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THE BOY

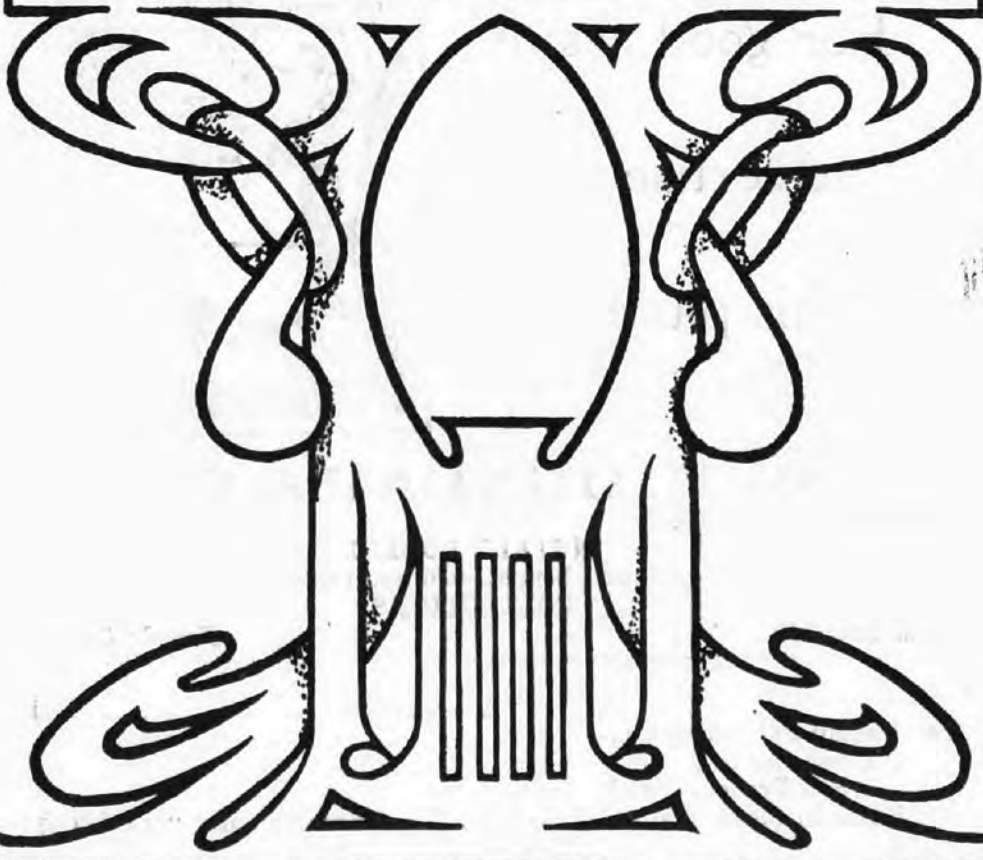
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THE BOY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1910.

THE BOY is an illustrated high class 16 page monthly magazine for "The Boy as a Boy."

SUBSCRIPTION 25 cents a year in the United States. Canadian and Foreign 40 cents per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS 5 cents per line, 60 cents per inch—12 lines to the inch. Minimum space 5 lines.

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261 Sanchez St., San Francisco, Cal.

EDITORIAL.

* * *

This little publication is designed to fill a field heretofore untilled. It is intended for the boy as a boy. We shall not attempt to make men out of boys, nor do we expect to make or influence the boy to become other than a boy. We shall appeal to him as a boy and do what we can to lead him along certain lines that naturally and easily appeal to boys. Our strong point will be to amuse and at the same time instruct and develop his mind and energy by degrees that will have a tendency to form steady habits and fit him for useful positions later in life. While we shall ever strive to amuse, we shall be extremely careful that nothing will appear that is the least objectionable in the most refined home. We shall print from time to time, articles under appropriate department headings such

as electricity, printing, stamps, coins, games, puzzles, boating, fishing, photography, Indian Relics, curios, etc. Besides these departments there will be stories, sketches and tales that will both amuse and instruct.

This magazine will be nicely printed and nothing left undone that will add to its value and to make it a much welcomed visitor. In order that it may find a place in every home we have placed the price so low that any boy, no matter how situated, will be able to subscribe. To those who feel as though they are not in position to spare 25 cents per year, we will be glad to furnish easy and pleasant work that not only earn them a year's subscription, but their spending money as well. We are looking for bright boys and will furnish them with supplies to start to work for us. If you want to help make the best Boys' Magazine of America, write us to-day and we will tell you how to do it.

LATE INVENTIONS.

An Ohioan has patented a device to turn automobile lamps with the wheels to illuminate the road in rounding corners.

An apparatus has been patented to convey concrete through pipes by air pressure from a tank to the place where it is to be used.

By pressing a button behind the counter a new electrical thief catcher for stores locks all door and rings a bell in the street.

THE HORSE DEALER'S BARGAIN

A gentleman taking a fancy to a horse, which a horse dealer wished to dispose of at as high a price as he could, the latter to induce the gentleman to become a purchaser, offered to let him have the horse for the value of the twenty fourth nail in his shoes, reckoning 1 cent for 1st nail, 2 for the 2nd, 4 for the 3rd, 8 for the 4th and so on to the 24th. How much did he pay for the horse?

Why He Attained Success

By G. T. Woehrlen

For a number of years it had been Jim's ambition to go through High School, take a course in college and become a great salesman like his father. But it seems that the fates had decreed it otherwise. Jim was the only child of indulgent parents who were comfortably situated, and it required little coaxing to get almost anything reasonable that he wanted.

The tide of affairs, however, turned—in the early part of Jim's Senior year in High School. His father died after a long and lingering illness, which practically reduced their years' savings. It was only by the hard work and economy of both he and his mother that he was enabled to graduate with his class. But his diploma, which ordinarily should have been the source of pride and pleasure, only mocked him as his mind reverted to the cherished ideals he was forced to give up. He must now go to work, but he knew not whither to turn.

He applied to several business houses for a position and was repeatedly asked the questions: "How old are you?" "Where did you work last?" "What can you do?" "How much money do you expect?" To the last question Jim would reply that he had a mother to support and that it would require from ten to twelve dollars a week for them to get along, and invariably would come the response:

"It seems that you have never done any work or had any business experience, so that we can not use you in our offices. You are, however, a good big strong fellow, it seems, and if you want to you may go to work tomorrow helping in the shipping room. For this we will pay you one dollar

and a half a day."

Thus again and again Jim turned away in despair. He wanted a position he was not able to fill and demanded more wages than he was worth. He had not yet learned the secret of success.

At last a kindly old gentleman who always had an interest in boys just starting in life, after putting him through the regular routine of questioning, took him into his private office and gave him a little heart-to-heart advice. This was the turning point in Jim's career. The words of this venerable friend became his motto: "To succeed you must be honest, begin with such work as you are able to do and at wages you are worth to your employer. Do the work assigned you thoroughly, and in the meantime, by fitting yourself to occupy a higher position, so that you will be prepared when the opportunity presents itself."

Although the future offered nothing but hard work and sacrificing, it was a thankful mother and son who retired that night with visions of success inspired by the old gentleman's timely counsel.

The next day Jim went to work in the office of the National Adding Machine Company, for it was no trouble for a boy of his strength, intelligence and determination to get a job running errands and washing windows at five dollars a week. He always did his work conscientiously and in good time, and soon became a general favorite in all of the various departments of the vast plant, because there was nothing too menial for him to do and nothing with which they could not trust him.

One morning the manager of the

sales department on coming to his office found that his trusted stenographer had been called from the city unexpectedly to take another position. What should he do? He sent for Jim to take a message to the general manager. He told Jim his trouble, saying that he had some correspondence that was absolutely necessary to be gotten out that day. Jim said, "Maybe I can take your dictation." The manager, in surprise, asked what he knew about stenography. Jim replied that he had been studying it at night and thought he might be able to do the work required. He was, and with such skill and care, that he was given the position at a substantial raise in salary.

Jim filled this position with his usual thoroughness and honesty—ever mindful of the words of his wise counsellor.

One noon when the manager was out to lunch and none of the salesmen were in, a prospective customer dropped in to look at an adding machine. Jim demonstrated several machines and finally took his order for the best one in the house. He laid the signed order on the manager's desk, who, when he returned, inquired who had made that big sale. Jim modestly replied that it was he. The manager, in amazement, exclaimed, "Why, what do you know about adding machines, the advantages of ours and how to sell them?" Jim explained that during his noon hours and other spare time had been examining the machines and their construction and had carefully studied all of the matter they had printed about them.

The manager at once saw that Jim was too capable to remain as stenographer and gave him the territory of a salesman who had just become discouraged and quit. This was considered the hardest territory the company had, but Jim was undaunted. The first month he made a better showing than any of his predecessors in that territory, and the second month won the gold medal for making the most sales. He won this dis-

function month after month and became known as the best salesman in the company's employ.

As the business grew and became more extensive the sales manager was no longer able to look after his vast department alone and the services of an assistant became necessary. Jim was the logical one for this important position and entered upon his new duties no less fitted than he had been a few years before to step into the position of stenographer.

* * * * *

Today if you enter the immense office of the National Adding Machine Company, on one of the doors you will see this sign: "Sales Department, James J. Burk, Manager." On a popular avenue in a spacious home Jim spends his evenings with his family, reading and fitting himself further to be prepared in case the office of general manager becomes vacant—and his proud mother fills no small place in this happy home. He had realized his ideal.

DOCTOR KELLOGG'S CROCUSES.

By Henry Elliott.

Last week I was down at the town where I was born, and enjoyed a visit with a friend of my childhood days. This friend is now a dear old lady, as full of bright and surprising recollections as her garden used to be full of dainty and wonderful flowers and vegetables when as a little boy I paid her my first visits, and she delighted me by explaining something about the history or native habitation or peculiarities of whichever of the plants attracted my attention. Mrs. Kellogg had been a schoolteacher and knew just how to reach a child's heart and make what was really an instructive lesson seem to be an entertainment pure and simple.

But last week she told me a new story about her husband and the crocuses with which she surprised him one spring, in a way that impressed me as pleasingly as the stories she

told long ago to her boy visitors. Dr. Kellogg, her husband, was a very busy physician, but between his office hours at home and his calls on patients he liked very much to watch the plants and flowers in his garden and to admire the beauties of nature in plant life, and as he had little time to direct their culture it fell to Mrs. Kellogg to carry out his ideas with the help of the houseman who was also gardener. So when the doctor wanted a fine smooth lawn in front of the house Mrs. Kellogg carried out his wishes, and all one summer the front lawn was his pride, level and green and well cropped.

But Mrs. Kellogg knew that the doctor loved to see early crocuses blooming in the spring grass, so she planned a surprise for him, and that autumn she sent away for a thousand bulbs which, as luck was favorable, the expressman brought while he was away with his patients, and they could be hidden out of sight. Then Mrs. Kellogg had a little trowel bent so as to bore deep, round holes in the ground a little bigger than a crocus bulb, and while the doctor was away every day that week she planted crocuses in the front lawn, arranging them in his monogram with a wavy-border around it in different lines of colors, and soon she had it all done and the holes filled up with soft, rich earth.

Sunday while resting the doctor noticed that the lawn did not look as green and smooth as usual, so he went out to see what was the matter, and come back and reported that something was just spoiling the lawn, and that it seemed to be some little animal boring holes in lines and circles right over the very middle of the grass plot. The holes were too big for bugs or worms, and too small for gophers or moles, and seemed quite deep and all in waves and lines, not like any snake or lizzard would make. Mrs. Kellogg was surprised and went to see them, and reported that she did not think them serious, as a rain would settle them down all right. So they were forgotten.

In the spring, early in February, the green tips and bright buds of the crocuses were showing for several days before the grass even started, but the doctor was too busy with cases of croup and colds to notice the lawn until one bright warm day the grass started green and the crocuses all bloomed like magic, and when he came home in the afternoon the great lines of blossoms, yellow, white and purple, broke over his surprised-vision.

"Oh! now," he cried, "I know what little animal was at work last fall; but why didn't you tell me so I could have watched for them to see them coming up?"

Both Different.

He—There are two things I can't do—one is to live within my income—

She—And the other?

He—To live without it.

Concerning Home Runs.

Wifey—Doesn't it depress people when some one makes a home run at a baseball game?

Hubby—I should say not! How could it?

Wifey—I should think it would remind a lot of men who are late for dinner what they ought to be doing.

SOME HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON CAMPING AND FISHING.

—By an Old Boy—

September, while late in the year for most camping parties, is really one of the most desirable months in which one can enjoy outdoor life.

It is not so hot as August, and the approach of fall is being felt by all natural and wild life, so that even though it is late for most, a few suggestions may not come amiss for those of us who are still on pleasure bent.

I would advise you never to go on a camping trip in a rush. Make careful preparation, and use good, sound judgment in the selection of an outfit. Take into consideration first, the location in which you intend to camp; how far it is; what are the means of reaching the place; will the

outfit have to be carried by hand or can the location be easily reached by some transportation system? If it can, my advice would be to take as many conveniences as possible in order to make camp life a pleasure. You can include chairs, tables, camp cots, sleeping bags and cooking kits and many other desirable articles which you would be forced to omit if the journey were on foot or canoe or over rough or wooded country.

Do not take things that you are not sure will be needed; they only add to the weight and number of things you have to look after and care for.

Have your tent amply large to accommodate the number of persons who intend making the trip.

In selecting a tent, if you do not already have one, be guided by the requirements of the party, the method of transportation, the nature of the locality and the season of the year. A standard wall tent with fly is perhaps the most satisfactory and widely used tent at the present time, and well deserves its popularity.

If, however, lightness is desired, a single pole tent is preferable. In this style of tent no pole need be carried, and one can be cut from a neighboring wood each time the tent is pitched.

For a canoe or walking trip a Sibley or miner's tent is recommended. The Sibley being a conical tent with one pole, and the miners' tent being a square pyramid, with or without a wall. Both are roomy, light, and excellent protection from storm or cold, it even being practicable to build an open fire in same if care is used not to stir up too many sparks.

As to the quality of tents, single filling duck is suitable for mild weather and usage. Double filling duck will stand rough weather and hard usage.

For the very best grade of canvas in a tent get United States standard army khaki duck; it will stand the roughest use, sheds water better than white, and will, if properly cared for, give longer and better service than any other kind. Besides, flies, mos-

quitoes, etc., do not like the darker interior and will avoid it.

Have your tent made of the heaviest grade duck that will answer the purpose you wish to put it to. Secure a fly if expense does not prohibit. A fly is a great convenience and affords extra protection from rain and sun.

Ten-oz. duck, that is 10 oz. to the yard of canvas, is suitable for most tents not used for long lengths of time. If for constant use, 12 oz. or better would be the thing.

The Camp Outfit

The outfit as follows, for a party of four persons, where the transportation facilities are comparatively good, has been found very satisfactory:

One tent complete, with poles, guys, stakes, at least $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12$ feet, and made of 10 oz. D. F. duck or better.

One double-filled fly for above; one floor cloth for above; one pocket ax (a folding one is very convenient); coil of rope; coil of wire; one small set tools (very useful); camp cook's outfit of about 54 pieces; four folding camp stools; four camp cots; one folding or roll-top table. This would be a complete camp and mess outfit.

In addition we would suggest the following outfit of clothing for each person, which would be ample for at least a month: One suit of good but old clothes; old clothes because they are best, but by old clothes I do not mean clothes that are old and patched and ready to fall to pieces; two flannel shirts, blue or drab; one extra pair of pants or overalls; two suits of underwear (flannel is the best); two large blue bandannas; two towels; two pair socks; one poncho, or rain cape; one pillow case, empty; one pair of strong shoes; if wading, for fishing, rubber hip boots would be handy; pair of moccasins for camp use; good pair of leggings; broad brim felt hat; mosquito netting enough for your bed; woolen sweater; suspenders or belt, whichever you use. Don't forget your tooth brush and a cake of tar soap, together with a small mirror, hair brush and comb, and if you shave, your safety razor. One sleeping bag and

outfit of blankets.

All of the above that you do not wear roll up in a piece of canvas overlapping at the sides to keep any article from slipping out. Fasten with straps. This is called a "carry-all," and is the best way to carry any and everything.

Now let each individual carry with him a good pocket or hunting knife, a waterproof safety match box (filled), a reliable pocket compass, a small water canteen. If you smoke, pipe and tobacco (cigars and cigars will never do in camp); your gun, revolver or rod, depending on conditions; a pair of field glasses are convenient.

Of course the above outfit can be trimmed considerably, but for an extended trip or permanent camp the list above is very complete.

Food

For four persons the following list is of "grub" that will last about one week. If fish or game be procured it will last much longer.

Ten lbs. extra fine ham; 5 lbs. select bacon, already sliced and put up in jars is best; 5 lbs. select rice; 5 lbs. salt pork; 6 lbs. navy beans; 6 lbs. cornmeal; 20 lbs. wheat flour; 15 pounds potatoes, good ones; 6 lbs. onions; 3 lbs. butter, packed in tin; ½ gal. pickles, in vinegar; 1 qt. syrup; 1 box pepper; 1 box mustard; 1 sack salt; 6 lbs. coffee (ground); 6 lbs. sugar; ½ lb. tea; ½ lb. baking powder; ½ lb. baking soda; 4 cans condensed milk; 6 boxes matches (be sure and pack in tin box); 1 lb. soap; 1 lb. corn starch; 1 lb. candles; 1 jar cheese; 1 box ginger; 1 box allspice; 1 lb. currants; 5 boxes sardines; several cans corn, tomatoes, beans, peas, etc., depending on locality and season of year.

The above will weigh about 125 lbs. Some items may be omitted, as individuals have different likes and dislikes, but the above is a good "suggestion list." For immediate use, if you are beyond the reach of same, you might take a few loaves of fresh bread, vegetables, etc.

When You Get There

The first thing to do is to select a desirable location for a camp site. Make "good water" and "good wood" a first consideration, and have the camp in close touch with both of these. Choose a rise and never a hollow, and if there is shade it will be much better. Avoid dense woods or thickets. They are undesirable and unhealthy, to say the least. Find as level a place as possible and put up the tent correctly. See that everything is staked and guyed properly. Drive the stakes slanting and not straight, see that your canvas is flat and not wrinkled, and your tent will last better. Dig a small trench all around the tent for a drain in case of rain. If a floor cloth is used it will always be dry and help to keep out bugs and insects. After the tent is up unpack the kit and arrange things according to your own ideas.

I suggested a set of tools. Here is one: One combination tool set, carried in handle tool; one flat file; brace and two large bits, one and two inch; saw, one clawhammer, hatchet, 2 lbs. nails, assorted sizes; draw knife, tape measure, coil of soft wire, two tent needles, ball of twine, one roll of double width canvas, in which the whole outfit may be wrapped.

Now I don't expect any one to take the lists or information above and stick strictly to it, as we all have our preferences in such matters, but the lists will provide a good foundation to go on, and can be added to or left off as desired. I have said nothing of fishing tackle or guns. Every one has his pet tackle or shooter, and advice on these subjects would be useless to most of you. Now I would like to hear from some of you about things you wish to know, and will do the best I can to help out, either through these columns or by direct reply when stamp is inclosed. Address The Boy Pub Co.

AN OLD BOY.

THE LINCOLN CENT.**First U. S. Portrait Coin for Circulation.**

Anticipated for months and anxiously awaited, the one-cent coin bearing the head of Abraham Lincoln was issued from the mint commencing August 2. Surrounded with much that makes it novel, the advance demand at the mint for this piece was far greater than that accompanying any previous coin issue. It is our first portrait coin, it bears the head of the man who, for his great heart, is greatest in the hearts of Americans; it was designed by America's greatest sculptor-artist, American Numismatic Association Member Victor D. Brenner, and it was proposed by the popular citizen, Theodore Roosevelt.

The new coin embodies simplicity with art and seems in every way qualified for utility, and being our coin of smallest denomination, it will bring to the low and wanting the features of the one who was the friend of their class.

Lincoln's head as it appears on Brenner's medal, and Brenner's intimate relations with President Roosevelt, led to this model for coinage purposes. The coin portrait, while quite similar to that on the medal, is a different Lincoln. In the words of the artist, "It is more intimate, deeper; more kind and personal." The new coin was proposed early in the year by President Roosevelt, and long and tedious were Mr. Brenner's efforts to make it in every way satisfying. When it was thought to have been finished, the inscription and reverse appropriate, it was decided by President Taft that "In God We Trust" should be added. This caused delay, and it was not until June that coinage began, and in anticipation of the demand, was continued up to the closing of the mint for its summer vacation period, the first of July. Over 29,000,000 pieces were coined before any were issued for circulation. They will soon be widely scattered and the new coin will be known in every hamlet in the country; business houses, who have ordered them

in quantity for distribution for advertising purposes and for use as change, will largely contribute to the early general circulation.

The dies were cut by Mr. Henry Weil of New York. We append the treasury department's description of the new coin:

Obverse: Bust of Abraham Lincoln facing right; above the head the inscription, IN GOD WE TRUST; to the left of head the word LIBERTY and to the right the year of coinage. Reverse: Around the upper circle the inscription, E PLURIBUS UNUM; across the center the denomination, ONE CENT, and the inscription, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; on either side of the coin and partially encircling the two last-mentioned inscriptions are ears of wheat treated in a very conventional manner.

On the reverse at rim, below center, V. D. B., for Victor D. Brenner, the designer.

Notwithstanding the advance coinage, the demand for them in Philadelphia was so great that only a limited distribution was made to an individual. Banks were supplied with a portion of their order; at the mint two specimens only to a customer and at the subtreasury one hundred was the most anyone could purchase. Newsboys and others, taking advantage of the interest in the new coin, obtained them in hundred lots and found customers at from two for five cents to twenty-five cents each.—The Numismatist.

PORTRAITS ON COINS.

The Lincoln cent is the first United States coin issued for general circulation to bear a recognized portrait. Designers have found models in life for their portrayal of Liberty and the Indian, but portraiture was not attempted, and the combined features of the model were not to be found in the coin types.

In the Colonial and early pattern series Washington's portrait is frequently found, and many accept the Liberty head as it appears on the "Birch cent" and the half-disme and

disme as attempts to picture Martha Washington, but these do not belong to the regular series.

Among the early type cents there is the so-called Jefferson head, but it is not the portrait of the Father of Democracy in the States. Little Sarah Longaere is known to have worn the Indian headdress and been the model from which we get the Indian head as it appears on our cents from 1859 to to-day, but it was not a portrait. Miss Annie Williams, a school teacher of Philadelphia, posed for Mint Engraver George T. Morgan in 1877 for what proved to be the accepted design for the silver dollar coined from 1878 to 1904, but Mr. Morgan says you could not have recognized Miss Williams from his Liberty. Saint-Gaudens found a type for his full length Liberty (\$20) in Miss Mary Cunningham and a Swede girl posed for his Liberty head (\$10), but in neither was portraiture attempted or desired. And while the portrait of a real live Indian guided Artist Pratt in his models for the \$2½ and \$5, the Indian would not know himself. Coins bearing the head of Washington and of Lincoln in 1866 reached the stage of finished patterns, but were never adopted.

In our commemorative or souvenir coins only have we had real portraits. The first, the Columbian half-dollar, bears the head of the great discoverer; commemorating the same event we have the Isabel or Columbian quarter-dollar with the portrait of Queen Isabel of Spain. The Washington-Lafayette dollar presents acceptable likeness of these two great generals; the Louisiana gold dollar bears fine portraits of Jefferson and McKinley, and in the Lewis and Clark gold dollar we have the portraits of the two explorers for which it is named. None of these were intended for circulation, and excepting a very limited use of the Columbian half-dollar, they have in no way performed the function of a circulating medium.

With the introduction of the Lin-

coln cent on a United States coin for circulation—finds its first exception, and it is quite probable that the future will find the features of other great Americans on coins for use in trade.—The Numismatist.

THE LINCOLN PATTERN COIN OF 1866

A coin of particular interest during this, the centennial year of the great emancipator, is the five-cent pattern bearing the head of Lincoln which was struck in 1866, and a reference to which is made particularly apropos with the introduction of the Lincoln cent.

Information is lacking as to who prepared the designs for the Lincoln pattern five-cent pieces and also as to why they were never adopted. They were struck in both nickel and copper. It is said but five specimens were struck in nickel, one of which sold several months ago for \$12, and will probably bring a greater price when next offered. Similar specimens in copper, almost of equal rarity, have sold for \$7.

A similar pattern, also struck in 1866, bears the head of Washington, and is also a much-prized piece.—The Numismatist.

A FEW SMILES.

Some men never do anything on time except quit work.

Gossip has a thousand tongues—and they all work overtime.

The world owes every man a living, but gee, collections are hard!

A Magic Healer.

During an exciting game of baseball a player had two fingers of his right hand badly binged up, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Gee! but you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

Why Margaret!

Edith—You seem very chilly to George lately.

Margaret—I am. He asked me for a kiss. Why didn't the simpleton take one, and then apologize, like a gentleman?

Business Fact—An honest dealer will do his buying and selling by the same scales. There are no two weights about him.

Sly Printer.

A country editor wrote, "The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient to meet the wants of the millmen," and the printer passed it "milkmen."

PLANTS FOR SHADY NOOKS.

—By Augusta Bitter—

Often, if we only knew some pretty plants which would flourish against the north wall, where the grass refuses to be coaxed to grow, we could prevent those barren places in our yards, which look so unsightly and ragged, and in front of churches and other buildings, especially when there is a front to the northwest.

When planning to improve the home or school grounds, the question often arises as to what plants will grow in certain shady locations. Many species of plants will do well only partially shaded, but the number of those which will grow in deep shade is limited.

Our native ferns like the shade, and will thrive where grass cannot be made to grow for want of light. On the north side of a house, or of a high fence, they will flourish, and also under overhanging trees, if other conditions are favorable.

Ferns like a good, rich soil, a mixture of sand and leaf-mold. If possible, when transplanting them from the woods, take some of the soil in which they grew. They are very accommodating plants, however, and will make very satisfactory growth in common garden soil. Most species of ferns naturally grow in damp or moist places, and in hot, dry weather

they should be given considerable water.

It is advisable to transplant ferns as early as possible in the spring, as soon as the fronds appear, but they can be successfully moved later if care is taken in the process. If the fronds should die down, the roots will establish themselves before winter; the next spring the clumps will make a fine showing and grow stronger and more beautiful each year.

Many species of ferns do well on rockeries in shady places. With them could be planted mosses and some of the dainty plants you will find growing with them in the woods. Trailing vines can also be planted on the rockery, native ones from the woods, or cultivated ones, such as *Tradescantia* (Wandering Jew), moss wort, and the old-fashioned *Vinea minor*, also called periwinkle and myrtle.

You can find many of the most beautiful ferns of the world in our wild woods, especially if you happen to live near a deep, rocky valley, or a bluff that faces to the northward. But even if you live in a prairie neighborhood, many of the most graceful forms of fern life will still be found under any dense copse or wild thicket that is not trampled by stock. Do not expect ferns in woods where there are hogs or cattle, as these animals eat them entirely up, roots and all.

The most useful fern is the one shown in the cut, and popularly known as the "evergreen fern." It will stand more sun, wind, drouth and want of light than most of the others, and its beautiful fronds stay green in the snow and ice all winter. On account of the use of its graceful foliage for holiday decoration, it is sometimes called the "Christmas fern." Other well known and plentiful ferns are the delicate "maiden hair" (*Adiantum*), the "cinnamon fern" which grows in a round symmetrical clump and the vivid green "field fern." Do not plant the wandering "brakes" or "traveling ferns" in your bed, for they move from place to place so rapidly that they will not stay on the bare space where wanted.

THE GREATEST TRUE FISH STORY.

By S. F. Harriman.

November 17, 1884, on the shores of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, occurred the greatest catch of fish known in the annals of American fisheries. Cape Cod fishermen, celebrated for their vigor, skill and alertness, discovered a large school of blackfish off the inner shore of Cape Cod, where they had been attracted by the great abundance of squid and herring, on which they feed. With dorys and fishing vessels the fishermen drove the huge monsters of the deep, as the farmer drives a flock of sheep, for two or three days and nights, until they succeeded in forcing them up Blackfish Creek Bay, in South Wellfleet, Massachusetts. The fish would go on until they stuck fast and were stranded on the shore. They were then launched by the skilled fishermen and died on the beach. It happened that the shore was reached at high tide, just as it began to ebb; hence the whole school of fifteen hundred blackfish were soon on the dry sand. The slaughter was very exciting, some three hundred fishermen participating. A three-pound fish has been known to make a "scene" when being landed; imagine, if you can, the death-throes of fifteen hundred fish weighing from five hundred pounds to three tons each. Many of the fish when dying would utter a plaintive moan, not unlike that of a human infant, and which proved rather trying to the nerves even of the hardy Cape Cod fishermen. The accompanying illustration shows them at low tide.

I saw them both at high and low tides. At high tide nearly all were under water, lashed together, and at low tide they looked like a black log yard—an extraordinary sight and one never to be forgotten.

By the unwritten law of the fishermen all were sold at auction on the beach and were purchased by Provincetown, Truro, Wellfleet and Eastham parties at an average price of

ten dollars each, or \$15,000 for the 1,500 fish. It was estimated that when the blubber was rendered into oil and the bodies into fertilizer the entire value would be about \$25,000 at wholesale prices. The yield of oil from each fish varied from ten gallons to ten barrels. The jay yields a fine quality of oil, highly prized for oiling clocks, watches and other delicate machinery. There were about 400 shares, a boy drawing a half share, a man a full share, a dory two shares and a fishing vessel six shares—this, too, being unwritten law among the fishermen.

The blackfish, sacred to Apollo, the mythologists and poets will remember, is known by various common names—deductor, social, bottle-head or howling whale—and to the ichtheologists by the scientific name, *Globicephalus melas*.

The "blackfish" is, strictly speaking, not a fish at all, but a jet-black carnivorous, viviparous, warm-blooded mammal of the Cetacean order, a member of the Dolphin family, from eight to eighteen feet long, weighing from five hundred pounds to three tons, and shaped very much like a small sperm whale, the head having the same square-ended, sawn-off appearance. For the protection of their flesh and vital organs from the cold of Arctic waters, these fish are completely enveloped in a thick layer of blubber from two to six inches thick, which lies under the skin and is impervious to cold. The skin is shining black and as smooth as plate glass.

As many as 1,500 blackfish have probably been captured during an entire season, but it was never recorded, except in the case here cited, that at any one time were so many caught. So it may be truthfully said that in three particulars—number, size and value of fish caught—this is the greatest American fish catch.

Since seeing that great catch of fish, I have never been interested in watching a cork bob on a small stream of lake.

VOL. 1.

NO. 3

THE BOY

A large, ornate Art Nouveau decorative frame surrounds the central text. The frame features intricate, swirling lines and symmetrical patterns. At the top, there are two large, curved, leaf-like shapes. The central part of the frame is a large, pointed oval shape containing the date. Below this, there are vertical lines and more swirling patterns. The bottom of the frame is also decorated with curved, leaf-like shapes.

Nov.,
1910.

Published Monthly by

THE DUNLAP PUBLISHING CO.,

261 Sanchez St., San Francisco, Cal.

LEARN A PRACTICAL BUSINESS THAT PAYS \$5.00 TO \$50.00 FOR A FEW HOURS' EASY WORK.

A business that does not require any capital—just a few cents for postage and paper. No canvassing, soliciting or agency work. Can be done in your spare time, at home in the evening; in your room when traveling or at a spare moment at the store, office or shop. After you have successfully started you can devote your whole time to it. The originator of this plan has made \$50 in one week at this work and is **OPERATING THIS PLAN NOW EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR.**

The whole plan is explained in just one word—**IDEAS.**

If you know how to read and write; if you are willing to learn, to follow the plain instructions given; if you give this work the same conscientious effort you would apply to any work, there is every reason to believe that you will succeed.

The work is easy, honest, honorable and above all can be done in a leisure moment. There is no outfit to buy, no "graft" or "scheme" about it; no printed matter or expense to start.

A SUCCESSFUL MAIL ORDER PLAN.

This plan shows how to start a mail order business on a small scale; tells where and how to advertise, buy supplies; wholesale firms who sell Mail Order goods. This plan is written for the man who wants to start this profitable business with but a few dollars capital.

The advertising plan is an excellent one for the old hand as well as the new beginner. The instructions on advertising matter are the practical experience of men who have made a success in business. This plan shows how the business can be started on very small capital and by careful attention built up into a larger, successful, money-making business.

HOW TO START AN AGENCY BUSINESS.

To employ agents to canvass for you, keep them at work, secure the largest amount of sales; secure articles that are successful and good sellers; in brief start this business on a paying basis, is the object of the information in this plan.

It is written by an old agent, a man who has been "through the mill" and **KNOWS HOW.** The plan is based on practical experience. It tells how to put the information in operation and the knowledge it gives should be in the hands of every agent, as every step, from start to finish, is fully and clearly explained.

OUR ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.

To give just instructions may be the way of others; **BUT IT IS NOT OUR WAY.** With your order your name is placed on our lists for **ONE YEAR** and any questions; any point you may wish to know about the three business plans advertised above will be answered **GRATIS**, if you inclose stamped addressed envelope.

There is always some point you may not understand and this is my object in giving this service so that you may ask any questions about the part of the plans in which you are in doubt.

THE COST AND OUR STANDING GUARANTEE.

The three business plans listed above and our services as advisor on doubtful points for one year is well worth the price—**ONE DOLLAR.** We also guarantee each plan **IS EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED IN EVERY WAY.** If you don't find them so, send them back, tell your reasons why, and your money comes back to you. **PRICE \$1.00.**

25cts.

SPECIAL 25c OFFER.

25cts.

THIS OFFER IS LIMITED TO 10 DAYS.

This book **THREE BUSINESS** plans has always sold for \$1.00 a copy but to close out the few remaining copies of the paper bound edition I **WILL SEND IT FOR ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS**, send silver or M. O. order, no stamps. As supply is limited **CANNOT SELL MORE THAN ONE COPY TO A CUSTOMER AT THIS BARGAIN RATE.**

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261 SANCHEZ ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

THE BOY.

Published Monthly by
THE DUNLAP PUBLISHING CO.

Vol. 1.

San Francisco, Cal., November, 1910.

No. 3.

How Hans Wagner Got in the Game.

THIS is the story of Hans Wagner and his coming to baseball. He came in on a freight train, and he has been coming in on freight trains, so to speak, ever since. He does everything wrong and is the best ball player in the world.

Back in 1895, George Moreland, who now makes a living supplying weekly baseball figures for the hungry fan, was manager of the Steubenville club of the old Central association. He had a very promising young fielder named Al Wagner at third base, and a number of other good youngsters, such as Claude Ritehey and Frank Bowerman, who have become big league stars.

But along about midseason he needed some pitchers so badly that he was in pain and his club in a slump. He was talking over his woes with the players one night when Al Wagner spoke up.

"Say, George," remarked, "why don't you give my young brother, Honus, a chance?"

"I should say I will!" answered Moreland, eagerly. "Is he a pitcher?"

"Well, he ain't a star," Al admitted, "but I guess he can do about as well as some of our fellows are doing now."

The next morning early Moreland sent young Honus a telegram at Carnegie, Pa., a couple of hours' run from Steubenville, ordering him to report at once. At the same time he wired him a ticket.

About half-past 10 or 11 o'clock

that morning, while the team was sitting out in front of the hotel, they noticed a big raw-boned young fellow hustling up the street from the depot.

"Say, that looks like Honus," said Al.

"It can't be," replied Moreland, "because the train doesn't get in until 2 o'clock."

"Well, that's Honus, all right," declared Al, shouting to his brother as soon as he came within earshot.

"Did you get the ticket I wired you?" asked Moreland, when Honus came up. "How did you beat the train?"

"No, I didn't get any ticket," said Hans, calmly. "I knew the conductor on a freight that came through a few minutes after I got your telegram, so I just came up on that."

They didn't get a uniform until that night, and the next morning Moreland was up early to attend to some business matter. When he went out of the hotel after breakfast he happened to glance up along the front of the building and saw something that looked like the back of a circus wagon, blocking up one of the windows. It was Hans, in uniform, waiting for his brother to come down to breakfast with him, while his brother was trying to explain to him that it wasn't good form to wear one's uniform around the hotel.

They tried him out in the box that afternoon. He wasn't what we call a sensation. He didn't have anything but a straight ball and that had a

muzzle velocity a trifle lower than a Martini-Henry. Whenever they met it no one could ever find the ball, and when they missed it Bowerman couldn't stop it. He lasted less than an inning, and Moreland chased him out to run after flies. In those days a pitcher who failed to deliver the goods was rewarded with an afternoon off.

"He looks like he ought to be able to hit a ball a mile," was Moreland's thought. "I'll keep him in the game." He struck out every time he came up.

Only the fact that the team was woefully shorthanded prevented Moreland from giving him a ticket back to Carnegie that night. Honus was out at the park in uniform the next morning before the rest of the team were out of their sheets. He practiced all morning with a bunch of kids, and that afternoon he went into the outfield again. He made four hits, one of them being a home run wallop with the bases full. Moreland was glad he had come and signed him up for \$35 a month, the salary that Al suggested. No, this isn't a typographical error. Thirty-five dollars a month was the figure in Hans Wagner's first contract. Moreland still has the original document.

Honus continued to play the outfield, but in his youthful soul he nursed a dream to be a shortstop. Claude Ritchey was the regular shortstop of the club. The infields in those days were not filled in with sand and cinders, and to protect his fielding record Ritchey used to go out in the morning with a rake and smooth off the rough spots around his position.

After he had finished and gone back to the hotel, Honus would get some boy to knock grounders to him while he practiced on Ritchey's nicely smoothed territory. He was not very quick at breaking ground, so to help him get away he dug little holes for his toes, such as sprinters use in starting on a cinder path. Great was Ritchey's wrath, and he finally appealed to Moreland.

"Say George," he told the manager with his funny drawl, "if that

big Dutchman wants to be a shortstop tell him he don't have to begin by diggin' wells. I'm gettin' tired of fillin' holes he digs in the infield." That was the day that Wagner got the soubriquet of "The Big Dutchman."

In spite of Ritchey's sarcastic comments on his form, and the fact that he was playing every afternoon, Wagner kept on practicing for the infielding and he finally began to show some class. About this time Moreland, to protect himself through the breaking up of one league and the formation of another, sold his entire club to Pittsburg for \$500. He told Captain Kerr to watch Al Wagner's young brother, as he believed that the kid had something in him.

During the winter Ed Barrows, who was then running the Paterson club, came to Kerr for ball players.

Some one who knew a ball player when he saw one had told Barrows that young Hans Wagner would make a star.

"You've got a young fellow named Wagner I'd like to take a chance with," said Barrows, in an off-hand careless way, after they had discussed several of the youngsters.

"I guess you would," retorted Kerr. "I am going to take a chance with him myself."

"Oh, I don't mean Al," said Barrows, craftily. "I mean that young brother of his. What's his name?"

"Oh, you mean Honus," Kerr replied carelessly. "Oh, you can have him for nothing; I'll give him to you."

So Honus went to Patterson with Barrows, and the spring following the next one Pittsburg was bidding against Louisville for his services. Moreland was scouting for the Pittsburg club at that time, and finally got him at \$2,500, which was a pretty good price for a young player in those days. Moreland was to close the deal at 3 o'clock one afternoon, and was held up by a train wreck. As soon as his option was expired Barrows sold Honus to Louisville. There

he remained until the shift that brought him back to Pittsburg.

Wagner came to baseball on a freight train instead of a passenger, and he seems to have applied that system to his ball playing. Experience has shown that a shortstop should throw with that quick under-hand snap. Wagner throws over-hand, but no one ever figured that he was a good man to hit to for a chance to beat out a slow one. When he goes up to hit the ball with men on bases he doesn't let the pitcher's wildness worry him any. He just steps over and hits a wild pitch if there seems to be a chance that he will get a base on balls. He doesn't figure that he came up there to "get on any old way" if his team needs some runs, so he goes after anything when he decides that he has no hit. There are pitchers who will tell you seriously that he is more apt to fuzzle a ball that splits the plate waist high than a wide one foot over his head.

It is the story of the freight train. When he has something to do, why, he goes and does it in the quickest and most natural manner.

And he held the league six times in batting. — Pittsburg Exchange.

CURRENT EVENTS.

NEW POSTOFFICE STAMPS DECLARED BAD FOR EYES.

The current issue of postage stamps was condemned because of the colors by the National Association of Post-office clerks at its eleventh annual convention. The colors were said to be hard on the eyes. A resolution was adopted favoring stamps with radically varying colors for different denominations in order to facilitate work at the offices.

LITTLE COINS, BIG VALUE.

Charles M. Webb, a farmer of Mount Freedom, near here, while turning over the ground came upon four old copper pennies, two dated

1737. Another is a copper cent of 1848, United States mintage. The fourth is an English copper piece of 1776. The four coins are appraised at \$200 apiece.

100,000 Post Cards Burned Up by Uncle Sam.

One hundred thousand cards, 300 books, 50 posters, 400 magazines, and 50 photographs that had been taken from the mails as objectionable and lodged in the appraiser's store of the custom house at Harrison and Sherman streets, Chicago, were burned July 25th. The articles were the accumulation of two years. Deputy United States Marshals C. F. Guenther and Charles Schrimpl superintended the burning. Novelty and art manufacturers and dealers will find it profitable not to manufacture such contraband articles.

READY FOR THE NEW COINS.

No More of the King Edward Mintage to be Turned Out.

LONDON, — The mint authorities will not make any more coins for a month to come. This may be taken as a clear indication that the last coins bearing King Edward's face have been minted and that the preparations for the new coinage are so far advanced that when the machinery is set working again about the beginning of September the new King George coinage will be issued.

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, A. R. A., who is the first over-seas Briton to undertake so important a duty, has been at work upon the new designs for nearly two months.

Considerable changes may be expected when the new coins are issued. The five-shilling piece—the old, historic "crown" so typically English in its colloquial use—will in all probability be found to have followed the four-shilling piece, or double florin, into oblivion. The issue of four-shilling pieces ceased in 1890. They are quite obsolete, for when a stray one finds its way into a bank it is prompt-

ly returned to the Mint and relegated to the melting-pot.

A Bank for Schoolboys, built and operated by the boys themselves, is the indication given by the boys of a New York public school of coming financial genius. The business opened with a rush, the banking hours being from three to four o'clock in the afternoon. In a short time there was £40 in the bank, which was deposited in the Yorkville Savings Bank.

ALASKA THE TREASURE HOUSE.

Here are a few amazing facts that show what Richard Achilles Ballinger, custodian of the nation's public land, was doing when he was actively interested in helping Geo. W. Perkins examine Alaska "with view to exploiting it" for the benefit of J. P. Morgan, the Guggenheim brothers et al:

Alaska has more gold than California.

Alaska has more coal than Pennsylvania.

Alaska would make 470 Rhode Islands.

Alaska has the only tin mines in the United States.

Alaska has 599,446 square miles—383,645,444 acres.

Alaska has the greatest fishing waters in the world.

Alaska is over twice the size of the German Empire.

Alaska is 14 times the size of New York state.

Alaska has more copper than Michigan and Arizona.

Alaska is one-fifth the size of the United States proper.

Alaska has paid for itself 20 times over in fish alone.

Alaska was purchased for \$7,200,000, less than 2 cents an acre.

Alaska has paid for itself 25 times over in gold and silver.

Alaska is estimated to have as much coal as all the United States.

Alaska has the greatest cattle and sheep ranges under the American flag.

Alaska has 4750 miles of general coast line; the entire United States

has only 5705.

Alaska has the highest mountain under the American flag—McKinley, 20,300 feet.

Alaska is larger than all the states north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers and east of the Mississippi.

Alaska is in the same latitudes as Sweden, Norway and Finland; has a much better climate, more arable ground, and is much larger than all three of those countries, which have a total population of 10,030,000.

THE VALUE OF A STAMP.

(Continued from last month).

Some readers of a stamp journal pay little heed to columns of figures; thinking them very dry reading they pass them by. Yet to the philatelic student these figures are the very essence of the journal. Editors are wise when they furnish them. They are the best guide to the future which a stamp has before it. It is a good plan to cut them out and stick them in a book till the book is crammed full; then, when any desirable stamp is offered for sale, turn up the register and find out the number issued. If it is a 1/- stamp and only 10,000 were issued, and are now obsolete, it should be safe to pay 2/6. If it is a 1d. stamp (conditions same as before) it should be worth 3d.; both these estimates are very low. In time the student of these figures should become something of an expert in fixing the value of a stamp.

The figures should be compared with current prices—this is the best way towards acquiring accuracy. Some stamps go up and down like a see-saw, but the influence that controls their fluctuation is usually the quantity that was issued. Just now the 50c. Morocco Agencies, King, C. A., is priced 25/-, a high price for a 5d. stamp when one considers that about 8,000 were on sale. Guessing, one would say that this stamp will come down. It exists almost entirely in mint condition, and probably there are not 8,000 mint collectors in the world. Some people wonder why Seychelles' Queen's Heads do not

rise. Year after they stand at the same figures—because there seem to have been enormous quantities of them. It is doubtful whether the King's Eads of this colony will ever attain to high prices, for the same reason. It is scarcity that creates rarity; everybody remembers when the 36c. Seychelles' Queen of 1900 advanced to 10/- at a leap; it had been selling at 1/6 until the catalogue-makers discovered it was really scarce.

If one can afford it, it pays to fill a blank album with promising stamps in exactly the order in which they come to hand, and make up one's mind to keep them two years. If the selection has been a judicious one, it is possible they may have doubled in value in that time. Avoid stamps that are plentiful—both common and better class; a better class stamp that is too plentiful is the 13c Seychelles; it looks fine, but is not a stamp of promise. Among commoner stamps there is the 4d. grey Trinidad, a good stamp, but not with any prospect before it—dealers hold and sell copies by the hundred. But any "uncommon common," or out-of-the-way stamp, a stamp seldom seen, a stamp that would "sell at sight"—it is wise to get such as these. Any nice clean specimen of an issue that ran to no more than from 20,000 to 100,000 copies should not disappoint its possessor.—Rev. Heslop in the Collectors' Journal.

JAWBREAKERS.

What ship has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

What crack is invisible to the naked eye? The crack of the whip.

Describe a suit of clothes in two letters. C D (seedy).

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

When is a girl not a girl? When she turns into a confectioner's shop.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because it's nothing without it's tail.

When does a farmer work a miracle? When he turns his horse to grass.

What age is the most agreeable to a man just started in business? Patron-age.

Why can't a girl swallow her apron? Because it always goes against her stomach.

What is that which has never been felt, seen or heard, and yet has a name? Nothing.

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

How do you keep ants out of the sugar bowl? Fill it with salt.

What is that you can keep after giving to some one else? Your word.

How many black beans will make five white ones? Five when peeled.

Why is the crow a brave bird? Because he never shows a white feather.

What part of a locomotive ought to have the most attention? The tender part.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow? He rarely appears until the storm is over.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

What is that which is put on the table, cut and passed, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

What is that a gentleman has not, never can have, and yet can give to a lady? A husband.

The way to make time pass quickly. Raise a row and get knocked into the middle of next week.

OUR RECIPE AND FORMULA

DEPARTMENT.

Under this head we publish in each issue rare and valuable Recipes and Formulas.

Many dollars worth are printed during the year. Don't miss them.

The Inkless Pen.

The formula for making the Inkless Pen is as follows: Take best quality of violet aniline, reduce to a thick paste with water, then add mucilage and mix thoroughly. Apply the paste thus made to the pens above the split and let dry 12 hours.

THE BOY

Published Monthly By—
THE DUNLAP PUBLISHING CO.,
 261 Sanchez St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE BOY is a high class 12 page monthly magazine for "The Boy as a Boy."

SUBSCRIPTION 25 cents a year in the United States. Canadian and Foreign, 50 cents per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS 5 cents per line, 50 cents per inch—12 lines to the inch. Minimum space 5 lines.

REMITTANCES should be sent by Money Order, Check or Draft payable to the Company or unused 1 or 2 cent stamps. Coin is sent at the sender's risk.

IMPORTANT—In writing any of the Department Editors about Stamps, Coins, Printing, Boating, etc. a 2c stamp must be enclosed for reply.

ADDRESS all correspondence to the Company. If for a special Department, place Department name on the envelope.

W. E. DUNLAP.....President.
EDW. E. WITTS.....Ed. & Treas.
E. H. DONLAN...Bus. Mgr. & Secy.

EDITORIAL.

* * *

We are determined to fight hard to make "The Boy" the best paper in America, and if you will my dear readers; help us we will continue to "scrap" against all odds and whale the everlasting stuffing out of all opposition.

We are getting them lined up and before long you will see the results of our labors.

Tell your boy friends it is only 25 cents a year, and every issue will be better than the last. It takes time to get acquainted with so many boys, but we will do our level best to please them.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be an interesting issue. A number of excellent stories and articles have been secured and our readers

may expect a treat.

One of the features will be a story by Mr. B. R. Childs, entitled "Punch and His Gang."

We have not received a suitable name for our magazine, so will continue our contest until Jan. 1, 1911. Now boys get busy and send in your name at once.

We have a special offer for all persons who wish to represent us. Write for full particulars before some one else gets your territory.

Any ordinary steel pen may be prepared in this way. Directions for using: Start action by dipping into water up to the filling. If pen should be greasy, wet first with tongue. After using, throw the drops of water off, but do not wipe, as it will dry almost instantly.

Dressing for Burns.

White lead thinned down with linseed oil will form the best possible application that can be made to a burn or scalded surface, however extensive or however raw. Soak layers of absorbent cotton in the solution and cover all over the burned spots. The pain ceases at once and healing goes on immediately. When the dressing hardens, renew it. No other measures are needed.

Rubber Tire Cement.

India rubber, 4 parts; coal tar naphtha, 34 parts. Dissolve the rubber in the naphtha, aided by gentle heat and stirring, and the mixture will be as thick as cream. Put up in air-tight collapsible tubes.

Vanishing Ink.

There are various kinds of invisible inks, but there is a method of making ink which can be wiped off a sheet of paper with a pocket handkerchief without leaving a trace. Dissolve some starch in water until it is as thick as cream. Then add to it a few drops of tincture of iodine, which will turn the starch to a dark red color. Now take a pen and write with this prepared ink upon a sheet of note paper. The ink will

dry right away, after which you may erase the whole of your letter by simply wiping the sheet with a pocket handkerchief. It will disappear as easily as chalk from an ordinary blackboard.

Stick Mucilage.

Best glue, 4 ounces; isinglass, 1 ounce. Soak in warm water till soft. Pour off surplus water and add to the paste one ounce of brown sugar. Melt together with gentle heat and allow to evaporate till quite thick. Pour into a cold, wet dish, or better, on ice, and when partially cool roll into sticks.

The Wise Cat.

You know there are some people who say that cats cannot read good plain English. If that is so, will you please tell me how it happened that this one came to the front door of the Belden family to answer to Ted's advertisement.

"The mice are eating us out of house and home!" said Mary as she brought in the cream for breakfast. "I don't see what we will do if we don't be getting a cat."

"We really do need one," said mother, thoughtfully, "but I don't know of a mouser anywhere."

"Why don't you advertise?" joked father, as he drank his coffee. "An 'ad' in the Gazette or Post ought to bring you one."

"Costs too much!" laughed mother.

"Well, then, stick up a sign!" said father.

Ted thought it over as he finished his breakfast. He could "stick up a sign" just as well as anybody. Where should he put it? He decided that a good, big, handsome one, done in red paint and pinned on the front door, would be as good as anything; and so, half an hour later, that was what callers might have seen if they had come so early. It stayed there all the afternoon and this was what it said:

WANTED—A CAT.

A few people saw it and laughed, for it was such a big piece of brown wrapping paper and the letters were so big and red and scraggy that you couldn't help seeing them, unless you were very, very near-sighted.

Just before luncheon time mother had to go to the front door for something, and there stood a lean, lank, gray cat, with one paw up trying to catch the fluttering corner of that brown paper sign. It seemed as if he were trying to say: "I've come! Why do you want that sign any more?"

"Ted, did you put that thing up there," cried mother, taking the pins out in a hurry, and carrying the dreadful looking sign inside to use for kindling. "What will the neighbors think? Such a front door for neighbors to look at!"

"It brought the cat!" said Ted, in triumph.

And, sure enough, there was the long, lean gray cat, following closely at their heels everywhere they went, and meowing for food. He turned out a splendid mouser, too; and to this day Ted firmly believes in advertising.—Anna Burnham Bryant, in Sunbeam.—Philadelphia Bee.

UP FROM WASHINGTON.

Although it may not be the case in some foreign countries, it is true in America that a boy can make of himself just about what he makes up his mind to be.

There is a story told of a boy who didn't have much aim in life. He had a dream, and in it there came to him the president of the United States, saying that his term was about finished and asking the boy to take his place. Soon there appeared to him a great judge on the bench, saying that his had been a long and honorable career, but now he was getting old and he wanted the boy to take his place. Next came an eminent physician. He had served the people well and had built up a large practice,

but now he must retire. Would the boy take his place? Then came a preacher whom everybody loved and respected; then a great inventor and an artist of renown, each looking for some one to take his place. Finally appeared a drunkard, a gambler and a tramp, and they told the boy they would soon need some one to take their places.

The boy awoke to find it all only a dream, but it taught him a great lesson, and he made up his mind at once, when he grew up, to take the place of some great and useful man.

There is nothing that pictures to the American youth his great possibilities more than the lives of our presidents, for they come from all stations in life—from the poor lad, born in a cabin, to the child of fortune, reared in luxury.

For this reason, we have arranged to publish in "The Boy" a series of articles entitled "Up From Washington," and the first will appear in next month's issue.

Each will contain a president of the United States—a sketch of his life and all of the important events that took place in this country during his administration.

If our subscribers will save these articles as they appear, they will have the lives of all our presidents, a complete history of the physical, industrial and political growth of the United States.

These will help you greatly in your school work, and, in addition, will afford a handy reference for you or your parents in quickly finding out about some special event in American history.

We hope that you will find this series of articles both interesting and profitable, and will tell your friends about it.

WHERE TORTOISE-SHELL COMES FROM.

FROM "The Scrap Book" Frank A. Munsey Co.

The hawk's-bill turtle, together with the squamous species, constitute the varieties of marine turtles that

furnish the tortoise-shell. The hawk's-bill turtle is found only in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The turtle is recognized by the low, wide head, a long, narrow mouth, the upper jaw prolonged and hooked like the beak of a hawk. The shell is flattened and serrated behind, with five vertebral and eight lateral plates overlapping one another like scales of a fish. The color is yellowish above, mottled with chestnut brown and yellowish white below. Young turtles have a black spot on the four real pairs of plates. Old turtles have a thin yellow plate on the belly, which is much sought after and commands a higher price. This hawk's-bill turtle feeds on seaweeds, crabs, mollusks and fish. Being mostly carnivorous, the meat is not considered wholesome, differing in this respect, as well as in flavor, from the herbivorous turtles.

The shells shipped from the Colon district are taken from turtles caught on the Lagarto and San Blas coasts of the Caribbean Sea during the months of May, June, July and August, when they approach the shore to deposit eggs, which are laid on the sandy beaches above high-water mark at night. Holes are dug about one and a half feet deep, and the eggs deposited therein. Generally about three layings are made during a period of nine weeks. The eggs are lightly covered with sand and left on the beach to be hatched out by the heat of the sun.

The turtles are caught either while on shore or in the water, by means of nets. As a rule, they are killed immediately after being caught, cleaned, and the shell frame washed with sands, but on the San Blas coast the Indians do not kill them, but at once proceed to remove the shell by subjecting the turtles back into the sea. By the application of heat the successive plates of shell come off very easily.

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STAMP NEWS

---PHILATELY---



Queer Postal Systems

Did you ever stop to think of the wonderful organization that insures the regular transmission of every little letter, and its final safe delivery to its owner, even at the remotest ends of the world, the crowded foreign city, or the solitudes of the mountain or the forest? You can not go to a point so isolated as to be beyond the ministrations of the post-office; but in some foreign countries you would find very strange messengers and methods employed.

In the United States the system is so admirably organized that the work of the letter carrier ceases to have any individuality. If you were to cross the ocean, however, and visit some of the countries of Asia, you would see some very queer postmen. In northern India, among the Himalayas, letters are carried by native runners at the end of a cleft stick. Sometimes one of these postmen will travel a hundred miles to convey his precious missive, the letter being delivered in as clean a condition as when it started.

The commonest type of Indian post-runner, or "toppai-wallah," wears a long white coat, very light trousers, and a huge light-blue turban. His letter bag is slung from his shoulder, and he carries a long stick with a sharp iron point, which can be used as a weapon in case of need. The stick is adorned with six little brass bells which serve to give notice of the approach of the post.

If you were in Japan you would see lithe, wiry runners, with very little clothing on their brown bodies, darting here and there among the crowd. Everybody gives way before them, for they are the postmen of the em-

pire. Their mail is carried in small baskets strapped to their sides. They are capable of sustaining a good deal of fatigue, and make wonderful journeys at times.

Among the placid Chinese, hurry is a form of vulgar impatience, consequently very little dispatch is used in carrying the mails in that great empire. They are contented to convey all ordinary communications either by slow paddling or poling boats, or else by foot-runners, whose high sounding title of "the thousand mile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter bag is secured to the back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

Among the most picturesque letter carriers of the world are the "Cam Express Messengers" of Bokara. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and a large green turban embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved saber in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay tassels ornamented with blue beads and cowrie shells, and with small bells round their necks to give notice of their approach. The rough and rapid trotting of these animals, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their lives.

Of vehicles, we find every conceivable variety used to aid the post-runner in his labor. In Natal the post-cart is a light four-horse vehicle, not much to look at, but capital as a means of getting over vile roads with deep ruts.—P. Advocate.

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