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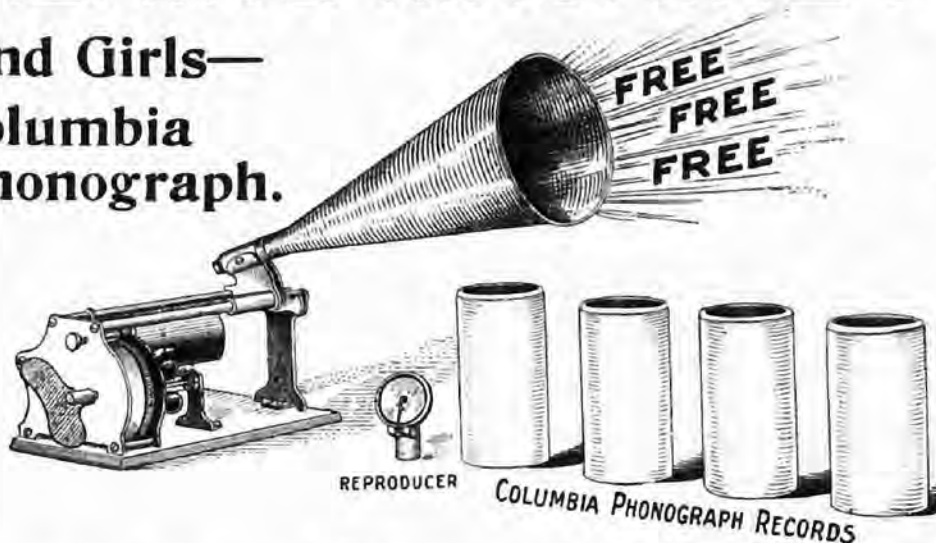
*"I brought down a gaunt old fellow,
who appeared to be the hungriest"--See page 4.*



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The STAR

★ MONTHLY ★

An Audience of Wolves The Boy Traveler Series By Alfred Bennett

(See Illustration on Front Page.)



HERE the dickens did you drop from?"

"Russia, my son. And you?"

"India, of course. Have you come home to stay?"

"Until spring. I'm off then for the Hudson Bay country on a hunting trip."

The two young men who clasped hands on Dearborn street, Chicago, that pleasant morning in May, had parted company, a year before, amid the eternal snows of Great Ararat, seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea! They were Granville Powell, recently returned from India, and Rice Howells, that very day home from the wilds of Russia. They were sturdy, athletic young fellows, scarcely more than twenty years of age, with pluck and self-reliance showing in every expression of their clear eyes and sun-browned, handsome faces.

"Haven't got enough frost yet, eh?" laughed Powell. "That night on Great Ararat gave me a sufficiency of snow and ice. I made tracks for the equator the very next day."

"Twenty to thirty below zero is about my size," said Howells. "I can't endure hot weather. But where are you stopping, old man? You know we've got to listen to each other's adventures before we part!"

"I haven't forgotten the compact made with Barnes, Dolliver, Read, Williams and yourself in Asia, you may be sure," was the reply. "Have you any news of the boys?"

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"News of the boys?" repeated Howells. "Why, man, they're all in Chicago, every one of them! Saw them all this morning, and they are now out looking for you. Come down to the Lexington to-night, and you will see them, as jolly a lot of youngsters as ever you set eyes on! They've been all over the world since you saw them, and they're as full of stories as a tiger is full of fight."

"It doesn't seem possible," said Powell. "This is a small world, after all, eh? Of course I'll be at the Lexington to-night. Wouldn't miss seeing the boys for a fortune! Great Scott! What adventures we have had together! But I'm under orders at the present moment, and must get along. Tell the boys I'll be there. Ta, ta!"

Powell dashed off, while Howells hastened back to the Lexington hotel, on Twenty-second street, to inform the boys referred to that the one missing had had been found, and would be with them that evening. How the youngsters, lounging about the spacious "President's room" of the handsome hotel, shouted and thumped Howells on the back when they heard the news he had to communicate.

These six boys, or young men, rather, for all were now verging on their majority,

had traveled extensively together, and had shared in common many privations and dangers. They were the sons of wealthy parents who were inclined to allow them to do pretty much as they pleased, provided they kept out of scrapes and kept clean morally. They had parted last in Asia, and had then and there promised that when all reached home again they should hold a "story session," as they were pleased to term it, each one relating for the benefit of all the rest the details of the most dangerous or most peculiar adventure with which he had met since the former parting.

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"We are all together now, or will be in a few hours," said Howells, after the boys had quieted down a little, "and I expect that we shall hear some great fairy tales."

"Oh, come, now, that won't do," said Barnes. "The stories must be true, you know. Come, let's make an agreement right here, that the one relating the best true story shall receive a gold watch in lieu of a medal, and the one telling the biggest lie shall pay for it."

"Agreed, agreed!" shouted the boys in a breath.

And so that evening all assembled in the cozy "President's room," at the Lexington, so called because of its having been occupied during the World's Fair by a president of the United States. The agreement regarding the best story and the greatest fabrication was explained to Powell. It was also agreed to let chance decide the order in which the boys were to relate their adventures. Howells was fated to tell the first story. Howells had his choice, and chose to make his the last one.

"That settles it," laughed Dolliver. "Powell will have to buy the watch. He'll be so anxious to beat us all that, having the last chance, he'll stray away off into fairy land. Come, Howells, it's up to you."

"This is so sudden," began the boy, "that I am not at all prepared to—"

He never completed the sentence. The boys threw things at him, and made remarks about his maidenly modesty until he straightened back in his chair and plunged into his narrative.

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"You probably remember," he began, "that when I left you at Great Ararat I was headed toward Russia. I spent several days in Moscow, and then, desiring a little sport, struck out for the north on a line of railway connecting that city with St. Petersburg. I left the train at a little station in the woods, half way up the line, and proceeded to make friends with a queer old Russian with an unpronounceable name, but whom I called Peter, for short. He was a hairy old chap, yet true and courageous, as I afterwards had good reason to know. He was in the employ of the

Czar, I believe, as a keeper, or something of that sort, and I had little difficulty in getting him to accompany me in my rambles in the snowy forests, especially as wolves had recently raided the village and made a midnight supper off a number of pigs and a horse.

"I spent a good many nights lying on my back on a bundle of hay in those Russian forests while out with old Peter. The fellow seemed to be able and willing to exist without sleep, for he prowled about all night and never failed to keep a good fire going at my feet. The stillness under such circumstances is something wonderful, unless the wolves get to quarreling and calling each other long, thick Russian names, and then, of course, it is all off. My, but those beasts can howl!"

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"One day, after a second raid on the village stables by the wolves, Peter proposed that we go out and gather in a few wolf hides. He explained that the exploit would, in a manner, tone up his slightly damaged reputation as a wolf slayer, and also that the wolf hides would be worth money. Of course I consented, and off we started, on the coldest night that ever frosted a nose. The air was still, and the moon shone down through the branches of the pines, making a splendid scene, but it was 'monstrous cold,' as Uncle Zeke used to say down in the Kentucky mountains.

"Now, in Russia there are two ways of baiting wolves. You can tie a horse or a cow up to a tree in the edge of the woods and wait for Mr. Wolf to come nosing about for a square meal, but this takes time, for the ugly beasts you are after may delay the visit two, three or even five days and nights, and in the meantime you must sit there in the cold and wait patiently for results with your gun in your hand. I passed this plan up as soon as it was presented to me.

"The second baiting trick is to take a suckling pig and lure the wolves to their fate by the music of its voice. A Russian suckling pig is not great on melody, but for general compass his voice is at the head of the class. Talk about music! The pig Peter borrowed for this trip could pass remarks regarding his impressions of the use to which he was being put faster than a bankrupt politician can tell you how to get rich. His voice was certainly one of the features of the landscape that night

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"There are two ways of using the pig in that part of the country. One is to urge him by gentle twists at his curly tail to make remarks from a sleigh, to which are attached a pair of fast horses. The other is to elevate him to the top of a tree, climb a tree yourself, and shoot the wolves as they gather to listen to the concert and lick their chops at sight of the fat and tender porker. I decided that it would be more comfortable shooting from a sleigh box, well provided with robes and lunch, but you will see before I finish how little control I had over the events of that night.

"We got the sleigh, the fast horses, several rifles, plenty of ammunition, and his honor the pig and set out for the forest about ten o'clock. It wasn't necessary to twist the tail of this pig. His vocal talent was quite superior to any outward help. He required no incentive to do his duty, and we had to say the things we found it

necessary to say to each other in tones that might have been heard a mile away.

"We glided along for an hour or more before we heard a single noise from the forest (which was very dense on both sides, and dark, too, notwithstanding the bright moonlight), that sounded at all like the game we were after. Then, above the vocal efforts of the pig, we heard the howls of wolves. I was for stopping the team right there and waiting for them to come up, but Peter said they would come up fast enough, and drove on, the pig continuing his pressing invitations every foot of the way.

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"In half an hour more the wolves were in sight at the edge of the heavy growth of pines, and Peter said that I might as well begin shooting. I took deliberate aim at one snarling brute which had ventured into the narrow road, and let go. The next moment I was rolling in the snow, gun in hand, wondering what the Old Nick had happened. The first sound that reached my ears was the growl of a hungry wolf not more than twenty paces away, and the next was the voice of the pig, dying out in the distance. Frightened by the report of my rifle, the horses had given a sudden spring forward, throwing me out of the sleigh, and started off on a mad run. Perhaps the presence of the wolves had something to do with their frenzy, too, but the result was the same so far as I was concerned.

"There I was, alone in the heart of a Russian forest, with a pack of ferocious wolves snarling about me. The brutes charged in from all directions until at least a dozen great, glaring-eyed wolves were in sight. The voice of the pig no longer seemed to possess attractions for them, for the wolves devoted all their attention to me. The situation was a serious one, and I knew it. In fact, I began to think that I had indulged in one hunting trip too many.

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"I called out to Peter with all my might, but that didn't in the least assist him in getting control of the frightened horses. I am afraid that I said a good many hard things about Peter as I stood there gazing at the wolves, sitting on their haunches in the edge of the wood. There is no doubt that he ought to have taken out a team well broken to such work as was before us, but of course, all I could say and think then didn't help matters a particle. If the snarling brutes had been just a little nearer to me when I fell from the sleigh, or if I had been in the least injured or confused by the fall, and remained on the ground for even the briefest period of time, it would have been all up with me.

"I was hoping all the time that Peter would get control of the horses and turn back to my assistance, but he didn't, at least at that stage of the proceedings. I had fallen in a patch of moonlight in about the center of the road, and, as I began to look around for some means of escape, I saw that the wolves were hunched on one side of the narrow sleigh track. If I could manage to get to the side opposite from where they were, I decided one of the great pines standing close to the highway would be about the thing for me. The boles of the trees were almost as smooth as telegraph poles, and it was many feet up to the first limb, but I had no doubt that I could make the climb if I could get to the tree.

"I knew that wolves possess about the same characteristics as men, in that when one member of the pack falls down the ones on their feet eat him up, though men don't devour their companions bodily, and so I resolved to give the brutes a little lunch while I was taking to the tall timber. I therefore took careful aim with my

repeating rifle and brought down a gaunt old fellow, who appeared to be the hungriest, and consequently the most daring, of the lot. The pack was not slow in getting at the carcass, and while the brutes were snarling and fighting over their feast I sprang for the tree I had mentally selected, having decided to ascend it on the side farthest from the road. As I ran I threw my gun-loop over my shoulder, bringing my rifle at my back so I would not be hampered by it in climbing.

"But I wasn't to do much climbing that night. As I rounded the tree, gathering myself for a spring, the seemingly solid earth beneath my feet, spread deeply with snow upon which not a track was visible, caved, and I felt myself falling. It wasn't a pleasant sensation, as you may well imagine. Twigs and branches of trees clawed at my face as I went down, and by the time I landed I understood that I had tumbled into a wolf-pit. I was dazed for an instant, though the fall had not been more than ten feet, but it wasn't long before I fell to guessing what would happen next.

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"My first movement was to take a revolver from my pocket and jab a long hunting knife which I always carried with me into the left surface of my coat, where it would be within easy reach if the revolver should fail. I could see the lengthened muzzles of the wolves as they glared down upon me with hungry eyes, and I momentarily expected to see one of their gaunt bodies sweeping through the air toward the bottom of the pit-fall. The entire top of the pit-fall had not been crushed down by my weight. I had fallen almost directly through the center of the covering of branches which upheld the frozen snow, and the opening above me was not more than four feet in diameter, while the diameter of the pit was at least twelve feet, leaving about four feet of inward-slanting roof on each side.

"The Russian wolf, though much larger than his kind in any other part of the world, is notoriously a cowardly and crafty animal. The ones which now threatened me evidently suspected a trick of some sort in my sudden disappearance, and for a time did nothing more than crawl about the circular opening through which I had tumbled. How long they would remain inactive was more than I could imagine. Would they remain there until I froze to death, or would they slink away at the coming of daylight? But, even if they finally abandoned the quest, I was at a loss when I came to figuring how I was to get out of this trap which had been set for wolves, but which had caught a wolf-hunter. And, even if Peter hastened to my assistance as soon as possible, how was he to find me in that grave-like hole? I tell you, boys, I just made up my mind that I had come to my last trip, except the one across the dark river, and that did not seem very far away.

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"While I was engaged in these not very pleasant thoughts, the hungry wolves were crowding nearer and nearer to the opening above my head. The ones in the rear pressed those in front on faster and farther than they were willing to go, and now and then, as the weight upon the roof of branches increased, bits of snow and pieces of twigs fell into the pit, showing that the branches were gradually yielding to the great pressure above. I stood ready with my revolver and knife, for, though I had little hope of winning out in a fight with a pack of wolves in that narrow place, I resolved to put up the best battle possible.

"At last what I dreaded took place, though in a less degree than I had anticipated. The rough edge of branches at one

side sagged, tipped, gave way, and I saw a ferocious wolf falling down upon me. I thought pretty fast for about half a second, boys. I fired the moment I saw the beast's body fill the opening and then sprang away to one corner of the pit, standing in readiness to fire again as soon as the sound of a fall told me that the animal had landed on the hard floor of my prison. It was dark down there, you understand, for what little moonlight would naturally have filtered through the opening was cut off by the overhanging boughs of the tree under which the pit had been excavated.

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"The thump was anticipating came about as soon as my feet struck the corner, and I fired again, aiming at a spot directly under the hole, where there was a little commotion in the darkness. The shot made a terrible din in the pit, and every instant, while it was ringing in my ears, I expected to feel the teeth of the wolf grinding away at some part of my anatomy. But the animal never stirred, and subsequent examination showed that each bullet had penetrated a vital spot. The scent of fresh blood made the wolves above all the more fierce, and in a short time another was pushed into the pit. I fired as before when the creature's body darkened the opening, but evidently not to as good purpose as before, for the wolf began snarling the instant it touched the floor. I fired again and again, until the pit was filled with smoke, but still there was a sound of tearing and rending flesh in the center of the pit. Though wounded, I could not tell how badly, the savage beast was devouring its comrade! I fired again, and the noise of feeding ceased, but the din above grew louder and louder. The smell of fresh blood was too much for the half-starved animals crowded about the pit, and I realized that the frail covering of branches might give way at any moment, precipitating the whole pack on top of me. As I pointed my revolver at the opening I involuntarily began to count up the number of shots I had already fired. In a second I knew that every chamber was empty! Not expecting to use the weapon during the hunt, I had brought no extra cartridges with me!

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"You remember the pocket dark-lanterns we bought in Rome? Well, I had mine with me that night, and I managed to light it. With that in one hand and the knife in the other, I stood upon the bodies of the dead wolves and flashed the light into the opening, yelling every moment at the top of my voice. I repeated all the orations I had ever learned, I sang old college songs, I recited poetry and shouted out army orders until I was hoarse, all the time swinging the lantern until it seemed as if my arm would drop off. I think the audience appreciated my efforts to amuse them. I was determined that if Peter came back to look for me he should know where I was! You remember the story of the old negro who, from a barn roof, added to a pack of wolves all night? Well, his job beat mine!

"The wolves kept back as long as they heard my voice and saw the swinging lantern, but if either ceased, there were their ugly faces looking down upon me again. That was a long night boys. I guess I should have frozen to death but for my exertions, and I know that I should have been eaten but for the lantern and my lungs! Just before daylight the wolves made one grand rally, and another snarler was pushed over the edge of the opening, square into the face of the light. I stepped to one side so he couldn't fall on me when I saw him clinging to the edge of the roof, and when he landed I stood waiting for him with the knife. He was about as scared as I was, I guess, but even

at that his hunger got the better of him and he began eating the top wolf. You may guess how the growling and chewing affected the others. I could hear them charging and surging above me, now that the lantern was not at the opening, and saw the roof sagging in all directions. My cellmate was too busy eating to pay any attention to what I did, so I put the light up again. As I did so I heard a sound in the short silence that followed the act that brought the blood bounding to my heart. It was the squealing of that blessed pig! Peter was coming back. If I could fight the wolves off a moment more all would be well. I bound the lantern to the muzzle of my rifle and thrust it out of the hole, yelling louder than ever as I did so. The pig's voice came nearer and nearer, and the sound of men's voices followed it. Then I heard shots and the wolves scampered away from the opening.

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"Peter and his companions, for he had brought back a whole load of armed men, saw the light, of course, and rushed for it. As they dashed on to the roof of the pitfall, the whole thing collapsed, and there was such a jumble of men and wolf as was probably never seen before in that part of the country. The wolf in the pit was killed after seriously wounding one of the men in his efforts to get away, and we all crawled out of the hole. I think the pig gave us a cheer as we approached the sleigh, for I never heard anything like the way he yelled. His voice certainly was in fine trim that night.

"When we got back to the village with a load of wolf hides, for the rescuing party had killed a good many, I told old Peter that I would give him a hundred dollars if he'd keep that pig fat and happy until he died a natural death, and he said he would. Music? I never heard sweeter music in my life than that pig's squeal!"

"I don't know," said Barnes, as Howells concluded his story, "whether you'll get the watch or whether you'll pay for it. I'm a little suspicious, but I'll read up on wolves before we meet again."

And the boys adjourned, to meet at the same place a month later for the second story. We will join them at the Lexington, in the next (June) issue of *The Star*.

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Our Duties as Charter Members.

Office of Success Lodge, 1275, C. M. A. Hall, Minn., April 1, 1900.

SIX of us are assembled here; for what purpose? In answer you will probably say, "Why certainly to organize our lodge!" Yes, that is true in part, but have you stopped to think about the rest of it? The main object is to organize but there are many other things to be considered. We form a very small part of a large organization, and our main strength lies in unity and harmony. It is therefore evident that we are here for the purpose of building one of the pillars (lodges) that shall serve as a support for the national organization. Its strength and welfare. How shall we do this? First by getting new members, thereby increasing its strength. In order to get members, we must show people that we are following out the objects for which we are organized. To do this we must be well acquainted with the order's objects and teachings. When we can show that we are living up to our motto in every way, then we can hope to get the better class of boys and young men interested. Our reward will come in the community's thanks for the betterment of its sons. All of these things are necessary before our lodge can hope to be in reality what it is in name, a "Success." Edward Engson, O. T. N., Secretary.

The Treasure of the Cacique A Story of Old Mexico.

By Gilbert Campbell

Chapter XXI.

Strange are the Ways of Justice.



OME miles the cavalcade proceeded at a sharp trot, without meeting with any signs of the marauders; but as they emerged from a dense portion of the thicket, through which they had been for some time advancing, they came suddenly upon a village which had evidently suffered severely at the hands of plundering Indians.

As the troop swept up at a gallop, and halted in front of the scene of violence, a few of the miserable villagers who had managed to evade the search of their terrible enemies, crowded up, casting looks of apprehension and terror at the bronzed countenances of the Children of the Sun who sat motionless upon their horses, apparently regardless of the cruel scene displayed before them.

Their story was a brief but pitiable one. Without the slightest warning, an armed band of Apache Indians had swept down upon them, killing all those who offered any resistance; had then fired the village, driven off the cattle, and departed, carrying away with them two travellers who had arrived in the village the night before, footsore and weary, and quite unable to proceed any farther upon their way.

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"Why did the Indians carry off these men in preference to any of the others?" asked Indian Joe, suspiciously.

"Because," answered the villager, "they made a desperate resistance, and had killed the second in command of the Apache troop."

"Do you know who the men were?" asked Bob.

The man hesitated. "Pardon, excellency," said he, "we are poor and defenceless, and when bad people come we are not strong enough to refuse to receive them, especially when, like Cifuentes and Simon, they are armed to the teeth."

"Cifuentes!" exclaimed Bob and Arthur, in tones of the most profound astonishment, and after a few hasty questions the party rode on.

Traces of the marauders soon became plainly visible; bodies of over-driven cattle strewed the road, where they had fallen from exhaustion, and had been speared to death by their merciless possessors, whilst far ahead was a thick cloud of dust, in which spearpoints glistened and feathers waved, showing the proximity of the marauding band.

Nearer and nearer they came to the cloud of dust, and they could more distinctly discern the half-clad forms of the savages, and hear their cries and yells, as they urged on the plundered beasts.

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"Why, what is the matter in the Apache rear-guard?" asked Bob, peering into the dust ahead.

"They seem to be fighting amongst themselves," replied his brother, bringing his rifle into a more convenient position for use.

As he spoke two men fell heavily from a horse amongst the Apaches, and struggled for a moment upon the ground; then one rose from the dust, and, with agonized cries for help, ran backwards towards the pursuing band, hotly followed by three of the Apaches.

His flight was but a short one. Almost simultaneously the lances passed through his body and with a loud yell he sank in the dust.

Meanwhile one of the Indians had leaped from his saddle and stooped over the fallen man, a bright knife gleamed, and he wrenched his hand in the long hair of the prostrate form, a quick turn of the blade and a wild, despairing, hardly human shriek from the victim, and the Indian bounded upon his horse and galloped after the retreating troop, shaking in derision his gory trophy at his pursuers.

The wretched man had been scalped.

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The agony caused by the wound made him rise to his feet and stagger wildly along the road towards the boys. His strength, however, soon failed him, and he would have again fallen to the ground had not Bob leaped from his horse and caught the tottering form in his arms.

It was that of Half-hung Simon.

The whole cavalcade came to a halt, and the Lancers swept by in pursuit of the Apaches.

"If they ain't raised the crittur's ha'r clean," muttered Joe, looking half pitifully at the miserable spectacle before him.

"Water, water!" gasped Simon, and Arthur held a flask to his quivering lips. The wounded man drank eagerly.

"And this is the end," groaned he.

"Where is Cifuentes?" asked Bob, sternly.

"Cifuentes had a worse time than I," he gasped. "He was scalped and then thrown over a precipice we passed a little while ago." Another gasp and the wretched man was dead.

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Chapter XXII.

A Last Farewell to Old Friends.

At an early hour the next morning camp was struck, and the Children of the Sun escorted the White Prince and his brother to the gates of Puebla.

Great was the astonishment of the Corregidor, the Alguazils, and all the civil officials of the city at the advent of so strange a cavalcade, and greater by far was the astonishment of Don Rafael Mosafa, the Hebro-Spanish banker, at being asked to take charge of the treasure.

All night long his clerks were kept at work, estimating its value, weighing it, and putting it to every test that human ingenuity could suggest; and large was the profit he made when he handed over bills for the value of the treasure to the brothers.

But, previous to this arrangement, the white-headed chief had signified to Arthur that the Children of the Sun would not halt within the walls of the pale-faces, but would form their camp some two miles from the gates of the city, where, at the rising of the moon, they would be glad to take a farewell of their prince.

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With a glad heart Arthur promised that he would be there, for, as a fact, though he was grateful for the honorable spirit that had led the savages to conform to the orders of their ancient Cacique, and to hand over the treasure to his heir-designate, yet he was weary of their fulsome adoration and of the foolish respect which they paid to him upon all occasions.

Accompanied only by Indian Joe, who insisted upon being one of the farewell party, he mounted his horse and rode off through the city gates in the direction of the rising moon.

A brisk trot of half an hour brought Arthur and Indian Joe to camp.

The Indians had picketed their steeds in a semicircle, and each man had immediately in front of his horse lit the fire over which he had roasted the maize cakes, which composed his simple nourishment.

The old chief was waiting as Arthur and his companion rode into the circle.

"The Prince honors his servants by his attendance; the 'Sacred Warrior' (for so the Indians had been accustomed to designate Indian Joe), 'is also welcome."

"Well, chief," said Arthur. "I have come

to take a most grateful farewell of you all, and to express, in the deepest sense that I can, my gratitude for your kindness and honorable feeling in handing over to me the treasure of which the Caelque made me the heir."

"Hush, hush, Prince," answered the old Indian, "these are not words that should come from your mouth; we could not but obey the words of the Caelque and the prophets; but come, certain ceremonies have to be gone through and then the children of the City of the Sun and the White Prince will part forever."

As he spoke he led the way to the center of the semicircle, where a rude altar had been erected, upon which a small fire burned. A sound was then heard like that of a bugle, and every warrior started to his feet and stood to his arms.

In another instant a wild figure with its right arm swathed in bandages rose from behind the altar; an attendant stood upon his left hand, bearing in his arms a young kid with its feet tied together.

"Why, it is Oran Hari, the priest," exclaimed Arthur in surprise, as he recognized the new-comer.

"Going to kulle Master Bob?" queried Joe.

"Hush!" said Arthur, "he is going to speak. Let us listen to what he says."

He told them that their watch was over and their duty fulfilled; that now they could return to their families and abandon the land of the pale-faces; that the treasure was now lost to the children of the City of the Sun, and in proof thereof he would extinguish the fire and bid them all speed on their way.

As he spoke he plunged, with his left hand, the knife into the breast of the kid, and with the gushing blood quenched the fire upon the altar.

Hardly had he done so than every Indian vaulted to his saddle, and, headed by the old chief, rode past Arthur, and, lowering their spear points in token of salutation, passed away into the shades of night, and, silent as spectres, disappeared from view.

In ten minutes Arthur and Joe were alone.

(The End.)

★ ★ ★

Find Seven Babies.

ONE and one and one make three, any one would say upon glancing at this picture of the fine little boys but in our day of puzzles it is not what you see first that is the right answer to the question,



"how many are there?" Look again and perhaps you will be sharp enough to see that one and one and one make not three but more than twice three—seven. Look among the squirming arms and legs, among the chubby hands and feet and you can not fail to make up the puzzling addition.

★ ★ ★

All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

UNDERGROUND to FREEDOM Civil War Reminiscences By Colonel Arthur Burgoine, Rtd

THE following account from a prisoner of war gives a description of the sufferings of a Federal soldier in the great Libby Prison at Richmond, and the means by which he escaped.

In December, 1863, some Federal officers confined in that prison conceived the idea of effecting their escape, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance towards a sewer running into the basin. This they proposed doing by commencing at a point in the cellar, near a chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above the hospital was a room for officers, and above that yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and the prisoners who were in the secret, improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavat-

viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey street. On the opposite side of this street, from the prison, was a sort of carriage-house, used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to prisoners from the north, and the project was to dig under the street and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of the chimney. After a few handfuls of dirt had been removed, they found themselves stopped by a stone wall, which proved afterwards to be three feet thick. The party were by no means daunted, and, with penknives and pocketknives, they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar. After nineteen days' and nights' hard work, they again struck the earth beyond the wall, and pushed their work forward. Here, too (after they had got some distance underground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging some days, the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at; and in order, if possible, to test the matter, Captain Gallagher,



Libby Prison during the Civil War.

ing operations. The dirt was hidden under the straw, and other refuse matter under the cellar, and it was trampled down, so as to prevent too great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance underground, it was difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it, and it was run in the tunnel, and, as soon as filled, was drawn out, and the dirt deposited under the straw. But, after hard work, and digging many feet with finger-nails, knives, and chisels, the working party found themselves stopped by piles, at least a foot in diameter, driven in the ground. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other article that would cut, were brought to use; and, after clipping for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnellers commenced again, and in a few minutes reached the sewer. But here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewers and the flow of filthy water was so great, that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead than alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others besides those who had first thought of escape; then a party of seventeen, after

of the Second Ohio Regiment, pretended that he had a box in the carriage-house over the way, and desired to search for it. Captain Gallagher was granted permission to go there, and as he walked across, under guard, he, as well as he could, paced off the distance and concluded that the street was about fifty feet wide. On the 6th or 7th of February, 1864, the working party judged they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upwards. When near the surface, they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were some two or three feet yet outside the fence. The displacing of a stone made considerable noise, and one of the sentinels called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. This hole was stopped up by inserting in the crevice a pair of old pantaloons filled with straw, and by bolsterring the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, etc., of the prison. The tunnel was then continued some six or seven feet more, and when the working party were ready to emerge to daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away; others refused, fearing the consequences if they were re-

captured, and others (among whom was General Neal Dow) declined to make the attempt.

About half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 9th of February, the prisoners started, Colonel Rose, of New York, leading the van. Before moving, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three and four; each squad was to take a different route, and after they were out, were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party was to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and consequently the rope-ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar. Colonel W. P. Hendrick, of West Tennessee, Captain D. J. Jones, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant R. Y. Bradford, of the Second West Tennessee, were detailed as a rear guard, or rather to go out last; and from a window Colonel Kendrick and his companions could see the fugitives walk out of a gate at the other end of the enclosure of the carriage house, and fearlessly move off. The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight, a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made considerable noise in getting to their respective quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus again commenced. Colonel Kendrick and his companions looked with trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out of the enclosure into the glare of the gas lights. Between one and two o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave, who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety until such time as they would be able to move on their journey. At half-past two o'clock, Captain Jones, Colonel Kendrick, and Lieutenant Bradford passed out, and as Colonel Kendrick emerged from the hole, he heard the guard within a few feet of him sing out, "Post No. 7: half-past two in the morning, and all's well."

Colonel Kendrick said he could hardly resist the temptation of saying, "Not so well as you think, except for the Yankees." Lieutenant Bradford was intrusted with the provisions for this squad, and in getting through he was obliged to leave his haversack behind him, as he could not get through with it upon him. Once out, they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passing eastwardly through the city. A description of the route pursued by this party, and of the tribulations through which they passed, as detailed by one of them, will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it.

Colonel Kendrick had, before leaving the prison, mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one towards Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer pickets in that direction. They, therefore, kept the New York railroad to the left, and moved towards the Chickahominy river. They passed through the Bear Swamp, and crossed the road leading to Bottom Bridge. Sometimes they waded through mud and water almost up to their necks, and kept the Bottom Bridge road to their left, although at times they could see and hear the cars travelling over the York River road. While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Colonel Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunately, too, was that

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fall for him and his party for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up and saw in a direct line with them a swamp bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing over the bridge. They, therefore, moved some distance to the south, and after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here again was a difficulty, as the river, though only twenty feet wide, was very deep, and the refugees were worn out and fatigued. But chance befriended them in the shape of two trees that had fallen on either side of the river, the branches of which were interlocked. By crawling up one tree, and down the other, the fugitives reached the east bank of the Chickahominy, and Colonel Kendrick remarked that Providence was on their side, or they would not have met that natural bridge; and certainly the belief of the gallant officer was not unwarranted, for they learned subsequently from a friendly negro, that had they crossed the bridge they had seen, they would assuredly have been re-captured, as Captain Turner, governor of Libby Prison, had posted guards there and alarmed the people of the neighborhood who had formed themselves into a vigilance committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing the Chickahominy by this natural bridge, the fugitives lay down on the ground and slept (ill sunrise on the following morning (the 11th), when they continued on their way, keeping eastward as near as they could. Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon, on the 11th, they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabouts of the enemy's pickets, and furnished them with food. Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness set in, when they were furnished with a comfortable supper by them; and after dark proceeded on their way, the negroes having first directed them how to avoid the enemy's pickets. That night they passed a camp of the Confederates and could plainly see the smoke and fires. Soon after fatigue compelled them to stop and rest, they having marched only five miles that day. They started again at daylight on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the woods, saw a negro woman working in the fields. Calling to her, they received directions as to the road, and learned that the rebel pickets had been about there, looking for the fugitives from Libby. They halted here and resumed their journey when darkness set in; and, after marching five miles, again halted until the morning.

At one point the fugitives met a negro in the field, who told them that her mistress was a Secessionist, and that she had a son in the Confederate army. As the party were extremely hungry, this emboldened them to proceed to the house and inform the mistress that they were prisoners from Norfolk, who had been driven out by General Butler. The sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them abundance of food and started them on their way with directions how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity.

When about fifteen miles from Williamsburgh the party came upon the main road and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper picked up by Captain Jones satisfied him that they were Union cavalry, but his companions were suspicious, and avoiding the road, they moved forward, and at the "Burnt Ordinary," (about ten miles from Williamsburgh), waited behind a fence the return of the cavalry, which had moved up the road. Presently the fugitives saw the flag of the Union supported by a squadron

of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Colonel Spear's 11th Pennsylvania regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners. The party accompanied the cavalry into Williamsburgh, where they were quartered for the night, and found eleven others of their comrades who had escaped from Richmond. This escape of so many officers through a country swarming with hostile cavalry, was very remarkable, but it could never have been accomplished had there not been sympathizers with the Federal cause in the South; as, on the other hand, General Morgan and his friends could not have escaped to Richmond from the Ohio penitentiary, had not the Secessionist cause many well-wishers in the North.

Papa Frog and the Tadpoles.

HERE is the picture of a male frog with the little tadpoles living on his back, discovered lately by Dr. August Brauer, of Marburg, Germany. For a little fellow it has a pretty long name, but perhaps its paternal devotion has earned it the long Latin name, *arthroleptis seychellensis boettgeri*. It has been noticed before that in some species of frogs living in Venezuela and the island of Trinidad the male bears the young on its back, to which they hold by their mouths. But this new species is the first one on which so many as nine little ones were discovered, and besides they do not hold on by their mouths, but seem to



be stuck to the papa frog's back and sides by some gummy substance which holds them in place until they are large enough to care for themselves. Like all tadpoles, these still have the tails which will soon drop off, and if you look carefully you can see the beginnings of their legs just in front of the tails. It is a wonderful device of nature, that the female sometimes deposits her eggs on the back of the male, where they hatch out and the little tadpoles grow until they attain a certain size. Such is, of course, not the case with our common frogs, but in these rare species only lately found by naturalists is a strange reversal of what seems to us to be the usual law that the mother takes care of the young. In this species the eggs are not laid on the back of the male, but on the ground, and only after they are hatched do they take up their position on papa's back. And there they ride, not for a trot upstairs or through the hall, as Irish children do, but until they are big enough to walk around and look for their own food.

They all Ate Their Husbands.

AS long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century the idea of using the thread that the spider spins from its body as a substitute for the thread unwrapped from the cocoon of the silk worm was broached, but with little practical re-

sult. An Englishman, Mr. Roit, secured 20,000 feet of silk thread from 22 spiders in two hours. Of late some experiments have been conducted by curious persons to ascertain which spider produced the best and largest quantity of silk, for it has been demonstrated that it is an excellent substitute for that of the silk worm. Spiders from Paraguay and Argentine, from India, China and Australia were tried, but the best results were secured from the spiders of Madagascar. It was found that after laying her eggs the female spider spins most freely. Six of these were selected and confined for the test. From one 2,000 yards of thread were secured in ten days; from the second 1,350 yards in seven days, from the third and fourth 450 yards in four days, from the fifth 1,400 yards in eleven days and from the sixth 4,200 yards in 27 days. A German manufacturer was so delighted with this test that he made elaborate arrangements for having a spider silk mill, importing a large number of the spiders from Madagascar to Germany. All went well until the females had laid their eggs and begun to spin, when all at once the males were found to have disappeared—their larger feminine companions had grown so fond of them that each female spider had eaten her mate. This catastrophe ended the costly experiment.

Hard to Believe.

Effects of Coffee on Human Beings.

EVERY time that I indulged, even in a weak cup of coffee, I suffered with a terrible headache and disordered stomach. Ten months ago I quit coffee altogether and took up Postum Food Coffee. I have no more headaches; am very much stronger and in better flesh than I was before I began. I can work hard all day without feeling tired at all.

"Before I drank Postum, I got so tired at my work that I had to lie down in the afternoon. Occasionally I would faint away. A lady friend, an author, says she would not be without Postum Food Coffee for anything in the world. She uses it three times a day and says it keeps her mind clear and bright and her body healthy.

"Another friend, a lady who is a cripple and has been an invalid for a long while, took up Postum Coffee about two years ago. She has gained many pounds, and her flesh is now hard and firm. It is natural we should sing the praises of Postum." Miss Ida M. Forney, 24 Highland Ave., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

It will be observed from the above that each person showed an increase in sturdy strength, brought about by leaving off coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee. The reason for this experience is that the poisonous alkaloids contained in regular coffee, prostrated the nervous system, bringing on all sorts of aches and ails, and disintegrating the delicate cells in the nerve centers, destroying and throwing out the elements absolutely required by Nature for maintaining good, sound nervous strength and health.

When coffee is discontinued, Nature seeks to set up a healing and repair the damage. The efforts of Nature are powerfully aided by certain elements in Postum Food Coffee which come from parts of the field grain, selected especially for the purpose, by the makers of Postum. One of the principal elements is phosphate of potash—a delicate, microscopic product used by the system in combination with albumen of the food to make up the cells in the nerve centers of the human body. There is a well-defined reason why people can add greatly to their strength and health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

The Shade of Annandale or When Might Made Right A Tale of The Long Ago

RALPH and Joyce, two retainers from the Castle of Annandale, meet their young master, Mark Powell, son of Sir Julian, on his return from a tour of the continent. On their way home night overtakes them, and they stop for rest and supper at "the Sign of the Golden Lion." Here Mark has occasion to resent the insults of a rowdy soldier, one of a troop of Round-head servants. Deciding that "The Golden Lion" will not prove a cheerful resting place after these adventures, they push on for home shortly after supper. Greetings over, Mark learns that his father is on the outs with Sir Julian Ash and Captain Salter, two near neighbors, and, furthermore, is under suspicion as a "Papist." Retiring to rest, he is awakened by the vision of Sir Bryan, one of his ancestors, who appears before him, clothed in the habiliments of a Crusader, with a broad sword dripping with blood, in his hand. To remove suspicion Sir Julian gives a Christmas party in honor of his son's return, but in the midst of the evening's festivities, they are disturbed by the entrance of a troop of soldiers, treacherously admitted by Captain Salter. Mark and his father are arrested and confined in the castle dungeons, accused of high treason. The Shade of Annandale visits Mark in the dungeon and, attacking it on the advice of Father Ambrose, he discovers that this time at least it is Captain Salter masquerading as the ghost. Father Ambrose glides in at this moment, and beckoning Mark, they leave through the secret panel. A half hour later Mark, accompanied by Joyce, mounted on a handsome pair of horses, sets off at a furious gallop for London, bearing a letter from the priest to powerful friends who, he promises Mark, will intercede for his father.

★ ★

Chapter VII.

A Chance Meeting and a Gallant Rescue.

TWO days later, just as night was falling, a couple of travellers turned their jaded steeds into the court yard of Tabard Inn, of Southwark.

"Joyce," whispered the younger and better dressed of the two, "neither I nor my horse can go any farther until we have rested and eaten."

"Truly, Master Mark," answered his companion, "I myself am somewhat in want of refreshments, for I have tasted nothing since daybreak, yet good Father Ambrose said, 'Draw not rein till the letter be delivered.'"

"We will get but a bite and a sup here, then on again; we shall, perhaps, escape observation the later it gets."

They were soon comfortably seated in a snug parlor, before a cheery fire, regaling themselves on the contents of a huge pasty.

"Here is to the successful delivery of the letter, Master Mark, and the speedy release of Sir Julian."

"Hush, man, for Heaven's sake!" whispered Mark. "Knowest thou not that in these times walls have ears? We want not every fool to know our names and business."

A rough-looking fellow, half bravo, half soldier, who had been seated by the fire, now approached the two travelers, and without being invited, seized on the ale

jug and took a deep, long pull. "Your health, master," he said, as he replaced the empty jug.

Mark, not wishing for special reasons to quarrel with the fellow, took no notice of his liberty, but called to the landlord to refill the jug with ale. The stranger seated himself at the table, and looking from one to the other, exclaimed, "It's a rough day for travelling my masters?"

"Yes," answered Mark, briefly.

"Hast come far, friend?"

"Some distance."

"You go to the Court at Whitehall, perhaps?" conjectured the man.

"We do," answered Mark, hastily, anxious to conceal his real destination.

"Then, thou canst not do better than give me a broad piece and I will guide thee there, for with half an eye I can see ye are both strangers."

"Not strangers. I thank thee, I know my way perfectly, but in honor of the good old English custom at Christmas here is a crown to drink our healths with," and sulking the action to the word, he threw the coin upon the table.

The man clutched it eagerly, at the same time casting an envious glance towards Mark's well-filled purse.

★

A great clatter of horsemen outside now arose, and someone entering, cried out in a loud voice, "What ho, mine host; here, send thy knaves to take our horses; we are all ahungred and athirst, and have travelled far to-day on his majesty's service."

Mark had his back to the speaker, but Joyce saw and recognized him.

Grasping his master's arm, he cried:

"Sdeath, we are undone; it is one of the knaves who surprised us at Annandale."

"Methought I recognized the voice; that it is the rascal Dick."

The stranger noticed their agitation, and walked away towards the new-comers.

"Follow me," said Mark to Joyce, and he stepped into the private parlor behind the public bar.

The landlord's wife, a buxom matron, looked up in surprise.

"We come to pay our reckoning," explained Mark. "We must leave in haste."

He gave the woman a couple of gold pieces, and pointing to the low window, asked, "Where leads that to, mistress?"

"To the passage beside the stables; a door a little way along on the left leads into them. But why do you ask, fair sir?"

"We go that way," whispered Mark, significantly. "And if you would not bring our heads to the block, keep your own counsel about the way we departed."

★

She made a hasty sign for them to go at once, and walked to the door to prevent anyone entering. Slipping through the window and dropping to the ground, Mark and Joyce went cautiously along the passage until the door the landlady spoke of was reached. Pushing it gently open, Mark looked in. The stable was half full of soldiers, seeing to their horses, but what attracted Mark's attention was a man, carefully examining his own grey, which was at the end of the stable. This man was Dick Martin, and he walked round the beast as if trying to remember where he had seen it before.

"We must off at once on foot, Joyce, ere these fellows leave the stable; keep well within the shadow of the wall."

Joyce did as he was told, and without accident they got outside the "Tabard."

Here Mark explained what he had seen. "He will be sure to recognize my horse," he concluded, "and then he'll search every hole in the place for me."

He had been in London once or twice before, and with little difficulty reached

—"and Mark, without a moment's hesitation, joined the fray."



the Thames late at night, crossed the London bridge and made his way towards the Strand to a house close by the Savoy, to which the letter was addressed.

Once or twice they thought they saw a figure dogging their foot-steps, and Joyce, drawing his dagger, carried the naked blade under his cloak. Mark kept the hilt of his sword handy too; for in those days and at that hour of night in London, one carried one's life in one's hand, and it behooved all to be ready with sword and pistol.

They had reached the bottom of the Strand, and were quickly approaching the Savoy, when of a sudden a piercing shriek rang out upon the night air.

"Great heavens! Joyce, didst thou hear that?" cried Mark.

★
Again the shriek, more shrill, more piercing than before, rang out. "Help! help! Murder! Treason! Help! help! help!"

The sound seemed to come from a turning to the right. Dashing forward, with a naked sword in one hand and a loaded pistol in the other, Mark, with Joyce close upon his heels, turned the corner and came upon a remarkable scene.

A coach and four stood in the middle of the street.

The coachman lay on his back on the road, bleeding, while two footmen were valiantly struggling with some half-dozen ruffians, and two richly attired men, wearing masks, were trying to drag a little boy and a lady, elegantly dressed, from the carriage.

The lady continued to call for help, and Mark, without a moment's hesitation, joined the fray, and passed his sword through the foremost man, who fell to the ground with a moan.

His companion, with a fierce oath, turned upon his friend's assailant.

Skilled swordsman though he was, Markham soon found he had met his equal, and hampered by his cloak, which he still wore, he was at a disadvantage.

He retreated cautiously before the savage onslaught of his masked adversary, until he got his back against the house, where he could just keep his antagonist at bay.

Joyce was gallantly holding his own against a couple of ruffians, but soon would have been down, upon a third joining the fray against him, had not an unexpected diversion occurred in his favor.

The lady, who was now free, had fired a small pistol point blank at Joyce's fresh assailant, and without a sound he went down.

Another bully, drawing a huge double-edged sword, now joined against Markham, who saw he soon must succumb to these odds.

★
He still fought desperately, however, until he felt, from sheer fatigue, that he must drop his point, when, of a sudden, he became aware of some one, dressed in black, fighting beside him.

One of the adversaries fell, with six inches of steel in his chest, and making a final effort, Mark succeeded in wounding the other man, he with the mask, in the right shoulder.

With a cry of pain he dropped his sword, and staggered against the wall.

Mark started to Joyce's assistance, but the rest of the ruffians, seeing the odds were now against them, dashed off.

Raising his bat, Mark advanced to the carriage door, and by the light that burst within, saw the lady, with her son, a lad of eight or ten, in her arms.

"I trust, madam, neither of you have been hurt by those murderous ruffians," he said.

The lady turned towards him a face the most beautiful, he thought, he had ever seen, and with a slightly foreign accent, said: "Brave and generous youth, you have saved me from a life of long im-

prisonment, and my son from death. This affray was plotted, I am assured, by my most bitter enemy, who is jealous of my power over the king."

Mark, on hearing these words, bowed, though he had not the faintest suspicion of whom the lady was. He only asked if she would like to continue her journey, and whither she was going.

★
"I am on my way from his majesty's court at Whitehall to my own house, and, if my servants are not all killed, would wish to go on."

One of the footmen, who was uninjured, now approached, hat in hand.

"Your grace," he said, "the coachman is dead, shot through the heart, but William and myself are uninjured, thanks to this gentleman's timely assistance."

"We have driven off our assailants, and the two wheelers being unhurt, does not your grace think we had better continue our journey?"

"But first," to Mark, "I pray you accept of this," pressing a ring upon him. "Come to Whitehall and enquire for Louise de Querouaille, and you will not find me ungrateful for the great service you have this night rendered me."

She sat back in her carriage, and the dead horse having been cut from the trace, the footman gathered up the reins and drove off.

"Young man," said a soft voice in Mark's ear, "follow up this night's work and your fortune is made."

Turning, he saw a figure in black wiping his sword on the cloak of a wounded man. He could not doubt this was the person who had so opportunely come to his rescue.

"How can I thank you, sir," he cried, "for the timely help you have just rendered me?"

"Youth," he answered, "thou hast this night marred a plot of my Lord Buckingham's, the most powerful man in England. Some of his fellows have escaped, and his house is hard by.

★
"Thou hast killed one of the gentlemen and wounded another, reckoned to be one of the best masters of the sword. Flee, or within an hour you will be floating down the Thames with thy throat cut."

Turning upon his heel, he rapidly walked away and was lost from sight.

Mark, thinking the advice was good, did as he was bidden and in another ten minutes he and Joyce reached their destination.

Here Mark whistled thrice, in a shrill, peculiar way, that Father Ambrose had shown him.

The doorway in which they stood was a huge porch, and the whole house was plunged in darkness.

A delay of a minute occurred, and then Mark repeated the whistle. A voice, apparently from above them, asked, "What kind of finch piped so loud at this hour of night?"

"A bullfinch from the coast," answered Mark, promptly.

"And what does this bullfinch want?"

"The raven of Annandale is in danger."

"Wait," said the voice.

In a few moments there was a sound as of someone undoing bolts and bars, and the door opening, an old man, with a lamp in his hand, admitted them.

★
"Hast thou any token?" he asked
"This," cried Mark, producing his letter, "to be delivered personally."

"Follow me then," said the old man, "but do thou," to Joyce, "stay here."

Mark was conducted to a room, lit with a large lamp, under which a man sat at a table covered with papers.

He looked up as Mark entered, who to his intense astonishment, recognized the features of the man who a short time ago had so fortunately come to his assistance.

Chapter VIII.

A Clash of Arms by Night.

Silently motioning the young man to a seat, he read the letter, the contents of which threw him into a deep reverie.

"So my old friend Ambrose and his generous protector have fallen under the ban, and their lives are in danger," he muttered.

"They are, sir," corroborated Mark.
The stranger started and looked towards Mark, whose presence he had evidently forgotten.

A few minutes he sat, then, looking up, exclaimed: "I am appealed to for help at the most awkward moment. To be seen moving in this matter would bring me under suspicion, and ruin at once myself and my friends. Yet something I must do for such worthy people."

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Taking his pen, he began to write a letter, the composition of which caused him much thought.

At last he finished it, and after folding and carefully sealing it, he added the direction.

Then leaning back in his chair and toying with the letter, he addressed Mark thus—

"To-night's work, which, quite by chance, I was enabled to take part in, has made thee a powerful friend, and will gain thee an equally powerful and more crafty enemy. If thou hadst not the danger of the king's warrant hanging over thee, thou mightst remain here, and I will attend the levee of his Grace of York, and interest him for my friends, but thou must away to-night to Hampton Court. If thou wouldst save thy father deliver this letter, and follow the instructions that will be given to thee."

"I have no horse, sir, and my servant is with me."

"I have made all arrangements, and thou mayst rely upon the fidelity of Master Scope here. I regret not being able to help thee and thy friends more effectually, but this all-devouring monster, called the Popish plot, is growing to startling dimensions, and is favored and fostered by the most powerful and unscrupulous party at Court, simply to forward their own sinister views."

Mark followed Master Scope, and Joyce, joining them in the passage, they all issued into the street.

"Who is that remarkable man I have been talking to?" asked Mark.

"Hadst thou not an addressed letter to him?" answered Master Scope, cautiously.

"I had, but thereon he was simply called Master Clempson. I conceive by his appearance and manner he is a man of rank."

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"Conceive what thou wilt," replied Scope. "Master Clempson is a good enough name for thee to know."

Mark did not speak again, but trudged along in silence.

They were approaching the river's edge when he thought he heard footsteps behind him.

Turning, he saw a dozen men, guided by the figure that had been tracking them, and whom he now recognized as the man he had given a crown to at the "Tabard."

Rushing forward, with naked weapons in their hands, they attacked the three. Scope at once dashed away, and was lost in the darkness. Joyce was stunned with a blow, and Mark, ere he could draw sword or pistol, was seized and bound.

Without a word the party went down to the river's edge, where two boats were moored.

There were one or two watermen loafing about, and while the party were getting into the boats some one brushed by Mark and whispered, "Fear not, friends are near."

In another minute they were afloat, and

after pulling five minutes, landed by a flight of damp green steps, which led to a big stone mansion.

Unceremoniously bundling the prisoners up, they were led into a small chamber furnished like a military guard-room.

There their weapons were taken away, and their pockets searched, but Mark's heart beat joyously when he found his captors had not discovered the letter, which he had taken the precaution to put in an inside pocket of his doublet.

They were then conducted each to a separate place of confinement, and Mark found himself in a small, bare apartment, evidently often used as a prison.

His first care, when alone, was to carefully double the letter up as small as possible, and thrust it into the toe of one of his heavy riding boots, then thoroughly exhausted with the fatigue he had lately undergone, threw himself upon the hard pallet, and dressed as he was, in five minutes was fast asleep.

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Chapter IX.

In the Clutch of Merciless Foes.

It was broad daylight ere Mark awoke, stiff with cramp and shivering with cold. No food had passed his lips since his supper at the Tarbard Inn, and the pains of his hunger began to make themselves felt.

He rose from his bed, and after rubbing his cramped limbs, walked briskly up and down his prison chamber to circulate his blood. Tiring of this he again seated himself, and wondered whether his captors meant to starve him to death.

It could not have wanted more than an hour to noon when footsteps were heard without, and the bolts being turned, the door opened and two gentlemen entered.

The warder who had opened the door, remained inside, standing with the keys in his hand.

The first of the two gentlemen was of middle height, with a remarkably handsome figure, and dressed in a rich suit of ruby velvet.

He wore his hair in ringlets upon his neck, and his clothes were perfumed with a delicate scent. His fingers were covered with jewels, which also sparkled in the hilt of his rapier, and on the buckles of his shoes.

His whole bearing and deportment bespoke him as a person of the very highest rank, and Mark involuntarily rose from his bed, and crossing the room, stood with his back to the window.

The companion of the man in the ruby velvet was also elegantly attired, but had not the distinguished air of the other.

Seating himself upon the bed and facing Mark, the former eyed him carefully up and down, then exclaimed—

"Now, sirrah, thou wilt answer me the few questions I will put before thee."

Mark bowed.

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"Wag not thy head like a wooden dummy, man, but speak, or by the Lord Harry, I will find thy tongue."

"I listen to what you say, sir," Mark replied.

"Wert thou in the Strand late last night?"

"I was."

"Didst see anything of a scuffle?"

"I did."

"And didst lay forth thy steel and spit a gentleman of my household?"

"I saw a lady being brutally used, and I ran the man, who was assaulting her, through the body," Mark said.

"When his back was turned and he could not defend himself," replied the other, scornfully, "else, I warrant me, thou wouldst have used thy feet and not thy arms."

"Hark ye," he added, "the gentleman thou stabbed lies like to die, and if he dies, thou diest too. 'Twas murder pure and simple."

"Was that gentleman whom I had the honor of wounding in the shoulder also of your household, sir, and the knaves who assisted him, too?" asked Markham.

"Zounds, thou insolent Jackanapes, and thou puttest not a curb on thy impertinent tongue, it shall wag no more, I promise thee, and thou'lt soon be out of the world."

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"You cannot frighten me," cried Mark, boldly. "I saw a lot of ruffians attacking a harmless lady and little child, and I drew my sword on their defense. I would do so again, in spite of you and all your bluster."

"Hold thy tongue, fool," cried the other gentleman to Mark, "and do you my Lord Duke govern your passion."

But "my lord duke," jumping from the bed, drew his poinard and would have plunged it in Mark's breast had not his companion caught his arm.

"You are right," said the nobleman, dashing his dagger into the sheath, "but this fool has crossed my path and thwarted a plot that would have made me pre-eminent at Court, and have crushed the opposition of that foreign mixx forever. He dies, and to-day; the next full tide shall carry his carcass with it."

He whispered some instructions to the warder.

"May it please your grace, there will, I think, be no need of that, he is already wanted on a warrant from the king."

"Then, why in the foul fiend's name didst thou not say so before?"

"I thought your grace knew."

"Who is the fellow, then?"

"Your grace, Black Will is below and will tell you all about him."

"Send him here at once."

In a couple of minutes the man who had accosted Mark at the "Tabard" entered the room.

Making a servile obeisance, he told "his Grace" how he had listened to their conversation, and how his suspicions had been roused.

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"After they had made their escape," said the man, "who should come in but Dick Martin. His suspicions had been already aroused, and when I described the appearance of these two to him, he at once recognized them."

"He commissioned me to follow them, which I did, and after the affray in the Strand, which you wot of, I saw some of your grace's men, and we tracked these two to a certain house."

"Getting some more of your men, we waited till they re-appeared, and then took them. A third, who was with them, escaped. Dick Martin is below, your grace, and will confirm what I say."

"By my troth! fellow, thou hast done well, and shall be handsomely rewarded. Fetch up this Dick Martin," to the warder. He soon arrived, and cast a savage glance at Mark.

"Ha! traitorous cub, thou shalt escape no more, I'll warrant ye," he cried.

"Enough, enough!" cried "his grace." "There is sufficient evidence to hang, draw, and quarter him a dozen times. Come with me, and in an hour you shall have an order for his committal to Newgate."

With this they all departed, and left Mark to his own reflections, which were not of a very pleasing nature.

Thinking he had better destroy the letter he had received the previous night, he pulled off his boot to do so, but found that in his hurry, he had pulled off the wrong one. He had forgotten which one he had put it in.

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As he shook it, though, something fell to the ground, with a metallic sound, and stooping, he picked up a ring.

For a moment he looked at it in surprise, wondering how it could have got in his

boot; then of a sudden he remembered,

It was the one the lady he had rescued had given him. He had at the moment put it on his finger, but in the scuffle with the men who had captured him, it must have fallen into the wide top of his riding boot, and so have escaped the observation of those who searched him.

He picked up the ring and examined it. Tearing a strip off his pocket-handkerchief, he passed it through the ring and fastened it round his neck, next to his skin, thinking the time might not be far distant when he might be able to use it.

He then took off his other boot, and taking out the letter, tore it into a thousand fragments, and threw them from the window where they fluttered down like snow into the Thames.

In the afternoon Dick Martin again appeared with a warder.

Pinioning Mark's arms, and using a deal more violence than necessary, he pushed him down a passage, at the end of which Joyce, similarly bound, was awaiting him.

They greeted each other, but Dick Martin, in a loud voice, commanded silence.

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"Thou canst crow loudly now," said Mark, "but you were silent enough when your head rang on the stones of the 'Golden Lion' like a jug in a sink."

"Ere nightfall thou wilt be in a 'jug' that will take thee all thy time to 'ring,' methinks," said Dick, with a grin, in which the goaler joined.

They were conducted down the steps and into a boat, in which were four rowers.

Two warders, armed to the teeth, took their places in the prow. Mark and Joyce were put in the bottom on the boat, and Dick took the tiller ropes.

"Now then, lads, pull away for St. Paul's steps; then, heigho for Newgate!"

Not half a minute later a boat which had lain for hours moored just below the steps Mark had been brought down, also shot from the bank.

As Dick Martin had taken the tiller ropes of his craft in hand, an old man in the other boat waved a white handkerchief, and eight stalwart fellows leaped into the boat, and seizing the oars, with long, steady pulls, glided out into deep water, not more than half a dozen boat lengths behind Mark.

(To be continued.)

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A Foothold in Germany.

March 16th, 1900.

I would like to wish you and also the C. M. A. a very happy Easter and also my best wishes for 1900. I became a member of the C. M. A. through reading the Star, in January, 1900. I am willing to answer questions from members, who are interested in German stamps and coins.

E. Hoppenstedt, O. T. N.,
Care of Fiale der Dresdeur Bank,
Hanover, Germany.

★ ★ ★

All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

The STAR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED JULY 18, 1894.

Entered at the Oak Park Post Office as SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Subscription: 50 Cents a Year, for which sum it is printed, bound, addressed, wrapped, and delivered free of all extra charge, to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. Foreign subscriptions 75 cents a year.

Advertising Rates.—50 cents per agate line per issue. No discount for time, space or cash. Figures about seven words to a line; fourteen lines to an inch.

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Address all communications

THE STAR MONTHLY,
Star Block, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

A Matter of Dress.



PECULIAR feeling, half pride, half consciousness, is the lot of every boy when he dons his first "long pants' suit." A good many "Star" readers have been through this experience, some have yet to feel it. With it all is the more or less distinct impression that the first long bill on the road to manhood has been successfully passed, and as he pauses to catch his breath preparatory to the next attempt that shall land him across the line on his twenty-first birthday, the boy feels exactly as the editors of The Star Monthly do in sending forth the paper in its new form this month.

Back of us we see six years of steady growth and progress, each number in some way an improvement over the one before, and now, as "The Star Monthly" makes its bow to the public in its first "long pants' suit," we feel like stopping to take a little breath and think.

What lies before us? If the past is an index to the future, we see growth, slow, perhaps, but sure and steady; together with hard work and lots of it. Our responsibilities rest heavily upon us, and yet we bear the burdens cheerfully. To be the mouthpiece, guide and companion to over one hundred thousand bright boys and young men brings with it duties that, to the thoughtless, may appear slight, but to the editors far otherwise.

A boy learns best and quickest by suggestion and example. Every person and thing with which he comes in contact, consciously or otherwise, teaches him something. His mind is a photographic plate and all passing objects leave their impression on it, some only slightly, some very vividly.

Each boy who reads a copy of "The Star Monthly" learns something from it—not because we have preached him a sermon,

not because we have said to him, "do thus and so," but because his own intellect, following up the train of thought suggested by paragraph, story, anecdote or sketch, draws its own conclusion. The cause and effect is at all times clear, and the boy learns his own lesson from it, to be put into practical use on the first occasion that arises.

And now, lest our boy readers conclude this is a sermon, we will cut it short, and go back to where we "stopped to think," at the end of the second paragraph. We are proud of our new suit of clothes, and we think they fit us very nicely. We also know it's a long step towards pre-eminence as "the best boys' paper in the world," our goal. But, lest we become self-conscious and vain from too long self-contemplation, we'll both get back to work again at once.

If you agree with us that "The Star Monthly," in its new form, is a decided improvement in every way, show your appreciation by letting your chum have this copy when you have read it through. Perhaps he'll think so, too, and want to subscribe. If he does, that means one more we are under contract for, to interest, instruct and amuse.

Forward, march! then, for both of us, you as a boy, to the boundless future that lies before your young manhood, resolved to do everything within your power to win honorable success in the affairs of this world; we, to the work we love, helping, encouraging and entertaining you on the way, resolved to bend every effort towards sending forth a boys' paper that boys want and need.

The new story, entitled "The Snake's Mark," by P. Y. Black, which will start in the June issue of "The Star Monthly," is a sea story, laid in the early colonial days. The story opens in colonial Boston, rapidly takes us to sea in two rival ships in search of a fabulous treasure in the isles of the southern seas, and brings those that deserve it, safely back home. A series of startling surprises and incidents abound from the first to the last chapter.

At the request of several members of the Coming Men of America, "marked copies" of this issue of "The Star Monthly" have been mailed to some of their friends. It is intended to interest them in the order, and they are respectfully referred to the article on the back page, as well as the C. M. A. Department, for further particulars.

We call our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Colver Co., appearing on page two of this issue. The editor of the Star has personally investigated the talking machine and also the ladies' beautiful brooches, which this concern advertise. The firm is reliable, and they will do exactly as they agree. They require a deposit of \$1 when the jewelry is sent, and guarantee to return the \$1 if you do not or cannot sell the ladies' brooches. The talking machine is advertised at \$7 and the Colver Co. gives the talking machine with four records to everyone selling forty of the beautiful brooches.

No boy should complain of lack of opportunities to earn pocket money. There are a hundred ways of which any bright lad will quickly take advantage. An exceptionally good opportunity is offered by the Curtis Publishing Company, whose advertisement appears in this issue, offering local agencies to bright boys. It will pay you to write for full particulars.

THE STAR MONTHLY IN EUROPE.

During the year 1900 the Paris Exposition will call many "Star" readers to Europe. We have arranged to have copies of THE STAR MONTHLY on file in the offices of Messrs. Berlitz & Co., in the following cities, where our friends may call in search of any information, which will be cheerfully furnished.

ENGLAND:	231 Oxford Street.....	London.
FRANCE:	27 Avenue de l'Opera.....	Paris.
GERMANY:	113 Leipziger Street.....	Berlin.
AUSTRIA:	11 Rothenthurmst.....	Vienna.
BELGIUM:	140 Rue Royale.....	Brussels.
THE NETHERLANDS:	1 Koningsplein.....	Amsterdam.
SWITZERLAND:	6 Rue de la Corraterie.....	Geneva.
DENMARK:	46 Vimmelskaftel.....	Copenhagen.
ITALY:	22 Viadefornari.....	Rome.

The Origin of the Boat.

ONLY lately has the original boat been found in use and it is among the savages of the South Sea Islands. There the natives take the stump of a tree, whose roots offer a good seat, and launching this primitive craft they paddle around as contentedly as if there was no such thing as a European steamer, and to tell the truth, they do not suspect its existence. There can be no doubt whatever that in this stump boat we have the only original method of transportation by water. Accident certainly contributed to this discovery. A tired swimming savage found a log



floating near him, he grasped it and to his joy found that it held him above water. He mounted his log and used a floating branch to propel the log. It was but a step from the log to the more comfortable root of a tree, and another step from the branch propeller to a shaped paddle. We little think how much we owe to the savage in close touch with nature, for preserving these traces of primitive development.

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New York Approves.

New York City, April 6th, 1900.

For a long time I have been a subscriber to Harper's Round Table, and now enjoy the Star Monthly immensely.

Marion S. Wyeth.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Entire subscription list was absorbed by The Star Monthly on Nov. 25, 1899, and Harper's Round Table as a publication ceases to exist. Unexpired subscriptions to the Round Table are being completed by The Star Monthly.



The Coming Men of America

A Secret Society for Boys

Some Presidential Timber.

ATTEMPTS have been made at various times and in various countries more or less successfully, looking towards the gathering together of statuary and pictures in one large gallery that should serve to represent the immortal great men of the country, both living and dead. It may perhaps strike some of our readers



as a "far cry" from a discussion of these projects to that of eighteen bright, handsome American youths. Strange things happen in this country of ours where "all men are created free and equal," and it sometimes happens that a boy, born of poor parents in a little obscure country village rises to the highest gift in the hands of his fellow countrymen, and comes to direct the affairs of this great nation from the Executive Mansion in Washington.

Who, then, shall presume to say the Coming Men of America, now over twenty-five thousand strong, and growing rapidly, shall not in due time furnish its full quota of Statesman, Judges, military and naval heroes who shall step forward when "Our turn next is our turn now," and lead the "Gem of the Ocean" on to future greatness, glory and prosperity. If you will look at it from this standpoint, you will realize that he speaks in all seriousness, when the Grand Secretary of the Coming Men of America states that he takes great pleasure in presenting in this issue of the Star Monthly the pictures of eighteen "Presidential Possibilities." In order to assist in a full identification, the pictures have been numbered to correspond with the following list:

- 1—Emil Green, Florence, Minn.
- 2—Wm. Allen, Poplar, Ont.
- 3—Claud A. Jackson, Agricultural College, Miss.
- 4—B. H. Starr, Bakersfield, Vt.
- 5—Claude Pautsche, Mohrsville, Pa.
- 6—Sherman Coon, Hermitage, Mo.
- 7—T. C. Strawn, Oxford, Miss.
- 8—H. M. Guss, 122 N. Brown street, Lewistown, Pa.
- 9—John Kvalshang, Beresford, So. Dak.
- 10—Ira Barrows, Frost, Ohio.
- 11—Mack Payne, Epsom, Ind.
- 12—Jason Sexton, Berea, Ky.
- 13—Harvey Wallace, Staunton, Ind.
- 14—J. H. Nibbe, Lake City, Minn.
- 15—Albert Hogue, Allons, Tenn.
- 16—John D. Guffey, Lula, Ky.
- 17—Wesley Morris, Staunton, Ind.
- 18—Pearl Wallace, Staunton, Ind.

For the sake of consistent argument and in order to give Brother Allen a chance at the presidency, I guess we will have to annex Canada to the United States. If that won't do, we'll have to create him a peer or do something to give him a chance as a "possible" great man in his own country. At any rate a look ahead, say twenty-five years or so, would undoubtedly surprise us with its changes in the surroundings

and conditions that then exist, and it is well for the boy of today to reflect and think on these possibilities and the preparation that they suggest.

New Lodges Organized.

THE Grand Secretary is delighted to announce the organization and formal enrollment of 53 new lodges of the Coming Men of America, between the dates March 13 and April 11, 1900. This infusion of new blood into the order under organized discipline, working under parliamentary rules, where "the will of the majority of the lodge is law," will do much towards the advancement of our order. The Speakers of these new lodges, as well as those in charge of the entertainment end of the lodge program in the old lodges, will doubtless find several helpful hints in the article headed "Attractive Meetings."

Here are the names and addresses of the new lodges, together with the dates on which they were formally chartered: White Lily Lodge No. 1494, Hectanooga, N. S., Can., on March 13; Black Diamond Lodge No. 1495, at Towanda, Pa., March 13; Chilhowee Lodge No. 1496, at Chilhowee, Mo., March 13th. Blue Ridge Lodge No. 1497, at Knoxville, Md., March 13. Mudjehewis Lodge No. 1498, at Powhattan, Kan.,



March 15; Excelsior Lodge No. 1499, at Skowhegan, Me., March 15; Arkansas Traveler Lodge No. 1500, at Gurdon, Ark., March 15; Zeb Vance Lodge No. 1501, at Mount Airy, N. C., March 15; Friendship Lodge No. 1502, at Allensville, Ind., March 15, 1900.

Twentieth Century Lodge No. 1503, at Greensboro, N. C., March 19; Lone Star Lodge No. 1504, at Hillsville, Va., March 19; Rich Mound Lodge No. 1505, at Morab, O. T., March 19; Dixie Star Lodge No. 1506, at West Point, Miss., March 19; Tyler Lodge No. 1507, at Dunksburg, Mo., March 21st; Laclade Lodge No. 1508, at Brookville, Kan., March 21; Crimson Star Lodge No. 1509, at South Carrollton, Ky., March 21; North Star Lodge No. 1510, at Spring Grove, Minn., March 21; Boone Lodge No. 1511, at Burlington, Ky., March 23; Lone Star Lodge No. 1512, at Ladonia, Texas, March 23; Alamo Lodge No. 1513, at Lott, Texas, March 23; Avon Lodge No. 1514, at Oxford, Md., March 23; Southern Star Lodge No. 1515, at Phoebus, Va., March 23; Pine River Lodge No. 1516, at Pine River, Wis., March 26; Shining Star Lodge No. 1517, at Cerro Gordo, Ark., March 26.

Bacone Lodge No. 1518, at Bacone, Ind. Ter., March 30; Starlight Lodge No. 1519, at Welcome, Minn., March 30; Eagle Lodge No. 1520, at Green Mountain, Ia., March 30; George Washington Lodge No. 1521, at Rock Creek, Texas, March 30; Lost Island Lodge No. 1522, at Schoolcraft, Mich., March 30; Le Roy Lodge No. 1523, at Sing

Sing, N. Y., March 30; Istroums Lodge No. 1524, at Baton Rouge, La., March 30; New Ross Lodge No. 1525, at New Ross, Ind., March 30; Hanson Lodge No. 1526, at Hanson, Ky., March 30; Lawton Lodge No. 1527, at Melvin, Ill., March 30; Gasconade Lodge No. 1528, at Crocker, Mo., March 30; American Flag Lodge No. 1529, at Dawson, N. Dak., April 2; Lordstown Lodge No. 1530, at Lordstown, Ohio, April 2; Blue Ribbon Lodge No. 1531, at Ozark, Ohio, April 2; Lincoln Lodge No. 1532, at Carbon, Wyo., April 2; Ivanhoe Lodge No. 1533, at Grand Tower, Ill., April 2; Crescent Lodge No. 1534, at Center, Ala., April 2; Sidney Lodge No. 1535, at Port Orchard, Wash., April 2; Verona Lodge No. 1536, at Sunolgen, Calif., April 4; Maple Leaf Lodge No. 1537, at Gorman, Mich., April 4.

Imperial Lodge No. 1538 at Mayville, N. Dak., April 4; Concord Lodge No. 1539, at Dalley, La., April 4; Prairie State Lodge No. 1540, at Tolono, Ill., April 4; Spunky Lodge No. 1541, at Catoosa, Ind. Ty., April 6; Garfield Lodge No. 1542, at Perryopolis, Pa., April 11; Paint Rock Lodge No. 1543, at Almy, Tenn., April 11; Iroquois Lodge No. 1544 at Chicago, Ill., April 11; Cherokee Lodge, No. 1545, at Cherokee, Ga., April 11; Austin Black Jack Lodge No. 1546, at Vandalla, Va., April 11; Banner Lodge No. 1547, at La Cygne, Kan., April 11, 1900.

Interesting Lodge Meetings.

WHEN a new C. M. A. Lodge is organized, one of the first things necessary to its prosperity and future growth is the selection of a member for the office of "Speaker" who has the necessary qualifications for the office. The duties call for a wide-awake, enterprising young fellow who will be able to spring a series of surprises in the way of unique and popular entertainments. It is quite true that in many small towns lack of city conveniences somewhat handicaps this end of the lodge program, but with a little preparation it is the easiest thing in the world to entertain the members for a half hour or so on lodge night. If it is done properly, you will find that your "Committee on New Members" will have lots less work to do.

Three or four letters from speakers of lodges in various parts of the country have been received by the Grand Secretary requesting suggestions along these lines, and in consequence the matter has had considerable thought. A lodge with a large mem-



bership will require elaborate preparations for their entertainment, because "many men, many minds," and as a consequence, something "stunning" must be prepared to capture their approval. A smaller lodge can adopt simpler methods, because there are fewer people to please. These then are general principles to go on. Always endeavor to select for your speaker the most "popular" boy in the lodge, because his personality will often help to successfully carry through a very ordinary affair, and as no piano can be kept at "concert pitch" all the time, neither can a speaker always do his "best" on a program.

OUR TURN NEXT.

Swiftly days and moments lengthen,
Lengthen into months and years
And the days of happy childhood
Change to sterner hopes and fears—
And each swiftly passing moment
Has its meed of joy and tears.

Strength there is in every union,
So in brotherhood we stand
Bound in love and lifting upward
With a strong and steady hand.
Now preparing—soon achieving,
Stand we forth to guide the land!

—James Bachus, O. T. N.

C. M. A. Happenings of Note.

THE interest in amateur journalism among members of the C. M. A. is sufficiently strong, I believe, to warrant a department in "The Star" devoted to it. Many of the members publish amateur papers, or are subscribers to them. I should be pleased to receive copies of amateur papers from everyone who may chance to see this notice. The department, instead of being devoted to a mere review, will in the main contain helpful suggestions and friendly criticisms.

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Elmer Columbian Lodge, No. 1280, of Elmer, N. J., were tendered a banquet at the home of Brother H. S. Foster on the evening of April 3d. The menu of the banquet printed by Brother Foster was a very neat and tasty affair. The entire membership of the lodge, accompanied by their young lady friends, were present and all report a very enjoyable evening.

★

Kalamazoo Independent Lodge met for reorganization on the evening of March 29th and elected an entire new set of officers by acclamation. With Brother Becker at the helm the lodge should move onward with renewed prosperity.

★

Brother A. MacKenzie, of San Francisco, Cal., who kindly volunteered to supply his side degree for C. M. A. lodges to all secretaries who would write has been overwhelmed with requests, and asks that we publish a notice to the effect that no more of the side degrees can be supplied as it has taken entirely too much of his time.

★

Scandinavian Lodge, No. 1263, of Gowen, Mich., gave a dance one evening in March which netted about \$6.00 for the lodge treasury. The speaker of this lodge evidently knows his business, as he is providing a series of popular entertainments. One sure result of this kind of work is the large membership. Scandinavian Lodge has 19 members, and is growing rapidly.

★

Brother Jos. R. Cowler, Box 119, Clifford, Ind., states that his lodge has gotten up a new side degree, particulars of which he will be pleased to furnish to lodge secretaries upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. I greatly fear that, like Brother MacKenzie, he will be overwhelmed with requests.

★

On Saturday evening, April 28th, Franklin Lodge, No. 1366, of Stratford, Wis., gave an entertainment in Smith's Hall. A phonograph, moving pictures, recitations, dialogues, speeches by black corks, marionettes, tumblers and jugglers were features of the program.

★

Brother H. S. Auerbach writes from Wiesbaden, Germany, sending samples of German souvenir postal cards.

★

West Point Lodge, No. 190, which received its charter November 19th, 1895, at West Point, Ill., met for reorganization on Saturday evening, March 10th, with eigh-

teen charter members present. After the election of officers, which placed Charles Barber in the chair as president, five new members were initiated. Meetings will be held every Saturday evening, and an invitation is extended to all visiting brothers.

★

One of the very important duties of a lodge secretary is to promptly forward news items of interest concerning their lodges. Address these to the grand secretary, who is always glad to find room in "The Star Monthly" for articles of general interest to the entire order. If any methods you employ in your lodge are novel and successful, take a little time some day and tell the entire order about it through the Star. They will be glad to hear from you.

Record of Deaths.

THE Grand Secretary is sorry to have to announce the deaths of several bright members of the Coming Men of America. Otto Davidson, Iberia, Mo., March 25th, 1900.

Arthur W. Fountain, Newton Centre, Mass., November 26, 1899.

Frank Fransen, Scandia, Kans., March, 1900.

Wm. Baxter, Providence, R. I., March 11, 1900.

David T. Beard, New Hope, Va., March 16, 1900.

On behalf of the entire order the Grand Secretary extends sincerest sympathy to the immediate friends and relatives of the departed brothers.

It is my painful duty to record these deaths in The Star Monthly as soon as I receive notice of them, which sometimes does not occur until several months after the death. Friends would confer a great favor upon all concerned by forwarding notifications promptly whenever an event of this nature happens.

In Prosperous Condition.

FROM recent letters and reports the Grand Secretary notes a healthy and prosperous condition in the following lodges:

Black Diamond, 1495, Towanda, Pa.; Rough Riders, 1051, Burton, W. Va.; Star Lodge, 1346, Washburn, Iowa; Flint Hill Lodge, 1392, Burlington, Iowa; Chihowee, 1496, Chihowee, Mo.; Schley, 1338, Oxford, Miss.; R. E. Lee 1256, McRae, Ga.; Fancher, 1339, Sheldon, N. Dak.; Pleasant Valley, 1485, Quitman, Mo.; Milnor Star, 1481, Milnor, N. Dak.; Acme 1442, Rockcamp, Ohio.

Secretaries of lodges are not fulfilling their duties properly if they do not send in quarterly reports promptly and also a complete list of new officers when elected.

Likes His Premium.

Adrian, Mich., Feb. 17, 1899.

I received the printing press and think it is a little beauty. I did not expect so much for the money. I think the Star is the best boys' paper, and I hope it will have a great success. Fred Savage.

\$3.50 **\$250 Watch**
In appearance. The handsomest genuine gold plated watch on the market. Double hunting case, **SOLID GOLD PATTERN** of engraving. Elegantly finished jeweled movement, stem wind and set and absolutely guaranteed for **20 YEARS**.
Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the express office and if as represented pay express agent our special introductory price \$3.50 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want **GENT'S OR LADY'S SIZE** and order to-day & we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only.
R. E. CHALMERS & CO. 352-356 Dearborn St. Chicago.

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We give the **STAR CAMERA** with complete outfit as shown above **FREE** to every one who sends 50 cents for one year's subscription to *The Star* and 10 cents to pay postage, packing, etc., making 60 cents in all.

We mean every word above. We always do as we agree. We think **THE STAR** is the best paper for young folks in the world, and intend that it shall surpass every competitor in circulation. Whenever we can get it introduced in the home it becomes one of the family and it continues a welcome visitor year after year. We want 100,000 new sub-



scribers and make unusually generous offers to get subscriptions. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer as this one? We give exactly what we say. We are an established responsible concern that is making rapid progress in the publishing world by always treating our subscribers fairly. We look upon our subscribers as our friends.

Description of Camera The Star Camera is made for us exclusively. It takes a picture 2x2 inches. It uses regular glass plates—not film. Many cameras are sold separately and the purchaser has to buy the outfit afterwards. We give the complete outfit with every camera as shown above. The outfit consists of:
1 Star Camera. 1 Developing Tray. 1 Toning Tray.
1 Box Dry Plates. 1 Package Developer. 1 Package Fixing Powder.
1 Package Hypo. 1 Package Silver Paper. 1 Package Ruby Paper.
1 Printing Back. 1 Set of Directions.

The Camera and outfit are all securely packed in pasteboard box. The Star Camera will afford lots of fun in taking, developing and printing photographs. The Star Camera is the best bargain you ever saw. Any bright boy or girl can make a picture 2x2 inches. Full and explicit directions are sent with every outfit.

Old Subscribers can renew their subscriptions by this offer. If you are already a subscriber state the fact and your new subscription will commence from date your present subscription expires.

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This Offer is so liberal that we expect it to bring in thousands of subscribers in the next few weeks. Simply send us 60 cents, postage order or express order. If it is inconvenient to obtain these you may send stamps. The 60 cents covers all expense for a year's subscription to **THE STAR** and the postage, packing, etc., on the camera. The Camera is **FREE**. Don't delay. **THE TIME TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IS NOW HERE.** Address

THE STAR MONTHLY - Star Block - OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

THE BOY COLLECTOR.

DEVOTED to the interests of the amateur collector of postage stamps, coins, curios and relics. Anyone interested in these is invited to co-operate in conducting the department by sending items of interest. The editor is not an authority on all these subjects but will endeavor to answer any questions submitted by subscribers, provided a self-addressed return envelope is enclosed with question. Address all communications to THE STAR COLLECTOR, Star Block, Oak Park, Ill.



AFTER considerable persuasion on the part of "The Editor" I have consented to write an article for "The Star Monthly," telling about the methods I employed in starting my collection of postage stamps. A few years ago I used to work in a large wholesale house in Chicago, and my work was principally to answer the "beck and call" of the manager, whose instructions were usually, "Do so and so." Once I ventured to ask him "how" to do it. He glared at me over his spectacles for an instant, then said: "Why, just do it, that's all!"

When asked to prepare this article, I was very strongly reminded of this remark, and, when all is said and done, the explanations and advice contained here could be profitably condensed into that one expression. The "how to do's" are immaterial; my advice is just to go ahead and collect.

Some publisher had secured my name somehow, and sent me a sample copy of his paper. In looking it over, I came across several small advertisements that read something like this: "100 varieties foreign stamps, from India, China, Siam," etc. Several of my boy friends were "collectors" or, as I later learned to call them, "philatelists," and from hearing them talking of their new specimens, I thought it would be a fine thing to have a stamp from far off China, together with what would likely be found among the other ninety-nine specimens, so I sent them the dime necessary to secure the packet.

When my stamps arrived, I found great pleasure in sorting them over, and soon began to be flooded with price lists and offers from the concern whose advertisement I had answered. The "fever" had taken violent hold of me by this time, and all my spare change, together with the money I could secure by doing odd jobs, sent to various concerns for packets, sets, approval sheets, etc.

Naturally, in this way I soon secured lots of duplicates. I then hunted up my friends who were also stamp fiends, and we traded, "stamp for stamp." But I soon began to learn the value of stamps, and stopped trading in that way.

Then I wrote to some foreign addresses I secured from the cashier, saying that I was a stamp collector and would be pleased to exchange stamps with them, value for value. A good many wrote back that they were not collectors, but generally sent me some good stamps of their country. Out of the batch I secured one or two who were also "philatelists" with whom I could exchange. In one instance I remember securing over 200 stamps from Jamaica, including many of the higher values, which, of course, paid me a hundred fold for my trouble and expense.

I was very fortunate in securing reliable names and addresses and those of my readers who may try this plan will undoubtedly find it profitable, although I consider that I was unusually fortunate.

It occasionally happened that I came across a coin that was valuable from a collecting standpoint, and although not a coin collector, I found that I could use them profitably in exchange for stamps, among

people who termed stamps "bits of paper," evidently not knowing their real value.

Naturally, in my search for stamps and stamp information, I heard a great deal about "Scott's Catalogue," so I bought one, and found, among other valuable pointers, that "errors" were sometimes made in printing and perforating stamps. I immediately tackled my collection with a view to finding "errors." I found several, and remember in particular that I had two specimens of the canceled Straits Settlements, "10 cent slate, 1883." One was on watermarked paper, as all were supposed to be, and was valued at five cents in the catalogue. The other was on unwatermarked paper, and I sold it for a dollar. If I had not posted up on these "niceties of the profession," I should undoubtedly have traded the more valuable specimen for its apparent value, five cents. Some collectors entirely ignore these little things, and often pass along, in exchanging, stamps worth much more, to some one, than they are listed at when perfect.

Up to this time, I did not find it necessary to have an album. I saw lots of them advertised, from twenty-five cents up, and concluded that one for fifty cents would suit me. When I secured it my collection, which at this time numbered 750 varieties, looked ever so much better, classified and arranged by countries, in order, as I made it a rule to keep sets together as far as possible.

The vacancies in a set as a consequence loomed up appallingly, and I resolved to bend all my efforts to completing them, rather than to keep on aimlessly collecting. I am now at work adding to my collection, through exchange principally, although never overlooking a bargain in any shape. I accept "Scott's Catalogue" as standard basis of value on all exchanges and valuations, and find that I can get better and quicker results by confining my "exchange" efforts to friends and acquaintances, at home, who are philatelists.

My present collection, consisting of over 3,000 varieties, at a conservative figure is worth \$200. I presume that I have expended for stamps, in getting started, and in outright purchases of stamps where it was impossible to effect a trade, about \$25. The other \$175 worth of value represents the knowledge gained in the two years' time I have devoted to the pursuit, by reason of which I have found it possible to add to my collection by trading and foreign correspondence, with but little expense beyond that necessary for postage and time involved.

One of my sets, of which I am particularly proud, is a complete set of "revenues," present issue, from 1-2 cent to \$50. Every one of them I secured by trading duplicates from my set.

If the conditions were reversed, and in summing up, I found that my collection had cost me \$175 in cash and \$25 in trade, I should still consider myself as a gainer in a hundred ways. In knowledge, both historical and geographical, in the keen measure experienced in a constantly growing, well ordered collection. In the friends it brings me among philatelists, and in the pleasurable and profitable employment of leisure hours, "philately" is a "fad" that should be taken up by every bright American boy.

I had intended giving some hints on methods I employ in securing stamps for my collection, but find that my space is used up, so will defer this until another time.

-James P. Allen, C. V.



All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

STAMP AND CURIO DEALERS.

CURIOS Send stamp for big list, etc. JAS. SELLS, 10 N. 8 St., St. Louis, Mo.

C. S. A. MONEY Information free. 8 CO. Box 100, Denver, Colorado

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200 Different Stamps 25c. Obsolete Italian News free every order. W. C. ESTES, Omaha, Neb.

\$70 CASH paid per 1000 for used stamps. Send 10c. for price list, paid. A. SCOTT, Coboes, N. Y.

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STAMPS, in Album, and list free. Agts. 50 per ct. 100 Cuba, etc., 5c. Hill Co., Bx B3, S. End, Boston, Mass.

100 all diff. stamps, 1c. Send 2c. postage and the names of 2 collectors. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

BOYS A \$2.50 WATCH for 5 Cents. A genuine timepiece. Warranted. Stamp for p'ts. Eagle Supply Co., Box 155, Syracuse, N. Y.

Transvaal and S. Africa Stamps are getting scarce but we still put them in our packets of 100 foreign stamps, 5c. AMERICAN STAMP CO., Rogers, Ark.

BOER WAR \$100 If You Solve It. Price 10c; PUZZLE. CUBA NOVELTY CO., 332 South St., Phila., Pa.

WILL buy ancient copper relics; also extra large ancient stone spears. Rev. E. C. Mitchell, 534 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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Collectors! Our approval sheets are always up-to-date, but we offer some fine selections this month. Send postal with reference. R. G. Russell Stamp Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE 20 varieties Italy if you send 2c. stamp and reference for fine app'l sheets @ 40 and 50 p. c. Mexico unused set 8 var 1-25c. Cat. \$1.24 only 15c. Excelsior Stamp Co., Keyport, N. J.

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WE PAY \$18 A WEEK and expenses to men with rigs to intro uce our Poultry Compound. Send stamp. JAVELLE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 34, Parsons, Kansas.

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Grand Teachers' Excursion To the Paris Exposition on 10,000 ton mail steamer. Chicago to Paris and return, \$110; cabin \$40, including hotel expenses and guides. Side trips to Switzerland and Germany (Passion Play.) Arnesen Tourist Agency, 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

EARN A BICYCLE or a 5 Piece Parlor Suit, by selling only 49 ORDERS Coffee, Tea, Spices or Toilet Soaps, etc. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** This is a genuine offer by a reliable firm. List of other Premiums sent; write today. Aaron Coffee Co., Chicago.

X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curios. X-ray. Everybody buys it tells time on watch through cloth see your fellow, best girl or any object, through clothing wood, stone, any distance, any climate; lasts lifetime, always ready for use. Price 35 cents, stamps or silver. Address, A. X-RAY CO. PHILA., PA.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 81, DETROIT, MICH

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GOLD RINGS FREE! If you will sell 10 of our new assorted jewelled scarf pins at 10 cents each, and return the money to us, we will give you Free, your choice of a real A thousand diamond ring, a heavy chased band ring, or plain wedding ring, all solid gold finished. Send us your name and address and we will send you the pins and large premium list. B. Hunt Novelty Co., Attleboro, Mass.

The Collector Talks

James P. Allen's account of how he started his stamp collection will be read with interest by "beginners," as well as advanced philatelists. In an early issue he will give beginners some valuable pointers and suggestions on stamp collecting.

Jim says it took him two years to realize that effective work in the way of adding to and building up a good collection of stamps can only be accomplished by settling upon a definite classification, and then determining to possess complete sets of each of these. That's a point a beginner should bear in mind. There are thousands of varieties of stamps, and it's better to have your small collection complete so far as it goes, rather than to attempt to "get 'em all."

Going after foreign stamps by writing to people in foreign countries is all right if you have some kind of a "pull" that will give your letter special consideration, but this going after every one whose name and address you may happen to secure is expensive, and in the end profitless. Better make a modest beginning by patronizing some of the dealers in this country; then get acquainted with other collectors, post up on the fine points of the pursuit and you have a definite start.

The Brooklyn Institute held a stamp exhibition in March. It is estimated that stamps to the value of \$75,000 were on view. Mr. M. H. Lombard, of Boston, carried off the gold medal for the best collection, besides securing three other awards for specialties.

Lots of people still look upon stamp collecting as a "fad," and yet a contemporary reports that it has just compiled a list of over 1,000 concerns who devote their entire time to the purchase and sale of postage stamps. This is not a "world" list, but just the United States and Canada.

A story, vouched for as true, is going the rounds to the effect that the janitor of the courthouse in a Missouri town, while engaged in burning up some old documents, found a bunch of St. Louis stamps. He got twenty-five cents for them from a friend, because they were only "bits of paper." After passing through two or three hands, they finally sold for \$30,000.

If you think that there is not a big enough field for any and every one who wants to collect stamps, just remember that is, if you know it before) that there are some seventy-five stamp issuing countries in "uncivilized" Africa alone.

Other Kinds of Collectors.

The collecting of lace is not the only hobby of the Princess of Wales. She has a remarkable lot of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty years she has led London fashions. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use.

Perfumery bottles of all kinds and descriptions—of silver, gold, cut glass, uncut jewels, gold incrustated with jewels, and the like—are collected by the Crown Princess Marie of Roumania. The grandmother of the present czar of Russia had a similar collection which was valued at \$20,000.

Immense sums are spent in adding to his vast assortment of watches by the nawab of Bahawalpur, a high and mighty East Indian potentate. He has about 1,800 and is constantly acquiring more. He usually wears three or four watches and

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SEND Stamps for the latest Circulars of Specialties, etc. Emil Olson, Nelson, Minn.

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BOYS Do you want a genuine league for \$1.25 base ball, for an afternoon's work for us? If so send name to us. GAGE SPORTING GOODS CO., Dept. BA, 97 William St., New Bedford, Mass.

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repeaters, changing them from day to day. His set of fifteen uncut rubles is historic; they measure about one and one-half inches in diameter and are engraved with the names of the Mogul emperors. This royal personage's crown is a mass of diamonds set in silver, and his sword of state is valued at half a million dollars.

The Mikado of Japan's hobby takes the form of palaces, of which he owns acres—a vast establishment in the heart of Tokio. His estate, in the center of the city, is made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods and enormous one-story palaces. The place is surrounded by moats, crossed by marble bridges. The palaces cost a fabulous sum. The walls of many are of immense plate glass doors in lacquered frames, so arranged that a great number of rooms can be thrown into one. Some of the sliding doors are covered with gold leaf, and the ceilings with magnificent embroideries.

King Menelik's hobby is thrones, and he has just ordered a new one. It was made at the studio of a French artist in Paris and is a truly gorgeous affair of heavily carved and gilded wood, decorated in shades of red and green, the colors of Ethiopia. There is the royal crown surmounting the throne, which is fourteen feet high, and the monogram of his majesty in Ethiopian characters.

A gruesome collection is that of Toffa, the king of Dahomey—the skulls of his enemies, which decorate the walls of the royal palace and pave the floor of his bedroom. If any king dares to oppose him and is slain his skull is made into a cup, out of which Toffa drinks to the gods.

How Savages Make Fire.

VARIOUS savages have different methods of kindling fire. In New Holland a pointed stick is twirled between the palms of the hand until the wood on which it stands begins to smoke and at last breaks into flame. Other savages obtain a spark by striking one bit of wood upright in the earth, cutting a slit in it lengthwise, in which they rub another bit of wood with a protruding piece until it flames.

The most ingenious method is, however, that followed by the inhabitants of West-



ern Madagascar. These use a string of animal hide, by which they twirl the upright stick rapidly and hasten the fire lighting. To us who have merely to strike a match under the mantelpiece the value of fire is little appreciated, but suppose that we were caught in the wilderness without a match, how would we go about lighting the fire to warm ourselves or cook our food? Perhaps the savage will point a way, especially as every boy of any account has a piece of twine in his pocket. A glance at the picture will show how this is done better than words could.

1900

YOU CAN EASILY EARN

bicycles, sewing machines, house furnishings, ladies' or gentlemen's watches, cameras, mandolins, guitars, violins, silverware, dinner sets, guns, and your choice of a hundred other articles, all guaranteed. Simply introduce a few boxes of our unexcelled toilet soaps and any of them are yours. Send no money. We trust you. Girls and boys do as well as older people. Write at once for full information. We mail handsome illustrated catalog free. Address **Great Northern Soap Works, 51 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill.**

EPILEPSY OR FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS, to send for one of my large 15 ounce bottles of medicine **FREE**.

DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept 5, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mandolins and Guitars

and other musical instruments made by Lyon & Healy are by far the best value. They are better in every way. In tone they are simply unapproached. **FREE**—A catalogue containing hundreds of illustrations and latest prices. Write today.

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We give you your choice of a Watch, Gold Ring, Camera, Typewriter, Magic Lantern, Air Rifle, Bracelet and twenty-five other valuable premiums for **PATCHO** at 10 cents a packet. Selling 18 packets of **PATCHO**

is the wonderful substance for mending rents or tears in silk, woolen and cotton garments, gloves, shoes, mackintoshes, umbrellas, carpets, tents and many other articles. Send your name and address and we will forward 18 packets which you can easily sell in couple of hours among your neighbors. When sold send us \$1.80 and choose your present. **Premium List** and full instructions with outfit. This is an honest offer. Write at once and be first in your town. We trust you.

SHELL & CO., (Dept. 3) AUSTIN, ILL.

1900 YOU CAN EASILY and Quickly Earn a **Bicycle, Ladies' Jacket, Cape, Shoes, Dress Skirt, Dinner Set, Sewing Machine, Furniture, Watch, Camera, Gun, etc.** by selling a few boxes of our high-grade Toilet Soap to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits.

SAMPLES FREE

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.

We have the best plan for Boys, Girls and Women. Our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums including Ladies' and Children's Clothing, Mackintoshes, Guitars, Mandolins, etc., mailed **FREE**. Write to-day for full particulars.

DAWSON SOAP CO., 56-58 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. 39, CHICAGO, ILL.

Watch and Chain FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 1 1/2 dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 10c. each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Blaine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Blaine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Ber-illed Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and with Proper Care should last ten years.

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The Old Reliable firm who sell honest goods and give Valuable Premiums.

FREE

Boys and Girls We are giving away watches, cameras, rings, musical instruments and many other valuable premiums for selling 18 packages of **Nubian Ink Powder** at 10c each. Send your name and address, and we will forward you 18 packages with premium list and full instructions. You sell at 10c per pkg., select premium, forward money and receive premium by return mail. Write at once!

D. GOODNOR CHEMICAL CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

To You! DO YOU WANT FREE? A GOOD WATCH

For a few hours' work selling 12 of our beautiful 14K gold plated enameled breast pins and helping us to introduce our jewelry novelties we will give you absolutely free a guaranteed gold plated watch and chain and charm.

Our Grand 90 Day Offer.—For the next ninety days we will send you six of our 14K gold plated breast pins to sell at 25 cents each. When sold return us the \$1.50 you receive for them and we will send you by mail postpaid a beautiful gold plated watch chain and charm. Address at once

EMERSON PIN CO., SAFE BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

N. B.—The watch is warranted to be a perfect timekeeper. It is not a clock movement but a snug, accurate and durable timepiece, guaranteed by us for three years.

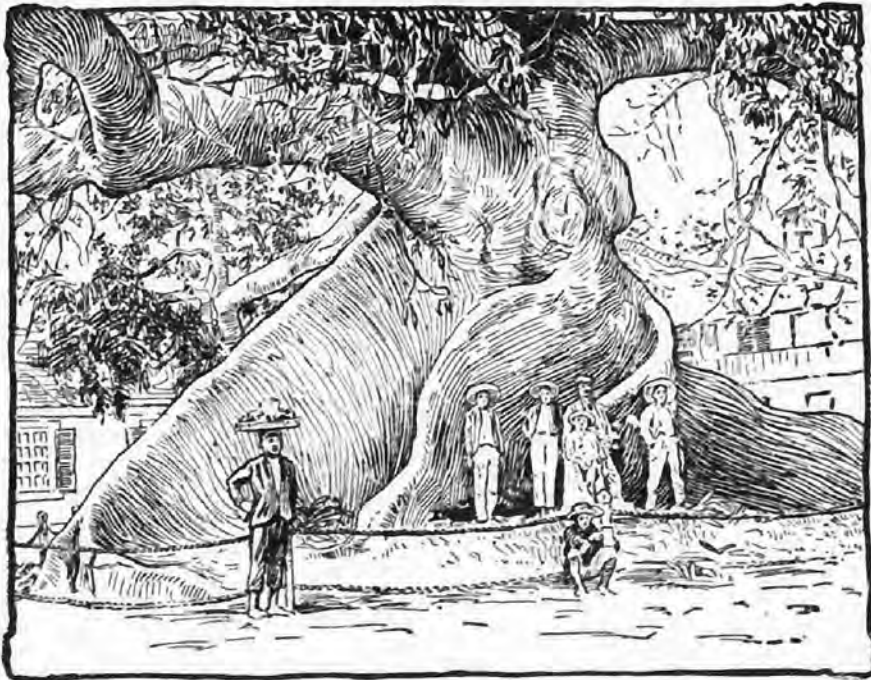


The Largest Tree in the World.

IN Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is variously known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it can not disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hur-

ders, which is called the "bicycle hump." Nothing could be more absurd.

Just note the first wheelman you see scorching towards you with body well bent over his work. As his head is down you will see at a distance what appears from your point of vision to be a rounding hump between the shoulder blades at the back of the neck. As he approaches the fancy will be shown to have been but an optical illusion, and when you look at him from the rear you see at once that the body is perfectly straight, bent only at the hips. The very forward pressure of the man's weight upon the handle bars has a tendency to force the shoulder blades squarely back, so that if it were possible to cause a deformity it would necessarily be that of



ricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk, as the picture will show, throws out great curving, wind-like braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of mid-summer hundreds, even thousands of people, may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present and even the oldest negro in the island can not remember when it was a bit smaller.

★ ★ ★

The Bicycle Hump.

Of all the popular mistakes about bicycling, that of the hump, or camel back, is the most common. We are told that the habit of leaning forward upon the handle bars so as to get greater leverage upon the pedals, and to offer less resistance to the air, has a tendency to bring about an abnormal development of the back and shoul-

ders, which is called the "bicycle hump."

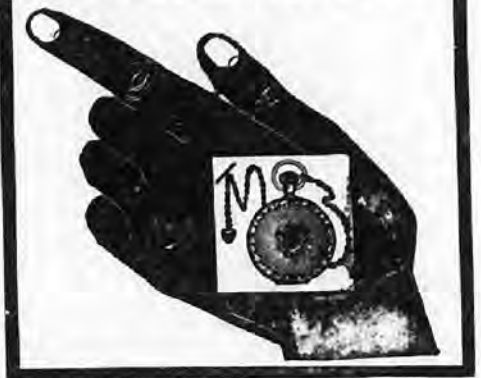
On the other hand, by way of contrast, note the man who sits bolt upright in the saddle. As he faces you are again deceived. He appears to be erect and his shoulders square, but as he goes by you will note, if he be an old wheelman, that there is a decided tendency to roundness or drooping of the shoulders caused by his method of obtaining leverage to work his pedals. Being upright, he can not get sufficient power in his weight alone when the difficulties of an up grade are encountered, so he must pull forward upon his grips, and it is this constant downward tension that sooner or later brings about a more or less slanting of the shoulders from that square form, the pride of every athlete.

★ ★ ★

Thick as Bees.

I have been a member of the C. M. A. for a year and a half, during which time I have become acquainted with a good many members. I find that by belonging to the C. M. A. I have friends in all parts of the world. We boys out here in Minnesota are not all idle, and before many years have passed, C. M. A. members will be as thick as bees in Minnesota.

W. H. Cherry, O. T. N.,
Carleton, Minn.



A Grand Offer

FREE



Boys and Girls Can earn Watches,

Rings, Bracelets, Cameras, Sporting Goods, etc. selling Monarch Collar Buttons and Needle Companions at 10 cts. each. We ask no money. Send us your name and address and we will forward the goods post paid, together with large premium list. You run no risk. We trust you. Our gifts are the best. Monarch Mfg. Co., Saginaw, Mich.



FREE

Do not send us any money. This handsome Solid Gold Plated Ring set with brilliant imitation Diamonds and other costly presents, such as Watches, Brooches, Ladies Guard Chains, Hat Pins, Boys and Gentlemen's Vestchains, etc. Just send us your name and address and we will send you 10 of our beautiful Tie and Stick Pins, sell them to your friends at 10c. each, send us the \$1 collected and we will promptly send you this ring. Write today for pins and catalog. The pins sell on sight. They are the latest on the market. Mildred Jewelry Co., P. O. Box 917, Providence R. I.



CAMERA FREE

If you will sell 10 of our new design Scarf pins for 10 cents each and send us the money, we will give you FREE as a premium a large complete camera which takes a picture 2x2 and uses regular dry plates. Send us your name and address and we will send you the pins and two large premium lists, so you may select a GOLD WATCH OR RING as your premium instead of a camera if you prefer.

ARTHUR MFG. CO.,
Dept. A., Attleboro, Mass.

OUR BOY'S TELEPHONE.



Made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters. A perfect little telephone consisting of two tubes, a talking and hearing tube or cup. With this instrument persons in different parts of the house or at quite long distances from each other can hear the softest whisper or lowest conversation. We send sufficient cord for ordinary use, but more can be added at any time. Send for one to carry on a private conversation with your girl in the house across the street. Price 10c, 5 for 25c, mailed postpaid.

AGENTS NOVELTY SUPPLY CO., 78 Dearborn St. Chicago



We will send this warranted sterling silver heart with 2 initials engraved for only 10c; 6 for 50c with ball stick pin 1c. 4 for 30c. together with an illustrated pamphlet.

The Art Jewelry Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SARAH-BERNHARDT BEAUTY PINS.



Made popular by the famous actress, are set with Turquoise, and are the very latest thing in Beauty Pins. Send full name and address and promise to try to sell them at 10 cts. a pair, and we will mail you 12 pairs, including all the stylish patterns. When sold, send us the \$1.20, and we will give you either of these **SOLID GOLD RINGS FREE!** Mind, these are not gold-filled, gold-laid or plated rings, which mean the same thing, but are the genuine article. **WE MAKE THEM AND WE GUARANTEE THEM.** Liberal cash commission if preferred. We take back Pins not sold. D. M. WATKINS & CO., 44 Fountain St., Providence, R. I.

NOT FREE—but for 10c we will mail you this beautiful gold filled lover's knot bangle ring, with any desired initial. You will be surprised and delighted when you receive it, and wonder how we can sell it for 10c. Send size. **Vokes Jewelry Co., 20 Western Ave., Covington, Ky.**

SONGS WILL ROSSITER'S LATEST Book, 135 songs. "O! Lord I Loved in Sunny Tennessee," "Green Fields of Virginia," "One Night in June," "Break the News to Mother," "Gugga's Coach Ahead," "Crude Oil," "Cari-ry was Good to Me," "Bring Girl's Recipe," "Better Than Gold," "Complete piano or organ music." You can't repair your Mother," all for 10 cents. Address **WILL ROSSITER, 56-5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.** LARGEST SONG BOOK Publisher in the World.

McGINTY WATCH Greatest of fun makers out. Nickel plated hunting case with chain and clasp. Fools everybody. Press the cover and up flies comical McGinty, grinning and ogling & won't let up until forcibly closed down. Everybody has to laugh. Sample, 10 cts; 3 for 25c; 12 for 75c, by mail, postpaid. Catalogue free with order. Address, **VICTOR NOVELTY CO., Roselle, N. J.**

High School Pins. Silver Plated. Any 2 colors of enamel. Sample 10c. by mail. Discounts on quantities to agents. Medals for all athletic events. Pins for graduating classes and societies. DESIGNS and ESTIMATES FURNISHED. Catalogue free. **BASTIAN BROS., Mfg Jewelers, 119 Chamber of Commerce, Rochester, N. Y.**

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Ad. **DR. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE



56 PIECES FULL-SIZE, For Families. Every person answering this advertisement can get a Handsomely Decorated Set, absolutely free—we mean it. A straight-forward, honest offer, by a reliable House to advertise its business, for everybody to accept. We ask **NO MONEY** with your name, send at once post-office address & nearest Express or Freight Depot. Remember every one can have their choice of Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set Free. All sets carefully boxed & packed at our expense. No one is barred out of this offer—positively will not go back on it, no matter what it costs us. **FASHIONS COMPANY, New York City, Dept. 29, F. P. O. Box 2617.**

THE SNAKE'S MARK.

A stirring serial story, by P. Y. BLACK, will begin publication in the June issue.

WE SHIP ON DEPOSIT \$100. **Buy a Bicycle Complete, Unmounted. \$11.75** **Buy an Up-to-Date Model, Fully guaranteed. \$16.50** **Buy a Full Racing Model, Shop-worn. \$22.50** Bicycles from \$10 up. 24 Hand Wheels from \$5.00 up. We want Agents Everywhere. 64 page catalogue of bicycle parts and repairs **FREE**. Write for catalogue and see how you can get a **BICYCLE FREE** by helping us advertise. Address, Dept. A-2, **VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO., 161-167 PLYMOUTH PL., CHICAGO, ILL.**

The Puzzle Page. Three valuable prizes will be given for the first three most correct and neatest solutions of the puzzles contained in this department. The correct answers to puzzles in this issue will be printed next month. The prize winners' names will be printed the month following. All competing answers must be in the hands of the Puzzle Editor not later than the first of next month. Any reader can compete. Our friends are invited to submit new and unique puzzles. Obsolete words should be avoided if possible. Address all communications in regard to puzzles to Puzzle Editor, **THE STAR MONTHLY, Star Block, Oak Park, Ill.**

No. 1—A Logograph. My "whole" an opening will disclose; Behold, "to hand or extend," it shows Find "one of two," by beholding again, Transposed it is "continued pain." One letter now removed suffice, To show you "one" on cards or dice. Whole, it is a one syllable word of six letters. By J. A. W.

No. 2—Word Square.
O O O O
O O O O
O O O O
O O O O
A servant; a king's name; a gathering; unhatched birds. By T. P. E.

No. 3—A Charade. Upon your body my "first" must be; And on your girl my "second" you'll see, Upon my first doth lie my "all." When you go walking it makes you tall. By Singanotehigher.

No. 4—Mathematical Puzzle. Add six Nines, (9's) together to make One Hundred (100). By J. B. S.

No. 5—Single Central Deletion. My "whole" is of value to Turks, I know, Delete and transpose, and it will "aversion" show. By Anon.

No. 6—A Unaphone. He who will but do my "first," No matter where he goes, He sure will win the way, And e'er defeat his foes. Transposed in thought and type, But not transposed in sound, You'll hear a solemn service That's heard the world around, "Again," we'll have to "copy," Or "to communicate," And he who does this early, Will e'er defeat his mate. If you again transpose, An "artisan," you'll see, Now since I've told you this much, The rest you can tell me. The answer is, of course, four words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.

The correct answers to these six puzzles will be printed in the next (June) issue of "The Star Monthly." The names of the three solvers who win prizes by sending in the first and most correct solutions before the first of June will be printed in the following (July) issue. The contest is open to all readers of the Star.

Im. 17 JEWELLED adjusted, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set, genuine. **NATIONAL SPECIAL** movement. Ladies of Gentle size. **WARRANTED 20 YEARS.** 14K. Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer for next 60 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent \$4.85 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and chain sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again. **NAT'L MFG & IMPORTING CO., 384 Dearborn St., B310, Chicago, Ill.**

THIS ELEGANT WATCH STEM WIND AND STEM SET. fine American movement, guaranteed to keep good time for 2 years, will be given free to anyone taking orders for only 20 pieces of our famous Blaine at 30 cents each. Every family buys. Any bright boy or girl can easily earn this elegant \$5 watch in two hours. No money required. Address **WEST SIDE BLUING WORKS, P.O. BOX 536, CHICAGO.**

Prints Your Name, Pen and Pencil 12c Marks anything. Stamps of all kinds, Rubber Type, etc. **RUBBER STAMP CO., P. 10, NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

SENT FREE **Solid GOLD OR SILVER** Ladies Bracelet set free to anyone for selling 5 sets of four Ladies Gold plated Dress with an exquisite jewel. Sim- we will send you the pins post- money & we will send you the fully engraved & lock opera- trust you & will take back all to-day. **The MAXWELL CO.**

\$5 BICYCLES CHEAPER THAN EVER from the OLD RELIABLE Co. Great Special Sale. Nearly 8000 Bicycles, every one a **BARGAIN. Must be sold.** All makes, 2nd and 3rd class, \$5 and up. Late models new \$11.50 and up. Shipped anywhere on approval. A few more good agents wanted. Big Money. Write to-day for big list and special offers never before approached. **BROWN-LEWIS CO., Dept. (S) Chicago, U.S.A.** Above Co. is perfectly reliable. Ed.

CAMERA & OUTFIT We are giving away Telescopes, cameras & many other premiums to boys and girls, for selling two doz. 15k. Rolled Gold Collar Buttons at 5c each. Send us your address and we will forward you post-paid two doz. buttons. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send you your premium. **HENRY BUTTON CO., DEPT. 90 CHICAGO.**

Print Your Own Cards, &c. \$5 Press. Circular or small newspaper press \$18. Typesetting easy. Money maker, saver Stamp for catalog, presses, type, &c. **THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.**

\$1 Worth of tricks and make ups, sent post-paid for 25 cents stamps or silver. Apparatus for performing great vanishing half dollar trick. Nice Monticchi or Golden Fall Beard, Halo, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, both the Right One to stick whiskers, etc. Box of Burns Cork to blacken up. Locomotive or Detective Whistle. Care for love, a novelty sure to please. Coin through the hat trick. Im. snake, 20 in. long in glass covered cabinet to scare whiskey drinkers. Imitation rubber mouth, big teeth, appears from ear to ear. Write where you saw this ad. and I will send a **Solid Gold laid Finger Ring, Free,** send size. This big offer is to get your address to send my large ill. catalogue free, of new Plays, Wigs, Tricks, Novelties, Jewelry etc. Agts. Wanted. Address, **Chas. E. Marshall, Mfr., Lockport, N. Y.**

Free Send no money **EARN THIS HANDSOME BROGADED DRESS SKIRT.** This is a very stylish and handsome black skirt, with full 3/4 three quarter yard sweep. It is made of a handsome variety of all over large leaf-tweed woven **BELLIANTINE**, a durable and stylish material for dressskirts lined with a patent black moiré cloth. I have interviewed five well-known Boston seamstresses. We will send it free to anyone for selling 5 doz. sets of our Ladies Gold plated Dress Pins for \$10.00. Send your name and address & we will send you the skirt postpaid. When I do, send us the money & we will send you the beautiful **DRESS SKIRT** for your trouble. We trust you will take back all the pins you cannot sell. We'll send you a **SOLID GOLD plated Jewel set Ring, free,** if you write today. **The Maxwell Co., Dept. 127 St. Louis, Mo.**

Answers to April Puzzles

The names of the three prize winners will be published in the next (June) issue of "The Star Monthly."

No. 1—Logograph.

Tears, rates, stare, star, tar, rat, at, "T."

★ ★

No. 2—Central and Diagonal Square.

M I N I M U M
C A P I T A L
F I N A N C E
M A N A G E R
E N G A G E D
F E A T H E R
R A M B L E R

★ ★

No. 3—Charade.

Some "men" have "acumen,"
Some "men" have "a cute,"
All "men" say "a-men"

Whenever they are through.

The answer is, therefore, A-cu-men. Acumen.

★ ★

No. 4—Double Central Deletion.

Border, bo(nder), boer.

★ ★

No. 5—Numerical.

New Orleans.

★ ★

Prize Winners March Puzzles

The three subscribers to "The Star Monthly," whose names and addresses appear below, are the fortunate individuals whose answers to the March Puzzles, by complying with all the conditions named at the head of this department, entitled them to the three prizes awarded this month.

- 1. Richard C. Collins, Malden, Mass.
2. Chester B. Fry, New Castle, Ohio.
3. Charles S. Finney, Eau Claire, Wis.*

*Postmark on the envelope same date as list submitted by F. B. of same place, but this one arrived before it, so was awarded third position. Competitors should, in every instance, put their full name and the date on the answers to puzzles they send in.

Friend Collins, who wins first honors this month, has "been there before." His answer to number four was the only correct one received, although several of them were almost correct.

★ ★

Honorable Mention

Solutions to March puzzles that were in part correct were received from a number of other Star subscribers. The neatness shown, as well as the painstaking efforts of the senders, warrants at least "honorable mention" to the following: Oscar Ostrum, Frank Brewer, W. E. Dunkel, Frank H. Brown, Carl Ostrum, J. F. Bradley, Geo. W. Reither, John Bullied, Ralph Leasman, Thomas Donald, Herbert E. Tower, A. C. Gokay, Merle Thomas, H. W. Wade, Arthur Scheeler, Thos. Cundy, S. Haro, Moore.

★

Friend Westrap from far off Malay peninsula, although handicapped by the distance is a "sticker," and to him as well as to other subscribers and readers living in foreign countries who may desire to compete in solving puzzles, a "special dispensation" will be granted, whereby due allowance will be made for time required to receive, study out and answer puzzles, and when all are correct, special prizes will be awarded.

★

An apology is due Star readers. The printer set up the "answer" to Word Square Number 1, printed in the April issue, as "Play." This should, of course, be "Plat." We refer to fourth word of the square.

RING AND BRACELET FREE.



This gold shell ring and silver chain bracelet with lock and key warranted for 50 years. Given free for selling our ROSEBUD PERFUME WONDER. "king of all perfumes and moth destroyers." Send your name and address, NO MONEY, and we will send you 10 packs postpaid to sell at 10 cents each, when sold, send us \$1.00 and we will promptly forward ring and bracelet.



NOT FOR SALE—But Given Away!

BOYS, DO YOU WANT IT?

COLUMBIA REPEATER

This air rifle has nickel-plated barrel; magazine breech and butt plates japanned. It is a rifle, and not a toy for little boys. Every boy has 18 friends and can sell 18 boxes of our high-grade Toilet and Medicated Soaps in one afternoon after school and get this rifle as a present. We trust you for the Soap. Write to-day for full particulars and illustrated catalog of Bicycles, Boxing Gloves, Cameras, Guitars, Mandolins, Watches and everything to delight the hearts of Boys and Girls.

COULD SOAP CO., C. 28 to 34 CHURCH ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Easily Earned—No Money Required—Samples FREE.

You can easily earn this splendid high grade 1900 model, fully guaranteed bicycle, equal to any wheel ever sold for \$35. ABSOLUTELY FREE by selling only \$35 worth of our famous Toilet Soaps and Perfumes among your friends and neighbors, at 25c per box or bottle. You do not have to pay a cent for the soap or perfume, except you wish, until you have delivered it to your customers, and have it all collected for. Our handsome illustrated catalog shows over 150 other useful and valuable premiums, including gold and silver watches, cameras, couches, writing desks, guitars, mandolins, guns, etc., etc. Sent FREE on receipt of your name and address.



We give 40 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR to those who prefer CASH. No work is so easy as selling good Toilet Soap or Perfume, even boys and girls make successful agents.

BULLOCK, WARD & CO., Dept. 12, Fifth Ave., Chicago.

WRITE TODAY.

\$1000 IN GOLD FREE

FOR BRAINY PEOPLE

Grid of numbers: 4 5 23 15 3 18 1, 13 19 7 1 1 7 20 15 1, 3 2 7 7 7 5

FOR BRAINY PEOPLE

Each one of the above three lines of figures spells the name of a great city in the United States. This is a brand new puzzle and can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the cities instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the entire alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for doing a little work for us. This you can do in less than one hour of your time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take an entire evening to solve the three names, but STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000. A copy of this high-class ONE DOLLAR MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send your answer in immediately. Address ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., 24 North William Street, New York City.

OUR NEW WONDER TALKING MACHINE FREE!!



You can get our New Wonder Talking Machine and a Hard Rubber Fountain Pen which is handsomely engraved and gold mounted. In finish and construction it equals any \$3.00 pen on the market. Each pen holds enough ink to last almost any one a month without refilling. With each pen we send a 14 k. gold laid pen for selling for us 24 of our Arc Light Electric Lamp Wicks at Five Cents each. Our wicks are something entirely new; they give a light equal to the electric light, being chemically treated with carbon by means of which a white light is obtained, making kerosene light equal to electricity. No trimming, no smoke, no smell. Order wicks today and we will send them by mail, postpaid. We mean what we say and will give our New Wonder Talking Machine absolutely free if you comply with the offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. When wicks are sold send us \$1.20 and we will send you the Fountain Pen together with our offer of the Talking Machine same day we receive the money. This is a genuine offer by a reliable concern and all who receive the Fountain Pen and Talking Machine for selling our Wicks are delighted. Write to-day and we will send you a beautiful Jeweled Scarf or Stick Pin absolutely free in addition. Address,

ARC LIGHT WICK COMPANY, P. O. Box 5308, BOSTON, MASS.



9 USEFUL PREMIUMS FREE
 To introduce our "CALUMET PERFECTO" CIGARS we give every person buying a box of cigars for \$2.85, a suitably engraved "GOLD" WATCH, GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. 1 gold-laid chain, 1 charm, 1 necktie holder, 2 sleeve buttons, 2 cuff buttons, 1 ball-top collar button and 1 stud. Send this to us and we will send you the cigars and premiums by express to examine. If you are satisfied, pay \$2.85 exp. charges. Calumet Mfg. & Importing Co. Dept. 413, Chicago.

The Cluster Bubble Blower



Happy children grow wild with joy at the sight of Bubbles in twos, threes and great clusters, made every color of the rainbow by our secret formula which we include with every order. By mail 10c, 3 for 25c. Address, The Bee Novelty Co., Columbus, Ohio, AGENTS WANTED.

FREE SILVER WATCH FREE!



These Watches are Solid Silver, Ladies' or Gents' size, and at retail would cost upwards of \$5. or \$10, but to introduce our Persian Perfumed Perfumery we will send you this Watch Free if you take advantage of our marvelous offer. If you want one CUT THIS OUT write to us without delay. With your letter send us your name & postoffice address and we will send you on consignment, to sell for 5 cents each, 20 cases of Persian Perfumed Perfumery and our offer. After you receive the beautiful Watch we shall expect you to show it to your friends and call their attention to this advertisement. The Watch is sent Free, by Registered Post, on your complying with our advertisement, and the marvelous offer which we send, and it is Fully Warranted. You will be more than satisfied. Address at once, PERSIAN PERFUMERY CO., 19 Warren St., New York.

CLEARING SALE
 6000 new '90 model Bicycles carried over must be SACRIFICED AT ONCE. \$11.75
 SECOND-HAND wheels, good as new, over 50 makes and models \$3 TO \$10
 Swell 1900 Models, \$11 TO \$20
 HIGHEST GRADE GUARANTEED.
 WE SHIP TO ANY ONE ON APPROVAL AND TRIAL BEFORE PAYMENT.
 One RIDER AGENT in each town can obtain FREE USE of sample wheel to ride and exhibit. Write for ART CATALOGUE, BARGAIN LIST AND OUR SPECIAL OFFER.
 MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 125 G Chicago.

Boys & Girls



Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 pkgs of Excelsior Bluing at 10c. We ask no money. Send your name and address and get outfit and premium list with instructions postpaid. When you sell the Bluing send us the money and select your premium. An honest offer. We Trust You. Write for outfit today. Excelsior Bluing Co. Dept. 113, Chicago

1200 Dollars Given Away

A	C	D
E	E	E
H	L	M
N	O	P
S	S	S
W	Y	Y

CAN YOU arrange the 18 letters at the left into three names denoting THREE WELL-KNOWN ADMIRALS of the U. S. NAVY during the SPANISH WAR? If you can make out these names you may share in THE DISTRIBUTION OF 1200 DOLLARS WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for doing a little work for us. This you can do in less than one hour of your time. This and other liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best Boston Story Magazines into every house in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out your answer, write it plainly on a postal card and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take considerable study to get the three correct names, BUT STICK TO IT AND TRY AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE 1200 DOLLARS. A COPY OF A CELEBRATED DOLLAR BOSTON MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to every one answering this advertisement. Send your answer immediately. Address: THE RIGLEY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 88 and 90 Purchase Street, BOSTON, MASS.

A. C. M. A. Cap.

THIS cap is made of navy blue cloth, fadeless, durable and soft as silk, warm and handsomely lined, bicycle style. Across the front, in bright gold, are the three letters, C. M. A. The caps are to be sold at 50 cents apiece, postage paid. The embroidery and bullion used in the letters



is worth more than the money asked—but then, we want the boys to have the caps so that they can show their colors at all times and in all places. It is a good advertisement for the C. M. A., and the cap alone would cost you \$1 in the local stores. Any size, from 6 3/4 to 7 1/2. State your size when you order from the grand secretary; give your certificate number, with name and address plainly; enclose 50 cents, and the cap will be delivered to you, postage paid.

Old Laws Against Football.

People who are beginning to protest that roughness and brutality in football games should be prohibited, by legal enactment if necessary, can find plenty of encouragement in English history. As far back as the sixteenth century King James issued a royal mandate forbidding all "rough and violent exercises—such as football, meeter for laming than making able the users of it." Football in England is now in as bad a condition as baseball in this country. Every big town has its professional team, and the amateur interest in the sport has almost died out. It is no longer an athletic sport, but a gladiatorial contest on a purely financial basis. Consequently there is talk of reviving the old law of King James, or, at least, passing some modern modification of it.

Lost the Wager.

Mme. Eames-Story has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the fleet commander on board, says the Saturday Evening Post. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self-control. One day the commander was in swimming, and young Eames made a friendly wager with a fellow-officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity—in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was accepted, and a moment afterward Eames was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhand stroke, began treading water. They had saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter-deck. To the young man's intense surprise the commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Eames lost his wager.

FREE 56 PIECES FULL SIZE For Families



Any one can easily earn a beautifully decorated 56-Piece China Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set, full size for family use; also a handsome GOLD PLATED or SILVER WATCH, chain and charm—ladies' or gents' size—and a gold-finished Pearl Initial Pin. You can get these presents for selling our Bluing Powder or Thimbles. We mean what we say, and guarantee to do just as we say. We don't ask a cent. If you agree to sell only 15 packages at 10c, a package, or 30 thimbles at 5c, each, send at once your name, postoffice address and nearest express or freight depot, and we send goods; when sold, you send us the \$1.50, and we send you a Watch-China and Charm, ladies' or gents' style, and a Pearl Initial Pin with any letter you wish, together with our offer of a 56-piece china set, same day money is received. These are not dolls' sets. There is no chance about it. If you comply with the offer we shall send you, the 56-piece china set will be given free. Remember every set has Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher, Teacups, Saucers, Bowls, Fruit and Cake Plates, etc., all given away to advertise and introduce our goods at once. Any newspaper will tell you that we are reliable. Chemical Specialty Co. Dept. 552 No. 296 Broadway, New York City

EARN A CAMERA, or BRACELET, or GOLD-FILLED RING, BY SELLING 10 PINS AT 10c. EACH.
 These are beautiful Gold Stick Pins, set with rubies, pearls, emeralds, etc., and are worth twice the price.
 Send us your name and full address. We will then send you the pins. You sell them, return the money to us, and choose premium—a camera, bracelet or ring, or any other premium in our large illustrated catalogue.
 NOVELTY JEWELRY CO., 16 Bank St., Attleboro, Mass.

FREE!
 Sell 10 of our scarf pins at 10c. each, return us the money and we send FREE this Akah Diamond ring, SOLID GOLD finished, warranted. Send full address for pins and premium list. NO MONEY Required.
 Bismid Jewelry Co., 22 Park St., Attleboro, Mass.

THE ELECTRICITY from the batteries will turn a needle through your table or hand. Cures Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, weak or lame back, etc. For advertising purposes we will give ONE BILT FREE to one person in each locality. F. J. Smend & Co., Dept. 299, Vineland, N. J.

DON'T SET HENS The Same Old Way. THE NATL HEN INCUBATOR beats old plan 3 to 1. Little in price but big money maker. Agts. wanted. Send for cat. telling how to get one free.
 NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR CO., B. 55, Columbus, Neb.
 A. Edwards writes, "Wouldn't take \$100 for N. H. I. plan"



FREE! Sell 18 Pins for this Watch.
 We trust you with 18 latest style Gold Plate Scarf and Stick Pins, set with beautiful assorted stones. Sell at 10c. each and we send you this fine Nickel Silver Watch (like cut) fully guaranteed. We also give Cameras, Bracelets, Purses, Rings, etc. Send name and full address; no money required until pins are sold; we take all not sold. We are reliable, and do as we agree.
 ANAWAN JEWELRY CO., 28 MAIN STREET, North Attleboro, Mass.



SILVERWARE FREE

This handsome and valuable Silverware will be given free to every person who will help us to quickly advertise Howard's Vegetable Pills, a sure and safe cure for Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver. We have contracted with a leading silverware Co. for large quantity of these goods and give them away to introduce our pills. You can take advantage of this offer. Write today and we will send you six boxes of our pills postpaid. Sell them at 25c. each and remit us \$1.50 and we will send you at once 12 tea spoons together with our offer of 12 forks, 12 knives and 12 table spoons same day money is received. The silverware is made with latest pattern and fully warranted to wear for years. **HOWARD DRUG CO., 51 Dearborn St., CHICAGO**



Selling Butter by the Yard.

Probably Cambridge, England, is the only place in the world where one would be likely to find butter sold by lineal measure; but here in accordance with the old custom it is literally sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard, and weighing a pound. Deftly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed into long and narrow baskets made for the purpose and thus conveyed to market.

The butter women who, in white aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the mart, have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares; constant practice and an experienced eye enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped article. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for serving out to the university students in the daily commons. Cut into conveniently sized pieces, and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at the daily breakfast and tea.

Time Will Tell.

President Kruger of the Transvaal is minus the thumb of his left hand. In his youth it was badly wounded and rather than nurse the troublesome member he cut it off. Some time ago, in discussing the present situation and wishing to illustrate how he would do with Sir Alfred Milner as he had with his predecessors, he began with the little finger of his left hand: "I was too much for Sir George Gray." Then, pointing with his third finger: "I was too much for Sir Howard Berkeley." Passing to the middle finger: "I was too much for Sir Bartle Frere." Next with the index finger: "I was too much for Sir Hercules Robinson, and I shall be too much for Sir—alle maagte!" he exclaimed, for he had come to the place of the missing thumb. The incident is said to have depressed him not a little, as he is very superstitious.

FREE ATTENTION, LADIES! FREE

Hurry up, Girls! Come along, Boys!

WE give Cameras, Bracelets Rings, Eye Glass and Neck Chains, Belt Buckles, Hat Pins, Brooches, etc. Send your name and full address and we will mail you 20 beautiful Scarf and Stick Pins, all set with Assorted Stone, which you can sell on sight, at 5 cents each. When sold, send us \$1 and select your premium, absolutely free, from our large illustrated catalogue, which we send with Pins. Don't take a month trying to sell something, when you can dispose of ours in a day. This is an honest offer from a reliable firm. No Money Required.

THE HOME MFG. CO., 1 Bruce St., North Attleboro, Mass.



14 PIECE FREE DINNER SET

Full size for family use. Beautifully decorated & most artistic design. A rare chance. You can get this handsome dinner set and one dozen fine plated tea spoons for selling our Pills. We mean what we say & will give this beautiful dinner set absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly introduce our Vegetable Pills, a sure cure for constipation, indigestion & torpid liver, if you agree to sell only six boxes of Pills at 25 cts. a box write to-day and we send Pills by mail, when sold send us the money & we send you one dozen plated tea spoons together with our offer of a 14 piece dinner set same day money is received. This is a liberal inducement to every lady in the land & all who receive the spoons & dinner set for selling our Pills are delighted. **AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY, DEPT. D 32 WEST 13th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.**



FOLDING CAMERA FREE

A model of the workmen's art, wood parts Mahogany finish, brass work lacquered and polished, covered with Morocco leather, fitted with high grade Achromatic lens, capacity eight 4x5 in. plates, same as shown. You can get this first-class camera and a handsome Bracelet with lock and key for selling our Granules. We mean what we say and will give this reliable Camera absolutely free if you comply with the offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly introduce our Health Granules, a positive cure for constipation, indigestion, and liver troubles, if you agree to sell only SIX bottles of Granules at 25 cents a bottle, write at once and we promptly send Granules by mail. When sold send us the \$1.50 and we send you a handsome Bracelet together with our offer of a folding Camera same day we receive the money. This is a genuine offer by a reliable concern, and all who receive the Bracelet and Camera for selling our Granules are delighted.

Colonial Trading Co., Dept. D, 404 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

ALL THE STYLE! WE TRUST AGENTS



GYRENO BEAUTY. Shirt Waist Pins.



with 8 sets, 3 Pins in a set, different colors, to match all shades of cloth; sell to your friends for 15 cents a set and get free your choice of Three Beautiful and Costly **SOLID GOLD-LAID RINGS.** Set with large Opal, Twin Garnet or Simulation Diamond. Send name. No money wanted unless Pins are sold. **GLOBE GEM CO., Providence, R. I.**

"STAR" FOUNTAIN PEN FREE!

We give the Star Fountain Pen with complete outfit FREE to everyone who sends 50 cents for one year's subscription to The Star Monthly, and 10 cents to pay packing, etc., making 60 cents in all.



This pen is a genuine hard rubber fountain pen, complete with filler, etc. Low priced penholders are usually fitted with brass pens, which are of little use, for the ink corrodes them at once. This has a gold plated pen, which will not corrode, and it will be found perfectly satisfactory. The feed is so constructed that it yields a steady and equal flow of ink, and will not skip or blot. It does not leak and will always write. The reservoir holds enough ink for five thousand words with one filling. Hard rubber fountain pens usually sell anywhere from \$1.50 to \$5.00 each. Of course they contain gold pens but with proper care a gold plated pen is equally as good.

Old subscribers may renew their subscription by this offer. If you are already a subscriber state the fact, and your subscription will commence from the date your present subscription expires.

New subscribers will get THE STAR MONTHLY for one year from the date you send in your subscription.

This offer is so liberal that we expect it to bring in thousands of subscribers in the next few weeks. Simply send us 60 cents, postoffice order or express order. If it is inconvenient to obtain these you may send stamps. The 60 cents covers all expense for a year's subscription to THE STAR MONTHLY and the postage, packing, etc. on the pen. The pen is FREE. Don't delay. Address,

THE STAR MONTHLY, STAR BLOCK, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

The COMING MEN of AMERICA

A Wonderful Boys' Society, with Members in over 15,000 Towns, in All Parts of the World - Teaching Truth, Patriotism, Brotherly Love, Morality and Ambition - Endorsed by Press, Pulpit, Teachers, Parents - Intended particularly for Bright American Youths

In 1894 the C. M. A. was organized. It admits only white boys of good character. It is no experiment. It is regularly and permanently established. It is incorporated under the laws of Illinois, and its wonderful growth is due to the fact that its teachings are all good, and it is making the success it teaches its membership to make. Where is a better field for work than among the bright-eyed, healthy American youths, who are ambitious to be successful men? You can't force a boy. He must be interested in his work, and then he will take hold of it with a vim.

A secret society is fascinating to a boy, and because he likes it he will learn the great lessons our noble order teaches. The C. M. A. is a secret society, but there is nothing in the secret work that interferes with a boy's religious training, or his duties to his parents, his friends or his country. Parents are most interested, and it is reasonable to suppose that their interests are first consulted. Were it not for their co-operation, the C. M. A. could not live. The teachings of the order are all good. Anything that was even debatable as to its merit was omitted, so that the slightest grounds for objections were done away with.

The Star Monthly is the official organ of the C. M. A. It contains clean stories, biographies and anecdotes of great men, healthy humor, departments interesting to boydom, and interesting miscellany. It is good without being dry and uninteresting. It is a boys' paper, and as such is by far the leading monthly published. Harper's Round Table subscription list was absorbed by the Star Monthly in 1899 and added to its already large circulation, until now no less than 100,000 copies are issued each month. The Star Monthly keeps members informed and prints news and items each month about the order.

The official badge of the C. M. A. is a lapel button with symbols, letters and colors, making a beautiful emblem to be worn in the lapel of the coat. The secret work is full, comprehensive and easy to learn. Bestography, the secret sign language, can only be written and read by members. An idea of this unique sign writing can be obtained by looking at the C. M. A. page of the Star Monthly.

The certificate of membership is made of strong bond paper, on which the emblem of the order and scroll work appears in beautiful colors. The certificate also gives the member's roll number, date of joining, name, and has the signature of the presi-

dent and grand secretary as well as the seal of the Grand Lodge. This beautiful certificate is intended for framing, and it will make a handsome appearance on the wall of any home.

Lodges are being formed everywhere. If there is no member of the order in your town, it is all the more reason for you to join, for as soon as you get your outfit, others will want to join. The first boy in a town is usually chosen as the first president. As soon as there are six or more members in a town we send a charter, ritual and instructions free, so you can form a lodge and have fun initiating new members. There is no awful oath or obligation, simply your word of honor that you will not disclose or tell any of the secrets.

By leaving religion and politics alone, we prevent conflicts and factions that would break up any organization. The C. M. A. teaches, preaches and practices the Golden Rule. It appeals to the manly qualities in the breast of every body. It holds up examples of great men, like Lincoln, Washington, Garfield, Childs, Cooper, Peabody, Gladstone and Dewey. It cultivates worthy ambition and brings out the good qualities in a boy. It shows how right and truth and unselfishness are sure to make one happy and successful. It teaches pluck, perseverance and concentration of effort, and all the time instead of preaching these principles, they are inculcated in the youth as something he sees by example and by his own reasoning powers.

"As the twig is inclined, so the tree will grow." Start right, brother, join our ranks, and with your influence help spread our order till every one knows how glorious it is. We now have members in over 15,000 towns and cities. The brotherly grip of friendship has extended to all parts of the world. We will soon have 100,000 members. The wonderful growth is only because the C. M. A. is all and more than it claims to be, and its members are showing their appreciation by having their friends join also.

The cost of a complete outfit is fifty cents, which includes subscription to the Star Monthly for the balance of the year ending with the December issue, one enameled badge, one certificate of membership, one set of secret work, one key to Bestography, one premium list, one set blanks, one set printed matter, etc., etc. The only requirement is that you must be a white boy of good character. We invite you to join, and be one of our brothers. Fill out the coupon below and send it in.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON **CUT IT OUT** **and send it in with** **50c.**

Either by Postoffice Order, Express Order, or Registered Letter.
J. R. HUNTER, Grand Secretary, Oak Park, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find 50c. for which send me at once Subscription to The Star Monthly for the balance of the year, ending with the December issue. 1 Official Badge. 1 set Secret Instructions. 1 Membership Certificate. 1 Key to Bestography, and enter my name as a full life member of the C. M. A. I promise upon my honor, not to disclose or make public to any person not a member of the C. M. A. any of the grips, signs, signals, secret work or secret sign language of the C. M. A. This agreement is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the secrets that will interfere with my religious views, politics, my duty to my parents or my friends. Yours truly

Age _____ Name _____
70 _____ Street _____
Nationality _____ Town _____
Write your name and address plainly. State _____

From the Shop



to the office; from a small salary to a good one, is but a step if you go the right way about it. Our system makes it easy for you to

CHANGE YOUR WORK

without loss of present salary. We guarantee to give you an education by mail in Steam, Electrical, Mechanical or Civil Engineering; Mechanical and Architectural Drawing; Bookkeeping; Shorthand, and English Branches. 97,000 students and graduates. Write and state what profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1276 Scranton, Pa.



To the Office



Reversible LINENE Collars and Cuffs.

Stylish, convenient, economical. Made of fine cloth, finished in pure starch, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. **No Laundry Work** When soiled discard. Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 23cts. By mail, 30cts. Send 6 cts. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 17, Boston, Mass.

POSITIONS GUARANTEED

under reasonable conditions; car fare paid; board, \$10-\$11; catalog free; no vacation.

DRAGON'S PRACTICAL BUS.


St. Louis; Nashville, Tenn.; Savannah, Ga.; Montgomery, Ala.; Galveston, Tex.; Fort Worth, Tex.; Little Rock, Ark.; Shreveport, La. Indorsed by merchants and bankers. Best patronized in South. Book-keeping, Shorthand, etc., taught by mail. Begin any time. Address (at either place) Draughon's College.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, & Supplies. Write for catalog, 445 illustrations, FREE; it gives information for musicians and new bands. LYON & HEALY, 85 Adams St., CHICAGO



SMITH PREMIER OFFICE



has typewriters that mark the very highest point of superiority reached in writing machine mechanism. No other typewriter so thoroughly holds its own, presents so many improvements, shows less affect of wear from constant use or requires so little attention. It is always ready.

If your office is not a Smith Premier office, write for our Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

The Smith Premier is especially adapted to the "Touch System" of Typewriting.

The...
Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
115 Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

Crawford 2366

50 CENTS A YEAR

5 CENTS A COPY

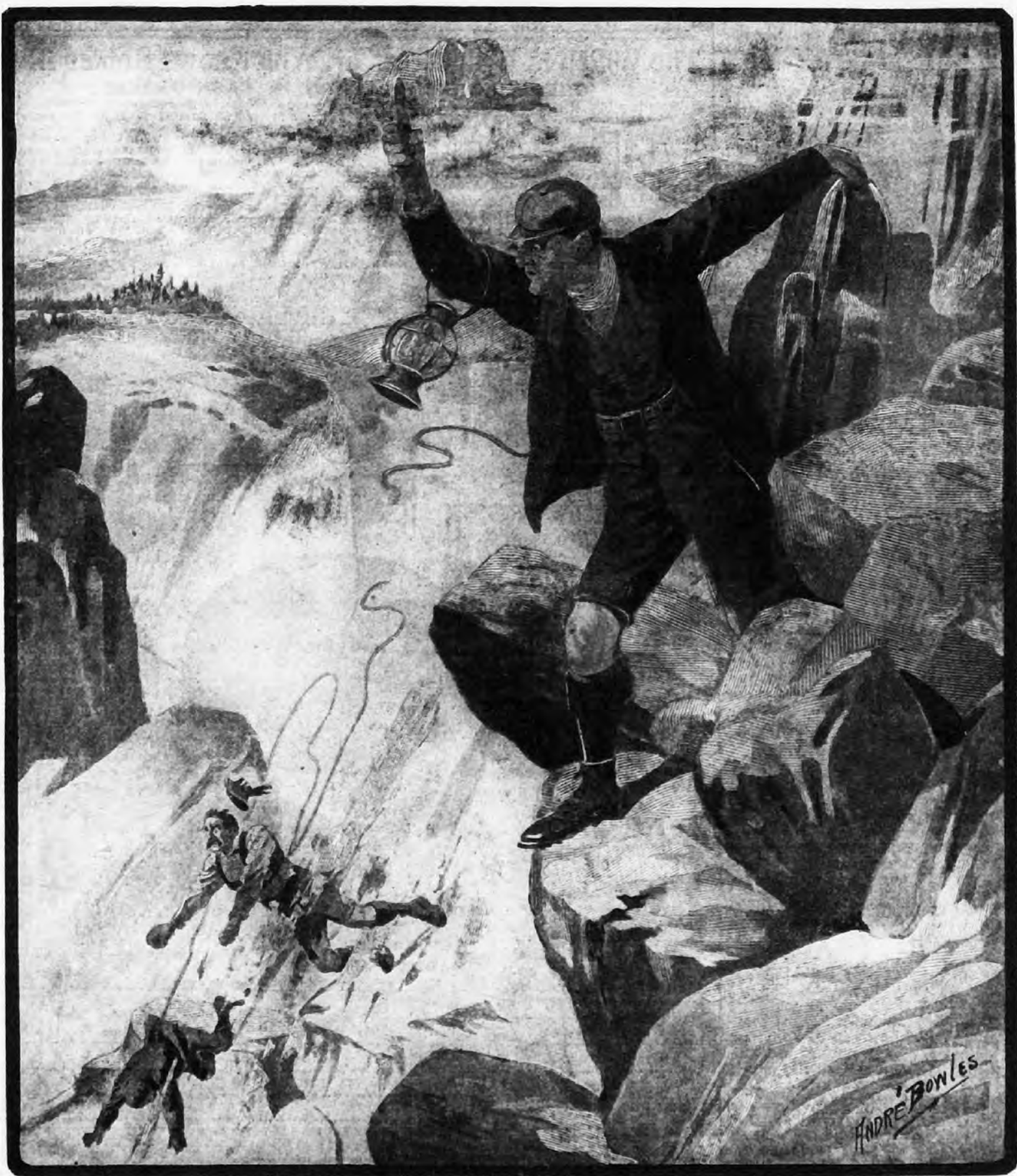


The STAR ★ MONTHLY ★

VOL. VII

OAK PARK-ILL. August 1900

No. 1



ANDRE BOWLES

See "Lost in the Air," page 4.

Copyright, 1900.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

A noble trait in this busy world
Is a stand for honor and truth,
A stand that every boy should take
In the pure bright days of youth.

There are tempters gay who ever seek
Deceit to sow in the heart's pure soil,
Then moisten its seeds with flattery vain
Youth's innocent flowers to spoil.

Then stand on the side of truth boys,
As your days go rushing past,
And manhood's years will be bravely spanned
With virtues firm till the last.

--Ad. H. Gibson.

Wily Ways of Selling Books.

"When I was canvassing in the country in New York state fifteen years ago," said a Chicago graduate from the book-agent fraternity the other day, "I rode from farmhouse to farmhouse in a buggy. I had the horse trained so that the moment I came out of a gate and untied her she started up and brought the buggy up to me. I stepped in and she was off at a run."

"Didn't you lose time in selling when the men folks were in the fields?" was asked.

"That didn't make any difference," was the reply. "I sold to the women. Just explained to them rapidly the value and cheapness of the map I sold, and they usually ordered one."

"I remembered one incident," he continued, "when I inquired in a large town who were the most prominent business men in the city and was given the name of one who was said to be 'death on book agents.' I went to that man's office the first thing and found him writing a letter. He didn't look up."

"Opening my atlas I spread it out right on top of his letter and began to talk. I explained the good points of the book in a purposely hurried and nervous manner, though I wasn't a bit nervous myself. When I had finished I jerked out my order book and pen, held the pen to his hand and sold quickly."

"Sign your name right down there."

"He did so and then said: 'Now you get out of here and don't you let me see you again.'"

"Oh, but I must deliver the book," I added, and I did."

"In Syracuse," went on the ex-agent, "I had just started selling atlases and was given the name of a millionaire, one of those book-agent-proof, combination-lock men."

"I went to him and talked up my book. 'Nope. He didn't want any.' Now, the atlas cost me \$3 and I was selling them for \$8.50. I felt in my vest pocket and found I had just a \$5 bill there. Taking it out and laying it on the book, I said:

"Now, we aren't allowed to make any reductions, but I'll just give you the book and that \$5 bill for \$8.50."

"He took up a pen and signed his name and I sold a good many books on the strength of it."

"I have to laugh when I think of how I turned the tables on a lot of bank clerks in one town," he said. "I canvassed the bank, but though the men wanted the atlases they wouldn't pay more than \$3 for them. I finally took all their signatures at that figure. Those clerks bragged up my atlas and canvassed the town pretty thoroughly for me. I didn't deliver any books to that bank. Then I met one of the men on the bridge one day and he asked me why I hadn't delivered the books. I said, 'anybody who has treated me as mean as you fellows have can whistle for their books. You beat me down to \$3 and now you can keep 'em. You've canvassed the town pretty well for me and I'm much obliged.'"

"And that was my sweet revenge."

All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

1900 YOU CAN EASILY and Quickly Earn a **BICYCLE, LADIES' JACKET, Set, Cough, Watch, Camera, Shoes, Dress Skirt, Dinner** of our high-grade Toilet Soap or Perfume to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** We have the best plan for Boys, Girls and Women. Our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums mailed **FREE.** Write to-day for particulars. **DAWSON SOAP CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Dept. 39, CHICAGO.**



BOYS AND GIRLS

We give you your choice of a Watch, Gold Ring, Camera, Type-writer, Magic Lantern, Air Rifle, Bracelet and twenty-five other valuable premiums for **PATCHO** at 10 cents a packet. **PATCHO** is the wonderful substance for mending rents or tears in silk, woolen and cotton garments, gloves, shoes, mackintoshes, umbrellas, carpets, tents and many other articles. Send your name and address and we will forward 18 packets which you can easily sell in couple of hours among your neighbors. When sold send us \$1.50 and choose your present. **Premium List and full instructions with outfit.** This is an honest offer. Write at once and be first in your town. **We trust you.**



SHELL & CO., (Dept. 3) AUSTIN, ILL.

The Which Is Which Test, or, Who Knows Babies Best? ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CASH PRIZES.

This is a test of your ability to tell babies apart. The group pictured below is made up of boys and girls. Which are the boys, and which are the girls? All the babies are plainly numbered. Below the picture is a coupon containing three sets of blank spaces numbered as the babies are numbered. Decide for yourself whether the baby No. 1 is a boy or a girl, and then put a **B** or a **G**, meaning boy or girl, in the upper blank space under No. 1. Do the same as to baby No. 2, and so on with the entire eleven. Whoever judges most accurately the sex of these babies will receive the first prize, **\$50.00.** The second best decision will receive a prize of **\$10.00.** The three next best in order will receive **\$5.00** each, and there will be **twenty-five one dollar prizes** for the next twenty-five, in the order of excellence. Of course, ties divide. In this contest, however, we do not expect many, if any, ties.

Every contestant may give one opinion or three opinions, just as he chooses. We believe this will be one of the most interesting contests THE PENNY MAGAZINE has ever opened. Each opinion will be judged by itself on its own merits, whether the competitor sends in one or three opinions. One person may win one or more prizes, according to the number of accurate opinions he sends in. We have arranged for the three opinions because we believe members of families will each have an opinion of their own. To be eligible for a prize, the contestant who gives but one opinion must send **ONE DIME** only with his opinion, and for this he will receive **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** for Five Months; when three opinions are sent, **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** only must accompany them, and a full year's subscription to **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** will be given by us. **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** gives away **\$10,000** a year in prizes, and all subscribers, including those who answer this contest, are eligible for all prizes without any further payment of money. Among recent cash prize-winners are Mrs. E. S. Miller, 123 Myrtle Ave., Baltimore, Md.; J. M. Chamberlin, Sr., Lebanon, Ill.; C. May Kennedy, 298 Summer Street, W. Somerville, Mass., and 250 others.



BABIES' SKILL COUPON.

Babies' Number	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Opinion No. 1.											
Opinion No. 2.											
Opinion No. 3.											

Name and Address.....

REMEMBER.—First, All coupons must reach us not later than the night of September 10th. Prizes will be awarded and paid Sept. 20th, not later. Second, Competitors must cut out the whole of the coupon, mark it as directed, and address to **SKILL EDITOR, THE PENNY MAGAZINE, 491 Fifth Ave., New York.**

These photos of babies are loaned to The Penny Magazine by The Mellin's Food Company.

The STAR

★ MONTHLY ★

LOST IN THE AIR

The Boy Traveler Series

By Alfred Bennett - Story Complete in This Issue
See Illustration on Front Page

Written exclusively for The Star Monthly.

BOYS," said Howell, as the six travelers met at the Lexington hotel for their fourth session. "There are but three more stories to be told, unless we go around again, and Powell tells the last one, so Williams and Read must draw cuts for tonight."

"I am not ready with the story I wish to tell," said Read, "and if Williams will entertain the party to-night, I'll do my best next time. How will that do?"

"It is satisfactory to me," said Williams. "I've got a mountain climbing story on my mind, and the sooner I get it disposed of the better I shall like it."

"Didn't know you ever took to that sort of thing," said Powell. "I prefer to keep on level ground myself."

"I have ascended a good many famous mountains," continued Williams, "but I'm not going in for it again. I assure you. That adventure on the Matterhorn satisfied me."

"The Matterhorn?" echoed Howells and Read in a breath.

"Draw it mild, now," said Powell, "or you will have to pay for that watch. Very few people have ever rested foot on the summit of that elevation. It's the most dangerous mountain to ascend in the world, and the little old churchyard at Zermatt is filled with the bodies of those who have met their death in ascending or descending."

★
"Yes," said Williams. "I have been there, and I looked over the graveyard before settling out on the climb. There are not so many such graves there as you indicate, but there are enough. Besides, many bodies are never found. I saw there the granite cross erected to the memory of Michel Croz by his fellow guides. He lost his life on the 14th of July, 1865, with three others. His party gained the summit, but on the way back one of the number, a Mr. Robert Hadow, lost his nerve, slipped, knocked Croz from his foothold, the rope broke, and four men went whirling down four thousand feet. I could not repress a sinking at the heart as I stood on the place from which they fell."

"I reached Zermatt early in August, and put up at the Mont Cervin hotel. There I met a young Englishman, Robert Fish, direct from London, who had been hanging about the place several days trying to arrange for the ascent. He was about my age and build, and as nery a chap as ever lived. He had come on from London alone, with plenty of money, however, resolved to conquer the difficulties of the Matterhorn, but had run up against a snag at the very foot of the mountain. He was able and willing to pay almost any price for guides, but he couldn't get them. They all declared that he was too young, and too inexperienced in mountain climbing to be taken up with safety. He had argued and reasoned to no purpose. The guides simply wouldn't entertain the idea of taking him

to the top.

"You can see what shape the refusal of the guides to take Fish left me in. I was young, too, and looked younger than I really was, though not entirely inexperienced in mountain work. I knew that it would be folly for me to try where he had failed; still, I could not make up my mind to abandon the purpose which had brought me to Zermatt. Fish and I walked about the country a good deal, and saw much of each other while we were considering what steps to take. I saw that the young fellow was studying my character, just as I was studying his, and I hope he was as thoroughly satisfied with his mental investigation as I was. All this time I was nursing my courage for a desperate undertaking, and finally I began to think that Fish was doing the same thing.

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"One day as we strolled in the English churchyard, he came plump at me with a query:

"I wonder," he said, "if you are not meditating the same foolish thing that I can't keep out of my mind?"

"He looked off toward the mountain top as he spoke, and I knew what he meant. His thoughts and mine had unconsciously followed the same channel during all our intercourse.

"I think I know what you mean," I said, in reply. "You are thinking of making the attempt to get to the summit of the Matterhorn without the aid of the regular guides."

"That is just what I have been meditating for some days," was the reply; "ever since you came here, in fact, for of course I would not think of making the attempt without a companion."

"Is it your idea," I asked, "for us to go up entirely alone?"

"Certainly not," was the answer. "We can easily pick up a resident of this district who knows something about the mountain, even if he has never been to the top. There is a law, or a rule, or something or other, which prohibits such attempts, I believe, but we must dodge that, and pay the fellow who goes with us enough to make him easy in his mind in case he stands a chance of being fined or imprisoned. Are you in for it?"

"I said that I was, and we shook hands

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on it, each pleased at the discovery of a recklessly congenial spirit. We loitered but we calmed their suspicions as best we could by pretending to be waiting for a large party which was soon to join us.

"One day Fish came darting into my room with a smile and a whoop, which he was ordinarily too dignified to attempt, and exclaimed that he had discovered the very man we needed to aid us in our journey toward the sky. He was a youngish fellow, about Zermatt several days after this conversation, picking up all the information possible regarding the mountain and the outfit necessary for our foolish venture. We were certain that our intentions were sus-

pected by the officials and the old guides, Fish said, with a shady reputation in the vicinity, but of undoubted courage. He had never been to the top, but he had been above 'the shoulder'—the very worst spot on the mountain—and would have completed the ascent but for a heavy fog which had settled down just as he was about to make the final climb. He demanded a good price for his services—a thousand dollars, I think, and immunity from punishment—that is, he wanted us to pay any fine that might be imposed upon him in case he was arrested for aiding us.

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"I asked but one question: 'Will he stick?'"

"Fish's reply was that he had no doubts on the subject. The fellow was undoubtedly a rogue, but he was a brave one, and a man likely to go through with anything he undertook.

"I have no doubt that he would pick our pockets down to the last dollar, or even take our lives, if it seemed to him safe to do so," continued my companion, "but we can manage that by leaving all our valuables down below, and placing his reward where it can be secured by him only upon our safe return. I know," he went on, in answer to a slight smile on my part, "that it is a risky thing we are planning. It is dangerous enough to attack the Matterhorn with the most skillful and the most devoted of guides; therefore we are doing a reckless thing in going up in company with an inexperienced man who is a villain to boot. But what are we to do? I certainly will not leave Zermatt without taking a fall out of old Matterhorn."

"The fall may be longer and more dangerous than you bargain for," I replied, "but, whatever comes, I am in with it, and my part of the rogue's bribe is ready at any moment. As we are already suspected of evil intentions regarding the Matterhorn, perhaps it may be well to allow our robber guide to make all the necessary arrangements."

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"This was agreed to, and we waited impatiently for the announcement that all was ready to come. It came three days after the above conversation, when our guide met us in the churchyard at dusk and told us to be ready for the climb at sunrise. I slept little that night. To say that I was sorry I had gone into the scheme is carrying it too far, but, had I been honorably out of it, it is pretty certain that I would not again have mixed up in any such fool adventure. Morning came at last, and we proceeded to the place of meeting agreed upon. The first thing the guide did—we called him Mike, not knowing his true name—was to make us sit down and take off our shoes, giving us each a new pair to put on, though the old ones seemed to our inexperienced eye to be just the thing for mountain climbing, being heavy and well studded with nails at the bottom.

"The nails are brittle," said Mike, "and the shanks are not stiff enough. When you place your toe upon a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice, you must have shoes that will not yield. You will find places where a good shoe will save your life, and a poor one throw it away. Now," he added, after our shoes were securely fastened, "I have been to the hotel on the Schwarzsee highland and bought all the provisions we will need to carry. They are hidden just beyond the hotel. I have also provided jag-

ots—for which you must pay me when we return—to use at the cabane on the Hornli, where nothing grows, and where there is perpetual snow. We must pass the night there, and be afoot by three in the morning.

"The cabane is a stone hut, and the Hornli is a projection from the Matterhorn, some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The hut was built by the Alpine club, and is provided with an old stove, blankets, sleeping platforms, and other conveniences. We reached it at four in the afternoon and remained there until three the next morning. Before beginning the ascent, Mike produced a long rope and tied Fish and myself at either end, reserving the middle for himself. 'Brace yourselves,' he explained, 'if any one should slip and fall. The rope will not break, and if one goes down, all will go.' I felt like a prisoner being led away to execution!

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"Before I knew it, we were walking along the edge of a precipice which appeared to end at the earth's center. The stars were out, but each carried a lantern. Presently we came to a glacier, across which we cut steps for our feet. Here and there in the surface were long cracks, called moulins, into which a person falling would disappear forever, as in a deep well. The glacier came to an end where the wall of the mountain was too steep for the ice to find lodgment, and then we clung to bare crags. At daylight we were far up on the eastern face of the mountain, with Zermatt, Riffel, and the Gorner Grat in plain sight. I could not help wondering if the people of Zermatt were out after us, and what they would have said to us could they have taken one glance at our position. We certainly had outwitted them, but we were not yet out of the scrape into which our daring had introduced us. Thus far Mike had behaved himself like a hero.

"I haven't the time to tell you of all the narrow escapes with which we met on the way to the summit. It was a hard climb. It is an easy matter to stand on a ledge but a few inches in width when near the ground, but above the clouds, with great voids beneath your feet and only a finger-hold on a slippery rock to keep yourself in position, it is vastly different. On our feet, on hands and knees, and even astride of narrow and sharp edges, we advanced until the top was reached. I arose to my feet and took a few steps; another one would have sent me whirling down into Italy, six thousand feet below. From the summit Zermatt, on the Swiss side, was in plain view, but Breuil, at the Italian foot, was enveloped in clouds. After gazing over the scene about us for a few moments, we began the descent, proud and happy over our victory over the grim old mountain and over the officials of Zermatt.

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"It is easier to go down than to go up, whether you are on a mountain or a hill, but on a mountain it is more perilous, for you have the precipices always before your eyes. Whenever I looked down, it seemed to me that I must jump, a dangerous sensation in mountain climbing. But I didn't jump. Right under the shoulder, Fish slipped and fell. He was at the front end of the rope, where the guide should have been, and Mike went with him. The rope was not taut between Mike and myself, and as I saw the two go sliding down to what seemed to me to be certain death, Fish yelled for me to cut it. I hesitated just a second. He repeated the command, clinging to the rough surface of the rocks as he slid down, and managed to add that it was the only thing that could save them.

"In another second I saw the force of his advice and ran my knife across the now taut rope. I accomplished the action none too soon, for in another breath I should have been dragged down with them, and all must have perished. Fish and the guide, sliding and falling alternately, miraculously found a resting place on the very edge of a precipice—about three hundred feet below

where I stood. I saw Fish struggle to his feet. When the guide tried to follow his example, he staggered and fell. I understood then that his leg had been broken by one of his numerous falls. Fish pointed to his arm significantly, and I took it that that, too, was broken. Looking down upon the narrow ledge where they were, I saw there was no way to leave it except by the way by which they had reached it. They were on a small platform which hung over great perpendicular walls on three sides, the fourth side being the slanting incline, broken by small precipices, down which they had fallen. In short, the place where they were resembled a small bracket on a high wall more than anything else that I can think of.

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"Presently, after recovering his breath, which had been well-nigh knocked out of him, Fish called out to me that I must leave them food and all the clothing I could spare and go to Zermatt for assistance. If the rope in my hand had been longer I might possibly have drawn them up, one at a time, but that was impossible with the short end which had remained attached to my waist. I slid some food down the delicity, but it either lodged on some of the shelves from which they had bounded or went sailing over the edge of the precipice upon the edge of which they stood. The only wonder to me at that time was that they had not fallen too. I afterwards learned, however, that the rope which tied the two together had caught on a projection farther up, and so saved their lives, even if it did come near suspending them in the air by their waists.

"Leaving them there, I started away in search of help, and a fine time I had of it. The sun shining upon the snow had melted it in spots, and I was in constant danger from falling stones and sliding crusts. I felt my way along over glaciers and down the face of crags until it seemed as if I should go mad with exertion and anxiety. The melting snow had obliterated our tracks in places, but for a time I managed to follow our ascending path, if such it may be called. Then I came against a wall of rock from which there was no path leading, either up, down or around, and I knew that I was lost on the Matterhorn!

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"I cautiously felt my way in all directions which appeared to be open to progress, but found no way out of the pocket-like spot into which I had incautiously ventured. By the time I had made up my mind that I was in about the same box as Fish and the guide, it began to get dark. Far below I could see the lights of Zermatt, and hope died out of my heart when I saw how far away they were. How I longed for the presence of some of the inquisitive officials whom we had dodged and lied to only two short days before! After a time I lit my lantern, which I had carried slung over my back after extinguishing it in the morning. Then I began to shout. I guess I made noise enough to awake all the ghosts and fairies the grim old mountain ever knew. Before long I heard a response, but it was only Fish and the guide calling back to cheer me on my rugged way, as they then believed.

"I swung my lantern frantically, and shouted until I was hoarse. I danced about on my platform of rock to keep from freezing to death, wondering if I would live through the night. I thought of Fish and the guide on their narrow ledge, and pondered over the matter of endurance. I believe that I decided that I would outlive my companions because of the injuries they had received. There was companionship in their voices, and I dreaded the time when my shouts would receive no response.

"The night came down clear and bright. Straight over my head was the milky-way, shining down as peacefully upon me, a helpless prisoner, with but a few hours to live, as it had upon my sports and boyish scrapes at the old home. About midnight Fish and the guide ceased to respond to

my shouts, and I had no doubt they had tumbled from the ledge which had caught them in their downward flight. An hour later, however, just as I was preparing to compose myself to slumber—from which I would never have awakened—I heard shouts in another direction. You may be sure that I yelled and swung my lantern then. In another hour the rescuing party which had followed us from Zermatt as soon as it was positively known that we had ventured on the Matterhorn without a competent guide, came up to the face of the cliff above me, and I was soon drawn up with a rope. I was but a few feet from the path by which we had ascended, but in my rattled condition of mind I did not have sense enough to know that. Strange how things whirl about when you find out you are lost.

"However, if I had continued on in the usual trail, I should have perished in a downfall of stone which crossed the path about sundown. In that case, Fish and Mike would also have perished, for it was the light of my lantern which led the rescuing party on.

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"I explained what had become of Fish and Mike, and one of the guides went down to them. They were soon hoisted up with ropes, Mike howling with pain all the way. It was noon when we reached the stone hut, after such an experience as I hope never to undergo again. How the guides ever got the injured men down the mountain I cannot imagine. It was all like a dream to me. You may be sure that they belabored Mike with their tongues good and plenty, and threatened all manner of punishment for his unlawful act in taking us out. But Mike was consoled by the thought of the money he had earned, and took their abuse and their threats philosophically.

"When we finally got back to Zermatt my elation at our success in gaining the summit of the Matterhorn returned, and Fish was too proud to speak to ordinary people, even if the fall he had taken out of the mountain was not exactly according to schedule. We rewarded the members of the rescuing party beyond their wildest expectations and talked the officials out of prosecuting Mike. Then we laughed at them, as we had a right to do, for had we not reached the sacred peak of the Matterhorn without their help?"

"But you had to have their help in the end," said Read.

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"Well," said Williams, "we got to the top without them, just the same, and that is what they had made up their minds we could not do. Too young? I guess not!"

"I give up the watch," said Read.

And the boys closed the fourth story session, to meet one month later and listen to Read's story. The editor of The Star Monthly is reliably informed that he has been posting up on the islands of the south Pacific and so look out for a story about cannibals.

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All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

It has made miles and miles
of hair grow on millions
and millions of heads.
Not a single gray hair.
No dandruff.



 **The Snake's Mark** 
*Being an Account of the Finding of the Lost Treasure of
 the Hallowell Family, as Chronicled by P. Y. Black.—"Copyright."*

OUR story opens in Colonial Boston, in the days of the "Witchcraft" persecutions. Justin Hollowell, apprenticed to his Uncle, Gabriel Murrin, a ship owner and trader in Boston, is the unhappy possessor of a "Mark" on his forehead, which when he becomes angry stands out vividly in the form of a snake. Late from the old country, his courtly manners and fine dress find little favor among the stern Puritans, and his cousin Marian and warm friend Oziel Hasket experience much difficulty in defending him from taunt and persecution. A quarrel with his uncle on the beach, a hasty blow, and Justin, spurred on by the warrant which is out for his arrest as a "witch" is glad to accompany Dixie Lynch, Master of the Golden Wish, who claims to be his friend, and lets out mysterious hints of Sir Roger, Justin's father, supposed to be dead. Oziel accompanies the party at the request of Justin's cousin Marian and has two rows with Dixie Lynch as a consequence. From further developments it would appear that the "Snake's Mark" on Justin's forehead has a religious significance to at least one of the seaman on the Golden Wish.

CHAPTER V.

The Rendezvous of the Adventurers.

FEN days out from Boston, with fair, fresh winds all the way, the sloop came safely sailing down the coast until opposite the surf beaten outer sandy strip of Long Island. Here the men of the crew began to be filled with that lookout expectancy which sailors feel on nearing a port. Throughout the passage Oziel had been anxiously curious as to the long, black, swiftly sailing vessel's destination.

That day, late in the afternoon, Lynch took the helm, and they ran inshore and through an inlet, and so into the South bay, where, through calmer waters, Dixie steered the sloop by sandy reaches until he finally cast anchor beneath a wooded point on the white beach at foot of which were many sailormen to greet them.

A schooner lay close beside, laden deep and bearing on her ribs marks of rough travel. There was no cargo to land nor petty details of a more customary harbor to attend to, and as soon as the anchor caught bottom Lynch had a boat out, and was pulled ashore with Justin and Oziel, who asked no leave, but stepped in. A rough greeting passed between Dixie and the men on the beach, who gazed curiously upon his companions, and immediately the master of the Golden Wish turned with the others into the wood, which spread almost to the waterside, and, with Justin close to him, followed a path up the steep incline.

Five minutes' climb brought the party to a cleft in the shoulder of the little hill, and there a sight met their eyes which, to the sense of the Boston lads, used to strictest decorum in dress and manner, was strange and startling. The nights were chill, for it was the fall of the year and a great open fire was blazing in front of a picket building, which seemed to be an annex to a cave behind it. Over the fire, on a rod placed on two forked poles driven in the ground, hung, backwoods fashion, a huge haunch of venison, and on the embers reposed pans. A big black man hustled greasily about the viands, and in all easy attitudes were scattered about some three dozen men of all colors. Some of these beguiled the time until supper with cards and dice; some were listening to one who was telling a story which made his hearers yell uproariously, and two or three were busily cleaning muskets. But it mattered not what they were doing—the lads from

Boston had never seen so ruffian a lot, nor heard such weird and continuous profanity. In many garbs they were, and some were bare of breast and arms and legs, unwashed, unshaven, with rings in their ears and tangled long hair, sunburned all to divers shades, with battered three-cornered hats, or fierce fur caps, or woolen knitted caps, whose dangling tassels gave the wearers' faces extraordinarily suggestive twists, now humorous, now of a ferocious ugliness. Not a man of them but had a long pistol in his broad belt, above the shirt skirt which fell halfway to his knees, and many of them carried their cutlasses, too, as peaceful men might a riding whip. They greeted Dixie Lynch's appearance with a buzzing growl, but proffered no more deferential salutation as he passed through them to the shack, from which came to meet him a man of very large size; negro in every feature, but with an eye rare in an enslaved race, a most fierce, commanding eye.

"Donnereau!" cried Lynch, and immediately added something in French, which neither Justin nor Oziel understood, nor indeed could have told which language it was they heard spoken.

Donnereau's eyes questioned Lynch eagerly, but he said little, only as Lynch rapidly talked, as if making a report, his black eye fell piercingly on Justin, whom he most attentively examined. Justin's gaze, as Oziel's, was everywhere while they stood together watching this unwonted scene, one picturesque enough in the shifting shadows of the flames, with a gloomy background of autumn forest leaves. Thus he was paying little heed to his friend and host, Dixie Lynch, when, of a sudden, a huge hand grasped him by the shoulder, shaking him roughly, and a tremendous voice bellowed in his ear:

"How, now, you dumb puritan; must you be klicked out of the road?"

At that Justin leaped round to face this insolent questioner, and thus placed himself so that the light of the fire fell full upon his face. It was the huge negro himself, Donnereau, who had stepped from Lynch's side to so insult the English lad, but if he had been three times as big, three times as fierce, young Justin's temper was too fiery not to resent such rudeness passionately. At once all signs of fury showed on his fateful face—the white cheeks and brow, the flaming eye, the raw red mark of the snake. For a moment he looked like to fly at Donnereau's throat, and, for that moment, the negro stared at him with intense

interest. It was evident that the man had a purpose in his behavior. Before Justin could find speech, however, Dixie Lynch had sprung forward between the two.

"Donnereau!" he cried, as though greatly wounded at such a mistake. "Master Hallowell! What! Donnereau, such words to the son of good Sir Roger, whom you knew and served so long? Master Justin, I pray you, forgive him. He could not know."

The great black made a good show of extreme repentance.

"Now, let me walk the plank blindfolded," he cried effusively, and in good English, "for blind I am and a lubber fit for nothing else. Not to have seen! 'Tis the figure and the face of Sir Roger! Master Hallowell, I pray your pardon. As your father's, believe me also your humble servant."

It was a very fair imitation of Dixie Lynch's latest style: a negro must copy himself on some one. But Justin received the excuses of the savage-looking fellow with very little grace. Indeed, he seemed disturbed by his surroundings, and was cold even to Lynch himself. This that astute rover quickly perceived. At once Dixie assumed a higher air, a manner of being master of and above the herd about him. He snubbed Donnereau and bade him keep his noisy rabble further from the cabin; he called the cook to him and ordered him to serve his daintiest fare within, and finally with his cheerfulness and a smile of particular friendship, well suited to charm a frank and ingenious boy, asked Justin to come within, where they could discuss matters apart from "these cattle." But he halted to let Hallowell go first inside and found time to whisper to the black:

"Did I well? Is it not the very mark they worship?"

And the black grinned horribly, and made a silent motion of chinking coins.

"You're a devil, Dixie Lynch!" his lips made sign.

Oziel was left alone, but that he was now accustomed to. He had made up his mind how to act. Lynch he would not pay court to, and, as it was plain Justin was too much fascinated with Dixie's schemes, which he was not to divulge, to remember him when out of sight, he resolutely set himself to make friends with the wild crowd he found himself among. However, grieved and disturbed in mind at the turn affairs took, the big, honest lad swallowed his distaste, and, with the memory of Mistress Marian's last words ever in mind, renewed his vow to stick by Justin's side to the end of the adventure, be Lynch's attitude toward himself what it might.

For three weeks they lay in the South Bay, and during that time great bustling went forward, in which Oziel bore part, doing what he found to do without orders, seeing little of Justin, who day by day seemed more agitated and alight with hopes which his friend could not share for lack of news concerning them. A great supply of muskets, powder and ball were put on the schooner during this time, the sloop lying idle, with water and provisions. Oziel had no opportunity to go aboard the schooner, but he saw she was a sizable one for the times of between 30 and 40 tons, and, not much to his surprise, for he had seen privateers in Boston harbor more heavily armed, carried several guns. Lynch was now playing another role, that of the brisk, experienced commander of a privateer of the day, here, there, and everywhere, his word law, seeing to all things with the quick eye of experience. Sails and rigging, under his direction, were closely overhauled and at last it seemed to Oziel that nothing was left to be done but to sail. One day, about noon, finding no work at hand, nor any one to get information from, for—be suspected by Lynch's order—these rascals kept aloof from him, not meddling with him, but—a most wearing mode of torture even among savages—severely leaving him to himself, he wandered over the hill to the surf battered shore on the further side of

the strip 'twixt bay and ocean, to be by himself and ponder what was best for Justin's sake and Marian's. He threw himself in the shade of a clump of bushes off the beach, and while there by came none else but Donnereau, the negro who seemed next in command to Lynch, and Lynch himself. So close to Oziel they came and halted, while in earnest talk, that he could not help hearing them, of which he was glad, for he was willing to seize any chance of getting at a proper understanding of Lynch's design on Justin.

"So now the road's clear, Donnereau," Lynch was saying, in a manner which suggested to Oziel that he had been informing the other of past events. "It was, as you see, a thought of the moment to put old Murrin out of the way. Why share with him, when I could get hold of the lad without him, d'ye see? And now comes your part—d'ye believe these ugly religionists will take another priest?"

Donnereau shrugged his great shoulders in a foreign way, suggestive of his having been bred with Frenchmen.

"Who can tell?" he said. "But I make no doubt, Priesthood is a family matter, of course, and the mark is as visible as it ever was in his father, with whom now it is faint. But we shall see. How much have you told him?"

"Nothing but a pack of lies—chiefly that his dad is a prisoner among savages—talked of gold, of course. By the Mogul, Donnereau, the pretty tales I have told the boy would fill a book, and make a good book, too. And I bound him to secrecy. Nothing like that to make a boy believe and trust you."

"You are a wonder at all things! to sing, to dance, to play the fiddle, or to cheat and to kill—it is charming!" said Donnereau. "But after—he?"

"The lad? After we have the snake—the treasure? What would you do?"

Donnereau did not answer, but the whites of his eyes gleamed horribly, as he made a quick grimace and drew his hand across his throat. Lynch did not show any sign of resentment or horror, but smiled quietly.

"I don't know," he muttered easily. "I have a sneaking fancy for the handsome lad—he is so heavenly innocent, yet hot at times as a devil in his passion. O! this huge heavywitted lout that potters doggedly like a great slobbering mastiff at the heels of Justin. He has the devil's own luck, or should have been out of the way by happy accidents ere now. I'd give him the cutlass quick, but I fear to open Justin's eyes before the time. Still, he is in the road—your faithful, blundering numskull always is."

"Can't crazy Noll Dade run amuck on him? I've seen him do it before. Give him enough of rum, and whisper in his ear the right word and Noll would fly at the king."

Now Oziel had been frozen still to hear this unguarded talk, but the villainy of the wretches overcame him at this, and for the life of him he could not suppress a groan of dismay. Quick as light the two turned on the thicket where he lay concealed, and fired their pistols simultaneously into the bush whence came the noise, and then charged down on it, cutlass in hand and without a word. No pistol had Oziel, nor cutlass, but a pair of excellent stout legs, and, no match for two mad men, he took at once to his heels and fled through the wood that ran along the center of the sandy strip of land. He dared not make for the rendezvous, a trap to be slain in at Dixey's word, but fled swiftly over unknown country. For a time the two followed him, firing at intervals, but they were no match for the lad at running, not even long-legged Dixey, and they had to halt now and again to reload, although so crookedly he ran among the trees on the uneven ground that no shot found their mark. Breathless, Oziel ran until he sank in a clump of wood, hearing no sound of pursuit. There he lay in a fever. He would warn Justin, but how? He would

tear him from these pirate dogs, but how— one against forty? How even get speech to the boy? The afternoon passed, the sun went down, and he could make no feasible plan, his brain being hot and dizzy. At last, when the night had come in moonless darkness, he made cautiously for the camp, and found then he had been chased a long way. Nearer and nearer he got to it and heard no sound, none of the usual hideous revelry with drink and song and dice and swearing. He saw at last the fire—none was about it; it was dying out. He saw the shack; the door swung loose. He rose boldly and left cover and walked to it—there was none inside. Abashed and fearful he ran recklessly to the beach. The broad bay stretched black and empty to the Long Island shore; the ships, the rovers, his friend, were all gone.

★ ★ CHAPTER VI. *The Apparition of Gabriel Murin.*

For a while Oziel Hasket's despair was utter, and the more bitter because he blamed himself for not having taken a stand against Lynch before, for allowing Justin to go on the sloop, for not having choked Dixey to death that night on the deck. For all things he took the blame to himself and thought miserably of the failure of that trust Marian had confided to him. How now could he go back and tell her that her cousin whom she so loved, the last of their line, was in the hands of bloody murderers? He lay on the wet pebbles for a long time in the night and then got up in mad wrath and rushed blindly along the shores, stumbling and falling, towards the inlet. He only exhausted himself to no purpose, but he continued until morning came, which displayed the calm bay more clearly, but only made more assured the flight of the adventurers. The day brought, however, cooler reasoning, and, convinced he could do nothing, and that Dixey Lynch and his band were now well out to sea, and being besides weak for want of sleep and food, Oziel was grateful for the sight of a little fishing boat near the other shore, where the bay greatly narrowed in width. By frenzied hailing he brought it to him, and found its occupants stolid Dutch farmers from Long Island out for a day's fishing. To such folk Oziel could talk as one knowing their trade, and he made friends of them, but did not, with remarkable forethought for him, deem it wise to tell them he had been harboring with doubtful gentry. The money Marian had handed to him he had about his waist untouched, and he made a bargain with the farmers to land him on the other side and place him on the road to New York. That seemed his best way to get back to or hear from Boston. No mishaps balked his plan, and he landed at last, crossing from Brooklyn Heights, in the town which but a few years before he had heard talked of as New Amsterdam.

Rude of dress, for he was just as he had come from his day's hunting with his friend, his clothes stained with salt water and with the tar of ships, Oziel felt a natural reluctance to walk too boldly in the streets of a strange place, but, ere he had passed fairly into the town, he began to note that very little attention was paid to him or his appearance. The people seemed excited. Some lanes were deserted, in others groups were gathered, and little bands of dissolute looking men passing blusteringly about, and clad in a semi-military dress, bearing arms, seemed to the dwellers of Boston's more orderly thoroughfares, an extraordinary sight in a Christian town. Oziel saw nobody of a sufficiently unoccupied and peaceful appearance to prompt him to ask a direction for what he desired immediately—a quiet lodging place. Twice he approached passersby and each time they looked upon him with suspicion and evaded him. Suddenly, while the New Englander walked down the Beaver or Broadway, a group of men on horseback dashed past him, recklessly riding, and throwing mud on the citizens regardlessly. A stout,

bearded, sailor-like man came first, with sash and cocked hat, and a sword clattering on his horse's ribs. The cavalcade near knocked over Oziel and others and men and boys skipped out of the road in evident fear of being overridden. These horsemen dashed up to a gate with a coat of arms blazoned over it, which opened for them, and disappeared inside a doubly palisaded fort, when the gates were at once shut.

"Hein Gott!" spluttered a stout old gentleman who had crowded in a corner next Oziel, as he wiped the mud from his wide knickerbockers and his broad skirts. "Ven tid sooch dings be in de time of de goot tutchmans, hein! Englander und Leislars und roppery und plood! It is tamnation!"

"Who might that be, sir?" Oziel asked politely.

"Who? Der pig repel, Leislr himself," cried the purple indignant Dutch settler, "who vas you to ask dings? I know nodings. I not know who you vas to ask dings."

And immediately he hurried away, in evident consternation at having spoken, in his rage, too rashly to a stranger. Oziel passed on through rows of stone and brick dwellings of Dutch style, and remembered he had heard, even in far away Boston, of New York city for near two years past being in a state of turmoil through the rebellion of one Leislar, who had appointed himself lieutenant governor of the province. This, it seemed to him, would make it all the more difficult for him, an unknown, to find lodging quietly, but fortune led him down a lane in the direction of the East river, which appeared a quite and likely neighborhood. Half way down, as he progressed slowly, he saw a party of some half-dozen rough-looking men turn into the street from the other end of it, and make quickly for a modest snop, which bore above its door the swinging sign of a ship chandler. They rushed inside, and immediately there began a great uproar in the shop, in which a woman's screams predominated. Oziel's blood heated at these shrill cries. Gripping a stout club, the only weapon he carried, he took hasty steps in the direction of the shop, and reached it in time to see a young matronly woman pushed so rudely aside by one of the ruffians that she fell over in a corner upon a pile of rope and blocks and things marine.

Well did the sons of the New England fathers understand the preciousness of a woman, whose presence alone had made the early wilderness tolerable. Oziel's broad, smooth face flushed darkly, and his eyes glared. Up in the air went his good stick once, and down again fair upon the pate of the unlucky rogue. That one stroke settled him, and put him out of the way for many an unconscious minute, but he had comrades about. There were but two more in sight, and these pushed to his help. The young giant was, however, properly warmed to combat pitch, and he was at them before they had time to recover from their astonishment. Neither were they in the best of trim for fighting, for it was easily seen they were charged with "kill-devil," as folks called the miserable brandy in cheap taverns. A thrust and a brack, a sharp, short wrestle before they had time to pull a weapon, and Oziel had them kicked out and running for their lives down the street. The woman of the shop was on her feet by then, dividing her rapid words between hot terms of indignant fury at her assailants and gratitude to her rescuer.

"Law fur me!" she cried with the English accent of a late arrival, "I never see anything so howdacious in all the days of my versall life! 'Tis right thankful, I am, my brisk young man, you came so happily. My good may will pay you for your pains when he comes back from the vessels. Was ever such impydence, I vow! These rakeheels of Leislar will be the death of the town's good man will pay you for your pains when they please from our shops in broad day and say 'tis for their governor! A pretty governor! A nasty, roarin', robbin', com-

mon emprise. Law! Just lemme get at him an' I'll tell him what he is! Ow! Ow! Watch!"

Her cries broke out again, and with reason, for a great uproar had commenced anew in the upper part of the house. Waiting for no watch, whose coming, he rightly reckoned, would be long after the game, if ever, Ozziel sprang up the narrow stairway, and at the top came full upon the others of the band of rascals whose presence the shopwoman had overlooked. They had penetrated for plunder farther than their comrades and had even broken in upon the privacy of a little furious man who was opposing them valiantly with a good ship's cutlass. At sight, between the rioters' shoulders, of that familiar sallow face, its big mouth, the great ears, the yellow blotches, Ozziel cried out amazedly and fell upon the men vigorously from behind. The little man's blade, too, made good play, cutting a big gash in one rascal's arm, so that between the two attacks in front and rear, the robbers broke downstairs in a mighty hurry and tumbled into the shop and out on the street before the good wife, with shut eyes and open throat, was done yelling.

"Master Gabriel Murrin!" cried Ozziel, "what make you here?"

The old trader, whom Ozziel had last seen senseless in Marian's house, gasped for breath, staring the while with dubious eye on the runaway Bostonian.

"Turbulent and presumptuous youth," he said at last, "I am minded to think that thy sudden coming is fallen out by divine providence. Though rather would I have expected to find such as thee and my rebellious kinsman on the side of these capital blasphemers, and malignant and assiduous violators of the peace, who I have but now driven out as with a flaming sword. What have you done with the boy?"

Ozziel did not at once answer, so strange and conflicting were his emotions at sight of the ruling elder and rich trader of his native township. He was undoubtedly rejoiced, it was a vast relief to him, to know that old Gabriel lived after the stunning blow on the beach. That made his own return to Boston and his farm a thing possible, but, though taught by tradition to respect the old man's position in meeting house and mart, he had always feared and distrusted him, especially so for his treatment of his nephew. As well, did he not have Dixey Lynch's recent speech to Donneran in his memory:

"Why share with Murrin when I could get hold of the lad without him?"

If there were designs on Justin's fortunes Gabriel must be under suspicion of knowing something of them.

"How came you here?" he asked, ignoring the merchant's question.

"Aye," said the old fellow, cunningly winking his shrewd eyes, "but come into the chamber, since these men of war have fled before our righteous wrath. I lodge here while I arrange matters of moment. Aye, well may you ask how I got here, whom you left for dead in a town—would I were safe home in it—unlike this nest of rioters, but zealous of government and order, orthodox and peaceable in Israel thanks be for that to the excellent example of your elders, thou youth of wandering designs."

"Indeed, sir, and I am thankful at least that foul blow has been no worse in effect. It was not Justin's."

"You need not tell me that," said Gabriel, wrathfully. "'Twas shrewd Dixey Lynch's arm that struck—the pirate, the kidnapper, I know his reason for it. Ozziel Hasket—I saw his purpose even while he taunted me in the presence of my nephew. O, I am a match for the man of vile iniquities, cunning as he is. I can see his drift, swift whirling as his brain ever was. The rogue, the villain pirate! I know enough of him to hang the rascal ten time over! And he shall! He shall hang, hang, hang on Boston common! But first I shall see he does not win it! 'Twas me who first got news of it: 'tis mine by all rules of enterprises in the Indies, and I vow he shall not

touch a guinea, nor a gem until I give him leave. The law of guardianship shall uphold me, for am I not these children's nearest friend and relative?"

He had worked himself up into a passion, so that his eyes rolled, and he sweated profusely. At last he sank in a chair and Ozziel regarded him silently with dislike and distrust of this wild threatening.

"Is Mistress Marian in New York?" he asked.

"Nay, she is where a girl ought to be, at home, learning housewifery. Where is Justin, where is Dixey Lynch? You ran away with them; Marian vows you would never lose sight of him? Are they here? Tell me quick—take me to them."

Ozziel looked on him calmly.

"Master Gabriel," he said bluntly, "before I say a word or tell you where your nephew Justin is, or in what case, good or evil, it were well we should know each other."

Gabriel lay back and stared in angry surprise. New England elders were not wont to be checked or called on abruptly for explanations by boys whose ears they had but recently boxed in the meeting house gallery. He began on Ozziel with his customary high-sounding and ministerial language of rebuke, casting his eyes upwards in godly horror.

"Now what," he cried, in a favorite phrase, "shall become of this our British Israel when heedless youths do so forget the reverence due to their governors? Now do I feel, in the separation from my brethren, in this godless town, that I am afflicted even as Jacob was in Syria. Yea, it is a sufficient bringing to mind of the sufferings of Joseph! I bid thee, boy, by all thy reverence for church and state, to answer

what I advisedly ask thee?"

"No, sir," said Ozziel, flatly; "not till I know from you your purpose in so zealously seeking now one whom all Boston knew you never loved; one, sir, whom yourself, as I perceive now, looking back upon things past with more understanding, were ready to bear witness against as a traitor in witchcraft. If Mistress Marian told you I may add to that, that I shall defend his interests, even against you, if I think you mean him any harm. What is this of his father alive, whom you gave out died years ago? Of treasures, to gain which Justin's presence is necessary? How is that accursed mark on the lad's brow a part in the scheme of Dixey Lynch, and on what terms were you to share with this same rover?"

"True lad," he cried, effusively, "thus art right. See you, I have suspected you of being in Lynch's counsels. How else could I, when you ran with him, and when I was aware what vast rewards he might offer you to bear young Justin from my ever watchful care? But I see from your words that he has tempted and you have refused—that you were innocent of the trick to steal the lad from his natural guardian. Nay, I was wrath with Marian for taking part with you. Sit down and I shall tell you all."

Ozziel obeyed, but with no great return of the old man's sudden cordiality, and Gabriel spoke out briefly and rapidly.

"Of Justin's father, Sir Roger, who married my wife's sister, 'tis no harm all the world should know. 'Twas hid by me, with a godly and righteous purpose, that the young man and his cousin, his father's brother's child, should not be led to dream of vain glories and wealth, past for them and gone forever, but rather that among plain and godfearing people across the seas they should be bred in homely practice of

"Over the fire hung, back woods fashion a hunch of venison."



the world's teachings, as they are expounded by our worthy ministers. The Hallowells were cavaliers, followers of the dissolute Stuarts, and lost all their estates and much wealth in the cause. When Charles II came back to rule over England, Sir Roger got little return for his family's service from that ungrateful spendthrift. He grew weary of attending the court, a beggar, and at last gathered all his resources and went sailing the seas in search of adventure and fortune. The wars gave him an excuse, and Charles allowed him letters of marque and gave him such small favors. He was known to have ventured in the Indian ocean, and to have engaged in the service of the Great Mogul, who thought much of him, and in whose business he grew rich as you, young Master Hasket, with your petty farm, cannot imagine. At last he had enough and set sail for home in his own ship richly laden. But he ever yearned to see strange lands, and must come back to England by devious ways. His ship was wrecked and nearly all her crew lost in the West Indies, and he himself was thought dead, and his wife brought her babe and motherless niece to her sister in Boston."

"Something of that I knew."

"Old Gabriel paused. So far he had evidently kept to the truth, but now he hesitated, while his eyes questioned Ozziel's stolid countenance.

"H'm, h'm!" he went on at last. "In the lawful pursuit of a worshipful calling, Master Hasket, it has been my grievous lot to meet men of most dangerous, impetuous and desperate turbulence who sail the seas, and bring to our ports merchandise from strange lands, and chiefly from the West Indies. From these, by chance, I learned that Sir Roger still lived, but crazed by a blow on the head when his ship was wrecked. His fortune was rescued by black men in an island there of a savage life, who, I am told, are escaped negroes from Hayti and other larger islands, and their descendants. In the hills of this island is Sir Roger captive with all his treasure to which young Justin is heir. When word came to me of this, I was of a mind to employ Dixey Lynch, whom I knew as a daring man for such an enterprise, and who had sailed with Sir Roger, to recover Sir Roger and the treasure, but who shall fathom the evil in a worldly heart? This man of iniquity, with presumptuous, incorrigible contempt of authority, hath beguiled my secret, satisfied himself by a voyage to the Indies of the facts, and now hath doubtless gone most piratically, unjustly and with disregard of all plain dealing as between honest men to rob me of my treasure."

"Yours?"

"As the lawful guardian of Justin and Marian Hallowell," said the old trader, hurriedly. "It is a sacred trust. But I shall frustrate him."

"But why," asked Ozziel, greatly interested, "does he need Justin at all, and why this mystery of the mark of the snake on the boy's brow?"

"I don't know," said Gabriel, simply and with evident truth. "It was not my purpose that the lad should know aught of these vanities, which, ere he had touched them, might be again snatched from him. It is it for the inexperienced mind, Master Ozziel, to dwell too much on earthly riches, but rather on—"

—And he proceeded to homilize, but Ozziel was too deep in thought to listen. He did not now trust old Murrin one whit; recent events had given him a clearer insight into men's mazy minds than years of his previous quiet farm life. Also he suspected one thing that made him shiver, namely, that with this treasure in prospect, Gabriel would not be sorry to know of Justin's, the heir's, death, even would have been glad to see him delivered to the witchhunters in Boston. But all of the story he saw no reason to doubt, and at once told Gabriel in turn of his adventures on board the

Golden Wish and at the rendezvous.

"They sailed, then, two days ago," cried Murrin. "If I leave to-night, and I am ready, I shall be in time to sha—to shame him."

"Share" or "shame" did he start to say? The thought passed through Ozziel's mind, but he was fired by the other words.

"You will sail in pursuit to-night?"

"My business here was to fit out a schooner which I am concerned with in trade. I came post from Boston to catch her, and now she hath both guns and men."

"Thank heaven!" cried Ozziel; "then I may be in time to save Justin."

"You?" the old man queried dubiously. "But I see no more need for you to meddle, Master Hasket. Surely, I his guardian, am the proper and lawful—"

"Master Murrin," said Ozziel with a determined glare. "If you do not take me along, I shall set this arch robber Leister, or any other man or a dozen men, to seize this treasure so that Justin's life be secure."

(To be concluded.)

The Serbian Cinderella.

An old Version of the Famous Fairy Story.

As a number of girls were spinning one day, sitting in a ring on the ground, an old man came and said: "Middens, beware! for if one of you were to let her spindle fall into this cleft in the ground her mother would be turned at once into a cow." Then the girls, full of curiosity, arose and peeped into the cleft, and the spindle of pretty Mara fell in. So, when Mara went home in the evening she found her mother turned into a cow, moaning in front of the house. Mara gave her food and water. Her father married again, taking a widow and her daughter. Then Mara was ill-treated by her mother, who wouldn't let her wash her face, brush her hair or change her dress. Mara's face got very dirty and they called her "Peteluzga," which means "Cinderella." After a while the step-mother ordered Mara's cow mother to be killed and eaten, and the mother, before the killing, told Mara where to put her bones and to go there when she was in trouble. One day the step-mother went away with her daughter, leaving a big task for Mara, threatening to kill her if it was not done before she got back. Mara went to her mother's grave and asked what to do. She found a box of fine clothes with two white doves sitting on it, who said: "Mara, choose a dress; go to the church and we will do your task." So Mara dressed in fine clothes and went to church, and the emperor's son fell in love with her. She left before the service was over; took the clothes back to the box and put on her own clothes; rubbed her face with ashes and was at the house when the step-mother came home. The next Sunday she went to church dressed in gold raiment and gold slippers, obtained from the doves. When she left the emperor's son followed her, but she lost her right slipper in her hurry. The prince found it and searched for the owner. He went to the house where her step-mother had put Mara under a trough and she tried to make out that her own ugly daughter owned the slipper, but her foot was too big for the pretty little gold slipper. Then the cock crowed, "Kikerike! the maid is under the trough." So the prince found her and married her.

There is a modern Greek version of the story which differs somewhat. The German, Russian, Sicilian, East Indian versions are very good, but there is not space here to say anything about them. All nations seem to like it, for all of them seem to have the story in some form or other in their folk-lore—the legends and stories of the people, which are handed down from generation to generation.

Story of a Skeleton Clock.

A strange story is told of a clock belonging to a Hindoo prince. Near the dial is a big gong hung on poles, while underneath,

scattered on the ground is a pile of artificial human skulls and ribs, leg-bones and arm-bones, the whole number being equal to those in twelve human skeletons.

When the hands of a clock indicate the hour of 1, the bones necessary to form one complete skeleton come together with a snap; the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes it a blow. Then it walks back to the pile of bones and falls to pieces.

At 2 o'clock two skeletons rise and strike the gong, and so on, the number being increased each hour, until at noon, and again at midnight, all the bones rise and take shape, making twelve skeletons, which strike the gong, one after the other, and then walk away and fall apart.

What a gruesome sight it must be! We should rather read about it than witness it.

A Cheap Camera.

A camera can be easily made by anyone with the following material: A cigar box, piece of tin an inch square, 12 small nails, some glue, and a narrow strip of tin an inch long. Make of one side of the cigar box a little box two and a half inches square, with one end left open. Blacken the inside with ink. Cut a hole one-fourth of an inch across in the end of the box opposite the open side. Bevel the outside edge of this hole. Drill a hole the size of a pin point in the center of an inch square piece of tin and glue it inside the box over the hole in the wood, the hole in the tin making a lens. Make a plate holder by gluing into the four corners of the box four thin pieces of wood, each two inches long, the end of each resting on the end of the box where the lens has been placed. Make the lid to the camera of two thicknesses of cigar box wood, blacken it on the inside, and on the center of the inner side fasten a strip of tin an inch long, very narrow and bent in a semi-circle, with the center fastened to the lid. This tin strip, when the lid is put on, will hold the plate in place. The camera is made for dry plate measuring 2½x2½ inches.

DOCTORS FOOD TALK.

Selection of Food One of the Most Important Acts in Life.

Old Dr. Hanaford of Reading, Mass., says in the "Messenger": "Our health and physical and mental happiness are so largely under our personal control that the proper selection of food should be, and is, one of the most important acts in life.

"On this subject, I may say that I know of no food equal in digestibility, and more powerful in point of nutriment, than the modern Grape-Nuts, four heaping teaspoons of which is sufficient for the cereal part of a meal, and experience demonstrates that the user is perfectly nourished from one meal to another.

"I am convinced that the extensive and general use of high class foods of this character would increase the term of human life, add to the sum total of happiness and very considerably improve society in general. I am free to mention the food, for I personally know of its value."

Grape-Nuts food can be used by babes in arms, or adults. It is ready cooked, can be served instantly, either cold with cream, or with hot water or hot milk poured over. All sorts of puddings and fancy dishes can be made with Grape-Nuts. The food is concentrated and very economical, for four heaping teaspoons are sufficient for the cereal part of a meal.

Copies of this issue have been mailed to boys whose names have been given to us by their friends, so that they will read the article on the last page of this issue.

A Novel Turtle Catch

By James G. Matthews.

André Bowles

TOM, my favorite brother, was married three years ago. In the spring after his marriage he leased a large hilly farm, which lay along the east bank of the St. Joseph* river. I was only fifteen, but I helped him with the season's work. As it was too far for me to go home very often, I naturally spent my idle hours along the river. Many an evening I might have been seen sitting on the end of an old log, pulling in the little chubs and shiners as fast as I could bait my hook.

The St. Joe is a beautiful stream, with clear water and a gravel bottom. It contains many small islands. One of these lay out in the river right opposite where I always fished. The river channel on our side of the island was not as wide as it was on the other side, but much deeper with not as swift a current. This made the fishing good on our side, and I sometimes caught some good-sized fish.

My brother had a gill-net which I wanted to set in this channel, but we had no boat, nor did any of the neighbors except a Mr. Randel, who lived up the river nearly a mile. I never had time to go that far for a boat, nor did I want the job of rowing it back up the river.

I did not have the money with which to buy a boat, so I made a raft out of a small, dead elm tree which stood close by the river. By working evenings I soon had a good raft made, if you can call any raft good. I hewed the logs flat on one side and nailed boards across the flat sides. This made the raft stiff and dry, and nice to stand on. A chain fastened to one corner with some old plough points on the other end of it, answered for an anchor. To propel it I used a long, slender pole, and found it to be a very poor way on account of the current. But I was satisfied and my brother promised to show me how to set the gill-net when he got time. My patience was somewhat tried before he got time, as it was over a week.

He showed me how to set the net one evening. The next morning I got up early, went to the river, and shoved off on my raft. I thought I'd have a fine string of fish to take back to the house. When I raised the net I found over a dozen fish heads and back-bones fastened in it. I reset the net and took the heads home with me to show that there were fish in the net if I didn't get them.

Tom told me turtles had eaten the fish, and that I should have to change the net to a different place. Not having time to change it, I left it where it was for over a week. But I looked at it every morning. Sometimes I would get two or three nice fish, which would get caught just before I would come. I always found plenty of

heads and back bones. I then moved the net down stream below the island and had the same luck. The next evening I moved it up stream to the upper end of the island.

When I went to look at it the next morning I heard something splash, over towards the island. I looked over that way in time to see four large turtles slide off a little bank into the water. These were the thieves which had been robbing my net. Then a new thought struck me.

I knew an old trapper who shipped turtles every summer. If I could not catch fish I might catch the turtles which had been growing fat at my expense and sell them!

The old trapper's name was Skip, at least that is all I ever heard him called. The name, I think, must have been given him on account of his snail-like speed. He carried out the maxim "to make haste slowly," a little better than any man I ever knew. Did I say a little better? I meant much better.

The next time we went home to father's I went to see him. Skip was at home in his little shanty where he "batched it." He was good, for all his slowness, and he told me all about his turtle catching.

He said most turtles were shipped from the south where they grew very large; but that the smaller northern turtles were much better and were worth about six (6) cents a pound, live weight, in some of the large city markets. He said the "leather back" river turtles were better than the land "snappers," as their shells were not so hard and the meat was nicer on account of growing in fresh water.

I told him how large the turtles were and asked him what they would weigh apiece. He said he could not tell much from my description, but that if they were good river turtles they would weigh from ten to thirty pounds apiece.

After getting the address of the commission merchants to whom he shipped his turtles I went home a happy lad. I had counted nine large turtles the morning after I first heard them splash into the water. If I could only catch them it meant some money for me.

I told my brother about what I wanted to do. He said I had better write about the price and be sure. I wrote, but a week passed before my letter was mailed, and another passed before I got the reply.

Meanwhile I was forming plans to catch the turtles without hurting them. I kept the net set all the time as I knew it would be a good attraction to bring more turtles to the place. I cared more about catching turtles than I did fish. The fish from the gill-net would not only be an attraction, but a good fat and weight-maker as well.

Nearly every morning found me at the river, as I could sometimes get two or three nice fish. Before shoving off on my raft to look at the net I would count the turtles.

They kept increasing until there were fourteen large ones and fully as many smaller.

As soon as I would rattle the chain to loosen my raft they would all slide quietly off the bank into the water. There was, however, an old tree or log end which slanted up a little way out of the water. Two would invariably get on this and when they would slide off I could hear them splash into the water.

Finally the Saturday came to get the mail. The reply to the letter which I had written simply affirmed what Skip had told me. Tom said I might have as much of the next week as was necessary to catch the turtles and ship them and then I went to work.

Monday morning found me with a box, rope, ladder and all the necessary tools, down at the river. The fourteen turtles were there asleep on the bank, apparently glutted with fish. The first rattle of my raft chain and they slipped like magic into the water.

Pushing across the channel I began my work. First I loosened the end of the tree which was stuck in the mud in the bottom of the river and floated it down stream to get it out of the way, so all of the turtles would have to go on the bank.

This side of the island had a very steep bank, from two to three feet high. This was caused, I think, by the back current all along this side. The upper end of the island projected out in the channel so far that the current going down stream so fast caused a back current along the shore of the island. The water was deep close to the shore.

Where the back current was the strongest the water must have been easily seven feet deep. Right at the deepest place the bank had caved in. This made a smooth slanting bank about ten feet long and five feet wide above the water. Here the turtles liked to bask in the morning sun. When they were in the water they did not have to swim much on account of the back current. This little bank or slide was the only place where the turtles could get on the shore and it was consequently worn smooth from their sliding off so much.

Tom's gill-net was good and strong and he said I could use it to catch the turtles with. I took it up and pulled the fish heads out of it, then spread it over the slide.

I tied eight small ropes to the sides and corners of it and then took some little forked sticks and fastened the edges of the net down so the turtles could not move it when crawling up. I then tied the eight small ropes to one large-inch rope. With the aid of my ladder I put this rope over the limb of a red oak tree which grew quite near the bank at one end of the turtle slide. I then took the box to which I had securely fastened a rope and tied it to the limb so it hung about eight feet from the ground. Then I tied the rope which was

*Our illustration shows the mouth of the St. Joe River, at its confluence with Lake Michigan, drawn from a photograph by our own artist.

fastened to the net to the box, which was filled with stone, and my preparations were complete.

All I had to do was to come over early the next morning, get on the limb, and as soon as the turtles were all on the bank cut the rope which held the box of stones. The box would drop and that would jerk the net up tight with the turtles in it. Then I could throw out some of the stones and let the turtles down on my raft, which I would anchor at one end of the slide under the limb.

The next morning I was down to the river before the sun was up. I pushed across and anchored my raft securely by tying both ends of it to some roots which projected from the bank. Then I went up the ladder and seated myself on the limb. After I was there a few minutes the turtle heads began bobbing up. They crawled up on the net, not noticing it. I waited until no more came, then counted those on the bank. The fourteen large ones and many small ones were there.

Not seeing any more in sight I put the edge of my well-sharpened pocket knife against the rope that held the box of stones. After drawing a long breath I gave the knife a push. The box dropped with a terrible jerk on the turtle rope. The strain was too great and the limb split from the tree. I was sent head first clear over my raft into the river.

I struck the water, took a dive, and came up spluttering. I swam back to the raft as quickly as possible to see where the turtles had gotten to. I expected they would all be gone, but the jerk had tightened the net over all of them and they had not, as yet, had time to loosen it. I took a rope and tied the slides and ends of the net together over the turtles so it would be impossible for any of them to escape.

A sliver of the limb was still fastened to the tree and the branches on one side of the limb were fastened in other branches of the same tree. When the limb fell these fastenings had caused it to swing around so that it fell at one end of the raft. The box of stones was in the river below the raft. The swinging around of the limb and box of stones had rolled the turtles off the bank onto my raft in good shape, and much quicker than I could have put them there myself.

All I had to do was to cut the box of stones loose and I was ready to go; very much pleased at what had happened, although I had got an unexpected ducking and lost my one-bladed pocket knife when the limb broke.

I loosened the raft and worked hard to get across the channel as quick as possible so the current would not take me down stream too far. I had left the turtles on the upper end of the raft, where they were. When about half way across the channel I heard the water splash back of me. I looked around just in time to see the turtles go under. I dropped my push pole and grabbed the end of the rope as it slid into the water. Before I could straighten up and brace myself, the current took the raft from under me. I balanced over, following the turtles into the water.

I did not, however, stay with them very long, as I knew I must get the raft. I got back to the turtles before the rope had all sunk, as some of it was dry. I grabbed it and tied it to the anchor chain as I knew it was useless to try to load the turtles on the raft again. I then pushed the whole thing towards the landing place where the road came down to the river.

As soon as the water was shallow enough I waded and pulled the raft along. It went easily enough so long as the turtles were in the water; but when it came to getting them out on dry land I found it to be quite a different thing. But I finally succeeded, and tied them to a tree, as I wanted to be sure of them.

The folks were just done eating breakfast when I went to the house after the team and, after changing my clothes, (without stopping to eat, as is usual for a boy) I

hitched up, loaded the crate I had made, and went down to the river, with Tom along to help get the load on land.

We left the crate in the wagon so they would be already loaded, then put the turtles in the crate. I had all fourteen of the big ones and so turned the small fry loose. The crate left for Chicago an hour later, by express. In about ten days I received a check for twelve dollars and two

cents (\$12.02). The turtles weighed 295 pounds, or over 21 pounds apiece.

After that I was not bothered by turtles, and caught many a nice string of fish with the gill-net during the rest of the summer.

I will not, however, soon forget that turtle catch. Those turtles must have been nice and fat, but no one could enjoy eating them any more than I did catching them.

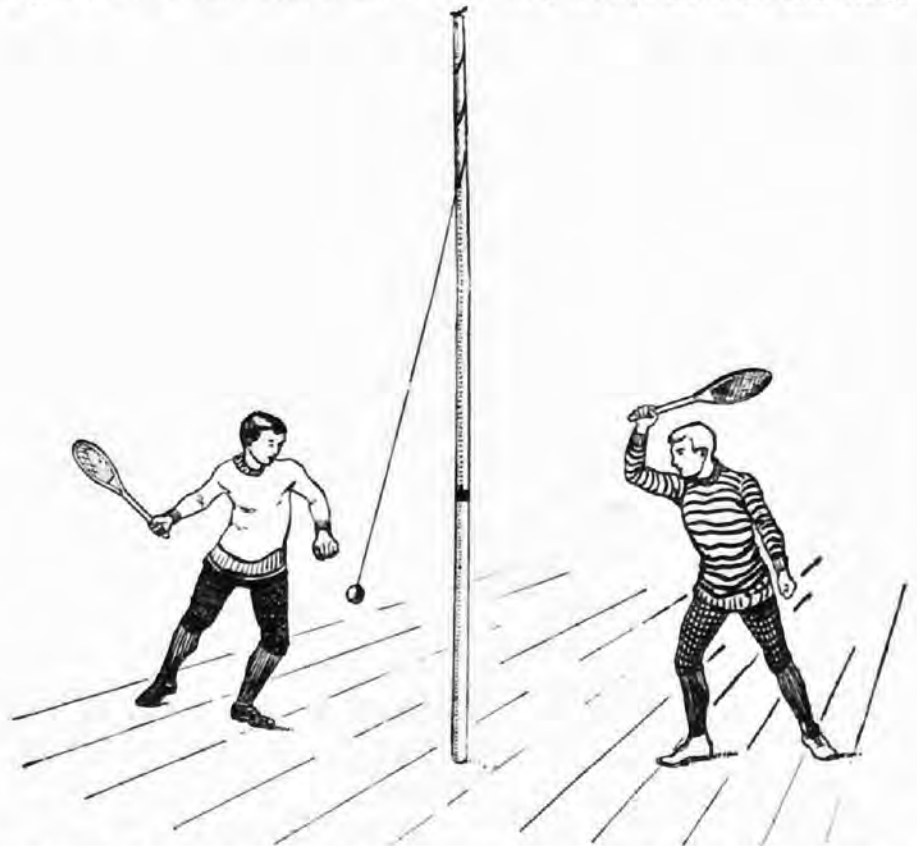
A New Game, called Tether Ball

By JAMES H. BEARD.

The illustration shows a game of tether ball in full progress. To give the best results the pole should be about sixteen feet long. As two feet must be buried to make it stand firmly, fourteen feet will be above ground.

Two rackets are necessary, one for each player. If you possess tennis rackets they may be used; if not, rackets cut from a pine board will do quite as well. The cord to which the ball is attached should be eleven feet long. Fasten the ball to the cord by means of a small net. If there is

ter deciding this point the two players take position in their respective courts. (On no account must they make an off-side play by trespassing into the court of an opponent.) The player to whom has fallen the choice of direction now begins the game by knocking the ball around the pole in either direction he may desire. His object is now to continue the play until the cord is entirely wound round the pole. His opponent's play is to, if possible, interrupt this and start the ball in the opposite direction. The last decisive turn of the cord which brings the



some member of the opposite sex who you can interest in tether ball (and this game is quite as well suited for girls as boys) she can probably crochet a net for you with very little trouble; but if this kindly aid cannot be secured, a strong and durable fastening may be made as follows: Cut from a piece of cotton flannel or chamols a disc ten inches long. Make a large knot in the end of the cord. Gather the flannel or chamols about the ball and knot. Tie firmly by binding the edges of the disc close to the cord above the knot. Paint a black circle one inch wide six feet from the base of the pole. Bore a hole three inches from the top of the pole; push the end of the cord through and then knot it. This makes much the best fastening.

To play: Toss up to see which player shall have the choice of court. The courts consist of half the circle about the pole. If the winner of the toss prefer he may forfeit the choice of court and choose in which direction he will wind the ball. Af-

ter deciding this point the two players take position in their respective courts. (On no account must they make an off-side play by trespassing into the court of an opponent.) The player to whom has fallen the choice of direction now begins the game by knocking the ball around the pole in either direction he may desire. His object is now to continue the play until the cord is entirely wound round the pole. His opponent's play is to, if possible, interrupt this and start the ball in the opposite direction. The last decisive turn of the cord which brings the

Deepest Hole in the Ocean.

A sounding line from the British ship Penguin lately touched bottom at a depth of 30,930 feet in the Pacific Ocean, between New Zealand and the Tonga Islands. This is only 250 yards less than six miles. The deepest previous sounding was made off the northeast coast of Japan, where there is a profound trough in the sea bottom, the depth of which at the point measured was 27,930 feet. Mount Everest set in this trough would tower more than a thousand feet above the surface of the ocean, but if dropped into the hole discovered by the Penguin the giant of the Himalayas would have its aspiring summit covered with nearly 2,000 feet of water.

The SHADE of ANNANDALE or, When Might Made Right A Tale of the Long Ago

CHAPTER XIV.

A Captive to Love.

THEY took the passage that led to the left, and finding the sliding panel, opened it. Mark, stepping down, found himself in the room which twelve months before had served him as a prison.

By the fire-place there was a loose brick, and this Mark had taken out and placed the halved token in, afterwards replacing the brick. Now, with only the light of a small lantern he had some difficulty in finding the identical brick again.

At last, however, he did so, and easing it out with the point of his dagger, found the object of his search just as he had left it.

He replaced the brick, and putting the token in his pocket, was just about to depart, when a ray of light fell between him and the secret panel.

He stepped back against the wall as the door opened, and a girl, bearing a lamp in her hand, entered.

In a moment he was discovered, and the girl, on seeing a man in the room, seemed on the point of crying out, when, advancing, she flashed the light more directly on the intruder's face.

"Mark," she cried, in a voice wavering between pleasure and surprise; "what do you want here?"

"I might almost ask you that question Esther," replied Mark, sternly.

"There can be little cause for surprise to see me under my father's roof surely."

Esther Salter, for she it was, seemed somewhat taken back.

"But here, in this room?" she replied. "Of a surety you startled me. I thought it was a robber or a ghost."

"We have met before in this room, he thinks," said Mark, significantly; "and as for ghosts, the last I saw here was a very solid one."

Esther stood silent a minute, then sitting the lamp upon the table, stepped before Mark, and bowing her head upon her hands, said:—

"Oh, do not deem me unmaidenly, but you know, must know, that I love you better than my life; I have even trampled underfoot pride, ambition, modesty, all for love of you, and now I cast myself at your feet and ask you to love me but a little in return."

"I will go with you now, and follow you into your exile; I will work for you, slave for you, aye, and die for you, will you not say, 'Esther, I love you—be my wife?'"

"Unhappy girl," Mark replied, "do not abuse thyself thus; kneel not to me. As a friend I do love thee, and would love thee better were thy actions more in keeping with thy words."

"As a friend?" cried Esther, in a passion. "I want not to be loved as a friend, but as a wife."

"Such love as you ask, it is not in my power to give. I love another."

"And she you cannot have, she is already affianced."

"Not yet."

"But she soon will be; to-morrow sees her betrothed; and if it were not so, would you choose that poor pale-faced statue, with her milk-and-water love, to me, whose love is like a burning fire?"

"We cannot love where we like, but where we must."

"Mark," said the unhappy girl, her passion getting the master of her better nature, "you are here in the power of your enemies; to fall into their hands means to expect no mercy."

"Choose between them and me—between a dungeon and my love—between death and dishonor, as you are, or wealth and influence as my husband."

"Esther Salter," cried Mark, impatiently. "I will have neither the one nor the other—neither you nor the dungeon. As I came, so will I go," and he moved towards the panel.

But the girl, endued with the strength of one possessed, clutched him frantically, and uttered shriek after shriek.

Seeing that she would alarm the whole castle, Mark tried desperately to disengage himself. But without using actual violence, which towards a woman he would not do, he could not loosen her hold.

Footsteps were heard rapidly approaching, Esther shrieked the louder, while Mark made still more strenuous efforts to get free, but in vain.

The door was flung open, three or four persons dashed in, Mark was seized, and, just as Captain Salter appeared, his daughter fell to the ground in a swoon.

Joyce Kaston, who had deemed his master able enough to take his own part against Esther Salter, no sooner heard footsteps



"We have met here before."

approaching than he stepped into the room and, drawing his sword, cut one fellow down and attacked another; but reinforcements coming in, he received a cut over the head, which effectually silenced him, and he fell with a thud to the ground. Both Joyce and Mark were bound, and the men, who were servants of Captain Salter, after being cautioned to say nothing of what had happened, were dismissed.

Esther, whose faint was of short duration, was conducted to her room by her father; then he, returning, sat down opposite Mark.

For some time he regarded the young man in silence, his inscrutable features giving no clue to his thoughts.

At last he spoke.

"So, with the inherent recklessness of your race, you have ventured here, into the lion's den."

"Into the wolves' den, rather, thou crooked rascal!"

"Peace, boy, peace!" said Smile-for-the-Lord, holding up his hands. "Think not to improve your present condition by heaping abuse upon your captor."

"Use not scriptural smiles to serve thy vile ends; thou dost but blaspheme."

"Like the sons of Belial, with whom we strove, when we fought against the followers of that misguided man, the first Charles

Stuart, your understanding is warped, and you are obstinate in your earthly pride."

"Cease thy cant now, and if thou hast aught to say, say it; if not, in heaven's name, leave me alone. Think not to blind me with thy hypocrisy. I have found thee out too many times, and if thou passest for a saint amongst thine own followers, I know thee for the veriest rascal in Kent, that thou art."

Captain Salter again regarded his prisoner in silence.

"For one so young, you have a certain amount of perception, and I will admit that it is often necessary in these times to veil, as it were, one's real motives. Doubtless you guess I have a reason for my present conduct, otherwise I should simply hand you over to those who would make short work of you. As it is, I would spare you, for there are many things about which you prepossess me in your favor. From your boyhood I liked you, perhaps because in a large degree you possessed those qualities in which I am deficient."

"To what end is all that this talk?" Mark asked.

"To the end that we come to an understanding," replied Salter. "Listen! You are an outcast, with a price upon your head; your lands confiscated and given to me."

"What more does your malice desire?"

"I would desire to see you in possession of Annandale Castle."

Mark stared. "Why, how is that? Art thou not satisfied? Thou hast the lands thou hast always coveted."

"And I would ensure them to my posterity. Popular opinion may change; the order of confiscation may be revoked; you may be received back into favor; a hundred things may happen that would reverse our positions."

"And you purpose?"

"That you take my daughter Esther to wife, for she has ever loved you, and her happiness is dear to me. I can and will obtain your pardon from the king, or rather the parliament; you shall have Annandale and all the lands upon my death, and afterwards they shall go to your heirs, who will be my grandchildren."

"No; absolutely, as I did a year ago, I now refuse thy offer. Do thy worst, I am in thine hands. There can be no peace between us."

"Meet, then, your doom," said Salter, solemnly, and turning on his heel left the room.

For a week Mark and Joyce were kept close prisoners. A solitary stern-faced Puritan waited upon them, and acted as their warder.

On the eighth day Garnett arrived. He had an escort with him, and Captain Salter handed over the prisoner to his charge.

They made an uneventful journey to Deptford, thence to the Tower of London, and as the grim Iron Traitor's Gate fell behind, Mark, his heart sank with it, for he thought that now all hope was indeed gone.

CHAPTER XV.

In London's Grim old Tower.

Mark had nothing to complain of in the Tower save the confinement and the turndown of his warders.

It was the morning of the 28th of January, 1679, when Mark noticed that the warder who brought in his food was dressed in State livery.

"Ah, friend, what means all this bravery of apparel?" he asked.

The man, who was one of the most civil of his kind, answered that the king and several ladies of his court were that morning to visit the Tower and inspect the stores of arms and the defenses, in order to while an hour or so away.

Watching from the window, about an hour before noon, Mark saw the royal barge, with the king, and a bevy of lovely women arrive.

(Continued on page 10.)



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This is formal notice to that effect, and an invitation to send the money for your renewal.

A Good Literature Campaign.

The publishers of the Star Monthly know that they are printing a paper for boys that boys like. Fifty per cent of our new subscriptions each year come through the efforts of our old subscribers, who like the paper and the way we do business. If we did not do as we agree at all times, we would be making enemies instead of friends. We never have a dissatisfied subscriber. A publisher's chief stock in trade is his reputation among the subscribers to his paper.

Those who have done business with us know that our statements are to be relied upon. Those who contemplate doing business with us are cheerfully referred to the mercantile agencies, or to any bank, business man or individual in Oak Park. Bear these facts in mind, and then read on.

The country is flooded with cheap paper covered novels and sensational literature at ridiculously low prices, that makes it altogether too easy of access for the young people of the country. It is doing more harm than good. Good literature by the best authors, put up in durable and handsome cloth bindings, costs but a trifle more than the most sensational of "penny dreadfuls" and it is for the purpose of placing clean, well-written and interesting stories in the hands of our readers that the pub-

lishers are writing this article.

We do not want to sell you any books, we are giving them away, partly to advertise the Star Monthly and partly to help on the good work in the "good literature" campaign.

Here is our problem in mathematics, and how we do it. The Rugby Series of cloth-bound books for boys is published by A. L. Burt, of New York City. Their price is seventy-five cents each. On another page will be found a list and description of eight of these books, the very best in the entire series—books that every boy and young man should read as a part of his education and also because each and every one of them is thrilling interesting.

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A Camera Offer.

A good camera is now within the reach of every Star Monthly reader. The "Star Special" is a Universal focus, magazine box camera, taking pictures on glass plates, 3½ by 3½ inches in size. The magazine will hold three double plate holders, and as each plate holder will hold two plates, it means a total of six plates. Additional plate holders can be easily carried as they are small, compact and light.

These cameras are made especially for us, and we guarantee them to be perfect instruments. The camera is 4¾ by 4¼ by 7¼ inches in size, provided with leather handle, and covered with the very best black seal imitation grain leather. The lenses are strictly Achromatic, have a fixed focus of four inches and for depth and definition have no equal. The view finder is perfect in every detail, and very brilliant. The shutter can be regulated automatically for time or snap shot exposures. In short, the camera possesses every requisite feature. Each camera is packed in neat paste-board box, together with one double plate holder. Extra plate holders will be supplied to those who secure the camera, for 50 cents each, postage paid by us.

An expert, acquainted with all makes of cameras, would be sure to say that the price of the "Star Special" was at least \$5. So it would be if we had to rent a large store and keep a big force of clerks in our employ to sell them at retail. Very fortunately for the Star Monthly readers, we do not have to incur these expenses, and, furthermore, do not have to stand for three of 'em mate. Off one of the Pelew Islands, band of armed natives suddenly appeared and swarmed over the bulwarks.

The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance and quickly ordered the men at once to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find.

In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the Islanders, who danced about with pain, which increased with every step they took, until with yells of rage they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore.

THE STAR MONTHLY IN EUROPE.

During the year 1900 the Paris Exposition will call many Star readers to Europe. We have arranged to have copies of THE STAR MONTHLY on file in the offices of Messrs. Berlitz & Co., in the following cities, where our friends may call in search of any information, which will be cheerfully furnished.

ENGLAND:	
231 Oxford Street.....	London.
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113 Leipziger Street.....	Berlin.
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Magic Photographs.

Amateur photographers will be interested in this trick. A magic photograph is a photograph which can be made to appear on an apparently blank piece of paper. The process of making it is as follows: Make a photographic print on a piece of albumen paper, printing it the exact tone desired in the finished print. Wash for two or three minutes and place, without toning, in the fixing bath, composed of one ounce of hypo and eight ounces of water.

Leave the print in the fixing bath for five minutes, wash thoroughly, then place it in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury until the picture has entirely disappeared, says Hobbies. Leave it in this solution just long enough to bleach out the print, then wash and dry as for other prints. The paper now appears perfectly white, but it contains a latent or invisible image. The magic by which the picture is made to appear is the action of hyposulphite of soda. Soak a piece of clean blotting paper in a saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda and dry.

When it is desired to make the picture appear, moisten the blotting paper slightly, and place the picture on it face down, rubbing it to insure perfect contact. In a minute or two the picture will begin to appear, and will soon be as bright and clear as when first printed. When ones wishes to show this magic photograph, it is more surprising to the uninitiated if the blotting paper has been moistened and placed in a book. Show the apparently blank piece of paper, slip it in the book and in a minute or two take it out, and what was to all appearance a piece of plain white paper will be found to have a picture printed on it.

After being exposed to the light for some time the picture will disappear, but it can be made to reappear indefinitely. It will be found that much interest is taken in the process, and the production will afford much astonishment.

Likes The Premium.

Dear Sirs: I received your June number of the Star Monthly and I find it very interesting. I also received your fountain pen and am writing with it now. It's the best I've ever seen. Yours very truly,

GASPAR M. BACON.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Entire subscription list was absorbed by The Star Monthly on Nov. 25, 1899, and Harper's Round Table as a publication ceases to exist. Unexpired subscriptions to the Round Table are being completed by The Star Monthly.



The Coming Men of America

A Secret Society for Boys

The Silent Brotherhood.

Of all the many lodges of the Coming Men of America there is but one—McKinley Lodge, No. 922, School for the Deaf, Flint, Mich.—whose members are all deaf. It was first organized September 22, 1898, and since then has become a powerful factor in the school for the deaf. There are several clubs, or societies in that school, but the McKinley Lodge far exceeds them all in the matter of good principles, square dealings and financial gatherings. The picture herewith produced speaks for itself. It represents twenty-one bright boys out of its membership of thirty-six, the rest, who are graduates, being scattered throughout the state. We make no attempt at exaggeration. We simply want to introduce to our hearing brothers of the world this small, but bright and enterprising group of "silent" brothers. The lodge work is carried on chiefly in the sign language, which is one of the fastest means of communication available at the school. Only a few changes are made in the matter of initiating new members in order to make them more adaptable to their silent work. There never was seen a more close harmony, better discipline, or stronger earnestness than exists among the members, and all this is due to the sound principles of the C. M. A. The members of this lodge have for the benefit of the graduates living throughout the state divided the lodge into two sections. The first section is for the students of the school, while the other section is for the graduates. The latter section is known as the "McKinley Lodge, No. 922, Outside Division," and its business is carried on principally through correspondence. A movement is on foot by those of the outside division to bring the deaf graduates in more close and mutual relations with each other by organizing a new lodge at the next reunion of the alumni in Flint, June, 1901, the object being to admit all members of the C. M. A. who are deaf to the new society. Officers and committees have been chosen who will devote their time to carrying out the plans.

Here are the names of the brothers, num-

bering from left to right straight across the three rows:

1. Alvin Benson.
2. Stanley Wroblecki.
3. Fred Wheeler.
4. Arthur Sturm.
5. John Thomas.
6. William Heck.
7. William Behrendt, Sentinel.
8. Hugh Babcock, Speaker.
9. Charles Meyers.
10. Eugene McCall.
11. Daniel Buskirk.
12. John Miller, Director.
13. Oren Deschamplain, Vice-President.
14. Howard Blodgett, President.
15. Jesse Waterman, Secretary-Treasurer.
16. Ralph Knight, Asst. Sec.-Treas.
20. William Drake.
21. Lee Bell.

★ ★

A Few Hints.

The grand secretary still has a large number of his own pictures on hand that were prepared several months ago for distribution among the members. If you are a member in good standing, have not had one, and desire it, enclose 4 cents in postage stamps and it will be sent postpaid.

★

Don't forget about the lodge reports. It is the duty of the secretary of each lodge to send a quarterly report to the grand secretary. These reports should contain a full list of officers, time and place of meeting, word of encouragement to the friends who bring, deaths, if any during the quarter, number of new members admitted, and brief account of any successful methods of entertainment or lodge routine that may be used.

★

At the request of several members of the Coming Men of America, "marked copies" of this issue of "The Star Monthly" have been mailed to some of their friends. It is intended to interest them in the order, and they are respectfully referred to the article on the back page, as well as the C. M. A. department, for further particulars.

★

The grand secretary desires to "stir up" the lodges who have not had their pictures taken—he wants to use several of them in

an early issue of The Star Monthly, and the "stock on hand" is running low. Members who are contemplating sending in their pictures must be full cabinet size, clear and distinct. Dozens that are sent in are so small and faint that they cannot be used and are returned.

★

One of the very important duties of a lodge secretary is to promptly forward news items of interest concerning the lodge. Address these to the grand secretary, who is always glad to find room in "The Star Monthly" for articles of general interest to the entire order. If any methods you employ in your lodge are novel and successful, take a little time some day and tell the entire order about it through the Star. They will be glad to hear from you.

★

It would appear from correspondence that occasionally reaches the grand secretary, that the members are not aware that C. M. A. watch charms and cuff buttons can be procured by those who desire them. The watch charms are double faced with the C. M. A. emblem on both sides, done in hard enamel in brilliant colors, gold relief outline, surmounted with heavy gold plated coil, complete with short chain and ring, all ready to attach to watch chain. The price is fifty cents each. The cuff buttons are latest design, dumb-bell pattern, with emblem at one end on each button. Gold plated, fifty cents per pair.

★

Members who have just joined, and who, while they are full of enthusiasm for the order, yet lack a thorough knowledge of its fine points, will find that the new four-page leaflet which the grand secretary has just caused to be prepared will be of great assistance to them in securing new members. They will be found of particular advantage by the member or members in a town where there is no lodge, and will, if distributed among their friends judiciously, help them greatly in securing new members. A number will be sent to any member in good standing upon request, if he will state that he intends to distribute them carefully "where they will do the most good."

★ ★ ★

If you are not a member of the C. M. A., be sure to read the article on the back page of this issue.



McKinley

Lodge

C. M. A.

Flint,

Michigan.

BESTOGRAPHY: This is a question addressed to the members of the C. M. A. by the Grand Secretary. It is written in Bestography, which no one who is not a member of the C. M. A. and in possession of the key, can read. The best answer containing not more than fifty words sent to reach the Grand Secretary before the first of next month will be rewarded by a handsome piece of C. M. A. jewelry.

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No answer will be considered unless sent in separate envelope, apart from all other matters. Briefness will be a leading consideration in awarding the prize, so all answers should be short. Best answer will be printed in first available issue thereafter, so that the members can see it. It will also be printed in Bestography, so no outsiders will understand either question or prize winning answer.

SOME NEW LODGES.

FOR the twenty-nine days ending with July 12, exactly thirty-one new C. M. A. lodges were organized. As set forth by states in the table below, it will be seen that the interest is continuous and sustained throughout the entire country. This is a record far ahead of that made in the same period a year ago, as was that of 1899 over all previous years. In other words, the C. M. A. as the pioneer and only real secret society for boys has the cordial and enthusiastic support of its entire membership, and as a consequence is growing steadily and rapidly. As the brothers repeatedly state in their letters: "It is hard to enter a town, no matter how small, without finding the familiar badge on the coat of some bright young fellow." The requirements for membership are strict in respect to character and reputation, and these requirements are strictly enforced. As a consequence, the membership is representative of the best class of young manhood on the North American continent.

By states, the record of new lodges is as follows:

ALABAMA.	
Jink, New Harmony	1643
New Castle, Blue Hawk	1654
ARKANSAS.	
Goshen, Funston	1646
CALIFORNIA.	
Milpitas, Ereka	1645
COLORADO.	
La Junta, Pikes Peak	1669
INDIANA.	
Seymour, Lawton	1659
KANSAS.	
Rigelaw, Star	1670
KENTUCKY.	
Glasgow, Blue Grass	1668
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Lynn, Linwood	1647
MISSISSIPPI.	
Red Lick, Jefferson	1672
MISSOURI.	
Dayton, Dewey	1667
Blue Springs, Jumbo	1644
Bellflower, Pearl	1645
MINNESOTA.	
Minneapolis, Monroe	1671
NEW YORK.	
Richland, Welcome	1648
Chill, Friendship	1664
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Seagrove, Why Not	1657
Kings Mountain, Mountain View	1663
NEW JERSEY.	
Little York, Jersey Star	1658

OHIO.	
Broken Sword, Bryant	1660
Malvern, Little Giants of Castle Hall	1652
OREGON.	
Carson, Uncle Sam	1651
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Roaring Spring, Spring	1649
Marshburg, Klondike	1653
Catasauqua, Schley	1659
SOUTH DAKOTA.	
Beresford, Union	1673
VERMONT.	
West Rutland, Ready Rangers	1656
Marshfield, Winooski	1655
VIRGINIA.	
Newport News, Young America	1662
WEST VIRGINIA.	
Alum Bridge, Dewey	1666
WISCONSIN.	
Trevor, Trevor Beginners	1661

Happynings of Note.

Orion Lodge, at Orion, Ill., gave an ice cream sociable on June 23d, which netted over \$6. They have also organized a baseball team, and would like to play with other C. M. A. nines in the vicinity. Address all correspondence to Frank McDonaid.

Prairie Queen Lodge, of Sedalla, Mo., organized in January, with a present membership of 16 are negotiating for the I. O. O. F. lodge hall in which to install their new officers, recently elected.

Brother C. J. Haase, of Peyton, Col., was badly hurt on July 1st, being thrown from a horse. We learn, however, just as we are going to press that he is much improved.

Southern Star Lodge, by a series of suppers, entertainments and athletic sports is arousing great interest among the young men of Phoebus, Va.

Brother Darkow, of Everett, Wash., says, "Brothers, we have sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat, and as I listen I can hear the mighty call: On! On! for it is our turn next!"

The Members of Boone Lodge, at Burlington, Ky., are very much pleased with the new slide degree which they recently received from Clifford Lodge, of Clifford, Ind.

Flat Creek Lodge, of Nash, La., gave a concert on the night of July 4th, and, to quote the secretary, "It was a grand success in every way, but that's the way with all C. M. A. events. The brothers never make a failure of anything."

Twenty-one members during an existence

of three months is the proud record of Imperial Lodge, Mayville, N. Dak. The lodge meets twice a month on Wednesday night, and is preparing for a vigorous fall campaign that will result in a larger lodge hall, reading rooms, and a good library.

Dixie Lodge, at New Hope, Va., moved the lodge up into the town hall in the spring, and since then boys from all over the country have been coming in to join.

Maple Leaf Lodge, of Adrian, Mich., goes into camp in a body the last week in August, and the 13 members are antcipating a very enjoyable occasion.

Brother George T. Clayton, who is at present driving a stage in Arizona, writes that it is almost impossible to go into any town in the United States without finding C. M. A. members there. His recent cordial reception and entertainment by the lodge at Pearce confirms him in this view.

Progress Lodge, of Shawnee, Ohio, has suspended meetings during the summer season, but will open up a vigorous fall campaign on the first Thursday evening in September.

Brother C. C. Moore, of Richland, N. Y., would like to secure a good side degree from the secretary of a C. M. A. lodge.

Almost every letter from secretaries of lodges makes mention of the fact that the lodge is working hard for one of the prize banners to be awarded on the 1st day of January next to the 10 lodges showing greatest gain in membership during the year.

Clifford Lodge, of Clifford, Ind., gave an ice cream supper in the K. of P. hall on the evening of June 23d. The use of the hall was donated by the Pythlans, and a collection which was taken up by one of them from among the members of their own lodge, who were all present as invited guests, netted a sum sufficient to cover all expenses of the affair.

Brother Edward Baldwin is now located at Coalinga, Cal., and the grand secretary is delighted to learn that he is in business for himself, having recently purchased a blacksmith shop there.

We understand that the members of the C. M. A. in Brooklyn, N. Y., are busy organizing a baseball club composed of members who live in that city.

Attalla Lodge, at Kosciusko, Miss., now meets regularly three times a month in the Masonic Hall. To quote a recent letter from the president: "You know that with so good a meeting-place, and with such a fine ritual to go by, it would be our own fault if we failed in our lodge work. We open the lodge with scripture reading and prayer, and later on enliven it with speeches, debates and songs."

Brothers Thomas H. and John W. Bleckford, of Somerville, Mass., graduated from the Somerville Grammar School in June, and are at this writing enjoying the sea breezes at Kennebunkport, Me.

Brother Nathan S. Diekey, of Stratford Hollow, N. H., recently sprained his ankle, but is now on the rapid road to recovery.

In a recent letter from Brother Redus, of West Point, Miss., the grand secretary notes that Mayor Jordan has come out with a cordial endorsement of our Order, saying that it was the best organization in the world for boys. Free electric lights for their lodge hall is practical evidence of his good wishes.

Brother Capehart, of Herrick, Ill., would like to correspond with members of the order who are assistant postmasters, or interested in the theatrical profession.

On Thursday evening, June 19th, Ironquois Lodge gave a musical and stereoptical entertainment at the Hull House Auditorium, Chicago, Ill.

On the evening of June 18th Napoleon Lodge, of Washington, D. C., gave a public installation of officers, the entire membership accompanied by their lady friends

being present.

The daily papers of Baton Rouge, La., are giving their cordial support and endorsement to the C. M. A. lodge recently organized at that point. As a consequence Istrouma Lodge is meeting with the cordial endorsement of the "grown ups."

Mohican Lodge, of Hague, N. Y., has a court with the president as judge. He appoints the jury and clerk, together with lawyers for the plaintiff and defence. We understand that the pleadings are very eloquent at times. A very useful feature of the court is that it settles any trouble between the members, and enforces punishment for all broken rules. Two side degrees lend added interest to initiations.

The grand secretary, with regret, announces the death of Brother Frank J. Riddick, at Daytona, Fla., as the result of an exploding boiler. Brother Lee A. Overfelt, of Ute, Ia., died on June 4th of appendicitis. On behalf of the entire order, the grand secretary extends sincerest sympathies to the near friends and relatives.

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Bestography Question No. 2.

BESTOGRAPHY QUESTION NO. 2.

After careful and conscientious consideration of several hundred answers, the grand secretary has decided that Brother J. B. Sullivan, of New Bedford, Mass., is entitled to the prize for "best answer" to Question Two, which appeared in the June issue of the Star Monthly.

Here is the answer:

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If you do not remember what the question was, hunt up your copy of the June issue and that will help you to an intelligent understanding of the reply.

Ten of the answers received were, if possible, a little "better" than the rest, and the writers are entitled to honorable mention, as follows.

Brothers John Paul, Jr., Wallace Whipps, Jr., Edw. Bennett, Carl Moore, Wallace French, J. D. Cooley, Chester A. Werts, Jas. R. Anderson, Willie Rogers and Elston E. Baker.

To those not acquainted with the Coming Men of America, the original and only secret society for boys, would state that "Bestography" is the secret sign language of the order, so constructed that it is utterly impossible for an "outsider" to make anything out of it, although the members, who are in good standing and possess the "key," find it very easy to read and write it.

A few of the members of the C. M. A. are sending in the translation of the questions, written out in English, as their answer. This is not correct. Translate the question given in the square box into English. Write it down, and then answer the question in English, in fifty words or less. It is the best answer to each question which gets the prize each month. Question four appears in this issue.

★ ★ ★

New Bedford, July 9, 1900.

Jos. R. Hunter, Oak Park III.

Dear Brother: Received the cuff links and am much pleased with them. Although I've had them but a few hours, they have attracted much attention. They are just what I've been wanting for a long while. My friends envy me, as they are so handsome and novel a design. They will

induce me to compete again, and try for something else. Sincerely, your friend,

J. BERNARD SULLIVAN, O. T. N.

★ ★ ★

Improve Your Time.

I am a member of the C. M. A. and am proud to say that I am. If it were within my power every boy of good character in the American continent would be a member. There is no possible reason why you should not join, but there is every reason why you should and that at once, for every day that passes and leaves you a non-member also leaves you minus knowledge of incidents that contain lessons and chances for study and beneficial pass time that probably otherwise have been spent in idleness, both physically and mentally. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." If you are seeking knowledge you will find it, but don't expect the knowledge to seek you. There are anecdotes in every issue of the Star Monthly, the official organ of the C. M. A.—there are happenings at every meeting of the lodge which set forth lessons to be studied. Some are difficult, some are easy; but most are practical. Therefore, join the C. M. A., spend your time at a lodge meeting in the place of at some street corner or on some store box smoking a cigarette, telling vulgar stories. You will be the better for it in many ways.

HARLAN SWANSON, O. T. N.

★ ★ ★

True C. M. A. Members.

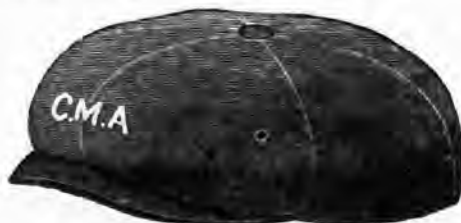
Any boy living up to the standard of the C. M. A. will be prepared to enter into any class of work and be capable of filling the position with credit. When a boy lives up to the teachings of the C. M. A. he will not become a drunkard when he grows into manhood, for the C. M. A. does not hold up before the eyes of the brothers anything but what is pure and noble. We should try to live up to the teachings of the order, so that others, not members, will see how we act, and be constrained to join us. We should feel proud to hear the people say (as I quite frequently hear them), "There goes a C. M. A. boy. You watch him and see how polite and polished he is."

TOM S. McKNIGHT, O. T. N.

★ ★ ★

A C. M. A. Cap.

Thousands of members of the C. M. A. are wearing the official cap. There are thousands more who would wear it, could they but see a sample. The cut below gives but a faint idea of its natty appearance. The cap is made of navy-blue serge, fadeless, durable, and soft as silk, and its popular cut in the latest bicycle style makes it adaptable to any and all occasions. Across the front, in bright gold bullion letters, embroidered in by hand, are the letters C. M. A.



If you are a member of the C. M. A. in good standing, and if you will, when you write, give the size of hat you wear, mention your certificate number, and enclose 50 cents, the Grand Secretary will see that one of these caps reaches you safely, all charges paid. A comparison of this cap with what the same amount of money will buy in your local stores will convince you that here is double value for your money.

Mountains of Musical Sands.

A few miles southwest of a little town which has become famous through the Boer war, Mafeking, lies a mountain of white sand. Perhaps I should say stands a mountain of white sand, but that would not be true. The sand rises and falls and shifts about and in so doing makes music or sounds which seems like music among surroundings so desolate as a South African desert. The highest hill of sand in this locality is about seven hundred feet and there are many hillocks round about. The whole neighborhood is, however, constantly changing its appearance and where there may be a considerable hill to-day, there may be a flat plain or even a hollow to-morrow. There seems to be periodic sand floods like those in the Arabian desert.

Many explanations of the cause of the music in the sands have been given, but the most satisfactory is that of friction of the little particles of sand upon one another. As the sand rolls down a hum comes from the rubbing of the particles together. One can see the sand constantly rolling down the steep banks. At first the sound is like a strain of distant music coming through one of the cliffs near by. Then it seems like a continuous musical chord very much like a solemn cathedral chant. At times, if you are standing on one of the little hillocks, the sounds seem to come from a buried cloister under your feet. There is a mystery and enchantment about it all, a dead silence save for the music of the rolling sand is everywhere. It seems almost like sacrifice to break the spell that such conditions bring.

One strange thing about the shifting and falling of the sand is that it can go on for years as it does. In a short time the falling of the sand should reduce the hills to a level. No winds could heap up the sand in the form in which they exist and there seems to be no volcanic action. Yet these hills of sand shift about, rise and fall and make music an accompaniment of their queer operations. We are not yet able to pluck out the heart of their mystery.

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All about the C. M. A., its claims and objects, on the last page of this issue.

BOYS WANTED
We set you up
in business

We want Boys for Agents in every town, to sell

The Saturday Evening Post
 of Philadelphia

We will furnish you with ten copies the first week Free of Charge, to be sold at 5c a copy; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell for the next week.

You can find many people who will be glad to patronize a bright boy, and will agree to buy of you every week if you deliver it regularly at the house, store or office. You can build up a trade in a short time; permanent customers who will buy every week. You can thus earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent. Address

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PHILADELPHIA

The Shade of Annandale.

(Continued from page 11.)

Nearly an hour passed, and Mark had forgotten all about the royal party, when the door was hastily unbolting and a warder hurriedly cried:

"Put thy room a little straight, young sir; one of the court ladies hath a whim to see the State prisoners, and the royal party are approaching."

Mark leaped to his feet and tossed the coverlet over his bed, picking up a book here, some papers there, and moving the remains of his breakfast.

He was thus engaged when a pleasant voice sounded in his ear—

"Be at thy ease, young sir, do not let us disturb you."

Looking up, Mark beheld a handsome, manly figure, very dark in complexion, and dressed in dark blue velvet.

It was the king. Mark bowed deeply, which Charles acknowledged with an easy nod, and turned to speak to a nobleman, in whom Mark recognized the Duke of Buckingham.

Charles was chatting with one and another in his easy familiar way when, on Mark chancing to pass his hand across his brow, the king suddenly noticed the ring which Mark wore upon his finger.

In a sharp tone he cried, "Ah, young sir, from whom didst thou obtain that ring?"

"From a lady to whom I once rendered a trifling service, your majesty."

Turning, with a flush of displeasure, to one of the ladies, the king whispered a few words.

For reply she gave a scrutinizing glance at Mark, then stepping hastily to his side took hold of the hand that had the ring on one of the fingers, and looking up in the young man's face, cried—

"My brave and generous protector, it is thus we meet again! Believe me, it pains me to see one who has so deeply obliged me, in such condition."

Looking at her Mark at once recognized the lady he had rescued from Buckingham's bravaes. His brain whirled, but he had no time to collect himself, for the king, seeing his confusion, said to her lady, "Louise, what means this, who is this youth?"

"He, sire, who so nobly rescued me on that terrible night that you know of."

"Ha, say you so?" and the king and the duchess talked together again in whispers.

The rest looked on curiously, and by-and-by the king, beckoning to Mark, said:

"Young sir, I have often thanked thee in my heart for the service thou unwittingly didst for me on the night thou wert of. When thou rescued the Duchess of Portsmouth, I swore to reward thee, if ever thou appeared, and now, odd-fish! be thy crime what it may, thou shalt be pardoned, even if it is treason against our own person. The arms of kings are long, but their hearts are sometimes warm."

Turning to the Constable of the Tower, who was in waiting, he said: My Lord Constable, see to it that this gentleman is brought before us at Whitehall this afternoon."

He was then about to leave the room, when Mark, in a loud ringing voice, cried:

"Your majesty, ere you go, I would be heard a moment."

"Speak!" said the king, while the others wondered what was coming.

"I impeach the Duke of Buckingham and Sir George Denvers of high treason, sire!" The duke started and changed color, as every eye turned upon him.

"Thou must be laboring under some delusion," said the king, hastily to Mark.

"On my honor as a true man, I speak the truth, sire."

Mark's solemn tones carried conviction.

"We would be alone," cried the king to his courtiers. "You, Buckingham, you, Denvers, and you, my Lord Constable, remain."

The courtiers, in a body withdrew, and then the king commanded Mark to explain the meaning of his words.

"It is all false!" cried Buckingham, livid

with rage, as Mark recounted the scene he had witnessed at Annandale.

"Hast thou anyone can bear thee out in thy statements?" asked the king.

"There is one Joyce Kaston, somewhere confined in this fortress, who can prove what I say, sire."

"Enough!" cried the king. "My Lord Constable, carry out the directions I have already given thee; also see that his grace of Buckingham and Sir George Denvers speak to no one! Let them follow me closely to Whitehall."

In the afternoon, Mark and Joyce were conveyed to Whitehall, and, on being taken before Charles, gave such testimony that the existence of the plot could no longer be doubted. Mark had a private interview with the king, the result of which was that about six o'clock with a troop of soldiers he went to Master Wingate's, in the Strand, and suddenly bursting in, found a number of armed men within.

Mark discovered Captain Salter, his old enemy, and rushing up to him, confronted him.

"Mark Powell!" said the latter, astonished. "What means this? How, in the fiend's name, got you free?"

"Sufficient for thee to know, Master Turncoat, that the tables are turned. In the king's name, I arrest thee on a charge of high treason!"



"It is The Shade of Annandale."

The Duke of Buckingham's house was also searched, but somehow the alarm had been given, and only a few unimportant arrests were made.

As Mark with his prisoners passed along the Strand a woman, giving a scream, ran from one of the houses, and throwing herself upon Captain Salter's neck, gave a loud shriek of distress.

"Esther," said the captain, "flee! All is lost!"

"Then, I remain with you, father," said the girl, and side by side they marched along.

That night, in a private room of Whitehall Palace, the king sifted the whole affair from the beginning to the end.

"By a fortunate accident," he said, "a base and cowardly plot has been exposed, the innocent have been cleared and the guilty I will myself punish."

"You, Captain Salter," he continued, should have met a felon's doom, but for the generous intercession of Mark Powell. As it is, I spare thy miserable life, but I banish thee and thy daughter forever from the British Isles, and all thy property I confiscate."

"You, Sir George Denvers, share their exile, and if, after twenty-four hours, either of you ever set foot on my domains again, thy neck and the hangman's noose shall make acquaintance."

"For you, George" to the Duke of Buckingham, "thy black ingratitude pains me more than I care to tell. How hast thou repaid all the favors I have heaped upon thee?"

"But I believe only thy mad jealousy and blind ambition urged thee to mix in this

affair. Still, I cannot pardon thee. For a year and a day I banish thee from Court. Let me not see thy face on pain of incurring my severe displeasure. Now go!"

When the persons named had withdrawn, Charles, turning to Mark, said:

"Now I have a more pleasant duty to perform. Down on thy knee."

Taking his sword in his hand he continued: "For the part thou hast played in discovering this plot I pardon thee and thy father all the offenses, real or imaginary, with which you are charged, and the Castle of Annandale, together with Captain Salter's confiscated property, I restore to thee, and thy heirs, forever, and I dub thee knight."

At the same moment the door was flung open, and Sir Julian rushed in, his clothes dirty and his hair disheveled, as though he had just come off a journey.

Throwing himself at the king's feet, he cried, "My liege, pardon my rough intrusion, but it hath come to mine ears that my boy, Mark, lies in the Tower accused of treason."

"By the blood I spilt for your father, we are both innocent; but if a life must be taken, take my old and worthless one, and for my past services spare my son's life."

The king, visibly affected, raised Sir Julian to his feet, saying, "Thou hast been misformed, my Lord of Annandale! See your son, Sir Mark, stands before you, hale and sound, and I know that there are not two more loyal subjects in all my domains than you two."

Christmas Day again, and at Annandale Castle a party assembled the like of which had not been seen since Sir Julian, now Lord Annandale, was married.

Sir Markham and Mistress Lucy Ash have that day been made man and wife, and Father Ambrose, though he did not perform the service, being a Catholic, yet pronounced the blessing over them.

In one of the pauses of the merry dance, Sir Mark has led his fair young bride away from the glare and heat of the ball-room, and they bend their steps to the cool and shady picture gallery for a five-minute's billing and cooing.

All of a sudden, Lucy, clinging desperately to her husband's arm gives a faint scream, and pointing with one trembling finger to the corner, cries, "Markham, Markham, look! What, in heaven's name, is that?"

"It is the shade of Annandale," he cries. But see, his sword is sheathed; he turns his face towards us and smiles!"

"Oh, take me away," moans Lucy; what does it mean?"

"Tremble not, darling," answered Markham, kissing her fondly. "It is a sign of prosperity and happiness."

"The shade of the Red Crusader always warns our family of impending disaster or coming happiness. He smiles now, and thus blesses our union."

THE END.

Canada Approves.

I received all the things mentioned and feel proud of the handsome certificate and badge. I believe above all other societies the C. M. A. is the society that boys ought to join. I mean as a member of the C. M. A. to try and do the principles of this grand order and to be a worthy and honorable member of it. Allow me to congratulate you on the new edition of the Star Monthly. It is quite an improvement. I received the first copy of the new edition today and I feel proud of the paper.—N. B.

Copies of this issue have been mailed to boys whose names have been given to us by their friends, so that they will read the article on the last page of this issue.

Gems of Great Price.

There is an extraordinary collection of jewels in Brazil. Among these is the Braganza stone, said to weigh about 1,680 carats, approximating twelve ounces. The real value of this diamond is, however, rather underrated by experts, who are inclined to question its authenticity, believing it to be only a topaz.

Probably the largest single stone in Europe is owned by the government of Russia. It is known as the Orloff diamond and weighs 193 carats. It took \$450,000 to purchase the jewel besides a yearly annuity of \$20,000. When each succeeding emperor of Russia comes into possession of his royal estates he is made owner as well of the Orloff diamond. It was formerly the eye of an Indian idol, but was taken out of the image.

The rajah of Matlan owns the largest reliable diamond in the world. It weighs 367 carats and is shaped like an egg, with a queer little dented hollow marking the smaller end. Some notion of the value of the stone can be formed from the fact that when the king of Borneo wished to add it to his treasures some years ago he offered in exchange for it \$700,000 in cash, supplemented by the gift of two "warships" fully equipped, a number of cannon and a large quantity of powder and shot. At this day even larger fortunes would be offered in ransom for the exchange of the rajah's beautiful jewel.

Even at that early age, however, it was deemed an inadequate sum for the purchase of the precious stone. The sovereign refused to part with his diamond, as the fortunes of his family were supposed to be bound up in it. It is also alleged to possess mysterious healing properties, the Malays believing that water in which it may be dipped will cure any disease.

INTENDED FOR OTHERS.**Difficult to Believe Advice Applies to Us.**

"While reading the morning paper at breakfast, I frequently read over the advertisements of Postum Food Coffee and finally began to wonder if it was a fact that my daily headache and dyspepsia were due to coffee drinking.

"It never occurred to me that the warning fitted my case.

"I had been on the diet cure for more than ten years, having tried a strictly meat diet also a strictly vegetable diet and at other times left off breakfast for a time and again left off dinner, but all these efforts were futile in ridding me of the steady half-sick condition under which I labored.

"I had never once thought of overhauling 'dear old coffee,' but when it finally occurred to me to make the trial and take up Postum, I immediately discovered where the difficulty all these years came from. I now eat anything for breakfast, as much as I desire, doing justice to a good meal, and the same at lunch and dinner, with never a headache or other disagreeable symptom. My only 'crankiness' now is to know that I have Postum served as it should be made, that is properly boiled. There is a vast difference between poorly made Postum and good.

"C. E. Hasty of Alameda, Cal. Inlets that he owes his life to me because I introduced him to Postum. I have a number of friends who have been finally cured of stomach and bowel trouble by the use of Postum Food Coffee in place of regular coffee.

"Please do not use my name."

D. J. H., 1223 Bremen St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Copies of this issue have been mailed to boys whose names have been given to us by their friends, so that they will read the article on the last page of this issue.

Cloth Bound Books for Boys.

These eight books are the best boys' books in the world. They have been endorsed by educational institutions, churches and prominent men. They are boys' books, full of clean, yet fascinating adventure, with a splendid moral or lesson in each one. They depict boy life and its ambitions and show how pluck, perseverance and merit will win. They show the struggles of poor boys to get on in the world and the success they have attained. These splendid 300 page books are printed on fine paper, profusely illustrated and are cloth bound; the covers being illuminated and printed in gold and tasteful colors. The retail price of every one of these books, postpaid, is \$1.00.

In order to give our readers a splendid bargain we offer choice of any one of the eight books listed below together with a year's subscription to The Star Monthly for 75 cents, and we pay the postage. If you are already a subscriber state the fact and your renewal will commence when your present subscription expires.

Order the books by title. The following is the description.



Book No. 1—Bonnie Prince Charlie. This is the story of the son of a Scotchman who is forced by circumstances into the service of the king of France, and later serves under "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in Scotland and England, winning fame, fortune and title. A whole lot of history is cleverly and entertainingly woven into the romance by that most popular of boy authors, Mr. G. A. Henty. The story is profusely illustrated with full page drawings.

Book No. 2—Robinson Crusoe. Most every boy in the United States knows the comment on the contents seems unnecessary. Nearly every boy has read or been told the contents. From personal observation we are safe in saying that few boys own the book for themselves. It was never put in more attractive form than in the book we are offering with a year's subscription to The Star Monthly. Daniel Defoe, the author, were he alive, would consider workmanship, illustrations and binding as eminently fitting. No boys book shelf is complete without it.

Book No. 3—Green Mountain Boys. No American boy knows the history of his country unless he has read this book, depicting as it does in vivid language, the struggles of the hardy mountaineers of Vermont who so successfully held back the onslaught of the British forces who were endeavoring to break through into the colonies by way of Canada. Truth they say is stranger than fiction, and this is borne out in every thrilling page of D. P. Thompson's finest story. Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys will go echoing down through the ages in song and story and the best narrative of their lives and adventures will be found faithfully and thrillingly portrayed in this book.

Book No. 4—The Pathfinder. No list of good books for American boys would be complete unless it contained some Indian stories. The best stories on Indian life, manners and customs are from the pen of James Fenimore Cooper, and after considerable hesitation, we have selected The Pathfinder as the very best. When you read it you will agree that it is the finest portrayal of wild adventure with and against the red men that it has ever been your good fortune to read.

Book No. 5—Friends, Though Divided. An American boy should read with great interest this thrilling account of the Civil War, written by an Englishman. English boys accept without question anything bearing the name of G. A. Henty as the author. Those American boys fortunate enough to have read any of his books heartily agree with their English cousins in assigning him a prominent place in their library shelves.

Book No. 6—Thaddeus of Warsaw. Heroic devotion to a losing cause intense patriotism to his country, brave deeds, stirring adventure, and the account of one of the most gallant struggles in the world's history, makes every page of this book interesting. It is not often that history is so interestingly set forth. It's another book that should be on every boy's shelf.

Book No. 7—Michael Strogoff. A book about Siberia, written by Jules Verne. Any comment on the contents would spoil the interest in the story. I know twenty boys who have read it, not one of them has skimmed a page. Through this book, as well as all others we have listed, runs enough fact to make its perusal profitable as well as interesting.

Book No. 8—Two Years Before the Mast. From the pen of R. H. Dana, Jr. As the name indicates, it is a story of the sea, and a truer, more fascinating one, it has never been our fortune to read. To a boy who is interested in a life "on the rolling deep" every page will lend added interest to its perusal.



Remember Any book in this list of eight, and a year's subscription to the Star Monthly, only 75 cents, all charges prepaid. (Foreign subscriptions, other than the United States, Canada and Mexico, 25 cents extra, or a total of \$1.00.)

Renewals count the same as new subscriptions. If you are already a subscriber, state the fact when you write for one of these books, and your subscription will be extended one year beyond the time it is now booked to expire. Address all orders

The Star Monthly,
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

THE BOY COLLECTOR.

DEVOTED to the interests of the amateur collector of postage stamps, coins, curios and relics. Anyone interested in these is invited to cooperate in conducting the department by sending items of interest. The editor is not an authority on all these subjects but will endeavor to answer any questions submitted by subscribers, provided a self-addressed return envelope is enclosed with question. Address all communications to THE STAR COLLECTOR, Star Block, Oak Park, Ill.

The editor of this department is in constant receipt of letters from Star Monthly readers asking questions as to the meaning of certain terms used in Philately. He thought it a good plan this month to devote space to a definition of the terms in most common use among stamp collectors, and suggests that our friends carefully preserve this list of terms and definitions for future reference.

ALBINO—A stamp which is only an impression of the plate upon the paper without color.

BOGUS STAMPS—Those of which there are no originals. The term being sometimes applied to counterfeits.

CONTINENTALS—European stamps of common grade.

COUNTERFEITS—Imitations of genuine stamps.

DIES—The engravings or plates of stamps from which the impression is taken.

EMBOSSED—Stamps having the design pressed out in relief, being printed from a sunken die. See U. S. envelopes with stamps already attached. This word is sometimes used to designate "grilled" stamps.

ERROR—A stamp containing mistakes, either in printing, engraving, color, perforation or surcharge.

ESSAY—A design for a stamp submitted for approval, showing the stamp as it will appear when printed. Usually applied to designs which have been rejected.

FAC SIMILES—Imitations of stamps, differing from counterfeits in that they are usually copies of rare stamps made and sold as such.

FAKE—A name given to a stamp which has been "manipulated" to increase its value. Also applied to bogus or "suspicious" stamps.

FISCALS—Revenue stamps.

FORGERIES—See counterfeits.

GOVERNMENT COUNTERFEITS—A stamp printed from a new plate, with official sanction, the original stamps being obsolete and the original plate having been destroyed.

GOVERNMENT REPRINTS—Stamps printed from the original plates after the series has become obsolete and has been replaced by later issues.

GRILLE—Minute indentations made on the back of stamps, to break the texture of the paper so that the stamps will absorb the cancellation ink and thus prevent cleaning and re-use.

HORIZONTALLY LAID—Paper on which stamps are printed showing horizontal lines through it.

INVERTED CENTERS—A stamp printed in two or more colors, having the center design printed upside down—in error.

INDIA PAPER—A very thin, though fibery paper.

IMPERFORATED—Stamps having nothing to assist in separation from its mates in a sheet; also called unperforated.

LOCAL—Stamps used by a private corporation or individual. Not government issues.

MILLIMETRE—Equivalent to four-hundredths of an inch. The unit of measurement for stamps.

ORIENTATION—The cancellation marks applied to a stamp in the post-office.

OBSCLETE—Stamps out of use.

ODDITY—A stamp with a trifling error to distinguish it from its fellows of correct design and printing.

ORIGINALS—Genuine stamps.

OVERPRINT—A print added to a stamp to make it serviceable for some particular duty with "official" sanction.

PERFORATED—Having holes or perforations between the stamps.

PIN PERFORATION—Perforations looking like they had been pricked with a pin or needle.

PROOFS—First impression of a stamp, in any color of ink. Usually taken on thin cardboard or India paper.

PROVINCIALS—Stamps used only in one province.

PROVISIONALS—Stamps used temporarily in an emergency, with official sanction. May consist of other postage stamps surcharged for the special purpose, or of "fishals" surcharged with the word postage.

REPRINTS—Stamps reprinted from the original plates after the issue is obsolete.

ROULETTED—A series of straight cuts between stamps to assist in separation. Instead of the round hole "perforation" in use on all stamps of the United States. Other perforations are called "Saw-tooth," "Scalloped," "Serpentine," "Serrated," the term in each instance giving a description of the method of "perforation."

SPECIMEN—This word is sometimes surcharged across the face of a stamp by authority of the issuing government, in which case it cannot be used for payment of postage.

SURCHARGE—It may mean a new value, the name of the state, province or colony where it is to be used, or the words "postage," "specimen" or a design printed across the face of a stamp, originally intended for use elsewhere or for another purpose.

TABLET—The small plain band on which the lettering or inscription of a stamp appears.

TYPE-SET—Stamps printed from ordinary printers' type.

UNPERFORATED—Is correctly applied to stamps which, originally perforated, have been trimmed down to have smooth edges.

WATERMARKED—A design wrought into the paper in process of manufacture easily discerned when stamp is held to the light.

The Collector's Gossip.

Brother Frank Watson of Oregon City, Oregon, a member of the C. M. A., would like to get in correspondence with a member who would like to trade a good sized printing press for a fine collection of Indian relics, consisting of arrow and spear heads, wampum, etc.

Brother Albert M. Penn of Laredo, Texas, would like to trade Mexican stamps for foreign stamps, particularly with members of the C. M. A.

Brother W. R. Douglas of Sontag, Miss., has a large collection of Indian arrow heads, and is open for trade or sale. Write him there if interested.

Members of the C. M. A. who are philatelists or numismatists are cordially invited to cooperate in conducting the department entitled "The Boy Collector." There are thousands of the brothers interested in these pursuits, and The Star Monthly is at their disposal for suggestions to each other and the relation of their experiences in these lines. Collections are added to very easily by the exchange method. The members trust each other and a hint in this department with the suggestor's name and address attached will put him in touch with the others of similar tastes.

If you are not a member of the C. M. A., be sure to read the article on the back page of this issue.

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The Puzzle Page.

Three valuable prizes will be given for the first three most correct and neatest solutions of the puzzles contained in this department.

The correct answers to puzzles in this issue will be printed next month. The prize winners' names will be printed the month following.

All competing answers must be in the hands of the Puzzle Editor not later than the first of next month. Any reader can compete.

Our friends are invited to submit new and unique puzzles. Obsolete words should be avoided if possible.

Address all communications in regard to puzzles to Puzzle Editor, THE STAR MONTHLY, Star Block, Oak Park, Ill.

No. 1. Rebus.

A word there is, five syllables contains, Take one away, no syllable remains.

—By L. E. M.

★ ★

No. 2. Central and Diagonal Square.

```

* 0 0 0 0 0 *
0 * 0 0 0 * 0
0 0 * 0 * 0 0
* * * * *
0 0 * 0 * 0 0
0 * 0 0 0 * 0
* 0 0 0 0 *

```

Seven words of seven letters each. When arranged according to above square the fourth line and the diagonals, represented by stars (*) will spell the same word. The seven words to be so arranged are represented by the following meanings:

1. The greatest. 2. Not total. 3. A vehicle. 4. A piece of mechanism. 5. The first letter. 6. To charm. 7. A structure.

It is quite evident that the fourth word is the "key" to the puzzle.

By G. W. R.

★ ★

No. 3. Anagram.

3. Anagram.

"I'm a TOTAL, and hail from Greece. A good staunch ship I'd like to lease; I've sailed on seas the whole world o'er, And a better sailor you've ne'er seen before."

I first did ask if proof he could give That an honest life he did always live? At this he frowned with a look unkind, As thoughts of the past ran through his mind.

He turned on his heel without a word, So I concluded he was a jail bird.

—By A. A. O.

★ ★

No. 4. Mathematical Puzzle.

Take the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, and add them together. Do not use any of the ten figures more than once. Get for an answer 100. There are several possible combinations. Any correct answer received will be counted.

By W. D. W.

★ ★

No. 5. Charade.

My FIRST my children call their "Ma;" (Perhaps they know no better.)

The SECOND is a character,

In fact, it's just a letter,

My THIRD's a title many crave,

It's next to that of "Prince."

The WHOLE is a high sounding name

Of which I've given hints.

—By J. Cal Watkins.

★ ★

No. 6. Beheadment.

My whole is a small animal I know, Behead and it will a large one show.

—By J. A. W.

★ ★

The correct answers to these six puzzles will be printed in the September issue of The Star Monthly. The names of the three solvers who win prizes will be printed in the October issue. The contest is open to all readers of The Star Monthly.

"STAR SPECIAL"

This is the name of our New

3 1/2 x 3 1/2

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The "Star Special" is the name of the new Camera we are now offering to Star Monthly readers. It is a Universal Focus, Magazine Box Camera, with all the very latest "wrinkles," a thoroughly practical instrument and will take very fine pictures, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches in size. The illustration shows the camera with the magazine open, with three double plate holders in it.

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Answers to July Puzzles.

No. 1. Mathematics Defied.

A certain number call to mind: "Five."
Take three away, thus: Five, (the f. i.
and e) and we have the "V" left, meaning
"five."

★ ★

No. 2. Beheadments.

1. "Tumult" means "ado," beheaded means "do."
2. German coin is "mark." Beheaded it is "ark."
3. To "aid" means "abet." Behead and it leaves "bet."
4. "Wanderer" is "Rover." Beheaded it is "over." Thus we have "a-do;" "m-ark;" "a-bet;" "r-over."

★ ★

No. 3. Word Square.

A R O M A
R E V E L
O V E R T
M E R G E
A L T E R

★ ★

No. 4. Charade.

Tar-tar, Tartar (native of northern China).
"Tar" is a term for "sailor." Thus, "tar,"
"tar," and "tartar," may all be "sailors."

★ ★

No. 5. Another Charade.

"Co" means "company." "Nun" shuns
company. "Drum," and "conundrum" both
amuse company, so that "Co-nun-drum," is
our answer.

★ ★

No. 6. A Logograph.

Deer. Reed. Ere. Re. E.

★ ★

The names of the three successful prize
winners will be announced in the Septem-
ber issue of The Star Monthly.

★ ★ ★

Prize Winners June Puzzles.

1. Frank Brewer, Eau Claire, Wis.
 2. Van Brookins, Newfane, N. Y.
 3. Chas. Thompson, Cleveland, O.
- J. W. Westrap, from far-off Malay Penin-
sula, an earnest student of the puzzle de-
partment, does not receive his copy of The
Star Monthly until six weeks after it is
published, it takes so long to travel more
than half way round the world. His an-
swers to April puzzles just received, are all
correct, and so the Puzzle Editor has for-
warded a special prize for his efforts, and
trusts that he, as well as all other puzzlers
living in far distant countries will perse-
vere in their efforts, and due consideration
will be given their answers.

Number four, the mathematical puzzle in
the June issue, was announced, an old
one, and that our readers are well posted
is evidenced by the large number of replies
in which this puzzle was answered correct-
ly. The other five proved more difficult and
a great variety of answers turned up as a
consequence.


★ ★ ★

The Puzzlers' Gossip.

We want to thank our puzzlers for a
number of very bright puzzles sent in for
publication during the month. It is not
possible to use them as soon as sent in, but
as fast as space permits they will appear.

★

We are pleased to note the steady in-
crease in interest in the puzzle department.
All the old friends are still heartily co-
operating by suggestion, solution and
query, but it is the many new ones that
each month brings that affords us particu-
lar pleasure.



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a Chain and Charm for selling 11-2 dozen
Packages of Blaine at 10 cents each. Send your
full address by return mail and we will forward
the Blaine post-paid, and a large Premium List.
No money required.
BLUINE CO. 343 Concord Junction, Mass.

WE SHIP ON DEPOSIT \$100
\$11.75 Buy a Bicycle Com-
plete. Unguaranteed.
\$16.50 Buy an Up-to-Date
Model. Fully guar'd.
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Model. Shopworn
Bicycles from 10 up to 24 Hand Wheels
from \$5.00 up. We want Agents Every-
where. 64 page catalogues of bicycle
parts and repairs FREE. Write for cat-
alogue and see how you can get a
BICYCLE FREE by helping us
advertise. Address, Dept. A-2,
VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
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TEN DAYS TRIAL
We ship our wheels anywhere on ap-
proval without a cent deposit and allow
10 days free trial. You take absolutely
no risk in ordering from us.
1900 MODELS \$10 to \$18
best makes
'99 & '98 MODELS \$8 to \$13
high grade
1000 Second Hand Wheels, all
makes and models, good as new, \$2
to \$10. Great factory clearing sale
at half factory cost.
AGENTS WANTED in every
town. We furnish wheel and start
you. You can make \$10 to \$50
a week as our agent. Write at once
for catalogues and our special offer.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 128 G, Chicago.

OLD RUBBER BOOTS

And Old Rubber Shoes. Send us 50 lbs. (full weight) and we will send you by return mail a fine guaranteed WATCH ABSOLUTELY FREE. 100 pounds will get a fine watch, a good chain, and a gold ring. You can pick up 50 pounds in an hour around your home and among your neighbors. Pack them in a wooden box and ship to us by FREIGHT. Write to us by what freight you send them. We are thoroughly reliable and mean exactly what we say. Best of bank reference. Send at once to **INDEPENDENT RUBBER CO.**
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Absolutely Free.



Send name and full address for 18 assorted color stone, gold plated stick pins to sell at 10 cents each. When you have sold them send us the money, and we will send you a watch, camera, or any other article you may select from our large premium list sent with pins.

We give the best premiums offered by any firm.

Keystone Mfg. Co.
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR or MUSTACHE
Guaranteed to 30 days or money refunded, by using the ORIENTAL HAIR GROWER. Available for either sex. We offer \$20.00 for a single case. We don't cheat. Avoid all imitations. For treatment by mail 2 for 3 for 5c. **VICTOR DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS. Box 3736.**

PIMPLES and Blackheads removed in 4 to 6 days. Perfectly harmless. Never fails. Send 10 cents. **Specific Remedy Co., Dept. C, Cleveland, Ohio.**

Latest and Best BRACES, FOR SPINE AND LIMBS.
Send for Price List and Measure Blank **National Surgical Institute,**
122 W. Ohio St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

HOW A LADY READER IS GETTING RICH

I thank you for Dr. Hull's Flavoring Powders Agency. They sell easy. I had no experience. I earn \$20 to \$50 a week, or 100 to 250 per cent profit. Any one can do this if they get a free sample from **C. S. HORNER MFG. CO. 1473 Penn. Av. Pittsburgh, Pa.**

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.

MANY MAKE \$5,000.00 A YEAR.
You can have the same chance. Start a mail order business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "starter" and FREE particulars. **P. KREUGER, CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.**

FAT FOLKS reduced 20 lbs. a month. Full diet. No starving. No sickness. Anyone can make it at home. Full particulars and a pkg of the remedy mailed (sealed) FREE to anyone. It costs you nothing to try it. **Hall Chemical Co., Dept. 40, St. Louis, Mo.**

THE ELECTRICITY from the batteries will turn a needle through your table or hand. Cures Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, weak and lame back, etc. For advertising purposes we will give ONE SET FREE to one person in each locality. **E. J. Smead & Co., Dept. 299, Vineland, N. J.**

FRECKELINE Will Remove Freckles and other facial blemishes without injury to the most delicate skin. One package will do it. A strictly high grade preparation, 50c postpaid. **EXCELSIOR COSMETIC CO., L. Box 917, Chicago, Ill.**

Rest and Health to Mother and Child.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Puzzlers' Gossip,

(Continued.)

Many of our puzzlers are taking a "pen" name for use in connection with their puzzles. In this way we can easily identify the origin of a puzzle when we see a familiar "nom-de-plume" attached. The odder the name the more likelihood of no one else imitating it and so causing confusion. When T. P. E. is signed to the puzzle that means that it has been composed, or adapted from his library on puzzeldom, by the puzzle editor.

A little attention devoted to the puzzle department each month will speedily acquaint any reader of The Star Monthly with the terms in use and methods employed and will mean that the time so spent will be profitably employed. A practical way for beginners to start is to compare the puzzles given in the last issue with their correct answers which are given in this issue.

Our puzzlers will confer a great favor and insure better attention to all parts of their letters if they will observe the following rules: 1—Write the name of your town, full address and date at top of your solutions. 2—State what puzzle they are answers to. 3—Sign your full name. 4—Then give full and exact answers to all the puzzles you can solve. 5—If you have any puzzles of your own, or any question to ask or suggestions to submit, put them on sheets of paper separate from your solutions and sign your name to each sheet.

Fighting Savages with Carpet Tacks.

Many years ago a whaleship, while on a voyage to the Pacific ocean, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal. And yet once again we want to offer a to all hands but for the quick stratagem all the boats being after whales, a large are made especially for us and there is only one manufacturer's profit added. We are supplying them to Star Monthly readers at absolute cost, plus postage. Here is our offer:

A year's subscription to The Star Monthly, together with one "Star Special Camera," with one double plate holder, all charges for delivery paid by us, for only one dollar and a half (\$1.50). No further comment necessary. Its the best value we have ever offered and in time past we have made some very remarkable offers. We stand back of the offer with our guarantee that the camera is a fine one, and our guarantee is a responsible one.

Two Useless Buttons.

An American, so the story goes, was once questioning a Chinaman as to the reason for many of the customs which seem absurd to us. At length, after long endurance, the Chinaman replied:

"And now, my dear sir, I would like to ask you a question which has puzzled me greatly. Will you kindly tell me why Americans and Europeans wear two useless buttons on the backs of their coats?"

Unable to answer, the American raised the question at home. Investigators set to work, and what do you think they discovered? Long ago, when every gentleman wore a sword and had to hang it from a belt, these two buttons held the belt to the coat. Years passed; men became more civilized and left the sword to soldiers' use, the belt went out of fashion—for men are as particular about fashion as women, but the two buttons were left to this very day. —National Rural.

BOYS HOW'S THIS?

We give free a beautiful Rolled Gold Puritan Rose Diamond ring—Tiffany setting—for selling 20 five-cent packages Garfield Pure Pepsin Gum among friends Catalog 200 other premiums free. Send us your name We send gum at once Garfield Gum Co. x Meadville, Pa.

SALES 3000 per DAY!



The Ingersoll Dollar Watch is a time piece that every boy should have. It is in fact the only one that will go uninjured through his romps and games. Absolutely guaranteed to keep accurate time for 1 year. Money back if wanted. Sent post paid in U. S. and Canada for \$1.00.

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Agree That if, without misuse, this Watch fails to keep good time FOR ONE YEAR, they will, upon its return to them, together with this Agreement and \$5 for remaining, Repair it Free of Charge.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. Makers
Dept. 39, 67 Cortland St. N. Y. CITY.

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.
Telescopes, Cameras & other premiums for selling two doz. 18 K. ROLLED GOLD COLLAR BUTTONS at 5c. Send your name and address & we forward postpaid 2 doz. buttons. When sold send us \$1.20 & get your premium. **HENRY BUTTON CO., DEPT. 127, CHICAGO.**

BOYS AND GIRLS
Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 packages of **Excelsior Bluing** at 10c. We ask no money. Send your name and address and get outfit and premium list with instructions postpaid. When you sell the Bluing send us the money and select your premium. **We Trust You.** This is an honest offer. Write for outfit today. **EXCELSIOR BLUING CO. Dept. 113 Chicago**

FREE A BICYCLE

Ladies' or Gents', to any reader of this paper who will sell our Victoria Needle Packages at 10c each; 90 assorted needles in each pkg. A necessity in every household. Send name and address, but no money. We send needles and premium list prepaid. When sold, remit money and get your premium. You can easily earn a Bicycle, Camera, or other article. Address **S. M. NEEDLE CO., Beaver Springs, Pa.**

FREE. Any one can easily earn this Beautiful Gold Plated Hunting Case, Stem Wind Watch, Chain and Charm and a handsome 50 piece Tea Set full size for families by selling our **BEAUTIFUL PINS, OUR SPECIAL OFFER:** send name and address and we will send you postpaid 8 sets (3 pins in a set.) Sell for 15c, a set, return us \$1.20 and we will send you FREE, a Beautiful Gold Plated Watch, Chain and Charm, a Gold laid Ring and our 50 piece Tea Set offer. All given away to introduce our goods quickly. We prepay freight, or express charges on Tea Sets. This newspaper will tell you that we are reliable. **GEM PIN CO. Dept. 9 26 WEST 22d ST., NEW YORK CITY.**

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS FREE
Your choice of 100 Presents including Watches, Cameras, Base Ball Outfits, Sporting and Musical Goods for an hours easy work. To introduce our imported Parisian Pearl Jeweled Pin, a perfect ornament for ladies, gentlemen, boys or girls. **WE TRUST YOU, NO MONEY NEEDED!** Send your name and address and we will send you prepaid 20 Parisian Pins, also premium list and instructions. Sell pins at 10c, each, send us the \$2.00 when sold and we will forward your choice of our elegant presents. **CHAMPION SUPPLY CO., 46 State St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 203**

AGENTS WANTED COLUMN.

10c We will send you a Dancing Skeleton for 10c American Supply Co., Moline Ill.

\$50 Month made writing at home 2 hours a day. 6c postg for particulars. Box S 916, Providence, R. I.

\$500 CASH per 1000 paid to distribute circulars enclose 4 stps. World Adv. Ass'n, Chicago

WRITERS wanted to do copying at home. ART INSTITUTE, Lima, Ohio

Sample Distributors Wanted. Good pay to good men. Enclose 2c. O. K. Pub. Co., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS New Line. Free Sample. 2 dandy catalogs. Little one with catchy pictures. Sellers! Sure thing! Enclose stamps. HUNTER CO., 543 6th St., Racine, Wis.

WE pay \$18 a week and expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound. Send stamp. Javelle Mfg. Co. Dept. 31, Parsons, Kan.

A HUNDRED WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING. Work is easy—Profits large. Address Hawkeye Supply Co. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

ANGEL'S WHISPER. Beautiful large picture—colored. Sells quickly at 25c. Sample 15c; 9 for \$1. J. LEE, Omaha Bldg., Chicago.

Agents Campaign novelties. Just out. catalogue free. Atlas Novelty Co., 235 Austin Ave. Chicago, Illinois.

AGENTS Wanting reliable fast selling goods of merit to sell, write C. A. Myers Co., Atchison, Kansas. New line and 200 per cent profit. Terms Free or two samples for 25 cents.

LADIES Send your name and address and we will send you our FREE catalogue SPECIALTY SUPPLY CO., Room L, 1143 Broadway, New York.

Make Money Easy and quick. Send only 10c for complete instructions. BOX 151, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

Vacation Work High school girls and boys everywhere to sell Art photo pins, watch charms, etc. Highest Pay. sampl. free Manufacturers, 80 N. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS GOOD PAY, Largest Line, Best Sellers. Finest Goods. All Prices, 5c to \$1. 27 Cooking Flavors, 24 Perfumes, 6 Colognes, Creams, Powders, Inhalers, Remedies, Household, Toilet Goods. Select any. Big Profit and Premiums beside. Express allowed. CREDIT GIVEN. AGENTS TERMS FREE. Herbene Laboratories, Box 62, Station L, New York.

AGENTS on SALARY or Commission: The greatest agents' seller ever produced; every user of pen & ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days; another \$52 in 2 hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X79, La Crosse, Wis.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 81, DETROIT, MICH.

YEARS. SURE PAY FOR HONEST SERVICE. STRAIGHT, BONA-FIDE GUARANTEED SALARY. \$780.00 Several trustworthy men or women wanted in each state to travel for us, to secure new and look after old business. Salary, straight guaranteed \$780.00 a year and expenses. Eight years in business require us to have a competent corps of travelers to handle our rapidly growing business. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. F, CHICAGO.

FREE Do not send us any money. But send us your name and address and we will send you 10 of our beautiful tie and stick pins of the latest pattern. Sell them among your friends at 10 cents each. They sell on sight. When sold send us the money and get this beautiful ring. We give watches ladies' guard chains, brooches, vest chains, etc. MILDRED JEWELRY CO., P. O. Box 917. Providence, R. I.

Luxurious Traveling.

The emperor of Russia is not sure whether he and the empress can attend the 1900 exhibition in Paris, but if they do they will be under their own roof. An agent of the emperor has purchased for him the oddly planned house in the Champs-Elysees which Cubat turned for some time into a restaurant. It was built by Mme. de Palva, who married a vastly rich nobleman of Silesia. The French government has decided not to provide lodgings as well as entertainment to any of the sovereigns coming to the exhibition. The plan dear to the late Felix Faure of a guests' palace thus falls to the ground.

The Imperial train in which the czar and czarina will travel if they go to Paris is wholly of Russian workmanship, having been made in the Alexander works at St. Petersburg. It consists of eleven carriages, painted blue and gold. They are connected by corridors, and provided with every luxury. The dining room, a whole carriage, is furnished with a large table in the center and small tables along the sides, the walls being paneled with red beechwood, inset with huge mirrors. The chairs are upholstered with brown Russian leather. Another carriage serves as the reception room, the walls being ornamented with stamped leather in beechwood frames. The seats are salmon-colored, with white stripes in Louis XV style. The reception room also contains five small and beautifully inlaid tables and three hanging candelabras.

The czarina's carriage is light blue, with padded walls, contains her majesty's writing table and an enormous mirror and is decorated with beautiful creeping plants, of which the czarina is particularly fond. Next to the czarina's room, and in the same carriage, is the Imperial nursery, while the whole of the adjoining carriage is also devoted to the children and their wants. Here are their low cradle-beds. A special coupe is reserved for the governesses and nurses.

The czar's apartments consist of two rooms, his study and a dressing room. The study is fitted with brown Russian leather and the study table is ornamented with fine bronzes. The next two carriages are reserved for the suite. In them travel Baron Fredericks, Gen. Pless, Princess Orbellan and the court marshal. Each coupe is lined with brown leather and contains a red beechwood chair, a writing table with bronze fittings and a wash hand table. The electric light can be switched on at will. The floor is carpeted and the double window hung with elegant curtains.

The last carriage is reserved for the railway official. Here the speed of the train is regulated. All the carriages are connected by telephone. The lighting, ventilation and heating are carefully attended to. More than three hundred lamps are supplied by the electric battery on the train. On the train being transferred from the Russian to the German railway, the gauge of which is smaller, the axles are changed. The train runs quite noiselessly, even when going at the highest speed.

Over the 'Phone.

"Are you there?"
"Yes."
"Who's your name, please?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yes; what's your name?"
"I say my name is Watt. You're Jones?"
"No, I'm Knott."
"Who are you, please?"
"Watt."
"Will you tell me your name?"
"Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is William Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon!"
"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around, Watt?"
"Certainly, Knott."
"Do you wonder they ring off in despair and disgust?"

A \$2500 Watch



in appearance. The handsomest genuine gold plated watch on the market. Double hunting case. SOLID GOLD PATTERN of engraving. Elegantly finished jeweled movement, stem wind and set and absolutely guaranteed for 5 YEARS. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination; you examine it at the express office and if represented pay express agent our special introductory price \$3.50 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want GENT'S OR LADY'S SIZE and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only. We furnish this watch with Elgin 15 JEWELED works for \$3.00 extra. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO. 352-356 Dearborn St. Chicago.



Money Maker And save! Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper, with our \$5 or \$18 printing press. Type setting easy printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper, to factory. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.



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First Cost the Only Cost. Avoid laundry bills. We manufacture Rubber Collars, Cuffs, etc., in three finishes, also in solid stripes. The only first-class goods of the kind on the market. Our agents make \$\$\$\$. Write for catalogue. It shows you how. Windsor Collar Co. 125 Dearb'n St Chicago.



Did you ever see GREAT U. S. NAVY and what is going on in it from an illustrated point of view? 52 pages. Photo Engravings of "U. S. War Ships." Sea stories etc. Battle Ship supplement. Copy, 10c. 3 Nos. 25c. Year \$1. The Navy Chronicle Illustrated, 140 Worth St., N. Y. Free Premiums to each Subscriber.

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Write and learn how you can secure a scholarship in your choice of over 300 leading colleges, conservatories and professional schools. Catalogues free. State age, what you wish to study, first and second choice of school, previous educational advantage and when you wish to enter. Sample copy magazines free. Dept. D. WESTERN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, 315 Dearborn St. Chicago.



A PRETTY GOLD BROOCH GIVEN TO INTRODUCE OUR FINE MINIATURE PHOTO JEWELRY. SEND ANY PHOTO YOU WANT COPIED AND INCLOSE TO CENTS TO HELP DEFRAY EXPENSES, PACKING AND POSTAGE. PICTURE RETURNED UNWRAPPED AND WITH CHARGE A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE PHOTO IN FINE GOLD PLATED FRAME. AGENTS WANTED. CATALOGUE FREE. WFO. A. W. ENGEL & CO., JEWELERS 122-124 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

WATCH, CHAIN & STICK PIN FREE



BOYS AND GIRLS can get this watch, chain and gold stick pin all for selling 20 packs of ROSEBUD PERFUME WONDER at 10c. each (sweetest of all perfumes, prevents moth). Or 20 packs of SMITH'S ONE MINUTE HEADACHE KURE at 10c. each. Send your name and address, NO premium list. MONEY, and we will forward either one postpaid, and large ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 96 Woodsboro, Md.

Blind Animals.

Nature is economical as well as wise. When she puts animals in dark places where they need no eyes, eyeless they are. There are blind fish and insects and spiders in Mammoth cave and in the Adelsberg cave in Carniola there is the olm, a singular reptile with queer bunches of gills, three claws to its feet and minute and useless eyes beneath the skin.

Cave-dwelling animals also lose their coloring, so we have wonderful white beetles and spiders, the last named, curiously enough, still weaving their webs. An interesting adaptation is found in the case of the blind crabs found in deep soundings. The stalks that normally carry the eyes of crabs and lobsters are in their cases modified into sensitive antennae.

Our own mole and bat are usually considered blind, but they are not. There is, it is true, a variety of mole in the south of Europe which has its eyes under its skin, but in the mole we know the eyes are minute simply to save it pain when it burrows in the earth. In like manner the elephant has tiny eyes and so avoids scratches when lumbering through the jungle. As for bats, no one who has watched them chase moths on a summer evening would accuse them of being blind, though they could probably, with their swift flight and incredible sense of touch, find the insects in absolute darkness. This sense, something unknown in ourselves, was demonstrated in striking fashion by a priest named Spallanzani, a man of scientific, if somewhat cruel, tendencies, who blinded a number of bats and set them at large in a room hung with wands. In no case did the little creatures, though slightless, disturb the obstacles that hung in their course.

In the barnacle we have a unique and wonderful case of a creature that can afford as age comes on to dispense with the eyesight that was so useful in youth. For the young and old barnacle are as different, one from the other, as fishes from seaweed. In the heyday of life the barnacle swims about the sea seeking its food with the aid of its eyes, and generally leading a roaming existence. Later in life, however, it grows tired of this aimless wandering and settles down to worry ship captains by attaching itself to the keel of their craft and defying the much-advertised powers of various preventive paints. Once there, the barnacle has become a fixture, whether on ships or sharks, its eyesight is of no more use. It cannot seek its food and it cannot shun its foes; for it never more will move. Therefore its eyes become superfluous, and, according to nature's invariable rule in such cases, disappear.

★ ★ ★
Hard to Beat.

I think The Star Monthly is a great improvement over "The Star," although it was hard to beat.—H. E. Field, O. T. N.

FREE 48 PREMIUMS!

Watches, Rings, Bracelets, Baby-Pin Sets, Shot Guns, Rifles, Base Balls, Base Ball Mitts & Masks, Silver Tea Sets, Knives, Forks, etc. Send your name and address and we will send you, charges paid, our large premium list and 1 1/2 doz. packages **BYRON BLUING**. You sell them among your friends at 10 cents each, send us the \$1.80 & we will send you our 1 1/2 doz. premium in the list (charges paid). We give a valuable book free with each package. Address **BYRON CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.**

NECKTIES—Washable Summer Bow Ties, Latest Styles, Pretty Patterns, Choice Designs, Latest Rich Shades, Better Value than sold by Department Stores for 15c. each. For a short time we will send postpaid, 2 Ladies' or Gentlemen's Ties for 12c, or 6 for 25c. A Scarf Pin set in the latest solid gold style Free with each order. I sent at once. **ERNST TIE CO., 515 E. 86th St., New York.**

FREE A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE. You can earn a first-class high-grade ladies' or gents' Bicycle and a handsome sterling silver-plated Bracelet with padlock and key for selling our Health Granules. We mean what we say and will give a reliable Bicycle absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer. To quickly introduce our Granules if you agree to sell only EIGHT bottles at 25 cents each. Write at once and we will promptly send Granules by mail. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send you a handsome Bracelet, together with our offer of a high-grade Bicycle same day we receive the money. This is a genuine offer and all who receive the Bracelet and Bicycle for selling our Granules are delighted. Give express and post-office address. **COLONIAL TRADING CO., 406 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.**

EPILEPSY OR FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS, to send for one of my large 15 ounce bottles of medicine **FREE**. **DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept 5, Kansas City, Mo.**

This Star Camera Free

We give the STAR CAMERA with complete outfit as shown above FREE to every one who sends 50 cents for one year's subscription to The Star Monthly and 10 cents to pay postage, packing, etc., making 60 cents in all.

We mean every word above. We always do as we agree. We think THE STAR MONTHLY is the best paper for young folks in the world, and intend that it shall surpass every competitor in circulation. Whenever we can get it introduced in the home, it becomes one of the family, and it continues a welcome visitor year after year. We want 10,000 new subscribers and make unusually generous offers to get subscriptions. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer as this one? We give exactly what we say. We are an established, responsible concern that is making rapid progress in the publishing world by always treating our subscribers fairly. We look upon our subscribers as our friends.



Description of Camera The Star Camera is made for us exclusively. It takes a picture 2x2 inches. It uses regular glass plates—not films. Many cameras are sold separately and the purchaser has to buy the outfit afterwards. We give the complete outfit with every camera as shown above. The outfit consists:

1 Star Camera	1 Developing Tray	1 Toning Tray
1 Box Dry Plates	1 Package Developer	1 Package Fixing Powder
1 Package Hypo	1 Package Silver Paper	1 Package Ruby Paper
1 Printing Back	1 Set of Directions	

The camera and outfit are all securely packed in pasteboard box. The Star Camera will afford lots of fun in taking, developing and printing photographs. The Star Camera is the best bargain you ever saw. Any bright boy or girl can make a picture 2x2 inches. Full and explicit directions are sent with every outfit.

Old Subscribers can renew their subscription by this offer. If you are already a subscriber, state the fact and your new subscription will commence from date your present subscription expires.

New Subscribers will get THE STAR for one year from the date you send in your subscription.

This Offer is so liberal that we expect it to bring in thousands of subscribers in the next few weeks. Simply send us 60 cents, postoffice order or express order. If it is inconvenient to obtain these you may send stamps. The 60 cents covers all expense for a year's subscription to THE STAR MONTHLY and the postage, packing, etc., on the camera. The camera is FREE. Don't delay. **THE TIME TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IS NOW HERE.** Address

THE STAR MONTHLY - Star Block - OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

"STAR" FOUNTAIN PEN FREE!

We give the Star Fountain Pen with complete outfit FREE to everyone who sends 50 cents for one year's subscription to The Star Monthly, and 10 cents to pay packing, etc., making 60 cents in all.



This pen is a genuine hard rubber fountain pen, complete with filler, etc. Low priced penholders are usually fitted with brass pens, which are of little use, for the ink corrodes them at once. This has a gold plated pen, which will not corrode, and it will be found perfectly satisfactory. The feed is so constructed that it yields a steady and equal flow of ink, and will not skip or blot. It does not leak and will always write. The reservoir holds enough ink for five thousand words with one filling. Hard rubber fountain pens usually sell anywhere from \$1.50 to \$5.00 each. Of course they contain gold pens but with proper care a gold plated pen is equally as good.

Old subscribers may renew their subscription by this offer. If you are already a subscriber state the fact, and your subscription will commence from the date your present subscription expires.

New subscribers will get THE STAR MONTHLY for one year from the date you send in your subscription. This offer is so liberal that we expect it to bring in thousands of subscribers in the next few weeks. Simply send us 60 cents, postoffice order or express order. If it is inconvenient to obtain these you may send stamps. The 60 cents covers all expense for a year's subscription to THE STAR MONTHLY and the postage, packing, etc., on the pen. The pen is FREE. Don't delay. Address,

THE STAR MONTHLY, STAR BLOCK, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

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The Star Monthly is the official organ of the C. M. A. It contains clean stories, biographies and anecdotes of great men, healthy humor, departments interesting to boydom, and interesting miscellany. It is good without being dry and uninteresting. It is a boys' paper, and as such is by far the leading monthly published. Harper's Round Table subscription list was absorbed by the Star Monthly in 1899 and added to its already large circulation, until now no less than 100,000 copies are issued each month. The Star Monthly keeps members informed and prints news and items each month about the order.

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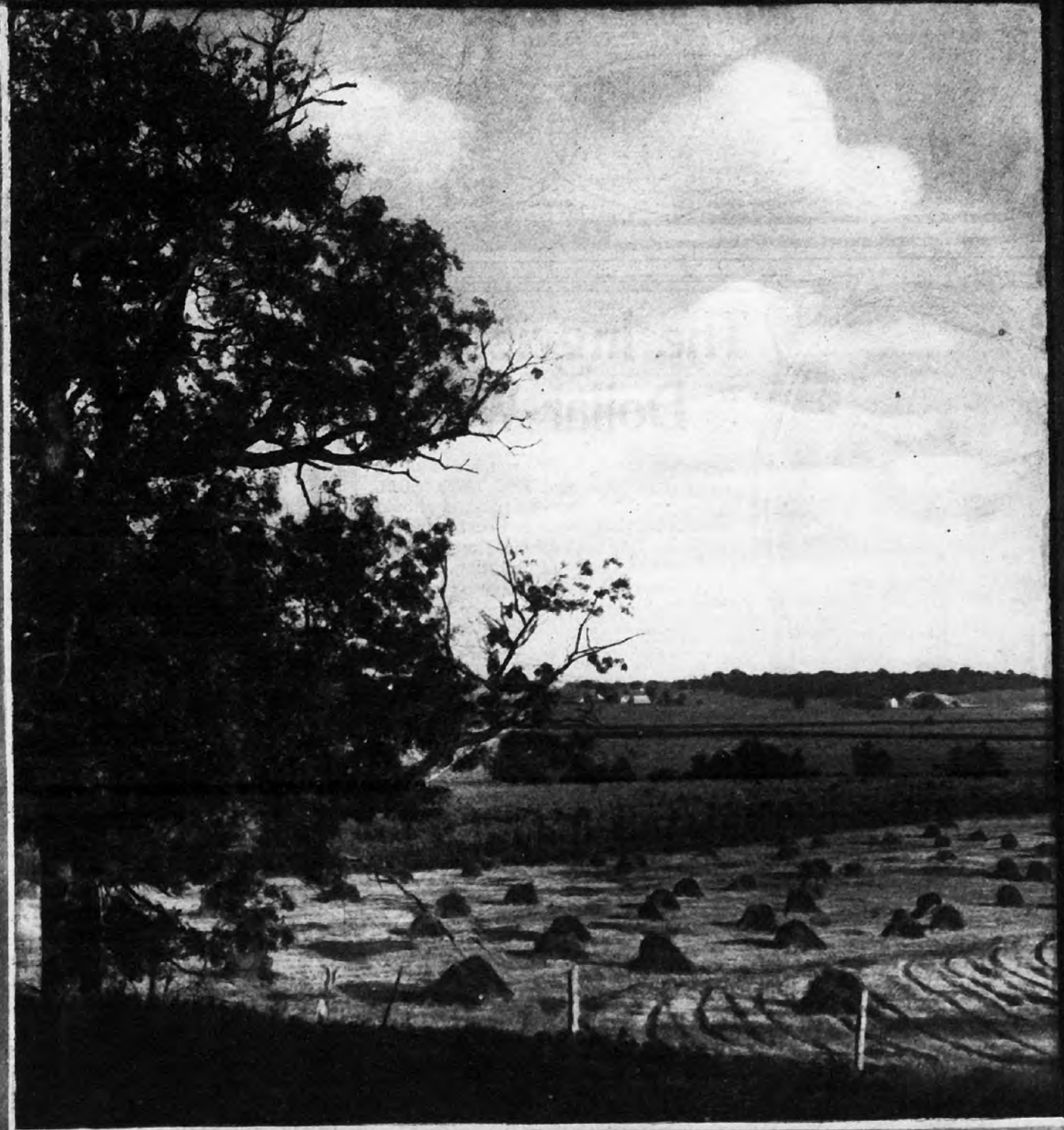
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The STAR MONTHLY

VOL. 9 NO. 3 OAK PARK ILLS. OCTOBER 1902



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The STAR

★ MONTHLY ★

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No. 3.

The Curtain Island Mystery

A Canadian Boating Adventure

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

ONE evening in mid September Ellis Abbey came down to ask me if I would go cranberrying on Lennox Island with him the next day. I needed no coaxing for a berrying expedition to Lennox was always good fun.

"We'll sail over early in the morning, take a basket of grub, and make a day of it," said Ellis. "Mother has been at me for a week to get her some cranberries. And as Thanksgiving will be here in two months and we must have some jelly for our gobbler I think it well to prepare for the future in due time."

Lennox Island was one of several in Ascot Bay. They were all uninhabited and most of them were thickly wooded. Among the latter was Curtain Island, which was covered with pine and beech, except at its northeast corner, where there was a small cranberry bog. It was never visited on this account, however, as the berries were small and of poor quality.

"What's that?" said father, who now came out on the porch. "Going cranberrying? Well, take care old Oliver's ghost doesn't catch you."

We all laughed at this. Just then old Oliver's ghost was a standing joke along shore.

Oliver Snyder, a weatherbeaten old fisherman at the harbor, had taken to insisting that Curtain's was "haunted." Several nights, when he had been out late in his boat, he had seen a mysterious light flitting over the cranberry bog or gleaming fitfully among the pines. Nobody else had ever seen the light, not even the men who were in the boat with him, but this only the more firmly convinced old Oliver that it was supernatural. A real light would have been seen by everybody. That he alone was able to see it argued it not of earth. Old Oliver took it for a "sign" and brooded over it. He believed that it portended his early death and neither argument or ridicule could shake his conviction.

"We're not going to Curtain's," said Ellis, "and nobody has been seeing lights on Lennox."

"Heard anything further about the Richmond burglaries?" asked father, turning to go in.

"Well, I heard to-day that Sheriff Pearson has offered a reward of two hundred dollars for information which will lead to their discovery and capture," responded Ellis. "He is at his wit's end. You heard about their breaking into Dan Burrell's store last week and carrying off a lot of plunder? Since then they've robbed Abraham Gowan's smoke-house of several hams. It is a mystery how they can cover up their tracks so completely. They must have a rendezvous and loot depot somewhere. In Richmond most folks seem to believe that they have their headquarters inland, somewhere around Canthope, and it seems most likely."

Ascot Bay was crescent-shaped. Albury Plains, where we lived, was on the eastern horn. Directly across the bay from us on the other horn was Richmond, a thriving fishing, farming and dairying village. For three months, more or less, Richmond had been terrorized by mysterious burglaries. Stores, warehouses, cheese factories and farmhouses had been broken into impartially and all kinds of booty carried off. This done, looters and loot seemed to vanish as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

After father had gone in Ellis said: "Are you going to Conley Academy, Kent?"

I shook my head. "Can't; times too hard," I said, laconically.

Ellis nodded. "My case exactly. Well, can't be helped, I suppose. So long. I'll meet you at the Point in good time, wind and weather permitting."

After Ellis had gone home I sat on the

porch until moonrise thinking rather dejectedly over the matter referred to in his question. We both wanted to go to Conley Academy. We had passed the matriculation examination in June very creditably. But, much to our disappointment, there seemed to be no chance for further progress along that line.

The morning was fair and clear, with a good sailing wind. I met Ellis at the point where we hired Jim Snyder's boat. Old Oliver, his father, looked at us gloomily.

"Steer clear of Curtain's," he said, warningly. "There's nothing the matter with Lennox as I knows on—but Curtain's—" old Oliver paused and shook his head as if to indicate his belief that all the powers of darkness had taken up their abode on Curtain's.

Ellis and I with a smothered laugh embarked and sailed away. Our trip over was pleasant and uneventful. We anchored in a small cove on the west of Lennox, waded ashore with baskets and buckets and set to work.

Lennox was rather peculiar in shape—more like a soup plate than anything else to which I can compare it. The rim was high and rocky, with a thick girdle of pines around it. The depressed centre was the cranberry bog. Here a perpetual calm reigned, blow what winds there might. Consequently Ellis and I did not realize

"steer clear of Curtains"



that the wind kept increasing or that it had veered round northeast, and we got an unpleasant surprise when, about four o'clock, we went down to the shore. It was blowing a hurricane out behind the islands.

"Got to stay here all night," commented Ellis, briefly.

"If we were on Curtain's I would not mind," I said. "It's high and dry and there is better shelter."

"We can get there," said Ellis, promptly. "It's only a mile over and comparatively calm."

Accordingly we sailed across, sheltered from the gale by Bird Island, which lay between Curtain and Lennox to our right. We anchored in a cove on the east of Curtain's and soon found ourselves on shore.

We took refuge in a small tumbledown hut which had been formerly used by oyster fishermen but was now almost in ruins. We did not expect to be very comfortable for we were tired, wet and hungry, but we made the best we could of our circumstances.

"Wish we had some matches," I shivered. "A fire would fit in very well just now."

"I wonder if any of old Oliver's spooks will be around to-night?" said Ellis, jokingly.

He had scarcely spoken when he started, excitedly. "By jove, Kent, there's a light, sure enough."

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"It's gone now. But I'll swear I saw it not a moment ago on the edge of the cranberry bog."

"Will-o-the-wisp," I said, carelessly. But I will own that I thought of old Oliver, and a disagreeable crawly sensation traveled up my spine.

"Didn't look like that. More like—there it is again!"

"There's some one on the island besides ourselves," said Ellis. "Come on, Kent. I don't believe in spooks or ghosts or 'haunts' and I'm going to see who or what it is."

We at once ran down the avenue of hoary old pines and skirted the curve of the bog. At intervals the light glimmered out before us. Presently, as we rounded the scrub pines, we saw about ten yards away three men, distinctly visible by the light of a small lantern which one of them carried.

I was about to hail them when Ellis, as if guessing my intention, laid his hand on my arm.

"Easy, Kent; somehow I don't like their looks. Let's follow in silence."

Accordingly we dropped somewhat further behind. The men walked swiftly and appeared to be heading for the very heart of the island. They were muffled up in long coats and low pulled hats and, as Ellis said, they did look rather queer. There was nothing familiar about them. They could not be any of the harbor fishermen, as I had at first thought.

On and on they went, never pausing to look behind. We were evidently striking right across the island and the men seemed to know the way well, although to me there seemed no trace of track or path. I reflected that if the light were to go out Ellis and I would be in a somewhat unpleasant predicament—in the heart of Curtain woods on a pitchy dark night.

In about three-quarters of an hour we had crossed the island and heard the surf thundering on the reef that stretched out from it in the direction of Richmond. Suddenly the men halted before the largest of five deserted oystermen's huts that were snugly hidden among the sheltering pines, extinguished their lantern and entered. A minute later a pale light gleamed from the one small square window.

Ellis and I, breathless from our tramp—for our mysterious quarry had travelled speedily—looked at each other in the gloom.

"Who and what are they?" I said.

"I don't know," said Ellis, "but I feel sure they are here for no good purpose. They are not fishermen who have taken refuge here from the storm and there's never any oystering in the bay now. I'm going up to look in at that window."

We cautiously stole up as near the hut as prudent and, standing on a small hillock about four feet away, we saw distinctly the interior of the room where the men were sitting. Two of them had their backs to us. The face of the third was plain in view and I started.

"That's Cy Golding from over Canthop way, Ellis," I muttered. "Great Caesar! Can these be the Richmond burglars?"

"I've been suspecting that ever since we saw them," said Ellis. "But we must have more proof than this. Careful now—this is risky, Kent. If they catch us I'm afraid we will disappear as mysteriously as Farmer Gowan's hams. Let's steal up and listen under the window—one of the panes is out. And if you hear a sound to indicate suspicion on their part bolt for the woods at once. Now!"

Tingling with excitement we crept up and crouched down under the window. The low voices of the men were quite audible. It did not take long to assure us that this was the gang of burglars who had terrorized Richmond. They were plotting another raid on Con Wherrison's store at

Richmond Centre the following night.

Presently Ellis pulled me away and we stealthily retraced our steps to a safe distance and then scrambled down the bank to the shore around which we followed until we regained our hut. You may be sure we did not sleep much that night. Apart from our excitement we had a disagreeable fear that some prowling burglar might become aware of our proximity and make matters unpleasant for us.

The wind went down during the night and as soon as the first pale dawnlight was whitening over the faraway purple shores of the bay we got on board our boat and sailed away from Curtain Island with a feeling of relief.

Arriving home we took father into our confidence and then hitched up old Bess to the buckboard and started for Conley, there to interview the county sheriff. That night a well-armed posse went to Wherrison's store and captured the gang red-handed. Later on a good deal of the plunder was found stored in the huts on Curtain Island, except perishable articles, which they had contrived to dispose of.

Ellis and I obtained the offered reward and it meant Conley academy for us both. As for old Oliver, it was a great triumph to him that he really had seen lights and a great relief that they were not "haunts" and consequently did not forbode his approaching dissolution.

\$150.00 REWARD

A New England Bear Story

By M. I. BOYNTON



LIFE in general did not look very bright to Tom Tracy as he splashed through the yard from the barn to the house, with the heavy milk pail on one arm, the lantern on the other. And how it did rain! Where all had been snow in the morning, was now mud and water, with an occasional patch of dirty snow in some obscure corner. Tom opened the door and went in, setting the pail down with a sigh of relief. "Old Brindle outdid herself to-night," he said to his mother, who was at the stove frying griddle cakes for supper. "Don't it just rain, though?" he added, shaking himself out of his coat like a huge dog, "and it's growing warmer every minute. Won't the sap run, though?"

His mother lifted a flushed and troubled face from her task. "And for once," she said, "I wish it wouldn't run! Not so early, anyway." Tom did not answer, he was hanging his lantern away. His mother spoke again. "When you get that done, I guess you'll have to get the small tub and set it under that leak by the door. That's the biggest one of all, and the basin fills up in no time," she said. Tom went to the cellar and brought up the tub, substituting it in place of the basin, into which a steady and irritating "drip, drip, drip" commenced from the leak in the roof. Like many old-time New Hampshire and Vermont houses, the Tracy kitchen was in a "lean-to" ell, and the roof, long in need of repairs, was not proof against the down-pour. Already basins were set under three leaky spots, and a fourth threatened attention.

"I did hope we'd have the house shingled before another heavy rain," Mrs. Tracy said, as she spread the butter on the last griddle cake, "but I guess there'll be more'n one rain before we do any shingling, with your father laid up for no knowing how long, and sugaring coming on

early, and all." Tom surveyed the basins and tub gloomily. "We'll eat in the sitting-room to-night," Mrs. Tracy said, leading the way with the griddle-cakes in one hand, the steaming tea-pot in the other. "Its damp out here, and then its pleasanter for your father. With rheumaties its a mercy the sitting-room don't leak too!"

The rooms were plain but home-like, and on the chintz-covered sofa lay Tom's father, whose enemy, the rheumatism, had laid him low at a most inconvenient time. "Did old Brindle give you any trouble to-night?" he asked, as his wife arranged his supper on a chair by his side.

"No sir," Tom answered, taking his first help of griddle-cakes, "she is good as a kitten."

"It isn't every fifteen-year-old boy could handle Brindle and get the milk Tom does," Mrs. Tracy said with a proud look at her son and she never suspected from his impenetrable face, how warm his heart grew at the words. "Billy was here. His father hadn't heard you was sick, and sent him to ask if you'd join in the bear hunt to-morrow."

"You don't mean to tell me there's a bear 'round here?" his mother cried. "Why! Its six, eight years, and it Martin, since there's been a bear in these parts?" Mr. Tracy looked excited himself. "A bear, eh? I heard something about it last time I was to the village two weeks ago, but I didn't pay much attention. You hear 'bear' every little while, and it's always just moonshine, and I reckon you'll find this one is too." "Oh! father! but it isn't!" Tom cried, with all the enthusiasm of a fifteen-year-old boy in the subject. "Mr. Bailey lost a calf, and Squire Billings has lost six sheep. And father, Mr. Smith saw it, two days ago when he was coming down Sugar Top. But he didn't have his gun, so he just kept quiet till it went away!" "Shoo! now," Mr. Tracy ejaculated. "Smith ain't given to seeing things

that ain't. I reckon there must be something in this." "You sure you fastened the barn door tight?" Mrs. Tracy asked nervously. "If it should get at our critter!"

"And they've offered a reward for him," Tom went on breathlessly, "the town's offered fifty dollars, and Squire Billings has offered a hundred more, and Bill says the Squires' nephew, from New York is here, and he says he'll give fifty more for the carcass. He is a tack—no tax—something. He stuffs skins and fiddings" which not very lucid explanation seemed to satisfy his parents. "Bill says his father says the sugar camps won't be safe if a bear is 'round, and to-morrow my men and boys are going out to hunt him."

"A hundred and fifty dollars!" Mr. Tracy ejaculated, "only for my blamed rheumatism I'd try my luck. I've shot more'n one bear, and Smith is right, sugarin' won't amount to much with a bear prowling 'round." In his excitement he raised himself on one elbow, then fell back with a cry of pain.

Tom cast a furtive look at his mother, who was looking anxiously at her husband.

"Why couldn't I go, father?" he asked. He kept his eyes fixed on his plate, not daring to look to see how his request was received. "You! Why Tommy! I shouldn't know a minutes peace. Don't you think of it for a minute," his mother cried. Mr. Tracy was silent. This silence gave Tom courage to look up. "Couldn't I go?" he asked, trying not to show how excited he was. "Boys younger than me are going, and I know how to use the old gun in the attic. I don't expect I'd do much, but—oh! father, mayn't I go?"

His mother remonstrated, and not seeing the proper discouragement in her husband's face, said: "Now father, you wouldn't think of letting him go?"

Tom sent his mother an appealing glance. Mr. Tracy did not speak. Perhaps he remembered his own boyhood too well to wish to disappoint his son. When he did speak, Tom could scarce believe his senses, for the desired permission was given; and after listening to further admonitions from his mother, and some sensible advice from his father, he rushed away to the attic for the gun. The gun was brought down, polished and repolished, oiled and reoiled, and stealthily aimed at the tub set under the leak in the roof, for all objects now looked to Tom like possible bears. And all the while these words were running through his mind: "One hundred and fifty dollars reward!"

What a fortune it was! Tom's mind was active and he rapidly calculated just how and where that money should be spent if it fell into his hands. Before he went up to bed he opened the kitchen door and looked out. The wind blew caressingly in his face. The water dripped from the eaves and lilac bushes, but the rain had ceased, and the clouds were scurrying across the sky, an occasional star shining out from their ragged edges.

"It will be a fine day to-morrow," Tom said to himself, and went up to bed.

Tom's prediction came true. The next day certainly was fine, though cooler than the night before had promised. Long before daylight Tom was up and doing his chores. He was too excited to eat, and after listening to further admonitions and warnings from both father and mother, tucked the substantial dinner his mother had provided him, away in the old knapsack he wore slung over his shoulder, shouldered his gun, and tramped across the fields and pastures, down the wood-path to the village. Already quite a party had assembled, and every minute swelled the number. There was much excited talk, barking of dogs, and clanking of guns, and through it all Tom was every minute conscious of that flaring poster on

the store door, with its "\$150 Reward!" in two-inch letters at the top.

They were off at last, across the fields to the woods beyond. In less than an hour they found bear tracks, only to lose them again, and so it went through the day, unmistakable evidence of Bruin's existence, but no Bruin to be seen. At night they returned, tired and hungry, but not discouraged, to commence the search again, bright and early the next morning, being met at the store with the information that Squire Billings' flock of sheep had been visited again during the night. So for several days the hunting party scoured the country, but with no better success than at first. No more was heard of Bruin's midnight maraudings, and their courage and interest commenced to wane. Besides, several warm days started the sap to running, and the attention of the people was turned in another direction. Much to Mr. Tracy's relief of mind, he found himself able to be driven up to the sugar camp, where he sat in the team, carefully wrapped in blankets, and superintended Tom and his wife while they bored the trees and set the palls, and finally, when the sap was ready to boil, a neighbor volunteered to help Tom an hour or two at a time, which was fortunate, as just at this time the weather turned raw and chilly, and Mr. Tracy was obliged to discontinue his visits to the camp. They managed to confine their work to the daytime, until the very last, when it was necessary to boil all night. Mrs. Tracy stayed with Tom much during the day, and the neighbor who assisted them, was to remain with him through the night. Just before dusk, however, a small boy hurried into camp with the intelligence that the man was wanted at once, at home, where he had a sick son and he went away with the boy, promising to return if he could, or else send

some one in his place. At first Tom did not mind the solitude. The night grew inky dark, and chilly, but the fires over which the syrup boiled sent out a cheerful light, and grateful warmth. He busied himself about the syrup, one kettle of which persisted in boiling over, until finally he dipped a few quarts out into a small tub. Then he ate his supper. He had no watch, and could calculate the time only by the way the syrup boiled down. Once he thought he heard the nine o'clock bell at the village. One kettle needed emptying and refilling, the fires attending to, still nobody came, and the minutes dragged heavily. He could hear all sorts of noises in the silence. Twice he felt certain he heard footsteps, only to be disappointed. What after all if no one came! Tom was no coward, but the prospect of a whole night alone in a lonely sugar camp was not pleasant. So the seconds became minutes, and the minutes hours, and he was forced to the conclusion that he was in for a night alone.

There was a small building used for storage purposes, and when all was attended to Tom went inside and sat down, facing the fire, but he was so sleepy from his day's work in the open air, he was afraid of falling asleep, and that would never do. He got up, shook himself and walked around the fires once more, inspecting the contents of the kettles, but all was in shape. It would be an hour surely before they required further attention. He went back to the shed and from one corner brought the old gun. He had brought it up from the house only that morning, as he had seen a rabbit or two the day before, and thought it possible he might bag one. He sat down again, one shoulder leaning against the door jamb, the gun across his knees, and fell asleep.

(Continued on page 7)



"Tom's breath seemed to stop"

THE BOY COMMANDER

No. 10 in Series "Deeds of Daring"

By JOHN DE MORGAN



P

ERHAPS no ship ever had a more adventurous cruise than the Essex frigate, in the war of 1812.

On the 24th of February, 1813, the Essex rounded Cape Horn and entered the Pacific, the solitary defender in that ocean of the United States flag.

"We had the most mighty ocean for our field, and the greatest naval and commercial nation as our foe," said Captain Porter to his officers. "It is now the 24th of May, just three months since we rounded Cape Horn, and turned the prow of the Essex northward, and what has been the result? Instead of one frigate we have now a fleet. There is the Georgiana, with sixteen guns and forty-two men; the Atlantic, six guns and twelve men; Greenwich, ten guns and fourteen men; Montezuma, two guns and ten men; Polley, ten men and one gun."

"Our prizes must be worth at least a million dollars, and the prize money to be divided must be very considerable, if we are able to sell our captures."

"I have commissioned the Georgiana as a war vessel and I propose to sail to Tumez where I can fit up the Atlantic and perhaps sell some of our prizes and release our prisoners."

The fleet sailed towards Tumez capturing more of the enemy's ships, and men.

A new difficulty arose, so many prizes hampered the usefulness of the cruise and prevented active work against the enemy. At Tumez it was impossible to sell the vessels and so the Captain had to divide his fleet. The Essex, junior, by which name the Atlantic was then known, was to take some of the prizes to Valparaiso and there sell them, afterwards to meet the Essex at the Marquesas Islands.

Captain Porter was short of officers, and scarcely knew what to do. It was absolutely necessary that there should be an American in command of each prize or else the crew would again hoist the British flag.

"Send David Farragut to me," Captain Porter ordered.

The boy, he was only twelve years old, entered the Captain's cabin, wondering if he was to be censured for anything.

"David, my son, I am going to test you."

"In what way, sir?"

"Are you ready to do what I want?"

"Anything you order, Captain, I shall carry out or perish in the attempt."

"I knew it. What do you think of the Barelay?"

"She is a fine sailer, sir, and a strongly built craft."

"So I think. What do you think of her captain?"

"I would not trust him," replied the boy.

"He is a cantankerous old curmudgeon, and I wouldn't trust him, ordinarily, out of sight, but he is going to take the Barelay to Valparaiso."

"You don't mean that you are going to give up that prize?"

"No, David. I am short handed, I must get rid of the Barelay, the Captain will navigate her, I can only spare a few seamen."

"But will he?"

"You must make him."

"Yes."

"Yes, I place you in command, here is your authority"—Captain Porter handed a document to Farragut, which he found named David Glascoe Farragut, commander of the Barelay, and gave him full power to sell the craft in the name of the United States.

"Do you mean this?" he asked.

"Yes, every word. Keep a stiff upper lip, and make that old curmudgeon obey you."

In an hour orders were sent to the Barelay that Farragut was in command.

For a time everything went well. Young Farragut was modest, and even the captain obeyed the orders given though he sneered at being commanded by a boy of twelve.

When the Barelay separated from the squadron to follow the Essex Junior to Valparaiso, Farragut thought he had discovered something wrong. The Barelay was lying still, that alone was suspicious.

"Captain do you not know that we are bound for Valparaiso?" he asked.

"Bound for where? Valparaiso, not by a long shot. I'm going to take the Barelay to New Zealand, my smart boy."

"You will take her where I order."

"I'll do no such thing. I'm too old to

be ordered about by a nutshell, and that's what you are."

"Fill the topsail right away."

"I'll shoot any man who dares to touch a rope without my order shouted the captain."

"I am in command here and I will be obeyed."

"You young lubber I'll have you in irons before you're a day older, bless me if I don't."

The old English captain went below for his pistols.

"Jack," shouted Farragut to one of his American seamen.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Go below and tell the Captain that if he comes on deck without my permission, I will have him thrown overboard."

"All right, sir, an' shiver my timbers if I wouldn't like to be the man to do it."

Turning to the mate, also an Englishman, Farragut said:

"I want the topsail filled."

"Look here young shaver, the captain is a very devil and he'll make hash of me if I order such a thing."

"I am in command here, and I will shoot the first man who dares to thwart me."

The mate laughed, his sides shook with mirth, he stared into the face of the Boy Commander and laughed heartily. Then he said:

"I'll be blowed if I take any orders from a boy," and he snapped his fingers in the young commander's face.

Farragut called his right-hand man, who responded readily.

"I want the topsail filled."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"the captain tried to come on deck"



"And if anyone attempts to interfere with you, shoot him."

"With pleasure, sir." The man pulled his forelock and continued: "Wouldn't it be a pity to waste a good bullet on such carrion? I'd rather, beggin' your pardon, knock him on the head with a marlin spike."

"If you prefer."

The topsail was filled and the Barclay seemed to fly over the water, the crew obeyed every order given by the Bay Commander.

The Captain tried to come on deck but Farragut met him and placing a pistol at his head ordered him below. The next day the mate was sent to keep him company.

No further attempt was made to frustrate Farragut's orders and he took his prize into Valparaiso with flying colors.

Well may the United States be proud of the memory of Admiral Farragut, who at twelve years of age accomplished such a difficult task. ★ ★ ★

\$150.00 REWARD

(Continued from page 5)

Suddenly Tom gave a start and sat erect, listening eagerly. He knew he had "lost himself," but it could not have been long, for the fire was in good condition. He heard steps! After all some one was coming. It must be confessed the thought was a comforting one to him. But how slow they were. "Step, step, step," then silence, then again that ponderous "steep, step, step." Tom mentally ran over the list of his acquaintances, and wondered whom it could be. Once he started to call out, but did not, for as the steps came nearer, a vague feeling of alarm came over him. Surely no person walked like that. What could it be? He got up and cautiously crept farther back in the shed, keeping the gun in his hands, and his eyes fixed in the direction whence the strange sounds came, and then—! Tom's breath seemed to stop. His heart was in his throat and suffocating him, his ears buzzed until he felt dizzy. Out from the bushes across from the shed, with slow, ponderous step, stopping occasionally to sniff the air, and with a swinging of head from side to side, walked a huge black bear. Bruin walked hesitatingly up to the fire, casting a suspicious look about from his wicked little eyes, then, growing more bold he commenced an investigation of the pans and pails, sweet, but empty, every one, until he came to the tub Tom had dipped the half boiled syrup into. Bruin stuck one huge paw in, and withdrew it, looked at its dripping sweetness for a minute, then lapped it off. This done he sat upon his haunches, dipping first one paw, then the other in the tub, uttering deep grunts of satisfaction as he did so. While Tom could but laugh silently at the creatures antics, he realized that his position grew more desperate every minute. Buckets and pans, empty but sweet, were strewn about from the fire to the shed. When Bruin had emptied the contents of the tub, he would surely follow up this trail to the shed. Would it be possible to steal out and away without attracting the bears' attention, and leave the contents of the camp to his mercy? This must be the bear the reward was offered for. If he could kill it, not only a part, but the whole of the money would be his. But if he did not kill him! Tom thought of his father and mother asleep at home, never dreaming of his danger. He would have willingly given up any possibility of the reward, to be there too.

Bruin was seraping the tub. He would soon be investigating elsewhere. Tom raised the gun and aimed. There was a flash, and deafening roar; he seemed to be sailing into space, then—

The next thing Tom knew he was lying on the shed floor. He raised himself on one elbow, and found every muscle stiff, and every inch of flesh sore, but otherwise unhurt. At first he wondered how he came there, then in a flash it came back to him. He got up cautiously and looked out. Just outside the door lay the old gun; the fire had died down to a mass of glowing coals, but there was sufficient light to enable him to see the huge black object lying beside the tub where the bear had been eating syrup. Just what had happened to the old gun, Tom did not know. Was it possible it had played such a trick on him, and killed the bear too? He watched the black object, but it gave no sign of life. Taking up a billet of wood he crept out cautiously, nearer and nearer the huge

creature. Still no sign of life. Finally he was beside it. The creature's head lay in a pool of blood, and from the glazed eyes, Tom knew he had nothing to fear.

It was a proud and happy moment, in the life of Tom Tracy, when, at a public meeting in the town hall, Squire Billings called him to the platform and delivered the reward into his hands. Words were spoken that might have turned a less sensible head than Tom's, but his greatest pleasure in them was the expression they brought to his mother's face, that looked five years younger, but the crowning joy was when, with the added fifty dollars the squire's nephew had paid for the bear's carcass, he carried the money to his father, and knew that by his efforts alone, the family burdens had for a time at least, been lifted.

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Tom and the Squatter's Son

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Written For the Star Monthly

BY OPIE READ



THIS story was begun in the September issue of The Star Monthly. Tom Smith, the hero, while making his way on foot to Blue Jay, a new town in Oklahoma, then just opened for settlement, stops for the night at a squatter's cabin, having established his right to food, lodging and friendship, by wrestling with the squatter and his stalwart son, and coming off victorious in both friendly contests. In the morning he gets a lift from Dr. Smith, who, while "a man of few words," nevertheless manages to extract considerable information from the stalwart young stranger, who has left the friendly squatters with the assurance from "Fletch," the son, that he "may see him again."

Chapter III

The Doctor continued to talk, asking questions or firing off his opinions of the world, and Tom was not slow to express himself, but as they neared the hill-top which was to give him the first view of the town, he fell into silence. And when they had reached the summit of the hill, when the tin-covered dome of the court house flashed its light into his eyes, the young fellow stood up and exclaimed: "So, that at last is the place."

"Sit down. There's no mistake as to the name of the town—can't say that I would have selected it, but it was named by a gang of adventurous fellows that had no ear for music. What do you mean by saying at last it is the place? Do you expect to meet any friends there?"

"No, sir; I'm not acquainted with any one in the town."

"But your words carry a note of mystery. Being a short-spoken man I don't like mystery. Tell me out and out why you are coming here?"

"I have heard that it is the place for me—that I may do well there."

"All right, no mystery in that. I'll help you all I can—will introduce you to Barton, but you mustn't beat about the bush. Speak out."

"I don't think you'll have any cause to complain, sir."

"That's the way to talk. And, by the way, you might go into my office and study medicine."

"Don't think I should like that very well. Is there a newspaper in the town?"

"Yes, sir, one of the very worst you ever saw, the Blue Jay Gazette."

"I used to send dispatches to the Chicago papers and I think I might do something in a printing office."

"You could write up my cases, that's a fact. The fellow that's running the Gazette now doesn't care anything at all about news—made only five inches of the fact that I was attending the bear-crushed patient and gave a foot and a half to a dog fight in a livery stable. He prints only once a week, but he doesn't give

enough news to last five minutes. I have sometimes wished he would steal a horse."

"Why?"

"I want to get rid of him. I don't think it would take much to buy him out. If we could scare him he might run away. I have heard that he committed forgery back where he came from, but out here they don't understand forgery and it ain't much of a crime—some of them look on it as a sort of accomplishment, like piano tuning or something of that sort. I'll take you around and introduce you to him. You'll like it out here. I reckon we've got the liveliest set of boys you ever saw. Up to all sorts of pranks—took a fellow out one night and hung him over on that knob, right yonder. He didn't want to be hung—said he was busy—but the boys told him they would look after his affairs. He was a playful sort of a fellow—played with fire and tried to walk off with some goods while a store was burning. I'll introduce you to them. From this hill we can see the town again."

"The place at last," the young man mused.

Blue Jay was a small town, ragged in appearance, with loose boards flapping when the wind was strong. It was constructed almost wholly of wood, with here and there a "commercial" palace of merchants more adventurous than their neighbors. There was no railway in the town, which was two miles from the river, a necessity brought about by the existence of low lands that were subject to overflow. Like all such towns faith in the future was the source of all its energy. Within a few moments any real estate dealer could explain why Blue Jay was to be one of the centers of commerce and manufacture.

The doctor drove to a drug store, and pointing to a window in the second story remarked that it looked out of his place of business. He shouted to a negro boy who came forward to take care of the horse, and telling Tom to follow him, he entered the drug store. Behind the counter stood a young fellow who addressed the physician as "Doc."

"Anything going on, Charley?"

"Nothing, Doc."

"Nobody needs me, I guess."

"Not that I have heard."

"How do these people expect me to live if they don't send for me? Mr. Brown, this is young Smith; I found him out here almost dead of swamp fever—had been given up by three doctors—but I attended him and you see what he now is."

The druggist reached forth his hand and Tom shook him, blushing to think that he was a testimonial, but as he was grateful for the "lift" which the doctor had given him over the dreary road he said nothing.

"Of course you have come to live among us," the druggist remarked, and Tom replied: "Yes, for a while at least."

"Oh, if you stay here a while you are bound to become a fixture. Look at me. I expected simply to pass through here, but

I've been here a year and am one of the oldest inhabitants."

"He'll be one of us all right," said the doctor, and then speaking to Tom he continued: "I guess you'd better go over to the hotel and get your supper and in the morning if I'm not called away I'll take you over and introduce you to the newspaper. Tell the hotel man that you are my friend and he won't ask you to pay in advance. Haven't got much baggage, have you? That bundle contain your all? Well, you ain't a very promising guest, that's a fact. But tell him you know me and he won't charge you more than two pries."

The hotel was a small affair, built of unplanned pine boards, consisting of two rooms down stairs and a number of stalls above. In the office were several boys of about Tom's age, ranging from seventeen to twenty, and when he entered they eyed him suspiciously. When he asked of the proprietor, a dried-up old fellow, if he could be accommodated with supper and a bed, a red-headed boy turned to his companions and remarked: "Bill, I don't reckon he wants to buy any of your dad's land."

"If I wanted to buy manners I wouldn't stop to examine your stock," Tom replied, and the boys laughed. "He got you that

A True Saying

"Most Men Dig Their Graves With Their Teeth"

The wrong kind of food fills more graves than any other cause. It is easy to retain good health by the use of proper food and it is pleasant too. The Rev. G. M. Lodge, of Iowa City, Iowa, made a successful experiment.

"I am 65 years of age and a preacher. Last winter I went to Kansas and had charge of two churches. A little use of Grape-Nuts food made me believe it to be a true brain and nerve builder; I wanted to experiment further with it so I used Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper for more than three months with the best results. I not only never had better health in my life but the effect on my brain was wonderful. I had become forgetful of names and persons and things, was often unable to recall even the names of old friends.

After using Grape-Nuts for two weeks forgotten names came to me and as the days and weeks passed my memory was wonderfully quickened as to names and dates, and mental ability in general. I could preach without manuscript or notes as never before and in a month or less I said to myself, 'Grape-Nuts is a brain food,' and as such I now recommend it.

It also gives health and blood, nerve and muscle. Cheerfully and earnestly I advise students, clergymen, teachers and all mental workers to use Grape-Nuts steadily and systematically if you wish to excel in mental and literary work, renew your age and feel well. It is the best nerve and brain food I have ever known."

time, Abe," one of them said, and Abe replied: "Yes, and I'll get him the first thing he knows."

Arrangements were completed with the landlord and Tom was about to go into the dining room when Abe stepped up and said:

"I want to see you a minute."

"All right, two minutes if you think it will take that long."

"If what will take that long?"

"The business you want to transact with me."

"Yes, you bet your life I'll transact business with you. What did you mean by saying that I hadn't any manners? Don't try to wriggle out of it. What did you mean?"

Tom began to laugh. "I meant exactly what I said—that if I wanted manners I wouldn't examine your stock. And I wouldn't. You are at home; I am a stranger. I came in here modestly and you began to make sport of me, and if you don't like what I said you may help yourself to something that you may like better."

"Come, no rowin' here," said the landlord. "Abe, that chap could lick you in a minute."

"Who, me?" Abe shouted, but there was a squeak in his voice. "Don't you bet your money on it for you'd lose. If he wants anything out of me he can get it, I tell you that. I'm not goin' to be run over by every feller that comes along."

"Fight fair," cried one of the boys, evidently a leader. "Here, stand back, fellows and let them go at it right."

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "I was the best boxer in my school and this chap's no match for me. If there's got to be a fight let it be somewhat equal. Select your best man and let him take this fellow's place."

"You talk pretty big," replied the leader. "And mebbly you don't know me. My name is Jim Turner."

"Well, what of that?"

The boys looked at one another. Some of them shook their heads. Was it possible that there was to be a revolution in the affairs of boydom?

"Don't fight in here," said the landlord, showing by his manner that he was keen for the combat.

"I'll fight this chap anywhere," Jim Turner declared, pulling off his coat. Tom's coat came off and the two lusty fellows stood facing each other. It was said afterward that Tom knocked him down with the first blow. Of course those among the boys who still had faith in their hero denied this, but not one among them went so far as not to acknowledge that the second blow brought him. When they had washed his face and given him his hat—when he had muttered about seeing him some other time, he passed through the crowd that had gathered about the door and went away, with one or two boys following him, but they soon came back to peep in at Tom as he sat eating his supper. Abe came into the room and approaching the table took off his slouch hat and said:

"It was all my fault. I ain't no coward, you understand, and I would have fought you and been knocked silly, but I want to say I'm sorry for what I said. A feller don't always know how soon he's goin' to be a fool. We ain't a bad lot here, Jim and the rest of us, and we'll do the right thing by you if you stay here, and I don't think you can find a better place. Hope you don't hold anything up against me."

"Not at all," Tom replied. "You boys have just reminded me of home, that's all."

"Where is he?" a voice called, and looking up Tom saw Dr. Plum coming toward him. "Ah, here you are." He shook hands as if years had passed. Inquired as to how Tom was getting along, presented the good wishes of Charley, the druggist,

and then said: "Lively town here, my son. Glad they so soon extended to you the politenesses of the season. Sometimes they are a little slow, being busy at something else, and I am pleased to know that you have made such an impression. By the way, shake hands with my Friend Wilson."

A tall, gaunt looking man came up and Tom shook hands with him. "Wilson," said the Doctor, "is the editor of the Gazette and I reckon he wants to get at the facts of the row. Give them to him just as they took place for we'll all enjoy reading about them. Be printed under the head of society items, you know."

"The affair is not worth writing," Tom replied, closely searching the editor's countenance, striving to determine, no doubt, whether or not he would be a hard man to deal with. "It was all a prank."

"Pranks make a paper mighty interesting," replied Wilson, taking out his pencil and a note-book. "The folks here have to read so much about the booming of our town and the high-shouldered prospects of the community that when a prank comes along they gobble it up and smack their mouths. Whipped Jim, I hear."

"Well, you might call it a draw."

"A draw! Well, for the honor of our town I'll do that. You see we are a proud set of people. What do you expect to engage in out here?"

"I don't know—most anything."

"Well, a feller that's willing to do most anything oughtn't to be out of work. I guess you heard so much about our place that you couldn't hardly keep away. Come around to the Gazette office to-morrow and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Thank you, I'll do so."

The editor scribbled in his note book.

shut it up with a vigorous slap, to show the quick intensity of his publication, and hastily walked out. The doctor again shook hands with Tom and withdrew, but Abe continued to linger. "What are you going to do after you eat?" he inquired.

"Go to bed. I'm tired."

"You don't look like you could get tired."

"But I am. I have walked a long distance within the past few days."

"I wanted to talk to you about a minute but I reckon in the mornin' will do. I was goin' to tell you somethin' that may help you. The fellers here put up all sorts of jokes on a stranger. They call it the initiation, and some of the jokes ain't right smooth. I'm a member of the tribe and ain't allowed to tell what the jokes are—oughtn't to have told this much. But I sorter felt that I was under some sort of obligation to you. Look out for 'em. Good night."

Tom lay up close to the roof, and in the night there came a rain, music to his dreaming senses. He was young in years but the past seemed long to him, as his mind floated back, and he was impressed with the thought that ages ago he had listened to the patter of the rain, in some country far away, almost at the dawn of time, when great animals roamed the earth and when no stone recorded the history of man. He aroused himself to shake off this impression, and now wide awake, heard something sharper than the rain, a noise at the window, as if some one were trying to raise the sash. It was so dark that he could not see. But he could act, and gliding out of bed he felt his way to a corner of the room, nearest the window, and waited. He heard the sash go up—heard some one step into the room. Then there came a flash like lightning—a dark

"This is the young man that nailed Crug"



lantern—and he saw a man moving slowly toward the bed. Surely this could not be a joke of the boys. About the room the light was poured, like water from a sluiceway, and at one moment the bed looked like a patch of flame and then a tomb of darkness. Within Tom's reach there was nothing to be employed as a weapon, except a frail barrel which he found with feeling about. It was empty, with but one head. He grasped it, and held it in front of him, knowing that the light in its constant shifting would soon fall upon him. And it came full in his face, when he had lowered the barrel to look, and then there was complete darkness—the light was shut off.

"What do you want?" the young man asked.

The floor creaked and there was no other sound.

"What do you want here?"

"If you move you are dead," replied a deep voice.

"As long as I can move I'm not dead, that's sure."

"You have brought your jokes with you. But that's not what I came after. I want your money."

"Is that all? Do I owe you anything?"

"You owe me all you've got. You go around buying land and I don't own enough to bury me in."

"Buying land? I think you've got into the wrong room. But you needn't worry about enough land to be buried in. The county will donate six feet for that purpose. Now if this is a joke it has gone far enough, and if it isn't—"

"Do you reckon I'd risk my life to joke? Come, when I throw the light on you if your hands ain't up, it will be all off with you."

Tom leaped to one side and the light shot past him, and he saw a gleam harder than light, of steel. He leaped forward, with his barrel held out in front of him, and he heard sounds and felt vibrations which convinced him that the robber was lashing the frail protection with a knife. The young man knew that the robber would not shoot except as a final resort, and he pressed forward, striving in the total darkness to find some sort of advantage. He thought of shouting an alarm, but the faces of the boys, grinning, gying, came up before him, and he waived that idea, striving to strike the robber with the barrel, to push him against the wall. Suddenly the barrel was struck by something heavy, and almost crumbled in his hands. The hoops fell to the floor, but seizing a stave he passed forward to the attack. There came a flash and a crash, the shot of a pistol, and the next moment he felt the splintering of the stave. With a desperate blow he had shattered it over the robber's head, and then there came a jar and all was silent. Tom grabbed about, found the lantern, drew the slide and poured the light downward, and there upon the floor, bleeding and apparently dead, lay the body of a man. At this moment there came a tramping on the stairs and the landlord with a light burst into the room.

"Why, what—"

"I guess he's done for," said Tom.

"I hope so," said the landlord, looking down at the man. "Why, it's Lem Craig."

"A joker?" Tom inquired.

"Joker? He's just got back here from prison. He's a bad citizen. Wait a minute, he's comin' too all right. Why, when I went to bed he was drinkin' in the bar room, and if he had been strictly sober he'd got you shure. Come, get up here, now. Looks like you used a hand saw instead of a barrel stave. Here's his pistol—see stuck on a half cock and wouldn't shoot again. That was lucky for you. See if you can get up, brother Craig. It's made your legs sorter limber. I'll take his

knife. Let's see if we can ease him down stairs. Come on, brother."

Craig, still dazed and bleeding, was taken below, and the town marshal was summoned. "Good," he said, as he came into the office. "He never ought to have been turned out of the pen. Don't believe he can walk to the jail. Here, Bill," he called to some one, "have a wagon brought here. Young feller," he added, addressing Tom, "you're all right."

"You bet he is," exclaimed the editor, bustling into the room. "He's furnished more news than all of you put together. Now tell me how it took place."

Tom told him and then remarked: "I shall not forget my engagement with you tomorrow, and now hoping that no more jokes are to be played on me, I'll go up and try it again."

Chapter IV

The town of Blue Jay was thrilled with Tom's adventure, and the next morning he found himself a hero. The Doctor came early to the hotel and introduced Tom to a number of leading citizens, never failing to add, "an old friend of mine, you know." Shortly after breakfast, and while the town was still busy with talking of the adventure, Tom called at the office of the Gazette. This great mouthpiece of a throbbing civilization was published once a week, except when the rise in the water courses prevented the arrival of the blank paper and then it came out as soon as possible, always with an editorial giving the cause of the delay and congratulating the people that such a calamity was not likely to occur again. The office was of one story constructed of plain boards, and the press was worked by hand. At the rear end of the long room sat Wilson, the editor,

busily writing, particularly when he saw Tom enter. "Here's copy!" he shouted to a boy, ripping off a sheet of paper and clapping it down upon the table. "Ah, it is the hero. Well, sir, I'm pleased to see you, but you'll have to pardon me for a time. The life of a journalist is all rush, you know. Where's that cob pipe. Ah, here it is." He filled the pipe and striking a match on the sole of his boot, applied it and began to smoke. "I have looked forward to the time when I might retire from this ceaseless strife," said he, sharpening his pencil, "but there is after all a fascination about it. A maker of history, however humble that history may be, has a place in society. Now let me see. I must write an article on the necessity of good roads. Good roads," he repeated, musing as if constructing the warp of his literary effort. "Good roads are the marks of advancing civilization. The roads of Rome were the best in the ancient day, and Rome ruled the world. Without roads Rome could have done nothing. And Blue Jay, as the prospective conqueror of all the trade of the adjacent territory, must have good roads." His pipe went out. He relighted it and again bent himself to his work, muttering and scribbling. Some one came in and the editor cried out: "Ah, Major Barton, delighted to meet you. Major, this is the young man who nailed Craig."

Tom arose and shook hands with the Major, a thick-set man with a business air. His bluish eyes were almost colorless; his face was large, but his nose was thin and sharp pointed. Upon the whole he was rather repellent and it was not until he spoke that Tom felt inclined toward him.

(To be continued)

A Kid of Kid Avenue

In Two Parts—PART TWO

By MANDA L. CROCKER

Chapter II

Mr. Hemans was standing by the high-spirited Ceil and eyeing his deliveryman quite suspiciously. "Why, what in the world has happened, Theodore; you surely haven't been in a fight?"

"No," answered Ted, trying hard to open the swollen eye, "I was hit by a snowball."

"On the avenue, of course?" questioned Mr. Hemans with a snort. "Y-es," said Ted, reluctantly, feeling somehow that a storm was coming.

"Meant to hit you, Ted, I suppose?" Mr. Hemans kept right on with his catechism.

"Ye-s, I guess so; but I really do not know," replied Ted, clambering awkwardly to the pavement, the pain in his eye blinding him. As he came crawling down from the seat he pulled the cushion a little to one side and the quick eye of his employer discovered the disreputable flask. Instantly he let go of Ceil's bridle and stepped quickly around to the side of the sleigh. Picking up the bottle, he smelled of its contents; then he said severely, "Something must be awfully wrong, Theodore, for some reason; and you will have to explain. What business have you with this kind of a companion?" He held the bottle up to the bewildered and astonished vision of his young deliveryman.

"Where did you find that?" Ted asked in a frightened tone.

"Why, under the cushion here," answered Mr. Hemans in that queer, accusing tone.

"Well, sir," said Ted, "I don't know a thing about it, and I never dreamed that such a thing was going the rounds with me."

Mr. Hemans was puzzled. He had never known the lad to deceive him in any way,

and he had watched him closely, seeing he hailed from the avenue, and because he had never known any good to come out of degenerated Allison street. Surely, here was cause for suspicion—a black eye and a whiskey bottle had been companions many times before.

But then—he bent over Teddy a moment. "You smell of something, but it don't seem to be whisky," he said, not quite convinced.

"Oh, Mr. Hemans!" wailed Ted, breaking down under the pain, the nervousness and the mystery of the hateful bottle; "do you think I could drink?"

Receiving no answer, the boy quite overcome by his employer's doubtful sentence, staggered and stumbled along in his first great grief into the store and crept behind the counter. There on an inverted candy pail he sat down to sob out his grief. The head clerk patted his bowed head as he passed by, saying in a comforting way, "Don't cry, Ted; if there's anything wrong Mr. Hemans will make it all right." But Mr. Hemans stood on the curbstone undecided. The matter must be investigated; not the matter of the snowball—such things were likely to happen any day in snowball season, especially on Kid street—but the finding of a whisky bottle under the delivery cushion of Hemans & Wheeler was something which could not be lightly looked over. They were men of clean reputation and their establishment was like unto them; and it must never get out that their employes were anything but respectable.

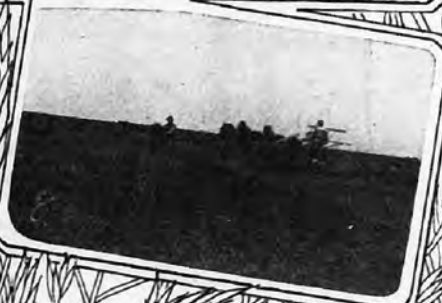
"This all came from hiring a boy from Kid avenue," Wheeler would say the first thing, and maybe it had.

Well, he (Cynes Hemans) must face the

The Harvest Home

PRIZE PHOTOS
by Our Amateurs

SEE PAGE 24 FOR PARTICULARS





*"tell your mother
you are home for a holiday"*

music and shoulder the blame, for he had hired Theodore against the better judgment of his partner. The unravelling of it all would fall to him, he knew, so he would go in and interview Ted further and—

Some one came puffing up behind him nearly out of breath and a feminine voice called out. "Where's Ted McBain, Mr. Hemans?"

The groceryman turned about quickly. "Oh, it is you, Miss Cutler, is it?" exclaimed he, much relieved to see one of "the folks" of the avenue, though Miss Lena would have scorned to have been counted in. "And so you've come to tell me about young McBain's capers down your way, have you?" And Mr. Hemans thought he had the beginning of the unravelling.

"Ted's capers!" cried Miss Cutler in blank astonishment; "the caper doesn't belong to the likes of him, sir. He isn't capable of being so mean."

For reply Mr. Hemans twirled the acensing bottle.

"Ah! I see you found it," she went on. "I almost rushed myself to death to get here before it brought trouble. I really do hope, Mr. Hemans, that you haven't accused Ted of wrongdoing?"

She looked Mr. Hemans squarely in the eye as she spoke, and he felt like he had been guilty of something, he hardly knew what; but toward Ted he felt better already.

"Come into the store," he said in apology, leading the way; "come in and tell me all about it."

"To be sure!" ejaculated Miss Cutler; "that is what I am here for," and she followed the senior partner into his private office.

And while Ted sobbed away on the inverted candy pail and Bill Jenkins danced all around the woodshed over his cute joke that "nobody saw," Miss Cutler in her plain, emphatic way gave the cute joke away as well as the joker and defended broken-hearted Ted, who could not defend himself.

"I could have taken the bottle out from under the cushion," she said, slowly, "but I thought maybe the whole generation of Jenkinsons were watching me, and they'd likely as not say that I did it to screen Ted McBain while my sister helped him to sober up. I could have told Ted about it, but he would have said, 'Oh, don't tell on Bill; it will make trouble!' So I thought I'd come to headquarters."

At the close of the interview Mr. Hemans thanked Miss Cutler warmly for her prompt action in the matter. "For," said he, "if anything should have happened the blame would all have been mine. I hired Theodore myself."

"And it was as fine a thing as you ever done, Mr. Hemans," she exclaimed; "not saying but that you're doing fine things every day; but this was such a help in time of real need, sir."

A moment later Mr. Hemans gathered a sobbing boy from off an upturned candy pail into his fatherly arms and said kindly, "Don't cry, Theodore; I am so sorry your eye pains you! And Theodore, you will forgive me for doubting you an hour ago, won't you?"

Mr. Hemans ran the sentences together in his haste to adjust matters, all the while soothing the grieved Ted. "Do you know," he went on joyously, "that Miss Cutler told me she saw Bill Jenkins slip the bot-

tle under the cushion after he had hurt you with the snowball?"

"Miss Cutler?" Ted now opened his well eye wide enough for two eyes. "Where did you see Miss Cutler?"

"She hustled right along after the delivery, I guess," smiled Mr. Hemans, "for she came up just as you went into the store. She came down on purpose to tell me all about the impudence of 'the folks,' and she has gone home with the satisfaction of having set matters right; and she has my everlasting thanks."

Then, while Ted bathed away his tears in the back office he listened to Mr. Heman's story, or rather Miss Cutler's defense of the boy who "never mixed in." He had to laugh right heartily at Mr. Heman's imitation of her astonishment when she exclaimed, "Ted's capers? The caper doesn't belong to the likes of him, sir!"

"Well, I am so thankful," and Ted's voice trembled, "that I have one good friend, at least!"

"There! there!" said Mr. Hemans; "you have another good friend as long as my heart beats. I beg a thousand pardons for being so shabby awhile ago, Theodore."

"You weren't to blame, Mr. Hemans," the boy hastened to say; "only I—thought you might have—trusted me—better."

"I am ashamed of myself," said Mr. Hemans, with warmth; "but it all came of disreputable Kid avenue. I ought to have trusted you, though; I had no reason to do otherwise."

"Well, you are freely forgiven," replied Ted, cheerfully, as he hung up the towel and finished brushing his hair.

"Then it's all settled," said Mr. Hemans, rising, and passing a list to the head clerk which he had been making out while Ted talked; "and now bundle up your unfortunate eye and I will drive you home. You must rest for to-day."

Theodore pulled his cap down over the unlucky member and went out to where he had left old Ceil. Climbing into the sleigh he waited a long time for Mr. Hemans. Finally when he did appear he had a huge market basket piled high with different sized bundles, which he put in the delivery. "It's a big order," said Ted, "if it is all going to one place."

Mr. Hemans did not answer, but smiled knowingly. Then he drove around the avenue and deposited his disabled help at the McBain cottage without seeing "the folks."

"Here you are!" he cried merrily, handing out the boy as if he were a fine lady. "Now skip in and tell your mother you are home for a holiday," and Mr. Hemans pulled the basket toward him.

Mrs. McBain met them at the door. Miss Lena Cutler had been there before them and had "vindicated" a second time.

"That Kid avenue affair will go from Dan to Bere Sheba, I reckon," said the father, moving unasily on his cot.

Mr. Hemans laughed a little. "Well, maybe it will do us all good after all," he said, placing the basket with the "big order" on the table; "I have profited by it already," and he looked across at Theodore; "And here is a present to the parents who can bring up a boy as nice as Ted is, on such a street as degenerated Allison." Then he went out quickly before anyone could thank him for his gift.

When Theodore went back to the store the next day Mr. Hemans met him with a merry "Good morning," and said, "We've concluded to take you inside, Ted, and let Jim drive the delivery. You can take the place of second clerk, and the wages are better, too. I am trying to show you that I do trust you, Theodore."

Boys are generally not supposed to cry over a good thing, but Ted hid behind the big coffee-mill and cried for five whole minutes. And the head clerk wiped his eyes and remarked about "the dust;" but Mr. Hemans went out to help Jim load up the delivery and whistled softly all the while.

And Jim drove like mad by a half-dozen customers' doors that morning in order to deliver at the Cutler residence first. He was determined to break the good news to the old ladies "ahead of the whole town," he said, and tell of Ted's promotion.

And Miss Lena clapped her hands in sheer delight as she exclaimed, "Oh, I'll never regret going down to the corner grocery to inform on Bill Jenkins, will I? I knew I was right about it or else so many Scripture texts wouldn't have come to me so pat about the likes of him."

And Miss Abbey sat down quietly in a corner and murmured, "Bless his heart; bless his little heart!"

That day Miss Lena called across the street to Bill Jenkins, who was mending his sled on the front steps, and said, "That was the best thing you ever done when you hid that pint bottle under the Hemans & Wheeler delivery cushion to persecute Theodore McBain."

Bill's first impulse was to deny doing it, but Miss Cutler's face looked so pleasant and approving that he ventured to ask "Wh-y?"

"Well, sir," and Miss Lena threw back her head proudly, "because of that and your fine snowballing and what came of it, he's got promoted instead of being turned off as you hoped."

"Ted is second clerk now at the grocery with a raise in his wages; and Jim Holbrook is deliveryman. And you'd best leave him alone, too, or you'll hear suthin' fall and look around and see yourself lying where you lit last."

With triumphant air Miss Cutler then threw the corner of her apron over her head and tripped over to congratulate the McBains, while Bill looked after her and muttered something about "them Cutlers being a tattlin' disgrace to all their decent neighbors."

I have kept a watchful eye on the Star Monthly, having all of the papers since January 1898, and have seen a constant improvement since then. I am proud to call the Star my friend and you my brothers. Shake.

Merrill E. Newton, O. T. N., Van Buren, Pa.

People who attempt to get even with each other generally remain at odds.

Please Tell Me Who Needs My Book.

I ask you for the name of a friend who needs help—that is all.

Just send me a postal to tell me the book he needs. No money is wanted.

Do that much and I will do this:

I will send him the book, and with it an order on his druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will authorize that druggist to let the sick one test it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

There was never a sick one who could refuse such an offer—and I am very glad to fulfill it. My records show that 39 out of each 40 pay for the medicine gladly. I pay just as willingly when one says that I have failed.

The reason is this: After a life's experience I have perfected the only remedy that strengthens the inside nerves. Those nerves alone operate every vital organ; and no weak organ can be well again until its nerve power is restored. I want those who need help to know it.

For his sake, please tell me some sick one who common remedies don't cure.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 446, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,
Book No. 4 for Women,
Book No. 5 for Men.
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Foot-ball for the Beginner

With Sketches Drawn From Life

By WILLIAM T. WHITEMORE



MUCH has been said about the brutality and danger which accompanies athletic games and lists of accidents and victims have been quoted to emphasize the argument. These are true to a certain extent, but the list of accidents is generally exaggerated and every little mishap which happened, whether on the field or on the way to or from it have been carefully collected and memorized and brought up as evidence against the sport.

More than any other game which receives this misrepresentation is foot-ball, next comes, perhaps, hockey, then base-ball.



Leaving us according to certain individuals' ideas of propriety, only ping-pong, carroms or croquet to exercise the muscle of our body on.

As regards foot-ball it is undoubtedly the roughest of all games, yet the charge of brutality is altogether wrong. The victims, nine times out of ten are to blame for the accidents themselves; disobeying some maxim which would have carried them safely through some point which has otherwise proved dangerous.

Probably the most dangerous part of the game is on the line. And this is caused principally by a misconception of the work required there or not understanding how to do it. Foot-ball is not a mere rough and tumble game as most people suppose, but is a game which requires more science and team work than any other. Many, one might say, most of the younger players consider the line a place where a person will not be in the game very much, where all he'll have to do is to hold out the man in front. That is the first mistake and one which in itself alone is reason for so many accidents amongst amateurs. Now let us find another. He thinks, in order to accomplish these purposes, all that is required is a lot of muscle, whereas pluck and science are the principal requirements. These are but two misconceptions. But let us see the real purpose or work of the line player and how he is to properly accomplish it without injury.

The purpose is a set purpose, one hard to accomplish, one which requires close attention and hard work. They are indeed to hold their man out, but they must do more, if they can, they must knock the opponent down, push him back or anything fair to prevent his doing any effective playing. The player on the line should always play low. When the signal is given to pass the ball he should fall or rather throw himself forward against the opponent, hitting his shins if possible with the shoulder hunched up, and side of head just above the ear. The player should be careful how his legs are placed, under no circumstances stand or kneel so as

to, if thrown back, fall with them doubled or crossed. Now here is a good place to tell how to fall even if it does deal with more than the line player.

Many times you have to fall, to play low enough to do effective work, other times you are thrown. Always keep your head and your feet and the rest of the body will take care of itself. When you intend to, or find yourself falling, fall flat, chest down, legs out straight with feet turned both in the same direction, thus avoiding the danger of breaking an ankle. The arms should be drawn tight by the side of the body, bent at the elbow, fist doubled and under each shoulder protecting them from the ground. The arm being doubled up prevents the ribs from being crushed into the ground if fallen on. The lungs should also be inflated, giving the ribs greater strength. The head, like the feet, should be turned to one side, lying on one ear, generally with the face away from the center of the push. By falling thus the body is so protected that it can withstand almost any weight. In summing up for the general directions for the line player, I would say, play low, keep your head and above all don't get mad if some one steps on you.

The center is almost always and generally should be the bulkiest man on the team. His feet should be the biggest, his muscles the strongest, his determination and pluck the greatest and his head the coolest. He is handicapped somewhat in his work by having to spread his legs apart in order to pass the ball and for that reason should have big, strong feet and legs. He like the others should play low, pass the ball quickly and get into play, instantly rush the other center, if his side has the ball, and drop before his opponent if not. He will find it the hardest of any to drop properly and quickly and so this position requires one of the best players. The center, in falling, should shoot between the opponents legs if possible.

Next or equal in bulk come the guards. They should be strong men, always ready and willing to help the center out of any difficulty. Probably they have as many of the rushes to withstand as any man on



the team and should see to it that they have the support of the backs.

The tackles should be round-bodied, rugged and active, ready for almost any kind of work. This position is to my mind the most dangerous and hardest position on a team, as this man bears the brunt of the numerous tackle plays and wing shifts. They must be ready for low line work, ready to pick the man off for the backs to pass or ready to desert him and help the end capture a back of the other side. He and the end should have the science of tackling down to perfection. If, however,

a tackle breaks the interference so the end can get the runner, he is doing all right.

The end is the position for the grand stand player. He, like the others, must be ever on the alert, he must be a fast runner, understand all signals, be able to form a strong interference as well as smash one up if the tackle has not done so and be able to run with the ball as well as capture it. The end is a fine position to play, but the player must understand the game thoroughly, as he has a great deal of work to do and therefore runs great chances of accident should he be careless or not understand the game.

For protecting the body it would be well for all line players to pad shoulders and elbows of Jersey and wear light head harness to protect the ears. A nose guard is very necessary, and the center should wear one on account of having to play a little higher than others, and therefore meeting many rushes on the head and face as well as on shoulders, side or back. Shin guards should be worn by every player, as they greatly strengthen the leg and lessen the danger of a broken leg, sprained joint or strained muscle or tendon.

Next come the backs. They should be the generals of the playing. Have cool heads, quick eyes and strong bodies. They must look for the weak points of the opponents, be quick to see them and use them to advantage. They must have all signals, plays, passes, etc., perfectly learned.

The quarter is what one might call the chief engineer. He is the key between the line and backs, and upon him to a great extent depends the success of the team. Should he give a wrong signal, fumble the ball or cause another to fumble it, he has spoiled the whole play. Therefore we see that the quarter above all others must have possession of himself. A tremor in his voice as he gives the signal and the other side sees that he is nervous and they accordingly try to increase it, succeeding nine times out of ten. He must be cool and collected, play the play out in his mind before he gives the signal, give the signal in a clear voice, catch the ball at the snap-back, tuck it into (never throw it) the back's arms; form the interference and be off. All this must be done rapidly, the more so the better.

The quarter is generally the lightest man on the team, because he can generally get about the fastest, yet he must perform as much if not more work than any other player. He must not only play on the offensive as before related, but on the defensive he must be equally busy. No sooner than the ball is passed by the opponents than he must be into play. If it's an end play, he must rush to support the ends, diving in, breaking up the interference, tackling and making himself a nuisance in general to the other side. If it is a center or line play he and the other backs must support that, dropping flat if he finds the other side has the advantage. Throughout the whole game he must play swiftly, surely and coolly and on account of his light weight, he must play exceedingly low.

The half's should be built like small bulls to be perfect. Big, broad shoulders, deep chest, small head, thick neck, strong limbs and heavy body. They should be perfect in passing, receiving, tackling, hitting, interference forming, dodging and generalship. They must support the ends to a great extent while on the defensive and must depend greatly on them for support when on the offensive.

The full-back should be the best runner on the team, should have long limbs and body, good shoulders and chest; be a good hurdler, mass player or end runner; be able to punt well; be equally active on offense and defense and support both ends and center. This is the best position for captain, as he is able to survey

the whole team, see its weak points and also those of the opponents and coach his team along. The full-back if he wants to can greatly assist the quarter in his work by suggestions for plays, helping him in interference, etc. In fact the quarter and full should be closely allied. The full should also be well up in the art of tackling, for it often depends on him to get the man.

In order to tackle effectively, the tackler should dive after his man a short distance if possible, leaving the ground with the foot that is on the same side as he expects to hit his man with. He should hit the man low on the legs, catching him on his shoulder between the head and arm and pushing him backwards. Always if possible fall on top and hold on tight. Never tackle a man with your head between his legs and never make a dirty tackle, as about the head or neck. Such are not effective and you run great chances of hurting the man.

When this signal is given to pass the ball, the one to whom it is to go runs in the direction indicated, receiving the ball from quarter. He should then immediately drop behind his interference and follow this as far as possible. The great fault of many good players is leaving the interference too soon. When at last he must leave it let him run low, the ball under one arm and the other free to ward any opponent off. When he meets a player of the other side let him either try to knock him down, hurdle or dodge him.

If he is to try the first he will try to cut the man amidships. Let the runner place his free arm before his face with the elbow bent and forearm coming back to the opposite shoulder. As he approaches near his man he crouches lower and springs at him. If he meets with success he and the other player will both go down, but he will be free to roll a few yards further.

If he decides on the second he will approach the player much the same as in the first. He crouches low as he runs and the other player does the same to prepare for the shock, but instead of hitting the opponent, he leaps higher, very likely landing on the other player's shoulders and sliding over and down his back. The last and generally the surest way is well known to all; just make a feint then dodge.

Special care should be taken of the collar-bone which is the easiest broken and most often injured bone in the body. This may be greatly protected by hunching the shoulders up to the ears when about to tackle or hit. The fingers should also be protected by keeping the hand closed as much as possible. The best protection, however, for any bone is a cool head, next comes a good covering of muscle, which will do more, than any other padding, to protect the body. With a cool head and plenty of muscle one may squirm into a safe position in the heaviest mass play.

In playing a game team work is more to be depended upon than individual. Strategy will win against weight the majority of times. The signals should be simple and well learned by all players.

The better a player becomes, the less likely is he to accident. He sees the science, which so many claim the game lacks, then he strikes out for himself; finds ways and means to protect himself; plays a clean game and so injures no one else. Science and understanding of the game reduce one-half the danger, while clean playing does away with the other half.

★ ★ ★

Dear Brother: We received our outfit last week and were very pleased with it. We are going to have our certificate framed. Hoping this letter will find you in the best of health. We are your friends,
Frank and Sylvester Rocco, O. T. N.

Popular Names of States

Arkansas is called the Bear State; California, Golden State; Colorado, Centennial State; Connecticut, Nutmeg or Freestone State; Delaware, Blue Hen or Diamond State; Florida, Peninsular State; Georgia, Empire of the South; Illinois, Sucker or Prairie State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Kansas, Jayhawker or Garden of the West; Kentucky, Blue Grass or Dark and Bloody Ground; Louisiana, Creole State; Maine, Lumber or Pine-Tree State; Massachusetts, Bay State; Michigan, Wolverine State; Minnesota, Gopher or North-Star State; Mississippi, Bayou State; New Hampshire, Granite State; New York, Empire State; North Carolina, Old North or Turpentine State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rhoda or Rhody; South Carolina, Palmetto State; Tennessee, Big-Bend State; Texas, Lone-Star State; Vermont, Green-Mountain State; Virginia, Old Virginia or Mother State; West Virginia, Panhandle State; Wisconsin, Badger State.

★ ★ ★

Thermometer

The largest thermometer in the world is at Havestock, Manchester, England. It is seventy feet long, stands in a shaft sunk in the earth, and is used to measure the temperature of Mother Earth seventy feet below the surface, recording exactly all her moods and giving scientists an opportunity to become more closely acquainted with the underground mysteries of the globe on which we live. The giant thermometer is made in accordance with the principles that govern the small instruments in every day use. In constructing it many difficulties had to be overcome, on account of its great size.

The largest thermometer ever made previous to the seventy-foot one constructed by Col. Knight was constructed by Forbes, who built one measuring nearly forty feet in length. This was considered a great accomplishment, and the Forbes thermometer became one of the curiosities of science.

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

Else No Money Is Wanted.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

I have no samples, because any medicine that can affect Rheumatism quickly must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. I will send you my book about Rheumatism, and an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, as it won't harm you anyway. If it fails, it is free, and I leave the decision with you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 446, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.



Oddities of Natural Science

Written for The Star Monthly By "OBSERVER"

If Henry the Eighth had lived three million years ago he would not have said, "My kingdom for a horse," as the horses that were living at that date would not have been of any use to him. He could have carried the horse, but the horse could not have carried him, as it was only about the size of a fox. From such small beginning has developed the horse as we know him now, a creature of strength, beauty and speed. To trace this development may be interesting.

This small horse which existed on nearly all the then dry spots of America at this early date differed from the modern horse mainly in regard to its feet. Instead of having one hoof it had, on its fore foot four distinct toes, three of which touched the ground, the fourth toe being like the dew claw of a dog. This strange little horse is called the eohippus or dawn horse, or ora hippus—mountain horse. The hind feet had only three toes. This small horse, although of course not especially adapted for speed, could get around all right, and could travel over the marshes which abounded during this age, with greater ease than the modern horse could have done, owing to its light weight and greater spread of foot. It was also adapted for climbing rocky hills without slipping.

A few thousand years pass, and our horse, which now goes by the name of Meso hippus, has changed slightly. The unused toe of the fore foot has dwindled down until it is merely a splint. The middle toe has enlarged, and the nail begins to look more like a hoof. The two other toes are a little smaller, less dependence being put on them now. The same change has also taken place on the hind foot. Minor alterations of form are also noticed in the teeth, leg, bone, etc., which are too technical to describe here.

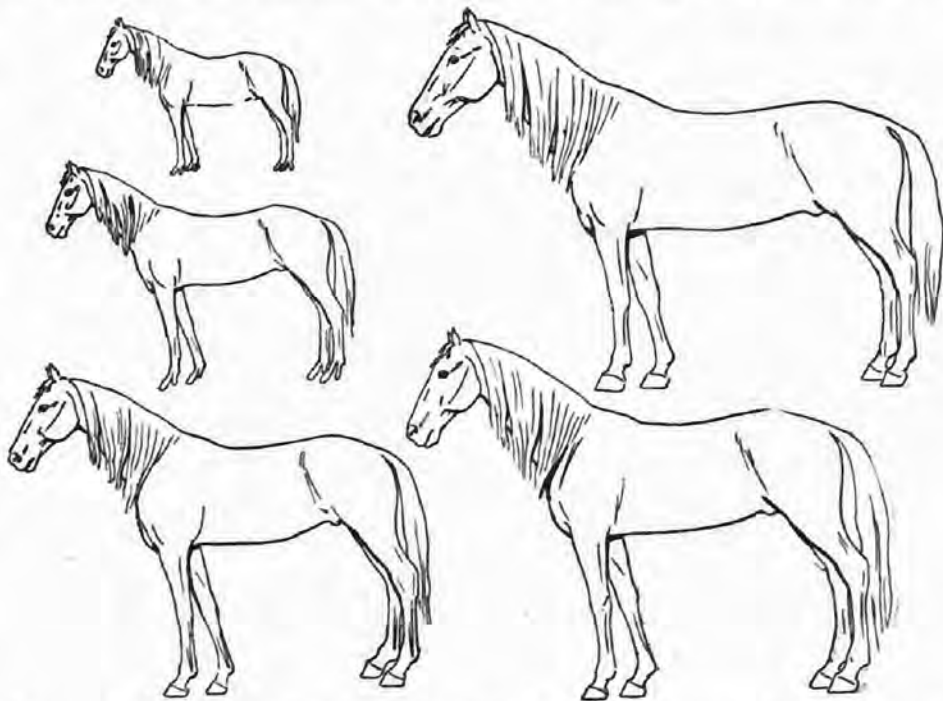
When next we see our horse, now called the Miohippus, it is larger, about as large as a collic. The two side toes on both fore and hind feet have dwindled down and do not touch the ground at all, except where the middle toe, the nail of which now has grown into quite a cloven hoof, sinks deep into a marshy place. Then of course these side toes keep the horse from sinking in deeper. The splint of the fourth toe on the fore foot, has now shrunk until it is a mere knot.

In the next stage of horse development, the Protohippus, the center toe is more hoof-like, and the other toes have grown so small as to be almost useless. The nail of the central toe is still cloven to a slight degree. The animal is getting more and more capable of speed and less able to climb.

We are not at all surprised to see that in the next stage our horse (Pliohippus) begins to look almost like a modern horse, although smaller. The side toes now are merely elongated splints, and the central toe has now a slight cleft in it, to show that it was cloven. This development shows that the animal has been living on grassy plains, where it depended on speed to get away from its enemies. The only places such an animal could exist in are plains which give a good firm foot-hold.

Just before the age of man, at the end of the Tertiary period, our horse becomes like the modern horse (equus) in the shape of its hoof, leg bones, etc. It roamed over the Americas, Europe and Asia. In Europe and America they were much larger than modern horses.

They disappeared from America sometime during the Quaternary period, or age of man, probably when the glaciers covered this country, and horses were not seen here again until the Spaniards brought



the modern domesticated ones over here. Some of these were lost, however, and started the herds of wild horses which used to roam our western plains.

Plants Sleep

If you walk in the fields at night, many of the plants which are well known to you in the day time, will be almost unrecognizable to you in their sleep. For plants, as well as animals, must have sleep in order to live. The wood sorrel, which in the day time looks so sturdy, at night is perfectly relaxed, with leaves drooping, sleeping the sleep of the thoroughly tired.

The common red and white clover folds its two side leaflets together, with the third slightly bowed over. The attitude is very suggestive of prayer.

The Jewel weed gathers its name from its night dress. As night falls, its leaves droop as if wilted, and glistening gems of dew gather on its notched border. No creation of the fairies or dreamland is more beautiful.

As you wander on, if it is moonlight, you will see in this land of the fairies, gossamer festoons stretching over the field, glistening with the dewey jewels. The spiders are the wonder workers, and as decorators, they are a distinct success. Every common flower has a different way of sleeping, some of them being very peculiar. If you will take the trouble to notice them with their night caps on,

Wasp Ogres

Did you know that in the dungeons in its clay nest, the common wasp, the deep blue one with the slender waist, keeps many spiders prisoners to be used as food for the young grubs?

This wasp is commonly known as the mud dauber or mason wasp, because it builds a nest of mud in garrets, etc. Its mode of making provision for its young shows an intelligence and foresight unsurpassed even by the ants.

This precocious insect flies to the webs of the spider, and undaunted by the snare, which terrifies even larger insects, it pounces upon the occupant and stings it into a stupor, although unharmed in other respects. Back to its mud nest flies the captor with the captive. More and more spiders are thus captured and packed into the mud cell, until it will hold no more. Then Mrs. Wasp lays an egg among them, seals the opening of the nest with mud

and leaves the nest. The spiders, although apparently lifeless, are really only in a comatose condition and will move their legs if jarred.

As soon as the egg deposited among the helpless prisoners hatches, the grub which issues from it immediately proceeds to feed upon the spiders. It grows fat on this food, spins a cocoon, goes through the larva and pupa stage, finally emerging as a wasp. The parent, in the meantime, has not had to worry about her child at all.

★ ★ ★

Mahomet and the Mountain

The origin of the expression, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," probably is contained in the story that the Arabs demanded from Mahomet some supernatural proofs of his divine commission, when he reluctantly commanded Mount Safa to come to him, and when it did not stir at his bidding, exclaimed: "God is merciful. Had it obeyed my words, it would have fallen upon us to our destruction. I will, therefore, go to the mountain, and I thank God that he has had mercy on a stiff-necked people."

★ ★ ★

Religion makes a good armor, but a poor cloak.

The STAR MONTHLY

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The Star Monthly was awarded the "Grand Prix" (highest award) at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Autumn

RED leaves, yellow leaves,
Stubble fields and garnered sheaves,
Brown bare reeds and swaying rushes,
Empty nests in leafless bushes,
Lonely swallows, silent thrushes,
Falling leaves, falling leaves,
Frosty mornings, chilly eves,
All proclain our summer over,
Winter coming, Autumn here,
And she reigns in matchless power,
Stripping Summer's leafy bower,
Reigns in fruit, if not in flower,
As a matron she draws near:
Purple, crimson, yellow spraying,
Variegated colors playing
In the woodland festooned masses,
On the meadows frosted grasses,
Falling leaves, falling leaves:
Crimson blotches on the green,
Summer's life blood flowing, flowing
And the forest gayly glowing
With the leaves, Autumn leaves,
Rustling when the breezes blowing,
Send them scudding, circling, snowing
Purple, crimson, yellow leaves:
Winter coming, Summer going,
Autumn reigning, blushing, glowing
As a matron, wise and knowing,
Filling barn, though stripping bower,
Queen of fruit, if not of flower,
Glorious in ripened power
And the fullness of the year! —Selected.

October

This month is so named because it was the eighth month in the primitive Roman calendar ascribed to Romulus. It became the tenth month in the calendar as revised by Numa, who added January and February, but it retained its original name, the more readily, perhaps, because it once more became the tenth month when the year commenced, as it did in early Christendom, with March. Julius Caesar in his revision of the calendar gave it thirty days, which number was changed to thirty-one by Augustus. As was the case with September, many Roman Emperors sought to change its name in their own honor. It was successively Germanicus, Antoninus, Tacitus, and Hercules, the latter a surname of the Emperor Commodus. But none of these names clung. The Roman Senate had no better luck when they renamed it Faustinus, in honor of Faustina, wife of Antoninus.

The Anglo-Saxon called October Winterfylleth, a name which indicated that winter approached with the full moon of the month. In old almanacs the sport of

hawking is adopted as emblematical of this which was accounted the last month of autumn. On October 23 the sun enters the sign Scorpio, the astronomical emblem said to typify, in the form of a destructive insect, the increasing power of cold over nature. In the same manner the equal influences of cold and heat are represented by Libra, or The Balance, the sign of the preceding month of September.

The warm sun falling; the bleak wind is wailing:

The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers are dying. (Shelley.)

The rivers run chill; the red sun is sinking.

And I am grown old, and life is shrinking. (Hood.)

Yet for ever and aye will I bless his name,

While his winds blow fresh and his sunsets flame,

This prince of months.—October. (Hayne.)

★ ★ ★
Shun Dishonesty

When the young Prince Imperial of France was killed in Zululand several years ago, all the hopes of a great party in France were blasted, and probably the history of Europe changed. It was shown that his death was due to the dishonesty of his saddle makers in London, who had used imitation leather for one of the straps, the strap had broken, and the young prince was left, on foot, among savages.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in bringing up a boy, one ought to begin with his grandfather, because there are a great many traits which if they had been crushed out then, would never come down to the grandson.

It might be a good idea for every boy to remember that he is at the beginning of a great many things, and that the smallest neglect of any one duty, the least dishonesty, may change everything in the world.

Upon every one rests a responsibility to his fellow men as well as to himself.

★ ★ ★
A Doctor's Experience

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It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

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So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time, I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh and well. In about two months, I began to gain flesh. I only weighed 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drank any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Stewart M. Hall, Fairfield, W. Va.



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Sherman Lodge, 2172, Hillman, Nebraska

Our Order

It is the duty of the Grand Secretary of the Coming Men of America, to edit this department of The Star Monthly, in the interests of the order. Without a doubt, the Coming Men of America is the largest and best Youth's Fraternity in the world. Many members who joined the C. M. A., nine years ago, are still loyal to this order, although they have reached man's estate. In ten or fifteen years, the C. M. A., will no doubt be enrolling the sons of some of these old members on her lists. If you are not a member, read page thirty of this magazine, which explains our aims, objects, etc., and then think it over.

We aim, in the space allotted us here, to keep the members in touch with each other. In order to do this, under "Happenings of Note," we publish the reports of Lodge Secretaries, in regard to Lodge work, entertainments, etc. Any member of the C. M. A., may be a reporter for this column, if he has some news that will interest his brothers. All secretaries reports and news items received before the tenth of September appear in this issue, those received later appear in the November issue. The Grand Secretary requests that all deaths be reported to him for publication.

Two Lodges in Miniature

We are happy to make all brother C. M. A., members acquainted, through these pictures, with the members of these two thriving Lodges of the Coming Men of America. The Grand Secretary is proud to be an officer in an organization which can produce such groups of manly, self-reliant young men as are here represented in miniature. With such sturdy members to uphold her teachings, the Fraternity of the C. M. A., will continue to grow, and become a great power in the land.

Sherman Lodge, No. 2172 of Hillman, Mich., sprang into life and activity on April 4, 1901, under the auspices of James Wiggins. This lodge has a membership of 25, although only 16 are the objects of your gaze in this picture, as all could not get together at the same time. We are sorry, as we know all of the brothers would like to see every member of this prosperous lodge.

1. Harry Gove.
2. Adde Hunt.
3. Fred Burnett.

4. James Hunt.
5. Amil Walleum.
6. Chester Farrier.
7. Nelson Farrier.
8. Elie Nathan.
9. Earl Farrier.
10. Fred Smith.
11. Abe Herman.
12. Wesley Wiggins (Sec. and Treas.)
13. Joe Johnston.
14. Will Gove.
15. John Wadell.
16. James Wiggins.

Oneida Lodge, No. 2918, of Stittsville, N. Y., is here represented by 25 of its members, although it has been in existence only since May 8, 1902. Fred Ross was the founder and is proud of it. This picture was taken in their own Lodge room, in their own building. Everything is prospering and there is a surplus in the treasury. Besides being good financiers, our brothers are athletes, winning a stirring dual athletic contest from the doughty

Oneida Lodge, 2918, Stittsville, N. Y.



members of their neighbors, the Dewey Lodge, by the score of 20 to 19. This lodge always has some project on foot, and keeps the town people wondering what new surprise the C. M. A., boys will have in store for them next. Another victory is chronicled under "Happenings of Note." Following is a list of the members according to the pictures:

1. Geo. Davis.
2. Lyle Jones.
3. Harry Louton.
4. Will Smith.
5. Harold Jones.
6. Thos. Wiffen.
7. Fred Ross.
8. Frank Carrier.
9. Roy Bushnell.
10. William Parks.
11. Richard Thomas.
12. Fred Mullasky.
13. James Weston.
14. Will Smith.
15. Willard Oivey.
16. James La Fayette.
17. John Smith.
18. Ansel Carrier.
19. Will Olen.
20. Frank Owen.
21. Chas. Smith.
22. Chas. Ross.
23. Harold Heney.
24. Reginald Bray.
25. Chas. Richey.

Happenings of Note

Koonville Lodge No. 2668, of Koon, P. O., Ala., gave an ice cream supper on Aug. 9, which was gratifying, both to those who attended and to the treasurer of the lodge. Enterprise is the watchword here, which the brothers are living up to now, by planning to build a new lodge hall for the C. M. A.

The Beacon of Texas Bright Light Lodge No. 2195, was the shrine about which members of the C. M. A., from all over the country gathered on Aug. 12, 1902, in a grand celebration. Hillsboro, Texas, the home of the lodge, was the scene of a great good time, and the ties of Brotherhood were more strongly knit together. Brother Johnson is the organizer of this thriving lodge, and is a loyal worker in the interests of the C. M. A. He knows that the benefits to be derived from its teachings, are those which are necessary to make a good loyal man. On Aug. 28 an ice

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social netted the lodge a neat sum.

Having just initiated five new members, Benton Lodge, No. 2954, of Wanda, Mo., has started a ball team. A challenge is issued to other C. M. A. teams.

Debates and recitations keep the members of Hustler Lodge, No. 2924, Bakersfield, Mo., interested and alert. That's right, you want to become such good pleaders, that you can persuade all the live boys in town to join the C. M. A.

The Fort Myers Press gives notice of the forming of Southern Star Lodge, No. 3025, Fort Myers, Florida.

Brother Ben S. Abernethy, President of Allseade Lodge, No. 2977, Chapel Hill, N. C., sends in a report that the outlook is cheerful.

Brother Joseph William Westrap is clerk in the Royal Railway Department, Siam. The Grand Secretary, in behalf of the brothers, wishes him success in his work in the far East.

Valley View Lodge, No. 2774, Chico, Texas, meets the second and fourth week of the month. New members are coming in nicely, enthusiasm is high, and a string band is being formed. Keep up the good work, brothers.

We are glad to announce that Brother Chas. W. Loring, who pierced his foot with an ice pike, and who was threatened with blood poison from the effects of a cold in the wound, is now almost recovered.

Southern Gray's Lodge, No. 2942, of South Pittsburg, Tenn., has a hall free of rent due to the generosity of a friend of the order. The members of the lodge have laid the foundation of a gymnasium, by procuring boxing gloves, Indian clubs, etc. Our hustling brothers believe in healthy exercise. We wish every lodge would follow their example, and start a gymnasium. You need not have an elaborate one. Start with a few dumb bells in a room, and get more apparatus as you need it. The ideal lodge, to my mind, should possess both a library and a gymnasium, so that both mind and body may be developed harmoniously.

Brother Wesley Wiggins, Secretary of Sherman Lodge, No. 2172, a picture of which appears in this issue of The Star Monthly, in his report of election of officers, etc., says that the lodge is in line for getting new members, and intends to get a prize banner. Well, a body of American boys, working together, can get almost anything they decide to go after.

Eureka Lodge, No. 3018, Panstone, Ala., has just been organized, but is determined to get in the front rank without delay.

There are thirty-four inhabitants of Chulafinnee, Ala., yet it is the home of Goldbury Lodge, No. 560, which has eleven members, and is scouring the country for more. Passing members are always welcome to the Saturday night meetings.

Topaz Lodge, No. 845, of Pinkston, Ont., is again working at the front. We like to see the veterans at it again.

A new member every meeting night and a surplus in the treasury, the proceeds of a social, is a good record for a lodge as young as the Evening Star, No. 2652, of Scotch Grove, Iowa.

Harry Miller, E. Germantown, Ind., wants to correspond on Social Science.

Ragner Lunell sends in the report that Brother Bert Dunn saved three boys from drowning, but gave no particulars. The Grand Secretary would like to hear more about it.

The brothers of Star Lodge, No. 2660, Marietta, Pa., gave a lawn fete and had their two-story brick club house open for inspection, on Aug. 9, 1902. Seventeen dollars and seventy-seven cents and a bushel of fun was netted. The Columbia Spy, the Marietta Times, and the Register, all devoted space to this festivity.

Bryan Lodge, No. 2799, of Mt. Auburn, Ill., is rapidly increasing in membership, reports Brother Leslie J. Smith, the organizer. The lodge will no doubt soon double its membership of nineteen, as the present members are hustlers.

A membership of 24, a good Masonic hall to meet in the first and third Fridays of each month, is the report of six month old Pleasant Hill lodge, No. 2792, Mulberry, Ark.

Fides et Justitia lodge, No. 3040, Buena Vista, Colo., held its first meeting August 23rd. Meetings are to be held the first and third Saturday of the month in the G. A. R. Hall.

Brother Clarence E. Fisher, says during the months of July and August, work and good pay, can be obtained in the great hay region around Sybrant, Nebr.

Secretary William Pritchard of McKinley Lodge, No. 3023, Thief River Falls, Minn., reports organization of the lodge, and a determination to make a strong chapter.

Oh, 'tis a grand old Order,

That never man can break.

The Order that I'll always love,

And never shall forsake.

—John A. Booth, O. T. N.

The Grand Secretary received, with great pleasure, an invitation to attend a festival to be held soon in the Court House of Wood Stock, Va., by Shenandoah Lodge, No. 2984. He is sorry that duty keeps him away, but thanks the brothers for their kind invitation. This young lodge has flourished so luxuriantly in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, that it must soon move to a larger lodge hall.

Brother Marvin G. Barrick, sends a very neat and succinct report of Evergreen Lodge, No. 2841, McMechen, W. Va.

On July 4th, 1902, Brother E. A. Edwards, of Lake City, Fla., while superin-

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tending the unloading, at that place of a large solid steel fly wheel, was crushed between it and the car, from which it was being unloaded. Although very near death's door at one time, we are glad to be able to announce to the brothers that he is now recovering rapidly. Brother Edwards wants all the brothers who can do so, to attend a C. M. A. convention to be held at the Florida State Fair, which will occur in November at Lake City, Fla. The Secretary of the State Fair says he will do all he can to help the movement. Write to Brother Edwards for particulars if you are interested. His address is 321 N. Marion St., Lake City, Fla.

We are in receipt of the first number of the Reflector, a literary journal, edited by Brother Louis M. Stanning, Grand View, Tenn. Paul J. Campbell of Georgetown, Ill. is associate editor. The poem, "The Deserted Tavern" is especially worthy of note.

Laurel Lodge, No. 2714, of Pittsburg, Ky., reports everything O. K., and a determination to win a prize banner.

All of the brothers of Union Hill Lodge, No. 2919, Fox, Ind. Ter., attended in a body, the marriage of their brother and lodge companion, W. McLain to Miss Laura F. Pruitt. The Grand Secretary congratulates the happy couple, and trusts that Mrs. McLain will not object to having brother McLain attend lodge meetings.

Woodman Hall, on the second and fourth Saturdays of the month, is the place where the members of Hunter Lodge, No. 2235 of Overton, Nebraska, hold's convolve.

Red Water Lodge, No. 2280, of Red Water, Texas, a picture of which appeared in the September issue of The Star Monthly, intends to get so many new members that we may soon have to reproduce a

large picture of them with a prize banner.

Fifteen members, with a motto, "The more the merrier," shows the spirit of Banner Star Lodge, No. 3024, of Owens, Okla. We may expect to hear of an entertainment from this quarter soon. Meetings are held on Thursday, in a hall kindly given for that purpose, by T. J. Swain, father of President J. Swain. Brother J. Swain is the author of the C. M. A. parody on "Now I'm sorry that I spoke."

We expect to hear great things from Blossom Lodge, No. 2979, of Exeter, Cal.

The enthusiastic members of Birdo Lodge, No. 2991, Bluffton, Ala., believe in having plenty of room to grow, as their hall will now seat over 200. That is the spirit brothers: aim high.

C. M. A.—1-0-0-0-0-0-0-1-1-3
Trenton—0-1-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-1

The above score shows what the base ball team of Western Star Lodge, 2667, Attwood, Kansas, did to the bearded giants of Trenton. The Attwood Patriot had a long account of the game.

The second Dual meet between Onocida Lodge, No. 2918 of Stittville, N. Y., (whose picture appears in this issue of The Star Monthly) and Dewey Lodge of Holland Patent, resulted in a victory for the former. The contest occurred on Saturday, at Holland Patent, and consisted of a base ball game and track meet. The contests were close, but the Onocida boys won. As this made two victories for the Onocida Lodge, it was given the banner for the best two out of three. The boys of Dewey Lodge are true sportsmen, and although defeated, they entertained the brothers from Stittville at their club rooms in a right royal fashion. These contests are great fun, and we wish other chapters would follow the example of the above lodges.

Brother M. G. Nolan is the proud possessor of a medal won in a century road race, on June 23, 1902.

After a vacation of three months, McKinley Memorial Lodge, No. 2644 of Butte, Mont., opened again with a membership of 32. Now for a winter campaign boys!

The editors of the Star and the Grand Secretary are grateful to Brother MacMasters for his encouraging words.

Congratulations are being extended to Brother Asbury Horten who on August 24, was united to Miss Esther Wood for life's journey. The Grand Secretary wishes all success to the happy pair.

Brother A. Robbins, Secretary of Royal Webfoot Lodge, No. 2938, Lebanon, Ore., wants to hear from lodges in regard to slide degrees.

On November 1st, the Sons of Anahuac Lodge, No. 2908, Mexico City, Mexico, will play the foot ball team of the Mexico Grammar School. All C. M. A. members wish you success.

Remember the "yell" contest closes October 10th. The 10 best yells will be printed in the November issue. Get your vote in early.

Degrees Conferred

It is with great pleasure that the Grand Secretary is enabled to confer degrees upon the following hard working, loyal supporters of the C. M. A.

A record of the new members each "hustler" gets is kept, and is one of the considerations upon which the degrees are conferred. Especial excellence in scholarship, heroism, etc., also have weight in making up these lists. In fact, anything that a member of the C. M. A. does to add prestige to his order, is considered by the Grand Secretary as a step towards the attaining of a degree. These degrees often come to a member when most unexpected. The first degree a member can obtain is the 5th, the others following in order as earned. Merit alone counts in the award. The badge, certificate, secret

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work, etc., are furnished free by the Grand Secretary. Work done after May 1st is the only basis of record. Previous to that date, medals of honor and degree bars were awarded.

Since May 1, 1902, all new lodges have received a supplement to the regular lodge ritual. This supplement is made necessary by the adoption of the new plan.

Five Degree Members

Each one of the five degree members, in addition to the special secret work, etc., is privileged to insert the sign of his degree after his name, thus: John Roe, 5°.

- O. T. N.
 Lester J. West, Horr, Mont.; F. W. Weaver, Marysville, Pa., Box 36; Henry Vinson, Hump, Idaho; Lee Roy Thomas, Remsen, N. Y.; Wm. R. Slauter, Max, Ind.; E. C. Sharon, Magnolia, W. Va.; Sydney Rosengren, Kerkhoven, Minn.; J. O. Robinson, Anniston, Ala.; J. P. Rembert, Cedar Bayou, Tex.; Paul Peterson, Virgil, S. D.; Oscar Niles, Prescott, Ariz.; W. A. Musselwhite, Bakers Mill, Fla.; Charlie Miller, Hartsburg, Ill.; W. F. Lindsey, De Ridder, La.; Ole Lindland, Jr., Sykeston, N. D.; H. L. Lang, Greenwood, Ark.; Loss A. Kirkpatrick, Burneyville, Ind. Ter.; John L. Jones, 516 Harlem Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Albert Henry, 608 Portland Ave., Vincennes, Ind.; C. E. Harper, Cabeza, Tex.; Allen Gray, Buffalo Gap, Tex.; Clarence Fox, Brownsville, Ky.; W. F. Etheridge, Camden, N. C.; Wille L. Dies, Chinese Camp, Shawmut Mine, Cal.; John Devens, East Jaffrey, N. H.; Alford Davidson, Marvin, S. D.; S. B. Crawford, Joaquin, Tex.; B. L. Boyett, Poley, Ala.; S. E. Balles, Fort Mill, S. C.

Ten Degree Members

The following five degree members have been elevated to the 10th degree, and are invested with all the powers and privileges pertaining to that rank. When writing to the Grand Secretary they should put that degree after their name.

- Ralph E. Vosburgh, Vail Mills, N. Y.; Johnny E. Swain, Owens, Okla.; W. H. Smith, Luther, Tenn.; R. M. Glenn, Schley, Ala.; Clarence Corbin, Osceola, Mo.; Dave Hampson, Anniston, Ala.; Jos. H. Hooper, Rubin, Tex.; Lee Martin, Yellow Pine, La.

The Fifteenth Degree

The Grand Secretary is greatly pleased to be able to elevate David M. Kendall, Willis, Ind. Ter., to the fifteenth degree, and to invest him with all the power, prerequisites, and privileges belonging to that rank.

The New Lodges

Here are some more arrivals for the old lodges to greet. Send a note of welcome to them by your secretary. "In unity there is strength." The best way to get this unity is for lodges to correspond with each other. Work together, and the climb towards 5,000, will be easier.


- ALABAMA.
 Name of Town and Lodge. Charter No.
 Uniontown—Union Lodge.....3052
 Rock Run—Little Robert.....3037
 CALIFORNIA.
 Shawmut Mine—Yosemite Valley.....3058
 Buckhorn—Sunset.....3048
 COLORADO.
 Buena Vista—Fides et Justitia.....3040
 DELAWARE.
 Wilmington—Wilmington.....3034
 GEORGIA.
 Atwater—Thomas E. Watson.....3031
 Fitzgerald—Crescent.....3053
 IOWA.
 Forest City—Forest Star.....3036
 Germania—Germania Banner.....3033
 Mackey—Red, White and Blue.....3049
 ILLINOIS.
 Hartsburg—Prairie Creek.....3046
 Ellis Grove—Ellis Grove.....3057

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TEXAS.		
Couch—Oklahoma Star	3042
Harrisburg—Schley	3050
VERMONT.		
Vergennes—Champlain	3052

Bestography

Below is printed a question for the members of the C. M. A. As it is written in Bestography, only the initiated can read it. To the C. M. A. member sending in the best answer to this question (in English) before the first of November, will be given a handsome C. M. A. watch charm or pair of C. M. A. cuff buttons.

10 MAX 7 9999 AKER, 7
TAMARU, AN 2700000
R, MCH 99 100000 1 00
A, 0000 00 9000 00

Answers, to be considered, must be sent to the Grand Secretary on a separate piece of paper, apart from all other matter. Make your answers brief, as that will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. Best answers will be printed in the November issue of *The Star Monthly*, so the members may see it.

Although the answer to this question must be sent in English, the prize winning answer will be printed in Bestography, so neither the question nor the prize winning answer will be understood by an outsider.

Despite the apparent plainness of the above explanation, members continue to send in a translation to the question instead of an answer to it. If I asked you a question in French, would you think you had answered my question if you had simply translated it into English? Of course not. Yet that is what many members do in the Bestography contest. They simply translate the Bestography question into English, instead of answering it. See if you can't follow instructions this month, as well as give considerable care to your reasons.

See November issue for prize answers to questions 8 and 9, also names of prize winners.

In Memoriam

Brother Frank Moore of Cabin Lodge, Douglas, Wyo., who was drowned on July 25, 1902.

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The Collection Fever

Every boy has some fad or desire to collect something in his boyhood days. Some interested in ornithology collect eggs, others hoping to solve the mysteries of the ancients gather fossils and arms. Still others have dreams of wealth coming from the old coins that they have gathered, but awake and find their pockets empty. The latter also applies to stamps. I have tried them all, but my collection of stamps ran so far ahead of the others that they are all long issues away.

My stamp collection indirectly dated back to the turbulent days of our Civil War. My father began his small collection on a few of the peculiar stamps of the Confederacy. He added a few more now and then but never became so interested as to start on a large scale. His collection was laid away in a trunk and the book in which he had kept it had turned yellow with age when I found them a few years ago.

On these few hundred stamps my collection began. I steadily added to it until it now stands well over the three thousand mark. Now it did not take much money to get this collection. As I collected enough duplicates to make a good showing I started a small company, which not only netted me a profit, but increased my collection. I bought and sold, so a great many stamps passed through my hands and all I did not have, I put in my collection.

Now before closing let me drop a warning to the beginner. In collecting stamps it seems to be the idea of the collector to get quantity more than quality. If when starting you have a stamp that is worth something do not sell it because you can secure a larger quantity of cheaper stamps. The cheaper stamps will come to you in time, while you may never have a chance to get such a stamp again. I say this from experience one of my most valuable stamps being lost in this same way.

J. L. Jones, Baltimore, Md.

A "Different" Collection

I purchased my first camera and outfit in 1893, and I have been taking pictures off and on ever since.

Bird's nests, with eggs, have always been an interesting subject with me, and by dint of considerable perseverance, I have secured some very interesting pictures along this line. Among these are the eagle and oriole. I also have pictures of nearly all the snakes, in their natural haunts, that live in this part of the country. My best picture of the kind is a large blacksnake, with coiled body and head erect.

But my favorite picture was secured in the woods of Maine, where I was camping with an uncle and cousin. I had wandered a great distance from camp and at length flung myself, to rest, on the bank of a small stream. I carried my camera in its case, as well as my rifle, for I am a regular "camera fiend." Suddenly I heard a slight noise on the other side of the stream. In a moment, to my intense surprise, the head, antlers and neck of a moose appeared in the bushes. With the greatest caution, I removed the camera from its case, raised it, and pointed it at the motionless, unsuspecting animal. At the click of the shutter, the moose gave a wild look in my direction, then turned and went crashing into the underbrush. But of course the work was done.

When I reached camp, my uncle reproved me for not taking a shot at the animal,

as I might easily have done. But I am satisfied the picture is worth more to me than the animal itself would have been.

I remain,
Wm. Vant Leven, O. T. N.,
Crawfordsville, Indiana.

A Collection of Indian Relics

When I was about 12 years old I found an arrowhead, and with this small beginning I started my collection of Indian relics. I sometimes find an arrowhead accidentally; but the greater number of my arrowheads, as well as my other Indian relics, I found by hunting for them on Indian battle grounds and on spots where there were once Indian villages. These latter places are marked by chips of flint, stones, pieces of arrowheads, etc. Of course, arrow-heads can be bought, but I prefer to hunt for mine, for then I know them to be genuine. Every week I add something to my collection. Sometimes my friends give me arrowheads which they have found and regard as worthless.

My arrowheads vary in length from one inch to four inches, and are of various colors—blue, red, pink, yellow, brown, slate and amber. I have a few white arrowheads, one black one, and some mottled ones. Of all my other relics, the one I prize most is a brown stone pipe.

I enjoy collecting. I have several collections besides my collection of Indian relics, but it gives me more pleasure than all the rest, perhaps because it carries me out doors on exploring expeditions.

Arthur I. Smith,
Orizaba, Miss.

My Collection of Eggs

I have always wanted to be an "Oologist." One day I found a "Migholders," or Flickers egg and I then started a collection. I soon had over one hundred species represented in my collection. I was then given a cabinet and started in for scientific collecting, that is, I collected a set of eggs of each bird with nest and data. I now have about 25 to 30 birds represented with their nests, when obtainable, and data. I know all the birds when I see them, also their song and habits.

Among the eggs, I have a set of 1-3 or 3 Horned darks (444) which I got on March 28, 1902, a set each of Florida gallinule, Long and Short-Billed Marsh Wrens, and Virginia Rails. The latter I got by wading through a swamp up to my neck in

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mud and mire. I also have a set of Screech Owl, Barn Swallow, Bank Swallow, Downy Woodpecker, Flicker, etc. I am going to take a camera with me next year so as I can take pictures to illustrate a book.

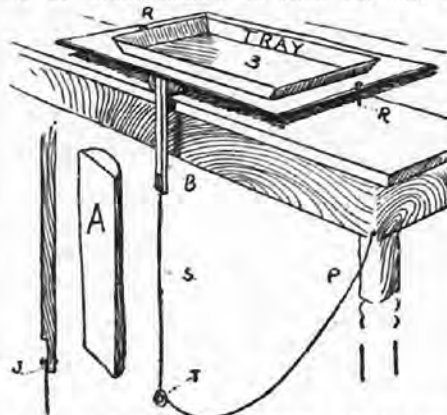
A. G. Austen, 34 Waverly Road, Toronto, Ont.



A Tray Rocker

Many amateur photographers have desired at one time or another to get something else ready while they had a plate in the developer, but could not do it on account of the necessity of keeping the tray moving. The tray rocker described in the following lines can easily be made by any boy or girl from a few articles found around any home, and a hammer, saw and nails.

The principal of the pendulum is made use of, whose bob or weight is the motive force. The first thing to secure is a cigar box lid or any piece of wood of sufficient size to hold the tray. We will call this piece the tray-seat. A section of curtain-pole or broom-handle is then cut off, of



the exact length as the width of the tray-seat. This piece of wood is then split through the middle, leaving two pieces (only one of which will be used) of the same shape as that shown in Fig. A. This piece is nailed to the middle of the tray-seat with the flat side against it, forming a rocker which ought to exactly balance, leaving the two ends of the tray-seat the same distance from the table.

A strip of wood, Fig. 1, B, is now found, of about the same length as the tray-seat, viz., eight or ten inches. This is firmly tacked to one end of the rocker, Fig. 1, B, perpendicularly to the tray-seat. A small cigar-box nail is driven into the lower end of this strip, parallel to the rocker. (Fig. 2, J, is a side view). This forms a part of the pendulum.

The rest of the pendulum is composed of a piece of string or light wire, Fig. 1, S, with a loop at the upper end to slip over the small nail at J, and the lower end fastened to the bob, T.

The bob can be any convenient weight of about a pound, but care must be taken not to get one so heavy as to tip over the tray. Two screws, Fig. 1, R, R, should be screwed part way through the ends of the tray-seat, to regulate the amount of dip the tray will get.

The rocker is now placed on the edge of the table with the pendulum extending over the edge. A string, Fig. 1, P, fastened at one end to the bob and at the other, to the corner of the table, allowing enough play for the motion of the pendulum, will aid in starting and stopping the pendulum. Fig. 3 gives an idea of how the tray will look from one side.

Any one who makes this tray rocker will be able to see the advantage in having a joint at R-J, instead of a pendulum made up of one piece.

Frank J. Strassner,

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October Prize Photo Winners

(See page 11)

On page eleven of this magazine we have reproduced, in half tone, nine prize photos. The subject assigned was Harvest Home. While not quite as many as usual competed for the prize this month, the average picture sent in was much better than usual. With a few exceptions, the prints were clear, showing that great care was used in developing, printing and fixing.

October Prize Winners

1. "Bringing in the Sheaves." This, the most enjoyable work on the farm, has been excellently handled by Nick Bruehl, O. T. N., Sherwood, Wis. Prize, \$2.
2. "Through for the Day," by E. Wilfred Neff. He who has worked on a farm, knows the joy which comes over the weary harvester after he has tossed his last fork full of hay on the load, and starts for home, supper and rest. Prize \$1.
3. "Our Oats," by Chas. B. McLeod, Waynesport, N. Y., speaks for itself. \$1.
4. "The Combine." This picture of a thirty-two horse reaper, shows how they cut wheat in Washington. Photo by Arthur Kinchen, O. T. N., Moeler, Wash. \$1.
5. "Harvesting the Hay Crop" is the title of a very good picture of a rural scene which nearly all of us have seen in the latter part of July or first of August. Picture by Herbert H. Post, Long Island, N. Y. \$1.
6. "Harvest," by Nick Bruehl. This is a very fine conception of Harvest, and if judged according to arrangement and conception alone, is the best picture we publish this month. \$1.
7. "Harvest Time." This picture by Jesse Cohen, Albany, N. Y., shows a beautiful glimpse of summer landscape. \$1.
8. "A Nebraska Harvest," by Roy Smith, Carleton, Neb., shows a typical scene in Nebraska, during June and July. \$1.00.
9. "Our New Deering Header," by C. C. Williams, McDonald, Kan. This is a great improvement on old methods of harvesting. \$1.00.

November Contest

My Best Photo is the subject for next month. This subject offers a great range, so we expect some fine examples of artistic photography.

December's "Christmas Joys, or Preparations," will be an interesting subject for every one.

As we expect to make an improvement on this department, we will announce subjects for 1903, in the November Star Monthly.

Rules of Contest

- (1) A first prize of two dollars in cash is given each month for the "best" print. All others used are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.
 - (2) The sender in each instance to state: "The enclosed pictures are my own work," etc., giving date taken, name of camera, locality, materials, etc.
 - (3) All prints to be unmounted and accompanied by full postage for return, otherwise they will be destroyed if not used. If used they will be paid for as stated above and become the property of the publishers of The Star Monthly without reservation.
 - (4) No picture smaller than two inches square considered. No "blue" prints of any size considered. No mounted pictures considered.
 - (5) Considerable care should be given to the article accompanying each picture, as it is of as much value as the photo itself. Make the article as brief as possible; in no case use more than 200 words.
- Do not write descriptions on back of pictures. Use letter paper and write in ink.

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ATHLETICS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

By Geo. W. Woodruff

In last month's issue of this magazine, I had a little to say about the muscles, their arrangement, and the desirability of having them flexible. This month I will, by a few exercises, try to show you how to attain this wished for end. First, however, let me repeat the advice which I gave all you readers of this department last month: "Don't use great weights in order to acquire muscle." After you have grown strong, it is all right to lift a heavy dumb-bell at arm's length over the head as a show feat, but it is not well to exercise with these heavy bells often, as it is apt to make your muscles rigid besides unduly enlarging the blood vessels.

Exercise with light dumb-bells, executing the movements with snap and dash and you will find that you develop just as fast as though you used heavy ones, and that you feel full of life instead of having that heavy dead feeling which so often comes to the man who uses ponderous weights in order to get strong.

By watching your own body as you develop you will soon be able to distinguish the different muscles and their uses. When you draw up your leg, if you put your hand on the back part of the upper leg, you will touch the contracted flexor for that leg. Straighten out your leg hard, and you will see the extensor.

An exercise that will greatly strengthen the too often neglected abdominal is that shown by Fig. 1.

Lie flat on your back on the floor. Place the hands at the base of the spine as a support, then keeping the legs straight, lift them until they are at right angles with the body. Now lower slowly until the



feet touch the floor. Repeat until tired. Be sure to keep your knees straight, as the value of the movement largely depends upon this. At first you will find this exercise rather fatiguing, but you will soon reach a stage where you can repeat it fifty or a hundred times without any inconvenience. The value of this movement as a waist developer, is known by the trainers of the Yale Boat Crew, who have used it as a preliminary exercise for many years.

If your father or any friend finds that he is getting too fat around the abdomen, tell him to try this exercise. It will remove fat if anything will.

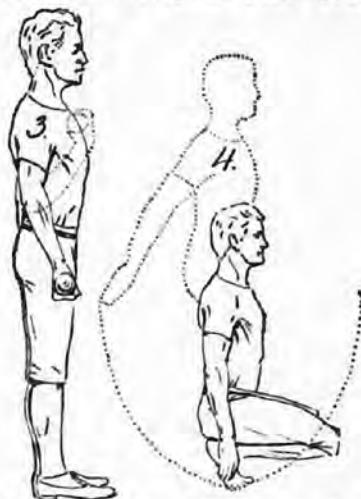
Fig. 2 is an exercise, which besides strengthening nearly every muscle of the body, is especially good for the back arm or tricep, the abdomen, the pectoral or chest muscle, and the muscle back of the shoulders.

Lie flat on the floor stomach down, toes touching at right angles to the body. Place hands close to body near the arm pits; then, keeping the body rigid, push

hard against the floor until the arms are straight. Allow body to sink until the chin just touches the floor. At first, unless you are in pretty good trim four or five times pushing up will be about all you can manage with any degree of comfort, but in a surprisingly short time twenty-five or fifty will be as easy as eating your dinner, and a well marked back arm muscle will be a visible sign that the exercise is a good one.

To develop your front arm or biceps, the exercise known as chinning is a good one.

Catch hold of a bar or a limb of a tree, that is high enough to allow you to hang at arms length without touching the ground. Then keeping your body as



straight as possible, draw yourself up by your arms until your chin is on a level with the bar. Now slowly let yourself down to arms length again, and repeat.

If you can not get a place to chin yourself near by, the exercise shown in Fig. 3 will serve as a good substitute. All physical culturists agree in saying that it is the quickest known method of developing the biceps.

Either stand up or sit erect on a stool, with a dumb-bell in each hand. Allow both hands to hang down at your sides. Now keeping the upper part of your arm and elbow in the same position, raise your right fore-arm until your hand is near your shoulder. Then as you are slowly moving your hand back to its original position, bring up your left hand in the same manner as you previously moved your right. Continue this for a hundred times or more, your right always coming up as your left goes down, and vice-versa.

An exercise of great value for the legs, and one that will tax your balancing powers is shown in Fig. 4.

Take the standing position as shown in the July issue of the Star Monthly. Draw the arms behind nearly as far as they will go. Now relax the leg muscles, and drop to the position shown in the drawing, swinging the arms forward at the same time. This will preserve the balance. The natural elasticity of the leg muscles coupled with a better muscular effort will send the body up to the original position again.

And now right here I want to tell you boys not to overtax yourself the first time you try these exercises. Go easy at first. If you feel a little stiff the next day don't lay off. Exercise easily, and in a few days your stiffness and soreness will have disappeared. If on the other hand, you leave out the exercises one day because you are stiff, you will have the same trouble after your next exercise. It is always a good plan to rub yourself, or what is better, have someone else rub you well with witch-hazel, or witch-hazel and alcohol, after you have had your exercise and bath. This will keep your muscles in fine condition and take all soreness away.

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NEW HARD KNOTS.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead cereals collectively and leave something that refreshes.
2. Behead an eager desire and leave a straw prepared for thatching a roof.
3. Behead to choke, and leave a parent.
4. Behead a shining light, and leave an old salt.
5. Behead a slang word meaning to steal, and leave to remove by the use of a towel.

K. B. S.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in shed; but not in roof.
My second is in nail; but not in hoof.
My third is in lake; but not in ocean.
My fourth is in action; but not in motion.
My fifth is in species; but not in kind.
My whole is a boy's name you will find.

J. M. A.

A SQUARE.

A great cooling island of the U. S.
A preposition.
An adverb denoting on the top.
To be dull or spiritless.

Gopher.

WHAT AM I?

That I'm the center of gravity I'm sure you'll avow.
Invaluable, being foremost in every victory, all will allow.
A capital position in Vienna I hold,
Always in voice though ever out of tune—behold!
Invisible, though in the midst of a river seen.

Oh! happily there are three in love with me, I ween,
Although I've three associates in vice, and to say,
It is vain you seek me, for let me tell you, pray.

That since I've been in Heaven a long time has gone by,
And embelmed in the grave even how do I lie.

A HALF SQUARE.

1. Not having wings as insects.
2. Those who smooth with a plane.
3. Idle talk.
4. A passage.
5. To depend upon.
6. Unrefined metal.
7. A pronoun.
8. A letter from Washington.

K. N. G.

Answers September Puzzles

1.—Unique enigma.
The star is becoming more resplendent.

2.—A SQUARE.
M A K E R
A L I V E
K I T E S
E V E N T
R E N T S

3.—DIVIDED CITIES.

- 1—Came bridge, Cambridge.
- 2—Low ell, Lowell.
- 3—Norfolk, Norfolk.
- 4—Spring field, Springfield.
- 5—Water bury, Waterbury.

4.—CHARADE.

Sat in, Satin.

5.—MALTESE CROSS PROBLEM.

At one o'clock p. m.

August Prize Winners

- 1—Henry Gough, O. T. N., Easterday, Ky.
 - 2—Julia P. Haswell, Box 80, No. Hoosick, N. Y.
 - 3—Frank Van Name, 362 Evergreen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Divinities & Heroes of Antiquity

This month we will have a little to say about Juno (Hera), the greatest of the goddesses and wife of Jupiter, whom we spoke of last month.

Juno (Hera) was the daughter of Saturn (Cronos) and Rhea. One account has it that she was swallowed by Cronos, like the rest of Jupiter's brothers and sisters, and was saved with them at the time Metis gave Cronos the evil tasting drink, which made him throw them up. Another account says that Oceanus and Tethys, brother and sister of Jupiter, brought her up so that her father might not swallow her. At any rate she married Jupiter, and as his wife occupied a very high position among the Gods. The Greeks always treat her with the same respect as they do Zeus (Jupiter), although she is inferior to him in power and must obey him in all things. She is not, till a much later date, considered to be the Queen of Heaven. She is simply the wife of Jupiter the Omnipotent.



Juno is always pictured as a large handsome matronly woman of a rather severe countenance, and properly so, for she is the Goddess of marriage and children. Her favorite bird is the peacock, whose tall feathers she decorated with the eyes of the hundred orbed Argus, whom Mercury put to sleep and slew.

Juno's disposition is not very sweet, in fact she is always jealous of Jupiter and is continually engaged in bickering with the other Divinities.

One time when all of the Gods attended the marriage of Peleus and Thetis (parents of Achilles) which was celebrated on Mount Pelion, Eris the Goddess of Discord was the only one who was not invited. Enraged at the slight, she threw among the guests a golden apple, inscribed "For the fairest." Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Jupiter, well knowing his wife's temper, did not wish to decide in such a delicate matter, so he sent them to Mount Ida where Paris, a Trojan shepherd, was tending his flocks. To him was given the decision of saying to whom belonged the apple. Each of the Goddesses tried to bribe him. Juno promised him riches and power if he would decide in her favor. Minerva promised him renown in war, and Venus promised him the fairest mortal for a wife. This last bribe outweighed the others, and Paris gave Venus the apple.

Enraged and chagrined that she, the mighty Juno, should be so slighted, she swore a mighty oath against the Trojans. From that time on when ever Divine fortune went against the Trojans, it was caused by the spiteful Juno.

At one time very early in their wedded life, Juno with Neptune (Poseidon) and Minerva (Athena) planned to put Jupiter in chains, for which conspiracy she was soundly beaten by him. At another time he threw Vulcan (Hephaestus) out of Heaven, laming him for life, because he took Juno's part against him.

On the whole, however, Juno proved a very good wife to Jupiter. If she was sometimes jealous of him it was with good cause, and because she loved him so. She took a more serious view of her responsibility as a goddess than did the somewhat frivolous Venus, and for that reason often quarreled with her. Although the poets often have a little quiet fun at Juno's expense, they all really respect her for her housewifely and matronly qualities.

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Boys & Girls Wanted To be our agents. Watches, cameras, sporting goods, jewelry, etc., given away for selling only 18 packages of our quick selling Bluing at 10c a package. We ask no money in advance. Send for agent's outfit today with premium list. Address Excelsior Bluing Co., Dept. 116, Chicago.

WITH JACK KNIFE, HAMMER AND SAW

We print below two clever little suggestions for the boy handy with tools, which entitle the inventors to handsome jack knives as prizes, under the terms of our offer. We suggest that our young craftsmen devote their time and suggestions to Christmas presents during October, forwarding their plans to reach the editor not later than October 20th. The plans that can be used will be printed in the December issue.

The Grass Sled

Out here in California we have lots of fun coasting and we do not have to wait for snow. In fact, in many places snow is an unknown quantity, but boys in these places may enjoy all the pleasures of a coast down hill (provided there is a hill) by the use of a barrel-stave grass sled.

Take two sugar or flour barrel staves (the widest you can get) because they are lighter than many other kinds. Nail them together 4 inches apart with a piece (A) 12 inches wide, 1/4 inch thick and long



The Grass Sled

enough to go to the outer edge of each stave. This will form a seat. (A) Now nail a piece 2 or 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick (B) at the other end and let it project 3 or 3 1/2 inches on each side of the staves (C). These are to put your feet on. Now take your sled to the top of a steep hill covered with dry grass. Have your brother get on the sled and make a track by pulling him down 2 or 3 times. After this performance the sled will slide down alone (with you on, of course) and won't stop till you get to the bottom. It is excellent fun and the longer the sled is used the faster it will travel, as the runners will become polished by friction and the "track" in the grass likewise.

James E. Prevorrow, Amador City, Calif.

Birch Bark Utilities

One of the most commented upon features in my room is a miniature birch bark canoe that I made while on a fishing trip in Northern Wisconsin last summer. It is wonderful how pliable this beautiful bark is, and into how many clever ornaments for a boy or girl's room it can be fashioned. A single broad sheet, with the dark green patches of lichen left on it, makes the best kind of a photo mount, when glued to a thin board. Diagonal slits in the bark permit the insertion of the four corners of the unmounted prints.

A clever button box is easily made by any girl who is patient and clever. A strip of bark fifteen inches long and five inches wide is laid out flat and punctured at regular intervals with little holes. Take a thirty-two calibre empty brass shell and a little hammer to punch the holes, which should be about half of an inch from top and bottom sides, and half an inch apart.

When bent around and lapped an inch, a heavy cardboard or wooden bottom (likewise punched with holes) is held in place by a bright colored ribbon woven through the holes. A piece of birch lmb, trimmed down to a half-round, with the bark left on, forms the top edge, held in place by ribbons through the top holes.

m. Crosby.



How to Quit Tobacco.

A new discovery odorless and tasteless, that Ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food quickly curing the patient without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 3485 Fifth and Race Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio and easily drive foul tobacco smoke and dirty spittoons from the home.

BOYS IT'S SCHOOL TIME You will all want pens. Send 10c for a three dozen assortment, every pen warranted and we will show you how to make money. Address E. R. L. COMPANY, Deep River, Conn

Dollars and Cents are what count! All WE want is your name and address. We can interest you in an honest scheme that will make the dollars roll in. Do it now. S. FAY & CO., Warsaw, Ind.

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The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. Ringbones, Curbs and Splints just as quick. Not painful and never has failed. Detailed information about this new method sent free to horse owners. Write today. Ask for pamphlet No. 124 Fleming Bros., Chemists, Union Stock Yds., Chicago.

A CHANCE to MAKE NONEY

Mrs. Martha Baird, Dept. 2, 107 Beatty St., Pittsburg, Pa., started me in my own business selling Flavoring Creams, made in sixteen flavors and used for coloring cakes, candies, custards, ice cream, desserts, etc. These Creams are very popular. I sell them in almost every home, boarding house and hotel. The large profit and quick sales give a handsome income, making me independent. I only work a small part of my time. Last week I sold 307 jars, at 25c per jar. I willingly give my experience for the benefit of those who wish to obtain a snug little bank account. E. A. C.

MOST WONDERFUL VALUES

IN HIGH-CLASS SEWING MACHINES OR ORGANS and PIANOS, which we guarantee for 20 years, and ship on 30 days Free Trial at wholesale prices. You can save money by writing for our mammoth Free Catalogue. Sewing Machines from \$1.50 up. Organs from \$8.95 up. Pianos \$118 up. Ask for big catalogue, No. 536. Ask for catalogue House Furniture, No. 535 H. E. H. STAFFORD & BROS., Chicago, Ill.

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FINE GOLD WATCH This watch with fully guaranteed American movement, is sent free to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our jewelry at 10 cents each. The case is gold-plated and equal in appearance to a gold filled watch, warranted 26 years. No money required. Write to-day and we shall send the jewelry postpaid. Return the \$2.50 when sold and you will positively receive the watch. Numerous other premiums as Boy's Suit's, Rifles, Revolvers, Ladies' Watches, Hats, Shirt Waists, Tool-chests, etc. U. S. Mfg. Co., Dept. J, 48 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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**OUR GREAT MEN
AN EDUCATIONAL CONTEST**

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, naturalist, was born at Rotler, near Lake Neuschatel, Switzerland, May 28, 1807, of French descent. Louis's early education was conducted by his mother, a woman of great culture and attainments. At the age of ten he, with his brother, attended the gymnasium at Cologne, where he acquired the knowledge of ancient and modern languages, that afterwards proved of such service to him. At about this time he became interested in craniometry and started his first collection of skulls. During his vacations at Fribourg, whither his father had removed, his interest in natural history was much stimulated by a young clergyman named Fivaz. After spending some years at the gymnasium, our young naturalist went to Lausanne to continue his education. From this place, in 1824, he went to Zurich in order to take up the study of medicine. Not content to study in one place he attended the great German university of Heidelberg and Munich, where he studied under the great scientists of the time. In 1829, though still in college, Agassiz published a description of the animals collected by Martin, which earned himself the reputation of being one of the greatest mammalogists. Although so much of his time was thus occupied, he did not neglect his medical studies, and received the doctor's degree in medicine from Munich in 1831. One year later he was given a doctor's degree in philosophy, at Berlin. In 1836 Agassiz was honored with a membership in the Academy, and before he had attained the age of thirty the degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon him by a Scotch university. The greatest contribution that he made to science was his "Researches on Fossil Fishes," which appeared from 1833 to 1843. In 1840, his "Etudes sur les Glaciers" being the result of observations during the preceding eight summers appeared, followed in 1847 by the "Systeme Glacier." Coming to America in 1846 to study the Natural History of this country, and to give a course of lectures, he remained as Professor of zoology and geology at Harvard. He went to Brazil in 1865 to explore the Amazon and its tributaries for zoological and geological purposes. Space is lacking to even give a list of the works and achievements of this wonderfully versatile man. His was an almost perfect intellect, developed harmoniously on every side. He would first observe the thing he was studying, letting no point escape him; then, after he had collected his data, he would reason and draw his wonderfully accurate conclusions. He died in Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1875.



Pointers For Contestants

Procure a good standard "Life of Agassiz, then take pen and paper and copy the above biography, word for word, not forgetting that there are many traps for the careless and unwary in the above short biography.

What you want to do is to correct these errors, using your reference book as a guide. Then mail your corrected biography, neatly written, to reach the editor on or before October 25th.

We will award one cash prize of \$2 for the neatest and nearest correct biography, and three others of \$1 each for the three next best.

The Agassiz biography, thoroughly cleansed of all errors, will be republished in the November issue of The Star Monthly. Remember not to change any of the

sentences when you answer a biography. Simply substitute correct words, dates, and spelling for incorrect ones. If a number is written out in the biography, write it out in your correction. If it is in figures, put it in figures in your copy. Remember neatness also counts in this contest.

The September Contest

Here is the corrected biography of George Peabody, with all intentional errors eliminated. Compare it with the biography as printed in the September issue and you will easily locate all the errors:

George Peabody

Geo. Peabody, philanthropist, was born in Danvers (now Peabody), Feb. 18, 1795. After he had been taught to read and write at the Danvers school, he became a clerk at the age of eleven. Later he served in the same capacity at Thetford, Vt., and in Newberryport, Mass. In 1812 he went to Georgetown, D. C., to assume the management of a store belonging to his uncle John Peabody. In 1814, at the age of 19, he laid the foundation of his fortune by establishing, with Elisha Riggs as partner, a wholesale dry goods house, which a year later was removed to Baltimore, Md. He also established branches in New York and Philadelphia in 1822. By the retirement of Mr. Riggs, George became the head of the firm, and in 1837 he settled in London, where in the year 1843 he established the banking house of Peabody and Company. Some time before this, by negotiating the sale of \$8,000,000 worth of bonds, he saved the state of Maryland from bankruptcy, and by giving the commission, \$200,000, which he earned on this transaction to the state, he received a vote of thanks from the legislature. This was his first great gift. His fame as a philanthropist, however, rests upon his donations for educational purposes. He founded an institute in his native town, gave \$1,000,000 for the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, \$150,000, to Harvard, and was equally generous to



(Continued on page 31)

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The Coming Men of America

A wonderful Boys Society, eight years old, with members in 20,000 towns in all parts of America—Teaching Patriotism, Brotherly Love, Morality, Ambition, Oratory, Parliamentary Law and Government. Endorsed by the Press, the Pulpit, Parents and Educators.



Coming Men of America was organized in 1894. It admits to membership all white boys of good moral character who are 12 years of age or over. The society is now eight years old; it is regularly and permanently established and incorporated under the laws of Illinois. The C. M. A. has experienced a wonderful growth during its comparatively short history, due to the fact that its precepts, aims

and principles are all excellent, and to the further fact that it occupies a distinct field of labor. There is no better work than among the bright-eyed, healthy American youths, who are ambitious to be successful men and good citizens. Boys of to-day, they are the men of to-morrow, and when they don the "badge with a single star," it means they have joined the C. M. A. with the intention of fitting and preparing themselves for the duties and responsibilities of the future.

The C. M. A. is a secret society, modeled on the most approved and successful adult plans, but there is nothing in the secret work that interferes with a boy's religious training, or his duty to his parents, his friends or his country. A secret society is fascinating to a healthy American boy and because he likes it he will learn the great lessons our noble order teaches. Parents who learn the great objects and aims of the C. M. A. encourage their sons to join. Were it not for their hearty endorsement and co-operation the C. M. A. could not have lived. Anything that was even debatable as to its merit was omitted from the literature and precepts of the C. M. A., so that the slightest grounds for objection were done away with.

The Star Monthly devotes considerable space to the C. M. A. in every issue. In fact it is the official organ of the order. Each issue is filled with the best and brightest of new serial and short stories, biographies and anecdotes of great and famous men, practical hints and helps for Young America, numerous departments with monthly prize awards and is handsomely and profusely illustrated throughout at a cost of 50 cents a year, while all other publications for young folks cost 75 cents to \$1.00 a year. That's why it is the largest and most successful as well as oldest boys' magazine in the world.

The members of the C. M. A. keep in close touch with one another in all parts of the world through **The Star Monthly**, which prints pictures of the members, letters written by them and has several pages of each issue filled with accounts of their doings in all parts of the country; a list of new lodges formed, and special messages addressed to the members, who, alone, can read them.

The official badge of the C. M. A. is a lapel button with symbols and letters in enameled colors, surrounding a star, making a beautiful emblem to be worn in the lapel of the coat. The secret work is

full, comprehensive and easy to learn. Bestography, the secret sign language, can only be written and read by the members, who are furnished with a key. An idea of this unique sign language can be had by looking at the message in the C. M. A. department in this issue.

The certificate of membership is made of strong bond paper, on which the emblem, name and beautiful symbolic scroll work is executed in lithographic colors. The certificate also gives the member's roll number, date of joining, name and has place for his signature. This certificate is intended for framing and will make a handsome ornament for any home.

As soon as there are six or more members in a town a charter, ritual and full instructions are furnished free, so a lodge can be formed, oratory, parliamentary law and government studied by practice, and new members initiated. This alone, is great fun.

Lodges are forming everywhere. If there is no member in your town it is all the more reason why you should join at once, for, as soon as you get your outfit, certificate and badge, others will want to join. The first member in a town is usually chosen as first president of the lodge.

By leaving religion and politics alone we prevent conflicts and factions that would break up any organization. The C. M. A. teaches, preaches and practices the Golden Rule. It appeals to the manly qualities in the breast of every boy. It holds up for examples great men like Washington, Lincoln, Lee, G'adstone, Childs, Cooper, Peabody, McKinley and Dewey. It inspires worthy ambition and brings out the good qualities in a boy. It shows how right and truth and unselfishness are sure to make one happy and successful. It teaches pluck, perseverance and concentration of effort, and all the time, instead of preaching these principles, they are inculcated in the youth as something he sees by example and unconsciously absorbs by his own reasoning powers.

"As the twigs incline, so the tree will grow." Join our ranks now and with your influence help spread our order until everyone knows and appreciates its value. The brotherly grip of friendship has extended to all parts of the world. The membership will soon number over 100,000. Every boy or young man wishing to join must send 50 cents and fill in the blank below.

This includes a six months' subscription to **The Star Monthly**, one gold plated and enamel badge, to be worn in coat lapel, one certificate of membership, lithographed in colors, one set of secret work and instructions, one key to Bestography, one set blanks, printed matter, etc., etc. The only requirement is that you must be a white boy of good moral character, over 12 years of age, pledging your word of honor, when you sign the application, to keep its secrets inviolate. Fill out, cut out and send in the following application if you want to join. If you are already a subscriber to **The Star Monthly** your remittance of 50c. will extend your subscription for 6 months and entitle you to the new member's outfit as described above.

(Cut Coupon Off Here)

FILL OUT THIS COUPON CUT IT OUT 50c.

and send it in with 50c.

Either by Postoffice Order, Express Order, or Registered Letter
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DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find 50 cts. which is for 6 months' subscription to **THE STAR MONTHLY**. Also send me one official badge, one set secret work, one membership certificate, one key to Bestography, other necessary particulars and enter me as a new member of the **COMING MEN OF AMERICA**. I promise, upon my word of honor, not to disclose or make public to any person not a member, any of the signs, grips, signals, secret work or secret sign language of the C. M. A. This agreement is made with the understanding that I am a white boy of good character, and that there is nothing in the secrets that will interfere with my religious views, politics, my duty to my parents or friends. Yours truly,

Age..... Name.....

99

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Yale. He donated \$3,500,000 for the promotion of negro education in the south, and spent \$2,500,000 in housing London's poor. He subscribed smaller amounts to numerous other charities and educational institutions.

Naturally of a parsimonious disposition, according to his own testimony, he conquered this tendency and gave, until giving became a never failing source of delight to him. He stands alone in the greatness of his benevolences. Queen Victoria wished to give him a baronetcy, as a token of her appreciation of his munificence, but he declined the honor, receiving her picture instead. He died Nov. 4, 1869 in London.

We will print the names and addresses of the four prize winners next month.

August Awards

The following four subscribers to The Star Monthly were awarded the cash prizes for nearest and nearest correct biographies of Peter Cooper:

- 1—George Hazelquist, 10646 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill., \$2 in cash.
- 2—George S. Adams, 506 May St., Ft. Worth, Tex., \$1 in cash.
- 3—Roy Foley, 1512 S. 17th St., Springfield, Ill., \$1 in cash.
- 4—Merle Meacham, R. F. D. No. 2, Atwater, O., \$1 in cash.

Only a few of our subscribers succeeded in being distinguished by honorable mention this month.

Honorable mention.—Lloyd W. Brooke, Walter M. Louffer, J. W. Read, Jr., O. T. N.; J. Minor Workman.

Correspondence Bureau

Below we print the names of subscribers to The Star Monthly, who wish to correspond on certain subjects. A request to enter your name for correspondence, without giving a subject in which you are interested, will not find a place in this column. The idea of the column is to enable boys of similar tastes to write to each other on some subject, to their mutual advantage.

Shorthand.—Harrison Garner, Lancaster, Wis.

Photography.—J. Johnston, 421 Twenty-fifth Ave., South, Seattle, Wash.

Chemistry and French.—Frank V. Neil, O. T. N., 129 Draper St., Dorchester, Mass.

Curios.—Everett McBride, Antrim, Ohio; Clifton Webster, O. T. N.; Arthur, N. D.; Arthur Custer, 1203 Mississippi Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Lane Thomas, O. T. N., Pond Creek, Okla.

Furs.—O. T. Gylleck, O. T. N., Box 19, Elgin, Ill.

Social Science.—Grant Lippincott, 5th, O. T. N., 215 West St., Hutchinson, Kas.

Stamp Collecting and Journalism.—E. A. Hill, Catoosa, I. T.; Archie R. Onyun, O. T. N., 38 First, N. W., Station G, Washington, D. C.

Electrical Engineering.—Dee Lee, 1812 South O. St., Elwood, Ind.; Ralph H. Tutbill, James Post, Long Island, N. Y. State; Orlo H. Gable, 123 East Arch St., Portland, Ind.

Railroad and Telegraphy.—H. H. Horton, Lebanon, Ala.; W. R. Skeels, O. T. N., Grinnell, Iowa.

Physical Culture.—Eugene Wilbur Sears, O. T. N., Call, Fla.

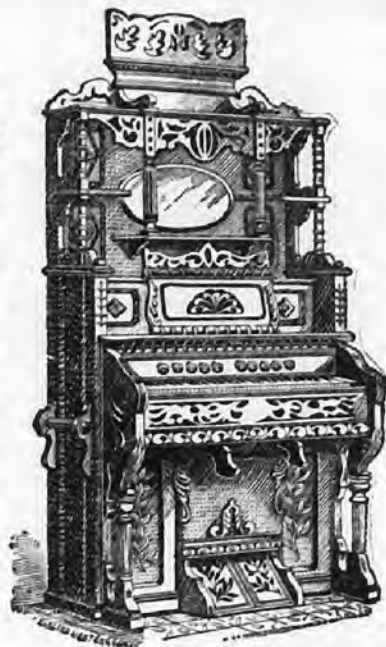
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THE STAR MONTHLY

DECEMBER 1902



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THE ROAD to Honan, a story of two American boys in China, will be a strong feature in January Star Monthly, not to mention "Bob Halliday's Ride," and "The Pineville Limited." The latter two are unusually clever short stories. This December issue shows marked improvement typographically, and January issue will be still better in this respect, with a cover design that will strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every young Canadian, as well as lovers of outdoor life all over the country.

The STAR

MONTHLY

(Copyright, 1902, Hunter Publishing Co.)

Vol. IX No. 5

Oak Park, Illinois

December, 1902

Christmas at THE CROSS ROADS

PRAIRIE CROSS ROADS was the natural sequence of the desire of four homesteaders to be neighbors. Entering the country together, they had found this particular piece of prairie land very desirable, and had entered claims and built cabins in the angles of their quarter sections at scarce a stone's throw from each other.

Then other men entered claims, and in course of time, thirteen cabins could be seen dotting the landscape in various directions, and over behind the waving horizon of grass the storekeeper knew that he could depend upon the custom of at least thirteen more.

Among the buildings which were more or less concealed by the prairie grass horizon was the roughly built cabin of a man named Schenks. He had been in the county six months now, and beyond the fact that he had entered a claim for eighty acres, and that there were only himself and little girl, the neighbors knew absolutely nothing. He was a gaunt, surly, unprepossessing man, who was in the habit of dismissing chance visitors before they succeeded in crossing the threshold. One Sunday morning Schenks astonished the community by appearing at church with his little

girl. But some of the small boys giggled at the sight of the child's uncouth garments, and he heard them, and scowled angrily, then by some inadvertence he was overlooked when the collection was taken, and when services were over he caught his little girl by the hand and hurried from the building.

"We will go there no more," he muttered, harshly, "They are no better

as we, but dey look down on us. We will not be beholden." Then he noticed the quivering of the child's sensitive lips, and his rough voice softened.

"Let dem go, Gretchen," he said, gently, "we have de cabin,

an' de flowers, an' de blue sky, an' de grain.

"Next week I will take some t'ings down to Roebruck, an' you shall go an' see your cousin Georgine while I visit de market, hey?"

Gretchen smiled bravely.

In the old home beyond the sea, Gretchen's father had been somewhat of a student, and he knew many ways of collecting and preserving and mounting botanical specimens. This he taught to Gretchen during the long evenings they were together, and combining his instructions with her own delicate imagination, she arranged grass and flowers and grain-stalks and heads into quaint pictures and designs, and into neat artistically-shaped booklets made from brown wrapping paper.

True to his promise, her father took her to town the following week, and left her with Georgine. Gretchen found the family busily engaged in packing a small box for a destitute colored family in the south. She became very interested.

On their way home she looked at her father with shining eyes.

"Uncle George is sending some t'ings to the colored man who saved his life in the war," she said eagerly. "He heard the man was sick and awfully poor. Aunt Hilda says

the children never had any shoes or stockings and that they don't know how to read"— She paused, and then added hesitatingly:

"I wish we could send somet'ing."

Schenks looked down at her.

"We have no monev for such t'ings," he said: "If dere is any little t'ing



Gretchen smiled bravely

you ain't use, I don't mind. But how you send?" "Oh, I read the name on the box," laughed Gretchen, delightedly. "It was Miss Willie—Brayton, I think, of Palmetto, Florida—no, Alabama—the letters were so scrawly I could hardly make them out. I will send to her. T'ank you, fader."

The next morning Gretchen made diligent search among her possessions, but could find nothing suited her purpose.

"Maybe some little girl will like an amusement 'most as well as a useful," she thought, as she examined her cards and booklets.

So she selected two of the prettiest booklets and wrapped them carefully in clean, brown paper, and directed, as nearly as she could remember, like the address on the box; then she wrote a letter to the same address. In the evening her father took them to the postoffice.

Down at Palmetto, Alabama, the postmaster looked at the address and shook his head.

"No Braytons around here," he said, and after keeping the box and letter for a week or ten days, he crossed out Alabama and wrote "Try Palmetto, Florida." The very next day the postmaster at Palmetto, Florida, also shook his head and said, "No Braytons around here." But the letter and package were put in the miscellaneous box to await a possible owner.

Nearly a week later, as a young girl was turning away, the postmaster called her back.

"Here's something else you may as well take, Willie," she said. "It ain't exactly your name, but there's only one letter different. I reckon the B's meant for a C, anyhow."

Reaching home, Willie Clayton examined her mail with an odd mixture of curiosity and amusement and delight. Then she took the booklets, and the letter to her mother.

"The flowers and grasses are real pretty, mamma," she said, "I don't see how she could arrange them so nicely. But, oh, mamma! the letter is as funny! I do believe Gretchen thought she was writing to a poor little negro girl, who didn't have anything."

Mrs. Clayton examined the booklets, and then read the letter.

"This Gretchen seems to be a nice little girl," she said; "what a lonely time she must have out there in that cabin. Can't we think of some pleasant surprise for her, Willie?" Then she said something that made Willie clap her hands joyously.

At Prairie Cross Roads they were preparing to celebrate Christmas with a tree and presents for the children, and with songs and recitations and speeches, and with a "Merry Christmas!" and hearty "God bless you!" all around. Gretchen longed to take part, but her father said "No," they would not push themselves into anybody's favor.

One day word was brought to the cabin that there was a big box at the express office for Gretchen Schenks, and that all charges were prepaid. Her father said there was some mistake, but he would go and see; and, sure enough, when he returned, there was a box in his sleigh, and when the box was opened there was a letter addressed to Gretchen Schenks.

"Dear Gretchen," it began: "I got your booklets by mistake, for I am not a negro girl at all. But I am glad they came to me, for I like them. They are lovely. I hope you will write me something more about your beautiful prairie country, and your birds and flowers and housekeeping. Mamma and I have made you up a Christmas box of oranges and lemons and grapefruits and pome-

granates and cocoanuts and pecans and other things, and we have put in some mistletoe and holly and Spanish moss. I hope you will like the box. My father raises acres and acres of fruit. It is very pleasant here now, and we have roses blooming all over our verandas.

"Cordially yours,
"WILLIE CLAYTON."

She was aroused by her father. "Come, Gretchen, look at de box," he urged. "Dere is more fruit as you ever see. It is an Arabian Nights—a somet'ing we have dream. I don't know half de names—look!"

Gretchen did look, and a series of rapturous oh! and oh! and oh's! was all that escaped her lips during the next five minutes.

"You have no need for de Cross Road people now," said her father, delightedly; "You have better Christmas as dey."

Gretchen looked at him with shining eyes. "I have been thinking, fader," she said softly, "that I would like to give the box to the tree for all the people. I don't believe folks around here ever saw so many kinds of fruit, and it would please the childrens. I will write to Wille Clayton about it! I don't think she will mind."

Schenks flushed angrily.

"THE CHRISTMAS FLOOD"



1st Prize Photo.
See page 16

Sloan Truscott,
Honesdale, Pa.

"Gretchen!" he began, then something in her face made him pause suddenly—"just like her moder," he whispered, scarcely above his breath, and then he turned to the fireplace and began to fumble nervously with the tongs. "Do anyt'ing you like, Gretchen, just anyt'ing you like," he said at last. "I will carry de box myself."

Gretchen was preparing supper when he returned, her face bright, and her gladness finding an outlet in joyous little bursts of song. Then there was the sound of voices outside, and the door was flung open and she found herself gazing wonderingly at the minister's wife, and the storekeeper's wife, and into the faces of half a dozen young people, who smiled at her gratefully. And, of course, there was nothing for her but to go back with them to the church to help arrange for Christmas.

When the festivities were over there was no more popular girl in all the Prairie Cross Roads than Gretchen, and no one who had more callers. And her father—well, he just looked on and smiled and laughed, and seemed to be wholly unconscious that the harsh wrinkles were escaping, one by one, from his forehead and from under his big blue eyes.

FRANK H. SWEET.

★ ★ ★

Remember the subject for the photographic contest for January and February is Winter. Any scene which is in keeping with the spirit of Winter may be sent in for these two months. This is a large field, and will give great scope for work.

The Seal of the United States

THE first device for a seal of the United States was prepared under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who had been appointed a committee for that purpose July 14, 1776. On one side of the design offered were the Goddesses of Liberty and Justice, and around them were grouped the arms of all the European nations; on the other were: above, the pillar of fire, and below, Pharaoh and his chariots overthrown in the Red Sea. This design, however, was not approved, and it was not until 1782 that a final decision in regard to the matter was reached. In that year a committee which had been appointed by Congress submitted a design drawn by William Barton of Philadelphia, which on June 20 was approved, and finally adopted as the Great Seal of the United States. The obverse of this was the device, familiar to all, of an eagle bearing on his breast the national escutcheon, holding in his right talon an olive branch, and in his left a bunch of thirteen arrows. Above his head were thirteen stars surrounded by a halo or glory, and a scroll bearing the legend "E Pluribus Unum." The escutcheon was placed upon the breast of

the eagle without other support, to show that the United States of America would rely mainly upon their own strength and virtue. The olive branch and arrows were to indicate that the powers of peace and war were vested in Congress. On the reverse side was an unfinished pyramid; above it an eye and the words "Annuit Caepit," and beneath it "1776—Novus Ordo Seclorum." The pyramid was used to signify strength and duration, and was left unfinished, to indicate that the great work of building the structure of human liberty was not completed. The motto "Annuit Caepit" and the eye were meant to allude to the many interferences of Providence in favor of the American cause. The date of the Declaration of Independence and the words "Novus Ordo Seclorum"

("A new series of ages") allude to the opening of a new area of human progress and freedom. The thirteen stars on the shield typified the States, and the constellation of stars denoted that a new nation was to make its place among the sovereign powers of the world. After the ratification of the Constitution this seal was again formally accepted September 15, 1799, and on March 2, 1799, its custody was transferred to the Secretary of State. In 1841 the old seal was found to be so worn that a new one was made by order of Daniel Webster, in which, for some unknown cause, the arrows in the eagle's talon were reduced to six and the regular width of the stripes on the shield were altered. From its adoption half of the seal has done duty for the whole, as the reverse side has never been engraved for the purposes of the Government.

★ ★ ★

The Presidential Succession

THE Presidential Succession is fixed by chapter 4 of the acts of the Forty-ninth Congress. In case of the removal or death, resignation or inability of both the President and Vice-President, then the Secretary of State shall act as President until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed, or a President is elected. If there be no Secretary of State, then the Secretary of the Treasury will act; and the remainder of the order of succession is: Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of the Interior.

A Costly Christmas Tree

For The Star Monthly

By Anne H. Woodruff



"Tom Johnson saw him"



"If you intend getting that Christmas tree, you would better go this afternoon," said Mrs. Archer. "I have other work for you to do tomorrow."

"All right, mother," answered Harry. "Come on, Alf. It will take us the best part of the afternoon. It's a long two miles to the Pine Bush."

"Don't be late," cautioned their mother, as they left the room. "Your father depends upon you to do the chores to-night."

"All right, mother," again returned Harry, as they started—Alf with an axe slung across his shoulder—merry, as bright, healthy boys of twelve and fourteen usually are. On the outskirts of the village they met Robert Mason, one of their cronies.

"We are going after a Christmas tree," said Alf. "Come along Bob, can't you?"

"I'd like to," answered Rob, "but I have some work to do for father. You fellows want to watch out for the crazy man that they say has been prowling about those woods lately. Tom Johnson saw him."

"Crazy man," echoed the boys. Then Alf said, with a sort of derision: "If that isn't just like you, Bob—always scaring up some bugaboo or other. Come on, Hal. No use trying to coax Bob to go—he's afraid," and they passed on, leaving Rob standing irresolute and with flushed face.

They trudged briskly along the highway until they came to the "Pine Bush"—a large tract of unclaimed woodland—which might better be named "No man's land," from the fact that for over a hundred years no owner had appeared to take possession. It was now government property, and everyone felt at liberty to wander through it at will. It was the boys' and girls' paradise in summer, and the home of innumerable raccoons, red squirrels and woodchucks, etc. No one dreamed of going elsewhere for a tree at Christmas time.

Passing through an opening in the fence, they came upon a familiar and well-trodden path, and never stopped until they had reached a thick growth of pine trees interspersed with cedars. The trees were so close together that they formed a good shelter from the wind, which had now arisen and was making a melancholy sound as it came moaning through the trees. There had been no snow as yet, but the air was keen and frosty,

making their faces glow and their fingers tingle. "The cabin looks lonely without old Pete," said Harry, peering through the tree-trunks at an old hut beneath a spreading cedar about one hundred yards away. "I wish he was here. I don't see what he wanted to go to Canada this time of the year for."

There was only one whole pane of glass in the small window, and the rusty link of stove-pipe that did duty as a chimney presented anything but a cheerful appearance.

"Don't you suppose Pete likes to keep Christmas as well as other people?" demanded Alf. "He told us he was going to see his folks. What are you afraid of? The crazy man?" with a mocking laugh.

"We might as well get to work," muttered Harry. "I see a fine tree over there."

"A regular beauty," said Alf, starting toward a shapely young cedar, with fresh, bright foliage, and thick, strong branches. They set to work with a will, becoming so deeply engrossed that they never noticed a strange, uncanny object, with unkempt hair and whiskers that stood out around his head in a thick mat, slip down from his perch on the limb of a tree and crawl noiselessly toward them. When they stopped for a moment to take breath, he hid behind a clump of bushes and peered out at them with a cunning leer in his wild eyes; but when they resumed operations, he crept onward as noiselessly as a cat or a tiger in pursuit of her prey.

"Look out, Hal! Down she comes," cried Alf, as the cedar fell with a crash. "Bring the strap, and we'll soon have her home."

"I'm glad there's such a good, strong buckle on it," said Harry, stepping to the side of his brother. They were stooping over the tree, when a stinging blow from behind threw Alf across it, and another sent Harry on top of Alf. They were both completely dazed, stunned, and the wild man snatched the strap out of Harry's hand and bound them together, pinioning their arms to their sides and drawing the strap so tight as to be painful. Then he sat down on a stump, grinning horribly.

"The crazy man," gasped Harry. "Bob was right after all," said Alf, chokingly, straining convulsively to free his arms.

The man gloated over them with great glee; then an idea seemed to strike him. He sprang up, muttering ecstatically, and taking hold of the strap began dragging the pair, who struggled, kicked and yelled in vain, toward the hut. He seemed to have the strength of ten men, and at last succeeded in hauling them to the door, and shoved them inside. Espying a few matches that the former occupant had left lying on the rough table, he seized them with an exclamation of delight; then went out fastening the door on the outside, propping the tree, which he dragged there for the purpose, against it, and piling it high with sticks and rubbish. There was only

one door, and the window was small and narrow. He was down on the ground, and chuckled and grinned, evidently enjoying himself immensely as the cries of the imprisoned and terrified boys reached his ears.

How long they lay on the cold, hard floor of the hut the boys could not tell; it seemed ages. The sun sank toward the horizon, sending a gleam of bright light through the window, but they knew it would soon fade. Night would come and find them in this horrid predicament. It grew dark and the stars came out one by one. All at once Harry said in startled tones: "I smell smoke."

"So do I," replied Alf, sniffing the air. A mocking face appeared at the window for a moment, then disappeared.

"He has set fire to the hut," screamed Alf despairingly, and they both strained and tugged in a desperate effort to get free.

Meanwhile Robert Mason had been uneasy in his mind, as he worked away at the job his father had laid out for him. When it was finished he was free for the rest of the afternoon. He knew well that this rumor of an insane man in the woods was no idle tale. Tom Johnson was not one to spread foolish stories to frighten people. A man had escaped from an insane asylum forty miles distant and was hiding in the woods near the village—a fact verified by the appearance of a party of men who arrived shortly after Rob's meeting with the Archer boys. Unfortunately they decided to beat the bush in an entirely opposite direction, before searching the "Pine Bush."

Toward evening Rob sauntered—as if by accident—past the Archer homestead.

"Rob," called Mrs. Archer, catching sight of him, "have you seen anything of the boys?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Rob. "I met them about 1 o'clock. Haven't they come home yet?"

"No," replied Mrs. Archer, "and I am very much worried about them."

"I'll go and meet them, and help haul home the tree," said Rob, with sudden resolve. He did not say anything about the insane man for fear of frightening Mrs. Archer, and to keep his courage up, started on a run toward the woods.

"Alf was right—I am afraid," he said to himself, as he hurried along in the dusk, "but I'm going just the same."

He had a pretty good idea of where he was likely to find them and made his way, with fear and trembling, to the clump of pines and cedars. He found the fresh stump, but where was the tree, and where were the boys? It was dark by this time and he passed through the shadows with a shuddering sense of his own weakness if he should happen to encounter the "wild man of the woods."

The smell of burning pine branches made him give a keener glance around. He saw a tongue of flame shoot through the darkness, rising upward, and quickly spreading right and left. Then in the red light of the fire he saw the form of a man dancing and gesticulating in a frenzy of delight.

"The crazy man," he muttered fearfully. "He is setting fire to Pete Morrison's hut!" Then, what was his horror when he heard shrill, boyish voices coming from the cabin in a frenzied appeal for help. Rob recognized them at once, and forgetting the crazy man altogether in his fears for his friends, he darted forward and began scattering the burning rubbish right and left.

His sudden and unexpected appearance—his wild swoop into the midst of affairs—threw the principal actor into a panic. He took to his heels, never stopping until he reached a safe distance, climbing a tree with almost incredible swiftness, and settled himself on one of the limbs.

Rob, in the meantime, had managed to scatter the fire by seizing the trunk of the tree, on which the burning rubbish was piled, and dragging it away from the door. It did not take him long to get the door open and to liberate the boys. They were so bruised and benumbed that it took them some little time to recover the use of their limbs, but they had no desire to linger.

"Where is he?" asked Harry fearfully, while

Alf, bold and brave no longer, trembled at the snapping of a twig, or the rustling of a dead leaf.

"I didn't take time to look where he went," said Rob, "but I guess I scared him some. We'd better be making tracks for home."

"I'm afraid he'll pounce out on us as we go along," objected Harry.

"What was that?" said Alf, pricking up his ears, as the sound of tramping feet became distinctly audible.

"It's the searching party," exclaimed Rob joyfully, hurriedly explaining all about it.

"Whoop-ee-ee-eeee!" He sent a shrill call into the frosty air, which was answered by another not far away.

"It's Tom Johnson—I know his voice," Rob said excitedly. "We are all right now."

not take the men long to get there, and a gladder trio of boys it would be hard to find. The hiding-place of the poor, demented creature was

discovered, and he was captured, but not without difficulty. Wretched, hungry and half frozen, he was indeed a miserable looking object.

"It won't do to forget our Christmas tree," said Alf, recovering his spirits a little. "It has cost us too much."

"Nor the strap," said Harry. "It is a good one." "I should say it was," growled Alf, feeling his bruises. "I wanted you to bring the old one. We might have burst the buckle off that."

Scorched and singed as the Christmas tree was, it bore a load of beautiful presents on Christmas eve. Among them was a rifle for Robert Mason that made his eyes bulge out—something that none but Harry and Alf knew how he had longed for, with a mighty longing. On the card attached was this inscription:

"For the friend who was faithful, even though he was afraid."

From the castle turret, Waldorf watched his two friends depart.

A year passed, and no tidings came. Then old Sebastian, arising from a bed of sickness, asked for a horse to journey to the capital.

"I leave thee in the hands of thy good host," he said to the little king. "He will inform me if aught of danger threaten thee. Unless needed, I dare not come to thee, lest thy hiding place become known. Farewell my king, whose only sin is thy youth!"

Waldorf from the turret watched old Sebastian ride away. Then he turned sadly into the castle, to the companionship of Betram's grand-uncle.

The old man never stirred from his castle. He loved his books rather than the world, and every day he sat poring over records of ancient wisdom. The young king went humbly to him, to be taught. And as of yore, he sat alone in the garden, with wistful eyes turned toward the great walls beyond which he dare not venture. "Ever a prisoner," he sighed; "ah, that I had been born a peasant!"

When he had abided five years in the castle, he said:

"I can remain here in coward safety no longer. My uncle Sebastian must be dead, and Betram has forgotten me. To-day I will ride boldly through the land. If I have friends, they will come to me. If I have only enemies, then let them slay me. The years have given strength to my arm and wisdom to my heart. The time has come to depart."

But even as he spoke a signal was given at the drawbridge; and presently Betram entered in great haste and threw himself at Waldorf's feet.

"Sire, the time is ripe for thy return," he cried. "Do not delay, but come with me!"

"Even now my horse is being saddled," replied Waldorf. "Oh, for the speed of thought, to bear me to the scene of action!"

He bade his host the farewell of a loving son, and he and Betram rode swiftly away.

"My brother and I have been working in thy behalf, perhaps more effectively because our youth and humble station placed us beyond suspicion," said Betram. "We went to the powerful lords and found out thy friend, to whom we confided that their rightful king was safe. But as yet they could not act, for the multitude were wild over the usurper, growing fat on his promises. But they were only promises. He has emptied the royal coffers upon himself, shackled the land

The Adventures of Waldorf the King

A TWO PART STORY—PART TWO

By Lucy Charlton Kellerhouse



HEY say he has made his escape from the palace; where, they do not know. They think he is hiding in the city, or making his escape in disguise."

The man, satisfied, turned away.

Betram, as he went, flung pebbles at the door, and otherwise seemed to give vent to the spirit of the night. He bade his companion do likewise, so together the two boys ran along, flinging pebbles about, and thus joining

in the tumult.

They would soon be safely out of the city. But now they could hear the sound of cavalry.

"They are in the next street," said Betram in a low voice.

"Nay," replied the little king, "they are even now turning upon this street."

They dared not run, so continued walking carelessly, sometimes pointing, sometimes calling, sometimes letting a pebble fly.

The soldiers were upon them—a small band of cavalry, with eyes intent upon every straggler.

"And if we find the little king," said one, "tis a lucky thing for us. The pay is big."

"Dead or alive," said another.

"The little king is about the size of yonder smaller lad," said an officer, pointing to Waldorf.

All eyes looked in that direction. A great tremor seized the little king.

"You little scamp, get out of the way and let the gentlemen by," exclaimed Betram, giving the little king a sound and merry box upon his ear.

The eyes of Waldorf flashed; and when the cavalry had unconcernedly passed, he turned haughtily upon his companion. But Betram said:

"If I dared, I would go down on my knees, craving pardon for that blow. I dared strike thee, to save thee."

For answer, Waldorf gratefully pressed the rough hand of his friend. They were now in the thinner part of the town, thence they made their way into the fields.

"There is more danger on a country highway, where each wayfarer is closely scanned, than in the crowded city," said Betram. "If thy majesty so wishes, I will conduct thee through the wilder parts of the country, to my uncle's abode."

"It shall be as you say," replied Waldorf sadly. "But I am majesty no longer."

"You are my rightful king," replied Betram loyally.

"Thou art a friend in need," replied the little king, laying his white fingers on Betram's rough sleeve.

"My father died fighting for thy father; surely then I will serve thy father's son in his need," replied Betram simply.

Reaching a wood they stopped to rest and refresh themselves with wild fruit. At sunrise they had climbed to the top of a high hill; then Waldorf turned for a farewell look at the city, golden in horizontal rays. At the highest point shown the white walls of the palace.

"The home of my royal forefathers!" cried the child-king. "I was born within thy beautiful walls—born a king, but now I wander like the poorest peasant child."

In the day they hid themselves deep in the woods and slept, traveling by night. After three nights of travel, they reached the mountains that lay in the North, where the castle of Betram's grand-uncle reared its mossy gray walls and opened its kindly portals for their entrance. On the day following, the Regent Sebastian, who had traveled slower on account of his age, joined them in company with Baldwin; and the grand-uncle said:

"My castle is my king's. Abide here while the storm rages."

Baldwin and Betram prepared to return home.

"When the storm is past, I will return, bearing tidings," said Betram.

"I will join my king's army and fight for him," said Baldwin.

"Alas, I have no army," said the little king.

"The troops may be seduced, but there are loyal men waiting to form a new army," said Sebastian the regent. "My age is great, and the enemy is ready to take and slay me; but I must not long tarry here."

"And I, too, must go to the conflict; to seek out the traitor and avenge my wrong! My arms are weak, but they can lift a sword," exclaimed the little king.

Old Sebastian placed his hand tenderly on Waldorf's soft hair, and shook his head.

"Not yet, not yet," he said. "Thou art too precious a jewel to be so lightly hazarded. Let the years give thee arm strength, thine heart, wisdom. Abide here."

"We shall be working for thy cause, sire," said Baldwin. "Without suspicion we can go among the people, and bear word of thy safety to thy noble friends."

"When the time is ripe for thy return, Betram will bring his king the glad tidings," said the younger brother. "In two more years I shall be of sufficient age to join the army. If I am slain, my brother Baldwin will be the bearer of the tidings for which you wait. If Baldwin, too, is slain; then Basil, our younger brother, with thy interest at heart, will, acting for us, hasten to thee; farewell my king!"

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with taxes, played false to his friends, and plunged the country into woe."

"Let them eat the fruits of their treachery," said Sebastian, in wise counsel of thy friends. "When the king is of age, we will bring him to his throne, not even I to stand between him and his people."

"The country has long been ready for thee, and so I have come."

The king laid his hand on Betram's arm and thanked him.

At present, secrecy was better, as there were still enemies to be feared; so, as they approached the city, Waldorf shook his hair about his face and pulled his cap low. As they came in sight of the city, and of the palace of his father, the fire of enthusiasm burned in the king's eyes and painted his young cheek.

"Oh, that I might declare myself!" he said.

But Betram replied, "Not yet."

They left their weary horses at an inn, and made their way on foot through the city. Angry murmurings reached their ears.

"Down with Edgar!" muttered one.

"Who is there to fill his place?" asked another.

"They say he has the boy-king in his castle dungeon," said the other. "We will free him."

"He is probably dead," replied the second speaker.

"Then give us a rule of no-rule."

"Tis better than this yoke," said a third.

"Ye are reaping the harvest of treachery," said an old man.

A body of Edgar's cavalry came down the street, and the crowd sullenly dispersed.

Silently Betram and the stranger passed them. Waldorf's hand was on the hilt of his sword; but Betram said:

"Patience."

He guided the young king to his own humble home, where Baldwin and Basil greeted them with an eagerness which bespoke their loyalty.

The grandmother placed her trembling hand on her young king's head and blessed him.

At nightfall they went to a loyal noble's house; where old Sebastian, whose hair was now like frost, opened his arms to the king, proudly and fondly noting his tall stature, his fearless eye and proud young cheek. There were a few faithful friends there to pay homage to, and they discussed plans for his restoration. It was midnight ere Waldorf and Betram again found themselves in the street. The young king had refused the hospitality of the nobles, preferring the humble cottage which had sheltered him before. They made their way through the crowd still thronging the streets, though the hour was so late.

"I fear this means trouble," said Waldorf.

"Aye, trouble for Edgar," replied Betram.

The noise of the multitude increased; and, before they were aware, Waldorf and Betram were being forced on before an excited crowd.

"Down with the tyrant!" cried the mob.

"Slay the usurper!"

"Burn the palace!"

"Ha, a pleasant bonfire. Well, there will be no king to fill a palace."

"Let us escape," whispered Betram.

"Escape? No," replied Waldorf. "On, on; single-handed, I will defend the palace of my father!"

"Do not offer thyself a sacrifice to the mob, I beseech thee," pleaded Betram.

"Go back, and summon my troops," said the young king.

"Nay, I will not leave thy side," replied Betram.

"This is Edgar's last night in the palace," said a woman, coarse-visaged, who had joined the noisy throng.

"It will be his first night in another world," replied a man bearing a bar of iron in his hand.

"Down with the tyrant!"

"Burn the palace!"

"Sack and slay and burn!"

Waldorf and Betram rushed on before the wild tumultuous mass, to the very door of the palace.

"Sack and burn and slay!" cried the mob.

"Kill the tyrant!"

Suddenly Waldorf turned and faced them.

"Back!" he cried; "turn back! Drop thy weapons of destruction!"

Amazed, they paused.

"What stripling orders us?" cried one.

A black-browed man waved a torch above his head, and ran with it up the palace steps. Waldorf drew his sword. The sullen faces of the mob began to flame.

"Who dares?" they cried.

One, who bore a wooden club, raised it threateningly. Waldorf's sword quivered



"Peace, my people."

in his hand; but Betram, quick-springing before him, received the blow from the wooden club upon his head, and sank at his king's feet.

The silence of the multitude was now broken, and a confused sound of angry mutterings arose.

"Kill him, too!" cried a voice. "He bars our way to Edgar!"

A moment of hesitation, in which it seemed as though the mob was preparing to rush on and over him. But young Waldorf had thrown back his cap and shaken the hair from his face. He stretched out his hand toward them, as a mother might silence her children.

"Peace," he said, "peace, my people! I am Waldorf, your king!"

From the sudden silence there came a voice:

"'Tis he; 'tis the very look of the little king!"

As the flames spring up and spread in the wind, so a wild enthusiasm spread over the multitude.

"Waldorf!" was the cry; "Waldorf, our king!"

His clothes were coarse and worn, but he stood in kingly dignity before them, and they knew that it was he.

Yet he was not hearkening to their clamor, his eyes were bent upon his fallen comrade; and some heard him say:

"What is a kingdom worth to one true friend!"

Then Betram stirred. The young king smiled tenderly as he helped him to his feet.

"Good friend, you must return," said Waldorf gently.

"Nay, I will never leave thy side," replied Betram.

A dozen men had sprang about them as faithful bodyguard. The young king now brought order into the wild crowd. Dismissing the majority, who obeyed him decidedly, he chose a band of one hundred men with swords, and forced entrance into the palace.

"Let the sword be raised only in self defense," was his command.

And thus bloodlessly was Edgar taken in the midst of a scene of gaiety, where he had remained in proud contempt of the outside rabble. With rare forbearance in one so young, Waldorf gave him no further punishment than exile. Some said, "He may return." But Waldorf was now sure of the hearts of his people.

Waldorf's first act as reigning king was to knight the three brothers who had so bravely stood by him in his need. He enjoyed a long and happy reign, with his uncle Sebastian as his first Prime Minister; but when Old Age had beckoned Death to Sebastian's bedside, Betram the Faithful was elevated to that honor.

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Clever Little Stories

Herbert Spencer, the great English sociologist and philosopher, is very fond of a game of billiards, and the other day at the Reform club in London he met an acquaintance whom he invited to play with him. The young member accepted, and Spencer said, joyfully, as he chalked his cue: "Young man, good billiard-playing is the proof of a well-balanced mind." "I believe it is," replied the young man. They played, and the great writer was beaten fearfully. He had only scored thirty-eight when his young antagonist finished his one hundred. Herbert Spencer put the cue away in disgust. "Young man," he said, "such fine billiard-playing as yours is the proof of an ill-spent youth."

One day just as Pere Monsabre, the celebrated Dominican preacher of the cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, was preparing to ascend the pulpit, a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him who was worried about an affair of conscience. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in her looking-glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty. Pere Monsabre looked at her and said, quietly: "Is that all?" "That's all," "Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for a mistake is not a sin."

The story is told of three protestant ladies who walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during high mass. It was raining and they had gone in for shelter. The priest recognized the ladies and, stooping down, said to an attendant: "Three chairs for the protestant ladies." It was a kindly thought, but the priest must have wished he had never thought it when the man stood up in the church and shouted: "Three cheers for the protestant ladies!" It was over in a minute—the cheers were cheers and could not be called back; but it was one of the most uncomfortable moments in the good priest's life.

The Christmas Festivities

Customs of the Bygone Days

For The STAR MONTHLY

By William Crosby

Some say that over 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch has power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THIS season has long been considered the season of good cheer and good will towards men, in every Christian nation. Out of the fullness of their heart the carol singers used to sit up all night in order to greet the blessed day with songs of rejoicing. As no harm could come to any one during the hallowed time, all care was thrown aside, and feasting and merry-making became the order of the season. Hospitality and the giving of gifts was of course the outcome of this feeling of good will towards every one.

We do not know whether or not the Apostles celebrated Christmas, but we do know that, while some of them were still living, Clemens Romanus set apart the 25th of December, 70, A. D., for the observance of the nativity of Christ. Although originally ordained as a day for solemn religious devotion, its character soon changed, and Christmas soon became a synonym for revelry, feasting and all sorts of good cheer in every Christian nation, although the religious idea is, and always will continue to be present.

When Christianity was first introduced to the Pagan Greeks and Romans, they would have nothing to do with it, as it seemed to them to be a stern, joyless sort of religion as opposed to the worship of their gods, which was celebrated with festivals, dancing and feasting. Then it was that some of the Church fathers, who were up-to-date and could see through a wall with a hole in it, hit upon a scheme to convert these pagans to Christianity. They simply connected the festivities of the Greeks and Romans with the great events in Church history, making the celebrating of the Lupercalia, Saturnalia, etc., Christmas celebrations.

The celebration of the nativity of Christ originated as we said, in 70, A. D., but was not generally adopted by the Church until about 500, A. D., when the name Christmas was given to it, a word derived from the words, *Christi* and *massa*, or mass of Christ.

The idea of giving presents at Christmas, as well as St. Nicholas, originated with the Good Bishop of Myra, who lived some time in the Fourth century. He was noted for his love and kindness to children, and became their patron saint on his death. Every Christmas the children of Flanders and Holland would hang up their shoes and stockings, firmly believing that he would fill them. He must have done so, for the stockings were always filled in the morning. His popularity steadily increased, until now the children of every civilized land receive the presents of St. Nicholas.

Probably the first British Christmas was that celebrated by King Arthur at York, in the year 547, A. D. Arthur, at this festival, abolished many of the excesses that were attendant on the old heathen feasts, so that the celebration at York became a model for the whole country. Even to this day, as if to commemorate the fact of being the seat of the first Christmas festivity, Yorkshire celebrates Christmas with more splendor and hospitality, and keeps up more old customs than do the other counties. Until very recent years it was the custom for the poor to go around to the houses of the rich begging, so that they might have a feast on Christmas day. Sometimes these Christmas mendicants would go from house to house bearing a small casket in which were waxen images of Christ and Mary, and sing a blessing on the master of the house. These people were called the vessel cup singers, and it

was considered unlucky to turn them empty-handed from the door.

These Christmas festivities in York, and in fact throughout all Great Britain, commenced Christmas eve and lasted 12 days, during which there was great feasting, starting with yule cake on Christmas eve and ending with plum cake after New Year's. The custom of decorating the house with green on this festive occasion is older than Christmas itself. In fact, it is a custom borrowed from the Jews and Pagans, who often decorated their tabernacles and temples with green boughs for their religious ceremonies. The holly and mistletoe were used in England because they were sacred plants of the Druids and were supposed to afford protection from all evil spirits. As they were evergreen they also typified eternal life. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is probably an innocent survival of the license of the Roman Saturnalia.

In the early ages of Christianity on the continent, many of the Christmas celebrations were very rough and brutish, although lightened by a titanic good will and infectious good humor. One of the strangest of these Christmas festivals was the Feast of Fools. The learned men instituted this festival as a sort of safety valve on the population. Their argument was, that as every man has a certain amount of inherent foolishness, it would be a good thing to give every one a chance to get rid of it all on one season of the year. The idea was excellent, but instead of availing themselves the liberty to commit harmless follies, the festival soon degenerated into a day of vicious excess and orgies. Men went about dressed in animal skins and female attire, cutting all sorts of capers and committing gross vulgarities. Buffoonery soon became a cloak for the vicious.

The Feast of Asses, the first of the series of follies started on Christmas day, was supposed to be a celebration commemorating the flight to Egypt. The representation consisted in dressing up an ass in priestly robes and conducting him with great ceremony to the choir, where meat and drink was provided for him and where the inferior clergy choristers and people danced about, imitating the asses' braying, and singing burlesques. A mock mass was said and the priest, instead of saying "Ite massa est" as usual, brayed three times, and the people answered "hin-ham" three times, instead of "Deo Gratias." The indecencies accompanying this ceremony finally grew so flagrant that the Feast of Asses was abolished from the church, although as late as the Seventeenth century it was celebrated by the common people. The Christmas plays and masques which used to be given with great splendor have also died out.

The British Christmases, while rough and often riotous, were never as indecent as those on the continent. They were characterized by their whole-souled hospitality, feasting and drinking. The yule log burned in the great fire place, and in the great hall, whose rafters were black with smoke, the lord and his retainers gathered about the board which was covered with all the delicacies of the season and age, such as venison, salmon, brawn and a host of things which it would take a long time even to enumerate. All of this mass of food was washed down by copious draughts of ale and mead, which generally caused the company to get hilarious.

The boar's head was supposed to be the greatest delicacy, however, and was ushered amid great ceremonies into the great hall where our great eating, hard drinking and hard fighting ancestors made merry about the festive board. The tallest guardsman, wearing a green scarf and an empty scabbard, bore the dainty in a tray above

his head. Two huntsmen, one with a boar spear, and the other with a drawn faucion, preceded him, while two pages, singing a carol and bearing a dish of mustard, an indispensable adjunct of the dainty, brought up the rear. It is no wonder that our forefathers became a trifle unsteady at these feasts, when we consider how much thirst-provoking mustard they used.

About the time the ceremony of ushering in the boars' heads came in vogue, another peculiar custom arose, derived no doubt from the Roman Saturnalia. This was the custom of appointing a lord of misrule on Christmas eve. Henry II. appointed the first lord of misrule that we hear about in England, but the custom grew so rapidly that soon every great household had a lord of misrule at Christmas time, until finally, the wild young men of the village used to appoint a lord of mischief to lead them in their capers during the Christmastide, which lasted twelve days.

The reign of the lord of misrule was absolute. He could command the household servants, master and guests, and generally drew up a set of laws which differed from many modern laws, in that they were obeyed. If a person drank too much at the feasts over which the lord of misrule presided, he was punished. If he drank too little he was punished also. If a man kissed a maid, widow, or his wife without his lordship's consent, his lordship had power to punish him, and if need be, break lock and doors to get at the one who had disobeyed him in any way. Often the lord of misrule dressed in yellow, green, red or some light colored livery, with bells about his knees, and garments decked with ribbons and jewels, would lead some of his retainers, who bestrode hobby horses, dragons, etc., through the streets of the city, bursting into houses and after showing the householders his laws, which were often written in a humorous vein, would demand good cheer. If this was not granted him his retainers would duck the one who refused under the pump, strip him of his clothes or inflict some indignity that was detrimental both to his dignity and comfort. In the sixteenth century the Puritans had much to say about the ungodliness of these wights, calling them hell-hounds and giving them other choice epithets.

From the time of Alfred the Good until the coming of William the Conqueror in 1066, Christmas

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eve, or rather the whole twelve days beginning on Christmas eve, in England was celebrated as a solemn state festival by the kings, who presided at their courts in state robes and crowns. It was at this time also that the witengemot or council of the church was held. On Christmas, 1865, Westminster Abbey was consecrated, and here on Jan. 5th, 1866, Edward the Confessor was buried.

On Christmas, 1866, there was a great change in the character of the festivity of Christmas. For on this date William the Conqueror was crowned.

The courts under the Norman king, became the scenes of great splendor at Christmas time, the prelates and nobles attending with great pomp and ceremony to partake of the feast, and receiving presents from their monarch. The feast was more elegant than those of the Saxons and Danes, but they did not have more good things to eat and drink.

Before I close this little article, which is rambling, because, out of the great tangled mass of Christmas customs I have had only space to mention a few here and there, I must say a few

words about the English custom of burning the Yule log.

This custom, like many other customs, is a survival of a Pagan rite. In ancient Scandinavia, Thor, the God of Norsemen, was honored by a celebration at the winter solstice. This festival was commemorative of the creation, for since this night was the longest night in the year, this sturdy poetical race thought it was the mother night out of which the earth was formed from primeval darkness. This festival was called Yule or Yæol. Great bon-fires were burned on this night in honor of the creator.

When Christianity came in, the people expressed the greatest disinclination to relinquish their annual rejoicing, so the festival was transferred to the feast of the nativity. On Christmas eve, Yule cakes, in the shape of the manger in which Christ was born, were eaten, great candles called Yule candles, were lit, and all night long, both on hearth and field, the great fires which had once burned in honor of the Pagan Thor, now burned in honor of the birth of Christ—a connecting link between the old and the new.

the loss of time and enormous expense entailed, sent for Kuan Tu and told him one more test of his knowledge as bell founder would be given and, should it prove a fruitless attempt, he would be called upon to pay the penalty with his life.

Naturally this was no pleasant prospect for Kuan Tu, who well knew the Emperor was a man of his word. The fear of losing his calling, reputation and life, almost drove the unfortunate Chinaman insane. Do what he would, he seemed to have a presentiment that the third issue would be equally disastrous.

Unable to bear the burden alone he confided his secret to his little daughter Ko-ai, telling her what he believed would eventually be his fate. The brave girl, barely sixteen years old, comforted her aged father and encouraged him to return to his work.

But Ko-ai was not satisfied, so after the manner of her people, she consulted a noted astrologer to learn why her father was so unfortunate and if anything could be done that would assure him success.

This man of the stars solemnly said the third casting of the immense bell would also be unsuccessful unless the blood of a maiden be added to the molten metal and poured together into the great mold.

Poor Ko-ai was terrified for a moment at such an alternative. Recovering herself she decided for the honor and life of her father she would sacrifice herself.

On the eventful day Ko-ai obtained permission to be present at the casting of the fifth largest bell in the world. The young girl stood in the first row of the anxious expectant crowd and very near the mold into which the red hot liquid would be run.

In the midst of a most painful stillness, as each knew a life was to be forfeited for an imperfect bell, the casting began. As the crimson-heated metal was poured into the form, a shrill, piercing cry was heard. With the words "For my father," Ko-ai threw herself, head first, into the boiling stream of molten metal.

Kuan Tu attempted to spring after his child, but was prevented by those near him, who noticed the poor man had lost his reason.

The bell was found to be perfect and in all respects fulfilled the wishes of the Emperor, who seemed not affected by its weird composition.

Ko-ai made her leap so suddenly that none of the bystanders had the least warning of her intention. One man, in attempting to grasp her, found he had only her little shoe in his hand.

As the great bell rang for the first time, one seemed to hear in the deep reverberation that shrill cry of anguish, while distinctly came the word "Hseih," shoe. Even nowadays, when the great bell rings, the people in Pekin say, "Poor Ko-ai is calling for her shoe."

A TUG OF WAR.

Coffee Puts Up a Grand Fight.

Among the best of judges of good things in the food line, is the groceryman or his wife. They know why many of their customers purchase certain foods.

The wife of a groceryman in Carthage, New York, says:—"I have always been a lover of coffee, and therefore drank a great deal of it. About a year and a half ago, I became convinced that it was the cause of my headaches and torpid liver, and resolved to give it up, although the resolution caused me no small struggle, but Postum came to the rescue. From that time on, coffee has never found a place on our table, except for company, and then we always feel a dull headache throughout the day for having indulged.

When I gave up coffee and commenced the use of Postum I was an habitual sufferer from headache. I now find myself entirely free from it, and what is more, have regained my clear complexion which I had supposed was gone forever.

I never lose an opportunity to speak in favor of Postum, and have induced many families to give it a trial, and they are invariably pleased with it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Little Ko-ai's Sacrifice

A Legend from the Chinese

For the STAR MONTHLY

By Jessie W. Manning



"A shrill cry was heard"

It may not be generally known that the Chinese have a great preference for bells and possess a very fine and acute ear for the different sounds. As most of us are aware, the fifth largest of the active bells, so to speak, is at Pekin and was cast in that city. This noted bell is only heard when the ruler of China, the Son of Heaven, or his representative, enters the temple in which it hangs, to pray for rain to relieve the great droughts which are prevalent in that country.

The great bell is said to have a peculiar tone which seems to sound in its deep intonation like "Hsieh," signifying "Shoe" in our language. When this great bell rings the Chinese will tell you that "Poor Ko-ai is calling for her shoe."

Perhaps it will be of some interest to know the

courtiers and the musicians of the court, arrived at the place designated. At a sign from Kuan Tu, accompanied by the low dulcet tones of the music, the molten metal was poured into the mold. It may be as well to mention here incidentally, that the great Pekin bell is eighteen feet high, nine inches thick and forty-five feet in circumference, and is in the form of a cylinder.

While Kuan Tu waited in deepest anxiety for the metal to cool, the court withdrew. Imagine his great disappointment when removing it from the form he found the casting unsuccessful and the great bell was useless.

Another trial was given him with no better results. Then the Emperor becoming angry at

story of this saying, so well known in the country which has of late attracted the eyes of the whole world.

One knows that back of the legends of every land there has always been a foundation, be it ever so fragile, upon which the story rests.

It seems that Emperor Yung Lo under whom the fifth largest bell in the world was cast, ordered the celebrated Mandarin Kuan Tu to have cast for the temple a bell which could be heard in the remotest parts of Pekin.

Kuan Tu went to work at once but it took a great deal of time and labor to accomplish this great undertaking. Finally he notified the Emperor that all was ready for the casting. An hour was set, at which time the Emperor, accompanied by his

Tom and the Squatter's Son

An Oklahoma Boys' Story

Written for the Star Monthly by Opie Read

Copyright, 1902, Hunter Publishing Co.

(Synopsis of Previous Installments)



THIS stirring serial story for boys (the only boy's story of importance that Opie Read has ever written) began in the September issue of THE STAR MONTHLY. Tom Smith, the hero, on his way to Blue Jay, a new town in Oklahoma, stops for the night at a squatter's cabin, having established his right to hospitality by beating, in rapid succession, the squatter and Tom, his husky son in a wrestling contest. In the morning he resumes his tramp for Blue Jay, getting a lift from Dr. Plum, "a man of few words" (?), a citizen of Blue Jay. Getting the better of the town "cut ups" by his ready wit, he is forced into a fight with the leader, Jim Turner, whom he thrashes easily.

During his first night at the hotel he captures a burglar and wakes up to find himself a hero. Keeping an appointment with the editor of the local paper, he meets Major Barton, land speculator and boomer. The editor, Wilson, going into Barton's employ, Tom accepts an offer from Dr. Plum to edit the paper for him. The town "cut ups" try to fool Tom with the snipe-catching joke, but he turns the tables on them, leaving them to stay on an island all night, while he comes home to the office to sleep. The squatter's son turns up. They bunk in the office, and in the morning go to the island and bring back the crestfallen practical jokers.

Chapter VII

FLETCH took an awkward position at the printer's case, and with fumbling fingers felt about for the types. Once in a while an expression of astonishment would escape him, finding some letter which he declared he had never heard of, but he looked up with victory in his eyes and spoke with confidence in his voice when he announced that he had finally located the letter "a" and that it could not possibly get away from him. Tom complimented his perseverance, musing upon the wasted opportunities of the average boy. With what indifference the most of us have looked upon the golden privileges of learning! But this poor fellow, struggling in the bonds of ignorance, stood doggedly at his humiliating task, as if by sheer force he would conquer the past and seize the rewards of the present. Once Tom saw him snatch a type and break it with his teeth.

"What did you do then, Fletch?"

"I bit this blamed slab-sided 'l' in two. It keeps a dodgin' me and I have fixed it. Now whar is that 'b'? It was right here a minit ago. A feller wouldn't think a piece of lead could hop around that-ter way."

"Keep at it, my boy, and everything will come all right."

"Oh, I'll keep at it. I don't know anything else but to keep at a thing. I was out in the woods one time and treed a 'coon. I didn't have no axe an' no gun, so I sets down under the tree and says to the 'coon: 'Well, if I go 'way, you'll come down and cl'ar you'self'; so I reckon I'll stay. Wall, I sot thar all day and all night and along toward evenin' of the next day the 'coon tried to make a sneak on me an' I let him come, an' jest sot thar a pretendin' to be asleep. An' about the time he was a makin' off, I jumped up and killed him with a stick an' I sold his skin fur a quarter, an' bought me a straw hat an' put off to church dressed up fitten to kill, I 'lowed; and about the time I got to meetin' my hat blow'd off an' a blamed calf over in a lot grabbed it up an' had it about half et up befo' I could choke it outen his mouth."

"You didn't make much by getting the 'coon," said Tom, "but it taught you a lesson—that after you have worked so hard for a thing, you ought to take good care of it."

"Bet yo' life. Look here, I've got a whole row of these things up on end all right. Oh, I'm a gittin' thar; an' the fust thing you know I'll be able to spell, and then when Circuit Cou't meets I'll go right over an' shake hands with the fedge an' ax him about the weather out his way. Hold on, it's all crumbled to pieces. How these things kin twist about so is a curis thing. Now I've got to fix 'em all over ag'in. But I kin stay here mighty nigh as long as they kin. Here's one that don't fit."

"It's what they call a 'wrong font,'" Tom replied, looking at his friend and smiling at the printer, an old-timer, who stood near. "That is the reason the line fell to pieces," the editor added.

"Sorter like a drunk feller at a dance," remarked Fletch. "It sorter proves that in this here life we must all line up right or we don't fit."

"You have found a good moral. Remember it."

"Oh, I don't furgit. Sometimes I have been afeared that putty nigh about all I could do was to recollect. But if thar's l'arnin' in these here boxes I'm goin' to pick it out."

the camp fire, surrounded by glistening cane. With boyish pretense they invited little excitements, the cracking of a stick, the hoarse waving of the cane, the flutter of some night bird; and after an hour of dozing made sweet with half consciousness, they sprang up at daylight to cook breakfast and to be off after the big game. Hour after hour they fought their way through the tangle, sometimes halting in the few open places to rest and to wait for the dogs, and along toward noon the old veteran hound known as Long Head sounded the first notes of a trail. Then all was excitement. With a winchester in his hand Tom battled the cane, frequently hearing the shout of Fletch, far in advance of him. And now the whole pack of hounds broke forth in barbaric chant.

"This way—a path," shouted Fletch to Tom. "Git down and run like a shote."

"I wonder how far we are from the bear?" Tom remarked, breaking loose from the stubborn spikes of a saw boar.

"His tracks air hot enough to smoke," Fletch replied.

"I'd like to get a shot at him."

"All right, but you'll have to be keerful—mout hit one of the dogs."

They came into an open space, and as the dogs were quieting down, having in the tangle evidently lost the hot stimulus of the trail, halted to breathe. Just then there came a frightening outcry, and head-bent through the cane came Ike, yelling that the bear was after him. And something was after him, not a bear, but a ferocious wild hog. Ike bounded into the open space. The hog came on with bristles up and fierce tnsks gleaming.

"Give it to him," Fletch accommodat-ingly and quietly remarked, and Tom fired. The hog leaped stiffly into the air, but came down running not toward Ike but directly at Tom. But another shot, almost fairly between the eyes, ended the assault.

"Worse than a bear," said Fletch, walking up and touching the hog's snout with his foot. "These here tushes cut like a knife."

"Why didn't you turn round and shoot?" Tom inquired of Ike. "You've still got your gun—wearing it under your arm."

Ike looked at his gun and seemed surprised. "Blamed if I didn't think I'd lost it," said he. "Why didn't I shoot? I didn't have time. He jumped out at me and I didn't think there ever was a gun in the world."

"There's the dogs ag'in," said Fletch. "Come on." They had lost sight and hearing of Jim and the others, but soon they were found up a tree. By this time the dogs were growling and snarling in a small open space.

"What are you doing up there?" Tom asked, and Jim, as he began to swing himself down, made answer: "Had business up here, didn't we fellers? That bear's out there. The dogs are all around him."

And about this time the fight began, howling, snarling; and occasionally there came a sharp yep telling that a dog had made his last outcry.

"Don't shoot," said Fletch, as they cautiously drew near. "We want to see the fun."

"No fun for these poor fellows," Tom replied as a lacerated dog ran past him."

The battle was a whirl of black and tan, of gray and white. It was an entanglement of bear and dog, and the thicket rang with loud grunts and startling cries. The wise old hound was cautious, leaping about to nip the bear's legs, but the younger ones, fuller of spirit and keen in the thrill of a first adventure, frequently exposed themselves and paid the penalty.

"THE YOUNG NIMROD"



Prize Photo
See page 16

Mrs. A. E. Jones
St. Louis Mo.

And thus it was day after day. Sometimes the determined fellow would get up in the night, and by the light of candles resume his work at the case. His was more than a double fight, battling against ignorance and clumsiness, but after a while he began to learn easier; and once when a column of matter he had set was put into the Gazette, he walked out alone to muse, as Dickens did on the dark night when he dropped his first piece of writing into the mail box.

Within four weeks from the time when Tom took charge of the paper the circulation had more than doubled, and this gave him such encouragement that he readily consented to the treat of a bear hunt. The day was set, the company gathered, the dogs "blown together" with the horn. In the party were Jim, Frasier and Ike, and with Fletch, of course, for from the moment the expedition was organized his intelligence began to emphasize itself. No longer was he the awkward wooer of knowledge; he pushed to the front, as bold as a Frank.

Down they went into the river bottoms where the trees were heavy and the cane almost as rank as a Brazilian jungle. The weather was fine and spirits were high. The dogs frisked about, and one old-timer, looking with contempt upon the younger breed, threw up his head and let forth a long and swelling howl that put them all to shame. How delightful it was the first night, sitting about

"This has gone far enough," Tom declared, cocking his gun.

"Wait a moment," said Fletch. "Let's count three and mind the dogs."

The guns barked, the bear fell, and upon him rushed the revengeful dogs. A fire was kindled, and that night the bear and the boys camped together.

Chapter VIII

TWO days later Barton came into the office where the boys were at work. "You have not only proved yourself an editor but a bear hunter as well," he remarked to Tom. "They say you boys killed half a dozen."

"We killed two," Tom answered.

"Well, even two make the biggest killing we've had in some time. Say," he added, taking a chair and moving it close to the table where the editor was writing, "I want to know more of you."

"There isn't anything in my life that would interest you," Tom replied. "Tell me something about yourself."

"Oh, everything concerning me is an open book. I am simply a business man."

"You are surely a developer of new places."

"Thank you, young man. What part of Indiana are you from?"

"I suppose you have heard of Brown county?"

"So you are from old Brown, eh?" Major Barton leaned back and meditated for a long time. "Were you ever in Kentucky?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, I have passed through that state a number of times."

The major arose and meditatively walked up and down the room, and Tom fell into musing, looking at him sometimes, as if striving to settle a question in his mind. Suddenly there came an enthusiastic "How are you?" and in walked Wilson, the former editor. He seized Tom by the hand and vigorously wrung it, but with great dignity, almost mocking in its solemnity, he bowed to Major Barton. The major walked over and stood looking out the window at an ox team stalled in the street. And turning about, with his arm resting on the case, Fletch gazed at him. The ex-editor sat down in the chair vacated by the major, and with a smile said to Tom: "You are making this paper jump like a frog." The major turned and glanced at him. Fletch resumed his work.

"We are doing the best we can under the circumstances."

"Ah, and the best you can under the circumstances is always a top-notch," said Wilson. "I was fond of the pen, sir, but I find that I am more adapted to real estate."

"Yes, the major broke in, "and to-day I want you to go over to Slim Prairie and look at a piece of land."

"Yes, sir, I shall be pleased to examine it and give you my judgment, but as I have just come in from a long and tiresome ride, I should like to repose for a short, and I hope a refreshing season."

"I want you to go to-day."

Fletch turned again and looked at the major. "Laid down thar ain't in the habit of runnin' off, is it?"

"Come to think about it," replied the major, "I don't believe I am talkin' to you."

"But I'm a talkin' to you. My daddy took up a piece of land way out yander, and some feller about yo' size come along with a piece of paper that they had writ on in the cou't house an' made him move on off. Don't ricolleck me, do you?"

"Oh, you are that squatter's son. That's all

right, and still I don't know that I had addressed any remark to you."

"No, but the time must come when you wish you had."

"Look here, I don't want any insolence from you."

Tom made a sign and Fletch obediently resumed his work.

"Going out to Slim Prairie to-day, Wilson?" the major asked, and Wilson answered:

"Well, I reckon I'll have to, major, beings that you request it. I am a most accommodating man, you know."

"All right, get off as soon after dinner as you can."

The major walked out, glancing back at Fletch as he neared the door, and Wilson sat there thinking. And when satisfied that his employer was no longer within hearing, he remarked: "Good deal of music in that man's voice."

"What sort of a holt has he got on you?" Fletch inquired and Wilson started.



"This has gone far enough," Tom declared.

"Hold on me? None at all, sir. But I am accommodating."

"So was my daddy when he moved off that place out yander. One of these days I mout git even with that feller."

"Revenge," said Tom musingly, "is a hard tenant to put out when once it has occupied a room in your mind. Don't let it take possession of the entire house."

"My young friend," remarked Wilson, arising and bowing to Tom, "there is nothing more beautiful than to see youth and wisdom walking hand in hand."

"Thank you."

"Oh, not at all, I thank you. As man advances in years he is too much inclined to think that wisdom belongs alone to the aged. But we more often find a foolish old man than a wise one."

"Yes," said Fletch, "and if my daddy hadn't been sorter foolish, he wouldn'ter let that feller drive him off. He wouldn'ter done it a few years ago. Well, thar's a time a comin'."

"For us all, let us hope," replied Tom. "And

I may say to you now, not to be repeated, that everything with me at present is simply an incident, leading up to a time which I hope is not far off."

"Ah," spoke up Wilson, "when you may go to congress, I suppose."

"No, not that. But I have dedicated my life to a certain purpose, and I believe that I am getting closer, but we won't talk about it."

"Hello, here," cried Jim Turner, bounding into the room. "Say, Tom, a party of us fellers got together this mornin' and decided that we wouldn't try any more jokes on you. We have elected you our captain."

"All right, but you must do away with that sort of joking altogether."

"We knew you'd say that and we agreed to it. But we've got to do something."

"Yes, and I'll tell you what that something is. I have authority to organize lodges of Coming Men of America. Every American boy ought to belong to it; and I am going to call a meeting to be held at the school house next Saturday night."

Jim studied for a moment and then said: "Sort of a secret thing, I reckon."

"Yes, it is an order not thrown open to the curiosity of the idle. Its teachings are ennobling; it prepares a boy for the real battle of life, and stimulates him with courage and self reliance. It is spreading over all the country, and it will not be long before there are lodges in every community; and not only the present but the generations to come will feel the benefit of it."

Jim pondered for a time, walking up and down the room, and then remarked: "I'm with you, but we may have trouble in gettin' it started."

"Trouble? I don't understand."

"Why, you know there's a lot of fellers that live out here over the creek and they object to everything. A man came along here and started a night school for writin', and these fellers made a raid on it one night and larruped the scholars and ducked the teacher where the water was over his head and he come mighty nigh drownin'."

"Wall," drawled Fletch, "if thar's goin' to be trouble you may count me in from the fust. I ain't had no trouble now for a good while, and I'm gittin' sorter lonesome."

"Well, I am going to establish that lodge, trouble or no trouble," Tom replied. "And as I don't want to hurt anyone, I'd advise these fellows to keep away. I need you, Fletch."

"Got me, hain't you?"

"Got me too," said Jim.

Wilson had been sitting twirling his thumbs. "I may not gather the import of your enterprise," said he, speaking to Tom and winking at Jim, "but it's also natural for me to have trouble. I ain't a boy, but somehow I believe that I am one of the Coming Men of America. Will you take me in?"

"You shall be one of us," Tom answered. "We need your wisdom."

"Young fellow," said Wilson, shaking hands with Tom, "if nothing else did, that would prove to me that you are to be a great man. You have perception, sir, and that is what most men lack to a sad degree."

The tavern bell rang for dinner, and as the boys were going out, Wilson touched Tom on the arm and said: "I'd like to see you here a minute. Boys, Tom will be along after a while," and then Fletch and Jim went out. Wilson walked up and down the room for a few moments and then said: "I don't want you to say a word about it, and I can't explain now—but don't take Major Barton into your society."

Tom looked at him and for a time said nothing.

He went to the window and looked out. "Hope I haven't hurt your feelings," said Wilson.

"Oh, not at all. The fact is I had decided upon that myself. There's something about him—"

"Hush, not a word," Wilson broke in, "He's got ears like a gray hound. He hears things floating in the air that no one else can. But I won't say anything more now and you musn't ask me for an explanation. There is a time coming, I hope."

"There is," said Tom, "if he turns out to be—but I won't say anything else, either. But Dr. Plum and the major seem to be good friends and the doctor is all right, I think."

"As good as they make them, my boy; but like a great many good men he can be taken in. But don't say a word. In some things Plum is as shrewd as a fox, and then he falls down. It seems to me that he shuts his eyes at the wrong time."

"But not a word. However, what was it you

was going to say about Barton? Do you know anything about him?"

"I ought not to have said what I did. Won't you come to dinner with me."

"No, don't believe I'm hungry enough to eat dinner at that hotel."

"It does require appetite, that's a fact."

"Not a word," Wilson again cautioned Tom as then went out; and when on the sidewalk he spoke up rather loudly: "Yes, I reckon Barton is about the best man we have in this community. And sense? Why, he can give pointers to them all. Well, I'm going out into the country for a little pleasure trip and will see you when I come back."

During all that afternoon Tom mused as if trying to solve some problem; and at night when he went to bed, the pillow was hard.

(To be continued)

Oddities of Natural Science

Some Curious Animals

For THE STAR MONTHLY—By "Observer"

The Laziest Animal

IN southern Mexico and in South America, the home of the languorous Mexican and apathetic Indian may be found a strange anomaly, a vertebrate creature with the intelligence of a clam—the black sloth (*Brodypus tardegradus*).

When all the voices of the forest are still, and even the insects are taking their siesta, owing to the heat of the tropical noon, one strange, long drawn out, yelping-moan often issues from the top of the caucho forests. It is the cry of the Tardo, or black sloth. He is probably hanging on the sunny side of a branch at the top of a tree, and gives this cry in pure contentment, knowing that none of his enemies will molest him at this hour.

The color and feathery appearance of the sloth's fur so closely resemble the feathery leaves of the tree, that even on a small tree with scanty foliage,



THE SLOTH.

long and patient scrutiny is necessary before a slight movement fixes the investigator's eyes on a fluffy-looking ball near the top of the tree. Even then it is a question which is the clump of leaves and which is the fur. Throwing missiles up into the tree to find out which bunch belongs to the vegetable kingdom and which to the animal, has no effect whatever, for even if the sloth is hit, he will only cling more tightly to his branch. The only way to dislodge him is to shoot the branch somewhere below his foothold, for the caucho branch is brittle, and if hit with a rifle ball will snap like a pipe stem.

As the sloth falls from his lofty perch he will grasp at twigs as he rapidly passes them on his involuntary downward journey, and generally succeeds in arresting his progress on one of the stout lower branches. Here, like the proverbial "grim death," he will stick, and does not seem to care a bit whether he is within reach of the human hand or not. The noise of a bombshell exploding within three feet of him would not disturb his peace of mind in the least, if he was not hit by a flying fragment. A prod from a stick only elicits a plaintive whine against the painful, but inevitable realities of existence. If his paws are lifted he makes no objections, but soon as it is released he allows it to drop limply back.

No external persuasion, either vocal or physical, will influence him to move. He may, however, after a while, move around to another side of the tree in order to keep in the sun.

If his claws, which are a quarter of a foot long,

are unhooked from the tree, he immediately clasps with an all-embracing grip, the arm or leg of the person who removes him, and clings tenaciously there with a fond trust in human nature which is really sublime.

If you should examine all the vertebrates now in existence you would not find one less able to defend himself than the sloth. His claws, although long, are merely hooks with which to hang on branches and there are only ten of them all told, two on each forefoot, and three on each hindfoot. His legs are so stiff that they can only be extended laterally, and are so bent that the knees can not be brought near each other, so his locomotion on level surfaces is slow and awkward. His teeth are rudimentary, without enamel, attached merely to the exterior gums. His tail is either absent or so small that you would "hardly notice it at all."

Although lacking almost every means of defense and means to procure a variety of food, nevertheless the sloth manages to exist. He is able to live because he contents himself with the leaves of the caucho, which few other animals care to eat. He is the only strictly arboreal animal in America, even drinking the milky juice of the caucho leaves, so he does not have to run into danger by descending to the ground for water.

He is so economical of movements, (seeming as averse to making a motion as a miser is to spend a cent) that he rarely betrays his whereabouts to his enemies, as do other animals by their desire to move around. As he is a light eater, he often lives in the tree for months at a time, weeks of which are spent almost motionless on one branch.

Even with all these precautions, however, the sloth often falls a victim to his enemies. When once seen there is no escape for him. A bear simply plucks the sloth off the tree, as we would pick an apple. Palm cats, ocelots, hyenas, etc., often gather in the poor leaf eater. Even when he is seemingly secure (safe from his enemies below), he is often seized by the harpy eagle, which has espied him from above.

Although the sloth rarely moves, he is extremely lean, probably because he never seems to sleep. As all of his days are passed in a sort of stupid half dream, he probably don't feel the need of sleep. He is content to simply hang motionless, eating the leaves listlessly. He never even takes the trouble to use his long claws to search out the insects which infest him. He is very apathetic, and so stupid that he does not seem to take notice enough of his surroundings to enjoy existence. The only signs of contentment he ever shows is a sort of a barking moan when he has an especially sunny spot on an especially hot day.

Like the Buddhists, absence of pain is his only joy, existence without consciousness his heaven. His use in the universe is hard to determine.

Flying Foxes

THE large bats which infest the forests of the eastern archipelago are the most voracious eaters known to naturalists, and make the myths of the harpies seem very credible by comparison. These large Rousette Kalongs (*pteropus vulgaris*) which often attain the size of pug dogs, are called by the Dutch-Javanese colonists *luft fux* (sky fox), on account of their foxlike heads.

In order to protect fruit and vegetables all the fields and fruit-bearing trees are covered with nets. If a tree is left uncovered for a night no fruit will be picked from it that year, as a dozen kalongs can devour all the fruit of a full-bearing plantain tree in a single night.

At Ridenburg on the southern coast of Java some of the fruit trees grow at an elevation of



THE SKY FOX.

3,000 feet above the sea. As the trees need all the sun possible at this altitude the nets are taken off in the morning and put on at sunset (the kalongs dinner hour). So sharp have these sky foxes become, however, that often they visit the trees an hour before the natives have secured the trees.

As soon as this visit of the marauders is learned by the natives, a great hue and cry is raised. Men, women and children gather from every quarter with sticks, stones and all sorts of missiles. The kalongs know that trouble is coming to them, but are resolved to eat until the last moment. They hover around the ripe cluster gorging themselves, yet keeping their weather eyes open ready to leave the land of plenty at the least sign of danger.

They have not long to wait, for suddenly the natives who have crept up stealthily, burst upon them with a shower of missiles. Then, recognizing that discretion is the better part of valor, they make a dash out to sea. Many a sky fox is struck by the flying missiles and flutters down toward the shore, knowing full well that if he falls in the water he will soon find his way into the maw of a shark.

Although a slight blow will bring a kalong to the ground (owing to the fragile texture of his wings), he is hard to kill after he is on the ground. He tries to dodge under bushes, but at last, if brought to bay, he will ferociously turn upon his pursuer, snapping at anything that comes within reach of his sharp teeth. A wounded sky fox will often cut clear through a boot, or splinter a stout walking stick with the crunch of his jaws.

It Stands Comparison

I am a subscriber to about all the boys papers published in the U. S., but I think "The Star Monthly" best of all.

ANDREW KING.

SALESMEN'S TRIALS.

Bad Food Is One of Them.

Road traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts. "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year, and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of a friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet.

I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Great Men Contest

An Educational Research

Four cash prizes awarded for best corrections

John Stuart Mill

JOHN STUART MILLS, philosopher, logician and political economist, was born in Bristol, May 20, 1806. His education was conducted by his father James Mills, the great novelist and playwright. He began to learn the Sanscrit alphabet at the age of three, and by the time he was eight years of age, he had read many Persian books in the original. He now took up the study of Latin, Higher Mathematics and History. He did not study Sanscrit or Latin for the purpose of becoming an expert in those languages, but simply to be able to read the ancient authors in the original. The main value of his early education in fact, was not so much what he learned from books, as what he derived from daily intercourse with his father's strong and stern mind. The father especially impressed upon his son's mind that he must think independently and draw his conclusions from evidence and never accept anything without question, simply because it rests on a long established authority.

At the age of 13, John, after having studied scholastic logic, and the logic of Anacreon, was introduced to the subject of political economy, and about this time was puzzling great philosophers with his questions, astonishing them with his knowledge of pathological subjects. At 14 he went to the Continent, where, as his notebook shows, he studied strenuously, making observations of the people, scenery, etc. On his return he assisted his father in preparing for the press his work on Dramatic Unity.

He now began the study of law with John Austin, a disciple of Bentham, the exponent of the Utilitarian Philosophy. Finding that he did not care to follow law as a profession, John's father secured him a position with the East India Company in 1825. He remained with this Company 15 years, occupying the position of examiner of Indian correspondence, when the Company dissolved. Those critics who call Mills an impractical theorist, seem to overlook the fact that this position is one that required great tact and business ability.

When only twenty-one he edited Bentham's great work on evidence, making notations and adding chapters of his own. Mills' system of logic, Ratio Cimitive & Inductive, which appeared in 1847, brought him into prominence as a strong, independent, and fearless writer on political subjects. Five years later he published his treatise on Political Economy, which gave form to the body Ricardo began.

On the dissolution of the East India Company, he devoted himself wholly to literary work. His work "On Liberty" (1863) being a plea to break the fetters of Public Opinion, which bind Individual Freedom of thought. Other works on Political Economy, Philosophy, and History, too numerous to mention, were the products of this great mind.

In 1867 he was sent to Parliament where he served one term. In 1857 his wife and friend of a life time died at Avignon, and here he fixed his residence until his death May 14, 1883. To John Mill belongs the honor of being the founder of inductive and empirical logic.

Prizes for Corrections

THE above biography is full of errors. With the aid of two or more good encyclopedias, copy word for word the above sketch; being careful, however,

to substitute correct spelling for incorrect spelling, and correct words, names and dates for incorrect words, names and dates. Don't alter the order of words or add a single thing to the biography. All we want is the corrections made. If anything is added to the biography or any change is made, in addition to the corrections, the paper will be immediately thrown out by the judges. We don't want to see what good essayists you are; we simply want to see how accurate you are and how keen you are in searching out errors. When the biography is corrected to your own satisfaction, enclose it in an envelope, and send it to THE STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ills., marked "Educational Contest."

THE STAR MONTHLY subscriber who sends in the neatest and nearest correct biography will receive a prize of \$2.00 in cash. The three who send in the three next best corrections will each receive \$1.00 in cash.

All corrected biographies must be in the hands of the editor of this department, by December 25, at the latest, if they are entered in competition for the prize.

The corrected biography will be published in the January STAR MONTHLY. Remember to get your corrected biographies in by December 25 at the latest.

A Close Game of Dominoes



3rd Prize Photo, see page 16.—Herbert Eldredge, Walloomsac, N. Y.

The November Contest

COMPARE the following corrected sketch of the Biography of Giuseppe Garibaldi with the one laden with errors which you attacked last month, and locate the errors which you failed to correct. The names and addresses of those who won prizes in the November contest will be printed in the January STAR MONTHLY.

Giuseppe Garibaldi

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, warrior and patriot, was born at Nice, July 4, 1807. In 1834 an exile from Italy because of his part in the conspiracy at Genoa, he went to South America, where he was employed first in the service of the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul and afterwards in that of Uruguay. The year 1849 found him in the service of the Roman Republic, which was abolished in the same year. Again exiled in 1850 he sought freedom in the U. S., where he was naturalized as a citizen, plying the humble trade of a candlemaker on Staten Island. He could not long keep away from Italy, however, and in 1854 we find him following the occupation of a farmer on the Island of Caprera. As commander of the independent corps, known as the "Hunters of the Alps," in the service of Sardinia, during the War of France and Sardinia, against Austria in 1859, his wild, fearless nature found some

expression. His great ambition was to unite Italy; to do which, after the conclusion of peace, with the secret sanction of Sardinia, he organized an expedition against the two Sicilies. In May, 1860, with 1,000 volunteers, he descended upon and made himself dictator of Sicily. This feat accomplished, he crossed to the Mainland, expelled Francis II. from Naples and entered the Capital Sept. 7, 1860.



After the uniting of the two Sicilies to Sardinia, and on the proclamation of Victor Immanuel of Sardinia, as king of Italy, he again retired to private life. His ever restless spirit, however, caused him to lead an expedition against Rome in 1862 in order to completely unify Italy, but he was defeated and captured by the Sardinians at Aspremonthe in August of that year. In 1867 he again took arms against the Pope, but was defeated by the French and Papal forces at Mentana.

In 1870-71 he commanded a French force against the Germans. On June 2, 1882, Garibaldi died at Caprera. Honored and respected by his countrymen, who know that to him, more than to anyone else, belongs the honor of the unification of Italy in a government where the wishes of the people are heard and obeyed.

October Prize Winners

ALTHOUGH in the corrected Biography of Agassiz, which we printed in the November STAR MONTHLY, a few errors still remained, yet we had a perfectly correct copy to compare with the submitted corrections of our young contestants.

The four prize winners whose names appear below, as well as those whose names appear as worthy of mention, may well be proud of their accuracy.

Prize Winners in October Contest

First Prize—Lloyd Brooke, 109 East St., Salt Lake City, Utah; \$2.00 in cash.

Second Prize—Jesse Cohen, O. T. N., 14 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y., \$1.00 in cash.

Third Prize—Mrs. Fannie Dayton, Terrace Park, Ohio, \$1.00 in

cash.

Fourth Prize—George Hazelquist, 10646 Ave. H., South Chicago, Ill., \$1.00 in cash.

Honorable Mention

L. T. Rightsell, J. Minor Workman, Alva Orcutt, Arthur G. Rieke, Lillian H. Lewis, F. L. Sawyer, Harry G. Selchow, O. T. N.

★ ★ ★

Queer Stories

A curious example of superstition was made public the other day through the medium of the law courts of Berlin. A tree growing opposite the gateway of a farmer was noticed to be withering away and dying. On further investigation it was found that a deep hole had been bored in it, probably by some person who wished to kill it. As the tree somewhat incommoded the entrance to the farmer's house he was charged with the deed and fined. He, however, appealed to a higher court and succeeded in proving that the hole had been bored by some superstitious person who believed in the old superstition that if illness attacks a household it can be driven away by "burying" it in a healthy tree. A hole is bored in the tree and all kinds of medicines are buried in the hole, which is then carefully stopped up, amid the singing of weird incantations. This could have been done by any superstitious person in the neighborhood, the farmer pointed out. The judge acquitted him.

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ADVERTISING SPACE

In the Star Monthly is so valuable that we quite frequently have to omit big ads, as they would run us over the space allotted to advertising. The advertising refused for this, the December issue would have netted us several hundred dollars, had we accepted it.

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Our Puzzle Column

Three prizes for correct solutions

A GOOD book of adventure or travel is given to each of the three puzzlers who sends in the neatest and nearest correct solutions of the following brain excitors. Solutions must be in by the 25th of December. The puzzle editor would like the readers of THE STAR MONTHLY who are interested in this column to submit contributions of as unique and difficult a nature as possible. He would rather receive one good puzzle than five fair ones.

No. 1. Hexagon Word Puzzle

- ○ ○ ○ 1. is a small rope.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ 2. " a kind of tree.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ 3. " a fillet.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ 4. " one who argues.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ 5. " to move around.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ 6. " known to all musicians.
- ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ 7. " a pause. GOPHER

No. 2. Magic Square

There are forty-nine blocks in this square, seven each way. In each block write a number (1 to 49 inclusive), so that each of the 7 vertical columns and each horizontal column will foot up 175 exactly. You must not use one number more than

once. C. D.

No. 3. A Saturday's Adventure

Read by sound, and find the names of eleven public speakers, showmen and musicians. Don't pause at punctuation marks.

Tom and I went to the menagerie last Saturday, and on the way home Reuben's tiny little dog followed us. We had just started for home when a hard shower came up, and the lightning almost made us blind. Tom and I ran for a street car. We overtook Madge, and just as Tony passed her, she stepped on his forepaw and hurt him so that Tom had to carry him. It was beastly uncomfortable in the car, cold as a barn, umbrellas dripping, all over us, and then the harness broke. The driver had to stop the car, buckle up the harness as well as he could and drive on. I thought we would not get home at all. Madge had got on with us, and the lovely bird Etta gave her for her hat was all soaked with the rain. I never saw the clouds deliver more rain in half an hour than they did that afternoon. Grandpa Pattison is an old weather authority, and he never saw a harder storm. Is this street marked Wayne street? It is, and I must get out. Good bye. G. Z. X.

4. A Charade

I am neither flesh nor fowl, yet I frequently stand upon one leg; and if you behead me I stand upon two. What is more strange, if you behead me again, I stand upon four. If you don't recognize me you must be related to me. L. B.

October Prize Winners

1. John F. Sawtell, Humboldt, Tenn.
2. Joseph M. Henien, Hastings, Minn.
3. Clyde W. Diltz, Brownville, Nebr.

Honorable Mention

Frank Van Name, Vernon, Kansas, O. T. N., Arthur Gilles, Julian P. Haswell, R. Finley De Spelder, Chas. Thompson, O. T. N., Clarence Stitzel, Jesse Cohen, O. T. N., Frank and Henry Gough. All of those who are honorably mentioned this month have solved puzzles correctly.

Answers to November Puzzles

No. 1. A Penny Short

The lost cent is due to the combination price. By the time Jack has made 10 sales at 5 for 2 cents, making 20 cents, all the 3 for 1 cent apples are sold (and twenty of the 2 for 1 cent), leaving ten apples that should be sold at 2 for 1 cent. Owing to the combination price, however, these have to be sold at the rate of 5 for 2 cents, or 2½ for 1 cent, bringing in 4 instead of 5 cents. Thus the penny is lost.

No. 2. Beheadment

E-go. E—state. E—land. H—art.

No. 3. Historic Men

- A. King Alfred. B. Peter the Great. C. Michael Angelo. D. Benj. Franklin. E. Chesterfield. B. O. P.

No. 4. An Hour Glass

T H R O W S T E R
T R A I N E D
H A S T E
I C E
O
E N D
P A S T E
S L E I G H T
S T E R N N E S S

★ ★ ★

The Valley of Death

ON the Island of Java is an oval-shaped hollow, near the summit of a mountain, about thirty-five feet in depth and half a mile wide, which, from the deadly nature of its atmosphere, is known as the "Valley of Death," or the "Poison Valley." This atmosphere is loaded with carbonic-acid gas, and although not at once fatal to human beings, proves so to either hogs or fowls. The valley has seldom been explored much beyond the borders, as from there it is seen that the surface of the ground is strewn with the bones of tigers, pigs, deer and all kinds of birds, and also of human beings. There is also a valley known by a similar name in the county of Inyo, California, between the Paramint Mountains, and the Armaragosa range. It is forty miles long by about eight miles broad, and its bed in its deepest part is desert. Its topography and climate have never been accurately observed, for human beings cannot live long enough in its atmosphere to ascertain the needed facts. In the coolest and highest part the thermometer often stands at 125 degrees, so that the deadly quality of the air is only its intense heat; still it is surmised, as the valley is of volcanic formation, that deadly gases may be emitted from cracks in the rocks.

★ ★ ★

I have been a satisfied reader of the "Star" ever since '99, and wear the badge that bears the single star. W. D. GORDON, JR.



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**Athletics for
Young America**

By Geo. W. Woodruff

IF our young readers have been following instructions carefully they ought by this time to begin to feel the benefits of their exercises in a better circulation and in a firmer and more elastic carriage.

Don't let a few movements each day be the limit of your exercise. Take lots of it out-doors. Out of door games are good, as they combine movements demanding agility with muscular exercise. The boy who is good at "Slip," "Hare and Hounds," "Sting Goal," "Jump for Down" or "Leap Frog," will generally come out on top when he tries to make a position on his school or college, base ball, track, or football team.

And that reminds me that now is the time to get into shape, if you want to play base ball or go into track athletics next spring. I don't mean that you should go into hard training and deprive yourself of all good things to eat, etc. In fact, I believe if you did diet during the winter and trained too hard, you would soon grow stale, that is, lose your snap and ginger, when you commenced to play base ball or run in the spring.

Just lead a good temperate life, eat about what you want, but don't gluttonize, and sleep nine hours a day. Eat desert if you wish it, but be sure you have eaten the more substantial part of your meal first.

Besides the movements which you execute every night and morning, it would be a good plan to take a run every day, either in the morning or in the evening. Always follow the run by a bath and rub down.

If you intend to become a sprinter, make your runs rather short, about a half mile in length. Run about fifty or seventy-five yards at a good fast clip, then slow down and jog or walk a bit. Then "hit it up" a little again, etc. As this is only preliminary to the special training which you will take in the spring, don't go at it too hard.

If you are out for base ball, or shot putting, make your runs somewhat longer, about a mile, but not so fast. Take an easier swing, and walk when you begin to feel "winded" (out of breath.)

The boy who is going to run distances, from the mile up, of course, should take longer jogs in order to gain endurance. Once and a while however he should take a brisk run for a short distance in order to keep from losing his speed.

Of course when it comes to actual work on the track, the sprinter and distance men run in altogether different form, the sprinter's actions being quick, the legs being thrown high and as much in front of his body as possible while the distance runner uses a long easy stride. This of course will be explained when the time comes. For your winter running, however, just run in a natural manner, allowing your arms to swing freely from the elbow (Fig. I.)

Don't get into the lazy habit of allowing your feet to touch the ground, for if you do you will have to unlearn that habit, as soon as you reach the track. Always run on your toes, so you can get the benefit of the reaction, which makes you bound along without wasting effort. Don't exaggerate this bound so much as to look as if you were running on a spring mattress, as this is effort used in the wrong direction. You run in order to go forward, not upward.

In order to strengthen the muscles which keep you on your toes, it is a good plan to exercise them in your room. (Fig. II.) Bound from one toe to the other, raising the knees in exaggeration of the movement of going up stairs. Be sure not to

let the heels touch the floor. This exercise reduces surplus fat from the abdomen and keeps the legs in good condition.

The boy who is ambitious to become a high or broad jumper, should as his preliminary exercise in the winter, take runs about the same length as the sprinter, also exercise shown in Fig. II.

All runners and jumpers should be careful to keep off hard pavements as much as possible, as they deaden the muscles of reaction, making person run in a lifeless manner.

On Saturdays or holidays it is a fine plan for both runners and jumpers to take long walks. Understand this is during your preliminary work, before real training begins. When you commence to train for games, you never want to walk much, as it ties up your legs. But during the period of preparation, it is a fine exercise as it makes one rugged and strong.

It is well for a whole crowd of the fellows to start off together, and take a trip of ten or fifteen miles around the county.

For out-door work of this kind, an old pair of shoes, flannel shirt and an old pair of flannel trousers are the proper things. Make your walks brisk, and when you get back, change your clothes immediately and take your bath. These walks are delightful, especially in the autumn, when the leaves are turning russet, gold, and the air is bracing without being cold. Over hill, through valleys, across fields of stubble, a constantly changing panorama is always before the walker's eyes.

If a crowd of fellows try this cross county walking a few times, it will soon become a habit that repays good interest on the trouble, both in health and pleasure.

The Christmas Books

Special Holiday Offerings for Young America
WHEN in doubt as to what to get "that boy" for Christmas, play safe and buy him a book. If you thoroughly understand his taste in the matter of reading, you will be able to go about it intelligently and have a wide field to select from. If he don't care particularly for reading, give him an appetite for it by a good story of adventure, exploration or war. You can then "tone up" and cultivate the taste by placing the more instructive books within his reach gradually.

The American publishers have an unusually liberal offering of books for Young America this fall. The publishers of THE STAR MONTHLY recommend the following for your consideration.

From the press of Macmillan & Co., of New York and London:

The New Pupil, by Raymond Jaberus. A school story for girls and boys.

Tales of the Spanish Main, by Mowbray Morris. Stories of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, by Rev. A. J. Church. Illustrations in full colors.

The Other Boy, by Evelyn Sharp. An English story for boys and girls.

The Reign of King Oberon, by Walter Jerrold. Profuse illustrations abound in this, a clever handling of the legends of Fairyland.

From the press of the Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio:

Ralph Granger's Fortune, by William Perry Brown. A Southern feud is the motive.

From the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.:
Lost on the Orinoco, by Edward Stratemeyer. This is the first number in a new Pan American series by this popular writer.

Practical Approval

I am very much pleased with the Star Monthly and I believe it is fully worth \$1.00 a year. I will do what I can to enlarge your subscription list.

MARK SHATTUCK, O. T. N.

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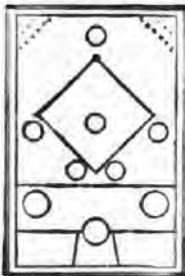
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78 Chamber of Commerce,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



The Young Photographer
A Department for Amateurs
Cash Prizes for Pictures

THE change in size in November STAR MONTHLY, as well as an accident to the new machinery after part of the edition was printed, was the cause of that issue reaching many of our readers too late for participation in the December photo contest. As a consequence the prize photos we print this month, are not all on the subject assigned for December, but cover a variety of subjects.

The special prize offer of \$1.00 for six best subjects, for our work in the early part of 1903, is, as a consequence of the delay, extended to December 12th. What we want is a suggestion for each of the months, March to August, 1903 (inclusive), something seasonable and typical of the month in which the photos will be published.

For consideration in the January award of prizes be sure and get your pictures in not later than December 10th. As no time is now permitted to work on special subjects before that date, we shall content ourselves with suggesting "winter" sports, scenes, etc., so far as possible, for both the January and February competitions.

Remember, all pictures for January contest to reach us not later than December 10th. All pictures for February contest to reach us not later than January 1st.

All pictures entered for December received after November 10th will be held and considered in the January and February contests.

Our Prize Offers

A first prize of two dollars in cash is given each for the "best" print. All others used are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. All prints to be unmounted and accompanied by full postage for return, otherwise they will be destroyed if not used.

No picture smaller than two inches considered. No "blue" prints or mounted pictures considered.

A New Prize Feature

Many of our amateurs have invented little dark room conveniences for their own use, and from experience are constantly learning little tricks and labor-saving methods that other amateur photographers would be glad to know. There is no better place to tell them about it than thro' the columns of THE STAR MONTHLY.

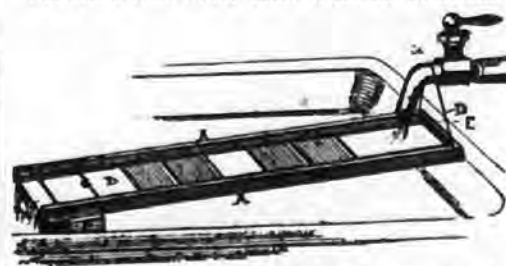
We want descriptions of these clever little contrivances to publish in THE STAR MONTHLY, as well as little 200 to 350 word articles giving new and useful hints to our beginners. For every one accepted and used we give free, and send postage prepaid, choice of a badger 5 1/2 x 7 flexible black leather-bound album containing 50 pages (enough for 100 prints), or a Simplex Scale, made of brass with glass pan, for weighing chemicals, or a 6-inch print roller for mounting prints. When you submit your article give first and second choice of the above three articles you desire us to send in the event of acceptance and use of your article.



A Plate Washing Device

I THINK any of the readers of THE STAR MONTHLY who are interested in photography would be glad to receive for a Christmas present an apparatus that would wash plates satisfactorily.

For some time I had been troubled in washing



my prints after toning. I tried many ways and at last found this one which works very well. I made a trough like the one in the drawing and found that it successfully washed my prints in less time than in any other way.

To make a trough like this, the measurements

depend upon the size of the picture. First saw out a piece of half-inch board 3 feet long and as wide as your picture is long. This is the bottom B. Next make the sides A, A. These should be 3 feet long, 1 inch wide and 1/2 inch thick. After you have cut these all out, nail the sides to the bottom and a back piece E to the bottom and sides. Next put your cleats C on the bottom. These are kept in place by staples. The space between depends upon the width of your picture. Starting at the top, measure down the width of your picture and a little over so that the water will not fall directly upon the print. Proceed down the trough this way, only after the first space, measure the width of the picture only and leave no space. The wire D is then nailed on the back. This is to hang it on the faucet by. Care must be taken when putting the trough in place not to get too great a slope. This is managed by putting a block F or an old cigar box under the lower end of the trough. If the reader lives in the country where no running water is to be had, he may take a small keg, set it up on end, bore a small hole near the bottom, fill it with water and set it over the trough. This trough will be found a good thing to wash plates in after they are developed.

RALPH P. BRIGHAM,
Brookline, Mass.



Playing Cards of Oriental Origin

THE invention of playing-cards has been variously attributed to India, China, Arabia and Egypt. There seems to be but little doubt that they originated in Asia, and were introduced into Europe by the Saracens about the close of the thirteenth century. There is historical mention of the game of cards in Germany in 1275, in Italy in 1299, but not in France until 1395. An active trade in cards sprung up in Germany as early as the fifteenth century, where they were manufactured for other portions of Europe. One hundred years later we find the manufacture of cards a flourishing business in England, and under Edward IV their importation was forbidden, thus protecting the home industry. Owing to their immoral influences they were at times prohibited by various European governments. The marks upon the suits of cards are believed to have been chosen to represent symbolically the different classes of society. Thus: the hearts stood for the clergy, clubs for the soldiery, spades for the serfs, and diamonds for the merchants. In the early French cards the kings were pictures of David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne, representing the monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans and French; the queens were Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas. The number of the cards, the ace and the knave, were probably based on similar ideas. The suits of the earliest German cards were designated by hearts, bells, leaves and acorns. Italian cards had swords, batons, cups and money. The court cards at first were the king, chevalier and knave. The queen was first substituted for the chevalier by the Italians. The English cards in the seventeenth century were embellished with heraldic designs, the king of clubs bearing the coat-of-arms of the Pope of Rome, and those of hearts, diamonds and spades being adorned respectively with the armorial device of the king of England, Spain and France. The club of modern cards derived its form from the trefoil, a French design. A pack of Hindustani cards in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society of England is supposed to be fully 1,000 years old. It consists of eight suits of divers colors. The kings are mounted on elephants; the viziers, or second honors, upon horses; tigers and bulls, and some of the common cards have such curious marks as a pineapple in a shallow cup, and a something like a parasol without a handle, and with two broken ribs sticking through the top.

*In his *Rape of the Lock* Pope describes in heroic meter the battle of the cards, in the game which was then the society fad.



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F. E. Sanford, Redlands, Cal.

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The Young Collector
 For Young Folks With Hobbies.

If you can write a short interesting article about your collection, be it stamps, coins, eggs, or anything that can be collected, send it in to THE STAR MONTHLY, care of Young Collector's Department. If your article is acceptable it will be published in THE STAR MONTHLY, and you will receive a handsome cloth bound book of adventure; or if you are a C. M. A. member, you may take your choice of a book or a C. M. A. watch charm. Helpful hints to our young collectors are always valuable in submitted articles.

Eggs of Kansas Birds

I thought this spring I would like a collection of all the birds that nest in this locality. So as soon as it was in season I commenced my collection and continued it until the season closed. First, I secured a good book on Nests and Eggs, and then made a drill and blow-pipe, and a case to carry eggs in, and then I was ready and anxious for a start.

My first was a set of six crow's eggs, collected on April 13, these before I had a blow pipe. I sat down and cut a stem of grass and blew them with that, then and there on the bank of the creek between bites.

On April 17 I secured a set of two more crows' eggs. Then a friend of mine and I took the train to Diamon Springs to look for Indian relics and eggs. We arrived about five in the evening and walked back about half a mile from the station to the site of the old Indian village.

It was a lovely place for a village, a fine spring under some fine old oaks near a small creek; part of the old site is an orchard now, and part was in corn. We looked through the cornfield and found some arrow-heads, skinning knives, scrapers, spear-heads, hoes, etc. We slept in an old house that night near the spring. In the morning we visited a couple of graves of the Indians and started down the creek to look for eggs. This on April 20.

Below the town in a man's cattle lot we found a red-tail hawk's nest with two eggs. Then the wind and dust commenced to blow, and we were obliged to go back to town nearly empty handed. I have about thirty-five different kinds of eggs so far, and expect to continue until I have all that nest here.

I have collected all my own eggs so far, except a couple of sets which my friends gave me.

In collecting this spring I found three new bird's nests, the first time these birds were ever seen here. They were the wood thrush, phoebe and chimney swift. I only had time to collect between times when not working. If I came home early from work I would grab my case and go around some hedge or orchard near town.

Among my eggs I have those of the blackbird, crow, hawk, little blue heron, little green heron, robin, quail, turtle dove, summer yellow bird, swallow, night-hawk, meadow lark, red-wing blackbird, brown thrush, wren, orioles, shrike flicker, blue jay, yellow-billed cuckoo, king bird, dickcissel and purple martin.

One yellow bird's nest had four yellow bird's eggs in and one cow-blackbird's. They had built a new bottom over the blackbird's egg, and I had to tear the nest to get it out. The yellow-bird's eggs were good, but the cow-bird's was spoiled. I have also a small collection of birds I have mounted, O. H. PEASE, Hope, Kans.

My Philatelic Collection

Believing that my collection of stamps would interest the C. M. A. philatelists, I submit herewith a history of my stamp book. I started in 1900 with a small "Popular Stamp Album." Then I bought a few hundred mixed cheap stamps, and then, thinking that by this time I must be a first-class collector, began exchanging by mail. Somehow or other the other collectors scorned my selections, saying they were priced altogether too high for such poor stamps. Nothing daunted, I continued to collect and buy

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stamps till now I have twelve or fifteen hundred varieties. I have found that most every collector makes a specialty of collecting stamps from certain countries; some fancy Great Britain and colonies; others South American countries. But, from the first, I took a strong liking to Mexico, and now have something like forty varieties of that country. Also the United States match and medicine revenue stamps caught my fancy. Of the latter I have two or three hundred different. My most valuable stamp comes under the United States revenue head. It's a government parcel stamp, priced at \$2.50. I also have a part perforated gray inland exchange stamp, priced at 75 cents. Then, besides, I have a 3-cent green stamped envelope, used during the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

My highest valued stamp, outside of the United States, is from Grenada. It is the one-penny green stamp, priced at \$1.25. Whenever I get a chance, I help other collectors along willingly.

I am watching for the new United States stamp—the 13-cent one—soon to be used. It will be the first 13-cent stamp this country ever had.

ARCHIE R. ONYUN, Washington, D. C.

Relics of the Spanish War

Two years ago, when I came to Cuba, I started a collection of relics of the Spanish-American war. I now have the following relics: A sword used by a Spanish captain at San Juan hill, a rifle known to have killed nine Spaniards, shoulder tabs worn by an American soldier, a Spanish volunteer's coat, worn during the war, (the former owner is now living in Havana), with the buttons, a rosette which is worn on the hat, a cord for the hat, the cross sabres, guns and cannon, worn by the American soldiers, a leather hat strap, a bullet found on the San Juan battlefield in 1898, also several sets of buttons belonging to the different branches of the Spanish army. I also have a small collection from Morro Castle and Cabana in Havana. From Morro: a piece of rock from the walls of one of the dungeons, a small cannon ball stamped 1763, a clothes peg from one of the casemates, etc.

From Cabana: an 8-lb. projectile marked 1874, some grape shot, and a musket ball left by the English when they left Havana. I also have a photo of the spot where 42 Cubans were shot to death during the ten year war, and one of the spot where the seven students were shot.

I am going to make a tour of Cuba next month, and intend to get as many more relics as possible. OTTO F. HARRINGTON, O. T. N., Santa Fe, Isla de Pinos, W. I.

Queries Answered

HOMER B. Wright, O. T. N.—Cannot give you the value of your stamps, unless, in addition to the date, you give color, name, and picture, if any. Some stamps of the date you mention are at a big premium, while others are valueless to the collector. Your gold dollar 1851 is worth to a dealer \$1.50 if in uncirculated condition, \$1.25 in fine condition, and \$1.15 in good condition. Your other coins are worth only face value, except in uncirculated condition. In that case they bring a premium of 5 cents above face value.

Le Roy Humes, O. T. N.—Your coin is a two real piece 1743 Spanish. Hisp et. Ind stands for Spain and the Indies. There is little or no premium on this coin.

L. F. Templeton.—1894 half dollar is not at a premium.

Roy Hissong.—Your confederate \$100 bill dated February 17, 1864, bust of Mrs. Jeff Davis, blue back, is worth 1 cent. The 8 in your '98 quarter is probably a mint mark.

One cent 1807 large, is worth about 5 cents, 1812 large date is worth 10 cents, small date is worth 3 cents, 1816, 1817 and 1818 are worth 2 cents.

E. A. Hill.—The premium on 1830 half dollar and 2-cent piece 1863 is nil.

Walter Bell.—Send a rubbing of your English coin, and we can tell better what it is; also tell what metal it is made of. Your American cent

FREE THIS BEAUTIFUL AIR RIFLE

shoots B. B. shot with great force, and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Barrel is nicely nicked and stock is of wood with mahogany finish. SENT. ALL PREPAID, to any boy for selling 18 of our beautiful scarf-plaisat toc, each. We trust you. New England Supply Co., All St., West Mansfield, Mass.

FREE Solid Gold-filed Ring

diamond resemblant 2 garnets. Send name (we trust you) for 10 boxes Foaming Tooth Powder sell at 10c get ring. Am. Supply Co. D. 16 Bridgeport, Ct.

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Hollyberry Doily Pattern, 12-in. linen, 10c by mail. Catalog of 20 other Doily and Battenberg patterns sent with above. We refund money or exchange for other patterns if desired. THOMAS & CO., R 6, 151 W. Wash Ave., Chicago.

\$20 A WEEK

straight salary and expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture in country; year's contract; weekly pay. Address with stamp. Monarch Mfg. Co., Box 529, Springfield, Ill.

BIG PROFIT;

Learn to paint pictures; particulars for stamp; picture agents wanted. F. PIETR E. 4A, 120 Monroe St., Chicago

MAKE MONEY

at your own home during spare time. One hour daily will make \$3.00 to \$5.00 a week. Full particulars free. ROYAL S. SUPPLY CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Send \$1.00 for instruction cards or rule, but an actual verbal language. Reduced country. My Secret Writing system is the best one in the world. It is a 2-page book, which you receive for mailing back the 1c. and other bits and other valuable replies. For more particulars see Circulars by name. C. M. MAHOOD, Dept. I, EMENTON, PA.

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1 DOZEN PHOTOS

of yourself or friend, given to one person in each locality for only a few minutes work. For particulars send stamp to: ART SUPPLY COMPANY, ABILENE, TEXAS.

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want to Employ Amateurs, to work Kodaks, and Sell our Work, from your Negatives. We teach you how. A sample of what you are to do for 10c. The latest invention, and now is the time to get the Cream. Swafford & Son, Baird, Texas.

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30 New Songs, 100 Rich and Rare Jokes, 1 Pack Fun Cards, 1 Escort, and 1 Acquaintance Cards, Standard Bear Catches, etc. All for 2 Cents. CROWN CARD CO., 324, Columbus, Ohio.

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A guaranteed stem wind, nickel silver watch, absolute y FREE to every boy in each town. Enclose 2c stamp. STAR AGENCY, Carthage, New York.

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Young People's Friend,

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AGENTS WANTED COLUMN

FREE SAMPLES TO AGENTS



Self Lighting Pocket Lamp Size of pencil, can be carried in vest pocket, takes the place of kerosene lamp or candles, and does away with matches burns perfectly, quick self-seeing's believing, send stamp FOUNTAIN POCKET LAMP CO., Dept. B, FULTON BLDG., NEW YORK.

BEST AGENT'S OFFER EVER MADE. \$3.00 A DAY Our agents, 7 eight years ago are our best agents today. If you want to build up a good paying business, don't sell trash but sell Mother's Salve, the world never saw its equal. You not only double your money but also receive valuable premiums absolutely free. Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 2, Chicago.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 468, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. NOVELTY CUTLERY COMPANY 39 Bar Street, CANTON, OHIO.

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OUR SALESMEN MAKE \$10.00 DAILY AGENTS WANTED. CATALOGUE FREE. Crayon Portraits 45c. Family Records 5c. Pictures and Frames wholesale, prices the lowest. Frank W. Williams & Co., Chicago, Ill., Dept. A.

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I Can Sell Your Farm no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. E. T. '96. Highest references. Offices in 24 cities. W. M. Cstrander, 1877 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia

12 PHOTOS 10c Sent from any picture good size, enamel 8x10. Sample & cat. 2c. stamp. 1620 Portraits, \$1.25. AGENTS WANTED. STAR PHOTO CO. 256 Main St., Andover, O.

WITHOUT MONEY! Watches, silverware, musical instruments, steam engines, magic lanterns, games, etc. Write for list of over 100 premiums. FRANCIS CO., Box 51, Jersey City, N. J.

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TURKISH HAIR GROWER Will grow beautiful hair on bald heads, save beard or handsome moustache on the smoothest face in 3 weeks or money refunded. \$1.00 forfeit this is the best process known. \$1 Treatment, by mail for 25 cts., 3 for 50 cts. Avoid imitations. Sold only by TREMONT MFG. CO., STATION A. 20, BOSTON, MASS.

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DELICATE PERFUMES AND TOILET WATERS Easily and inexpensively made at home. Send for our booklet which tells all about them. Address TALCOTT MFG. CO., S.M. Box 6, Sta. E., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

1859 is at no premium. The 10 cent bill of 1863 is worth on plain paper 12 cents, bronze letters and figures on reverse, 11 cents. Same, fibre paper, 25 cents. If your bill has an impression only on one side of paper, you have a rare variety, which commands a high premium.

Ragnar Lunell.—Philatelists collect both used and unused stamps. The kind advertised for sale are used, unless the adv. expressly says otherwise. Your due stamp is worth nothing.

Earl Lamb.—Your stone might be a section stone, a stone used to mark boundaries of lots, or a keystone. I could not quite make out your description.

Florence Fleckenstein.—Ten cent piece 1829 is worth 35 cents uncirculated, otherwise face value.

Claude Hyatt.—Your coins are Greek coins and have little or no premium value. The American half cent 1833 is worth between 15 and 2 cents, depending on condition.

L. Felsenthal, O. T. N.—Your two pence English 1806 has little or no premium value. Send a rubbing of it to dealer. Cent 1830 if mutilated is worth only face value.

Walter Dickinson, O. T. N.—1858 cent, flying eagle to left, (if small letters) is worth, uncirculated, 30 cents. Good condition, 5 cents, large letter is worth only face value.

Collector, Danbury, Conn.—Uncirculated 1849 half dollar is worth 60 cents. Proof 1894 quarter is worth 40 cents. Proof 1892 dime is worth 15 cents. Your Canadian coins are not at a premium. Two cent U. S. uncirculated 1866, is worth 4 cents. 5 cent piece U. S. 1868-1873 uncirculated, worth 10 cents. U. S. 1862 cent worth face value.

C. D. Core.—No premium on 1807 half dollar.



The Divinities and Heroes of Antiquity

Minerva, Olympian Dressmaker

THIS Goddess of the Intellect never had a mother. She was born under remarkable circumstances. One day Jupiter had a splitting headache and was almost driven to distraction, when out from his head sprang Minerva in full panoply. Jupiter's headache disappeared instantly and Olympus was enriched by a goddess who immediately began to make herself useful.

With the Three Graces as her attendant helpers she took charge of the wardrobe of the goddesses, weaving the most beautiful fabrics than even the goddesses could desire. She also invented the thunderbolt, the symbol of Jupiter's power, and showed Vulcan how to forge it for him. All of her wisdom and prudence, however, did not keep her from getting drawn into the quarrel about the golden apple, which I spoke about in a previous issue of THE STAR MONTHLY. This was her only indiscretion, however, and we generally think of her as pacifier and adjuster of all the little broils that were springing up at the councils on Mt. Olympus.

Minerva presided over all the useful and ornamental arts of men, such as shipbuilding, navigation, agriculture and mechanical pursuits, as well as those of women, such as spinning, weaving, etc. She was also a goddess of defensive warfare, or war for a just cause, having no sympathy with the shrieking Bellona or Mars, who loved war for its bloodshed and carnage.

Athens, the fairest city in Greece, was Minerva's chosen seat. Here was her statue and her temple, the Parthenon (Virgin's Chamber). Here in her honor was celebrated the Pan-athenaic festival, in which the sacred robe or peplos of Athena (Minerva) richly embroidered by the maidens of the noblest families in the city, was suspended before the great ivory and gold



MINERVA.

30 LOVELY CARDS with your name printed on all, 20 Songs with Music, 48 Photos, 60 Magic Secrets, 64 Instructive Experiments, 80 Puzzles with Solutions, 101 Couadrums, 60 Games, 420 Jokes, 100 Money-making Secrets, 100 Valuable Receipts, 355 Albums and Love Verses, 18 Complete Stories, 30 Styles Cards, Silk Fringe, etc., all 10 cts. TUTTLE BROS. CO., BOX 17, TOTOKET, CONN.

LOOK HERE BOYS!

The only instrument ever made that would produce the same weird music that the Midway at the World's Fair made famous. Send for list of 10 names and 5 cents for postage. BARNES & ROGERS, HEKMON, ILLINOIS.



Gold Rings FREE Sell 10 p'ks of Smith's Hair Grower and Dandruff Cure at 10c each. We trust you; when sold send money and we'll send 2 rings or choice from our premium list. Agents wanted.

Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 81, Woodsboro, Md.

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A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, that Ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, quickly curing the patient without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing ROGERS DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., 8689 Fifth and Race Streets, Cincinnati, Oh.

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Lamp that makes its own Gas at cost of one cent a day. No oil, wicks or chimneys. Small model FREE to those wishing to work for us. Agents make big money. EASTERN GAS CO., 87 Nassau Street, New York.



TWO RINGS FREE! Sell 20 Mineral Lamp Wicks at 5 cents each; no Trimming, Smoke or Smell. We Trust You 30 days; when sold send money and we send 2 Rings or choice from big list premiums. MINERAL WICK CO., Providence, R.I.

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Boys or Girls Style. for SELLING ONLY 18 Pieces of our new goods. FASTEST SELLER OUT. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Write for PARTICULARS and PREMIUM LIST G. A. ESSICK & CO., Dept. C, Moultrie, Ohio.

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Trade anything you have for anything you want. Get our gigantic paper which prints thousand's of exchange advertisements. Six months' trial subscription, 10 cts. "THIS FOR THAT" PUB. CO., 1275 Star Bldg., CHICAGO.

The Magic Leaping Frog

Funniest Novelty out, and MOCKING BIRD WHISTLE. The wondrous warbler, both for 10c. 3 pairs for 20c., with our Big Catalogue. WEIDNER BROS., Buffalo Grove, Ill.



YOUNG FOLKS, out for a good time can be attractive in Society, using our perfumed Viola Flakes, purifies the breath, cleanses the teeth, and removes blotches. Nothing so good. Sample by mail 20 cents a year. STAR CHEMICAL CO., DEPARTMENT 4, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

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Sent post paid for 5 addresses of friends free together with catalogue of Books, Games, Novelties, etc. THE VICTOR-KING CO., Box 3461, K, BOSTON, MASS.

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to write for our 280-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a MAGIC LANTERN or STEREOPTICON. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

PRESENTS

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HANDSOME POOL TABLE FREE! Best offer ever made. Write for full particulars. C. O. F. NOVELTY CO., 1207 E. BIDDLE ST., Baltimore, Md.

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We will give you a handsome Watch free for selling 18 packages of our Bluing at 10c. a package. It is the best laundry bluing made and a fast seller. Write to us at once and we will send the Bluing postpaid. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Watch or any premium you select from the premium list. ACME BLUING COMPANY, Dept. B, LYRA, OHIO.



A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT
for Mother or any member of the family. Hixon's Perfect Photograph Binder and Holder—(Albums are out of date) No spring, no string, no holes, no staples—interchangeable. The only practical ready binder in the world. Assorted covers, silk finish cloth, printed in gold leaf. Photographs can be removed and replaced at will. Mailed, postpaid, or receipt of only 35c. in stamps. Short Music Binder—60c. (piano size). A. D.'s Music Binder—60c. (piano size). A. D.'s
HIXSON, BOYER & CO., Mfrs. Patent Specialties 25 Warren St., N. Y.

A Reliable Watch & Chain Free
We wish to impress the fact that these are not clock watches, but are stem wind and stem set, nickel movements, jeweled balances, porcelain dial and highly finished throughout. We give this Watch & Chain FREE to every person selling 10 boxes of Star Headache or Cold Cure Tablets at 25c. a box. Send your address and we will send Tablets by mail. When sold send us the money \$2.50 and we guarantee to send Watch & Chain prepaid. Star Remedy Co. Dept. 10, New Haven, Conn.

ELECTRIC FLASH-LIGHT LAMP
A BRILLIANT AND DAZZLING NEW INVENTION. Practical 16-Candle Power Lamp. Always Ready. Non-Explosive; no kerosene or gasoline used. Lasts a lifetime. Everybody who sees it wants one. A red-hot seller for Agents. Complete Sample 30 Cents, postpaid, and our Big Bargain Catalog. Address,
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HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Invest 1 cent, by writing on a postal card and we will put you in a position to earn \$1000 a year. This is no fraud. Many now in our employ will vouch for the truth of this statement. We are willing to guarantee any honest, energetic person, without previous experience, from **\$700 TO \$1000** year sure money. Write
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If you can't sing a song or tell a funny story, and desire to shine as a star at parties, instead of sitting like a wallflower, do a trick. Send Ten Cents for sample copy of THE SPHINX, a monthly magazine, describing 10 or more tricks each month.
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His immortal speech, printed in artistic type on egg shell paper. Initial letter hand illuminated. In mat 8x10 ready frame. EVERY PATRIOTIC BOY AND GIRL wants one. Mailed flat for 10 cents. Secretaries C. M. A. send your addresses. We have something to interest you.
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FULL BEARD
A Dollar worth of Tricks and Make-Ups, sent by mail for 25 cents, stamps or silver. Also Mountaineer Full Beard, Rube, Galways, Irish or Hide Whiskers, any color, a Bottle of Spirit Gum to stick them on, Box of Prepared Burnt Cork to blacken up, In. Barber Mouth big teeth Secret and Apparatus for performing the Great Vanishing Half-Dollar Trick, Cure for Love & novelty sure to please. Mention the paper you saw this Ad in and I will put in a heavy GOLD-leaf Super RING Free, and my largest list of Plays, Wigs, Tricks and agents large list. Chase, Marshall, Mfr. Lockport, N. Y.

FUN
THE CONICAL CONVEY MIRROR.—Makes fat people look thin and thin people fat. Either the "short and fat" view or the "long and slim" view are stunners and will create bushels of fun and laughter. If you like fun, don't wait, but get one. Mailed in neat pocket case for 10c; 2 for 25c. Address
MONARCH NOVELTY CO., Dept. A, 252 N. May St., CHICAGO

BOYS SELL OR EXCHANGE
these articles you do not need. Boys' Exchange, a MONTHLY JOURNAL for the business Boys of America will help you dispose of them if you are a subscriber. Send 10c silver for 3 mo. trial subscription to DAGGETT PRINTING CO., Daggett, Mich.

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Circulars, Newspaper, Presses. Larger size, \$18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.
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CHEAPEST CAMERA HOUSE. Not in the East. 4x5 Developing and Printing. Express prepaid. 25c. Cameras, Chemicals and all Photographic Papers at Possibly Lower Prices in the City. Give us a trial and send for our list. Mail orders receive prompt attention. UNEXCELLED PHOTO STOCK CO., 100 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

statue of the patron divinity. The procession consisted of old and young of both sexes; the old men carrying the olive sacred to Athena (Minerva), while the young men bore arms. The young women bore baskets in which were the sacred cakes and utensils for sacrifice.

When Minerva chose Athens as her seat she met with an obstacle in the shape of Neptune, who was also desirous of obtaining this fair city for his seat. The gods were called in to decide the question. They decreed that to the one who produced the gift most useful to mortals, would be given the city. Neptune gave the horse to men; Minerva produced the olive. The judgment of the gods, after a long consultation, was that the olive was the most useful gift to mankind, so to Minerva was given the city.

Minerva, as patron of the arts, was very closely connected with human affairs. She was always fond of helping the ingenious mortal out of scrapes, and it was through her help that such heroes as Ulysses (Odysseus), Perseus, etc., surmounted every obstacle that beset them. Minerva is often represented with the Head of the Gorgon (Medusa), which turned everything that looked at it to stone on her shield.

This Medusa was once a beautiful young girl who tried to surpass Minerva in beauty. The goddess punished the impious one by turning her hair to writhing snakes, and caused her to turn anyone to stone who looked at her. This monster Perseus killed, and out of gratitude to Minerva who helped him, gave her the head to wear on her shield. The story of the Medusa is an interesting one, and some time I will tell it. There are many beautiful myths to which both great and minor poets refer, such as the story of Arachne, the wonderful woman weaver who challenged Minerva to a contest in weaving, and for her impiety was turned into a spider, where she continues to spin even to this day. Some of these stories I will endeavor to tell in this department as soon as an opportunity is afforded.

Grand Secretary's Desk

ALL Brothers of the C. M. A. are requested to send in their vote for the yelling contest by December 10th, if they want them counted.

All amateur photographers, who have hints that may prove of service to their fellow artists, should take advantage of the new offer which was published in this department last month.

If you have not sent in your individual photograph to the Grand Secretary for publication in THE STAR MONTHLY, do so at once. Remember, we can't reproduce tin types or small pictures. The head must be as large as a dollar.

We expect our recruiting force, which includes every loyal C. M. A. member, to do great service this fall and winter, adding more members to the army of the C. M. A.

That the C. M. A. caps are creating great satisfaction, is testified by the testimonials which come in every day. Cost 50 cents; worth a dollar. Remember, it is the duty of the secretaries of C. M. A. lodges to send to the Grand Secretary, quarterly reports of lodge routine, entertainments, election of officers, etc.

Send for the 4-page leaflet; it will help you to get members for your lodge.

The C. M. A. watch charms and cuff buttons may still be obtained for fifty cents. They make a very nice holiday gift for Brothers.

Economical Farming

IN France, and in fact all over Europe, as the readers of THE STAR MONTHLY no doubt know, all of the garden land has to produce much more to the square foot, than it does in the United States, in order to produce food enough for the great population. The farmers, or as we would call them, market gardeners, because the average sized farm only measures between two and three acres, are continually cultivating and fertilizing their land in order to raise just a little more.

A Frenchman recently made an experiment in grafting, which makes one foot do the work of two. This ingenious scientific agriculturalist grafted the potato and tomato plants in such a way, that he raised potatoes below ground, while tomatoes grew above.

\$3.75 BUYS A \$35 WATCH
and a handsome "Gold" watch chain & charm. THIS IS A GENUINE GOLD FILLED WATCH in appearance, superbly engraved, double hunting case, stem wind and stem set. HIGH GRADE RUBY JEWELLED WORKS which is absolutely guaranteed for **25 YEARS.**
Send this to us and we will send the Watch & Chain C. O. D. 25 and express charges to examine. If as represented, pay \$3.75 & Ex. charges and it is yours. Write if you desire Ladies' or Gents' size. CALUMET WATCH CO. Dept. 121 Chicago

FOXY GRANDPA JOKE
You press the Ball, Foxy Grandpa does the rest. This new novelty consists of a beautifully finished tin, stamped in colors, representing the famous "Foxy Grandpa." Everyone will notice it upon the lapel of your coat and examine it closely. You then press the ball in your pocket and Foxy Grandpa gives the inquisitive one a fine stream of water. Greatest joke out. Sent with large catalogue for only 20 cents. Write to-day.
MONARCH NOVELTY CO., 252 North May Street, CHICAGO.

FREE---COLD WATCH
This watch has solid gold laid case, American movement, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to solid gold watch guaranteed 25 years. We give it absolutely free to boys and girls or anyone selling twenty pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold, send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. Address
LIBERTY JEWEL CO., D 29, CHICAGO.

NEW SURPRISE RING
Biggest Novelty Out!
More fun than barrel of monkeys. 15c ea. 3 for 35c. postpaid. Address,
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Vaudeville Stage Jokes
and Side Splitting Stories. The pictures in this book would make a horse laugh. The jokes are button busters by such comedians as Ezra Kendall, Lew Hawkins, Joe Welch, Weber & Fields and a score of others. From cover to cover hilarious happiness and gingers jokes mingle in a joyous riot of screaming faces. Price 10c. 3 for 25c. Address
ERNEST & CO., Dept. 102, AUSTIN, ILL.

FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.
ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 1 Chicago

MAGIC LANTERN
REGULAR \$3.00 OUTFIT WITH ELEGANT PICTURE SLIDES OR DISQUE DOLL SILK DRESSED. SEND 50 CENTS IN SILVER. DEPT. 11
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LORD'S PRAYER
Bangle Ring. Smallest Ever Coined. Or any Initial engraved Free. Rolled Gold. Warranted 3 years. 10c for either or 15c for both.
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YOU GET BOTH. Sell 12 Stone Set Enamel Stick Pins, 10 cts. each. Send us the money and we send you these two COSTLY PRESENTS. We trust 30 days.
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Greatest pocket curiosity on earth. Tak's like wiffire; tells time on watch through cloth; see through stone, wood, leather; any distance; use indoors or out any time, any climate, lasts a lifetime. Price Thirty-five cents. Address
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The Young Craftsman
With Prizes for Suggestions
Some Christmas Presents

THIS department is run for the benefit of the boy who likes to make "things." Every boy who knows how to make anything is cordially invited to send in a description and plans of it to the Young Craftsman Department, care of THE STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ill. If his article is published he will receive a prize of a handsome jack-knife, the kind all boys want, but very few have. Make your articles as brief and as clear as possible. Your plans need not be elaborate. In fact, we generally have our artist redraw the plans. We received many good plans which we can not publish in this issue of THE STAR MONTHLY on account of lack of space, but hope to print some of them in the future.

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

THE little suggestions for Christmas presents, which we print below for the benefit of our young craftsmen, may be very much improved in appearance at very little expense by the aid of a pyro pen. A pyro pen, you must know, is an instrument for burning designs in wood, and may be obtained complete with all accessories at any store where artist's materials are sold.

A little practice will enable any handy boy to become expert in its use. Draw with pencil, or trace through carbon paper, the design which you wish to burn, and then with your pyro pen burn it in. The first attempt at this engraving should of course be on a scrap piece of wood, but after you have become proficient, picture frames, glove boxes, etc., may be beautified by designs of flowers, leaves, etc.

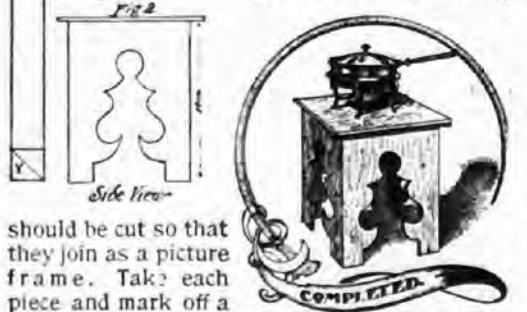
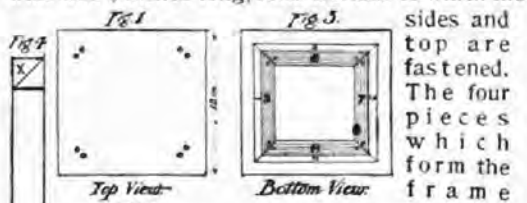
Any number of useful articles, such as jewel, collar and glove boxes, picture frames, etc., may be quickly made, and when nicely burned by the pyro pen will make very acceptable Christmas gifts. A tabourette is a great field to exercise the fancy of the young pyrographer, as the surface to be burnt is so large that there is great scope for artistic designing.

How to Make a Tabourette

A VERY pretty, as well as a very useful article of furniture is a tabourette. The easiest to make is a four-sided one if one's supply of tools is limited.

A piece of 1/2-inch board, which is 12 inches square, forms the top and four pieces of 1/2-inch board, which are 10 inches wide and 14 inches long, form the four sides.

Four pieces of 1-inch board which are 1-inch wide and 9 inches long, form a frame to which the



should be cut so that they join as a picture frame. Take each piece and mark off a square on each end as in Fig. 1., and draw the diagonal. Be sure and cut the same corners off as in cut, which are marked X and Y.

Mark on under side of top a square 1 inch inside the edge all around and another one 1/2 inch inside that. Then screw the frame to top so that the outer edges are inside the inner square as 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Fig. 3.

Mark on the inside of each side a line 1/2-inch from each longest edge, and then plane off the

corners until they will fit together as 1, 2, 3, 4 in Fig. 3.

Then screw each side piece to the frame and you will have a plain tabourette.

A great improvement is made by cutting out a portion on each side to form some simple design, such as is shown in Fig. 2, and the edges of top may be beveled off.

The completed article makes a very appropriate gift for a boy to make for his mother to use for a plant stand, or a handy place on which to lay knitting or sewing. If you can make this tabourette on a larger scale, so the top will be 2 or 2 1/2 feet square, it will make a very convenient place for the chafing dish or afternoon tea service.

LOUIS E. DEXTER,
Somerville, Mass.

A Bookshelf and Drawer

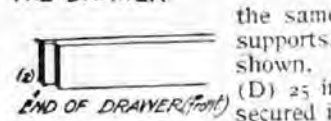
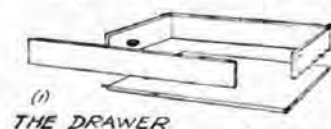
THIS is a good Christmas present for a boy to make for the room of his chum or for his sister's room, for girls like shelves and drawers for knick-knacks as well as do boys.

Three pieces of board, 10 inches wide, 1 inch thick and 26 inches long will be needed—two to encase the drawer and one for the shelf at the top. Separate the two lower boards by end pieces (B) of board 10 inches long, 1 inch thick and 3 1/2 inches wide, this being the depth of the drawer receptacle.

Make four square corner supports (A), cut from an inch-thick board and carefully planed, 9 inches long, and fasten them in position with small brads.



Completed Bookshelf and Drawer.



Between the supports (A) put in with brads two end pieces (C-C) at each end, of

the same material as the supports, in the manner shown. A small brass rod (D) 25 inches in length is secured in front, and from this is suspended by small brass rings a little curtain of silk or other material, which a mother or sister may be asked to contribute. The whole is supported by neat bronze brackets (F), procured from the hardware store.

ALBERT HENRY BARKER, 55 O. T. N.,
Phœbus, Va.

Young America Pictures

THE picture of Young America on the cover of the November STAR MONTHLY brought a flood of letters of commendation and many requests for a photograph of this, "THE STAR MONTHLY BOY." We have had a number of these reproduced on heavy plate paper in colors, for framing purposes. The supply is limited, but so long as they last we will send one of these beautiful pictures postage paid, in secure package, for 10 2-cent stamps. Address THE STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ill.

Seven Wonders of America

The seven wonders of the New World, as they are classed, are: Niagara Falls; Yellowstone Park; the Mammoth Cave; the Canyons and Garden of the Gods, Colorado; the Giant Trees, California; the Natural Bridge, Virginia, and the Yosemite Valley.

ELECTRIC MOTORS



We are offering this month a very fine, three pole armature, electric motor for \$0.95 (postage 15 cents extra in U. S.). These motors are CAREFULLY BUILT and will run at high speed on one cell of battery.

JUST THE THING FOR DRIVING SMALL MODELS, TOYS, ETC. Every Boy Should Have One.

New Catalogue listing electrical supplies and novelties of all kinds sent with each order, or send stamp for it. Finished parts with instructions for above 75 cents (postage 15 cts. extra). Address

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Electrical Scientific Novelties.

MODELS OF RAILWAYS, MOTORS, LOCOMOTIVES, DYNAMOS, MINIATURE LAMPS, ETC.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials to prove that they are safe, practical, durable, and the most amusing and instructive articles ever invented. Prices from \$2.50 up. Illustrated booklet tells all about them. Sent free. Don't make mistake of waiting until height of holiday season. Send now.

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Largest Mfrs. Electrical Novelties in the World



FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS

Typewriter; Camera; 22 Rifle; Gold Watch, etc., for couple hours' work among neighbors selling our Rolled Oats and other Cereals. Write today for particulars and outfit. Illinois Cereal Co., Chicago (No money required).

COMPLETE FREE VIOLIN OUTFIT FREE

WE TRUST YOU. NO MONEY NEEDED.



This is a complete set, which we import from the manufacturers in Germany. This Violin is full size and excellent finish; the wood is the exact imitation of the most valuable Violin; same has a piano polish, fine model, made of well seasoned beachwood, ebonized keys, black polished finger-board, full sized bow, white bone screw tops, bound with silver wire; box of rosin. All comes nicely packed in fancy case. We will send the above Violin or Banjo, Zither, Mandolin or 100 articles which you will find in our catalogue, for selling 20 of our Sterling Aluminum Thimbles at 10c. each. When sold send us \$2 and we will forward to you same day we receive remittance any premium you select. Catalogue sent with outfit. Write for outfit to-day. ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE CO., 36 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION THE SECRET LOCK BOX



A Pocket Bank Safe for Money, Memorandums, Keepsakes and articles of value designed to be kept strictly private, provided with a patent Bank Lock. It can be locked upon any one of thousands of combinations, and can only be opened by one knowing the combination, which can be changed as often as you please. Made of Brass, Nickel-plated and beautifully engraved. Sent by mail, carefully packed, postage prepaid, upon receipt of 50c. cash or postage stamps. THE DIAL LOCK CO., Limited, 150 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

BOYS WEAR MOCCASINS.

The lightest, warmest and best foot-wear for winter. We make a crack a-jack moccasin for boys. The best moose hair, hand sewed, extra strong and durable. You can't buy any better. Give size of shoe when ordering. Youths' sizes 11 to 2, per pair, delivered, \$1.50. Boys' sizes, 3 to 7, per pair, delivered, \$1.75. JOHN FRIEND, Mfr., 213 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

KRIS KRINGLE says it's GREAT, and so would YOU. IRVING'S WIZARD TOP. PAT. APRIL 2, 1902. A top within a top. A veritable Rotary Engine running in a vacuum. Can be handled and placed in any desired position or at any angle while running at full speed. Its average spin is 9 minutes. No spring! No winding! A child can spin it in 2 seconds. ITS EQUAL CAN NOT BE HAD AT ANY PRICE. Made of cold rolled steel, heavy nickel plated, price by mail, postage prepaid, 30c. WIZARD NOVELTY CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

"MADE IN CANTON." A GOOD KNIFE. Always a good seller, and the Can on Knives is the best of them all. Fine steel, hand forged blades. Transparenc handle, showing your own Photo. Lodge emblem, name and address. Warranted. Agents Wanted everywhere. Large profits. Send today for terms and territory. THE CANTON CUTLERY CO., 1217 West Tenth Street, CANTON, OHIO

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U. R. Name, In above (or script) type 10c. each. Devil, Initial or Self-Ink Pad 10c. each. Family Pig Outfit, containing a 3-A font of letters, Ink, Tweezers, Holder and Felt Pad, 25c, all rest paid; 100 other up-to-date deals in Rubber Stamps. Big Cat, 4c. ALMOND MFG. CO., Dept. 8-M, AURORA, ILL.

The Gordian Knot

THE expression "Gordian Knot," or "to cut the Gordian knot," signifies to overcome any great difficulty, or by some prompt and decisive act to dispose of it, and is derived from the following legend: Gordius was a legendary king of Phrygia, Asia Minor. He was, the story relates, a peasant, and one day while plowing, an eagle alighted on his yoke of oxen and remained there until evening. A prophetess, whom he consulted to learn the meaning of this sign, explained it as presaging that his family would rise to greatness and power, and he married her in return for her good wishes. Some years later the country of Phrygia was greatly torn by civil dissension, and an oracle declared that a new king, who would end all disturbances, would be brought in a peasant's cart. While the wise men were deliberating on these utterances, Gordius and his wife and son suddenly appeared in a cart, and he was hailed by the councilors as the people's king. The new ruler consecrated the yoke of his team to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to a beam with a rope of bark so ingeniously tied that no one could loosen it, and an oracle declared that whoever should untie this knot would become master of Asia. When Alexander the Great visited the Acropolis at Gordium, in Phrygia, this knot was shown and the words of the oracle were repeated to him. "Then," said the conqueror, "I will perform the task," and thereupon cut the knot in two with his sword.

The Origin of "Yankee"

THE theories which have been advanced as to the origin of this name are numerous. According to Thierny it was a corruption of Jankin, a diminutive of John, which was a nickname given by the Dutch colonists of New York to their neighbors in the Connecticut settlements. In a history of the American war, written by Dr. William Gordon, and published in 1780, was another theory. Dr. Gordon said that it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, used to denote especial excellence—as a Yankee good-horse, Yankee good cider, etc. He supposed that it was originally a byword in the college, and being taken by students into parts of the country, gradually obtained general currency in New England, and at length came to be taken up in other parts of the country, and applied to New Englanders as a term of slight reproach. Aubury, an English writer, says that it is derived from a Cherokee word—eankke—which signifies coward and slave. This epithet was bestowed on the inhabitants of New England by the Virginian for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees. The most probable theory, however, is that advanced by Mr. Heckewelder, that the Indians, in endeavoring to pronounce the word English, or Anglais, made it Yengees or Yangees; and this originated the term.

Friends of Roosevelt

We have never had a president like Roosevelt. This is said often, and is true in several respects. It is especially true socially. He knows so many people in other than a political way. There is almost no part of the country where he cannot go and find friends other than political ones. If he goes on a hunting expedition in the far west he finds college mates to entertain him. If he goes to Chicago he finds friends. If he stops at New Haven he falls into a group which includes a Rough Rider or two. When he goes over to New York he puts up with his own people and after dinner goes to the Century club and spends an evening, as any member might.

What other president have we had who was at home everywhere in such associations as these? There is no president we have ever had, who everywhere could find the hospitality which is extended to the man, and not the president, who, therefore, could enjoy more or less social privacy and could conceal himself from the exposure to which a president is subjected, as President Roosevelt can.

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MUSIC NOTE MY RECORD--- 16 years recommended by Lyon & Healy. I furnish you a Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar FREE, and teach you how to play it by note. My copyright fingerboard chart FREE with first lesson, a child comprehends it. Write immediately for my unprecedented offer. PROF. KEITH, Department A, 131 22d STREET, CHICAGO.

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FREE Christmas Dinners for 200,000 Poor People will be supplied by the Salvation Army throughout the U. S. Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small. Salvation Army CHICAGO Headquarters Dexter Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75 Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$25.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention "You want Gents' or Ladies' size." Address H. FARRER & CO., D70, 25 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE THROAT Only genuine bird call and Prairie Whistle, with which you can imitate any bird or animal. Associate your friends by making them believe you are a Ventriloquist. The instrument is concealed in the roof of the mouth and detection is impossible. If ladies are near imitate a mouse and see them grab their skirts and climb a chair. Boys, if you like fun, send 10c. for this instrument with full instructions. Catalogue of tricks, novelties and books for stamp. Address, E. W. HARDESTY & CO., 1130 E. Central Ave., NEWPORT, KY.



ESTABLISHED JULY 18, 1894.

Entered at the Oak Park, Illinois, Post Office as second class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions 5 cents a month, 50 cents a year in the U. S., Canada and Mexico.—Foreign subscriptions 75 cents a year, 10 cents a month. All new subscriptions begin with the current number.

Change of Address:—When sending notice to change an address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new one.

Remit by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk. Money sent any other way is at sender's risk.

Advertising Rates:—50 cents per agate line per issue. No discounts for time, or space. Figure eight average length words to a line; fourteen lines to an inch.

Address all communications

THE STAR MONTHLY,
Oak Park, Illinois.



When an "X" is stamped in this circle it is a notice that the term for which your subscription was paid has expired and it is a reminder to remit for another year in advance.

The Star Monthly was awarded the "Grand Prix," (highest award) at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Around the Christmas Lamp

By J. L. MALLOY

The wind may shout as it likes without;
It may rage, but cannot harm us;
For a merrier din shall resound within,
And our Christmas cheer will warm us.
There is gladness to all in its ancient call,
While its ruddy fires are gleaming,
And from far and near, o'er the landscape drear,
The Christmas light is streaming.
All the frozen ground is in fetters bound;
Ho! the yule log we will burn it;
For Christmas is come in every home,
To summer our hearts will turn it.
There is gladness to all in its ancient call
While the ruddy fires are gleaming;
And from far and near, o'er the landscape drear,
The Christmas light is streaming.

An Explanation

WE have an apology to offer STAR MONTHLY subscribers and an explanation to make to them. The November issue was late in reaching you, for which we want to apologize, and at the same time explain that the delay was beyond our control. The new machinery used in printing that issue broke down suddenly in the midst of the run and in consequence some few thousand subscribers received their November issue a week or more late, as it took several days to get the necessary repairs in place and running smoothly.

So far as we can see now, this December issue will go out promptly, and by the time the January issue reaches you we shall have everything running so smoothly that every subscriber will receive his paper regularly on or before the first of each month, thereafter.

Bear with us patiently, however, if your December issue is a few days late. Do not write in about it. Wait until the 10th at least before forming the opinion that it was "lost in the mails." If it doesn't arrive by the 12th at latest we will then send you a second copy, as the first doubtless has been miscarried by the postal service.

We want you to know that your impatience at delay is well understood, and that the reason of the delay for a month or so now is because we have equipped a new plant that will soon enable us to discount all delays in the near future and give you "a better and still better" magazine as month succeeds month.

We are certain that THE STAR MONTHLY for 1903 will be in all ways a big stride to the front, that we urge prompt renewals from those whose paid in advance subscriptions run out with the December issue. It takes thousands of dollars of ready cash to publish and constantly improve THE STAR MONTHLY, and we feel sure our friends will be glad to help out in the present emergency by prompt remittances. It will all come back to you in 1903, in a dollar magazine for fifty cents a year.

We have planned a special "Naval" number, a Western "frontier" number and an "Army" number, as well as special new features in the issues of July, November and December, 1903, appropriate to Independence Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Aside from this, every number during the next year will abound in numero is short and serial stories, more pictures, new departments and monthly prizes awards, etc.

Four new long stories will follow each other in rapid succession, starting early in 1903. One, entitled, "Royal Fairfax," is a thrilling portrayal of two Southern boys' adventures in the civil war.

The second, entitled, "Montezuma's Mines," takes our readers into the heart of Old Mexico, and there, under the skillful guidance of one who thoroughly knows his subject besides knowing how to write for Young America, we are lost in an entrancing maze of adventure, exploration, warfare, tradition and history.

In the other two stories we have two treats of a widely varying style. One recounts the adventures of a country boy in his struggle for fame and fortune in a big city; the other, going back thousands of years, makes us the playmate of Asher Ben Hula, (the young lion of Judea) grandson of Abraham. Building carefully, yet none the less masterfully on Bible history and tradition, the author has woven a story so wonderfully vivid and enthralling that Young America is bound to stamp it with unqualified approval from the start.

And these are only a few of the treats in store for Young America in THE STAR MONTHLY for 1903, in line with our motto: "Always Improvement."

December

LIKE the three preceding months, December derives its name from the place it held in the old Roman calendar, which divided the year into ten months, December (the tenth) being the last. The ancient Saxons called this the Winter month, or Winter Month, but after their conversion to Christianity they changed the name to Halig Month, or Holy Month, in honor of the Christmas anniversary on the 25th. For the same reason the modern Germans style it alternatively Christmonat.

Umbrellas Are Old

UMBRELLAS are by no means a modern invention. They are found sculptured on the monuments of Egypt and on the ruins of Nineveh, and their use in China and India is also very ancient. In Greece they had a part in certain religious ceremonies; and there is no doubt, from the paintings on ancient Greek vases, that umbrellas very much like those in use at the present time were known many years before the Christian era. They were also used among the Romans, but only by women. The umbrella also seems to have a part of an insignia of royalty, as is still the case in parts of Asia and Africa. An English dictionary, published in 1708, defines an umbrella as a "screen commonly used by women to keep off the rain." Jonas Hanway is said to have been the first man to have carried an umbrella through the streets of London in rainy weather, about 1750, and he was hooted and jeered at by boys for his fears of a wetting. It is not known, however, when their use began in England, as representations of such articles are found in very ancient manuscripts. Umbrellas were introduced in America in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but their use at first was confined almost exclusively to women, as it was considered very effeminate to carry one.

\$3.98 buys our BREECH LOADING, AUTOMATIC SHELL EJECTING SHOTGUN the Long Range Winner, one of the strongest shooting and best made 12-gauge shotguns made, equal to guns others sell at \$7.00 to \$10.00.

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\$3.48 buys our WILDWOOD 12-gauge, single barrel, breech loading, non-ejecting shotgun, guaranteed a better gun than others advertise at \$4.95 and upwards.

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All above arms are made in our own gun factory. MARLIN REPEATING SHOTGUNS REDUCED TO \$16.25. Stevens Crackshot Rifles reduced to \$2.25. Favorite to \$4.00. Ideal to \$7.00. 22-caliber cartridge 19 cents per 100. Best 12-gauge loaded shells, \$1.29 per 100. For lowest prices ever known on all kinds of guns and sporting goods from the cheapest to the best, cut this ad out and mail to us and receive our catalogue free by return mail.

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The AMERICAN BOY
Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World
Hezekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

Trial: 3 months for 10c
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Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

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BOYS' OWN TOY MAKER.
Tells how to make Toys, Steam Engines, Photo Cameras, Windmills, Microscopes, Electric Telegraphs, Telephones, Magic Lanterns, Kollan Harps, Boats—From a row-boat to a schooner; Kites, Balloons, Masks, Wagons, Toy Houses, Bow and Arrow, Pop Guns, Slings, Stilts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many others, all so plain and simple that any boy can easily make. 200 illustrations. This great book by mail for 10 cents.

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Dancing Skeleton
A WHOLE SHOW AT HOME.
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THE CHAS. D. ALLEN CO., Dept. F, Boonville, Ind.

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We will give, absolutely FREE, a \$3.00 fountain pen, with 14-k solid gold pen, to any person who will sell 16 of our 16 x 22 inch Art Pictures at 25c, or some of our other goods. Catalogue on request. A quarter, which we will refund when you order, for sample picture & instructions.

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BOYS AND GIRLS we give a Watch and Chain, Air Guns, Bracelets, Rings and fifty others for selling 18 packages of Superior Blue at 10 cts. each. Our Blue is the best Laundry Blue and fastest seller. WE TRUST YOU. Send name and address quick and we will send you the Blue and premium list post paid. No money required. Department 99, Superior Company, North Adams, Mass.

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We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch also a Chain and Charm, for selling 19 packages of BLUINE at ten cents each. Blaine is the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the Blaine and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the Blaine, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
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Two Million Premiums given away during the last 5 years.

A Successful Boys' Organization

With Photographs of Three Typical Lodges

WE accomplish several purposes by displaying on this page the photographs of three C. M. A. lodges, one from Alabama, one from Michigan and one from Texas. Last month we published the individual photographs of twenty-five representative members and had something to say in regard to the qualifications for membership, etc. A brief resume of this article will be found on page 30, for the benefit of those eligible young Americans to whom sample copies of this issue have been sent at the request of their friends.

This month the Grand Secretary, with a desire to graphically "illustrate" his remarks, has chosen three groups of lodge members from widely separated localities. If you will stop for a minute and reflect that these three lodges represent considerably more than 3,000 others, many of them with a membership of from 50 to 100, you will get some idea of the size and wide scope of the Coming Men of America, the pioneer and only successful "boys" society in America. On the succeeding pages a record of its monthly growth is chronicled. That too, makes interesting reading, even if you are not a member, showing as it does the varied activities in which the individual members and lodges are engaged.

Underneath it all, in the countenances of the members whose faces we reproduce herewith, in the very atmosphere of its more than 50,000 members, we feel the impulse of the solemn and inspiring motto: "Boys of to-day, men of to-morrow!" It is "Our Turn Next!" It is our turn to-day to prepare for that to-morrow, and if you are in earnest in your determination, your place is in the ranks of the Coming Men of America.

Joseph R. Hunter.

The Typical Lodges

ONE of our purposes in publishing pictures of the C. M. A. members and lodges each month is an endeavor to bring the widely separated membership together on a footing of acquaintanceship, through pictorial "introductions," as well as to afford "outsiders" an opportunity to write any or all of them for their personal opinion in regard to the C. M. A. The Grand Secretary feels safe in saying that each member whose picture we print this month is ready and willing to answer all proper and well-intentioned questions, provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed for the reply. They could hardly be expected to incur any expense in answering inquiries.

The first lodge picture shows only thirteen members of Swift Lodge, 2762, of Clanton, Alabama. The other six were unable to be present at the time the photo was taken. The photo was numbered to assist in identification by the following table: 1.



Swift Lodge, 2762, C. M. A., Clanton, Ala.

H. A. Harris, president; 2. J. A. Kicken, chaplain; 3. G. C. Harris, secretary; 4. J. E. McKee, sentinel; 5. J. Z. Mims, director; 6. H. Callaway; 7. W. O. Rich, vice-president; 8. J. E. McDowell, speaker; 9. A. K. Dupree; 10. J. R. Scott; 11. J. D. Harris; 12. J. C. Kicker; 13. E. H. Deranger. The

year old, but it has an enrollment of 45 members. The Brothers of this thriving lodge always have something on hand, such as debating, entertainments, and working of side degrees. They gave an ice cream social which was so successful that several young men joined the lodge. Great work, Brothers!



Honor Bright Lodge, 2861, C. M. A., Speaker, Mich.

lodge was chartered in February of the present year. All members reside in Clanton, or near by. In Speaker, Michigan, the members of the C. M. A. have organized under the name of "Honor Bright," and their charter, dated April 10, 1902, is numbered 2861. In the picture we find:

Cabeza Lodge, 2538, C. M. A., Cabeza, Texas



1. Arthur Collins; 2. Earle Elston; 3. James Matthews; 4. Elton Herriman; 5. Lee Elston; 6. Floyd Sisco; 7. Albert Collins; 8. B. W. Moore.

Down in Cabeza, Texas, the Grand Secretary chartered Cabeza Lodge, 2538, on March 31, 1902. Since then the lodge has grown to a membership of twenty-six, only ten of whom are present in our picture: 1. Arthur Dendy, director; 2. Frank Dendy; 3. Thomas Davenport; 4. Joe Davenport; 5. Minor Davenport; 6. Clark McKenzie, speaker; 7. Omar Dendy; 8. Emmet Davenport, sentinel; 9. Olive Storal; 10. C. E. Harper.

C. M. A. Column

REGAL LODGE No. 2653, of Bardwell, Texas, is not yet a year old, but it has an enrollment of 45 members. The Brothers of this thriving lodge always have something on hand, such as debating, entertainments, and working of side degrees. They gave an ice cream social which was so successful that several young men joined the lodge. Great work, Brothers!

On October 10th, 1902, Council Grove Lodge, No. 3080, of Council, I. T., was organized and at last report was getting along nicely.

Brother Roy C. Fuller, Fall River, Wis., an enthusiastic member of the C. M. A., and reader of THE STAR, was kicked by a horse on October 10th. His escape from death was a narrow one, but he seems all right now, judging from his letter.

Our new brothers of Granger Lodge No. 3070, Providence, R. I., are getting along so amicably that they intend to have their picture published in THE STAR MONTHLY soon.

The Grand Secretary is very sorry to hear that Brother J. V. Blair is seriously ill. Brother R. O. Sweezy, who sends this news, says that Brother Blair is at Seneca Lake being treated for his health. We hope and trust that he will soon recover.

The report of Pleasant Hill Lodge No. 3015, of Stop, Ark., shows that the members intend to make a strong and thriving chapter of their

Lodge. The by-laws show that great thought was bestowed on their making, for they have struck a happy medium between excessive strictness and excessive leniency.

Hall of White Lodge No. 3092, of McLeansboro, has elected officers, and expects to do great things in the line of getting members.

Brother Clarence C. Savy, who had the misfortune to break his shoulder while sliding to second is, we are glad to say, recovering and will soon be able to swing the bat again.

"We are going to make things hum," says Brother Henry Curl, speaker of Columbia Lodge No. 2670, of Dayton, Wash., which has just reorganized. That is the right spirit, brothers, but remember that other Lodges are also

going to "hum" with you. Brother Leonard Stikes, of this Lodge, who broke his leg, is improving rapidly, and will soon be able to attend Lodge and help get up entertainments

"We have thirty two members in good standing, and are constantly getting more," reports Secretary of Forest Hill Lodge No. 2431, of Concord, N.C. The members of this Lodge certainly are strong in the line of getting members.

Water Gap Lodge No. 3002, of Scotland Neck, N. C., meets in the office of Henry Clark's father. With a string of applicants for admission to the Lodge everything is looking rosy.

Like the milk man in the song, Palo Alto Lodge No. 2889, of Ditto, Texas, has taken "a little bit off the top." In other words, the members are the cream of the county. That is the spirit, the best is not too good for the C. M. A.

Having reorganized, the members of Onachita Lodge No. 2015, of Bearden, Ark., expect a good time and large enrollment this winter.

The Grand Secretary, through the kindness of Brother Marvin Barrack, received an invitation to attend a masquerade party given by Evergreen Lodge, of McMechen, W. Va., on Wednesday 14, 1902.

The only thing that is troubling the members of Farmer Boys Lodge No. 1910, of Shueyville, Iowa, is the indisposition of Frank Becicka, who is suffering from the attack of an unknown malady. Maybe it's love? The Lodge is now planning a hunt, which is to be followed in the evening by a banquet.

"Something is doing" at Schley Lodge No. 3006, of Schley, Ala. Although only organized July 6th, 1902, with six members, it now has an enrollment of 41 members, after rejecting numerous applicants. Pretty good for a young one, isn't it boys?

Everything is O. K. at Remsen Lodge No. 2030, of Remsen, N. Y., reports Sec. Russell C. Morris.

Although the hall is situated four miles from town, the thirty four member of Swift Lodge No. 2762, of Clanton, Ala., are enthusiastic and untiring workers in the C. M. A., and attend meetings regularly.

It is belittling that Texas, the Lone Star State, should have the largest Lodges of the C. M. A., whose members wear the badge with the single star. Bright Light Lodge, of Hillsboro, Texas, is one of these chapters, and its light has been unwavering and bright ever since its organization by Brother Wm. Johnson. The numerous members of this Lodge are earnest workers in the cause of their order and are always glad to meet other true members of the C. M. A. We predict greater and greater success for these hustlers, and take off our hat to Bright Light.

Evening Star Lodge No. 2952, of Center Junction, Iowa, reports a doubling of its membership since organization. What is more, the new members are hustlers, so we may expect to have the doubling process repeated.

A membership of twenty five, which is increasing, and a base ball team that is willing to play any light weight team in the Northwest, shows that things are moving in Western Star Lodge No. 2667, of Atwood, Kansas.

North Star Lodge No. 2512, of Adrian Ill., is again doing business at the old stand, and has a football team.

The members of Stillwater Lodge No. 2980, are kept busy voting on applicants, and considering plans for a library.

Lots of members, lots of candidates for initiation, and lots of enthusiasm, is the good word from St. Lawrence Lodge No. 2493, of Alexandria, New York.

Brother W. H. Anthony, of Fozo Bay, Newfoundland, says that he thinks the day is not far distant when there will be many lodges in Newfoundland and that he is doing all in his power to hasten that day. That is the spirit, Brother, which will enable you to look back at numbers of thriving lodges and say, "I am one of the pioneers of the C. M. A. movement in Newfoundland."

Enterprise Lodge No. 2895, of Casterville, I. T., meets every Saturday night in the W. O. W. hall. C. M. A. members are always welcome.

Buckeye Lodge No. 2716, of La Mira, Ohio, has

reorganized, and will hold meetings every Wednesday evening in Union Hall, La Mira.

The "Snake River Boys," 3097, of American Fall, Idaho, report election of officers and prospects O. K.

North Star Lodge No. 2512, of Adrian, Ill., has elected new officers, and formed a football team, which is now the center of interest in the community.

At Glasgow, Mont., Cherry Hill Lodge No. 3099, organized the 19th day of October.

At McKinley Lodge No. 3066, of Sykeston, N. D., everthing is *comme il faut*.

Silent Circle Lodge No. 3098, of Prattsburg, Kans., despite a little outside interruption, had a successful organization and election of officers at the county school house. Prospects are good for the winter campaign.

Whenever a social event of any importance takes place in Sexton, Iowa, Marquette Lodge No. 2963, is sure to be back of it. The latest social function was a dance given in Woodman Hall, November 7, 1902, and to which the Grand Secretary had the honor of being invited. Brothers W. A. Hageft and H. C. Nelson composed the committee on invitations.

Brother C. Sturgis, formerly of West Palm Beach, Fla., has removed to Eustes, Fla., where he is learning telegraphy. He keeps in close touch with his brothers of Everglade Lodge by correspondence.

Royal Oak Lodge No. 2910, Anniston, Ala., has a membership of 40 of the best boys in town. The Lodge has fitted up a gymnasium in the hall which affords the members healthful recreation. All the members now are happy at the recovery of their lodge companion, Brother Geo. Hurst, who has been ill with dropsy for the last four months.

Brother Frank Pierce, of Willow Lake, S. D., says he will always be loyal to the C. M. A.

Brother Harry Davis, of Elkins, W. Va., would like to hear from Secretaries of all lodges in W. Va.

Meetings of Kenney County Lodge No. 2816, of Brackettville, Texas, held every Friday night. Attendance good.

Everything is well at Sam Houston Lodge No. 1843, of Pioneer, Texas.

Wild West Lodge No. 2999, of Loomis, Cal., has opened for the winter term.

Friday night at the Public school house, of Buckhorn, Cal., is the time and place of meeting of Sunset Lodge No. 3048.

At Stockard, Texas, Hickory Grove Lodge No. 3962, has organized, drawn up by-laws and intends to make a good race for the banner.

Camden Lodge No. 2761, of Camden, Mich., has 22 good loyal members. The members amuse



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themselves with debates, both serious and farcical. At present the Lodge hall is being repaired and recarpeted.

The bar of twenty brothers of Prairie Lodge No. 2862, meets every other Saturday night and have an interesting entertainment followed by a good social pow wow.

Bennett Lodge No. 2552, of Lakota, Tex., reports financial condition good. Brotherly bonds strong, and prospects for the future bright. What more could one ask?

The Grand Secretary was much interested in reading a letter from R. C. McDuffie, who is now at the Navy Training Station, at Newport, R. I. His account of the life there is graphic and will be published in THE STAR MONTHLY in the near future.

Pleasant Valley Lodge No. 3043, of Ft. Mills, S. C., organized on September 6, 1902, and drew up a set of by-laws. The Lodge now numbers eighteen, and is getting along nicely.

On October 27, 1902, Yamhill Lodge No. 3108, of McMinnville, Ore., met for the first time and elected officers. A hall will be rented to initiate the applicants for admission into the Brotherhood.

Brothers of Al. Hayne Lodge No. 2640, of Ft. Worth, Texas, would like to hear from their former Lodge companion, who in August went to work at Terrell, Texas. In the Lodge directory of Ft. Worth Telegram appears the following notice:

"C. M. A.—Al. Hayne Lodge No. 2640 meets every first and third Friday in the Grocers and Butchers hall. John Kirwin, President; James Crosby, Secretary."

The true and loyal brothers of this Lodge deserve great commendation for the manful way they struggled through adversity to attain their present secure position. We wish them all possible success in the future.

Brother Geo. Elleimier would like Brothers to write to him addressing all letters care Chief Singear, Hospital Corps., U. S. Army, Manila, P. I.

True Blue Lodge No. 2766, Purcellville, Va., true to its name, is a model of loyalty to the order.

Thirty strenuous members who have been the means of starting lodges at Couch and Charco, Texas, shows that Cabeza Lodge No. 2838, of Cabeza, Texas, is a power in that part of Texas. Long live Cabeza Lodge.

We hear that a Lodge will soon be organized at Abbott, W. Va.

The Grand Secretary was much pleased to receive an invitation to a Hallowe'en party given by "Little Rhody Lodge No. 1884, of Valley Falls, R. I.," at the house of President E. J. McKinney, and only regrets that he could not attend. The entertainment was a great success, the guests being entertained in the hospitable manner that the Lodge always entertains its friends. The programme of the evening included musical, recitative, and gramophone selections, and last but not least, a supper served by caterer "Lou" Stevens. The Evening Times, Pawtucket, R. I., in taking notice of hallowe'en festivities, gave this entertainment the largest space and first position as the greatest social event of Hallowe'en.

Chiskaskia Valley Lodge No. 3120, of Blackwell, Okla., has organized, and now meets in a nicely furnished room through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, parents of Brother Stoddard.

Lakeside Lodge No. 3103, of Osakis, Minn., is now in active operation.

An ice cream social held on October 23, by the ever successful and thriving Lodge of Koon, Ala., was a great social success as well as a financial one, \$4.00 accruing to the treasury. A new application is voted upon almost every meeting night.

Benton Lodge No. 2954, of Wando, Mo., meets every Saturday in the school house, and there after business meeting, hold literary and debates.

The State Democratic, of Lawton, Okla., give a very favorable notice of organization of Lawton Lodge No. 3107, and comments on the size of the order of the C. M. A. Thus we are getting recognized everywhere.

The Downey, Calif., Star Lodge No. 2618, "gave a farewell surprise party on Paul Haygood, Past

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President of the Lodge, on the eighteenth of October. He has left for Atlanta, Ga., where he intends to go to college."

Brother Lintar Ellete of Fidelity Lodge No. 1931, Conyers, Ga., has accepted a position in Gainesville, Ga., where the glad hand of fellowship of C. M. A. brothers has been extended him.

Brother Wm. Stanley sends in a model report of Southern Star Lodge No. 3025, Ft. Myers, Florida. The by-laws are especially to the point, and concise. This thriving Lodge has the use of the Knights of Pythias "Castle Hall," which is well equipped for initiation, etc. Meetings are held every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. Business meeting, including speeches on the Lodge work, followed by debates, singing and amusement, keep the members interested.

Anderson Lodge No. 3086, of Anderson, Ind., has organized and expects to do great things this winter.

The Grand Secretary spent a very pleasant morning with Brother Barrick of West McMechen, W. Va., on November 10th. Evergreen Lodge 2841 is to be congratulated on its progressive and enthusiastic president.

C. M. A. Yell Contest
OWING to the delays in getting out the November STAR MONTHLY, the Judges decided that the members be allowed to send in their votes until December 10th, instead of November 10th. Therefore the prize yell will not be published until the January issue of THE STAR MONTHLY.

Degrees Conferred
THE Grand Secretary congratulates the following Brothers of the C. M. A., who have attained degrees through merit. It must be a satisfaction to each one of these loyal Brothers to know that he has gained distinction entirely through his own efforts. Like the 33d degree in Masonry, no money can purchase these degrees. The special badge, secret work, certificate, etc., are furnished free by the Grand Secretary. They are conferred upon worthy members when least expected. In judging worthiness for a degree, various things are considered, such as the number of new members each brother has sent in under his name, excellence in scholarship, deeds of heroism, or any manly deed that reflects honor upon the C. M. A. Each Lodge ritual has a special supplement containing ceremonies for those who have attained degrees.

Five Degree Members
Each one of the following new 5° members, when writing to brothers should always insert the sign of his degree after his name, thus John Doe, 5°, O. T. N.

- G. H. Allen, 174 King St., West St. John N. B. Can.; C. De Witt Adams, University, Ala.; Carlton Agee, Lilley, Ark.; John C. Brown, Jr., 1209 Huron Ave., Renovo, Pa.; Fred Bottenfield, Milltown, Ind.; Edgar L. Blatchley, Sierra Vista, Cal.; Irvin H. Bachman, Poplar, Cal.; O. Bickerdike, 1103 17th St., Bakersfield, Cal.; Frank E. Beeson, Osawatimie, Kans.; Harry Binion, 6 Elm St., Sparta, Ga.; R. W. Bridges, Hollywood, Ark.; T. O. Cuzick, Stop, Ark.; Carl W. Donney, Lawton, Okla.; Clyde Darwin, Bonami, La.; Jas. Eason, Jr., Bennettsville, S. C.; Beamer Faulds, Theford, Ont., Can.; Paul E. Gradall, Prattsburg, Kans.; Ross L. Gilliland, Jefferson, Ia.; Edwin Havenden, Tarkio, Mo.; Jim Haynes, Charco, Tex.; Guy Hudspeth, Rock Springs, Tex.; Dewitt Hodges, Council, Okla.; Lee Jones, Stockard, Tex.; Fred W. Kiser, Detroit, Ill.; Fremont S. Kay, Hill City, Kans.; Guy W. Coulter, Hamburg, Ark.; B. B. McCollum, 302 E. Randolph St., Kirksville, Mo.; Walter Malmquist, Knapp, Minn.; Earl McCormick, Mill Pond Farm, R. F. D. No. 2, Burlington, N. J.; George Montgomery, Buffalo Gap, Tex.; Ira E. Marshall, Couch, Tex.; Ira E. Nolte, Dexter, Ia.; Herbert M. Ostroski, 1061 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C., Can.; George S. Powers, Cliff Terrace, Norwich, Conn.; Henry Eric Rains, L. Box 8, Westcliffe, Colo.; J. C. Rhodes, Graphic, Ark.; A. L. Ricket, Juniata, Neb.; Virgil P. Rice, Box 76, Blount Springs, Ark.; Stanley Roberts, Jackson, Ohio; Clyde Richey, Shreve, Ohio; W. M. Smith, Graphic, Ark.; L. J. Smith, Mt. Auburn, Ill.; H. T. Sherrill, Graphic, Ark.; Frank Stewart, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.; M. W. Sutton, Outlaws Bridge, N. C.; M. L. Taylor, Elkins, W. Va.; Ralph H. White, Box 217, N. Bennington, Vt.; John H. Wright, Granite, Okla.; Fred T. Waldorf, 2977 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ten Degree Members
Below we publish the names of those who have attained the 10th degree.
Everett Burgy, Box 86, Marengo, Ia.; R. W. Cuzick,

LAUGHING CAMERA
THE LATEST NOVELTY OUT



Everybody has a camera and you can't take a picture without one. Send for one today and do not wait until tomorrow. You can have more fun with one of these than anything else you could purchase. The price is so small that every body can have one. Price only Twenty-five cents five for \$1.00.

Address **JOS. S. VOGEL, - CHASKA, MINN.**

Lovely Complexion FREE.



A Trial Box Mailed FREE which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes moth patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, black heads, lishworts, sallowness, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disorders. Address **MADAME M. RIBAULT, 4607 Eise Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

BOYS here is a chance to make some Christmas money. Send us your address and one stamp and we will send you by mail 10 Printed Recipes how to make a New Kind of Liquid Yeast. Sell these 10 recipes to your mother's friends for 25 cents each. Housekeepers will be glad to get this excellent recipe. Keep \$1.25 yourself and send us the remainder. \$10.00 in cash will be given to the person that sells their 10 recipes in the shortest time after receiving them. \$15.00 in cash will be given to the person sending us the best name for this new kind of yeast. Everyone that sells 10 recipes will be sure to make \$1.25, and someone will be sure to win the prizes given. The money to pay these prizes with is now in the bank. Boys, send in your names now. Address **THE H. H. CLUB, BOX 76, OSBORNE, KANSAS.**

IS YOUR HUSBAND, SON OR FATHER A DRUNKARD

If so, send us your name and address, we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" free. In a plain package with full directions how to give it secretly in coffee, food, etc. It is advised and guaranteed and will cure this dreadful habit quickly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit and will cost you nothing to try. **MILO DRUG CO., Dept. 152, St. Louis, Mo.**

THIS GOLD WATCH FREE



We give a handsome gold watch which has an American lever escapement, highly finished movement, fully warranted to keep time. FREE to boys and girls for selling 12 boxes of the Lewis Remedy at 20 cents a box. Send your name and address, and we will send remedy postpaid, when sold, send us \$2.40 and we will send you a Gold Watch. **W. LEWIS & SON, City, S. Tyler, Minn.**

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large sized 16-ounce bottles FREE. **DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.**

Catarrh Cured Free

A wonderful home remedy that quickly cures Catarrh where the mucous drops down the throat and lung-sickening the stomach and causing bad breath and many diseases including consumption. The discoverer, C. E. Gauss, 577 Main St., Marshall, Mich., will gladly send to any address a trial package of the remedy so you can try it at home and be satisfied that it is a genuine catarrh cure. Write to-day, it's free.

FREE



Comfort Cough Tablets Cure a Cough in one day. Sell 12 boxes at 10c. a box. Send us the money, we give you any two of these **FREE Solid Gold Initial Rings Free.** No money wanted till Tablets are sold. We take back all unsold. **Comfort Medicine Co., Providence, R. I.**

Stop, Ark.: W. E. Marlar, Muiberry, Ark.; J. W. Pilgrim, Bardwell, Tex.; Robt. B. Rutherford, Fox, Ind. Ter.; Robt. R. Wright, 720 Robinson St., Mexico, Mo.; Will. Welch, Clyde, Tex.; Erick Wiesener, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.

The Fifteenth Degree

By merit the following worthy brothers have attained the privileges, perquisites, etc., belonging to the fifteenth and highest degree.

Fred W. Ridgway, Poplar, Cal.; Fred W. Ross, Siltville, N. Y.; C. E. Harper, Cabeza, Tex.; S. B. Crawford, Joaquin, Tex.

The New Lodges

THE steady upward climb of the lodges toward 5,000 is very gratifying to the Grand Secretary. Soon there will not be a town of any account in this great land of ours but will have a C. M. A. lodge, whose members will be always glad to extend the hearty grip of friendship to traveling brothers of the C. M. A.

Here are the new lodges enrolled since last record was published in the November issue:

Name of Town.	Name of Lodge.	No.
ALABAMA.		
University	Abercrombie	3111
ARKANSAS.		
Booneville	Pluck and Luck	3110
Hollywood	Hollywood	3140
Lilley	Evening Star	3136
CONNECTICUT.		
Norwich	Rose of New England	3118
COLORADO.		
Lamar	Enterprise	3114
Westcliffe	Sangredecristo	3141
GEORGIA.		
Sparta	Sparta	3131
IDAHO.		
American Falls	Snake River Boys	3097
ILLINOIS.		
Bowen	Red Star	3100
INDIANA.		
Milltown	Blue River	3106
Ft. Wayne	Old Fort	3123
IOWA.		
Jefferson	Roosevelt	3124
KANSAS.		
Goodland	Union	3135
Hill City	Excelsior	3115
Osawatomie	Marias Des Cygnes	3133
Prattburg	Silent Circle	3098
LOUISIANA.		
Bon Ami	Bon Ami	3122
Woodworth	Needmore	3138
MAINE.		
Frankfort	Golden Eagle	3112
Old Orchard	Dirigio	3116
MICHIGAN.		
Montgomery	Montgomery	3117
MINNESOTA.		
Balaton	Gopher	3127
Knapp	October	3128
Osakis	Lake Side	3103
MISSOURI.		
Center	Honor Bright	3105
Mexico	Knight Owl	3104
Tarkio	Cryoti	3129
Windsor	Windsor	3096
MONTANA.		
Glasgow	Cherry Creek	3099
N. B. CANADA.		
West St. John	La Tour	3126
N. CAROLINA.		
Cooleimee	Sampson	3113
N. HAMPSHIRE		
East Jeffrey	Madokwando	3119
NEW JERSEY.		
Bedminster	Lone Star	3095
OHIO.		
Shreve	Liberty Bell	3125
OKLA. TER.		
Blackwell	Chicaskia Valley	3120
Deer Creek	Grant	3137
Lawton	Lawton Mistletoe	3101
ONTARIO, CAN.		
Theford	Starlight	3134
OREGON.		
McMinnville	Yamhill	3108

(Continued on page 31.)

How I Earn Money

How You can Earn Money



I am an agent for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I sell magazines and secure subscriptions among my neighbors and relatives. The work is easy because THE POST is known as the best weekly published. I work after school hours and on Saturdays. The commissions are very liberal, and I have a chance to win handsome cash prizes every month.

Any boy who reads this can earn money in the same way I do.

ONE THOUSAND NEW BOY AGENTS ARE WANTED AT ONCE

If you want to buy a wheel, or a gun, or to save money, here is a good chance. Some boys are making \$8.00 to \$10.00 a week. No money required to start. Ten magazines are sent absolutely free the first week to provide capital for the following week. You can start at once. \$200.00 will be distributed next month among boys who sell five or more copies. For further information write to

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

No Money Required **FREE** 100 Presents to Select from

SEND US YOUR NAME
and address, without a single cent of money and we will send you at once 24 Jeweled Scarf Pins, set with Rubies, Emeralds, Opals, Brilliance etc., very fine and hand some—

Show them they sell on sight,
—also a splendid premium list of the finest goods ever offered. Sell the 24 scarf pins at 5 cents each, and return \$1.20 cents to us. We send you the premium you select and are entitled to as per catalogue absolutely FREE. Write plainly. Send name at once.

EMPIRE SPECIALTY CO.,
412 Canal St., Greenville, Pa.

MONEY FREE to BOYS and GIRLS

or watches, cameras, gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments & other valuable premiums given away free for selling our famous Beauty Hat Pins. Send us your name and address and we will send you 24 pins by mail, post-paid; sell them at 10 cents each; when sold send us the money and you can select any premium you want from our catalogue or keep 90 cents. NO MONEY REQUIRED—WE TRUST YOU. Each pin set with an elegant gem. Sell at sight. Write us at once. Address: EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., Dept. B, 19 and 21 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Coming Men of America

A wonderful Boys' Society, nine years old, with members in 30,000 towns in all parts of America--Teaching Patriotism, Brotherly Love, Morality, Ambition, Oratory, Parliamentary Law and Government. Endorsed by the Press, the Pulpit, Parents and Educators. More members wanted in every state.



COMING MEN OF AMERICA was organized in 1894. It admits to membership all white boys of good moral character who are 12 years of age or over. The society is now nine years old; it is regularly and permanently established and incorporated under the laws of Illinois. The C. M. A. has experienced a wonderful growth during its comparatively short history, due to the fact that its precepts, aims and principles are all excellent, and to the further fact that it occupies a distinct field of labor. There is no better work than among the bright eyed, healthy American youths, who are ambitious to be successful men and good citizens. Boys of to-day, they are the men of tomorrow, and when they don the "badge with a single star," it means they have joined the C. M. A. with the intention of fitting and preparing themselves for the duties and responsibilities of the future.

The C. M. A. is a secret society, modeled on the most approved and successful adult plans, but there is nothing in the secret work that interferes with a boy's religious training, or his duty to his parents, his friends or his country. A secret society is fascinating to a healthy American boy and because he likes it he will learn the great lessons our noble order teaches. Parents who learn the great objects and aims of the C. M. A. encourage their sons to join. Were it not for their hearty endorsement and co-operation the C. M. A. could not have lived. Anything that was even debatable as to its merits was omitted from the literature and precepts of the C. M. A.

THE STAR MONTHLY devotes considerable space to the C. M. A. in every issue, in fact it is the official organ of the order. Each issue is filled with the best and brightest of new serial and short stories, biographies and anecdotes of great and famous men, practical hints and helps for Young America, numerous departments with monthly prize awards and is handsomely and profusely illustrated throughout, at a cost of 50 cents a year, while all other publications for young folks cost 75 cents to \$3.00 a year. That's why it is the largest and most successful as well as oldest boys' magazine in the world.

The members of the C. M. A. keep in close touch with one another in all parts of the world through The Star Monthly, which prints pictures of the members, letters written by them and has several pages of each issue filled with accounts of their doings in all parts of the country; a list of new lodges formed, and special messages addressed to the members, who, alone, can read them.

The official badge of the C. M. A. is a lapel button with symbols and letters in enameled colors, surrounding a star, making a beautiful emblem to be worn in the lapel of the coat. The secret work is full, comprehensive and easy to learn. Bestography, the secret sign language, can only be

written and read by the members, who are furnished with a key. An idea of this unique sign language can be had by looking at the message in the C. M. A. department in this issue.

The certificate of membership is made of strong bond paper, on which the emblem, name and beautiful symbolic scroll work is executed in lithographic colors. The certificate also gives the member's roll number, date of joining, name and has place for his signature. The certificate is intended for framing and will make a handsome ornament for any home.

DEGREES are conferred on loyal hustling and faithful members. Each degree means a special badge and special honors. As soon as there are six or more members in a town a charter, ritual and full instructions are furnished free, so a lodge can be formed, oratory, parliamentary law and government studied by practice, and new members initiated. This alone is great fun.

Lodges are forming everywhere. If there is no member in your town it is all the more reason why you should join at once, for, as soon as you get your outfit, certificate and badge, others will want to join. The first member in a town is usually chosen as first president of the lodge.

By leaving religion and politics alone we prevent conflicts and factions that would break up any organization. The C. M. A. teaches, preaches and practices the Golden Rule. It appeals to the manly qualities in the breast of every boy. It holds up for examples great men like Washington, Lincoln, Lee, Gladstone, Childs, Cooper, Peabody, McKinley and Morris. It inspires worthy ambition and brings out the good qualities in a boy. It shows how right and truth and unselfishness are sure to make one happy and successful. It teaches pluck, perseverance and concentration of effort, and all the time, instead of preaching these principles, they are inculcated in the youth as something he sees by example and unconsciously absorbs by his own reasoning powers.

"As the twig is inclined, so the tree will grow." Join the ranks now and with your influence help spread the order until everyone knows and appreciates its value. The brotherly grip of friendship has extended to all parts of the world. The membership will soon number over 100,000. Every boy or young man wishing to join must send 50 cents and fill in the blank below.

This includes a six months' subscription to The Star Monthly, one gold plated and enamel badge, to be worn in coat lapel, one certificate of membership, lithographed in colors, one set of secret work and instructions, one key to Bestography, one set blanks, printed matter, etc., etc. The only requirement is that you must be a white boy of good moral character, over 12 years of age, pledging your word of honor, when you sign the application, to keep its secrets inviolate. Fill out, cut out and send in the following application if you want to join. If you are already a subscriber to The Star Monthly your remittance of 50c. will extend your subscription for 6 months and entitle you to the new member's outfit as described above.

(Cut Coupon Off Here)

FILL OUT THIS COUPON CUT IT OUT 50c.

and send it in with 50c.

Either by Postoffice Order, Express Order, or Registered Letter.

JOS R. HUNTER, Grand Secretary, Oak Park, Illinois.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find 50c. which is for 6 months' subscription to THE STAR MONTHLY. Also send me one official badge, one set secret work, one membership certificate, one key to Bestography, other necessary particulars and enter me as a NEW member of the COMING MEN OF AMERICA. I promise upon MY WORD OF HONOR, not to disclose or make public to any person NOT A MEMBER, any of the signs, grips, signals, secret work, or secret sign language of the C. M. A. This agreement is made with the understanding that I am a white boy of good character, and that there is nothing in the secrets that will interfere with my religious views, politics, my duty to my parents or friends.

Age..... Name.....
 101 Street, P. O. Box or Rural Route.....
 Nationality..... Town.....
 State.....

STEM SET \$5.95 Don't BUY A WATCH before seeing our 17 Jeweled movement, patent regulator, in quick train, stamped 11 jewels, adjusted. Beautifully engraved gold filled metal case, the "Imperial" with certificate for 25 years. Sent by express with privilege of thorough examination, before you pay one cent. Absolute guarantee by one of the oldest and most reliable jewelers in America. If found the best value ever given, pay Exp. agt. our Special Price, \$5.95 and exp. charges. Jeweled Eight or Waltham same price if preferred. FREE, rolled gold, 50 in. legnette chain for ladies, or vest chain for gents, guaranteed 6 yrs. Give both P. O. and exp. charges plainly whether ladies or gents. Offer can't be continued long. Write to ALLEN & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, Dept. 51 807 to 821 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Quickest Sellers I Ever Had. Had goods from others but your goods sell at sight, send more, so writes one agent. Send us your name and address, we send FREE and TRUST YOU with 24 new solid gold designed Scarf Pins never before on sale, entirely new. EVERY ONE WORTH 25c. all weak is 10c. each. When sold send the \$2.40, we send present you earn and select FREE choice of 85 elegant presents shown in catalog Order now. CHAMPION SUPPLY CO., Dept. 805 CHICAGO.

THIS BEAUTIFUL RING FREE! Set with Four Sapphires, entirely surrounded with 14 bright sparkling IN. DIAMONDS. This is positively the most beautiful and valuable ring ever given and can be had without costing you one cent, by selling only four of our large beautiful pictures at 25 cents. We send the pictures at once, all different, printed in 10 to 17 different colors; suitable for framing. They Sell On Sight and the first four you meet will take them to help you win the ring. Send No Money in advance. We trust you with the pictures until sold. You can also earn a WATCH, CAMERA, AIR GUN, etc., if you do not care for ring. Our beautiful premiums please everybody. We have something for each and all. Write today, we send the pictures at once. M. V. F. CO., 511 Jackson St., Topeka, Kans.

FREE SAVES BUYING COAL THE KOALSAVE HEATER smokeless and odorless, portable and adjustable to any oil lamp; heater, cooker and lighter all in one. Heats a room, cooks a meal in less than half the time a coal stove can do it, and does away with the use of coal, saves cleaning out ashes, kindling a fire and is ready for use on the very instant; is the poor man's friend and the rich man's convenience. Users say it is a wonderful and fortunate invention and a necessity in every home. Rapid seller; seeing is convincing. Trade Specialties Co., Dept. B, 87 Nassau Street, New York City.

"GOOD BYE, DOLLY GRAY" Coon, Coon, Coon, IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME. Be Your Halo-Boo, Good Morning Carrie, Go Way Back and Sit Down, Good-Bye Eyes, Fortune Telling Man, It's Just Because I Love You So, Nights We Made for Coons, also She's Only Sweet Sixteen & I Don't Care If I Never Wake Up, with WORDS AND MUSIC complete and 30 other NEW original SONG HITS, including the great parody success: "ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON." 40 new colored picture and a Price Coupon which entitles you to a very handsome GOLD PLATED WATCH CHAIN AND CHARM—all for 10c! 5 lots 50c. HOME MUSIC CO., Station E, CHICAGO.

PLATING WITH GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL. Satisfactory results at small expense. Not a Toy. Nickel plating outfit (battery, chemicals &c.) \$1.70. Write for circular. E. J. HUSSEY & CO., 80 JOHN ST., N. Y. CITY.

George Clark WILL GIVE YOU THIS RING Solid Gold Filled, set with Rubies and Pearls, FREE for selling 4 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. All different. No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, come in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. I trust you and will send the pictures representing 4 different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately on hearing from you. GEORGE CLARK, Rgr. 225 F Dearborn St., Chicago.



Their Marvelous Growth of Hair. FREE TO ALL

A trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 615 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

FREE COLUMBIAN PHONOGRAPH WITH 5 RECORDS

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces songs, speeches, etc., as finely as a 100 dollar machine. We give it complete with 5 up-to-date records for selling only \$6 of our new Jewelry Novelties. Goods that sell—having genuine value and real merit. Send name and address, we send you FREE, postpaid, and TRUST YOU with 35 pieces of jewelry. Sell at 10 cts. each. When sold at \$3.50 and we send this Columbia Phonograph or give your own choice of 50 other reliable premiums. Each and every one as good or if possible better than this. There is no trick about this. We will forfeit \$100 to anyone who sends us \$1.00 and can prove we do not send Phonograph at once. Send us your order to-day. ROSE MFG. CO., Dept. 101, CHICAGO.

GOLD RINGS FREE!

Magnificent rings set with Pearls, Rubies, Garnets, Amethysts, Emeralds and Brilliants, also Plain and engraved Band Rings. The outside layer on band of every ring is SOLID GOLD. You can have your choice for selling only 12 pieces Stylish Jewelry at 10 cents each and sending us the \$1.20 when sold. Unsold goods can be returned. As a holiday inducement we give you two rings. Usually we give but one.

DUCHESS O-S CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

COSTS YOU NOTHING

FREE

YOU CAN GET

A handsome Gold Laid, Hunting Case, stem wind and stem set Watch, together with a chain and charm, also a beautiful Ven zuela Diamond Ring, perfect in cut and lustre for selling our remedy. Our watches are elegantly engraved, equal in appearance to a \$25 watch and guaranteed for years. Our 90-day proposition which is apart from the above. Send name and address (no money), we send you 4 boxes of Dr. Thompson's Cough Tablets, sell them at 25c. per box, send us the \$1 received and we will send you a handsome Watch-chain and Charm, also a beautiful Gold Plated Venezuelan Diamond Ring. The greatest offer ever made for selling only \$1. worth of goods.

GOLDEN REMEDY CO., Dept. 5M Newark, N. J.

New Lodges

(Continued from page 29.)

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Fredericktown ...	Fredericktown Special 31 39
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Bennettsville ...	Wade Hampton 31 32
SOUTH DAKOTA.	
Redfield	The Sioux 31 09
TEXAS.	
Charco	Lone Star 31 21
WEST VIRGINIA.	
Magnolia	Elkins 31 07
VERMONT.	
No. Bennington ..	Mt. Anthony 31 30

The fact that these forty-six new lodges have been formed in thirty different States and Territories gives a good idea of the way the C. M. A. is growing.

Bestography

TO the member of the C. M. A., sending in the best answer to the question No. 12, which is printed below, before the 1st of January, will be given his choice of a handsome C. M. A. watch charm or pair of C. M. A. cuff buttons. As this question is written in Bestography, the secret sign language of the C. M. A., only members are able to read it. Address Grand Secretary, Bestography Contest, Oak Park, Illinois. Be sure to answer this question in English.

12 מרחי מרא עף פ' נ' ח'פ'פ' נ'פ' פ'ר' & ע'ת'ר'ר'ר'ר' ר' נ'פ' & פ'ע'ר'מ'נ'ח'ס: ל'ר'מ'ר' ל' ק' מ'פ'ר'ר' ר'ן מ'ר'נ'מ'ר'ר'ר'פ'ר' ח'ר'מ' ר'ר' ק'ר' מ'ר'פ'ר' ל' ח'פ'פ'.

This direction seems simple, yet many contestants hold the idea that by answering the question in English we mean transplanting the question into English. We simply want the answer to the question written in English so that it will be easier for the judges to decide on the best one. In THE STAR MONTHLY the prize-winning answer to Question 12 will be printed, so that all the brothers may see it.

Prize Answer to Question 10

To Brother Fred. E. Thompson, Box 255, Hannibal, Mo., is awarded the prize of a pair of C. M. A. cuff buttons for his well-expressed answer to Question 10. His prize-winning answer is printed below.

PRIZE ANSWER TO QUESTION TEN.

ר' ע'ת'ר'ר' מ'ר' ר'ר'פ' מ' נ'פ' מ'פ'כ' פ'ר'ר'n'ק'ר'ר'ר' ל' ח'א ר' ר'ר' פ'ח'ר'מ'ר', ר' ר'ר'פ' מ' ח'ת'n'ק'ר'ר'p' & ר'ר'פ' ר'ן מ' ל'ר'פ' מ' ר'ר' ל'ר' ל' ק'ר' מ'פ'ר' מ' מ'ר' ד'ר' n'ח' ע'ת' ר' ל' & ע'ע'n'ר' ל' ע'פ'א' ע'ת'ר' מ'ר'p'.

The answers of the following brothers were especially worthy of mention. John A. Bondousque, Jesse Cohen, Wallace Kessler, Henry Brockman, Grover Stoner, Chester Bergeson, T. C. Sparks, O. T. N., Leo A. Wolderding.

The Magic Fortune Teller.

This machine is the wonder of this century. Ask any question in the Horn of this instrument and the answer will appear in the little window. It is 10 inches in circumference and nicely Nickel Plated. Sample machine and directions by mail for 18 cts.

PIKE NOV. CO., STAMFORD, CONN.

PRINTS YOUR NAME. POCKET STAMP 15c

POCKET STAMP PEN AND PENCIL POSTPAID MARKS ANYTHING

STAMPS OF ALL KINDS. RUBBER TYPE ETC. PERKINS RUBBER STAMP CO., 99, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A HANDSOME CLOCK Absolutely given away without cost. NO MONEY.

A Genuine Cuckoo Clock costs from \$25 to \$50.00. Don't throw your money away. If you want a clock that will equal for time any Cuckoo Clock made, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell 40 cases of our Rose Geranium Perfumery at 5c. a case (\$2.00 worth). The sweetest and most lasting perfume made. This beautiful imported Swiss Clock is given away for selling only \$2.00 worth of our perfume. These clocks are not of the cheap variety, but genuine wall clocks made from old Bavarian walnut, handsomely engraved they wind without key semi-automatically, and are wonderful pieces of mechanism, and ornaments to any home. If you want one send us your name and full address, giving street and number or Post Office Box. If you have one. We will send you 40 cases of our perfume, all charges prepaid. When sold return us the \$2.00 and we will send the clock. There is no humbuggery about this. We are giving away these clocks to quickly introduce our Perfumery—and all we ask is that when you receive the clock you will show it to your friends. Hundreds have received clocks from us and are more than delighted with them. This is a glorious opportunity to get a fine clock without paying a cent for it and you should write at once. Address, PERSIAN CO., 19 Warren St., New York.

We give FREE a GUARANTEED GOLD LAID WATCH and CHAIN, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, ELEGANT DIAL, STEM WIND and STEM SET as a premium to any one for selling 12 boxes of our QUEEN DIGESTIVE PILLS, a QUEEN OF REMEDIES and a REMEDY FOR QUEENS. They more than merit their reputation, and are continually doing good in curing constipation. We send the 12 boxes to you on your request without charge and postpaid, you sell them at 25 cents each, and send us the \$3. and we will positively mail to you by registered letter, same day as we receive the money, the HANDSOME GOLD LAID WATCH and CHAIN. DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE of getting such a HANDSOME and PLENDID TIMEKEEPER without it costing you one cent. SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU ABSOLUTELY. WE MEAN WORD FOR WORD, JUST WHAT WE SAY. Write today. QUEEN MEDICINE CO., 33 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

We give Watches, Air Guns, Cameras, solid gold and silver plated Bracelets and many other valuable premiums for selling our New Era Gold Eye Needles at 5 cts. a package. They are the best needles made and SELL ON SIGHT. With every 2 packages we give free a Silver Aluminum Thimble. SEND NO MONEY with order. Just your name and address (letter or postal) ordering 4 dozen needle packages and 1 dozen thimbles. We send them at once, postpaid, with When sold send us the \$1.20 Large Premium List, collected and we will send your choice of premium. WRITE AT ONCE and GET EXTRA PRESENT. GLOBE NOVELTY CO., BOX 802 GREENVILLE, PA.

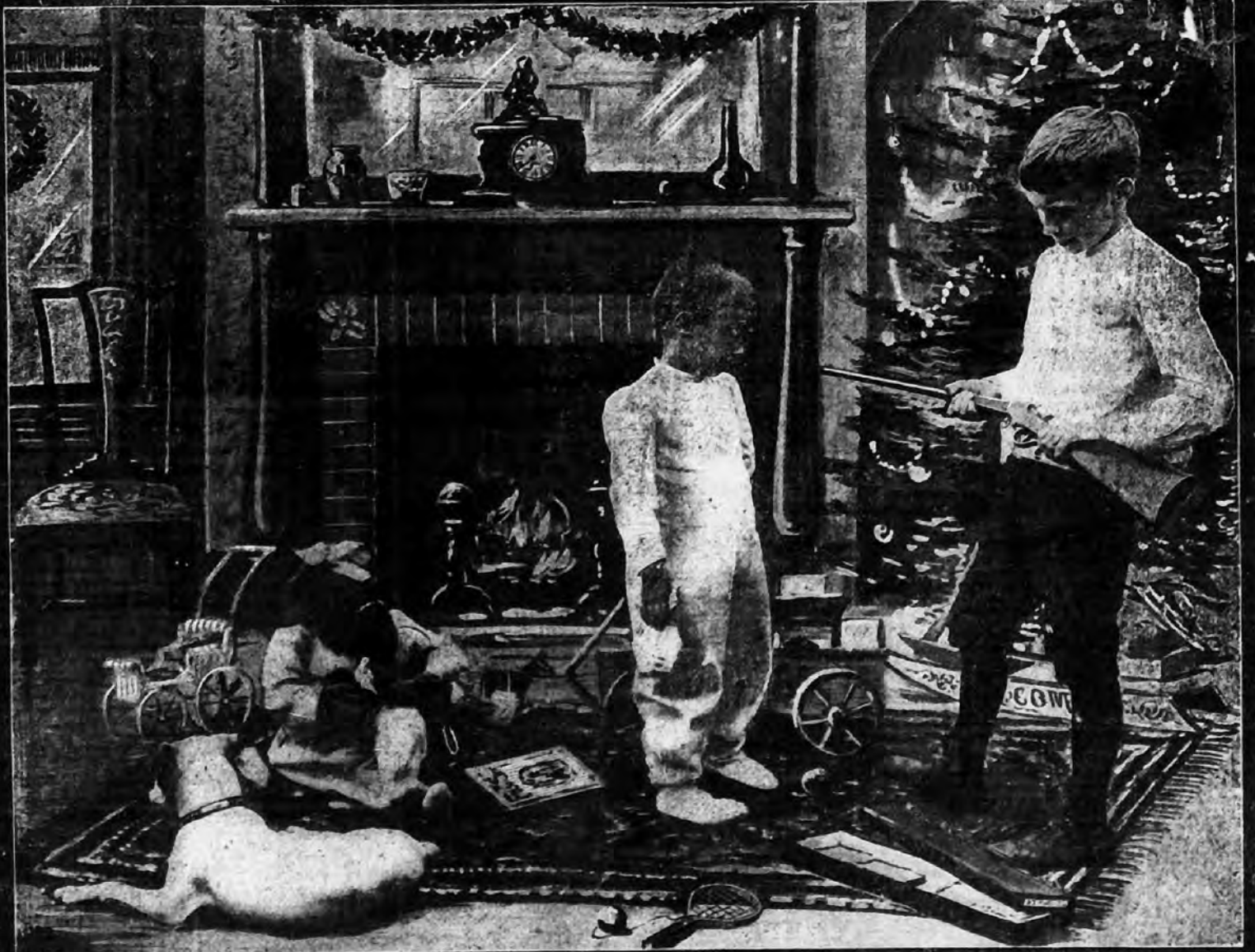
REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE SEPT. 24, 1901.

WIDE AWAKE FREE

Any one can earn Dolls, Bracelets, Rings and other Valuable Premiums. This is a beautiful imported dressed Doll nearly two feet tall, a perfect beauty imported direct from Europe. This lovely doll has a beautiful turning bisque head, pearly teeth, long golden hair, natural sleeping eyes, jointed body, real slippers, stockings, etc., by introducing our latest Parisian Novelties, ladies' and misses' belt pins, hair barrettes, beauty pins, etc., at ten cents per card. Our Grand 30 day Proposition which is apart from above, send us your full name & address & we will send you 5 cards of our latest Parisian Novelties postpaid. You sell at ten cents per card and return us \$1.50, we will send you (all charges prepaid) a beautiful imported French Doll also a gold finished ring.

FRENCH NOVELTY CO., Dept. D90 Bridgeport, Conn.

STEVENS



SANTA CLAUS has for centuries been the one great attraction at this season of the year. Parents are now wondering what is best to buy for their boys, and as an OUT-OF-DOOR life should be encouraged, why not give him the necessary articles to enjoy every manly sport. As SHOOTING is one of the most interesting of them, why not give him one of our

"FAVORITE" RIFLES

or a "STEVENS-MAYNARD, Jr.," "CRACK SHOT" or "IDEAL." We also make a large line of PISTOLS and have SHOTGUNS in SINGLE and DOUBLE BARREL. Every boy should be taught how to handle a FIREARM, and with one of ours you need not worry about accidents, as they are ABSOLUTELY reliable and FULLY GUARANTEED for Accuracy and Durability.

Any dealer in Sporting Goods can furnish our FIREARMS. If you cannot find them don't accept a substitute, but insist upon a STEVENS. > > >

Every boy should have a copy of our 128-page catalog which is full of valuable information. Will mail it on receipt of 4 cents in postage. > > >

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY,

No. 100 Broadway, - - - -

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

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The STAR MONTHLY

MAY

1906

5 CENTS



Hunter Publishing Company. Oak Park, Illinois.

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The STAR

★ MONTHLY ★

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Vol. XII No. 10

Oak Park, Illinois

May, 1906

Old Cristy's Birthday Greeting

A Boy's Kindly Impulse and Its Result

Illustration by B. Nendick

Story by B. M. Goodier



HELLO, Billy, where you goin'?" shouted the boy by the fence to the boy in the road.

Billy halted. "Old Cristy's," he shouted back.

"Billy, you've only had those shoes a week!"

Billy blushed red beneath his tan. "I'm awful hard on shoes, Joe," he explained, half-apologetically.

Joe came slowly toward him.

"Why, Billy—" he asked.

It was the troubled question in Joe's blue eyes that Billy answered.

"He was down at the store this morning. He only had a quarter. Of course, Father stocked him up for a week, pretendin' things were cheap, but that—I say, Joe, what you goin' to do?" for Joe had sat himself upon the soft grass beside the road, and taken out his knife with evident intent.

"Walkin' through the slate-quarries is awful hard on shoes!" Joe's left eye drooped comically.

Billy grinned. "Better smooth off the edges good," was his advice. "If he ever guessed, he wouldn't take another cent!" and Billy was on his knees. Together the boys contrived a very neat-looking cut across the toe of Joe's shoe.

"Now, just wait till I get on my other pair. Be with you in a jiffy."

Joe ran into the house, was out almost immediately, and soon they were trudging down the broad, sunlit village street, a pair of damaged shoes over each boy's shoulder.

Before a tiny white cottage at the edge of town, Joe and Billy paused. Passing through the queer, latticed gate, they seemed to have stepped into another country, for here in the shadows of Pennsylvania's Blue Mountains, Christian Smertzen-yammer and his good Frau Katrina, had made for themselves a bit of the dear "Vaterland" they would never see again. It was as quaint as a picture from some old-fashioned story-book, and to Joe and Billy, tramping slowly up the narrow, flag-stone path— Why, it was the jolliest place in the world!

All around them were Frau Katrina's gardens, where cabbages and carrots, dahlias, mignonette, and love-in-the-mist, thrived side by side. Beyond these they could see the tiny stable for the great goat, "Wilhelm der Grosse," and the small goat, "Nanna," two very useful members of this little household, for without them, how might Frau Katrina's vegetable-cart be drawn to market, and where would they get the pure, foamy milk?

"Herr Meister," the great blue pigeon was strutting up and down the narrow, cleated board before his tiny, hand carved dove-cote, fuming and scolding at his patient, little mate, Gretchen, who sat serenely preening her feathers in the sunlight. "Schnapps," the great tiger-cat, was at his post of duty just beneath. He had taken these winged members of the family under his

especial care, and woe to the strange cat or dog that dared venture near.

At the broad, flower-laden window-sill of the little cottage, Billy stood on tiptoe, and with one finger stirred up "Hans," the tree-toad that lived in a glass jar.

"What you doin' now?" queried Joe.

"Tryin' to make him jump off the little platform, and splash 'round in the water, and say its goin' to rain. But you can't fool Hans. He knows when its "Fair Weather," and you can't make him say anything else."

The broad door way was overhung with clinging vines, and now they framed the figure of an old man, white-haired kindly faced, dressed in an odd suit of coarse trousers, corduroy vest, and soft woolen shirt. It was "Old Cristy," the friend of every boy for miles around.

His merry, blue eyes were twinkling as he gave them a hearty greeting. "Guten tag, meinefreunde. Wollen sie hierin kommen, Ja?"

"That means, 'Good day, my friends. Won't you come in?' Billy was not a little proud of his superior learning. He was what the other fellows called "a cracker-jack" on languages and spokesman on occasions like this.

"Oh, ja, ich danke, Herr Smertzen-yammer," began Billy, glibly, with a side remark—"just think Joe, Mr. Painful-groans!" Why, old Cristy never has any "schmerzen," and if he did he wouldn't "yammer" a bit. — Ja, vir haben hier zwei pantoffel—They're not really "slippers," but I've forgotten the other word.— Ja, zwei pantoffel fur sie zu — zu — zu — Joe, is there any German word for 'patch'?"

Joe shook his curly head. "Don't ask me."

Old Cristy smiled, and said in their own tongue, which he spoke brokenly, it is true, yet not more brokenly than Billy did "Deutsch."

"Vas is it in Deutsch, patch?" Es ist 'flachen', to mend, to make new, you understand?" Then he took the mutilated shoes and laid them on his workbench in one corner of the sumy kitchen. It was evident from his air that they were farthest from his thoughts this morning. Indeed, Old Cristy had something of importance to relate.

"I haf dis morning a greeting vrom mein tochter, Otilie. Vat you tink it is, eh?"

"Money!" cried Billy, remembering the old man's need.

"A present!" suggested Joe.

Old Cristy's smile grew even broader.

"Ja, dat is it, — present," he nodded many times. "Und a very gut present, too. Is is not so?" as he held out to them a small photograph, dingy, poorly taken, surely the work of some travelling "artist," who had toured the country villages in wagon and tent. Yet the finest painting could not have brought with it more gladness.

"Meine tochter, Otilie, und der gut man, Sharlie. Und who you tink? Der leetle Heinrich und Katrina, mein gross-kinder," he explained, while a sudden sadness was in the merry, old eyes as he added softly, "I haf never seen dem at all."

The boys stared at the poor little likeness. They did not know just what to say.

"Soon comes mein Geburts-tag, what you call in this country, "birthday." In der Vaterland come all der kinder on der Gross-vater's Geburts-tag, und bring flowers un' many greetings. It will be very lonely when der leetle Heinrich und Katrina come not."

The old man had forgotten the boys. His faded eyes looked away across the hazy, blue mountains. It was almost as though he gazed upon his loved one's faces.

"But why don't Heinrich and Katrina come?" asked Billy simply.

"Why, did you not know?" Frau Katrina turned from the great, porcelain Dutch oven, from whose shining doors came forth such delicious "kuchen," "zweibach," and "springerlein." That every boy in the village could have told you! "Did you not know dat Tillie lives far, far away? In Wisconsin!"

Katrina said "Wisconsin!" as we would say someone had moved to "Terra del Fuego!"

"Seems too bad, now don't it?" said Billy, as the boys went out through the latticed gate, "but I 'spose ridin' on the railroads is pretty steep."

"You bet it is, but there ought to be some way. Seems as though Old Cristy's just got to see those kids. I tell you, if I was one of those big railroad magnates, I'd —" but what Joe would do will never be known, for at that precise moment, from the wide Commons at their right, came a prolonged shout.

"Hurry up there, you loafers! Game's called! Play ball!"

With a wild whoop the "loafers" landed squarely in the middle of the "diamond," their hats and coats flying off as though by magic; for Billy, be it known, was the famous "left-fielder" of the Slateington Busters, while Joe officiated "behind the bat."

Ned Burton, the Buster's able captain, was coaching his men.

"Now, fellows, whatever you do, you want to keep cool. Don't get excited, and strike wild. Wait till you see the ball coming right over the plate, then let her fly!"

This was a practice game, and a very important one, too. The Slateington Busters had sent their yearly challenge to the Carnesport Blues, and the day of the decisive battle was not far distant.

"Where you fellows been?" asked Ben Durban, twirling the leather ball high in air.

Billy told of their visit to the little shoemaker's in words that were simple, boyish, and went straight to the heart of each one. They all knew and loved Old Cristy, too, and made up their minds, then and there, to go up the road, and through the queer, latticed gate, and see the picture of the "gross-kinder" that Old Cristy had never known.

They did go many times during the week that followed. They poured over the poor photograph till the faces of Otilie, and "Sharlie," and Hein-

rich and Katrina were getting sadly dimmed. Of course, they liked Heinrich best of all. That wasn't to be wondered at. They voted him, "just the jolliest little fellow!" while Billy added regretfully, "We could have him on the team, if he was only a little bigger."

Often they came from the latticed gate, a solemn little company, for as the days went on, they saw the cloud deepening in the blue eyes that had always twinkled so merrily, and they knew that Old Crispy was thinking of the lonely birthday that would be his. He kept the little picture on his workbench now, and often forgot to tap a gay tune on the soles of the "schuhe," and sometimes a great tear would steal slowly down the wrinkled cheek.

They were thinking of the old man one evening as they gathered in the club-room of the "B. B. B. A." an empty attic over Billy's father's grocery store. It seemed that Ned Burton only voiced their unspoken thought, when he said, musingly, "Somethings got to be done, fellows. We can't let him mourn and grieve himself into a shadow."

"Yes, but what—?" Billy echoed each boy's mental question.

"I was wondering— Say, couldn't we give him a birthday present of some sort. Something to cheer up the day for him?"

There was a chorus of approval. "'Course we could! The very thing, Ned! But what sort of a present?"

When Ned told them the beautiful plan that had been shaping itself in his mind for the past week, then there was such a war whoop, and such a clattering of boyish feet, that a nervous customer in the store below glanced apprehensively at the ceiling, and wanted to know if Billy's father was sure it was quite safe.

Overhead, Billy was on the floor, all afire with enthusiasm.

"We got to save up, you know. 'Glory!' diving first into one pocket, then another, 'thirteen cents is the best I can do just at this present writing, but tell you what, I'll deliver after school, an' Father'll give me a dollar a week. I'll hand it in too. Say, who is the treasurer of this Grand Amalgamated Aggregation?"

"Ned, of course," shouted several voices.

"No, I've got a better scheme," declared Ned. "We have a barrel of money, like you read about in politics."

A prolonged howl greeted this suggestion.

"A barrel of money! Oh, I say—!"

"Let's borrow one of Billy's Dad's sugar barrels. That'll be 'bout our size," laughed Sam Benedict.

"Do you think we'd live long enough to fill it, Ned?" came from Joe.

But Ned was firm.

"I said a barrel, and a barrel's what I mean. Here it is this minute," as he pulled from his pocket a small child's bank, shaped like a small keg. "We'll keep it over there on the rafter, and every fellow can put in just what he thinks he ought. Is it a go?"

"'Course its a go!" they agreed. In their hearts they thought it very "square" of Ned, who, as the Squire's only son, could contribute most of all. They knew, also, that the boy hated to have even little Jimmy Knolles, whose mother was the village dressmaker, feel the difference.

Practice games, visits to the tiny cottage, work after school hours, and much weighing and shaking of the "barrel," were the order of events during the next few weeks. All this time while play upon the team grew more "smooth," the cloud still lay upon Old Crispy's brow, while their little horde gained steadily, till there came a day when Billy, who had taken it from its place on the rafter to add his weekly contribution, flashed upon the others with the glad cry, "Fellows, its chuck-full up to the top! Couldn't squeeze in another quarter to save you! Glory, Halleluyah!" and Billy led a war dance about the rude table that would have done credit to a lot of howling Pottawatomies.

"Lets go right down and get it this minute!" was the next suggestion, and straightway there was a wild rush down the narrow stairway, and out into the street.

Down at the little wooden station, Jerry White, passenger agent, telegraph operator, and baggage man in one, was presently staring at the pile of nickels, dimes and pennies that lay before him on the desk.

"Great Scot!" quoth Jerry White, "What? Where? Say, you fellows stop talking all at once, will you? If any one of you knows what you're after, give him a chance, and the rest of you keep still. But you're not all thinking of quitting the town? Going west to grow up with the country, eh?"

"No, not from here, there. From there, here—" Ned's explanation was hardly more enlightening.

"From there, here? Why, I can't—Say, what are you driving at, anyhow?"

There was nothing for it but to let Jerry White into the secret, which they straightway did. "You see, its Old Crispy's birthday greeting, and its got to be here in time," said Ned.

"Well, boys," a kindly light shone in Jerry White's brown eyes, "I'll do the best I can. I'll do the best I can. I'll telegraph right away. Let's see, this is Monday. Well, you all come down Saturday afternoon. It'll be here, sure," and they had to be satisfied with this.

On Saturday afternoon, Jerry White, true to his word, delivered promptly a wonderful strip of cardboard, measuring almost a foot in length, emerald-green in hue, and bearing all sorts of mysterious hieroglyphics.

"Shall I send it for you?" asked Jerry White.

"No. Oh, no. There's a letter to go with it. We're going back to the club room now, to write it," they answered, as they started down the road in a body.

This time, strange to say, Billy was not in the lead. Indeed, it needed some coaxing to get him along at all. Billy could plainly see the task before him, and almost regretted his much-vaunted knowledge of the German language.

"Come on now, Bill," said Ned, as soon as they had reached their quarters, and the wonderful "present" had gone the rounds a dozen or more times. "There's a good fellow. We'll help, you know, and then it'll go on the next mail."

Billy still hung back, not at all sure that he could tackle so large a job, and come off with colors flying. But they hustled him, none too gently, into a chair, shoved chair and boy toward the table, thrusting pen and paper before him the while.

"Don't be a week about it, Bill!" they counselled, and Billy, heaving a sigh that seemed to come from the toes of his neatly patched boots, began his task. However, once started on the queer, pointed characters, the reluctant scribe warmed to his work.

"Meinen Leiben Frau Guski;" that's her name, you know. 'Sharlie' must have some of the blood of Czar's in his veins. 'Fur sie heirin haben vir die etwas gekauft' For you herein have we something purchased. Translations while you wait."

An admiring circle crowded around. Their eyes were wide. Of them it might almost have been written:

—"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."—

But Charlie Dodds demurred.

"Sounds awful mixed up, don't it, Billy? Haven't got th' cart before th' horse, have you?"

Billy waved his pen airily. "'Tis a way we have in the old country, my boy. Now listen, 'Bitte namen sie ess, und der kleine Katrina und Heinrich mit uns gebringen' (Please take it, and the little Katrina and Henry with you bring.) What next?"

"Be sure and be in time for the Geburts-tag!"

"And don't tell Old Crispy, 'cause its secret."

"And come sure!"

Billy translated these instructions into fairly readable "Deutsch," signed the initials of the team, B. B. B. A. C. H. S., added the direction, "Slateington, Penn.," and the letter was completed.

But the hardest part of all was to come, the time of waiting. As the days went by, and no answer came, they grew very impatient. Singly and collectively, they haunted the post office, a department of the village general store. Sternly

they eyed genial Hi Whittlesey, store keeper and post master, as though they doubted his word when he said that there was no letter to tell the fate of their "Birthday Greeting." They even talked of raiding the mail-sacks on their way from the train. Yet with it all, they would not have been the wide-awake, jolly, fun-loving boys they were, had not the excitement of the looked for game, now close upon them, put other thoughts out of their heads.

And at last, the great day came when they were to start for Carnesport, though the principal event did not take place until the morrow. Half the town, men and boys, women, school girls, crowded the narrow, wooden platform. What a chatter, and laughing, and joking there was, to be sure! How proud the "Slateington's Busters" looked in their brand, span, uniforms! How confident they were of victory! The village band, turned out for this very purpose, had escorted them to the station playing a lively tune, while everyone joined in the rollicking chorus, which seemed particularly suited to just such an occasion—

"When Johnny comes marching home again.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The men will cheer; the boys will shout;

The ladies they will all turn out;

And we'll all be gay again—

When Johnny comes marching home!"

When the whistle blew, and the last boy climbed aboard, Joel Watts, the band-master, held up his cap.

"Boys" he cried, "We'll be here to meet you

"Getting Back To Nature."

Every one knows that our fathers and grandfathers were not bothered with the bodily ills to which this generation is so generally subject. Nothing ruffles the temper so easily, nothing makes one feel so badly and nothing is so responsible for physical discomfort as the stomach when it is not in proper working order.

One's first care should be his stomach. He should see that proper food goes into it and should see to it especially that nourishing food is taken into this important part of the system.

The body is built up of nine different chemical substances such as water, carbon, lime, salt, phosphorous, albumen, iron and magnesia. All these substances come from the food we eat, and if we confine ourselves to foods that contain only some of the necessary chemicals the body requires, the machinery is going to get out of order. White flour is simply starch. The starch goes into the stomach and is converted into sugar and has some nourishing qualities, but if we ate white flour alone, we would soon die of starvation. If, on the other hand, we live on whole wheat, we get all the substances the body requires. A person can live indefinitely on whole wheat, but he would starve to death on plain white flour. EGG-O-SEE—the wonderful food product—is made of whole wheat, which is predigested and easily assimilated. It contains all the chemicals necessary for body building. That's why EGG-O-SEE eaters are so healthy and so strong.

EGG-O-SEE is a perfect food. It is made from the whole wheat berry, it is nature food, palatable and all nourishment. It makes bone, muscle nerve and brains. It sends the red blood coursing through your veins and makes your eyes bright and clear and you glory in your health.

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tomorrow night, and we want to play, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" No funeral march for us, No Sir!" but his words were drowned amid the storm of "Good-byes," that echoed against the hills long after the train was lost to view around the curve.

The first stop was at the little railroad crossing of "Aitkin's Corners," and here the "Busters" must change cars. There was fifteen minutes to wait, and as "Aitkins" consisted of only a few houses, and a tiny cross road store, they tramped up and down the narrow siding, whistling, laughing, and talking in gay tones of tomorrow's game. No one saw the tired, fair haired woman who sat on the steps of the store across the way, her arms fast about two sleepy little children.

That is, no one saw them, till Ned Burton, his kind heart touched by the air of utter dejection and desolation which seemed to have settled about the little group, crossed to her side quickly, and stooped to say, "Are you waiting for your train?"

The woman stared up at the boy, while her blue eyes filled with tears. Instinctively she drew the little ones closer, and shook her head hopelessly. "No kan verstay! No kan verstay!" she said at last, wearily, and quite as though it didn't matter.

There was something familiar in the broken English; indeed, in this woman herself. Ned was puzzled as he urged, "But you must be going some place. Did you come on the train?"

"Yas, on train," she nodded, "Oh, many, many mile. Two day was we on train. Then big man with brass button on his coat, he put us off, und he say, 'Change car! Change car!' No kan verstay!" Ned called to the little group. "Billy, come here. This is in your jurisdiction, I guess. The conductor put this poor woman off the train, and told her to change cars, but she doesn't understand."

Billy came across the road on a bound. His blue eyes opened wide when he saw the disconsolate trio. His quick wits solved the problem instantly. "Have you a ticket?" he asked in German.

At the sound of her native tongue, the woman's face brightened; she grew almost pretty.

"Ja, ja, meine billiet!" she cried, "I haf it here in my pocket. Sharlie he say to hold it tight; then it will take me to meine Vater."

"Sharlie! Your father! Oh, fellows, what do you think—!" Billy was staring at a wrinkled and grimy bit of green cardboard as though it were the strangest thing in the world. In the next instant he had caught one of the children high in air—"Fellows, who it is? Don't you know?" he cried.

"Whoopee!!" Joe led the sally across the sunlit street, and up unto the steps, "Heinrich, big as life and twice as handsome! Old Cristy's birthday present. They've come, after all. Hurrah!"

Ottillie, for it was she, started to her feet. Her eyes were no longer tearful, but shining, filled with wonder; wonder that slowly gave way to a great gladness, as she stretched out her hands to them, and cried, "Namen sie mir zu meinen Vater. Bitte, namen sie mir!"

Those boys who could not understand a word of her language, did not mistake its meaning. She was begging them to take her to her Father, to Old Cristy, who waited with the cloud in his blue eyes. To turn back on their way, and take her home! Involuntarily, they drew away. Laughter was gone from their voices, and smiles from their boyish lips. Turn back— Why, how could they? They were going to Carnesport, to

play the "Blues." How could they — And yet— Billy talked to Joe, for all the world as though Joe were to blame in the matter, "Why, don't you see, we could go over tomorrow morning, and have the game just as well. We don't need to practice on their field."

Ned explained to the rest, "I could have Father telegraph just the minute we got home. It wouldn't really make any difference if we weren't there tonight."

Thus they talked, and thus they reasoned, till, from far in the distance, came to their ears the shriek of the on-coming engine. There was a tiny speck against the horizon; a speck that grew bigger, and blacker, and plainer with each swift second. They knew what it was, only too well. The Lehigh Special, going East.

Ned Burton waited till it was almost upon him. Then his ringing voice left no doubt of his determination. "Well, fellows," he cried, lifting the little fair-haired girl in his arms, "Who's coming with us?"

The simple action lit the fuse smouldering in every boy's heart. "I am! I am! Put me down!" they shouted, as they crowded around, while Billy added a characteristic, "Slateington or Bust!"

"They'll think we are busted, sure, when they see us back so soon," said Joe, almost ruefully,



ON EITHER SIDE TRAMPED THE "BUSTERS"

as they flew back over the miles they had come so joyously but a few hours before.

"Don't you care! Isn't this worth it?" laughed Ned, and Joe, glancing about, was bound to admit that it was, indeed, worth a good deal to see the small Heinrich riding pick-a-back up and down the aisle, with Billy as a very patient "horse." Dainty little Katrina, her mother in miniature, sat enthroned on a red velvet seat, and was gravely accepting offerings of pop-corn, candy and apples, while Ottillie, still a little puzzled, leaned her head against the soft cushions, and looked on.

True, Ottillie did not entirely "verstay," yet these boys with the kind faces and the kind hearts had said they would take her to her father. That was enough.

Watching her, it occurred to Ned to ask, "Why didn't you write and say that you were coming?" Ottillie opened her blue eyes very wide. "Vy, mein Sharlie, he did write a letter to der gut man vat sent me der ticket. Der gut man, B. B. Bachs. Did he not get the letter?"

"B. B. Bachs? I don't understand."

"It was so der letter vas signed."

Then Ned did understand. It all came over him so suddenly that he could only gasp, "Oh, fellows, no wonder we didn't get the answer. Billy just put the club's initials. B. B. Bachs, of course. Buster's Base Ball Association, Central High School. What a joke!"

"The Buster's have come back!"

The news flew through the village like wild-fire. Women forgot their baking to run to their front

doors. Men left their plows, their rakes, their shops wide open, to gather on the street corners, and watch the queer, little procession wending its way up from the station. Startled questions went from lip to lip. "Was the game called off?" "Had there been an accident?" "Was anyone hurt?" Fathers and mothers were beginning to look anxious when Harry Burton, Ned's small brother, a youthful Paul Revere on a bicycle, came flying by with the word that went up the village street like the trail of a comet.

"Ned says they're bringing Old Cristy's Birthday Greetings."

"Old Cristy's Birthday Greetings? What could it mean?" People questioned more than ever; then turned to stare with wide eyes.

A dilapidated hack from the old cab stand down by the station, had been appropriated "for the good of the cause." Ottillie and the little Katrina sat inside. Billy had the driver's seat, and the small Heinrich flourished a broken lashed whip quite recklessly. On either side, a guard of honor with beaming faces and very dusty shoes, tramped the "Busters." To questions that rained upon them from all hands they would only laugh, and answer—"Its Old Cristy's Birthday Greetings. We're taking them to him now."

By the time they had reached the little, latticed gate half the village were in line behind them.

But Ned waved them back, pointing to the fair haired woman, who sat upright in the old carriage, her hand upon her heart, her eyes shining, for there beyond the dahlias and the mignonette, she could see a beloved white head gleaming in the sunshine, and she knew that she was home at last.

She could hardly wait till Ned should open the door. "Meine Vater! Meine Vater!", she breathed, catching her children close. Before the great light in her fair face, they fell back, and silently watched the little trio go up the flower lined path, toward the quaint, white cottage.

Then the "Busters" turned, and tiptoed away. It was almost, as Billy said later, as though you were in church, and wanted to "holler."

And "holler" they did when out of hearing distance. A long and lusty shout woke the stillness of the summer afternoon.

"Hurrah for Old Cristy's Birthday Greetings! Hurrah!"

Motor Boots

CONSTANTINI, the inventor of motor-boots rides constantly around Paris on his startling footwear. In the quieter streets all that the wayfarer will see of him is a glimpse of coat-tails

whizzing by at the rate of 25 or 30 miles an hour. The boots resemble tiny automobiles 15 inches long. Each has rubber

tired wheels that are only 8 inches in diameter. The accumulators are carried in a belt and transmit 1½ horsepower to each motor. The boots weigh 16 pounds apiece, but as the feet are not lifted, this weight does not matter. What do you think would happen if one of Constantini's motor-boots started at the rate of 6 miles an hour, and the other at 30—and how long would it take him to get to the morgue?



The Story of Time

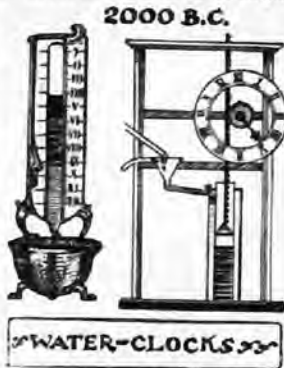


OPEN your watch and observe the wheels, springs and screws, each a necessary part in the wonderful machine. You are looking not merely at a clever arrangement of brass wheels, but at the evolution of centuries, for this marvellous little time recorder is the result of thousands of years of experiment.

If you own the average watch, it is composed of ninety-eight pieces and its manufacture entails more than two thousand separate operations; some of the smallest screws it contains being so minute, that your unaided eye will not distinguish them from specks of dirt.

The spring through which all motion emanates is a strip of the finest tempered steel, about nine and a half inches long, and its thickness is most carefully gauged, for the difference of one five hundredth of an inch in thickness would mean a loss of six minutes per hour in the accuracy of your watch. Necessarily, the value of watch springs is enormous in comparison with the raw material from which they are made. A ton of steel if converted into hair-springs would be worth more than twelve times its weight in pure gold, and a mile length of the delicate wire would weigh less than a half pound!

Human knowledge is at a loss to discover the primitive ancestor of the modern watch. It looks back beyond the misty antiquity when the pyramids were beginning to rise above the Libyan desert; but even then there were crude instruments to mark the passing hours. It must have been in some remoter age, then, that man understood time only as the natural divisions of night and morning and the regular recurrence of seasons. The soil from which he gleaned a living, taught him the value of the alternating seasons. Evening and morning measured out each day, which the fall of shadows subdivided into certain periods—but he needed a device that was not dependent on sun or light.



Accordingly, he invented the water clock or clypsedra as it came to be called by the Greeks. It was not a complicated instrument, consisting merely of a transparent vessel which held just as much water as would flow out in twelve periods, or hours, figures being placed at proper intervals on the vessel to denote each period. The Romans, who were quick to adapt any progressive idea, constituted the water clock as official timekeeper for the Republic, and its use had become common in the days of Julius Cæsar. Pliny tells of seeing such an instrument in the Roman senate, where it was kept to limit the speeches of the garrulous senators.

At this period, the blue-dyed savage of Britain used for his tribal chronometer, a pillar of stone, which threw its shadow on flat stones placed in a ring around it, each stone signifying some eating time of the day. It was sufficient for his rude

needs, for he went to bed at sunset, and arose with the dawn; but when intellectual intelligence began to illuminate the dark corners of Europe, the Briton sat up later at nights to imbibe the new learning and produced the candle-clock to regulate the evening hours. The invention of the candle-clock, which was really not a clock at all, but a candle burning inside a lantern made of horn to protect the candle from drafts, has been ascribed to Alfred the Great; and old manuscripts relate that he ordered wax candles twelve inches long to be made, of such a thickness that exactly one inch would be burnt away every twenty minutes. If the candle went out, well, that was another story. It was not a prodigious invention; the Britain of Alfred's day being more celebrated for muscular than for scientific prodigies; but they did the best they could



with their lights, and found them at least as trustworthy as the hour-glass, which at this time came into common use.

To Gerbert, a monk, who afterwards was known as Pope Sylvester the Second, belongs the honor of first constructing a device composed of wheels, which were actuated by a weight. He knew that the world needed a contrivance which would keep time with a minimum of personal attention and his clock, which he placed in Madgeburg Cathedral, fulfilled these conditions. It had no dial, but the hours were sounded automatically by a bell. The word "clock" derived from the Latin *glocio* signifies *bell* and proves that the early manifestation of time was by such means as Gerbert employed, much as it is indicated to-day on ship-board.

After Gerbert's pioneer effort, three centuries slipped by, centuries probably devoted to study and development of his ideas, then St. Paul's Cathedral in London was fitted with a clock. It was under the charge of Bartholomew Orlogiaro, who evidently took his name from his calling and his stipend as caretaker was *one loaf of bread a day*. This clock too, struck the hours, having no dial, but a dial was afterwards installed so that people who happened to be deaf might see the time. Probably the most celebrated of the early clocks was known as the Glastonbury clock, and it is still shown in Wells Cathedral, England. This instrument, constructed by Peter Lightfoot in 1330, ran for over five centuries; then, in 1835, the works were so completely worn out that they had to be replaced.

By the end of the 14th century, clocks on public buildings became quite common, and during the following age private families began to possess them. The possession of stationary clocks, however, only proved the need for a portable time keeper, and in 1500 Peter Hele of Nuremberg met this want by the invention of a small time-piece



which could be carried from place to place. While working as a locksmith, he noticed that the spiral catch-spring in a door-lock moved the bolt of the lock, and with certain mechanical changes the same power could be utilized to drive the wheelwork of a clock. In constructing his device he used a long ribbon of steel coiled round a spindle to maintain the motion and this action of a *main-spring* with essential improvements, still retains its place in the mod-watch.

At first, the main-spring proved a troublesome discovery, because of the difference of power it exerted when fully wound up and after a few hours running, until Jacob Zech, a compatriot of Hele's came to the rescue by inventing a fusee, a kind of conical pulley, which by winding and unwinding a chain, equalized the elastic force of the main-spring.

Hele's attempt was not exactly a watch, however, being a cylindrical box, hardly smaller than a mantel clock, and it was provided with the inevitable bell to chime the hours; but it deserves to rank with Gerbert's effort, because it marked a new avenue for inventive genius and proved that the accuracy of a timekeeper did not depend on its size.

From the box form, watches soon became oval in shape. They were popularly termed "Nuremberg Eggs" and remained in favor in this style for a century. The smallest of these watches weighed about fourteen ounces and was two inches thick by three inches in diameter; though there is a notable exception in a diminutive watch which was only $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch in length and $\frac{3}{8}$ in width, and was the property of Lord Hussey, who was beheaded in 1536.



These unwieldy watches could not be carried in the pocket for a century after they were introduced, but were either left at home or dangled from a chain round the neck. Their construction was often ingenious, showing the days of the week, the phases of the moon and the planetary symbols, in addition to keeping time.

In the days of Elizabeth, when all fashions ran to extremes, watches assumed every fantastic shape, from a cross to a shell. We read that Queen Bess received from the Earl of Leicester a jewelled armet "having in the closing thereof, a clock," yet some people think that the bracelet watch is a modern idea.

With the advent of the Puritan, extravagance in design vanished and plain circular watch cases, such as we see today, became the vogue. At this time too, watch glasses were introduced and a mechanic named Hooke invented the spring balance, which serves to regulate a watch as the pendulum regulates a clock.

In 1679 the great Swiss watch industry was first established. An English watch which had been taken to LaSagne in that year, got out of order. A skillful blacksmith named Jean Richard without any previous knowledge of watch making, repaired it. Then he manufactured tools and made a copy of it. Through this incident was laid the foundation of a trade now valued at \$25,000,000.00 annually.

By the close of the 17th century the craftsmen had begun to use highly polished surfaces of stone for the bearings of watch pivots, and this was the introduction of what is termed "jewelled movements" in a fancy modern watch. In the 18th century keyless watches had usurped the popular favor, and many kinds of time-pieces added to the sum of horological knowledge.



WESTMINSTER CLOCK.
The largest Clock in the World. Diameter 22 ft.

"The 'touch' watch carried by Wellington, by which he could tell the time without withdrawing it from his pocket; the chronometer worn by Napoleon which rewound itself, by his movements in walking, were merely examples of a thousand varieties at the opening of the 19th century—and so step by step the watch making industry proceeded in its wonderful evolution.

Yet it has remained for America to bring that evolution to the point of perfection. After winning independence, Uncle Sam, who had hitherto been dependent on Europe for watches, cloth and almost every other manufactured commodity, was in the position of the lad who starts out to seek his fortune with a dollar in capital and a million dollars worth of energy. True, there were watch-makers in America even at that early day, but they were mainly second editions of the European variety and dependent on the parts of England, France or Switzerland for their supplies. If an expensive watch went wrong in America, it had to be sent across the ocean to the original maker, owing to its peculiar workmanship, or the inadequacy of the local repair shop. This state of things could not continue; the American manufacturer was not prepared to play fiddle to any nation, and certain shrewd citizens began to investigate the possibilities of watch making as an American enterprise.

They soon saw that in the matter of mere handicraft it was virtually impossible to surpass the European mechanic, skilled by centuries of experience and that the watch as an invention had attained finality; consequently it was only by systematizing its manufacture and substituting machinery for uncertain handwork, that Yankee labor proceeded to execute its purpose with characteristic thoroughness and promptness.

The merchant began by manufacturing all the pieces that compose a watch in one establishment under the superintendence of one foreman, and then duplicating them rapidly by machinery, thus attaining both cheapness and accuracy of design. One of the pioneers in this enterprise was A. L. Dennison who started a watch factory at Roxbury, Mass. and presently, on account of dust arising from the stage roads, removed his business to Waltham, which thus became famous as the birthplace of the Waltham watch. Other companies soon sprang into existence and the New England calm was broken by the humming wheels of a great new industry.

But, despite their shrewdness, these pioneers had overlooked one advantage within their reach. In the desire to turn out a watch to displace the foreign article, cheapness was not given due consideration. Superior machinery enabled them to manufacture the parts at less cost than the foreigner; but this saving was counterbalanced by the higher wages paid in America, the relative expense of engraving and the "jewelled movements."

The investment in a reliable time-keeper was a serious matter for the man who had many necessities to absorb his earnings, and this man was the American workman. Thus the need of the individual to whom time is capital, whose every day labor is set apart in hours, was still overlooked by the watch making fraternity.

At this propitious moment a man came forward and placed a DOLLAR watch on the market. It was a good watch, too, judged by the strictest standard of accuracy; and he had sufficient faith in it to guarantee its reliability in the simple words—"This watch will keep good time." To strengthen this guarantee he invented a special device termed a "standard" or regulator by which every watch made is adjusted to keep correct time.

By substituting a serviceable nickle finish in

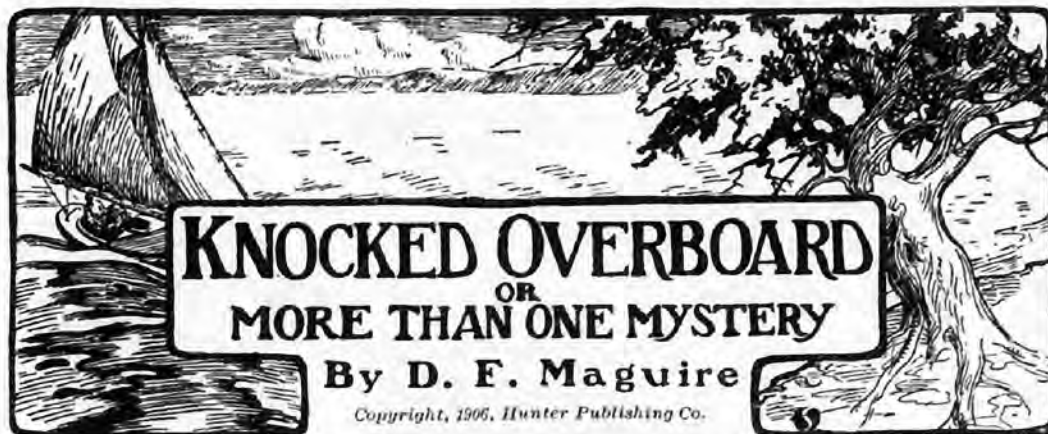
place of an expensive gold-case, and employing machinery exclusively to manufacture and "assemble" every detail of the new watch, he solved the cost problem—and this is really the most important incident in the story of time.

The more exclusive manufacturers asserted that such a low price was absurd, because the charge for regulating an average timekeeper was more than the entire cost of the new watch—but the originator knew his plan was practical and proved it. He believed that the first and last duty of a watch is to keep time, not to be a jewel case. He sought to interest the thrifty man or boy who had no extravagant taste to gratify. He could not perceive that the craft had made any material progress when a modern watch manufactured by every time-saving device was still as expensive as the hand wrought article of the 17th century.

The success of the "dollar" watch was almost instantaneous. It had, of course to overcome the

prejudice which every article combining value with startling cheapness must encounter; but when the public found that it conscientiously fulfilled every warranty of the maker, the factory could scarcely fill the orders that poured in. Customers came from every walk of life—from the school boy to the college professor, and from the mechanic whose first commandment is economy, to such famous men as Mark Twain and J. Pierpont Morgan who only value cheapness when allied with reliability—when the daily press assures us that Thomas A. Edison is content to wear a dollar watch, one can understand readily why more than two million of these trusty timekeepers are sold annually.

If to Gerbert's genius history ascribes the honor of the first time piece controlled by wheels, it will surely accord to Robert H. Ingersoll the honor of being the projector of the "dollar watch."



Chapter V* (Continued)



"WE MUST get ashore," said Dan, hurriedly, "and see what this fellow wants."

"It's probably a watchman that Mr. Carter sent up here to look after the boat," observed Ike, in a whisper.

"Very likely," muttered Dan. "Just our luck."

They rowed as noiselessly as possible for the shore, pulled the boat upon the beach and then hid behind a clump of bushes, not a dozen feet from the spot where the stranded Lake Belle lay.

"It's old Marcus Only," whispered Ike, as the boat with the solitary occupant drew nearer.

Uncle Marcus (for it was he) rowed alongside the Lake Belle and examined the boat intently as the darkness would allow, at the same time muttering something to himself.

Dan left his place of concealment, whispering to his companions: "We must get this old meddler out of the way. Follow me."

In single file the boys walked down to the shore. When Uncle Marcus caught sight of them he was so startled that he almost dropped his oars.

"Here, you black rascal," cried Dan, pointing a revolver (it was empty) at the trembling man; "what are you prowling round here for at this hour of the night, when all honest folks ought to be in bed, except those who are about their duty. Did Mr. Carter send you here?"

"No, sah."

"Then why are you here?"

"I jest drapped round' to hab a look at de Lake Belle."

"A likely story," retorted Dan. "The chances are you came here to sink her, out of revenge for Joe Carter's sinking your friend's boat."

"How could I do that?"

"How could you, you innocent old thief? Easy enough—tow her out into the lake, then scuttle her, and she'd go to the bottom like a stone. It's mighty lucky Mr. Carter sent us up here to watch the boat, or she'd be at the bottom of the lake by

*Editor's Note: This story began in the February, 1905 issue of THE STAR MONTHLY. The back numbers for sale at 5 cents a copy while the supply lasts. You need them to get the full interest of the story.

this time. Come ashore at once, you black pirate. We'll have to frighten him a little more," he explained, in an undertone to his companions.

The old man did as he was bidden. As soon as he stepped from his boat, he involuntarily put his hand to his pocket.

Ike Duke's quick eye caught the movement. "Dan," he cried, "he's got a revolver."

"Throw up your hands," commanded Dan. "I'll search him."

He approached Uncle Marcus and searched all his pockets. In one of them he found a small package wrapped in paper. Although it did not resemble a revolver in any way he was determined to ascertain what it contained. He removed the wrapping paper and came upon a small plush-covered box. He opened the box and beheld a gold watch and chain.

"Ah, hah!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, exhibiting the time-piece to his companions. "So we've discovered at last who stole Mr. Overton's watch!"

"I didn't steal dat watch, sah," protested poor Uncle Marcus.

"Of course not," said Dan, sarcastically. "No doubt Mr. Overton gave it to you for safe keeping. Have you been doing any whitewashing for him lately?"

"Yes, sah."

"I thought so. Perhaps he didn't have a quarter in change, so he gave you the watch instead. If not, how did it come into your possession?"

"I found it."

"The black thief!" observed Ned, virtuously.

"So you let your friend be accused of stealing the watch when you had it in your possession all the time?"

"I found it to-day," protested the old man.

"Don't interrupt your betters, especially to tell a lie. It's fortunate for Harry Hunter and the Master that the watch has fallen into honest hands. We'll take charge of it and return it to the owner. Now, old man, we're going to let you go home, but before you go you must solemnly swear that you will never breathe a word to anyone of having seen us here. I don't want Mr. Carter to know that I brought some friends of mine here to keep me company while keeping guard over his son's boat. Swear you'll never tell anyone."

"I swear," said the old man.

"If you break your oath," continued Dan, "we'll



INTERESTING COMPARISON
The larger is the FIRST DOLLAR watch—the smaller is the LATEST.

do as all honest people ought to do—give you up to the police for stealing Mr. Overton's watch, and also for trying to scuttle Joe Carter's boat, as you were doing just as we came along. Since you're an old man we'll let you off easily, although it goes against our consciences to shield a thief. Now go home as fast as you can. We'll follow you to see that you don't steal any more watches on the way."

It did not take Uncle Marcus very long to jump into his boat (forgetting his rheumatism) and pull for the opposite shore. Dan followed him in his own boat for a part of the way, and when he had made sure that the old man had gone home he returned to his companions.

"You're a genius, Dan," said Ike, admiringly. "When it comes to dividing the reward we'll give you the lion's share."

"I mean to have that, anyway," said Dan to himself.

The boys now set to work to repair the Lake Belle. They found two holes in the bow. They were not very large and in a comparatively short time they succeeded in covering them with canvas. With the aid of a monkey wrench they unbolted and removed the smoke-stack and laid it in the stern of the boat. Then they removed the awning over the stern seats. After this they bailed out the water which had come in through the holes in the bow; and this took a long time. At last, however, they finished all that it was possible for them to do to render the boat buoyant and seaworthy. Then they were ready for the long and laborious task of towing her up to the North Cove. The darkness had befriended them from the first, and now it began to rain. This was even better, for it would be certain to cause any pleasure seekers who might be on the lake to seek comfort and shelter ashore. So that the boys felt pretty sure that they would not be interrupted in their work.

They carefully towed the Lake Belle into deep water. She floated as buoyantly as if no injury had been done to her.

The North Cove was nearly two miles and a half away. When the Lake Belle had been secured to Dan's boat, each boy took an oar and prepared to exert himself harder than he would ever have dreamed of doing in a better cause.

There is an end to everything, and so it was with that memorable trip to the North Cove. At last they reached the shallow waters of the Cove. Here it was impossible to use the oars, the water being shallow and filled with weeds. Dad had taken the precaution to bring a long oak pole, and this was used in urging the boat a long distance up into the Cove. Here among the dense alder bushes and long weeds the Lake Belle found a resting place. The labors of the quartette were now over, save for the row home, and this, in their wearied condition, was not an inconsiderable part of their night's work. They reached Campton only a little while before sunrise. They separated at the place where Dan was accustomed to moor his boat, and slunk away to their respective homes, well satisfied with what they had done, feeling that they would ere long be amply repaid for the pains they had taken, and confident that they had not been seen by anyone except Marcus Only, and he, for obvious reasons, would not be in any hurry to impart the information to others.

Next morning, as we know, the Lake Belle was missing. Among those who searched for it none showed greater zeal than did Dan Coles. He bemoaned his ill luck in losing a good position as fireman and engineer on the Belle (which position he had coerced Joe into giving him) so that he at least had a strong personal interest in discovering the whereabouts of the missing craft. But all efforts were fruitless; the Belle seemed as completely lost as if she were reposing at the bottom of the deepest part of Lake Chester. And during these days, whenever Joe Carter desired to take a sail on the lake he was forced to use his old and previously despised cat-boat.

At about noon on the day after the collision on the lake Mr. Carter called at the store to see Harry. The banker at once brought up the subject of the loss of the Flashaway.

"How much do you consider your boat was worth, Harry?" asked Mr. Carter.

"About fifty dollars, I should say," replied Harry. "At least I could not replace it for less than that sum."

"I feel as if I ought to reimburse you for the loss of your boat," said Mr. Carter, "since it was through the carelessness of my son that it was sunk."

"The accident was undoubtedly unavoidable," replied Harry; "and I don't think you are under any obligation to pay for my boat. Besides, Joe's boat was injured also."

"But she was not injured much, and we shall probably find trace of her soon. I hope you will accept the money, or at least let me replace your boat."

"I can't do it, sir," said Harry, firmly.

"Very well," replied the gentleman, as he turned to go.

On Monday morning there was a new boat tied to the wharf where Harry's boat used to be moored. Harry, on his way to the store, saw the new craft and admired her fine proportions. He wondered to whom she belonged. In that day's mail he received a communication which threw some light upon the subject. The letter was from Morrow & Slane, shipbuilders, in Chester, telling him the boat had been bought for him by a friend whose name they were not at liberty to reveal. There was also a receipted bill for the purchase price of the boat, made out in Harry's name.

Harry, of course, made up his mind that Mr. Carter was the "friend" who had bought the boat for him. Should he accept the gift? After much thought upon the subject he came to the conclusion that it would be an ungracious act on his part to refuse to do so. Moreover, since Harry had lost his own boat through the carelessness of Mr. Carter's son, it was only right that that gentleman should make good the loss, which he could easily afford to do. The result of his cogitation was that he wrote a polite note of thanks to Mr. Carter and mailed it to him at once.

Soon after dinner, in company with Fred Coulter, he started out on what he called the trial trip of the Spray—which was the name painted on the stern and on both sides of the bow of the new sail-boat.

He sailed up to Chester that afternoon and obtained his daily supply of papers. He found the new boat capable of showing even greater speed than he had ever been able to get out of the Flashaway.

We have anticipated somewhat the events of the day. Early that morning Harry went up to Uncle Marcus's house on his wheel to inquire for Mr. Harris. The sick man was asleep, and so he could not, to his great disappointment, have any conversation with him. Mrs. Only informed him that the fever had not wholly left her patient, that he still raved at times, and seemed to be out of his head. The doctor, however, said he would be all right again in a few days. Rest and sleep were all he needed now.

The boy did not find time to make another call at the negro's cabin that day. In the evening he sat with Fred Coulter in the stern of the Spray. The two boys were discussing Mr. Harris's lost bag.

"We must make an effort to fish up that bag," said Harry. "I've no doubt it contained valuable papers and perhaps a good deal of money. I noticed that Mr. Harris took good care to keep it in his hand. Although it seemed to be heavy he wouldn't even lay it on the seat near him. He didn't let go of it till it was knocked out of his hand when the Lake Belle struck us. If it is allowed to remain in the water much longer I'm afraid the papers will be ruined by this time."

"Yes," agreed Fred; "we ought not to lose any more time about it. Let's make a try for it tomorrow evening. It's going to be moonlight. You know pretty nearly the place where the Flashaway went down, I suppose."

"I can easily locate it, and if we can't find it by diving after it, I'll hire a professional diver from Chester to search for it. Even if Mr. Harris wouldn't care to go to the expense of recovering it I shall, as he said it contained papers concerning my father, although I haven't the least idea what they can refer to."

After a few minutes' further conversation the two boys separated, with the agreement to meet at the wharf after supper on the following evening, when they would make an attempt to recover Mr. Harris's lost bag. Harry returned to his duties in the store, while Fred went home to prepare his lessons for the following day.

The foregoing conversation, unknown to the boys, had been overheard by an unseen and unthought-of listener. In the little cabin of the boat, only a few feet from the place where Harry and Fred sat, Dan Coles lay concealed. He had gone aboard the boat a few minutes before the two friends came upon the scene, and for reasons of his own, not wishing to have his presence known, he determined to hide in the cabin until they should go. If he should be discovered by them he had intended to feign being asleep, and pretend that he had come to find Harry on some trumped-up errand.

Dan during the day had told Joe that it was his opinion that Harry had scuttled and sunk the Lake Belle out of revenge for Joe's having run down (purposely, Harry believed) and sunk the Flashaway. He explained to Joe that the Belle could easily have been scuttled and sunk, and that Harry was the only person who had a motive for doing it. Joe readily fell into Dan's way of thinking and he went so far as to confide his suspicions to his father, but his father only laughed at him. Dan also told Joe that he thought it was a shame that Mr. Carter should slight his own son to the extent of presenting Harry with a sail-boat while Joe, now that the Belle was at the bottom of the lake, must be content with a water-logged old tub. Mrs. Carter took sides with her son in this affair as in nearly everything, and Mr. Carter discovered—if it was really he who gave the new boat to Harry—that it is not always more pleasant to give than to receive.

Dan advised Joe to seize the Spray and hold her against all claimants. He urged upon him that Harry was not really the legal owner of the Spray, not having paid anything for it, that gifts did not count for much in law, especially when made by persons not relatives of the one who received them; Mr. Carter after all, he contended, was the actual owner of the boat. Besides, if Joe should seize the Spray his father would not

HARD TO DROP

But Many Drop It

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum Food Coffee a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drunk no other coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so we returned to Postum Food Coffee, convinced that the old kind was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

be likely to disturb him in the possession of it. He would prefer to let the boys fight out their own battles without interference from him, and on the other hand Harry would not be likely to seek the aid of the police to punish the son of the man who presented him with the boat.

Joe was weak-minded and only too willing to listen to reasoning of this kind. The result was he entered into an agreement with Dan and Ned to seize and carry off the Spray at the earliest opportunity.

Chapter VI

On his way to school next morning Fred called at the store to see Harry.

"Harry," he said, "what time do you start for Chester this afternoon for your papers?"

"At three o'clock," replied Harry. "Why?"

"May I borrow your boat for an hour—say from half past one till half past two?"

"Certainly, and welcome."

"I want to go down the river to gather some pond lilies for—for a friend."

"I hope she'll like them," observed Harry, smiling.

"I'll return by half past two sharp," added Fred. "You've made up your mind to make an effort to find that bag to-night, I suppose."

"Yes. I feel dreadfully anxious about it. I ought to have tried to recover it yesterday, but I'm tied down here, my helper, Tommy, being sick, and my mother not feeling well. Meet me at the landing after supper and we'll see what we can do about it."

After dinner Fred set sail in the Spray for the place down the river, a little way below Campton, where the beautiful white pond lilies grew in abundance. Rapid River, so called from the rapids about four miles below Campton, was the outlet to Lake Chester. Below the rapids the river continued on its broadening course to the sea, ten miles distant.

In a short time Fred reached the place where he expected to find the lilies. Unperceived by the boy, who had been giving his whole attention to the management of the Spray, a row-boat, containing Dan Coles and Joe Carter, was following closely in his wake. Fred lowered sail and cast anchor near the west bank of the river and prepared to gather the lilies that grew in plenty here. A few minutes later he heard the sound of oars and looked round. He saw the boys in the rowboat; but paid no attention to them until they came alongside and began to climb into the Spray.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"We want this boat," said Dan, coolly.

"This is Joe Carter's boat and you are our prisoner."

"Better capture me first," advised Fred. He had no intention of allowing Carter and Coles to obtain possession of his friend's boat. He looked around for something with which to defend himself and to ward off the attacking party. There wasn't a stick or club of any kind aboard. He caught sight of the tiller-head. This suggested a weapon to him. Hastily detaching it he ran forward to where the boys were getting on board. Dan's hands were already upon the gunwale; they did not remain there long. Fred struck at them and Dan, with a howl of pain, let go his hold upon the boat. Instantly he whipped out his revolver and pointed it at Fred. The latter was just as quick in his movements; he swung the tiller-head round and knocked the pistol from the hand of its astonished owner, and it fell with a splash into the water. Dan now grasped an oar and tried to strike Fred, but the boy on the Spray took care to keep out of its reach. Watching his opportunity, when Dan drew back to give a good, swinging blow, Fred reached over the side of the boat and using all his strength struck at Dan's uplifted arms, with such telling effect that Dan dropped the oar as if it had been a hot poker. It fell into the water and began to float down stream. Joe reached out for it as it sailed by him, and

losing his balance tumbled headlong into the water. The row-boat would have capsized had not Fred, seeing the danger, leaned over the side of the Spray and steadied it. He could hardly keep from laughing at the ludicrous picture Joe presented in his undignified departure from the boat.

Dan now turned his attention to pulling his companion from the water. While he was thus engaged, Fred leaned over the side and secured the remaining oar. He felt now that he was the victor in this short but spirited fight and that he was in a position to dictate terms to the vanquished.

When Joe was pulled into the boat he presented an appearance that could hardly be called beautiful. After he had spit the river water from his mouth he turned angrily upon Dan and cried:

"What did you let go of that oar for, you idiot!"

"So as to give another idiot a chance to fall overboard in trying to recover it," retorted Dan.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Fred, master of the situation.

"We've come after that sail-boat," said Dan, "and we're going to get her."



"KEEP AWAY FROM THIS BOAT."

"Well, why don't you take her?" said Fred, smilingly, as he held the captured oar in his hand. Joe and Dan now held a whispered consultation. The result of it was that Dan inquired:

"When are you going back to Campton?"

"When I get ready."

"Can't you take us aboard or in tow? Joe wants to get home to change his clothes."

"I don't blame him for wanting to," said Fred, casting an admiring look at his late antagonist; "but I shan't take you aboard or in tow."

"Do you mean to say you are going to let us drift down the river and possibly over the rapids?" demanded Joe, becoming frightened.

"It would serve you right."

Joe looked appealingly at Dan.

"Can't you give us back that oar?" said Dan.

"We can't row up the river with only one oar," objected Joe.

"You can scull the boat across to the shore," said Fred. "It's only about a hundred yards. You can also pick some beautiful pond lilies on the way; it's a pity to have come so far and have to go home empty-handed."

"Well," agreed Dan; "give us that oar and we'll do it."

Instead of giving the oar immediately into Dan's possession, Fred utilized it to push the row-boat away from the Spray. When the boat had drifted

ten or twelve feet down stream he threw the oar to Dan. It landed in the bottom of the boat. Dan took it and began at once to scull toward the nearest shore.

"You'll hear from us again," he called back, as he shook his fist at Fred.

"All right," replied Fred; "that's a game that two can play at. We'll be ready for you. Much obliged for giving us timely warning. I must put Harry on his guard," he added to himself.

He now proceeded to gather pond lilies unmolested, and when he had collected all he wanted he set sail for home.

Mrs. Hunter, who had been ill for several days, came to the store to-day for the first time. Harry thus had an opportunity to pay a visit to Mr. Harris, of which he immediately availed himself.

He found the injured man much improved. He was sitting up in bed. He greeted Harry with a smile of welcome.

"I am sorry, Mr. Harris," began Harry.

"Mr. what?" interrupted the man.

"Mr. Harris."

"Oh, yes; go on, please."

"I am sorry I didn't take better care of my passenger the other day."

"Your passenger? What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you remember? I took you as a passenger on board my boat at Chester last Friday afternoon."

"I don't remember anything about it," replied Mr. Harris, to Harry's unspeakable amazement. He began to fear that his late passenger had lost his mind. But that could not be, he reasoned; the man seemed to be in full possession of his mental faculties.

"I didn't even know how I came to be lying in this bed," continued the sick man, "until Marcus Only told me. He said you and he had saved me from drowning; that's all. But how did I happen to be near drowning? and how did I get that terrible blow on the head?"

Harry now clearly saw that, to say the least, the man had lost his memory. Thereupon he told him the story of the trip down the lake and the collision with the Lake Belle.

"And," continued Harry, "you had with you a small leather bag that you took good care of. You said that it contained papers that would throw some light upon my father's past life. He disappeared from home mysteriously about nine years ago."

"Some papers concerning your father, you say!" cried the man, almost leaping from the bed.

"Yes, sir; so you said."

"Where is that bag now?"

"It sank with the boat."

"Good heavens! Have you done anything toward recovering it?"

"Not yet, but I shall to-night."

"Fatal delay! fatal delay! The bag was lost three days ago, you say."

"Yes, sir."

"Recover it to-night, if possible! Spare no expense. I'll see that you lose nothing—and you may gain a good deal. That bag must be recovered."

Here the sick man, overcome apparently by what he had just learned, sank wearily back upon his pillow. He did not close his eyes, but seemed to be buried in deep thought. He turned his gaze upon Harry once or twice and muttered something, but the boy could not distinguish what it was, and fearing the man might relapse into his former feverish condition, he bade him good night and withdrew.

"Don't forget the bag—the important papers," said the sick man, almost plaintively, as Harry left the room.

Fred Coulter called for Harry immediately after supper. The two friends at once set sail for Rattlesnake Island. It was nearly dark when they got there. They had brought with them a long garden rake and a boat-hook, borrowed for the occasion from a friend of Harry's.

As soon as they reached the spot where Harry judged the Flashaway had sunk they lowered the sail, cast anchor and got aboard the row-boat to begin their work.

Fred steadied the little boat as best he could while Harry reached down into the water with the rake, his object being to locate the sunken Flashaway. Fred, under Harry's direction, rowed around the place where it was thought the boat lay. They kept up this work until interrupted by the sound of oars. Looking in the direction whence the sounds had come the boys were surprised to discover a boat containing Dan Coles and three others of the "Lower-Enders." The latter were coming directly toward them.

"Another fight," remarked Fred.

"Yes," said Harry, grimly; "let's get ready for them."

"Hullo, Harry," greeted Dan, pleasantly, as the boat came nearer. "Have you found that bag yet?"

"What bag?"

"Don't play innocent. You're not trying to raise the Flashaway with a garden rake, I take it. You'd give a good deal to find that bag, wouldn't you, now? Suppose I should tell you something about it; what's the information worth?"

"Don't trust him," whispered Fred; "he only means mischief. Knock him on the head if he comes any nearer."

"Keep away from this boat!" commanded Harry, laying hold upon an oar, and making ready to use it.

"How long since have you owned this lake I should like to know!" demanded Dan. Then he whispered something to the boy nearest to him. This was evidently the signal for an attack. The new-comers' boat was rowed swiftly alongside the other boat and all four grasped and raised an oar evidently with the intention of using it as a club with which to attack our friends. Fred and Harry warded off the blows as best they could, but they were fore-ordained to defeat at the hands of superior numbers. Fred reached out with the boat-hook and had the good fortune to lay hold upon Ike Duke by the coat collar and pull him into the water. Ike's friends, enraged at Fred's success, now closed in upon the two boys and a hand-to-hand combat followed. Harry and Fred were seized, thrown into the bottom of the boat and in a twinkling bound hand and foot with rope which Dan had ready at hand for that purpose.

The attack had come so unexpectedly, and their little boat offered them such an insecure fighting place as against the larger boat of their adversaries that they were wholly unprepared to offer effective resistance.

"Take them into the cave," commanded Dan.

The little boat was taken in tow of Dan's boat and landed upon the shore of the island. Then the two captives were led into the cave. This cave was about a hundred yards from the shore, large in extent, and the entrance was so completely hidden by thickly growing bushes that hardly anyone unaware of its exact location could have found it.

The captives were laid side by side upon the hard, rocky floor of the cave.

"Now, boys," said Dan, as a parting shot, "you can enjoy yourselves here as well as possible while we go and fish up that valuable bag."

Saying which he left the cave, followed by his companions.

Chapter VII

Leaving the prisoners in the cave, Dan and the other boys returned to their boat. They appropriated the oars, rake, and boat-hook in the boat which Harry had brought with him and transferred them to their own. Then they rowed out to the place where they had come upon Harry and Fred searching for the lost bag. Like Harry, they made use of the rake, but succeeded no better than he had done.

"I must dive for it," said Dan, at last. "It's no earthly use poking this old rake down into the water any longer. It's probably too short, any way."

He removed his clothing and dived into the water. He remained below as long as possible,

then came to the surface to catch his breath and rest, holding onto the side of the boat.

"Did you find anything?" eagerly inquired the boys in the boat.

"No; but I'm going down again in a few minutes."

He dived a second time, but found nothing. After resting awhile he made a third attempt. This time he did discover something. Thoroughly satisfied, he arose to the surface, and climbed into the boat.

"What luck?" inquired Ike.

"No luck at all," said Dan, in apparent disgust. "It's no use wasting any more time here to-night. We shall have to come up here again to-morrow and search in the daylight. I don't believe we're anywhere near the place where the Flashaway went down, and I don't believe Hunter knows any more about it than we do. He was too rattled when the thing happened. Or else he saw us coming and pretended to search here in order to throw us off the scent. He's a tricky fellow."

"Let's bring him down here and force him to show us exactly where the boat sank," suggested Ned Oakes.

"No," said Dan, quickly; "that wouldn't do. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Old Marcus Only probably knows as much about the location of the sunken Flashaway as Harry does. We can easily force him to show us the place."

"That's so," acquiesced Ned. "He won't dare to refuse. When shall we make another attempt?"

"To-morrow afternoon," replied Dan. "I've got to go to Chester in the morning. It must be clearly understood that none of you fellows try to get that bag till I'm with you."

"Certainly," agreed the others.

"Now," said Dan, when he had donned his clothing, "let's go and see how our prisoners are getting along."

"Shall we leave them on the island all night?" asked Ike.

"No—that would be going too far. We'll just liberate them and let them go about their business, and we'll tell them we intended only to play a little joke on them. We must be careful and not have the police after us. We must also see that they leave the neighborhood before we do; otherwise they may continue to search for the bag. We'll go back to Campton in the White Spray. She really belongs to Joe Carter. His father simply loaned her to Hunter for a few days, and I promised Joe I would make Harry return her to him, which he isn't willing to do. He can't help himself now."

It was of course very dark in the cave. Dan struck a match and looked around him. "Hello, you fellows," he said, "we've carried our little joke far enough."

"I guess the joke is on us," remarked Ned, who, with a lighted match in his hand, was making a search of the cave. "There's no one here!"

"Yes," said Dan, "they've freed themselves and are gone." Which was a self-evident fact and one of which the other boys did not need to be informed.

"But where could they go?" asked Ned.

"Not far," replied Dan, confidently. "The island is only half a mile long. They've probably gone to try to get somebody passing by in a boat to take them off."

"Then we'd better get out of here," suggested Ike. "They may bring help and bag us."

"That's so," agreed Dan. "We'd better make tracks for home."

Acting upon this suggestion, the boys groped their way out of the cave and returned to their boats. There was only one boat here now—the one which belonged to Dan. Where was the other, that which Harry had brought in tow of the Spray?

The boys were nonplussed and looked at each other in mute questioning.

Now let us return to Harry and Fred.

"Well, Fred, how do you feel?" inquired Harry, after Dan and his companions had gone.

"I feel like the prisoner of Chillon in his cell," replied Fred. "How do you feel?"

"I feel like getting out of here. By the way, I

didn't know there was a cave on this island."

"Neither did I. We must explore it sometime. We can't very well now. I wonder how long those dime novel heroes intend to leave us here."

"Probably until they succeed in finding that bag," replied Harry, soberly. "But I don't intend to stay here."

"What do you intend to do—fly away?"

"Hardly—get free and walk away."

"I wish you'd let me into the secret; I want to get away, too."

"So you shall. Don't talk so loud. One of those fellows may be on guard at the mouth of the cave. I'm lying directly on a piece of sharp rock. It cuts into my back every time I try to move, and I guess if it cuts my back it will also serve to cut the rope that's around my body. I'm going to try it."

Harry moved his body so that the rock came in contact with the rope that bound him. He managed to draw the rope to and fro over the sharp surface of the rock, a necessarily slow and tiresome proceeding. Soon, however, he had the pleasure of feeling that he was making some headway toward freedom. The strands of rope were being severed little by little. After about twenty minutes' hard work the remaining strand of the rope suddenly parted with a snap.

"Have you cut the rope?" asked Fred in an eager whisper.

"Yes," replied Harry. "We'll be out of here in a couple of minutes."

His hands now being free, he used his jack knife to cut the rope that bound his feet. Then he liberated Fred.

"Hurrah!" cried the latter. "Now I feel like Monte Cristo—the world is mine!"

"We're not out of the woods (or rather the cave) yet," reminded Harry, as he carefully made his way toward the faint ray of light that marked the outlet of the cavern.

The two boys crept silently through the narrow passage and out into the moonlight.

"I'd like to know whether they've found that bag yet," whispered Harry.

"Let's go down near the shore and watch them," suggested Fred.

"Hush!" warned Harry; "they're coming ashore."

The two boys hid behind a clump of bushes and watched and waited to see what their late captors were about.

(To be continued)

Driving in Holland

Elephant, water buffalo, man and other curiously driven vehicles have been depicted in previous issues of the STAR MONTHLY in our series of "How the World Travels," but this is the first dog driven team we have shown. It shows



a Holland matron out for her morning shopping in Enkhuysen, Holland. From stereograph copy-right 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



IHAD just time to make a few purchases that were absolutely necessary, before the Carrie Phillips would sail; for wind and tide were both favorable, and skipper Dan was impatient to take advantage of

both and get started. His hurry was owing to the fact that several other schooners were getting ready for trips to the same waters. He was anxious to be the first on the ground, and if possible, carry the first fresh mackerel of the season into New York. The Carrie Phillip's destination was therefore the waters off the Delaware coast, or between there and Cape Hatteras.

By nine o'clock everything was in readiness for the start. The skipper had come on board, and all hands were hard at work, making sail or breaking out and getting up the heavy anchor. Then it was "up jib and away." As the little schooner slipped swiftly down the harbor, I round time for one last look at home. At the cottage door I could just make out a waving handkerchief, that told me I was being watched and remembered.

Once outside, we were all kept busy for a couple of hours, setting light sails, coiling lines, stowing odds and ends, and making everything snug. The course we were heading would carry us just clear of Cape Cod, with its treacherous bars; and before a spanking breeze, under a press of canvas that would have done credit to a yacht, the Phillips tore along as though sailing an ocean race she was bound to win. Almost any fishing vessel but a mackereller going out at this stormy season would have left both top-masts and her jib-boom at home, being content with the safest of working sails. To the early mackerel catcher, however, every minute gained may mean many extra dollars in pocket; so his craft sails in racing trim, and carries her canvas to the extreme of recklessness.

Mackerel is a fish that is caught in large numbers off the Atlantic coast of the United States every year, but there are few fish about which so little is known. Where they come from and where they go are still unsolved mysteries. Every year about the middle of March they appear in great schools just north of Cape Hatteras. They are very thin at this time, and hardly fit for food; but soon after they strike the feeding grounds of the coast they begin to improve, until early in June, when they have worked their way as far north as New England waters, they are in first rate condition. They run as far north as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from which, in the fall, they suddenly disappear, to be seen no more until the following spring.

All through the summer, but especially at the very first of the season, those that are caught near a port are packed in ice and carried into the market fresh. The greater part of the year's catch is, however, salted in barrels on board the schooners, and afterwards repacked on shore, in kits or boxes, marked according to the size and quality of the fish they contain, No. 1, 2, 3, or 4, and sent all over the world.

Like all fishing schooners, the Phillips had a fore-castle, in which several of the crew slept, and

in which were also the cook stove and mess table. Back of it were the pantry and storeroom, in which were ten fresh water-tanks. Still farther aft was the hold, divided into pens by partitions of rough boards. These were now filled with cakes of ice, but later would be used for fish. Aft the hold was the cabin, in which the skipper and five of the crew found sleeping accommodations. It was neatly finished in ash, and running along three sides of it was a broad transom that served as a seat or lounging place. The only furniture was a small coal stove, securely fastened in the middle of the floor. On the walls hung a clock, a barometer, and a thermometer. A few charts were stowed overhead in a rack, and flung around in the bunks or on the transom, were a number of paper covered novels.

The business of fishing is conducted upon the system of shares. That is, half the value of the catch, after outfitting expenses have been deducted, goes to the owners of the vessel, and half to the crew. Although the skipper and cook are not required to take part in the actual business of fishing, each of them receives a full share. The skipper gets, in addition, four per cent of the value of the catch, and the cook has regular wages.

The living on a fishing schooner is generally superior to that on almost any other craft. It consists of fresh meat, whenever it can be obtained, fresh fish, dried fruit, soft bread, cakes and pies, eggs, condensed milk, and always tea and coffee, hot, strong, and in abundance.

The Carrie Phillips was manned by a picked crew of twelve men, including the skipper and cook. They were young, strong, and active, and, except myself, all were skillful fishermen. I considered myself very fortunate in obtaining a berth at a time of year when there were so many good men anxious to ship. That I had done so was largely owing to the friendship existing between the skipper, Captain Dan McLoud, and my uncle, who was a fish buyer on T wharf, Boston.

I had made one trip to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the year before, on a cod fishing trip which lasted fourteen weeks, but never had been mackereling, or fresh fishing before, and when the skipper consented to ship me for the trip he said:

"It's a hard life, my boy, and one full of chances. Every man may have a hundred dollars to his credit before the week is out, and then again we may cruise for a month and not make enough to pay for our ice. You will find plenty of work, and hard work at that. There are perils of all kinds waiting on every minute of the night and day, and they'll come when you least expect them. I'd rather a boy of mine would saw wood for a living on land, than to try and make it by fishing. Besides all this, as you are a green hand at mackereling, I can only offer you half a share for this trip. Still, if you are bound to come, I'm glad to have you, and as soon as you get the hang of the business, I'll give you a full share. So bring along your dunnage, lad, and may good-luck come with you."

I knew when I shipped on the Phillips that it would not be all plain sailing, and that I would have a lot to learn before I could be called an A. 1 hand. Still, hard and dangerous as the business

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from their haunts with C. C. Bait. Acts the same on fish, (all kinds) as catnip does on cats or anise on dogs. Nothing with fins can resist it. 15c. a package; 2 for 25c. ELEGANT PREMIUMS GIVEN. BONN SPECIALTY CO., Beverly, Mass.

might be, I felt that I'd rather try and make a living at it than anything else I knew of, particularly on account of my health, which was always better on the water, and I felt thankful to Captain Dan for giving me the chance.

Soon after leaving port, the skipper called all hands aft to draw for bunks and to "thumb the hat." The bunks had numbers chalked on them, and now the skipper held in his hand as many small sticks as there were men in the crew. Each stick had notches cut in it corresponding to the numbers of the bunks, and one by one the crew stepped up and drew them from the skipper's hand. Thus the sleeping quarters were distributed with perfect fairness, and there was no chance for grumbling, I was lucky enough to draw one of the wide bunks in the cabin, and at once hastened to stow my possessions in it.

When all the berths had been thus distributed, the crew again gathered aft, and each man placed

we stood off and on, with a man constantly at the mast-head, scanning the surface of the water in the hope of seeing mackerel. The great seine-boat was got overboard, and with the seine in it, was towed behind the schooner, ready for instant use.

At length, after four tedious days of this work, the impatient crew were brought tumbling on deck in a hurry one fine morning by the welcome cry of "There they school; half a mile away, off weather bow!"

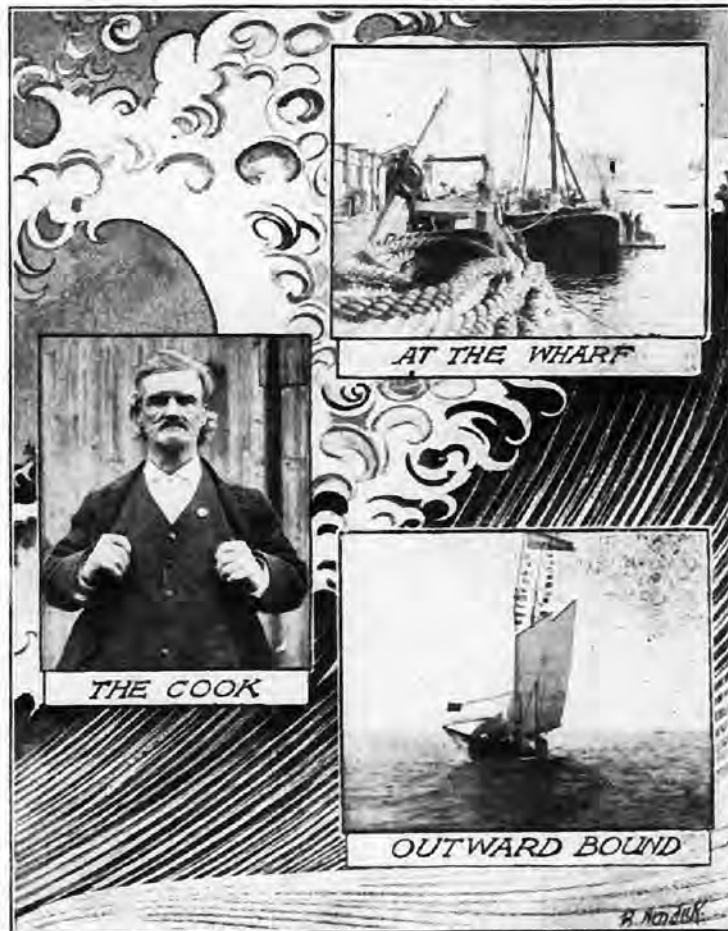
Next month Dr. Birge will give The STAR MONTHLY readers a first hand account of how the mackerel were caught. This article will be illustrated by original photos some of which are the only ones ever taken of interesting stages of the fishing. ED.

Works Both Ways

THE Chicago Women's Clubs have decided that a boy should learn to sew, set the table, prepare meals, wash dishes and in fact be a graduate in all the Domestic Sciences.

This has aroused a great discussion among the successful men of Chicago. Some hold that the making of beds and pie is vital to the complete education of a boy, while others say that such an idea is bosh, and prove it by pointing to Washington, Clay, Napoleon and other great men who were not noted for their ability to peel the plebeian potato, or to manufacture the toothsome but indigestible pie.

Our frank opinion is that in this age of specialists a boy is wasting his time to take a course in domestic science. Of course any right minded boy is willing and competent to help his mother wash the dishes, but we see no necessity of his delving deep in the esoterics of the art of cooking etc., unless he intends to become a chef. If the boy is inclined to monkey around the kitchen, let him do so, but do not try to make a second rate woman out of a first rate man. If the women of the Chicago Commons Club insist on making their sons domestic science graduates, let the fathers unite in insisting that the girls should learn to be bricklayers, farm-



a thumb on the rim of an old straw hat that had been laid on top of the cabin. The skipper turned his back to them, one of the men named a number, and, without looking to see whose it was, the skipper touched one of the thumbs. Then he counted around until the number mentioned was reached. The man at whose thumb he stopped was to stand first watch and trick at the wheel, the next man on his right the second, and so on. There would be two men on watch in bad weather, but one is generally considered sufficient when it is fine.

With the parting injunction to "mind, now, and remember who you are to call," the skipper went below. As eight bells, or twelve o'clock, was struck, the man who had first watch took the wheel, gave a glance at the compass, another at the sails, and the regular routine of duty was begun.

Now dinner was announced, and after the skipper was seated, the half of the crew that reached the mess table and secured seats were entitled to be "first table" during the trip. The others had to be content to eat at "second table." I was not posted as to this, and consequently was among those who got left when the rush took place. This was a trifling circumstance though, as the food was equally as good and well served as at the first table.

The cruise thus fairly begun was continued without incident until we reached the fishing grounds off the Virginia capes. Then, under easy sail,

ers, truck drivers, etc. The rule should work both ways. Who knows but it will? Women are even now occupying manly positions and it is a well known fact that the best cooks and milliners are men—but that is because they make a specialty of the one science, perhaps.

The Rich Man's Son

IF THE popular baiting of rich people continues much longer we shall all be obliged to keep away from them for the sake of our reputations. In school the boy whose father is wealthy will have to sit by himself while the honest poor boys bunch together, and whisper: "His pa is no good—he's too rich;" and they will ask him so pointedly "Where did you get it?" that he will think he got it principally where Minnehaha wore the beads.

When this time comes it will be your duty to be kind to the rich man's son. You must remember that he has not had the opportunities you have, and it is his misfortune rather than his fault that riches will accumulate.

Show your independence and if the boy burdened with the weight of his father's riches is a good sort of a chap do not be afraid to treat him as your equal. Such unselfish kindness may make your less broad minded brothers ashamed of their actions.

There's an old fable about the fox and the grapes that ought to be dragged into this homely somehow. Perhaps you can find a place for it.



TRY TO answer all these puzzles. The more you answer the better chance you have for a prize. Five prizes given. All answers for the May contest must be in the Editor's office by May 30th at the latest. Address, Puzzle Editor, STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ill.

If you have a good, original puzzle help this department by sending it to the editor.

No. 1. MAY CHARADE

Across my first the captain stalks,
A sailor brave, devoid of fear.
If you will listen to my next,
Well chosen words you'll hear.

My last's part of time—'tis well
You idle not its golden hours.
On soldiers' graves, upon my whole,
We place our flags and flowers.

No. 2. CONNECTED SQUARES

Each square reads down and across the same.

- To prevent by fear.
- A Roman magistrate.
- Fatigue.
- To prefer.
- Restores. A fragment.
- A disease in cattle.
- A kind of bird.
- To eject.
- Indentations.

No. 2. SHAKESPEARE PUZZLE.

Find the names of six characters from the play of "King John" in the sentences below. One name is concealed in each sentence.

1. Willie found his lost caramel under the sofa.
2. The curlew is a wading bird.
3. The knight wore a long sword at his side.
4. Tim obtained a bat from Lib. I got a glove from Jane.
5. The ape, terrified by the unusual noise, trembled in the corner of his cage.
6. Hobart hurried home.

Answers to April Hard Knots

No. 1. APRIL ALTERNATES

A R N O L D
A S L E E P
R E V E R E
I S A N T I
L O N D O N
B E L I E F
O L I V E R
U L T I M O
L E S L I E

No. 2. WORD SQUARE

L A S S I E
A L P E N A
S P R A T S
S E A C A T
I N T A K E
E A S T E R

No. 3. FIND HIS AGE

Sweetheart is lover. Three fifths are three letters. o-e-r. take o-e-r from revol leaves l-v. l-v is 55. John Tyler left office when 55 years old.

No. 4. BACKWARD AND FORWARD

Peep—peep
Loop—pool
Tip—pit
D:aw—ward
Brag—garb

March Prize Winners

- Harold Beatty 1239 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J.
- Glen R. Ripley, R. D. No. 5, Erie, Pa.
- Edward Vanderpoel, 372 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Ray Clouf, R. F. D. No. 2, Auburn, Wash.
- Robt. E. Bruce, Jr., 408 1/2 N. 8th St., Richmond, Va.

★ ★ ★

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We have succeeded in reproducing from the original, by the celebrated "Pach Bros", photographers, a beautiful and artistic half-tone of the President, size 6x8 mounted on heavy card; a very desirable addition to any collection; sent postpaid 25c. in coin. **Cambridge Art Specialty Co., Box 13, North Cambridge, Mass.**

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A POTTAGE OF PALATABLE PARAGRAPHS

The World's Biggest Business

THE Union Stock Yards in Chicago constitute the greatest commercial enterprise on earth. Here 47,000 persons find employment in the packing trade, and 200,000 others are dependent on their earnings. To keep this vast army busy 17,000,000 animals were slaughtered last year, coming from every corner of the union by 27 railroad lines. There are 13,000 brick paved pens to hold the animals, with running water and fresh feed always handy.

Business is conducted with the usual western "hustle." Two men will ride up to a pen and glance over the cattle it contains.

"Sixty-seven," says one of the riders. "Sixty eight," says the other just as tersely. "Split," says the first man after a further glance at the animals, and a close estimate of their weight. "Take 'em," nods the seller. "Weigh 'em," says the buyer, and in that cryptic language they complete a transaction which involves thousands of dollars, for the purchaser has bid \$4.67 per hundred weight for the stock, and the other who is a commission man has compromised on \$4.67 1/2.



From the weighing room where they are weighed 20 at a time, the cattle are driven to the packing house that buys them; and are slaughtered as they are needed. Hogs are driven down inclined chutes to their doom, but cattle and sheep have to be enticed into the killing-pens by trained steers and goats. It is significant that this animal-betrayer is known throughout the yards as "Judas."

A Boy With Red Blood

JOSEPH BELTON is a boy in Harlem, New York, who deserves the Carnegie medal for heroism, although he is only 9 years old.

He was playing "duck on the rock" with a number of companions, when he was struck by a street car and pitched onto the fender of another car coming in an opposite direction. This in turn tossed him to one side, but he jumped quickly up, ran into a drug store, and asked for some court-plaster.

The druggist, seeing that he was seriously hurt, for his head was actually fractured, called an ambulance; but Joseph seemed unconcerned. When one of his chums started off to tell his parents he caught him and said:

"If you go tellin' my mother, I'll knock your block off. She's ill, an' it might make her cry." All the other boys began to whimper.

"Put the babies out," said Joe airily, "I don't mind it. I've been hurt before."

When the ambulance arrived he refused to enter it until the surgeon in charge promised that his mother should not be informed of his mishap. It was only as he walked up the hospital steps that this little man's fortitude gave out and he fainted. If Joe survives the ills of youth there's a niche in the hall of Fame vacant for him.

One Man's Meat, etc.

FRENCHMEN eat snails as a special luxury and say they taste better than oysters. The snails are gathered from the hedgerows and are of two varieties—big "whites" and little "greys." They are carried to a snail farm and put in boxes of dry moss surrounded by growing cabbages on which to fatten.

A SNAIL FARM



When marketable the snails are boiled in their shells, and the opening is sealed with a specially prepared condiment of butter and herbs. When eaten they are grilled over a fire for a few moments, and the melting paste imparts a delicious flavor to the festive snail. Delicious? Well, tastes differ among nations as among individuals.

Out in eastern Arkansas, for instance, a tra-

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed

An energetic young woman living just outside of N. Y. writes:

"I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would be so.

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals.

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



veler noticed a squatter sitting on a log in the sun.

"Why don't you sit in the shade?" curiously.
 "Tain't time yet—fever ain't come on," replied the native.

"You're a fool," said the visitor.
 "I ain't feelin' lonesome, mister."
 "How lony have you lived here?"
 "About thirty years."

"And had chills all that time? Then why in thunder don't you move out?"

"And ketch some other disease I don't know nothin' about?" said the squatter. "Not much. Why mister, I've had chills so long now that I ain't fit for nothin'"cept to sift meal and shake down persimmons."

The Boy's Kick

"WHAT is the boy's place in the family circle?" Too often he is given the poorest room in the house because, being a boy, he is untidy; and while his sister's room may be decorated with all kinds of gewgaws, he is not credited with any taste for what is merely refined or pretty. Without consulting his desires he is appointed errand-runner-in-chief for the family; and if he loiters on the road to watch the train go by or to encourage a dog fight, it is regarded as little short of a crime. Perhaps if the older folks were required to run a quarter the trivial errands on which they send boys, they would find their needs much simplified.



Nor is his position in that wider family of the world much of a sinecure. He is expected to give way to his elders even when he knows they are in the wrong; and if he rebels he is called a "sassy kid." An instance of this occurred one day on a street car. It was crowded, and sitting next each other were a fat man and a small boy. At the next crossing two ladies entered, but could find no seats.

"Here boy," said the man gruffly, "get up and give one of those ladies a seat."
 "You get up yourself, fatty," said the boy, "and give 'em both a seat!" And the funny thing is that the fat man thought he was polite, and the boy "sassy."

St. Bernard's Dogs

FEW OF all the tourists who visit Switzerland venture to climb the St. Bernard to see the monks and their celebrated dogs. Yet such men and such dogs are well worth a visit.

At the summit of the Swiss Alps winter is perpetual, and only the hardiest natures can withstand its rigors. The monks average 15 years of service, after which, broken in health they must retire to the valley to die. There are 50 of them and they keep the entire Hospice running on \$8,000 a year—which is no mean achievement when the great donations to other hospitals are compared.

As for the dogs, the original St. Bernards perished in a snow storm a hundred years ago, but the present breed shows quality that is worthy of their traditions. The mountain paths are lined with tall guide posts, but these are often buried in snow, and it is when travelers stray from the right road that the dogs prove their mettle. They never fail to discover a wanderer though he may lie beneath a shroud of snow five feet deep.

A celebrated St. Bernard dog named Barry has a monument erected to him. He saved 40 persons.



and was stabbed to the heart by a dying soldier whom he had come to rescue, and who thought he was some wild beast. Monks and dogs—they both practice charity in silence, and disappear unknown.

The Country Postmaster

NOT ALL postmasters get paid for their work. More than 14,000 receive less than fifty dollars a year for the honor of serving Uncle Sam. The department at Washington has on file Illinois letter which reads:—

"I feel honored by my appointment as postmaster, and am glad to know that the salary is to be the same as heretofore, namely, nothing a year—for I'd hate like thunder to pay anything."

The Fourth Assistant Postmaster recently received a hurriedly scrawled communication from a fourth-rate postmaster which read: "Along about 3 this afternoon a passel of our best citerzens told me that if I wasn't gone by midnight they 'lowed to tar and feather me and rail-ride me out av town, and a spell ago a friend let me know they had decided to make 9 o'clock sharp instead uv midnight, and are now a-biling the tar. So you can see its high time to step down and out."

Yours trewly, T. P. WAYBACK.
 P. S. It's 8.42 right now and I'm off. T. P. W.

Little Italy

PUBLIC school teachers in the Italian quarters of our large cities receive many presents from their lively charges, ranging from a decayed tomato to a five-dollar bill. Of course the offer of money always results in a strict inquiry as to its source, but flowers, if faded are sometimes accepted. A boy named Tony brought a big bunch of expensive white roses; and when questioned, swore first that he had bought them, then that his mother had sent them as a present. Finally when cornered, he blured out: "I taka from da tsemetary. Da man he no care—he dead."



In the Chicago night schools the foreign pupils are sometimes put to write personal letters to improve their English. One Venetian wrote:—

Dear frendly,

I am taken the plesure to let you no that I receive your letter and she made very surprise. You wonder why make me leive home. I was that time 18 year ye and you no I call on nice girls and my old lady don't like that. Well I was tired to listen every night the same story but an other mean trik she done me. One night she cut me in a park walkin with my little Irish poteto Nellie Macarthy—she was a sweet girl like a suger. Well—let a go that. So she call me news an want to slap me. So that gat me so mad and I left rit next day and got in here in United Stets. I don't think if I ever go back in Italy if I go. I go, just for see my lovely mother and father.

Your trewly frend,
 G. Salvatore.

You will be interested in the Coming Men of America if you read the article in this issue, on page thirty. Do it now.

Figure It Out

Did you ever stop to consider the value of the energy you waste? Here's a simple, but mighty convincing illustration:
 A man in walking two steps goes five feet. On an ordinary bicycle he covers 16 feet in one pedal revolution. But, on a Standard-geared



Racycle



twenty-one feet is what he covers with one pedal turn. Ride a RACYCLE—store your power. Write us and we will be glad to explain why the RACYCLE pushes further and faster than any bicycle.

We have no cheap Racycles, but try and secure agency for your town and get your cheap

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Money-making P.L.A.N.S. for Young America

The Young Store Keeper



I THINK perhaps my experience may serve as an inspiration to some of my STAR MONTHLY friends. My opportunity came two years ago, to be exact in Sept. 1904. Summer vacation was just closing and I, after three months of enjoyable summer work, was just ready to start to school.

A neighbor knowing that I was always ready for a chance to make money, asked me why I did not go into business for myself. I said I would when I got a good chance. She said she would offer me the chance in the shape of the little store in front of the school. By the way I am writing this letter in this store at this minute. After some bargaining I purchased her stock.

In order to attract customers I immediately purchased \$30.00 worth of attractive stock, stuff that I knew the fellows would like. As I kept my prices down the fellows were all glad to trade with me. Besides school supplies, I always kept a fine line of good candy, tops, books, marbles, etc. in season. Whenever I saw a novelty I



thought would be a puller, I bought a few and put them in my window. If they sold I laid in a good stock. From a school boy's viewpoint my store was the best around for I always took care to study what they liked and supply them. My store is the smallest in size, but it is the most popular.

The great beauty of my business is that the sales are for cash. It is not a good thing for a small store to give credit. As my trade is composed almost solely of school boys, I only have to keep the store open out of school hours. Thus it does not interfere with my school work.

I have been in business one year and my stock is always worth \$150. From the proceeds of the store I have paid my rent, kept our house in coal all winter, paid the doctor bill and still had plenty of spending money.

I hope some of my STAR MONTHLY readers will try this way of making money. It is a good one. All any boy has to do is to get a small wooden building about 9 feet by 12 feet, as near a school as possible, and start in business. If there are not more than three or four stores selling supplies you can make a hit. All the kids

will be glad to buy from you, as long as you keep prices down, as low as the other stores. Start a store and be your own boss. It is the only business I know of that pays over 50 per cent.

HAROLD KOGELSCHATZ,
Detroit, Mich.

Make Money With Worms

How many readers know how much money and pleasure can be had raising worms? Silk worms I mean.

In the spring of 1904, I saw in a paper that the department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. would send to anyone interested and who has the proper food, a supply of silk worm eggs with a book of instruction, free of charge. I sent for them during the month of May. I hatched the eggs by exposing them to the air in large trays covered with paper. The rearing of the worms consists of feeding four to six times a day and keeping the trays cleared out. I was about one month raising mine and during that time many people visited me to see my worms, and indeed it was a show to see them eat. There were six trays full, each tray measured about 3 x 3 feet and when I fed the worms they made a noise like rain falling on a roof.

You may read all the books on silk worms you want to, but you will never understand this little animal until you raise him from egg to butterfly. After feeding mine for about a month they commenced to make silk; each worm wove him a house of yellow silk. Then I sorted the cocoons, and kept out what I wanted to live and make butterflies, (it is the butterfly that lays the eggs) the rest I killed by exposing them to steam. After some time I shipped the cocoons to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. I received 75 cents per pound for my cocoons. I will advise any one who has mulberry trees, a easily ventilated, rat, mice and bird proof room, and a few minutes spare time each day to raise some silk worms. Aside from the money to be made from this work the information and pleasure derived will amply repay for all labor.

This work is particularly suited to women and children and those who have poor health. If any thing is not made plain by me, your instruction book will clear up the mystery. If not, write to me and send a stamp and you will get my views on the matter. I will be glad to correspond with brothers in the C. M. A. and others who have had experience in this line. I will give you all some of the silk growers mottoes:—

"Cotton is silver but silk is gold." "Cotton is king, but silk is queen."

RALPH G. NORMAN, O. T. N., Oldtown, Va.

Pigeons for Profit

THE most profitable industry for Young America to embark in, is squab raising. For boys of small means, the breeding of squabs for market is specially attractive. Owing to the law prohibiting the keeping of game birds in cold storage, and the shipping of quail to market, squabs have taken their place on the bill of fare and are very much in demand.

The demand for fat, plump squabs is practically unlimited. But before I write any further I wish to say that lazy people had better remain out of the squab business. Now boys, the first thing you want to do is to get some good birds for your breeders. Some squab raisers say it is more profitable to pay \$3.00 per pair for mated stock, than \$1.50 per pair for scrub stock unmated. Buy young birds in preference to old

ones. The Homer pigeon is about the best you can buy. Homers with full round breasts, of medium size, full of action and vitality, will produce the most suitable and desirable squabs. Bear in mind that the large vigorous hen pigeons produce the fine squabs. The Runt is the largest of pigeons, but a very poor worker, seldom producing more than four pairs of squabs per year.

It costs about six cents to raise a squab to five weeks old. On a pigeon ranch at Los Angeles, Cal., the owner, T. Y. Johnson has about 15,000 birds which bring him in a revenue of about \$12,000. At feeding time the air is full of birds. It is estimated that there are about 3,000 men and women in South Jersey engaged in the squab culture. As your experience increases so will your success develop. Keen observation will teach something new all the time. Never feed your pigeons whole corn, especially during breeding season, as the grains are too large to be fed to the young squabs. Never use zinc drinking pans.

Give your pigeons some wheat but not too much, as it has a tendency to darken the flesh of the squabs. Squab flesh is white before they fly. The color changes after they fly. The market price is a third better for white flesh. The difference in price between dark and white squabs in market, is about fifteen to twenty-five cents a pair. Your pigeon loft must be free from crevices, mice, cats, and substantially wind proof. Pigeons prefer to roost upon shelves rather than on regular perches. The pigeon house should always be placed where the drainage is good. Preferably upon a dry knoll, facing the south or southeast. Hemp seed is always a good food for pigeons. Musty grain acts like poison. Beware of it. Pigeons are fond of lime mortar, such as is used for foundation walks. Those who started like many others and failed, but who stuck to the business, profiting by the first failure, at last become masters of the art which they were taught in the costly school of experience. Now boys, I would like to tell you how to make a nice cheap house for your pigeons, one that will do to start with, but I fear my letter is already too long.

D. H. CARLTON, Boomer, N. C.

Peanut Growing

LAST summer I heard some men talking about peanuts and their great value, so I made up my mind to try a few. It took work but then I did not care for that. For the benefit of other readers of The STAR MONTHLY I will tell of my experience.

I asked my father to let me have a patch which was not in use and went to work hoeing it. I hoed it until the earth was finely pulverized and in a fine condition for the purpose for which it was to be used.

At planting time I went to a seedsman and bought some seed. Planting time is about the same as that of corn. Of course I did not get roasted nuts, as they will not grow, but I got the ones which had not been roasted. Then I began shelling the nuts. This must be done very carefully because if any of the pink skin on the kernels is broken the nut will not sprout. Now comes the process of curing. There are two ways now in use, either of which are very good.

One is to set a pole in the ground and build a platform around the base of the pole, piling the vine on the platform with the nuts inward. This shock, as it is called, may be topped with hay to keep out rain, etc.

The other is to set 4 posts in the ground and with these as corners, build a rack with the bottom 2 or 3 feet from the ground. The boards on the bottom should be just close enough to hold the vine, letting the nuts hang down in the interstices so that the wind may circulate freely through the nuts.

When the nuts are cured pick the good ones from the vines and put them in sacks in a dry cool place to keep. Peanuts may be sold or kept for personal use.

If they are to be sold a plan for their sale will readily present itself to the boy. If you keep them for personal use you may roast them by put-

(Continued on page 23)

SAVAGE

JUNIOR



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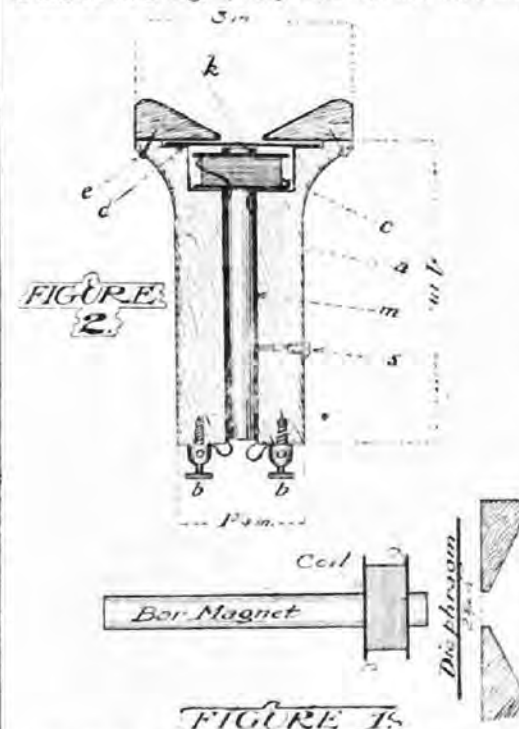


WHEN we started this department, we got lots of good articles on how to make things. At the present time we receive lots of contributions but very few of them are good. We do not care to be flooded with descriptions of how to make things which every boy has made since Shem and Ham helped their father build the ark. We want something original. You do not have to be a good writer to have your article accepted. If you have made something "different" that you think a boy or young man would like to make, write the description plainly and if necessary send a rough drawing to guide our artist in making a drawing for publication. Remember, we want descriptions of handy, useful and ingenious things. As far as possible, make your contributions seasonable. No clippings or articles copied from newspapers or books will be even considered. Do not expect us to write you about contributions sent to this department, or return unaccepted ones. Sometimes we have an article a year before it is published. Sometimes it is published immediately after it is received. Your notification of acceptance is the printing of the article in the STAR MONTHLY, and the receipt of the prize. For each article we accept we will pay \$1. in cash, or prize One, or choice of any two other prizes listed in our Prize Award Column, page 2. Address Craftsman Department, STAR MONTHLY.

An Electric Telephone

I WILL endeavor to describe to my young craftsmen friends, an electric telephone which will be found to work admirably. The construction is simple.

K, Fig. 2 is the mouth piece. Cut out a circle of 1 inch pine, 3 inches in diameter with a 1 inch hole in its center, bevel or slant off the rim of the 1 inch hole on one side to form the funnel shaped mouth-piece, and round off the outer edge on the same side. This mouth-piece should bevel to within 1/8 inch of the outer rim of the piece. After sandpapering, the mouth-piece is finished. Now let us turn our attention to A Fig. 2, which is a body of wood cut in the shape and size shown, with a bar magnet M running down its length through a 1/4 inch hole. And in a 1 inch hole which is bored at the top of this piece A, is placed a coil of fine wire which surrounds the magnet M and terminates in binding-posts B B. A diaphragm of ferrotype iron, such as tin-types are made on, is shown at D Fig. 2, very near but not touching



the end of magnet M. When this plate or diaphragm vibrates, it generates a current of electric-

ity through the fine wire. This current of electricity generates magnetism in the magnet of a similar instrument at the other end of the line, causing the diaphragm there to vibrate and reproduce the sound of the voice.

The parts A and B as before stated are cut out of pine. The magnet M may be bought for a few cents of any dealer in electrical goods, or may be made by taking a piece of tool steel a quarter of an inch in diameter by four inches long, and letting it stay on the field magnet of the dynamo in your city electric power house for a day or so. The coil C may be wound on a bobbin of proper size such as may be brought for a few cents, or one can be cut out of wood or cardboard to the proper size, (three-quarters of an inch diameter by one-half inch deep). The wire, which should be fine insulated wire, should be wound on smooth and evenly. After winding, the bobbin is then slipped on the magnet and the wire ends run down and fastened to binding screws as shown in Fig. 2.

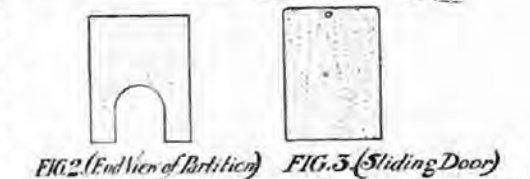
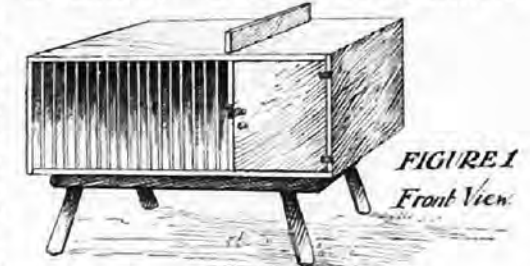
The magnet is adjusted so as to just clear the diaphragm and is then fastened in place with screw S. The mouth piece is then fastened to the top of piece A with two small screws or brads, E Fig. 2.

Your telephone is now complete. The line wires two of them, run from the binding posts, to an exactly similar instrument at the other end of the line and such instruments should work satisfactory for a distance of several blocks.

The line wire should be insulated at all contact points in the same manner as telegraph wires. **MILFORD WHINERY.**

Rabbit Hutches

THE most easily constructed, can be made out of an old tea or egg chest, one third being divided by a partition for a sleeping place—a hole being cut in it, Fig. 2, sufficiently large for the rabbit to pass through. A sliding door, Fig. 3,



must be made in the partition to confine the rabbits during the time of cleaning. Stout wires must be driven into the top and bottom of the hutch for the front, about an inch apart, and the door put on with two leather hinges, and fastened with a latch or buckle.

More finished hutches may be constructed on the same plan with the addition of a drawer for the food; this should be tinned around the edges, also the circular hole in the partition, as well as every other part of the inside of the hutch which the rabbits can bite with their teeth. The bottom should be quite smooth, with a slip taken off the lower part, and the hutch set a little backward for the water to run off.

The bucks hutch, Fig. 4, is generally made of quite a different shape to that of the doe's or breeding hutch, but there does not appear any good reason for its being so. The form is something of the shape of a Dutch oven with very little room for exercise. One made on the same plan as already described for does, with the wires a little stronger, should be more generally used, as the separate apartment enables the rabbit to exercise himself when he pleases. The buck must always be kept in an apartment of his own. The door to the buck's hutch is shown in Fig. 5, end view of Fig. 4.

Hutches may be set one upon another, or in rows, as most convenient; they should never be

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placed upon the ground, but elevated on wooden stools or benches and not put close to the wall,

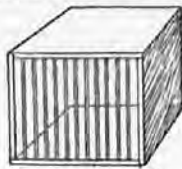


FIG. 4. Front View.

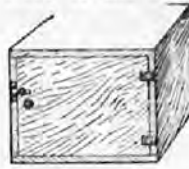


FIG. 5. End View.

but sufficient room left for the dung to pass off from the apertures made in the back of the floor. They should be kept in a dry place, exposure to humidity being fatal to rabbits.

FRED T. KERR,
347 Martland St., Ont., Can.

A Graduate Rack

A RACK like the one described below, will reduce the danger of broken graduates to a minimum. A saving all amateur Photographers will appreciate.

Take two strips of wood about 8 inches long by 1/2 inch thick, and several shorter strips, say 2 1/2 inches or longer, according to the size of the graduates to be used in the rack. Lay the longer strips on a box or table, and tack two of the shorter ones upon their ends so as to make a frame 2 1/2 x 8 inches. Fasten the other strips in the frame like the rungs in a ladder, having them wide enough apart to allow the graduates to pass half way through them, but too narrow for the larger upper half of the glass to sink through.

(The measurements given are 4 oz. graduates.) Tack the frame against the wall of the dark room like a shelf and the graduate rack is complete, and will answer the purpose as well as any of the expensive ones on the market. Be careful to use only small round tacks so as not to split the wood.

W. H. ROBERTS, O. T. N., Grovania, Ga.

Ancient Artillery

THE German government in its pursuit of military ideals is now remodelling some of the old Roman engines of war. (French papers please copy). Ancient ordnance was not so feeble

as has been believed if the instruments constructed by modern experts after old plans prove anything. One of them, the palintonon, hurled a 3 pound stone all of 600 feet, and with a 2 pound bullet knocked a hole in the landscape two thousand feet away. Another instrument called the onager threw a 1 pound bullet a third of a mile, which certainly was going the limit. Larger instruments with a tension of twelve tons were used to exchange prisoners between opposing camps. Oh, there were no flies on these Romans—in fact the flies had too much respect for their own reputations to be caught near them. The enthytonon, which sounds like a musical instrument but isn't, shot a dart about 3 feet long, a distance of 1200 feet and drove it through an iron-plated shield an inch thick. This record beats the third cannon, for even as late as Marlborough's day a cannon ball could be doged after it lost its first velocity.



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A Human Clothes Rack

It would not be advisable for the average man to follow the example of Gabriele D'Annunzio in the matter of travelling outfit. Recently on a journey D'Annunzio took fourteen trunks and an Italian newspaper had the enterprise to make an inventory of their contents with the following result in part: Seventy-two shirts, 144 pairs of plain socks, twenty-four pairs of silk socks, forty-eight pairs of day gloves, twenty-four pairs of evening gloves, eight silk mufflers, eight violet umbrellas, ten green parasols, twenty dozen handkerchiefs and 100 colored cravats.—N. Y. Chronicle.

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Given to Boys

A Handsome Base Ball Outfit, Express Charges Prepaid, consisting of Flannel Shirt, Padded Pants, College style Cap and Strong Belt, or **A Complete Base Ball Players' Outfit,** consisting of Handsome Chest Protector, Catchers' Jaced Mitt, five-fingered Fielders' Glove, College style Cap, strong Wire Mask, regulation Ball, and fine quality Belt.

FOR SELLING ONLY 24 OF OUR FAST SELLING GOOD HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS AT 10 CTS. EACH.

-BOYS-

WRITE AT ONCE.

We trust you with the Handkerchiefs to sell, 24 sent in one shipment; when sold, send us the money, and the same day we receive it, we will send your complete outfit, Express Charges Prepaid.

AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO.
972 Passaic St., PASSAIC, N. J.

Any honest Boy can be our Agent



Acres of Lilies

A New Garden of Eden

By W. A. Tenney

VENTURA County, California, furnishes an ideal garden spot for the production of flower seeds and bulbs. The rare combination of soil and climate peculiarly fit it for an experiment station. Eastern florists understand this. When they get hold of a new bulb or flower they send it here to be tested, and wait for a report of the result before they venture to advertise the article in the market. Some varieties of bulbs require very critical propagation to do their best. One field of fifteen acres in Ventura is devoted to Calla lillies. The plants are set as close as they can be cultivated. In winter the whole tract is as white as an eastern snow bank. The unique harvest comes in June and July. A heavy plow is run deep lengthwise of the rows; then about twenty men are kept at work for weeks sorting and cleaning the bulbs by hand. It is a slow and particular process. Careful drying comes later, before packing.

This product is shipped to the wholesale trade in all parts of the Eastern States and Canada and it is sent to England as well, to be cultivated in green houses for winter floral decorations.

Another Ventura industry is the hybridizing of double petunias. This too, requires a select spot of earth. Here is scope for taste, experience and skill to produce the best results. The double petunias never produce fertile seed. To obtain seed that will produce a double flower, the pollen of a double flower must be expertly placed inside of a single blossom. Only by this hand process can the fertile seed for a double flower be generated. The human intellect by the agency of the human hand, helps nature to produce what she alone, does not do. This industry is profitable. The rare seed sells for a hundred dollars an ounce.

Here a cultivator has been steadily improving the varieties of sweet peas. By a private process of selection during a few years past, he has brought ordinary peas into increasingly early bearing, so in eastern green houses pea blossoms can be had for the winter holiday decorations. The varieties of beauty are also improved. These choice pea seeds sell readily at the rate of twenty for twenty five cents. The eastern demand exceeds the California supply. The producers here find no occasion for advertising their special industries. The climate affords an opportunity with which the rest of the world cannot compete.

It is in this district that Burbank, the wizard of California, aided by the wonderful soil and climate, has accomplished miracles in the realm of horticulture. Seedless watermelons are one of his products. Just think of a hot day, and a large cool, succulent, juicy, esculent watermelon, without one seed in it to hinder your enjoyment of the melting sweetness of its rosy, blushing, mouth melting contents.

Burbank never tires of his experiments, and each year has many new luscious varieties of fruit to offer to mankind. People are waiting with watering mouth the results of the wizard's work this year, for it is hinted that he has something

absolutely new to offer. Many are the guesses hazarded, but the most common opinion seems to be that Burbank will offer enraptured humanity this year, an absolutely new fruit, the flavor of which will make the nectar of Olympus insipid, and cause Jupiter to weep tears of envy.

W. A. TENNEY,

Freaks of the House of Commons

IT IS a fact not generally known that constitutionally the House of Lords and the House of Commons are supposed to be in ignorance of each other's existence. No direct allusion to the other house therefore is allowed in debate, says *Smith Weekly*.

For instance a speaker may refer to anything or anybody elsewhere, but if he were to say "Lord Drool, in his speech in the House of Lords said," he would be interrupted by cries of "Order."

A new member on entering the house to be sworn must be accompanied by two friends, who stand on either side of him. When the signal to advance is given, they march slowly from the bar to the



A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE



Many colors, background solid gold, circle of beautiful flowers, center decorated with words "God Bless our Home." Large size, 16x20 inches, finished in 10 different colors. This picture is new and a tremendous seller. Agents delighted. We will send you an assortment of "God Bless our Home," Family Records and other beautiful pictures. You sell them at 25 cents each, send us the money and we will send you a handsome Shawl, Fur Scarf, Velvet Hat, Genuine Garnet Ring, Melton Walking Skirt, Long

Distance Telescope, Upright Steam Engine or other premiums of your own selection from our large premium list. We pay all postage and take back unsold goods. We run all the risk. Don't waste time selling rubbish. Our "God Bless Our Home" sells on sight. H. P. CO., 63 Washington St., Dept. 494, Chicago.

LORD'S WATERPROOF CEMENT

will repair your China, Glassware, Crockery, Bric-a-Brac, Leather and Metal ware. Positively water, acid and heat proof.

MENDS EVERYTHING.

Hot water cannot affect it. Indispensable in all homes. If your dealer does not carry it send his name and 15 cents for bottle. We Want Agents in all cities and towns. Chemical Cement Co., Suite 2, 165 Pearl St., New York.

FOLDING BATH TUB

Weight 16 lbs. Costs little. Requires little water. Write for special offer.

S. R. IRWIN, 103 Chambers St., New York, N. Y.

"LITTLE JOKER RUBBER STAMPS"

To mark or seal your mail, 10c. each; Set of 3 for 25c.; 8 for 50c.; postpaid. (All different.) No end of fun. We make all kinds of Rubber Stamps. Other funny up-to-date designs in Big Cat. 4c. HAMMOND MFG. CO., Dept. S. M., Aurora, Ill.



Whose House?



A famous person once lived in this house. Put on your thinking caps and see if you can guess who it was. The answer will be printed in next month's STAR MONTHLY

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

YOU amateurs, who have labored diligently that you may make clear photos, a work of art and a joy forever, have you not discovered some little hint that will help your brother worker in the chosen field? If so let this department be your mouthpiece. If you have a good description with rough drawing of a handy device send it to us. If you have a really helpful hint send it to us. Make your article short and clear, let not "how long" but "how good" be your motto. If your article is published, you may have choice of any prize on our list on page 2. Let us make this department a hummer.

Up In the Air

About three miles from Halstad, Minn, this tree house was built by an old bachelor. He preferred to be rocked to sleep every night in this airy nest.



rather than sleep in an ordinary house. This photo was taken for the World Round by Clarence Madsen, O. T. N., Halstad, Minn.

Factorial Development

AN EASY method of developing plates and flat films, is by using a factor. Almost any developer can be used with good results, but one with a factor near ten is about the best for beginners. This formula, which is given in the directions accompanying "Cyko" paper, works well with 10 as a factor and is very good for plates and films as well as Gaslight papers.

Hydro-Metol Developer

Soft Water	32 ounces
Metol	15 grains
Sodium Sulphite (Dry)	1 ounce
Hydroquinone	60 grains
Sodium Carbonate (Granular)	1/2 ounce
Potassium Bromide	3 grains

Mix chemicals in the order named, and remember that the above amount of Bromide is usually sufficient, but owing to the chemical composition of the water, more may be necessary to clear the whites when using papers. For Contrast papers use full strength, for Normal and Soft papers dilute with an equal amount of water, and for plates and films use one ounce of stock solution and two ounces of water.

Have the developer ready in the graduate, place the plate in the tray, and when the second-hand of the watch or dark-room clock is at 60, flow the developer on and watch closely. As soon as the first signs of darkening appear, note the time that

JUST THE THING FOR THE BOYS!



Play Indian

Here is a novelty in tents with which boys and girls can have no end of healthy amusement. Every boy wants one. Don't you?

\$1.50

buys this wigwam made of heavy sheeting decorated in genuine Indian design. 4 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. Supported by a tripod—no center pole—all clear space inside—clapped together and put up in a few seconds. The best bargain in tents ever offered.

Similar wigwams, 7 1/2 feet high, in white drill, 8 standard colored drill or 8-ounce duck, \$4.00 to..... **\$5.00**

FREE! Write for catalog of all kinds of camping supplies and other canvas goods, circulars on tents, and booklet on wigwams. Address Canvas Goods Dept., **H. Channon Company, Desk 9E, 28 Market St., Chicago**

GOING TO CAMP? We Can Fit You Out

FREE BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. \$4.00 to \$27.00. **Hammerless.** Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it to-day—It's free. **UNION FIRE ARMS CO., Manufacturers, 3007 Monroe St., TOLEDO.**

CLASS PINS



Maker to wearer! High-grade work at low prices. Write for illustrations. Special designs in colors will be made free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. **BUNDE & UPMEYER CO. Manufacturing Jewelers Dept. 21, Mack Block MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN**

has already elapsed and multiply it by ten, if using the above formula. This will give the total length of time the plate is to be left in the developer; that is from when the developer was first poured on till the plate is finished. Increasing the factor will give more contrast and decreasing it will give more softness. Care must be taken that the temperature of the developer remains almost the same all through the developing process.

H. R. VALIN, North Bay, Ont.

The Big Six

THIS photo is of a family of six men, the Caldwell brothers, who are loggers of Chehalis County, Washington. They were born near Ottawa, Canada, but have made their home near Montesano, the county seat, for the past twenty years.

They are known throughout the county as the "Big Six," and utilize the name as a brand for their logs.

Each one of them is over six feet tall, the



shortest being six feet two inches; the tallest six feet four and one-half inches; their combined height coming to a little more than thirty-eight feet.

The tree upon the stump of which they are standing furnished enough timber to keep a small sawmill running an entire day.

It measured twelve feet six inches where it was cut, thirteen feet from the ground. **Aberdeen, Wash. C. W. MCKINLAY.**

Our Special Waterproof Wall Tents

Are the most perfect on the market. Made of very strong close woven cotton twill, treated with a special process which strengthens it and renders it mildew proof. It is Khaki Color and will not attract insects. We have increased and extended our stock of tents, canoes and campers' supplies, so that this year we have a more complete and varied line than ever before.

Send for **Camp and Canoe Outfits Catalog E**; contains a great deal of useful information for the camper and canoeist. Mailed on application.

Charles J. Godfrey Company
111 Chambers Street, New York, U. S. A.

MAGIC BASE BALL CURVER

Curve pitching is made easy by its use. The pitcher who uses one can throw **LARGE CURVES**, and strike out the batsman as fast as they come to bat. It is so small that the batters cannot see it and they all wonder where those **AWFUL** curves come from. With it an amateur can beat a professional. Price by mail, only 25c; three for 50c. Send to-day. **N. C. BATEMAN, 40 State St., Lowville, N. Y.**

PATRIOTIC

and other entertainments of every description for all holidays, including May Day, Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, are listed in our Special Catalog. Sent on request. **WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.**

FREE CREST TRADING CO.
29 E. Witmark Bldg., N. Y.

EARN GOLD WATCH

Our **STEM-WIND AMERICAN** movement watch has **SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES.** Fully warranted timekeeper; of proper size, appears equal to **SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS.** We give it **FREE** to boys or girls for selling 20 Jewelry articles at 10c. each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid; when sold send \$2.00 and we will positively **SEND EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED** by return mail; also **GOLD LAID CHAIN, LADIES' or GENT'S STYLE.** **LIBERTY JEWEL CO. DEPT. 434, CHICAGO**

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. Plus roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Assemble and mystify your friends. Imitate Punch & Judy, neigh like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 14 FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

FREE 10 KINGS HEADS FREE

For sending us names of a few stamp collectors.
 7 Nyassa Giraffe 1901 16c
 2 Liberia 1906, unused, bi-colored 10c
 100 diff. United States 20c
 1000 finely mixed foreign 14c
 1906 Complete Illustrated Catalog, 10c
 Album and 1000 stickers, 15c
 33 stamps from 33 different countries, 12c
 50 diff. Norway and Sweden, 25c
 We are giving away fine premiums. Send for our new Premium List, Packet List, and Price List.
TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 B St., TIFFIN, Ohio.

200 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS GIVEN AWAY

With every new 6 mos. subscription to **Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News**, Boston, Mass. Price **25c.**
 The King of Stamp Papers and the Stamp Paper of Kings.
SPECIAL—If preferred we will send a Magazine Packet of animals and birds. All diff.; goodly number unused.

Bargains Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 4 Labuan, 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 7 Dutch Indies. Lists of 5000 low priced stamps free.
Chambers Stamp Co., 111 S. Nassau St., New York City.

STAMPS FREE 100 Hamburg, etc., catalogued over \$1.00, free to all. Also, big book on stamps. If possible, send names of two collectors. Agts. 50%. **Lee Stamp Co., Sta. A., Boston, Mass.**

1000 Mixed Foreign Stamps 10c., 10 Animal Stamps 10c., 100 all diff. unused stamps, NO Reprints. Cat. value \$2.50, only 50c. Lists free. Agents wanted, 50%. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

FREE 52 different foreign stamps, inc. China and unused Cuba for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send 2c. stamp for return postage. **Edgewood Stamp Co., 102 Howe St., Passaic, N. J.**

Post Card Collectors! A card (not a real souvenir without sender's autograph and cancelled mailing stamp. Enroll in live and active exchange lists of **International Associated Post Card Collectors** and receive these completed souvenirs from members. Adult and Junior lists. Other new features. Have no cards to sell. Send name on postal to-day. I'll write you all about best system. **B. D. FITTS, Sec., 50 Saunders Street, BOSTON, MASS.**

COMIC POST CARDS Funniest yet issued. Every one a good one. Illustrated wholesale price list to all who send a dime for 6 sample cards.
OMAHA POST CARD CO., 1502 Howard St., Omaha, Neb.

STAMPS 105 all different genuine Labuan, Borneo, Hayti, Persia, China, Uruguay, Cuba, etc., with Album only **5c.**
1000 FINELY MIXED 20c.; 1000 hinges 8c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. New List Free. **C. A. STEGMAN, 5911 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

100 All Different U. S. many rare, old 1851, '61, '69, etc., cat. over \$1.50; lists and sheets, 15c.; 50 var. only 5c. Agents sheets 50%. Big coin and stamp list free. **Samuel P. Hughes, Omaha, Neb.**

108 all different genuine stamps, Paraguay, Malay tiger, Newfoundland, Honduras, Victoria, India, Brazil, China, Bosnia, Japan, Serbia, Egypt, etc., only 5c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50% com. Price list free!
New England Stamp Co., 42 Washington Bldg, Boston.

Stamps 100 China Java, etc., unusual value; a stamp dictionary and list 2c. Stamps in album free to agts. 50%. 1906 Cat. stamps all nations, 10c. World Album, 15c. better one, 25c. **Hullard & Co. Sta. A, Boston**

10 Souvenir Post Cards. Stunners, Comic, Kork-ers, no two alike, and our big magazine 1yr 10c. **Leader Co., Dpt. P. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

100 Honduras, etc., a stamp album and our 2500 bargains. All for 2c. Agents 50%.
HILL STAMP CO., South End, Boston, Mass.

BOYS SOUVENIR Escort, Butt in, Kiss and Comic CARDS. 5 of each, big premium budget, and money-making coupon book for 8 cts.—no trash. Money back if not pleased. **C. Shappell, Montrose, Iowa.**

50 DIFFERENT United States stamps, from 1856, including Columbian, Omaha, Pan-American, old Civil War revenues, etc. Postpaid for 10 cents.
American Stamp Co., Box M, Huntington, Ind.

FIJI "VR" 2 1/2 12c.; "View" 1d. 3c. Send for cat. "VR" 4d. 15c.; "View" 2d. 4c. of largest stock "VR" 6d. 25c.; "View" 5d. 10c. of Colonials.
Colonial Stamp Co., 953 E. 53d St., Chicago.

POSTAL CLUB Four choice colored views and club plan 10c. Members receive cards from all over the world and a beautiful post card album free. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Boston Souvenir Postal Co., 14 School St., Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 309 mixed, incl. Jamaica, India, Japan, etc., 10c. 50 all diff. incl. Egypt, Tasmania, etc., 5c. 100 all diff. China, Victoria, Ceylon, etc., 10c. Agents wanted, 50% commission. List free. **ANCHOR STAMP CO., Dept. 1, St. Louis, Mo.**

15 Comic or Souvenir Post Cards only 10c. No two alike. Your name and address also printed in our P. C. Exchange. Albums from 10c. up. **M. Schwagerl & Co., 455 W. 35 St., N. Y. City.**



Pictorial Stamps

THE pictorial stamp is very dear to the heart of the stamp collector. For this reason Labuan, Guatemala, No. Borneo, Liberia and similar commercially unimportant countries and colonies loom up in large proportions upon the philatelic horizon of the boy collector. The honey-bear, the quetzal, gorilla, rhinoceros, with companion designs of a similar character are treasured more than many stamps of our own country which should naturally appeal to the interests of the every day collector. The tendency is very strong nowadays for governments to take special pains in the issue of their stamps to make them more and more attractive and artistic. The daily press has shown us some of the designs of the new Norway set, showing a Viking ship, while Italy in its new set will introduce us to many novel features. It remains, however, for Liberia to present us with the most curious set that has been issued for many years. There are 13 values ranging from 1c to \$5.00 with lifelike reproductions of the birds, animals and reptiles found in this republic. The following are the designs on several of the issues: 1c elephant, 5c chimpanzee, 10c plaitain-eater, 15c lizard and 75c hippopotamus. The \$2.00 is the most unique of the entire set, in that it presents us with the heads and shoulders of two native Mandingos. On the \$5.00 value is the head of President Barclay and a view of the executive mansion. The colors chosen are very affective and the set will be added to the albums of collectors with a great deal of pleasure.

Stamp Notes

Fred J. Melville, president of the Junior Philatelic Society of London, Eng., is visiting this country. He was given a reception by the philatelists of Boston, where nearly \$100,000.00 worth of stamps were placed on exhibition.

The stamps of Lagos will remain in use but a short time, this colony having been merged with So. Nigeria.

Hayti has just surcharged two high values, 20c and 50c for use as 1c and 2c respectively. They were place on sale February 20 and will be used pending the arrival of a new supply from the American Bank Note Co. of New York City.

The officials of the post office department are receiving suggestions for designs for the proposed Jamestown stamps. John Smith and Pocahontas are the favorite subjects and they will no doubt figure in the designs. The matter of size, shape and colors have not yet been considered by the department.

The House Committee on Library has thus far taken no action in the matter of the Gardner bill which appropriated \$20,000.00 for the purchase of the Deats collection of sketches, proofs and essays of the revenue stamps of the United States.

The 1c and 2c values of Canal Zone stamps have been exhausted. Provisionals have been created and high values of the regular Panama temporarily surcharged 1c and 2c pending the arrival of regular stock.

The Berlin Philatelic Club has awarded four medals "for conspicuous services to and successful authorship in philately." Those selected for this honor were Herr Haas, Germany; Dr. Le Grande, Paris; Mr. E. D. Bacon, London and Dr. Diena, Rome.

A Museum

I AM just taking an interest in the curio department of The STAR MONTHLY, and as I am very fond of collecting curios and other things I will mention what I have in my collection at present. I have only been collecting about six months. I have several Springfield cartridges and also Krag Jorgsens; a minnie ball from Cedar Creek where the battle was fought; a walking stick from the place where Gen. Pickett made his

famous charge at the battle of Gettysburg, and also a knife and fork found in the knapsack of a dead soldier on the same battle field. I have an album from the city of Manila, P. I.

I have several illustrated records printed during the Spanish American war describing Cervera's defeat, and the battles in which Capt. Capron and Hamilton Fish were killed; a piece of silver from the West; a Mormon Bible; a book published in 1814; a piece of an Alaskan totem pole; a piece of the Porcupine, one of Commodore Perry's ships; several arrow heads, and a stone with which the Indians rounded their bow strings.

I have a collection of the skulls of various birds and small animals; two books taken from the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., as it was burning; a piece of coral from the South Pacific; relics of several fires where small towns were burned. I have a coin made in 1767, and some pennies dated 1789, and 1790-3. I have a meat platter from which General Washington ate during the Revolutionary war; a molasses mug that is nearly 200 years old; a snuff box that was used during the colonial days; a petrified root and many curiously formed stones.

I have a bunch of old letters written by my uncle during the civil war, one of which describes the battle of Fredericksburg. I take great pleasure in reading a collection of letters written during 1845.

I add to my "museum" at every opportunity, and hope soon to have a valuable historical collection.

GGO. W. DIEHL.

Another Unique Collection

AMONG the unique collections should be classed a match collection. At first this does not sound remarkable, but I think I am justified in saying that my collection numbering sixty four kinds of matches, is not a little out of the ordinary.

The first on the list is the Chinese match, which is used in California and the West. They are about two and one half inches long and are made and sold in bunches of about two hundred each. The block from which they are made, is split only seven eighths of the way down, leaving the bottom solid. The head gives off an unpleasant odor, when lighted. I have seven kinds of these matches, the difference being in the length and number to the bunch, and the color of the head. When one uses one of these matches he breaks it off. When a whole bunch has been used, a stub is left, just like that left when the leaves of a perforated tablet are torn out.

Next on the list is the Japanese group, of which my collection is incomplete, although I have eleven varieties. The Japanese match does not have the offensive odor of the Chinese match, and the stem is colored. Most of the stems are dark blue, but I have one match that has a yellow stem. This match instead of having a square body is often flat.

My next group is the largest, for it is the American match. In this group I have twenty four varieties, which in themselves trace the development in the art of match making. The best match today is the American match.

In my miscellaneous collection I group powder, paper and patent matches, one of the latter deserving special mention. This is the blazer. It will burn in the fiercest rain or wind.

I would advise any one who intends to start a match collection to keep the matches in a fire proof box, with a separate partition for each match.

COGNOSCO NIHIL.

Best Stamps On Approval
50 PER CENT DISCOUNT
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD
FULTON STAMP CO., 112 W. 42 Street, NEW YORK.

WONDERFUL EGYPT

To introduce our 1906 Catalogue of Egyptian Curiosities, we will send to any address 1 dozen Beautiful Pictorial Postal Cards with views and types of Egypt for 25 cents; 5 doz. for one dollar, postpaid. **ROB. J. ZARA, Dept. A, Cairo, Egypt. The Stamp, Postcard and Curiosity Exchange.**
 500 Stamps finely mixed, 10c., 50 all diff. Corea, China, 5c.; 105 diff. Corea, Mex., China, Finland, Gold Coast, etc., 10c.; 12 U. S. rev., 5c.; 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List free. **UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

A Collector

FROM the age of ten years I had always a longing for the curious or historic. My collection, up to four or five years ago was small and not worthy of mention.

I corresponded with a young man who told of his collections in The STAR MONTHLY and through his influence was induced to join the American Society of Curio Collections. Since becoming a member of this society I have spent my spare moments in reading articles and corresponding with other collectors or "hobbyists."

I do not "steal" time from my regular work or reading the daily newspaper or from duties to home and church. I have found there are a great many people all over the world interested in the collecting of curios, relics, and mementos of home and foreign lands. I have a small collection of stamps both of U. S. and Foreign countries. Part of these stamps were bought and part were taken from letters and packages received in my own home. I have learned many things about foreign countries I did not know before.

I have also a large album of souvenir cards and am adding to it daily. In my collection of Indian relics are arrow and spear points, scrapers, elk teeth, axes, ceremonial dishes, pestles, and other stone implements. Also paint, leather, and hair and grass rope of Indian manufacture.

In Civil War relics I have shells, bayonets, cap, box, belt buckles, and bullets of different sizes and shapes from different battle fields. Have also many relics from the Philippine war, gathered by a relative who has again enlisted for service in the Philippines.

I have a nice collection of sea shells and marine curios received in exchange for fresh water shells and gifts from friends.

I have a small collection of coins among them being a collection of one cent pieces of seventy five different dates.

I have found some fossil bones of creatures which inhabited Kansas in the days when the earth was young.

One of these is a section of both upper and lower jaw bones, with the teeth in. This I prize very highly as it is of peculiar construction and seems to have been of a large animal.

A few autographs of noted men and some of different nationalities of people, (these last I obtained at St. Louis Fair) complete my collection at present, but I hope to add to it all the time.

How much good when weary, also on stormy days, I get from my collections of different things no one but a collector knows. Try it boys!

HARRY M CLARK.

Money Making Plans

Peanut Growing

(Continued from page 17)

ting them in one of your mother's bread pans and putting it in the oven. The nuts must be stirred often to prevent scorching.

After the nuts have been harvested turn your pig into the patch and let him root out the nuts which you missed. It will do the ground good and be a fine feed for him. After the nuts have been picked from the vine throw the vines into the manger and let the horse or cow eat them.

CARL LOWELL, O. T. N., Waukomis, Okla.

Selling Cool Drinks

Here is a plan admirably suited to the energetic country boy, although it requires some capital for buying all needed apparatus. I often asked myself the question, how can I make some spending money. After a long while my father said to me one bright summer day, why do you not sell cool drinks or do something similar in order to make some spending money?

I seemed almost financially broke, having only a small sum of money for treasure. So I then took all my money and purchased a cheap refrigerator and went to work with such other parts of apparatus as was necessary, such as the different sizes of vessels for measuring and retaining the different varieties of cool drinks. After I had made several dollars selling the drinks at various

gatherings such as picnics and anniversaries, as well as holiday celebrations, there came along a dealer in milk. As he offered a bargain to keep me in milk to sell at my shop, I gave him an order to keep me in milk to sell for one month.

Complying with my request, he was a great help as I had already earned enough money to buy me an extra Cream Separator to add to my other very complete line of apparatus. Then I began selling milk and butter as well as other forms of milk to those who would come for cool drinks. And at the end of the month by the help of my friend the milk dealer, I had made the handsome sum of \$127.00. At the first of the next month I bought me an electrical apparatus consisting of telegraph instrument and during spare moments would practice telegraphing.

Returning to the subject I will say in addition to the \$127.00 made as milk dealer I made a clear profit of \$85.00 selling cool drinks, making a total of about \$212.00 in not quite three months. It was only because milk was such a great luxury here, and because I tended strictly to business that I was enabled to do this.

As the winter season drew near I could not make so much success selling the different kinds of cool drinks, but I was lucky again to get the offer of a bargain with a farmer who was to supply me milk during the months of January, February and March of 1905, and I sold enough to defray all necessary school expenses of that summer and to have a splendid balance in the bank. Then after my summer school I began to sell cool drinks again. And by the help of the friend who raised the milk and my father I acquired a balance in the bank and also had pocket money, after my necessary expenditures had been deducted. I sincerely hope that my article will prove beneficial to hustling country boys who are willing to work.

W. LESLIE ALFORD, Blanche, S. C.

Articles Wanted

THIS department is conducted in the interest of independent Young Americans, who do not wish to run to "Dad" for their spending money. The published articles are all by Young Americans who have tested the plans they tell about. That is why this department is of such practical help. Any chap can do what some other chap has done.

We give \$1.00 for each article we publish. The plan must be a plan either you or your friend has tried and proven successful. In other words, the plan must be the result of experience, not something you have read. We prefer articles of not more than three hundred words, but if the plan requires more explanation, and the details are given in an interesting manner, we occasionally print longer articles, to be inspirations for our readers. Do not expect us to return articles. If an article is good enough it will be published some day and you will receive \$1.00. If it does not come up to our requirements, it will be thrown away. Address all communications to Money Making Plan Department, STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ill. Write on one side of paper only.

Bearding the Lion

IT IS getting to be almost as difficult to reach Public Printer Stillings in Washington as it is to get speech with the president, says the *Chicago Chronicle* in a recent issue. The Boston man has given strict orders to hold up all who would intrude upon his privacy, even if they come on public business. The other day a man got into the sacred presence unannounced and Mr. Stillings roared at him: "How did you get in here?" The visitor did not seem to be much alarmed and instead of replying asked another question: "Are you the public printer?" Mr. Stillings again demanded: "I want to know how you got in here?" The caller replied calmly: "If you are the public printer I would like to introduce myself and possibly make a few remarks about how to act like a gentleman. My name is Dick. I am from Ohio and happen to be a senator with business here." Whereupon the public printer lost all of his anger and most of his dignity.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1276, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper Stenographer Advertisement Writer Show Card Writer Window Trimmer Commercial Law for Credit Men Illustrator Civil Service Chemist Textile Mill Supt. Electrician Elec. Engineer	Machan' l Draftsman Foreman Plumber Elec. Lighting Supt. Mech. Engineer Surveyor Stationary Engineer Civil Engineer Bulld'g Contractor Architect l Draftsman Architect Bridge Engineer Structural Engineer Mining Engineer
--	--

Name _____

Street and No. _____

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Tools of Fortune

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, the only tools required to make the plans being a pencil and a knife. A pencil to indicate the CHOICE OF CAREER on the famous I. C. S. coupon; a knife with which the coupon may be cut out for mailing.

Go where you will, you find in high positions men who have risen from the ranks solely by the help of the I. C. S.; men who were earning but a dollar a day; men with wives and children depending upon them; men with no education, but the ability to read and write.

Go where you will, you find these men to-day as Foremen, Superintendents, Managers, Engineers, Contractors, Owners. Their success reads like romance; and yet it is all readily understood once you know how EASY the I. C. S. makes the way.

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Address all communications to
The STAR MONTHLY,
 Oak Park, Illinois.

A red "X" in this circle and a pink wrapper on the paper itself, are indications that the term for which your subscription was paid has run out with this number. For the convenience of subscribers, we enclose with the marked paper, a RENEWAL blank form. Remember, **THREE** full years' subscription for only **ONE** dollar.

We are putting in a new mailing and addressing system. The change from one system to the other will cause some confusion and some subscribers will not receive their papers promptly. We ask such subscribers not to send any complaints to us until after fifteen days.

After the new system is in working order, subscribers will receive their papers more promptly than ever before. Until then however, we ask you to be patient with us. We want you to get **The STAR MONTHLY** as much as you want to get it, but the change will cause some delays. Please do not ask us where your **STAR MONTHLY** is, until 15 days after date you have been in the habit of receiving the paper. We thank you for this courtesy.

THIS splendid MAY number will be read by many new friends who are not subscribers, also by boys whose subscriptions will expire in JUNE. To both, we say, here are **THREE** splendid plans to earn your subscription without spending a penny of your own money.

PLAN ONE:—Write a postal card to Boy Agent Department, care **The STAR MONTHLY** asking for **TEN** copies of the JUNE number to sell. You sell these at **FIVE** cts. a copy, and send us the **FIFTY CENTS**. Then we give you as a reward, a year's subscription, **NEW** or **RENEWAL**. If you want to try this plan, send your postal card order today, so we can enter your order early and send you the papers before the first of June.

PLAN TWO:—We have a little coupon book, with 18 coupons in it. Each coupon, when accompanied by 10 cents pays for a three month's subscription, **NEW**, not renewal. Get 18 of the neighbors to fill these out, giving you ten cents each. Send us the \$1.80 thus collected, and as a reward, we enroll you for **THREE** years' subscription, new or renewal. If preferred you can get a liberal **CASH** commission, instead of the subscription, or a fine stem wind and set watch, electric motor, etc, all fully explained in the book of coupons. If you want to try **THIS** plan, simply send a postal card to **The STAR MONTHLY**, saying—"Send me one of your coupon books, as I want to try and fill it, to earn a subscription or other reward I may prefer."

PLAN THREE:—As you know, the subscription price of **The STAR MONTHLY** is 25 cents for **SIX** months, 50 cents for **ONE** year, or **ONE** dollar for **THREE** years. Go 'round among the neighbors, showing them your **MAY** issue as a sample, and ask them to subscribe. For every dollar in **NEW** subscriptions you send us (not **C. M. A.** applications or renewals) you may keep a cash commission of **FORTY CENTS**. If you secure only **ONE** at 50 cents, then your commission is 20 cents. If one for **SIX** months, at 25 cents, then your commission is 10 cents, etc. By this plan you can earn enough to renew your own subscription as well as buy a lot of things every live boy wants.

A Lyric from the Padded Cell

Outside a village class-room door
 An orator once read
 The brief word "PUSH"; "The very theme
 "For my discourse" he said.
 And to the class he straightway spoke
 "'Tis wrong to flip a car;
 But Emerson advises us
 To hitch on to a star.

"So—let the eagle flap her wings,
 And young Ambition soar;
 And learn your motto in the word
 That's printed on yon door."
 Such eloquence was seldom heard
 Inside a rustic school:
 The pupils read the precious word,
 'Twas plainly printed — "PULL."

And now, when all those eager boys
 Have come to man's estate
 Twelve of them are Aldermen;
 The Senators count eight.
 Nine are far too strong to work;
 —(They run a "Business School.")
 The last is still a Genius:
 He always was a fool.

This ditty has a moral, too,
 Of that there is no doubt;
 The point-of-view of Life depends
 On being **IN** or **OUT**.

B. NENDICK.

From Gay New York

This is a very good depiction of the Giants Gate, Luna Park, Coney Island, at night. Luna Park, as our readers doubtless know, is the



haven of refuge for sweltering New Yorkers on hot nights. Photo taken for the World Round, by Ben E. Dugdale, 89 Durke St., Kearny, N. J.

A Team of Moose

"**B**ILL and "Sam" are the names of two moose which have been trained to drive like a team of horses. They are owned by Edward Grossman of Ely, Minnesota. They are not yet full grown, being but three years old. Their antlers, however, are beginning to grow.

Bill and Sam were caught when they were but calves by a trapper. Their mother had been shot and they readily allowed themselves to be cared



for by human hands. Mr. Crossman bought them from this trapper and secured a permit from the governor to keep them in his possession. The speed of these moose, when hitched to a sleigh, is about the same as that of a horse. They eat about as much as horses, their food being hay, turnips and cabbage. When wild, moose live on willow shoots and lily roots.

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 5 good tricks, complete apparatus, full directions, 15c. Illustrated catalog of all kinds of **Magical Apparatus Free** **HAILEY & TRIPP CO., Box 416, Cambridgeport, Mass.**

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 We teach by mail and give you this beautiful cornet free. Send for circular. **International Cornet School, 7 Music Hall, Boston, Mass.**

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**NEWS ITEMS
FROM
ALL THE STATES.
SPECIAL
CYPHER
MESSAGES**

Official Department of the Coming Men of America

Whose Motto Is



"Our Turn Next"

**STATE MEETING
ANNOUNCEMENTS
PICTURES
OF LODGES,
BASEBALL PRIZE
CONTESTS, ETC.**



live lodges are planning great times for this summer. Many of the C. M. A. baseball teams are now rounding into shape for the C. M. A. Championship Baseball Banner Contest. Several of the lodges have track teams which will give good accounts of themselves on the cinder path this year.

In view of the fact that most of the states are going to hold State Mass Meetings, I would suggest that the various track and baseball teams compete at these meetings. The contests could not fail to be interesting and I am sure they would prove drawing cards. Managers should get busy and arrange for games. I will be glad to print challenges for any sort of an athletic team, in **THE STAR MONTHLY**.

The few lodges that have had experiences in a C. M. A. camp, were well pleased with their outing, and there will be more of these enjoyable outings arranged for this year. The military camp will especially appeal to the Uniform Rank Posts.

Archery is coming into fashion again and I have no doubt but that some of the lodges will take up this enjoyable recreation. It is one of the finest means of training the eye. As one must take the wind and distance into consideration, judgment plays a great part in the game.

I do not advise the total suspension of all sorts of intellectual pursuits during the summer. We should always remember our proud heritage as Americans, and try to improve our fitness for citizenship. One question that is now before

the public and is of great practical importance is the preservation of the forests. I would advise the secretary of the lodge to write Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture at Washington for information as to the forestry situation. The members could then study the question and the lodge as a whole appoint itself as a private forestry commission and co-operate with the government in preserving the timber. The study of the trees would be a pleasant out of door study and would be right in line with your duty as a future citizen.

I would also advise that every C. M. A. Lodge subscribe to some substantial daily or weekly newspaper. The members could then discuss the pros and cons of great public questions, outside of politics. A debate on a live subject would be much more interesting than the ordinary cut and dried debate. Think this over, it is worth considering. At the present time the Grand Lodge is preparing a series of practical lessons on our government for use in the lodges. We hope it will be ready this fall. In no sense will this be like the average school book. Our aim is to make it an interesting part of the lodge ceremony.

Now that we have passed 90,000 enrollment and are within striking distance of 100,000, the power of the C. M. A. for good is becoming great. The ambitious boy who sees what the up to date lodges are doing will send in his application, so he may

become a part of this great movement of Young America. If you want more details of this wonderful, 12 year old society you will be interested in the detailed explanation to be found on page 30 of this issue. It will prove interesting reading to the active, ambitious American boy, who is proud to be an American, and wishes to be a leader.

Yours in F,

J. P. Hunter
Grand Secretary.

24-25. Every C. M. A. member who can possibly do so should attend this meeting. Reduced railroad rates for C. M. A. members can be obtained by C. M. A. members at this time in accordance with the following letter, which Brother Elmer Bigley of Scottsdale, Pa., received from L. P. Farmer, Commissioner.

"Your application for reduced fares for the above occasion has been considered by representatives of interested lines and the following authorized: "Fare and one third for the round trip from Trunk line points in Penna. (east of and including Erie, Oil City and Pittsburg) on card orders; tickets to be sold and good going Aug. 23 to 25, returning to Aug. 27th including.

"The card order is a joint one covering all lines. The orders will be furnished by this office and are to be distributed by you. They must be presented to ticket agents at starting points to secure tickets at the reduced fares and will be honored by the agents of any of the lines over which the reduction applies. Please advise how many of the orders will be required for distribution amongst your members. Also fare and one-third on certificates from central passenger points in Penna. (East of Erie, Oil City and Pittsburg.) Each of your members when purchasing regular one-way tickets from such points to Scottsdale should ask for a central passenger certificate which upon being endorsed by you at the meeting will be honored by the agent at Scottsdale for return tickets at one-third fare."

Degree Members

Each month the Grand Secretary chronicles the names of brothers who because of brave action, exceptional merit in scholarship are worthy of being honored with a degree. These degrees are given for merit alone. They cannot be purchased with money at any price. Each degree outfit consists of a handsome degree badge, certificate, secret instructions, and letter. The lodge ritual has a special ceremony for welcoming degree members. An

C. M. A. Membership Application.

Jos. R. Hunter, Grand Secretary,
Coming Men of America, Oak Park, Illinois.
Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male, 14 years of age (or over), and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the C. M. A., in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends and parents.
Enclosed find ^{one dollar} ~~fifty cents~~ to pay for ^{two years} ~~six months~~ subscription to **THE STAR MONTHLY**, the official organ of the C. M. A. Continue subscription till forbid, also send me full New Member's outfit, title to which I hereby forfeit if expelled from the order for cause. If my application cannot be accepted, above remittance is to be returned to me in full.

Name _____
P. O. Box, Street
or Rural Route _____
TOWN _____
Age on last
Birthday _____ STATE _____
To insure safety remit by Registered Letter, Postal or Express
Money order. Stamps and coin at sender's risk.

Circle Seven, Dexter, Mo.



Our picture shows that the original circle of Seven has grown into a very fair sized company. The Circle of Seven Lodge, No. 820, was organized in May 1898 at Dexter, Mo. Claude E. Ladd was the first member. The Lodge has grown up with the town. At the present time Dexter has a population of 2000 energetic inhabitants. It is up to date in every respect, and with its banks, and telephone exchange, is a model little city. The great stove, hoop, heading, handle, hub and spoke factory furnishes occupation for many of the citizens. Dexter is situated in the rich agricultural county of Stoddard, which has over 25,000 inhabitants. The cream of Dexter's ambitious young men is found in the Circle of Seven Lodge, which is the leader of progressive movement among the rising young citizens. Long may it live and prosper.

State Meetings

So many states have asked me to announce state meetings in this issue of **THE STAR MONTHLY** that I decided to place them all on one column.

All C. M. A. members in Nebraska who are interested in arranging for a state meeting should write to Brother Lee Credit, Sidney, Neb.

Missouri and Illinois C. M. A. Lodges are planning for a great meeting at St. Louis, in July or August. All brothers interested should write to Brother John A. Gallagher, 4280 Evans Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

All Arkansas Lodges should write to Brother Sanford Payne, Secretary of Chosen Friends Lodge Tag, Ark., with a view to selecting a place and date for a state meeting this summer.

The committee on arrangements for the W. Va. state meeting is composed of Brothers B. Carden 15°, Ansted, W. Va., C. H. Brown 15°, Kemper, W. Va., O. A. Murphy 15°, Salt Sulphur Spring, W. Va., W. W. Monis, Copen, W. Va., I. F. Lawham, Abbott, W. Va. As soon as the programme is arranged it will be published in the **STAR MONTHLY**. This meeting is going to be a good one. The committee is a strong one, and it is working hard.

The Pennsylvania State meeting promises to be the biggest state meeting ever held. The place of meeting will be Scottsdale, Pa., the time August

accurate record is kept of the applicants each member sends in. When a member has the required number of new members to his credit, his card is placed among the prospective degree members and on the 15th of the month the degree is sent to him. Each degree member places the sign of his degree after his name.

FIVE DEGREE MEMBERS

The Grand Secretary has the honor to announce the elevation of the following deserving brothers to the fifth degree.

Sidney Barr, Everett Beach, Glenn Beadles, Jarvis Blevins, Edgar H. Boutwell, A. L. Boyd, G. W. Boyd, P. C. Branham, W. Herschel Brememan, Edwin Brown, Walter Budd, Chas. H. Bushman, Haskel Byrne, J. A. Cameron, Jr., Willis Cass, Oran Chalk, Samuel A. Cheatham, Henry Eugene Cook, Dudley Cox, Everette Croxton, Henry L. Daniels, Arthur J. Danielson, C. L. Day, Manuel Ensey, Elmer Fink, John Oscar Ford, L. O. Garland, B. M. Gibson, B. F. Ginther, Edjie M. Glaser, James D. Godfrey, Jay Groves, Harvey Guetzloe, H. C. H. Gunn, Ben F. Harrigan, Wm. Huber Jr., Louis Hudson, Walthen Johnston, E. F. Jones, Harvery Lane, Jno. F. Lawrence, Wm. H. Lee, W. N. Lucey, Ole H. Lunde, Paul J. McClure, Clarence Malaby, Karl R. Martz, Geo. C. Matthews, Charles A. Miller, Clarence E. Moore, Carl Benj. Morgan, Jno. C. Murphree, Earl Nicholson, Arthur Nixon, C. H. Nixon, John W. Pawley, W. H. Perry, Floyd Ollen Peters, Peter Peterson, Brad Powell, Chas. C. Primmerman, Thos. Propst, Summer Records, Walter Ridgway, Claud Scott, Jackson J. Seils, Willie Shively, Clyde Smith, Earl Smith, E. E. Stockwell, Z. A. Tozer, V. Trimble, Silas Trotter, Roy E. Walker, Elias Ward, Hugh E. Warren, Willie Wheeling, Chauncey Whitney, Geo. Williams, Leslie Warmworth, George Wright, Fred E. Wyman, Orin M. Young.

TEN DEGREE MEMBERS

The Grand Secretary is much pleased to confer the honor of the 10th degree, upon the following brothers who are ever zealous in the cause of our order.

Leonard H. Boyd, Amos Broyles, Chas. H. Buddemeyer, John J. Church, Geo. E. Cox, Roy Franks, Thomas Gerber, Leon H. Holland, Frank E. Johnson, Joseph Norris, Lester Price, Ira L. Shoemaker, John M. Smith, H. R. Sulfridge, J. H. Tatch, E. H. Teachman, Sam Trussell, C. M. Vaughan, Ralph White, C. S. Winger, Walter J. Zapp.

FIFTEEN DEGREE MEMBERS

On the twelfth day of April in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and six, in token of and appreciation for their constant and untiring efforts for the order, the Grand Secretary was honored in conferring the degree of the exalted fifteenth upon the following brothers.

E. E. Green, McNoel, Ill., Edward Wanek, Ke-waunee, Wis.

C. M. A. Baseball Championship

Three Championship Baseball Banners will be given this year. One for the best C. M. A. team of the East; one for the best C. M. A. team of the Central Division, and one for the best C. M. A. team in the West.

Prizes

The winning team in each division will receive a beautiful blue silk championship pennant. The next best team in each division will receive one of Reach's best catcher's mitts—the best that money can buy. The third best team in each division will receive one of Reach's American League balls. This makes 9 prizes in all; prizes that are well worth striving for.

Conditions of Contest

Only C. M. A. Baseball teams may compete. Each team must be a strictly amateur team, and every member must be a C. M. A. member in good standing.

The record of all games played between June 1st, and Sept. 15th should be kept.

Every C. M. A. team wishing to be entered in the contest should send me a postal as follows:

Dear Brother:—

..... Lodge No..... has organized a C. M. A. baseball team and wishes to be considered as entered in the C. M. A. Baseball Championship contest for the season of 1906. Please send Record Blanks.

Be sure to send postal, not a letter. It costs nothing to enter. The record blanks will explain how the record is to be kept. Games may be played with any teams you may see fit. The record blanks will make everything clear.

Already I have a great number of postal entries. The interest shown is greater than ever before, and the contest will be keener than ever before. Every lodge should enter the contest. It costs nothing, it helps to make the contest keener and every one has a chance.

No team may enter later than May 30. Do not delay. Enter now and see what your Lodge can do. One of those banners would look fine in your Lodge Hall. Remember, nothing is gained without trying.

but we feel sure that anything this lodge undertakes will be a success.

The members of Golden Prairie Lodge of Madrid, Ia., are rejoicing over the fact that they netted \$30.00 from their box social held on March 30. The prize for the most popular young lady, a dainty ring, was won by Miss Bessie Gray, sister of Director Gray.

We understand that the receipts from the oyster supper given by Knights of the Golden Star Lodge of Harpursville, N. Y., looked so good that a series of suppers are being planned. That is right, the oyster will always give up the pearl if you know how to manage him.

The first anniversary of Success Lodge, held March 30, was an unqualified success. The banquet was good and so was the speaking. Parents as well as members listened with great interest to the remarks of the Rev. W. S. Kight, and applauded his sentiments when he said although he did not know the secrets of the order, the members displayed by their conduct that the teachings were good. He concluded his discourse amidst great applause when he said "Every citizen of Eddyville, Ia., should be proud to have Success Lodge in the town."

Pueblo Lodge of Pueblo, Colo. promised to report the results of its entertainment given on March 31st, but we have not heard from it yet. This lodge is on "easy street", having a nice surplus in the treasury.

Cumberland Lodge of Cooke, Tenn., recently chose up sides for an attendance contest. A record of attendance was kept. The side that had the most members absent from meeting had to give a banquet to the other side. The banquet was given on March 20th. The elaborate supper, music by the members and some of the young ladies, made the evening all too short.

That minstrel show of Nelson Lodge, Nelson, Mo., March 14, increased the sum in the lodge treasury \$20.25. Who would not black his face for that?

A Wireless Expert

Brothers of the order will no doubt remember the article Brother W. R. Carroll wrote on "Wireless Telegraphy." Brother

Carroll probably knows as much about this subject as any man in the country, for he was an assistant of Marconi during his early experiments.

Brother Carroll is still a member of the C. M. A. in good standing, and is interested in the order, and likes to hear from members. He is now chief electrician in charge of the wireless telegraph station on Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco, Cal. On this little Island is located the Central Wireless Station of the Pacific. Here Brother Carroll with his two assistants, C. J. Smith and C. H. Hope are in charge of operations.

Some one is on duty here all the time, for messages from ships far at sea come in at all hours of the day and night. On stormy nights more messages are received than usual, because the regular telegraph lines are often disabled so messages must be routed by wireless.

Brother Carroll's liking for his profession amounts almost to a passion, so he does not mind the long summers and lonesome winters spent on the highest point of the island, exposed to the battling gales, and beating rains.

Later, just as the issue goes to press, the news of the terrible San Francisco earthquake and fire reaches us. Brother Carroll is, we feel sure, right on the scene of action and doing his part as a C. M. A. member should.

Sunflower Lodge, Phillips, Wis.



In the thriving little city of Phillips, Wis., is situated Sunflower Lodge, No. 4494. Although only organized in June, 1905, this Lodge by virtue of the energy and force which characterizes the whole town, has already won a place for itself in the esteem of the citizens. Phillips with its saw and planing mills, box factories, grist mills and tanneries, is a bee hive for industry. It is the shipping point for a large and wealthy agricultural and lumbering district.

At the present time Phillips has a population of over 2000 and is rapidly growing. Sunflower Lodge is the leader of social affairs in Phillips and its members are preparing themselves to make the town hum when they get control. You will hear from this lodge again.

Bestography

The monthly pass word of the C. M. A. is published in bestography every month. When the Grand Secretary has information for members only he publishes a message in bestography. This great cypher can be easily read by a C. M. A. member, but an outsider can make nothing out of it. Members often write to each other in bestography.

Password.

From June 1st to June 30th.

45 18 25 53 20 38 40 34 51 17 26
32 70 36 29 27 41 97 51 43 7 41
59 42

Happenings of Note

A banquet, a debate and a mock trial, followed by refreshments, kept the ball rolling on March 27th at Petersburg, Ind. A number of guests were present and they are now all strong C. M. A. advocates. Three new members have already resulted.

St. Louis Lodge of St. Louis was to hold an open meeting on April 18, at its new lodge hall, 615 Locust St. As we go to press before that date, the report cannot be given until next month,

New Lodges

No longer will our watchword be on to 5000. The goal for which we strove so long is reached and passed. We now have 5000 lodges and 90,000 members. If the proportion between lodges remain the same we will have 180,000 members when we have 10,000 lodges. Beginning with next fall we may have to print special C. M. A. supplements to contain the long list of lodges.

Here is a list of the new lodges organized, during the past month:

Table with 4 columns: STATE, TOWN, LODGE, NO. Lists various lodges across different states like Ala., Ark., Calif., Colo., Conn., Fla., Ga., Ill., Ind., etc.

RAILROADING--WANTED FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN for all North American Railroads. Experience unnecessary. Firemen \$70, become Engineers and earn \$150. Brakemen \$65, become Conductors and earn \$140. Unequaled opportunity for YOUNG MEN. Name position preferred; state age. Send stamp for particulars. Address, RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 3, 27 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Do you want to earn a dandy stem-winding watch? A good time piece that any man would be proud to own? Just send me your name and address and I will give you full particulars. Hundreds of boys and girls have earned their watches in a single evening after school and you can easily do the same.

With every watch I also give a serviceable leather chain that will enable you to carry your watch at all times without danger of losing it.

Now remember, boys, that this is no toy affair, but a serviceable, men's size, nickel watch that is guaranteed to keep good time. Write me to-day. A postal will do. Address:

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Please reserve... Shares for me, send me certificate, booklet, reports and all information; if I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise of the soundest character and will prove ENORMOUSLY profitable, I will pay for same at the rate of \$2.00 per share per month until fully paid. No more than five shares reserved for any one person.

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BEAUTIFUL ALBUM FREE! An elegant Souvenir Photograph Album containing a number of very interesting views will be sent free to all returning this coupon.

Special Introductory BARGAIN SALE OF BOOKS!

In order to secure new customers and thus introduce our publications in localities where they are not already known, we have decided to offer our full line of standard and popular books by well-known authors for a limited time at a tremendous reduction from regular prices. From now until October 1st, 1906, therefore, but not thereafter, we will fill orders for all books hereafter enumerated at the extraordinarily low prices here quoted. All books will be sent by mail post-paid, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Each is complete in itself. Please examine the list carefully and send your order for what you want:

- List of books with prices: No. 696. Darkness and Daylight, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 7 cts. 697. Lady Norah, by Charles Garvice. 7 cts. 698. Wedded, Yet No Wife, by May Agnes Fleming. 7 cts. 699. Her Mother's Sin, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 7 cts. 700. Rutledge, by Miriam Coles Harris. 7 cts. 701. The Bridal Eve, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 7 cts. 702. Marian Grey, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 7 cts. 703. Leola Dale's Fortune, by Charles Garvice. 7 cts. 704. A Wonderful Woman, by May Agnes Fleming. 7 cts. 705. From Gloom to Sunlight, by C. M. Braeme. 7 cts. 706. The Discarded Daughter, by Mrs. Southworth. 7 cts. 707. Aikenhead, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 7 cts. 708. The Heiress of Glen Gower, by Mrs. Fleming. 7 cts. 709. Wild Margaret, by Charles Garvice. 7 cts. 710. A Bitter Atonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 7 cts. 711. Rose Mather, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 7 cts. 712. The Gipsy's Prophecy, by Mrs. Southworth. 7 cts. 713. The Lady of Darracourt, by Charles Garvice. 7 cts. 714. Mystery of Dark Hollow, by Mrs. Southworth. 7 cts. 715. The Midnight Marriage, by Amanda M. Douglas. 7 cts. 716. Jeanne; or, Barriers Between, by C. Garvice. 7 cts. 717. A Thorn in Her Heart, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 7 cts. 718. The Unseen Bridegroom, by Mrs. Fleming. 7 cts. 719. Shannondale, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 7 cts. 720. Lady Thornhurst's Daughter, by Mrs. Lewis. 7 cts. 721. Who Was the Heir? by Charles Garvice. 7 cts. 722. The Widowed Bride, by Lucy Randall Comfort. 7 cts. 723. Abner Gault, by Mary Kyle Dallas. 7 cts. 724. Irene's Vow, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 7 cts. 725. Married in Haste, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 7 cts. 726. The House of Secrets, by Mrs. Harriet Lewis. 7 cts. 727. Edith's Abduction, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. 7 cts. 728. The Shadow of Edencourt, by Harriet Lewis. 4 cts. 729. Stella Newton, by Charles Garvice. 4 cts. 730. The Durand Legacy, by Jennie Davis Burton. 4 cts. 731. Morley Beeches, by Mrs. M. V. Victor. 4 cts. 732. Blind Barbara's Secret, by Mary Grace Halpine. 4 cts. 733. A Bitter Reckoning, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 4 cts. 734. The Lost Treasure, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. 4 cts. 735. Her Mother's Sin, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 4 cts. 736. The Serf Lovers, by Leon Lewis. 4 cts. 737. Circumstantial Evidence, by Emerson Bennett. 4 cts. 738. Carmina, the Beautiful, by Edward S. Ellis. 4 cts. 739. The Doings of Raffles Haw, by A. Conan Doyle. 4 cts. 740. The Cuban Heiress, by Mary Kyle Dallas. 4 cts. 741. Lady Maud's Plot, by Charles Garvice. 4 cts. 742. Adria, the Adopted, by Jennie Davis Burton. 4 cts. 743. Sir Caryll's Sacrifice, by Mrs. M. V. Victor. 4 cts. 744. Jessie Graham, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 4 cts. 745. Redeemed by Love, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 4 cts. 746. Conspirator of Cordova, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. 4 cts. 747. The Secret of Storm Castle, by Edward S. Ellis. 4 cts. 748. Norine's Revenge, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. 4 cts. 749. The Mystery of Birchall, by C. M. Braeme. 1 1/2 cts. 750. John Strong's Secret, by Mrs. Southworth. 1 1/2 cts. 751. The Island of Diamonds, by Harry Danforth. 1 1/2 cts. 752. Otho the Archer, by Alexander Dumas. 1 1/2 cts. 753. Mystery at Blackwood Grange, Mrs. Fleming. 1 1/2 cts. 754. The Twelve Great Diamonds, by Mrs. Austin. 1 1/2 cts. 755. Marion Arleigh's Penance, by C. M. Braeme. 1 1/2 cts. 756. Sweet Is True Love, by "The Duchess". 1 1/2 cts. 757. The Corsair's Captives, by Harry Danforth. 1 1/2 cts. 758. Stepping-Stones, by Marion Harland. 1 1/2 cts. 759. The Charity Scholar, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 1/2 cts. 760. The Heir of Brandt, by Etta W. Pierce. 1 1/2 cts. 761. Gowton's Vengeance, by Leon Lewis. 1 1/2 cts. 762. Sir Noel's Heir, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. 1 1/2 cts. 763. The Corsican Brothers, by Alexander Dumas. 1 1/2 cts. 764. Two Men and a Question, by Anna K. Green. 1 1/2 cts. 765. A Little Rebel, by "The Duchess". 1 1/2 cts. 766. The Wreck of the Kraken, by Jane G. Austin. 1 1/2 cts. 767. The Story of Two Pictures, by C. M. Braeme. 1 1/2 cts. 768. Three Women and a Mystery, by A. K. Green. 1 1/2 cts.

The price quoted for the last 20 books in the list, 1 1/2 cents each, means that two books are sold for three cents, four for six cents, etc. Any of the above books will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of the special prices quoted. Please order by the numbers, being careful to precede each number by the letter c, a or l as given above. If the numbers are plainly written it will not be necessary to give the titles. Customers will observe the economy in postage and stationery secured by ordering a number of books at a time. These special prices will hold good only until October 1st, 1906, therefore all orders must be sent before that date. We refer to the mercantile agencies as to our reliability, as we have been established over 30 years, and are well known. Address all letters: F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, No. 25 City Hall Place, New York.

If the independent member could but realize the beauties of the ritual work and the fun lodge members have, we would not be long in attaining that 10,000 mark.

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Here's the best chance to easily earn choice of the finest premiums ever offered anywhere.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us to send you 20 quick-selling jewelry novelties at 10c each.

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An American Movement Watch with beautifully engraved Solid Gold Plated case equal in appearance to a 25 year Solid Gold Filled Watch. Fully warranted to keep correct time. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Ring set with a rare Clavo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a 250 diamond, are given absolutely free to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces now when sold send us \$2. and we positively send you both the watch and ring, and a chain, ladies or gent's style.

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20 Popular songs with words and music, 20 stories of adventure, 25 pictures of pretty girls, 20 New games for young folks, 25 pictures of the Presidents, 20 ways to make money, 1 great joke book, 1 book on love and courtship, 1 book on magic, 1 book on letter writing, 1 dream book & fortune teller, 1 Cook book, 1 Base ball book gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 verses for Autograph albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once. J. H. PIKE, Box B So., Norwalk, Conn.

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Sample Bulletin, Devil Millstone, Hot Air, &c. Finest Written Calling Cards ever seen. SOMETHING NEW with Art's Big outfit All 7 cents. **W. B. DUDE, CARRICK, PA.**

Well Named

The following report shows how well Dauntless Lodge came out in its first attempt at entertaining:

"On Friday evening March 30th, Dauntless Lodge, No. 4612, C. M. A., of Brooklyn, N. Y., held a package party and dance, and although the night was wet and muddy, there were at least 400 people in the hall. The officers all wore handsome badges, and badges were supplied for members, and visiting lodges, also badges and blue ribbons for the ladies. The raffle of packages commenced about 9:30 p.m. and \$40.00 was realized on the sale, also the sale of soft drinks at another table netted \$25.00 and then dancing was in order, and very pretty dance orders were handed out to the ladies. Dauntless Lodge spared no expense to have this a big success, for it was the first C. M. A. affair ever held in Brooklyn, New York and it certainly proved a big success. The grand march was on at 12.m., and about 300 were in line of march, which was led by President Otter and Brother Shellbach's sister, Miss Teeney Shellbach. The balcony above the dancing floor was packed to the doors, with people watching the dancers.

We will realize about \$65.00 in all from this affair, and we hope that when we run our next affair, a picnic, we will have still greater success. At the door, we took \$12.00 and didn't charge anything for the hat checks."

Old Glory Still At It

Old Glory Lodge, Byronville, Ga., gave another delightful entertainment on March 22nd, which was enjoyed by all present as shown by our number being increased by three new members since the entertainment. It was called "Fan Party" on account of the material used, and character of entertainment.

First, small sticks of a flexible nature were provided and one furnished to each couple of guests. Sheets of paper twelve by sixteen inches were furnished each couple, together with a small tray of mullage, a pair of scissors, and some thread.

The guests each drew for a partner, after which the fate selected partners chose seats at a small table upon which the material described above was placed. The object was to make and decorate a fan. One hour was allowed for the making of the fan. Judges were selected to pass on the merits of the fans when they were collected. Two of the C. M. A. boys acted as attendants. The lady making the nicest fan, according to the judgment of the lady judges was to receive a nice silk fan, and the gentleman who was fortune enough to be her partner was to receive a nice hat brush. The prizes were delivered by our worthy president. Seventeen couples of young people participated in the contest and all enjoyed the occasion very much."

A Good Record

On Nov. 5th, 1904, Sanford Payne 10th P., joined the C. M. A. As soon as he received his outfit he tried to induce his friends to join but it was not until Jan. 30, 1905 that he was successful in organizing Chosen Friends Lodge with seven charter members at Tag, Ark.

Outsiders were still skeptical and the new lodge did not grow in size. When however, the boys saw the C. M. A. had come to stay, applications began pouring in. At the present time the lodge has enrolled 50 members. It would have won a prize banner if some of the members had not been slow in paying up arrearages.

Chosen Friends Lodge has a number of grown men. The youngest member is 14 years of age, the oldest is 106. We believe Chosen Friends has the oldest C. M. A. member by some 30 odd years.

Two ten degree and four five degree members speak well for the activity of the lodge. Chosen Friends Lodge is the greatest social organization in Tag. Their celebration, which was described in the STAR MONTHLY last October, was the best ever seen in that part of Arkansas. Chosen Friends Lodge is "going some" this year too.

Pioneer Doings

Pioneer Lodge of Denver, Colo., is composed of a mighty congenial lot of fellows, who have great times together in their club room which is fitted with a fine big library of books and current magazines. The following extract from Brother Alex-

ander's letter is an example of one of the lodges eating feasts.

"On March 29, the members of our lodge, the Pioneer Lodge, gave a banquet at the home of our president, Hugh B. Miller, all the fellows were there except three, one of whom was out of town and the other two were sick in bed, but we saved some of the refreshments and took them up to them this morning.

The banquet was a great success and we were very sorry that all were not there. When we went to the dinner table every fellow was hungry and it was good that we had a lot of refreshments because they ate a lot. When the ice was served our old and re-elected Pres. Miller, gave a speech on "The History of our Lodge," and we gave a toast to his health and to the health of the C. M. A.

After his speech I gave one on "Our Future," and Thomas McGusker our librarian gave one on "Athletics" and Earl Fischer gave one on "Entertainment and its various forms."

The refreshments were brought by every fellow, each fellow being told beforehand what he was to bring, such as sandwiches, olives, cake, candy, and nuts.

Hereafter we are going to give one of these banquets once every month and we are right now planning a big party to be given at one of the fellow's houses, some time next month."

A Weight Sale

As a money making entertainment a weight sale seems to be pretty good, at least it proved so in the case of Dunseith Lodge, Dunseith, N.D. Brother John Wagner thus gives the Modus Operandi.

"Two sets of ribbons numbered consecutively are handed to the company. One set to the ladies, one set to the gentlemen. The ladies are then weighed. The gentlemen must pay a cent for each pound of the weight of the lady whose ribbon bears the number corresponding to his. If there are many heavy weights present, the revenue is pretty high.

5,000 Rifles GIVEN TO BOYS

Just send us your name and address so that we may tell you how to get this fine rifle Absolutely FREE.

YOU CAN HAVE ONE

As we are going to give away 5,000 of them. We mean it, every word, and this is an honest, straightforward offer, made by an upright business firm who always do exactly as they agree. All we ask is that you do a few minutes work for us. It is so very easy that you will be surprised. This Handsome Rifle is not a toy air rifle, but is a genuine steel, blue barrel, hunting rifle, that is strong, accurate and safe and carries a 22-calibre long or short cartridge. If you want a fine little hunting rifle, just write and ask us for particulars. They are free and you will surely say it's the best offer you ever saw or heard of.

BE SURE and WRITE AT ONCE before the 5,000 rifles are all gone, as the boys are taking them fast.

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Peoples Popular Monthly,
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SEND YOUR NAME and Address and I will send you, prepaid, 10 beautiful pictures (4 sets of 4 kinds.) You sell them at 25c per set of four, send me the dollar, and I will send you this magnificent Ring, 2 large clusters with a total of 22 stone settings, large rubies surrounded by diamond doublets. I take back all unsold goods. **M. T. DEMPSEY, 180 Franklin Street, CHICAGO.**

1000 LAUGHS for 10c.

Send five 2c. stamps for funniest joke book out. Mention this paper and you get novelty and trick catalog free. **W. A. LANFERNAN, 56-5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Made a Hit

In the language of the great dramatist, Dirigio Lodge, of Old Orchard, Me., made a palpable hit with its presentation of the comedy drama "Aunt Melinda's Visit" on March 23rd.

Dirigio Lodge is to be congratulated on its talented members and their no less talented friends of the fair sex, who made the play a possibility. The Press Dramatic Critic paid the company a deserved tribute when he spoke of its admirable balance.

The play was a success in every sense of the word. The audience was good, the play was good, the acting was good, and the attendance was good. So pleased were those who attended the performance that they are unanimous in insisting that the same cast give another play in May.

Vincula Cupidinis

Brother J. W. Weeks of Covington Lodge, Norman Park, Ga., married the maiden of his choice Miss Mattie Stewart in the latter part of March. The Grand Secretary in behalf of the Brotherhood joins with Brother Weeks' many friends in wishing him and his young wife, the best that life affords.

The brothers of the C. M. A. will all unite in congratulating Brother Robert Rollans of Blaine Lodge, Hobart, Ark., on his marriage to Miss Lillie Booth of Dardanelle, Ark., on March 11th, 1906.

Ulen Active

Encouraged by the success of its Poverty Social given on March 30th, Ulen Lodge of Ulen, Minn., is planning a great fete day for May 7th. On that day Crescent Lodge of Fertile, Minn., will have a track meet between the two lodges. After the meeting the C. M. A. knights of the diamond will struggle for supremacy. In the evening an entertainment will be given which will be followed by a grand C. M. A. ball. Thus a great C. M. A. day will end in a blaze of glory.

In Memoriam

Brother Michael Suacosh, of Robins, O. W. B. Mitchell of Quitman, La., who died on March 20, 1906. Brother Wallace Smith, 15th, of Truth's Castle Lodge of Peden, Tex.

A Treat

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the Stereoptican and Word Depiction of Phi Beta Lodge, on April 13, are now congratulating themselves.

Chicago Independents

Brother Jos. Schmitz, 953 N. Tripp Av., Chicago would like to hear from Chicago independent members who are interested in organizing a lodge and C. M. A. baseball team.

Porto Rico Merry Makers

In the recent carnival held in Mayaguez Porto Rico, a large parade consisting of many large and handsome floats and many humorous and original masques was the grand ending of this merry making.

Among the humorous and original pieces was the coach and horse planned by Fernando and Jose A. Gaudier. The imitation of both coach



and horse was considered very clever. They were both made with openings so they could be carried.

The feet of the persons carrying the floats were hidden by a curtain and padded legs and feet coming from under the coat made it seem as if the horse had a rider. In the same way the coach was prepared. JOSE GAUDIER.

Read St. Elmo in Comfort Read St. Elmo St. Elmo Read St. Elmo in Comfort St. Elmo St. Elmo St. Elmo Read St. Elmo St. Elmo St. Elmo St. Elmo Read St. Elmo in Comfort Read St. Elmo St. Elmo Read St. Elmo in Comfort

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MONOGRAM DINNER SET



GIVEN Each Dish Decorated with Your Initial

42 PIECES THIS is the finest dinner set ever offered as a premium. 42 complete pieces. Every dish (except cups and saucers) decorated with the owner's initial. Any lady sending us her name will be sent 24 multi-colored art pictures with lithograph frames to sell for 25 cents each or two for 50 cents.

GIVEN Wild Rose Design In Colors. Edges Traced in Gold.

When sold send us the \$6.00 collected and this elegant 42-Piece Monogram Dinner Set will be shipped to you at once for your trouble. You only need to sell 24 pictures (no more) to earn this premium. THIS IS A MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM but want to introduce our house at once. Our pictures are large size, 16 inches by 20 inches. In many beautiful colors, finished with fac simile lithographed gold scroll frames, exact copies of paintings costing \$10,000. We Guarantee our pictures to be quick sellers; if they are found not to be they can be returned at our expense. We run all the risk, pay all postage, trust you with the pictures, take back any not sold and pay you liberally for what you do sell. Order the 24 pictures TODAY and earn this elegant Monogram Dinner Set. We are an old established house, incorporated under the laws of Illinois for \$10,000 and can furnish 1,000 references. Address W. L. REYNOLDS, Mgr., 63 Washington St., Dept. 819, Chicago.

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CHICAGO AND ALTON

PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE

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CHICAGO AND PEORIA,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE
BETWEEN CHICAGO AND

HOT SPRINGS, Ark. DENVER, Colo.
TEXAS, FLORIDA, UTAH,
CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.

IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A TRIP, ANY PORTION OF WHICH CAN BE MADE OVER THE CHICAGO & ALTON, IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE TO THE UNDER-SIGNED FOR RATES, MAPS, TIME-TABLES, ETC.

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILL.

10 CTS. GRAPHONE.

We have here the nearest little miniature talking machine ever got out. It's the slickest thing in the musical line we ever saw. It has all the appearance of the large disc Phonographs, and when you turn the crank on the back the music will be heard coming out of the horn. It is finished in bright attractive colors, packed in a strong box and mailed for 10c. J. H. Pike, Dept. A22, South Norwalk, Conn.

PHOTOS COPIED 25c, 50c, 75c Doz. Cabinets \$1.00.
BUTTON 12c ea. Sunface 25c. Elegant work
Gum Stamps, Brooches, Photo Jewelry, Locket
Photos, Photo Postals, Your Photo ret'd. Cat. free. Sample of work 4c
Agents wanted. Sunbeam Photo Co., Dept. S. M., Arlington, N. J.

Some Interesting Facts About

The C. M. A.

Great Secret Society for Boys

EVERY boy in this land is interested in knowing about the C. M. A., the great Secret Society for Boys and we will briefly explain what the society is, how it was organized, and what it is doing.

The Coming Men of America was first started in 1894 by Jos. R. Hunter, and a few of his boy friends. The first Lodge was held in a basement which had one end partitioned off and fitted up for the purpose. From such a small beginning the society has grown, until now it has about 90,000 members and considerably more than 5,000 Lodges.

The C. M. A. has a full set of secret work, signs, grips, passwords, signs of warning, night signals, whistles, and many other features. In fact the C. M. A. is a full-fledged secret society, like the Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P., etc., the difference being, that it admits white boys of good character, 14 years of age and upward, while the other secret societies will not take in any one under 21 years old.

The member's badge is about the size of a dime. It has a star, square, letters and symbols on it. It is finished in hard enamel colors, blue, white and red. This **The Badge** enamel is burned on the badge and it will last a lifetime. The characters on the badge have secret meanings know to members only. See design on page 25.

The secret work is sent in such a manner as to insure its safe delivery. A key is also sent which enables you to decipher passwords, signs, etc., which are given in the secret work in *bestography* (secret writing). There is nothing in the secrets which will conflict with your reli-

gion, politics, or your duty to your country, your friends or your parents.

Each member is given an engraved certificate of membership in color, with his name, date of joining, etc., all appearing on it. The certificate is a large **Certificate of Membership** one suitable for framing and is very beautiful. Every member is given a traveling card to show he is in good standing. If you are a member, every brother to whom you show your card will be your friend.

The news of the Order, announcements of new Lodges, Happenings of Note, Pictures of Members and everything of interest to

Official Organ members appears in each issue of **The STAR MONTHLY**. Read this issue carefully; read how other boys enjoy the C. M. A. and what the Lodges are doing. Every boy who joins the C. M. A. and subscribes to **The STAR MONTHLY** can keep posted on the affairs of the order. This magazine, as you can see by reading it carefully, is the best Boy's paper published. When you join the C. M. A. it includes your subscription.

Any white boy 14 years or over, of good character, may join. Simply fill out the application blank, which appears in the third **Who May Join** column on page 25 of this issue.

A membership includes secret work, badge, membership certificate, confidential letter, key to secret language, printed matter, etc., and your subscription to **The STAR MONTHLY**.

You may pay 50 cents for membership and six months subscription, or \$1.00 for membership and two years subscription; the latter is the better and cheaper way for you, as you will see.

If there is a Lodge in your town, or if there are members, you will be notified who and where they are. Remember, with a membership of nearly 100,000, there is sure to be a member in your town, or at least in an adjoining town.

When there are six members in good standing in a town, the Grand Secretary will send a blank application to form a lodge. The rituals, charter and full instructions are furnished by the Grand Lodge, without any charge. There is a lot of fun and harmless amusement in initiating new members. Lodges meet weekly or every two weeks, as they may decide. The Lodges give entertainments and many of them make big sums. Remember, that there are over 5,000 lodges and hundreds are forming now.

A society in order to live and prosper must have certain very definite aims. A Brotherhood like the C. M. A., where every member is working for the same purpose, **the C. M. A.** can accomplish results possible in no other way. That great results are accomplished through organization is a fact recognized by all thinking men. Briefly stated, the objects of the C. M. A., are as follows, the great end being to make good men and citizens:

1. Building of Character.
2. By united effort to strive for high ideals.
3. To promote good fellowship.
4. To develop executive ability.
5. To secure the broadening influence of close association with boys of different temperament.
6. To form close and lasting friendship.
7. To promote facility in public speaking and debating.
8. To cultivate self reliance.
9. To correct each other's faults without loss of friendship.
10. To develop and encourage latent talent in members.

11. To study our own government and laws, so we shall be prepared, when our turn comes to take our places in active life.
12. To be charitable and just at all times, and to endeavor to make each person we come in contact with, happier.
13. To make it possible for a member to receive the warm hand grasp of fellowship, wherever he goes.
14. To make ourselves well rounded men.

These are some of the objects of the C. M. A. That they are worthy, no one can doubt. Every American boy who is ambitious, should take part in this great movement. A Uniform Rank has been established. Thus is patriotism and friendship fostered.

This Seal Grain Leather 12 cts. Initial WATCH FOB 12 in Stamps

The illustration shows exact size of our Seal Grain Leather Watch Fob. Each fob has a silver plated initial on it. The fob can be worn on a watch or suspended from a belt as an ornament. We send out thousands of these fobs every week. This fob is simply an advertising offer. Fill out the blank below, state the initial you wish, enclose 12 cents in postage stamps and we will send you the fob and also a free sample copy of our illustrated magazine. We believe you never had such a good bargain offered. We cheerfully refund your money instantly if you are not satisfied. Fill out blank below; cut out coupon on dotted line.

The Star Monthly
Oak Park, Illinois

For Boys, Girls, Men or Women.

The Star Monthly,
Oak Park, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me one Seal Grain Leather Initial Watch Fob with silver plated initial. Also a free sample copy of your illustrated magazine. I enclose 12 cents in stamps as required. (13)

Name _____

Street, P. O. Box or Rural Route _____

Town _____ State _____

Initial Wanted Write or Print Name Plainly. Address Your Letters Like This  **The Star Monthly,** Oak Park, Ills.

Now is the time to join the C. M. A. If you are already a subscriber to the STAR MONTHLY, the subscription you get with your membership is added to your present subscription. Remember, all you have to do is to fill out the blank application on page 25 of this issue and send it to Jos. R. Hunter, Oak Park, Ill. Do it now and you never will regret joining our grand secret society.

How to Join

Get a lot of your boy friends together; show them The STAR MONTHLY and let them read this article and also the news of the C. M. A., which commences on page 25. Remember, you may join for 50 cents, and get the C. M. A. outfit and a six months subscription, or for one dollar get the C. M. A. outfit and two years subscription.

If you are a true Young American, the C. M. A. need you, and you need it.



A Forgotten Inventor

LONG before Morse, Galvani or Volta discovered the wonders of electricity—while Franklin was yet a boy—an Englishman had already invented the electric telegraph. He never got the credit for it, though a very complete international biography may possibly contain a line or two about him.

His name was Stephen Gray. He was a peculiar fellow, who carefully hid his light under a bushel, and only gasped out the mighty secrets he knew on his deathbed. He was afraid of being robbed, and want of self-assertiveness kept him always poor, yet he might have pushed the world a hundred years ahead, or won a fortune like Rockefeller's, and an upper seat with Galileo or Columbus.

He noticed that a glass tube rubbed in darkness communicated light to bodies, and he wondered if it could electrify them, so he made a longer tube and after rubbing it attracted a feather with it. Then he placed a cork in the tube and found that the feather was attracted with equal facility. An ivory ball suspended from a long wire gave a similar result.

Encouraged by his success, he used pieces of thread 100 feet in length, but found that the electric charge escaped through the supporting loops and for a time was puzzled—till happening one day to use a loop of silk he discovered that the current would pass it. Thus he also discovered electrical insulation. Eventually he sent the current over a line 775 feet long, but he had no press agent to advertize him, and so he died on a bed of charity.

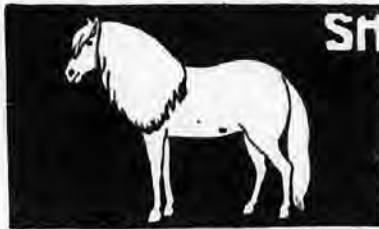
So always is the fray of life
To one who fights unknown;
And brave and grim the heart of him
Who wins his way alone.
No kindred soul to tell his worth
Or lend a helping hand:
No friend in need to cry God speed,
Or care—or understand.

The Hair of Youth

Rich hair; heavy hair; long, luxuriant hair, without a single gray line in it! Hair that grows rapidly and does not fall out. The kind of hair that goes with Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

For the whiskers and moustache we make BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors a rich brown or a soft black. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

BOYS



SHETLAND PONIES GIVEN

To boys and girls who send us largest lists of subscribers. Subscription price 25c a year; 10c to agent. You can make money. Earn a pretty Shetland Pony. Write TODAY for particulars and canvassers outfit free.

"Our Boys and Girls," Dpt. O, Ellettsville, Ind.

NEW FRUIT HULLER

PERFECTION AT LAST

You Press the Handle. It Takes the Hull Neater and Quicker than by Hand

PATENT PENDING.



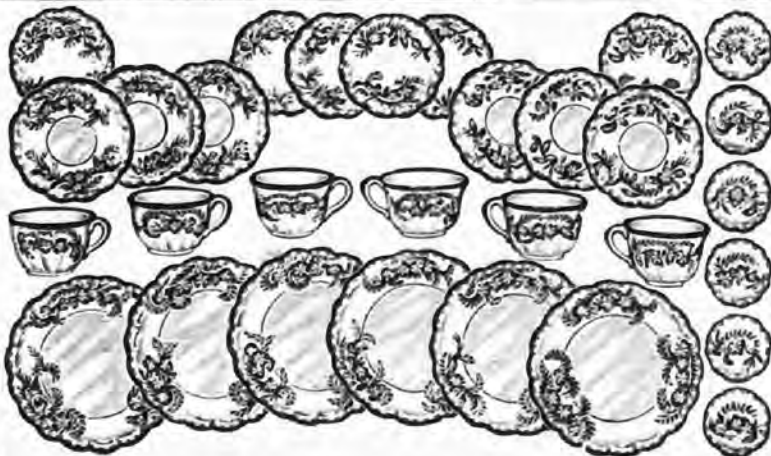
KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN.

OUR STRAWBERRY HULLER

hulls Strawberries, Gooseberries, Black Currants, etc., and picks out Basting Thread and Stitches. Has place for thumb and forefinger; doesn't slip or fill up. A simple little thing, saving time (most essential thing to housekeepers), Temper, Stained and Sore Fingers. Will not crush ripest fruit. Takes out soft and green spots, leaving berries clean, neat and clear cut, making them look fifty per cent better in the dish, and makes you wonder why it was not thought of before. With one you can do the work twice as quickly, and without any of the usual unpleasant features of this work. Every lady who tries this once in the berry season will never be without it again, or allow her friends to hull berries with fingers. One trial only is needed. Housekeepers write, "Could not get along now without it." They are brightly nickel-polished and ornamental. Splendid side line. A day's supply goes in your pocket.

A WORD ABOUT COMFORT for Boys and Girls. There is a quantity of strong, stimulating reading matter in each issue of COMFORT. It already has six million readers, but we want more to read the wholesome short and serial stories, including "ST. ELMO," and the many features that instruct, also the Music, Uncle Charlie's wonderful League of Cousins' department, with the bright letters and replies, the department of Correspondence, whereby all the cousins exchange letters and learn to be correct correspondents, the Post Card Exchange department, The Sisters' Corner Needlework feature is helpful to the little seamstress, and many new stitches and ideas are always being introduced. Taking all in all COMFORT is the most suitable monthly magazine for young people and provides for the young mind only the purest and most instructive material for brain building in our coming young Americans. There are also other departments. That of Poultry Farming is of great value. Then the Recitation Club, the Physical Culture letters, the Fun and Philosophy, containing the short stories told by COMFORT'S subscribers. In the Information Bureau of all kinds that you find in COMFORT, questions relating to most every kind of affairs are answered, whether it be Love or Law, Beauty or Medical, for the Family Doctor comes in for his share, as well as Cousin Marion as to Manners and Looks. Then the Home Finder will straighten out your Real Estate matters, and the Fashion Department will give you the latest and best styles, while the Boys can learn to make most any nice thing and find out how to do all sorts of tricks and play the best of games in the Boys' Corner. New Inventions and Discoveries are talked about in COMFORT'S columns; also, so we think that COMFORT'S influence is all for good. From cover to cover it is full of matter that is instructive, entertaining, amusing and elevating, and through all runs a note of earnest sympathy for those who have fallen in the battle of life and are lying by the wayside with extended hands, asking for our pity and our love. It is the human note in COMFORT, a note that rings strong and true above the columns of cold type, that has won our magazine a place in the hearts of six millions of America's best people. No other magazine has the personal following that COMFORT has, and the price is only 15 CENTS for a whole year.

FREE HULLER. These Hullers sell for 10 cents each, but to familiarize you with COMFORT, the Magic Monthly, now famous in A Million and a Quarter Homes, we will send a specimen copy free upon request; and if you will include 4 cents for part cost and postage on one sample Huller, we will send it free with a copy of our big premium supplement, showing hundreds of useful articles and novelties given away absolutely without cost to club raisers, and include an offer that enables you to make money with these Hullers as a side line. This is just the time to act. Address COMFORT, Box 921, Augusta, Maine.



30-Piece Full Size Tea Set

Decorated with flowers in their natural colors and each piece gold lined. 6 Plates; 6 Cups; 6 Saucers; 6 Fruit Dishes; 6 Butter Dishes—a beautiful full size set of dishes ready to use in the best homes. It is a wonderful set of dishes to give away for so small amount of work. This is all we ask you to do: We will send you 12 beautiful new colored art pictures 16 by 20 inches in size. They are a fine ornament to any home. Your friends all take one on sight. By our special plan you can dispose of them at 25 cents each. Send us the \$3.00 you receive and we will send, without delay, this beautiful full size 30-Piece Tea Set, decorated with flowers and gold lined. There is not space to thoroughly describe the fineness and beauty of this set of dishes. We absolutely guarantee you will be delighted to have them in your own home. We are a reliable trustworthy company of six years standing. Do not miss this opportunity. It is the greatest chance ever given you. This china-ware received gold medal at St. Louis World's Fair. You can also earn Gold Watch, Table Linen, Silverware, Gold Ring, Umbrella, etc. All premiums sent without delay. Reference: Chicago Savings Bank, any Mercantile Agency or business house in Chicago. Write at once.

Address G. E. BLOOM, Mgr., 202 Shaw Bldg., CHICAGO

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 AND DON'T BE LATE



Something Worth Working For!
 New **INGERSOLL** —Dollar— Stem-Wind



The new Ingersoll watch is a beauty; it is a worthy prize for faithful work by boys or girls; it is something they will be proud to own and its influence for punctuality will help to form an invaluable life habit.

The Ingersoll watch is not a boy's watch. It is a man's watch at a boy's price. It has all the accuracy and beauty of more expensive watches and is carried by millions of careful men; but best of all, it stands without injury the hard knocks a boy is bound to give it.

The new 1906 model is stem-wind and stem-set and reduced to regular 16 size, thin model. It is absolutely guaranteed to keep accurate time. A printed guarantee goes with each watch. POSTPAID \$1.00.

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