waves was muffled by the singing of meadow larks in the grain stubble and the chatter of squirrels in the live oaks.

The eastern side of the log cabin was a mass of glory, for climbing roses were in bloom to the roof and even part way up that, and the morning sun on the rain drops of flower and leaf, made a glitter of diamonds.

Lunch basket swinging between them, Elsie and Vera marched off over the summit trail to their school and little Billie and little Bennie, with Brick, the cow dog, went down to their playground in the gully. Then Betty grasped Bob by the arm. "How? Tell me how?" she cried.

"I am going to the Sur river and shoot a goose," Bob explained.

"Fine, Bobbie. And the presents?" "Just one apple apiece. There are twelve left from the crop. I looked this morning."

"Delightful! Bobbie, you are a wonder! Can I use the other apples for a pie?"

"Is there flour?" "If we eat rye bread only until the next honey time, there will be white flour enough for a pie and dumplings. Shall we?"

It was a momentous decision, but the head of the family did not hesitate. "Christmas comes but once a year," he said, and that settled it. And then he told Betty of the Christmas tree and the red berry decorations.

The Sur river was fourteen miles away, to the north, and Bob started long before daylight next morning. In his pocket was a rye cake and several pieces of jerked venison, and in his hands was the rifle with its eight cartridges. The summit trail, built by the forest rangers, was well defined and there was light enough from the stars so that he could not miss it. He was as certain of finding wild geese on the Sur river as he was of finding the Sur river—almost. They came there from the north when the snows and ice drove them from their feeding grounds in British America, and they passed their nights paddling among the reeds in the lagoons of the lower river, and part of their days in the stubble fields of the farms farther up the coast. Bob wished to reach them in time for the morning flight, when they started in search of food. Then he would have choice of shots and he would not miss.

It was even easier than he had expected. When he diverged from the trail and climbed down to the level land beside the wide river, the sun was just rising above the eastern range of mountains. He approached the water cautiously, keeping well under cover, and peered out over its surface. There were thousands of water fowl upon it, ducks of many kind from fresh water and salt, divers and mud hens, and not a hundred yards away from him, a large flock of brant. Bob picked out a gander, larger than the others, and drew a careful bead on it, aiming for the center of the body. When he fired, there was a great cry of startled birds and the rushing of wings beating the water and the swirling of thousands of wings in swift flight. But the gander was lying motionless atop of the water, a dead, gray goose; and Bob waded out and brought back to land his family's Christmas dinner.

Because it was still so early and because he could not spend another precious cartridge, good for a seventy-pound buck at any time, on water fowl, no matter how well they would taste, Bob went on down the wild-river to where it should have emptied into the sea. Sometimes it did have a mouth; sometimes in the spring, after long continued rains, it did empty into the sea. But for most of the year there was a dam, a hundred yards through, built by the sea itself, holding the river back, making it a series of lakes or lagoons. The surf that pounded against the cliffs on the Weston ranch, trying to crumble up the granite rocks, had better accomplishment at the mouth of the Sur. Here the sea had sandy bottom, and the breakers washed up the sand and threw it against the force of the river, and nearly all the time the surf won; only when the Sur was angry with swollen waters of the spring rains could it resist the encroachment of the sea.

Bob topped this dam and looked out over the ocean; then he dropped on his face in the sand and crawled like a snake, back behind the rise. He had seen something in the surf that caused him to throw back the lever that sent a precious cartridge of the seven remaining in the magazine, into the chamber of the rifle. Then, his rifle cocked, he poked his head cautiously over the hillock of sand.

It was still there, beyond the second line of breakers. To anyone not a hunter, it looked like a hundred other round floating, bobbing bulbs of the kelp, that rose and fell with the surf; but this round spot was different. It did not move in with the waves, but across the waves, diagonally towards the shore. It was not floating at the mercy of the breakers but was swimming among them, coming just

(Continued on page 31)



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# Boy Mechanic and Electrician

Edited and Illustrated by CAPT. H. A. R. GRAY

## Greetings

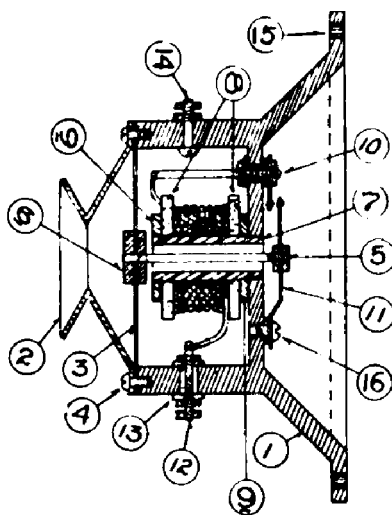
I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and trust we will be drawn closer and closer together as the years go by.

H. A. R. GRAY,  
Electrical and Mechanical Editor.

## Our Prize Winners

It is with unmistakable pride that the Editor publishes in this issue the photographs of the winners of First and Second places in our First Mechanical Drawing Contest. When the Editor inaugurated this part of the Mechanical and Electrical page, it was with the intention of assisting worthy boys to learn to be good draftsmen, thus fitting them to properly start out on the career of their choice without the handicap of inability to read shop drawings intelligently, enabling them to execute their work properly, and reproduce their ideas in the universal language of the mechanic—the blue-print. This work has been very heavy for the Editor and at times he has been literally swamped with drawings for correction. However, the time has arrived for our first award of positions and the two boys who have received the distinction have earned the same by their painstaking endeavors, their cheerful compliance with instructions and the fact that they sent in their blue-prints and drawings punctually without stopping to write the Editor to know why their previous lesson had not been returned corrected, which involves extra labor upon him replying thereto—seemingly to understand that the Editor was and is a very busy man. This is your contest, boys, and no special permission is required for you to start at any time as soon as you have your lesson prepared. The first position is awarded to Dater Barnett, Sharon, Wisconsin, who goes to the Westinghouse Machine Company's plant at East Pittsburg, Pa., to serve a special course in the shops and drafting room to fit himself for a position with a large western power company. He has entered upon his duties and is highly pleased with his work. The second position is awarded to Earl Visscher, Springfield, Ohio, who will finish his High School course before being placed with a large manufacturing company. Now, boys, get down to brass tacks and work hard as another award will be made in the spring.

The following is a brief history of the successful contestants:



iron; the diaphragm, 3, of ferrotype or tinplate, held rigidly to the case by the screws, 4, which pass through the horn and clamp both horn and diaphragm to the case; the brass rod, 5, is secured to the diaphragm by the iron nuts, 6, and to the contact, 11, by two brass nuts, being soldered in place after adjustment; the solenoid core, 7, is made of 1/8" gas pipe, one inch long, threaded at both ends to accommodate the locknuts 9-9, and to permit the magnet being screwed into a tapped hole in the case; the heads, 8, are of hard rubber or fiber about 1/4" thick and 1 1/2" in diameter between which is wound four layers of No. 26 cotton or silk, double covered wire, the ends of which terminate on and are soldered to the insulated (from the case) rod terminals, 10 and 12; the contact spring, 11, is made from thin sheet spring brass or German silver provided with a platinum contact point which just touches the lower contact point held by the nut on rod terminal, 10, and is in electrical connection with the case through the screw, 15, the rod terminal, 12, is insulated by fiber bushing and washers, 13, from the case as is rod terminal, 10, while rod terminal, 11, is in electrical connection with the case. The holes, 15, are for the purpose of fastening the fog horn to a hollow wooden base. The method of operation is simple; current is applied at terminals, 12 and 14, passing through and magnetizing the solenoid magnet which attracts nut, 6, and the diaphragm; rod, 5, pushing spring, 11, away from lower contact and breaking the circuit which is immediately re-established, continuing the cycle of operation and causing the horn to emit a piercing shriek as long as the current is on.



DATER BARNETT

DATER BARNETT was born November 21, 1892, in the village of White Pigeon, Michigan. When ten months old his parents moved to Belleville, Ohio, and from there to Melrose, N. Y., two years later, where he lived for eight years attending a country school during a part of the time. He next went, with his father and mother, to Minden, N. Y., where he lived three years moving next to Sharon, Wisconsin, where the family now live. He was graduated last June from the Sharon High School and has been employed in the U. S. postoffice since then. His father is a Lutheran minister and together with Dater's two younger sisters and a younger brother are proud of the distinction gained by him and of the fact that he does not smoke and does not know the taste of liquor. In a future issue he will speak to you himself and tell you his story and then you will know a happy boy.



EARL H. VISSCHER

EARL H. VISSCHER was born in 1894. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Visscher of 737 Pearl street, Springfield, Ohio, and holds the distinction of being the first of all of the many competitors to send in a blue-print drawing. Earl is a boy of sterling value and has the best wishes of all who know him. He does not use tobacco and has never tasted liquor. He is of the class of 1912 High School and wishes to complete his High School course. He is an active worker in the Y. M. C. A. and will continue his studies in Mechanical Drawing there this winter. His lessons have been well executed and he did not chafe under the red pencil corrections on his early lessons as some boys did but tried to do his very level best and never sidestepped the hard lessons but tackled one and all. He says that "The American Boy" is the best boy's paper in America. When he is ready for a position there will be one open for him, and he will fill it creditably without a doubt.

## Brick or Stone Drill

To cut a clean, smooth hole through a brick or stone wall is the desire of many boys who wish to bring their telegraph, telephone or electric light wires into the house or the lead wire from their antennae. Two methods of making a suitable drill are given herewith. The first of these consists of filing V shaped teeth on the end of a pipe of the diameter of the hole desired as shown in Fig. 1.

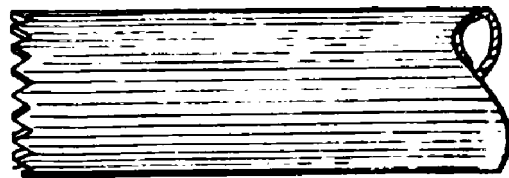


Fig. 1

Where the wall is thick it will be found better to make the cutter of tool steel threaded to fit a piece of pipe one size smaller than the diameter of the hole desired, and have the cutter hardened by a toolmaker. This form of drill is shown

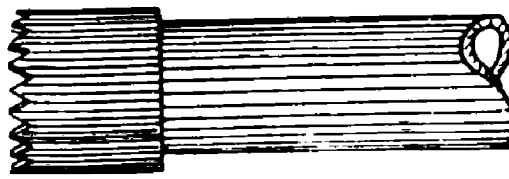


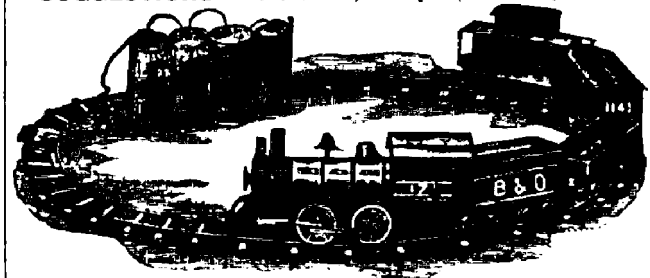
Fig. 2

In Fig. 2. The advantage of this cutter lies in the ability to fit a new piece of pipe to it when the first piece becomes too badly battered. If a short piece of rod be welded into the end of the pipe or a bolt fastened therein the tendency to batter will be lessened greatly.

Nelson T. Stover of Findlay, Ohio, has entered the second class in Mechanical Drawing and from the specimen of his work examined, it is believed that he may develop into a prize winner.

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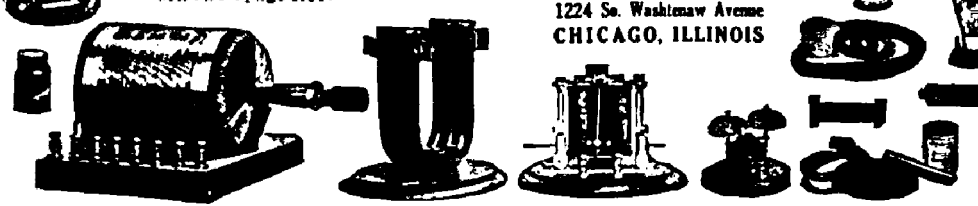
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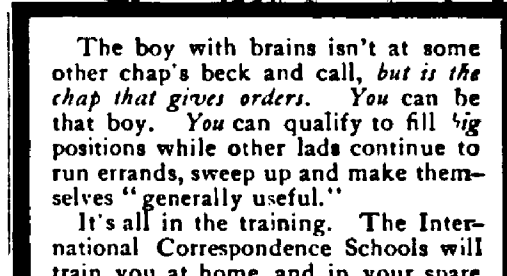
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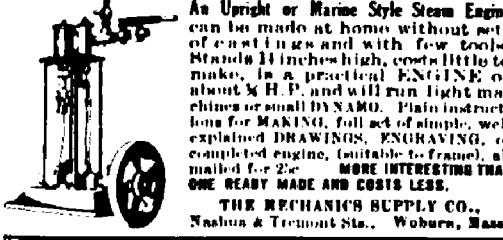
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# The Divine Bruin Intervenes

(Continued from Page 17)

"Good," answered Muench, and the proposition was made to the chief. Shinichi adding that they might drown this picture in the same water, or use any more sure way of retaliation they desired.

In the Ainu mind this plan offered no solution of the difficulty; so much was plain,—but the chief would look at the picture. Shinichi went into the little tent and in a few minutes handed the photo to Muench at the door, the latter carrying it to the chief while the guide remained within. The heavy-bearded warriors crowded near the fire's dim glow, passing the picture from hand to hand and examining it closely. They were all grouped in front of the tent, the elders and women drawing up with primitive curiosity to see the photograph. Many minutes were spent in this examination before the chief spoke again to Muench who was standing near, his mind busy with plans, but conscious always that the warrior whose tiny photograph had escaped him in the stream was watching every movement he might make. He called to Shinichi to interpret the chief's words, but the latter failing to respond, Muench made a gesture towards the tent, and indicated to the chief that he could not himself speak their tongue. A moment later he went to the entrance, and looking in, waited until his eyes were accustomed to the dusk, and satisfied himself that the Japanese was gone. He turned back to the fire, motioning towards the tent again and indicating his own dumbness, to satisfy the chief.

Nothing bound the Japanese to him but the old tradition that men who carry their lives in their hands will share the fate of the one they have taken as comrade. With a little start the fellow might reach the safety of the fishing post in the darkness, Muench reflected, but why had the chap deserted him? Just now, at least, he knew he must shift for himself, and there was need to do something at once as the mob was growing restless.

The elders and women drew back to their former position, while the warriors formed in a half circle at a little distance in front of the tent. The chief handed back to Muench his picture. He

took it at once to the offended warrior and offered it to him, but it was refused. Going back to his place by the fire, Muench tore the card to bits and flung it into the flame where the Ainu



The Ainu Drew Back, Chattering as the Bear Rose

watched it burn. They might read the action as they chose, either that he was indifferent to peril, or that the likeness could not endanger him. But such mural suasion had no noticeable effect on the

determination of the savages. The circle was closing again, and two men behind the chief held coils of stout hemp-fiber rope in readiness—when a quick call of surprise came from the side, and Muench, following the gaze of the warriors, saw dimly in the shadow of the forest close at hand the ambling form of an immense bear. Shinichi's small supper fire was little more than embers now, and threw only a faint glow out into the night. The Ainu drew back in a crowd again, chattering under their breath as the bear rose on its haunches viewing the group, and then dropped to its feet and came on.

Muench, who had been very careful not to touch his rifle during the strain of the past hour, stepped to the tent front, picked it up, looked at the cartridge, and faced towards the beast, ready if it should offer a new danger. Instantly the chief called, and a dozen Ainu arms signed him not to use the weapon. He remembered then that the bear is the great deity of the Ainu race, whose worship is celebrated in their most elaborate annual festival. So backing to his tent door he waited, rifle in hand; and the Ainu drew further away into the darkness, giving his godship leeway to pursue any passing inclination without too great danger to themselves. The brute lumbered slowly in through the bushes, sniffing the ground and the refuse thrown out by the campers. As it drew near sniff and grunt resolved themselves into broken English, and the divine bruin, in present incarnation as the wily Shinichi, advised Muench to gather the more valuable stuff together quickly, while the religious impression lasted with the warriors, and follow through the back of the tent into the wood whence he had come, where he would be waiting to help on the flight down to the company barracks. It required very few minutes to stow away instruments and relics into the capacious pockets of his hunting jacket, and Doctor Muench crept away behind the tent into the forest while the bear at the front still held the whole attention of the Ainu band. Making a complete circle of the camp and measuring his height in most authentic bear-fashion on the great Yezo pines, bruin returned into the black forest Parnassus whence he had come. A moment later, with the mortal whose life he had saved through divine interposition, he was travelling hurriedly, on two short hindlegs, westward to the harbor of Mauka.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE TO 50,000 BOYS

Are You One of Them? Read This and See

**BOYS**, December is always a mighty strenuous month to magazine publishers, for at that time a very large proportion of their subscriptions expire and an extraordinary effort is necessary to bring in the renewals and new subscriptions. Also, naturally, this imposes an immense amount of extra work on the subscription department clerks in their efforts to promptly and properly handle and enter these subscriptions so that you won't miss your copies of the magazine nor have them delayed.

THE AMERICAN BOY is no exception, as some 50,000 boys will find in their copies this month a notice that their old subscriptions have expired and it is time for them to send in their renewals. I hope that if you are one of those boys you are going to send in your renewal promptly. If you send it in during the first part of the month we can take care of it easily, but if you delay until the last part of the month, when we sometimes have four thousand or five thousand subscriptions in a single day, you can see for yourself, try as we will, and you may be sure that we will try, there is great danger that your subscription may be delayed so that you may not get your AMERICAN BOY anywhere near on time.

I tell you these things so that you can help both yourself and us by getting your subscription in early. We will appreciate the subscription just as much if it comes late, but if you do send it in late and your magazine is delayed, we want you to understand that we are not neglecting you, but that we are doing everything we can to take care of you properly and promptly, and that any delay on account of the late receipt of your renewal will be simply because we couldn't avoid it.

I don't think I am asking too much in urging every one of you 50,000 boys to renew your subscriptions and to renew them promptly. I wish you could understand how close I feel my relationship to be with every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is so close indeed that when a subscriber drops out I feel as if I had actually lost a friend, and the gaining of new friends does not make up for the loss of the old. Happily, however, an extraordinarily large proportion of the subscribers of THE AMERICAN BOY always renew each year as their subscriptions expire. I hope you will this year be one of that proportion.

I cannot believe that you need any further inducement to renew your subscription than the pleasure you have had in reading the magazine during the past year. Certainly no boys' magazine in the world is giving its readers such a wealth of interesting and instructive and altogether delightful reading as is to be found in this December number and the numbers that have preceded it. Ask your father and your mother if they don't think this is true.

Look at its stories, its special articles, its splendid pictures and its practical departments! Can you beat them anywhere, boys? I imagine they would cost you more than \$20.00 if you bought them in the form of the 15 or 18 bound books that the contents of twelve numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY would make. Can you think of anything that would do you more good or give you more pleasure than to continue reading THE AMERICAN BOY from month to month? Are not twelve such numbers as THE AMERICAN BOY has given you worth a dollar to any boy?

### The Coming Year

If the letters that we receive from our subscribers are true there are half a million boys in the United States who believe that THE AMERICAN BOY is the best ever. But we are going to make it better than ever. You yourself must have noticed how, during the last year, each number has been made handsomer and more interestingly readable than the number that preceded it. Well, you can take it from me that this will keep up and that next year you will wait even more impatiently each month for your magazine than you did this year.

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Will you not, then, send us your subscription promptly, addressing it and making remittance payable to The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich?

I sincerely wish that the Christmas season may bring to each of you happiness and good cheer and that the New Year may be a bright and prosperous one for you.

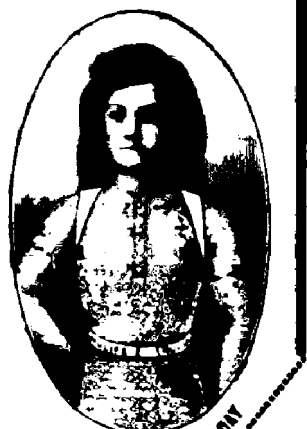
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# How to Cure Yourself

## Common Sense Remedies for Every Day Disorders

By DR. W. R. C. LATSON

### No. 11. Stuttering and Stammering.

**A**MONG the most embarrassing of all the disorders common to boys are stammering and stuttering. The boy who stammers or stutters never appears at his best, never is at his ease. He can never for a moment forget that in any argument or discussion he is bound to be beaten, talked down and ridiculed. To even recite his lessons is to make an embarrassing exhibition of himself; while any such thing as a public appearance in debate, dialogue or declamation is impossible. Worst, perhaps, of all is the fact that, instead of finding among other young fellows anything like sympathy or even courteous toleration, the stammerer is ridiculed and mocked on every possible occasion.

Socially he is, of course, at the greatest possible disadvantage. He dare not open his mouth, especially in the presence of his girl friends, lest he should be laughed at. So, although he may be the cleverest and most interesting fellow in the room, he sits there like a statue—a sort of boyish "wall flower." In a word, the boy or man who stammers or stutters is at a frightful disadvantage which cripples his powers, gives him unknown misery and sometimes spoils his life.

Now the pathetic part of all this is that, in nine cases out of ten stammering and stuttering can be easily and completely cured, sometimes in a few weeks. This has been my professional experience during the last twelve years.

"How," asks some unfortunate. Well, in the first place the sufferer from stammering, stuttering or any other form of speech defect must realize that the cause of his entire difficulty may be told in a word—Effort. The stammerer says: "Tut-tut-tut-teacher" instead of "teacher" merely because, through putting too much force into the breath with which he speaks, he drives the tongue up against his teeth so hard that he can't get it away without a big pull. This big push and pull of the muscles of the tongue shuts off the outflow of wind from the lungs, and thus all the muscles of the tongue, throat and chest, sometimes most of the muscles of the body, become set. I have seen a young man who would dance and kick almost like an Apache Indian just trying to tell his own name. I may remark that in a couple of months, under proper treatment, he could talk as well as any of his friends.

Now then, how shall we gain ease? How shall we limber up these tensed and cramped muscles? If you will follow the instructions, I give you here, you can do it in every case with the following exercises:

No. 1. Stand or sit easily and practice breathing back and forth through the mouth. Remember that the object of these exercises is to teach the muscles not to work too hard. So make the breath as gentle and easy as possible.

Keep this practice up until you are able to breathe with just the slightest bit of effort.

Breathe gently as before through the nose and mouth. Now as the breath is going out, make a very soft, almost gentle, rushing noise like the sound "sh" in the word "hush." Here, again, don't forget that the more softly and gently you do this the better.

Now do the same thing with a soft hum; then later with the sound of ng, as in the word "sing."

A few weeks of these exercises will, if you are careful and persevering, have a wonderful effect in loosening up all the speech muscles. You are then ready for the following:

Whisper very softly the words of some simple poem or selection. Note that if, in doing this you have any tendency to hesitation, it is because you are trying too hard.

Finally repeat the same selection in a

very slow and gentle voice. Keep the voice so low and soft that it is hardly above a whisper. This is the final drill. If you have been faithful, there has occurred by this time a marked improvement which should prove to you that, by this simple but entirely natural method, you can in time learn to talk as well as the next fellow. Don't forget the magic words—ease, patience, perseverance. And look out for quacks and fakirs; they will take your money and make you more stiff and self-conscious than before.

### Accomplishments for The Boy

By Prof. Richard Cunningham

No. 11—Dancing

Dancing has many advantages: an accomplishment. First of all it is a fine exercise, bringing into activity nearly all the important muscles of the body. Then again dancing teaches ease and grace of manner and imparts self-confidence. Lastly, to the boy or young man who desires to go up in the world and to mingle with the best people socially dancing is indispensable.

Now it is quite impossible in this short article to tell you much about actual dancing, how to take the steps and that sort of thing. The place to learn that, and the only place, is dancing school.

Speaking of dancing school, I believe that attendance at dancing school should be a part of the education of every boy and girl. At dancing school the boy learns far more than dancing. He learns how to stand, to walk, to bow, to conduct himself with that quiet courtesy which marks the high-bred gentleman.

For the boy who is accustomed mainly to the rough and ready manners of the playground or the baseball field, such training and associations as those afforded by dancing school are of the greatest value in later life. I don't mean to imply that the average decent boy is unmanly to his fellows, because I know he is not. I mean that between boys there is a tone, a manner of speech and action that would not "go" in the drawing-room, any more than drawing-room manners would be appropriate for the gridiron. The boy who is wise will see to it that he is perfectly at home on the baseball field or in the drawing-room. And this drawing-room manner is the most important thing that dancing school can teach one.

Now to be a fine dancer several things are necessary—strength, balance of body, swing, lightness and ease. The boy who possesses these quickly becomes a fine dancer. He who does not possess them will never be a good dancer—until he learns them.

As to gaining strength, care of the general health with lots of outdoor exercise—those are important. For the boy who would be a good dancer the best exercise is running, outdoors if possible, in the E.M. If you can't get out.

For balancing the body practice the following exercise:

Stand with feet together, knees back, chest up and forward, head thrown back, arms hanging. Now slowly rise on the balls of your feet as high as you can and then slowly sink back. Do this as many times as you can—all without changing your position in the slightest. It sounds easy but—just try it.

This exercise is superb for developing the calves, as well as for teaching you how to stand and how to keep your body at all times in perfect balance.

For flexibility there is nothing so good as the "big dog shake." Stand with feet far apart, the body in a slightly crouching position, all muscles relaxed, head

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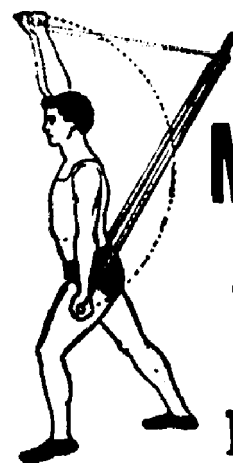
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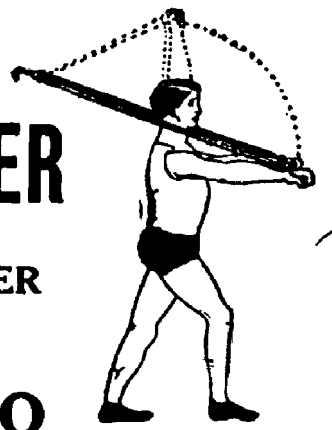
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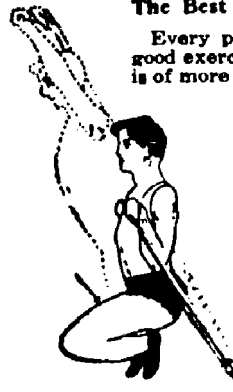


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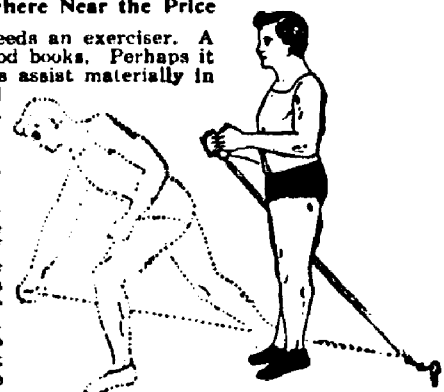
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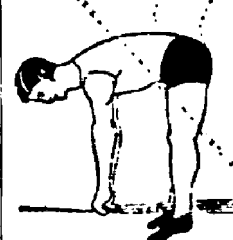
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The Herkules is equally adapted to the weak or strong for the reason that the resistance can be increased or decreased to suit the requirements of the user. In order to increase the resistance it is only necessary to lengthen the distance between yourself and the wall to which the exerciser is fastened. The further away you get the greater the resistance. Consequently, you cannot outgrow the usefulness of the Herkules.

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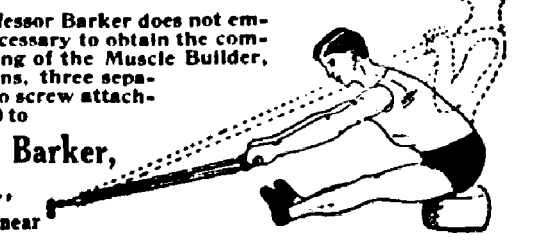
extra handle to the end which hooks on the wall. This gives you a perfect Chest and Lung Expander and adds 100 per cent. to the effectiveness of the Herkules. No charge is made for the extra handle.

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and arms hanging loosely. Now shake yourself loosely and gently like a big dog just coming out of the water.

Practice these exercises for ten minutes twice a day for a month, follow the other advice I have just given, and see how much your dancing has improved.

[Professor Cunningham's purpose in the foregoing article is to teach the boy self-confidence, graceful bearing and courteous manners. He does not advocate indiscriminate dancing nor freak athletic performances which all decent people justly condemn.—Editor.]



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# Fancy Knots and Rope Work

By A. HYATT VERRILL

IN THE August AMERICAN BOY I told you how to make some useful knots and splices and in this issue I will try to describe some of the more ornamental and fancy knots.

These fancy knots are useful as well as ornamental, however, and if you ever look about on board any vessel, be she yacht, merchantman or man-o-war, you will be sure to see several of them in use and to the inexperienced they appear most complicated and difficult. In reality it is no harder to tie a good Turk's Head or Matthew Walker than a bowline or reef knot once you know how.

In the old days of sailing ships every able-bodied seaman could tie practically any knot, and "marlinspike seamanship" was considered as of considerable importance. Nowadays, wire rigging and steam have rendered knots, ties and splices of less value and importance, but,

find it best not to try this. We will now try the simplest of fancy knots, known as the Crown. Holding the rope in your left hand, fold one strand over and away from you, as shown in A, Fig. 10, then fold B over A and, holding these two strands in place by your thumb and finger, pass C over B and through the bight of A as shown. Now pull all the ends tight and work the bights up snug and you will have the single Crown knot shown. This is a poor knot to stand by itself, however, and is mainly of value as a basis for other knots and for ending up rope. To end up a rope with a Crown it is merely necessary to tuck the ends of the strands under and over the strands of the standing part as shown in Fig. 11, and taper them down and trim closely exactly as in making an Eye Splice described in my former article. This makes a most neat and ship-shape way of ending up ropes such as painters, halliards, etc. It will never

work loose like a seizing and is quickly put on at any time, whereas one often wants to end up a rope when no small stuff for seizings are at hand.

The Wall, Fig. 12, is almost as simple as the Crown, and in fact is like a Crown reversed. In making this knot bring C downward and across standing part, then bring strand A over C and around standing part and finally bring B over A and up through bight of C. When drawn snug the knot is like Fig. 1, without tucked ends. As in the Crown, the Wall is of value mainly as an ending knot when ends are tucked as in Figs. 1 and 13, or as a basis for other knots. Either the Wall or Crown may be rendered more ornamental and useful by "doubling." This is done by following around the lay of the strands on a single Wall or Crown. That is, after making your single wall knot, bring strand A up through its own bight, beside the end of C. Then bring B up through its own bight beside A and bring C up through its own bight beside B. This will give you the knot illustrated in Fig. 5 while the same treatment of a Crown will result in the effect shown in Fig. 3. A still better effect may be had by crowning a Wall knot. This is done by first making a Wall and then bringing the strand A up over the top, laying B across A, and bringing C over B and through bight of A, as shown in Fig. 14. This is the foundation of the most beautiful of rope-end knots

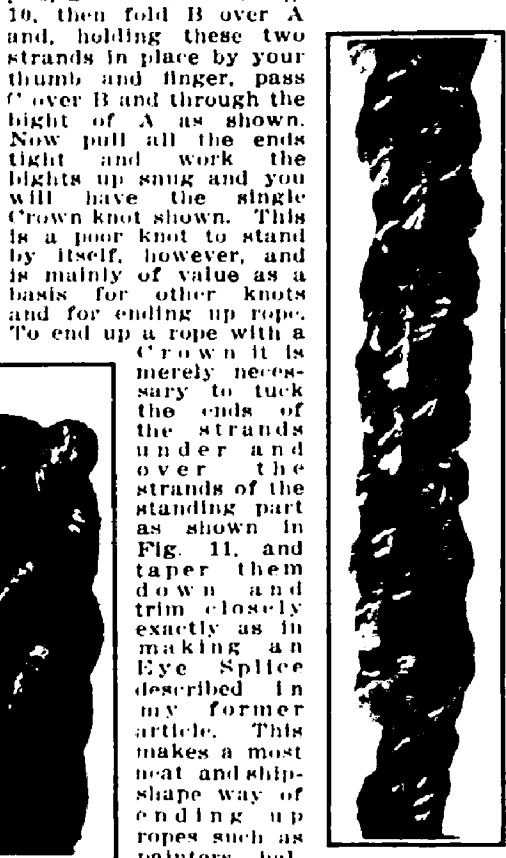


Fig. 8

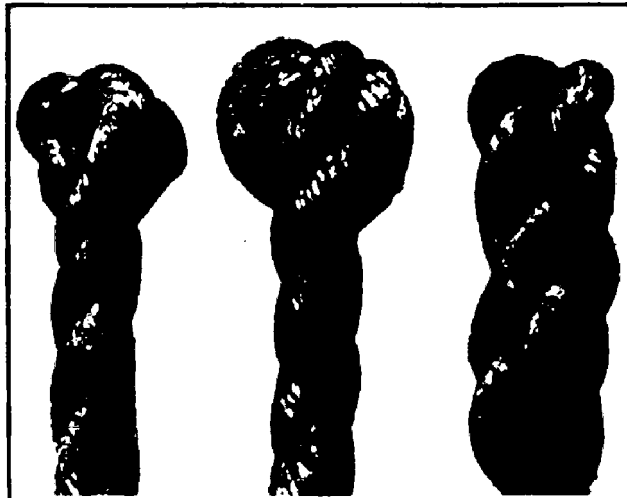


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

nevertheless, almost every ship has at least one member of the crew who is a proper seaman and can tie knots, splice, serve or weave sennet as well as any of the old-time skills.

After you have learned how to tie the various knots you will constantly find new uses for them which never occurred to you before and if you own a boat of any sort you can add much to her appearance and "yachtness" by a liberal use of your skill in knotting and splicing. The most important of the ornamental knots and the ones I shall try to teach you to make, are the Crown, with its variations, Figs. 1, 2, 3; the Wall, Figs. 4 and 5; the Matthew Walker, Fig. 6, and the Turk's Head, Fig. 7. By the

use of these and combinations of two or more an immense number of fancy knots may be devised and many of these combinations have been in such general use that they have become recognized as regular knots, such as the Nail and Crown, Double Wall and Crown, etc. In addition to these real knots, the covering of rope or rigging to make a smooth even finish or rigging to make a smooth even finish or "worming, parcelling and serving," Fig. 23, should be included as ornamental work, while Four-Stranded Braid and Crown Braiding are widely used in making halliards, hand lines, fenders, etc., Fig. 8. In addition to these the amateur rope worker should be familiar with the "Monkey Chain," Fig. 9, and should know how to properly sling a barrel, cask or bundle as shown in Fig. 27.

The material best suited to tying fancy knots is either very fine stranded and flexible hemp or closely twisted soft cotton rope. Either of these is good, but ordinary manilla is too stiff and brittle to work well for the beginner. Select a piece of new rope and some fine cotton twine and if possible have a bit, marlinspike or piece of smooth-pointed hard wood to help in your work. Unlay the strands of the rope for six inches or so and pass a seizing of twine around the end of each strand and around the rope below as shown in the figure. This will keep your strands and the rope from unlaying further and will save lots of bother. An expert can work without the seizings but you will



Fig. 9



Fig. 4

Fig. 5

use of these and combinations of two or more an immense number of fancy knots may be devised and many of these combinations have been in such general use that they have become recognized as regular knots, such as the Nail and Crown, Double Wall and Crown, etc. In addition to these real knots, the covering of rope or rigging to make a smooth even finish or rigging to make a smooth even finish or "worming, parcelling and serving," Fig. 23, should be included as ornamental work, while Four-Stranded Braid and Crown Braiding are widely used in making halliards, hand lines, fenders, etc., Fig. 8. In addition to these the amateur rope worker should be familiar with the "Monkey Chain," Fig. 9, and should know how to properly sling a barrel, cask or bundle as shown in Fig. 27.

known as the Double Wall and Crown or Man Rope knot, shown in Fig. 15. Make your single Wall and Crown it, but leave the strands slack. Then pass the ends under and up through the bights of the slack single wall and then push the ends by the side of those in the single crown,



Fig. 10



Fig. 11

known as the Double Wall and Crown or Man Rope knot, shown in Fig. 15. Make your single Wall and Crown it, but leave the strands slack. Then pass the ends under and up through the bights of the slack single wall and then push the ends by the side of those in the single crown,

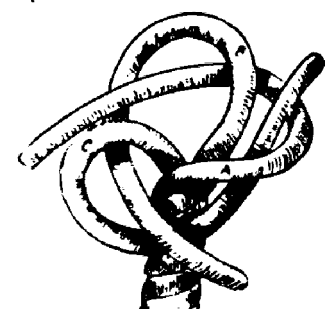


Fig. 12



Fig. 13

pushing them through the same bight in the crown and downward through the walling. It sounds quite difficult, but if you have learned to wall and crown before attempting it, you will find it easy enough for it is really merely "following" the strands of the single wall and crown. The result, if properly done and ends drawn tight and cut off closely, is surprising and to the uninitiated, most perplexing, for if the ends are "tucked" through the strands of the standing part,

as shown in Fig. 15, there should be no sign of beginning or ending to this knot. This is, perhaps, the most useful of ornamental knots and it comes in very handy in many places. It is often used in finishing the ends of rope railings to gangways, the ends of Man-ropes (hence the name), for the ends of Yoke-lines, and to form "stoppers" or toggles to bucket handles, slings, etc. Its use in this way is illustrated by Figures 19, 20 and

21, which show a handy topsail halliard toggle formed by turning an eye splice in a short piece of rope finished with a double wall and crown at the end. Such toggles are very useful about small boats. They may be used as stops for furling sails, for slings around gaff or spars for hoisting and in a variety of other places which will suggest themselves to the young sailor. The most difficult of ending knots and one which every

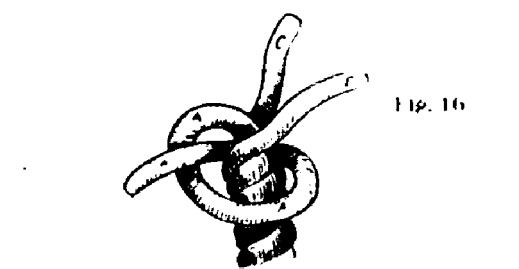


Fig. 14



Fig. 15

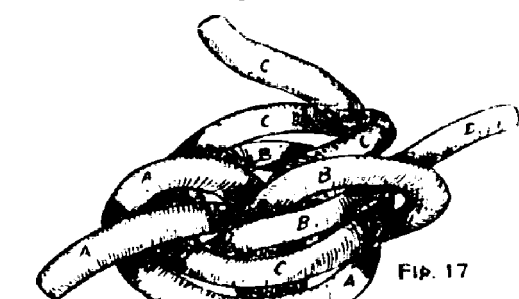


Fig. 16

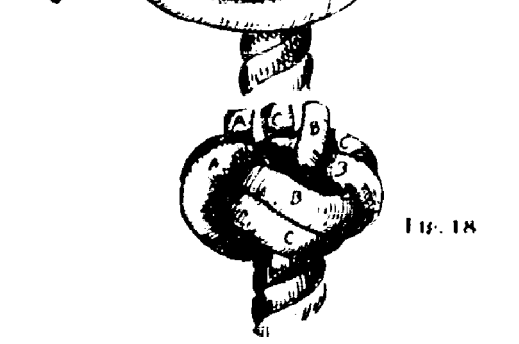


Fig. 17

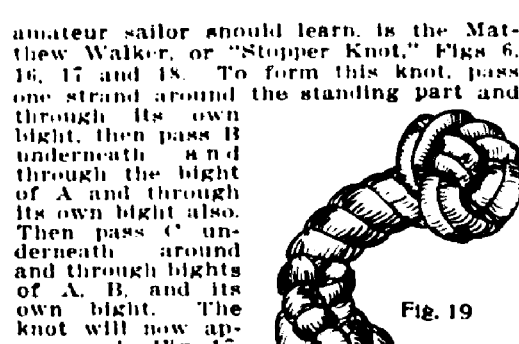


Fig. 18

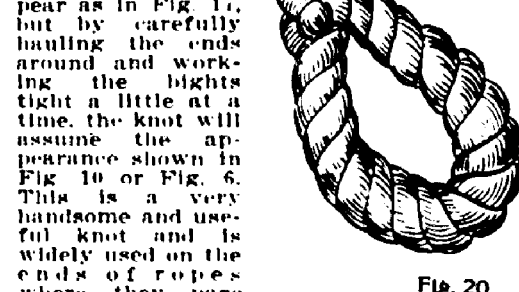


Fig. 19



Fig. 20

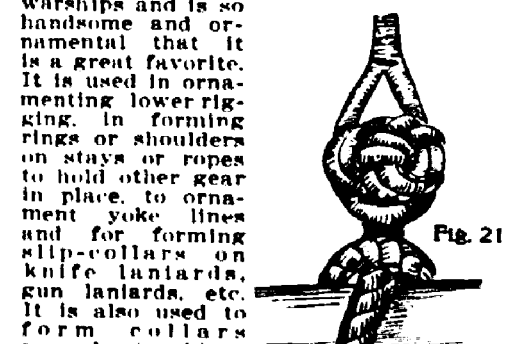


Fig. 21

(Continued on page 27.)

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EDITED BY DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

**A Home Run**

This is the first time, I believe, that a Detroit boy won the First Prize in this department by making a home run. Curiously enough his successful print represents a familiar scene on "Wash-Day Down South," that is to say the way in which the old mammals are accustomed to carry the clothes they have washed and are about to deliver. The boy's name is Russell French. No details concerning the photograph were given. On the other hand, the photograph to which the second prize was awarded represents a familiar scene up North. It is entitled "A Close

**THE AMERICAN BOY** offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, also a second prize each month, of One Dollar, for the next best photograph, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and fifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant, who in every case must be the artist who took the picture. Contestants will please note that blue prints will not be received, as they cannot be reproduced.

and print on platinum paper.—Mary H. Mullen in American Photography.

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**WASH DAY DOWN SOUTH**  
First Prize Photo by Russell French, Detroit, Mich.

**Midget Photographs**

In the following note S. R. Martin describes his method of securing several small portraits or views on one plate. These may be taken with different exposures or even at different times. To make the repeater, cut the cardboard to the exact size of the opening in the reversing back of your camera. Divide the card into four equal spaces by means of a pencil and ruler, and then cut away one quarter, as shown in Fig. 1. Now take six very small wire nails and very carefully (or you may split the wood) drive them into the opening of the reversing back, as shown in Fig. 2, or into the camera back itself, if there is no reversing back. Only one sixteenth of an inch of the nails should protrude, and care should be taken that they do not touch the focusing screen when in position. They are intended to hold the black cardboard mask in position while the exposure is being made, and only just enough of each nail should stick out to prevent the cardboard from falling into the camera. They should also be far enough inside not to impede the opening and shutting of the dark-slide when the repeater is in position. Lastly, divide the

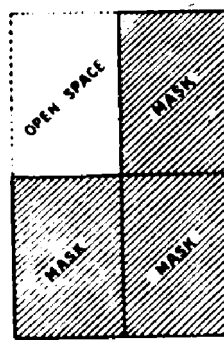


Fig. 1

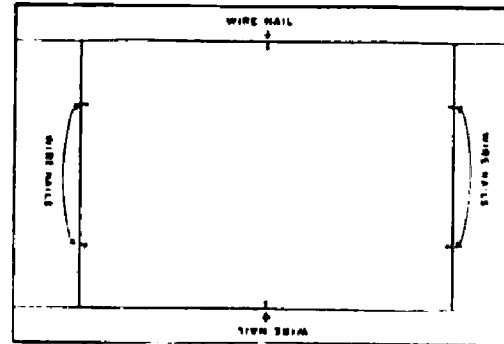


Fig. 2

ground glass into quarters also, by ruling it with a pencil, and lightly number the spaces 1, 2, 3, 4. To make four separate pictures on one plate, first focus the subject in one of the squares on the ground-glass. Then place the repeater so that it rests on the nails with the cut-out opening over that part of the plate on which the image has been focused. Insert the dark-slide and expose. Close the dark-slide and remove it, turn the repeater around, so that the next quarter of the plate is uncovered. Replace the dark-slide and make another exposure, and so on, until the four quarters have been exposed. The plate is then developed, and four little views or portraits will be obtained from the one negative. The method is applicable to any camera with dark-slides and is well worth trying.—Photographic News.

**How to Make Home Portraits**

My room, twelve feet long, has one high, wide window facing due east. The white-papered side walls, eight feet apart, will not permit of side lighting, so I pin my white sheet background directly facing my window, the lower part of which is covered with opaque material, the upper with white tissue paper to diffuse the sunlight which blazes in. My camera I place directly under the window, which throws a full front light on my sitter, whom I usually drape in some light material. I use my lens wide open, give a full exposure on a fast plate, develop with Metol-Quinol formula, according to my Seed plate leaflet,

Decision" and was taken by J. Clarence Hennelly, of Johnstown, N. Y., on a Standard plate. It was a snapshot and was printed on a Cyko postal-card. The editor greatly regretted that he did not have a third prize at his disposal, for he would have awarded it unhesitatingly to Kay L. Thompson, Jr., of Asotin, Wash., for his beautiful full-length portrait of a young lady, in the Rembrandt style.

**The Honor of H. M.**

In a deluge of mail, such as the heart of ye editor delights in and such as was showered upon him this month, the distinction of Honorable Mention has a particular significance. The greater the participation in a competition, the keener the race, and the greater, naturally, the credit that is due to the one who reaches the goal-post. The list of those upon whom the honor of H. M. is conferred this month includes the names of: Otto Hudson, T. E. Yarby, E. W. Smith, Henry Reuther, Paul E. Hill, William Lloyd, D. W. Miller, Andrew M. Johnson, Gene Boyes, Clyde Dupre, Geo. J. Mulligan, Gariand Hughes, Le Roy W. Blaker, K. J. Van Sickle, John B. Chittin, W. B. Wort, E. B. Working, H. A. Packard, J. Florence, Clare Barber, Ralph E. Davison, Chas. Winchester, Fred. Harrington, Maurice Baker, DeWitt Williams, F. M. Newlon, W. P. Hamilton, A. C. Musselman, Jos. Lilly, Walter P. Wiens, Lelroy Brusven, Elmer Selbel, L. S. Combes, G. E. Dorsey, H. F. Blanchard, Geo. Pilgrim, Maynard White, J. Ralph Bush and C. L. Sibbert.



**A CLOSE DECISION**  
Second Prize Photo by J. Clarence Hennelly, Johnstown, N. Y.

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We pay the highest market prices for furs. We can afford to, because we are in touch with the best markets. Now, boys, get a good bundle of your skins together and express them to us, charges collect. We will make you a cash offer for them. If our price is not satisfactory to you, we'll ship them back at once and pay express charges both ways. It will cost you nothing to find out how much more we pay. Write for price lists and shipping instructions.

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I will send you my 34-page book "Advice to Stammerers" Free. It explains how I quickly and permanently cured myself. Profit by my experience and write for free book and advice.  
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No Two Alike—Latest Designs  
Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cts. If you answer this ad. immediately, **J. H. Seymour, 174 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.**

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Tell your Father and Mother about it

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Ah! That's The Thing That Makes the Children Dance and Sing.

**BOYS SHE'S GOT SPEED** This Wonderful ROLLER SLED. Easy to steer. Light and durable.

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# THE GREAT AMERICAN BOY ARMY



## New Companies Organized

OLYMPIC DEBATING COMPANY, No. 118, Division of New York, Fulton, N. Y.  
 HAYSEED COMPANY, No. 50, Division of Wisconsin, Van Huskirk, Wis.  
 BELLEVILLE BOY SCOUTS COMPANY, No. 107, Division of Illinois, Belleville, Ill.  
 COLLAR CITY COMPANY, No. 119, Division of New York, Troy, N. Y.

## Company News

**ANTHONY WAYNE COMPANY**, No. 126, Detroit, Mich., has organized with officers as follows: Walter Rothman, Capt.; Wilton Montz, V. C.; Harry Barnes, Sec.; Kenneth Norton, Asst. Sec.; Oscar Jackson, Treas. The library already contains 60 books, and the treasury \$2.30. A party will be given on Thanksgiving Day.

**OSARK MOUNTAIN BOYS**, No. 41, West Plains, Mo., elected the following officers when meetings were started after vacation: Karl Knoerle, Capt.; Weston Glerup, V. C.; Herbert Mantz, Sec.; Richard Shadburne, Treas. Three new members have been added. The treasurer reports \$2.75 in the treasury after using \$3.50 for an excursion which the club enjoyed. A basketball team is being organized.

**AMERICAN EAGLE COMPANY**, No. 105, Knoxville, Pa., recently elected new officers as follows: Ervin Edgecomb, Capt.; Howard Atwell, V. C.; Gerald Price, Sec.; Harry Burch, Treas. The company now numbers 13. The ball team won their first game with a score of 12 to 9, and hope to have other victories soon. The captain wishes to correspond with other captains.

**FRONTIER ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 21, Denver, Colo., is holding very successful meetings after the vacation season, and reports two new members. American Boy Day was celebrated with a picnic on September 21st, the first year's anniversary of the company. Many races were held, a club picture was taken, and sandwiches, ice cream and cake were plentiful. On the way to the grounds the boys gave their yell frequently, and all reported a jolly good time. The football team has been most successful so far, winning four games and tying the fifth, nothing to nothing. The treasury contains \$2.10. A club quartette is to be organized, and the getting up of an entertainment is being discussed, the proceeds of which are to be used in the construction of a club house.

**FOX RIVER COMPANY**, No. 37, Appleton, Wis., has the following officers: Jack Stevens, Capt.; Bonnell Little, V. C.; Herbert Kahn, Treas.; Harold Comerford, Sec.; Vyse Wheldon, Libn.; Joe Marston, Marshal; Mrs. Little, Company Counsel. The club takes pleasant bicycle trips, and hopes to have hockey and skiing teams this winter. They will also make reports upon current events at their meetings, and pass many pleasant hours reading aloud interesting books.

**MONADNOCK COMPANY**, No. 13, Peterboro, N. H., held a social on Halloween night, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

**HARDWARE CITY COMPANY**, No. 22, New Britain, Conn., is prospering greatly. A basketball team has been organized and regular games will begin shortly. The company has a total of 12 members. A busking bee and dance was held in October at the home of the captain. Other captains are invited to write to F. O. Rackliffe, 106 Kensington St., CHAIR-TOWN COMPANY, No. 33, Gardner, Mass., held a corn roast on a moonlight night in September, each member inviting a girl friend. The company is greatly interested in tennis, and the annual tournament is being held. The singles, which were hotly contested, have been played off, and the doubles are now in progress. A dance is to be given to celebrate the company's second anniversary. Elaborate preparations are being made for the event. The treasury contains \$12. The club has a membership of 16.

**STILLWATER COMPANY**, No. 112, Freeport, O., recently elected the following officers: Leo Johnston, Capt.; Fred Perkins, Sec. and Treas.; Roy Hanna, V. C.; Ray Beages, Libn. Meetings are held every two weeks at the homes of the members. The library contains 15 books, and the treasury had a balance of 50c after the charter was framed. The company has a total membership of 7. The captain would like to

## 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 friendship 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

boys are discussing the laudable purpose of getting up a box of clothes for the poor. 1909 DAKOTA COMPANY, No. 18, Brookings, S. D., reports a fine attendance and much interest among its members, who number nine after the recent admission of three. After paying bills the treasury contains only 25c, but the boys are planning to increase this amount materially during the winter. Literary programs have been chosen with great care, so that all members may be well pleased. A Thanksgiving program will be given. The first anniversary of the club was celebrated by a Halloween party. Games were played and refreshments were served. Officers were elected as follows: Conrad Hoff, Capt. (re-elected for the third time); Harold Hoover, V. C.; Roy Atkinson, Treas.; Hara Hyde, Sec.; Ord Crisman, Libn. Meetings are held every Friday night. The captain of this company wishes to hear from other captains in regard to programs, etc.

## The Biggest Coward

The schoolboy who has not been called a coward is a rare specimen, says the Religious Telescope. Generally, he has been so designated because of a refusal to engage in conduct which he knew was wrong. The influence of his home teaching or of the instruction from the teacher's desk had fallen into the good ground of his heart, and was in the process of bringing forth a harvest of good deeds. There are those in every school who are ready to propose unbecoming conduct, if not courses which are thoroughly wicked. If a boy who desires to maintain the respect of his companions is bantered to do a wrong thing, and refuses, the natural plan of the one who proposes is to call him a baby, or a goody-goody boy, or to charge that he is tied to his mother's apron strings, and that he ought to assert his independence and manhood.

Every boy has a desire to be a hero. If his companions can make him believe he is a coward by jeers and taunts and cynical smiles, he may be constrained to go with them, though subsequent reflection will show him the folly of the entire course. The boy who reaches manhood without being drawn into wickedness is to be commended. Parents and all others who are interested should take pains to reinforce right instruction, to instill correct principles, and to cripple the force of unkind epithets used by those enticing to wrong.

The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right. The bravest boy or man of them all is the one who fears to do what is wrong, or which has the appearance of pointing in the direction of wrong. Another pen has put the same truth in these words: "The biggest coward of all is the man who is not afraid of doing that which he knows to be wrong." A character which is firm, sturdy, well-rounded, is a priceless possession. The man whose life has been shot through with every dart and arrow of sin may have proved himself a daredevil; but the chances are that he is the weakest in will, and the filthiest in thought, and the foulest in speech, and the most variable in purpose, if indeed, an aim in life is not altogether lacking.



Fox River Company No. 37 (O. A. B.) Appleton, Wis.  
 Captain Jack Stevens

correspond with other captains. Address him at Box 27. THE NIGHTHAWK ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 110, Goshen, N. Y., has resumed meetings after the summer season and is in a prosperous condition. There are 7 members and the treasury contains \$1.91. They have decided to hold tournaments of various games this winter, among which will be used checkers and crokinole. Debates will also be held. Officers are as follows: Willis G. Marsh, Capt.; Henry Coleman, V. C.; Reeves Makner, Sec. and Treas.; Reid Moser, Assistant Sec. and Treas. The

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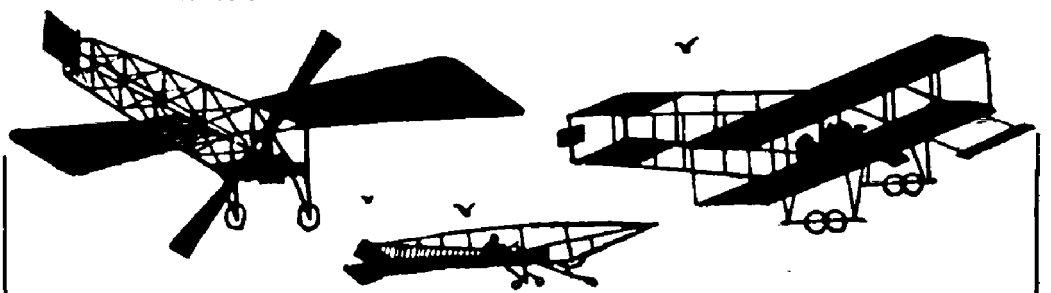
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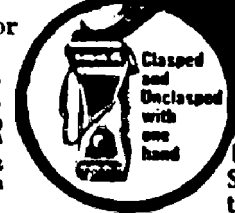
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# Fancy Knots and Rope Work

(Continued from page 24)

a Man-rope knot it gives a beautiful finish. Although so elaborate in effect it is really an easy knot to make and while you may have difficulty in getting it right at first, a little patience and practice will enable you to become proficient and capable of tying it rapidly and easily in any place or position.

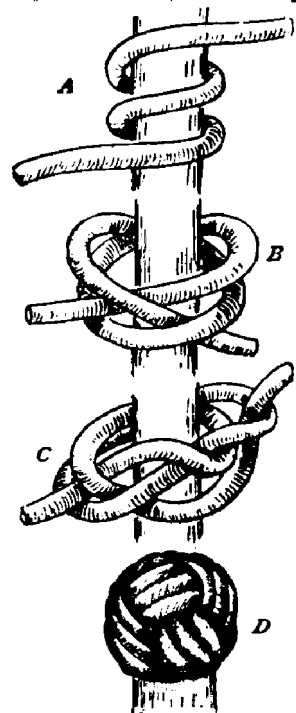


Fig. 22

between it and the lower, C, Fig. 22. Work around in this manner to the right until the other end is met, when the other part is followed round until a plait of two or more lays is complete, as shown in Figure 7. The Turk's Head may be drawn as tight as desired around the rod or rope by working up the slack and drawing all bights tight. A variation of this knot may be formed by making the first part as directed and then by slipping the knot to the end of the rod work one side tighter than the other until the Head forms a complete cap as shown in Fig. 22, D. This makes a splendid finish for

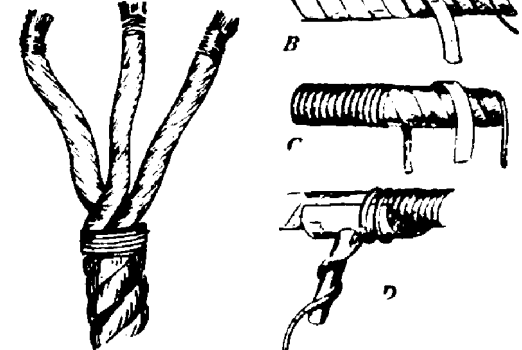


Fig. 23

the ends of stanchions, poles or flag staffs. Ropes that are to be used for hand lines, stanchions, man ropes or life-lines or, in fact, for any purpose where appearance counts, are usually wormed, parcelled or served. Worming consists in twisting a small line into the grooves between the strands of a rope, Fig. 23 A. This fills up the grooves and makes the ropes smooth and ready for parcelling. This is done by wrapping the rope with a strip of canvas, Fig. 23 B. This is tarred and the whole finished by "serving" or wrapping tightly with spun yarn, marlin or other small stuff, Fig. 23 C. Although

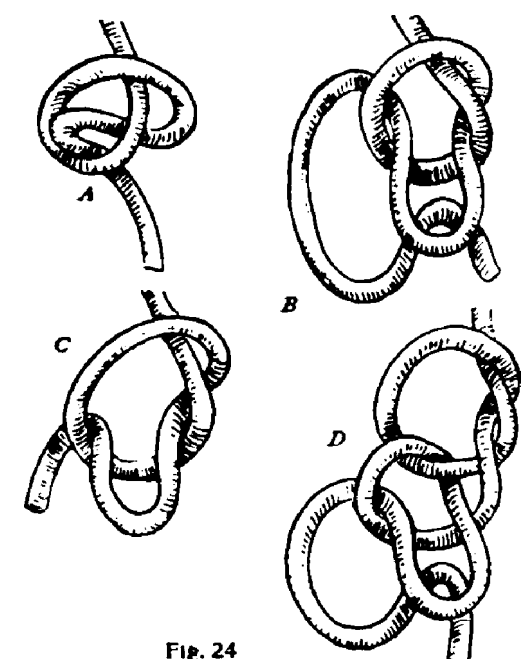


Fig. 24

this may all be done by hand, yet the serving is usually accomplished by using a "serving mallet," shown in Fig. 23 D. This instrument enables you to work tighter and more evenly than by hand-serving, but in either case the rope to be treated should be stretched tightly between two firm supports. Often a rope is served without parcelling and for ordinary purposes the parcelling is not required. A variation of serving is made by "half-hitch" work, as shown in Figs. 17 and 8. This is quite pretty when well done and is very easy to accomplish. To do this, take a half-hitch around the rope to be covered, then another below, draw snug, take another half-hitch and so on until the object is covered and the half-hitches form a spiral twist as shown in the illustrations. Bottles, jugs, ropes, stanchions, fenders, and numerous other objects may be covered with this ornamental half-hitch work and as you become expert you may be able to cover

things with several lines of half-hitch work at the same time. Four-strand braiding is highly ornamental and is very easy and simple. The process is shown in Fig. 26 and consists in merely crossing the opposite strands across and past one

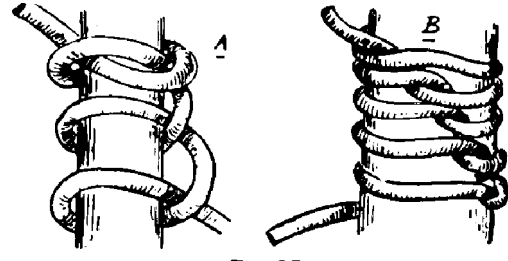


Fig. 25

another as illustrated in A, B and C, Fig. 26. A still more ornamental braid is made by crowning four or more strands or separate lines and looks like the right hand illustration in Fig. 8. The process

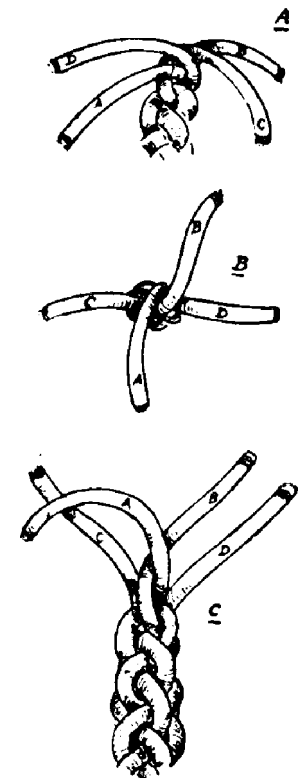


Fig. 26

is exactly like ordinary crowning and does not require any description. Walling may be continued in the same way, but is not as handsome. The Monkey Chain is sometimes used in ornamental rope work, but is principally useful for shortening rope in such a manner that it may be readily lengthened. It is well shown in Figs. 9 and 24. To make the chain draw a loop of the rope through its own bight, A, Fig. 24, another loop through this, C, Fig. 24, another through this, and so on until the rope is shortened to the required length. The end may then be passed through the last loop as shown at E, Fig. 24. If to be used for a permanent chain the end may remain thus and the chain will never work loose. If used to shorten rope and the slack is required at any time, it is only necessary to slip out the loose end and jerk on the end, when the entire chain will unravel instantly.

No article on knots would be complete without some mention of slings, for to sling a barrel, cask, box or bale safely and easily is often of great value and importance. While the boy familiar with knots and splices will no doubt devise practical slings of his own, yet the three shown herewith in Fig. 27 may serve as hints to readers. Fig. 27 A shows a useful sling for bags or bales, and consists merely of a length of rope spliced together and slip-noosed around the object as shown. B shows how to sling a barrel upright, while C shows how to sling a cask in a horizontal position. In this case the rope may be used with an eye-splice at one end, as illustrated, or it may be merely tied at both ends. Sometimes a similar sling is used in which an eye-splice is turned in each end in place of the knot shown. There are numerous other knots both useful and ornamental, but those described are the more important and if you learn to make all of these you will be able to pick up others from sight or description, for each one learned makes the next easier.

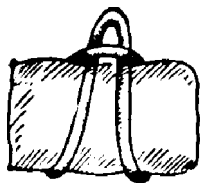


Fig. 27

## A Boat Which Nature Built

Men are learning how to make boats larger and larger, but if they tried they probably could not build as small a boat as nature has made, capable of sailing in the roughest seas. This tiny boat is a kind of Jellyfish, found only in tropical seas. The part of the fish which stays under water is like a mass of tangled threads, while the "sail" looks like a tough piece of skin, shaped like a shallow scoop, and measuring five inches or more across. The Jellyfish can raise or lower this sail at will. The little boat is a kind of warship, too, for it carries its own weapons of protection. Each of the threads making up the body has a powerful sting which enables the Jellyfish to defend itself from the attacks of porpoises, albatrosses and its other enemies. The little boat has no means of moving about except by its sail. When the breeze is favoring, it may be seen skimming along over the water much like a child's top, and looking as little as possible like a living animal out for a spin.

# A "Columbia"



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# A Christmas Suggestion

(Compiled for "The American Boy" by Warwick James Price)

**A**FTER careful consideration come to a definite conclusion, go ahead bravely, and never be discouraged. —BYRON ROTHSCHILD.

**M**AN is his own star; nothing to him falls early or too late; our acts our angels are, or good or ill. —JOHN FLETCHER.

**E**VERY great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is a triumph of enthusiasm. —RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**R**EMEMBER, thou art formed by nature to bear everything, with respect to which it depends on thy own opinion to make it endurable, by thy thinking that it is either thy interest or duty to do this. —MARCUS ANTONIUS.

**R**EALLY, we only need turn our faces and keep them in the right direction. —ANDREW CARNEGIE.

**Y**OU do well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which the elements of a better life must come. —MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

**C**YNICISM is a small brass field-piece that eventually bursts to kill the artilleryman. —THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

**H**ARD work is the cardinal requisite for success. A person's heart and soul must be in his work. —SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

**R**ESPONSIBILITY educates. —WENDELL PHILLIPS.

**I**F a man does not have belief and enthusiasm, the chances are small that he will ever do a man's work in the world. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

**S**EE that all the day's hours are so full of interesting and healthful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in. —LUTHER GULICK.

**T**HERE is only one obligation in life,—courage! —MRS. CRAIGIE.

**M**AKE few promises, but observe the least of them religiously. —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

**A**WELL balanced man can compel success in reasonable time if he is energetic, economical, and alive to the requirements of his calling. —ANDREW CARNEGIE.

**S**EK not to have things happen to you as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so shall you live prosperous. —EPICETUS.

**T**RY? I repeat to him—"That's no good. The word implies an idea of doubt in the result, and doubt always diminishes our fervor. Say: 'I will do it!'" —PAUL DE BOTS.

**O**GIVE us the man who sings at his work! Efforts to be permanently of use, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright. —THOMAS CARLYLE.

**A**MAN, like a watch, is to be valued by his goings. —WILLIAM PENN.

**L**ABOR is the price of life, its everything. To rest is to rust. —STEPHEN GIRARD.

**L**IVE up to your portion! That is the magic formula which transforms air-castles into fortresses. —W. G. JORDAN.

**A**N earnest purpose finds time or makes it. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. —W. E. CHANNING.

**M**EN show their characters in nothing more clearly than in what they consider laughable. —WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

**E**VERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known. —JOHN RUSKIN.

**R**EAL genius is itself but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly grows unconsciously into genius. —EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

**I**N the race of life endurance is far more important than speed. —BISHOP SPAULDING.

**C**OMMEND often; never scold. —ELLEN LUNN.

**A**T school or college it is possible to "catch up," but in the school of life there are no examinations at set intervals; success is made up of the sum of happy uses of multiplied fractional opportunities.

**N**O life is successful until it is radiant. —LILLIAN WHITING.

**B**UY a little business, no matter how small it is, and work at it night and day till you see your way through. —ROBERT BONNER.

**O**NE must study and work, to win, never depending upon mere chance. —THOMAS A. EDISON.

**Y**OU cannot learn any more than you now know without venturing some thing that you have not tried. —CHARLES FERGUSON.

**S**O long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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**The Grand Mogul**

(Continued from page 16.)

formidable pole; now there was but one avenue of escape—and in desperation he took it.

Breaking through the straggling lines as they closed on either side, heedless of the blows from hurriedly aimed staves, the ruffian leaped to the centre of the tracks, doubled frantically, and a moment later was crashing through the firs into the heart of the wood.

"After him!" cried the Scout Master, setting the example.

THE Montreal express was tearing along in the wake of the Grand Mogul, whose seven-foot drivers were spurning the rails behind them. In the cab, Engineer Kane looked at his watch.

"Calderon in a minute and a half," he thought proudly, with his hand on the throttle. Then he would "let her out," as he always did, down the Arapahoe grade; and so, with a whoop, he would strike the New York State line, and the first lap of his long pull would be over. There were fully five hundred passengers hitched to the tail of his roaring engine, and unconsciously he felt that he held their lives in the hollow of that hand on the throttle.

He reached for the cord and jerked the whistle wide; for there was Calderon dead ahead, and the Grand Mogul must have a clear track. And shortly he was by, and instinctively his hand relaxed on the throttle as he neared the long decline.



Clasped his long arms about the fellow's struggling knees.

To the passengers in the string of Pullmans and day coaches the sound of the whistle meant simply the passing of another station; to the agent at Calderon it meant one more little check mark on his day sheet; but to Stanton Forbes and his followers it meant "Hurry—hurry!"

For they had still a quarter of a mile to go, notwithstanding the pace which Forbes had set and maintained. And this quarter of a mile was the most heart-rending of all. Straight through a plowed field it lay—the hardest of hard going. For if they were to flag the flier, it must be done before she struck the grade.

"Come on!" yelled Forbes, as he ran. But even Steve Allen, leader of the Hawks, and the fastest quarter Rivington ever had, could not "come on" that day. They had done their best, but their best was not good enough to keep pace with Forbes.

"Don't wait for us!" gasped Steve, as he found himself bogged in a furrow. "You're the only man to do it! Go on!" Stan did not glance around to see whether the others were close at his heels. Nor did he call to them again. Somehow he felt that Steve was right; he alone could make the distance in the time.

He had long ago discarded his knapsacked coat, and his hat had blown off. Thus lightened, he had run more freely than ever; but now, as he neared his destination, he was troubled. How was he going to flag the train? With his coat attached to his stave it would be easy, but he had no coat.

Then suddenly he apostrophized himself for an idiot. "What's the matter with your shirt?" he asked himself.

He fancied he could hear the drumming of the rails as he neared the track. Desperately he threw down his stave; with desperate fingers he fumbled at his shirt. After what seemed to be an age, he got it off, and tied the fluttering sleeves of the khaki-colored garment to the stave. The body of the shirt streamed out like an ensign.

Straight down the track, between the rails, he ran toward the fast approaching train, his feet finding the right spots instinctively. He dared not think what it might mean should he stumble. With the flag fluttering bravely, he ran on. Would the engineer never see him?

At last he heard the scream of the whistle, as it bade him get out of the way. Again it screamed, and Stan thought he detected a change in the hammering of the rails. A third prolonged shriek, and the thundering Mogul shortened her stride, as Kane's hand closed down on the throttle.

Stan was in a whirl of emotion. He barely saw the flier slow down as the brakes clamped vengeance on the protesting wheels. If this was what it meant to belong to the Boy Scouts, he thought, Jim must be right, and himself wrong. He was captain of the nine; but he was a Boy Scout, too, and somehow he was glad of it.

Thirty yards up the track the flier had come to a halt, and excited people were pouring from the cars. They saw the khaki-clad figure between the rails, still waving the improvised flag which had stopped the Grand Mogul, and in the distance, running wearily, a score more figures similarly attired. It looked like a lode until the explanation, hurriedly made by a panting boy, was passed from mouth to mouth.

"It's Bud Harrison, the black scout!" cried Engineer Kane, when he heard. There's no dirty thief but him wud 'a turned that trick. Did ye get him?"

"We will," gasped Steve Allen, who had just come up with his patrol and the Herons and Hounds. "Maybe they have got him, by this time."

"A discharged fireman has torn up part of the track," explained a passenger, passing the word along as he had heard it, as he approached the forward Pullman.

"And just think, dad—a troop of Boy Scouts saved the train!" cried a boy who resembled the passenger strongly in respect of fair hair and blue eyes. "I'm going to speak to them." He ran forward to the group by the engine, and held up his right hand, with the thumb and little finger folded in to the palm, and the three middle fingers straight.

"I'm an English boy scout," he explained, when Steve Allen, catching sight of him, answered the sign which all scouts know. "We're going to Montreal, where we live. I say, isn't this bully? That fellow who saved the train—he's done something that's bigger almost than the work of the Liverpool Stags at the Dunstable wreck!"

"He's a good one, answered Steve warmly. "Wouldn't you like to meet him? What's your name?"

"Harold Sellers," was the reply; and Steve answered in kind.

But before he could say anything further, a shout from one of the bystanders drew his attention to a scene which was being enacted a hundred yards away.

Out of the long wood which skirted the tracks from the bottom of the Arapahoe almost to the top, there came running the strangest procession of hare and hounds that ever any one there had seen. Ten yards ahead ran the hare—a wild-eyed, unkempt man, running for his life and freedom. Behind him trailed out the pack—a score of khaki-clad figures, some of them carrying staves. In the van was a figure which the Rivington boys knew well.

"Jim Cardigan!" shouted Steve Allen, and twenty-four wondering voices echoed his cry. Then no one spoke again, for all were intent on what was happening.

The hare was losing ground as Jim Cardigan came up stride on stride. Redoubling his efforts was of no avail, and with the desperation of the fugitive he sought to gain ground by swerving. But Jim was watching him, and as the ruffian swerved the captain of the Rivington eleven leaped.

No one of the spectators had ever seen a waster tackle. Hurting through the air, Jim clasped his long arms about the fellow's struggling knees, and the ruffian came crashing down—caught at last.

A shout went up from the onlookers. Stan Forbes leaped to the fore as Mr. Lawlor and the foremost Bisons sprang to Jim's assistance.

"Rivington fellows!" shouted the captain of the nine. "A long cheer for Cardigan—three times three! One—two—three—now!"

The cheer pealed out. At sound of it the Bisons, Beavers, and Wolves "got together" to answer in kind.

From down the track came a faint shout, cutting the stillness which followed the cheer for Jim Cardigan. It was given by the brakeman who had gone forward to inspect. He had just found the unspiked rail. He waved his arms and, presumably, shouted further. But what he said was never heard.

For at that moment Squat Mc-Turk, leader of the Bisons, bellowed "Now!" and a cheer rent the air.

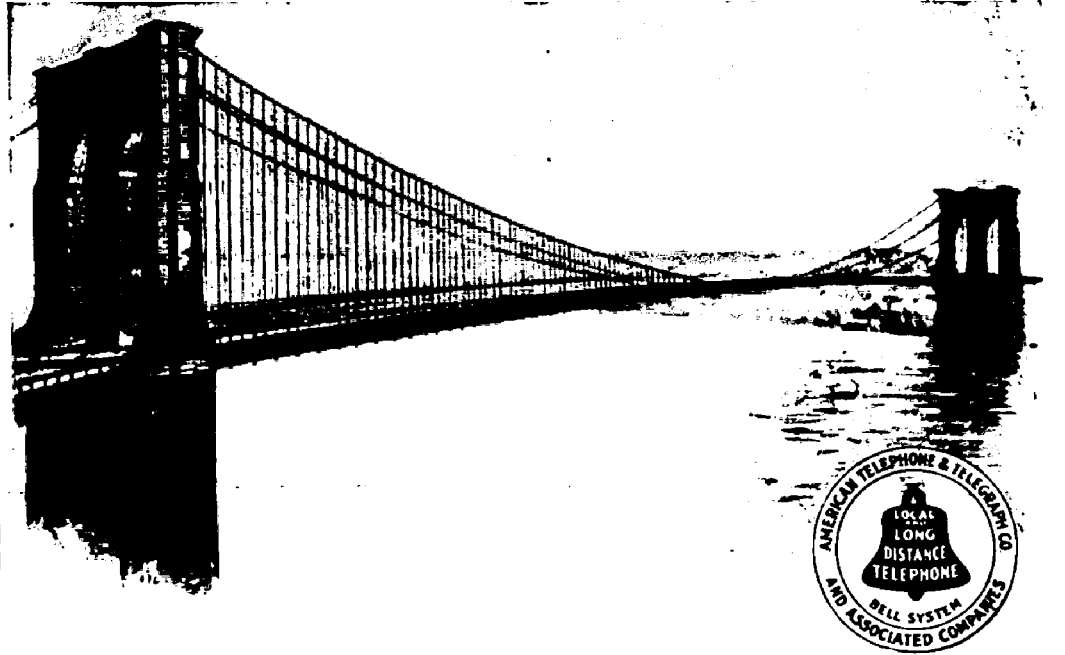
As it died away, the last lingering "Forbes" of the three-times-three ringing in the clear afternoon air, Harold Sellers turned to Steve Allen.

"I say," he remarked, in an awed tone, "do you fellows do things like this every day? If so, banged if I wouldn't like to come to your school."

"Well," answered Steve, with conviction, "we don't all do it, but two of us do, Jim Cardigan and Stan Forbes—they're at it all the time. Maybe you won't believe it, but this is the first time the Rivington Troop of Scouts took the road. I hate to think what those two will be getting us into about a month from now."

And he ran forward to where Cardigan and Forbes were shaking hands like good sports and friendly rivals.

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# How Christmas Came to the Westons

(Continued from page 30)

as it chose, to land. It was alive, and Bob at one glance had known what anyone not a hunter might never have known, that this one of a hundred bobbing round spots in the sea was the head of an animal; it might be seal, sea cow or sea otter, it was too far away to tell.

Bob waited. Now and then he lifted his head and gave a second's glance, ducking quickly. Then he became excited and perspiration broke out on his forehead, not the result alone of the sun. His hands trembled and he clenched hard on the stock of his rifle, and his eyes lit up with fire. Swimming slowly, very slowly, toward the shore was four hundred dollars—at least four hundred dollars, perhaps five or six or even seven hundred dollars, that might make all the difference in the world in the future of the Weston family. Once before Bob had seen a sea otter. Pedro DeGarcia had shot it and skinned it and Bob had helped in the skinning and the curing of the pelt. DeGarcia had sold it at Monterey for four hundred dollars, but it was not the best part of the season for the fur, and he had told Bob that a month or two later, had he killed the animal, it would have been worth almost double. Just outside the first line of breakers, not fifty feet from shore, not two hundred feet from where Bob lay shaking in the sand, leisurely swam a sea otter that represented a fortune to Bob, be its pelt heavy or light.

He might shoot it then; now, while it swam in the surf; but how could he ever get it? It might float, though he remembered that DeGarcia told of two other sea otters that had been shot and sank, never to be found. "Caught in the kelp," DeGarcia had said. But even if it floated, it was risking life to venture fifty feet in that surf, even for the strongest swimmer. In building the dam, the sea had

ing of the hands that held it, the muzzle following each movement of the otter's head. Then there came the sharp crack of nitro-powder, and before the smoke had raised from the sand, Bob was speeding, spattering water high, racing against the waves for his prey. Patience, a steady hand, a sure eye and ready feet had won. Bob held his trophy against his breast, while the waves dug out the sand beneath his feet, and he shouted to the winds in triumph.

### III.

It was good that there were so many of the Weston kiddies that they seldom were lonesome; else Bob's absence all night of the night before the day before Christmas might have made them dismal. Bob had sent a note to Betty by the third DeGarcia boy that he would have to go to Monterey and that there was good news. He also told her to make a stuffing for the goose and to never mind if it took all of the corn meal. But this note did not explain anything. Why did he have to go to Monterey, and what was the good news? Those were the things Betty wanted to know. She wondered over them as she strung red berries for the tree after the rest had gone to bed, while the coyotes up the creek canyon barked lingeringly, because of the moon. And next morning she wondered, while she "shooed" the twins away from the kitchen, which was the most attractive part of the ranch with its Christmas preparations.

About three that afternoon she heard Bob's signal whistle way up on the ridge and she ran to him, wiping her floury hands on her apron as she ran. Bob was on horseback, and he was smiling. "Where are the kiddies?" he asked.

"Else and Ve are at school yet and the Double B's are playing Santa Claus on the dug-out roof."

"Then it will be safe for me to sneak these presents into the house. Betty, I've oceans of presents!"

"Oh! Bob, where did you get them?"

"And, Betty, I've oceans of food—all kinds of food. Ham, Betty—just think! Ham! And oranges, and nuts, and candles for the tree, and little gilt thingum-bobs to stick on the branches, and popcorn to string, and a little Santa Claus to hang on the top. And, Betty, I have five hundred dollars left."

"Honest, Bob?"

"Honest Injun! Five hundred and seven dollars and two bits, exactly. What do you think of that?"

Betty could hardly think at all. So much money was beyond her comprehension, although her eyes wide open and her mouth wide open, were trying to take it in. "Five hundred and seven dollars and twenty-five cents!" she at last said slowly, while two tears welled up into her eyes. Bob saw the tears coming and he talked quickly, telling her all about the sea otter; for he did not like to have Betty cry, even when they were tears of joy. And then they ran to the house and hid the presents and put the food away in the cupboards and hung the ham in a dark corner under the eaves; so when Billie and Bennie came running up from their play, everything was safely stowed away.

That Christmas eve was a night of wild excitement on the Weston ranch. Bob brought in three great logs that simply crowded the fireplace full and hardly left room for the flames. Betty told the kiddies the story of the first Christmas and the little Christ child in the manger of Bethlehem. Bob told the Double B's how Santa Claus had decided that they had been such good children during the past year he was going to give them a great, big Christmas, and they must go to their bunk and to sleep so that he might come early and fix it all up. And finally the twins were asleep, and Elsie and Vera were in their bed with a blanket hung before it and their "Honest Injun" promise not to peep, and Betty helped Bob bring in the silver fir.

Because the head of the family was but sixteen, there was not a single useful present hung on that tree. There were toys and goodies, dolls and candles, but there was not a single pair of shoes or a single gingham dress.

"Those are the have-to-haves," said this wise head of the family, when Betty mentioned their absence. "We will go to town and buy those things next week." And for Betty, who was almost as anxious to peek as Ve, there was a little box with a real gold watch that pinned to her breast.

It was all done, the candles ready to light. Outside the stars shone bright into a sea that surged slowly against the granite cliffs. Up the creek cannon a mountain lion called to his mate. Betty put her arms around Bob's neck.

"Christmas has come to the Westons, Bobbie, lad. Good night," she said.



Thought deep and hard.

washed up the sand like a saucer, and the first breaker crashed almost on the shore. It was over Bob's head twenty feet out, and the undertow was tremendous. The back rush of the waves was like a great cataract.

So Bob waited. It was trying, nerve racking. If the otter saw him, it would dive and, swimming under water, would swiftly pass out of range, out of Bob's life. Even if it did not see him, it might not come ashore. Sometimes it started out again and when Bob popped up his head for that hasty glance, he would find it farther from shore. For an hour he waited. Then he pulled his rifle to shoulder, dug his right elbow into the sand, and drew the point of the front sight into the notch of the rear sight on a line with the otter's shining head. But even then he did not fire.

The sea otter was in the shallow water of the beach, half swimming, half crawling up the sand. If Bob shot now, the next wave might carry the carcass back with it. Every step that the animal gained shoreward made its recovery more certain. The buck fever that he had felt during the long delay was gone now. His rifle pointed true and there was no quiver-

## The Coldest City on Earth

The coldest inhabited place in the world, according to Harper's Weekly, is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than three degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of eighty-five below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude sixty-seven degrees, on the great Arctic plain, scarcely more than one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian governmental purposes to have an administrative center for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-traders, carry on their operations.

The average temperature of the winter in Verkhoyansk is fifty-three degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The rivers freeze to the bottom, and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is, it is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always

clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The air is still, too; no blizzards or drifting snowstorms make life a burden to the inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this Arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the outer fur side outward. With his hood down, and just enough space left to see out of and to breathe through, the Verkhoyansker is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of eighty below than many an American, in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of five above zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is fifty-nine above zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to one hundred degrees.

# HERE'S the place where \$12,000 a year two egg-raisers make



A glimpse of the three great laying houses, with 4,500 pullets always at work

READER, if you want to know how two city people, in poor health and without experience, have in a few years built up an egg business that clears over \$12,000 a year, subscribe now for the FARM JOURNAL, and get with it the

## Corning Egg-Book

which tells all the secrets of their success, and describes the methods by which they obtained a profit of \$6.41 a year per hen. (See offer below.)

Talk about "best-selling novels"! Why, nearly 100,000 copies of this book sold in less than six months! You see, these men discarded old methods, and in spite of many failures, stuck at it until they learned the secret of making hens lay the most eggs in winter. That discovery marked a new era in poultry raising, and thousands are eagerly studying how they do it.

Their success opens up a new money-making business of unlimited possibilities. With this book for a guide, men or women living in or near cities can raise eggs the year round, and sell them at high prices, or eat them and save the high prices. The demand for fresh eggs, especially in winter, is never satisfied. Learn how to supply well-to-do customers regularly, and they will take all you can raise, at high prices. Egg-raising is much simpler than poultry raising. The hard work of killing, dressing, and marketing fowls is left out. The rest can be done by men in poor health, women, school-boys, girls, and others not qualified for regular business.

The publishers of the Farm Journal saw the immense value of a book that should describe the proved and tested methods of the Cornings. So, after careful investigation, they decided to publish the Corning Egg-Book and offer it to all who subscribe for the Farm Journal on the offer below, to make the paper better known to all people, in city or country, who are interested in growing things.

The FARM JOURNAL is made for every one who raises or wants to raise poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, honey, etc., as well as grain and cattle. It has the LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY FARM PAPER IN THE WORLD—over 750,000. It has departments devoted to housekeeping, dressmaking, recipes, and bright, fresh reading for boys and girls. It is brief, crisp, condensed and PRACTICAL. No long-winded essays. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It is now running a series called "Back to the Soil," true stories of city people who have changed to country life, intensely interesting. It never prints a medical or trashy advertisement, and its columns are an absolutely reliable guide in buying. Most of its subscribers pay FIVE TO TEN YEARS AHEAD. It is a special favorite with women. Every one who has a garden, yard, flower-bed, or even a kitchen, ought to have this bright, cheery, useful home paper. Those who merely exist in cities ought by all means to get it, for it brings a whiff of outdoor life into their homes, and may help them to escape to the country and really LIVE.

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# Christmas Hamilton Rifle Box of Cartridges One Bullet

Put a  
**Hamilton Rifle**  
At the Top of Your Xmas List

A Hamilton Rifle is one you can depend upon to shoot straight and hit hard every time. Not a make-believe gun, but a real "shootin' iron" modeled along the lines of the highest priced rifles.

## Hamilton Rifles

Have all the latest improvements, and are sure and safe. You can bring squirrels down from the top of the highest tree with them.

If you want a rifle for Christmas, and every boy who loves outdoor life does, make sure you write a "Hamilton Rifle" on your list. It is the surest and best.

Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer to show you the "Hamilton." Three styles and three prices—\$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

**Hamilton Rifle Company,**  
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## Give the Boy an Auto Coaster



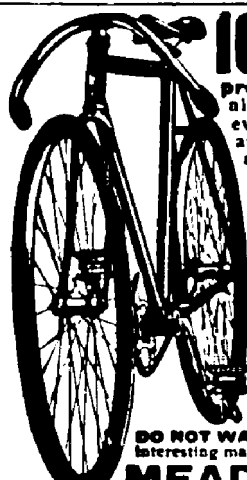
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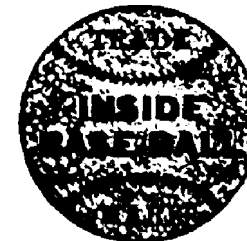
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## "Our" Column

(Continued from page 8)

ourselves. When seeming difficulties confront us in our studies or work, instead of making an extra effort to overcome them, we simply throw up our hands and say we can't. Boys, it is by our trying that we overcome. The principal reason that so many boys quit school and quit jobs, is that they do not try hard enough to understand their studies or their work. It is with them a case of inviting failure and they who invite failure invariably get it. There is truth as well as poetry in the old rhyme:

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again."

Now, after this little preachment of mine, which I trust will be taken as from one who has your best and highest interest at heart, I wish you all just the best and brightest and most joyous Christmas time possible.

Your friend,  
THE EDITOR.

### The Size of the Sea

An officer of a liner once remarked that most men seemed to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Here are a few facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian Ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world two million years to flow over Niagara.

Many of the stories and articles in this number will be found of great value in the schoolroom. Why not take your copy to school (as many write us they are now doing) and show it to your teacher and classmates with the object of having such articles read aloud. We are sure you will earn their thanks for your thoughtfulness.



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The Remington .22 is solid breech, hammerless, take-down, safe. No hammer to catch makes accidental discharge impossible. You can clean the barrel from the breech—another Remington feature.  
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## Christmas and Some Boy

You have some boy in mind to whom you want to make a suitable Christmas present. It may be your brother's boy, or your sister's boy, your own boy, or some boy in whom you are interested. What more acceptable present can be given him than a year's subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY?** It will only cost you \$1.00, but it will last him throughout the entire year, and will serve each month as a pleasant reminder of the one who subscribed for him.

Send us \$1.00 at once with the name and address of the boy whom you have in mind, and if you so request, we will send the first copy so that it will reach him on or about Christmas morning. Also on request, we will send him a "Christmas Message," of which the following is a reduced reproduction. We will fill this in for you and will also have it reach him about Christmas morning. This Christmas message is nicely printed in red and green on heavy paper.

**A Christmas Message** To \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Friend: We take great pleasure in advising you that \_\_\_\_\_ has given us an order to send you **The American Boy** for \_\_\_\_\_ year. The first number should reach you on or about Christmas morning. We trust that you will like it, and that as it visits you once a month for the above period it will prove a pleasant reminder of the donor. Wishing you all the joys of the glad holiday season, we are

Very cordially yours,  
Detroit, Michigan  
**The Sprague Publishing Co.**

(Preceding illustration is one-half actual size.)

**THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
Publishers of "The American Boy"  
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If Father Only Knew How Much I Want a  
**KODAK FOR CHRISTMAS**

Just think how much fun I could have taking pictures of the crowd skating and coasting and of the folks at home—little sister and mother and father and all the rest.

And I could make *good* pictures too, as it is so easy the Kodak way, no dark-room for any part of the work, all just as simple as can be.

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I am going to ask the dealer for a catalogue to slip in father's pocket.

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*Any dealer will supply the catalogue for your father's pocket, or we will send you one by mail.*