

The
AMERICAN BOY

New Year's Number
1911



Cyrus Townsend Brady's Story
THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIVATEERS
Begins in this Number



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AMERICAN BOY

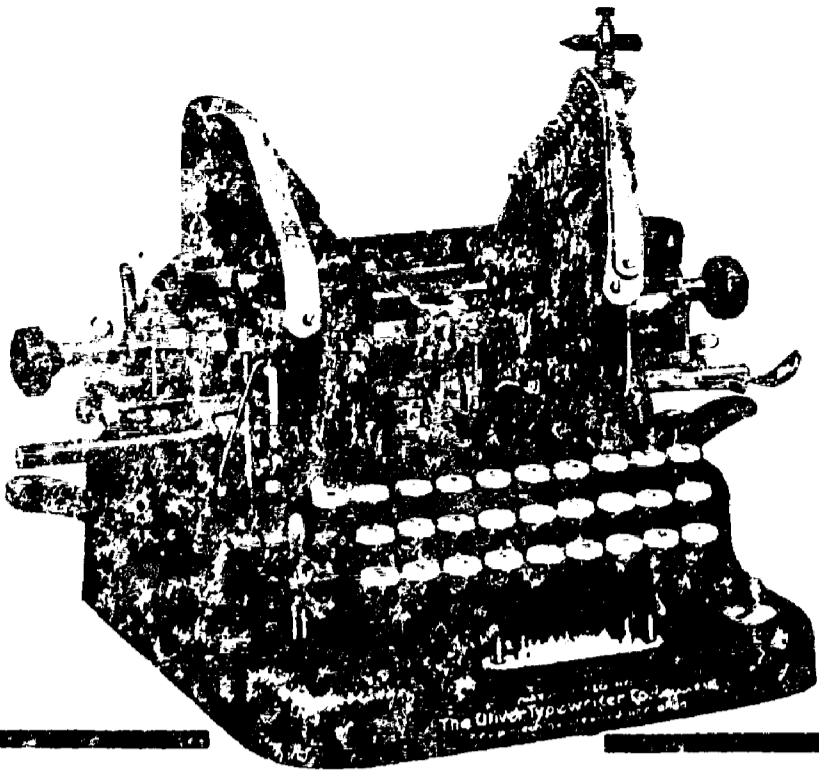
NOVEMBER 1934

Vol. 12
No. 43

10 Cents
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Gyrus Townsend
THE YOUNG AMERICAN
BOYS IN THE NAVY



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The American Boy

Published by The Sprague Publishing Co

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Entered at the Postoffice
as Second Class Matter

Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

VOLUME 12

DETROIT, MICH., JANUARY, 1911

NUMBER 3

The Young American Privateers An Old-Time Sea Story

CHAPTER I.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE PRIVATEER RECEIVES A WARNING.

Author of "The Boys of the Service Series,"
"American Fights and Fighters," Etc., Etc.

THE *Young American* was a thing of beauty and a joy forever as she swung to the wind and tide on a late November afternoon in the year 1813, in the Thames River which made the harbor of New London, Connecticut. The day had been bright and clear, but clouds were piling up to the westward, and the night was pretty certain to be dark and stormy. Weather like that was just what Captain Joshua Harkness lived for. His saucy privateer, the *Young American*, was a new ship about to take her departure on her maiden cruise. She had been built, launched, rigged, equipped, provided, armed and manned at old London Town.

If the *Young American* was a new ship, Captain Harkness was an old sailor. He had already commanded smaller privateers with such fine success in the war that this larger and more formidable vessel had been built especially for him by the man who had reaped rich returns from his skill and daring.

The *Young American* was a ship-rigged vessel of about three hundred and twenty tons burden. She mounted sixteen guns, long twelves in broadside, with a long twenty-four pounder pivoted amidship on the fore-castle, and two long nines as stern chasers aft the Cabin. Her complement was a captain, an executive officer, four other lieutenants, one of whom acted as sailing-master or navigator, four prize-masters, eight midshipmen, and one hundred and fifty men of all rates and stations forward of the mast.

Joshua Humphreys, designer of the great frigate *Constitution*, had himself laid down the *Young American*. She was built for speed as well as for fighting and everybody who saw her was confident that she would not prove a disappointment. Captain Harkness' previously successful cruising, the rich returns shared among all who had voyaged with him before, had rendered it easy for him to ship a well-nigh perfect body of men, who for skillful seamanship, expert gunnery and audacious courage were not to be surpassed even by the crews of some of the great warships of the Republic like the *Constitution* or the *United States*.

Captain Harkness had served as a lieutenant in the Continental Navy in the War of the Revolution. He could have had a commission in the Regular Navy at the outbreak of the war of 1812 had he so elected, but he chose rather the freer and more adventurous life of the privateersman. The hope of the privateer was, of course, to capture the rich ships of the enemy, but Captain Harkness, with the full sanction of his owners, like Paul Jones "ever looked out for the honor of the American flag," and

he had already won a decisive victory in a very smart engagement with a British privateer of a force equal to his own. He would not hesitate to engage a small corvette or a man-of-war brig of the English Navy with the *Young American*, if opportunity arose.

The British Navy off the American coast had no difficulty in getting information about what was happening in the various ports; they knew all about the *Young American* before she was launched. The havoc that would be created among their peaceful trading ships by the escape of a successful privateer especially when commanded by a man like Captain Harkness would be very great. Therefore they went to a deal of trouble to blockade her in the harbor, to prevent, if possible, her getting away, or to capture her when she made her dash for sea.

Consequently about the time the *Young American* was ready to take her departure they stationed off the mouth of the river a heavy frigate, the *Endymion*, a smart sloop of war, the *Surprise*, and a stout man-o-war brig, the *Butcher*. Either the frigate or the sloop-of-war were of course a heavy overmatch for the *Young American*, but the brig and she might have contended on equal terms. The three of them kept her as closely confined to the river harbor as if she had been corked up in a big bottle.

It looked as if she never would get to sea. Everything was in readiness and had been for two months, but no favorable opportunity of escape had yet presented itself. Captain Harkness could be reckless enough on occasion, but he had no intention of deliberately throwing away his ship no matter how spectacular a performance might result, therefore he bided his time.

The hours were not altogether wasted, for such drilling with great guns and small arms, such practice in boarding and repelling boarders, such handling of sails and other maneuvers as were practicable on an anchored ship had never before been seen on a privateer. As a result the crew was fit for anything. Often a target was moored down the river and from where they lay under the guns of Fort Griswold, target practice was indulged in until they became nearly as expert with their great guns as sharpshooters were with their rifles. Officers and men were like a pack of hounds in leash, they were straining to get away, the ship herself swung uneasily to the short scope of her anchor that very afternoon, as if to indicate by her motions that she too shared in the anxiety of the brave men she carried.

The officer of the watch was nervously pacing the deck. Six bells—six o'clock—in the second dog watch had just chimed in three musical couplets forward and the men of the port watch had been piped to supper, when the man on watch at the star-board gangway reported to the officer of the deck the lights of a shore boat approaching the ship. The watch officer of the deck strolled to the gangway and peered through it into the darkness alongside. The light evidently came from a lantern set in the bows of a small skiff. The thump of the oars in the row-locks was now quite audible and in a few minutes the boat itself was plainly visible. Swinging around to meet the tide it finally touched the ship just below the gangway. A deep voice roared out from the darkness.

"*Young American*, there?"

"Aye, aye," answered the officer of the deck staring down hard.

"Heave us a line, sir," came from the water surface. "We've got news for the cap'n, sir."

In obedience to a quick command one of the men of the watch cast off a coil of rope from the main filerail and dropped it below. It was caught by some one in the small boat and made fast forward.

"Thankee, sir. All right now, sir," said the voice that had been heard before. "You go first, sir, and I'll follow after."

"Show a light," cried the officer of the deck, and as a lantern was brought, he found himself confronted by a small but very greatly excited boy who stepped through the gangway, to be followed a moment after by the huge bulk of an old sailor dressed in the blue uniform of the British Navy.

"Well, young sir," began the officer of the deck peremptorily. "what want you aboard this privateer at this hour of the night?"

"I want to see Captain Harkness at once," answered the youngster rather more haughtily than the officer liked.

"You'll have to give me some inkling of your business, young man. We are not in the habit of disturbing the captain for anybody and everybody that comes aboard," he answered shortly.

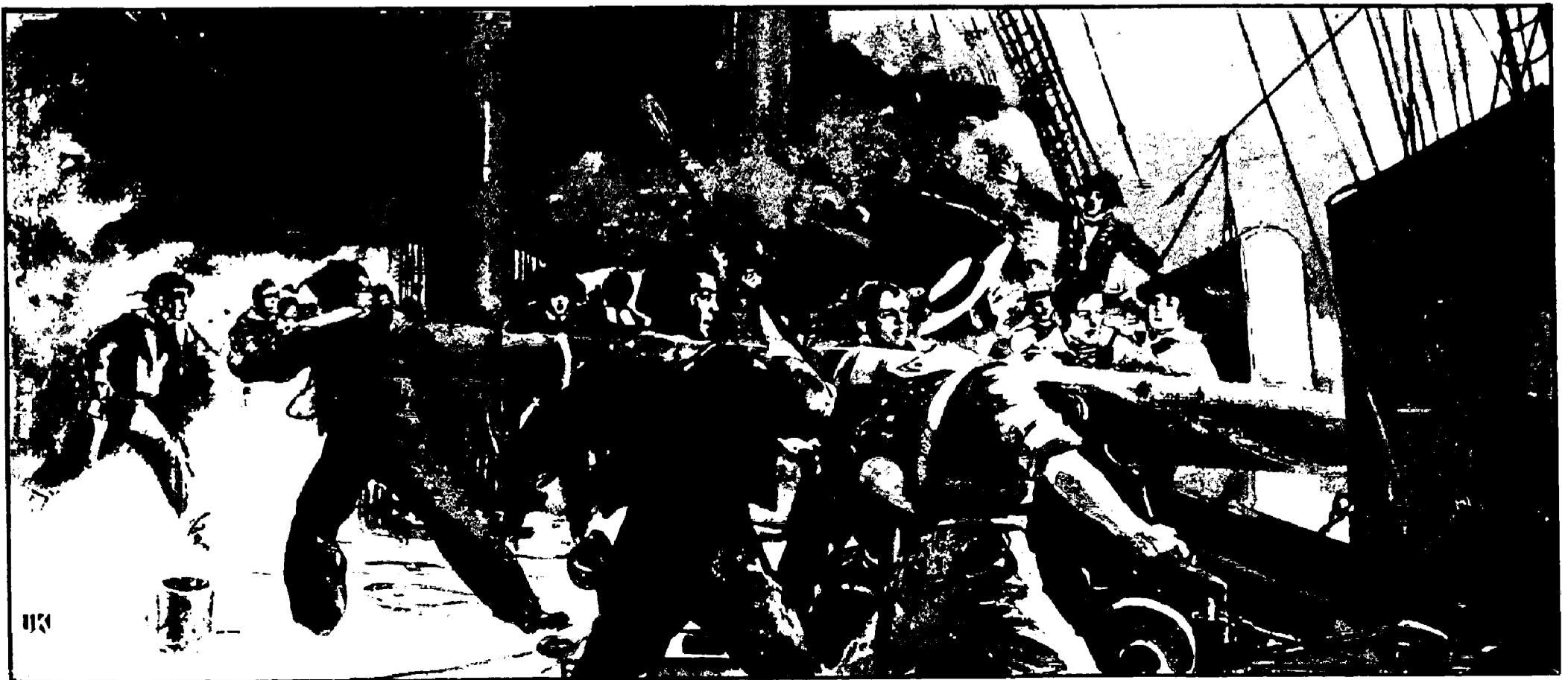
"Gimme leave, young sir, an' yer honor," said the sailor who had been fidgeting restlessly during the little conversation.

"And who might you be?" asked the officer turning to the big man.

"My name is Dethridge, Bill Dethridge, sir. Able seaman aboard the British war brig *Butcher* in the offin'."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I'm an American seaman, sir, born in Salem, pressed into the British Navy ag'in my will, been looking for a chance to desert, but never could make



"Fire! Give It to Them, Men!"

it nohow till last night or this mornin' before day-break. Had to do it, too, becuz they're goin' to attack you in boats at eight bells midnight an' cut you out if they can."

"I was down on the point fishing, and I found him hidden in the woods there," interposed the boy.



"Heave us a Line, Sir."

"I was a wonderin' how I could git up the river to warn ye," said old Dethridge.

"I had a horse and shay and a servant waiting for me back in the road in which I brought this sailor man up here. We took a boat, the first one we could find, and here we are, sir, and please will you let us see Captain Harkness now?"

"Certainly. Mr. Middlebrook!"

In answer to that sharp call a jaunty young midshipman in blue reefer jacket with a short dirk-like sword hanging by his side stepped briskly across the deck from where he had been listening eagerly and touched his cap.

"Step below to the captain's cabin," said the officer of the deck, "and tell him that a boy and a deserter from one of the British ships off the harbor, wish to see him at once."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the midshipman, turning quickly and plunging down the companionway leading to the captain's cabin. He was back in a very short time.

"The captain's compliments, sir," he said, saluting again, "and will you be good enough to send them below and ask Mr. Manly to wait on him in his cabin without delay?"

"Very good, sir, take these two below, Mr. Middlebrook, Mr. Mendenhall—" to another little "middy"—"will you step into the ward room and deliver the captain's message to the first lieutenant?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered both the boys at once.

In a moment the new comers were ushered into the small but handsomely fitted cabin of the *Young American*. Captain Joshua Harkness, a rather stout, heavy-built, elderly man with a fine color in his weatherbeaten cheek and a bright look out of his keen blue eyes, was seated before a table finishing his supper.

"What 'tis you!" he exclaimed as the light fell upon the face of the youngster. "What are you doing here, sir?"

"Uncle Joshua," returned the boy, "this is my friend Mr. Dethridge."

"Don't Mr. Dethridge me, sir," said the seaman, "jest plain Bill, Bill Dethridge, is what I answers to, at your honor's service."

"And what have you to say for yourself Dethridge?" asked Captain Harkness, looking keenly at the old man.

"I was pressed out of the *Snow Polly* of Salem, your honor, two years ago into that ere British war brig *Butcher* w'ch she's well-named, sir, an' her cap'n, too. I'm an old seaman, sir, born an' raised down Salem way. The *Butcher* has been in the East Indies for the last two years, just lately come to this station. I've been aimin' to desert first chance I got—succeeded in gitin' away about the beginnin' of the mornin' watch. I slipped overboard with one of them lifebuoys an' managed to swim ashore. I was hidin' in the woods down on the p'int yonder waitin' for nightfall so's I could git up here without bein' shot for a Britisher 'count o' my uniform, w'en this young gent he runs athwart my hawse. He fetched me to a wagon he had hove to along shore, with a nigger pilot at the helm, then we took the foist boat we came to, an' here we are, sir."

The old man paused, quite out of breath from this long speech. He heaved a deep sigh looking around expectantly.

"Dry, are you?" asked Captain Harkness smiling grimly, as he pushed a glass across the table toward the old seaman. "Have some of that."

"Thankee, sir," answered old Bill, pouring out a generous glass which he gulped down immediately, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after he finished.

"Uncle Joshua, he says that boats from all three of the ships are coming up from the river tonight to cut you up," said the boy.

"To cut us out, Bob, out, not up. We are not meat for that *Butcher* yet," said Captain Harkness laughing heartily at his own joke.

"Yes, sir," answered Bob, laughing with his uncle, "and so I come off to tell you."

"You did well," returned the captain. "Now, Dethridge, what about this cutting out expedition?"

"There'll be four boats from the *Endymion*, three from the *Surprise* an' two from the brig. Capt'n Selby of the *Butcher* will be in command. They're goin' to row up along the east shore of the river so's to keep you betwixt them an' the guns of the fort, an' attack you an' board you with a rush over the bow, quarter, an' waist at the same time."

"What time will they leave the ships?"

"'Bout ten o'clock sir."

"That ought to bring them here about midnight."

"That was their calk'lations," returned Dethridge.

"Very good," said Harkness, drawing a ten dollar gold piece out of his pocket and pushing it across the table toward old Bill. "You can wet your whistle with this when you get ashore."

"By your honor's leave I'm not goin' ashore."

"Not going ashore!"

"No, sir. If your honor needs a good able seaman like myself I'll be glad to sign on, an' any ways I don't go ashore 'less'n you put me off the ship until I git a chance to git even with them British who pressed me an' who've treated me like a dog for two years. I think there is likely to be some doin's to-night, an'—"

"You shall stay the night," said Captain Harkness quickly, "and we will talk about the future in the morning."

"Thankee, sir," answered old Bill. "I hope to be of some service to your honor."

"Orderly," said the captain sharply.

A seaman stationed outside his cabin instantly opened it and thrust his head into the room.

"Aye, aye, sir," he exclaimed.

"Who is the officer of the watch?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Warner, sir."

"Take this man to Mr. Warner and tell him to see him stowed away for the night. I take it you have served on a man-of-war in your time?" he added addressing the old sailor.

"Yes, sir. I was a boy with Cap'n Jack Barry an' Cap'n Barney, too, in the Revolution, an' I was one of old Commodore Truxton's crew on the *Constellation* frigate, in the French War.

"How old are you?"

"Som'ers in sixties, sir."

"Very good, we will turn up a spare hammock for you somewhere and give you a chance in case anything comes of this."

As Dethridge followed the orderly out of the cabin, a smart young officer entered.

"You sent for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Manly."

"I should have been here sooner, sir, but I had just turned in and—"

"You are in plenty of time. This is my nephew, Robert Sheffield."

"How are you, young man?" said Manly smiling at the rather formal bow with which the youngster acknowledged the introduction.

"That man who just went out is a deserter from the *Butcher*, one of our friends in the offing. He is an American seaman, and was pressed out of a Salem trader just before the war began, and has been in East Indian waters ever since. This was his first opportunity to get away. He brings great news."

"Yes, sir," returned the lieutenant greatly interested, "what is it?"

"The captain of the *Butcher* is going to try to cut us out tonight about eight bells, there will be nine cutters from the three ships. Allowing twenty-five men to the cutter, that will be two hundred and twenty-five."

"We can handle them easily, sir," said Manly eagerly.

"Of course, and it will give our hot bloods a chance to cool off a little. I am rather glad of it as a matter of fact."

"Shall you notify the fort, sir?"

"Not I," answered Harkness grimly. "This is a seaman's job, we can take care of it ourselves. We shall have the soldiers guessing, too, when they hear the racket."

"Very good, sir," returned the first lieutenant smiling.

"Now, Mr. Manly, after both watches have had their supper you will muster the crew. Let me know when they are all on deck, I shall have something to say to them, and then we shall get ready for our midnight visitors."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the lieutenant saluting again and leaving the cabin.

"Gracious!" exclaimed young Bob, "he minds you quick, doesn't he?"

"Everybody minds the captain of a ship, and minds him in a hurry, too," returned Harkness briefly. "Now what am I going to do with you?"

"You are going to let me stay on the ship tonight and take part in the fighting."

"Indeed, I am not," answered Captain Harkness, "you might get killed."

"I don't believe there is much danger of that, Uncle."

"You don't, eh!" returned the veteran. "And pray what do you know about it?"

"Not much, sir," answered Bob, quite unabashed by his uncle's pleasantry. "But it seems to me that

if you have everything ready for them that the people who are going to get hurt are the British."

Harkness laughed.

"You are right, my boy, and yet, in any kind of a battle in any kind of circumstances, no matter what precautions you take, you run a risk of getting hurt. I can't let you stay, my lad, your mother must be half crazy now."

"No, sir, she thinks I am going to stay with a friend of mine in a hut where we sometimes camp for the night."

"But your negro?"

"I told Skip not to betray me."

"My sister would never forgive me if anything happened to you, Bob," mused the old man reflectively.

"I'll keep very quiet, sir, and keep out of the way as much as possible," pleaded the boy earnestly. "You know you have been trying to get her to let me go with you and—"

"It is impossible," said the captain firmly.

"But if it hadn't been for me, Uncle Joshua, you might have been captured. I found the sailor, I brought him up here, you owe me something."

"Would a double eagle help to—"

"No, and you needn't reach your hand in your pocket," interrupted the boy. "I didn't do it for money. I don't want to fight or get out of fighting for money. Other boys are on this ship, boys that I know, Ned Middlebrook, and Jim Mendenhall and Charlie Bacon, and Jack Barrett and Gus Elberg, and Fred Smith and Mike Emmett. They are all friends of mine, your midshipmen. They'll be in the battle, you said you would like to take me with you, too."

"But your mother, my lad, you are her only son and she is a widow, and—"

"I can't help that, it's not my fault. Please let me stay."

Captain Harkness looked at the youngster, his own heart and his own desire seconded the boy's appeal. He had made many attempts to induce his sister Mrs. Abigail Sheffield, a rich widow, to let him take him with him on the *Young American* her son, a boy of fourteen, as midshipman. Seven of the neighborhood boys, most of whom were his friends and playmates, had been warranted in that rank and honor, and Captain Harkness felt that nothing better could happen to his nephew than a cruise under his command. And the boy himself was crazy to go.

Mrs. Sheffield was a very indulgent mother and young Bob was a high-spirited self-willed youngster who had always had his own way, and was in some danger of getting spoiled and falling into evil habits for lack of firm discipline. In one sense, thought Captain Harkness, what the boy had said was true. The warning by which they had received word of the unexpected attack entitled him to some consideration from the captain, yet, if anything did happen to the youngster he knew just what his sister would say, how she would reproach him and—but nothing was likely to happen, and if he kept the boy upon the ship and let him take some small part in the defense the two of them might persuade the mother to let him make the cruise thereafter.

"Very well," said Captain Harkness at last, "I'll take the responsibility of letting you stay, but on condition that you consider yourself one of the members of the crew and obey my orders implicitly."

"Like everyone else on board, Uncle!" cried the



"Yonder, Sir," Answered the Boy.

boy. The next instant he threw himself on the old officer and hugged him.

Captain Harkness was a bachelor, he loved this lad as much as if he had been his own son, and yet being an undemonstrative man, this sudden evidence of his excited affection greatly discomfited him.

"There, there, there," he protested, "don't you know any better than to manhandle the captain of a ship in his own cabin?"

"But I'm so glad," said the boy. "I just couldn't help hugging you. Will you give me a gun?"

"Of course you shall have weapons," answered his uncle. "What use would a young gentleman be on a privateer without any arms. Have you had supper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must go into my cabin and lie down until I call you."

"But I couldn't sleep, sir, and—"

"The first thing you've got to learn on this ship, my boy, is to obey orders. I said go into my cabin and lie down."

"Will you give me your word of honor, Uncle Joshua, that you will have me called before the battle begins?"

"I will, now go."

CHAPTER II.

THE BOAT ATTACK AT MIDNIGHT.

A FEW minutes later Mr. Manly again entered the cabin.

"The men are assembled for'ard, sir, awaiting your pleasure."

"Very good, Mr. Manly," answered the captain, rising and leaving the cabin, followed by his first lieutenant. When he gained the deck he mounted the horse-block* to starboard and faced the crew.

"Men," he began, "one of our fellow citizens pressed just before the war on the British brig *Butcher* and treated like a dog for two years, managed to get away this morning and has brought me news that they intend to try to cut us out at eight bells to-night. We'll not give up the *Young American* to any British boats, will we?"

"No, sir, that we'll not," came from the crew with tremendous emphasis.

"I thought not," answered Captain Harkness. "There is no prize money in an adventure of this kind, but we shan't forget that we are Americans and that one of our duties is to uphold the honor of the flag."

"We'll do it, sir."

"This is a seaman's job," continued the captain, visibly pleased by these hearty evidences of approval on the part of the crew, "and we're going to take care of it ourselves. I don't intend to say a word about it to the soldiers in the fort yonder."

"Leave it to us, sir," roared out old Spicer, a big boatswain's mate.

"We can turn the trick all right," cried another.

"Three cheers for Captain Harkness and the *Young American*," roared a third.

When the noise died away the captain spoke further.

"I knew I could depend upon you," he resumed. "Now we'll have everything in readiness for our midnight visitors. Get a spring on the cable. Mr. Manly, trice up the boarding nettings fore and aft, load the battery with grape and langridge, see that every small arm on the ship is charged and ready. Don't send anyone below but let the men sleep at their stations."

"Very good, sir," returned Mr. Manly.

As the captain stepped off the horse-block Mr. Manly gave the necessary orders and in a few seconds the shrill whistles of the boatswain's mates called the eager men to their work. In a very short time the ship was completely ready for the expected engagement. Boarding nettings made of strong rope thickly tarred were stretched all around the ship above the bulwarks and tightly secured. The men were armed with cutlasses, pistols and pikes, long poles with sharp steel points; a small group of men detailed to act as marines for their skill and expertness with the rifle, was stationed on the quarter-deck. Buckets full of loaded pistols were distributed in convenient places. Heavy shot were laid in the shot racks, the battery was double-shotted with grape and langridge; the latter being bags of nails, nuts, bolts and scraps of iron, the former stands of small round balls roped around a central wooden staff. When the great guns were fired these all scattered and dealt death in every direction. Three tar barrels were prepared, one forward, one aft and one amidships ready to be lighted and thrown overboard to enable the defenders more plainly to see the attackers. The decks were sanded to give a better foothold in case they should become bloody and slippery, and last of all the surgeon and his two mates down in the cockpit arranged their surgical instruments and dressings in preparation for the wounded. Eight* bells struck just as everything was ready.

"The ship is clear for action, sir," reported Mr. Manly, saluting Captain Harkness who had been

*A small platform or grating fixed to the rail of the ship and elevated a few feet above the deck to enable the officer of the watch to overlook the ship.

*Time on shipboard is indicated by bells. Eight bells, struck in compleat, is always either twelve or four, or eight o'clock. A half an hour after the cycle of bells begins with one, an hour after two is struck, an hour and a half after three is struck, and so on. Eight bells referred to was eight o'clock in the evening. When the captain directed that he be called at seven bells thereafter he indicated his desire to be awakened or summoned at half after eleven. And when it struck eight bells again shortly after, it was midnight.

quietly pacing up and down the quarter-deck while these preparations were being made.

"Smartly done, sir. Set the watch. Tell all hands to lie down on deck at their stations, if they like, but have a bright lookout kept. If Master Dethridge's information be correct we should expect them about midnight. I am going below to turn in for a little sleep. Call me at seven bells"—half after eleven—"unless something requires my presence before."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Warner, the young officer who had just relieved Mr. Beech.

"Ah, Mr. Warner, have you the watch? Don't let anything escape your notice."

"I shall not, sir, I have got the brightest men on the ship on lookout."

"I depend on your vigilance," said the captain going below.

When he reached his cabin he went into his stateroom and looked in his berth. Bob Sheffield lay there sprawled on his back fast asleep. Captain Harkness crossed over to a spare stateroom on the other side of the ship, threw himself down on the berth and in five minutes was sleeping as soundly as his nephew.

Promptly at seven bells an orderly knocked at the door of the cabin, entered, peered into the room where the boy lay, and then opened the other and spoke to the captain of the ship.

"Seven bells, sir."

"Very good," answered Harkness, instantly wide-awake like every practiced old sailor. "Any signs of the enemy?"

"Not yet, sir."

"My compliments to Mr. Warner, and tell him I will be on deck directly."

Captain Harkness' preparations were soon made. He slipped his feet into his shoes,



"How Comes It You and Robbie Arrive Together?"

rested his neck-cloth, and put a light boarding-cap of steel on his head, then he walked across the cabin and entered the other room. He had to shake Bob good and hard before the lad awakened, but when he did realize where he was, the boy sprang to his feet with alacrity. Captain Harkness buckled his own sword around his waist, thrust two handsome pistols in his belt. From a locker he drew a shorter sword and two more pistols which he carefully examined before he handed them to the boy who quickly attached them with the small sword to a serviceable belt which he wore.

"Here is a spare boarding cap of my own," said the captain, "it is a little large for you but we can soon fix that."

He took a towel from the rack, tied it around the boy's head, and over that fitted the cap of steel to him, tying it securely under the chin by the lashings.

"You understand that you are to be my aide in the action?"

"Yes, Uncle Joshua,—sir—Captain Harkness, I mean," answered the boy saluting.

Ten minutes after he had been awakened Captain Harkness and his young aide came on the deck. It was pitch dark, the sky was overcast, not a star was to be seen. The men in their monkey-jackets and pea-coats were lying asleep around the great guns on the deck. Every light had been extinguished on the ship. A group of officers stood aft near the horse-block where Mr. Warner, with a trumpet betokening his station, leaned against the rail.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the captain.

"Good evening, sir."

"You have heard nothing, seen nothing?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Mr. Warner, get the people awakened without noise, let them get to their stations. 'Twill be eight bells in a few minutes; the enemy ought to be here by this time. Pass the word that there is to be absolute silence fore and aft, and no firing till I give the order."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Warner, turning to a little knot of youngsters. Every midshipman on board was now on deck and on the alert.

"Some of you young gentleman," he said, "quietly awaken the men and get them to their stations."

It was astonishing how little confusion there was. The midshipmen ran along the decks and in two or three minutes the men who had been sleeping soundly—except some of the younger ones who were facing their first battle—had been awakened and were clustered about the guns and masts, while little groups mustered upon the quarter-deck and fore-castle.

As the youngsters came aft and made their reports, Mr. Warner in turn reported to the captain.

"The men are to their stations, sir, and all is in readiness."

The officers saluted and vanished in the darkness. Captain Harkness and Mr. Manly, whom the captain had directed to stand beside him, conversed in a low voice. Although he was bubbling over with excitement, Bob had stood quietly enough near his uncle. His faculties were very keen. As silence settled down on the ship, he thought he heard a strange noise coming over the water against the wind. He listened intently. He was sure of it.

"Uncle Joshua," he said in a low voice, touching the captain who stood above him on the horse-block, "I think I hear something. I am sure of it."

"Where away?" asked the captain.

"Yonder, sir," answered the boy pointing off through the darkness.

The ship's head was down the river. Consequently the starboard, or right side was presented to the enemy. The tide was in full flood and the off-shore breeze was not strong enough to swing the *Young American* against it. A confused murmur arose on deck, other men had evidently heard the noise and were whispering about it.

"Silence," commanded Harkness in a low but penetrating voice.

The next instant Midshipman Bacon came running aft and saluted.

"Mr. Beech, on the fo'c's'l says he hears boats, sir."

"Aye, aye, stand by for an attack," said Captain Harkness quickly. "Pass the word along."

"I can hear them now, too, sir," said Mr. Manly.

"So can I," answered the captain, straining to listen.

The oars of the approaching boats had been well muffled with rags but it was not possible to do away with all sound, and the rustle and thump of so many oars in the row locks was now quite perceptible especially to men on the alert as were the crew on the *Young American*.

"Pass the word," said the captain again, "absolutely no firing till I give the order. Mr. Sheffield."

"Yes, sir," answered Bob very promptly.

"Step over to the other side of the quarter-deck. I station you there, and if anything approaches us from that side let me know at once."

"But, uncle, all the fighting will be on this side and—" began Bob protestingly.

Captain Harkness touched Mr. Manly on the shoulder and the latter understood he was to answer.

"You young rascal," he hissed, "how dare you question the orders of the captain on the eve of battle. To your station, sir."

In a very bad mood, Master Sheffield stalked over to the port side and climbed up on the horse-block where he stared over to starboard where he was certain all of the fighting would take place. He was not alone as he fancied, however, for leaning against the bulwarks staring seaward, was old Bill Dethridge, who having no appointed station, for reasons of his own had chosen to plant himself there.

"It is too bad. Uncle Joshua promised me that I should be right in the fighting and—"

"Trust me, sir," said the old man reassuringly. "I've got an idea that this 'll be a place of responsibility, afore we gits through this night, an'—"

"Silence there!" came the sharp voice of Mr. Manly out of the darkness.

The ship was still as death, and by this time every one on the *Young American* could hear the "cheep" of the oars. The British must have realized that fact also. Perhaps they felt something ominous in the stillness of the ship that could see dimly enough in the dark night, for at that instant a ringing cheer burst with astonished suddenness from over two hundred men in the boats on the water. It had scarcely died away before the quiet waters of the river echoed and re-echoed with a tremendous roar of artillery. Every cutter carried a boat gun and they were all discharged simultaneously point blank into the *Young American*. At the first burst of cheering, Captain Harkness had ordered his men to lie down behind the rails, and the shot for the most part passed harmlessly over the bulwarks, cutting a rope here and there but hurting no one. The next instant Cap-

tain Harkness roared with a voice that could have been heard a mile.

"Fire! Give it to them, men!"

In a moment the eight guns in the starboard battery opened with great voice,—the ship's guns were heavier and the noise of the discharge was louder than before. The ship was also a much steadier gun platform than were the small and rapidly moving boats. One boat received a short range discharge from the long twenty-four pounder, and was torn to pieces, but the rest had enough impetus to come swinging on. It was evident to Captain Selby, the British officer, that in some way the surprise had failed. They had little hope of success but they were brave men and would not give up the attempt without a gallant effort. Although one boat had been sunk and the crews of the others declaimed they dashed through the smoke and thundered alongside the ship. Grapnels carrying ladders were thrown, sailors sprang up them, filling the fore and main chains, discharging their pistols and handling their cutlasses they leaped at the rail, only to be met by the almost impenetrable boarding netting at which they cut and hacked with swords and boarding hatchets, struggling to board the *Young American*. The rattle of small arms was like the beating of drums. The British fell in numbers, while some half dozen of the ship's people were killed or wounded. The far barrels were thrown overboard, one of them was put out as it reached the water, but the other two floated right side up and burned brightly, making the scene of the battle as light as day.

Captain Harkness who stood pistol in hand on the horse-block calmly surveyed the scene and counted the boats. There were seven below, one had been sunk, where was the ninth? The question no sooner arose than it was answered. A pistol shot rang out to port followed by another and then two more and then shouts and cries.

"To port, you after guards," roared out Captain Harkness, leaping across the deck.

The ninth boat had made a wide detour in the darkness and it had come up quickly, practically unnoticed, on the unengaged side. The boarding netting was cut through when the young boy and the old sailor discharged their pistols at the boarders and then engaged them with their swords. Bob Sheffield and old Bill Dethridge had virtually saved

the ship by giving the alarm and holding the boarders back for a few moments, yet they were nearly overpowered when Captain Harkness and the little group of men aft threw themselves upon the British. Two who had mounted the rail were killed in a trice, the other boarders dropped into the water or fell back into the boat, while Bill Dethridge picked up a two-pound shot as if it had been a child's ball, leaped on the rail and smashed it down into the boat beneath, tearing a great hole in the planking. The boat filled as it drifted away with the tide and was with great difficulty kept afloat. The attempt everywhere had failed.

Captain Selby who although he had been in the thick of the fight had escaped unwounded, reluctantly called off the attack. Oars were broken out in the boats that still floated and they disappeared in the thick darkness, picking up many swimmers from the sunken boat as they passed down the river.

The last thing the British heard was three ringing American cheers, as Captain Harkness dismissed his crew from their stations and set the watch.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW MIDSHIPMAN.

THE next morning while the carpenter's mates, the boatswain's mates, and the sail-maker's mates were busy repairing damages to the *Young American*, which were not very great either in hull or sails or rigging, Captain Harkness called away his gig and accompanied by Bob Sheffield, his nephew, he was rowed up the river to New London Town.

Tidings of his famous exploit had preceded him. The officers in Fort Griswold, who had been aroused by the short sharp battle in the night and had at once sent off to inquire about it had despatched the news up to the town early in the morning. Consequently Captain Harkness and his nephew found themselves the center of a cheering, excited, constantly increasing crowd, in fact the whole town appeared to have turned out to do him honor. As soon as it was reported from the wharves that his boat was coming up the river the citizens flocked to greet him.

Nothing would do thereafter but that he must be escorted to the Town Hall and there make a speech.

This rather trying ceremony being over, Captain Harkness and his nephew entered one of the many vehicles placed at his disposal and were driven out of town a mile or so to the grand old house in which his sister, Abigail Sheffield, dwelt in solitary magnificence with her young hopeful.

Madam Sheffield had been left very well off by her husband who had been a wealthy New England merchant, and she was under no anxiety whatever as to her living. Her estate was admirably managed and she was able to indulge in whatever luxuries her fancy desired. She was also able to indulge, to his sore detriment, the whims and fancies of Master Robert, her only son, heir to the estate, and the only real joy and comfort the widow had.

She had evidently been watching for him from one of the front windows, for as the chariot drew up before the door she opened it and came out on the porch. Her first words were a question.

"Joshua," she began rather imperiously—she was cast in Captain Harkness' own mold—"how comes it that you and Robbie arrive together?"

If there was anything young Master Sheffield did not like it was being called "Robbie." Generally he resented it rather impudently, but this time he had something to gain and he kept silent.

"I—er—you see—" faltered Captain Harkness, who was as bold as a lion before the enemy, but was mortally afraid of his slender fiery old sister, "you see—"

"No, I don't see at all, Joshua. Stop shifting from one foot to the other like a nervous girl, and you and Robbie come into the house."

It was nothing for Bob to hear Captain Harkness browbeaten by his mother. She had often done it before, but he especially enjoyed the conversation that morning. He had received so many touches of the captain's autocratic manner and had witnessed so much of his inflexibly stern ship-board discipline, that it joyed his soul to see his autocrat thus subdued. The two gentlemen, the old and the young meekly followed the mistress of the house through the hall and into a fine old dining-room.

"Things you like are on the side-board, Joshua," said Mrs. Sheffield. "Help yourself, and then you will please explain why you and Robbie, who extorted from me a reluctant permission to spend the

(Continued on page 26)

A Human Aeroplane

A Young Man With Ideas

By HOLLIS GODFREY

"THAT'S the proposition. Two thousand toy aeroplanes in the cases downstairs, when we meant to order two hundred. It's not all the stenographer's fault, either. She may have made the mistake but Buckley signed the letter. So it would be up to him to make good and sell them if he was here. As he isn't, it's up to you. There are the toy aeroplanes in the cases in the basement. Here are the counters in the toy department. Now go ahead."

The manager ended abruptly, and the man and the lad stood looking down, over the railing that bordered the big well or inner court of the department store, at the busy spectacle of the passing throng beneath. Ned Armstrong's heart jumped forward a few beats as he realized the responsibility on his shoulders. "It is up to me," he said to himself. "It's up to me to sell a toy aeroplane to every one of those shoppers down there that's got a dollar bill and a youngster at home, and there's only one way to do it—advertise." He turned to the manager.

"What newspaper space can I have, Mr. Cunningham?"

"Not an inch of space," replied the manager, brusquely. "Every bit of space is in use for the whole week."

"Well, what window space can I have?" persisted Ned.

"Not a cubic foot for the next two weeks," came the answer.

"Every window is filled with more important things."

"That cuts me right off from the two best advertising mediums," said Ned. "What can I have?"

The manager stood looking out over the well for a moment. He looked up four stories to the great skylight above, then down three stories to the filled counters and the passing throng below. He waved his hand towards the wall.

"You can have the four sides of the wall on this floor for placards," he said. "Or the middle," he went on, "provided you don't shut off any appreciable amount of light."

"It's a pretty slim chance, Mr. Cunningham," said Ned. "There's not much advertising value in the well anyway. And it's a big job to introduce a new toy line in the middle of summer no matter how good it is."

"All the bigger thing for you if you succeed," was all the manager said as he hurried away.

Hot as the store had been during the day, the walk home was hotter still. By the time Ned reached his first-floor, back-hall bedroom it seemed as if the whole city was a fiery oven. Once inside, he threw his coat on the bed, stripped his wilted collar from his neck, soaked his towel in water and sat down by the open window, mopping his face and resolved to catch every particle of wandering breeze that came his way.

"Nice weather to sell toy aeroplanes," he grumbled. "Wish I could get cool long enough to think this thing out, anyway. First chance I've had to do anything worth while since I've been in the store." He stopped and sat gazing moodily out of the window at the little city yard, square and unpromising, its only distinguishing mark his landlady's brand new clothes-line zigzagging across from post to post on the fence, from side to side of the enclosure. Back and forth, back and forth along the rope the boy's eyes traveled aimlessly. The heat took away initiative. Only by a very real effort could he keep his mind on the problem before him. "There are just two factors in the problem," he said to himself, bringing back his wandering attention by an effort. "The toy aeroplanes and the well of the store. But how to bring them together to



get a solution." It proved a hard nut to crack. Indeed, he had temporarily given it up when a sudden voice from below caught his attention and he bent forward.

"It's a very hot day for the circus, Mrs. O'Brien. My dog here is just panting," came the first remark in a shrill youthful voice.

"It certainly is, Mrs. Casey, and it's hard on the children, too. Poor Johnny here. He minds it something awful, Mrs. Casey," answered an equally youthful voice.

As the words ceased the speakers came into view, or at least two big umbrellas, two trailing calico skirts, the Donovan baby and the Donovan

dog appeared, all headed for a board carefully placed across two boxes and ready for the assembling multitude. The umbrellas, the trains, the baby and the dog bobbed across the yard, the umbrellas getting into temporary difficulties with the clothes-line on the way. The various spectators assumed their respective places, the sunshades dropped back and revealed the carriers of the umbrellas and the wearers of the trains, Minnie Donovan and Mamie Donovan, seated side by side and clothed with adult gorgeousness quite beyond masculine description. The baby and the dog, placed carefully in their appropriate places on either side, gave the proper setting to the picture. The conversation went on. "An' the one big act today, Mrs. Casey, is the 'human errorplane,' so I hear. I saw him last month at the real circus—no, I mean the Barnum circus. He flew all over the big tent on a wire. He's very 'straordinary."

"He must be, Minnie—I mean, Mrs. O'Brien. I wish we could go up in an errorplane and get cool—" she broke off suddenly. "Here he is now. You must keep your child still while the act goes on. It's very terrible."

Ned, by this time thoroughly interested in Mrs. Casey and Mrs. O'Brien's visit to the circus looked with interest for the coming "human errorplane." He was doomed, however, to suffer a temporary delay. It is not seemly that circus headliners should appear without announcement, as do common performers, mere fillers in of the time between the great acts. There could be no question of lack of ceremony here. Out into the back yard arena strode the herald who was to announce the act, small Jimmy Donovan.

"Stop—Look—Listen—" he cried. "Signor Patrico Donovan, the human errorplane, the greatest slack and tight rope walker of the century, will now delight you, ladies and gentlemen, with an exhibit of his wonderful art."

Long words and all, carefully pronouncing the 'g' in Signor and the 'h' in exhibit, Jimmy rolled forth the introduction, making the announcement more impressive by his long trumpet hastily constructed out of an old newspaper.

Prompt to the minute the acrobat emerged from the basement below, and turned, exhibiting the curly red locks and ingratiating grin of Patsy Donovan. Simply and appropriately clad in swimming tights, shirt and sneakers and bearing a long wooden clothes-pole firmly grasped by its middle, Patsy turned from side to side, bowing elegantly to the applauding spectators on the bench and started straightway at his task.

Climbing the fence at one side Patsy bowed again and then started forth upon the clothes-line. Despite himself, Ned could hardly repress a shout of approval as the boy started off, footing it bravely along, and pausing now and then to wave to his admiring spectators, changing his direction at will. Apparently Patsy was quite as much at home on a tight rope as he was on terra

frma. He had traversed half the yard when he made a sudden bound from rope to rope and, facing Ned's window for the first time, perceived his hitherto unseen spectator. Patsy bowed profoundly, his grin even wider than before. Ned burst into wild applause as he leaned forward.

"Patsy, you rascal," he cried, "When did you learn to do this? Is this the way you spend your time when you're supposed to be working in the basement at the store?"

Patsy retreated along the rope until he reached the fence and a comfortable perch on the fence post before he replied.

"It's nothin' new, Mr. Armstrong," he remarked with his unfailing grin. "Only when it's hot, I do it just to amuse the little kids."

An indignant protest came shrilling from the audience. "Little kids," exclaimed Mamie. "Little kids, is it? My ain't he grand bein' fourteen and working in the store?"

Patsy waved an appeasing hand towards them. "Shut up. Shut up," he remarked amicably. "Can't you hold your tongues and let two gentlemen have a quiet evenin' chat. Be off with you now and amuse yourselves. I'll attend to your case shortly." He turned to Ned with a prodigious wink that in some mysterious fashion took in the whole side of his face. "Bein' young, Mr. Armstrong, they don't know any better. You were goin' on to inquire?" he stopped, questioningly.

"How you learned to do this, you young scamp," said Ned, laughing at the indignant but subdued audience and their self-possessed elder brother.

"Me father, Mr. Armstrong, he's dead you know five years since, he was Slack-wire Donovan. He was a wizard on the wire for fair and he taught me most all I know."

"And our cousin, Tim Murphy's one of the Java-nese acrobats straight from Java, who was here with the circus last month," broke in Jimmy.

"Yes," said Patsy, "and when the show was through one night I went up with him on the wires in the big top, an' they said they'd hire me on, but me mither she wouldn't leave me go. So there you are."

"Well, good luck to you anyway, you 'human errorplane,'" cried Ned laughing. "Don't let me break up the show any longer. It'll be dark in a few minutes now."

The back-yard circus reached a triumphant conclusion, night fell, the murmur of the hot city died away and still Ned Armstrong sat in his chair at the open window trying to solve the problem of disposing of the two thousand toy aeroplanes. Little by little the evening's scene which he had witnessed began to link itself with the problem before him, piece by piece he worked out a plan until, at length, every part fitted into its destined place. With a long yawn he stretched his weary frame as he rose from his chair at midnight and remarked to the deserted back yard, "Well, Jimmy gave me one idea, Mamie gave me another, and Patsy gave me the best one of all. I'll use all three of them and, between them, I'll have the best toy advertisement this city has ever seen. Five things to do tomorrow; see the manager; see the sign painters; see the head of the talking machines department; see some net makers and a wire rope maker. When I've attended to all those things I'll be ready to talk to Patsy. I know he'll be delighted with the idea."

Ned Armstrong was a busy chap for the next two days. There was much to do if he was to carry his scheme for selling the toy aeroplanes to a successful conclusion. Busy as he had been, the early hours of the third day found him in the big store, hurrying for dear life to complete the final preparations. Ned saw at once that the talking machine department had done its share of the work. A big phonograph stood on each floor at the corner of the inner court and the boy noted them approvingly as he scampered upward flight by flight. Reaching the fourth floor he paused to start the mechanism of one of the instruments to hear what the new record had to say. His own voice in its clearest tones came back to him from the horn.

"Stop!—Listen!—Look!—down at the aeroplane exhibit in the court. A human aeroplane will cross the open space of the well on every hour and half hour. Toy aeroplanes for sale at the toy department on the third floor. Buy one and be a Wilbur Wright yourself."

One of the sweepers, who had paused to hear the message of the phonograph, smiled appreciatively. "It's a good trick all right, but what do you say on the other floors?"

"Just the same thing," answered Ned. "Only I say 'look up' on the floor below and 'look out' on third floor. The placards on the sides of the well on the third floor will tell 'em a good deal anyway."

The sweeper walked to the broad railing, looked down and spelled out slowly the signs on the balcony sides below.

"Keep cool. Buy a toy aeroplane."

"Buy the children a toy aeroplane and they will forget the heat."

"Toy aeroplanes only one dollar each at the toy department on this floor."

"And it's the same on the other sides," said the sweeper, as his eyes wandered from side to side. "Why didn't you say something else?"

"The fewer the words the better," answered Ned.

"But what's the net for that's across the well and the rope that runs from corner to corner?" persisted the sweeper.

"Oh, it's all a part of the same game," said Ned. "Just wait and see."

At half past nine the store was already beginning to fill with shoppers. Ned gave the word to start the phonographs and stood near the one on his own floor anxiously watching for results.

A fat woman with a big netting bag, already half filled with brown paper parcels, was opposite the horn of the machine when the record began. "Stop—" it called in her very ear and she stood still as if

turned to stone. Then as the record went on she turned to go, but the next words arrested her attention and she looked out into the well where the placards caught her eye. A boy with his cap on the back of his head, and a small girl leading a still smaller sister, heard the machine and hurried up. A ruddy cheeked policeman, strolling down the aisle, halted. A tall woman in tailor-made black went by with an eye of scorn, but her steps grew slower as if against her will, as she heard the word "aeroplane" and she finally came to an unwilling stop. Ned gave a sigh of relief. "That settles it," he said to the clerk beside him. "Let me get five people around that machine and everybody else that comes down the aisle will stop too."

While the crowds were gathering, Ned hurried to a screened enclosure, opened a fold of the screen and entered. "My word, Patsy, but you are a gorgeous creature," he exclaimed as he entered.

Patsy looked himself over from head to foot. "Faith and I am that," he replied. "I ought to make an impression on the kids at any rate. The clothes ain't so bad, but it's awful not havin' any pockets in me pants. I don't know what to do with me hands, while I'm waitin'." He made a mock grimace of tragic sorrow.

"Never mind your pockets, Patsy. Are you sure you know what to do?" asked Ned, anxiously.

"If I know, is it? Sure if you niver had anythin' more to worry you than that, Mr. Armstrong, it's an easy life you'd be livin'. I know just how to work them toy aeroplanes. I set 'em off for two hours last night in the yard and they flew every time. The kids was just wild over 'em and me mither, too. All you've got to do is t' shove 'em in front of the people and they'll sell all right."

"But you won't feel bothered about the rope?" persisted Ned. "Remember there's the net below you."

"Humph," said Patsy. "Little I care whether the net's there or not. I'm as well off on a big rope like that out there as on the ground itself. Now take it easy, take it easy, Mr. Armstrong. We'll catch 'em fine, an' we've got a good thing to back it up."

A head came round the corner. "Ready, Arm-



"All the Bigger for You, if You Succeed."

strong? It's just before the hour. Shall the announcer call the act?"

"Have him go right ahead," said Ned, firmly. "Put on your mask, Patsy, and come out when you hear the last words of the announcement."

"Sure," answered Patsy with his unconquerable grin.

As Ned reached the side of the well the waiting audience was just listening to the first words of a leather-voiced shipping clerk who was using a huge megaphone to carry his words from the first to the seventh floor.

Ned looked swiftly around. The counters around the court were nearly deserted and the railings about the well on every side were lined with eager gazers, while other spectators, caught in the general movement, were craning their necks over the shoulders of the first rank.

"Stop—Look—Listen," called the announcer, "Signor Patrico Donovan, the human aeroplane, especially engaged for this purpose, will give a demonstration of the practical use of our toy aeroplanes. No child is happy without one. No home is complete in which no aeroplane is found."

He paused as ten o'clock struck. There was a sudden hush as the crowd parted at the corner of the balcony, while over some steps, on to a small platform and then out on to the wire that ran above the spreading net came what seemed to be a huge dragon fly. Great silver tissue wings led in wide planes from the shoulders and the waist, the body was clad in silver tights which gleamed in the sun, the head was covered by a silver mask, from which projected upward two long silvery antennae that gave a still more complete suggestion of the flying knight of summer days, while the slender silvery wand in the silver gloved hands terminated at each end with a toy aeroplane with fluttering linen sails.

Eagerly the crowd bent forward as the figure in the mask stepped lightly out on the wire above the nets, passed on, deftly sweeping his wings from side to side, walked out, across and back, then dropped his silver wand and started out again, this time without the balancing pole, but laden with two

boxes. The figure stopped just at the center and stood there balancing, silvery wings gleaming in the sun. With a quick movement one of the boxes was opened. A toy aeroplane appeared. Then came a quick motion, a spring was released and the toy flew upward, sailing towards the sunlit dome above. With white wings soaring like a big white bird, it flew far aloft and then swept back to fall upon the netting of the well. Out from the silence of the crowd came a child's cry, "Oh! I want it. I want it. Let me have the pretty white bird." A babel of children's voices followed as, one by one, four other toy aeroplanes soared aloft and fell, as the first had fallen, the sunlight shining on their linen wings.

The crowd began to break, and Ned saw appreciatively that no small part of it was heading for the toy counters. So far as he knew the show was done. The Celtic spirit of the performer, however, was not yet satisfied. There was yet a possibility of a dramatic crisis to be attained. With a wide sweep of his arms he beckoned for attention, raised his silvery arms high above his head, seized the long antennae, which quivered in the still air, and with one quick pull removed the mask. The curly red head of Patsy Donovan stood disclosed. A half gasp came from the audience, and as it came the widest, merriest grin that ever engulfed hundreds of freckles on a freckled boy's face, appeared on the features of the "human errorplane." A snicker from a small boy was the opening note of the chorus, a whole-souled chuckle from a negro porter was the next movement of the overture, and then a whole great wave of laughter, all started from Patsy's grin, swept from floor to floor as bowing, grinning, fluttering the youthful acrobat withdrew. Patsy had furnished the dramatic sensation that his soul desired.

Patsy's eighth performance for the day was over when the manager stood beside Ned once more in the crowded toy department. "Did you get the three extra clerks you sent for an hour ago?" he asked.

"Thanks, yes," answered Ned. "We've got twelve girls on those four tables now. And, Mr. Cunningham, don't you think we'd better order some more of the toy aeroplanes tonight? It doesn't look as if our stock here would last much longer."

"All right," said Mr. Cunningham. "Make it two thousand more. See Jameson about it and arrange to turn over the department to him on Saturday next. You can report to my office Monday. There's a desk there that's been waiting for a young man with ideas."

"OUR" COLUMN

I AM glad indeed to begin "Our" Column this first month of 1911 by wishing every one of you a happy and prosperous year and to express also a fervent "God speed you" in all worthy enterprise and endeavor upon which you may engage. I hope you all enjoyed a bright

A HAPPY NEW YEAR beautiful Christmas and that you helped to make

others enjoy it also. And about the good resolutions you have made for the year just entered upon. I hope you did not make too many, but will try to keep those you made. Sometimes as I have sat in my home in the evenings recently and thought of matters that have come up during the past months of 1910, of how many things have been omitted, of how many things should not have been done, and of how many things I would do differently if they should occur again, I have concluded that every boy should begin the year by resolving that he will live a truer, nobler, better life than he lived last year. If you boys will take just a few moments from your skating and other games and try to think back, I believe you will discover that very many times you have come far short in word and deed of your truer, better selves. Now, during these long winter nights, when the whole family, father and mother and brothers and sisters, and it may be the grandmother, are gathered around the fire, do you join in the cheerful talks and happy laughter, or do you selfishly sit by yourself, wrapped up in your own enjoyment, and when appealed to answer with what is very like a growl? When your young brother wants you to help him with his studies or his game board, do you ungraciously refuse? When father or mother enquires about your studies or your work, do you reply in a tone that hurts? Ah, boys, if such has been your habit in the past, resolve that you will never be guilty of such cruel conduct again. I am sometimes amazed at the thoughtless disrespect of boys in regard to what is due their parents and their home. They seem to think that politeness, cheerfulness, and willing obedience are altogether unnecessary, and, in fact, that any old conduct—generally bad—is good enough there. Boys, this is a sad mistake and one that thousands have regretted bitterly when in after years they thought of their boyhood home, its enjoyment and happiness, and of their hard, unfeeling, careless conduct. Yes, resolve that there shall be an alteration, and begin now. Don't put it off because you are ashamed to show your feelings. The only way to do a thing is to do it.

How often I have heard boys say of something told them "It can't be done." They just know "It

can't be done" and they give up trying further. Many men also have left books unfinished, inventions incompleated, and let opportunities go past them on account of this very same reason; they know it can't be done. Now, let me say, altho' you know a thing can't be done, that doesn't prove anything. History tells us that when the proposition was ventured to build a boat of iron, many wonderfully learned scientists declared that an iron boat couldn't float, but we know now that

(Continued on page 32)

The Gage of Battle

A Story of English Boy Life in the Days of Chivalry

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

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 Louterell 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 Severies. 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. Geoffrey makes a friend of Robert Hamworth, another page, and they have plenty of sport together. The blacksmith explains to the lads the different parts of a knight's armor which the boys find most interesting. Geoffrey appears before Lord Rumsley and as a result he is advanced to esquirehood. While the two boys conspire to attend the fair at St. Leonard's village, a party of knights and retainers arrive at the castle. Both Geoffrey and Robert immediately take a dislike to the leaders of the party.

CHAPTER VI.

"HO, Geoffrey Severies. Ho, Robert Hamworth," cried a companion squire. "Hasten thou to Master Manty. Waste not time in the going, for, by my life the old bull belloweth so the battlements quiver." "What wanteth old Ursus now?" cried Geoffrey springing to his feet. "Grammercy to him, my back hath not ceased tingling from his latest attention and must he now pleasure me so again?" "Nay, I think this no matter of a beating. There is feasting tonight in the castle, yea, and minstrelsy and merrymaking. My lord hath guests of quality and ye are wanted to serve at table."

"Who be these guests? We saw them as they entered."

"That I know not, but Master Manty will tell ye. Aye, an' ye do not hasten he will tell ye somewhat else, I trow."

"Come then, Robert," said Geoffrey over his shoulder as he strode across the yard. "This good advice and were best followed."

Old Ursus as the lads nicknamed Andrew Manty half in love and half in derision, was indeed bellowing his loudest. Esquires and pages were running hither and thither spurred on by his roaring voice, and given added incentive now and then by a goodly buffet on the ear. As the friends entered his office and the eyes of the old squire fell on them he banged the top of the table before him until it leaped into the air and creaked for very agony.

"Ho, loiterers. Ho, sluggards. Must I e'en send horses for ye to ride on to me when I would have speech with ye? Here be great matters waiting on ye. Here be guests of quality to be served. Here is a feast to be laid out, tables to be set forth, work to be done, and ye tarry and hide and lag along the way. By my good right arm, had I but time to give ye I would teach ye a lesson in promptness. He ye to the dining hall. Run! Scurry! Be off with ye!"

Chuckling with ill-restrained laughter Geoffrey and Robert did as they were bid. In the great hall there was time for little besides the duties assigned to them. The long table must be set forth and furnished. The floor must be fresh spread with rushes, for in those days this was the only covering over the floor of the room in which dinner was served. Many were the tasks and chores to be completed before the company who were to occupy the table came to take their places.

One thing the people of those days possessed and that was beautiful table linen. Rough as were their manners, uncouth as they seem to us when we look back at them from the civilization of the twentieth century, they did present certain refinements which we today may well envy.

After a time the company entered the room and were seated about the table—such as were entitled so to be seated, for no squire might sit at meat with his master, rather it was his duty to sit at the lower end of the hall and there to watch the plate of his lord, seeing ever that he was served and that he wanted for nothing.

At the head of the table sat Lord Rumsley; at his right the stranger knight of the crafty visage. Him Geoffrey could not but regard with concern; the lad's eyes, no matter how he strove to hold them elsewhere, insisted upon returning to the man's face. Other knights and gentlemen, retainers, neighbors, guests of lord Rumsley occupied the remaining seats.

Each squire took his place behind a guest, whom it was his duty to minister to, and among the squires was the son of the ill-favored knight, who acted as personal attendant to his father. Presently

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

a trumpet sounded without, heralding the approach of the first course, the beginning of the meal.

Through the door entered a pompous, portly servant bearing on a huge silver charger a boar's head, ornamented, with gilded teeth glittering in the light of the flaring flambeaux. Before this bearer and behind him walked a marshal with a white wand. The duty of these was to repel any attacks made on the food by over hungry guests ere it should reach its proper destination. Behind these walked other liveried servants, two and two, carrying covered dishes containing savory viands.

As each course was disposed of another was set forth, its coming heralded by a flourish of trumpets. The plates upon which the diners placed their food were not removed with the courses, but were carefully wiped by their squires. There was a great abundance and variety of dishes; meats and all sorts of game were served in profusion. After these more stable foods followed: pastries done into strange, picturesque shapes such as miniature ships, animals, houses and other designs conjured up in the fancy of the cook. Lastly the great nef was drawn in, a huge wheeled, silver vessel loaded down with fruits and sweetmeats, for these men of old were no less possessed of the sweet tooth than are the lads of today.

Last of all came great flagons of Gascony or Rhine wine, together with plates of spices which the guests nibbled as they drank. Today we hear much of vast flagons of wine drunk by knights and barons during their feasts, but much of this is untrue, and more is exaggerated. In those days there was little drunkenness. Wine was partaken of in moderation, for these men were primarily athletes. On the condition of their bodies depended their lives, and it behooved them to see well to their health and physical condition.

During this meal the squires, when opportunities presented themselves, were served at the further end of the hall, and here it chanced that Geoffrey



"And Thou Art to Stay Among Us!"

and Robert were seated across the board from the strange squire, son to the guest of honor. He was a fellow of few graces, eating with no daintiness, having no regard for his companions. Little speech came from him, and that ungracious. At last Robert, overcome by curiosity, enquired his name.

The young man glowered at him as if in two minds about replying at all, then said surlily that his name was Phillip Louterell. However, as his hunger grew less with the inroads he made on the food his tongue grew somewhat looser.

"Tis my sire ye see at the right of your lord. He is Lord Henry Louterell, of whom ye may have heard somewhat." This was said blatantly, with vanity, as though the young man were sure of impressing his hearers with his importance by the announcement.

"He is making a journey?" suggested Robert.

"Nay, he but bringeth me to take service with Lord Rumsley. I am to be squire among ye, and to learn, for my father regardeth the teaching at Rumsley castle highly."

"And thou art to stay among us?" asked Geoffrey, with ill grace.

"Yea, Lord Rumsley hath been pleased to accept me, and I shall stay."

"Hast had schooling elsewhere?"

"In my father's castle of Monstone," replied Louterell, "there have I had such learning, and been given such instruction in knightly exercises as was meet."

Geoffrey, casting his eye over his shoulder saw that the plate of the knight he served was all but empty, and plunged off to see it properly replenished; and so busy was he kept thenceforward that he had scant time to snatch what he desired himself to eat without indulging in any conversation with Robert or the new esquire Louterell.

After the feast, as he was crossing the courtyard to rest himself on the cool greensward beyond, old Robin Bowman came hurrying after him.

"Slacken thy steps," cried the archer. "I have that I would say to thee forthwith."

Geoffrey waited until the older man was abreast of him, and together they pursued their way to the soft grass at the base of the wall.

"I would speak with thee concerning a matter of import and, I prithee, pay heed to my words. Let them not fly in at the one ear only to go pouring helter-skelter from the other."

"I am giving heed," said Geoffrey.

"An evil man is this night housed in Rumsley castle," Robin muttered. "A fearsome man, a man to avoid. It cometh to mine ear that he leaveth his son among us to be taught the use of arms. 'Tis of this man and of his son I would speak. Heed my words, or by these five finger bones thou shalt regret it to the latest day thy life endures."

"The man is named Henry Louterell; lord and baron he is and high in the king's favor. Avoid thou him. Let him not so much as see thy face an thou canst prevent it. As for the son, in the time that he stays in Castle Rumsley, avoid thou him. Be not friend unto him—nor enemy an thou canst help it. Hold not conversation with him save only when thy duties require it."

"One other thing I tell thee, and this may be for thy great benefit one day. Observe him closely in his ways. Watch him unobserved when he rideth in the tilt yard, when he runneth with the lance, when he wieldeth sword or axe. In those points wherein he excelleth make thyself master; and if in any knightly exercise thou perceivest weakness, of that thing make thyself doubly master. Forget nought of this matter, nor babble of it."

Abruptly the old archer arose, turned on his heel and strode away leaving Geoffrey breathless, wondering.

That night the lad lay long awake pondering. What had this Louterell to do with him? Wherefore was he, particularly, warned against his friendship? And chiefly, why was he to observe the other as he learned skill in arms? It was a puzzle he could not solve.

In no way did he connect the words of Robin Bowman with that other conversation, the one in Lord Rumsley's chamber, when the earl desired to know of him if he dared risk life to regain honor for a dear one, fame for himself, and to favor a benefactor.

CHAPTER VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING Geoffrey's certainty that Andrew Manty would refuse him permission to attend the St. Leonard's fair, that worthy gentleman raised no objection, only cautioning the lads to be within the walls ere nightfall. How readily their promise to do this was given is easily to be imagined.

So they set off at an early hour, trudging the hard, dusty roads; now passing between the broad, cultivated farms of the neighboring abbey, now entering the shade of deep, dense forests. Blithely they hurried forward, now and again calling greetings to some other traveler faring also to the village. Ere long the way began to

assume a gala aspect. Men, women and children, trudging or riding, were met with more and more frequently, until, as St. Leonard's borders were approached the stragglers became a throng, a procession which moved along merrily towards its day's pleasure.

In Geoffrey's day the Fair was by no means the comparatively unimportant institution it has become today. Then it was not a show so much as a vast market. It is true that farmers exhibited their stock to the admiring gaze of their fellows and of the townsfolk. It was not, however, with hopes of winning a blue ribbon, but with a view to sale. The Fair was, in short, the place where the Englishman did his shopping.

The internal trade of England was carried on mainly by means of these fairs. At several points throughout the realm great fairs were held annually; and elsewhere, as at St. Leonard, lesser fairs were permitted for the benefit of those who could not travel far afield. The fair was a necessity, not a show. If merrymaking and games accompanied the occasion it was rather as a minor issue. In that day there were few shops, and these ill stocked at best; in the main they provided only the barest necessities, and when your householder of Merrie England wished to make his year's purchases of clothing; when he wished to lay in his supply of wines, or to secure for a special occasion trinkets or jewelry or hardware, it was to the fair he went.

In the gaudily decorated stalls and booths were exhibited for sale Italian silks and velvets, French and Spanish wines, fine linen from Flanders—in fact, everything dear to the heart of the housewife or essential to the farmer or townsman. Here was the chief opportunity of any to put forward any wares he had for sale.

In high excitement Geoffrey and Robert wandered between the rows of booths, eyes wide with wonder, ears open to catch every sound. Now they paused to stare at a display of cutlery sent down by a Bristol merchant, again their attention was distracted by a troupe of jugglers, or by a dandy fresh

from London town flouting his well-fitting cotchardie, parti-colored and beautifully embroidered, richly worked purse ornamented with arabesque designs swinging from his leathern belt. And it is no wonder if the lads were half envious of him, half amused, especially at his hood, which covered his head, fitted tightly about his neck and ended in a cape, jagged at the edge; but it was the liripipe—the long, tube-like extension of the peak of the hood which must have impressed the lads chiefly, for it was then a thing coming into style, and worn by those who affected the extreme in fashion. Odd it was indeed, looking for all the world like a gaily colored bit of garden hose hanging from the back of the man's head.

On all sides merchants in sober colors and clothes of quiet cut, elbowed each other and bustled about tremendously as they exhibited their wares. In and out of the maze archers in leathern tunics swayed red. Now a beggar with black hood stuffed at the two peaks until they stood stiff from his head, one at either side, entreated the squires for alms; but most of all was the bear ward with his trained bruin, and a strange sight was he with his leather hood and cloak, with his sturdy, somewhat bandy, legs strapped to the ankle. Bold he seemed to the boys as he led his black charge about by a ring in his nose, compelling the bear to perform all manner of quaint tricks.

All these people and things and much besides were eagerly watched by Geoffrey and Robert, and let it not be supposed that they failed to listen to the minstrel with his songs, or to watch and listen enthralled to the mummers as they strove to entertain in their booth.

In an open space on the common were the village butts where archery contests were being held, and here, owing to Robin Bowman's careful instruction, Geoffrey found himself to be much interested. Eagerly he watched the archers as they contested, criticising their manner of holding the bow, of drawing the string, of loosing the shaft. One tall bowman in particular interested Geoffrey, a forester evidently, from his livery of green. He seemed a merry enough fellow, laughing and chaffing his competitors, yet careless as he seemed, when it came his turn to shoot his shaft was found nearest to the bull's eye.

"Ha, Will o' Twynham, well sped. Well sped, lad. Truly thou didst nick the bull's eye," he cried cheerily. "Loose thy shaft easily, yet quickly, and the ox may yet be thine."

Again he called encouragement to a younger lad, a farmer by his garb. "'Tis a pretty piece of yew thou hast. Have a thought to the wind, and shut not one of thine eyes as was thy wont. Steady. Draw even to thine ear. . . . So. Well I knew 'twould find the ring as thou loosed the shaft. Thou're born to be master bowman, Giles Ploughman." So he continued throughout the shooting, ever jolly, never envious, encouraging the disappointed and praising those who had shot well.

Once more it was his turn to face the butts. Tall, lithe, ever smiling he stood idly fingering his long bow. With deliberation he selected a gander-winged ash shaft from his quiver, balanced it on his thumb and glanced idly at the mark. In a second his apparent carelessness, his slowness vanished. Quicker than tongue can tell he had loosed three shafts in quick succession, so quickly that the third was well on its way before the first thundered into the white at the middle of the target. Like twin echoes came two other thuds and the three shafts were seen to form a triangle about the exact center of the bull's eye. It was wonderful shooting even for that day of marvellous marksmanship and the crowd applauded noisily.

Geoffrey could not contain himself, and waving his cap madly in the air shouted with the best of them, "Bravely drawn. A rare shoot." So loudly did he shout that the tall forester who stood at no great distance turned toward him, smiling his amusement. With a friendly gesture he approached the lads and addressed Geoffrey.

"I thank thee, young master, for thy praise. Meseems thou thyself hast the build of an archer. Mayhap thou lovest the yew bow and the clothyard shaft?"

"Yea," responded Geoffrey. "That do I."

"Mayhap thou wouldst like to shoot?"

"Nay. I came faring here but for pleasure, and to see the sights. I have neither bow nor arrow."

"An thou wouldst have a try at it I will see thee armed."

Geoffrey hesitated. Like all trained bowmen he loved the weapon and dearly delighted in its use. "I be e'en a sorry archer besides thyself," he said lowly, yet, an thou wilt be so kind as to lend me proper bow, I will do the best that is in me."

"Bravely spoken, young sir. Right bravely spoken, and right boldly will the undertaking be, I doubt not." Then he raised his voice and shouted, "Ho, neighbors, here standeth a bowman without his bow who desireth to shoot at yon mark with me. Who will give him the loan of a weapon?"

A dozen offers came in answering shouts. "Here, Miles Spotford. Here."

Miles selected carefully and handed Geoffrey a bow and quiver of arrows.

"Two yards windage," said the forester.

"Yea," replied Geoffrey, "two yards it is."

Windage is the allowance that bowmen must make for the stirring of the air. Good marksmanship consisted not alone in the handling of the bow, but in judgment of distance, and of the greatest importance, in estimating the force of the wind and how much it would carry the arrow from its course. In this instance Miles estimated that he would have to shoot at a point two yards away from the center of the target in the direction from which the wind was blowing in order to hit the mark. Geoffrey was in agreement with him.

"I will shoot first," said Miles, "and give thee that advantage."

"Grammercy for thy courtesy," replied Geoffrey. "Loose thy shaft an I will endeavor to follow as best I may."

Miles stepped forward to the line, advanced his right foot, drew the notch of the arrow to his ear and released the string. There was a twang, a humming sound as the arrow sped, and a faint thud from the target. Miles' shaft was seen to quiver on the very line dividing the bull's eye from the circle which surrounded it. It was evident to Geoffrey that the forester did but try him out, setting an easy shot at first not to fill him with discouragement, and the lad's heart warmed toward the tall woodsman.

"Canst better that?" asked Miles laughingly.



Heads Craned Forward to Follow the Flight of the Arrow.

"That I know not," responded Geoffrey, but there was no nervousness in his bearing, no uncertainty to his hand, his heart beat no faster than was its wont. Slowly he drew the bow and lightly loosed the shaft. Every eye watched its flight to the target and there was a shout when it was seen to fall at the very side of Miles' arrow, so close that the goose feathers of the two mingled—and Geoffrey's was nearer the middle of the white.

"Well shot. Well shot, by mine eyesight," roared Miles. "I see I have no raw youth to deal with, but an archer in very sooth. Who has had the teaching of thee, young master?"

"One Robin Bowman, archer in the service of my good lord Rumsley."

"What, art pupil of old Robin's? Then hast had good teacher indeed. Oft have I heard mine uncle speak his name in tales of the Scotch wars. Now will I shoot my best against thee, and bid thee look to thyself."

This time he shot with greater care, and his arrow quivered and sank in the exact center of the white. The crowd hurraed and tossed their hats in the air, for it was a perfect shot, one impossible to surpass.

"Bravely shot," Geoffrey said cordially. "Thou hast indeed given me somewhat to shoot at." So saying he selected with utmost care a shaft that suited precisely his fancy. Slowly he advanced to the line, and with the greatest deliberation eyed the target. Then he placed arrow to string, drew and loosed. As he prepared to shoot a hush had fallen over the crowd, a hush of tense excitement, for they recognized the fact that they were witnessing archery that was not to be seen on every day of the year. Heads craned forward to follow the flight of the arrow, then came a gasp, the quick token of astonishment, and a shout of wonder. Geoffrey's shaft had fallen upon the very notch of Miles' arrow, had severed it in twain, and buried its head on the identical spot in the very center of the bull's eye.

Miles danced for very glee, and seizing Geoffrey in his arms, planted a resounding kiss on either cheek. "Ho, lad after mine own heart," he cried, "this day hast thou proven worthy of thy teacher. An archer thou art, by the twang of string. I have met my match and more than my match."

It was generously said, and right gently done, and Geoffrey blushed with pleasure.

"Come thou with me," cried the delighted Miles. "Come I prithee to my father's house, there to quaff a flagon of good, brown ale. It will pleasure much my sire, and eke my good aunt Martha. Bring thy friend and let us off, for by mine hilt my throat is parched with so much shooting and shouting."

"Gladly," returned Geoffrey, and calling to Robert they shouldered their way through the crowd and strode off in the direction of the home of Miles' father.

"My sire is a weaver," Miles informed his companions, "and though his trade be more peaceable than most he doth delight to hear tales of brave deeds, and greatly will he be pleased to hear of this day's shoot, for even he, before a plague of stiffness fell upon his joints, was an archer of note."

Miles discoursed of his family and their affairs as they threaded the shady lanes of the village, patterning on jovially for the very love of it, seeming to enjoy greatly the sound of his own pleasant voice.

"And that good dame, my Aunt Martha," he said, "Verily she will ooze joy at the sight of ye, for the worthy woman loveth to wag her tongue to strangers. Aye, and it may not tire ye to listen to her for she hath seen stirring times."

Presently they entered the tiny, thatched cottage, and were proudly introduced by Miles to his father, and to his Aunt Martha who came bustling in from the kitchen to see who was under the roof.

"Geoffrey Severies and Robert Hamworth," she repeated. "And ye be squires in Rumsley castle?"

"Yea," Robert answered courteously.

Meantime Geoffrey was staring at the good wife in perplexity. Vaguely familiar was her face, indistinctly, hauntingly familiar. Had she been in service at the castle? No, that was not where he had seen her, he felt certain. Her face belonged in a picture in the dim recesses of his memory, and the rest of that picture he could not see.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE good dame turned to Geoffrey and considered him a moment before speaking.

"Thy name is Geoffrey," she said softly. "'Tis a name that I much love. 'Twas so my little lord was called."

Tears filled her eyes and Geoffrey, moved by a sympathy he could not understand, asked gently, "And he is dead?"

"Nay," replied Martha Spotford, and fell silent, refusing to enter again into the conversation for a long time. At last, however, she addressed Geoffrey again.

"I prithee, young sir, be there others of thy name in Rumsley castle?"

"Others called Severies?" he asked.

"Nay—Geoffrey."

"None among the squires or pages, good wife, and none I wot of among the men-at-arms or others. In truth I believe I be the only Geoffrey in the lot."

"Hast been of Rumsley castle long?"

"Yea. My mind recallesh no time when I was not there. From my infancy have I been ward to my Lord Rumsley."

Dame Martha drew her chair closer and peered intently into Geoffrey's face, longingly, almost appealingly, as though she hoped there to discern some longed-for resemblance. But Geoffrey took no note of her eager attitude, of her extraordinary interest in his features. Lightheartedly he listened to the homely talk of the old weaver, or to the more sprightly conversation of the forester son, Miles. Toward Dame Martha he maintained the grave courtesy which the laws of chivalry demanded that all men show in their demeanor toward all women, no matter what their degree.

A look half of unbelief, half of wondering joy overspread the wrinkled face of the woman. Tears appeared in the corner of each eye and rolled unhindered down her wrinkled cheeks, and she whispered softly to herself, so low that there came no sound, only a scarce perceptible movement of the lips. "My little lord. My little lord."

Thrusting the tears away hastily lest they should be observed Dame Martha spoke again to Geoffrey, and now there was a note in her voice which caused him to look at her with a renewed interest, with a softening of the heart as though that voice came from one he knew and loved. Again he became aware of an impression of haunting familiarity with her face, haunting, elusive, impossible to set in its place or time.

"Dest know an archer in Rumsley castle, lad? A long-shanked, gangling lout of an archer, blue of eye and thin of face who hath a right merry turn to his nature? Methinks, if he be yet alive he hath reached somewhat of mine own age."

"Thou hast described mine excellent friend, Robin Bowman, whom the saints assoil," answered Geoffrey.

"Yea," the goodwife said absently, "such was the name. So did he call himself."

"He hath been good friend to me since I stood no higher than the bend of his knee, goodwife. There is none I have known before him, and in turn he hath been nurse, teacher, counsellor and very good companion to me. I know not why he hath been so attached unto me. At times it hath seemed a thing singular and not to be understood, yet I have joy that it is so, for, by my soul, I do love good Robin Bowman greatly."

"Aye, Master Severies, and so thou shouldst," interjected Miles, "for who but he hath given thee such skill with the yew bow. Methinks, an I were in thy shoon, I would honor him next to my sire."

"My sire," said Geoffrey gravely, "I never knew. It hath been told unto me that he came to his end in battle when I was but a babe."

Hastily Dame Martha arose and left the room, and presently there was a great clatter, made by the good woman, to hide the sound of her grief, so her nephew said.

"It is because her thought runs upon her old master and upon the little lord," he explained.

"Methinks there must be a tale connected with the matter," ventured Robert.

"Yea," Miles responded. "It befel a dozen years ago and more. Mine aunt was serving woman in the house of her lord, tire woman unto her lady and afterwards when my lady was no more, nurse unto the little master. It fell out that the lord did have a most bitter enemy, and this man seizing a pretext, did, by foul, unkindly means, slay the good lord and burn his hold. Aye, in the guise of messenger bearing tidings of import did he win to the hall, and there treacherously smite the good lord to his death. Mine aunt, being sore affrighted, did gather the little master in her arms and flee to the woods with him, where she laid him under a tree to sleep. While he so slept she crept back to see how fared the castle and its defenders, and when she returned unto the place where she had left the babe he was gone. Never hath she seen him from that day, and it hath cast over her life a shadow of sorrow."

"And hath she no knowledge of what befel the child?" asked Geoffrey with emotion, for he had been much touched by the story.

"That I know not. Sometimes methinks she knoweth more than she careth to have known; at other times I fear me the sorrow hath somewhat touched her brain."

"The good dame saith the child was named Geoffrey like unto myself," said the young squire. "Mayhap 'tis for that reason I feel a keener interest in the matter. Truly 'tis a sad tale. Would that I might one day meet this catiff knight. By the Thorn of Glastonbury, as Robin Bowman sweareth, I would then serve him out, an the strength to do so were given mine arms."

"If so be thou canst handle lance and sword as thou dost bow and arrow, my master, then, an he were a very Guy of Warwick, thou shouldst lay him low," Miles observed with conviction.

For a long time the lads remained in the house of the weaver, but Robert grew restless at the end and whispered to Geoffrey that, and they did not leave speedily, they should see no more of the fair, and would be late home to Rumsley castle, incurring thereby the wrath of Andrew Manty. So they took their leave, promising to come again when permission could be had.

As they turned to pass through the door Dame Martha laid her hand, trembling, on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"When thou returnest to Rumsley castle," said she in agitated tones, "seek thou out Robin Bowman, the archer, and say unto him that Martha Spofford, an old friend, stayeth in the house of her brother the weaver in St. Leonard's village. And should his memory be dim so that he hath forgotten, tell him it is the serving woman he met distracted in the forest full thirteen years ago. I trow that will call me to his mind."



"'Tis a Name that I Much Love."

"I will bear thy message faithfully, goodwife," Geoffrey promised.

Until scant time remained to walk the distance between St. Leonard and Rumsley castle before sundown Geoffrey and Robert wandered through the village, staring at the sights and delighting in all they saw and heard. At last, however, they tore themselves away, and by dint of hard trudging arrived in time to make good their promise and escape censure.

Mindful of his promise to Dame Martha, Geoffrey at once made search for Robin Bowman, and delivered the message.

"Is it indeed so," said Robin gravely. "Scarce can my senses credit it." Then he looked sharply at Geoffrey. "What more said this woman to thee? Mayhap she told thee things of interest to thee?"

"Nay, not that I can call to mind," responded Geoffrey in all innocence. "Truly her nephew narrated unto me a sad tale concerning the lord in whose service she once was, and of the loss of his little son. 'Twas a sorrowful tale, good Robin."

"And named he this lord to you?"

"Nay," Geoffrey said hesitatingly. "Or if he did I recall it not now."

"Dost remember the tale?"

"Yea, it sticketh in my mind. This lord of Dame Martha's had a powerful enemy who slew him by foul, unkindly means. To save the little son, Dame Martha, then nurse unto the child, ran with him into the forest, where, by mischance he became separated from her and lost so that she hath never seen him from that day until now."

"And hath she had no tidings of the child?" Robin asked with particular interest. "Hath she no inkling of what befel him?"

"That I know not," Geoffrey answered. "Her nephew, Miles, is of the mind that she doth have some knowledge of him, but never can she be persuaded to speech concerning that part of the matter."

"Did this goodwife question thee much about thyself?"

"Yea, she put many questions to me touching on my childhood and my parentage. Also she asked much of thee, desiring to be told of the friendship between us. No sooner did she become aware that

my name was Geoffrey than she stared and stared again until I was fain to believe her somewhat touched 't the brain."

Robin Bowman paced to and fro uneasily. This chance meeting between Geoffrey and his old nurse troubled him greatly. First, because Geoffrey might set his mind to figuring on the matter and it might cause him to ask questions which it would be hard to answer; second, because the woman, Martha, might, by careless speech, betray her knowledge that Geoffrey Severies, squire in the household of the Earl of Rumsley, was none other than Geoffrey Linmouth, son of Lord Linmouth, whom the king deemed to have been traitor and whose lands had been declared forfeited and bestowed upon Lord Louterell. Should the secret of Geoffrey's identity come to that evil nobleman then would the fat be in the fire, as Robin Bowman expressed it to himself. Nay, more, Geoffrey's life would be in the gravest jeopardy.

Immediately the old archer hastened to seek audience with Lord Rumsley. Though the hour was somewhat late the earl received him, well knowing that no matter of light import caused the old retainer thus to present himself.

"My lord," said Robin, louting low, "the woman is found."

"Whom mean ye?"

"The woman who was nurse to Geoffrey. The woman I met in the forest."

Lord Rumsley moved forward in his chair, his eyes brightened with pleasure and he rubbed his hands together as evidence of the satisfaction these tidings brought him. "Who hath found her?" he asked.

"None other, my lord, than young Geoffrey himself."

The earl started to his feet, an expression of apprehension clouding his face.

"Doth the lad know—?"

"Nay," Robin reassured him. "He knoweth nothing. But the woman recognized the lad; that could I tell from his story."

The earl pondered the matter while Robin stood respectfully awaiting his lord's commands.

"Go thou to this woman without delay. Question her. And when thou hast done insure her silence. Here," tossing a purse to the archer, "be moneys. Be generous with her. Let her want for nothing. Tell her that great matters are dependent upon her strict silence. Waste no time."

Robin bent again before the earl and turned toward the door. "Stay," said the nobleman shortly. "Hast seen the young cub of Louterell's who hath come among us for his teaching?"

"Yea, my lord."

"What think ye of him?"

"A surly cub, an ill-mannered cub, an unbeaten cub. Truly my belt nigh unloosed itself from my waist at the sight of him. Yet, my lord, an he cometh to manhood and fulfilleth the promise of his youth he will be a stout man and dangerous, a knight to be feared."

"'Tis so that I see him myself. Hast spoken to Geoffrey concerning him?"

"Yea, my lord. Right carefully did I caution the lad against any friendship with the new squire. Also I urged that he avoid quarrels or enmity. Yet, methinks, that were useless an I have read the pair of them aright. Two such lads are bound to become un-friends. Geoffrey hath a high temper. The other will provoke him I doubt not."

"Aye," said the earl. "Speak thou of it to Andrew Manty. Bid him let the young cockerels fight an they do not too much damage to one another. Yet, bid him see to it that matters go not too far between them an a quarrel should arise."

Robin left the apartment and soon was a-horse, pounding over the country roads toward St. Leonard and Dame Martha.

(To be Continued.)

A Young American Hero

By FORREST KEITH

WE have fewer more inspiring records of heroism on the part of one who might still be called a boy than that of young Midshipman Godfrey de Courcelles Chevalier who accomplished the great feat of saving sixteen lives on the first day of October when the barge of the battleship New Hampshire was swamped by the waves in the North River. The barge was filled with sailors who had been given shore leave and were returning to their duties on the New Hampshire. The word "nervy" is hardly strong enough to describe young Chevalier's feat. The accident occurred after dark, and under conditions that would have caused some brave men to have hesitated before doing as the gallant young midshipman did. Guided by the cries of the drowning sailors he swam out in the darkness and rescued man after man who could not swim. A fact worthy of mention is that young Chevalier is a little chap who weighs but one hundred and twenty-five pounds, less, probably, than any of the men he saved weighed. He had great difficulty in getting some of the frightened sailors to safety because of their terror and the way in which they clung to him. When he had saved sixteen men he was evidently so exhausted himself that it would have cost him his own life had he attempted another rescue, and he was kept from doing so by a sailor who held him back and kept him from jumping into the water and going after another man. We have not in all the history of our navy a more splendid record of high courage than that displayed by this plucky and youthful midshipman. In spite of his efforts and all other efforts

that could be made twenty of the unfortunate sailors were drowned. This is declared to be the greatest loss of life ever sustained by a battleship not



Midshipman Godfrey de Courcelles Chevalier, U. S. N.

engaged in battle, and without the loss of the ship. It was a tragedy that might have been averted with care.

Young Godfrey de Courcelles Chevalier is a Massachusetts boy from the town of Medford, a suburb of Boston. He is also an Annapolis boy, where he was a popular student and one greatly interested in athletics. His athletic training combined with his fine courage and the fact that he did not lose his head under the most exciting circumstances resulted in the saving of the sixteen sailors who could not swim, and who would surely have been lost but for him. There is little doubt that young Chevalier will be remembered by the Carnegie Hero Commission when it makes its next awards to our American heroes and heroines who have risked their own lives in the saving of the lives of others.

Test of Fitness

"The truest indications of a boy's fitness for the life of a mechanic or engineer may be obtained in the following way," said Milton P. Higgins, a representative of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers: "Make a careful, quiet, honest investigation into the boy's life, as to habits of work and study, as to his personal habits of order, as to how he spends his evenings, Sundays and holidays, as to his love and care of tools for mechanical work, especially as to what he has actually constructed with tools before he was fourteen years of age." That seems a good test for fitness in almost any line of work. They are the things that count most in character building.



A Queer Company that Took Refuge In this Pool in the Morass.

Hair-Face, the Son of a Wolf

A Story of the Great Woods

CHAPTER IX.

HEARD IN THE SILENCE.

By CLARENCE HAWKES

THE latter part of February, of the same season when Hair-face had rescued Roderick from the fury of the lumbermen, the young Scotchman was sent across country to a neighboring lumbering camp, where for a day or two he was to help with the scaling of the logs because the local scaler had been taken sick.

There had been a crust on the snow for several days, and Hair-face, who had been hunting assiduously, had cut his feet so badly that he could hardly stand, so for the first time in two years he was left behind.

His master tied him in the stable and explained to him as well as he could that he might not accompany him and was not to make a fuss. At first the wolf-dog was nearly heartbroken at being left behind, but Billy, the stable boy, was very good to him, and he finally decided to make the best of a bad matter.

The second day after Roderick's departure it began to snow, and all day and all night long it came down steadily. The second day, toward noon, the storm ceased and men and teams got busy breaking out the camp and the log-roads which had become badly blocked.

About five o'clock Billy was bedding down the horses and making them snug for the night, when he noticed that Hair-face, who was lying asleep in his corner, was whining.

Thinking that he was the victim of a bad dream he went over and spoke to him, and to his great astonishment the wolf-dog leaped up with bared fangs and glaring eyes. His mane was erect and every hair upon his back bristled and every muscle of him seemed quivering with rage. Billy beat a hasty retreat into a distant corner while Hair-face still stood glaring about, winking and blinking, not yet quite sure of himself, or where he was. Then, his eyes lost the look of uncertainty, and their light was like two glowing coals in a campfire. With a sound half roar and half howl he sprang against his strong chain. Once, twice, he sprang and the second time the snap straightened and he was free. Straight towards the door he rushed, but it was shut, so he turned to the window, and with a mighty bound, went crashing through it carrying glass, sash, and all before him.

Billy rushed to the opening and peered after him eyes bulging with fright. The wolf-dog was running like the wind, belly to earth, making a bee line through the woods to what, Billy could not for the life of him imagine.

Five minutes later a belated teamster came in declaring that the wolf-dog had gone mad.

"Faith, an' he wuz runnin' like the ould Harry was arter him. No dog in his right mind cuts up sich dldoes. I tell you he is mad."

Meanwhile Roderick had made a successful trip to the neighboring camp, and had completed his work of scaling, and the third afternoon, when the storm had let up, had started for home in spite of the remonstrances of the lumbermen, who knew better than he how deep and heavy the snow was and how it would weigh him down.

When he had covered about half of the distance back to the home camp one of his snowshoes broke, and as the break was a bad one it took some time to mend it. Not only did this consume time, but the shoe now gave out at the old break every mile or so, and he was obliged to stop each time and repair it. This, together with the very hard traveling, so delayed him that when night fell he had covered barely half the distance back to camp. At first his plight seemed more uncomfortable than alarming for the weather was not so very cold and he would not freeze. To think of making a camp was out of the question as he had no matches with him. The snow was very deep, but not impassable. He could not find his way by the stars, as the night was cloudy, and there was not light enough for him to travel by the lean of the timber. There was little

else for him to do but keep walking so as not to get cold and wait as patiently as he might for the coming of morning.

About seven o'clock, when he had been tramping to and fro in this hopeless manner for perhaps an hour, a long, high-keyed, desolate howl floated down the aisles of the snow-laden spruces to his ears. He had heard this cry too often to be uncertain as to what it was. He knew it at once to be the hunting cry of the great gray wolf.

Then he remembered with some alarm that it had been a very hard winter for all the carnivorous wood folks. A lean year as they say. These great brutes must be hungry, and he was unarmed. He had gone light in order that he might make a quick trip.

At this point in his thought he heard a slumping sound in the snow near at hand, and whirling about saw a wolf, a giant of his kind, standing not thirty paces away eyeing him hungrily.

At the same moment he heard a similar sound in an opposite direction, and, turning about beheld another wolf. Presently, these were joined by two more, who paused at about the same distance away and stood watching him intently.

The sudden appearance of this wolf pack, at such close quarters so amazed Roderick, for he had seen no signs that he was being followed, that for a moment his mind, usually so alert in a crisis, refused to formulate a plan, and in this moment of hesitation he lost very valuable time.

Being unarmed, his best course was to climb a tree, but he stood with his back against a little poplar until the pack had drawn in so close that for him to select a better refuge than this offered, was out of the question.

When this alternative did occur to him he shinned up the tree for six or eight feet, getting up just high enough to be out of the way of the wolves when they should spring for him, but his perch was a most uncertain one. The tree, which barely bore up his weight, swayed and bent horribly, and the limb upon which his feet rested seemed weak.

In his flight up to this doubtful perch he had taken one of the snowshoes with him, but it was a very poor substitute for a club, and besides he did not dare move about enough to use it for fear that any movement might either break the limb upon which he stood or cause the tree itself to bend down so close to the ground that the wolves might spring up and get at him.

It was a position that could not be maintained for a very long time and the question was, from what source could any possible help come.

For fifteen or twenty minutes the poor fugitive clung to his desperate position while the hungry pack beneath tried their best to get at him. At first they came and sat in an expectant circle about the tree, looking up with their yellow phosphorous eyes, their lips wrinkled and their fangs bared. Then they tried springing at their prey, and at each spring their cavernous mouths opened and occasionally their white teeth clicked, although they could not reach the man within a foot or two.

Then their leader, a taller and more powerful wolf than the rest of the pack, stood upon his hind legs and put his paws as far upon the trunk of the tree as possible, reaching his sharp nose up hungrily.

Roderick thought that he got much too close for comfort, so he reached down with the snowshoe and aimed a smart blow at the brute's nose. But his movements were not as quick as those of the wolf, whose head was jerked back just far enough to escape the blow, but whose powerful jaws closed upon the snowshoe. At the same time the animal leaped to all fours, giving a strong pull upon the weapon.

At first Roderick thought to keep hold of the snowshoe, but the wolf pulled so hard and quickly and the tree bent so violently that he let go to save himself, but this action was too late, for the center of gravity had been moved so far from immediately over the butt of the tree that when Roderick let go

his hold upon the snowshoe the sapling did not recoil as he expected, but slowly bent lower and lower, each second bringing him a few inches nearer the upstretched jaws waiting to receive him.

In moments of supreme peril like this in which the young Scotchman now found himself the mind takes no account of time, but tells off days, months or years with lightning-like rapidity. It can, when forced to do so, make a marvelous kinoscope of memory and put years into seconds.

So Roderick, suspended in mid-air, with the yawning jaws of the pack beneath him, saw many stirring scenes in his life, and particularly the struggles of two wolves that he had trapped several years before. Then he had been the victor, but now it was their turn. The wheel of fortune had turned and he was on the under side. In imagination he saw his limbs being torn and the red blood spurting from the wounds. He even saw his bones, white and fleshless as they would doubtless be in another hour.

All these and other horrors raced madly through his mind and cold sweat stood upon his forehead in great drops. Then the grim, gaunt old wolf, leader of the pack, made a mighty spring and caught the young man by the toe of the boot and held on just long enough to give a strong tug upon it. This added weight was too much for the brittle poplar, which snapped with a report like the crack of a pistol bringing man, treetop and all down into the springing, snapping, eager wolf pack.

This catastrophe was so sudden, and the treetop made such a swishing as it fell, that for one moment the wolves sprang back, but as they saw the man struggle to his feet they were upon him.

As a dying man clutches at a straw, Roderick reached for the snowshoe when he fell and, with this poor weapon clenched fiercely in his hand, he made his last stand. He swung it about his head like a mad man, striking in all directions and all the time kept up a hideous yelling, hoping by mere noise to hold them at a distance.

For a few seconds these tactics worked, but the wolves soon discovered that noise did them no harm and came at him with deadly intent. Again and again he struck them off, but the snowshoe had no sharp corner. Its ends were nicely rounded and struck merely a glancing blow. Twice he stunned members of the pack, but in a second or two they were up and at him again.

Soon their long jaws began to rip his clothing. First his coatsleeve went, and then a wolf laid his pant's leg open for the entire length. Rod's superhuman efforts made his breath come in short gasps. Already the force of his blows was diminishing. A few more seconds and all would be over as far as he was concerned.

In the very thick of the fight, when all four of the wolves had sprung at once, and all but borne him to earth, a fifth wolf, much larger than any of the pack, cleared the nearby thicket at a bound, and with two more great jumps landed fairly in the tree top at Roderick's side. The struggling man saw him coming, but was too spent and the movements of this newcomer were so quick that he could not ward him off. Besides he could not see plainly, for his eyes were dim with the exertion he was making.

Instinctively his hand went down to clutch the great wolf by the throat and dislodge him, if possible, but his grip relaxed almost as it touched the wolf's coat, for it fell upon a stout leather collar, thickly studded with tacks. Frantically his hand clutched again at the wolf. It trembled so that he could scarcely control it. Then a cry of joy broke from his lips. It was Hair-face.

Hope, like a bright flame, leaped up in the young man's heart. New strength flowed freely into his exhausted muscles and he gripped the snowshoe, crying, "At them, Hair-face. Give them fits. We'll lick them yet."

The great dog-wolf, whose heart was fairly bursting with love for his master, and with fury for his assailants, needed no urging. Like an avenging fury he fell upon the pack. At the first rush he caught one of the young wolves in the side of the throat

ripping open his jugular vein and put him at once out of the combat.

But in another second the grizzled old wolf, the leader of the pack, was upon Hair-face and the two trained fighters struggled like giants in this death game. They sprang like lightning, and their great jaws met in each other's shoulders and faces. Blood flowed in tiny rivulets. One of the young wolves wounded Hair-face badly in the flank as he struggled, but still he fought on,



"At 'Em Hair-Face, Give 'Em Fits."

while Roderick used his snow-shoe with might and main upon the two remaining wolves.

At last, with a lightning-like spring, Hair-face caught the old wolf fairly in the throat grip and, contrary to his wolf instinct, held on. Deeper and deeper he sunk his fangs into the old fighter's throat, each second shutting off his wind more effectively. The leader struggled frantically to free himself, but it was useless. Hair-face held him with a grip like steel. Presently he found the jugular vein in the old wolf's throat. This was the beginning of the end for the old warrior's strength was going, and presently he sank down in the snow gasping out his life and the two remaining wolves fled in panic.

Soon Hair-face released his grip upon the old wolf and stood over him watching his life ebb. He no longer growled or roared, and Roderick thought, for the look of rage in his face, there came an almost wistful expression. The breathing of the dying wolf grew feebler and feebler, and Hair-face still stood above him watching, but his thoughts were not of the snowbound forest, or of the dying wolf before him, for his memory was serving him queer tricks.

He saw a moonlit meadow where a patient old wolf taught three eager wolf dogs to catch mice, and he remembered with pride that the teacher always favored him. He saw the den by the rocks, and the old wolf bringing home a rabbit for his three hungry whelps, while he himself went supperless to bed. He saw the pitiless snowbound forest and the bull moose at bay, while his sire again and again risked his life that he might win meat for his whelps.

Then as the old wolf gave his last gasp, kicked and lay still in death, Hair-face tenderly licked his face, softly caressing the ugly visage. It was his dog heart that had spoken for the dead wolf was his sire.

Roderick looked on in amazement until he remembered that Hair-face himself had once been a wolf, and then he thought he understood. "Never mind, old fellow," he said cheerily. "It is all in the day's work. He would have done it for you if he could."

The man's voice aroused Hair-face from his dreams of the wolf life and he came and licked his master's hands again and again and snuggled in under his arms and got as close to him as possible, telling him in the plainest dog language that his surrender was complete and that every ounce of strength in his body and every ounce of strength in his frame was his master's for all time.

CHAPTER X. THE RED RAGE.

WHAT a thing of beauty and grace is the green, luxuriant, primeval forest in summer time. The forest where the profane ring of the ax has never been heard, and where the breast of Mother-Earth is still unscarred by the hand of man. What a wealth of life, of growth, of fragrance, and what a quiet spell it casts over one, inviting tired man to lay his troubles at the feet of nature and be a care-free child again. The light in the deep forest is a half twilight, like that in some mighty cathedral, filtered through green-stained glass windows; only the light of the forest is purer than that of the temple. Its carpets are as soft and luxuriant as those in the church. The foot sinks as noiselessly in the moss as in the most costly Persian or mosaic rug. Its pattern, too, is infinitely more pleasing than that of the rug, for nature never repeats. You cannot find, no matter how long you search, one blade of grass that is quite like another. There is no frond but has some peculiarity all its own. God was not so busy when he fashioned the universe but that he found time to make a new pattern for each of his creations, no matter how tiny it was.

Of all the countless, inconceivable number of snowflakes that have fallen to earth the microscope has yet to discover two alike.

The incense also in the woods is sweeter and more alluring than that of the church, for it teems with life. Each fragrance, each aroma tells a story all its own. A story of life that throbs and yearns towards the light, that expands and fulfills its destiny.

The choristry in the woods is sweeter, more melodious than that in the church, for what human vocalist can chant like the hermit thrush? Not only do the birds sing, but a hundred little crawling, creeping things all have voices of their own. Sweet little undertones and overtones in the great Te Deum.

Into this sanctuary of the Most High come the lumbermen in obedience to the call of commerce.

From morn till night the ring of the ax resounds in the cathedral aisles of the woods. Great sentinel pines and spruces, that have seen half a dozen generations of men come and go, totter upon their broad stumps and fall to earth, and "Great is the fall thereof."

The ferns, the mosses, the creeping vines are ruthlessly crushed and killed. For green freshness and growth there is sawdust and chips, bleeding tree-stumps and death. Death, dearth and desolation.

Go through the green woods in the summer before it has been despoiled and then again the following spring, in the wake of the lumbermen, and you would not recognize it for the same place.

The tops of the fallen giants, which in their haste and greed the spoilers of the forest did not even limb out, are piled mountain high. In every direction there is a tangle of dead limbs, chips and dirt, sawdust and treetops.

But how soon nature begins to repair the terrible desolation! Presently creeping vines will cover the chip dirt, fungi and lichens will grow upon the stumps, and tiny saplings will shoot up to take the places of their fallen sires.

Such was the condition along ten miles of trail which Roderick traversed every other day with the tote team.

The trail led through two years' cuttings further on into the wilderness. But this fourth autumn of Roderick's connection with the Ottawa Lumber Company was quite different from anything that the young Scotchman had ever known, as far as nature and the woods and fields were concerned.

Usually there had been six inches or a foot of snow when he began his trips, but this year there was barely enough to make the ground white, and so the trips had to be made on an old wood-shod sled, which would run smoothly where an iron-shod sled would scratch.

Even this little snow disappeared the first warm day after its appearance and the ground was as dry and crisp as it had been before. No rain had fallen since the middle of August and the country was in the clutches of the worst drought old lumbermen ever remembered experiencing.

In midsummer even the leaves turned a sickly yellow, beginning with the trees upon the uplands, which usually turn latest. The fronds also curled up their long, graceful leaves into fantastic shapes as though they writhed and twisted in agony from the great thirst that was over all the land. Springs, that had not failed in the memory of man, went dry. The smaller streams either went entirely dry or were reduced to merely a succession of pools, with rocks and sand between. The grass withered to a brown crisp. It was so dry that the sheep partially gave up grazing and nibbled the leaves from bushes, which were still greener than the grass.

Dust was everywhere. It lay thick upon the grass and wild flowers. The walls and fences were covered with it. It was in the very air that you breathed. The sun rose in a yellow haze and set in a blood-red sea of fire.

The birds and all the four-footed denizens of the forest were ill at ease. Their great mother nature was sick, and all partook of her malady.

The crow clan often flew home to roost in the spruces when the sun was still three hours high. The eagle wheeled ceaselessly in the troubled sky, and screamed when there was apparently nothing to scream about. A muskrat had left his native stream, which had gone dry, and actually came into the village and ferociously attacked a peaceful pedestrian, and had not desisted until knocked senseless with a club. "He was mad," an old woodsman said, "and who could blame him? When nature herself had gone mad, why should not her little furry children who were so dependent upon her caprices?"

In the deep woods, or what had been the deep woods before the lumberman's ax swept it, the drought was still more apparent.

All summer long the gum and the turpentine had been frying from stumps and the ragged ends of limbs. The chips and the chip-dirt had been drying and baking. The myriad needles upon the dead treetops, no longer supplied with the life-giving sap, had turned to tinder. In fact, all of the forest waste, that the lumberman had left in his wake, was tinder. The dead leaves, the wrinkled fronds, the brittle dead limbs, the pitch-covered stumps, the chip-dirt, all were like a powder mill. Impotent in themselves, yet holding in their impassive grains and fibers the power of a terrible holocaust.

Old lumbermen shook their heads and looked anxiously each day towards the dry, hot sky. Both the sky and the earth had a ghastly look, that made even the most familiar places seem new and strange.

On the morning when Roderick started for his second trip to the Point there was a strong gale blowing from the northeast, and this made the lumberman more anxious than ever. Hair-face was not in camp when the team left, and Roderick did not wait for him, knowing well that he would soon discover that he had left, and follow.

About half an hour after the team left the cookee ran screaming and gesticulating from the mess room. He was a little Frenchman and very excitable ordinarily, but now he seemed fairly beside himself. He waved his arms about his head shouting, "Py gar, Francois done one pig fool ting. We all burn up for suah, now."

Even as he spoke a great cloud of smoke came pouring through the roof, almost immediately followed by a tiny flame,—the red tongue of evil.

The cookee had been frying doughnuts and the fat had caught fire. He had lost his head and pitched the kettle into the corner of the room, which had been in flames almost before he could turn around.

For one second the tiny flame on the roof flickered and quivered, uncertain of its power, and then it felt the strong wind and knew its hour had come.

Like a demon, a thing of life, a serpent, a monster, it leaped ten feet into the air, sucking up a small whirlpool of dust and powder from the roof of the

building. Powder, that had been drying and baking all summer long in the scorching sun. Particles that already trembled and vibrated with warmth. Matter, already partly consumed by the scorching summer sun.

As the bright pillar of fire swept this cloud of dust into its great red mouth it roared with triumph. It leaped and danced with glee, and it hissed like some great serpentine fury that gloated over its prey so near at hand.

Again the monster leaped and this time an old weather scarred pine above the mess-house caught. For five seconds the flames traveled uncertainly in the lower branches, and then, with a rush and an exultant whoop, sprang to the top of the tall tree, gaining at once the advantage of a crown fire. For a moment it burned bright in the treetop, as though waiting for new strength after the climb, then as a strong gust of wind struck it, leaped twenty-five feet into the air, roaring like an insensate thing as it sprang. Like a red devil it towered above the surrounding tree-tops, leaping, hissing, lashing, spurring out greedy branch tongues of flame in every direction.

Exulting, lashing itself into a devilish fury, the red rage of nature, the life and the warmth of the world gone made. The most terrible destructive force in nature, before which men are as flies, once it sets its red seal of destruction upon the landscape.

At this point a dozen lumbermen came running breathless into camp. Their swarthy faces were white with fear. Their voices were hoarse with excitement and rage. They pointed, they gesticulated, yet were as helpless as the forest itself, while the great demon in the treetops leaped from sentinel pine to noble spruce, impartial in his fury, opening his great jaws of fire and engulfing an entire tree at a mouthful.

Yet there was not much immediate danger for the men. There was a strong gale blowing, and they could go to the leeward of the fire, but the camp was doomed, and the cuttings of the two previous years would be swept clean, and God only knew how much more. It might run clear in to the Ottawa river with this gale behind it.

Just at this point in the development of this holocaust of nature the tall, gaunt form of Hair-face came racing excitedly into camp. He ran first to the stable and then to the trail leading to McGregor's Point. One sniff at the dry earth told him all that he wanted to know. Anxiously his wrinkled, hairy face was lifted to the lurid treetops, where the great pillars of fire leaped like red devils. Now they had all felt the strong gale at their backs and began a mad race towards the Ottawa. From treetop to treetop they leaped, taking fifty feet at a jump, running like the wind behind them.

In a swift second Hair-face observed all these things, then the tough sinews in his mighty frame stretched themselves, his whipcord muscles unloosed, as he stretched his long racing length to mother earth and covered the trail toward McGregor's Point as only a mighty wolf could.

In the treetops above him the flames roared and hissed. Bits of burning twigs fell about him. The air grew unbearably hot, a thick smoke, like a sea of fog, rolled ahead of this sea of fire.

It was verily the crack of doom. The red rage of nature revenging itself upon impotent man, for all his desecration of the ancient woods. Her revenge for all his despoliation.

Meanwhile Roderick, all unconscious of the sea of fire that was galloping through the treetops behind him, was jogging slowly on his way to McGregor's Point. The first intimation that he had of danger behind, was gotten when he mounted a rise in the trail that passed over a ridge at this point. As he came out upon the crest of the hill he noticed a flock of crows flying over with great haste. The crow is usually a leisurely flyer, but these crows seemed in great hurry, besides they were squalling excitedly. When they had passed Roderick turned his head and looked back along the way he had come.

To his amazement the entire horizon line in his rear was ablaze. The sheet of flame looked fully a mile wide, and it was coming towards him at a pace that made his cheek pale as he looked. Here and there tall pillars of fire told where a giant tree was wrapped in its winding sheet of flame. Constantly these tall pyramids of fire leaped from point to point, but always towards him. The smoke from the holocaust was barely half a mile away,



Caught Him Frantically by the Sleeve.

and Roderick fancied that he could hear the roaring of the monster as it approached, engulfing the dry forest as it came.

This fire must be running thirty miles an hour, he thought. With the wood-shod sled and the horse he could not make ten, but perhaps he might keep ahead of it horseback.

In less time than it takes to tell it he had unhitched the horse and was upon his back racing for dear life. He had picked up a stick as he sprang upon the horse and he now plied it with all his might, for it was a case of spare the rod and lose not only his life but also that of the good steed.

But the trail was very rough. The horse slipped and occasionally nearly floundered upon the treacherous leaves and the yielding moss. The harness, which he had not had time to make secure, flopped about ceaselessly. It was a mad race for life, with danger at every point. A misstep and a fall for horse and rider would be fatal.

Still another disadvantage was found in the fact that the trail was crooked. It did not always proceed directly away from the fire, but wound in and out through the most favorable ground, yet the unblazed trail was so uncertain that Roderick dared not leave the beaten track to cut across country.

For ten minutes they sped on, and although he lashed the horse frantically, yet the fire gained steadily on them. The thick clouds of smoke that rolled for half a mile ahead of the whirlwind of flame was already about them. Now he could hear the roar of the pursuing monster, and it was like that of a mighty cataract.

Occasionally a burning twig would fall across their path catching the leaves upon the ground almost immediately, and these little outbursts of flame enabled the whirlwind of fire to travel more rapidly.

The horse was now as much terrified as Roderick and needed no whip, but strained its every muscle. Every time that the trail made a sharp turn or doubled back upon itself, Roderick groaned. Their lives might hang upon a minute of time, for he felt sure that once out of the cuttings of the past two years the fire could not run so rapidly, and perhaps he could distance it if he could keep up this pace for four or five miles more.

But the roar of the flames behind grew louder all the time, the smoke in the air grew thicker, and the falling of sparks and bits of burning bark about them became more and more frequent.

The cloud of smoke was now dense about them, and the great leaping pyramids of fire were barely half a mile behind.

Anxiously Roderick turned his head to get one more look at the advancing sea of fire, and to estimate his chances for life, and in that second of inattention to the trail and his flying steed, something happened that took away the slight fighting chance that he had possessed the moment before.

For at the instant that he turned his head a low limb from a tree beside the trail, just such limbs as he had been dodging all the way, caught him under the chin, the obstacle brushed him from the horse's back like a fly and the steed galloped frantically on, leaving him sprawling by the trail dazed and uncertain. But the horror of his situation soon aroused him and he was up in an instant running after the flying horse for his life. There was no hope of overtaking him, and it was now a race on foot, but he must make the best fight that he could for life. So he set his teeth hard, leaned far forward and ran as he had never run before.

Even at his utmost pace, which he could not maintain for over half a mile, the fire bore down upon him with alarming swiftness. The smoke grew more dense, sparks fell constantly, and the air thickened as though with the blackness of his doom.

Deer, running with the speed of the wind raced frantically by him. Foxes, belly to earth, stretched their supple limbs and sped by like red streaks. Large birds flew screaming overhead. The rabbit, terror lending wings to its usually fleet limbs, flew by like a flash. Everything in earth and air seemed to be outstripping the poor man in his race for life. Cold sweat stood upon his brow, and his breath came in quick gasps, five minutes, yes, three minutes more and the flames would engulf him. Even now the smoke was so thick that he could hardly breathe or see, or was it partly the exertion that he was making that dimmed his sight?

Despair clutched the young man. It was horrible to die like this—a rat in a trap. To be burned to a crisp, like a brush heap, without being able to do a thing to save oneself. Was there no help, in earth or heaven?

Then his toe caught under a projecting root, and he fell heavily. For a second he did not rise. What was the use anyhow? It was all over.

In this moment of uncertainty, when hope flickered and almost went out in his heart, a great gray shape sprang through the gloom and a cavernous mouth was closed upon his arm. The teeth did not sink in his flesh, but tugged frantically at his clothes, and a flash of intelligence like a bright flame illumined his brain. It was Hair-face.

With a glad cry Roderick sprang to his feet, and somehow hope again leaped up in his heart. He had a strange intuition that his good old friend had come in some miraculous way to save him. Else, why had God sent him in this hour of peril, but how was the miracle to be wrought.

Roderick turned to flee along the trail and away from the fire, calling to Hair-face to follow, but the wolf-dog caught him frantically by the sleeve and pulled him to one side, indicating plainly that they should travel directly across the path of the fire.

For a second Roderick hesitated, and then the meaning of the dog's action dawned upon him. It was utter madness. They could not make half the fight in that direction that they could running directly away from this whirlwind of flame.

Again he started along the trail, but this time Hair-face in his insistence tore the sleeve from his coat. Feeling that it did not much matter, the young man followed. Frantically they raced through the scorching woods, the burning twigs falling all about them, and the main army of flames only a furlong away.

Presently, Roderick noticed that his feet sank deep in soft moss, and then with a glad bark, Hair-face, who was one jump ahead of his master, plunged into a small swamp pool, not over thirty or forty feet in length, and perhaps twenty wide.

Roderick followed and hope, which dies hard in the young, again burned high, and the wonderful instinct of his wolf-dog was at once apparent to him.

The wilderness creatures, from the beginning of time, had taken refuge from forest fires in lakes and streams, and this was the best substitute for it that there was at hand.

To prove that it had been Hair-face's wild instinct that had guided them hither, there was another wolf in the pool near by them, and also a bear, a buck and two does, and half a dozen small creatures which bobbed about uncertainly upon the water.

It was certainly a queer company that took refuge in this pool in the morass. The buck and his slayer, the gray wolf, the bear and the man who is always looking for his coat. Truly, the "lion and the lamb were to lie down together" upon this terrible day.

While Roderick looked trying to make out in the darkness who his strange companions were, the smoke settled like a thick pall over everything and the heat grew almost unbearable. Sparks came down upon them in showers, and occasionally burning brands fell hissing in the pool.

Hair-face was lying with his entire body submerged and only the tip of his nose showing, and his master followed his example. Surely his wild instinct was the best guide in such an extremity.

When the heat became so fierce that he could no longer stand it at the surface, Roderick would plunge his face under water, and when he could not longer breathe, he would come to the surface again for fresh air. But at such times the heat quickly drove him under again. Finally he hit upon the expediency of covering his face with his cap, which had been drenched with water, and this partly protected him from the heat and at the same time gave him a chance to breathe.

But at best it was a frightful ordeal. The buck plunged frantically from time to time, as though about to break away and flee into the fire. The bear also was most uneasy, and plunged from side to side of the pool trying vainly to find a cool spot. Only the man and the wolf-dog, and the real wolf, seemed to have intelligence enough to appreciate all the facts in the case.

For half an hour, and it seemed to Roderick like an eternity they sweltered and choked, alternately ducked their heads under the water to escape the terrific heat, and then came to the surface to drink in some of the smoke-thick air.

Hair-face and Roderick kept side by side, and the wolf-dog occasionally snuggled up to his master as though to tell him that it was all right.

Finally the heat abated a little, although the smoke was still thick as night, and they could at last keep their heads above the water all the time. When they had lain for another hour in the seething pool they came forth, covered with mud and grime, but safe and sound.

Slowly they picked their way through the still smouldering forest, where the red rage had set its black seal upon everything. It was a desolate scene.

Dearth was everywhere, but what did it matter, as long as their lives had been spared.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WILDERNESS CALL.

ABOUT the first of February, when the wilderness was in the Titanic grip of old winter, when spruce and hemlock and laurel were snowladen, when the throbbing of the very heart of nature had almost ceased, because of the intense cold, Roderick and Hair-face made their last trip with the tote team, although neither appreciated, as they wound in and out of the ghostly aisles of the forest, that it was for the last time together.

There seemed to be some instinctive knowledge of coming separation in the mind of the wolf-dog, for he several times jumped upon the load and wriggled up as closely as he could to his master, as though he would fain express the great dog love that welled up in him, to the obliteration of all other feeling.

That night, when Roderick arrived home, he made the horse snug for the night as usual, and then reached under the seat of the pung for the little rifle that he always carried upon these trips, the gun that had brought him many a partridge or rabbit as he threaded the forest aisles.

But the rifle seemed to be caught in the horse-blanket, and the young man holding the gun by the muzzle pulled to free it. There was a sharp report and without even a groan Roderick fell forward upon the barn floor with a bullet in his heart.

With a spring Hair-face was by his side, and his frantic howling and barking soon brought the boy's father to the barn.

Help was at once summoned and strong arms lifted the young man and bore him into the house, where they laid him upon a bed. Hair-face crowded as close as he could to the legs of the men as they carried his master, a look of unutterable anguish on his wrinkled, hairy face.

The doctor was at once brought, but he needed only to place his hand upon the boy's wrist to read its pulseless story, for Roderick was dead.

When the physician had gone, heartbroken old Hair-face took up his position by the bedside, and would not leave it except to allow them to do some of the necessary things for his dead master. He did not offer to lick his friend's hands or face, as he would have done had the man been alive, but simply rested his muzzle upon the pillow near the man's face. There he stood like a statue for hours keeping a last death-watch by the one human being in all the world who had been kind to him, doing this reverence and love for his dead god, for the man had been as a god to him, all powerful, all wise, all beneficence.

Towards morning for a few minutes the wolf-dog deserted his post and went out into the open, just as a man often does with his grief.

A few seconds later a high-keyed, desolate howl, mournful as the moaning of the wind, or the cries of the screech owl, floated back into the room where the dead boy lay.

Roderick's old mother went to the window and saw poor Hair-face, his long nose lifted towards the star-gemmed heavens, pouring out his grief to the pitiless night. His outcries were not full-throated, but half-stifled howls, that rose and fell like the sobbing of the night wind. Soon he returned, however, and again took up his position at the side of his master.

It was a sorry little procession that the following day bore the body to the burying ground, where it was laid to rest.

The sky was overcast and leaden, as though the very heart of Mother Nature ached, and as they wound their way up the hill to the churchyard, it began to snow.

When the minister had said: "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," and the little company were about to leave, Hair-face sprang into the grave, as though he too would fain be covered up with his master. No amount of coaxing or threatening would make him leave. Some of the villagers were for shooting him, but Roderick's father would not hear of it.

"Let him alone," he said. "I know just how he feels. He will soon understand that it is no use."

So they went away and left Hair-face snuggling down as flat as he could upon the pine box that he

(Continued on page 51)



Popular Science Department

A DEPARTMENT OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PROFESSOR A. HYATT VERRILL

How Postcards Helped a Naturalist

Thomas Bennett:—The clipping from N. Y. "Herald" describes the remarkable "Solenodon" of San Domingo, several specimens of which were recently brought home by Mr. Franklin Adams. I have since learned from Mr. Adams that these have all died and that the only specimens alive in captivity are in Boston. Until four years ago there was only one specimen of this creature known in all the world and that a very poor fragment in St. Petersburg. At that time I made a special trip to San Domingo in search of the Solenodon and secured three specimens, and while others have since been obtained, mine were for several years the only ones known and the following story of how I found them may interest you and other readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

found the Solenodon if it had not been for the picture-post-card craze. Before I left for San Domingo I had a large number of post-cards printed with a picture of the animal on the back. Underneath this picture there were printed some lines, stating in English, German, French and Spanish that I would purchase specimens of the Almiqui, alive or dead.

As soon as I reached the island I began to distribute these cards all over the country and as the people are very fond of pictures of all kinds, and had caught the post-card fever as well, they always kept the cards and showed them to all their friends.

It was not long, therefore, before the Solenodon cards were scattered over the whole island as I traveled about. As no one could tell in what part of the island the creature was once found, I depended on this method for finding someone who would recognize the post-card portrait.

It was only a short time after I arrived, that I first heard news of what I sought, when an old man told me he had seen them in some caves, several miles away across the bay.

He seemed so sure of the Solenodon being there that I decided to go and see for myself.

It was a long and tiresome trip, to one of the wildest and least-known parts of the country, but the more uninhabited the locality the more chance there was of finding the animals.

We reached the caves safely at last, and what wonderful caves they were, to be sure! I wish some of my readers could see them. Each

was in a queer, conical hill and as the country about was covered with these hills and as nearly all the caves were connected underground, you can imagine what a labyrinth they formed. The caves were very lofty—often 100 feet from floor to roof, and were dazzling white, with beautiful stalactites hanging from the roof and huge stalagmites rising from the floors.

In some places, great pieces of the roof had fallen in and through these, bright sunlight streamed down and glistened on the limestone crystals till they glittered like diamonds and the cavern looked like Aladdin's cave.

In some of these openings, palms and other trees had found a foothold and looking up from the darkness far below, you could see the green, waving trees and blue sky far above and even hear birds singing and see parrots fluttering about in the tree-tops.

The prettiest and strangest part of the caves, however, were the floors. These were all covered with pretty sea-shells, several feet in depth, and as all were fossil it proved that the caves were at one time beneath the sea.

Although this was all very wonderful and strange, yet no sign of the Solenodon could I find and while I was not at all sorry to have seen the caves, yet I was greatly disappointed at the failure of my first trip.

Some time after this I was paddling in my canoe down a winding, sluggish river, when around a bend came two dugouts crowded with the most villainous lot of men I ever saw. They were wild and ragged, with swarthy complexions, gleaming black eyes and bristling beards and were armed with guns, knives and machetes and looked for all the world like some of Drake's or Morgan's old buccaners suddenly come to life.

As I made it a point to give my cards to everyone I met, I stopped these fellows and handed them some, asking them if they had ever seen the animal. By the way their faces lit up I knew at once they recognized the picture, and sure enough they did.

They proved to be much better men than one would think from their looks, and told me that in the part of the island

At another time, some one told me of a little island in the bay, where the creatures had once been seen, and there I went, bag and baggage. It was a lovely place—a real island gem—with waving palm trees, white, coral sand beaches and dense forests, filled with wild pigeons, wild goats and wild cattle. How my boy-readers would have enjoyed roaming over that island, for the place was covered with ruined forts and buildings of the old buccaners who once had a stronghold there. These ruins were not built up of stones and mortar, but were cut from the solid rock itself and even the roads, stairs and embrasures for cannon were formed in this way.

I camped on the island for a week, but I found no signs of my animal, and at last I gave it up and bidding good-bye to the island and ruins started on a fresh scent.

This time it really seemed as if I was on the right track, for the people told me they knew the Solenodon well and that it was still found in the vicinity.

These people were descendants of American colored-folk who went to San Domingo many years ago. They called the animals "Ground-hogs" and said they came out of their holes only at night and rooted about like pigs. They also stated that they were timid, stupid creatures that could not run fast and that when chased they stuck their heads in the nearest hole or bunch of weeds and lay still, thinking themselves safely hidden.

One of these men even said, that a few weeks before I arrived, his dogs had actually killed one of these "ground-hogs" and he offered to guide me to the spot, to see if I could find the bones. We found the place readily enough and after poking about among some rubbish in a small cave, we found the skull of the Solenodon. It was crushed and broken by the dog, but still it was a skull and a fresh one at that and proved beyond a doubt that the little fellow still lived close by.

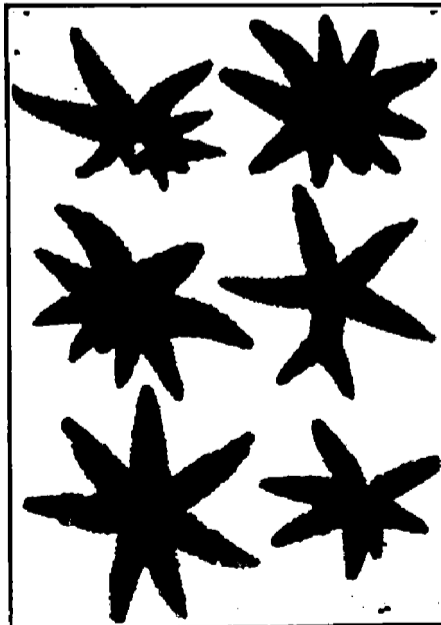
I cannot begin to tell of all the time we spent, hunting over hill and valley, tramping long distances through the forest, wading flooded rivers and penetrating swamps. Neither can I tell you about all the wonderful things we saw; the strange trees and flowers, the rare and beautiful birds and insects and all the other curious and interesting things one meets in the tropical wilderness. But despite all our hard work and ceaseless efforts, the Solenodon remained untraced, until one day, a post-card succeeded where we had failed, and a man brought in the long-sought "ground-hog."

By this time, however, I was sick with fever and unable to move hand or foot, and although the animal was alive and well when brought in, it soon died from lack of proper care, as did the second and third, which were obtained soon afterwards.

Nevertheless they were carefully preserved and reached the United States safely and if you visit the museum and see these specimens of a vanishing race, they will perhaps prove more interesting, now that you know how and where they were found and the important part that post-cards played in finding them.

Freak Starfishes

Of course many of you have seen the common starfish with its five rays, or arms, but how many, I wonder, have ever found freaks such as these, with from six to ten rays? Such curious freaks are



not common, but where starfishes are caught by thousands, as on the oyster grounds of New England, these monstrosities are often found.

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A. N. Verrill
7, Don Hamilton, Chicago

How many of my readers can tell what this strange-looking creature is? Not many of you, I am sure, for although it looks at first sight a little like a rat, yet the nose seems more like a shrew or ant-eater, the tail is like that of an opossum, while the strong, sharp claws resemble those of a mole or armadillo. The more you look at it the more puzzled you become, and if I tell you the name of this queer combination-beast you will be just as much in the dark as ever, for you have probably never heard of it before and you will not even find it in most books on natural history. However, here it is: the animal is the Solenodon, and he is one of the oddest, if not the very oddest, of American mammals—for this remarkable fellow is an American, even though you would never guess it. His peculiarities are not all in his appearance by any means either. In fact he is so very remarkable in various ways that he has puzzled the wisest scientists. Although he seems to belong with the insectivorous creatures, yet in some ways he is more like a rodent, while in habits he is carnalivorous; in short he is a veritable animal-puzzle and is far more like some fossil creature than like any living quadruped. Moreover the Solenodon, who by the way has several other names, such as Almiqui, Juron, Orso, etc., is as rare as he is peculiar and as far as known, there are but three specimens in all the museums of the United States, if not in the world.

All three of these are in the American Museum in New York City and have been there but a short time, for all three were brought from San Domingo less than four years ago.

The island of San Domingo, as you all know, is very large and fertile and its western end is only a short distance from Cuba.

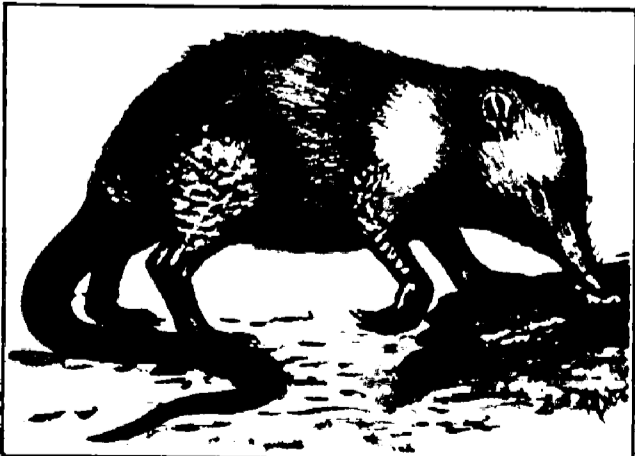
These two islands are the only places where the Solenodons ever lived and as they were excellent eating the natives hunted them with dogs and caught them in traps, until like many other creatures that man likes for food, they were practically exterminated.

Then, when it was too late, the scientists suddenly realized that the museums and collections possessed no good specimens of the Almiqui, as the natives called them;—for no one had even dreamed that they would so soon become extinct.

A few museums did have specimens of the Cuban species, but no one seemed to know anything about the one that lived in San Domingo, or Haiti, and as nobody who went after them could even find a trace of them, people thought that they had passed the way of the Dodo and the Great Auk.

Early one winter I left for San Domingo to try to find the long-lost animals, or at least some of their bones. In their former haunts. Although everyone ridiculed the attempt and said I was going on a "wild-goose trip" and that I was "hunting ghosts" and although I very nearly lost my life, yet I had the best of them when I brought back the three fine specimens already mentioned. It is the story of the queer way in which I obtained these curious creatures, with something about their lives and home, that I am going to tell you.

It may seem very funny, but it is nevertheless a fact, that I would never have



The Solenodon

where they lived, the "Orso," as they called the Solenodon, was still sometimes seen. Of course I went there at once and I found the country as wild and forbidding as the men themselves, but although we hunted day after day and used traps and dogs, we never saw the least sign of the game we sought

Steve Rogers: Stockman

A Lover of Thoroughbreds

By A. G. GALE

"THERE isn't a thoroughbred on the place," Steve muttered disgustedly. "Not even a hen!"

It was true. The chickens that should have been black had white feathers. Those that should have been white were streaked and spotted. The cow was just plain cow, the calf no better. As for Caesar, Mr. Carr's Roman-nosed, forty-dollar horse, he was a fright, even though Steve kept his coat shining like satin.

"It's time for me to leave this menagerie," he said to himself, putting on his hat.

Half an hour afterward he stood in Bishop Conner's yard. He was talking and the bishop was listening: "On the fifteenth I'll be foot-free, and I want to go away from here. I don't want to pick peaches any longer. I want to take care of animals. I want to go where the big sheepmen and stockmen are, but I don't know where they are, exactly, so I've come to ask you. If there was a railroad in here I guess I could find out for my-



"I guess I was just stupid."

self." He paused to take breath. The bishop was looking at him thoughtfully. "I've thought about this all the time since I went to the fair. That fair waked me up. Before that, I guess I was just stupid. I know what I want now, sure."

Bishop Conner smiled. "You walked twenty miles to the fair, and back. You paid Sam Musser to do your work while you were gone, and you stuck to the stock sheds all the time you were there. At any rate, I didn't see you anywhere else."

"I didn't go to look at quilts," grinned the boy.

"Come over to this fence, Steve. I want to point something out to you." There was business in the bishop's tone now.

Resting an arm on the fence, he pointed to the near western sky-line, to the peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, which divide northern Utah east and west.

"See that depression south of Blue Mountain? Looks as if it might be the beginning of a pass, but it's not, exactly. Did you ever hear of my uncle, William Conner, who crossed over to the other side of this range, in early days?"

"Sure, I've heard of him; but I thought he crossed a long way south of here?"

"No, he started from here, and he headed for that gap. I heard my father say so, years ago. If you use sense and care, and do as I tell you about one certain thing, I don't see any reason why you can't go over safely, as my uncle did. The stock that you're after is over there."

"I'll do anything you say. I'll promise, I never thought of going this way."

"You quit work on the fifteenth; start the next morning, the sixteenth of October. You know snow comes early in the mountains. Carry a blanket, and bread and meat enough to last, well say, five days. Allow a certain quantity for each meal. I suppose you will want to take a few clothes. Put some matches in a tin box, so as to keep them dry, whatever happens, and take a hatchet and a compass. It would be handy if you should become confused and lose your bearings."

"After you cross the divide you want to bear a little south of west. Then you'll come out near some good towns. You will be too late to hire out with stock this fall, I think, but you'll be on hand when the season opens in the spring. Perhaps you'll decide to work for your board and go to school this winter. I will say, Steve, that I believe you have made a good choice of an occupation. A year ago old Caesar looked like a mangy buffalo. You've made a beauty of him by comparison. You've done everything except straighten his nose. Now, I have left the important thing until the last; if snow catches you before you get to the summit, turn back, and wait till spring. If it catches you on the other side, you can get down before it's too deep."

The boy agreed, soberly. He had heard of instances in which men, caught in the snow, starved to death.

Steve was going, when Bishop Conner called him back. "An old friend of mine lives over there, somewhere. His name is William Lang. I've heard that he has the finest sheep in this state. Our parents crossed the plains at the same time. We boys had our school books along, on that trip, and we had lessons every day."

On the morning of the sixteenth Steve bade goodbye to his friends and started at daylight. The peach orchards were soon behind him and he was climbing the foothills which were thickly covered with alder brush. In many

places it was higher than his head and he used his hatchet to cut a path through. It was slow work, as he had to use great care to prevent his clothes and blanket from being torn to pieces by catching on it. He was glad that Mrs. Carr had been thoughtful enough to cover his drinking bottle with oilcloth. Late in the afternoon his way became easier and before dark he reached the region of scrub oak and dwarf pines. Making a bed of boughs, he spread his blankets on it, but he had so much to think of that he did not sleep until long after the stars came out.

He was awakened the next morning by the chatter of magpies, the whirring wings of band-tailed pigeons, the gabble of wild turkeys and the drumming of grouse.

"Snow isn't coming yet," he said to himself. "If it was, those turkeys would be going south and the grouse would be close to winter quarters at timber-line."

Watching them while he ate a big sandwich of brown bread and ham, he saw a flash of blue, and a bluebird, its head still wet from a dip, flew into one of the pines and began to preen its feathers. "Water's over there," Steve thought, noting the direction from which the bird had come. "I'll find it and fill my bottle."

A few steps brought him to a small natural park, where he found a spring of ice-cold, sparkling water. On the opposite side of the park from where he went in was the beginning of a cañon, and a small pile of stones.

"Golly!" said the boy, "the other man was here all right."

Steve followed the cañon until it forked, one fork running toward the north, the other toward the south. He slipped the pack from his back, put his hands in his pockets and considered the situation. He had not forgotten the bishop's instructions to bear to the south, but he had a notion that Mr. Conner would have marked the trail for the next who might come. Seeing no mound or other sign, he went down on his knees, pulling and hacking the pine brush at the point where the cañon branched, and uncovered, in the one running toward the north, a monument of five stones—two at the bottom, a flat one on top of them, and two on the top of that.

"I'll follow that signpost," he decided. Fastening his pack on securely, he began the climb through the cañon, which was steep and narrow. In places the walls "pinched up" and he had to scramble over shelving ledges, and down again when it became wider. When the cañon had narrowed to a mere fissure, he climbed up to a point where he had a glimpse of another cañon, running transversely to it. Reaching it, he saw on the bank of the creek that ran through it, a monument of five stones.

Here he stopped to eat his dinner and straighten out the kinks in his legs. He was now above timber-line. The only sound was the rushing of water in the creek, fed by banks of snow in deep ravines. Dark-colored rocks loomed above the cañon walls.

Starting again, he followed its windings until he reached a place where it was possible to climb out. It had become narrower, and the air that rushed through it was damp as well as cold. A climb to still higher rocks enabled him to see that, less than a hundred feet beyond, the cañon ended in a deep ravine.

All about him the surface of the mountain was broken into fissures. Before him lay a long, upward climb. He determined to reach the summit before the sun set; it was now in the west, about two hours high.

Sooner than he expected, the monument he had hoped to see was before him. "I wish the bishop could see that I've got to the top," he panted. To the east lay the country that he knew. To the west was a long, greenish blur, with a patch of hazy blue at its northern end—the valley of the Jordan river, Salt Lake City, and Salt Lake.

Here he spent the night. There were no sheltering rocks, and his bed was as cold as it was hard. The sky was still clear.

Finding, in the morning, no signpost of stones to point the way the other man had gone, Steve started toward the southwest, but he soon came to a wall of rock that barred the way. Turning back, he started again, in a northerly direction, hoping, by making a detour, to go around the huge cliff. He came to a gorge, in the bottom of which was a bank of snow; there was a drop of about twenty feet to its surface, and the wall was in such shape that a man could, if his arms were strong, ease himself down a part of the distance.

"The snow has been melting all summer," he said to himself, estimating the length of the drop that must be made, "and it's likely to be packed hard. There ought to be an outlet, somewhere, for the water from this snow. I'll chance it."

Lowering himself from rock to rock as far as he could, he dropped, and felt firm snow under his feet. Following the gorge about two hundred feet, it widened into a cañon, which turned sharply. Looking at his compass, Steve saw with satisfaction that he was now started in the right direction.

Following the creek which ran through the cañon, he saw, as the morning wore on, several open spaces where the appearance of the rocks indicated that they had been blasted. Turning into one of these spaces to eat his dinner, he found himself looking into a square, black opening—the mouth of a tunnel that had been cut into the side of the mountain. He went in curiously, felt the rock walls with his hands, and picked up some fragments from the floor. Near the further end of the tunnel, which was quite dark, he

(Continued on page 32)



Ordinary Hosiery

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It certainly isn't hard to swear off wearing ordinary hose that wear out in a week and "swear on" "Holeproof."

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(112)

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Chicken Farming on a City Lot

For the Boys, the Girls and the Grown-Ups

Part I.—Getting a Start

By M. E. JENNINGS

It wasn't very many years ago that poultrymen, in the business for eggs and meat alone, considered that if a hen returned \$1 per year profit she was doing well. Careful attention to details and an exhaustive study of her ladyship have changed things greatly. Six dollars per year per hen is now believed to be a fair average and when we take into account eggs sold for setting and valuable stock disposed of, we can easily figure out that there is money in the business.

There is no better or easier way for a boy to corral some extra spending money, get next to Nature with its sunshine and health and incidentally learn business methods than by going into the poultry trade. While we can't all of us produce \$10,000 hens like Kellerstrass or capture 11,000 prizes like Cook & Son, we can, if we devote the proper amount of time and brains to the proposition, add materially to our incomes and peace of minds.

It is for the purpose of starting the novice on the right road that this series of articles is written. All information given in these columns on this subject is the result of painstaking work by experienced poultrymen and is not theoretical, but eminently practicable.

If these instructions are followed, there is no good reason why the boys who read *The American Boy* should not find their efforts crowned with success.

We will now proceed to get at the basic principle of successful poultry raising—the stock. We have for weeks, perhaps, been reading up on every variety of birds and after much thought have decided on which breed we prefer. A copy of "The American Standard of Perfection" published by the American Poultry Association will aid materially in this preparatory work. This publication contains pictures and complete descriptions of all recognized breeds. There are two methods by which we can get a start:

Buying the stock and raising a flock.
Purchasing the eggs and raising the foundation stock.



Three utility white Orpington pullets and a cockerel. Notice that while there is a heavy snow on the ground these virile birds are digging down to the straw. Just as the camera shutter worked the bird on the right kicked and bits of snow can be seen flying against the dark background. The alert appearance of the cockerel is a strong point in his favor.

we made for knives and marbles when we were kids. Breeders themselves do not always know what will be the result of their matings and what they think will produce good results are often the reverse. Our only way of finding out is to hatch them.

Avoid cheap eggs and cheap stock. It takes a breeder some time to build up a good flock and when he has accomplished this he must get a good price for his best birds, even as we hope to.

The majority of breeders believe in a "square deal" but there are some who are crooked as in every other line of business. When you order from a well known breeder you are pretty sure to get what you are paying for as he is in the business to stay and a pleased customer is the best kind of an advertisement.

Now that we have secured our young chickens we have arrived at a critical stage of our venture. We must as soon as the sex of the birds is noticeable pick out the best ones for our stock. We have read everything regarding our particular breed that we could lay hands on, seen all the good birds in the neighborhood or at the annual shows, and we may consider ourselves as pretty well qualified to judge our birds.

It is very important that we have highly vital birds either for breeding or meat and eggs. The males should look robust and thrifty and be full of vim and energy. The females should be trim and neat in outline and show vitality and strength.

Comb and wattles are important indications of vitality and should be well developed, considering the breed and of good color.

The eye is extremely important as it shows the life and vitality of the bird or the lack of it. Small eyes are to be avoided as well as those having a dull and sickly look.

The beak of the bird must be considered also. It should have a reasonable curve for the breed and be of good size. "Strong beak, strong bird," is an old saying.

Feet should be well developed with toes straight. Carriage or attitude of the bird is also important. Never breed from a dumpy or droopy bird.

Breadth of the back is also a good indication. The head should be well shaped. Birds with heads like crows (Crown heads) are not desirable.

The chickens that pass muster we put by themselves and feed them for egg production or for sale as fancy stock. The defective birds we place in close confinement and fatten them as fast as possible. When they are in proper condition we sell them for food and if we have properly cared for them we can place a goodly sum on the profit side of our account.

It is only in recent years that an effort has been made to ascertain the laying abilities of a particular pullet or hen. There are various ways of doing this and one can readily see what an advantage it would be to know if there was a possibility of a pullet being a good layer.

A simple test is to take a four months' old pullet in the hands with its head facing you. Run the fingers along to the rear of the body on each side and feel of the pelvic bones. If these are far apart we have a pullet that will in all probability be a good layer; if the conditions are reversed few eggs may be expected.

By a little practice in handling the birds this test can be readily worked and it is one of the best in use today by practical poultrymen. It is really surprising how this "dope" will work out.

Aside from the test a general broad appearance of the anterior portion of the bird is strongly in its favor as an egg producer.

If we have a particularly fine bird and want to see what she is doing in the laying line we can trap-her. In other words the place where she lays has a hinged door which, when she enters, closes, keeping her a prisoner until we secure the egg and liberate the bird. These nests are for sale by all poultry supply dealers and are not expensive.

They are not recommended for general use, however, unless we are strictly in the fancy breeding business, where we can afford to take the time for their use.

A little good old common sense will, when we get into the game in earnest, tell us whether our hens are laying or not, nine times out of ten.

The greatest layers are the happy, contented hens. When a bird keeps busy scratching in the dirt or litter and "slings" with a will the meanwhile, when her appetite is good and she takes food readily, we can figure that she is going to return a splendid profit on her original price and what it costs to keep her.

There are a great many people who start in the poultry business with large ideas and a willing hand. Things don't



"Bill"

A white Orpington cockerel. Notice the bright eye, erect comb and well rounded chest. These are signs of a healthy, vigorous bird, splendidly fitted for breeding purposes.

If we try the first method we will secure all the poultry magazines that are handy (there are several hundred published) and look over the advertisements of the breeders. Then we write for prices, fit our wishes to our pocketbooks and secure our stock.

Then we begin to get eggs. These are carefully saved, placed under hens, or in an incubator, and finally we get our chickens. Then we know what we really bought.

Buying eggs from breeders is oftentimes like unto the "sight unseen" trades

Boy Poultry Keepers, Take Notice!

THE results from our Poultry Prize Contest of last year surprised and delighted us. The papers received were in many cases excellent compositions, while the practical experiences they contained showed that the keeping and caring for Poultry is not only most enjoyable as a boy's hobby, but can be made the source of considerable financial rewards.

We are pleased, therefore, to announce that we will again offer the following prizes for the best stories of Experiences in Making Money from Poultry. The prizes will be distributed as follows:

- First Prize, \$7.00 to the writer of the best story.
- Second Prize, \$5.00 to the writer of the second best story.
- Third Prize, \$3.00 to the writer of the third best story.

The Rules Which Must Be Observed by Every Contestant Are:

FIRST: Contestants must not be over eighteen years of age and the experience must be the actual experience of the writer.
SECOND: Poultry means any domestic fowl, and no restriction is placed upon how the money was made. It may have been by selling eggs, or by disposing of special breeds, or won in prizes.
THIRD: The story must not contain over 500 words; it must be written only on one side of the paper, and must contain the name and full address of the writer.
FOURTH: If the contestant has pictures of his poultry or hen house

they should be sent, but the want of them will not count against the story.
FIFTH: Stories must be in our hands not later than January 23d, 1911.
SIXTH: The editors of THE AMERICAN BOY will be the judges in the contest.
SEVENTH: The Prize Winners will be announced in the March AMERICAN BOY, and the winning stories will be published in the March and April numbers.
EIGHTH: Letters containing the stories or referring to the contest must be addressed,

"Poultry Contest," care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

THIS is the first of a series of five articles under the general head of "Chicken Farming on a City Lot," which Mr. Jennings has written for THE AMERICAN BOY. We believe that the practical nature of this series, being the result of the author's own experiences, will be most helpful to our many boy readers whose hobby is the keeping of poultry. The titles of the articles yet to appear are: "Locality and House," "Feeding and Care of Birds," "Incubation or Hatching," "Profits and Timely Hints."

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break just right for them, they get discouraged and begin to neglect their birds—the worst possible thing to do.

Never give up. Work all the harder when things go wrong. Find out what is the matter, remedy it and watch out for something else. "Eternal Vigilance is the price" of good poultry.

The more you jolly your birds the better results you will get. Try it and see.

The next article in this series will be on Locality and Houses under the peculiar conditions called for by the intensive system of chicken culture.

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80-page catalogue shows full line of Excelsiors, Wooden Hens, Brooders, etc. Write for it to-day.

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THINK OF IT

Ask the editor of this paper if Stahl and his incubator are right.

"In a Minute Jimmie"

Reformation on the Square

By FRANCES BOWMAN

"In a Minute Jimmie" was a funny name to call a fellow whose real name was James Carlton Roberts, but regardless of the humor of the situation it was what everyone called him and he deserved it. The name fitted the boy and the boy lived up to the sentiment which it expressed.

He was lying now out under the hedge where he had crawled when he heard his mother calling him to do some work for her. "In a minute, I'll come," he drawled out. "I don't see any sense in making a boy work every minute he's home. It's worse than school," he muttered to himself.

It was nice and warm under the hedge that sunny October afternoon and Jimmie's minute lengthened out as it usually did to a quarter and then a half hour. He was just thinking that perhaps he better crawl out from his comfortable nest and see what his mother did want, when the sound of some one talking on the other side of the hedge attracted his attention. Peering cautiously through the heavy branches he saw Grandma Roberts and Uncle Edward coming down the walk.

"To be real honest, Edward, he's a very lazy boy," grandma was saying in a serious tone. "Why everyone, even the children at school call him 'In a Minute Jimmie.' I'm sure he wouldn't be the one for you."

"Well, mother, I shall not decide now. I'll wait till next June. That's a long time, almost a year, and who knows but that one of the boys will be just fitted for it by that time. I stopped on my way out to see Henry; he isn't lazy but he has some traits of character that are not the most desirable. We'll see about it, and—"

They had now passed on beyond Jimmie's hearing, but his curiosity was thoroughly aroused. What could it be that Uncle Edward was going to do or get for him? Perhaps it wasn't for him. He had spoken of Cousin Henry over at South Bay. Suppose he should get it. How Jimmie did wish he knew for certain just what it was. One thing was evident, though, Uncle Edward, who was rich and lived in the city and drove out in his handsome automobile two or three times a year to see grandma, wouldn't be planning up anything for a boy unless it was something pretty nice. Jimmie was sure of that. But what could it be? It might be an automobile trip or a handsome present or possibly a visit to the city where Uncle Edward lived. Whatever it was it would surely be worth striving for. This decision made, Jimmie pulled himself up with a quickness that really surprised himself.

Breathless he rushed into the kitchen to see what his mother wanted him to do. Hurriedly he filled the wood-box, brought in a pail of water and patiently amused the baby while mother prepared the evening meal. "Why, Jimmie," she exclaimed, astonished at his willing helpfulness. "I should almost think you were trying to win a prize by the way you hustle around here tonight. Mother likes it though, Jimmie. It makes you seem more like a man."

Jimmie's sunburned face grew so red as his mother unconsciously stumbled upon his secret that he turned a somersault on the kitchen floor to hide his embarrassment. He need not have been so confused though, for she had not the faintest idea of the real cause of the change in his actions.

As an evader of labor Jimmie had established an enduring reputation in the family; but now he courted work as consistently as he had before eluded it. Very soon people began to notice the change, as everyone will when a boy begins to mend his ways and start out on the right track once more. Evidence of rapid improvement was seen everywhere. Even at school where Jimmie had been the most careless and indolent of all the pupils he gradually began to creep up in his classes. His report cards showed a remarkable jump from a per cent in the sixties to those of eighty and ninety, and in department one month he was marked a hundred.

The days seemed altogether too short for him to do the things which would prove that he was a different boy from "In a Minute Jimmie." And when from force of habit he was tempted to shirk his work the conversation which he overheard between grandma and Uncle Edward would flash across his mind in time to save him from falling into that old lazy state of things. Then there were his dreams. Such castles in the air! It is doubtful if any other boy ever spent quite such a winter and it is certain that no other boy ever had just such expectations of the wonderful Something that would surely come to him in June.

And thus with work for the day and dreams and plans for the night the weeks and months passed along and at last June arrived and with it came Uncle Edward in time to attend the closing exercises at the little country school where James Carlton Roberts won the prize for passing the highest examinations in his studies.

That night Jimmie could hardly sleep. The Something which he had worked for so hard the past months he was sure was almost his. And when at last he did drop into a drowse it was to dream that Uncle Edward had given him an automobile, and in front of the machine in a conspicuous place was a large sign painted in bright red and yellow letters, "In a Minute Jimmie, the Boy Who Used to Be."

Then he awoke. It was morning. The sun was shining into his face as though it would do its part to hustle him down to the breakfast table where Uncle Edward and the rest of the family were waiting for him.

"Well, Jimmie," began Uncle Edward with a knowing look at grandma, "I wonder how you would like to spend the summer vacation with me. I have some property in North Dakota, a ranch which needs looking after, and I've been planning for the past year to go out there this summer. I wanted some one to go with me and so I at last decided to take either you or your Cousin Henry. The one that should make the best progress during the year. Now Henry has done well. He's really done splendid, but he hasn't accomplished what you have. Why you've made us all forget that 'In a Minute Jimmie' boy and you've done it all in such a cheerful way that you couldn't help but be the one to take the trip. You've earned it."



Patently Amused the Baby.

my boy, and best of all you didn't know there was any such good luck in store for you."

An hour later Jimmie was once more alone, in his favorite place out under the hedge, thinking over the wonderful Something which had come to him. A trip across the continent and two months on a big ranch far exceeded his wildest dreams, and it made him feel more kind and charitable to everyone. It had paid to conquer the selfish, lazy, "In a Minute Jimmie." The struggle had been a long, hard sleigh but he had succeeded, and—

"You didn't do it on the square though," Jimmie started up and peered through the branches. Who had spoken? There was no one in sight. "You know you didn't do it on the square," persisted that little inner voice which is always speaking to boys and telling them what is the right thing to do if they will only listen. "You knew there was a wonderful Something in store for you if you made good, and that is what you worked for. If you hadn't known about it you would still be just lazy 'In a Minute Jimmie.' You know you would."

Jimmie tried to forget the thought, but it stuck close to him. At dinner time he could scarcely swallow. It seemed to him that everybody was fairly screaming, "You didn't do it on the square!"

Late that afternoon Jimmie found his uncle alone in the sitting-room. With a supreme effort to control his choking voice he finally stammered out his confession. It was very humiliating, but in his eyes now blurred with tears there shone a gleam of determination, a resolve to be honest and manly regardless of consequences. "You see, uncle," he concluded. "It wasn't on the square. If I hadn't heard you and grandma talking that day I should still be 'In a Minute Jimmie.' Henry has made good and he's done it on the square and he's the one to go."

And Henry did go, and Jimmie stayed home and did farm work, and he did it cheerfully, too. Something new and inspiring had crept into his life. Something that told him that a boy's real enjoyment comes from doing things on the square, and he knew that he was happier than he would have been had he taken the trip without letting any one know that he had worked for it.

And this wonderful Something which he had dreamed about for so many months came to him that fall when Uncle Edward took him to his home in the city where he was to go through school and college. "For," said Uncle Edward, "the world needs boys who do things on the square, and such boys get the most out of life and make the men who are called to fill the positions of honor and trust in our state and nation."

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Gathering the Eggs in the Early Afternoon

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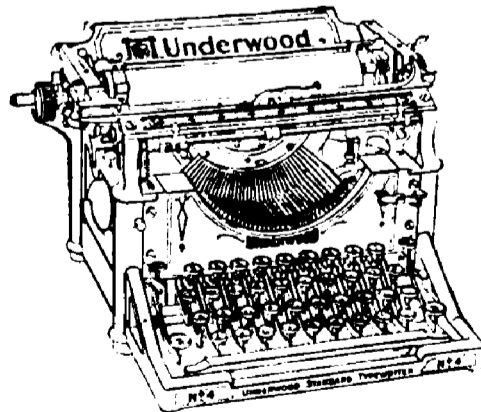
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Useful Hints for the Outdoors Boy

How to Find Direction and Distance

By A. HYATT VERRILL

WHETHER on land or sea, on prairie or in forest, in valley or on mountain top, a knowledge of direction and distance will prove of value and interest and may often safeguard life. Of course most boys have some idea of the points of the compass but strange as it may seem, not one in a dozen boys can name more than eight points correctly and in proper order. This, under many conditions, might prove ample for ordinary expressions of direction, for the landsman seldom cares to state that a wind blows from "North East by North" or that a certain spot is "East One-quarter South" from another. If he states that the wind is "Northeast" or that the objective point is "East" it serves his purpose well enough. In sailing a boat or following a trail through the woods from place to place by compass, such indefinite and general directions would never answer, for while on a short trip or where the destination can be seen for some distance, a point or two off would make little difference, yet in the course of a twenty or fifty-mile trip a variation of a quarter point might result in missing the desired object altogether. Imagine what might happen if you were traveling across a desert where your life depended upon reaching an oasis or water hole only a few hundred feet in diameter. A

compass so as to bring the needle directly over "North" and then steer so that the boat is in line with North East as shown at "C." This is frequently very inconvenient if not impossible, for in a seaway a compass will jump about and become very erratic unless fastened securely. On land, however, it is quite a different matter for it is an easy matter to turn your

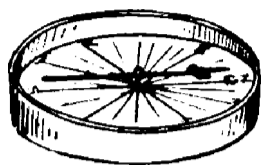


Fig. 3. Needle Compass.

better and easier to use that I advise every boy to obtain one if possible.

It is excellent training to practice sailing and walking by compass and a novel and interesting game of "Hare and Hounds" may be played by the "Itares" starting out and tramping in a course across country, meanwhile keeping a watch on the compass and traveling as nearly in a straight line as possible, and at the end of two or three miles erect a flag or other mark readily seen for a few hundred yards. These boys should then give the compass direction and approximate distance to the "Hounds," who must find the goal by following the compass course. As the players become more expert the distance should be increased and the goal made smaller and the game more interesting and instructive by changing the course at certain given points and distances. Thus a course may be given as "North East by East for two miles to a white flag; then North, northeast for one mile to a dead pine tree and hence North-west for one mile to a pile of stones marked with a cross." On the water the same game may be played by placing buoys or stakes at certain distances and then by following the given course try to locate them. If a small flag, or marked rag, be placed on the buoy this may be brought back by the "Hounds" as a trophy.

The game may also be varied by making charts or maps of the country covered

and requiring the "Hounds" to find the hidden object by following the mapped direction. Later on I will give directions for readily making fairly accurate maps without the use of surveying instruments and you will find this a most interesting and instructive occupation.

Although the amateur should always depend more or less upon a compass and should invariably be provided with one when on a trip in unfamiliar country or on unknown waters. Yet many old sailors, woodsmen and hunters never carry a compass but possess a natural talent or "sixth sense" of direction and can never become lost in strange woods or in strange lands. Personally I have this "sense" to a wonderful degree, and although I have tramped and hunted in many out-of-the-way lands and in the heavy forests of the tropics I have never been lost and have never used a compass on land. But no matter how well developed this sense may be, a compass is a safeguard and convenience and the best sailors will often become confused and lost in a fog unless provided with this useful instrument.

Aside from the compass there are many ways of ascertaining one's general direction, for to the well-trained woodsman the "lay" of the land, the bark and moss on trees, the flow of streams and the direction of light will all help in determining the compass points. A very useful substitute for the compass is an ordinary watch for, while known to comparatively few, yet in reality a watch is a fairly accurate compass, although its use as such necessitates a knowledge of the location of the sun or bright sunshine. To use the watch for this purpose, place it on a level spot and turn it until the hour hand points directly at the sun, or until the hand's shadow is directly underneath the hand itself. When this position is attained the figure 12 (if before noon counting from left to right or southward, and if after noon counting back-

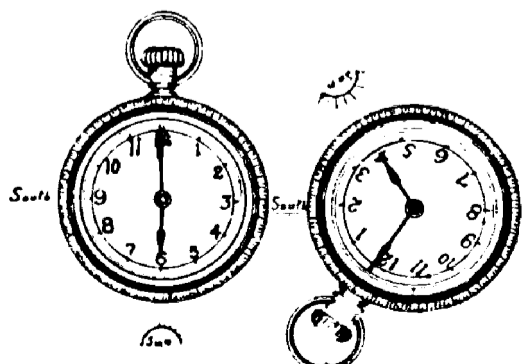


Fig. 5—Watch Compass

ward, or from right to left). This is very nearly correct for our latitude during the year, but while it will serve for all ordinary uses and distances, the mariner who depended upon his watch would have a hard time. The illustrations will make the above more readily understood, for in one figure the watch is shown in the position at 6 a. m., when the south would be at 9, and in the second figure the watch is shown with hour hand pointed to sun at 4 p. m., when south is found at 2. By remembering this it may prove of service at times, but whether using a watch or a real compass you should never expect too much from it; a compass cannot show your way home

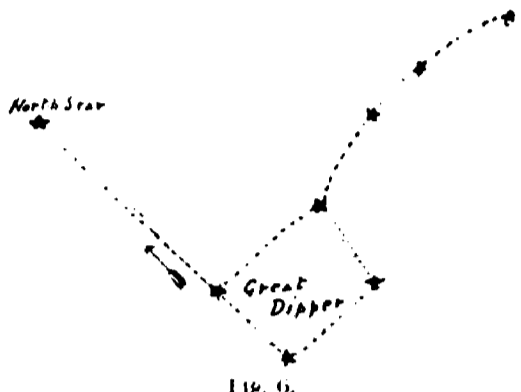


Fig. 6.

unless you know in a general way which direction home is, and if at a loss as to which way to travel it is mainly of value in keeping you from turning round and round and traveling in a circle.

When a small boy I was once told a funny story by an old trapper which may help you to remember this. An old Indian took a fancy to a compass seen in the trader's store and asked what it was used for. He was told that with it the white men found their way from place to place, and, thinking this a fine idea, the Indian at once traded off furs for the compass. A few days later he wished to visit a friend who was camping and trapping somewhere in the forest. Taking his compass the Indian placed it on a rock and said: "Now tell me where Joe Bemis camp be." Of course no reply came from the compass and the Indian became vexed and cried: "Tell me where Joe Bemis camp be or I break um face." As the compass still gave no sign the Indian grasped his hatchet and smashed the compass, exclaiming: "Huh! No speak um Mik Mak break um face, now go find Joe Bemis camp myself."

In addition to a knowledge of the compass every boy will do well to learn the position of the North or Pole Star. This is readily done by finding the Great Bear or Great Dipper in the northern sky and by following in a line from the two outer stars forming the lip of the dipper or "breast" of the bear the North Star will be the first bright star on this imaginary line looking from the bottom or "foot" of the dipper upward. As the dipper revolves around the pole star it will sometimes be above it, but by running your imaginary line from the foot or bottom across the breast or lip and then straight on, the star can always be located. The accompanying diagram will make this even clearer.

Almost as important as a knowledge of direction is a knowledge of distance, size or height. How often we would be glad to know the real distance from one spot to another; the width of a bay or river we cannot cross or the height of some tree, building or similar object. Usually we have to merely guess at such things and often arrive at a result far from the truth, for distance and height are very deceptive. We are accustomed to comparisons in everything and unconsciously compare one thing with some more familiar thing constantly. Doubtless you



Fig. 7—Finding Height

have all noticed how huge the rising moon appears and yet how small it seems after it has fully risen. This is mainly because we compare the moon with trees, buildings, etc., when near the horizon, which we cannot do after it is high in the heavens beyond surrounding objects.

Even more remarkable is the deceptive effect of atmospheric conditions. In the clear air of mountainous countries objects many miles away appear close at hand, and in Colorado they relate how an Eastern man looked from his hotel window the morning after his arrival and saw a towering mountain peak seemingly close at hand and started out to walk to it before breakfast. Of course he tramped for hours without apparently arriving any nearer the mountain, and finally asked a native how far it was. Imagine his dismay in learning it was nearly fifty miles away. A little later a native found the Easterner standing at the edge of a tiny brook removing his clothing. When asked for an explanation he said he was going to swim across the brook. "Swim across?" exclaimed the Westerner, "why that brook isn't six feet wide." "I know it don't look so," said the tourist, "but judging by your mountains it may be a mighty long swim."

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

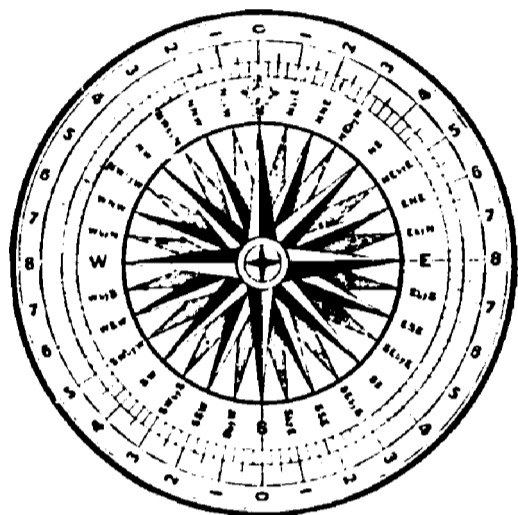


Fig. 1.

variation of a fraction of a point under such conditions would carry you so far to one side that you would never find the coveted water and would wander about until exhausted and perishing from thirst. The boy who takes to the woods must be careful of little things and therefore I advise you all to spend ample time in studying the compass until you can rattle off the thirty-two points or "box the compass" in sailor's parlance, with ease and rapidly both backward and forward, and can tell a direction or steer a boat within a quarter point. In traveling, or sailing, a floating card compass (Fig. 2) is far superior to a compass with moving needle (Fig. 3), but as they are much more bulky and cumbersome than a pocket compass they are better suited to boat use than to tramping outfits. In the floating card compass the needle is attached to or is part of the card bearing the points. This card either revolves upon a pivot or floats upon mercury or other material while its encircling case remains stationary and a small line or mark known as the "hubber's mark" is indicated on the case and should be so

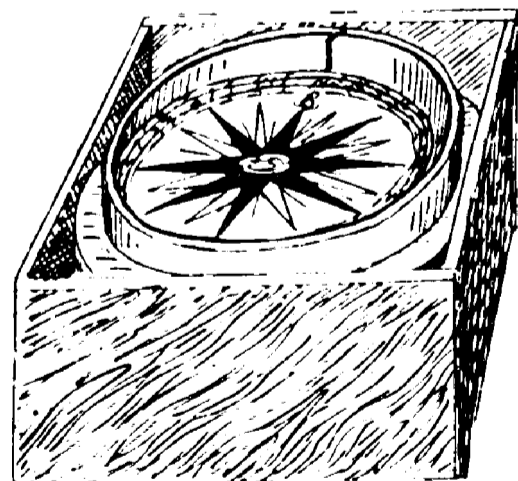


Fig. 2—Card Compass.

adjusted that when facing the north the North on card and hubber's mark should be in line. In the movable needle compass the card with points remains stationary while a pivoted needle swings over it. In a boat the floating card compass is almost a necessity for with it the boat's head is pointed in the direction or "course" desired whereas with a needle compass the card or dial remains stationary with the boat and the needle shifts about. As a result the helmsman must do some mental calculation to know how to hold his craft in order to follow a given course. This peculiarity will be better understood by looking at Fig. 4. You will see that in "A" a floating card compass is illustrated and that the boat is headed North East while in "B," although the same course is being steered, yet the boat's head is pointing to the "North" of the compass and the needle is pointing North West, or in other words you are reading your card backwards and to steer a North East course you must swing your helm so as to bring the needle to North West. Of course this can be avoided by shifting the position of the



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Any boy can easily ascertain all ordinary heights and distances to within a few feet without instruments of any kind, and you will find it a most interesting and fascinating sport to measure trees, buildings and the width of streams in this way. Perhaps to find the height

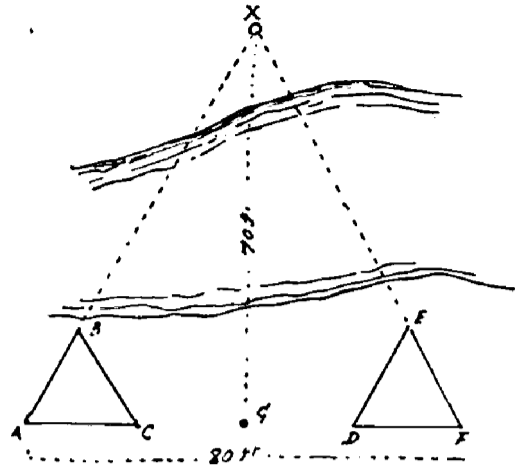


Fig. 8—Finding Distance.

of an object is the easier of the two methods, and this is done as follows: Erect a stick or pole in the ground so that a definite length (say 6 ft.) projects upward, Fig. 7 A-B. Now place your face close to the ground and sight across the top of the pole to the top of

the tree that you wish to measure. Back off or crawl nearer until the top of pole comes exactly in line with top of tree and your eye as shown by line C-E. Now measure the distance from your eye to base of pole (C-B) and distance from base of tree to your eye (C-D). Suppose you find the distance from pole to eye is 20 ft. and from tree to eye is 120 ft., then by the simple sum in ratio of 20:6::120:X we obtain the result 36, so that 36 ft. is the correct height of the tree.

To find the distance of an object or the width of a river is equally simple. Select some prominent object as a building, isolated tree or rock on the farther side of the river and use this as a sight, Fig. 8 X. Now make a small equilateral triangle from three straight sticks and lay these on the ground in such a way that by sighting along one edge the points A-B will be in line with the object X. Mark the three angles of this triangle with small sticks or stones and walk along as nearly in line with the stones A-C as possible until the points E-F are in line with X and then move about until the side D-F is in line with the marks at A-C. Now by measuring the distance from A to F you can determine the distance from G to X, for this will always be just $\frac{2}{3}$ of the distance from A to F. Thus if from A to F is 80 ft., you may be sure that the distance from G to X is 70 ft.

These matters of distance and height are of great importance in map making, and in the next issue of THE AMERICAN BOY I will tell you how to make your own maps and charts.

How the Australian Black Fellows Hunt

By FRANK SMITH

ONE afternoon, when I was quite a small boy, living away in the heart of the Australian bush, a blackfellow, his lubra (wife), and their two picaninnes (children), were camped in a mla-mla (a rough shelter of boughs) near the creek which ran through our farm. They had just arrived, and were both tired and hungry. But food was necessary. So the blackfellow walked down to the edge of the creek and had a look around. He was doing this when I went down to see them. Soon he saw a pair of wild turkeys, or bustards, feeding quietly along a wide open space, and about eight hundred yards away. Now, wild turkeys are very good eating, but they are very shy birds, and difficult to get near. The blackfellow had no gun, but he had three boomerangs, four spears, and a club, called the nulla nulla. I watched him carefully, to see what he would do. He took the three boomerangs—pieces of bow-shaped wood, about eighteen inches long—and the nulla nulla. Then he broke several branches off a neighboring tree, and swam quietly across the creek. On the other side, he skirted round the edge of the clearing, getting as close to the turkeys as he could under cover. I soon lost sight of him, and kept my eyes on the turkeys. After about a quarter of an hour I suddenly noticed, well out on the clearing, a bunch of shrubbery. Watching it carefully, I saw that it was gradually approaching the birds. It never moved except when the birds had their heads down feeding. At last it got so close that the turkeys noticed it, but, beyond a good stare, they paid no further attention to it. Nearer and nearer it approached, until it was only about twenty yards away. Then, with a jump that made me start, myself, the blackfellow sprang up from behind the boughs, and, running in to the birds, threw his boomerangs at them. He seemed to hit both of them, but one flew away all the same. The other one, however, was disabled, and the blackfellow soon finished it off with his club.

This was the first time that I had seen a blackfellow hunting. But in after-years I saw much of it, and on several occasions took part in their hunts. It is the fashion to speak contemptuously of the intellect of the Australian blacks; certainly in some respects they are very deficient. I never met one, for example, that could count more than five, and most of them can only count up to three. But, as hunters, they are extremely skillful, very patient, and possessed of a great fund of knowledge regarding the habits of the game they pursue.

I have seen them catch ducks in much the same manner as the turkey was caught. The hunter, with a bundle of reeds or other aquatic vegetation, slips quietly into the edge of the lake or lagoon or river, and either wades or swims—with the vegetation on his head—noiselessly up to the ducks. Then, one after another, he quietly but swiftly pulls them under water, where he strangles them and attaches them to his belt. It would be thought that the ducks would either call out or flap their wings, and so alarm their mates; but the blackfellow does his work so smartly that the duck is underneath the water before it has time to do anything.

The big white cockatoo is caught by the stalking process also. A flock of these showy birds will settle on an open space. The blackfellow gets close to them by using the bough screen as usual. Then, when as close as possible, he jumps up and shows himself. Instantly the cockatoos rise, and in one flock, of perhaps two or three hundred. Then the blackfellow hurls boomerang after boomerang—sometimes as many as six—into the center of the flock. He is certain to bring down one or two birds, and sometimes he may disable a dozen or more.

The kangaroo is stalked in quite a different, and rather a peculiar, manner. Finding where there is a kangaroo—feeding alone if possible—the blackfellow crawls as close as he can to him. His weapons this time are two spears. When there is no more cover, he waits until the kangaroo has its head down and is nibbling the grass. Then he stands up beside a tree, and in full view of the kangaroo, but absolutely motionless. The kangaroo looks up, but seeing nothing

moving, resumes feeding. The blackfellow then takes a few slow and very cautious steps towards the animal, dragging his two spears carefully through the grass with his toes. The moment the kangaroo stops feeding he becomes immovable, standing, with his hands at his side, like a thin black stump. This strategy goes on for, perhaps, twenty minutes, at the end of which the blackfellow is probably within about ten yards of his prey. Then, like a lightning flash, he bends for his spears, and, one after the other, they are flung quivering into the flanks of the kangaroo. The animal bounds off, but the blackfellow follows confidently, as he knows that, before the second mile is covered, the kangaroo will be exhausted.

This is the usual way in which the kangaroo was taken. Occasionally, however, it was killed with a boomerang. The kangaroo has a very thin skull, and if the boomerang hits it on the head it drops instantly. The boomerangs I have been mentioning do not return to their owners, as all boomerangs are so often stated to do. Boomerangs used for killing game, or in war, just go for the object aimed at; and, whether they hit or miss, they never come back, but end their course just like any other missile. The returning boomerang is really a toy, and is specially constructed. It is made and used by the same blackfellow that uses the game and war boomerang.

The blackfellow is an expert climber. The eucalyptus trees, in whose hollows the possum, flying squirrel, and native bear hide, is a very large tree as a rule. Ranging in height from 50 to 150 feet or more, and from 12 to 40 feet in girth, it takes climbing. The blackfellow, however, has a fairly simple system. With his tomahawk he cuts little niches in the bark, just big enough for his big toe to grip, and up he goes. Having to make such small niches he climbs rapidly. When he reaches a hollow limb, or hole in the bole, he puts his hand in, catches the possum or squirrel, and throws it down to his mate, or lubra, who is watching below. The lubra also helps him when descending the tree, calling out to him where the next niche is, and keeping up a constant chatter of directions.

Perhaps the most ingenious of all their schemes is the manner in which they net ducks. A creek is chosen which has, as creeks usually do, short bushy trees along its banks. Between two of these trees, on opposite sides, the blacks stretch their light, home-made net, at a height of ten or fifteen feet above the water. The net is managed by two blackfellows, one on each side of the stream, who have hold of the top controlling cord. Until the critical time, the net is allowed to sag well down.



AFTER A DAY'S HUNT.

Photograph taken by Millard Schelber, Bucyrus, Ohio.

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A few yards down the creek a third blackfellow is concealed in the reeds. Two or three others then make a "detour" of, perhaps, a mile or more, and strike the creek again. Then they walk back along the creek toward the net. At once, whatever ducks are on the creek fly up; and, as is their invariable custom, follow along the course of the creek, but about 100 yards or so in the air. Soon they come towards where the net is waiting. Just at the proper time, the blackfellow who is hidden in the reeds gives the loud, shrill cry of the duck-hawk, at the same time hurling his boomerang into the air. Like so many arrows the terrified ducks dive down for the shelter of the trees, and dart along only a few feet above the water. At the same time the net rises in front of them, and they dash into it. Sometimes the whole flock of a dozen or more are caught at once, and it is rarely that the stratagem is altogether unsuccessful.

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Our Adventure

Lost in the Blizzard

By J. L. HARBOUR

OF COURSE I had a chum when I was a boy. The boy who has never had a chum misses much of the natural and right pleasure of boyhood. My chum's name was Theodore Preston, but he was never called anything but Ted when we were boys. He was a good-natured, fun-loving boy with a great capacity for getting into mischief without any intention of doing so. He was a heedless boy, one of the kind who never think until their mischief is done. Ted and I lived on adjoining farms out in the Middle West. There was plenty of good, healthy work in our lives and we were never unhappy or discontented until we came under the unwholesome influence of Chester Rand. He was a boy of about our years who came to the country from the city to spend six weeks with an uncle of his who owned a farm near my father's. Chester began to sow seeds of discontent in Ted and me the first time we met. Ted's father and mine both believed that there should be a playtime in the life of every boy and we were given every Saturday afternoon for a half holiday. There was a small town three miles distant and it was the custom for most of the country people to go to town on Saturday afternoons. Chester Rand came over to my home to go to town with Ted and me the first Saturday after he came to the country. He was a very glib-tongued boy and could talk in an interesting way about life in the great city in which he lived. He drew rather unfavorable comparisons between country and city life, but he graciously admitted that the country was "all right for a few weeks in the summer months." Then he added:

"But I pity you fellows who have to spend the winter here. I tell you the city is the place for a fellow, after all. There is something doing there all of the time. A fellow doesn't have to stagnate as he

to see the city myself within three months. Don't you want to go with me?"

"Well, I guess!"

"I have been saving every penny I could get hold of for months and I am going to see a little of the world and have some sort of an adventure to break the monotony of life here. You any money?"

"About twelve dollars."

"I have fifteen. The car fare to the city for the round trip would be only five and we could no doubt get a room together for a dollar a day. If we could raise fifteen each we could put in several days in the city seeing the sights. We could take some food with us to lessen the cost of meals and we both have a new suit of very decent looking clothes. I spoke to father about it, but he said it was all nonsense and that I must wait until I was a little older, but I—well, Jerry, I am going just the same!"

This open defiance of parental authority startled me a little, and I said in an incredulous tone:

"You're not?"

"See if I don't! And I want you to go with me."

"O Ted!"

"I do, and say—it will make it a good deal more of an adventure if we just take French leave. We can leave a note behind saying that we have gone to see something of the world and that maybe we will not come back. I just tell you, Jerry, I am dead sick of the drudgery of the farm, and if I can pick up work of some kind in the city I mean to stay there. Be great to live in the city."

"Wouldn't it, though? Something doing all of the time, and city fellows don't have to work but about eight hours a day, counting out their noon hour. Mighty different from about fourteen hours a day in the country if one counts in the time it takes to do the chores."

The result of this talk was that I agreed to go to the city with Ted when we had saved up a little more money. Few dollars came our way and it was about the middle of December before we had about seventeen dollars each, and this sum represented a year of saving.

We could have taken the train in Centreville, but we knew so many people in that town that we were sure some of our acquaintances would see us take the train and as we wanted to have as much secrecy and mystery as possible about our adventure we decided to walk to Spruce Crossing, six miles distant, and take a train from that place. There was really nothing at Spruce Crossing but a platform, but as there was a railroad crossing here all trains had to come to a standstill. We found that there was a train for the city that reached the crossing at eleven at night, and we felt that it would seem like much more of an adventure if we slipped away after night and took this train. This we planned to do. Each of us wrote a note which we pinned on a pillow of our beds. In this note we stated briefly that farm life had grown unendurable and that we had gone away to "see life," and it was doubtful when we would return. Some of the foolish books we had been reading made us eager to create all the surprise and mystery possible in connection with our adventure. Each of us packed a satchel with a change of clothing, apples, bread, cookies and other food that would save us purchasing a meal now and then in the city.

The day we had chosen for our departure was surprisingly mild with the sun in a cloudless sky and we looked on this as a good omen. When night came on the temperature dropped rapidly and the wind began to blow. My father had said that he suspected that the unseasonably mild weather we had had for two or three days would prove to be a weather-brooder and he was right in his conjecture. It was dark and cold when I slipped out of the house with my satchel in my hand and went down the road to a certain boulder where Ted was waiting for me. Neither of us were in the highest spirits and Ted said quite solemnly:

"Got awful cold, hasn't it?"

"Awful!" I said.

"Not the best night in the world for a walk of six miles with most of the road over a barren plain?"

"No, it isn't."

We set out with the wind in our faces. The road ran along over a wide expanse of almost treeless plain for four miles. There was no moon and all the stars were behind the clouds. By the time we reached the plain it had grown still colder and the wind was almost a gale, but Ted said that it just made it seem like still more of an adventure to run away in a storm, and that silenced me at a moment when I was going to propose that we retrace our steps and choose some more agreeable night for our flight. By the time we had gone perhaps a mile the most intense darkness had settled over the plain and the wind was sweeping across it with an edge like a blade. Fine, sleety snow was in the air and we had to tie our hats on with our handkerchiefs to keep them from blowing away. All I could think of was the snug bed in my room at home.

"A regular blizzard, isn't it?" said Ted as we walked along bowing our heads to the wind.

"Looks like it. Are we in the road?"

"I don't know. It's darker than a stack

of black cats and—great Scott! hear that wind howl!"

"We want to keep right together. We'll never find each other if we get ten feet apart in this blackness."

The wind rose to a gale and the snow came down faster. We were nearly swept from our feet and we tried to walk backward to protect our faces from the icy wind and sleety snow. Once I fell full length and a moment later Ted tripped on something and measured his length in the snow. Neither of us liked to say so, but we were both well aware of the fact that we were lost. The plain was now an unbroken expanse of snow and no trace of the road could be seen. Finally Ted asked:

"Any idea of where we are, Jerry?"

"No, I haven't. Have you?"

"Not the least. What we going to do?"

"Fight it out the best we can. Do you suppose we can make Spruce Crossing in time for that train?"

"We might if we knew which way we were going. The train isn't likely to be on time such a night as this. Fierce old night."

Had we not been a pair of vigorous boys accustomed to being out in the cold we could not have stood that blizzard. As it was our teeth chattered as we stumbled on blindly in the bitter weather. I had a watch but it was too dark to see the time. We knew that we must have blundered around two or three hours on the plain and there was no sign of the storm abating its fury. Indeed, it seemed to be increasing in force.

For a long time we wandered around aimlessly hoping to come to shelter of some kind, but it was a vain quest. Again and again we fell and floundered around in the snowdrifts. The cold was intense and Ted finally expressed my own sentiments when he said in his desperation:

"Well, if I was back home tucked up in my own warm bed I'd stay there and let the delights of the city go hang! You reckon we'll ever see home or the city either if it keeps on getting colder and stormier?"

"Looks doubtful," I said with a lump in my throat.

It was so intensely dark that we did not know that we were near a building until I bumped up against it.

"Here's a building!" I said joyfully.

"What kind of a building?" asked Ted as he stumbled forward and fairly fell against me, for he was almost exhausted.

"It's of rough boards. I can tell that," I replied.

Just then we heard the low of a cow and we said in the same breath:

"It's a barn!"

"Must be a house near," I said.

"I haven't the strength to walk to it if there is," said Ted. "Then we might get lost again if we left this building and, anyhow, we don't want to rout any one out at this time of night, or morning, for it must be long after midnight. Let's feel around and see if we can't get in here."

We finally found a small door we could open and went into the barn which, cold as it was, seemed a place of rare comfort after what we had endured outside. After some feeling and blundering around Ted said:

"Here is a ladder that must lead up to the haymow."

We climbed the ladder and were soon burrowing far down into the hay, where we finally began to feel a comfortable sense of warmth. We were so exhausted that when we dropped off to sleep we slept, as Ted said, "like logs." There was daylight filtering in through the cracks in the barn when I opened my eyes and found Ted still sleeping heavily by my side. Throwing the hay off my face I sat up and looked around me. Then I shook Ted and said:

"Ted! Ted! Where do you suppose we are?"

"Huh?" he said sleepily.

"Wake up, Ted! We are in your barn! Think of it! We are right here in your barn!"



Found a Small Door We Could Open

does in the country most of the year. If you boys once had a taste of city life I think you'd say "no more farm life for me." A fellow doesn't know what life is until he has lived in the city."

Ted and I were both strongly imaginative and Chester's glowing accounts of city life had their effect on us. Chester drew comparisons between the delights of the country and those of the city that made us feel that the country was a very poky and uninteresting place, and that the life of the country boy had in it a round of toil of which the city boy knew nothing. Chester told us of boys of our age getting eight and ten dollars a week in the city.

"And here we are working from daylight until dark on a lonesome old farm and not having ten dollars a year in cash in our own hands," said Ted gloomily one evening when we were walking home from town and Chester had just left us. "I am getting tired of it."

"So am I," was my reply.

To add to our discontent Chester loaned us some books of a kind we had not read before. They were exciting tales of the fascinating life of a boy in the city, and they helped to fire our imagination and to make us feel that the country was dreariness itself.

When Chester Rand returned to the city at the end of the summer he urged Ted and me to break away from the "poky old farm" and get to the city where we would really "see life." He wrote us alluring and tantalizing letters of the gay and happy life he was leading in the city, and wanted to know if we were enjoying ourselves napping in "Sleepyville," which was the name he had given to our town of Centreville.

Several things combined to make our labors on the farm particularly arduous and disagreeable that autumn, and Ted and I never met without one or both of us giving utterance to our discontent.

"What a precious pair of greenhorns we are!" exclaimed Ted one raw and cold Saturday afternoon when we were trudging home from town which had seemed unusually stupid that day. "Here we are nearly sixteen years old and neither of us have ever been fifty miles from home. We are a pair of regular jays and so green it is a wonder the cattle do not try to eat us."

"I guess you are about right," I said in reply. "And it looks as if we would remain green for a good many years to come. I had a letter from Chester yesterday and I tell you he isn't moping his life away."

"I reckon not. No fellow has to do any moping in the city. You know what I have made up my mind to, Jerry? I mean



"We Are a Pair of Regular Jays."

"What you say?" asked Ted with a jaw-cracking yawn.

"I say that we are in your father's barn and—"

(Continued on page 27)

What Has Happened in January

By L. LAMPREY

Our memories were five hundred years long, and every New Year's Day recalled to our minds what has happened in all the January days of other years, it would be one of the most wonderful panoramas that can be imagined. To the Saxons of old England and Germany January was the "wolf-month," because the hungry wolves prowled most dangerously in the depth of winter. It is strange to think that midwinter with us is midsummer across the equator, but when Juan Diaz de Solis, cruising down along the coast of South America, discovered a new port on January 1, 1513, it was the height of a tropic summer, and he named the port Rio Janeiro in honor of the day.

It was on the 19th of January, 1534, that Vasco Nunez de Balboa came back to the little town of Darien after he had discovered the Pacific Ocean. All the people turned out to welcome him and a proud man he was as he made his progress through the cheering crowds and thought what the king of Spain would say when he heard that the red and yellow banner waved over a trackless ocean.

On January 26, 1788, the first company of English settlers sailed through summer seas to Australia. How upside down life must have seemed to them in that strange island we can only fancy when we think that there the swans are black, the tigers smaller than sheep, the birds laugh and talk like human beings, and some birds wear hair and some animals have bills like ducks.

January has been rather an eventful month for England in several different ways. It was on January 18, 1486, that Henry VII. married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and so ended the wars of the Roses by joining the houses of York and Lancaster. In the pageants of that magnificent age one might sometimes see an arch of roses red and white, with figures of the king and queen. The gardeners, always on the alert to create a new court flower, are said to have experimented about this time and succeeded in growing a new rose with striped or clouded petals, red and white, and this rose, in old-fashioned gardens, is said to have been sweeter than any other in the world. It was on a January day that Henry VIII. married beautiful Anne Boleyn, and he himself died on January 28, 1547. Twelve years later, on January 15, 1559, his daughter Elizabeth was crowned Queen.

But less than a hundred years after Elizabeth came to the throne England was to see for the first time in the history of the world a king behended by his own subjects, for it was on January 30, 1649, that Charles Stuart lost his life. For hundreds of years this day was kept in fasting and mourning by Royalists all over the world. On the other hand, some of the descendants of the Puritans kept it as a feast day. Many people still living in this country remember eating calf's head for dinner on January 30, though they do not always know why it was done. And in January, 1788, the last Charles Stuart, Prince Charlie, who had landed in Scotland more than forty years before to fight gallantly to win back the throne of Great Britain, died exiled and almost forgotten, an old man, in Rome.

In the days when "speaking pieces" was part of the Friday afternoon program in every school, many a boy began solemnly to recite "The Burial of Sir John Moore" but very few of them had any idea who the hero was or when his burial took place. He was in the British army in America before the end of the Revolution, he fought against the Irish in 1798, and was killed fighting Napoleon in Spain at the battle of Corunna, January 16, 1809. So it was on a January night that his friends went through that weird ceremony and "left him alone in his glory."

January has been the birth-month of several famous men, among them, Ben Jonson, born January 31, 1574; Robert Burns, born January 25, 1759 (the Scottish societies still celebrate his birthday every year); Benjamin Franklin, born on January 17, 1706; Alexander Hamilton, born January 11, 1757; Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782; General Israel Putnam, born January 7, 1718, and Murillo, born in 1618. Two of the greatest rulers of Germany were also born in January—Friedrich the Great, born January 24, 1712, and the present Emperor William, born January 27, 1859. The birthday of Joan of Arc is January 6, and by a curious coincidence Twelfth Night, the twelfth night after Christmas, is in France known as "the night of kings." Talleyrand, writing to a friend at that season, in the midst of the Reign of Terror, observed, "I fear that there will soon be no kings, if things continue in their present course."

It has been said that revolutions always begin in summer, but by an odd freak of destiny both the kings who have been victims of revolutions met their fate in January. Louis XVI. of France was guillotined on the twenty-first of January, 1793. Peter the Great died January 28, 1725, and Charlemagne's death occurred on the same day in January, 814. On the same day in 1596 Sir Francis Drake died in the West Indies, amid the seas he had so often sailed in his fifty years of exploring and fighting.

A little more than two hundred years ago, on January 21, 1707, the Great Mogul died—the last of the Moguls of India. Today his name is only a proverb, for people still say "As rich as the Great Mogul," but during his lifetime the tales that were told of his thrones crusted with precious stones, his treasure-chambers full of gold and diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, were not only wonderful but true. The French jeweler Tavernier saw and handled some of these jewels and it is supposed that the Great Mogul diamond was split and re-cut and that part of it is now the Koh-i-noor of the British crown jewels. The Great Mogul ate from golden dishes and drank from a cup of carved rock-crystal, and one of his thrones was completely covered with diamonds.

Naturally, some of the severest weather in the world's history has been part of

the panoramas of January. All though January in 1762 there was a great frost in England, and it is said that the ice on the Thames was five feet thick. On January 27, 1800, a great storm swept over a part of England and blew down what was known as King John's Castle, at Old Ford near Bow. This ancient castle was built in the year 1203, and here King John slept—we may imagine his dreams were not agreeable—on the night after the barons had forced him to sign the Magna Carta.

The union of Great Britain and Ireland took place on January 7, 1801, and we probably owe to this a great part of the early Irish population of the United States, since many patriotic Irishmen, rather than yield to the hated power of England, betook themselves to America. On January 13, 1847, the Young Ireland party formed the "Irish Federation," which enrolled a hundred and fifty thousand men, and the results of this struggle against England, together with the famine year, brought another great Irish migration to our shores. And so we see that nothing can happen in any country in the world that does not, somehow or other, affect some other country—often the very remotest lands on earth. January has the credit of still another event which has changed the world's history, and which happened in our own country. Gold was discovered in California January 14, 1848. Seven years later, on January 27, 1855, the Panama Railroad was opened and got its share of the gold of the returning Californians and the gold-seekers who had money enough for travel by that route. And the first telegraph was established January 6, 1844, and the first penny-post and postage stamps in the world came into being in England, January 10, 1810. In fact, almost every day if not every day in the month of January is the anniversary of some event which has changed our lives today for good or ill. That is what history means—the memory of the life of men.

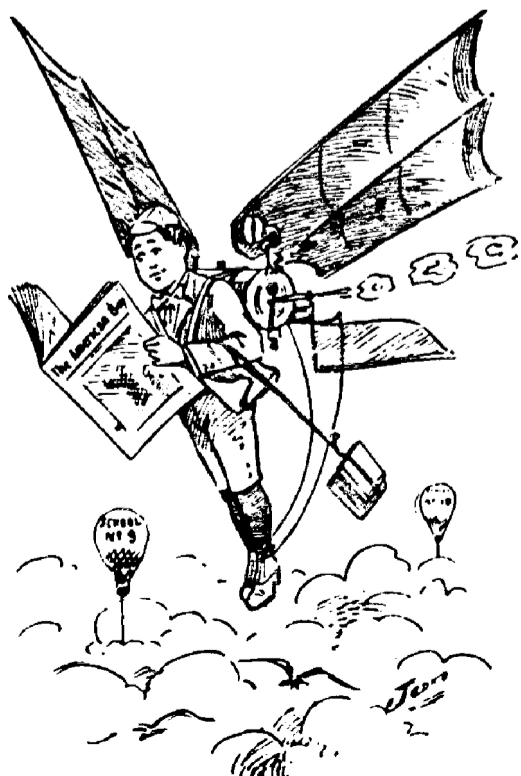
How an Ojibwa Indian Chief Learned to Write

IN the northerly portion of the Province of Ontario, in Canada, is a large, freshwater lake, some thirty by twenty miles, taking no account of communicating bays. In it are a number of very pretty islands, and the water is of an emerald color, which makes the views among them very striking, seen under the beautifully clear Canadian sky. It is called Lake Simcoe, after one of the governors sent out from England, and some years ago was surrounded by forest, but is now encompassed by splendid farms with thoroughbred cattle and horses, and all sorts of modern machinery. Large numbers of summer visitors from Toronto, which is only about fifty miles away, have fine residences on the lake, while their motor-launches and sailing-yachts make it a very gay scene during three months or so every year.

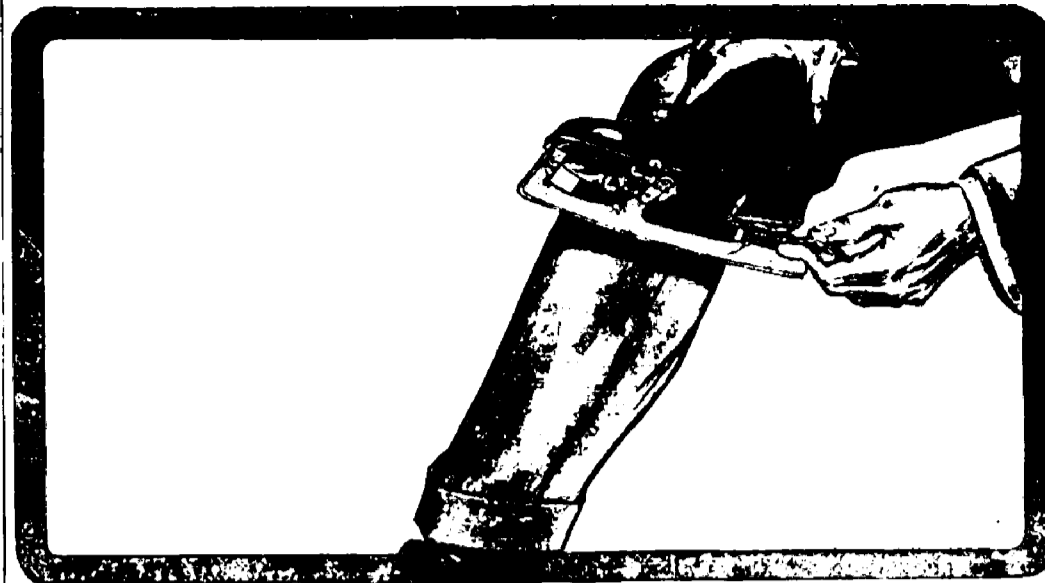
In this lake the government has set apart several islands for the Indians, the original owners and inhabitants of the country. They do a certain amount of farming, under their instructors, and serve as guides and cooks to hunting-parties in northern Ontario. The women make baskets, and bark boxes ornamented with dyed porcupine-quills, and in one way or another they earn a fair livelihood. The most important of these reserved islands is Georgina Island, and on it resides the Chief, the subject of this tale. He is a very fine-looking big man, now much advanced in years, and his name is Keche Chemaun—"Big Canoe." Georgina Island contains about 4,500 acres, but I believe some of the chief's land live, or camp, on Snake Island, where many of them formerly lived, at times, though a visit there during a recent summer seemed to show the island as now uninhabited.

It was while on a visit to Snake Island, Chief Big Canoe formed the idea of learning to write. He attended a little entertainment which was given at an Indian school, and noticed a young man take a shingle and mark something on it with chalk, and pass it over to a girl. Watching her carefully, he saw that she looked at the shingle, smiled, and nodded her

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head. The Chief thought to himself, "I should like to be able to talk to a girl like that man did." When he went home, he told his grandfather, with whom he hunted and fished, that he wanted to go to school. The grandfather took a book, and said to him, "You eat that—pretty dry eating. Your business is hunting."

However, Big Canoe went to school, and did not like it. He was put in a class with small boys, to learn his letters, and as he was a grown man he was ashamed, and did not go any more. However, he still wanted to be able to "talk to girl" as he had seen the young man do at the entertainment, so he went to the young fellow himself, and got him to teach him. In a short time he learned his letters and how to write. He says, "I made good use of writing. I write to the Chief's daughter at Rama" (that is another Indian reserve, on Lake Couchiching, near Orillia), "and I get her." Some time afterward he married this young woman.

Big Canoe went to Georgina Island in 1855 or 1856. He learned to do a certain amount of surveying, and has run many "lines" between lots on the island. He has a nice house, and is generally respected, not only by his own tribe, but by the whites as well.

Some time since, two young people—a girl about fifteen or sixteen and a boy of twelve—from Toronto, who spend their summers at Jackson's Point, a pleasure resort about five miles from Georgina Island, moved by a long-cherished curiosity, resolved one fine morning to take "French leave" and row over to the Reserve. They duly accomplished the long row, and went to Chief Big Canoe's house. They were gently reproved for making such a journey alone, given tea, boiled eggs, and cookies, and some member of the Chief's family played a parlor organ for their amusement. Then they were advised to "get back home as soon as can; storm coming." This they accordingly did, reaching the Point safely (to be well scolded by their mother, who had guessed whither they had gone), and to nurse a series of large blisters on their hands, which somewhat detracted from the pride and pleasure they felt at having actually visited an Ojibwa Chief at his home.

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CURRENT EVENTS

The Revolt in Mexico.

A futile revolt headed by Francisco Madero against the power of President Diaz of Mexico ended after a few days as it might have been expected to have ended. Nowhere did the revolt make headway dangerous to the established government in spite of reports to the contrary received during the first hours of the trouble. Diaz the watchful stretched out his iron hand, the puny arms of the revolutionists were crushed with ease and dispatch, the country, reported as honey-combed with adherents of Madero, was speedily pacified and order restored. Madero was a candidate for the presidency in the recent election against Diaz.

The Census.

It is now evident that the census of 1910 will show a great and healthy growth in the population of the United States. The census of 1900 showed a population of 76,000,000, a growth of 13,000,000 over the figures of 1890. The figures of this present census will show an excess of 50,000,000, a growth of more than 11,000,000. Now we have nearly twice as many people residing in this country as we had in 1880.

Immigration.

During the year 1910 approximately 930,000 immigrants. For the past three years the average has been 750,000 a year, but during 1908 more than 700,000 and in 1909 about 400,000 returned to Europe.

Tolstol.

Count Leo Tolstol, great author, broad-minded reformer, died November 20. Without doubt he was Russia's greatest man, admittedly he was the greatest author that country has ever produced. Possessed of title and large possessions he chose to live simply, to be the friend and champion of the people, the implacable enemy of autocracy and oppression.

Japan.

One may gain some idea of the size and importance of Japan and the denseness of its population by studying the fact that in the empire are 66 cities, 1,237 towns and 13,957 villages.

Tobacco.

How general is the tobacco habit and what enormous quantities are consumed annually in the United States one may judge from the fact that the revenue alone which was paid to the United States government upon tobacco was \$50,000,000 in the one year, 1908.

Rubber.

Mexico is among the pioneers in rubber culture, for there exist today plantations more than a quarter of a century old. For many years Mexico has been one of the largest producers of rubber and its exports have reached enormous figures.

Aeroplane Fleets.

When the aeroplane became a working reality there were a few enthusiasts who said it would end war because it would make war too bloody. A bomb dropped from on high would sink a dreadnought costing millions and drown all its crew. Death could be rained down from the sky upon a helpless army. But sad experience has taught that new and better instrumentalities for carrying on war do not put an end to it. About all they seem to do is to make it more expensive to live up to the axiom that if you want peace you must be ready for war.

The exact military value of aeroplanes cannot be known until two nations provided with them shall have engaged in war. Interesting as the results would be, it is to be hoped that it will be long before we are enlightened. It is Mr. Hudson Maxim's opinion that the value of the flying machine in future warfare will be mainly as scouting craft as the far-seeing eyes of an army. He does not think they could accomplish much by dropping dynamite bombs on ships or forts, for he says the destructive effect of high explosives is greatly exaggerated.

But without waiting for practical utility tests the military nations are equipping themselves with aeroplanes. The German government has ordered forty, designed to carry light guns. American army officers have given it as their opinion that this country should have twenty at once. Probably congress will be asked for an appropriation. What Germany has England must have, and a little more, and France will not be behind. As the torpedo boat beget the torpedo boat destroyer, the aeroplane will beget the aeroplane destroyer, and every nation will have to have some.

It is lucky that aeroplanes are cheap compared with dreadnoughts. But construction of fleets of them will swell the war budgets of the nations and add something to the burdens of their tax-payers. That is the one certain result of the invention of the aeroplane.

Postal Receipts.

Postal receipts for the fiscal year ended June 30 were \$224,128,657.62, an increase of 10 per cent over last year. More than one-half that enormous sum was collected in six states: New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Missouri, the total collections of each state ranging in the order named. The New York postoffice collected 10 per cent of all the receipts, and Chicago 8 per cent.

The expenses for the year showed an increase of 4 per cent. It cost \$229,977,119 to deliver the mail.

More than \$617,000,000 in money orders were issued during the year. More than 15 per cent were paid in Chicago, and 9 per cent were paid in New York.

More than \$89,000,000 went abroad in money orders last year.

Chinese Parliament.

An official decree was issued November 1, announcing that an imperial parliament, the first in the history of China, would be convoked in 1913.

This is a concession to the demands of the recently constituted senate and delegations of the provincial assemblies which recently memorialized the government in behalf of the early constitution of a general representative legislative body.

The program fixed by the late empress dowager provided for the assembling of an imperial parliament in 1915, but until recently the throne had refused to entertain petitions praying that the date be advanced.

The decree set forth that the parliament would be convened in three years. The police went from house to house informing the occupants of the edict. Presently the dragon banner and paper lanterns appeared above every door. Beyond this there was no public manifestation.

Railroad Death Rate.

"Killed, 3,801; injured, 82,378," this is the casualty record of the railroads in the United States during the year ended June 30 last, according to the interstate commerce commission November 1. It is an increase of 1,013 in the number killed and 18,451 in the number injured over the previous year's figures.

There were 5,861 collisions, killing 433 people and injuring 7,765, and damaging railroad property \$4,629,279. In the year's 5,910 derailments 340 persons were killed and 4,814 injured.

During the last three months of the year the total killed or injured was 20,650.

Canadian Naval Policy Checked.

The defeat of the government candidate for member of parliament at the Drummond, Que., bye-election is regarded as one of the hardest checks given to the Laurier government since it came into power in 1896. The district, normally liberal by over 1,000, today elected Gilbert, the nationalist-conservative candidate, by 200 majority.

The issue was the government's naval policy. Several members of the government took an active part in the campaign. The Laurier government depends for its majority on the members from Quebec. This defeat is therefore taken to indicate that the government will be compelled to revise its naval policy.

New Mexico's Constitution.

The New Mexico constitutional convention, on October 28, adopted the entire

article of forty-five sections on legislative department as proposed by the majority of the convention. The Republicans stood together against the initiative. The Democrats had hoped Republican insurgency would develop on this question.

SAFETY FOR FLYING MEN.

Not until aviation is far safer than it is now, will it compete with automobilism as a popular sport. The death list of aviators has reached an appalling figure, and the accidents to expert flying men are numberless. Under such circumstances, says The Scientific American, there is little to encourage a novice in taking up the art of flying, unless he is a reckless man and cares little for his personal safety. Undoubtedly the flying machine is safer at a considerable height above the earth than when flying close to the ground, for the reason that it is not so subject to disturbing gusts; and in case of accident to the motor the operator of the machine can glide to earth, and will have a better opportunity to pick out a safe landing place. What the aviator most dreads is an accident to his motor when he is close to the ground on which a landing is impossible. The failure of his motor or an unexpected puff of wind may dash him to the earth before he has time to recover.

In view of such dangerous possibilities efforts have been made to provide the aviator with safety appliances, calculated to break the shock of the fall, but it is obviously impossible to safeguard against harm by furnishing him with padded clothing. Another scheme has recently been suggested and carried into practice with a fair degree of success. Its object is not to take the shock of the fall, nor is it to prevent a fall (for obviously the aviator wishes to come to the ground), but to reduce the rate of falling on the principle of a parachute. In order to make the parachute immediately accessible (for in time of accident near the ground the aviator has scarcely time to think), it is made a part of his wearing apparel, and may be put into instant use by the involuntary action of the arms when he begins to fall.

The parachute is in the form of a loose, flowing garment, which is securely fastened to the body, and is fitted over a framework carried on the aviator's back. The lower ends of the garment are secured to the ankles. The arrangement is such that when the aviator throws out his arms the garment is extended, and during the fall is puffed out by the air, thus serving as a cushion to prevent too rapid a descent.

Experiments have been made with this parachute dress, in which the wearer has jumped from buildings and other heights, and the garment has been puffed out into a parachute at once.

HELEN GRANT'S DECISION, by Amanda W. Douglas, contains the Helen Grant series in this book. Helen enters upon her second year as a teacher. The story turns upon an offer from a college which she decides to refuse in order to remain in her present position where duty seems to call. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

THE GIANT OF THE TREASURE CAVES, by Mrs. E. G. Mulliken, is a story of life and adventure which the author claims was to some extent founded upon fact. The theme is well handled. There is a plenty of thrilling situations and enough of mystery to hold the reader to the end. The book is handsomely illustrated in color. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

THE YOUNG BLOCKADERS, by Everett T. Tomlinson, is a story of lower Mississippi during the civil war. From this book the reader will get a very excellent idea of the methods, both of maintaining and running a blockade imposed by the Federal Government as a war measure throughout the Rebellion. From a historical standpoint this book possesses the excellence of Mr. Tomlinson's other works. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.



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Boys Books Reviewed

AT THE HOME PLATE, by A. T. Dudley, is the second volume of the Stories of the Triangular League. This book is similar in its treatment to Mr. Dudley's other books, which are so familiar to boy readers. The story is entertaining and well told. The characters stand out clearly, and altogether it is a volume which should please the boys immensely. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

DAVE PORTER AT STAR RANCH, by Edward Stratmeyer, is the sixth volume of the Dave Porter Series. In this volume Dave passes a summer vacation at a Colorado ranch, together with some of his friends whom boy readers have met in the preceding volumes of this series. Those who have not met David Porter should be glad to form his acquaintance in this book. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

A LITTLE MAID OF BOSTON TOWN, by Margaret Sidney, is a patriotic story for younger readers. The story is laid in Boston in Revolutionary days, and patriotism is inculcated in every chapter. The fact that Margaret Sidney is the author of the famous Pepper books should give this book a favorable introduction, and it will be found not to fall short of the previous work of this author. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

HESTER'S COUNTERPART, by Jean K. Baird, is the second volume of the Hester Series and is primarily a book for girls. It is a story of girl life and character at a boarding school. The story is interesting from start to finish. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

WINNING THE EAGLE PRIZE, by Norman Balmori, is a story which needs no introduction to readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. During the past year it appeared in serial form in this magazine and was one of its most popular stories. It is the second volume of The Five Chums Series, being the sequel to Winning His Shoulder Straps, which also appeared in serial form in THE AMERICAN BOY. In this story the character of Billy Hazen is developed amid stirring adventures, and the book ends in a climax which will delight every reader. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

DOROTHY DAINTY'S WINTER, by Amy Brooks, is the ninth volume of the Dorothy Dainty Series, now familiar to all little readers. It is the equal of any of the volumes which have preceded it, and should give pleasure to the little readers for whom it is intended. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

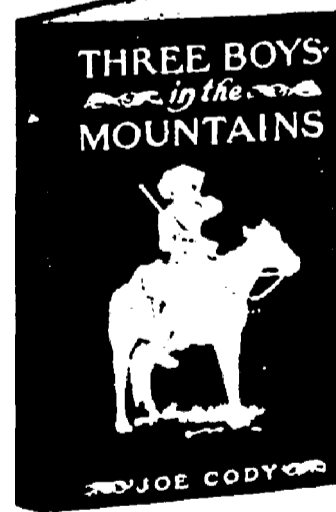
TIM AND ROY IN CAMP, by Frank Pendleton, is an excellent story of a camping trip and the adventures incident thereto which several boys together with an old hunter and trapper from the far West, took into the Ohio woods. There is no chapter without its adventure, and from cover to cover the book is full of clean humor. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

LARRY BURKE, FRESHMAN, by Frank I. Odell, is a really excellent story of freshman college life. Class strife, fraternity life, and athletics are depicted as they really are; in fact, one may judge that Mr. Odell drew his inspira-

tion from life at the University of Michigan, for he has made use of many of the customs that prevail in that great university. The book is rather a new departure so far as treatment is concerned, and Mr. Odell has made the best of his opportunity. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

THE OTHER SYLVIA, by Nina Rhoades, is the ninth volume of the Brick House Books. It is a story for little girls. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

Two Splendid Books for Boys



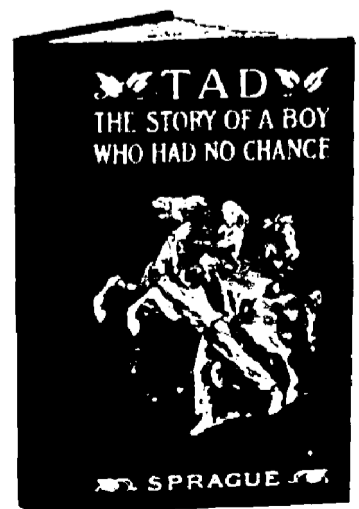
THREE BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS. The story of Western adventure—clean and inspiring—that ran in The American Boy through the greater part of 1901 has been issued by The Sprague Publishing Company in book form. It is one of the longest and best stories that has appeared in The American Boy. Its author is William C. Sprague, under the assumed name of Joe Cody. This is sufficient to indicate that it rings true in morals, and that nothing has been allowed to enter that will hurt a boy, but that everything is there that will give interest and dash to the narrative. It brings in the pleasures of the hunt, the chase and the camp, and deals with Indians and animals in plains and mountains. It is a good, healthy story that a parent will be glad to have in the hands of his boy.

Handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Price 75c, postpaid.

TAD, THE STORY OF A BOY WHO HAD NO CHANCE. This story ran through Volume VIII of The American Boy, and thousands of boys who read it will bear testimony to its beauty and pathos. They have learned to love this boy, Tad. It certainly is one of the best stories ever written by William C. Sprague. It has now been published in book form (224 pages), handsomely bound in cloth and profusely illustrated, at the price of 75 cents, postpaid.

Either of these books given to American Boy subscribers for one new yearly subscription, or both books will be given to American Boy subscribers for two new yearly subscriptions.

Remember, these books cannot be given on your own subscription, or on a renewal subscription.



The Sprague Publishing Co., - Detroit, Mich.

Boy Mechanic and Electrician

Edited and Illustrated by CAPT. H. A. R. GRAY

Mechanical Drawing

The Editor announces that the Mechanical Drawing lessons which have proven so popular and have almost swamped him with drawings for note and correction, will be resumed in a near issue as our page at this season of the year is rather reduced in space and the Editor must have a rest for a few weeks before starting on the second series.

Contestants, however, should procure a bound volume of THE AMERICAN BOY for 1910 and may start sending in their drawings which will be reviewed as soon as the Editor can get back into harness. Do not forget the RETURN POSTAGE.

My Position

How I Won It; What It Is; What I Am Learning
By DATER BARNETT

Winner of First Place in The American Boy Mechanical Drawing Contest.

The position which our editor, Captain Gray, has given me, was won by taking pains and being as neat as possible in doing the lessons in Mechanical Drawing which the Captain has been giving us in THE AMERICAN BOY. On the first drawing I sent him, that of the pulley, I got 66.67 per cent. I thought I had done it pretty well and was rather rueful when it came back and I saw the errors which had been pointed out and the mark on it. But not being discouraged, I made up my mind to draw the succeeding lessons better and did them as neatly and accurately as I could, and I am sure that if they had not been much better than that first one, Captain Gray would never have awarded me my appointment. I believe that any boy who will try can do as well as I did or better. I did not begin doing the lessons when they first appeared, but one time last Fall, about a year ago. In looking over some old copies of THE AMERICAN BOY I became interested, thinking I might get some benefit from the drawing and perhaps might win a place. So one may get a late start and still come out ahead if he tries hard enough. I would almost rather draw than eat.

I am now an apprentice in the shops of the Westinghouse Machine Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa., working at present on the engine testing floor. Here one has an unequalled chance to learn how engines and many other machines are erected and tested. If he will keep his eyes open, he may see a very great number of things that will interest and benefit him greatly. Some of the things I am learning are: The construction and operation of gas engines; how defects and troubles are remedied; how tests are made; the use of tools in the preparation and assembling of the parts and in the remedying of defects, and that work must be done well or work will go wrong.

The setting of valves, which at first I could not see through at all, I am beginning to understand. Every nut must be pulled just as tight as one can make it (without straining the threads) so the parts will not come loose and accidents happen. I have done some tapping out of holes in cylinder covers and then screwing plugs into them; some stud driving, and grinding of valve seats. In testing the gas engines, the job of watching the brake, keeping it from getting too tight or loose, is mine. The engines are all large vertical ones, mostly three cylinder, and started by compressed air and I have been taught how to set them so that the pistons will be in the right position for the air to start them. There is lots of hard work to it, but that does not hurt a fellow and is worth the experience one gets.

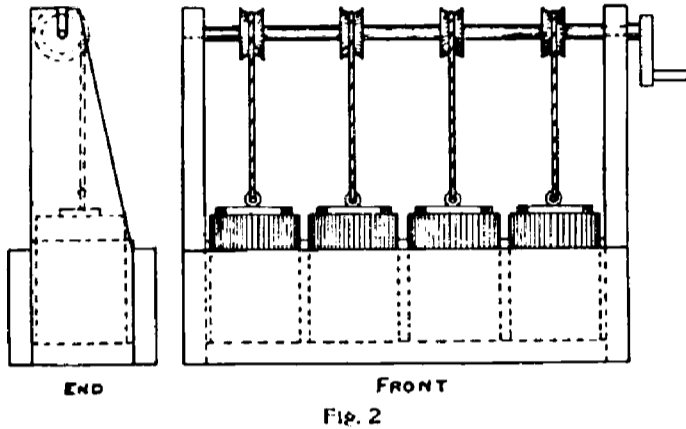
It will certainly pay one to do his best on the lessons we are getting, and if he honestly tries, he certainly will be given a "square deal" by Captain Gray and THE AMERICAN BOY.

Bichromate Battery

The number of queries that I receive each month asking for a method of constructing a powerful battery for use on

made by the average experimenter that will give results in wireless telegraph, small fan motor or lighting circuits.

The name is derived from the use of Bichromate of Potash as a depolarizer in the electrolyte. The fluid is also commercially known as "Electroton" and is used largely in all forms of Grenet Batteries. In Fig. 1 is shown the method of mounting the elements which consist of carbon and zinc plates which should be about 2" wide and 7" long. The thickness of these plates may be from 1/8" to 1/2" the same results being obtained with any thickness between these. If you can not obtain the plates from your dealer, he will give you the address of dealers in electrical goods who can supply them. You can make your zinc plates by melting old crowfoot battery zincs which you may be able to obtain from the telegraph or telephone stations and moulding them to size. Common zinc pencils as used in sal ammoniac batteries can be used if a sufficient number are mounted together. The carbon plates can be taken from old dry batteries. While but one zinc and one carbon plate are shown in the illustration, better results are obtained by using two carbon and one zinc plate of the sizes given, to each cell. Between the plates and on each side a hardwood strip is placed and bolts run through at the ends, care being taken that the bolts do not touch the plates which would short circuit the elements. In the center strip of wood a screw eye is fastened to which



the cord for raising and lowering the elements is attached. The zincs should be amalgamated by washing them thoroughly; dipping for a few minutes in a solution of one part sulphuric acid and four parts of water, and rubbing over with mercury, using a woolen cloth. The box should be made as shown in Fig. 2, end and front views given. The dimensions will be governed by the number of cells and the height thereof. For the cells I use pint fruit jars and these can be used either with the thread for the cap left on or cut off, using a white hot iron bar and drawing around on the line where it is desired to cut the jar and then immersing the jar in cold water, to effect this. The rough edges of the glass can be smoothed with a fine file which has been dipped in hot turpentine.

A shaft made from a piece of broomstick to which is fitted the pulleys shown is fitted between the uprights and provided with a crank. If a lathe is handy the entire shaft with pulleys can be turned in one piece from any hard wood. The cords leading from the screw-eyes in the elements are passed over the pulleys and fastened thereto. Thus, the elements when not in use are easily raised from the electrolyte as if left therein when not in use the zincs will be rapidly eroded.

The electrolyte is made by slowly stirring together two pounds of commercially pure sulphuric acid and five and one-half quarts of water in an earthen crock and allowing the mixture to cool after which one and one-half pounds of Potassium Bichromate is added and dissolved.

A smaller quantity can be mixed by preserving the above proportions. Fill each jar to a depth of six inches with the fluid and slowly turning the crank lower the elements into the cells to the depth desired which will be governed by the strength of current required. It is understood, of course, that you will understand how to connect the elements together connecting the zinc of one cell with the carbon of the next or if two carbons are used to each cell these should be connected together and a connection made between them and the zinc of the next cell. This will leave a zinc at one end cell and a carbon at the other to which your wires leading to the instruments are connected. As I shall soon publish directions for making "The American Boy Spark Coil" you should lose no time in getting your battery made.

Mineral Detector Stand

In the accompanying illustration, Fig. 1, a simple detector stand which can be made at a cost of not to exceed fifty cents is shown.

It consists of but four pieces as shown; a hardwood or fiber base; two brass or copper standards, and a piece of spring brass.

The base is one inch wide, three inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick. The brass standards are each 1/4" thick and 3/8" wide; the legs of one being 1" x 1" and of the other 1" x 1 1/2". A hole is drilled 1/4" below the top and in the center of each standard with a No. 31 twist-drill, and tapped with a No. 8, 32 thread tap and a brass screw, 3/4" in length, fitted therein. Two holes are drilled, in the bottom legs of each standard, with a No. 10 twist-drill and countersunk to admit brass

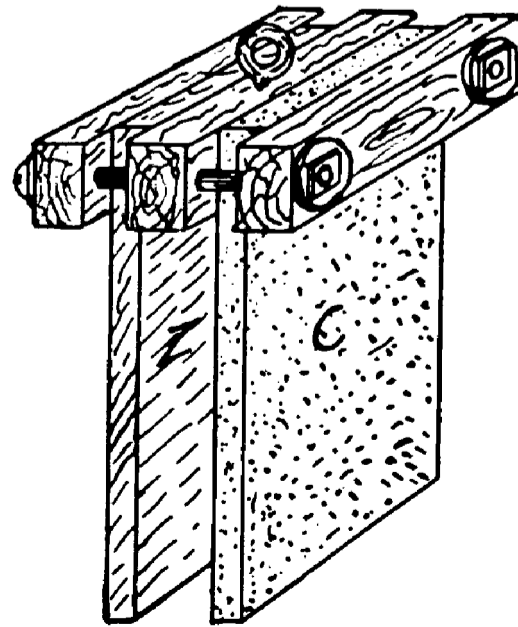
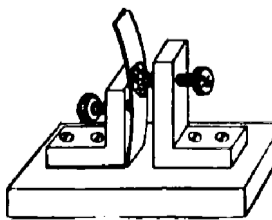


Fig. 1

closed circuit and continuous loads, is so large that I publish, herewith, a description of the only battery which can be

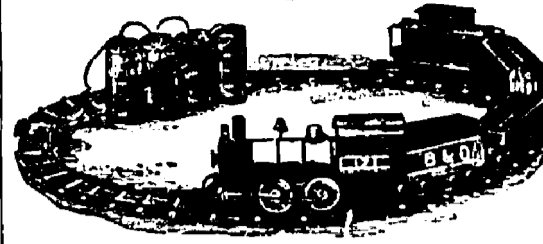
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screws with which the standards are fastened to the base.

A piece of thin spring brass, 3/8" wide and 3" long is bent at right angles at a point 1" from one end and placed under the short standard and scribed for the two holes through which the holding down screws pass and drilled with the No. 10 twist-drill.

The stand is now ready to mount and the standards are mounted on the base, facing each other and 3/8" apart. A piece of silicon or carborundum is placed between the spring and the upper screw and tension adjusted by the lower screw. By drilling a small hole in the end of the upper screw and inserting a needle such as is used on a graphophone, the sensitiveness of the detector will be increased. One of the holding down screws in each standard can be replaced with a threaded or screw-point binding post shown in Fig. 2, insuring a better connection. By soldering a piece of sheet platinum, 3/8" square to the spring and a lead disc made by flattening a buckshot to the upper screw, this stand can be used with peroxide of lead as an electrolyte. Care should be observed to keep the peroxide of lead lozenge moist to avoid the crackling sound which is observed when this electrolyte becomes partially dry.

Fig. 2

of the detector will be increased. One of the holding down screws in each standard can be replaced with a threaded or screw-point binding post shown in Fig. 2, insuring a better connection. By soldering a piece of sheet platinum, 3/8" square to the spring and a lead disc made by flattening a buckshot to the upper screw, this stand can be used with peroxide of lead as an electrolyte. Care should be observed to keep the peroxide of lead lozenge moist to avoid the crackling sound which is observed when this electrolyte becomes partially dry.

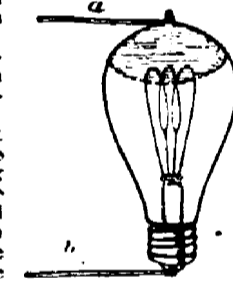
What the Boys Are Doing

George R. Popp of Indianapolis, Indiana, sends in a sketch of what he considers an improvement over Paul Darr's switch that would indicate clearly that he is interested in the subject, but he has failed to give the subject careful consideration. His scheme is to provide a battery at each station, also a two point switch which will permit of cutting out the other station when one of the two wishes to practice alone. This would result in the possible chance of both switches being thrown onto the local stations and neither station being able to call the other. In Paul's switch this is not possible as there is only one switch and when the station where this switch is located is at the key the points are on 1 and 3. One boy might forget but two are more likely to. I shall shortly publish a diagram showing a connection and switch which will prove ideal for practice lines.

Spark Coil Experiment

Harold H. Cutter of Springfield, Mass., sends in the following experiment with a spark coil which the Editor illustrates herewith.

The tip end of an electric light bulb is covered with tinfoil as shown by the dotted line. A wire is connected to the tinfoil as shown at "a" and one to the brass terminal as shown at "b." These wires are then connected to the secondary terminals of your spark coil and the current turned on when the interior of the bulb will be filled with a violet colored light and rainbow effects produced.



A Scientific Prophecy

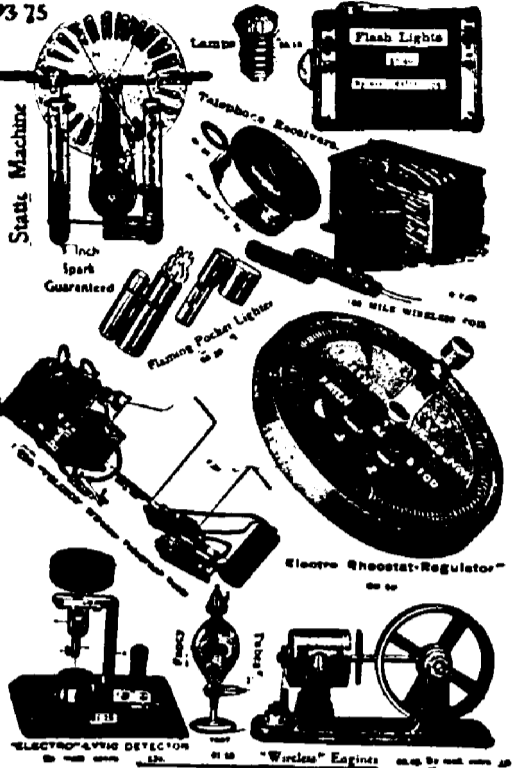
In speaking of the increased utility of wireless transmission of messages and power in the near future, Nikola Tesla said recently: "We have as yet touched only on a very primitive use of the art. So far only electric waves have been used, which have quickly lessened their force in passing through the air. It is possible, however, to transmit electric currents of enormous power for thousands of miles, without diminishing the energy. This has been established by many practical experiments. It will soon be possible to transmit messages all over the world so simply that any individual can carry and operate his own apparatus.

"The wireless transmission of power across the ocean, for instance, opens up an entirely new era in mechanical improvements. It will soon be possible for a business man in New York to dictate instructions and have them appear almost instantly in type in London or elsewhere. By telephone he will be able to call up a subscriber in any part of the world and talk as understandingly as if to his neighbor in the next building.

"To communicate by wireless it will be necessary to carry an instrument no bigger than a watch, which will enable its bearer to hear anywhere, on sea or land, for distances of a thousand miles. One may listen, or transmit speech or songs, to the uttermost parts of the world."

The Eiffel Tower in Paris has been receiving messages from the station at Glace Bay, Canada, a distance of 3,250 miles. A new installation is being placed in the tower, and by its use it is hoped wireless communication may be held with Saignon, Cochin China, a distance of 6,800 miles.

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A Resentful Target Charlie Learns When Not to Shoot

By ROE L. HENDRICK

THE little Merry Maid heeled far over as she quitted the curve of beach that answers for a harbor at Avalon, the quaint pleasure resort of Santa Catalina Island, and headed to the northward, bound for the southern entrance of Santa Barbara Channel. The Pacific was glittering in the soft winter sunshine. Far away on the northeastern horizon, sensed rather than seen, was a gray haze outlining the distant California coast. The boat seemed a thing of life as it lightly mounted the long rollers.

Below her keel, plainly visible through the clear, green water, were the famous aquatic gardens of Santa Catalina, consisting of a dense forest of multi-colored sea growths, swarming with finny denizens that rivaled in hue the branches amid which they sported; but Charlie Hoskins had spent many hours inspecting them until his eyes had been surfeited by their riot of form and color. Now his interest centered in the brilliant world above water.



Fired at the Harmless Animal

"Captain Joe," he asked, "how long did you say it would be before we reached Ventura?"

The gray-haired veteran took a long look at sea and sky before replying. "I don't exactly know," he finally said. "About a day, probably; maybe not more'n twenty hours. If this breeze holds, and we don't have to put in at San Pedro, we'll be there by noon tomorrow. But on a cruise like this, you can't ever tell."

Charlie grinned cheerfully. "I don't believe you'd say two and two make four, for certain, Captain Joe," he declared; and the old sailor smiled indulgently without replying.

An Ishmian steamer, clearly outlined but looking almost microscopic, was plowing southward from San Francisco. Dozens of small craft, propelled by oars or naphtha engines, covered the sea near the island. Off to the eastward, mere patches of brown and yellow against the horizon line, were the scattered fishing boats, manned chiefly by Portuguese and Chinese, securing their daily catch for the city markets.

A porpoise tumbled into the sunlight and fell with a splash, gambolling close to the surface like a playful but amazingly swift spaniel. Charlie hurried to the bow, snatching his rifle from under the lee of the low cabin on his way, and fired at the harmless animal. The porpoise disappeared, probably uninjured, for the distance was considerable and the Merry Maid's deck unsteady; but Captain Joe Walker was seriously displeased.

"Now, what did you do that for?" he demanded. "That porpoise wasn't disturbin' you or anybody else. Just as certain as the world, your pa'll wish he never give you that gun. You're always shootin' at somethin' with it."

"That's what a rifle is for, Captain Joe," said Charlie, pertly; "and if I'd got him, I'd have skinned him. I've wanted a porpoise hide for a long time."

"Humph!" said the old man. "A list of the things you want would fill a big book, but I'm afraid some of the things you'll get, if you keep on, won't make pleasant readin'."

The boy seemed to pay no heed to this remark. "I'm going to open a few of these cans for lunch," he said, to change the subject. "I'm hungry as a bear already, aren't you?"

They supped amicably behind the little cabin hatchway, and as the sun went down the boy took the wheel. "Hold her two p'int's west o' north, right where she is," said the captain. "I'll get four winks, and then be good for all night. But you call me if it clouds up or the wind freshens."

Nothing happened to disturb the serenity of the evening, but shortly after the stars came out, the old man emerged from the cabin, and sent the sleepy lad to the bunk. The sun was peeping over the Coast Range, and Captain Joe, with the wheel lashed, was preparing a potful of coffee, when Charlie opened his eyes. The coast lay on their right, six or eight miles distant, with San Pedro as far astern. There was not much wind, and the Merry Maid was not making more than two or three knots an hour.

After breakfast Charlie offered to steer for a couple of hours while the old man took a nap. The latter did not need much

urging, for there was every indication that the fair weather would continue throughout the day.

Left alone, Charlie whistled softly between his teeth—an action that Captain Joe would have resented, had he been awake, lest it bring a gale,—and let his eyes rove over the ocean. For the moment not another craft was in sight. Two coasting steamers had passed at dawn, but now even their smoke trails had disappeared, and the fishermen were too far to the southward to be seen.

Off to the west something flashed in the nearly horizontal rays of the sun. Charlie stared hard for a moment, and then reached for the pair of marine glasses that hung in a sling below the compass, and focused them on the gleaming object. It was nearly submerged and fully two miles distant, but he was interested at once.

"A whale!" he whispered to himself. "I never saw one at close range; I'm going nearer."

He put the wheel over, and pointed as closely into the wind as he was able. His progress was so slow that he would not have reached the whale in a number of hours had the animal not aided him by steadily swimming shoreward. It was a gray whale, of something like forty feet in length, and did not seem to observe the boat; at all events, it showed no fear.

Charlie watched eagerly, and then gave a gasp of delight. Around the bulky head of the great creature, a smaller object suddenly came into view, and was gently caught by a flipper and drawn against the animal's side. Before him on the open sea was a cow whale and her calf!

Now less than a half mile away, the lad never took the glasses from his eyes except when it was necessary to give the wheel a half turn to hold the Merry Maid on her new course. Of course, Captain Joe would not approve, but he was asleep, and Charlie devoutly hoped that he would not awaken for at least an hour. He wanted to see how close the whales would venture to approach. Trembling with eagerness, he slipped from his stool and ran to get his camera.

And then, as he hurried back, the scene shifted, and the boy beheld a cruel tragedy of the sea.

Four black dorsal fins, protruding over a yard above the surface, came racing into view from the southeast. At first nothing else could be seen, but presently he detected the bodies below—broad, pointed forms of glistening black, fully twenty feet long, and marked with curious streaks of white above the staring eyes, and larger, lunar-shaped patches of the same color back of the enormous, sword-like fins. Huge jaws, thickly studded with pointed teeth, were set straight in the front of their heads, so he knew they could not be sharks, whose mouths are set below, but he had never seen similar creatures and was at a loss to identify them. They were killers, or deep-sea grampuses, the largest and much the fiercest species of the dolphin family, and more than a match for any shark that swims. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other living creature is equally savage, or possesses greater courage. Almost before Charlie had seen them clearly, they darted past the stern of the sloop and rushed straight at the whale and her calf.

At that instant the grayback saw them, and made a futile effort to escape. She was fully twice their length and of vastly greater bulk, but was naturally inferior in speed, besides being hampered by the presence of her calf, which she endeavored to protect by interposing her own body between it and her assailants.

Surrounding her like a pack of wolves, they leaped at her head and lips. Holding her calf to her side, she lashed the water into foam, striking blows with her powerful tail that would have disabled them had they not avoided every stroke with incredible swiftness. When one was in danger, the others would rush forward and tear at her unprotected head and sides, till the water was red with blood, and ragged fragments of blubber trailed beside her.

In his excitement, Charlie forgot to return to the wheel, and the Merry Maid fell off before the wind and began to drift. Suddenly the whale turned completely over, hiding the killers beyond her. Then two of their tails showed in



Captain Joe Had Him by the Collar

the air above her back as they plunged beneath her. When she swung about again, her calf had disappeared, and with it three of the killers. One hung to her lips, as, mad with fear and pain, she raced shoreward, passing so close to the yacht that she might have been harpooned from the deck.

At that instant Captain Joe, awakened by the violent pitching of the little craft,

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sprang from the bunk and was rushing up the stairs when he heard a shot. Charlie, incensed by the ferocity of the killer, was taking a hand in the fray.

"Don't, boy, don't—throw down that gun!" the captain roared, the instant his head showed above the roof of the cabin. But Charlie, heedless of the order, continued to pump the rifle and pull the trigger as fast as he could work the mechanism, till the magazine was empty. Most of the bullets went wild, but one at least struck somewhere back of the bloody jaws. The grampus rolled half over, releasing its hold and showing the broad belt of white underneath; but the wound was by no means mortal, and in a moment it turned back, the yacht fell within the compass of its glaring eyes, and it plunged headlong at the boat.

Charlie had dropped the gun—after the mischief was done, and was grasping at the jib halliard when the shock came. Over went the Merry Maid, struck hard on her fore quarter, and he could hear the killer's jaws tearing at her planks as he fell upon the half-submerged sail and rolled thence into deep water. When he came up, Captain Joe had him by the collar, and with the other hand was clinging to the extended boom.

"Keep still—don't kick around so, if you love your life!" the old man whispered hoarsely in his ear. They were jammed together close to the bow, and nearly hidden by the flapping jib. Not twenty feet away the arching fin cut the water. The killer was preparing for another rush at the overturned boat, a rush that would almost certainly demolish it.

Then came a fortunate diversion. The mother whale, made frantic by the loss of her calf, had turned back in a blind search for it. As she swept past, the killer, probably by no means clear in his sluggishly savage mind as to what or who had injured him, swerved aside from the boat and pursued her. Out to sea they swept, the grampus leaping at her again and again, till she shot downward, still followed by her implacable enemy.

Captain Joe dragged himself upon the mast, and pulled Charlie after him.

"You've certainly gone and done it," he said, bitterly. "Maybe you can see now what comes of shootin' at anything and

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FOUNTAIN PEN

everything! Where's that gun?"

"It's gone to the bottom, I guess." "That saves me the trouble of heavin' it overboard, then!" The old man was terribly incensed, for he dearly loved his boat.

"Can't we right the Merry Maid somehow, Captain Joe?" Charlie asked, humbly.

"Right her, with her forepeak all stove in! No; and if it wasn't for the water-tight compartment in the stern, she'd have gone down before now. She's done for, thanks to you and your gun! It seems as if anybody would know better than to shoot at a killer with anything short of a cannon! But it serves me right; I ought to have known more than to go to sleep!"

They clambered aft, and stood knee-deep in the water that now and then broke almost over them. Charlie had nothing to say, and the old man's scolding died away into incoherent throaty sounds.

Several hours of extreme discomfort followed, and then out of the north came the afternoon coaster. Captain Joe waved his coat, and Charlie shouted at the top of his voice. The steamer kept on till she had passed them, and then came about and headed in their direction, for they had finally been seen.

"We'll finish this cruise by rail," said Captain Joe, grimly; "and I want to tell you, boy, we're lucky to be able to do that!"

"Father will pay you for the Merry Maid, Captain Joe—I know he will!" Charlie assured his companion.

"I s'pose he will, though money won't settle for the loss of her. But jest you mark one thing, my lad; this 'll be a cheap bargain for him, if it's only learned you when not to shoot!"

"I guess it has!" Charlie remarked, under his breath.

The Compensation

How Contentment Came to a Farmer Boy

By HELEN PECK

"W H O A, Jerry. Get over, Boy." The harness slipped from the back of the huge, tired horse into the hands of him who spoke. The relief from the burden of the straps which had bound him to the plough since early morning, was welcome; the draught of water from the barnyard spring, grateful indeed. John Franklin stood by the side of the thirsty animal as it drank, with a kind hand upon the powerful, grey neck. They two were good friends.

The head was lifted at length with an almost human sigh of satisfaction as the animal looked into the eyes of its master, thanks for refreshment.

"You were thirsty, old boy. You've earned your rest. We've traveled many a mile over those furrows today."

chair as he drew near the table. John Franklin set to work at once. The books fell open at the right places and the papers were just under his hand. His mother never disturbed his work-table. He studied diligently, opening and shutting book after book, covering sheet after sheet with figures and drawings. But all the while, a sentence rang in his ears. Between him and the facts which usually were absorbed so eagerly, stood his mother's remark, "He is a fine farmer."

He tried to drown the words by selecting the most knotty problems to be solved—the most obscure words for translation. But they were not to be forgotten. Finally in despair, he blew out the lamp and went to the window. He sat down, leaning his elbows on the sill, his chin on his clasped hands. He looked out over the valley spread before him in the moonlight. The house stood on the slope of a hill, high above the surrounding farms. Below the steep, steep pitch of "Franklin's Hill" was the valley through which wandered a gentle stream from a lake high up on the mountain, which overshadowing their lesser height, rose upon the opposite side. The soft, spring moonlight stole across the billows of the hill crests, and winked up a friendly message at him from the ripples of the brook. But as he sat there looking over the fair scene with moody eyes, his thoughts were not upon the wonders of light and shadow. Far away, they were, where in a college town, they still talked of the "Big Freshman" and bemoaned his removal from their midst.

"Farmer," he muttered. "And that's all I shall ever be."

It was but seldom since his hurried return in response to his mother's frantic telegram, that he had allowed himself to think of those months of almost too much happiness. Spent in the atmosphere which he had felt from the first moment, was his very own. They saw all his life's ambition realized. They had given what he craved of companionship and opportunity. Always he had known that when once his chance should come, he could make good. His standing from the first, was high. He would be a leader among the thinkers. He had known he could, if he had the chance. It was whispered, too, that not for nothing had he such a pair of shoulders. He would make the team without a doubt. Almost from the day of entrance he had been dubbed "The Big Freshman," and the eyes of the magnates in the athletic world turned his way. Then in one hour, he had dropped it all, to go to his mother's aid.

"Paralysis," the telegram had said. The word had turned him cold with the dread of what was now a certainty. His father could labor no more, and it was up to him to work the farm, to support them all. He had taken up the task with energy. He was no slacker. His mother had watched with wistful eyes, the set of his lips, sometimes, but he had said no word of complaint.

"Out of the world," he muttered. "I might as well be buried alive, for all the good I will ever be to anybody. I meant to be a doctor. A great physician, to save life and make the world better. Mother would have helped me. She wanted it, too. I wouldn't have cared if it had taken years. But now—I might as well be dead—"

He sat moodily there until the moonlight stole away, when he hurriedly prepared for the night. "Have to be up at daylight. I can't afford to sit here and whine." His dreams were troubled by the thoughts which had carried him back to the scene of his interrupted search after knowledge.

"It is time to get up, John. You asked me to call you. It is full daylight. I am so thankful for the longer days. The nights are so hard for your father."

She raised the curtain as she spoke, looking out over the valley toward the mountain opposite. He struggled sleepily to arouse himself for the work of the day. His slumber had not been particularly restful.

But suddenly a cry from his mother's lips startled him into instant wakefulness. "Oh—John—The lake—Look—Look—The dam has given way! Oh—John—John—the poor things in the village!"

At her first word he sprang erect, snatched up his clothes and dressed with almost one motion. They heard at the same instant, the growing hum of the growling roar coming across the valley from the monster started upon its death-dealing journey.

"I'll go. I guess there'll be time. Good-bye, mother."

She said not a word as he kissed her with a sudden, fierce clasp of his strong arms, but her face was set and white as she watched him bound from the door, down the slopes of their hill toward the village which nestled at its foot. He disappeared from her sight in a moment, and her eyes watched in horror, the progress of the monster on his trail.

It did not look like water at all, for as it ploughed its way through the forest on the mountainside, it gathered to itself trees and rocks, underbrush and rails of fences. Every movable thing it caught to its embrace and carried in triumph toward the valley below. High it reared its head, pent between the hill-slopes, as it roared and threatened death and destruction to anything which dared oppose its onward march.

As John Franklin left the house, it came into

plain sight upon the mountain. It advanced with frightful speed, moving in majestic terror down the slope and mowing a swath through the trees. He started toward the village far below him, running with the stride which had caught the attention of athletic circles at college. He looked backward not at all, straining every nerve to reach the little settlement before the angry monster, snapping and snarling at his heels.

The houses were quiet. Not even a spiral of smoke curled from them. The village still slept. He reached the first house, raising his voice for the first time, in a cry of warning. He had known that he must save his breath. He snatched a stone and beat upon a window. The crash of breaking glass roused the sleeping ones within. They rushed to the windows as his shout reached their ears. "The Hill—Quick—The Lake—Flood!"

From every house he passed sped a frightened group, fleeing for their lives to the saving height. Their frightened cries aided the flying figure in his work of alarm. From every doorway burst the families, rushing toward the hilltop.

"Come too," they cried after him. He made them no answer, but ran onward with his great free stride, beating upon window after window; crying his warning to each terrified inhabitant of the little village.

The first of those to reach the hill-crest, looked backward from their perch of safety, to see the rolling, tumbling monster snatch away their homes. When they looked again after the first dreadful crash, the places where they had lived were empty. Not a trace of a dwelling stood after the great wall had passed. As it reached the level of the street, it divided somewhat, spreading into wider boundaries, but hastening with threatening voice upon the heels of its escaping prey.

John Franklin heard it nearer—nearer, as he ran. There was just one more house, standing a little apart from the others. He might have turned toward the hill at any moment, but he knew that the man of that family worked at night, and the mother must be all alone. He ran on in the path of the following giant.

"I—will—reach—it. I—will," sung itself in his ears. He threw away the stone he had carried. Even that little weight might interfere with his progress.

The little house was just before him. He reached it. With one mighty effort he struck in the glass with his boot, beating at the same time with both hands, and tearing at the frame. It came away in his frantic grasp, and he sprang through. A terrified woman stood before him. A sleepy baby cooed in a cradle. He snatched it up and caught the arm of the woman in the grasp of a vise.

"Come," he gasped. "Run!" She obeyed him without a word. They rushed through the little house. Out at the back door which yielded with a crash at the blow aimed at it by a powerful foot. The little house stood with its back against the hill. They stumbled up the slope with the sound of a Niagara in their ears, to drop exhausted upon the top.

The woman turned to see her home fade from her sight into the angry waters. She caught her baby from the nerveless arm with a cry. "You saved us."

He sank back with white face, as the crowd from farther up the street swarmed toward them along the hilltop.

When he opened his eyes again, they stood about watching him with frightened faces.

"Didn't mean—to—make—a fool—of myself," he stammered, rising stiffly to his feet. "Haven't had my breakfast. Guess that's the reason."

He listened in embarrassed silence to their words of thanks and praise. He shook off the clinging hands of the women who wept upon his shoulder. "That's all right. Don't say another word. Couldn't help it. Guess I couldn't see this whole town drown for want of a word."

He broke at length from the adoring groups, to stumble over the hills toward home. His mother would be worried. He went painfully as to body—uplifted as to mind. He was too tired to think connectively, but the phrase that woman had cried, rang in his memory like music. "You saved us—You saved us—"

His mother stood in the door watching. He had bade her goodbye. Would it be forever? He came around the corner of the house and surprised her there. "Oh—son." Her arms went about him as the tears of relief rained down the strained, anxious cheeks. "Oh, son." It was all that she could say.

"There—there, mother. Don't. It's all right. Nobody was hurt. I—I'm glad—I—happened to be home."

At the ring in his voice she raised her



Good Friends

As the horse entered the roomy box-stall, the master turned to the house. It was the real farmhouse type, low, white, green-blinded, a porch at the back and small, square piazza hugging the front door. He went toward the back door, stopping on the way for a great drink of cold water from the spring-house. He was thirsty, too.

"Well, son?" He looked over the dipper at the woman who spoke. She was a tiny person in the neatest of calico dresses, her gray hair smooth about a brow lined with the marks of work and worry. She smiled now as she looked upon the tall form of the lad with the deep blue eyes that looked soberly over the shining cup from which he drank.

"A warm day for April." "Yes, mother. We've done a big day's work, Jerry and I. And we're both tired. Got something good for supper? That dinner pail went empty a good long time ago. How's father feeling?"

The smile faded ever so little. She must not let it go altogether, for John was tired and must not be troubled. "About as usual. I thought once today I could understand him a little better. He tried to ask where you were ploughing. These nice days make him uneasy to be out and at work."

He threw an arm about her shoulders and they passed together indoors. "I will speak to him when I am cleaned up. U-n-u-m. Those biscuits smell good. Can't we have some new maple syrup with them?"

His mother smiled after him as he went upstairs to make himself neat. The pitcher of syrup was already on the table. She knew what John liked. She arranged a tray with bits of food to tempt an invalid, carrying it into an adjoining room. John heard her cheery voice urging this and that morsel upon some unseen person, as he came down again. She heard his step and came from the room with the empty tray. "Sit down, John. I will bring the biscuits right away."

As they ate their supper she kept up a merry little conversation, omitting anything which might possibly cause a moment's worry to the big lad who ate almost in silence. She watched the face as she chatted, and was glad to see the weary lines smooth themselves from the forehead as a little smile crept about the lips.

"Now run and tell father all about it, while I do up the dishes. How he would have liked to follow the plough today!"

As she washed and dried the dishes she listened to the murmur coming to her ears from the other room as the boy sat by the bed to tell the tale of work accomplished, to the one thereon whose working days were over.

She finished her task with the methodical movements born of long experience, took off her gingham apron, replaced it by a snowy white one, took up a basket piled with John's socks and went into the other room.

The eyes of the invalid left the face of the boy by the bed, turning to hers with a pleased expression. The lips parted and they heard which brought drops to the forehead. "Good—work"

Her hand fell upon the shoulder in the chair. "Yes, dear. Our John is a fine farmer."

The shoulder rose from beneath her caress to a height she could not reach. It seemed almost as though he had shaken it off, although she knew he had not meant that. John was always polite to his mother. He bent to kiss her.

"Good-night, mother. Yes, I'm going upstairs. There is a little work I want to do. Good-night, father. Hope you will sleep well. Mother, if it is as warm as this tomorrow, I am going to carry him out under the apple trees. I know it would do him good."

He went upstairs and they heard the scratch of a match and the scrape of a



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head. She looked into the deepset eyes and found them clear again. The shadows were all gone.

They stood so, a moment. He stooped to kiss her with unusual tenderness. "I've done it already, mother," he whispered. "Saved somebody— Now I must have some breakfast quick. It's late to begin ploughing."

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.

A Writing Table

THIS design for a writing table has the following qualities which should recommend it to your attention. It is neat, easy to make and inexpensive. I might also add that it is of new and original lines.

The legs are the first to be made. Use three quarter oak or any hard wood, or pine if you must. The measurements and shape are shown in Fig. 5. Carefully mark them out on the lumber with a pencil before cutting with saw or plane. Finish one until you have it as perfect as your skill will permit, then use it as a pattern for the others. When the legs are done the hardest part of the work is over.

You next connect each pair of legs by two strips, one inside the top of the legs and the other for the drawer to rest on.

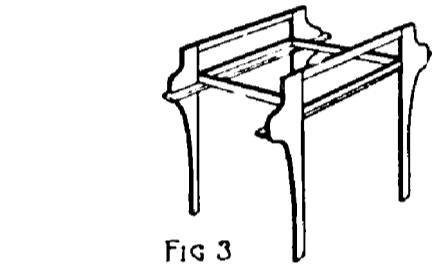
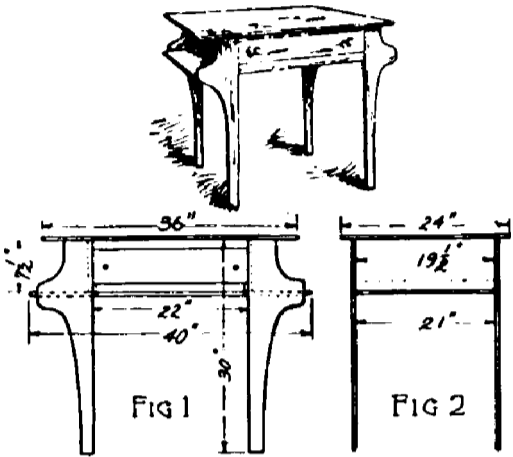
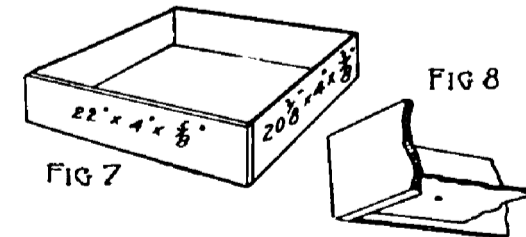
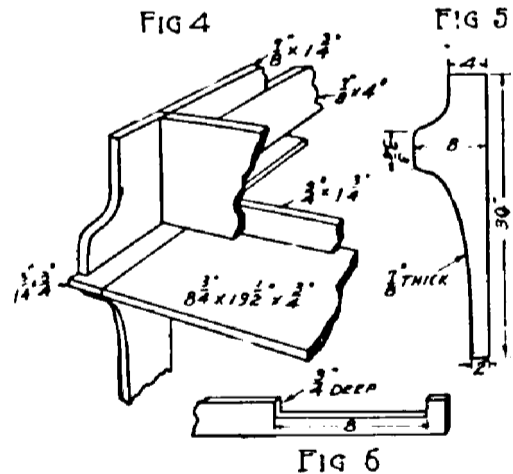


Fig. 3 shows the table when the first stage of the making is complete. Only simple shaped strips are used (leaving out the legs) and you should have no trouble in getting the legs together in the exact manner shown by the picture.

When you have this part accomplished, put on your table top. Care must be taken to get the prettiest side of the boards up and to join them in a way that will show the grain off to its best advantage. A little shelf is placed on each end of the table for books to rest on.

The kind of joint you are to use so that no nails or screws will be seen is quite a feature of the work. Wherever two pieces of wood come together use a thin coating of glue. Liquid glue is good enough. First put a thin coat on to fill up the pores of the wood, and after it has dried brush on another coat for adhesive purposes. The nails and screws used are



always driven from the reverse or unseen side and do not pierce the piece they enter clear through but only part way. Use long slender screws and always bore a hole for each one. It takes time and patience to do it but the best is none too good for you. Examine the stands and tables in your own home and note how the parts are held together.

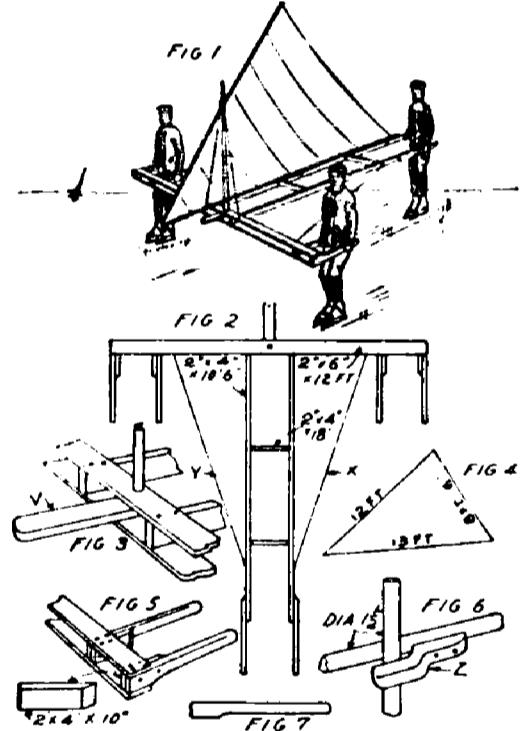
The finishing of furniture is an art in itself. A simple and thorough method for this job is as follows: Sandpaper all surfaces, then rub on paste filler of the shade you like best, next several coats of furniture wax. You can buy many different kinds of finish. Most of them are good but I have a liking for Johnson's. This table will be a lot easier to make if you omit the slides but if you wish to use them you will find ample information in the pictures and plans. This is the beginning of a series of mission articles that I am going to run. Write me a list of the particular article you need and I will try and run the design in this department at an early date.

A Skating Sail

I HAVE called this article a skating sail because it resembles that amusement device and I might, for the same reason, have called it an ice boat. In fact it is a cross between the two. In use it is a sail, manned by three instead of by a single person, as in the case of the common type; in appearance it is an ice yacht, and differs only in the fact, that instead of using steel runners permanently fastened to the framework, three steel shod boys are used. And they are the boys that will have rare sport. It is hard to imagine anything more exhilarating than a speedy trip before the wind with one of these sails.

The construction of the frame is simple work. The drawing illustrates every part of it but I suppose a few hints will not be amiss. Two things I wish to make clear before going any further. First you may have six boys instead of three, by putting two at each point; second, when your frame work is complete you can put runners on the points and you will have a regular iceboat. From this you will see that the plan covers a wide scope.

First get two scantlings ten and a half feet long and lay them out parallel with eighteen inches of space between them. These, when connected with two braces eighteen inches long, will form the long central part. To the front ends of these long pieces, spike two pieces of two-inch by six-inch stuff twelve feet long, one of them on the top and one on the bottom. Fig. 3 shows what is meant by this. On the extreme right and left, and between those double pieces we now place our handles. The full plan of the handles is shown by Figs. 5 and 7. Our next step is to brace the frame by putting in the wires "X" and "Y" as shown. We have now made ready for the mast and sail. From experience I know that much difference of opinion obtains as to the proper way to rig a sail. I have used the simplest method that I know of. If you know a better way use it and tell me about it. Our mast will be about eight feet high. A hole is cut to receive its base, while three wire stays leading from the top suffice to make it steady. The shape and dimensions of the sail is shown in Fig. 4. Along the base of the sail is a long light pole. It swings around the mast, by means of the cleat

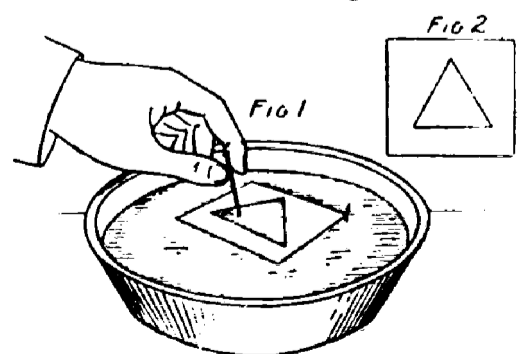


ted, brush on a light, thin coat of liquid glue and let it dry. This is to fill up the pores of the wood, and another coat must be put on just before you bring the edges together. Allow a day for it to set.

The legs are three inches wide at the top and four inches wide at the base. Pile them on top of each other and make sure that they are all the same size. The shelf or under part of the stand is shown in Figs. 6 and 2. The shelf proper rests upon two diagonal braces. Where those braces cross each other in the center you must cut a mortise, as wide as the width of the brace and as deep as half its thickness.

A Pin Trick

Take a little square of paper as shown in Fig. 2 and mark a triangle on it with



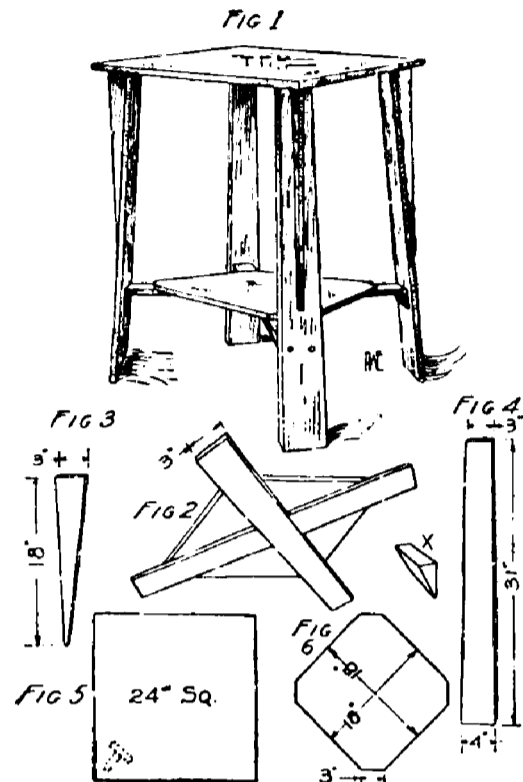
a pencil you have dipped into water. Now fill up the triangle with water by squeezing a small wet rag on it. You now put the piece of paper on a pan of water. Place a pin over it touching the water that is on the paper but not touching the paper. No matter where you put the point of the pin the paper will shift around until its center is directly under

the pin point. It will not take you over five minutes to do this trick and it will be found amusing.

A Stand

Here is a stand of neat and pleasing design that offers the amateur mechanic some chance to profitably exercise his talent. Its usefulness will not be questioned for no home has quite enough small tables. There is one more essential feature embodied by this design, namely, simplicity. Only flat, one-inch boards of the commonest type are used, and all the lines are straight lines.

For the top you use two pieces twelve inches long and the same in width. If you use yellow pine or some wood with a nice grain, select the prettiest pieces for the table top. The two parts are glued together and cleated with light strips about the size of laths. Be sure to use screws that are not long enough to show up through the top. The method of gluing is simple. When you have the edges that come together nicely fit-

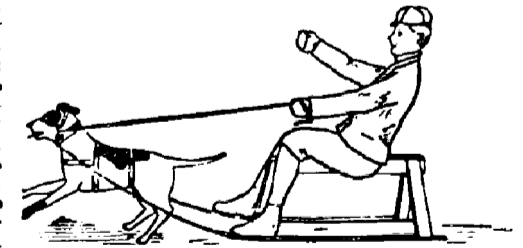


In assembling, first screw the legs to the shelf, using the wedges "X" for them to rest upon. Now cut the bottom edge of the legs to such an angle that they will stand perfectly on a level floor. Now lay on your top and keep it until it rests even. Next screw to the outer side of each leg one of the wedge-shaped pieces shown in Fig. 3. When they are in place, try the top again and mark the outlines of the legs with a pencil. The outline of same is shown in the lower left corner of Fig. 5. Upon those outlines paint the glue. The table top is fastened also with small screws driven from the inner side of the leg up in a slant direction into the top.

A beautiful finish on any kind of wood may be obtained in the following manner: First a coat of water stain of the desired color, mission oak or dark oak being preferred for this table. Next a coat of filler, followed by another coat of the stain, and lastly a thin coat of wax. When the wax has dried it may be rubbed to a satiny shine with a piece of cloth that is free from lint.

A Winter Fun Maker

Here's a funny sled for you to make. Get a saw horse and a couple of long pliable poles. If you can get a sapling and



split it, you will have ideal runners for this cold weather dogmobile. Set the horse upon the split poles with the flat side up and screw them firmly in place. If they are long enough to reach to the animal's muzzle so much the better. If not you can tie on pieces of rope. You will certainly make a hit with this kind of sled and it will be no hardship on the dog either, for you can help by kicking back on the ground. You might use a pony for motive power or have a couple of friends pull you. At any rate the plan promises some hilarious fun and you ought to get busy on it.

Will Levington Comfort, the celebrated author of *Routledge Rides Alone*, has written for The American Boy, a story of thrilling interest. It is entitled *A Bass from Pixley River*, and will appear in the February number.

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The Young American Privateers

Continued from page 4

night at the shooting camp with Skip—by the way, I didn't notice Skip with you, where is he?"

"He's around the house somewhere, ma'am," answered Bob, speciously endeavoring to avoid committing himself.

"Humph!" remarked the lady. "When did he arrive?"

"Well, I just couldn't exactly say when he did come and—"

"Didn't he come with you?"

"No, ma'am, he came before we did."

She struck a bell sharply. A trim-looking maid answered its summons at once.

"Sarah, find out when Skip got back and let me know."

"I can tell you now, ma'am," answered the maid. "He got back about half-past nine last night."

"Why was I not informed of it?" asked the lady of the house frowning. "Skip shall be severely punished."

"Now, mother," protested the boy. "It isn't Skip's fault, it's mine. I stayed all night on Uncle Joshua's ship, and I told Skip to come here and not to breathe a word of it to anybody."

"On your Uncle Joshua's ship, my child, what were you doing there?"

"Yes, mother, and we had the bulledest fight you ever heard of."

"Joshua! do you allow vulgar brawling and fighting on your ship?"

"Well, you see, Abbie, it's a ship of war and fighting's her trade and—"

"But that is no reason why a mere child like my son here should indulge in fist-cuffs and—"

"But, mother," interposed Bob eager to tell his tale. "We didn't fight with our fists, but with pistols and cutlasses and great guns and—"

"Have you gone mad, Robbie?" asked the astonished woman.

"Mighty near it," returned the youngster promptly. "Why, one of the British sailors climbed up on the rail and cut at me with a sword and I shoved my pistol right in his face and pulled the trigger."

"What!" almost screamed the woman.

"I don't know what happened to him, but he fell back into the water and—"

"Joshua, this is murder, have you allowed my boy—"

"Now, Abigail," protested Captain Harkness mildly, "be reasonable. The British attacked us last night in nine boats and we drove them off, that's all."

"I trust you used no more force than was necessary to repel them. I can't abide blood shedding," said the lady, who had Quaker blood in her veins.

"No, certainly not. We just—er—mildly repelled them," laughed Captain Harkness, winking at his nephew.

"And do you mean to say that you allowed this precious child of mine to handle deadly weapons, to discharge pistols, to cut with swords, to jeopardize his life?"

"Why—er—yes. The fact is, you see—"

"Answer me like a man, Joshua Harkness," cried the lady. "Why did you allow it?"

"Well, it was through Bob here that I got word of the attack. He brought a man off to the ship who had escaped from a British brig who told us about it, and as a matter of fact I didn't feel that I could refuse his request to stay and see it out, and another thing his boat had got adrift—it was adrift, wasn't it, Bob?"

"Yes, sir, I told Bethridge to let it drift away myself after we got on board the ship. We intended to stay if we could."

"And the time was so short and our need so great that I couldn't afford to give him a boat to take him ashore. You see, he's got your, or my fighting blood in him and then—in short, he saved the ship."

"Saved the ship?"

"Yes! I'll tell you how it was. I put him upon the unengaged side, the port, thinking to keep him out of mischief as much as possible and the old sailor whom he had brought aboard seeing him there joined him. The British played a trick on us, they attacked us on one side with eight boats in a great force, and then sent their biggest and heaviest boat around in the dark to take us in the rear. If they had gained a footing on the deck, we might neither of us be here to tell the story."

"Merciful heavens!"

"The youngster here and the old sailor held them in play till I could assemble a

party and drive them back. It was gallantly done, as I said, and really saved the ship and us all."

"Uncle Josh," said Bob bravely, "I don't deserve all this praise, sir. I didn't keep as sharp a lookout as I should have. I confess I was staring over to the starboard where you and the rest were fighting, wishing I could join in it. It was old Bill Bethridge who called my attention to the crowd scrambling into the main chains. Then we gave the alarm and ran to the place. We emptied our two pistols right into their faces and we cut at them with our swords and then you came, but I'm afraid that if old Bill hadn't been there, I wouldn't have seen them."

"My boy, my boy," wailed the mother, "do you mean to tell me—"

"Nonsense, Abbie, the boy did nobly. You ought to be proud of him, and you ought to be proud that he had the honesty to acknowledge his fault here."

"His fault! He ought to have been down in the bottom of the ship saying his prayers."

"Mother!" exclaimed the boy.

"He wouldn't belong to our breed if he had. Not but that praying is all right," said Captain Harkness. "I generally pray before battle, or after if I've had no time before, but while the fighting is going on I generally have other things to think about, and—"

"I don't know how I shall punish you, Robbie, for thus exposing your precious life," Mrs. Sheffield interposed.

"You are not going to punish me at all, mother," said the boy stoutly. "I fought for my country. Ned Middlebrook, Jack Barrett, Jim Mendenhall and a lot of other boys that I know were there and they did just as much as I. They are midshipmen on Uncle Joshua's ship; he says he will take me with him and I am going with him."

"My child, a babe in arms like you," pleaded his mother.

"I am not a babe and the kind of arms I am going to use are these."

He opened his coat and exhibited two enormous pistols which he was still wearing.

"Take them away, take them away," cried Mistress Abbie, much frightened. "You will do yourself some harm with them."

"Now, Abbie, don't be foolish," said the captain. "The boy needs a man's hand, your discipline is all right, but—"

"What's that you say about my discipline, Joshua?"

"It is fine at home here," admitted her brother. "You certainly do rule and manage things here in first-class shape, but when it comes to the boy, he twists you around his finger. He needs a man's supervision, nothing would be better for him than a year with me on the Young American."

"But his schooling?"

"He is well advanced for his age, a year out of school won't hurt him; besides he'll get some instruction in mathematics and navigation with the rest of the 'recfers.'"

"But I designed him for the ministry or at least for the law," protested his mother.

"I won't be a preacher or a lawyer, I am going to be a sailor like Uncle Joshua, and if you don't let me go with him I swear I will run away to sea the first time I get a chance," said Master Bob stubbornly.

"You young rascal," cried Captain Harkness, "how dare you talk to your mother like that, sir?"

"And how dare you speak to my son like that," cried the mother in turn.

"Oh, very well," said the astonished captain thus suddenly between two fires as it were. "Just give him to me. I'll put him through a course of sprouts that'll do him good."

"Do you hear that, Robbie, you know your uncle would be harsh and cross to you without me."

"I don't care, I'm going with him."

"You would have poor food to eat, you would often be cold and wet. There would be no servants to wait on you. You would lose much of your sleep—you know how you hate to get up in the morning and how I let you lie until you

get ready to arise—and you wouldn't have any place to spend your money."

"I don't care," replied Robert. "I'm tired of being a 'Miss Robbie' around this house; I want to go out and fight the British and learn to be a sailor."

"Really, Abigail, I think you ought to let the boy go."

"But the danger."

"Of course there is always a risk in any trade, but the sea is about as safe as the shore. I take it, and in fact the greatest dangers that befall a mariner are when he is near the land. But there's not likely to be much in a well-found ship like mine that sails fast—she had better," added Harkness under his breath, "for I intend to go in harm's way."

"That's just it, that's just one reason why I object to his going with you; I know what a terribly reckless man you are. If you would only avoid danger!"

"What is a ship of war for?"

"Well, if you would confine your efforts to taking possession of merchant ships and other prizes."

"That is the principal object, but if I should refuse to combat on equal terms I'd be branded as a coward and our country and our flag dishonored."

"And that is just what makes me want to go with him, mother," said the boy eagerly.

"Your father was a peaceful merchant, my son."

"He fought in the Revolution when he was young—you have often told me so—and there on the wall hangs the sword he wore at Bunker Hill."

"You are standing in the boy's way, my dear sister; you are not doing him any good now. I really believe he will get to sea some way if you refuse. It's in his blood, you had better have him with me."

"Will you promise to take good care of him if I allow him to go with you?"

"Mother, mother, are you really going to let me go?" cried the boy, jumping up and down with glee.

"No," answered Captain Joshua, stoutly. "I won't be any more careful with him than with any other boy or man on the ship. If he comes with me, he gets no special favors because he is my nephew."

"I don't want any," cried Bob enthusiastically. "I want to be treated just like the rest."

"But that is not saying that I intend to expose him or anybody else in my charge recklessly. I'll take the very best care of all of them. I have no more fancy for a term in a British prison than anyone else, and I am going to take mighty good care not to get in one. As for the other risk of battle, that is in the hands of God. None of our race were ever cowards, not even the women, and I don't believe you are, Abbie."

"I am not a coward for myself, Joshua, you very well know that, but for this precious boy, I—"

"He'll have to take his chances like anyone else," returned Joshua. "Come now, you are going to let him go with me, aren't you?"

"How can I part from him?"

"I'll be back in a year, mother, maybe in a few months. You know Uncle Joshua is a very successful commander, and just as soon as he has taken enough prizes he'll have to come back."

"Is that so, Joshua?"

"True as Gospel, ma'am."

"Robbie, you have ceased to love your poor old mother, you want to leave her alone."

"Oh, mother, love has got nothing to do with it, it's fighting I am after. Ned and Jim and Jack and I have been friends ever since we were born and—you will let me go, won't you?"

"I can't bear it," sobbed the poor woman.

"Oh, yes you can, just like the other boys' mothers, and think of the joy you'll have when I come back safe and sound and maybe rich and famous."

"But if you don't come back safe and sound!"

"Well," said the boy gravely. "If I should die for my country what more could a mother want?"

"Here, let's have no talk about dying," interposed Uncle Joshua cheerfully. "You give me the boy and I'll do my best to turn him back to you a different sort of a youngster."

"It is like tearing my heartstrings," said the mother, "but what must be must be, I suppose. You may have him."

"Mother," shrieked Master Bob, throwing himself upon her and covering her with kisses while he hugged her.

"There, Robbie, that will do," said his mother at last, wiping away the tears that she could not keep from her eyes. "When are you leaving, Joshua?"

"The first minute I get a good chance; tonight, if possible."

"Tonight? Why, he has no outfit."

"Everything he needs can be bought in New London in a few hours. The outfit of a midshipman is not an elaborate one. He hasn't space to store away much gear."

"Will he have a room of his own, can he take Skip with him?"

"A room! He'll sleep in a hammock in the steeage with seven other boys, and he won't have any need for a servant; as a matter of fact, he is a sort of a servant to the officers himself."

"My boy, how will you stand that?"

"I'll stand it all right, the other boys do."

"I might ship Skip," said the captain. "As I remember him, he is a likely black and I could use him all right if you will let him go."

"Yes, mother, let's take him."

"No," said the mother faintly. "If Robbie goes he must look after himself—"

Captain Harkness grinned.

"All right," he said, "that's the best way. Now we had better see about his outfit. Will you, or shall I?"

"You may do it, you will know better what he requires than I. But don't stint him, Joshua; give him all that he needs and can take with him."

She rose, went to a desk, took from it a purse and poured a pile of gold pieces into her brother's broad hand.

"Will that be enough?" she asked.

"I will turn back the coat of it to you this afternoon," the captain laughed again. "Now we'd better be stirring, Master Bob, and doing our purchasing."

"Mother, you are just the best mother that ever was," added Bob, kissing and hugging her again.

"It is because your Uncle Joshua thinks I am the worst that I am letting you go," said the mother piteously, "although why I should give up to him in this I don't know. What does he know about raising children?"

"Well, in one way or the other," said Joshua Harkness, somewhat stilly. "I've turned out plenty of prime sailor lads who, when they had education enough, became good officers. There are a thousand young men on the sea at this moment who remember Joshua Harkness with gratitude."

"I didn't mean any harm," sobbed the woman. "You can afford to be generous and forgive me as you have both had your way. You will be back here to dinner, won't you?"

"Yes," said Joshua, "of course, but I am afraid right after dinner we shall have to board the ship."

"And I may not see you again," cried the mother.

"You may not, and then again we may be blockaded in the river here for another month."

"I hope so, not wishing you any harm."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Captain Harkness, turning away, followed by his new midshipman, greatly excited and very happy.

(To be continued.)



St. Henry's Juvenile Band, San Antonio, Texas.

Photo by E. Kula

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Our Prize Winners

"A Friday Job," our first prize picture, is a splendid example of what is ordinarily termed genre-photography. It is not only true to life, but very effective from a pictorial standpoint. It was taken by Leon F. Orcutt, Brooklyn, N. Y., with a 4 x 5 Number 5 "Premo," in a shady place, stop 16, exposure one second, on a Standard plate, and printed on Cyko paper. The second prize picture, "Knocking Down the Pine-cones," is the work of Harold Olson, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

In this month's contest, the above distinction is conferred on the following: Andrew C. Weber, G. S. Tompkins, Clyde Smith, Ralph Graham, Frank Kofron, Jr., C. Schildhauer, William Stark, Neal Danley, Harry F. Blanchard, Nick Bruehl, Junius M. Kesley, Donald S. Dye, George L. Brown, Ed. Mikly, E. T. Quider, Clarence Hartnett, David Howe, William H. Schoenfeld, Burns Shaller, Howard Schuck, H. E. Kauffman, Clarence Grif-

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A FRIDAY JOB

First Prize Photograph by Lewis F. Orcutt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ith, Howard J. Snell, J. L. Patterson, H. L. Shoemaker, F. Walther, L. H. Berry, Raymond J. Miller, Walter W. Maule and Raymond H. Walcott.

Contests for Boys Only

Girls and professional photographers frequently send us prints for our photographic competitions. They are herewith requested to take notice that these contests are restricted to boys.

A Film Washing Trough

The trough must be made for the size of the film to be washed. Cut a one-fourth inch board as long as the film and a trifle wider than the film's width. Attach strips to the edges of the board to prevent the water from spilling over the sides. Cut a hole in one side of a baking-powder can about halfway between the top and bottom, large enough to admit a fair-sized stream of water from a faucet. Then solder the cover to the can and punch a number of holes about one-fourth of an inch apart along the opposite side from where the large hole was cut. Place this can on one end of the trough, as shown, with the large hole up. Some heavy wire bent in the shape of a U, and fastened to the underside of the trough, near the can, will furnish ample supports to keep that end of the trough the highest and place the opening in the can close beneath the water-faucet. A common pin stuck through one end of the film and then in the trough close to the can will hold the film in position. Five minutes' washing with this device is sufficient to remove all traces of hypo from the film.—The Amateur Photographer.

from where the large hole was cut. Place this can on one end of the trough, as shown, with the large hole up. Some heavy wire bent in the shape of a U, and fastened to the underside of the trough, near the can, will furnish ample supports to keep that end of the trough the highest and place the opening in the can close beneath the water-faucet. A common pin stuck through one end of the film and then in the trough close to the can will hold the film in position. Five minutes' washing with this device is sufficient to remove all traces of hypo from the film.—The Amateur Photographer.

Developing P. O. P.

There are several methods of developing up P. O. P., but in our hands the best results have been obtained by the following formula:—
Print for not less than a quarter the full depth required.

Place the print, without washing, in Hydroquinone 16 gr. Citric acid..... 40 gr. Sodium acetate..... 1 oz. Water 20 oz. In this developing solution the image gradually builds up, pretty much as it would have done by further printing in the frame. When nearly dark enough, remove and wash for fifteen minutes in running water.

Then tone and fix in the usual way.

This is the bare outline of the method, but there are several points where special care is required if you are to work the process satisfactorily. These we will enumerate. (1) The paper must be handled in a very subdued light when loading the frames, and the prints should be examined as little as possible during the printing. In fact it is an advantage to handle the paper and examine the prints in an artificial light of moderate strength only. (2) The greatest care is necessary to avoid touching the paper. The least trace of chemical dirt is liable to produce stains. Have the hands scrupulously clean and dry, and touch only the extreme edges of the print or paper. (3) Have an absolutely clean porcelain dish for the development, preferably a new one, and rigidly keep it for this work only. (4) Use a small quantity of developer for each print, or if working on a larger scale, each small batch of prints developed together. This developer will go slightly milky, and must not be used for a second print or small lot. Thoroughly wash and rub clean the dish before developing a second print or print.

The actual tone is produced in the toning bath, and the duration of development appears to affect it very little, if at all. Of course, as with all silver print-out papers, the quality of the negative affects the tone. Some papers seem to work better than others.—Amateur Photographer and Photographic News

An Ointment for Metal Poisoning

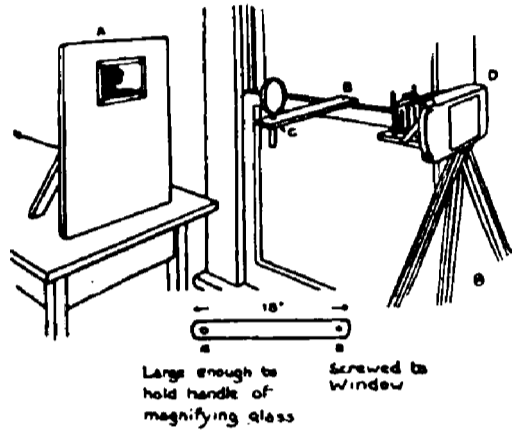
Many photographers find, to their cost, that the use of metal as a developer causes bad sores to appear on their fingers. The best cure for these painful breakings of the skin is to leave off the use of metal immediately. The following ointment will, however, assist in removing the sores if already formed: Ichthyol 1 part. Lanoline 2 parts. Pure vaseline 3 parts. Boracic acid 4 parts. —Ex.



KNOCKING DOWN THE PINE CONES
Second Prize Photo, by Harold Olson,
Coeur d'Alene, Ida.

How to Copy a Photograph

Fasten the picture to be copied on to a board, such as a drawing-board, as A in the illustration; have the board about at right angles to the window. With a screw fasten a small piece of wood about 18 inches long, to the window, as indicated at B, so that the hole C will be about 18 inches from the photograph on the board. The hole C must be large enough for the handle of an ordinary magnifying glass, 3 inches in diameter, to slip through. Set up the camera about the same distance from the glass as the glass is from the photograph. After moving the wooden arm holding the glass forward or backward and sliding the camera along until the image is focussed on the ground-glass clearly and distinctly,



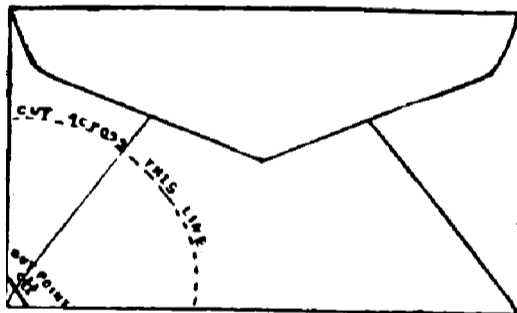
we are ready to take our picture. Make several exposures, say one 3, one 5, and one 9 or 10 seconds. With a 4x5 camera very good photographs can be taken of pictures as small as 4x5 or even 3 1/2 x 4 1/4. —C. H. Hadley in American Photography.

How Developers Work

A strong developer is quick and gives flat results. A dilute developer works slower, but with finer detail and increased contrast. If too dilute, however, it is liable to stain or give uneven development.—Ex.

A Cheap Funnel

Take an ordinary envelope and cut off the part shown by the dotted lines. Then clip a little off the point; open out, and



you have a funnel that will not give you any more trouble. Throw away when dirty.—Walter J. Orblson in the Photographic Times.

Our Adventure

(Continued from page 18)

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment a man called out: "Who's up there?" It was Ted's father. He repeated the question rather harshly and Ted said meekly: "It's I, father—Jerry Holmes and I." "Oh, it is? I reckoned you were enjoying the delights of the city by this time. What are you doing up there?" "We—we—got lost," replied Ted. "Well, now that you have discovered yourselves and where you are I want you to hustle down here and help me with the feeding and milking, and Jerry had better hurry home and help his father in the same way." We climbed down the ladder looking and feeling "cheap enough," as Ted said later, but our adventure was far from being cheap from a financial point of view so far as I was concerned, for I found when I reached home that I had lost my purse out on the plain and I never found it again. From another point of view our adventure was profitable to us, for, somehow, neither Ted nor I ever again felt like running away from home to the city. We felt less like it when, a few weeks later, father came home from town with the weekly paper and said as he handed it to my mother: "There is a piece in the paper about that over-smart Chester Rand who stayed six weeks with his Uncle Robert last summer. He and some other boys of his ilk got into some mischief in the city and all of them got into the lockup, and it looks as if they would stay there awhile unless they can clear themselves of some very serious charges. The country is a pretty good and safe place for a boy, after all." I long ago came to that conclusion myself, and I am sure Ted must have come to the same conclusion, for when he was twenty-four years old he bought a farm and has lived on it ever since.

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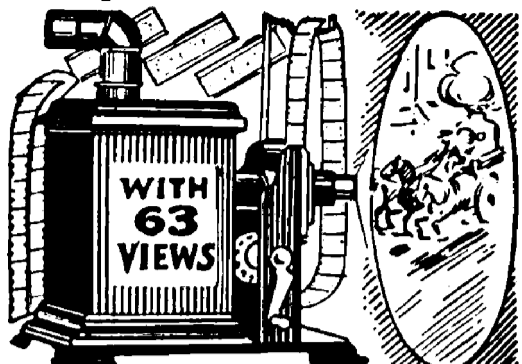
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Music Hath Charms When a Violin Was An Instrument of Defense

By LEONARD HATCH

It was on the wall of my friend's study that I first noticed it—a worn and yellowed page torn apparently from a boy's copy-book and carefully framed. At the top of the page, in flowing script, ran the motto: "Music Hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast." Beneath, a boyish scrawl had over and over tried to attain the perfection of the original.

I stared at it. "All of your friends who have the honor of sometimes hearing you play the violin know the truth of that motto," said I with a laugh. "But why?" I went on, "do you cherish it so?" "That motto?" said he reminiscently. "That motto?—Why, it once saved my life."

"How?" "Merely because I remembered it." I stared now in earnest. "What on earth—" I began. "Haven't I ever told you about that—my one solitary adventure?" "No; this'll be a good time," I returned, settling myself to listen.

My musician-friend smiled and glanced at the motto. "It happened," he began, "when I was a little shaver back in the country. I don't suppose I could have been more than fourteen at the time. We were living in a small country town then, and I was doing the things every country boy does: playing marbles in spring, and baseball in summer, and what not,—all the year around.

"But perhaps my interest in my violin did make me a little unusual. I don't know. But certainly I was as much enthralled in my violin as most lads are in the first ice that will hold. I'd been taking lessons and practicing faithfully for three years; and it isn't boasting now to say that I could play a bit. And my head was full of music: tunes, scores of 'em, good and bad.

"The incident I'm telling you occurred in early summer. It had been dull around town. School had closed and some of my friends were off visiting and things generally were pretty uninteresting, until—until—the mad dog scare!" "This was no false alarm. He was a big old bulldog that had belonged to Dr. Lambert. This dog had always been a general favorite about town and his individuality was marked, for he had one blue eye, or at least an eye of a bluish white tinge. To see him lying, listening to the doctor blow on his cornet, and humorously winking that blue eye of his, was a sight to appeal to even the most inveterate dog-hater. Mike was his name.

"Being such a general favorite, it roused all the greater horror when he went mad. The poor fellow literally ran amuck down the village street, his jaws snapping convulsively. He bit a boy and two dogs, and then went tearing out of the village before he could be killed. Scores had seen the event, and the whole town was horrified. You know how people get hysterical at such times. Will you believe me, all the men in town got out their firearms and went gunning for the poor beast all across the countryside. But, though all the lovable qualities in dog nature had left him, Mike was still shrewd. He knew enough to lie low. So the gunning parties never got him. After a little the excitement subsided, but Mike had never left the vicinity. He hid in the woods or at deserted farms. And though he never came into the village, he was occasionally to be seen, stealing across a back lot or a clearing, and frightening everybody within eyeshot. As is the way with rabies, it made him unsocial, a sort of canine hermit. But that blue eye of his made his identity unmistakable, and the whole township shunned him. Yet Mike made no second invasion upon the village, charging and frothing as the mad dogs in the story books do. It was merely as if he had gone off by himself to die quietly. So all of us were lulled into false security; and that was primarily the cause of my adventure.

"I was going out to spend the afternoon and night with my uncle and aunt who lived on a hill-farm about four miles out of the village. At their earnest re-

quest I was taking my violin with me, nothing loath.

"It was a blithe boy that went trudging along the hot country road, swinging a violin case in one hand. So anxious was I to get to my destination that I had taken a short cut that led through woods and across fields. It cut off a full half-mile. All that troubled me was a big, copper-hued thunder-cloud that had come piling out of the horizon and was engulfing the whole sky. I grew more



I Broke into a Run

and more worried, not for myself, but for my violin. There was no shelter nearby and apparently it was about to rain any minute. Suddenly I remembered that about a quarter of a mile ahead was an old ruined barn. Its door was gone and it was more or less dilapidated, but it would serve to keep me dry. I broke into a run and reached it just as the first big drops were beginning to fall.

"Once inside the yawning door frame I looked about. The place had been stripped of everything useful long before. In fact, the only thing there, was a big two-wheeled tip-cart which stood at the back. Evidently some one was leaving it there for the time being. Its pole lay on the floor, and that of course tilted the tail of the cart into the air. I set my violin case down on the cart's seat, and stood idly leaning against the wheel, chewing a straw.

"The rain was falling no faster and I began to think of starting on, when suddenly I saw something which would have made me forget the storm had it been a cloudburst.

"A dark object came skulking out of a stall and stood hesitating and staring at me. It stood between me and the door—it was a dog. I thought nothing of that, till he rolled his big eyes in my direction. One of them was a pale, watery blue! It was Mike!

"Our mutual pose was one of seconds only. I flung myself back. It was just

the wrong thing to do; a mad dog always attacks the retreating person. At the instant I moved he gave a bound toward me. Catching the tail-board of the cart I dragged myself up. And only just in time, too. As I pulled myself up he sprang. His teeth slid along the side of my boot, but didn't quite catch.

"Mad or not, Mike was not for giving up. With hair bristling and bloodshot eyes dilated he flung himself up time and again against the tail-board of the cart. His front paws scraped the wool at every leap. And I seized the first and only object of defense which came to hand—my violin case. This heavy wooden box I thrust into the dog's face at every leap. But it only enraged him the more. And I soon saw that I was trapped, that there could be no final escape for me. I might hold him off at this end of the cart for a time. But Mike was no fool. I knew that. Sooner or later he would move around to the other end of the cart. Then it would be but the trick of an instant to leap from the pole to the foot-ledge, then to the seat, and so, savagely down upon me.

"In renewed horror I gave a more vicious lunge with the violin case. I felt the violin inside shift its position slightly.

"Then suddenly the idea flashed upon me. Could it be worth trying? Or was it a mere mad conceit of mine? As if in answer to my thought, there flashed before my brain the identical motto that hangs here on the wall beside us: 'Music Hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast!' Was it possible that I might lessen Mike's fury by playing on my violin? At least no harm would be done by trying.

"In a flash I had the case open and my violin in my hand. It was but the work of a few seconds to tighten up my bow. As I set the violin in its familiar position against my left shoulder and cuddled my chin down on it, a new confidence came to me. Mike was just about to spring when I drew my bow across the strings. At the first notes I knew that I was saved—for the time being. Mike paused, hesitated, relaxed his muscles, and wriggled back with his belly against the floor. I can swear that as he looked up at me—poor mad beast that he was—a new look came into his eyes. He actually seemed to smile at me.

"And with this a great confidence swept over me. If he liked fiddling, fiddling he should have to his canine heart's content. Funny how little things stick in one's memory. I can still recall that the first tune I played was—'And 'Twas From Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party I Was Seeing Nellie Home.' As the music rang out resonantly in the empty barn, Mike gave a sort of treble growl and then broke into a long howl. Whether it was pleasure or terror I can't tell you, but at least I had him quelled. 'Music Hath Charms.' . . . The copy-book had told the truth then.

"With as much assurance as Nero fiddling over burning Rome I set myself to my task. Surely, no such medley was ever poured out before or since by man or machine. It was a riot of tunes of every sort: 'Annie Laurie,' 'Nearer My God to Thee,' 'Money Musk,' the 'Soldiers' Chorus' from 'Faust,' 'Jingle Bells,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' the 'Beautiful Blue Danube,' 'Goodnight, Ladies,' 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War,' 'Dixie,' the 'Torador's Song' from 'Carmen,' 'Yankee Doodle,' and a score more came streaming out from under my dancing bow in a perfect welter of sound. I even played scales when I couldn't think of anything else. And through it all quavered Mike's wail.

"But it was warm work. The sweat began to pour from my face and hands. And I began to scrape and scratch. My bow needed rosin. Partly as an experiment I stopped abruptly and began to rosin the bow. Almost instantly the demon in Mike came to the surface again and he began his leaping once more. I finished the rosining pretty quickly then. I can tell you, and recommenced playing. Again he quieted down.

"I was so far from the main road that I had little hopes of frequent passers-by, but sooner or later, I thought, some one must come along. Still I played on and on, stopping only to tune hastily now and then. My arms and the fingers of my left hand began to ache. And I began to get hard up for tunes to play. I had to resort to my exercises, and finally to scraps of pieces I only half knew. I tried old songs I had heard my father hum: 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' 'Comrades,' 'Champagne Charlie,' 'Ben Bolt,' 'White Wings,' 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,' and what not—tunes I should never thought of playing as a rule.

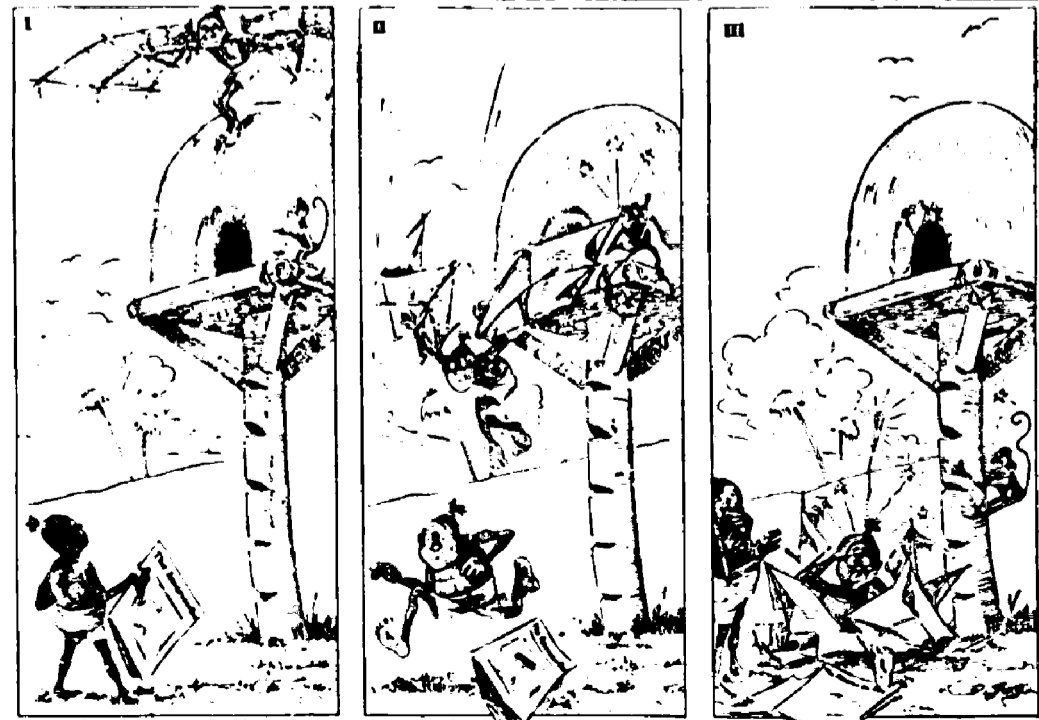
"Two hours must have passed. I was getting very tired, but I was still game. There was lots of play in me still, and I was sawing doggedly on, when—

"Crack!" "Even without the sharp pain which stung my cheek I knew what had happened. My E string had broken. I had not bargained on this catastrophe and it filled me with new fear, for I had no time to insert fresh strings.

"Of course you know the way a violin is strung. It has four strings: the G, D, A, and E, tuned five notes apart and ranging from low to high. The G string is wound with silver wire and rarely breaks, but the three higher-pitched strings are made of catgut, and are very susceptible to moisture. And my hands were reeking with sweat. Small wonder a string hadn't snapped before now. I examined the two other gut strings. They were badly frayed, and I saw that the A would soon go. Nor was I wrong. Hardly had I begun playing again, when a second ominous 'Crack!' came. I was left with but two strings: the D and G. What would happen if those broke? I didn't care to think.

"My repertory now became exceedingly elementary, and my tunes had a kinder-

ADVENTURES OF THE TABS



Demonstration Aviation Gravitation

garden ring to them. But still I must go on, in spite of aching, throbbing muscles. At last what I had feared occurred. The next to the last string snapped. I was left with but one little filament between me and those teeth below.

Even now I was not completely frightened, for was it not the string wound with wire which remained? And that



He Actually Seemed to Smile at Me.

rarely breaks. So I sawed on and on, hoping against hope that some one would come before long. I remember thinking, even in my situation, that now I was like old Paganini who used to play in the dungeon upon one string when all the others had snapped.

"A crash and clatter suddenly brought me up short. I knew what had happened. My bridge—that little wooden

support across which the strings pass—had tipped over. The breaking of the other strings had loosened it, it had tilted more and more, and had finally gone over. What was worse, it had fallen, had struck one side of the cart, bounded off and dropped to the barn floor. I was left with a silent, unavailing instrument in my hands. I was helpless again.

"Mike was not slow to take advantage of the change. At first he began his one approach to my citadel. He began to steal back toward the other end of the cart. I began to sing and whistle, hoping that that would have the effect of the other music, but he paid no heed. There was nothing to do but to be brave,—and wait for him to rush me.

"He didn't keep me waiting long. With a sudden spring he leaped to the pole, then to the foot-ledge, then to the seat. He poised himself for a final spring upon me.

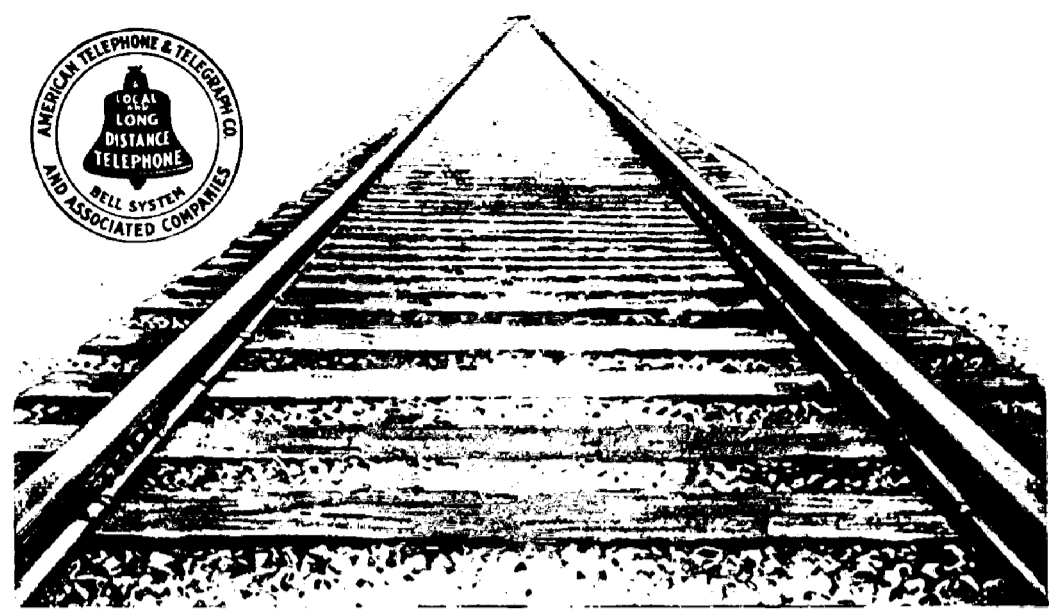
"At this instant a sudden sharp report rang out and a gush of powder smoke burst in through one gaping crack in the barn wall. Mike gave a sort of shiver, and sprang,—not at me, but to the floor. With a final twitch he lay still.

"An instant later my uncle entered the barn, wiping the barrel of his rifle.

"Not much to spare," said he dryly. "A lucky thing I got worried about you and came out to look you up,—and brought my gun."

"I climbed down weak and unstrung as the violin in my hand. And together we went away. But first we dug a grave for the old dog who hadn't been to blame for what he had done. Poor old Mike! After all, it was best so. The rifle shot had not only saved me. It had spared him a more terrible death. And surely no other dog has gone to his end with music.

"You see better now why I keep that little faded motto here on the wall."



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How to Cure Yourself

Common Sense Remedies for Every Day Disorders

By DR. W. R. C. LATSON

No. 12. Sore Throat.

SORE throat is a very common disorder—especially among boys. In schools it is perhaps the most frequent cause of absence. "Sore throat," like many other popular names for diseases, covers a number of symptoms. The throat may be sore high up just back of the roof of the mouth; that is called pharyngitis. If around the tonsils, the two little round organs which project from each side at the back of the throat, we call it tonsillitis. If lower down in the throat in the region of the larynx, the little gristle box which contains the vocal cords, it is laryngitis. Also there may be several kinds of inflammation of these parts.

Now, although they are given different names (there are a dozen other kinds), these various sore throats are really very much alike, especially at first; and they differ but little until, owing to conditions which we shall discuss in a moment, they develop in different directions.

First of all as to the cause of sore throat. "Exposure, of course," says someone. "Everyone knows that." Quite true, but not all the truth. A party of a dozen boys get in from a long tramp in the rain, soaked from head to foot. Two of them get bad sore throat. The rest escape. Yet all were alike exposed.

The truth is that there are several causes which combined produces sore throat. Among them is, of course, exposure. But another is lack of general strength—"lowered vital resistance," we call it in medicine. Another cause always present is impure blood—the presence of poisonous matter which in turn was caused by indigestion. And there are others.

And what shall we do for a sore throat? First of all take care of the stomach. You will always have a coated tongue, generally a bad breath, and in most cases constipation—all of which mean indigestion. So—eat little and clean yourself out by taking some good, simple cathartic—the best is castor oil taken on going to bed, although a Selditz powder or a tumbler of citrate of magnesia taken on rising, with no breakfast, are also good.

Then be sure that you drink lots of water—from eight to twelve tumblers a day, depending upon your age. This will cool the inflamed throat and stomach, lower your temperature, induce sweating and make you generally more comfortable.

Then the diet. The less you eat the better. Avoid meats, cream, cheese, beans and peas. A little milk may be taken with cereal and bread. The best foods are salads (lettuce, etc.), fruits and a little cereal with milk and bread and butter. If the throat is very sore, eat nothing whatever for one, two or even three days. A sweat bath or a Turkish bath is also helpful.

Gargles, sprays and so on are good—although of far less use than most people—and most doctors, for that matter—seem to think. The idea of many doctors is that drugs and local applications to the throat, spraying and gargling inside and rubbing and bandaging are quite enough for a sore throat.

But the truth is that drugs, except simple cathartics, are quite useless; while the sprays and gargles, if you use the right ones, will relieve for a time, but will not of themselves effect a cure.

brilliant conversationalist must be highly educated, quick witted, clever, attentive, sympathetic and perfectly courteous. He must possess an attractive personality, fine manners, an agreeable voice and perfect elocution. Lastly, he must have a thorough knowledge of grammar, composition and rhetoric.

This seems to be a formidable array of talent very difficult of attainment. But the reward is worth the effort; for of all men the brilliant conversationalist is the most sought after, and the most admired. He may be little, ugly, even repellent (although he ought not to be); but his ready wit, his fine voice and perfect speech, the way he forms his sentences, his quick comprehension and sympathetic response—these win for him, as they have over and over again in history, fame, fortune, place, prestige and power. The boy ambitious to make a brilliant success of his life should make the study and practice of the art of conversation one of his most important tasks.

The very foundation of the art of conversation is, of course, language—words and their combination into phrases, sentences and conversational paragraphs.

First of all words. Study their meaning, discriminate closely between words which have similar meanings. For instance the words esteem, respect, liking, preference, regard, attraction, friendship, affection, love—each of these words has a meaning somewhat similar to the others, yet no two mean the same; and no one of them should be used in place of the other. I may respect a man without having any liking for him. I may still love my friend, although through some weakness he has lost my respect. I may be attracted to a man at once although I have no friendship for him.

And so we could go on. Study words, phrases, sentences, not so much in text books as in the writings of the best modern authors, Poe, Ruskin, Kipling, Stevenson, Ambrose Bierce, George Meredith, Maurice Hewlett—each of these is a mine of wealth. Commit your favorite poems or passages to memory and recite them often either alone or to your friends.

As to certain other points essential to the perfect conversationalist—voice, elocution, manner—these you will find discussed in other articles of this series. The chapters on acting, pantomime and public speaking contain many hints which apply also to conversation.

A very important point for him who would be a brilliant talker is to learn to listen carefully. The good listener is generally a good talker, and the good talker is always a good listener.

In your reply be sympathetic. Try to understand the other's point of view—the way he looks at things. You can generally begin: "Now on this point I am glad to find that we are agreed, etc., but as to, etc., etc." Never contradict. If he is wrong let him find it out. Never be ashamed to say: "Well, I had not thought of that. You may be right." And perhaps he was.

Curious School Customs

Mexican schoolmasters show their appreciation of a pupil's efforts in a curious manner. The diligent student is allowed to smoke a cigar during the lesson. When the whole class has given satisfaction permission is given for a general smoke, and even the little Mexicans are allowed to light a cigarette for the occasion. Needless to say, the schoolmaster himself smokes a cigar of a size and quality proportionate to his superior position. But the scholars are not allowed to drink, this privilege being accorded to the master only. On his desk he always keeps a bottle of liquor, which, when empty, occasions much dispute among the parents of his scholars, as it is considered an honor to be able to fill the schoolmaster's bottle.


Accomplishments for The Boy

By Prof. Richard Cunningham

No. 12—Conversation

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"Pull" and "Push"

A fruitful source of anxiety, not to say discouragement, to boys who are choosing their life work, especially in the newer branches of industry is thus discussed in the Electrical Review and may bring hope to the boy whose desire is to become an electrician:

On all sides the statement is made, time and time again, that a young man has no chance in the electrical field without what is ordinarily denoted by the term "pull." A little analysis of this subject may be of interest. Biographies of great men in all lines of human endeavor who have risen from extremely humble positions in life to those of world-wide eminence are familiar to all of us. These men, for the most part, had no influence, but only their own ability, coupled with habits of great industry, to aid them on their path of ascent.

To be sure, the ranks of all our professions and different lines of business are overcrowded, but there is always room for another man who possesses ability and is willing to work. On the other hand, there is no room for him who comes to his place of business with the intention of doing as

little as possible and expects to rise in this manner.

Time was—and but a few years ago—when the opportunities for success in the electrical professions were immensely greater than those in almost any other field. It was a new subject and there were very few people who knew anything about it. Consequently, the opportunities for those who had even a very limited knowledge of electricity were correspondingly great. But this is all changed today. The hundreds of young men which our numerous scientific and technical schools are annually turning out have made competition as sharp in this field as in any other. Still, the expansion of this business, which is the most rapid that the world has ever seen, presents untold opportunities for whomsoever is prepared to grasp them. In preparation for this he must not forget that it is absolutely essential for him to secure as much preliminary training as lies within his means. Much of it may seem a waste of time, but it will all be useful and make him better off than many of his competitors when he begins his real life work.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON COMPANY, No. 47, Division of Missouri, Monroe City, Mo.

Company News

THE HENRY W. LONGFELLOW COMPANY, No. 13, Cambridge, Mass., is holding regular meetings and progressing satisfactorily. A new member was recently admitted. The treasury contains \$1. The club has seven members. **MANALAPAN LAKE COMPANY**, No. 25, Jamesburg, N. J., recently elected officers as follows: Vincent Rowland, Capt.; Einar Jorgenson, V. C.; Gene Hammell, Treas.; Perry Smith, Sec. (re-elected); Perley Bunn, Libn. The club has ten members and \$6.10 in the treasury. **STONY BROOK COMPANY**, No. 41, Hyde Park, Mass., held a most enjoyable Halloween party with the help of their girl friends. Games were played, refreshments were served, and all present had their fortunes told. A lantern has been procured for lighting the hall. Charles D. Noyes was elected Company Counsel and was present at one meeting. **W. T. SHERMAN ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 150, Lancaster, O., held an election of officers which resulted as follows: Ralph Bresler, Capt. (re-elected); Wm. McDoom, V. C.; Merio McDoom, Sec.; R. D. Helm, Treas. **THE MAJOR A. S. ROWEN COMPANY**, No. 115, Struthers, O., has \$2.45 in the treasury. A Halloween party was held at the home of the secretary. Eight members and eight young ladies attended. Games were played and refreshments were served. The captain of this company, Wm. Jones, Box 310, wishes to correspond with other captains. **AMERICAN BOY COMPANY**, No. 101, Bloomington, Ill., had a most successful Halloween party. The treasury contains 81 cents. The treasurer, Louis Moore, donated a basket ball to the company and a team will be organized. Later the boys will have a hockey team. The company captain, Harvey Stiegelmeier, 501 E. Chestnut St., wishes to hear from other companies. **THE LUDOWIC WILDCAT COMPANY**, No. 13, Ludowici, Ga., is making fine progress. A new member has been added and there are several applications for membership. A banquet was held on Thanksgiving in honor of the new member. Meetings are held on Friday nights at the home of a member. Dues are 12c a month. Fines are 25c for smoking, 50c for drinking, and 10c for swearing. The treasury contains \$1. **SILVER CITY ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 25, Meridan, Conn., had officers as follows: Henry Melts, Capt.; Roger Harrold, Sec.; Rowland Bannister, Treas.; Mr. D. L. Bishop, Company Counsel. Later the resignation of Captain Melts and Treasurer Bannister forced the company to elect two more officers, Wilfred Bishop, Capt., and Warren Norton, Treas. Meetings are held each week and dues are 5c every other meeting. A Halloween party which was "ladies' night" was enjoyed by all. The membership of the club is eight. **THE NIGHT HAWK ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 110, Goshen, N. Y., held installation of officers at the home of the captain. This was followed by games and a discussion of current topics and political questions. At a subsequent meeting in the club rooms the court laws were amended, doing away with the clerk and putting the decision into the hands of the judge instead of the jury. The case tried concerned the absence of a member, who was found guilty and fined 10c. The treasury contains \$2.70. The captain, Willis G. Marsh, would like to correspond with other members of the order. **MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN COMPANY**, No. 13, Peterboro, N. H., has twenty members. Meetings are held twice a month and socials once a month. Total monthly dues from all members amount to \$2, and from \$1 to \$6 are made from each social. The club room costs \$4 a month, including heat and electric light. The treasury contains between \$20 and \$30. The basketball team won its first victory on Thanksgiving with a score of 12 to 7. The boys have boxing gloves, dumb bells and Indian clubs, giving every member a chance. Two of the members are good violin players and three are piano players. A member who has a gift at oratory furnishes illustrated lectures at the socials. The illustrations are postals thrown with an electric lantern. When the socials are given, each member sells a number of tickets and a good attendance is the result, as the town people take an interest in the company. The company is proud to be able to say that in the six months since it has been formed it has been necessary to fine a member for smoking on only one occasion. The captain, Harlie M. Cass, wishes to correspond with other companies. **CHAIRTOWN COMPANY**, No. 33, Gardner, Mass., held its quarterly election recently, with results as follows: M. Allan Moore, Capt.; Roderic L. Bent, V. C.; James E. Hoskins, Sec.; Edgar L. Godfrey, Treas. An anniversary dance was given on October 15th and was a success in every particular. For the basketball season Walter W. Whitney has been elected captain, and James E. Hoskins, Manager. **THE KU KLUX KLAN COMPANY**, No. 37, Amboy, Minn., elected officers at its organization as follows: Arnold E. Schwarz, Capt.; Paul Lattin, V. C. and Treas.; Earl Brush,

Sec. and Libn. Company dues are 10c a month and fines are 2c for absence or tardiness without good excuse. Meetings are held Friday nights. The library contains 50 books and 25 magazines. The treasury contains \$1.05. The captain wishes to correspond with the captains of other companies. **R. E. LEE COMPANY**, No. 8, Richmond, Va., sends us a program of a play given on November 18th from which they cleared \$8. The play is a comedy in three acts entitled "Caste" and we judge from the synopsis and the cast of characters that it was most interesting. Several new members have been admitted, and the boys are preparing for an elaborate New Year's celebration. **THE BLUE RIDGE CADETS COMPANY**, No. 95, Glassport, Pa., reports great interest taken by the membership in the club work and plans. Four new members have been added. An interesting Halloween program was given followed by refreshments. Officers have been elected as follows: Cyril C. A. Schwerba, Capt.; Chas. Woods, V. C.; Andy Double, Treas.; Monty Smith, Sec.; Method Schwerba, Libn. The club has taken up military training and are enjoying it very much. Literary programs have also been started at the meetings. A clipping from a local paper reports that a social evening and a banquet was held at the club rooms recently. On Christmas eve another open meeting will be held at which a medal will be given the best driller and a \$5 gold piece will be raffled off for the purpose of purchasing uniforms. **THE ABE LINCOLN COMPANY**, No. 86, Du Bois, Pa., reports an attendance of 99% of its members during the last month. The treasury contains \$4.92, and plans are under way to have a game shower for the winter months. Five new members have been initiated, making a total of nineteen members. After every meeting a mock trial is held and anyone guilty of disorderly conduct is tried, but as so few are guilty, it has been decided to pick a different member at each meeting to be tried. The Secretary of the Charfield Y. M. C. A. was present at a recent meeting and gave a most interesting talk on the object of the company. The company has three basketball teams and are going to start

a league. The first team, whose average age is 14, played a team whose average age is 18, and beat them by a score of 11 to 10. This game was very nicely commented on by two local papers, each one giving the O. A. B. boys most complimentary mention. W. Roundley has been elected to fill the place of Treasurer Gearhart, resigned, and H. Harris to fill the place of Secretary Shaw, also resigned. Mr. Thomas, the first aid instructor, has been obliged to discontinue his work with the boys, who are very grateful for the service he rendered them. Regular notices of meetings are sent to the members, and the one enclosed to us shows them to be neatly gotten up and well executed.

Harry Blanch Gold Medal Newsboy

One of New York's boys, Harry Blanch, who is known as the "best newsboy in the country," has just completed a very remarkable tour of the United States and Canada. He started without any funds whatever, and by selling papers in every city he came to, he not only paid all of his expenses, but had a tidy little sum over.

This, however, was not his intention; he started with a very distinct purpose. When he returned to New York he carried home newsboys' badges from nearly one hundred different cities, showing that he had sold papers in each of them; and these badges won for him a gold medal and the title of "Champion Newsboy." This was his aim in starting; but he had not been on the road long before his journey developed along very different lines.

In every large city, and most smaller ones, there is a Newsboys' Association. Young Blanch found that the news of his coming had preceded him among these associations, and that he had a regular lecture tour mapped out for him; for the "newsies" all over the country were wild to hear from his own lips how he had made such a success of their "profession." Blanch had to sell his papers every day to

keep up expenses, but he took hold of the lecturing, and made good.

He told the boys how he had been a little waif in New York streets, and how he had worked up to the point where is now selling more papers every day than any other boy in that city.

"Boys," he said, "be honest. That is the great thing, no matter what people say; and it is the surest way to make a success of our business or any other. It is the first thing a 'newsy' must learn.

"Make a study of the business, boys. You can't go at anything in life in a negligent manner, and make good at it. In selling papers you must read them every morning until you know the most important news. Then study the people that pass your corner, and you will succeed.

"Never shout madly at people. Just mention some item of news that should appeal to them. A woman is usually anxious to get hold of bargain notices, but if she looks like an actress then mention the chief theatrical news, or what comes nearest it. A business man will want the latest market news, and so on. But never attempt to cry a story that you do not have. In all my experience I am proud to say that I have never once practiced deception."

Harry Blanch is only nineteen, but he has a record that any boy in the country might well be proud of. As he tells his brother "newsies," he has succeeded only by study and application. When he is on the same corner morning after morning, he cannot remember all the thousands who pass, but they will remember him—and he knows it. Then, he brings science into his work. That is the way every great man has showed his genius, by doing more work in simpler fashion than others can.

Cost of English University Education

An Englishman was telling an American about his sons. "Presently," said the American, "I suppose you will be sending them to Oxford or Cambridge." "O, no," was the reply. "Those places are only for the sons of gentlemen." It costs to get a degree in either of the English universities named, so a London newspaper tells us, about a thousand pounds. It is not unusual for a father to pay \$7,500 a year to keep his son there. And the same authority goes on to say that it has come to the point where an Oxford or Cambridge degree is considered next to worthless for any but intellectual pursuits. English and Scotch commercial circles do not want graduates of the universities, and frankly say so.

Time was when those graduates were easily placed in colonial positions in India, Canada and Australia, but modern governmental and commercial conditions have made them next to worthless for the work. Even in the professions a degree is no longer the sine qua non it once was. Families of moderate means who denied themselves that the sons might attend the universities now find they would have done better to have put them into business after an ordinary education. The recent opinion expressed by some of the governing board of Oxford that the cost of education there was too high may not encourage poorer families to send their sons there unless it can be demonstrated that the training they will receive will not be a handicap instead of an advantage.

A Rival of the Panama Canal

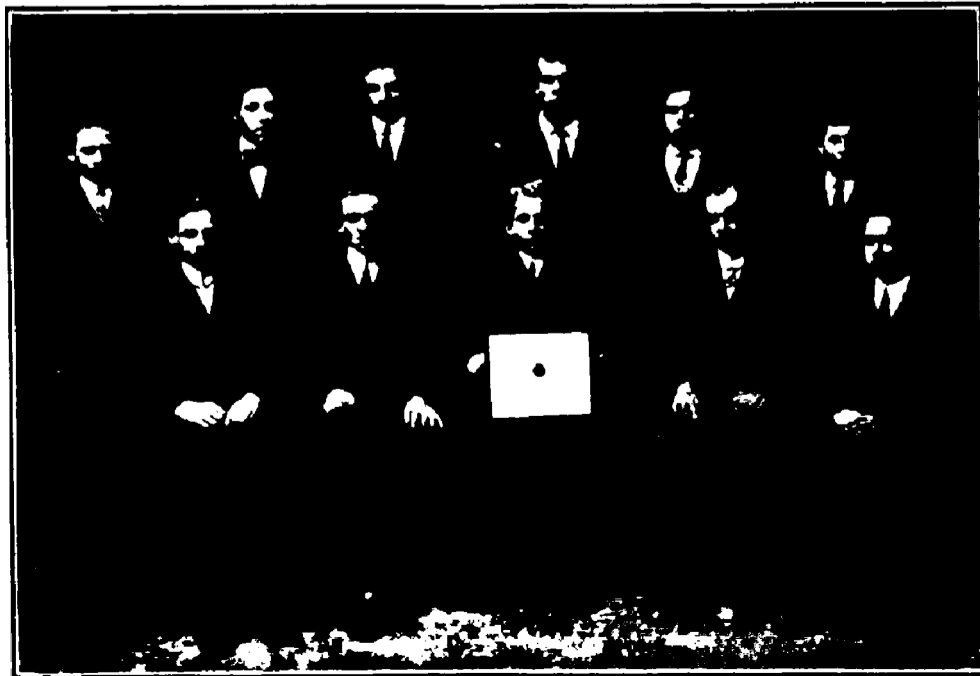
Three years ago a railroad was opened across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Built by the Mexican Government, in partnership with an English contractor, it is modern in every respect, has good harbor facilities at Puerto Mexico on the Atlantic side and at Salina Cruz on the Pacific. It is 190 miles long, but is 600 miles nearer the main traveled routes than is Panama, and freight can cross it in two days, loading and unloading. It saves an average of 1250 miles over Panama on all North Atlantic-Pacific routes, an average saving of four days. Traffic experts state that from \$5000 to \$10,000 may be saved on a 5000-ton cargo shipped by this route instead of Panama. Its traffic is growing by leaps and bounds. In 1907 the road carried 600,000 tons of freight. In 1908 over 1,000,000 tons, and in 1909 the increase is stated to have been above 50 per cent.

Boys of Panama Study Canal by Model

In one of the new schools opened by the United States government in Panama, some of the boys got together and constructed a model lock to show how they worked. The fathers of some of the lads were engineers, and they took great interest in helping the boys to make the models scientifically true. So successful was the experiment that the teachers are now taking up other parts of the great engineering work on the Isthmus as object lessons.

The Boy Scouts of America

Following the publication of the articles recently in The American Boy on the Boy Scouts Movement we are daily in receipt of letters from boys asking for further information regarding the formation of patrols. We, therefore, wish to inform all those interested that they should address their inquiries to Mr. J. L. Alexander, Managing Secretary, Boy Scouts of America, 124 East 28th Street, New York City, N. Y., enclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply.



Hardware City Company, No. 22 (O. A. B.) New Britain, Conn.

Dick Rivers' Retaliation

One Way of Getting Even

"HAROLD ARNOLD, first place—
"Dickson Rivers, second—
"Thom—"

By E. B. B. REESOR

But few in the class room of the Ontario California School heeded the names that followed, for every eye was turned towards Dick Rivers, who sat looking at the schoolmaster as though he had not heard a word.

Hitherto Dick Rivers' name had been first on the list in every class through which he had passed. This was the Leaving Examination and he had fallen to second place. It was unusual—unexpected! And he was outstripped by a

ways had spoken disrespectfully of the plot of grass, but he belonged to the North where grass grows because it cannot help it; but not so in the reclaimed desert lands, and Dick watered and cut and rolled—and watered again, giving every moment that he could to the beautifying of the garden. He was not a goody boy—thoughtless and quick-tempered, and what the average lad of fourteen usually is, but he was square, and for some reason he could not unburden his mind of Harold Arnold—what were the boys going to do to him? He knew they had determined to do something and he was powerless to stop them, for he felt sure that they would say nothing to him about it. He had no spare time to go to Arnold, he said to himself, anyway he did not feel like looking him up—there was nothing to say if he did, but nevertheless, he thought of him very often, and felt with it all that in some way he would like to get ahead of him, but he did not know how exactly.



"It's All Right, Mrs. Arnold, We Will Show Him How"

Northern boy who had entered the class only three months before.

"It's a shame!" shouted Rob Corson, as he ran towards the group surrounding Dick in the schoolyard after the class had been dismissed—"a sneaking shame to come snooping into our class and steal a march like that. Let's cut him, boys. Let's teach him a lesson!" And as the boys began to enthuse with Rob's spirit of injustice, Harold Arnold walked down the steps and lingered for one moment looking towards his classmates, but no one spoke to him and he turned towards the gate, his usually pale face flushed with the disappointment of non-recognition.

"Now for it, boys," said Rob. "Let's after him"—and quicker than thought the boys stooped to pick up lumps of hard black earth, when Dick exclaimed: "Hold on now—what are you doing? This is my show—I'll fix him," and without hearing their answers, he ran after Harold as fast as he could.

To their amazement the boys saw the two shake hands, and then Dick's cap was flung high in the air as he shouted—"Three cheers for Arnold! Three cheers for our school!"

"Julius!" ejaculated Rob. "So that's Dick's fixing. Hope he won't expect the rest of us to follow suit," as he watched Dick and Arnold walk off arm in arm.

Dick was waiting alone at the corner of the avenue when the other boys came up. "What did you do to him?" asked one of the boys.

"Showed him we weren't all churls," answered Dick carelessly. "Do you know," he continued earnestly, "Arnold's big percentage will perhaps make us the banner school of the county this year—maybe of the whole state?" But the boys at that moment were not as much interested in the school as they were in Dick their leader in and out of classes for seven years, and their disappointment in his overthrow was keen, especially as they had taken an unreasonable dislike to the boy who had wrested first place from him.

But while Dick, in the very fairness of his nature, could not feel any resentment for a square turndown, yet his disappointment cut more deeply than the boys had any idea. He knew how grieved his mother would be, and could fancy his father saying, "Your own fault, my son. You were too sure. Now you have lost all."

As a reward for taking first place in the leaving examination his uncle had promised him four years at college, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rivers had set their hearts on a profession for Dick; that could never be realized now, and the alternative was a position in his father's store. For himself, Dick longed for an out-door life, but he would have no choice.

"I'd like to show Arnold that I can beat him in something," was his thought as he passed between the hedges and walked up the palm path to his father's house. "I hate to be turned down like this."

It was the end of May, the closing time of Southern California schools and the second month of the long summer drought. The colony of Ontario had been reclaimed from the desert by some enterprising promoters of irrigation, and the village was at its loveliest the following Monday morning when Dick was entered upon his father's books as a regular employee; his work henceforth was to be paid for, both in the store and in the garden.

There was little time for attention to his own interests, for business commences early in the South, and when he met his school companions as he was going to and fro on his errands, he knew that he was not being paid wages for stopping to talk. The short evenings were given to his mother's rose and fruit trees—the work that he loved best. No one grow his own vegetables, too much work and water were required to bring them to perfection, but flowers were everyone's pride, but for any show in midsummer, constant attention was required. Then, too, Mrs. Rivers had the prettiest lawn in the village, not an alfalfa patch, but genuine blue grass, and that lawn was at once the pride and worry of Dick's life. His uncle had laughingly told him to put it under a glass case, and in other

cept that Snide Arnold, and have a jolly day of it." And Dick consented. "Only," he said, "don't let's decide upon the place yet—perhaps we can arrange to go to the beach"—and so the matter rested.

Dick had seen Mrs. Arnold in the store several times since school closed, and Harold's sister Elsie came nearly every day, but he had never seen either the father or Harold, nor had he noticed anyone speak to Mrs. Arnold, though the little girl dispersed "Helloas" here and there among the customers. He was waiting upon her one day when something prompted him to ask for her brother—"I never see him," Dick said, "has he gone away?"

"My, no, he's not away. He has to work, for father's got worse, and mother says she never knew fruit could be so much trouble. Hal stays up near all night to get through, and mother's scared he'll get sick, too."

"Where did you come from? Doesn't he know about fruit groves?"

"Boston—and we came here for father 'cause he was sick, but he says if he had known what orange growing was, he'd have left it for well folks and stayed home."

"Had the water yet?" Dick asked interestedly.

"I don't know. Father got a paper about something and mother said she didn't know the first thing about it and neither did Hal, and when I asked what she said they were going to turn on the water."

Dick understood if the Arnolds did not, and found out from headquarters what the date of their irrigating was to be. He knew the grove they had bought over on San Antonio avenue and realized how impossible it would be for a grown man, accustomed to irrigating, to work it without help—and Arnold, a boy, and knowing nothing of the work!

He gave a long low whistle when he

had thought everything out—thought a moment longer—and his mind was made up.

That night the boys were to decide upon a place for their outing. Each one had a different suggestion to make, but Dick said nothing.

"Let's draw lots," said Rob Corson, "and the fellow that gets it leads the van."

So the papers were cut and lots drawn, and to Dick fell the selection.

He waited for a moment, and then said eagerly, "Look here, boys, I have a scheme of my own—will you go it blind? I can't tell you what it is till the morning of the Fourth."

The boys demurred—they wanted something definite. "All right," said Dick, "I am out of your party and will play my own game."

But Rob Corson and four others sided with Dick, and when the other boys made their own plans Dick felt that he had gained more than he had hoped for.

"Meet at the band stand foot of Euclid avenue at 6 on the morning of the Fourth. Bring lunch, hoes, and overalls, and ask no questions. D. R."

was written on postcards and received by each of the five boys on the third, and delighted with the mystery they all assembled at the appointed time.

"Going by car to the canon, I guess," said Corson. "Maybe to Cucamonger to the tourney," said another; but the car started without them, and following Dick's lead they walked up the avenue and then north for several blocks until they came to a grove where Dick halted.

"The water will be on at eight," he said shortly, "now to work!"

The boys looked with dismay at the unprepared land—not a trench dug, not a sign of life around. They all knew what the next twelve hours meant, and for a moment forgetting everything but the fine crop that would be ruined without water, they stripped themselves of shoes and stockings, donned their overalls, and hoes in hand, set to work.

"Pretty go, this!" shouted Corson. "Didn't bargain to work all the holiday."

"Can't help it," answered Dick—"Too good a crop to be spoiled."

The respect for a good orange crop was universal. It meant money in the country and fame outside, and after some reasonable grumbling the boys hoed their trenches with a will.

At eight sharp the sluice at the upper end began to fill, and leaving two boys to direct the water into the made trenches and keep it running evenly between the rows of trees, the other four set to work on the remaining trenches.

So busy were they that they did not notice a boy and woman crossing from a

house on the avenue until Dick, who seemed to be expecting someone, looked up and saw them.

"Come on, Arnold," he shouted, "here's your work cut out for you. Take off your shoes and stockings and roll up your overalls"—as Harold attempted to cross the almost overflowing trenches. "It's all right, Mrs. Arnold, we will show him how!" And without pausing in their work the boys took in the situation and smiled grimly at the humor of it: they were getting ahead of Arnold!

Mrs. Arnold stood and watched them for some time, and then went back to the house. There was a choking in her voice as she told her husband of the boys' work. "They must have been at it while we were in our beds," she said, "and we feeling that we had not a friend in the whole colony!"

Mr. Arnold walked out to see how the irrigating was done, and was amazed at the work it entailed and, too, at Dick's knowledge of it. He thought they had better stop and have dinner, but the boys only laughed and shook their heads wisely—but by twos sat down and lunched from their boxes and at once set to work again, and in jolly humor and with the feeling that they were really doing something worth while, spent the long twelve hours among the orange trees. After the trenches were dug the work was not so arduous, and there was plenty of fun in it, but not one of the boys would leave until the water was turned off.

At 8 o'clock a jolly party sat around Mrs. Arnold's well-filled table. There was no restraint now; Harold was one of them, and a splendid companion he proved himself when they really knew him; and as for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and Elsie, they could not do enough for their guests.

"You have a fine school," Mr. Arnold remarked during a pause in the chatter, "a Los Angeles paper says it has won the banner for Southern California this year—with a very high percentage."

"Hurrah! Three cheers for Arnold!" shouted Dick—and this time the others joined him.

Mr. Arnold did not understand, but when the matter was explained to him he said: "Well, I am glad my boy has done something for the village, but I think the boys who have given up a holiday, saved an orange crop, and shown kindness to strangers within their gates, have done something for Humanity as well as for the State."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Harold.

"Three cheers for Dick Rivers then, and for the other boys too!"

"Let's keep mum about this," said Dick as the boys were walking home. But in some manner the facts slipped out, and two weeks later when Dick received a letter from his uncle, there was an offer not merely of the four years' college course, but, following it, tuition in the best agricultural university in the country, and, concluding, were the words: "We need bright men in our out-door life as well as in our professions, and you are to have the chance of being one of them."

Hair-Face, the Son of a Wolf

Continued from page 11

knew contained his master. But even he knew that his master was dead. He had seen death too many times not to understand. The spirit of darkness and of cold, that which numbs the earth and all its glad life, had taken him. But he was waiting a little, as the old Scotchman had said, until it should be quite plain to him.

About two o'clock in the morning, the villagers were awakened by long and heartrending howls from the hillside. Roderick's father went to the door and looked up at the little meeting house, towards which his heart now yearned anew.

The moon was at its full, and it was as light as day. There upon a great black rock, which the wind had swept clear of snow, sat Hair-face, his gray coat clearly outlined against the rock. His nose was pointed towards the moon, which was just setting, and the howls that floated down across the valley made the tears course afresh down the wrinkled cheeks of the old man.

The night before, when he had howled because of the death of his master, the cries had been partly smothered, as though he feared to disturb the rest of the mourners with his grief, but now it was different. Out in the open where there was no one to hear but the moon and the stars he could pour out the full measure of his anguish. This he was doing in mighty howls that rent the stillness like the crack of a rifle. Sometimes these cries would rise to a high-keyed note, a mere thread of sound, and then it would swell in volume, becoming deeper in tone, until it was a mighty roar of rage.

Others there were in the valley who heard the wolf-dog grieving for his master, and even those who had been most skeptical of Hair-face, now knew that he truly loved the man as faithfully as any dog could.

But while the great wolf-dog sat upon the boulder pouring out his anguish to the night, a subtle and mysterious change was going on inside him. A disintegration of his affections and emotions. Fiber by fiber his dog heart was breaking. Drop by drop his dog blood was turning to wolf. Slowly the love-light in his eyes, his dog heritage, faded, and the yellow gleam of the wolf took its place. The only man creature who had ever loved him was dead. The only link that bound him to civilization was broken, so why should he be civilized?

The houses of the man-creatures in the valley changed from the interesting abodes of those whom he loved, to the hostile fortresses of those who hated him, and consequently whom he hated.

Gradually the note of lamentation in his howling changed to rage, rage at the fate which had given and taken away his god. At last the giant wolf stretched his mighty form and stood upon all fours.

He glowered down at the houses of men in the valley, and a deep growl rumbled in his throat. Henceforth these man-creatures would shoot him at sight. Well, he would take care that they did not see him.

The keen, cutting winter wind blew sharply in his wrinkled face, but to him it was a tonic. He drew long whiffs of it into his lungs, expanding his deep chest to its full dimensions. The wind tasted of spruce and of pine, of the laurel swamp where there was good rabbit hunting, and of the deep cover where the partridges were hiding this night.

In imagination the wolf saw the snow-laden woods, with its moose and deer yards, and its wild freedom. All were calling to him now. He had been a dog too long. Too long he had been upon the leash. He cast one last look at the sleeping valley and the haunts of man, and then sprang from the rock. Over the glittering crust he galloped, and with each mile left behind the blood quickened in his veins. It was a mad joy to feel the rush of the wind, the lash of the underbrush in his face, and the exhilaration of mad, free flight. Little showers of ice went sliding in every direction as he ran, and the shy little wood-folk saw him pass with fear in their hearts.

He was galloping back to the old hunting grounds of his sire, where he had first learned to catch mice, and where he had broken the back of his first fox, and the bushes, the trees, the stumps and even the rocks were calling to him.

Just at sunrise he came out upon the top of a high bluff, and against a background of evergreen, saw a tall wolf waiting for him. His first impulse was to rush at the stranger and give battle, but he at once remembered. This was a wolf like himself. They were brothers in the wilderness, but were they brothers? He thought his nose said something different, so he approached the stranger warily.

The she-wolf waited his coming with apparent indifference, although the mating call was probably singing in her blood. Hair-face went up and sniffed noses with her, and he knew that it was she who had called him as he sat alone with his grief upon the rock above the valley where the man-creatures lived. Again the two sniffed noses, and the wolf-dog was certain, he would never be a dog again.

Then the twain turned and trotted off into the deep woods going side by side. The wilderness dog had obeyed the call of his kind at last. A wolf he was born, and a wolf he must die. Henceforth his allegiance would be to his mate, his offspring, and also to the gray pack that hunted in the blue-green depths of the ancient forest.

The wilderness at last had claimed its own.

(The End.)



"Three Cheers for Arnold!"

A Lion for a Bedfellow

By St. Michael-Podmore, M. A., F. Z. S.

DR. LIVINGSTONE stated that he preserved a calm and analytical frame of mind while a lion was biting him, and set down his sensations in the order in which they occurred. The animal knocked him down, crunched the lower bones of his arm into splinters, and left eleven teeth wounds in his upper arm; but the doctor declared that he "had no sense of pain nor feeling of terror."

The opinion that there is no consciousness of suffering seems almost universal both among hunters and natives. The incident, therefore, of a man who spent part of a night with a lion in his hut must be of special interest to those who have experienced a tiger-mauling. The story was related to me during my travels in Australasia, and has reference to a man whom we will call Jack.

He was at one time employed in the New South Wales telegraph office. Jack spent some years in Africa, and was engaged on the trans-continental Cape to Cairo line. On one occasion he had with him another white man and fifty blacks. Jack and his mate each occupied a small hut.

One night he was aroused from his sleep by a consciousness of something moving backwards and forwards and up and down beneath his bed. Becoming alarmed, he listened breathlessly to a loud, long, and indelible snuff, snuff, which broke the stillness of the night. His experience of Africa was not extensive, but he instantly realized that a man-eating lion was under his bed.

All his faculties seemed at first to be paralyzed with horror. "Though perfectly conscious of everything that was going on," he said, "I was unable to utter a sound. My heart beat as though it would burst; and its tremendous throbbings almost suffocated me. I was almost fainting with terror at the thought of the fearful fate awaiting me."

"After a moment or two I became aware that the lion had got out from under the bed, and was sniffing his way along the edge, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito-curtains. I then seemed to realize that I must do something, and instinctively, yet as noiselessly as possible, I huddled all the pillows and bed-clothes up over my head and face—actuated by the same instinct, perhaps, which prompts small boys to dive under the bed-clothes when afraid of the bogey-man."

"No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor, bed-clothes and all. The brute immediately commenced to

suck the blood that streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit me more savagely. As I raised my knees into a crouching, protective position, he gave me a little pat with his paw, which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. After a moment or two of this awful experience on the floor of the hut the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one proud and massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave one, two, three, four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

"It is necessary to bear in mind that a darkness prevailed in the clearing which night, in homely language, have been 'felt.'"

"It seemed that Morket was awakened at the first roar, and, without a moment's delay, he got out of bed, put on his trousers and hat, and then sallied forth with his rifle, thinking that the lion must be at least very close to the camp, judging from the loudness of the roars he himself had heard. He made his way, or rather felt his way, over to my hut, doubtless wondering why I had not come out to meet him. He was guided partly by the loud purrs of the fearful brute and partly by the excited cries of the Kaf-firs.

"When Morket got to the door he cried out, 'Jack, where are you?' I heard him as indeed I had heard everything else, but was absolutely unable to utter a sound, though I was fully aware that my life depended upon it.

"Morket must have worked round my hut and seen the hole made by the lion, who simply pushed the poles on one side and then tore out the mat walls and crawled in under my bed. Then, of course, Morket realized what had happened, and ran round the other side and kicked the door down. All this time the only thing I seemed to take an interest in was the loud slipping suck, suck, made by the lion as he drew my blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered with a pang of regret that I had not lived a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed I thought how curious it was that I should be lying without the slightest sense of pain, with a man-eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood. I could not realize the full horror of the thing.

"I had been lying on my back on the floor of the hut, with my neck and head resting against the side, when Morket kicked at the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin; the next moment, with another loud

purr-r-r-r, he leapt out of the hut into the darkness—almost into Morket's face. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways as though striving to get me on to his back.

"You may imagine Morket's feelings as he groped around in the inky darkness, screaming out first to one nigger and then to the other to bring lighted bunches of grass.

"He found his way into my hut, and, on feeling in the bed, he placed his hand in a pool of blood, which gave unmistakable information as to what had happened.

"The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards, and put me down under a big baobab tree. He ran with a springy leap, purring loudly as he went, for all the world like a contented cat.

"The brute seemed to resent the slightest movement of my body. If I moved an arm he bit it viciously, and an uneasy jerk of my leg would be punished by a terrible scrape of the claws.

"I lay on my back at the base of a tree with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing at me with his great, luminous, greenish-yellow eyes, which seemed to fill me with unutterable loathing and horror, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

"I ought to tell you that, from the very first, I had not ceased to wonder how it was that the lion didn't kill me outright, either by biting my head or tearing me to pieces with his terrible claws.

"But the lion seemed perfectly content and quiet with his prey. I felt his long rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept up higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible, stinking breath. I half turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue rose higher and higher towards my throat.

"Up to this time I had been reflecting, in a strangely calm manner, on the curious aspect of this frightful affair, precisely as though I were a disinterested outsider instead of the dying victim of the man-eater. As I felt the lion's carbon-solled jaws near my face and throat, however, I was seized with terror, and instinctively I threw up both arms, and thrust them far in between his jaws, and, indeed, almost down his throat. As I did so the monster snapped off three fingers of my right hand, and, horrible as it may seem to the reader, I actually left my arms and hands lying idly in the lion's jaws. "Thank God," I thought, "he is satisfied with sucking the bleeding fingers he has bitten off, and as long as

I can keep him at arm's length with my hands in his mouth, I will have yet a few minutes of life left for earnest prayer."

"And I prayed—oh, how I prayed. My life, however, was fast ebbing away, and, later on, I didn't seem to mind so much. I grew fainter and fainter, and—so I am told—I kept moaning feebly, 'Joe, Joe, oh why can't you shoot him or do something?' Constantly my thoughts reverted to my people at home, and I felt bitterly sorry on their account, for I knew how horrified and shocked they would be at my terrible end. After thinking of these things for a few moments I would resign myself to death with a feeling of complacency, and then next moment, perhaps, I would have some kind of vague idea that I should be saved after all. During all this time the boys kept screaming 'Nkanga! Nkanga!' ('The lion! The lion!'), just as if they were in any danger in the lofty trees up which they had swarmed. Poor Joe Morket was simply waltzing round the clearing in utter bewilderment and agony of mind.

"At last my friend did induce two of the niggers to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these he was enabled, though very indistinctly, to see the lion standing over my prostrate form. He was an enormous gaunt brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. Joe told me afterwards that, as he approached with his gun, I was moaning or crooning softly to myself.

"Up to this time my unfortunate companion was afraid to shoot, lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, 'Keep cool, Jack'—a funny admonition, this. 'Only keep cool and I will see what I can do for you.'"

"As he approached, the lion took his fangs out of me and faced about, growling and snarling horribly, and with one big paw on my chest. How Morket kept his head at ten paces from the lion I don't know, but, anyhow, he leveled his rifle and fired. The lion immediately staggered back a few paces, clear of my body, for he had been hit fairly in the eye, and the ball, after crushing it, had come out through the lower jaw, which it had broken badly.

"Morket instantly proceeded to re-load, but he was in such a desperate hurry that the lever of his rifle jammed, and he found himself practically helpless. Will it be believed that this desperate man, now fairly at his wit's-end, rushed forward towards the lion and dealt him a terrific blow on the head with the stock of his rifle. This did the lion no harm, whereas Morket's gun was literally crumpled up. My friend, however, at once implored his torch-bearer to run over to the hut and get my rifle, and with this he killed the lion in two shots."

Steve Rogers: Stockman

Continued from page 15

found an old wheelbarrow and some picks, all rough with rust. Going out, he discovered a roughly built stone cabin, judging from the covering of spiderwebs on the walls, no one had lived in it for a long time.

Sitting on the stone doorstep, he ate his dinner, and looked at the bits of rock, which were of a dull, dark gray color. He put them in his pocket, and looked with more interest at his shoes, which had been so badly cut by the sharp stones on both sides of the summit that they were but little protection to his feet. He wished that he could reach a town and buy a new pair that night.

Below timber line he saw rabbits and squirrels, but no birds. Wondering if there were any, he whistled softly to attract their attention. The bleating of sheep instantly answered, and a flock came running to meet him—a flock of ewes, without a leader. Above the sound of their voices as they crowded around him, he heard a deeper bleat. The sheep heard it, turned, hesitated, and turned again to him. "I'm going to find that leader," the boy thought, hurrying forward. "Something's happened to him."

He found a fine ram at the edge of the creek, pinned down by a limb which had broken off of a cottonwood tree. A leg was broken, and swollen, and the animal was thin and feeble. After giving him water and cutting some grass for him, Steve examined the broken leg carefully, and, finding a clean fracture, he set it as well as he could, binding splints in place with strips torn from his clothes.

Why the sheep were without a herder puzzled him. It did not seem to him probable that their owner would have turned them out alone. Giving up his idea of reaching a town that night, Steve set out to look for the herder, who, he thought, might be sick, or even dead, in a cabin somewhere near.

Following the creek down until the canon widened into a narrow valley, he came upon a tent, under a group of trees, and a corral. He went into the tent, but found no one. It contained a bunk and a stove, plenty of uncooked food and some articles of clothing. After making a thorough search of the locality, he was forced to the conclusion that the herder had gone away. He might, Steve reasoned, come back at any moment, and he might not come at all. Whatever was done, he must do himself. First, the ram must be brought down to the corral. Thinking of the old wheelbarrow, the boy started back for it, his hands full of leading wire which he had found in the corral, and a dab of lard in a tin can for wheel-grease. He had mended so many old implements for Mr. Carr that he knew how to go to work, and he soon had the shrunken boards wired firmly and the wheel turning. Putting the ram into it, he drove the flock down to the corral, and made himself comfortable in the tent.

He was eating his breakfast, and wondering what he ought to do, when he heard the sound of many wings. Looking out, he saw a flock of wild geese flying southward. He went back to his

pancakes thoughtfully; he had seen the first signs of snow.

The morning was gray and cold. Steve waited until the middle of the forenoon to see if the sky cleared, and hoping that the herder would return. When a grayish haze showed him that snow had begun to fly on the mountain-tops, he hesitated no longer, but set out with the sheep, the ram lying on a bed of leaves in the wheelbarrow. Some one, the boy reasoned, could tell him who owned the sheep; farms must be near.

Gradually the valley widened. Seeing, in the distance a field from which some crop had been taken, he drove the sheep toward it, hoping to find a road. This he did, and, after rounding a hill, saw a

"See here, boy, there's no use in your lying to me. There's no road over the divide, and no pass, either."

"I didn't say there was a road! I didn't say there was a pass, but I crossed, just the same. There's no use in my trying to tell you anything. You don't want to believe me."

"I think, Mr. Sears," said the other man, "that I can help straighten this out. Old Mr. Conner told me that he once crossed over. You may have heard his name. He died before you came here. He mentioned some particulars that I can recall."

"I'm awful glad you know, Mr. Conner," said Steve, smiling.

"You may not have crossed where he

Steve answered, realizing the importance, to himself, of the question. "I want to ble out to a man that has sheep, or stock of some kind."

"I'd like," he added boldly, thinking that he might as well express the hope that was in his mind. "I'd like to work where there are thoroughbreds."

"That agrees with the way I size you up," the man returned, smiling. "Well, you can go home with me and look at my stock, and if you like the looks of them I'll hire you. I think you're the kind of man that I'm looking for. I live here, I'm Mr. Lang."

Steve fairly gasped. He could scarcely believe his ears. Mr. Lang! "The finest stock in the state," the bishop had said. And it was through the bishop that he had made good!

"I'll be proud to work for you, Mr. Lang," he said as soon as he could take breath. "When we go down to the town I'd like to buy a pair of shoes, and some writing paper."

"Good luck to you," Mr. Sears called after him as he started away with Mr. Lang. "And thanks for your care of my sheep. I was going after them when I met you. And don't hold a grudge against me."

"No, I won't," after a moment of hesitation. Keeping step with Mr. Lang, he said to himself that it didn't matter, anyhow. He had found his place.

"Our" Column

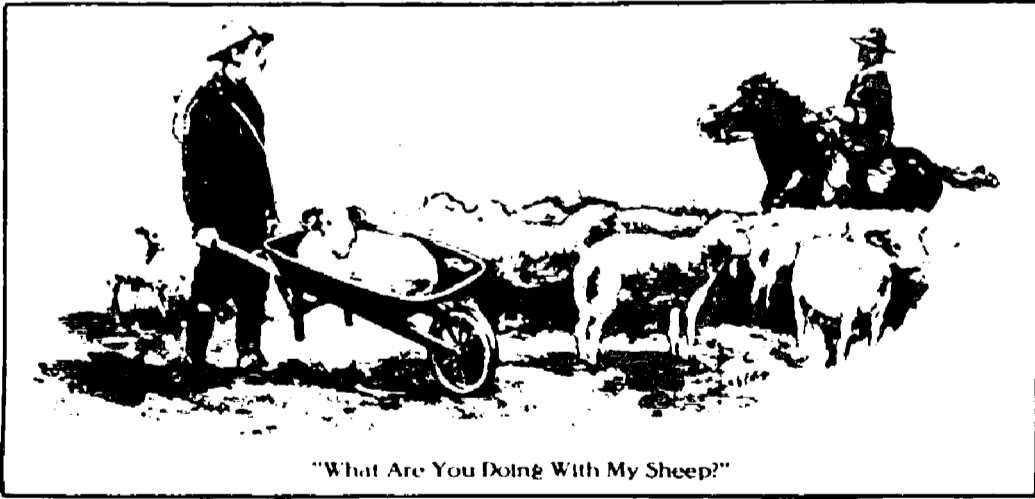
Continued from page 5

Iron boats do float. When Robert Fulton was building the Clermont, people derided and scoffed at the attempt to make steam a motive power for boats, declaring it could not be done, but it was. In this connection also the following little story, illustrating how far scientific knowledge may come short of practical knowledge gained by trying and doing, will, I am sure, appeal to you:

Some years ago, when baseball pitchers began to talk about curved balls, a number of learned Chicago professors arose and proved, scientifically and conclusively, that it couldn't be done—that no man could control the course of a ball through the air after it had left his hand. Whereupon a delegation of the baseball fraternity took the learned professors out to the ball grounds in a carriage, and showed them three stakes, set in the ground in a straight line. Then a square-jawed, red-haired pitcher threw a ball to the left of the first stake, to the right of the second stake, and to the left of the third. He did it again and again, grinning irreverently all the while. And the learned professors went sadly home and thought it over.

Now, my space is completely filled, but you boys are sufficiently bright to see the point of this story and I need not enlarge upon it. Make sure by trying and trying again and yet again.

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.



"What Are You Doing With My Sheep?"

settlement about a mile further on. Turning into the first well-traveled road that he came to, he saw a man talking, on a corner to another, who was on horseback. In another moment the man was riding up to him.

"What are you doing with my sheep?" he demanded angrily. "What's the matter with that ram?"

"I found him with a broken leg. I don't know who these sheep belong to. If they're yours—"

"That's too thin," the man interrupted. "Now, what did you mean to do with them?"

"I meant to do just what I've done," Steve replied promptly. "I found them up above, without a herder. I couldn't leave that ram to starve, so I brought them all down, so far I was going to ask the first man I saw who they belonged to."

"I don't doubt that you found them without a herder. I suppose you happened to know that my herder is on a spree at Ogden. Give an account of yourself. I've had sheep stolen before. What were you up there for?"

"I'm not stealing your sheep," Steve retorted. "I crossed the divide and came down in this direction, and found these sheep."

did," the man continued, with an answering smile. "but I'm inclined to think you did. Please tell us if you found anything whatever to indicate that you were on his trail. Tell us the whole story."

Steve did as he was requested, describing as well as he could the location of the monuments on the eastern slope, and the last one, at the summit. "I didn't find any, coming down," he said.

"No," laughed the man, "and I'll tell you why. Mr. Conner had the bad luck to fall into a deep ravine, which was nearly full of soft snow. It was impossible to climb out, and all that saved him was his blankets. By laying them down and walking on them, he succeeded in reaching an opening into a cañon—and the water was so deep there that he was nearly drowned. He said he didn't mean to be the means of leading anyone else into trouble. But he built the monuments that you found on the eastern slope. Mr. Sears, are you satisfied?"

"Yes; but it's a story that no man could be expected to believe without proof."

The man who had questioned him examined the bandaged leg critically, and turned to Steve again.

"What was your purpose in crossing over—if you are willing to tell me?"

"I'm perfectly willing to tell you."

The American Boy

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

THE LEADING BOYS' MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1910, by The Sprague Publishing Co.

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE AMERICAN BOY is an illustrated monthly magazine of 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Canadian subscriptions, \$1.25 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.50 a year. **NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS** can commence at any time during the year.

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LETTERS should be addressed and drafts made payable to **THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.**, Maitland Building, Detroit, Mich.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS President and Editor
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Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangles, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name on every page; your address in full on one page. Send answers to new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We cannot return rejected puzzles nor reply personally to letters.

Helen C. Wouters, Hawley, Minnesota, R. F. D., wins the prize for the best list of answers to November Tangles.

Herrick Lee Johnston, Mary Holms Seminary, West Point, Mississippi, wins the second prize.

Frank Shouder, 449 Twenty-fifth St., San Diego, California, wins the prize for best January puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: J. Kenyon Cellar, Lawrence P. Marshall, Elmer Gehlhaus, A. Okorlino, Richard M. Thackeray, Harry Slade Carter, Clarkson P. Stelle, Louise J. Haneberg, Stuart F. Heintz, Ralph W. Jones, A. Goyette, G. Howe Easy, Howard E. Graham, Page Milburn, Jr., Edmund MacDonald, Robert D. Johnston, J. Lauren Knapp, Frank C. Torrey, Hannah Schmaling, Clarence M. Walte, Robert Ward, C. E. Witherhead, Howard L. Sargent, Chester S. Woodworth, Phoenix S. Franks, Edward H. Fox, Benjamin P. Allen, Kenneth Dunhoop, John Scherzinger, Reuben J. Schneider, Ernest Stevens, George Carmody, Maurice Simond, Erwin Henschel, Ralph Glerum, Kelsey Porter, Buell A. French, Lincoln S. Kellogg, Margaret E. Brown, John C. McGarahan, Oscar Chester, Ralph Badger, Edward Quirfeldt, S. Girard, Harold Evans, Robert S. Paulson, Howard F. Witherhead, Jas. J. Condon, Lawrence King, E. E. Echtenacht, Wilfred I. Jones, E. Clyde Winings, Earl Wilson, George Brotherton, W. T. Horton, Leo Lambert, Andrew Untener, LeRoy Craft, Malcolm B. Carroll, Stanley T. Hubbard, Hubert McLaughlin, Claire Preedy, George J. Taylor, Basil Whittier, Roy Wagner, George W. Somner, Orville Lake, Henry Elow, Walter Kenney, Randolph Baker, Walter Lowe, John Martin, Chas. H. J. Patterson, Frank T. Black, Lawrence Head, Karl Fisher, Walter F. Bartz, John E. Hyatt, Jr., Richard H. Berley, Charlie James Balkin, James Williams, Karl Peters, Alfred E. Hinet, Gordon Westberg, Willie J. Adams, Willard Wirt, Wm. McKeonick, Byron Brown, Gordon Moran, Arthur Bonner, Benj. Schwartz, Albert I. Montague, Jr., Belford Hunsinger, Harry E. Myers, Stanley R. Bates, Bruce M. Thomson, Rolfe G. Best, Parsons Newman, Macy Monks, Rupert D. Davis, Brent Gilder, Welch, Young Hutchinson, Bernard Francis Shinkman, Harris Copenhaver, Lucius E. Smith, Philip Juraceck, John Davis, N. W. Taylor, Clarence Dobson, Willard Pater, George E. Rath, Fred Dowditch, Leon Nelson, Walter Faurot, Edgar Tavener, Joseph Muehlaupt, J. Horace Trumbull, Roland Gause, Bruce Morse, Anna Strauss, Daniel Dargue, John Trahey, Stuart Hammond, Harold Browning, John A. Lombard, Frank R. Manning, Fred E. Cassavant, Mark Jacques-Casas, W. Cushman, Marvin S. Bennett, Kenneth Ketchum, R. E. Dees, Dean Piper, William F. Leach, F. Fay Fluke, Harry G. Fortune, David Sealey, Oral Thompson, N. Skidmore, Frances Valentine, Frank R. McNutt, Arnold Peterson, Louis Palmquist, Carl Johnson, Peter N. Rustemeyer, James V. Wright, J. Norwood Goodman, Marion Malr, Vinton E. McVicker, Winfred Eddy, Henry Muffer, Herbert Back, Ben Melsenhelder, Conway Patterson, Serjua G. Engle, J. Guyon Wierman, Franklin C. Chittard, Tom. M. Murphy, Paul O. Treese, Victor Akkarlan, Charles B. Mount, William Balley, Carlos Kuegler, Jr., Harold V. Schwartz, Rudolph Samson, Robert E. Foley, Edward F. Oakes, Arthur S. Griswold, Ralph Hoy, Mark VanLiew, Marion E. Hetchkiss, Edward Karkau, Charles P. Remington, George J. Henshaw, Clarence McCarty, Gustave Filant, Clarence Wilcox, Jr., Ray C. Robins, Richard H. Douglas, Paul W. Workman, Bert A. Moore, Robert McNaughton, W. Vernon Archer, Ewald Reischerer, F. Easton Dorlan, Laurence V. Farnham, Howard K. Rowe, Joe Moody, Douglas C. Palmer, Kenneth Rogers, Jasper M. Dargin, Donald Seeley, Nellie Norwood, Harry Hobson Brown, Geo. H. Thompson, Drawoh Drakeop, Mrs. J. Warren Reed, Harold L. Kerfoot, Bertha E. Turner, Daniel A. Tickell, Clare Hamill, Harold Kinney, John Lemmer, Mrs. S. E. Draper, Leslie C. Rose, John H. Culnan.

The following were one month late with December puzzles: Joseph Carlson, Clarence Strand, Oliver K. McAdams, Arthur P. Peterson, Louise I. Haneberg, William Wilson.

Edward F. Holden and Herald Applegate wrote in pencil.

About once a year we state for the benefit of new contributors that there is no objection

to the use of the typewriter in sending in answers. All typewriters that we are familiar with use ink. (See rules.) No editor will accept pencil copy or read a rolled Ms. We want our boys to learn to prepare a Ms. properly so that in after years their contributions to any magazine will receive the editor's attention. Hence our rules.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the January Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by January 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for March, received by January 18.

Answers to December Tangles

65. State seals, in order: Pennsylvania, Utah, Washington, Michigan, Idaho, Kentucky, Ohio, the calendar: Washington, Plymouth, Ghent, Savannah.
66. 1 to 46, Van Buren, Johnson, Berthoven, Whittier, Turner, Disraeli.
67. A. 1. The Vision of Sir Launfal. 2. Mid-summer Night's Dream. 3. Concord Hymn. 4. The Raven. 5. Child Harold. 6. The Courtship of Miles Standish. B. 1. Lowell. 2. Shakespeare. 3. Emerson. 4. Poe. 5. Byron. 6. Henry Longfellow. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, Luke ii. 11.
68. 1. CATHER 2. HORNS 3. REEFS 4. IGNEES 5. SUTOR 6. TROPE 7. MANTLY 8. ADLER 9. SLINGS Initials, Christmas, seven thirds, Trenton; numbers, Thomas Gray, Gladstone.

70. Gun, skates, watch, goat, pony, ring, book, sled, doll, camera.

71. 1. Capacious 2. Physic 3. Forbear 4. Assiduous 5. Pressure 6. Plain 7. Persian 8. Christian 9. Concious Both diagonals, Christmas.

72. Man is the eye of things. (A man is the I of THINGS.)

73. 1. Confuse 2. Radical 3. Anxiety 4. Nihilism 5. Blush 6. Enforce 7. Replace 8. Repeat 9. Solitaire 10. Embark 11. Shuttle Initials, cranberries, William I to 5, corn on the cob, turkey, plum, muff, mince pie, raisins, Alberts.

74. 1. TUNING 2. POINT 3. JEWELRY 4. ALPINE 5. APPREHENSIVE 6. HILARY 7. MATCH 8. NEWS 9. VIGOR 10. SYMBOL Initials, Tippecanoe, numbers, Henry Harrison.

75. 1. Bighorn 2. Elliott 3. Machine 4. Madison 5. Ontario 6. Niagara 7. Turriff Initials, Belmont, to 25, Garfield, Arthur, Chattanooga.

76. O. Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name, Madame Roland. Key words: Milton, Taylor, The Bastille, Twain, married, Montagu, stammered, charmed, Sicily.

77. 1. Bighorn 2. Elliott 3. Machine 4. Madison 5. Ontario 6. Niagara 7. Turriff Initials, Belmont, to 25, Garfield, Arthur, Chattanooga.

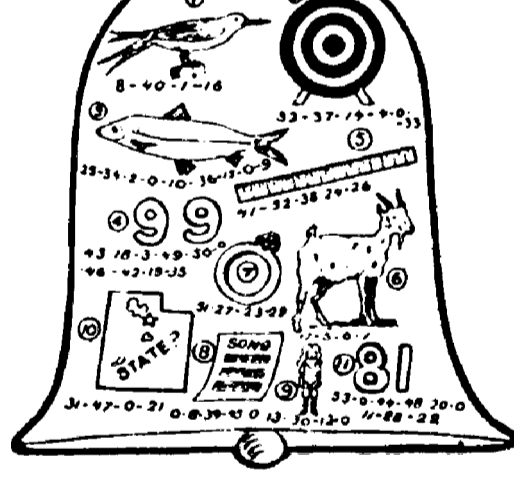
78. 1. Bighorn 2. Elliott 3. Machine 4. Madison 5. Ontario 6. Niagara 7. Turriff Initials, Belmont, to 25, Garfield, Arthur, Chattanooga.

79. 1. Bighorn 2. Elliott 3. Machine 4. Madison 5. Ontario 6. Niagara 7. Turriff Initials, Belmont, to 25, Garfield, Arthur, Chattanooga.

80. 1. Bighorn 2. Elliott 3. Machine 4. Madison 5. Ontario 6. Niagara 7. Turriff Initials, Belmont, to 25, Garfield, Arthur, Chattanooga.

January Tangles

NEW YEAR'S CHIME.



JANUARY SLIDE.

Slide the horizontal rows of letters to right or left till four consecutive vertical rows spell a confederate general born in January. Repeat, and obtain another confederate general born in January. With the remaining letters form the name of an American statesman and orator who was born in January.

—Stuart F. Heintz, Massachusetts.

NAME THE DAY.

My one comes January three; My two, December fourth you see; My three starts in with winter's blast; My four is February last; My five appears September eight; My six is May's most central date; My seven the third of March appears; My whole's the herald of the year.

—Howard F. Witherhead, New York.

JANUARY ACROSTIC.

All are words of five letters. The initials and thirds each spell a president who died in January.

1. A rabbit house. 2. A bottomless chain. 3. Screams. 4. Chosen. 5. Fathers. —Robert D. Johnston, Tennessee.

JANUARY STATES.

All are words of seven letters. The initials and finals spell three states admitted in January.

1. A slender, lofty tower, seen on Mohammedan mosques.
2. One of the United States.
3. The northernmost county seat of Mississippi.
4. The general-in-chief of the federal armies from 1862 to 1864; born and died in January.
5. An ancient country, east of the Ionian sea.
6. A county of New Hampshire.
7. A county, river, bay and pass of Texas.
8. A county of New York.
9. The county seat of Grant county, Kansas.

—Burr Chance, Michigan.

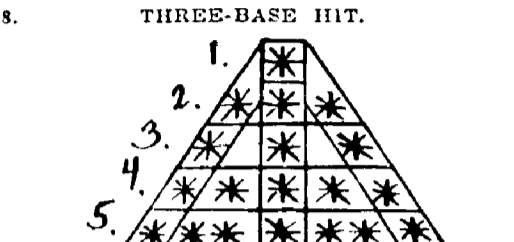
JANUARY PRESIDENTS.

All are words of five letters. The initials and finals each spell a president born in January.

1. A kind of parrot.
2. A kind of lemur.
3. Relating to law.
4. Flat.
5. Former Vice-President Stevenson's given name.
6. A town on Havana harbor, Cuba.
7. A sleeping vision.
8. In ancient Rome, a public place for oratory.
9. Pertaining to the Ionians.
10. A town of Volhynia, Russia.
11. A town of Jackson county, Mich.
12. A county of Michigan.
13. A species of European thrush.
14. To accord in sound.
15. A plautive poem.

—F. E. Echtenacht, Nebraska.

THREE-BASE HIT.



HISTORIAN'S GEOGRAPHY.

Place in order the countries and states to which the following capitals belong, and the initials will spell an American historian who died in January, 1859.

1. Lima
2. Bukharest
3. Quito
4. Bangkok
5. San Jose
6. Salem
7. Nashville
8. Austin

—Jas. J. Condon, Rhode Island.

JANUARY ENIGMA.

My whole, containing 71 letters, is a famous saying, taken from a eulogy on George Washington, and the name of its author, who was born January 29, 1756.

49, 5, 9, 24 and 54, 2, 21, 36, 6, 50, 20, 7 are two states admitted in January. 15, 3, 16, 25, 19, 17, 10 is a scepter or spear of three prongs. 44, 27, 61, 62, 37, 10 is to this place. 68, 23, 26, 31, 28, 13, 11 is the roof timbers of a building. 29, 58, 28, 39, 68, 60 is a term used in reproach. 24, 57, 71 is Napoleon's great marshal, who commanded the Old Guard at Waterloo; born January 10, 1769. 1, 45, 27, 12, 64 is the conclusion. 8, 48, 57, 11, 22 is the English general who commanded the victorious English at the battle of Quebec; born January 2, 1727. 70, 28, 4, 67 is excessively hairy. 30, 52, 72, 55, 64 is a president who died January 15, 1862. 43, 63, 14, 46, 74 is a ditch or moat. 18, 52, 31, 56, 47, 66, 33, 42, 50 is a battle of the revolutionary war, fought January 3, 1777.

—Chad Wick, Pennsylvania.

The February American Boy

As a mid-winter number the February American Boy will contain some specially timely, interesting and practical articles, while boys will find the fiction matter all that they could desire. As usual we can mention only a very few of the titles of the stories and articles scheduled for February:

"The Young American Privateers" will be continued three more chapters, as will also "The Gage of Battle."

"A Bass from Pixley River," one of Will Levington Comfort's virile, fascinating stories.

"A Boy Scout's Problem," a story of quickness of wit and readiness of resource on the part of a boy.

"The Millbrook Contract," a fine story of a young man's heroism and self-sacrifice.

"An Awkward Recruit," showing how an awkward boy proved himself useful.

This number will be especially strong in instructive and practical articles.

"Hints for the Outdoors Boy," Part II.
"Chicken Farming in a City Lot," Part II.
"How to Train for the Distance Run," by Keene Fitzpatrick, for years the great trainer of University of Michigan athletes, now trainer at Princeton. Other articles on training for athletics are to follow.

"What Has Happened in February."
"Who Stole the 29th of February?"
Biographical Sketches of some of our Great Men.

The whole magazine will as usual be illustrated in the most attractive manner. All of the various departments will contain just the kind of matter pleasing to the boys who do things.



Benny's intellectual achievements were far from notable, but in the eyes of his small sister he was none the less a wonderful personage, says the Youth's Companion. She keenly resented allusions to his lengthy stay in the last desk row at school, although Benny himself took quite a cheerful and philosophic view of the matter.

One afternoon the little girl appeared, flushed and panting in the library doorway.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, "you promised Benny a dollar when he got moved off the bottom bench, and now he's up in the next row with me, and—" Benny himself entered just then, in his usual unconcerned way.

"Why what's this I hear, my son?" his father welcomed him, "I'm very glad you've worked your way up—" The boy stared uncomprehendingly. "Eldest says you're in the second row now," his father continued, in explanation.

"Course," returned the youngster, imperturbably. "We're all in the second row—the bottom bench's being painted."

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday-school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—Everybody's.

A teacher was giving a "Lesson on the Cow." She was trying to impress on their young minds the various uses of milk. Butter, cheese, etc. had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright child to tell how the farmer gave the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked the question:

"Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that remains?"

Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved frantically.

"The teacher smiled and said, 'Well, Tommy?'"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped Tommy.

When a merchant in the Hill district, who had been standing in front of his store, saw two young men stop, the other day, and begin looking over his wares, he naturally was pleased and gave them immediate attention, says the Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

"I want to know," began one of them, "if you have any clean shirts ready to wear?"

"Certainly, certainly," was the quick response.

"Well, then, go in and put one of them on," was the reply of the smart young man as he and his companion continued on their journey.

Eye-witnesses say that the merchant didn't laugh.

A newly rich couple whose early education was trivial came from York state to visit the wonders of Chicago. They put up at Auditorium Annex. After supper Reuben left the apartments, telling his wife that he would return quickly. Hours passed and brought no husband. At last, near midnight, the wanderer came back. "Where have you been?" asked the worried woman. "Oh, nowhere. Just out in the cuspidor, walking pro and con."

"You boy over in the corner!" Thus the brutal examiner to the most nervous looking pupil in the class.

"The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner. "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the nervous one, with chattering teeth, "we l-leave 'em on the s-s-sides of our p-plates!"—Answers.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what is a cape?"

"A cape is land extending into the water."

"Correct, William, define a gulf."

"A gulf is water extending into the land."

"Good, Christopher," to a small, eager-looking boy, "what is a mountain?"

Christopher shot up from his seat so suddenly as to startle the teacher, and promptly responded, "A mountain is land extending into the air."

A Marquette boy told the teacher that his sister had the measles. The teacher sent him home and told him to stay there until his sister got well. After he had skipped joyfully away another boy held up his hand and said: "Teacher, Jimmy Dolen's sister, what's got the measles lives in Omaha."

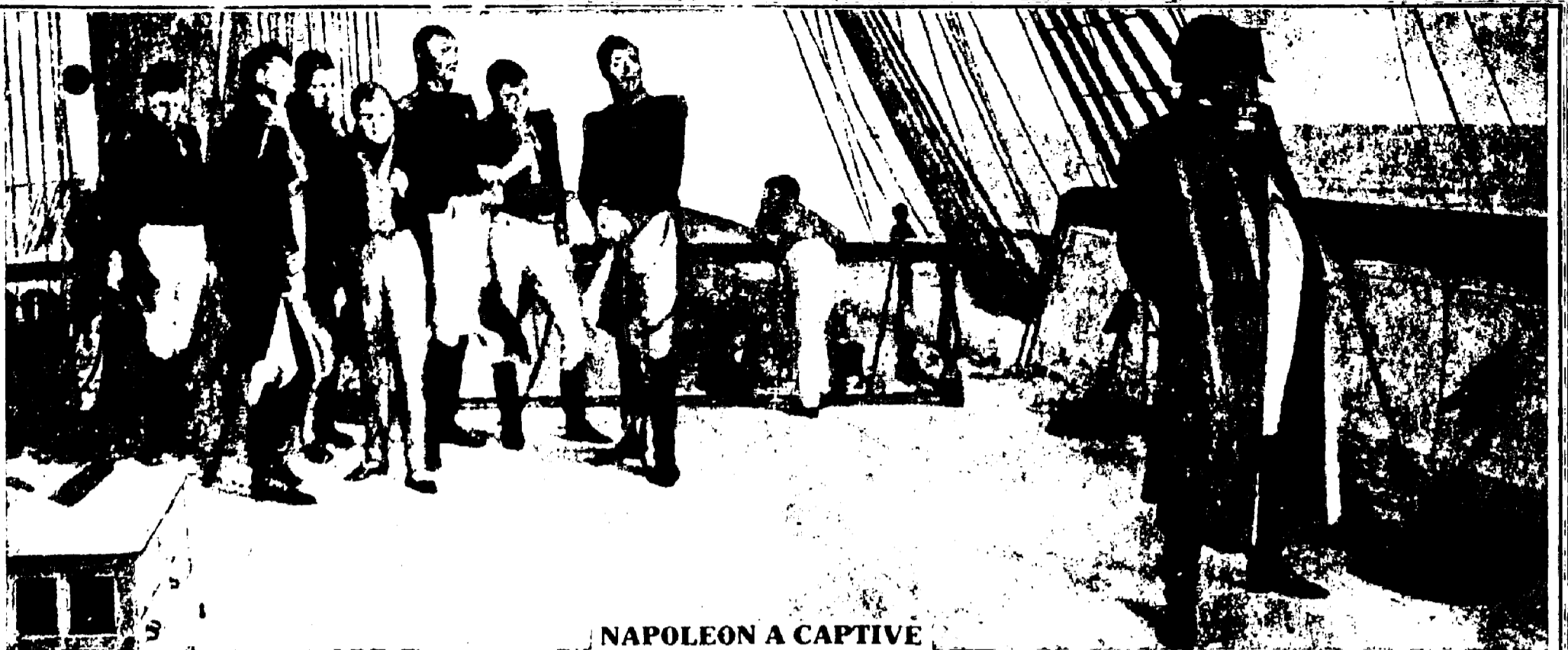
Mother: "Tommy, what's the matter with your little brother?"

Tommy: "He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

Mother: "I, his own cake finished?"

Tommy: "Yes'm, and he cried while I was eating that, too."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The teacher had been ready for the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?" Up went a hand in the front row. "Well, Tommy?" "The porcupine, ma'am"—Chicago News.



NAPOLÉON A CAPTIVE

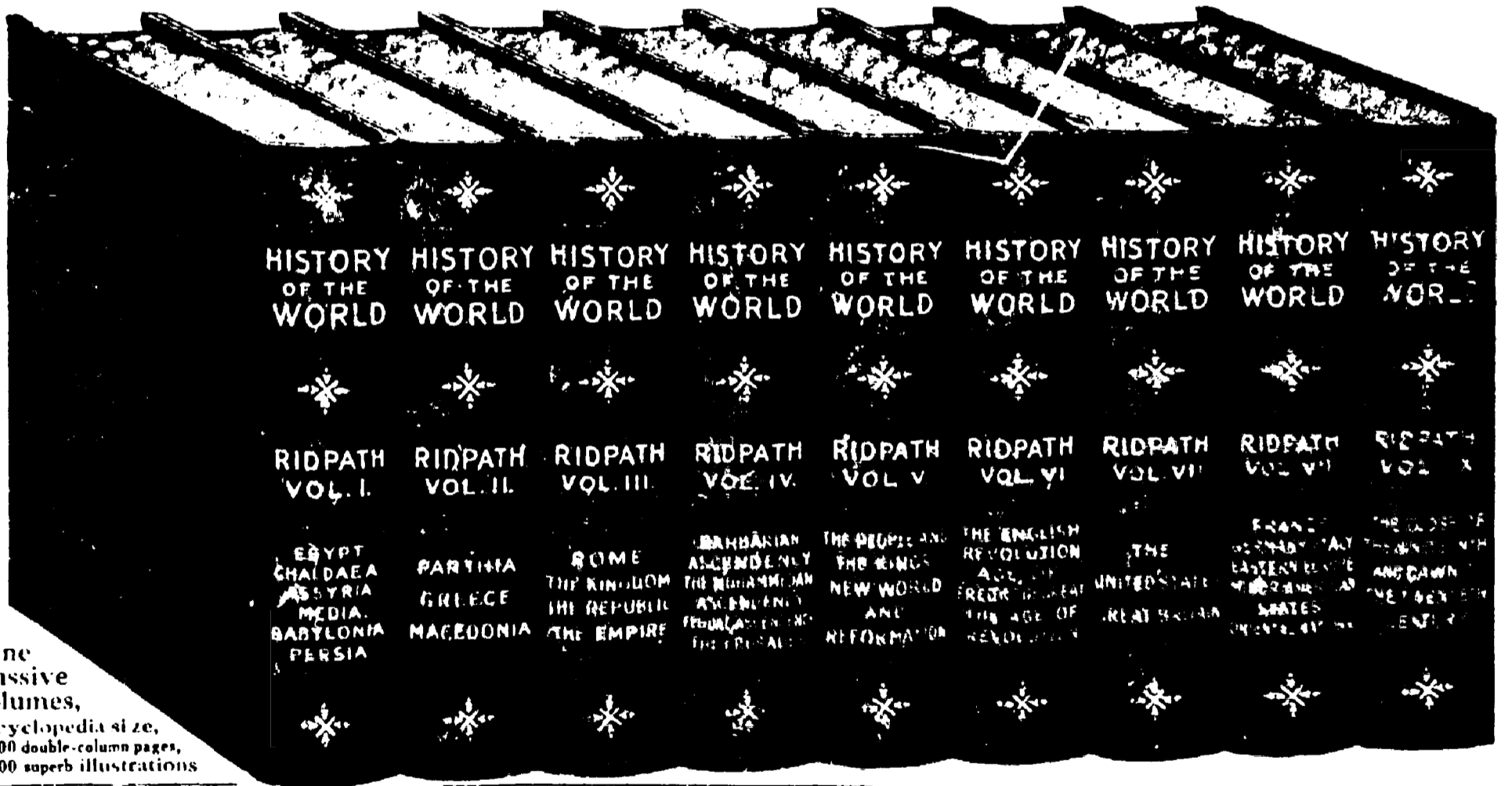
NAPOLÉON'S name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal. This famous painting shows him a captive, on board the English ship *Bellerophon*, gazing out across the solemn sea toward France, where he was once Emperor. He realizes that his dream of Universal Empire is at an end, yet is unconscious that he is soon to be banished like an outcast a thousand miles from shore to the lonely and barren rocks of St. Helena. This famous picture from *Ridpath's History* is but ONE of the TWO THOUSAND in the complete work and serves to illustrate but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS which make up the history of every empire, kingdom, principality and nation, all accurately and entertainingly told in the world-famed publication.

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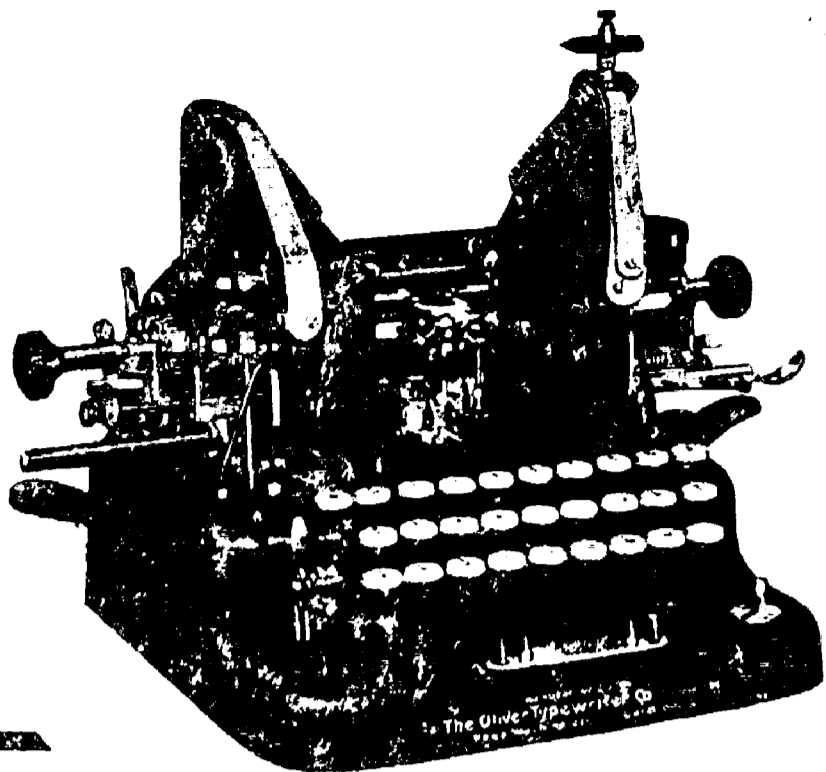
VOL. 12
NO. 4

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Washington the Boy Surveyor

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The *speed* of the Oliver sets a pace that has never yet been excelled. Its *strength and endurance* are such that it serves you *efficiently* for a *lifetime.* No other machine in the \$100 class compares with it in *simplicity,* for we do away with *hundreds of parts* used on other standard typewriters. *The principle of the U-shaped Type Bar, covered by Basic Patents, bears the same relation to typewriters that the Selden Patent does to automobiles, only we do not license its use to other typewriter manufacturers.* The first crude model of the Oliver Typewriter was built from an old wash boiler and the type of a country print shop. The machine was a curious looking affair, but the *principles* embodied in its design were destined to *revolutionize the typewriter world.*

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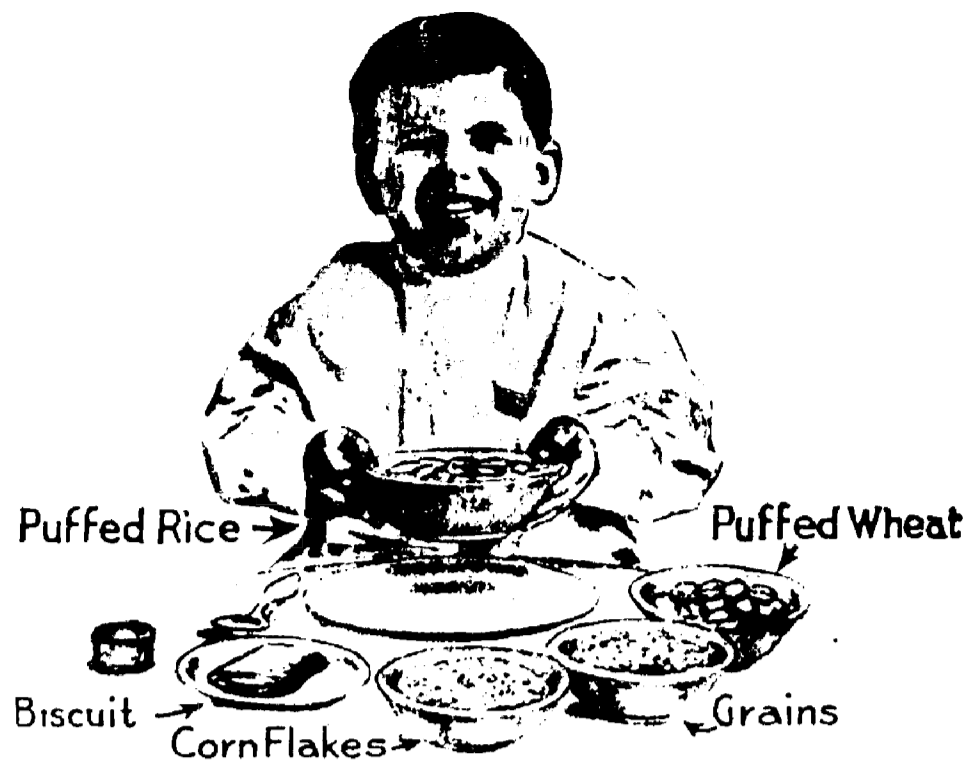
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Put a dish of each ready-cooked cereal before him and let him make his own choice.

Let him see with the rest Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—these gigantic, crisp, porous grains. He'll be curious to try them and, when he does, he'll find that they taste like nuts.

That will settle his choice. Then the armies of children who love Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice will have a new recruit.

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The more he wants the better. For these are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible—the only such foods in existence.

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Puffed Wheat, 10c
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Except in
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These are the foods shot from guns—the foods with every starch granule exploded by Prof. Andersor's process.

The grains are put in sealed guns, then the guns are revolved in a heat of 550 degrees. The moisture in the grain is turned to steam, and that steam explodes when the guns are unsealed. The result is to blast the food granules to pieces so the digestive juices act instantly. The grains are puffed to eight times natural size. But the coats of the grains are unbroken.

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Why Grocers Run Out

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But three of our factories are now equipped with these guns. Your grocer now has no excuse for running out of these popular foods. Please insist that he keep you supplied.

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The American Boy

Published by The Sprague Publishing Co

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The Sprague Publishing Company

Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

Entered at the Detroit Postoffice
as Second Class Matter

VOLUME 12

DETROIT, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1911

NUMBER 4



Battled to the Bank, Dragging Out His Enemy.

A Bass From Pixley River

A Story of a Kentucky Feud

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone."

A CHANGE came over young Dave Ellery's world on the night he overheard his mother weeping bitterly about the feud. It was really the first time he ever thought seriously concerning her side of the question. Hatred for the remnant of the great family across the river was quite as deeply bred in the boy as love for his own name and reverence for the members of his family who had perished in the name of the feud.

To Dave there was a thrill even in the word. Fear of a shot from the Damons, as he stepped upon the river-bank or rode into town, was the spice of living. It was true that neither party had fired at the other across the river for a long time, and that each, by some tacit agreement, had come to have its own days for going to town, these being respected by the absence of the other; yet the boy knew well that his mother was right when she exclaimed that the feud was not dead but sleeping.

Dave had come in quietly from the stables this night. The sitting-room door was shut, but the voices of the mother and elder brother, Allan, just turned twenty-one, reached him plainly. She was imploring him to arrange for the sale of the farm at any cost, to leave the county—even to leave Kentucky.

"I cannot live in this dread much longer, Allan," she said brokenly. "Every time you or David are out of my sight, it means haunting agony to me. And you two are all I have left! Think of your father being brought in dead to me! Think of all the tragedies I have borne—think of yourself and David—of me, if either of you were to be taken!"

Allan calmed and cheered her as best he could. Dave heard him pacing the brick walk by the summer-kitchen for hours afterward, and understood clearly the struggle in his big brother's brain. Allan Ellery's valor and heart were acknowledged by all who knew him, but his mother could have asked no harder thing than for him to end the feud by going away. Kentuckians would never forget that his first act when he became of age was to sell and run. The Damons would laugh and be glad, but the name of Allan Ellery would be a symbol of cowardice in their house forever.

Dave fell asleep with the sound of his brother's steps still reaching him from below. That night he dreamed and dreamed—always about the feud. Strangely woven in his dreams was the tradition and history of the two grand old families whose splendid stock meadows, hemp-fields and broad colonial homesteads faced each other across the little Pixley river. Those were glorious days before the Civil War—days of friendship and chivalry and richness. It was the war that ruined all.

The Damons became famous in the Southern cavalry forces, while the Ellerys gave their strength and zeal to the North. In a lull between the terrible campaigns of 1863 and '64, old Schiller Damon,

led his cavalry north from the Tennessee border to his home county, and raided the lands of the Ellerys, who were away with the Federal troops. All the horses, cattle and grain were taken ruthlessly, and the women and servants were left in bitter straits.

News of the raid was carried to the Northern men. They could not leave their regiments then, but were first to reach home after the war. The Ellerys retaliated in kind, descending upon the Damon farm to plunder and destroy. So the war left a blood feud. Raids, reprisals and killings followed until the glory of both farms was swept away and actual extinction of the families was threatened.

At breakfast, Dave noted that his mother had been crying in the night, and that his brother's face wore a sleepless haggard look. The youngster wondered what he should do, if Allan's case were his own. It did not seem that he would be able to hold out against his mother's tears; and yet, to sell the old farm was to run away—to run away from the Damons—and no Ellery had ever done that.

Several days passed and Allan appeared to have reached no decision. Late on a brilliant summer afternoon, young Dave rode down the river-path to bring up some colts for a government buyer who had promised to call the following day. The heat was intense, but there was a little breeze in the shelter of the walnut trees, and a faint breath, cool but sweet came up from the river. As Dave approached the end of the Ellery land, a voice reached him from the river ahead. He tied his pet filly in a shady hollow and crept forward cautiously, cutting straight across the bend in the bank to a point where he could see.

Phil Damon, sixteen, just Dave's age, and the youngest of three Damon boys, was struggling in a deep hole of the river. His boat had capsized and was floating away in the current. Phil was treading water frantically, but holding fast to his casting-rod, having hooked a good-sized bass. Dave saw the fish when it leaped; saw, too, that the other had evidently made the cast on the Ellery side of the stream. Moreover, David realized perfectly that Phil Damon was in danger of his life, being lame and a weak swimmer. Strangely enough, at the instant, the thing that impressed him more than anything was that the boy would not let go of his rod.

"Damon grit," he muttered. It was a saying in the Ellery household, just as "Ellery pluck" was a current phrase across the river.

The watcher gave a sudden jump. Phil had gone

under with a gurgling cry. The rod wobbled above the stream but was not released. Dave forgot remotely, as he scrambled down the bank, that it was a grave offense for a Damon to fight a fish in Ellery waters. The lame boy's hand, clenched to the rod appeared an instant—then the face, ghastly white, eyes distended, but staring into his own! A horrid sound, hoarse, choking—then the face vanished.

That strangled cry whipped everything else from Dave Ellery's brain. Years afterward it startled his sleep and the awful face of the drowning boy was seen in the pale light of dreams. He was not conscious of a decision—only knew what he was doing when the cool water closed over him and all was greenish-dark.

He touched the thin hard struggling arm. His fingers closed upon it. Up to the bright living air he fought his way, then battled to the bank, dragging out his enemy.

Phil Damon lay unconscious on the shore. Dave turned him over on his stomach, head sloping down toward the river, and raised him by the belt, noting with a thrill as he worked that the boy still clung to the cork-handle of his rod. The bass was lying still and whipped in the shallow water near the shore. * * * The Ellery boy toiled dubiously now. All that the act meant was crowding rapidly upon him. Phil gasped—

A pistol cracked across the river. Dave was sprawled upon the bank, beside his blood-enemy, but only for an instant. He scrambled up and dove like a rabbit into the bushes, other shots striking about him. Hunting the thickest cover, he climbed the bank and reached the hollow, where the filly was tethered. The first bullet had just grazed the thick of his left arm, breaking the skin. Tears of anger for what he had done filled his eyes, as he swung into the saddle and galloped homeward in the early dusk. * * * His mother was away to a neighbor's for tea. Dave was deeply thankful for this. Allan appeared in the door-way and came forward quickly.

"I saved Phil Damon from drowning in the river," the former exclaimed shakily, pulling up his mount, "and his brother shot at me for my pains!"

Allan's face darkened. He whistled for a colored boy to take the young mare, led Dave into the parlor, and carefully bandaged the wound, drawing out the whole story. Little was said at supper. Then Allan took down his rifle and stepped to the door.

"Oh, don't, Al!" the boy blurted out. "There's three of them. They'll get you, and think of moth—"

"Dave, you stay here!" the big brother interrupted hastily. "It's the only way out of it—after this. If—if I—you know—well, you do just as mother

says, exactly. Don't follow me now! You hear? * * * Mother will tell you what to do!"

He took the boy's hand and presently disappeared in the darkness down the river-path.

Dave was in agony, but not from his wound. The hurt pained a little, but it was nothing. He couldn't rest indoors. The night was still, save for the humming and low laughter from the darkey cabins. The big colonial house was dark and desolate. . . . His brother's words repeated themselves again and again in his brain. . . . Allan had gone down the river to wait a chance to pay shot for shot. The Damons would look for his coming. . . . They were three. . . . And, then—when his mother came back—

"Oh, it's my fault!" he cried aloud in utter misery. "I should have kept it a secret! They'll kill him—and mother!"

The stricken boy could bear it no longer, when a half-hour was passed, but started swiftly after Allan down the dark path. Terror lest another tragedy be added to his mother's life lifted him to action, yet action without definite purpose. He was not even armed, but his hope was no less than a passion—to bring his brother back alive. * * * He stopped running suddenly. Out of the still dark ahead came the low voice of a girl, singing.

Dave knew the voice. Often from across the river on quiet mornings he had heard her singing or calling to her brothers. It was the only daughter of the Damons—a tall, dark haired, low-voiced girl, always lovely at a distance. . . . Quick intense anger surged over the boy now—that she should sing at such a time, so soon after her brother had tried to murder him. The voice was startling, too, because it did not seem to come from across the river. There was no wind to confuse the sound. It reached him from directly ahead—Jessie Damon singing on the Ellery land! Dave dropped to the ground under the walnut trees and listened. The voice sounded nearer and nearer, until at last he heard her step upon the soft turf and distinguished her form, a wisp of white through the dark.

Allan had made his way more cautiously, as he had advanced a little earlier along the river-path. He felt strangely cold in that hot, fragrant night. The Damons had re-opened the feud under the most hateful conditions, and he, Allan Ellery, was alone left to reply. This was all he sensed clearly. His own life, the old farm, his mother's heart—all these were secondary to the one main idea, all in the background of his mind with a hundred shadows and miseries. * * * He was not afraid, but his fingers which clutched the rifle in the balance were icy cold.

He passed the bend in the river which marked the place of Dave's adventure, passed the border of the Ellery land. The path sloped now into a level stretch of meadow for a few hundred yards to the main pike and the Pixley bridge. On the far side of the bridge was a thick clump of alders. One of the Damon boys might be riding to town. . . . Allan determined to reach the thicket and wait. The night was now shadowy-dark but not opaque. Approaching the bridge, he dropped to the ground and crawled forward. The covert of alders might already be tenanted. There was a sure way of finding out. Innumerable sparrows and other small birds were accustomed to roost in the thicket at this time of year. Allan meant to toss a pebble across the river and into the bushes. If the birds were there—the Damons were not. * * * With utmost care

he crawled along close to the bridge, found a stone and raised himself to his knees to cast it—

"Drop your gun, Al Ellery—you're covered!" came in a quick voice from the thicket across the stream.

Allan dropped as if by a bullet. Then as he lay close to the wet turf his whole intelligence was startled by the fact that he had been warned, not shot.

"Ho, Ellery," the voice resumed presently. "We want a truce—are you willing?"

Allan was too amazed to answer. The other continued:

"We want a truce. Our sister is here for good faith. We'll walk to the center of the bridge un-

up from here, late this afternoon. This is what I saw—our Phil, the little lame fellow, stretched out by the river on your land, and your youngster, Dave, bending over him. Do you know what I thought? * * * That the two had met and fought it out together—that it was a case of killing—that your brother was finishing mine that instant! I took a pistol—you may have noticed we haven't carried rifles for some time;—and fired at Dave. He ducked into cover, and I emptied the gun at him—all but one shot—then swam across to Phil. He proved to be only half-drowned. I carried him back around by the bridge here. When he could speak, he told me what—what your Dave had done! * * * Say, Al

Ellery, we're mighty fond of our little lame fellow, and there isn't anything we won't do for that young brother of yours! We were on the way over to your house—when we saw you. . . . I only want to add that you can figure out just what kind of a yellow dog I felt for that pistol shooting; and when I think of what might have happened—if we hadn't stopped carrying rifles—"

Big Stanley Damon could say no more. There was a moment's silence, broken by the voice of the girl.

"My mother is waiting in anguish until she hears, Mr. Ellery," she said. "And she is hungry to see that boy of yours—"

"But you had started for our house—all of you," Allan interrupted. "I forget, though, mother is out for tea, and won't be home for a little while yet, likely."

"Let me manage it," she said quickly. "You walk up with the boys to our house, and I'll go and bring your brother. He can walk, can't he?"

"Oh, yes. It was just a graze. I made him stay back."

"Good! I'll bring him. Then from our house—we can all cross over to yours, by the time your mother returns. . . . Oh, I shall be perfectly safe. I'll walk along humming. Where a woman is, you know, there is always truce. That's an unwritten law of the feud—that is broken."

And so it came about, a few minutes afterward, that when young Dave emerged from the black shadow of the walnut trees to hail the singing girl of the Damons, he encountered not an enemy to be spared on account of her sex, but a new and enduring friend who could not forbear kissing his cheek, so deep was her gratefulness; and, bewildered but joyous, the boy was led by her back to the bridge,

and up through the Damon meadows, to the house he had expected never to enter.

And so it came about, too, that Mrs. Ellery returning at nine that evening, perceived the great house of the Damons lit from end to end, as it had not been since the splendid nights of festival before the war. Presently a most peculiar thing happened. Nothing like it had occurred for forty years. A party of people appeared upon the Damon veranda, moved down to the river, boarded a boat there, and were pulled directly across into Ellery waters, driving the prow high upon the Ellery shore! In a torrent of emotions the mother was drawn toward them. Then in the lantern light, she saw her sons and the Damon sons walking together; and behind them the Damon mother, the loved companion of her youth. Thus was the gloom and terror lifted from her life.

In the Damon dining-room there is on view a stuffed fish, black and big and gamy. It is labeled, "The Feud-Breaker."



Held up Their Hands to Show Them Empty.

armed—if you say the word. We know you're not a liar, and we're not. If we wanted to kill you, we could have done it—a minute ago. Is it a truce?"

"Yes, I'm here, Mr. Ellery," a girl's low voice confirmed.

Allan cleared his throat. "Yes, it's a truce," he said with difficulty.

Two male figures emerged from the alders and stepped out on the bridge; then behind them appeared, faintly outlined, a tall girlish form. The men held up their hands to show them empty.

"Are you coming?" was called.

Allan arose and walked toward them.

"First of all," said the same voice, "I want to know if your young brother is badly hurt?" The speaker was Stanley, eldest of the Damon sons.

"No," said Allan.

There was a quick cry from the girl, and her brother resumed heartily:

"Say, but I'm thankful to hear that! * * * Listen, Al Ellery, I stepped out on the bank, a little way

"Our" Column

IN conversation the other day with a gentleman who is at the head of a large printing establishment, he spoke with considerable feeling upon the carelessness with which the boys today regard their future. As an illustration he told of a boy about nineteen years of age who for over two years had been in the employment of probably the largest corporation in its line in the world. The boy had shown ability in his work and the head of his department was keeping his eye upon him for future advancement. This winter, however, the boy thought he ought to have time off his working hours to play football. He so informed his foreman, who, not having authority, referred him to the manager. That gentleman, after listening to his request, asked the lad to consider whether his work for the company or playing football was the more important to him personally, and gave him also some sound and kindly advice. The boy left the manager's office and told the foreman he was going to play football. On the manager being informed he at once directed that the boy be discharged. Now, what did that boy lose for an afternoon's enjoyment? He lost a good position, which from his showing was bound to become better, and of course all hope of preferment. More than that, he lost the respect of men whose respect was worth having. His dis-

charge, of course, was unexpected, but it is to be hoped that the severity of the lesson will do him good, make him look at things in their true light and estimate them at their actual value.

Many boys are under the impression that they can pick and choose what they shall or shall not do. The idea never seems to dawn upon them that it is the employer who first and last is the only one who picks and chooses. And this leads me to say further that far too many boys today are overrating themselves and what they can do. I knew a high school boy who, on being complimented by the athletic instructor and his friends on his catching ability in baseball, at once began to consider his work as a baseball player the greatest thing in his life. The athletic association had no more ardent devotee. He could neither think nor speak of anything but athletics. As a consequence his studies began to suffer; but while he saw this gradual falling off and resolved to make up, there was always another game to be played, and his marks in class work went ever lower. Of course, there was only one result. The boy discovered when too late to retrieve himself, that it is the record of the student that counts for most.

To you boys who are in this or similar ways frittering away precious time and opportunity, I

would earnestly say, think that in school you are not only obtaining an education, but at the same time laying the foundation of your character; and the material of which you build and the progress of the work is being watched and weighed by the men with whom you come in contact, and their verdict will have much to do with your future success or failure.

A large number of the boys who read "Our" Column quit school at the end of 1910 and have gone to work to put the educational training they have received to a practical test. And these boys are dreaming dreams and seeing visions. They have resolved that, while they have started in at the foot of the business ladder, they will not long remain there. Their dreams and their visions are of a time in the future when they will be superintendents and general managers. No one more sincerely hopes that these dreams and visions may be realized than I do. But—you see there is always a "but" to mar the pleasure of our eager anticipations—these boys should ever bear in mind that the winning of advancement or promotion rightly depends upon the degree of effort they put forth. There is truth as well as euphony in the saying that "He who only does what he gets paid for never gets paid for more

(Continued on page 14)

The Young American Privateers

An Old-Time Sea Story

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens in November, 1813, on board the privateer *Young American*, Commander Captain Joshua Harkness, lying in the Thames River near New London, Connecticut. The *Young American* is a new ship built to prey upon the merchant vessels of Great Britain, but ever on the alert to try conclusions with the British war vessels. Three British war vessels, the *Endymion*, *Surprise* and *Butcher*, are blockading the *Young American* and Captain Harkness and his crew, while anxious to make a dash for liberty, are busy drilling themselves to meet the enemy. One evening the officer of the watch is hailed and a small skiff is rowed alongside. An old man and boy are allowed on deck. The old man is Bill Dethridge, an escaped seaman from the *Butcher*, where, altho' an American he had been impressed into the British service. The boy is Robert Sheffield, nephew of Captain Harkness, who has long importuned his mother, Mrs. Abigail Sheffield, to be a sailor with his uncle. Dethridge, informs Captain Harkness that the British will send out boats to capture the *Young American*. The captain at once gives orders to have his ship in readiness to receive the enemy. The British boats attack at midnight, but are beaten off with heavy loss. Next day Captain Harkness and Bob Sheffield go to see Mrs. Sheffield and they finally prevail upon that lady to allow Bob to go on the *Young American* as midshipman.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT THROUGH THE STORM.

It had been blowing fitfully seaward all day long, the wind growing stronger and more steady as the day waned. At dark the breeze was blowing heavily down the river. The day after the night attack had been warm and pleasant for late November, but there had been a sudden change in the weather during the night. It had grown much colder and more seasonable and as Captain Harkness quietly walked the deck at nightfall he felt a touch of snow on his weatherbeaten cheek. He smiled happily and remarked to Mr. Manly who was within reach:

"If this keeps up I believe I'll try it tonight, Manly. We are not likely to get a better chance."

"No, sir, but 'twill be black, rough weather, surely."

"Yes, it is something of a risk to run the river and the islands outside on such a nasty night, but I know both as well as I do the streets of New London where I was born and bred," continued Captain Harkness smiling.

Everything was in readiness on the *Young American*. It could not have been discovered that she had been in action, the few shot holes in her sides had been neatly plugged and painted, parted stays and rigging carefully spliced, new cloths sewn into the few sails that had been torn by shot; a smashed quarterboat had been replaced, the two men who had been killed had been buried ashore in the afternoon, one severely wounded had been sent home, three prime seamen had been shipped to take their places, and four others whose hurts had been slighter had insisted on remaining on the ship under the care of their own surgeon where their speedy recovery was assured.

Bob Sheffield was below in the steerage where the other midshipmen, led by his own particular chum, Jack Barrett, were having their own fun in initiating him into service. It was pretty rough play, and young Sheffield, who had been a mother's darling most of his life, found it difficult to bear. Presently under some unusually exasperating joking his quick temper gave way.

"You fellows seem to forget who I am," he said impatiently at last.

"And who are you?" asked Emmett, one of the older midshipmen.

"I'm Captain Joshua Harkness' nephew, I would have you know."

"What's that got to do with your position in the steerage here?"

"Why—er—why—" he began, taken at a disadvantage, for he could not really see what it had to do after all.

"I suppose you don't mean to be a telltale and let him know that we have been having a little fun with a green hand?"

"Now look here, Mike," said Barrett, "this is going too far, whoever he may be Bob is not a telltale. You have got to take back your words or—"

"Let me alone, Jack," said Bob, "I can settle my own quarrels. You take that back, Emmett."

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The boys of the Service Series"
"American Fights and Fighters," Etc., Etc.

"And if I don't, Little Robbie," returned Emmett in a most provoking way, "what are you going to do about it?"

"This," said Bob, more incensed than ever at being called "Little Robbie." He struck Emmett in the face with his open hand. The next instant the boys were at it like two wildcats, and without much science, for they pitched into each other tooth and nail. Emmett was the bigger and heavier of the two; he had the advantage of two more years, and finally he succeeded in shoving Bob away from him and then knocking him down. Master Sheffield hit the deck hard, but he bounced up again like a rubber ball and hit Emmett another whack on the face, only to be pushed down again. He jumped up the third time, but this time Emmett caught him and held him.

"Boy, you're all right," he said. "You have shown your pluck. I'm sorry I said what I did. I am not saying this because I am afraid of you, I am older and heavier than you are and you can take this just as you like. If you want to go on fighting after this, all right, go ahead."

It was Barrett who here interposed.

"I don't see how Emmett could say anything fairer than that, Sheffield," he said. "Shake hands with him and we'll all be friends."

"That's right," said James Mendenhall, another midshipman, the oldest in the steerage, who was, indeed, quite ready for a lieutenant's rank. "Sheffield has shown his pluck, and Emmett has acted a gentleman's part. Shake hands."

"All right," said Sheffield, "we'll cry quits."

"As far as that goes," said Emmett, extending his hand, "I guess we aren't any of us any too old at this business. Except Mendenhall yonder, we've none of us made a cruise, and if he agrees we will say that you are broken in and have the run of the steerage on equal terms with the rest of us."

"Certainly," said Mendenhall. "I hope we are going to have a pleasant cruise and be good friends all."

At that moment the bell forward on deck struck four, indicating six o'clock, and immediately after the shrill pipes of the boatswain's mates echoed along the deck and followed by a hoarse cry of,

"A—a—all the starboard watch."

"That is your watch, Bob," said Barrett to his friend. "You and I are on together. Bear a hand. The officers don't like to see anybody late relieving watch."

Sheffield was rather a gory spectacle, one eye was black, and the blood—he had got hit on the nose—had splattered over his face and shirt. Determined not to be censured for not doing his duty, he wiped off the blood with his handkerchief as well as he could, seized his cap and followed Barrett up the companion way. The new officer of the deck, Mr. Beech, was already calling the watch. Barrett was leading, when they came up, saluted, and reported. After Bob got within the radance of the lantern, Captain Harkness who had been watching for his arrival saw his black eye and his smeared face.

"Mr. Sheffield!" he said formally.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Bob.

"Have the kindness to come this way, sir."

Shaking like a leaf, the youngster crossed the quarter deck and saluted the captain.

"I suppose you know, sir," began the captain, "that no fighting is allowed on board this ship?"

"Ye—yes sir," faltered poor Bob.

"What have you been doing; what's the meaning of your condition, sir?"

"I—er—we were just having a little fun in the steerage, sir, and I—I—fell down, sir, and bumped my head," continued the culprit in great agitation.

"Must have been a pretty hard bump to have blacked your eye and bloodied your nose, young man," said the captain laughing in his sleeve, but outwardly very severe. "I advise you not to be so lubberly hereafter. I want young gentlemen in my service who can at least stand on their feet. That will do, sir. Go to your station."

"Yes sir, thank you, sir," said Bob, glad to have got off so easily.

Left to himself Captain Harkness walked aft chuckling.

"It will do him good; those youngsters will take some of the foolishness out of him. I wonder what Abbie would think if she could see him now."

In a few moments the watch was set and the look-outs stationed. Sheffield found that his first duty as midshipman-of-the-quarter-deck was to attend the officer of the watch. Barrett being two months older than he, and more experienced, therefore, was stationed on the forecabin.

As Captain Harkness stared into the blackness astern a sudden flurry of snow, followed by a fierce gust of wind, seemed to cheer him up greatly.

"Mr. Beech," he said, "pass the word for the port watch to bear a hand and get through supper as quickly as possible. As soon as the mess gear is cleared away you will heave short; we will try to get out tonight."

A frantic burst of cheering broke from the men on watch on deck as they realized the purport of their captain's words. Indeed, Captain Harkness spoke with an unusually strong voice in order that he might be heard by the men. It did him good, that hearty cheer, and it filled the heart of little Bob with joy as he reflected that he had got on board that ship just in time. He recked nothing of the dangers that might befall them, he was so enthused that he was an officer, albeit but a small and unimportant one.

The good news was at once passed below and there was such a clearing of platters and emptying of pannikins as had never been seen before on the *Young American*. The port watch did not linger long over its supper either—the starboard watch had been fed before it came in—and at quarter after six, Mr. Beech reported to the captain that all hands were on deck and all was ready.

"Very good, sir," returned Captain Harkness. "All hands up anchor."

Hardly had he said this when the officer of the deck spoke to the boatswain's mates. The shrilling pipes rang out through the little ship. The men were at their stations in a twinkling. As Mr. Manly prepared to take the deck, his charge, when all hands were called, Captain Harkness interposed.

"Leave the deck to Mr. Beech, Manly," he said. "It is just as well to give these young officers practice in the work. Go ahead, Mr. Beech."

The young lieutenant was delighted to have the responsibility of getting the ship under way and he immediately roared out:

"Ship and swifter the bars, bring to the cable and unbitt!"

The eager crew jammed the long, heavy bars of wood into their sockets in the head of the capstan and roped the ends together like a great wheel.

"Man the bars," cried the officer and the men crowded against them. The next instant short and sharp came these words:

"Stand by, heave around."

One of the sailors sprang up on the capstan and struck up a rude song or chanty. All the rest at the word bent their backs and legs and strained hard for a moment until they got the ship started, and then steadily and rapidly the cable was hove in and the ship drew ahead.

"Short stay, sir," reported Mr. Warner who was stationed forward.

"Pawl the capstan," roared Mr. Beech. "Stopper the cable well and unship the bars."

After a hurried moment of quick work forward, again the voice of the officer of the forecabin rang out:

"All ready forward, sir."

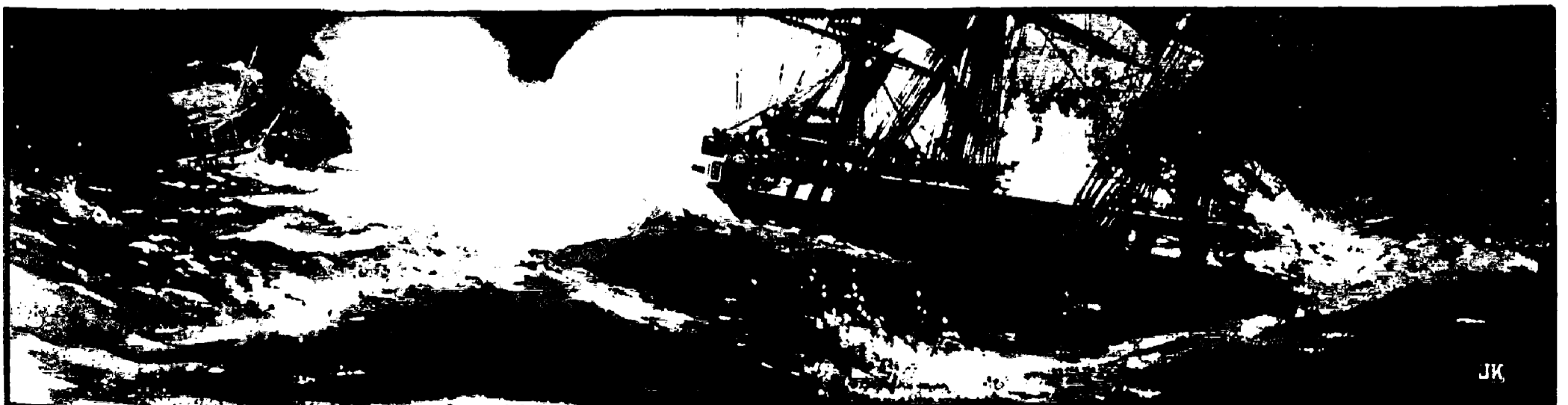
Mr. Beech turned and looked inquiringly at the captain who was standing abreast of him looking on.

"Will you go out under double reefed tops'ls' sir?" asked Mr. Beech.

"Set the main to gall'n'ts' over single reefed tops'ls, sir," was the astonishing answer.

It was a wild night; the wind had risen until it was blowing a full gale and the sail indicated by the captain would strain everything fearfully, but the will of the commanding officer was not to be questioned.

"Stations for loosing sail," roared Mr. Beech promptly and in true man-o'-war fashion the orders came. "Keep fast the royals and flying jib, and the



The Corvette's Fore Topmast was Smashed at the Hounds.

fore and mizzen to gallants. Take one reef in the topsails and set main to gallants. Lay aloft sail loosers."

In an instant the rigging was black with men scrambling up the shaking shrouds and ratlines. A few lanterns here and around the deck, cast a very dim and insufficient light, the radiance from which did not reach much more than a fathom above the rail, but the crew had been well trained, they could work in the darkness as well as in the light. When he judged that the men had reached the tops, Mr. Beech roared out, using the trumpet this time the better to be heard above the noise of the wind screaming through the top-hammer and rigging.

"Lay out and loose. Loose the jib, for'ard, the spanker aft."

Presently the answers came back from the officers forward and aft.

"All ready for'ard, sir,"—"the main"—"the mizzen"—"aft"—in quick succession.

"Very good," cried Mr. Beech. "Stand by, let fall, lay in, lay down from aloft."

The next instant the slanting of the canvas in the fierce wind proclaimed that the gaskets had been cast loose and the sails dropped from the yards.

"Main the topsail sheets and halliards, main to gallant sheets and halliards," roared the officer of the deck. "Tend the braces, there. Ease off the clew lines. Sheet home. Hoist away!"

The tramping of many feet was heard on the deck as the men seized the designated ropes, the ponderous yards were slowly hauled up to the mast heads, the clews or corners of the sails at the same time being dragged home to the broad yard-arms by the sheets.

"Ship swifter and man the bars again," continued Mr. Beech when the sheets and halliards were belayed, and once more the capstan was manned.

The ship's head was up the river, she lay along the east shore; it was necessary to cast to port.

"Man the starboard head braces," cried the officer. "Brace abox for'ard. Heave around!"

Amid the rapid clicking of the pawls as the men strained at the capstan bars, the jib was hoisted and the sheets hauled flat aft. Under the pressure of this head sail the after yards being pointed to the wind so that the sails did not draw, the *Young American* strained hard at her cable.

"Up and down, sir," cried the officer of the fore-castle, indicating that the ship was now directly over the anchor.

"Heave and break her," roared Mr. Beech.

The next moment the anchor was jerked from the muddy ooze and the ship was free. She gathered stern way and backed her stern to the river bank to starboard, her bow swinging to port.

"Down with the helm," said Mr. Beech turning to the four men at the wheel.

They rapidly revolved the spokes and the quartermaster in charge presently answered:

"Helm's a lee, sir."

"Hands by the lee braces," continued the officer as the staunch little ship poked her nose down the river.

The gale was strong enough in the river, but it would be much more furious outside. She was going fast now, what would she do then, they thought, as the *Young American* began her grand rush down the river toward the open sea and whatever splendid adventures might lie beyond.

CHAPTER V.

THE DASH IN THE NIGHT.

EVERYTHING on the little ship was brand new and of the very best. No expense whatever had been spared in outfitting her. Masts, sails and rigging were to be depended upon, and it was well that it was so, for few ships that sailed the sea were ever driven like the *Young American* was driven that night. The gale blew strong and steady off shore. The river channel was a plain one. To get into Long Island Sound was not a matter of any great difficulty. After that it would be different. When they were well clear of the mouth of the river the trouble would begin, for the full force of the tempest naturally was not felt in the more sheltered waters of the river.

Captain Harkness was most impatient to get away and he had some fleeting thoughts of setting the fore and mizzen top-gallant sails over the reefed topsails as he had on the main, at least until he got outside, but the increase in speed thereby gained he knew would not compensate for the increased risk of carrying away one of the masts or spars; besides the *Young American* was already racing down the river at an extraordinary rate of speed. The black, smooth waters cut by the sharp prow rolled away into the blackness on either of her bows in great foamy sheets. As the sailors say, "she took a bone in her teeth," as she plunged down the river.

Now there were no better sailors on the sea than the officers and men on that little English squadron in the Sound outside and they had sufficient experience to know that that hard off-shore gale and that drifting snow-storm would be the very conditions above all others in which Captain Harkness would endeavor to gain the sea. Therefore, they were all on the alert, and the commanders strove with all the experience and seamanship they possessed to keep their vessels close enough in shore to cover the river mouth. Naturally they could not carry

such a press of sail on their ships in the wind beating back and forward across the mouth as Captain Harkness did on the *Young American* running free. Yankee skippers in those days and for years after were noted for the bold, almost reckless, way they carried sail on their ships in angry winds.

The English officers would have called the privateer a madman, if they had known that he was coming down in the snow and storm with a main top gallant sail set above single reefed topsails! For themselves they were working and fighting desperately to keep from being driven to leeward under double reefed topsails, storm staysails and spanker. The chances were all in favor of the blockaded ship and against the blockaders. Even if Harkness did come under their guns it was difficult to see what could be done, since no captain however reckless and desirous would dare to scale his batteries in such a sea on such a night.

The youngsters and the old salts on the *Young American* were alike filled with joy. They stared over the rails at the huge bow waves forward, gazed in the blackness alongside or glanced aft at the boiling wake and hugged themselves with satisfaction. This time they were going to make it. This time they would get away.

"Whip along, you old bucket," cried Dethridge, peering through the open gangway. He had been



"Officer of the Deck Reports Light Dead Ahead, Sir."

regularly shipped for the cruise and had signed articles as one of the boatswain's mates, taking the place of the poor fellow who had been killed in the boat action the night before. "Sure and sartin," he continued, "You've got the heels of everything on the ocean."

"Think you so, Master Dethridge?" asked Captain Harkness who just then happened to be passing on his way forward.

"Aye, aye, your honor. I have sailed on some fast ships in my day, sir; they had to go hard to catch the old "*Constellation*" frigate, with Commodore Truxton in command, but your little privateer could almost sail around her."

"She has got speed," said Harkness pausing—he knew how to be on friendly terms with his men without permitting a single touch of familiarity in their conduct—"It will enable us to overhaul almost anything on the ocean and then we can choose our distance for fighting."

"Well, may I be keel hauled!" exclaimed the veteran tar as Captain Harkness passed on forward. "He'll be a good 'un to serve under, fightin' an' prize money, this here's goin' to be a heavenly ship."

"My mother would call it quite the reverse, Dethridge," said young Bob Sheffield, who had strolled into the gangway just forward of the mast.

"Well, sir," said Dethridge, "I don't know as much about mothers as I do about ships; I can't even remember of ever havin' no parients at all. Guess I must have been born in the ocean with a gale for a father and a wave for a mother."

He smiled grimly at his own quaint conceit.

"Is she really a fast ship and a fine one, do you think?" asked the boy laughing at the old man's words.

"The fastest and the finest of its size I ever seed, sir, an' I have seed some mighty good ones. The

Alliance was a swift ship, a'most equal to the *Constellation*. Besides w'ich I was one of her bo's'n's mates w'en she took the *Insurgently* an' we licked the French *Vengeance* into a cocked hat after four hours of night fightin', an' lost her in the darkness."

"You must tell me about those fights some time, please," said Bob.

"That I will, sir, an' gladly," answered the old man. "There ain't no sea fighters nowadays like them officers, I take it. But this Cap'n Harkness of ourn I guess will show his teeth ef he gits a chance."

"He will make a chance if he doesn't get one any other way," said the boy confidently. "He's my uncle you know."

"Aye, but lemme give you a bit of advice, Mr. Sheffield," said the old man earnestly. "You're only a young gentleman on this ship, same as all the others, don't you presume none on his bein' your uncle, sir."

"I shan't," answered the boy promptly. "I am going to do everything just like the rest of them and"

"Lights ho!" came faintly down against the wind from the fore-castle.

"Where away," roared the officer of the deck through his trumpet.

"Dead ahead, sir," came back the reply.

"Midshipman of the watch," cried the officer.

"Here, sir," answered Sheffield.

"Jump forward, sir, and report to the captain that lights have been sighted ahead, where no light should be."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the little midshipman turning and running forward at full speed.

Now Captain Harkness was already on the fore-castle as the officer of the watch very well knew, and he had seen the light probably as soon as the men on the lookout, but he had to be informed of it officially nevertheless by the officer of the watch.

Bob soon found the captain standing with his legs wide apart, a ship's night glass or telescope up to his eye through which he was peering at the blur of lights in the blackness ahead.

"Officer of the deck reports lights dead ahead, sir," cried Sheffield touching his cap.

The captain nodded.

"I see them, sir," he answered, "Tell the officer of the deck with my compliments to let her go off a point to starboard, so as to clear that first light."

There was not a light of any kind showing on the *Young American*. The riding lights had been hauled down of course when she got under way, and by Captain Harkness' special command neither the starboard nor the port running lights had been lighted. Before the young midshipman hastened aft to obey his orders, his curiosity was too much for him.

"What is it, Uncle Josh?" he whispered.

Captain Harkness looked down upon him.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" he asked in a thundering voice.

"I—er—yes, sir—no, sir—I—er—" faltered the boy.

"Reefers don't ask questions of captains, sir. I gave you an order, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do I have to give it again?"

"No, sir."

Glad to get away, Sheffield turned and ran aft and delivered the captain's message. Presently Old Dethridge found him.

"There you go, Mr. Sheffield," he said gravely, "I follerred you up

for'ard and heerd you persumin' on your relationship to the cap'n. Taint seamanlike. It will make him mad, an' it will make all the other young gentlemen jealous an'—"

"I am ashamed of myself that I forgot, but I am just wild to know what that light is. I am just as familiar with the river as any boy that has been raised on it and there is no light and no land there."

"That ain't on land," said the old man, "that's on a ship. Looks to me like some kind of a flare, probably it will be one of them blockaders."

"Will Captain Harkness put back because of that?"

"Not him," answered Dethridge confidently. "This yere's the best chance he's had for months to git to sea and mebbe he'll jerk a mast out of her before he'll start a sheet or a brace! That's the kind of a skipper to have."

In obedience to the captain's command, the helm had been shifted, and the ship's head swung to starboard, bringing the lights slightly to port. The distance between them and the onrushing *Young American* was growing less with every minute. Pretty soon it could be seen from the decks that the light was a flare, a huge torch made of a barrel of tar with other inflammable stuff that was burning forward on the fore-castle of another vessel. Two other similar lights appeared at intervals along the horizon as the *Young American* cleared the mouth of the river and the Sound opened before her.

The watch off had been piped below at eight bells in due course and by rights should have been in its hammocks and asleep, but everybody was too intensely interested in the attempted escape to go below and turn in, and all the people of the ship were on deck. As many as could crowd along the rails forward were staring ahead. Out of the crowd

Ned Middlebrook, the new midshipman of the fore-castle came running aft.

"Captain Harkness compliments to the officer of the deck, Mr. Warner," he cried. "He wants to see the new bo's'n's mate, sir."

"Pass the word for Dethridge to report forward," was the quick answer. And before anything more was said the old man reported to the lieutenant in charge.

"Here I be, sir."

"Captain Harkness wants you forward."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Bob Sheffield was nearly crazed with curiosity; he wanted to know what was wanted of Dethridge forward and what was going on, but he did not forget what had happened before, and he successfully curbed his impatience and remained aft at his station.

"Dethridge," said the captain, as the old man ranged alongside of him, knuckled his forehead in true man-o'-war fashion, "you are familiar with those ships, which one do you think you is?"

"That'll be the *Butcher*, your honor, her cruisin' station was between Fisher's Island and the main shore, she drawin' the least water of the three. She's out of her station now though, an' comin' toward the mouth of the river. The *Surprise* generally cruised to the westward of the river between Plum Island an' Black Point, an' the *Endymion*, the heaviest ship of 'em all from one to the other. Sometimes they went as far south as the Race or Great Gull Island, I don't believe there has been no change since I got away from 'em, sir."

"Ay," mused the captain, "that would be the natural order, the two lightest ships on either end and the big frigate where there is more sea room. What about those ships?" he asked aloud, "what's the speed of them?"

"The corvette is the fastest, sir, although in heavy weather like this she can't do much better than the brig. The frigate is the slowest of the three."

"Very good, Dethridge, that will do."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Is Mr. Manly forward?" asked the captain, peering about him in the darkness.

"Here I am, sir," answered Mr. Manly himself.

"What do you think, Manly," asked Harkness, "could we try Fisher's Island Sound, with this off-shore gale blowing?"

"I doubt if we could weather the island, sir."

"I doubt it, too," said Harkness.

"Besides it would be close quarters with the brig burning a flare yonder. And there would be little good in bearing westward down the Sound on the other hand, for we would only make New York if we were lucky and we'd likely enough be blockaded there for a spell. We'll have to go through the Race."

"That would be my judgment, sir," answered Manly.

"We will have to chance it with the frigate, she wouldn't dare open her gun ports in this sea, her captain would be mad to try it. Dethridge, the new bo's'n's mate, says the corvette is the swiftest of the three, and if she is, I suppose she will be hard on our heels."

"They are bound to see us, I take it, whatever we do," answered Manly.

"Aye, I suppose so."

"There goes the brig, sir," cried the man on lookout, the movement of the light forward clearly indicating the maneuvers of the brig.

She had come about on the other tack and was beating up toward the harbor mouth approaching the fast flying privateer.

"Shall we go off another point, sir?" asked Mr. Manly.

"No," answered the captain, "that might bring us up on Great Gull Island."

"We will pass pretty close to the brig then, sir."

"At this rate," said the captain, "she will pass under our stern."

"Which is all the better, her lee side will be buried to the gun muzzles with the heavy wind to starboard," commented Mr. Manly.

Although the brig was under close-reefed topsails she showed that she was a great heavy-weather boat, for she came driving on at high speed.

The captain's judgment was vindicated, however, for presently as she drew nearer they saw that they could pass her. The light burning forward on the brig's fore-castle enabled the people of the privateer clinging to the weather shrouds to make out the little vessel perfectly. She was pitching and rolling terrifically in the angry seas. The brig was the smallest of the three vessels and naturally suffered the most from the hard gale.

While Harkness and his officers watched her as she swiftly drew astern, a rocket suddenly soared into the heavy snow-laden air. Its explosion was immediately answered by two other rockets from two other ships, one almost dead ahead, the other down to starboard. The rockets came from the ships carrying the lights. The signal of the *Butcher* was understood, for after she crossed the stern of the *Young American* without being able to fire a shot the *Butcher* put her helm down, rounded in on her weather braces and wallowed off before the wind right in the wake of the saucy *Young American*.

Disregarding the brig which was being left further behind with every fathom the two ships sailed, Harkness, who had come aft to have a good look at the *Butcher*, went rapidly forward again and once more carefully studied the situation. The light that indicated the *Surprise* showed that vessel to be considerably off her station and to be down near Great Gull Island. The *Endymion* apparently was just about halfway between Great Gull Island and Fisher's Island, fairly in the Race between the small reefs which narrowed the passage between the Sound and the ocean and made it dangerous.

The way westward down Long Island Sound to New York was open. There was no opposing ship there. If Harkness would put his helm down he would bring the wind on the port quarter and he could make a clean run to New York, where he would have been blockaded again by the British squadron off that harbor. But he did not want to go to New York then or anytime. The *Surprise* was out of the running so far as stopping her movements to the west was concerned, but to get to the sea, the privateer would have to pass under the guns of the frigate, and perhaps be chased by the corvette.

The captain of the *Endymion* might open the ports

braces sent her up to port again. So smartly was she handled, and so rapidly did she come that almost before he could shift the men and get the port batteries manned the *Young American* was alongside. A voice from the frigate roared,

"Fire!"

Flashes of light suddenly appeared in the darkness, followed by the roar of a discharge. Harkness held his breath for a moment. A few ropes were cut but nothing of importance was touched. In their excitement and surprise the British had failed. But now it was the privateer's turn, the "Long Tom" was the only gun they dared to fire, but at the captain's signal the heavy shot was hurled into the frigate, doing what damage they had no time to stop and ascertain. The next moment the *Young American* under her tremendous press of sail drew ahead, she was well out in the Race now, they could see the white water boiling over the rocks to port. Now they had another enemy to contend with, for the *Surprise* as if to make up for being off her station was closing with them at a tremendous rate of speed. Fortunately the privateer had sufficiently drawn to the south of Race Point and the reefs and shoals to the southwest of Fisher's Island to enable

her to come by the wind on the port tack. The maneuver was beautifully performed, the main to-gallant's'l was taken in and the ship began to pitch and plow through the cross seas at a terrific rate. It was hard work now for the quarter-masters at the helm to hold her up to it.

The *Endymion* with the lights still going was lumbering off to port, but the *Surprise* was coming hard astern. She was not belying the reputation old Bill Dethridge had given her, for she almost if not quite held her own with the speedy privateer. Harkness tried to beat up to windward, but the *Surprise* proved herself a most weatherly ship under present conditions, and he gained nothing.

The two rapidly drew away from the *Endymion*, while the *Butcher* was left hopelessly outclassed astern.

"We must get rid of that fellow," said Harkness as he walked aft.

"Mr. Beech."

"Yes, sir."

"Have the stern chasers in my cabin cast loose, we will open fire upon our friend aft there."

The *Young American* was provided with two long nine pounders—beautiful brass guns they were too—which pointed from the stern windows of the captain's cabin. Bill Dethridge had been made captain of one of these guns and Mr. Beech was in command of this section of

the battery.

"Mr. Manly will temporarily relieve the deck, Mr. Warner, and do you give Mr. Beech the benefit of your advice," said Captain Harkness. "I want you to make good practice on yonder ship. She presents a fair enough target with that glow of light forward on her fo'c's'l."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Warner and Mr. Beech, both going below, followed by the stalwart young members of this two gun crews. In a very short time those on the quarter deck heard a sudden roar, they saw a cloud of smoke blow to windward. Captain Harkness was on the lee horse-block on the opposite side of the deck from Mr. Manly to watch the shot. By the light of the flare on the *Surprise*, they saw it strike the water under the bows of the corvette.

"A good line shot, but a little short, gentlemen," roared Captain Harkness stepping to the companion-way.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Beech, "we are just getting the range, sir. Are you ready, Dethridge?"

"All ready, sir," said the old man squinting along the starboard gun sights. "Give her a touch with the right hand spike, lads. There, that will do."

"Give her plenty of elevation and fire when she rises," cried Mr. Beech.

The old man set taut on the lock string and waited. In a moment his hand shot back, the hammer fell and a cloud of smoke filled the cabin. Those below could hear a ringing cheer from those on deck. The shot had been well aimed. The corvette's fore topmast was smashed at the hounds, the fierce wind tore the unsupported topsail away. The ship shot up into the wind and was caught aback. Her people had hard work to save her and when they at last got her before the wind she was hopelessly out of the running and the privateer was far away.

"Mr. Beech, who fired that shot?" asked the captain.

"Dethridge, sir."

"Send him on deck."

"That was a good shot, my man," said Harkness as old Dethridge reported.

"I owe them a heavy debt, your honor, this is just a beginnin' of payment."

"Sink me if I don't give you many another chance to settle the score," said the captain heartily. "Come below and have a glass with me. Mr. Warner, you can take the deck again. Let her go off a couple of points, lay the course due southeast, keep a bright lookout, sir, and have me called if anything occurs."

The captain turned and walked below followed by the old sailor anxious for his nip. The watches were set and the little ship, now free to begin her career, dashed on through the blackness of the storm toward her destination.

(To Be Continued.)



"You Fellows Seem to Forget Who I Am."

of the lighter guns on his upper deck, the result might justify the act for a lucky shot might cripple the ship. Well that was a risk he had to run, he decided to hold on, therefore, as he was and take his chance. The distance between the *Young American* and the *Endymion* was lessening with every passing second.

"Mr. Warner," said the captain suddenly, "I wish you would assemble the crew of the fore-castle pivot. I want that gun loaded with solid shot, we may get a chance to use it."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Warner.

The next moment the boatswain's mate forward piped shrilly and roared out afterward.

"All you long Toms away!"

"Long Tom" was the sailors' name for such a piece. The next moment the huge twenty-four pounder was cast loose and provided. It was carefully loaded and primed, pointed out to starboard and made ready.

"All is ready with the pivot, sir," cried Mr. Thompson, who commanded the gun.

"Very good, keep fast until I give the order."

All of the British could not yet see the *Young American* which was still as dark as the night, but they could easily see the *Butcher* which was plowing along furiously in the rear of the flying privateer, and the captain of the frigate could make a splendid guess as to where the *Young American* was heading. He had not been cruising in the sound for two months without having become aware of every possible method of escape. He reasoned accurately that Harkness would not care to go to New York, but would run through the Race and pass under his broadside. Then he cast loose his quarter deck and fore-castle guns.

The frigate was then hove to and brought to a stand. If she went too far to the eastward, the privateer would pass under her stern, if she was too far to the westward she could escape across her bows. Captain Hope, therefore, stationed his big frigate about the middle of the Race.

Presently the *Young American* drove near enough to be seen, a black blur of a ship shutting out the *Butcher's* light. Harkness was apparently driving her strongly down on the lee side of the frigate. The American officer knew his ship, however, and had her under perfect control. The English captain as soon as he discerned the *Young American* swung his main yard and filled away, altering his course until it paralleled that of the privateer. The natural and expected way for the latter to pass him would be to leeward and he accordingly manned the lee or starboard guns.

The English captain was confirmed in his judgment that Harkness would pass to leeward when he saw the bow of the *Young American* swinging to starboard. He was surprised later, however, when a quick reversal of the helm and a few pulls on the

How to Train for the Distance Run

By KEENE FITZPATRICK



Keene Fitzpatrick, Trainer at Princeton University, formerly Trainer at the University of Michigan.

WE can lay down rules for the training of football players; we can make out a general plan of training for a baseball squad; jumpers, vaulters, and weight men can be developed along the same general lines. But when it comes to developing men for the distance runs, no one can lay down rules. Everything depends on the man himself. True, he can be told what to eat and what not to eat; he can be given some general orders that will apply to all men. But his case must be studied and studied carefully before actual development of the runner begins. A trainer might have a squad of a dozen milers. Should he give them but one set of rules, it is likely that not more than one of the twelve would derive any great benefit from following them. The distances given out for the daily run might be too long for some and not long enough for others; one man might need work in the sprints, while another might need long walks across country to develop his endurance.

And so, the first thing to do in training for the longer runs is to study the candidate. This should not rest entirely with the trainer. The runner himself should try to locate his weak points. He should know what work he needs. Then, after this knowledge is accumulated, earnest training may follow.

It is difficult to say when a man should begin running. Some boys develop with surprising rapidity, while others are men in years before they are physically able to undergo the required training. However, I should say that no boy should begin running distances until he is sixteen years old. The normal boy at that age can stand a reasonable amount of exertion without injuring his heart or lungs. Of course there are many exceptions to the rule. Some boys may be able to stand hard work before they are sixteen years old, but to say that it is safe for him to begin training is a mistake. Many high school boys ruin any chance they might have had by beginning track work before they are developed to the necessary degree. I have had numbers of cases of men at Michigan who came up for examination to be told that their heart had developed a "murmur." This, in many instances, was undoubtedly due to overwork in athletics before they were sufficiently mature. When a man's heart is affected, his chances of ever becoming an athlete are gone. A good heart is the very foundation of prowess on the track or field. No trainer will allow a man who has a weak heart to do even the lightest work.

When the young athlete is considered sufficiently strong to commence running, he should not start work on his own assurance or that of his trainer. He should be carefully examined by a physician. There may be a defect that will wear off in a year or so, and there may be a defect that would endanger the boy's life should he exert himself to the degree required in running.

And then the first step in training is to stop smoking. The boy who uses tobacco in any form before his athletic career ends is heavily handicapped. "Oh, pshaw," they will say, "I only smoke a pipe, and I cut that out when I begin work." Perhaps they do. Perhaps they let tobacco entirely alone for weeks before their training season opens and never touch it again until the last meet has been fought out. But nicotine will leave its mark. This mark may be ever so slight and the smoker may never realize that he has been injured by the habit. But his efficiency has been impaired to a greater or less degree. Boys, as a rule, do not realize this. Their parents and teachers warn them against the use of tobacco. Still they give no heed. If they could only know great athletes and know their habits it would be a lesson to them. Many are the men who have been rendered unfit for track, baseball and football, all on account of tobacco. And he need not become an inveterate smoker to ruin himself, either. The men who have been the strongest assets to the big university

teams have let tobacco entirely alone until their college days were things of the past.

Dieting is an important part of preparation for track work. Here again, it is difficult to lay down rules. Some food stuffs that may be nutritious when cooked in one form, may be injurious when prepared in another way. Pastry should be let alone entirely; so should fried dishes. Well cooked meats, eggs, fresh vegetables and milk make a substantial diet. Don't gorge. It is just as bad to overeat even properly cooked food as it is to fill up on pies and cake.

After the candidate for long distance running honors has been thoroughly examined and his habits of living fixed, he should begin active work as soon as possible.

Training for track work generally begins in the spring when the weather is still unsettled. Weather plays an important part in the training of a distance man, because his work necessarily takes more time than that required to fit men to enter other events. He must be out in the open many hours a week. There is, of course, no danger as long as the days are warm, but when a cold spell sets in it is likely to have a bad effect unless the runner takes due precautions. Never work out on a cold day with your legs and arms exposed. Many high school boys insist on running across country on

run a full half the day before that you must do that half mile. Always remember that to tire yourself is only to hamper your progress.

The distance you should cover in these walks and runs depends, once more, on the individual. For the average boy of sixteen years from one to three miles should be sufficient. After a few weeks you will find that you can run almost the entire distance where it tired you to walk it before. Don't, above all things, increase your work before you feel that you can do it without tiring out.

When you finish your work-out it is well to bathe. Take a good warm shower and rub yourself down well. Many high school boys as well as college students seem to believe that they cannot properly train without a rubber to go over their bodies after they have taken their daily exercise. Of course, a rub-down is advantageous, but it is not at all necessary. It will loosen stiff muscles and take out the soreness, but, as I have said before, it is not essential. However, a man can rub himself down when necessary. It may be a trifle irksome after taking a hard work-out, but will prove to be a benefit in the long run.

And then, after you have rested, eat. Do not exercise immediately after a meal, or eat at once after exercising. One is equally as bad as the other. It hurts your digestive organs, and without a stomach in good working order no man can become strong in athletics.

Get plenty of sleep. Remember that you are working hard every day. You are eating carefully selected food to keep up your body. But sleep is an essential. Sleep eight hours at least out of every twenty-four. Sleep in a well-ventilated room. The air need not be cold, but it must be fresh. To sleep in a tightly closed room is harmful. You are using up much muscle tissue and the waste is being largely carried away through your lungs. This requires plenty of fresh air, and to inhale stale air for hours at a time is just like taking so much poison. Have your room well ventilated and you will awaken in the morning with a clear head and a desire for more work.

Gradually, as you follow this course of preparation, you will be able to go the full distance. And this brings up the question of how far a boy should run. No growing boy should attempt to run more than a mile. He can do the sprints and the 440-yard dash and the half mile and the full mile. But there he should stop. The longer races are a tremendous drain on a man's strength and are meant to be raced by those who have a full development.

You should have commenced training early enough so that you will feel able to run your distance, or over, at least four weeks before your first serious competition. If you are trying out for the half mile, run three-quarters of a mile for a time. If you desire to run the mile, go a little over that distance. Do not run at your best speed. Accustom yourself to the distance and learn to know your pace. Know how fast you are going and how long you can hold the pace without tiring. If you are exceeding your limit, slow up. When you can finish your distance or a little over at a reasonably good rate of speed without feeling tired and weak, begin to increase your speed. The time for doing this all depends on the man. He knows best.

While you are getting your pace and going the distances that you are to go in competition, vary the running with short sprints. Start from the mark and run thirty or forty yards at top speed. Do this half a dozen times every day. Then move about to avoid taking cold, but rest yourself before starting out to run the daily distance.

When you can run more than the distance which is to be raced at good speed and finish in good condition, cut off the extra yards and begin working faster. Don't run at top speed every day. If you feel listless and are without energy it is a sign that you are doing too much or not living properly. Cut down on the work for a few days and take things easier. Even when you are feeling in the best of condition do not exert yourself day after day. Run your race two or three times every week and then take things easier for a day or two.



Captain Gayle A. Dull, U. of Michigan Track Team.

cold days in nothing but an ordinary track suit. This is likely to cause lameness, stiffness, and bring on colds.

Don't begin things with a rush. It will not pay in the long run and most certainly will do you no immediate good. Cross country walks and runs are the best things to fit a man for hard competition on the track. Here again, everything depends on the individual. Some men can travel several miles without tiring, while others will be worn out with only a short jaunt. Do not begin running at once. Start out and walk. Walk long distances and run a little now and then. Do not allow yourself to tire. For the first week confine yourself to work every other day and walk most of the time. Breathe deeply and walk briskly, taking every bit as much care of yourself as if you were working to the limit of your endurance. After this preliminary preparation, begin running a little more, always keeping well within the limits of your strength. Leave your training quarters slowly. When you begin to breathe heavily or your legs tire—be it even a trifle—drop back to a walk and rest yourself. Then run again. Keep this up day after day and you will find that your endurance is rapidly increasing. Now and then a man will have an "off" day. Don't think because you tire in a quarter of a mile where you could



Wesley (Spider) Coe, One of Michigan's most famous Distance Runners.

At least two weeks before the first race, the runner should know what he can do. It is well to have timers take your time by quarters. In this way, and only in this way, will you learn your pace. You will know that if you go the first quarter too fast you are bound to be too tired for the final burst of speed, and if you are lagging you will be forced to overdo in the final stages of the run. Every truly great runner can judge his speed. He knows when the pace is too fast and he knows when he should be moving faster to avoid the danger of a hard race in the final few yards.

Of course, it is almost useless to give instructions for a race. You know—or should know—how much you can do, and there are countless things that may arise during the running of a half or a mile that will upset the most carefully laid plans. But if a man can judge his time and knows his limit, he can rely upon this knowledge, and it is the greatest asset he has when he steps onto a track to compete with strangers.

If a runner is strong and knows the men against whom he is running, it may be well to set the pace. But this again depends entirely on conditions. If some one else sets the pace and you feel it is more than you can do, don't worry. You are out there to run the distance in the fastest possible time and, if you have trained properly, you know of how much speed you are capable. Go the fastest you can in the early stages and still retain strength for the finish. If the others draw away from you when you are doing your best, don't worry. To follow them would only be to wear yourself out, and they may tire and give you your opportunity at the finish. Keep going at the best speed you can maintain. Should the others lag, don't congratulate yourself. They may be reserving much strength for the last fraction of the distance. Run your own race, regardless of what the others may do.

Many distance races are won in the last few yards. Be ready for the final burst of speed. If you feel that you have the race safe and are strong enough to beat any one who might sprint to the finish, be satisfied. Hold yourself for this possible struggle. At the same time do not take chances. Should some of the others begin to sprint in the last few yards, follow them. Run your best. Pay attention to your stride. Keep it up as well as possible. Glue your eyes on the tape and determine that you will reach it first. Think of nothing but keeping yourself well together and bringing every ounce of energy to bear.

During the track season you will probably be called on to run in several races. Take the best possible care of yourself during this period. Watch your food and watch your body. After a race and before another, rest for an entire day. This does not mean stay in bed or remain in the house. Get plenty of fresh air, but do not exert yourself in the slightest. Run your distance once or twice during the days that come between competitions.

And then, after the season is over, let down gradually on your training. Remember that you have been under a severe strain, and do not let go at once. Get plenty of exercise and plenty of sleep. Cut down your daily work gradually. Remember that there are other races before you in the years to come and the sudden breaking off of training may do you a great harm.

I have dealt with food, sleep, and tobacco. I have taken it for granted that none of the boys who are in high school athletics use intoxicating

liquors. If they do drink beer or any other alcoholic drink it is a question whether they will ever amount to much on the running track.

Always keep in mind that it is the high school boy of today who is to be the great athlete of the future. You cannot become a Haskins or a Coe, a



J. C. Carpenter, Cornell University, member American Team at Olympic Games, London, Eng.

Taylor or a Rose in a year. You must keep steadily at it. Do not overdo. Keep your habits regular. Year by year you will become stronger, and when the time comes for you to enter college, you will be ready to take up the more severe work that is there required, and possess a splendid foundation upon which to build.

College Education Pays

One of the most convincing answers yet given that much-asked and much-discussed question, "Does a college education pay?" is furnished by Mr. James M. Dodge, president of the American Society of Engineers. Classing the young people themselves as the "capital" and their wages as "interest," Mr. Dodge has figured the influence a college or technical education has on the earning power or increase of capital. He gathered a large number of actual average cases from practical life, and from these data drew certain deductions.

Let us start with the average boy of 16, and assume that he is worth to himself in earning power \$3,000. This is his potential capital—himself viewed only as an economic proposition. At this point we will also assume that he is as yet neither skilled in any craft, nor shop-trained, nor has he had the benefit of any trade school, or even been in any school of technology, or a college. Hence, four possibilities lie before him. First, to remain an unskilled laborer; second, to get a shop training; third, to go to a trade school; fourth, to acquire a liberal education. Start four boys, then, on the four lines and let us see what influence and training of an equal sort actually has as measured by money returns.

1. The Unskilled Laborer—On the average he is earning \$4 a week at the end of his 16th year; \$5 a week a year later, and his advance continues with regularity to his 23rd year, when he is worth as capital to himself \$10,000, and he has a wage-earning capacity of \$10 a week. But there he reaches the highest economic value of unskilled labor, which will not significantly increase in value however many years he adds.

2. The Shop-Trained Worker—Even his narrower rule of thumb training pays a good interest from the start. In six years he has passed the unskilled laborer; by the time he is 24, however, he has reached his maximum; his potential capital is \$15,000, and his wage \$15.20 a week. This is the highest point reached by the shop-worker.

3. The Trade School Young Man—The early broadening of his work immediately brings better wages. Note on the diagram that before he is 18 he has forever distanced the unskilled worker. Before he is 21 he has also left the shop-worker behind him. When he is 24 he has an earning power of \$22 a week. He reaches his highest valuation at 31 years and here he finds the highest point in the trade school economic horizon.

4. The Technical and Liberally Educated Boy—For several years this young man lags behind all three of the other classes. When he is 19 the unskilled laborer is ahead of him. Not until he is 25 does he catch up with the shop-trained boy or rise above the economic horizon of the trade school man. But what then? All three of his competitors have already reached their earning limit. Their horizons are fixed; but from that 25th year and its potential capitalization of \$22,000, the college-trained man shoots up in seven years more to an earning capacity of \$43 a week, and has not as yet reached his full economic horizon. A liberal education has added a potential capitalization of \$21,000 over all competitors (from \$22,000 to \$43,000). Education took him at the age of 16 at \$3,000, it leaves him at 32 years at \$43,000.

These facts are not the guesses of an educational enthusiast, but are the logical results of a careful scientific investigation by one thoroughly competent to make it.

The Man who Guards the Nation's Money

By MORRIS WADE

RUNNING the United States Government is a mighty expensive piece of business. Just how expensive it is no one knows better than Mr. Robert J. Tracewell who is the Controller of the U. S. Treasury. He has been called the "watch-dog" of the U. S. Treasury because he keeps such a sharp eye on every penny that goes out from it. He has been doing this for thirteen years, and anything that he says goes when it comes to paying out Uncle Sam's cash. It is a position of the highest responsibility, and one that the man who fills it probably never thought of aspiring to when he was a lad of fifteen years working in a printing office for five or six dollars a week. When he was sixteen years old he was writing the local news, setting type, soliciting advertisements and subscriptions and doing other "odd jobs" in the office of a little country newspaper in a little town in Indiana. He had been born in Virginia and was two years old when his father, a poor man, went as far west as Indiana in search of that elusive thing we call fortune. He did not find a great deal of it as a school teacher, but he became a lawyer and succeeded very well in his profession in his later life. He wanted the boy Robert to educate himself for the law, but the boy was that not unusual type of young American youngster who thinks that he knows better than any one else what is good for him, and he insisted on mapping out his own course in life. He had, however, entered a pretty good school when he became a printer. Regarding his experience, Mr. Tracewell says:

"At eighteen years of age my own judgment confirmed that of my parents, and I went home chastened and convinced, to enter college and then to become a lawyer."

Happy the boy who comes to a realization of the fact that his parents know more than he does when he is but sixteen years of age, and who returns home in a chastened spirit to do as they would have him do. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the boy who does this turns out better than the boy who is

pig-headed and keeps on guided by nothing but his own immature judgment. A young fellow of eighteen with the limited education that young Tracewell had at that age did not find it easy fitting himself to become a lawyer. There was plenty of hard work to do before he got his sheepskin and then came the hard work of securing clients. All this hard work simply developed his own resources and sharpened

his wits. In time it came to be known that he was a pretty alert young lawyer and the people thought that he would be a good man to send to Congress, so to Congress he went in the year 1895. The next event of special importance in his life came when he was appointed Controller of the U. S. Treasury by President McKinley in July of the year 1897. Since that time he has kept a sharp eye on the Treasury and as he declares that the Government is costing more than \$1,000,000,000 a year it is evident that Controller Tracewell has a great deal of money to watch. He has eighteen men to help him and they have to be as sharp-eyed as he is in order that no mistakes are made. No warrant for money amounts to anything until it bears the signature of Robert J. Tracewell. He passes out the money for the salary of the President of the United States and he has seen the expenses of our Government double since he has been in office. It may be news to many boys who read this to know that over two hundred buildings are now being erected for which our Government must pay, and Congress has authorized the building of fully five hundred more. Our navy and standing army costs the Government many millions of dollars a year. Then we are growing more and more ambitious in regard to our public buildings erected by the Government, and Mr. Tracewell is about right when he says:

"No matter if grass is growing in the main streets, a forty thousand dollar building is none too good for any sort of a town east, west, north or south."

No matter what his personal convictions are Mr. Tracewell must hand over the money to pay for all of our public buildings when the order for him to do so comes from the powers that be. Although the Government is constantly erecting buildings our Congress has to as constantly turn down applications for buildings from cities and towns all over the country. The four or five hundred public buildings already authorized by Congress and still unbuild will cost from \$25,000 to \$1,000,000 each.



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R. J. Tracewell, Controller of U. S. Treasury.

The Gage of Battle

A Story of English Boy Life in the Days of Chivalry

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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 Louterell had foully attacked the castle of her master, Lord Linnmouth, 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 Linnmouth. 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 Severies. 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. Geoffrey makes a friend of Robert Hamworth, another page, and they have plenty of sport together. The blacksmith explains to the lads the different parts of a knight's armor which the boys find most interesting. Geoffrey appears before Lord Rumsley and as a result he is advanced to esquirehood. While the two boys conspire to attend the fair at St. Leonard's village, a party of knights and retainers arrive at the castle. Both Geoffrey and Robert immediately take a dislike to the leaders of the party. The two boys are summoned to assist in preparing the banquet for the guests and during the meal Geoffrey talks with the strange lord's son and finds that they are entertaining Lord Henry Louterell. Geoffrey is warned by Robin Bowman against young Louterell and wonders, after which he and Robert attend St. Leonard's fair, where Geoffrey shows his skill with the bow and the two lads make friends with Miles Spotford, who takes them to his home and introduces them to his father and his Aunt Martha. The latter is strangely agitated at sight of Geoffrey and on their departure sends a message to Robin Bowman by Geoffrey which Geoffrey delivers on his return to the castle. Robin Bowman hastens to Lord Rumsley and tells him that Geoffrey's nurse is found. His lordship, after hearing the story, bids Bowman see the nurse and warn her to keep silent.

CHAPTER IX.

PHILIP LOUTERELL right speedily made his impress on his fellow squires in Rumsley castle.

Boys are quick to recognize a strong individual nature when it comes among them, and young Louterell possessed force of character. The boy, if he cannot lead, loves to follow, and this was so just as much when Edward III. ruled in England as it is today, so it was no long time before the newcomer was at the head of a following who held him in great admiration. He assumed his leadership by pure force of personality, not by guilement, not because he attracted friendship by a winning disposition. He made no effort to please. He rebuffed proffers of friendship right and left, yet because he was what he was there were those who clave unto him, regardless of discourtesies, unmindful of affront.

Strangely enough it was among the older squires, the bachelors that he found his friends and followers. The younger lads viewed him with suspicion and muttered against his arrogance, his overbearing, bullying ways. Gradually the body of the squires divided. They themselves did not realize the division until events showed it to them, but it was none the less present. There was no open enmity between the factions at the beginning, nor for a considerable time, yet the seed of dissension was well planted and would surely grow. On the one hand were the older squires, with young Louterell as their acknowledged head; on the other hand the more numerous body of younger squires, so far leaderless, but to whom the event and the necessity would one day show a leader. If it had come to a clash the Louterell faction, though in the minority, held an undoubted advantage. Firstly, they owned a leader to whose will more or less obedience was rendered; secondly, they were older lads, better seasoned; thirdly, they realized that they formed a party and would act together. At first glance this would seem to assure them the victory if affairs should come to fistcuffs; yet, by observing carefully it may be seen that these very things might prove their undoing in the long run. What the result of it all would be only time could tell.

This condition was not brought about in a day nor in a month; it was a gradual growth which existed full grown before any realized its presence at all. Little things made for its growth; small events separated Louterell and the bachelors from the junior squires. Little grievances, one added to another, formed gradually a class grievance, a popular cause; small depredations by the bachelors ceased from being individual acts and assumed the proportion of affronts to the squires. In this way were the youngsters knit together unconsciously—so they nursed a general grievance, and discussed one with another the ill-treatment of the juniors by the seniors. Yet, nothing came of it save grumbling, for there was no one to take the lead. When someone should step to the head and give a direction to

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

the resentment of the lads then might the faction of Philip Louterell have its hands well filled.

"I understand not what hath come over the lads of late," said Geoffrey one day as he and Robert sat on the border of the tilt yard watching certain of the older bachelors exercising on horseback with shield and lance. "There hath come a change over this place that I like not. I know not what to make of it."

"Yea," replied Robert shortly, "thou'rt right. Time was, and that not so long since, when such things were not done. Methinks I can place my finger on the seat of all the trouble."

"It seemeth not right," Geoffrey said thoughtfully, "that these bachelors should assume unto themselves to act as we see them. Truly they swagger about the yards, chests out, heads aloft as though they were severally cousins unto the king's own majesty."

"I care not for their airs," Robert snapped, "so long as they keep to themselves and trouble me not. Didst hear they had marked off a certain part of the sleeping hall to be their own and have said that none else may step over the line without suffering scathe?"

"Nay, I heard it not."

"'Tis even as I tell it. 'Twas e'en done this morning whilst thou wert at thine exercises. Aye,



"Mayhap Ye will Get More Than Ye be Looking For"

this toucheth thyself somewhat close, for thine own bed was over the line and Hal Ormstone cometh to me, not being able to find thee, and saveth that I shall tell thee to move elsewhere."

Geoffrey raised his head, and a gleam appeared in his eyes that seemed to promise stirring times if his rights were invaded.

"And that is not all," continued Robert. "This morning four of them gave Will Dunstowe a beating for no good reason. I tell thee, Geoffrey, that these bachelors have banded themselves together and will oppress and put upon us who are their juniors until it is past bearing."

"I like it not," Geoffrey said after he had thought on Robert's report for a time. "'Twas not so a little while ago. There was no bickering and quarrelling. Methinks this new squire, Louterell, is at the bottom of it. Thou wilt remember how I said when first we saw him that no good would come of his tarrying among us. He hath gathered these bachelors around him and hath filled their heads with thoughts of their own importance. An it grows much worse we will not be able to bear with it."

"But what can we do?" Robert asked dubiously. "Man for man we would stand little chance against them. They be our elders and all are bigger men and better trained."

"We can at least fight," responded Geoffrey. "Thinkst thou I will submit to their ways in silence? Nay, rather would I have my head beaten from my shoulders."

"Thou'rt like to have it so. Well thou knowest thou canst not stand against them single handed, nor will they give thee fair play. Best it will be that thou endure as best thou mayest."

"That will I not. I will stand for my rights an

they slay me for it."

"What dost mean to do?" Robert asked anxiously.

"That I know not."

"I would that thou wouldst let me persuade thee," urged Robert. "What gain is there to fight when nought may come of it but a drubbing or worse?"

"I will not be put upon," Geoffrey said stubbornly. "If they leave me alone then will I leave them alone, but if they seek to interfere with me, let them look to themselves."

"Would it not be better to report the matter to Andrew Manty?" suggested Robert.

"Nay, am I a girl or a weakling to ask another to fight my wars. I shall bear no tales in this matter, and Master Manty hath nought to do with it."

"There is the matter of thy bed," Robert said hesitatingly. "There be twenty of them to enforce thee if thou shalt refuse to move it."

"I care not an there be twice twenty."

"But what wilt thou do?"

"Nought," Geoffrey said shortly. "I shall sleep on my bed in its place. If any other seeks to interfere with me then is it time enough to talk of doing."

"But they have ordered thee to move it."

"What care I for their orders? Who gave them right to give command to any of us? My bed hath been in its place since I was made esquire, and there shall it stay."

"I be sore afraid they will do thee a scathe," Robert hesitated. "If 'twere but a fight 'twixt thee and one other or 'twixt thee and me and two others, then would I say nought; but it is not so. Here, an thou wilt but get it through thy stubborn head, it is thou against twenty, or thou and me against them. How can we hope for other than defeat?"

"'Tis not for defeat I care," Geoffrey replied passionately. "'Tis the thought of being put upon.

Nay, Robert, I will not give in to them. I can not stomach it. An they move my bed from the place where 'tis my right to have it, then must they dispose of me first."

When Geoffrey and Robert sought their beds that night they found that the bachelors had withdrawn their beds into one angle of the huge room and that across the floor between two points they had drawn a line marking the boundary of their territory. As the friends entered a hush fell, for several of the lads had heard Robert to tell Geoffrey to remove his bed from the territory, and, knowing the high temper of the lad, they wondered what would befall, and half gladly, half apprehensively, welcomed the prospect of a set-to with these older youths who had shown such a disposition of late to impose upon them.

As though nothing had happened Geoffrey sat down upon his bed, settled the sheepskin cover over the foot and began to loosen his shoes. As he did so the eyes of several of the bachelors were fastened upon him curiously. Finally Philip Louterell raised his voice and called:

"Ho, Robert Hamworth, didst convey our orders concerning that bed to thy friend?"

"Yea," said Geoffrey, quickly answering the question himself. "He told me."

"Thou hast not moved as thou wert bid," called Louterell loudly.

Geoffrey paid no attention whatever but went on unlatching his shoes. A sound of nervous giggling went up from among the younger squires.

"Art going to move as we order thee?" shouted Louterell, now working himself into a rage at Geoffrey's calmness. Again the lad ignored him completely.

"Didst hear me?" shouted Louterell, now thoroughly enraged.

"Aye," responded Geoffrey quietly. "I heard thee. Thou didst bellow loud enough." It was a bold defiant reply and, even though the squires in Geoffrey's end of the room had expected him to face the matter out, nevertheless it made them gasp.

Several bachelors now gathered in a group about Louterell, evidently arguing with him not to press the matter.

"Nay," Geoffrey heard him say roughly, "think ye I will let you cub defy me?"

"Let me speak with him," said Hal Ormstone in a low tone. "Mayhap I can persuade him." Then he raised his voice.

"Ho, Severies," he said placatingly. "As thou knowest we bachelors have chosen this end of the hall for our own, and have directed others to go elsewhere. Thou art over our line. Wilt thou not obey as the others have done and move yonder? Bethink thee, to refuse is but to get thyself mauled."

"Who gave ye permission to order me about?" Geoffrey answered slowly. "Nay, I will not move. This is my place and here will I bide. An ye had come to me in the first place and asked me gently as a favor to ye if I would move hence then would I have gone with good grace, but when you bellowing bull undertaketh to order me there is a different matter at once. Until some other than any of ye order me differently here will I remain."

"Best take heed to thyself," warned Ormstone.

"Waste not time on the cub," growled Louterell. "Come, let us throw him and his bed out of the way."

Robert rose and stood by his friend's side. "Thou shalt not fight it out alone," he whispered. Then he called to the bachelors: "Ye had better pause. 'Tis not Severies alone ye will have to settle with. Mayhap ye will get more than ye be looking for."

"Aye, mayhap ye will," yelled several of the more venturesome squires rallying behind Robert and Geoffrey. For a moment it looked like a general melee, and as fighting in those days was no gentle pastime, but fighting indeed, it bade fair to be a serious matter in which some might receive serious injuries. However, the unexpected reinforcements caused the bachelors to pause, much to Louterell's disgust. "Come," he bawled, seizing a club and making toward the youngsters. "Come, let us e'en punish these young cockerels as they deserve." But none followed him and he was fain to retreat again to his own end of the room. Here he turned angrily on his companions, berating them in no gentle terms for their failure to follow him up.

"Hold, Philip Louterell," said Ormstone, who, though angry himself at the defiance of the younger squires, nevertheless retained his coolness of head and considered the state affairs had gotten into with caution. "Hold, thou knowest well we must have no general fighting here. Had it been thyself against this Geoffrey Severies we had stood behind thee, but none of us cares to have the matter come to the ears of Andrew Manty, or perchance even of the earl, himself."

"Thou speakest sooth," Geoffrey called to Ormstone. "If fighting there must be let Louterell settle it with me alone. The quarrel seemeth between us twain and no others. So, if this fellow must have blows I will do what I can to pleasure him."

It seemed that this suggestion met with general approval among the bachelors, as well as among the squires. Robert, however, raised his voice against it.

"Nay, nay," he cried. "Tis most unfair. Yon Louterell hath the best of thee in age and size and strength, Geoffrey. 'Tis not fair, I say, and thou shalt not fight him alone."

"Nay, good Robert," Geoffrey said with a smile. "We must fight sooner or later, and it were better sooner. Let it not trouble thee. Methinks for all his size there will be some fighting ere the victory be his."

At the far end of the hall Ormstone now stepped from the knot of bachelors. "Geoffrey Severies," he said, "wilt remove thy bed? 'Tis the last time we shall ask it."

"Nay," Geoffrey said sturdily. "I will not move."

"The consequences be on thy own stubborn pate," said Ormstone ruefully. "An thou dost not move Louterell taketh it an affront to him and doth challenge thee to fight."

"So be it," Geoffrey answered.

"Wilt send one as thy friend to make such arrangements as are fitting?"

"Yea, Robert Hamworth will stand my friend."

Again the bachelors gathered in a tight knot, while the squires gathered around Geoffrey and Robert.

"How wilt thou fight?" Robert asked in trembling tones.

"Methinks the quarter-staff were goodly weapon to settle this matter withal."

"Geoffrey, man, thou art wood. What chance dost thou stand against this man with the quarter-staff? He will batter thee to the ground with his greater strength. 'Tis madness."

"Mayhap it is," Geoffrey made answer, "yet thus do I will it, and, meseems I am the person chiefly concerned in the matter. Do thou insist on the quarter-staff."

Robert stepped to the middle of the hall in neutral ground where Ormstone met him as Louterell's representative. For fifteen minutes they conversed in low tones, now with animated gestures, now agree-

ing on a point, until at last the particulars of the combat were settled.

"Quarter-staves 'tis," said Robert, when he rejoined his friends. "The fight will be in the armory as soon as we be through at the pels. But, oh, Geoffrey, I like it not."

"Nay, Robert, fear not for me. At worst I can get but a sound beating, and that, surely, is no matter to shed tears over." Whereupon the youth finished his preparations for bed, and soon was sleeping as soundly as if the settlement of no quarrel awaited him on the morrow.

CHAPTER X.

LET it not be thought that fights between the squires were things unusual, or that the occurrence of a mere bout at fistcuffs was sufficient to stir the body of youths and young men to any extraordinary excitement. Just as would be the case anywhere in a household sheltering nigh to a hundred boys, quarrels arose almost daily and almost

his best to make light of the whole affair. Louterell, on the contrary, was ugly from loss of sleep and chagrin at what he considered the affront to his dignity, in short he was in a frame of mind decidedly disagreeable to his companions. Where Geoffrey was quiet and self-contained Philip was noisy and boastful, as though he deemed it necessary to impress his followers with his confidence in the outcome of the trial of skill and strength.

"'Twill be nought," he said with a sneering laugh. "Almost am I ashamed to pit myself against this Severies. But he hath put a slight upon me, and by mine hilt, I shall drub him till he cries for mercy and begs my forgiveness. Wait, and ye shall see how I deal with him."

"Be not over confident," advised Ormstone. "This Geoffrey is e'en a right lusty lad and one that will not be downed at a blow. 'Twill be no such easy matter as thou seemest to think."

"What," cried Louterell in a rage, "dost think he can stand against me? Ho, my companions, give ear to this croaker. By my soul, he doth think this Severies is my master."

A loud laugh from this sally which reached the ears of Robert Hamworth, who was passing along the court. Thinking himself ridiculed a flush of red flared in his cheeks and he turned his head resentfully toward the group of bachelors.

"Ho," cried Louterell, catching sight of him. "There be'st his friend. Ho, Severies' friend, art on thy way to the infirmary to prepare a cot for thy champion?"

"Nay," Robert retorted, "I but go to find a seat on the wall whence I can see Geoffrey chase thee from the armory," and, amid a chorus of jeers he went on his way. He was by no means as confident of the success of his friend as his answer had indicated, however. Troubled in mind, he had slept but ill the night just passed, and now he was sorely downcast when he considered how certain Geoffrey was to come to grave harm at the hands of his antagonist.

"Watch him closely," he urged Geoffrey. "Let him play no knavish trick on thee. An he cannot beat thee by fair means he is like to turn catfif and win over thee by any means at all. He doth carry himself in right un-knightly fashion; there is neither gentleness nor courtesy in him, and by his face and his acts he is cruel as some infidel Paynim."

But Geoffrey refused to let his friend shake his self-possession.

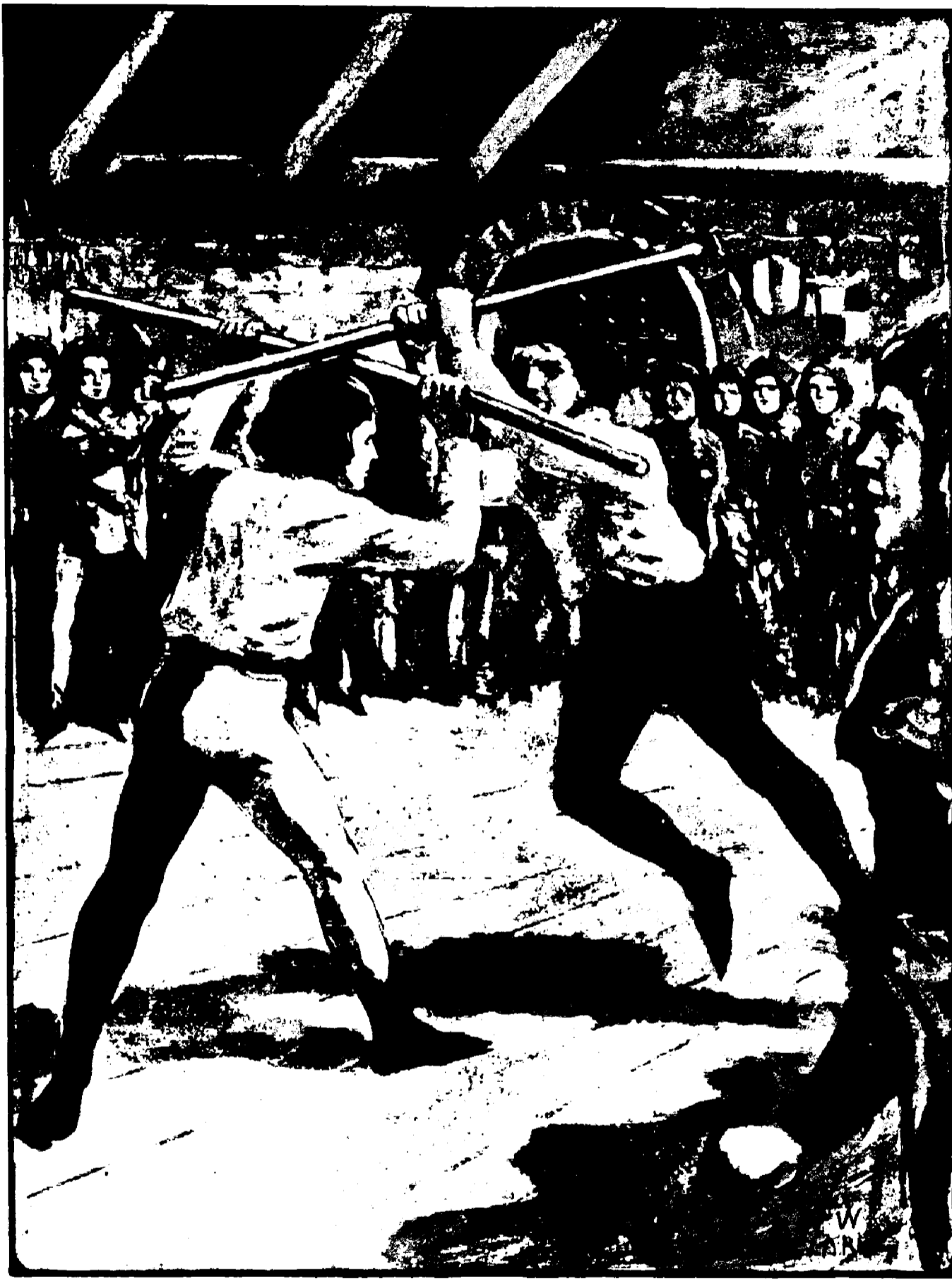
"I need not much persuading to go to Andrew Manty with the whole story," Robert burst forth. "I am no bearer of tales, as thou wilt knowest, yet methinks 'twould be a right act to carry this one."

"Robert," Geoffrey replied gravely. "Thou shalt not tell Andrew Manty nor any other of this fight. What if thou shouldst have it stopped for today, is there no tomorrow? One day this Louterell and I must fight. The sooner the war is ended the sooner the wounds begin to heal."

So Robert was fain to keep silent, nevertheless he suffered keenly by reason of his fears that serious scathe be done his friend.

At last the lads were able to gather in the armory, being released from their exercises and duties, and thither came Geoffrey and Philip Louterell prepared for the fray. The spectators stood around the walls of the huge room, leaving a clear space in the middle for the combatants. These two laid aside their tunics and tightened their belts around their waists. Then quarter-staves in hand they faced each other warily.

Louterell grasped his staff by the middle, both hands close together so that he could use either end to strike a blow. It was a dangerous manner of wielding the weapon and spoke of the familiarity of the bachelor with its use. Twirling the heavy stick about his head he awaited Geoffrey's onset. Geoffrey pursued other tactics. Realizing the advantage in height and weight which stood in Philip's favor he had spent the morning in careful consideration of how he should fight his fight. He must, he knew, devise a guard that his stronger opponent could not beat down; and he well recognized the



"Have at Thee" Cried Louterell in Sudden Rage.

daily ended in blows. But this fight between Geoffrey and Louterell was somewhat different. The circumstances preceding the challenge, the formal preparations, made of it a sort of public affair. It was something more than a combat between individuals. It was a struggle between classes, and each lad was regarded as the champion of his particular order.

So it was perfectly natural that the squires awoke in a buzz of excitement. The coming battle occupied their minds to the exclusion of all else, and wherever two or three met together one might be certain to hear it discussed in some of its phases.

The excitement and whispering Geoffrey minded not at all. He was cool, determined, ready. That he might be defeated, even severely injured, he recognized clearly, but it caused no tremor of nervousness. When the moment of the fray arrived he would be the calmest of all. Both he and Louterell were the center of their respective factions, for by the occurrences of the night before a line had been drawn distinctly between the junior squires and the bachelors;—between the friends of Geoffrey and of Philip Louterell. Each lad was an object of curiosity, a sort of hero to his fellows, by reason of his position in affairs, and at each was aimed a multitude of solicitous inquiries as to his condition, how he had slept, and the like.

This unusual prominence, while it irked Geoffrey somewhat, did not make him fidgety or irritable. He had a smile and a courteous answer for all and did

necessity of acting on the defensive until a sure opportunity for a telling blow should present itself. He studied over all the tricks of quarter-staff play that old Robin Bowman had taught him, and at last had hit upon a plan which, to him promised well.

So, when he faced his adversary he gripped his staff, not by the middle, nor at the one end, as was the more usual practice, but spread his hands about a yard apart and each equally distant from the middle. This gave him the strongest guard possible to be obtained with the weapon, and one thoroughly suited to his plan of battle. This will be readily seen when one considers that it is much harder to bear down a bar held by uprights at the two ends than it is to bend one over which is secured merely in the middle or at one extremity.

Thus the youths faced each other for a breathless moment. Not a sound was heard in the armory save the excited breathing of the spectators, and the nervous shuffling of many feet. Geoffrey's face was somewhat pale, his lips compressed, his eyes gleaming with determination. Louterell wore a sneer; his cheeks were flushed with anger, and he trembled with eagerness to punish this lad who had dared to stand against his assumed authority.

"Begin, thou dog," he cried. "Strike an thou darest."

"Thou'll find me full ready to strike," Geoffrey retorted. "Hold thy tongue and save thy breath, for it sticketh in my mind that thou'll have none to spare."

"Have at thee," cried Louterell in sudden rage, and aimed a tremendous blow at Geoffrey's head. The slighter lad braced his staff above his pate, warding off the blow with ease, and Phillip recovered quickly to prevent a counter stroke.

"Ha, well smitten. A goodly stroke," was the shout raised by the bachelors, but it mingled with an equally delighted clamor from Geoffrey's friends. "Skillfully warded, lad. Nobly done."

Now the combatants began in earnest. Louterell's quarter-staff whistled through the air as he twirled it ready for the stroke. Geoffrey stood still as though cast in bronze awaiting the attack. Then so fast did the blows fall, so repeatedly did stroke rattle against guard that to one outside the room it would have seemed that full half a dozen men were flailing away at each other. For ten minutes they fought equally, neither being able to land a telling stroke, though minor blows had found a mark as was testified by tiny tricklets of blood on the heads or faces of each.

Louterell, finding himself so equally opposed, began to loose the reins of his temper. Between blows he jeered at Geoffrey. He danced about redoubling his efforts, and at every failure to end the struggle by a blow his anger grew. Now this was an ill state of mind for one indulging in the game of quarter-staff, a game which above all else demanded coolness, alertness, perfect command of one's self. Geoffrey made no unnecessary effort. Let but his adversary tire himself with his strenuous efforts and he knew the advantage would rest with him. Therefore he scarce moved from his tracks; never made feint or stroke or parry except it were of first necessity. At the end of a quarter-hour Louterell's chest was heaving, his breath came in panting gasps, his strokes fell neither so frequently nor with such power. Then, of a sudden, Geoffrey changed his tactics. Quick as a panther he advanced his right foot and thrust full at Louterell's face with the end of his staff nearest his right hand. Down came the other's staff to ward off the blow, and there was the young squire's opportunity. Like a flash of light Geoffrey's left hand darted along the staff until it nestled close to his right. With all the power of his two arms he whipped down his staff upon the unguarded right side of his enemy's head. Just above the ear it thudded and rebounded a little. Louterell grunted dully, a look of astonishment shone a moment in his eyes and he slumped to the floor unconscious, defeated.

For an instant there was profound silence, then a resounding cheer arose from the adherents of the victor; shouts of anger, cries for vengeance from the bachelors. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable, and several of the elders moved menacingly toward Geoffrey, who backed away swinging his weapon threateningly, while the body of the younger lads swarmed about him, determined that no harm should come to their champion.

Just as it seemed the storm would break a stern voice roared from the rear:

"Silence, ye cubs. What coil have we here?" And Andrew Manty strode into the throng of excited lads, tossing them to right and left until he stood over the still senseless figure of Louterell.

"What mean ye?" he demanded. "Who hath done this?"

It seemed that every lad sought to hide himself behind his fellows, and none made reply. The master of squires bent over the defeated lad and examined him carefully. "Ho," he ordered raising his head, "do four of ye bear this lad to the infirmary."

Too glad of a chance to escape four bachelors pressed forward and bore their comrade from the

armory, while Manty glared around him at the remaining culprits.

"What meaneth this?" he demanded again, and as none volunteered a reply he fastened his eye on Robert Hamworth, singling him out of the throng. "You, Hamworth, canst find thy tongue?"

"'Twas a fight," Robert answered haltingly.

"A fight. Think'st I be a dolt that I do not see 'twas a fight?"

"'Twas Geoffrey Severies that smote him," called a bachelor in the rear.

The accusation aroused Robert's anger. "Aye," he shouted. "'Twas Geoffrey Severies that smote him, having had the fight forced upon him. 'Twas Geoffrey Severies fought him fairly—fought this man who at all points was his superior, and beat him. He hath done bravely, and, if so be he must be punished, then will I be punished with him."

"Mark ye," Andrew Manty said dryly, "in this matter of punishments I have yet somewhat to say. Be not troubled, if penance be coming to any of ye, ye shall not go unsatisfied."

White and shaken from his recent exertions and excitement Geoffrey stepped forward, his quarter-

staves who watched their going it furnished material for apprehensive discussion; to Robert Hamworth in particular it caused a deep concern. In his heart he felt now that he, that they all, were equally culpable with Geoffrey—that his punishment should be theirs, yet he knew well that could not be. Geoffrey had fought their battle; his was the prominent figure, and he must be the scapegoat. Robert could think of no way in which he could aid his friend, and his futility grieved him sorely.

Meantime Master Manty and Robin Bowman were retelling the matter to Lord Rumsley, who listened with a wrinkle between his eyes—a wrinkle that might betoken anger or amusement. It was difficult to read the expressions which came over the nobleman's face.

"It hath come at last," said Robin Bowman in the beginning of the talk. "Young Severies and Louterell have fought."

"Yea," said Andrew Manty. "Well I knew 'twould be so for some time past. When thou hast two such youths as these cooped in the same pen thou may'st be certain of trouble between them."

"Tell me the manner of it," directed the earl, indicating Robin with his glance.

"'Twas thus, my lord: For some time past these bachelors have grown arrogant and have somewhat put upon the smaller lads. It hath been clear to Andrew Manty that trouble did brew in his pot, but there was nought upon which to lay a finger in hindrance thereof. We could see with but half an eye that this Louterell was at the root of the matter, and him we watched carefully, yet the outbreak came under our very noses and we were powerless to prevent."

"Ye could have stopped the fight," suggested the earl.

"Yea, we could, my lord, but to what purpose. When lads be in such humor as they; when two young cockerels are ruffed and up-spurred ready for the fight it doth no manner of good to step between. An thou hadst studied youths as I have, my lord, thou wouldst know well how 'tis better to let them fight it out and have the matter well over."

"Aye, Robin," said the earl, "Mayhap I, too, know something of boyhood. But the fight, man, the fight. Am I never to hear how it fell out?"

"It fell out nobly, my lord," said Robin with pride. "Well we knew what was toward, so, ere ever the combat began good Andrew Manty here and myself did station ourselves where we could oversee the matter so that none could come to grievous harm. And 'twas a goodly combat we saw, was't not, friend Andrew? A noble fight, a pretty fight. And, my lord, young Geoffrey did hold his own and more than his own throughout, showing such coolness of head and readiness of mind withal that mine heart did warm toward

him, and often was I fain to have shouted words of praise and encouragement, and so would I have done, my lord, had not friend Manty clapped his great paw over my mouth. Yea, mine eyes have seen full many bouts with the quarter-staff, but never one better to my liking; and when my lad did feint at the face of this Louterell and so draw down his guard to the end that he might plant a sturdy buffet over the young gentleman's ear, methought I should caper with very joy. Never did old Simon Bacon, who was the best cudgel-player in all the king's army, strike a shrewder blow."

The earl sat silent after the recital, his eyes fastened on the far horizon, a glimmer with satisfaction. Once or twice he nodded his head vigorously. At last he spoke again to his waiting retainers.

"Give me your very true judgment concerning this youth," he said.

"He doth promise much," said Manty, who had had the instruction of Geoffrey in the use of knightly weapons. "I believe me that one day minstrels will sing his deeds."

"Yea," interrupted Robin, "An he cometh to manhood like he hath developed in his youth then will it be hard to find one in England, yea or in Flanders or the Kingdom of France who will stand against him single-handed."

"So had I hoped," Lord Rumsley muttered to himself. "So have my prayers been. A champion, a champion. * * * Is he of sufficient age to begin the more serious part of his training in chivalry? Methinks 'tis full time."

"Yea, my lord," replied Manty. "Even now he hath received some little instruction in horsemanship and in the use of lance and sword."

"'Tis well. Let him now receive such attention as candidate for knighthood never before received. Give him thy best instruction. Watch over him as he were precious jewel—as indeed he is. Let nothing be left undone—but let him not know he is noticed above his fellows. Let not his head be turned, but keep him ever honest, ever sturdy, ever modest as true, gentle squire should be."

"Yea, my lord, even as Sir Galahad was shall I make him, an the ability so to train him be given me."

"Well I know thou wilt do thy best, Master Manty. Forget never that great events hang upon this lad—forget it not."

(Continued on page 17)



"Now, Sirrah," roared Manty. "What has thou to say for thyself?"

staff clutched tight in his hand. "'Twas a fair fight," he cried passionately, "and this fellow hath but his deserts."

"What," glared Master Manty. "Darest answer me to my face?"

"Yea," Geoffrey replied sullenly. "In this matter I had the right of it. I fought him, and so, in like occasion, would I fight him again."

"Methinks, young cockerel," Manty thundered, "thy blood is somewhat too hot. Dost think forty-eight hours in the dungeon with bread and water for fare will cool it in some measure?"

"I care not what thou dost with me. What I have done that I am ready to suffer for."

Manty pointed to the door. "Get thee to mine office and there wait me," he said coldly. Somewhat frightened at the tone Geoffrey turned without a word and did as he was bid.

CHAPTER XI.

Geoffrey waited somewhat apprehensively for the coming of Andrew Manty, for, while the rule against fighting among the squires was violated almost daily, there were certain aggravating features present in his own case which he recognized only too well. In the first place the use of weapons, even when they were only quarter-staves made the matter serious; the publicity of the affair made it impossible for authority to pass the matter over, and, lastly, Geoffrey had been so temerarious as to answer the master of squires in a manner that savored of impertinence.

As the time sped on and he still cooled his heels alone his worry increased. What could be delaying Old Ursus? Was it possible he had gone with the tale to the earl himself? This thought troubled Geoffrey greatly. If the matter came to Lord Rumsley's ears, and that nobleman should find the offense particularly flagrant to his notion the young squire might be dismissed from the ranks of the squires and expelled from the castle. It was indeed disquieting.

Had Geoffrey known how true was his conjecture that Manty had gone to the earl with the matter his discomfort would have been many times multiplied; but while an impending ill is as yet only a matter of possibility, or even of probability the boy mind is ever like to be sanguine and think only of the more comfortable event.

Andrew Manty had gone direct to Lord Rumsley, and with him had gone Robin Bowman. To the

Tailor

A Washington Birthday Story

By HARRY W. FIFERLIK

WHEN the announcement was made to the pupils of the Coopertown High School that the annual exercises at the town hall on Washington's birthday would take the form of an oratorical contest, in which the schoolboys themselves were to participate, there was mild surprise. When the further announcement was made that Mr. Jerome H. Gardner, the banker, offered a four-year scholarship in any college which the winner might select as a prize for the best address, there was a tremendous sensation. Immediately every boy in school, little or big, proclaimed his intention of entering the contest. But after the first wave of excitement had abated to some extent, they remembered that Billy Carter would surely be a contestant; then all dropped out but two. Now that the twenty-second was but a week away, they had divided into factions, each faction boldly championing the cause of one of the three and stoutly maintaining that its man would win.

By far the largest body, however, stood true to Billy Carter, for Billy was the brightest student, and heretofore had been the best speaker in the Coopertown High School. He was a jolly, friendly sort of boy of about fifteen, who was not a whit spoiled by his successes and popularity. His father was one of the well-to-do merchants of the village, and could have given him everything that a boy could desire; but Billy, who could never be idle, even for a moment, always insisted upon working. After school and on Saturdays he was invariably busy about the store. He was there this afternoon, hard at work, while half a dozen of his staunch supporters sat about and discussed the contest.

"What college are you going to choose, Billy?" asked Jim Fisher from a cracker barrel.

Billy did not look up. "I'm not so very sure that I'll have a chance to choose any," he answered.

"Well, if I was as sure as you are," struck in another, "I'd be starting to pack my duds already."

"That's right," said Jim. "Neither one of those other fellows can hold a candle to you, Bill. They just won't be in it. Why, when Chuck Miller tries to speak, he gets so scared that he can't get his words out without choking on 'em; and Clark's not much better. Oh, it'll be pretty easy for you, all right."

"Now, you look here," began Billy, as he straightened up from the packing case he was opening. "You fellows don't know who all is going to try. More likely than not there'll be some fellow that you never thought of who'll just beat the stuffing out of all of us."

"But those two are the only others that have said anything about trying," declared Jim.

"That's all right," Billy replied. "But don't you be too sure."

He turned as the door opened and another boy came in and stepped up to the counter. The newcomer was a slight, dark youngster of about Billy's age, but his clothes were old, though well repaired and neat. Over his arm he carried two half-finished coats streaked with basting-threads. He did not seem at ease in the presence of the others, but appeared anxious to get away. The reason soon became apparent.

"Hello, Frenchie," cried one of the boys about the cracker barrel.

The lad did not answer.

"How's your sewing? Got much fancy work on hand?" queried another.

Jim Fisher began to chant:

"Tailor, tailor, sew my britches,
Don't forget the double stitches."

The rest chuckled.

The boy's face flushed; but he made his purchases and went out without a word.

"You fellows have a lot of sense," growled Billy, lifting the tin cans from the box he had opened. "Can't you let the kid alone?"

"Couldn't possibly," answered Jimmy.

"Of course not," another remarked. "Anyway, not a foreigner that jabbars like Frenchie and his uncle."

"Jabbers nothing," retorted Billy. "He talks as good English as any of us; and if his uncle does talk only French, that's no sign he's a fool, is it? The way you people act anybody'd think you owned this country."

"Well, we do own a little of it," Jim asserted, "and we don't want so many foreigners; we've got too many now."

Billy returned no answer, but went on with his work.

Meanwhile the "foreigner" had betaken himself up the street and across the bridge. As he climbed the hill, he had some difficulty in keeping back the tears. He was glad that it was growing dark so that people could not see his face. Somehow the thoughtless taunts had seemed harder to bear tonight than ever before.

When he and his Uncle Pierre had come to Coopertown a year before, he had delighted in the opportunity he would have of meeting and knowing boys of his own age. He had looked forward eagerly to the first day of school. His uncle had rejoiced with him and then—then they had laughed, laughed at them both, simply because the old man spoke only French and sewed for a living. Sewing was generally considered women's work in Coopertown. The boys, with the exception of Billy Carter, had called him a foreigner. As he carried half-finished coats down to the store to be tried on, or brought them back again, they cried out after him, they

mocked his uncle, they jeered. He pressed his lips tightly together and hurried on.

But as he went, he began to think about the school. He loved it, save for the boys. He worked there, he studied hard, for he had ambitions, and he was determined to succeed, to become a power in this great country in which he had lived but a few years, but which he loved. Then a thought struck him—a staggering thought. He stopped quite still to consider it. Why should he not enter the contest for the scholarship? Why should he not? It was open to all. He was not afraid to match himself with any of them, for he felt that he could speak; he had long been in the habit of delivering well-known orations to the silent woods during his solitary rambles about the country. He was a loyal American. He would do it! He would show them! He walked on hastily.

When he came to the gate in the picket fence, he opened it and went up the walk to the door. From within came his uncle's voice raised in the Marseillaise. As he entered, the old Frenchman looked up with a smile. He was sitting cross-legged on his table, busily at work upon a coat.

"Ah, my Henri, you are early tonight," he cried cheerily in French.

"I did not have long to wait, Uncle Pierre," the boy answered in the same tongue, for his uncle spoke no other. He tossed the coats upon the table and put away his groceries. Then he came back



"How's Your Sewing? Got Much Fancy Work on Hand?"

and sat down in a chair by the sewing-machine.

"Uncle Pierre," he said eagerly, "I want to talk to you."

The old man looked up hastily. "Nothing is wrong?" he asked.

The boy shook his head. "I have a plan," he began, "a great plan. I want you to know." Then he told his uncle of the contest, of the prize, of the contestants, and of the opportunity that was offered.

Old Pierre St. Jeanne stitched steadily on, but he was listening intently; and when the boy told of his determination to have a try at the prize, he leaped from the table and hugged him with delight.

"Do I give you the permission?" he cried. "Do I give you the permission? You have need of no permission! Not a bit! You shall take part! You shall speak at the hall! You shall win! They cannot beat you. No! not the best of them. My Henri!"

The boy laughed: "But, Uncle Pierre, I haven't won yet. I haven't even thought of a subject."

"The subject—Ah, that makes no difference. It must be something patriotic. No matter! You shall win! Was not your great-great-great-grandfather of the staff of the great Marquis de la Fayette? Was he not the friend of Washington? Did he not help to found the republic to which we have come? You shall begin now—tonight."

The old Frenchman skipped back to his table and, seizing the huge goose, began to press a coat, clattering the press-boards and talking excitedly. Meanwhile Henri laid the table and prepared the evening meal. But his mind was occupied with the contest.

When supper was finished and the dishes cleared away, he hurried down to the library. There he poured over histories and biographies till the hour for closing, when he took one of the books and hurried homeward. All night long he tossed and thought. Almost at the first he had chosen his subject. He would talk about the great Washington as a man among his men. It would be a good subject, he felt; but he had only a week in which to prepare.

Next day he was at it again, and the next day, and the next. He read, he studied, he thought. He collected a vast supply of material, but it was not exactly what he wanted. He did not care for hard, dry, historical facts; he wanted to know of the man, of his personality.

Always his uncle was anxiously interested. Every time Henri came in, he would ask:

"And is the speech completed yet, my Henri?"

And Henri would answer cheerfully: "Not yet, Uncle Pierre, I have not found what I need."

But when there were but three days left, he began to worry. Suppose his speech should not be as he hoped it would, suppose he should make a spectacle of himself, suppose he should be obliged to withdraw his name from the list which Mr. Gardner held. He began to grow irritable and impatient. Once or twice he tried to begin the writing, but each time he threw down his pen in disgust. The words, the ideas which he wanted would not come. The twenty-second fell on Friday; this was Wednesday.

He came in after school well-nigh discouraged, and sank into the chair by the sewing-machine. Uncle Pierre glanced up quickly with his query:

"Well, my Henri, and is the speech finished?"

The boy sat silent for a long time. When he spoke, there was nothing of the old eagerness in his voice. "Uncle Pierre," he said slowly, "I must give it up. I cannot write it."

"Give it up?" queried Uncle Pierre. "Give it up? But why? You must not give it up! You! You can win; you must!"

Then the boy told him all, trying to make clear what the difficulty had been.

"Ah, I see," his uncle said thoughtfully. "It is not the history that you want. No. It is the story of the man, his being, his soul. Yes? Ah! you are right. That is what will make the great speech. If you could secure—but stay!" He sprang from the table and drew a ring of keys from his pocket. "I have it," he cried, "the idea—perhaps just what you need! Come!"

He grasped his nephew by the arm and dragged him from the room. Henri went in great surprise. They passed through the tiny entry and into the kitchen, whence a steep flight of stairs mounted into the attic of the cottage. They climbed these hurriedly, Uncle Pierre stumbling in his eagerness and Henri following.

Once at the top the old man donned his spectacles and peered sharply about; then like a hawk seizing its prey, he darted into a gloomy corner close under the eaves and drew forth a small, badly-worn trunk. With quick, nervous movements he dragged it across the floor to the window, fitted a key to the lock, and threw back the cover.

"It is long since I have opened it," he said in quick, low tones. "It is an—what you say?—heirloom. It belonged to your great-great-great-grandfather who came with the great Marquis de la Fayette, who was the brave soldier and the friend of Washington. There are letters here. I remember, many, many of them, some from the Marquis, some from Washington himself. There is a diary. Read them—they shall be yours. Perhaps you will find what you want—who knows? I return below to the work." He darted off down the stairs, and the boy was left alone with the open trunk.

He knelt beside it and eagerly began to go through the contents. First he drew forth a garment carefully folded and wrapped in yellow paper. He held it up and shook out the folds of a coat of the blue and buff of the Continental Army. Laying it reverently over a chair, he continued his search. There were a cocked hat, a buff waistcoat, spurs, a brace of old pistols, several little mementos of various kinds, and last of all a packet of letters and a diary. The papers were yellow with age, and the ink was faded. As he unfolded some of the letters, they fell apart where the creases had been; but they were legible.

He began to read—and then he forgot time and place. Straightaway he was back in the ragged little army of the great American; he was living in the stirring years that followed 1776. The afternoon light faded while he read, and he lighted a lamp. He finished the diary and began on the letters; and then from those yellowed pages he seemed to feel the inspiration of the presence of the great commander. He was face to face with the man.

When the last page had fluttered to the floor, he rose stiffly to his feet as if just waking from a long sleep. He went down to the shop where his uncle was working. As he entered, the old man looked up, a question in his eyes. Henri nodded and smiled, then brought his papers; and there on the end of his uncle's work-table he began to write. Again he was far away from Coopertown and the little tailor-shop. Uncle Pierre stitched on and on, and the silence was unbroken. The hours glided by, tolled off by the little clock upon the shelf, and still he wrote.

At last he looked up with a sigh and met his uncle's gaze. He smiled, a trifle wearily. "The speech is finished, Uncle Pierre," he said.

"Read it," said his uncle.

Then he read it, putting it carefully into French; and when he had finished, their confidence soared high. Outside the dawn was making pale the eastern sky.

It was now Thursday, and he had but two days to memorize his speech and perfect his delivery. But

his heart, his very soul, was in the task, and it was not difficult. He did not go to school that day nor the next, for he did not wish to meet any of his schoolmates. They might laugh at him again, and he felt that he could not bear that now. He did not even go into the village, but stayed quietly at home and worked. On Friday morning, however, he took a long walk of four or five miles up the lonely, deserted river road. Here he rehearsed till he felt that he could do no more. He was satisfied. He put all thoughts of the evening's contest from his mind when he returned, and helped his uncle with the coats. Neither said much; they understood each other well.

They ate their supper early and hastened to array themselves for the evening. This was by no means a tedious process, for their combined wardrobe was neither large nor elaborate. Yet they made the best of what they had and were satisfied. Old Pierre, with the stubby whiskbroom, went over and over them both from head to foot, and twisted and pulled and smoothed his nephew's garments until even he was satisfied. Then they started for the town hall.

The streets and walks were slippery with ice, for there had been a thaw during the day and the water had frozen as the air grew colder at nightfall. The old Frenchman clung to his nephew's arm as they descended the hill and made their way along Main Street.

All the village seemed to be out of doors and hurrying toward a common destination, for Coopertown's patriotism could not be daunted by such trifles as adverse weather. Coopertown was nothing if not patriotic. Its citizens were loyal Americans to a man—or a woman, or a boy, or a girl; and they missed no opportunity of doing honor to the memory of those patriots who fought for and preserved the flag which they all loved. In many respects Coopertown was but an ordinary American village, but in the strength of its patriotism it was unique.

When the two reached the hall, it was already well filled. The village band was playing loudly, and people were constantly coming in. Mr. Gardner beckoned to Henri as he entered, and turned Uncle Pierre over to an usher with instructions to find a seat well down in front; then he led the boy into a side room where the other speakers were waiting.

As none of the contestants knew exactly who the others were, the arrival of each had been anxiously awaited by those who had preceded. Now that Mr. Gardner had told them that there was but one more, they looked up eagerly as the door opened. Then Henri St. Jeanne in his worn suit stepped into the room, and the faces of all but Billy Carter broke into ill-suppressed smiles. But Billy was a born gentleman. He came over and greeted the new comer, and they sat down together.

Presently the band struck up anew, Mr. Gardner stood in the door and motioned, and then the four boys followed him down the aisle to the platform. Several gentlemen were already there, and they rose as the lads mounted the steps. The audience, too, stood up to ascertain the identity of the speakers, and a slight murmur was audible as people caught sight of the boy in the shabby suit. In a moment the exercises began.

To Henri St. Jeanne it seemed that there were a million people in the hall. And they cheered and applauded as only patriotic Americans can. He felt his confidence oozing away, he began to doubt his ability—and then he caught sight of the erect, dark-skinned, white-haired old man with the long mustache who sat in the front row. He smiled, and Uncle Pierre nodded sharply; then he was himself again.

He listened attentively to the speeches of the gentlemen, and he thrilled at their glowing tributes to the great Washington. His heart throbbed with the music of the band and with the cheering.

At last Mr. Gardner rose. Briefly he told the audience of the contest, of the spirit which he hoped such contests would inspire, and of the prize. Then he introduced the first contestant, Charles Evert Miller.

"Chuck" got to his feet and stepped to the front; but he was badly frightened. He cleared his throat, began, stopped, began again, paused, and finally launched into his subject. His speech was good; but the effect was spoiled. He received much hearty applause when he concluded, but all knew that the prize would not be his.

Then Richard Clark was introduced. He was self-possessed and master of the situation, and he spoke briefly, but well. Even his most ardent supporters were surprised, and when he ceased, the cheering was loud and approving. But the audience seemed to be waiting for something further.

And then Mr. Gardner arose once more and introduced "a boy of whom we all feel proud, William

Henry Carter." The lad came forward and bowed while the hall resounded with applause. He was a natural and a practiced speaker, for a boy, and the audience granted him the most breathless attention. He spoke of Washington, of the greatness of his achievements, of his wonderful mental powers, of his astuteness, of his generalship. Then he pointed out the great general's equally great ability as a statesman. He told of the steadiness of his hand upon the helm of the Ship of State during those first trying years of its perilous voyage; and of the unerring instinct which had rightly directed that hand so that there had been passed down to the present generation a priceless heritage in the form of the greatest government upon the earth. And when he closed with a stirring exhortation to all true Americans to honor the memory of the father of their country, the applause was deafening. The audience shouted and stamped and whistled; and from the throng of boys at the rear of the hall came a volume of sound that defies description.

bark; they went with him from one miserable hut to another at Valley Forge, and they understood the pity and compassion that were in him for the sufferings of the men whom he loved, and who trusted him; they were inspired by his courage as it leaped up like a great unquenchable flame at Brandywine and Monmouth. They became aware of his patience in adversity and of his modesty and humility in success. And, last of all, when all other support seemed to have been swept away, they saw him upon his knees in the winter woods, pouring out his soul before the Master of Destinies and seeking strength from that Source which never fails. They had forgotten the boy upon the platform as they had forgotten everything.

Finally the voice ceased, and still the spell was unbroken. Then like the distant approach of a hurricane, a roar of applause rose and rose till the hall was in a tumult. Patriotic Coopertown was outdoing itself. That that no more can be said.

The boy in the shabby suit was bowing to right and left. Billy Carter sprang across the platform and grasped his hand. The other contestants followed his example. And the cheering continued.

But at last the storm of noise was somewhat abated. Mr. Gardner raised his hand for attention. He was smiling as he said:

"The judges have had no difficulty in reaching a decision, and I am more than pleased to inform you that their opinion coincides with your own, as you have so clearly expressed it. Before the contest began, I ascertained from each contestant the college which he should choose, did he win the prize. I can, therefore, present to you Henri St. Jeanne, who has won a four-year scholarship, and an appointment when the proper time arrives, at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where, to quote his own words, 'I may learn to become a protector of the nation which the great Washington gave to the world and which I love so well.'" He called the boy forward and laid his hand upon the shabby shoulder.

And then the cheering broke forth and roared and resounded anew; while far down in front an old white-haired Frenchman, who had not understood a word, stood upon a chair and shrieked above the rest:

"Vive la république! Vive la république!"

Henry St. Jeanne is not certain as to just what happened after that. He recalls standing by his Uncle Pierre and shaking many hands. But one thing he does remember, and that is that a veritable horde of yelling schoolboys surged about him and that he heard Jim Fisher's voice saying awkwardly:

"Tailor, we've got a spread all fixed up down at my house, and we've planned to entertain the fellow that won that prize. And, well—er—you're the one, and we want you. Up with him, fellows!"

And then he recalls being swept along on dozens of shoulders while the streets re-echoed with shouts of:

"What's the matter with Tailor? He's all right! Who's all right? Tail—o—r!"

Touches That Leave Marks

Sometimes in the course of my walks I pass a place where, deep in the hard, stony pavement, I see the tracks of a dog plainly stamped. The print of every toe may be traced there. It is easy to pick out the spot where the animal's forefoot rested as he trotted that way. Even the print of the toe nails are there marked in the stone. How did they come there?

One day a company of workmen were laying that walk. While it lay there, soft and yielding, across the walk ran that little four-footed friend. He did not know that he was doing anything that would last. What did he know about the prints he was making in the concrete? Still there the footprints are today clearly defined in the stone. Slowly hardening the cement held the prints, and it will hold them as long as that walk lasts. Marks you cannot rub out. Some one tells you a sweet story of what a soldier has done in the past. Your eyes open wide with interest. Your heart beats a little faster as you listen. Your hands close tightly one upon the other and you go away to dream of the tale which has come as a leaf out of the world's life story. And never will that story fade out of your memory. The mind has grasped it as it fell upon the soft table of memory and now it is fixed there for all time.

Who was it that said that kindly word yesterday? Your heart leaped to respond to its influence at the time. The words thrilled you as you never have been thrilled before. The time may come when you will forget the lips that said the beautiful thing, but the thought will live on and on for ever and ever.



W. W. CLARKE

Billy Carter Sprang Across the Platform and Grasped His Hand.

Billy had won, had taken another honor, and their confidence was justified.

Finally, when the tumult had subsided, Mr. Gardner again stepped forward.

"There is one more speaker," he said, briefly. "I am pleased to introduce Henri St. Jeanne."

The audience stirred impatiently; one or two laughed. What was the use of anyone else trying? Billy Carter had won. The schoolboys had planned a supper for their hero, and they were anxious to begin the festivities. Why wait?

"What do you think of that Frenchie?" queried Jim Fisher in a loud whisper. "I guess he thinks he's going to beat Billy."

Several laughed immoderately. Then involuntarily everyone looked toward the platform. What they saw was a slight, dark-haired boy in a shabby suit addressing the chairman and them with the easy courtesy of the French. He showed not the slightest trace of fear or embarrassment. Then they stared in surprise for he had begun to speak. And then they gasped, for they knew that this was no ordinary speaker, here were no practiced effects; but here was oratory, that indefinable combination of subject, voice, and delivery—the art. In that moment they knew that here was the winner of the prize. They gazed in wonder and then—and then their thoughts were carried far away from the crowded hall.

They were taken into the presence of a man, a man whom they had never before thought of as such. And they were made to know him. They came to know him as his men had known him, with that understanding and appreciation that had led the poor little ragged army to follow him without question. They learned of the personal magnetism that drew his soldiers about him, and they learned of his love and sympathy for his men. They saw him at the retreat from Brooklyn, the last man to em-

"Jest A-Thinkin"

How Bud Did It

By H. B. HOLBERT

BUD WILLIS sat on the top rail of the snake fence beside the long dusty turnpike. He held a jack-knife in one hand and a stick of wood in the other, but he was not whittling. His hands hung limp across his knees. His back was bowed to the position of greatest comfort. His torn hat brim shaded his face so that it was almost invisible from the road. He was in what people call a "brown study," though why that particular attitude should be called brown is a mystery. It is more often blue.

He heard the rattle of wheels and knew that a buggy was rapidly approaching, but he did not look up. He knew well enough that it was Jim Parks driving home from town with a man from the next county, but he had his reasons for not looking up.

The horse fell into a slow trot, then into a walk, and finally came to a full stop directly in front of Bud. Still he did not look up.

"Well, Bud, what ye doin' naow?" called Jim with an unrepresed chuckle. The man beside him spoke in a low tone.

"Oh, shet up, Jim. What ye want to torment the boy fer?" But Jim was determined to get an answer.

"Say, what air ye doin' naow, Bud?" The hat brim came up with a defiant tilt and the boy's dark eyes flashed as he drawled.

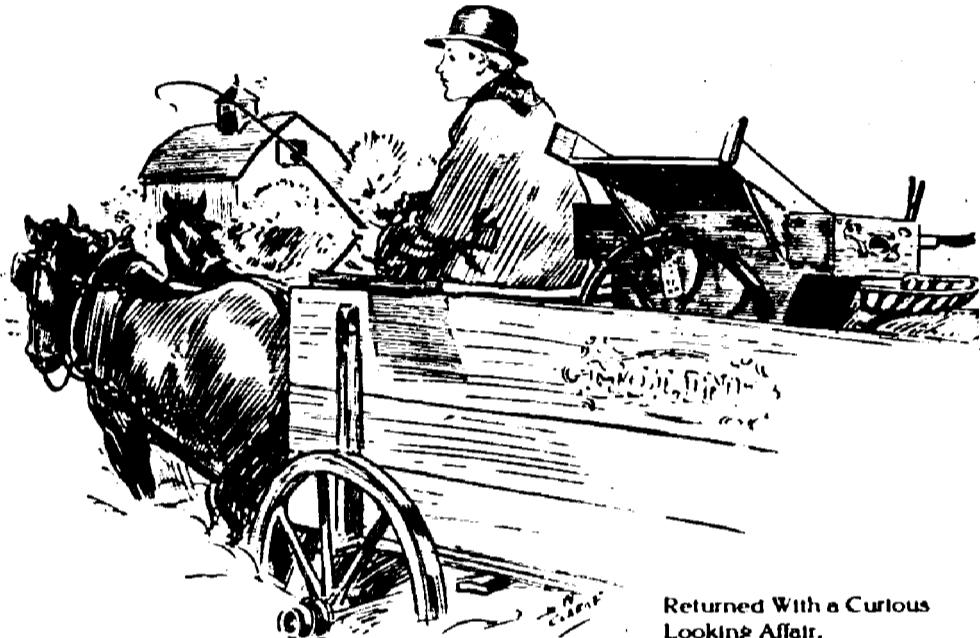
"Oh, jest a-thinkin'." Jim burst out into a roar of laughter. The man smiled, but he leaned forward, seized the whip and touched the horse on the back. The startled animal sprang forward and almost instantly the carriage was lost in

fishing. He was always at it. Half an hour later he dropped down into the road and made his way home. He hitched up the old mare, bade his mother good-bye and drove away to town. He was gone three days. This was another of his peculiarities. He would absent himself at the most unexpected times and when asked where he had been he would only smile and say:

"Oh, jest lookin' raound a little." It was a wonder to the neighbors how the Willis's made ends meet. Eliza Meeks, a confirmed spinster, had tactfully sounded Mrs. Willis at a meeting of the sewing circle and found out that no one had left them a legacy, but that they had to earn a living. As time passed it became a greater and greater mystery. The small farm could, surely, provide only a modest subsistence, even with the most unremitting labor and yet the Willis family seemed to live as well as their more fortunate neighbors.

"I declar' to goodness, it makes me fidgetty to see them Willis's," exclaimed Mrs. Farnum over the bars of the cow-pasture to Lige Hinman, who was passing in his hay wagon. "Haow in creation they keep things a-goin' beats me. My Sam, he works like a mule and saves like a miser, an' yit there's Mrs. Willis comin' aout with a new alpacky last Sunday as pert's yeou please, and a new bunnit to match. My land! I ain't hed a new bunnit fer three years come Thanksgiving."

One day Bud drove off to the railway station twenty miles away and returned the following afternoon with a new plow



Returned With a Curious Looking Affair.

its own dust, out of which came back the sound of Jim's mocking laughter.

Five years before, Bud's father had brought his family from Vermont to this Central New York town and settled on a little farm. The region was largely settled by New England folk, and the change was only in the lay of the land and not in the people. The neighbors had unconsciously watched to see what sort of family this was, for, with the true Yankee, inquisitiveness is wholly unconscious. Nor did the new arrivals resent it. Of course the neighbors had a right to know all about them.

From the first it was evident that Bud was not cut out for a farmer's boy. He had an inborn hatred of early rising. To grasp a long-suffering cow by the teats and extract milk seemed to him the most fatuous thing in the world. To hoe potatoes was purgatory. He did not exactly shirk, but he did everything as if under protest.

The first time it happened was two years before this story begins when the lad was only sixteen years old. He stood in the corn field leaning upon the handle of his hoe and looking down at its worn and shining blade, lost in contemplation. A neighbor hailed him over the fence.

"Hullo, my boy, what ye doin'?" Bud started, came out of his reverie and looked up smiling.

"Oh, jest a-thinkin'."

The second time it was at the village store. Bud stood looking up at a scythe snath which hung from a beam overhead. It seemed to fascinate him. Everyone knew how he hated to mow.

"Well, what ye doin'?" Again the same slow smile and drawl.

"Jest a-thinkin'."

It was always the same. Even in the midst of dinner when others were stowing away the provisions with true Yankee speed, he would pause with a morsel of food half way to his mouth and go off into a day-dream. When recalled to mundane things he would always make the same reply. He was always "jest a-thinkin'." At last it became a by-word among the townsfolk. One or another would hail him.

"Bud, be yeou a-thinkin' still?" One day it came over him suddenly that they were making fun of him. Uncommonly sensitive by nature this truth stung him like a whip. He retired more and more into himself and held aloof from other boys of his own age. His father had died the year before and upon Bud's shoulders rested the responsibility of carrying on the little farm and making it produce a livelihood for his mother and the two smaller children. He did it with fair success, but never with enthusiasm. Nor did he outgrow his habit of lapsing into profound meditation, even at times when the neighbors claimed that he ought to be most energetic.

But to come back to the point from which we started; as the buggy disappeared around the bend the boy laughed quietly to himself and resumed his whittling. This seemed to be his one amusement. He would rather whittle than go

painting a bright red with blue lettering on the side. As he stopped at the post-office for his mail the men all crowded around him to see what he had.

"Oh, that's jest a new plow I got. This farmin' business is too pesky wearin' on me. I got to make it easier somehow. A feller down to Serrycuse showed me this contrapshion and I thought I'd hev to try it once. Dunno's it'll work but I'm a-goin' to sample the blame thing right naow. Ye see, it onhooks on this side and dops around so's you c'n plow as easy on a side hill as on the level. It's them pesky hill-sides bothers me. Seems as if my hull farm was hills." And he beamed about him genially.

"Wall, I swan," said Sam Farnum, examining the plow critically. "It sartainly looks 's if it 'ud do the biz. I want to see haow it works. Goin' to try it naow? If ye be I'm goin' to see." So they all adjourned to Bud's farm.

The plow did all that its eulogist had said and more. Sam sent for one within a week. This set the fashion and before long you could be sure of seeing a bright red spot somewhere about every homestead in the county. But somehow, in spite of the added ease that it brought, Bud became no thrifter than ever. He plowed a day or two and then rested the remainder of the week. He seemed to lose his enthusiasm as rapidly as he formed it. He was plainly incorrigible.

"Naow look at that there shif'less coot, loafin' raound his farm with a spear o' grass in his maouth, doin' nothin'," exclaimed the farmer's wife adjoining, one day.

"Oh, he's jest a-thinkin'," laughed her good-natured partner.

"Jest a-thinkin'!" sniffed the woman. "He'd better be gettin' in them oats. I never seen sech farmin' in all my born days. I as'd old man Perkins daown to the store yes'day whether them Willis's ever paid their bills, and what d' yeou think he said?"

"I dunno."

"Well, he says, says 'e, 'if yeou folks would pay yourn half as promp' I'd be mighty well sat'isfied, the old skin-flint!" Her husband laughed heartily.

"Yeou c'n laugh if yeou want to, Joram Blodgett, but I'd like to know where all the money comes from. They don't make it, no sir, they don't. Say, I b'lieve that when he goes off on them long trips he makes money gamblin'. I do fer a fact. I'm goin' to run over and speak to 'Mandy 'baout it right naow."

"No yeou ain't, Sary Ann. You ain't a-goin' raound tellin' no sech stories 'baout Bud. He couldn't gamble no more 'n a spring chicken. Him gamble! Huh!" So Sary Ann's news agency was nipped in the bud. But Bud Willis went on his way as if no dire suspicions were being aroused in the breasts of his neighbors and friends. A few weeks later as the men were standing about the post-office waiting for the mail to be distributed, Bud broke unexpectedly into the conversation.

"I'm sick an' tired o' cuttin' fodder fer my cattle. I'm that lame I c'n sca'cely



"Don't Bake Any Beans for Me"

Some thousands of men have said that to their wives after tasting a dish of Van Camp's. And a million more ought to say it. For the baking of beans is a long, hot task. It must be started sixteen hours in advance. And the result is a failure in any home oven if digestibility means anything at all.

The proper baking of beans in a home oven is utterly out of the question. Beans must be baked in live steam.

They are baked with the tomato sauce, permeating every atom with a delicious zest. The result is the likable kind of baked beans.

They need twice the heat that you ever get to the center of the home baking dish. That heat is required to break up the food particles so the digestive juices can act. Otherwise the beans, instead of digesting, ferment and form gas.

These beans remain, until you open the can, exactly as they came from the oven. Not a savor is missing, not a flavor is changed.

In the Van Camp kitchens the beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. The beans are digestible.

The housewife keeps them on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They become her most convenient meal.

When Van Camp's are used, baked beans become a very frequent dish. And beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They are richer than meat in food value, and cost but a third as much.

They are baked without crisping, without bursting the skins. So the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

Doesn't it seem that every housewife would welcome such a dish?

"The National Dish"



"The National Dish"

But get the right beans, else you'll be disappointed. Van Camp's are made of the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans—beans all of one size. The sauce is made from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could buy dry beans for one-fourth what we pay. We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours costs. But the result of our way is a dish five times as good. When you once taste this dish you will insist on Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

(100)

raise an arm. I seen in the county paper 'bout a new feed-cutter up to Serrycuse, 'n' I'm jiggered if I don't hev one." True to his word he disappeared for a few days and returned with a curious looking affair which he set up in his barn. The community was on the quiver to see this new evidence of Bud Willis' laziness. All he had to do was to tread on a pair of pedals, the wheels went round and his feed was cut as if by magic. The assembled farmers looked on in wide-eyed amazement. Another fashion had been set and before long every barn was equipped with this labor-saving device. Bud's enthusiasm lasted almost a month, but waned at last and he settled back into his old self-complacent ways.

One day he met Jerry Thompson, whose wood lot adjoined his pasture. "Say, Jerry, yeon ain't thinkin' o' sellin' that there wood lot o' yourn, he you?" Jerry pricked up his ears, metaphorically, but preserved his usually morose manner.

"Why, no, I do know 's I do. Hev ye hearn o' anyone that wants to buy?"

"I dunno; I thought I might make a try at it myself."

"Oh, you couldn't buy that lot. It 'ould cost yeou three hundred dollars."

"No, I'm 'frail I couldn't, not at that price, but I was n-thinkin' that if, say two hundred 'n' twenty-five would buy it I might talk with ye."

"Look here, d' yeou mean thet or be yeou a-foolin'?" said Jerry incredulously.

"Not unless two hundred an' twenty-five is 'foolin'."

"Say, Bud, call it two hundred 'n' fifty 'n' it's yourn."

"No; I might go 'is high 's two thirty-five, but not two fifty."

"I'll split with ye," said Jerry with dangerous eagerness.

"Done," exclaimed Bud. "I'll hev ye the money Wednesday." This purchase was town talk for a week. Where in "tarnation" Bud the dreamer, Bud the lazy, could raise two hundred forty-two dollars and fifty cents was the eighth wonder of the world. But raise it he did somewhere and paid it in hard cash.

Then Bud's vagrant enthusiasm flared up in the matter of churns. Nothing would do but he must have one of the rewfangled kind like a barrel turning on a shaft by means of a crank. It took like wildfire. His enthusiasms were desperately contagious. Everyone seemed to benefit by them except Bud himself.

One morning Sary Ann looked out of her window and saw a wonderful sight.

She darted back to the wood-shed. "Ben, come here this minit. I do believe Bud Willis hez gone ravin' crazy. He's a plawin' up the hull o' his front yard." True enough he plowed it up, harrowed it, smoothed it off and sowed lawn grass seed. In a few weeks he completed the evidence of his unbalanced mental condition by blossoming out with a lawn-mower. Things were certainly getting desperate. But the crowning wonder was to come. One afternoon Sary Ann burst in upon her friend, Mandy Hoskins, without rapping. She plumped down into a rocking chair and gasped for breath. "Mandy was startled.

"Why, Sary Ann, what yeou bin runnin' thet way for? You'll git the heart disease, 'n' yeou know that there heart disease is a torndown thing! What 'd ye do it for?"



Sat on the Top Rail of the Snake Fence.

"What for!" gasped Sary Ann. "What for? I never seen sech goin's on in all my born days. I dropped into the post-office to get a spool of sewin' cotton, number seventy, and as I was a waitin' fer that old slow-poke Perkins to do it up, I hearn Bill Marshall say:

"I got to raise some money on my farm. I bin all 'round and they ain't nobody 'll lend. They all say money's too all-fired tight jest naow. I do know

what I'm a goin' to do. I'm desprit.' Jest then Perkins new clerk says: 'Bud Willis, who's sittin' there lookin' at the m'lasses bar.' Here's a letter fer you, Mr. Willis,' but Bud never hearn 'im. Someone laughs an' says, 'Oh, Bud's jest a-thinkin'.' Then Bud he looks 'round kind a slow like an' says 'e:

"Bill,' says 'e 'haow much wuz yeou thinkin' o' raisin' on that farm o' yourn?' Bill looked at 'im an' said kind-a hopeless like:

"I've got to hev eighteen hundred dollars; why?' Bud thought a minit an' then says, says 'e:

"'Haow much be yeou call'latin' to pay fer intrist?"

"'Baout six p'cent,' says Bill.

"'Wall,' says Bud kind-a shy, 'I dunno but what I kin let ye hev it.'

"'Yeou!' says Bill sort-a dazed. And, 'Mandy, as I'm a livin' sinner thet Bud Willis reached down into his pants pocket an' drewed out a wad o' bills ez big ez a haouse! I swan to goodness ef it wan't and 'e began runnin' 'em over with 'is thumb. Fatty Cutler nigh fell off'n the caounter where he was a settin', and old man Perkins let more 'n two quarts o' m'lasses run onto the floor watchin' them bills. Yeou never seen the beat of it in yeour life. I like to throwed a fit when I seen it. He pulled off eight-hundred dollar bills an' handed 'em to Bill. I declar' to goodness ef the wad he had left wan't almost ez big ez it was before!"

Sary Ann was not romancing. It was the truth, all except the size of the wad. It was not quite as big as a house. From that time on things went from bad to worse. This, too, became the fashion and within three months Bud had a lien upon eight farms in the township.

One evening when it was time for the arrival of the mail stage, a crowd was gathered as usual at the post-office. The stage appeared a quarter of a mile down the road and the driver was seen to be gesticulating wildly and they could hear his excited shouts. They ran toward him to hear the news.

"What do yeou think! What do yeou think! I faound out the hull thing. Thet there Bud Willis invented all them things himself, the hull o' 'em; plaw, feed-cutter, churn and all! They've been a sellin' all over the kentry. I earned it from a chap daown to Serrycuse this mornin'. He's got more 'n twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank. Twenty-five-thaou-sand-dol-lars! Jerushy! He's richer 'n Queen Vic-tory!" Just at that moment Bud emerged from the store and he saw at a glance that the game was up. Jim Parks, the very man who had mocked him as he sat on the snake fence, called out admiringly,

"Say, Bud, haow in the tarnation crick-its did ye do it?" Bud took off his hat, scratched his head and smiled slowly.

"Jest a-thinkin'," he said.

The Boy Scouts of America

The organization of The Boy Scouts of America is an established fact and judging by the eagerness with which the boys are joining the movement America's host will soon equal in numbers that of Great Britain. The executive board found that to keep pace with the progress of the movement new headquarters having larger space than could be had at its former temporary location were required. Accordingly new National Headquarters have been opened in the Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, in charge of the Executive Secretary, Mr. James E. West. Mr. West is peculiarly fitted for this important position. Although a lawyer by profession, he served for some years as Secretary of the Washington Playground Association, organized and carried out the "White House Conference on Dependent Children" during President Roosevelt's administration, and has been actively engaged in many other lines of social work. With new and permanent headquarters and with an executive secretary who has had experience and is in ardent sympathy with the movement, The Boy Scouts of America is assured of success and will undoubtedly accomplish much for the boys of America.

"Our" Column

Continued from page 2

than he does." The only true way to promotion consists in whole-hearted devotion to your duty and in not being afraid to ask advice from those of greater experience nor being too proud to welcome advice when honestly given.

I am perfectly aware that one should not put old heads on young shoulders, and that boys should not be expected to bear responsibilities expected only of men; but the point I want to emphasize is that the sooner boys learn to place duty before mere temporary pleasure, to realize that what they will be and what they may accomplish as men depends very largely upon the honesty of purpose, willing, cheerful obedience and earnest desire to do their very best now, the sooner will come advancement and stability of character.

I had no intention when I started this little talk to say so much in the way of duty and promotion, but the thought of the new year, which is not so far advanced, and the change from the happy life of school to the workshop, factory and office into which I know many boys have gone, led me into the subject; but I trust you boys will receive my little lecture in the spirit in which it is given, with a sincere and earnest desire that you should make the best and highest things of life your constant study and endeavor.

Now, by way of change and in conclusion, I would like to ask how you like Cyrus Townsend Brady's new story, "The Young American Privateers"? Also I want you to look out for our spring and summer numbers. We believe that we have just the very best matter in the way of stories and articles, especially in athletics, that we have ever published. I am sure you will enjoy every number.

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.

Current Events

The New Chief and Associate Justice.

There is a new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. President Taft has appointed Justice Edward D. White to be the head of the Court of which he has so long been a member, and to fill the place left vacant by the death of former Chief Justice McVilleville W. Fuller.

For many years the new Chief Justice was on the Supreme bench of the state of Louisiana, and for several years he was a member of the Senate of the United States. At the present time he is a little over sixty-five years old, and has been a member of the Supreme Court of the United States for nearly seventeen years. The country has signified unqualified approval of Mr. Taft's action in appointing Justice White to the Chief Justiceship.

President Taft has had to fill three vacancies on the Supreme Bench caused by the deaths of Justice Brewer, Chief Justice Fuller and the retirement of Justice Moody. Governor Hughes, of New York, was appointed to fill one of these positions some time ago. The other two are now filled by Justice Willis Van Devanter, who was promoted to his high place from the United States circuit bench, and Judge Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia. Judge Van Devanter, who is now about fifty-one years old, comes from the state of Wyoming, where he was Chief Justice when it was still a territory and remained in that position after it became a state. He was appointed to an important position in the office of the attorney general by President McKinley. He was made a United States Circuit Judge by President Roosevelt. Justice Lamar has seen years of service in the Supreme Court of the state of Georgia. Both of these men are regarded as deserving of the position which has been given to them.

Our Population.

We can now say with truth that the American flag floats over one hundred millions of people, because the last census has shown that the whole population, including Alaska and our various island possessions is one hundred and one million one hundred thousand. On the continent of North America, exclusive of Alaska, the population of the United States is 91,972,266, which shows an increase during the past ten years of nearly sixteen million inhabitants, or about twenty-one per cent.

Carnegie's Peace Gift.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made a gift of ten million dollars to promote international peace. The income of this amount, which will reach half a million dollars a year, is to be devoted to such objects as the trustees shall deem will "work toward the speedy abolition of war between the so-called civilized nations." President Taft has been selected as honorary president of the organization and Senator Root elected temporary chairman of the board of trustees. Some of the best known names to be found among the trustees of this fund are President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University; Hon. Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to England; Hon. Andrew D. White, Hon. Charles-magne Towar, Hon. Oscar Strauss, who

have served the United States in the capacity of ambassadors to European countries; John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, and Dr. Elliot, formerly president of Harvard University.

It has been suggested among other things that the fund shall be devoted to a scientific study of the cost of wars, showing its effect upon business and society. Second, upon a codification of international law. Third, for the formation of a court of justice at the Hague from which there will be no appeal.

The Canal.

Col. Goethals, who is in charge of the work of digging the canal at Panama, makes a statement that the canal will be completed by December 1st, 1913, which will be more than a year before the date set for the official opening; and he says further that the cost of completing the canal will be well inside of \$375,000,000, which has already been authorized.

Danish West Indies.

The agitation for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States has been renewed by the Islanders, and December 6 the government received an address in which petitioners asked that negotiations be opened.

The Danish cabinet, however, is not likely to take the initiative in the matter, because, although the ministers are not opposed to such a sale, their opponents in the rigsdag probably will be able to defeat the proposal, and the government is taking no chances of a rebuff.

Queen Louise, who is greatly interested in the islands, where she has inaugurated many philanthropies, is a keen opponent of any project involving their loss to the kingdom.

Boy's Books Reviewed

The recent conquest of the air has produced not only a large number of books of fiction in which the heroes make use of airships or aeroplanes in prosecuting their adventures, but also have several volumes of a technical nature covering the subjects of aviation from the boy's standpoint. Of these, the **Boys' Books of Airships** by Harry Dalacombe, published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York, and **Model Balloon and Flying Machine** by J. H. Alexander, published by the Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, New York, are among the best. Of these the former is the larger and more pretentious book, both are full and complete, profusely illustrated and giving directions and plans for the construction of aircraft. Either of these books should be a welcome addition to the library of a boy interested in mechanics and aviation.

Captain of the Eleven, by Alden Arthur Knipe, is a school story of adventure, of baseball, canoeing, and vacation recreation which is particularly of interest to the boy between the age of eleven and fourteen years. The book has been prepared with special care and is rather better written than the ordinary book of its class. It is one to which the most careful parent could make no objection. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

To the boy interested in astronomy, **Round the Year With the Stars**, by Garrett Servitt, will be most welcome. It is written in clear distinct language which will be easily understood by the juvenile reader. The author says that it has been his effort to point out the individualities and duties of the stars and to point out how the stars may be found and identified without the aid of expensive optical instruments. He has succeeded well in accomplishing his purpose. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

Harper and Brothers, of New York, have collected in a volume **Mark Twain's Speeches**. The simple announcement of this is sufficient. Few men have been so happily equipped as after dinner speakers as Mark Twain. Some of his quaint humor, many of his best sayings were contained in his speeches. In this little volume are some seventy-five addresses by the great American humorist.

Among the best of juvenile scientific volumes to come to hand this year is **The Young Electrician**, by Hammond Hall. This is a complete treatise of electricity written for the boys. It is prepared carefully, written in language that will not trouble the boy reader, and at the same time seems to be authoritative. The volume is profusely illustrated. Published by the McMillan Company, New York.

Three Hundred Things a Bright Boy Can Do is really an encyclopedia of boy activities. It tells how to make all sorts of things, such as skate sails, canoes and the like; it teaches the lad how to train and to perfect himself for athletic feats, how to camp, how to fish, how to perform tricks in magic; in short, it does exactly what its title says, that is, it contains three hundred things that a boy can do. It is profusely illustrated. Published by J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Elementary Telegraphy, by H. W. Penery, is a little book which treats of electricity acting through the telegraph instrument. It describes parts of the telegraph instrument, shows how they act and discovers their uses. The book is somewhat technical for the ordinary boy readers, but to the lad whose hobby is electricity it is of exceptional value. Published by Whittaker & Company, New York.

The Aeroplane Express, by Ashton Lamar, is a good story, thrilling and crammed with interesting situations. This is a good example of the somewhat strenuous adventure story. Published by Reilly & Britton, Chicago.

The American Book Company have published several little volumes on physiology and hygiene, two of these volumes are suitable for use in the lower grades of school and among younger children. These two volumes are called **Davison's Helpfulness**. The other three volumes are called **Human Body and Health**. These are divided into elementary, intermediate and advance. All are by the same author, Aldin Davison. These books are in their nature suitable for use in the public schools. They seem to treat the subjects, which they cover, carefully and delicately.

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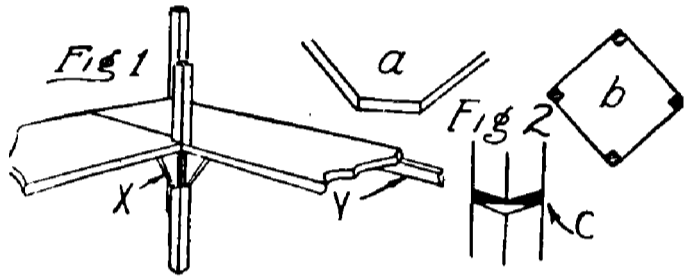
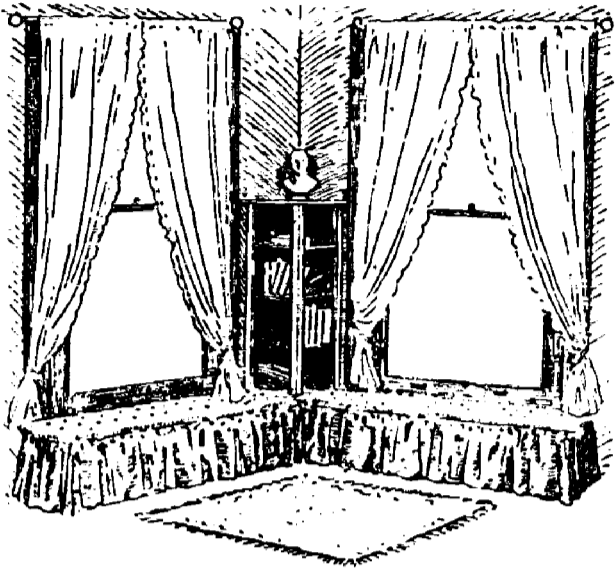
For the Boys to Make

Edited and Illustrated by JOHN L. DOUGHENY

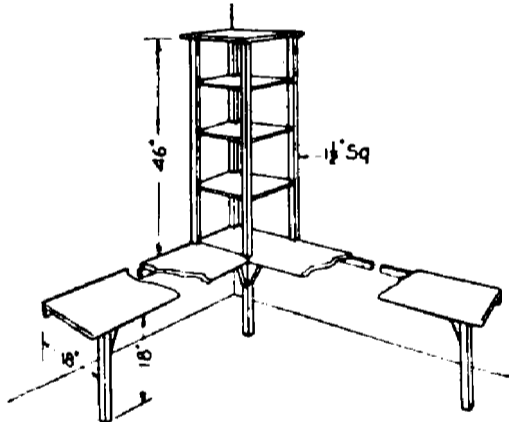
All letters concerning this department must be addressed to The American Boy, Detroit, Mich., and should contain a stamped self-addressed envelope to insure reply.

A Reading Corner

Here is a reading corner that suggests comfort, refinement, and the correct use of a neglected corner. If there is a corner in your house that has the light of one or more windows you could not do better than to utilize it in the manner shown by the accompanying picture. All that you will need to build is the



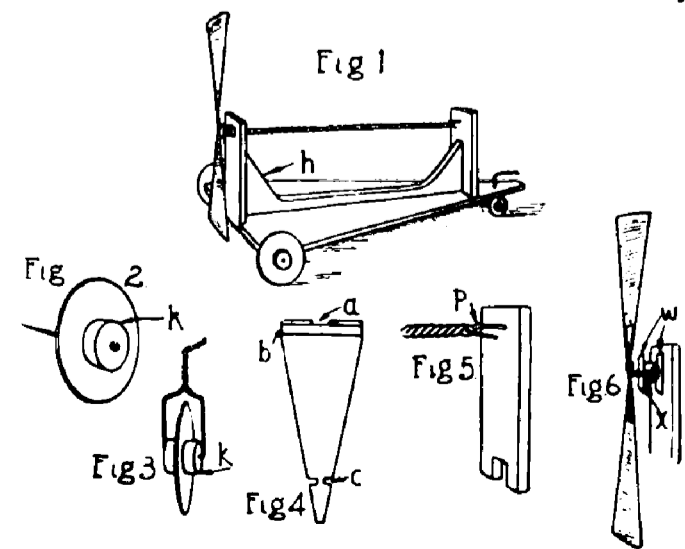
bench seat and the shelf arrangement and if you wish, the latter may be left out. The first thing to do is to screw a strip to the wall at such a height that its top surface will be 17" from the floor. The strip itself should be 2"x2" pine. The boards that form the seat should be 3" wide. As the seat is to be 18" wide you will need two of them to make up the width. They should be cleated together by fastening cross pieces every two feet under them with screws that are not long enough to show up on top. Put as many legs under the seat at the outer edge as you think necessary for the weight it is



to bear. I would suggest that you space them about three feet apart. The shelves are now made. First make the whole thing complete and then set it on the seat, fastening in place by driving three long screws through the rear upright into the corner of the room. It should be stained and varnished to match the other wood work of the room. The seat may be upholstered and a curtain stretched from the top to the floor. I think with the aid of the two pictures you can go ahead and build this cozy corner. Its usefulness cannot be questioned. Its beauty depends on your own efforts. If you are interested in indoor plans I wish you would write and let me know. If I felt sure you would appreciate it I would run one each month. Don't depend on others doing the writing. Do it yourself.

The Wind Wagon

Here is a new and superior type of that interesting toy that has been called the "wind wagon." It is just the thing for beginners in aeronautics to experiment with as it teaches the use of the propeller



and the rubber band power plant. If it has been carefully made the wagon will run nearly a hundred feet over a level surface with one winding. The point for you to understand is that the motion of the propeller flying around pulls it along just as a propeller forces a boat forward by its spiral motion through water, which of course has a greater resisting power and consequently a greater driving power.

So far as I know there are only two positive driving powers known, the wheel on a solid surface, and the propeller in a gaseous or liquid medium. It is possible that at some future time the shape of the propeller may be changed so as to gain power, but I, for one, do not look for such a change.

The first thing to do in making the wind wagon is to cut out a three-cornered piece from a cigar box cover. It should be 5" long and taper in width from one-half inch to 3". Next cut the two upright pieces that go on the ends. Fig. 5 shows the shape of the finished piece. The complete sketch shows how they fit on. The height of each should be 3". Between those two upright end strips we place a long strip to brace them and overcome the tension of the rubber band. Now put on your wheels. The front pair are tin disks bored with a piece of cork on the outside and a common pin for an axle. Each one is made and put on separately. They should move very freely and should rest even. If one is lower than the other the wagon will go in circles. The hind single wheel is made of a smaller tin disc, with bits of cork glued to the sides and a bent hairpin for an axle.

Fig. 3 shows it clearly enough.

The propeller is made of fine wire twisted into shape and covered with tissue paper or silk. It might be cut out of wood. The shaft passes through two tin washers, marked "W" in Fig. 6, and between the washers is a bead, marked "X" in Fig. 6. The head is simply to lessen the friction and gives greater power. The rubber band is fastened to the shaft and to a staple in the rear upright piece. To make the wagon go you turn the propeller until the rubber is twisted tight and then suddenly release it. Some prefer to use more than one small rubber band in preference to one large band. For my part I find one to be about as good as the other. A wind wagon of any size may be made on the same principle, but of course in a really large one you would have to have an engine for power. You may place this toy on a small boat and it will propel it nicely. It demonstrates the great truth of propulsion through the air and besides will yield you many happy hours both in the making and using. I wish you would let me know if you find a new use for it.

Animal Cage

I was going to call this a squirrel cage but on second thought I changed my mind for it may be used for a kitten, a rabbit, a puppy, rats or any small animal. I am rather proud of this little plan and all of you that will utilize it will admit that it is a "dandy." If you read the directions slowly and picture each part in your mind as you go along you will find it easy to understand for any minor point that might escape you will be made clear by a glance at the pictures.

Let us begin at the foundation. It is a large, circular piece of wood, 1" thick and about 3' in diameter. The disk in the center should be about 18" in diameter. The way to lay it out is to tack your flat boards to the barn floor, then with the aid of a pencil and piece of string draw both circles. It is then easy to saw on the marks and cleat the short pieces that go to form the disk together. Cut the smaller disk the same way and nail it in the circle you have marked out.

Now for the upright cage in the center of this base. It is cylindrical in shape. For a frame use two or more barrel hoops and four upright pieces as in Fig. 2. When you have made this frame cover it with poultry netting of fine mesh, leaving an open space at the bottom for a door. The roof is made by bending a piece of tin into the shape of a shallow funnel. In Fig. 4 "a" shows how to draft it out.

Now for the cylindrical cage that lays on its side. One end is a solid wooden circle, the other end is open. The cage is made by running stiff lateral wires from one end to the other. The space between the wires should be about three-fourths of an inch. When you have it completed lay the open end flush against the open space or door in the upright cage and get your measure for the wire by which it hangs in that position. The arrangement of this wire hanger is very clearly shown by the cuts.

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A Boy Scout's Problem

The Best Man in the Troop

By J. T. GREENLEAF

IF the brain behind the eye that was opened by Frank Holden's long finger possessed any consciousness it would have seen an anxious and kindly face peering at the form of a man which lay in the ferns and bushes by the side of the country road.

Kneeling at the feet of the prostrate man was a lad of fifteen, dressed in a very well made and complete uniform of the Boy Scouts of America.

"He doesn't smell of drink and his eye—pupil—is quite active so he can't be very far gone," said Frank as he again slipped a warm hand into the bosom of the ragged shirt that was over the tramp's chest, "and his heart beats quite regularly."

"There's no blood anywhere about him that I can see," asserted the other lad, George Newton, "so it can't be that he is hurt anywhere."

"And he doesn't froth at the mouth so it can't be ep—ep—what did Dr. Archer call it in his lecture?"

"You mean some kind of fits, don't you?" responded George.

"He can't have lain here for long for his clothes aren't wet and the shower is only just over," suggested the older boy, "you got some water in my cup there and we'll dash it in his face, maybe it's only a faint."

"He has too good a color for faints, if I know anything, but I'll douse him if you say so," asserted the lad as he turned back to the roadside and dipped up a cupful of cleanish water from the ditch.

Dipping his brown fingers into the cup, Frank snapped the muddy liquid into the face and on to the bare chest of the unconscious man but the only response that was elicited was one or two quicker respirations.

"Ah, leave him alone and he'll come to by and by—let's go home for it's getting

late." cried George as he turned toward the road and picked up his staff.

"Not much, we're scouts and we can't shirk like that," retorted Frank, "there's something very wrong about him and we must get him out some way; I'll go up to that house in the trees and get some clean water and we'll try to put that down him."

"Oh, rats! We don't have any orders to bother with tramps," growled the scout in full uniform, "and I'm going home."

"He's human, isn't he?"

"I suppose so, but he isn't my kind."

"Then you're no scout," declared the other.

"You stay with him then, and I'll go for the water," affirmed George. "Shall I ask for anything else?"

"Yes, tell 'em about him and maybe someone will come back with you."

As Frank rose to his feet after George had gone to get the necessary help, that eye that had been pulled open could have seen a tall, thin boy, very poorly clad and wearing only the scout's coat for uniform. The face was finely cut, the blue eyes large and clear and the mouth firm and yet tender.

"I'll see how his feet are," soliloquized he, slipping off the worthless old shoe and revealing a well nourished foot, entirely innocent of a stocking so that, "They are warm enough and all right," was the report of the young examiner.

When George returned with a picher and a bottle he was ordered to "Pour in a little water while I open his lips," but the cold fluid ran down over the chin and into the ears of the "patient" and was wiped up by Frank with his own handkerchief.

"If my hands were clean I'd try to find a hole where he'd lost a tooth; and then we'd get him to swallow," asserted Frank.

"I'll take off my gloves and try for that lost tooth if you are going to fool with him any longer," offered George.

A very careful search revealed a perfect set of white teeth and then the amateur dentist suggested: "Let me pull his mouth down to one side and you pour in the stuff."

"Not till we roll him over on his side so it won't strangle him," said Frank as he turned the tramp over on his shoulder and held up the wobbling head.

"Now put your finger carefully in and we'll see," was the further instruction. But the liquid ran back out of the distorted mouth and nothing was gained by that scheme.

"I'm going up to that house and see if they won't let us bring him up there and phone for a doctor—"

"You'll have to get somebody to help carry him for I can't," whimpered the fastidiously clad boy.

On arriving at the farmer's home and telling his story Frank received as a reply to his request, "You can put him in the barn on the hay, but I don't want him in the house for fear he'll bring vermin or some disease or other."

"That's one funny thing about him, he's awfully ragged but as clean as anybody, all but his feet and they are only muddy where his horrid old shoes have let in the dirt," vouchsafed the scout.

"Who is he and what is he to you?" queried the woman at the door.

"I don't know who he is and am only interested in him because I found him down there and I'm a scout and that is our duty."

"To take care of tramps?"

"To do good wherever we can."

"Is that what the boy-scouts do?" pursued the lady. "I rather like the sound of it anyway, but how are you going to get him up here to the barn all alone?"

"If I had a bit of old carpet or anything that I could pin onto a couple of those beanpoles, I'd make a stretcher."

"There's a big horse blanket in the barn you can take, but how are you going to carry him then?"

"It'll need one other, unless I drag him—"

"You get your stretcher made and I'll come down and help," interrupted the woman.

"Oh, I wouldn't like to bother a lady," was the deprecatory rejoinder to this offer.

"Our men-folks are all away and unless you are very deceiving I can carry as much as you," chuckled the woman.

When the bearers of the stretcher reached the farmyard the woman, who

was behind the body of the tramp cried out: "Don't steer for the barn for I'm going to let you put him on the lounge in the kitchen."

"That's awfully good of you, madam," panted Frank as he staggered up the steps with his end of the burden.

After getting their charge nicely placed on the broad lounge in the farmer's kitchen Frank asked, "Will you telephone for a doctor or shall I?"

"I don't like to do it for if this man has no money I'll have to pay the bill—"

"I was going to send for Dr. Archer, for he's the scout physician, you know," interrupted Frank.

"Even then I'd rather you did it from the next house and then I'd be safe," said she with her sensible caution.

"He'll be here as soon as he can get away," reported Frank when he returned from the neighboring home where he had called up the doctor after the usual delays from "Line's busy."

He noticed that while he was gone the lady had changed the position of the tramp and put another pillow under his head so that he looked very comfortable and as he was watching him she asked: "Won't you come into the other room, you and your friend?"

"My fr—oh, George? Why I supposed he had gone home," was the stammering reply.

"No, he's just outside the door on the steps, come right in both of you."

After a few minutes in the comfortable chair, Frank went back to the kitchen to watch his "patient" when the two who remained in the front room heard: "Well, I declare, if he hasn't skipped out!"

Running into the kitchen they found no trace of their man and a cursory search of the premises failed to discover him.

"That's all the thanks you got for helping tramps," chuckled George. "Better look around and see if he hasn't carried off something of value."

"May I use the phone to stop the doctor?" inquired the thoughtful Frank.

"Certainly, it's in the other room, but it's now so late that I think you had better stay and have a bite of something with us before you go off home."

"I'm very grateful for your kindness, but we had something to eat, back in the woods just before we found the tramp and some—"

"Oh—h—oo—oo—ee!" cried the woman, hurrying to the table in the kitchen.

"Just see here, he's taken mother's silver spoons—yes—and the big ones, too!"

"That's what I told you, Frank," chuckled George. "You better not be fooling around tramps."

"Now see here, young man," exclaimed the excited woman, "who are you, and

what were you doing up here in our woods?"

"I am Frank Holden and I live down in town where I work in the factory, and George and I came up here on my half day off for a scout."

"Very well said, but didn't you ever see this tramp before?"

"Never until we found him in the weeds by the road, there," replied the boy pointing out through the window.

"How do I know you aren't a friend of his and haven't—"

"Not when I wear this scout's coat, ma'am. Scouts don't do such things," proudly interrupted Frank even though his lips did tremble as he said it.

"Well, all I know is you got me to take him in and now he has stolen my precious silver. Why I'd rather lose a hundred dollars than have mother's old silver taken," and the evidence of tears began to appear in her throat.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. —"

"My name is Walters, my husband is Henry Walters and I don't—and I don't know what he'll say. You'll have to stay till he comes home anyway, now."

"I'll gladly do that and we'll see what he thinks, for I know it will be useless to try to catch the tramp and I'm all at sea anyway," answered Frank.

"Here, here, you boy!" called she after George, who was going out of the back door into the dusk, "you must stay too for you came up here and got the whisky and the water."

"Do my dress and general appearance show that I am a friend of tramps? I had nothing to do with it, whatever the other scout may have done," was the bold reply of the khaki-clad scout.

"You were with them down by the road and I can't tell, so you'll have to stay," decided Mrs. Walters.

"How soon will your husband be here?" inquired Frank.

"Any minute, now, and then we'll all have supper," responded the hospitable woman.

"Thank you again, but can't I get an armful of wood or a pail of water for you while we are waiting?" pursued the boy.

"Well—no—I rather guess you better keep in sight just now," was the shrewd reception of this helpful offer.

"I'm not going to stay here and be accused of what I did not do," announced George, starting for the door again, "and I'm going home."

"I rather think you'll just stay where you are," declared the solid bit of womanhood in the dark blue calico dress, as she stepped in front of the door with a flash in her grey eyes, "and I'll take the liberty of asking you to go back and sit down."

"Ah, come on, Frank, we're too much for one woman," urged the younger boy, going slowly toward the opposing figure at the door.

"George, you come back here and sit down! Can't you be half-decent? A scout attacking a woman! For shame!" cried Frank reaching for the arm of the smaller lad.

"Is that your idea of a scout's duty? Siding with an outsider against a brother-scout?" roared George as he twined his arm away from the other's grasp with force enough to swing his hand over Frank's face and make a little cut that bled.

Looking for something to wipe it off his cheek, Frank could not find his handkerchief so the lady asked, "Can't you find yours? Here, take mine—it's clean—offering one from her belt."

"It's down by the road where I used it on the man," replied the boy.

"I guess not, for I saw one tucked into the ragged shirt when I turned him over—"

"Hello, what's all this?" burst in on them from a stocky man who entered the door.

"Oh, Henry, I am so glad you've come," cried Mrs. Walters, running to the newcomer. The story was soon told, and after supper, in which Walters and his wife insisted that the scouts join them, Mr. Walters said: "I'm sure I don't know what to say to you fellows. I'm satisfied you had no arrangement with the tramp and yet the silver is gone—"

"I've got a little money saved up," interpolated Frank, "and I'll bring you that toward the loss."

"Why should you pay it? You didn't steal the spoons," was the query of Mrs. Walters.

"And money won't pay for the real loss," added her husband. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got to go to town this evening and I'll take you boys home and then I'll see your leader—"

"You mean the Scout Master?" asked Frank.

"Yes—whatever you call him—and then we'll see what ought to be done."

"I'll take the money?" stammered Frank.

"Where did you get this money?"

"Earned it in the factory."

"Didn't your father give you any part of it?"

"No, sir, father's been dead for eight years and I'm helping my mother with my earnings."


"And you'd give up your savings on account of this tramp's doings, would you?" exclaimed Mrs. Walters.

"Yes, ma'am, I feel that I'm somewhat to blame and—"

"All right, we'll see about that after I have looked into the whole business a little," decided the man as he went out to get his team.

When Frank had told his mother the whole story in all its details, he added: "I'm going to get up early tomorrow morning and take the money out to those people."

"I'm very sorry, but I think you are right," assented she. Then, "What about those books you were going to buy?"



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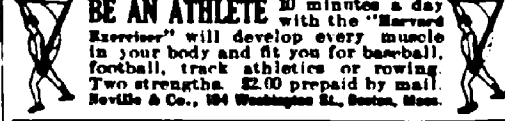
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"They'll have to wait for the present," sighed the lad.
 "And it's tomorrow night that the great man in the scout organization is to be here, isn't it?"
 "Yes, but I won't go."
 "Why not, you haven't done anything wrong?"
 "No, but I failed to do any good and everybody will hear of it and laugh at me."
 "Wasn't there a prize to be awarded to the one of this troop that has done the best work?"
 "Yes, and Anson Williams will get it, for he's gotten a lot of tenderfeet and has done other good work, he deserves it."

jumped over the fence and immediately became unconscious." Here he made a grimace that set his audience into a giggle. "And lay in the weeds by the roadside when the boys came along."
 "Those scouts tried tenderly and carefully to bring me to, even went to my sister's house to get stimulants which they couldn't get down my paralyzed throat. Then one of the pair began to get sick of working over a tramp and started for home, but the other one got my sister to lend him a blanket from which he improvised a stretcher, and then he and she carried my unconscious body up to her house and laid me on the lounge in her kitchen."
 "When the faithful scout scampered over to the next house to telephone for a doctor, I got a chance to explain things to my sister and to give her a little instruction, so that when he got back and said the doctor would be along very soon, she coaxed him and the other one, who had crept back by this time, into another room and then I jumped up, stole the silver off from the supper table and scuttled up to my room."
 "That scout stood all her accusations—and I tell you now she is no summer zephyr when she is aroused—bore the ridicule of the other scout and met the third-degree cross-examination of my brother-in-law when he got to the house, without a whimper or a whine, and only said to it all that he had done his duty as a scout and would do the same thing again, only he'd watch the tramp more closely next time."
 "The next morning he walked the three miles from his home to the farm and brought some money he had promised, to make up for the loss."
 "Hurrah for the boy-scout! Bully for him! Tell us his name; where does he live?" were some of the cries that were put forth by that audience.
 "No, I won't tell who he is for I only wanted to show you what a true boy-scout would do under severe pressure, but," taking a folded bit of linen from his pocket and flinging it out, "here's a handkerchief that I found tucked into the breast of my ragged shirt after I reached my room."
 "What's the mark in the corner of it?" called out some one from the back of the room.
 "It's a triangle with a capital H in the middle," answered the speaker. And then the silence was broken in upon by a sob from a boy whose head had sunk down on his desk into the hollow of his arms.
 Every eye was directed to him for a second and then Williams jumped up on his desk and shouted: "Three cheers for Frank Holden! That's his handkerchief!"
 When the noise of this outbreak had subsided a little, the visitor held up a ten dollar gold piece in his fingers and asked: "Who gets the prize?" The uproar following this question only ceased after the scouts had picked Frank up out of his seat and carried him on their shoulders to the front of the room.



Found No Trace of Their Man.

"I'd go and see him get it, and congratulate him, too, if I were you, my boy," advised the mother.
 At the close of the address that evening in the old schoolhouse the rustle that indicates a desire to go home was quieted at once by the visitor who said: "You know there's a prize of a ten dollar gold piece to be given, besides the usual badge of merit, and there is a goodly number of candidates for its bestowal but there is one to whom I think it ought to be awarded—" Here Frank gave his friend, Anson, who was occupying the same seat a hearty congratulatory slap on his back.
 "But I want to tell you a story before the award is announced," resumed the speaker. "I have a sister whom I often visit, living on a farm in this state and on the occasion of my last stay with her I saw, late one afternoon a couple of our scouts coming across the farm."
 "And, dressed as I was in a ragged old suit, for I had been helping her about the house, I ran down behind a row of sun-flowers, through a piece of corn,

of linen from his pocket and flinging it out, "here's a handkerchief that I found tucked into the breast of my ragged shirt after I reached my room."
 "What's the mark in the corner of it?" called out some one from the back of the room.
 "It's a triangle with a capital H in the middle," answered the speaker. And then the silence was broken in upon by a sob from a boy whose head had sunk down on his desk into the hollow of his arms.
 Every eye was directed to him for a second and then Williams jumped up on his desk and shouted: "Three cheers for Frank Holden! That's his handkerchief!"
 When the noise of this outbreak had subsided a little, the visitor held up a ten dollar gold piece in his fingers and asked: "Who gets the prize?" The uproar following this question only ceased after the scouts had picked Frank up out of his seat and carried him on their shoulders to the front of the room.

The Gage of Battle

Continued from page 10

Immediately Robin and Manty were without, the master of squires began altering his face to meet the circumstances. By dint of effort he screwed his broad good-natured countenance into a sombre scowl and indented awesome furrows in his brow.
 "Think'st I look the executioner?" he asked of Robin.
 "Yea," replied the bowman. "But, an thou holdest friendship for me, be somewhat gentle with the lad. Hurt him not, for, as thou knowest, he is very son to me."
 "Good Robin, I myself have some little softness toward the lad, therefore will I see that he goeth not unpunished for this day's work. 'Tis well that every lad should have a wholesome fear of authority and respect for those set over him."
 When Manty entered his office Geoffrey showed clearly that the delay had lain heavily upon him. Stealthily he glanced at the old squire's face to see if signs favorable to himself might be discerned there, but he gleaned little hope.
 "Now, sirrah," roared Manty. "What hast to say for thyself?"
 "Nought," replied Geoffrey. "Save that 'twas fair fight in good cause."
 "And have not my express commands that this fighting cease, no weight with thee?"
 "Yea, weight they have," Geoffrey said steadily, somewhat stiffening his back. "But if the king himself had commanded nay I must have fought this Louterell. 'Twas an affair that touched mine honor."
 "Honor," scoffed Andrew Manty. "Honor, and who, I prithee art thou who pratest of honor. Perchance I be mistaken and recognized thee not. Mayhap thou art some stranger nobleman who hath been disguised among us. An that be so I pray thee be gentle with me in mine error. Of a truth I did believe thee to be one Geoffrey Severies, squire, a mere loutish boy. Ho! Honor! He sayeth this matter touched his honor," and Master Manty burst forth into roars of Jovian laughter that rolled and reverberated far through the stone passageways without the room.
 "Thou mayest make a mock of me, Master Manty," Geoffrey answered sullenly, "but na'theless 'twas as I said."
 "Lack-a-day, noble sir," Manty mocked. "Alas that any should put affront on thine honor. Verily this honor of thine is a very hot matter. I doubt not, Well, Master Geoffrey, thou shalt have opportunity to cool it, forsooth. An bread and water in the dungeon cool it not, then

will I devise other means to that end. But methinks eight and forty hours in the dark will be sufficient. What think'st thou?"
 But Geoffrey was wise enough to aggravate matters no further by answer.
 So Geoffrey went to the keep on meagre diet and Philip Louterell lay on a cot in the infirmary, nursing a bruise above his ear the size of a pigeon's egg. These conditions made not in the least for friendship between the lads, and the rancor of one toward other increased with the hours.
 Poor Robert Hamworth was inconsolable, and vain would have shared Geoffrey's punishment with him, but that might not be. He did, however, see to it that the sacrifice of his friend should not go in vain, and by bitter speech pointed out to his fellow squires how that they must stand together and cleave to Geoffrey, giving in not at all to the bachelors in their demands.
 "He hath fought for us all," said Robert softly. "He hath the blows and the blame. Let us not, then, permit his victory to go fruitless, or his suffering without reward."
 Because of these things, when Geoffrey was released he found his friends firmly knit together, vowing to stand or fall as one man, and when the bachelors perceived how things were gone, and that it would be indeed difficult, if not impossible, to coerce the younger lads to their desires, they gave over their oppression in the main, and peace reigned once more in Rumsley castle.
 (To be Continued)

A Forest of Stone In Australia

In Albany, Australia, is to be seen a stone forest—in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of gray stone. It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was in full vegetation, and then through some upheaval of the earth it was buried in sand. Little by little water acting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified. The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand, and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.

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(124)

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Popular Science Department

A DEPARTMENT OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PROFESSOR A. HYATT VERRILL

Nature Puzzles and Their Answers

Lariats, etc.

Ralph Channel:—You are in a better position to obtain information as to where to obtain lariats, tomahawks, etc., than I am and there should be many dealers in your vicinity who sell them. Any local cowboy or cattleman could tell you where to buy them. To learn fancy rope swinging is very hard and requires constant practice for a long time. It is easy to describe but difficult to learn and few men can do it. It is not surprising that the rope twisted and tangled. This should be expected with your first attempts. Any revolver made by a reputable firm will do good work and stand up against hard usage.

Wild Pigeons.

Harold Bassett:—I doubt if the birds you saw were wild pigeons; they were probably Carolina or "Mourning Doves." The Passenger Pigeons have been supposedly extinct for a number of years and large rewards are offered for reliable information of their occurrence in a wild state.

Data Blanks.

D. C. Westbrook:—The "set mark" on data blanks is for the number of the set and number of eggs in each set in your collection. If you have but one set of each species this is not at all necessary, but if several sets were kept the eggs of each set should be marked with a "set mark" in order that they should not become mixed or confused. For example, the first set of eggs of a robin might be

| | | | |
|--------------------|--|---------|----------------|
| No. | 20 | Name | American Robin |
| Collector | D. C. Westbrook | | |
| Locality | Near Griffin, Ga. | | |
| Date | May 16, 1910 | | |
| No. of Eggs in Set | 4 | Set No. | 14 |
| Identify | Positive Immature | | |
| Notes | Compound of sand + hay on apple tree 10 ft from ground | | |

marked 1-4, while the second set of four eggs would be 2-1. If still other sets of three eggs each were preserved they would be 1-3 and 2-3. The number of the set (as a whole) in the collection might be 26 or any other number according to when they were taken and entered in your catalogue. Thus your first set of four robin's eggs would be No. 20 set mark 1-1. I have filled out the data blank and publish it herewith to illustrate just how it should be used.

Iron Pyrites.

Chas. J. Fee:—The minerals sent were all iron pyrites. They are very common in many localities and are only of value in large quantities for making sulphuric acid.

Redstart.

Lewis Dean:—The bird you describe that flew into your school was undoubtedly a female, or immature male, of the American Redstart. The adult male is black with white abdomen, orange spots on wings, beneath wings and at basal portion of tail.

Cheap Aquarium.

Wilbur Gersdorff:—You can make an aquarium from a wooden box but it will not be satisfactory and it will be better to buy one from a dealer. They are not expensive. Goldfish may be kept in any glass globe or a glass jar.

Mulberry Leaves.

W. A. Hixby:—The leaves sent are all well-known variations of the mulberry



leaf. This tree is remarkable for the manner in which its leaves vary.

Zoological Books.

Brady Stewart: I will be glad to give the names of dealers who can furnish you with what you ask on your sending me stamped addressed envelope. Yes, the Whip-poor-Will and Nighthawk are called "Bull-bats" but the name properly belongs to the latter. They are easily distinguished by both flight and color. The Whip-poor-Will is rich brownish with a rounded tail and short wings. The male has a broad patch of white on the outer corners of tail. The Nighthawk is dark, dusky-blackish with long narrow wings.

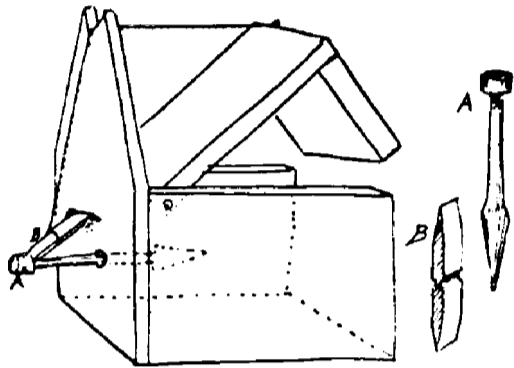
There is a whitish spot on the wing and a bar of white across tail. The Whip-poor-Will keeps rather close to the ground and flies after dark, while the Nighthawk flies high and often may be seen in the middle of the day or late in the afternoon in broad daylight.

Creature from Well.

Gilmer Tyson:—You do not state whether your creature was fish, reptile, or insect, but from your general description I should judge it a species of salamander in the young stage.

Rabbit Traps.

Tom White:—Box traps are the only ones suitable for this purpose if you want



the animals alive. The illustration makes their construction plain.

The Busy Beavers

Because its operations are chiefly nocturnal, so that it is seldom or never seen, and because of its skill in controlling water and in house building, something of mystery has grown up about the beaver, says a writer in Forest and Stream. It is said that it fells trees for the purpose of building its dams and can lay a tree where it wishes to with the accuracy of the most skilled axman. It is said also that it uses its tail as a trowel, plastering the mud on its houses and dams with this appendage as a mason spreads his mortar.

Myths like these will probably have a long life. The latter belief is no doubt encouraged by the beaver's frequent habit of slapping the water or earth with its tail as an alarm signal whenever it is startled. There are many unexplained things about the beaver's life. Long before the white man came to America the beaver was hard at work building his dams all over the country and in narrow and sometimes in wide stream valleys, arresting the water and so collecting in its ponds the detritus swept down from the hills and from the upper reaches of the stream.

As this sediment gradually filled up the shallow ponds the beaver moved to other places, and when in time the dam broke down and the waters drained off, a wide level meadow was left—the bottom of the old pond.

All over the continent in suitable localities, from Mexico north to the tree limit and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this was going on century after century, and in this way no doubt were made vast areas of level meadow, whose origin is now unsuspected by the people who occupy them.—Forest and Stream.

A Dog that Grinds Scissors

A dog named Rover, owned by George Ross, of Carpinteria, Cal., has been taught to turn the wheel that furnishes the power for his master's scissors-grinding machine. The Circle tells how Rover gets on the wheel of his own accord, and mercifully treads, treads, while his master sharpens scissors and knives. The good dog seems to think that it is a game devised for his special amusement, and when business is slack he will run to his wheel and bark reproachfully at his master until Mr. Ross feels obliged to attach the rope which turns the stone and gets to work. Rover never seems so happy as when business is brisk, and he can send his big wheel around and around for a whole morning. He will then sleep for a half hour after he has had his dinner, and then be ready for work again with his master in the afternoon.

Some Misfits

You must not think that turkeys first came from Turkey, for they are natives of America. And the Turkish bath originated in Russia. Nor must you think camel-hair brushes are made from the hair of the humpbacked quadruped. They are mostly of the bushy hair from squirrels' tails. German silver not only is not silver at all, but it was invented in China centuries ago, and is an alloy of some of the inferior metals. Porpoise hide is not made from porpoises at all. People get it from the white whale. Jerusalem artichokes are not natives of Jerusalem, but are a kind of sunflower. The French call them girasole ("flower turned to the sun"), and girasole became corrupted into Jerusalem.

Cork legs are not made of cork, and they didn't come from Cork. The willow tree usually furnishes material for them. Cleopatra's Needle, that wonderful obelisk of Egypt, was made 1,000 years before Cleopatra was born, and really has noth-

ing to do with her. Irish stew is an English dish, and turtle soup seldom has any real turtle in it. Prussian blue, the beautiful color, is not a special product of Prussia, but of England. And so you see we frequently find that our language has names for things that are "misfits."

How a Squirrel Robbed the Mail

The robbing of the United States mail by a squirrel was a most unusual incident. One of the mail carriers in the city was on his regular rounds, and had among his mail to be delivered an advertising card to which was attached a large walnut, inside of which was the matter advertised. A little squirrel seeing the nut, jumped upon the mail carrier's shoulder and, running down his arm with lightning speed, took the nut and card from his hand, and then climbed a nearby tree, where it investigated the contents of the nut. Fortunately, upon discovering that the nut was not the kind it wanted, the squirrel dropped it and the card without damaging either, and they later were delivered to the proper address.

Baby Animals in the Circus

The circus babies are always in great danger of being spoiled. They are the pets not only of circus performers and menagerie keepers, but also of the thousands of sight-seers who visit the animal cages before the main performances begin. Few people realize, says Leslie's Weekly, how rare these baby animals are. It is almost impossible to rear them after they are born. This accounts for the few that are seen in the circus menagerie. The keepers are forced to keep a sharp lookout for kind-hearted circus-goers, who have an insatiable passion for feeding the circus babies anything from pink lemonade to peanuts and popcorn. The circus pets are given as much care as the ordinary child in his nursery. The preparation of their food is a science known only to the animal keepers. The circus doctors watch the moods of the little circus dwellers much as the family physician watches the children in the nursery. As long as they remain playful and mischievous, the doctors say it is safe to presume that the baby animals are in good health. It is only when they show signs of sluggishness that the doctors begin to suspect that some one has slipped in the popcorn and peanuts undetected. In the circus nursery it is well to remember that the sign, "Do not feed the animals," is of the utmost importance, and any one who has any love for the tiny creatures will keep the peanuts and candy for the big grandfather elephants.

Puzzles in Nature

The man of science, like the man of law, has brought before him many an anomaly; but, unlike the judge or the advocate, he knows that the contradictions he studies are only such in seeming. He feels confident that nature at the core is in agreement with herself. Any day, he believes, these apparent contradictions may be resolved into cases of detected law, not simple enough to disclose itself to aught but the most rigorous analysis.

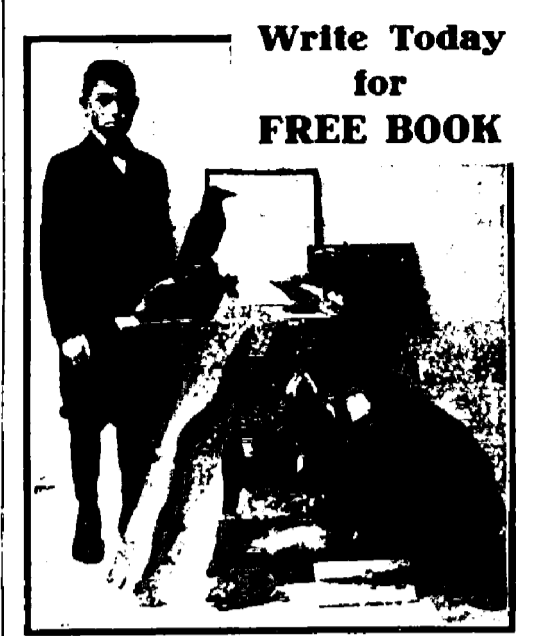
In the realm of heat it seems that certain rules of radiation, conduction, boiling points and the like are general, not universal. In most cases they act as if alone; in a few cases their effect is masked by causes as yet not understood. Let a few cases as perplexing as that of the alloys under refrigeration be briefly recounted.

Common solder has a lower melting point than any of its ingredients. Sulphur fuses at 120 C. and thickens again at 220 C. When steel is heated and dipped into cold water it is hardened; the same treatment softens copper. While almost every substance expands with heat, rubber shrinks. In most cases electrical conductivity is impaired by increase of temperature, yet a carbon pencil rises to an almost three-fold augmentation of conductivity when brought to incandescence in an electric lamp.

We may be well assured that when these anomalies are resolved the explanations will bear in their train other difficulties for research yet more subtle. Science never does worthier work than where, as here, she points to her own unfinished walls and bids the student as a privilege and a duty to supply their gaps as best he may.

"All musical people seem to be happy; it is the most engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."—Sidney Smith.

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The Millbrook Contract

How It Was Carried Out

By XENO L. PUTNAM

THE anxious frown that had clouded the face of David West for more than a week, slipped gracefully into a smile of confidence as he joined his young wife at the door and looked across the water, shining in the morning sunlight.

"It is coming out all right at last," he said, slipping his arm about her. "The water has gained six inches at least, during the night, and a couple more days will finish the job. 'Twas a narrow margin, though, and it will be the last time I will ever take a contract as big as that, with only a matter of hours between me and absolute ruin. If that water supply had failed—"

He finished the sentence with a shrug of his shoulders and then drew the rosy-

they left the dusty mill and sought the shade of a convenient tree; still, there was a confidence in their steps that had not been there for weeks. By another noon, if all went well, the contract would be finished,—and the water was going to hold out.

It was Jim Blake, the foreman, who first scented danger and turned his face toward the brown-black column mounting straight into the air a mile below them and spreading over the parched valley like a volcano waking into life. He sprang to his feet and for a minute silently watched it spread out, speechless with a half-formed fear; then he cried in sudden horror:

"Boys, the Mill Creek flats are on fire,—and the wind in the East. Do you know what that means?"

Did they know? Didn't they? They were safe enough up there, with a good half-mile of green fields between; but down in the valley, where nestled half a dozen farm houses, the entire stretch would soon be in flames from bank to bank and, unless the wind shifted, the village just below was doomed. It meant a score or two of homes destroyed, the season's work of an entire community wiped out, the loss of lives unless the people of the village abandoned their houses very quickly and fled across the marshes to the hills beyond. Then one of the men cried out:

"My God! The marshes are on fire. The town is cut off."

It was the awful truth. The bone-dry underbrush and hemlock branches, burning spitefully, had managed to communicate with the dried-up grasses of the marsh and a broad belt of rolling fire swept the little valley until every possible avenue of escape was cut off. Was there nothing,—nothing at all, that they could do?

David West, coming out from his dinner, stood for a moment in the doorway, scanning the sand margin of the pond; then his eye caught the fire and he rushed frantically toward the mill. As he neared the dam he stopped short, struck by an idea that at once commanded and oppressed him. Should he do it? It meant the destruction of his last hope but it meant life to those people below,—and duty.

"The dam! The dam!" he shouted as he ran. "We must cut the dam and flood the valley. It's their only chance."

The men sprang frantically forward to obey but in the midst of the excitement Jim Blake laid his hand upon West's arm. "Davy, boy," he said, "do you realize what this will mean to you; to the young wife?"

"Yes, failure." There was a half sob in the young contractor's voice as he hurled back the word, as though determined to face the worst once for all. Then he shouted to the men:

"Quick, one of you get over to the woods and call in the teams; we need their help here at the dam. I'll ride to the crossing below the marsh and throw a dam across the channel to spread the water all we can. Unharness those horses, and ride for your life!"

One of the lumber teams that happened to be in the yard was already half-stripped of its harness but before either of the men could mount Dave's wife came up to him leading her own pet saddle horse.

"Here, Dave, take Dick, and Heaven help you. I'll ride the other horse to the woods myself. The men are needed here."

Already Blake and his men were tearing at the great earthwork behind which lay tons upon tons of imprisoned water. Through the thickening haze of smoke they saw the woman dash away for the men and teams. The valley below had disappeared in a black wall of smoke from the midst of which an occasional column of flame shot a hundred feet into the air. They could even hear a little of the uproar, the crashing timber, the roar of triumph, and they fell with new frenzy at that wall of earth. Would it never give way? Again and again they wrenched at the firmly imbedded timbers that their hands had brought to light. That sheet of flame below them was awful. Could anything check its fury? Ah! It was coming at last. The dry earth un-



Scanned the Yellow-White Margin With Growing Dread.

checked girl at his side indoors to breakfast.

The artificial lake before the door was shimmering silver. Around three sides of it a band of yellowish white sand divided the glistening surface of the water from the green slope by an unusual margin that had been gradually widening during the long-continued drought and at the same time adding wrinkles to the frown of the young contractor. Weeks before, while weather and streams were normal, he had very unwisely stepped in where his older competitors feared to go and taken a big contract that would tax the full capacity of his mill to almost the last minute of the time allowance. The price for the work, if he succeeded, would be his making, but failure carried with it a forfeiture which would take every dollar he possessed,—and the contracting parties were merciless.

Young West had not considered the possibility of failure. With characteristic energy he had gathered up the necessary men and teams for the outside work, then gave his full attention to crowding the mill to its full capacity. For disappointments, breakage, and the usual delays that go with lumbering, he made allowance. Cables were spliced, pulleys rehung, belts laced and the dozens of odd repair jobs done, often with his own hands, as far as possible out of working hours, in order that nothing might interrupt the steady grinding of the saw against the timbers. Then came the greatest danger of all, and the one against which he could do nothing—the drought.

Every morning he scanned the yellow-white margin with a growing dread. Every evening, after the drain of the roaring wheel had ceased, he measured the widening belt and made his inward calculations,—and the result had not been re-assuring. Indeed, his concern over the water supply became so great that he almost forgot the race that his men were running against time. That race could be won by hard work, over-hours, anyway. It would have to be won; but the falling water,—against that he could do nothing, and there was no longer time to install some other source of power.

Twice within a week inspectors had been up from the contracting works to look over and estimate with critical eye how many thousand feet the growing piles still fell short. On the last visit one of them, noting the falling water, remarked that the place was as good as forfeited; that the contract could not be completed.

But Mill Creek was not entirely out of commission and every night the stream repaired a part of the damage that the mill had done the previous day. The gain was never great, but the job was nearly finished and, as West skirted the sandy margin of the pond on his way to the mill, he measured the breadth with his eye and the smile deepened. It would carry him through,—by a narrow margin. There could hardly be six inches to spare above the inlet to the flume. The pond itself was deep,—much deeper than necessary,—but a faulty construction of the mill made only a few feet of its surface available, and to remodel the plan in so short a time was out of the question.

The day grew hot and sultry, as it advanced; a record-breaker in the midst of an oppressively hot month. There was not a cloud in the sky. Not even a leaf was moving,—nothing excepting the smothering belt of dust which rolled heavenward as one of the lumber teams or an occasional automobile passed. Everything drooped and burned under the torturing heat. By noon the men, sweltering, tired and hot, moved listlessly as



Tugging and Twisting at the Half-burned Branches.

der their hands became suddenly moist—a deluge of dissolving mud and then— A great boulder, partly bared, came rolling toward them. The timbers bended and loosened great flakes of sod on either side of the cut. The whole wall crumbled, bulged, then opened out like the gates of a great lock, while the men, climbing desperately, struggled up the bank to



Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should be courteous

when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

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safety, then turned and looked back at their own work. It was a wild sight, that mass of moving water, and in the midst of it those great lumber piles, their summer's work, were surrounded, toppled over, swept away like bits of paper. For once in his life Dick had his way and made the most of it as his desperate young rider guided him back to the road and headed him toward the endangered village. Without the rebuke, without the usual pressure of restraint, he lowered his head and ran as he had not had the opportunity to run since gathered as a colt from his native bluegrass pastures. Halfway down the valley a new dread came to Dave. Could he save the village after all? If the flood proved great enough to reach the marshes it would sweep the town also with a force almost as destructive as the fire. There was but one way to prevent that; one point where Mill Creek might be deflected above the town into the burning flats,—if he could reach it. Could he? There was just a bare chance. He would try a bridle path directly through the burning forest. Mill Creek poured through a natural barrier by a narrow channel and there was always driftwood above it in abundance. Without even stopping to consider the chances well, he pulled his cantering horse from the main road into this forest path.

The stones and roots along the route, uncovered by time and travel, made the surface rough and dangerous at the speed he was taking it, but Dick was true of foot and never stumbled. The overhanging branches lashed about his face with stinging force but he hardly noticed that at all. At his right, and not very far ahead, he could hear the crash of falling timber. The smoke, settling in among the heavy evergreens, was suffocating and for a time shut out the light so completely that he closed his eyes and trusted entirely to the instinct of the horse; then a current of hot air scorched his cheek and he opened them to find himself facing a blinding glare of light. The fire was directly across his path.

There was no time to turn back, and no purpose to serve excepting for himself. Hastily pulling his horse over to the left he plunged into the thick woods, breaking his way through little gulleys. Sometimes they and trusting once more to Dick's keen intelligence. Sometimes they plunged through little gulleys. Sometimes they sprang across the trunk of a fallen tree. Often a great branch that he could not

(Continued on page 20)

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Chicken Farming on a City Lot

For the Boys, the Girls and the Grown-Ups

Part II.—Locality and House

By M. E. JENNINGS

ANY locality that is reasonably dry is available for a chicken ranch. Many boys and girls, and older people for that matter, do not go into the business because they are told that where they live is not suitable for such a venture. There is just one thing that we must guard against in this connection—poultry will not thrive on ground that is "springy" or continually damp.

A bird is like a human being in this respect. Dampness begets rheumatism and we all of us have seen people afflicted with this exasperating disease. We can readily decide if we had a hen in such a condition she wouldn't be worth much to us financially. Other troubles peculiar to poultry also arise from wet grounds.

The ideal location is on a slight raise of ground from which, when it rains, the water will quickly disappear leaving our stock dry. But if we haven't just the proper ground we should not be discouraged. We'll make the best of what we have by remedying nature's defects. A few barrow loads of dirt will do wonders along this line.

A few years ago poultrymen thought it necessary to keep their stock very warm—not in fact. Many of the so-called "progressives" installed steam and other heating apparatus, similar to that used in greenhouses.

That they were on the wrong track was soon demonstrated by the hundreds of weak, worthless chickens produced. The original hen was a wild bird and her descendants didn't take kindly to hot-house tactics. Then the breeders went to the other extreme, with the result that they succeeded.

Keep a direct draft off a bird and no matter how cold the weather she'll be happy and contented, provided of course she is well fed. If we have a movable house we should have it facing the south in the winter and the north in summer.

Of course in our backyard we might want our house to face a certain way for the "looks" of the thing. In this case we would have to use our judgment as to whether we were injuring our chances of success or not.

If we have a tree in our yard we must utilize it in our chicken business at all cost. It will keep off the cold winds in



A Trio of Prize Winning White Wyandottes.

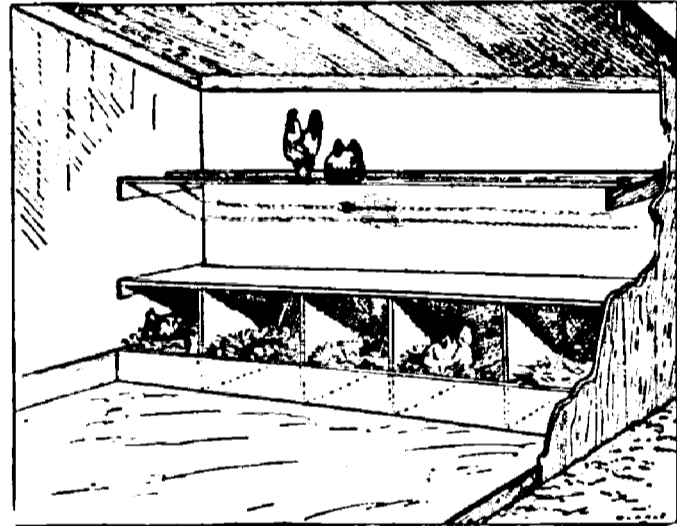
The window in the front of the building is placed well up toward the roof so that the sun can penetrate to the remote corners and is protected on the inside by a wire screen which prevents the birds from flying out. The hinged glass frame can be opened and closed at will as protection from intense cold or stormy weather.

Inside the window and working over the wire screen on the same principle as the roller shade in our house is a cheap muslin curtain which may be pulled down when the window is opened in cold weather. This serves to keep a direct draft off the birds and at the same time gives plenty of ventilation. Even in the very coldest weather the window should not be entirely closed for the birds must have fresh air and lots of it. We are more apt to protect them too much than too little.

This house has no floor and is well banked on the outside in the winter to prevent rain and snow from coming in. In the summer it doesn't make so much difference. During the warm weather we replace the wooden door by a screen, which in conjunction with the open window, gives plenty of ventilation.

The floor space is divided in half the long way. To do this a six inch board twelve feet long is set on edge and tacked into place. One-half of this space we will use for a straw litter and the other for the dust bath and scratching place for our birds. The partition is for the purpose of preventing the straw being scratched into the dirt and vice versa.

Below the window will be seen a small door for the ingress and egress of the birds, for we will probably have a few feet of ground at least aside from that occupied by our house.



Roost and Nest Construction.

the winter to some extent. But in the summer its value is incalculable. It shades the runway and house on the blistering hot days while it also attracts bugs and insects which become the prey of the birds.

If we haven't the tree we can do the next best thing—plant wild cucumber or morning glory. These vines will climb all over the house and on the wire fence of the runway and add not only to the health of the birds but to the general artistic appearance of the "lay-out." In this manner we may sidestep criticism from any members of our family who are not quite sure they like our line of business.

And by the way, here is a good chance to sound a note of warning. There are neighbors and other neighbors. Some like chickens and some don't. To avoid trouble be sure that your fowls don't get into your neighbors' yards, eat up their gardens and do other damage.

If you don't take this precaution you can't blame your neighbors for kicking. Also keep your place clean and sanitary. Then the health officers won't get after you.

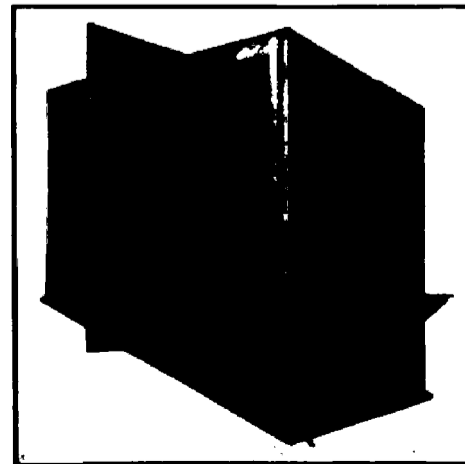
It's really best to keep on the right side of everybody within several houses from you, then some time when your pet cock bird starts crowing at three in the morning you'll have some chance of keeping him and not be haled into court for maintaining an alleged nuisance.

The house shown in the accompanying illustration is twelve feet long and eight wide. It is 6½ feet high in front and four feet high in the rear. As far as practicability is concerned we might make it a trifle lower, but if we did so the chances would be that after we had bumped our heads a few times we would be sorry.

The building is constructed of ¾ inch matched poplar siding. In the illustration "construction" it will be seen that the siding is simply nailed onto 1x3 inch strips. The roof, which is 6 inches larger all around than the building proper is made of plain boards, which are then sheathed over with roofing material, of which there are several good brands on the market.

After we have completed our four sides and roof separately, we set the sides up, then put the roof on. We can either use nails or hooks, the latter in case we expect to move our plant to some other locality in the future.

If, when we get our house set up we find that there are any small cracks we can easily cover these with building paper on the inside. The cut of the completed building shows how the door and window are hung.



In Ideal Poultry House.

better yet wire nests can be purchased and screwed up to the back of the structure. If wooden nests are used a board should run across the entire front of them 2 inches higher than the bottom. This serves to keep the straw in. This is not needed with the wire nests.

If we place the roosts 12 inches below the roof, the drop board 6 inches below the roosts, allow 12 inches for height of nests we have left out of our 4 feet height 18 inches underneath which allows our birds to have just this much more space than if the nests were placed on the ground.

We are going to keep twenty hens and a cock bird in this house that a few years ago would not have been considered large enough for ten. In the next article of this series we will tell how we care for and feed our birds.

Part III of this series entitled "Feeding and Care of Birds" will appear in our March number, Part IV on "Incubation, or Hatching," in April, and Part V on "Profits and Timely Hints" in May.

The result of our Poultry Prize Contest will be announced in our March number together with the publication of the prize articles.

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This illustration shows the double walls with air space between.

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What Has Happened in February

By L. LAMPREY

If we inherited the nose-memories of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors we should begin to smell cabbage when February comes around—the curly-leaved cabbage that does not grow in a head and is called kale. The old name for February was Sprout-kale, because in misty England the kale begins to grow at that season. Primroses, too, scatter their pale gold over the English meadows in February, and that month holds a festival for village children, called "primrose-gathering." Another name for the second month was "fil-dyke," since the dykes, dikes or ditches were filled in that month by the melting snows. Old rhymes say,

"February fill the dyke
Either with black or white,"
and again:

"If it be white (that is, with snow)
It's the better to like."

If you had happened to be a small boy in Bradford or any of the other great wool-weaving towns of England on February 3, you would be sitting early on a convenient wall or bit of roof, waiting for St. Blaise's procession to go by, unless, indeed, you were so fortunate as to be the son or apprentice of one of the great wool-merchants, when you would ride in the procession yourself. St. Blaise was chosen as the patron saint of the wool-merchants and all their folk, for the curious reason that when he was martyred his flesh was said to have been torn with an iron comb, or card. Thus his feast day was their holiday. First came the masters of the weavers, on horseback, in their finest clothes, with a good deal of scarlet about them, then their sons on horseback; then the apprentices on horseback; then persons dressed to represent the king, queen and royal family and their courts; then some one dressed to act Jason with his golden fleece; then Bishop Blaise, and then the shepherds, shepherdesses, wool-combers, dyers and everybody else whose business was making woolen cloth. These processions were kept up as late as 1825.

We find that the uncle of Lawrence Washington, the ancestor of our first President was a wool-merchant, and that he seems to have invited his nephew, Lawrence, the lawyer, to take charge of the legal part of his business. There was a Sir Henry Washington in those old English days of the Washington family who bravely led a storming party at Bristol and defended Worcester, and he must have been a resourceful kind of man, because for some time after his day it was a proverb in the army, when anything difficult came up to be done, "Away w' it, quoth Washington."

The arms of these English Washingtons show three five-pointed stars and red and white stripes, which may very easily have been the beginnings of our own Stars and Stripes.

A very different procession from that of the wool merchants of St. Blaise passed through the outskirts of London one February day—February 27, 1558. The first Russian ambassador ever sent to England had lately landed and was coming up to court. His name was Osep Napla, and we may imagine how the whiskered Russian noblemen looked about them at the quiet English country, so different from their own wild steppes and their domed city of Moscow, then the capital. Great hopes were entertained by the London merchants that they might get profit from trading ventures to "Muscovy" and before the strangers reached the city gates they were met by eighty merchants a-horseback, wearing gold chains and other sixteenth-century finery, who showed the strangers a little fox-hunting on the way to London. When they came to "Smithfield bar" the Lord Mayor himself, was there to welcome the party, with aldermen in scarlet, and the merchants had already given the ambassador a fine horse, with a "sumpter-cloth" or saddle cloth of crimson velvet. On his part the Russian brought as gifts for the king and queen (Philip and Mary) many sable skins, and four live sables with chains and collars, thirty "luzarnes rich and beautiful" (an old name for the lynx), six "great skins such as the Emperor wears himself," which were probably bearskins, and a great gyr-falcon, with a silver drum to call the bird. And so they went to their lodgings in Fenchurch street. When the Ambassador left England on May 3, he took with him as gifts from Queen Mary to the Emperor, of all things, a pair of lions.

More than a hundred years later—February 14, 1797—there was a fight between the English fleet under Sir John Jervis, and the ships of Spain. The Spaniards were badly beaten, owing perhaps to the cunning tactics of Sir John. The sailors of the English fleet had been discontented and troublesome, and threatened mutiny, whereupon the shrewd admiral took them to sea for six weeks where he could keep them out of mischief without anybody's interfering with him. He took pains to feed them well and work them hard, and as he said afterward, he knew they would be all right if he could keep them from mutiny till there was a fight with Spain. Perhaps their bottled-up discontent made them the livelier, when the battle began off Cape St. Vincent. At any rate, the English fleet gained plenty of glory, especially one Horatio Nelson who captured the Spanish ship the San Joseph and took prisoner her admiral, Don Xavier Francesco Wintheysen. The Admiral's sword is now hanging in a glass case in the city of Norwich with the letter that Nelson, who was a Norfolk boy, wrote to the Mayor when he sent the trophy. And when the news of the victory and the gorgeous sword arrived in Norwich, were there not little groups of old neighbors of the Nelson family coming in to see it? And did they not begin every story with "I knew him when—" Probably they did.

It is a long way from the first of Nelson's victories to the Arabian Nights, but the translator of those immortal tales was a Frenchman, born in February. He was Antoine Gallaud, and came into the world February 17, 1646. So far as we know this translation was the only important work he did, although he must have known a great many other things in order to dig those marvelous stories out of the original Eastern tales. All Paris was reading them before long, for about that time there was a great interest in things Eastern, all over Europe. Tavernier, the king's jeweler, had been to India and seen the treasure of the Great Mogul, Chinese silks and carvings, were coming into the houses of the rich and great, and the wonderful Orient was a kind of fairyland about which people were never tired of talking. But there was one thing to which the quick-tongued Parisian readers objected in M. Gallaud's stories. They all began just as the first one did, with a conversation between Queen Scheherazade and her sister, and it made too much sameness. So one cold midwinter night a party of French students came to the Faubourg St. Jacques and pounded on M. Gallaud's door. He came out on the balcony in his dressing-gown and nightcap, considerably scared, and asked what the matter was. The students began:

"Dear M. Gallaud, if you are not asleep, we pray you, while the day is about to break, that you will tell us one of those pleasant stories which you so well know."

M. Gallaud took the hint and his next translations said nothing about the queen's conversations with her sister.

It was just a hundred years ago, on February 1, 1811, that the light first shone out from the tower of the Bell Rock Lighthouse on the coast of Scotland. This lighthouse was built on what used to be known as the Inchcape Rock, where Sir Ralph the Rover, Southey's poem, came to grief because he destroyed the bell hung there by the good Abbot of Aberbrothok. In 1799 seventy vessels were wrecked on the coast of Scotland in the neighborhood of this savage old rock, to the eastward of Dundee. It is said that all the material for the building of this lighthouse was drawn by one horse, owned by a laborer named James Craw of Arbroath and the faithful old animal was brought not long afterward by the Lighthouse Commissioners and allowed to graze peacefully about the island until he died of old age. His skeleton is now in the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, in a glass case labeled, "The Bell Rock Horse." This lighthouse, like many others in Scotland and England, was built by Allan Stevenson. Sir Walter Scott visited it and wrote his name in the Visitors' Book with this verse:

"Pharos Loquitor
"Far on the bosom of the deep
O'er these wild shores my watch I keep.
A ruddy gem of joyful light
Round on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my luster hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail."

ADVENTURES OF THE TABS



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The Corning Egg-Book is the great guide-book for back-yard chicken-raisers. It tells how two city men in poor health, with no experience, starting with thirty hens, built up in four years an egg business which in one year, with 1953 hens, made an average profit of \$0.41 a year per hen. These men learned how to make hens lay the most eggs in winter, when they get 60 and 70 cents a dozen. This book tells how they found the best breed, why they raise only white-shelled, sterile eggs, how they keep hens LAYING ALL WINTER, when they hatch chicks to do their best laying in January, how to mix the feed that produces most eggs, and how their whole system works to that one end,—eggs, eggs, EGGS. It gives photographs and complete working plans of their buildings, which you can build IN SECTIONS, large or small as needed.

Curtiss Poultry Book tells how Roy Curtiss, a farmer's boy, starting with a few neglected hens, has built up at NIAGARA FARM one of the best-paying poultry plants in the world. Roy agreed that if his father would furnish feed, he (Roy) would supply eggs and chickens for the farm table, and all left over went to belong to him. In two years Roy was using so much feed that his father had to cry quits, but the boy kept right on. His brother joined him, and the business grew and grew. But they had no guidance, and had to learn by their own mistakes. Such a guide as the Curtiss Poultry Book would have saved them thousands of dollars. This capital book was written right at Niagara Farm by the veteran poultryman, Michael K. Boyer. He says he never saw a general poultry plant so well managed. Every day shipments go off, every day money comes in. Their percentage of fertile eggs, of live, strong chickens hatched, of day-old chicks shipped without loss, is really wonderful. This book gives all their methods and feed formulas, tested and improved by years of experience. Many pictures. Whether you raise chickens, ducks, or eggs, have a dozen fowls or thousands, you will find in this book help that you can get in no other way.

"Poultry Secrets" is a remarkable collection of successful "wrinkles" in poultry-raising, secured and edited by MICHAEL K. BOYER (known to poultrymen as "Uncle Mike"). Many of these were treasured secrets of famous poultrymen, guarded with jealous care because of their great value. We paid hundreds of dollars for them. This is the ELEVENTH EDITION, and thousands are using these methods with great profit. W. R. Curtiss tells his successful method of hatching 50 per cent. more pullets than cockerels; the Philo System is described and explained; the "15-cent-a-bushel" and "8-cent-a-bushel" green feed secrets; secrets of the Angell, Palmer, and Hoag Systems; Boyer's method of absolutely insuring fertility of eggs for hatching; Townsend's system for preventing death of chicks in the shell; Felch's famous mating chart, suppressed for many years; feeding and fattening secrets; and MANY OTHER PRICELESS SECRETS, are here disclosed for the first time.

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Useful Hints for the Outdoors Boy

How to Find Direction and Distance

Part II—Maps and Charts

By A. HYATT VERRILL

There are many occasions when original maps and charts will prove of great benefit and interest to the out-of-doors boy. Whereas accurate maps must be made by the use of expensive instruments and the map maker must have a knowledge of surveying, yet good results may be obtained by the aid of only a compass and a tape. Of course

Of course some short boys or boys with short legs, will be unable to pace in three-foot strides but as long as you know the average length of your paces and can make them regularly and evenly, the actual length of the stride matters little. It is just as easy to figure up a distance from twenty-four inch steps as from those of thirty-six inches. Although pacing is a very useful "rough and ready" way of determining distances, yet often one requires more accurate work. In the woods, or on very rough and uneven ground, pacing cannot be used with good results and under such conditions a tape will prove most valuable. A steel surveyor's tape is of course the best, but a good strong linen tape with large figures will answer. Should occasion arrive where a level is desirable—as in determining the depth of a depression or river bed or the height of a small hill—an excellent level may be constructed from some bits of light wood and a pail of water.

and by its use find the depth of the little "sink hole." Cut a thin flat piece of wood a little shorter than the diameter of the pail and insert two short pegs or "masts" of exactly equal length in this piece, one at each end (Fig. 13). Fill the pail with water at the nearby brook and cut a straight, light sapling or branch. Measure off ten feet on this with your tape and mark them plainly by cutting through the bark into the white wood beneath.

Our level is now ready for use. Set the pail at the edge of the sink-hole and while one of us sights across the two "masts" the other should walk into the depression holding the rod vertical with one end on the ground. Sight carefully across the "masts," keeping the two tops exactly in line, and when the rodman has reached the point where the last notch on his rod is exactly in line with the two tops of the sights, have him halt. The highest notch is ten feet so we make a note of this and with tape, measure off the distance from pail to rod. This gives us thirty feet and we now move the pail to the spot where the rod was and proceed as before with the rodman walking towards the bottom of the hole. Presently we notice that the marks on the rod are moving up from our sights so we know our comrade has passed the deepest spot and is ascending. He must therefore return slowly until we find the lowest spot

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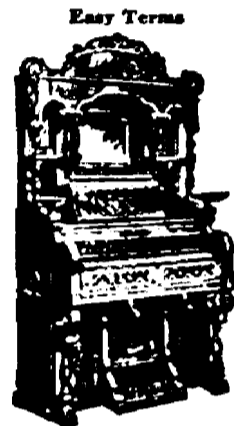
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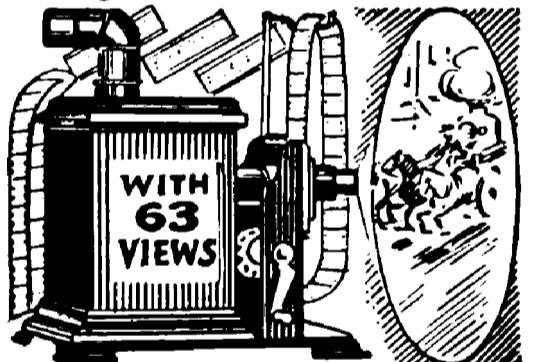
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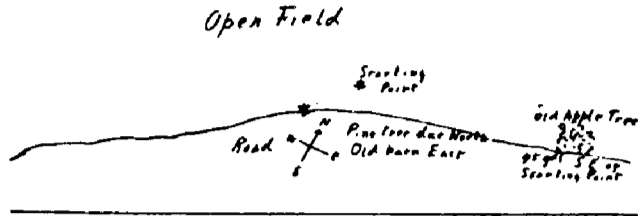


Fig. 1.

such a map would never serve as a basis for road or railway building, as grades, elevations, and depressions can only be illustrated in a general way and the heights approximately. For the boy trapper or hunter, for the purpose of helping other boys to find certain spots, or for use in lumbering work, such home-made charts will serve every purpose. In lumber districts even the roughest of maps will be very useful, for they can be made during the summer, and by their use the quantity of timber, wood roads, best trees, and other matters may be readily found in winter as required. The boy hunter and trapper will find maps of his district useful, for by them he can locate promising spots, indicate where to set his traps and by adding notes and details may in time possess a very accurate record of his hunting grounds. All the map making may be done in warm weather, and when the country is covered deep in snow and the brooks and rivers sealed with ice, runways, crossings and dens can be rediscovered through the medium of the home-made map without being obliged to tramp aimlessly about in heavy snow. To the boy sailor, charts of the rivers, harbors and lakes in his vicinity will prove most valuable, even where accurate government charts are available. Although the latter are extremely accurate as far as channels and the deeper waterways are concerned, yet in many of them small rocks, reefs, shoals, etc., close to shore, or in shallow water, are omitted or only indicated in a general way. These are the very obstacles that are most important to the small-boat sailor for in the deeper channels there is little danger—so close in fact that the bottom is of no interest to large vessels.—sunken snags, rocks and bars may prove dangerous to a boy's craft.

The best form in which to keep and make maps is a good-sized note-book or sketch-book. The larger the pages the better, but they should not be cumbersome to carry. It is a good plan to make the preliminary sketches for the maps in one book, or on loose paper, and later copy

them carefully in the permanent book. Quite often one makes a map or chart as he travels and the constant handling, numerous notes and changes result in anything but clean and neat work. A knowledge of the compass and its use, how to find distance and height, and familiarity with "pacing" distances are of importance. To learn to "pace" properly you should first measure off various distances of from thirty to three hundred yards on fairly level ground, and walking over these with long, even steps count the number taken. The standard pace of an average man is three feet, but most men and nearly all boys pace shorter than this until accustomed to the work, and you will probably find that your paces do not average over twenty or thirty inches. By going over the distances again and again and taking longer steps you can soon get in the habit of making your paces average three feet. When this is at last accomplished over the known distances, try pacing off various distances on new ground and then measuring them.

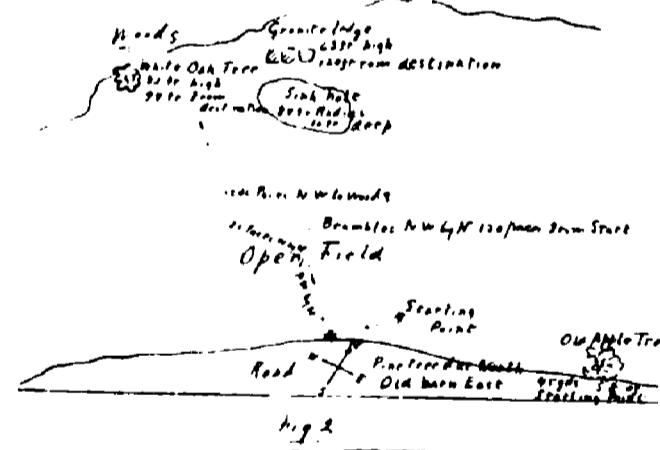


Fig. 2.

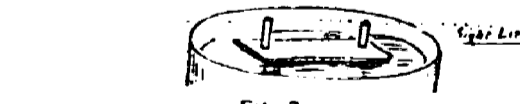


Fig. 3.

this down and start forward. One hundred and twenty paces from our starting point we reach a bramble thicket. This is a mean place to tramp through, so mark "Brambles one hundred and twenty paces northwest by north from starting point." To make a detour around the brambles we walk twenty-five paces west by north and then turn to due northwest. Notes are made of this and two hundred and forty-six paces further on brings us to the edge of the woods. These facts having been entered on our map, we notice a broad, shallow depression near us, with a ledge of rocks jutting up beyond while on the other side a large oak tree attracts attention. These are good marks and we quickly determine the distance and direction of the ledge and the distance and direction of oak tree and by using the methods described in THE AMERICAN BOY for January we find the height of the tree and rocks. The map will now appear as in Fig. 2. This is a good opportunity to experiment with our level

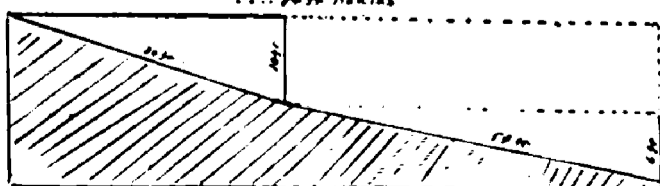


Fig. 4.

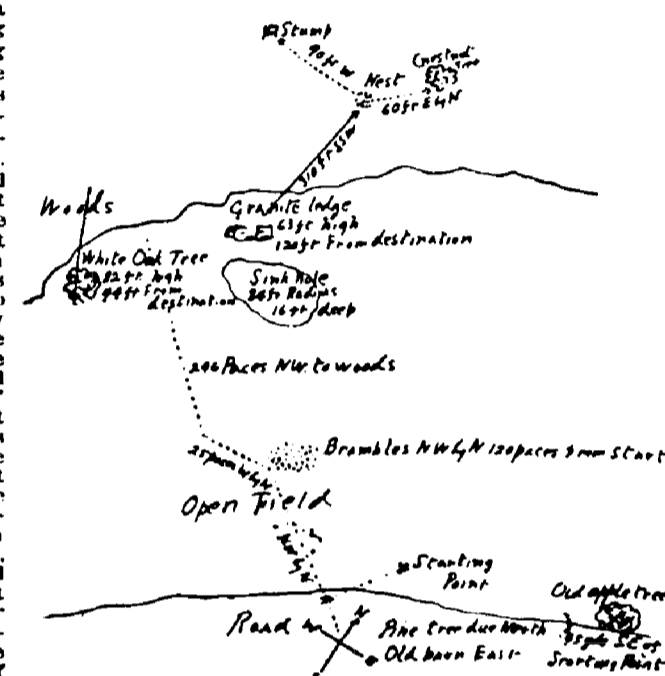


Fig. 5.

sides. This will be easily accomplished by laying off the two angles as illustrated in Fig. 4. You will find this very fascinating work and in company with friends you can make interesting sections of cuttings, pits, quarries, river beds, hillsides and many other natural formations. As we emerge from the sink hole and start into the woods a grouse whirrs up from under foot and beneath the shelter of a clump of thick brush we find her nest with its twelve buffy eggs. This will be a fine thing to photograph some other day but can we be sure of finding it again? Without the map we might have had hard work but with it it will prove easy.

Standing by the nest and sighting back through the trees we catch a glimpse of our ledge and find the direction south southwest. Turning slowly about we find a large chestnut tree due east by north, while a dead stub bears northwest by north. The distance from the nest to each of these is soon determined and the results written on our sketch, which now appears as in Fig. 5. Of course we could have found our nest again by marking a tree or sticking up a peeled sapling, but such methods might result in the nest being disturbed and would give us no permanent record of the nest on the map

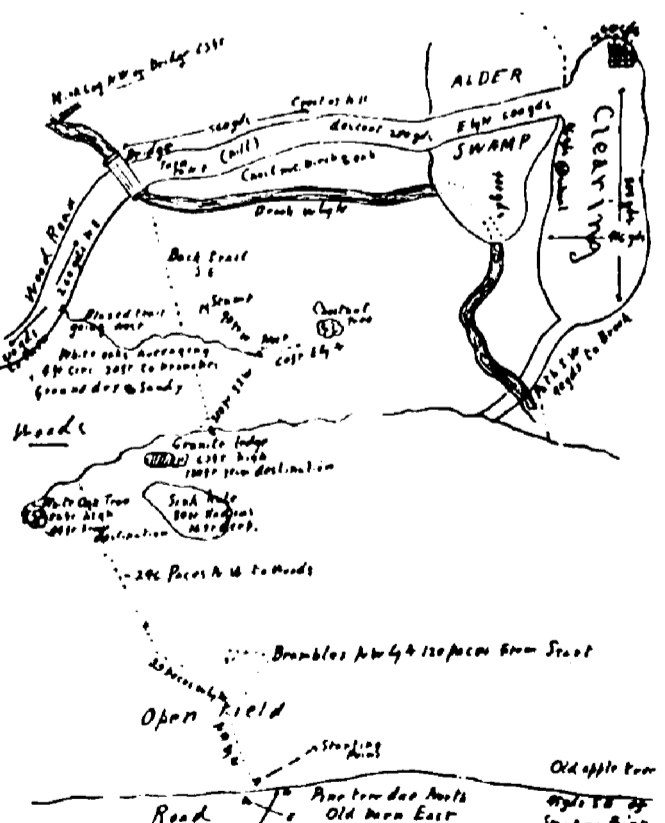


Fig. 6.

and the pleasant recollections of interesting things brought up by looking over a map is one of its most valuable features. From the nest we walk through the woods in a westerly direction, for with constant detours around trees and other objects our course is more or less crooked and we cannot spend the time to make notes of all our turns and twists; still, frequent glances at the compass show our course to be in a general western direction, while observations of the trees and ground show us that white oak trees predominate, that the ground is dry and rather sandy and a measurement of a few trees give their trunks as averaging four feet in circumference and their height to the main branches as twenty feet. These are valuable notes, and to further aid us in the future we occasionally "blaze" a mark on a tree beside our trail. All of these points are entered on the map and presently we

will finish our first day's experience in map making and the resulting chart will—or should—appear as in the illustration, Fig. 6.

If you are a boy sailor and wish to make sailing charts your method will be somewhat similar but in many ways will differ greatly. Here a tape, or knowledge of pacing, is of little value and your distances must be determined either by patient log, guesswork, dead reckoning or by bearing on shore objects whose distances are well known. If you use a motor boat and its speed is accurately known it is an easy matter to determine distances by timing the run and deducting or adding the speed of tides or winds according as to whether they are with or against you. In a sailboat, dead reckoning is next to impossible for a beginner and good judgment and frequent bearings on prominent landmarks are necessary. To locate rocks

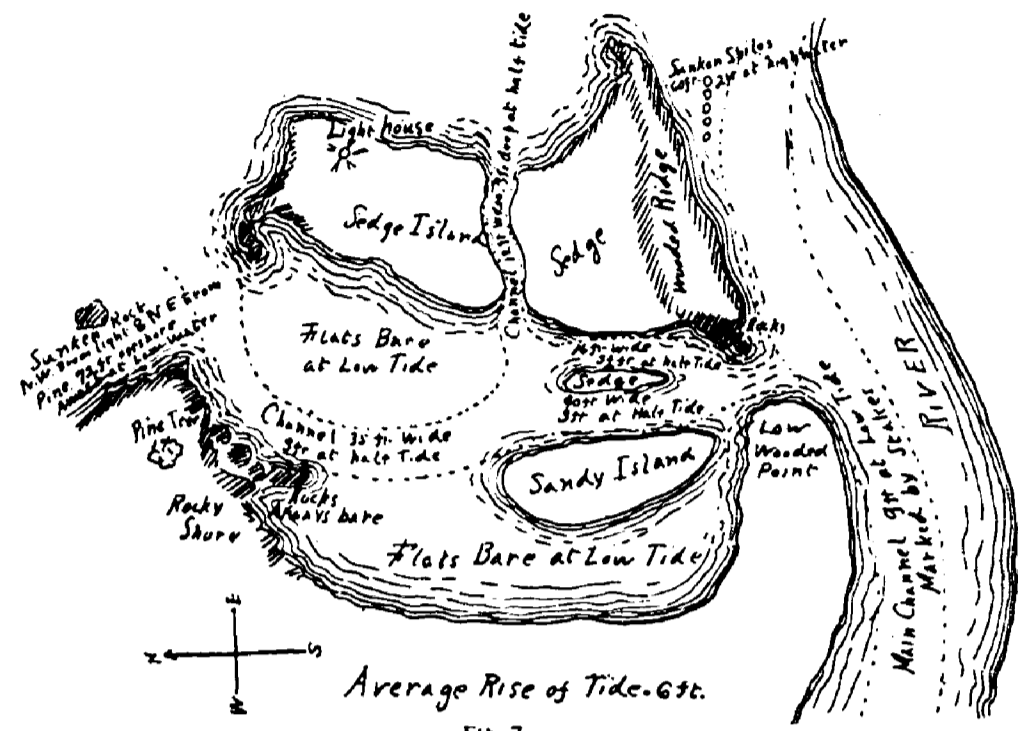


Fig. 7

reach the edge of a wood road. Before proceeding let us make an entry of the surroundings to locate our position more accurately. Far down the road we see an old log bridge and pacing to this, find it two hundred and sixty yards. The road runs northeast to the bridge and then turns and runs east. In the other direction we find the road runs southwest for two hundred and ten yards and then turns to northwest. These facts written on the map will locate our position nicely. At the bridge we look down on a little woodland brook and presently we see a mink steal out from the crevices of the bank and cautiously traveling down the waterside he leaps upon a fallen log and disappears in a cavity. This is interesting and as his actions plainly show that it is his usual haunt we will be sure to locate the spot for trapping purposes next winter. Again resuming our tramp we travel over the old road and presently find it ascending a rise and note that birches and chestnuts are mixed with the general oak growth. This should be entered on the map as well as any distinct turns in the road. Soon the road descends and the earth becomes damp and presently we reach the borders of a dense alder swamp. The swamp extends on either hand and the road passes through it east by north. All this time we have been talking and have neglected to note distances so let us at least determine some distance to locate the swamp more accurately. Looking back up the road we estimate the distance to the crest of hill at three hundred and ten yards and pacing it find it to be two hundred and eighty; looking down the other side of the bridge we guess it to be at least twice as far and so enter the fact. The distance across the swamp is six hundred yards and just beyond we enter a large clearing. This space is practically oval, is four hundred and sixteen yards across; eight hundred and five yards long and runs N.N.W. and S.S.E. At its northern corner is a pile of about six cords of mixed wood, while a broken cart wheel forty-six yards from the entrance of road on the western edge will serve to identify this clearing whenever we find it again. Walking down the clearing we find a little path which leads us to where a sparkling brook crosses our way. The brook crosses ninety yards from the clearing and we wonder if it is the same brook which we crossed on the old wood road when we saw the mink. It would save a long walk if it proved such and so we follow up its bed, until we find the brook issuing from a deep swamp. Perhaps this is our alder swamp near the clearing. If so we will soon know, for by reference to our map we find the swamp was but six hundred yards across and that its eastern edge bordered on the clearing. So we turn to the east and presently come out on the clearing about half way down its length. This gives us additional data regarding the size of the swamp and we now know that it extends for at least four hundred yards south of the wood road. Returning to where the brook issued from the alders we find the ground too swampy to enter but again referring to our sketch we find there was no brook crossing the swamp at the road and that the mink brook was the only stream encountered on our walk. We therefore must skirt the western edge of the swamp to find where the brook enters and doing this we soon encounter it again. Here we find the brook flows from the west a trifle north and as this would indicate that it is the same brook that crosses the road we continue a little further until we sight the old bridge. Rather than go back by this circuitous route we decide to cut straight through the goods and by referring to our map and notes and looking at our compass, we start in a direction due southeast. Presently we pass a tree freshly "blazed" and know we are passing our first trail and soon we see the open field before us and come out into the sunlight close to the ledge of granite where we first entered the woods. This

or reefs, soundings should be made and the state of tide at such times should always be noted with care. A rock that would prove dangerous at low water, or half tide, might be six feet beneath the surface at high water and the depth of water on a reef—unless the state of tide is given also—is of little help. Most rocks and reefs can be readily located by a long sounding rod or a weighted line, but frequently one strikes a rock which is so narrow or pointed that it is next to impossible to find it with line or rod. When a rock of this character is encountered you should use two boats and a drag line. This is merely a long line with several fathoms kept on the bottom by lead or iron weights attached at intervals. Each boat takes one end of the line and pulling along slowly a few yards apart, drag the entire bottom between them and any rocks are soon located and are readily sounded and buoyed. The accompanying illustration of a home-made chart of a river and harbor will show the sort of work you should strive to accomplish. In this case there were already excellent charts of the main river and harbor channels but these were so large that the boys did not care to carry them about and there were no charts obtainable. It occurred to the boys that if a

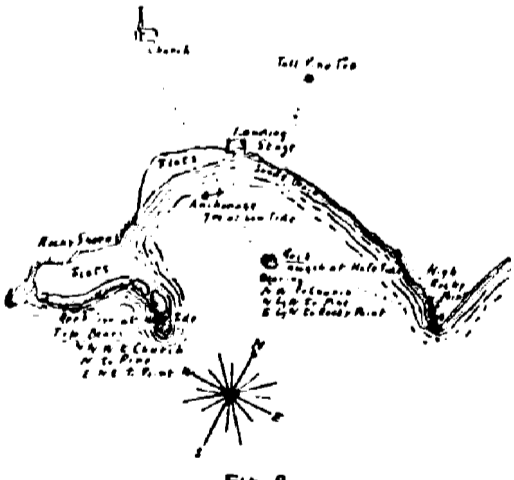


Fig. 8

channel could be found across the flats which would accommodate their little launch at half tide it would save a run of several miles down the river and around the island to the bay. The map shows how well they succeeded and while formerly the flats and their channels had been beneath the notice of the government charts yet since the boys found and charted its waterways it has become of considerable value to light-draft boats and is well illustrated on more recent charts.

Whenever you find a rock, reef, sunken spile, snag, or any other impediment to navigation you should note down its bearings accurately. A tree, rock, hill, house or barn on shore answers very well as a bearing but of course you must give cross bearings in order to locate the object properly. As an example take the little diagram of a bit of shore shown in Fig. 8. Here the bearings are given for several rocks. By having three bearings to each rock there is no danger of mistaking a location and where distances cannot be measured the importance of having such is most important. Thus in the case of rock "A." If the distance off shore was known, two bearings would be ample but as this is not given the third bearing serves instead. Aim at accuracy and full details in your work and keep on adding notes and sketches to the original map or chart until you are sure you have embodied everything of interest or importance. If I am not greatly mistaken you will find map and chart making a most enjoyable sport, and moreover it may sometime prove of the utmost value. The

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An Awkward Recruit

Wilson Gets on the Payroll

"USE you? Well, maybe I could. Is your line hand-painted china or fancy sewing?"

The wiry little contractor, with a quizzing smile, took in the over-large dimensions of the young man who timidly applied for work. There was nothing in his rattler, however, calculated to hurt.

Joe Wilson awkwardly shifted his weight from one to the other of the big feet which carried a clumsy figure. He wasn't quite sure, while he fumbled his suspender buckle with a huge red hand, whether he was going to get a trial or

By JAMES WILLIAM JACKSON

and the recruit had been summoned to help bandage the piano for its trip through the window, an operation made necessary because of the old-fashioned, winding staircase.

When everything was at length ready, Jake was ordered to take charge of affairs at the window. His mate and Mr. Storb managed the block and fall while Wilson's strong arms were entrusted with the guy line. Mr. Storb had thought at first to post the boy on the lowering rope.

"If you do," Jake lugubriously warned, "he'll stop to sand his hands and let the piano drop."

Wilson strove eagerly enough, however, to commend himself. He was all attention while the instrument slowly forged out of the aperture and was gently started downward. Then once when it threatened to swerve heavily back against the house he made a swift sidewise movement and saved the day by main strength. But the effort was not without consequences.

"Oh, Mr. Storb, look what your cinnamon bear's a doing!" The plaintive tones of Mrs. Macy sounded again in expostulation. Mrs. Macy herself had gone down to the village some time before; but Jake Sessions was a noted mimic and his wall electrified the already unnerved recruit.

There was a chuckle from Sessions' mate and an instant roar of disapproval from Mr. Storb. Wilson was conscious of some entanglement about his legs and looked down hurriedly now to find that he had drifted ashore on a gorgeous flower bed. His impetuous charge—to confuse the figure a trifle—had slaughtered a uniformed platoon of choice plants.

Mr. Storb's slow shaken head bespoke discouragement, though he laughed in spite of himself when Jake dryly suggested moving the flower beds. The disheartened Wilson was more than half inclined to drop everything and flee across the expanse of lawn. Out on the highway an automobile was chug-chugging along. He could intercept it and plead with its owner to carry him off into oblivion.

Mr. Storb took a turn of the lowering rope around a flag cleat on the weather boarding of the house. The end was entrusted to Jake's mate with instructions to "nub" out the slack as required. Then the contractor crossed over and took the guy line from the hands of his probationer.

"Go telephone for the police," he grimly suggested. Then, seeing that the boy gulped hard with the pain of his embarrassment, he added in a kinder tone, "Just stand aside for a while where you can't fall on anything. We'll break you in when we have more time."

Joe obediently stepped over nearer to the lowering rope and the wagon as attention was once more directed toward the piano, still half-way up in the air.

The order was given to lower away gently. Wilson watched the experienced Mr. Storb skillfully manipulate the guy line to steer the instrument free of the wall while Jake's alert mate began slowly paying out the main rope over the nubbing cleat.

The chug-chugging of the automobile had drawn closer by this time, and Wilson involuntarily turned to observe the development of an awkward situation for which, this once, he was in no wise responsible.

The drive from the highway to the turning circle at the rear of the house led directly past the noses of the team backed up over the lawn. A young woman chauffeur was bringing in Mrs. Macy with a snorting machine whose fat tires menaced the very forefeet of Mr. Storb's two spirited horses. Steering recklessly near to the high strung creatures while she spared the far edge of the grass the girl seemed fearless of consequences.

But the grays tossed their heads nervously, shied and backed. It was too much for them that this loud-coughing red thing should suddenly loom out of the obscurity caused by their blinders.

Mrs. Macy, uprightly stiff in the enjoyment of her novel ride, half rose to her feet with a murmur of anxiety. The girl driver, confused by the unexpected effect of her entrance, threw out the clutch hurriedly and stopped squarely in front of the restive beasts, with her engine whirling right under their dilating nostrils.

If a stampede of the horses had been premeditated it could not have more successfully carried out. There was a reactionary instant of quiet; then, rearing with irresistible strength, the powerful creatures smashed the wagon back toward the house.

Some damage was a foregone conclusion. The massive tailboard was down and held stiffly in place by heavy chains. Its sharp edge pointed to gash into the cleanly painted white side of the house.

Mr. Storb's attention had

not been immediately attracted to the entering machine. With the responsibility of the piano's safe descent resting upon him he was alive for the time being only to that one thing. The observant Jake Sessions warned him, however.

"Hey, look out!" the laborer yelled from the upper window. Then he suited his own action to the words. Planting his broad hands on the sill he leaned far out and down with apprehensive face as the horses pranced.

Mr. Storb, with a hand lifted quickly as a signal for Jake's mate to hold fast on the main rope, let go of the guy and leaped forward to reach and quiet the horses.

But the coiled slack of the guy line had snarled around his feet while his eyes were upturned toward the piano. His first step was a trip that sent him lurching headlong. With a guttural grunt of dismay he pitched his length and fell prostrate directly underneath the dangling instrument which Jake's mate, single-handed, held suspended in the air.

Wilson had seen the stumble and heard the thud of his employer's fall; but his glance was suddenly drawn away by the ominously savage wrenching of the wagon frame when the frightened horses hurled it back.

And the boy's face blanched when he saw that Jake's mate was in imminent peril. The man was between the house and the oncoming wagon, with a short hold on the cleated rope. The heavy, steel-bound tailboard of the wagon was aimed, like a guillotine mounted sidewise, to cut him in two.

There was no time for him to lengthen his hold gradually on the lowering rope so that he might slip back out of the danger zone. It was a case of acting before he took his breath, a matter of a single, instant leap, just as if a fast express train were within a hand reach and swiftly bearing down.

No one could blame Sessions' mate. In time with Mr. Storb's ejaculation he let go of the rope and literally tumbled himself backward, out from between the tail-board and the house.

Wilson, on the other side of the wagon, had experienced a smothering terror when he read, in the eyes of the laborer and in the muscular gathering of his forces for the jump, what the man meant to do.

The piano, of course, however badly it might be smashed by letting go, was not worth even the remote risk of a man's life; but whether or not the laborer realized it he was saving himself only to let the instrument come down on the run with the contractor lying prostrate beneath it.

Wilson comprehended, however. His muscles bunched themselves in sympathy with those of the laborer. With a flashing glance of measurement he fixed his aim on the rope; and as the laborer threw himself out of danger, Wilson leaped into it.

The piano had already started down. Wilson, jumping high, caught the gliding rope with a firm, accurate grip. Then there was time only for the ind. with a spasmodic jerk and the speed of terror, to draw himself up in a bunch on the cable, like a huge knot; for an instant later the tail-board, grating under the soles of his shoes, ripped into the side of the house with a sickening, splintery sound.

With planted feet the roused horses strained the wagon back as a ferryboat's engines keep the vessel forced up against the bridge. Mrs. Macy screamed and Jake Sessions bawled out his relief.

The impetus of the leap had set Wilson's body twirling slowly. Swinging around he saw the mastered piano dangling impotently a dozen feet above Mr. Storb's body. The contractor was just scrambling to his feet.

And then Wilson's bunched form swayed over against the house and crashed squarely through the big window pane. The wreck was complete. Tinkling fragments of glass showered around him in a musical rain. Falling on the floor of the wagon they made a carpet for the pair of big feet which slowly settled



"I Could Use You."

not; but his blue eyes hopefully searched the genial face of the man who did most of the miscellaneous jobbing for the countryside. Mr. Storb always had work; the fact that there was more than usual just now had brought Wilson half a dozen miles for a situation.

Mr. Storb, with a gesture finally, indicated that Wilson should roll up his sleeves and show what he could do.

"Come to worst," the contractor mused, "I could use you to fill up that old cellar hole of Mason's. You'd mighty nigh finish the job in one dump."

The boy joyfully made ready for work. Mr. Storb's two-horse wagon had brought himself, a couple of laborers and a load of tackle over to Mrs. Macy's summer boarding house. One of the guests had completed his vacation and the hired piano in the second story front room was to go back to the warerooms. Mr. Storb was an adept at handling pianos.

The wagon had already been turned tail-board toward the house, in readiness to push up under the window after the instrument was out and down. Joe was ordered into the body of the vehicle to toss out the tackle.

The strong-armed young field-hand gathered up a load of blocks and cordage with easy strength. But he failed to reckon upon the turn of a rope and around a rough patch in the wagon floor. As he made to leave the mass outward it was jerked from his grasp and landed heavily on top of big Jake Sessions.

That worthy laborer rescued himself with considerable astonishment from the interior of his ragged straw hat.

"Land! I thought somebody handed the piano out to me," he breathlessly commented. "I say, Mr. Storb, couldn't this young fellow work around on the other side of the house? I don't mind for myself, but it will be safer for the piano."

Mr. Storb's only answer as Wilson murmured an apology was to wave the boy back to his work. The contractor's success had not been built up on talk.

Leaping to the ground Wilson gingerly dragged out from the wagon a length of light ladder. Mr. Storb was just then making one of his quick moves and came so nearly in line for a crack from it that Wilson, with an apprehensive start, swung aside suddenly. A curious little spitting tinkle followed the hasty turn, a faint, bell-like note of stricken glass.

"Oh, Mr. Storb!" the gentle voice of Mrs. Macy gasped the words. Wilson turned a reddening moon-face around toward the large window pane which the ladder had tapped.

Nervously wiping his dry lips with the back of his hand he shifted then to meet the stern glance of the contractor, who shook his head warningly.

"That came near costing you a year's wages, Wilson," Mr. Storb intimated after a brief inspection had satisfied him that the glass was still intact. "You seem to move around with the grace of a cinnamon bear."

Suffused with embarrassment Wilson went on meekly disposing of the cordage, blankets and lugging. It occurred to him that Mr. Storb must have contemplated paying small wages if a year's income were reckoned equivalent to a pane of glass. But for that matter it began to seem doubtful whether the contractor would keep him at any price.

Jake Sessions and his mate, meanwhile, had started for the roof to make fast the tackle.

"We ought to have more money while he's on the job," Jake humorously suggested, with a jerk of his thumb toward the abashed recruit; "or else we ought to take out more insurance."

Wilson followed them on up the ladder. Mr. Storb was removing the sash;

down as the awkward recruit once more lengthened out his clumsy figure.

The young woman in the automobile had stopped her engine. The horses quieted gradually and Jake's helper, as if ashamed of himself, sprang back into the wagon to lend Wilson a hand in easing down the piano.

Clambering out of the wagon then Wilson surveyed the damaged window ruefully. Mr. Storb came up behind him and laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right, my boy," the contractor declared, his hearty voice somewhat shaky. "We don't usually break in a recruit so expensively; but neither do we run across such a recruit every day. I'll put your name on the payroll of regulars as soon as my nerves are steady enough for a pen."

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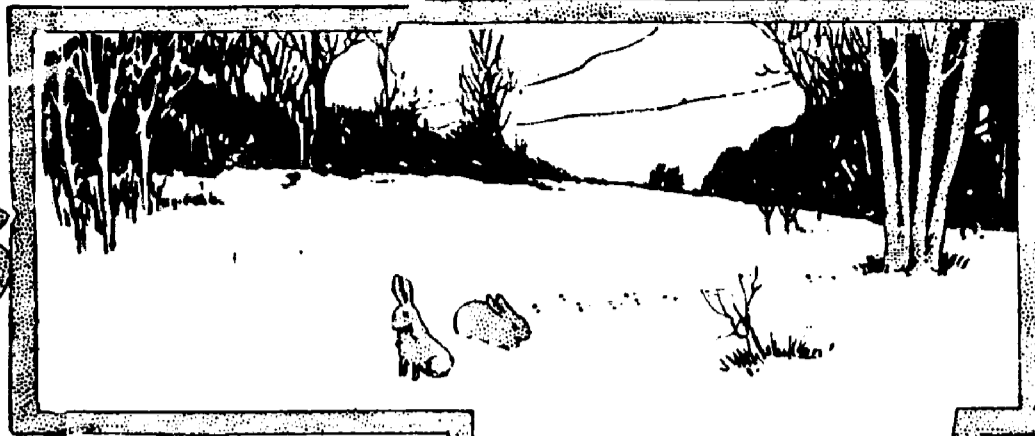
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Footprints of Wild Things in the Snow



TRACKS OF A COTTON TAIL RABBIT



CAT TRACKS IN THE SNOW



DEER TRACKS



THE TRACKS OF A FOX ON A FALLEN LOG



THE PENDEZVOUS OF THE RABBITS IN WINTER AS SHOWN BY THEIR TRACKS IN THE SNOW



TRACKS OF FIELD MOUSE

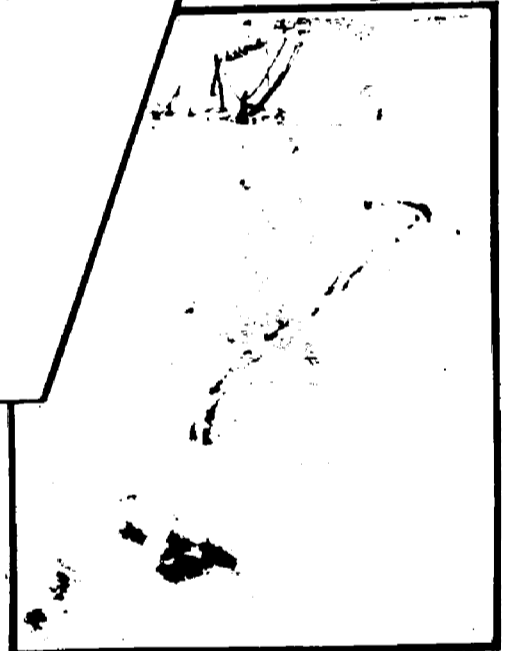
A STORY OF THE SNOW A HOUND IS ON THE TRAIL OF A RABBIT and IS FOLLOWED BY A MAN



TRACKS OF A ROBIN



TRACKS OF A CROW



TRACKS IN THE SNOW OF A HORNED LARK

THE falling snow flakes tell us of the changing year. It is then the earth receives its mantle of white with thankfulness, and the inhabitants of field and forest prepare for the season that their foresight has anticipated.

In the short space of a few hours the whole landscape is changed. The pines and spruces receive their mantle and retain it with drooping branches; the oaks and the maples are draped in feathery tracings that outline their forms in beauty against the dull, leaden sky—in fact, all mundane things are enveloped in glittering white. It is then that we hie to the woods and fields to read the story of a night.

Each morning tells of the excursions; the playgrounds of its inhabitants, the feeding rambles, and the catastrophes, for in Nature it is always the survival of the fittest.

Let us take a walk in the deep woods, for on the open fields the wind is keen and the frost is biting. In the shelter of the forest, the frost seems to lose its fierceness, for should a spiteful wind rage among the tree tops, and swirl and scurry over the naked hills and fields, in the depths of the woods the blasts seem hardly more than a murmur that enhances the charm about us.

We can here view and study the tracks of the squirrel, field mouse, cotton-tail rabbit, hare, fox, horned lark, and even the unusual trail of the robin. It may be that the trails of the house dog and cat will also be in evidence to participate in the allurements of the chase.

All these footprints, when read correctly, offer an insight into the inner promptings of these creatures when unwatched by human eyes.

Before we can become adept in identifying these tracks aright, we must know something of the creatures we are following, or else have a guide that can point out the little niceties that make the study worthy of our attention. We can, it is true, do much in zoos and museums in ascertaining the shape and size of the feet of most of our animals and birds, and time spent in this way will do much to equip the student for his solitary trips over the snow when he is after the uncaged animals themselves.

It is only by rare chance that we see the track makers on their daily rounds, and it were far better that we pass over the signs on the snow than that one of the footprints should be wrongly identified.

So much for a preface—now for an actual demonstration of the peculiarities of a few of our winter friends.

By JOHN BOYD

The two commonest tracks we meet are those of the cotton-tail rabbit and the field mouse.

The little row of twin footprints of the field mouse are often taken by the novice for some sort of a bird's. This is because it begins as if its maker had dropped from the sky, winding this way and that, dodging in and out between the bushes and then disappearing by a route equally as aerial as it had begun.

As we examine it more closely, we will find that the starting point is usually near a tuft of grass or bush where a small hole permits our dainty traveler to crawl out and write his name on the white and even page of winter. Follow him along, in and out amongst the trees, curving, twisting, tunneling, climbing like the persistent pioneers of old, till at last another small hole receives him, and he is lost to the gaze of the upper world.

These little fellows are inveterate travelers, and it is indeed a very severe storm that will keep them under cover more than a day at a time. Their tracks in the hard snow are clear and distinct, but when it is soft and deep their little legs and tail leave a trail which resembles a chain of long links more than anything else they can be likened to.

Beneath these tracks lie hidden a whole world of mousine activity which only the melting snows will reveal. The makers of the footprints on the snow above are the burrowers who push their ramifications in the depths beneath. Every small tree bears the tooth marks of these animals near its base. The alder, sumac, raspberry and sassafras are amongst those that show the voracious appetites of these miniature beavers. Diminutive beavers they really are, for they cut down shrubs half an inch thick, and then divide them up into lengths of from two to three inches, as if about to build a dam, as perhaps their predecessors did centuries ago, or which they expect their successors to do in years to come.

Notwithstanding its small size and its ability to delve into the snow at will, the field mouse has its enemies, and often the trail tells of a tragedy as plainly written as if it were enacted before our eyes. One of these came under my observation a few years ago while following these tracks through a swampy piece of ground. It dodged in and out in the usual way, and they led out into an open spot a couple of hundred yards in width. There was ice beneath the snow on this stretch and I wondered why our traveler had decided to cross it,

(Continued on page 30)

THE GREAT AMERICAN BOY ARMY



Company News

AMERICAN BOY COMPANY, No. 104, Bloomington, Ill., elected the following officers recently: Walter Price, Capt.; Stanley Webb, V. C.; Harvey Stiegelmeier, Sec.; Louis Moore, Treas.; Harvey Stiegelmeier, Manager of Games. The treasury contains 20c. The boys are going to work out a new scheme for company government. **THE MAJOR A. S. ROWEN COMPANY, No. 145,** Struthers, O., since organization has added 2 new members, signed a pledge not to smoke cigarettes, had two parties and a camping trip, and enjoyed many pleasant evenings together. The treasury now contains \$3.52 and the library twelve books. The captain, Wm. T. Jones, wishes to correspond with other companies. **HAVANA ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 91,** Havana, Ill., met at the home of ex-Captain Clarence Rengstorff in honor of his fifteenth birthday recently. After a business meeting, games and refreshments were enjoyed by all. The treasury contains \$1 after buying various games for the amusement of the members. **ALLISON ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 37,** Allison, Colo., is thinking of organizing a band and has sent for a catalogue of musical instruments. Meetings are held at the members' homes and the company expects to add several new members shortly. **OHIO ROUGH RIDERS COMPANY, No. 141,** Cincinnati, O., has 7 members. The officers are: Jack Burns, Capt.; Christopher Keohlar, Sec.; Allen Stevens, Treas. Meetings are held on Thursday of each week. The treasury contains \$1. Each boy has a bicycle and rifle and many enjoyable trips are taken into the country. The captain, whose local address is 1713 Forest ave., wishes to hear from other companies. **HARDWARE CITY COMPANY, No. 22,** New Britain, Conn., has 14 members, who meet every Tuesday evening in the Y. M. C. A. building. After the meeting the Bible class is instructed by the boys' secretary, Mr. C. H. Barnes. The first basket ball game was lost by a score of 21 to 16, but the second was won 21 to 7. Coach Miller says that the boys have a strong team and they hope to play a game every week during the season. They are allowed to practice in the Y. M. C. A. building every Monday night. The treasury contains \$5. Some of the boys are planning a trip to New York. **THE W. T. SHERMAN ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 150,** Lancaster, O., reports splendid progress. They have bought a football and electrical apparatus consisting of a motor, a switch board, etc., and are looking forward to great fun. A hockey team is planned for the winter. **SANGAMON BAY LEAF COMPANY, No. 45,** Decatur, Ill., sends us a clipping of a very enjoyable Thanksgiving entertainment and reception tendered by the company to their friends, being the seventh annual Thanksgiving observance of the company. The program is a most interesting one, consisting, as it does, of addresses, readings, songs, and musical selections. Refreshments were served after its conclusion. **BOUND TO SUCCEED COMPANY, No. 130,** Greenwich, O., has elected officers as follows: Glenn Bellamey, Capt.; Clarence Hawkins, V. C.; Albert Benedict, Sec.; Charlie Kelsner, Treas.; Harry Hawkins, Atty.; Leland Hopkins, Pianist; Lincoln Hopkins, Chorister. The treasury contains \$2.50. Dues are 10c a month, and fines are 1c. Meetings are held every two weeks on Tuesday evenings. **CLATSOP COMPANY, No. 38,** Astoria, Ore., elected officers as follows at the fall election: Charles Fuller, Pres.; Loren Logan, Sec.; Harold Copeland, Treas. Dues were changed from 10c to 5c. After the election games were played and refreshments served. The meetings of this company are held at the homes of the members. As it rains so much and so little snow falls in Oregon, the boys cannot indulge in the winter sports common to companies in other climates, so they have decided to have entertainments

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a gloe across the sea,
figures in His bosom that transfigured in Him and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

The Boy Scouts of America

Following the publication of the articles recently in *The American Boy* on the Boy Scouts Movement we are daily receiving letters from boys asking for further information regarding the formation of patrols. We, therefore, wish to inform all those interested that they should address their inquiries to Mr. James E. West, Executive Secretary, Boy Scouts of America, Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, N. Y., enclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

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

to which they will invite their parents and other friends. Several of the boys are amateur electricians and they have volunteered to make an electrical display for the coming entertainment, which will be held at the home of Theron Skyles. There is money in the treasury for the framing of the charter, which will soon be attended to.

Suggested Program for Washington and Lincoln Birthday Exercises

Invitations in the form given below could be printed or typewritten and sent out at little expense, and would add to the dignity of the occasion.

Get the Company Counsel (minister, schoolmaster, doctor or lawyer, who is a friend of the boys) to deliver the principal address.

The room or hall could be appropriately decorated with articles of Colonial and Civil War days, pictures of Washington and Lincoln occupying conspicuous places.

Members of the company, dressed in costume of Revolutionary days, might act as ushers.

Young lady friends of the company in Martha Washington headdress, kerchief, skirt and buckled shoes, might do their duty as waitresses in serving refreshments.

FORM OF INVITATION.

Company, Order of The American Boy, invites you to be present at a Washington and Lincoln Birthday Entertainment to be held at _____ on _____ evening, February _____, at 7:30 o'clock.

1. Song, "America," by the Company.
2. Address of Welcome. In which the subject and advantages of belonging to the Order may be set forth.
3. Essay, "Washington as a Youth."
4. Reading, "A Revolutionary Sermon," Rev. H. H. Breckenridge. Or Patrick Henry's "Resistance to British Aggression."
5. Mandolin or Violin Solo.
6. Humorous Debate—three speakers on each side. Leaders to occupy three minutes each in opening and one minute each in closing. Other speakers to occupy two minutes each: Resolved, That the man who invented sugar-coating for pills was a public benefactor.

7. Recitation, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"
8. Solo by a lady or gentleman.
9. Piano and Mandolin or Violin.
10. Essay, "Lincoln's Boyhood."
11. Reading, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
12. Song or Recitation, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."
13. Recitation, Humorous, "The Bell-Weather and the Deacon," Mrs. H. B. Stowe
14. Duet (instrumental or vocal).
15. Remarks by Counsel or other prominent citizen.
16. Music.

Refreshments of apples, doughnuts, corn cake, coffee, etc., might be served.

We think a program such as the foregoing would provide two hours of hearty enjoyment. All of the prose selections can be got at your local libraries.

Short reports of the exercises are desired for publication in *The American Boy*.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Her Famous Poem

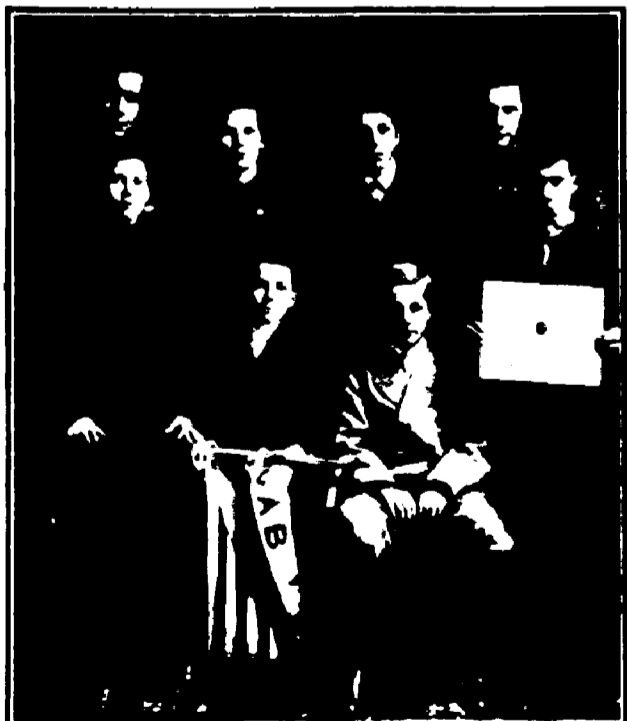
There is no song we believe more familiar to American boys than *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and it seemed almost like the loss of a dear friend when the news came that on October 17th the greatly loved authoress had died. Julia Ward Howe was indeed one of the greatest women of our country, and the memory of her many splendid achievements for the betterment of our land will long be cherished. Born in New York City on May 27th, 1819, she had reached at her death the ripe old age of ninety-one. Of her work as author, philanthropist, and worker for the emancipation of her sex, much has been written, but we think the story of how Mrs. Howe came to write "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," as told by Dr. O. S. Marden, will be of interest to our readers. Dr. Marden says: "It was in the first year of our Civil War that Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband and friends, visited Washington. During their stay in that city, the party went to see a review of troops, which, however, was interrupted by a movement of the enemy, and had to be put off for that day. The carriage in which Mrs. Howe was seated with her friends was surrounded by armed men. She began to sing to the great delight of the soldiers 'John Brown.' Mrs. Howe then began conversing with her friends on the momentous events of the hour, and expressed the strong desire she felt to write some words which might be sung to this stirring tune, adding that she feared she would never be able to do so. 'She went to sleep,' says her daughter, Maude Howe Eliot, 'full of thoughts of battle, and awoke before dawn the next morning to find the desired verses immediately present to her mind. She sprang from her bed, and in the dim gray light found a pen and paper, whereon she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the lines of the poem. Returning to her couch, she was soon asleep, but not until she had said to herself, 'I like this better than anything I have ever written before.'"

Here are the words of the poem just as Mrs. Howe wrote them:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."



The Boys of Uncle Sam Coy, No. 35 (O. A. B.) Pender, Neb.
Left to Right — Rear: Maloney, Sconse, Day, Rodgers
Standing at Sides-Graves, Farnham
Sitting—Murray, Captain Wiltse.

ings are held every two weeks on Tuesday evenings. **CLATSOP COMPANY, No. 38,** Astoria, Ore., elected officers as follows at the fall election: Charles Fuller, Pres.; Loren Logan, Sec.; Harold Copeland, Treas. Dues were changed from 10c to 5c. After the election games were played and refreshments served. The meetings of this company are held at the homes of the members. As it rains so much and so little snow falls in Oregon, the boys cannot indulge in the winter sports common to companies in other climates, so they have decided to have entertainments

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How to Cure Yourself

Common Sense Remedies for Every Day Disorders

By DR. W. R. C. LATSON

No. 12. Bad Complexion.

BAD complexion is a very common symptom among boys, and I know by sad experience (for when I was a youngster I had an awful one). A bad complexion is one of the most annoying and humiliating things I know.

Of course the little shavers don't care, don't even know that they have got a bad complexion. It is just at the time when a fellow begins to care, when he begins to take care of his finger nails and desires to have the appearance of a decent member of society—it is at this period, say fourteen to seventeen, that his face breaks out.

The skin may be coarse with enlarged pores; it may be greasy and unwashed looking; it may have a choice assortment of large, red mountains with white peaks like Mount Blanc, or it may be so full of those most indecent looking blackheads that it reminds you of a well-peppered oyster stew.

Among doctors who practice the old-fashioned methods of forty years ago it is agreed that skin diseases are terribly hard to cure—many of them impossible to cure. And that was true—forty years ago, when all they did was to plaster some villainous stuff on the poor wretch's face and give him barrels of medicine, until he died from drug poisoning or his money gave out.

But now we know the causes of skin disorders; and, knowing this, they are among the most easily cured of all diseases. But—the patient must follow directions; otherwise he is likely for a long time to have the eruption come back again, perhaps worse than ever. In this connection I may mention the case of a prominent western man who had for many years suffered from one of the most ugly and intractable of all skin disorders. After having tried a great many doctors he came a thousand miles east to consult me. In six weeks his skin was clear. He went away delighted. I heard nothing from him for a year and a half. Then one day he burst into my reception room with his hideous red blotches worse than ever. On questioning him I found that for over a year he had lived in accordance with my directions. After a time he became careless and gradually fell back into his old habits, and so— In eight weeks of treatment he was well, and since that time, two years ago, he has lived "the healthy life," and has had no return of his trouble. The lesson is plain.

Now the immediate cause of all skin disorders is poisonous matter floating in the blood. The matter cannot get out of the body because there is too much of it, and besides, the organs made to carry it out don't do their work aright. So the poison forces its way through the skin.

Now we know the treatment—get the poison out, make less of it and so relieve the pressure which is forcing it through the skin.

And how shall we do this? Easily enough. First of all live "the healthy life." Let the diet be extremely simple. Fruits, salads, and cereals with a small amount of milk and cream are best. In very bad cases a complete fast of two or three days or a series of one day fasts

once a week will work wonders.

So much for the feeding. Then the sufferer from bad skin should drink lots of water—two or three quarts a day. He should be careful to get a good scrub bath every day, and, if possible, a sweat or Turkish bath once a week. He should get a full colon flushing or bowel enema every day. Lastly let him get all the open air exercise possible and avoid over-work and worry.

Local applications are sometimes of value when properly selected. Their use is not often advisable, however, for even if they stop the eruption the poisonous matter is merely driven back into the system, and in reality the patient is worse off than before.

Accomplishments for The Boy

By Prof. Richard Cunningham

No. 13—Conversation

MANNER shows the man—tells us instantly whether he is refined or coarse, cultured or ignorant, highly bred or vulgar. It gives us the keynote of his occupation—enables us to tell the difference between the clergyman and the hod carrier, the bookkeeper and the prize fighter.

And more important than all else manner is the most striking and most easily seen difference between the man who is a gentleman and the man who is not a gentleman. Wealth, expensive clothing, social position, titles—a man may have all these; and yet if, as is often the case, his manners are bad, he is not a gentleman.

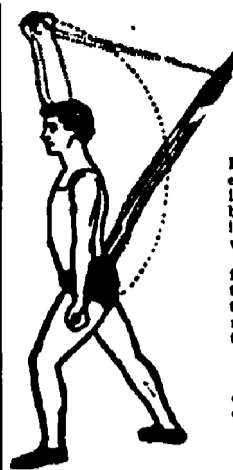
On the other hand a man may be poor, unknown, dressed in well-worn clothes; and yet, if he is possessed of fine manners we recognize at once that he is a gentleman.

Many people seem to think that manner is something that has to be learned, an artificial accomplishment. But this is true only to a slight extent. There is, of course, a right way to bow, to shake hands, to introduce one person to another; but this is only a small part of manner. Many men know how to do all these things and yet have very bad manners.

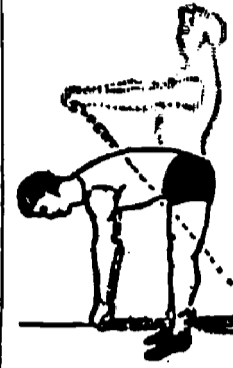
They have bad manners, because their manner is only a trick—only something done because they think it ought to be done. For instance at an evening reception a few nights ago, standing near me were two young men, one of whom was talking most effusively to an elderly lady, rather unattractive. As she turned away the young man made her a most elaborate bow and expressed the hope that he would soon see her again. Then he turned to his friend and said with a sneer: "If I see her first she won't see me. By Jove, she certainly must belong to the Glimlet Club, for she is the greatest bore in New York." That's bad manners; and the fellow is simply a cad. I hope he will read this article.

The secret of a perfect manner is perfect self-forgetfulness—unselfish care for the comfort of others. Why is it good manners to remain on your feet so long as

(Continued on page 51)



SHOULDER EXERCISE



SPINE AND STOMACH

A \$3.00 Exerciser for \$1.00

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There are as many different exercisers on the market as there are fish in the sea. A great many of these are almost worthless and are put together absolutely regardless of the requirements of the people for whom they are intended. I would not offer the Herkules to the public if I did not know that it is all I represent it to be and the **BEST EXERCISER** that can be had at the price.

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It is not made of cheap rubber and cloth to wear out in a few days or a few weeks' time, but is built from the very best of steel and is exceptionally durable. It is never in the way, because, when not in use it can be lifted from its hook and placed in a small drawer or box.

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It will develop a strong neck, broad, powerful shoulders, strong back and stomach, well shaped legs, and gain great strength in your arms, wrists and hands.

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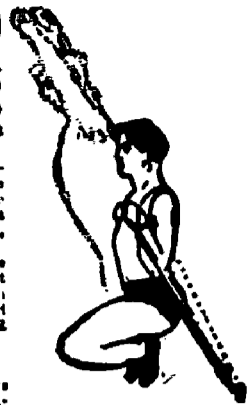
I include a complete chart of instructions, giving every exercise necessary for a thorough development of the entire body. In getting up this chart, I have used the knowledge which I have acquired in my many years' experience of building perfect men and women. I am operating the largest school of physical culture in New York City, in which hundreds of pupils are constantly enrolled.

If you will follow the lessons which I give in the chart you cannot fail to obtain satisfactory results.

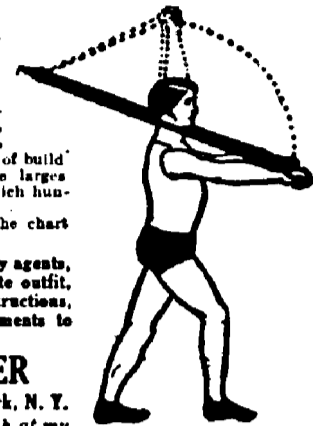
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Connie Mack says:
"The strongest recommendation that I can give the Reach Cork Center Ball is the fact, that we, the World's Champions, use it exclusively. It is the one perfect ball."

Sam Johnson says:
"The Reach Cork Center Ball is the best ball ever used by the American League."

The Champs say:
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Fellows! Here is the finest ball ever cracked by a bat! Same size—same weight as the old rubber centered ball. It drives like the wind, takes the hardest raps without beating soft or flattening, and is the liveliest ball you ever handled.

The center is made of a core of highest grade cork covered with pure Para rubber. This lets us wind the yarn tighter. Genuine horsehide cover. This is the ball to fatten your batting average this season. Sold everywhere for **a-dollar-and-a-quarter**.

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"The Very Best"
Base Ball Goods
1701 Tullip St., Philadelphia

Reach



The Magazine, The Subscriber, and The Postoffice

THIS IS IMPORTANT TO YOU—READ EVERY WORD—SHOW IT TO YOUR FATHER.

A year ago the Postmaster General urged Congress to increase the postage rate on magazines and periodicals. It raised great opposition among both the publishers and their subscribers.

This year the administration proposes a different scheme, which on its face seems calculated to quiet the objections of the subscribers. It should not quiet them, for in effect it is the same old proposition.

It proposes to retain the present rate on the reading matter of magazines, but to charge a higher rate on the advertising portions. This should delude no one, for it means simply that it will cost that much more to deliver the whole magazine, and its effect will not be limited to the advertising columns. For instance, if it costs four cents to deliver the advertising portions and one cent to deliver the reading columns, any schoolboy can see that it will cost five cents to deliver the whole magazine.

It is right that the government should charge a reasonable rate for its services, and the publishers naturally have no objection to such a charge. For a year or so any change in the postal rate would cause trouble to the publishers, for it would necessitate a readjustment of their business and of their subscription rates. This is hardly their fight, however, it is yours, for in the long run the subscribers would naturally have to stand the burden. It is fundamental that the cost of producing and furnishing an article, whether it be a magazine or a threshing machine, determines the price that must be obtained for it.

But anyone of intelligence can plainly see that this proposed tax on advertising will ultimately be simply a tax on magazine readers. The publisher must raise his price for subscriptions if the postal rate is raised, because he can't get the money back from the advertisers, for advertising rates are calculated upon an entirely different basis.

While the publishers naturally do not wish to be put to the expense and trouble of readjusting their business, which has been built up on a basis created by the government, and while naturally magazine readers object to being compelled to pay more for their reading matter than they now pay, none of us have a right because of self-interest alone to object to the government's charging a fair rate for delivering the magazines and periodicals.

The question then is, what is a fair rate? Nobody knows. The postoffice department shows a small deficit of some five million dollars on a business of over \$200,000,000. The Postmaster General charges this deficit to the second-class mail—magazines and newspapers—but the same report also states that the Rural Free Delivery caused a loss of some five times that amount. Everyone admits that the Rural Free Delivery is a magnificent thing for the country and that it is worth what it costs, but if it lost five times the amount of the actual deficit of the department, why say that the magazines and periodicals caused the deficit?

Under all the circumstances, it looks as if the present rate of postage is fair to the government, to the magazines and to the subscribers. A very able Congressional Commission, which spent two years thoroughly investigating the matter, reported that it was impossible to determine what was a fair rate because of the old red-tape and unbusiness-like methods and system of the department, and proposed a bill for a reorganization on a business-like system. The administration has not accepted that bill and Congress has not passed it.

The trouble is that the whole postoffice department needs reorganization on a business basis. Until that is done, it is your right that you should not be charged an unnecessarily high rate, and it is the publishers' right that they be not unnecessarily attacked and hampered in their business.

It is said that the average haul of a magazine is about a thousand miles. For even greater distances, some of the magazines find it cheaper to ship their publications to their agents and distributors by express and fast freight than by mail. If the express companies and the railroads can carry them at less than one cent a pound, why does the government lose money at a cent a pound? In fact, does it lose any money at that rate?

The present postal rate on magazines was not adopted by Congress for the purpose of earning a profit for the department, though as a matter of fact the deficits have grown less as the magazine business has developed, save where the Rural Free Delivery expense has increased them. Last year the deficit was over \$10,000,000 less than the year before, although many more millions of pounds of second-class mail were carried than during the year before. This brings up the foolishness of making

magazine advertising "the goat" in this matter, for the advertisements in the magazines create many millions of dollars of first-class mail, on which the government admits that it makes a very large profit at two cents per letter and one cent per postal card.

But this proposal in effect is nothing but a subterfuge, however good the motive of its proposers may be. It has misled some people into thinking that the scheme is good because it puts the increased cost upon advertising. It does no such thing. It amounts simply to just so much a pound on the whole book, and puts the increased cost, first, during the period of readjustment, upon the publishers, and eventually of necessity hangs it around the neck of the reader, the subscriber.

The present rate was adopted for the distinct and avowed purpose of enabling the public to get cheap reading matter with the idea of spreading education and intelligence throughout the country. As a result, the magazine business and the reading habit among our people has developed to such an extent that within the last twenty years the American people have become the most intelligent people on the globe.

We have endeavored to give you as fully as space will permit the facts of this matter. It is partly our fight, but it is mostly your fight, for in the long run you are the ones who will naturally be affected in the price that you will have to pay for subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY and to every other magazine which you may now or hereafter read.

We believe that the administration's proposal is unjust and unbusinesslike. It is certainly unjust and unbusinesslike to make a change until it can be known what change should properly be made. The administration proposes to have the Act changing the rates, passed at this session of Congress. You, the people, can prevent it if you will. You can do your part by having your father write to your congressmen and senators, saying that he is opposed to the proposed change in postal rates on magazines, at least until the department can be reorganized so that what constitutes a proper rate can be determined. Do this today—tomorrow may be too late.

Yours for a square deal,
THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

Malarkey's Surrender

A Pair of Bricks

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

ANDREW MALARKEY read the letter on the steps of the postoffice. His father wrote that the lake in the valley was frozen from shore to shore, and that there was to be a seven days' carnival on the ice.

"A hockey match every afternoon," the letter went on, "between our boys and a fast Canadian team. If the faculty and the coach are willing, come home for the week. The boys want you to play forward. Does this interest you?"

"It interests me a lot," said Malarkey, grimly, as he put the letter in his pocket. "That practice will give me a better chance than Camp for the hockey team. I'm up in my studies. I guess I'll get leave for a week."

That night the boy was granted permission to take the vacation. Next morning he wrote his father, and in the afternoon took the letter to the postoffice. On his way back to the college buildings he was overtaken by Jenkins, the coach, coming from the pond at one end of the college town.

"Hockey?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the coach. "I had a dozen boys out today. That chap Camp is a wonder."

Malarkey frowned. "I understand he isn't a strong skater."

"He isn't. Nor was he a rugged football player."

The boy winced. "Oh, don't rub it in."

"I'm not. I'm trying to tell you that he plays with his head as well as with his hockey stick. It's good to have a boy like that around even if he does lack muscle."

Malarkey strode a short distance in silence. He did not have to be told that Camp was a heady player—it was heady playing that had made Camp the Varsity right end and had sent him to the scrub. Of late he had begun to fear that Camp would get the place he had counted on as his in the hockey team.

"He's been watching your work," said the coach, as though there had been no halt in the conversation.

"Who?" asked Malarkey. "Camp?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He thinks you'd play a better game if you'd swoop right down on the puck instead of turning aside an instant before you get within striking distance. He thinks that a bright team would discover your habit of slowing up five minutes after play had started, and that after that they would take all kinds of chances on collisions."

The boy's cheeks had flushed. "Is that what you think, Jenkins?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet, Why?"

"Because if it's your idea I'll accept the criticism. If it isn't you tell Camp to mind his own business, or I'll tell him myself."

"Oh, no you won't," said the coach, soothingly. "You start a row in the hockey team and you'll keep off the ice. Understand?"

"But I'm not criticizing his game," insisted the boy.

"Neither is he hammering yours. You've got the wrong idea. If his criticism helps your game it also helps St. Mary's. Don't forget that."

"But he is trying to help me, Jenkins. He's trying to show you how much he—"

"Stop that," the coach warned. "You don't mean that, Malarkey."

"I do."

"I'm sorry," said Jenkins slowly. "I didn't think you had taken that kind of dislike to him because he took your place on the eleven. I didn't think you were that kind."

The coach walked on ahead, and staring wrathfully the boy watched him go. Of course Camp only wanted to show his superior knowledge of the game. It had been the same way in football. Then Camp had kept saying that the right end should do this, or that, or do it this way; and finally Camp had been told to go in and play right end himself. Malarkey's mouth tightened at the recollection. He could not forget that he had been taken from the Varsity just before the Rockton game. Oh, yes; Camp played with his head.

"And tongue," said the boy grimly.

Yet, despite what he thought was righteous anger, Malarkey was conscious of a sense of shame as he recalled the disappointment in the coach's voice. He knew that there was no manliness in his attack on Camp. Suppose Camp really was sincere—

"Oh, he can't be," Malarkey decided. "He's simply playing for a place on the hockey team. Well, I'll give him a run for it. I can skate if I can't do anything else."

In this the boy was right. It was his heritage. In the little town up near the

Canadian line, where his father was a lumber king in a small way, the winters were long and severe and the ice gave the townspeople their only winter sphere of pleasure. The boy had learned to skate



Turn His Stick Enough to Send the Puck Wild.

before he was five years old, and his power had increased steadily with the growth of his sturdy limbs.

Malarkey, after the interview, spent each afternoon on the ice. He told the coach of his coming trip home, and the coach said not a word even though he knew the value of such work.

In practice, without warning, Malarkey started to come down unrelentingly on the puck whenever there was a contest for its possession. He was surprised to find that he won the puck oftener than he had before.

"What do you think of Camp's criticism now?" asked Jenkins, as Malarkey came off the pond flushed and triumphant.

The boy's face fell, but he answered honestly. "It has helped my game."

"Does that look as though he's trying to injure you?"

Malarkey, feigning to be busy with his skate straps, did not answer. In his heart he raged at the coach. Couldn't Jenkins see? Was he blind? Wasn't it plain that if it was a toss up as to a choice of players when the season opened his improvement might be forgotten and only Camp's suggestions remembered?

So Malarkey took to studying the game—and he had never studied any game before. He had always relied on his strength and speed. The football season had shown him that strength and speed were not everything. He took to experimenting with his stick. Soon he found that by holding it a little to one side he could dribble the puck with a truer command. He thrilled at the discovery. It was his first attempt at playing the game with his head and finding out things for himself. He liked the experience.

That afternoon he left the ice with King, one of the hockey candidates.

"Camp was talking about your playing," said King.

"To the coach?" demanded Malarkey.

"No; to us fellows. He's a great student of games, isn't he. Always discovering things nobody else thinks about. He said you'd dribble better if you held your stick a little to one side, like this."

"I found that out—"

began Malarkey, and stopped and walked the rest of the way in silence.

The boy confessed, after much thought, that he could not understand the situation. It was one thing to tell the coach of weaknesses and thus

win the credit for another's boy's improved playing. To tell King and the boys was a different story. Malarkey, with the knowledge that better dribbling was a vast asset and that Camp was willing that he should have the asset, suddenly found himself wondering whether Jenkins was right—whether Camp was working only for the interests of St. Mary's.

He began to study Camp closer. He found the other boy's eyes frank and open; his mouth firm and honest. It was not the face of a boy who would stoop to mean actions.

That afternoon Camp and Malarkey came together in many of the scrimmages that marked the play. Four times Malarkey had what seemed a clear shot at goal, and four times Camp in some way bore down on him and managed to turn his stick enough to send the puck wild.

Malarkey was sure that Jenkins had noticed every detail of these plays.

"How does he do it?" he groaned, and felt his anger throbbing in his throat.

The puck came out in an open place and he started for it, and found Camp after it, too. Something like a savage joy swelled in his breast. He bore down in reckless abandon and shot the puck to King almost under Camp's skates. In an instant Camp checked himself and the boys were shoulder to shoulder.

"Good work," said Camp. "Don't leave the ice after practice. I want to talk to you. Keep your skates on."

Later, when the last of the boys had left the pond, Camp skated over to where Malarkey was cutting figures on the ice.

"Change your style of hitting at the puck," he said. "You swing too much. Snap at it; just a quick wrist movement. See; like this. If you had snapped today I wouldn't have had a chance to turn off those four shots at goal. You swung, though, and that gave me time to reach you. Try the snap."

In silent wonderment Malarkey got the puck into position. Camp, a short distance away, skated down to stop him. Three times Malarkey failed, but the fourth time he snapped the puck away true just before Camp's stick reached his own.

"That's it," cried Camp. "Now you have it. See the difference? Once more."

The boys left the pond together. Malarkey walked with his head bent thoughtfully.

"Camp," he asked, "why did you wait until you had me alone to show me that snap?"

"I thought perhaps you might not want the coach or the fellows to know," was the reply. "I understand you resent that."

Malarkey stopped. "Camp," he said, "I'd like to shake hands with you."

Next day the boy told the coach what Camp had done.

The afternoon before he was to start for home for the week that he expected would land him on the hockey team in preference to Camp, Malarkey roamed into King's room.

"Going to play against a Canadian team?" asked King with honest envy.

Malarkey's eyes sparkled. "Yes; every afternoon for seven days."

"That's fine," said King. "That'll put you on edge. Say, wouldn't it be great if Camp could get a week at those Canadians? I bet he'd discover from them a way of developing skating strength. Then he'd be the best we ever had. Wouldn't that be dandy for St. Mary's?"

Malarkey caught his breath sharply. After a while he left King and roamed back to the campus.

No; he couldn't do it. He knew that Camp stood high in his studies and could get a week's leave of absence from classes. But if he took Camp up to the hockey matches and Camp did develop he would lose his own chance of making the hockey team. He wanted to play hockey worse than he had wanted to play football. He came of a people that almost called hockey their national game, for they lived so far north that they saw but little baseball.

And yet—yet Camp had shown him almost all the fine points of the game that he now knew. If he was selected for the team it would be only because Camp had helped him. Camp had done it for St. Mary's—for St. Mary's—for—

Malarkey caught the words of a brave St. Mary's song sung in a rollicking chorus. He swallowed hard. He owed it to St. Mary's—

The boy tramped up the stairs of Winslow Hall, the college dormitory building, and knocked on a door. There was no response. He knocked again; then he turned the knob and pushed open the door.

A boy sat intently sharpening a pair of skates.

"Camp," called Malarkey.

The boy stopped his file and raised his head.

"Camp," said Malarkey, hurriedly, there's an ice carnival at home. Seven games of hockey against a crack Canadian team. Can you get away for a week? I think I can work you in for some of the games."

Camp was out of his chair. "You—you mean it, Malarkey?"

"Yes. Will you come?"

"Will I?" Camp danced in his excitement. "Say, we'll be a lively pair of wings for the hockey team, won't we?"

"Pair?" demanded Malarkey, slowly. "Is the coach going to use both of us?"

"Certainly. Didn't you know that—"

Of a sudden Camp saw that Malarkey, in offering the invitation, had thought that it about killed his own chances for the hockey team. Impulsively the boy went across the room.

"Malarkey," he said, "you're a brick."

"I'm not," protested Malarkey.

"You are," said a voice. "You're a pair of bricks."

The boys turned. The coach was standing in the doorway.



Stopped His File and Raised His Head.



The Boy Photographer

EDITED BY DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

When Writing to the Editor

Be sure to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope or you will receive no reply. One of our boy friends writes: "When a fellow gets stuck, he wants to get out of the hole." That's right, and the editor will be glad to help him out, if possible, but he's got to comply with the above condition.

Prize Snapshots

This month both of our prize pictures are snapshots. "Fun with the Kodak" was taken by Harry F. Blanchard, of South Glens Falls, N. Y., and captured the First Prize not only by technical excellence but also by ability in composition. It is not merely the result of luck, but bears the evidence of thought. Our Second Prize picture, entitled "Just Kids", was taken with a No. 2 Brownie by Ross Knight, of Peebles, Ohio.



JUST KIDS

Second Prize Photo. by Ross Knight, Peebles, O.

Honorable Mention

The distinction of Honorable Mention was conferred upon the following in this month's competition: Kenneth J. Van Sickle, Manly Gale, James F. Cameron, Charles B. Memminger, Russell S. Mack, Ernest Patton, and Russell Swartzwelder.

Home Sensitized Rough Drawing Paper

A salting solution is first necessary. Mix the following: Arrowroot, 384 grs.; Ammonium chloride, 288 grs.; Citric acid, 30 grs.; Sodium carbonate, 60 grs.; Water to 80 ounces. Rub the arrowroot into a cream with a little water and add the rest of the water boiling, and boil for ten minutes, or till perfectly clear; then add the salts. Immerse the paper for five minutes in the resulting solution. The sensitizer is: Silver nitrate, 40 grs.; Citric acid, 26 grs.; and water, 1 ounce. This must be applied with a brush. Dry in the dark. Print out fully and tone, fix and wash in usual manner.—Photographic News.

Faults in Negatives

When the negative is mottled all over, this is caused by not rocking the developing dish.
When the negative has patches of irregular outline and showing less density, the developer was not flowed evenly over the plate.
When the negative has circular spots, varying in size and sometimes showing a faint image in the spot, air-bells have formed in the developer, which cling to the surface of the plate. The developer should be flowed evenly over the surface of the plate and air-bells removed. Spots may be retouched with care, or spotted out by working on back of negatives.—Ex.



FUN WITH THE KODAK

First Prize Photo. by Harry F. Blanchard, South Glens Falls, N. Y.

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.

Tank Development

Thanks to the developing-tank, a dark-room is now superfluous, and the entire operation, from the exposing of the film to the mounting of the picture, can be done in the light. The claim advanced that the negatives cannot be seen during development is, in reality, much in favor of this method, as it requires long practice to be able to decide when development is finished. The amateur leans toward under-exposure and under-development, and by this method the one fault, at least, is corrected, and the exposure can be rectified by an increase in the time of development.
In using the film-tank, a development of thirty minutes in place of the twenty minutes mentioned in the directions is advisable, and will result in a negative of much better printing quality.
Where a known under-exposure is developed, the time may be increased to forty-five or even sixty minutes with good results.
As the light varies in strength at the different seasons of the year, the following table will be of some help in judging the time for development where the exposure is the same:
May, June, July, August, Sept.... 30 min.
October, November, March, April... 40 min.
December, January, February.... 50 min.—Ex.

To Dry Negatives

Negatives should be dried in an even temperature or in a continuous draught. Changes in the temperature will give varying densities in the negatives, and in a warm temperature a negative will dry darker.—Ex.

Mottled Negatives and Prints

The mottled appearance of negatives and prints, that is a source of great annoyance to many amateurs, is due generally to the use of an old and worn-out fixing-bath.

Stand or Tank Developers

Tank development must not be condemned because the results are not always ideal. A good many failures are largely traceable to faulty exposure rather than faulty development. The two chief faults in tank work are either too much contrast or too flat and thin results.
Harsh contrasts point to too long development, or too strong a solution, or using solution too warm. Thin and flat results suggest too short a time in the developer, or that it is too cold, or too weak. But, of course, one has to bear in mind that a thin and flat image is likely to result from excessive exposure.
As glycin is the first favorite in popular esteem for this method of working, three different formulæ are given—each being supported by well-known workers. It will thus be seen that doctors differ

somewhat as to what they regard as the best proportion.

- Glycin.— A. 10 oz. B. 10 oz. C. 10 oz.
Water 10 oz. 60 gr. 12 gr.
Soda sulphite..... 10 gr. 60 gr. 12 gr.
Potass. carbonate, 50 gr. 110 gr. 16 gr.
Glycin 10 gr. 22 gr. 12 gr.
Rodinal.—Water, 10 oz.; rodinal, 20 to 40 minims.
Pyro-soda.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 22 gr.; pyro, 4 gr.; soda carb., 22 gr. (1 hour.)
Pyro-soda.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 60 gr.; soda carbonate, 40 gr.; pyro, 10 gr. (20 minutes.)
Pyro-acetone.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 15 gr.; pyro, 3 gr.; acetone, 12 minims.
Metol.—Water, 10 oz.; metol, 10 gr.; soda sulphite, 200 gr.
Kachin.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 30 gr.; kachin, 6 gr.; lithium oxide, 4 gr.; acetone, 3 drams.
Adurol.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 80 gr.; potass. carbonate, 60 gr.; adurol, 10 gr.
Ortol.—Water, 10 oz.; potass. metabisulphite, 3 gr.; soda sulphite, 30 gr.; soda carbonate, 30 gr.; ortol, 5 gr.
Pyro-catechin.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 88 gr.; pyro-catechin, 22 gr.; potass. carbonate, 66 gr.
Paramidophenol.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 35 gr.; soda carbonate, 45 gr.; paramidophenol, 8 gr.
Elkonogen.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 20 gr.; potass. carbonate, 10 gr.; elkonogen, 10 gr.
Edinol.—Water, 10 oz.; soda sulphite, 125 gr.; soda carbonate, 50 gr.; edinol, 5 gr.
Hydroquinone is not desirable for stand development.
P. S.—In all cases the soda sulphite and soda carbonate in above formulæ are in crystal form. If either is used in the dry form, only take half as much.—F. C. Lambert.

Reliable Blue-Print Papers

It is not always easy to sensitise paper for making blue prints with success, and a good deal depends on using the right proportions of the two ingredients. The following will be found quite satisfactory:
A.—Green ammonio-citrate of iron ½ oz.
Distilled water 2 oz.
B.—Potassium ferricyanide 176 gr.
Distilled water 2 oz.
These two solutions are mixed and well shaken together, in candlelight, in the dark-room, and the sensitive mixture is applied with a soft, wide brush to pure paper, such as unglazed writing paper or smooth Rives paper. It is most important to dry the paper quickly, and to use it as soon as possible after drying. Print only from bold, hard negatives, and when the shadow detail is just visible, develop the print in several changes of cold water, acidulating the last change but two with a drop of sulphuric acid.—Ex.

"Economy is Happiness."
He chanted, bright and gay;
Then took two pictures on one plate
And changed his tune straightway.

Failures with Films

The troubles of many beginners in the use of roll film are probably due very often to overlooking the fact that films are much more slowly acted upon by developers and other chemical baths. Film negatives take longer to develop, to bleach and to redevelop than do those on glass, but, given time, the full action is secured. Regard for this fact will account for the underdevelopment sometimes complained of by film users.—British Journal of Photography.

The Ever-Useful Door

As an accessory alone it comes as a quiet relief to those who attempt portraiture within the four walls. See how well it composes with the subject. And as a support for background and reflector the door is an accessory hard to beat. The background may either be thrown over the top of the door itself or over a long cane lightly fixed to the top of the door and extending well into the room. The cane may be held to the door with a cord passed over the top and tied to the handle on either side.—A. W. H. Weston.

Flower Photography

For the lover of flowers the portrait attachment is a necessity if he desires, with a hand camera, to obtain a sizable image and by its aid the distance at which it can be taken will be reduced to about three feet. Definition will be obtained and the film being orthochromatic, the markings will be well defined.—Photograms. Orthochromatic means color sensitive.—The Editor.

Hydroquinone and Formalin

A "black and white" developer, that is slow and stainless, and gives clear lines and great density, may be prepared as follows: Hydroquinone, ½ oz.; sodium sulphite, 5 ozs.; formalin (Schering), ½ fl. oz.; and water, 80 ozs.

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Animal Trails

Continued from page 25

seeing that they usually evade these bare places, keeping under cover of the shrubbery that surrounds them. The thought flashed upon me: Wouldn't this be a likely place for an owl to do his hunting? Following along, I saw the tracks lengthening out; the footprints becoming all the while less distinct, then they suddenly disappeared from view. On either side of the lost footprints, were the deep marks of a pair of wings, in fact the shape of the primaries were plainly visible. About six feet further on, a few tiny drops of red on the white snow showed the fate of the mouse. It had met its death by venturing out on the open snow, where it was pounced upon by a silent-winged owl, and lifted off its feet while scurrying to safety.

A little later in the day, a hound, a cottontail rabbit and a couple of men furnished the principal objects for a photograph in which I have brought in the tracks left by the hunted and the hunter on the page of winter.

I did not see any of the principals, but I believe I read the story as completely as if I had been a spectator from start to finish. When the tracks first came under my notice, I saw that the leaps of the rabbit were short and regular—just the ordinary gait of this free-from-care animal. Following it along to where two men crossed it at right angles, it was easily to be seen that they also had observed the tracks, as they had stopped and one of them tested the freshness of the footprints by touching one with his finger. That a dog was with them I noted from its tracks mixed with those of the men, and that he was fastened by chain was easily to be seen from its resting in the snow as the men stopped to examine the trail. The snow impressions also told me that one at least of the men had a shotgun as its square butt was plainly stamped an inch or so deep in the snowy mould.

That the dog was keen to take up the trail was evidenced by its struggles while the chain was being removed, and that it lost no time in getting to work was seen in the direct course it took along the line of chase was seen several other signs that added to the interest of the story. One was that the rabbit had preceded the hound but a short time before, as the latter cut corners when the former circled—a move no well-trained hound would have made had the scent been old, or had he been in any way uncertain about being able to pick it up again.

I have pictured one of these "cut offs," and it plainly shows the freshness of the scent, and the certainty of the dog in following his quarry.

The chase was a long one, and I could have wished for nothing better than to have followed it to the finish with the hope that I should have found that Molly Cottontail had "holed up" and thereby foiled the hound and the hunters.

Before leaving this animal, let us look for a moment at the tracks it makes. They are quite a study, and furnish a subject of more than passing interest.

Look at the photographs and you will see two prints close together and at right angles to the general direction of the course. Back of these are two other prints following the line of the trail.

The first of these are made by the hind feet, while the rear ones were set there by the front feet. This manner of planting the feet is due to the "doubling up" a rabbit makes in the air with every leap he takes.

Nearly everybody knows that a rabbit's hind foot is larger than its fore foot, but possibly few are able to tell the direction the animal is traveling by looking at its tracks. We therefore suggest a reference to the two illustrations which will impress this better on the student's mind, than a long use of words.

In the picture, showing the tracks of "bunny" in the orchard, the animal is traveling towards the foreground having come from the tree, and stopped near the weed on the right where its droppings alongside the bunch of tracks can be seen on the top of the snow. In the other photograph the rabbit is making for the grassy cover in the background; over and alongside its track is seen the big pads of the pursuing hound, while human footprints cross it just beyond the middle distance.

The squirrel is another interesting winter animal. It makes its tracks in the same manner as the rabbit, that is, its hind feet are slightly in advance of his forefeet when they touch the ground. It is not, however, much of a traveler, and when the snow is on the ground rarely is found far from his given haunts. When, however, he can get one or more companions to join him in a game of tag, or whatever it is known in squirrel circles, there you will find his tracks in plenty.

I know a spot on a piece of woods I visit frequently that might be called a rendezvous. Any fine day in winter when the sun is shining brightly I can always be sure of seeing a pair playing over, under and around this fallen tree. For four years I have visited it regularly and it has fairly earned the title I have given it in the photograph of the "The Squirrel's Playground."

While certain members of the squirrel tribe store their winter's supply of food in hollow trees, I think most of them hide it on the ground, under old roots, brush piles, and even beneath heaps of dead leaves. Their tracks in the snow seem to bear this out. While it may be that the frequency of the tracks indicate a scarcity of food, and the traveling about a desire to find a supply, I believe in the main that these outings of the squirrels have a definite destination and object. Watch them skip across the snow, stop short, and at once commence to scratch a hole until they reach the ground, where they bring up a supply of nuts or cones placed there in the months of plenty. Call this instinct or what you like, it nevertheless proves a wonderful memory more than a haphazard piece of good luck.

Of the squirrel family, the blacks are the most prominent in winter. They seem to be flowing over with pent up energy, which keeps them in constant motion, until you sometimes feel that you would like them to stop and have the gift of speech, that they might tell you the secret of eternal happiness. Watch one of them jump from limb to limb of that big tree, rush headlong down the trunk, course across the snow in long graceful bounds, up another tree until he reaches its topmost branches, all with no more apparent purpose than to exhibit the joy within him.

His red cousin is entirely different. Once in a while he may be seen at the entrance to his home in the heights of some tree, but there is no outward sign of exultation. His looks indicate a longing for spring to arrive with its warm days and green woods, and no amount of coaxing will tempt him to utter a note of scolding or alarm such as we hear so often in summer.

Not all the red squirrels, however, keep to the trees. Many of them through want of food have to take to the earth. Their tracks in the deep snow are a heavy floundering of labored bounds as they go from tree to tree in search of the scanty droppings that lie beneath its surface.

Here and there we find the gummy scales of the pine cones, the shells of the acorn, the seed cones of the birch and cedar scattered about on the surface of the snow, which tell us the foods on which they subsist. In greater contrast to the delicacies just named, often one will find during long and severe winters that the squirrels have attacked the hemlock trees by stripping them of their bitter seeds. This is evidence of great want, and a merciful act would be to bring some food and scatter it about, thus to assuage the pangs of hunger which those little fellows are enduring.

The chipmunk is the smallest of the family, is seldom seen in winter and as a result its tracks are quite rare, but they are much the same as the other members of the family, only smaller. They live in the greatest solitude, and sleep snugly in their burrows waiting for the snow to go before they make their first appearance.

A fox track resembles that of a dog, but the course it takes through the open fields is much straighter. The footprints are about twelve inches apart under normal snow conditions. If the snow is soft and deep, the animal progresses by leaps, and as a result the tracks are more irregular. It has a fashion of walking along the snow-covered tops of every fallen tree and one supposes this is done for observation purposes, as it gains in elevation according to the diameter of the trunk.

The house cat makes a very deliberate track, every foot print being clear and distinct, indicating the care and caution it takes in making its nightly ramblings. Cat prints are easily identified when once learned, even though the maker is as erratic as any old snake could be. One track may be in as straight a line as any surveyor could lay it, another will twist in and out like a meadow brooklet; still another will side step and double track in the craziest possible fashion, until you wonder if the feline who made it was not under the influence of intoxicants.

Deer tracks have no special characteristics, though in a light "packy" snow there is an attraction in the trail that interests the human follower even as much as his canine companion. Many other animal tracks could be described but it would be largely a repetition of what has already been said about those we have mentioned, and the purpose of this article is rather to get the reader interested to go out and find them for himself, than it is to tell here what they look like, or relate other interesting things concerning them.

Of the birds that visit the snowy places and leave their imprints, the most common are the horned lark, lapland longspur, snowflake, robin, crow, quail, and ruffed grouse.

The horned lark leaves a dragging sort of a trail. Its methodical crouching walk and long spurs will sometimes cut two long parallel lines, from which one can hardly find where the feet have rested, yet again it will leave a trail as distinct as one could wish for. It is an uncertain ranger, but this is due to its continual search for food, which is scarce when snow covers the ground. One cannot help thinking that it suffers severely in winter for the necessities of life, yet its cheerful twitter and rolling song sound as if the cares of the world belonged to some other species. Along the railroad tracks, by the wagon roads, and on the bare spots of the open fields one can always hear its musical song, though at times one can almost interpret the short notes into a piteous appeal for food.

The American crow is ever in evidence. In summer they track the newly plowed field, and later on pull out the sprouting grain. In winter they visit the same fields and renew the walks they took under more congenial skies. The track is a dodging one, yet always distinct, so much so that the warts on the toe joints, and the tapering cuts made by the claws are visible under favorable conditions.

The robin is not naturally a bird that inhabits the regions of snow, yet for some years past I have noticed an increasing number of the birds around my northern home throughout the winter. If the snow is not deep, the three toes of the birds are plainly indented in the fleecy matrix. Its course is zig-zag as it scans the orchard for frozen fruit or other ground fare that happens to be around.

The Lapland longspur and the snowflake have habits very similar to the horned lark, and track the snow in somewhat similar fashion, the difference being easy to point out but hard to describe on paper.

The quail and partridge (ruffed grouse) are usually to be seen in the thickets or fence corners, and are so well-known to every farmer's boy and many city ones,

that we believe it unnecessary to here describe them.

We might indeed go on for pages and relate personal experiences and minute details rather than mere generalities, but we believe this article will have accomplished its object if it stirs up in the student of nature a desire to see the stories of life in winter for himself.

The Millbrook Contract

Continued from page 19

bend or break would droop so low that he had barely room to stoop beneath it and keep the saddle. More than once the horse went plunging through piles of brush that almost stopped him,—piles that in a few minutes would be a mass of flame. Still they struggled on—blindly through the smoke and obstacles until once again the tired horse, trembling and panting now, stumbled into the path, the fire behind them.

As the hoofs struck solid earth Dave urged him into a lagging canter, but little faster than a walk but the best he could do. Well, they were nearly to the place he sought, already showing dimly through the smoke.

Suddenly a great roar drifted down the valley; a heavier tone, that Dave knew was not fire. The water was coming, and his fear of the fire was quenched by this new danger. In a few minutes the valley would be rescued from its fiery baptism but the burning marshes below the town would still menace it unless he could divert the approaching torrent from Mill Creek channel to the flats on the other side of the valley. He sprang from his horse and began to work with all his strength upon the driftwood heaped in the backwater just above the narrow outlet. There was no time to seek help now. He must do the whole of the task alone or it must go undone. A partial barrier was hastily constructed; was it enough to hold? The roar of the torrent, coming frightfully near, convinced him that it could not and he looked desperately around for something that he could swing across to reinforce his work.

In a half-conscious way he realized that voices were approaching from below; that he had been seen and understood. Help was coming from the village. Oh, if it could have come a little sooner. At the very edge of the outlet a big cottonwood, undermined by years of freshets, had finally sunk into the murky water, the roots still clinging in their place. Perhaps it weighed tons, but in his frenzy, the man seized upon this with his bare hands, tugging and twisting at the half-buried branches. But he might as well have buried branches. With that across the channel before his breastwork, it would be safe. But he might as well have twisted at the channel itself. Springing into the midst of the miry pool he tried to drag the branches to the surface, one by one, and so float it down against the bank. His efforts were fruitless. He was desperate, half-crazed; with success in his hands and failure nipping at his heels. He had forgotten the flames, the coming flood, everything but his one determined purpose, and continued breaking and tearing at the branches until he saw them suddenly lifting upward, swinging toward him, down, toward the bank, across the channel; then a great rush of overwhelming water hurled him into unconsciousness.

There are some men outside who have something to tell you, if you feel strong enough to see them, Dave.

How did his wife come to be with him in that place? He had been lying half awake for some time trying to put a lot of confused ideas together and only succeeding in mastering one of them; that his contract had been violated; that he and his wife were penniless. Then there was something about an old cottonwood tree, too. In fact it was still lying across his arm, holding him down. How had his wife found him so quickly?

"It's Jim and some of the men here in Fairpoint," she continued, "Careful, Dave. You must lie still a little while yet;" as he started up in bed and looked around in amazement. Before he could question her, Jim Blake came forward side by side with their old competitor in the Millbrook contract, Tom Scott.

"We just run in a minute, boss," Blake said, "to tell you that the inspectors have passed on that lumber of yours and they find it overruns by twenty thousand feet. It was swept away when the dam went out and strung about the valley quite a bit but I guess the most of it has been gathered up; at least there is more than enough of it to fill the contract."

Weak as he was, Dave's brain cleared in an instant. "How long ago was the fire, Jim?" he asked.

"About a week. You've been sort of resting up since then I guess, but you earned a rest that day, for you saved the town all right."

"But this lumber, Jim; there must be some mistake. You know we fell down on that contract. We did not have enough. Some of those lumber piles at the mill below must have got washed down and mixed in. We failed all right, when the dam went out."

"Not while Tom Scott owns any of them mills below, ye didn't fail Dave; not in a deal of this sort. If any of my lumber piles went down that day I'll just trade them to you for your dam. I needed that water worse than I ever needed lumber and I'm willing to call it square if you are. Only for you, I wouldn't have a plank left in my yard, or a mill either. That contract is filled on the dead square all right, my boy, and it's passed the inspectors, too. More than that, it has been paid for; so you're just three days too late to do any kicking."

As the young contractor looked in helpless bewilderment toward his wife she knelt by his side and whispered:

"I expect the yellow margin around the pond that we used to watch so close is pretty wide now, Dave, but we don't care, do we? It has given us a glimpse of a very white margin in the human heart that sometimes does not show much until somebody's necessity breaks the dam."

Boy Mechanic and Electrician

Edited and Illustrated by CAPT. H. A. R. GRAY

Mechanical Drawing

Next month we will start our second series of the Mechanical Drawing Lessons which have proven so popular. In response to a number of inquiries on the subject I wish to state that the only requisites for becoming a member of this class is that you be a subscriber to *The American Boy*, that you endeavor to increase the circulation of the magazine by inviting the attention of your boy friends to the many interesting features therein; that you purchase from any one of the many dealers in drawing instruments an inexpensive set of drawing instruments; that you send in your lessons promptly and send RETURN POSTAGE for the return of drawings which require correction, and last, but not least, that you be patient if your drawings are not returned to you immediately.

Reversing Propellers

Two American Boy readers have requested my opinion regarding the relative merits of using a reversing propeller on their motor boats and reversing the direction of rotation of the engine to accomplish the reversal of direction of motion of the boat.

It is assumed that in the majority of cases, the boys' boats are equipped with two cycle motors which are designed to operate equally well in either direction.

If the range of spark adjustment is large enough, the reversal of the motor may be obtained by operating the spark control. In fact this method is employed by a large number of motor boat users and it can not be denied that it is quite practicable. In my opinion, however, the sudden change of direction by this method must of a necessity produce undue strains in the entire system.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the reversing propeller, the accom-

panying illustration of one of the many types of reversing propellers is published.

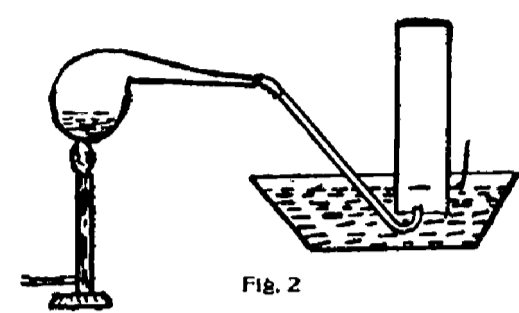
As the pitch of the propeller blades determines the direction of motion of the boat and velocity of travel within the limits of the motive power applied to the shaft, it can not be denied that any arrangement which will permit of a variable speed without diminishing the speed of or changing the direction of rotation of the engine is both convenient and preferable to other methods.

The illustration shows the general arrangement of the assembled propeller which consists in part, of a hub which is keyed to a shaft. Over this shaft a pipe overhafter is slipped which screws into a socket turned in the hub and engages with the pins of the propeller blades, which are loosely mounted on the hub, one pin to each blade. Both the shaft and overhafter extend up through the tail log of the motor and the overhafter to a quadrant by which it is moved, thus imparting lateral motion to the blades, rotating them and changing the pitch thereof at the pleasure of the operator. Both outer and inner shaft bearings are provided with glands which, while permitting the free operation of the overhafter, exclude the water. The Editor must, therefore, cast his vote in favor of the reversing propeller.

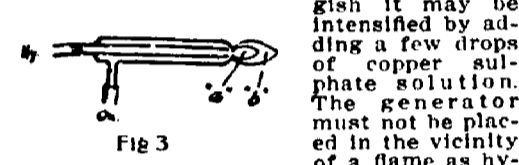
gen. Of this we treated in the article on "Batteries" and electrolytic decomposition of water.

It is, however, much more convenient to decompose certain acids thereby preparing hydrogen gas. To decompose acids, causing them to give up their hydrogen constituent they are treated with certain metals and under appropriate conditions. Of the metals, zinc is most commonly employed and of the acids, either hydrochloric (muriatic) or dilute sulphuric.

Generation: Figure 1 shows the simplest form of generator which consists of



a large glass bottle with a close fitting rubber stopper through which is inserted a glass "thistle" or "safety" tube, so called on account of its similarity in appearance to the common field thistle, the stem reaching to within 1/2" of the bottom of the bottle. Another bent glass tube passes through the rubber stopper serving as a delivery tube through which the gas generated may be drawn off and collected in an inverted test tube, flask or other receptacle. The zinc is placed in the generator in the form of shavings or filings and the bottle securely corked. The acid is then poured into the generator through the "thistle" tube until the lower end of the tube is submerged. As hydrogen is lighter than air, it readily displaces the air in the receiver. If the action between the zinc and acid is sluggish it may be intensified by adding a few drops of copper sulphate solution. The generator must not be placed in the vicinity of a flame as hydrogen is highly explosive.



The other element used in the torch is oxygen, which may be produced by electrolytic decomposition of water, but more conveniently by the decomposition by the application of heat, (350° to 400° Centigrade) of potassium chlorate, a white, crystalline solid of which nearly 40% is oxygen, in a hard glass retort. The common laboratory method of producing oxygen and one requiring only 200° Centigrade, is to mix approximately equal parts by weight of chemically pure manganese dioxide and potassium chlorate which have been powdered separately in clean mortars and mixed carefully on clean, sized paper. The flask should be provided with a delivery tube terminating in a pneumatic trough which is merely a pan of water as shown in Fig. 2, or may be led directly into a receiver provided with a valve and connecting with the burner. The hydrogen can be collected in the same manner.

The method of operation is as follows: The valve leading from the hydrogen receiver to the torch is opened and the hydrogen gas ignited. Oxygen is then admitted very slowly. The resultant flame produced will be so hot that platinum which melts at 1700° Centigrade is easily melted. The arrangement of the blow torch is shown in Fig. 3. A peculiarity of this flame is that it has only one zone of combustion, "b" in Fig. 3, while "a" represents the central space of unburned hydrogen. As cast iron melts at from 1050° to 1250° Centigrade; wrought iron at 1400°, and steel between these temperatures, the use of the oxyhydrogen flame in penetrating vaults constructed of these metals will be readily understood.

According to the men who have expert knowledge, the superiority and advantage of electricity over steam as a motive power is undoubted. Among the claims made for the former are: With the same drawing power an electric locomotive weighs considerably less than a steam engine; the loss of time in starting up and in stopping is much less in an electric engine; the electric engine emits no smoke, giving a greater assurance that signals will be more easily seen by the engineer; danger of collision is minimized, as the electric power can be instantly shut off and air brakes applied automatically. When two steam engines get into the same block of track, a collision can hardly be averted; a single car run by electricity every five minutes costs practically the same as a five car train every fifteen minutes. Certainly, taking the foregoing practical reasons into consideration, it would seem that in a very few years steam power must give way to electricity on all railroads.

Electricity the Motive Power of the Future

The cost of stopping a train depends on the size of the engine, the weight of the train, the rate of speed and the character of the grade. A recent calculation by a railroad expert indicated that the cost ranged from 45 cents for a train of ten ordinary passenger cars to \$1.65 for an express train of heavy drawing-room cars four times the weight of the other. But these figures were for a single set of conditions. Where there is an up-grade the expense is more than on a level, and much more than on a down-grade. Engines especially constructed for such light service as switching and suburban runs are handled at a smaller expense.

Cost of Stopping a Train

The most common compound of hydrogen is water, of which one-ninth by weight, is this element. The decomposition of water will, therefore, give hydro-

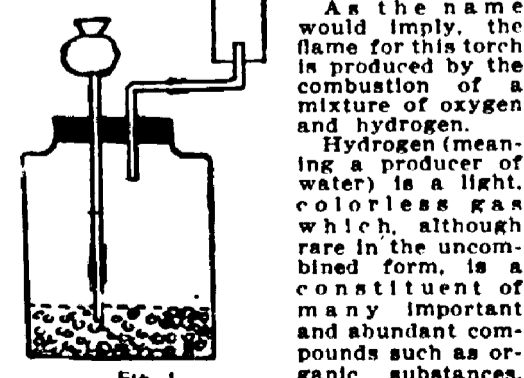
Oxyhydrogen Blow-torch

Since the publication of the "Home Made Blow Torch" article in a recent issue of *The American Boy*, numerous requests from the readers of this page have been received for an explanation of the operation of what some term "the hot gas torch" which generates a high degree of heat and which is known scientifically as the "Oxyhydrogen Torch."

An every-day exemplification of the operation of this apparatus can be seen wherever calcium or limelight is used with moving picture machines instead of the electric arc.

As the name would imply, the flame for this torch is produced by the combustion of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen.

Hydrogen (meaning a producer of water) is a light, colorless gas which, although rare in the uncombined form, is a constituent of many important and abundant compounds such as organic substances, water acid, etc.



The most common compound of hydrogen is water, of which one-ninth by weight, is this element. The decomposition of water will, therefore, give hydro-

Accomplishments For the Boy

Continued from page 27

a lady in the room is standing? So that you will be more ready to serve her more quickly, should she desire something. Why do we walk on the outside of the sidewalk? Because the inside of the sidewalk is the safer place for the lady. Why do we listen respectfully when an old man or woman is speaking, even although we may not be interested? From simple kindness, lest we should hurt or offend someone weaker than ourselves.

So throughout the list of conventional forms you will find that the idea is kindness, unselfishness, desire to make another comfortable at any cost to ourselves. The boy or young man who is habitually kind and thoughtful of others will surely have good manners—manners which a little contact with fine society would render exquisite.

But the highly trained society man, skilled in all the tricks and graces, but lacking a kind heart and a fine mind will never have, can never have, a perfect manner. The cad in him will show through in unguarded moments, as in the case I have related.

So—to have the perfect manner train yourself to think first of others, to make them comfortable at any cost to yourself. The trivial loss of your own comfort is nothing to the training it gives you, and in the certain prospect of social conquests in the future.

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The American Boy

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
 Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

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Entered at the Detroit, Mich. Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE AMERICAN BOY is an illustrated monthly magazine of 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Canadian subscriptions, \$1.25 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.50 a year. NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

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Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangles, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page; your address in full on one page. Send answers to new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We cannot return rejected puzzles nor reply personally to letters.

Lucius E. Smith, Box 548, Russell, Kansas, wins the prize for the best list of answers to December Tangles.

P. Arnold Lommen, Vermilion, South Dakota, wins the second prize.

John Howard Davis, Jr., 1216 West Cary St., Richmond, Virginia, wins the prize for the best lot of original February puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence: Marvin S. Bennett, Edwin G. Cook, Robert Paulson, Wilfred I. Jones, Oliver K. McAdams, Karl Fisher, Donald Ward Philbrick, Eva Hart, Helen Wouters, Maynard Treasurer, J. Horace Trumbull, Nellie Norwood, Douglas F. McCarthy, Frank R. McNutt, Howard Sargent, Robert McNaughton, Robert Berwyn Platt, F. Walter Kirchner, William B. Faas, George Nobbe, Gerald Sundkvist, Edwin N. Hopson, Browne Stone, D. Ralph Freeman, Ottokar T. Cadek, Rob Row, F. J. Schulte, Lee Burton, Robert Blum, Chad Wick, Merhyte F. Spotts, Henry Blow, Edward F. Oakes, Leslie C. Rose, Harold V. Schwartz, Frances Valentine, Roy H. Davis, Edward F. Clapp, Claire Pressly, Edwin Pabst, Benjamin P. Allen, Rose M. Eastman, Paul Nash, Robert D. Johnston, Charles F. Richter, Burr Chance, Roy E. Carnathan.

The following were one month late with November answers: Charles DuBronz, S. Edyth Lord, Ralph Stewart, Marguerite Davis, Herbert Hausman, Cortlandt R. Sweet.

Auto Car gave us Okolona as a February battle, which no available authority confirms. Chad Wick gave us a South Carolina flag and a White Plains flag, both of which we are unable to confirm. The hatchet would have gone in this month but for his failure to give authorities for these unusual essentials. Edgar Allan Poe was born in January, at Baltimore, though incorrect authorities give February, and Boston. Burr Chance is advised that Benjamin Harrison was born in August, Raphael in March, and Napoleon in January or August, according to what authority one adopts, and so neither of them was born in February, as he states. Thus three otherwise good puzzles are consigned to the waste basket, for the lack of a little care on the authors' part.

Marvin S. Bennett is informed that the list of honorable mentions each month is not arranged in the order of merit, though this month we were careful to put some of the good ones at the top of the list.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best list of answers to the February Tangles; also, a new book for the second best list; received by February 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for April, received by February 18.

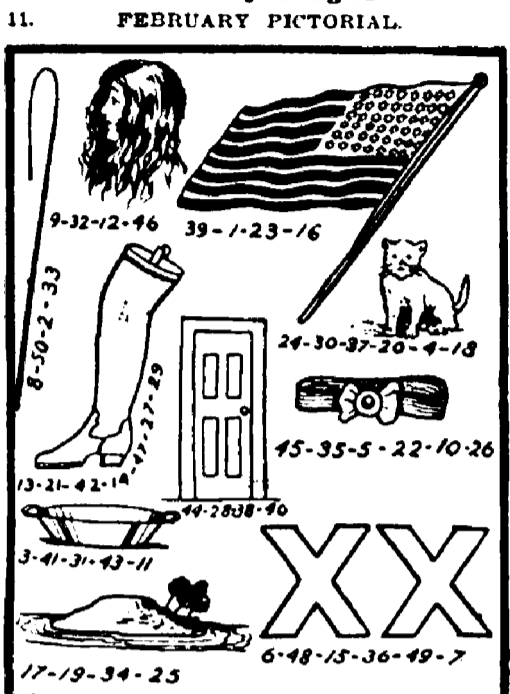
Answers to January Tangles

- Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Pictorial key words: 1. Tern. 2. Target. 3. Whitefish. 4. Ninety-nine. 5. Ruler. 6. Goat. 7. Ring. 8. Music. 9. Doll. 10. Utah. 11. Eighty-one. Selected letters, New Year's Day.
1. Haggard. 2. Alger. 3. Poe. 4. Porter. 5. Yonge. 6. Norris. 7. Elliot. 8. White. 9. Yates. 10. Ellis. 11. Alcott. 12. Reade. Initials, Happy New Year.
- Robert Edward Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Daniel Webster.
- New Year. (Found by taking from the proper noun in each line the single letter whose numerical position in the word is indicated.)
1. H u t c h 2. A b y s s 3. Y e l l s 4. E l e c t 5. S i r e s Initials, Hayes; thirds, Tyler.
1. M i n a r e t 2. I n d i a n 3. C o r i n t h 4. H a l l e c k 5. I l l y r i a 6. G r a f t o n 7. A r a g a s 8. N i a g a r a 9. U l y s s e s Initials, Millard Fillmore; initials, William Igaa, Utah, Kansas. McKinley.
1. M a c a w 2. I n d r i 3. L e g a l 4. L o v e l 5. A d i a 6. R e g l a 7. D r e a m 8. F o r u m 9. I o n i c 10. L u t z k 11. L e o n i 12. M a s o n 13. O u s e l 14. R h y m e 15. E l e g y Initials, Millard Fillmore; initials, William Igaa, Utah, Kansas. McKinley.

- J Three base hit, Battle of
- BAD New Orleans, Home plate
- A C E to pitcher's box, Jackson.
- T O K E N
- T O R S I O N 9.1. Peru
- L A B O R E D 2. Roumania
- E R R O N E O U S 3. Ecuador
- O P I N I O N 4. Siam
- F L O R I D A 5. Costa Rica
- N O I S E 6. Oregon
- E A R L 7. Tennessee
- W A R 8. Texas
- O Initials, Prescott.
10. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—"Light Horse Harry" Lee.

Key words: Utah, Michigan, trident, bith-er, rafters, sirrah, Ney, flnis, Wolfe, rash, Tyler, fosse, Princeton.

February Tangles



Define the ten pictures by words. Write their letters in the order numbered, from 1 to 50, and obtain a saying of George Washington's. —J. Howard Davis, Jr., Virginia.

12. FEBRUARY PRESIDENT.

All the words have six letters. The initials, read downward, spell a president born in February. The thirds, read downward, spell one of his great accomplishments.

- To put on a pretense of.
- Edige.
- To reverbate again.
- A wide street.
- Concealed.
- To reach by effort.
- The hair of a certain goat.
- Drift.
- To make sure.
- England's greatest admiral.
- Fortune.
- To turn toward.
- Looked obliquely in contempt.
- An aged counselor.
- In Homer's Iliad.

13. EXCISIONS.

Under each number is defined, first, a five-letter word, and, second, a three-letter word, the latter being formed in each case by beheading and curtailing the five-letter word. The central letters of the first ten words spell a great French poet and novelist, and of the second ten words, the founder of modern astronomy; both of whom were born in February.

- A number; the first woman.
- Principal; to hasten.
- More pleasing; frozen water.
- Doomed; did eat.
- Stains; a kettle.
- Pleasure grounds; the first boat mentioned in Scripture.
- Of the color of ashes; the woman referred to.
- A beast; a groove.
- Raves; to grow old.
- A rock; two-thousand pounds.
- Confronted; the one-spot of cards.
- Gaudy; in what manner.
- A journal; to mimic.
- To expend money; a writing instrument.
- Divisions; skill.
- A medium of exchange; a number.
- Grudge; a hole in the ground.
- Evil habits; solidified water.
- To hinder from growth; a large cask.
- Meditated; utility.

14. FEBRUARY HISTORY.

The words here de-48 16 32 26 7 31 6 26 fined are to be writ-48 22 - a E - 10 13 ten, horizontally on 1 30 - b F - 34 21 the diagram. 25 to 44 43 - c G - 33 41 2. a river of Wash-28 19 - d H - 18 4 Ingoton. 48 to 36, 35 23 42 29 8 5 15 24 naughty. 46 to 8, 27 9 38 8 47 12 20 11 false pretense. E to 13, full of bones. I to h, an instrument for driving teams. F to 21, at liberty. 44 to c, a receptacle for flowers. G to 41, to distribute. 28 to d, to slay. H to 4, the son of Lamech (Genesis v.). 35 to 24, ratification. 27 to 11, unchanging.

The numbered letters, when taken in numerical order, from 1 to 48, spell: A president born in February; the American commander at a celebrated Mexican war battle, fought in February, 1847; the U. S. battleship blown up in February, 1898; the Federal general, born and died in February, who was a candidate for president in 1840; the city evacuated by the Confederates in February, 1865; the Mexican war battle, fought in February, 1847, referred to above.

15. FEBRUARY TOBOGGAN.

- Slide down the stars, and obtain
- certain welcome February tokens.
- Fill the diagram as follows: 1. A letter from Rip Van Winkle. 2. Mother. 3. A night bird. 4. Draw near. 5. A dairy imple- ment. 6. Wandering. 7. A cape on the north coast of Crete. 8. The act of omitting. 9. Copy. 10. Printed lists of merchandise for sale.

16. BEHEADED BLANKS.

Behed the word used to fill the first blank and secure the word to fill the second blank.

- You hate me and treat me with infinite —
- Behed me and eat me, you'll find I am —
- Look on the rose-bush and find there a —
- Behed it, and list to the tooth of the —
- Come, let us get ready to go to the —
- Behed this amusement, there's joy in the —
- The children must hurry to get on the —
- The sun is not shining, I fear it will —
- The poor little fellow cannot be to —
- His head is all cut, and I think he is —
- It was really quite restless, could not sleep a —
- So arose and made use of some paper and —
- You must be mistaken, this is not the —
- Where mother buys trimming and —

17. CELEBRATED EUROPEANS.

All are words of five letters.

- An important river.
- The capital of France.
- Here is, in French.

When the words are written one above the other the diagonal row of letters from upper left to lower right spells an Italian operatic composer, who died in January, ten years ago; the diagonal from lower left to upper

right spells a French novelist, born February 8, 1823, whose stories are greatly enjoyed by American boys. —Robert Blum, Ohio.

18. DIAMONDS.

- A letter in a valentine; part of the face; narrow roads; a president born in February; a certain flower; crafty; a letter in valentine.
- A letter from Youngstown; cunning; in a leaking condition; a famous American journalist, born in February; score; a low island; a letter from Youngstown.
- A letter from Grand Rapids; the cover; wealth; a famous English novelist, born in February; awe; flnis; a letter from Grand Rapids. —Rob Row, Michigan.
- A letter from Dickens; an habitual drunkard; a light boat; dancing; debated; warmed thoroughly; come in; to rake into piles, as hay; a letter from Dickens. —Fred Domino, Mississippi.

19. GEOGRAPHICAL WORD SQUARE.

- A state of the U. S.
- A town near Fort Wayne, Indiana.
- A town of East Friesland, Germany.
- A town in Vermilion county, Illinois.
- A town in Basilicata province, Italy.
- The place in Sussex, England, where the battle of Hastings was fought between William the Norman and Harold. —Robert McNaughton, Wisconsin.

20. POETS' ACROSTIC.

- Initials and initials, read downward, each spell an American poet; and the star path, read downward, and including both starred letters in the thirteenth word, an English poet; all of whom were born in 1809.
- A town west of New Haven, Conn.
- A town of central Florida.
- Implying.
- The capital of British Columbia.
- A river and city of Bohemia.
- A British island, one of the Leeward group, between Nevis and Montserrat.
- A village at the south end of Lake Champlain.
- A German composer, born in February, 1885.
- A lake near Syracuse, N. Y.
- The world's largest city.
- A fortified town in Kuban, Caucasus, Russia.
- A dog of the Arctic regions.
- One of the southern tier of counties in Missouri. —Oliver K. McAdams, Kentucky.

21. REVERSIBLE WORDS.

The words are of uniform length. Reverse the order of the letters of the words whose definitions are given first, and obtain words having the meanings given second.

- Reverse a grassy surface of land, and obtain moves by pulling.
- The bottom timbers of ships; smooth, glossy.
- A mechanical element; to carouse.
- A Biblical food; a French protectorate on the China sea.
- Royal, kingly; a kind of beer.
- Skins of fruits; to slumber.
- One who keeps time; to send money.
- Harbors; a leather article used in sharpening razors.
- Existed; the evil one.
- Small bodies of standing water; a single-masted vessel.
- Stains, blemishes; checks motion. —Carleton W. Bryant, Washington.

22. DISJOINTED COUNTRIES.

Example: A bird (jay) and a cooking utensil (pan), spell an Asiatic country. Ans.: Japan.

- An Indian tribe and a tribe of Israel; a region of Africa.
- To be able and a girl's name; a country of North America.
- Wrath and soil; an island of Europe.
- Joined together and asserts; a country of North America.
- A cave and a visible sign; a country of Europe.
- Novel and a domestic fowl; a large island of Oceania.
- A famous writer and earth; a part of Great Britain.
- Part of the face and the indefinite article; a country of Asia.
- And not and direction; a country of Europe.
- A vegetable and to regret; a country of South America.
- A microbe and an indefinite one; a country of Europe.
- The covering of a chestnut and a parent; part of British India. —Ellets, New Jersey.

The hen returned to her nest, only to find it empty. "Very funny," said she; "I can never find things where I lay them." —Lippincott's.

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized." "I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs." —Everybody's.

The young son had been naughty and had been sent to bed supperless. Presently when the boy's mother wasn't looking, his father slipped upstairs and whispered through the door of the boy's room: "Son, could you eat some honey in the comb?" "Dad," the boy said, "I could eat it in the brush."

Little Howard came in the other day crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a series of "butts" administered by a pet sheep. "Well, Howard," said his sympathetic auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?" "I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."

"Little boy," asked a well-meaning farmer, "is that your mamma over there with the beautiful set of furs?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well," continued the man, "do you know what poor animal it was that had to suffer in order that your mother might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy quickly, "my papa."

Seven-year-old William had become the proud owner of a pet pig, and insisted upon having all the care of it himself. After a few weeks, as the pig did not seem to thrive, his father said to him: "William, I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It does not seem to be fattening at all." "I don't want him to fatten yet," William replied, knowingly. "I'm waiting until he gets to be as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."

Sailor—"Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately, he knew how to swim." —Le Rire.

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him. "Father," he said one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?" "What?" asked his father, preparing for the worst. "I am going to eat a germ."

Six-year-old Harriet announced her intention of giving up her German lessons with Fraulien. "She hugs and kisses me all the time I'm at lessons, and—ugh—I do hate Dutch," Harriet explained. "Father, who is something of a diplomat, reasoned with her: "See here, my little girl, I have read German and French with Fraulien ever since I was your age, and she has never tried to hug or kiss me." "Father," observed the child dryly, "you had better knock wood."

Many Play the Position.—Mrs. Neighbors—"They tell me your son is in the college football eleven." Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed." Mrs. Neighbors—"Do you know what position he plays?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks." —Chicago News.

The March American Boy

THE distant rumblings of the coming season of baseball and athletics generally have been heard, and the editors of *The American Boy* have wisely prepared to give their readers the most interesting stories and articles in the line of sport that it is possible to procure. In general excellence, also, the reading matter in fiction, instructive and interesting articles, and practical departments will continue to hold *The American Boy* as the foremost and best in its field. Here are just a few titles of stories and articles scheduled for the March number:

First will come the opening chapters of what we believe to be the best college story written in many years, entitled "Bartley, Freshman Pitcher," by William Heyliger, whose short stories have already proven such favorites with our readers.

"The Young American Privateers" will be continued three more chapters, as will also "The Gage of Battle."

"Clearing the Track," a railroad story telling of a boy's quick wit and resourcefulness.

"Bobby's Flight," an aeroplane story.

"The Pattern of 'Orphing' Joe," a story of character and heroism.

"A Terrible Bedfellow," a story of India and its dangerous denizens.

The March number in its instructive and practical articles will be especially interesting:

"Hints for the Outdoors Boy," Part Three.

"Chicken Farming on a City Lot," Part Three.

"How to Become a Sprinter," by M. C. Murphy, Trainer of the University of Pennsylvania athletes; probably the foremost trainer of amateur athletes of the present day.

"How Our Postage Stamps Are Made."

"What Has Happened in March."

"Biographical Sketches of Some of Our Great Men."

The whole magazine will be illustrated in the most attractive manner. All of the various departments will contain just the kind of practical instruction in doing things that the boys with hobbies like.



"Joseph," said his mother, reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look upon the matter in a different way altogether. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the class with a big boy like me." —The Delineator.

William B. Ridgely, former Controller of the Currency, said of a certain speculator recently:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces."

"As he mounted he leaned toward his father and said:

"Are you buying, or selling?" —Success.

A teacher tells me that at a Brooklyn school, not long since, the class in geography was asked: "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and after a while a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you can see the sea, and on the north side you hear the sound."

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DAISY AIR RIFLE



"Boys," said Uncle Ben one day as Washington's Birthday was approaching and he and the boys were talking about that great man, "there is one duty none of us should ever forget and that is, our duty to our country."

"We don't all have to be soldiers and great heroes to show our patriotism. But every boy should know how to handle a gun, and to shoot to hit the bull's eye every time."

"The strength of every country is its strong, active, healthy men, who are both ready and willing to defend their native country with all their strength and will, when the need arises."

"Every American boy ought to know how to handle a gun and to hit the bull's eye every shot."

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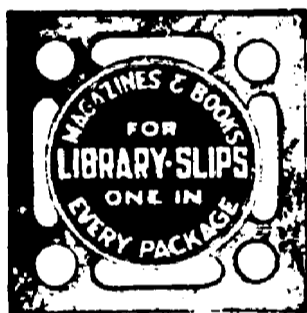
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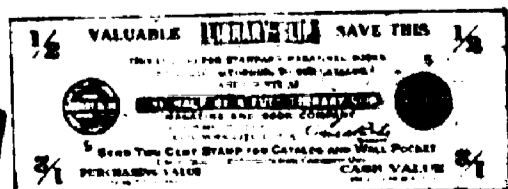
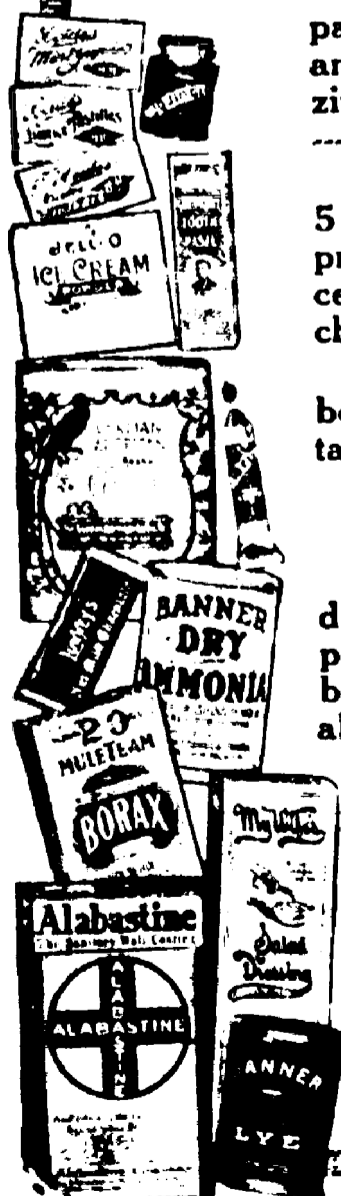
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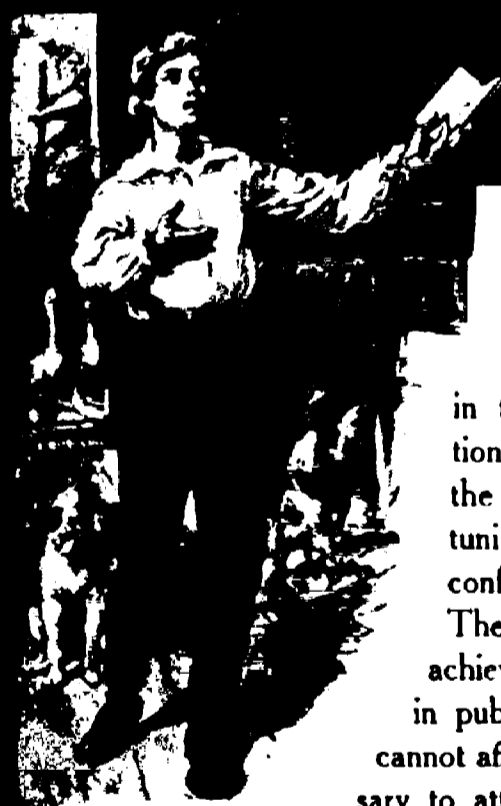
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The American Boy

VOL. 12
NO. 10

AUGUST
1911

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DETROIT MICHIGAN

"American Boy"

The shoe that's built especially for "Boy Scouts," for all strong, sturdy, red-blooded, out-door boys, and they are just as reliable, trustworthy, honest and true as the American boys they're named after.

There's no other boys' shoe just like them—no other that give longer service, more comfort and better satisfaction—and thousands and thousands of parents and boys could and would tell you the "American Boy" is the only boys' shoe made that saves them money on their every-day shoe bills.

You surely want a pair for fall and winter, maybe a pair of the 6-inch height like the photograph to start school with, and then later on a pair of either 8 or 10-inch high tops for skating and all winter work and sport.

We guarantee the longer you wear the "American Boy" shoes, the better you'll like them. They're made over neat, stylish, boyish lasts, fit like a glove and always easy and comfortable. The upper leather is the genuine Menz "Ease" Elk, the ideal leather for an every-day shoe because it's soft as a glove, tough as raw-hide and never gets hard and full of uncomfortable wrinkles.

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How Children Discovered Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

"I am going to make cereal foods twice as digestible," said Prof. Anderson some fifteen years ago.

"I am going to subject them to terrific heat—to twice toasting heat—to 550 degrees.

"I shall turn the moisture in the grain to steam, and explode it. I shall literally blast the food granules to pieces."

He did it, finally—by shooting the foods from guns. And the crisp, brown grains—eight times normal size—became the premier food for dyspeptics.

The Surprise

But these new foods proved to be immensely enticing. They would melt in the mouth. The flavor resulting from the terrific heat suggested toasted nuts.

Candy factories began using the grains in place of nut meats. Thus children first found them out.

Then we put them in packages, and children found a dozen new ways to enjoy them. Boys ate them dry—like peanuts. Girls made candy with them. Cooks used them in frosting cake, and to garnish ice cream.

Now tons of these puffed grains are served every morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Tons more are served each night in milk. For the grains are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Every month, people now eat twenty million dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And four people in five consider them the most delightful cereal foods in existence.

So the food for dyspeptics became the choice of a million healthy children. The scientific food became the favorite food. And its healthfulness became forgotten in its nut-like taste.

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THERE are hours during many vacations which could be turned from boredom into pleasure by a little target shooting with a good small caliber rifle. There are three Winchesters particularly well adapted for this sport: The Model 1903, .22 Automatic, which is reloaded by recoil, and the Models 1890 and 1906. Whichever model you select will give you entire satisfaction. They are sold everywhere.

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The American Boy



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Published by The Sprague Publishing Co

Entered at the Detroit Postoffice
as Second Class Matter

Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

VOLUME 12

DETROIT, MICH., AUGUST, 1911

NUMBER 10

Tom Westlake's Golden Luck

A Story of Adventure in California

CHAPTER I.

THE SPRING-FRET.

By PERRY NEWBERRY

IT was spring, and I was the most lonesome boy in Cragston. In all my boyhood years before, spring, with the return of life to the streams, the fields and the trees, had brought a great yearning, an impelling desire for lake and woods. The "spring-fret," my father called it, and he, a physician in more than the medicines of books and black bag, knew the remedy for my disease. Always before, in April or early May, he had called me into his study, with, "How are the lessons this term, Tom?" a question which, having learned to expect, I was prepared to answer.

"Pretty well, dad."

"Could you drop the class for a week and make it up?"

"Surely, dad; two weeks, with a little help from you afterwards."

"Very well. We'll get out the boat and drop down the river for a try at the bass. It's probably a bit early, but if they won't take the hook, there will be ducks flying to give us sport. Suppose we start Saturday morning."

Father had the "spring-fret" worse than I. Boy as I was, with the enthusiasm of the life of camp and the freedom of the out-of-doors, father could get greater, if more serious, pleasure out of those spring days on the river or lakes, his rod whipping the line of silk with minnow bait into the new pads of the lilies near the shore. He had been born with the deep love of nature in his heart, and would have been a farmer, a frontiersman or a pioneer, if circumstances and a restricted income had not kept him a physician for fifty years in this little Wisconsin town.

He had died the winter past. Father and comrade in one, his loss was too great for tears. I had taken up work, dropping my school and books, and by the hard labor of each day, found long, deep sleep at nights, to forget my grief. I had few boy friends, for he had entered into my play with me, and our similar tastes had made other, younger, friends unnecessary. I had learned from him, to handle gun and rod; to shoot a rifle with steady aim and pull a shotgun with speed and precision. I knew how to be patient when the fish preferred other amusements than the lure of my hook. He had taught me the learning of the woods, the flight of the birds, the ways of the animals. I had grown strong, rugged, with stout heart and lungs, and with arms and legs that would not quickly tire.

He was buried in the old cemetery, on the slope that overlooked the river. As I lay awake that April night and heard the honking of a flight of geese over the little village, bound for the northern summering in the great lakes of Canada, I felt the call of the spring in my blood and could not but think of him with the dread of lonesomeness. Could I not get away from Cragston? Was I not old enough to strike out for myself in a new country and find a home in the woods with my birds and my beasts? It was the "spring-fret," but behind it was the inheritance of the pioneer.

I was working for Abner Reynolds, driving a team to and from the saw-mill, and helping about the lumber yard. I lived with the family in the large white house beyond the yard, and Mother Reynolds, as I called her, was extremely kind to me. She had done her best to make the house a home for me, had given me the attention that her own sons, now grown, had always received. But her sons had not been troubled with yearnings that they could not understand or explain, and Mrs. Reynolds had never become conversant with my moods.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, I spoke to them of my deep desire. "Did father leave me any money?" I asked Mr. Reynolds.

"A little," he replied; "not a great deal, Tom. Dr.

Westlake wasn't much of a business man, and many a bill he never sent and many more were never paid. He had too big a heart to get ahead much."

"Is there enough to take me to California?"

Mother Reynolds looked up with a gasp. "California?" she cried, "why, Tom! You're not thinking of leaving us?"

Mr. Reynolds answered my question. "Yes," he said, "I think so, Tom. And you're thinking of California, eh, Tom? It's over forty years ago, your pa and I talked of California, right here. We were both young men then. He was set on going—just such a spring day as this, too—but I argued him out of it. I thought I did right then, but I don't know. He always hankered for it. Perhaps he'd have done better if he'd gone."

"But surely, Ab, you're not going to let this child go to California?" said Mother Reynolds.



"Tom, I am Glad. Down-Right Glad."

"Why, not? Tom is sixteen, well grown and strong. There's plenty of work for the asking on the farms there; I read it in the paper. And Tom has the hankering the same as his pa. I'll not stand in his way."

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds," I said; "I have thought this over for some time and I've heard father talk of it. There is land in California that the government will give to settlers, and the weather is warm and things grow fast and big. I mean to take up a farm, if I can." Mother Reynolds left the room, to cry, I suspect.

We talked the matter over at length and I found there was something more than two hundred dollars coming to me from the sale of my father's effects and library, after paying his debts and the expenses of the funeral. "Find out what you can go to San Francisco for, lad," Mr. Reynolds told me, "and if you haven't enough, I will add a bit as I can afford. I haven't an idea what the railroad fare will be, but they can tell you at the depot. Stop there as you drive to the mill," and we went together to the yard.

That day was a dream to me. At the railroad station I found that the fare was less than a hundred dollars, and I secured folders and maps that told of the wonders of California and the route there. Pullman cars, even tourist sleepers, had no charms for me, with their berths and mattresses. They meant

added cost for luxuries, and I was going to California to rough it. I would sleep in the day coach with my overcoat for a pillow.

I let the team take its own way to the yard, while I studied the map of the state whence the oranges came, and where gold lay hidden in the hills. I piled lumber thinking of hewing redwoods for my cabin-to-be, and I so mixed business with trout streams, that Mr. Reynolds sent me home, laughingly, before noon.

"You'll be no good around here any more," he said. "Have Ma Reynolds look your clothes over and see what you need. You will want to get away to-morrow, I suppose? I know, boy; if you've decided, the quicker it's done, the better. I'll get your money at the bank this afternoon."

So I was going to-morrow! I went through the main street of Cragston seeing lemon trees and palms. I greeted what friends I met with the startling news, and said my goodbys with smiles. Other boys of Cragston had dreamt their dreams, spurred by the tales of Robinson Crusoe, or Allan Quatermain, or Kit Carson or General Custer. Some had gotten as far away as Chicago in their search for fame and adventure. But I was going to the end of the earth, where sombreros, spurs, boots, and flannel shirts were the custom and the vigilance committee a necessity. I had the most vague ideas of the termination of my trip and how I should take care of myself there, but never a fear mixed itself with my rejoicings that day.

I went up to the schoolhouse to say my farewells to my teachers and former schoolmates. I had been in the second year in high school when I, of necessity, abandoned my studies and a little hesitancy came to me as I walked up to the principal's desk. He was hearing a class in Virgil, but he stopped to greet me kindly.

"You, Tom?" he said, "are you coming back to school?"

"No, sir; I am going to California. I wanted to say goodbye."

"So, so! California?" he turned to his class. "The next twelve pages for tomorrow. Dismissed." Then back to me and grasped my hand. "Tom, I am glad, downright glad! You'll do well, I know. But, my boy, let me tell you; keep up your study as you can. Do not forget what you have learned here, thinking it unimportant in a country where brawn counts for more than brain. You will never regret what you gain from books. I envy you your trip and your experiences, Tom."

A look of sadness came into the eyes of the school-teacher. I had drawn pictures of him as "Old Squeers" for the edification of the school, but I knew now that he and I were kin. He saw springtime visions, even in the autumn of his life.

The pupils had come in from the recitation rooms to the main hall and the principal spoke to them of my departure. "Tom has come to say goodbye and I know you will all join with me in a God-speed. He is one of our boys wherever he is, and we want him to remember that we think of him when he is away. Speak to them, Tom."

I did, awkwardly enough. "You have all been good friends to me and I am sorry that you can't all come with me," I said. "I am going away to work at the things I love to do and to study what I like the most. It will be a great change for me and I am not sure that it is all going to be just as I hope. California, as I have read of it, may be far different from what I will find at the end of my trip. But I will go happier knowing that I have such friends here, hoping for my success." So I shook "Old Squeers'" hand and went out. Some of the boys gave a cheer for me as I passed the door.

Spring and sunshine, soft winds and growing things! I went to the boat-house, where father had always kept our camping gear, and said goodbye to the river and the maple grove. I visited the swimming hole below the Peevy mills and said goodbye to the willows that screened its banks. Then out to the cemetery, pausing at the house where I had lived from my birth until father's death. Strangers occu-

pled it now, and new paint and bow windows in place of the eight square panes had weaned it from my memory. At the cemetery, I sat on the grass beside my father's grave and patted the mound. "I won't be away from you, dad," I whispered, "you'll come too, I know. You wanted to be there, as I want to be there, and when I go you will surely come. It won't be taking me away from you."

There were several formal farewell calls to make that evening, and I finished them up without shedding a tear. There were two girls who wept, but California's glamour saved me, dry-eyed. I promised to write letters to many people, a promise which I am glad that I kept, and I went to my bed that night with only pleasant thoughts for the future, and no regrets for the past.

Mr. Reynolds and his wife went with me to the train next morning, and I knew that I was losing two of the best friends a boy could have. Mother Reynolds hugged me close and gave me much advice on hygiene and health, together with a big hamper of lunch calculated to last the six days of my journey. Mr. Reynolds assured me of his desire to be called upon for assistance should I ever need it. "For your father's sake, my boy, no less than for your own. He was my dear friend for many years, and the best man with a choke-bore on the marshes. And I'd have liked to have been a father to you, Tom, could you have wished to remain here with us. He had it, and you've got it the same—it's in the blood. It's the pioneer that's in you, and I would not hold you back. But should you ever need money, write me or telegraph; and you can call our house your home as long as you wish." I kissed them both, and as the train pulled away, I wondered if the fever of the spring and the lust of new countries was not a boyish fancy and one of the mistakes of April and youth.

CHAPTER II. SAN FRANCISCO.

I STEPPED out of the ferry building into the busy streets of San Francisco with wonder in my mind and a trifle over one hundred dollars in my pocket. This was not a mining camp, not a frontier town! It was a great city. The big ferry boat had landed thousands of people besides me, and they had disappeared like magic in cars, in cabs and on foot. There were other thousands crowding into the building, and more thousands passing the doors on the street. Clanging cars following so close on one another that the turntable was never still, emptied each a hundred or more, and, filling immediately, pulled away up the street.

I alone seemed not to know where to go or what to do. I stood between the arches of the building, my bundles beside me, listening to the call of the hotel runners and the mingled noises of the streets. My vague ideas of San Francisco were shattered. Where were the broad-brimmed hats, the tall boots and flannel shirts of my Bret Harte stories? Chicago, which I had passed through, was not more busy than this. I could not pioneer among these men in summer suits and nobby hats, gloves and canes.

"But California is big, and cannot all be city," I thought. "I will stay but the night, and tomorrow find the redwoods and the mountains." So I sought a hotel. A bus with the name "Western Star Hotel" painted along its side was backed up to the curb and a man was gesticulating and losing his voice in the chorus of howling runners. I liked the name and I liked the looks of the bus, patterned after the pictures of the stage coaches I had seen in my western books. I gave the runner my baggage and climbed inside.

There were two men in the stage, and a puppy, and it was the puppy that most attracted me. It was such a funny bunch of fluffy brown hair, with a round, jolly face and awkward paws. I patted it as it sprawled in its owner's lap.

"Say, kid," the owner remarked, "ain't you afraid that dog will eat you?"

I looked up at the man, who was smiling. He was sharp-faced, long-nosed, and thin-lipped. He wore a panama hat, well tilted on one side of his head, and a bright red necktie with a cluster pin. His clothes were a fancy checked pattern, and his low-cut vest showed a large expanse of soiled shirt. He had a pleasant expression, and I smiled back as I told him that the puppy did not look savage at all.

"No," he continued, "he ain't much for fierceness now, though he's got the blood in him all right. Six months from now you wouldn't pat him on the head, I'll gamble. His mother was one of the wildest huskies on the Yukon."

"In Alaska?" I asked.

"Sure; mother was leader of my sled team, and

his pa was a thoroughbred Newfoundland. Fine bred pup, that."

"And you're from Alaska?" I asked eagerly. "A gold miner?"

"Not exactly. I did have a gold mine at Dawson, but I wasn't exactly a miner."

One of the men who had been listening to the conversation grinned and winked at the pup's owner and they both laughed. I did not go any further with my questioning, but settled back in my seat and looked out of the window.

As we alighted from the bus, the Alaskan motioned me to one side. "Kid," said he, "you can do me a favor. They won't let my pup in my room here, and I don't want him left with the porter. You hold him outside, and I'll take a room and we'll sneak him up the side stairs."

Without waiting for a reply he poked the puppy into my arms and went into the office.

It was several minutes before he returned. "Come on, kid. This way," he said, and I followed him through another door and to the third floor. Here we slipped quickly into a room, the door of which he opened and he took the dog from me. "Pretty well,



Poked the Puppy Into My Arms and Went Into the Office.

pretty well!" he said, laughing. "No dogs allowed, eh? Well, we've showed them a few, ain't we, kid?"

I said we had, and now, if he would excuse me, I would go down, and get my room.

"Why so?" he asked. "Here's plenty of room for both; two beds, see? And paid for. Sure, stay right here, kid. You done me a good turn, so save your money, and bunk with me and the pup."

I thanked him and said I would, and he sent a bell-boy down for my bags. Then we washed up, and he invited me to go out to dinner with him. "I don't like eating alone," he said in apology. "Kind o' hate myself when I have time to think. You can ask me any questions you like, kid, and I'll answer 'em, maybe. You're from the east, I judge, and this is new to you. I'm from Alaska last, and from almost any place where there's miners and gold dust sometime. I'm called Dawson now—without the Mister, see? Just Dawson."

We left the puppy asleep on a big coat with a half-can of condensed milk inside him, and more in the soap dish before him, and took the elevator down to the office. Dawson, in clean linen, brown Derby hat, and a short box overcoat, looked more quietly appalled, and I felt somewhat awkward in my country-cut clothes and soft hat. He bought a cigar at the office stand, and glanced through the newspapers on the counter.

"Want to go to the Orpheum?" he asked me.

"Any place you say. I don't know the restaurants here."

"No. After dinner. Want to go to the theater?"

"If you'll let me buy the tickets; yes."

"Pish, kid! Not much. I'm celebrating, and you're

my guest tonight. Sure, you come with me. Great show!"

"What is the play?"

"Vaudeville. Best in the city! Let's see"—he read from the paper. "Bilton and Pitts, knockabout artists in comic songs and dance; the Blossom Sisters, acrobatic aerialists; Professor Buncombe, the Mesmerist; Nogi, Japanese Sword Dancer, and Fostetti's Performing Dogs. Ought to be interesting, yes?"

The performing dogs decided the matter for me. "I'll go," I said, "and I'm much obliged to you."

Dawson took me down Kearney street, with its thousands of bright lights, and crowds of sightseers, and up the broad main thoroughfare of the city, Market Street. All of the population seemed to be on the streets, idly wandering. The stores were closed and locked, although alight with many incandescent bulbs. I thought it must be a holiday crowd, but Dawson assured me that every night it was the same. "It's the evening promenade; began in the old Spanish days, I suppose. But, here we are for dinner."

We went down broad steps into a big restaurant where women, brightly dressed, men in evening clothes, rows of palms and plants, and the strains of orchestral music, made a confusion that scarcely left me wits to follow him to a table.

It was my first meal at a city restaurant, and Dawson had brought me to one of the most garish in the city. I was stunned and only gave up my hat to the waiter after he had tugged it from my hand. I could not read the card before me, and would have given much to have been some other place.

But Dawson was superbly at home. "Kid," he said, "this is life to me! Alaska, bah! There's only one San Francisco in the world. What you eating?"

I said I did not know.

"Let me order for you. I know you're hungry, and I think we can find the cure for it. A salad, now—shrimp salad—consomme and broiled sea bass—then roast beef—how do you like it? Roast beef, medium, garcon, and roast potatoes, asparagus and green peas, banana fritters, and coffee afterwards, and give me that wine list."

I had listened to this order, which sounded as if we were a regiment of soldiers to be fed, in open-mouthed amazement, but I managed to say that I would not drink anything.

"All right, kid; sure no!" Dawson smiled back. "I rarely do myself—can't in my business—but this is a special night for me, my first back in 'Frisco, and I'll celebrate a little. A quart bottle of Muscardo, and have it cold."

As the waiter left with the order, Dawson looked around the room. "Not a bit changed in two years," he said, at last. "Same bunch eating same things in same way. It's a happy city, this. Money comes like water flows. It's the only place for me, if they'll let me stay."

"Who would hinder?" I asked in wonder.

"There's them that might. I wouldn't have ever left otherwise. But I was to blame. Tried to make money roll up hill instead of down, and opposed the laws of Nature. You can't sell a gold brick to a smelter."

Dawson said this as though it were an axiom, and I did not like to ask him where the miners sold their gold bricks, so I returned to the previous question.

"But have you enemies that may drive you out of San Francisco?"

"Enemies? No, kid, not enemies, exactly. And yet, not friends either. There are people here who say the city gets along more comfortably in my absence, and they're willing to support me in a way—not a stylish way—at a little town called Folsom, at their own expense. But I hate to be a burden on any one. So I'm going to be careful this trip, observe the rules of the game, and keep friends with the bulls."

There was so much of Dawson's conversation that I could not understand that I was glad that the coming of the waiter interrupted him, and we did not return to the subject throughout the meal. He told me other things of interest, mining tales of California, Alaska, Arizona, and the new diggings in Nevada. He also pointed out many men in the cafe whom he knew by reputation, men who had done things for California, or for whom California had done things. It was eight o'clock when we arose from the table and we took a car to the theatre.

I would have enjoyed the entertainment more if I had not been so weary. It was an effort to keep awake. Even when Fostetti's dogs were doing impossible things, dressed like little men and women, my eyelids would close. Dawson put me on a car afterwards, which he said would land me at the

hotel door. He was not ready to go to bed.

"I'm going to dig up some of my friends and won't be at the hotel until late," he said. "Here's the key to the room—37, remember—and leave the door unlocked. I'll crawl in some time before sunrise. Good-night, kid," and he left me.

I climbed the stairs, not to disturb the elevator boy, found the puppy still fast asleep, chose the narrower bed, undressed and was dreaming as soon as my head struck the pillow. I awoke once in the night with the feeling that someone had touched me, and put out my arm. My hands came in contact with the woolly pup, snuggling on the coverlet beside me, and I, pulling him closer, dropped off again into deep sleep.

CHAPTER III. PUPPY SECURITY.

I WAS awakened late next morning by the puppy licking my face. I pushed his head away, stroking him gently, as I gathered my drowsy wits into ordered ideas. Then I perceived that my room-mate's bed was undisturbed.

I jumped up with that feeling of unquiet that comes with new and strange conditions, and looked about the room. The puppy had jumped, too, and was waddling to his milk dish. My bags and bundles were all there in one corner where I had placed them, but Dawson's were missing.

"Strange," I thought, "he certainly hasn't gone and left the dog that he thought so much of. Someone may have stolen his valises," and my mind and hand flew to my money belt. It was gone!

I looked in the bed and under it. I knew I had it on when I went to bed because I had been obliged to unbuckle it to slip off my underclothes, but I hunted that room over from end to end. Then I sat down on the bed and thought. Had Dawson come in, robbed me, and taken his own things? How, then, about the dog? I knew Dawson liked that puppy. I could see it in his face and hear it in his voice, and he had gone to trouble to keep the dog comfortably in his room where he might feed it.

I had lost just one hundred dollars in bills. In my trousers' pocket was the change from the last bill I had taken from my belt, and now that change was my entire fortune. I counted it anxiously—one dollar and twenty-three cents. Was the room paid for? This was a horrible thought. Dawson had said it was, but could I believe Dawson? I decided to know at once, so hurried my dressing, went down to the office and applied to the clerk.

"Did Mr. Dawson pay for our room last night?" I asked.

"Dawson? What number?"

"Thirty-seven."

The clerk turned the register about and ran his finger down the page. "Thirty-seven—here we are; 'Gus Whitney, paid.' No such name as Dawson."

"Are you sure that's thirty-seven?"

"Sure? yes, of course. Gus took it last night when he came in from the north."

"From Alaska?"

"Yes. Been running a gambling joint at Dawson. Invited to leave by the Mounted Police. Dawson, eh? So he's taken that name—Dawson Gus—Used to be Carson Gus, and before that Sacramento Gus. You his roommate, the kid?"

I said yes, with a great relief that I would not have to begin my battle in San Francisco in debt for my first night's lodgings. The clerk had turned to his pigeon holes. "Here's a note Gus left for the kid," he said. I took the envelope. It was not addressed, and I remembered I had never told Dawson my name. Inside, on a sheet of the hotel paper were these words:

"Dear Kid—I have borrowed a hundred off you. Didn't want to wake you and had to have the money. Keep the pup for security, and treat him right—I know you will. I had to have the money tonight to send after what's gone before. If luck changes you'll never get this and never know.

Yours in hopes,

Dawson."

I handed the clerk the note and told him the story. "Scooped you, sure!" he exclaimed. "Took your money and left you a pup. Well, my son, you are out your hundred, I guess, unless the police can pick Gus up with something left on him."

"Police?" I exclaimed, "but Dawson borrowed the money."

"That what you call it? I'm afraid, boy, that you'll never see it again. You go right to police headquarters, and make a report of it, and leave it to them."

I decided to do nothing of the sort. Dawson had been kind to the pup and kind to me. I could not believe that he had deliberately robbed me. No, he had borrowed and would return the money and take up the security. In the meantime, I must keep the puppy with me and have him strong and healthy when Dawson should come. It was adding a burden to my exceedingly scanty resources, but it was a pleasant one. I liked the dog—it was human, cunning, comfortable, and warm, and I had no other friend in San Francisco.

I asked permission of the clerk to leave my luggage at the hotel temporarily, which he readily granted; and I went out on the street with a fluffy

pup that tried to lick my nose, under one arm, a half can of evaporated milk under the other, and one dollar and twenty-three cents in my pocket.

My first care was to find a lodging which I could afford and where I could leave the dog. Then I would hunt a job. The loss of the hundred dollars had already ceased to be a serious matter. I was young and strong, and the day was bright and warm. I walked up Kearny street to where stairs began climbing up the hillside, and business houses ceased and dwellings began. Then I wandered off to the westward up Telegraph hill.

I was hungry now, and I turned into a little restaurant on Dupont street, and bought a loaf, and five cents worth of sausages. I also got a piece of string which I tied around the pup's neck so that he could follow, and I went on in my search for a house, munching bread and meat.

At the extreme top of the hill was an enormous frame building with a high tower, like the pictures of old feudal castles I had seen in books of German travel. This stood in a little park with tumble-down

together, with the nails already in them, formed a bedstead, which my canvas roll cover and overcoat would convert into a comfortable couch. An old pan, carefully washed at the faucet down-stairs, and the holes stopped with bits of rags, would serve as a washbowl, and a tomato can as a pitcher. It was a beautiful room when I had finished, and I could see in imagination the contents of my bags and bundles distributed about.

Leaving the puppy to sleep away the effects of the milk I went back to the Western Star and got my roll. I could not manage all my luggage in one trip, so tolled hard all the afternoon, getting my possessions into my new residence. But I was well satisfied with the day's work, for I had found a house, rent free, where dogs were not barred, and had moved in without expressman's charges. I bought a ten-cent meat pie and another loaf for supper, and three tallow candles to light my food. Matches I borrowed.

I shared the meal with the puppy and made plans for the future. I must find work first of all. The contents of my pocket had been reduced already to ninety-eight cents, and that, with economy, would last four days—perhaps even five—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday—Monday I would need more money, but Monday was far ahead, and work was plentiful for him who wanted work, and I had just eaten. So there was no doubt or fear of the future in my heart.

I would get away from San Francisco as soon as I could save the money. With my folders and maps before me, I decided to go north, some place up in the counties where Bret Harte had given fame to town names. I found Jimtown on the map, and Calaveras county, and I had no doubt of Poverty Flat and Roaring Camp being somewhere concealed there. What opportunities there might be! What chances for wealth and gold among these peaks of the Sierras! Along the streams there must be bottom land where grain and vegetables would grow. There were redwoods and pines on the hills for timber and firewood. Game, the folder said, was abundant; deer, bear, mountain sheep and smaller animals and birds being scattered all through this country. The streams were full of trout, pictures of which filled me with longing for pole and line. To the northward, then, for me! And away as soon as money enough to carry me was in my pocket.

The puppy must have a name. I tried several on him, but he wagged his tail and perked his head equally at the sound of each. He had no preferences, so I finally decided on "Dan." It was a name that he could not grow away from. Whatever he became as a dog, whether big or small, Dan would fit him. Leo, Hero, or Rover might some day be inappropriate, as might be Gyp, Fido, or Sport. "Dan" would last; so this matter settled I snuggled him in my arms on the canvas cover, pulled the overcoat about us both, and went to sleep.

(To Be Continued)



I Shared My First Meal
With the Puppy.

stone walls and weed-grown paths, and all to the east and the north was the Bay. I could see the city stretched out below me, the business section almost at my feet, with its tall buildings pointing to the sky. Beyond them was the bay again, far away, glistening in the sun. And wherever I looked on the water were ships, some lying with bare spars, anchored and motionless, and some bustling around with smoke clouds coming from their funnels. The water seemed as busy as the city itself, where cars crawled along the streets cut deep between the tall buildings. Over to the west were other hills, one crowned with handsome residences, the other green like a pasture, and beyond this hill was the Golden Gate.

The castle was evidently deserted. All the lower windows were boarded up, and the big front doors had timbers spiked across them. Near one corner was a smaller door, and this, half off its hinges, stood ajar. I ventured inside into a hallway, and then into an immense room which might at some time have been a skating rink or an exposition hall. Now it was little better than a ruin, and there were no signs that it had been occupied, save by mice and rats, or the children of the neighborhood, in many months.

I learned afterwards that the structure had once been used as an amusement hall, and a car line had been built to carry the visitors up the steep hill; but patronage was denied it, and the scheme had failed. It was the Telegraph hill castle to the residents of San Francisco, most of whom knew it from the decks of the ferry boats as it loomed up against the skyline, but had no nearer knowledge of its tenancy or history.

I climbed up rickety stairs to the tower, and there found a room fairly close and fairly clean. The windows were too high above the ground for targets for the small boy with his stones, and so they had remained unbroken. The door was still on its hinges, and could be made to open and shut. The room would do for a residence with a little fixing, and so I started my repairs, first giving the puppy the remainder of the milk.

A dry goods box from down-stairs made a table, and another a washstand. A few boards hammered

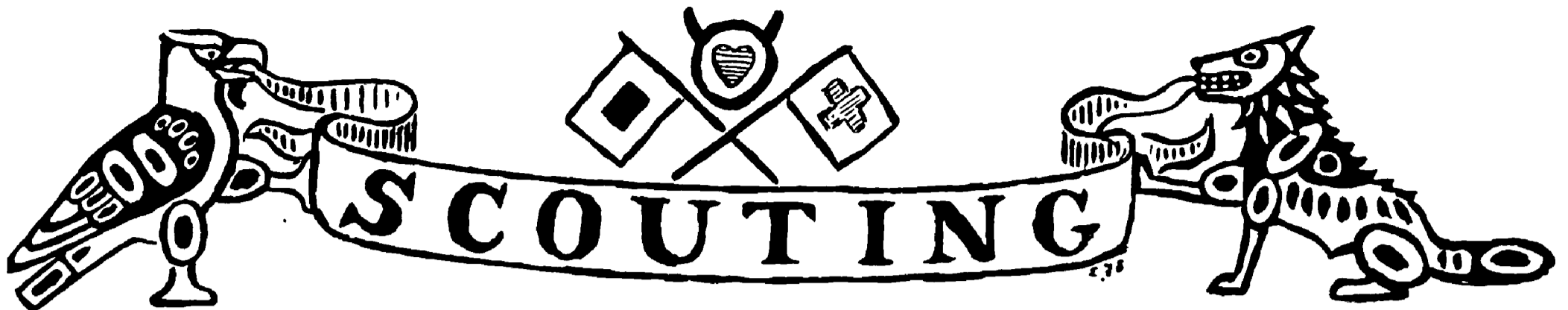
School Days Worth \$22,000

An interesting development in connection with the new movement to give boys a right start, consists of deductions showing the value of education, figured in dollars and cents. It is found by subtracting the earnings of a life of uneducated labor from those of a life of educated labor. If a man without education earns \$1.50 a day for 300 days in a year, he does well as an average in America. If he keeps it up for forty years, he will earn \$18,000. If you strike an average in the earnings of educated men, beginning with the President at \$75,000 a year, the presidents of the large railways and other corporations, and so on down to the lowest walks of educated labor, you will find that \$1,000 a year is a low average for the educated worker. In forty years that makes \$40,000. The difference—\$22,000—is the value of a boy's time spent in school.

Think of it, boys! The seven or eight years during which you have the privilege of attending school is worth \$22,000; hence the value of every day, month and year. What figures for the laggards and the wasters of precious moments! What food for thought for the triflers and incompetents! And also, what inspiration for the intelligent, appreciative lads, who mean business and look forward to doing a man's work!

Of course it is not in itself the time spent at the school that enables a boy to earn this difference, but it is the increased intelligence, in large measure, which qualifies a lad to rise to the higher walks of employment. Dollars and cents may be a sordid measure, except as that standard is taken as indicative of many other values that go with education and self-mastery.

We are told that the tide of the Thames affects the base of St. Paul's Cathedral. The tide of our life may undermine the character of some man.—J. Douglas Adam.



By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON,
Chief Scout, Boy Scouts of America

SCOUTING No. II.

BEFORE dealing with Camping, I want to present briefly the Scout laws in a way that will fix them in your mind.

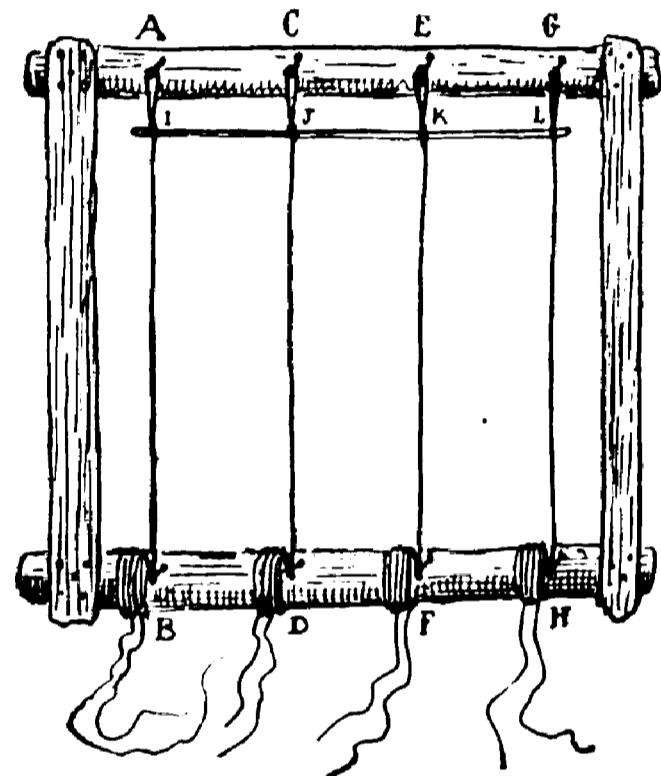
The Scout must be twelve things:—

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------|
| 1 Brave | 3 Reverent | 8 Smiling |
| 2 Ever honorable | 4 Everybody's friend | 9 Courteous |
| 5 Animal's friend | 10 Obedient | |
| 6 Dirt hating | 11 Useful | |
| 7 Y lo-Y-al | 12 Thrifty | |

And he must also be the sum total of these—'Ready for any trial of his strength.'

CAMPING-OUT.

Every boy scout looks forward to camping-out. Then it is that he gets the best chance to practice



No. 1—The Frame Showing Beginning of Bed

the things that are peculiar to scouting; and camping out is the only complete outdoor life.

When a boy, I was, of course, eager for a chance to camp out, but I had a very wrong idea about it. I believed that one must undergo all sorts of hardships in order to be really 'doing it'; such as sleep on the ground with one blanket, go without proper food, etc. I knew some boys that were injured for life by such practices.

It is well then to keep in mind that:—

Camping-out offers a number of priceless benefits, and is also beset by one or two dangers. We aim to get all the good and avoid all the ill.

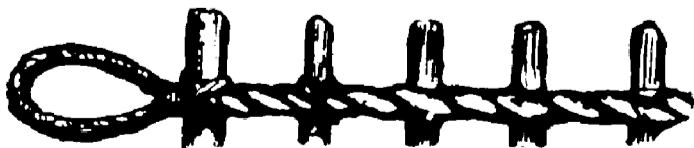
The good things are: The pure air, especially at night, the bracing and lung-healing power of the woods, the sun bath, the tonic exercise, and the nerve rest. The bad things are: The danger of rheumatism from sleeping on the ground, or in damp clothes, the exhaustion from bad nights through insufficient bed clothes, or an uncomfortable bed, and the dangers arising from irregular meals, and badly cooked food.

I have seen boys go back from an ill-run camp, tired out, and but little benefited; whereas if properly guided, every camp-out should mean a new spell of life, a fresh start in vigor for every one concerned.

THE BED.

Now of all things the camper's bed is the thing most often made wrong, and most easily made right, when one knows how; and of all things, comfort at night is most essential. Therefore I shall for the present say nothing about tents, clothes or food,—they can be got ready later—but ask each boy who proposes camping this summer to begin by making a bed.

There are of course scores of camp beds on the market, but these are very expensive, very heavy,



No. 2—The Style of Finish. All Should be Lashed Like 1 & 2

very civilized or very imperfect. The only bed I know of which is light, portable, scoutlike, made of wild wood-stuff that can be got anywhere, and costing nothing but a little labor, is the willow or prairie bed used by all the Plains Indians.

This is how it is made:—On your first short hike to the country go to some streambank or swamp, and cut about 70 straight rods of red willow (kinniki-

nik), grey willow, arrow-wood or any straight shoots each about as thick as a pencil, when peeled, except one or two that are larger up to half an inch thick; and all thirty inches long. Tie them up in a tight bundle with several cords until you get time to work them. Peel them; cut a slight notch in the butt of each rod, three-quarters of an inch from the end, and you are ready to make the bed.

And here I may say that some fellows, who could not get to the country to cut willow rods, have used the ordinary bamboo fishing poles. These are sawed up in 30-inch lengths, and split to the necessary thinness; the butt end yields 4 or even 5 of the splints, the top, but one. This answers well, and three poles furnish material enough for the bed. But it is not strictly scoutlike, because the stuff is not of our own woods.

Now get a ball of strong cord about an eighth of an inch thick, a ball of fine linen thread, and a piece of shoemaker's wax to complete your materials.

If outdoors, you can stretch your cords, between two small trees, about seven feet apart.

If you are working in the house, make a rough frame of strips or poles three feet each way and you are ready to begin.

Cut 4 pieces of the cord each about 20 feet long. Double each, and tie a 3-inch hard loop in the middle. Twist these doubled cords and put them on the frame, (Cut No. 1) fastened to nails as at A, B, the surplus cord wrapped around the frame, and the others as at C, D, E, F, G and H.

Take one of the heaviest rods, say a half-inch one—for a starter; with a pointed stick open the two strands of the twisted cord, and set the rod tight against the knots I, J, K, L.

Now set a second rod in place below the first, seeing that two twists of the string are between each rod and the space separating them is an inch. Keep alternating butts and tops. At each point, that is at four places on each rod, make a lashing of waxed thread, holding rod and cords together, (No. 2), I

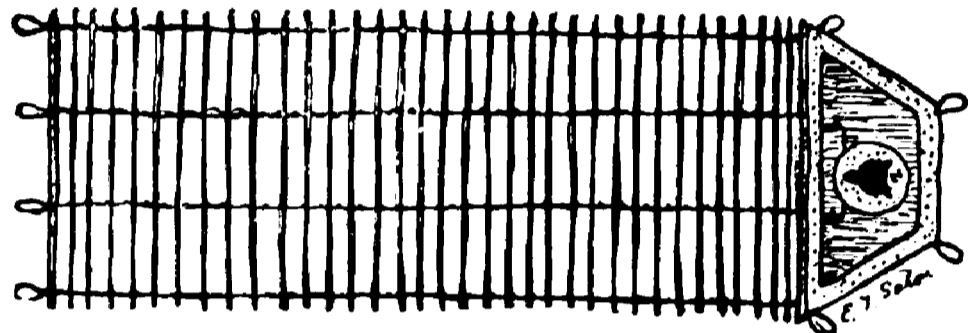
tall stakes the head part is held upright. When packed up, the bed is rolled. It weighs about 5 lbs.

Every camper should have a cotton sheet, a pair of blankets and a waterproof sheet, this last is laid first on the rods.

Of course you always need as much under you as over you. Couched on such a natural spring mattress as the willow bed, you sleep in perfect comfort.

SPEARS.

Another simple and useful part of the patrol outfit that should be made ready before going into camp, is a supply of tilting spears. I have seen a good many campers try tilting in the water, or on the land,



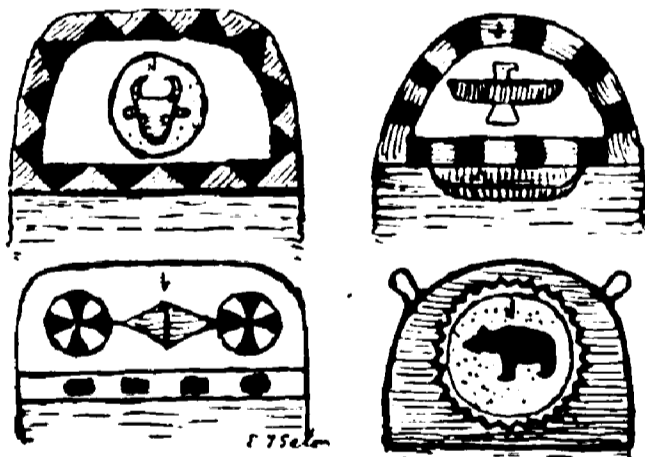
No. 4—Willow Bed—With Black Wolf Totem

and make an utter failure of it, by reason of the absurdly clumsy heavy spears used. A green sapling was cut for handle, and the end tied up in a bundle of rags that was 18 inches through. This was hard enough to lift when dry, and as it usually fell in the water first thing, and got sopping wet, its weight became trebled, and one could not use it as a spear at all.

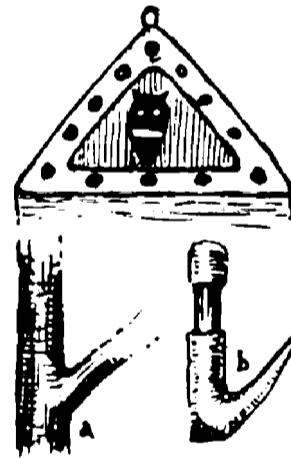
The correct spears always used in our camps are made thus:—Take 8 feet of the butt end of an ordinary bamboo fishing rod—or if anything a little heavier than ordinary. Get a 2-inch plank of any light wood and from this cut a disc three inches across, bevel off and round the edges; bore a hole (about 3/4-inch) in the middle and put this on the top of the bamboo so that it sets against a shoulder or knot. Drive a circular plug in the hollow of the bamboo for a wedge and make all secure with one or two very thin nails driven in (No. 7).

Now pad the head an inch thick with the ordinary horsehair stuffing that is used in furniture; and bind all with strong burlap, sewing it at the seams, and lashing it around the bamboo with strong (No. 8). This completes the dry-land spear. If for use in the water make a final cover out of white kitchen-table oil-cloth. This keeps the spear dry.

Each patrol should have half a dozen of these spears. They serve a number of purposes, some of them quite different from that originally intended.



No. 3—Various Heads—Canvas Covering the Rods



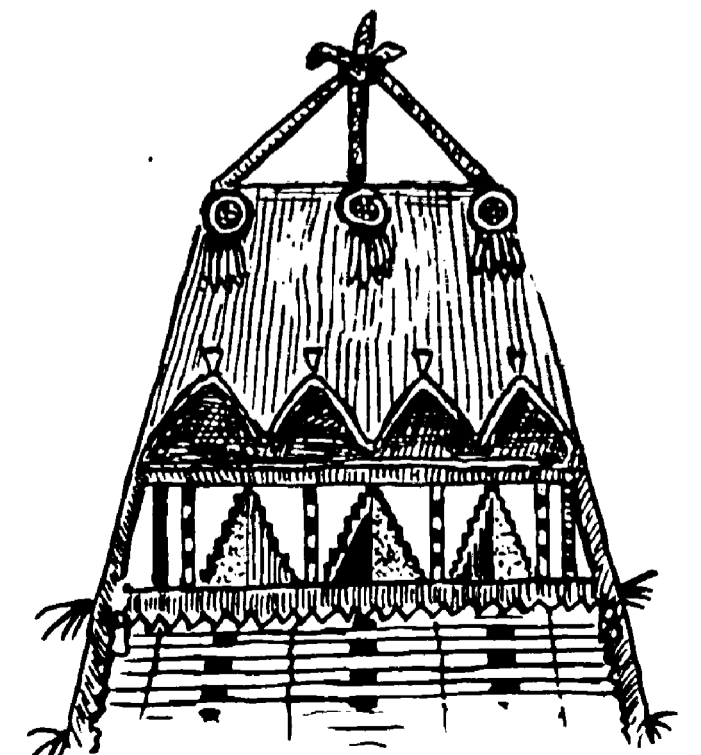
Hook for Watch

have seen beds with only two lashings, that is, one at each end, but four lashings is the sound and safe plan. By the time you have about three feet of the rodwork, you must shift it up on the frame, rolling up the portion already done. You can avoid this if you like by making the frame seven feet long in the first case.

When the rodwork is six feet long, it is time to taper off. Put in one big rod for a finish, and tie hard loops in the cords at this point. Then using shorter rods make a narrower part about 18 inches high for a head. Finally cover this head with a piece of brown kaki or canvas which should be decorated with the patrol's colors and totem, either painted or done in beadwork, or in colored cottons that are cut out and sewed on, (Cuts No. 3 and 4). It is well to add also a wooden hook for one's watch (a and b, Cut No. 3) and a pocket for matches and money, etc., at night.

The Indians often elaborated these beds to a great extent, when in permanent camps. Each rod was selected, perfectly straight, thinned at the butt end, to be uniform; and an extra piece added at the bed head and foot to curl up as end boards. That at the head was elaborately decorated with symbols in beadwork. The illustration (No. 5) shows a beautiful beaded bed head in my possession; not only the head but the edges all around are bound with red flannel.

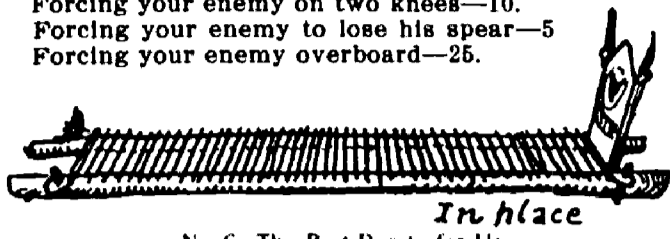
When in use the bed is laid with the ends of the rods resting on two 4-inch poles, which are set firmly 26 inches apart, and the bed is staked at the corners through the loops to hold it in place, (Cut No. 6). When we can get no poles, we lay down a couple of boards or rods to carry the ends of the bed, and then dig the ground out in the middle. By means of two



No. 5—The Indian Beaded Bed

IN THE WATER.

- When used in the water the ordinary rules of canoe tilting are followed. Each spear-man stands in the bow of his boat on the bow seat, his crew bring him within eight feet of his rival and now he endeavors to put him overboard. Points are reckoned thus:
- Forcing your enemy to put one foot down off the seat—5.
- Forcing your enemy to put two feet down off the seat—10.
- Forcing your enemy on one knee—5.
- Forcing your enemy on two knees—10.
- Forcing your enemy to lose his spear—5.
- Forcing your enemy overboard—25.



No. 6—The Bed Ready for Use

It is a foul to strike below the belt, or to use the spear as a club. The umpire may dock for fouls. When canoes are used, the spearman stands on the bottom, so all points are by loss of spear, or by going overboard.

ON LAND.

But by far the most of the tilting is done on land around the camp fire. For this we use two barrels about flour barrel size. These are set level exactly a spear-length apart, center to center.

Each fighter takes his place on a barrel, and his game is to put the other off the other barrel. To prevent accidents we have usually a catcher behind each man. The umpire stands alongside near the middle.

It is a foul to use the spear as a club, or to push below the knees, or to push the barrel, or to seize the other man's spear in your hand.

A foul gives the round to the other man. The round is over when one man is off. They change barrels and spears, after each round. The battle is usually for 7, 11 or 13 rounds. I do not know of any good thrusts having been invented but several good parrys are well known. One is to use your spear handle as a single stick. The best players parry much by wriggling the body. Often when over-balanced one can regain by spinning completely around.

So much for the game. It is immensely popular at night by the blazing camp fire, but we shall come back later to a special use it has found.

INITIATIONS.

There is deep laid in animal, as well as human nature, the disposition to haze or initiate the new comer. You put a new hound into a pack, he has to be teased and worried till he finds his level, and knows just whom he can lick, and who can lick him. So also with a new cow in the barnyard, yes, even the hens and pigs do it. The custom is very general in human life and universal among boys.

When I first began my camps and found that the newcomer was always initiated, I tried to stop it,

because it was likely to lead us into mischief. But the chief effect of prohibition was to make the initiation secret.

When you have a doubtful custom that you cannot root out, it is well known good policy to take charge of it, recognize it, and direct it.

This was my plan. Since the tenderfoot had to be initiated, I would guide the initiation and see that the performance was amusing, never dangerous. With this new attitude we are getting lots of fun out of initiation, and each one has to take it when he comes in.

An easy and popular way to begin is to put the tenderfoot on a barrel in the camp circle and say "Now don't come down until you have made everyone laugh." Meanwhile everyone tries how sadly solemn he can look.

One newcomer won out by reciting 'Mary's Little Lamb' in a dozen different ways. Others imitate animals. Some are shown a lot of hurdle-race jumps around the camp fire, and told that they must leap them blindfolded, then their eyes are bandaged, and they go forth. But meanwhile all the hurdles have been removed, and the efforts of the blindfold trying to jump over the hurdles that are not there, is extremely funny. A good initiation is made by assuming the tenderfoot to be drowned then revive



No. 7—Wooden Disk

him by the first aid plan. In some cases use was made of a skull constructed out of a huge puff-ball.

The scouts rack their brains for new and thrilling initiations. They have a 'goat' to ride, a greasy pole to climb, a pebble-rooting match or a trial of their



No. 8—Finished Head

courage. The only rule is there must be no element of danger in the ceremony.

By far, the most initiations now, however, are by combat with the spears.

If two tenderfeet are coming in together they are put up for a 13-round fight. The winner may come in or if the leaders insist may undergo some other trial.

THE INITIATION OF PUDGY GEMMEL.

Pudgy had passed his tests as a tenderfoot but the great Patrol of the Wild Cats refused to take him in without initiation.

"What can you do to show you are fit to associate with our crowd?" was the question.

"I can squawk like a hen," and Pudgy squawked admirably. 'Squawk, Squawk, Squaw-w-wk' like the

heartrending shrieks of a hen in the deadly clutch of a relentless foe.

"Pretty good, but it don't show much courage. And there isn't anything counts except courage. What are you ready to do in that line?"

"Anything you tell me."

"Well, will you fight one of our scouts in a spear fight?"

"Then we won't let you, that's too easy. We'll give you a hard one. Do you know this fellow?" and Tom Perks, an old enemy of Pudgy's was produced.

"Humph! guess I do and I licked him last week."

"What for?"

"He called me 'Slops' (an illusion to a painful incident that never really happened).

"Well now here's your job—this 'll try your courage—you apologize to Tom for hitting him in the eye."

"I will if he—"

"Never you mind about him. Do as you are told."

Pudgy hesitated, looked down, he was brave enough to fight any one, but this was too much. He said nothing.

After a minute of silence the leader said:—It takes more of the real kind of courage to do it than you seem to have—are you afraid? We don't want any 'fraid cats' in our Patrol.

Pudgy looked at the ground. He saw his hopes growing dim—then by a mighty effort blurted out mechanically "I apologize. I'm sorry I had to do it."

"You don't seem to put your heart in it, but still you said the words. Now Tom, what have you got to say?"

Tom reddened and mumbled—"I'm very sorry I said it, but I didn't say it, an' I won't do it again. I only called him 'Hoppety hops' an' he thought it sounded like the other. But I'm sorry I done it. I didn't mean to."

Here Pudgy broke in "Now, I really am sorry. I thought it was different."

But Tom continued "An' I won't never stick that up" and pulled out of his pocket a crude sign evidently meant for the gate-post of his enemy's house:

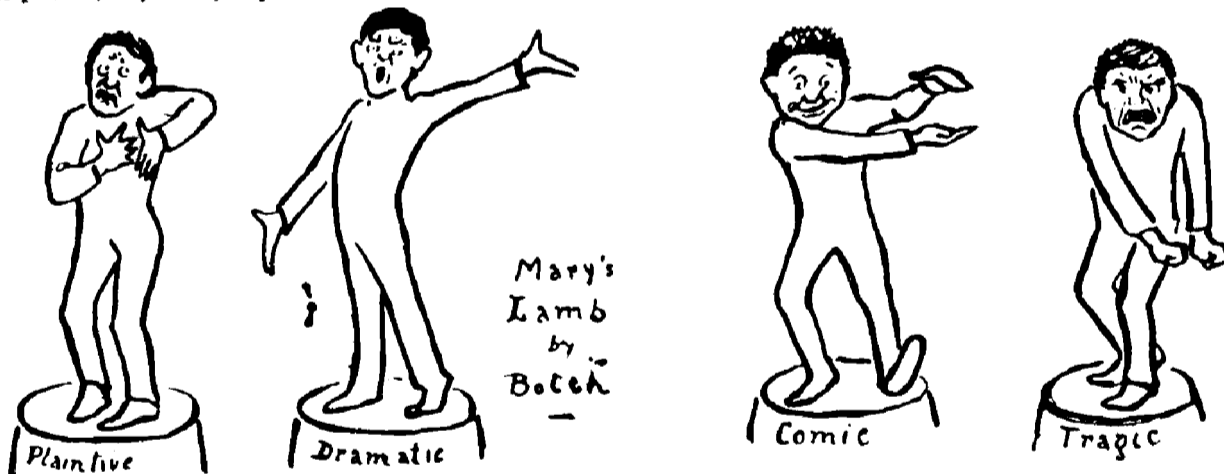


"I guess I'll take that" said the leader, then con-signed the obnoxious inscription to the flames and continued:—

"You're all right Pudgy, you've proved up good stuff. You're fit to become a sure enough Wild Cat. Don't you think so?" and he turned to the Scoutmaster who was watching without interfering.

"Yes," was the emphatic answer, "he has proved the real grit. He licked Tom two different ways and the last was the hardest." But it was years before Pudgy fully understood.

(To Be Continued.)



"Our" Column

AS I look around me at many of you boys, happy, care-free, apparently irresponsible, well-dressed in the latest and most up-to-date clothes, I cannot help wondering if you have ever given thought to the sacrifices that your parents are making in order that you may have all these comforts and luxuries.

PARENTS' SACRIFICES Have you ever considered why your father still wears the overcoat that he bought two or maybe three years ago, or why your mother does not dress in as stylish a fashion as others whom you meet? Have you ever noticed that the sitting-room carpet is pretty nearly threadbare or that a good part of the furniture is sadly in need of renovating? Do you know the reason for it all? Your parents would never tell you the true reason but would pass it off with the statement, "They'll last a while longer."

But it is for you that they wear shabby clothing; it is for you that the carpet is nearly worn out; and it is for you that the furniture lacks repair. Boys, if you could just realize how much careful, anxious, loving thought and how much scrimping and saving your parents are doing that you may have all your wants supplied and all the jolly, comfortable times you enjoy, surely you would give them more consideration, more of your time and attention, than you have done.

The following copy of a letter which was recently forwarded to me by a lady speaks most eloquently of the love and care and thought of one father, and

I believe only expresses the sentiments of thousands of other fathers on this subject:

"My Dear Son: Enclosed please find check to your order for the month's allowance. Thus another monthly milestone on the road to payment for your University education is reached and passed.

"We are inching along and I hope we will pass each one as it is reached like a thoroughbred on a race with head up and tail out, clipping along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but only to the goal at the end of the course.

"By every ten dollars you save out of each month, by so much stronger will be your character; and by so much better your ability to face the world and win a standing place.

"Whatever you may be taught in college of ethics and goodfellowship, the fact is—life is a battle from its beginning to its end. There are certain rules which it is recognized must be lived up to, but one must know all the rules so that he can tell whether the other fellow is playing fair or not. Therefore, it is character which in the end determines whether a man will descend and battle in the mud with the *sans culotte* or whether he will wage war at the top with the giants.

"I am fighting your battle now, so that when you throw your castor into the ring in two years and two months from now you will be physically and mentally equipped with a clear eye, a sound, beautiful body, and a perfect brain which knows how to think and act, ready to meet any antagonist, afraid of no man, willing to do whatever there is to do,

gentle to all, generous to the weak and crippled, and with perfect trust in God.

"Your loving Father."

I am going to speak a word or two to the boys who within the last month or so have taken up work. Now, of course, you have begun pretty far down, but you went in expecting that, and you determined that you would soon rise. In fact, visions of being foreman, manager, or general superintendent, perhaps president, were dancing before your eyes. But somehow, although you have been working nearly two months in the hottest kind of weather and you have been attentive and painstaking and punctual, you have not yet received the invitation to "come up higher," and you have begun to think that you are not appreciated and to wonder if really this was the kind of work you were best fitted for. I know that feeling, because I have been in the same place myself. Just let me give you a word of advice out of what I have myself experienced and have seen in others. There is nothing more commendable in anyone than to wish to occupy a prominent position. Every boy who has any pride or self-respect would like to see himself honored, looked up to and respected. But suppose that this very day you were called upon to fill the place you have longed for, could you fill it? Are you qualified for it? I am sure with just a moment's thought the answer would be "No, I am not fit to fill such a position." Why, if by some mysterious

(Continued on page 11)

To Win From Mulwar

The Man Who Had to Pitch

By HAROLD TITUS

GORDON Moffit was one of the best pitchers who had ever thrown a ball for Dabolt; he excelled in this line just as he did in any other that he attempted. But one man cannot make up an entire pitching staff—not when a team plays baseball the way Dabolt teams used to play it. Moffit was always to be relied upon, that was a certainty, and had there been more pitchers he would have been given less work in the box, because he was an outfielder who drew favorable comment from everyone who saw him work out in the "garden." But as it was he either pitched or did nothing, in spite of the fact that Dabolt needed men in the worst way.

Only two men were on the pitching staff before the season was well under way. "Walk" Walker was the second. At first he had taken up the work in somewhat of a jesting way. Never could throw a ball, he declared, but the coach kept after him and Walker stuck to the work. He was not a brilliant man for the position by any means, but he, next to Moffit, was better than any other.

"The coach says he needs me—rotten as I am—I guess he needs pitchers pretty badly, so I'm going to stick."

Time flies in spring, and before Dabolt realized it, the Mulwar game was upon the players. And a sorry mess they were too. Good as far as they went, but they went no great ways. One pitcher of consequence, two good outfielders, McRagen behind the plate and big Eddie Lathrop at first. The rest were fighters, but the material was limited and the substitutes were few and of little consequence. The bug-a-boo was accident. One good man out of the game and everything would be lost.

That was why Gordon Moffit watched Walker, fearful lest he should not be able to play the game.

The coach and McRagen were watching the squad work out on the Friday afternoon before the game. It was the last day of preparation.

"Say, coach," began McRagen in a low voice, "just watch Gord for a minute."

Moffit was throwing the ball lazily to Lathrop. On first glance he appeared to be moving easily, but close observation showed that his throwing was not smooth.

"Huh—appears to be stiff," muttered the coach, and walked away to take up a position behind the pitcher.

"Throw a couple," he suggested.

"I'd rather not," replied Moffit, evasively. "I don't want to overwork today."

For several minutes he continued to toss the ball. Then the coach stepped up close to him.

"How bad is it?" he asked.

Moffit started, turned around and looked the other keenly in the eye.

"How bad is what?" he countered.

"No use beating around this way, Gord, I can see. Your arm—how bad is it?"

The boy stood mute for a moment.

"Coach, if you breathe a word of this—well, I won't say what I'll do, but it'll be desperate. My arm is all shot to pieces. I worked too hard yesterday, I guess. It's sore as a boll and so stiff that I can hardly wind up. I've been throwing here for an hour, trying to sweat it out, but it seems useless."

The coach growled an inarticulate something.

"If the others find this out," went on Moffit, "they'll go to pieces. Perhaps, after all, it will be well by Saturday. But if it isn't, then is the time to tell 'Colors' and the rest."

"There's just one thing for you to do and that is to get an osteopathic physician at once. A good massage is the only thing that can possibly put you in shape. You get out of here tonight and go to Chicago. You can have that arm worked out early in the morning and come out on the noon train. It gets here at two o'clock, and you can be on the ground almost by the time we start."

"Won't the others find out?"

"No—McRagen knows already, but the others aren't even suspecting anything. You quit work right now and go over and coach Walker. He'll have to pitch a part of the game anyhow." Then he walked away toward McRagen and, in a subdued voice told him of Moffit's condition.

"We've got to act like clams," he told the captain. "If this crowd catches on, they'll die of fright. Walker will pitch. He's got to pitch a part of the game at least. I'll think up some sort of a white lie to get Moffit out of town without starting any talk."

On the other side of the diamond Gordon Moffit was standing beside Walker, watching him throw.

"If he can do this well in a game, we have nothing to fear as far as pitchers go," he told himself. "If he only thinks that I'm in shape and ready to step in, he ought to throw that well, too. He mustn't know otherwise."

Then, aloud, he said: "Walk, I wouldn't be surprised if you had a chance to pitch for a couple of innings at least tomorrow."

"Gord," he said, "I'd give anything in the world to be able to go in tomorrow. Perhaps I lack confidence, but if you are ready to go in at any minute, I'll take the chance."

Moffit laughed and walked away.

"Coach, Walker's pitching great ball," he said, approaching that worried individual. "If we can keep the bluff going—make him think that I can go in any old time—everything will go off nicely."

"You—bet—your—life!" declared the other. "It may be our only chance."

"How about my leaving town? Still want me to go?"

"Surely I do. You must go. Walker may look good now, and for a few innings tomorrow, but I've got to have you ready for work. That's all there is to it."

"He'll catch on if I leave town tonight."

The coach thought quickly for a moment. "Leave it to me," he said. "And don't be surprised at anything that may happen."

That evening Moffit and Walker were sitting in their room.

"I don't see why in the world he sends me in when he has you," grumbled Walker for the twentieth time. "Not that I don't want to play, but —"

"Oh, you bonehead!" cried the other in good-natured denunciation. "How many times must I tell you that it's a precautionary measure. The minute you begin to weaken, I'll go in."

"But if anything should happen to you! If I should be left alone to win this game! Whew!"

Moffit was about to speak when the door opened and the coach stepped in.

"I met a messenger down stairs and signed for this," he said, handing a telegram to the boy.

Moffit tore it open and read aloud:

"Meet me in Chicago Saturday morning. I leave for Europe Monday."

E. C. MOFFIT.

"Why, I didn't know your father was going abroad," exclaimed Walker.

"Why—er, well—," and Moffit looked at the coach as though bewildered. He saw an eyelid flutter and draw slowly down.

"You see, 'Walk,' dad always does things in a hurry. Business trip I suppose."

"But, say, coach, can I make it? Can I get back in time for the game? I must see him."

The coach cleared his throat in a very serious manner. He wanted to laugh at his little scheme, but dared not.

"Why, I guess so. You can get a train out in"—looking at his watch—"thirty minutes, and get back on the two o'clock express. You may miss the first



"Coach at Third, Walker," He Ordered.

inning, but I've about made up my mind to start Walker anyhow. I hate to do this but —"

Even as he had spoken Moffit had dived for a closet and commenced to throw things into a grip. While he packed he talked rapidly about trains, baseball, his father—anything to allay Walker's suspicions.

Saturday afternoon came and the grand stand filled rapidly. This was the day of the Mulwar game and why shouldn't it? The preliminaries were exceedingly short. The interest among players ran so high that not a man would willfully waste time. I say not a man, but there was one who lagged a bit, and this man was Walker. He seemed absent-minded; perhaps he was listening for something, because his eye did not brighten and the paleness did not leave his face until he did hear something—the long, warning scream of a locomotive whistle. The coach, too, had been listening for that whistle, for he called out to Walker:

"All right, old man. He'll be here before the inning's over. Go after 'em."

Dabolt was to bat last, and as the blue clad players raced away from the dug-out a mighty, booming roar was caught up and hurled along by the high wind. Then came the silence that always precedes the opening of a big game.

Walker poised on the mound and glanced around nervously. He wound up slowly, deliberately. Then his right arm snapped and the ball flicked into the catcher's glove. The umpire's left hand shot up. The ball had gone a trifle wide. Walker quailed inwardly.

"Put it on him, old hoss; put it on him!" chanted McRagen, as he spread his legs behind the plate again.

Once more Walker wound up; once more the ball was hurled, and, this time, the umpire's right hand waved. "Strike!" he bellowed.

At the next, the batter swung wildly, and the third went across the plate at his waist, while he stood and watched.

McRagen laughed aloud.

The first ball thrown to the next man was a sizzler, but he found it, and it struck the ground a yard or so from the plate. The lithe catcher was on it furiously, and scarcely had his discarded mask dropped to the

ground before the ball was speeding down to first. It was an easy out. The third man up popped a short fly to second, and the side retired.

"Well, that's the head of their batting list," laughed McRagen, as he jumped down into the dug-out. "Keep it up, Walk, and we'll win without a try."

McRagen didn't feel any too optimistic, but he well knew that a little gloom from him might wreck all of Dabolt's hopes.

"Where's Gord?" asked Walker.

"Yes, isn't he in yet?" queried Lathrop.

"You can't expect a man to dress and get down here in a minute, can you?" demanded the coach.

A moment later he cautiously signaled McRagen to follow him and the two sneaked around behind the grand stand.

"Colors," Moffit missed his train in Chicago!" was the bald announcement made by the coach. "A telegram just came."

"It's all up," McRagen groaned, and started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the other. "Only the subs know about the telegram. As soon as Walker gets to bat, I'll tell you all. But he must not know! Do you understand? I'm going to lie myself black in the face. Gord will be in on the three o'clock train. If we can keep Walker in the dark until then, all will be well. Don't you open your head about it."

Up came the Mulwar men and down they went. One batter sent a scorching grounder to short and was thrown out at first; another drove a foul ball straight into the air and McRagen gathered it in; the third fought the empty air with his bat. "Great stuff!" exclaimed the coach, grabbing Walker by the hand. "I tell you, man, you're going to make them sit up and —"

"How about Gord?" broke in the other.

"Why, didn't you see him?" demanded the coach in apparent surprise. "So busy you didn't see him or hear him yell at you, eh? That's good! You see, one of his cleats was loose and of course that had to be fixed, and there's nothing this side of the gym to do the job."

In a moment he said to himself: "Liar!"

"Glad he's here," muttered Walker, and then became engrossed in the game.

"You're up!" said the coach to Walker. "Get out there and kill it!"

The first half of the third inning seemed to the players to drag, but to the coach it passed like a flash, and the big fellow actually quailed as the side was retired and he saw Walker trotting toward him, looking around as though searching for some one. The coach well knew for whom he was searching. "Coach at third, Walker!" he ordered. "No, don't talk to me now. Hurry up; do as I say."

The pitcher, dumbfounded at the other's attitude, turned and walked slowly away to obey orders.

Two more innings dragged along without runs. After he had pitched for the fourth time Walker asked about Moffit again. And the coach said: "I suppose you're looking for him here, eh? Where would I have a pitcher who's going in after a bit?"

"Why, warming up, I suppose," said Walker, looking down, actually hurt by the coach's bearing.

"Of course warming up, and we generally work out behind the stand, don't we?"

The pitcher got up and started to move away.

"Where are you going, Walker?" demanded the coach, while the others tried not to stare at the boy against whom all were plotting.

"Around here to see Gord," he answered.

"Well, I guess not!" roared the coach. "You stay here and watch this game. I'm going to use you in the next inning and you can't afford to lose track of anything that happens!"

"He's getting altogether too rough," complained Walker to McRagen, who sat next him on the bench. "It gets under my skin."

"Never mind, old head," answered the other. "This is a tight game and he wants to win. We're going to win, too."

To keep Walker in ignorance! It was indeed a task. Here it had been going on for five innings. How much longer could it be kept up? The coach was racking his brain for new methods of deception.

It was a two-fold fortune that allowed Dabolt to fill the bases in the sixth. It meant that Mulwar was being bested, even if there were no runs, and it kept Walker in boiling excitement; kept his mind off the problem that had been troubling him. Two had been out before the hitting bee started, and a third went out in the face of Stone's magnificent attack before any could be scored.

As Walker wound up to throw the first ball in the seventh the coach wilted. The screech of another locomotive whistle came to his ears and he knew that within a few minutes Gordon Moffit, disabled or strong, would be on the field. He gave little thought to Moffit's condition. Either he could pitch or he could not. And it would take a strong man to pick up the game that Walker had been playing.

"It's our inning, boys," chanted McRagen. "We've got their number this time. Kill it, Barney; kill it!"

And Barfel "killed it." He sent a line drive crashing between third and short and by the time the Mulwar outfielders had grabbed up the bouncing ball, the left fielder was standing up on first base, beating his clothes to free them from dust; and the dust was whipped away from him by the gripping gale. As the lean Mulwar pitcher swung backward for the first throw to Davies, who was at bat, Barfel started for second, and before the Mulwar catcher could "peg" the ball down, he was hiding the sack with his generous body.

Then it was Davies who did the trick. It was a

beautiful hit, square and clean—right out over second. For an instant it looked as though the centerfielder would surely get it. He started to run in, slowly. But he had not reckoned on the wind, and the ball, yielding to the pressure of the gale, turned and dropped to earth far to his right. With a yelp of delight the Dabolt backers drowned out the groan that went up from the Mulwar section. Barnfel galloped across the plate and Davies, safe on third pranced in delight.

One to nothing it was, and there it stayed. Davies was on third with none out, but the Mulwar players tightened up and kept him there while three Dabolt men went out. And just as the third man threw his bat from him in disgust, Gordon Moffit, clad in his everyday clothing, walked from behind the grand stand.

Walker looked at him and blinked.

"Where's your uniform?" he asked.
The coach stood and gawped at Moffit; Moffit stared back; then he shifted his gaze to Walker. Finally he laughed. "You've got 'em whipped, 'Walk!'" he exclaimed. "It's all right. I knew you could do it alone!"

"Alone!—You—You mean th—"
"Sure I mean that you've done it alone. You've got this far and you can keep right on going. You must—because—well, because I'm out; that's all."

"Out?" queried the coach.

"Out!" exclaimed Walker.

"Yes, out. I've had my arm examined and won't be able to pitch again this season."

"You're IT, 'Walk,'" he laughed. "You've got this far. You can do the rest."

The other, bewildered, seemed unable to think.

"Never mind," broke in the coach. "Get out there and pitch, just the way you have been pitching. No time to lose now. I'll talk to you later."

Walker trotted to the mound and went to pieces. He threw wildly. The third ball pitched came back to him, hot off the bat; so hot, in fact, that he could do no more than knock it down in a bewildered sort of a way and then throw it to first. Luckily, he caught the runner just a stride off the bag. The next man to bat smashed the ball out over third and landed safely on second. A high foul, caught by Lathrop, sent the second man back to the bench, and a line drive to short spelled out the next batter.

But all this had been luck, pure, fool luck, and Walker left the diamond a wreck.

"I'm done for," he told the coach, and tears were in his eyes as he spoke. "It's no use, coach, I haven't got the stuff. When I found out—well, the bottom just dropped out of things. I know that I'm yellow and a quitter, but I can't help it."

"You're crazy!" laughed Moffit. "It's your first big game, and you've pitched seven innings of wonderful ball. Of course you'll slump off for an inning, but you'll be back again in the last. Think of it, 'Walk,' you're beating Mulwar!"

Walker could not speak. He gazed dumbly at the others. "Is there no hope?" he asked. "Can't you throw at all?"

"Why, I couldn't give 'em a twist if my life depended on it," assured Moffit. "My arm's a little better than it was yesterday, but I can't throw. And I don't need to, either; you're doing splendidly."

"Stay by it," growled the coach. "You've got the stuff." And then, after the frightened boy had walked away, he said to Moffit: "If he holds up it'll be a wonder. He's been throwing hard enough to put the best arm any academy boy ever boasted to the bad. He's physically unable to play, and is laying all the blame on his nerves and courage. Luck is our only chance."

Dabolt got no runs, and the first of the ninth commenced.

"All the time; all the time. We're right with you, old man," chanted McRagen from behind the plate. And Walker smiled in a sickly way.

The first ball thrown went so wild that McRagen could not touch it. The Mulwar rooters howled. At the second the batter swung and sent a foul out to the left. They howled again.

"One chance—and that is that they back me up," moaned Walker to himself. "But I'm not through trying!"

And with that declaration he put two sizzlers across the plate so rapidly that the Mulwar men were forced to cheer Walker as their batter retired.

Up came the next man. Walker wound up carefully. His arm was beginning to hurt a trifle. He let the ball go and—Crash! came the sound of hard wood against hard leather, and the ball sailed away out to centerfield. Barnfel, coming in for the fly, misjudged the wind and the runner was safe on first. And then came that sickening succession of minutes when Walker threw four wild balls and the runner walked down to first, advancing his team-mate to second.

"Tie 'em up! Tie 'em up!" shrieked the Mulwar men. Only a sullen roar came from the Dabolt section.

Then came Potts to bat. Potts was one of the mightiest hitters that Mulwar boasted. At the first ball he swung. It was an easy ball to hit and the big fellow grunted as the bat met resistance. But he had swung just a trifle too late and the sphere sailed outside the base line by a goodly margin. It sailed high and far and Davies ran for it.

"Come on, Davies!" shrieked McRagen, pounding one fist into his glove. "Come on, Davies!" And, for an instant it looked as though Davies were about to get it; in fact, he stretched out his hands, reached for the ball—and fell.

The Dabolt rooters actually groaned and McRagen had the fight of his life to keep the tears back. In

another instant he had something else to think about. Out in the "garden" Davies was sitting on the ground, holding one foot in his hands and rocking back and forth.

McRagen followed the others out on the run. "Holy smoke! I should say it was sprained," he heard someone say as he pushed through the group. "I tried, 'Colors,'" sobbed Davies as he saw the captain. "I tried, but it turned clear over with me!" The captain said nothing. None of the others spoke. Davies, not an extraordinary man, but the last hope, out of the game! It looked dark for Dabolt indeed.

In the dressing room under the grand stand, Gordon Moffit was jumping into a uniform. He appeared buttoning his shirt just as they carried Davies into the dug-out.

"What —," began the coach.

"I'm going in," announced Moffit.

"In! Where?"

"Right field, of course. See that man at bat. That's Potts. He's a whale with the bat, but has never been

known to smash anywhere but right field. Let him hit. I can run and catch if I can't throw!"

But one more out will only make two and they've got two on bases," wailed McRagen.



"Side Out!" Bellowed the Umpire

"If we get this fellow it'll only leave one to get, won't it?" countered Moffit. "Walker, throw 'em easy and straight." Then they trotted out again. The Dabolt rooters cheered when they saw Moffit in uniform. They groaned when they saw him start for the field.

A new something stirred within Walker. His arm hung heavily and ached, but he felt more secure than he had at any time during those last two innings.

"Easy and straight," he repeated to himself. "Easy and straight."

As the ball left his hand, the man on second started for third, and, in spite of McRagen's supple movements after Potts had struck and missed, landed safely on the sack. All of which drove the Mulwar rooters crazy. They were confident of a tie; extra innings meant victory.

"Make him hit it!" taunted McRagen. "We've got 'em on the run!"

His assurance was ludicrous, but he signaled for a straight easy ball. Walker threw it, fearfully. Potts, the slugger, gripped his bat and swung. Sharp and clear, like the crack of a pistol, came the sound of wood against hard leather. The ball rose and rose to a mere speck. Out in right field Gordon Moffit had waited. His hope was fulfilled; the ball was coming to him. But was it coming? He watched it carefully until it commenced to descend, then he turned and raced far out. Every eye was on him.

Moffit glanced back over his shoulder quickly, then ran all the harder. If he failed! It would mean, at the very least, that Mulwar would score two runs. Out and out and out, sped the felder. Then he wheeled, appeared to stagger an instant, took a quick step or two forward, reached up—and caught the ball.

Walker sped toward the plate to back his captain up. He had been halfway there already. McRagen, shrieking shrilly, watched Moffit. Could he do it, with his weak arm? Was it possible? The runner on third was starting, running low and with long strides. And the ball was coming in. Moffit had thrown quickly. He had disregarded Lathrop on first. There was no time to relay it in. He had thrown from the deepest right field for the plate!

Behind McRagen Walker groaned. The ball was going far to the right. Moffit had failed! On came the charging runner. He was halfway to the plate.

"Wild! Wild!" McRagen shrieked.

But had it gone wild? The wind was stronger than it had been at any time, and it was on the wind that Moffit had figured—taken a weird chance. He well knew that to throw directly for the plate under such conditions would see the ball come to earth nearer third base. So he hurled it to the left of the plate, looking in.

And the wind did its work. It caught the flying ball. Slowly it swung in. Easily, almost lazily, it descended. And "Colors" McRagen, gasping, wide-eyed, realized the miracle. Into his hands the leather came, true as a die! And, as he gathered it in, he fell to the left and smothered the runner.

"Side out!" bellowed the umpire.

But none gave him attention. The game was over, a 1 to 0 victory. And ever since, Walker and Moffit have been trying to decide to whom the honor goes.

Coronation Day in England

TO the music of massed bands; the fan fare of trumpets; the booming of cannon, and the shouts of "God Save the King" from the lips of a great multitude of his subjects from every land owing him allegiance George V was crowned King and Emperor. No greater, grander or more imposing spectacle has ever been witnessed within the walls of historic Westminster Abbey, the valhalla of England's great ones, where it may truly be said is enshrined the heart of England's history. The crowds began to gather between Buckingham Palace and the Abbey the previous night, and at seven o'clock on the morning of June 22nd, every inch of space was taken up and the barriers which had been erected to prevent crushing and consequent injuries were closed. Soon after seven o'clock the troops took up their positions and a time of waiting ensued. At half past nine o'clock the first part of the procession left the palace. This consisted of a string of carriages carrying the royal and other distinguished representatives of foreign nations. Notable among these because of the plainness of his dress as compared with the brilliancy of others was John Hays Hammond, special representative of the United States. Ten o'clock and the head of the second procession appeared, consisting of the members of the royal family, the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sister, the Duchess of Connaught and others. Precisely at half past ten, the booming of cannon in Hyde Park told the waiting throng that the King and Queen had left the palace. All along the route the King and Queen were greeted with thunderous cheers by their subjects.

Shortly after twelve o'clock their majesties came from the Abbey wearing their crowns and amid continued cheering drove back to the palace still surrounded by those representatives and distinguished personages who showed forth at once the extent of British empire, its majesty and might.

We Americans are prone to smile at the spectacle and call the whole thing a show got up to amuse the people, failing to see in the ceremonies their high sacramental character or appreciate the vision of a great nation's history. The whole proceedings were far from being a mere vain-glorious show. Not from any spirit of lavish display or vulgar ostentation did Great Britain put forth all that splendor and magnificence. As was well said in the editorial columns of a prominent magazine: "The beginning of a new reign opens a new chapter of national history, and in the Coronation ceremony we hallow the new epoch and we consecrate the person of

the new king to the highest and noblest functions in the service of the State and the people. In the measure that we invest such an occasion with a noble and grandiose ritual, we mark our own deep sense of its solemnity and we impress it upon others." "There is also," the same writer points out, "a political lesson of the profoundest meaning." Apart, however, from what our readers may think of the ceremonial significance of the coronation with all the attendant magnificence, we are sure that with our English cousins, they will express their wish that King George and Queen Mary will have many years given them to uphold and increase the influence of the empire and the happiness and prosperity of the people.



The Coronation Procession With the Royal State Carriage

King George V, was crowned King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, and Queen Mary received the Crown of glory, honor and joy and the other ancient emblems as Royal Consort in Westminster Abbey, London, on June 22nd. The foregoing picture of the principal feature of the Coronation procession, that of the Royal Coach in which their majesties rode to the Abbey, was forwarded from London immediately after the parade by the special representative of THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Dual Cup

Fighting For Old Yardley

CHAPTER V.

GERALD PLAYS FOX.

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of How He Won His Y, etc.

I FEAR there wasn't much studying done at Yardley that evening. A spirit of unrest had seized the fellows and there was much coming and going across the yard and in the dormitory corridors. There were trunks to be brought from the storerooms and loaned articles to be recovered, and, in some cases, debts to be settled. Everyone made at least one call that evening; some fellows, possessed by an excess of sociability, seemed determined to visit every friend and acquaintance in school. As for the morrow, well, it was a well-known fact that instructors were lenient on the last day of a term, and one could always manage to "fake" a bit if necessary.

In 7 Dudley a council of conspirators was going on. Callers there had found a locked portal and no response to their demands. The conspirators were Tom, Alf and Dan. Alf was speaking.

"We've been ridiculously well-behaved all term," he was saying, "and now I think we deserve a little fun. Besides, what's the good of a secret society that never does anything?"

"It would be fun, all right," said Dan, "but it's a long way to go to get it."

"Yes," drawled Tom, "and if faculty catches us we'll be soaked for it good and hard. Guess you can count me out on it, Alf."

"Oh, don't be a pup!" begged Alf. "Faculty isn't going to catch us. Even if it did, what's the odds? It isn't anything but a perfectly good joke; absolutely harmless. I'll bet all the others will be crazy to go."

"Crazy to go, yes, answered Tom ambiguously. "You'll have plenty without me. I don't want to get in wrong just now and be kept off the Track Team, thank you."

"Oh, you make me tired, Tom! Why, look here. I tell you no one can possibly know. I'll have everything all ready and all we'll have to do is to sneak quietly away tomorrow night, get the things from where I leave them, go over to Broadwood and do the trick. It won't take us five minutes there and we'll be home and in bed by one o'clock. And think of the fun Friday morning when those fresh-water kids get up and view the scene!"

"The trouble is we won't be there to see it," objected Dan.

"We'll hear about it afterwards, though," replied Alf with a grin. "And I don't have to be there to see it; I can see it now. Come on, Tom; be a sport."

"Oh, all right, I'll see you through, but I'll bet a doughnut we get into trouble. Still, what's a little trouble, after all? The world is full of it. But don't you think it would be a lot safer if just we three attended to it?"

"Not so much fun, though," said Alf. "The more the merrier. We'll have to do our packing sometime during the day, fellows."

"Why? We won't have to leave before about half-past ten," said Dan. "I can do mine in a half-hour. One thing that's mighty comforting is that if faculty does hear of it we'll be out of the way by then."

"Oh, faculty will hear of it all right," said Tom. "How about Little Geraldine, Dan?"

"I guess we'd better leave him out of it. He's a bit tender to be mixed up in such doings. Besides, he wouldn't want to go if he knew about it."

"Wouldn't he?" exclaimed Alf with a grin. "You tell him and see what he says!"

"No, he isn't to hear anything about it," replied Dan firmly. "I don't mind being called up myself, but as Gerald's father holds me kind of responsible for the kid's behavior, I prefer to have him stay out of it."

"All right," agreed Alf. "I'll see the others, though, and I guess we'll have a merry little expedition."

It was all very well, however, for Dan to talk about leaving Gerald out of the fun, but not so easy to do it. It didn't take Gerald long the next day to discover that something was up. Alf appeared in 28 Clark just before dinner, breathless and mysterious, with his shoes muddy from the road to Greenburg, and led Dan out into the corridor to consult with him in whispers. Gerald said nothing then, but it was very evident to him that something was afoot and that whatever it was he was not to be invited to participate. In the afternoon Dan was absent from the room and when, seeking him, Gerald walked into 7 Dudley the conversation stopped suddenly and an air of constraint was apparent until Gerald invented an excuse for retiring. Not being in a mood to welcome solitude, he crossed over to Whitson and ascended to Number 20. He found both Arthur Thompson and Harry Merrow at home. As usual the latter was deep in his stamps, while Arthur with his trunk pulled into the middle of the room, was packing.

"I haven't started yet," said Gerald morosely, seating himself on Harry's bed for the reason that the

chairs and the other bed were strewn with Arthur's clothes.

"You haven't?" Arthur observed him in mild surprise. "Aren't you going to?"

"Tonight's time enough."

"Yes, only—" He leaned over Gerald and dropped his voice. "What time are we going to start?"

"Start where?"

"Why, you know; S. P. M."

"Oh!" said Gerald. "I guess we're going to start late, aren't we?"

"I suppose so. Loring didn't say when, but I guess it will have to be late if we aren't going to get nabbed." He chuckled. "Prout's going to leave his window unlocked so I can get in that way in case the door's locked when we get back." Suddenly an expression of blank dismay came into his face. "Jehosaphat!" he murmured. "Loring said I wasn't to men-



"Don't You See Something Near the Fence There?"

tion it to you! I was thinking you knew."

"Well, that's all right," responded Gerald easily. "I do know now. I think it was mighty mean of Alf and Dan to try to keep me out of it."

"Well, he said—" Arthur paused and looked speculatively at Harry. That youth was apparently much too absorbed in his stamps to hear anything, and Arthur went on sotto voce. "Loring said Dan didn't want you to get mixed up in it in case faculty learned about it and made trouble. And I promised I wouldn't tell you. Gee, I'm an awful ass!"

"No harm done," said Gerald soothingly. "I knew something was up and I meant to find out what it was, too. You might as well tell me all about it now, Arthur." But Arthur shook his head.

"No, I said I wouldn't."

"But you have! And I think it's rotten mean not to after I went and got you into the S. P. M."

"Well, I'll tell you this much then, Gerald. It's a joke we're going to play on—on someone tonight. That's all. And if we should get caught at it we'd probably be fired; put on probation anyway. And you don't want to get put on probation, now do you?"

"I wouldn't care," replied Gerald stoutly. "If you fellows can risk it I don't see why I can't. Who's in it?"

"Oh, you know; the S. P. M. I guess they're all going—except you."

"Except me, yes," murmured Gerald. "Oh, all right if you don't want to tell, Arthur. That's all right. Maybe it would be silly to risk probation just to play a silly old joke on someone. And I was on probation last year, you know. I guess it's going to be pretty risky, too. You're almost sure to get caught when you come back."

"Get out! Everyone will be asleep before that. If they don't see us start out we'll be all right, I guess."

"When are you going to start?" asked Gerald with a fine show of indifference.

"I don't know; I've got to ask Loring." Then Arthur looked at Gerald suspiciously and grinned.

"You're trying to pump me, aren't you?"

"The idea!" murmured Gerald deprecatingly.

"Yes, you are, Mister Smarty. Say, you're foolish like a fox, aren't you? Well, I won't tell you any more."

"I don't care. It doesn't concern me any. Only I think it's silly to get into trouble just for a few minutes' fun." Gerald paused. Then, "Besides," he said, "I wouldn't want to play a joke on him, anyway, because he never did anything to me."

Arthur grinned. "Go on, you little ferret! See what you find out."

"Oh, if you think I'm trying to pump you," said Gerald with great dignity, "I'll get out! And I hope you forget to pack everything you'll need at home!"

Gerald left in apparent high dudgeon, deaf to Arthur's invitations to remain and superintend the packing, but as he scuttled down the stairs and across to his own room he chuckled softly several times and seemed in very good humor. He began the packing of his own trunk at once and when Dan came hurrying in a few minutes before six the trunk was locked and strapped and Gerald was giving attention to his suit case.

"Well, you're smart," said Dan approvingly. "That's what I've got to get busy and attend to. We got to chinning over there and I forgot all about packing. I'll get at it after supper and then, I guess, we'd better both get to bed pretty early. You're going up on the nine-seven, aren't you, with the rest of us?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Gerald. "Anyway, I guess it will be a pretty good plan to get a lot of sleep tonight. Traveling," he added demurely, "is very tiresome, isn't it?"

"Very," agreed Dana.

After supper Dan set about his packing and Gerald helped him. The task was completed about half-past eight and then Dan announced carelessly that he guessed he'd run over to Dudley for a few minutes. "I want to see Alf about something," he added. "If I were you, Gerald, I'd get to bed pretty soon. If I come back late I'll be quiet so as not to wake you."

"All right," answered Gerald, suppressing a yawn. "But you needn't be especially quiet. You know nothing short of an earthquake can wake me after I'm once asleep, Dan."

As soon as the door was closed behind his room-mate Gerald hurriedly removed his outer clothes, pulled pajamas on, found a book and dashed into bed. As it proved, his hurry wasn't necessary, for Dan didn't return for over an hour, during which time Gerald, propped up in bed, read comfortably. When he heard Dan's footsteps he hid the book under the pillow, turned his face from the light and feigned sleep. Dan pattered around quietly for some fifteen or twenty minutes, convinced that Gerald was fast asleep, and then put out the light and crept into his own bed. Although Gerald didn't dare turn over to make sure, he was pretty certain that Dan had, like himself, removed only his shoes, coat, vest and trousers. For the better part of an hour the two boys lay there

silently and pretended to be asleep. I fancy it was harder for Dan than for Gerald, for the latter was entertained by the thought that he was hoaxing Dan. At last—it was some time after the clock had struck ten—Gerald heard his room-mate's bed creak and then the soft patter of feet on the floor. Dan was getting into his outer clothes again. Gerald lay still and waited for a space, but Dan took so long that Gerald couldn't resist the impulse to scare the other, so he yawned and stretched and turned over in his bed. Deep silence settled over the room. Gerald smiled in the darkness. Finally Dan took heart and continued his preparations and presently Gerald heard the door open almost noiselessly and close again. At once he was out of bed and groping for his trousers. He had had the forethought to leave his clothes near by and to arrange them so that he could get into them easily. He didn't dare take time enough to lace his shoes; he merely thrust his feet into them, tucked the strings out of the way and followed Dan.

Downstairs he crept. The door, locked at ten o'clock every night by Mr. Collins, the Assistant Principal, was ajar. He opened it cautiously and looked out. No one was in sight. The night was mild and a half moon sailed in and out of a cloudy sky. Closing the door behind him, Gerald crept along in the shadows of the buildings until he had reached the front of Oxford. He knew that the others would meet somewhere and believed that from here he was certain to see or hear them. And, as it proved, he hadn't long to wait. Presently seven forms crept around the corner between Oxford and Whitson and he buried himself more deeply in the shadow. They went by without suspecting him and took the path that led down the hill toward Wissning. Gerald paused long enough to lace his shoes and then, keeping at a respectful distance, followed silently.

CHAPTER VI.

A MIDNIGHT PRANK.

THE seven Predatory Marauders went silently and rapidly down the path. Although only corridor lights showed in the dormitories there was no knowing who might be staring out at them from some darkened window. Once over the crest of The Prospect, as the lawn in front of Oxford was called, the path fell quickly to the meadow below and every member of the little band either expressed relief or experienced it. They might speak lightly of the risk and make fun of the consequences of detection, but the fact remained that they were violating two principal rules of the school, one forbidding students to leave the dormitories after ten o'clock, the other forbidding absence from the school grounds after supper time without permission. To be found guilty of either offense might well supply cause for probation. But nobody was worrying. Without the risk where would have been the fun?

In a few minutes they were climbing the fence into the road near the Wissining station. Alf and Harry Durfee in advance, Dan and Tom and Arthur and Chambers and Roeder following. If anyone doubts my theory that the ending of a school term and the beginning of vacation produces a kind of mental intoxication let me draw attention to the presence of Joe Chambers. Tom and Harry Durfee were fellows who might hesitate long before entering into such a madcap enterprise as that upon which they were bent, but Joe Chambers, editor of the Schollast, pink of propriety and model of culture, would no more have undertaken such a thing while in the full possession of his faculties than he would have appeared in public without his glasses, printed an advertisement on the first page of the Schollast or refused to make a speech! That is how I knew that there is such a thing as End-of-the-Term Insanity, although that particular form of madness has not yet been recognized by the medical profession.

Once in the road all fear of discovery was left behind. Alf hummed a tune, Durfee whistled under his breath and conversation began. They grew more quiet as they passed the station, although the platform proved to be empty and the agent was doubtless napping in his room. The village proper lay a block away, and the road and the bridge which they presently crossed were alike deserted. Beyond the bridge the road forked, one route leading to Greenburg and the other curving northward along the edge of Meeker's Marsh and eventually leading to Broadwood Academy. The moon, which had obligingly hidden himself behind a cloud when they left the school now disentangled himself and lighted the road for them.

"It's a peach of a night," said Alf approvingly, "but I hope Mr. Moon will take a sneak when we get to Broadwood."

*"Oh, the moon shines bright
On my old Kentucky home,"*

sang Durfee, and the others joined in softly:

*"On my old Kentucky home
So far away!"*

They went on singing, Alf setting a pace that if adhered to would cover the three miles to Broadwood in short time. Presently the old cider mill came into sight, a tumble-down two-story affair beyond whose empty casements the moonlight, entering through holes in the sagging roof, played strange pranks with the imagination. The old mill was popularly supposed to be haunted, and it quite lived up to its reputation so far as appearances were concerned. Weeds choked the doorways and even grew from the rotting sills. Behind the mill lay the marsh, and a little stream that had once turned the stones murmured eerily as it wandered through the sluice.

"Why didn't you find a more cheerful place to stow the things?" asked Dan as they drew up in front of the mill. "I'll bet I saw a ghost in there then."

"Bet you it's full of them," said Roeder with a shiver. "I wouldn't go in there for a thousand dollars."

"Don't be an ass," muttered Alf crossly. "Nobody asked you to go in. I left the things just inside the door and I'll get them myself."

"Well, hurry up, then," said Tom.

Alf started through the waist-high growth of dead weeds but paused before he had gone more than a dozen steps.

"I can't carry them all," he grumbled. "One of you fellows come and help me."

"Oh, go ahead," laughed Dan, "don't be scared."

"I'm not scared," replied Alf indignantly. "But one of you chaps might help lug the stuff out."

"Don't all speak at once," begged Harry Durfee. Joe Chambers responded to the call and followed Alf to the door. Presently they came back with two poles about seven feet long, each sharpened at one end, and a roll of cotton sheeting. Alf also carried a smaller bundle which when opened revealed two dozen sandwiches.

"Refreshments," he announced. "Who wants a sandwich?"

Everybody did. Alf opened the package and laid it on a rock by the roadside and they stood around and munched the sandwiches. Suddenly Tom said:

"Look up the road, Dan. Don't you see something near the fence there?"

Dan looked and so did the others and there was a moment's silence. Then,

"Sure," said Roeder, "there's something moving up there. Maybe it's a fox."

"It's a person," said Tom, "and I vote we get out of sight until he gets by. Now you can see him."

"Right-o," agreed Alf. "Let's step inside the mill until the prowling pedestrian passes."

"Gee, I don't want to go in there," objected Durfee. "Come on," Dan laughed. "Seven of us are enough to match any ghost that ever walked."

"And seven's a lucky number, too," added Chambers as they made hurriedly for the doorway. They stumbled over the sill and clustered in the darkened interior. From there they couldn't see the intruder, and so they ate their sandwiches and waited impatiently for him to go by.

"Did anyone bring the grub along?" whispered Dan presently.

No one had. It was out on the rock in plain sight. Dan groaned. "If he sees it he will stop and eat it up; or take it along with him!"

"Like fun he will!" said Alf. "If he touches it we'll scare the life out of him. Say, let's do it, anyway, fellows! When he gets up here we'll make a noise, say 'O-ooh!' and see him run!"

"He ought to be here now," said Tom. "Sneak over there and look through a crack, Dan."

"And break my neck! The floor's all torn up and you can walk right through into the water in some places. You do it, Tom. You wouldn't be missed the way I would."

"Shut up!" commanded Roeder. "I hear him."

They lapsed into silence, but no sound reached them.

"You imagined it," grunted Alf. "Maybe he wasn't coming this way at all."



Help Came From Behind.
And in a Second He
Was Up And Over.

"Yes, he was," said Tom. "I saw him." They waited several minutes longer. Then,

"I'll bet he's found our sandwiches," grumbled Durfee. "I say we sneak out and have a look."

"You do it," suggested Alf. "You're small. Don't let him hear you, though. So Durfee scrambled across the sill and crept to the corner of the building. In a moment he was back and whispering agitatedly:

"It's a kid, and he's eating up the sandwiches, fellows! Let's scare him."

"All together, then," said Alf. "O-o-oh!"

They all joined in the dismal groan, repeated it and then listened for results. But there was no sound of frightened footsteps on the road.

"Has he gone?" whispered Tom.

"I don't believe so." Alf put a foot over the sill. "I'm going to see."

"So'm I," muttered Dan. They crept to the corner and then Dan waved his hand to the others and one by one they followed. What they saw filled them with amazement. On the rock, his back toward them, sat a small boy. He had apparently taken the parcel of sandwiches into his lap and was very busy consuming them.

"The cheek of him!" muttered Alf.

"Let's howl!" said Dan.

"All right. Now, one—two—three!"

It was a fearsome noise they made, but the boy on the stone never moved. He kept right on eating sandwiches!

"Gee, he must be deaf!" gasped Roeder. "Or—say, you don't think he's a ghost, do you?"

"Not with a Yardley cap on his head," replied Tom dryly. He stepped out of concealment before they could stop him.

"Help yourself, Gerald," he said politely.

"Thanks," answered that youth, his utterance impeded by the process of eating. "I will. Walking does make you hungry, doesn't it?"

"Gerald!" yelled Alf.

"Pennimore!" shouted Roeder.

They leaped to the rescue of the sandwiches and wrested them away. Dan confronted the culprit sternly.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm going along with you," replied Gerald un-

ruffledly. "I'm an S. P. M. just as much as you are. I've been following you all the way."

"I didn't want you to come," said Dan. "If I had I'd have let you know. This isn't any place for you, Gerald."

"Guess I can't go back now," was the cheerful response.

"You can wait here, then, until we return."

"Oh, don't be a granny, Dan," broke in Alf. "Let him come along if he wants to. What's the difference, anyway? The sentiment was endorsed by the others and Dan found himself in the minority."

"That's so, Dan," said Joe Chambers. "The little beggar has fooled you finely. He deserves to have some of the fun, I think."

"All right," said Dan, "but don't blame me if you get into trouble, Gerald. Any more sandwiches, fellows?"

There weren't, but Durfee shared the one he was eating and presently the journey began again. They took turns at carrying the three pieces of baggage and Durfee was called down by Alf for using one of the stakes for a vaulting pole.

"I was merely giving an imitation of Mr. Thompson, our clever young athlete," replied Harry soberly. "If I can't do as I want to with this stick someone else may carry it."

"How did you happen to wake up?" asked Dan of Gerald. "I thought I was as quiet as a mouse."

"So you were. I wasn't asleep. I went to bed with my underclothes on and played fox."

"The dickens you did! How did you know anything was up?"

"Easy! You all acted like a lot of conspirators in a melodrama, Dan."

"Still, you couldn't have known we were going anywhere tonight—unless someone told you. Did they?"

But Gerald refused to answer that. He only laughed.

"Huh, you fellows thought you were pretty smart, didn't you? I was on to you all the time."

"I might have suspected as much," said Dan thoughtfully, "when I found you'd packed your trunk. It isn't like you to do anything of that sort until the last moment."

"Where are we going, Dan?" asked Gerald. "Broadwood?"

"Yes."

"What are we going to do there? What's in the bundle that Tom's carrying?"

"You wait and see," was the answer. "We're going to have some fun with Broadwood; that's all."

"Think you might tell me," said Gerald aggrievedly. "I'm an S. P. M. ain't I?"

"You're a butter-in, that's what you are," replied Dan grimly, "and you'll just wait and find out, my son."

"I'll ask Arthur; he'll tell me."

"So it was Arthur who blabbed, was it? I knew someone had."

"I didn't say so!"

"You don't need to."

"Well, he didn't mean to tell, Dan; honest he didn't. He forgot. And all I found out from him was that we were going somewhere tonight. He wouldn't tell me anything else. You won't say anything to him, will you?"

"No. I guess it doesn't matter. Only thing is, Gerald, that if faculty gets word of this we'll all get Hall Columbia. That's why I didn't want you to come along."

"I know. But I'd rather have the fun, Dan. How much farther is it?"

"About a mile and a half, I guess. Getting tired?"

"Tired!" said Gerald scornfully. "No, I could walk all night!"

"Well, don't forget that we've got to get home again yet," replied Dan. "I guess you'll have all the walking you want, Gerald."

To Alf's relief the moon found another cloud to creep under just before they reached Broadwood. Even then it was much too light for safety. The grounds of the Academy are not very extensive, but they face the road for some distance and an iron picket fence about eight feet high bounds them there. There is a carriage gate with a smaller gate beside it half way along the line of fence, and just inside, nestled under the trees, stands a tiny gate-keeper's lodge. The expedition, however, didn't approach that. Instead it halted at the corner of the Academy grounds and looked over the situation.

"The gates will be locked," said Alf, "and even if they weren't the gardener might see us. We'd better shin over here, by this post, and keep along the shrubbery until we reach the buildings. Then we'll have to come out in plain sight, but I guess no one will be up at this time of night."

"How about getting back?" asked Tom. "Suppose someone gets after us?"

"Scatter and make for the side fence here," answered Alf promptly. "If we aren't disturbed we'll retreat in good order. Now, then, give me a leg-up, Dan."

One by one they crawled up by the stone corner post and dropped into the shrubbery beyond. Then, keeping as much as possible in the shadows, they made their way up the hill. The main buildings, five in number, form three sides of a square at the summit with Knowles Hall, the finest of all, in the center. It was towards Knowles that their steps were bent, but they didn't make a straight line for it for the reason that had they done so they would have been in plain sight for several hundred yards. Instead they kept along the school boundary on the east until a dormitory building was near. Then they slipped across to its protecting walls, went cautiously along the end of it and halted there in the angle of a stone porch.

"Now, then," whispered Alf, "hand over the sign."

Chambers laid down the roll of sheeting and Alf whipped out a knife and slashed the strings. Then he drew a paper of thumb-tacks from his pocket and for the next minute or two worked hard. The poles were placed in the ground and to each of them an end of the strip of sheeting was secured with the thumb-tacks. When all was ready Alf took one pole and Dan the other and, with the rest of the expedition following, walked brazenly across the turf until they were in the centre of the space between the buildings and directly in front of the recitation hall.

"All right," Alf whispered.

Down went the sharpened ends of the two poles into the soft sod under the weight of the boys and Alf backed off to view the result.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "We've got it wrong side to. Pull it up fellows and change ends. Quick!"

Up came the poles and down they went again. Then the boys gathered in front of their handiwork, chuckling and whispering. Behind them frowned the dark windows of Broadwood Academy. At that moment the moon, eager perhaps to see what was up, emerged from a cloud and shone down on the scene. Had any of the occupants of the buildings looked out just then they would have gasped with surprise and, doubtless, rubbed their eyes, thinking themselves still asleep. For out there in the moonlight stood a group of eight boys exhibiting unmistakable signs of delight, and in front of them, facing the main entrance of Knowles Hall, stretched a ten-foot long strip of white sheeting. And on it, in blue letters a foot high, was printed:

"FATHER IS THIS A SCHOOL?"
"NO MY SON THIS IS BROADWOOD"
O YOU APRIL FOOLS!

CHAPTER VII. THE ESCAPE.

"CAN you beat it?" gurgled Harry Durfee ecstatically.

"It's the swellest thing ever!" chuckled Roeder.

"O you April Fools!" murmured Alf.

"Say, but I'd love to be here in the morning," sighed Arthur.

"You'd get killed if you were," said Chambers. Tom was looking uneasily at the buildings. To his imagination the entrance to Knowles expressed indignation and horror and the empty windows amazed and scandalized, seemed whispering to each other of the vandals down there.

"Come on, fellows," he urged. "Let's get out of this."

"I hate to leave it," said Dan. "It's positively beautiful!"

"Tom's right," Alf said. "We'd better sneak before someone sees us. Come on, fellows."

So they hurried back across the lawn to the shadow of the dormitory and from there to the comparative safety of the shrubbery.

"We'll get out where we came in," announced Alf. "That's good luck they say." They discussed the success of their enterprise in low voices as they crept along the edge of the bushes.

"I'd give a month's allowance," said Tom Roeder, "if I could only be hidden up there somewhere when they find it out in the morning. Say, won't they be hot under the collar?"

"Rip-snorting!" agreed Durfee. "And the beauty of it is that they'll know Yardley did it but won't be able to prove it."

"How about the chap where you got the cloth, Alf?" Dan enquired. "Think he will tell?"

"Never. He's a friend of mine."

"How about the poles and the thumb-tacks?" asked Chambers.

"I got the poles at the lumber yard. It only took a minute and they'll forget all about it. The thumb-tacks I've had for a year or so. And the blue paint—" Alf chuckled.

"What about that?" asked Durfee.

"Found it in Mr. McCarthy's room and borrowed it." (Mr. McCarthy was the janitor and had a repair shop in the basement of Oxford Hall.) "We're safe enough if we can get back to bed without being spotted."

"Hope so," answered Chambers. "Wish I were there now. What's that?" He stopped and Durfee, colliding against him, said "Ow!" loudly and was told to keep still. They paused and listened.

"Did you hear anything?" whispered Dan.

"Thought I did. I wish that moon would go home." "Come on," muttered Tom, "and keep in close to the bushes."

They went forward again, refraining from conversation now and walking as softly as they could. The corner of the grounds lay only a hundred feet or so away when suddenly from the shadow of a tall bush directly in their path stepped a man.

"Here, what you doin'?" asked a deep and angry voice.

For an instant panic rooted them where they stood. Then Alf whispered hoarsely "Scatter!" and eight forms sprang away in almost as many directions. Most of the fellows made for the fence, crashing through the shrubbery at various points, but Alf and Durfee dashed straight past the gardener, who, having left the comfort of his bed in some haste, was only partly dressed, and eluded him easily. Of the number only Gerald made a wrong move, for which inexperience in the matter of midnight adventures with irate caretakers was to blame. Gerald, who



Gerald Crept Along in the Shadows

had been one of the last in the line, turned and ran into the open, possibly with the idea of escaping by the gate, which, had he reached it, he would have found to be tightly locked. The gardener made a grab at Alf as he slipped by, failed to reach him, started toward the fence which seemed at the next instant to be fairly swarming with boys and then saw Gerald out in the moonlight. Perhaps he preferred open country to the pitfalls of shrubbery. At all events, he set out after Gerald, and, being fairly long-legged and decidedly active for his middle-age, soon began to gain on the quarry.

It was Dan, dropping to safety beyond the iron pickets, with only a rent in his trousers to show for the adventure, who first saw Gerald's plight. To get back would be a much more difficult task than getting out had proved, and he knew that before he could gain the scene the chase would be over. So he raised his voice and shouted to Alf in the hope that the latter had not yet got out of the grounds.

"Alf! O, Alf! He's after Gerald!"

"All right!" came the reply promptly and cheerfully from toward the corner, and in a moment Dan saw both Alf and Durfee running out of the shadows toward where Gerald, terror lending him speed, was now almost within reach of the trees and shrubbery about the gate lodge, with the gardener still gaining but a good ten yards behind.

"Come on," shouted Dan, and raced along the fence with the rest at his heels, intending to reach the scene by way of the road. At that moment Alf called.

"Give him the slip, kid, and make for the corner!"

Gerald heard, in spite of the pounding of his heart, dashed through a clump of Japanese barberries to the detriment of his attire and swung around back of the lodge house. He heard the pur-

suer floundering heavily after him as he raced across the avenue in front of the gate. One glance at the latter was sufficient to tell him that escape by that way was hopeless.

"Give up!" panted the gardener as he came after "I seen yer an' I know who you are!"

But Gerald had glimpsed Alf and Durfee at the edge of the trees near the fence, and he sped straight toward them. What happened after that was always a very confused memory to Gerald. He remembered hearing Alf say: "Make for the post in the corner and shin over quick" as he reached him. Then there was a cry and the sound of someone falling and hurrying steps behind him. Breathless and weak, he was trying vainly to climb up between the stone post and the nearest picket when help came from behind and in a second he was up and over and Alf and Durfee had seized him between them and were racing across the road into the darkness of the woods.

Then he was aware that flight had stopped, for which he was enormously grateful, and that the entire company was reposing on the ground, regaining breath and listening for sounds from beyond the fence.

"There he is," whispered Durfee.

There was a rustling amidst the shrubbery and the boys hugged the ground.

"Think he can see us?" asked Dan in Tom's ear.

"No, he won't look for us here. He thinks we've hit the road, probably. Listen; he's going back."

Finding that his prey had escaped, the gardener was retracing his steps toward the gate-lodge. Once they heard him mutter something in very disgusted tones, and Alf chuckled.

"Right you are, old man," he whispered in the direction of the retreating gardener. "Them's my sentiments!"

"I vote we move on a bit," said Roeder. "He might take it into his head to come out and find us here."

"I guess he's through for the night," replied Tom, "but I think we might as well put a little more distance between us and the scene of the crime."

They got up and made their way as silently as possible down the road toward home. It was not until they had put a good half-mile between them and the Broadwood grounds that another halt was called and they found seats on a bank where they could lean their backs against a fence and rest. The moon was well down in the west by then and was slipping in and out of a bank of clouds. Chambers looked at his watch and said "Phew!"

"What time is it?" asked Alf.

"Twenty minutes to one," answered Chambers. "I thought it was about twelve! I'd hate to be seen getting back to the room!"

"Well, I don't believe it would make much difference," said Dan. "I fancy our goose is cooked anyway. That old butter-in saw us as plain as daylight."

"I don't believe he did," answered Alf. "Not even as plain as moonlight. It was fairly dark down there in those bushes. The only fellow he might have had a good look at is Gerald, and even he was running away all the time. What the dickens did you run out onto the lawn for, Gerald?"

"I don't know. I—I just ran anywhere. I think I had an idea of getting out by the gate."

"I told you the gate was locked, didn't I? Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk. There's one hope for us, fellows, and that is that the old codger may think we were Broadwood fellows out for a lark."

"Don't believe Broadwood fellows ever have larks," responded Roeder pessimistically.

"That's so, though," said Chambers hopefully. "I hadn't thought of that. Seems to me it would be a natural supposition, eh? That we were Broadwood chaps, I mean."

"If we were we wouldn't have made for the fence," said Durfee. "We'd have made for the dormitories."

"Oh, I don't know. Think he saw you, Gerald?"

"I don't believe he saw my face," was the answer.

"I suppose," said Alf disgustedly, "that he will waltz up to the school and see that sign and yank it down."

"Bet you he's in bed and asleep long before this," replied Arthur. "He probably thinks we were Broadwood fellows. In the morning he will go up and report us and they'll have a terrible time trying to find out who we were. Wouldn't be surprised if they

(Continued on page 31)



Out There in the Moonlight Stood a Group of Eight Boys.

The Great American Game

Part V. Amateur Versus Professional

By IRVING E. SANBORN

PERHAPS you have seen some standard drama produced on the stage by a well balanced company of actors and afterward, a month, a year, or a decade later, have watched a cast composed of amateurs perform the same parts, mayhap on the very same stage. If so, have you ever tried to define or convert into specific terms your ideas of the difference between the two performances, and the reasons therefor? Such an effort would be much like the writer's experience on the many occasions when he has been asked to point out wherein lies the secret of the wide difference between professional and amateur baseball games.

That there is a difference and a vast one between the two kinds of theatrical performance is admitted. It can be seen and appreciated by any one at all conversant with dramatic work. The same is true in baseball in the case of the average patron of the national pastime. The difficulty is to reduce it to concrete form, and that doubtless is because the difference is abstract.

There is a sureness of touch and certainty of effect in the work of the professional actor that is lacking in the efforts of the amateur. The former probably has played many similar parts and



Lee Ford Tannehill

He may have played the same role many times. The amateur is perhaps making his first appearance of importance. He is uncertain of himself and of the effect he is trying to produce. There is a parallel in the spectacle of a veteran outfielder chasing back to capture a long, difficult fly compared to the way a schoolboy or college player performed the same feat. The veteran senses instinctively from the sound of bat against ball the general direction of the fly. Often the knowledge whether or not the pitcher was delivering a curve or a straight ball helps him. He runs back confidently, sometimes without even taking a second look over his shoulder, until he wheels and stops within a step or two of where the ball comes down. The amateur on the same play loses a fraction of a second before he gauges the length or direction of the fly. He tries to keep his eyes on the ball as he runs back. He is plainly a bit at sea; slows up, then puts on a new burst of speed and probably barely reaches the ball in time to make a spectacular catch for which he is duly applauded. This is intended only as a type of course. There are amateurs whose work is more finished than that of many professionals. We are dealing with generalities.

Coming nearer to the grandstand for illustration, a play arises with one or more runners on bases. The ball is hit to an infielder and there is a choice of plays to be made by him if there are less than two men out. The professional, and by that term is meant the professional of class, wastes no valuable time in making the choice. It is done as if by instinct. The amateur often hesitates and loses an opportunity simply by looking around him after getting the ball. The difference lies in the fact that the veteran thinks out in advance just what he will do if the ball is hit to him in a given situation. Before it comes to him he has decided that he can make one play if the ball is hit fast enough, but must make another play if it is hit slowly. The speed of the different baserunners, a known quantity to him, enters into the problem. The youngster perhaps is too nervous to do all this planning in advance, so he must think what to do after he has the ball, making up his mind by the way things look then, instead of before the ball was hit.

As in the case of the play actor, experience and practice explain much of the difference, but there is a pronounced gap which is indefinable.

Perhaps the secret is to be found in the realm of psychology. Perhaps that is too dignified a way to look at it. But it is certain that the mental attitude of the player has much to do with it. Reverting to the stage, the professional actor, equipped with a wide experience, is thrown a great deal upon his own resources. Often he has to create a part with nothing but the manuscript and the stage directions to guide him. The amateur, on the other hand, usually imitates either the work of some skilled actor whom he has seen in the part, or follows blindly the directions of the elocutionist or dramatic coach employed to drill the amateur players in that particular bit of work.

So the ball player who reaches the higher leagues is expected to do much of his own thinking. He is expected to solve new problems and meet new emergencies as they arise. He is taught to be self-reliant. The school or college player, possessing in many cases as much natural skill and talent as the professional, is more inclined to imitate some great player whom he has watched. If not that he feels

bound to follow the instructions of some professional coach paid to teach him and his teammates how to play baseball. The professional ball player of brains usually knows what to do without being told. The amateur has to remember what he is told to do. His is the more trying and difficult task oftentimes.

In baseball there are so many variations of the same play and one small variation may make so great a difference that it is next to impossible for a varsity captain or coach to give instructions that will fit all situations alike, or to lay out a plan of attack or defense that can be followed blindly. Individuality of players cuts almost as much figure as shifting situations. What one player can do successfully another may fail dismally to perform under exactly the same conditions. What one player can accomplish in a given situation in one inning may be impossible or inadvisable for him to do in the same situation involving different players or different conditions.

Hal Chase, now manager of the New York American league team, has been the cause of a lot of misdirected effort among first basemen. This acknowledged star brought a style distinctly his own from the Pacific Coast. Because of the brilliant reputation he earned he has had many imitators both professional and amateur. He has been the ideal toward which ambitious young first basemen aspired. But there are not many men who can play first base the way Chase plays it. They may be equally good first basemen and just as strong factors in the defensive tactics of their teams, if they play the base according to their own lights. They may weaken the defense if they try to follow Chase.

One play will illustrate the point. With an opposing runner on first and nobody out, or with runners on first and second and none out, if the game is close, the natural play expected from the batsman is a sacrifice hit. Chase meets this situation by leaving his base before the pitcher starts to deliver the ball, and running in to intercept any bunt toward first base. By doing that he cuts down the chances of a successful sacrifice because he gains enough of a start to enable him to field the bunt to second or third, as the case may be, in time to force out any except the fleetest runner. That is an extremely desirable thing to do and Chase makes the play equally well to second or third base.



Frank Schulte

I have seen other professional and amateur first basemen try that play repeatedly and fail. For a time it was a set piece in the college game, to be attempted every time the situation arose. The first baseman was expected to do what Chase did. No allowance was made for physical differences. Chase being a left-handed thrower gets a ground ball in position to fire it either to second or third base a fraction of a second quicker than a right-handed thrower can make the same play. He can make the throw to second base two fractions of a second quicker than a right-handed man can. That slight interval of time is all the difference between success and failure in making the play.

With a runner on first base only and nobody out the first baseman, if he runs in before the pitch, gives the baserunner that much more start toward second, because the runner can always play a little farther away from the bag than the baseman and get back safely. If the baseman gets twelve feet nearer the plate before the batsman bunts, the wary baserunner will be twelve feet nearer second base than he would be if the first baseman remained on or close to the bag until the ball was hit. Because Chase is left-handed and does not have to turn to make a throw to second, he can give the average runner that additional twelve or fifteen feet start and throw him out at second.

Every first baseman produced on the Pacific Coast in recent years has imitated Chase to some extent. Two illustrations of failures are Arnold Gandil, who was given a tryout by the Chicago White Sox and Joe Nealon, who was with the Pittsburgh Pirates. Comiskey tried to preach reason to Gandil and break him of the habit of tearing in after bunts and giving the baserunner a long lead, but after a few months gave it up and released the Californian to Montreal in the Eastern league.

When a hit is made to the outfield, if there are

men on bases, there is another marked difference between the college and the professional way of playing. The collegian seems to be possessed of an irresistible temptation to throw out every runner who tries to score from second base on a single, no matter what the circumstances, the size of the score, or the chances of his success may be.

The professional outfielder will seldom waste a throw to the plate to stop a run, either on a hit or a sacrifice fly, unless there is an even chance to beat the runner home, and sometimes not then. If his team has a safe lead and the game is past the middle, it is the policy of the professional to play safe by "playing for the batter." This is on the principle that a victory by one run counts as much as a game won by a dozen runs. A throw to the plate after a base hit almost always means that the man who made the hit will advance another base on the throw. It is not good policy unless the conditions demand it. The run which is going to the plate will do the opposing side no good unless the score is close. If the runner is not cut off at the plate the throw has been wasted and the man who hit the ball is within scoring distance of the plate if another hit follows. If he had been held on first by throwing to second instead of home, it would take two more hits to score him.

When one run will tie the game, however, the outfielder is bound to take a greater risk to prevent it than when that run does not matter much. When it is a case of stopping a winning run, if possible, the fielder will take even longer chances. If a team is behind it is necessary for an outfielder to cut off any run that he can, or to stop the leading runner at any base he can, no matter if it does give the succeeding runners an extra base. But he must use judgment and discretion. He generally knows the speed of each one of his opponents on bases. He knows pretty accurately how far or fast his own arm can make a ball travel.

The amateur outfielder seldom has all this knowledge at his command. He does not know to a certainty what he can do himself and what he can't do, because he has not acquired the ability to throw consistently. Sometimes he can put more speed and carrying power into a ball with the snap of his arm, than at other times. Consequently he is more prone to make futile efforts to catch impossible runners, thereby wasting his own energy, besides letting more runs get within striking distance of the place of registration.

When all is said, however, the amateur or college ball player has far greater attraction for the general public than the amateur play actor can have. Many people would rather see an amateur ball game than one between professionals. Those who prefer an amateur stage performance to the real thing are few. College ball players give a zest and earnestness to their games and their individual efforts that is lacking as a rule in the work of professionals. The veteran leaguer may be just as earnest and take just as much interest in his work as the collegian but without giving that impression to the average spectator. The very ease and finish with which he accomplishes the tasks which fall to his lot sometimes detract from their spectacular value. He makes chances which really are difficult appear easy oftentimes.

Frank Schulte, the Cub rightfielder, is a personification of this idea. When he began playing in Chicago many spectators gained the impression that he was indifferent and not trying his hardest all the time. The reason was that he attained his greatest speed in motion without apparent effort, therefore did not seem to be running hard when he was at top speed, and Schulte is very fast. Being of modest, retiring disposition Schulte always avoided overdoing anything. He never was guilty of making a chance look difficult for the mere sake of winning applause, as some fielders I could name have a habit of doing. It was more than two years before Schulte entirely lived down the reputation of being a phlegmatic, indifferent player. But the public finally learned that this product of New York state loved to win better than to eat and always was working his hardest in a game. Today there is no player on the team better liked than Schulte.

There is no department of baseball in which the difference between the amateur and professional is more marked than that included in the vague world of superstition. Mighty few professional players will admit they are the least bit superstitious about anything. The exceptions prove the rule. The school



Manager Hal Chase

boy or collegian usually is free from this eccentricity, although often he will affect superstition as a pose. Perhaps it is because baseball with him is not a means of livelihood and the glory and honor he wins belongs largely to his alma mater instead of being of appreciable cash value to himself, as is the case with the professional.

There are only a few league players who will ride in "lower 13" in a sleeping car without protest and a sleepless night. Lee Tannehill of the White Sox claims that he has been seriously injured in the next game he played after every trip he ever made in a berth numbered 13. On the other hand Manager Chance of the Cubs always demands "lower 13" on a trip and if assigned to a sleeper in which there were only twelve sections he has been known to purchase the stateroom and paste the number "13" on its door.

Club owners laugh at superstition among their players and deny that they possess any such "ridiculous" ideas themselves. But look back through the pages of baseball history and see how many championship schedules ever started on the 13th of the month. That date always is avoided for an inaugural although it sometimes has entailed considerable inconvenience to do so.

Felder Jones, former manager of the White Sox, held it to be almost criminal folly for a team to pack up its bats before the last man was put out in a game. One time in his career, when his team had a long lead, that was done in the ninth inning and

brought unexpected defeat. He never forgot it. One day on the old White Sox park the White Sox were half a dozen runs ahead and two opponents had been retired in the last half inning to be played. The bat boys started packing the White Sox sticks in the bag, so as to get home to dinner earlier. Jones saw them and yelled from center field to stop them but nobody heard. Then he deliberately stopped the game until he could run in to the bench and order every bat taken out of the bag and replaced on the ground in its proper position.

President Comiskey of the White Sox once came near firing a ground keeper of whom he was very fond. One afternoon it was threatening to rain before the game could be finished. The teams were hurrying through the ninth, as the White Sox had the victory cinched. Before the side was retired it was noticed that the big American flag was being lowered from the tall mast back of the center field bleachers. The Sox did not lose that game, but Comiskey sent for his groundkeeper peremptorily. Then it developed that an assistant had been sent to take in the flag when the game ended but had been cautioned not to lower it before it was over. Comiskey fired the assistant.

The old Boston National league team under the late Frank Selee was very superstitious about the location of the broom with which the plate was swept when said broom was not in use. Visiting players found that out and used to move the broom to the other side of the plate to tease the Bostonians. One of Selee's men always would run out from the bench and replace the broom in its original position. Now National league umpires carry small whisk brooms in

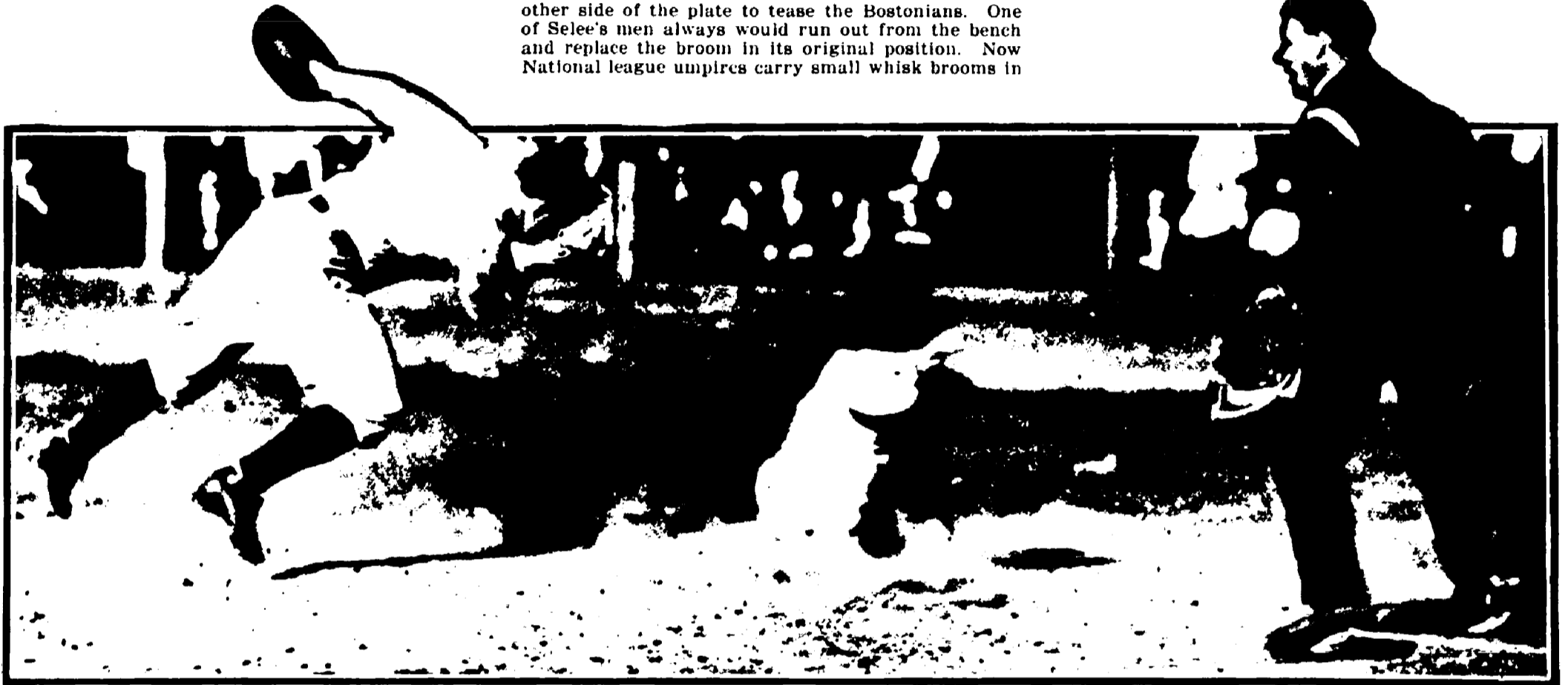
their pockets for the purpose of cleaning off the plate and the old broom fetish did not spread.

Joe Tinker of the Cubs always remembers how he walks to the plate the first time up in a game; that is, whether he steps in front of the umpire and catcher or goes around behind them. If he makes a safe hit that time he will be careful to walk to the plate in exactly the same way next time even if he has to wait until the umpire and catcher are in position to let him repeat his previous act.

Jimmy Sheppard of the Cubs once borrowed a stick of chewing gum from Overall while on the bench during a game. He made three hits. Every day thereafter Sheppard would borrow gum from Overall and refuse to accept it from any one else, hoping to get at least one hit each day. He did, too, until Overall finally asked the left fielder if he was afraid of clerks who sold chewing gum. Sheppard had to explain and that put the "jinx" on the gum.

When the White Sox celebrated the winning of the 1906 world's championship in the spring of 1907, the halyard clogged in a pulley as they were hoisting their world's pennant and broke the flag staff off in the middle. With one accord the players whispered to each other "Seven years of hard luck." The White Sox never have won a pennant since then and the seven years will not expire until 1914.

In a game where luck is such an ever present factor is it any wonder that superstition grows on the players year by year?



A Real "Presidential Possibility"

By J. L. HARBOUR

WHEN a man becomes a "Presidential possibility" it is proof of the fact that he must have "done things" or no one would ever have thought of him as a possible successor to President William Henry Taft. Not that Mr. Taft is eager to have a successor. If he and his many friends have their own way, Mr. Taft will be a "second term" President. But the Democrats are aware of their growing power, and nothing could be more natural than that they should want to put one of their own number into the White House as the nation's chief executive. Time runs along so swiftly that Mr. Taft is hardly seated in his comfortable Presidential chair at the White House before there is talk of the next candidate for his office. Of the Democrats looked upon as Presidential possibilities none is more conspicuously in the limelight than Judson Harmon of Ohio and Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. Both of these men have done things of consequence. Governor Wilson is still doing them because he now has the larger opportunity. He is making good as Governor of New Jersey, and is working out some theories of his own that are helpful to the public. He has been theorizing in books for many years and is glad of the chance to put some of his theories into practice. He is about as well up on political economy as any man in our country. No man has made a more exhaustive study of politics, and it was his political essays that opened the eyes of the public to the fact that here was a man wiser than most of his kind along the line of political economy.

Woodrow Wilson is a Southerner by birth. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, in December of the year 1856. There is much in his boyhood to prove that he was an alert boy who would one day be heard of in the world of affairs. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and that is a pretty good combination. He received his early education in private schools in North and South Carolina and in Georgia. Then he went to Princeton University and was graduated with the class of 1879. From here he went to the University of Virginia, where he took up the study of law. In 1886 he took the degree of doctor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, his thesis bearing the title "Congressional Government; a Study of American Politics." So it was that in the early years of his manhood he thought much of the political problems of the day. He has never ceased to think of them and has probably given them as much careful study as any man in our country.

The young lawyer opened an office in Atlanta when his university days were done. He did not find the practice of law to be anything like as congenial as he had thought that it would be, and at the end of two years he closed his office and went to Johns



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Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey

Hopkins University to take up the study of history, jurisprudence and political economy. Then he became a member of the faculty of Bryn Mawr College in the days when that institution was but a baby in the educational world. At the end of three years at Bryn Mawr the young college professor went to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. He taught here two years and was then called to Princeton, his alma mater. Here he "stayed put" and advanced step by step until at the time of his resignation to

become Governor of New Jersey he had been for eight years president of Princeton. During these years he began to be recognized as a distinct force in our serious American literature. His book entitled "The State" proved that he was a writer of great ability, and his "History of the American People" should be read by every American boy. His "George Washington" is another book worthy the attention of all boys. Should this "Presidential possibility" become a Presidential reality he will be one of the most learned of our American Presidents.

Governor Wilson is an out-and-out Democrat, but at the same time he disclaims any political obligation to any man or to any set of men. Although he is a Democrat, he is also very much of a free lance in his political opinions, and will always be guided by what he feels to be right and just regardless of his political affiliations. His career as a statesman bids fair to be as illustrious as his career as an educator has been. His career as Governor, brief as it has been, has given proof of the fact that he is a very practical theorist, and it looks as if his chances were daily growing in favor as a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He has for years been telling us what public officials high in office should do. Now he is doing those things and doing them well. Those who have opposed his policies have discovered that they were opposing a very strong man. Political "bosses" have found him to be most refractory, and the "school teacher governor," as he has been called, is demonstrating the fact that a school teacher can put into practice many of his teachings when he is given the opportunity of doing so. He has walked with a firm tread in political halls, and has not been halted nor turned from his course by any man or set of men. Frankness and fearlessness are two of the marked characteristics of Governor Wilson. They are traits of character that appeal to the great majority of people. Those who know him best say that Governor Wilson has another valuable trait of character and that is his way of never speaking as soon as he thinks. He likes to "mull over" a thing before he expresses his opinion about it, and is far removed from the type of man who blurts out anything as soon as it enters his mind. When Governor Wilson speaks it is after much deliberation, particularly if the matter is one of real importance. Someone has said that you can almost hear Governor Wilson grow in these days. That he is growing fast in popular favor is certain, and that he may yet enter the White House as President of the United States is a real possibility.

How I Fly

An Interview Given The American Boy

By St. Croix Johnstone, Moisant Aviator

I'M GLAD to tell American boys what I can about flying and about how I fly. It is a difficult matter to explain in words or to embody in an article of this kind. One might talk for hours and still have given no information which would be of value to a novice in an aeroplane. I really do not think I can tell you how to fly, nobody can tell you how, and I can't tell you how I go about it to fly. I just fly. There is but one way to learn to handle an aeroplane and that is to get aboard and handle it. It is something that must be gained by actual experience with your hands on the levers; it cannot be learned from books nor taught by professors. You can learn the scientific principles of aviation, but the actual ability to fly comes only in one way—by flying.

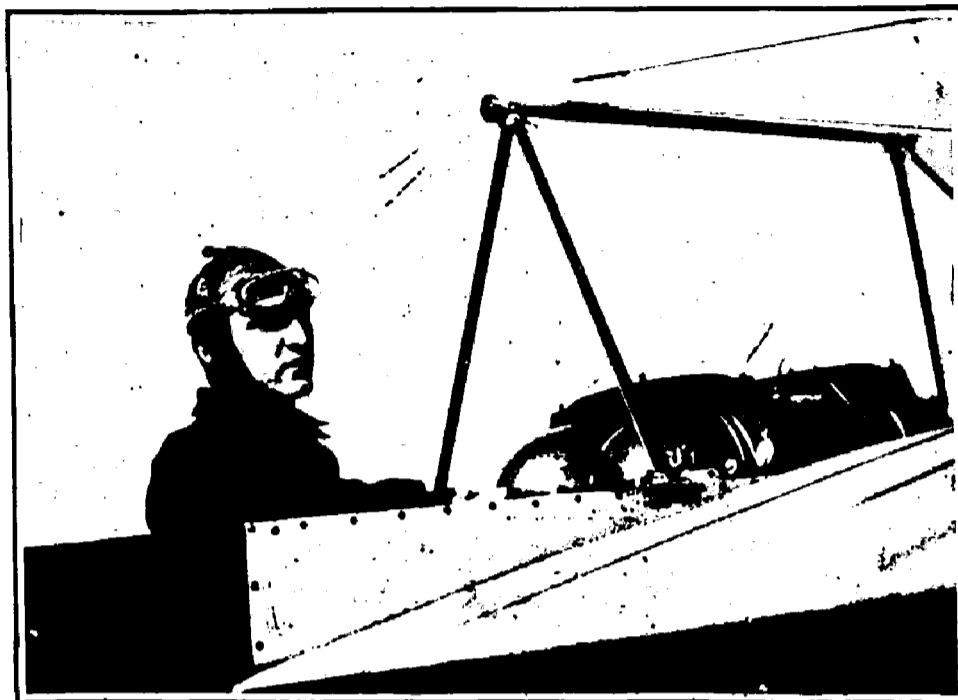
In the first place comes the choice of the type of machine you are going to ally your future with. Flying craft are, of course, divided into two great classes, the biplane and the monoplane. One must choose between these, and the choice is difficult. I, myself, have chosen the monoplane, and my reasons for doing so seem good to me—they might not satisfy another. One main consideration influenced me toward the monoplane—and that is, and always must be the first consideration of the aviator, the matter of safety. I believe a man finds much greater security in the one plane type than in machines like those made by the Wrights and Curtis. There are three reasons for this, and the first of these is the position of the aviator in the machine relative to his engine. In the monoplane the heavy engine is in front of the aviator. He occupies a position just behind the heavy metal cylinders. In the biplane the aviator sits before and under his engine. Now then, when a mishap overtakes an air man his machine usually plunges headforemost to the ground. When one falls it makes the greatest difference whether he falls on top of an engine weighing hundreds of pounds, or whether that engine lands

ous are they than the waves and currents in lake or river because they cannot be seen. Then, too, there are those mysterious occurrences called by airmen "holes" in the air. One never knows when one may be encountered. Therefore speed is an important element in meeting with them and passing through in safety. To illustrate, if you are skating and chance

and starting it slowly along the ground. You know an aeroplane must run along the ground for a certain distance before it can rise into the air. Therefore you must learn to run your machine on the earth before you can learn to control it among the clouds. For several days I ran on the ground only, learning to steer, to control the machinery, and to get used to the mechanism. One has to travel with considerable speed along the ground in order to be able to steer his machine. The monoplane, as you know, has a long tail, and in running along the ground preparatory to a rise, one must move rapidly enough to lift the tail from contact with the earth, so that it streams out behind something like the tail to a kite—only the aeroplane's tail is of solid framework. When one has learned to steer on the ground he begins to master his rising planes. At first he operates these only for short jumps. I used to run along the earth for a space, then work my elevating plane so that I would take a little jump of a few feet only. Next day I increased the jump, and so on from day to day, always lengthening the jump until at last I was flying. A flight of twenty miles is only a very long jump, when you come to think about it.

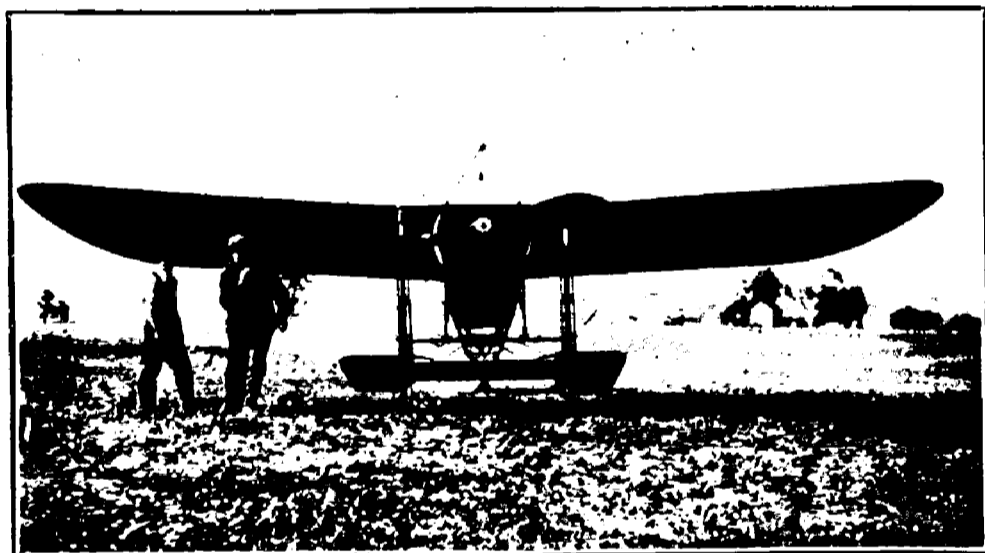
Once in the air the difficulties commence. The uncertainty is the worst part. One can never anticipate conditions which are dangerous to him. You can never prepare for a future danger, because you are in the midst of it before you know it is coming at all. Sometimes you get a bit of warning of a cross current of air by feeling it on your face, but usually when you

feel it you are in it and it is too late to make plans. All this means that one must act quickly, and do the right thing the first time. You must know exactly what to do and do it exactly right instantly or you may never have a chance to try again. You must be quick. By this I do not mean that you can jerk your planes, or make sudden movements. I mean that

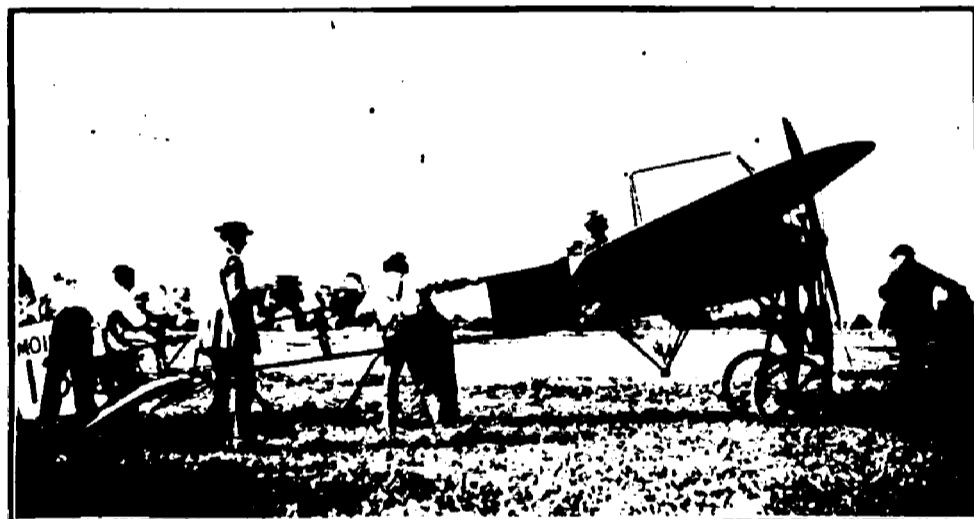


St. Croix Johnstone In His Monoplane

to pass over an air hole in the ice, you stand a chance of crossing without breaking through if you travel at a high rate of speed. You go over so quickly that your weight presses the thin ice only for the merest second. If you go slowly the ice will burst under you and you will get a ducking. Now, it is the same in the air. If one hits an adverse current of air, or a "hole,"



A Moisant Monoplane



Ready For The Start

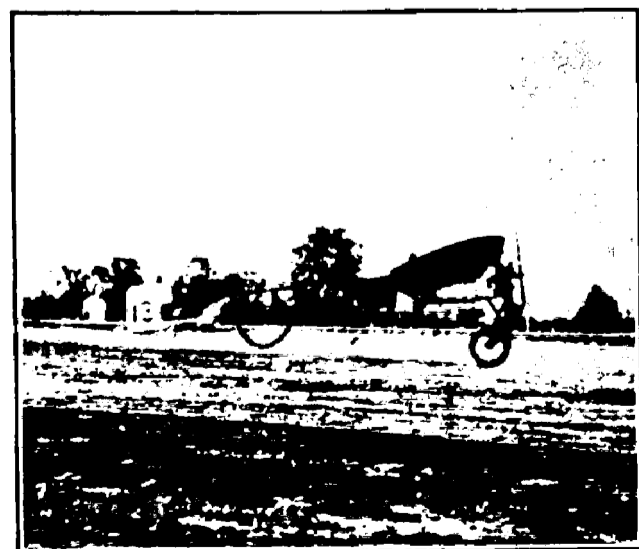
on top of him. The most serious injuries have, in the majority of cases, been caused by this very thing—by the aviator's being crushed by his machinery. From the description you will see that when a monoplane falls the engine strikes the ground first. There is nothing then which can strike the aviator to do him serious hurt, and his chances for escaping with minor injuries are great. Few men are killed by the fall alone. However, in the biplane, the aviator strikes the ground first, with his engine above him. It is difficult to avoid being crushed under it. So much for the first reason.

The second consideration which I believe makes the monoplane safer than its competitor is that it is much faster. All boys have read a great deal about avia-

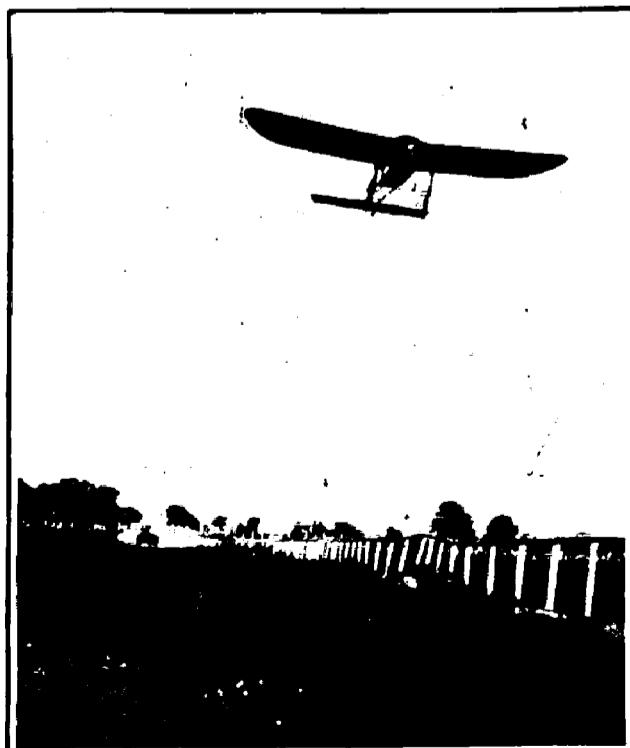
the quicker he gets through it the better it is for him. If one can shoot through and find good, steady air at the other side he is safe. If he passes through so

you must start your emergency measures with the utmost promptness and carry them through without pause. And, as I said, you must do the right thing in the right way the very first time and instantly.

You boys understand the principles of the aeroplane so I will not enter on a discussion of them. You have heard the phrase, "warping the plane," of course, and probably know what it means in a general way. In the biplane is found a warping attachment known as "ailerons." These are sort of hinged ends to the



Just Leaving the Ground



Beating An Automobile

slowly that the adverse conditions have a chance to work on his machine he may be overbalanced and go plunging to the earth.

These are my reasons for choosing the type of machine I use.

Now then, how did I learn to fly, and how do I fly? I learned to fly by taking my place in the machine



Flying A Mile A Minute

planes which can be moved up or down as the case may be, to meet air pressure and to regain equilib-

(Continued on third cover page)

tion, so they know that the air is much like the water. Above your head are waves and currents which constantly menace the air craft. Much more treacher-

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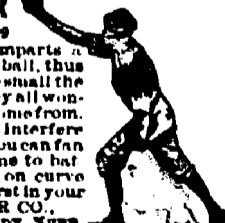
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Popular Science Department

A DEPARTMENT OF INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY PROFESSOR A. HYATT VERRILL

Nature Puzzles and their Answers

Luna Moth.
Ralph Harrington:—The moth you found and of which you send such an excellent sketch and description, is the



Luna Moth

Luna Moth, sometimes called the "Queen of the Night." The larva, or caterpillar, is a stout pale-green "worm" with bands of lighter greenish or yellowish white between each segment and a yellowish

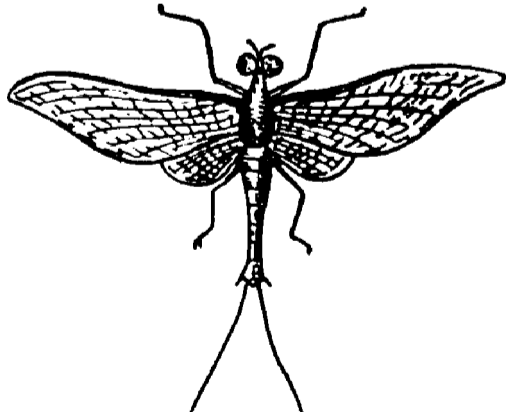


Larva of Luna Moth

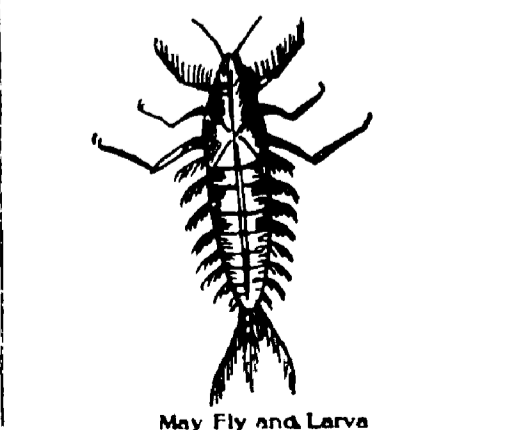
stripe on each side. On each segment there are small pearly or silvery tubercles bearing short hairs. It feeds on hickory, walnut and butternut and is seldom common enough to do any damage. The cocoon is composed of whitish or silvery silk and is formed among dead leaves beneath, or near, the hickory trees. The adult moth is quite rare in most places.

Indian Mounds.
Ralph Thompson:—Indian mounds such as you describe usually contain relics, but accurate photographs or drawings should be made before opening them and careful notes should be kept as to situation and position of any relics found. Most states have laws governing the destruction or excavation of these mounds.

May Fly.
Harold J. Row:—The insect sent is a species of insect known as a May Fly. The May Flies belong to the order Ephemera from the Greek word ep-



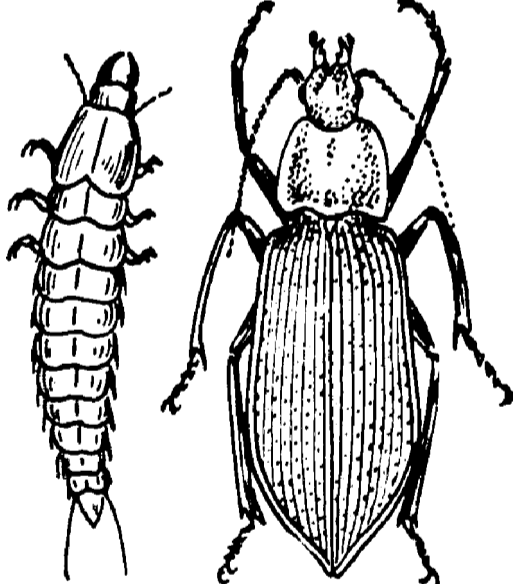
May Fly and Larva



hemeros meaning lasting but a day. This name is most appropriate as the

May Flies exist in the adult state for only a few hours. They are easily distinguished by the shape of the wings, the two long thread-like appendages on the end of the abdomen. The mouth parts are nearly wanting for in the adult state these creatures eat nothing. They differ from all other insects in molting once after reaching the winged state. The May Flies are among the most delicate of creatures with lacelike wings and a body so transparent that the juices or blood can be seen pulsating within. Often on warm summer evenings these delicate beings swarm about street lamps in thousands and actually darken the light by the immense numbers clinging to the globe while the pavements beneath are made slippery by the dead bodies of the myriads of insects falling to the ground. While their winged existence is so brief yet in their larval state they are far from delicate or short lived. The young May Fly lives in the mud at the bottom of streams or ponds and feeds upon water plants and small insects. It is a strong, lively little creature with fringed gills along its sides and with several feathery jointed appendages projecting from its tail. It has strong hooked legs and can both swim and walk rapidly. This creature molts often, sometimes as many as twenty times, and after the ninth molt four little sacs bud out from its thorax. These are the beginning of the wings and with each following change of skin they increase in size until the last skin of the larva is shed, the gills and mouth parts disappear and the insect comes forth a winged May Fly after living for two or three years beneath the water. Strangely enough this delicate creature is not yet adult and still another change must be undergone. After flying about for a short distance the skin is shed again, a thin layer coming off from every part of its body, even from the wings, and the fully adult insect is even more delicate and phantom-like than before. It now has but one duty to perform and that is to lay its eggs. The eggs are deposited either on the surface of the water or beneath stones beneath the surface, according to the species. When the eggs are laid in the latter situations the mother May Fly wraps her wings about her body and using them as a diving bell goes down into the water to deposit her eggs.

Ground Beetle.
Allen J. Bowman:—The insect sent is a species of Ground Beetle. These are



Ground Beetle and Larva

very useful insects as they feed upon other insects such as caterpillars, grubs, etc. There are over 1,100 species known in North America and many of them are very beautifully colored with metallic spots of gold, purple, green or silver. They are the most important of predaceous insects for not only do the adult beetles destroy great numbers of injurious insects but the larvae also feed upon similar creatures. The larvae are long, slightly tapered and live in dark situations under stones, etc. They chase and devour other insects whereas the adults hunt about and spring upon their prey suddenly.

Seventeen Year Locust.
Henry Pease:—The specimen sent is the pupa-case of the Seventeen year locust, or Periodical Cicada. These insects are not true locusts at all but are Hemipterous insects related to the Leaf Hoppers, Scale Insects, etc., while the real locusts are Grasshoppers. The common locust or Cicada also known as "Harvest Fly" is a well known and common insect in summer. This insect appears every year as the larvae require only two years to develop and there are two broods. The eggs of the cicada are deposited in slits in twigs of trees. These eggs hatch in a few weeks and the young larvae drop to earth and bury themselves beneath the surface. They live by sucking the sap and juices from roots and when fully grown crawl to the surface and climb up some convenient object. The skin on the back splits open and the full grown cicada pushes out and in a few minutes spreads its wings and flies away to spend the few remaining weeks of its life among the tree

tops. The adult insect feeds upon sap and the juice of fruits but does very little damage. The habits of the seventeen year cicada are exactly similar save that in this species the grub or larva spends seventeen years beneath the



Seventeen Year Locust A-Egg Slits in Twig. B-Eggs. C-Pupa Case

ground. More than twenty distinct broods of this insect have been traced and as in many places several broods overlap, the insects in these localities appear several times during a period of seventeen years. Another southern species requires thirteen years to develop. Many people are very superstitious in

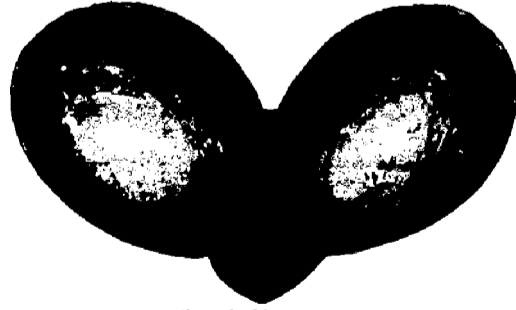


Seventeen Year Locust in Various Stages

regard to these insects and it is quite commonly thought that their appearance indicates war. As the insects do not appear in all places in the same year the utter foolishness of such a superstition is evident. The common cicada is quite large and is dark, greenish-black with lighter green markings while the seventeen year species is much smaller and is black marked with dull red. It is doubtful if they ever cause any appreciable damage, although at times they deposit their eggs in fruit, or in grain heads, thus causing local damage to crops.

Indian Arrow Points.
F. Johnson:—Most state colleges or museums will purchase first class collections of Indian relics, and L. W. Stillwell of Deadwood, N. D., formerly purchased such objects.

Another Freak Egg.
James H. Miller:—The egg reached me but was rather badly broken. It is by far the oddest "freak" hen's egg I have seen. I regret that it was too badly



Freak Hen's Egg

broken to photograph, but the accompanying drawing will show my readers what a remarkable egg it is.

Horse Hair Snakes, Moles, Etc.
A. R. Woodrow:—Horse hairs will not come to life in water. This is an old and extremely foolish superstition. Horse Hair Snakes are really a species of hair worm (Gordius) and are parasitic in various insects. The early part of their existence is passed in crickets or similar insects. When mature the worms leave the insect and deposit their eggs in damp places. The eggs are then taken into the system of various other insects, or domestic animals, and are often deposited in watering troughs and similar places. The resemblance to a horse hair and their occurrence in watering troughs, where horses drink, has led to the belief among ignorant people that they are real horse hairs which have become endowed with life. Moles do not eat vegetables unless they are the hiding place of worms or

other insects. There is no doubt that moles are highly beneficial, as they feed exclusively on insects and devour immense numbers. In lawns or flower beds their tunnels are unsightly and injure the roots, but otherwise they should be protected.

Zinc ointment, bichloride of mercury or any disinfecting and healing ointment will cure the sores caused by ticks.

Grape Vine Beetle, Its Moth.

Harry Vine:—The Beetle sent is the Grape Vine Beetle (*Pellidnota punctata*). The larva lives in decayed wood while the adult feeds upon the leaves of the



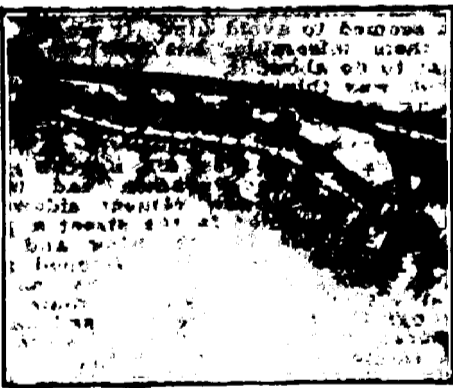
Imperial Moth and Larva Grape Vine Beetle

grape vine. The Chrysalis is that of the Io moth (*Automeris io*). The larva of this moth feeds upon nearly every bush and tree as well as upon many vegetables. It is pale, bright, green with a



Io Moth

reddish brown and white stripe on each side and is covered with stiff green spines which are very poisonous to most people. The Imperial Moth (*Eacles imperialis*) is not rare in the eastern states



Larva of Io Moth

and can often be found about electric lights. The larva feeds upon various trees, notably pine, and is either green, brown or black in color. It is very large with long hairs scattered over its body and with four short, spiny horns on the first two segments of the body.

Dear Head and Hide.

Reuben Garnett:—Try the Crosby Frisian Fur Co. They advertise in The American Boy and are reliable first-class people for this sort of work.

Mica.

Buhl Moore:—The samples of mica sent are too small to enable me to judge of their quality from a commercial standpoint. Mica to be of value must occur in large sheets and must be free from opaque spots, cracks or other imperfections and must be readily separable into thin sheets.

Young Woodcock.

"A Naturalist":—The young woodcock doubtless came from a nest near by if he was too young to fly. If his wings were well developed, however, it is likely that he had flown for some distance and was injured by striking a telegraph wire or similar object. Birds are often found unable to fly, although apparently uninjured, after flying against telegraph wires.

Rattlesnake Bites.

Cecil Hansen:—Permanganate of Potash solution in the wound is a good thing for snake bite. I doubt if a healthy person is ever really killed by rattlesnake bite. Usually the victim is frightened to death or else drinks enough whiskey to

kill any man. The best thing to do if bitten is to suck the wound and tie a ligature around the limb above the bite. Treat with the Permanganate solution and keep continually moving and take frequent small doses of some kind of stimulant. Large doses of any stimulant only make matters worse, for they stupefy the patient and reduce heart action, which is precisely the effect of the poison. Small doses repeated frequently stimulate heart action, and by constantly walking about the stupid, sleepy feeling is avoided.

Birds Eggs.

John Walthausen:—It is difficult to identify your eggs by the descriptions, but as guesses I should name them as follows: No. 1, Indigo Bunting. No. 2, Arkansas Kingbird. No. 3, Western Bluebird (the bluebirds frequently have pure white eggs). No. 4, Probably the Western Wood Pewee. No. 5, Loggerhead shrikes often breed at odd seasons, and I think likely they might breed in your section as early as May 1st. No. 6, Probably an English Sparrow, but possibly a Cowbird's egg.

Pearls.

Stephen Whitley:—Pearls occur in numerous species of fresh water and sea shells. The fresh water mussels of our western lakes and rivers furnish very beautiful and often valuable pearls; while our common oyster occasionally bears pearls, that are dull in color and of little value. The big conch shells of the tropics also have pearls which are rosy pink and if perfect in shape and color are often very valuable. The best pearls are found in the salt water pearl oyster of Panama, South America, the East Indies and other tropical seas, and the finest come from the pearl beds of Ceylon. Pearls do not occur in all pearl oysters, but only in a few and are due to irritation or disease inside the oyster shell. Recent investigations and experiments seem to prove that many of the small pearls are caused by the eggs of a tape-worm. The adult worm lives in the intestine of sharks and similar fish that prey upon the pearl oysters. Hence if the pearl oysters were exterminated and the sharks would not be infected and could not spread the parasites, and likewise if the sharks were killed off there would be a great decrease in the number of pearls. Aside from this, pearls are often formed by bits of sand, dirt or any other foreign object becoming lodged between the shell and animal and the Chinese often insert tiny lead or metal images inside of the oysters and after a time they become covered with the pearl and present a very strange appearance. Fishes are also sometimes entrapped within the shells and become incased in pearl and in fact any object which the oyster cannot throw out is soon covered with pearl to prevent irritation. The oysters which do not contain pearls are saved as they are quite valuable to use in making "mother of pearl" buttons, etc.

American Bittern.

Damon Bros.:—The head, foot and feathers sent are from a species of heron known as the "bittern," "stake driver," "Indian hen," etc. The bittern occurs over nearly the entire United States as well as in Canada, Central America, several of the West Indies and Bermuda. It is not a game bird and although edible the flesh is coarse and fishy like the other herons. It is mainly nocturnal in its habits and its note is a queer, loud bellow like a bull or a succession of sharp, loud notes like the sound of a maul on a stake, hence the name "stake driver." It is an interesting bird and has a remarkable habit of standing motionless with bill pointed skyward, in which position it appears merely a part of the surrounding reeds and grass. This habit renders it hard to discern and hence it is usually considered far less common than it really is. The bittern's nest is placed on the ground in swamps or marshes and the eggs are pale olive or brownish gray in color.

Copperhead and Coral Snake.

Chester H. Swift:—The Copperhead is a hazel-brown in color with top of head bright copper color and with fifteen to twenty-five dark spots or blotches, having something the form of an inverted "Y" along the back. The sides and belly are yellowish with dark spots or blotches. Length from 30 to 50 inches; stout in proportion. Head broad, flattened, with cheeks or angles of jaws projecting beyond neck. A deep pit between eye and nostril. Scales ridged, or carinated.

The Coral Snake is a small and beautiful species, usually mild in disposition although provided with poison fangs. The color is jet black with about 17 broad crimson rings, each bordered with yellow and spotted below with black. A yellow band on head; tail with yellow rings.

Snake's Food, Birds' Eggs.

Will Ed. Wyatt:—Feed your moccasin on frogs, toads, etc. Old thread cabinets make excellent cabinets for birds' eggs but any case with shallow drawers will answer.

Toads' Eggs.

Glenn Green:—The tadpoles you found in the pool were probably those of toads for the rope-like jelly masses were the egg masses of toads while the little "black seeds" within were the eggs. Frogs' eggs are very similar in appearance but are laid in thiek, jelly-like masses. Black snakes lay oblong, thin-shelled eggs much like turtles' eggs and bury them in sandy spots.

Tame Turtles.

Leo Bott, Jr.:—Most tame turtles will eat raw meat. They are sometimes fond of ham fat cut in small pieces. Oftentimes they refuse to eat at all and go for several months without apparent discomfort. Try angle worms and other worms and "bugs." The water should be changed as often as dirty or foul. It does not hurt turtles to carve dates on their shells if you are careful not to cut through the outer shell and draw blood.

Bird Songs at Night.

Wm. Langton Prager:—I have never found a cowbird's egg in a Phoebe's nest but see no reason why they should not lay them there. Many birds sing at night. Song sparrows and catbirds often do so and I have also heard various warblers wake up and sing a few notes in the middle of the night. The nest covered with fur was undoubtedly that of a mouse.



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Glass That Seems Magical.

The ordinary person would smile at the possibility of windows through which he or she could watch the people in the street, but through which the people in the street could only see themselves, yet this is now possible through platized glass, says Popular Mechanics. By constructing a window of this glass a person can stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been devised with the aid of this glass. In one, a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure.

Such windows are made by coating a piece of glass with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass, but the latter does not really lose its transparency. If placed against a wall, or without a light behind it, as above stated, it acts as an ordinary looking-glass, but when the light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when placed in a window, it is perfectly transparent like ordinary glass.—Popular Mechanics.

Where Amber Comes From.

Emperor William, of Germany, derives a large part of his income from the sale of amber. There is only one place in which amber is found in quantity; namely, on the coast of Samland, on the Baltic. The German royal house owns a monopoly of the trade.

Amber, as it is found today, is the petrified resin of a very ancient forest. The layer of earth containing it runs fifteen or twenty thousand feet out under the sea. In ancient times the inhabitants of the district used to gather seaweed thrown up on the beach by a storm, in the hope of finding pieces of amber attached to the weeds; nowadays, however, divers go down and search the sea bottom, while a mine has been sunk on the shore and tunnels have been run out under the bed of the ocean. About \$12,500 worth of amber is taken every day. Amber dust is sold to incense-makers. Small pieces with fine colors go to make ornaments that are much prized by the Persians and the tribes of India, while larger pieces are used to make pipestems.

New Use of Paper.

Germany manufactures annually 425,000 tons of paper, England 260,000 tons, France 190,000 tons, Austria 155,000 tons and Italy 120,000 tons. But the United States makes and uses more paper than all Europe, the annual production amounting to 1,330,000 tons.

Roofs of paper and compressed wood pulp have proved successful. A Chicago firm makes paper garments which are so light, flexible and convenient that they are largely used in hospitals. The paper is made of the bark of the paper mulberry tree and is tubized and finely craped. Several sheets are superposed and sewn together. The garments have narrow woolen bindings, buttons, button-holes and other fastenings. Paper cigars are made by steeping paper pulp for ten days in a decoction of cigar clippings, passing it between cylinders and rolling the sheets into the form of a cigar. Paper bottles and grain bags are made in Philadelphia. A recent invention is the paper horseshoe, which, according to the inventor, is more durable as well as lighter than the iron shoe and eliminates all danger of injury to the hoof, as it is attached, not by nails, but by cement. Two German engineers have invented a sort of re-enforced paper, composed of paper pulp, linen and raw silk, re-enforced with steel wire. The new material is light, waterproof, fireproof and suitable for the construction of vessels, including warships, automobiles and other vehicles, for railways, street pavements and many other uses.—Scientific American.

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How Father Got To Be Dad

A Matter of Misunderstanding

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND

BOB EASTMAN and his father were all there was of the family. Of course there was Mrs. Elgin, but she was the housekeeper and no relative at all. In these circumstances one would have supposed that Bob and his father were the best of friends, that they were chums and palled about together and thought a whole heap of each other, but if one did think this it would have been a mistake.

Mr. Eastman was very busy being a lawyer, which is known to take up a great deal of time and to leave very little for one's family. His mind was always on his work and he brought big sheep-bound volumes home at night and studied over them in silence when he should have been studying something very much more important, which was Bob.

While Mr. Eastman was delving into his big books Bob would sit on the other side of the room and read his own book, and there was nobody for him to talk to or to tell the adventures of the day, or to ask how to do things. Evenings were very lonesome times for Bob and it is no wonder if he cast longing but doubtful glances at his father now and again. But he never spoke because he had discovered it was unwise to interrupt. Bob saw that his father had very little time for him and came to the conclusion that it was because father didn't care about

and the dads were having just as much fun as the fellows and drinking as much pale lemonade and eating as many peanuts. And some of them weren't a bit dignified, for they had their coats off in the hot tent and handkerchiefs tied around their necks, and they laughed and called to each other—and Bob felt lonesome and the circus was quite spoiled for him. But how was Mr. Eastman to know about that? He knew a lot about law because he had studied it so much, but if he had studied it as little as he had his boy he would not have known very much about it at all. And there you are again.

Then there were the Sunday afternoons. Whitey Briggs and his dad went off into the country for long walks, and Mr. Briggs taught Whitey lots of things about the trees and animals that Whitey came to school and bragged about. And Brick-top and his dad did things. But never Bob and his father. And they never went fishing together, nor to the clothing store for a new suit, for Bob always went alone with a note to the proprietor. But it wasn't all one-sided, for Mr. Eastman knew that Bob never made him his confidant, never tried to get into closer touch with him, seemed, in fact, to grow silent when he came around, and to be relieved when he went away. It was all a misunderstanding, you see, but misunderstandings are very bad things until they get cleared up.

You are proud of your dad, aren't you? And you brag about him to the other fellows, and believe he could lick all their dads in one if he wanted to. Bob saw how proud the other fellows were, and once Whitey took him to the house and showed him a little case full of medals, gold and silver and bronze, that Mr. Briggs had won in college for being a great athlete; and Brick-top had shown him a tiny pair of crossed oars which his father was very proud of because he had been a great oarsman and rowed in the famous Yale crew of '92.

But Bob had nothing to boast of. His father never told a thing about himself, and there were no medals nor trophies that Bob had ever heard of.

But the greatest sorrow of all was that his father treated him so formally and always called him Robert. If that could have been changed the boy felt he could bear the rest very well, but who in the world wants the other fellows to hear his father call him Robert? Nobody, I should say.

And that is the way things went on, and Bob and Mr. Eastman drifted farther away from each other and misunderstood more and more every day. It is safe to predict that if something hadn't happened Bob would have grown up and his father would have grown old and there would have been very little friendship between them. Very likely they would have gotten to be little better than ordinary strangers. But that didn't happen at all.



Saw His Father Step Deftly Inside the Descending Club.

that he did, and he, too, got a mistaken belief that Bob didn't like him. And this was perfectly natural also. When the two sat in the library evenings Bob would glance longingly at his father from time to time, and father would look over at his son with sorrow in his eyes, but somehow they never seemed to look at the same moment and their glances never met. If they had this story might never have been written, which would have been too bad from some points of view.

I believe that Bob made up his mind that he did not like his father and considered that he was very much abused. Neither of these matters had any foundation in fact, for Bob did like his father down underneath, and his father was not unkind to him except in being very busy and failing to understand. Boylike, Bob mullied the matter over in his mind and resolved to run away to Florida or somewhere and stay until he was a man and rich before he came back. However, he heard that poisonous snakes were dangerously plentiful in the place he had selected and before he could pick out another destination and start for it this story happened.

Just to show you how different Bob and his father were from other fellows and their fathers and how badly Bob felt about it it is only necessary to say a few words about the circus. When the day for the planting of the big tents came around Bob went up to his father's office to see about it. He waited until he could speak without interfering with one of those big, yellow books, and then said timidly, "It's circus day, father." You will see that he always called his father "father" instead of "dad" or anything else like that.

"Circus day," said Mr. Eastman without interest. "I suppose you want to go." He absently put his hand in his pocket and gave Bob a dollar. "Is that enough, Robert?" he asked. Now I leave it to you if that is any satisfactory way at all: To give you a dollar to go to the circus and not be a bit enthusiastic about it or want to go along with you. Of course it isn't. And Bob felt pretty glum about it, too. He had hoped that his father would keep his old dollar in his pocket and put away his books and come along like other fellows' dads, and more than that, he had hoped his father would quit calling him Robert. But then Mr. Eastman had wished many times that Bob would call him dad. So there you are.

Anyhow Bob went off to the circus alone and there he saw Whitey Briggs and his dad having a bully time, and Brick-top Williams and his dad, and a lot of the other fellows and their dads,

Vacation time came around and brought no change at all in their relations. Bob still believed his father didn't care for him and Mr. Eastman was sad whenever he thought how his son seemed to avoid him. It made both of them miserable, but neither knew what to do about it.

Bob was thinking about it, and wondering why he couldn't have a dad like Whitey or Brick-top as he strolled down to the main street of the village. On the corner across from Mr. Kurtz's grocery store some workmen had been putting down a new cement sidewalk and there remained in the street a pile of fine pebbles for throwing and to shoot in slingshots. Bob stopped and began filling his pockets. Just as he straightened up he saw a stone fly through the air over his head and heard a smash of breaking glass followed by the tinkle of fragments falling to the walk. Startled, he looked across and saw a great, jagged hole in the middle of Mr. Kurtz's plate glass window. Of course he turned to see who had thrown the stone, but it was only in time to see a pair of bare legs whisk around the corner.

Bob stood a minute and stared after them, his handful of stones forgotten. Then he felt himself gripped by the collar and lifted off his feet and a stick smacked across his back sharply. It hurt and Bob was startled, too, but he shut his teeth and didn't make a cry. He knew the stick would come down again and waited for the sting, but it didn't come. Instead he felt himself jerked backward and found himself sitting on the sidewalk looking up at his father who stood between him and the raging groceryman. Mr. Kurtz still gripped the stick, and so far had his temper gotten away from him that he raised it and rushed at Mr. Eastman. Bob saw his father step deftly inside the descending club and then he heard a sharp spat and Mr. Kurtz's feet seemed to flop up in the air and all of him went down crash on the walk.

felt something warm inside him and tears came up into his eyes—but they got no further.

"What's it about?" demanded Mr. Eastman of the grocer.

"The little—"
Mr. Eastman stopped him. "No names, please," he said. "Just tell your story and tell it without any adjectives."

"He threw a dornick through my window," bellowed Mr. Kurtz.

Mr. Eastman turned troubled eyes on his son, but Bob met them squarely.

"Did you do it, Bob?"

There it was—Bob again. The boy looked into his father's face and shook his head. "No," he replied simply.

Mr. Eastman turned to the grocer.

"There," he said, "you see. The boy didn't do it."

Bob was proud—and happy. There had not been the least doubt or hesitation in his father. Bob had said no and had been implicitly believed.

"He lies," shouted Kurtz. "Look at them stones in his hand now."

"Careful," said Mr. Eastman still in that low, even tone. "The boy doesn't lie. And," he leaned forward a little, "I shall treat anyone who says he does lie just as if he had said I lied."

Bob's eyes fairly glowed with pride—and with something else that it would have made his father very glad to see.

A farmer who had been watching the scene from his wagon drove up to the walk. "Mister," he said to Bob's father, "I seen the whole blamed thing. It wasn't this here kid. It was another one that threw the stone,—a feller with bare feet, and he run off down that way."

"Thank you," said Mr. Eastman warmly, then he turned to Bob and without another word to Mr. Kurtz they went up the street toward home.

Neither spoke for quite a while, but Bob was fairly squirming out of his

"I'll send for a set of gloves tomorrow," he promised.

Bob was revelling in the recollection of his father's deeds. Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Isn't there anything else you did in college?"

"Isn't boxing enough?"
"It's enough for most fellows' dads but not for you. You could a-done a lot more'n that, I know."

At this tribute Mr. Eastman leaned back and laughed loud and long, but inside he was glad, glad that there was some more, glad that his boy admired him.

"Well," he said, "there was a little. I played football a bit."

"Football," roared Bob, as though football were better than being elected President.

"Yes. I was captain of the Michigan team of '93."

"The one that won the western championship? And were you that Eastman. I've read about him—and you're him." It was ungrammatical, but the joy was sincere. "The Eastman that made the touchdown against Wisconsin. Oh, Gee."

Then that story had to be told, and before it was all through it was long past bed time. While he talked Mr. Eastman had been doing a lot of thinking, and it had brought him to a realization of many things, and to a determination of moment to him and Bob.

"I haven't been a very satisfactory dad, have I, Bob?"

"It's all right now, dad. Gee—Eastman of the Michigan '93 team! Gee!"

"But we're going to turn over a new leaf, Bob, you and I. And there won't be any more Robert in it, either."

"And it'll be dad."

"Sure." Mr. Eastman thought again for a moment. "How'd you like to go fishing with me? For six weeks? If you'd like it we'll go up in the Canadian

woods and get an Indian guide and a canoe and camp. How about it?"

Bob's head was buried in the sofa cushion which he was rapidly wetting with joyous tears. His father leaned over and threw his arm across the boy's shoulders. "How about it, Bob, shall we be pals from now on—and whack up on everything?"

Bob sat up, tear-streaked but radiant. His father put out his hand. "Shake on it," he said. And they shook hands on a compact that will never be broken.

And that's how father got to be dad.



They Shook Hands on a Compact That will Never be Broken.

clothes to say something. Finally he blurted out, "Gee, dad, why didn't you ever tell me you could fight?"

Mr. Eastman was thinking of something not connected with fighting, and replied absently, "Oh, I won the boxing championship of my class in college three years."

Bob gasped. This was better than rowing in the crew or winning medals on the track team. How he would brag to Whitey and Brick-top.

"It was bully," said Bob after another pause. He meant the Kurtz episode.

"But the part I liked best was—"

"What?" his father prompted when the lad hesitated.

Bob looked sheepish and then stammered, "It was your believing me first off, and calling me Bob instead of Robert."

In that instant Mr. Eastman understood. His son had been Robert to him instead of Bob, and he had been Father to his son instead of Dad.

"I guess," he said softly, "that I haven't been a very satisfactory dad, have I?"

But Bob had found his hero and was loyal. He would allow no disparagement. "You was all right," he declared, "only I expect you never thought of it."

"And were there other things I didn't think of?"

Again Bob hesitated.

"Speak up," said Mr. Eastman in a tone that Bob had never heard before. "Let's have the whole indictment."

Just then Whitey passed them with his father and there was a fishpole over the shoulder of each. Bob looked at them and Mr. Eastman looked at them, and then they looked at each other. Mr. Eastman put his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Bob," he said, "I get the whole business. That's it, isn't it?" and he pointed after the fishermen. Bob nodded awkwardly.

They said very little the rest of the way home, but somehow each felt a lot better than he had for a long time. They were beginning to understand each other—and Mr. Eastman kept his hand on Bob's shoulder and Bob marched along very straight and very proud.

At dinner Bob's curiosity got to working. "How about that boxing championship?" he asked shyly.

"What do you want to know about that for?" demanded his father quizzically.

Again Bob blushed and hesitated, but he got it out finally. "So's I can put it over Whitey and Brick-top. I'll bet I'll make their dads look sick." For the first time Mr. Eastman knew what it was to have his son proud of him, and when he began to recount the championship story his voice was husky, but as the story went along and he remembered the old enthusiasm, his eyes sparkled and Bob's eyes sparkled, and the boy edged so far forward in his chair that he almost fell off on the floor. When the story was done Mr. Eastman asked casually, "Would you like to have me teach you?"

Bob's mouth opened but he couldn't speak. However, his father understood.

Odd Facts About the North Pole

A writer in the Chicago Tribune gives some facts about the north pole which will be of interest to our readers. He says:

At the north pole all meridians meet and every direction is south. So the fixed meridian upon which the determination of longitude and time depends is lacking, and it is necessary to assume an arbitrary direction as the meridian. A parallel of latitude is reduced to a single point and longitude entirely vanishes. Time also vanishes, for it is always local noon. All winds blowing over the pole blow from the south and also toward the south at the same time. The magnetic needle points due south. The stars do not rise and set, but describe a circle around the horizon.

The north star is not directly overhead, but describes a circle four and one-half times as broad as the sun's face. If a man should walk westward on a parallel of latitude three and one-half miles from the pole at the rate of one mile an hour, he would be traveling east at the same velocity with which that part of the earth is going west. So he would not be moving at all, but would be treading the earth under his feet in the same way that a dog walks on a rolling barrel.

The auroras shed their mysterious radiance over the long polar nights. The phenomena of auroras extend through a zone, the center of which is near the magnetic pole, but the maximum effect is observed at a considerable distance from this pole. Inside this belt of maximum effect auroras are seen to radiate from points both north and south of the zenith, but at places outside the belt they stream only from the north.

There appears to be an intimate relation between the distribution of auroras and that of barometric pressure in the polar regions. To science the discovery of the north pole is of great importance. A knowledge of the ocean depth, winds and temperature at the pole are of great value in geography and meteorology.

Studies Greek at Eighty

Colonel Gourand, who all his life has kept young by constantly taking up new studies and acquiring new interests, has now, at the age of eighty, taken up the



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The First to Win the Victoria Cross

It is a fact worthy of notice that the very first winner of the coveted Victoria Cross, Great Britain's most coveted reward for heroism—V. C., as it is commonly called by the soldiers—a distinction that every British soldier would rather have than any other in the world, was a boy.

C. D. Lucas, who attained to the rank of rear-admiral, was but a midshipman on board Her Majesty's ship Hecla, when on June 21, 1854, he did the gallant deed which caused him to be recommended to Queen Victoria for the new decoration she had just instituted. It was while in action off Bomarsund that a live shell dropped upon the deck of the Hecla, threatening death and destruction to scores of sailors as soon as the explosion occurred. But, while others looked at it fascinated, Lucas rushed forward, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, picked up the engine of death and successfully threw it overboard. By this act he not only had the honor of gaining the Victoria Cross, but of having his name handed down to all time as the senior winner of the coveted trophy.

Making the Left Hand Work

Most people never think what a shirker the left hand is. Our two eyes and our two ears and our two feet divide their work equally, or very nearly so, but the left hand only works at what the right hand cannot do alone. In Japan children are trained to use their hands and fingers more carefully than anywhere else in the world. Japanese children can do and make things with their hands that are impossible to American boys and girls, and nearly all of the Japanese, young and old, can draw and write with both hands at once.

We could do the same if we had been taught to do so. In some schools teachers are already training pupils to use both hands, and thus get double service out of them for life. The pupil merely makes lines, at first, straight and curved ones, using both hands at once. With his right hand he draws, perhaps curved lines parallel to one another, while with his left hand he is drawing parallel straight lines. After a while he makes loops and figures, and finally his left hand becomes just as good a worker as his right.

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PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY

How Our Postage Stamps Are Made

By L. K. Siggons

Bureau of Engraving and Printing

A POSTAGE stamp does not seem to be a very elaborate piece of work, yet it requires the services of hundreds of men, women and machines to produce it. It is, moreover, made by the costly and artistic method of line engraving on steel, in order to prevent counterfeiting, whereas most other nations use the cheaper method of wood or surface engraving.

Passing over the officials, from the Postmaster General down, who order the issue of the stamp and determine what wording, portrait, or other device shall appear upon its surface, we come to the designer whose imagination is thus strictly limited by his superiors. He proceeds to make a wash drawing several times larger than the stamp itself. Just as the illustrations in this magazine are made. If this passes safely through the fire of criticism from above, it goes to the engraver, with a photographic reduction to the actual size of the stamp. Each engraver makes a specialty of some particular part, such as lettering, portrait or ornament. Usually the letter engraver takes the stamp in hand first. He makes a careful tracing with a sharp steel point upon transparent gelatine laid over the photograph, afterwards filling in the traced lines with powdered vermilion.

He now takes a polished steel die, about three inches square and an eighth of an inch thick, and covers its surface with a thin layer of etching ground, composed mostly of asphaltum and beewax—lays his tracing face down upon it, presses gently all over the back of the gelatine, lifts it off, and finds his drawing transferred to the die in red lines. Then, with an etching needle or point, he follows the red lines, pressing hard enough to scratch the surface of the steel, so that when he washes off the ground with turpentine, the design appears on the die in bright lines which will not rub out during the progress of the work.

He is now ready to commence the actual work of engraving. He sits at a desk fitted with a tissue-paper screen to soften and diffuse the light upon the polished steel. He holds the cutting tool in his right hand and a magnifying glass in his left, the die being laid flat upon his desk. The burin, or graver with which he now follows the lines he has drawn, is a finely tempered steel chisel, pushed along very tenderly by the hand, now scarcely cutting the surface and again sinking boldly into the steel die. Only years of practice can give that perfection of grace and strength, that swift obedience of hand to brain, which marks the work of the best engravers.

The lettering finished, the die is turned over to the portrait engraver, who proceeds in much the same manner, first delicately cutting every line and dot, then going over and over his work, gradually enriching his half-tones and shadows until he can go no further, leaving the finishing touches until the other engravers have completed their work. It now goes to the ornament artist to put in the wreaths, ribbons or other decoration, in a similar manner.

You will notice that the background of a postage stamp is composed of fine parallel lines. These are made as follows: An etching ground is again laid upon the die, which is then fastened to the movable bed of a ruling machine. Above the bed runs a carriage holding a sharp diamond, which is let down until it rests upon the die, when it is drawn carefully across the stamp, cutting through the etching ground and exposing the surface of the steel in a fine line. The bed is then moved by means of a toothed wheel the exact distance between the lines, when the diamond is drawn across again, and this operation is repeated until the face of the stamp is covered with these parallel lines. They are then painted out with shellac varnish wherever they do not appear on the stamp, such as the white letters, portrait, or leaves. An acid is then poured over the die and corrodes or cuts away the lines not protected by the etching ground or varnish.

After another cleaning, and the removal of any scratches from its surface, the die is sent to the printer for a proof. Printing ink is spread over the surface and into the lines with a roller, then wiped off gently with soft cloth and polished by the hand of the printer. When a piece of India paper is laid on the die, over this a sheet of heavy plate paper, then a layer of blanket, and the whole forced between the cylinders of a press, you will have a beautiful India proof of the stamp.

But you could never print enough stamps from this one little die before it wore out, nor would it do to engrave more than one, for they must all be exactly alike, and no engraver can reproduce his own work exactly by hand, so the next step is to multiply this one stamp indefinitely. It is, therefore, sent to the furnace room and case hardened. A roll or cylinder of soft steel, about three inches in diameter, is now placed on the hard stamp die and rolled back and forth under heavy pressure, in a machine called a transfer-press. An impression of the engraving is thus reproduced in relief upon the surface of the roll. This roll is likewise hardened, after which, by taking a large plate of soft steel, and using the same transfer press, you can roll in as many stamps side by side as you please, and they will all be exactly like the original die. That is just what the government does, and when four hundred stamps have been thus transferred from the roll to a large steel plate, it is hardened and sent to the press-room where over sixty thousand sheets are printed from it before it goes to the government gun shop to be turned into cannon for our navy, while a new plate takes its place.

The stamp sheets go from the press-room to the gumming room, where the mucilage is applied by a machine, which uses up some barrels of mucilage every day. They are then passed through a series of hot-air boxes, which dry, but at the same time curl them up. They are soon flattened out, however, in the huge hydraulic presses, and continue their journey to the perforating machines, after which they are counted for the last time, made up into bundles and delivered to the Post Office Department, whence they continue their journey as the message-bearers of the nation.

The Bureau prints over 30,000,000 stamps every working day in the year, but after all that is only one stamp a day to every three persons in these United States.

The first of a series of articles of special interest to the amateur stamp collector will appear in our September number. It is entitled *The Story of the Postage Stamp*. The writer of this series is an enthusiastic philatelist and has a wide knowledge of the subject.

The Stamp Collector

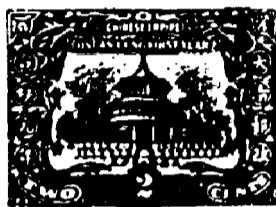
Edited by Willard O. Wylie

NOTICE Letters of inquiry will be promptly answered by mail upon receipt of addressed stamped return envelope. Do not under any circumstances send stamps for examination. A careful description of the stamp will be sufficient. Information as to prices can be obtained generally from standard catalogues, for sale by all dealers. Letters for this department must be addressed: The Stamp Collector care The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

The Temple of Heaven at Peking

One of the chief charms in stamp collecting lies in the acquaintance one forms with objects of world-wide interest. The range of subjects is limited only by the ability of the artist to condense the design into the area represented by the postage stamp. But even in this respect the postal departments of the world are very obliging, and we find some pictorial stamps issued by the smaller nations and colonies that would scarcely do for a nation such as the United States, using its millions of stamps every month. The issues of the United States have not been so severely plain as those of Great Britain. Our commemorative issues, such as the Columbian, Trans-Mississippi, Pan-American, etc., have given a wide range of designs exceedingly popular with the stamp collector.

With the foreign countries the pictorial idea has been carried to an extreme degree. History has played a prominent part in their stamp designs and it is possible to trace the growth and developments of nations by a study of their postal issues. The far eastern countries, though they may be slow in some respects, are up-to-date in their postage stamps.



China's latest stamps of this character were issued to commemorate the first year of the reign of Hsuan Tung. The set consists of three values, 2c, 3c and 7c, all in the same design.

This set is generally known as the Temple of Heaven set. But where is the Temple of Heaven? This notable building will be found in the city of Peking.

This ancient city of Peking, covering an area of twenty-five square miles, has two distinct parts, inner and outer cities in fact, but they are very different in size and shape and were founded in very different eras. One of these divisions is known as the Tatar or inner city and the other the Chinese or outer city.

The Tatar city lies to the northward, and on the south side with both ends projecting beyond the Tatar city, is the Chinese city. The former is in the shape of a square and the latter an oblong rectangle, five miles long by two miles wide. Both cities are walled, the walls being made of earth and concrete and faced with brick. The Chinese part of the city is the part that particularly interests us now. Though not as ancient as its fellow-division, it was founded in 1543, nearly three hundred years subsequent to the Tatar city.

Approaching the Chinese city from the south we find ourselves at the Yung-ting gate and a street stretches out for two miles to the Front Gate entering the Tatar city. We walk along the roadway of this old city and soon observe on the right an enclosed area covering at least a square mile and in it a large building such as is pictured on the stamp illustrated.

The temple of Heaven is 119 feet high. It is a circular shaped house of worship and has three roofs. The original Temple was destroyed by fire in 1899 and in the present structure Oregon pine plays a no small part. It is roofed with blue porcelain tiles that add a great charm to the eyes of the visitor, but while this added splendor is marked, the building otherwise would be of surpassing interest.

Here at mid-night on December 23 of each year the Emperor, after fasting and prayer worships Shang-ti, the supreme ruler, with profound obeisance, prayers being made and sacrifices offered. Here also on occasions of great famines or droughts the Emperor seeks relief for his people. The Altar of Heaven is the chief altar, but there are also altars to the earth, sun and moon and even to agriculture. Well might one expect to find one "To the unknown God" even as did Paul in ancient Athens.

How to Collect Precancels

A good precancel collection is not so easily built up as one may suppose. Although many varieties of the 1903 and present issue can be secured with little effort, most of the high values of the 1898 and earlier issues are scarce and always in demand.

Much has been said concerning the status of stamps with the regular office or newspaper cancellation mark. It places the precancel collector in a peculiar situation when it comes to proofs concerning these stamps when off the cover.

The right way to distinguish these stamps is to preserve them on the original cover, thus preventing any doubt about their standing.

Varieties of Precancelled Stamps

When precancelled stamps were an innovation many cities sent out their stamps showing the date of the month and year. Binghamton is the only city left that uses this form today.

Montpelier, Vt., Spencer, Mass., Lyons, N. Y., and Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, are among the latest towns to adopt precancelled stamps. Lowell, Mass., probably holds the record for using the same precancellation the longest time. Lowell issued precancelled stamps as far back as 1894 and has yet to change its original type. Many small towns, some scarcely heard

of outside of their own states, have their own precancelled stamps. Among others may be mentioned Clintonville, Conn., East Clarendon, Vt., Sherman, N. Y., West Grove, Pa., Calla, O., Exeter, Nebra., Edella, Pa., Hika, Wis., North Cochocton, N. Y., East Whitman, Mass., etc. The population of most of these towns is even less than one thousand.

Springfield, Mass., and Springfield, Ohio, are the only two cities of the same name in this country that issue precancelled stamps, although Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada, are also in this class.

The Collecting of Precancelled Stamps

Precancelled stamp collecting has certainly taken on a new lease of life. At present more interest is shown than for several years past.

Nearly all stamp papers have paid some attention to precancelled matters of late, and if frequent advertisements regarding these stamps count for anything, there is surely a demand for precancelled stamps.

Many U. S. collectors who formerly would not even look at precancels are beginning to realize that a showing of these stamps is entirely in keeping with other U. S.

Where Colonial Stamps Are Printed

All French Colonial stamps are printed in Paris at the government stamp-printing office, and all the stamps for the German Colonies are printed in Berlin at the Imperial Printing Office. The majority of the British Colonials are printed in London by either De La Rue & Co. or Waterlow & Sons, Ltd. There are, however, many exceptions. For instance, most of the stamps of the Australian Colonies are produced locally, while the Canadian stamps are designed, engraved and printed at Ottawa by the British-American Bank Note Co. The current stamps of the Philippine Islands are printed by the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Common Stamps

Don't despise the common stamps. Many of the specimens now judged to be of great value were once regarded as common. It is never possible to foretell exactly which stamps are likely to be valuable. It is only possible to guess that this stamp will have but a short life, and that one will not be much used. Our primary instinct is in stamps, not in rare stamps. The market values may vary from a farthing to a fortune apiece, but a stamp's a stamp for a that.

Common stamps are not less interesting really than rare ones. Of course, if you are one of those young collectors possessed of considerable means it is possible to allow your enthusiasm to expand itself upon the rarer varieties. We cannot, however, afford to despise those splendid specimens of engraving that represent the daily communication used in the business world.

Springfield Mass. in 1912

The stamp collectors of Springfield, Mass., are enthusiastic in their devotion to what are called "side-lines" in stamp collecting. By this we refer to the collecting of bear, cigarette and cigar stamps, tin foil wrappers as used upon tobacco, cotton labels and in fact revenue stamps of all kinds.

A strong, flourishing local society has been in existence for years and has done a great deal towards increasing the interest in stamp collecting in that city.

A convention of our national society was held in Springfield some years ago and a committee has been appointed to boom the same city for convention seat in 1912. A sticker has been issued to exploit the movement and it pictures a stamp that has a warm place in the heart of the young stamp collector, the 1/2c Newfoundland dog. These labels are printed upon five different colored papers.

Some Stamp Notes

A correspondent asks: "Where can I obtain the 'Republica' set of Portuguese stamps?" Most any one of the dealers advertising in our columns can doubtless supply the same.

A new postcard has been issued with profile head of Lincoln to the left. It is printed in red on white and its size is 2 1/2 inches. This is a very small card, but it is designed for index or library purposes. They are issued in sheets of eighteen cards when desired in that form for facility in printing the same. No smaller quantity than 4,500 cards can be purchased in this form.

Argentina is about to issue a new set of stamps and we are promised that the work shall be of the highest character.

New stamp societies are being constantly organized. The collectors of Honolulu have just organized a local club to be known as "The Royal Hawaiian Philatelic Society."

The black stamp with the word "Suomi" printed upon it is not a stamp at all. This label was issued in Finland by private enterprise as a protest against the action of Russia in depriving Finland of its powers of self-government.

1500 years old, 5 for 25c., U. S. 1/2 or Cent 1808, 15c. each; 10 diff. paper money 25c; 10 diff. Copper coins 20c; 5 for'n, over 100 years old, 25c new unc. for'n coins, 5 for 20c. Cen. America nickel coins 15 for 20c. 6 Eagle cents, 25c. War. Cts. 1861-65, 6 for 20c. Ancient Greek or Roman Coin, 10c. Butler's money, Civil War 10c.

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PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY

The Rousing of Lander

The Turning of The Tables

By JAMES WILLIAM JACKSON

“WHAT’S after you, Lander? Are you trying to run away from yourself?”

The stentorian tones of McHenry, foreman in the Gorton Company’s lumber yard, halted Tom Lander like a brick wall. With his face dropped sheepishly to the ground he turned back to his work and the teasing companions who a moment before had started him on a wild scamper for his life.

“If you want to get away from your job, you know,” the foreman warned him, with a grimly significant smile; “I’ll divorce you without all that excitement.”

Lander made no answer. It was not his way to shift blame to his companions. But a worried look came into his countenance as he silently resumed the task of piling boards. It was his constant fear that the mischief of the other men would work disaster and the loss of place to himself. Once when he had been a little fellow in school, sitting up correctly with hands behind him, the boy in his rear had tickled his palms and brought him a stinging rebuke from the teacher because he jumped and yelled.

Sam Jones was working on the same pile with him now. “Say Longley,” he queried, with a chuckle; “do you know how they steer torpedoes under water by wireless? If we could get Lander on a run like that some time and control his

The fall couldn’t hurt him; the men were not mean enough for that sort of thing. But, as usual, the foreman came up just in time to see.

“You don’t seem to be able to stay on the job satisfactorily,” he dryly rebuked, as Lander, accompanied by the low chuckles of the men, picked up his abashed person and started to climb back.

Fortunately the whistle blew for noon. The men scattered for their dinners and Lander had a brief rest. He appreciated it. He had been up late the night before, earning a few extra cents helping to load a moving van. The fellow for whom he worked, however, had not paid him the thirty cents due; and he ruefully feared that he was not going to get it.

He ate his dinner seated on a low timber stack, swinging his feet. The yard was a large one. Next to his pile was an open space. Then came a towering heap of boards; and off beyond, on both sides of the black and churned mud of the drive, ran the undulating stacks, some low, some high and some very high. In the dim perspective, where the orderly rows were lost in the blinding glare of a summer sun, a heavily loaded wagon was making preparations to get under way, a hurry order compelling the driver to work overtime. The raspy voice talking to the horses sounded faintly in the ears of the dreamy Lander.

Eating the last crumbs of a piece of pie Lander kicked his feet against the stack and smiled softly. He was thinking happily of the progress his brother and sister were making at school; and incidentally he was hoping fervently that he might commend himself to his employers for continued service—and the usual pay. He had been in the yard for only a few weeks; and he could not be sure how far he had approved himself.

The dust came out of his old shoes as he sat restfully thinking. But suddenly he felt a heavy hand laid gently on the back of his neck. Then he was lifted enough to slide off the pile and gently tumbled into the mud of the drive.

There was a chuckle as he got up and turned in surprise to face Jones and Longley. As he might have expected, the men, having finished their dinner, were out early for fun.

“We want to work on this pile,” Jones cheerfully explained, in evident enjoyment of his original preparations.

Lander might have asked him why he was smitten with such a sudden spirit of industry fifteen minutes before the whistle blew. But Jones had turned his back for a moment and Lander, leaping quickly back to his old seat, remained, with wary eye, kicking his feet as nonchalantly as before.

He did not resent the fun which was all in good spirit and which ordinarily he would have enjoyed; but he had made up his mind now to show the men that he wouldn’t be the butt of it all the time.

Jones glanced around the next instant and started humorously when he saw Lander back on the pile. His big mouth expanded in a grin and he scratched his head with pretended perplexity.

“I thought I chucked you off there?” he observed, interrogatively and as though he could not possibly understand how anything he ever did could come undone so easily.

“You did,” Lander admitted, with a good natured smile; “I remember it perfectly.”

“Well—” Jones stepped forward craftily. A light in Lander’s eyes defied him, challenged him. Longley saw it too and danced delightedly.

“Look out, Jones,” he warned. “Lander thinks you are just pie for him. He’ll bite a big piece out of you.”

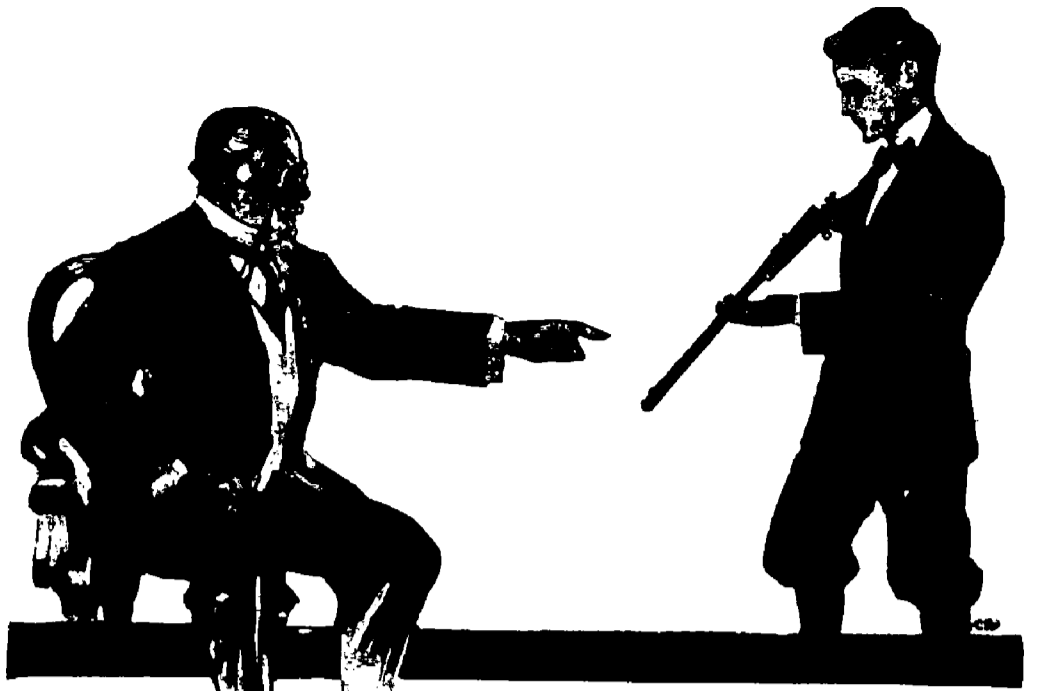
Jones suddenly shot out a brawny arm which seemed to have the gobbling powers of a boiler crane. There was no animosity in the reach; he wanted only to get a controlling grip on the watchful Lander. But Lander leaped away so quickly that Jones failed of his aim and was obliged to clutch at the edge of the lumber pile to save himself from falling.

A couple more men had drifted up and were enjoying the nonsense. Longley, like a traitor, deserted Jones and began to coach Lander.

“Grab him, Tom,” he instructed; “and I’ll bring the canal over so you can drop him in it.”

Jones had set himself the task of catching Lander and laughingly chased after him. Round and round the stacks they raced until once Lander stopped as with the suddenness of applied air brakes. Then his artful foot caught and dropped Jones into the mud and squared accounts.

The fun of the chase had been exhausted. Lander stood his ground when Jones climbed to his feet; and then he met his opponent with a new purpose. A small palm struck out like lightning with a dazing slap that destroyed Jones’ clutching aim. It was followed by another; and then the gentle but demoralizing slaps began to rain with a species of friendly enthusiasm all over the expanse of Jones’ dark face. It was like



What do you demand in a Rifle?

Is it beauty and fine engraving and a lot of frills that cost money and don’t improve the shooting qualities? We don’t believe that is the kind of a rifle any real boy wants.

He wants a firearm that is light and can be easily handled but that has the same shooting qualities as the rifles that are used by men.

We know of hundreds of men today who are still using Stevens Favorites which they bought when they were boys at school.

The reason is plain. Every barrel that goes on a Stevens Favorite is made with the same care and precision as the barrels that go on our high priced target rifles—the kind the World’s Champions shoot.

The Stevens reputation has been built on their rifle barrel—the most important shooting part of every arm. You will find no nicks or obstructions in the rifling. The fine spiral grooves that run through the centre of the barrel have got to be accurate to the last degree. It is this spiral groove that gives the bullet not only speed but also direction.

If there is the slightest thing the matter with this rifling the bullet will take up the defect and the best shot that ever lived won’t be able to make the bull’s eye with any certainty.

The finish of the Stevens Favorite No. 17 is all that any practical shooter wants. This rifle is solidly made, the stock is of good strong oiled walnut and all the parts are made with that degree of accuracy found only in the Factory of Precision.

And just remember this one point also:

There are more Stevens Favorites sold than any other boys’ rifle manufactured in the world. That ought to tell the story pretty clearly. The demand increases year by year just because everybody that buys a Stevens Favorite can obtain real results with it and will never use another rifle of any other make.

If you want to get some good pointers on “How to Shoot Well” we will be glad to send you our booklet which tells all about sharp-shooting, how to stand, how to hold your rifle and how to become a proficient marksman.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
The Factory of Precision

Department 102

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

BASE-BALL, BOYS!

The big leagues are looking for winners. Get “The Coucher” and win every game; Training, Pitching, Bunting and every position treated separately. Price 20c. L. A. SEAMSTER, BENTONVILLE, ARK.

And the power of a spile driver was behind his magnificent team of big horses.

There was a sudden yell of terror from the men, who instinctively shrank back as the huge pile trembled, staggered from the blow and bent over the prostrate Jones in the alley.

It had all happened too quickly for Jones to realize his danger. He was searching for his hat. The foreman, just coming in, saw the impending tragedy and yelled. A scrap of plank fell from the pile and just missed the man beneath. The pile tried to right itself, faltered and began to come over, with hundreds of tons of weight, to crush and bury the unfortunate Jones.

There was only a second of grace. Everybody unconsciously waited for the accident before he breathed. The driver of the wagon, after a terrified yell, tugged at the bits of his wildly prancing horses.

Longley was between Lander and Jones. With a leap and without meaning to be impolite, Lander hurled the paralyzed Longley aside with the strength of necessity; and in another leap he reached the side of Jones.

There was a flashing grip. Thin arms caught at the fallen man unerringly and with a backward jump Lander seemed literally to rip his mate out from under the roaring pile that smashed thunderingly down at the instant.

Lander’s heel was caught and he was thrown. The “ripping” pull sent Jones hurling an inch farther toward safety and face down in the black drive.

“Eat some more dirt,” Lander grimly suggested, as he cleared his own mouth of soil and picked himself up while the earth still trembled from the crash.

Where Jones had lain was now a hopelessly jumbled pile of timbers. “Phew!” he breathed. That and his pale face spoke a world of gratitude as he held a hand out to Lander. Longley already had Lander’s other hand clasped fast.

The foreman showed in a few words that he could come pretty near to guessing who was at the bottom of the incident.

“You and Longley,” he told Jones, dryly. “need a strong hand to keep you down. I’ve been spying around for some wide-awake chap to jump in as temporary foreman while I’m away and look after you chaps. He knows your tricks pretty well and I’m satisfied with the way he jumps into things when it’s necessary. Shake hands with him again. He’s your boss in more senses than one.”



In Another Leap He Reached the Side of Jones.

movements it would be a barrel of fun. Can’t you hear boss McHenry grunt when Lander bumps him going a mile a minute? Oh my!”

Jones was convulsed by the picture he made for himself; and Longley guffawed with him. Even Lander had to smile. But the smile quickly died away. He knew the men were good fellows at heart; but their nonsense was his dread.

“I don’t really think the boss would notice it, though,” Longley slyly suggested; and at that Lander flushed. Lander didn’t have much bulk to boast of, certainly. In figure and in face he achieved little more than extreme boyishness. His grey eyes alone, and at times a certain air, marked him out as a man, or pretty nearly one.

He glanced down at his bursted shoes as he heard Jones ask why his mother didn’t send him to school. “Shame to start children working before they get their growth,” Jones thought. Lander thought so, too; he had a small brother to support and keep in school besides a mother and sister.

“Oh, but wait until the foreman goes off on that three days’ trip of his,” Longley suddenly remembered, with delight. “Then we’ll have fun.”

Longley was passing out shelving boards from a car on the siding and Lander was piling them. The little fellow frowned and set his teeth. There was no doubt they would try to have fun with him when the eagle eye of the chief was taken off them. But Lander decided that he would have to make a stand in that event. The foreman was stern but Lander sometimes had the idea that he understood the situation more than he let on. Not so Mr. Gorton. The firm member would be quick to resent foolishness and waste of time, quick to discharge. Lander thought with a little catch that he couldn’t afford that. A serious light came into his grey eyes, making them big.

Why he hadn’t made a stand before he didn’t know, except that he thought it would only aggravate the situation. He believed, mistakenly or not, that he escaped a good deal by accepting what he got meekly. Even at that he got enough. Just now, as he bent down to adjust a board, someone behind him quietly fastened a hook to his jean trousers’ belt. When he got up and took a step it upset him. He tumbled, rolled and fell off the edge of the low pile.



Dropped Jones into the Mud and Squared Accounts.

Jones was wearily climbing to a sitting position. “I didn’t see any of it yet,” the driver mournfully reminded.

There were some other things he didn’t see, either. The off fore wheel of the still moving wagon came with a smashing force up against the big lumber stack. With his eyes turned toward the open space and Jones, the driver was unconsciously headed too much to that side.

How To Swim

III. Training For Fancy Swimming

By G. H. CORSAN

Swimming Instructor at the University of Toronto and for the International Committee Y. M. C. A.
Author of "At Home In the Water."

SOME people are built for trick, stunt or ornamental swimming; some for short distance speed swimming; and others for long distance swimming. Those with flat feet and limber joint action can make speed, while women, fat boys, and soft men are good at stunts in the water. All the stunts, like the strokes, cannot be illustrated. Take the side underarm and the English over-arm strokes, for instance; these cannot be taught by illustrations. Neither can that stupid old breast stroke. And it is the same in fancy swimming. Many tricks cannot be clearly demonstrated by either photos or drawings. It would require many cuts to illustrate swimming with both hands and feet tied, and then it would not be clear how it is done, as there is much movement of the spine that cannot be understood by looking at a picture.

Water Polo. The game of water polo seems to the onlookers terribly punishing for the participants; but this is an error. It is an idea that is even encouraged by players who like to pose as wonders. Many timid persons are kept out of this game because their first trial confirms them in the impression that it is very difficult. As a result but few persons play water polo.

The English game with the Canadian sized goals is the coming game, as the American game with a deflated ball was only a poor substitute on account of the small size of our swimming pools. The Canadian goals are 6 feet by 2½ feet. The English goals are 10 feet by 3 feet. No goal keeper, unless he was a wonder, could do effective work with such large goals. I think the English game is too strict about fouls, for as they stand it requires extraordinary skill to play. I believe that two men should be allowed to struggle over a ball as long as they can. I also think that one should be allowed to hold a man off with a stiff arm while throwing the ball, and to spring from the walls of the tank with the feet. The English game is by

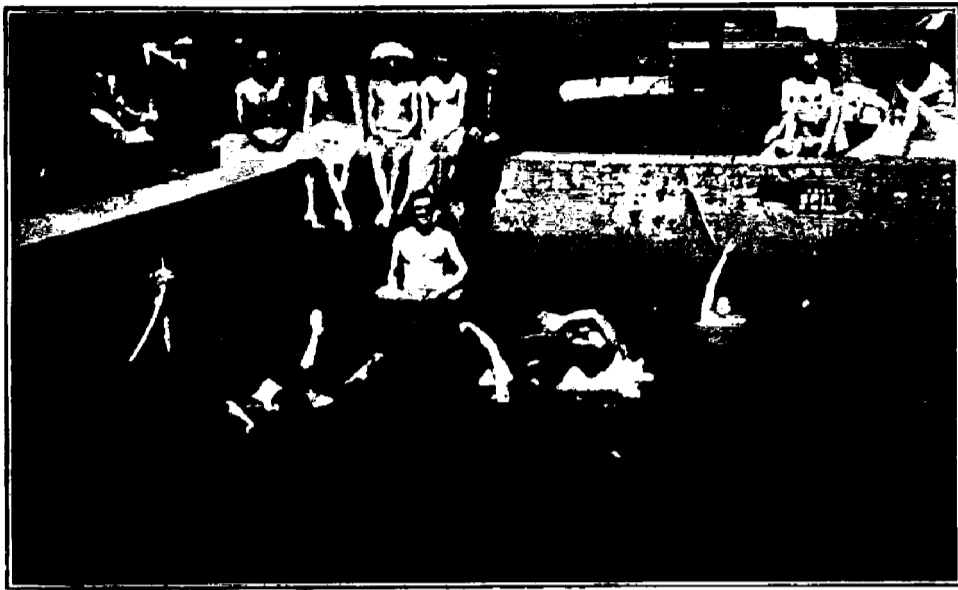
no means a "beg pardon" game, but it requires extraordinary skill to play the ball all the time and not play the man. By playing the man in little ducking contests one becomes well able to handle any life-saving situation. Who ever

water for one hour when the water was warm, and then not been tired, for the reason that when a man behind me ducked me I always went down instead of foolishly trying to resist him. When down I would exhale, and the instant I

his son from drowning, he should let him play on a water polo team.

Diving. Let me tell you a good and sure cure for nervousness; it is high diving. Long before I could swim as well as I can now, I could dive from considerable heights. You may wonder why. I was near-sighted and could not play baseball, rugby, basket-ball, lacrosse or even hockey, although I liked all these games, so I turned to high and fancy diving for a recreation, and then to swimming. While I can play water polo fairly well, I frequently make the mistake of throwing the ball to the wrong man, and I am a poor goal-keeper. Thus I know what I am speaking of when I say that high diving makes men courageous. Just make a mistake in your high dive and strike on your back or your side or your abdomen, and notice the wonderful effect on your body and mind. Now should you strike on your front instead of taking a header just harden up your abdominal muscles and it will not injure you, but will simply make the skin smart. Diving requires great power of concentration and control of mind and muscles, and so the boy or man who engages in this form of recreation will forget that he has business worries. God never intended that all creation should play except man; man also should relax his mind, forget serious things, and enjoy himself in healthful play.

Springboard. An ideal springboard is made out of Georgia pine. No other wood does as well. White oak will warp. Hickory is too expensive. Cut your pine 14 feet long, have it 3 inches thick at the base and 1½ inches at the end, 16 inches wide at the base and 11 at the end. Thus you will have resiliency with power, and yet, on account of its tapering, you can take a running jump from it and it will not be bobbing up and down when you land on the end for the final spring. Have the shoulder piece about 4 feet from the base and have the board slant slightly upward.

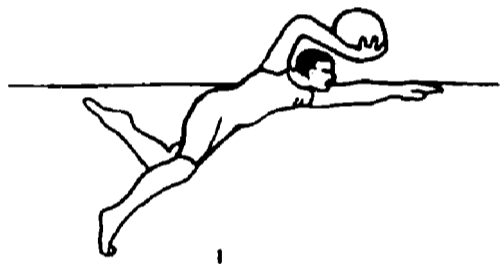


Elementary class learning the shoulder work and to breathe out under the water through the nose. By placing water wings under the swimmer he is enabled to concentrate the mind on one detail of speed swimming at a time. As the legs drag and the wings are an obstruction, the shoulder work can be developed to perfection.

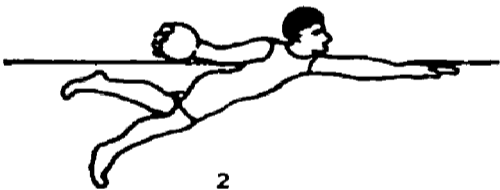
heard of a water polo player being drowned? The fourteen minutes of the English game divided into halves is too short, and so is the Canadian game of twenty minutes divided into quarters. I have often played water polo in deep

popped up (this may be for less than the fifth of a second) I would open my mouth and inhale, as several more duckings might be coming to me, for I had the ball in one hand and only one hand to work with. If a father would secure

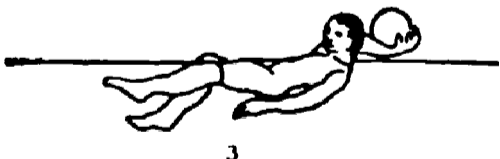
Handling The Water Polo Ball



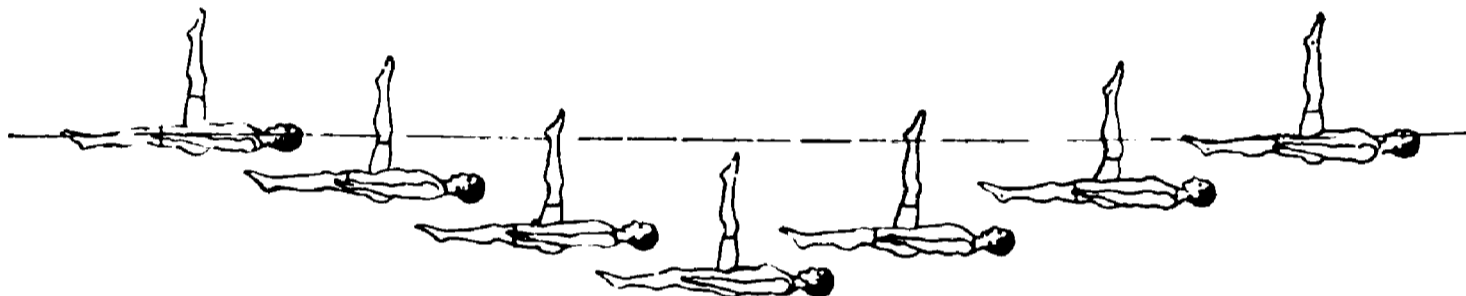
Back-Hand Throw. This is a very tricky throw and will generally take the goal-keeper by surprise, as the thrower is looking forward while throwing the ball behind him, not seeing where, but judging where it will land. Pressing down the left foot and the left hand will enable you to rise high in the water while giving the ball the toss.



Forward Throw. Hook the wrist well so as to grip the ball. Press down on the water with the left hand and left foot, and at the same time fling the ball either by the round arm or the overarm throw. The round arm will send the ball the hardest and farthest, while the overarm is the most accurate. The round arm is the hardest to acquire. By this style of throw a ball can be sent 100 feet or more. The trudgeon stroke is the correct style for water polo players.



Forward Throw on Back. This is the easiest method to learn. Press the water down with left hand and give a scissors kick just as you throw the ball. The straight up and down kick is the best for polo playing while swimming on the back.



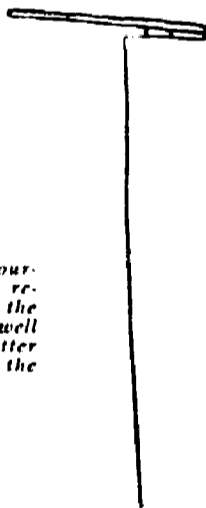
The Submarine

This stunt and the "porpoise" are the invention of Mr. Heavy, the great English stunt swimmer. This is accomplished by a rapid sculling wrist motion. To sink, keep the palms of the hands up. To rise, turn the palms of the hands down while sculling. This is as hard a stunt as sculling with both feet out of the water.



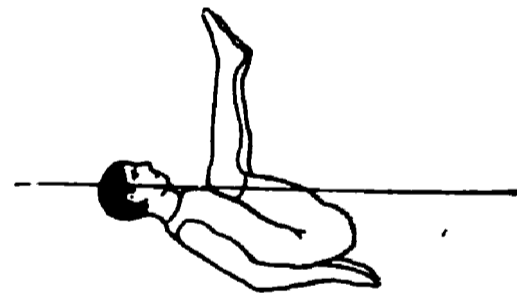
Plain High Dive

In order to prevent yourself from going over and receiving a hard blow on the back, hold the feet well down. Thus you can better control the body while in the air.



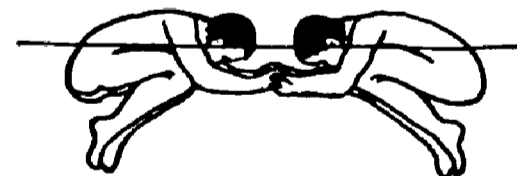
Back Jack-knife Dive

A very safe dive to take from a height, as the feet are held down, thus preventing a back slap. Hold the feet down until within ten feet of the water, then straighten out, so as to enter the water like the point of a spear.



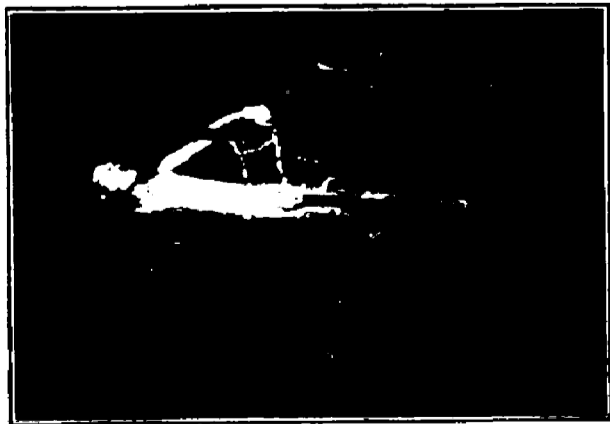
Swimming with Both Feet High Out of the Water

This is a feat that requires powerful sculling ability. It is never easy.



Double Forward Somersault on Surface of the Water

To perform this stunt two persons face each other and while treading water catch hold of hands, then double up as in the illustration. Each takes a forward somersault, retaining hold of hands all the time. What makes this stunt spectacular is the puzzle to the spectators as to how the hand hold is retained.



Racing Stroke on Back (1)

The alternate overarm on back. Left arm coming out of the water. Right arm pushing the water back. Note the hooked wrist. The arm is taken out of the water without throwing water over the face by swinging the left shoulder up. Don't hold the breath, but breathe deep in through the mouth and out through the nose.



The Imitation of a Porpoise

This photo will give you a clear idea of how to get down into the water gracefully. If you bend the neck and turn the top of the head down while sending the feet high in the air, keeping the knees straight, the body will disappear beneath the surface gracefully.



Racing Stroke on Back (2)

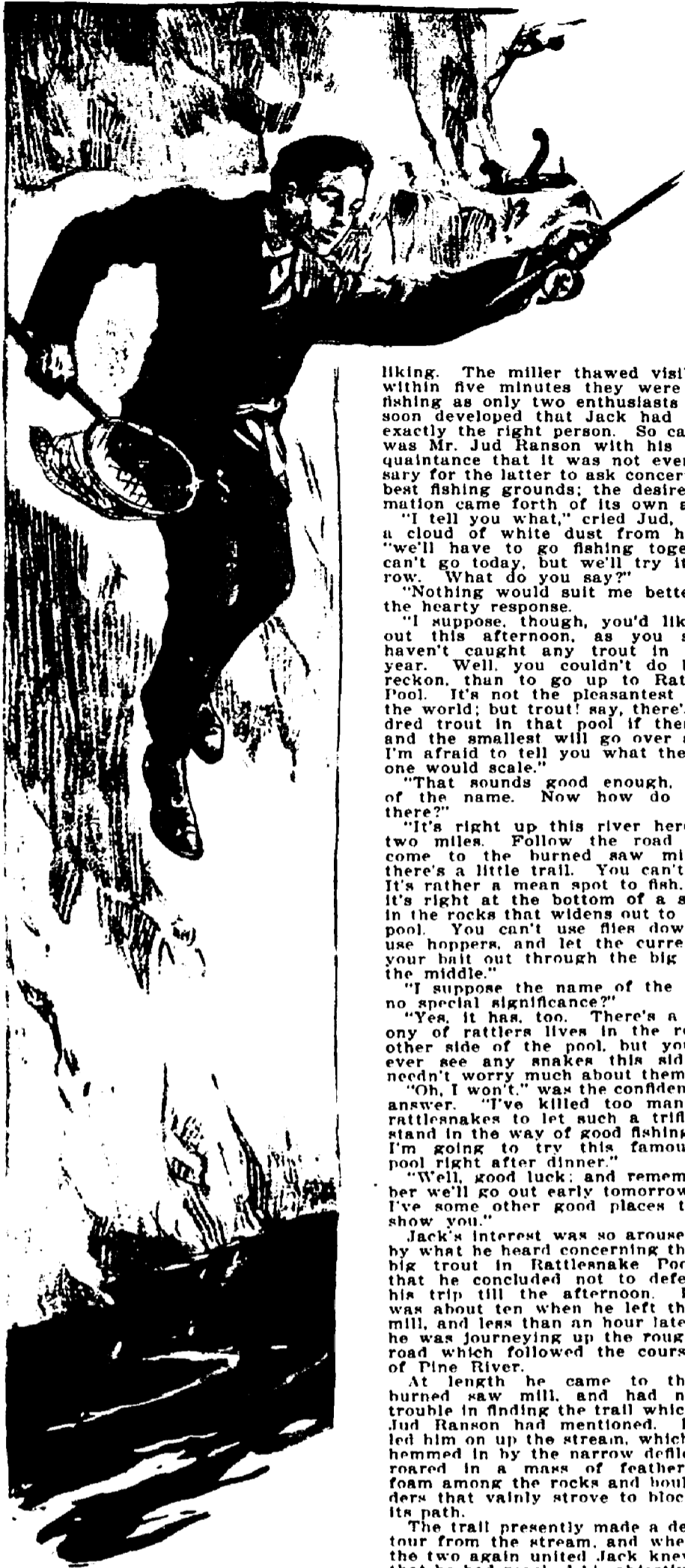
Left arm pushing the water back; right arm recovering. Note the absence of splash. The kick is a continuous up and down wiggle of the legs, which are held straight with the muscles relaxed. This stroke can be given with the scissors and frog kicks also and then is more restful but not so fast.

(Continued on page 31)

At Rattlesnake Pool

Fishermen Meet With Other Things Than Fish

By GEORGE M. JOHNSON



Leaped for The Oily Black Surface of The Pool Below.

BIG trout? Why, yes; I reckon you might pick up a few if you hit the right place. Jud Ranson was out yesterday and brought in six that weighed nine pounds. Beauties, they was. You ask Jud. If he's feelin' middlin' peart he can tell you more about where to fish than anybody in the village."

"And where could I find Mr. Ranson? You see, I'm a stranger here."

"He runs the grist mill. It's right at the foot of this street—where you hear the water billin' over the dam. Tell 'em Hank Perkins sent you."

"Much obliged," replied the other as he moved away in the direction indicated. "I believe I'll go down and introduce myself."

John C. Bartlett, Jr., as he signed himself, or Jack Bartlett, as his more intimate friends preferred to call him, had come up into the quiet little village of Blackcliff to enjoy a much-needed vacation. He had been studying harder than was his wont, and when the opportunity for a few days' relaxation chanced to present itself, it found the young man in quite a receptive mood. In Jack's vocabulary the words vacation and trout fishing meant very much the same thing, and so it was only natural that we find him hot on the trail of fontinalis.

"Is this Mr. Ranson?" Jack had found the mill without difficulty, and was now addressing a middle-aged man whose clothes bore ample evidence of his calling.

"That's my name," replied the miller, glancing suspiciously at the young man, as if to say, "Well, what do you want?"

"Mr. Perkins, up at the store, told me you were the best trout fisherman in the county," returned the intruder smoothly, "and as I'd rather fish than eat, I took the liberty of coming down in the hope of getting acquainted with you."

Jack was a very pleasant youth, just the sort of person that no one can help

liking. The miller thawed visibly, and within five minutes they were talking fishing as only two enthusiasts can. It soon developed that Jack had come to exactly the right person. So captivated was Mr. Jud Ranson with his new acquaintance that it was not even necessary for the latter to ask concerning the best fishing grounds; the desired information came forth of its own accord.

"I tell you what," cried Jud, slapping a cloud of white dust from his knee, "we'll have to go fishing together. I can't go today, but we'll try it tomorrow. What do you say?"

"Nothing would suit me better!" was the hearty response.

"I suppose, though, you'd like to go out this afternoon, as you say you haven't caught any trout in the last year. Well, you couldn't do better, I reckon, than to go up to Rattlesnake Pool. It's not the pleasantest place in the world; but trout! say, there's a hundred trout in that pool if there's one, and the smallest will go over a pound. I'm afraid to tell you what the biggest one would scale."

"That sounds good enough, in spite of the name. Now how do you get there?"

"It's right up this river here; about two miles. Follow the road till you come to the burned saw mill; then there's a little trail. You can't miss it. It's rather a mean spot to fish, because it's right at the bottom of a steep cut in the rocks that widens out to form the pool. You can't use flies down there; use hoppers, and let the current carry your bait out through the big swirl in the middle."

"I suppose the name of the pool has no special significance?"

"Yes, it has, too. There's a big colony of rattlers lives in the rocks the other side of the pool, but you hardly ever see any snakes this side, needn't worry much about them."

"Oh, I won't," was the confident answer. "I've killed too many rattlesnakes to let such a trifle stand in the way of good fishing. I'm going to try this famous pool right after dinner."

"Well, good luck; and remember we'll go out early tomorrow. I've some other good places to show you."

Jack's interest was so aroused by what he heard concerning the big trout in Rattlesnake Pool that he concluded not to defer his trip till the afternoon. It was about ten when he left the mill, and less than an hour later he was journeying up the rough road which followed the course of Pine River.

At length he came to the burned saw mill, and had no trouble in finding the trail which Jud Ranson had mentioned. It led him on up the stream, which, hemmed in by the narrow defile, roared in a mass of feathery foam among the rocks and boulders that vainly strove to block its path.

The trail presently made a detour from the stream, and when the two again united Jack knew that he had reached his objective point. He stood at the head of a wide black pool, doubtless hollowed out to a considerable depth by the action of countless spring floods. At his left the water boiled out through a narrow opening with a swift, silent rush, the current cutting down through the dark pool like a knife blade.

Judged by appearances, it was by far the most promising hole that Jack had ever wet a line in, and he could well believe all his new friend of the mill said about it. While jointing up his fly rod in preparation for the campaign, he glanced curiously at the rough, irregular ledge of rock which rose sheer from the water's edge across the pool. Certainly its aspect, at least, gave no excuse for the sinister name the place bore and the reputation, which went with it.

The day had been half clear, half cloudy, and now, even as Jack was about to begin fishing, a few drops of warm rain greeted him.

"Guess the rattlers won't be on deck today," was his thought, as he impaled a lively grasshopper. "The dampness'll keep 'em holed up. 'Down through the swirl in the middle,'" he quoted skillfully sending the lure out into the current. "Well, here's where we—hello! quick work, that!"

The rod sprang into a beautiful curve as a fish demolished the bait with a vicious lunge. The battle was on. Five minutes later Jack netted his first trout—a handsome specimen, just fourteen inches long from the broad, muscular tail to the tip of his shapely nose, and one that would easily weigh a pound and a half.

"I guess old Jud knew what he was talking about," commented the angler, selecting a second hapless insect from his bait box. "If the places he shows me tomorrow are anywhere near as good as this, they'll have to go some and a little bit more. Now for number two!"

So it went on. Jack had been fishing the pool for an hour, with four fine fish

to his credit, when a trout suddenly broke water at the foot of the ledge, way across the pool.

"That looks like a big one," thought Jack, and watched closely to see if the fish would show himself again. He had not long to wait. This time the trout, as if defying an attack, leaped clear of the water, to fall back with an awkward splash, "Just like baby tumbling into the cistern," as the awe-struck spectator put it.

It was the biggest trout that John C. Bartlett, Jr., had ever seen in his life, and that gentleman had captured some decidedly large ones. But how was he to get this particular fish? To reach his lurking place with a cast was a hopeless impossibility. The only way to establish communications from that side of the pool was by a canoe, and canoes were not the commonest objects about there. Jack looked keenly at the rocks above the point where the big trout had shown himself. There was a bare chance that one, keeping well hidden, might work along the ledge to a point within casting distance. But the rattlesnakes—"I'll risk it," thought Jack; "the rattlers probably won't be out today," and his resolution was strengthened as a heavy swirl proved that the big fish was still feeding.

It was first necessary to cross the river. Jack went upstream for several hundred yards, looking for a place shallow enough to be waded. He finally made it, though not without a good wetting. Jud Ranson had said that waders were unnecessary in fishing the big pool, and so Jack had left his at the hotel, wearing instead a pair of heavy-soled shoes. On first entering the chilly water he sighed for the boots, but the sigh was of short duration, for the water, which came nearly to his waist, would have made the cumbersome waders worse than useless.

By the time he had worked his passage down the other side to the pool—and the going was exceedingly rough—the sun seemed to have secured an upper hand over the clouds and was shining fiercely. Jack kept a sharp lookout for snakes, but saw none, although the seams and crevices promised abundant hiding places for the reptiles. A nar-

row shelf of rock some twenty feet above the water furnished a precarious pathway, and along this the angler crept until over the spot where the big trout had risen, endeavoring to make himself as small as possible, for the position seemed one altogether too obvious from which to lure a wise and wary trout.

Flattened against the rock behind him, Jack prepared for his cast, and an instant later a plump and tempting grasshopper dropped lightly upon the black surface of the pool. The trout was surprised. Never before had he known a hopper to appear from those rocks, but a number of good things had been coming his way that morning, and he did not hesitate. Up he flashed, gulping in the bait with something that sounded very like a smack of the lips. Jack waited a second as the old fish turned; then struck.

The outraged trout hurled himself from the water, viciously shaking his speckled body. In an effort to rid his jaw of the sharp hook, but to no avail. He darted out into the current, rushed up to the head, back again, but could not escape that terrifying drag, which followed him everywhere, like a persistent, untiring foe. He became frantic, wasting his strength in useless rushing and leaping, and yet the enemy, unwear-

ing as fate itself, still clung relentlessly to him.

It was quite a novel experience for Jack, this playing a trout from a perch in the air, "Like fishing from an aeroplane," he told himself. It gave him a decided advantage, for there was less possibility of the line's fouling on some hidden snag than if he had been down at the water level. The big trout again rushed out across the pool, while the reel buzzed forth its shrill alarm. The reel checked its motion as the fish turned, but the whirring sound continued—in a slightly different key. Jack glanced hastily to one side. The noise was coming from a huge rattlesnake coiled on the shelf, altogether too close to the angler for the latter's peace of mind. The hot rays of the sun, which had by this time dried up the slight dampness, had clearly brought the ugly reptile forth from his retreat, and he was now glaring at the intruder with an eye of malignant evil.

Jack at once realized the difficulty of his position. He had absolutely no weapon which would serve against the snake, save, perhaps, a joint of his rod. But there was that magnificent trout, zig-zagging around in the pool below. Even in the face of a very real danger, the young man could not bear to think of losing the object to gain which he had risked that danger.

Could he work his way further along the narrow shelf, and so into a more inviting neighborhood? The impracticability of such a plan was at once apparent, for the shelf of rock extended but a short distance beyond his present position. All the time Jack's brain was busy devising schemes to get himself out of the predicament—plans rejected as soon as thought of—his hands were methodically working away with the rod and reel. It was fully a quarter of an hour since the gamey old trout had first felt the hook, and while he was by no means defeated, the constant effort was telling heavily upon him.

A new note suddenly chimed in with the buzz of the nearby snake. Another, drawn doubtless by the warning of the first from one of the numerous crannies in the rocks, had changed the solo into a duet. Even as Jack looked, a third glided into view. He watched it slowly issue from its hiding place with a horrified fascination. Why, the rocks seemed alive with rattlesnakes, their sharp whir apparently coming from everywhere at once.

It really began to look as if the reptiles were meditating an attack. Rattlesnakes are commonly supposed to be inoffensive unless molested, but these probably considered Jack as an invader of their lawful realm, and, as such, a legitimate object upon which to vent their spite. At any rate, several were approaching, very obviously with no friendly spirit. The danger was imminent. Jack glanced desperately around; then, holding the rod extended in his left hand, leaped for the oily black surface of the pool below.

He struck with a resounding splash and disappeared beneath the surface. The pool had offered the only possible chance of escape, and Jack had counted upon a sufficient depth of water to render the leap perfectly safe. His feet, indeed, touched the bottom, but the force of the fall was entirely broken by the water above. A skillful swimmer, he soon gained the surface, where he managed to tread water while reeling in the slack line lost during the flight. Much to his delight, the big trout was still on, this proving beyond a doubt that he was securely hooked.

Holding the rod in one hand, Jack swam across the pool towards the gravel bed upon which he had fished prior to his attempt on the big fellow. The current swept him downstream, so that he finally landed some little distance below his former position. Here he renewed the fight and ten minutes later slipped the landing net, which had not deserted him during the period of excitement, over the largest trout it had ever been his privilege to capture.

"It was an awful job to get you, old boy," he murmured in deep appreciation, "but I'm bound to say you're worth it all."

A School in the Open

We wonder what the boys who during the cold winter have so often found fault with school janitors and engineers, would say if they occupied the places of the twenty boys and girls who have been studying, eating and even sleeping outdoors since last October. This tent school is located in Montclair, New Jersey, and was arranged for scholars who could not keep their health in the close and often overheated atmosphere of the regular school. The tent used as a school is open on three sides, but side flaps can be fastened down when the weather is stormy. Warm clothing, including a heavy woollen sweater, is worn by every pupil. Each has also an Arctic bag to sleep in. On rising in the morning breakfast is at once served and the routine of the day follows, divided into study, play and sleep, with perhaps more of play and sleep than study. A substantial dinner is served at noon and a third meal before school is dismissed. It is said that there has not been a single case of sickness, and the coldest weather has not caused the slightest trouble.



"I Reckon You Might Pick Up a Few."

For The Boys To Make

Edited and Illustrated by JOHN L. DOUGHENY

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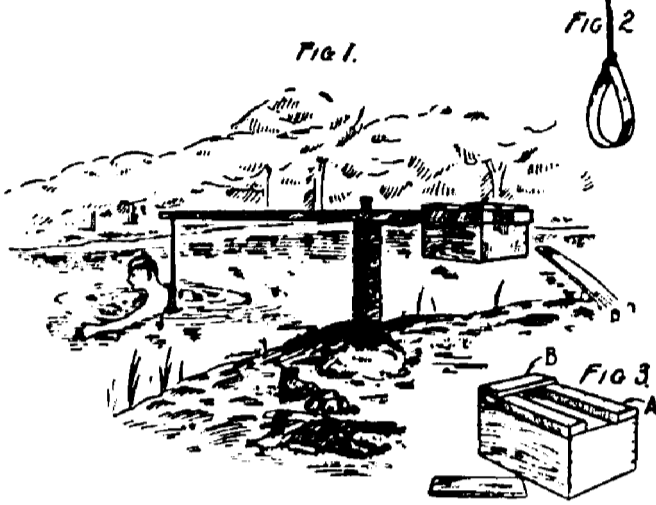
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PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY

A Swimming Teacher

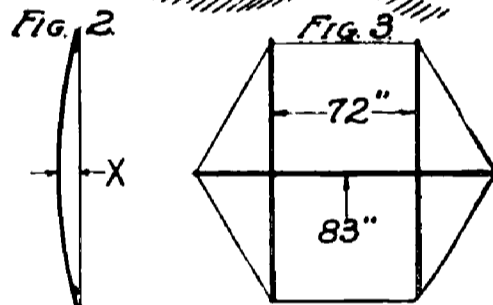
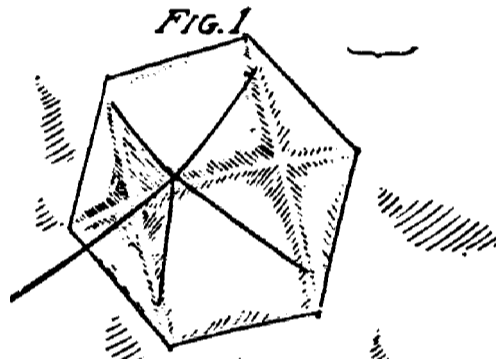
Here is a swimming teacher designed somewhat along the lines of the old-fashioned ducking stool. You know, in the early New England days, one of the modes of punishment was to fasten the offender on the end of a plank that reached out into the water and was pivoted in the center like a see-saw, and duck him down under the water. It was not very pleasant in the chilly winter days but in the summer time I presume the wicked lads did not object very much to the forced bath.



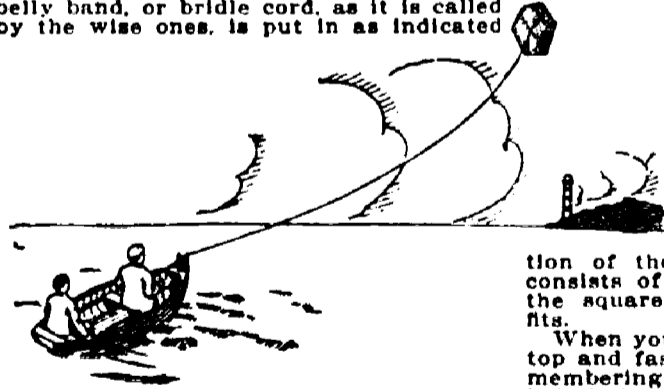
Our device will really be useful in learning how to swim. Sink a sound post two and a half feet in the ground and bore a 1" hole in the center. Then bore your plank and fit in the bolt. A little lard or wagon grease rubbed on occasionally will make it turn more freely. The box on the end is intended to balance the swimmer. It is made so that it can be filled with stones or sand and also to permit of being slipped off. If there is some one near who will hold the end down you can dispense with the box. Another way to use it is to fasten the weight end to the ground with ropes or wire and dive off the other end, spring board fashion. It also serves as a whirligig. If there are any of you who can think of other uses for it let me hear from you. I always like to get letters from my readers. It aids me in interpreting their wishes.

A Man Lifting Kite

Kiteflying, as you perhaps know, is one of the oldest as well as the most fascinating outdoor sports. Of late years so much experimenting has been done by earnest investigators that new types and models appear almost every day. In reality nearly all of those models are closely related to the common type of flat paper kite known to every boy in the world. However, more skill has been used in keeping down the weight and increasing the pulling power and in some instances kites have been made so strong that they would lift a man off the ground. In this article I want to tell you about one of those giant models with tremendous lifting power. You will see by the drawing that it is one of the simplest kites ever evolved. Only three sticks are used but these must be of the best quality. Spruce is a good wood on account of its being light and tough, but no doubt you will be able to find as good material, if you can't get spruce. Be sure your sticks are straight grained and a trifle heavier in the middle than at the ends. Material 1/2-inch square is good but I have a leaning for pieces 1 1/2" wide and 1/2" thick. The latter are heavier and that, for a beginner, is one bad disadvantage. Where the sticks cross each other they may be fastened together with two brads or by tying



with thread. The long single stick is bowed by stretching a stout cord from end to end, as is shown in Fig. 2. The belly band, or bridle cord, as it is called by the wise ones, is put in as indicated



by Fig. 1. The tying should be done at a distance of about 10" from the points. The kite is covered with fine meshed cloth. Light muslin, drilling or Japanese silk are used a good deal for this purpose, but I would advise you to get the first mentioned, as it is the cheapest. The kite has no tail, as the bow effect makes it unnecessary. In putting on the cloth leave it full enough to permit of belling out. The cord used to fly the kite must of course be heavy in proportion to the rest of it. I do not say that one of the kites will lift a heavy man off the ground but I have seen three or four on a single line do so.

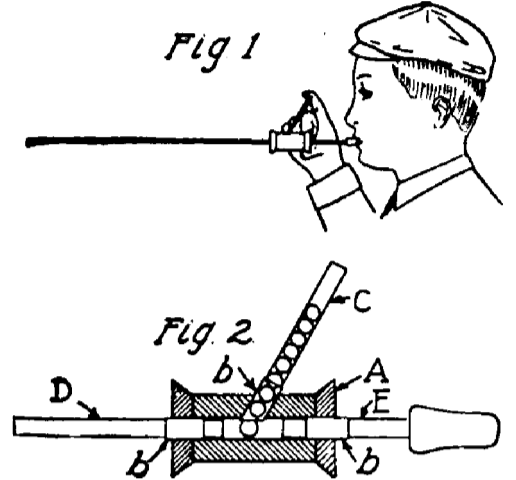
Some day when you go rowing put one of those big fellows up and tie the end of the line to the bow of the boat. If there is any kind of a stiff breeze it will pull you along but of course getting back is a different thing. It may be tried on an ice boat and will no doubt be able to send you gliding along. You should put some kind of reel on your boat. A simple one can be made by placing a spool between two upright posts. I am more than anxious to hear from you if you like this plan. If you have any experience in kiteflying write me and send a rough sketch of your most successful model.

A Bean Blower

Here is a toy weapon with which boys are well acquainted. It is an improvement on the old fashioned bean shooter, having a magazine section which holds ammunition in reserve. It is probable

that the majority of readers will readily understand the plan at a glance but for the benefit of the exceptional few who invariably ask questions I will explain the lower sketch.

In the first place you get a common spool "A" and drill a slant hole from the outside to the center bore. Into this you insert the magazine tube "C", it



being simply a 3" length of the ordinary bean shooter. In order to make an air tight fit, cover the end that enters the spool with a tissue paper collar or a wrapping of thread "B". The other parts of the tube "D" and "E" must also have this wrapping. The section shows how the magazine works. The peas it contains will drop into the horizontal tube as rapidly as the ones before them are expelled from it. I wish to add that a toy of this sort may yield amusement to you without being a trial and a bother to others. Be a gentleman in this as well as everything else and live up to the ideal of The American Boy.

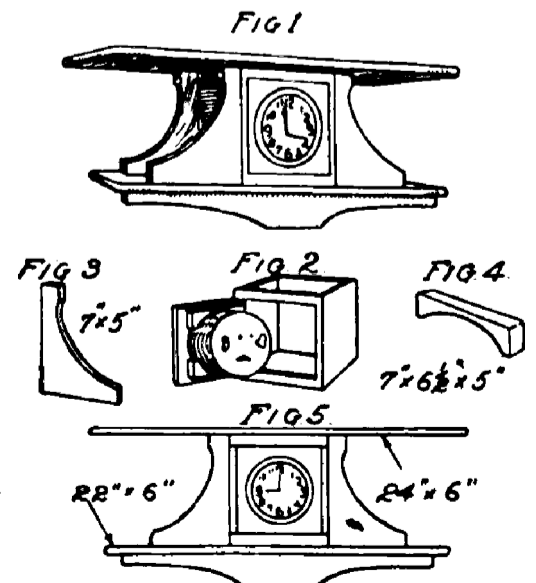
Combination Clock and Shelf

The neat and practical article pictured here will afford a fine opportunity for the boy with mechanical talent to exercise some of it. If you study the several parts that go to form it you will note that they are of simple shape and quite easy to cut out.

The first piece to give your attention to is the base. It is 22" x 6" and 1/2" thick. Its shape is that of a simple rectangle with the corners rounded a little. Mark the curve at the four corners with the same object, say a coin or paper pattern, and do the rounding off with a knife and sandpaper. The next part we tackle will be the flat top piece which is 24" x 6". Save for its extra 2" in length it is similar to the base board.

We will now take up the part that encloses the clock. An alarm clock of ordinary size is the kind we use. We first need a piece 7" x 5" x 1/2" thick. Find the center and from it draw a circle which tallies nicely with the clock face. Cut the circular piece out with a compass saw and fit the clock into it. It will take quite a little patient effort to do this right but you will be well repaid for the pains you put into it, as it is the showiest part of the finished article. Now to hold the clock securely in place we brace it on the top and bottom with pieces shaped like Fig. 4. Fig. 2 shows clearly how those pieces look when in place. It is now time to build the boxlike center part shown in Fig. 2. It may be made of half-inch pine with the exception of the face piece or front. This consists of a small frame that encloses the square piece into which the clock fits.

When you have completed it lay on the top and fasten it with small screws, remembering to always bore a small gimlet hole before inserting the screw. The hole should be just the size of the shank of the screw. The shank is that part which the thread encircles. The thread is the



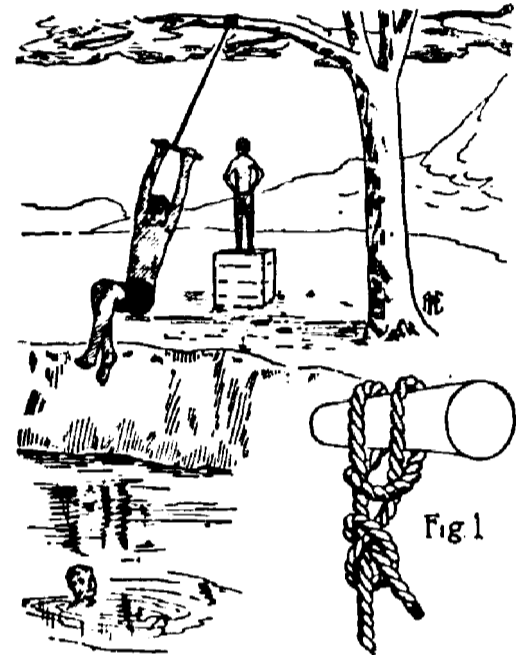
only part intended to bite into the wood. If you have to force hard the screw will act as a wedge and split your work. Next comes the base board. Note the piece that runs along under it. It is about 23" long, 2" wide in the center and 1" wide at the ends. Fasten it in place

with glue and small nails. All that now remains to be added are the triangular pieces shown by Fig. 3. They add much to the appearance of the clock and must be carefully shaped out. The nails that hold them in place or perhaps it is best to insist on the slender screws, should be driven from the top and bottom flat pieces. In that way they will not be seen. Two coats of dark mission stain and one of varnish and wax will make a nice finish. If you prefer a gloss use the varnish and wax and polish with a soft rag. If you like the rich satiny appearance usually characteristic to high grade furniture use only the wax and after it is on a few hours rub it to a shine with felt or flannel. It will present rich and satisfactory appearance if finished in this way. I hope you will utilize this plan and write me about your success with it. It is certainly novel and unique and its value is unquestionable.

Summer Frolic

If you want to have some real fun at the old swimmin' hole you better rig up a rope swing like the one shown here. If possible select a place where the tree is close to the shore. This should not prove hard to do, for I remember many a time of fishing from the gnarled roots of partly uprooted oaks. There is really nothing to explain about the device. Fig. 1 shows a good hitch to use for fastening the handle.

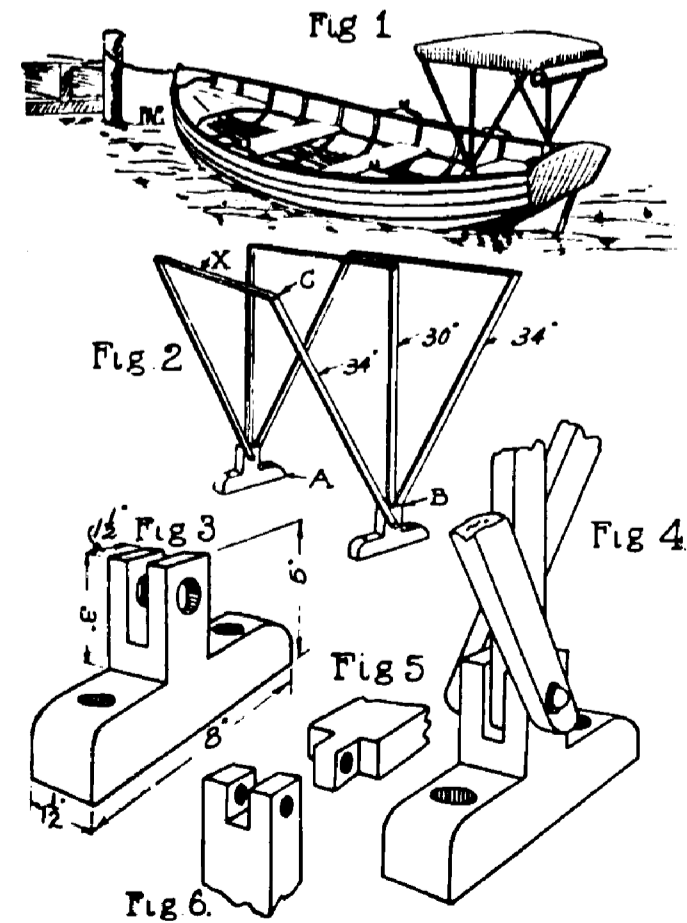
The idea is to swing the rope back on land as far as possible and then mounting a box or stump grab hold and swing



out over the water—when you get out to the limit of the rope let go and come down, ker-plunk. It is needless to say that you will find it great sport. If necessary you can erect a post for the rope and in this case it is best to put it far out, say 10 feet from shore. A pole 12' long will be about right. Perhaps you have an original plan of some outdoor device that you could tell me about. I will be glad to get it and to read your letters even if you write only in a spirit of comradeship and not to ask a question or seek information. I will reply to your letters, too, if the conditions printed at the top of this department are complied with.

Boat Shade

Here is an easily made article that adds to the comfort of your row boat trip. It need hardly be said that it may also be made and attached to a canoe or any type of small boat. The first and hardest part



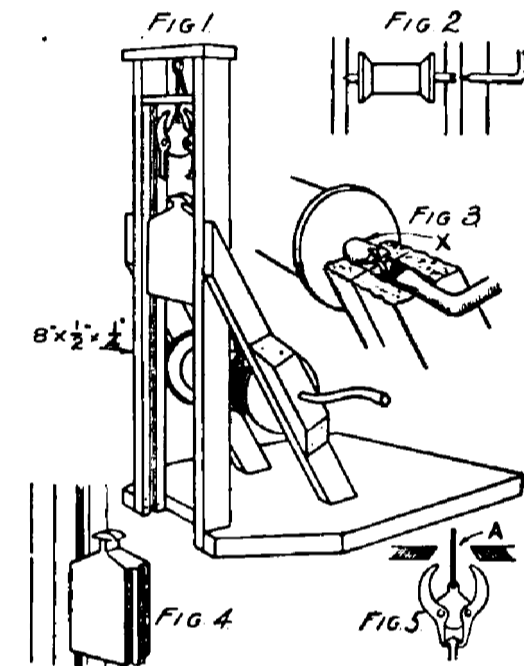
to make is the base block shown in Fig. 3. It is fashioned out of two pieces of hard wood. If you have no small saw you can cut it to shape with a common hand saw by exercising your stock of patience. Finish by sandpapering and giving two or three coats of oil and one of good varnish.

The lower ends of the upright sticks are inserted as in Fig. 4. One of them is in the center slot and one on each side of it. A short bolt passes through the three. The joint used for fastening the upright sticks to the cross sticks on top is shown in Figs. 5 and 6. The sticks should be of seasoned ash about 1" square. You can get them at a carriage shop or repair place, or lumber yard. The putting on of the canvas is too simple to require explanation. Simply stretch it over the top, draw it down the side a few inches and tack it in place. The shade may be tilted in any direction or laid flat. It may also be taken off the boat quickly by unscrewing the four nuts that hold it. If you do not intend to remove it when not in use have the nut under the seat and the head of the bolt on top, instead of the opposite way, as it would be easy for some one to appropriate your shade for their own use. I do not know what else I could say that would make the article plainer, but I do know that if you happen to be puzzled, a glance at the drawings will put you right, and if it falls to do so, I will be glad to answer any question you may wish to ask. In fact, I am glad to hear from interested readers on any subject and take great pains to answer every letter I receive.

Pile Driver Model

One of the first things that a boy of mechanical ingenuity will do is to study the machines and contrivances he sees and then try to imitate them in small working models. It is good practice, too, for it teaches first principles far better than they can be gleaned from text books. One of the most interesting and at the same time simplest of ordinary devices is the pile driver. Wherever one is working you will see a crowd of spectators intently looking on.

I have made my plan as simple as possible, omitting the high rigging and other unnecessary parts and confining myself to the working principles. Any boy can nail together a few sticks that



make a mechanical device that will perform work than to show hundreds how to make a pretty but useless toy, because I feel that I would be accomplishing more good. Let us first construct our will look like a derrick tower but not every lad can make a toy that will work. I would rather teach one boy how to frame work. It must be done accurately if we expect good results. The base may be a 1" pine block about 10" square. The two uprights are 8" x 1/2" x 1/4". Note the way they are fastened at the bottom. Small brads or a few nails from a cigar box are used. The grooves in the inside surfaces are to permit the weight to slide up and down. The cutting of

those grooves is a matter that will test your patience unless you have a small set of gouges. The boys who have not this advantage can score them out with a pocket knife by going slowly and methodically at it. Mark out your lines and dig away with the point of the blade and you will soon have it properly done. For smoothing and finishing wrap a quarter or half dollar in a small piece of sandpaper and rub the edge of it thoroughly.

The slant piece act both as braces for the uprights and as a support for the spool that holds the rope. The bearing, or part upon which the axle turns is shown clearly in Fig. 3. The wire used for an axle fits tightly into the spool so that when it turns it will bring the spool with it. In the end of the axle "X" file two slots and make the end of the crank chisel pointed enough to fit it. At the top of the frame you will notice a small ring through which the line passes. Under this ring is a secondary cross piece. In the cross piece is a slot 1/4" wide and 1/4" long. It is beveled or cut slant as shown at "A" Fig. 5. The clutch or jaws that grip the weight are shown also in this cut. The jaws are pieces of sheet metal cut out with a chisel or shears and finished by filing. They are riveted in the center to another piece of metal of

weight enough to carry itself down. The rivets should be loose enough to permit the jaws to swing freely. The weight of the jaws are supposed to cause them to drop down and slip over the top part of the sliding weight that does the driving. When it has gripped it you wind up and the weight is carried to the

A Bully Knife For Outdoor Boys

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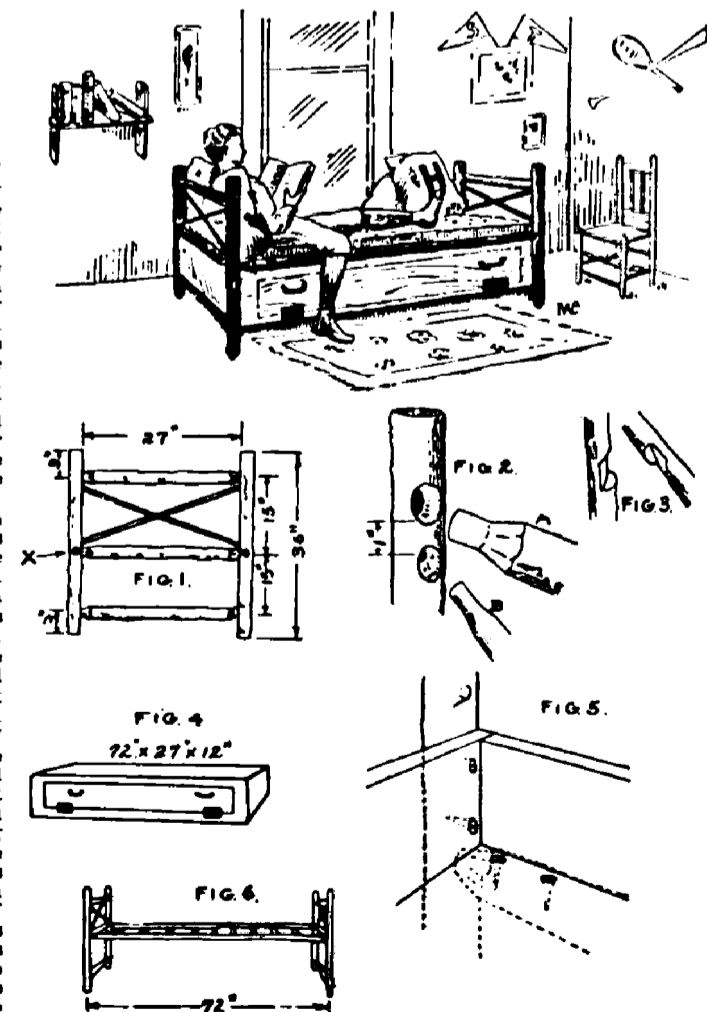
top of the frame. There the top part of the jaws will enter the slot "A" and will be pinched together. This will cause the bottom parts of the jaws to spread apart and the weight will be released and drop. Then you let go of the crank and the jaws, by virtue of their own weight will fall and again clutch the hammer. This hammer or heavy weight can best be made by getting a piece of lead or solder at the hardware store and filing it to shape.

I hope you will be interested in this plan and if you are I would like to hear from you. I wish to determine if enough of my readers favor this model type of article to warrant my publishing some in the future.

A Window Seat

This seat is pre-eminently a boy's piece of furniture because it is designed for a boy's room, to hold his traps, to provide him with a lounging place, to add a tinge of real boyishness to his apartment, and last but not least to give him something to do that will keep him out of mischief and teach him to use those ever busy hands in a way that will train him in the ways of manhood.

The lumber for the seat proper, he can gather in the woods. Straight limbs or saplings about four inches in diameter are the kind required. In the fall when trees are being trimmed he should have



no trouble in getting a sufficient quantity even if he happens to live in a place where he has no access to a real woods.

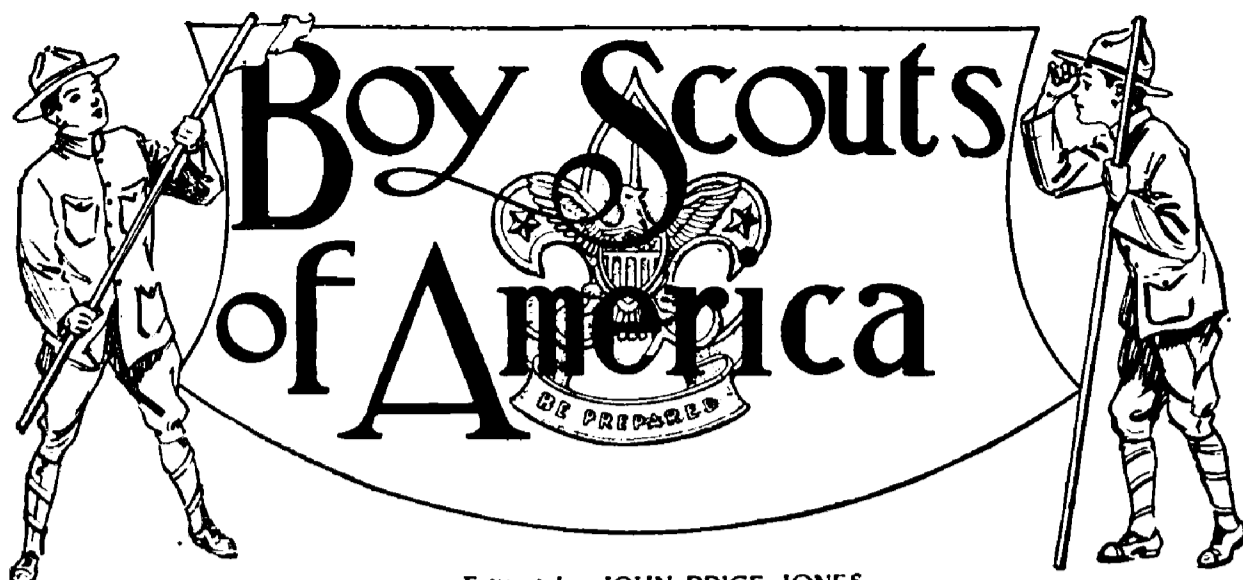
Fig. 1 is a picture plan of the end of the seat and shows the number of pieces required and the size of each. Could anything be simpler? Just three cross pieces fitting into holes bored in the two upright posts. The X-shaped braces are added for strength and in some cases where the joints are firm, may be left out of the plan. Make two ends exactly alike

Number of Species and Individuals in the Animal Kingdom

The number of vertebrated animals, according to a standard work on zoology, may be estimated at 20,000. About 1,500 species of mammals are pretty precisely known, and the number may probably be carried to about 2,000. The number of birds well known is 4,000 or 5,000 species and the probable number is 6,000. The reptiles number about the same as the mammals—1,500 described species and they will probably reach the number of 2,000. The fishes are more numerous; there are more from 5,000 to 6,000 species in the museums of Europe, and the number may probably amount to 8,000 or 10,000. The number of molluscs already in collections probably reaches 8,000 or 10,000.

There are collections of marine shells, bivalve and univalve, which amount to 5,000 or 6,000; and collections of land and fluviatile shells, which count as many as 2,000. The total number of molluscs would, therefore, probably exceed 15,000 species. There are collections of coleopterous insects which number 20,000 to 25,000 species and it is quite probable that by uniting the principal collections of insects 60,000 or 80,000 species might now be counted; for the whole department of arthropoda, comprising the crustacea, cirrhipeda, the insects, the red-blooded worms, the intestinal worms, the infusoria, as far as they belong to this department the number would already amount to 100,000; and we might safely compute the probable number of species actually existing at double that sum. Add to these about 10,000 for radiata, echini, starfishes, medusae, and polypl, and we have about 250,000 species of living animals, and supposing the number of fossil species to equal them, we have at very moderate computation, half a million species.

Ever notice what a great asset neatness is? A young man or boy who is neat and painstaking in his work, is very apt to be possessed of the qualities of a success winner. Never do anything in a slouchy or half way manner. These sort of actions denote laziness, and a lazy boy, no matter how intelligent he may be, will never rise above mediocrity.



Edited by JOHN PRICE JONES

New Scouting Competition Devised for the Boys.

New fun for the Boy Scouts of America has been devised by John L. Alexander, expert in boys' work. It comprises a scheme of competition among patrols or troops in any town or city. The sense of rivalry is developed because the boys of one patrol or of one troop can be pitted against those of another patrol or another troop in various scout activities. The system of the points has been worked out by which each scout can help increase the total score of his patrol or troop. According to the scheme the patrol, if patrols be contesting against one another, or the troop, if troops be contesting, that makes the highest number of points receives a trophy in the shape of a flag or of a cup. Naturally every boy will have the interest of his patrol or troop at heart, and will endeavor to excel in the various scout activities in the hope of winning the trophies.

Alexander has divided the competition into three classes: The first class includes weekly events; second class, monthly events, and the third, special events. Every scout gets credit for work that he does in the various scout activities, but the total of the credits of each member of the patrol or troop is taken in deciding the winner. The test may last throughout the summer or the winter.

Every thing that a boy does in his scout work may count for points in the weekly contests. A scout wins a point by attending the patrol meeting. He can get five points if he qualifies as a tenderfoot, and five more as he advances a grade in Scout Craft. Every merit badge which he wins counts 10 points for him, and if he becomes a Life, Star or Eagle scout he can net 25 more points for himself and for his troop. If a boy reports on his honor at a weekly patrol meeting that he has not touched tobacco he can get another point.

Here is the score card for the weekly contest:

BOY SCOUT INTER-TROOP CONTEST.

Record 1.—Weekly.

Week Ending October 20th, 1911.

RAMSAY COUNCIL, ST. PAUL.

Wolf, Panther, Owl.

TROOP 2.

| No. | Scouts | Attendance | Degrees | Merit Badges | Special Scouts | Non-Use Tobacco | Total | Remarks |
|-----|--------|------------|---------|--------------|----------------|-----------------|-------|---------|
| | | | | | | | | |

— / Patrol
— / Leaders.

Scout Master.

While the weekly contests give the boys incentive every day the monthly events may be held in the form of a Scout Meet among the members of all the troops in the town or city. They may be held under the direction of each Scout Master. A scout can win two points for each different kind of knot he ties. If he can bring cold water to a boiling point in 8 minutes he scores 3 points, in 12 minutes, 2 points, and in 20 minutes 1 point. This test is of quickness in getting water and lighting his fire. Then there is a fire lighting test without the use of matches. Five points are awarded if the flame is produced in 4 minutes; 2 points if 6 minutes; and 1 point if 20 minutes. His alertness in pitching a tent, his skill in signalling and his presence of mind in giving first aid also net him points. The Scout would win 10 points by giving a satisfactory demonstration of how to put an injured arm in a sling, or how to apply a tourniquet. The monthly tests also give points for marching, and every scout in the best marching patrol scores 2 points. Likewise the scouts are put through the staff drill, and every scout in the best patrol gets 2 points. Two points also are allowed for every Scout in the patrol doing the following stunts the best: the Scout's Salute, Saluting the Flag, Patrol Call, neatness of patrol colors. Two scouts that make the best camp loom win 10 points. Twenty-five points are given to the patrol supplying the best leanto. The monthly competition also consists of judging distances, archery, medley race, swimming, canoeing, rowing, tracking, athletic events and knowledge of the Manual. The Scout's personal appearance also counts. Of course, a Scout may not do all of these things, but he can take the events in which he is skilled or especially interested and in that way help run up

scores 10 points. For writing the history of the flag he can get 10 points, and another 10 by writing about the meaning of Scouting. He may add 25 to his total by reciting the Scout Law from memory. If the troop takes a hike of 10 miles each scout scores 5 points. In fact, the Scout Master can agree upon any set of the activities and the points for them that he may wish. Here is the score card for the special events:

BOY SCOUT INTER-TROOP AND PATROL CONTEST

Record 3. —Special, Term Ending.

Name of Council _____ Date of Contest _____
Scout Master _____ Patrol _____ Troop _____

| No. | Scout | Stunt | Score | Scout | Stunt | Score | Scout | Stunt | Score | Total |
|-----|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| | | | | | | | | | | |

Filed _____ Secretary of Council

Total Score _____ Clerk of Contest

the total of his patrol or troop. The score card for the monthly contests follows:

All the points won by the individual scouts in the different events are added together to give a total for a patrol

BOY SCOUT INTER-TROOP AND PATROL CONTEST.

Record 2. —Monthly.

Name of Council _____ Date of Contest _____
Scout Master _____ Patrols _____ Troop _____

| No. | Scout | Event | Score | Scout | Event | Score | Scout | Event | Score | Total |
|-----|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| | | | | | | | | | | |

Filed _____ Secretary of Council.

Total Score _____ Clerk of Contest.

The special contests which may be extended over any length of time give further demonstration of the Scout's ability. It includes photo-stalking. A scout taking a photograph of a bird or an animal at a distance of 6 feet wins 12 points; at 12 feet 8 points; 18 feet 4 points. A Scout may help his patrol if he is fond of fishing for he can get two points for every fish measuring 8 inches or more which he catches in the season. He can win fifty points by constructing a wireless apparatus. He can get five points for every night he spends in camp. If he proves himself useful by manufacturing a practical article he

or a troop. The rules governing the contests provide, of course, that the patrol shall consist of 8 scouts, making it of interest to the other boys in the case of there being an unequal patrol to get out and hustle for more scouts. Each troop shall consist of three patrols. In the course of a contest the scout may not change from one patrol to another without the approval of both Scout Masters and the consent of the contest committee. It is necessary that points shall be won in 75 per cent of the events to make a troop or a patrol eligible for winning a trophy.

This system of testing was tried out by the patrols in St. Paul, Minnesota, where it was introduced by Preston G. Orwig, Field Secretary of the Boy Scouts of America. The scheme was definitely outlined by Alexander, who worked it out in Philadelphia. The number of points gained by the St. Paul Troops showed that it aroused a great deal of enthusiasm. Here is the standing of the St. Paul Troops towards the end of the contest:

- Troop 27, C. D. Lundin .2,123
- Troop 21, Olaf Nelson .1,720
- Troop 25, George Winge .1,693
- Twilight Troop, Rev. F. A. Cone .1,376
- Troop 16, Frank Heron .1,372
- Troop 14, Fred Meyer .989
- Troop 29, A. G. Munson .969
- Troop 15, J. H. Wheeler .927
- Troop 24, D. Lange .703
- Troop 2, H. D. Dulmage .664
- Troop 28, D. P. Blankenbiller .589
- Troop 5, A. J. Hoag .573
- Troop 13, Alpheo Jette .543
- Troop 12, Dayton's Bluff .492
- Troop 3, North Star Division .396
- Troop 15, A. D. Wilholt .327
- Troop 31, Charles B. Fosbroke .208

The details of these competitions are being worked out by Alexander for the Scout Masters' Manual which will be issued by the Boy Scouts of America in the course of a few months' time.

Scout Master's Manual Soon.

A Scout Master's Manual will be issued in the course of a few months by the Boy Scouts of America. It is being written by John L. Alexander, expert in boys' work and one of the leading executives

in the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America. The Scout Master's Manual is being prepared with the aim of supplementing the manual. It is not intended for the Scouts, but for the Scout Masters themselves. It treats the Scout Movement in the adult point of view and discusses the many problems and difficulties mapped by men who are experienced in training boys. Mr. Alexander aims to give the Scout Masters suggestions as to the best methods of helping the boys in the various Scout activities. That he may do this thoroughly, he has written to the leading Scout Masters throughout the country asking them for reports of their experiences. Through the means of these reports and as a result of his own wide experience in handling boys, he hopes to turn out a book that will be of great help and means to develop the Boy Scout Movement.

Boys' Brigades Take Up Boy Scout Craft.

Because of the wide appeal of the Boy Scout activities, leaders of various other boys' organizations, while still retaining their own independence, are adopting various parts of the Boy Scout work. Such a plan is approved thoroughly by the leaders of the Boy Scout movement. While much better results would be accomplished among the boys by having only one organization, yet the leaders of the Boy Scouts are glad to have any other organization adopt various parts on the scout work. In fact, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, originator of the English movement, developed scout craft with the idea that it could be taken up by boys in the Y. M. C. A., the Boys' Brigade and similar organizations. That idea is carried out in the American organization. The California branch of the "United Boys' Brigade of America" have written to the Boy Scouts of America asking if there is any objection if that organization uses part of the Boy Scout work. Of course, there is none and it seems likely that within a short time the Boy Scout work will be taken up by Boys' Brigades in California and in other states throughout the country.

Harrisburg Scouts Are Hustlers.

The boys who compose Troop No. 4 of the Boy Scouts of America in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, have attracted the attention of the leaders of the National Organization. They are happy, rollicking Scouts, bubbling over with fun. They are energetic workers, eager for the sport that can be had in the woods but always alert to do a kindness for others. The spirit of good cheer that characterizes their activities and the general progress that they have made in the Boy Scout work stamps the troop among the most promising in the country.

"BE PREPARED" is their motto. They are prepared always for fun and to help others. They have been working under the guidance of Garfield McAllister. The troop was organized in December last and the boys started in with zest to learn the rudiments of the Scout activi-



Boy Scouts of Claremont and Anaheim, Cal.

ties. They learned the Scout Oath and Scout Law thoroughly and began work to qualify as Tenderfeet. On their first holiday they went into the woods, and giving two boys a start of five minutes, they tracked them for two miles over the snow. They showed their zest for outdoor life by building fires in recesses in the rocks and, despite the cold, cooking a midday meal.

Within a month, the boys had received lectures on First Aid to the Injured, had shown their skill in tying at least four different kinds of knots, and had fulfilled all the requirements to become Tenderfeet. They even held a Court Martial because a stranger had remarked that one of the Scouts had violated the confidence. The Court Martial quickly cleared the boy.

For the work of preparing for the test of second-class Scout, the boys took up elementary signalling, tracking, and in their expeditions into the woods, learned how to handle a knife and a hatchet properly. They showed their skill in laying and lighting a fire in the open, cooking meat and potatoes, and in their tramps, they showed that they knew the sixteen points of the compass. As the weather grew warmer, the boys took hikes, ranging from ten to twenty miles. They had moonlight walks. At least one night a week, they gathered together and listened to talks on various Scout activities, or they heard stories read to them. At all these meetings, Scout Master McAllister has impressed upon them: first, that they are to have lots of fun; secondly, that they must be manly. He has emphasized twelve points of the Scout Law, pointing out the inspiration of helping others, doing a good turn daily, and insisting that the boys take no tips for any kindness.

Helped Italian woman with broken wagon; tied up a fellow's finger; saved a little boy from being run over; led a blind man home; stopped playing ball to go errand for sick woman; let a cat in out of the cold; gave old clothes to colored boy; mended colored boy's wagon; helped blind man on a car; gave papers to old man; relieved tortured cat by removing strap from leg; gave hungry dog some rolls; gave ten cents to blind man; picked broken glass off street; shoveled snow for cripple; fed tramp dog; saved a boy's life by pulling him out of water; helped a crippled rag man; saved a dog's life; stopped a car

for colored lady; gave lost doll back to little girl; fixed lawn mower; took medicine and did not growl; carried little girl that had fits into house; took a pin off boy's chair; helped feeble man across street; stopped a girl hitting pet rabbit; stopped boys snowballing rag man; took rock off street; tried to get another troop started; gave cane to blind man.

Work for the Boy Scout Farmer Boys.

In regard to the selection of work for farmer boys, M. M. Hays, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Agriculture,



Stretcher Made of Two Poles and Two Coats, by the Eagle (Hennepin Ave.) Troop, Minneapolis.

has made a suggestion to the leaders of the boy scouts. He proposes that badges be devised for practical accomplishments on the farm; for instance, for those boys who plant and cultivate according to approved methods one acre of corn, using four varieties of seeds; further, that the boys keep a record of the seeds used and of the harvest from each field. This record would be kept for one year, showing every expense of man and horse labor on the field; further, that the boy keep a record for one year of the living expenses of the home family. In addition Mr. Hays believes it would be exceedingly interesting for the boy to know by leaf, bark, and general outline all the common trees and shrubs of his county.

Courage and Quick Wit Shown by Philippine Boy Scouts.

Elwood E. Brown, Organizer of the Boy Scouts in the Philippines, has written a letter to the national headquarters telling of the assistance which the Manila boy scouts gave recently at a fire in that city. He says: "It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila which devastated acres of ground and rendered homeless 3,000 people, two patrols of the Manila scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities, and worked for hours under very trying conditions, helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performing cheerfully and well all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scout masters. They were complimented in the public press on the efficiency of their work. At the recent carnival in Manila the carnival officials requested the services of the boys, and for ten days they were on duty performing all kinds of work on the carnival grounds, such as directing strangers to the hotels and acting as guides and helpers.

Sea Scouting for the Boys.

There seems to be no limit to the activities for boy scouts. Mr. A. A. Carey, Secretary of the Waltham Watch Company, of Waltham, Mass., is an enthusiast in the boy scout movement and is planning something unique in the way of arousing in the boys an interest in the sea. He is the owner of a large Gloucester fishing smack of about eighty tons and he is fitting it up as a scout ship. During this summer he will have some eighteen boys and their scout master on the Pioneer for a cruise along the coast which will be of much importance to the boys in the way of giving them a practical insight into life aboard ship and will be helpful in the development of our American merchant marine. Mr. Carey says in speaking of his ship: "Her cabin amidships will contain nineteen folding canvas berths, eighteen of which will be occupied by boys and one by their scout master. The boys will be divided into three patrols of six boys, and each patrol will man one of the two boats which will be carried on the davits over the side. When at anchor in suitable places, the boys will have boat practice and boat games, with swimming, diving, etc.; and while at sea they will be divided into watches and taught as much sailing and navigation as possible. During July and August there will be four cruises of nearly two weeks each, and the cost will be about the same as that of a summer camp." He further says he hopes that other boats will be used in the same way along the Atlantic or Pacific coast lines. The owners of the Pioneer will be glad to give or receive suggestions which might tend to help the work along.

Mothers Are Favorable to the Boy Scouts.

Many mothers were at first naturally timid about allowing their sons to form patrols and to go hiking and camping over the country, but they now are firm

courteous to teachers and women in general." This is by no means an isolated report, as hundreds have been received at the national headquarters, showing that the boys are more willing now than formerly to tend to the chores around the house, and that many of them offer to help wash the dishes, run errands, and show those little attentions which give pleasure to their mothers.

Chippewa Indians Join the Boy Scouts.

There was recently organized in the Indian village on the Fond du Lac Reservation near Cloquet, Minn., a patrol of Indian boy scouts. Mr. L. S. Dale, Northwest Organizer, had told the boys somewhat of the movement and interested them because of the trawling, tracking, and stocking of wild animals and bears, such as their forefathers used to do. The effect of Mr. Dale's talk was the organization at once of several patrols.

Buffalo Bill Will Form Boy Scout Patrol.

Col. Wm. F. Cody, known throughout the world as Buffalo Bill, one of the most celebrated old-time scouts, believes in the new movement. In regard to it he says: "I do not believe there is another man in this country who will endorse the scout movement any more than I will. The scout organization is the best ever started. I am going to start a troop

Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke have gone thoroughly into the principles of the boy scout organization and realize its great value in the all-around development of the boy. They approve of it because it aims to systematize the boy's play and arouses his enthusiasm in many things that, while providing fun, train him for the struggles of life.

Age Limits for the Grades of Scouts.

The committee on field supervision of the Boy Scouts of America have decided upon the following age requirements for the different grades: To become a scout a boy must be at least twelve years old. An assistant scout master must be eighteen years old. All scout masters must be twenty-one years of age. In a scout master's absence the assistant scout master may communicate with national headquarters in all matters of importance and may purchase badges for his scouts.

For information as to how to organize Patrols or Troops of Boy Scouts, address Mr. James E. West, Executive Secretary, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

into the shavings, and the whole was ablaze in a moment.

For a few seconds after lighting the fire sent up a thin column of smoke, but once going and a backwoodsman would never have noticed it a hundred yards off. In a surprisingly short time the



Getting Shavings Ready for Lighting

wood had burned down to coals, and then my guide proceeded to fry the fish with as much unconcern as if he were working over a modern range. There was plenty of fire to cook by, and it involved no discomfort getting near



Cooking the Dinner

enough to work to the best advantage. Since then I have been careful to follow the old Penobscot's example when cooking out of doors, and I have found that his teaching adds much to the pleasures of camp life.

If your subscription has expired, please renew at once and do not miss the splendid series of football articles which will begin in September.

GOOD SCOUTING

"BE PREPARED"

★ TO · A · BOY ★

By MORGAN SHEPARD

THE SKY SAYS:

Look up, my Boy, at the broad blue dome
That spreads its blessings o'er Heart and Home
Look up, my Boy! for the head held high
Finds Wisdom and Good in the broad blue Sky.

THE HILL SAYS:

Come on, my Boy, to the 'way up place
Where wind and rain may buffet your face.
Climb up, my Boy! for Muscle and Will
Are the gifts you gain when you climb the Hill.

THE TREE SAYS:

Stop here, my Boy! for my great boughs spread
Like arms of strength o'er the youthful head.
Stay here, my Boy! there is Love in me,
There is Patience and Truth in the stalwart Tree.

ALL GOD'S OPEN SAYS:

Come forth, my Boy, to the wide, wide All.
It's Field and Forest and Hill that call.
Come forth, come forth! to battle and strife,
And the big broad Goodness in All of Life.

Scout Headquarters - Kansas 1910

Dear Counselor
These verses were written by one who
is your friend and my friend, think over them
then go outside, get right away from the house,
and see if it is not all truth -

Yours sincerely
Ernest Thompson Seton
Chief Scout.

of boy scouts in my home town out in Arizona, and perhaps then I will bring them East."

Scout Craft to be Studied by College Men.

If proof were wanted to show the widespread interest throughout America in the boy scout movement, the fact that in the University of California Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, its president, has added to its curriculum a course in scout craft to train young men to become scout masters, would be ample. The new course, which will count toward the degree of A. B. like work in Latin, French, English, and philosophy, will go deeply into the activities of the boy scout organization and will equip men thoroughly in the methods of handling boys and developing them along the lines worked out by the leaders of the boy scout movement. It may be also stated as a proof that the boy scout movement is deemed to be an important educational factor that Dr. Wheeler, Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford University, Dr. Elmer Ellsworth

The Right Sort of Fire to Cook By

By CHRISTOPHER M. GALLUP

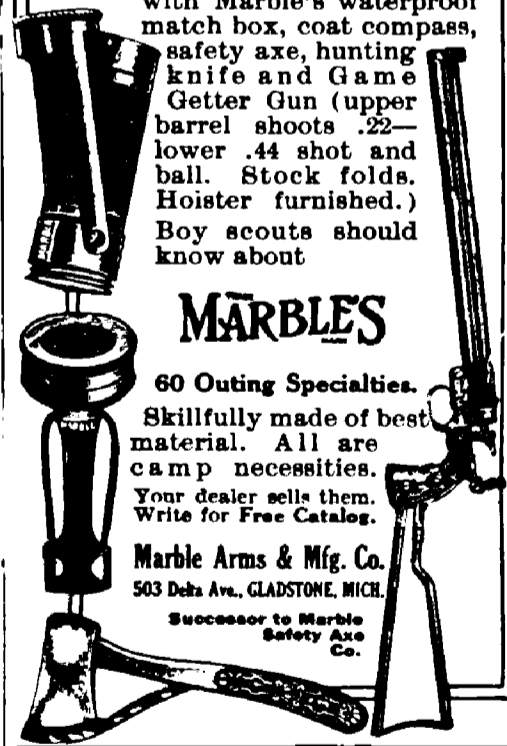
"White man heap fool. Make big fire, no get near it to cook." The old Penobscot grunted with an evident air of superiority.

I looked from my guide who was paddling the canoe to the young tenderfoot on the shore who had excited his contempt. The Boston lad was sitting down about arm's length from a good-sized bonfire, and it looked a toss up between his face and the bacon, which would get broiled first. I said nothing just then, but when we landed to cook our own dinner a little farther on, I watched the old Indian pretty carefully.

The first thing he did was to scoop out a hollow place in the sand, probably a foot across. Then he sharpened a rather stout piece of driftwood and stuck it up in the center. A few shavings were whittled into the depression and bunched about the upright. Some fine dry twigs were then stood on end all around the center piece until the whole looked like a miniature wigwam. Then my guide dropped a lighted match down

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Gen. George A. Custer Troop No. 39, Bridesburg, Pa.

believers in the good that will come from the movement. In a letter to national headquarters a scout master of Parkersburg, Pa., writes: "Mothers report splendid results. They find the boys more

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CURRENT EVENTS

The Sane Fourth.

The carrying out of the sane Fourth idea this year has proven amply that those who have so long and so faithfully advocated its adoption were justified in their condemnation of the old-fashioned celebrations with cannon, guns, dynamite crackers and indiscriminate fireworks generally. This year nearly every city and village in the country enacted rigid ordinances for the protection of their citizens by regulating the sale and use of explosives. It is difficult to give exact figures so soon after the Fourth, but those at hand show that only thirteen persons met with their death and 294 were injured, as against twenty-eight killed and 1,785 injured last year, or against forty-four killed and 2,361 injured in 1909.

Restoring Order in Mexico.

The provisional government in Mexico under De La Barra, by means of the combined federal and Maderist armies, is succeeding in putting down and stamping out the brigandage and out-lawry which followed the revolution. Organized disturbances are now restricted to two or three leaders, but rioting and plundering is still in evidence where protection for the wealthy is not at hand. If the present stern measures are continued the country should be returned to a normally peaceful condition before many weeks have passed.

The Russian Naval Visit.

It is planned by the Russian ministry of marine to send a squadron of the new navy to New York in 1913. The visit will be a return of the call paid to Cronstadt by Admiral Badger's squadron, but it has a greater significance, for 1913 is the semi-centennial of another and more portentous visit by the ships of the same nation. This was in 1863, during the Civil War, and shortly after the "Trent Affair." England was unfriendly, France looked on the Lincoln administration with disfavor, and it was a question whether the United States would not be embroiled in war with both these nations. At this crisis the Russian fleet entered New York harbor under command of Admiral Lyzovsky, and exhibited an attitude which advertised plainly the fact that if the United States was interfered with Russia must be reckoned with as well. This country owes a debt of gratitude to Russia which its citizens would do well never to forget, and it is to be hoped that the welcome given the Russian ships and men will be one that will testify in fitting manner our memory and our gratitude.

How Japan Celebrates.

Soon the Mikado of Japan will have occupied the throne for fifty years, and the city of Tokyo is planning a celebration of the event which is to cost some \$20,000,000. This vast sum is not to be spent in fireworks, nor decorations, nor banquets, nor parades. It is not to be spent for beautiful monuments, nor gorgeous public buildings. The Japanese are to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of their sovereign by digging a sewer. Here is a celebration indeed, a worthy celebration, and in it our little friends across the Pacific are setting us an example of patriotism properly applied which should make some of our cities blush with shame. What nobler memorial could any emperor have than the installation of a great public work which will vastly improve the health, comfort and well-being of his subjects?

When We Crowned a King.

The crowning of the British sovereign brings to mind the well nigh forgotten fact that a coronation was held on this side of the Atlantic, on ground that now is within the state of Virginia. There with pomp and ceremony, a crown was placed on the brow of an individual, and he reigned as king. This was all in 1608, when Captain Newport returned to Virginia with relief for the suffering colonists. He brought with him a royal order to the governor at Jamestown to crown old chief Powhatan. It was thought by this move to gain the savage old warrior's friendship and bind him to the English throne. The order was obeyed to the letter, but it failed to have the desired effect. It is doubtful if the Indian knew what it was all about when he was called upon to go through the ceremony of coronation. When the moment for crowning came Powhatan refused to kneel to receive the crown, and

to carry out the form as prescribed three Englishmen leaped on him and forced him to his knees and clapped the crown on him.

Ships and Science.

The giant steamship Olympic, measuring 882 feet in length and 45,000 gross tonnage, has entered New York harbor, where special docks had to be prepared for her reception. She was launched as easily as the 200-footers of long ago. Her huge engines did their work according to estimate, and her maiden trip was made well within the time allotted by her designers. With fulfillment of every expectation and evident ability to exceed them, she stands a monument to human skill and a demonstration of scientific advancement in every art that contributes toward modern ship building. If we look back 52 years we may note another great trial trip of a giant ship and a sad failure of all the expectations of her owners and builders. It is a history of unusual interest because of the comparisons it affords.

In December, 1853, special shops and yards were established at Millwall, on the Thames, for building the Great Eastern. It was discovered that the facilities for launching her were altogether inadequate. The launching was finally attempted in November, 1857, but the ship stuck on the ways. Five desperate attempts were made from time to time. Several men were killed, the ways and launching equipment were wrecked and the hull itself was badly strained. After three months she was finally floated but the expense had piled up to \$3,500,000 and this, coupled with the delay, ruined the company which made the undertaking. On Sept. 8, 1859, the day set for her trial trip, Isambard K. Brunel, the engineer who had designed her, was stricken with paralysis on board, the result of anxiety and disappointment. He died within a week. As the Great Eastern was passing Hastings one of her steam cylinders burst killing seven men, wounding 20 more, and wrecking the grand saloon. Lawsuits and repairs deferred the second trial trip until June 17, 1860, when she sailed from Southampton for New York. She made the trip in 11 days and consumed about 3,000 tons of coal. About the only useful purpose she ever served was in laying the Atlantic cable. It was commonly asserted that she was too large to be practical and shipbuilders predicted that no other ship approaching her size would be attempted.

The Great Eastern was but 692 feet over all and measured less than 23,000 tons. Today there are many larger ships afloat crossing the ocean in five days or less. Expert builders make no fuss about building and launching them. They say that they expect to see 100,000 ton ships launched in their time. The Olympic is a creation of exact science which makes the ships of half a century ago look like crude, experimental toys. Who shall say what the limit of size, speed or capacity will be half a century hence?

Washington in Westminster.

William T. Stead, the veteran English editor, proposed in an address at the American celebration in London last Tuesday that England erect a monument in Westminster abbey to George Washington, whom the speaker characterized as "the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century." He pointed out that such a statue might appropriately be made the tangible seal of the proposed arbitration treaty between the two great English-speaking nations of the world today. Though such a monument could not add stature to Washington's fame, it would probably serve to increase the feeling of mutual esteem between England and the United States.

The memory of the first American is already held in high respect not only in England but throughout the British empire. The truth expressed by Mr. Stead is recognized, that the great Virginian did teach the English what was necessary to secure cohesion in a dominion embracing many peoples in many lands. The crystallization in him of the varied protests which the colonies raised against the arrogance of George III., Lord North, and company, made that teaching of quite material value to England. Besides, England must have drawn inspiration with all the rest of the world from the character of the man, who loved justice, who fought bravely and efficiently for the rights of humanity, who was as sane and courageous in peace as on the field of war.

A monument to him in Westminster abbey would be hardly less a recognition of his services than an honor to the British empire.

Sorting Mail in an Auto.

Post-office officials are always studying ways in which they may hurry the delivery of mail, and save time and trouble at the large post offices. The postal authorities at Los Angeles have found a way of saving the time which used to be wasted while the carrier was taking mail from the mail boxes to the post office or substations. An auto mail wagon has been built large enough that four mail clerks may work in it, with the sorting tables, pigeon-holes and mail bags they require. This machine picks up the mail from boxes in all parts of the city between the hours of eleven in the morning and eight in the evening, making rush trips at certain times to unload. While the wagon travels over its route, the mail clerks within are busily canceling stamps, sorting letters and tying them into bundles ready for the delivery to the transcontinental and suburban trains. On the first day the wagon was used, the clerks it carried handled seventeen thousand letters. It has worked so successfully that the post-office people are planning to build several more wagons of the same general kind, but more convenient and comfortable, and hope in that way to save much time and expense in handling the letters that go out from their city.

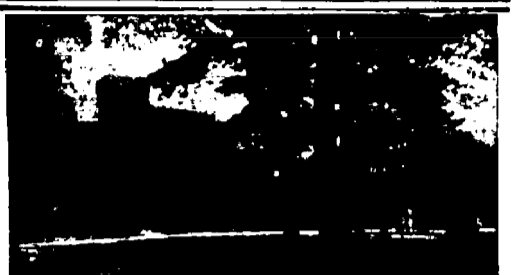
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Motion Pictures Made to Talk

To sit at the rear of a hall and watch himself make a speech on the platform to a group of fellow-scientists is the unique experience, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, which was enjoyed by M. Gaumont, a French savant, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris. M. Gaumont is the inventor of a synchronized motion-picture-phonograph machine which he calls a "chronograph." It is the result of many experiments with motion pictures and talking machines and is said to be a perfect co-ordination of the two. In presenting the result of his labors to his associates, M. Gaumont adopted a method entirely out of the ordinary, but one which showed the capacity of the machine in a manner the reading of a long paper never could have done. He simply prepared his address and then caused pictures and phonographic records to be made of it with his machine. When it came time to present it to his audience, he darkened the room and let the machine speak for itself, projecting the pictures of himself on the screen while the talking machine gave simultaneously the details of the invention.

What Has Happened in August

TO look down the long vista of the centuries at the events which the month of August has seen since the world began, is rather like looking at one of these magnificent pageants or triumphs which Roman conquerors used to figure in when they had just added a new slice of the earth's surface to the Roman Empire. The very name of the month was bestowed on it by Augustus, the first of the Roman Emperors, in honor of himself, and before that, the word Augustus meant, in Latin, "that which has grown great or increased." It is a month of splendors, of great deeds, great battles, great men.

Away back, at the far end of the August procession, we find Caesar landing in Britain, August 26, 55 B. C. There were excellent reasons, England being so far north, why he should land in summer and not in winter.

On August 24, in the year 79, Pompeii was destroyed. It might seem that the grandeur of that particular city was lost forever; when it was buried under stones and ashes and cinders. And yet, there is a room in the Museum of Art in New York, where the walls of a Pompeian bedroom have been set up, just as they were when the owner, perhaps, fled out of them in terror on that long-ago day. And the wonderful glowing red of the Pompeian wall-paintings is just as brilliant—in spite of being badly scratched and defaced by the cinders and the ashes—as it was almost two thousand years ago, and the iron sash of the little window is not much bent. We do not know who the artist was who painted those quaint views of gardens and statues on those long-ago walls, for the eyes of some great lady to see, but there they are, just as she saw them; and every Sunday they are seen by people in a country she never even heard of. And some of the people who lean over the railing and look into the strange little room are themselves Italians, whose fathers' olive-gardens and vineyards are only a few miles away from the Buried City. Could any fairy-tale, really, be stranger than all this would seem to that artist, if he could know?

The August of 1588 was a great time for England. Boys who remember our own war with Spain in 1898—three hundred and ten years later—will remember how sober some grown-up faces were at the idea of this country being attacked by Spanish warships. Fighting on land was all very well, but on the sea—our navy had never been tried against a foreign power since our last war with England, almost a hundred years before. England was in very much the same frame of mind in the summer of 1588, and with far more reason, for Spain had been for a hundred years the great seafaring and exploring nation of the world. Spain discovered America; Spain discovered and took possession of South America; Spain had most of the gold mines and a good deal of the science—for the schools the Moors had founded in Spain were good schools of navigation. Spain owned half the New World, and England only a little strip along the Atlantic coast—for France had Canada. And to add dubiousness to the whole matter England had a Queen instead of a King, and Philip of Spain, who had already had one English Queen for a wife, was reaching out his covetous hands to both the Kingdom and the Queen. First he had tried to marry Elizabeth, and then he tried, through her physician Lopez, to poison her. Philip wanted England.

But he did not want to fight for it unless he had to, and being finally convinced that he would have to, he sent out an enormous fleet of a hundred and thirty vessels, half of them the tall galleons which we do not see any more. There were nearly ten thousand sailors—all fighters—and some twenty thousand soldiers. Then Philip made a mistake—he had a book printed about the whole affair, and Burleigh, Elizabeth's wise old counsellor, got hold of it. When the Armada went past Plymouth on the last day of July, England was as ready as she knew how to be. The Queen herself rode down to Tilbury Fort when it was thought the Spanish might come that way, and dressed in steel breast-plate and helmet, made a speech to the people, saying that though she might be a woman, she had the heart of a king—and of a king of England. If there was to be fighting, she herself was ready to be in it if that would do any good.

Every one knows what happened on that eventful seventh of August. It

seemed as if the winds of England themselves fought for England. Drake and Howard sent fireships against the galleons and drove them out of the Channel, and then they were caught in a great storm, and the Irish and Highland peasants along the coast had rare pickings for months and months after that. Less than half that gallant fleet got back to Spain, with less than ten thousand half-starved and ragged men. That settled Spain's hopes of England.

On August 15, 1789, at Ajaccio in Corsica, a poor clerk by the name of Bonaparte welcomed his second son into the world. Little did he suppose that that little fellow's name Napoleon would be better known, in about thirty years, than that of Caesar himself—but so it was. It was on August 24, 410, that Alaric sacked Rome—but who remembers Alaric now?

Napoleon came to grief on one particular August day—August 1, 1798. That was the day of the Battle of the Nile, and once again the English fleet, under Nelson, proved that whatever might happen to England on land, woe betide whoever tried to attack her by sea. Only four of Napoleon's ships got away in that fateful battle off Aboukir, and one, L'Orient, was absolutely blown up. If Napoleon had believed in the omen and taken it for granted that the Orient was an unlucky place for him to venture in, it might have been better for his fortunes.

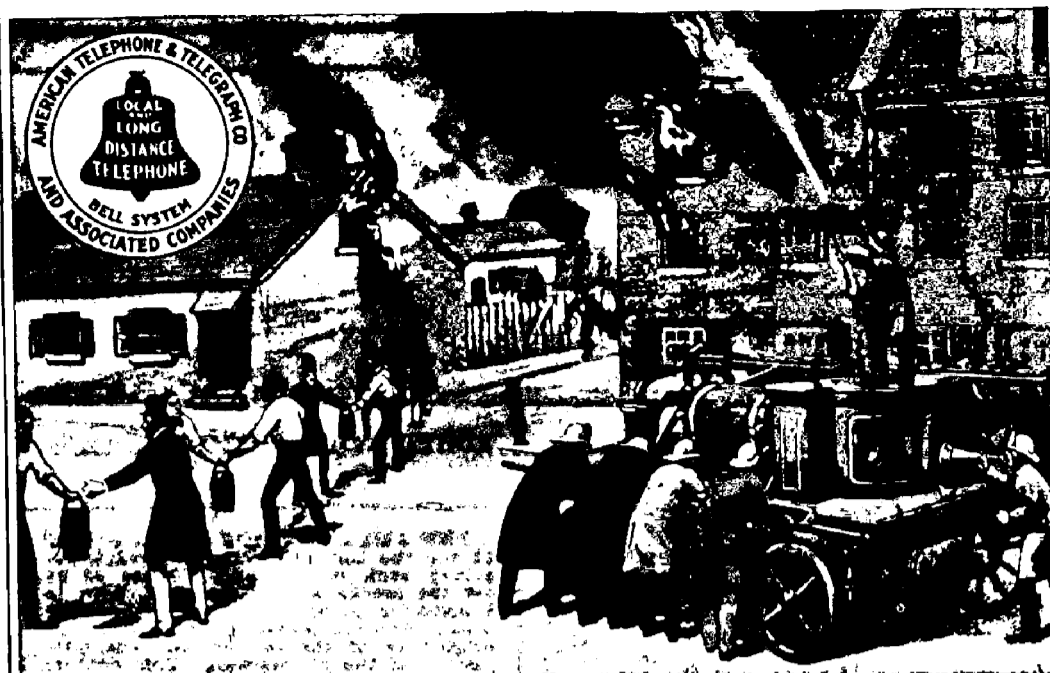
England's victories on the sea, however, were interrupted in 1813, and it was the fault of another August youngster—Oliver Hazard Perry. He was born August 23, 1785, and won the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. He died on the anniversary of his birth, in 1820, of yellow fever, at Trinidad.

Yellow fever used to stalk through the country in August also. On August 7, 1793, the first patient died of it in Philadelphia, and first and last, 3,500 died in that one city. August in a fever-stricken city used to be a month of gallant fighting with pestilence and anxious waiting for the first frost. But those times are so far back that hardly any one remembers them today.

The time may come when we shall be as free from consumption as we are now from yellow fever and cholera and the plague. It seems odd to think that there could ever have been a time when people thought that there was nothing to do, when such diseases were abroad, but be resigned to die if they had to—they never dreamed that there was any real cure or prevention. But even a hundred years ago there were plucky physicians here and there who were studying and thinking, and wondering and reasoning about such matters, and one of the bravest of them was Rene Laennec, a Breton, who died August 13, 1826. But before he died he had written a book on consumption, how to detect it and how to treat it, and he believed, just as doctors will tell you today, that the very best remedy is plenty of fresh air, by day and night. That was a big thing to discover. In those days even doctors cautioned people not to "expose themselves to the night air" for fear they might "catch a chill," and the first thing anybody did in sickness was to take to his bed and draw the curtains and shut the windows. It was Laennec who made the beginning in the fight against the Great White Plague—and he himself died of it.

August 24 has been known for hundreds of years as St. Bartholomew's Day, and ever since 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day has called up the picture of the French Huguenots being killed in their houses, in the streets, all over France—the signal that was given was the ringing of the bells backward. But St. Bartholomew's Day meant something much more cheerful in England—it meant the beginning of Smithfield Fair, which was kept up as late as 1855.

This famous old fair had a curious history, and if we could know all that went on there it would be more interesting than any novel. Away back in the time of Henry I., whom they called the Clerk, the king had a jester by the name of Rahere. Like other court fools, Rahere was a much shrewder man than some of those who did not wear the cap and bells, and in his old age he turned monk, which would seem to be a most curious thing for a jester to do. But it may be that Rahere knew that if he left the court while the king was still fond of him he could get pretty much what he wanted out of His Majesty, and as a



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matter of fact he did get a grant of land and some money, enough to found a monastery at Smithfield, which was then a real field, in the neighborhood of London. He was made prior of the monastery, and his next move was to establish Smithfield Fair, on St. Bartholomew's day to last for three days every year. For those three days there was a kind of safeguard for travellers coming to sell their goods, a sort of general truce, and that was a very good thing for trade in those troublous times. Moreover, a general market-place and gathering of all sorts of folk there, close by the monastery, would lead people to make more or less valuable gifts to the Church, and if the monks had anything to sell, they could sell it. And we may be sure that the folk of Henry's day, and their grand-children in the time of King John, had plenty of stories to tell of the long, lean face of Prior Rahere, and his wisdom, and his shrewdness, and in all probability his kindness—for a man as wise as that generally knows how to be kind. And so it came about that a jester became a monk and founded a fair.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817. Steel needles were first made in England in 1545. Shorthand writing was the invention of Pitman in 1837. Billiards were invented in France in 1471. The first pipe organ was made by Archimedes in 220 B. C. The first dictionary was made by the Chinese scholars in 1109 B. C. The first pair of spectacles was made by an Italian in 1299.

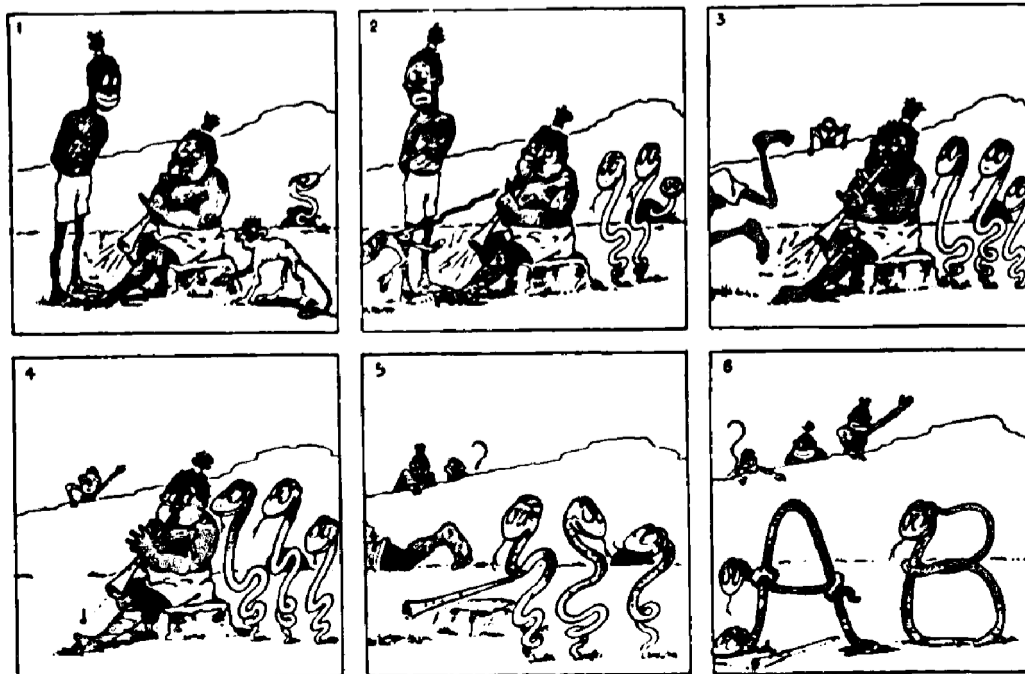
Gibraltar Almost Unassailable

It has always been known that Gibraltar, which belongs to Great Britain, is one of the strongest forts for both defense and offense in the world. It is said that an immense fleet could be sent to the bottom before getting within five miles of Gibraltar. Not even a torpedo boat could succeed in entering the bay unobserved on the blackest night. The most eminent naval experts are of the opinion that this world's greatest fortress is almost impregnable, according to Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night two perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's flag of ownership, sweep the seas around to a distance of fifteen miles on a clear day, instantly reporting the coming and going of each vessel. Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most prominent points. They are unreachable from the sea, even as they are undiscernible, owing to the skill with which they are planted and draped to match the surrounding vegetation, while huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired. They have a range of fifteen miles and could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably. One gun weighs 110 tons and is capable of throwing a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton. In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the galleries, are concealed guns for every day in the year.

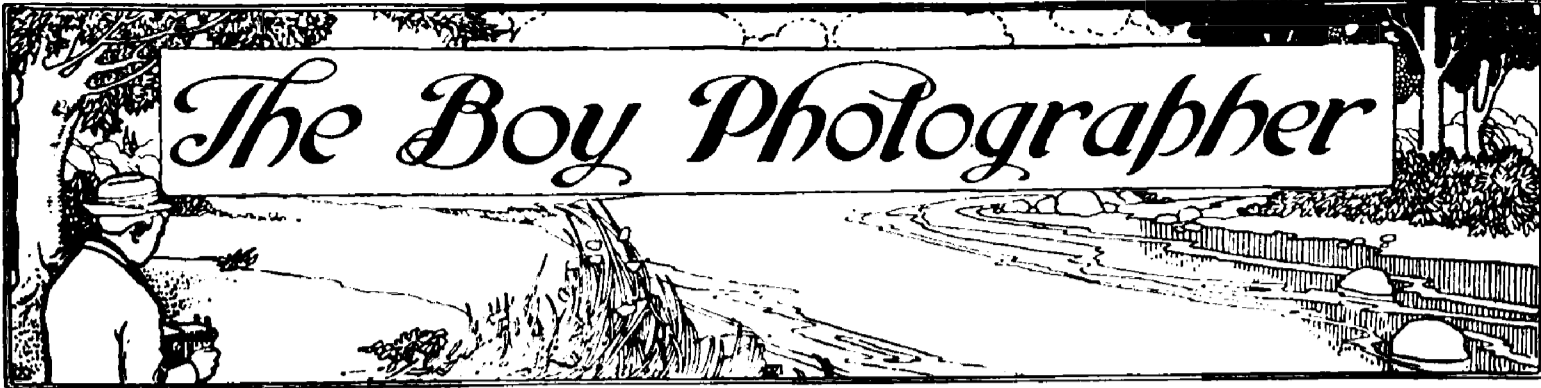
These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded, while one is closed even to high officers, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rain water (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete condensing plant—all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years. The firing is the most mathematically perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into squares, upon which certain guns are kept ready trained, so that it is almost impossible to miss.

ADVENTURES OF THE TABS



Chronology of Inventions

- Barometers were first made by Torricelli in 1643.
- Bombshells were first made in Holland in 1495.
- The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.
- Iron pavements were first laid in London in 1817.
- Buckles were first made in 1680.
- Brandy was first made in France in 1310.
- Roller skates were invented by Plympton in 1863.
- The first American paper money was made in 1740.
- Covered carriages were first used in England in 1580.
- Alcohol was discovered in the thirteenth century.
- Stem winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.
- The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremberg in 1851.
- The first torpedo was made in 1777.
- The first plaster cast was made by Verocchio in 1470.
- Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.
- The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
- The folding envelope was first used in 1839.
- Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826.



EDITED BY DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

A One Man Show

That's what the newspapers call it when an exhibition is limited to the photographs of one camerist. Harry F. Blanchard, of South Glens Falls, N. Y., is the whole thing in this month's competition. He won the first prize, hands down, and would have won the second if it had not been against our rules to award more than one prize to any participant in our monthly contests. I regret to say that among all the other photographs submitted there was not one that seemed to me to be worthy of second prize. For this reason I have recommended the reproduction of both Blanchard pictures. They are conspicuous examples of real artistic ability and show, moreover, the pictorial possibilities that exist in the most commonplace surroundings and are but too frequently overlooked.

Honorable Mention

The Roll of Honor is small in this month's competition, although the number of participants in the contest was large. It comprises Russel A. French,

THE AMERICAN BOY offers a prize of \$2 for the best amateur photograph received each month, and a prize of \$1 for the second best photograph, both to become our property without further payment. The competition is based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. This contest is open to subscribers only. Sometimes we can use a photograph that is not a prize winner, in which case we pay 50 cents for it. You may send one or more pictures, but do not send blue prints or films, as they cannot be reproduced. If you wish your entries returned, enclose a stamp for that purpose. The contestant, who must take the pictures he enters in the competition, should write on the back of each its title and description, together with his name and address.

Developing in Summer

Water plays a prominent part in summer work. Unless one modifies the formula by reducing the amount of alkali, it is necessary to dilute the developer more than for winter use. This procedure prevents the blocking up of the highlights before the shadow-detail is out.

Keep all solutions at a uniform temperature, as low as possible.

Use a developer without alkali (Amidol) or reduce the amount of carbonate in your regular formula.

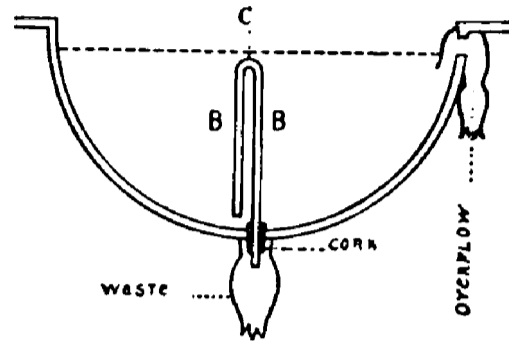
Make sure that the fixing bath does not become too concentrated by evaporation.

Fix for from 30 minutes to an hour to secure perfect hardening of the gelatine and prevent frilling in the final washing; handle the plate as little as possible.—M. D. Miller in the Photo-Era.

A Useful Washing Accessory

Most photographers, at some time or other, want more washing accommodation than their usual work-room provides. The way out of the difficulty that I advise is to make use of the ordinary bathroom lavatory basin, fitted with a special outlet. It is no use to turn the faucet on and let the water run out at the usual overflow at the top of the basin, as the hypo would merely sink to the bottom and stop there. We want a means of drawing the water off from the bottom, and this can be done in the following way. Remove the plug from the bottom of the basin, and select a cork that will fit the outlet. Now take a piece of

explains its action. When the tap is turned on, the basin fills up level with the hole C. The syphon then begins to act, and draws the water from the bottom of the basin and discharges it



down the waste pipe. If the faucet is only turned on a little the water will run out at a corresponding rate, and, if the cork should be sound, the water will always remain at the same level. If for any reason the faucet ceases run-



"LET'S GO FISHING"
First Prize Photo by Harry F. Blanchard,
South Glens Falls, N. Y.

W. Elliot, John A. Wagner, Donald H. Fairchild, H. Angus Avery, Leon F. Orcutt, Howard Hollibaugh, John S. Kemp, Paul A. Sellers, and Roger Bresnahan.

Ordinary Lighting

Probably the most important point to be considered in portraiture is the lighting of the sitter. The aim in lighting is to secure roundness and modeling, and the position of the sitter with reference to the light or the direction in which the light strikes the sitter is one of the most important factors in determining the quality of the lighting.

For "ordinary lighting" an angle of about 45 degrees will be found to be pretty generally satisfactory, and the correctness of the lighting may be ascertained to some extent by noting the position of the high-lights on the sitter's face. A very satisfactory "ordinary lighting" can be obtained in an ordinary room by covering the lower half of the window with something opaque in order to raise the light and by placing the sitter so that the light is at the side, in front and above the sitter's head, and strikes the face at an angle of about 45 degrees. The diagram showing the positions of the camera and sitter with reference to the window will no doubt make this point quite clear. Well, now, when you have things right as regards the direction of the light and can see the high-lights as described, you will probably notice that the shadows are very dark and that the contrast of light and shadow are too great. It is to overcome this excessive contrast that the reflector is used. The idea is to reflect the light on the fact just where the direct light from the window ends and the shadow begins.



BLOWING BUBBLES

Photograph by Harry F. Blanchard, South Glens Falls, N. Y.

ning, the syphon ceases also; and if, on the other hand, the faucet should be turned on too much (i. e., the water come in faster than the syphon can carry it off), it merely runs away down the overflow. The appliance will, of course, act equally well in a bath tub, provided it is fitted with a plug waste, and so used, is an almost ideal way of washing very big enlargements.—HARRY WILD, in the Amateur Photographer.

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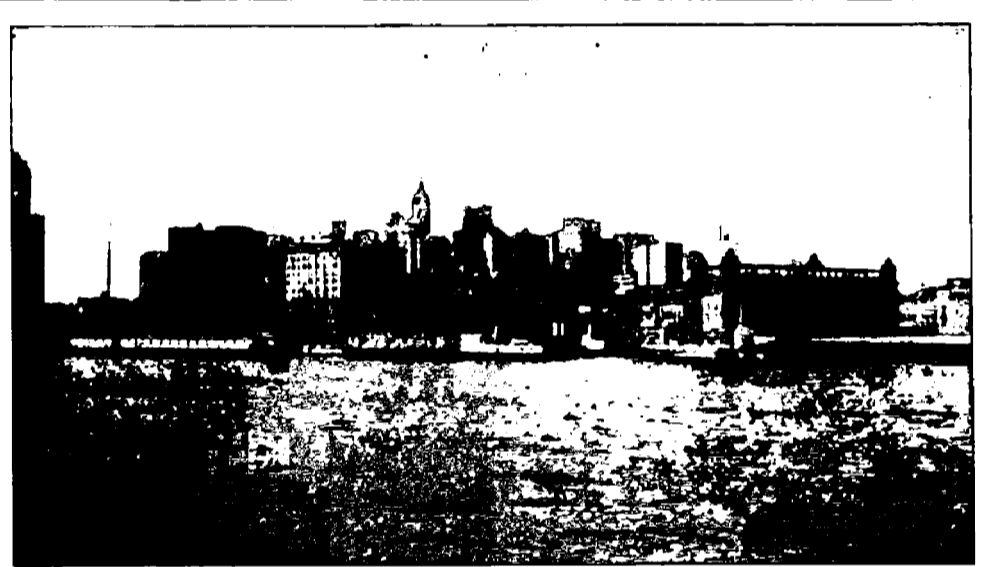
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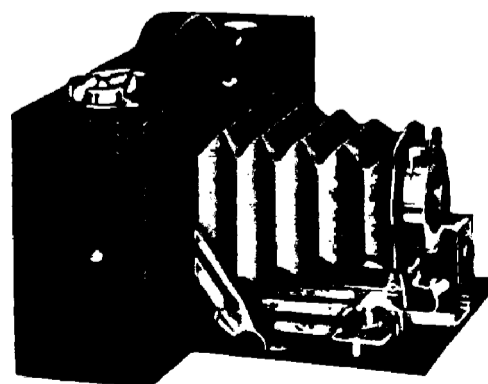
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A Boy's New Camera

Part II. How To Use It

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

THE choice of a subject, on the part of the new boy photographer, is largely a matter of individual fancy. The chances are that the first picture he "takes" will be that of his dog, or his pony pet, or his baby brother, or the pretty little girl that lives on the adjoining farm or in the next block. It is a topic that is idle to speculate upon and that we may therefore just as well pass by without comment. But whatever the subject, he must make sure that all parts of it are on the same plane, that is to say at an equal distance from the lens. The nearer an object is to the lens, the larger it will appear in the photograph. The plate, after it has been exposed to the action of the light and the image has been developed and fixed, is called a negative and the print or finished photograph that is made by means of it a positive.

The first prerequisite toward obtaining a good negative, aside from correct exposure, is a sharp focus. In the case of a hand camera, this is generally a matter of guess work, unless it is of the so-called fixed focus type, in which case everything beyond six feet is in focus. Most of the pocket-folding cameras are provided with a focussing scale, which is satisfactory provided it is correct and you are good at estimating distances. But with a view-camera all this guess work is eliminated and it is easy to determine the correct focus by covering the head and camera with a focussing-cloth (after the lens has been uncapped or the shutter opened) and racking the camera slowly to and fro until the image on the ground glass is well defined.

At first the beginner will be somewhat disconcerted by the fact that the image on the ground glass is upside down—so that a water-fall seems to be running uphill—but he will soon become accustomed to this circumstance. Another difficulty that he will have to overcome is the misleading effect of color. In looking at a landscape, for instance, we must bear ever in mind that the blue sky, the green foliage, the sandy road, and the blooming flowers in the foreground will all appear in monochrome, that is to say one color, in the finished photograph. If we do not, disappointment will surely follow. I understand that the use of a light-blue ground glass will do away with this trouble, but cannot vouch for this statement, because I have not made the experiment.

The tyro will also experience no little difficulty in obtaining an image of the desired size. If it appears too small, move the camera nearer and refocus; if too large, move the camera further away.

After you have secured the correct focus, "stop down" your lens to F16 and note the effect. You will find that the "sharpness" is increased, especially at the edges, but that the illumination is decreased. And these conditions are accentuated, the more you reduce the size of the opening in your shutter.

I will take it for granted that you have loaded your plate-holder (i. e., put plates in it) or have provided your kodak with a fresh film cartridge and are therefore ready to take your first photograph. Before doing so, be sure that your shutter is closed or lens capped and take care that the camera is level, by looking at it from side to side. But in performing these various operations do not move the camera, lest you change the focus. Now insert the plate-holders between the ground glass and camera proper and pull the slide, preferably under cover of the focussing-cloth. You will then be face to face with perhaps the most difficult problem in the whole range of practical photography, namely exposure.

The length of exposure depends upon the illumination of the object, that is to say intensity of the light, the aperture or opening of the lens, and the speed or sensitiveness of the plate. The intensity of the light does not only vary with the seasons, being naturally greater in mid-summer than in midwinter but also with the times of the day. This explains why so much depends in this respect upon the judgment of the photographer, knowledge that can only be acquired at the expense of many spoiled films or plates unless you use an exposure meter. This is a little instrument that contains a small piece of specially sensitized paper, a minute portion of which is exposed to the action of light in a shady portion of the subject, and the time the paper takes to darken to a standard tint is counted in seconds. Then by means of a slide-rule arrangement which takes into account the stops used, the speed number of the plate, and the seconds required to darken the sensitive paper, the time required to make a correct exposure is shown.

One thing that will probably bother you in your first efforts with the camera is the proper use of the diaphragms or stops. Remember that these determine the size of the opening of the lens, and consequently the amount of light admitted to the interior of the camera. And this, it is scarcely necessary to say, affects the length of exposure. The smaller the stop, the longer the exposure. That is the one important rule you must ever bear in mind. If you want to take a snap-shot, use a full opening.

It is impossible, in the limited space at my command, to enter into a detailed account of the chemistry of photography relating to development. Moreover, it would prove to be a rather dry subject, that is of interest only to scientists. Suffice it to say, then, that the image on the plate is produced by the action of the light on the silver-salt (let us say bromide of silver) with which the plate is coated. Changes take place in the internal structure of the silver salt and these changes are rendered visible when the exposed plate is subjected to the action of certain chemical re-agents. This is called development.

The most necessary utensils of an outfit for this purpose, in addition to the indispensable ruby lamp, include a tray

for the developer and another for the fixing-bath (a little larger than the plate for which they are intended), a four-ounce glass measure or graduate, bottles for the various solutions, a funnel, a small scale with weights, and a washing-box. As the trays cannot be used indiscriminately, I would advise the use of a hard-rubber one for the developing solution, which can be marked with the letter D on the bottom, so that it will not be confounded with the other.

I would earnestly advise you to do your own work; if you don't, you will miss half the fun.

The developing and fixing solutions are easily prepared. The Jex Bardwell is what is called a one solution developer. It consists of 10 grains of pyro (as pyrogallic acid is called for short); 2 fluid drachms of acetone; 4 fluid drachms of a saturated solution of sulphite of sodium; and 4 ounces of water. I have used this formula for all kinds of subjects and have found that it produces excellent negatives that yield splendid prints. It is one of the best all-around developers that I know of. Moreover, there is a good reason why professional photographers prefer pyro to all other developing agents. It is cheapest to buy the pyro by the ounce, acetone by the pint, and sodium sulphite by the pound and make up your developer whenever required.

There are many different developers, of which I shall only mention the best known, that is to say Hydroquinone, Metol, Kodinal, Amidol, and Glycin. Eikonogen is said to be particularly useful in portraiture and to produce a negative that will give very soft and yet detailed prints. But although it is undeniably interesting to experiment with these different agents, I would not advise you to do anything of the kind. Select one make of plates and one developer and stick to them. Personally I prefer the Stanley plates and Bardwell developer. There are some authorities, however, who claim that a Hydroquinone developer is best for a beginner because it allows him the widest latitude. My experience does not coincide with this view. I have found Hydroquinone very useful in making lantern-slides, but consider Pyro the best all around developer for general photographic work. The only advantage of Hydroquinone is that it does not stain the finger-nails and linen. But you will experience no trouble with Pyro in that respect if you do not use it too frequently.

A long time ago it was discovered that a ruby or orange light is non-actinic, that is to say that it will not affect the photographic plate. That is why glass of these colors is invariably selected for dark-room lanterns. When you have set up your ruby-lamp in the bath-room (parents will please not frown at this point), which is handiest because of the running water, have prepared the developer according to directions, and have filled the unmarked tray with a fixing solution consisting of one ounce of hyposulphite of sodium to four ounces of water, you will be ready to go to work. The plate is now taken out of the holder and laid, with the film side up, in the tray marked D. Then you take hold of the tray with the left hand, seize the measuring-glass with the right and pour the developer steadily over the plate covering it at once. Next you take the tray in both hands and gently rock it to and fro so that the developer flows evenly over the plate and is continually renewed.

It is very important that the plate should be immediately covered by the developer lest it be spoiled by stripes or spots that cannot be removed. At first I believe it will be best for the beginner to let the plate lie in cold water for a few minutes prior to development. This will soften the gelatine of the coating and insure an even distribution of the

developer. But the plate should be drained when taken from the water.

After the plate has been subjected to the action of the developer for a minute or two an image gradually begins to appear. There is this difference, however, between it and the object that it represents. Everything that was white in nature appears dark on the plate and vice versa.

At this point it may be well to state that photographers speak of the different tones of a negative, not as they appear in the negative, but as they appear in nature, for instance the high-lights of a negative really mean the darkest parts, and similarly speaking of the deepest shadows, the most transparent portions of the negative are indicated.

It is always difficult to determine just how long development should be continued. Photographers are accustomed to say that it should be stopped when sufficient density has been obtained. But this is no guide to the beginner. The nearest approach to a rule that can be laid down in this respect is the advice to continue development a little beyond the point when the greatest brilliancy in the negative is attained. This will usually produce satisfactory results. But, generally speaking, a mastery of development is only gained by experience.

When all the details are out and sufficient density has been secured, the negative is removed from the developing tray and thoroughly rinsed in running water, whereupon it is transferred to the hyposulphite of sodium solution in the fixing-tray. In this it remains until all the "milky" disappears, which can best be judged by looking at the back. When taken out of the fixing-bath it may be examined by daylight. The only thing that remains in order to complete the negative process is to thoroughly remove every trace of the hypo by subjecting the negative to running water for about an hour or washing it in ten or twelve changes of water at intervals of five minutes.

The best place to dry a negative is one in which there is a current of air free from dust. Some writers advocate the varnishing of negatives, but this is hardly necessary unless the negative is to be handled a great deal and unless it is proposed to make a great number of prints by means of it.

The development of roll-films differs in no wise from that of plates, except in the manipulation of the strip itself. This is seized at the ends and drawn through the developer from side to side, with the film side down, until the image shows at the back, when it is subjected to the fixing-bath.

I have described the development of a normal exposure, but sometimes a plate is over or under-exposed. In the former instance, it is best to make another exposure, if possible. If this cannot be done, however, the plate may sometimes be saved by placing it in a developer of full strength and transferring it to a tray of warm water (75-80 degrees F.) as soon as the image begins to appear. Here it is allowed to remain about half an hour or until all the detail is out. While this slow development is going on (for that's what it is) the tray must be kept covered. In removing the plate from the warm water, it must be handled with great care, as the heat softens the gelatine.

Over-exposure may generally be corrected by the addition of five drops of a ten per cent bromide of potassium solution to each ounce of the developer. This retards the development and allows the image to come up slowly while the necessary density is secured. If a plate is known to have been over-exposed, it is best to develop it in a developer containing but half of the regular quantity of the alkali. In the case of the Jex Bardwell formula the sulphite of sodium.

For the beginner it is advisable to make it a rule to start development in a developer that has previously been used and to keep a solution of this kind on hand in a bottle marked "Old Developer." If the image is slow in coming out, the plate can then be transferred to a developer of full strength without fear of losing it.

The materials required for making prints or finished photographs consist of a printing-frame, a toning bath, fixing solution, and one additional tray. In the case of gaslight or bromide papers, the toning-solution is superfluous and is replaced by a developer. P. O. P. or printing-out paper is printed by daylight, that is to say, in diffused light. It is a mistake to place the printing-frame in the sun as is sometimes done by amateurs. As a rule printing is discontinued when the paper appears a trifle darker than the tint desired in the finished print. In order to determine this point, the paper must be examined from time to time in subdued light. The printing-frame is so arranged that one-half of the print can be examined without disturbing the other half or getting it out of alignment.

The prints are kept in a dark place until a sufficient number of them have accumulated to tone. This is done by subjecting them to a solution of chloride of gold until the desired tint is obtained, whereupon they are fixed or rendered permanent in a solution of one part of sodium hyposulphite to ten of water.

The so-called gaslight papers are convenient because they can be used at any

time, night or day. They can be printed by artificial light as well as the light of the sun and yield photographs that are full of contrast.

I do not propose to enter into details regarding the making of prints with Sollo or Velox paper (representative types of the kinds of papers mentioned) as full directions for this purpose accompany each package of paper as marketed. The boy photographer cannot do better than to follow the directions given implicitly. And the same thing is true of the formulas that accompany each brand of plates. The manufacturers have spent hundreds of dollars in experimenting and the processes they recommend are the outcome of experience.

When the finished photograph has been thoroughly washed in running water for at least half an hour and has been dried it is mounted on cardboard and may finally be called complete.

Any attempt to compress the whole practice of photography into a two-part article must necessarily be fragmentary and should be supplemented by reading. Go to your public library and pick out any book on photography that interests you or get a copy of Alexander Black's "Photography Indoors and Out."

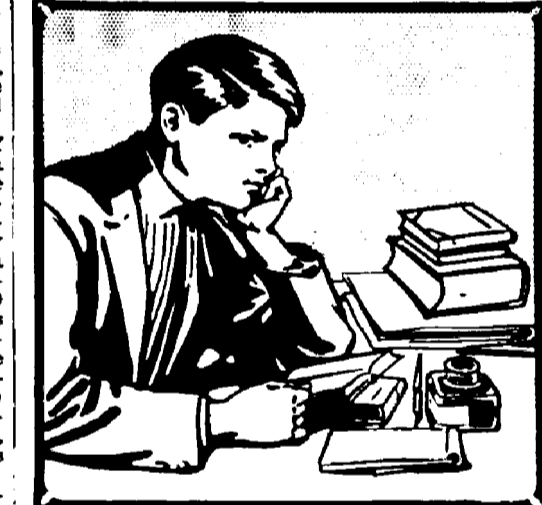
Old, Weak Hypo Baths

Speaking of hot weather troubles, another cause of them is the use of old, worn out hypo baths. Why is it the photographer will persist in using penurious economy in his hypo bath when hypo is the cheapest chemical he uses. Whilst it is cheap it is at the same time one of the most important chemicals we have to use. The quality of the plate depends upon it just as much as upon any other chemical. We may have a beautiful negative in the developer, but ruin it in the fixing bath. To avoid this trouble a fresh hypo bath should be made up every time we develop in the summer time. It is much better to have a plain, fresh hypo bath than it is to use an acid bath, for the fresh bath is much lower in temperature and preserves the gelatine and hardens it so that it remains firm and compact. Just a few ounces of a fresh hypo bath is all that is needed each time.—Professional and Amateur Photographer.

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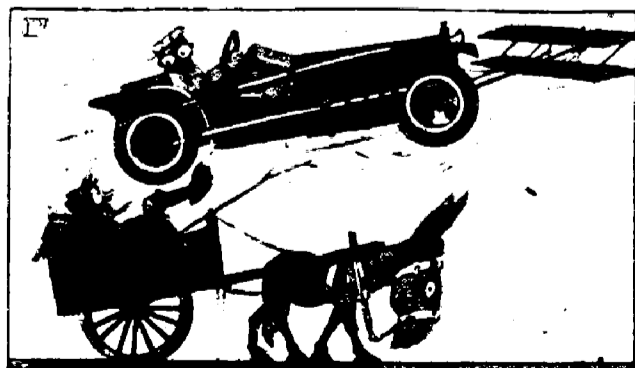
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Automobile Aeroplane Attachment For Use On A Narrow Road

Boy Mechanic and Electrician

Edited and Illustrated by CAPT. H. A. R. GRAY

One of the first things that a draftsman should know is how to compute the volume, otherwise known as the cubical contents, of bodies of different geometrical forms and ascertain the weight thereof.

The strength of moving parts of machinery, particularly so those having a rotary motion, is, in a measure, governed by the weight of the pieces moved or rotated.

It is frequently desired, also, to know the weight of the finished piece of machinery, where transportation charges, capacity of derricks and dimensions of foundations are a factor.

It will be readily understood, therefore, that it is essential to know how to compute the volume and weight of bodies.

In the United States the volume is expressed in cubic inches while in most foreign countries the cubic centimeter is the unit employed.

All bodies have diameters. In cubes, Fig. 1; prisms, Fig. 2, and parallelepipeds, Fig. 3, these are termed length, breadth and height, although in a cube all three of these diameters are equal.

In these three examples the cubical contents is obtained by multiplying the length by the breadth and that product again by the height or depth.

Using the initial letters of these diameters we have as a formula: $l \times b \times d = V$ or $lbd = V$.

A cube is defined as a volume contained by six equal, square sides; a prism as a volume, ends of which are equal, similar, and parallel planes, and sides of which are parallelograms; and a parallelepipedon as a volume contained by six quadrilateral sides, every opposite two of which are equal and parallel.

For example: A parallelepipedon 8" wide, 6" long and 5" high, would contain: $8 \times 6 = 48 \times 5 = 240$ cubic inches, abbreviated cu. in.

If the prism is triangular as in Fig. 4, the area of one end is obtained by multiplying the length of any one of the equal sides, as a-b, by itself; squaring the diameter as it is termed; this product by the constant figure 0.433, which will give the area of the end, and this product by the length, b-c.

Thus, if the sides are 3" and the length of the prism 8", we have: $3 \times 3 = 9 \times 0.433 = 3.897 \times 8 = 31.176$ cu. in.

In Fig. 5, we have what is termed a prismoid. The formula given therefor is known as the prismoidal formula and it is highly important that it be committed to memory as it is used extensively in engineering work.

The formula is expressed: $(A + a + 4m) \times (h \div 6) = V$. In this A represents the area of the large end; a, the area of the small end; m, the area of the middle section, and h, the height of the prismoid.

The area of an end is found by multiplying the width by the breadth. The width of the middle section which is located equal-distant from both ends, is found by adding widths of the small and large ends and dividing by two and the breadth by adding the breadths of the small and large ends and dividing by two. The results obtained are termed the mean diameters. The width of the middle section multiplied by the breadth thereof, will give you the area of the middle section.

This must be multiplied by 4 and the product added to the sum of the areas of the two ends.

This new sum is then multiplied by the height of the prismoid and the product divided by 6 or, what is the same, multiplied by one-sixth of the height.

For example: Diameters of ends 7" x 6" and 3" x 2" and height 15"; then:

$7 \times 6 = 42$; $3 \times 2 = 6$; $42 + 6 = 48$; $7 + 3 = 10$; $6 + 2 = 8$; $4 \times 10 = 40$; now, $20 \times 4 = 80 + 48 = 128$; $128 \times 15 \div 6 = 320$ cu. in., which is the volume of the prismoid.

Additional examples of these figures, if you so desire, but you must send in those requested and show me unmistakably that you understand this lesson.

Draw these to some convenient scale and mark all diameters thereon with dimension lines as shown in the illustrations.

Make a tracing of the drawing and a blueprint therefrom and send the blueprint folded in an envelope to me for revision but do not forget return postage. As you will be examined in this subject, you may send additional examples of these figures, if you so desire, but you must send in those requested and show me unmistakably that you understand this lesson.

Using No. 12 bronze wire the helix is formed like a spiral clock spring as shown in the illustration and can be made of any size desired. It can then be mounted on the back of the operating

table or on a neatly finished board, using split porcelain insulating knobs for securing the helix in place. The board should be given several coats of orange shellac and sandpapered smooth before mounting the helix. The outer end of the helix should terminate in a

double binding post mounted on a piece of hard rubber or fiber which can be secured to the board with screws. Connection to the helix can be made at any point thereon with a clip taken from a cuff holder or one made from a piece of spring brass.

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Mechanical Drawing

SERIES 2

Lesson 6

To compute the volume of a solid cylinder as in Fig. 6, multiply the area of the base (one end) by the height. The area of a circle is found by multiplying the diameter by itself and the product by 0.7854. Thus in a cylinder 4" in diameter, 5" long we would have: $4 \times 4 = 16 \times 0.7854 = 12.5664 \times 5 = 62.832$ cu. in.

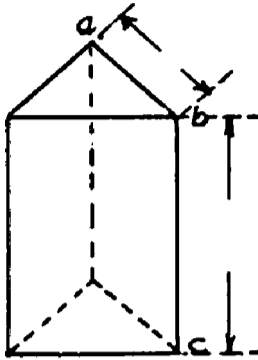


Fig. 4.

The volume of a sphere or ball, as in Fig. 7, is found by multiplying the diameter of the ball by itself twice (the cube of the diameter) and this product by 0.5236.

For example: If the diameter of the ball is 3", we have: $3 \times 3 \times 3 = 27 \times 0.5236 = 14.1372$ cu. in.

Having mastered the above formula, the next step is simple. Each class of material has a certain density per cubic inch and by multiplying the volume of the body in cubic inches by this unit of density the weight of the body is obtained.

While the process of manufacture may cause a slight variation and the only

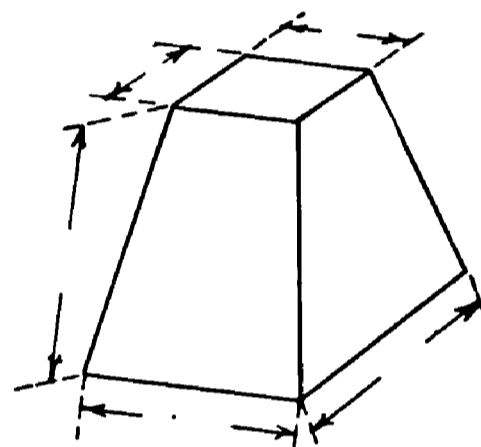


Fig. 5.

absolute method of determining the density of a material is by obtaining the specific gravity of a sample, the following densities are accepted as standard. The specific gravity of a body is the relation between the weights thereof in the open air and immersed in water.

A cubic inch of wrought iron weighs 0.2816 pounds; cast iron 0.2607; copper 0.3212; cast brass 0.2922; lead 0.4120; cast aluminum 0.0926 and zinc 0.2630.

Thus the 3" ball if made of cast iron would weigh $14.1372 \times 0.2607 = 3.685$ pounds or, if of lead, $14.1372 \times 0.4120 = 5.824$ pounds.

For your lesson this month send me a sheet with a parallelepipedon of wrought iron weighing 4 pounds; a triangular prism of zinc weighing 5.25 pounds; a prismoid of copper weighing 7 pounds; a cube of brass weighing 8 pounds; a cylinder of lead weighing 11 pounds and an aluminum ball weighing 3 pounds drawn thereon. You may assume any diameters but you must have the correct weights.

Draw these to some convenient scale and mark all diameters thereon with dimension lines as shown in the illustrations.

Make a tracing of the drawing and a blueprint therefrom and send the blueprint folded in an envelope to me for revision but do not forget return postage. As you will be examined in this subject, you may send additional examples of these figures, if you so desire, but you must send in those requested and show me unmistakably that you understand this lesson.

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double binding post mounted on a piece of hard rubber or fiber which can be secured to the board with screws. Connection to the helix can be made at any point thereon with a clip taken from a cuff holder or one made from a piece of spring brass.

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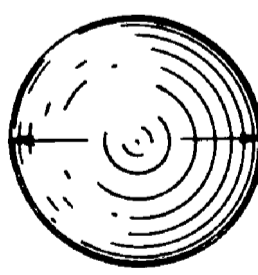


Fig. 7.



Fig. 6.

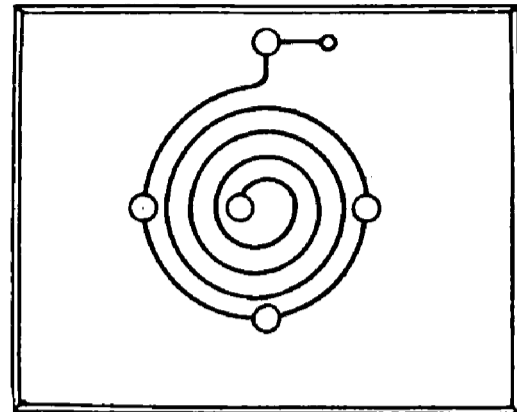
Wireless Telegraphy

A number of inquiries have been received by the Editor for a method of mounting the sending helix or oscillator so that it would be out of the way and yet easily accessible.

The method shown in the accompanying illustration while not original, is being used by a number of amateur wireless operators in their stations and while it presents the objection that it tends to act as a choke coil and can not be regulated by inserting an iron core therein as is the case with the "AMERICAN BOY" oscillator, it is, however, susceptible of being mounted on the back of the operating table or on the wall nearby.

Using No. 12 bronze wire the helix is formed like a spiral clock spring as shown in the illustration and can be made of any size desired. It can then be mounted on the back of the operating

table or on a neatly finished board, using split porcelain insulating knobs for securing the helix in place. The board should be given several coats of orange shellac and sandpapered smooth before mounting the helix. The outer end of the helix should terminate in a



double binding post mounted on a piece of hard rubber or fiber which can be secured to the board with screws. Connection to the helix can be made at any point thereon with a clip taken from a cuff holder or one made from a piece of spring brass.

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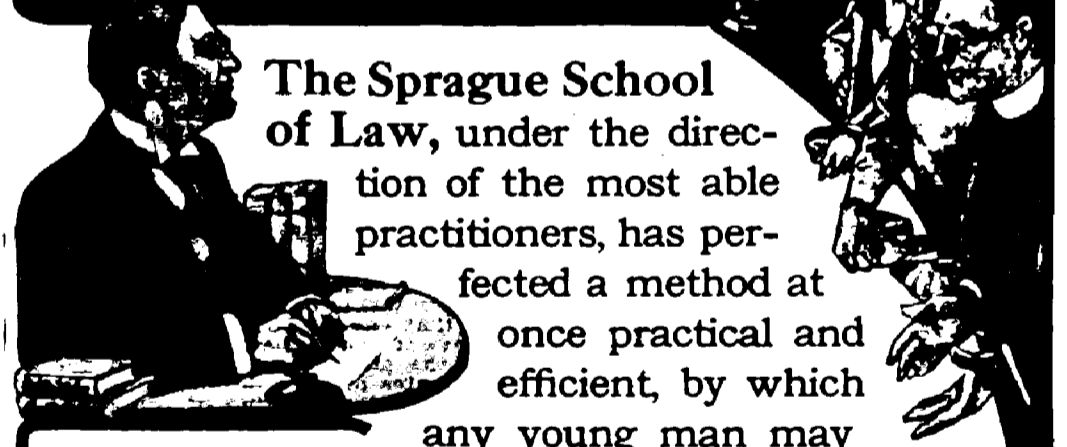
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The Dual Cup

Continued from page 10

expelled the whole school," he ended with a laugh.

"Well, meanwhile," said Dan soberly, "it's up to us to get back to Yardley. First thing we know we'll be meeting the milkman!"

"Wish we might," said Alf cheerfully. "I'd give a quarter for a glass of milk."

"And a doughnut," added Durfee. "Wish we had those sandwiches now. I'm beastly hungry."

"And I'm beastly sleepy." Tom yawned as he got to his feet and followed the others along the road. Gerald ranged himself alongside Alf.

"What happened to him?" he asked.

"What happened to who, Gerald?"

"The gardener; when I passed you and Durfee."

"Oh, nothing much. He came along and didn't see us and I happened to have my foot out and he very stupidly fell over it. That's all. Then Harry and I ran like thunder and boosted you over; you were apparently going to sleep on the side of the post; and we got over about six yards ahead of the gardener, I guess. It was a narrow squeak."

"Do you think we will get in trouble?" asked Gerald anxiously.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised," answered Alf cheerfully. "If I fall asleep, Gerald, and walk into a fence I wish you'd wake me up, please."

That trip back to Yardley wasn't much fun. They were all pretty tired and rather sleepy, and the four miles seemed like ten. Fortunately they met no one on the way until they reached the station at Wissning. There a freight crew was busying itself about the platform, but it was quite dark by then and they slipped past unheard and unseen. Once on school ground they stopped at the foot of The Prospect and held council. In view of what Alf termed the extemporaneous incidents of their visit to Broadwood it had become more than ever desirable that they reach their several rooms unseen. To that end it was decided that they should gain their dormitories by way of the gymnasium and should go one at a time. So they skirted the base of the hill until they were near the tennis courts and then gained the porch of the gymnasium. From there, out of sight of any dormitory window, they made their way, one at a time, toward their rooms. The Yard was dark and in the end the last of the Predatory Marauders gained safety and seclusion apparently undetected.

In 28 Clarke there was little conversation during the hurried process of disrobing. It was practically all contained in two sentences, as follows:

"If anything comes of this, Gerald, please remember that I did my best to keep you out of it." (This in a stern and somewhat displeased tone of voice.)

"Yes, Dan, I will." (This very, very meekly.)

Then they both went to sleep and, in spite of the uncertainties of the future, slumbered as soundly as though there was no such a thing as a conscience! (To be continued.)

"Our" Column

(Continued from page 8)

means you could be thrown today into the place you long for, you would simply be overwhelmingly humiliated by your awkwardness, unpreparedness, and unfitness, and the consequences would be that you would be disgraced in the eyes of those who know you. No, whatever high place in life you wish to occupy, you must prepare for it. If you wish to become a lawyer, doctor, minister, honored and respected for knowledge and skill in your chosen profession, you must prepare yourself. If you wish to become a good mechanic, a thorough business man, or an able teacher, you must prepare yourself, and the time to prepare yourself is now. Don't think that when the position is offered you, it will be time enough to prepare. Then it will be too late. Preparation must be made in advance; and whatever high ideals or lofty ambitions you may have, and I hope you have some, you should begin to work toward them now. Listen to those around you who covet lofty positions; you will find that they cannot fill them because they have neglected

The September American Boy

HERE we are just in the midst of the vacation season and sweltering in the torrid heat; yet editors and publishers have had to think and plan for the fall and winter issues. But such is part of the pain and more of the pleasure of conducting *The American Boy*. Our September number, we make bold to say, will be about the best possible in fascinating, delightful fiction and timely, interesting and instructive articles. We are able to give the titles of only a few of the stories and articles that will appear:

- "Tom Westlake's Golden Luck," chapters 5 to 9 inclusive.
- "The Dual Cup," chapters 5 to 7 inclusive.
- Then there will be "The Quitter," a rare baseball story, to wind up the season.
- "For Himself," a fine story of college athletics.
- "A Private Rehearsal," showing the difficulties in the way of a boy's ambition.
- "The Gyroscope Railroad," telling of a boy's business success.
- Among the articles scheduled for September are:
- The first installment of a series of splendid football articles by an expert on the gridiron.
- The first also of a series of articles of special interest to amateur stamp collectors, entitled "The Story of the Postage Stamp."
- Mr. Thompson Seton's third article on "Scouting."
- "New York's School City."
- Part IV of Mr. Corsan's articles on "How to Swim," containing instruction on "How to Save Life."
- "What Has Happened in September."
- The regular departments will as usual contain just the kind of matter to please the do-something boys.
- Every page of the magazine will be handsomely and profusely illustrated.

The Youngest Aviator



Horace and Mr. Coffyn Ready To Start

On invitation of the Detroit Aero Club Messrs. Wright Brothers forwarded one of their aeroplanes in charge of Mr. Coffyn, of their staff, for the purpose of demonstrating before the members of the club the capabilities of their machines. Quite a number of the members and at least two ladies took flights of more or less duration with Mr. Coffyn. The most interesting flight, however, was that of a twelve-year-old lad, Horace Wadsworth, son of Mr. Frederick E. Wadsworth, of Detroit, who not only enjoyed the trip, but wishes to do it again. Here is a picture of Mr. Coffyn and Horace seated in the aeroplane just ready to start.

In telling about his flight Horace says:

"I am very proud to hold the record of being the youngest boy to take a trip in an aeroplane.

"We left the Golf Links in Grosse Pointe and flew over the village of Grosse Pointe Farms and along the shore of Lake St. Clair.

"It seemed to me that I was riding on a great big bird, and I felt perfectly safe all the time.

"We went near the top of our house and the people on the roads around where we live looked as though they were all midgets and all working with play horses.

"It looked from where I was up in the air as though everything had grown small and it was like a little play world down under me, as the animals and men didn't look any larger than the animals and men used to look out of my old Noah's Ark.

"It was the best trip I ever had and I hope before long I can have a chance of doing it again."

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to do what they might have done—prepare themselves. A verse from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" seems fitly to conclude what I have been saying:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

It is the boy who prepares himself who climbs highest.

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.

Odd Greetings

The unconventional salutation "Hello" which is used by the average American would be considered absolutely discourteous and rude by the average foreigner of Asia. Interpreted into English, the salutation of the Turk is, "Be under the guard of God;" the Arabian with his usual reference to "Allah" says: "Thank God, how are you?" The greeting of the Persian is in these well-wishing words, "May your shadow never grow less."

The familiar form of saluting a friend among the Chinese is, "How is your stomach?" while the Egyptians, "How do you perspire?" seems still more odd.

A literal translation of the greeting of European people gives us a combination something like this: Dutch, "How do you are?"; Swedish, "How can you?"; Russian, "How do you live on?"; Polish, "How do you have yourself?"; Italian, "How do you stand?"

How To Swim

Continued from page 20



Spinning

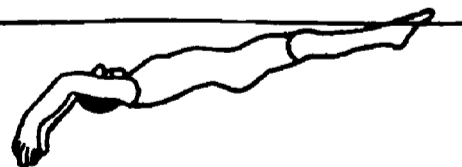
This is to go around like a spinning top in the above position. This is not a breath-holding stunt. It is accomplished by a rapid feathering and sculling motion of the wrists and forearms.



The Rolling Log

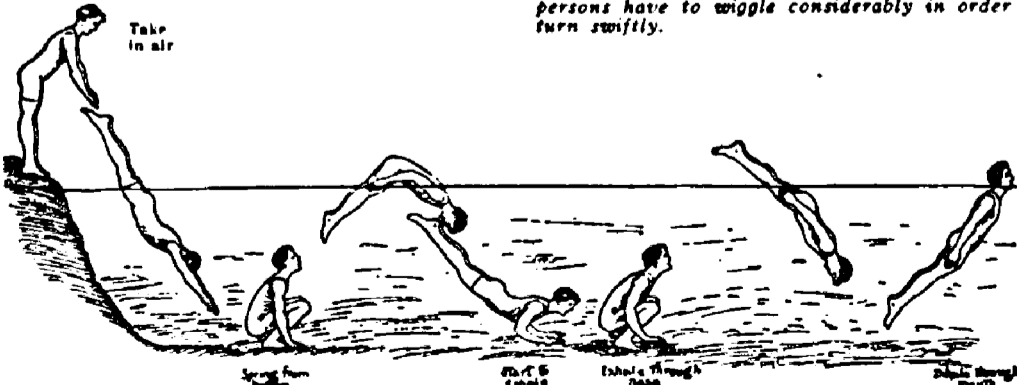
Keep the body quite straight and roll around;

like a log. First fill the lungs full of air, as this is a breath-holding stunt. Fat men are best at this stunt, as they roll around by an imperceptible movement of the head, while long thin persons have to wiggle considerably in order to turn swiftly.



The Torpedo

This is a breath-holding stunt. The body moves rapidly feet first, and only the toes appear above the water line. The movements of the wrists and forearms is the same as in the propeller. A person who cannot float on the horizontal can do the torpedo. Keep your eyes open while doing the torpedo, so as to steer a straight course.



The Propeller

In order to do this stunt the person must be able to float without motion in the horizontal position and to breathe freely while lying on the surface. If the feet sink you cannot get this stunt and must wait until you grow old and fat. A rapid movement of the hands, sending you feet first with considerable speed, is known as the propeller. Many who cannot do this stunt in fresh water, can do it in sea water. By gripping one end of a short rope with the teeth you can tow a buoyant person through the water by the propeller. The person towed should lie on the back in a straight line and hold the other end of the rope in the hands.



Somersaulting

To go backwards work the hands close to the knees. To go forwards reverse the hands and work at right angles to the body. This is not necessarily a breath-holding stunt, as by practice you can learn to breathe out through the nose under the water and fill your lungs with air through the mouth in the very short interval when the face appears on the surface.

This is the most graceful and spectacular stunt in the list of ornamental and fancy swimming. It is a demonstration of rhythmic breathing. The spectators only see that part of the body that is above the surface, and the method of suddenly popping up to the top and down the same instant greatly puzzles them. This is a very difficult trick to do. Strange to say, I have taught it to some boys almost immediately, but others, after years of instruction, fail to get it. Counting the figures from the left, note that in the fourth and seventh he took in air as he arose in the position of the eighth figure.

The American Boy

(Mag. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Edited by Griffith Ogden Ellis

THE LEADING BOYS' MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1911, by The Sprague Publishing Co.

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE AMERICAN BOY is an illustrated monthly magazine of 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Canadian subscriptions, \$1.25 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.50 a year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

PAYMENT FOR THE AMERICAN BOY when sent by mail, should be made in a Postoffice Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order, or Registered Letter.

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Address all communications for this department, Uncle Tangles, care American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Rules to be observed: Write in ink and on but one side of the paper. Sign your name to every page; your address in full on one page. Send answers to new puzzles to be printed. Send original puzzles only. We cannot return rejected puzzles nor reply personally to letters.

Jerome L. Coleman, 3 Murray Avenue, Annapolis, Md., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the June Tangles.

L. Kenneth Ketchum, Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada, wins the second prize.

Ottokar T. Cadek, 319 Walnut Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., wins the prize for the best lot of original August puzzles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence of answers to June Tangles: Frank T. Black, Frank R. Manning, Carl Iversen, Mary Ashbrook, Andrew Untener, Freeman F. Hall, Montgomery L. Lampe, Charlie Ellington, Aaron S. Blustein, Walter Kenney, Le Moine Williams, Donald W. Philbrick, Hugh B. McCollum, Jr., Mrs. J. Warren Reed, Helen Augusta Griswold, Edward C. Brooks, Ernest Helfenstein, Jr., Douglas Thiemann, Palmer Harrington, Marshall M. Brice, Leone DeCelles, Philip Enzinger, Robert Eddy, J. Horace Trumbull, Winfred Eddy, Robert E. O'Connell, Jr., John Paul Hogle, J. R. Shoemaker, Watt L. Fallis, Mary Franklin, Burr Chance, C. B. Beltzhoover, Walter A. Campbell, Walter Tiedemann, Floyd F. Hickett, Burke Higwood, Manley O'Kelly, Edward F. Oakes, Albert Cash, Wilburn Potter, Howard K. Rowe, Rutherford Wingfield, Bernard Bjork, Leeper Crain, Seaver Richmond Gilchrist, Ella O. Keller, Lucius E. Smith, S. Henley Hill, George McKean, Clarence G. Dow, John T. Bartlett, Jr., Parsons Newman, Ernest Clyde Wiggins, E. S. Morse, Page Milburn, Jr., Nellie Norwood, Russell K. Haight, Roland Knapp, Mublon Schuckne, Henry Wingate Chuon, Arthur L. Wolf, Herrick Lee Johnston, Ottokar T. Cadek.

The following are commended for excellence of original August contributions: Atha Thomas, J. Howard Hotchkiss, Joseph Carlson, Robert McDonnell, H. E. Payne, Porter Donnell, Henry J. Marshall, Vermer V. Kendall, William Hawk, Will E. Lamborn, Philip Bently, Earl Goho, E. H. Hamilton, Marlan Wendelin, Arthur H. Ford, Joseph O. Berg, L. C. Ackerman, Glen A. Jones, Frank R. McNutt.

Both answers to June Tangles and original contributions of merit for August arrived from the following: Walter Schuchle, Lawrence Goldsby, Candler Brooks, Lynn Thompson, Winnifred Shindoll.

The following were one month late with May answers or July contributions: Paul G. Shields, Myron Judd, Walter J. Anderson, Herrick Lee Johnston, Gerald F. Shea, Bruce M. Thomson, Irya K. Smith.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of answers to August Tangles, also a new book for the second best lot, received by August 18.

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of original puzzles suitable for October, received by August 18.

Answers to July Tangles

1. UPPER: Oliver Wolcott (Conn.), Philip Livingston (N. Y.), Carter Braxton (Va.), Robert Treat Paine (Mass. Bay), Edward Rutledge (S. C.), Thomas Stone (Md.), Francis Hopkinson (N. J.), George Read (Del.), Casuar Rodney (Del.), 1 to 64: Declaration of Independence signed at Philadelphia, Seventeen Seventy-six.

LEFT: Stephen Hopkins (R. I.), Benjamin Franklin (Pa.), Francis Lewis (N. Y.), John Morton (Pa.), Ellbridge Gerry (Mass. Bay), John Adams (Mass. Bay), John Hart (N. J.), 1 to 38: Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Taylor, Grant, Johnson.

RIGHT: George Clymer (Pa.), Lyman Hall (Ga.), John Witherspoon (N. J.), William Floyd (N. Y.), George Wythe (Va.), Benjamin Rush (Pa.), Samuel Huntington (Conn.), 1 to 57: Stony Point, Lundy's Lane, Gettysburg, El Caney.

- 1. M a h o m e t
2. A l i c u d i
3. L e i p a i c
4. V e r t i g o
5. E c h e l o n
6. R e a c i n d
7. N a v a r r e
8. H o t a p u r
9. I a c h i m o
10. L i m b u r g

11. L a v e r n a
Initials, Malvern Hill, final, Ticonderoga.
3. 1. A t o m
2. D r e a m
3. A l p h a
4. M i x e d
5. S l i k A
Initials, down, Adams; final, up, Adams.
6. Ephesians.
7. "That best portion of a good man's life."
His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."
Key words:
A thena, Sparta, Thebes, Epaminondas, Mantinea, Solon, Delphi, Kusatri, Greece, Darius Codomannus, Lethe, Minerva, Orion, Frobel, Falstaff.

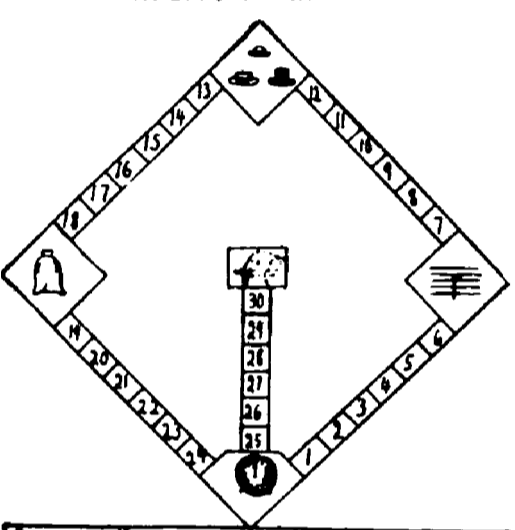
8. H e n and chick.
1. Cat and kitten.
2. Dog and puppy.
3. Goose and gosling.
4. Deer and fawn.
5. Mare and colt.
6. Cow and calf.
7. Sheep and lamb.
8. Sow and pig.
9. Duck and duckling.
10. Goat and kid.
11. Bear and cub.
12. Swan and cygnet.
13. Eagle and eaglet.
14. Lioness and whelp.

11. C H I C A G O
O C C U R S
A B U D I T
G R I S O N
O S T O N I S
N I

10. 1. D r e a m
2. I n d i a
3. C r e e d
4. K h a k i
5. E l v e s
6. N e g r o
7. S p a i n
Initials, Dickens; final, Madison; 1 to 5, Davis; 6 to 9, Polk.

August Tangles

AUGUST BASEBALL.



Interpret the eight pictures below the diamond by words of four letters. Their initials in order spell a battle fought in New York in August, 1777. Place on the diamond the letters that spell the names of the pictures, each letter in its correspondingly numbered position, ignoring the two ciphers. Interpret by words of even length the five pictures on the diamond. Their third letters, in the order of pitcher's box, third, home, first and second bases, will spell a Scottish novelist and poet, born in August. Their initial letters and the other letters already on the diamond will spell: From home plate to first base, an emperor of France, born in August; from second base to first base, a president, born in August; from second base to third base, the first governor-general of India, who died in August; from third base to home plate, an American general, who died in August; from pitcher's box to home plate, an English poet, born in August. The drawing is by the author.

BIBLE KINGS.

The words vary in length. Their initials in order spell a European monarch of the Nineteenth Century, who was born in August.
1. The great king of Babylon, who built the "hanging gardens" and ate grass (Read Daniel). 2. A great king of Persia (Ezra 4). 3. The common title of the kings of Egypt. (I Kings 3.) 4. The king of Israel prior to Ahab. (I Kings 16.) 5. The town where the king of Assyria was staying when King Hezekiah sent to him. (II Kings 18.) 6. A king of Assyria. (II Kings 19.) 7. A king of the Amorites. (Deut 31.) 8. A king of Israel. (I Kings 14.) —E. H. Hamilton, Georgia.

AUGUST DIAGONAL.

All are words of eight letters. The initials are uniform. The diagonal letters, from upper left to lower right, spell an explorer who began a memorable voyage on an August day, 419 years ago.

1. A state admitted in August. 2. A city of Warwickshire, England. 3. The capital of Bengal and British India. 4. A university in the city of New York. 5. Cleopatra's favorite waiting-woman, in Antony and Cleopatra. 6. A famous watering-place, in Bohemia. on the Tepl. 7. King of Denmark and uncle of Hamlet. 8. A city and bay of Matanzas province, Cuba. —Lawrence Goldsby, Tennessee.

AUGUST CHESS.

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |
| 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 |
| 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 |

Take all the letters from the key words and place them on the correspondingly numbered squares of the chessboard, so that each square shall contain one letter. Key words: 18, 1, 2,

30, 33, a Scottish author, born in August. 32, 23, 41, 39, 25, 52, 10, 43, an admiral who won a naval victory in August, 1864, at Mobile Bay, and died in August, 1870. 56, 15, 16, 3, 13, 8, an American writer, author of "The Guardian Angel," who was born in August. 58, 54, 19, 63, 9, 22, 27, 59, the family name of Godfrey, the successful crusader, who became King of Jerusalem and completed the conquest of the Holy Land at the August battle of Ascalon. 1098. 11, 26, 44, 24, 31, 7, 62, a Frenchman who crossed Niagara river three times on a tightrope. "46, 37, 28, 29, 21, 40, 64, a character in "King Henry VIII," the original of which died in August, 1545. 46, 63, 14, 36, 20, 34, 49, 60, an English poet who was born in August; author of "Enoch Arden." 12, 4, 61, 5, 50, 48, 51, 6, the capital of Manitoba. 15, 17, 42, 47, 35, a servant of Valentine, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 38, 57, the abbreviation of the first word in the name of the Russian capital.

Having now filled the chessboard with its 64 letters, begin with the letter in square 1, and by the king's move, which is one square only in any direction, read continuously from square to square till all the letters are used once only, and obtain, in order: (1) The world's greatest explorer, who started on his first voyage in August; (2) The place from which he sailed; (3) An American city that surrendered in August, 1812; (4) A battle of the Revolution, fought in August, 1777; (5) A battle fought in September of the same year; (6) A battle fought in August, 1776; (7) An American fort where the British were repulsed in August, 1813.

—L. C. Ackerman, Arkansas.
17. AUGUST ZIG-ZAG.
1. --- The initials and final are the same. The star path downward
3. --- spells a state admitted in August.
4. --- us!
5. --- 1. A seaport of northern Chile.
6. --- 2. A city near Malaga, Spain.
7. --- 3. A town east of Jackson, Minn.
8. --- 4. A town near Lehigh, Okla.
5. "A Point" on the south coast of Santo Domingo. 6. A town at the center of Iron county, Mich. 7. A town near Junction City, Kan. 8. A county and county seat in Minnesota, on the Mississippi.
—Lynn Thompson, California.

18. BASEBALL GEOGRAPHY.
The initials of the countries, states, colonies, etc., of which the following are the capitals, will, in order, spell the common nicknames of four great baseball teams, two in the National League, one in the Eastern League, and one in the Southern League. The initials of the four nicknames of the clubs will spell the surname of a famous baseball player in the American League.
1. Denver, Salt Lake City, Sofia, Stockholm. 2. Toronto, St. Petersburg, Boise, Salem, Monrovia, Massawah, Madrid. 3. Kariat, Cairo, Montgomery, Carson City, London, Little Rock, Austin, Quito, Bukharest, Belgrade. 4. Rio de Janeiro, Indianapolis, Providence, Copenhagen, Edinburgh.
—Glen A. Jones, Tennessee.

19. WORD SQUARES.
A. A month; an affected woman; a Russian coin; a lazy person; looks obliquely.
—Hugh B. McCollum, Jr., Pennsylvania.
B. A wandering heavenly body; a tropical fruit; certain measures of distance; an occurrence; puts to the proof.
—J. Howard Davis, Jr., Virginia.
C. A president born in April; to pay back; a month; ingenious; a president born in March.
—Cortlandt R. Sweet, Oregon.

20. STAR.
Head across and down to the left the same.
A letter from Tangles; an exclamation of surprise; to fill or gratify to the utmost; a vacancy; minute particles; surrounded with a hillock of earth; scent; abbreviation for an important district of the U. S.; a letter in Tangles.
—Ernest Clyde Wiggins, Pennsylvania.

21. CONNECTED HALF SQUARES.
Upper left: Peril; shun; midday; an intoxicating liquor; contraction of a certain male name; a letter in Tangles.
Upper right: The christian name of the only living son of President Lincoln; the tree emblematic of peace; a fluid secreted by the liver; the mother of all; a prefix meaning "again"; a letter in Tangles.
Lower left: To soften in temper; all; an insolent look; to blunder; the abbreviation of an eastern state; a letter in Tangles.
Lower right: Hell; different; abbreviation of General Sheridan's christian name; the goddess of death, in Norse mythology; a suffix implying agent; a letter in Tangles.
—William Hawk, Kansas.

22. AUGUST NAVAL BATTLE.
There are 24 pictures, maps, characters and definitions surrounding the illustration of the naval battle. Interpret them by words of varying length, which write one below the other. The initials of 21 of the words, read downward in continuous order, spell two ships, American and British, that engaged in battle in August. The third letters of the entire 24 words, read upward in order, spell the capitals of both vessels and the year in which the battle was fought. The drawing is by the author.
—Frank R. McNutt, Kansas.

23. PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.
(1) The man he worked 123 456 sick, and when he recovered 123456 to pay him his back wages. (2) Keep on 12345678 the broth, and if the patient should 1234, 5678 for the nurse before you give it to him. (3) She went to the field to see if she could find a 1234567 or two, and while there saw a 123 4567 and fall down. (4) 123456 the street they have such 1 23456 dog that I am afraid to pass the house. (5) Covered with 1234, 56 clambered down the chimney, and then smoked a pipe to 123456 his shattered nerves. —Frank C. McMillan, Nova Scotia.



The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank and invited persons of their race to become customers. One day a darkey, with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder and a cotton shirt, showed up at the bank.

"See here," he said, "I want mah ten dollars."

"Who is yuh?" asked the cashier.

"Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I wants dat ten dollars."

"Yuh ain't go' no money in dis here bank," said the cashier, after looking over the books.

"Yes, I has," insisted the visitor. "I put ten dollars in here six months ergo."

"Why, man, yuh shure is foolish. De intrist done et dat up long ergo."—Chicago Daily Sketch.

"Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call 'Postscript'."

"'Postscript'! Whatever do you call her 'Postscript' for?"

"'Cow her name is Adeline Moore!'—Everybody's.

Elocutionist—"Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe—"

Fan—"Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out."

Shopkeeper—"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

Boy—"Well, guvnor, I don't know; but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands."

He got the job.—Judge.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."—Western Christian Advocate.

"How is your mother this morning?" asked Mrs. Gray of the small boy who came with the milk.

"She's better," he answered.

"Can she sit up?" went on Mrs. Grey.

"No," answered the literal youngster. "She sits down, but she stands up."—Woman's Home Companion.

"Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?"

"Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust."—Baltimore American.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the Hons didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone, and the rest was grit."—Youth's Companion.

"I notice that your garden doesn't look very promising this year."

"No, every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing-tackle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Johnny, I have great news for you; I am going to marry your sister. What do you think about that?"

"I think it serves her right."—Houston Post.

Property Man—"Did your company have a long run in Squeedunk?"

"Comedian—"They chased us only two miles out."—Chicago Daily News.

Patient—"Say that isn't the tooth I want pulled."

Dentist—"Never mind. I'm coming to it."—Boston Transcript.

He—"Is Miss Smith in?"

Maid—"No, she's out."

He—"Well, then, call Miss Smythe."

Maid—"She's out, too."

He—"I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait."

Maid—"I'm sorry, but the fire is out."—Sphinx.

Mr. Slimson—"Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?"

Willie—"Yes, pa."

Mr. Slimson—"Well, here is the trunk, but no strap."

Willie—"Yes, pa; but I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap."—Sacred Heart Review.

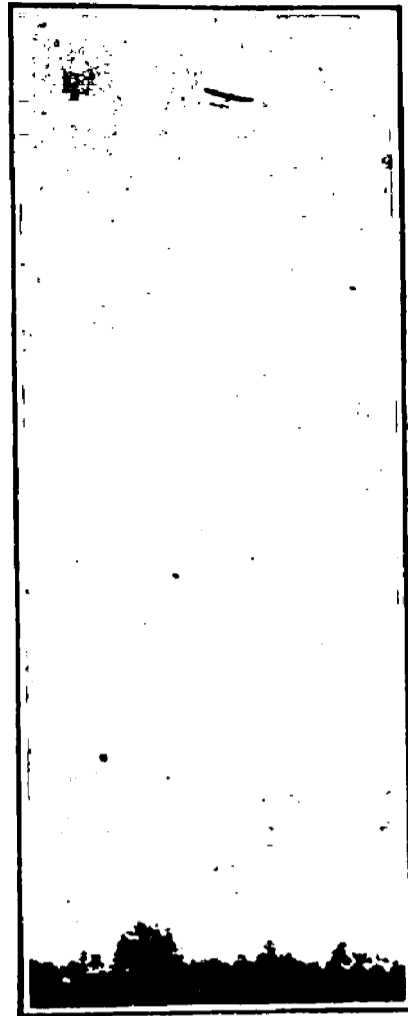
If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot To talk ere the tot could totter, Ought the Hottentot tot To be taught to say "taught" Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or— If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot Be taught by a Hottentot tooter, Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor? —The Continent.

How I Fly

Continued from page 13

rium. In the monoplane of the type I use there are no ailerons—we warp the plane itself. The planes are springy,



Two Thousand Feet Up

and we get our results simply by bending down or up the rear portions of the ends of the planes.

How does this effect equilibrium? How does it keep the aeroplane from tipping over? Well, suppose you are on a bicycle and want to turn to the right at great speed. Your wheel and your body bend far over in that direction. It is just the same with an aeroplane, when you turn, or when a gust of air hits you, you tip. Suppose you are making a circle high in the air with a sharp curve. Your machine will tip far over to the inside of the circle. That is because the turn decreases the upward pressure of the air under the inside plane and increases it under the outer wing. Consequently, to get back to an even keel one must offset this condition by mak-

ing equal the air pressure under both wings and this is done by warping the planes. We bend down the wing that is getting the least pressure, which forces it against the air with greater resistance, and we bend back the plane which is being pressed on hardest, so that the air is allowed to slip through easily. Thus we gauge the pressure, making it equal on both sides, and naturally in this manner, ride level again, or at least prevent the craft from turning over.

I have been asked what I think of aviation as offering a future for boys seeking a profession. I believe it offers a good opportunity to young men. Now I do not want to be misunderstood, the rewards of the aviator himself will never be as great as they were a year ago, nor will they ever again be as great as they are today. When the automobile first appeared chauffeurs got high pay, today they receive only ordinary remuneration. It will be the same with the man who flies. But by flying we familiarize ourselves with the machines, we make reputations for ourselves, and consequently when we go to a manufacturer of aeroplanes with a suggestion for their betterment, he listens to us. The money in the future will be made, not by men who actually fly, but by men who know how to fly but who are too valuable to be allowed off the ground.

I believe the business has a future. What it will be I cannot say, but I believe it will grow into a great, profit-



The Downward Glide

able business, perhaps not as mammoth as the automobile industry, but offering adequate rewards and opportunities to the young man who desires to enter the field.

Boys' Books Reviewed

AN AMERICAN BOY AT HENLEY, by Frank E. Channon, is another book which needs no introduction to readers of the American Boy, for it also appeared in this magazine in serial form under the name of Roger Jackson at Ramsbury. The editors of this magazine have regarded it as one of the best juvenile stories to appear in recent years. The glimpse of English boy life which is obtained by the reader makes the book of special interest. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE BOY WITH THE UNITED STATES FORESTERS, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. This is the second volume of the United States Service Series, and should prove of great interest to any boy reader who is interested in forestry or the conservation of our natural resources. The author, familiar with his subject, makes it not only interesting but appealing. From an instructive standpoint this book is of exceptional value. It is profusely illustrated by photographs. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.

THE DOOMED CITY, by John R. Carling. In his latest novel Mr. Carling departs considerably from his usual field of romantic adventure. The Doomed City is the story of the fall and destruction of Jerusalem at the hands of Titus. Mr. Carling's work exhibits the effects of careful historical study. His coloring is excellent and the story itself is well told and well rounded. If there be a defect in the book it is one rather of style than of substance. Those interested in the fall of the temple will find much valuable matter in this book. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

SCRIPT AND PRINT, by Philip L. Jones, is a little book that will prove of value to the amateur journalist, or to the professional for that matter. It tells how to prepare copy, read proof, punctuate, capitalize, paragraph, with additional chapters on common grammatical errors. Published by the Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

THE WHITE RIVER RAFT, by Lewis B. Miller, is a stirring adventure story whose scene is laid in the Mississippi Valley more than fifty years ago. Throughout the story adventure follows adventure so there is not a dull page from first to last. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

FOUR IN A FAMILY, by Florida P. Sumerwell, sets forth the merits and doings of a certain family from the point of view of a particularly mischievous bulldog. It is a dog story told by the dog, and contains a good many good laughs. The illustrations are in two colors and are the work of George Kerr. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

ENGINEERING OF TODAY, by Thomas W. Corbin, tells us in plain, easily understood language a great deal that we always have wanted to know but which we lacked the persistence and diligence to obtain by reading heavy, grimy, technical books. In this book Mr. Corbin tells us about power, its sources and transmission; gives us a glimpse of the workings of steam and gas engines, discusses bridges, ship-building, water supply, electric traction, manufacture of gas, measurements down to infinity, aviation, and best of all, when we are through reading we have understood what the author said—and remembered it. Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

If you are interested in the making of mission furniture or of Arts and Crafts lamps you should read the Popular Mechanics Handbooks on these subjects. There are two telling about "Mission Furniture and How To Make It" and one called "Arts-Crafts Lamps and How To Make Them." Published by The Popular Mechanics Company, Chicago.

Orison Swett Marden's two latest books are **THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT** and **GETTING ON**. Mr. Marden has a faculty of stating the doctrine of success by determination in a manner which makes his books not only valuable but pleasing. The author has a large following which should be added to by his last work. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

THE MILLION EGG FARM is a text-book on the great American hen. It treats of her habits, preferences, general state of health and mind and how to keep her attention strictly on her business. From cover to cover this little book is full of valuable pointers to the poultry man—not theoretical principles but real facts drawn from experience with the aforesaid hen—thousands of her. One who studies and digests the matter in this treatise should be able to keep his hens happy, healthy and busy. Published by The Farm Journal, Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG GUIDE, by Clarence B. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh does justice to the reputation which he has established for himself in the other volumes of the Norman Carver Series in the latest of his books to appear. This book, as was the case with the others of the series, treats of life in the Maine woods. The present book is not only one which holds the interest of the reader from first to last, but it is unusually well told and well constructed. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston.

Earn Your Own Baseball Outfit

You like The American Boy. Well, then, isn't it a fair guess that other boys like you would like it too? Sure it is! Yes, and there are fifty of them living right around you who don't take it, either because they don't know about it or because no one has urged them to subscribe. There is plenty of opportunity for you to earn almost anything you want without using up very much of that energy and enthusiasm that you are so full of.

Then what's the use of your sitting around and just wishing for league balls and gloves and mitts and suits? What's the use of going without them when you can get them all so easily? And they are good goods, too. They are standard make and we have used them for years.

No. 142

League Ball



The League Ball is made of All Wool Yarn, Rubber Center, Horse Hide Cover, warranted to last a full game. Wrapped in tin foil.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions to "The American Boy" at \$1.00 each; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 35c. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

No. 144

Youth's Professional Catcher's Mitt



Drab finish calfskin face, fingers and back, olive strip, inside hump, patent laced thumb and deep pocket.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 50c, postpaid.

No. 145

Laced Catcher's Mitt



The Laced Men's Catcher's Mitt. Face, Back and Fingers are made of fine Drab Finish Calfskin. Strip of Olive Tan Leather, Patent Laced Thumb and Deep Pocket, Strap and Buckle at Wrist.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for only 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 146

Laced First Baseman's Mitt



The Laced First Baseman's Mitt. Face is made of fine Craven Tan Leather, Back and Lining of Buck Dressed Brown Calfskin.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions; or for 1 new yearly subscription and 45c. Price \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 147

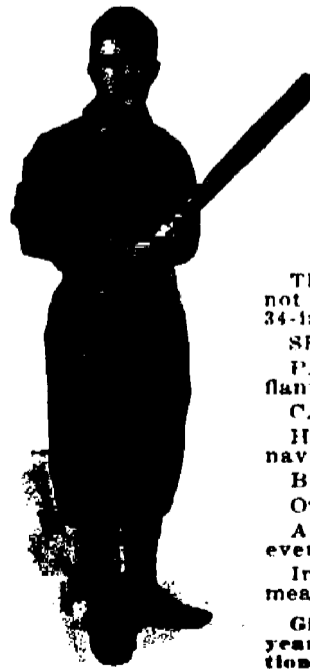
Fielder's Glove



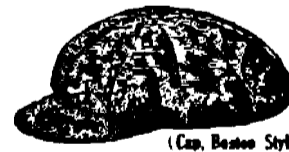
Is made of fine Drab Finish Calfskin, Patent Inside Hump, Well Padded, Deep Pocket, Web Thumb.

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 1 new yearly subscription. Price 85c, postpaid.

No. 100



A 5-Piece Baseball Uniform



This uniform is made in boys' sizes only; pants not larger than 30-in. waist; shirts not larger than 34-in. chest. The uniform consists of the following:

- SHIRT—Laced front; grey, blue, or red flannel.
- PANTS—Without padding, grey, blue, or red flannel.
- CAP—Boston style.
- HOSE—Heavy, cotton, plain colors only: navy blue, or crimson.
- BELT—Web belt.
- One letter on each shirt. Extra 'A' book of official Base Ball every suit.

In ordering give chest measure for pants, size

Given to "American Boy" subscribers for 2 new yearly subscriptions and 50c. Price \$1.00. Price

Remember The sub-Pran on

The Spr



In the Country



In the Woods



In the City

Hungry People Everywhere Want Van Camp's in August

These are the days when we don't need to argue—the summer months when nobody wants to cook.

The outdoor months when people get hungry. And what else satisfies the hungry as do pork and beans?

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They have greater food value than beef. Do you know any food, at any cost, which people in general enjoy like this?

Millions of people now let us do the baking. They carry their meals on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They buy Van Camp's a dozen cans at a time, and often serve them daily.

Everywhere in summer—in country and city, outdoors and indoors—people are eating Van Camp's.

Now, for the first time, many thousands are learning how good baked beans can be. They are proving that beans, when properly baked, are easy to digest. They are learning the need for steam ovens.

And never again will those people be satisfied with the indigestible, half-baked beans which come from a dry-heat oven.

They are finding Van Camp's nut-like, mealy and whole. They find them all of one size, and all baked alike.

They are learning the zest which tomato sauce has, made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. And they always will want it baked with the beans—baked into the beans—as they find it in Van Camp's.

And we have learned this: When hot weather is over those folks don't go back to home-baked beans, to the mushy and

broken, the hard-to-digest. Every summer season brings Van Camp's a myriad new, permanent users.

When you want ready-baked beans, and want them right, insist on getting Van Camp's. You'll get Michigan beans then—the whitest and plumpest, picked out by hand. You'll get a sauce made from Livingston Stone tomatoes—from the whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

You'll get beans baked in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. Not a bean will be crisped, not one will be broken. Yet the beans will be baked five times as well as the usual home-baked beans.

The dish will come to your table with all the rich savor it had when it came from our ovens. Yet you can serve it cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. It is always ready.

Get Van Camp's once and you'll always demand them. They command by far the largest sale in the world because no other beans are like them. And not many people want second-rate grades in such cheap, delicious food.

Van Camp's
BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15, and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 Indianapolis, Ind.

