ST NICHOLAS

All grown-ups now are talking

about the new good books of the Spring, about the stories and the pictures of modern life which are coming from the pens of outstanding authors.

¶ At dinner tables and bridge tables, at clubs and during social evenings in cultured homes, the conversation will be about Donn Byrne's newest book, and what Percy Marks has written, and about Elizabeth Jordan's portrayal of modern young people, and Frances Winwar's historical romances, and Doris Leslie's story of smart English life, and Elinor Mordaunt's gorgeous South Sea tales, and Joseph B. Ames's bang-up stories of the West.

¶ Father will say that no one can tell a story of courage and danger with half the swift, breathless, dashing style of Ames. And Mother will say that Elizabeth Jordan's BLACK BUTTERFLIES gives a true picture of the wild younger generation, while showing the things that are really important in this life. And Auntie will say that Doris Leslie's THE STARLING is a gay and sad and lovely book. And Uncle — who is big and bronzed, and who has traveled over half the world — will say that Elinor Mordaunt's THE DARK FIRE is a true and at times terrible picture of love in the far off tropics.

¶ And all of them will say that Frances Winwar's THE ARDENT FLAME is the most beautifully written historical romance they can remember, a book that might have been written by Cabell if Cabell loved women more, and was more pitiful to them.

¶ And all of them will say that Percy Marks's LORD OF HIMSELF is a better and finer story than even THE PLASTIC AGE — as all the critics are now saying. They will shake their heads over the hero's romance, and feel very tender for his great love of his mother.

¶ And all of them will say that Donn Byrne's BROTHER SAUL is the most powerful book a great artist has yet written. They will say that it is a tremendous picture of the Roman world in the days when Christ was alive. They will compare it to *Ben Hur*.

¶ Since ST. NICHOLAS readers are more grown-up than their years, they will enjoy these newest novels, too. But most of all the grown-ups will enjoy them, and will want to be the first of all their friends to talk about them.

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The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE, *Editor*

VOL. LIV — CONTENTS *for* APRIL, 1927 — No. 6

The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts.

In the United States, the price of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$4.00 a year in advance, or 35 cents a single copy**; the price of a yearly subscription to a Canadian address is $4.35. The price of a yearly subscription to a foreign address is $4.60. We request that remittances be by money-order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

All subscriptions for, and all business matters in connection with, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

THE CENTURY CO. { **Publication and Circulation Office, Concord, N. H.** / **Editorial and Advertising Offices, 353 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

W. MORGAN SHUSTER, *President* — GEORGE L. WHEELOCK, *Treasurer*
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(Printed in U. S. A., and Entered as Second Class Matter, September 4, 1920, at the United States Post Office, Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.)

The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

FEATURES *for* NEXT MONTH *and* TO COME

The Shadow on the Dial — **AUGUSTA H. SEAMAN**

A new serial by this popular writer is certain to arouse great interest and to keep it at white heat for six months. This story, with a Carolina-coast setting, reaches back into ante-bellum days for its mystery. But the secret, safely hidden by the sun-dial for over sixty years, is solved by the persistence of a boy, his sister, and a friend of their own age.

Sandy Somnambulates — **RALPH HENRY BARBOUR**

The story of a football hero may belong to the autumn months, but the tale of the cleverness of a youngster who admires "said" hero belongs to any issue of the magazine, and this one is too good to keep any longer, so you shall have it in the May ST. NICHOLAS.

King Arthur's Country — **A. B. COOKE**

Since the days of the Plantagenets, tales of Arthur and his knights have been told and retold. Even to-day, one of the best selling stories is based on one of these legends. This article describes not the king or his Round-table Warriors, but the green hills and deep valleys where once they lived and fought — in short, a splendidly written and beautifully illustrated sketch detailing the charm of Wales.

Off the Thundering Thimbles — **ALFRED ELDEN**

Bob wanted to be a radio operator on one of the coastwise vessels that ply the waters of Maine. He studied books on the subject, and hoped to go to a school in Boston. His father thought he ought to stay at home and be a lobsterman. Then *Bob's* father saw things in a different light, but the sudden conversion came about quickly, dangerously, and dramatically.

Racing Model Speed-Boats — **A. C. BRADY**

This is a sport that makes boys out of grown men. The regattas held each year in Central Park, New York, offer keen competition for builders of these small craft, and much sport for the crowds around the lagoons.

In addition to these choice titles, there are other sketches, verse, the regular departments, and instalments of three serials, "Treasure-Trove," "Chuck Blue of Sterling," and "Twinkle, Little Movie Star."

Parents: Do you know what they think of you—of themselves—of life as it is lived today?

Of "One of Us" her school album says, "She floats through life on a dreamy cloud of good-natured unconcern for popular opinion, and almost disguises the fact that she has a keen literary mind and a great deal of ability for managing — the ability, for instance, to attend all the proms and still maintain a good scholastic standing."

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Much has been written about the young people by authors of thirty-six to eighty-six years old. It has been said that the world has changed, that the old loyalties and the old stabilities have no longer any meaning. But the heart of youth has not changed. "One of Us" has written a book wise and amusing, and of distinct salutary importance. $1.50

The CASTLE *of the* HAWK

by

Katherine Dunlap Cather

Author of "Younger Days of Famous Writers," etc.

IN THE 14th century Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, from his castle high up in the mountains, ruled over all Switzerland. Down in the valley little Hilda Wetter dreamed of the wonderful treasures the castle contained, of its colorful gardens and of the great ladies and gentlemen who lived behind the castle walls. And she made a wish and a vow that she, too, would walk in the garden, dine with the ladies, and talk with the great gentlemen of the castle.

Her brother Rupert—like very modern brothers—said she was silly. Her father reminded her that the little daughter of the village clockmaker could have no part in the life of the castle and its court. But little Hilda smiled and wished on.

And as she stood at the door of their little house, a courier from the castle rode by making a proclamation, which was but the beginning of a series of events which quite dramatically involved Hilda and Rupert in the affairs of the castle, and of the beautiful Constance of Burgundy, of the beloved Count Rudolph, of Philip the Bold, and of the wicked Count Leopold.

It is a glorious tale of medieval life and warfare, of the brave and hazardous undertakings of a young man in the service of his adored Princess, of his dramatic entrance through the Castle gates, and of the part his sister played in the rescue of the Princess. *Illustrated,* $1.75

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353 Fourth Avenue New York

Unclassified

STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. Let us tell you about it.

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"BUCK" MACFADDEN REMOVES HIS HANDICAP

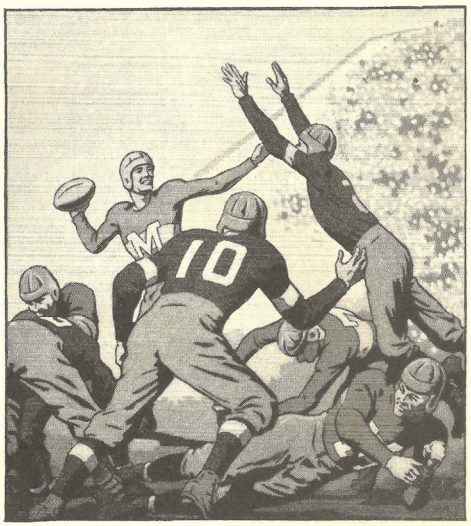
by J. OLIVER KENT

On his school team, "Buck" MacFadden stammered so badly that he could scarcely call the signals. How he overcame his handicap and became the hero of his college. A gripping story that every boy who stammers and his parents ought to read.

"SIGNALS," shouted "Buck" MacFadden in a brisk, clear voice. "Kick formation, Grant back. Seventeen, twenty-seven, nine. Eighty-one, ninety-six, shoot!"

Like a flash the ball was snapped, "Buck" scooped it up, took three quick steps back, turned like a flash and shot it 20 yards, straight into the waiting arms of the right end. A beautifully executed pass. The receiver was downed at the very goal line and instantly buried beneath a human avalanche.

The stands were breathless. Was it over? Was this another touchdown? Every eye was fastened on the white form of the referee. Suddenly the official stood up and held both hands aloft. The north stand went wild. Here was the third touchdown of the game—score 20 to 0 in favor of Margrace.



BUCK TURNED LIKE A FLASH AND SHOT THE BALL A FULL 20 YARDS

Down on the players' bench, at the edge of the field, the Margrace coach proudly watched his team. "What do you think of that for field-generalship!" he exclaimed to his friend George Manly, coach of Lakehurst Prep. "'Buck' MacFadden has the visitors standing on their heads. Every man on the visiting team expected a try for goal from the field. Listen to the way he snaps out those signals too. I tell you that young MacFadden is the life of the team."

George Manly nodded. "It's marvelous," he said, "the way that boy has overcome his handicap. He was on my squad at Lakehurst, you know. I always knew he had the stuff, but he stammered so badly he could scarcely call a signal. I never dared to use him in any of the important games. What sort of miracle has happened anyway?"

* * *

In the dressing-room after the game, George Manly sought out his former gridiron pupil. "Tell me, 'Buck,'" said the coach, "what wonderful thing has happened to you? How in the world did you overcome your stammering?"

"Buck" smiled at his former coach's bewilderment and briefly told the following tale: Shortly before graduating from Lakehurst Prep, "Buck" happened to see a story in a magazine about a man who had cured himself of stammering after suffering from the affliction for 20 years. The man's name was Benjamin N. Bogue, and he had worked out a scientific method of correcting stammering and stuttering. Once cured, went on the story, he had offered the method to his fellow sufferers, and it had proved so successful that he finally established a school and took classes. In this way, Bogue Institute, of Indianapolis, was founded.

"Buck" sent for full information. In a few days he received a booklet of interesting descriptions of the life at the school, the methods used and a blank examination form. He filled out the blank with a brief description of his symptoms and history of his trouble and sent it to the Institute. Soon he received an answer from Mr. Bogue himself, completely and correctly describing his case.

After talking the matter over with his mother and father they agreed that he should attend the Bogue Institute as soon as he could obtain an enrollment. He was lucky in that respect and in three weeks he boarded the train for Indianapolis.

"I wish I had time to tell you about the pleasant surroundings and the interesting and friendly people I met at Bogue," concluded "Buck." "It's a resident school, you know, conducted like any other boarding school or college. Mr. Bogue soon discovered that my case was comparatively mild and in less than four weeks I returned home. I tell you I certainly felt like a new boy, for I was permanently and absolutely cured of stammering."

Coach Manly was silent when the boy had finished speaking. Then he said, "'Buck,' my boy, you are to be congratulated. You certainly were the hero of today's game. I guess maybe you were a hero at Lakehurst too—a hero under handicap."

* * *

If you stammer or stutter, Benjamin Bogue can cure you, just as he has cured himself and hundreds of boys and girls of all ages. Bogue Institute was founded in 1901. It is a thoroughly tried institution, run on sound business principles. Results under the Bogue method are guaranteed. Remember that stammering is never outgrown. The child who stammers will stammer as a man or woman unless cured.

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Or if you do not stammer, but know of someone who does, either see that this story of "Buck" MacFadden is called to his attention or send the Bogue Institute his name and address. Your name will not be used, and the Bogue Institute may be the means of opening up a whole new world for him.

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"Yes, Tom, what's on your mind?"

"Say Sue, April ST. NICHOLAS has just come and I am looking over the different camps and they sure do look good to me. Going to camp this summer?"

"I should say I am Tom, and I'm going to get busy and pick out a camp right away. Last year I let it go till late in the season and couldn't get into the camp I wanted so this year I'm going to sign up real early and have my outfit all ready so there will be no disappointment at the last minute."

"That's not a bad idea Sue. Of course I'm returning to the same camp (you'll see it listed in ST. NICHOLAS) but I better sign up now, and then my outfit is beginning to look pretty shabby so I guess I'll speak to Dad about it, order a new one and have it ready to pack up and go when school closes."

"Doesn't it get you all excited to talk about camp, Tom, and just think there are only three months before camp will open. Listen Tom, come over this evening and let's look through the ST. NICHOLAS Camp Section. You need not bring your copy as I have mine."

"All right Sue. Have a few more lessons to do but I'll hurry up and come over in a little while. 'Bye."

"'Bye. See you later Tom."

And Now What Have You Done About Your Camp This Summer?

Are you going to do what Sue did last year, or are you going to pick out your camp and sign up at once as Sue and Tom are going to do this year.

In June school closes, studies are forgotten, and thoughts turn to nature lore and everything that is a reaction to the ten months of school life.

Conventional clothing is cast aside and one begins to plan for their camp togs (and some of them, while very comfy, are exceedingly smart).

Do as Sue and Tom are going to do this evening. Look over the ST. NICHOLAS Camp Section and select the camp you think you would like to attend. Then write to the Director for specific information. Or, if you prefer, you can write direct to us. Our Service is at your disposal at all times without charge or obligation on your part.

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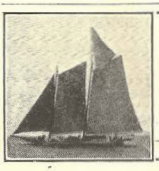

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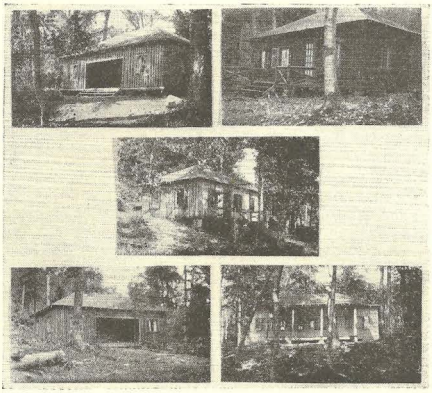

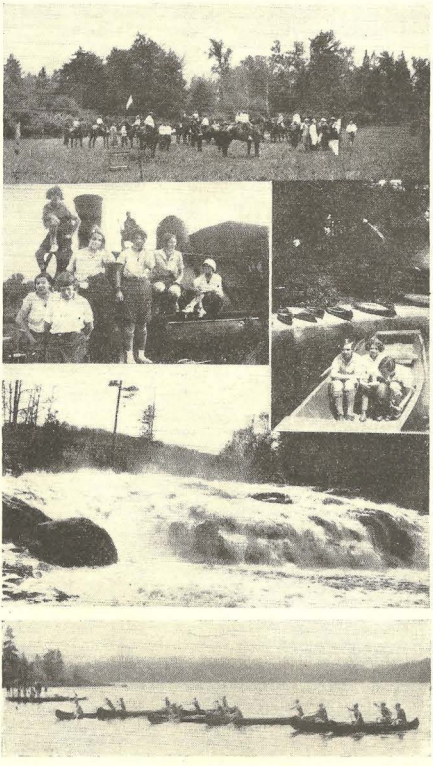

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A REAL CAMP for real girls in surroundings very different from those of the usual camp. A region of unbroken forest dotted with mountains and with mountain lakes. A country where you can ride for hours and meet no one but an occasional guide or fisherman. Where you can take long canoe trips and pitch your tent at night with no habitation in sight — a Lake or a Stream to yourself.

SIX TO TEN HOURS A WEEK OF RIDING
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RUSTIC BUNGALOWS WITH BATHS AND LIGHTS
"NO EXTRAS" HOTEL FOR PARENTS

Juniors 7-13 ***Seniors 13-19***

HERE in the heart of the Adirondacks we have our own lake and our own mile square private preserve. It is the "Woods" and our buildings are of the woods. The assembly rooms are spacious and attractive and the sleeping quarters are comfortable rustic bungalows with baths and electric lights in each. Cabins that are always ready to welcome you back from the trail, and which will keep you dry and warm through the stormiest nights. They make colds almost unknown in camp and have done much to secure for us a most enviable health record.

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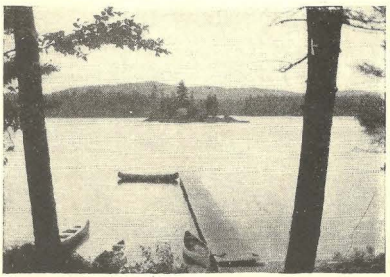
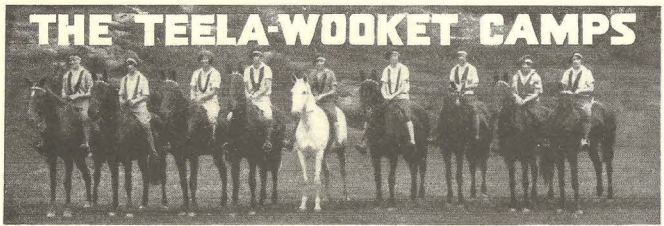


THE TEELA-WOOKET CAMPS



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Girls tanned by sun and wind, eyes sparkling with joy, eager to canter on white country roads or explore woodsy trails. From the first cold plunge in the morning, the days are filled with fun away from the wearisome routine of school, among the giant pines and spruces in the Green Mountains. Teela-Wooket is famous for fine saddle horses, free riding, and thorough instruction in horsemanship. Swimming, golf, tennis, all sports. "NO EXTRAS." 300 acres, athletic fields, clay tennis courts, sleeping bungalows. Rustic dining and recreation buildings. Expert, responsible counsellors. Separate Junior and Senior camps. Excellent food. 15th season.

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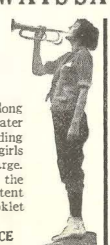

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Forests
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Girls, ages, 6–15. Thirty-one miles from New York City. Daily salt-water sports, also land sports, horseback riding, arts and crafts, nature interests, dancing, etc. Tutoring if desired. Frequent picnics, excursions and overnight trips. Nine weeks — July and August $270. Director: Edward F. Bigelow, for fifteen years editor of "Nature and Science" of St. Nicholas.

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New Meadows Bay, East Harpswell, Maine

Thirteenth season	Experienced supervisors
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Cape Cod Sailing Camps for Girls

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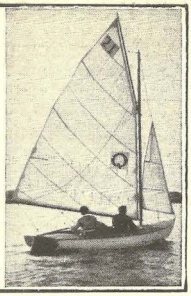

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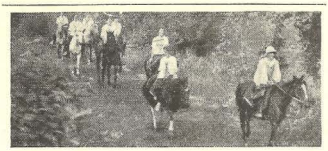

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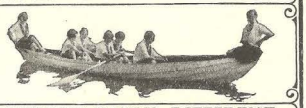

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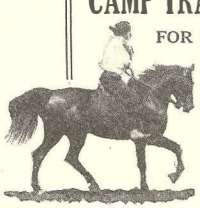
SOUTHERN

CAMP TRAIL'S END

FOR GIRLS



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Classified Camp Directory

of Announcements Appearing in This Number

For Girls	*For Boys*
Colorado	
Kinnikinnik	Rocky Mt. Nature
Newaka	
Connecticut	
Cornucopia	Cadaho
Juanita	Crystal Beach
Laurel	Lantern Hill
Merricourt	Merricourt
Mystic	Red Cottage
Red Cottage	Se-Wa-To-Ka
	Wonposet
Indiana	
	Culver
Kentucky	
Trail's End	
Maine	
Abena	Agawam
Day Mountain	Maine-New Brunswick Aqua Tour
Eggemoggin	
Katharine Ridgeway	Mast Cove
Kokosing	Mowana
Lin-E-Kin Bay	Nagarda
Luther Gulick	Pennesseewassee
Mast Cove	Quest
Moosehead	Sokokis
Niboban	Squapan
Overlook	Wild-Croft
Pukwana	Winnecook
Rangeley Manor	Wyconda
Wawenock-Owaissa	
Maryland	
Choptank	Gunston
	Tome
Massachusetts	
Cotuit	Mon-O-Moy
Cowasset	Namequoit
Kendall	Rimrock Farm
Knollmere	Skylark
Maricopa	Wampanoag
Mayflower	Winnecowett
Quanset	
Rimrock Farm	
Sea Pines	
Watatic	
Wecahni	

For Girls	*For Boys*
Michigan	
Arbutus	Crystal Lake
Geyahi	Penn Loch
Interlochen	Tosebo
Kairphree	
Osoha-of-the-Dunes	
Minnesota	
Holiday	
Missouri	
Inter Oaks	
New Hampshire	
Acadia	Algonquin
Allegro	Idlewild
Anawan	Namaschaug
Monauke	Ossipee
Ogontz	Penacook
Pine Knoll	Samoset
Sargent	
Tall Pines	
Waukeela	
Winnemont	
Wotanda	
New Jersey	
Dune-By-The-Sea	Metedeconk
Rose Haven	
New Mexico	
	Aspen Ranch
	Los Alamos Ranch
New York	
Fenimore	Chenango-on-Otsego
Lauderdale	Darts
Lo-Na-Wo	Fenimore
Moss Lake	Haswell
Ok-A-To-Mi	Little Bear
Owaissa	Pok-O'Moonshine
Pettit	Sen-a-pe
Pine Log	Skon-O-Wah-Co
Tawah	Tonde
Tekakwetha	Wake Robin
Twanekotah	
North Carolina	
Junaluska	
Nikwasi	

For Girls	*For Boys*
Pennsylvania	
Nehantic	Dan Beard
Oneka	Lenape
Owaissa	Maplewood
Pine Tree	Pocono
Poch-A-Wachne	Pocono Pines
Red Wing	Red Cloud
	Shohola
Rhode Island	
Sea Line	
Vermont	
Aloha	Kill Kare
Farwell	Lanakila
Lochearn	St. Ann's
Marbury	
Neshobe	
Teela-Wooket	
Wihakowi	
Winneshewauka	
Wynona	
Wyoda	
Virginia	
Lake Pocahontas	
Washington	
	Arrow
West Virginia	
	Terra Alta
Wisconsin	
Bryn Afon	Adventure Island
Meenahga	Council
Osoha	Minne Wonke
Sandstone	Mishike
	Thorpe
Wyoming	
Valley Ranch	Valley Ranch
Canada	
Lagunita	Minne-Wawa
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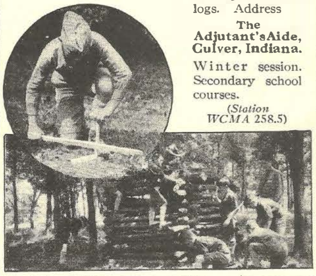

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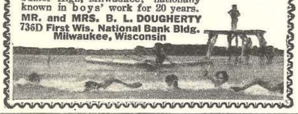

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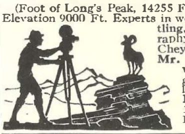

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In what part of the country? ....

How much do you wish to pay? .... How many children? ....

Indicate age of each .... Sex .... Religion ....

(*See "Twinkle, Little Movie Star," page 430*)

"'READY, OLD BOY—ACTION!—CAMERA!'"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. LIV April, 1927 No. 6

WILL IT FLY OR FAIL?

The Story of a New Airplane

By A. M. JACOBS

UNCLE SAM has a new airplane —a giant bomber. In the hangar where the assembling of it is about completed, it towers proudly, its size rather taking one's breath. All through the day the inspectors are going over it, checking the engine, instrument, armament, radio, and other installations, busily making notes on their pads. Engineers and fliers stand looking up at it and discuss it.

It is a beautiful biplane, its fuselage tapering in a clean line from the cockpit, with its side-by-side seats for the pilot and assistant-pilot, to nothingness at the tail, where a single gallant rudder rides. The great 800-horse-power engine seems small in the high nest of the plane's nose. It has usually taken two or more engines to lift the heavy bombardment airplanes, which carry the largest bomb in Uncle Sam's armory, weighing 4400 pounds, or a load of smaller bombs totaling up to 5000 pounds. The Barling bomber, the largest airplane ever flown, required six engines of 400 horse-power each. The single engine in a heavy bomber is an innovation. The plane designed to lift this weight with a single engine is an innovation. Theoretically, the designers and builders have done everything within their knowledge to endow it with excellent flying qualities. But how does any one know that when it is finally wheeled out of the hangar and its engine is set going and the test pilot, whose name has been drawn from a hat for this first test flight, "gives 'er the gun," it won't settle back and refuse to lift, or that it won't be nose-heavy and come crashing down, or that it will balance properly, or answer smoothly to the controls.

There is always a sense of excitement in this first trial of a new design. The word seeps about, "They 're going to hop the new bomber this week." One day it changes to, "They 're going to hop the new bomber to-day, if the wind is right." Every engineer, flying-officer, inspector, every one, in fact, who has the slightest excuse for doing so, manages to be out on the field. The great engine is roaring. The pilot is in the cockpit. The mechanics who have lingered to make final engine adjustments climb down and pull the blocks from under the wheels.

Slowly the great plane is taxied to the extreme end of the field and turned into the wind. The engine is speeded up—but not to flying speed. The tail is lifted so that the plane skims the ground on the wheels, then is lowered. Several times the length of the field is covered, the pilot trying out the controls, getting the "feel" of the plane, which seems impatient to get up free into the air. Gradually the speed is increased. The pilot hops the plane about three feet above the ground for a short distance—brings it down; then at about six feet. He repeats this performance several times. Usually that ends the first trial hop, for faults show up which must be corrected before it will be safe to take it higher. There have been instances, indeed, in which this first hop was also the plane's last. In these cases the faults were of such grave character that they never could be corrected or they caused the plane to be wrecked.

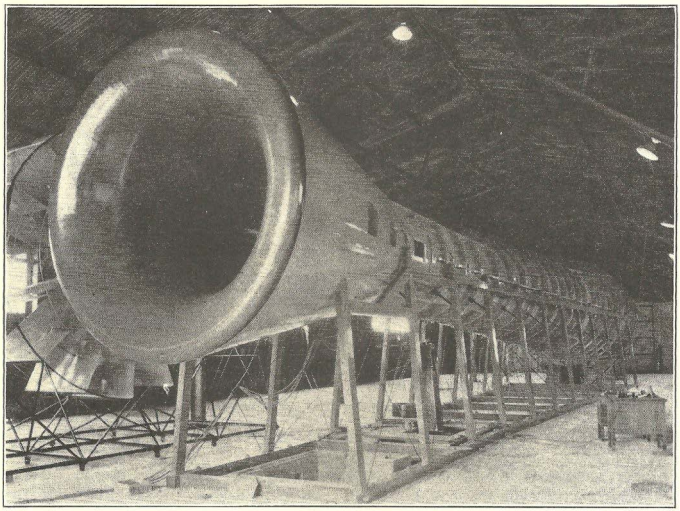
So favorable has been the general performance of our bomber, however, that suddenly we hear the engine roar at full throttle, see the tail lift, the nose point upward, and the next thing we know, this giant bird is banking above the hangar roof and soaring into the blue. There is a great thrill in that first clean, powerful, upward thrust, not unmixed with anxiety; then as the plane grows small in the distance and triumphantly sails from sight, confidence and a great happiness come to the watchers straining their eyes on the ground. Once more man has turned the trick of flight, a long and difficult task shows every sign of nearing a successful conclusion, and the workers may look upon their work and call it good.

Just how complicated a task it is, this procuring by Uncle Sam of a new type airplane, certainly is not indicated by the verb "to buy." With most of us, buying implies chiefly having sufficient money. But having the money, the fun for Uncle Sam is merely beginning. Say, for instance, that upon looking over his stock, he finds that his corps observation-airplanes are fast being worn

out. These planes are used for aërial photography, radio broadcasting, transporting light freight, and general two-passenger utility purposes. The plane to replace them must be the last word in up-to-date construction and performance, such a plane, perhaps, as has never been built for such purposes, but which, according to the latest aviation advancement, should be within the realms of possibility. It is never simple to buy a thing which does not exist except in somebody's imagination.

Perhaps, in this instance, Uncle Sam will announce a competition, offering a prize to the designer submitting a model best suited to his needs. These models, when they arrive, are small duplicates of the proposed full-sized airplanes, built to scale and finished with the utmost accuracy. They look like beautiful toys, but the cost is usually from five hundred dollars apiece, up. The angle at which the wings are set on the fuselage, the curve of the wings, the shape of the fuselage and tail surfaces are all as carefully worked out as they would be for the full-sized airplane. Sheafs of blue-prints and drawings accompany the models, with every dimension for the full-sized plane most minutely set down, and every part of the completed plane is accounted for, down to the smallest nut or bolt. These models do more than merely give the appearance of their large prototypes, for often the general flying characteristics of the completed airplane is learned by trying these little planes out in the wind-tunnel. What a "wind-tunnel" is can be most easily explained by a very short story.

Before the Wright brothers had built an airplane that would fly, they had at one time arrived at a place of great discouragement. Knowledge existing on aërodynamics, which they had hoped would serve them, had failed them. They had proved many theories of the air, then accepted as facts, to be untrue. It seemed that they had come to a blank wall beyond which they could not progress. They could not afford to keep on building planes which were wrecked when flight was attempted. And although they lost no whit of their confidence that the thing they wanted to do could be done, they had come to the end of their knowledge for doing it. Finally, they conceived the idea of making tiny models of wings and bodies of various shapes and curvatures and watching their performance in a stream of air. They took a stove-pipe, suspended one of their model wings within it, and set an electric fan at one end. The air passing the wing at great speed, they figured, would be the same in effect as the wing passing through the air at great speed. It was through this crude means and working with hundreds of small models that they gained the knowledge which encouraged them to try again and enabled them finally to build the plane which *did* fly.



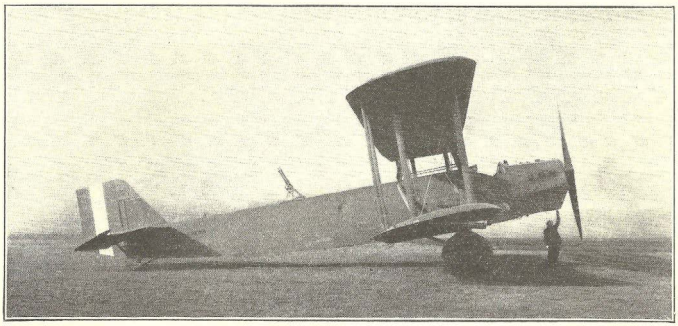
MODEL AIRPLANES MAY BE TESTED AT A SPEED OF 275 MILES PER HOUR IN THIS WIND-TUNNEL AT McCOOK FIELD

The apparatus evolved from the Wright's stove-pipe is the wind-tunnel in which Uncle Sam's small model airplane is tried out. McCook Field has two, the larger of which is ninety-six feet long. Air-streams five feet in diameter and with a maximum speed of 275 miles an hour may be sent through it. Europe has many larger ones. It is not at all an unpleasant sensation to climb in the McCook Field tunnel on a hot summer day, close the opening, and have a twenty-mile-an-hour breeze blow over one. But there is a far greater fascination in seeing, through the window at the side, the toylike model suspended in the tunnel and to realize that through fine wires, too fine to be seen with the naked eye, connected with instruments set under and away from the tunnel, all sorts of things may be read about the way a full-sized plane will balance in flight. If some change in wing, aileron, or tail-setting is found advisable, the cost is but one per cent of what it would be if it had to be made on the full-sized plane. Such a change was made from the wind-tunnel tests on the model of the great Barling bomber, with the result that when the huge plane itself finally took the air, it flew,—and flew beautifully,—to the surprise of many skeptical experts and with a saving of many thousands of dollars to Uncle Sam, who otherwise would have had to make the changes on the plane after trying it out in flight.

There is another type of competition which Uncle Sam sometimes employs. Instead of models, the contestants will each submit one full-sized airplane of the type called for. When these have been completed and tested, a board of fliers, who are also authorities on the special type of plane needed, will be called. After studying and flying each of the planes submitted, a vote will be taken as to the best, the second best, third, fourth, etc. A number of prizes are usually offered in this kind of contest, perhaps the highest one will be $70,000, the lowest, $35,000, so that the winners of the first few places will receive something over the cost of building their planes, while those in the lower places have not lost quite so heavily as if there had been no compensation whatever.

Or Uncle Sam may go about procuring his plane in an entirely different way. He may request his engineers to get together and draw up a specification stating very definitely the requirements which this plane which has never been built must have. They will name, perhaps, the number of persons it must accommodate, how much gasoline and oil it must carry, what instruments, armament, radio,

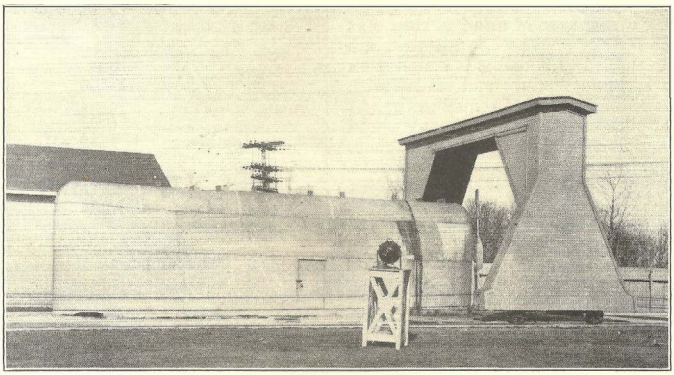
and photographic equipment the manufacturer must arrange for and install, what low and high speed it must have, how fast it must climb, and other items of the sort. Just how these requirements are to be worked out, whether the plane is to be a monoplane, biplane, or triplane, the type of wings and propeller, and other questions of design are usually left to the designer to decide. Upon receipt of these specifications, the manufacturers send in sealed bids to Uncle Sam, each giving his price for building the desired plane. The work is awarded to the lowest bidder, providing his design seems practicable and his firm is known to be reliable and able to complete his order.



UNCLE SAM HAS A NEW GIANT BOMBER

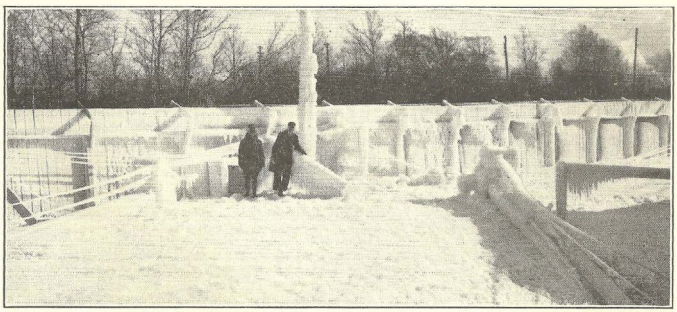
But having placed his order, Uncle Sam may not even then sit back and draw a free breath. All through the process of building, the engineers are working with the manufacturers, checking many thousands of drawings, criticizing here and suggesting there, to get just the thing they want.

Shortly the testing process begins. Samples of the fabric, metal, wood, rubber, every raw material to be used in the construction of the new plane, must be sent to McCook Field for test and approval before it may be used. As parts of the plane are completed, such as sections of the wings, the chassis (or landing-gear), these are also sent to McCook Field laboratory for what is called "static" testing.



THE PROPELLER-TEST RIG, SHOWING THE "PROP" MOUNTED FOR WHIRLING

This static-test laboratory is a most interesting place. The visitor looking in sees but a large bare room with a variety of scaffolds, jigs, and wooden supports, small sand and shot-bags, and metal bars stacked about the walls. The sand- and shot-bags are of definite weights—two, five, ten, and twenty-five pounds each. The lead bars weigh fifty pounds each. There are jacks which hoist weights up to seven tons, and the center scaffold, popularly called the "guillotine" because of the heavy dangling chains and the block in the center which drops upon release, is twenty feet tall.



A VIEW IN FRONT OF THE PROPELLER RIG, AFTER A SIX-HOUR WATER-SPRAY TEST

The stresses that each part of an airplane will be subjected to in diving, looping, climbing, have gradually become known with a fair degree of accuracy. The weight of equipment to be carried by the completed plane is known. The approximate weight of the completed plane itself is fairly well known. From these figures the load or weight which each part of the plane must be capable of bearing under all conditions of flight has been computed in pounds, and to this has been added an extra percentage of pounds for a "safety factor." Supposing a long metal tube which is to form part of a wing skeleton is under test. Assembled to its fellow-parts as in the finished wing, it is supported at certain points by the jigs, and the sand- or shot-bags are gradually piled on until it is bearing its full flight-load plus its safety-load. As the bags are added, the engineers study the effect on the part. If it shows weakness or bends or breaks, it is rejected and a new part must be designed and sent in for the same testing.

If it shows no strain under the load required of it, the bags are still piled on, perhaps five or ten pounds at a time, until it finally fails anyway, and its full strength value is thus definitely learned. A slightly better strength value than that required is not an objection. But if the strength

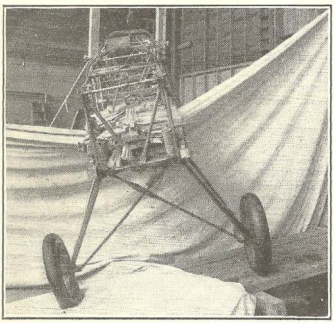
value is greatly in excess of that required, the manufacturer must redesign the part just as if it had failed. That may seem strange, for it would not seem that any part of an airplane *could* be made too strong. The great problems of aviation, however, have always centered about the necessity of keeping down weight. Increased weight means a higher speed necessary for take-off and landing, less manœuverability of the plane in the air; and since a certain engine can lift but so much weight in flight, it also means a reduction in the number of persons to be carried or the amount of fuel or equipment to be used. Hence, great excess of strength in a part simply means that a lighter part could be used with equal safety, and that lighter part is invariably demanded.

Landing-gears, wheels, axles, tail-skids, and fuselages must undergo a second type of testing after static testing, and this is where our friend the "guillotine" comes in. Supposing a new type of axle has been sent in for test. Wheels with tires are assembled to it and it is installed on a skeleton fuselage and loaded with sand- or shot-bags to equal the weight of oil, gasoline, engine, persons, and equipment the completed plane must fly. This assembly is suspended a certain height above the ground upon the guillotine. Suddenly the great chains release the block, and the weighted skeleton fuselage with its landing-gear drops.

The height of the drop is figured mathematically to give the same shock or jar to the assembly that it will actually receive on impact with the ground in landing. This drop testing is called "dynamic" testing, which means "active" testing as distinguished from "static" testing, in which the part tested remains stationary until failure.

This static and dynamic testing have been of the utmost importance in the development of aviation. Until 1922, the first completed airplane delivered on each order to Uncle Sam was static-tested to utter destruction. The whole airplane! But due to the checking and analyzing of hundreds of planes under static- and flight-test conditions, an added knowledge of the strength of materials has been gained as well as a greater faith in definite methods of design, and this extreme course is no longer considered necessary. Certain metal tube structures which form the fuselage skeleton have become so well standardized that they are seldom static-tested at all. But never are metal wings and all-metal fuselages, fittings, or any parts which are not thoroughly known excused from this rigorous trial.

FAILURE OF AN AIRPLANE WING IN STATIC TESTING



FAILURE OF A WHEEL IN DYNAMIC TESTING

While the plane is being made to prove itself every inch of the way, the propeller to be used on it is also fighting its case. At McCook Field, Uncle Sam has the largest propeller-testing rig in the world. It is capable of whirling propellers up to a speed of three thousand revolutions a minute. Short propellers for small planes, or longer ones up to eighteen feet in length, may be set rotating upon it, and almost any day the penetrating roar of wide-bladed propellers or the shrill screaming of the narrow-bladed ones, driven at terrific speed, may be heard the length and breadth of the field.

IN THE PROPELLER SHOP

The engine is similarly called to give an account of itself. The engine-testing laboratory has facilities for testing air-cooled and water-cooled engines, engines with cylinders set in the form of a "V," "X," or "W," radial and barrel-shaped engines, every sort of engine, in fact, which has ever promised to prove valuable for airplane use. Engines from two to eighteen cylinders developing from twenty to eight hundred horse-power have been tested here, and most of the engines in use on airplanes to-day in this country owe something of their cylinder and valve construction to the intensive development and test work done on these parts in this laboratory. An extremely interesting air-cooled engine is under development there now. With twenty-four cylinders set in a "X" form, it is expected that it will deliver twelve hundred horse-power, the greatest amount of power ever asked of a single aviation engine. If

successful, no doubt a bigger, heavier bombardment airplane than Uncle Sam's newest will be designed about it.

Perhaps two years have passed since Uncle Sam held the competition or sent out his specifications describing the plane he wanted. It is a time, however, in which no one connected with the work has been idle. Part by part, a new plane has been reared to completion and delivered to Uncle Sam at McCook Field. No wonder the engineers and inspectors want to be on the field for that first hop. The manufacturers also often come from great distances. If the new plane is a success, a large order for others like it will probably follow. But first, after the trial hop, it must be thoroughly flight-tested, and no matter how carefully every theory of flight has been abided by in the building, there is no telling what actually will develop when it gets in the air.

Recently a new light bombardment airplane was delivered at the field, which engineers and designers had looked upon as a distinct achievement. For some reason or other, although the 800-horse-power engine with which it was powered had showed no tendency toward vibration during its laboratory tests, in the first few flights the test pilots reported heavy vibrations in the wings and fuselage.

On a certain clear afternoon, Lieutenant James T. Hutchinson, one of the test pilots, with Mr. Paul Stanley to act as test observer, took the bomber up to study these vibrational tendencies. They were sailing along at 8000 feet, intent on their problem, for, true to reports, the plane was vibrating with a severity which had not been exaggerated, when, suddenly, puffs of smoke and flame belching into their faces sent them scuttling from the cockpits. Clinging to a strut, Mr. Stanley got to the wing. Lieutenant Hutchinson, also on the wing, tried desperately to reach back into the cockpit to turn off the engine, but the flames pouring out fought him back. He did succeed, however, in throttling it down.

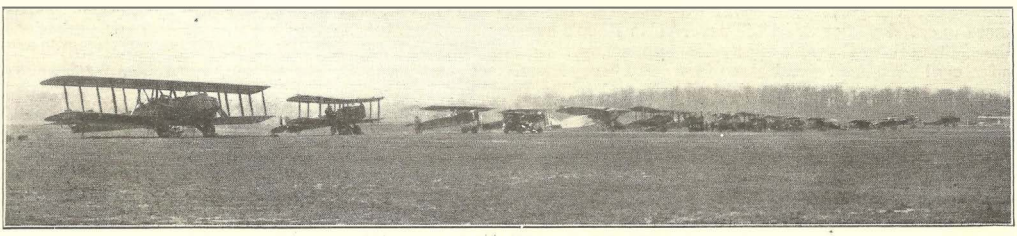
"Jump," he said in calm desperation to Mr. Stanley. The latter merely had to let go the strut to slide off the wing into space. When he had fallen away from the plane, he pulled his parachute ring. As soon as he saw Mr. Stanley's 'chute opened, Lieutenant Hutchinson also left the wing. Then began for him a most thrilling descent. Scarcely had

LIEUTENANT HUTCHINSON, WHOSE PARACHUTE JUMP WAS ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING IN AIR HISTORY

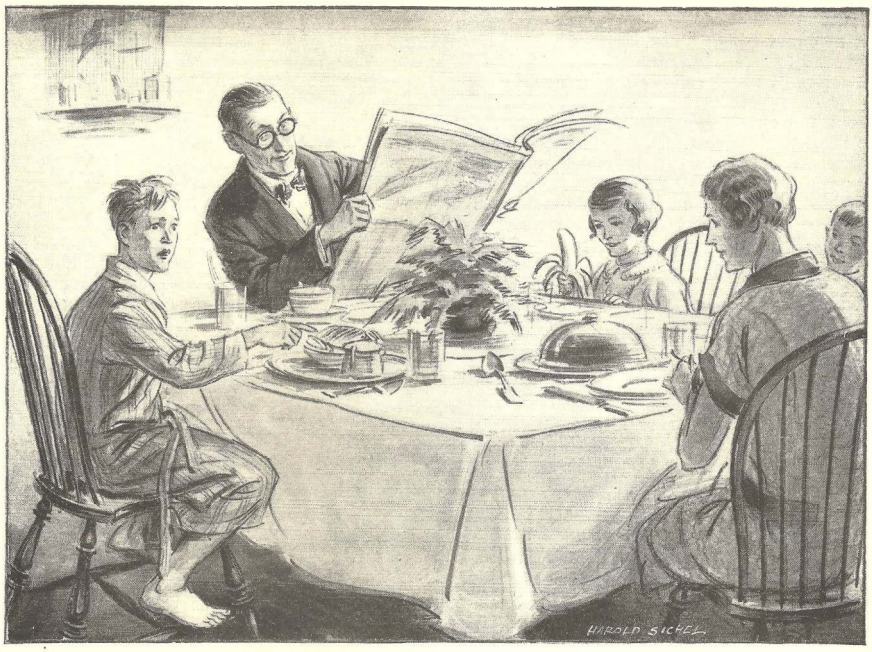
his own 'chute opened when he saw that he was in the center of a path about which the plane was gently circling. He knew that 320 gallons of gasoline, 2000 rounds of live ammunition, and six bombs were contained in its fiery interior. He knew that if flames reached the gas-tanks, there 'd be an explosion disastrous for anything or anybody in range. He tried to "side-slip" his parachute out of danger, but with an alarming lack of success, the wind conspiring against him and bringing him nearer the plane with each attempt, instead of farther away. For several thousand feet, the plane and Lieutenant Hutchinson descended at about the same rate of speed, the ammunition sputtering like popcorn, the path of the plane changing just enough each time it swung round him to cause him to wonder whether he 'd be struck by it or merely blown to pieces. Surely the man in Poe's tale who, strapped down, watched the swinging simitar slowly descend over his head had nothing on "Hutch." And Lieutenant Hutchinson's story, too, had a happy ending. Gradually, enough of the plane's superstructure burnt away to cause it to drop below him, still describing circles, but leaving him free in the air. Mr. Stanley had been well out of danger the whole time. Both landed quite unharmed. The plane crashed finally and burned. The reason for its continued level flight in a light banking circle was that Lieutenant Hutchinson had had the controls nicely set for straight flying, except that one wing was slightly down, when he had had to scamper from the sudden flames to the wing.

The fire had been caused by the leakage of gasoline from a broken gasoline line, which, coming in contact with the flames from the exhaust stacks, ignited. But the break in the gasoline line was caused by the severe *vibration* set up by the engine in this particular airplane. It can easily be seen that this feature, which did not show up until actual flight, would have to be corrected before Uncle Sam could accept this plane as one of his standard types and place it in numbers throughout the service, no matter how excellent its other qualities might be.

It can also be seen that the test pilots must be men who in their daily work are not afraid of taking chances, who can laugh away danger, and keep courage buckled about them as the knights of old wore their coats of mail. It is the test pilots who write the final chapter in the history of the development of a new-type plane. It is their reports upon its behavior in the air which determine whether it will ever advance beyond that first experimental model into full-fledged standard service squadrons. It is their chances with untried planes, together with the painstaking ground-work of engineers and builders, that is enabling Uncle Sam to offer his fliers such constantly increasing safety and efficiency of airplane performance.



THE LINE-UP OF AIRPLANES AT McCOOK FIELD



"ROLLO WAS NOW ONE HUNDRED PER CENT HUNGRY"

ROLLO AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

By HENRY R. CAREY

ROLLO came home from school one Saturday with red cheeks and double the usual chest expansion, waving a large specimen of Old Glory. "I am one hundred per cent American," said Rollo. "Teacher says we all are. I can lick two Limeys, three Frogs, four Chinks, five Japs, or any number of Wops and Spigs!"

"Is that *so?*" said his father, the tall professor. "I believe you have reached the age, son, where I shall have to see that you are correctly educated."

"I am learning lots about history and politics," continued Rollo. "Teacher says: 'This majestic nation of ours, supreme, aloof, separated from Europe by hundreds of miles of water, producing everything that we need to eat, drink, or wear, will never bend its neck to the yolk of any foreign egg! We shall stand alone forever, and teach the Old World how to use bath-tubs and up-to-date plumbing! They need us. We don't need them.'"

The professor shifted in his easy-chair (it was Saturday noon) and took a long look at his son from under his bushy eyebrows. "I tell you what we 'll do, my lad. I will make you a little bet; if you win, I will give you a nice new bicycle early next week."

"That 's fine, Pop; but remember, American bikes are best!"

"But if you lose, you will have to stay in bed and go without most of your Sunday breakfast to-morrow morning. In other words, I 'll bet you that if you try to depend on Uncle Sam alone for food and clothing, you won't be able to eat a decent breakfast to-morrow, or even get dressed."

"What do you mean?" said Rollo. "Of course I can! Everything good is made in America. Sure I 'll bet with you!"

Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, the professor, fully dressed, strolled into Rollo's bedroom. "Time to get up, sonny. Don't forget our bet."

"I 'll say I won't. I 'm going to be dressed in ten minutes." Rollo put a warm brown foot out of bed and down upon a small rug.

The professor stooped over and gently jerked the rug away. "Sorry you can't use that; it 's made of wool from the north of Asia."

"Well, what 's the difference? Real Americans don't need rugs. They break the ice in the pitcher every morning, and drink ice-water the rest of the day." Rollo reached for his shirt and undershirt; but his father was too quick for him. The clothes left Rollo's hands and flew to the corner of the room, where they lay in a huddled heap. "Happens to be cotton goods from England," explained the Implacable One.

Rollo was a bit upset. Not having reached the stage of long trousers, he grabbed his long black stockings and slipped them on. Then his round black garters went up over his knees.

"Take them off," came the rather stern command. "Cotton for stockings comes from Egypt. As for rubber garters, they will not be worn this morning, since one hundred per cent of the rubber used in this country is grown in the Dutch East Indies, or Ceylon, or the Straits Settlements."

Rollo, beginning to sniffle audibly, reached into the top bureau drawer for a handkerchief.

"Drop it!" said his father. 'That 's linen, spun in the north of Ireland from flax grown in the Emerald Isle.

What 's more, your suit happens to be made of English goods, though of course it might be American woven, the silk in your necktie has traveled all the way from Japan, the rubber in your sneakers comes from the place where all rubber is grown, and your shoes are built of material from all parts of the globe. Though you may not believe it, there are at least four or five countries represented in the eye through which your shoelace passes, and at least three of the countries are foreign. On the whole, I think you had better give up dressing this morning. You can go down to breakfast in your cotton wrapper, which we shall assume, in order to help you get that bicycle, was woven in these United States from American cotton. But for once in your life, my lad, you need not brush or comb your hair, since the brush bristles undoubtedly come from China, while the comb is either celluloid, made from Japanese camphor, or hard rubber."

Rollo shuddered at that last word. "Rubber 's giving me trouble again!"

With the wrapper around his small self, Rollo started for the bath-room, stopping in amazement as his father shouted after him: "You don't have to wash to-day. You see, our humble tin basin is made from ores produced in such outlandish places as Bolivia, China, and the Malay Peninsula, and if we *could* afford a porcelain bath-room, the materials in the porcelain would be imported too."

Rollo in his wrapper slipped in to breakfast at his father's heels in a rather thoughtful mood. The professor explained to Mama that their son had been forced to go without clothing in attempting to uphold the honor of the country. Mama said nothing, only smiled. All Rollo's brothers and sisters ate a hearty breakfast, beginning with bananas. Not so the hundred-percenter. He was given a special little tray, on which reposed a half-dozen shredded wheat biscuits and a pitcher of yellow cream. He was now one hundred per cent hungry.

"Where 's my banana?" he snapped.

"No can do," said Father. "Bananas, as you ought to know, are grown outside this Great Independent Republic, at least the yellow kind that we use and prefer. You can't have tea or coffee, I 'm afraid, because you are too young, and because the first is from the Far East, the second from Brazil, the Dutch East Indies, and other places. Cocoa is off the list—comes from Latin America and British West Africa. We might let him have some eggs, though," relented the professor, looking slyly at Mama, "though, were we living on the west coast, many of our eggs would come from China."

Mama boiled two spotless white eggs, and Rollo ate them greedily out of the shell, though his heartless parents denied him the use of pepper.

"Well, this *is* a queer meal!" said he between mouthfuls. "I suppose I 'm to eat my shredded wheat last?"

"I have reserved that treat for the end," said his father, winking at Mama, "because it is almost certainly American, and therefore better than anything else in the world. Of course, the wheat of which it is made *may* have come from Canada or Australia; but we 'll let that pass. And while the cream is from our neighbor's cow, which came only a year ago from an English Island called Jersey, we shall, for the present purposes, consider her naturalized."

"Thank you," said Rollo. "Please let me eat these things before they, too, turn foreign. I wonder what in the world we could do if we had any trouble with these countries. Would n't they stop sending us many of these things?"

His little meal was soon demolished. Being well brought up, he reached for a finger-bowl.

"Made in Czechoslovakia," said his male parent.

"Well, I 'll eat my hat!" said Rollo, withdrawing his hand from the innocent glass receptacle as if it were poisoned.

The professor, with a grin, put down his coffee-cup of English clay. "Unfortunately," he drawled, "we cannot allow you to do that either. Your mother bought the hat only recently, and though it is made of cheap felt, all we can afford, it appears as yet nearly new. Besides, the felt is made from rabbit's fur imported from Australia."

"ANY HOUR IN APRIL"

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

ANY hour in April,
Sudden you may hear
Summer tinklings on the roof,
Crystal-thin and clear,
A flutter at the doorway,
A patter on the pane,
Little noise of slippered feet
Tripping up the lane—
April rain!

Any hour in April,
Sudden you may see
Sunlight hanging jewels high
On a leafy tree;
A wind among the flowers
Light as any feather;
Robins by a ruffled pool
Talking all together—
April weather!

SPRING PEEPERS

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

APRIL in the hollow and a sky of singing blue,
Willow wands all yellow and the catkins yellow, too!
Gold and blue of happy spring, the magic time o' year—
Oh, to walk in April with the peepers playing clear!

April in the hollow, with a low gold sun!
Comes an elfin ringing when the cool sweet day is done,
Sound of fairy sleigh-bells swinging, singing in the air—
Not a soul can see them, but they 're ringing everywhere!

April in the hollow! Is it peepers, did you say—
All those fairy sleigh-bells jingling at the close of day?
Haunting breath of elfin spring; twilights frosty cool—
Sleigh-bells in the hollow are the fairies' April Fool!

VIVI CORELLI—"A REAL, LIVE, LITTLE-GIRL STAR"

TWINKLE, LITTLE MOVIE STAR

By LORRAINE MAYNARD

CHAPTER I

SCAMP AND THE MARSHMALLOW

VIVI CORELLI giggled—as well as she could with a whole marshmallow in her mouth—and continued kicking her heels on Scamp's squirming back. Scamp loved it. He was hiding under her pretty glass-topped dressing-table, and Vivi, sitting on the stool in front, could just reach him. There was a flounce of shirred pink cretonne that hung down to the floor all around, and this covered the big police-dog entirely, except one grayish-brown paw that he poked out from under, every so often, and lifted to Vivi's lap.

"They 're whistling for him again, Mother! Mr. Solomon's whistle sounds terribly mad!" Vivi swallowed the marshmallow and, slipping off the stool, ran to the window, where she could see the huge out-door stage just below. Her room was only a few feet above the ground floor, so she had a good view of the stage, with scenery all set up to look like the marble insides of a palace room—a room waiting for Scamp to come and play his part in it. But Scamp, who could be a rather wonderful actor when he felt like it, did not seem especially eager to answer the director's calls.

"Perhaps he 's afraid he may get hurt when the fire starts," suggested Mrs. Corelli, who was sitting on top of a closed trunk and letting out a tuck in one of Vivi's dresses that was her very own—that is, it was not a costume to be worn in a picture.

"Why, Mother! You know Scamp is n't afraid of anything!" cried Vivi, in shocked tones. "He 's the bravest, smartest trick dog in moving pictures! But—" she turned gravely, and the pearl cap on her short yellow curls made what she said seem important, as though she really *were* a princess, instead of only dressed to look like one, "but I think Scamp just hates to work with Mr. Solomon!"

"Well, I wish the dog would obey him, anyhow," said Mrs. Corelli, looking troubled. She bit off some thread from her spool and asked: "Could n't you take him down, darling? He 'll do anything you tell him to, you know."

"Oh, that 's because I never tell him to do anything!" laughed Vivi, wisely. She glanced down to where Scamp's shiny wet nose was now thrust out from under a billowy fold of cretonne. "When Mr. Jerome comes back Scamp will be all right. Why see! did you notice him jump when I said 'Mr. Jerome'? He knows his master's name! But of course Scamp is n't used to working with any one else, and especially any one who *hollers* at him all the time! Mr. Solomon does n't seem to think Scamp has any sense!"

A louder whistle screeched through the open window, followed by voices calling and shouting for the missing dog. Vivi could see Mr. Solomon, with his coat off, pacing up and down behind the cameras, and Perry, his young assistant, running along peeking in the windows of the carpenter shop in the basement, where Scamp often went to roll himself in the sawdust and shavings.

"Vivi! Don't you hear?" pleaded Mrs. Corelli's worried voice.

"Um-m, yes, Mother," answered Vivi, undisturbed.

"But I 'm afraid they 'll blame you, darling! They 'll think you have been hiding Scamp here just for mischief! I know they will!"

"Pooh, what if they do? I 'm not one speck scared of that Mr. Solomon's awful black eyes—" Vivi hesitated, as though she did n't exactly like to think about them anyhow, and then blew her cheeks out, until they appeared swollen, and her own round, greenish-blue eyes popped like the director's. "Pooh!" she declared again, relaxing. Was n't she a "star,"—a real, live, little-girl star in the Pleiades Picture Company? And was n't she beloved and respected by every one—every one else, at least, in the whole studio, from President Grimshaw down? Indeed, Vivi considered herself an independent and very responsible person, and she did n't understand why Mother kept cautioning her to "be careful" just the same. But then Mrs. Corelli was such a sweet, timid little mother that Vivi almost had to take care of *her*, in some ways. For Vivi was never timid, and it only amused her to talk with grown-up visitors, or the directors, or even the president, and since she had first come to the studio, so long ago that she could n't remember when, she had felt at home with them all. Mrs. Corelli often said that she never could have managed without Vivi.

Her pale fingers were plucking nervously at the thread now, and suddenly Vivi darted across the room, reaching her sticky hands up to Mother's cheeks. "You stop looking so sorry, please, please Mother! Scamp 's going down! Of course he 's not afraid of the fire. Did n't he rescue a doll-dummy baby out of a burning house just a while ago? And he had to jump then, too, four stories, into a blanket! And did n't he run across the track right in front of an express-train, at just the very *second* Mr. Jerome told him to? There! He heard me say 'Mr. Jerome' again!" Vivi stopped and pointed at Scamp, whose head had been wagging all this time as though he enjoyed listening to Vivi's account of his heroic deeds. But now he was rigid, his head cocked on one side, ears up at attention. "You know, I believe," Vivi went on eagerly, "why, I *bet* he 'd go down and behave himself beautifully if I could only make him understand that it would please Mr. Jerome!"

Sure enough, at this third repetition of his owner's name, Scamp seemed to feel that something was expected of him, for he came stretching out from under the dressing-table and then, very leisurely, went sauntering across to the window where his long nose just fitted over the ledge. Vivi watched how his intelligent, amber-colored eyes swept the scene below. Mr. Solomon still stamped up and down, his blue-bound manuscript of the play in one hand, while Perry was now busily engaged arranging the furniture of the make-believe palace room. All around stood whistling electricians and property-men, ready to help make the "fire" as soon as Scamp could be found. They had many buckets full of regular Fourth-of-July sky-rockets and Roman candles and red light to make the "fire" with—and more buckets of water to put it out.

Scamp surveyed them all solemnly and yawned. Strange to say, nobody seemed to think of glancing up at Vivi's window, where they could have seen him, plain as day. When Mr. Solomon put two fingers in his mouth and let out an ear-splitting shriek, the dog removed his head, with a disdainful sniff, from the window-sill.

"Vivi!" entreated Mrs. Corelli, again, "please make him go!"

Vivi put a warning finger to her lips and then almost tiptoed to her box of marshmallows on the shelf. She picked out a fat, sugary one. "This," she explained, rather enjoying the game, "is Scamp's powder-puff," and she patted it all over until his

black nose was coated white before she allowed him to catch the candy in his mouth. "Now! You 're all made-up and ready to work," she told him, knowing perfectly well that he would lick it off in a jiffy. "Nice, funny Scamp—run along—rats! Pussy, pussy, pussy.—Good-by!"

Scamp took the hint better than some people; or maybe it was the marshmallow that brought him around, for he was scandalously fond of them. Anyhow, with a majestic bound, he was through the window, and a couple of leaps more carried him to Mr. Solomon's feet.

Vivi called over her shoulder to Mother: "Why, Mr. Solomon 's so surprised he 's actually patting Scamp's head! I never saw him do that before!"

She continued gazing down at them, wondering what had finally made the police-dog decide to behave. But then, she remembered, Scamp was like that. You just had to wait and hope for the best. When he was willing, he was very, very willing; but when he was not—well, there was no use coaxing, and Vivi knew it. Scamp was "temperamental."

"I feel like acting just the way he does, sometimes," she confessed; but this remark did not seem to make Mother any happier, so she added quickly, "but of course I 'm not a dog. I 'm a little—trick—girl."

"Why, Vivi!"

"But I am, Mother! Not the same kind of tricks that Scamp does, of course, but still, I do—tricks."

"What a way to talk about your work! You are a star, dear, a born actress. You ought to be proud of it."

Vivi pondered this. "I thought I was born a baby," she said.

"Of course, darling! I mean, you act so remarkably well that it seems as if you must have been born to *be* a star."

Vivi did n't see what there was to be proud of in that. Mother never wanted her to be proud about other things. Maybe it was because Vivi was earning her own living, and Mother's, and such a thing is not always easy. Vivi wondered if Daddy would like her to be—but there just was n't any use wondering what Daddy would like. Vivi had n't seen him in ever so long, though Mother said he was working hard, somewhere, and would come back to take care of them again as soon as he could—and had enough money. He invented things that did n't make money. Vivi guessed that Mother felt sad whenever they talked about this, and him, so they did n't, often. It had become a sort of secret, a mystery, and Vivi tried to put it out of her thoughts. Sometimes she forgot quite nicely, but once in a while, when she tried to remember how Daddy looked, and *could n't*, except vaguely, it made her feel sort of scared, and—lost.

From the platform below came loud, impatient commands. Somebody was hammering, too. Oh, why did n't they keep quiet while Scamp rehearsed? Vivi sank to one corner of the low ledge and watched Mr. Solomon putting Scamp through his part in the coming scene. The director talked in shouts, as if Scamp might be deaf. And he held tightly on the dog's collar, walking him through the act time and again. This, Vivi recognized, was partly necessary to show Scamp what was required of him; but even so, he did not enter into the work with his usual zest and enthusiasm. Very probably, Vivi guessed, he had learned his part after the first rehearsal and was dreadfully bored to be repeatedly dragged around by the director.

"Oh, he does look miserable!" wailed Vivi. "But maybe he won't show much when the smoke-pots get going. Why, Mother, they 're starting them already! They must be going to take the picture. I do hope it won't have to be taken twice. That always makes Mr. Solomon so mad, especially in a scene like this, with everything half burnt!"

"Come away, then, darling! I must put down that window or the smoke will be pouring in here."

Reluctantly, Vivi allowed herself to be pulled aside, while Mrs. Corelli shut the window. And just in time, for the artificial smoke (some canned preparation set off by lighting the fuse on each pot) was swelling forth in great choking clouds over the stage. This smoke made the fire seem much worse than it really was, as most of the "blaze" was accomplished by the glare from spotlights and fireworks, though some parts of the set, drenched with kerosene, were to be genuinely consumed.

Soon bursting flashes from the Roman candles lit up the scene just graphically enough for Scamp's actions to be visibly captured by the grinding cameras. There were three of these, because, as Vivi said, "fires" were sometimes hard to retake, and if anything went wrong with one camera the other two would get the picture, anyhow.

Vivi pressed her nose close against the glass, though the smoke outside was making it impossible for her to see much. She hated to miss Scamp's "solo." Mr. Jerome always declared that to go alone into a scene and remember everything in correct order was much more difficult for a dog than when there were people in the act, too. A solo, as he called it, was one of the most severe "intelligence tests."

"Oh, Mother, what a shame for Mr. Jerome to miss this too!" she called over her shoulder. "There he 's shut up in some old hospital, in a plaster cast, and won't be well for weeks yet!" Vivi's voice sounded as mournful as she imagined Scamp's devoted master must be feeling.

"But he can see the finished picture, one of these days, remember," encouraged Mother, with a smile.

"Why, so he can!" exclaimed Vivi, brightening. "Was n't it silly of me to forget that?"

CHAPTER II

VIVI SAVES THE FIRE SCENE

A KNOCK at the door was followed by a pleasant, boyish voice inquiring, "Are you dressed, Vivi? Mr. Solomon sent me up to say he 'll be ready to work with you in ten minutes."

"All right, Perry! Thank you! She 'll be ready," answered Mother, getting up and tucking away her sewing in the top of the trunk. Vivi, who was accustomed to what "ten minutes" usually meant around the studio, did not show any signs of haste, in spite of the fact that she was not anywhere near "ready." She did kick off her moccasins and poke her bare feet into the silver sandals that had little tinkling bells sewed around the top strap. Vivi gave them a shake to see if they reminded her of Christmas. Then she switched on the border of lights about her make-up mirror and sat quietly watching her reflection while Mother drew a soft, shadowy line close to the lashes, making the green-blue eyes appear bigger, and touched a moist smudge of deeper red on the clear-cut, curving lips. Leaning back, Vivi took a professional look at herself. It always seemed such a nuisance, this having to put things on her face and then rub them all off again, later, with cold-cream. But the camera's eye demanded it.

"Here 's your costume, darling." Mrs. Corelli took from behind the cretonne curtains that covered one side of the room a lovely blue-satin gown. It was fit for a fairy princess, with low neck and little puffy sleeves and love-knots of pearl beads glittering all down the front. "Hurry, darling!"

Vivi raised her arms and dived up through, then stepped in front of the long glass which was fastened on the door. She studied herself carefully again, and frowned. "I think I

ought to have a sash, Mother," she said. "*Something* to show where my stomach is."

"Nonsense, Vivi, a sash would n't go with this sort of costume! And Mr. Solomon told me you 're not to wear the pearl cap, either. He decided it covers your hair too much."

"'THIS,' SHE EXPLAINED, 'IS SCAMP'S POWDER-PUFF'"

"No sash—and no cap!" gulped Vivi, opening her eyes wider in pained surprise. But before she could think of any arguments in favor of these admired items, there came unmistakable sounds of a growing disturbance on the outdoor stage. Even through the closed window Vivi could hear voices, shrill and angry, and a general hubbub of shouts and calls that she somehow realized meant a real and not just a make-believe commotion. She ran to look out. The smoke had cleared enough so that she could just distinguish the half-charred remains of the "set"—the palace room which had supposedly burned, and on which the property men were now hastily dousing their buckets of water to put out whatever sparks still glowed on the curled-up canvas walls and smoldering velvet curtains. The glass in the pretty arched window was smashed and the framed paintings had dropped to the floor, so that the whole place wore a realistically wrecked appearance. But the bravest, smartest trick dog in moving pictures was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, what do you suppose has happened!" cried Vivi, in alarm, and, catching up her long, slippery gown in both hands, she started for the door. "I 'll have to go down and find out, Mother! I just knew something would go wrong—with Scamp working for Mr. Solomon!"

She dashed along the wooden corridor that separated the dressing-rooms and down the flight of steps that led out to the lot. The outdoor stage had been built here. It was like an enormous dance-floor or roller-skating rink, without any roof, and it was so big that several sets could be put up on it at the same time. Beyond the lot, and shut off from it only by a neck-high picket fence, was the public road, with trolley-tracks and sidewalks.

Instantly Vivi saw what was wrong. The sidewalk was packed with people. Small faces peered through the fence, between boards, while taller folks jostled each other as they pressed forward for a nearer, better view of the "fire scene." The studio, Vivi had often heard onlookers remark, and more especially the outdoor stage, was one of the sights of the town. To-day not only the public highway was thronged, but many curious strangers had managed to slip by the gateman and wandered over the lot itself.

Of course, the players themselves were used to such things. They were used to having dozens of stage-hands and property-men and electricians fussing around their feet, always, and they were used to going through their parts in all sorts of public places, too, without giving a thought to the extra number of gaping faces gathered about to watch. But—Scamp was different.

Hurrying as fast as she could without catching or tearing her costume on the rough stairs, Vivi climbed up on the platform and made straight for Mr. Solomon. He had flung himself into his chair, which had his name painted in white letters across the back, his coat was off, and his heavy face purple with anger or excitement, Vivi could n't tell which. The crumpled scenario of the play was on the floor, under his solid boot.

"Oh please, Mr. Solomon," she began, the low-drifting smoke making her cough a little, "where 's Scamp?"

"Scamp!" roared the director, his black eyes almost leaping up at her. "That fool dog! Ask your grandmother!"

Vivi backed slightly. "But I have n't any grandmother," she replied, in her most polite manner, "and anyhow, even if I had, she would n't know whereabouts—"

"See here!" yelled Mr. Solomon, interrupting in a way that Vivi had

been taught was very rude, "I 'm not ready for you yet, and won't be. I 've got to take this whole blooming scene over again as soon as that prize idiot of a dog decides to quit fooling and mind. So clear out! Don't ask questions! You 're wasting my time —d' y' hear?"

Vivi considered. There was no need to ask if the scene had been spoiled—property-men were already trying to get things back into some sort of order, nailing down the flapping canvas walls and covering the burnt spots with paintings. She turned to Perry, who was usually so good-natured and ready to help her, but he only motioned for her to go away.

"But, Perry, you tell him!" she pleaded. "You know Scamp 's a young dog, and he gets awfully nervous when—"

"Sh-h, honey," whispered the young assistant, gently. "Better keep quiet. The boss ain't in any mood for suggestions—"

With a violent bound Mr. Solomon had left his chair and went striding across the stage, ignoring them both. He swung his arms in a gesture to clear the set for action.

"Why look, Vivi," cried Perry, touching her sleeve, "they 've found him! The scallawag!"

Vivi looked and saw a couple of workmen hauling Scamp out from under the stage by his collar. "Run along now, honey. Scamp forgot his 'lines' and dropped the jewel-case when Mr. Solomon tried to coach him —and bolted. We 've got to rehearse him some more, I guess. He 's acting like the dickens to-day. So you trot along and don't bother Mr. Solomon, that 's a good kid." Perry led her off the set as he finished talking, and Vivi took up her stand back of the cameras. "It 's funny," she thought as she waited, "how long it takes before some people will let you help them!"

Scamp, with ears flat and tail drooping, looked thoroughly aware of his disgrace. The director's hand clutched his collar and, with unconcealed annoyance, yanked his head from side to side. Vivi wondered if Scamp would get a whipping—when the people were n't around, of course. Mr. Solomon's face looked like it. She remembered how Mr. Jerome acted while he was training Scamp the puppy, when Vivi had been several years already at the studio. She used to watch them work, morning after morning, from her window, and Scamp forgot lots of things then, and he had spoiled many and many a foot of good film, too, in making his first pictures. But Mr. Jerome's face had never once looked as though he thought about whippings. Perhaps that was why folks said he had a "way" with dogs.

"Now you get up off that rug when I call 'Action!'—and you sniff the smoke, see?" Mr. Solomon was bellowing the directions all over again. "And you hunt around for the jewel-case, under these pillows, along the mantle, and on the table-top, see?—Then upset it.—You pull the drawer open with your teeth and grab the case, see? Then rush against the door—It 's locked—so, out you go, through the window— Say! Somebody get a new pane of glass for that window, quick!" The director pointed to the jagged arch that bore evidence of Scamp's successful exit, however much he may have slighted the rest of the scene.

A workman ran off on the errand. Others laid down a fresh supply of fireworks and hid new smoke-pots about, ready for lighting. Perry stood up front so the camera-men could focus on his striped shirt. Then he wrote the scene number on a slate and they photographed that. The scenes would be sorted and strung together by their numbers later.

Finally, the glass window was renewed, the cameras loaded with full reels of film, and everything was ready; that is, everything except Scamp. The instant Mr. Solomon released his grip on the dog's collar he streaked from the rug to Vivi's side.

"Hey! Come back here! What in thunder—say, young lady—" Mr. Solomon advanced, shaking his thick finger in Vivi's face. "Did n't I tell you once before to clear out? What d' y' think this is, a side-show in a circus? *This is business!*"

Scamp, who had slunk down between them, got slowly to his feet, the black hairs on the top of his back bristling. Vivi fumbled with one of his ears because, for the first time, she was afraid of what might happen. The director, suddenly noticing that she and Scamp seemed to be very good friends, demanded: "What have you got to do with this dog, anyhow? A sulking coward, that 's what he is!"

"Oh no, please, sir, he 's not a bit frightened, really!" she burst out. Her skirt dropped full length to the floor and made what she said seem important, like a princess speaking. "I 'm sure Scamp would work all right if—if you 'd just manage him differently. I mean—I could tell you how—"

"*You* could!" The director snorted. "Ha! I suppose you 've trained animals all your life!"

"Well, I 've watched Mr. Jerome train Scamp for nearly two years," retorted Vivi; and then, as Mr. Solomon's expression changed from a jeer to blank surprise, she hurried on, "and do you think Mr. Jerome ever lets mobs of strangers stand around, like those over beyond the fence, when Scamp works? He does not! Or lets anybody hammer or speak or move while Scamp is in the middle of a scene—a solo scene? I should say not! And he never coaches Scamp except at rehearsals. But if you 'll send everybody away and make things perfectly quiet, and pet him sweetly a few minutes, I *know* Scamp —will—act!"

"Sweetly?" Mr. Solomon stared down at her as if he scarcely understood. Then, without a word he turned and picked up a small hand-megaphone from a pile of lumber close by. "Ben! Order those rubber-necks away—the whole blooming bunch of 'em!" he shouted hoarsely. And clear this gang off the stage, too. —I don't want a soul here but the cameras.—Perry, you can light the smoke-pots. No noise now! Oh, you, Vivi—" He tucked the megaphone under his arm and looked down at her again, as though puzzled. Finally, with a sort of shamefaced gruffness, he said, "You come over and sit in my chair," and walking across, he removed his coat from it.

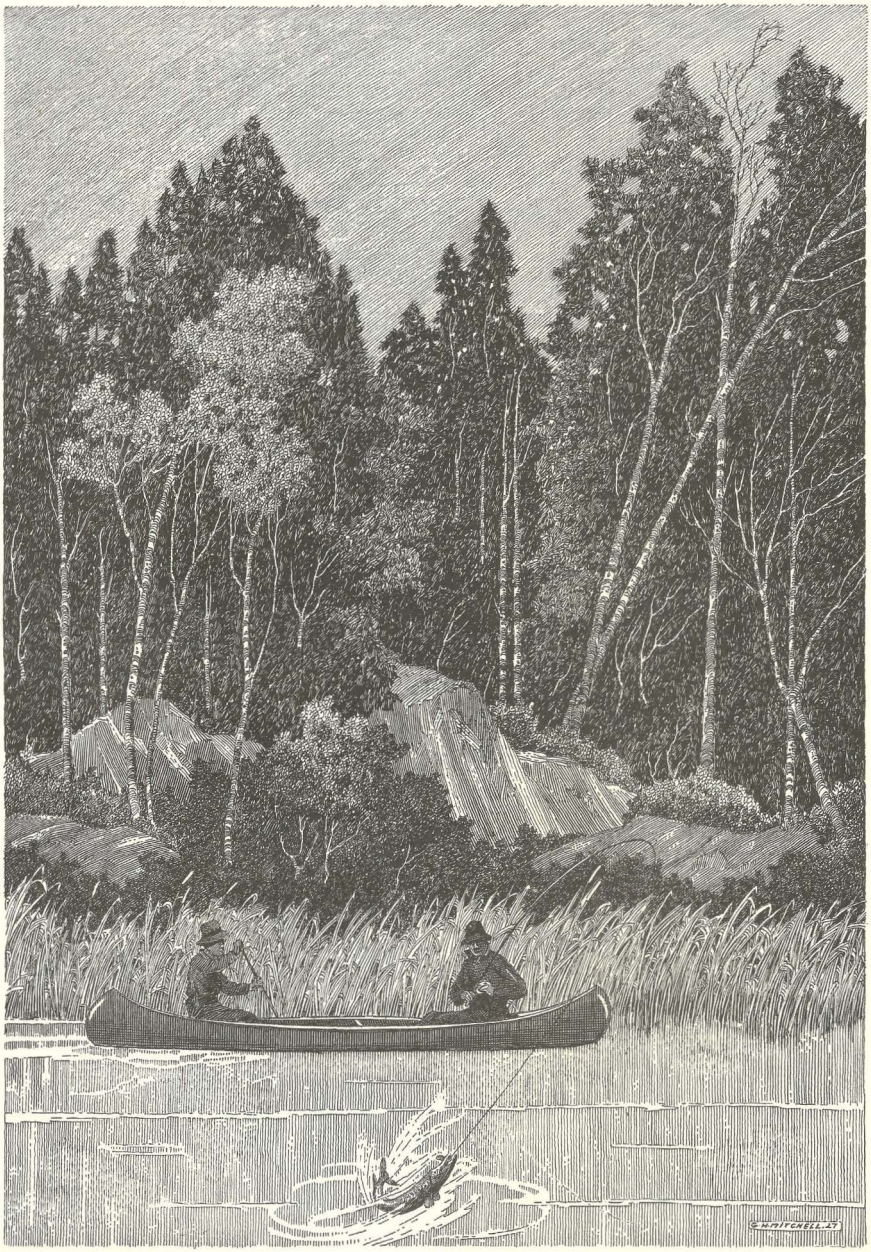
Perry gasped in astonishment. The crowd was falling back already and beginning to surge away, grumbling. Carpenters and electricians scattered hastily, leaving their tools.

Vivi flitted over and sank graciously into Mr. Solomon's chair. She knew perfectly well that the director had granted her what was considered an overwhelming honor—the seat reserved for his private use. Nobody in the whole studio ever dared to occupy it. But Vivi was not overwhelmed. She only clasped her hands and breathed happily, "Now I 'll have a fine view of Scamp's solo!"

Within a few minutes Mr. Solomon, following Vivi's advice, was crooning softly, "Ready, old boy—Action!—Camera!", and Scamp, who could be a wonderful actor when he felt like it, felt like it!

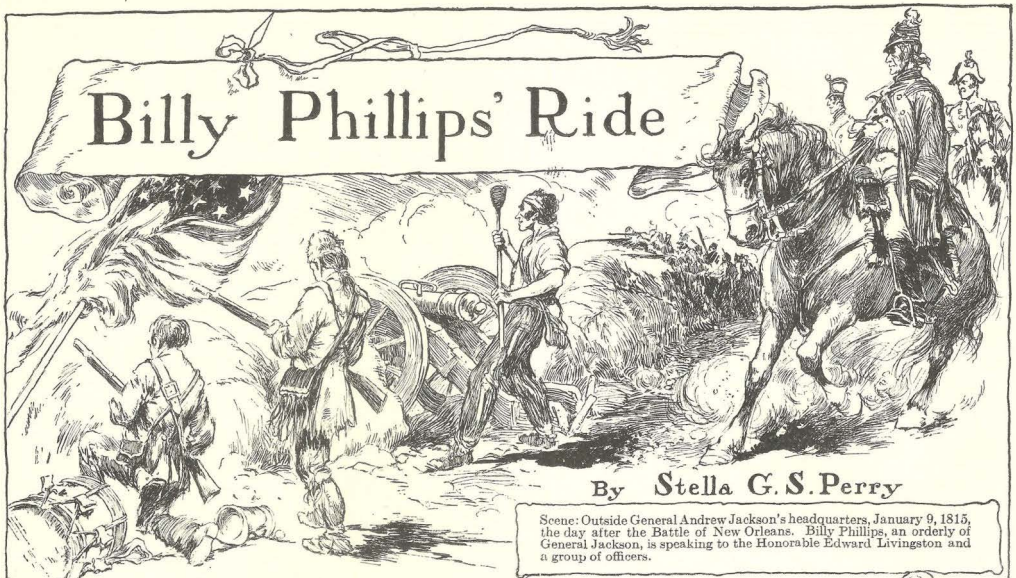
After the scene was finished, Vivi slipped away and the dog tagged her back upstairs, his tail waving cheerfully once more. Perry, chasing behind, called out, "You can take off your duds, Vivi, honey—there 's no more work this afternoon. Mr. Solomon says he 's ready to call it a day. He 's going home."

(*To be continued*)



THE FIRST CATCH OF THE SEASON

Billy Phillips' Ride



By Stella G. S. Perry

Scene: Outside General Andrew Jackson's headquarters, January 9, 1815, the day after the Battle of New Orleans. Billy Phillips, an orderly of General Jackson, is speaking to the Honorable Edward Livingston and a group of officers.

YES, Mr. Livingston, I 'm Billy Phillips, the lad you used to see
In Washington. President's messenger. Glad you remember me!
You used to say, "He 's mighty young to be an express-rider,"
And I reckon you were right, sir. Still, a good mare, set astride her,
I never thought myself too young. A saddle 's just my *nest*.
And President Madison picked me out to tell the South and West
War was declared with England.

Sir? You say you want me now
To talk to these young officers? You 'd have me tell them how
I rode to the Gulf in nineteen days. Why, yes, sir; I 'll be glad to.
But 't was n't much to brag about—good horses—and I *had* to.
Since I was just a youngster, up home in Tennessee,
I 've sort of been horse-handy. The general trusted me—
Our General Andrew Jackson—to mount on "Truxton's" back

And ride that glorious stallion on Clover Bottom track.
No horse like Jackson's Truxton has ever made dust fly.
'T was Truxton taught me how to ride. And—well, then, by and by
A friend of mine, a senator, he told the President
How all I knew was horses, and could ride 'em. So I went
To be a government messenger, a carrier of express.

'T was on June twelve in eighteen-twelve, 'bout five P.M., I guess,
That Mr. Madison sent for me. And when I saw his face,
All set and white and serious, and not a single trace
Of his mild, smiling manner, I knew 't was something grave.
"Young Phillips," said the President, "I do esteem you brave
And loyal to your country, alert to serve her need."
"You may, sir," I said, breathless. "Oh, sir, you may indeed!"
"I think so. So I 've chosen you. I 've heard how you can ride
And that the southwest roads you know as well as any guide.
Bill Phillips, go you south and west, nor rest by night or day;
Let you no Indian hordes, nor flood, nor anything, delay.
Ride on and bear these messages to governors near and far,
And shout to all the men you meet, *'To arms! We are at war!*

We are at war with England. Her force is at our door—
The men who fight Napoleon. And, oh, our need is sore
For armies strong to meet them!' Go, now. Arouse the land."
He gave me all the papers—and then he gave his hand!

I

Over the Potomac,
On into the night,
Over Rappahanock
In the moonlight white,
Over Mattapony
Into the set-of-moon,
Over the Pamunkey,
So to Richmond soon—
All the way a-shouting
At taverns and at farms,
All the way to daybreak,
Spreading the alarms.
My first papers rendered,
Eating as I sped,
Southwest, inward, darting
Where Appomattox led,
Forded over Nottoway,
To North Caroline.
Changed my mount at Hillsboro—
Found the new one fine.
Men dashed out in Lexington,
I could hear them cry:
"Who 's that riding like the wind,
Wild of hair and eye?
He 's an express-rider."
"Aye!" I shouted. "Aye!"
Swung my wallet o'er my head.
"Here 's the stuff! *To war!*
Wake up! War with England!
Arm!" And, swift and far,
Took the road to Salisbury
Where the hills begin;
Had to swim a bridgeless stream
Known as the Yadkin.
Salisbury to Morgantown,
High the mountains rise;
Horse went bravely trackless ways
Pointing to the skies,
Northwest into borderlands
Of the Tennessee,—
Unakas, Great Smokies,—up!
Night-o'ertaken, we,
Horse and I, go on and on,

II

Though an Indian, hid,
Took a shot. It hurried us—
That was all it did.
"Jonesboro! Arise! Arise!
Fight! *The war 's begun!*"
Roaring cataracts at dawn;
Glad to see the sun.
New mount through the Cumberlands;
Scarcely eat or sleep;
Crystal rivers to be swum,
Forests dense and deep!
Over the escarpment,
Down the palisades,
Into lovely valleys,
Into fertile glades.
A detour at Knoxville,
Hunting Governor Blount,
Lost a day. At Nashville, he.
Nashville, home! Remount!
Nashville, home, one night I slept.
Then to Southland turn,
Where the roads were all unknown
And no time to learn;
Natchez and New Orleans bound,
Miles, six hundred more!
Hostile Indians on the way.
Past a settler's door;
Sometimes through the piny woods,
Close-set and no trail,
Sometimes by the river-side,
Sometimes by a pale
Silver stream; or sunk in swamp
To my horse's back,
Sometimes on a scented path
By the bayou's track.
Tired? Eyes that could n't close—
They 'd forgot the way.
Poor old horses! I was hard,
Merciless. By day
And by night, they *had* to go!
July 'd just begun—
Here, to Governor Claiborne, "*War!*"
And my race was done.

It was n't so much, really, that you should praise me so.
But the Southwest won that battle here. And I am glad to know
I was the lad that told them, that roused the South and West,
And that the President trusted me to ride and do my best.
And, yesterday, when Jackson became the nation's pride,
I did feel proud his Truxton was the horse taught me to ride.

THE COULÉE WASH

By MARGERY RUFF

IF it had n't been for that low grade in algebra, Peter might never have gone to Utah at all, and certainly Ned and the others would never have experienced a coulée wash. On such slim threads are destinies strung!

It was a dreadful grade, and Peter was both wretched and indignant, for he *had* tried. Figures, especially the puzzling $ab-c^2-x$ kind, were simply out of his line, and he had n't been able to understand them enough to pass the course. Hence the failure—and the things that came to pass because of it.

Serious as the matter was, Judge Melville could n't resist teasing his son. "They say that if we ever talk with Mars, it will be through the medium of figures," he chuckled. "And in that case, Peter, you, out of all the world, will be unable to talk with Mars!"

To Mrs. Melville, the failure was an unhappy occurrence because it meant that Peter's chance to make the senior honor-roll was gone. He would be graduated from Fenswick High School with his class, of course, but without distinction.

And the judge considered it somewhat tragic because it meant that Peter could not enter Bowder College that autumn as a full-fledged freshman. He could enter "on condition," perhaps; otherwise, he would have to wait a year, and try in that time to pass the entrance exam in algebra. Both ways the judge found unpleasant.

As for Peter himself, it must be confessed that his chief sorrow lay in the fact that he would not be playing on the freshman football team at Bowder that year. Not to play—and it had been his one ambition since early high-school days! Even if he did enter on "con," as his father would doubtless urge him to, he would not be eligible now.

All told, the Melville household was decidedly disgruntled over the algebra grade. It had put a monkey-wrench into their plans.

As Peter pondered his difficulty, it seemed impossible for him to remain in Fenswick. To know that the teams were starting practice, and not to be a part, would be almost too much to bear. He did n't want to be on hand for the season at all.

But where to go? Thinking it over, he thought he 'd like to go to some small town to work, where he would have plenty of time to study the bugaboo algebra. He promised himself that he would plug away at it every night, and perhaps a year of such work might fit him for the exam in the following autumn.

On the coast, with his cousins? It was tempting, but Peter dismissed it. "I 'd not get anywhere with studying, *there*. It would be time wasted. Ned 'd always be taking me away from my work. No, that won't do."

There were other possibilities, but Peter was reluctant about them all—all, that is, but one rather hazy one. Some seven years before, Judge Melville's partner, Jack Munson, had gone out to Arizona to regain his health. After a year's rest, he had started a fruit-ranch in southern Utah, and the judge rarely heard from him.

Peter decided, however, to write Uncle Jack, as he had always called him, and invite himself to the ranch.

Matters seemed to develop with surprising speed after that. Word came very shortly that Uncle Jack would be delighted to have Peter visit him; the judge presently agreed to the idea; and Mrs. Melville made sudden plans to accompany Peter for part of his journey and to visit her aunt in Colorado.

And that explains how Peter came to be on the Hanging Creek Ranch that fall, instead of on the Bowder football-field—explains, too, why the Melvilles decided to drive out to Utah the following summer to bring Peter back. For it is not about Peter's year that I want to tell you, but about the end of his year—and the visit of the Melvilles and the Allenbys.

Peter had arrived at the ranch in August.

"Just in time," he wrote home, "for the fall rains. I did n't know there was so much water in the world! Uncle Jack's ranch is miles away from anywhere, and we can't get to any towns, because the roads are washed away—at least, we have n't tried to."

And it was the following July when the judge's party left for the West. Besides the Melvilles, there were Peter's two cousins, Ned and Betty. The Allenbys, with their children, Tim and Ellen, were making a trip to California, and were accompanying the Melvilles as far as the Utah ranch. It was a beautiful trip, with many stop-overs at interesting places along the way, so that it was early in August before they arrived at Hanging Creek Ranch.

They came late in the evening.

"Oh, Peter, we 're all so thrilled to be here at last!" cried Betty, after the greetings were over. "We 've come through such dreadful deserts to get here! We have n't seen a tree for ever so long—just cactus, and those funny prairie-dogs!"

Peter turned amused eyes on Uncle Jack, who was grinning broadly.

"Well, Betty, I 'm afraid you 've got to stand some more cactus," he said. "It travels all the way to Wyoming, and all the way south into Arizona—except for the Kaibab Forest. But I was just as surprised as you, when I came out here. I thought I was completely out of the world. You know," he turned to his father, "I could n't imagine where the fruit-ranch was, when Uncle Jack brought me to this shack. As far as you can see on all sides, it 's just the same rolling prairie, with cactus and sage-brush."

Ned's face showed mingled surprise and disappointment.

"Good night!" he burst out. "Peter, have you been kidding us about the fruit? Trot out that ranch, old fellow!"

It was Uncle Jack who explained the rest.

"The fruit-trees are about half-a-mile away, on a set of shelf-like ledges, below Hanging Creek," he began. "You see, nothing grows down here except by irrigation. We 've got about fifteen hundred peach- and plum-trees down there on those shelves. And Peter and I have been putting in more pipes and ditches to irrigate another stretch. Once you are sure of water, you know, the biggest problem is settled."

Every one seemed vastly relieved, after that. And being assured of a fruit-ranch, even though it was in a desert, they were glad to turn into bed after their long trip.

Since their departure from home, the days had piled up on each other at such an alarming pace that the judge's original idea of staying two weeks at the ranch had been given up. They had arrived on Monday and would stay until Saturday, the Allenbys going on to California, and the Melvilles returning to Fenswick with Peter.

It was a week of rest for the parents. Every morning Uncle Jack took them down to his orchards. He was fond of experimenting, and he found great enthusiasts in the Allenbys, who were

amateur gardeners. The judge was keenly interested in the irrigation system and the pump which Peter had installed that spring to carry water to the shack. Mrs. Melville and Mrs. Allenby spent one afternoon in putting up jams and jellies for Uncle Jack for the winter.

Peter took his young friends to the nearest town to get mail, the weekly paper, and needed provisions; he let them ride in turn on the two saddle-horses that Uncle Jack owned; and he put them to work in the orchard. Betty and Ellen spent hours of energy attempting to teach tricks to some pet prairie-dogs. But Ned grew restless in short order.

"Peter, old timer, how have you been able to stand 'this here now' desert for so long? I think I 'd go plumb crazy," he said. "Is n't there a real live town to go to? Honestly, this place gives me the creeps at night. What did you two do for excitement all winter, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," grinned Peter. "I studied, mostly. You know, that was why I came! Uncle Jack helped me with my algebra. We have a radio, too. And on clear nights, Uncle Jack and I studied the stars. He 's got a peach of a telescope."

"Look here," broke in Tim, "what about these western rodeos we always hear about?"

"Never saw one," said Peter, briefly. "But—well, we might take a look at the 'Gazette'. Might be something doing around."

They searched the newspaper of a neighboring village and were rewarded by a small advertisement.

"Rodeo to-morrow and Saturday!" Ned shouted. "Where 's Fruita, anyway, and let 's go—what?"

Peter hesitated only a moment. He realized that there was little enough amusement at Hanging Creek Ranch for his lively friends, and he did want them to enjoy the visit.

"Sure! Fruita 's about sixty miles north and east—over the line into Colorado. I have n't been on that road recently; but I reckon it will be all right."

"If it 's dry," added Uncle Jack, when they told him of their plans for the next day. "There 's a regular thunder-cloud over in the west right now, and we 'll have rain to-night, that 's certain."

Nevertheless, the morning found them ready to go. Although the western sky was still black and heavy, the rain in the vicinity of Hanging Creek had been slight. None of the older people cared to go, so the five started off in the Allenby's heavy car, Peter at the wheel.

Utah roads at their best are not to be boasted of. A slight dampness makes them slippery and dangerous; an ordinary rain makes "gumbo" of them—impassable until they have dried; and a heavy downpour may wash them away completely.

However, Peter was able to keep to the road, and very shortly it had dried under the warm sun. The day was hot and muggy, and the road far from smooth, but the group was in high spirits.

"Peter!" cried Betty, once, from the back seat. "Shout when you are going to hit any other bumps, and we 'll hang on to the rafters!"

But Peter was driving more slowly than either Tim or Ned would have done. The others were singing. Once they struck up an old Bowder song, and Peter grinned happily as he joined in. In six weeks more he 'd be a Bowder man, himself! The algebra examination held no fear for him now. Thanks to Uncle Jack's help, he was ready for it. Actually, he was looking forward to it with relish.

In his mind he pictured the campus, the almost sacred football-field, the college buildings. He mused on the

"THE RODEO WAS A MARKED SUCCESS TO THE YOUNG EASTERN 'DUDES'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

freshman welcome, the muddy "bag-rush" that featured the entrance of each new class.

Peter's reverie ended abruptly and he brought the car to a sudden stop. His companions were too astonished to speak as they gazed at the creek in the coulée below and the last traces of a bridge. The gully was probably ten or twelve feet deep and fairly wide. The sides sloped gently down to the small stream of water, which appeared not more than a foot or so deep. The road bridge had been carried completely away. Some distance to the right of them stood the trestle for the railroad that ran parallel to the road they had followed, but at a higher elevation.

"Don't look scared," grinned Peter, as he saw Ellen's white face. "That happens even in the best of deserts. Uncle Jack said we might find a bridge or two out. The rain 's been heavy off there in the west, and it probably sent a regular river through the coulée. The bridge is just a wooden one, and when it was undermined, it fell into the water."

There were tracks down into the stream where other drivers had forded it, and Peter followed their example and crossed safely.

It was almost noon before Fruita came to view. The rest of the day flew by on wings. The rodeo was a marked success to the young eastern "dudes," as Uncle Jack had termed them. There was the traditional horse-breaking, the balky mules to furnish amusement, and rope-throwing.

"Real cowboys, too!" Ellen exulted. "I thought all the western cowboys had gone into the movies."

The rodeo dance after supper was almost too crowded to be pleasant, and the strenuous day had made them all tired.

"I 'm dog-tired," laughed Ned. "And the air there 's a bit thick, anyway! Let 's start home. It will be a great old ride, and we 'll certainly be glad to get out of the crowd."

In a whisper he added to Tim, "I heard one of the men who just came in say that it was raining awfully over in the west. Think we ought to tell Peter?"

And Tim answered, "He 'd probably make us stay here for the night. I guess it will be all right, and we can take a chance. It is n't like mountain driving, anyway. All the danger we run is getting stuck in the mud."

They helped Peter put on the chains, and made sure that the tow-rope and shovel were at hand. Then they started on the homeward journey. It was about nine o'clock, and overhead the sky was bright with stars. The moon in its second quarter was just rising out of the east. Whatever rain there had been, it was over for the night, beyond a doubt.

Tim was driving now, and he was profiting from Peter's example by going slowly and cautiously.

Presently they neared the coulée which had lost its bridge. And then, astonished beyond words, they gazed down the bank to find that the water had risen almost two feet higher than it was when they had forded it early that morning.

"Hm! So the stream 's up!" commented Peter. "That 's something else again!"

"How come?" demanded Tim.

"Guess it 's been raining some more off yonder, and the streams always swell after a rain," he replied, knitting his brow as if attempting to solve a problem.

They piled out of the car to examine the bridgeless coulée at close hand, and for the first time noticed a car along the bank some yards away. Over one side of it a tent was spread. Apparently it housed some tourists who, finding the bridge out, were optimistically awaiting the morning.

"Look here, there 's only one thing to do if we want to cross to-night," Peter told them. "We 'll have to build up the bed with stones. It 's much too deep to ford. At least, we 'll build it up so that the ignition won't get wet, and so we won't get stuck in the mud. Come on—hunt around for flat stones and big rocks."

His eyes anxiously scanned the sky toward the west where only one faint star shone dimly through a mass of clouds. However, if they found no further trouble, it would be possible to reach the ranch before the storm broke.

Makeshift road-building at best is a slow affair. And building in a creek at night, by auto lights, was no easy matter. Peter stood more than knee-deep in the stream, carefully fitting the rocks and stones into the muddy bottom. He had salvaged some pieces of wood, parts of the old bridge, and with these hoped to hold the stones in place. The water had gone down somewhat, and his stone path promised a sure footing for the car.

"Get in the car, Tim and the rest of you," finally Peter ordered. "I 'll stay here to direct traffic. Don't start down the bank until I shout."

Tim had raced up the bank at Peter's first words and had n't heard the last direction. As soon as every one was in, he sent the car slowly down to the creek.

Then "Back, back!" they heard Peter shout. "Go back!"

And Tim, wondering, reversed the engine and backed up the grade onto the bank, Peter scrambling alongside and trying to push it up in his frenzied excitement.

As the noise of the engine died, there came a roaring that sounded like rolling thunder. The startled four in the auto turned frightened eyes upon Peter. Ellen was deathly pale. She had no doubt but that a pack of coyotes, or perhaps mountain-lions, was bearing down on them. But Peter was not puzzled. A year had been long enough to initiate him into the vagaries of the coulée country. Quick as a flash he had reached into the car to turn the searchlight up the creek bed so that his friends might not miss the terrifying, awe-inspiring sight of the flood.

A huge wall of water—probably eight feet high, swept toward them—a black, frothing monster, carrying with it huge rocks and trees and other wreckage. A deafening roar, and past them it swept, ruthlessly tearing at the contents of the stream bed as it sped along. The foaming waters now filled the coulée, and their speed seemed to be increasing momently. Once what appeared to be an automobile top swept by on the waves, a mute testimony of possible tragedy in the path of the flood. The watchers stared in speechless fascination at the swift-running water.

When the noise had lessened somewhat, Peter raised his voice to exclaim, "Try to find our nice little rock road *now!*"

And all of them burst into a torrent of questions and ejaculations.

"What does it mean, Peter? Jiminy, I would n't have missed that for anything! Think if we 'd been caught down there—carried right off—how did you know what it was—that car top!—and what to do now!"

"It 's the beginning of the August floods," said Peter. "When it rains in the hills over to the west, the streams swell and tear along as this one did, taking out bridges and anything else in their path. That 's what happened here several days ago, when the bridge was carried away."

"How did you know it was coming?" asked Ellen, breathlessly. "I could n't understand when you shouted so frantically for Tim to back up the car."

"It 's a rule of this country," Peter said, "always to stop, look, and listen before crossing a coulée. You can hear the flood—the rumbling undercurrent of it—for several miles. And when you do, you take no chances on beating it to the other side."

By this time, the tourists were crowding out of the tent to find out

the cause of the noise. In a few minutes Peter had explained it to them and was advising that they dig a trough around their tent to safeguard them in the event that the stream should overflow the banks.

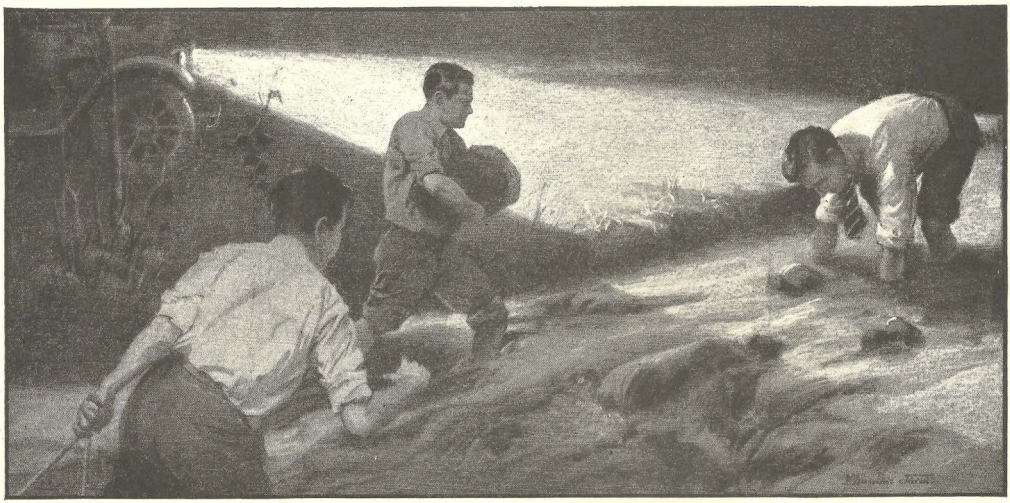
The boys helped with this, and then joined Ellen and Betty in the car. After an hour's wait, Peter told them that the water would probably not go down until morning—perhaps not even then.

rectly overhead. It 's a bit clouded, but that bright star is Vega. And by Jove! 'way off to the east there—I 'll bet that 's Aldebaran!" But he had no time for star-gazing, with his friends urging that they try the trestle. So they all set off to investigate the possibility of riding it.

The water had gone down only a little. The trestle was probably some two feet above it. They examined the ties and finally decided

They watched anxiously as Tim slipped from the wheel and cautiously made his way to the engine. He lifted the hood and appeared to be searching for the wire.

"Perhaps I 'd better try to help him," suggested Peter; but he hesitated. And Betty voiced his own thoughts a minute later when she said, "No—they can manage the car, and you ought to be on hand to help, in case anything should happen."



"ROAD-BUILDING IN A CREEK AT NIGHT, BY AUTO LIGHTS, WAS NO EASY MATTER"

"Let 's find another road," suggested Tim, suddenly. "Maybe all the bridges are n't out. How about it, Peter?"

Peter laughed. "Do you think this is Illinois? There is n't another road. There 's no road, except this, that passes within forty miles of Hanging Creek. Another road! Listen, Tim, ask me a real hard one!"

"All right," chimed in Ned. "Why don't we ride across on the railroad trestle?"

Peter looked at him uncertainly. "That idea 's been running through my head, too," he confessed. "But I hesitated to say anything, because—well, it is a little risky. And then, it is n't my car."

"But we 've got to do something," broke in Betty. "Imagine how worried the folks must be already! What time is it, anyway?"

Peter and Tim were without watches, and Ned's had stopped at seven that evening. Ellen's wristwatch had been broken during the excitement.

"Must be about twelve," thought Peter, to himself, as he scanned the heavens. "The Swan 's almost di-

that, driving carefully, they could run the car over it. Tim was to drive.

"It 's Dad's car, and I 'm responsible for it, anyway, so I 'll do it," he said stoutly; but his face was white. "Oh, I know I 'm scared," he grinned; "but I 'll try it. Ned, you come with me to direct the spotlight, and the rest of you cut along over before we start."

He ran the car some two hundred yards back from the coulée edge. Slowly and laboriously he brought it up the slight incline and onto the railroad tracks. This accomplished, Peter and the girls made their way across the bridge, and Tim slowly guided the big car along the tracks. To Peter, straining his eyes into the night, it seemed hours before the car left the bank and started bumping its perilous way across the trestle—hours and more! Before it had quite reached the middle, the car stopped.

"Engine killed, I suppose, and the starter won't work," Ellen said calmly, though her heart was pumping wildly. "Tim can fix it. That happened last week on a bad road in Colorado. It 's a loose wire in the ignition, I guess."

So they waited on the other side, hoping that Tim would fix the loose wire. But the minutes passed and they had not succeeded.

Peter walked along the bank impatiently. It would have helped if he could have built a fire. The girls were chilled from the night air, and he was still damp from his road-building experience. A fire would have helped to light the trestle, to say nothing of its cheering effect. But what wood the place could boast was water-soaked.

It was fully fifteen minutes later that Betty, interrupting Ellen and Peter, who were discussing the advisability of pushing the car, cried, "Peter! Was that a whistle?"

"What? I have n't heard a thing," he said.

"I have n't," put in Ellen.

Peter's startled eyes turned swiftly to the railroad-track, but only inky blackness met them in both directions.

"Did you think it was a train whistle, Betty?" he asked quickly.

"It was so faint—I don't know. Maybe it was n't a whistle at all," she answered. "But Peter, we have n't

thought a bit about trains on that track! Is there any chance—"

Peter's mind was figuring rapidly. "There 's a noonday freight on this line every day in the summer and fall. And once a week there 's a special freighter due in Fruita about mid-night, every Friday. It 's a special that is put on during the fruit season."

"Oh! And to-day 's Friday!" Ellen cried. "Quick, get the boys!"

"We 'd hear a train and see the lights, you know," Peter reassured her; but nevertheless he was off in a flash toward the trestle.

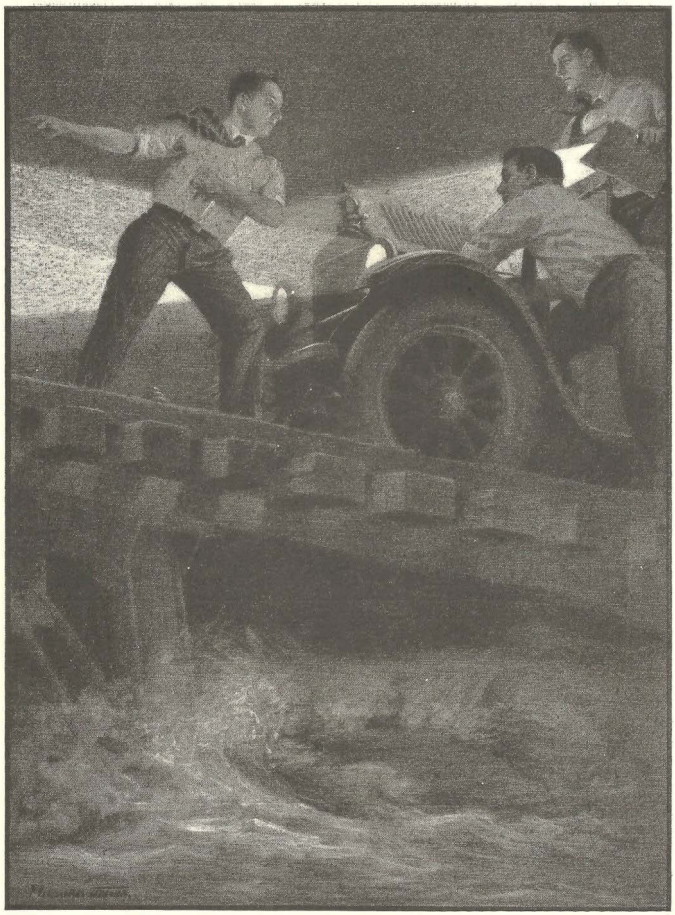
Tim was using his pliers in a vain attempt to locate the missing wire; but the lack of adequate light was proving a serious handicap.

"Here, Ned. Twist the spot down as far as she 'll go, and hold something up over here to reflect the light into the engine. There, that helps."

The waters of the flood were too loud for them to be aware of Peter's coming until he reached the car.

"What 's the trouble?" he shouted.

"Wire loose," Ned answered. "Tim can't locate it. And there 's no crank to get it going."



"'THERE 'S A TRAIN DUE ON THIS ROAD ANY TIME!'"

"Think we could push her over?" asked Peter. "There 's a train due on this road any time!"

Ned and Tim heard this news with dismay and considerable anxiety. In neither direction, however, was there the faintest sign of light, and it was altogether possible that the train was late because of the floods.

"Come on, fellows, and we 'll try to push it," Tim decided. "No taking chances with a train due."

With Tim guiding the car, reaching through the window, and pushing from the side, Peter and Ned exerted their strength. But the car stuck.

"Roll her back a little first," called Tim. "The wheels are settled in between the ties."

So rock her they did, but without being able to move her along. The ties were slippery, and Ned lost his footing more than once, as they struggled with the car.

Peter kept anxious eyes and alert ears for the approaching freighter. Why had n't it come? The haul was short. Surely it was long past due, unless he had grossly miscalculated the time. Another thought came to him. *Would* the train have lights? On a single-track line through the desert country, perhaps the engineer did n't always use a headlight. In that case it might be upon them before they had time to save themselves. These and kindred fears assailed Peter as he lent a sturdy shoulder to the hopeless task of moving the car.

"No use!" said Tim, resignedly. "Let 's get that light down here again."

This time Peter looked into the engine and moved expert hands along the ignition wires. Then he slipped under the car and made a careful search. Presently his hand came in contact with the loose battery ground-wire, which had become disconnected from the frame, and he called triumphantly to Tim. It was the work of only a few moments before the wire had been properly connected. Tim jumped into the car, and in short order the engine was going. Greatly relieved, the boys felt the car move slowly forward. But it seemed as many hours as it was minutes before the car was safely over and back on the road.

And still no train! Peter was grateful for its tardiness, but greatly puzzled, too.

They were a quiet and weary group, those five, as Tim drove homeward. They came upon another washout at Bitter Creek, farther along, but that stream was easily forded. And as the first pink signs of dawn appeared in the east, they arrived at Hanging Creek cabin.

It was three days later that Peter found occasion to talk with the station-master at Fruita. The Allenbys had left for California, and the Melvilles were on their homeward journey. At Fruita they had stopped to take on supplies.

"How late was the fruit-train, Friday night?" Peter asked. "Or did it come through early?"

"The fruit-train? Friday?" the man laughed. "Why, there has n't been any train here for the last ten days! There are two railroad bridges out and tracks torn up from a flood down the cañon, back in Utah!"

"MRS. C. REEZ AND FLUTO"

By MABEL HUBBARD JOHNSON

WHEN Antonio Valerio—Tony for short—entered Home-room 105 in Ross Junior High School that morning, he realized that something unusual was in the air. Miss Marshall, the home-room teacher, had not yet arrived, so the voices of 7-B-1 were anything but low-pitched. On the large bulletin-board on the back wall was posted the thing that seemed to be the cause of the lusty shouts and scufflings as the male contingent of the class elbowed one another for vantage-points around it. Tony, standing on tiptoe on the outskirts, was able to make out the two largest words only: "Hobby Fair"; the smaller print was swallowed up by crowding bodies. So Tony philosophically shrugged his narrow shoulders, threw his books on his desk, sank down into it, and hastily turned back his tablet preparatory to working his algebra problems.

As usual, Tony had not done his home work—a serious defection at Ross Junior, where there was a most annoying thing called "detention," provided by the school since it had been elevated to the rank of high school for those who failed to hand in their prescribed work. Detention meant staying forty-five minutes after school was dismissed, in company with other delinquents, all of whom were supposed to employ the time in making up their unprepared work.

Those forty-five minutes were very precious to Tony, for they were his very own. Antonio Senior felt that he was extremely lenient in allowing Tony this time for himself. Had he been severe, he could have used Tony during this time to sweep up the store, to sort the oranges or the peaches—a dozen different ways. But this was America, where children had much freedom, and this Tony was an American and should do as American children do. Therefore, the forty-five minutes given with a grand and lavish air! That Tony sold papers from three-thirty until nine and sometimes ten o'clock every night was taken as a matter of course. Did n't they allow him to go to the school every day? But by the time the boy had staggered home every night minus his papers and plus a pocketful of pennies which he dutifully turned over to the elder Valerio to swell the family savings account, Tony was ready to fall into bed, home work forgotten or disregarded in the dizzy desire to sleep.

Two or three resultant doses of detention had taught Tony to rise early in the morning, open the shutters, sweep out the store, swallow a gulp or two of spaghetti or ravioli and wash it down with a cup of muddy coffee, then hastily grab his books and run toward Ross Junior, there to pop into his seat as soon as the doors were opened and feverishly make some attempt to supply the hated home work.

If the forty-five minutes after school were precious to Tony, they were priceless to Carlo, the little brother of Tony, who sat in the room back of the store in a miserable makeshift of a wheel-chair, his big brown eyes looking out on the dingy passageway that led into the Valerio residence and also into the residences of eighteen other families who shared the building. Carlo was six, and he had never walked since the day, three years before, when a reckless motorist had sped down the street leaving Carlo's limp form in his wake. From that time on, Carlo's life had not been exactly rose strewn. True, the shiny-haired mother of Tony and Carlo often rushed from the store back into the dark room to gather Carlo into her plump arms and to weep copiously over him; but that was not so delightful as Tony's tempestuous entry after school. Then, for forty-five minutes, Tony and Carlo lived in a strange land,—a land where there were no dark courtyards with odors, no shrill haggling over the prices of bananas, no pain—only laughter and wonder.

You reached this fairyland by way of a magic box. Most people would have thought it merely a wooden box in which twelve dozen oranges had come from Florida. There were the stenciled letters on it trying to prove this very thing. But Tony and Carlo would have vigorously denied any such commonplace accusation. For in this box there lived little people with painted faces and clothes bright as the sons of sunny Italy could make them by the somewhat limited means of scraps of gay rags gleaned from rubbish heaps, supplemented by two precious cans of paint, red and green. These little people hid on both sides of the former orange box, emerging only when the curtain (a vivid bandana that Tony had sacrificed to art) was drawn back. Then they minced forward, legs and arms dangling or jerking in wanton kicks as Tony, standing over the box, skillfully pulled the black threads that were attached to them. How Carlo laughed at their antics as Tony recounted the stories, mostly learned at school, that they were acting! If business were slack at this time, Madre Valerio, arms akimbo and black eyes dancing, would look in to add her applause to that of Carlo, to shout or weep with just as much abandon as did Carlo himself. Some of the stories reminded her of those she had heard in Italy when she herself was a child.

There was the one about Arach Knee, the ladee who was, oh, such a g-grand spinner of the cloth. Behind the magic box, hidden by a bedspread, Tony made her spin away with, oh, such a veree proud air—like a queen! Then there comes in another ladee named Minnie, bigger and grander than Arach Knee. How Tony's fingers flew behind the quilt as they both spun the cloth—*whirr! whirr!*—while other ladies danced around them! Aha! They have finish! Arach Knee show her cloth to Minnie. It make Minnie veree, veree angree. She strike the so-beeutiful cloth with her scissors and lo! it fall to pieces! And Arach Knee, poor Arach Knee, she try to hang herself! But no! Minnie will not have it thus! "Live on, wicked one!" thunders Tony, in awful tones, "but continue to hang, thou and all thy race!" How Carlo and Madre Valerio shudder as Minnie sprinkles the magic water on Arach Knee, and, queeck as a wink, in Arach Knee's place (clever Tony!) there huddles—ugh! a ter-r-r-rible spider (it surely must be the tarantula such as hide in the banan), and Minnie give one hor-r-r-rible laugh, and poor Arach Knee begin to spin her web (that was none the less realistic though made of wrapping cord). Ah, the poor Arach Knee!

Forty-five minutes of undiluted joy! No wonder Tony feverishly dashed off his home work before the passing bell at Ross Junior rang in the morning!

So on that morning when there was the unusual stir in Home-room 105, Tony, after one glance at the bulletin-board, immersed himself in. "There are 144 sheep in three fields. In the second there are two times as many as in the first, and in the third there are three times as many as in the first. How many sheep are there in each field?" Surely a poser for any one! A nuisance, yes, for what did he care

how many sheep were in each field?—but a nuisance that must be solved, else that extremely annoying detention. There would be plenty of time during the lunch period to read the bulletin, Tony shrewdly calculated, for by that time every one else would have read it and the coast would be clear.

By sheerest luck, Tony caught on to the system involving x, y, and z, whereby the number of sheep in each field became as clear as day, and after proving his answer, a necessary safeguard, he hastily dispatched four similar problems by the time the passing bell rang. Then he drew a long sigh of relief. No detention for him to-day!

As 7-B-I passed out, the buzz of discussion was distinctly increased by vigorous protests from the girls.

"I don't see why that old Rotary Club does n't give us girls a show!" complained Amy Hafferty to Miriam Schofield, the head of the English Club.

"Oh, well, maybe we 'll get in on something that the boys won't, later on!" Miriam as usual saw the bright side of it. "What are you going to enter, Tony?" as Tony, book laden, shuffled along beside her. Tony was glad that they had reached their recitation-room so that he did not have to reply.

"IF THE MINUTES AFTER SCHOOL WERE PRECIOUS TO TONY, THEY WERE PRICELESS TO CARL"

Lunch-time at Ross Junior was only half an hour in length. You had to go to the lunch-room whether you bought anything or not, there, if lucky, to eat either the tempting things served by white-capped girls, or if not so lucky, to open a newspaper package and swallow what your mother—if you had one—had hastily packed for you. After fifteen minutes had elapsed a bell rang, and then you could leave—but not before. That day Tony gulped down his sausage and rye bread in less than half that time and was the very first of the impatient line awaiting the bell. He raced back to Room 105 as fast as he dared—for running through the halls was not permitted at Ross Junior—and at last stood alone before the bulletin-board.

"HOBBY FAIR," he read. "Because it believes that every boy and man should have a hobby, the Rotary Club of Charlesville is offering the following prizes for the best exhibits of hobbies, which will be displayed at Music Hall during the week of October 23–30, 1926. In addition to the prizes listed below, there will be a beautiful silver cup awarded to the school of that boy who shows the most original hobby other than those listed."

Then followed a long list made up of such things as

The Best Crystal Radio Set
The Best Home-made Three-tube Radio Set
The Best Natural-history Exhibit
The Best Collection of Indian Relics
The Best Collection of Lepidoptera,

and so on, down through twenty-five or more.

Tony scratched his dark head. Lepidoptera and Indian Relics meant little or nothing to the boy who had spent most of his time on the streets selling papers or working around a dingy fruit-store. What he did understand, however, was the reference to the silver cup that was to be awarded to the school of the boy who had—what was it?—the most original exhibit of a hobby, whatever that was.

Tony's soft brown eyes lingered wistfully over that. A silver cup for the school! How grand it would be to give Ross Junior a silver cup to put in the case in the hall that the boys in manual training had made and which was as yet empty! For Ross Junior had been a high school only a little more than one month and still had her reputation to make. The first day of school Mr. Parker, the principal, had impressed that upon all the students, and every one had dreams of helping to make a clean reputation for the school they were all so proud of, which only the year before had been just plain "Ross School." There were many plans toward this attainment, one of which was to be a big play written and produced by the pupils themselves, but, so far, nothing tangible had been done. One short month was not a

very long time in which to achieve victories over schools that had been in the high-school class for years.

A silver cup!

"Going to enter anything, Tony?" It was Elmer Hoffmeister's pleasant voice that brought Tony out of his reverie. Elmer was all that Tony longed to be—big and strong, full of fun, square as a die, and one of the brightest pupils in 7-B-I. "I 'm going to enter a radio set—built every speck of it myself. Gee! Would n't it be great for some one to win that silver cup for Ross Junior?"

"I 'm gonna put in my collection of beetles and butterflies," spoke up Charley Williamson.

"And I 'm gonna enter my toy village," said Johnny Uhl. "What 's your hobby, Tony? Bananas or spaghetti?" Johnny considered himself a great wit and looked very much pleased with himself when the other boys laughed at this sally.

"If there was a prize for a Smart-Aleck, you 'd be sure to get it, Johnny Uhl!" This from Amy Hafferty, who had seen Tony's cheeks flush.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Tony!" It was Miriam's soft voice that took a little of the sting out of Johnny's words. "He can't speak pieces the way you do—not if he 'd try a million years!"

Tony shook his head and went back to his seat. "I gotta get my English," he muttered. These American boys! How they loved to poke the fun! They meant no harm, to be sure, but sometimes—Tony's brown eyes looked deeper than ever.

Hobbies! What were the things, anyway? Back in the corner of the room there was something that told you everything you wanted to know. It was called the dictionary. You went to it when you did n't know what the words meant and it told you. Hobby!

English paper in hand, to deceive the curious ones, Tony approached this fount of knowledge. Turning the much thumbed pages to "H," he finally found what he was seeking. "Hobby—a favorite pursuit or object," he read; "an ambling nag; a hobby-horse; a kind of falcon." He had no nag, not even a hobby-horse. A hasty consultation in the F's convinced him that he did not possess "a predatory bird with a hooked beak," either.

As a last resort he turned to the P's. "Pursuit—the act of pursuing—prosecution—chase—occupation—" Occupation, yes! Selling papers. But that could not win the silver cup. Sometimes the dictionary was very puzzling.

Sadly he returned to his seat. He had no hobby!

That afternoon Carlo awaited Tony with eager eyes. Tony had promised a new story. For a whole week the boys had been whittling out the little people who were to take part in it. Carlo's little fingers had become quite skilled at this sort of thing.

The story was called "The Spring Panta See"—a queer name, but one that Tony had insisted upon. Had n't they had it at school the year before on the big stage, and did n't Tony see it with his own eyes? Both Madre and Antonio Senior had shaken their heads over the name, but did n't their Tony know many things that they knew not? The Spring Panta See it remained.

It was about a lady named Mrs. C. Reez, and she had a daughter—oh, a veree bee-utiful daughter—almost as bee-utiful as the Madonna herself. Thees daughter name Miss Prosperitee, and she was swiped by a veree, veree bad person named The Red-One-Called-Fluto, who lived—s-sh!—in the place where bad boys go when they die! And this oh so bee-utiful maiden was taken down to the black place by the veree bad person, who had a long red tail and eyes like the coals in the stove. And Mrs. C. Reez was, oh, so sad—she wept manee tears, and four ladies in colored nightgowns came and danced around her while she wept. Veree unkind to be dancing while Mrs. C. Reez wipe her eyes! And finally, The Red-One-Called-Fluto, with eyes like the coals in the stove, gave the, oh, so bee-utiful maiden back to her mother for six months of the year, and the grass grew, and the flowers busted into, oh, so bee-utiful blossoms, just like the flowers in the florist's window. And that was the Spring Panta See.

"TONY FOUND THE WHOLE VALERIO FAMILY IN LOUD LAMENTATION" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

A little confusing, but veree, veree delightful to Carlo, shaping the flimsy boards ripped from fruit boxes into the figures of Mrs. C. Reez and the heartless ladies who danced while she was weeping, viciously dabbing red paint on the long tail (realistically like the tails of the cats who scudded through the dark passageway) of The Red-One-Called-Fluto.

"It is finish, Tony!" Carlo's voice was almost singing. "See! The Mrs. C. Reez and the daughter Miss Prosperitee, and the bad R-R-Red-One-Called-Fluto!" Carlo, sitting in his wheel-chair, held up the completed little people as Tony rushed in and flung his books on the table.

"Wonderful!" Tony held them up admiringly. "Now we dress them, all except the Red One, who needs no clothes. See what Tony found in the waste-basket at school! A pink ribbon that a girl threw away! What a bee-utiful dress that will make for Mrs. C. Reez daughter, Miss Prosperitee!"

Finally, the little people were all dressed. Then Tony carefully fastened some black thread to their jointed limbs, tied the thread to some sticks that were skilfully arranged to make them do as Tony wished, set them on the stage behind the red bandana, hid himself behind the bedquilt draped above the little theater, and drew the curtain. The Spring Panta See had begun.

There may have been larger audiences to view presentations of the age-old myth of Ceres and Persephone, but there never was a more appreciative one than that which sat spellbound in its wheel-chair in the dingy little room behind A. Valerio's fruit-store that bright autumn day. The little people fairly outdid themselves. The Red-One-Called-Fluto lashed his red tail and seized with villainous gusto the daughter of poor Mrs. C. Reez, and the screams that that lady emitted were as realistic as those of any outraged mother. The audience shrieked with the lady as The Red-One-Called-Fluto carried the fainting maiden off to that place—s-sh!—where bad boys go when they die. And how it clapped its little hands when Tony's musical voice behind the bedquilt concluded, "And so Miss Prosperitee return to her mother Mrs. C. Reez six month of the year, and the Red One he return to the bad place, and the flowers bust into bloom, and the birds sing thus—tra-la-la-la!" And the red-bandana curtain reluctantly slid into place.

"I say! That 's great!"

The audience turned swiftly in its wheel-chair. There, standing in the doorway, was a smiling lad—big and strong, with rosy cheeks and shining blond hair. Tony, emerging from the bedquilt, came forward to greet him.

"Hello, Elmer," Tony said, American fashion.

"Hello, Tony," replied the blond boy. "That certainly is the niftiest thing I 've seen for a long time! How did you ever happen to think of such a stunt?"

"I do it for heem—" Tony indicated Carlo, with a simple gesture. "You like it?"

"Like it? I should say I do! I 'm crazy about it!" There was genuine admiration in Elmer's voice. "But say, Tony, what 's our English assignment for to-morrow? I came down to get some oranges for my mother and I just happened to think I did n't know what the assignment was. Happen to know what it is?"

"Oh, yes, I know." Tony pawed through his none-too-neat note-book until he found the place.

"Much obliged." Elmer scribbled the assignment in his own book. "So long! See you to-morrow." And he was gone.

The next morning Elmer was waiting for Tony as he ran down the street, books under arm. "Say, Tony, why don't you enter that little theater in Hobby Fair?"

Tony eyed him coldly. "That no ambling nag," he said; "that for my leetle brother Carlo!"

"But for Ross Junior!" pleaded Elmer. "It 's a wow, that 's what it is! They 're going to let us have the whole day off to-morrow to get our things ready. Come on, Tony, be a sport!"

"Nothin' doin'!" Tony's brown eyes were hard. "Carlo he cry! Nothin' doin'!"

Two days later, upon his return to the room back of the fruit-store, Tony found the whole Valerio family in loud lamentation. Carlo was red-eyed and limp. Madre Valerio walked back and forth in strides that set the floor trembling, while she called again and again upon the Madonna to have pity upon them. Antonio Senior's black eyes snapped, and his white teeth gleamed as he muttered dire threats in Italian mixed with American slang.

Puzzled, Tony looked from one to another. Then his eye fell upon the place where the magic box was accustomed to stand. The whole thing—little people, bandana curtain, even the bedquilt—was gone!

Loud expostulations about Carlo being asleep and Madre Valerio stepping down to the corner grocery for one minute—no more!—while Antonio Senior was out on the wagon, and then the little people and the magic box were gone. Gone! Who could have wanted it? In money it was worth nothing! But to Carlo—Madre Valerio almost smothered the weeping child in her sympathetic embrace.

By the time the shrill explanations were finished it was time for Tony to get his papers. If he were not at his corner at the usual time, some one else would gather in the precious pennies. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Tony put his arms around Carlo. "Do not cry, bambino," he soothed. "Tony make you another one—a so much better one. I know a story we was learned in school to-day. It is about a ladee who knew how to turn gentlemen into swine, bambino—a bee-utiful story! We shall make the swine. See, here is some wood and Tony's own knife! See how many swine you can make before Tony come home." Then, throwing back his narrow shoulders, he dashed through the store and out into the street.

The next morning Ross Junior was a-buzz. The announcement of the prizes awarded at Hobby Fair was to be made. There was a strange gentleman in Mr. Parker's office. The first period was to be given over to the assembly in the auditorium—such was the announcement on the board in Home-room 105.

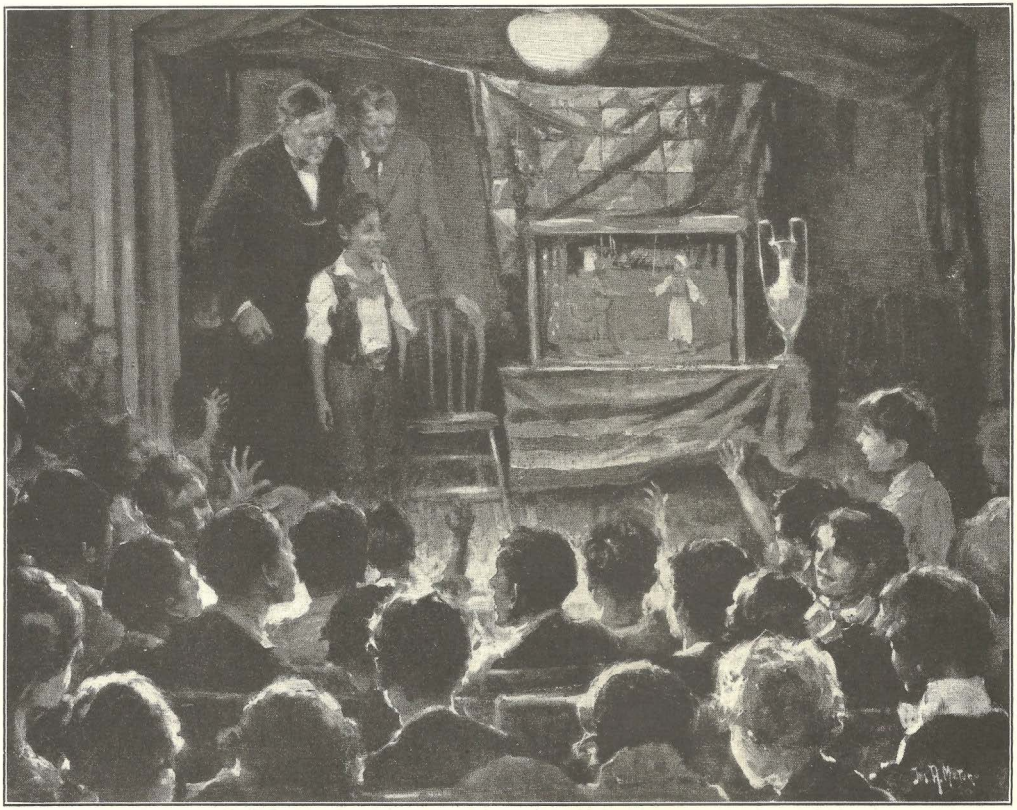
Tony, red-eyed from sleeplessness and grief, took no part in the lively discussion as to who the victors might be. He responded sullenly to Elmer's rather forced, "Hello, Tony!" and, scowling, buried himself in ten sentences in which he had to put "I or me" and "him or he" in blank spaces—a puzzle even harder than finding how many sheep were in the fields. Hobby Fair meant nothing to him. He wanted to be sure that he would not get detention to-day, for he must get back to Carlo and the little room, there to make another magic box and to people it with the bee-utiful ladee and the gentlemen she turned into the swine.

The bell rang. 7-B-1 flocked to the door and toward the auditorium, now filling rapidly with classes from other parts of the building. Mr. Parker and the strange gentleman sat on the platform, the green velvet curtains hanging in close folds behind them. Tony loved those velvet curtains, so soft and silent. He sighed when he thought of the lost red-bandana one—some day he, too, would have green velvet curtains.

Finally Mr. Parker arose. At his uplifted hand the buzz of talking subsided. As he began to speak it ceased entirely. "As you are all aware, Ross Junior is trying to make

a reputation for herself. We have discussed together various ways in which we thought this could be done. Hobby Fair, in which the boys of this school were privileged to take part, unexpectedly became one of those ways when the Rotary Club offered to introduce to you Mr. Robert Sayers, the president of the Charlesville Rotary Club, who has come to tell you what luck Ross Junior has had in the competition. Other members of the Rotary Club are speaking at this time to other high schools, and remember, when those times come, that it is all for Ross. Here 's hoping that the reputation of Ross Junior will be the finest in the city of Charlesville!" Loud applause greeted this good wish.

Mr. Sayers drew something from



"MR. PARKER'S HAND RESTED PROUDLY UPON TONY'S NARROW SHOULDERS" (SEE PAGE 491)

prizes for various exhibits of hobbies. Every high school in Charlesville has taken part in the contest, Ross Junior among them." He paused and looked over the assembly. "There has been especial interest in this competition because of a silver cup that was to be awarded to the school of that boy who exhibited the most original hobby. By the way, I suppose you all know what a hobby is." He glanced down into their faces. What he saw there made him explain. "A hobby, you know, is some sort of amusement or work that you like to do, and do it because you like it, not because you have to, like collecting stamps or making a radio set or— But I see you all know that." He turned to the strange gentleman. "It is my great pleasure I think we should feel especially honored in having the president with us this morning. Mr. Sayers." And Mr. Parker took his seat.

After the applause had died down, Mr. Sayers looked out over the faces turned up to him. "I am just wondering," he said, "which one of you will be the happiest at what I am going to say." There was a dead silence. He paused and cleared his throat. "I know just how anxious every one of you is to help make the reputation of Ross Junior High School. I know because I helped make the reputation of my school when I was your age. It was n't always easy—there were disappointments and heartaches then as there will be in Ross Junior before her reputation is made. But try to his pocket and held it in his hands while he continued, "It is my privilege to announce to Ross Junior that two of her boys have received prizes for their exhibits of hobbies. The first prize for a home-made radio set has been awarded to—" he paused again—"to Elmer Hoffmeister." Applause louder than ever as Elmer, blushing at such an honor, arose at Mr. Sayer's nod and came forward to receive the red ribbon. "The prize for the best collection of Lepidoptera —which, in plain words, is just butterflies—has been awarded to Charles Williamson. Charles, will you please come forward?" Charles shuffled forward to take his place beside the red-faced Elmer. How they clapped!

(*Continued on page 491*)

CALLING THE WILD

By CORA YOUNG WILLIAMS

AFTER all, Pan, who charmed the wild things with his pipes, may not have been so much as a musician. The fact that an inquisitive bunny or two stopped and listened, and that old man Porky ambled up to look things over, as he always does anyhow, and that a pair of squirrels were too polite to run away—all this proves very little about Pan's musical talent. It simply shows that animal human-nature has n't changed much since the beginning of things. Give the little wild fellows a chance, and they will make friends with their big human brothers just as readily now as in the day of Pan and his pipes.

JACK ENJOYS HIS MIDDAY MEAL

Recently I have had proof of this. For out in a certain spot on the old Mojave Desert is an almost-grown-now Bunny Cottontail and his timid, dainty little sister, who will come and eat "Tiptop" cantaloupe out of my hand when I sit down and call them. And even Mamma Cottontail—thin and somewhat rumpled with the cares of housekeeping and child-raising—will approach within eight feet of our car and camp, seat herself, and nibble daintily at the luscious melon rind, right beside her two rollicking, greedy youngsters.

As evidence, we have a collection of photographs. They were taken by my husband seated six feet away at my right.

Most of the desert dwellers, as every one knows, are shy and distrustful. The very nature of the desert itself—the great flat, open places, with danger lurking everywhere—enhances this attitude. Yet there are deserts and deserts. And if you know where to seek, at least on this old Mojave Desert, you may find places where the "desert" is a veritable garden, where there is crowding vegetation, but without cactus or sand or rattlers; where, even in the driest seasons, the fat, rolypoly juniper-trees, fifteen or twenty feet high, rub elbows with the scraggly, porcupine-quilled Joshua-trees, with their half dozen branches crowned with that peculiar explosion of green, bristling spikes; where the gently sloping hillside is carpeted with clusters of mahogany-colored "everlasting" flowers—"desert mahogany," some one calls them.

This is the desert that one loves at sight, and never ceases to love thereafter. And this is where Bunny Cottontail and his foolish, awkward cousin, Jack Rabbit, live and thrive. For although the vegetation is so crowded that Bunny's worst enemy, Tom Coyote, may sneak up to within speaking distance without detection, there are so many convenient and bristling places close at hand to

KATY COTTONTAIL ANSWERS THE CALL

dodge behind or into that Tom finds it poor hunting indeed. And even the arch devastator—the thunder-making biped with his pump gun or automatic—wastes his ammunition on the unoffending, but always obtrusive, clumps and bushes behind which Bunny dodges with such exasperating celerity.

It was in one of these weird oases, just before sundown, where we had gone to make camp after hours of riding, tramping, and futile archery, that I first made the acquaintance of this interesting Cottontail family, and cemented our friendship in a banquet of Tiptop melon. We ate the inside; the bunnies the rest.

In the Far West, the jack-rabbit is the proxy for the Eastern woodchuck. He is a legitimate target the year round. His dwelling-place is the trackless desert, and every hunter who wishes to keep himself in fairly good trim on moving targets between seasons may do so with Jack's assistance. But he must pay the toll of heat and glare and discomfort of the desert region.

It was bow and pistol practice that lured our family—or at least the bulkier member of it—into the vicinity of the Cottontail family. My lord must practice his archery on Jack and his relatives so as to toughen his muscles before the opening of the deer season and better his judgment of distances for the sped shaft. And having renounced the rifle and even the six-gun in favor of the long bow, he must invade the rabbit kingdom—quite harmlessly, as a rule, since Jack, alert to the twang of the bowstring, is usually well on his way before the flying shaft arrives at the spot he occupied half a second before.

But the true sportsman is always hopeful. Wherefore he is persistent in the face of failures. And so it was after sunset when we arrived at one of our old camping-places, where a cluster of junipers hold aside their branches to leave a level spot large enough for the car, the sleeping-cots, table and camp-chairs, and stove.

Darkness had fallen by the time we had completed our first course of Tiptops and tossed the shells ten feet to one side. But in this desert it is never really dark. Except on stormy nights, the stars and atmospheric condition furnish enough reflection so that one may distinguish objects quite clearly for a distance of several yards even upon the ground. And so the hazy shape of the discarded melon rinds were faintly discernible as we progressed to the bacon and eggs.

It was at this period that we discovered—that is, we felt rather than saw—that we had company. Some-

KATY HAS PERFECT CONFIDENCE IN HER FRIEND

body had taken possession of our melon rinds. And a flashlight turned directly upon the spot revealed two rather more than half-grown cottontails nibbling away industriously. They were not the least concerned or disconcerted by the flashlight or by our exclamations and comments, and

they continued to eat in most amazing unconcern. We kept the flashlight on them at intervals and continued our conversation for almost half an hour, until they had dug great cavities into the melons. Even when we moved about, occasionally turning the flashlight upon them, they gave little evidence of fear. Apparently, they had never been frightened by human beings, were unfamiliar with them, and were gaining their first impressions from food morsels quite beyond the conceptions of ordinary desert rabbits.

When morning came we found that the last vestige of melon rind had disappeared. And, as we were well supplied even after our morning meal, we left a liberal donation in melons when we broke camp, still further to impress the little fellows, so that they would look for us the next week-end.

And sure enough, they were. For when we turned off the regular trail into the open lane leading to our parking-place among the junipers, we caught a glimpse of a little cottontail in the offing. And even before we had finished unpacking, two little rabbits appeared not more than fifteen yards away, with cocked ears and wiggly, expectant noses. The air was redolent of melon, as these Tiptops perfume the air for yards around, and Johnny Cottontail and quiet little sister Katy caught the fragrance. Indeed, Johnny came hurrying forward, and when my lord placed a halved melon precisely eight feet from the corner of our camp table, the little fellow pounced upon it with a boldness that proved his ignorance of humans. And presently even sister Katy tossed discretion to the winds and was rivaling Johnny in the melon attack.

We went about our preparations for camp and supper in the usual way; and although the bunnies never took their eyes off us, they showed no signs of fear.

There was no doubt in our minds that these were the same little pair of cottontails of the week before. Also, that they associated our visits with good things to eat. And I felt sure that Johnny, at least, who seemed peculiarly bold and unafraid, could be tempted into eating a melon held in my hand, wild little desert cottontail that he was. And so the following morning we left them a feast that would last two or three days, as an earnest of our return.

And apparently our offering bore fruit. For when we returned loaded with melons the following Saturday, reaching our camp about an hour before sunset, we had scarcely brought the car to a stop before Johnny appeared. And this time there was no uncertainty of movement or purpose. He was coming for melon, and coming directly.

As the little rabbit approached, the lord of the household, halved melon in hand, walked forward to meet him,

JOHNNY APPROACHES, BUT HESITATES

HE SNIFFS THE MELON WARILY BEFORE SAMPLING; BUT—

ONE TASTE THRILLS AND GIVES CONFIDENCE SO HE SETTLES HIMSELF FOR THE FEAST

kneeling a few feet in front of where I stood, tempting with extended hand held close to the ground, enticing, but not persuasive. Johnny had other plans, and, after approaching to within a distance of perhaps four or five feet, he hesitated a moment, and then deliberately hippety-hopped a little to one side, so as to half-circle the wheedling, kneeling giant, and cautiously laid his course for the melon in my hand.

First he took a tentative nibble, and then a second, watching my face every moment; and then he began the big bites, regular mouthfuls, and the feast was on. Meanwhile, my left hand, holding nothing, was scarcely six inches from the little fellow's body. Yet he paid no attention, eating away at the rind—the rind first and from choice, if you please. And all this time I talked to him—praised and flattered him, told him what an exceptionally fine bunny he was. And far from being frightened by the human voice, our conversation seemed to encourage the little fellow.

Finally, the obvious penetrated our retarded intellects—the camera, photographic confirmation of this unusual and otherwise scarcely acceptable story to the skeptical minded. But, of course, when the camera was stealthily secured, it was found to be unloaded, as inevitably it is on all important occasions. So a film had to be hunted out of an obscure corner of our luggage, inserted after endless fumblings, and made ready for action. And after all this, with the twilight approaching so that time exposures were necessary if any results at all were to be obtained even in this actinic desert atmosphere—after all this, Johnny continued to pose and eat while the process of making six exposures was carried through.

Later, with melon rind placed eight feet from our table, Johnny's little sister joined him in the festivities. And still later, a somewhat bedraggled little Mrs. Cottontail—Johnny's mother, I feel sure from the way she assumed superiority over the little fellows and the humility with which they accepted it—joined the group.

Nothing was seen of any member of the family the following morning. Undoubtedly, by sunrise, they had retired for the day. But evidently their spirit of confidence was infectious, for while we were at breakfast, Mrs. Desert Chipmunk, most wary of all the chipmunk tribe, with her family, put in an appearance. First cautiously, and then boldly, they approached the new supply of rinds.

And so we left a tempting row of sliced melons for the little folk and headed homeward out through the junipers and Joshuas, feeling fully compensated. We had learned several things: the human voice does not frighten wild animals, except by association with dangerous persons; bright lights flashed into the eyes do not alarm them; and fear of human beings is rather more the result of experience than an inheritance—at least, such is the case with certain bunnies and chipmunks.

TREASURE-TROVE

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE *and* ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "A Continental Dollar," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

IN the year 1777, Sally Good, fishing in the Delaware River at Trenton, with her brother Nat, ventures out on some rocks and entangles her hook in the rope about a billet of wood moored beneath the surface. In recovering her line, she discovers a box. Returning to shore is not so easy, and she sends Nat for a boat. He is unable to obtain one at first, and while he is still seeking one, a storm arises. When, successful, he finally returns, she is gone and the water is over the rock. A man hails him, asking to be set over the river. Nat, much worried, refuses. Returning to the wharf, almost deserted because of the storm, a German, whom Nat takes to be a deserting Hessian, drops into the boat and, at the point of a pistol, makes the boy row him downstream. Sally, safe at home after the storm, is wakened at night by strangers who bring a masked girl, Tanis Arms, to place in her care. In the morning little Fern claims Tanis as her "child," and names her Primrose Jones, though Ann, the second sister, jealous of Tanis, suspects her of being a Tory spy. Meanwhile, Nat has gone down river too far to row back that night. (There is a connection made clear here between his passenger and the mysterious find Sally had made.) Rid of his German, the lad sleeps in his boat. He is wakened by Hal Carey, the suitor favored for Tanis by her Uncle Rick, who hires him to take him and his servant to Trenton, en route to New York in search of Tanis. When they reach the wharf Sally is there making inquiries about Nat, and she plans to get Hal to carry a letter to a friend of Tanis with an enclosure for Philip, Tanis's fiancé, Sally addressing the envelop and taking it to the inn. Sally has hidden her mysterious box and forgotten it in her anxiety for Nat. After the younger ones are a-bed, she brings it out. It proves to be of marvelous workmanship, Tanis says East Indian, or perhaps Italian. But search as they will, they can find no opening. Finally, Tanis suggests that what is needed is a magic word, and, partly in fun, she suggests "Philip." As she draws the box toward her, a drawer opens. This contains uncut diamonds which the children think are pebbles. Fancying the drawer will always open for them, they put back the stones and close it, to find that it stays obstinately shut. One stone is, however, accidentally left on the table. Tanis suddenly guesses what it is and scratches the window-pane. Ann has spied on them and is excited over the box.

CHAPTER XI

A SPY

ANN'S bare feet carried her swiftly up the dark stair in time to avoid detection of her eavesdropping. Although she crouched just within her own door with an ear to a crack in the floor, she learned no more. She was full of resentment that she had not been taken into the confidence of the older children, and promised herself a hunt for the mysterious box the first time she was left in charge of the little ones.

"They fancy themselves very wise!" she thought to herself scornfully. "Had I been with them, I 'd have found a way to open that drawer. Faith, that is what I will do yet; once I lay hands on the box, I 'll open it up and never even tell them where its secret lieth. 'T will serve them right for their treatment of me."

However, her chance at this revenge was long in coming; for with Tanis there, there was no need of her missing either school or play to watch over the little children.

Their mother did not return. Instead came a messenger to fetch Dame Good more clothing and a quantity of the febrifuge she concocted from herbs, when not otherwise employed, and kept in store. Sally was warned not to expect her home. The case was an unusually severe one, and even in the event of recovery, there was like to be a long and tedious period of convalescence.

Only once before had there been such a protracted absence as this promised to be. It made Sally suspicious of the character of this present illness. When she went out with her bundle to the lad who was to take it back, she determined to find out whether her fears were justified.

"What manner of fever is this young lady down with?" she inquired.

"I 'm but a stable-boy," he answered, without meeting her eyes. "I know naught of the matter."

"You know if any have been inoculated." Sally shot her remark at him, and he looked up in amazement, real or pretended.

"Odd 's life, young lady, 'tis not the pox!" he said.

"Ho!" Sally exclaimed, "I thought you knew naught of this illness?"

The lout turned sullenly away.

"Nor do I," he declared, "save that it is not malignant. That much we all have been told."

"Whom do you mean by 'we all'?"

"I mean the servants, bound and free, at Josiah Penniman's," the lad replied, tired of this catechism. "Now, an I may have that for which I was sent, I 'll be on my way. I 'm not expected to waste time gadding."

Sally could think of no other pretext to detain him, so she sent him off. At least she was easier about her mother, in that she had been told that the good woman was not in charge of a case of smallpox or typhus. But she wondered a little what form of fever, a form that was not malignant, could carry a patient so close to death's door.

For all her mother's absence, the time continued to pass quickly and happily. Tanis, whom Sally had learned to call Primrose without faltering, was a continual joy to her. As the days lengthened into weeks, however, she realized that her friend grew more and more uneasy because no news came either from or of Philip Cheyne. The two speculated together frequently on the chances for and against the delivery of her letter by Hal Carey. Tanis, who knew him well, was quite sure he must have got into the city. He had influential friends on both sides, whom he would not scruple to make use of. Each day she expected to hear, directly or indirectly, that he had passed through Trenton on his return journey; and she had even puzzled out various measures to insure his not coming upon her should he take it into his head to report in person to Mistress Primrose Jones on the success of his mission for her. She was not minded to have him clap eyes on her and then carry word to her uncle that she had progressed no farther than that town on her headstrong way.

However, weeks passed and he came not, while Primrose Jones had grown to be an accepted member of the Widow Good's family. Even Aunt Charity, curious and suspicious at first, had seemingly ceased to wonder over her.

Money and messages reached Sally from her mother from time to time—directions to Nat to cultivate well their vegetable patch, instead of wasting his days, as he had the previous summer, trying to invent a sort of carriage to stride over two rows, hoeing on both sides at the one operation; directions to Ann to help Sally with the younger children. The condition of her patient was described as "fluctuating." Sometimes the case seemed to be hopeless. Sometimes improvement was noted; but Mistress Penniman herself was old and ailing, Dame Good absolutely could not be

spared to go home, and Sally must act as mother to the children in her absence. Such was the gist of all the communications.

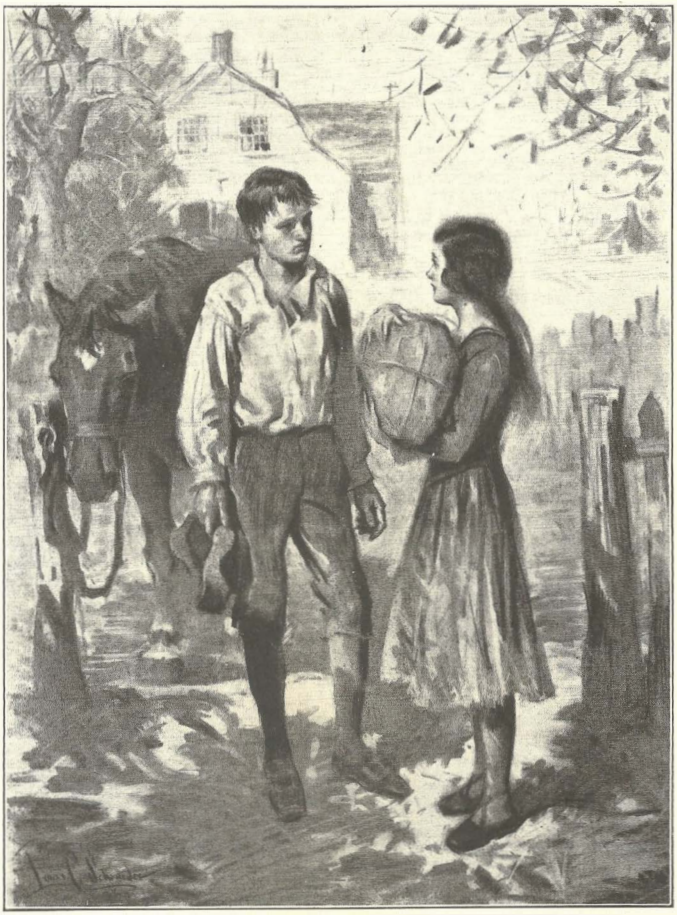
Nurse Good was not a ready hand at the pen, and when it came to reading writing, Sally knew she was apt to turn over her letters to those more skilled than she, to be read aloud to her. Hence it was that her daughter never wrote to her the story of Tanis, not knowing into whose hands such a letter might fall, and made the more cautious by the fact that, on hearing where Dame Good was nursing, Tanis had remarked that Josiah Penniman was a tried friend of her uncle's.

What little news there was of the war was discussed in the Good household without much excitement. They had no father or brother in either army, and truth to tell, no one but Nat was vitally interested. Sally had experienced a spirit of childish enthusiasm over the victors of the battle of Trenton, although indeed it was Colonel William Washington who was her especial hero. His gallant charge down King Street, which resulted in the dismounting of two Hessian cannon, had left him wounded in both hands. Her mother had had the honor of dressing his hurts, while Sally brought lint, clear water, and all else that was needful. Thereafter it would have been hard to convince her that even the commander-in-chief was a greater man.

It mattered not that the English under Lord Cornwallis had advanced in January even as far as the hill above Trenton. The Goods and all the Jersey patriots were well assured that the town, having been delivered out of the hands of the Hessians, was not fated to fall a prey to the enemy. They were surprised not at all when Cornwallis, after spending a night in the face of the American camp-fires flaring along the Assunpink Creek, awoke in the morning to find the Continental fires ashes and the army as vanished as their flames. Their men, and their men's leaders, were too clever for the British, the Americans boasted. Their victory at Princeton confirmed this belief, and finally, when the British retired within their lines at Brunswick, the Trentonians thought of the war as all but finished and took up their usual vocations as if one chapter of it had not been enacted under their very eyes.

That spring General Washington, firmly placed on the heights above Middlebrook, nine miles from Brunswick, kept watch over the enemy in Jersey. In June, Sullivan's division, which had been stationed at Princeton, retired to the Delaware in the face of vastly superior forces under General, now Sir William, Howe, who designed to cut the Americans off, but seemingly dared not follow so far.

And how Trenton laughed! "They 've not forgot yet the taste of the medicine General Washington dosed them with at Christmas," was a common saying in the streets.



"SALLY DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHETHER HER FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED"

"Aye, 't was a bitter draft," was the stock reply.

"They 've e'en had their fill of brimstone," was another favorite.

Ann was much impressed by these and sundry similar witticisms, and of a sudden took it into her head that it was a fine and popular thing to prate of patriotism. Her elders bore this for a time with tolerant smiles, and later, annoyed by her persistency, they replied to her lightly or scoffingly, without aught of deeper meaning than to silence her. Their slightest word she held against them, and to herself she called them Tories, traitors, and turncoats, thinking her brother and sister misled by Primrose. But, so far, she had not discovered where they hid their box, and always she promised herself to be at evens with them when she did.

The elder children had now and again spent an evening over their unsatisfactory prize, but never more had it opened to reveal its secrets. When she was not too sleepy, Ann spied on them, and once had actually been caught in the act by Sally, who suspected naught because it had happened on a night when the box had not been out of its hiding-place and Ann had been quick to ask for a drink of water and go virtuously back to bed, simulating vast yawns and stretchings even after her back was to her sister.

One evening, after a strange yellow

sunset shot over with long wisps of black cloud, the weather took a sudden turn, and when the little ones were abed the others found it too cold to sit out on the grass.

"I 'm shivering here," said Tanis. "Let us go in and have another try at the jewel-case." She spoke in her natural voice, unmindful of the fact that Ann's window opened just above her head.

"It bringeth us small profit," Sally averred; yet she rose willingly enough and made ready to go in. There was ever the hope that this time their efforts might be crowned with success.

"Some day," said Nat, "we 'll get that drawer open again, and then I 'll never rest content till I come at the trick of how the pesky thing is made."

"I thought you were all for smashing it with an ax?" Tanis laughed, on the threshold.

"Once, mayhap," Nat acknowledged; "not now. I have no liking to be beat by any box invented by the mind of man."

"I don't care how 't is made," Sally averred; "all I want is to see inside it. 'T will be no treat to Mother to show her a box with ne'er an opening."

"We 're sure to find the way of it sooner or later!" Tanis threw a comforting arm around Sally's shoulders. "And when we do, there 's something that tells me your mother will ne'er again have the need to go off nursing the sick."

"Faith, nothing will cure her of that trick!" Nat laughed; "her heart 's too soft to deny those who need her help even if there is no hope of payment and we needing the money. 'The Lord will provide, my dears,' she 'll say, and off she 'll go. Were we rich, 't would only be the easier for her to leave us."

"Mother always does what is right," Sally said soberly.

They entered the kitchen one by one, but their talk had given Ann time to run downstairs and slip beneath the valance of her mother's bed, which hid the twins' trundle-bed by day.

She lay there for what seemed an interminable time, in some fear of Sally and what she might say if she discovered her, while the three in the kitchen lit the lights and closed the shutters, not daring to risk the chance of being observed from without, and entirely unconscious of a spy beneath their own roof.

At last Sally went into the bedchamber and opened the simple hiding-place which was revealed when a section of the baseboard was pushed back and slipped to one side, like a barn door. The aperture was stuffed solid, to keep it from sounding hollow when rapped against, and from the muffling folds of an old patchwork quilt Sally drew out the box and swiftly and silently closed the closet door. Then she went back to the kitchen.

"That," said Ann to herself, "is a pretty good hidie-hole—not that I could not have found it had I had the chance. I knew all along that it was in this room."

She bent at the baseboard and opened and shut the secret place two or three times; then she went to bed, her vanity satisfied for the moment by the thought that she was now as wise as her elders and, indeed, had overreached them.

Meanwhile, the others followed their usual procedure. Each in turn took the jewel-case in hand and tried by pressing here and patting there to induce a section of its solid wall to move. As usual, nothing happened, and at last they tired of the effort.

"Never did I see so perplexing a trinket!" Nat declared. "I would your Philip were here." As he spoke he cast the box upon the table a thought roughly. "An he is as wise as you say, he might help us solve our puzzle."

"Nat!" exclaimed Sally. "Philip's name is assuredly the magic word, for the drawer is out again."

She drew the box over to her, and a drawer, already open a crack, slipped farther out. Pressing aside the cotton wool that filled it, she cried sharply. "See! See! This is a different drawer! These stones be red as blood!"

Before either of the others could peep, a great knock on the house door greeted her words. Involuntarily, in her sudden alarm, Sally thrust the drawer back into place, and catching the box up in her arms, ran into her mother's room to hide it away.

Nat turned in his chair and, in tones he vainly tried to make manly, called:

"Who knocks!"

CHAPTER XII

A BERRYING PARTY

A QUAVERING voice, quite different from the bold and aggressive knocking, answered Nat's challenge.

"Is my young mistress within?" it asked.

"'T is none other than Gregory!" cried Tanis, astonished. "Let him enter, Nat."

"Nay," said Nat, sturdily, "I 'll know first who Gregory is. In these parts we like not callers so long after nightfall."

"He is my uncle's trusty servant," Tanis explained, rising and opening the door herself. "He 's lived with us, man and boy, for nigh fifty years."

Gregory and Mick entered on her words, both plainly overjoyed to see their young mistress again.

"My uncle?" Tanis spoke quickly. "He 's well?"

"Not to say well, miss, nor not to say ill neither," Gregory said ponderously. "When he 's not traveling from town to town hunting you, he sits at home and scarce troubles even to curse the British. 'T is as if the pith were gone out of him with your going."

"Did he send you after me?"

"Lord love you, no, miss. 'T would be as much as our lives are worth to so much as mention your name."

"Then he has n't forgiven me?" There was a shade of sadness in Tanis's tone.

"I 'll not go so far as to say he 's forgiven you, miss," Gregory returned hesitatingly; "that 'll come after. You 've but to slip up back of him and light on the arm of his chair the way you was usened to do, pulling his wig a bit awry and giving him a chance to scold, if I might suggest it, miss, to hide that he was near to crying, and you 'll be free of all the forgiveness you can use."

"That would be easy enough for me. I had guessed that already," Tanis returned, her head held high in pride. "I 'll have naught that *he* can't share."

Gregory was plainly taken aback at this and scratched his head in perplexity.

"I 've no belief his honor would relish Mr. Cheyne a-cuddling of him," he said at length. "To tell truth, and not to try and deceive you, Mick and me set afoot private inquiries, bein' very careful to name no names; and findin' you still was here, we made so bold as to hope that you was no longer wishful to continue that journey you started out on, so we slipped off and have come to fetch you home, miss."

"'T was good of you!" she held out a hand to each, "but I wait here for Philip."

Gregory was plainly deeply disappointed. "You 've heard from him, Miss Tanis?"

The girl shook her head. "Nay," she replied, "yet he hath my faith. I know he will come when he can, and I 've written to him."

"How were you able to get a letter through the lines?" Gregory asked. "Old Mistress Carey makes a great to-do over the trials and expense she hath been put to, to have word took to her son and back from him to her, all of which is set down to your dis-

credit, miss. She telleth your uncle every day how, but for you, her young perfection had ne'er left her."

"Well then, why doth he not come back?" Tanis asked unfeelingly. "He must know by this time that I 'm not in New York."

"My master asked her that very question, miss. He 's not so wonderful patient as he once was."

Tanis laughed outright. "At all events, Gregory, I 'm glad of your news. An Mister Carey reached New York, my letter to Mr. Cheyne reached there too; for I entrusted it to his keeping."

Gregory's face was ludicrous in its amazement.

"There 's little you can't do, Miss Tanis, dear, when you put your mind

"'SO WE SLIPPED OFF AND HAVE COME TO FETCH YOU HOME, MISS'"

"Save us!" cried Tanis, disrespectfully. "Well do I love him, but who ever before called Uncle Rick patient?"

"At all times now," said Gregory, gravely, "she wearieth him with a flood of words. To put a stop to the flow, he demanded outright why her Hal did not return to her?"

"And she answered?"

Gregory lifted his fat hands to heaven.

"To hear her, you 'd have thought that all the spies of the British were at his heels, dogging his steps night and day lest he slip back through the lines to win the war for us patriots."

to it; but don't ask me to believe that the young man who went off so brash, armed with your uncle's order to forbid your marriage, was cozened into carrying your love-letters to the man who had stole ye from him."

At this Tanis put her hands on Gregory's shoulders and gave him a gentle shake. "Listen now and remember," she warned him; "no one stole me from Master Hal Carey! I was not his chattel. I 'd never looked his way in my life save in the hope that he was about to take himself elsewhere and spare me further weariness. And it was not I who had the thought of making him my messenger, but my friend there." She pointed to Sally who had come back into the room and, recognizing the men, had set about the task of making ready a lunch against their return journey. "She it was who wrote a cover and persuaded him to carry a letter from one Mistress Primrose Jones, a name that may be well for you to remember, for so I am known here, where Tanis Arms hath ne'er been heard of—" She paused in amazement, for Gregory's face was red and had twisted itself up into countless wrinkles, while Mike, whose expression was also unwonted, was pounding him on the back until it seemed he must break his bones.

"Leave over," gasped Gregory at last. "I 'll pull through now. I 've little more to say, miss, an you won't go back with me. You 'll always be welcome, that you know, and me and Mike are ready to come for you, night or day. About your young gentleman, I 'm not so sure. You see, it would be hard enough for your Uncle Rick to forgive any man who robbed you away from him; but an Englishman! Eh, miss, 't is bound to stick in his gullet."

"A maid can't love to order, Gregory," was all the reply Tanis vouchsafed.

Then the men were fed and shortly thereafter they started on their return journey.

Nat and the two girls went off to bed with scarce more than a good-night.

Nat had learned much that was new to him; but he could be trusted to say nothing. He liked Tanis, and he was staunch by nature.

None of them had given so much as a thought to the younger children. The others, indeed, had slept on, as was expected of them; but Ann had posted herself to overhear and to memorize every word that was said, and what she had heard pleased her vastly.

This strange girl was a traitor; her lover an Englishman. Ann did not quite know what use this information was to her, but she drank it in eagerly. Like Nat, she could be silent; unlike him, she was not fond of Tanis. Could she see a way to increase her own importance by use of the knowledge she had acquired, she would not scruple to use it. Meanwhile, she held it fast in her memory. It could wait for a time. The thing she was most anxious to achieve for the present was the possession of the strange box, if only for just long enough to satisfy her curiosity.

Luck was with her, for the next day Tanis suggested that wild strawberries being ripe, they should all go

together to gather a basketful for their evening meal. Sally agreed at once and even added to the plan.

"My mother maketh a jam of such berries," she suggested. "It will be missed, come winter, an we have no store of it to call on. I have money in hand for the loaf sugar. What think you, Primrose? Could you and I manage to make it? I should know the way of it, for I 've helped Mom each year since I was very little."

"To be sure we can make it!" Tanis exclaimed. "I 'm right skilful in such matters. There 's no place more celebrated for its jams and jellies than Arms Crossing. We 'll take bread and cheese to the fields with us and spend the day there."

The twins and little Fern danced for joy at the suggestion. Peter and Ann also showed pleasure; but all the time Ann's brain was working, seeking a way to have herself left behind. Puzzle as she might, she could devise no plan. Should she feign sick, Sally would surely take it upon herself to stay at her bedside, holding it a duty in the absence of their mother. That would mean the postponement of this expedition, and Ann did not wish it postponed. No, she must start with the others. Later, perchance, if she pretended to feel the heat of the sun on her head, she might win permission to go home early.

So they all started off happily enough, even Fern bearing a pottle to carry fruit. The day was perfect, the strawberries fine and very ripe. Fingers and lips were quickly stained rose-red, and tiny as the berries were, the various receptacles began ere long to show mounds of fruit.

Ann watched anxiously. She wanted to seize upon exactly the right moment for her complaint. Back at the house she must have time, yet enough must have been accomplished for Sally to feel that her own return would follow so soon that Ann might safely be let to go on ahead.

At last her moment came. They had lunched, and she had picked steadily thereafter, working nearer and nearer to Sally, when she began to put a hand to her brow now and again as if something hurt her there.

Sally, quick to note aught wrong with any of her charges, took alarm.

"What 's wrong, Ann," she asked. "Hast a headache?"

"Aye," said Ann, affecting to smile bravely; "but fear not, I can fill my basket."

"Indeed, you 'll do naught of the sort," Sally said promptly, taking the basket from her unresisting fingers. "Go you home and sit in the shade." Then, as an afterthought, "Take Fern with you. If 't is too much for you, 't is doubtless bad for her as well."

Now this was not so pleasing to Ann, although at the moment there was no good reason on her tongue to oppose to it. Hoping that Fern might enter a protest, she seized her by the hand and began to drag her along. Tanis at once went to the rescue of her favorite.

"There 's no need to tear her limb from limb," she said. "She 'll go with you willingly. She wants to play with Lamby, don't you, sweet?"

"Aye," said Fern. "I 've ate all the berries I 'll hold in one day. I 'd liefer go play with Lamby now."

"See that you treat her kindly," Sally told Ann sternly, "and I give you no leave to punish her."

So, although she had won her own way, Ann trudged home in some dudgeon.

"I 'm ever the one in the wrong," she mourned. "Be I never so ill,—for how does Sally know how ill I may be,—I must have a care over Fern. She 's to go home and play with Lamby. Sooth that she *shall* do, or I 'll know the reason why."

Pursuant to this thought, when they reached the cottage she marched into the house. Fern naturally followed her in, to be taken by the shoulders and pushed out again, the door being barred against her.

"My head is much too bad to bear with a clamorous child," Ann called, in answer to a frightened protest. "Do you go in the shade and play with Lamby. That 's what you came home for."

She peered forth from the window till she saw Fern go around the corner to the shade, followed by the cosset lamb, now growing prodigiously, but still gentle and a great pet; then she dismissed Fern from her mind and hurried into her mother's room to begin her investigation of the mystery.

She opened the secret closet and, seating herself on the floor where she could replace the box quickly if she heard the others return, she drew it out with unrestrained eagerness. At last the casket lay in her own hands.

Her first thoughts were that it was very pretty and that she would like to possess it. These she did not harbor long. She had been well brought up and knew that it was as forbidden to covet as to steal. Quickly she reverted to her original interest. She was curious as to the contents of a case so foreign looking, and, above all, she wished to prove herself cleverer than the elder children, who had not taken her into their councils.

Here she was doomed to disappointment. Turn and twist it as she might, pick at it with her finger-nails, press here, press there, it still remained the solid block she had heard the others speak of, so smooth the inlay, so beautifully joined everywhere, that, with the eyes closed, it felt, except for the weight, like a cube of polished metal.

After some time of this Ann was forced to acknowledge her defeat.

Meanwhile, Fern, feeling herself aggrieved at being shut out of her own home of a set purpose, an experience that had never come her way before, had wandered around the garden with the lamb. Of a sudden her glance hit on the open window in her mother's room. At once her face was alight with purpose. She would surprise Ann. She would scare her as she deserved. She would even pretend to be a bear and jump out, saying "Boo!" at her, if she could only contrive to climb through that open window into the house.

How to do that now became her study. A vacant bee-bench standing by the wall promised to be a help. With infinite patience she lifted one end and, pivoting on the other, she dragged it toward the window; then she repeated the operation from the opposite end. Finally, when she had it beneath the window, she mounted it and peered into the room, her eyes just appearing above the sill.

Ann was still seated on the floor, doing her best to master the secret of the strange box. As she twisted it about, Fern saw it and held her breath in admiration. What thing was this that Ann had found?

Had Ann been an indulgent sister like Sally, Fern would not have hesitated to ask her. As it was, she knew that to be useless. So she watched and watched, her heart in her eyes, till Ann, fearing the return of the others, and giving up for the time such a seemingly hopeless task, pushed the box back into the aperture in the surbase, pulled the quilt over it and tucked it in, covering it as she had found it and, having closed the hiding-place with one quick gesture, ran out of the room.

The coast was clear and Fern's curiosity need no longer be denied gratification.

Grasping the twisted honeysuckles and creepers overgrowing the wall and scrambling with all her might, she landed on her stomach on the sill and straightway squirmed around and dropped on to a chair within the room.

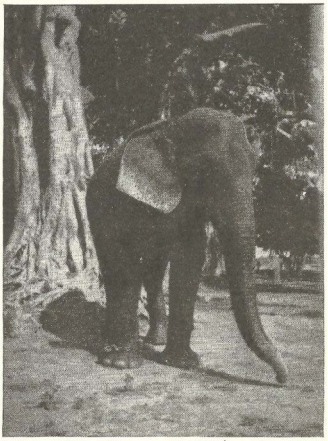
Her desire to be a bear was forgotten. What she wanted now was a good look at that fascinating plaything Ann had found.

(To be continued)

MY FRIEND THE TEMPLE ELEPHANT

By MILDRED WALDO HESS

JUST to look at her, you would hardly believe that this elephant is an invalid, would you? She belongs to a Hindu temple in a place called Tirupatur, South India. It is in the very southern part of the Madras Presidency. This picture of her, however, was taken in the city of Madura at the Veterinary Hospital as



"SHE STANDS IN THE SHADE OF THE BANYAN-TREE WITH A CHAIN FASTENED TO ONE FOOT"

she stood under a spreading banyan-tree one morning.

In all the Hindu temples of South India, elephants are kept to grace the various festivals when the images of the queer gods and goddesses are paraded through the streets. They are also rented out for wedding processions, to which they add a decided note of dignity and affluence. And because the elephant is a source of income to the temple, its health is well guarded.

One day this particular elephant fainted! Imagine the plight of the keeper when she toppled over? He rushed for help, made sure that she was not dead, and finally brought her back to consciousness.

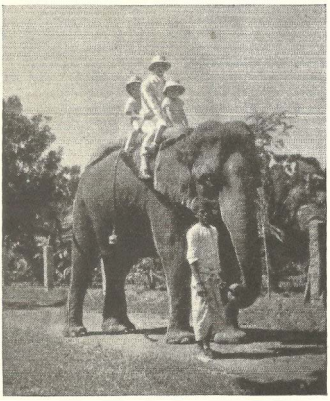
When the fainting spells began to occur at regular intervals, the temple priest decided it was time to consult a doctor about her health. She is only forty-two years old and that is young for an elephant. (You know many of them, in their wild state, live to be over three hundred.) The veterinary surgeon said he could help her and probably cure the fainting spells, but in order to do so, the elephant would have to stay at the hospital for at least a year. Therefore, to Madura she was brought by her keeper. A huge shed was built for her as sleeping quarters and as a protection against the intense heat of the tropical sun at midday. It is also used as a storehouse for her food. But most of the time she stands outside swaying back and forth in the shade of the banyans with a chain fastened to one foot.

The treatment which is meted out to this great invalid, who is now on the convalescent list, consists in regular exercise, certain doses of medicine, and dieting. Early in the morning and again at evening she is taken by her keeper for a walk of a mile or more. When it is time for her to eat her daily portion of hay, she is made to go to the shed and with her trunk carry the big bundle to the particular tree under which she always lunches. Directly across the road from the tree is a pond where she receives a daily bath. On many occasions, just before feeding-time when she has come from the water all dripping wet, have I seen her pick up trunk-loads of sand and throw it all over her clean back, where it sticks in unsightly patches. This is a sign that she is disgruntled because her food is slow in making its appearance. When the keeper finally brings it, he makes her "trumpet" for it, just as you train your dog to bark for some choice tidbit.

You will be astonished when I tell you what her diet is! At each meal she eats eight measures of raw rice boiled. In the boiling it swells to such proportions that it fills a large bath-tub. (A "measure" in India is considerably more than a quart.) Then she is given eight pounds of sugar, three ounces of salt, and one ounce of pepper. During the day she also eats four hundred pounds of green grass and some hay. She keeps the cook working, does n't she?

While undergoing treatment, the elephant has grown a bit ill-tempered. One morning when the doctor was making an examination which did not please her, she knocked him down and then, bending her knee, began to press her weight upon him. Had it not been for the alertness of the keeper and the fact that the elephant had been trained to obey promptly, the doctor might have been seriously injured. As it was, the moment her keeper spoke, she released the pressure and stood upright at the command.

The Hindu temple in Madura is such a large and rich one that it owns many elephants as well as two camels. Living in Madura are several American families in which there are children. Their fathers teach in a college in the city. One of their favorite ways of entertaining American tourists who visit them is to send for one of the temple elephants and its keeper to come and take them for rides all round the college campus. The temple priest is glad to let them do this, because the elephant earns about fifteen cents for each ride it gives. It is very funny to watch people climbing up on the elephant's back. The keeper first touches all four of its knees with his leading-stick, and it clumsily kneels to the ground. Even then its back is so high that a table has to be brought from the bungalow, on which the prospective riders may stand before making their final jump to the top. As the animal rises to a standing position the startled looks upon the faces of the riders bring forth peals of laughter from the onlookers. But it is no laughing matter to one who has never ridden before. He feels all the stages of impending seasickness until the elephant begins to swing steadily and rhythmically along the road.



AN AMERICAN BOY AND GIRL RIDING A TEMPLE ELEPHANT

Then he has to give all his attention to holding on, for if he should slip, he would have a long way to fall!

The American girl and boy seen riding in the picture really enjoy it. If some day you take a trip around the world, do not leave India until you, too, have had a ride upon a temple elephant.

ROMANCE AND WORLD ADVENTURE AS TOLD IN POSTAGE-STAMPS

By F. B. WARREN

VI. RARITIES AND SOME FAMOUS COLLECTIONS

IN a stamp-collector family of four million, which began to assume form about ten years after England's first postal adhesives appeared, it should be apparent that shortages long have existed even in heavily printed older issues of major countries, and obviously in any country to-day where fifty or even a hundred thousand impressions are made from an engraved plate to serve the legitimate postal requirements of the people. If every stamp of an edition of a hundred thousand were absorbed by the collectors, and none used on the letters of a nation through the mails, only one collector out of every four hundred in the world would have this stamp in his albums. This is frequently the case. But this alone does not make an issue or a single denomination of the issue valuable, for the issue may be in a land that fails to awaken the interest of outside collectors. Yet, most of the time, limited issue determines the commercial value of postal labels, whether in early or current years. Official or mechanical errors have produced many rarities of great value—the use of the wrong color for some denomination, the discovery of the error, the recall, as far as possible, of every erroneous impression, a flaw in engraving, a distorted figure or marred features of portrayed personalities. The fewer errors that slip out into circulation or collector ownership, the higher their values in terms of money and trade. The limited surviving specimens of early American postmaster-stamps, in use before federal postage was instituted in 1847; the limited number of preserved copies of the erroneously worded "Post Office" stamps of Mauritius, the Indian Ocean colony of Great Britain, and the one known copy of Arthur Hind's British Guiana postal celebrity—those conditions establish such sales levels as $10,000 for the Alexandria, Virginia, postmaster stamp of 1846; $20,000 for an uncanceled one-pence orange-red Mauritius label of 1847, and $32,500 paid by the Utica collector for his *rara avis*. Should new discoveries produce a few or many more of these varieties, the market valuation of the existing copies would crumble in ratio to the number newly found. Supply would be still woefully deficient in relation to demand, but the element of extreme *rarity* would have been destroyed, and rarity makes the market in postage-stamps just as surely as heavy demand and a controlled or guarded supply affects the prices of shares in the stock market.

Before the days of stamp auctions in New York and foreign capitals, the stamp-dealer, and the dealer alone, made the market retail prices of postage-stamps. He could mark sales prices up or down. Public auctions, although conducted, operated, and largely participated in by dealers, have begun to attract enough of a collector following to exert a direct public influence, upward or downward, upon prices, though the presence or absence of buyers has, of course, an appreciable effect upon the prices obtained. The rewards are not large or constant enough to warrant dealers stimulating and upholding artificial price levels for any long periods, except in the case of some cheaper modern issues which speculators frequently purchase almost in their entirety from complacent governments needing ready money.

For all countries existing now, and the lands that meanwhile have been swallowed up by other nations, there has been issued since 1840 a total of approximately 150,000 different denominations of postal adhesives, inclusive of the many types, overprints, perforation varieties, but not inclusive of color gradations, which are a myriad unto themselves. A British authority within the year has computed that, at the time of his compilation, there existed 45,378 separate and distinct kinds of postage-stamp designs—13,552 for Europe; 8554, Asia; 10,394, Africa; 7522, the Americas; 2917, the West Indies; and 2434, Oceanica. Each week has added new species to advance these totals. Several thousand varieties out of this huge number possess extremely high valuations in the world markets among collectors, and the time has arrived, apparently, when non-collectors, aided by experts to determine the authenticity of specimens, are purchasing postal rarities for their investment qualities, to be held for the same profitable returns that one derives from sound bonds and seasoned industrial securities. Any one undertaking this form of purchase, however, needs and requires the best advice of an honorable expert. There are large returns for those who are guided properly.

Few collectors will be surprised, but the general public may be amazed, at the prices attained by stamps that are established rarities. There are easily in excess of two hundred stamps, each of which will bring a sales price in excess of one thousand dollars, and upward to as high as twenty thousand for an unused copy of one of the Mauritius error stamps of 1847, and some price in between $20,000 and $32,500 should some lucky person unearth another authentically used copy of the British Guiana rarity on its original envelop as it passed through the mails to destination.

There is still to be found a vast postal treasure in various cities, towns, and villages of the world, in desks, cabinets, trunks piled in attics and cellars; tucked away in old heirlooms of families that have occupied the same home for several generations; in the vaults of old banks occupying the same buildings for many years; in the stored records of long-established firms with correspondents in distant parts of the world; in the archives of religious and missionary organizations whose representatives have carried on their work in remote places.

Rich rewards await the discoverers of such rare material. Some stamps that are old have attained high values; but comparatively few stamps are valuable merely because of their age. There are thousands of stamps half a century old that are still worth but a few pennies apiece at retail and less than that to the dealers who resell them. In the United States, postal rarities date back to the period when various towns and cities issued individual postmaster labels, prior to the establishment of federal adhesive postage in 1847. In Great Britain the date is 1840, the Government having instituted adhesive postage seven years earlier than did our American

Union, but only three years ahead of Brazil. There are also rarities in recent years that have achieved high values; for example: the £25 Northern Nigeria of 1904, the British occupational stamp (3 pence overprinted on 30 pfennigs) used in 1914 in German Samoa, and a Siberian stamp of 1921. At least two excellent listings of postal rarities, in a large measure duplicating each other, have been published. One, the longer list, which appeared in "The American Philatelist," contains more than two hundred entries, including some for which prices are quoted in both canceled and uncanceled condition. The second, a brief list of fifty rarities, was printed in "Scott's Monthly Journal."

TYPE OF SIBERIA, 1921. VALUE ABOUT $1000

Once more it is timely to warn discoverers of old stamped letters or documents, or of old-time letter-sheets bearing odd markings, not to cut, deface, alter, soak off, or in any way remove stamps from the wrappers on which they are found. The presence of old and valuable stamps on original covers adds greatly to their value, and adjacent markings, cancellations, and routings prove the genuineness of rarities more quickly than could anything else.

Collector lore is laden with stories of unusual or historic postal finds, yet the larger interest for readers of today will center in discoveries made in recent months, thus indicating that there still exist many places where postal treasures may be found. In the spring of 1926, Mrs. Edward S. Leadbeater, of Alexandria, Virginia, while preparing to destroy and burn an accumulation of old papers, discovered a letter that had been written to her husband when, as a boy of seven, he had been making a visit at Parkin's Mill, near the town of Winchester, where Philip Sheridan, the Union cavalry leader, made his famous ride that converted a defeat into victory. Because it was the first letter the Leadbeater youth had ever received, he had saved it, and his widow's house-cleaning brought it to light. In reading the letter, she discovered the name of a still living friend of her husband and sent him the missive for examination.

ALEXANDRIA POSTMASTER STAMP—VALUE $10,000

He, in turn, wrote her the stamp on the letter might be worth a few dollars. And so it was! On the letter-sheet, canceled with the date "Alexandria, August 25, 1846,"—one year before federal postage began,—was an Alexandria postmaster-stamp, five-cent, bluish, which a Baltimore dealer bought from her for $8000 and which possesses a retail market value of $10,000. Mr. Phillips gives it a valuation of $12,000. You may observe its design in our reproduction. Six copies are all that have been unearthed in the last eighty-seven years.

Also, in the summer of 1926, Frank Hale, cashier of the First National Bank of Cooperstown, New York, wrote to his friend George R. Cooley, an Albany collector, that a large volume of old correspondence was being cleared out at the bank. He suggested that Cooley come over and take away whatever he wanted from the discards of one of the oldest incorporated banks in New York State. All of its letters received between 1825 and 1873 had been preserved. The Cooley discovery consisted of 20,500 envelops containing issues from 1847 to 1873—a find valued at approximately $10,000. There were eighty-six of the first five-cent denomination of 1847, all on envelops and in perfect condition, only four of the ten-cent denomination of the same year, more than ten thousand of the ordinary specimens of the three-cent denomination in use between 1851–61, and various other stamps in lesser quantities.

An old Philadelphia bank, prior to moving into new quarters, sold an accumulation of obsolete and useless papers to a dealer in junk for $15.00, giving him a receipt for his payment. These papers yielded stamps valued at more than $75,000. For a time there was talk of a suit by the bank to establish its right to participate in the sum realized, but the buyer's case was clear and nothing came of it.

There have been dozens of important discoveries in the United States, Great Britain, and the European nations, all within the past year.

Evidence that rarities occur among stamps of quite recent issue is found in the results of a New York auction of the John Bister collection of United States stamps a few months ago. For a pair of the ordinary two-cent stamps of the 1921 issue, but with no vertical perforation dividing them, a buyer paid $420. Only five similar pairs of this specimen are said to be in existence, although this does not mean that you may not find another pair by examining your letters of that period. Collectors and dealers are inclined to speak with assurance about the number of copies of an error or rarity in existence, but their assertions are not entitled to be accepted as final. At the same Bister auction a pair of the two-cent denomination, 1904 issue, without perforations horizontally, sold for $217.50. Surely these are commensurate returns for any one who invested four cents per specimen at a post-office window, and less than that should you find them on letters some one else has sent to you. No one making such a discovery would be insane enough to cut them apart!

Belgium provides a recent rarity of which certain copies were bought at post-office windows for sixty-five centimes each and are now worth five hundred dollars each. The Belgian sixty-five centime denomination of 1920, showing the ruins of the Hotel de Villeat Tremonde, is the two-color stamp that produced this interesting error-rarity. One sheet of twenty-five stamps was discovered with the center picture inverted. Twenty copies went out into the mails and vanished from circulation. Five remaining unused copies fell into a collector's hands and these have a valuation of five hundred dollars each. Persons having Belgian correspondence in their files might turn a few minutes' search into a highly profitable one.

BELGIAN ISSUE OF 1920—VALUE 12 CENTS; WITH INVERTED CENTER, $500

France provides an amusing case of a single stamp that resulted in a three-cornered lawsuit. The litigation involved the ownership of one of the French postal rarities of 1849. A notary at Vannes, in Brittany, turned over some papers to a friend who was writing a history of the region. The historian uncovered a letter containing a stamp then worth seven thousand francs and immediately notified the lender of his discovery, laying claim to half the value on the ground that it was treasure-trove. The notary took possession of his property and resisted the discoverer's claim. Resort was had to the local court, whereupon the grandson of the woman to whom the letter was originally addressed entered claim to the letter and the stamp in behalf of the heirs to her estate.

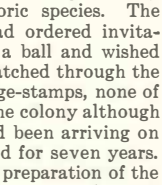
Sweden provides an interesting case of a lesser rarity, occasionally referred to as the "love-stamp," since it exerted a beneficial influence upon a romance. In 1918, the Swedish post-

office department, requiring stamps of lower denominations, overprinted new values on a surplus stock of less used higher denominations. One of the series of overprints was 12 ore on 25 ore, red orange. This overprint was applied upside down to an unknown number of sheets, or perhaps only one or two, and a sheet found its way to Guliksberg, a small office in Norland. Swedish sources provide the story of what followed.

THIS, WITH INVERTED SURCHARGE, BECAME THE SWEDISH "LOVE-STAMP"

A young forester at Guliksberg had promised to write a daily letter to his sweetheart, and his every letter up to the number of thirty had borne one of this sheet of misprinted stamps. A collector discovered the error, traced its source to Guliksberg, and offered two hundred kroner apiece for these labels. The girl having saved her love-letters in the original envelops, the forester received in her behalf 6000 kroner for her stamps, and the receipts resulted in a wedding and a well-furnished home. Thus did a postal label speed the wings of romance.

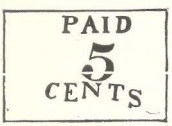
All collectors, but few of the general public, are familiar with the origin of the Mauritius "Post Office" error stamps, one of these being the second most costly postal rarity in the world. The wife of the British colonial governor of Mauritius, and J. Barnard, an engraver, watchmaker, and jeweler, in a measure share the responsibility for this now historic species. The governor's wife had ordered invitations prepared for a ball and wished to have them dispatched through the mail bearing postage-stamps, none of which existed for the colony although adhesive labels had been arriving on mails from England for seven years. Barnard began the preparation of the plates for one- and two-cent denominations. The legend relating to these stamps is that the engraver, working well into the night, became puzzled over the wording he had been told to use. When he arrived at the office the postmaster had departed and the doors were locked. The engraver's eye halted at the sign "Post Office." Those were the words he had been told to use, so he hurried back to his shop and cut the letters into his plates. And, of course, he was wrong. He had been ordered to use the words "Post Paid." So the erroneous stamps appeared and the governor's wife would not give up her plan of using them on her invitations, right or wrong. Enough were sold to her for her social necessities, and the remainder, together with the plates, were destroyed. Only thirty copies are known to exist in all the world to-day. Ten or twelve of these are in America and two are in the collection of King George. Alfred F. Lichtenstein, of New York, rejected an offer of $30,000 for one he had acquired from the collection of the late Henry J. Duveen, art dealer and connoisseur. The Duveen accumulation, intact, was valued at much in excess of a million dollars.



THE POST-OFFICE MAURITIUS, VALUE $20,000

The only envelop known to be in existence containing canceled copies of both the one- and two-penny denominations of the Mauritius errors was bought at private sale by Arthur Hind for $35,000, and he also purchased for $12,500 the only known copy of the Boscawen, New Hampshire, postmaster stamp, for $8500 the only known copy of the Lockport, New York, postmaster stamp, and for $14,500 the finest existing copy of the extremely rare Hawaiian "missionary" two-cent stamp issued in 1851, thereby doubtless becoming, since the death of Count Ferrari, the world's postal *Count of Monte Cristo*.

POSTMASTER STAMP, VALUE $8500



BOSCAWEN POSTMASTER STAMP, VALUE $12,500

"MISSIONARY" STAMP, VALUE $14,500


THE BRITISH GUIANA, VALUE $32,500

Postal collections attain stupendous valuations when the science is pursued by men of wealth. The late George H. Worthington, Canadian-born, but long identified with interests in Cleveland and Missouri, was for many years reputed to own the greatest collection in the Western Hemisphere. Business reverses forced him to break up his collection, and dispersal sales yielded his estate a million dollars. There are hundreds of great collections in this country, many of which have never been heralded or exploited and whose owners have no membership connections with philatelic organizations. Until forced into collector prominence by his acquisition of the Ferrari British-Guiana rarity, Arthur Hind, as he relates in connection with his personal story of the purchase, had no connection with these interesting and useful societies. Alfred F. Lichtenstein, Theodore E. Steinway, whose family has contributed so greatly to our means of musical enjoyment, J. Philip Benkard, a Wall Street broker, Rear-Admiral Frederick Harris, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, John T. Coit, a New Jersey banker, former Senator J. S. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, all are owners of historic collections, usually centered around the specialist collection of one nation or a group of nations. That of William E. Hawkins, president of the American Brass and Copper Company of New York, fills more than eighty volumes, and every stamp in the collection is unused. It comprises labels of every stamp-issuing land in the world. That such men interest themselves in postal collection should do much to dispel a long-prevalent belief that stamp-collecting is a time-wasting, profitless, and mentally uninspiring pursuit.

The accumulation of rarities provides a ready outlet for the resources of men and women of wealth and the thrill of such ownership is immeasurably great. Yet collecting is a pursuit for a diversity of peoples and classes. Its contacts are lessons in social democracy. At a dealer's counter the millionaire collector may meet his chauffeur filling in the last open spaces of a twentieth-century album in Austria, Germany, or some other economically war-wrecked nation whose complete output since 1914 is procurable for a comparatively few dollars. A clerk in the foreign department of an active international bank often finds himself in possession of a variety of new specimens before knowledge of their appearance has reached the dealers of the larger cities. Accident may bring a valuable stamp to almost any one, and the smaller collector may, by exchanging it, procure in return its full value in the form of hundreds or even thousands of lower-priced stamps to build up his own collection. Quantity is not a discreditable

achievement, and the possession of thousands of stamps is of greater educational advantage than one or two fairly valuable specimens in the hands of a collector who cannot afford to own them.

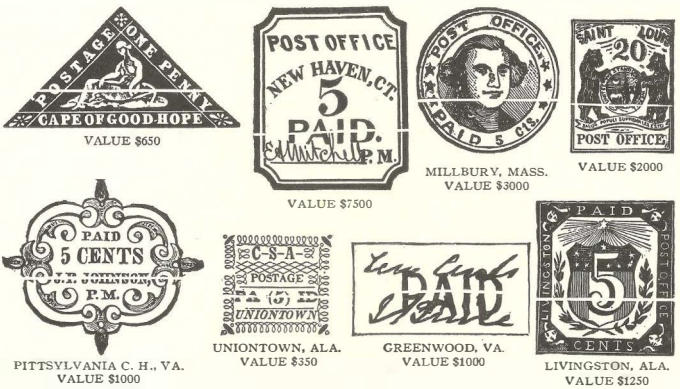
All of us have read that the rulers of various nations maintain exceptional stamp collections. In a number of instances this is true; in others it is merely propaganda to interest the people of a country or the collectors of all countries in acquiring the postal issues of the monarch's homeland. Rulers of to-day are not averse to aiding their treasuries in this way, for the popularity of a nation's stamps with collectors throughout the world brings a material return into the coffers of any Government. The most notable of all royal collections is that of King George V. The head of the vast British Empire began to save stamps when he was a naval cadet, and later as a midshipman on the *Bacchante*. Restricting himself to stamps of Great Britain, the dominions, and colonies, he possesses the finest existing collection of British stamps, many of them acquired by purchases and bids in the open market and at prices that obliged him to curb his expenditures and forego luxuries in other directions. In it may be found Rowland Hill's original sketches, in water-colors, of the world's first postal adhesives, and the artist's original sketch of the Mulready envelop. This royal collector also possesses the Mauritius "Post Office" rarities of both denominations and has been reported, erroneously, to have bid against Arthur Hind, through his Paris agent, for the British-Guiana rarity. For years his collection in Buckingham Palace has had the careful oversight, as curator, of Edward Denny Bacon, M. V. O., a former president of the Royal Philatelic Society, and its studious owner is on written record to a friend as stating that his interest in stamps is "one of the greatest pleasures of my life." The king's collection is valued much in excess of $500,000 and his attitude in permitting exhibitions of complete sections of it is most generous.

The Prince of Wales is also a collector, but in a much lesser degree, and he is honorary president of the Royal Philatelic Society, of which his father is Patron. Four other kings and three European queens are active postal collectors: their Majesties Alfonso XIII of Spain, who collects the stamps of his nation, its colonies, Portugal, and France; Fuad, of Egypt, a general collector who is also responsible for the complete alteration of Egyptian postal designs; Albert of Belgium, as well as his consort Queen Elizabeth, and the heir to the Belgian throne, Crown Prince Leopold, and Alexander of Jugoslavia. Italy's Montenegrin-born Queen Elena is a collector, as is her son, the Prince of Piedmont. Italy's king applies his interest to his collection of coins. The Emperor of Japan, newly on the throne of his country through the recent death of his father, is a devotee of collecting, as is Queen Maud of Norway, Prince Charles of Denmark, former king Manuel of Portugal, the Prince of Monaco, Prince Andrew of Russia, and the Maharajah of Gwalior, who possesses a splendid collection of Indian feudatory state labels. The Nabob of Sachim is a member of the Collector's club of New York. The present Rajah of Sarawak is likewise a collector, and the Swedish Crown Prince, widely known in the United States and Great Britain, is Patron of the Swedish Philatelic Society.

A well-posted British collector-editor, Douglas B. Armstrong, of London, provides an extended list of famous fellow-countrymen, who are also philatelists, ranging from the Duke of Argyle and the Marquis of Bute, to baronets, from cabinet ministers, admirals, army officers, bishops, and university professors to big-game hunters.

There is one young collector, living in exile with his mother in Spain, whose story will be of interest to younger collectors throughout the world. He is Otto, of Hungary, the son of Emperor Karl and the Empress Zita, whose portraits appear briefly on postal issues and charity-stamps of Hungary (1916 and 1918) and on a single Austrian charity issue (1918). This youth has been a collector for several years, and his collection was exhibited at the big philatelic exhibition in New York in the autumn of 1926, lavishly embellished and mounted by a distinguished Hungarian artist.

Many of the world's major and minor countries possess important national collections, some quite accessible to the public; others more secluded. One of the most complete is the Berlin Postal Museum, which, because of the fortunes of war, failed to receive the Ferrari treasure. Others are the National Stamp Collection of India, housed in the Victoria Memorial Building, and the National Stamp Collection of Ireland, in the Science and Art Museum in Dublin. This collection was begun in 1893, with the bequest of his stamps by the Duke of Leinster.



VALUE $650

VALUE $7500

MILLBURY, MASS. VALUE $3000

VALUE $2000

PITTSYLVANIA C. H., VA. VALUE $1000

UNIONTOWN, ALA. VALUE $350

GREENWOOD, VA. VALUE $1000

LIVINGSTON, ALA. VALUE $1250

SOME EXPENSIVE RARITIES—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AND POSTMASTER STAMPS

A complete national collection of Serbia vanished from Belgrade during the World War, and efforts to rebuild it have been under way since the creation of the kingdon of Jugoslavia. The excellent collection of the United States Government, embracing the stamps of all nations, is housed in the National Museum. The New York Public Library intends eventually to install as one of its permanent exhibits an excellent collection of American postal varieties acquired in 1925 from Benjamin K. Miller, a Milwaukee philatelist. This collection contains the only unperforated pair in existence of the United States 1893 Columbian issue and one of the few known sets of the eight denominations of the August 1861 issue, these latter having been issued before the postmaster-general had given his approval to the designs. When changed and corrected, these resulted in the second issue of 1861. The first issue is valued in excess of $7000. Still another rarity is the twenty-four-cent United States inverted air-mail specimen.

THE ELIZABETH TREE

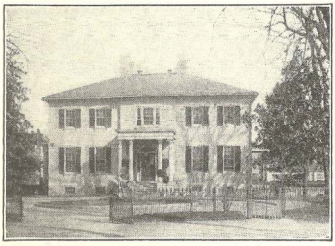
By MARY MAYO CRENSHAW

OF all the places to play, the little girl best liked Old Capitol Square. The squirrels would eat out of your hand,—if you had five cents to get peanuts,—and if you sat very still, they would climb up on your shoulder. One day she had been very, very quiet and one of them mounted up to her head, where it looked like a little squirrel cap. Only people always came along and frightened them away.

Then there were the statues: Jackson standing like a stone wall, and Henry Clay speaking, his hand outstretched, with a little house over his head. She liked the old fountain, splashing away while the restless red goldfish scurried around. If you tried to keep up with one goldfish, it was very exciting for they darted in and out so that you could n't be sure which was which.

The old State Library was another attraction. Portraits of the old governors of Virginia hung there. She sometimes crept in, when it commenced to rain, and felt a certain pride that one of them, Governor Alexander Spotswood, was her ancestor. One could n't have chosen a nicer ancestor, with his blue velvet coat and knee-breeches. She tried to wear her hair like his, tied back with a ribbon. The library was next to the Governor's Mansion, a fine old colonial home, benevolently open a good deal of the time. It would be nice to be governor of Virginia. One of her favorite amusements was pressing her nose against the quaint iron fence and dreaming dreams of how one day she would be a great lady and would come to that house.

But the place she liked best was the dogwood-tree. It had been planted by another governor of Virginia, Governor Wise, with his little fair-haired girl by his side. It was a funny, crooked little tree in the middle of a good-sized grass plot. There



WHERE THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA LIVES

were more blossoms on it than on any dogwood in the world, she believed, and it was the only flowering tree in the square. The rest were all big dark oaks and elms. The dogwood-tree was her dear delight. Every day in the spring she would go there, and in the midst of a happy time, a big policeman in blue coat and brass buttons would hale her away—"Not allowed to play on the grass." One of them, an Irishman with red hair, told her she was a disobedient "little imp," and she flared back at him, "You just wait till I grow up and marry the governor of Virginia and live in that big house, and I 'll let all the children play under the tree."

Time went by, and the little girl became a beautiful big girl with lots of beaux. The one she liked best had gone to school with her and now was at college. They used to go to the old square sometimes and sit there dreaming dreams of the future. The dreams always included them both. Later on, he went to the legislature, and she used to go down to the Capitol—in the old square, too—and hear him make speeches. Then there was a big wedding at the church across from the square, and they went on to Congress together. Things moved fast, and before you knew it, he was governor of Virginia. They were so busy getting installed that she forgot all about the little tree, until one day she looked out of the window and saw that it had burst into beautiful white bloom. Not losing a minute, she darted over to the governor's office. He was with a visitor, but Madam could be admitted. She came in and, dropping a curtsey, said: "I have a petition to make to your Excellency." "The half of my kingdom," he smiled. "Then let the children play on the grass under the dogwood-tree." "Granted!" he said.

CAPITOL SQUARE, AT RICHMOND, SHOWING THE OLD BELL TOWER

So after that, the children swarmed to the green plot under the quaint little tree. They used to join hands around it and play ring-around-a-rosy and all their foolish little games. The governor's wife came sometimes and watched them, and tourists to the historic old square used to wonder who the pretty lady was. The children named the tree the "Elizabeth tree," and considered it their own personal property; and the "Elizabeth tree" still stands.

CHUCK BLUE OF STERLING

By GEORGE B. CHADWICK

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

CHARLEY (CHUCK) BLUE, a village boy, has a vision of college and football. With the encouragement and help of his mother, in charge of the village library, and seconded by his own efforts the dream comes true three years later and Chuck finds himself a freshman at Sterling. Oliver and Bess Tilden, whose father is one of the wealthy summer residents of Sayville, had been very friendly with Chuck in their younger days, but as they all grew older the interests of the young Tildens and the country boy had naturally diverged, and they had drifted apart. Oliver is somewhat of a snob; Bess is a tease, but fair-minded. "Hap" Holmes, is a cheery, genuine lad, a friend of Oliver's at prep school. Oliver, Chuck, and Hap all enter the same class at Sterling. The three make the football team in time for the big game with Weymouth, and the final whistle finds Chuck Sterling's hero. Christmas vacation is a jolly time for Chuck, with the Tildens including him in all their parties, and he saves one of Bess's friends from drowning. He returns to Sterling an acknowledged leader. He and Dan and Hap are kidnapped by the sophomores from the freshman banquet. A little later Chuck and his chums have a thrilling week-end in one of the mountain cabins maintained by the college. The Sterlington freshman basket-ball team goes to New York to play Columbia. Chuck, Hap, and Oliver are on the squad. They help win the game, and later Chuck distinguishes himself by recovering Bess's lost hand-bag. On the way back to college, the boys talk over their chances with the Greek-letter fraternities.

CHAPTER VII

INITIATING THE FRESHMEN

CHUCK and Hap were pacing up and down the corridor near Chuck's room. It was the all-important night on which fraternity elections were given out. A hush had settled over the freshman dormitory. Boys, grouped together, were talking in tense undertones. Shortly they scattered to their rooms to await a hoped-for election.

Hap looked at his watch. "Almost eight," he said. "I 'd better go down to my room."

The boys nodded to each other. "Good luck," said Chuck.

"Good luck," answered Hap, and he went downstairs two steps at a time.

It was the custom for the senior president, as referee, to blow a whistle at eight o'clock, the starting signal for the waiting fraternity men. They then made a dash for the rooms of the freshmen they wanted.

Reaching his room, Chuck left the door slightly open and sat down; then he got up and looked out of the window; then sat down again.

It was worse than waiting for a game to begin. No looking forward, as in the case of the game, to physical action, to the possibility of turning the tide in his favor, in his team's favor, by efforts of his own. He sat there, taut. Then he heard the whistle, far off, but clear and distinct. His body jumped all over.

Now he heard the clatter of racing steps, a door was slammed, then another. How weird, that clatter, with no accompanying sound of voices! Now they were up in his corridor, on the top floor. Some one was running toward his room. A young man came in, panting. He shut the door.

It was Latour. With quick directness he offered Chuck an election to Pi Ro.

Chuck slowly shook his head. "No," he said. "Thanks all the same." And Latour went out, leaving the door ajar.

Still that sound of racing feet and slamming doors. Chuck sat down again and waited. He had thought the matter over carefully and had finally determined on Gamma Delta or nothing. If he did n't make it that year, maybe he would the next. He knew he could n't be really happy making anything else.

The clatter died down. Freshmen began to come out into the corridors, talking excitedly. Chuck could hear the chatter of three or four of them, collected at the head of the stairs.

"Hap Holmes went Gamma Delta," one of them said.

Another boy joined them, coming up from below. "Pi Ro for me!" he cried. "Did you hear? Oliver Tilden got Eta Nu."

"So did Bill Day," said another. "They were dead sure, those two."

Then Chuck heard the rumbling tones of Dan's voice. He evidently had just joined the group.

"Greet me, boys. They took me. Gamma Delta."

He heard them slapping Dan on the back. The boy was popular with his classmates.

Time was passing rapidly. Elections would all have been given out by now, Chuck thought. The tenseness left his body, a lassitude came over him, an ache to his heart. Then he heard some one coming down the corridor—some one, he figured, to see him and sympathize. Instinctively he started to shut the door and lock it. He did n't want to see any one, not even Hap, just at that moment. But he would n't let himself do it. Instead he got up and went toward the window, gritting his teeth.

Someone came in and shut the door. Chuck turned—he gave a startled gasp. It was Hill, the sophomore who had stopped and talked to Hap that Sunday afternoon on the train when they were coming back from New York. Hill offered Chuck an election to Gamma Delta, and Chuck accepted. But his mind was a haze—the answer he gave seemed almost to have come from some other person.

"I congratulate you," said Hill, as he shook Chuck's hand and hurried out.

A bang at the door and in came Hap. A shout from both the boys, and Hap gave Chuck a joyous hug.

"I watched Hill come up and go to your room," he said. "As soon as he passed me and went down again, along I came." He gave Chuck another hug. "I 'm gladder about you, almost, than I am about myself."

They sat on the window-seat and began talking it over rapidly.

"Say, do you know what the trouble was?" Hap suddenly asked. "You thought they did n't want you, and all the time they were thinking you wanted Eta Nu. They came to me the first one, I guess. Dutch Logan—you know—came after me. When he 'd given me my election, he asked what several different fellows wanted. He was surprised as the dickens when I told him you wanted Gamma Delta. They thought you wanted to go with Oliver."

"Me—with Oliver?" Chuck cried. He looked perplexed; then he grinned. "That—that 's funny."

"When you come to think of it," Hap said seriously, "we need n't have worried about your making Gamma Delta. A fellow with an upright character like yours—"

Chuck laughed.

"Wait till I 've finished," said Hap. "I mean a fellow who 's a darn good sort and who 's done all you have freshman year. The Gamma Delta crowd would be idiots if they did n't want you."

A grinning face peered around the door—Dan lumbered in. Congratulations all around, and they began to rehearse the whole thing over.

"They took me," said Dan, "to

leaven the bunch. The esthetic element—sure I 'm esthetic!"

Then they went out, arm in arm, to round up the other Gamma Delta candidates.

A period of what was termed "running" now followed. No longer did the fraternity men greet the freshmen they had chosen with an exaggerated, polite interest. When they met them they nodded curtly, or passed them by without any recognition at all. At other times they keep them busy doing foolish errands or laughable stunts. Each morning the freshmen candidates were instructed to appear in the room of a fraternity man, awaken him, present him with a carnation, and recite some rhyme.

The Gamma Delta crowd had heard about Chuck's adventure with the taxi driver in New York, and grabbed at the incident with joy, as something they could use.

Hill was the upper-classman Chuck had to awaken. The first morning he did so was a fair sample of all the other mornings.

"Good-morning, candidate," said Hill, when Chuck appeared.

"Good-morning," answered Chuck. He presented the carnation.

"That won't do at all, candidate," Hill said sternly. "'Good-morning, *sir*.'"

"Good-morning, sir," repeated Chuck.

"Have n't you a little poem you 'd like to recite to me, candidate?" asked Hill.

"Yes, sir," Chuck answered. He felt quite idiotic, as the words of the rhyme came into his head. He hesitated.

"Hurry up, candidate, I 'm waiting patiently," said Hill, and Chuck started in, haltingly:

"I 'm only a hick from the country,
But them city folks, they can't fool me,
Not a chance! Why a crook
A necklace he took,
So I chased him and got it back easy."

"So it was easy, was it, candidate?" Hill asked. He pretended great interest in the rhyme, although he had written it himself, such as it was.

"Yes, sir," said Chuck. He felt it was just as well to say yes. Then he started to go.

"One moment, candidate." Hill held up his hand. "Is n't there something else you 'd like to say to me? Perhaps you 'd like to give me an idea of your capabilities—what you think about yourself. I 'd enjoy being enlightened."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Chuck. He had hoped to get away without repeating another rhyme that had been given him to learn.

"Bow, candidate," said Hill.

Chuck bowed and began:

"I 'm marvelous at football;
Great at basket-ball.
In fact, I think I 'm very good
At any game at all."

He bowed again and left Hill's room. Once outside he drew a breath, relieved—he had felt utterly silly. But later he got used to the morning rigmarole and rattled off his rhymes with a grin.

A stunt that seemed to give the Gamma Delta crowd particular pleasure was the portraying by Dan of the waves of the ocean rolling in. Even when they ran into him out on the campus, they made him do it. He took to wearing old clothes—with the weather breaking into early spring, some of the days were muddy.

One afternoon he was coming out of the physics laboratory, which was off the main campus, situated on a rising slope. As he came down the steps, he spied three Gamma Delta men strolling along the path in front of him. They stopped in their tracks and one of them cried out:

"Aha, Candidate Lay."

"Glory be!" thought Dan. "Why did n't I look before I came out. Now I 'm in for it! I might as well do my stunt and get over with it."

Action quickly followed his thought and before the Gamma Delta men had time to give him instructions what to do, he had jumped off the steps, stretched himself out on the ground, and rolled down the slope to their feet.

"The ocean rolls down to us today without being commanded," remarked one of the fellows. "Very good, Candidate Lay."

"The candidate indeed shows intelligence," said another. "But not the ultimate in intelligence." He glanced at the laboratory. "In your study of physics, candidate, have n't you learned that the waves of the ocean roll up, not down. I 'm afraid you 'll have to repeat your little lesson, and this time correctly."

"Yes, candidate," said the first speaker. "Let the waves roll up."

It was rather muddy where they stood, but Dan obediently lay down, and began again to roll.

The Gamma Delta men stood watching.

"What a lazy ocean!" cried one

THE INITIATION:
"CHUCK FELT QUITE IDIOTIC AS THE WORDS OF THE RHYME CAME INTO HIS HEAD"

seriously. "Hurry up, waves, and don't forget to splash at the top." But the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and suddenly the quiet of the afternoon was broken by shouts of laughter from all three. They leaned against each other, weak with joy, as Dan laboriously rolled his ponderous body up the slope.

"Splash, splash!" he sputtered, as he reached the top and bumped against the laboratory wall.

Wearily he rose, and the Gamma Delta men thanked him with words of gracious praise.

"Candidate, you may depart in peace," they told him.

"Oh, mud baths are healthy," said Dan, philosophically. "And look what it 's doing for my figure."

The Gamma Delta crowd could n't leave Dan alone. They racked their brains to think up stunts.

Late one afternoon he was ordered to report in front of the gymnasium. Hill and Dutch Logan were there to meet him.

"Candidate, take a little walk with us," said Hill. "We 've been thinking about you. There 's a serious question we 'd like to discuss with you."

"Yes, candidate," said Logan, as he took Dan confidentially by the arm. "We 've come to the conclusion that it would be wise for you to get married."

"This is a new one," thought Dan. "What 's up now?"

"We 've picked out a charming young woman for you to propose to," Logan went on. "Will you be satisfied with our choice, candidate?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dan. He naturally had to agree.

"That is well, candidate," said Hill. "The young lady is Miss Margaret Scattergood."

Miss Scattergood was a young woman of about thirty, greatly interested in amateur theatricals. In fact, she had written a play several years before, and had tried perennially to interest the college dramatic club to produce it.

Dan had met her once or twice, and she, in a somewhat kittenish manner, had enthused over his ability as an actor. Her father was a professor in the college, a crabbed old fellow—"Doc Scatterbrain," the students called him.

At eight o'clock that night Dan walked up the steps of the Scattergood house and rang the bell. His legs trembled a bit—this was going to be a rather nervous experience. No one came, so he rang the bell again. He rang it a third time. A feeling of relief began to come over him—no one at home. He was about to leave when a maid finally opened the door, and ushered him into the living-room.

Miss Scattergood was sitting by a table, reading. She looked up in great surprise.

"Why, Mr. Lay, how unexpected, but how nice of you to call," she said. "I was just reading Ibsen. Don't you adore Ibsen? Do sit down."

She moved to a couch and patted it with her hand as an invitation to Dan to sit beside her. Dan moved forward, but did n't sit down. He sank to his knees before her and took her hand.

"Miss Scattergood—Margaret," he said. "I have long adored you. Will you marry me?"

She drew her hand away quickly. "Why—why—Mr. Lay—I hardly know you," she said in amazement. Then she looked at him with sudden shrewdness.

"Is this a joke?" she asked; then a softness crept into her face. "Forgive me," she said, "college boys so often play practical jokes. You see, I 've had experience."

Dan shuddered. "Goodness!" he thought; "does she think I mean it?"

"I like you, Mr. Lay," Miss Scattergood went on, "very much. I 've thought about you often—yes, I have, really. But—but you must give me time to think—"

What should he say now? Still on his knees, Dan tried to collect his panic-stricken thoughts.

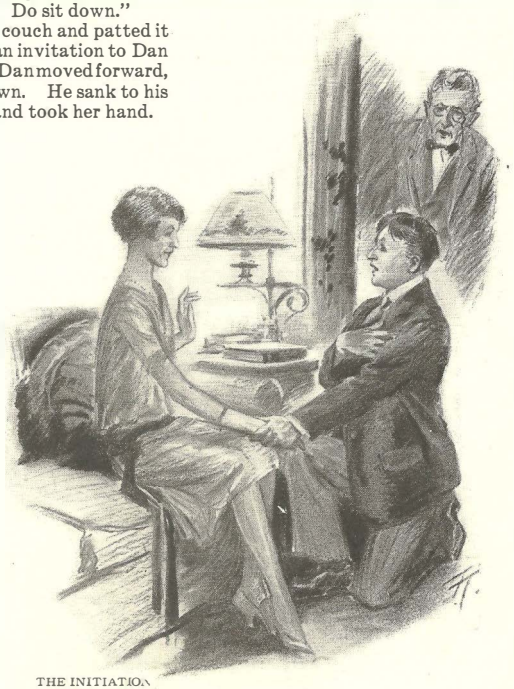
"A-a-hem!" he began, but just at that moment the door leading from the professor's study opened, and the professor himself came out. He paused and looked grimly over his spectacles at the tableau before him.

"What 's this?" he exclaimed. "What 's all this, Margaret?"

Dan scrambled to his feet in embarrassment, but Miss Scattergood merely turned her head and smiled sweetly at her father.

"Mr. Lay—I mean, Dan—has just proposed to me," she said softly.

"What!" her father cried. "What! That young whippet—why, he 's little more than a baby!" He stalked up to Dan. "Freshman, are n't you?" he asked, a scowl on his face. "This is idiotic. I 'll have to ask you to leave the house at once."



THE INITIATION CONTINUED:
"THE PROFESSOR LOOKED GRIMLY AT THE TABLEAU BEFORE HIM"

"Father, don't!" Miss Scattergood cried. "You 'll hurt his feelings."

But Dan started for the door and with alacrity. He paused, however, for just then a snicker, followed by a shout of laughter came from behind a screen inside the dining-room. Miss Scattergood herself began to laugh, and out of the dining-room trooped Hill and Logan and three other Gamma Delta men.

The professor frowned.

"We were merely putting the candidate through his paces, Professor," said Hill. "Miss Scattergood was helping us."

"Father, it was just a joke!" cried Miss Scattergood.

But the professor, still frowning, looked again over his spectacles and without a word went back into his study and slammed the door.

Miss Scattergood rose and smiled radiantly at the boys.

"Was n't it delicious?" she exclaimed. "The dramatic element was wonderful. I was thinking about that all the time Mr. Lay was kneeling there in front of me—what a situation for a farce-comedy!" She turned to Dan. "Oh, but you were funny, Mr. Lay. I 'll never forget the look on your face—never!"

And as the Gamma Delta men escorted Dan out, he thought to himself that without any doubt he must have been funny—no, idiotic!

One morning, a few days after the elections had been given out, Chuck found two letters in his mail-box. One of them was from Bess, the first he had ever received from her, short and formal to be sure, but congratulating him on his election.

He turned to the other letter. It was from his mother, the first part of it full of pleasure and pride at his making Gamma Delta. Then she went on to say that she had n't been very well, but that she would give him the exact details so that he 'd know there really was nothing to be anxious about.

Chuck knitted his brows, and read:

I 've had pains in my side, not serious. The doctor thought it might be a touch of appendicitis and ordered me to rest for a few days. I 'm much better now. I 've had Sarah Daniels in to help me and Mrs. Roche took my place at the library; but I go back to-morrow. So, you see, there is really nothing to worry about. I only thought it right to let you know, just as I always want you to let me know if any little thing is the matter with you. Even if it is a slight attack of appendicitis, that does n't necessarily mean an operation, not at all. I had an attack like this once before, when you were little. It passed away quickly.

Nevertheless, Chuck was worried. He read the letter over again, and in doing so was somewhat reassured. But he at once wrote his mother to telegraph him if she became ill again. Then he dashed off a note to Bess, and, because he was concerned about his mother, he forgot to try and make it a formal one, so it was natural and easy, and quite what it should be.

Soon came initiation night. Chuck received a note ordering him to be at the northeast corner of the library at seven-thirteen. Hap, he discovered, was ordered to be at another designated point at seven-eleven, and Dan at still another at seven-seventeen. They were surely in for a rough-and-tumble time of it, for the notes they received had told them to wear old clothes. But never mind, that was part of the game. They 'd take what was coming to them and enjoy it.

Chuck took his station at the library promptly at seven-thirteen. He was excited, a bit nervous, but pleasurably so. A car drew up to the curb and two Gamma Delta men got out. One had a paddle in his hand.

"Steady, candidate," he said sternly. He raised the paddle and used it on Chuck, not too hard, but by no means gently. "Just a starter to get you used to it," he remarked with a spacious smile.

They blindfolded Chuck and put him in the car. They started, went a short distance, turned a corner, and stopped again. Chuck heard them get out and put another candidate through the same preliminaries. Then he felt some one being bundled into the seat beside him.

A chuckle—which he recognized. It could be nobody but Dan!

"Shut up, candidate," said one of the Gamma Delta men, "this is no laughing matter." A whack of the paddle, and an involuntary "Ouch" from Dan.

"It 's me," whispered Chuck, under cover of the noise of the car as it started, and the two boys nudged each other.

They stopped twice more, then off the car went, out into the country, Chuck imagined. He had no idea where, but he did n't care; he was enjoying it thoroughly.

After a while the car stopped and the four candidates were taken out and led to a shelter. It had the feel of a barn, the musty smell of old hay. Some fellows were there already; others shortly joined them. A continuous hubbub. Much ordering around of candidates. Bang, bang went the paddles to make them obey.

Each boy was instructed to do a stunt. It gave Chuck a curious feeling to hear the beat of a paddle and a voice saying, "Candidate, sing for us," and not to know until the song began who on earth was about to take his turn at being the goat.

The crowd had in some way discovered what each candidate did badly. Hap could n't sing, hence he was ordered to get up and give them a song.

"Rotten!" they cried, and beat him up.

Chuck had to do a fancy dance.

"Terrible!" they groaned, and beat him up as well.

Finally, Dan was told to make a speech. It was clever and witty, as might have been expected, and then, instead of again using the paddle, each man came up and shook his hand and solemnly congratulated him.

A Gamma Delta man now spoke up: "We 're going to leave you. Have n't decided if we want the whole lot of you after all. We 've got to go back to the house—to discuss the matter. We 've heard some pretty dubious things about two or three of you—never mind who. Look into your conscience, each one of you. Think it over."

As they left, he gave a final order: "You 're not to talk while we 're gone. If you do—well, I 'll leave it to your imagination as to what will happen."

The candidates sat still. Five minutes passed. Then a whisper broke the silence.

"Are we alone?" The voice was Dan's.

"Yes, I think so," came a whispered answer.

They listened. No sound. Evidently guards had not been left.

"Woof!" exclaimed Dan, out loud. "I could n't keep still any longer."

With that, all began to chatter, and each, with a start of interest, discovered who was sitting beside him. But they did n't take the bandages from their eyes; they just lifted them and peeped.

"Say," queried one of the boys, "did they really mean that about not taking in two or three of us?"

"Of course not," said Hap; "but it gave me a start for a second."

"Aha!" cried Dan. "Looked into your conscience, did you?"

"It 's just part of the crazy stuff they always put you through," another boy remarked.

The time passed slowly. They began to wonder how long they 'd have to wait. It began to seem like hours; but in actual time only thirty minutes had passed when they heard the noise of several cars outside.

"Shush, everybody!" said Hap, and they carefully seated themselves exactly as they had been when the Gamma Delta men had left.

They were now taken, still blindfolded, back to college and to the fraternity house. The outside, rough-house part of the initiation was over.

What happened inside they kept to themselves. A wonderful night. Chuck figured to himself that he never could forget it. And when he awoke the next morning, the first thing he did was to feel for his fraternity pin. Sure enough, there it really was, secure on the coat of his pajamas. He glanced at the mantelpiece. There, resting jauntily, was a paddle, the Gamma Delta insignia on it, and below, cut in the wood, his own initials. Chuck lay back dreamily happy. It was good to be alive!

That afternoon Hap came sauntering up to Chuck's room. He noticed that the door was slightly open. He tiptoed along and poked his head in quietly, prepared to say: "Boo, brother in Gamma Delta." But he did n't say "boo," he let out a roar

(*Continued on page 492*)

LITTLE LAME BO-BO

By HAROLD McCRACKEN

LITTLE Lame Bo-bo was a tough one. At least that 's the way most any one but his own doting mother would put it.

To her he was a wonderful son—who some day would be a ruling power in his community. She loved him more than Blackie, his calm-natured brother. She often thought that she loved him even more than any other son she had ever been blessed with. To all others, though, he was looked upon as a prodigal who would sooner or later meet with a sad catastrophy as a result of his youthful wildness.

He was known to all the other grizzly bears in that remote section of the Alaska Peninsula as little Lame Bo-bo. He was called Bo-bo because instead of talking by "poofing," as most every bear does, his favorite expression of voice was: "Bo-bo!"—said from 'way down deep in his throat. The other part of his name had been given to him as the ultimate result of an almost fatal adventure experienced at the tender age of about four months. That was just a short time after his mother had first brought him out of the winter hibernation quarters, where he was born, to have his first view of the wonderful world in which he was to live. He had run away. Almost all normal boys run away at some time in their very young careers—whether they be the kind of boys that live in houses and wear machine-made clothing, or are hairy brown bear cubs that live in rock dens far up in the Alaskan wilds; though, to be sure, few boys of either variety ever run away at the very tender age at which Bo-bo did.

Among his numerous experiences while on this adventure, Bo-bo had tried to make friends with a great big shaggy papa-bear; and not knowing that papa-bears have a very strong dislike for their own babies, he had narrowly escaped with his life. This big monster of a Kodiak grizzly, that stood almost ten feet high when erect on his hind feet and weighed over fifteen hundred pounds, had given him one cuff with his powerful paw that had sent him sailing through the air into an alder patch; and little Bo-bo had since that day carried a broken and crooked front foot as a result. That was how he came to be lame.

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"UNSUSPECTINGLY THEY AMBLED DOWN THE TRAIL TO FEAST AND BASK IN THE SUN"

The lame foot that he carried was quite a mark of distinction for him, though, and by it every other young bear cub in those parts knew him and gave him a wide berth, for he had, during that first summer of his grand and glorious existence, whipped each and every member of his generation that he had been able to inveigle into a good old-fashioned scrap.

This is the true story of what was without doubt the greatest adventure of his young and turbulent life—his experience in the hunting camp of four "Men."

Mother and her two sons, Bo-bo and Blackie, had a wonderful home. It was a not large, but very comfortable, cave up near the top of the mountain overlooking Little Valley. An old rock-slide, now overgrown with grass at the top and alders at the bottom, led from the very entrance of their cave down to a crystal-clear stream where there was always an abundance of salmon from about the first of July until winter froze it over in the late fall. The den was out near the entrance to the valley and from their doorway they could look far out across the rolling, swampy tundra, with its network of sluggish waterways, even to where the ever restless Bering Sea groaned and thundered upon its sandy beach. When Mother had brought her two new-born forth from that same den for their first glimpse of the world, they had waded through the wet snow to go down to that same beach to meet the first run of salmon in the early spring. That was when Bo-bo had run away.

Then as the delicious big fish had worked their way up the streams into the mountains to their ancestral spawning-grounds, this family had followed them until they got back into their own Little Valley and could live in the home den. Now each day they had but to make the short trip down into the valley to feed to their hearts' content upon the silver hordes that wriggled and splashed on every rocky riffle.

Unlike all the big old daddy-bears and grown-up younger generation, this family fed during the daytime. Mothers with young cubs do the most of their salmon-fishing in the daytime so that they will not encounter the old bears that might try to harm their youngsters.

This particular morning the family strolled out of the entrance of their den as usual, just as the sun was climbing up above the mountain horizon and flooding its golden glow of warmth into the peaceful Little Valley. Already the sea-gulls were soaring above the family's private fishing-place and screaming impatiently for them to hurry down and drag out some salmon so that they could feed upon what was left. The gulls always

follow the bears and grow fat upon the crumbs from their table, so to speak.

Mother stretched herself, extending her big sleek brown head as far up in the air as her neck would permit and shaking herself vehemently. Then she rolled over on the fresh green grass, thrusting her four big powerful legs straight upward in a quite unladylike manner, got up and shook herself again, and was ready to amble down to the fishing-place. This was Mother's usual morning exercise, though she never demanded that her youngsters should do the same.

Bo-bo, anxious to be head over heels in the feast, went bounding off down the trail toward the alders; while Blackie peaceably sat down on his woolly haunches to wait and take the trail right at his mother's heels.

Their world was as they saw it every morning—save one little detail which their very poor eyesight prevented them from noticing. Had nature blessed bears with the eyesight of the mountain-sheep or the eagle, Mother would never have taken her two loved ones down into the valley that morning. The same sassy little ground-squirrel barked defiance at them from the doorway to its own home among the big boulders just above the den; and the family of eagles which lived on the cliffs a little way up along the mountain soared high up over the valley. But there was one small detail in the scene which stretched out before them which was exotic—spelled danger and destruction! It was the thin gray curl of smoke from a camp-fire, which rose lazily up into the morning air from a clump of alders just outside the entrance of Little Valley where its stream joined a larger one that meandered across the tundra and flowed into the Bering Sea. Also, had Mother known that at the same time two hunters were leaving that camp and heading right up into their Little Valley, she would have taken her two youngsters and gone straight across the mountain to another part of the country.

Unsuspectingly they ambled on down the trail to feast and bask in the sun.

Just above the family's favorite fishing-place, there was a large open place across which the trail crossed. It was here that Bo-bo and Blackie always enjoyed a little game that was all their own. Distributed over this open grassy lawn were a number of large boulders partly imbedded in the ground. The minute that one of the cubs would emerge from the alders he would make a dash to climb on top of the nearest boulder. Then it was the task of the other cub to follow him and try to get up and push the other fellow off. This friendly struggle would keep up until Mother, ambling unconcernedly along the trail, should get too far ahead; at which time there would be a grand dash for another big rock just ahead of her, and the struggle would be gone through all over again.

This morning Mother stopped in the middle of this playground and sat contentedly on her haunches, as if to watch her youngsters and to let them whet a better appetite for breakfast. That was n't their idea, though, and evidently thinking that they were unwittingly holding up the party, they both agreed by mutual consent to abandon their game and lead the way to the feasting-place.

Bo-bo led the field, humping along the well-beaten trail, carrying his left front crooked foot in the air, yet outdistancing his unimpeded brother. Down the bank he went and hit the water with a splash. One glance back to see if Blackie was following, and he darted out to the rocky riffle, where the water was shallow. He had a fine big salmon clinched in his little jaws of needle-sharp teeth even before Blackie was in the water. Hastily he strode past his brother and out on the bank, where he dropped the flopping fish.

Mother came waddling down the trail. Bo-bo glanced down at the fish; then gazed up at her as much as to say, "Here, Mother, you eat this one and I 'll get another." Like a flash he wheeled and darted out to the riffle to get one for himself.

He was attracted to Blackie, who evidently had found something quite unusual. Going over, he found his brother rather suspiciously and quite cautiously pawing at a great big fish that was more than three times the size of any they had ever seen before. In fact, it seemed almost as big as the cubs themselves. It was a king salmon.

Bo-bo dashed in, throwing a spray all over Blackie, and grabbed the big fish in his teeth. It flopped and thrashed about, throwing water all over him, and it was all he could do to hold it. But hold it he did.

After battling with this big fish for quite a while and finding it impossible to carry it in his mouth out on the bank, he managed to get his little hairy arms around it, and standing upright on his hind feet, with the fish's tail flopping between his legs, he walked proudly, though with no small difficulty, to the rocky shore. Dropping the big fish, he pounced upon it with teeth and claws.

Mother had been watching the procedure with unquestionable interest, and walked proudly over to touch her big nose to his fuzzy back in a most affectionate manner.

They had a wonderful time—until something happened which was like a bolt of lightning striking right in their midst. It was this way: Bo-bo had eaten until his little stomach bulged like a toy balloon. Yet Mother was not quite ready to go back into the alders for their mid-day siesta. He wandered off down the stream, in the hope of finding another of those monster fish. He did not go far; but he did go far enough to catch a cross-current of wind which carried to his nostrils a scent that caused him to stop in his tracks as if suddenly turned to stone. It was a scent which he had never before smelled; yet he knew it, and it fairly caused his blood to turn cold. It was Man! It was the one enemy in all the world which he knew he must fear as death itself! How his mother had explained to him the peculiarities of that scent and the terrible dangers that it meant, I do not know; but I do know that he had been informed in such a way that when he first came in contact with it, there was not the least doubt in his mind as to the identity.

Wheeling, he darted back toward Mother and Blackie. Somehow he conveyed the message to her. I do not know how he did this, either; but I know that he did. Before he had covered half the distance, both Mother and Blackie were on their hind legs for a hasty glance around; then, dropping down, they all started scrambling hastily up the bank toward the heavy alders.

Just as they reached the top, there was a crash! It was like thunder right beside them. And Mother pitched forward, running her nose into the ground. But she was up like a flash and staggered on. There was another crash! But they were all three in the alders.

Mother gave one stifled groan and growl. It seemed she growled to try and cover up the groan of pain. She stopped for a moment to lick at a place on her hip which had already became as red as berry-juice. But it was only for a moment that she stopped, and then led the way at a fast pace through the thick alders up the valley.

Both Bo-bo and Blackie had been far too scared to do anything but trail wherever she led; and while their first thoughts were to retreat to the den up on the mountain, they neither of them so much as made a suggestion—just followed as close to her heels as they could get.

They did not stop this pace until they were at the very head of Little

Valley and had mounted to a place among the rocks on the very top of the ridge. There Mother lay down, almost exhausted. She had been traveling on three legs most of the way and seemed to be very tired and in great pain. But they were safe now; and Mother assured them, in her own way, that her injury was really not serious.

As Bo-bo began to regain his composure, the hair on his little back began to rise up and he bared his rows of pearly teeth in a menacing manner. Growling deep down in his chest, he walked stiff-legged over to where he could look down into the valley, as much as to say: "If I were grown up, I 'd go back down there and tear that thing to pieces!"

Soon Mother got up and went to a place where there was a spring, and digging up some of the mud, she rubbed her hip in it until the hair was well plastered. This would stop the blood and act as a bandage. Then she went back and lay down again.

They did not leave the place until dusk fell.

As the fiery sun was setting in a blaze of color far out across Bering Sea, the family made their way slowly along the crest of the ridge toward the home den. Mother was very stiff and lame, but, while she could travel very slowly, she was in the best of spirits. Bo-bo walked proudly close beside her head, carrying his crooked foot unusually high, as much as to say: "We're both crippled now, are n't we, Mother? But I don't mind!"

Long into the night, after they had curled up close together in the home den, Bo-bo lay and thought of the incident of the past day—every now and then baring his pearly little teeth in a revengeful way. If he could only go out to seek this thing which had harmed his mother, and crush it!

They woke the next morning at the usual time, though Mother was too stiff even to leave the den.

Both the cubs were mighty hungry and anxious to go in search of some salmon.

© Harold McCracken
"MOTHER STOOD UP TO WATCH FOR ANY DANGER WHILE THEY FISHED"

Bo-bo went to sit in the entrance of the den and gaze down into the valley. He could barely see the stream, which the morning sun had turned into a glistening silvery ribbon where it meandered among the alder patches far below; he could faintly see the gulls soaring above it, impatient at their absence. His little stomach rumbled with emptiness, and adventure and food—mostly food—were calling him.

Very unconcernedly, he slipped out in front of the den; then, walking over to one side, he started running down the trail as fast as his legs could carry him. Into the alders he went, and on down toward the creek.

"I 'll bring back a nice big salmon for Mother," he thought to himself. "That will square matters with her. Blackie can go hungry. He 's such a coward anyhow!"

Down near the stream he ran on the tracks of a big male bear, which gave him a little scare. But on he went.

At the last edge of the alders he stopped to take a good look and sniff around before venturing out in the open. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he ambled bravely down to the stream, picked up the first salmon he came to, and hurried back up into the alders to eat it.

He did not know, though, that the same two men who had shot at his Mother were lying in the tall grass just across the creek and had seen him come out of the alders and go down for his first salmon.

In a short time he returned to the stream for another fish, with which he again returned to the alders.

The third one that he carried out he had intended taking back up the mountain to his mother. But it looked so good that he just had to eat it—then go back for another.

He had begun to feel quite safe now, and stayed in the stream until he was gorged.

Picking up a nice salmon, at last, he started up the trail toward the home den.

He had got a late start that morning and already the sun was high in the heavens and it was very hot.

Crossing the open place just above the stream where he and Blackie were in the habit of playing their game on the big rocks, he decided to lie down and rest in the shade of

© Harold McCracken
"BO-BO AND BLACKIE FISHED TO THEIR HEART'S CONTENT"

one of them. It was nice and cool there and he could watch for the approach of any danger. But what with his gorging himself, the heat, and his loss of sleep the previous night, he was soon fast asleep.

The two men who had been watching him from the opposite side of the stream had slipped across and were hurrying up along the edge of the alders toward a place opposite to where he had lain down. They both carried coils of rope in their hands

© Harold McCracken
"BOTH CUBS WERE HUNGRY AND ANXIOUS TO GO IN SEARCH OF SOME SALMON"

and had rifles slung by straps over their shoulders.

Crawling on their hands and knees, they were soon quite close to the rock. But still Bo-bo continued to sleep.

A few moments later one of the men rose up behind the rock, and reaching around, he dropped a noose in the rope over Bo-bo's head.

The instant the rope touched his hair he sprung to his feet. But it was too late! The noose was jerked tight around his neck. He was a captive!

He almost instantly got the smell and knew that he was in the hands of the same enemy that had injured and brought such pain to his mother. He remembered the threats which he had made the previous day and as he had lain awake beside his mother in the night, and he broke into a fighting fury that was like a miniature volcano. Springing forward at his adversaries, he half rose on his hind legs, with both fore-feet clawing the air and his bared teeth snapping viciously, determined to tear this enemy to shreds.

The man who had dropped the rope over his head sprang back and did some fast stepping to keep clear of the cub's teeth and claws.

"Look at the little rascal fight!" he exclaimed. "Andy, get that other rope on him before he chews a leg off of me. Why, he 's a regular little volcano!"

Andy, who was the man's guide, swung his rope cowboy fashion and it dropped over Bo-bo's head and was jerked tight.

"That 'll hold him!" chuckled Andy. "I 'll take the little fellow back to the New York Zoo, Andy. Do you suppose he is one of the cubs that was with the old lady we crippled."

"Yes," assured Andy, "he 's the little lame fellow."

"Well where do you suppose the mother is?"

"She probably died last night, somewhere up in the alders."

"Pshaw! I wish I had n't shot at her now—"

"Yes—that 's one thing I hate. I don't like to see a crippled animal get away, just to suffer and die."

"Probably the other cub is still with her."

"Yep—"

All this time Bo-bo, with every ounce of strength he possessed, had been struggling to free himself so that he might get at his captors. They were not so big, he thought, and if he could just get at them, he was sure he could chew them to pieces. Yet they were like demons! They had crippled his mother when he could not even see them; and now they kept him helplessly suspended between them in such a way that he could not so much as touch them. This was not the sort of fighting he was accustomed to! Now too he understood why it was that Mother had so seriously and emphatically warned him to take to his heels as fast as he could when he first scented their presence in the country. They were demons!

Exhausted from the two tight ropes around his throat and from his mad exertions, he was soon overcome by the two men and tied hand and foot. Even his mouth was tied tight shut with the hard rope that cut his nose and made his legs ache with pain. He now could not even bawl for Mother and Blackie to come to his assistance.

His little heart fairly quaked as one of the men picked him up in his arms and, holding him close, started carrying him away.

Bo-bo looked up into the eyes of his captor. The man did not look so very vicious, he even looked kindly as he softly stroked and patted his tired head. Yet the cub shrank from the touch, for fear it would inflict a wound such as had been inflicted upon Mother. His little eyes nearly popped out of his head and in his heart he was very sad.

They carried him for what seemed to be a very long way, though he was in too much of a panic to realize even which way they went.

At last they came to a place where there were two tents and a camp-fire on the bank of the river near where the Little Valley stream flowed into it. Before they reached this place two other men had come out to meet them, and they showed great interest in the new captive. One of them took Bo-bo and carried him the remainder of the way to camp.

He was laid on the grass in front of one of the tents, while they all stood around and stared down at him. He returned their gaze with suspicion and fear.

Then one of the men pounded a stake into the ground not far from the camp, a leather collar was put around his neck, and he was soon carried out near the stake and unbound. He now began to feel a little more friendly toward them, as he thought they were going to turn him loose.

The minute he felt himself free he scrambled to his feet and started straight for the alders as fast as he could go. But he was shortly brought to a stop with such a jerk that it almost broke his neck. He was tied to the stake by a long rope! Wheeling around, he started for the four men with all the savagery and determination he had in his make-up. The men scurried away, laughing loudly, and he was again very suddenly brought to a stop by the rope

with which he was tied. Standing up on his hind legs and leaning as far toward them as the rope would permit, he fanned the air viciously with his sharp-clawed paws, and with teeth bared he tried desperately to reach them. But they always stood just out of his reach—and laughed at him.

The man who had carried him to this place went into one of the tents and returned with a tin plate filled with something which he put down in front of him; but he only bit at the plate, dumping its contents out on the grass. Something very sweet and which he liked the taste of stuck to his lips, yet he would not let the man see him lick it off, and disdained nosing around in quest of more.

After a while the two men who had captured him went away down the river in a canvas canoe and the other two men went into one of the tents—and all was quiet.

Bo-bo then put in a long and strenuous siege of endeavor to get free. He ran and jerked at the rope, tried to pull it off over his head, tried to chew it in two, and tried to chew off the stake to which the rope was tied. But all in vain. He did, however, slip over to lick up some of that delicious sticky stuff that was all over the plate, and then from sheer exhaustion lay down to rest.

It was not until sunset that he saw any of the men again. The two who had gone away in the canoe returned in it. As they came up to the camp they yelled, and the other two men came out of the tent and yawned and stretched very much as Mother did when she came out of the home den in the morning.

The men ate their supper, sat around the camp-fire for a while, then went into the tents, and all was quiet.

The moon rose in the heavens; a fox barked back up in the valley; and Bo-bo again launched on an effort to get free that he might return to Mother and Blackie.

He chewed at the rope until his lips and gums were sore and bleeding, but seemed to make no impression upon it. Then he renewed his effort to break the rope by rushing with all his speed and strength until it stopped him with a jolt. But this was mighty hard on his neck.

In one of these dashes he turned partly around, just as he came to the end of the rope, in an effort to save his already sore throat and neck from the sudden jerk. As he did so, something gave way and he went completely over in a backward somersault. The collar had slipped off over his head and he was free!

For a minute he was actually afraid to try and go any farther for fear he would find that he was still fastened by the rope. Walking very slowly for a little way, till he gained confidence, he started to run, and assuring himself that he was in truth free, he hit out for the nearest alders faster than his little legs had ever carried him before. The wildest feeling of exultation and joy that he had ever known filled his heart, and he fairly wanted to fly!

Darting into the alders, he continued to go at such a pace that he bumped into them and stumbled and fell every little way—yet on he went as fast as he could. Nor did he stop until at last he fell exhausted and could go no farther. After lying panting for a little while, he got up and walked, wabbly-like, to a little creek, where he lay down in the water and fairly let it run into his mouth. This refreshed him, though, and he was soon on his way again.

Bo-bo knew the whole district very well, for he and Mother and Blackie had been over every foot of it, and it did not take him very long to get his bearings, once he was away from the camp.

So anxious was he to get back to the home den that he made a short cut to it right up to the top of the mountain. The last mile of the way he ran as fast as he could, and was again almost exhausted when he darted into the low entrance.

But Mother and Blackie were not there! He ran around frantically in search of them. They had not been gone so very long, he knew, and soon picked up their trail where they had gone down toward the stream in the valley. Away he raced after them.

They were found near the rock where he had so unwittingly lain down to take his fatal nap the previous day.

With a pathetic little cry he darted right under Mother's big fore arms and rubbed against her almost frantically. Mother nosed him over most affectionately from head to foot, occasionally uttering a sharp guttural *poof* as she scented the strong, obnoxious smell of man all over him.

He, no doubt, told her the terribly wild story of his almost unbelievable adventure, hurriedly and excitedly as only he could. As proof he even went over to show her the salmon which he had intended bringing up to the den for her, and which the seagulls had almost devoured.

Mother was well satisfied now that it was high time that they should leave that part of the country for some time to come.

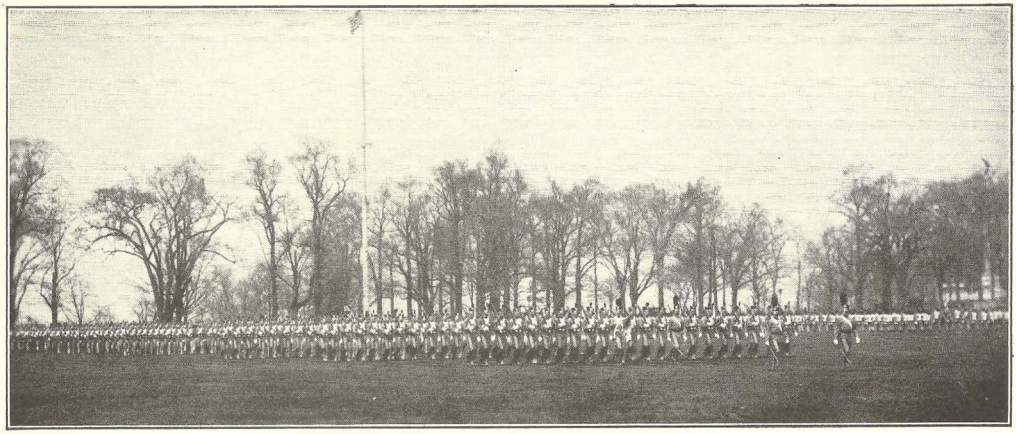
She was still quite lame, but could already make almost as good time as ever. Only poor little Lame Bo-bo was so stiff and tired he could hardly drag one foot after the other.

"We 'll go across the mountains and far back to a den I know high up on the big volcano," she said to her two youngsters as they plodded on their way. "There will be no danger of the men finding us there."

"And can I sleep all day to-morrow?" questioned Bo-bo, as he swallowed a big mouthful of wild-cabbage leaves upon which he had been feeding.

And Mother swung her big head around to nose him affectionately.

"MOTHER AND BLACKIE SEARCH ALL DAY FOR BO-BO"



"EYES RIGHT"—TWELVE HUNDRED CADETS PASSING IN REVIEW

AN ADVENTURE AT WEST POINT

By MARJORIE K. CATRON

JACK was very properly thrilled when his father offered to take him to West Point to spend a few days with an uncle who was an officer on duty there. Part of the excitement lay in seeing again a vaguely remembered cousin about his own age; and part, in seeing soldiers and cadets, for he knew West Point was the nation's training-school for army officers.

As the train slowed up at the station, his first thought was that they were getting off at the wrong place, for all he could see was a steep hill and the grim gray walls of a large building—not a sign of a soldier or a band or even a house! As he and his father stood rather disconsolately on the station platform and watched the train disappearing into the tunnel, a motor-car slid quickly up beside them and Jack saw an officer, with a boy of his own age, step quickly down and exclaim: "Here they are! So sorry we were late! But I was sent for by the commandant and could n't get away." While the two men talked and piled the suitcases into the car, and even when they were going up the steep hill, the boys looked shyly at each other, and Jack wondered if his cousin Tom was really as nice as he looked.

When they reached the top of the hill, they found themselves on a huge grassy plain, and all over the plain were groups of young men in gray uniforms, with their transits, stadia rods, and plane-tables, learning how to survey.

Jack wanted very much to stop and watch them, but the machine hurried by relentlessly.

"Who are they, and what are they doing?" he asked Tom.

"They are cadets, and before they can be officers, they have to learn how to make maps; is n't that so, Dad?"

But Dad did n't answer, for he was just stopping the car in front of a line of officers' houses not far from the plain.

Jack got out slowly, looking this way and that. Then he slipped a hand inside his father's as they went up the walk.

"Gee, how do you suppose they know which is their house?" he whispered. "All the houses are exactly alike!" And so they were—a long line of houses, each precisely like the next.

"Army posts are usually built that way, son," answered his father. "The Government, or the quartermaster, runs out of ideas, I guess."

Then Jack was welcomed by his aunt and two little girl cousins.

"My, how big you are, Jack! In about four years you 'll be coming here as a cadet," his aunt said, giving him a big kiss, much to his secret disgust.

"I 'll be seventeen then," the boy answered; "but before I decide whether or not I 'll be a cadet, I 'd like to look around some."

The grown-ups laughed and his uncle promised that he could do some "looking around" after tea, which was waiting for them.

An hour later, Jack and Tom ran rapidly down the walk in front of the officers' houses toward the plain, where they could hear a band playing. As they turned the last corner and the magnificence of the spectacle burst upon them, Jack stopped short.

"Gee whiskers!" he exclaimed, "Is n't that *wonderful!*" For there, on the plain before them, twelve hundred cadets were superbly marching to stirring music, all in unison, the gold-and-gray guidons fluttering in the breeze.

"Eyes r-right!" commanded the cadet lieutenant, as B Company swung by, and Jack was much perturbed to see all the men looking toward him.

"Tom," he whispered, "what 's the matter? What have we done?"

"That 's all right. See, they are just passing the cadet captain who is taking parade, and they always 'eyes right' him. Now they are 'front' again and the next company is doing it. Oh jiminy! There 's Razzles, my dog! He must have busted the rope, and if the M. P.'s get him, they 'll put him in the guard-house and maybe chloroform him. Dogs are n't allowed on the post. Jack, you chase him up there by the gym and the barracks and I 'll go this way, 'cause we 've just *got* to get him," and Tom sped away.

Jack looked about vaguely, decided that the largest building he was near was the gymnasium, and walked toward it. Nowhere was there a sign of the little fox-terrier. Jack looked everywhere, whistled shrilly, and

called. He was wandering about uncertainly when suddenly around the corner toward the cadet barracks sped a little white streak. Jack dashed after him, followed him through archways, in and out of apparently deserted buildings, finally up a long stairway, and then into what was evidently the bedroom of three cadets. Three plain quartermaster beds, three tables, three chairs, and one washstand with three basins were all the furniture that the room boasted.

As Jack stood there, thinking of his own room at home with its rugs, its pictures, and its window-curtains, he heard the tread of many feet, the bumping of rifle butts on the stairway, and many voices. Suddenly he saw the cadets, dozens of them, unbuttoning brass-buttoned coats and loosening belts as they climbed.

"Well, what have the waves washed up here?" said the foremost cadet, catching sight of Jack.

"I came up to look for my dog, or rather, Tom's dog. I saw him run up here, or leastwise I guess it was up here; but I guess I 'm a little lost." After which incoherent speech, Jack started down.

"Boys are n't allowed in barracks, sonny, but methinks I spy something under my bed, so wait a minute. You stand there and block the doorway, and I 'll get the pup," and reaching a long arm under the farthest bed, the cadet pulled out Razzles. Tail wagging and full of pep, the little terrier looked as if he had thoroughly enjoyed the adventure.

"Well, I hate to go, but I suppose I must," Jack said, and after a moment's hesitation, during which he looked up hard at the erect young man before him, "Would you advise a fellow to come to West Point and learn to be a soldier?"

"There is a lot to be said for it, old man," was the answer. "It 's a wonderful profession; it will never make you rich, but it 's a life of service; and as for the four years at West Point, I can say that you leave here more than a little finer and better than when you came in."

Two other cadets came into the room, took off the full-dress hats with their stiff pompoms, and began carefully wiping their rifles.

"See this blond giant, sonny? He did n't know one end of a rifle from the other before he came into West Point, and now he is an expert rifleman, the highest rating in shooting a man can have. And Spike, over here, came from the mountains of Tennessee and probably ate with his knife—though I 'm not sure about that," Jack's friend added hastily as he saw the boy's eyes widen. "And now look at them, two as fine specimens as you 'd meet anywhere."

The two cadets grinned and one asked Jack, "Is this a personally conducted tour for the dog?"

"No, Razzles just ran up here, and gee! I 'm glad he did, for now I know you all. Besides marching and surveying, what do you do?"

"Well, we do quite a bit of studying" (groans from the other two) "and we do quite a bit of athletics,—in fact, any athletic game that you can think of,—and we 're taught to ride and shoot and march, and we dance at Saturday-night hops, and we go to chapel on Sunday, and, and—then we do it all over again."

"This is a distinguished gathering you 're in, son," the tall man from Tennessee spoke up. "The cadet who is giving you all the information is next year's football captain, who is going to lead us on to victory and a licking for the Navy. Incidentally, he is the superintendent of the Sunday-school and the chaplain's right-hand man."

"Do West Point cadets teach Sunday-school?" the boy queried in wide-eyed wonder.

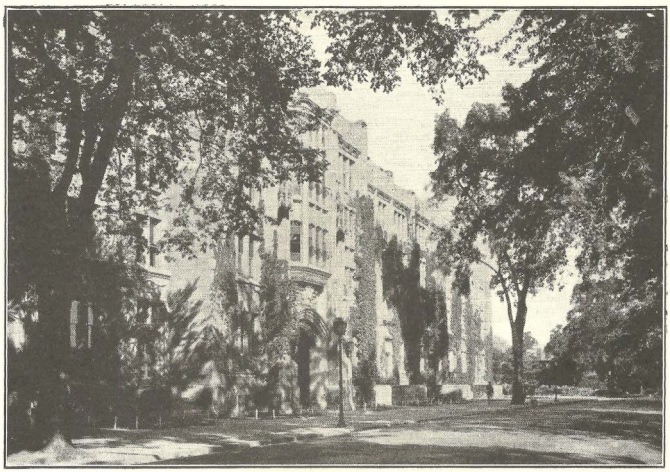
"Some of them do, and it 's a toss-up whether the children learn more about the Bible or about the football games. But here comes the Company Tac., so I think you 'd better go."

"What 's a Company 'Tac.'?" asked Jack, regretfully edging towards the door.

"A tactical officer, and we are liable to get into trouble for having an unauthorized visitor in barracks. Good-by, hope we 'll see you again."

"Good-by, and thanks a lot for—for everything." And with the cadets' farewells ringing in his ears, Jack ran swiftly down the stairs, firmly clutching Razzles under his arm.

Everywhere now were cadets, making the best of a free hour before supper—on the tennis-courts and on the plain, which also served as a golf-links, and some just aimlessly walking up and down. But Jack noticed that whenever an officer appeared, immediately the cadets straightened and gave the military salute.



THE CADET BARRACKS AT WEST POINT

The boy was pondering deeply on many things as he made his way back to Tom's home.

Hearing a call, he looked around and there, running and breathless, came Tom.

"Gee, I 'm glad you 've got Razzles. Where did you find him?"

"On the top floor of cadet barracks, and I had a dandy talk with three cadets. One is the football captain and teaches Sunday-school. Do you go to Sunday-school and can I go with you?"

"Of course we 'll go—every one likes Sunday-school 'cause the best football and basketball men are the teachers, and after we finish the lesson we talk about the games. Here 's our house." And the two boys ran up the walk.

That evening at supper in a pause in the conversation, Jack made a very important announcement.

"I 've looked around some, and I am surely going to be a cadet," he remarked.

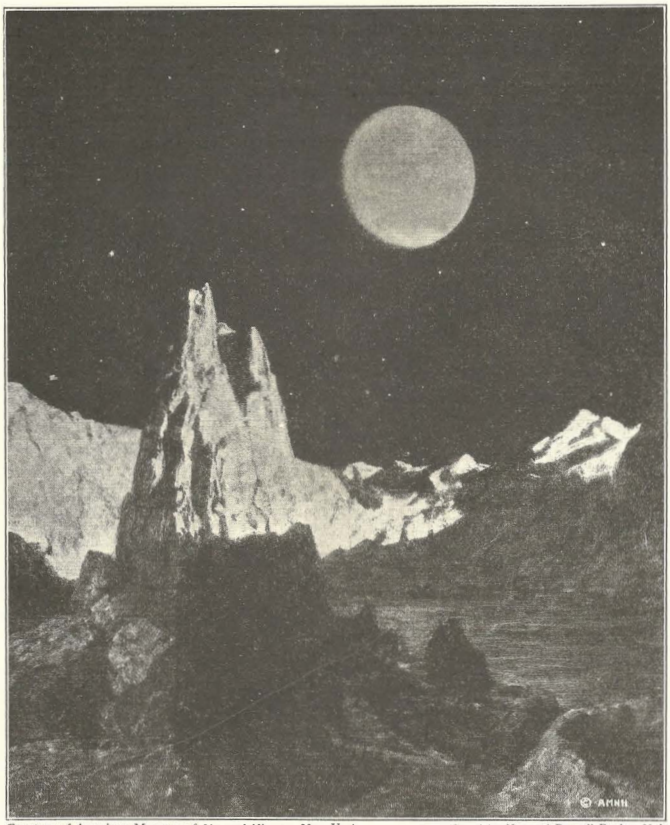
NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

SOMETHING ABOUT MOONS

ALL of us have heard about the planet Mars. Our own planet, Earth, is another of the eight satellites which revolve around the sun. Mars is so situated that it comes, occasionally, rather close to us. However, even when nearest, Mars is millions of miles distant, and when farthest from us, it is many millions of miles away. It shines with a reddish hue, and is much smaller than our Earth. Its day is a little longer than our Earth's day. Its year is much longer, containing 687 days, as against our 365. There are many other interesting things about the planet Mars, one of which is that it possesses two moons, named Deimos and Phobos, and they are so tiny that we have to use a telescope to see them. In fact, neither of them is more than fifty miles in diameter, whereas the diameter of our moon is almost forty-four times that.

Now, our own moon is distant many miles from us; but these little satellites of Mars are situated not very far from its surface. Deimos, the smaller of the two, is 14,600 miles away, Phobos, 5800 miles. In other words, when the inner moon, Phobos, shines at the zenith, it would appear a little larger than our own moon, but only half as bright. And Deimos, at its full, would be much brighter than the planet Venus shining upon our Earth.

All of these facts are interesting, but the most interesting fact remains. It is with respect to Phobos. We know that our own moon rises in the east and sets in the west. But Phobos rises in the *west* and sets in the *east*. This peculiar motion is caused by the inner satellite revolving around Mars much faster than Mars rotates on its axis. That is, Phobos, traveling swiftly toward the east, would soon disappear below the eastern horizon of Mars, setting there. Afterward, it would reappear above the western horizon, seeming to rise. In fact, Phobos has what astronomers call a "period" of about 7⅔ hours, and, inasmuch as Mars rotates once on its axis every 24⅔ hours, this inner moon revolves around Mars more than three times while Mars rotates once—its "day."



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York — Painted by Howard Russell Butler, N.A.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM THE MOON, WHEN, IN JUNE, IT PASSES THROUGH THE CONSTELLATION SCORPIO. MARS IS SEEN NEAR THE TOP OF THE PICTURE

Few people, perhaps, realize how small our moon really is. In the sky she looks as big as the sun, which we know is very far off and of gigantic proportions. Even though we know that the moon is quite close to us, the mind is slow to grasp the fact that, compared with the earth, she is quite a small body. The moon's diameter is just about 2160 miles. Now if you take an atlas and, on the map of Australia or Africa, draw to scale a circle of the radius of the moon, you will find that she will quite comfortably fit within the length of Australia, the smallest of the world's continents, while she would only just about fill the bulge in the northwest of Africa.

It is interesting to know that the planets Jupiter and Saturn are rich in moons, as they possess, respectively, nine and ten known satellites, two of these satellites being, each, a great deal larger than our own moon.

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

HOW RAINDROPS MAY BE FORMED

MANY people must have wondered how it is that while, on some occasions, raindrops are small, on others they are very large indeed. Here is an interesting little experiment which may be an explanation of the matter, although at present it can not quite be said that it certainly is so.

Arrange a hose-pipe with a nozzle so that it will shoot a single stream of water about ten feet into the air. You will see that when the stream of water starts to fall, it does so in the form of quite small drops. Now get a rod of hard rubber or a glass rod and rub it with a piece of dry flannel or a silk handkerchief until it is electrified. Rub very briskly for about half a minute, and then hold the rod close to the stream of water just where it

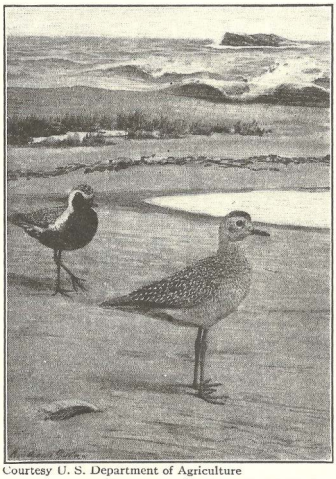
begins to break into drops. Do not actually touch the water with the rod. Almost at once a very curious thing happens, for the small drops join together in numbers, and in this way form large drops. Take the rod away, and the drops divide up into the small ones again. It is thought likely that when rain is falling from the clouds, the presence of static electricity tends to make the drops large. At any rate, the interesting little experiment strongly suggests that this is so, for when the rod is rubbed it becomes charged with static electricity.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

TIRELESS WINGS

IF you will listen carefully on some still night of spring or autumn, especially one when the sky is clouded over, you may hear above you a faint sharp cheeping and twittering. It comes from the army of birds that swing south every fall and back north again when the warm days come in spring.

All of us know, of course, that most birds "migrate," as it is called, but it is really surprising to learn how far some of them go. We must remember that they do not go south just to get away from the cold weather—in fact, no one is quite sure just why they do go. If their object was only to find a warmer climate, they might stop off for the winter in Florida or Mexico and be very comfortable. But not many of them do. They keep right on across the Gulf of Mexico and into northern South America, and some kinds are not even satisfied with the hot sunshine of the lands near the equator. For example, there is one species of bird called the golden plover which flies on and on past the hot countries, past the dense forests of Brazil, and far down into Patagonia, which is the land in the lower end of South America.

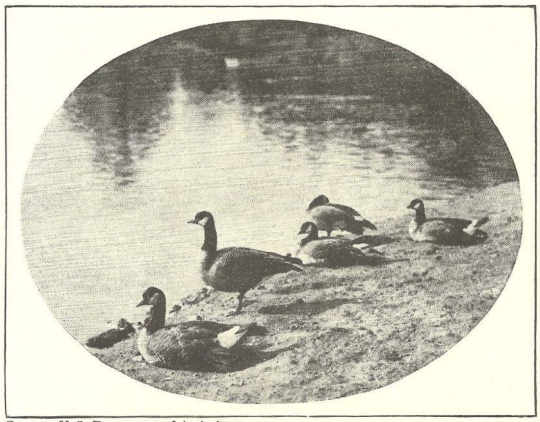


Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture
THE GOLDEN PLOVER, WHICH MAKES THE LONGEST NON-STOP FLIGHT

Every year he makes this journey, then rests two or three months, and then starts back again over the thousands of miles that lie between him and his summer home. That home is away up north near the arctic circle. There the mother bird lays her eggs on the moss, and hatches and raises her brood of little plovers. When they are strong enough the whole family spread wings for far-off Patagonia.

How would you like to take an 8000-mile journey every six months if you had to do it entirely on your own wing power?

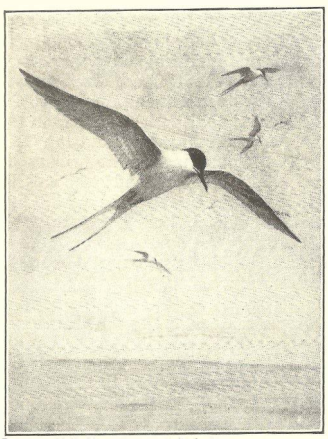
But even the far-flying plover can not be called the king of bird travelers. That title must go to a white-feathered bird with a black cap and a forked tail which is known as the "arctic tern." This tireless flier never stops in his northern journey until there is no longer any solid land ahead of him on which he can build a nest. On the edge of the land that lies nearest the north pole he makes his nest and establishes his summer home. Then when the time comes for him to fly south again he does not make for a land of trees and sunshine. In your geography you will see that surrounding the south pole there is a large area of land usually known as Antarctica or the Antarctic Continent. Past the whole continent of South America the arctic tern wings his way until he reaches the shore of this barren land. No one knows what paths he takes or why he seeks so bleak a coast. But we know that to reach it he must cover a distance of 11,000 miles, and when he goes back north in the summer he has another 11,000 miles to cover. In his yearly travels from north to south and back again he flies a distance that would take him almost around the world. In a government bulletin, Dr. Wells W. Cooke has pointed out that the arctic tern sees more daylight than any other living being. His summer months in the north are nearly all daylight, and during the four months in the south the sun is below the horizon only a little while each day.



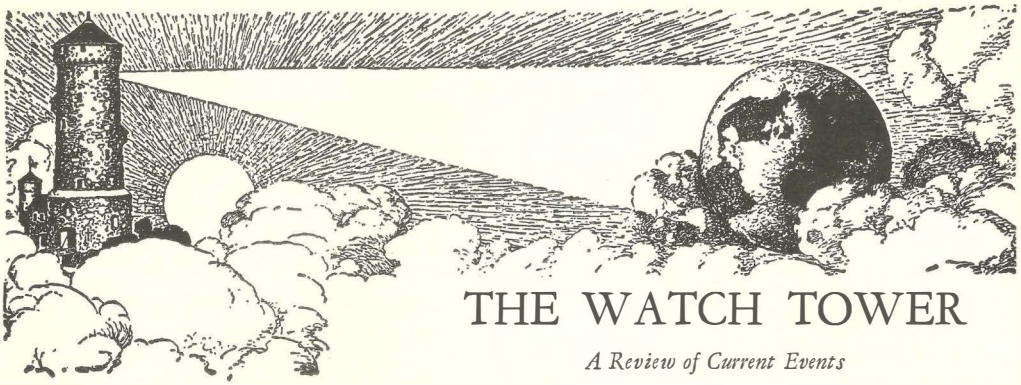
Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture
A GROUP OF WILD GEESE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, WHICH THEY SEEM TO HAVE MADE THEIR PERMANENT HOME

Most birds migrate at night and stop to feed during the day. But some, like the wild geese whose V-

(*Continued on page 483*)



Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture
THE ARCTIC TERN, THAT COVERS 22,000 MILES A YEAR BY WING POWER



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE WHITE MAN IN CHINA

THE average American reader of the news has one idea pretty well fixed in his mind about China: that the north and the south are hostile to each other. The formal government is in the north, at Peking. The rival government is in the south, at Canton. The southern government represents the movement for what we may call the New China. But the two governments are united in one point, and that is, desire to loosen the white man's grip on their country.

So on one day we learned that the Chinese Government, meaning the official and recognized government at Peking, had sent a note to the British legation saying the Government was surprised that the British Government was sending war-ships, submarines, and airplanes to China, with troops and marines; and giving assurance that the Chinese Government would protect British property to the best of its ability. And then, on the very next day, we read that the Cantonese Government was willing to negotiate with England only if British troops were at once withdrawn from Shanghai, feeling that to negotiate while the British troops were at hand would be making a bargain under compulsion.

A few days later came the news of attack on Shanghai by the Cantonese army. The defenders met the advancing army of the south outside the city, and reports were that they had checked the southerners' advance, and were preparing to take the offensive. And the British prime minister declared that the British troops would go to Shanghai if necessary to protect British citizens and their property there. The prime minister of the Dominion of Canada declared his country favored the British course of action, while also sympathizing with the Chinese people in their desire "to secure control of their own destiny." But he said, boldly, that as Canada had had no part in shaping British policy in China, he did not see any reason why Canadian troops should be sent over. Please note in this declaration the new spirit in which the British dominions meet the Imperial Government at London.

Early in February, a regiment of United States marines started for China from San Diego. At the same time, a detachment from the Philippines embarked. In all, it was figured that Admiral Williams would have a force of 2500 marines ready for use "in an emergency."

Well, perhaps you "know the answer." I 'm ready to confess I do not. But I do think we can afford to bear in mind such facts as this: That the Western Powers have not kept the promises they made to China after the war. That the Far East has seen Europe exhaust itself in that war. That the Chinese and Japanese must have mighty little respect for the white man's promises—and also that they must begin to feel that it is not forever going to be impossible for them to rule their own land their own way. Finally, that if the United States wants to continue to hold the friendship of China, it cannot talk peace and send troops.

THE PRESIDENT VETOES AND SIGNS

WHEN the Senate voted in favor of the McNary-Haugen Farm-Relief Bill, Vice-President Dawes must have chuckled. Do you remember when he had the folks at Washington all stirred up over his fight for a revision of the Senate rules? He said the Senate was so tied up with rules, it could n't get any work done. But the Farm-Relief Bill went through the Senate "with bells on." The reason was that one group of senators was very anxious to have this bill voted on, and another group was equally anxious for a vote on the Branch-Banking Bill—and they agreed not to block the voting on either bill.

The long fight on the Farm-Relief Bill divided the Congress into two parties, the Easterners, who opposed it, and the Westerners, who supported it. The men from the industrial East were all worked up over the proposed law as a price-fixing measure. They said the farming industry must be governed by the old so-called law of supply and demand, and economic conditions should rule, not governmental action. And those who argued in favor of the bill asserted that the Government should do as much for the farmers as for the manufacturers.

Passed by both houses of Congress, the bill went to the President for signature or veto—and he vetoed it, declaring it economically unsound. This was an act of great political courage, for it was bound to cause anger and disappointment among western voters.

Watch Tower readers divide into two groups on all questions of governmental policy, naturally; and I have to be careful to play fair with both sides. But I 'm willing to risk this statement, which, of course, is nothing in the world but just my own opinion: that it would not have done a bit of harm to make the experiment. When the tariff was first thought of, there were plenty of critics who said it was wrong to try to regulate trade in defiance of that good old law of S. and D. But we have the tariff—and the country seems fairly safe.

The McFadden-Pepper Branch-Banking Bill, passed at the same time as the McNary-Haugen bill, suffered no such fate as the farm measure. The President signed it. His doing so has aroused little or no criticism, for the new law is constructive. It allows national banks to establish branches in States where the same privilege is allowed state banks. It extends their charters from the ninety-nine years hitherto allowed, to an indefinite period, and removes restrictions regarding investments, stock dividends, and the management of trust funds. In other words, it brings the law in line with present-day practice in banking.

More important, to our way of thinking, the bill extends indefinitely the charters of the Federal Reserve banks. This system was created in 1913, with a twenty-year lease of life. It has demonstrated its value in our business life in taking up the slack in periods of easy money and of relieving the strain when money was scarce. This extension of their charters takes the banks out of the arena of politics and will save them from the fate which overtook the first and second banks of the United States, founded by Alexander Hamilton and killed by Andrew Jackson.

HOW MUCH NAVY?

WHEN President Coolidge sent a memorandum to several European Governments, suggesting further naval disarmament, and a message to Congress reporting what he had done, it created quite a stir. There had been a battle in Congress between big-navy men and little-navy men. In 1924, Congress had authorized the building of eight new scout-cruisers, and it was necessary, if anything was to be done, to appropriate money so the work could be started before adjournment of the Sixty-ninth Congress. Otherwise, new legislation by the next Congress would have been necessary. Some of the ships had been started, and early in February the Senate voted, 49 to 27, in favor of appropriating money for three more. This was especially interesting because the President opposed such action.

So when Mr. Coolidge announced that he had invited England, Japan, France, and Italy to join with the United States for further naval restriction, it became a question whether he was independently anxious for international action or simply blocking the big-navy men. We see no reason to doubt the President's sincerity—and also, no reason to criticize his action. The Washington Conference started the good work. Why not another coöperative endeavor to carry it further?

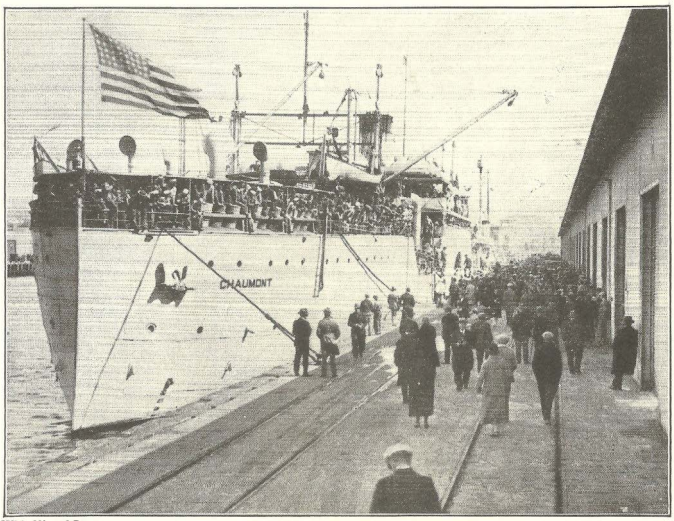
England accepted the proposal readily; but France was quick to express opposition. France has been opposed to reduction of military force ever since the war, saying it could take no part in such a project unless guaranteed by the other powers against invasion. France has consistently taken the stand that it must keep its defenses in readiness for any attack from Germany. Also, France is suspicious of Italy, its commercial rival in the Mediterranean. Furthermore, France argues that further naval reduction would be only a nibble at the great question of military disarmament. Mr. Coolidge says, "Take it step by step." And France says, "What 's the use of half-way measures? All or nothing!"

Well, armies and navies have had their way for a good many centuries. Is n't it about time to try to rule the world by reason instead of force? Competition in guns and ships eats up enormous sums of money that otherwise might go into peaceful industry and make the world more comfortable instead of wrecking it with wars.

PORTUGAL, LAND OF REVOLUTIONS

PORTUGAL became a republic in 1910. Since then it has had more than twenty revolutions. It is difficult to fix the exact number, because some of the disturbances might be considered mere riots rather than revolutions. But this latest one was serious enough to deserve the name. It lasted only a week, but there was fighting at Oporto and Lisbon in which casualties were estimated at several hundred.

The trouble began with a military dictatorship. General Carmone became dictator and president. The Government planned to borrow sixty million dollars, and the opposition objected, because they said there was no true constitutional government to stand back of the loan and direct the use of the money. They went to the diplomatic representatives of other countries and argued that the loan should not be granted.



Wide World Photos
THE TRANSPORT "CHAUMONT," WHICH CARRIED 1200 MARINES TO SHANGHAI FOR THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS

Parliament had been dissolved. The newspapers had been forbidden to print what they thought about the question. Men hostile to the Carmona government had been sent to prison, or driven into exile. And the discontent spread among army officers, who in Portugal as in Greece and in Spain are always ready to take a hand in the game of politics.

The first outbreak occurred at Oporto. Part of the garrison there mutinied, but the greater part of the forces remained loyal to the Government. Martial law was proclaimed in the city. Troops from near-by garrisons were sent in to subdue the rebels and keep order in the town. Finally, Oporto was bombarded. Several attacks by the government forces were repulsed.

Before the revolt in Oporto was quelled, there were similar scenes in Lisbon. The rebels made a final stand in the arsenal, where they were

surrounded and compelled to surrender. Railroad workers went on strike in sympathy with the rebels,

Wide World Photos
THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE GREETS THE GIRL CHAMPION COTTON-GROWER

and the capital was cut off from any kind of communication with outside. Civilians took a hand in the fighting. Thousands fled from the city, in a snow-storm. Some of the mutinous troops fled in boats down the Tagus River.

So the revolt ended. But the dictatorship continues. Portugal apparently loves a fight better than the quiet and orderly processes of constitutional government.

THE GIRL ON THE FARM

THE Southern Women's Educational Alliance is trying to find ways and means to make country life more attractive to girls, so that they will not follow the example of so many of their brothers and go away to the cities to look for employment.

The picture shows one girl who is doing well with country life. She is Miss Elga Daniels of Nacogdoches, Texas, the champion girl cotton-grower of that great State. Miss Daniels raised two and a half bales of cotton an acre. She went to Washington to report her achievement, and the picture shows Secretary Jardine, head of the Department of Agriculture, congratulating her.

The American girl is very much like the American boy—all she asks is a chance to show what she can do.

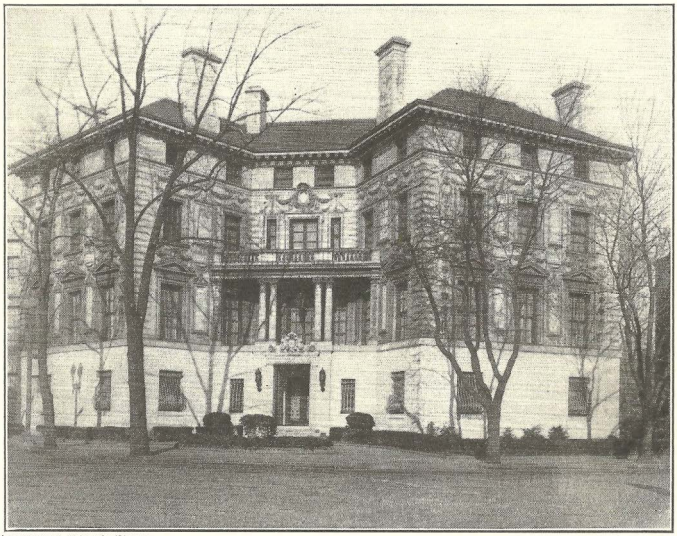
THE WHITE HOUSE

FOR the third time since the White House was built, the President of the United States has been compelled to move into another home. In 1814 the British invaded the capital, and burned the White House. President Madison had to live elsewhere while the White House was rebuilt. In 1913, the Roosevelts moved out while the White House was being repaired; and now the Coolidges are going through a similar experience. The Executive Mansion has to have a new roof.

Until June, they will live in the Patterson Mansion, on Du Pont Circle. This is a beautiful four-story, white marble house, with thirty rooms —more than there are in the White House. The President said it was especially well suited to his needs. The first floor has a library, reception-room and kitchen. On the second floor are a library, dining-room, drawing-room and ball-room. On the third floor are the bedrooms, and the servants' quarters are on the fourth. The house is beautifully decorated.

Those who are interested in Washington as a City Beautiful are much disturbed because the fine old residences in the streets around the White House are being torn down and apartment-houses and high business buildings planned in their place. Architects have urged Congress to permit government buildings to be erected there, so that the whole neighborhood can be developed systematically, on a plan that would save the White House from being overshadowed. They acknowledge the neighborhood is bound to change, but they do not like to see it filled with buildings of varied styles and no general harmony.

What is the obstacle? In 1926, Congress passed a bill forbidding government buildings north of Pennsylvania Avenue. This opened the way to commercial development of Lafayette Square. The Public Building Commission, working out a plan for new government buildings, would like to place a group of them there, but the 1926 law stands in the way. It was hoped that new legislation might be passed in the last weeks of the Sixty-ninth Congress, last month, to make this possible. At the time of writing this WATCH TOWER, no action had been taken.



Pacific and Atlantic Photos
WHERE PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE WILL LIVE WHILE REPAIRS ARE MADE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

JAPAN, OLD AND NEW

WHILE guns boomed and temple-bells tolled, the people of Japan suspended all ordinary activities in respect to their Emperor Yoshihito when his funeral procession passed through the streets of Tokio. Odd, the contrast between the modern city and the ancient rites in honor of the dead emperor. In the procession were soldiers in modern uniform, and those who carried bows and arrows and great shields such as were borne by soldiers of the island empire in days of old.

Dispatches from Tokio estimated the number of persons who saw the procession at a million and a half. Some people spent a whole night in

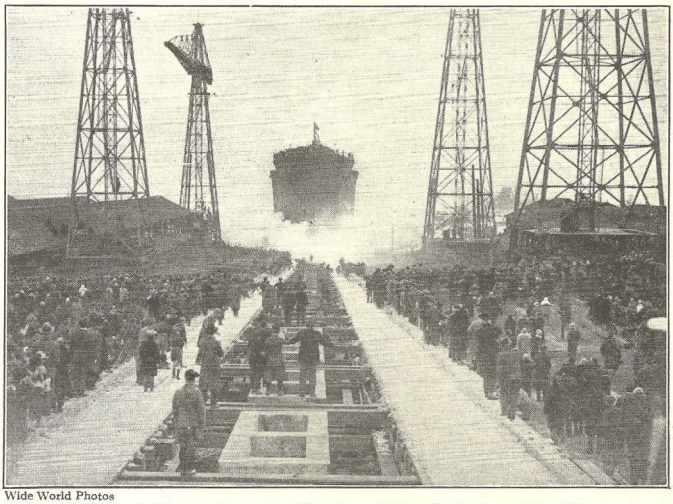
the street, waiting. They brought sleeping-mats, food, and little charcoal stoves. One feature of the strange contrast between old and new was in the music. The army and navy bands played modern music, while back in the center of the line were the ancient instruments of native art. The body of the emperor was carried from the capital to its last resting-place, in Asakawa, in a modern railroad train. Not so many years ago, the Japanese people would have forbidden the taking of pictures on such an occasion, but the movie camera-man was there, and pictures of it were seen in western cities.

Fascinating indeed is the mingling of the old and the new in Japan. It would be wrong to think of Japan as so "modernized" that its old legends, beliefs, and customs are forgotten or uncherished in the minds and lives of the people. It would be most unfair to criticize them for retaining, along with the splendid, proud spirit of their nation's early days, much of their ancestors' way of seeing life. The Japanese are a keen-minded people. They appreciate the advantages of western civilization on the material side, its inventions and its business ways. They want a place in the modern world. They have done extremely well in combining their old ways with those of to-day.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

PREMIER BETHLEN of Hungary says his country is through with the question of monarchy for five years at least. Since being separated from Austria, after the war, Hungary has had a hard, uphill pull, but now appears to be making a pretty good job of it. As was noted in the last WATCH TOWER, it helped put the country on a solid footing, politically, when the nobles assented to the election of some of their number as members of the upper house of the parliament. Premier Bethlen says the cabinet and parliament will unite in postponing the question of return to monarchy for five years; and by that time affairs should be so well ordered that either the choice of a king or the continuance of the present system can be accomplished peacefully.

QUITE a ship, the *Augustus*, shown entering the water, in the picture herewith. She is a vessel of 35,000 tons, the largest ship in the Italian merchant marine, and, it is said, the largest vessel driven by internal-combustion engines anywhere. Mussolini is anxious to promote Italian trade, and he is very proud of this fine ship. She was launched at Genoa, which, if I remember history correctly, is where Columbus was born. To judge by the picture, the people were pretty much interested in this event, for there seems to be quite a crowd in the shipyard. There is something fascinating in the sight of a mighty ship sliding down the ways for her first dip in the water.



Wide World Photos
THE LAUNCHING OF THE "AUGUSTUS," ITALY'S GREATEST OCEAN LINER

THE retail stores had a big year in 1926. Department-store sales for the year were 3.4 per cent greater than in 1925. The mail-order houses went 4 per cent ahead of their 1925 business, and chain stores also gained. This report was made by the Federal Reserve Board. Sales in cotton and woolen dress-goods were not so good as in some other departments; leather goods scored the greatest advance. The largest increase in department-store business was in the San Francisco district. The only section that failed to show a gain was the Minneapolis district. Looks as though the American people were getting along comfortably.

RUSSIA and Turkey seemed quite friendly a while ago, but it is reported that Turkey is displeased because Russia does not move very fast in carrying out the trade agreements over which they negotiated. The soviet government insists upon the principle of government monopoly in foreign trade, and the Turks are more interested in free private enterprise. A dispatch from Constantinople said that Turkish newspapers thought after two years of talk there ought to be more signs of something happening.

SINCE the first of February, the Allies have had nothing to do with control of military affairs in Germany, control having passed to the League of Nations at that time. It was reported that some new forts on the eastern frontier of Germany would be abandoned, and that Germany had agreed to build no new defenses there. Some Germans chose to charge their government with a disgraceful surrender, but we imagine the people for the most part were satisfied. Don't you suppose they want a chance to earn their living in peace and quiet?

THE Smithsonian Institution sent five Americans on an expedition to Dutch New Guinea to study the pygmies. The Government of the Dutch East Indies gave valuable assistance. The expedition, after passing through the territory of the warlike Papuans, reached the land of the little people. The pygmies were friendly. They live the simplest kind of a simple life. They subsist principally on fruits and vegetables, which they cultivate with little trouble. They worship the spirits of rivers and mountains. They are still in the Stone Age, using stone implements and weapons. They miss the good things of civilization—and the bad ones, too.

PANAMA gave the United States Government a surprise when it demanded certain changes in the treaty being negotiated between the two countries, the big one and the little one. It was comical in a way, but had its serious side—because Panama spoke in the name of all Latin America.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

DUTCH CHILDREN. BY VIRGINIA SNEDEKER, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)

THE LEAGUE this month enters upon a wider field of recognition, and eleven of our honor members have qualified for the cash awards. When, at the first of the year, we announced our intention of allowing these a wider choice in subjects and additional rewards, we were confident of the result. And our confidence has been well placed, for the Leaguers, as usual, have responded nobly.

While added laurels have come to this group of undergraduates of the LEAGUE, two of our alumni have won first rank in the field of the opera, for, on February 17, "The King's Henchman," by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Deems Taylor was given its premier at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The production was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm, and well it might have been, for it convinced the critics that two young Americans could write an important musical composition, worthy of being included in the repertoire of our foremost opera company. Furthermore, it proved that opera in English could be beautifully written and as easily sung as in the Latin and Teutonic tongues. It was English of the early days of the language, with a plentiful use of forms no longer common, but perhaps all the more refreshing on that account. Miss Millay likewise made good use of her lyrical gifts, and often employs effective refrains.

And in the development of these talents the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE may claim some part, for Edna St. Vincent Millay is an alumna of the LEAGUE, a thrice-honored one, for her early verse, printed in our pages, from 1907 to 1910, won for her both our badges and a cash award.

The LEAGUE not only claims the librettist, but also the composer, for Deems Taylor was likewise a member, a Silver Badge winner, specializing in photographs. This early work with the camera shows his artistic perception, and the moon that sheds its glow over the December landscape (see page 181, December, 1901) may have been the same moon that struggled, in his opera, to break through the mists of October in a Devon forest.

The LEAGUE is proud of these distinguished graduates, and their many fellows who have made their mark. It is proud, too, of its present undergraduates, and confident that ten and twenty years hence many of them also will be enriching the cultural life of America.

BREAK O' DAWN

BY MARY S. HAWLING (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

A LITTLE morning breeze has waked,
And, stepping lightly as a fawn,
Steals forth to greet the breaking day—
The first, faint loveliness of dawn.

The sky turns palely rose, the stars
Gleam silvery, then slowly pass—
But stars of clear and sparkling dew
Laugh up from ev'ry blade of grass.

The crystal notes of one lone lark
Fall, soft as rose-leaves, through the air,
And glory crowns the old brown hills,
As if some magic lingered there.

A RADIO STORY

BY ELINOR EUGENIA BRAMHALL (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

BOBBY and Billy (christened Robertine and Wilma) perching on either arm of the davenport, chins in chubby hands, looked exactly alike, from their glossy black heads and cherry-shaped mouths to their sage-green frocks. They peered at the quivering flame pictures in the fireplace as the radio storyman told them a tale from "Arabian Nights."

"Now for a big surprise," he began, after finishing the story. "Prizes will be given for the best letter on 'My Favorite Book and Why.'"

"Let 's try!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Let 's," echoed Billy, as the storyman read the rules.

Mrs. Saunders found the twins sitting back to back on the hearth, scribbling furiously. "What are you writing?"

"It 's a secret, Mother. We can't even tell each other," answered Bobby.

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING. BY GENEVA H. BENNETT, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1926)

"Part of the rules," Billy explained.

After mailing their letters in the box on the corner, the twins turned toward school, walking sturdily against the stiff wind. "I hope you win," declared Bobby.

"But I hope *you* do," Billy returned whole-heartedly.

They agreed it would be better not to win, for neither enjoyed a triumph that the other did not share. In games they refused to be opponents. In classes, they rejoiced when their grades were even. The delight in their identity became amusing when any one asked their age. Billy or Bobby would say, "We 're twenty-four; I 'm half and she 's half."

A month later the twins took their usual positions before the fire, preparatory to hearing the radio story-hour. "I 'm terribly excited, are n't you?" asked Bobby, smoothing her sage-green skirt with tense fingers.

"Terribly so," echoed Billy.

The storyman began in his pleasant, whimsical way, "The first letter is about 'David Copperfield'." The winners of both first and second prizes were boys, and the twins sighed in relief.

"I 'm sorry you did n't win, though," Bobby offered.

"But—" Billy broke off in amazement as she heard the words, "'Little Women.'" Bobby also strained her ears to hear.

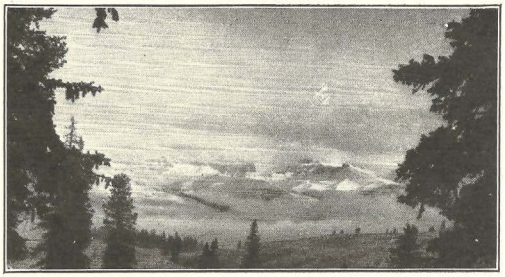
". . . they both chose the same book, and gave equally good reasons, so the third prize, or rather *prizes*, go to Wilma and Robertine Saunders."

BREAK O' DAWN

BY HONOR C. MCCUSKER (AGE 17)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

THE wings of dawn have swept the sky,
And left soft shadows in the mist
Of opal and of amethyst.
Behind the firs the pastures lie,
Sweet with wild roses; fragrant fern
And green bayberry wet with rain
Catch at my hands along the lane.
Where the fireweed's frail blossoms burn,
An old house dreams, forlorn and gray,
Half hid in clematis that winds
Around the splintered, fading blinds.
Softly the firs' dark branches sway.



BY MARGOT BELDEN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

BY E. LOUISE MENÉELY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING

JESTER

BY DOROTHEA GRIESBACH (AGE 17)
(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

APRIL, prince of jesters,
Give me of your mirth,
Laughter ripples, sadness,
Dancing o'er the earth.

Tears of yours are raindrops;
Smiles are sun-spilt gold;
Gladness, sorrow, mingling,
All life's wonder hold.

Cap and bells put on me,
Badge of your demesne:
Bluebells, rainbow-stolen,
Cap of fern-plumed green.

Let me wander with you
Through the fragrant land,
Feel your joy in being,
Live—and understand.

One long line of spoons dangled from the fish's mouth; another was firmly hooked behind its gill, and attached at the other end to the line we held in our hands. It appeared, then, that our fish was "stolen." But the strangest thing of all was that the spoons hooked in the mouth tallied exactly with the ones we had lost a few minutes before, and we came to an amazing conclusion:

This fish and the one which had pulled free were one and the same!

THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY IRENE GARRISON KELLOGG (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

THE starry sentinels of dark,
Called by the sapphire night,
Put out their lanterns, one by one,
And slowly take their flight.

But Phosphor lingers in the sky,
Which now is pearly gray.
He waits to see Aurora come
Before he slips away.

The eastern sky of silvery light
To molten gold is turning.
Soft zephyrs kiss the fleecy clouds
With rosy blushes burning.

The herald of the sun ascends
Out of the emerald seas.
She soars up to the heav'ns on wings
As gauzy as the bee's.

Her robes are turquoise, amethyst,
Pale green, and amber clear.
Behold the goddess of the dawn
In all her glory here!

I thought of my family thirty-five miles away in Tokio and wondered if I should ever see them again. There was no time to lose, so I ran down the street with my eyes fixed on the rolling hills—regular waves of earth about nine feet high. As I ran by a house I saw the building I had just passed fall with a terrific crash! My mind was terror-stricken, and confusion pervaded the whole country. Screams and shouts greeted my ears.

I had been running for about half an hour when I came to a place where a railroad train had gone off the tracks, and many lives were lost. As soon as I had walked away from a house, it toppled over, catching aflame almost immediately because of the explosion of a kerosene stove.

A sea of flame, noise, rush, and tangle was what I saw in Tokio.

Oh! Where 's my family?

I found my family within a week. Then our cities and homes had to be rebuilt, after which we went back to work.

BY ROSAMOND WARFIELD ROCKWELL, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1925)

BY JESSIE A. BROWN, AGE 16

BY EDITH AUSTIN, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

BY HELEN CLARK, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1927)

A HEADING FOR APRIL

A BIT OF LIFE

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY SALLIE CARTER (AGE 16)
(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

JUST another fish-story. How many of them have been told and retold? And how many of them have not in the course of time grown into wild impossibilities? It is for this reason that I have hesitated to tax your credulity by setting down this incident under the heading "true." I console myself with the hope that you will remember that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

We had trolled all morning without success. There were two lines out, each arranged with an imposing array of glittering spoons, and baited with a succulent worm. But the fish were not to be tempted by this attractive display, and as midday approached we regarded our empty basket with dismay—for lunch depended on our efforts.

Suddenly there was a jerk on one of the lines, and we drew it in. The fish was quite large, judging by the weight, and our mouths watered at the thought of delicately fried fish. Too soon, for snap—and the fish was free, and with it one of our prized array of spoons.

In the midst of our rather explosive outburst following this accident, there came a tremendous pull at the remaining line, and holding our breath, we brought in our morning catch—and what a catch!

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY HANNAH GREELEY (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

THE passenger ship *Yokohama* was just leaving the harbor at twelve o'clock, September 1, 1923. The confetti had been thrown out and everything was sparkling in the sunlight. Just as the confetti snapped a terrible rumbling was heard, twenty times as loud as any thunder. The roaring was nothing less than an earthquake.

As I looked at the beautiful dock it fell away as blocks fall when a baby knocks them over; and all the hundreds of friends and relations were gone too. A terrible shriek was heard from the ship, and the rumbling and jarring of the earthquake had stopped, but the country was in flames of leaping fire.

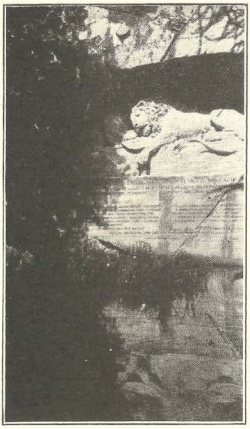
ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY ANNA ROSENBERG (AGE 15)
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1926)

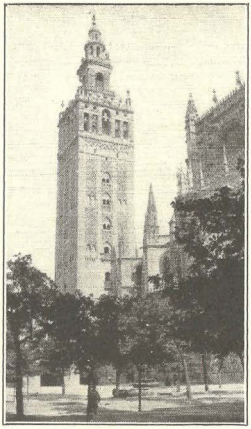
THE President's dress-coat was missing!

One evening when President Roosevelt was visiting his sister Corinne, preparatory to leaving for a public dinner where he was to make a speech, his dress-coat was found to be missing. To be sure, there was a dress-coat laid out for him, but it was so small and tight that the least movement sent it precipitating over his head. His sister summoned the butler, who insisted that he had taken the coat to be cleaned with the other clothes, and had returned the identical coat to the President's room. However, the fact remained that the coat did not belong to the President. Then it was decided that the special waiter whom Mrs. Robinson had engaged for the luncheon must have confused his own coat with the President's, and, putting on the latter's, had left the house after finishing his duties. No one knew where he had gone and the entire household was in the depths of despair.

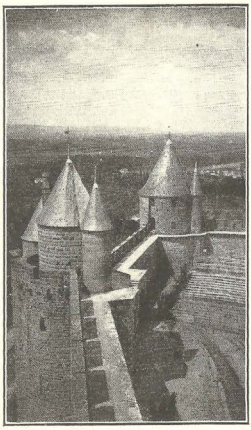
There was nothing to do but allow the President to wear the coat, which, unless cleverly managed, rose comically over his head. The President went off in perfect contentment, his good nature rising to meet the occasion as it always did. His sister, later listening to his speech from a box over the stage, viewed with alarm the



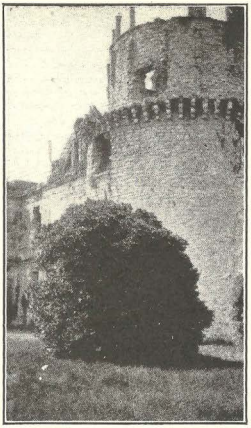
BY RUTH SWEETLAND, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)



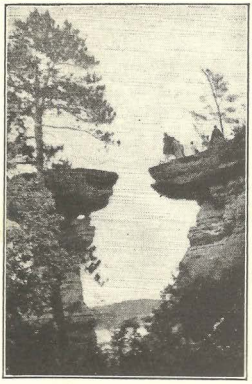
BY EMELINE ELLIDA DAVISON, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)



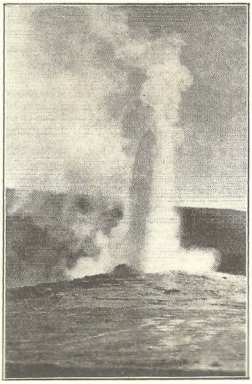
BY ALEXIA DU PONT ORTIZ, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)



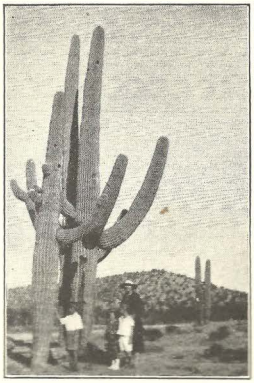
BY BARBARA W. KELLEY, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)



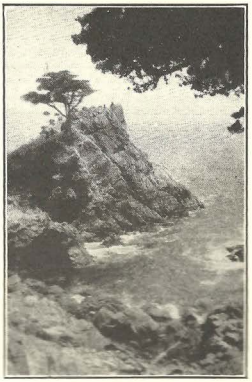
BY MARTHA HERRMAN, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)



BY ELAINE WALKER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1926)



BY LAURENCE SCHWAB, AGE 10 SILVER BADGE



BY GRACE C. PEASE, AGE 15 SILVER BADGE

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING

coat that slowly rose higher and higher at every gesture. She sat back helplessly waiting for the final movement which would send the coat clear over his head when a boy ran breathlessly up to the President with a package in his hands.

Discovering the whereabouts of the waiter, the butler had sent the coat by messenger to the President who, excusing himself for a moment, changed into his coat with a sigh of relief, then stepped out on the stage, and, with his ever present humor, endeared himself to the heart of each one there as he related the incident which had caused him to retire.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY AUDREY OVINGTON (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1926*)

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD was the first man to fly over the north pole. When he came to lecture in Santa Barbara I wanted to hear him, but I never dreamed of meeting him informally.

We were in our old clothes working in the garden when Daddy drove up with him. Daddy had met him at the train and was showing him the city. We shook hands and liked him immediately. His accent told us he was a Southerner, but you would never guess from his modesty that he was a national hero.

He gave me his autograph, which made me very happy.

That evening we went to his lecture. Moving pictures were shown of great icebergs, forty feet high. These photographs had been taken from the airplane, sometimes with frozen hands. We saw Eskimos in their sealskin clothes, and views of the midnight sun. As it never grew dark, some chickens on the boat died of sleeplessness.

A crew of fifty men on board the *Chartier* left for Spitzbergen, a tiny spot in the arctic wastes, where they were to put together the giant Fokker, *Josephine Ford*. The men tried to hide things in the plane for souvenirs, but the only one that reached the pole was a ukelele.

The commander and Floyd Bennett, his mechanic, set off alone into the unknown regions of the arctic. Caps were tossed into the air. A yell went up. They were off!

One of the engines began to leak oil, but they finally reached the pole and circled it.

You can imagine the joy of the other men when they saw their two friends returning. The plane had been in the air fifteen hours and had traveled fifteen hundred miles.

In my opinion, this was the greatest feat ever accomplished by any aviator.

AT BREAK O' DAWN

BY HELEN FISHER (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1927*)

THE velvet robe of night
Lies darkly over the valleys.
The tall peaks are lost in the pale mist.
It is the hour before the dawn.
No voice breaks the stillness.
The honey gold of the moon is slowly dimming.

A misty gray twilight steals softly over the land.
The stars fade out one by one.
Only the bright morning star remains,
A twinkling jewel in the blue mantle of dawn.

A pale-green streak appears along the horizon,
And hides itself
Behind the mountains.
A flush of softest rose steals over it.

The little woolly clouds swim in a lake
Of rich red-gold.
A rolling flood of crimson sweeps over the east.
Long golden pennants stream
Far-flung over the azure sky.
The morning star slips away.

A rim of brightest gold slides over the sharp black peaks.
A golden tide of light flows richly over the land.
A robin carols merrily.
It is the break o'dawn.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY RUSSELL BYALL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

My sister and I were walking to school one morning two years ago when this happened.

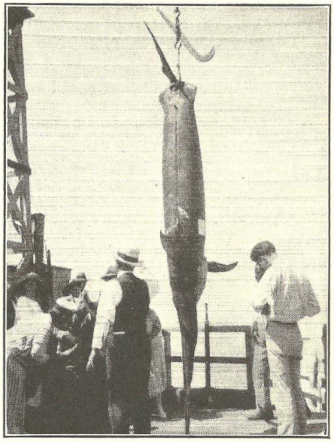
It was about two and a quarter miles to school, but by cutting across a wheatfield we saved half a mile. There was a narrow path through the stubble, which was a foot high. My sister was walking a few feet in front of me. I was n't paying any attention and did n't notice anything wrong till she screamed and jumped out of the path.

There on the path in front of me was a large rattlesnake just coiling up. I hurried over to my sister and asked her if she had been bitten. She said she had n't been and that she wished to hurry on to school without killing the snake.

I wanted to kill the snake if possible, as we had lost a few cows from snake bites. I tried for fifteen or twenty minutes to kill it with clods, but as the clods were soft and hard to find I only succeeded in making the snake mad. About this time I found another rattler in an old hole near by.

Then some neighbor children, who drove to school in a buggy, noticed us and drove out to where we were. They had a rope which they used to tie their horse. With this I very soon succeeded in killing the snake.

We left the one in the hole till after school when we brought some large clubs from the school-house. After killing it and dragging it from the hole (it was about two and a half feet long), we discovered some small ones about six inches long. After killing these we counted twelve little snakes and two large ones. The larger one had eight rattles, the smaller one six, and each of the little ones only a button.



SOMETHING WORTH SEEING. BY EVELYN CROSS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY CONSTANCE R. PULTZ (AGE 13)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

"Get up, lazybones; it 's half past eight and we 're going skiing; the snow is fine to-day."

Omar quickly opened his eyes and looked eagerly at his twin brother Olaf, who was vigorously shaking "the lazybones" in an effort to arouse him. "Did you say we were going skiing?" he asked eagerly.

"So you 're really awake!" cried his brother, sarcastically.

"Yes; Wilhelm, you, and I are going to try the Buried Pass and you 'd better hurry if you 're coming along." With that he disappeared and, Omar, jumping out of bed, began to dress hurriedly.

Omar and Olaf Jensen lived in western Norway, and this clear cold morning they, with their chum Wilhelm Bodde, were going skiing in one of the numerous passes that the Stuttgart mountains afforded.

"Are you ready, Omar?" called Olaf. "Hurry up; we want to get started some time this morning and it 's getting rather late."

"All right, I 'll be with you in a minute," answered the other.

When the boys reached the Buried Pass they put on their skis. After they were properly fastened, the chums, who were excellent skiers, started down the incline.

After skiing for some time, Omar exclaimed suddenly, "This hill 's too tame; how about trying the Western Pass?"

"All right," agreed the others, "maybe we can find some excitement over there." So over they tramped to the Western Pass.

"Let 's have a race," proposed Wilhelm, "and see who 's the best skier."

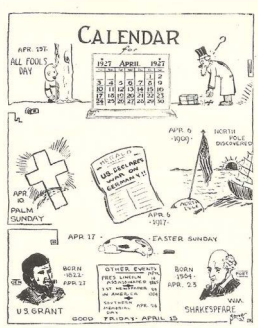
"Agreed," answered Olaf. "Get ready, set, go," and away they shot like arrows down the pass.

Half-way down a crackling sound was heard, and turning around, the boys beheld an avalanche of ice and snow descending upon them!

"Quick," shouted Olaf, "jump this cliff to the left and aim for that pile of snow!"

Swiftly they obeyed and leaped into the snow. Having watched the avalanche's sudden descent, they picked themselves up and started for home. They had had enough thrills for *that* day!

"Whew!" exclaimed Wilhelm, upon reaching home, "I 've had all the excitement *I* want for a while," and the others loudly echoed his words.



A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY KENNETH STEVENER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

A BIT OF LIFE. BY RICHARD GOLDMAN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

GREECE

BY MARY WALLACE (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars)

There was a far-off golden time
Of daring valor and high emprise,
Of glorious art and lofty rhyme,
Of warriors, poets, and statesmen wise.
An age when a god was the hero's friend,
When each man battled unto the end,
And, bravely dying, heard faintly chime
The music of spheres in the echoing skies.

An age when liberty dwelt in Greece,
When Xerxes' hordes were baffled and turned
By patriots struggling for Hellas' peace,
Whose souls within them for freedom yearned;
When Spartans fell at Thermopylæ,
Three hundred heroes most proud to die,
Long nurtured on tales of the Golden Fleece,
Of Theseus, Cadmus, and Nestor learned.

The oaks are greening at Delphi's shrine,
But the voice of the prophetess-seer is gone,
Nor live true scions of such a line
As bled and conquered at Marathon.
No triremes sleep in Piræus' bay,
But freighters drift on their mundane way;
Only the poet drinks Samian wine,
While Pallas' bright spear-tip glints bronze in the sun.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY SUSAN JOHNSTONE (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1926)

Last summer, the little bird-house in the corner of the piazza was occupied by a family of wrens. When the birds were very young, the father disappeared, and the mother worked hard to feed the six little birds until they were ready to fly. But six little babies to care for wore the mother out, and she died just before they were ready to leave the nest.

After waiting for food for some time, the little wrens came out of their house and hopped on a near-by bush, in which happened to be a catbird's nest.

One little wren happened in some way to fall into the catbird's nest, so when the mother catbird, who was off her eggs for a while, came home, she was much surprised, and cocked her head first on one side and then on the other, uttering a queer, surprised sound and hopping nearer and nearer all the time.

The little wren made a great fuss, opening and shutting its mouth and making it evident that it was very hungry.

So the mother catbird decided that one of her eggs had hatched, and after a while she went and got food for the little wren.

The three other little wrens, seeing their sister in the catbird's nest, hopped in too.

Two of the six little wrens, after they left their own nest, fell on the ground and died.

For some time, both the father and mother catbird fed the little wrens, and they seemed very much pleased with their adopted family.

BY MARIAN DUNLOP, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)

PRISONER'S LAMENT

BY EVELYN FLEBBE (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars*)

"HOPE never comes, that comes to all;"
Dawn never clears this somber wall.
Night never paints a deeper tone;
God does not see me here alone.
Stars never light this solemn gloom.
Tears never cheer this stifled doom.
Breeze never cools this fevered head.
Life has bequeathed me to the dead.
Ghosts in the niches writhe and creep.
Dreams drive away the boon of sleep.
Stone seems to build my living pall.—
"Hope never comes, that comes to all."

THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY MARGARET MITCHELL (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1927*)

HAVE you seen the radiant east, my friend,
When the sunrise gates unbar,
When the shades and tints of day and night
Blend with the morning star,
When the golden spears of the early dawn
Appear in the heavens afar?

'T is the defeat of the starry night,
As it slowly fades away;
'T is the change to gold and silver bright,
And the rose replaces the gray.
'T is the victory of the golden king,—
Of the conquering monarch—DAY!

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY VESTA K. NICKERSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THIS story is about two rather peculiar old maids. The day before Thanksgiving they received a very nice turkey from a friend for their Thanksgiving dinner. They would have been very pleased except for the fact that the turkey was still alive. After debating the question they decided that neither of them would have the courage to chop off its head.

They finally decided to chloroform the turkey. This was done with great care. They then picked off the feathers, but decided not to cut off its head until morning.

And then, having left the turkey on a platter, they went to bed.

In the middle of the night they heard a great commotion in the kitchen. They were very much frightened, thinking that some burglar was in the kitchen stealing their nicely picked turkey. Finally, gathering courage, they tiptoed down the stairs and stopped hesitantly in front of the kitchen door.

At last one of them looked through the keyhole. What she saw almost caused her to faint, for there, strutting wildly about, was their neatly picked turkey. He had evidently recovered from his dose of chloroform and in his indignation at finding himself featherless was breaking all the dishes on the plate shelf.

In the morning the two old maids called the Associated Charities and said that if any one wanted a featherless turkey, just to come for it. They thought that they could hardly enjoy their dinner, having seen it come to life.

ARE YOU SORRY, MOTHER?

BY BERNICE GIBBS (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars*)

YOU have no dreamy, golden-haired, starry-eyed daughter.
You have no singing Sappho.
You have no gay, pirouetting Columbine.
You have no fiery, Titian goddess.
You have no powdery, crimson-lipped coquette.
You have no defiant, roguish boy-maiden.
You have only a plain little brown-haired girl
Whom you call "Peter."
Are you sorry, Mother?

A BIT OF LIFE. BY B. CRAWFORD BENEDICT. AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1926)

THE BREAK OF DAWN

BY FRANCES RICH (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN the east the dawn is breaking,
All the joyous world awaking;
Faintly in the glowing sky
Tiny gleams of starlight lie;

Rosy tints celestial glow,
Dancing sunbeams brighter grow;
Slowly o'er the waking world
Breaks the morning—hills dew-pearled.

From the far-off convent tower,
Soft the bells ring forth the hour,
Chiming with their peaceful call
God's protection over all.

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING. BY WIRTABEL RAMSEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY SARA EMILY HYATT (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

A THRUSH awoke at break o' dawn to glorify
The sun with melody flung to a rose-swept sky.

The notes seemed from an enchanted lyre
Of throbbing, flaring, golden fire.

The thrush, his dawn-inspirèd carols sang
Till, like a symphony of flutes, the forest rang

With echoes that swung musically on
Into the mystic silence of the break o' dawn.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY

BY KENNETH KOCH (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

IN September about a year ago I was left alone in the house by my father and mother. During the evening I was disturbed by a grating noise which issued from the cellar. It had such a sinister sound that I did not investigate, but hoped that it was only rats. I resolved to ask my father to set a trap in the cellar.

The next day my mother heard the noise, but though she searched high and low, she could find nothing. That evening, while sitting at supper, we heard the noise louder than before. My father rushed down cellar. The noise came again and it seemed to come from the furnace. Upon opening the furnace door, he was startled by seeing a pair of large, glowing eyes. Armed with a pair of thick gloves and a candle, he reached in and drew forth—a very much frightened and confused little screech-owl. After showing our catch to some interested neighbors, my father opened his hand and the frightened little owl skimmed away into the gathering dusk.

How he came to be in the furnace is a mystery to this day, because all the openings to the furnace had been closed for weeks. The only possible solution is that he went to sleep on the top of our chimney and fell in, finding his way through the pipe to the furnace. Even this sounds impossible, because our chimney, a small one, is surmounted by about two feet of seven-inch pipe with a cap. Since then there has been a sign on the top of the chimney reading: Owls! No Parking!! Beware!!!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 325

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members: **Elinor Eugenia Bramhall** (age 16), Calif.; **Sallie Carter** (age 16), Canada; **Constance R. Pultz** (age 13), N. Y. Gold Badges, **Anna Rosenberg** (age 15), N. J.; **Audrey Ovington** (age 13), Calif.; **Susan Johnstone** (age 12), Conn. Silver Badges, **Hannah Greeley** (age 13), Wis.; **Russell Byall** (age 15), Kans.; **Vesta K. Nickerson** (age 13), Cal.; **Kenneth Koch** (age 13), O.

VERSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members: **Mary S. Hawling** (age 16), N. J.; **Honor C. McCusker** (age 17), R. I.; **Dorothea Griesbach** (age 17), Wis.; **Mary Wallace** (age 16), Canada; **Evelyn Flebbe** (age 16), Calif.; **Bernice Gibbs** (age 16), Calif. Gold Badges, **Helen Fisher** (age 14), N. J.; **Margaret Mitchell** (age 13), Wis. Silver Badges, **Irene Garrison Kellogg** (age 16), Va.; **Frances Rich** (age 15), Tenn.; **Sara Emily Hyatt** (age 11), Ind.

DRAWINGS. Cash Awards for Honor Members: **Virginia Snedeker** (age 17), N. Y.; **Marian Dunlop** (age 15), R. I. Gold Badges, **Rosamond Warfield Rockwell** (age 17), N. J.; **Helen Clark** (age 17), Mo.; **B. Crawford Benedict** (age 15), N. J. Silver Badges, **Kenneth Stevener** (age 17), N. Y.; **Richard Goldman** (age 14), N. Y.; **Edith Austin** (age 12), Panama.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Cash Awards for Honor Members: **Barbara W. Kelley** (age 13), N. Y. Gold Badges, **Geneva H. Bennett** (age 16), Va.; **Elaine Walker** (age 14), Ill. Silver Badges, **Margot Belden** (age 11), Wyo.; **E. Louise Meneely** (age 13), N. Y.; **Emeline Ellida Davison** (age 15), N. Y.; **Alexia du Pont Ortiz** (age 14), Del.; **Martha Herrman** (age 15), Iowa; **Laurence Schwab** (age 10), Ariz.; **Grace C. Pease** (age 15), Calif.; **Evelyn Cross** (age 12), Calif.; **Wirtabel Ramsey** (age 14), Texas; **Avery Phillis** (age 11), Ohio; **Ruth Sweetland** (age 14), Pa.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Margaret A. Ford** (age 14), Va. Silver Badges, **Marie Louise Degen** (age 12), Col.; **Donald Byers** (age 14), Canada.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold Badge, **Marie Froehlich** (age 14), N. Y. Silver Badges, **Eleanor Clarkson** (age 14), N. Y.; **Allan B. Temple** (age 12), Mass.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

A BIT OF LIFE. BY MARGARET SNYDER MORRIS, AGE 14

PROSE

Muredach Dooher
Dorothy M. Fay
H. Virginia Metcalfe
Dorothy Brown
Lloyd Irvine
Zoe R. Bunten
Marjorie D. Leonard
Joy Waller
Ellen D. Reid
Gertrude Cross
Mary R. Stetson
Elizabeth A. Marshart
James Swartwout
Marjorie E. Selle
E. Keith Rees

VERSE

Elizabeth L. Wheeler
Betty Evans
Carmen de Arango
Margaret K. S. Fayerweather
Frances E. Armstrong
Mary H. Blodgett
Priscilla A. Hatch
Ruth E. Woodbury
Doris Sahl
Harrison Clapp
Mary A. Hurd
Louise Caldwell
Barbara Burras
Helen Thorne
Daisy W. Cooper
Emily Litchfield
Ruth Hastings
Katherine E. More
Lynette Behney
Mary E. Dobbins
Ellen L. Forsyth
E. Romney Wheeler
Virginia L. Scott
E. Hartley Palmer
Dorothy Osborne
Eleanor S. Burgess
Brenda Green

DRAWINGS

Jacob Nadler
Margery Griffen
Betty Leland
Louise H. Bowen
Robert M. Ramey
Louise Booth
Barbara J. Averill
Eleanor R. Buehring
Mabel Ryan
Alice Blair
Katharine K. Lewis
Mildred Birchard
Marie L. Collart
Elise Whitney
Josephine McKittrick
Juliet Schellenbach
Maria M. Coze
Elisabeth Russell
Betty Ashley
Katherine L. Churchill
Louise Paulson
Gladys E. Melcher

PHOTOGRAPHS

Nancy T. Wilson
Ethel A. Harrington
Theodore Jaques, Jr.
Mary K. Myers
Ruth Lyman
Christine Irwin
Louise Lewis
Marjorie McPherson
Isabella R. Hardy
Elizabeth R. Lehman
Fannie S. Heck
Edith Sidway
Frances Morgan
Robert M. Cowen
Betty A. Magruder
Elizabeth T. Dearborn
Betty Glover
Margaret Baldwin
Gretchen Tonks
Mary S. Birdsall
Ellen M. Scattergood
Mary-Jane Pollock
R. C. Alexander
Elizabeth Hill
Katharine Abercrombie
Virginia M. Oman
Elizabeth Merriam
Elizabeth Cheney
Ruth A. Cook
Janet Glover
Beatrice Meeker
Daniel P. Mannix, 4th
Betty Rohan
Margaret Byerc
Cecile M. Katz

HONOR ROLL

A list of those whose work was deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Florence Wright
Karin Stetson
Emily Beebe
Mary B. Brooks
Cynthia Sanborn
Helen E. Austin
Jane Kirk
Alice R. Rust
Catherine Coleman
Viette G. Count
Carol S. Hopkins
Lincoln Cornwell
Laura Wellman
Sabra F. Rollins
Betty Baymore
Constance Ludden
Margaret M. Morgan
Erna Goettsch
Charline Tucker
Lenore Anderson
Harold Knowlton
Agnes Brown
Mary H. Hutchings
Phyllis Morgan
Frances Judson
Mary Morgan
Hudnall Harvey
Mary E. Stoves
Josephine Walsh
Howard Freedman
Harriet Palmer
Harold Keen
Roger Fredland
Erika Heinecke
Virginia Buscho
Martha Chesley
Nancy Nash
Patricia E. Nash
Dorothy A. Newman
Priscilla Metcalf
Virginia F. Farr
Sally Campbell
Elizabeth S. Myers
John G. Collan, Jr.
Maud A. Molatch
Peggy Evans
Allison Schaich
Grace Mellencamp
Barbara Snoke
Natalie Joffe

VERSE

Beatrice McKain
Elizabeth Spiekerman
A. Marguerite Heydweiller

DRAWINGS

Constance Robinson
Virginia Condict
Thelma Cerruti
Fluella Clinton
Margaret A. Carr
Marie E. Levenson
Justine Lewis
Eleanor Tiedeman
Myrtle Volger
Martha Wright
Carolyn Hun
Lalia B. Simison
Katherine Sands
Margery Manning
Shirley Douglas

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING BY AVERY PHILLIS, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

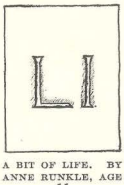
Kathleen Wiggin
Lorna L. Quarles
Ellen Ianziti
Betty Stritzel
Dorothy Harris
Dorothy K. McCord
Robert Szczeh
Barbara H. Schultz
Laura L. Sprigg
Anne D. Garrettson
George J. Pearson
Frederick A. Russell
Mary McReavy

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mary C. Kuechke
John L. Harman
William McElhoe
Barbara H. Donaldson
Hortense Clark
Eleise Sinnett
Elizabeth Johnston
Mabel Coe Mosier
Malcolm S. Bull
Wheeler Jenkins, Jr.
Isabel Johnson
Alice B. Thompson
Susan Breul
Victor Schrader
Katherine Maule
Matilda Hammerslough
Ruth Haggman
Rosalie Kahn
Louise Reid
Faith Stevenson
Hilda Maufield
Julia P. Wightman
Grace Johnson
Norman E. Watts
Jean Morrison
Betty Knight
Betty Copeland
Irene Schaier
Minot Grose
Sylvia F. Lardner
Florence Millar
Florence Bader
Joan Bader
Glen Bradford
Alida Wilson
Evelyn Bahr
Helene J. Shaw
Mary Collier
Francis C. Evans
Betty Wells
Eleanor Gilbert
Oliver R. Metcalf
Mary Kelly
Dora L. Weaver
Virginia Milner
Alison B. Murphy
Jane L. Longnecker
Beth A. Cutter
Alfred Satterthwait
Alice Clement
Olga Krug

PUZZLES

Elizabeth H. Hopkins
Roena Miller
Marion Glidden
Jane Bandy



A BIT OF LIFE. BY ANNE RUNKLE, AGE 11

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto, "Live to learn and learn to live."

Its emblem, the "Stars and Stripes."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, is widely recognized as a great artistic educational factor in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Cash prizes of two, three, and five dollars each are awarded to Honor Members for, respectively, their first (verse up to 30 lines; prose, 350 words), second (verse up to 36 lines; prose, 400 words), and third (verse up to 40 lines; prose, 500 words) contribution selected for publication.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 328

Competition No. 328 will close **May 1.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.** Badges sent one month later. Honor Members may, if they wish, choose their own subjects.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Paths of the Sea."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"Our Best Celebration."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Taken on a Hike."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Bit of Fun,"** or **"A Heading for July."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full. Cross-word puzzles by Honor Members are eligible for cash prizes as above.

Puzzle Answers. Best complete set of answers to the puzzles in this issue. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write *in ink* on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

FRIENDS OF "TOM SAWYER" PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "Tom Sawyer," the Mark Twain Society, 37 Gray Avenue, Webster Groves, Mo., Cyril Clemens, President, is offering a prize of ten dollars for the best letter on the subject, "Why I Like Mark Twain." Letters should not exceed three hundred words in length, and must reach the Society, at the address given, by August first.

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have no doubt heard about the trouble in Nicaragua, but perhaps you have not heard of it from any one living right in Managua, the capital. Ever since the revolution they had here in Managua last August—in which all communication was cut off from Corinto, the seaport about ninety miles north of Managua—they have had a United States gunboat in Corinto for the purpose of protecting American lives and property in case they should be endangered. However, it was not until the first of the year that it was finally decided to have a guard of sailors and marines sent here to Managua, for things had been getting very serious, and some rebels had just tried to assassinate President Diaz. So on Thursday, the sixth of January, the whole American colony went down to the station to see the "gobs" come in.

The night before, some revolutionists had taken up a portion of the railroad-track in hopes that it would not be noticed and therefore wreck the train the sailors were coming on. (That just shows how glad these people were to have them come!) Of course, the damage was noticed and fixed before the train arrived, and a caboose and a flat-car filled with tools was sent ahead of the train to make sure that no other rails were missing.

Aside from the American colony (which is not very large), very few people were at the station—practically none of the *Alta Sociedad* of Managua, only the *gente*. The band of "Los Altos Poderes" and the Nicaraguan National Guard, with the Nicaraguan colors beautifully embroidered in wool, turned out in full force. When the train pulled into the station, not one single sound was made. It was really sort of weird. And the silence continued as the American guard got off the train, collected their duffles, and put them on two trucks that had been sent down for that purpose. Then the band burst forth with "The Star-Spangled Banner,"—which they played loudly, but not too well!—and then the Nicaraguan National Anthem, which is rather long and tedious. After that they changed into one of Sousa's marches and started off toward the Campode Marte (the military barracks), where our men were to be quartered. I can tell you, it gave me quite a thrill to see those boys march by! There were 165 altogether, 45 marines and 120 sailors. It gave one a sort of safe feeling that one certainly had not had before. Now that they are here, things will begin to quiet down a bit, I hope.

They are going to stay until March, I believe, and then there will be a regular detachment of marines here all the time, just the way it was before we came to Managua.

Then, the minute they took them away, there was a revolution; so I hope that this time they 'll stay!

Wishing you the best of luck always.

Your devoted reader,

ELISABETH TROWBRIDGE DURHAM (AGE 15).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since December, 1923, but I read you even before that. I have only been in Washington for about a year; before that I lived in Panama. My father is an army officer and we lived on an army post called "Quarry Heights." It was on a hill, and out of that hill rock had been quarried to make the locks of the Panama Canal. That was why it was called Quarry Heights.

When I went to camp this summer, of course my mother sent you to me. The day you arrived I was one of the most popular girls of the camp.

With many, many good wishes, I am,

Your faithful reader,

FAY SUMNER.

ORANGE, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four and one half years, and I think you are the best magazine ever written. I read every speck of you, sometimes more than once; I hate to lay you away. I have eight bound volumes of you and I mean to get many more. The stories I like best are, "Chuck Blue of Sterling," and "Treasure-Trove." I also like Ralph H. Barbour's stories. I like all your stories, but these are the ones I like best.

I have never seen any letters from Orange in the Letter-Box, so I will tell you a little about our town. Packing oranges is the main industry. I will try to tell you all about it.

After the oranges are picked, they are taken to the packing house and stored in the basement. When ready to be packed, they are taken by an automatic box elevator, and dumped into the soaking tank. The fruit then runs over stiff revolving brushes, which removes every particle of dirt and scale. From here, it goes to the dipping tank, which contains water mixed with various chemicals, which prevents the fruit from decaying. It is now taken by an automatic elevator to the large dryers, which dry the fruit thoroughly by warm air.

The fruit is conveyed by a moving belt from the dryer, to the grading table. Here the oranges move along on the belt, and are sorted by hand by the various "graders" as the people are called. The best oranges then go through an automatic sizer, and from here they are packed by hand by the "packers" each of whom works with a different sized orange.

The orange is now in the box, which goes over moving belts to the lidding machine, that automatically puts the cover on the box and seals it with a strap. The sealed box now goes into the precooling room, where they are stacked four high. The box is left there 72 hours under the temperature of 37°.

The boxes are now loaded in iced refrigerating cars, and are ready to be shipped to all parts of the world.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year, I remain,

Your enthusiastic reader,

EVELYN BAHR.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you for several years and have never got so much pleasure from any other magazine as we have from you. There is always a dispute when you arrive as to who shall have you. Mother generally has to divide up the time equally between us.

One day our English assignment was to prepare, to recite orally, something of interest to all the members of the class. We had often had this assignment before and I did n't have any idea what to talk about. But ST. NICHOLAS came to my aid, for from one of the articles I obtained enough to talk about for several recitations.

I am very fond of your serial stories. I know that "Treasure Trove" will prove to be very exciting. Your short stories, too, are unequaled by those in other boys' and girls' magazines. Several times on special occasions our English teachers have read us stories from you.

Wishing you the best success, in years to come, pleasing our children and grandchildren,

Your loving reader,

MARION PHINNEY (AGE 14).

MANILA, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in the Philippines almost eight years, and in that time I have only been to the United States once.

Whenever I get my ST. NICHOLAS, I just plump down in a chair and cannot be heard from until I 'm through, and then I reproach myself because I have n't left a single thing to read later on. Oh! how I wish ST. NICHOLAS came twice or three times a month instead of once!

I go for a vacation in Baguio every year, and last year when I was up there I missed a few copies of the magazine, and I felt as if I had lost a friend. When I got back to Manila I located the copies I had missed, and I know for two days I was a pest, because I would just sit in a chair and read and *read* and READ and not pay any attention to any one around me.

Your devoted reader,

EDITH HIND (AGE 11).

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for more than five years and could hardly think of giving you up. To me THE LETTER-BOX is very interesting. It seems strange that boys and girls all over the world read you, and I know from their letters that they enjoy you as much as I do.

I am quite fond of Ralph Henry Barbour's stories and also those by Augusta Huiell Seaman. I was greatly interested in the article which appeared in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS about Niagara Falls. Living in Buffalo, I have opportunity to see the falls quite often. I hope every reader of this magazine may see them some time.

Last Sunday we motored with some friends to see the falls in their winter glory. Although they were not frozen, everything around them was. The trees and bushes had a coating of ice about an inch thick. At the foot of the falls there was a strip of deep ice through which the water had worn a narrow channel. However, I think I like old Niagara in the summer best, when the water is as green as the grass and trees. It 's lots of fun to roam around Goat Island, which is

quite large. Wishing you the best of success,

Your loving reader,
ISABEL F. WHITELOCK (AGE 14).

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAREST PLEASURE-GIVER—ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you, off and on, for some time. When I was very small my grandmother gave you to me first. I was then too small to *truly* enjoy your many pleasures, but I liked you very much. I have been in England twice and took you there part of the time. But I had not taken you for a long, *long* time when a year ago at Christmas-time you were started again, and now I would not discontinue you for anything. I am eleven years old and have just been sick with appendicitis, but am nearly well now. I wish you all the good luck possible, and I remain,

Affectionately yours,
ELIZABETH GREY PICKERING.

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading your magazine for about two years and I like to read you very much. I received ST. NICHOLAS for February and I was reading THE LETTER-BOX, when I saw a picture of a Schipperke dog. I am very much interested in Schipperkes as we have one, and when I first saw the picture I thought it was our dog.

I also have a Doberman Pinschers and a chow chow. I think Janet Thompson has the right idea about schipperke dogs.

Yours truly,
NANCY HILEMAN.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much and I think THE LEAGUE is very interesting. I have four sisters and the one that is ten reads it too. I have only taken you for a few months, but my mother and father and all my grandparents took you and loved you.

We have the volumes of ST. NICHOLAS from 1889 to 1913 and that is why Mother did not give me the magazine before this. I have read all about THE LEAGUE in the volume for 1899.

I read very fast and Mother says she does n't know how I understand what I read. I came to Stamford in September without any books except "Little Women," and now I have thirty-four books and I 've read every one.

I am twelve, and at that age Mother had had several stories published.

Love from
BETTY BROWN.

REMSEN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A year ago I received you for a Christmas present. I had never heard about you until one day my sister and I were up at the library. One of our friends asked us if we had ever read any of the ST. NICHOLAS magazines. When we said no, she told us to get a copy of you, so we did. After that first copy we pounced on you about the minute you arrived at the library.

Last year when we were asked what we wanted for Christmas, we said ST. NICHOLAS, and so our aunt and uncle gave you to us. We certainly do love you.

I have a twin sister, and she said she was going to read you first when you came and so I said she could. But oh, how I did regret my promise when you came! Ever since then we have taken turns reading you first.

I enjoy THE LETTER-BOX ever so much, and just love the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

I hope I may take you forever.

Truly yours,
ALBERTA CARTER (AGE 13).

CHULA VISTA, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have made up some rhymed conundrums and am sending them to you, hoping that they may interest some of your readers.

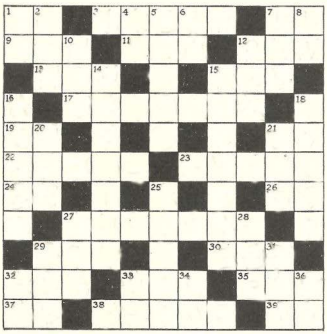
Sincerely yours,
MARGARET J. DAVIES

See the brightly colored faces
Springing up from hidden places
Red, and yellow, pink and blue,
Bringing loads of joy to you.
Answer: Sweet peas

Little gray maiden
In soft colored cloak,
You were born in the spring
When the first bluebird spoke.
Answer: Pussy-Willow

I know of a girl with a heart of gold
And a cup that is filled to the brim;
Herself she folds, when the night so bold
Comes silently creeping in.
Answer: California Poppy

CROSS-WORD PUZZLES



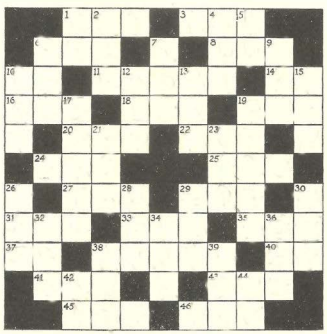
ACROSS

1. Whether
3. A worker in brick or stone
7. An Italian river
9. A number
11. A pronoun
12. A shallow vessel
13. At once
15. To be sick
17. A marriage
19. Above
21. A printer's measure
22. Peruses
23. Gleamed
24. Avenue (contr.)
26. Of (French)
27. Replies
29. To incite
30. To sink slightly
32. A common verb
33. Tint
35. An animal
37. Myself
38. Useful in steering
39. To perform

DOWN

1. A pronoun
2. A marsh
4. An exclamation
5. Plants
6. A conjunction
7. A companion
8. Upon
10. At present
12. An animal
14. Clearing of weeds
15. Sailors' implements
16. An animal
18. To scoff
20. A snare
21. Finish
25. Dreadful
27. Epoch
28. A tiny pouch
29. Before
31. To walk about aimlessly
32. A verb
33. A pronoun
34. A printer's measure
36. A preposition

H. A. ANDERSON
(AGE 15).



ACROSS

1. A couch
3. A serpent
6. The ocean
8. Recompense
10. Father
11. Commodious
14. A preposition
16. A unit
18. A grassy field
19. To augment
20. To help
22. A boy's name
24. Part of a circle
25. A verb
27. To spread loosely
29. Age
31. An exclamation
33. Object
35. To entreat
37. A feminine nickname
38. To render void
39. A very good person (contr.)
41. A vase
43. A mother-sheep
45. A grain
46. An enemy

DOWN

1. A verb
2. Part of the head
4. To watch stealthily
5. Father
6. A small pouch
7. A deer
9. An Asiatic bovine
10. To remunerate
12. Venerable
13. To disfigure
15. A number
17. The world
19. Texas wildcats
21. Frozen water
23. Used in rowing
26. A common word
28. Far from Beersheba
29. An Australian bird
30. Encountered
32. An ostrich-like bird
34. A dark fluid
36. To employ
38. Some
39. Fifth sign of the zodiac
42. Railroad (contr.)
44. A pronoun

RUTH TODD
(AGE 15).

A WRITERS' PUZZLE

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

Here are six five-letter words: FINAL, HOUSE, CLIMB, DONNA, ESSAY, AMBER.

When these words are placed one below another, in a certain order, the *second* row of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a popular writer. Rearrange the same six words, and the *fourth* row will name another writer. Rearrange once more and the *fifth* row will name still another writer. All have contributed serial stories to ST. NICHOLAS.

MARGARET A. FORD (AGE 14).

OMITTED VOWELS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

In the first and third sentences, insert the letter O wherever needed; in the second sentence insert the letter E.

1. HHWLVELYARETHEWDS!
2. THTRSWITHTHIRMAJSTICBRANCHSFILL ONWITHAW.
3. NTHINGISSSTHINGASADAYINTHEWDS.

MARIE LOUISE DEGEN (AGE 12).

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS

I. 1. In witch. 2. A conjunction. 3. An Asiatic country. 4. To expire. 5. In witch.

II. 1. In pansy. 2. Suitable. 3. A European country. 4. To fasten. 5. In pansy.

III. 1. In witch. 2. An article of apparel. 3. A part of the United Kingdom. 4. A darling. 5. In pansy.

IV. 1. In witch. 2. A common article. 3. An Asiatic country. 4. Close. 5. In pansy.

V. 1. In witch. 2. Consumed. 3. A European country. 4. A measure of length. 5. In pansy.

HELEN DEMETRY (AGE 11).

BROKEN WORDS

The names of twelve different vegetables have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear: choke, cum, er, bage, y, gus, dive, ra, fy, nip, sal, ti, cel, par, lards, a, tur, en, col, ar, cab, as, ber, bi, ach, how, bu, ti, cau, si, er, epin, kohl.

HELEN BLANC (AGE 13).

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the seventeenth will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are not of the same length.

1. Safe. 2. To get well. 3. To rub out. 4. Hidden. 5. Everlasting. 6. Solitary. 7. To cuddle. 8. Extension from end to end. 9. Subject. 10. Fully ripe. 11. A little bird of night. 12. The usages of polite society. 13. To offer. 14. Mistake. 15. A fruit. 16. Docile. 17. To let.

CLARA L. DEASY (AGE 11).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In the above numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-seven letters, is a quotation from Emerson concerning good manners.

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. EXAMPLE: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. ANSWER: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *chip* to *stem* in five moves.
2. Change *stake* to *shore* in four moves.
3. Change *shoe* to *coat* in four moves.
4. Change *task* to *cars* in five moves.
5. Change *sword* to *sport* in four moves.
6. Change *sing* to *hush* in eight moves.

MARY BAILEY (AGE 14).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND SINGLE CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and singly curtail a thin slice of bacon, and leave a pronoun. ANSWER: Ra-she-r.

In the same way, doubly behead and singly curtail:

1. To plan craftily, and leave a finished edge.
2. Weaves, and leave help.
3. Eskimo canoes, and leave a long-haired animal of Central Asia.
4. Terminating, and leave uproar.
5. To kindle, and leave the egg of an insect.

When these words have been rightly guessed, beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the five three-letter words will spell the surname of a famous musician.

JEAN ALICE WHITLOCK (AGE 13).

A CLASSICAL CHARADE

Two, cry—sad cry of tragic *whole!*
No help could e'er *three one;*
Artemis and Apollo slay!
Two vilest deeds e'er done!

ALICE S. EMERY.

A NAVAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a British general in the Peninsular War and the final letters will spell an English admiral.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A figure with nine sides and nine angles. 2. To put in order. 3. Pertaining to a part only. 4. Sickness. 5. A forbidding of vessels to leave port. 6. A city of Lower Burma.

KLONIE JOACHIM (AGE 14).

A FLEET OF BIG SHIPS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
M	E	J	C	A	H	D	N
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
S	A	I	N	L	T	A	A
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
C	T	N	O	M	E	I	L
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
A	T	M	M	A	R	V	N
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
R	L	B	A	U	E	I	E
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
E	E	I	A	T	U	T	G
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
N	R	N	I	Q	A	A	L
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
G	A	A	A	N	I	B	E

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been correctly made, the names of seven great transatlantic passenger liners may be spelled out.

DONALD BYERS (AGE 14).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE. Across: 1. Errand. 6. Manage. 11. Seats. 12. Line. 13. Av. 14. Take. 15. Land. 16. Ate. 17. Are. 18. Mast. 19. Glen. 20. B.S. 21. Want. 22. Gems. 23. Bone. 24. Pits. 26. Ivory. 28. Bars. 29. Sp. 30. Seam. 31. Card. 32. Die. 33. Hat. 34. Bent. 35. Fall. 36. El. 37. Ding. 38. Carol. 39. Wont. 40. Barn. 41. Coed. 42. Dare. 43. In. 44. Crossword. 45. Beg.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA. Odyssey.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Aconcagua. 1. Antlers. 2. Compass. 3. Obelisk. 4. Numbers. 5. Chamois. 6. Andiron. 7. Giraffe. 8. Unicorn. 9. Apricot.

OCTAGON. Sew, seare, easel, wreck, elk.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Longfellow. 1. Col-lap-ses. 2. Opp-one-nts. 3. Cor-net-ist. 4. For-got-ten. 5. Com-for-ter. 6. Ant-eat-ers. 7. Abo-lit-ion. 8. Rep-let-ion. 9. Res-our-ces. 10. Mid-win-ter.

SOME HEAVY WEIGHTS. 1. Washington. 2. Newton. 3. Wellington. 4. Hamilton. 5. Lytton. 6. Charleston. 7. Lexington. 8. Galveston. 9. Scranton. 10. Trenton. 11. Boston. 12. Burlington.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE. 1. S. 2. Tea. 3. Seeds. 4. Admit. 5. Sinus. 6. Tuned. 7. Sever. 8. Delay. 9. Rabat. 10. Yacht. 11. The. 12. T.

ROYAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Queen Elizabeth; fourth row, Alfred the Great. Cross-words: 1. Queachy. 2. Useless. 3. Edifice. 4. Exerted. 5. Novelty. 6. Erudite. 7. Lettuce. 8. Isthmus. 9. Zabern's. 10. Anagram. 11. Bearish. 12. Elderly. 13. Treason. 14. Hostile.

CHARADE. Core-sigh-can; Corsican.

DIAMOND. P, hic, heral, pirates, canon, Lan, S.

KING MOVE PUZZLE. Shore, begin at 57; Cayenne, 41; Lima, 51; Montevideo, 53; Valparaiso, 63; Paramaribo, 16; Quito, 33; Caracas, 10; Potosi, 13.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than April 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 479) and give answers *in full* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Allan B. Temple—Adele Froehlich—Marie Froehlich—Frederick Snow Townsend—Catharine Todd—Carol Colver—Alfred Satterthwaite—Helen H. McIver—"The Three R's"—"The Days."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Catharine Whitehorn, 9—Ruth Fadelis, 9—Edmund Benter, 9—Joan Rowland, 9—Olive R. Metcalf, 7—Louise Partridge, 7—Dorothy Braun, 5—Katherine White, 5—Phoebe Hochstader, 3—Pearl Miller, 3—Natalie P. Guggenheim, 3—Irene Miller, 2—Marjorie N. Ostrander, 2—Philip Riddle, 1—Mary Lee Baker, 1—Anna Sokoloff, 1—Janellen Magee, 1—Charlotte Munroe, 1—Mary Elizabeth Lanning, 1—Jane G. Hamersley, 1—Frances Rice, 1—Allan Lucht, 1.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

(*Continued from page 469*)

shaped company we sometimes see high in the sky, use daylight hours as well. Usually they do not fly very fast or very high, although we do not really know much about these points since we can not see the birds when they are far overhead.

"But do they not get very tired during these long flights?" you are probably wondering.

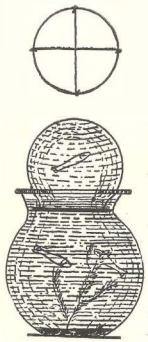
They do not seem to do so. People have watched them, for example, after they have come five hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico, where, of course, they could not stop to rest. If they had been tired, they would have landed as soon as they saw the shore. But they flew on for many miles and did not seem to be in any hurry to come down. Even the little hummingbird, with his swiftly vibrating wings, takes the Gulf of Mexico in one long flight. The golden plover, when he flies south, is known to cover without a stop a 2400-mile section of his journey.

OTTO WILSON.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE AQUARIUM

HERE is a new way of fixing up a globe in which you have goldfish!

Get a much smaller globe, choosing one which when inverted will for some distance pass into the opening of the other. Now make a wire frame, like that which you can see in our upper diagram, by twisting a piece of wire into a circle of such a size that it will rest firmly just inside the neck of the larger globe. Then cut two lengths of wire and lay them across the round as shown, twisting the ends around the circle to hold the wires in place. Put the wire frame in the neck of the larger globe, being sure that the water in the larger globe covers it. Then fill the small globe up to the top with water. Over the mouth put a piece of thin cardboard. Press this well down and you will find that you can turn the globe upside down without spilling the water, because the pressure of the air keeps the cardboard in place. Now place the small globe, still inverted, so that it rests on the wire frame. When its mouth is completely submerged, but not before, draw away the piece of cardboard with great care. When you have done this, the water in the small globe will be one with that in the larger vessel. Then your novel aquarium will be complete. You will find that the fish apparently like to swim up into the upper globe, where you can have an exceptionally clear view of them.



S. LEONARD BASTIN.

THE BEAR-CAT OF THE HIMALAYAS

SCHOOL-BOYS or college boys often say of one of their fellows, who is very strong or particularly gifted in one line or another, "He 's a regular bear-cat at that!"

While I have long been familiar with that phrase, it was only recently that I learned that there is a real animal known as a bear-cat, found in the mountains of eastern Tibet. It is sometimes called a cat-bear. Strangely enough, however, it is not very closely related either to the cat or the bear family! As our picture shows, it looks very much like a big piebald bear; but when naturalists classify animals they decide not by their outer looks, but by their inner structure, the family or species to which they belong. Hence they conclude that the bear-cat is really a cousin of the racoon. When I was a child down South we used to sing a bit of doggerel which ran like this:

The racoon tail is ringed all round;
The 'possum tail is bar';
The rabbit ain't got no tail at all
Except a bunch of ha'r.

But certainly the bear-cat, or, to give him a more scientific name, the giant panda, has no rings around his tail. His tail is short and white, not unlike a sheep's tail, in fact. His body is heavy and clumsy looking; his head is blunt, with small ears, his eyes are ringed with black, as if with horn-rimmed spectacles, and he has a short, thick neck.

His fur is remarkably close and woolly and strikingly variegated, the face and the haunches being white while the fore quarters are a deep, rich brown.

This curious sort of racoon has a close cousin called simply the panda, which is only about the size of a fox, and which, like a fox, has a long, handsome, bushy tail with rather indefinite rings. Its fur is of a shaded brown without the bold white patches exhibited by the giant panda.

But though the big panda does indeed look so much like a bear, and a pretty formidable bear at that, it is really quite a harmless fellow and lives mainly on fruits and the roots of vegetables. Perhaps, like its smaller cousin, it occasionally varies this diet by adding a few insects.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.
THE GIANT PANDA, OR BEAR-RACOON

Only one of these strange beasts was ever brought to this country, and that was not brought here alive. It is the one now mounted in the American Museum of Natural History, from which our picture was made. The creature was not discovered until some fifty years ago. A French missionary, the Abbé Armand David, came across it in 1869 and sent a description and specimen to the museum of natural history in Paris. Here it was studied by the famous traveler and naturalist Alphonse Milne-Edwards, who described it for the French Academy of Sciences.

DONOVAN MCCLURE.

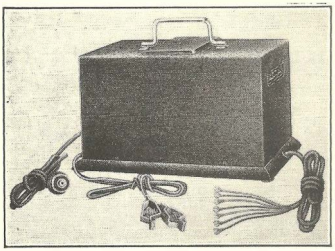
RADIO DEPARTMENT

USING THE HOUSE-LIGHTING CIRCUIT FOR RADIO

Battery eliminators and low-rate chargers help solve the problem of radio batteries. Costs run rather high

By W. F. CROSBY

FOR the past year or so there has been considerable interest shown in radio receivers which will operate directly from the house-lighting circuits; but a careful survey of the market shows that such sets are still extremely scarce and also very high priced. Upon closer examination it is easy to understand why this is so, for the design of such a receiver involves considerable expense in research, and the set itself must incorporate many expensive parts which are not needed in the ordinary battery-operated receiver.

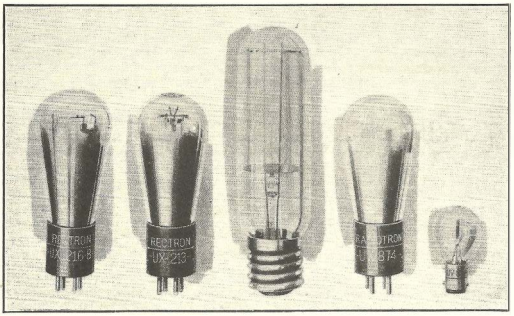


THIS IS A DEVICE WHICH WILL SUPPLY B AND C VOLTAGES FROM THE HOUSE-LIGHTING CIRCUIT, AND IN ADDITION IT INCORPORATES A TRICKLE CHARGER FOR THE A-BATTERY

Let us look into the situation a little more closely in order that we may understand the matter thoroughly, for after all, there is nothing complicated about it and every one should know something about such sets.

The average radio set requires at least two sets of batteries. One is the A-battery, which is used for lighting the tubes, and the other is the B-battery, which simply balances the circuit. In addition, many modern sets have a third battery, which also acts as a balancer and is known as the C-battery. This battery also aids in prolonging the life of the B-battery. Any battery supplies what is known as direct current, and by this it is meant that the positive and negative poles remain constant, with the current flowing in one direction only. Operating a radio set on anything but direct current will cause it to hum loudly and make radio broadcasting completely inaudible.

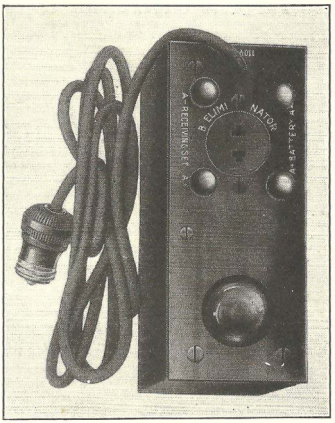
The electricity used in your home, except in a few localities, is known as 110-115 volt, sixty-cycle, alternating current, and it is used because it is cheaper to transport over long-distance wires—far cheaper than direct current.



HERE ARE SHOWN THE VARIOUS TYPES OF VACUUM-TUBES USED IN ELECTRICALLY OPERATED SETS. THE TWO ON THE LEFT ARE RECTIFIER TUBES, THE ONE IN THE CENTER IS A BALLAST TUBE, THE NEXT A VOLTAGE REGULATOR, AND THE LITTLE ONE IS USED TO PROTECT THE SET AGAINST POSSIBLE SURGES

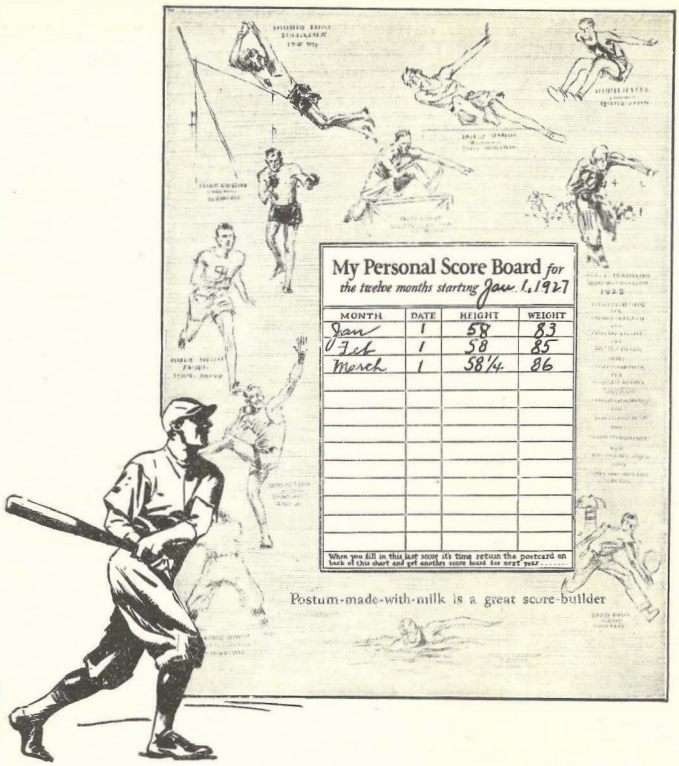
The fact that it is alternating current means that it is totally unfitted for radio uses just as it is. In electricity of this kind the positive and negative poles keep shifting back and forth at a rapid rate, and when it is sixty-cycle, it means that this change occurs sixty times every second!

In your radio set it is highly essential to have the positive side of the B-battery wired directly to the plates of the various vacuum-tubes, and it is also necessary to have the A-battery connected in the proper way; and if either one or both batteries are connected incorrectly, the set will most certainly refuse to operate. Now, when we connect the alternating current directly to the set, it is easy to imagine what would happen. It is also quite possible that there would be a decidedly dangerous element in this, for most lighting lines have one side grounded as a protection, and since one side of your radio set is also grounded, if you happened to get the wrong side of the lighting line connected to the grounded side of your radio set, the results would probably make a first-class Fourth-of-July entertainment.



SUCH AN INSTRUMENT AS THIS WILL KEEP YOUR STORAGE A-BATTERY FULLY CHARGED AT ALL TIMES. WHEN YOU TURN OFF THE SET, THIS CHARGER STARTS AUTOMATICALLY, AND WHEN THE SET IS PUT INTO OPERATION THE CHARGER SHUTS ITSELF OFF. THE DEVICE IS ALSO EQUIPPED WITH A PLUG ARRANGEMENT FOR THE B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR

However, alternating current has the tremendous advantage that it can be raised or lowered in voltage with a rather simple little electrical device known as a transformer—a transformer somewhat like the ones used for audio-frequency amplification, but larger and made to withstand a higher



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THE score board that shows you your physical progress! We send it to you, free!

Put it up in your room. Each month, record your height and weight. Compare it with the month before. See how you're gaining.

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And give yourself still more help by choosing a drink that will help your score—Instant Postum, made with milk. It's a hot, delicious mealtime drink. A real training table drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran.

Add hot milk and a little sugar to Instant Postum. In a jiffy you have a fragrant, steaming drink. Rich with the score-building nourishment of the milk—the grain elements of the Postum. It's corking good. You'll like the Postum flavor even if you don't like plain milk. Have Instant Postum made with milk, at every meal and see what progress you make. Progress that you can't expect to make if you drink coffee and tea. For they're proven score wreckers. They contain caffein—a drug that's bad for your nerves, bad for your digestion and sure to hold you back.

We'll send you, free, one week's supply of Instant Postum and one of the personal score boards. Mark up your first score. And let the next one prove to you that Postum **is** the drink to help you win.

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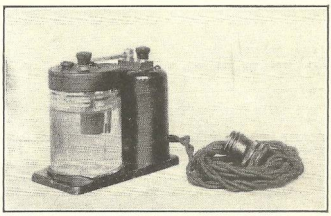
voltage. By passing the 110 volts through a number of windings in this transformer, it is then possible to secure almost an unlimited voltage across the second winding which such instruments have. This second voltage may be either above or below the



THE TRICKLE CHARGER SHOWN HERE IS THE SIMPLEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE WAY OF SOLVING THE A-BATTERY PROBLEM

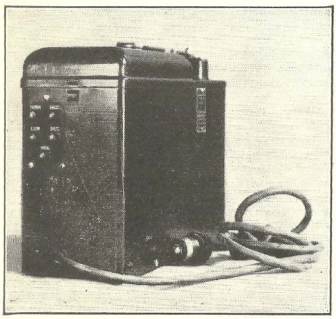
110 volts, depending on the design of the transformer, the number of turns of wire on it, and other factors. In other words, we can take 110 volts on the input side and step it down through the transformer to 3, 6, 12, or higher voltages, such as you have in the toy transformer which is used to run your electric trains. By adding to the number of turns on the second winding, the 110 volts may be stepped up to 5000 volts such as we have in a spark-coil. By building huge transformers, this voltage may be stepped up to the hundreds of thousands.

The difficulty lies in the fact that while we can build up the voltage (pressure), we cannot build up the amperage (current or flow). The A-battery in our set delivers only six or less volts, but the amperage is rather high for this voltage, and for a six-tube set it will be as much as one and a half amperes, one quarter of the voltage. If we could build a transformer which would do this, everything would be quite simple; but the difficulties are too great and its cost would be prohibitive.

However, for B-battery purposes, we find something different. Here the voltage is rather high, ranging from 22 to 135 or even more volts. We can build a transformer to accomplish this easily, for the amperage here is extremely small. It is generally measured in milliamperes, thousandths of an ampere, and even a large set will seldom draw more than 50 milliamperes.

Therefore we can take a transformer designed to give a voltage of approximately 270 volts and put this output through what is known as a rectifier. This rectifier will cut the voltage just about in half, leaving 135 volts. The rectifier will change the alternating current into direct current, sometimes clipping off one half the pulsations and in other cases rectifying both halves. One is called a half-wave rectifier and the other a full-wave rectifier. This rectifier itself may take several different forms, but it usually consists of a special type of vacuum-tube which looks somewhat like the ones used in radio sets. In fact, in the earlier rectifiers, regular radio tubes were used. It was found, though, that these would not stand up for any length of time, and so larger and better tubes, designed especially for the purpose, have been introduced.

After the alternating current has been rectified by passing through this tube, or, in the case of a full-wave rectifier, usually two tubes, it is still rather rough. If fed directly into the radio set, it would still make a humming sound, and so it is customary to design what is called a filter circuit, which will smooth out these remaining pulsations and give us an even,



THIS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR COSTS ONLY ABOUT ONE TENTH OF A CENT AN HOUR TO OPERATE

smooth flow of direct current. Thus we have 135 volts direct current to feed into our power amplifiers. But how about the other voltages?

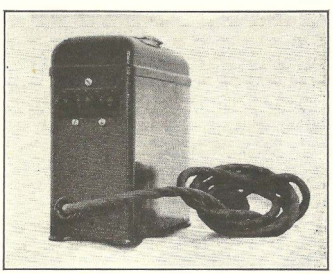
Resistances of the proper values are placed across this rectified current with leads brought out from each one to a binding-post. Thus, by putting in a certain resistance, the 135 volts can be cut down to 90 volts. Another tap will have a different resistance, and we have 45 volts; a third will have a variable resistance, so that we can cut down on the detector voltage until it works best. This resistance permits us to cut down to zero and up to 45 volts.

This is the commercial B-battery eliminator as we have it to-day. There are hundreds of different makes available with a rather wide range in price; but remember that in the cheaper ones, the filter circuit or the transformer may be cheaply made, and if they break down the whole instrument will be useless. Such a breakdown may also put the radio set completely out of business for good.

Elimination of the A-battery is a far more difficult problem, for here the voltage must be low and the amperage high, as already outlined. By using the smallest sizes of dry-cell tubes, it is possible to make the rectifier and transformer pass sufficient current to operate such a set, and, while it has been accomplished with the larger tubes, the undertaking is necessarily expensive and such instruments are usually incorporated within a complete set which is designed for just this unit.

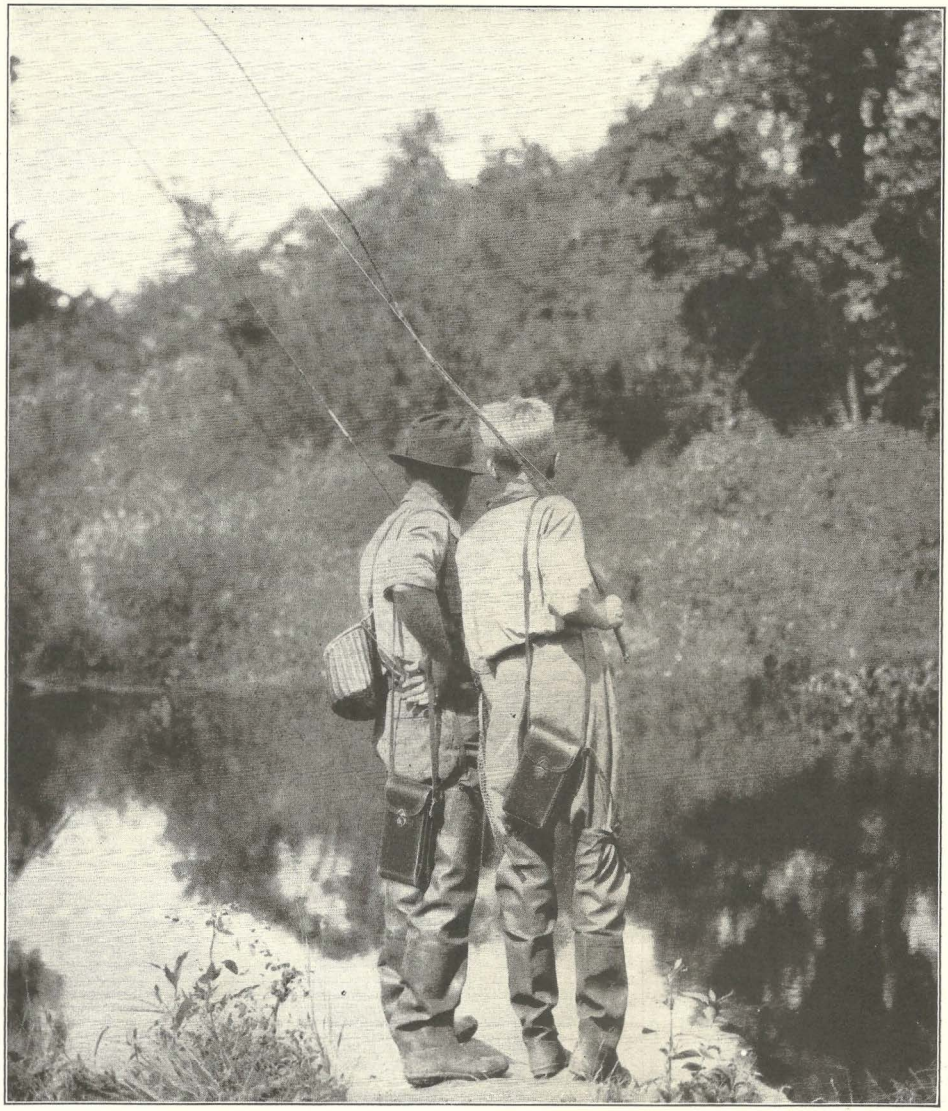
One way of accomplishing the desired result is to connect all the filament terminals of the tubes in series instead of the usual parallel system used in virtually all radio sets. This means that if you were to buy an A-battery eliminator of this kind, it would be necessary to rewire the entire A-battery or filament part of the radio set—an exceedingly difficult undertaking. About a year or so ago, several such eliminators were placed on the market at prices which would buy batteries for the average radio "fan" for the rest of his life. Needless to say, the difficulty of rewiring the set soon caused such devices to be withdrawn from sale. The system, though, is used considerably to-day in complete outfits, which are equipped with both A- and B-battery eliminators and where the set may be wired correctly at the factory. At the very most, there are about half a dozen such sets now available.

A far more practical arrangement is the use of the little instrument known as the "trickle" charger. This is essentially a low-capacity rectifier either of the vacuum-tube type, or,



THIS IS A COMPLETE UNIT FOR OPERATION FROM THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT PLUG. IT CONSISTS OF A TRICKLE CHARGER FOR THE STORAGE BATTERY AND A REGULAR B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR. A STORAGE BATTERY MUST BE USED WITH THIS UNIT, BUT IT IS PRACTICALLY AUTOMATIC IN OPERATION

as more commonly used, the electrolytic rectifier. This is a big name, but the device is quite simple. It consists of a glass jar in which has been placed a certain solution. The



Have your Kodak along

And your dad will want his, too.

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

cover of this jar is made of insulating material, and suspended from it are two pieces of metal, one lead and the other aluminum. This instrument has the ability to pass alternating current in one direction only, just like the rectifier tube; but here also, the current or amperage must be low, and it is also advisable to keep the voltage rather low.

Now, if you use a storage A-battery, you have found that about every three or four weeks it is necessary to charge this in order to keep the radio set going. The charger may be either your own or at some battery service station or garage. This charger delivers to your battery anywhere from two amperes up to ten or even more, and will usually charge the battery in a few hours. The trickle charger, though, delivers only a small fraction of an ampere and will, therefore take a long time fully to charge a battery of average capacity. However, if the trickle charger is connected to the battery and left in operation all the time that the set is not in use, it will keep a freshly charged battery at virtually full charge all the time. It must be left on all the time, though, if the set is used every night, for once the battery is permitted to run down, the trickle charger will never be able to bring it back again.

It is now possible to secure such chargers with small batteries built in as one unit, which may be connected to the radio set and to the electric-light socket. An automatic switch may be employed which will place the trickle charger in use as soon as the radio set is turned off, or will turn off the charger the second the radio is turned on. The amount of current drawn from the electric light mains by such a charger is exceedingly small, and it will make practically no difference in the monthly bill.

From all of the foregoing it is apparent that the best combination would seem to be the use of a good, full-wave B-battery eliminator and a trickle charger to take care of the A-battery. As for the C-battery, this may be disregarded, as these little batteries only cost about forty cents and a good one will last for nearly a year. There are B-battery eliminators, though, which supply this voltage also. It is only from four and a half to nine volts at most.

The greatest item in your radio equipment is the A-battery. No matter whether it is a storage battery or dry cells, the cost is always high. In the case of the storage battery, it is a high first cost; and for dry cells, the fact that they must be renewed often causes them, over a period of time, to cost considerable. Whether you use a trickle charger or not, you must have a storage battery for the average set, as it will prove far more economical in the long run. The trickle-charger storage-battery combination is probably cheaper to install and use than the storage battery combined with a regular charger. Therefore we may safely assume that the trickle charger is the best for A-battery "elimination."

In the B-battery end, it is very much of a question which is cheaper. Using a high-grade dry-cell B-battery, it is possible to go for a whole year without renewal. This is pretty reasonable running cost, for such a set of batteries would cost, at the most, ten dollars.

A good B-battery eliminator will cost anywhere from thirty to fifty dollars, and if this were the last cost it would be the cheapest in the long run. However, there is the fact that such an instrument uses a small amount of current from the electric-light mains, and it is also possible that it may break down or need new rectifier tubes. As compared with the cost of regular dry B-batteries, we find that this cost is considerably higher. The cost of the eliminator alone will buy B-batteries for from three to five years; but batteries have the habit of running down most unexpectedly, and it is possible that the eliminator, if it is a good one, will be far more convenient.

PHONOGRAPHS FOR USING RADIO DEVICES

RADIO, the movies, and the phonographs are becoming so closely allied that the day may come when they will all be under one head. The phonograph companies are adapting to their needs radio amplifiers, microphones, and other electrical apparatus, and great improvements have been made in recording and in the machines available for the home.

The newest thing is a pick-up device by which the music impressed on the record is transferred to a highly developed cone-speaker through amplifiers which are closely akin to those used in radio. This pick-up device is totally unlike anything heretofore tried out, in that it does its work electrically rather than by sound.

One of the basic principles of electrical engineering is that when a coil of wire is moved about in a magnetic field, an electrical current is set up in exact accordance with the movement. In this case a small, but extremely powerful, magnet is used, and between the poles of this a small coil of wire is placed. The other end of this coil is connected mechanically

with the needle which travels over the ridges in the record. These ridges cause the needle to move slightly, and as this moves, so does the coil or wire, and a minute electrical current is set up in it. This current is fed to amplifiers, where it comes out as music, which may be made of tremendous volume if enough amplification is used.

ADVANCES BEING MADE IN RADIO MOTION PICTURES

EACH day sees radio motion-pictures coming closer and closer to actual fact, and already considerable success has been forthcoming. However, these experimental "movies" are composed largely of simple white and black, forming silhouettes which are totally unlike the present-day motion picture. Movement can be distinguished, but that 's about all.

Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson has been working for a long time on a system whereby seven light-beams are made to play on a screen in such a way that these shadowgraphs may be discerned, the entire system being almost exactly like the method of sending photographs by radio, as described in ST. NICHOLAS early last summer. Alexanderson has simply speeded up the method in order to make the pictures actually move, and he has worked out a complicated system of mirrors and light-beams which he claims will be the basis for all future systems.

There is still a tremendous amount of development work to be done before actual motion-pictures by radio will be available, but the day will come, and possibly in a much shorter time than we expect at present.

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY FIRST TO MAKE RADIO PRACTICAL

THE first scientist to recognize the possibilities of communication without wires was James Clark-Maxwell, who published in 1873 a brief essay on "Electricity and Magnetism." This book forms the basis on which later inventors built their practical instruments. Hertz was the first to set up electromagnetic pulsations in the ether, and to this day, radio-waves are frequently called Hertzian waves. It remained for a boy only fourteen years old, though, to work out the practical application of these waves, and at first he was sending these signals but a few hundred feet. Later on, he sent them across the English Channel and finally across the Atlantic Ocean. That boy was Marconi, the man who has done more for radio development than any other scientist.

THE RADIO ANTENNA

THE best kind of antenna for radio receiving is a single wire run in a straight line with the lead-in coming from one end. Number 14 bare copper wire will remain in place longest, as it is stronger than stranded wire.

HOW TO SOLDER CONNECTIONS

DIRTY and corroded wire cannot be soldered satisfactorily, for the simple reason that the solder will not stick to such a surface. In using old wire or old radio apparatus, it is advisable to clean the surfaces thoroughly before any attempt at making a connection.

A radio expert will first set his soldering "iron" to heat, either in the gas flame or by attaching it to the electric-light socket if it is an electric iron. He will next proceed to make ready to solder by cleaning every surface thoroughly either with a knife or with a bit of emery-paper. When the iron reaches the proper heat he will remove it and, first applying a little soldering flux to the surface of the connection to be made, he will permit a small drop of solder to melt on the point of the iron.

This is then brought into contact with the connection and the solder is permitted to run into the joint, thus insuring a permanent connection. It only takes a little bit of solder to make a perfect joint if this method is followed.

The iron itself should not be red-hot, but warm enough to allow the solder to become thoroughly liquified. The point of the iron will be covered with a layer of solder and kept clean. Wire solder should be used, for it is easier to handle; and a good flux may be made by powdering rosin and mixing it with alcohol, making a greenish liquid. Sometimes, by the evaporation of the alcohol, this will become thick, forming a sticky paste, which should be thinned down with a little more alcohol.

Novices at soldering invariably use too much solder and do not allow it to melt sufficiently, thus forming a huge drop of solder which will not hold and may cause serious trouble in the receiver. The whole secret of successful soldering is to have everything as clean as possible.

TALKING BY WINDMILL

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

IN spite of the telephone and telegraph, talking by windmill is still largely practised in Holland. The Dutch miller follows closely in the footsteps of his ancestors, and when he wants to communicate with some one miles away he employs the giant sails of his windmill.

This system forms one of the most perfect schemes of long-distance signaling in the world. Holland is, of course, a very flat country and, generally speaking, there are no hills to intercept the view between points that may be separated by many miles.

On almost any day in Holland it will be noticed that, out of a dozen windmills, there will be perhaps two which, to all intents and purposes, appear to be out of action. Watch these closely for a few moments and it will be noted that the sails of the idle mills move slightly from time to time and then remain for a while at a different angle. One might conclude that the machinery of the mill was being overhauled, but it is probable that this is not the case. The miller is busy holding a conversation with some one in another mill a number of miles away. Actually the mill to which the messages are being sent may be completely out of sight, for it is a common thing for intervening mills to transmit signals.

The codes used in windmill talk are very old, and these have been handed down from generation to generation. The secret of the signals is most jealously guarded by the Dutch millers, who are among the most conservative people in the world.

Apart from the secret codes of individual millers and groups of local millers, there are, in Holland, a set of windmill signals which all those who live on the countryside can understand. Now and again a windmill may stop working because it has no grist to grind. Then a certain adjustment of the sails will announce the fact to the farmers in the neighborhood, who can take steps to send along fresh supplies. On another occasion a carpenter or a blacksmith may be needed; again, there may have been an accident at the mill and the service of a medical man is required. Such needs are made known by placing the arms in a certain position.

During the Great War there were many occasions when news of the fighting in Belgium was carried about Holland by windmill talk some hours in advance of telegraphic messages.

"MRS. C. REEZ AND FLUTO"

(*Continued from page 443*)

During all this hubbub, Tony had sat amid the enthusiastic audience alone, his thoughts with little Carlo in the dingy room behind the fruit-store, probably dropping bitter tears over the swine he was whittling out of flimsy fruit-box wood. Tony was rehearsing to himself the story of the bee-utiful, but veree wicked, ladee who ungratefully turned the gentleman admirers into the peegs. He must make it funny, for Carlo must not weep any more. What the strange gentleman on the stage was saying made no difference. Just as Tony had reached in his mind the place where he would say, "And all the gentlemen swine grunt to the bee-utiful ladee, '*Ugh! Ugh!*' instead of 'Ladee, I adore you!' " he caught his own name, and the green velvet curtains had parted.

Tony sat up and rubbed his eyes. "The silver cup for the most original hobby," the gentleman was saying, "has, as I have told you, been awarded to your young schoolmate, Antonio Valerio, for his marionette theater, which the committee thought so clever that they wanted Ross Junior to see it before it is exhibited at Music Hall. Will Antonio please step to the platform to receive the silver cup for Ross Junior?"

Prodded into sensibility by his neighbor, Tony dazedly rose to his feet. "Tony! Tony! Tony Valerio!" The shouts came from all sides. As if in a dream, he stumbled along the aisle and up the steps to the platform. And there on a table, the bedquilt arranged exactly as it had been in the dingy room behind the fruit-store, the red-bandana curtain drawn back to reveal Mrs. C. Reez and The Red-One-Called-Fluto, was the magic box! And before he knew it, a shining silver cup was in his none-too-clean hands and Ross Junior had risen to its feet in a body and was wildly cheering the boy who had helped make its reputation. Tony looked helplessly toward Elmer; but Elmer's blue eyes were turned the other way.

"The committee feels that Antonio Valerio has a bright future," Mr. Sayers was saying. "In years to come, I prophesy that many of you will be going to see wonderful plays staged by your former schoolmate, Antonio Valerio. Now let 's give three big cheers for him!"

Mr. Parker's hand rested proudly upon Tony's narrow shoulders as, the cheers having subsided, he explained, "Tony made this little theater to amuse his small brother Carlo, who cannot walk." (How did Mr. Parker know that?) "He did not want to enter it himself, so one of his schoolmates entered it for him. I just heard of this this morning, and if it has caused any heartaches, Tony must try to remember it was all for Ross Junior." Elmer was looking at Tony almost pleadingly. "And now, if Tony will show us all how his marionette theater is operated, I am sure we shall all be very grateful. How about it, Tony?"

Tony nodded dumbly.

"What will it be?"

Tony whispered in Mr. Parker's ear.

"He says it will be 'The Spring Panta See,' " announced the principal, with not the ghost of a smile on his face. "You remember we gave that play last year although we called it 'The Spring Fantasy,' I believe. The characters, he says, are Mrs. C. Reez and her daughter Miss Prosperitee, four dancing ladies, and The Red-One-Called-Fluto. Are you ready, Tony?"

Tears, not altogether of laughter, streamed down the faces of the audience as Tony recounted, just as he had for a smaller, but no less appreciative audience, the sad story of Ceres and Persephone. Even Mr. Parker wiped his eyes repeatedly as the story progressed; but Tony, lost in the intricacies of his art, was blissfully unconscious of everything except the loud applause that ended the performance.

All through it he kept saying to himself, "Carlo will again be happy," and, "For Ross Junior I have procured the silver cup!"

Nor did he hold any grudge against Elmer Hoffmeister when that apologetic youth confessed after school that he had smuggled the magic box out of the store while Carlo was asleep and there was no one around. "For the good of Ross Junior, you know!" said Elmer. "Hope you did n't mind, Tony!"

"Oh no, not at all, not at all!" disclaimed Tony, his brown eyes on the silver cup that stood in solitary stateliness on a shelf of the glass case in the hall of Ross Junior. "Excuse me now, pleeze. I go home to tell Carlo."

ST. NICHOLAS BOYS AND GIRLS

Are you going to Camp this Summer? If so, be sure to look over the Camp Announcements in the Front pages of this number. If you want special information regarding any particular camp or booklet, prices, etc., fill in coupon on page 16 in front.

More than 140 Camps Advertised in this Number

CHUCK BLUE OF STERLING

(Continued from page 460)

instead. There was Chuck, standing in front of the mirror, looking at himself. He had on his sweater with the big Sterling S, and, caught beneath the S, his Gamma Delta pin.

Chuck turned, a little embarrassed. A flush crept over his face.

"Caught in the act!" Hap cried. "Picture! Big varsity man—just made fraternity—admiring himself!"

"I was n't admiring myself," remonstrated Chuck. "I was seeing how they looked together. I 'm blamed glad to have both of them. And so are you, and you know it."

Hap stretched himself out in a chair. "The reason I laughed—part of the reason," he said, "was because I did that very thing myself this morning."

The talk drifted to football and spring practice. A session of two or three weeks was soon to begin, principally to develop the kickers and the passing game. Both Chuck and Hap were going out for it, then Hap was planning to turn his attention to track and Chuck to freshman baseball.

Chuck had never done much kicking, but he had now made up his mind to one thing: He was going to spend a lot of time drop-kicking during this spring practice session. If he showed a real aptitude for it, he intended to practice all summer.

To his surprise, under the tutelage of Kinney, the coach, he discovered that he really did have the drop-kicking knack. Kinney was delighted. He spent a great deal of time with Chuck and began to develop his punting as well.

"Do you know, Chuck," he said one day, "if you keep on the way you 've started, you 'll be a real triple-threat man. I have n't had a good drop-kicker in three years. If you make the grade, it will mean that I can use some plays I 've been working on for a year or two that need a drop-kick threat." Then he added thoughtfully, "There 's a chance, young man, that they 'll be talking about you next fall as an all-America possibility."

Chuck's heart leaped. It was a thrilling thing to think about. They were standing on the thirty-five-yard line—a ball was in his hand. He balanced it, then made a perfect drop. Straight and true it went, over the middle of the goal-posts. He turned to Kinney and grinned.

The coach had n't hesitated to speak frankly to Chuck—it would n't turn his head, he knew. Probably the boy did n't need an incentive to work at drop-kicking during the summer months; but what the coach had said might help.

All in all, the spring term was starting in happily for Chuck. His library job tied him down pretty much during the evenings, but in his free moments he often had to pause and decide between four or five different things he wanted to do, things he was especially keen about. His college life already was a full one.

Then a letter came from his mother. He had n't heard from her in several days. She had had another attack. She had n't telegraphed—it was n't serious enough for that. She was sitting up now and writing to him. But she wanted him to come home for a day. An operation might possibly be wise. He was the man of the family. She wanted to talk it over with him.

Chuck got permission to leave, and planned to take the noon train. The thought of his mother kept pounding in the back of his mind all the morning, though, to keep himself from worrying too much, he attended classes as usual. But on the train, as he sat relaxed, his anxiety pressed hard upon him.

Suppose there had to be an operation; suppose his mother was in for a long siege of illness—he might have to leave college. Her salary at the library might stop and he might have to go to work to keep things going. His duty to her was paramount. He 'd do, oh, he 'd do anything and gladly to be helpful to her—

But the thought of the possibility of having to leave college suddenly overwhelmed him. He 'd been happy, wonderfully happy in making Gamma Delta. He had n't quite realized before how much he was looking forward to the fellowship there for three long years with Hap and Dan and the others. All the things that keenly interested him surged through his mind—the courses he wanted to take next year, the reading he 'd planned to do in the library, freshman baseball; but, underlying everything, football and the coming season. He thought of Kinney's remark:

"There 's a chance that they 'll be talking about you next fall as an all-America possibility."

The All-America! A goal to be aimed for, a golden vision! Chuck sat there in his seat in the train, quiet and tense, thinking, thinking. If, now, he never could have the chance!

He pulled himself together. If he had to leave college, he 'd have to leave. that was all. But maybe what

he 'd been turning over in his mind and suddenly dreading was all tommy-rot. He knew that his mother had written him honestly; it probably was n't serious, her illness. Still, he made up his mind, then and there, if he did have to leave college now or at any time before his course was finished, that he 'd not let her know how deeply he 'd feel about it.

The train steamed on. It pulled into the Sayville station and Chuck got out. Soon he was trudging down the lane toward the gray house that overlooked the river. And there was his mother at the front door, waiting for him, a little pale and worn looking, but smiling a cheery greeting! Gee, but it was wonderful to see her again!

(To be continued)

HAVE YOU AN OWL IN YOUR ATTIC?

By EVELYN C. ELDREDGE

WHILE carelessly turning over the pages of a book on birds, one day, this sentence caught my attention: "If you want some excitement, take a stuffed owl into your garden in the nesting season."

I felt the need of excitement, and I thought of the dusty and somewhat moth-eaten old owl that had been allowed to remain in our attic in spite of many house-cleanings.

From the attic to the garden was a matter of a few minutes. I called my bird-loving neighbor to witness the fun. We set up the owl on a fence-post, and, armed with an opera-glass, sat down to await developments.

We were both skeptical that anything would happen; but things did begin to happen right away.

It was n't three minutes before a robin discovered the enemy in the camp and gave the alarm—and how they came from far and near to join in the fray! Every post all around the garden had a bird on it, every one of them shouting at the top of his lungs.

The grackles led the attack, closely seconded by the robins. They would take turns flying down as near as they dared, and then nearer, taking a nip as they dashed by, while all the by-standers kept up such a racket that the neighbors came out to see what was going on.

The battle went on until finally the owl was knocked off the fence and the birds went home to relate to their families what a great danger they had averted by their courage.

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGES

Conducted by PHILIP H. WARD, JR.

Besides a description of new issues (illustrated) and brief articles of special interest to young stamp-collectors, these pages contain a list of reliable stamp-dealers. When writing to them, be sure to give your full name and address, and, as a reference, the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must first be obtained. It is well to mention THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you to solve your stamp problems.

NEW ISSUES

LUXEMBURG has issued a most beautiful series of five charity-stamps, printed in two colors, showing a portrait of young Prince Jean, son of the duchess who rules this small country lying between France, Belgium, and Germany. EGYPT has again issued a series of three varieties in two colors, similar to those described last month. This time the stamps commemorate the International Cotton Congress, which met in Cairo early in 1927. There are three denominations 5, 10, and 15

millemes. RUSSIA has placed on sale a most unusual variety, showing a picture of the former dictator, Lenin, taken at the time when he was apparently two or

three years old. All the inscriptions of this 20-kopec stamp are in Russian, and the variety which is printed in blue is lithographed. In issuing this stamp they announced that the entire amount collected from its sale will be used to aid children. It must be remembered, however, that in Russia the children belong to the nation, so that it simply means diverting a portion of the postal revenues to this purpose. Thus, the twenty kopecs that you pay for the stamp actually pays this amount of postage; but, for every one sold, the post-office department hands over twenty kopecs to the department in charge of children. SAAR, a new state carved from the former German Empire at the termination of the Great War, has issued a most interesting series of four charity stamps of 20c, 40c, 50c, 1 fr.—50c face-value, three of which we illustrate. These stamps are beautifully printed in colors and in each case the variety is sold at double face-value, one half going for postage and the remainder for charity. GREAT BRITAIN has distributed a series of eight stamps, running from 5c to 1 shilling inclusive, for use in the MANDATED TERRITORY OF TANGANYIKA. The stamp shows a portrait of King George V in black, with borders in colors. This is a mandated territory awarded to Great Britain under the Versailles Treaty, and is the first series of stamps that have been issued recognizing the fact that the territory is governed

under a mandate. NEW ZEALAND recently issued a lithographed stamp, 2 shillings, showing a portrait of King George in uniform. A similar but smaller stamp of 1d denomination printed in red is just at hand. The portrait is not considered satisfactory and it is doubtful if the stamp will remain in use for any length of time.

WHAT TO DO WITH DUPLICATES

SHORTLY after one starts a collection of postage-stamps, he begins to accumulate duplicates, and what to do with them is often a question. Special cards or books, with strips forming slots into which stamps may be placed without mounting, are sold by most stamp-dealers. Where funds are limited, similar cards may be made at home. To do this, cut pieces of cardboard about the size of the normal postal card. Then take a piece of heavy paper and cut it into strips the length of the card and about three quarters of an inch wide. Beginning at the lower edge, three of these strips should be affixed to