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BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

THE BIGGEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD FOR BOYS

JANUARY 1920 PRICE 20 CENTS

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REMINGTON SCHUYLER

An Out-of-Doors Adven ine for Boys

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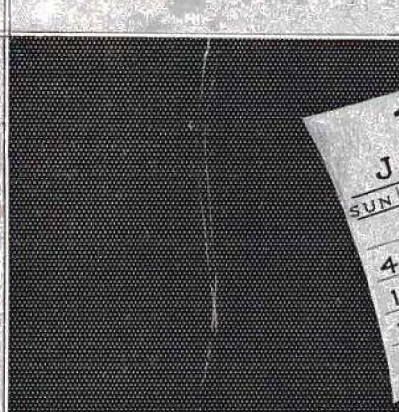

LET THEM GROW UP IN KAYNEE

The Best Resolution —The Scout Oath

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2—*To help other people at all times.*

3—*To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight*

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By BRIGGS

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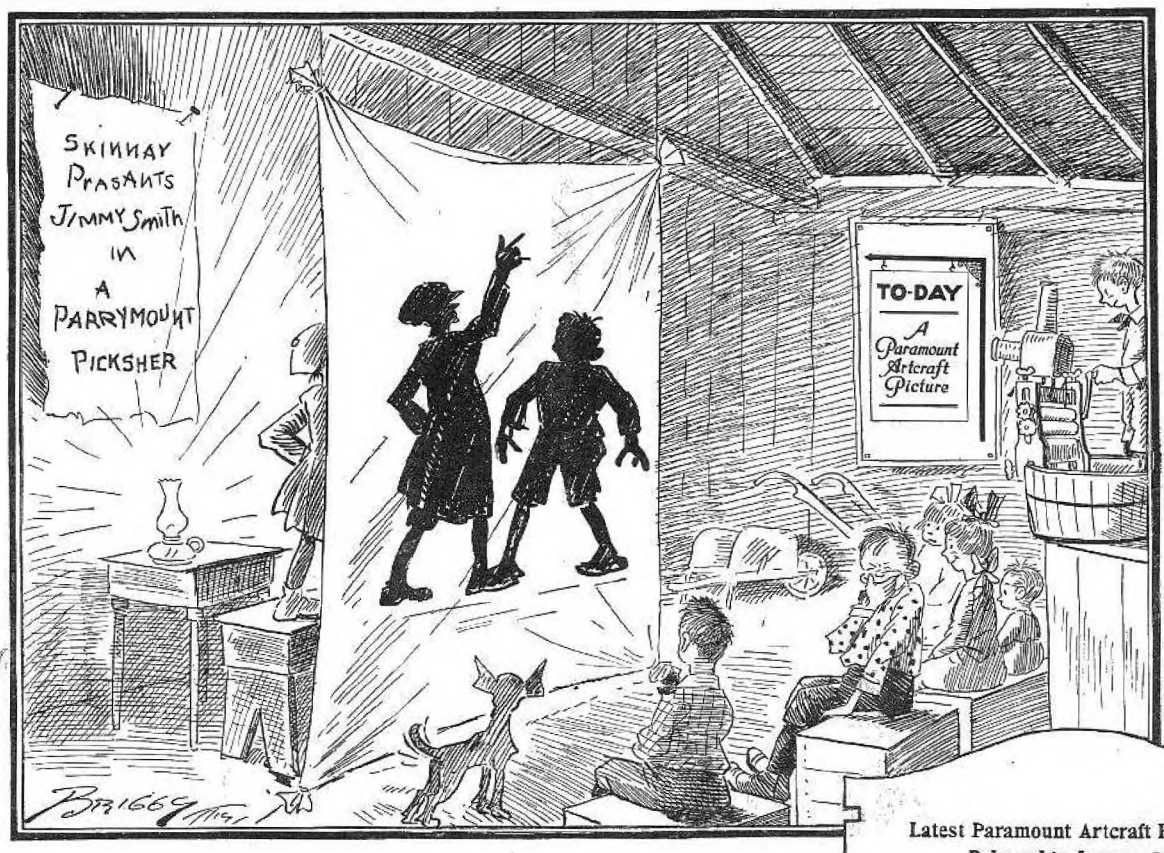

SOME of you boys don't know which you would rather do—run a three ring circus or be the fellow who is the hero in one of those Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

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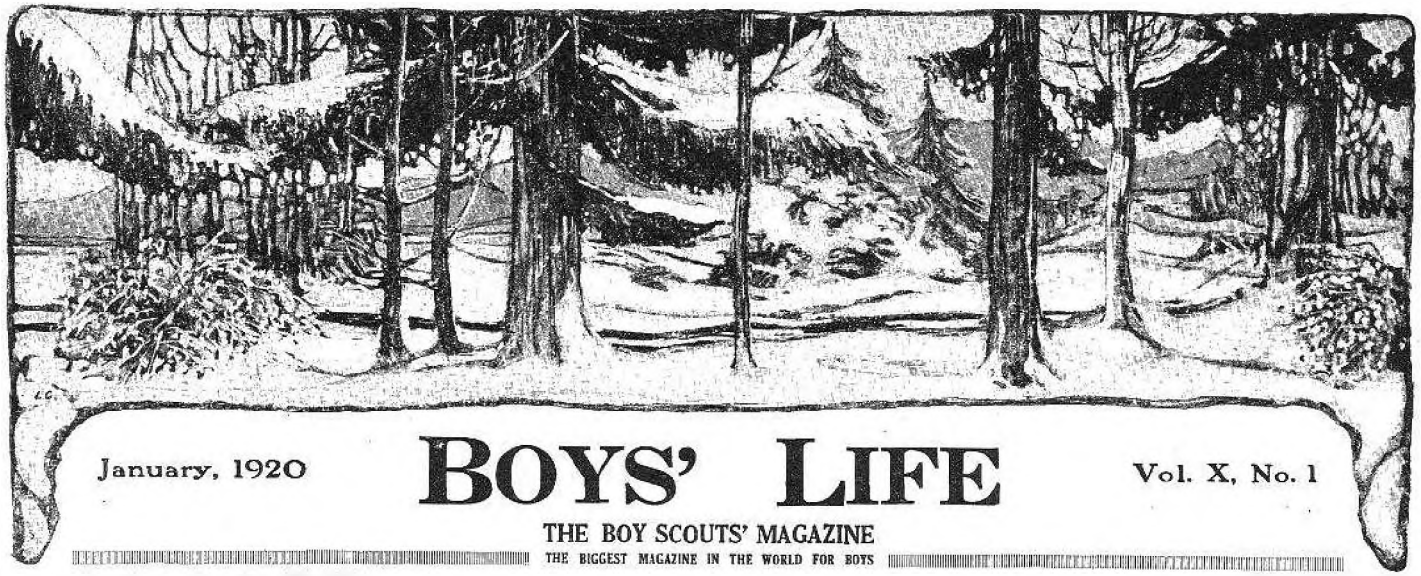

January, 1920

BOYS' LIFE

Vol. X, No. 1

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

THE BIGGEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD FOR BOYS

Get Acquainted with 1920

JANUARY 1920. This is the first time we have written those figures. They look strange and a little different. Good old 1919, a worthy friend, is passing out and in his place comes a stranger with whom we are entirely unfamiliar. For 366 days we will have to live with him. What does he bring as his contribution to our lives? Some wish to look beyond those four figures into the year in its fullness. Such desires are pure folly. This stranger 1920 brings with him only opportunities. He does not shape the course of a single event. That is our part of the work, so, instead of looking upon him as a stranger who takes the place of a friend, walk right up and get acquainted. He may look like "a rough old duffer" coming in with blushing January. But don't let him frighten you one single bit. His roughness will last but a month or two at best and after that you will find he can be as kind and even-tempered, and as smiling as our friend just gone. Walk right out, fellows, and greet him with a grin and a regular man's hand shake. Greet him with a rousing Happy New Year and then step right into the harness and pull along with him, not in the opposite direction.

Old Trails

OUR old friend Remington Schuyler, the man who paints such wonderful Indian pictures, and who knows so much about the Red Men, made a suggestion we think is well worth passing on. Mr. Schuyler tells us that all over the country in the old days the Indians had well defined trails by which they journeyed from the land of one nation to the land of another. Some of these trails are well defined today, such as the trail that followed the Hudson river, the one that joined it at the Mohawk river, which was the Mohawk trail. Railroads and steamships follow these trails today and we have become so accustomed to traveling them that we have all lost sight of the fact that it was the Indians who first blazed them centuries ago.

In the Family

There are many others, some fine asphalted state highways today, some poor wagon roads of lane-like thoroughfares and some obscured entirely. Do you know the history of the road in front of your house, or the main road leading into your town? Perhaps that was at one time a famous Indian trail.

And this leads us a step further. How much local history do you know? That old house on the corner. When was it built? Who lived there? Who were the settlers of your town? What Indians at one time roamed the hills and woods in your vicinity? Fellows, there is a bully chance to make interesting discoveries by searching into local history. You'll find relics too, arrow heads, flint knives and all such interesting implements. Then there are the relics left behind by the first settlers, flint locks, and irons, spinning wheels, concord coaches, and goodness knows what not. You'll do well to explore ruins, or the attics of old houses, or the scrap heap behind the blacksmith shop. Discoveries await you. And look here, fellows, perhaps your finds might lead to the establishment of a local museum, or — who knows — a great big Boy Scout Museum might some day result in which all of your historical trophies could be displayed. At least your troop can have a collection of worthwhile reminders of the pioneer days of your town.

The February Number

IN February the Boy Scout organization will celebrate its tenth anniversary and of course the magazine will do all its celebration in a real "hum-dinger" of a number. Short stories, serials, special articles and a Scouting Section that will beat anything we have ever done will be our part. And you'll admit we'll have to travel some to beat our recent issues.

There will be some of the finest scouting and adventure stories, among them one written by one of America's most famous authors, the late Richard Harding Davis, noted as a war correspondent and a writer of excellent fiction. Other interesting features include a fine article by Dr. William Hornaday, a bully up-to-date scout story by Captain Corcoran, and a corking old time scout story about Kit Carson, by John Elfinstone.

Contents

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RENEWALS

If your magazine comes with a renewal order blank enclosed it means your subscription has expired. Tear off the address on the magazine wrapper and send it with $2.00, the price of a renewal subscription, to Boys' Life, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, so you will not have to miss a copy. Postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States and possessions, and also Mexico and Cuba. Canadian postage is 20c. and foreign postage 50c. a year.

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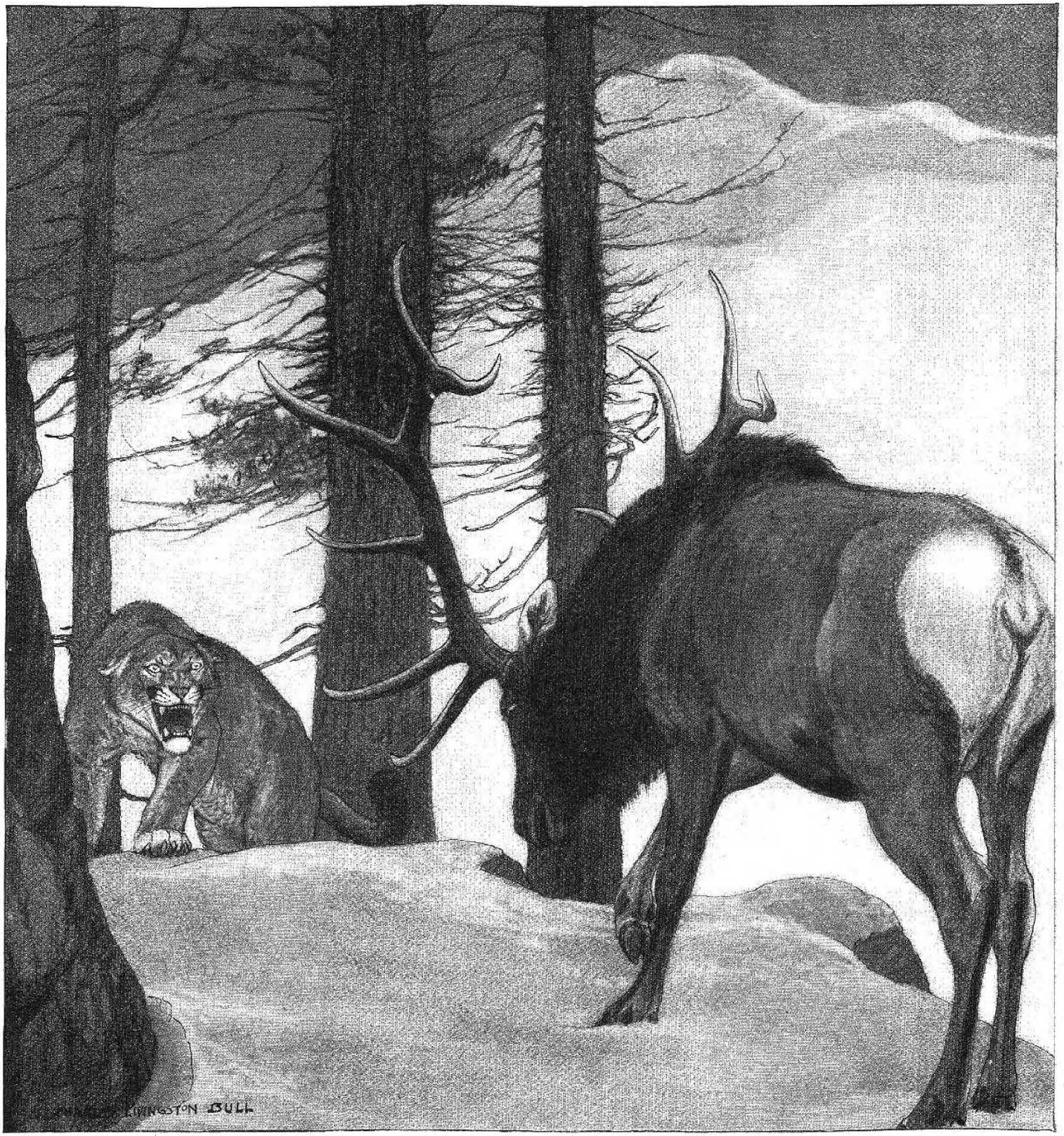


The young bull, surprised too, stood irresolute. An old fear welled up in him and made him want to flee in uncontrollable panic, but this was quickly overcome by the desire to fight that was rampant now, and, adding fuel to this, was the memory awakened in him by the sinister form and unpleasant odor of the great yellow cat. There was a vague feeling that he had a score to settle. But the dominating emotion was that this tawny menace stood between him and the herd, between him and the great bull that he meant to conquer, between him and the leadership of the band in the valley beyond the ridge. He snorted loudly and began to paw the ground, brandishing his well-armed head in a challenge.

Answering The Challenge

By Irving Crump

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

THE little bull calf huddled in a heap among the dried leaves and the withered grasses in the timber on the edge of the clearing as motionless as a stone. His mother had left him there and there he intended to remain until she returned to him. Instinctively he knew that Nature had given him coloring that blended with his surroundings and made him almost invisible. So long as he remained motionless he knew that danger could lurk close at hand and yet pass him by, for calf elks gave off little odor by which the sharp nosed prowlers of the forest can detect them.

Off in the clearing his mother browsed in the company of other cows. Through the tangle of grass stalks he could see her dimly. Now and again she raised her head nervously and sniffed the soft Spring air, while her big eyes searched the depth of the budding forest on either side of the glade-like meadow.

Suddenly, just as she put her head down to resume her meal, came a sudden soft, almost soundless, rush of padded feet, a rustle of dried grass, and, like the wind, a tawny yellow body swept by the spot where the calf lay hidden and, with a lightning-like, leaping bound, a huge panther crashed down upon the startled cow elk.

For twenty minutes the great cat had crouched at the edge of the forest watching the little band of grazing cows and waiting for them to move within striking distance. They had moved but a little as they fed, however, and, finally, the hungry panther, unable to restrain herself, made a swift, silent dash for her quarry.

The distance was great, but she almost succeeded. Just as she launched herself on the last long bound that would bring her down upon the nearest cow's back, the mother elk took alarm, and, with a startled snort, half bounded, half twisted herself out of the path of this yellow peril. Great claws raked her rump and hind legs, as the panther tried to climb upon her back. For an instant the cow staggered under the impact and extra weight, then, with frightened toss of her head and a frantic effort she bounded again and again, and, shaking off the great cat, she fled in terror into the forest. For a few leaps the panther followed, ears back and lips drawn, in a snarl. Then she stopped and crouched low, her long tail lashing angrily and her sinister yellow eyes glaring off into the forest where the small band of elk had disappeared. Cheated of her kill she swept the glade with a wicked look and then slunk off into the forest.

THROUGH the terrible spectacle enacted before his eyes the little bull calf crouched, never stirring a muscle, although fear almost made his heart stand still. It was his first experience with the tawny yellow killer, the peril of the forest. The hideous cat odor lingered in his sensitive nostrils for hours; inwardly he quaked with the fear that it bred. He wanted to get up and run; run from the scene, on and on into the forest. Yet, so strong was that instinct to lie motionless for protection, that hour after hour slipped by, nor did he so much as raise his head.

As the afternoon wore on and evening approached the terrible fear began to be dominated by intense hunger. Not since morning had he nursed and his small being cried out for food. Yet, despite these hunger pangs, he still lay motionless, while the shadows of the forest lengthened across the glade, while the sun slowly dropped behind the snow-capped mountain peaks across the valley and the violet half-light of evening invaded the meadow. Already the aisles of the woods were velvety black: from afar came the call of the great owl, a fox squalled from a ridge beyond, and the hollow call of a raccoon floated down the night.

The little bull calf heard them all, as he had heard them before. Under the cover of darkness, he dared raise his head a little and gaze about. He was almost tempted to add his weak quavering voice to the night sounds. Suddenly a noise sounded near at hand. It was but the snapping of a twig, yet because of some sixth sense the calf elk was not startled by it. Indeed, he welcomed it by staggering uncertainly to his feet and trotting toward the sound on wobbly legs. Out of the darkness loomed the shape of his mother. All afternoon she had been traveling in a wide circle in the forest to come back to him at night fall.

Eagerly the calf nosed at her, too hungry to note that she was scarcely as steady on her legs as he was. Those great claws had bitten deep. They had raked spine and flanks so terribly that great cuts hung open, and the elk was weak from loss of blood and the mangling she had received.

ALL night long she hardly moved from the clearing's edge and with sun up the little bull calf sensed something strange about her. She persisted in lying down. There was a blood odor about her, too, and the calf trembled as he saw the scarred flanks. The cat odor lingered, too, and back in his mind the calf associated his mother's condition with that yellow menace of the forest.

Still he nosed at her. He tried to persuade her to get up; to move. But, as the morning wore on she grew weaker and presently the calf understood that something strange had happened. He nosed at her more persistently now, and called pitifully. Then he would stand off and look at her inquiringly, sometimes stamping his tiny foot impatiently, sometimes going back and apparently imploring her to move.

At length as he stood looking at her, came the sound of something moving in the forest close at hand. The man scent came down the wind, and like a flash the calf whirled about and faced in the direction whence it came. Out of the woods came a man in gray green uniform.

For a moment the calf stood looking at him, half fearful, half angry. The man stopped, too, and over his face spread a smile as he saw the elk baby stamp his tiny foot and shake his head menacingly, just as if he were armed with the fine spread of antlers that would some day be his.

"Hello there, young one. A fighter are you?" said the man.

At the sound the calf bolted and scurried around behind the lifeless form of his mother for protection.

The man's face became serious when he saw the mangled cow elk.

"Shucks, that's rotten. Fine big cow gone. It's that doggone panther." He bent over the elk and examined her. And as he stood thus the calf came closer and closer until finally he nosed the man's leg, as if imploring him to do something that would bring the dead cow back to life.

"Sho, it's a plum shame; that it is," said the man looking down at the calf. "You're an orphan, young one. Tough. And I guess you'll be food for that same panther if I don't look after you. How'd you like to come along with me?"

He reached over and stroked the calf gently for a few moments, then picked it up in his arms.

"Say, you're a husky one for a kid. You weigh something. But I guess I can tote you," and presently he moved off into the forest with the calk elk huddled in his arms.

It was lonesome for Ranger Tom McNulty in his cabin in the gulch that split the side of Panther Mountain, and he welcomed the company of the calf elk.

This four legged orphan promised to occupy some of the duller moments of his existence. By the time Tom got his arm breaking burden home he realized that the husky infant was decidedly hungry. It had already sucked the skin from his ear, nursed at nearly all of his ten fingers, mouthed at his trouser legs and coat ends, and created a general clamor in its effort to impress upon him that it was long past breakfast time.

He tried a variety of things, among them a handkerchief dipped in oatmeal water, at which the elk nursed greedily until he threatened to swallow the handkerchief. Then he tried feeding him from a spoon with condensed milk diluted with warm water. This was measurably successful but it was difficult to persuade the calf to give up the spoon once he had wrapped his tongue about it. In the end Tom had to ride thirty miles to the nearest ranch, borrow several nursing bottles, and arrange for a supply of milk for which he went three times a week.

THIS strange diet retarded the calf elk's development and it was well along in the summer before he began to show signs of growth. Meanwhile, he and Tom became fast friends. Indeed, he would scarcely let the forest ranger out of his sight, trailing after him like a dog whenever Tom failed to shut him up in the log stable.

August came and strange sounds echoed through the mountains. Sounds that seemed to stir the calf strangely. He heard the clear bugle-like notes ringing out across the valleys and echoing against the mountains, and he would raise his head and sniff the air, and stamp his foot challengingly. Instinctively he knew that these were the calls of the bull elks of the mountains.

Autumn advanced and a restlessness came into his blood. He seemed to understand that this was the time when the great bands of elk in the valleys were moving on to winter feeding grounds. But he stayed close to Tom and the cabin. His coat grew thicker and heavier and he was not surprised one evening to find the air filled with powdery flakes; the first snow storm of the year and from that time he was a busy individual trying to find food for himself.

SPRING came, and with it the young elk became a prouder being, for on the top of his head sprouted two velvet covered knobs that grew amazingly fast and ere long took the form of two spikes. Tom's orphan was now a spiked buck and proud of it. Indeed, he had many a joust with trees and second growth saplings about the ranger's cabin, killing many of them in an effort to rub off the itching velvet and polish his horny head gear. He shook them at Tom occasionally, too, and stamped and snorted in mock anger, but the ranger laughed at him, and threw a water pail clattering after him, "Just to take him down a bit" as the Ranger explained to his horse. The elk startled, would flee from the clattering thing until it stopped rolling then he would stamp and charge it only to set it clattering again and frighten himself into another stampede.

Still the young buck lingered about the cabin, and followed Tom through the timber. But he wandered farther afield than before, sometimes going well down the gulch. Always, however, he came back to the cabin at night, bedding down near the log stable where he had bedded ever since he had been at the ranger's house. Twice during the summer he crossed the trail of the great panther, and both times the cat odor stirred in him both fear and anger, and vaguely he recalled the terrible hours he had spent waiting for his mother that day a year back.

ANOTHER winter he spent in the vicinity of Tom's cabin. His spikes dropped off, much to his surprise, early in the year, and, with the coming of spring, a second set began to grow, much faster than the first; by warm weather he possessed a beautiful pair of velvet-covered five-spiked antlers. He was very proud of these, and he polished them carefully against young trees.

He was now a handsome beast, well grown and beautiful to look upon, and Tom admired him more than once as he watched him wandering about the clearing in the vicinity of the cabin.

"You've grown pretty big to be a pet, young fellow," said Tom, "and I'm afraid you'll be getting a dangerous customer to monkey with come August."

Tom was right. The young buck challenged everything and everybody to fight with him, and he snorted and stamped and shook his antlers at Tom more than once. But Tom always resorted to the rattling tin water pail.

August came and with it the wonderful bugling of the bull elks across the mountains. Tom's elk began to bugle, too, not in the fine round mellow tones of the big six point bulls but in a higher, shriller tone. He became more truculent too, challenging Tom, his horse, trees and bushes and everything else to a clash of antlers. But more and more he challenged Tom, until one day, angry himself, Tom threw the tin water pail at short range and it landed with a clatter and a bang against his horns and caught there. With a snort the elk leapt backward and shook his head, and the more he shook the louder became the clattering and banging about his ears. Finally in amazed fright he bolted off through the forest, the pail rattling and clanking and banging frightfully, while Tom stood in front of his cabin and laughed till his sides ached.

"He's gone off with a perfectly good water pail and I'll bet he never comes back," said Tom.

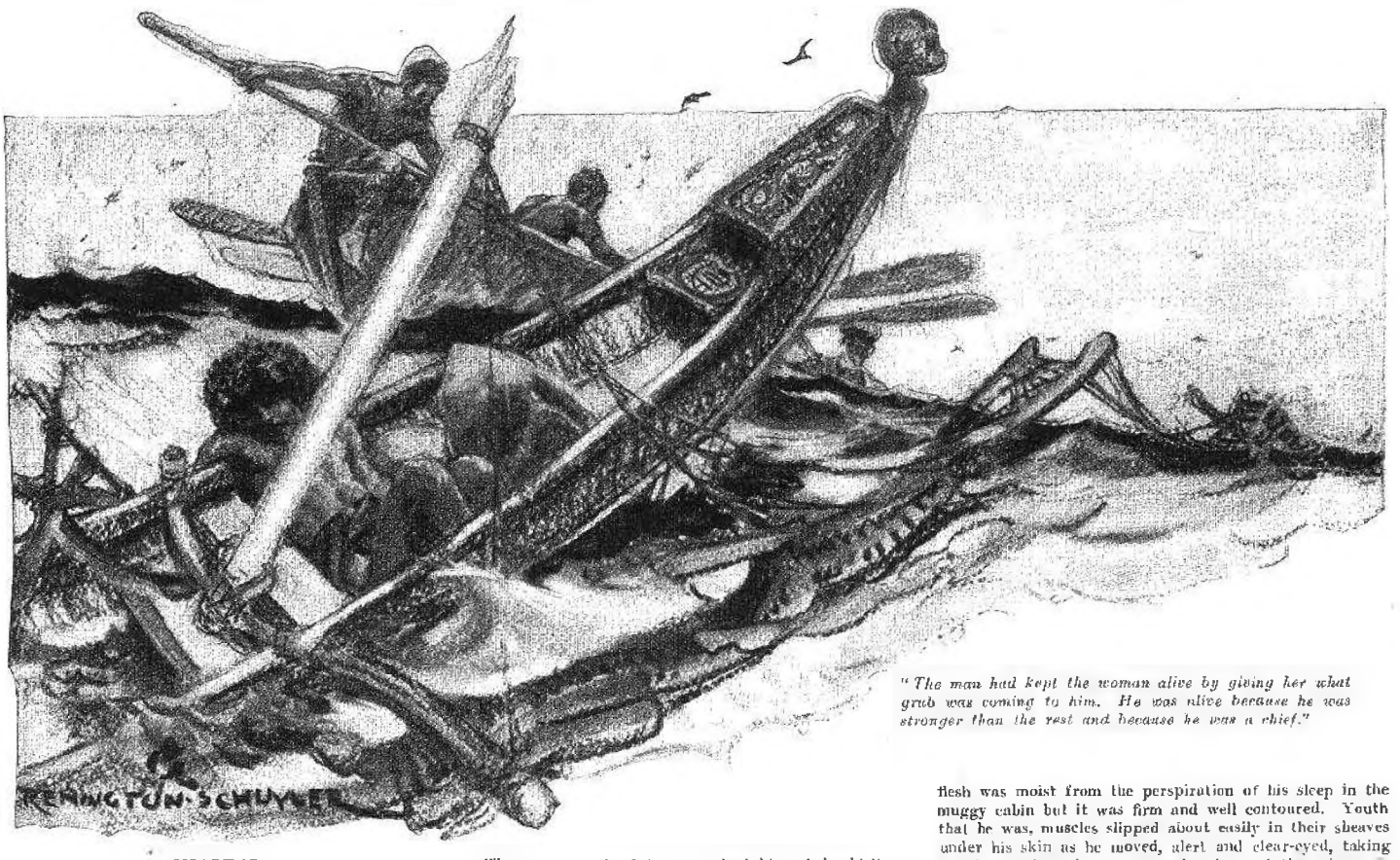
He was right. The young bull ran on and on, clattering through the woods, and frightening every forest dweller for miles around. He ran until he was exhausted, and had to stop. Then, to his astonishment, the terrible clatter and bang stopped, too, and when he lowered his head, he was surprised to find that the pail unhooked itself and lay motionless and soundless on the ground. The young bull looked at it in surprise, then gave it a vicious stab with his antlers, and, as it went rolling with a clatter and a din down the mountainside, he rushed off in the opposite direction. Yet the experience with the pail did not subdue him for any considerable length of time.

(Continued on page 49)

Jim Morse Adventurer

By J. Allan Dunn

Illustrated by Remington Schuyler



"The man had kept the woman alive by giving her what grub was coming to him. He was alive because he was stronger than the rest and because he was a chief."

CHAPTER I

The Tale of Afua

THE sea lay like a great bowl in which sapphires had been melted, flawless, unmarred by wind, heaving almost imperceptibly. The sky mounted in a mighty dome the blue of which at the horizon was lighter than that of the sea, a greenish blue, like turquoise, deepening, changing, until at the zenith it was tremulous violet. The sun had started its afternoon descent of the western firmament. In the north and east great masses of clouds were piled, cumulous, white and silver and mauve, beautiful as the irridescence of pearl shells, mounting high, signs of wind past and wind to come.

Two *mbelemas* (frigate birds) soared without apparent effort between blue and blue, hunting for surface fish. Occasionally the water was broken with the flushing of a covey of flying-fishes, brilliantly scarlet but shining silver where the sun caught the water that glistened on gills and scales. Hunting dolphins raced after them, flushing them, retrieving and devouring them as their gill-wings dried in the air and they were forced to plane back to the water.

Drifting with idle sails, masts swinging pendulum fashion, rope-ends slatting to the long roll of the ocean, the topsail schooner *Manuwai* sat on the sea like a battered seabird, recruiting its forces after a battle with the gale. She was in need of paint and of caulking, her canvas was patched here and there and nowhere within many shades of its original whiteness, she creaked as if she had rusty joints and, below her waterline, she dragged a long beard of marine growths and was blistered with barnacles. Four *kanakas* sprawled asleep in the shadow of the mainsail, another nodded over his useless job at the wheel.

Yet she was seaworthy and her well selected timbers were sound. She had fought, through calm and storm, four thousand weary miles across the Pacific, from far off Tahiti to where she now drifted in the Coral Sea. From the Society Islands by Samoa, the Fijis, the New Hebrides, ever headed for the western horizon, working a way through the perils of the misnamed ocean towards New Guinea, the biggest island in the world, save the continent of Australia, to Papua land of birds-of-paradise, of savages, of mystery.

There was no land in present sight, yet landfall was imminent. To the north lay the Louisiades in their forested archipelago, south and west the coast of Queensland, north and west the Territory of Papua, the tail of New Guinea, lying like a dragon, drowsing on the sea.

SLOWLY the sun sank and very slowly the heat decreased. If there had been pitch in the seams it would surely have bubbled, but South Sea traders long ago found out that putty is better for the purpose. But the oil had soaked out of it and the remains were crumbly despite frequent swashings down. And the planks were so hot that an awakening *kanaka* aroused by that infallible alarm-clock, his stomach, incautiously setting a well-hardened palm to a part of the deck that had been steeped in sun for several hours, sat up with a shrill *Ecah!* of annoyance that brought his fellows out of their sleep.

Two of them, with a swift, guilty glance at the sun, grabbed canvas buckets and flushed the thirsty planks, two more started to coil halyard-ends and generally make the gear look shipshape while the man at the wheel listened to certain sounds that came up from the lifted skylights of the cabin.

An awning had been stretched above the transoms to break the light and heat and the cabin was the coolest place on the schooner, which was not saying a great deal. Out of its dusky cavern came the noise of a strong man snoring vigorously, the practice of years back of the snorts and exhausts. The *kanaka* grinned and, there being none of his mates within earshot, chuckled aloud and to himself.

"Too much noise *kapitani* he make. All same he sleep he sound like some kind *makini*" (machine). But though well satisfied that his skipper was deep in slumber the helmsman also cocked a wary glance at the position of the sun and of the shadows of the masts along the deck. Suddenly the schooner's cabin clock chimed four bells in sharp, silvery strokes. It was six o'clock. An hour and a half to sunset.

Up from the cabin came a lad, barefooted, clad only in a loincloth, like the natives, though his skin was only a golden-brown compared to theirs and his mop of blond hair and his blue-gray eyes proclaimed him white. His flesh was moist from the perspiration of his sleep in the muggy cabin but it was firm and well contoured. Youth that he was, muscles slipped about easily in their sheaves under his skin as he moved, alert and clear-eyed, taking in with swift looks, the sea, the sky and the schooner's deck, and he had an air of decision, of tried authority, that would have fitted a man half as old again as Jim Morse, mate and part owner of the schooner *Manuwai*, able seaman and navigator — and sixteen.

He gave a sharp glance at the helmsman.

"Tomi," he said, "some day you fall asleep, wind he walk along too quick, boom hit you on head, you go overboard, shark he come along — goodbye Tomi!"

TOMI grinned and scratched his head covered with fuzzy hair that was separated with infinite patience into a thousand little tufts of a few hairs each, wrapped about with fine thread. And the rest of the crew on deck grinned in unison until Jim snapped at them.

"What name (why) you not fix that running-gear? No good fella. I think this time no more *tabaki* you get along three day. Too much shame for you!"

They stood abashed like children — as they were for all their brawn — trying to dig their toes into the planks, edging back of each other. Jim pointed across the starboard quarter to where a darker patch of water was beginning to spread.

"Wind he come now," he said. "Sun go, plenty wind come, I think. Get in that main-sheet, fore-sheet! Billi-Boy, you go trim jib! *Jump!*"

He cracked out the final command as if he had flicked a whip and they all obeyed the word literally. Up came the wind, bred seemingly out of nowhere and nothing, plumping into the inboarded canvas and sending the schooner along with a surge, straight into the eye of the setting sun, lowering the temperature rapidly and giving promise of a steady spell of weather.

From the galley there came the odors of cooking. From the cabin there came the squawk of The Admiral, parrot and pet of the first magnitude, rousing from sleep and preening his gorgeous plumage. The heavy artillery of Skipper Burr's snoring ceased and Jim, noting his orders obeyed, plunged below and changed his loincloth for duck trousers, undervest and jumper while Captain Burr emerged from his cabin — a cosy stateroom off the main cabin to starboard and opposite Jim's own duplicate cubicle, rubbing his one eye that was still dim with sleep and yawning in his beard.

"Nice breeze out of the sunset, sir," Jim reported. "I'm afraid we haven't logged much since noon but we're doing fine now. Hope it holds."

The skipper cocked his solitary optic at the barometer and listened to the swash and pound and ripple of the sea along the schooner's run before he nodded.

"It will," he answered. "We'll lift the Louisiades by morning, Jim. If we've luck we'll make Port Moresby the third day after that."

"*Luck! Good luck and long luck and may it come soon.*"

THE Admiral had entered the conversation. Just how much the bird really thought, with his wise-looking head twisted to one side and his beady eyes glittering, was one of the few bones of contention between Jim and the skipper. A word would start off one of the many sentences recorded in his parrot cranium and they were often startlingly to the point. To the natives he was an *aita-manu* — a spirit bird — to the crew of the *Manuwai* this spirit was a good one, and The Admiral a favorable fetish. To *kanakas* not so well acquainted, not so friendly, he was possessed of a devil.

"You hard-beaked, ornery old son of a gun," said the skipper delightedly, "shiver my garboard strake if you ain't half human! Here's to you and yore sentiments."

A grinning *kanaka* had brought in the evening meal and the skipper offered the bird a piece of steaming yam.

"It's hot," he warned. "Be careful!"

The Admiral surveyed the smoking morsel as it stuck between the bars of his cage with due caution and let down one eyelid in what looked like a deliberate wink. He sidled towards the food and tested it with his tongue, deciding to wait a while before tackling it.

"Port Moresby is one of the big ports of call for the Burns Philp Company, isn't it?" Jim asked the skipper.

Captain Burr nodded.

"Granville's the business part of Port Moresby," he said, "and Burns Philip have got their head store there. There ain't much else, aside from Government House, the Mission, the homes of the government folk and a few warehouses. There's two native villages, Hanuabada and Elevera, but the Australian Government and Burns Philp pretty nigh divide Port Moresby between 'em. And the rest of British New Guinea, for that matter."

"Then," began Jim, and stopped. He was a partner of the skipper's in this new trading enterprise of theirs, striking out from old fields where Captain Burr had been successful in South Sea trading and, quite naturally, his head had been constantly filled with thoughts concerning the adventure. He knew that Papua had been originally divided between the British, the Dutch and the Germans with the Dutch controlling almost half of the area in the west and the Germans a little more than half of the remainder. But the war had altered that, leaving the great island, next to Australia the largest in the world, to Holland and the Federal Government of Australasia. Thus the seventy thousand square miles once known as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land was thrown open to the commerce of the Allies and Jim had naturally supposed that the schooner would make for some port in that territory rather than to the headquarters of the great trading firm that had almost monopolized the business of, not only British New Guinea, but the New Hebrides and which was, so the smaller traders said, reaching out like a great cuttle-fish to gather in all of Melanesia and, perhaps, Polynesia and Micronesia as well, save for Japanese empire.

BUT he had not questioned the skipper's wisdom and one of the traits that endeared Jim to Captain Burr was the lad's ability to control his own natural curiosity where business was concerned until the elder made the opening. The skipper gazed affectionately at his junior.

"Wal, Jim, I suppose it does seem peculiar to you that we should aim plumb inter the middle of a territory that's bin opened up and exploited by a tradin' combination it's no use for us small fry to try and buck, but I'm takin' a long chance. To quote from the Almighty's Log Book, I set a bit of bread upon the waters a good many years ago an' there's a chance we may find it floatin' around in the neighborhood of Port Moresby. I'll spin that part of the yarn presently.

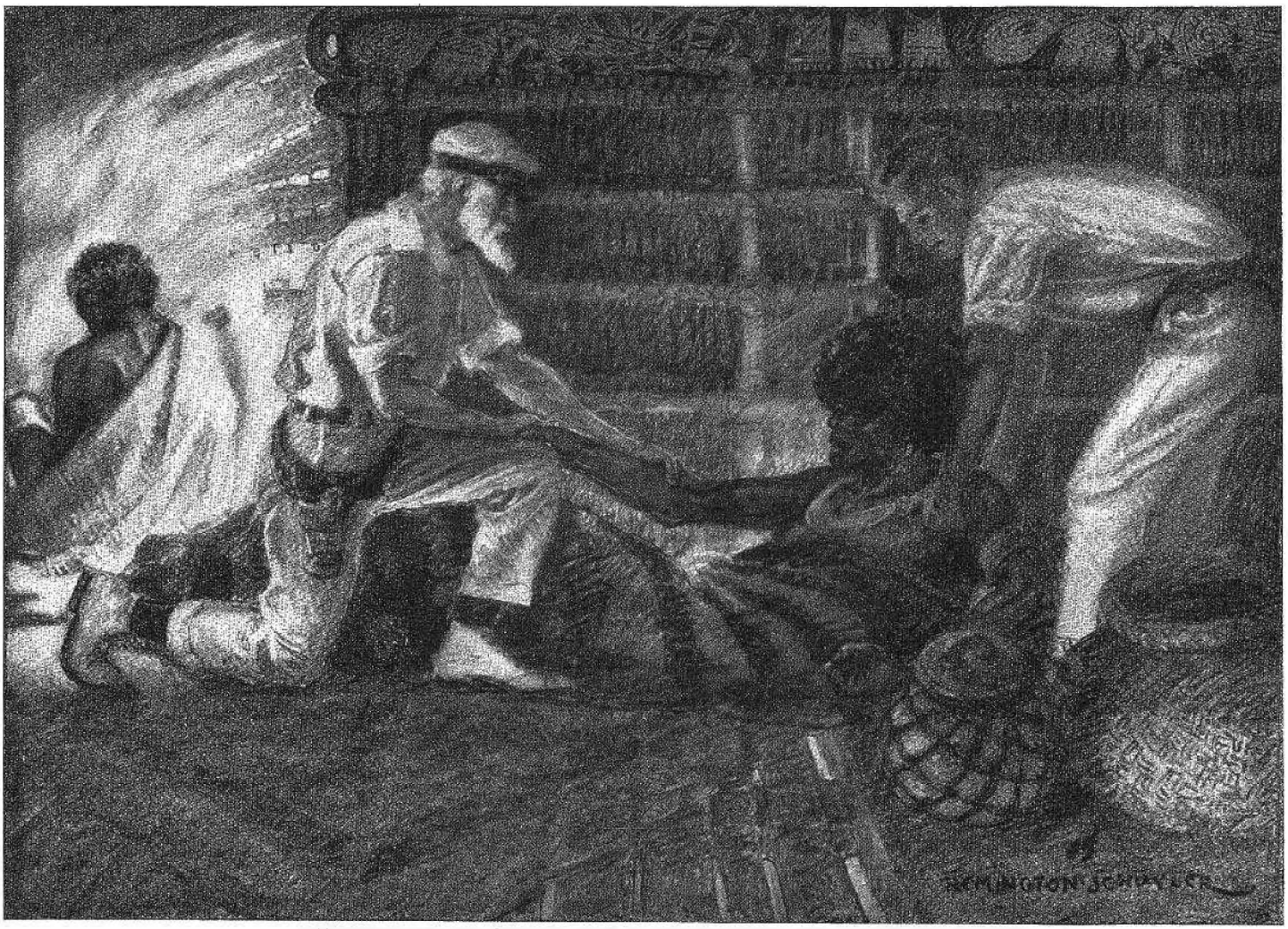
"There ain't much known about Papua, Jim. British only took it up seriously thirty-six year ago, Germany followin' suit. The Dutch had their western half of it long before but they warn't long on developing an' we'll leave Dutch New Guinea out. The Dutch don't like the British and they don't like Americans neither. Not in New Guinea, anyway. But they've only scratched the coast like the rest of 'em. No one knows what's in the interior. Snowy mountains fourteen and fifteen thousand feet high, higher than Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea in Hawaii, big ranges of 'em. Savages worse than Solomon Islanders — dwarfs, a lot of 'em. Expeditions up the rivers have been cut off an' murdered time an' time again though there's better feelin' now, if you don't go too fur back from the coast.

"Gold is what these expeditions was after, 'cept the explorers an' bug-hunters. There ain't a river in New Guinea, Jim, an' there's a sight of rivers, long an' fairly deep, but what's got gold in 'em. Placer gold, I grant ye, but placer gold has to come from rock deposits somewhere. There's reg'lar gold minin' carried on in the Louisiades.

"So much for that. There's pearls in the Torres Strait between Australia and the south peninsula. There's birds-of-paradise all over, with the best varieties in the Entrecasteaux Islands. There's ebony an' sandalwood in the interior. There's native rubber an' sugar an' some cotton. There's our old standbys, *copra* an' *beche-de-mer* with turtle shell an' pearl-shell. There's crocodile skins."

"Crocodiles?" asked Jim.

(Continued on page 45)



"Afua, my friend," he said, "plenty glad I am you came but you came too late, Afua, too late."

The Emerald Buddha

By John Garth

Illustrated by Forrest Orr

He could have sworn that an instant before something had brushed across his face — something whose very presence brought fear to his heart.

DICK WARRENDER stood motionless, legs apart, hands resting on slim hips, his amazed, incredulous gaze wandering from his brother to the serious, impassive Malay guide and back again.

"Oh, come now, Jerry!" he protested. "An emerald as big as a *hen's* egg! He's spoofing."

The older fellow shrugged his shoulders. There was a curious glitter in the gray eyes that looked so oddly pale in contrast to his deeply tanned face.

"It does sound rather wild," he acknowledged. "But you must realize that this is a country where the unusual happens pretty often. And I'm quite sure Sarak isn't trying to put one over on us. Whether or not the thing is true, he believes in it."

Dick pushed back his hat and ran his fingers through a mop of tangled yellow hair. "But an *emerald* —" he began again, only to break off with a helpless laugh. "I can't seem to get it through my nut. If it were only hidden away in some secret spot, with the key to the hiding place handed down from generation to generation or something like that, I'd understand. That would be like the general run of treasure tales you hear or read about. But to have it there in plain sight — held out in the hand of this idol, or whatever the thing is, for anyone to take — Say, why the dickens hasn't somebody picked it up long ago?"

"Superstition for one thing," Jerry Warrender answered. "According to Sarak, the natives are afraid to go anywhere near the place. He admits that he'd never have dared to hunt it up deliberately. He stumbled accidentally on the ruined shrine when he was up this way over a year ago, and I guess he beat it about as quickly as he could. Apparently the whole place is *taboo* for the natives, and there's a legend that whoever even touches the sacred image or the emerald will meet with an instant and horrible death."

"Blasted by lightning, I suppose," sniffed Dick. "That's all very well for Dyaks and Malays and such, but how about white people? Do you suppose they'd swallow a yarn like that?"

JERRY leaned back against the trunk of the giant teak towering above their heads. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I don't suppose there've been any who knew. There are several things you're not taking into account, old man. There's less known about central Borneo than almost any other country on the globe. It's not a place for white people; there's nothing to attract them so far from the coast. This is your first trip out, but in my four years of orchid hunting there've been times when I've gone five or six months without laying eyes on a white man. Moreover, the natives don't tell these things to everybody. If I hadn't done Sarak a good turn with that bull elephant the chances are a thousand to one that we'd never have heard a whisper about this — emerald Buddha."

Dick moved uneasily. "But is — is such a thing possible?" he asked at length. "I know I'm green, but it all seems such a wilderness. What would a Buddha or anything else of the sort be doing in a jungle like this?"

Jerry laughed a little. "Possible?" he repeated. "Anything is possible in the East. The very soil seems older, somehow, than in other countries. You know some of the things I've stumbled on — acres of ruins in the midst of dense forests; ruins of cities so old that even the memory of them has perished. I've seen ruined temples covered with the most amazing carvings entirely overthrown by great trees growing up within their walls. Of course they were never built by the savages who live here now. They must have been the work of quite a different race, but who they were and where they went and when and why no one seems to know, least of all the natives. They simply believe the ruins are haunted by evil spirits, and avoid them like the plague. Even an emerald such as Sarak speaks about would be quite safe from them."

He paused. Dick was conscious of a queer tingling thrill, and a touch of red darkened his tanned face. What if the tale were true? At first it had seemed too incredible to believe, but now — He recalled the Malay's simple, yet vivid description of the strange jungle god enthroned at the top of a ruined flight of steps, with one hand eternally extended and in the palm that amazing jewel worth the ransom of a king. Even in the telling Sarak's voice shook and his brown face took on a strained and frightened look.

THE boy glanced at him now, squatting motionless close by, and surprised an unwonted touch of anxiety in the eyes that were fixed so intently on Jerry. His gaze, passing by the silent Malay, swept over the close-set, serried ranks of teak and iron wood and *tapan*, bound together by rattan and other ropelike vines into a dense, impenetrable screen which for days had kept them in a perpetual twilight. And suddenly imagination stirred and woke within him as he sensed something of the strangeness and mystery of the place. Jerry was right. The jungle was capable of holding almost any secret.

"You mean to — to look for it?" he asked abruptly, and was surprised at the curious, tense undercurrent in his voice.

Jerry nodded. "I think so. You know what it would mean to us if we — succeeded."

Dick knew only too well. It would mean an end to these long separations — an end to the elder brother's perilous expeditions through savage countries searching for rare orchids, the sale of which was giving Dick his education and slowly piling up a nest egg to start them both in life. Jerry was all he had, and Dick never said good bye to him without an awful haunting fear that he might never return. The very possibility of these partings being ended for good and all quickened his pulse and brought a sparkle to his eyes.

Jerry smiled slightly as he watched the boy's face. "You mustn't count too much on it, though," he said. "It may not be an emerald or anything worth while. We might not find the place; a thousand things might happen. But at least it's worth trying. For a short trip this has been pretty successful. To get you to school on time we'd have to turn back in ten days at the latest, and I'm willing to give that much time to the search just on a gamble."

"But is that enough?" Dick asked eagerly. "I thought — How far is it?"

"Don't know exactly. Sarak thinks it's about ——"

HE broke off abruptly and turning his head swiftly to one side sat listening. All about them pressed the stifling noonday stillness of the jungle. The gaudy parrots had ceased their raucous flittings in the treetops; the monkeys had departed. Even the native porters in the little camp beyond the screen of trailing vines were apparently asleep. Dick was not conscious of a sound, and yet an instant later Sarak sprang up and glided noiselessly into a thicket behind the teak tree followed closely by Jerry. The latter reappeared a moment later and swiftly crossed the glade toward the camp.

"What is it?" whispered Dick.

Jerry shook his head silently and motioned the boy to follow. Together they pushed through the curtain of trailing vines and paused on the edge of the wider clearing which had been hacked out of the jungle.

Two tents stood there and a number of flimsy native huts thatched with palm leaves that housed the carriers. The only person in sight was a slim, lithe, dark-faced man clad in shirt and trousers of dirty white. He had a thin, narrow face with very thick, black brows, and as he glanced at the brothers his expression struck Dick as oddly and unpleasantly sinister. An instant later the impression was gone. Yawning elaborately, he lounged toward them, his white teeth showing in a smile.

"The señors do not take their siesta?" he drawled.

"As you see," returned Jerry briefly. "How about you, Garcia?"

The fellow shrugged. "Oh, I have finish."

Jerry eyed him intently for a moment. "That being the case we may as well arrange for a shift," he said quietly. "The country around here has been pretty well cleaned out and I want to move on to-morrow. You'd better get the specimens and as much of the luggage as possible packed up this afternoon so we can make an early start."

There were no signs of surprise in Garcia's smiling acquiescence. "It shall be done," he stated smoothly. "And where does the señor t'ink of going?"

"I haven't decided yet," returned Jerry briefly. "I'll let you know to-night."

A few more words were exchanged relating to the care of the orchids. Then Garcia retired to the smaller of the two tents, while the brothers strolled off in a careless fashion through the jungle.

"Do you think he heard?" asked Dick in a low tone, when they were out of earshot.

"I'm almost certain of it." Jerry's tone was vexed and his brow furrowed. "I hoped we'd catch him, but he was too quick for us. Certainly someone was hiding in that thicket just behind us; Sarak and I both saw the traces at once. And if it wasn't Garcia, who was it?"

"I never could stand that fellow," Dick said emphatically. "He's much too smooth and oily for me. I don't see how you've put up with him so long."

"Simply because he's useful," shrugged Jerry. "For some reason he's able to get together a crackerjack bunch of carriers, and he manages to hold them, too. I've never been so well served as these last two seasons when he's had charge. Naturally I'm not keen about him personally, and I shouldn't trust him very far, though up to now he's been straight enough."

"He's a half breed, isn't he?"

"Yes; part Spanish and part Malay. It's a queer combination, especially for this locality. I don't know anything about his history, but he certainly stands in well with the natives, and he's got a fair enough reputation down on the coast."

"I wouldn't trust him out of sight — or in it, either," declared Dick. "If he knows what we're after, what's to prevent his turning the whole bunch against us and getting whatever he wants?"

"Sarak."

Dick stared. "You mean ——"

"Just that. Sarak has more influence with the gang than even Garcia. It seems he's the son of their old chief, though I didn't know it 'til we had that heart to heart talk after the elephant fracas. He'd do anything for us now, and I'll back him to block any deviltry Garcia may try to put over with the men. All the same, I'd give a lot if he hadn't gotten wise to this business. He's much too handy with the *kris* to make him a pleasant person to be up against."

ABSENTLY Dick's eyes followed the lazy flight of a huge crimson butterfly which made a drifting spot of flame against the dark background of the jungle.

"Mightn't it be better to give up the whole thing now," he suggested, "and come back another time without Garcia, and with a different lot of men?"

"Nothing to it," declared Jerry decidedly. "We're within three or four days journey of the place, Sarak thinks, and Lord knows if I'd ever get so close again. You know this life. Fever, a poisoned dart, a snake bite — there's any one of a hundred accidents that can put a fellow out of business as quick as winking. No; chances like this don't come often and when they do you have to snap them up on the spot. We'll have to keep a sharp watch on Garcia, but we're three to one, and that's good enough odds for anybody."

They were up at dawn next morning and little more than an hour later the tents were packed and a string of porters, shouldering luggage and the small, carefully packed bales of orchid roots, began their slow progress through the jungle.

Four Malays in charge of Jerry, armed with axes and long, heavy-bladed knives, went ahead to cut a way through the dense thickets and entangling vines. Sarak was with them, while Dick, keyed up and restless, moved back and forth along the straggling line, sometimes chatting with his brother, but more often lingering near Garcia, who kept mostly with the porters.

If the half-breed knew as much of their plans as they suspected, he was an artist in deception. Even Dick, watchful as he was, could find nothing in his manner or conversation to take hold of. He chatted casually and naturally, yelled at the porters, laughed, joked and even asked about their destination, which, unless he was very subtle, was a subject the ordinary plutter would be much more likely to avoid.

"He's slick, all right," remarked the boy to Jerry during one of the brief halts. "He hasn't given himself away a particle."

"I didn't expect he would," smiled the older brother. "He's not the kind you catch napping."

THEY camped that evening on the bank of a small river and during the night one of the three was always on watch. But nothing came of it; apparently Garcia did not open an eye till morning. The second day was a repetition of the first save that the half-breed seemed to have rather more than usual to say to the natives. Unfortunately Dick did not understand the language. It might have been merely idle chatter, but several times he seemed to sense a note of seriousness in Garcia's voice, and more than once during the latter part of the afternoon he caught a curious, furtive expression on one or another of the Malays' faces which made him wonder. He did not speak of it to Jerry. It was all too indefinite and uncertain, and he had a dread of being laughed at, or of giving the impression that his nerves were getting the best of him. Nevertheless, in spite of Garcia's suave blandness, he had a vague, uncomfortable feeling that something he could not understand was going on under the surface.

Late the following afternoon things came suddenly to a head. They had left the lowlands and the river and begun to ascend a gentle grade which seemed to be the lower slope of a range of mountains. From the very start Dick noticed that the men seemed curiously reluctant to proceed. As the day advanced they lagged perceptibly, and though Garcia stormed up and down the line urging them on, he had little success. Presently Sarak came back to try his influence, but his words had no effect save to bring out a stubborn, sullen expression on the dark, impassive faces. He had barely returned to Jerry when Garcia hurried up.

"Zee men — they no go on," he stated in his broken English.

Jerry looked at him keenly. "Won't go on?" he repeated. "Why not?"

Garcia spread out his hands in an expressive gesture. "They say zee place we go to is — how you say it? — it is haunt. The evil spirits live zare."

Jerry's eyes narrowed. "How do they know where we're going?" he asked sharply.

Garcia shrugged his shoulders. "Zee mountain yonder — they say he full of spirits zat eat up brown man. They go any place Meester War'nder say 'cept zat. For me, I care not'ing, but zee men, they 'fraid."

FOR a moment Jerry stood frowning. Then his shoulders squared. "Very well," he said curtly. "We'll make camp here. I suppose they're not afraid to do that?"

"They no like, p'raps," shrugged the half-breed, "but mus' do. I go to tell."

Jerry's eyes followed him for a moment or two. Then a few rapid words sent the four Malays back to join the others. When they were out of hearing he glanced significantly at Sarak, who stood quietly beside him.

"Some of his dirty work," he commented briefly.

The Malay nodded. "I t'ink so. Not many know jus' w'ere thees place ees. He tell them we go, an' then they 'member t'ings they hear 'bout Devil Mountain."

"Exactly. That shows he spied on us and overheard. You think they can't be persuaded to go any further?"

Sarak shook his head decidedly. "Not now," he answered positively.

"How far are we from — this place?" asked Jerry after a momentary pause.

"'Bout one day walk — mebbe little more."

"What's to prevent our going on alone and leaving Garcia here with the porters? They wouldn't run away with our stuff, would they?"

Sarak spoke slowly. "No steal goods. Mebbe run away — if he tell 'em more about — spirits."

"We'd have to take that chance. You'd be willing to guide us there, wouldn't you — Dick and me, I mean."

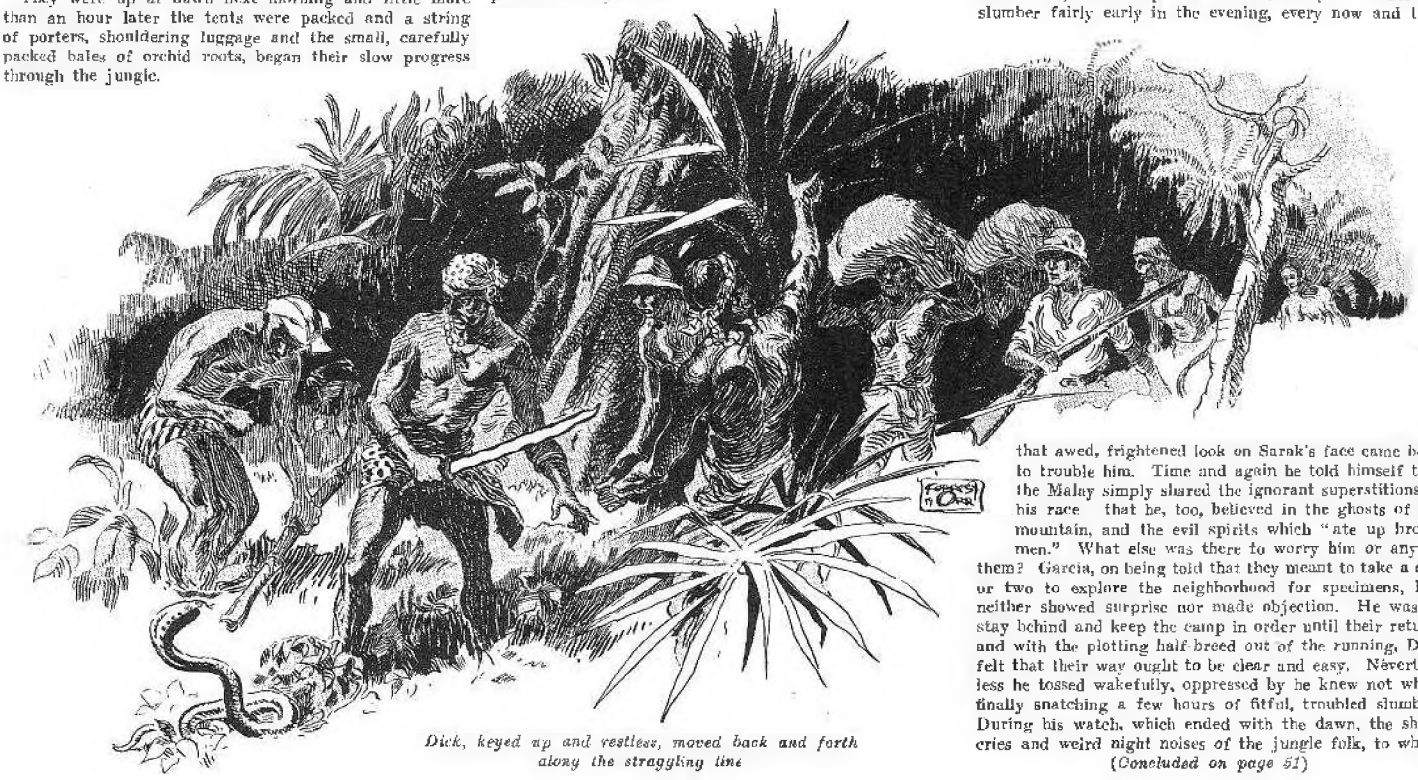
For a brief moment Sarak hesitated. Watching him closely, Dick saw the muscles of the man's face quiver and glimpsed for an instant in the dark eyes a look which had not been there even when he faced the charging bull elephant and almost certain death. It was fear — elemental, consuming fear. He, too, was afraid of something which lay hidden in the depths of this unknown, mysterious jungle. The unexpected realization startled Dick and set his heart to thumping suddenly. Then the look passed like a ripple on a pond and the Malay spoke.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I take you."

"Fine," said Jerry. "I'll arrange things with Garcia and we'll start the first thing to-morrow. I still can't see, though," he went on thoughtfully, "what his game is. He must know that he would be left behind."

That night was a restless one for Dick. He had the last watch, and though he tried to compose himself to slumber fairly early in the evening, every now and then that awed, frightened look on Sarak's face came back to trouble him. Time and again he told himself that the Malay simply shared the ignorant superstitions of his race — that he, too, believed in the ghosts of the mountain, and the evil spirits which "ate up brown men." What else was there to worry him or any of them? Garcia, on being told that they meant to take a day or two to explore the neighborhood for specimens, had neither showed surprise nor made objection. He was to stay behind and keep the camp in order until their return, and with the plotting half-breed out of the running, Dick felt that their way ought to be clear and easy. Nevertheless he tossed wakefully, oppressed by he knew not what, finally snatching a few hours of fitful, troubled slumber. During his watch, which ended with the dawn, the shrill cries and weird night noises of the jungle folk, to which

(Concluded on page 51)



Dick, keyed up and restless, moved back and forth along the straggling line

The Thrill of High Adventure

By Lieut. Belvin W. Maynard

The "Sky Pilot"

FELLOW Scouts, shake hands with Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, our country's greatest aviator in time of peace; the man who was speed winner in the New York-Toronto International race last summer, and first home of the trans-continental flyers in October. In twenty-five hours he travelled the distance between Mineola, Long Island, New York to San Francisco and returned in the same time, on the last lap speeding at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

When you see an aviator way up in the air, you have asked yourself many times, "What is that fellow thinking about?" And you have wondered too how the earth looks from way up there. Doubtless you have said and thought that a good many times. In the article by "Sky Pilot" Maynard that follows, he tells you something of what he was thinking, and how he was feeling, and of what he was proudest.

Not about the glory of it, that he should be the first home on that wonderful flight across the continent and back again: not the cheering thousands or of his fame resounding around the world. Not of this did he think so much as of his country, and his pride in it; of his home and family, and of his loyalty to them. Could we find a better man than he to tell you what he thinks of the scout law of loyalty and what he thinks of you scouts?

THE EDITORS.

"After my trans-continental flight, when I landed on Long Island on October 18th, 1919, there were three there to greet me, a wife with a tearful kiss of joy and two of the dearest little girls God ever made who clamored for the first kiss and Daddy's first embrace."

AFTER leaving New York on October 8th, 1919, with San Francisco as my goal, it was my happy privilege to fly all the way across the vast tract of land which forms what we know as the United States of America.

What a wonderful and beautiful country! Flying over the city of New York with its world-famous tall buildings projecting hundreds of feet toward the sky, that looked like Christmas toys beneath me; flying over the hills, wooded forests, and lakes of New York State; flying over Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland; across the fertile lands, prosperous farm homes and thriving cities of northern Ohio and Indiana, I finally came to the great city of Chicago, which hid her own beauty beneath the preponderance of smoke which teemed from thousands of smoke stacks of thriving industries.

From Chicago I passed over more fertile country between the Mississippi and Missouri and on both sides of them, soon reaching Cheyenne, planted at the foothills of the Rocky mountains. Spanning the Rocky mountains which stood thousands of feet in the air with their rugged slopes, snow capped peaks, and barren valleys; over the Great Salt lake and many mineral deposits forming all kinds of lakes; finally across the treacherous Sierra Nevada range, long since famous for its beauty and for being the home of the Forty-Niners, I came to the proud city of San Francisco.

"All this," said I, "goes to make up this marvelously great country of ours." Its happy homes where, beneath the sunshine and smile of parental care, all our great men have received the inspiration and vision of greater things, its farms giving to our country and to the needy of other countries the necessary food and clothing, its towns and cities the home of America's industries and trade, its rivers and beautiful lakes breaking the monotony of almost unending terrain, its wooded hills and mountains with unsurpassed beauty and splendor, giving to America the envied right to claim for herself the world's most beautiful mountains, its peoples engaging in diversified industries and occupation furnish to our country, when taken collectively, the possibility of its prosperity and happiness.

How my chest swelled and how my pride welled within me at the thought of being a citizen of such a country! No wonder I am stirred with anger when I think of the Bolsheviki laying waste one single foot of this land of which I am so proud. Yet in all this vast territory from New York to San Francisco there is not one single foot of soil that belongs to me. Not a horse, nor cow, nor sheep, nor a foot of America's soil can I claim as my own.

Why then, should I love it? Do I love it for its productiveness, its richness, or its grandeur? Do I love it because it has a great government and noble President? Listen. I'll tell you the secret. After my trans-continental flight, when I landed on Long Island on October 18th, 1919, there were three there to greet me, a wife with a tearful kiss of joy and two of the dearest little girls God ever made who clamored for the first kiss and Daddy's first embrace. For these I would do everything. But this isn't all.

A few days later I flew in my plane to North Carolina and there I was met by my father, a devout man of God whose influence has always called men away from things common and low to the higher and holier, and whose love for his country inspired him to gladly send three sons to France to give, if necessary, their lives for their country. By his side was my mother, though the mother of eleven of America's loyal sons and daughters, she is still brave and strong and prayerful. She, like the mother of every man with a hope in life, is a devout Christian with a stalwart faith, unshakeable and unwavering in the God that directs the destinies of every individual and every nation, and it was upon her knee and under her care that these eleven children have been nurtured.

Now ask me why I love America! Such homes as mine are to be found all the country over and they are what make it a great country. Every Boy Scout has these loved ones that he prizes above all others. For these we would gladly give our lives, for all Boy Scouts are brave and unselfish. Being unselfish we are not only interested in the happiness of our loved ones but we are determined to see that every other family is just as happy as our own.

To protect the homes, the lives, and the happiness of every family and to add to the prosperity and happiness of each other, we organize into a community government where all the families are represented in passing laws for the good of all and which are enforced for the common good. In turn, our communities are united into a county government, the county into a state government and a state government into a national government of which Woodrow Wilson is now President.

So you see that loyalty is a very natural thing. When we think of thousands of scouts all over the country whose happiness is just as important as our own and who are looking to you to help them preserve this happiness, we cannot and we will not go back on them. All of us have pinned our faith in a Republican form of government with representatives to represent us in the making of the laws and an executive department to enforce them. It has its faults, of course, but so has everything else that man has created, and every idea that man has conceived. It does not matter how smart and intelligent we think we may be, there are others just as brilliant.

IT is your duty as a true and loyal scout to be ever at the service of your country, always doing everything you possibly can, without being asked, to strengthen the hand of the government. You should not allow shallow-brained, weak-minded, thoughtless, unpatriotic people to say ugly things about our government and our country without expressing your contempt.

Let us not be so unthoughtful ourselves as to say mean things about our country, but let us realize that our country is not some inconceivable idea, some visionary object, or some incomprehensible state of existence, but is a simple and plain reality, easy to conceive, made up of such homes as you represent, and to bring disgrace upon our country is to bring disgrace upon these homes so dear to all of us. No scout can be loyal to his family without being loyal to his country, and in turn, loyalty to country is loyalty to home.

How can we express our love for our country in time of peace? In time of war it was very easy to distinguish between the loyal and the disloyal. The loyalty of the man in the trenches was never questioned, and yet there were a few disloyal fighting for us even in the trenches. It is sometimes hard to determine by a man's action or by his ideas whether or not he is loyal, especially in time of peace.

At the moment there are some in this great and magnificent country of ours who are masquerading as loyal citizens but who by their very talk and actions deny this fact. And because they are wearing this mark and cloak of sham loyalty they are dangerous. They are seeking to tear down with their teachings of anarchy and their acts of violence that which we have learned to be proud of, that which our forefathers, our fathers and our brothers each in their generation have fought and struggled, and sacrificed life to build up and make permanent. It is for us then, for you Boy Scouts of America and by your acts of loyalty prove yourself the antidote to counteract this evil influence by your loyalty. Spread the great good of your organization throughout this land and by your acts of loyalty prove yourself the antidote for Bolshevikism and anarchy.

We can only rightly judge a man by the spirit and love which direct his action. If he loves America and his ideas are thoroughly opposed to yours he may still be honest. If he is honest he should be respected. If he is dishonest he should be jailed. Let us be honest in what we do and let us be directed by our conscience and not by anything else. With a love for our country and being directed by our consciences we can, even in peace, be of great assistance to our government. If our hearts are right we need not seek the opportunities; they are ever with us. We only have to grasp them.

Watch the Boy Scouts! Their's is loyalty personified!

Why I Love America

Now ask me why I love America! Such homes as mine are to be found all the country over and they are what make it a great country. Every Boy Scout has these loved ones that he prizes above all others. For these we would gladly give our lives, for all Boy Scouts are brave and unselfish. Being unselfish we are not only interested in the happiness of our loved ones but we are determined to see that every other family is just as happy as our own.

LIEUTENANT MAYNARD.

Some Tenderfoot

By Capt. A. P. Corcoran

Illustrated by Clyde Forsythe

THERE was just one explanation of Jackie Felton's action. He was a tenderfoot, untried in jungle ways. The mere sight of the gorilla had scared him and he had fired, not realizing that there was no need for self-defence. He did not know that an ape, so far from being bloodthirsty, is retiring unless intolerably provoked.

Nevertheless, Jim Meade did not like it. As leader of the Uganda Troop, he was guarantor of its good behaviour. And the scouts had received their guns for the sole purpose of protecting, if necessary, human life. He blamed himself for admitting a member not sufficiently seasoned to know where and when not to open fire.

"But the brute was going to attack me—I'm sure of it," protested Jackie. "'Twas standing on its hind legs, and I've read they always do that when they're going to grab ye."

"Rot!" replied Meade, disdainfully. "What you read in stories and what's the truth are two different things, as you'll soon find out. If a gorilla was making for you, it would be down on all-fours, and the first thing you'd know would be a bash on the side of the head."

"And that'd be the last thing you'd know, too," put in Bradley Marshall. "No use howling, Jim. The damage is done. Young female." He touched the dead ape with his foot. "May as well be heading for the next camp."

It was three in the afternoon, and they had several miles of jungle to cover before they would come to the clearing they had chosen for the night. The Troop set out soberly on its road.

Around them the forest was already stirring with the animal life that the noonday heat had driven to rest. The soft pad of feet came to their ears at times, but they saw nothing. Brute caution and the gloom of the woods prevented that. Over their heads trees some eighty to a hundred feet high formed a canopy of interlocking leaves. Smaller trees spread a supporting layer beneath, and between them they formed a roof, green or flower-flecked, through which the sun's rays filtered here and there in gold streaks. The jungle was dim as a cathedral whose sole lighting comes through stained glass, and suffocating as a glass house under the rays of a summer sun.

THEY had gone a couple of miles when the sight of a mango tree suggested a short halt for refreshment. Standing in their stirrups, Reed, Little and Deschamps were shaking the fruit down from the slender limbs for the others to catch, when suddenly, with an exclamation of startled surprise, Reed stood stock-still, pointing upward. In silence the others' eyes followed his finger and beheld a gorilla gazing at them from a neighboring bough.

He was a huge brute, in height probably close to six feet, though the clumsy curve of the body made him look shorter. Black hair tinged with white at the tips covered him shaggily in a thick coat. And his head was surmounted by a crest of dark brown that added to the fierceness of his aspect. But it was his face that fascinated the boys. Jet black, smooth of skin, with a thin nose and distended nostrils it resembled that of a cruel, cynical savage. He gazed at them steadily for some breathless seconds out of his small, cunning, coffee-colored eyes. And then, before they could move, he had vanished noiselessly, swiftly, using the thumb-like big toe and talon-like fingers to swing himself to a still taller tree, in the dense foliage of which he was soon secure from sight. The scouts looked after him dumbly, and then Jim Meade spoke up.

"Come on, boys. We won't see him again. And we've lost enough time as it is." His voice was cheerful, but he gave a nod to Marshall that made the patrol leader linger with him behind the rest.

"Think he's following us?" He put the question softly.

"Don't know what to think," was the worried reply. "Gorillas are none too common around these parts. Seems to me he might be the mate of the female Felton shot. Hope we don't have trouble."

Meade was frowning, plainly upset. He knew gorillas for persistent beasts not liable to rest until they had the revenge they were seeking. Moreover, this was the mating season—late January. Probably Marshall was right.

"Well," he said at last. "We've got to watch out that Jackie does not find himself alone. If he does—"

"Sure! Good night!" And Marshall sighed.

It had been a pleasant safari, taken with the object of getting certain botanical specimens. He was loath to have the end of it spoiled.

THEY rode on, keeping well in the rear of the Troop, ears and eyes on the alert. But the lurking threat in the woods disturbed them. They were uneasy and their nameless fear was reflected in their faces. Their heads were forever turning to the right of the trail, the side on which they had seen the sullen ape. Finally Meade plucked Marshall by the arm, and, with a jerk of his thumb, silently directed his gaze.

There, just on a level with the group including Felton, was the big ape travelling nimbly from tree to tree. His movement was soundless as that of a mouse on a felt rug. Not a crackle of a branch, not the rustle of a leaf, betrayed his presence to the boy he watched. They saw him grasp a limb with his long-fingered, slender hand, swing his huge body outward, and, with the outstretched toe, catch a branch on the next tree. He was over.

The two boys turned white as they watched. What should they do? If they fired at the moving brute, they would probably accomplish nothing beyond frightening him. He would vanish from view, and pursue them still, unseen. And if they didn't kill him before nightfall—

"How big's this clearing, do you remember?" Meade asked, suddenly. They had used it not many days ago on their trip into the woods. For speed and safety's sake they were returning on their own tracks.

He gazed at them steadily for some breathless seconds out of his small, cunning, coffee-colored eyes

"Hundred and fifty by a hundred yards. Maybe more. I'm not sure," replied Bradley.

Meade was thinking, frowning heavily.

"Well, anyway, he can't get into the open without being seen. There's a full moon, thank heaven. We'll sleep directly in the middle and take watches by turns. George! I wish we were out of this jungle."

They reached the clearing without again catching sight of him. Whether he was ahead of or behind them or on a level but lost to view, they could not say.

Gradually their tension relaxed. The bustle of getting supper, the cheery companionship of the other scouts, who were entirely unaware of any danger, temporarily relieved them of their dread. Grouped around the fire, they were listening to Deschamps singing some folksong from France, when to their ears came the sound of a long-drawn sigh followed by a pitiful little whine.

It was eerie, issuing as it did from the brushwood, and human in its expression of woe. Some of the boys fortunately misinterpreted it, thinking perhaps it came from one of the Troop. Then, as Deschamps did not stop, they forgot it. But Meade and Marshall found occasion to stroll aside by themselves.

"The ape or I'm an Indian," ejaculated Bradley quietly. "And the beast's lonesome. D'ye hear him?"

Meade nodded.

"Yes, I heard. Wish he'd go back and mourn beside his mate. He's watching all right. This is a pretty pickle."

"Guess we'll have to pickle him before morning," Marshall gave a nervous laugh. "Shouldn't care to sleep with him hanging around. Fair gives me the willies."

"One of us will watch all the time. Take turns sitting up with the others," said Meade. "All right?"

"Sure!"

They separated.

AVOIDING as far as possible all appearance of purpose, Meade had the horses tethered in such wise that, lying down, their bodies protectingly circled the clearing. And on the excuse, supported by experience, that M'bwanga, substitute for the sick M'Teke, could not be trusted to keep the fires ablaze, he told the scouts they were to take turns in watches. Some exclaimed, scenting trouble. But Meade silenced them with a look. And none was bold enough to pursue inquiries.

They were early asleep, grouped as usual in a circle, heads meeting at the center. Only M'Bwanga slept apart. And two sat up, silent, beside the fire.

A softly yellow moon hung above them, its slanting rays lighting the tree tops on one side, the underbrush on the opposite side of the clearing. Thus, one half of their camping ground was in shadow, while the other shone wanly white. Marshall, on guard, was staring steadily into the gloom to the right where Felton's body was stretched in sleep. His companion was drowsily gazing into the flames, when pandemonium, it seemed, suddenly broke loose around them.

One horse on the left started up with a snort. His neighbors, neighing, were soon standing by his side, shivering violently from head to foot. Then the others woke. A chorus broke the silence of frightened whinnies accompanied by pounding hoofs. The animals reared, plunged, and would have broken away madly but

for the restraining ties of their tethering. Soon the scouts were on their feet, clamoring for the cause of the commotion.

Anyone seen anything?

Had a beast really braved the blazing fires?

In silence Marshall and Meade walked around quieting the horses. As Bradley came to the spot where the noise first started, his foot touched the body of M'Bwanga. He had forgotten M'Bwanga in the fright. Now the man's pose attracted his attention. He looked down. The black head was lolling forward at a queer angle. He bent down. The mouth was hanging open, and the eyeballs starting from their sockets. He felt the head. It hung loose. It was broken at the neck.

WITH an involuntary cry of horror he straightened up. The others came to him. Meade, knowing no alternative, told them about the ape, laying a reassuring hand on Felton's shoulder meanwhile. Some declared they had suspected, but said nothing. What to do?

"Why, he's out there right now, waiting," cried one, voicing the feelings of the rest.

"No!" declared Meade. "He can't be. Look at the horses."

They had already lain down again to rest.

The watches were doubled. But there was small need for the precaution. Few of the scouts slept deeply again.

The night passed uneventfully. They were up with the sun, and sending Felton with some others to fetch plantains for breakfast, Meade buried M'Bwanga deep in the woods, erecting a small cross to mark the spot.

When he returned, Bradley noticed, Felton's eyes roamed around, as if searching for something. But he nothing. And at breakfast he scarcely ate. His face was white and set. The leaders watched him anxiously, wondering what was passing in his mind. Once or twice Meade attempted to cheer or console him, and the boy's lips twisted in a vain effort to smile. Then all forgot him momentarily in the hustle of departure. Ready to start, they looked around and found him — gone.

FOR the long hours succeeding the discovery of the tragedy, Felton had lain quietly awake. He was pondering on the predicament of the Troop. It was his doing that a native now lay dead, and the others were watching in danger. Suppose the gorilla came again, and killed a scout! His throat tightened with terror. He shut his teeth and clenched his hands in an effort to keep still. They must not suspect his horror. He must think this thing out and make some plan. To slip off unseen in the woods would be impossible now. Moreover, it would be fruitless suicide, he knew that. The ape would be on him, before he heard it. No boy could go as quietly as the gorilla. And then, in the black brushwood, he would be struck senseless and torn to death, before he had even a chance to strike.

No! He must wait for the light, unless the brute came again to attack him. If it did, the horses would warn him. He lay quiet, waiting for dawn.

Shortly after breakfast, he slipped away. He went cautiously, carefully covering his tracks. He wanted to go far enough into the jungle to make his discovery doubtful. When he met the ape, his shots would give a signal. The fight would be over, before he was found. So deep was the horror on him of the death he had innocently caused that he felt strangely, calmly unafraid.

Stumbling over tangled vines, pricked here and there by thorn trees, he pressed on as quickly as his caution would permit. A sort of shudder passed over him at times, as he wondered whether the ape was watching. He meant to keep on until he came to some sort of clearing, and then wait. He fancied he would not have to wait long. A breeze stirred the trees around him. The tangled leaves touched one another with a caressing, rustling sound. Was the ape up or down wind? That fact might decide much. He wished that he was as blessed with scent as the savage animal.

Save for a few bright plumed birds he saw nothing for about a hundred yards. He was undecided as to which way to go, when a yawning pit in the ground met his eye. It seemed to be right in the center of an open space — not a natural clearing, for there were broken tree trunks around. He looked into the pit, where lay a mass of tangled branches, decayed leaves, and from which issued a fetid smell as of stale blood. He decided it was some animal trap in which the natives had probably killed their prey.

A good find! A ray of hope crossed his wan face, as he saw in it protection from the rear. He would stand there, back to the pit and await the ape.

It was about half an hour later and Jackie, from where he stood, could hear the scout call re-echoing through the trees. Would that gorilla never appear? Tired, he was relaxing, hands dropping by his side, when the pad of feet startled him to attention. He peered into the wood and saw the ape at its edge.

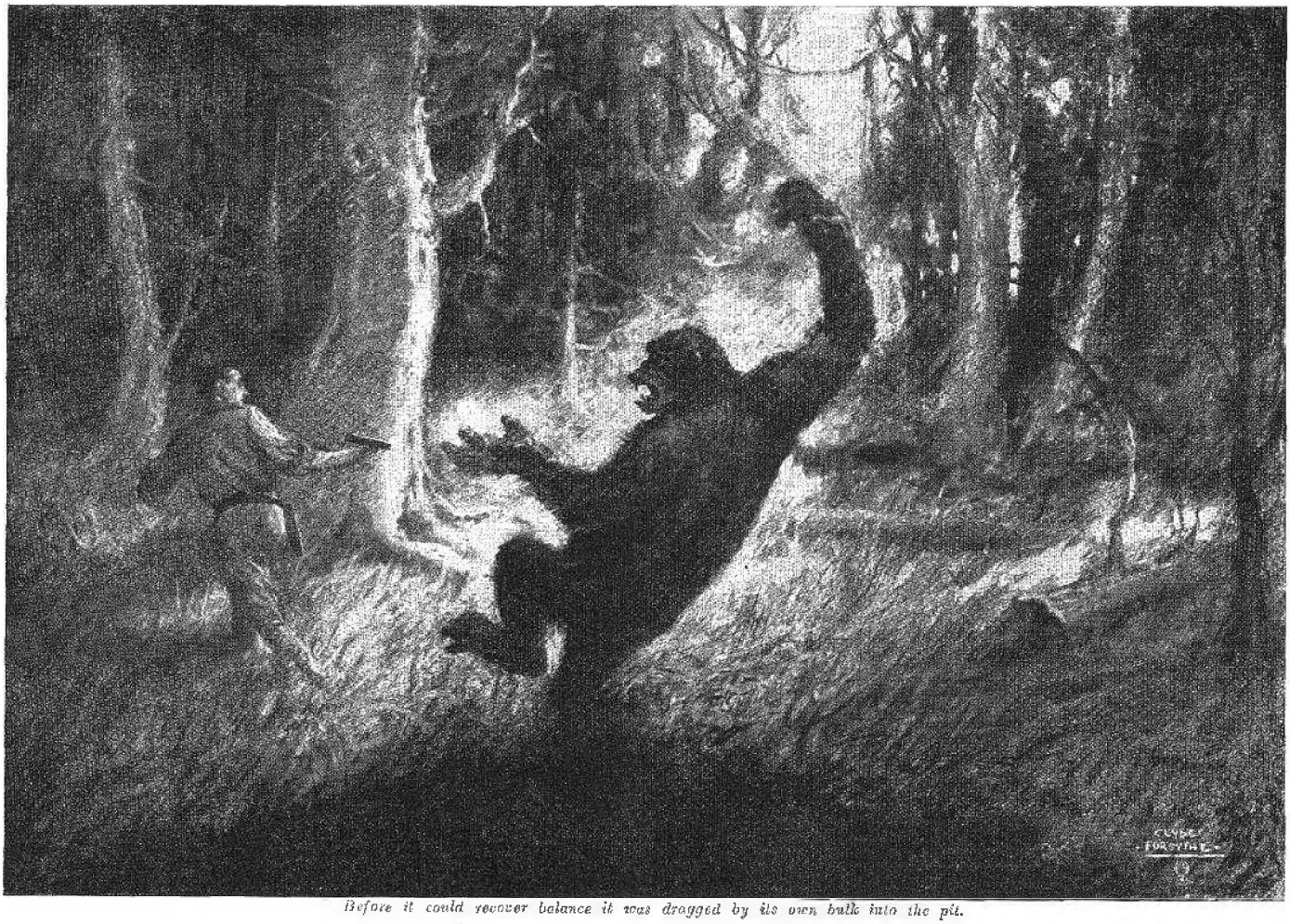
It was hurrying, using its long arms as crutches, swinging the big body on between them in swift, strong strides. Up-wind, it had failed to catch Jackie's scent. Perhaps the cries had frightened it. It seemed to be fleeing. Almost before either realized the other's presence, it was out in the open, but a few paces off.

In the second during which Jackie pulled the trigger to fire, he was conscious of a strange change in the cruel black face before him. The first almost human expression of startled surprise gave way to one in which venomous hatred was as plain as in that of a human being aroused to wrath. It occurred to him that in that instant the gorilla had caught his scent and recognized him for the slayer of his mate.

HE fired. But either the brute changed his position or fear had upset Felton's aim. He missed a vital spot. The bullet glanced off under the hairy arm. And now Jackie could see the big chest heave with rage. He raised his revolver to fire again, but the ape, too, was ready to attack. While the revolver was still smoking, he had moved forward on all-fours, the knuckles of his closed hands supporting the fore-part of his body. He was little more than a couple of paces off now and his cunning little eyes pierced into Jackie's as he would fascinate him and render him powerless through fear. Indeed, he was doing so.

The boy had not yet fired, when suddenly the huge hairy

(Continued on page 61)



Before it could recover balance it was dragged by its own bulk into the pit.

Four Footed Folk

By Arthur F. Rice
Secretary of the Camp Fire Club of America

IN creating the squirrel family nature performed one of her most gracious and beneficent acts. She made the striped squirrel for the very small boy, the red squirrel for the larger boy and the gray squirrel for the big boy from 15 to 70 years of age, and threw in flying squirrels and black squirrels and fox squirrels as an evidence of her generous disposition to please everybody. She decorated the stumps and mossy rocks with tiny, beautiful forms and added picturesque life to the rail fences and stone walls with a charming race of busy little creatures whose graceful motions and interesting habits contribute much to the entertainment of all mankind.

It was in the eternal fitness of things that the squirrels should do something for nature in return for the gift of a joyous existence; so they set about helping her to plant her garden. The chipmunks buried beech nuts and chestnuts and acorns in the ground and thus did their part in the scheme of scientific forestry. The red squirrels dropped hazel nuts, butternuts, cherry stones and pine cones along the walls and fences and straightway there sprang up along these avenues of squirrel travel fruitful shrubs and lusty trees where other squirrels find a feast, where the birds build their nests and under which the cattle enjoy a grateful shade. So the squirrels earned, and continue to earn, the right to live and to rejoice in life.

How ill could we afford to spare that vivacious and lovely bit of vitality, the chipping squirrel! the baby of the family, so to speak, that plays about our very feet, frisking among the leaves, scampering over the forest floor, or disappearing with a chatter of mock alarm into his tiny burrow. Audubon has likened the chipmunk among animals to the wren among birds, and the simile is a good one, for both are pert, saucy and the embodiment of joyous activity.

The chipmunk is a provident little chap, and stores up a prodigious quantity of food, sometimes a peck or more of nuts and grain; and when snugly hidden in his winding burrow, the mouth of which he closes when the cold season arrives, a hard winter has no terrors for him. His enemies, the hawks, owls and weasels, may go hungry, but safe in the bosom of mother earth, with the warm mantle of the snow above him, the chipmunk passes a cosy winter, in the midst of comfort and plenty, dreaming of the time when the south wind shall blow again and the squirrel cups shall open once more.

DAINTIEST and most rarely seen of all his tribe, is the flying squirrel, the connecting link between the quadrupeds and the birds. Soft and downy as any of his feathered congeners, he might easily be mistaken for one of them as he skims from tree to tree. We do not often get a view of him because he is a nocturnal animal and few know where to look for him in the daytime. Yet he has been long known, for it is recorded that in 1624 Governor Smith, of Virginia, described him as "a small beast they call assapanick, but we call the flying squirrel, because spreading their legs and so stretching the largeness of their skins that they have been seen to fly 30 or 40 yards."

There are more of these little fellows in the woods than one would suppose and they can be found without difficulty in any old forest where there are numerous decayed trees. Their home is generally in some old yellow birch or beech stub or tall stump, and is located near the top. The entrance is a small round hole, usually on the south or east side. In situation and appearance it is so similar to the home of the woodpecker as to be easily mistaken for it, and it is more than likely that in some instances such for both, the possession after ed her brood and ment. Whether the these comfortable shaky quarters be- it has served as squirrels taking the bird has hatchvacated the tenesquirrels select but somewhat cause the wood is soft and easily worked, or because the insecurity of their abode acts, in a measure, as a protection from their enemies, I am unable to say. They seem to be aware, however, that their house is liable at any time to be down about their ears and appreciate the necessity of being ready to move out quickly. It requires only a slight jar or blow on the base of the building to create consternation among the family in the top story. First a sharp little head, with black beads as eyes, pokes itself out of the window and takes an observation as to the nature and motive of this unceremonious knocking. If the jarring is continued, one after another the mouselike little creatures hurriedly emerge and sail off in different directions. They do not fly as birds do; there is no flapping of their wings, which are merely an extension of the skin from the sides of their bodies to their feet; nor do they possess the power of flying upward. They simply sail down to the base of some tree conveniently near, run up to get a fresh start and again fly downward. If closely pursued they usually run up to the top of some large tree and hide there. They breed abundantly, and it is not uncommon to find 6 or 8, old and young, in a single nest. They are the least obtrusive and noisy of squirrel kind, and if you seat yourself at night under the tree in which they live, you will merely hear a few mouselike squeaks as they frolic and chase one another about above your head. There is nothing in nature softer than their fur, and some country people say it is a sure cure for the earache. Fortunately this is not a universally accepted fact.

AS one pushes through the fringe of undergrowth which skirts the forest and seats himself, at daybreak, on a stump or a fallen tree to watch and listen, the woods become instinct with life. The blue jay sounds his trumpet call, the crows hold noisy consultation over their plans for the day and a ruffed grouse whips the twigs of the pine with her wing as she leaves her roost. The chipmunks scurry about from stump to stump, now rushing precipitately to cover, now coming forth again to take a critical view of the intruder. Their larger cousins, the red squirrels, come out from the hemlocks and, perching on a dead branch, rattle out a challenge to all comers. At last comes the sound for which you have been waiting and which makes the heart beat faster. It is a thrashing among the boughs of the hollow maple near by, telling you that the gray squirrel is out after his breakfast. Away he goes toward some big oak or hickory, scattering a shower of dew from the leaves as he jumps from limb to limb, revealing his course by the springing branches he leaves behind him. If his suspicions are aroused by anything he sees or hears, he stops, cocks himself up on a limb or plasters himself against a tree trunk and barks disapprovingly, accenting each syllable with a jerk of his broad tail. Of all the sounds in nature, there are few which thrill me like the bark of the gray squirrel.

There is in it something so wild and primitive that it stirs in me a remnant of aboriginal instincts. It is said that when the convicts of Siberia hear the notes of the cuckoos in early summer an intense and inexpressible longing to escape to the woods seizes them. It is to them the call to freedom, and the soft alluring cry so affects them that, at the immediate risk of their lives, they attempt to obey its summons. I comprehend something of what their feelings must be; for if I were imprisoned within the hearing of the gray squirrel's bark I should take the most desperate chances of breaking jail. It will ever be associated in my mind with the fragrance of the woods, the dropping of nuts, and the soft, hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer.

THE gray squirrel is an improvident fellow, enjoying the profusion which one season furnishes, but taking no steps to provide for the time when food will be scarce and hard to get. He is so much like the Indian in this respect that it would be interesting to know which first set the bad example for the other. It is possible, however, that he makes a mental note of where the nuts dropped, for he seems to know just where to dig for them in the winter. He is luxurious in his tastes, and, tiring of his winter quarters, generally builds for himself a cool and airy summer cottage of leaves, possibly with some sanitary motives in view. Whether his wife stays awhile after he leaves their home in the hollow tree and cleans house against their next winter's occupancy, I have yet to learn. I do believe, however, that the male squirrel is the carpenter of the family and takes the contract for building, because, recently I discovered him in the act. The nest in a tall chestnut was nearly completed and was as big as a half bushel. He made hasty trips to the top of the tree where the leaves were thick, cut off half a dozen with his teeth and ran down to the nest, going sometimes inside with them and again adjusting the outside, examining his work critically but apparently with a self satisfied air. If I had had the time I should have waited to see the result of this house building, to learn whether he intended to invite a mate to share it, or whether he was merely furnishing bachelor apartments for himself.

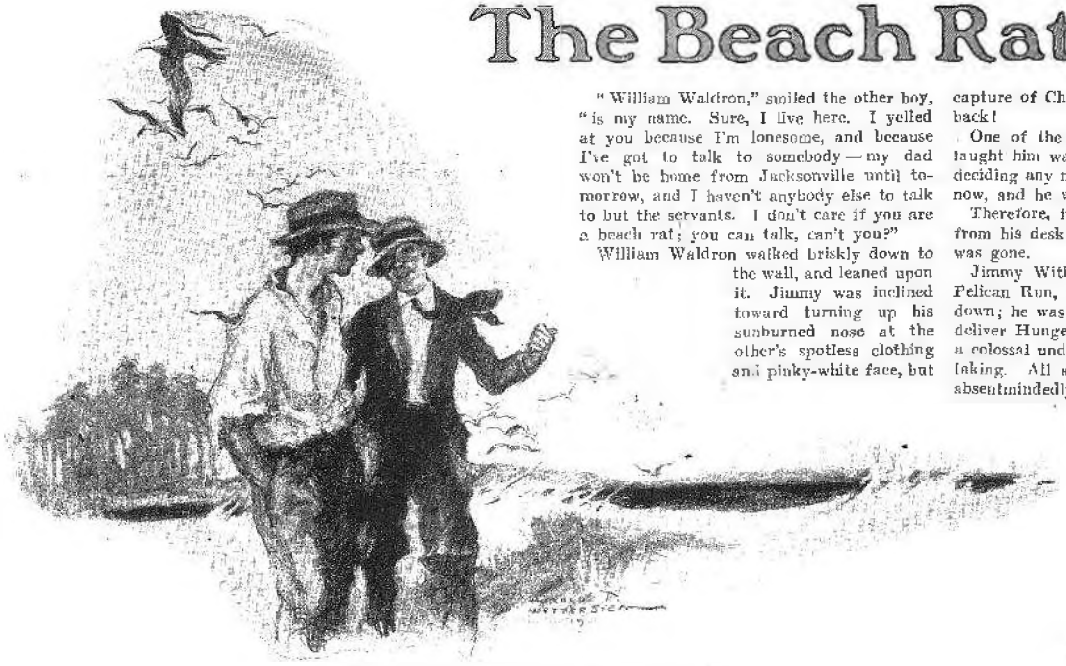
The broad, bushy tail of this active and graceful animal performs an important function for him in his flight from tree to tree, as I once had an opportunity as a boy of discovering. My companion, who used a rifle, chanced to cut off a gray squirrel's tail with a bullet. It was the old story of a ship without a rudder, and, although no vital part was injured, the erratic movements, miscalculation of distances and numerous falls of the squirrel plainly demonstrated that this missing member was essential to his speedy and accurate locomotion. The gray squirrel does not require a great quantity of food and although he comes out more or less in winter, he is not much in evidence at that season, sleeping most of the time in his hollow tree. He is a beautiful animal, however, in his winter coat and fills his niche in the forest.

The red squirrel, or chickaree, has been the subject of

(Concluded on page 55)

The Beach Rat

By Hapsburg Liebe
Illustrated by Harold Witterstein



"I'm going on and that's all there is to it"

JIMMY WITHERS was a very human sort of person, and he was a person with whom life had not dealt tenderly. Always, it seemed to him, he had had to struggle for his own survival in the scheme of things. His father, a goodnatured and honest but ne'er-do-well Florida coast fisherman, had died before Jimmy had reached his seventh birthday, and there had been no kin whatever to take charge of the boy. Then had come years of being cuffed about in one fishing outfit after another; years of slavish toil with more rags than clothing to wear, and less than half enough to eat.

But all this had taught certain valuable lessons. His wits were sharp, now; his judgment was good, and his resourcefulness great, considering that he was only fifteen years old.

Not far from the halfway point on Florida's east coast there is a more or less stylish little city called San Sebastian, which is much used by native Floridians as a summer resort and by wealthy Northerners as a wintering place.

Down the coast some five miles from San Sebastian, and directly opposite a salt water inlet known as Pelican Run, stood the rambling quarters of a fishing outfit that was in charge of one "Chicago" Hungerford, a huge and black-bearded villain who knew more about blowing safes than he knew about the sea, fishing, and boats. To get at the truth of the matter, Hungerford was fishing while the world forgot a few of his misdeeds in one of the great northern cities. With him was a gang of six nondescript beachcombers, men who were quite as unscrupulous as was Hungerford himself.

Jimmy Withers was boy-of-all-work for this cutthroat aggregation at a wage of two dollars per week, with which was included his board. His pay was a mere pittance, of course, but the thrifty Jimmy had managed to save a hundred dollars. It had taken him all of two years of close hoarding.

On this warm and fine winter day, young Withers was walking into the outskirts of San Sebastian. Young Withers was a little angrier than he had ever been before in his life. And with good reason. "Chicago" Hungerford had stolen Jimmy's precious hundred dollars! Truly, it was an unspeakable injustice.

THE lad was about to pass a great house of white brick and coquina rock, which stood in grounds that were shut in by a low stone wall and beautiful with three kinds of palms and much other semi-tropical shrubbery, when there came a lusty hail from a point at his left:

"Hello!" It was a boy of fifteen, Jimmy's own age, and he stood on the other side of the low wall.

"Hello yourself!" clipped Jimmy, halting and facing the other boy.

For half a minute the two, the one that was in rags and the one that was dressed immaculately, eyed each other in serious appraisal.

"What's your name?" inquired Jimmy. "Do you live here? And what made you yell at me? I'm nothin' but a beach rat!"

"William Waldron," smiled the other boy, "is my name. Sure, I live here. I yelled at you because I'm lonesome, and because I've got to talk to somebody — my dad won't be home from Jacksonville until tomorrow, and I haven't anybody else to talk to but the servants. I don't care if you are a beach rat; you can talk, can't you?"

William Waldron walked briskly down to the wall, and leaned upon it. Jimmy was inclined toward turning up his sunburned nose at the other's spotless clothing and pinky-white face, but the look of good fellowship in Waldron's eyes forbade it, and Jimmy remained sober.

"I've been reading," suddenly said William Waldron, "about pirates. Did you ever see one?"

"Sure!" exclaimed Jimmy, his mind reverting hotly to the cutthroats he had been working for. "There's seven of 'em exactly five miles down this coast, at Pelican Run, right now!"

William Waldron's face showed immediate interest. "My! Seven pirates — real pirates?"

"You'd think so, if you saw 'em."

"And do they fly the Jolly Roger, with the deathshead on it, and wear cutlasses and pistols?"

"Oh, boy! Worse than that!"

Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, young Waldron did not grasp the beach boy's real meaning. Jimmy Withers began to move on; he was going to the San Sebastian county's high sheriff with the story of how Chicago Hungerford had stolen his money. The sheriff might possibly recover it for him, he thought.

"See you again, maybe," Jimmy threw back over his shoulder.

William Waldron did not reply to that. Perhaps he didn't really hear. He stood there staring wistfully down the coast, toward Pelican Run.

AN obliging storekeeper directed Jimmy Withers to the sheriff's office, and Jimmy entered with some misgivings; he felt somehow afraid now. A big man in officer-blue sat writing at a scarred desk, and he merely glanced at the boy.

"Take a chair," he said hastily. "I'll be through in a few minutes."

Jimmy sat down, removed his battered felt hat, put his bare feet on the chair's lower round, and began to run his gaze over the walls. He saw, among other things, a number of small photos, both front view and profile, of men who were wanted for violations of the law of the land. One of those faces rather haunted the lad. The forehead was low, and it had a backward slant; the jaw was smoothly-shaven and massive; the mouth was distinctly brutal. But it was the eyes of the photo that held Jimmy's attention closest. Underneath were lines giving half a dozen aliases and a minute physical description, and under this was the statement that two thousand dollars awaited the man's arrest.

Then a full realization came to Jimmy Withers, and it sent a shiver racing up his spine —

The man was Chicago Hungerford, without a beard!

Jimmy's head whirled a little as the thing sank in. He glanced toward the sheriff's broad back. Would he tell the officer, and let the officer reap the reward, or would he himself attempt to effect the capture of Chicago? He had to have his hundred dollars back!

One of the lessons that his struggle for survival had taught him was that it were better to think much before deciding any momentous question. Jimmy wished to think now, and he wanted a whole day for it.

Therefore, it came about that when the sheriff turned from his desk a short time afterward, his juvenile visitor was gone.

Jimmy Withers traveled by beach on the way back to Pelican Run, as he had come. He walked with his head down; he was trying to fall on a plan by which he could deliver Hungerford into the hands of the law. It seemed a colossal undertaking, and it really was a colossal undertaking. All at once he became aware that he had been absentmindedly following the footprints of someone, evidently a boy, who wore shoes, and the truth snapped into his mind —

William Waldron had gone down the beach to see the "pirates!"

Jimmy Withers laughed a wry little laugh. He increased his pace, almost running for a mile, and then he turned a bend in the line of the coast and saw a slender and youthful figure struggling along through the beach sand ahead of him.

"Hey, William," he called shrilly — "wait!"

William halted and faced about. Jimmy ran, half breathless, up to him.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Jimmy.

William Waldron's pinky-white countenance became suddenly determined, and not a little defiant.

"I'm going," he answered somewhat enigmatically, "where I'm going, and you can't stop me. I've never had a real adventure in all my life!"

"Down to see the pirates, eh?" sneered Jimmy.

"Absolutely," William declared.

JIMMY WITHERS' sunbrowned face became very serious. "See here, son. I didn't mean the kind o' pirates you thought I meant. These fellers is just plain rillyuns. Why, they'd hold you and make your daddy pay a big price to get you back again! They'd kick you, and beat you; and maybe they'd kill you dead. You go on back home, son. You got a good home, and plenty o' clothes, and plenty to eat, and plenty o' books to read, and everything, now ain't you?"

William Waldron turned up his nose. "Pooh! What's books, and clothes, and things to eat? Pooh!"

Jimmy Withers straightened, a prince in his rags. "If you'd done without 'em, like I have, you'd sure know what it is to have 'em! You ain't never missed 'em yet; that's your big trouble. I'm tellin' you, son, you'd better go on back home."

William Waldron seemed to be considering the matter.

"If they kidnapped me," he murmured presently, "and held me for — for ransom, my dad could pay it, I guess; and it would be a real adventure. I almost hope they do kidnap me. I'm going on, and that's all there is to it."

"You've got a lot o' fool stuff into your head," said Jimmy. "Life ain't fool stuff, like that. You don't know life; and I reckon the only way for you to find it out is to come wi' me. If you get out of it alive, you'll be all right; if you don't, I guess it won't be much damage to

"A big man sat writing and he merely glanced at the boy"

the world. So come right on, if nothin' else will do for you!"

William Waldron went with Jimmy down the shining beach. William Waldron was "game." At least, he thought he was.

The afternoon was considerably more than half gone when they came in sight of the low and rambling, weather-beaten old building that housed Chicago Hungerford and his beachcomber fishing crew. William Waldron was more or less disappointed in seeing only a few small boats instead of a square-rigged old ship with big port-holes and the yawning muzzles of brass cannon, but he said nothing about it. Jimmy led the way up to the ramshackle porch. He was about to set foot on it, when there rose an uproar inside. Chairs were turned over, and there were angry shouts; then a pistol shot, and then the blatant, foghorn voice of Chicago Hungerford:

"Back, One-Eye—back there! You think you can hold me up like the robber you are because you know somethin' on me; eh? Well, you can't! And if you think you can put the San Sebastian sheriff wise to me and get away with it, just you try it; get me? You six, you—"

THE interruption came in the shape of a dozen hurrying feet, more overturning of things, and several pistol shots. A bullet splintered one of the thin boards beside the doorway, and Jimmy Withers caught William Waldron by a shoulder and drew him flat beside him on the ground. The big voice of Chicago Hungerford came again:

"Now clear out, the bunch of you, and do it quick! I'm through with you—quick, I say—"

Bang! Yet another shot, and the beachcombers broke through the doorway, rushed across the porch, and went running wildly for the shelter of the pines and palmettos that grew just back of the beach. A moment, and they had disappeared in the undergrowth, and Chicago Hungerford walked out on the porch, which creaked under his weight. Jimmy Withers, lying flat on the sand, glanced at his companion, who also was lying flat on the sand. William's face was all white now. Then Hungerford's eyes fell upon them.

"Get up!" he ordered. "You two, get up! Jimmy, where'd you get the other boy? And what'd you bring him here for?"

Withers and the other boy rose. They faced the big, bearded man. Hungerford suddenly began to turn a sickly pale. He put a hand to his great chest, and Jimmy noticed a slowly widening circle on his blue shirt. Then Hungerford sank weakly to one knee.

"They pinked me, Jimmy," he said, his voice unsteady. "One-Eye Akers, it was him. They sort of—er, mutinied. Jimmy, help me get inside, and bring me some water—"

The boys hastened to the aid of the wounded man. Jimmy took one of Hungerford's arms, and William Waldron nervously grasped the other. The two helped Chicago into the house, where he stretched himself out as though very wearily on a low, built-in bed. Jimmy brought water. Hungerford drank a swallow, and closed his eyes. He had fainted, but the boys did not know it.

The short twilight of the semi-tropics began to settle down, and Jimmy Withers nudged the somewhat dazed William Waldron.

"You'd better go," whispered Jimmy. "This ain't any place for you. It'll soon be dark."

William stared. Jimmy continued: "They'll be scared about you, if you don't hurry. And you'd better send a doctor down from San Sebastian; Chicago sure is in one bad fix."

He had forgotten his resolve to turn Hungerford over to the law, if it were possible, in order that he might claim the reward and get back his hard-earned hundred dollars. The boy, as I said once before, was a very human sort of person.

HUNGERFORD now opened his eyes. He had come to in time to hear most of that which Jimmy had just said to William Waldron. On the villain's pallid face was a light of mingled desperation and cunning.

"No doctor!" he growled.

"But—" began Jimmy, when Hungerford produced a wicked-looking, short-barreled revolver of the "bulldog" type, and held it threateningly.

"The other boy," he said to Jimmy, "he doesn't leave here. Nobody leaves here. It wouldn't be good business for me, just now; understand?"

Before Jimmy could frame a reply, a voice came sharply from the deep gloaming. It was that of one of

Hungerford moved the revolver until it pointed in the direction whence had come the voice of One-Eye Akirs

Chicago Hungerford's former crew, and it said this:

"We want to strike a bargain with you, Chicago. Willin' to talk?"

Hungerford frowned heavily in the semi-darkness. He moved the revolver until its barrel pointed in the direction whence had come the voice of One-Eye Akers.

"What's the bargain, One-Eye?" he demanded.

Akers spoke more or less falteringly. It was a case of a jackal hearding a lion.

"Well," said Akers, "if—if you'll submit to us takin' you to San Sebastian, we'll give you half o' the two thousand reward to fight your case with. If you don't, one of us will go for the sheriff, and the other five will stay here and see that you don't get away. What's the answer, Chicago?"

"This," snapped Chicago—and he sent a bullet toward One-Eye Akers!

William Waldron and Jimmy Withers promptly ducked. But there was no shot from Akers. Hungerford then sat up, with an effort, on the low bed.

"See here, Jimmy," said he. "You listen. I'm going to escape, and the only way is by the sea. We can get down to a boat, put out, go through the inlet, and finally land down at Des Palmas, ten miles from here. The wind and the out-going tide will help us through the inlet. You and the other boy, you've got to row me!"

"But the other boy's got to go back home," protested Jimmy. "His folks—"

"He couldn't!" Hungerford broke in. "Akers and his men are watching from the brush. They wouldn't let the boy go, because they'd be afraid he'd tell about—about what he's seen and heard while he was here, and spoil everything about them getting the reward that's out for me; see?"

It was only too true, and Jimmy realized it. "Maybe so, Chicago. I—I'll help you out and down to Des Palmas if you'll give me back my hundred dollars, Chicago."

Hungerford flared up quickly with a falsehood: "I never got your hundred dollars! Now get to the little white boat—she's easy rowed; get, you and the other boy—move quick; hear?"

Jimmy and William Waldron went to their feet, and so did Hungerford, though the latter staggered dizzily. The barrel of the bulldog covered the boys, menacing them, and they obeyed the order of the villain. Five minutes later, the three were in the small white boat, and making for the inlet. Hungerford sat in the stern, his weapon ready, and the boys each pulled an oar as hard as his strength would allow. Waldron soon became tired of it, but the ever-threatening bulldog never failed to spur him to a fresh effort.

THEY were barely through the inlet and touching upon the open Atlantic, when Withers noted that the stars to the westward had every one disappeared and that dim flashes of distant lighting were playing above the western horizon. He knew well what it meant.

"Look, Chicago," said he, pointing. "There's a storm makin' in the west, and we'll be blowed out to sea and lost!"

Chicago stirred only a trifle. He did not turn his head to look toward the west, because it required too great an effort; his wound was giving him more pain than ever now.

"Better than the law," he growled. "It's bad to be lost at the sea, but it's better than the law."

"But this boy here," said Jimmy, slacking on his oar for the moment, "he ain't done anything to be drowned for! His folks don't even know where he is, Chicago!"

"Pull that oar!" clipped Hungerford. "I don't care anything about that boy. You pull that oar, or I'll cripple you!"

In spite of himself, William Waldron sobbed outright. It tore at Jimmy's soul. When one had a good home, plenty of clothes to wear, plenty of good things to eat, and plenty of books to read—it was insufferable to even think of such a boy being drowned.

"Keep up heart, son," Jimmy whispered to William. "Maybe it'll all come out all right. There's always somebody stronger'n any sea or any storm, son; remember that."

William Waldron bravely ceased to sob. Hungerford laughed wickedly, a little deliriously; he had heard.

"Bah!" he said. "You a preacher, Jimmy? Bah!"

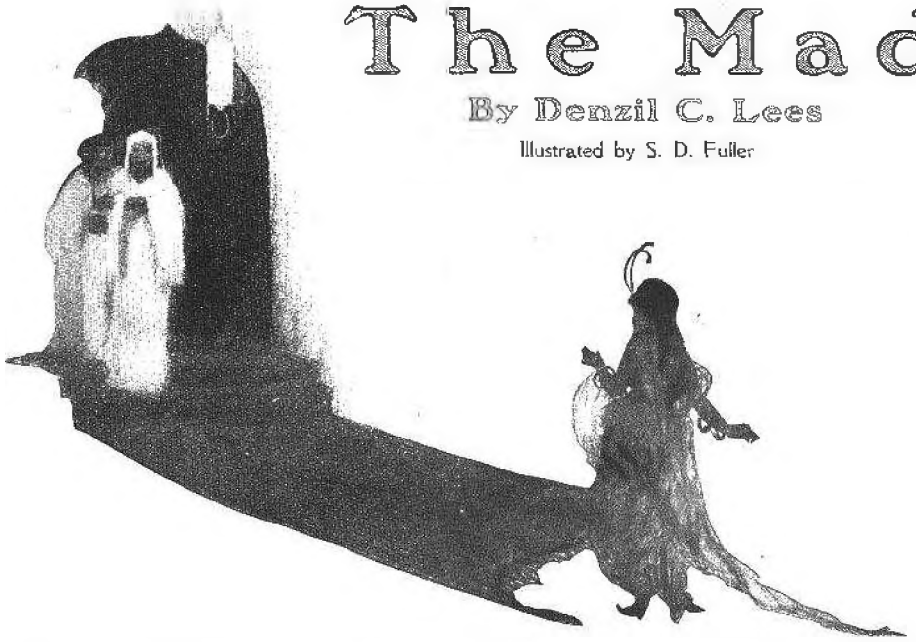
Now Withers was at the starboard oar, and Waldron

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Mad Camel

By Denzil C. Lees

Illustrated by S. D. Fuller



I knew that we were in the presence of the woman who had saved him from some strange death

THE magic of the oriental evening crept over Mecca, the Arab city of rampant superstition. A soft light of old rose color caressed the ancient houses, a vague, ghostly light which created the sense of the mysterious. Martin Blake was seated upon the veranda of the hotel when I came up.

"Say, Blake," I said breathlessly, "that English archaeologist has disappeared, went out three days ago and has not been seen since."

"What?" he jerked out, turning in his chair suddenly, "you mean Cartwright?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he has left the city?"

"No, he left his traps and word that if he should not return in a day or two, search was to be made for him. The hotel keeper says that he is a venturesome kind of fellow, and boasted that he would see the Holy Stone of the Caaba in the Mosque."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Martin Blake now thoroughly aroused, and looking furtively around. "I tried that game myself just before I went back to the States to get you. Although I was well disguised as a Bedouin Arab, a watchful Mufti detected me on the verge of entering the shrine. My feet gave me away. The Mufti discovered that my great toe was not well separated from the rest, where the thong passes, as is the sandal-wearing Mohammedan's. I was taken to a house and held there a prisoner to await some sort of trial on the charge of desecrating the Holy Shrine; but a woman, wife of the man who owned the place, rescued me. I had befriended her the week before in a street riot, and these Arab women never forget a kindness."

"You don't mean —"

"Yes — I do! Cartwright is a man of some note in oriental circles. He may by now be done to death by some fearful device of the Keepers of the Holy Stone."

IT was five weeks after our own escape from the clutches of Ameil Amuraz by the timely help of Charles Hunt, known as The White Arab. The first four had been weary enough as we lay low in the French Consulate while my shoulder healed, but for the last six days we had been back in our old quarters in the hotel. I had taken to wandering about the city in Arab garb, to get acquainted with the life and customs, though Blake hinted that it was unsafe for a boy of eighteen to go about Mecca with scarcely a knowledge of Arabic, especially in view of past events. In those four weeks of convalescence my adventurous soul had fed upon my friend's reminiscences so that the spirit of adventure was aroused within me as never before.

However, numerous possibilities — all bringing dread to my heart — instantly occurred to me from a conversation with Blake some time before. I had been led to understand that the so-called Keepers of the Holy Stone were in reality part of the society organized by Ameil Amuraz to remove influential foreigners from the Ottoman Dominion; and our last encounter with that fiend incarnate was still fresh in my mind.

Martin Blake had now risen from his chair, and began to pace up and down the veranda.

"Can anything be done?" I asked eagerly as he approached the chair I had taken.

"I propose to pay a visit to the house where I was detained," he replied abruptly.

"What?"

"Yes, Parker, I am going at once — will you come?"

"By all means," I returned, gripping his hand as he turned to enter the hotel, "I am with you to the end!"

Although I feared for our safety, I had great confidence in Martin Blake and his wonderful knowledge of the Orient.

Dressed in Arab garb we left the hotel. It was the hour of the call of the muezzins to the fourth period of the Salat. Even as we passed down a street their voices floated to us softly on the windless night.

THE square of the Mosque through which we passed was empty and in deep twilight; the wall of the Mosque, tall, solemn and imposing, filled up all the opposite side stern as a rampart, with only one opening, the arched door which formed the entrance to the sacred precincts. Beyond, to right and left, was the confusion of darkness in narrow streets, down one of which we turned.

Blake pointed out the house.

As we approached from the opposite side of the street, the door opened and an Arab came out, turning in the direction of the Mosque.

"Now is our chance," whispered my friend, with an alert glance to right and left pushing open the door and drawing me into the outer court of the house. Darkness enveloped the place. But beyond, from a window overlooking the courtyard there was a light. Blake hurried noiselessly across to the window — a window of the Harem, which was latticed. He turned, motioning me to follow, then threw some sand against the window. I caught the sound of singing, a woman's voice, in full contralto. When the sand struck the lattice-work, the singing ceased abruptly.

We waited.

The moments seemed like years in the dread of being caught. I was somewhat dubious as to the result of my friend's action; and yet surely he knew what he was doing, and would avoid any undue risk. I realized, however, that the whole thing was a daring exploit.

Then to the left a door opened, and a voice said:

"Heiyah -- Come!"

Within the door we entered a room decked with oriental tapestries, lighted with many hanging lamps, the air heavy with an intoxicating odour of perfume.

"Blake," I whispered, plucking at his arm — "is it ?"

He half turned, nodding his head, and I knew that we were in the presence of the woman who had probably saved him from some strange death.

"Why have you come?" she breathed as she started back in a terror of recognition: "If you are found it will be sudden death this time."

She was veiled and she wore a beautiful silken robe of many colors.

"Is there an Englishman confined here?" questioned my friend gently in Arabic and with a marked respect. That was one thing I had noted about Martin Blake — his extreme chivalry toward all women.

"I do not know," she protested turning away as though impatient to dismiss us.

"I shall search," threatened Blake, but in kindly tones.

"You must go!" she groaned, but seeing us still hesitate she hastened on, her voice quivering with fear: "I will seek. Be at the pool of Zemzem at the last call of the muezzin."

With that she hurried away and we made our exit.

Back in the courtyard Blake pulled me to one side, as the outer door opened slowly and a figure moved across the courtyard to the doorway we had just left, passing into the house.

"Her husband," whispered my friend, "the man responsible for my detection and imprisonment. I got a glimpse of his face by the light from the window."

THE moon had not risen as we came to the pool of Zemzem. Now they are beginning their call — those voices for which we waited. In the darkness I beheld a figure hastening toward us. Blake went forward. I recognized the woman as she came up.

"Yes, the Englishman is there," she affirmed, "his death will begin at the rising of the moon — by the Mad Camel! But I can not free him — there is a guard this time."

I wondered what kind of death that was — the Mad Camel?

"But —" began my companion.

"You will have to do it alone," she hastened to explain, "I will leave the door open. On entering the courtyard take the other door on the left, which will also be open, but bolt it after you before you proceed further."

With that she turned and fled.

"Are you sure of her, Blake," I protested.

"Absolutely sure," he affirmed confidently.

"But remember we are dealing with the Keepers of the Holy Stone, who, if all you tell me is correct, will stop at nothing to destroy any one who ventures in their path."

"That is all very true, my friend," returned Blake, "but I think I know something about an Arab woman's gratitude, or the gratitude of any woman for that matter — it knows no bounds, Parker."

"Then tell me, what is this Mad Camel?"

"I am just as much at sea as you," he replied, scratching his head. "It may be some horrible device which has been given that name, unless —"

"Unless what, Blake?" I jerked out, looking into his face.

"I was thinking about the rising moon, why that time was chosen, could it be something to do with the moonlight?"

Suddenly he gripped my arm.

"Parker," he said hoarsely, "I believe it is really a camel. I have heard of the beasts going mad at the sight of the moon at full, especially during the rutting season; that is, they are all right in the day time, but when the moon comes up they run amuck like a mad elephant, only it is worse, they use their teeth with terrible effect. Merciful goodness! Parker — those teeth!"

A perceptible shudder passed through him as he finished speaking.

AGAIN we approached the house with caution, although it was very dark and no one was about. Inside the courtyard we found the door to the left open as the woman had said. Blake pulled me into a narrow passage, then carefully and silently slipped the bolt. There was a strong scent of camels. In the darkness we groped our way stealthily along the passage. Before we had gone many feet, a sound brought my companion to a sudden stop. It was the dull thud of bare feet upon stones. Again we went forward. The passage veered to the right and opened onto a small courtyard.

Martin Blake stopped dead and held me back. I could hear his soft staccato breathing. My eyes searched the courtyard. A dark patch passed the doorway, and a man's voice uttered something that sounded like the reply to a question. The excitement and curiosity of the thing had taken all fear away from me. Then, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I distinguished a form in one corner of the courtyard. A voice came from it speaking first in English then in Arabic. It was Cartwright, the English archaeologist.

SUDDENLY, a luminous phosphorescence filled the place — the rising moon. Simultaneously, there came the sound of a gate opening. The place grew lighter. The form in the corner arose as a camel rushed into the courtyard with a horrible growl, straight for the place where the figure stood. It was a dark-haired species, and by its size I judged it to be a male. Its hump was flat

on its back, a sign of hunger and thirst; its teeth glistened in the moonlight as it curled its lips like a vicious dog. At first it tried to seize Cartwright with its teeth, and twice I heard his clothing rip as he leaped aside to avoid the animal's savage onslaught. Then it hesitated a moment as though deciding to try other tactics, and suddenly wheeling around it struck out with its hind feet; but Cartwright was too quick for it and darted from the corner. A loud thud resounded around the courtyard as the creature's feet came in violent contact with the stone wall. This appeared to enrage the brute. It turned again and struck out this time with its fore feet raining terrific blows at Cartwright. He seemed to have no difficulty in dodging them, but I saw that he was gradually being driven back into the corner.

"It will trample him to death, Blake!" I breathed in his ear.

"No!" he jerked out under his breath, putting his hand over the revolver I had drawn to use, "that will stir up a hornet's nest of Arabs."

Again a figure appeared at the passage entrance. Martin Blake hesitated not a minute, with a pantherlike leap he sprang upon the man. Together they rolled upon the stones. My friend's fingers gripped the throat of his assailant. I jumped forward to his aid.

"Get out with Cartwright," he yelled, "I can fix this one alone."

AS I turned to where Cartwright struggled with the camel, he gave a fearful cry. The beast had struck him down and was tearing at his clothing with its teeth. Ere I could decide what to do, I heard again the gate open and the liquid splash of water. The camel stopped its vicious assault, turned and ran from the place, and I heard the gate close. Someone had come to our rescue. The beast had evidently been without water for many days, and with its acute sense of smell for water it had returned within the gate to satisfy its thirst. But would it come back?

The woman now appeared coming across the courtyard from where I had succeeded in raising Cartwright.

"Thank goodness, you came," he moaned.

Blake came up to us, leaving his man lying still on the stones, and we all set to work to bind up Cartwright's arm, which had been terribly lacerated by the camel's teeth.

We were almost ready to leave, when, suddenly, high up opposite, a blue light appeared in a window. The woman seeing the light swayed as though about to faint — then stiffened.

"Too late!" she gasped, "he has returned!"

Just then she turned, uttered a piercing scream and fell prone on the floor of the courtyard. Blake was about to bend to her aid when he saw what I had just seen — five Arabs approaching stealthily from the shadows. Before I could draw my revolver they were upon us. Blake fought like a wild man but they soon subdued us and had us bound hand and foot and lying side by side. During the fight the woman had risen to her feet and stood watching the struggle. Now she joined in with the conversation of the Arabs who were discussing what to do with us. I heard her suggest sending us to the desert for the vultures. I wondered at that, but perhaps it was part of the trap carefully laid to catch all three of us.

Two of the Arabs walked toward the house and I heard again the sound of the gate opening and the horrible, rumbling growl of the camel. I struggled in my bonds. A horror took hold of me, I believed that they had decided to let the camel do its deadly work while we were bound. I held my breath in terror waiting to feel the mad creature's feet upon me. I saw that Blake was struggling to get free, but Cartwright lay quite still. Then came the half-grumbling, half-groaning of a camel in the process of kneeling, and the voices of the men close at hand. Two Arabs approached me, bent down and lifted me roughly from the ground, carried me a few steps, then dropped me upon some kind of framework, then did the same with the other two. A wild, tossing, swinging motion followed accompanied with growls and I realized we were on the back of the camel. It was then led out of the courtyard and through the empty, moonlit streets to the edge of the town. Its leader uttered an Arabic oath, then gave a loud yell and the beast broke into so wild a gallop that every moment I thought I would be thrown off.

THAT ride was like a hideous nightmare. Never in all my life had I experienced such a mixture of emotions. The very natural fear that I might be thrown off under the feet of this mad beast kept me clinging to the lattice-like structure onto which I had been tumbled. True I had little use of my hands in this endeavor, for they were tightly bound, but I caught my fettered fingers under the rungs of wood and held on with a deathlike grip. That we were on the back of the mad camel itself could not be doubted. The beast ran on as if in a frenzy and the hideous noises that it gave voice to made it evident that if one of us were unfortunate enough to be tumbled from our all too insecure bed beneath his feet the furious beast would soon put an end to him with teeth and trampling hoofs. What an end that would be!

Yet perhaps, my crazed mind rambled on, such a death would be more merciful than the one Fate and the Arab murderers had prepared for us. Still the Arabic phrase voiced by the woman ran through my mind, "To the desert; to the desert, where the vultures may peck out their eyes." The desert, that inferno of burning sand, scorching sun and horrors untold! Could a death be worse? Bound hand and foot we would be dumped to the ground when this infuriated beast had run himself to exhaustion and collapsed. There we would fall in the chilled starry night. Soon the sun would come out; that fire-red, merciless scorching orb! In a few hours the sand would be heated almost to the temperature of a bake oven, and on this bed we would writhe and squirm in horrible torture; writhe and squirm until we became delerious; until the sun had scorched our skin, had made us blind and had driven us mad with thirst. The enraged beast would doubtless carry us far out of the track of any passing caravan and we would slowly but surely perish in the desert. And while yet we were passing out we would see wheeling slowly round and round in the blue above us, as inexorable as death itself, those hideous creatures we were being consigned to — the vultures!

Slowly our struggles would cease. Lower those birds would hover. Soon one bolder than the rest would wheel daringly down, alight on the sand nearby and with grotesque steps waddle toward us. Perhaps he would hop upon my chest, and while my body was still warm, with life only just departing, he would begin to feed! My eyes would go first, then as more circled lower and settled down to the feast, my lips and nose and other soft portions would be torn away. In a few hours only my skeleton would be left to bleech in the sun!

Such were the agonies I suffered as the mad camel rushed on and on in the night. That ride was horrible. I tried to cry out, to wrench my hands free, to do something save ride on to a hopeless end.

Suddenly the camel began to act queerly. It swerved to the right then to the left as if dodging something. Then there was the roar of a rifle close at hand and the animal turned sharply, reared high and collapsed. I had the sickening sensation of falling through the air, then something struck my head and all went black.

I MUST have lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes Blake was leaning over me. Nearby, lay a dead camel with a broken palanquin on its back, the body of Cartwright propped against it. A number of Arabs were standing around staring at us in a puzzled way.

"I was feeling for your flask," said Blake." "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fairly all right," I returned in a bewildered manner, "but my head throbs unmercifully."

I got up and looked around. Gray dawn was beginning to appear. We were in the desert and there was no signs of Mecca. I noted that the Arabs who were watching us belonged to a caravan which was resting nearby, and I perceived that they were acquainted with Martin Blake by their conversation and friendly manner. Suddenly the memory of our adventure like a nightmare came back to me. I turned to my friend who had partly revived Cartwright. The former looked up at me smiling.

"Once again, Parker, that woman showed her strategy and her friendship," he declared.

"But," I objected, "she had us sent into the desert —"

"Well, that was better than being trampled to death in that courtyard," he rapped back. "It was her only recourse," he continued. "Of course, it was a chance, but it saved us. The Arabs muzzled the animal so that it would not tear off its load. They knew it would run until it dropped dead, and hoped the vultures and thirst would do the rest. About half an hour ago one of these caravan men saw the animal running wild and, realizing it was mad, shot it."

He stopped talking and bent again to Cartwright who was rapidly recovering. The caravan took us back to Mecca without asking any questions. With the exception of Cartwright's arm and a lump on my head we returned to the hotel none the worse for our adventure. But it left in the Englishman's mind a horror of camels. I too could cherish no love for these evil-hearted, ill-tempered beasts. Indeed I shudder each time I see one snarl and bare its yellow teeth. But our adventure created a profound admiration in me for Arab women.

It tried to seize Cartwright with its teeth and twice I heard his clothing rip as he leaped aside

Codfish Possibilities

By Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by Frank J. Rigney

And dash my top-lights if I didn't see a whoppin' big codfish make a grab for it

DOWN the main street of historic Ticonderoga sauntered Johnnie Kelly, hands in pockets, and on his lips the whistled refrain of "K-K-K-Katy." Careless and happy was the youthful choreboy, for it was Saturday, he had an afternoon off, and he was going to meet the foreman of the Ticonderuga Foundry, who had promised to take him for a ride in the speedboat, J. E. M.

He was passing the Bee Hive restaurant when the swing-doors opened with a vicious bang and out shot the familiar spidery figure of his friend, the Lime-juicer, alias the Kaiser's double, alias the Statistical Bummer. An energetic piece of footgear, army model, followed—in fact, assisted—part way at the height of the hobo's center of gravity, then dropped back within the portal while the swing-doors slammed to.

The tramp picked himself up from the gutter and without a word or a glance back strode off down the street with the dignity of a hook-and-ladder captain on parade. Johnnie followed with an anticipatory grin, "K-K-K-Katy" quite forgotten. Not until the figure ahead turned off into a side street and lost some of its haughty bearing did the freckled-faced follower hasten to catch up.

"Avast, me hearty!" cried Johnnie jovially, "what port are you bound to?"

The lime-juicer turned his gaze neither to right nor left but kept on a pace that Johnnie had difficulty maintaining.

"You was a witness, Mr. Kelly, and can prove I didn't give way to the murderous intentions in my heart. I jest got out of the town's free hotel today—ten days the judge compelled them to board me—and gets a job as pot-wrestler—K. P.—in the Bee Hive. I works all mornin', feastin' my sneller on steaks and chops and et cetera; and when it come time for mess what does the guy hand out but six codfish balls—*codfish* balls, Mr. Kelly—CODFISH BALLS!"

"What's wrong with codfish balls?" demanded Johnnie testily.

"I sees red for a minute, Mr. Kelly," proceeded the narrator, ignoring the question. "I ups with one o' them nefarious globes and lets drive at the boss's scowlin' visage. He pops his head behind the butter cutter and the big feller at the coffee tank ketches it right square in the middle of a yawn and muffs it like a bush-leaguer.

"I see if I stay there my turrible temper was liable to earn me free board for life, so I throwed up the job immediate and come out. . . . You was a witness, Mr. Kelly, that I come out a pacifist."

"Sure, you was," admitted Johnnie. "But . . . codfish?"

"Mr. Kelly," said the hobo, placing a hand familiarly on his companion's shoulder, "if we can find a convenient club-room in the great outdoors where two freeborn American citizens can hold converse, I'll elucidate to you the mystery of my undying hatred for the sacred codfish."

"I don't suppose you are lookin' for an interduction to a friend of mine," returned Johnnie, who, boylike, was ever ready for a yarn, "so if you'll jist hang around till I run over to the foundry, I'll let J. E. M. know I'm in town and then while I'm waitin' for him, we'll find a corner and you kin talk fish."

"You're right. I don't feel socially inclined toward new-hatched, unfledged comrades, as Shakespeare says; so I'll lay low and see you later."

JOHNNIE found the foreman busy winding up work for the Saturday half-holiday.

"Forty minutes more, Red," said the man briskly. "Here. I've had a snack put up for us to eat when the wind on the lake makes us hungry—two packages. You mind this one. It's a special little treat for myself that I got a longing for this morning. I'll meet you at the boathouse in just fifty minutes."

With the package under his arm, Johnnie joined his friend the tramp.

"Come on," said the boy. "J. E. M.'s boathouse is up on Ti Creek."

"J. E. M.?"

"Yep. He calls his boat by his own initials; so I call him by the name of his boat. There's soft cushions in the launch, and you can skip out around the outer end and back along the string-piece to the shore when we see J. E. M. coming, if you don't care to meet him."

"Clever young gentleman," voted his companion, sizing up the package under Johnnie's arm. "And what might your burden be?"

Johnnie ingenuously explained.

"Thoughtful J. E. M.," declared the knight of the road. "It's such preparedness that brings him success, I have no doubt."

The conversation related to everything except codfish until this oddly assorted pair slipped unobtrusively into the boathouse and settled back comfortably into the soft-cushioned seats of the J. E. M.

"Nifty little craft," admitted the wayfarer; "reminds me of the bark Phœnix—no she wasn't a bark, she was a ship. This craft is everything that the Phœnix wasn't. They dug the old corpse out of the graveyard at St. George, Bermuda, and patched her up when Heinie got over-industrious with his U-boats. Two thousand one hundred and fifty-five tons, 261 feet in length and built at Bath, Maine, back in the eighties. Single to'gallant s'ils and no stays'ils. Fo'c's'il with sixteen hunks where there was room for ten. Then there was the cap'n, two mates, bo'sun, carpenter, cook, and a steward.

"WE cleared from St. John's, New Brunswick—'bout forty-five North, sixty-six West—for Gibrallar with a cargo of dried codfish. Cap'n Weatherbee was a simple, smilin' old dumplin' jist saturated with the milk o' human kindness. Talk about grub? There was plenty of salt-horse and old junk, stirabout with plenty o' long-tailed sugar—that's molasses—; there was dog's body and dandy funk, duff twice a week and canned Willie on Sundays; a Liverpool hookpot o' black coffee every mornin', and tea at night—o' course, you could of saw the anchor in ten fathom of that tea, but it was good to soften the pantiles—hard biscuit.

"When you resurrect an old hooker like the Phœnix, it's temptin' Providence. She was past redemption. We crawled along into the Gulf Stream and struck a gale that kept us hove to under reefed tops'ils and fores'il for seven days. Hardly was we out o' that one before another come along. Foretops'il whipped to ribbons. Five more days fightin' that. Nothin' went right with the old resurrected ghost of a hulk after that; she jest got nasty and sulked.

"First thing you know, old man Weatherbee comes along lookin' worried. Seems we wasn't overloaded with pervisions—bein' it was war times, you know—and we'd been livin' pretty prodigal under the lavish hand o' that good-natured old goat of a master.

"'Men,' says he to us all, 'we've got to get this cargo across as long as there's a plauk to float on,' says he—or words to that effect—'but we can't do it on empty stomachs. I have a plan to stretch out our stock of catables without inconvenience, and I jest got to take you all into my confidence,' says he. 'Here we are loaded down to the Plimsoll mark with one of nature's greatest foods. In my lib'ary on board here I've found this little book that's going to be a boon to us sore-pressed mariners. It's called "Codfish Possibilities." From now on the codfish will do its bit to win the war. To-night I shall introduce you to codfish en casserole,' says he, 'and I know you'll be pleased to hear that I myself intend to prepare the succulent dish.'

"That sounded good; but now I'd like to meet Cassy some dark night and tell her what I think of her role.

"ONCE the old man got into the galley, things outside stopped stock still. The old tub was doin' bad enough before; but now seems like the Cap'n took no more interest in navigation—didn't care if we never got to Gibraltar—jest went daffy over 'Codfish Possibilities.'

"We got food for the stomach and food for the mind. He serves up baked dried cod with hard-bread crumbs, chopped salt pork, marjoram, thyme, and a suspicion of onion; and he hauls out 'Codfish Possibilities' and reads with beamin' face how there's 25 genera and 140 species of codfish and that they're a deep water fish, bein' caught in twenty to seventy fathom—some as deep as three hundred. Some one managed to steer him away for that meal, but after codfish balls, creamed codfish, codfish cakes, and codfish chowder, he can't stand to see us so ignorant; so he pipes all hands and reads how the largest cod ever caught was 211 and a half pounds and over six feet long off Massachusetts in May, 1895. From a hundred to hundred seventy-five pounds has been recorded, but seventy-five is not common. The average off the New England coast is thirty-five pounds; Georges' Bank, 25; Grand Bank, 20.

"He follows this up next time with codfish salad; and then in regular order comes codfish with rice, codfish with macaroni, codfish soup, steamed codfish with lime-juice sauce, codfish with saffron and raisins, and codfish that its own grandmother would have disowned. And that old hug never repeated himself once—give him credit, he was long on novelties. But it begin to be annoying. Every time you looked a shipmate in the face you was sure he had a codfish mouth; and if you whispered, 'Poison,' which the old nut said was French for fish, only they spell it with two S's, you was likely to be presented with a black eye.

"It was the day that he sprung 'Salad de poisson a la Weatherbee,' which was codfish, gelatine, and curry sauce, mainly, we took matters in hand. Cap'n, having finished his own grub, come settin' around with 'Codfish Possibilities.' And he starts in to entertain us. A twenty-one pound cod has two million seven hundred thousand eggs each from one-nineteenth to one-seventeenth inches in diameter. It would take 337 thousand to make a quart. If all the eggs in a seventy-five pound cod got hatched and growed up, the ocean would soon be so packed with codfish there wouldn't be room enough left to drown a cat. Some of us felt like we was gettin' scales by this time.

"I see trouble was comin', but there was no stoppin' that dunderhead. He reads right on, eyes a-sparkling, voice monotonous like a double-reefed snore. The cod is omnivorous—eats everything—they've found in its stomach scissors, oil-cans, finger-rings, rocks, potato parings, rubber dolls, pieces of clothing, the heel of a boot, and a corn-cob pipe. In winter months there is a marked movement of large bodies of cod to the New England and Middle Atlantic coasts, and important fisheries are then carried on.

"When he got that far, something happened. Perhaps it was mutiny, but we all riz right up, hustled the old codger out o' the foc'sl'l, and chased him aft. I snatches 'Codfish Possibilities' out of his hand. The mate had jest taken noon observations and gives our persition as 40° 42' 42" N., 74° W. when I ups and heaves that book overboard. And, dash my top-lights, if I didn't see a whoppin' big codfish make a grab for that cook-book and swallow it whole!"

"Cap'n was never the same after that — grieved like a doting parent. He took to makin' up recipes out of his own head, and there warn't any good material in there. We got so we didn't care what happened. We jest let the old tub wallow along any old way. She begun a-shipping water, and first thing you know we was leakin' like an old-timer at an experience meetin'. You see the water swelled up our load o' dry codfish and it burst open the seams and we begun to settle. We fired rockets until they was all gone, but no one paid any attention to us, maybe suspectin' us a U-boat in disguise.

"Then one day the Phœnix begin sinking gradual by the bow. We all took to the cabin roof and lashed ourselves there to keep from being washed overboard. Next day the main mast goes over, snap, crack, swish, flop into the combers with a crash like thunder. I'd lost my boots and had to rip up my shirt and tie it around my feet to keep from freezing. Day after day went on, we flying A-G and the flag upside down, and eating nothing but codfish when we could manage to make it palatable, because everything else was under water.

"I have a plan to stretch out our stock of eatables without inconvenience"

"IMERY after eighteen days of wreck jest at daylight we see a smudge of smoke on the horizon. Mate sends me up the riggin' with a torch made out of oakum soaked in turpentine. The steamer comes on, drops a life-boat, which circles under our stern and takes us all off.

"I don't remember anything more until we was on the deck of the Happy Days. She was a fishing boat from the Massachusetts section drove off of her grounds by the U-boat scare along the coast. They give us a warm bath and we slept. About four o'clock we got some hot soup and went to sleep again.

"When we woke up next time, the cook of the Happy Days come in to give us our first square meal in eighteen days — not to mention codfish.

"'Wish we could offer up better fare, matics,' he apologizes, 'but' we've been short on rations for some time. What's here there's plenty of,' says he, 'and fixed some stylish,' says he, 'thanks to a bit o' luck we had some days ago,' says he.

"'What luck?' says I, beginning to feel a suspicious queerness in my food locker.

"'It was in latitude 40-42-42 North, longitude 74 West,' says he, 'when we hauls in a hundred pounder that put up a rousin' fight. When we cut that cod open we found a plug o' tobacco and a pamphlet called Codfish Possibilities. This dish I'm servin',' says he, 'is took from that delightful book,' says he. 'It's called codfish en casserole.'

"I GUESS, Mr. Kelly, that I swooned, because I don't remember what come of the cook. I never see him again. I think maybe some o' my shipmates might a been a bit peeved and spoke cross to him, and he got insulted, or maybe they only jest drowned him. But you can see, Mr. Kelly, how the main guy in the Bee Hive Restaurant in Ticonderoga got off lucky. It's a wonder I didn't tie him into a reef-knot. Tell him next time you see him. I'd do it myself, but I'm afraid I couldn't control my turrible temper long enough to be perlite."

"Say," began Johnnie, wrinkling his nose thoughtfully. "Didn't you say codfish was caught down thirty or seventy fathoms?"

"I did."

"And they're only caught off certain banks?"

"Correct."

"Well, how did this big fellow happen to be way off to 40-42-42 North, 74 West and rise up jest in time to swallow the book?"

"You're a discernin' young man," replied the hobo. "There's always a bold, adventurous spirit in all communities, and that big stiff of a cod was one. If he'd

(Concluded on page 62)

Not in The Curriculum

By George G. Livermore

Illustrated by Judy Collins

Lynn, Mass.,
Sept. 25, 19—

DEAR TED:—

Your letter asking me if I think you are a failure at school, and wanting to know whether I can give you a job in the factory, came this morning.

Yes to the first, and I can but I won't to the second. I didn't send you to Exeter to have you leave in a week; and as for the factory, I guess it can stagger along a couple of years more without you, although I sure do appreciate your wanting to work. It's so different from anything else you have ever wanted, and as Lew Dockstader once said, "Variety is the spice of vaudeville."

Sure, Exeter is a rotten place in the fall, when it rains eight days a week and there's nothing except soggy leaves and mud everywhere and a continuously weeping sky that's about as cheerful as the Germans at the peace table. You don't know anyone well enough yet to say three words to, and your teachers seem to be playing a continual run of luck, by always calling on you for the part of the lesson you haven't learned.

Sure it's rotten; not Exeter, but what's the matter with you. It begins with an h and ends with a k, but like other diseases, lock-jaw excepted, and you'll never have that anyway, it's just as well to catch it young and get it over with.

Then, too, I guess you're beginning to realize that the leader of the Lynn High School Glee Club and left end on the football team isn't so big a frog after all when he gets into a puddle with five hundred other boys, most of whom never heard of Lynn.

At the old Shaker graveyard a white, shapeless figure jumped into the road with a screech

Your learning this young is a blessing which you don't appreciate now. I had to wait until I took that trip to Binghamton with the Masons. I'd thought till then I was some pumpkins of a shoemaker grinding out eight thousand pairs a day, eleven with two shifts; but when I mosied through Welt and Toplift's and saw them make fifty thousand pairs without batting an eye, I realized I had been looking at myself through the wrong end of the telescope.

Say, Ted, did I ever tell you about the time your grandfather and grandmother went to the Philadelphia Exposition and left me at Uncle Nate's?

You never saw Uncle Nate; but I don't know as you need feel peeved about it. Anyway, Uncle Nate had whiskers like a Bolshevik and catarrh. He was a powerful conscientious man except in a horse dicker, when he shed his religion like a snake does his skin.

Uncle Nate lived over at Epping Four Corners, six miles from our farm, and owing to his judgment of horse flesh he was about as popular there as General Pershing would be at a Red meeting.

I landed at Uncle Nate's at noon and by six o'clock he had asked me four times if I was a good boy and I could tell by the look in his eye that he'd ask me that a dozen times more before I went to bed.

Along about seven it began to grow dark and I began to miss my mother. Uncle Nate sat in a rocking chair in the dining-room with his feet on the stove, chewing fine cut and reading a farm journal, and I sat in a smaller chair with my feet on the floor, reading the Pruno Almanac and chewing my fingers.

He said nothing, and I said the same. After a while I got so blame lonesome I stole out on the back steps and stood there wishing I was dead or in jail or something equally pleasant.

(Continued on page 63)

Fifteen Hundred

By Joseph T. Kescel
Illustrated by Hubert Mathews

"And it's a better job you're wantin', eh, lad?"

"WHAT'S this! What's this! Oh Danny!" John Morehead, underground-boss at Flap Jack mine raised his hands shoulder high in mock disapproval, and once more exclaimed, "Oh Danny!" Then his big good-natured face wrinkled and he grinned down from his height of six-feet-two at Danny Green, a sixteen year old errand boy in ore-stained overalls and battered felt hat, who was also grinning. But Morehead paid little attention to the overalls or hat, for his gaze was centered on Danny's bright, round face, get-there mould of mouth and jaw, jet black eyes and hair of the same color, a strand of which strayed down over his forehead.

"And it's a better job you're wantin,' eh lad?"

"Yes, sir."

Morehead stopped his joking. "Well I don't see anything wrong about that. I wouldn't give shucks for a youngster who's willing to plug along in the same rut. No one should do that whether out here in Utah or any other place. Sure I'll find you something better. I've noticed you nosing around the pumps for quite a spell. That's a good idea. Keep it up. You've got quite a bit of spare time on your hands, so make use of it getting pointers. I'm going down to the 'fifteen hundred.' Want to come along?"

"Yes, sir."

In single file they walked from the gray rocky drift where the short talk had taken place, then boarded a waiting cage. The lowering signal was given, and a moment later they were speeding down the shaft, with Morehead still talking freely. Station light after station light flashed into sight and as quickly disappeared as they whizzed by, until the cage stopped at the fifteen-hundred-foot level.

After a hearty good morning to Tom Pound, the pumpman, Morehead started into a dark hall-like drift whose rocky sides soon became lost in the inky blackness beyond. Danny watched the big boss's broad back and the flickering light for a few seconds and then turned to Pound, who greeted him with, "Well, Danny, are you ready for another lesson?"

"If it won't bother you."

"No bother at all, lad. I'm tickled to have somebody around. You know it's mighty quiet down here alone and — well, I'm human enough to enjoy company. Let's see! I guess we'll start where you left off yesterday," and Pound made for two big steam-pumps, bolted in a hole, nearly three feet lower than the station floor.

BEFORE stepping to the edge of hole, Danny glanced at the big iron pipes, the heavy shaft timbers and a pile of ten-by-ten drift timbers that would probably be used later in the day. Then he turned to Pound — short, fat, somewhat bald — whose blue eyes always had a twinkle in them and whose full-moon face so often beamed with pleasure.

Suddenly Pound gave a start. His trained ear missed the familiar click of the pump-valves. Right away he jumped into action. Although chubby, he was extremely agile and a second step landed him beside the nearest pump, where he grabbed up a machinist's hammer and struck a protruding lever a sharp blow.

Instantly there sounded the hiss of steam and click of valves, and as the shining piston-rods began to move back and forth, he smilingly turned to the boy, already close at hand, and started to explain. "That clip with the hammer loosened the valves and gave the steam a chance to get in its work. Second time she's stopped this morning. Of course she's got to buck up when a piece of Number Two is in the machine-shop for repairs."

Pointing the hammer handle at an auxiliary pump but a few feet distant with several of its parts hanging by stout ropes, Pound went on, "we're handling a terrible lot of water, but there ain't much danger if I keep on the job. Still, I'd feel a lot better if Number Two was ready for business."

There was no necessity to tell Danny what would happen if the pump should stop for any length of time. He knew. The lowest level would be flooded. And something even worse than that was a possibility. Nearly a hundred feet above the drift into which Morehead had disappeared, more than fifty men were working in the "stopes," mining the silver-lead ore. If the water should rise high enough to fill the drift, they would be caught in a trap, for the "stopes" had but one exit to the shaft, through the "fifteen-hundred."

An hour later Danny was still attentively listening to Pound, when Morehead tip-toed from the drift and chuckled to himself at the youngster's animated manner. For a full minute he looked at the two backs bent over a part of the working pump, then sang out, "Well, Tom, what you goin' to make of him?"

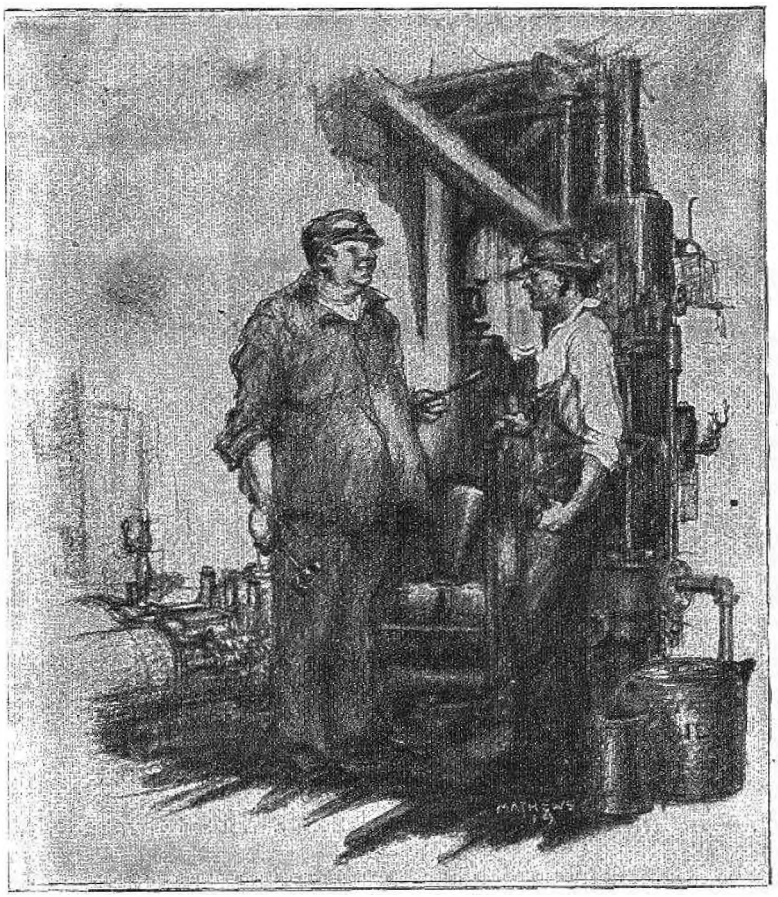
"Huh! What's that?" Pound was startled as he swung around but quickly finished, "Pumpman. He's picked up a lot already."

Morehead laughed. "Well, give him the whole thing. He's good for it. How're things goin'? Pump all right?"

"Yes, but you'd better crowd the shop work on Number Two," and Pound gave his head a thoughtful shake. "Number One ain't actin' any too good and we don't want to be flooded."

In an instant Morehead was all business. "All right, I'll do it," he said; "but we can't look for that part much before five o'clock. If things seem the least bit shaky don't forget to warn the boys back there in the "stopes." I've ordered one of the men to stay close by the telephone and a word to him will bring all hands out like rabbits from a burrow."

To make sure that the phone was working properly, he tried it and then turned to Danny. "I'm goin' on top, now. Want to come along?" Danny answered, "Yes, sir," and together they stepped on the cage. The hoisting signal was given and they immediately shot upward, leaving the brightly lighted station far behind.



"Well, I'm human enough to enjoy company"

SHORTLY after one o'clock, while taking an order to the engineer, Danny saw Morehead board a cage and signal "fifteen hundred," whereupon the engine immediately started, the cable drums revolved and the stout cable sped down the shaft like a huge black snake.

Three hours later, the boy stepped onto the same cage with the first finished part of the auxiliary pump and likewise signalled "fifteen hundred." Down he shot, unconsciously counting off each station as the cage flashed by, until the speed began to slacken for the stop at the lowest level. He was humming softly when the first ray of light from the station-lamp filtered upward through the criss-cross of timbers to his eyes. Then with a start, the tune broke off and he spasmodically clutched an iron rod, above his head. An instant later he let out a gasping "Guh — h — h!" as he sank to the waist in icy water. In the fraction of a second he was submerged to the chin, but before the water could rise still higher, swung himself free of the cage and grabbed a handy shaft-timber.

Then he caught his breath and looked around. Pound was not in sight and the drift was flooded to within an inch of the top. Floating timbers were scattered about the station, while a bracket oil-lamp was already flickering.

Danny thought quickly and before taking more than a half dozen breaths, had one of the loose timbers for a float and with his hat doubled up to form a wedge the lamp was raised and held free of the water. During the operation the lamp-chimney splintered into a thousand fragments and the wick now sent up a yellow torch-light flame that shrouded the station in ghostly shadows.

(Continued on page 62)

The Uniform of the Smile

By Colin H. Livingstone
President of The Boy Scouts of America

SCOUTS, you all know that you have taken the oath and promised to obey the twelve laws of Scouting. These pledges were made in the presence of witnesses—your Scoutmaster and brother scouts. Those few minutes of your life were momentous to you and to the lives of all those with whom you were to have dealings at home, at school, at work or at play, at college and in business, from that time and always. The eyes of your fellow scouts are upon you. The eyes of a severe and critical world watch you, expecting and hoping for the fulfillment of the great things you have promised to be and to do.

Now what does this promise really mean? First, it means you have become a BOY SCOUT. What does that mean? It means that you have started out to be a LEADER—one who finds and shows the way to others, one whose rules of life shine forth in deeds of helpfulness, of kindness, of bravery and of courage wherever you happen to be. Whether among the very young, or the old and feeble, or the rich or the poor, at the home fireside or with strangers on the highways and in public places, you have made your promise for life not for a day, or a week or a year, not while you are on duty with your comrades, but for all time. You have taken an oath to build in yourself a character that will withstand the temptations of evil doing, and that will shine as an example of good citizenship.

Daniel Carter Beard
National Scout Commissioner

His Royal Highness
The Prince of Wales

Colin H. Livingstone
President Boy Scout of America

James E. West
Chief Scout Executive

A scout has two uniforms, one he seldom doffs. The other he oft-times dons. The first is a clean and smiling face, the evidence of a clear conscience and a healthy body, a wonderful invitation to every one around to look and be happy and cheerfully to do their bit. This smile is subtle and far-reaching in its influence. It is a sign of self-conquest, an emblem of leadership, compelling attention in its radiation of cheerfulness. Scouts, this uniform is yours not made in a loom, but made in the heart and worn to make the world brighter and better and worn to show everyone that in your mind and life there is hope, happiness, kindness and the courage to look, to say and to act the pledges you made at the moment you promised to be a scout, to be a leader.

Go forth, scouts, with this smile, to win for your plan of life others who will smile with you. Carry it like an armor against temptations, discouragements and difficulties. It will put you on the upward road to success. It will win for you in many a struggle, in many a dark hour. More than all it will make you a leader by helping others to win. It will be a service, a constant good turn. Never take off the Uniform of the Smile.

Then there is the official uniform of the scout which carries to every one who sees it worn the full meaning of the tremendous promises you have made when you stood up and repeated in the presence of witnessing scouts the Oath and Law of Scouting as your code of honor and duty to your *God* and your *Country*, and to *other people* at all times. When you first donned this uniform you announced to the world that you intended to be a *leader* and to show forth in deed and word forever after that no matter what befell, you had pledged yourself to be *Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean and Reverent.*

The day you made these promises was one of the most solemn and one of the greatest days in your life. You put behind you and out of your life many things in which you once sought pleasure and said to the world, "I am going to make my life useful to the people I live among and LEAD others to do as I have promised to do." You became a Leader. You wear this uniform of Scouting with its emblems and badges as a declaration to every one everywhere and always that you are ready, willing and happy to lend a helping hand to any one in need, to be of service to your fellows no matter who they may be, or what self-denial or sacrifice you make on your own account.

You are a Leader. The world about—your world—expects the great things of you that you have promised to be and to do. They see your uniform. They want to trust you. They are glad to know of the courage in your heart, the manly courage of leadership you showed when on YOUR HONOR you promised to keep yourself PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY AWAKE, and MORALLY STRAIGHT. Only these conditions of mind and body can give to you the needed power to live up to your pledges.

The people about you know what you have undertaken to do. They watch you with anxiety, with hope in their hearts that you will win in the fight you have entered upon, for it is a fight and a good stiff one at that to live up to your plan of unselfish service to others. Nothing is worth while winning and keeping in life that does not cause an effort—a struggle—a fight against trials and difficulties. People are glad at your victories, your little ones over self and your big ones for your village, your town or your country.

Scouts, see to it that this uniform is, everywhere respected and honored on account of what the boy does and says who lives within it. Don't dishonor it by failure. Don't forget that when you put it on you become a Leader by the example of your life. Other boys are watching you—scouts that are and scouts that be. Fail

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Greetings from Prince Edward

RECENTLY a real and very much alive Prince with plenty of pep and personality, His Royal Highness Edward, Prince of Wales, made a brief stay in the United States and endeared himself to every one with whom he came in contact by his charm, simplicity and cordiality of manner.

One of the last things the Prince did before sailing out of New York harbor was to land at 86th Street for the purpose of reviewing a gathering of Boy Scouts who were hastily mobilized in response to a request of the Prince himself, who is exceedingly interested in the movement and is Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts of Wales.

His Royal Highness was accompanied by his staff and was received by a committee representing the Boy Scouts, consisting of Colin H. Livingstone, President; Mortimer L. Schiff, Vice President; Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner; Lewis B. Gawtry, President of Manhattan Council; Major Lorillard Spencer, Commissioner from Manhattan and marshal of the Boy Scout demonstration; and the Chief Scout Executive.

As the scouts lined up in a hollow square, with the Naval band of the U. S. S. Recruit at the open end of the square, the Prince approached the Boy Scouts followed by his staff and the Boy Scout committee. The band played eight bars of "God Save the King" followed by eight bars of "The Star Spangled Banner." The Prince and the scouts stood at salute while the band played. The Prince then inspected the entire line of Boy Scouts.

Through Mr. Livingstone, the Prince left this message for you:

"I HAVE been asked to send you a message and I am very glad to do so, for I have just had the honor of inspecting a fine parade of scouts here in New York. I see that American Scouts are a credit to their scout training.

"I wish that my visit to your splendid country had been longer and that I had had the chance of seeing more American Scouts and Guides; but that must wait until my next visit.

"Meanwhile I wish to say one thing to you: Value your training as scouts and guides, for the more you value it, the greater will be your own value to your country and your friends. Never hunt with yourselves, but hunt with the pack. Put your country always first, and, above all things, be good Americans. The better Americans you are the better friends you will be to your brother scouts and sister guides of the British Empire.

"EDWARD P."

Mr. Livingstone, in turn, delivered the greetings of the Boy Scouts of America to the royal scout from overseas. The message was as follows:

TO His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the Boy Scouts of America, 474,000 strong, offer cordial greetings and sincerest good wishes for a safe and pleasant return journey.

We beg that he will convey for us a message of good will and friendship to the Boy Scouts of the United Kingdom and particularly to the Boy Scouts of Wales, of which he is the distinguished and beloved Chief.

May the boys of Great Britain and the boys of America be welded even more and more closely together in the bonds of fellowship and good Scouting, and may His Royal Highness soon visit these shores again where he may always rest assured a warm welcome awaits him, in his own person and as a representative of the Boy Scouts of our honored sister nation across the seas!

COLIN H. LIVINGSTONE,
President Boy Scouts of America.

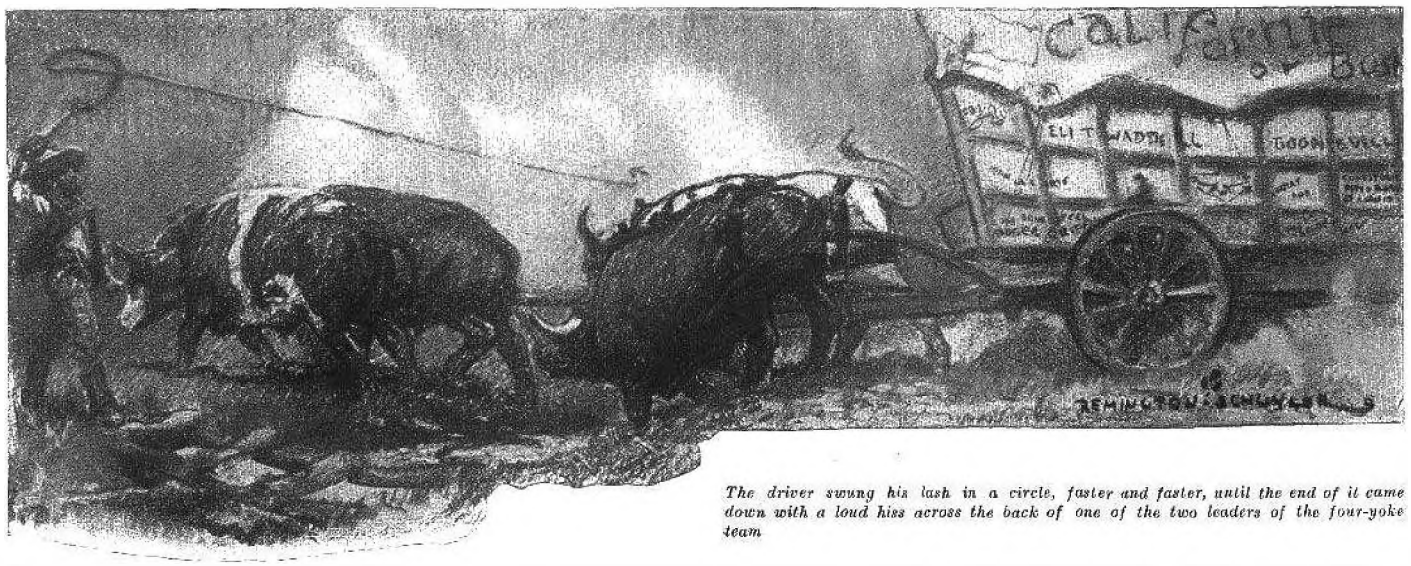
* * *

The Prince was also presented with our Handbook and when he left the landing stage for the "Renown" it was amid a roar of cheers from husky Boy Scout lungs. Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Thorne, Assistant Military Attache to the British Embassy, said later that the Prince had enjoyed the demonstration and pronounced it a "jolly fine show."

The Bull-Whacker's Lash

By Edward Leonard

Illustrated by Remington Schuyler



The driver swung his lash in a circle, faster and faster, until the end of it came down with a loud hiss across the back of one of the two leaders of the four-yoke team

JIM COULTER'S overland party was in camp just outside of Independence, the eastern terminal of the trail of the gold-seeking emigrants to California. It was growing dark on a spring evening in 1849. The twelve wagons, with their huge, hooped tops of white canvas, had been drawn up end to end in an oval, forming a corral for the mules and horses. There was a chill in the evening air, and the men of the party had started a fire of brushwood near by and were grouping themselves around it, their faces ghostly white in the glare of the leaping flames.

A mile away the oil and candle lights of the town were glimmering — more lights than Tuck Simms had ever seen before, for his home during the sixteen years of his life had been on a lonely Missouri road, and, though he had visited Independence, he had never been there at night and had never seen it in such a state of bustle and excitement as it was now. It had become a boom town, if there ever was one. Day after day the streets were crowded with strangers. There was never a daylight hour when a long caravan of wagons was not passing through on its westward way. The storekeepers were getting rich, the sidewalks were lined with peddlers, the forges of the blacksmiths' shops were aglow late into the night, for there were hundreds of mules and horses to be shod and hundreds of wagons to be put into condition for the two-thousand-mile journey.

Tuck Simms, as he squatted before the fire, heard the creaking of wheels and the shouts of drivers. Out of the dusk came a line of emigrant wagons, moving slowly, for they were drawn by oxen.

"Slow but sure," remarked Jeff Quantrell. "Out on the Santa Fé Trail the oxen could outlast the horses, but they took an almighty long time making the trip."

"That's the big question that everybody's arguing just now," put in Coulter. "I know oxen are less liable to break down, and the Indians can't stampede 'em when they're loose, but, mark my word, some of those ox teams won't get to the Sierras before snow time, and then there'll be trouble.

As the first of the wagons came into the light of the fire the driver swung his lash. As everybody in the group knew, a bull-whacker's lash was at least twenty feet long, very thick at the staff and tapering off to a point. The length of the stick to which it was attached was seldom more than eighteen inches.

The lash of this driver who was passing the fire swung in a circle, faster and faster, until the end of it came down with a loud hiss across the back of one of the two leaders of the four-yoke team. The beast quivered from the blow, and pushed forward with all its strength. Tuck knew that such a lash manipulated by an expert bull-whacker could cut like a knife clean through the hide of an ox, and, if swung by a master hand, would hit any spot it was aimed at — as cruel an instrument of torture as could be devised.

"A man could come near to killing somebody with a thing like that," said Tuck.

"He's pretty handy with it," Quantrell answered. "But I've seen better. Out on the Santa Fé Trail there was a bull-whacker named Davy Dawson, and I've yet to find the man who could beat him swinging the lash."

In Quantrell's dark eyes was a far-away, brooding expression, and his thoughts seemed to have gone back to the old, wild trail that he had ridden so many times as a trader. Tuck, who had seen Quantrell in that mood before, knew that a story was coming, and silently he studied the trader's shrewd, sharp-featured face.

For a few minutes Quantrell sat staring into the fire. Then, slowly, he proceeded to enlighten the minds of his companions concerning the dexterity of Davy Dawson with the bull lash.

I WAS only a boy at the time, and I thought it was a great chance when a man known as "Pegleg" Jones offered to take me on the trail with his caravan. His party was so big and so well armed that he had several pay passengers, who were particular about traveling safe, and one of them was a fake doctor named Sniffin, who had an elixir, a sure cure for anything from a cold in the head to heart disease, which he thought he could sell to the innocent Mexicans in Santa Fé.

The very first day out some kind of sickness got hold of the doc and laid him flat. Pegleg wanted to dose him with the elixir, but the doc wouldn't touch it, and swore the only way to save his life was to send him back to Missouri in a hurry. He had already paid two hundred dollars as his fare, but he told Pegleg he could keep the money and would get a hundred dollars more for shipping him to the other side of the border.

Pegleg didn't fancy the proposition at first, as he couldn't see why his party should be delayed just to save a fake doc's life, but after a while he figured that, as there had been no signs of Indians, it would be safe to send him back in a light spring wagon that he had, behind a team of fast mules without an escort. He knew there was a caravan due to leave Blue Mills the next day, and that whoever drove the doc could come back with it, so the return trip would be safe anyhow. The party at Blue Mills was a small one, and their wagons were not loaded so heavily as Pegleg's, so he reasoned they would catch up with him after a few days and that he could push on without delay.

Though Davy Dawson was known as a bull-whacker, he was a first-class mule driver, too, and Pegleg picked him out to take the doc back. But Davy didn't show much liking for the job, for he knew a good deal more about that country than Pegleg did, and he wasn't a bit certain there was no danger on the thirty miles that lay between us and Westport Landing. Finally he agreed to go if somebody was sent along with him to keep a watch out of the hind end of the wagon, the doc being flat on his back and unable to be of any use. The rest of the men didn't have any more hankering for the trip than Davy did, but I wasn't old enough to have much sense about keeping out of trouble, and I told Davy he could take me if he wanted to. He knew I was handy with a gun, and he figured that I'd be about as useful as a man, so it was agreed that Davy and I were to go.

THE wagon had a canvas top spread over a set of bows and drawn up in the rear with a cord, leaving only a round hole to look through, just like an ordinary emigrant wagon, but it was a heap lighter than most rigs on the trail and we had the best pair of mules in the outfit. We lifted the doc in, piled his trunk and valise in after him, and left the big boxes of his elixir to go on with the caravan to Santa Fé, for he meant to make the trip after getting well.

No matter what kind of a team Davy might be driving, he always carried his bull lash. Of course, it wouldn't do to bring it down so hard on the back of a good mule as on an ox. An ordinary driver wouldn't have been able to use it at all, but for Davy it was handier than a mule whip. He was like a circus juggler with that lash. He would swing it out into a long, whirring spiral that would keep spinning for a long time, while his hand didn't seem to move at all. We were getting ready to start when a horsefly lit on the neck of one of the mules. Davy sent his lash swishing after it as quick as a shot, and squashed it. At twenty-five feet he could hit any mark that was big enough to see.

The mules seemed to know who it was that was behind them, for they set off at a terrific clip as soon as he took the reins. The pace was hard on the doc, for he was shook up considerable. He wasn't too sick to do a powerful lot of cussing about it, too, but Davy told him he wasn't going to take any chances driving slow through that kind of a country, and that he could get out and walk if he didn't like it.

After we had gone about ten miles Davy began to shrug his shoulders and twist his head from side to side nervously as he stared out over the plains.

"I'll be dog-goned if I like the look of things," he sung out. "The buffalo are grazing too far from the trail to suit me. That means Injins. We hain't seen a buffalo since we started."

"Don't go so fast," groaned the doc. "If the Indians get sight of us they'll think we're afraid and are running away from 'em."

"Huh!" answers Davy. "A lot you know about Injins. If they see us we'll be running away from 'em all right. You can bet your life on that, doc."

Along toward the end of the trip we had crossed a little creek that runs into the Kansas, and had left it about five miles behind, when I happened to glance back at the cottonwoods on its banks and saw some black specks creeping out from under them that looked like a flock of big birds. The next minute they rose up higher on the plain and I saw that they were men on horses.

"Hey, Davy!" I called. "Look back there at the creek. What are they?"

Davy gave a quick glance back, and the next instant brought his lash down across the backs of the mules.

"What are they, Davy?" I yelled at him again, feeling pretty nervous.

"You'll know soon enough what they are," he roared. "Get your gun ready. They're Injins."

His lash sung through the air again, and the mules broke into a wild gallop.

"I can't stand this bouncing," groans the doc. "Stop and parley with 'em. That's the way; stop and parley with 'em."

"I'll stop and throw you out if you don't shut up," snarls Davy. "Then you can do the parleyin' while they're takin' your scalp. Don't you bother me no more; I've got all I can do tendin' these here mules." And his lash went spinning out with a hiss.

AFTER that we didn't hear much more from the doc, and the little we did hear we didn't pay any attention to, for we were altogether too busy. In about a minute there wasn't any doubt left in my mind that Davy was right. They were Indians, sure enough, and they were coming down on us fast.

Davy called to me, "Here; you take my pistol. I can't use it. Too busy driving. That gives you two shots ready for 'em."

With my big muzzle-loader in my hands — we didn't have any breech-loaders in those days — and Davy's pistol stuck in my belt I crawled to the rear of the wagon, and crammed my mouth full of balls and patches to be ready for reloading, though I had my doubts whether I should be able to pour powder anywhere but on the floor, with the wagon swaying and bumping as it was.

Looking out through the hole in the canvas I saw about thirty savages, naked to the waist, riding down on us like mad. It turned me cold to see how easily they were gaining on our mules. Though we were going at a break-neck pace, it seemed as if we were standing still as I watched those redskins cutting down with every second the distance between us.

Pretty soon Davy called out, "How near are they now, Jeff?"

Emptying my mouth for the moment, I called back, "Not more'n a mile, I guess. They'll be here in a few more jumps. We can't get away."

My voice was shaking so that I couldn't speak very clearly, but he heard me all right, and his lash cracked on the poor mules' backs till I was afraid he'd cut them to shreds. He was certainly getting speed out of 'em. We were going so fast that sometimes the wagon jumped clean off the road, and I could hear the doc give a groan every time we came back to earth. I'd have bet my last shirt we were beating all records for mule teams. But it wasn't any use. Those savages were going two jumps to our one.

By that time they were within shooting distance. I took a try at the nearest one, and got him. When he struck the ground he rolled over and over.

But that didn't stop the rest of 'em. They didn't even hesitate. I began to reload my gun, and, just as I had feared, it was a tough job — just about all I could do.

"How near are they now, Jeff?" yells Davy just as I finished getting the load in.

I took a peep out. As I did so an arrow came singing at me and struck the tail-board, giving a loud whir-r-r as it stuck there.

"They're almost on top of us, Davy," I called back. "I guess we're done for."

Davy didn't answer. He was too busy keeping the bull-lash going.

THE next moment an Indian whose face was smeared with red and green paint rode right up to the hole in the rear of the wagon-cover and aimed an arrow at me. I dodged. The arrow whistled past me, knocked off Davy's hat, and went on over the heads of the mules. I was glad now that I had been so taken by surprise that there was not time enough to raise my gun, for I doubted whether I should get a chance to reload it again. And even greater need of it was coming. I was sure. Crouching at the hole in the canvas, I was good and ready for that Indian the next time he might try the same trick, when I heard Davy call:

"Hey, Jeff! Quick!"

Scrambling up to the front, I fell over the poor doc on the way, knocking the breath out of him, and got to Davy just as an Indian, his bow pulled back ready to shoot, managed to get his horse alongside of him. I blazed away, right into his face, and we didn't have to worry about him any more.

By the time I got back to the hind end a big bunch of 'em were riding up close. After a moment they spread out into two parties, half of 'em riding up on one side of the wagon and the rest on the other, letting us have a shower of arrows from each direction. Then one shrewd-looking old fellow came tearing up alongside the team, and tried to turn them into the sunflowers, which grow thick along that trail. Of course, if he once got us into them we were done for, and it looked for a minute as if he was going to succeed. Every second the near mule was being pushed further and further off the track by its mate, which was scared half to death by the Indian.

"Hey, Jeff! Quick!" Davy called out again.

But I was already on the way to help him, and I let the old pest have the load from the pistol.

"That settles him," I shouted as loud as I could, for Davy and the Indians were keeping up such a devilish yelling that it was all I could do to make him hear me. "But now I got to reload."

"Throw out the doc's valise," roared Davy.

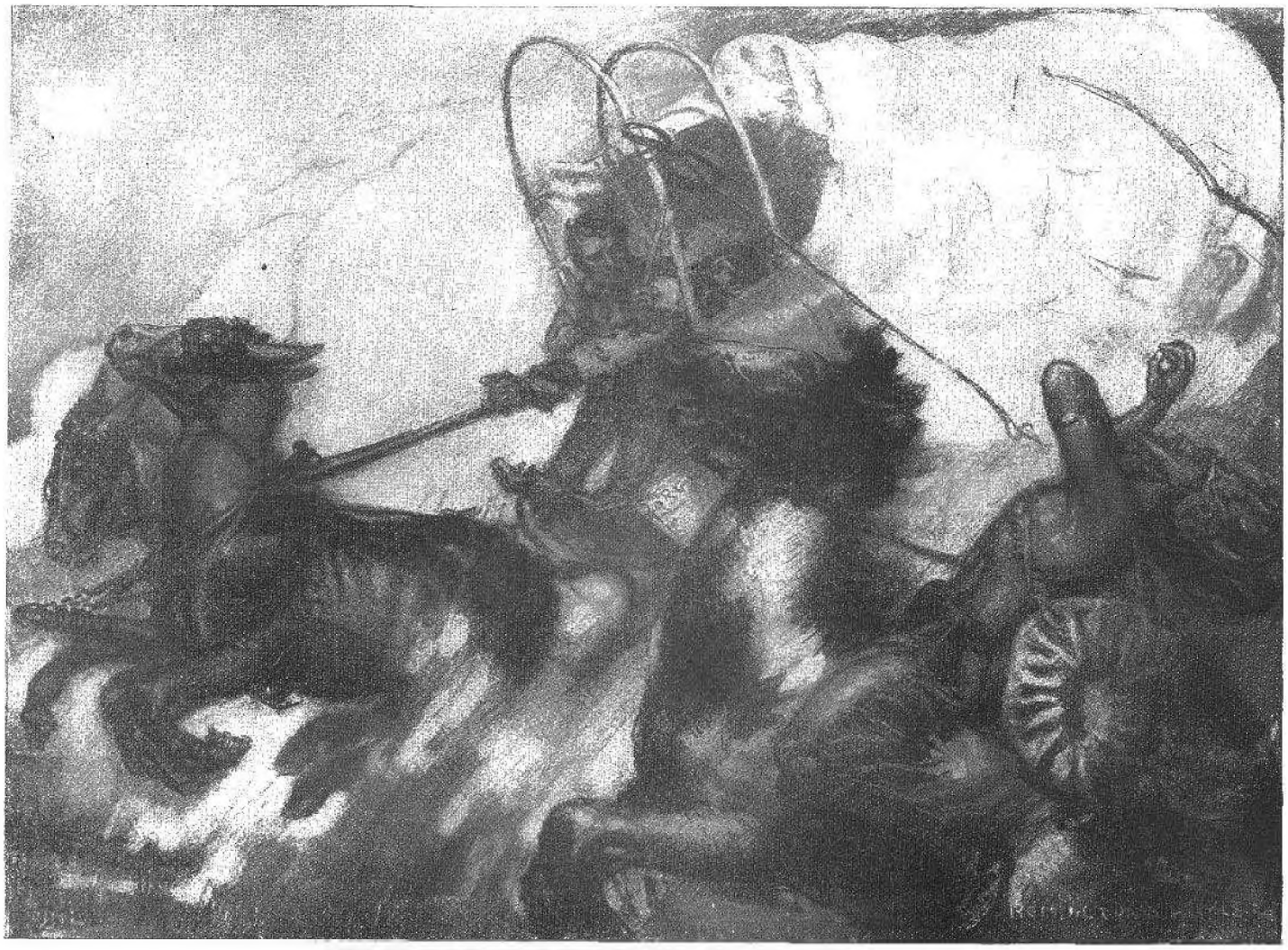
At that the doc rose up on his elbows.

"You leave that valise alone," he screamed, "or I'll have the law on the both of ye. It's got my money in it."

"Throw it out, Jeff! Throw it out!" Davy roared again. "If that don't stop 'em we'll throw out the doc."

Davy had never had any hankering for the doc since

(Continued on page 44)



Davy's arm shot out and the lash darted like a thing alive straight at that Indian

Bringing Out the Pay Roll

By Albert W. Tolman

Illustrated by Harold Anderson

CURTIS DEAKE and Lee Matthews hurried out of the Riddell Island Granite Company's boarding-house into the cool, salt air of the early July evening. They had just finished supper, and they were eager for a ten-mile spin out round Puddingstone in the *Comet*, Curtis's speedy motor-boat. Two minutes brought them to the wharf.

"Where's your boat, Curt?" asked Matthews.

Deake glanced toward his mooring, and an exclamation of disappointment and anger burst from his lips.

"She's gone! Somebody's taken her without asking. That makes the third time this week; and it's got to stop."

"Who do you s'pose 's got her?"

"Don't know, but I'll soon find out. Here comes Peter MacDonald and his son Allan in their dory! Perhaps they'll know."

The fishermen ran in alongside the wharf, a sturdy, rawboned pair, whose trawl supplied the company boarding-house with cod and haddock.

"Hello, Peter!" hailed Curtis. "Seen anything of the *Comet?*"

Standing on the ladder, Peter received a basket of fish from Allan, and carefully swung it up on the wharf.

"We met her close to Puddingstone ten minutes ago," he replied.

"Who had her?"

"Hilo Stanson."

"Thanks, Peter," returned Curtis. "Hilo and I'll have a little growl together when he comes ashore."

Sombrely Peter and Allan lifted the heavy basket by its handles and started up toward the company's office, where Clyde Harrington, the superintendent, stood awaiting them. The three went in together.

"Well, Lee," remarked Deake, as he seated himself on the stringpiece, "no spin for us to-night! But believe me, nobody'll take the *Comet* again without asking me first. I'm going to sit here till this same squarehead comes back. From the day he blew in last June something's told me that he and I were made to have trouble together. Better go up to the room, for he may not come for hours."

Matthews laughed.

"I'll go up — after the trouble is over."

He sat down beside Deake on the stringpiece.

RIDDELL ISLAND formed part of an archipelago twelve miles off the Maine coast city of Hendon. That season was a busy one for the granite company. Nearly 300 men of all nationalities, Finns, Scandinavians, Polanders, Italians and Yankees, swarmed like ants over the huge rocky hump that heaved itself aloft above the blue sea.

Deake and Matthews, college juniors, aged nineteen, were at work that summer in the company's office. Their duties were light, keeping them busy only a few hours a day. The rest of the time was their own for fishing, sailing and exploring the neighboring islands.

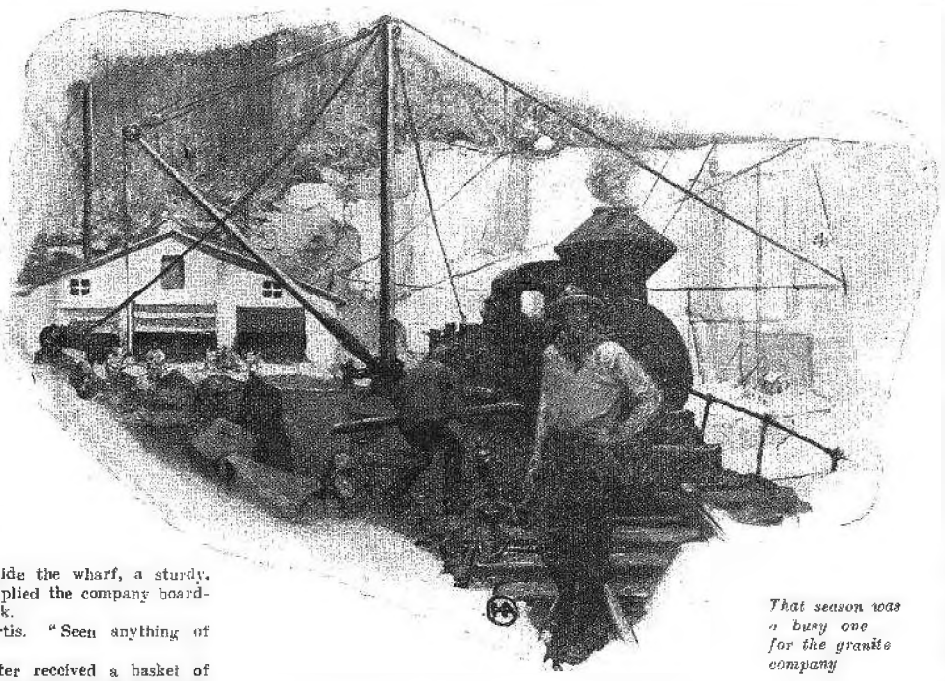
The quarrymen were in the habit of crossing the sound frequently to Puddingstone, a mile distant, where for several weeks two campers had been living and, it was suspected, selling liquor. Officers from the mainland had raided the place but without success.

Slowly the hours dragged by, nine — ten — eleven — twelve. Curtis marked their passage with growing disgust and wrath. He begged Lee again and again to go home to bed; but Lee was fully as stubborn as Curtis. A thick, chill fog blew in from the east, blotting out the stars.

"Hark!" exclaimed Curtis suddenly. "Here he comes!"

Out toward Puddingstone a motor-boat began chugging.

"It's the *Comet!* I could tell her exhaust among a dozen," said her owner.



That season was a busy one for the granite company

IN a few minutes the *Comet* was grating against the ladder-foot, setting Curtis's teeth on edge, as he remembered her glossy coat of fresh white. Talking and laughing boisterously, her passengers clambered upon the wharf.

"Goin' to moor her?" hiccoughed one.

"No," returned Stanson's voice. "I'll tie her to the lowest round. She'll be all right till morning."

As the quarryman stepped over the stringpiece, Curtis confronted him.

"You'll take that boat out to her buoy," he said.

"Oh, I will, will I?" sneered the man. "She belongs to you, doesn't she?"

"Yes!"

"Moor her yourself, then! Here!"

Pushing his hand into his pocket, he contemptuously thrust a large, round coin into Curtis's hand.

"There's a silver dollar! And that pays you twice over for the use of your old scow! Now get out of my way! I'm going up to the boarding-house to turn in!"

With a vigorous swing Curtis sent the coin sailing out into the fog. Then he clutched Stanson by the shoulder.

"Put that boat back where you took her from!"

"I won't!" exclaimed the quarryman angrily. "Let go my shoulder or I'll pass you something beside that dollar to remember me by!"

Matters were approaching a crisis. Lee ranged himself beside Curtis, while Stanson's friends clustered behind him.

"Let's rush 'em and pitch 'em into the drink!" suggested an ugly voice.

Stanson launched a sudden blow at Curtis's head. The boy ducked and shot out his right like lightning, sending the man sprawling. The quarryman leaped up, furious.

"I'll pay you for that!" he snarled. "Come on, fellows! Let's throw 'em off the wharf!"

Just then a tall figure broke through the fog. It was Harrington, the superintendent. He flashed an electric bull's-eye on the astonished group.

"That'll do!" he said coolly. "Better go up to your room, boys! You men come round to the office to-morrow morning and get your pay. You've been over to Puddingstone too often."

Sullenly the men filed off into the fog. As he went, Stanson shook his fist at Curtis.

"You did this, you young whelp!" he muttered. "You and I'll square up later!"

AT half past eight the next morning Stanson and his three discharged associates, carrying their suitcases, shuffled sulkily into the office to receive their envelopes from Hugh Bradley, the paymaster.

"It's only Friday morning," said Bradley, "but I've put in your full week's pay."

Harrington added a word.

"I'm sorry to discharge you like this, men. Hope you'll do better on your next job."

The four took their envelopes and went out quickly, Stanson favoring Curtis with a malignant scowl.

"That man's no granite-cutter," remarked the superintendent, as the door closed behind Deake's foe. "He's shiftless and lazy, and he's made us no end of trouble in the quarry. He's got all the marks of a blackleg, and I believe he's masquerading under somebody else's name. I'm glad he's gone."

Half an hour later a whistle told that the *Golden Eagle* was feeling her way in through the fog.

"Go down after the mail, will you, Lee?" requested Harrington. "And just notice if our four friends get aboard."

After the departure of the steamer, Matthews came back with the mailbag.

"Did they go?" asked the superintendent.

"All but Stanson."

"Are you sure about that?"

"I watched the boat from the minute she threw out her lines till she took 'em in again. He didn't show up."

Harrington looked serious.

"I don't like that," was his comment. "Either he's hanging round the island or he's slipped over to Puddingstone for a farewell. What's this?"

He was staring at a printed slip, pulled from a letter he had just opened.

"Five hundred dollars reward for the capture of George Kinaris *alias* Carlos Nilson *alias* Joe Parkerson *alias* Slippery Dick! Wanted for burglary in Boston! Height, five feet nine; sandy complexion; scar on right cheek-bone; one upper incisor gold-filled; etc., etc. Ever see that face before?"

Bradley looked at the printed picture.

"Stanson — without his moustache!"

"Nobody else! I'll have him arrested and held for the sheriff!"

During the next two hours Riddell was scoured from point to point, but no Stanson could be found.

The *Comet* shot across to Puddingstone with a searching party. They returned after an unsuccessful hunt, bringing interesting news: The shack had been closed, and its proprietors had disappeared.

"Good riddance!" was the superintendent's verdict. "Hope Stanson has gone with them!"

THE company's weekly pay-roll amounted to about $6,000. Every Friday noon Hugh Bradley went to Hendon in a motor-boat with an iron cash-box, which he brought back that afternoon, securely padlocked. The paymaster's trip was a matter of common knowledge, as was also the fact that he carried an automatic revolver, with which he was a dead shot. This was by no means a needless precaution, as several hundred quarrymen, largely foreigners, might easily include some desperadoes, who would not hesitate to commit murder for so large a sum.

Shortly after dinner Bradley started for Hendon in the *Comet* with Lee and Curtis. The fog was thicker than ever, and they had to run by compass. Half way in Curtis stopped the engine for a moment. The rattle of an exhaust, growing louder, fell upon their ears.

"Here comes another boat!" exclaimed Lee. "And bound for Hendon, too!"

"She'll run us down!" shouted Curtis. "Hi there! Sheer off!"

Out of the fog on their starboard quarter shot a twenty-foot launch, almost grazing the *Comet*. Three men were aboard. Two scowled at Bradley and the boys without speaking; the third turned his face quickly away. As the stranger disappeared the *Comet's* crew glanced at one another silently but significantly.

"Stanson!"

After running a few hundred feet Curtis stopped the engine again. The exhaust of the other boat had already grown surprisingly faint.

"Going like a blue streak, wasn't she!" exclaimed Lee.

"Yes, the *Comet* can't hold a candle to her," acknowledged Curtis rather grudgingly. "Who were those other two men?"

Lee thought a moment, then slapped his knee.

"I know 'em!" he cried. "They're the rum-sellers who had that shack on Puddingstone! I saw 'em over on Riddell one day last week."

At half past two the *Comet* ran alongside Mackerel Wharf in Hendon Harbor. In a few minutes Bradley and the boys were at the Marine National Bank with the iron box.

Bradley went into the directors' room with the cashier. When he came out the box looked heavier. Six thousand in bills certainly ought to weigh something.

"Come on!" said the paymaster briskly. "Let's go up to Chase & Harmon's to see about that 5-F powder!"

THE hardware store was fifty yards up the street. On the opposite side stood a man, gazing into a drug-store window. Curtis chanced to notice in this window a mirror which would enable the lounger to watch what was going on behind him. Looking sharply, he thought he recognized the peculiar bluish-gray of the man's coat. Hadn't he seen that in the granite company's office on Riddell only a few hours before?

Bradley and Matthews turned into Chase & Harmon's, and Curtis followed them.

While they were in the store a whistle began bellowing.

"Fire on Mason's Wharf!" said Corydon Chase. "I'm afraid it's Beverage's sardine plant."

Mason's was two wharves above Mackerel where lay the *Comet*. Bradley and the two boys left Chase & Harmon's hurriedly. As they turned down the narrow alley leading to Mackerel Wharf they plunged into dense clouds of smoke. The paymaster had the iron box under his left arm.

"Phew!" he choked. "I'll be glad when we're afloat again!"

Suddenly out of a passageway between two buildings burst three men, wearing auto masks and goggles. The first whirled up a blackjack and struck at Bradley's head. So swift and unexpected was the attack that the paymaster had barely time to duck. The blow crashed down on his left shoulder, and the box dropped from under his arm. The blackjack flew from his assailant's hand.

Bradley reached for his revolver; the other man pinioned his arms in a bear's hug.

"Grab that box!" he growled. "Quick!"

Another of the masked robbers stooped for it and Curtis threw himself upon him. Lee and the third man joined in the mêlee. At last the paymaster wrenched his right arm free and got his automatic.

Bang!!

The shot went wild. At the report Bradley's assailant flung him violently aside. From up the wharf came a sound of shouts and running feet.

"No use, fellows! Beat it!" commanded the first robber sharply.

TEARING themselves free, the thieves vanished into the passageway. At the same instant two blue-coated firemen burst out of the fog. Bradley dropped his revolver again into his pocket and picked up the box. After a few words of explanation and gratitude to the newcomers for their timely arrival he resumed his way toward the *Comet*, followed by the boys.

In the short, hot battle Curtis had just fought, his suspicions had hardened to certainty.

He felt sure that one of the would-be robbers was Stanson!

Slowly the motor-boat felt her way out of the harbor through the thick fog. The sea was calm and the tide had just begun to rise.

Once outside in the bay they hit up a higher rate of speed, sounding their horn frequently. On the starboard bow came a sound of breaking surf, and a black promontory loomed dimly through the mist.

"Brant Island!" exclaimed Curtis. "Only two miles more to Puddingstone!"

The promontory vanished and the surf died behind them. The engine began skipping. Curtis stopped it to investigate.

Chug-chug-chug! Another boat was coming from the direction of Brant Island.

"Sounds like the craft that passed us this morning," observed the paymaster.

Could it be that their assailants were about to make another attempt to capture the iron box?

Chug-chug-chug! The stutter of the exhaust was unmistakable.

"Better not let 'em get too close," remarked Bradley. "Head her for Puddingstone, and give her all you've got!"

The fog was thinning. Now the speeding *Comet* was swathed in thick, fleecy drifts; again she shot out into a broad opening that gave an unobstructed view for hundreds of feet.

As she dove into a vaporous wall on the farther side of one of these marine glades Curtis saw a sharp prow suddenly emerge from the fog-bank they had just left. Just back of the prow a masked, goggled face stared forward.

Curtis's fists clenched. The fight that was coming out there in the fog would be a fight to a finish.

"They're after us, Mr. Bradley," he said. "It's the same crowd that tackled us on the wharf!"

On raced the *Comet*. A break in the fog showed her pursuer only a hundred yards behind and gaining rapidly.

A hoarse challenge rang across the heaving swells.

"Hold up there! We want that money!"

Bradley drew his automatic.

"Hold up! We'll shoot if you don't!"

Curtis could see that two of the masked men were leveling revolvers at the *Comet*.

"Lie down on the floor, boys," directed the paymaster. Lee obeyed, but Curtis hesitated.

Bang-bang!! Both the muzzles spat fire simultaneously. One bullet whistled by Curtis's head. The other went straighter. Bradley threw up his arms and dropped across the washboard, half in the standing-room, half outside. His automatic, falling from his hand, clattered on the stern, and rebounded overboard.

A PANICKY sense of helplessness swept over Curtis. Bradley had fallen, dead or badly wounded, and his revolver, the only weapon on the *Comet*, had gone to the bottom. The murderous assault showed that the pursuers were in deadly earnest.

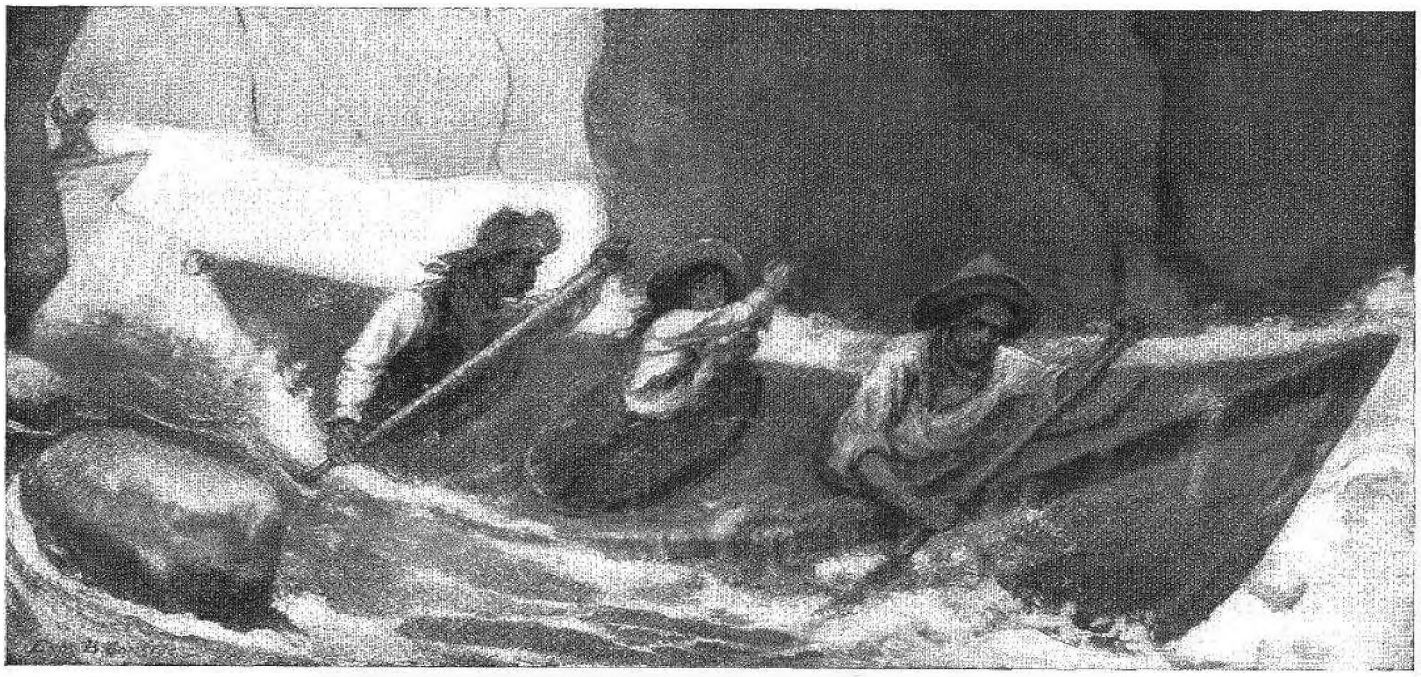
There lay the box on the standing-room floor. Should he give it up?

"Stop your engine or we'll shoot again!"

Surrender the six thousand without an effort — never! The boat plunged into a dense fog-bank.

(*Continued on page 58*)

The boy ducked and shot out his right like lightning sending the man sprawling



The Fortune was in the lead with Curly in the bow and Dorothy in the center compartment

Curly and the Aztec Gold

By Joseph B. Ames

Illustrated by Enos B. Comstock

CHAPTER XI.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF FATHER XAVIER.

ABOUT the circle there was a slight, general movement of laxing tension. But as Berkeley lifted the tattered paper, silence fell again and every eye was fixed eagerly upon him. Then he began to read.

"Guansales, 17 May, 1573

"Beloved Brother:

"I little thought, nor didst thou, I ween, of the labour in store for me when I undertook the deciphering of the Aztec writing thou gavest me. For many long weeks have I toiled over it, sometimes hopeful, more often despairing, until at last the secret of the writing lies unfolded before me. And such a secret. Truly my brain reels at the magnitude of it all, and my heart misgives me that I should go straight with it to the Governor. But thine is the discovery, and to thee belongs the honour of making it known to his most gracious majesty, the King.

"I envy thee the power of good such vast wealth will give, for, of a truth, thy share will be great. Think of the Missions which could be established through its means, and the countless souls of these benighted heathen saved thereby.

"But my enthusiasm leads me astray. Here is the translation of this strange document, and never was more contained in fewer words. The numerals and dates I have given in our equivalent.

"'In the Year 6 Kan (1521)

"'To Ithacoatl, brother of the mighty and ill-fated Montezuma:

"'Greeting:

"'This day have I returned from a long journey to the dread Demon River of the North, which flows not upon the surface of the earth but hides its mighty volume far down in the bowels thereof. There have I placed in safety the last of the Imperial treasures committed to my keeping. Of these there were:

"'500 ingots of gold, each of 25 pounds weight.

"'38 sacks of the sacred vessels and implements of the Temples, of gold adorned with many precious gems.

"'23 sacks of golden images of the dread Huitzil and others of our Gods.

"'2 jars of emeralds, containing 1,792 stones.

"'3 jars of pearls, containing 5,620 stones.

"'One chest of ornaments and jewels belonging to the Princess, your wife, and to her daughters; and one chest filled with the sacred books of the priests.

"'The hiding place of the treasure is reached thus: Journey to Chipoka, in the Province of Chihuahua. From thence cross the mountains and journey northward for a space of 250 miles. Here dwell the tribe of Kisaba, and they will show you a way to the Vampire River which we but know as a tradition from that tribe Mahil, which sought a home many further leagues northward and built the Hanging City of the Stream. At a point where the river leaps from the Valley of Death, descend the cliffs by a way known only to the Kisabas. In a canoe follow the current until there falls upon the water the shadow of the black pyramids — the little Popocatepetl, which has set its mark upon the cliffs. Land at the first valley upon the right hand and search for the coiled serpent chiselled upon the rock. Thence 600 paces up the valley is another serpent outstretched in slumber. And on the 15th day of the month of August, when the sun throws its first beam upon the head of this serpent, follow across the valley to the cleft rock through which the sun looks. At its foot, dig; and the sign of Quetzalcoatl points where the treasure lies.

"'Rather let it rest there forever than satisfy the greed of the white conquerors.

"'The slaves do not return with me. They remain behind, a sacrifice to the Gods. My warriors are sworn to secrecy upon the altars of their Fathers.

"'And now, my lord Ithacoatl, farewell. Having done thy bidding, I go to join the last effort to free my country from the yoke of tyrants. "'QUIENO.'

"Is it not passing belief, dear Brother? 'Tis like a fairy tale, yet it rings true. Verily this Quieno was a dreadful monster, and my heart bleeds for the poor, murdered slaves.

"I send this by a safe hand. Brother Francisco starts to-morrow to join you, and I have charged him to take infinite care of the missive, though he wots not of its contents.

"With many blessings,

"Thy Brother in Christ,

"Xavier."

Note in Spanish in a different hand:

"Poor, pious Brother Francisco! *He died hard.*"

AS Berkeley ceased reading, there was a dead silence. Curly and Homer were staring at him open-mouthed. Dorothy's lips were tight closed, but her eyes were dilated and there was a round spot of bright color on each cheek. Curtis sat bolt upright, one hand clenched around a pipe which he had filled mechanically but never lighted. Ruppert and the other men wore mingled expressions of bewildered amazement and incredulity. It was Curtis who finally broke the silence.

"Five hundred ingots of gold!" He said slowly in a queer voice. "Twelve thousand pounds weight! It ain't possible."

"A great deal more than that was carried off by the Spaniards when they captured the city of Mexico," answered Berkeley! "In Peru they found whole doors and thrones and life-sized statues of solid gold."

"But this ain't Mexico or Peru," objected Curtis, "and it ain't four hundred years ago, but — today! It sounds fishy to me. What do you think of it, son?"

Curly hesitated. "I don't know what to think," he answered slowly. "The list of that treasure does seem beyond all belief, but, on the other hand, those directions are awfully explicit. Why should anyone trouble to make up such a thing? Above all why were Bull Henger and his friends so dead anxious to get hold of it?"

"There's something in that," admitted Curtis. "They must have got wind of it some way, though, of course, that don't prove it's true."

"Here's a little more about it," said Berkeley, looking up from one of the other papers.

"1811.

"Papers taken from the body of a Comanche medicine man in a raid on his village in western Texas last year. Translation made by a Mexican named Vegaro. Queer yarn. Never heard of the river the old priest speaks of.

"JAMES HOLCOMBE."

"1829.

"These papers came into my hands at the death of my friend Holcombe in a frontier raid. Have made careful inquiries as to the 'Vampire' river from a trapper who identified it with the little known Colorado River, which flows through Utah and Arizona. As soon as the country is more settled I intend starting an expedition in search of the treasure, the existence of which I am convinced of.

"HENRY ARNOLD."

"1837.

"Preparations complete for a voyage down the Colorado. No such tribe as Kisabas now existing, so directions for a descent into the Canyon are lost, and this seems the only way. Intend navigating the river in two boats and start from Hesley's ranch, near the Utah border, in a month's time. Have made a copy of the Spanish document and leave the original in safe hands. "H. A."

"1895

"In looking over some papers belonging to my maternal grandfather, Henry Arnold, I have come upon this strange series of documents. What a wonderful story it is! One's

blood tingles at this search for buried treasure, and yet a trail of blood and disaster seems to follow in its wake. Henry Arnold never returned from that perilous voyage, and nothing has been heard of him or his three companions to this day. Fortunately I am not of an adventurous nature, or I might be tempted to take life in hand and seek this golden phantom.

"Alfred Pennington, D. D."

The final note in pencil

"The Governor wasn't adventurous, but his runaway son is, and this is something after my own heart. I've tried it by land, but it's no use. Nobody ever heard of the Kisahas, and there are only a few places along the whole length of the Colorado where you can get down to the river from the surface. A descent of the river is the only thing. I've heard of some good boats at Green River Junction, but first I've got to shake that dirty guide who tried to knife me.

"John Pennington."

"WELL, that sounds as though some people believed in it," remarked Berkeley as he folded the pages thoughtfully. "And what a number of other links in the chain there must have been. I wonder where on earth that medicine man got it?"

"I don't suppose we shall ever know," Curly said. Then he added slowly: "So that was John Pennington."

"Probably," said Curtis briefly. "And I shouldn't wonder if the guide was Henger."

"Well, son, you'll have to add your little note to the others," he went on. "A bloody one like all the rest, too."

Curly sat silent for a moment, his eyes shining. The thing gripped him like nothing he had ever known before. He forgot the errand which had brought them here from Texas, ignored the difficulties and dangers which might accompany such a search, the lure and fascination of which thrilled him to the core.

"I wish it might be the final note!" he burst out impulsively. "Jove! With such a chance as this I don't see why we shouldn't make a try for that treasure ourselves." He caught Berkeley's eye and a flash of understanding passed between them. "You believe in this, I know," he taxed the other abruptly. "Wouldn't you be willing to go after it?"

"Of course I would," answered Berkeley promptly. "The trouble is I'm not free. Colonel Vandergrift—"

"But wouldn't he be interested in Aztec relics—those golden gods and all the rest of it?"

"Interested!" Berkeley laughed aloud. "I should say so; he's nuts on them. He'd give all the pottery on earth for a few of those sackfuls mentioned here. But unfortunately the yarn might not seem quite so plausible to him as it does to us."

"You could try him, anyhow," persisted the boy. "Send him copy of these papers and I'll bet he bites. Of course we might have trouble about proper boats, though Pennington says—"

"He's right," broke in Curtis briefly. "They're there. Bud Parsons has 'em stowed away in his barn at Green River. Nice boats, too. A bunch of New Yorkers had them made on purpose last year to go down the river. Then one of 'em died and they gave up the whole thing and left the boats with Bud."

Curly laughed excitedly. "You see? It couldn't have been better made to order, could it?"

"Looks like it," smiled Berkeley. "Well, it's something we can't decide in a hurry. Let's sleep over it and to-morrow we'll chin about it again—seriously."

CHAPTER XII.

Preparations.

IT is curious to consider how one week will make no appreciable difference in a man's life, while the next may be so jammed with incident and action that it is often hard to realize that so much has been crowded into seven brief days instead of twice or thrice that number.

Since leaving Carson and entering the Painted Desert, the life of the three chums could scarcely have been termed uneventful. On the contrary! And yet it seemed to them that the week which followed their encounter with Dean Berkeley, though actually less exciting, was even fuller of mental movement and particularly of decisions which were to vitally affect their future.

At the beginning of that short period they were decidedly at loose ends. The search for George Harrison had developed into a forced journey through unknown country amidst difficult and, finally, perilous conditions. It brought them far out of their course and left them more or less at sea.

The end of the week found them committed to an adventure which many might have called hairbrained, but in which they all had perfect faith.

Berkeley had taken up the matter vigorously. The day following the reading of that amazing manuscript found him thrilled through and through and determined to carry the matter to a finish if this was possible. Even Curly's somewhat belated account of the ruined city in the canyon failed to stir him from his purpose, though he was, of course, tremendously interested in the story and in an inspection of the two curious relics which the boy showed him.

"Aztec work beyond a doubt," he pronounced them. "And that place must be the Hanging City of the Stream which old Quiero mentions in his letter. It's just one more evidence that this thing is true. Twenty-four hours ago I couldn't have rested till I'd explored this place, but now—" He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it can wait a while. We know where it is, and it's not likely to run away before we come back."

Directly after breakfast there was a consultation in which the young man brought to bear all his enthusiasm, his power of argument and his accumulated knowledge of Aztec people and conditions, with the result that Jack Curtis was finally converted to the proposition and agreed to accompany them if the expedition ever became a fact.

A long explanatory letter was then written to Colonel Vandergrift and despatched to the nearest mail town by one of the men on horseback. This done the remainder of the party started at once for Green River Junction, which they reached three days later.

HERE their first move was to hunt up the boats. Bud Parsons, who kept the general store, was an old friend of Curtis, and, though he was astonished at their project, he put no obstacles in their way. The boats had been stored with him for over a year, during which time he had heard nothing from the owner, nor received any pay for his accommodation. Curtis was welcome to use them provided he would be responsible for all damage. The craft were in a shed behind the store and it was with no small curiosity that Berkeley and his friends examined them.

They were each twenty feet long by about five broad, and built of clear, well-seasoned oak. There were three open spaces separated by air-tight compartments, which would keep the boat afloat in case of an upset. The middle compartment could accommodate two at a pinch, but was intended for only one, and all three had strong canvas aprons which fitted around the occupants. These were fastened in such a way that a very slight pressure from within forced them loose, so there was little chance of anyone being handicapped in an overturn.

Both oars and tough ash paddles were provided, the latter much larger and stronger than the ordinary paddle. There was also a bewildering assortment of camping utensils, all of the best make and especially constructed to take up as little room as possible. The boats were beautifully put together and, with their contents, must have cost a large amount.

Berkeley and the rest were delighted with them, and at once made arrangements to have them taken down to the river where they had established camp. This was done late one afternoon, and early next morning they launched the craft and pushed out on the river.

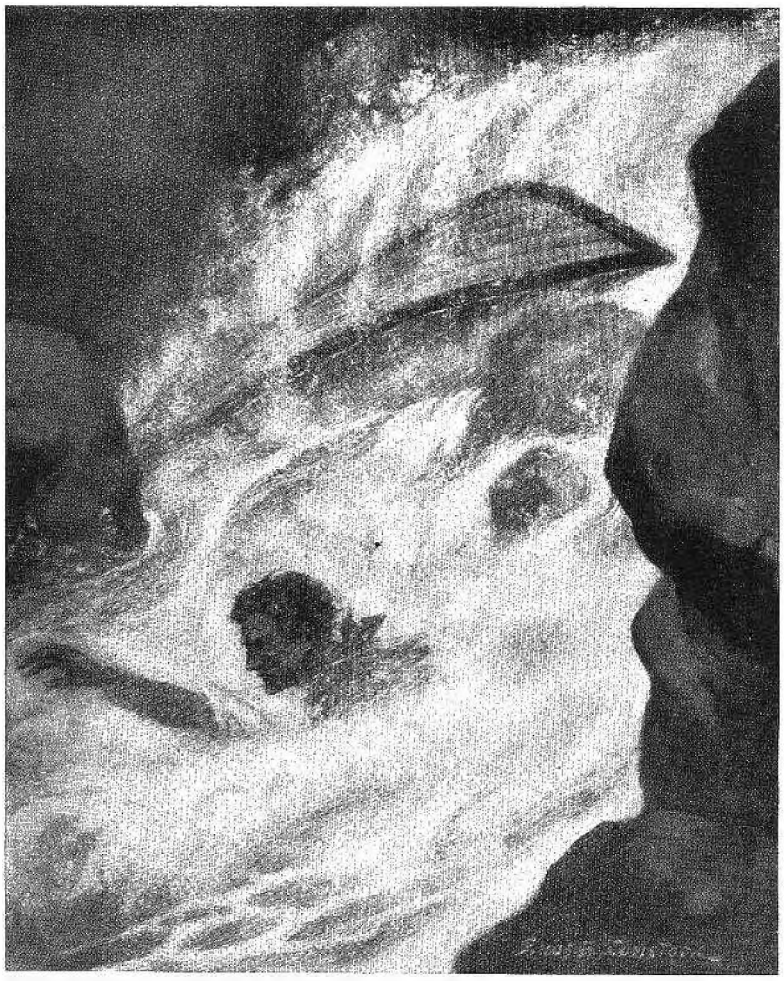
They found them very easy to propel as they responded like things alive to the slightest touch of the paddle. With several hours of daily practice for the remainder of their stay, Berkeley thought they would be proficient enough to start on their journey, particularly as Curtis was quite at home in a canoe and he himself had had a good deal of practice on Canadian lakes and rivers. The boats were then drawn up on the bank to be recaulked and otherwise made tight, and while this was taken in hand by the ex-sheriff, Berkeley began to collect what was needed for the trip.

All this took time. Moreover, there was another matter which gave them some trouble and a good deal more uneasiness.

IT was on their third day at Green River that they discovered they were being watched. During the trip hither there had been no further attack by Henger or any of his gang, but once or twice some one of the party had glimpsed a horseman furtively following a long distance in the rear. He did not enter Green River openly, for they made careful inquiries for strangers, but since then there had been evidence that someone was keeping an eye on their movements. A shadow in the night, a rustle in the undergrowth, some footprints behind a clump of bushes above the camp, was all they had to go on until the third day. Then it was, during a brief absence from camp of the entire party, that the unknown made a swift but thorough search of their baggage and belongings.

Fortunately, the precious packet was no longer in Green River. After making several copies of the translation of the Aztec document, which were placed in water-proof belts worn by Curtis, Curly and himself, Berkeley had posted the originals to Colonel Vandergrift. But after that a guard was always left in camp and at night the boats were watched. And when at last an enthusiastic telegram came from the colonel urging them to undertake the search and offering to pay all expenses, the feeling that they would be rid of the spy for good and all was uppermost in more than one mind.

(Continued on page 59)

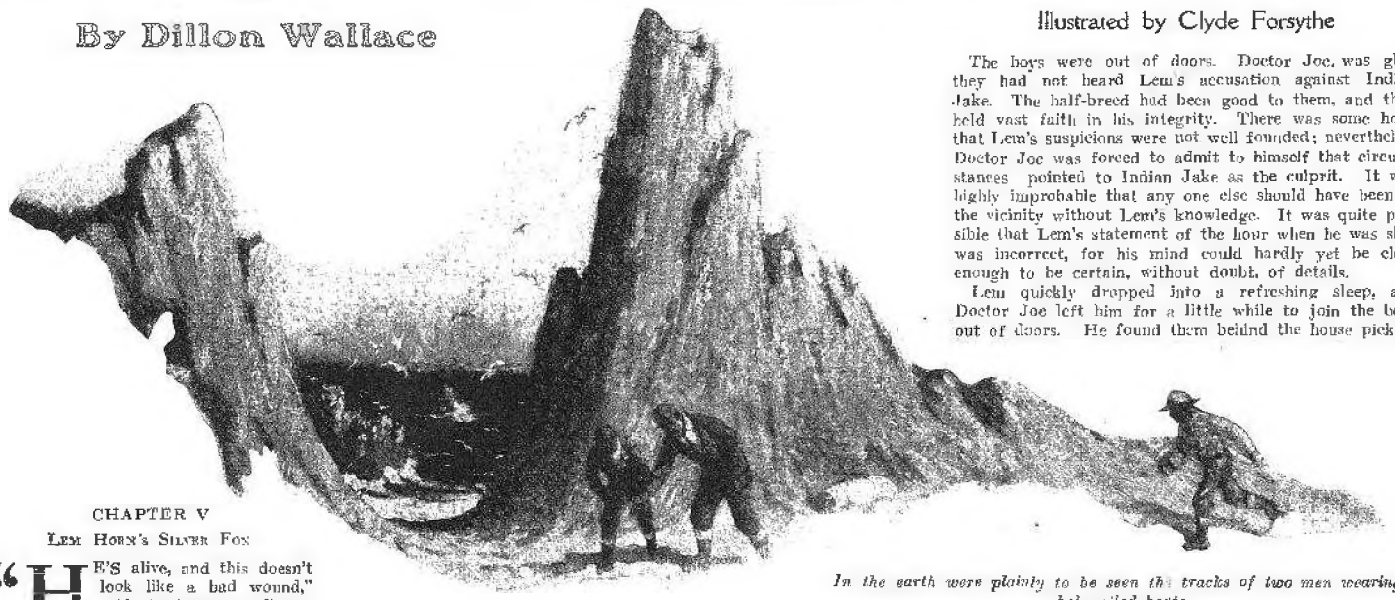


Curly struck out for the shore, but could make no headway against the irresistible current

Troop One of the Labrador

By Dillon Wallace

Illustrated by Clyde Forsythe



In the earth were plainly to be seen the tracks of two men wearing hob-nailed boots

The boys were out of doors. Doctor Joe was glad they had not heard Lem's accusation against Indian Jake. The half-breed had been good to them, and they held vast faith in his integrity. There was some hope that Lem's suspicions were not well founded; nevertheless Doctor Joe was forced to admit to himself that circumstances pointed to Indian Jake as the culprit. It was highly improbable that any one else should have been in the vicinity without Lem's knowledge. It was quite possible that Lem's statement of the hour when he was shot was incorrect, for his mind could hardly yet be clear enough to be certain, without doubt, of details.

Lem quickly dropped into a refreshing sleep, and Doctor Joe left him for a little while to join the boys out of doors. He found them behind the house picking

CHAPTER V

Lem Horn's Silver Fox

"HE'S alive, and this doesn't look like a bad wound," said Doctor Joe after a brief examination. "David, put a fire in the stove and heat some water! Andy, find some clean cloths! Jamie, bring up my medicine kit from the boat!"

The boys hurried to carry out the directions, while Doctor Joe made a more careful examination and discovered a second wound in Lem's back, just below the right shoulder.

"Both shots from the back," he mused. "This wound explains his condition. The one in the head only scraped the skull, and couldn't have more than stunned him for a short time. The other has caused a good deal of bleeding and may be serious."

With David's help Doctor Joe carried Lem to his bunk and removed his outer clothing. The water in the kettle on the stove was now warm enough for Doctor Joe's purpose. He poured some of it into a dish, and after dissolving in it some antiseptic tablets, cleansed and temporarily dressed the wounds.

Restoratives were now applied. Lem responded promptly. His breathing became perceptible, and at length he opened his eyes and stared at Doctor Joe. There was no recognition in the stare and in a moment the eyes closed. Presently they again opened, and this time Lem's lips moved.

"Where's Jane?" he asked feebly.

"Your wife seems to be away and the boys, too," said Doctor Joe. "We found you alone."

"Gone to Fort Pelican," Lem murmured after a moment's thought. He stared at Doctor Joe for several minutes, now with the look of one trying to recall something, and at length asked:

"What's — been — happenin' to me?"

"You've been shot," said Doctor Joe. "We found you on the floor. Some one has shot you."

"The silver! The silver fox skin!" Lem displayed excitement. "Be it on the table? I had un there!"

"There was no fur on the table when we came," said Doctor Joe.

LEM made a feeble attempt to rise, but Doctor Joe pressed him gently back upon the pillow, saying as he did so:

"You must lie quiet, Lem. Don't try to move. You're not strong enough."

Lem, like a weary child, closed his eyes in compliance. Several minutes elapsed before he opened them again, and then he looked steadfastly at Doctor Joe.

"Do you know who I am?" Doctor Joe asked.

"Yes," answered Lem in a feeble voice, "you're Doctor Joe. I'm — glad you — came — Doctor Joe."

"Lem, you've been shot, but we'll pull you through. It isn't so bad, but you've lost some blood and that's left you weak for a little while. Don't talk now. Rest and you'll soon be on your feet again."

While Lem lay with closed eyes, Doctor Joe turned to consideration of the crime. If it were true that a silver fox skin had been taken, robbery was undoubtedly the motive for the shooting. But who could have known of the existence of the skin? And who could have come to this out-of-the-way place unobserved by the old trapper and shot him without warning?

Instinctively Indian Jake rose before his eyes. The half-breed's unsavory reputation forced itself forward. And there was the circumstance of Indian Jake's visit to Flat Point camp the previous evening, his hurried departure in the morning, and his evident desire to hurry into the interior wilderness where he would be swallowed up for several months, and from which there would be innumerable opportunities to escape. Suddenly Doctor Joe was startled by Lem's voice, quite strong and natural now:

"I'm thinkin' 'twere that thief Injun Jake that shoots me."

"What makes you think so?" asked Doctor Joe.

"HE were huntin' geese just below here, and he comes in and sits for a bit. I had a silver fox skin I were holdin' for a better price than they offers at Fort Pelican. 'Twere worth five hundred dollars whatever, and they only offers three hundred. I were busy mendin' my nshin' gear before I stows un away when Injun Jake comes. We talks about fur and I brings the silver out t' show he. Then I lays un on the table and keeps on mendin' the gear after he goes, thinkin' to put the fur up after I gets through mendin'."

"What time did Indian Jake come?" asked Doctor Joe.

"A bit after noon. Handy to one o'clock 'twere, for I were just boilin' the kettle. He eats a snack with me."

"How long did he stay? What time did he go?"

"I'm not knowin' just the time. I were a bit late boilin' the kettle. I boiled un around one o'clock. We sets down to the table about ten after and 'twere handy to half past when we clears the table. Then Injun Jake has a smoke, and I shows he the silver, and I'm thinkin' 'twere a bit after two when he goes. He said he were goin' to stop on Flat P'int last night and get to Tom Angus's tonight whatever."

"A little after two o'clock when he left?"

"Maybe 'twere half past. He had a down wind to paddle agin', and he were sayin' 'twould be slow travelin', and 'twould take three or four hours whatever to make Flat P'int."

"And then what happened?"

"I were settin' mendin' the gear thinkin' to finish un and stow un away, and I keeps at un till just sundown. I were just gettin' up to put the kettle on for supper. That's all I remembers, exceptin' I wakes up two or three times and tries to move, but when I tries there's a wonderful hurt in my shoulder, and my head feels like she's bustin', and everything goes black in front of my eyes. If the fur's gone Injun Jake took un."

"It's strange," said Doctor Joe, "very strange. There's a bullet in your shoulder. After you rest awhile we'll probe for it and see if we can get it out. Don't talk any more. Just lie quietly and sleep if you can."

the geese Indian Jake had left in the tree at the Flat Point camp.

"How's Lem, sir? Is he hurt bad?" David asked as Doctor Joe seated himself upon a stump.

"He's sleeping now. After he rests a little we'll see how badly he's hurt," said Doctor Joe. "I fancy you chaps are thinking about dinner. Hungry already, I'll be bound!"

"Aye," grinned David, "wonderful hungry. 'Tis most noon, sir."

Doctor Joe consulted his watch.

"I declare it is. It must have been nearly eleven o'clock when we reached here. I didn't realize it was so late."

"'Twere ten minutes to eleven, sir," said Andy. "I were lookin' to see how long it takes us to come from Flat P'int."

"What time did we leave Flat Point?" asked Doctor Joe.

"'Twere twenty minutes before seven, sir." Andy drew his new watch proudly from his pocket to refer to it again, as he did upon every possible occasion.

"No," corrected David, "'twere only twenty-five minutes before seven when we leaves Flat P'int, and fifteen minutes before eleven when we gets here. I looks to see."

"Perhaps your watches aren't set alike," suggested Doctor Joe. "Suppose we compare them."

The comparison disclosed a difference, as Doctor Joe predicted, of five minutes. Then each must needs set his watch with Doctor Joe's, which was a little slower than Andy's and a little faster than David's.

DOCTOR JOE made some mental calculations. Both David and Andy had observed their watches, and there could be no doubt of the length of time it had required them to come from Flat Point to Lem's cabin. They had consumed four hours, but their progress had been exceedingly slow. Indian Jake had doubtless traveled much faster in his light canoe, but, at best, with the wind against him, he could hardly have paddled from Lem's cabin to Flat Point in less than two hours. He had arrived one hour after sunset. If Lem were correct as to the time when the shooting took place Indian Jake could not be guilty. But still there was, with but one hour or possibly a little more in excess of the time between sunset and Indian Jake's arrival at camp, an uncertain alibi for Indian Jake. Lem may have been shot much earlier in the afternoon than he supposed. When Lem grew stronger it would be necessary to question him closely that the hour might be fixed with certainty. Whoever had shot and robbed Lem, must have known of the existence of the silver fox skin, and been familiar with the surroundings. The shots had do bitless been fired through a broken pane in a window directly behind the chair in which Lem was sitting at the time.

"Why not cook dinner out here over an open fire?" Doctor Joe presently suggested. "You chaps are pretty

noisy, and if you come into the house to cook it on the stove, I'm afraid you'll wake Lem up, and I want him to sleep."

"We'll cook un out here, sir," David agreed.

"'Tis more fun to cook here," Jamie suggested.

"Very well. When it's ready you may bring it in and we'll eat on the table. Lem will probably be awake by that time and he'll want something too. Stew the goose so there'll be broth, and we'll give some of it to Lem to drink."

"You'll have to go to Fort Pelican without me. I'll have to stay here and take care of Lem. If the wind comes up, and I think it will, you may get a start after dinner," and Doctor Joe returned to the cabin to watch over his patient.

The goose was plucked. David split a stick of wood, and with his jackknife whittled shavings for the fire. The knife had a keen edge, for David was a born woodsman and every woodsman keeps his tools always in good condition, and the shavings he cut were long and thin. He did not cut each shaving separately, but stopped his knife just short of the end of the stick, and when several shavings were cut, with a twist of the blade he broke them from the main stick in a bunch. Thus they were held together by the butt to which they were attached. He whittled four or five of these bunches of shavings, and then cut some fine splints with his axe.

DAVID was now ready to light his fire. He placed two sticks of wood upon the ground, end to end, in the form of a right angle, with the opening between the sticks in the direction from which the wind came. Taking the butt of one of the bunches of shavings in his left hand, he scratched a match with his right hand and lighted the thin end of the shavings. When they were blazing freely he carefully placed the thick end upon the two sticks where they came together, on the inside of the angle, with the burning end resting upon the ground. Thus the thick end of the shavings was elevated. Fire always climbs upward, and in an instant the whole bunch of shavings was ablaze. Upon this he placed the other shavings, the thin ends on the fire, the butts resting upon the two sticks at the angle. With the splints which he had previously prepared arranged upon this they quickly ignited, and upon them larger sticks were laid, and in less than five minutes an excellent cooking fire was ready for the pot.

The goose was covered with a fine fuzz, and before disjointing it David held it over the blaze until the fuzz was thoroughly singed and the surface of the skin clear. Then he proceeded to draw and cut the goose into pieces of suitable size for stewing, placed them in the kettle, and covered them with water from Lem's spring.

In the meantime Andy cut a stiff green pole about five feet in length. The thick end he sharpened, and near the other end cut a small notch. Using the thick or sharpened end like a crowbar, he drove it firmly into the ground with the small end directly above the fire. Placing a stone between the ground and sloping pole, that the pole might not sag too low with the weight of the kettle, he slipped the bale of the kettle into the notch at the small end of the pole, where it hung suspended over the blaze.

Preparing a similar pole, and placing it in like manner, Andy filled the tea kettle and put it over the fire to heat for tea.

"I'm thinkin'," suggested David as he dropped four or five thick slices of pork into the kettle of goose, "'twould be fine to have hot bread with the goose."

"Oh, make un! Make un!" exclaimed Jamie.

"Aye," seconded Andy, "hot bread would go fine with the goose."

ANDY fetched the flour up from the boat and David dipped about a quart of it into the mixing pan. To this he added four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two level teaspoonfuls of salt. After stirring the baking powder and salt well into the flour he added to it a heaping cooking spoonful of lard — a quantity equal to two heaping tablespoonfuls. This he rubbed into the flour with the back of the large cooking spoon until it was thoroughly mixed. He now added water while he mixed it with the flour, a little at a time, until the dough was of the consistency of stiff biscuit dough.

The bread was now ready to bake. There was no oven, and the frying pan must needs serve instead. The interior of the frying pan he sprinkled liberally with flour that the dough might not stick to it. Then cutting a piece of dough from the mass he pulled it into a cake just large enough to fit into the frying pan and about half an inch in thickness, and laid the cake carefully into the pan.

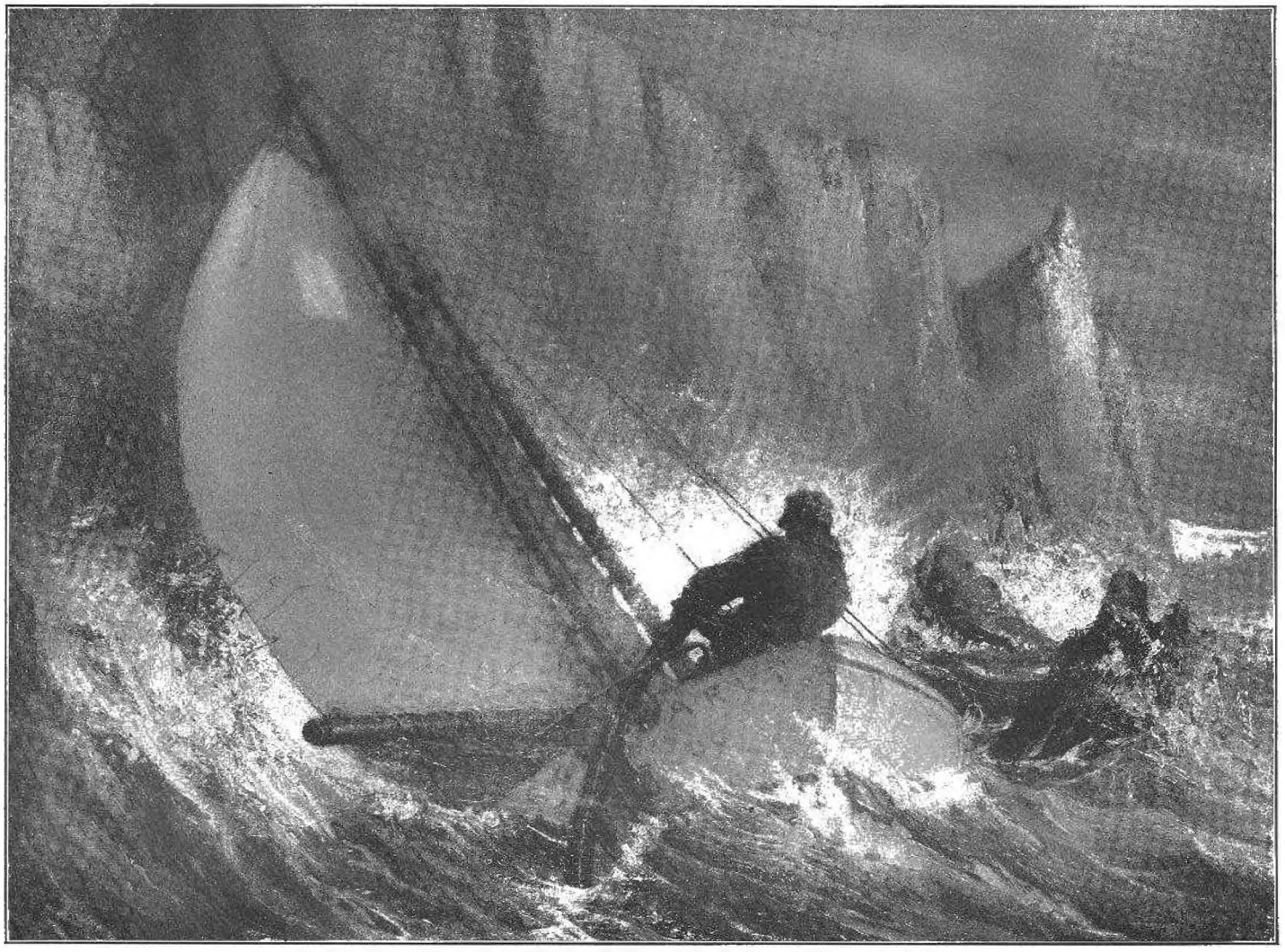
With a stick he raked from the fire some hot coals. With the coals directly behind the pan, and with the bread in the pan facing the fire and exposed to the direct heat, he placed it at an angle of forty-five degrees, supporting it in that position with a sharpened stick, one end forced into the earth and the tip of the handle resting upon the other end. The bread thus derived heat at the bottom from the coals and at the top from the main fire.

"She's risin' fine!" Jamie presently announced.

"She'll rise fast enough," David declared confidently. "There's no fear of that."

There was no fear indeed. In ten minutes the loaf had increased to three times its original thickness and the side nearer the ground took on a delicate brown, for the greater heat of a fire is always reflected toward the ground. David removed the pan from its support, and, without lifting the loaf from the pan, moved it around until the brown side was opposite the handle. Then he returned the pan to its former position. Now the browned half was on the upper or handle side, while the unbrowned half was on the side near the ground, and in a few minutes the whole loaf was deliciously browned.

(Continued on page 45)



On the right seethed The Devil's Tea Kettle, sending forth a continuous, deafening roar

Under Two Eagles

By Corp. Paul Iogolevitch

Illustrated by John R. Neil

"Do you call me a robber, you Russian dog!" he shouted, seizing me by the throat

I CALLED a meeting of the people of our neighborhood and pointed out to them how necessary it was for us to protect our homes. There were a number of young fellows in Petrograd who, because of the government positions they occupied, had never gone to the front although they were ablebodied and would have made good soldiers. It was arranged that every ablebodied man should take his turn at police work.

A couple of days later the militia which Kerensky had spoken of was formed and I was put in charge of the local headquarters of our district. Three prominent lawyers who lived in our neighborhood were appointed as judges and one of the private houses was converted into headquarters. Service in the militia was voluntary but at the first call I received a large number of enlistments—mostly college boys, high school students and ex-soldiers.

We received arms and ammunition from the city armory and service.

Then someone suggested to me that I press the Boy Scouts into service.

"In our district," he said, "the Boy Scouts have been doing some wonderful work and I don't know why you couldn't use them with the same result."

I knew, of course, that while these boys averaged not more than sixteen years of age, they would command the respect of the populace because of their education. Most of them were gymnasium students. In Russia where education is enjoyed by the few, only a gymnasium boy of sixteen or even fifteen is looked upon with more deference than would be shown a boy five years older anywhere else in the world. It was a common thing in Petrograd at this time—indeed, it had been so always—to see a crowd of people accept the leadership of a boy of fifteen or sixteen.

For these reasons, I had no doubt of the important part that the Boy Scout organization in Russia would be called upon to play in the task of maintaining order.

IMMEDIATELY I got in touch with the Boy Scout headquarters. In answer to my inquiry, they informed me that they would be very glad to shoulder part of the responsibility of guarding the district, and that very day fifty scouts, under Chief Scout Sergei Chernov, reported at our headquarters.

They were a fine-looking lot of boys, trim and military appearance.

The boys were supplied with rifles, pistols and ammunition and we had horses for some of them. For a day or two, only ordinary routine work was required.

But, as the days went by, conditions in Petrograd grew worse. The prisons had been thrown open to release political prisoners, but, of course, the criminals escaped too. Robberies and holdups were of hourly occurrence. No one's life was safe. It was a case of might makes right, and we realized that our work was cut out for us.

Our militiamen suffered at the hands of the law-breakers. The criminals used automobiles to a great extent. They were able to make rapid sorties against our armed guards and disappear after firing a few volleys from the windows of the car. In this way, many of our boys fell at their posts without even getting a chance to fire back at their assailants.

We notified Kerensky of the situation, and as a result 1,200 soldiers were put at our disposal to use in case of emergency.

Besides guarding the streets, our work involved raiding the hang-outs of criminal bands and bodies of anti-revolutionists. We had many desperate fights in different sections of the town, but with the help of the soldiers we invariably got the best of it.

After three and one-half weeks of this, my mother and sister begged me to give it up and resume my musical career, therefore, I resigned and Chief Scout Chernov became Commissar in my place. He was a brave boy and had all the qualities of leadership.

Little by little, under Kerensky's rule, order was reestablished in the city. All the former heads and officials of the government were placed under arrest and held for trial, and the policemen of the old regime were sent to the front lines as soldiers.

Under Kerensky's leadership, a new offensive against the Huns was rapidly being developed, and we began to hope that Russia would once again become an important factor in the great war.

Unfortunately, however, the simple-hearted Russians were readily fooled by the intrigues of the Germans who, under flags of truce, managed to get into our trenches and carry on their infamous work.

EVERYWHERE I went I saw the evidence of German propaganda. Fooled by the fair words of the Hun agitators, our workmen abandoned their jobs in the munition factories. I knew what that meant to our boys at the front. It made me sick at heart to recall the frightful scenes of panic and disorder into which our troops had been thrown because of treachery in our High Command and when I saw how successfully the Huns were working their way into the inner councils of the new government I knew that all the well-laid plans of Kerensky and other faithful workers would go for naught.

The Battalion of Death, composed of Russian women, was demonstrating that our women were not afraid to shed their blood for the cause, and millions of our men who were intelligent enough to see through the German trickery were willing enough to carry on, but without ammunition and supplies all their noble sacrifices were in vain, and German propaganda in Petrograd was making more converts every day.

The outlook, as I saw it, was very gloomy. I would gladly have gone to the front again, but I felt that our cause was doomed. I was thoroughly ashamed at the way our men were acting. Apparently they had forgotten the long list of crimes that the Huns had committed and when the enemy offered a truce, they weakly accepted it, while our allies were straining every nerve to beat Germany.

I thought of the noble stand America had taken. The idea of Americans traveling three thousand miles across the ocean to fight for an ideal, while my own countrymen were laying down their arms, forgetful of what their comrades had suffered and were still suffering at the hands of the Hun, spurred me into action.

The Russian eagle had given up the fight, but in far-off America there was an eagle of another species that was flapping her wings and making ready for the fray.

I determined to enlist under the flag of the U. S. A.

CHAPTER XIV

Across Siberia

GETTING out of Russia was by no means an easy task. My plan was to go to Vladivostock and from there take a steamer to Japan. The trip across the continent took eleven days.

It was very monotonous traveling until we reached the Ural Mountains. Mile after mile of wheat-fields was all we had seen for two days, but now we were going through the great mining areas. There were enormous mountains on either side of the tracks. As our train wound its way along the zig-zag tracks we could frequently look through our rear-car windows and see the front-end of our train. It was all very beautiful and we would have enjoyed it immensely had it not been for the crowded condition of the train which made traveling most uncomfortable.

After we had traversed the Ural Mountains and entered Siberia, we plunged into the great Taiga Forest. Here was a part of Russia which was practically unexplored. Thousands and thousands of square miles of timberland untouched by the hand of man and, for the most part, unvisited, except by hunters, spread before us. I had read how these hunters penetrated the forest in their quest for fur-skins. The region is so far beyond the pale of civilization that it is necessary to take a supply of provisions to last for months. In the winter, when the hunting is best, the cold is so intense and the snow so deep that many a hunter perishes.

When we came to Baikal Lake, I saw again the scenes of my infancy. I was born at Verchne Udinsk and the wonderful scenery of this region had left its impress on my mind although we had moved away when I was only three years old.

AFTER we had crossed the steppes into Manchuria, the character of the population changed. Here the Siberians were of Mongolian type, but my childhood had been spent in Harbin and I was not unfamiliar with Manchurian characteristics.

I got off at Harbin, anxious to renew acquaintances with the friends of my childhood and, besides, my father had commissioned me to look over some of his property in that section of the country.

I was able also to get news of the recent developments in my country and of the terrible menace of the Hun drive on the western front. At Vladivostock I took a steamer just leaving for Tsuruga, Japan. Thence I took a train to Yokohama. As no steamer was leaving for America for several weeks, I had to wait. At last, about the middle of June, 1917, I secured passage on the "Shenya Maru," a Japanese passenger steamer bound for San Francisco via Honolulu.

The voyage took about eighteen days. It was a most interesting trip, but it seemed unbearably long. Even the twenty-four hours that we spent in Honolulu, where, at Young's Hotel, I recognized in the orchestra a young man who had studied with me at the Conservatoire with whom I talked over old times, seemed twenty-four hours' unnecessary delay, but at length we sailed and eventually reached San Francisco.

I shall never forget my emotions as the glad tidings of "land in sight" was spread about the boat. It meant much, I suppose, to most of the people on that vessel, but to me it meant an opportunity to fight again for the great cause under a flag that had been unfurled with the most glorious motives that had ever actuated a great nation—"to make the world safe for democracy!"

CHAPTER XV

In the Land of the Free

I LANDED in San Francisco in July, 1917. Besides my native tongue, I could speak German, but German was very much in disfavor on the Pacific Coast at that time, and I knew practically no English. It did not take me long to realize that my lack of English was a serious handicap. If I was to fight with American troops I must understand the language of the country, therefore I spent two months in study.

The American Red Cross was engaged in raising funds and, as I was unable to fight for the cause as a soldier, I decided that I could at least do my bit with my violin.

Through friends that I had made, I volunteered to play at various Red Cross functions, and in that way I met a number of San Francisco people, one of whom suggested that I call to see a friend of his—a Mr. J. Mortimer Smythe.

"Mr. Smythe is a wonderful concert manager," he explained. "If he consents to take charge of you, your fortune will be made."

At the first opportunity, therefore, I called on Mr. Smythe at one of the big hotels. He became very enthusiastic after I had played for him.

"My boy," he said affectionately, patting me on the shoulder, "you are a wonderful violinist. With your war record as a foundation, you can make a lot of money in this country—under the proper management."

"I came here to fight for America," I replied. "Until I am eligible for the American army, I want to serve in whatever capacity will mean the most for the cause. Through my violin, I can raise funds for the Red Cross and similar organizations. For them I would like to make as much money as possible out of my violin playing, but for myself I do not want to make a fortune!"

"You talk like a foolish boy!" he exclaimed. "Of course you should play for the Red Cross. That is right. Also you should make some money for yourself. Charity begins at home, doesn't it? Come and see me to-morrow, my boy, and we will draw up a little contract, and I will arrange a big concert for you at once!"

THERE was something about the man that made me suspicious. Although he had a name that sounded English enough, his accent was anything but English, and a large tin box which I observed on top of a closet in his room was lettered:

"J. M. SCHMIDT."

I did not go to see him the next day or the day after. A day or two later, however, he called on me and made a most alluring offer, which I finally accepted.

I at once moved into Smythe's hotel and from that time all my bills were charged to him. He had some photographs taken of me and got out some literature featuring me as the "famous Russian violinist."

Under his auspices, I played at several concerts for the benefit of the Red Cross and similar organizations—at least, that was the way the announcements always read. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that these concerts were given mainly for the benefit of Smythe and Paul Togoulvitch. We got the lion's share of the proceeds and a trifling balance went to the charitable or patriotic cause which my audience really intended to patronize.

The more I thought over this phase of my work, the less I liked it. In a way it was taking money under false pretenses. Tickets were bought by people because they thought the money was going to a worthy organization. The proposition did not seem on the square to me, and I spoke to Smythe about it.

"Now, don't you worry about that end of it, Paul," he answered good-naturedly. "You're a musician, not a business man. That's why you have to have a manager—why you pay me half you make to show you how to make it. You just stick to your violin and leave the engagements to me!"

"I don't question your ability to make profitable engagements for me," I answered, "but I am worried at the idea of making capital out of patriotic and charitable affairs. Let us give the Red Cross a fair share of the proceeds, and I shall feel easier about it!"

Smythe refused to discuss the subject with me any further.

"You made a contract to play at all concerts that I would arrange for you. You are getting fifty-fifty, as agreed. That's all there is to it."

I let the matter drop then, but the next day when he told me that he was arranging another series of Red Cross concerts for me, the subject came up again.

"The only hitch in the program," he said, "is the percentage. I'm holding out for 75 per cent of the proceeds, and they want to give us only 50 per cent. I told them we won't play for less than 75 per cent, and that's final!"

"And I tell you that 'we' won't play for more than 25 per cent, and *that's* final!" I replied, hotly.

"What!" he shouted. "You will refuse to carry out your contract?"

"I will not carry out my contract if it means robbing the Red Cross!"

"Do you call me a robber, you Russian dog!" he shouted, jumping at me and seizing me by the throat.

I struggled to free myself, but I was helpless in his grasp. He was nearly six feet tall and very powerful and he shook me as a cat worries a mouse, and then he threw me across the bed.

Without another word I started for the door.

"Look here, young man, before you go, understand this: the contract with the Red Cross will be made the way I want it, not according to your crazy notions. The first concert will be given next Wednesday, provided they meet my terms, which I expect they will. You will be ready next Wednesday to play for the Red Cross, understand, and our share of the proceeds will be 75 per cent!"

"Mr. Smythe, I will not play for you again. The way you have treated me just now would make it impossible for me to play for several weeks anyway, but I have decided to work out my own salvation without your help. Good day!"

I gave the same sort of speech as that which I had delivered at the Navy Yard.

I WENT immediately to Mr. Mitchell, whom I had met in connection with one of my concerts. He and his wife were two of the first Americans I had met after I landed in San Francisco and their kindness to me did much to stimulate my love for America.

A day or two later I received a letter from the City Prosecuting Attorney demanding that I appear at his office at once or a warrant would be issued against me for obtaining money under false pretenses.

When I presented myself to the official he explained to me that a complaint had been made by J. Mortimer Smythe stating that I had obtained board, lodging and money from him and had then refused to carry out my part of the contract.

I explained the whole situation.

"I have made no pretenses," I urged. "I made a contract with a man who assaulted me and who seems to want to bleed the Red Cross and similar organizations, and I don't want to be connected with him any more, that's all. Is that a crime in this country?"

"No, young man. If that is all there is to it, it is no crime and I will not issue a warrant; but, of course I cannot accept your mere word for it. Have you any friends here who can testify in your behalf?"

I told him of Mr. Mitchell, to whom he telephoned and, after asking a few questions about me, told me not to bother any more about Mr. Smythe.

"Incidentally," he added, "I have half a suspicion that this Mr. Smythe will bear some investigating. His face and his accent don't quite fit his name. I guess we'll let the Alien Enemy authorities have a talk with him while we've got our mind on 'false pretenses.'"

That was the end of my experiences with Mr. Smythe, but later I heard that the authorities had decided that he was too German to be safe at large and had interned him.

I presented myself to the official and explained the whole situation.

One day I read an inspiring article in one of the magazines in which it was pointed out that there were more ways of fighting for America than by shouldering a gun or digging a trench or making shells.

"Many a man is eating his heart out," the article ran, "because, for one reason or another, he cannot get over to France. That is a grave mistake. There are hundreds of ways to 'do your bit' without ever getting within a hundred miles of a gun or a munition factory."

And the article went on to enumerate various forms of war service.

"Decide what you can do best and then arrange to do it for Uncle Sam!"

The article gave me a new angle.

The more I thought over this subject the more firmly convinced I became that my principal assets were my musical ability and my knowledge of conditions in Russia, both of which, I figured, might possibly be useful in the great cause. My musical talent I could capitalize in the form of concerts, and my knowledge of conditions, if properly presented to industrial workers, might help to "speed up" production. If I told them of the slaughter of Russian troops which I had witnessed and which was brought about solely by the lack of ammunition, and if I could convey to them even a little idea of the privation which soldiers at the front have to endure, it might stimulate them and help the cause more indirectly than any direct help I could give as a soldier.

These possibilities made such a strong appeal to me that I decided to talk it all over with Mr. Mitchell, who advised me that I was entirely correct.

"You have done your best to enlist and you are not eligible, Paul," he argued. "But even if you were acceptable, I really believe that your value to this country would be greater in other ways than by your enlistment. We have plenty of men. The draft will keep our army up to the required strength, but unless we can get them across all our men won't avail us anything. There is more valuable work to be done by speeding-up war work than there is by individual enlistments."

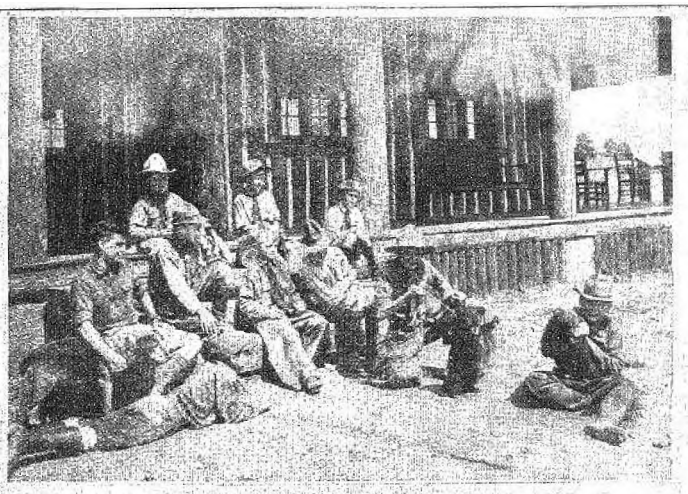
The upshot was that I left for the East, where the opportunities to participate in war activities were, we thought, greater.

(Continued on page 41)

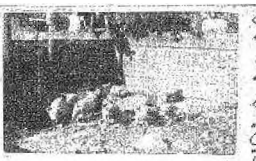
January

First Prize Awarded Murray for Photograph

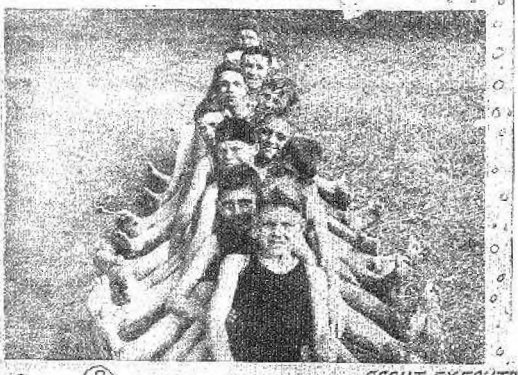
Contest Rules



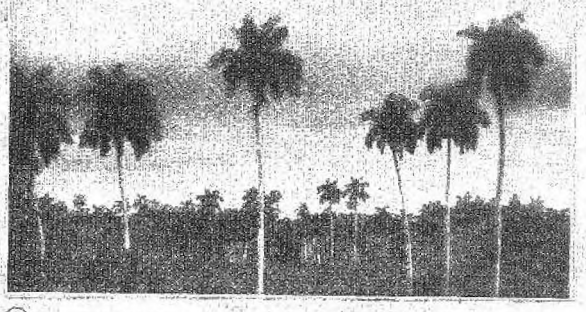
(1) WILD AND WOOLLY LOS ALAMOS RANCH BUCKMAN, NEW MEXICO



(2) JUST PIGS SCOUT A. D. HINCKLEY BROOKLYN, N.Y.



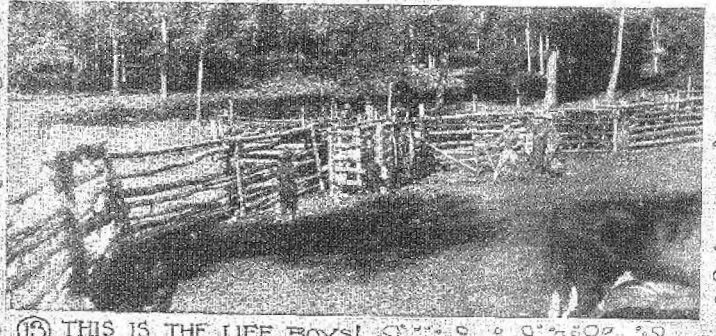
(3) A BUNCH OF BOYS SCOUT EXECUTIVE L. HARRIS HAMMOND, INDIANA



(7) A BIT OF BERMUDA SCOUT JOSEPH WATTS SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

(8) "WHO'LL PLAY WITH ME?" SCOUT N. SEPPER PHILADELPHIA PENN

(9) A BIT OF CANADA SCOUT OLAND A. WILE BRIDGEWATER N.S. CANADA



(13) THIS IS THE LIFE BOYS! LOS ALAMOS RANCH BUCKMAN NEW MEXICO

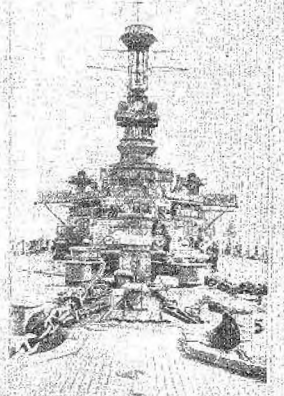
(14) WELL, HERE I AM! SCOUT JOHN E. BOWERS NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO

(15) A VERY MUCH LONE SCOUT SCOUT STEVE W. CURRY SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(19) SCOUTS MAY COME AND SCOUTS MAY GO- N.W. REYNOLDS

(20) NO WONDER HE SMILES W.B. MORGAN NEW YORK CITY

(21) A COUNCIL FIRE IN ENGLAND SCOUTMASTER H.L. SMITH LEWES, SUSSEX ENGLAND



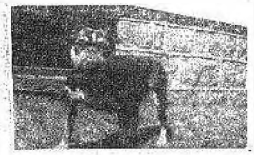
(22) OH! YOU SEASCOUTS! SCOUT T.M. BERNSTEIN NEW YORK CITY

(23) IN GLACIER PARK, MONT. J.C. ROGERS Jr. DAYTONA, FLA.

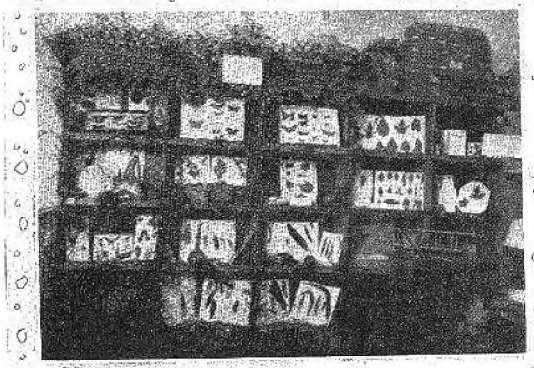
Snap Shots

has been to Scout McMurray No. 4

On Page 58



(5) WOOF! SCOUT A.D. HINCKLEY BROOKLYN, N.Y.



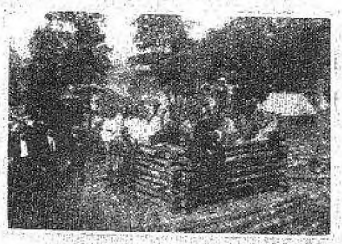
(4) NATURE STUDIES MURRAY Mc MURRAY B.S.A. WEBSTER CITY, IOWA

(6) BEAR (NOT BARE) SWIMMERS LOS ALAMOS RANCH BUCKMAN, NEW MEXICO.

(10) "THE ARCHES" SCOUT T. J. WESTFALL GLENWOOD, ARKANSAS

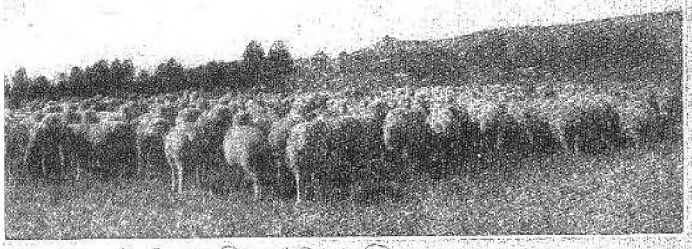
(11) SOMEBODY'S GOAT

(12) SCOUT MOVEMENT SCOUTMASTER A. J. SOUBA NASHWAUK, MINNESOTA



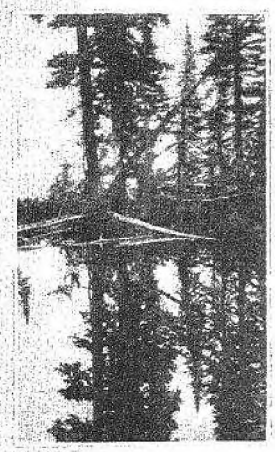
(16) LONE SCOUTS? NO, SIR! JOHN H. TREWOLD CLIFTON N. JERSEY

(17) CAT NAPPING HERBERT BERGSCHREIDER LEVASY, MISSOURI



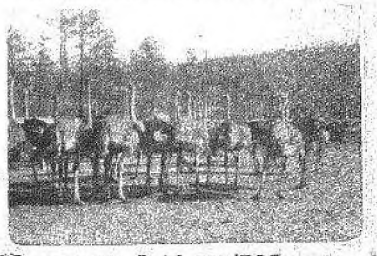
(18) DOMESTIC AND WOOLLY LOS ALAMOS RANCH BUCKMAN, NEW MEXICO

(24) THE HOME OF SCENERY J.C. ROGERS 2nd DAYTONA, FLA.



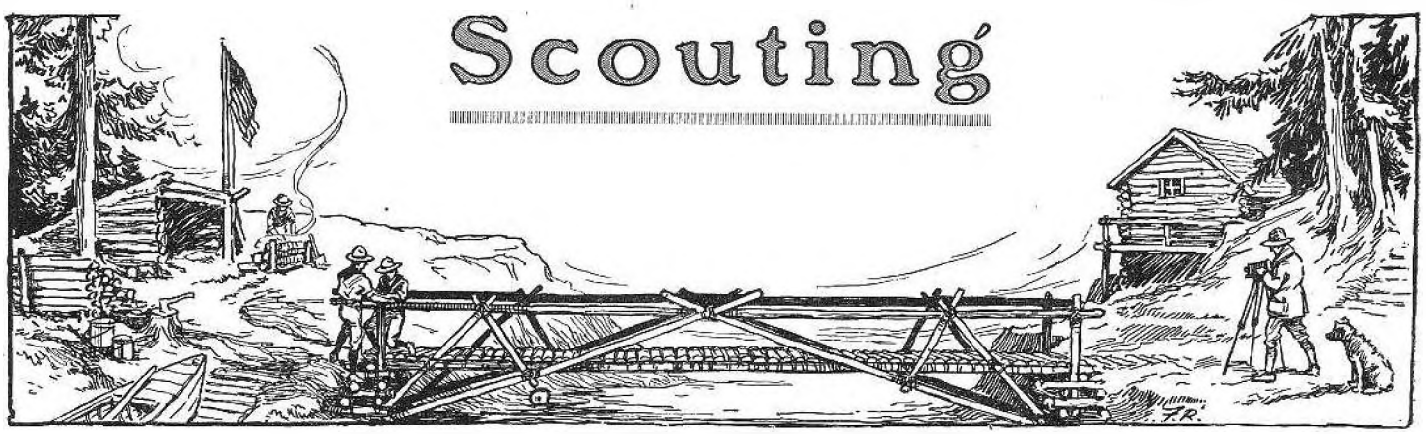
(25) MIRROR LAKE, M.W. REYNOLDS SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

(26) LET'S SOAP FOR THE BEST GEO. L. CLARKE, PROVIDENCE, R.I.



(27) NECKS! R. M. BOWERS CHICAGO ILL.

(28) WHY SCOUTS SCOUT SCOUT DAVID LITZKY BROOKLYN NEW YORK



Boy Scouts The World 'Round

By William D. Murray
Chairman of Boy's Life Editorial Board

IN our journey through the Near East, where people have suffered so much, we were delighted to find that the Boy Scouts were active nearly everywhere. It was a striking illustration of the universal appeal of scout activities and of the truth that boyhood is the same the world over.

We first met the scouts in battle-torn Rumania. In that distracted country the boys were fortunate in having a splendid man at the head of the Scout Movement, so that troops have flourished even during the war. In the great city of Bucarest we found the scouts doing a number of things besides the regular scout program because conditions were such as they were. Nearly all the men of Rumania were in the army, so the scouts were called upon for all sorts of service. One interesting example of our motto "Be Prepared" was seen in the way the boys became aids to the police. Each policeman had a Boy Scout assigned to him. This enabled the guardian of the peace to remain on his beat while his scout ran errands and carried messages for him. In this way the work of the police force was greatly helped.

So many people were starving in Rumania that the war work of the Y. M. C. A. became largely an effort to feed the people in need. The canteens became, very often, soup kitchens, and a number of scouts were assigned to each canteen, where they proved to be most efficient helpers of the overworked "Y" men.

We found a curious situation in Smyrna. There were no scouts there, but a movement was on foot to organize troops among the Greek boys, of whom there are a great many in the city. But the Turks, who rule Smyrna, learned of this effort and conceived the notion that it was merely an effort to train boys, who, when the time was ripe, would appear as a Greek army, and take possession of the city for Greece. The result was that the Greek boys had to do without scouting.

IN the International College at Smyrna we met a most enthusiastic group of men interested in scouting. They had had troops among the younger boys, but the war has broken them up. They were proposing to get started again as soon as conditions permitted. Here, as in Athens, we found our own handbook for boys being used. It looked very familiar even in faraway lands.

The greatest activity among scouts anywhere in the Near East we found in Greece. This was due, as in Rumania, to the interest which leading citizens were taking in the movement. They were looking to scouting to solve all their boy problems and to raise up future citizens of strong character. This was especially true in Athens, where the National Movement has its headquarters. Not only were there troops of scout age, but they had organized troops of boys under twelve and called them "Sea Wolves." These little fellows dressed like sailors. All the other scouts we saw wore uniforms like our own.

In Athens the scouts meet under most inspiring conditions. At certain times the great white marble stadium where the Olympic games were held, and which seats 50,000 people, is set aside for their use. There we often saw as many as three or four hundred fine Greek boys doing everything which our scouts do outdoors. Their instructor was the official athletic director of the city, paid by the municipality. They usually marched to the stadium led by four or five buglers, who managed to play a sort of tune on their bugles. One very good feature in the program of the boys in Athens is their attendance at church in a body each Sunday morning, when the metropolitan, the head of the church, gives them a talk especially prepared for scouts. When we were in Athens they were getting ready for an exhibition on Easter Monday and the event was advertised throughout the city by beautiful hand-painted posters. This was the only way they could get posters, as paper was scarce and printing material was still scarcer. Unfortunately, we could not stay to see the exhibition.

ONE of our members has kindly sent us the translation of a letter in Bohemian, received by him from the city of Vysocany, in the Czechoslovak republic. It says in part:

"I am 16 years old, am attending a business academy and am a member of the Fifth troop in Vysocany. Our branch is growing rapidly; within fourteen days we had sixty members, and the number is rapidly increasing.

"We received from the city a splendid club house, where we feel very comfortable. We conduct picnics, evening parties, give theatrical performances, and all this for our benefit.

"We have very good conveniences here, good camping grounds, etc. But what we lack most of all is uniforms. We wear civilian clothes because we cannot secure uniforms. If possible, please write me the price of a uniform, as our company would be willing to order them."

MR. EDWARD F. ELLIS of Troop No. 26, Delaware county, Penn., has written to headquarters an account of a foreign scout organization with which he became acquainted:

"Here is a brief description of the Wild Tiger Scout Corps of Siam. I trust you may find it suitable for publication in 'Boys' Life.'

"The Wild Tiger Corps is headed by the King, whose position is commander general. The scouts have much the same dress as the scouts at home. It consists of a khaki shirt, shorts, hat and neckerchiefs. The hat is black and is folded on the one side. On the folded side is a circle of yellow ribbon on which is a tiger's head, the symbol of the corps. There is also a yellow band around the crown. The Bangkok Corps is yellow. This denotes the Artillery Section. Other corps are: Naval, Public Health, King's Bodyguard, etc. There is no age limit and no obligations or tests are required for entrance. If one wants to join he just puts in his name and thus becomes a member.

"The scouts at Bangkok do especially well at drilling and also have a band of their own. I would not be ashamed for the scouts at home to see them drill or play, as they are well disciplined in both. In connection with their uniform, I forgot to mention that they have epaulettes on their shoulders on which (in Siamese letters) are their particular corps letters and troop number."

THE following is part of a letter received from Mr. M. Youkof, of Tchita, Siberia, which gives some interesting facts about scouting in Russia:

"I am in receipt of your kind letter of the 28th of June and of the separate cover with information, which is mentioned in the letter. We cordially thank you for your kindness and, by occasion, will inform you about the scout movement in Russia and, separately, in Siberia.

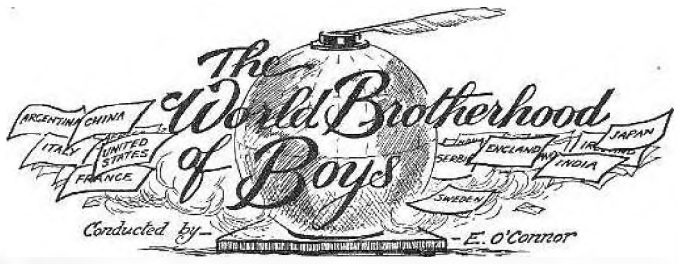
"The first attempts at scouting were made in Tsarkoye Selo, near Petrograd, by Colonel Pantuchov in 1911. From that date to December of 1915, when the first assembly (or congress) of initiators in Petrograd took place, troops were organized in several towns, but the practice of Russian scouting had some military tints. There was no number of men experienced in scouting and familiar with scout literature. Only a few citizens knew what scouting was. The said congress (in December, 1915) had great influence on the scout movement in Russia. A patron society was established and incorporated by the minister for H. D. As secretary of that society I had opportunity to follow and assist each step of the Russian scout movement, and can say it soon threw off strange influences and conquered the hearts and minds of adolescents and youth of Russia.

"By me are registered troops in 202 different localities, though I have no intelligences from European Russia since September of 1917. Only in Siberia exist in thirty-two cities scout organizations with more than 2,300 scouts.

"The progress of Russian scouting would be more remarkable save for the want of means and, above all, literature. We have plenty of original and translated works dealing with scouting and from all places are received demands to send manuals, instructions, etc., to edit original essays of scout officials, but we cannot satisfy all of them.

"At present we cannot hope to get active help from the citizenship — the civil war and, separately, the ignorance of our rich, prevent it; nor can we reckon upon the government (or governments). We must be glad if we meet no obstacle from that part, if no attempt be made to militarize us. But we must work. The regeneration of Russia is not possible if its youth — its coming citizens — will not pass the best school of good men and citizenship — the scouting.

"Our this day's task is to get means for editing and providing with scout literature of all categories our troops and all our boys too. We are persuaded (can we fulfill that task?) in eight, utmost ten years, the Russian scout movement will take its place among the strongest in the world. We know that such a task can be done only by active support — support by funds. It can be found in the present Russia and we are forced to expect a better conjuncture or help from without."



A DANISH boy has sent us a most interesting letter asking for correspondents in Boston, Mass. We do not doubt, however, that if members in other sections desire an acquaintance in Denmark he will be glad to reply to their letters.

Two Scoutmasters, both students in the University of Lisbon, Portugal, wish to exchange letters with other Scoutmasters: one, who is twenty-one years of age, with American and Japanese; the other, who is nineteen years of age, with Mexican and Japanese.

One of the Scout magazines in India recently published an article about the World Brotherhood of Boys and as a result of this a number of very interesting letters have come to us from readers of the article. If any of our American members desire correspondents in India, this is an excellent time to get in touch with scouts there.

A recent letter from Prince Ernest Prempeh gives us the names of several friends of his in the Gold Coast, South Africa, who are anxious to have correspondents through the World Brotherhood of Boys. We have asked these letters to be forwarded. Meanwhile, however, we shall be glad to send them any communications from American boys.

The possibilities which the World Brotherhood of Boys offers for genuine friendships are suggested in the following quotation from a letter recently received from a member of long standing in the Transvaal:

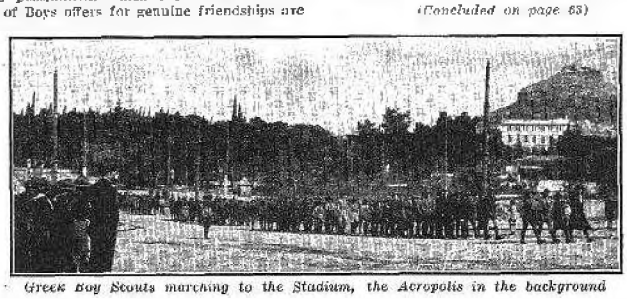
"I have to thank you for sending me another letter from a boy in America, whom I wrote tonight.

"I sincerely thank you and the Editor of 'Boys' Life' for the many interesting correspondents you have been the means of securing for me, not only in America but in different parts of the world.

"During the three years I was on Active Service, fighting against the Germans in East Africa and the Turks in Palestine, my most faithful correspondent was a boy in America, who was introduced to me by your good selves. Although there were times when weeks, and even months went by, without my having time to write, Bennie Breed kept up his most interesting chain of letters, for which I am greatly indebted to him."

A VIENNESE boy sends us a card to say that he and a small group of his friends, all Boy Scouts, desire to correspond in English, French, German or Hungarian, with American boys. We shall be glad to forward any letters that our members will send, if they are written in accordance with the rules, a copy of which will be found in this issue.

(Concluded on page 63)



Greek Boy Scouts marching to the Stadium, the Acropolis in the background

"It's hard on the gobbler"

IT'S hard on the boys' clothes too They always intend to "be careful;" but being a boy and being careful just naturally don't go together; that's why the clothes usually get the worst of it. It seemed to us that the clothes were partly to blame; so we began making boys' clothes that would stand rough treatment; boys' clothes as good as fathers'

All-wool fabrics, selected for boys' wear; perfectly tailored; smartly styled. They cost more than ordinary clothes; they're real economy

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Mike On The Trail

By Gordon Page—age 11

Illustrated by Bob Fink—age 14

Rules for Boys' Life Story Contest are published on Page 58

MIKE was an Irish terrier, thoroughbred, with dark brown friendly eyes and a very good disposition from the first day he was born. He arrived on St. Valentine's day with two brothers and three sisters; and, like all the rest, he wobbled around with no particular purpose, looking very comical with his big head and little bit of a body. In two weeks he looked better, for his body had grown considerably. Yet, somehow, he didn't seem to stand a chance. His brothers, and even his sisters, beat him to it at meal time; and he was always crowded out.

Before he was two months old he found himself turned out into the world at a cut price; because Big Pete who raised these terriers to sell thought he was no good. Pete figured he was weak and timid because he didn't fight for his food with the rest of the litter.

It all happened one day when Big Pete was showing the pups to Skimpy, who sold papers on the corner.

"Go on, Pete, gimme one!" Skimpy was begging, "you been promising me one a long time." And Big Pete answered: "Tell you what I'll do, Skimp, he's worth twenty-five dollars if he's worth a cent, but I'll let you have him for two-fifty."

"He's mine!" yelled Skimpy, and led him home, for Skimpy also had an eye to profit. Skimpy kept him three months, and sold him again: he said he cleaned up seventeen-fifty, not counting what he fed him.

So Mike found himself boxed in a crate on a train, without food or water. Mike got his name from Skimpy, but Skimpy was 'most too mean to give him anything else. Mike traveled nearly three days without food or water, but never made a yip, and might have starved to death if a baggage man who liked dogs hadn't noticed him and got him something to eat, and also gave him some water. Mike was mighty thankful, and ate everything up and drank all the water, then felt so happy he went to sleep. He was awakened by the banging of his crate when it was thrown off the train. After a little while he was put on board a boat bound for Galveston. In three more days, with little food and little water, he reached Galveston, where he was again put on a train and shipped through to Texas Hill, Arizona. When he got to Texas Hill, he found three men waiting for him in a little four-wheeled cart.

MUCH to his delight, Mike found these men were not so rough as he had come to the conclusion all men were. They talked pleasantly to him; and he grinned and wiggled his body. It was a friendly trick he had, and the men roared. After less than an hour's ride in the rickety old cart, they reached a ranch.

They opened his box, and out he jumped grinning and yelping and racing around.

"Well, here's the dog your uncle sent you," he heard one of the men say to a red-headed chap, who grabbed him up in his arms, and carried him into the house.

That night Mike found out a great many things. He learned that cows had a hard substance on their feet which they used to kick with, and it left a bruise. Also, when he heard in the witch grass a sound like the baby's rattle at Skimpy's house, that meant he better run. There was lots of curiosity in Mike's make-up, and he felt bad when Sandy, his new master, tied him up for the night, but he was glad he came.

Bounding like a rubber ball, Mike caught him fairly by the throat

In the morning Mike had a nice big breakfast, and set out over the sand. He heard a rattle, and ran blindly regardless of where he went, and landed in a cactus plant. He pulled himself out bravely and headed the other way, when he was sure he saw a ghost-dog. It was a wolf! He chased the wolf round and round, and finally grabbed him with his sharp teeth in the wolf's right foreleg; but the wolf was friendly and they had a great time together. The wolf taught Mike a lot of things. He taught him to stay away from traps set for wolves, and also the best way to keep out of the range of rattle snakes.

IT was the morning of his third day there when he saw Sandy, his sixteen-year-old master, getting out and saddling a horse; and when Sandy whistled to him to come along, Mike was so pleased he kept jumping into the air and barking his head off, much to Sandy's delight. Before Sandy mounted Mike saw his father hand him a package which Sandy strapped to his belt, along with a six-shooter; and he heard the old man say, "Now come straight back for I shall want to know you got there all right." Sandy grinned and patted his gun, "Leave it to me!" was all he said, and away they went.

They broke out into a gallop across the prairie, and then slowed down some when they had to make their way through a thick brush. Mike was now running ahead about fifty yards, when he stopped, cocked his ears, then ran back and jumped up and down directly in front of Sandy's horse, till he brought the horse to a stop. Sandy jumped off and followed Mike cautiously to find a great big diamond-back rattle snake in the path. Sandy had drawn his revolver, and, crack shot that he was, he cut off the snake's head with the first bullet. Then he grabbed Mike and patted him, "Some pup!" before he swung back into the saddle.

They had traveled all day, and had lots of fun; but when it began to grow dark, Sandy said, "We've got to make it before night. I'm afraid we've been wasting time." Mike was beginning to feel tired, but when Sandy struck into a brisker gallop, Mike kept still in the lead. Suddenly he stopped short and bristled all over, growling and snarling, when Sandy overtook him and passed him with "Come on, Mike, you are seeing things!"

A sharp crack of a pistol at close range brought them to a sudden halt. Sandy's horse reared and fell, but Sandy sprang clear! Four fellows jumped up in front of them, and shouted to Sandy to throw up his hands. Instead, Sandy dropped on his stomach; and, at the same time, Mike sprang into the air, directly toward the first fellow, and Sandy opened fire from where he lay, and dropped one. The first fellow fired and missed, and, bounding like a rubber ball, Mike caught him fairly by the throat and brought him down! He cursed and fought, but he had lost his gun, and Mike held on.

The other two had passed and were already on top of Sandy, who had apparently been shot and was helpless. Mike's teeth had cut through, and he felt warm blood in his mouth, so he let go and sprang after the two men who had Sandy down. It was a tough struggle, but Mike was springing first at one and then the other, and was too fast a target for either of them to get. Their colt automatics were going off like fire-crackers, trying to get Mike, but he was never in range. Those "Colts" might just as well have been horses running away, so far as the wild shots counted.

In the scrimmage with Mike, the men forgot all about Sandy, who was able to raise himself on his elbow, and with two well-directed shots, put both the robbers out of business. In a few seconds it was still as death out there on the prairie. Mike, realizing that the fight was over, climbed on Sandy whining softly, and sniffing around his head and shoulders. Sandy made no sound and Mike licked his face, trying to arouse him. Finally Sandy moved and sat up, and Mike jumped frantically about, barking again.

"Gee, Mike, you are a man's dog! I was a goner if it hadn't been for you!" was all Sandy said.

They were already in sight of the town, and the lights began to twinkle a welcome to them. An hour later they landed at the bank with the money Sandy had been entrusted to bring.

Scout Gossip

Out After Merit Badges

IT is gratifying to know that more scouts are out after merit badges than ever before. The National Court of Honor has been acting upon 800 per cent more applications for merit badges this fall than at any previous season. This increase is partly due no doubt to the greater summer camping facilities offered scouts combined with opportunity for intensive merit badge study and instruction. It is also due in part to the interest in merit badge achievement stimulated by the excellent series of pamphlets on the various subjects now being published by National Headquarters. Seven new pamphlets are now ready for circulation, those on Athletics, Business, Firemanship, Forestry, Personal Health, Physical Development and Safety First. Thirteen others are already in print and still others are in preparation and will soon be ready for you.

* * *

Scouts in Los Angeles collected tons of brush seed to be used in sowing over a burned area with a view to recreating the growth of brush which retards water flow.

* * *

The unsightly ruins left after a big fire in Catskill, N. Y., were such an eyesore that the Boy Scouts of Troop No. 1 cleaned up the place as a "good turn" for their city.

Sea Scouts Ahoy!

"GREEN to green—and red to red, perfect safety—go ahead!" So runs one of the rhymes for Rules of the Road, which Seascouts know as part of their work. What are "Rules of the Road?" Rules made out and agreed to by maritime nations as to the rules their ships will observe when they have to pass close to each other, or cross each other's bows, or overtake each other; and also rules which tell them what lights to carry at night, what signals to use in fogs, etc.

One of the ways in which Seascouts learn these rules thoroughly is to have each "crew" (corresponding to a Scout patrol) make a couple of dozen models of different sizes. These need only be outlines of boats, three or four inches long, whittled out of soft wood, with a spot of red paint on the port (left) side, and a spot of green on the starboard (right) side. A spot of white paint at the stern does for a stern light, while white-topped pins three or four inches long (like girls use on veils) make dandy masthead lights. Dip three or four in red ink or red paint; you will need them for "pilot" or "aground" lights.

The Scoutmaster, for his part, gets a copy of "Knight's Seamenship" or "Rules of the Road," and, on the night of the meeting draws on the "deck," with chalk, an outline of a harbor, marking depths of water all over it, the same as a chart. (He may copy from a chart if he wishes.) The boys bring their models, and when study period begins, the Seascoutmaster sets a problem something like this:

"Coxswain Scanlon, you are in command of this 700 foot Cunarder (giving him a three-inch model with side lights, masthead and range and stern lights). Now, Grimshaw's squarerigger is heading your way, off your starboard bow. Who has to slow down and let the other pass?" The master of the Cunarder reluctantly slows down his huge (?) vessel, allowing the little squarerigger (with toothpicks for yards) to pass in front of him. (Why? Because the rules say that a sailing vessel, approaching at that angle, has the right of way over a steam vessel.)

Two rowboats are heading toward each other; what rule applies? "Right rudder" for both; so that they pass port to port. (That is where "red to red" comes in.)

Then, when Seascouts master the simple rules, the ship's company divides into watches; one watch anchoring, or placing their vessels, under way, in various positions, and the opposing side steaming or sailing in, one at a time, giving proper whistle signals, etc. The watch those vessels are at anchor silently note the mistakes of their opponents; giving the list to the Skipper (Seascoutmaster.) Then the sides change; and, at the end, the side with the lowest points penalty wins.

It's a great game when you try it! This is only one of the many ways in which the Seascouts "put over," on land, the things their deep sea brothers do in their daily life.

Winter Birds

SCOUTS should begin to study the birds of January when they are comparatively few and when they make an ornithological melody that is delightful yet is neither confusing nor exasperating.

Of course the crow is always with us in any season of the year, and is there, in all the world, a more idiosyncratic bird? And so we have our common game birds, the bobwhite and ruffed grouse. They are permanent friends. They do not go south. Many hawks and owls are also good stand-bys, notably the red-shouldered hawk, the screech owl and the great horned owl. Among the smaller birds, perhaps the ones most characteristic of our winter woods are the downy woodpecker, the nuthatch and the bluebird. Most persons think the bluebird comes with spring, and so it does in many places, but there are some localities, even in New England and the Middle States, where the bluebird is a permanent resident. Special winter birds come from the north, notably junco, tree sparrow, snowflake, pine grosbeak, northern shrike, red-breasted nuthatch, golden-crowned kinglet. Another great advantage in studying the birds in winter is that they are not hidden by the leaves on the shrubbery and trees, and we may take in consideration the case with which in cold weather the marshes may be traveled over. Among the shrubbery, especially by the brooks and in the lowlands, many birds will be found on the warmer days, more than any inexperienced person would suspect.

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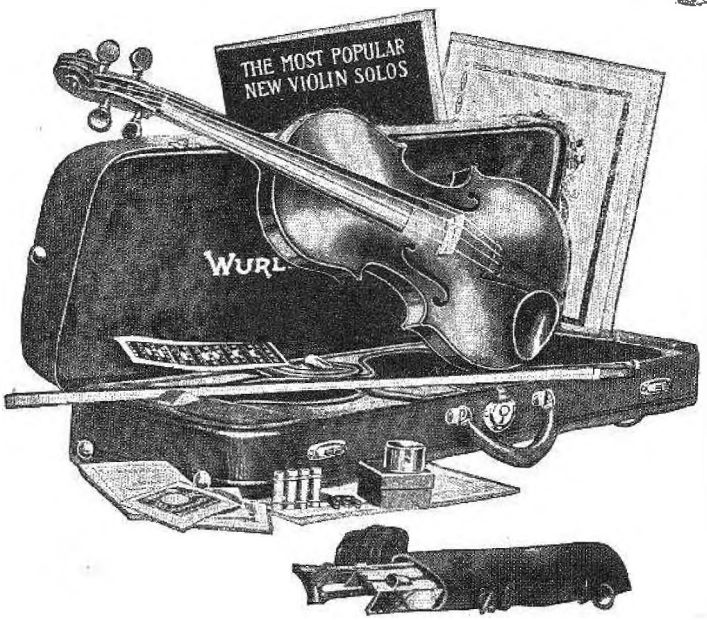
Wurlitzer Violin Outfit



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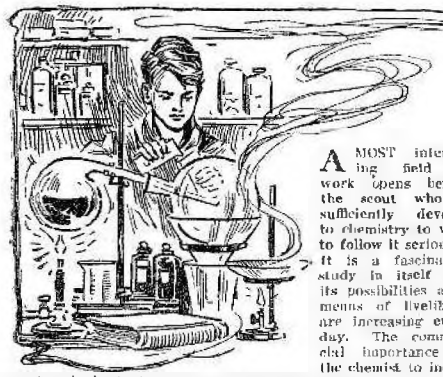
When You Grow Up - CHEMICAL ENGINEER ?



A MOST interesting field of work opens before the scout who is sufficiently devoted to chemistry to wish to follow it seriously. It is a fascinating study in itself and its possibilities as a means of livelihood are increasing every day. The commercial importance of the chemist to industry is only beginning to be widely appreciated and that appreciation is bound before very long to be extended in many directions.

In the steel industry the work of the metallurgical chemist is growing in importance every day. By determining the characteristics of different grades of steel, he can select the material best fitted for his particular manufacture, and protect parts of the machinery against wear. Chemists are constantly experimenting with paints in order to find what grades insure endurance, while offering the greatest covering power.

The fire-insurance inspector of the future will have to have a more adequate knowledge of the cause and nature of fires; laundry owners must know the chemical properties of their soap and water. Buyers of huge quantities of supplies, such as twine, paper, or fabrics, must know the fire risk involved in their storage. The strict operation of the Pure Food and Drugs Act requires chemical knowledge of a very definite sort.

In an effort to cut down waste and improve their processes of production, many of our great manufacturing places are establishing laboratories for chemical research requiring the services of many chemists. One company has 250 men on its chemical staff. It is only in recent years that such a thing was thought necessary. Factory practice is passing through a stage of great change. One factory after another is adding chemical experts to its working staff as it is found that chemically tested materials result in the greater economy and efficiency. It may be safely said that in the near future and probably for many years to come the demand for industrial chemists will far exceed the supply, and that before long the factory that does not have at least one chemist will be out of the race.

THE boy who would become a chemical expert has much to learn. Thorough technical education is a necessity — such an education as it would be practically impossible to obtain outside of a good technical school. The field of chemistry is so wide and complex that no matter how much ability and industry a student may have he cannot get very far without the help of good instructors and a proper equipment for experiment. An intelligent young fellow working in an industrial plant may acquire by his own efforts a limited knowledge of the particular field of his work. He will be competent to carry on the work so long as no new problems arise; then, however, limited by his narrow knowledge of the science, he will be quite helpless.

But remember that practically any boy can have as much education as he insists upon having. Listen to Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the Universities of Pittsburg and Kansas:

"The ideal condition for the right kind of man to enter the university assumes that his monetary resources do not exceed five cents; in other words, the price of a car fare to get there. In the University of Kansas 80 per cent. of the students make their way in whole through the university, and 60 per cent. in part. There is no man today worth his salt who cannot, depending solely on himself, make his way through the university to his appointed end."

Chemical engineering is a new profession of great importance. We have long had chemical experts and mechanical engineers but there is work which neither of them can do without the knowledge of the other. Our industries have had to wait for the solving of many important problems until the science of chemistry and the science of mechanical engineering should be combined in one brain.

THE chemical engineer has problems of a double difficulty to solve: he must not only design machinery but must understand the chemical action of the particular substance he works with on the material of his machinery. Courses of study for chemical engineering require a new and expensive laboratory equipment, very different and of much greater variety than anything used before. For this reason, and because the work is still new, not many schools offer complete course as yet. The four year's course necessary for a sufficient preparation is given at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Carnegie and Armour Institutes, and at Columbia, New York, Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Ohio State, Purdue, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Leland Stamford Universities.

There is a great variety of industrial work also for the chemical expert who is not an engineer. There are many positions in routine analysis filled chiefly by young men with not much chemical training or by chemists who have a particular liking for the work. Salaries for this routine testing work run from $60 to $250 a month. A man may advance from such work if he has executive ability. There are many such positions in general chemical laboratories, manufacturing, pharmaceutical, metallurgical, and sugar laboratories, and in various other fields. Such other work is valuable for chemists in training and furnishes college expenses and good experience for students still in school.

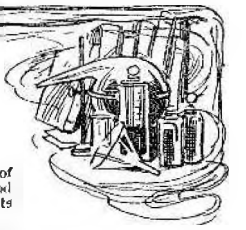
It is as heads of research departments in large industrial plants that some of the best opportunities are found. Salaries of from $10,000 to $14,000 a year are being paid today for such work. An equally attractive opportunity is that of becoming a consulting chemist. The man who can make himself a supreme authority in any single field can command a princely income.

Large manufacturers of machinery and electrical supplies are using technical graduates as salesmen at good salaries.

This article is reprinted from the Merit Badge Pamphlet on Chemistry published by National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, and because of lack of space, has necessarily been greatly curtailed. For a more extensive survey of the subject see the official pamphlet issued by National Headquarters.

ANOTHER interesting development of the work may be called economic chemistry, which studies to make use of the byproducts of manufacture. Every year fortunes are made by discovering how to put to use some substance that was formerly discarded as worthless.

Still another field is sanitary chemistry. Our cities have turned over to chemical experts their problems of water supply and sewage. The manufacture of crude drugs, proprietary medicines, and chemicals is another department of the work. There are endless applications of chemistry and variety of work for the chemical expert. One Young university professor who took up commercial lines of work was engaged successively on the problem of removing barnacles from the ship's bottoms by the use of electric currents, the experiments being made at Key West; on the development of a superior form of peanut butter for a large food company; and on experiments in dental porcelains.



The United States Government uses many chemists in its varied activities. Under the Treasury Department the supervising architect has a laboratory for the testing of building materials. The Bureau of Internal Revenue tests beverages and medicines for alcohol, and foods for adulteration. The Public Health Service has a hygienic chemical laboratory. The Navy Yard laboratories test metals, fuels, paints, and all structural materials used in building guns and ships. The Geological Survey examines rocks, minerals, clays, ores, waters, coal, etc. The Agricultural Department studies foods, drugs, dairy problems, cold storage, etc. The Bureau of Soils and Bureau of Animal Industry have laboratories in work on their special problems and the Forest Service studies the chemical composition of wood, timber preservation, and the utilization of waste from saw mills. The positions in government work have been roughly classified as follows:

Class I. Positions of unusual responsibility requiring exceptional training and experience. Degree of Ph.D. from a school of high standing, or some equal amount of study required. $2,000 a year and up.

Class II. Skilled analysts with degree of Bachelor of Science or its equivalent and post graduate study or experience. $1,100 to $1,800 a year.

Class III. Subordinate positions open to recent graduates with little experience. Three years of chemistry necessary. $540 to $1,200 a year.

Class IV. Analysts fitted for a special and limited field of work.

The government is continually seeking skilled young chemists graduated from the universities. Salaries are not so large as in industrial work but the laboratory and field experience is extremely valuable to the young graduate and makes a good stepping stone to industrial work later on.

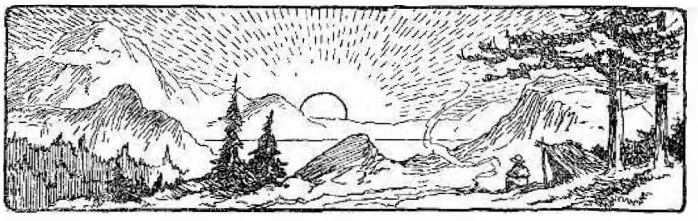
The states also are using many chemists in food, water, fuel, mining, and other work.

Pharmacy is a limited field of chemistry with a much smaller horizon. A course leading to the degree of Graduate in Pharmacy usually takes two years. Some colleges offer two- and four-year courses. It is often possible to make expenses by working part time in a drug store while attending school, thus gaining experience at the same time. Many good pharmacists are made by apprenticeship but it takes twice as long as a course at school and much is omitted that would be included in a school.

The different states have very different laws concerning the practice of pharmacy. Some license only graduates of approved schools who have had some practical experience. Others require only experience under a regular pharmacist, the period varying from one to seven years. All states require an examination of some sort.

The United States Civil Service employs a large number of pharmacists. There are interesting openings in manufacturing also for pharmacists with some technical knowledge.

The average pay for a trained pharmacist in a drug store is from $18 to $25 a week. Courses in pharmacy are given at all the state universities and at other universities. There are special schools of pharmacy in all the larger cities.



For The Pioneer Scout

Chugging for Suckers

EVERY Pioneer Scout knows the fish called a sucker.

Before you read this, find out if the laws of your state prohibit fishing for suckers. Also find out if there are any general laws against fishing through the ice.

Another thing — do you need the fish for food? If not, leave them alone. Although scientists tell us that fish do not feel pain as we know pain, and that therefore it is not cruel to catch them, there is no excuse for killing any living thing for pleasure alone.

Now, if your conscience gives you an O. K. on all these points, get an axe.

Also, secure a light, strong stick about four feet long. Round it and make it smooth. Taper it from one inch in diameter at the big end down to one-half inch diameter at the small end.

Purchase four eel hooks, or medium sized cod hooks — the kind with a ring at the end of the shank.

These hooks are to be attached to the small end of your stick. Cut shallow grooves for two, three or four hooks. The shanks are to lie in these grooves and the bend of each hook is to project beyond the end of the stick with the point out.

Wax a stout thread with beeswax or shoemaker's wax, and lash the hooks securely in place. If two hooks are used, they should be opposite. If more, space them evenly.

Tape the big end of the handle with tire tape or electric tape so that you can hold it firmly even when your fingers are numb. They will be! Take the axe and the hook and a basket and your chum to some frozen stream where there are suckers — or where you think there are. A very small basket will be large enough the first time. By and by you may need a wash tub.

BEFORE you step onto the ice, tap it with the axe until it cracks, then notice the thickness. If it is not thick enough to be absolutely *safe*, postpone your fishing until another day, and spend the time tracking or studying the trees or hiking.

If the ice is strong, cut a hole where you think the suckers are most likely to swim. You may cut several before you guess right. It is probable that they will swim near the bottom in the deepest part of the cross section of the stream, so cut your hole where the bottom, at the deepest point, is within reach of your hook.

Now chum or you takes the axe and goes up stream to the first riff. If there is no riff, fifty paces or so will do.

The axeman hammers on the ice, walking or skating from side to side. The idea is to drive the suckers toward the hole.

The hookworm kneels on a piece of bark, or old carpet, at the edge of the hole. Sometimes it is difficult to get the light just right so the bottom and the fish can be seen. An umbrella held above the head may help. It also gets in the way sometimes when a fish is hooked.

IF there are suckers in the stream, and the axeman has prevented them from dodging past him, and the hole is in the right place, the fish will come swimming past the hookworm. Picking out the biggest sucker he slips the hook past him and jerks it back, catching him in the side. There must be a continuous motion of the hook from there to the open air or the fish will wiggle off and escape.

Kill the fish by cutting the backbone just aft of the neck as soon as he is landed.

In shallow places a sucker may be captured with the axe alone, by striking a sharp blow on the ice directly over him.

This stuns the fish. He turns on his back and floats down stream close under the ice. It is necessary to cut a hole to get him out. Sometimes after the hole is cut the current carries the fish out of reach and a new hole has to be cut. For this kind of chugging a single-bitted axe or a heavy club is best.

Here and There

Flying a Safe Pastime

FLYING is one of the safest pastimes in the world. Judge for yourself. When the United States was training men to fly in France it was found that one man lost his life for every 3,400 flying hours spent aloft. If you count that the average speed in flying is something like seventy miles an hour on the average, it will be seen that only one life was lost for about 240,000 miles actually flown. In other words, a man while learning to fly, not an experienced pilot, could fly about ten times around the world to every fatal accident.

A Water Drill

CONSTANT dropping as everyone knows will wear away a rock. A stream of water under pressure eats its way through solid earth in a surprisingly short time. Making use of this principle effective drills are made by employing a hose carrying a small stream of water. The pressure of an ordinary water main will answer the purpose and give the stream a surprising drilling power. The stream is directed through a long pipe perhaps six feet in length. As the stream of water bores its way the pipe is lowered. A hole six feet deep may be drilled in a few seconds. The water drill is especially useful in drilling in sand when the water has a surprising cutting power.

Over 1,000,000 Trappers Know the Taylor Square Deal!

Test Taylor for Fur Profits!

Since 1871 Taylor has been paying most for furs! Remember that, boys—forty-nine years of playing square is the Taylor reputation. And you **must** ship to a reliable house or your trapping profits will suffer. The world's largest fur buyers are looking to Taylor for their furs—and this season's high prices will make you big money if you ship every fur you have **today.**

Every "Old Timer" Ships To

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INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGE
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Big Bargains in Supplies! Prompt Shipment Guaranteed!

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Taylor grades your furs **up.**

A little expert handling may remove a blemish which would make your pelts take lower grading if not removed. If your furs need repairing, Taylor fixes them—and your check shows the result in the higher grading Taylor gives you.

The better gradings your furs will take, the more Taylor can sell them for and the more you get. That's the simple reason why every "old timer" ships to Taylor. He knows from experience that the Taylor check is for more money than the smaller house can pay.

Prompt Cash!

And you won't have to wait for your check.

Tag your bundle to Taylor today—and back comes your check by next mail. Furs are graded and your money mailed same day. That helps. There's no reason why you should have to wait for your trap line profits after shipping your furs. Taylor knows that.

For forty-nine years Taylor has made it a point to pay trappers on the dot. No waiting—no disappointments—a bigger check and a prompter check!

Mail Coupon Today

Learn the habits of fur-bearing animals. Trapper's Guide tells the story and describes best trapping methods, baits, etc.

Free Book—Write!

Tells you trapping laws and gives complete list trappers' supplies. And it's FREE. Mail coupon today.

F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO., International Fur Exchange
227 Fur Exchange Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send your free Trapping Book, showing American fur-bearing animals in color
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State .....

F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO. 227 Fur Exchange Building **St. Louis, U.S.A.**
International Fur Exchange

Official News from Headquarters

By James E. West
Chief Scout Executive

Happy New Year!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, Scouts, one and all! May 1920 be the best year ever not only for the Boy Scouts of America, but also for every single member of the organization, from the humblest, hopefullest Tenderfoot up to the most advanced Eagle! We are having our tenth birthday this year, you know, and the Movement is starting on a new era of progress and expansion in all directions. Scouting is a good deal like a tree. Its roots are now firmly planted in good, rich soil, and the tree is sending out broader and finer branches, year by year. Those of you who have been in the Movement two, three and more years have every reason to be proud of being "in" on the early stages of development and of having had a genuine share in making Scouting what it is to-day.

Anniversary Week Program

OUR annual birthday celebration will come off as usual February 8 to 14 inclusive, but it will be more than an ordinary occasion this year, for it will celebrate the conclusion of ten years of successful making of history and take a forward look into the future, anticipating years of ever bigger and better Scouting. Your local Scout officials will be in charge of the anniversary celebration in your town and you will get your instructions from your Scoutmaster as to the part your troop will be expected to play in the event. Every Scout should, and doubtless will, throw himself, heart and soul, into making the celebration a real success, and the most memorable week Scouting has ever known. Anniversary night, the evening of February 8, ought to mean a great deal to every Scout when he remembers that at the same hour all over the country, north and south, east and west, every member of our great organization will be recommitting himself to the Scout oath and law and rededicating himself to all Scouting stands for.

Making the Good Turn Universal

IT has been suggested that the Good Turn should be made practically universal this year throughout the country during Anniversary Week, not only among Scouts but generally, in every community. Would it not be a splendid thing if every man, woman and child in your town agreed to take the daily good turn pledge just as Scouts take it and keep it for at least one week? This idea will be suggested in churches, public meetings and newspapers previous to Anniversary Week, and it is hoped that many people will be interested. Every Scout should be ready to explain the Good Turn idea to any one who wishes to know more about it and be doubly ready to illustrate it in spirit and practice in his every-day life.

Saving Serbia Through Her Boys

THE Serbian boy to-day stands between his nation and its extermination. His fathers have died defending their country against the Turk in 1912, the Bulgar in 1913 and the Hun invasions since 1914. The preservation of the race must depend upon the boys growing into manhood.

General Mihailo Rashitch, the Crown Prince of Serbia, and a few philanthropic citizens decided to revive the organization of the Boy Scouts of Serbia. Colonel Popovitch became the commander, and in thirty days the ragged, unkempt, dirty, thin, hopeless refugee orphan lads were transformed into erect, trim, alert Scouts — wideawake, with new hope and ready to serve.

The Boy Scouts' International Jamboree

A UNIQUE event in the history of the Scout movement will be staged at Olympia next summer from July 30th to August 7th, when the Boy Scouts' International Jamboree will be celebrated. This "Jamboree" will include demonstrations of Scouting and Woodcraft activities, Scout handicrafts exhibit, a Boy Scout zoo, international competitions for the World's Scout Championship and "Grand Displays" twice daily in the arena. The Jamboree is being organized under the direction of Lieutenant General Baden-Powell.

The message from Sir Robert C. S. on the subject runs as follows:

"It is my hope to bring together representatives of all the Scouts of the world in a demonstration which, after the example of the North American Indians, we call a 'Jamboree.'

I want to make this Jamboree a unique occasion as one to mark our appreciation of the restoration of peace towards which Scouts, past and present, have done their considerable bit; and also to fulfill the objects given below. I, therefore, want to invite the support and help of all Commissioners and Scoutmasters to make the Jamboree a really outstanding success and a distinct forward step in the history of our Movement.

The Objects of the Jamboree are:

1. To stimulate energy among the Troops.
2. To make our aims and methods better understood among Educators, Parents, Clergy and the Public.
3. To recruit Scoutmasters and workers.
4. To bring Oversea and Foreign Scouts into closer touch with us.
5. To push forward our Organization in the densely populated industrial centres where moral and physical training is so badly needed for the boys.

It is for these objects that I venture to ask for your kind help and support.

Sir ROBERT BADEN POWELL."

The actual details of the competitions will be arranged later, but Major A. J. Wade, who is in charge of the organizing of the affair, writes that he hopes that America will enter for at least three of the main events. It is suggested that each country represented might be allowed two teams to an event, one a troop team, that is, a team of Scouts all from the same troop, the other a selected team made up of members of different troops. In this way each country will have two chances of winning in the competitions. Sir Robert is especially anxious to have a very extensive arts and crafts exhibit with working models as a matter of interest to Scouts and the public. Major Wade writes that there are already a large number of entries for the zoo, and every troop of American Boy Scouts is urged to bring at least one pet along with it. The Scenic Displays will illustrate firefighting, ambulance work, physical training, trekking, bridge building, etc. There will also be individual competitions, as, for instance, for the best stamp collection, best working model of aeroplane, fire engine, etc., the best Jamboree poster and other features to be outlined later. There will be tribal displays showing the development of Scouting, chorus singing, Scout bands, Scout drum and fife corps, and so on. In short, there will be an infinite number of interesting departments to the Jamboree, which is going to be a big thing for Scouting. Further announcements will be made from time to time as plans develop.

Scout J. Hammel Sample of York, Pa.

What Scouts are Doing

THE council of the Boy Scouts of America in Westchester County, New York, is making extensive plans for the development of an efficient county Boy Scout Motor Corps. As soon as the corps is completely organized, its services will be at the disposal of all legitimate organizations and other good causes.

More Scout Fire Fighters

Boy Scouts in Esparto, California, were called upon to put their Scouting to a practical test recently. Word was brought that fire had broken out in the underbrush and was spreading rapidly into the Logwood range. In forty minutes after he got the call, Scout Russell, Assistant Patrol Leader of the Curlew Patrol, had twenty-two Boy Scout firefighters on the scene with axes, wet sacks and the kind of will that finds a way. The fire was speedily under control.

This Was a Big Hike

Three Seattle Boy Scouts recently enjoyed a fourteen-day hike over an estimated distance of 225 miles. The boys went from Seattle to Brinnon, from which point they made their way to the head waters of the Dosewallips River, a distance of forty miles. They then hiked over Hayes trail for fifteen miles and up the Elwa River for the same distance. While on the Dosewallips trail they climbed Mt. Constance, making the ascent in five and one-half hours. On the Elwa trail they met a big black mother bear and her cub. The mother ran and the cub sought refuge in the branches of a tree fifty feet from the ground, where he was photographed in his retreat by the Scouts.

Headquarters Troop Stunts

Troop 413, of the National Headquarters office, spends each week-end camping somewhere near New York City. Recently they enjoyed an unusual "Treasure Hunt" which other troops might like to copy. Each member of the troops started on the Saturday hike with an envelope containing sealed orders. Each envelope gave instructions to follow a route according to photographs of landmarks, supplemented by compass directions. Each set of orders led eventually to the spot where the troop was to pitch camp. At the end of the trail were "treasures" for the successful Scouts who reached the destination at the end of the seven-mile hike. The treasures were in the form of kits and in several cases, the kits contained badges for advanced rank, which the Scouts had earned during the month. The camp supper which followed the hunt was a jolly one. Several Headquarters Scout officials were of the party and there were campfire songs and stories and talks, as well as bounteous "eats."

He Found a Bee Tree

Scout Templeton of Smithfield, Pa., is an observing lad, as all good Scouts should be. Last spring when young Templeton was out on a hike he saw many bees making toward a big chestnut tree. He marked the tree and waited results. A little later he went back to the marked tree and extracted from it 195 pounds of honey, worth about $50 at market price. The lucky finder did not clear out the whole store, however, but left enough to tide the industrious collectors over the winter.

A Boy Who is Making Good

There is a boy in Springfield, Mass., who has always wanted to be a doctor, but who until recently never met with any particular encouragement to his ambition among his friends and family. The boy became a Scout and specialized in First Aid work. He became so remarkably efficient that in a few weeks his skill equalled that of his instructors. He had a natural gift for that kind of thing which attracted everybody's attention. Last winter he won the First Aid championship of the Springfield Scouts and came out first in his specialty in an inter-city contest between troops from Hartford, Connecticut, and Springfield.

In co operation with the school authorities and leading physicians a way was found for the boy to finish his High School course and to prepare to work his way through college. For him, as for so many other boys, Scouting has opened the gates to the land where dreams come true.

What Keeps Scouts Busy

Scout Troop No. 5 of Highland Park, Mich., were the first ones to clear the ground for the new church home.

Boy Scout Troop No. 1 of Bay City, Mich., shoveled snow from city water hydrants, cleaned the Red Cross sewing room every week and delivered literature for the Board of Health.

As a novel "good turn," the Scouts in Troop No. 4 of Dormont, Pa., have planted twenty-five cherry trees "just for the birds."

Scouts in Wyano, Pa., raised enough money to buy a bell for a church and also pledged $50.

Boy Scouts of America Handbook in Arabic

A SMALL booklet, based upon the material in our handbook, is to be translated and printed in Arabic. Scout seed is sown broadcast over many lands and Scouts are all brothers, whether they study Scouting in French, Italian, Japanese, Arabic, or in good plain English text.

"All the Scouts in the World"

HERE is a little Scout poem which comes from Geneva, Switzerland, and has so much of the brotherhood feeling of Scouting that we hand it on to you in the original:

"TOUS LES ECLAIREURS DU MONDE"

Tous les eclaireurs du Monde, y en a-t-y, y en a-t-y donc!
Tous les eclaireurs du Monde, comm' des frer' nous les aimons.
D'abord tous ceux d'Angleterre, sous le drapeau rouge et bleu, les plus grands de tous nos freres, avec le CHEF au milieu.
Puis les eclaireurs de France, a leur vieille elegance, a leur sourir' comme un' rose, un Hurrah! que j'vous propose!
Les Boy-scouts Americains, nous leur tendons les deux mains, grands gaillards a peau halee. Viv' la Banniere etoilee!
Et tous ceux des aut' pays, les Belges et les Hollandais, tous habilles de khaki, et ce mem' manche a balais.
Tous les eclaireurs du Monde, y en a-t-y, y en a-t-y donc!
Tous les eclaireurs du Monde, comm' des frer' nous les aimons."

Those of you who are studying French will enjoy working out the translation for yourself. The poem is taken from a delightful little booklet called "Le Carnet d' L'eclaireur Harry." The illustrations are by Jean Binet, who has been a Scoutmaster in Geneva and is now teaching in New York City. Monsieur Binet was recently a guest at a luncheon of the Headquarters Scout officials.

Prince of Wales reviewing Scotch Boy Scouts upon his arrival to board the "Renown" at the Columbia Yacht Club.

Under Two Eagles

(Continued from Page 31)

CHAPTER XVI.

UNDER THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

I ARRIVED in New York during one of the Red Cross drives. With letters from the various organizations for whom I played in San Francisco, it was not difficult for me to get into the work and I was given many opportunities to play at concerts under the auspices of the different patriotic and charitable organizations.

At a meeting on the Liberty Platform in Madison Square I met Corporal Mouvet, who had, early in the war, joined the Foreign Legion in France. At the request of the Red Cross, I was wearing my uniform and when Mouvet saw that I was a Russian, he introduced himself to me because he had spent some time in Russia and was very much interested in my country.

We exchanged experiences and that day we lunched together.

"What you tell me about the havoc that was worked in the Russian ranks because of the lack of ammunition makes me think," he said, "that your services would be more valuable as a speaker than as an artist. With all deference to your musical ability, we have lots of players here who can amuse an audience sufficiently to raise funds, but there are not many people in this country who have your knowledge of actual conditions on the front."

"That may be true. I have thought of it myself. The unfortunate part about it is that I can play but I *can't* talk. I'm afraid I'll have to let my violin do my talking for me!"

"I didn't think I could talk either until I went at it. When you get up on the platform the first time, you think you will never be able to go through with it, but all you've got to do is to forget the people in front of you for the moment and recall the horrors you have lived through — and then you go on talking and you see the eyes of the people in front of you opening wide and inviting you to continue and — why, it becomes the easiest thing in the world. Let me have your papers, your credentials, and I'll talk to some of the leaders about you."

A day or two later I received an invitation from Dr. Charles A. Eaton, head of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, to become a speaker for the United States government in shipyards and ammunition plants.

I presented myself at the headquarters of the Bureau and there Dr. Eaton explained to me the kind of work that I should be asked to do, and the value the government placed upon it and gave me an assignment at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mouvet, who was to speak, accompanied me.

WHEN we set out, Dr. Eaton's words of encouragement were still ringing in my ears, and I felt as brave as a lion, but by the time we got to the Brooklyn Bridge, I realized that in a few moments I should be facing an audience of workingmen who would have difficulty in following my poor English. I told Mouvet of my misgivings.

"Don't worry about that, Paul," he answered, reassuringly. "You tell those men some things you've told us, and they won't pay any attention to how you speak. Anyway, I will take up most of the time, and you will have to say only a few words. When you have a sincere message to give, you will be surprised to find how easy it is to deliver it. The words just come by magic."

I was sure that the little English I knew would desert me when I needed it most, but we were now driving through the entrance of the Navy Yard and there was no use worrying about the inevitable.

Corporal Mouvet wasted very little time in preliminaries. He gave them an account of what Germany had done to France and as he recounted some of the things he had witnessed on the western front, his face turned red, the veins stood out on his forehead, and he swung his clenched fists vigorously to emphasize his arguments. The crowd listened eagerly to him and at each successive epithet that he applied to the Huns, the crowd cheered more heartily. There was no doubt in my mind then of the wonderful effect a stirring speech can have and I determined to perfect myself in public speaking until I too could handle an audience as Mouvet had. That the men would go back to their various tasks more determined than ever to do their utmost for their country I was convinced. I knew his words had aroused my fighting spirit and when, after a few words of introduction in which he apologized for my broken English, he made way for me on the platform, I had no longer any fear on my own account — I feared only that I might spoil the wonderful effect that Mouvet had created.

My experience on the concert-stage, before and since the war, had made me "platform-wise." The sea of faces which proves so disconcerting to most people in their first appearance in public was no novelty to me. But hitherto my point of contact with my audience had been an instrument of which I might modestly claim to have complete control. Today I had to wield an instrument — the spoken word — of which I had but an imperfect command.

Yet my fears were forgotten with the first word I uttered. Words came to me that I never dreamed I could use. The first cheer from the crowd came at the end of my first sentence. Some of the enthusiasm which Mouvet had aroused was still influencing them and I was getting the benefit of it. It acted like a stimulant to me and I went on without much faltering. Here and there I stumbled over a word or got mixed up in the middle of a sentence, but those powerful workingmen were apparently not close critics.

I HAD been speaking for about five minutes when a whistle blew. The time was up. I finished as gracefully as I could, and the cheers they gave as I concluded made me feel that, perhaps, to some unmeasurable extent, I had contributed to the winning of the war just as truly as if I myself had wielded a hammer or bored a rivet-hole.

Corporal Mouvet congratulated me on my speech. He said I had done well, but I am afraid a stenographic report of my actual words would have been amusing.

A day or two later, I received orders to go to Baltimore to spend a week in the shipyards. Then the Manager of the plant took me to an immense tool-room in which a stand had been erected. It was covered with American flags and assembled around it was a crowd of about 3000 men.

I was in my uniform with all my medals on and, as the Manager opened a path for me through the crowd, the men let out a tremendous cheer.

I gave the same sort of speech as that I had delivered at the Navy Yard and it aroused just as much enthusiasm apparently. This time I was the only speaker and I had more time to go into some of my experiences on the Russian front.

I told them how the Allies had suffered at different times for lack of ammunition, giving them my own experience by way of illustration. To see that the boys across the seas were always supplied with sufficient ammunition I declared, was the important duty which rested upon the shoulders of those who were undertaking to build our ships. An hour's delay in the completion of a steel-plate might not at first seem very serious, but when one stopped to think that the delay in delivering that particular plate to a ship-yard might mean the same delay in the completion of a ship, in the sailing of a cargo of ammunition, in the arrival of supplies at a particular section in the front-line trenches where the war was raging at its height, and that, for lack of sufficient ammunition, the allied barrage might fall down just long enough to enable the Huns to break through and slaughter thousands, then, I argued, the man who was responsible for the delay in the completion of that single steel-plate had a lot to answer for.

The loud cheering that greeted this argument convinced me that the point had carried home, and I thought that was a good place to stop.

EACH day the work became easier for me. My English seemed to improve by leaps and bounds and I began to gauge the temper of my audience more accurately and take advantage of the openings that presented themselves as I went along.

My next instructions from the Shipping Board were to go immediately to Connecticut to address the men in several ammunition plants where labor troubles were brewing. The great German drive had been stopped and the Allies were concentrating their forces on beating them back once and for all. All our hopes were in Marshal Foch. It was the most critical period of the whole war. Every man and every bit of force was being utilized.

The center of the trouble seemed to be at a government steel plant. The meeting I was to address was held in a section of the plant where the steel was forged and most of the men who stood around the improvised platform were half-naked. Their faces were hot and red and blackened with smoke, which made them look very grim when an occasional glare from one of the furnaces lighted their countenances. The heat of the place was so stifling that I had all I could do to stand it.

(Concluded on page 43)

"NON-SKIDS" are picked by champions. They're worn by the crack college teams.

"Non-Skids" are brothers of the famous "Big Nine," with all the Nine Big Points of supremacy — only they're specially designed for Basket Ball work.

"Non-Skids" are made on our exclusive foot-form last, which gives ample toe room, a snug fit over the instep and proper support.

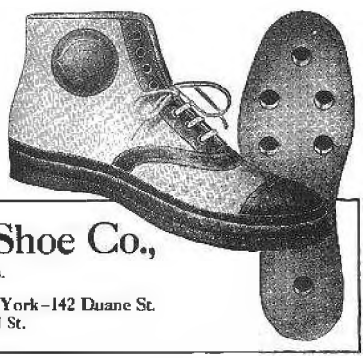
They have the two-piece quarter instead of the single piece back, which permits shaping the back seam and insures a fit around the ankles.

Our scientifically designed "Non-Skid" sole of live rubber eliminates all unnecessary weight, owing to our special light gravity compound. There is no "inert ballast" in "Non-Skid" soles.

Let "Non-Skids" help *you* win! Find the shop that sells them in your town. If brown is preferred you will find the same type of shoe in "All Star."

Converse "Sure Foot" (Suction Sole)

Another Converse Shoe that's very popular among basket ball experts who like the "suction sole" type. "Sure Foot" has proved itself in many a hard-fought contest. Comfortable, fast, sure and durable.



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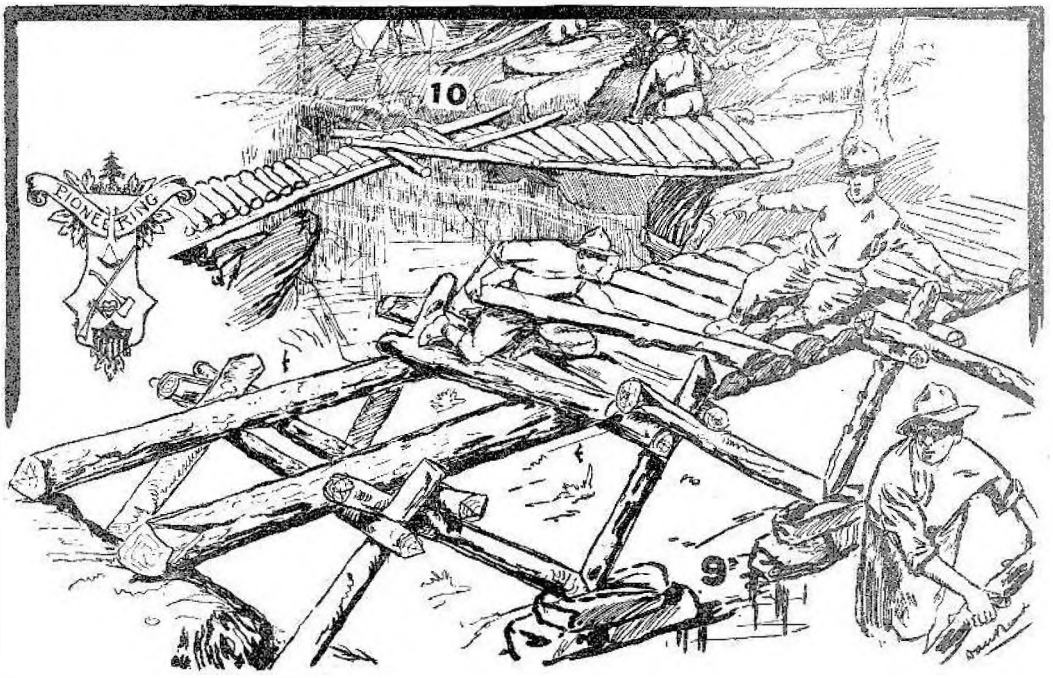
Pioneering and Woodcraft

How to Work with no Implements but Your Axe



By Dan Beard

DID you ever hear tell of the Pithecantropus Erectus? He was some guy! Scientists who have matched his bones together tell us that he was not an ape but that he was a man. He was a man, however, who did not know how to build a fire; he was about as handsome as a gorilla, and about as intelligent as Barnum and Bailey's "what-is-it." Nevertheless, in spite of all this, he possessed an intimate knowledge of woodcraft, and he not he could not have lived at all, for a knowledge of woodcraft was necessary to his existence.

Some millions of years later there lived in Europe people called the Neanderthal men. Europe, at that time, if I remember aright, and I have a long memory, was covered with big ice fields, in other words, with glaciers. The ice, as it crept over the land, caught the great hairy rhinoceros and kept it perfect in cold storage until it was discovered not many years ago by white men. It also caught the big hairy elephant of that time and put him in cold storage in order that you scouts could know what kind of animals then lived. This elephant was so well preserved that the skin and the hair was all there and the wolves and the dogs ate the flesh. The bones from the hunk of this cold storage meat are mounted, as a perfect skeleton, in Russia; at least, this skeleton was in Russia until the Bolsheviks took possession; they may have smashed it up as being the bones of an aristocrat.

Well, now, the conclusion we are coming to is this: that the Neanderthal men, shivering and chattering around among the glaciers, saved themselves from being put on cold storage like the rhinoceros and the elephant, by discovering how to build a fire; they were the first fire-makers.

In the head crowned with matted hair there was a brain, and the brain began to develop by use. You see, it was up to these fellows to build a fire or die, they did not want to die so they built a fire. Some great man among them, some Sir Isaac Newton, some Ben Franklin, some Edison, discovered that friction would make a fire, then he discovered that fire was warm and would stop his teeth from chattering. The Neanderthal man's fires were the first camp fires, the first council fires; he was the first to keep the "home fires burning," and he handed the tradition of the fires down from father to son until they reached us.

NOW you know that every fire-maker knows so much better than anyone else how to make a fire and how to mend it, that one endangers his friendship when he monkeys with another man's fires. Therefore, this rule has been established,

Never touch another man's fire until you have known that man seven years; after that time you are supposed to have mutual confidence in each other's ability to build and run a fire properly.

It was the American Indians who gave the council fire its prominence and significance. Around the fire they decided the fate of prisoners, the fate of the tribes, and around the fire they danced their weird dances, among others the scalp dance.

It was at one of these council fires that the Indian who was baptised by Father Visitor Oracio Police, under the name of Don Marcus, presented the Reverend Father with the scalp of the only Indian of the Koahonoma Tribe who opposed the good Christian teachings.

It was at a gathering around the camp fire, in that country occupied by the Spaniards to the south of us, that the visiting missionaries met the Pima natives of Quiburi, "very jovial and very friendly," and they were having a scalp dance which was so pleasing to their visitors that the Senor Captain Christobel Martin Bernal, the Senor Alferez, the Sergeant and many other "Senors" entered the circle and danced merrily around with the natives.

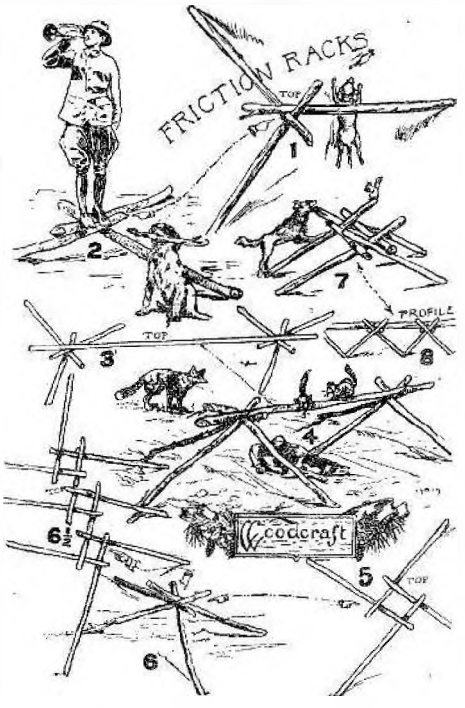
These old Spaniards and missionaries were learning woodcraft from the Indians. The scalp dance did not shock them because not only the Spaniard but the Dutch, the French and the English were accustomed to even more brutal things than a scalp dance, and the late war has shown that some people have not yet fully advanced from that age. But what we are driving at is this, that the greatest woodcrafters were the American Indians and that our American scouts, Boone, Kenton, George Washington, Cressap, George Rogers Clark, and the rest of the push, learned their woodcraft from the Indians and handed it down to us.

Now then, boys, pioneering and woodcraft are so closely related that it is very hard to tell the beginning of one and the ending of the other. But we call it all woodcraft wherever we use nothing but material found in the woods. For instance, all the friction racks and bridges in the construction of which we use neither nails or cord are properly woodcraft work, they are such work as the Neanderthal men might have done,—but did not do—they are such work as the American Pioneers might have done—and did do.

Let us take the simplest form of a friction rack, Fig. 1, but do not try to make this with scouts' staves, they are too smooth and the rack will not hold together; these racks must be made of sticks with the bark on.

The object of the Kenton rack, Fig. 2, is to make a contrivance which will serve to keep one's pack, coat and hat off of the wet ground when one comes into camp on a rainy or snowy day, and desires to proceed with the work of building a fire and making camp.

First cut three stiff sticks, put the end of one stick over the other, and the end of the third stick over that as in Fig. 1, which will not take you a minute to do, but will serve as a temporary rack upon which to hang your duffel. Fig. 1 is a top view of it, an elevation view. Fig. 2 is a perspective view of the same thing, while Fig. 3 shows the top view of an extension of this form of rack called the Boone rack and made by erecting two Kenton racks and connecting them by laying across, from one to the other, a waugan-stick. Fig. 4 shows a perspective view of this Boone rack.



If you so desire you may use four sticks and build a Crockett rack. Fig. 5 shows the top view and the arrangement of the sticks, while Fig. 6 shows a perspective view of them, and Fig. 6½ shows how this rack may be multiplied and extended indefinitely. These racks are all for hasty and temporary use; and I myself have found them on occasions most useful, for no one of us, even though hunting hardship for hardship's sake, desires to throw his coat down in the sloppy snow or mud just to show how tough he is.

A LONG time ago I taught the scouts of the Boy Pioneers how to make a friction bridge, and those bridges are now being built by scouts all over the country. They are known as the Boy Pioneer bridges, and are built by first making racks like that shown in Fig. 7, and resting stringers across from one rack to another, as shown in the profile Fig. 8, or using the rack itself as the bridge, as shown in Fig. 10.

Last season we built a great big Pioneer bridge which is too massive and too heavy to be designated by the name of the *Boy* Pioneer. Although it is built upon the same priciple (Fig. 8) as the Pioneer, still it is a bridge requiring the strength of a full-grown man to erect, or at least of husky scouts, consequently we have named it the Roosevelt bridge, because it is husky, because it is useful, and because, like Roosevelt, it was born here in America.

Of course, such a bridge could be lashed together with rope, nailed with spikes, and boarded over the top. The Roosevelt bridge, however, can be built substantially, firmly and securely without the use of anything but the axe. Of course, the builders must have the gumption necessary for success in any activity.

Pioneering and woodcraft is essentially American, and every scout should have a thorough knowledge of the subject. Remember, you chaps, this fine, big, husky country of ours was established by men who were experts in ways of the woods, and we should never let the knowledge that they have handed down pass out of existence. Study woodcraft; study it hard. There isn't a finer subject or a more thoroughly American subject that you can take up as a hobby. Learn all the wrinkles of the backwoodsmen and the pioneers, learn how to build fires, how to build shelters and shacks, learn how the old rivermen constructed those romantic flatboats, learn how the log cabins of Boone's day and later were put together, learn all these things and you will know the road to happiness.

Every real American boy can become measurably expert in the construction of even the highly interesting equipment of the Indians. Dugout canoes are not hard to build if you will take time and put good honest effort into learning how the trick is done. Likewise that famous birch canoe of the Indian can be duplicated by white men if said white men are only willing to put the energy into learning how.

But you fellows needn't aspire to birch canoes. There are things a little easier that you can undertake by way of starting. The bridges mentioned above are some, but there are a host of others. Get some books, good books, on the subject of woodcraft, nature study, campcraft and pioneering, get your foundation of book knowledge, then go out into the open and try them out. Don't be discouraged with a single failure or a score of them, but stick to it constantly. Then when you are well started on the way toward becoming proficient in woodcraft get some of your chums interested, get the rest of the fellows in your troop working, get them enthusiastic about woodcraft of the pioneers' kind, stimulate their interest in the wood, in tracking, trailing, read wood signs, in building; work with them and see if you can all become so proficient that if it were necessary you could start out with nothing but an axe and a jackknife and carve your living from the wilderness. When you are able to do that, fellows, you will be real *to* men that the nation will be proud of, and I as your chief will be ready to take my hat off to you.

Success and a Happy New Year to you all!

Under Two Eagles

(Concluded from Page 51)

VERY stern and determined those men looked as I scanned their faces in the glow which spasmodically illuminated the smoke-darkened room. To ask these men to do more than they were already doing seemed presumptuous, and yet, when I saw masses of steel lying around the room and recalled the storm of shot and shell that the Germans were able to pour into our panic-stricken ranks because we had no ammunition with which to resist them, I forgot the temporary discomfort of the men in front of me and thought only of the plight of their brothers at the front.

"Courage and bravery won't win a war without ammunition to back them up," I declared. "The failure of Russia in this war can be traced to her lack of unity and ammunition. At the beginning of the war when Russia was well supplied, she was successful. Then the supply of ammunition was cut off, and defeat became inevitable.

"The Russian retreat meant not only loss of territory, but the loss of hundreds of thousands of men — soldiers and the inhabitants of the captured territory — perhaps workmen like you and their women and children.

"Now, men, let us show the Germans that no external force will make a workman for democracy — it is only the force from within, the force that your own hearts and sense of justice will dictate to you that will supply our armies with more than enough ammunition to win the war. 'A chain is only as strong as its weakest link,' and every man who fails to do his duty by remaining away from his war job not only fails to stand by the majority of you men here but goes against you by permitting the Germans to get just that much ahead of you.

"If there are any here who are not working as hard as they can or who stay off the job, ask them why they do so. If it is merely through ignorance, explain the situation to them and make them see the light. If, however, it is deliberate and malicious, I leave it to you to treat them as you see fit!"

THE crowd cheered so long and loud at this point that I began to wonder whether the government had not sent me to the wrong plant. There did not seem to be much dissatisfaction here. I congratulated the men on the splendid work they had been doing and wished them all good luck. I learned afterwards that the threatened strike at this plant never took place.

When my war work finally came to an end, my first impulse was to return to my native land, look up my old instructor and devote the rest of my life to music.

But then I thought of the future of Russia and how much she owed to the part America had played in the winning of the war. It seemed to me that if I gave up my music and devoted the rest of my life to the task of bringing Russia and America — so much alike in so many respects — into closer relations for their common benefit, I should be serving at once the two nations in whose welfare I am most deeply interested.

And that is what I am going to do.

(The End)

The Bull-Whacker's Lash

(Concluded from Page 23)

a time when he paid five dollars for a bottle of his elixir for a stomach ache and was pretty near killed by the stuff.

I made a grab for the valise, just in time to keep the doc from getting his hands on it, and tossed it overboard. The Indians set up a yell when they got sight of it, and made for it at once, jumping off their horses and ripping at it with their knives. Soon they were brandishing about some of the doc's dearest possessions.

WE managed to get a good half mile ahead of them before they started after us again, and it had given me time to reload the gun and the pistol. But pretty soon they were up with us once more, and we got another shower of arrows, though not so many this time, and I knew their supply of them was almost gone.

"Don't fire till you have to, Jeff," Davy called. "And keep your nerve. We'll beat 'em yet."

But the words were no more than out of his mouth when a grinning Injin came riding up to the hind end with his bow drawn, and I had to let him have the gun load to save myself. No sooner had he dropped to the ground than another one took his place. I aimed the pistol at him, but he slid down quick as a cat to the off side of his pony, hanging on by his heel and by one arm, thrown around the animal's neck, so I couldn't get a shot at him. Then I saw his arrow pointing at me from the pony's shoulder, and I tumbled back just in time into the wagon. At that, up he came, and his arrow struck me in the left arm. Just as it hit me I let fly at him. The ball caught him in his naked breast, and he went pitching off into the sunflowers.

That left me with nothing to shoot, and I tried to reload the gun. But, while it had been a hard enough job before in the swaying wagon, I found it was impossible now, for I couldn't use my left arm. It had been only grazed by the arrow, but was as helpless as if the wound had been a bad one. What little courage I had left began to ooze out of me when I made that discovery, for I couldn't see how we had a chance left. And then, just as I was giving up hope, came Davy's cry:

"Hey, Jeff! Quick!"

I scrambled up to the front, and there was an Indian riding alongside, waiting for a good chance to plug Davy with an arrow.

"I've fired 'em both, Davy," I said, "and I can't reload, for my arm's been hit. I guess it's all up with us."

"Throw the gun at him when he comes close," Davy yelled.

So I waited for a chance, and swung it at him, but the Indian saw it coming and dodged.

"Throw the pistol at him!" yells Davy.

Out went the pistol, and luck was with us this time, for it caught the Indian in the face, cutting a gash. He gave a grunt, and went tearing off across the plain.

"Watch out for the hind end, Jeff," cautioned Davy, and back I crawled to the hole in the canvas, though I couldn't see what use I was going to be there, with nothing to shoot and nothing to throw.

"What am I going to do, Davy?" I called. "I can't keep 'em off now."

"Kick at 'em," he answered. "Do anything you can think of. Grab at 'em. Anything's better than givin' up."

LOOKING around the wagon for something to throw, I caught sight of a bottle of the elixir sticking out of the doc's pocket, for he always carried some of it with him. It might be a life saver now, though I was pretty sure it never had been before. I grabbed it, and just as I pulled it out a painted face showed itself in the hole. The bottle was a heavy one, and I swung it as hard as I could. It went smashing right into that face, and knocked the Indian clean off into the road.

The next minute came Davy's voice again:

"I'm hit, Jeff!"

Looking over my shoulder, I saw that an arrow had come through the canvas, and was sticking into his back. Clambering over to him, I pulled the thing out with a jerk. He began to swear with the pain. It was very seldom that Davy Dawson swore, but I knew from experience that when he did it meant that his blood was up and that something was pretty sure to happen.

"I'll get one o' them devils yet," he yelled. "See if I don't."

"It's no use, Davy," I said. "We're done for." For already there was another Indian alongside of him waiting his chance to shoot.

But Davy answered not a word. He was crouching forward on his seat, his lash spinning in the air, while the frightened, sweating mules plunged forward in what seemed like a last rally before dropping in their tracks.

In that moment I happened to glance out along the trail that lay ahead of us, and my heart gave a jump. There, flashing in the sun, lay a broad, yellow streak — the Missouri river, not much more than a mile away, with a little settlement of cabins spreading out toward us from its western bank.

"We're almost there, Davy!" I screamed. "We're almost there. But it's too late! He'll get us, sure!"

I saw the Indian grin. He was taking his time about letting his arrow fly, for he knew we were helpless, and he didn't want to take any chance of missing. But that Indian didn't know Davy Dawson.

Davy said never a word. He didn't move a muscle. But the bull-lash was hissing like a snake. Then suddenly Davy's arm shot out, and the lash darted like a thing alive straight at that Indian. It struck him across the neck, and I saw the blood spurt out in a stream. It must have cut clean through his jugular vein. He dropped to the earth without a sound, and his pony went tearing off across the plain.

Then the lash came down again, cutting into the backs of the mules, and they dashed forward with the last strength that was in them. I climbed out onto the footboard and looked back. The only Indians in sight were heading for the west. I guess they'd seen enough of Davy Dawson's bull lash.

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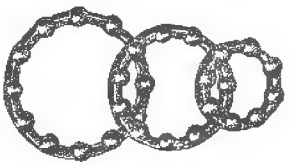

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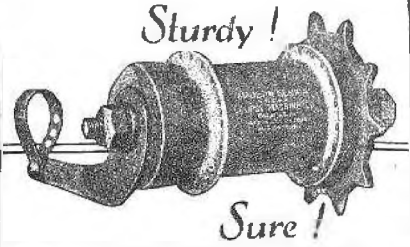

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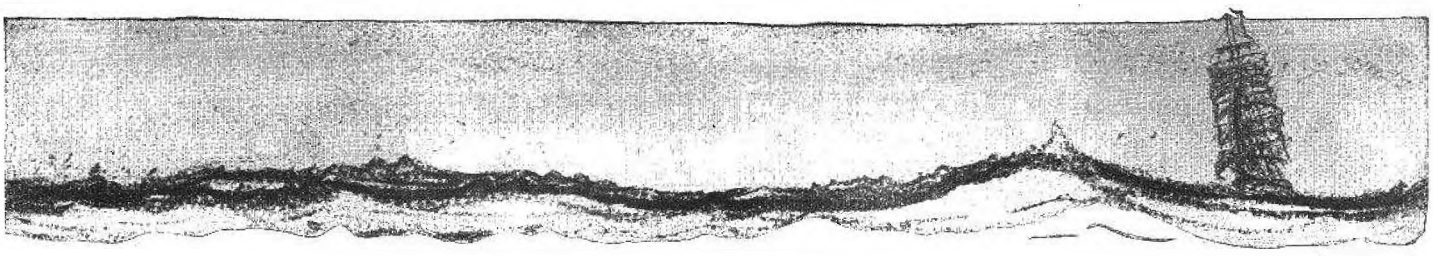


Jim Morse Adventurer

(Continued from Page 7)

"SINGIN' in every crick. An' there's native pottery. Now then, Jim, you an' me are on a small scale. We don't know anything about lumber. Rubber an' sugar an' cotton means special handling of the natives an' concessions an' more capital than we've got. There's a long list I've given you an', in fresh territory, like what was once Kaiser Wilhelm's land, we might make a bid to do well in several lines. Now, which one appeals most to you? There's a big demand for *beche-de-mer*. The Chinks can't get too many tons of it for soups. Pearls is a gamble. You an' me know that. I know it better than you do. But you got half-say in this matter."

"What about that bread on the waters, Captain Burr?"

The skipper nodded approval.

"You don't overlook the main p'int, do ye, Jim? Wal, that's almost as much a mystery to me as it is to you. Here's the meat of it. Twenty years ago I picked up a canoe south of the Solomons, about one-sixty east an' fifteen south was the figgers, near enough. There was nine dead *kanakas* in it an' two livin', man an' woman. Canoe had bin blown 'way off shore by a bad squall, outrigger twisted, mast an' sail carried away, half the paddles smashed, no food but a little dried fish an' some cocoanuts. Them that was dead had starved. The man had kep' the woman alive, so I found out by givin' her what grub was comin' to him. He was alive because he was stronger than the rest an' because he was a chief. Stuck it out longer. Bucked it reg'lar white-man fashion. He was all white but his skin, was Afua.

"I was kitin' after a reported pearl atoll which didn't turn out much. I took 'em aboard an' along. At Tanna, in the Hebrides, I got a chance to ship 'em back to where they come from, Port Moresby, with a friend of mine. Afua was so grateful he made me ashamed of myself whenever he was round. He told me if I ever came to Port Moresby to look him, up at Elevera, where he was the Big Chief, an' he'd put me on to something that 'ud set me up for life.

"I didn't go nigh Port Moresby, but I heard from my skipper friend that Afua talked all the way back about what I'd done for him, till my friend was sick of the sound of my name. An' the last thing Afua says to him is to tell me not to forget what he had said, that his heart would be heavy until he had made it light by evenin' things up. He was the Big Chief at Elevera all right my friend tells me, plumb curious to know what Afua was talkin' about.

"Now, we ain't wasting time to go to Port Moresby, Jim. We'll get news there of the lay of things an' the changes since the war. If Afua's alive — he should be between fifty an' sixty by this time, I figger — we may git on to something worth while. He made me his blood-brother an' we traded names, I call him Burri an' he calls me Afua, an' that means a lot with a chief. It's a gamble, but I like the looks of it well enough, along with the necessity of us knowin' how things stand in gen'ral, to hold off decidin' just what you an' me had better make up our minds to go after. How about it?"

JIM'S eyes were bright at the skipper's yarn. This was not mere trading, fascinating as that game was to him, with its opportunities of seeing strange lands, strange customs and strange peoples. This was romance, mystery, adventure! As Captain Burr talked, he pictured the wrecked canoe with its load of dead bodies, starved to skeletons dried by the sun, Afua the Chief, fighting for the woman he loved, tortured by thirst, too weak to dispose of the grim relics of his tribesmen, watching the fins of the following sharks, giving up his last nourishment for his mate, holding his will strong against fate. He saw the ceremony of blood-brotherhood as he had heard it described. The cuts in the forearms of the two men, white and brown, the wounds bound together so that the bloods mingled, the interchange of names.

It was wonderful! And he voiced the question that had leavened all his silent comment on the tale.

"You say you don't know, Captain Burr, but you must have guessed what Afua meant when he talked of repayment. What do you think it was?"

The skipper smiled at his excitement.

"Wal, Jim," he said slowly, "I did think a good deal about it at one time. Then I let it drop till things worked out after you an' me got together an' decided to try New Guinea. An', takin' things full an' bye, I've about come to the conclusion that it's gold."

"Gold?" echoed Jim.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said the skipper. "Not layin' handy an' probably with risk tagged to the package. But I'm inclined to think that's it."

"Gold," said Jim, half to himself, visions crowding his young and eager brain.

"*Gold!*" suddenly shrieked The Admiral. "*Spend it and lend it! May you never end it! Gold! Gold — gold — gold — gold!*"

He went on gobbling the word until Jim put a jacket over the cage and silenced him.

"That bird," said the skipper, "has been a good *mascot* to the *Manuwai* since the first day he come aboard. Here's hopin'."

He finished his coffee, wiped his beard and went up on deck, Jim trailing him.

Off to the west, where they were heading, the sun had set behind New Guinea, still invisible. The sky was almost as green as jade, blending into blue as it mounted with, high up, a few clouds of feathery orange, like plumes dipped in liquid gold. And close to the horizon there was a gleam of light that looked as if the wall of the sky had opened, that looked, Jim thought, as he leaned on the starboard rail, like a treasure cavern heaped with glittering ore or piled with newly-minted coins — with *new guineas*, he muttered. The skipper, standing beside him, caught the murmur and laid a big hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you git to buildin' up yore hopes too high, Jim," he said. "You might fall off 'em with a bump. After all," he added, more to himself than to Jim, "it ain't so much the gold that counts, it's how you account for it."

THE gleam faded and the stars popped out, golden studs of the sky-mantle that turned to a deep, velvety purple. The wash of the schooner showed streaks of liquid fire as if the water held jewels in solution. Forward, the *kanakas* began to croon an island melody. The skipper went below. The light of the lamp showed through the open skylight.

Jim stayed dreaming at the rail for a long while before he thought of turning in for the time that lay between then and midnight. Then he was to take charge of the deck and the wheel, resolved to be the first at daybreak to catch the rising out of the sea of the wooded crests of the volcanic Louisiades, marking the eastern extremity of Papua.

The skipper was poring over a book. He closed it as Jim came into the cabin, rather shamefacedly, Jim thought.

"Time to turn in, lad," he said. "I'll take her over till the middle watch."

Jim picked up the book after the skipper had mounted. A smile came to his face as he recognized it as one of his own — his favorite.

"I guess I'm not the only one who's dreaming," he said, half aloud, as he laid it down again.

The skipper had been reading Treasure Island.

CHAPTER II

A SETBACK AT ELEVERA

TRADE-WIND clouds in great masses were driving across the sky, checkering land and sea with alternate light and shade when, early in the afternoon, the *Manuwai* beat up in a half-gale into the big bay of Port Moresby, swung into the wind and dropped her sails like a tired bird as her chain rattled out and the anchor found good holding in twelve fathoms.

The picturesque village faced the harborage. Back of it mounted thickly wooded hills, stretching on and up until they vanished in the purple distance. One moment they were dark-green, somber, almost black. The next the sun came dancing out from behind the clouds and turned them to infinite varieties of green with blue shadows setting off the marvelous display and chasms of softest violet where the valleys lay. With the gusts of the gale there came the mysterious fragrance of the "bush," the matted jungle of shrub and vine and tree that hid so much of romance, so much of savage tragedy.

The skipper came forward and pointed out Government House, back from the rest and a little solitary, a strange contrast to the rows of native huts built on piles that lined the shore and clustered on a little peninsula. The Mission House looked more inviting. Jim thought, low and white with a big veranda all about it, set amid palms and vivid flowers. Commerce showed plain and businesslike in its warehouses roofed with corrugated iron, flashing back the sunburst. A bevy of canoes put off, piled up with fruit and native pottery, the Papuans with their dark, shining skins and frizzy hair — save for some of the women who had their heads close-shaven to announce their rank as wives — yelling their greetings to the crew, talking Beach-English, eager for a bid to come aboard. The women and girls wore fiber aprons half way to their knees, the men, fine looking fellows, had only a narrow girdle with dogs'-teeth necklaces and fibre armlets for ornaments and, here and there, a spike of shell or bone thrust sidewise through the cartilage of their nose.

"*Motus*," (canoers) said the skipper "'Men belong sea,' they call 'emselves. Two tribes round here, the *Motus* and the *Koitapus*, who are the 'men belong bush.' The *Motus* are friendly with the others now, though they used to be always fighting in the old days. But they are scared of the *Koitapus* still in one way, for the bushmen are the wizard-people. They control the sickness and the weather and fix it for the *Motus*, though the *Motus* are the better bunch in many ways. Cleaner, for one thing, an' more friendly. Here's the custom's launch, we'll soon be ashore an' hunting up Afua. That's Elevera, over there on the little cape. It's an island at high tide."

"I hope he's still alive," said Jim.

"So do I," agreed the skipper as he moved to the side-ladder. And The Admiral, his cage aswing from the mainstays, let off one of his stored quotations:

"*Never say die, bully-boy. Never say die!*"

Rover Patrol

Swing your pack, swing your pack, Rover Patrol.
Far down the mystery, somewhere's a goal.
Far down the luring road into the haze,
Into the blue of the long Far-Aways.
Rover scout, boy scout; Quest in your soul,
Shoulder your pack for the unknown goal.

Nightfall and solitude, Rover Patrol:
Cookfire and campfire and brown blanket roll;
Blanket and starlight and wind in the tree,
Night wind and star are no freer than we:
Crackle and firelight and red-glowing coal:
Trails into slumberland, luring the soul.

Hint of light, fade of night, Rover Patrol.
River mist rising and filling the bowl.
Swing of pack, homeward track,
Every week out and back;
Gypsying, hiking. Just GOING 'S our goal.
Off to the Far-Aways, Rover Patrol!

By CLARK ELBERT SCHURMAN

AN hour later Jim and the skipper were walking along the beach towards the pile-village of Elevera. The tide was at ebb and they could cross dryshod to the little community.

"Do you talk Papuan, or whatever they call the language?" Jim asked the captain.

"I s'pose there is some such lingo as Papuan," said the skipper thoughtfully, "but it's all split up into dialects an' I doubt whether a man from the west coast would understand what a man from the east was sayin', without signs. They're a mixed lot of pickles and a reg'lar grab-bag of tribes, all the way from soot-black to light-saddle color, to say nothin' of the dwarfs in the interior. I know a little of the dialect along this coast, though I've forgotten some. But I'll soon pick that up. Afua talks Beach-English ennyway. But I've always found it uncommon useful to learn the local lingo an' so will you. A trader that ain't got a knack of handlin' dialects is handicapped."

"I'd like to learn the language," said Jim. "But I don't believe I've got your knack of handling dialects. I've heard you talk with all kinds of natives in all the different groups. I suppose it's a gift. But I'll do my best."

The skipper smiled.

"It's no gift," he said. "You earn it. This way. Git hold of a native an' keep him nigh ye. Git a chief if possible. Chum up with him. Ask questions. Git his words for your words. Put 'em down the way he pronounces 'em. It's all a matter of vocabulary. Give me three or four hundred words and I'll make a speech to 'em in their own tongue. Make little lists of ten words or so at a time an' stick 'em up somewhere where you'll be lookin' at 'em twenty times a day. Stick 'em up on yore cabin wall or paste 'em in yore hat. First thing you know you've got 'em to heart. Keep on practicin' 'em. I learned that trick from a bug-hunter who used it all over the world. I'm no scholar and my mem'ry ain't what it was, but, give me a friendly tribe, an' I'll be talkin' with 'em inside of two weeks an', in a month, I'll be able to orate."

"That's a bully idea," said Jim, and resolved to commence his first list without delay.

ELEVERA was a green hump of about ten acres, one side of it bitten into white cliffs, the houses clustering at the base of the hump, looking, Jim thought, like haystacks raised on long poles to keep the fodder from foraging animals.

With the tide out, most of the women and girls were seated in the cool, damp shade beneath their homes, making native pottery or repairing nets, while their lords and masters lolled on the porches that projected on the seaward side of the huts, each shaded by an extension of the roof-thatch. A lot of the women carried their babies in hammocks that were slung from the back of the head, with the child lying across the stomach, curled up in the meshes, contented and quiet. They gazed curiously but not rudely at the skipper and Jim and replied to the skipper's greeting cordially enough.

But, when it came to asking which was the hut of Afua, it was different. Neither his knowledge of the dialect nor Beach-English could extract a satisfactory answer for the skipper.

"Don' know; over there p'r'aps," replied one after the other.

"They're a rum lot," said the skipper. "Hate to answer any questions about themselves. Afraid you'll conjure with their names if you know 'em. You can offer a native a dollar to tell you his name or if something belongs to him, or who it belongs to, and he won't tell you. We'll have to tackle one of the kids when his mother ain't lookin."

Presently they found a bright looking youngster, stark naked, amusing himself with a crab to which he had tied a piece of sinnet string. The skipper pulled out a trade handkerchief of bright yellow silk and coaxed the boy up close to them without attracting outside attention. The lad put out his hand for the gaudy thing and the skipper drew it back.

"Suppose you speak along of me where Afua he live, I give," he said.

The boy hesitated between greed and superstition. He looked around to see if anyone was looking, but they were behind a big rock selected by the skipper for the interview. Suddenly he piped out, pointing at a hut close by, standing farther out to sea than the rest.

"That *hare* (house) belong along Afua," snatched at the handkerchief and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, forgetting the crab.

Jim and Captain Burr made their way along a coral ledge, set with rock pools where blue and yellow fish and scarlet ones were darting amid the no less brilliant weeds, and came to the ladder that led to the porch platform of the hut. That it was the house of a chief was evident by the elaborate carving of the

(Continued on page 54)

Troop One of the Labrador

(Continued from Page 29)

WHILE the bread was baking David drove a stick into the ground at one side and a little farther from the fire than the pan. When the loaf had browned on top to his satisfaction he removed it from the pan and leaned it against the stick with the bottom exposed to the fire, and proceeded to bake a second loaf.

"Let me have the dough that's left," Jamie begged.

"Aye, take un and you likes," David consented. "There'll be too little for another loaf, whatever."

Jamie secured a dry stick three or four feet long and about two inches in diameter. This he scraped clean of bark, and pulling the dough into a rope as thick as his finger wound it in a spiral upon the center of the stick. Then he flattened the dough until it was not above a quarter of an inch in thickness.

On the opposite side of the fire from David, that he might not interfere with David's cooking, he arranged two stones near enough together for an end of the stick to rest on each. Here he placed it with the dough in the center exposed to the heat. As the dough on the side of the stick near the fire browned he turned the stick a little to expose a new surface, until his twist was brown on all sides.

"Have some of un," Jamie invited. "We'll eat un to stave off the hunger before dinner. I'm fair starved."

David and Andy were not slow to accept, and Jamie's crisp, hot twist was quickly devoured.

The kettle of stewing goose was sending forth a most delicious appetizing odor. David lifted the lid to season it, and stir it with the cooking spoon. Jamie and Andy sniffed.

"U-m-m!" from Jamie.

"Oh, she smells fine!" Andy breathed.

"Seems like I can't wait for un!" Jamie declared.

"She's done!" David at length announced. "Make the tea, Andy."

Using a stick as a lifter David removed the kettle of goose from the fire, while Andy put tea in the other kettle, which was boiling, removing it also from the fire.

"You bring the bread along Jamie and you the tea, Andy," David directed, turning into the cabin with the kettle of goose.

Lem had just awakened from a most refreshing sleep, and when he smelled the goose he declared:

"I'm hungrier'n a whale."

DOCTOR JOE laid claim also to no small appetite, an appetite, indeed, quite superior to that of Lem.

"A whale!" he sniffed. "Why I'm as hungry as seven whales! Seven, now! Big whales, too! No small whales about my appetite!"

The three boys laughed heartily, and David warned:

"We'll all have to be lookin' out or they won't be a bite o' goose left for anybody if Doctor Joe gets at un first!"

Doctor Joe arranged a plate for Lem, upon which he placed a choice piece of breast and a section of one of David's loaves, which proved, when broken, to be light and short and delicious. Then he poured Lem a cup of rich broth from the kettle, and while Lem ate waited upon him before himself joining the boys at the table.

"How are you feeling, Lem?" asked Doctor Joe when every one was through and the boys were washing dishes.

"My head's a bit soggy and I'm a bit weak, and the's a wonderful pain in my right shoulder when I moves un," said Lem. "If 'tweren't for my head and the weakness and the pain I'd feel as well as ever I did, and I'd be schin' to get after that thief Indian Jake. As 'tis I'll bide my time till I feels nimbler."

"Do you think you could let me fuss around that shoulder a little while?" Doctor Joe asked. "Does it hurt too badly for you to bear it?"

"Oh, I can stand un," said Lem. "Fuss around un all you wants to Doctor Joe. You knows how to mend un and patch un up, and I wants un mended."

Doctor Joe called Andy to his assistance with another basin of warm water, in which, as previously, he dissolved antiseptic tablets, explaining to the boys the reason, and adding:

"If a wound is kept clean nature will heal it. Nothing you can apply to a wound will assist in the healing. All that is necessary is to keep it clean and keep it properly bandaged to protect it from infection."

"Wouldn't a bit of wet t'baccer draw the soreness out?" Lem suggested.

"No! No! No!" protested Doctor Joe, properly horrified. "Never put tobacco or anything else on a wound. If you do you will run the risk of infection which might result in blood poison, which might kill you."

"I puts t'baccer on cuts sometimes and she always helps un," insisted Lem.

"It's simply through the mercy of God, then, and your good clean blood that it hasn't killed you," declared Doctor Joe.

FROM his kit Doctor Joe brought forth bandages and gauze and some strange looking instruments, and turned his attention to the shoulder. Lem gritted his teeth and, though Doctor Joe knew he was suffering, never uttered a whimper or complaint.

An examination disclosed the fact that the bullet had coursed to the right, and Doctor Joe located it just under the skin directly forward of the arm pit. Though it was necessarily a painful wound, he was relieved to find that no vital organ had been injured, and he was able to assure Lem that he would soon be around again as well as ever.

When the bullet was extracted Doctor Joe examined it critically, washed it and placed it carefully in his pocket. It proved to be a thirty-eight calibre, black powder rifle bullet. Doctor Joe had no doubt of that. He had made a study of fire arms and had the eye of an expert.

"It's half-past two, boys. A westerly breeze is springing up, and I think you'd better go on to Fort Pelican," Doctor Joe suggested. "I'll give you a note to the factor instructing him to deliver all the things to you. You'll be able to make a good run before camping time. Stop in here on your way back."

The boys made ready and said good-bye, spread the sails, and were soon running before a good breeze. Doctor Joe watched them disappear around the island, and returning to Lem's bedside asked:

"Lem, do you know what kind of a rifle Indian Jake carried?"

"I'm not knowin' rightly," said Lem. "'Twere either a forty-five or a thirty-eight. 'Twere he did the shootin'. Nobody else has been comin' about here the whole summer. I'm not doubtin' he's got my silver fox, and I'm goin' to get un back *whatever*. He'd never stop at shootin' to rob, but he'll have to be quicker'n I be at shootin', to keep the fur!"

"When are you expecting Mrs. Horn and the boys back?" asked Doctor Joe.

"This evenin' or tomorrow whatever," said Lem. "They've been away these five days gettin' the winter outfit at Fort Pelican."

IF Indian Jake were guilty, it was highly probable that he would take prompt steps to flee the country. He could not dispose of the silver fox skin in the Bay, for all of the local traders had already seen and appraised it, and they would undoubtedly recognize it if it were offered them. Indian Jake would probably plunge into the interior, spend the winter hunting and in the spring make his way to the St. Lawrence, where he would be safe from detection.

Doctor Joe made these calculations while he sat by the bedside, and his patient dozed. He was sorry now that he had not sent the boys back to The Jug with a letter to Thomas explaining what had occurred. All of the evidence pointed to Indian Jake's guilt, and there could be little doubt of it if it should prove that the half-breed carried a thirty-eight fifty-five rifle. Thomas would know, and he would take prompt action to prevent Indian Jake's escape with the silver fox skin. Should it prove, however, that Indian Jake's rifle was of different calibre he should be freed from suspicion.

It was dusk that evening when the boat bearing Eli and Mark and Mrs. Horn rounded the island. Doctor Joe met them. They had seen the boys and had received from them a detailed account of what had happened, and Mrs. Horn was greatly excited. Her first thought was for Lem, and she was vastly relieved when she saw him as he declared he did not feel "so bad," and Doctor Joe assured her he would soon be around again and as well as ever.

Then there fell upon the family a full realization of their loss. The silver fox skin that had been stolen was their whole fortune. The proceeds of its sale was to have been their bulwark against need. It was to have given them a degree of independence, and above all else the little hoard that its sale would have brought them was to have lightened Lem's burden of labor during his declining years.

Eli Horn was a big, broad-shouldered, swarthy young man of few words. For an hour after he heard his father's detailed story of Indian Jake's visit to the cabin he sat in sullen silence by the stove. Suddenly he arose, lifted his rifle from the pegs upon which it rested against the wall, dropped some ammunition into his cartridge bag, and swinging it over his shoulder strode toward the door.

"Where you goin', Eli?" asked Lem from his bunk.

"To hunt Indian Jake," said Eli as he closed the door behind him and passed out into the night.

CHAPTER VI.

The Tracks in the Sand.

A SMART southwest breeze had sprung up. White caps were dotting the Bay, and with all sails set the boat bowled along at a good speed.

David held the tiller, while Andy and Jamie

(Continued on page 47)

"That's What Makes Mine Different"

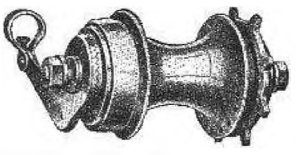
"SEE that New Departure Coaster Brake in my rear hub? That's why I can ride twice as far as you can without getting all tired out—because I don't have to keep pedaling all the time like you do. I pedal just enough to get a start—then coast along as easy——

"And when I want the brake it's always on the job. I can slow down gradually or stop short in my tracks just by the way I press down on the back pedal. This brake never sticks or binds. It never slips, either, and there's nothing about it to get out of order. It's a peach!

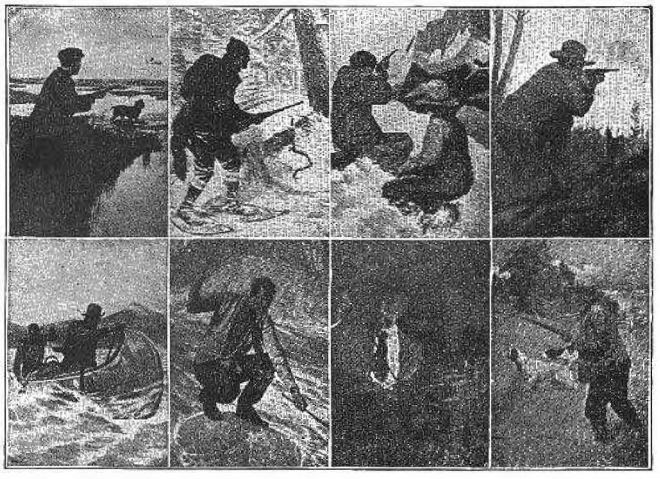
"You don't have to buy a new wheel to get a brake like mine—just take that bike you've got down to the Sport Shop and they'll put one on in a few minutes. And when you try it out—say, you'll think you're on wings 'stead of a wheel. It runs so smooth and nice.

"But be sure you get a New Departure Coaster Brake—there's no other like it."

The New Departure Manufacturing Co., Bristol, U. S. A.



"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"



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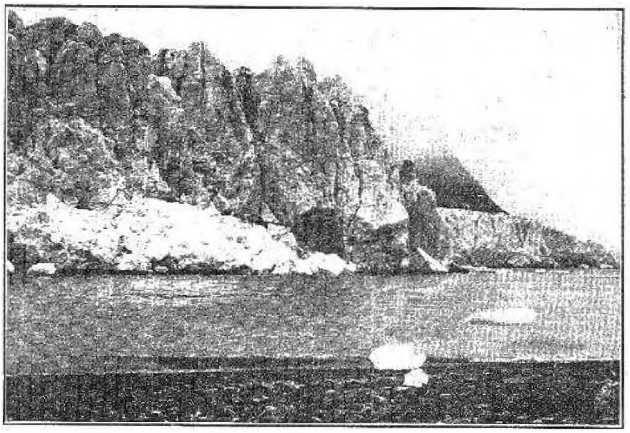
FREE Trappers' Guide

Pops of Popular Science

By Francis Arnold Collins

A "Close Up" Photograph of the Moon

WITH the aid of the world's largest telescope recently installed at the Mount Wilson Observatory the moon has been brought nearer the earth than ever before in history. The reflector of the great telescope measures 100 inches in diameter, or more than eight feet. The observatory in which this glass is mounted is 100 feet and its dome measures 100 feet in diameter. The whole stands at an altitude of 6,000 feet. The photograph just taken of the moon measures four feet in diameter and reveals details of the moon's surface never before seen by the human eye. With the aid of the great telescope it will be possible to observe 300,000,000 stars.



When the icebergs are formed, great sections crack and drop down from the parent glacier and float out to sea, a menace to shipping

The Earth's Crust

THE most important scientific investigation of the past year in any country has probably been the attempt to measure the earth's crust. We know very little about the shell on which we live. Scientists have been studying the problem in Hawaii, Tuscany, and in Salvador, where the opportunities for investigation are especially favorable. Much data new to science has been collected concerning the shell, its composition and probable age. Still other tests have been made in New South Wales, where a great reservoir concentrates an immense weight of water on a limited area, and instruments have been devised to measure the movement of the earth's crust under this weight. New light has thus been thrown on the action of volcanoes.

The Oldest American

SEVERAL scientific investigators agree that the Indian as we know him is a comparatively late comer. Whether he arrived by way of Alaska from Asia may never be discovered, but the relics of his civilization are believed to date back not more than a few thousand years at most. There is much evidence on the other hand to indicate that men lived in North America at the close of the Ice Age and perhaps during the glacial period. The evidence is found for the most part in the Ohio and Delaware valleys. The rude instruments these men used in their hunting and homes have been found buried deep in gravel which is believed to date back to the close of the Ice Age. If this be the case men lived in America 10,000 or 15,000 years ago. Some geologists believe that the gravel deposits are considerably older. How these men found their way to America in remote antiquity, how much of the land they occupied and where they disappeared are perhaps the most fascinating problems in American archaeology. The patient investigations of many trained scientists are carrying us every day nearer the answer.

Why a Ball Curves

THERE are many scientific explanations to account for the curve of a baseball. It is generally agreed that the rotary motion of the ball after it leaves the pitcher's hand so affects the resistance of the air that it is deflected from its original course. A fascinating experiment may be made by spinning a marble in water. The resistance of the water being much greater than that of the air, the effect is exaggerated. The marble should be dropped in water two feet or more deep. By spinning it fast or slow and in various directions the curve of the most skillful pitcher can be reproduced.

Our Center of Population

HOW many of use can tell offhand the exact center of the population of the United States? Every ten years the government calculates with great accuracy just where this point lies. The center moves westward at the rate of about fifty miles every ten years. When the center was first calculated in 1790 it lay three miles east of Baltimore, Md. In the first ten years it moved forty miles westward. By 1860 it had reached the State of Ohio and is today crawling slowly across the State of Indiana. In 130 years the point has travelled westward about 600 miles.

The Submersible Cruiser

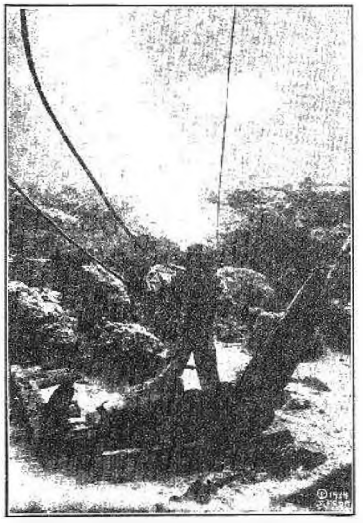
THE navies of the future may consist of great battle ships which sail and put up fight beneath the sea. Naval experts both in the United States and Europe are discussing plans for these supergiant submarines. It is now practicable, they say, to build them as large as our present dreadnaughts to carry great guns of many miles range which can batter down a great fort or sink the most heavily armored ship. Such craft promise to work a revolution in warfare since they could submerge and pass any fort without being seen.

A Future in Trees

A GENERATION ago the center of the great lumber region lay very near the Atlantic coast, and the broad land was all but covered with virgin forests. Wood of all kinds has been used up so much faster than it grows that today the center of our lumber region is rapidly approaching the Pacific coast. The tree is one of the greatest sources of wealth in the land, and great efforts are being made today before it is too late to preserve it. Many thousands of acres all over the country are planted with trees like any other crop.

The Train Sheet

THE familiar railroad time table, with its figures and dotted lines, is only a small edition of the real table by which trains are run. The official time table is a very large and complicated affair and could not possibly be carried about in one's pocket. It would require a sheet nine feet long and three feet wide, ruled in three-eighth-inch spaces, to record the trains which pass out of a large terminal station in a single day. To overcome the necessity of so cumbersome a piece of literature, an hourly time table is used. The train dispatcher's time table, for example, contains the number of trains, name of conductor and engineman in full, the number and kind of cars in the train, the time it left the station, the time it left the train yard and the time it passes various signal stations for many miles.



This is an illustration of how motion picture photographers have overcome natural obstructions to secure interesting effects. The photograph was taken at the bottom of the ocean from a diving bell of unique form

The Oldest Drawings in the World

THE oldest drawings in the world are believed to have been made about 25,000 years ago by prehistoric man in the caves of the Pyrenees Mountains. Some of these pictures show remarkable skill in drawing, suggesting that civilization was comparatively well advanced at this period. From the relics of this period it is believed that these men had a religion of some kind, that they buried their dead, were governed by chiefs and made instruments of flint. Examples of their painting and sculpture have been found. As man goes about the earth analyzing and dissecting every object a great amount of scientific information is being gathered which will some day enable him to solve this great mystery of his early history.

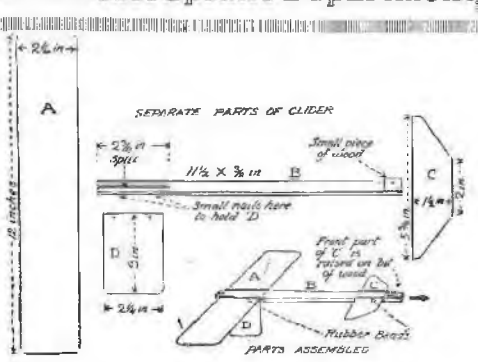
Naming Pennsylvania

PENN named the territory he settled Sylvania, but the king insisted on calling it Pennsylvania (Penn's woods). Penn offered the secretary who drew up the charter twenty guineas to leave off the prefix Penn. This request being denied, the king was appealed to, who ordered the tract to be named Pennsylvania in honor of William Penn's father.

The First Constitution

THE first instance in history of a written constitution framed by the people for the people was that adopted by what was then known as the Connecticut colony proper (comprising Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor), in which it was agreed to give all freemen the right to vote.

Model Aeroplane Department



ANYONE who intends to build and fly model aeroplanes should begin his experiments with a simple glider. It is a very easy matter to get flights of over 200 feet with a little craft which can be constructed in a few minutes or bought for a few cents. These tests give the beginner the best kind of practice in balancing the little craft and adjusting the planes and success when he takes up a power-driven model. Your glider can be made to fly high or low at surprising speed and even loop the loop.

A glider, it is scarcely necessary to explain, is a light little air craft of the same form as a model aeroplane but without motive

(Concluded on page 63)

Troop One of The Labrador

(Continued from Page 42)

busied themselves with their handbooks. They were an hour out of Horn's Bight when David sighted the Horn boat beating up against the wind. Drawing within hailing distance he told them of the accident.

Mrs. Horn, greatly excited, asked many questions. David assured her that her husband's injuries were not serious, nevertheless she was quite certain Lem lay at death's door.

"'Tis the first time I leaves home in most a year," she lamented. "I were feelin' inside me 'twere wrong to go and leave Lem alone. And now he's gone and been shot and liker'n not most killed."

"'Tis too bad to make Mrs. Horn worry so. I'm wonderfully sorry," David sympathized, as the boats passed beyond speaking distance. "She'll worry now till they gets home, and the way Lem et goose I'm thinkin' he ain't hurt bad enough to worry much about he."

"They'll get there tonight whatever," said Andy. "'Tis the way of Mrs. Horn to worry, even when we tells she Lem's doin' fine."

"I'm wonderin' and wonderin' who 'twere shot Lem," said David. "Whoever 'twere had un in his heart to do murder."

"Whoever 'twere looked in through the window and saw Lem with the fine silver fox on the table and sets out to get the fox," reasoned Andy. "The shootin' were done through the window where the's a pane of glass broke out."

"I sees where the's a pane of glass out," said David. "'Twas not fresh broke though."

"No, 'twere an old break," Andy agreed. "I goes to look at un, and I sees fresh tracks under the window where the man stands when he shoots."

"Tracks!" exclaimed David. "I never thought to look for tracks now! I weren't thinkin' of that! You thinks of more things than I ever does, Andy."

"I weren't thinkin' of tracks either," said Andy, disclaiming credit for their discovery. "Whilst you bakes the bread I just goes to look where the window is broke, and when I'm there I sees the strange lookin' tracks."

"Strange, now! How was they strange?" asked Jamie excitedly, scenting a deepening mystery.

"They was made with boots with *nails* in the bottom of un," explained Andy. "They was nails all over the bottom of *them* boots, and they was *big* boots, them was. They made big tracks — *wonderful* big tracks."

"'Tis strange, now! Did you trace un, Andy? Did you see what way the tracks goes?" asked David.

"'Twere only under the window where the ground were soft and bare of moss that the tracks showed the nails. I tracks on down though to where they comes in a boat and the boat goes again," Andy explained. "The tracks were a day old, and down by the water the tide's been in and washed un away. Whoever 'twere makes un were beyond findin' whatever. They were goin' right after they shoots Lem and takes his silver."

"Did you tell Doctor Joe about the tracks?" asked David.

"No, I weren't thinkin' to tell he when we goes in to eat, and he weren't wantin' us in before that fearin' we'd wake Lem. The tracks weren't of much account whatever. The folk that shot Lem were leavin' in a boat and we couldn't track the boat to find out who 'twere."

A DRIZZLING rain began to fall before they made camp that night. It was too wet and dreary under the dripping trees for an open camp fire. The stove was therefore brought into service and set up in the tent, and there they cooked and ate their supper by candlelight.

On a cold and stormy night there is no article in the camp equipment more useful than a little sheetiron stove. With its magic touch it transforms a wet and dismal tent into the snuggest and coziest and most comfortable retreat in the whole world. Outside the wind was now dashing the rain in angry gusts against the canvas, and moaning drearily through the tree tops. Within the fire crackled cheerily. The tent was dry and snug and warm. The bed of fragrant balsam and spruce boughs, the smell of the fire and the soft candle light combined to give it an indescribable atmosphere of luxury.

In the morning the weather had not improved. The wind had risen during the night, and was driving the rain in sheets over the Bay. David went outside to make a survey, and when he returned he reported:

"T'will be a nasty day abroad."

"Let's bide here till the rain stops," suggested Jamie.

"The wind's fair, and if she keeps up and don't turn too strong we'll make Fort Pelican by evenin' whatever, if we goes," David objected.

"'Twont be so bad, once we're out and gets used to un," said Andy.

"No, 'twont be so bad," urged David. "The wind may shift and full calm, when the rain's over, and if we bides here we'll lose time in gettin' to Fort Pelican. I'm for goin' and makin' the best of un."

"I won't mind un," agreed Jamie, stoutly. "I got grit to travel in the rain, and we wants to make a fust cruise of un."

It was "nasty" indeed when after breakfast they broke camp and set sail. In a little while they were wet to the skin, and it was miserably cold; but they were used enough to the beat of wind and rain in their faces, and all declared that it was not "so bad" after all. To these hardy lads of The Labrador rain and cold was no great hardship. It was all "in a day's work," and scudding along before a good breeze, and looking forward to a good dinner in the kitchen at Fort Pelican, and to a snug bed at night, they quite forgot the cold and rain.

DURING the morning the wind shifted to the westward, and before noon it drew around to the northwest. With the shift of wind the rain ceased, and the clouds broke. Then Andy lighted a fire in the stove, boiled the kettle and fried a pan of salt pork. Hot tea, with bread dipped in the warm pork grease, warmed them and put them in high spirits.

"'Tis fine we didn't bide in camp," remarked David as he swallowed a third cup of tea. "With this fine breeze we'll make Fort Pelican tonight, whatever."

"I'm fine and warm now," declared Jamie, "but 'twas a bit hard to face the rain when we starts this marnin'."

"'Tis always the thinkin' about un that makes things hard to do," observed David. "Things we has to do seems wonderful hard before we gets at un, but mostly they're easy enough after we tackles un. The thinkin' beforehand's the hardest part of any hard job."

The sun broke out between black clouds scudding across the sky. The wind was gradually increasing in force. By mid-afternoon half a gale was blowing, a heavy sea was running, and the old boat, heeling to the gale, was in a smother of white water.

"We're makin' fine time!" shouted David, shaking the spray from his hair.

"We'll sure make Fort Pelican this evenin early," Andy shouted back.

"We'll not make un!" Jamie protested. "The wind's gettin' too strong! We'll have to go ashore and make camp!"

"The boat'll stand un," laughed David. "She's a sturdy craft in a breeze."

"I'm afeared," said Jamie.

"'A scout is brave,'" quoted Andy.

"'Tisn't meant for a scout to be foolish," Jamie insisted. "I'm afeared of bein' foolish."

"You was bruggin' of havin' gril," Andy taunted.

"I has grit and a stont heart," Jamie proudly asserted, "but the's no such need of haste as to tempt a gale. 'Tis time to lie to and camp."

David's answer was lost in the smother of a great roller that chased them, and breaking astern nearly swept him from the tiller. When the lads caught their breath there was a foot of sea in the bottom of the boat.

"Bale her out!" hollowed David, shaking the water from his eyes.

"Jamie's right! 'Tis blowin' too high for comfort!" shouted Andy, as he and Jamie, each with a kettle, baled. "We'd better not risk goin' out. Find a lee to make a landin', Davy."

"'Tis against reason not to take shelter!" piped Jamie.

"Fort Pelican's only ten miles away!" David shouted back in protest. "We'll soon make un in this fine breeze!"

THE boat was riding on her beam ends. White horses breaking over her bow sent showers of foam her whole length. A sudden squall that nearly capsized her roused David suddenly to their danger.

"Reef the mains'l!" he shouted.

"Make for the lee of Comfort Island!" sputtered Andy through the spray, as he and Jamie sprang for the mainsail to reef it.

"Make for un!" echoed Jamie. "'Tis against reason to keep goin'."

The wind shrieked through the rigging. Another great roller all but swamped them. The sudden fury of the wind, the ever higher piling seas, and the rollers that had so nearly overwhelmed the boat brought to David a full sense of their peril. He had been foolhardy and headstrong in his determination to continue to Fort Pelican. He realized this now even more fully than Andy and Jamie.

David was a good seaman and fearless, with a full measure of faith in his skill. Now that his eyes were open to the peril in which he had placed them, he knew that all the skill he possessed and perhaps more would be required to take them safely into shelter.

Comfort Island with its offer of snug harbor lay a half mile to leeward. David brought the

(Continued on page 48)

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Think and Grin

WELL boys, here we are again. Right bang up against a brand New Year. Wonder what it holds for us. Come to think of it, it doesn't matter much what it holds for us if we are prepared and of course good scouts are always prepared. Good scouts will have a good time and plenty of fun and good luck and though it sounds funny the more of such things they share the more they will have for themselves. This new year they will be more than ordinarily lucky for they will have an extra day on which to do "good turns." Now there is one thing that — that — Hello! What's this? Why, if it isn't that old nuisance Idle Five Minutes coming right over the fence and we all about to get busy. Beat it boys, but first let him have a few snowballs for his share of the good luck.

On the job boys and don't lose any time about it. One, two, thr-e-e-e-e-e-e-e! Go!

Winners for January Think and Grin

Scout Herman Riley, Indiana; Scout John Watterson, Arizona; Dwight T. Mills, Pennsylvania; Robert M. Hines, Arkansas; Wm. Van Loan, New York; Judson C. Watts, New Jersey; Scout Donald Nash, New York; Leo Wolfson, New York; Scout Wilmer J. Bailey, Pennsylvania; Steril E. Darron, Pennsylvania; Scout Milford Harden, Massachusetts; Leon Robertson, Illinois; Frank Morris, Oklahoma; Scout Louis Bartmann, Illinois.

Unlucky

Pat: Do you really think that thirteen is an unlucky number?

Mike: Shure. I know it is. Wan time I thried to fight thirteen men in a bunch.

An Open Question

Scout Scribe: This desk will do for the two of us. And here are two keys, one for you and one for me.

Asst. Scout Scribe: That's all right: but where's my keyhole?

Correct—Sit Down

Teacher: Give me the definition of a vacuum, Harry.

Harry: I don't know but I've got it in my head.

Easy Enough

Teacher: In dramatizing this story the hardest part is the ending. How would you end the play, Robert?

Robert: I'd drop the curtain.

Can't Do a Good Turn

1st Class Scout: Did you read about the Scout who swallowed his teaspoon?

Tenderfoot: No; what happened to him?

1st Class Scout: Oh, he can't stir.

He Knew

Scoutmaster: Well, what would you do to disperse a mob?

Scout (passing Fireman-ship Merit Badge, and after long thought): Pass around the hat, sir. They always leave when that happens.

Except For One Thing

First Scout (who has cooked some hunter's stew): This stew is good, isn't it?

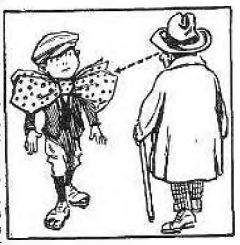
Second Scout: Yes, but there is one thing I don't like about it.

First Scout: What is that?

Second Scout: The taste.

An Eye Catcher

A small boy come down street one day wearing a loud necktie tied in an extra large bow knot. Another boy said, "Jack, what have you got on that loud necktie for?" Jack replied, "I have holes in my shoes and I want people to look at my head."



On Guard

He was walking post that night for the very first time.

Corporal of the Guard: "Have you seen the officer of the day?"

Rookie: "Nope."

C. of G. an hour later: "Have you seen the officer of the day yet?"

Rookie: "Nope, not yet."

Ten minutes later: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "Officer of the day."

Rookie: "Oh, you're going to get it in the neck. The Corporal of the Guard's been hunting you for an hour!"

Hot Stuff

Teacher: An abstract noun is something you can see but can't touch. Now, Willie, give me an example.

Willie: A red hot poker.

Cold Storage

First Scout to a Life and Star: Say, you passed first aid, didn't you?

Life and Star: Sure, what d'you want?

Scout: Well, I gotta bad cough. What'll I do for it?

L. and S.: You better take care of it, or it will get worse.

Scout: Take good care of it? Say, I've had this cough for almost three weeks and it's as good as new.

Telling a Barefaced One

Sergeant: Why haven't you shaved this morning?

Private, in great surprise: Ain't I shaved?

Sergeant: No, you're not. Why not?

Private: Well, I guess I shaved another feller. You see, there were a dozen of us using the same mirror!

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Troop One of the Labrador

(Continued from Page 47)

boat before the wind, and headed directly for the island.

Great breakers, pounding the high, rock-bound shores of Comfort Island, and booming like cannon, threw their spray a hundred feet in the air, enveloping the island in a cloud of mist.

Stretching away from the island for a mile to the westward was a rocky shoal known as the Devil's Arm. At high tide, in calm weather, it might be crossed, but now it was a great white barrier of roaring breakers rising in mighty geysers above the sea.

To the eastward of the island was a mass of black reefs known as the Devil's Tea Kettle. The Devil's Tea Kettle was always an evil place. Now it was a great boiling chaldron whose waters rose and fell in a seething white mass.

It was quite out of the question to round the Devil's Arm and beat back against the wind to the lee of the island. There was a narrow passage between the Devil's Tea Kettle and the island. If he could make this passage it would be a simple matter to fall in behind the island to shelter and safety.

All of these things David saw at a glance. It was a desperate undertaking, but it was the only chance, and he held straight for the passage. If he could keep the boat to her course, he would make it. If a sudden squall of wind overtook them the leeway would throw them upon the island breakers and they would be swallowed up in an instant and pounded to pieces upon the rocks.

OVER and over again David breathed the prayer: "Lord take us through safe! Lord take us through safe!" His face was set, but his nerves were iron. Andy and Jamie, tense with the peril and excitement of the adventure, crouched in the bottom of the boat. As they drew near the island, Jamie shouted encouragingly:

"Keep your grit, and a stout heart like a man, Davy!" but the roar of breakers drowned his voice, and David did not hear.

"Is you afraid, Jamie?" Andy yelled in Jamie's ear.

"Aye," answered Jamie, "but I has plenty of grit."

He who knows danger and meets it manfully, though he fears it, is brave, and Jamie and all of them were brave.

The boat was in the passage at last. David, every nerve tense, held her down to it. On the right seethed the Devil's Tea Kettle, sending forth a continuous deafening roar. On the left was Comfort Island with a boom! boom! of thundering breakers smashing against its high, sullen bulwarks of black rocks. The boat was so near that spray from the breakers fell over it in a shower.

It was over in a moment. The Devil's Tea Kettle, with all its loud threats, was behind them. The boat shot down along the shore. David swung to port, and they were safe in the quiet waters to the lee of the island.

"Thank the Lord!" said David reverently, as he brought the little craft to and the sail flapped idly.

"'Twere a close shave," breathed Jamie.

"A *wonderful* close shave," echoed Andy.

"You had grit," said Jamie. "You has plenty o' grit, Davy — and a stout heart, like a man. 'Twere wonderful how you cracked her through! She's nary a man on the coast could have done better'n that!"

"'Twere easy enough," David boasted with a laugh as he wiped the spray from his face, and unshipping the rudder proceeded to scull the boat into a natural berth between the rocks.

HARDLY a breath of the gale raging outside reached them in their snug little harbor. The boat was made fast with the painter to a ledge, and the boys climbed to the high, rocky shore.

An excellent camping place was discovered a hundred yards back in a grove of stunted spruce trees that had rooted themselves in the scant soil that covered the rocks, and held fast, despite the Arctic blasts that swept across the Bay to rake the island during the long winters. Here the tent was pitched, and everything carried up from the boat and stowed within to dry. Fifteen minutes later the tent stove was crackling cheerily and sending forth comfort to the drenched young mariners.

"There'll be no hurry in the marnin'," said David when they had eaten supper and lighted a candle. "We'll stay up longht till we gets the outfit all dried, and if we're late about un we'll sleep a bit later in the marnin', to make up. We'll make Fort Pelican in an hour, or two hours *whatever*, if we has a civil breeze in the marnin'."

"We'll not be gettin' away from Fort Pelican tomorrow, will we?" asked Andy.

"We'll take the day for visitin' the folk and hearin' the news, and start back the marnin' after," suggested David.

It was near midnight when they crawled into their beds to drop into a ten knot sleep, and they slept so soundly that none of them awoke until they were aroused by the sun shining upon the tent the next morning.

Breakfast was prepared and eaten leisurely. There was no hurry. The wind had fallen to a moderate stiff breeze, and Fort Pelican, through the narrows connecting Eskimo Bay with the sea outside, was almost in sight.

When the dishes were washed Andy and Jamie took down the tent, while David shouldered a pack and preceded them to the place where they had moored the boat the previous evening. A few minutes later he came running back, and in breathless excitement startled them with the announcement:

"The boat's gone!"

"Gone *where*?" asked Andy incredulously.

"Gone! I'm not knowin' *where!*" exclaimed David.

"Has she been took?" asked Jamie, excitedly.

"Took!" said David. "The painter were untied and she were took! The's tracks about of big boots with nails in un!

Andy and Jamie ran down with David. No trace of the boat was to be found.

In the earth above the shore were plainly to be seen the tracks of two men wearing hobnailed boots.

"The's fresh tracks," declared David.

"Made this marnin'," Andy agreed. "The's the same kind of tracks as the ones I sees under Lem's window. Whoever 'twere made these tracks shot Lem and took his silver."

"And now we're left here on the island with no way of gettin' off," said David.

"What'll we be doin'? How'll we ever get away?" asked Jamie in consternation.

But that was a question none of them could answer.

(*To be Continued in the February* Boys' Life)

Answering The Challenge

(Continued from Page 5)

AFTERNOON wore on and the sun began to drop lower, and he crashed on through the forest with the desire for contest unabated. Presently he paused and listened. From far, far off, rinsing from the mountains beyond the divide, in the other valley, came faintly to his ears the rich rolling bugle of an old herd bull challenging the world. The young bull heard and knew that beyond that ridge this lord of the herd was leading a bunch of cows into one of the mountain parks. The full throated challenge was what he had longed to hear. It meant a clash, a fight, a contest for the leadership of the herd. He threw up his head and broke forth in an answering bugle. He started upward, climbing to the top of the ridge to descend into the further valley.

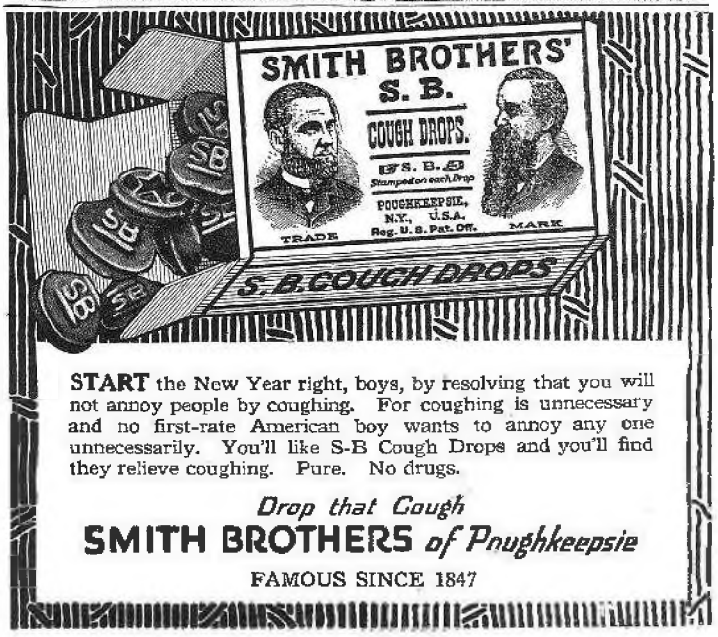
Higher and higher he went and presently gained the timber line, and traveled onward toward the crest of the ridge. Up here he found the first of the season's snow. Cliffs were carpeted with it and the mountain tops loomed high and silent and white and cold.

On he plunged, threading one ledge after another and climbing toward the ridge. He was skirting the base of sheer rocky cliffs and picking perilous footholds in his effort to top the divide.

He did not know that as he climbed, another animal was climbing, too, and heading for the same destination. The tawny killer of the mountains, the giant panther, knowing as well as the young bull that there was a herd of elk in the park-like valley beyond the divide, was crossing over, too. From rock to rock she slipped, traveling swiftly but stealthily. She was hungry, terribly hungry, else she would not be journeying that far for her kill.

On plunged the young bull, skirting cliffs and picking ledges that afforded firm foothold. Presently he rounded a huge boulder and came out upon a narrow ledge that led straight toward the top of the divide. But he had hardly taken three steps when he came to an abrupt stop. A puff of wind carried an odor that brought back to him recollections of a sinister tawny form, and the lacerated remains of his mother. He sniffed the air with a snort, and at the same moment, gliding over the edge of the cliff from a point of rocks below, came the tawny form of the killer. For a moment the panther, surprised, drew back

(Concluded on page 64)



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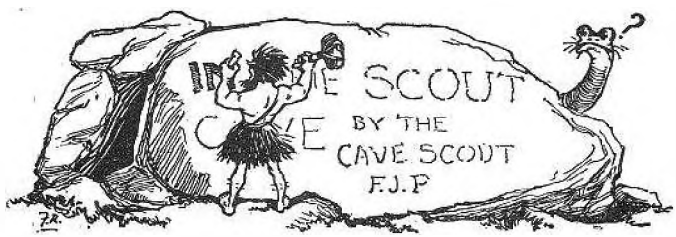

HO! Fellows! Happy New Year! Greetings and salutations! Come right in! What a healthy looking lot you are, with your red noses and ruddy cheeks. The weather must be kind of snappy outside, eh? Makes me long to hit out on the long winter trail. Hey, look out! Gangway! Give me air! I feel it coming on!

The Long Winter Trail

HO, there's ice on the streams, there's zest in the air,
There's an undefiled blanket of snow everywhere;
There's frost on each twig and each roadside weed
Is burdened with rubies and diamonds for seed,
And through the long stretches of deep forest lanes
A tense, white, crystalline silence reigns.
So come with me now over hill, over vale!
Come away with me now on the long winter trail!

Ho, the storm-clouds are tumbling thick in the sky,
Flinging their pellets of sleet as they fly!
The snow-wreathes are slithering swift in the road,
The hoary old wind from the North is abroad!
Out of the arctic waste, barren and vast,
Rushing with fury—a terrible blast!
Come along with me now—push into the gale!
Come along with me now on the long winter trail!

Oh, there's beauty to me in the soft, rounded lines
Of the snow-moulded hills and the fleecy-crowned pines;
There's music to me in the squeak of the snow,
And the gurgle of streams as they hurry below
Their blankets of ice. And there's joy in the fight,
In matching my strength with the storm-monarch's might.
There's health in the open—hearty and hale!
Ho! Come with me now on the long winter trail!

"MR. CAVE SCOUT, what kind of an outfit is best for a winter hike?"

I like a light suit of underwear, wool trousers, a short mackinaw belted at the waist, a wool cap to pull over the ears, mittens, a pair of heavy socks—long ones reaching to the knee—to pull over the trousers, and a pair of stout rubber shoes. That's the kind of outfit that is almost universally worn by professional woodsmen, except that some substitute oiled shoe-packs for the rubber shoes.

But speaking of winter hikes, how would you like to strike off on a five-hundred-mile hike across the plains in twenty below zero weather? That is the kind of a trip that was made by two hundred Minnesota boys, just fifty-six years ago this winter, and the Cave Scout's Dad was one of the boys in the party. This was one of the severest winter marches ever undertaken and is known in Minnesota history as the Moscow expedition, a name which it derives from its comparison, in hardships suffered, with the disastrous winter invasion of Russia by Napoleon. But this expedition, unlike that of Napoleon's, was a "good turn" hike.

It came about in this way. In the fall of 1863 word was brought to Fort Snelling that a band of Indians at Fort Thompson, on the Missouri river, were in a starving condition and that unless supplies were sent immediately they would die of hunger. The authorities knew the trip would be a severe one, so a call was issued for volunteers and two hundred men from companies D, E and H of the Sixth Minnesota Infantry, then in training for the Civil War, offered to go. The party left Mankato, Minnesota, on November 5 with 130 wagonloads of provisions and 500 head of cattle. When the expedition had covered only a little more than one hundred miles of the distance to Fort Thompson there came a heavy fall of snow, followed immediately by a sudden drop in temperature, and from then on, for the entire period of the trip, the party fought blizzards and biting cold, with the thermometer averaging nearly twenty degrees below zero.

FOR four hundred miles their route led across an open plain, without settlers, without shelter, without fuel. But on they pushed into the teeth of the gale, bivouacking each night in the snow, and gnawing frozen rations to satisfy their hunger.

The suffering of the animals was pathetic. No space was provided in the wagons for forage as it was planned to carry the animals through the trip by allowing them to graze each night on the prairie. But such a heavy snow fell that the animals could get very little grass and the men found it necessary to scrape off the snow for them. This, however, was far from sufficient for their needs and the oxen began to drop in their yokes. As an animal fell, a bullet would end its misery and another from the herd would be yoked in to take his place. As many of the frozen carcasses as could be carried were piled on the wagons, to be used as additional food for the Indians.

After nearly a month of this struggle, the party finally arrived at Fort Thompson, where it was found that nearly forty of the suffering Indians were dead for the want of food.

After resting at the fort for three days the return trip was begun on December 5—a journey which had in store for the men even greater suffering and hardship than they had endured before. When only four days out on the back trail, a terrific blizzard set in and the snow fell to such a depth that the wagons could not be dragged through. Consequently it was necessary for the men to march ahead of the wagons in double file, plowing through snow, oftentimes waist-deep, to break out a trail.

Day after day they struggled on in this manner, their progress delayed by the unprecedented severity of the weather, until a new danger confronted them—the rations began to run low. One by one their articles of supply became exhausted, pork, sugar, hardtack, until finally, on the last lap of the journey nothing remained but flour. There was no fuel to cook with so the men mixed the flour with snow and ate it raw.

Finally, when even their flour supply was nearly exhausted, they reached Mankato, after more than two months spent on the wind-swept, shelterless, plain. But they marched into camp in Mankato in good physical condition without losing a man.

"GEE whillikers, Cave Scout, that was some trip! How did they keep from freezing to death?"

Well, they were all frontiersmen, used to hardship, and trained by necessity to take care of themselves under all conditions. They were given some time to prepare for the trip before starting out, and most of the men improved their time by catching muskrats with the skins of which they lined their mittens, their caps and their army capes. Then they were issued extra shirts and blankets, and Sibley tents for such shelter as a tent can afford, without heat, on the plains, in twenty-below weather.

Br-r-r-r! Makes this old fireplace feel pretty good, doesn't it fellows?

Say, have any of you ever tried tobogganing with a barrel-stave jumper? Great sport! All you need to make one is a strong stave, a block of wood about four inches in diameter and from eighteen inches to two feet long depending on the length of your legs and a piece of board about ten inches square. Nail the block of wood to the stave, and the square board on the top of the block for a seat and your jumper is ready for business. Take it to a steep hill, mount the critter and let 'er go. You'll probably spill on your ear the first few times but after a while you'll get the knack of balancing the thing.

Some day when you come to an unbroken field of snow, walk across it in what you think is a straight line, and when you get to the other side turn around and look at your track. Chances are it will look pretty wobbly. Then try again, following these instructions: Select two objects, in line with each other in the direction you are going, and keep them in line with each other as you advance. You will find now that your track is straight. This is a trick every woodsman knows, but he does it so constantly that it becomes second nature to him.

Wouldn't a little fresh air taste good? What do you say if we take a look at that long winter trail?

THE CAVE SCOUT.

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Get the Drop on that Cough

WINTER—draft—cold. Take care—prepare! To ward off the effect of wet feet and exposure, use Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—indoors or out. Get them anywhere.

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.....Telephone Engineer	.....Stenographer
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.....Wireless Operator	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Architect	.....Master Plumber
.....Building Contractor	.....Heating and Ventilating Engineer
.....Civil Engineer	
.....Structural Engineer	.....Automobile Engineer
.....Mechanical Engineer	.....Automobile Repairman
.....Shop Superintendent	.....Airplane Mechanic
.....Steam Engineer	.....Gen'l Education Course
.....Draftsman and Designer	.....Common School Branches

Name.....

Address.....

The Emerald Buddha

(Continued from page 9)

he thought he had grown accustomed, fell on raw nerves and he succeeded in working himself into what he disgustedly termed a beastly funk.

DAYLIGHT, however, brought courage and comfort as it so often does. They left camp directly after breakfast carrying rifles and ammunition, a single blanket each and two days supply of food. Garcia waved them adieu with many promises that things should be well looked after in their absence, and as Dick glanced back at the half breed's smiling, treacherous face he was conscious of a feeling of relief and satisfaction.

"At least we're rid of you and your plotting," he muttered under his breath.

Somehow or other, though, the day did not prove as cheerful and pleasant as he had expected. There was little conversation. Sarak, never very talkative, seemed more silent than ever and even Jerry had not much to say.

Their course did not lead directly up the mountain but carried them diagonally along its slope and something in the character of their surroundings perhaps accounted for the mental oppression which, before noon, seemed to have fallen upon all three.

Down on the river level the jungle had been to some extent open. There was, of course, the usual tangle of reeds, broad fronds, huge fanshaped palms and other rank growth, but at least they could see overhead occasional patches of blue sky and a blaze of tropic sunlight.

That was all gone. As they advanced the trees increased in size and the undergrowth thinned and died out. At length they were walking between vast pillars that rose up to a matted canopy of green through which not a single flicker of sunlight penetrated. Ropy creepers swung from tree to tree; here and there gorgeous crimson orchids gleamed through the shadows like blood-red patches. Finally even the spindly undergrowth vanished and the ground was covered with blotched, poisonous looking fungi, and a stiff, pale green moss which crunched under their feet. The air in this still, shadowy place became damp and almost cold.

All day long, save for a brief halt at noon, they pushed on through the silent, oppressive forest, Sarak lead the way and Dick brought up the rear. Now and again at long intervals Jerry would ask a question to which the Malay replied in jerky monosyllables. Dick rarely saw his face, but somehow he had a feeling that the man's fear and nervousness was increasing as they advanced. Toward the end of the afternoon he took to darting swift glances from side to side; once or twice he even stopped short and stared into the tree tops as if he had seen or heard something which troubled him. The result was that when they finally halted about six o'clock, Dick was ready to yell from sheer nervous tension.

"Are—are we going to camp here?" he asked, striving to keep his voice steady.

Jerry turned from Sarak who had been speaking in a low, hurried undertone.

"Yes. The place is five or six miles away. Sarak doesn't want to be caught there by—by darkness. We'll sleep here and go on at dawn."

DICK made no comment. Into his mind—just how he did not know—there had been slowly forming all day the curious idea that the ancient Buddha sitting in its ruined shrine was the very fountain head of all the weird and ghostly terrors of this unspeakable forest. There were moments when his wrought up imagination even pictured the idol as something concretely and definitely evil, a sort of arch-fiend, or power of darkness. He told himself that such notions were ridiculous beyond words, yet he could not help a feeling of sympathy with the Malay; certainly he found himself distinctly thankful that they were to pass the night where they were.

The mere occupation of gathering materials for a fire and of cooking their simple supper was a relief, but one which was soon over. Scarcely had they finished eating when the swift, tropic darkness turned the shadows about them into the blackest night—a blackness infinitely more oppressive than any the boy had ever known.

The glow of their little fire was like the merest pin prick of light in an infinity of darkness. It flickered on the massive roots of perhaps a dozen giant trees, touched vaguely a curtain of tangled vines behind them, brought into sharp relief a single grotesque clump of orange colored fungus, but that was all. The rest of the world was blotted out as if it had never been, and as Dick lay on his blanket, chin cupped in his hands, it was not difficult to picture that smothering blackness with almost any horror.

For a time he and Jerry talked spasmodically in tones unconsciously lowered. Sarak took no part in the conversation. He sat motionless, the blanket draped about his shoulders. His eyes were fixed and staring, and once, as Dick touched his hand in moving, he found it cold as ice.

It was Jerry who presently suggested that they turn in, and who arranged the watches. He himself took the second one, allotting the first to Sarak and giving Dick that period between midnight and early dawn.

The latter had never felt more wide awake. In spite of his loss of sleep the night before he found it impossible to close his eyes. Lying there in the most comfortable position he could assume, his gaze wandered restlessly from Sarak's motionless sitting figure to Jerry's prone one, thence to the black arch above and back again, a wearisome, eternal round. The slightest sound—and there were many queer cries and calls and rustlings both far and near—smote on his ears with curious distinctness. One in particular, a strange whistling shriek that rang through the jungle like an echo, growing fainter and fainter until it died away, he found especially trying. Once or twice as he stared upward he seemed actually to sense a moving blackness darker even than the night itself, that hovered above their little fire. But at that point he dug his teeth into his under lip and a swift rush of shame came over him that he could allow nerves and fancies to bring him to such a pass.

He got some sleep at last, but it was not until after Jerry's watch began, and it seemed as though he had scarcely closed his eyes before he was shaken into partial wakefulness by his brother.

"Time, old man," whispered Jerry. "You certainly were tearing it off to beat the cars."

Dick blinked, rubbed his eyes and sat up. Ten minutes later he was still sitting there, hunched up a bit, his hands dangling limply from his knees. On either side of him lay the sleeping figures of Sarak and Jerry; in front the fire, recently replenished, burned brightly. He stared at it dully with sleep-filmed eyes. Presently his head drooped, lifted slowly, drooped again until his forehead rested upon his upraised knees. . . .

HE seemed to be alone in the forest walking endlessly. It was night, yet there was a curious luminous quality in the atmosphere which came, apparently, from little dancing globes of clear white fire. He looked closer and saw that the globes were held by shadowy figures which were like misshapen men floating through the darkness. One of them swept close to him and in the light of the glowing sphere he recognized the face of Garcia, set in a leering, sinister grin. The face passed on, drifting into the night; the other shadows vanished. Somewhere in the infinite blackness of space another light sprang up. Tiny at first, it brightened swiftly as it came toward him until at length the serried ranks of giant trees were lit up brilliantly as with the passing of a flame. And then he saw, floating toward him through the forest, the seated figure of a man. The face was calm, almost expressionless, yet in the eyes and in the evil half smile there seemed to lurk the piled up wickedness of untold centuries. One hand lay upturned in its lap, the other, outstretched, held a great crystal which blazed fiercely with a strange green fire. The boy tried to cry out but could not. He strove to fly from that placid, smiling horror, but was powerless to move. On it came, floating as on a river, closer and closer still. The hot breath of its passing swept the boy's face, and then and only then, with a frantic struggle and a smothered cry, he burst the hideous nightmare thralls and woke.

The fire had died to a red glow. The jungle pressed close about him, black and silent. And yet he could have sworn that an instant before something had brushed across his face; something real, concrete and not the figment of a dream—something whose very presence brought out chill perspiration on his forehead and fear to his heart.

With trembling fingers he felt for the rifle which lay beside him. There was reassurance in the touch of the cold steel. The pounding of his heart lessened a little and reaching out to the wood pile he threw a couple of sticks on the embers. A brief pause followed; then the flames licked up the sides of the dry wood. An instant later there was a beat of wings and something vague, black, monstrous swept out of the darkness straight at him.

In that flashing second Dick was conscious only of vast wings covered with skin like oiled leather. There was a gleam of gray-brown fur, the vague glimpse of a vicious looking head with sharply pointed ears that seemed as big as a leopard's. He had just time to fling one arm across his eyes when the thing struck him full, flinging him backward to the ground, and a claw tore sidewise along one cheek. At the same instant the embers of the fire were scattered far and wide and he was plunged into suffocating darkness.

(To be Concluded in the February Boys' Life.)

"Every Barber Uses a Regular Razor —So Does Dad!"

A REGULAR fellow wants a regular razor—a GENCO Razor—one the barbers use—one that won't cost him a mint for blades—one he can strop.

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

It's built to go against the strop at just the correct angle. Its broad back, its carefully concaved surface, and that slight but necessary bevel backing up the edge, set it against the strop just right to regain quickly its keen shaving edge.

Begin shaving with the right tool. Drop in at the hardware store and look at a GENCO Razor. You'll enjoy shaving with it, or else you have only to let us know—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

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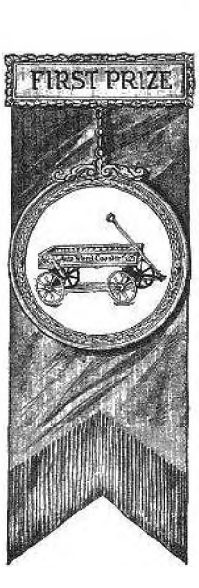

—That's what your gang'll say if you win the prize.

We'll tell the names of winners in February. The names and addresses of the fellows who won prizes for giving the best uses for the

Auto-Wheel Coaster and the Auto-Wheel Convertible Roadster

Maybe your name will be there. Better watch.

Thousands of fellows entered the contest and the judges had a hard time picking the winners. They promised to let us know in time to tell you in February.

More Prizes Coming

Now, if you or any of your gang do not win you have another chance coming. We're going to have a series of contests this year. Just the kind of contests you fellows will like.

—And say—the prizes you can win will make the other fellows say—"Ain't she a peach?". Keep your eyes open for these new contests.

Send for our monthly magazine. You will like it. It is full of contest news—how to get in on Auto-Wheel contests, with suggestions to help you win. Just give the names of 3 coaster dealers in your town and state which one handles the Auto-Wheel. Then we'll send the magazine and a FREE FELT PENNANT. Also the story about organizing an Auto-Wheel Club—with FREE CAPS for all members.

Remember—lots of prizes for 1920.

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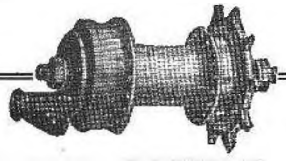

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Husky where huskiness is necessary, nothing sacrificed to meet cost limitations—lasting, unwavering strength—those are the things that for 18 years have maintained the supremacy of the

Corbin Duplex Coaster Brake

Easily regulated but powerful grip, design simplicity, smoothness, flexibility, action positiveness. A brake that does its work regularly and well.

Fred St. Onge's new book on how to ride and care for your bicycle sent free on request.

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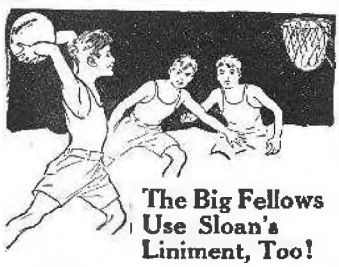

The Big Fellows Use Sloan's Liniment, Too!

IT'S regular Liniment, fellows, for the hard exercise in the gym, the sore muscles and stiffness after the daily romp and tussle in the woods, in camp—all those places where regular he-boys get together and play for all they're worth. Apply a little *without rubbing* and, gosh, it does bring a quick tingle of feel-good to the sore, stiff spot! Get a bottle today—keep it handy. All druggists. 35c 70c $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment *Keep it handy*

BOYS-Lead The Troop!

DON'T stay back in the ranks. Be one of the regular fellows. Join the Drum or Bugle Corps. Either instrument is easy to play. Any boy can learn.

Reg. Artillery Bugles
Not a toy, regular model endorsed by U. S. Army Buglers and Boy Scouts. Made in key of G and F. Full, even tone. Highly Polished Brass finish.
Price. . . . **3.50**

Bugle Corps Drum
Special for Boy Organizations. Size 10 by 14 inches. Wonderful volume. Finished in bird's eye maple or mahogany. American Shield in colors on side. Complete with sticks and sling.
Price. . . . **15.00**

Order Direct from this ad. Both articles guaranteed. Sold on trial and your money back if you want it. Send now for instrument you want or write for **Free** descriptive folder.

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301 AMELIA ST. PLYMOUTH, MICH.

STAMPS
By KENT B. STILES

THE so-called narcotic overprints, stamp products of Federal legislation arising out of the war, are rapidly increasing in number of varieties, and in future years they will form quite a little collection in themselves.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 25 cent rose and $1 green of our Government's wartime 1917 series of documentary revenue labels have been overprinted with the word "Narcotic" with black capital letters, this surcharge being placed on these stamps by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, the stamps then being sent to the various Internal Revenue Districts for distribution among drug manufacturers.

It so happened, however, that in some districts the supplies of stamps had not arrived at the time the law requiring the use of these tax labels became effective. Accordingly some of the Internal Revenue Collectors ordered the word "Narcotic" hand stamped upon various values of the 1917 stamps, with the result that collectors are having difficulty learning exactly how many of these provisionals were thus issued.

It is known that the provisionals appeared in Philadelphia, San Diego, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Seattle, New Orleans, Newark, Los Angeles and Peoria, Illinois. Probably there are others. Sometimes inverted and double overprints have been discovered, and this makes the collecting of the "narcotic" stamps even more interesting.

SOME experimental stamps have been issued at Washington and these provide new adhesives for the collectors. The word "experimental" is used for the reason that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing tried out a machine developed by a Michigan manufacturing company for the perforation of postage stamps.

The Bureau made its experiments during the printing of stamps by the offset or lithographic process, which the Government introduced during the war to take the place of the method of printing from engraved steel plates. After 8,641 sheets, with 400 stamps to each sheet, of the 1 cent green had been perforated with this Michigan machine, 3,175 sheets were destroyed as "spoiled," and the others were placed on sale, and collectors rushed to purchase them. They were unique for collections for the reason that they are perforated 12½, which is a finer perforation than the customary one.

While the trial of the machine was in progress, the Bureau decided to return to the engraved plate process, a moist method which made the use of the Michigan machine impossible because the paper shrinks when put through the machine in a moist condition. Thus the machine was returned to the manufacturers and is no longer in use. But during the experiment it produced 1,386,400 stamps of the 1 cent denomination which are perforated 12½, and this is an exceedingly small supply, so that the variety probably will always be worth a premium. A report meanwhile that the current 1 cent documentary was perforated 12½ during the experiments has been officially denied at Washington.

THE following item appears in a recent issue of "Commerce Reports," the official publication of the Department of Commerce:

"According to an article in the London *Times* the total number of new European stamps issued is about 2,000, of which 1,500 are the first stamps of the European States. Poland, formerly represented by a single stamp, has, since the Armistice, produced 400 separate and distinct postage stamps. Ukrania ranks second, with 175 varieties. Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia contribute about 100 specimens each and Fiume 75. The average for the other States to divide up is between 30 and 50 stamps. The Trans-Caucasian Republic of Georgia brings up the rear with a modest 4. Unified postage will in future cover the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, instead of the existing separate issues."

Since the foregoing paragraph was first published many other new varieties have come to light in the new European States, and the constant political and military changes on the older continent are continually producing others, so that it is very difficult even for the specialist-collector to keep abreast with the philatelic times.

A DANISH stamp dealer's advertisement in a British philatelic weekly disclosed a most significant issue of postal adhesives. The advertisement reads in part:

"During the progress of the Plebiscit in Slesvig there will be issued a new series of stamps of 14 values, from 2½ pfennig to 1 mark. The design will consist of the national coat-of-arms—two lions—and the inscription will be 'Plebiscit.'

"Without doubt these stamps will be very scarce, as they will be used only during the time the voting is going on, and therefore the issue must be small. Do you wish to secure for yourself some of these beautiful and historical stamps?"

How beautiful these labels are remains to be seen, but it cannot be doubted that they are historic. Collectors will recognize that the Danish dealer's "Slesvig" is what Americans call Schleswig; and these stamps are for use in Schleswig only while the voting is in progress to determine whether the people desire to be ruled by Germany, as they have been for many years; or by Denmark, as once they were.

The Peace delegates at the Paris Conference decided that this plebiscit should be held. Germany must renounce all sovereign rights if the population of Schleswig declares in favor of Denmark.

Schleswig has been forced to use German stamps since 1868. The result of the plebiscit will determine whether German stamps will thereafter be used, or whether Schleswig will either use Danish labels or have distinctive stamps of its own. The situation is an interesting one—and once more it is illustrated how postage stamps reflect a development of history, and why the collecting of stamps is informative and therefore valuable!

JAPAN has issued special airmail stamps. The current 1½ sen denomination has been overprinted with an airplane, in red; and the 3 sen has been similarly surcharged with an airplane, but in blue. It is reported from Tokio that only 100,000 of each value was provided, which means that the stamps will by no means be common ones. The labels were intended for use on letters carried by airplane between Tokio and Osaka, about 400 miles, but because of adverse weather conditions the mail went only part way by "flying machine," the airplanes being forced to descend and the letters then being sent to destination by train. Meanwhile postal rules have been advanced in Japan, and several new denominations have appeared.

THREE PARTS.

BOYS who have studied Latin recall that "All Gaul is divided into three parts." Just now, Hungary is divided into three parts—and each part has its own philatelic identity. Probably the same situation would have prevailed in Gaul if in Caesar's time the nations had issued postage stamps.

Three separate administrations comprised the Entente occupation of Hungary subsequent to the signing of the Armistice at the close of the world war hostilities. The Czecho-Slovaks overprinted a coat-of-arms design and the inscription "Cesko Slovenska Statni" upon eleven varieties of Hungary's stamps of 1916-18. The French overprinted "Occupatio Française" on 31 varieties of the same Hungarian issues. The Serbians overprinted "1919 Baranya" on various other Hungarian stamps—40 varieties in all. One wonders whether Caesar could have done anything more interesting than all this in administering Gaul—if stamps had been issued in his era!

FROM FORMER RUSSIA.

MORE new names for collectors are being placed in the philatelic dictionary. These include Don Cossack Republic, Western Ukrania, Batoum and South Russian Republic.

Eleven varieties of Russian stamps of 1908 to 1918 have been overprinted with new values for use provisionally in Don Cossack Republic, and subsequently a permanent series of five values was issued.

Western Ukrania comprises Bukovina and eastern Gallicia—names which figured so often in the military news despatches during Russia's participation in the world war as one of the Entente Allies. For Western Ukrania, thirty-six varieties have thus far appeared.

It is suspected that the stamps of South Russian Republic, or "Elizavetgrad," were put forth by the Bolsheviki. Details regarding these adhesives are lacking.

German-Austria has issued a new series of stamps—twelve varieties, from 2 heller to 1 krone—and in this connection an interesting situation has developed. "Deutschosterreich," meaning "German-Austria," is the inscription on all the stamps emanating from this territory, which once was part of the old Austro-Hungarian dual monarchy. When German-Austria's first series appeared, Scott's catalogued it under the heading "Austria." But the Paris Peace Conference maintained that the territory was in reality a new republic, and accordingly the stamps were given a new heading for the 1921 catalog—"Republic of Austria."

[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]

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READ BOYS' LIFE OFFER ON PAGE 58

Bringing Out the Pay Roll

(Concluded from Page 25)

"Hard aport, Lee!" ordered Curtis in a low voice.

The *Comet* swerved sharply. Curtis dragged Bradley into the standing-room. The paymaster's eyes were closed. A bleeding groove on the side of his head, starting from his left temple, showed the track of the bullet. Presently he sat up, and stared around wildly.

Yells of rage behind. Their pursuers, plunging into the fog after them, were following the *Comet's* wake.

Bang! Bang!

The bullets whistled too near for comfort.

"Hard astarboard, Lee!" commanded Curtis.

Again the *Comet* swung almost at right angles. But this game of hide and seek could not be kept up long. Suddenly Curtis gave a cry of disappointment.

"No use! The jig's up!"

The fog thinned, and the *Comet* shot out into clear water. Fifty yards to port a line of low, black crests appeared and vanished in the ocean swells. Curtis recognized Barnacle Reef, a quarter-tide ledge, over a mile from Puddingstone. Hardly had he noted this, when the bow of their pursuer loomed out of the mist-bank.

The threatening revolvers made further flight suicidal. Bradley took command again, and lifted both hands in token of surrender.

"Stop the engine!" he directed.

Curtis obeyed, tears of anger and disappointment in his eyes. The robbers ran up alongside, pistols ready.

"Hand over that money-box!" came the curt command.

Lifting the heavy box, the paymaster passed it across the lane of water between the boats. Before it was fairly in the hands outstretched to receive it, he let go; and the box all but fell into the water. Only a desperate clutch by the robber saved it. The leader uttered an oath, and lifted his revolver.

"If I thought you meant to drop that ——!"

He did not finish.

"Well, we've got it, Dick!" said one of his fellows. "Now let's make tracks!"

Leaning over, he started the engine.

"Give me the key!" demanded the robber. Bradley tossed him his bunch.

"Which is it?"

"Find it yourself," returned the paymaster.

THE *Comet's* engine started, and the boats drew apart. A dense wall of fog came drifting across Barnacle Reef. Before it closed in, Curtis got his bearings; he had fished round the ledge many times that summer, so knew it perfectly. They were not a happy company. The blood was running down Bradley's grim, set face; and the boys were overwhelmed by a crushing sense of loss. Six thousand dollars! What would Harrington say?

An angry hail pierced the fog.

"Hey there! None of this bunch'll open the box!"

"Never mind! We can break it open," said another voice.

"No!" dissented the first. "I want that key. Hi, you! Run up alongside!"

Barnacle Reef, close aport, reared its barely submerged barrier, five hundred yards long, between them and the island. A scheme for recouping their lost fortunes leaped, full-fledged, into Curtis's brain. A few hurried words communicated his idea to the paymaster.

"Go ahead!" agreed Bradley. "We'll risk it."

Oaths and threats, growing louder, told that the robbers were coming again. A peculiar rock crest, easily recognizable, broke water suddenly, a few yards to port. Curtis knew that, twenty feet beyond, a narrow, crooked passage crossed the reef.

Standing erect and gazing ahead, he measured the distance with his eye. Now! He swung the *Comet* at right angles with her course, and dashed for the ledge at full speed.

"Stop! Hold up! We'll fix you!"

Heedless of the angry cries, Curtis drove the *Comet* onward. The swell rolled by, the rock reappeared. They were in a narrow passage, black ledge only a few inches under the surface on either side. If they struck, it would knock a hole in her.

Bang! Bang! Bang-bang!

Their foes were firing by guess; the bullets whistled spitefully round them. Curtis swung the *Comet* to starboard, then to port. His heart was in his mouth.

A jolt! She had struck. He had lost, after all.

No! She floated free again. They were safely across. Hurrah!

On came their foes, curses mingling with the rattle of their exhaust. A sudden, ripping, grinding crash! A cry of dismay! Then a yell of horror!

"We're sinking!"

BRADLEY and the boys could not repress a cry of joy. It had turned out as Curtis had planned. Their pursuers, hot on the drifting wake of the *Comet*, but ignorant of the turns of the passage, had hit the hard rock at top speed, and wrecked their boat.

"Help! Help! We surrender! Here's your money!"

Cautiously the *Comet* circled back. Dimly through the fog appeared three figures, waist-deep in water.

"They're on the Flat-Iron!" exclaimed Lee.

The Flat-Iron was a quarter-acre of submerged ledge, separated from Barnacle Reef by a deep channel several rods wide. Their boat had reached it just as she went down. The swell heaved in, burying them to the shoulders. They stiffened, with muttered exclamations of alarm.

"We surrender! Take us in! Quick!"

They had good reason for their dread; for the tide was rising.

"Throw away your revolvers!" ordered Bradley. "No tricks now, or we'll leave you to drown!"

Sullenly the three tossed their weapons away; one by one they splashed and disappeared.

"Run in, Curtis," directed the paymaster. "Not too close! Now off with those masks!"

Unwillingly the robbers disclosed their sullen faces. The man with the money-box under his arm was Stanson!

"One at a time!" continued Bradley. "Stand by, boys!"

The first thug wallowed toward the *Comet*, and was dragged aboard. While the boys stood guard, Curtis with a wrench and Lee with an oar, ready to suppress any treachery, the paymaster tied the man's arms and ankles securely. The second was treated in the same way. Then it was Stanson's turn.

"Take that box, Curtis," said the paymaster.

The swell had heaved the *Comet* slightly toward Barnacle Reef, so Stanson had to take several steps to reach her. Curtis extended his hands, and the robber held out the box. Just then one foot went down suddenly. He pitched forward, dropped his burden, and clutched at the gunwale with both hands. Curtis made a quick grab for the falling box, but missed it. In a second it was gone!

He turned a horrified face to Bradley.

"It's fallen over the edge of the Flat-Iron! The rock's two hundred feet, straight up and down! The money's lost!"

STANSON, sneering cynically, was dragged aboard, and trussed like his companions.

"Now for Riddell, boys!" said the paymaster.

He made no reply to Curtis's comment on the loss of the money. Less than a half-hour found them alongside the granite company's wharf.

"Don't say anything outside the office about losing that box," cautioned Bradley in a low tone.

Lee and Curtis wondered, but promised. Bradley seemed strangely cheerful.

Stanson and his accomplices were kept under guard that night, and the next forenoon were sent to Hendon on the *Golden Eagle*.

"Well, boys," remarked Bradley at about ten o'clock, "it's time we started filling those pay envelopes."

Lee and Curtis followed him into the back office. There on the table stood an iron box; the boys could have sworn that it was *the* iron box. Unlocking it, the paymaster began taking out the bundles of bills. He grinned cheerfully in the boys' astonished faces.

"But —— what —— how ——?" stammered Curtis. "You haven't had time to get a diver, and anyhow the water was too deep!"

"Boys," said Bradley, "promise never to tell, and I'll let you into a secret."

They promised.

"Well that other box is down under the edge of the Flat-Iron, and always will be. It's empty! I've been carrying it back and forth every week for a blind. Six thousand dollars is a lot of money; and there's always liable to be some blacklegs in a mixed crowd of three hundred men. So Mr. Harrington and I put our heads together, and reasoned it out this way: If I took this box to Hendon each Friday, everybody would suppose that I was bringing out the pay-roll, and nobody would think of hunting any further to see how the money got here. Then, if anybody tried to steal the box, he wouldn't get anything."

"But who does bring out the pay-roll?" asked Curtis.

"Peter and Allan MacDonald, every Thursday. Remember that basket you saw them take up to the office? This box was beneath the fish. They take it in to Hendon, empty, every Thursday noon, and carry it up to the bank cashier's house under some cod and haddock. He's there with the money I've arranged for the previous Friday. Then they bring it out to Riddell. They're close-mouthed and true as steel; you could trust 'em with millions."

"Seems a little risky," commented Curtis.

"Yes —— for whoever tries to hold 'em up! They're both dead shots, and their boat's a regular arsenal."

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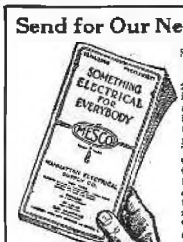

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Jim Morse Adventurer

(Continued from Page 44)

great timbers that made up the platform which they reached by the primitive ladder. This porch was arranged in big steps leading to the opening that served for doorway and chimney. Out of this opening poured curling smoke, rank and yellow, from a fire kindled on a tough log on top of the flooring. Over the fire an old crone was squatting, blowing at the embers, unmindful of the smoke that made the eyes and throats of the whites smart.

SHE peered at them from eyes that seemed filmed as if by cataracts but said nothing as they stepped past her and through the blinding smoke on to the precarious floors, planks none too flat, inclined to roll under foot, and through which they could see the wet beach and the tide pools. The hut was bare of all furnishings save some cooking pots and a few mats. Jim found later that this was no evidence of poverty, though it struck him as such at that moment. In one dim corner lay what seemed a bundle of rags as they tried to accustom their eyes to the reek of the interior. Jim resisted an undignified desire to take to all-fours as the planks wobbled and slid under his feet, the darkness adding to the difficulties of balance.

Captain Burr, once to windward of the smoke, blown by a breeze from the back of the hut, stopped and looked attentively at the old woman, and Jim followed his example. She looked as if she might have been a hundred years old, her body was only a bag of bones, her skin was as rough as the bark of a tree, and her flattened but lengthy nose almost met her chin over jaws that were not toothless but set with worn-down stumps. The crone took no notice of them but went on puffing at the ashes.

Then the skipper, who apparently had been collecting his forces of vocabulary, spoke rapidly to her in the mother tongue.

She swerved on her haunches with surprising activity and peered with puckered eyes at the skipper. Into the dull orbs with their reddened, rheumy lids, there came flecks of light. Suddenly she jerked herself onto all fours, seized the skipper's foot and lifted it to her shoulder before she broke into a perfect torrent of speech, marked with gestures that were eloquent enough. Jim fancied, to have told him what she was talking about, if he had only held a key to the subject. Captain Burr gently set her to her original position and squatted opposite, while Jim followed suit, hunkered down on those wobbly planks.

The skipper rose as the old woman stopped talking and, nodding to Jim, went over to the corner that held the bundle of rags. There was but little light coming in through the palm-thatch or from the smoky entrance, but Jim's pupils had become adjusted and he saw that the bundle was the figure of a man covered with a *kapa* cloth lying faced to the wall of the hut. A slight movement of the *kapa* showed that he was not dead, as Jim first fancied. The body was of great stature, the bushy hair streaked with white.

"Afua," said Captain Burr, then checked himself, "Barri," he went on, and Jim remembered the exchange of names, "Barri, this is Afua!"

THERE was a groan, the figure turned, the *kapa* cloth, drawn close to the greying hair, was displaced, and Jim caught a glimpse of a face that was drawn and wasted, yet the face of a chief, stamped with authority and a certain dignity but, at the moment, holding an expression so mingled that Jim could not translate it. There was joy followed by terror, a smile chased by a settled sadness.

"Afua, my fren'," he said, reaching up an arm, still lusty with corded muscles, though lacking flesh, towards the skipper. "Plenty glad I am you come. But you come too late, Afua, too late." And he turned his face once more to the wall.

"I am not too late, my friend," said the skipper. "I come along in plenty time to save you. You *sohe* my *aitu* (spirit) is too strong for the *aitu* of Tubi. Termorrer I go along Tubi and make plenty talk with him. Too much I show that Tubi where he stop. Now I go and make my magic. Sleep, Barri, brudder of my blood. Sleep and make forget along of Tubi."

They passed out of the hut, where the old woman embraced their feet as they tried to pass her, and came gladly to the open air and down the ladder to the beach. The skipper said nothing until they had got past the native huts and Jim copied his silence.

"Is he dying?" asked Jim finally.

"He thinks he is and that amounts to the same thing with all *kanakas*. He thinks that Tubi, the chief wizard of the Koitapus, is praying him to death."

Jim had heard of the process before and that the spirit of the islander has no more resistance than a jellyfish when he believes himself so bewitched. But with Afua, this giant of a man, still strong, who had fought death in the canoe, surely he would have resisted such a thing? And he put the question to the skipper.

"He'd fight anything that he could see, or touch, or that would fight back," answered Captain Burr. "Anything physical. But this is different. Everyone knows the spell is on him and expects him to die. Many others have died under the same circumstances. Unless we can convince him that we can buck Tubi and his charms Afua is as good as dead. Not to mention anything to our advantage that he might tell us. Neither he nor I are thinking about that now."

"What did Tubi do it for?" Jim asked all his sympathies with the old couple, for he could not yet rid himself of the impression that they were ancients.

"A MAN named Miru," said the skipper, "and who is some relation of Fatoa, got his foot caught in the shell of a giant clam while he was diving for pearl oysters. He had pluck enough to cut off his own foot with his knife before he drowned. But he was away from others and was in bad shape by the time he managed to swim near enough for help, trailing blood in the lagoon all the way. Afua sent for the Mission doctor. Sensible thing to do — but it got him in wrong. Whenever there is any sickness with the Motus they always send a gift to a Klotapu and ask 'em to take away the evil influence. If Afua had sent the gift and got the Mission doctor as well, it might have bin different, though I doubt it. Tubi felt his power was being mocked at an' he makes a charm for Miru and another for Afua an' announces it general that they'll both die.

"Miru died all right. Gangrene an' loss of blood, I reckon, first an' foremost. Fatoa said his leg was swelled like a barrel. Tubi's threat finished him. So that now Afua figgers he's a goner. You see how he's wasted away. Jest given up hope. Figgers he can't live an' don't want to. But we'll pull him through. It's lucky it's clearin' up, though you can't tell what time it'll rain in the mountains. You see, Tubi has made a clay image of Afua and stuck it in a stream somewheres. The theory is that as the image melts away Afua's life melts with it. The villagers watch that image mighty close, and you can bet that Tubi takes care Afua knows just its condition. A freshet from rain might wash the thing to nothing. Afua knows that. If it should rain hard he might die out of fright or superstition."

"Did Tubi make an image for this other man?" asked Jim. "And what would happen if the man died before the image melted?"

"Sure he did, an' Tubi would find means to get rid of what was left of it," said the skipper "We'll go an' see Tubi termorrer. You can gen'rally buy off these wizards an' mebbe we can strike a trade. Though I'm a bit afraid of it. Afua's a chief an' Tubi might figger it had bizness for him to quit in case Afua started to git even — not with magic — but with a club. Afua in his right mind ain't the kind of an enemy Tubi would like to have around. If he decided Tubi's magic wasn't strong enough to kill him, he might take it out of Tubi's hide. We'll see."

"You said something about magic," said Jim. "Magic you were going to make."

"Just a little *hocus pocus* to hearten up Afua termorrer an' mebber impress Tubi," said the skipper. "It's often come in handy, so long's you don't use some trick they're on to themselves. They know a lot of the stunts the early trader used to pull. But we got to handle this thing right. But we'll see what termorrer brings forth. Now, I'll overhaul my box of tricks."

But Jim did not watch him as he sorted over packages and jars, tin boxes and phials of colored glass. Jim relapsed into a brown study.

"Don't you go to worryin' too much about Afua," he said. "We'll clear it up somehow."

"I'm not worrying, captain," Jim replied. "I'm thinking. Seems to me there ought to be some way to outwit Tubi at his own game and I believe I'm on the track of it. I haven't worked it all out yet. I'm going to sleep on it. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," said the Skipper. Then, to the Admiral, half asleep, "Admiral, sink me for a swab if I it nd 'surprise me to have Jim figger out somethin' that 'ud work. He's got brains, has Jim, an' don't you ferget it."

"*Forget it!*" squawked The Admiral. "*Forget it—an' start another deal!*

"You old son of a gun," said the skipper delightedly, "derned if I don't take you erlong termorrer for a *mascot*. Mebbe Tubi has never seen a talking bird, much less heard one."

(*To be continued in February* Boys' Life)

Four-Footed Folk

(Concluded from Page 13)

wider discussion and more controversies than all the other members of the squirrel tribe. He has many human as well as other enemies, and they give him a bad name and an unsavory reputation. He has been called the Ishmael of the woods, and the buccaneer of the forest, and has been accused of laying up nothing for himself, robbing the larder of his larger cousins, the gray squirrel, and being "a potent sucker of eggs."

I ADMIT that in one respect he is an Ishmael, for truly the hand of almost every man, and every boy, too, is against him; but this makes me even the more willing to defend him. I do not know that he needs sympathy, for he seems abundantly able to take care of himself, and, although protected by no game laws that I know of, manages to thrive and reproduce his species within a stone's throw of his worst enemies. He even "snickers" at them and seems to court the danger of their presence, while his larger but more wary relatives are having palpitation of the heart and making frantic haste to get under cover. The saucy little chap is certainly entitled to admiration, and no true sportsman would put an end to his strenuous life. He has his faults, it is true; he is no respecter of persons and would as soon drop a cone on your head as on mine; he is said to be a destroyer of bird nests and their contents; but in so doing he is merely obeying the law of nature and possibly helping to adjust the balance she is always striving to preserve. He is hardly big enough to eat, and that is a serious fault in the estimation of some people. He is pugnacious and stands ready at all times to whip gray squirrels much larger than himself, which we must concede is a naughty thing. There are those who rejoice to see a small dog beat a big one and chuckle to see a bantam whip a shanghai, yet they cannot see anything commendable in the red squirrel that chases a two-pound gray into an adjoining township; but all men do not see things alike.

As for the man who calls my little fellow woodsman "the buccaneer of the forest," possibly if the tiny warrior could speak he might ask him what he is doing there with a gun, and whether a squirrel has no right to forage on his ancestral preserve. If he happened to be a moral and thoughtful squirrel he might even ask this man which were better, to take the gray squirrel's food or his life. I should like to know if the red squirrel actually does steal the food the gray squirrel has stored. If so I shall have learned something. I was brought up in a country where gray squirrels were almost the only four-footed game, and I spent more time hunting them than my parents or schoolmaster thought necessary; but I never yet saw a gray squirrel store food in tree or nest. I will not affirm that they do not, because the more I learn of the woods and the inhabitants thereof, the more chary I am of making positive assertions respecting them. These transactions may have been carried on when my back was turned, or on Sundays when I was not watching them. I believe that the gray squirrels note the location of the fallen nuts, for they dig down to them through the snow with great accuracy; but I have never thought they hoarded food for winter use and if I am right in this, then the red squirrel cannot be guilty of the larceny with which he is charged.

Natural history is sometimes distorted into unnatural history and the statements concerning it are often, like faith, "the evidence of things not seen." So it is with the assertion that the red squirrel lays up nothing for himself; time and again I have seen him store food, sometimes in hollow trees and sometimes in ledges or piles of stones. Not long ago I watched a red squirrel carrying nuts from the top of a chestnut tree to a hollow branch on the same tree. The frost had opened the burrs, and he was making the most of his opportunities. About two minutes were required to make each trip, and if he worked many days as he did during the hour or more that I watched him, he must have accumulated a rich store for winter consumption. The fact that a hard winter thins out gray squirrels but makes no visible decrease in the supply of red squirrels would seem to indicate that the latter are the more provident. Possibly they may rob one another and perhaps their own stores may sometimes be mistaken for the supposed hoards of the grays.

I presume I speak for the minority in saying a good word for the red squirrel. I am told, for instance, that the farmer does not like him. In fact I know one farmer, who allows his mowing machine to stand out of doors all the year and sometimes does not get his corn in until snow comes, who complains of the depredations of the red squirrels. If it had not been for these destroyers I suppose he would now be rich and prosperous. I am aware that some hunters do not like the red squirrel because they give notice of danger and scare the game away. If this be so, then the red squirrels should receive honorable mention in the reports of game protective associations, and great care should be taken to perpetuate the species in some localities I know of. A man who cannot kill game in a forest where there are red squirrels is deserving of sympathy; for there are few pieces of woods that do not have in them a few red squirrels.

IN the Northern forests, when the winters are too severe for the larger squirrels and where, consequently, he cannot steal from them, the hardy red still contrives to keep comfortable. The cold has no terrors for him; and if nuts are scarce he can adapt himself to a frugal diet of cone kernels. In summer sun or winter blast he is the same bustling, self-reliant little chap, and I for one do not feel that I could spare him from the rail fence, which is his own particular highway, or the butternut tree which is his *dulce domum*. In my mind's eye I can see the apple, lodged in the fork of a tree, which he has purloined from the neighboring orchard and from which he occasionally takes a nibble to vary his diet of nuts; or perchance, to ward off a bilious attack. I love to hear his police-rattle and watch his antics when an enemy is near. I enjoy his social ways and spirit of *comraderie* about a camp when he has discovered that he is among friends, and has nothing to fear. I can forgive his pranks as I would those of a mischievous boy who is so full of vitality that he cannot stop to walk. I like to hear his toenails rattling on the roof of my "leanto," and he is welcome to all the food he wants, whether he takes it with or without my permission. Call him the Puck of the forest, if you will, but neither the "Ishmael" nor the "buccaneer," and let him who thoughtlessly or wantonly destroys this roguish but picturesque little animal remember that—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Paying As They Go

IF one man offered you a complete new scout uniform, staff, haversack and axe, and another man offered you just a chance to earn the money to pay for your outfit, which proposition would you accept?

Think before you answer the question.

The "little kid" grabs the goods, always. A man—that is, a real man—declines to place himself under obligation by accepting gifts unless he can reciprocate. Even our parents' gifts we repay like men, with love and gratitude and service, which are worth much more than money or merchandise to those who love us.

"But how about Christmas giving?" you ask.

The same principle applies there. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

The Perth Amboy Council of the Boy Scouts of America, knowing that scouts are manly, and want to stand on their own feet, advises them to earn the money to pay for their own supplies and equipment and provides a method for doing it.

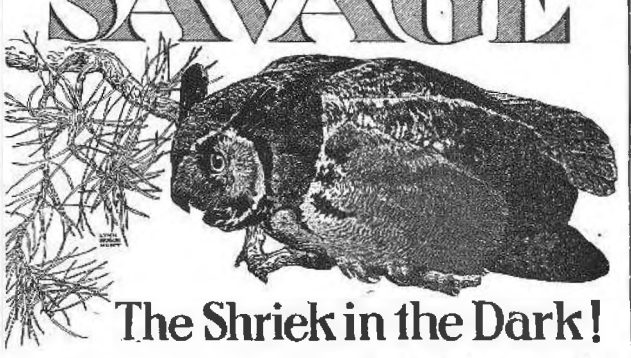
The Council sells to business men "Scout Script." This comes in the form of strips of tickets, twenty to a strip, each ticket worth five cents.

The business man hangs the famous "Smiling Scout" picture in his window when he has work to be done that a scout can do. The council sends a scout and he does the work. The business man pays the scout in Scout Script instead of in money. With the script the scout buys equipment at the local headquarters.

The work may be cleaning up a yard, cutting grass, doing errands—anything a scout can do without loss of self-respect.

One big advantage of the scheme is that the scout is sure to get equipment. If he received money, he might fall in with a gang, go to the soda counter and let his coin slip through his fingers. But the scrip is not accepted at candy stores or movie shows, so the temptation to change his mind does not effect the thrifty scout who starts out to earn an outfit in Perth Amboy.

SAVAGE



The Shriek in the Dark!

DID you ever hear a Great Horned Owl kill a snowshoe rabbit?

You never see it, but you hear it sometimes through the night—hear the rabbit's piercing, almost human shriek, and at its end the owl's deep, quavering hoot, like fiendish laughter.

It's—well, ghastly. It will give you a thrill, even when you know what it is. And it will tell you something of the ever present terror of the little game-birds and animals after dark. For after dark—swift, silent, unerring—he swoops and kills as he pleases. As a game destroyer—even as a chicken-thief—he ranks among the worst.

But—you can get him. In the early dusk—before he can see clearly—he often blunders from tree to tree or sits on a limb in plain sight—a most satisfactory mark for your deadly accurate little .22 Savage Junior rifle. He needs killing, and your father may be pleased enough to have him stuffed for you. He's best that way.

The .22 Savage Junior single-shot is the boiled-down essence of rifle—all accuracy—all reliability—Savage Quality condensed in three pounds, and at only $8.00. Your dealer has it for you. For a complete description, write us.

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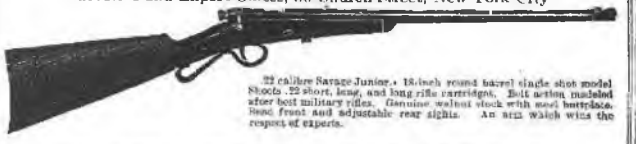

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The cover design on the 1920 Diary is by Mr. Frank Rigney, the artist to the Boy Scouts, whose clever work is seen every month in Scouting and Boys' Life. There are 256 pages and new plates were made for the whole book. The calendar pages have been increased, giving more space for each day in the year. Additional records of war work and names of winning Scouts in some of the various activities are included. Among other changes that have been made are a number of new cuts and a general revision of the signaling and wireless material.

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A calendar which makes a plea for scouting every day in the year. Four panels comprising the four famous Rockwell paintings beautifully reproduced in color. Border decorations by our own staff artist, Mr. Frank Rigney. Calendar is also packed for shipment in a beautifully decorated gift box upon the cover of which one of the Norman Rockwell pictures is reproduced.

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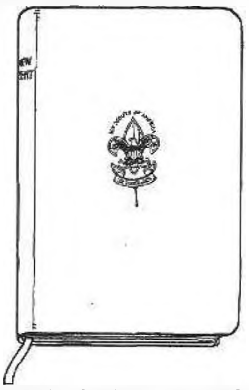
No. B-3500. This is a very attractive especially bound and arranged pocket size new Testament for Boy Scouts. Size 2½" x 3⅞" x ¾". Bound in khaki cloth, red edge and bearing the Scout emblem in gold on front cover. First



pages contain the Scout oath and law and also a valuable list of scripture readings especially arranged for the Scout. Testament is also profusely illustrated with tinted photographs of the Holy Land. Price postpaid . . **35c**

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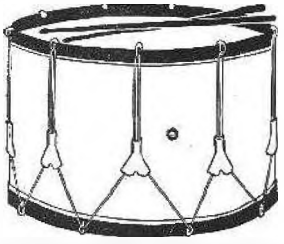

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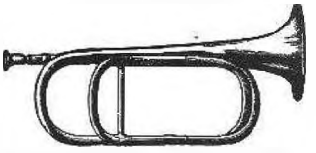

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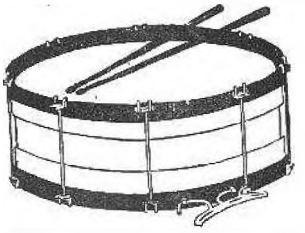

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By this time every registered Scout should have received a copy of the new Fall Catalog issue of "Scouting." One has been mailed to every Scout and Scout Official. It contains valuable information for Scouts and boys who may become scouts.

Whether in camp or on the trail, your Scout training can be put to better and more practical use if you have provided yourself with the proper kind of equipment. To help you in deciding just what articles you should buy to complete your outfit we have issued, at considerable expense, for your benefit, this catalog of Scout supplies. Consult it when in need of equipment and in ordering please use the regular printed order blanks. On such restricted supplies as uniforms, badges, insignia and anything bearing the Scout emblem be sure and have the order signed by the Scoutmaster.

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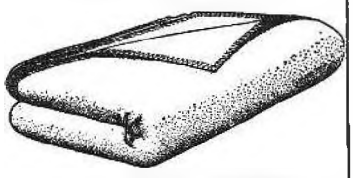

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No. B-1069. Same but size 9 x 18 inches.....25c

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TWO COLOR CUT FELT PENNANTS. The very latest and most attractive thing in pennants. Letters and emblems actually carved in the felt. Flag of one color and letters of another.

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No. B-1181. SPECIAL PENNANT. A superior all-wool pennant; stitched design and felt letters. Size 15x36 inches.....**$1.50**

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NOTE: The above pennants sold only to registered Scouts, whose orders must be signed by the Scoutmaster and Council.

DEPARTMENT OF SCOUT SUPPLIES **BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA** *200 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK*

HERE'S TWO DOLLARS FOR YOU

Come on, boys, start the new year right! Start it with $2.00 cash in your pocket. Yes, real money, given you in exchange for a little of your spare time. It's a cinch, fellows. What do you say? Let's go!

BOYS' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' Magazine, the **Biggest Magazine in the World for Boys,** will give $2.00 in cash to each of its readers who before February 15th, 1920, sends $6.00 to pay for 3 subscriptions. Renewal subscriptions count the same as new, and your own subscription may be included among the 3. If you send 1 or 2 subscriptions before February 15th, 1920, but do not succeed in sending 3, you will receive the regular commission on each one you send with the exception of your own subscription.

No red tape or fuss is necessary. You can start work at once, right now. Take this copy of BOYS' LIFE and show it to the parents of all the boys in your neighborhood between 10 and 18 years' old, and ask each to give you $2.00 to pay for a subscription to BOYS' LIFE to be sent to his son. Send your orders on the attached coupon. Your orders must be mailed not later than midnight February 15th, 1920. Start work today, right now!

IN A FEW HOURS: **Scout G. H. Youngren, of Detroit, Mich., recently earned $4.25 in a few hours of spare time taking subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE. Any wide-awake Boy can do as well.**

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

BOYS' LIFE,
200 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed please find $6.00 to pay for 3 subscriptions to be sent to the persons whose names are below and for which send me the $2.00 in cash as stated above.

My name.....
Address .....

(1) Name.....
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Canadian Postage 25 cents. Foreign Postage 50 cents extra.

The Beach Rat

(Concluded from page 15)

was at the port. Withers knew that he could easily turn the little white craft to the northward instead of to the southward, if only Hungerford did not notice. There was still, of course, their strong chance of being blown out to sea and lost, however. But Jimmy decided that his plan was worth trying, so he bent his oar like one possessed; and Hungerford, ever growing weaker and delirious, did not know that the tiny vessel was making for San Sebastian instead of for Don Palmas.

THE lightning came closer, and the skies became blacker, the inky clouds mounting higher and higher above the western horizon. Soon the wind freshened, and waves began to toss the small craft in a way that made William Waldron extremely seasick. Waldron finally gasped out something unintelligible and piled, his hands blistered and his back feeling as though it were broken, down to the bottom of the boat. Jimmy seized Waldron's oar just as it was about to go by the board, and began to row with two oars like a madman. He wondered why Hungerford offered no objection to the other boy's quitting thus; then a sudden vivid flash of lightning showed him that Hungerford lay crumpled, either dead or insensible, there in the stern.

As Jimmy struggled to turn the tiny vessel's nose several points west of north and shoreward, a wavecrest broke over and brought the deathly sick William Waldron to his knees.

"Ugh!" grunted Waldron. "Jimmy, I'm going to die!"

"Not now," said the boy at the oars. "Not now. You're goin' to bail now. See that pail there at your feet — you can feel it, if you can't see it. Get it, and dip the water out as fast as it comes in: see? Hurry — there's another twenty-five gallons! Say, son, if you want to live to see daylight, for goodness' sake bail out the boat!"

Sick as he was, William Waldron wanted to live to see daylight, and he began to cast out the water.

The storm had spent much of its fury before it reached them, but it was still strong enough to try Jimmy Withers as severely as he was able to withstand. The wind made sails of his oars when he lifted them for another stroke, and drove him back for half the distance he had pulled. The water lashed into the boat as fast as the other boy could bail it out. Jimmy Withers half expected to see the other boy give it up, but Waldron did not. Waldron stuck through all those dark hours, fighting the black sea to the last. And Jimmy Withers —

All through those same dark hours he kept to his post, bending to the oars with the determination of one who cannot, will not be defeated. His back ached in a manner that mere words cannot describe, and his hands were most miserably cramped; still he rowed and rowed against wind and wave and tide. Because with him there was a boy who had all the good things of life that he, Jimmy Withers, had never had; he had to save the other boy because of those things. . . .

Thus the terrible night passed, and the storm had gone when the dawn came. The rising of the sun told Jimmy that, either by wonderfully good luck or remarkable human instinct, he was keeping his course well; he was heading straight to the westward.

Chicago Hungerford lay in a sort of stupor, and muttered mysterious words, now and then, that meant nothing to the boys. Now that there was small chance of more bailing soon, William Waldron dropped to the bottom of the boat and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Jimmy Withers, however, still rowed. It had come to be mechanical with him. His hands seemed welded around the oar-handles; his back seemed to have but one motion, which was back and forth, back and forth.

When the sun was almost at its zenith, the delirious Hungerford began to call for water, water. William Waldron, hollow-eyed, clambered to his knees and looked with piteous appeal at the boy who still rowed and rowed.

"Water!" cried William.

The boy at the oars, the beach boy, turned his staring eyes toward the dim shoreline.

"There," he mumbled — "is water —"

His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, which seemed filled with dry cotton. He didn't dare to try to talk. He needed every shred of his strength for the oars. The storm had carried them farther out than he had thought.

HOURS later, he pulled into the bit of a harbor at San Sebastian, realized dimly that his work was done, and crumpled like a rag in the bottom of the little white boat. And he really did not know anything, — though he did have the remembrance afterward of seeing a kindly face and drinking a draught of cold water, — until some twenty hours more had passed. . . .

When Jimmy awoke from the longest and best, most needed and most refreshing sleep of his life, he lay in a perfectly white and perfectly comfortable bed in a prettier and cozier bedroom than he had ever dreamed existed on earth. There were flowers in vases, and pictures on the walls, and creamy curtains at the windows. Beside the bed sat a middle-aged man who wore a yellowish moustache, a yellowish vandyke beard, and eyeglasses. The man smiled at him.

"I'm William's dad," said the man, answering the question that leaped to life in Jimmy's eyes. He took one of the beach boy's hands in his, and went on: "I know everything, Jimmy. Every single thing. William told us. Chicago Hungerford had a close call, but he isn't going to die. He's under arrest, and you'll get the two thousand. You saved my son's life, Jimmy, and I'm everlastingly indebted to you."

"Don't mention it," said Jimmy. "It wasn't anything at all. William sure is true blue. If you'd only seen him bail that boat —"

It was William himself that interrupted. William the immaculately dressed. He came bouncing in like a rubber ball.

"So you're awake at last, Jimmy!" exclaimed William. "But you needed the sleep, if ever anybody did. Say, Jimmy, we're going to keep you, if you'll let us. Eh, dad?"

Waldron the elder nodded. "Will you stay with us, Jimmy? Be one of us?"

Jimmy's eyes opened wide. A good home, and good things to eat, and nice clothing, and plenty of books to read!

"Sure," said Jimmy. "Sure. And goodness knows I'm much obliged."

Photographic Contest Rules

These instructions must be followed: otherwise pictures will not be considered or returned:

1. Pictures must be related to Scouting directly or indirectly.
   Directly: Activities of scouts, hiking, campaign work, etc.
   Indirectly: Animal and other nature studies.

2. Photographs for any contest must reach the editor before the 10th of the second month preceding the date of publication; that is, pictures for the January contest must reach use before November 10. The competition is open to all readers of BOYS' LIFE.

3. Name and address of sender should be written on back of picture. Pictures without names will not be considered. Do not send letters. Do not send negatives.

4. Pictures will not be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope or folder is enclosed.

5. The Art Editor of BOYS' LIFE will act as judge of the photographs submitted.

6. A prize of $5.00 will be awarded to the picture or group of pictures from one contestant judged the best, and a dollar will be paid for every other photograph accepted and published.

Photographs accepted and published become the property of BOYS' LIFE.

Rules for Short Story Contest

1. For the best story, essay or article on one of the following subjects: Scouting, Nature, Camping, Athletics or School, submitted by a reader of BOYS' LIFE each month, a prize of $5.00 will be given.

2. Any reader of BOYS' LIFE under eighteen years of age may compete.

3. Stories, essays or articles must be not over 1500 words in length.

4. Manuscripts must be typewritten, or written legibly in ink on one side of the paper only, and folded, not rolled. Any manuscript difficult to decipher will be thrown out of the contest.

5. The name and address and age of the author and, if a scout, his troop number, should appear in the upper right-hand corner of the first page or manuscript.

6. With every manuscript a stamped and self-addressed envelope for its return should be enclosed. Only manuscripts thus accompanied will be returned.

7. Manuscripts must reach us by the tenth of the second month preceding the date of issue: that is, a story for the January contest should reach us before November 10.

8. The Editors of BOYS' LIFE will act as judges of the manuscripts submitted.

9. The Editors of BOYS' LIFE will not be responsible for any manuscript submitted in one of the contests.

Curly and the Aztec Gold

(Concluded from Page 27)

"It's the end of him, thank goodness," remarked Berkeley. "He can't follow us into the canyon, and there's no other way to keep track of us. I wonder just how much they know? Probably they have a general idea of the existence of the treasure, but lack the directions for finding it. Well, I'll certainly feel more comfortable when we're off."

The rest of the party agreed with him. It was far from pleasant to feel that they were being constantly spied upon and might even be shot at by scoundrels who would plainly stop at nothing. So the final preparations were hastened and the morning of the sixth day after their arrival in Green River found them ready to start. The boats had been loaded the night before and places in them assigned to each of the six members of the expedition. Berkeley, Jim Ruppert and Homer were to go in one, which had been christened the *Mystery*, while Jack Curtis, Curly and his sister occupied the *Fortune*.

DOROTHY'S presence had caused more discussion, argument and cogitation than any other single detail connected with the expedition. At first almost every one took it for granted that she would stay behind. But when it came to a final decision it was seen that she could scarcely remain in Green River, and the long journey back to Texas alone was almost as full of risks as any they might encounter in the canyon. Dorothy herself was, of course, passionately resolved to go with her brother. He was all she had, and she would a thousand times rather share his risks than undergo a long and trying separation. And after all, the others found themselves asking one another, why not? The girl was as strong and capable and resourceful as many men. She had, moreover, developed a very pretty skill at paddling and would be of real help on the trip. This point reached, the result was inevitable, and on that last eventful morning Dorothy took her place in the foremost boat, outwardly demure, but with much inward jubilation and thankfulness.

Bud Parsons and a number of other inhabitants of the settlement assembled to see them depart. And as the ropes were cast off and the boats drifted out into the river, a hearty cheer arose and many good wishes, some slightly dubious in tone, were called after them from the bank.

The travellers answered them laughingly and then began to ply their paddles. A hundred feet or more from shore the slow current caught them and turned their bows southward. Presently the river swept around a bend; the group on the bank, the little jutting dock, the roofs of houses vanished. They had put civilization behind them and were face to face with the unknown.

CHAPTER XIII

Into the Canyon

FOR more than three hours they went ahead slowly, paddling easily and not making more than five or six miles an hour. The river was broad and comparatively shallow, and moved sluggishly, with no hint of the terrible power it was to develop later. At length, as they approached the end of Gunnison's Valley, the banks began to close in and the current increased perceptibly. When they reached the mouth of the San Rafael, they were going at a good speed and could already see, a couple of miles ahead, the towering cliffs of Labyrinth Canyon, one of the longest in the course of the river.

The *Fortune* was in the lead with Curly in the bow and Dorothy occupying the center compartment. As they approached the dark cleft in the rocks, Curtis gave them a word of caution.

"All you need to do is to keep cool an' look out for rocks," he said. "I'll steer the boat, but if you see a fall ahead paddle like blazes for the side. There's nothing much to be afraid excepting losing your heads."

He had hardly ceased speaking, and Curly had just time to grip his paddle firmly, when the boat was seized in a swift rush of water and carried along at a tremendous speed. The dark walls of the canyon closed around them in a moment, and to the boy's keyed-up senses they seemed to lean over threateningly as if to crush the frail craft.

Those first few seconds were like a night mare to the boy, as he sat rigid, his eyes fastened on the turbulent water which he expected every moment to engulf them.

The spray dashed over in blinding sheets, drenching him to the skin and making him gasp for breath. The loud roaring of the rapid was bewildering, and as they were swept close to an ugly, jutting mass of rock, Curly shivered at the thought of what would happen were they dashed upon it.

The two boats, however, were built for just such work. They rode the waves buoyantly like things alive, and the covered decks and canvas aprons shed water like a duck's back.

For three or four minutes they flew along at the speed of an express train. Then the rapid came to an end as suddenly as it had begun, the boat shot out into smooth water, was seized in an eddy, and before Curly could realize that it was all over, he felt the bow scrape on a sand-bar jutting out from the western shore, and they came to a standstill. A moment later the *Mystery* glided up beside them and Berkeley called out cheerily:

"Well, people, how do you like shooting rapids?"

Curly grinned and wiped his face with an already dripping sleeve. "I've shot other things I liked better," he returned.

"Same here," echoed Homer from the other boat. "I thought we were gone half a dozen times."

"I didn't have that many thinks all the way down," remarked Dorothy, repinning her hat, which had been knocked askew. "I felt exactly as if I was in a trance."

"We'll get used to it in a day or so," Berkeley said, reassuringly. "I will say that was a pretty bad one to start on, though I've seen worse on the St. Lawrence."

"What are we going to do now — try the next one?" Curly asked.

"I reckon we'd better stay here for the night," Curtis answered. "We ain't likely to get another sandbar this side, and it'll be sundown in a couple of hours."

So, a bit stiff and cramped, they stepped from the boats, drew these out of reach of the current and made camp, first erecting the small tent brought along for Dorothy. Fortunately there was plenty of driftwood lodged on the bar and a roaring fire was soon started. Dorothy and Homer cooking.

IT was barely light in the canyon when Curtis roused them next morning. As they plunged their faces into the cold water, Curly surveyed the gloomy prospect ahead of them with lifted eyebrows.

"Cheerful place, isn't it?" he remarked, drying his hands.

"You've said it," agreed Homer. "Looks almost worse than it did last night. I'm not altogether keen about going down there."

"Still, it's got to be done," put in Dorothy, in her boyish manner. "I dare say it will get brighter bye-and-bye."

As a matter of fact, by the time breakfast was eaten and everything packed into the boats, the canyon had grown lighter and the prospect ahead did not seem quite so bad. But at no time could it be said to be really bright. The high walls kept out the sun save for an hour or two at noon, so that for most of the day travelled in a sort of modified twilight.

The current was swift but even, and for half an hour they went rapidly along without meeting any serious obstacles. Then they heard the roaring of a cataract ahead, faint at first and far away, but growing rapidly louder until at length it was fairly deafening.

Within fifty feet of the line of foam, the boats were swung in toward the left-hand shore, where a narrow stretch of crumbled rock at the foot of the steep cliffs gave foothold. Here they disembarked and walked forward to examine the fall. It was a bad one. The water dropped sheer for seven or eight feet, then came jutting heads of sharp rocks, while beyond huge boulders were strewn across the entire width.

Berkeley and Curtis both agreed that it would be madness to risk even a let-down with ropes. A portage was the only thing. This was a long, hard, wearisome job. By the time the boats had been emptied, carried down to a point thirty feet below the fall, and repacked again, it was almost dark, and the whole party was so tired that they nearly fell asleep while eating supper.

Next morning they started early. The current was swift, but there were no rapids of moment and the high water kept them clear of rocks. The course of the river was winding and tortuous. Scarcely ever heading south for very long, they actually found themselves now and then going due north. The walls of the canyon averaged a thousand feet and were very smooth and almost verticle.

For three days their good luck continued. Then, about the middle of the afternoon, they made a sharp turn to the east and saw ahead of them another canyon quite as large as the one they were in. Out of this poured the waters of a large river, which, mingling with the Green, flowed onward, a vast, turbulent flood.

THE two came together with a great rush and roar, and much dashing of spray. So the party at once made for the right-hand

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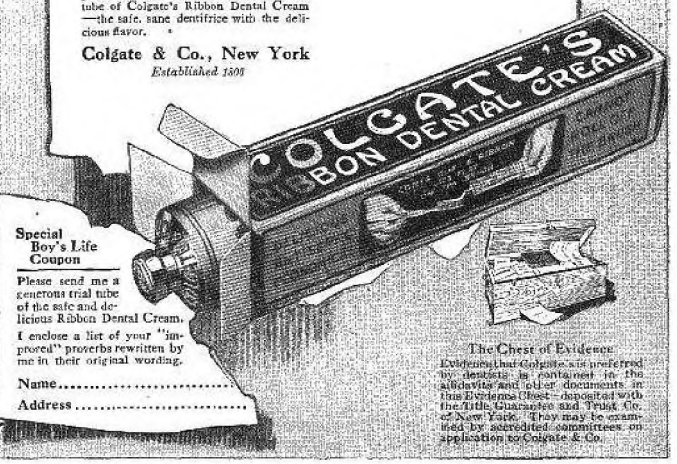

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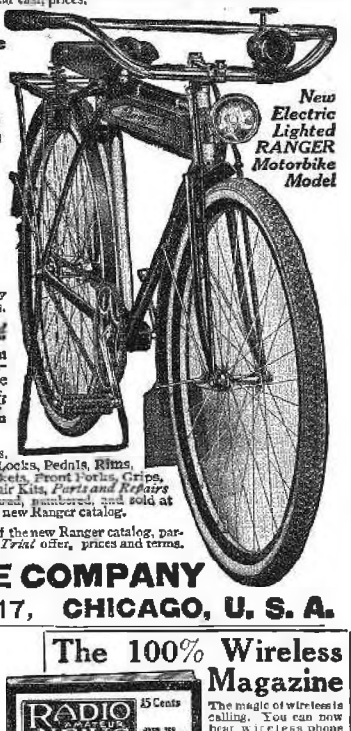

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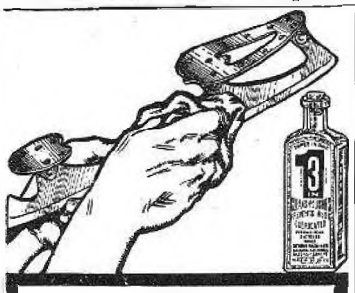

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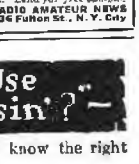

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shore, where they landed and walked forward to get a better view.

"That's the Grand," explained Curtis, as they stood watching the turmoil of waters. "This is where the Colorado begins. Well, the first stage of our trip is over."

"It looks like a nasty spot," commented Curly. "Shall we have to make a portage?"

"Not much! Why, it's a good half mile. Besides, all that fuss and feathers is mostly bluff. You won't find it as bad as our first rapid."

After a good night's rest they started out fresh and ready for anything. And it was as well they were, for ahead of them lay one of the worst canyons in the whole descent.

Crossing the junction of the two rivers did not prove to be difficult. But a few miles further on they came to an ugly rapid which took up nearly the entire width of the canyon and forced them to the expedient of letting down the boats with ropes.

Re-embarking at the foot of the cataract, they were scarcely out of sight of this rapid when a long string of others appeared. Most of these they shot, though Curly would have thought them most hazardous at the beginning of their journey. But by this time he, and the others, had lost every trace of nervousness, and actually began to enjoy the wild exhilaration of the descent.

For the next five days the river was a bewildering succession of rapids and cataracts. Some they ran, at others let down the boats, while a few were so bad that portages had to be made. Scarcely was one behind than another appeared and they progressed at a snail's pace. By nightfall on the fifth day they were all so worn out that they took advantage of a wide sandbar at the foot of the last rapid, where there was plenty of driftwood and a good deal of living growth, to camp for twenty-four hours and rest.

FROM this point the walls steadily decreased in height, until at the end of a week's journey they were not more than three hundred feet high. The river at this point, Curtis and Berkeley decided, was passing through a corner of the Painted Desert, and all that week the current was remarkably smooth and even.

Several times they saw ruined buildings standing singly or in groups and in many places the smooth cliffs were covered with strange picture writing. The height of the walls soon began to increase again, but they were widespread and sloping at the top and the explorers could take much longer runs than in the upper part of the river. On the first day after leaving the Painted Desert region, about two o'clock, they reached the head of a rapid and landed on a narrow ledge to examine it.

It did not seem to present any special difficulties, though just below it the river made a sharp turn so that they could not see what lay immediately beyond. They therefore determined to risk it and pushed off, the *Fortune* in the lead. But first Homer and Dorothy changed places, for there was always a little more danger to the leading boat. It was a precaution for which Curly could never afterwards be thankful enough.

They went over the rapid in good shape and then, as they swept around the curve, Curly gave a sharp cry of warning: "To the right—quick!" and strove with all his might to turn the boat in that direction. For not twenty feet ahead the river took a sudden drop of eight or nine feet and at the foot of the fall lay a huge mass of rock, cutting the stream almost in half.

Working desperately, they succeeded in pointing the bow toward the wider channel. But, just as they reached the edge, Curly's paddle gave way under the strain and broke with a loud snap.

Instantly the *Fortune* was whirled half around, went over the fall broadside, barely grazing the big rock as she did so, and then capsized.

CHAPTER XIV

Peril

AS they went over, Curly kicked himself free from the canvas apron and struck out for the shore. For a space he could make no headway against the irresistible current. Indeed, it was as much as he could do to fight for an occasional breath of air as he came to the surface.

At last the mad rush subsided a little and he could lift his head and look about him. The river had widened considerably, and, though it still ran swiftly, it was fairly smooth. But as he looked the boy's heart gave a sudden leap. Not far ahead was an ominous white line of foam which betokened another cataract toward which he was being swiftly carried.

Desperately he struck out again for the shore, trying this time an oblique course instead of cutting directly across the current, and in a few minutes found that he was succeeding. Inch by inch he neared the shore, but foot by foot, with terrible swiftness, that line of foam came nearer.

At length he felt that it was a hopeless task. Worn out by the struggle, he could scarcely take another stroke. The strip of sand-strewn rock was twenty feet away and the rapid quite as close. Still he did not give up, though he knew that his weak efforts could accomplish nothing.

What was his amazement to find himself progressing toward the shore with a sudden increase of speed. It did not seem possible; he felt as if he must be dreaming. Still, mechanically moving arms and legs, he watched as in a maze, the narrow strip of beach come nearer and nearer.

Then his foot touched bottom. This was no dream at least, and roused to energy, he struggled forward, tripped and fell, to lie there breathless, his face resting against the sand and pebbles he had never expected to feel again.

For several minutes he lay there utterly exhausted. Then, dragging himself to his feet, he began to make his way slowly back over the rocks. A moment later Berkeley came around the bend and ran toward him.

"Jove!" he gasped as he came up. "I thought you were a goner that time."

He gripped the boy's hand and Curly returned the pressure.

"It was a close shave, all right. Are the others all right?"

"Yes; Jack pulled Homer out, and Jim and I managed to get down without upsetting."

"So would we if that beastly paddle hadn't broken," returned Curly, picking up a branch that lay against the wall. "Want to see a queer thing, Dean?"

HE threw the piece of driftwood out some forty feet from shore. It was instantly seized by the current and whipped over the cataract. He tossed a second piece about fifteen feet further in, and to Berkeley's surprise it lay still for a moment and then slowly drifted toward them.

"That's all that saved me," Curly explained. "I was so dead I could hardly move when that blessed eddy caught me. How do you suppose it happens to be here?"

"The curve of the shore, I suppose, or possibly the way the rocks lie under the surface," shrugged Berkeley. "Those back-eddies are almost always at the bottom of the rapid instead of the top, so this one must have been arranged for your especial benefit, old man."

He laughed, but as they moved away his hand lay across Curly's shoulder, and its grip told something of his relief at the happy outcome of the accident.

Luckily, the others had been more fortunate in the upset than Curly. To be sure, Homer got a crack on the head which dazed him a little, but he and Curtis were thrown much nearer the shore, and both finally reached it in safety. The boat was caught in an eddy and whirled in to the opposite shore, where she still lay against some rocks, swaying dangerously and likely at any moment to break away and be swept on down stream.

The immediate efforts of the whole party were therefore concentrated on making her safe, after which they made camp and settled down to enjoy a much-needed rest.

For a while next morning the river was very quiet in comparison with the turmoil and excitement of the day before, and they floated along with an unwonted sense of luxury and freedom from care. The walls were narrow and over half a mile high, but after a couple of hours' run these widened out and glimpses of a vast, forest-covered plateau could be seen, miles away to the westward.

About two in the afternoon they reached the mouth of the Little Colorado River. The canyon through which it flowed was deep and imposing, but the river itself was small, shallow and, curiously, salty to the taste.

THEY paddled a few hundred feet up it and were then astonished at striking bottom. The two boys at once leaped out and found that the water came barely to their knees. So the others, except Dorothy, followed their example, and dragging the boats along gained the left shore.

Berkeley was anxious to find a way to the top of the cliffs, which at this point were some four thousand feet high, and promptly set out to make a search, accompanied by Curly and Homer.

For a long time they were unsuccessful. Several times they climbed up a good way only to find further advance in that direction barred. At length, having walked over a mile beyond the river's mouth, they reached a spot where the walls were more broken, and after considerable trouble they gained a broad ledge which ran along the cliff about five hundred feet above the level of the water.

They were walking along this, thinking to find some further means of ascent, when Curly, who was a little in advance, stumbled over a rock, fell headlong and instantly disappeared from view.

For a moment the other two stood aghast. Then rushing forward, they peered into the hole through which he had vanished. It was dark and silent, and apparently bottomless.

"Curly!" called Homer anxiously. "Are you there, old man?"

"Of course I'm here," came back in muffled tones. "Where'd you expect me to be? Come on down. It's a house."

"What!" exclaimed Berkeley incredulously.

"Sure — a house. I fell down the chimney. Hang by your hands and drop. It won't hurt you."

Though the idea seemed for a moment rather startling, they did not hesitate long. Homer went first, slipping into the hole, hung for a second by his hands and then let go. The fall was not more than six feet, and when he landed, somewhat jarred, he was amazed to find himself in a rectangular room with walls of roughly-hewn stone, which was dimly lighted from another end.

Curly was standing near and caught his shoulders to steady him. A moment later Berkeley appeared, spluttering and choking from the dust he had raised, and the three proceeded to explore this strangely discovered dwelling.

It was a single room about forty feet long by less than fifteen in width and not more than six feet high. The reason they had not discovered it from above was at once apparent, for the roof was a wide expanse of natural rock. A cleft in the surface of the cliff had been taken for this ingenious abode; a wall of roughly-fitted stones built on a level with the face of the cliff made the front, while two others at the ends completed the parallelogram. The front wall was without a break, the place being lighted by narrow openings at the ends, which did not look directly on the canyon, but upon a ledge with an overhanging roof, a continuation, in fact, of the main cleft.

THE well-like hole through which they had come served apparently for both chimney and staircase. Below it the rocks were blackened by fire, and on the floor nearby lay the mouldering remains of an ancient ladder.

Generations must have passed since the place was occupied. The undisturbed dust of ages lay thick over everything, and as they moved about it arose in stifling clouds. Except for the cruder look of the stonework, the room was very like some of those the boys had examined weeks before in that ruined city of the stream. They even unearthed several perfect jars of earthenware decorated in colors, which interested Berkeley tremendously.

"It's an awful pity we can't take them away," he sighed. "This one is particularly rare in shape and —"

He broke off abruptly with an exclamation of surprise. For Curly, moving toward the door, had stumbled over a little mound on the floor and dislodged a human skull, which rolled across the floor and came to rest at Berkeley's feet, its empty eyeholes staring upward and the yellow teeth set in a sardonic grin.

Curly laughed mischievously at his friend's expression. "Skulls are nothing to us, Dean, after the bunch we saw in that cave," he chuckled. "I am glad, though, that this one isn't yellow. Believe me, we got rather weary of that color."

After examining the grim relic, they hastened to brush away the dust from the remainder of the heap, and presently uncovered a complete human skeleton. It was of a rather short man with broad shoulders and long arms. It lay curled up in an unnatural position, but the closest search failed to reveal any signs of violence.

"Guess he must have died a natural death, after all," Curly remarked as he rose to his feet. "I thought we might find a knife stuck in his ribs like — What the deuce have you found?"

For Berkeley, who had been grubbing in the dust, leaped suddenly to his feet, a small glittering object in one hand.

"Look!" he cried, holding it toward them.

It was a small golden statuette not more than two inches high, representing a man sitting on a throne or chair. The four arms, the feather headdress, the hideous face with its protruding tusks, were identical with that great stone image they had discovered in the cave. Curly and Homer both cried out their surprised recognition.

"Huitzel, the Aztec god of war," Berkeley informed them. "It's a great find, for it proves one of two things. Either the Aztecs themselves had settlements along the Colorado, or else there was some connection between them and the Cliff Dwellers."

"No matter which is right," remarked Curly. "It seems to me that this is one more proof that they knew of the existence of this river and were very likely to hide their treasure here."

"Exactly," smiled Dean. "It's just one more proof. If that is needed, that we're on the right track."

(To be continued in the February's Boys' Life)

Answering the Challenge

(Continued from page 49)

and dropped her body to the ground. Her cruel yellow eyes narrowed, her ears flattened against her head, her whiskers stood out and her lips curled, baring long, savage yellow teeth.

The young bull, surprised, too, stood irresolute. An old fear welled up in him and made him want to flee in uncontrollable panic. But this was quickly dominated by the desire to fight that was rampant now. And adding fuel to this was the memory that the sinister form and unpleasant odor of the great yellow cat awakened within him. There was a vague feeling that he had a score to be settled. But the dominating emotion was that this tawny menace stood between him and the herd beyond, between him and the great bull that he meant to conquer, between him and the leadership of the band in the valley beyond the ridge.

He snorted loudly, and began to paw the ground, brandishing his well-armed head in a challenge.

THE great cat eyed him. For a moment she seemed to debate the situation. Past experience told her that elk were cowardly things. She had never encountered a young bull face to face in rutting season before.

Slowly she began to creep forward, making an ugly sound in her throat as she came on. Step by step, crouching, she advanced, watching for a chance to spring. The young bull pawed and shook his head again, then dropped it low as if to charge. The great cat saw her chance to fling herself clear of this bristling hedge of polished horns and land full upon the elk's unprotected back. Like lightning she leaped.

But the young elk was not taken off guard. The instant the tawny form shot through the air up came his head with its armament of deadly spikes. It met the tawny form midway in the spring and she crashed down full upon this deadly hedge.

The bull went to his knees with the weight of the body impaled upon his antlers, but he staggered up with a snort and, while the great cat clawed at his flanks and back in an effort to drag herself off the horns, he shook his head and shoulders heavily and pitched her away from him. She dropped into the snow with a snarl and backed away, prepared to spring. Crimson spots on the white snow testified that the young bull had drawn first blood in the battle.

The elk's fighting blood was surging through his veins, now, and he charged the panther. With a gurgling hiss she leaped aside and tried

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Some Tenderfoot

(Concluded from page 12)

body rose up before him. Memory of a scout's tales told him what the brute would do. He would seize his victim's body with his left arm and leg and hold it in a vice such as a wrestler might use, while the powerful, sinewy right arm was striking a blow that would knock him senseless, stunned. Then the ape would tear him.

The arm was already reaching out, incredibly long, incredibly muscular. The huge body was leaning forward to lend it full weight for its work. It had almost touched him, when, with a sudden scream of fear, Jackie shot sideward. The movement was half automatic, half the result of a sudden thought. It was successful.

The clumsy body, failing to find the expected support, fell forward. Before it could recover balance, never an easy matter for an ape, it was dragged by its own bulk into the pit. But such was its agility that it was around again, erect, on all-fours, when Jackie had recovered enough to fire.

This time he did not miss. He aimed for the forehead center, and hit. The gorilla tumbled over, dead.

A few minutes later the scouts, guided by his shots and the single scream, came running through the brushwood, terrified, expecting to find him dead. They found him standing stupefied by the pit. He was white, shaking from head to foot. Unable to speak, he pointed to where the ape lay in a heap.

"Holy Mackerel!" cried Bradley, speaking for the rest. "Tackled him all alone — a mad gorilla? Gee! you're some tenderfoot I'll tell the world!"

Felton tried to smile, and, much to his dismay, found himself in tears.

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(Continued from Page 20)

HE knew the pump was stopped and must have been for a long time and that no one at the surface was aware of the fact or he would not have been lowered to this level. Neither had Pound and the men left the mine or dozens would have known that, too.

"Mr. Pound! Mr. Pound!" Danny's call rumbled far up the shaft and finally died away in faint echoes, but no answer came back. A very little time for thought; then he decided to find the pumpman. Giving his float a push he paddled after it straight for the nest of pipes that ran up the shaft from the pumps, which were now completely submerged in the black water. Something moving way back in the farthest corner caught his eye and as he drew closer he saw it was Pound's head and shoulder pressed against a pipe, while one hand grasped the end of a rope.

"Mr. Pound! Mr. Pound! What has happened?" he broke out, swimming so close that even in the smoky light he could easily see a ragged gash on the pumpman's head and cheek.

POUND made no answer, and the question was repeated. Still it brought no reply. Then Danny tied the rope under Pound's armpits, and fastened one arm over the timber-float so that he could not sink. This brought a feeble response and the broken, mumbled words, "Piece of Number Two fell on my head. Number One stopped. Telephone men in 'stopes!' Start pump!"

A glance showed Danny that the telephone was under water and useless. The only thing left was to try to start the pump. Three strokes and he was directly above it ready to dive for the hammer which would in all probability be lying on top of the valve-chest.

Like a huge musk-rat, he curled over and disappeared, going down deeper and deeper until his groping fingers found what he wanted. Then his black head popped into the dim light and while still catching his breath, he figured out as best he could the location of the working parts.

His mind was centered on a connecting-rod, directly above the lever, when he jack-knifed over a second time. This rod would give him something secure to hang onto and as his free hand fastened upon it, he steadied himself, thrust the hammer downward and felt for the protruding arm. When the two iron surfaces met he gauged the position the best he could by the feeling and prepared to strike.

The hammer was raised and brought down with all his strength, but whizzed by its mark. A second stroke was more successful in striking the iron squarely. The lever did not move, however, for the resistance of the water had greatly lessened the force of the blow.

Everything had gone so well at the beginning, but must he now give up with more than fifty men's lives hanging in the balance? He wouldn't and set his jaws. Time and again he coolly struck out with all his strength until his ears buzzed and lungs seemed ready to burst. Then he shot to the surface gasping for breath, but with no idea of abandoning the task. There must be some way and he locked an arm around a steam-pipe so that he could rest and think.

WHEN his eyes cleared, he looked toward the drift and his wits immediately quickened, for that scant inch of space between the water and the drift-roof was now nothing more than a hair-line. He must have something heavier. In the morning he had seen a four-pound miner's hammer lying on a tool-shelf at one side of the station. The shelf was submerged, but a few seconds later he once more locked one arm around the steam-pipe, while his free hand held a hammer more than three times heavier than the machinist's hammer used before.

Now, for what the plucky but well-nigh exhausted boy hoped would be the final dive. There was no undue haste, though, for he fully realized the difficult job ahead and that he must not get excited. A questioning look at Pound, now half floating, half resting on the heavy timber, and down went Danny once more. Before, he had easily found the connecting-rod, but now, try as he might, could not locate it and a half minute later he again came up, gasping for breath. Still, he would not give in and his get-there face hardened and his jaws set with determination. "I've just gotta do it alone," he said aloud; "no one could help, even if they were here."

A short breathing-spell and down he went a fourth time, his plunge causing small waves to ripple across the station and into the shaft. This time he easily found the rod, but when the hammer touched the lever, his held-in breath was causing great agony and the quick blow he struck before rising to the surface had little force.

Even if everything now seemed to be going against him, he had no thought of giving up. He cleared his eyes, took plenty of time to fill his lungs, and went down once more. His fingers locked around the convenient hand-hold when his feet were a good yard under water; then a moment later, hammer face and lever came together squarely. Back went his arm for a good swing and then steel struck iron with a sharp click: still the lever was not knocked over.

The arm went back again and was brought down with full strength, but this time there was no answering click, for the hammer had missed its mark. A second time is missed, then Danny set himself for the next trial. His lungs seemed to be bursting, but he took plenty of time, swung his arm back, then savagely shot it forward. The hammer struck fairly. The lever swung over and as the steam began rushing into the buried cylinders, sending out a loud, crackling, rumbling din, Danny's black head popped to the surface.

Before he had taken a third deep breath, his ear was glued to the water-pipe, while with heart pounding wildly, he waited for the welcome click of the valves. But he caught nothing more than the deafening crackle of the steam, forcing the dead water from the cylinders. Had his work been in vain? If it had he knew of no other way to set the pump in motion.

NOW for the first time the boy wished that he had gone on top after help. But an instant later he said to himself, "I don't believe anyone could have done more." Perhaps the lever was not over far enough. He would make sure and was just preparing to dive again when he caught the sound he had been waiting for — the click of the valves. Would they click again? He asked himself the question, but the strained expression in his eyes and on his dripping face told plainly what he thought the answer might be. Then he caught the sound again just once and after a slight pause, again and again, with clock-like regularity.

His face brightened. Still, he knew that his task was not completed by any means. The pump might stop again, and for a certainty would have to be speeded up in order to lower the water. And lowered the water must be

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Codfish Possibilities

(Concluded from Page 19)

stayed home with his family he'd probably be alive to-day. . . . And now I see your friend a-coming, so I'd better be moseying along. Good day, Mr. Kelly, and much obliged."

"You ain't obliged to me for anything," replied Johnnie.

"Then thank your friend for his hospitality. E. J. M. is O. K.— boat and owner."

He faded around the outer end of the boathouse and out of sight while Johnnie sat and chuckled.

"Hello, there, J. E. M.," cried the boy as the foreman came in.

"Hello, Red," returned his friend. "Here's my parcel of lunch. Catch it. Where did you put the other one?"

Johnnie looked on the seat beside him. The package was not there. He looked on the floor.

"I've jest been entertained by a friend of mine," he explained with long face, "and douse my top-lights, but I bet he's off somewheres this very minute stuffin' himself with your special treat! I'm awful sorry."

J. E. M. dismissed the matter with a wave of the hand.

"He's welcome," said he. "I've been wondering after all just how they'd taste cold."

"What was they?" demanded Johnnie.

"Codfish balls. I got them in the Bee Hive this morning."

Johnnie fell back in the cushioned seat, kicked up his heels, and shouted with glee.

"The poor fish!" he roared.

* * *

(NOTE: We are inclined to think that the lime-juicer, purposely or otherwise, mixed his geography. The latitude and longitude given is the position of New York City Hall.— *The Editor.*)

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World Brotherhood

(Concluded from page 34)

A Dutch Scoutmaster living in Amsterdam, Holland, writes us that he would like to exchange view cards and correspondence in regard to scout work with American boys. We hope to receive some interesting letters to forward to him.

If you desire to become a member of the World Brotherhood of Boys please follow carefully the directions given below.

Write the very best letter you can to an unknown boy.

Put it in an envelope, but do not seal it.

Write your return address small in the upper left hand corner, or on the back of the envelope. Leave the body of the envelope clean so that we may put on the boy's address. At the bottom of the envelope you may write the name of the state or country to which you want the letter to go. Put on enough postage to take it there.

Write on a separate slip of paper:

Your name.

Address.

Age (at nearest birthday).

Whether you are a Boy Scout.

The foreign language, or languages, you can write.

Any hobby or subject in which you are especially interested.

Instructions about the kind and number of correspondents you want.

You need send the above information with your first letter only. Send merely your name and the words "old member" with later letters. Enclose the letter and slip in another envelope and mail it to

WORLD BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS,
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New York City.

We forward your letter to a boy—somewhere. When he answers it he becomes your correspondent and you write direct to him, not through this office.

M. De Kaulenaer, a Scoutmaster of Antwerp, has sent a letter of greeting to the members of the World Brothers. Surely some of our members will seize the opportunity to give the names of their home towns to Belgian patrols.

"It has long been our intention to write to our brother-scouts of America.

"According to the desire of our County Commissioner Mr. Georges De Hasque, it will be for our Troop very agreeable to make your acquaintance.

"We shall send you picture cards with views of our town and country. We hope well that you will do the same.

"We should be glad to hear something about other Boy Scouts' troops in your state. Our Troop bears the name of the splendid Relief work done for us by the United States, during the dreadful years of the Boche occupation.

"We have 25 Troops here in the District, all bearing thus the names of different of your states. Besides this the patrols bear the names of the cities from where scouts correspond with us. Thus our first patrol Horse is called, also, the Tampa boys.

"When another troop out of your state would write us the name of its place would be given to our second patrol, etc.

"Expecting to hear from you as soon as possible, we are, dear Scouts.

"Yours truly, etc."

We have a letter from Buenos Aires, in the Argentine, which gives the addresses of five boys in that city who wish to correspond through the World Brotherhood. We urge American boys to respond to this appeal but must repeat that those who desire to get in touch with these Argentine boys, or with any other members mentioned from time to time in this department, send letters written in accordance with the rules of the Brotherhood, printed below. DO NOT WRITE TO US FOR ADDRESSES OF MEMBERS.

Model Aeroplanes

(Concluded from page 46)

power. It is usually thrown into the air and the length of the flight depends largely upon skill in handling it. A simple method of securing long flights is to have the glider launched with considerable force by means of a rubber band. Two sticks are driven firmly into the ground about two feet apart and the tops on the same level three feet from the ground. One or more strands of rubber are then fastened at either end to the tops of the sticks. The model is thrown just as a stone is shot from a sling shot. A small projection or hook is placed at the forward end of the glider which is hooked on the rubber strands. The glider is then pulled back two or three feet, as far as the rubber will stretch, and after being carefully aimed released. With a little practice a long and graceful flight is assured.

In giving a glider or a power driven model the behavior of the little craft depends largely upon the position of the planes or wings. The planes are fastened to the stick by means of rubber bands and can be readily moved back and forth until properly adjusted. It will be found that by curving them slightly upward the length of the flights may be increased. By making the wings slightly convex the glider can be given a graceful upward motion and this may be increased until it will loop the loop. It is a fascinating field of experiment and one who has gained this experience will be sure of success in building and flying the regular models.

These little gliders may be purchased in most toy shops for ten cents or bought by mail. For those who prefer to build them for themselves a few simple directions will suffice. The central stick should measure one-half by one-eighth of an inch and twelve inches in length. The larger plane should be made of white wood about one-sixteenth of an inch thick and two and one-half inches by twelve inches. The smaller plane, carried forward, measures two and one-half by five and one-half inches. The edges of both planes should be rounded. A small vertical rudder two and one-half by three inches is mortised into the center of the stick. A small block of wood or a hook is fastened at the forward end of the stick on its upper side to hook over the rubber band.

Not in the Curriculum

(Concluded from page 19)

Gosh all hemlock! I was homesick. Then I remembered Sandy, our hired man, was still at the farm. I pointed my nose toward home and skedaddled and believe me, I went some until I hit the woods just below the intervale, where the wind was soughing through those tall pines like invisible fingers plucking on Old Nick's harp. It sure was the lonesomest place I had ever been in; but the thought of Uncle Nate drove me on until I came to where the Old Shaker Graveyard runs down close to the road.

I'd forgotten the graveyard until just as I got up to it a white shapeless figure jumped into the road with a screech and ran toward me waving its arms.

Old Van Kluck did a turning movement before Paris: but he had nothing on me. I turned and, believe me, son, I went back to Uncle Nate's so fast I almost met myself coming away. I slid into the house like a dog that's just come from killing sheep and found the old gentleman asleep in his chair.

When he woke he said I'd been a good boy not to have disturbed his nap and he gave me a nickel, which surprised me so I almost refused it.

After that we were great pals, and I actually hated to leave him when the folks got home.

Cheer up, Ted, you'll like the school better before long, and try learning all your lessons instead of only part; you can fool a lot of teachers that way.

One thing more, don't write any doleful letters to your Ma just now. I'm planning a surprise trip with her to the White Mountains for our twenty-first wedding anniversary and if you go butting in on her good time I'll tan you good. No, I won't. I'll stop your allowance for a month. That'll hurt worse.

Your affectionate father,
WILLIAM SOULE.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you the ghost I met by the graveyard was a half-wit who had escaped from Danvers in his night shirt

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Comfortable

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Bugle can be sent to you by mail if postage is included. Weight when packed, 1 lb. 9 oz.

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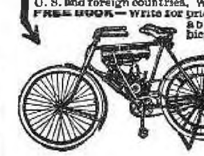

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MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME COUNT—READ BOYS' LIFE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 64

WINNERS — THREE

All of Albany, N. Y.

Does your troop need camping equipment? An Albany, N. Y., troop did, but it did not sit around waiting for someone to give it the money with which to buy certain articles it wanted. It went out, got busy, and as a result of a little more than a week of spare time work it now has the equipment it didn't know how it was going to get.

SCOUT NUSSBAUM

All the "pep" and "get up and get" spirit among the Boy Scouts is not centered in Albany and there are other troops or wide awake scouts who want certain scout equipment just as those boys in Albany did, and the up and coming boys of this kind are not going to wish for scout equipment long. They are going to get busy and earn what they want.

Any enterprising troop, patrol, or bright boy can earn generous cash commissions, or if scouts, scout equipment, by selling subscriptions to Boys' Life in spare time.

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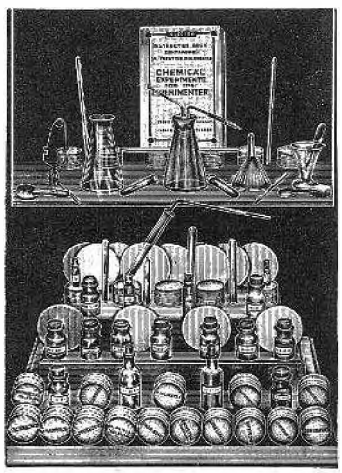

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Do you know how Chlorine Smoke and Chlorine Gas (German War Gas), is made?
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We present herewith to our friends our E. I. Co. Chemical Laboratory which contains real chemicals and apparatus to perform real chemical experiments. This outfit is not a toy, put up merely to amuse, but a practical laboratory set, with all the chemicals, apparatus and reagents necessary to perform real work and to teach the beginner all the secrets of inorganic chemistry. With this outfit we give a text book containing a treatise in Elementary Chemistry, useful data and recipes, and 100 instructive and amusing experiments.

The chemicals furnished are all technically pure and put up in appropriate wooden boxes and glass bottles, and there is a sufficient quantity to make dozens of experiments with each. The apparatus are of standard laboratory size and quality.

Altho all chemicals have nearly doubled in price, we have decided not to raise the price for this outfit for the present.

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And order one today!

44 Chemicals — 17 Apparata
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PRICE $5.00

Shipping Weight, 10 lbs. — Can be Shipped by Express only

$5 E. I. Co. Chemical Laboratory

Description of the Outfit—It contains the following 44 chemicals:

Ammonium Chloride	Manganese Dioxide	Sodium Chloride	Aluminium Sulphate	Stannous Chloride
Alum	Oxalic Acid	Calcium Sulphide	Ammonium Carbonate	Nickel Chloride
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Boracic Acid	Iron Oxide	Lead Acetate	Calcium Chloride	Sulphuric Acid
Charcoal	Sulphate of Zinc	Ferrous Sulphate	Chloride of Zinc	Iodine
Sodium Nitrate	Magnesia Carbonate	Nickel Sulphate	Copper Sulphate	Mercury, Metallic
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One Conical Glass Measure	One Delivery Tube	One Glass Dropper	
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Fifteen Hundred

(Concluded from page 62)

if the imprisoned miners were to come out alive.

Once more Danny dived long enough to find the throttle-valve and jerk it wider open. Then with his ear against the pipe, he caught a more rapid click. Now what should he do? What would Pound do if the situation were reversed? Danny thought a few seconds only, then decided, "He'd stick right to the pump and that's what I'll do."

With arm crooked around the pipe, hammer held ready for instant use and eyes turned toward the drift, he waited for the dark hair-line to widen and prove conclusively that the water was lowering. Undoubtedly the men knew by this time that they had been trapped, and he could easily picture them holding onto the "stone" ladders while peering into the dark depths below. Time and time again he curbed the desire to throw the throttle-valve wide open so the pump would go still faster. It might be all right, then again it might cause a break-down and he must stick to the motto of safety first.

Was the hair-line at last really wider, or was it his imagination? To make sure he turned his gaze from the drift for a good five minutes, then back. Now he was sure the water was lowering for dancing ripples waved in and out beneath the rocky roof.

Little by little the space extended to a hand's breadth, then to a foot, and when, more than an hour later, it reached a foot-and-a-half below high-water mark, Danny — bending low so that he might look well into the flooded drift — felt sure something was coming toward him. And he was right, for the something soon turned out to be a man, who swam to the youngster's side and began asking questions.

BEFORE an explanation had been more than fairly started another head popped from the drift, and then another. Now the men came in a steady string, some being helped along by their companions, while others kept up by holding onto pieces of plank. In a few seconds the whole station was dotted with bobbing heads, as the miners hung onto the station sides or floating timbers.

Danny asked for Morehead, and was told that he would not come until sure that everybody was out of the "stopes." This meant that someone should take charge at the shaft, and Danny immediately did so. "Hey Pete!" he called to a burly gang-boss. "Pick out four good men and get Mr. Pound on the cage. Then take him on top. The rest of you stay where you are till it's your turn. There's no danger now, so keep cool and don't crowd."

Pete selected four men and within a minute they held Pound between them on the cage and gave the signal to be hoisted. The cage shot up from sight and before it had come down again, nine men were ready to swim aboard. Just as the last load was hoisted from the station, Morehead shot into view, with vigorous overhand strokes, his eyes at once lighting on the boy.

"What's doing!" he panted, while still reaching for a hand-hold.

Danny explained.

Morehead's face clouded in sympathy for Pound, but brightened at the youngster's heroism. "By ginger, I'm proud of you," he said. "Mighty proud of you," and he patted Danny's bared head.

Not until the pump was uncovered and a regular man had come to take charge, did the water-soaked boss and budding young pump-man go to the surface. Then as the cage lettered to a standstill in the shaft-house, Morehead snifted as two brawny miners tossed Danny upon their shoulders and walked through a cheering crowd to Tom Pound, who sat on the edge of a cot, waiting to grip the young hero's hand.

Answering the Challenge

(Concluded from page 61)

to get behind his guard of horns. A short leap she made, but with a deft swing of his head those polished, knife-like spikes raked deep into her flanks and threw her back into the snow again.

Scarcely giving her time to regain her balance, he rushed her once more and ripped her rump as she sought to dodge out of his way. She, not he, was on the defensive now. Again he charged, and, as she slipped out of his path, he spun around and whipped his spikes across her ribs, opening up gashes deep and ugly. She slapped at him in a frenzy with wicked paws, and once she raked his face and nose with her sharp nails. But the pain and the blood only seemed to make him more furious. He snorted his rage and leapt at her again, seeking to pin her down with his horns or catch her and toss her upward off the shelf.

But quick as he was, she was elusive, too, and not once could he seem to get a fair and telling thrust home. Each time he charged she slipped by and the best he could do was to slash her as she spun around. Once she almost got behind his guard of horns and fastened her claws into his back. She made a quick leap sidewise and one of her deadly claws fastened into his shoulder. But those terrible horns slashed round and hooked into her flanks before she could draw herself up onto his back, and her claws were torn from their hold as he threw her aside.

Fighting with such fury, the young bull presently grew tired. For a moment he drew off and rested, while the great cat crept backward and prepared to spring. Each stood tense and silent watching the other. The elk's breath was coming in heavy snorts, while the panther bled from a score of ugly wounds.

Suddenly, without warning, she rushed and leapt, trying once again to clear the hedge of horns. But the young bull was ready. Up went his head again, and again she landed on those deadly spikes. The bull staggered with the impact of the rush and the extra weight of the cat. He lurched sideways and turned partly toward the wall of rock beside him. This was an unexpected move, and on the instant the cat saw her peril. In another moment she would be caught with her back against the rocky wall, and he could grind her to ribbons with his horns. Frantically she tried to get down, but the young bull, sensing his advantage, threw her hard against the rocks and jammed his horns home. Then, backing away, he dropped her to the ground.

A snarling, writhing, bloody mass of yellow fur was the panther now, for those spikes had pierced her body in a dozen places. She tried to drag herself away from the wall of rocks, but the young bull, frantic now, crushed down upon her and drove his horns home again. The panther gave vent to a choking, gurgling scream of rage and fear. Again the bull charged, then again and again, each time grinding the mutilated body against the rocks and stamping it into the snow with his sharp forefeet until nothing remained but a bloody, convulsively struggling mass.

For a moment the young bull looked at the result of his rage with flashing eyes and heaving flanks. Still the lust for battle stirred within him. He stamped and snorted and shook his head at all that was left of the panther as if he half hoped that the thing would come to life and fight once more.

Then from far off, over the ridge, came, a little louder now, the deep-throated bugle of the old herd bull. The young bull paused and stood like a statue for a moment, listening, his big ears cocked forward attentively. Again the bugle sounded. Up went the young bull's head in an answering call, and, turning, he started for the top of the divide, to fight for supremacy with the herd bull in the valley.

The Uniform of the Smile

(Concluded from page 21)

them not! If you fail, we all fail. The great plan of scouting falls. The burden is upon you to make all boys throughout the land wish to be scouts.

Your scoutmasters are all volunteers giving up freely their leisure and lives to serve and to help you by their leadership to go straight, to be leaders yourselves in a plan of life that is worth while, in a land that is worth all the service and sacrifice we can give.

Go forth scouts enthused by your opportunities. BE LEADERS in a world that is looking to open a great Brotherhood of Boys as the hope of humanity. Make nineteen hundred and twenty the greatest year for boys and for Scouting since the world began. America — your country — calls you to leadership.

Scouts! Be Prepared! Fail not!

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR ALL THE WAY THROUGH

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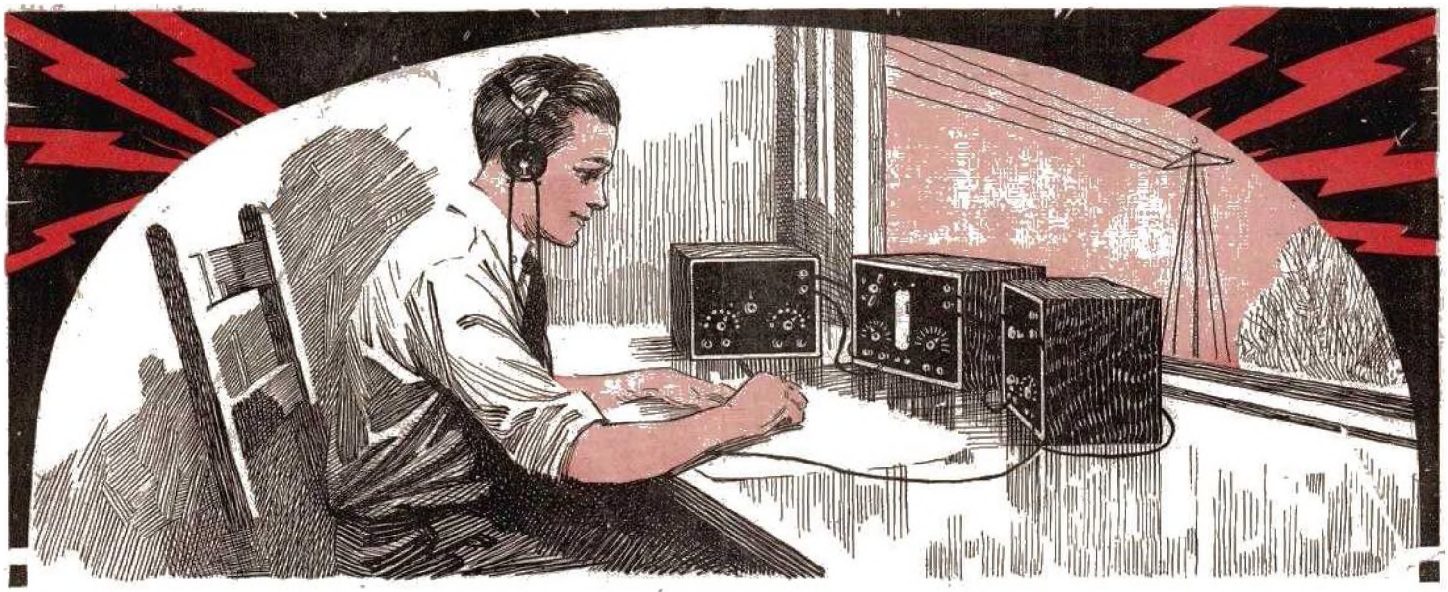

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