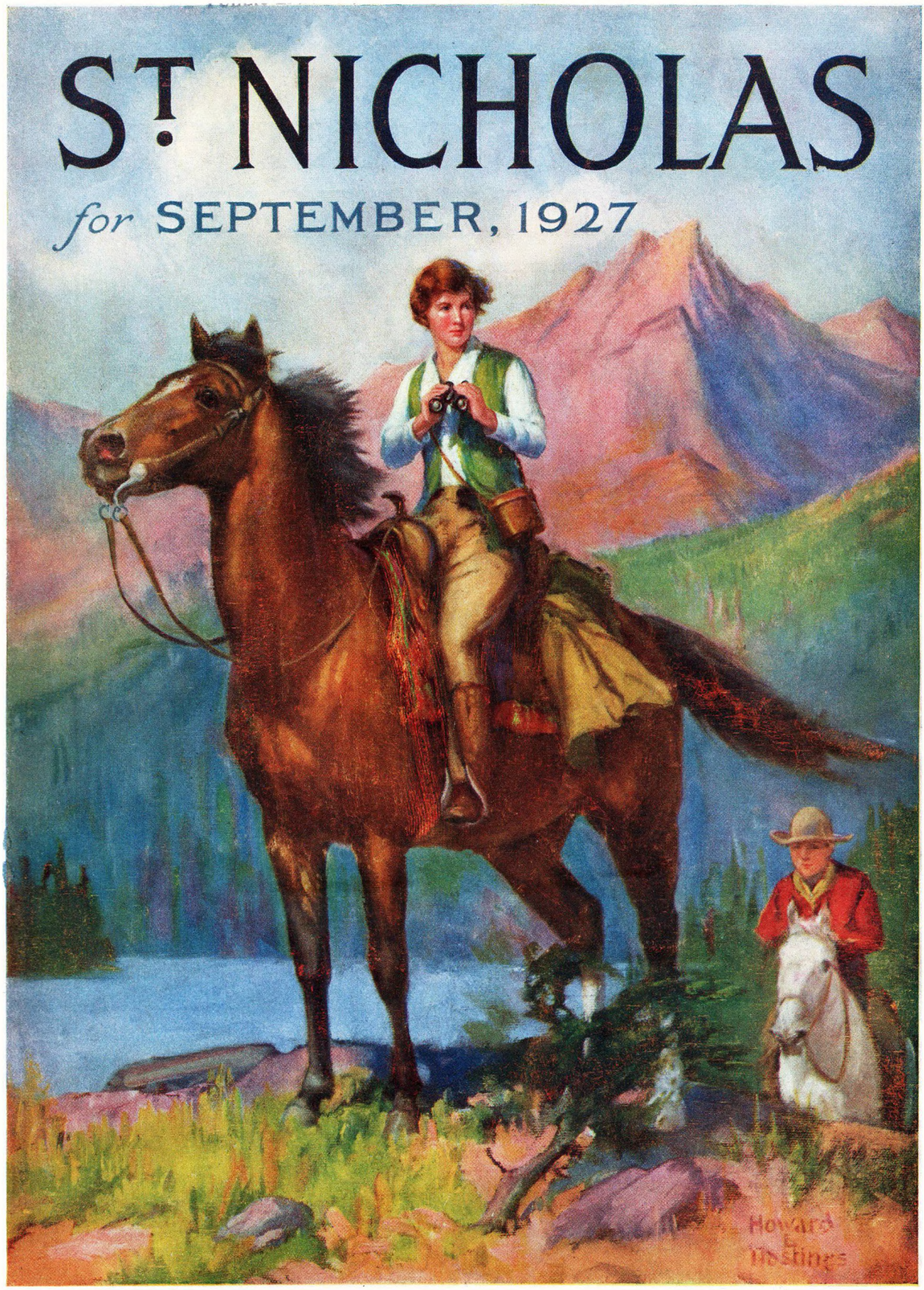
ST. NICHOLAS

for SEPTEMBER, 1927



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by F. R. WARREN

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The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

GEORGE F. THOMSON, *Managing Editor*

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The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

FEATURES *for* NEXT MONTH *and* TO COME

The Story of Louise's Garden — **CHRISTOPHER MORLEY**

Zinnias were planted, but a "flower" of more varied colors bloomed in the end. A story of *Fourchette*, *Donny*, and the *Mistletoe* family, told as only Morley can tell the tale.

Sportsmanship — **W. O. McGEEHAN**

The widely-read and much-appreciated editor of the sports section of the New York "Herald Tribune" gives younger sportsmen something to think about.

Gentlemen Unafraid — **A. M. JACOBS**

This is the long-promised article dealing with the trans-oceanic flights of this spring and summer. It brings you new facts and added thrills!

A Cheer for the Team — **RALPH HENRY BARBOUR**

Bob Morris didn't care for football, tried not to play, but succeeded, nevertheless, in winning his letter in the big game.

The Two Gifted Men — **CHARLES J. FINGER**

A Serbian tale, the last of the fine group of stories which Mr. Finger has contributed to our pages these past two years.

A Young Officer of Burgoyne's — **H. A. OGDEN**

This October the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Saratoga — the decisive battle of the Revolution — will be celebrated. Our article is based on the letters of a young British officer, Lieutenant Auburey, and the illustrations are Mr. Ogden's best.

Lawrence Still a Man of Mystery — **LOWELL THOMAS**

A sequel to "The White King of the Arabs," this article brings the famous Colonel down to date.

HIKING SONG

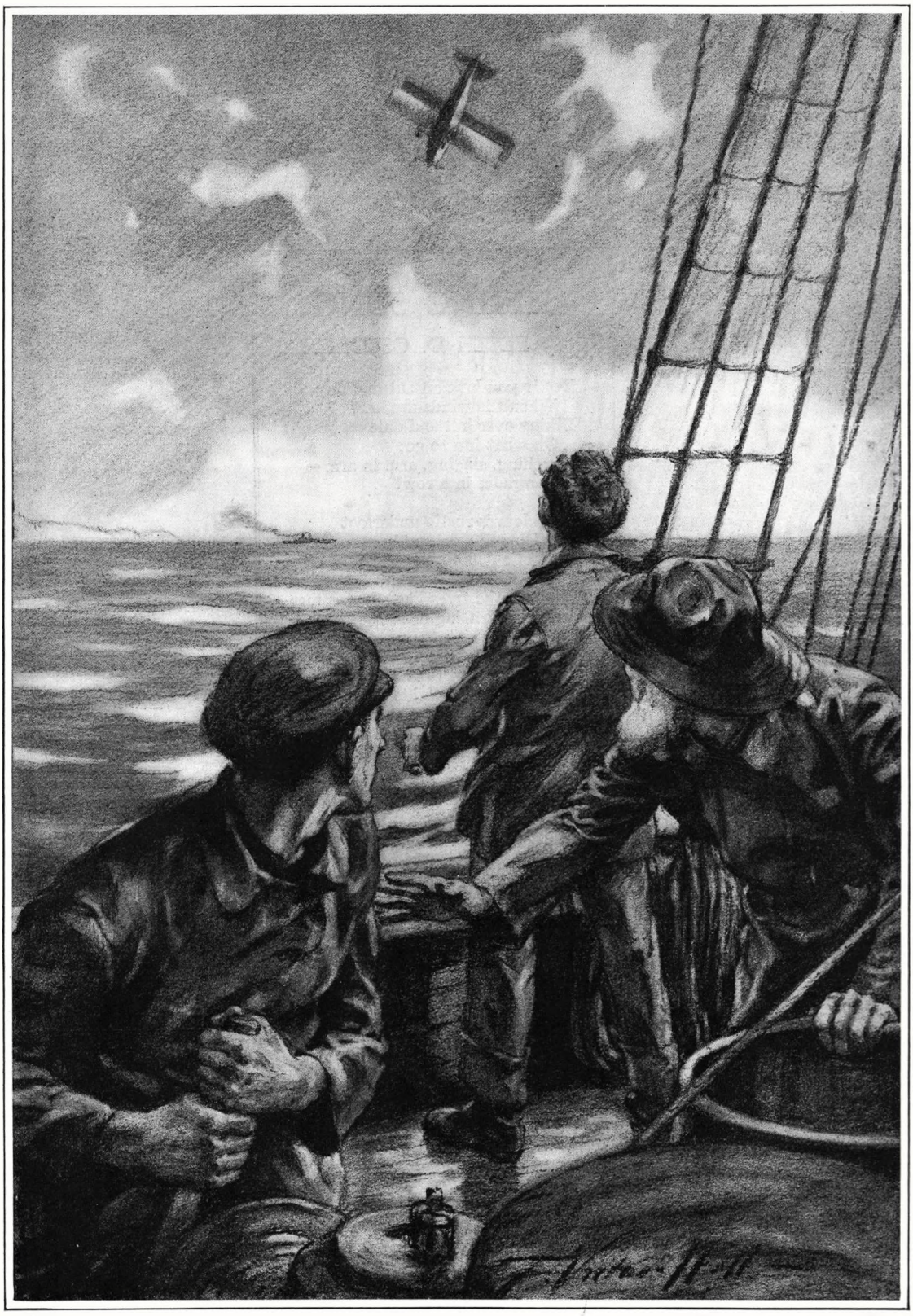
By EDITH D. OSBORNE

DON'T you love an autumn day
When the winds are low?
Hiking over hill and dale
Oh what fun to go;
Marching, singing, arm in arm—
Comrades in a row!

Dead leaves rustle underfoot
Crisp and sere and brown,
Mist of autumn, woodfire's smoke,
High above the town,
Through the trees like silver comes
Gently drifting down.

When the afternoon is done
Sinks the sun to rest,
Then the village lights below,
Shine their merriest;
And the thought of food and bed
Gives the march new zest.

Comrades marching in a row
Down the woodland way,
Singing gaily as we go
Through the shadows gray,
Don't you love a hiking trip
On an autumn day?



"'THEY 'RE GOING DOWN, GRANDPA!' EXCLAIMED PETER. 'QUICK, LET 'S GET OVER THERE'"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. LIV September, 1927 No. 11

THE HONORABLE PETER

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

Author of "The Bascom Chest," "The Cruise of the Hippocampus," etc.

MRS. EVERARD SMYTHE, of Smytheville, U. S. A., undoubtedly had a horrible experience when the airplane in which she was a passenger sank in the English Channel. But she was a self-important person who talked about the accident until her friends were tired of it. Then, when she was asked to address the boys of Smytheville Academy, she used it as a text for a sermon on ingratitude. Although the boys were unable to see that Mrs. Smythe had proved her point, she herself had a good time, remarking afterward they were darlings to listen so quietly to her speech.

"Dear children, I want to speak to you about ingratitude, and so that you may understand me, I am going to tell you of an exciting thing that happened to me last spring, when I was traveling in England. With my boy Johnny, I was flying—yes, actually flying—in an airplane from England to the Channel Islands. When we were 'way up above the sea, something happened to the motor, and we dropped into the water. The plane was damaged and started to sink very rapidly, being almost under water when a fishing-boat happened along and took us on board—Johnny, me, and the pilot.

"Just then a British war-ship came by, and her captain said if we had waited a minute, he would have picked us up; since we were all wearing life-preservers, we could have stayed afloat until he arrived. He promised to ferry us ashore, so I turned to the fisherman and tried to give him ten pounds, or fifty dollars, for his trouble. He was a queer old man with a red face and white chin-whiskers that made him look like *Foxy Grandpa*, but he was n't half as merry. In fact, he became very indignant saying he did n't charge anything for saving human life. I pointed out to him he had wasted his time, since the war-ship would have saved our lives in another five minutes, but even then he refused to take the money.

"Then, children, I noticed he had a grandson with him—about fourteen years old—and I offered him a shiny gold sovereign, which is worth about five dollars in our money. He, too, refused to take my gift until I spoke to his grandfather, and the old man called to him: 'Take it, Peter. The lady means well.' That made me a little angry because if I had n't meant well, I would n't have offered him the money.

"But I spoke kindly to the boy, and told him that if he did n't want to put the sovereign in the bank he could buy a train of cars with it. At that he rudely took the money from me and threw it into the sea. Such an act of base ingratitude! I told him he had n't any manners and asked him to think of the thousands of poor children who might have had the sovereign, so then he felt ashamed and putting his face in his hands, cried, although the old man laughed at me. I hope, children, you will take a lesson from this little incident, and if anybody ever does you a kindness, show your gratitude in word and deed. Thank you, my dears, for your attention."

Some of the boys said afterward the young fisherman must have had a good reason for throwing away five dollars and that they would like to hear his side of it.

THE story of Peter Philman, who threw away the only gold-piece he had ever owned, goes back three months before the day in May when the ill-fated plane fell into the water off Portland Bill—for it was on the first of February that his father promised him his schooling.

A cold day, that February first was, with the wind whipping around Berry Head and rocking the red-painted fishing-yawls that lay at their moorings in Brixham Harbor. Half the fleet was out, buffeted by stinging sleet as their crews bravely trawled the bottom of the stormy English Channel, and there were many anxious hearts in the houses that lined Brixham's perpendicular streets. But Harry Philman, Peter's father, had returned home, his holds full of prime, frozen fish, and had marketed his cargo at a record price. In a few minutes Mother Philman would be laughing and crying with the joy of seeing him, and little Agnes and Eve giggling behind their mother's skirts, while wondering what their big, brave father had brought them.

But Peter, stocky and sturdy in his budding manhood—he had bid his thirteenth year good-by—was not the one to wait at home for the fisherman to come there. At the letting out of school, he joined his father in the fish-market in Brixham Quay, and greeted him as man to man.

"Hello, Captain," said he. "Did you have a good catch?"

"'LOOK, DAD, I 'M STRONG AND—I 'M TIRED OF STUDYING. I CAN GIVE YOU ANOTHER SEVENTH OF YOUR EARNINGS'"

"Yes, lad," answered Harry Philman, taking his big gnarled hands from his trousers' pockets and laying them on the nipper's shoulders, "the best since I started fishing with your grandfather. Holds filled, and the decks covered with them. How are Mother and the sisters?"

"All well, Father. They saw the *Lady* coming in and they 're waiting for you."

"Then we 'll cut along home." The big man turned and with swinging stride, walked up one of Brixham's hilly streets, Peter hurrying along beside him. As he walked, Captain Philman slapped a bulging pocket and aroused the jingle of silver.

"There 's money here, boy," said he. "Enough, with what we 've got, to buy the *Lady*, and then, instead of climbing the hill, we 'll live on Easy Street."

"And do I get my chance to be a naval architect?"

"You 'll have your schooling, Peter, and never have to go to sea, or my name ain't Harry Philman."

This was the promise that lightened Peter's life. As son of the captain of a Brixham trawler, he could only look forward to following in his father's footsteps. But as son of captain and owner, the outlook broadened. There would be money in the family to send him to public school and from thence to an engineering college.

In the babble of the fisherman's home-coming, and the ensuing talk between father and mother of the purchase of the *Lady*, Peter remained wrapped in his thoughts, vowing that he would work at his lessons as boy never worked before. Ambition, which had only smoldered hitherto, burst into bright flame, and in the middle of the flame he saw a polished-brass placard engraved with the name "Peter Philman, Naval Architect."

Two days later, when the details of the purchase had been attended to, the *Lady* put to sea again, her captain and owner proudly at the wheel. Behind him he left a wife filled with doubt—now, that the tremendous step had been taken. The *Lady* was a bargain, without question, but four hundred pounds meant a life's savings, and after the trawler had been paid for, there was barely a pound left over in the family strong-box.

"What of it, my dear?" Harry Philman had asked. "My nets and gear are new. I stand clear with the world and own my boat, and from now on my 'lay' in each catch is five sevenths of the total. A year from now we 'll own two vessels, and in time to come I 'll leave the sea, and order my captains out, like the owner of the P. & O. Line."

"But, Harry dear," his wife had protested, "why look so far into the future when I have n't enough money in the house to buy food while you 're gone?"

"Don't worry? You 're the wife of an owner now, and if the tradesmen can't trust you for a few bob while I 'm gone, who can they trust?"

Thus he had laughed at her fears, and sailed eastward to the Bristol Channel, while Peter, going back to day-school, was untroubled by the money shortage and confident of his father's ability to succeed.

But the *Lady* did not return at the end of a week nor at the end of two. Other trawlers which came into the ancient harbor of Brixham, their tan sails afire in the wintry sunsets, reported speaking her on the upper Cornish coast with never a fish in her holds.

"He says he 'll stay out until he gets a load," said one of the captains, stopping at Mrs. Philman's door, "and when he says that, you need n't expect him for another month. The seas are high and the luck is poor."

"Was your own luck poor, then, Captain?" asked Mrs. Philman, sympathetically.

"Terrible. For three weeks I 've caught only six shillings' worth of brill and that no more than pays the cost of our ice."

So other weeks went by, and finally, when the church bells of Brixham had rung for six Sundays, the *Lady* staggered home in the teeth of a March northeaster. Nearly empty were her holds, and worse than that her trawl was gone—the fine new net with its forty-foot beam which held open the mouth so that the sole and brill and plaice and other flat-bottom fish were trapped in it as it dragged along the sand. There were more tears than laughter in the greeting Harry Philman received.

"I lost my trawl off Start Point," said he, soberly, "and there 's ninety pound thrown down the well."

Mrs. Philman clasped her hands to her heart and gazed at him open-mouthed, while Peter asked the question his father knew must come, and which he dreaded.

"You lost your trawl, Dad—you, the best skipper fishing out of Brixham? How could you, of all people, do it?"

"It was that old wreck of the *Umbria*," said he, "that has lain there since the Germans sank it in 'sixteen. I knew it was there and I 've always kept away from it. But this time I shot the trawl near-by, thinking there 'd be good fishing. The tide carried me down and the trawl fouled the wreck. Well, there 's no sense crying over spilt milk. I 'll see the bank in the morning, and they will advance the money for a new one."

"Oh, Harry," sobbed Mrs. Philman, "I 've been standing the tradespeople off for weeks, saying your pockets would be lined with money when you came home. And now, what can we do?"

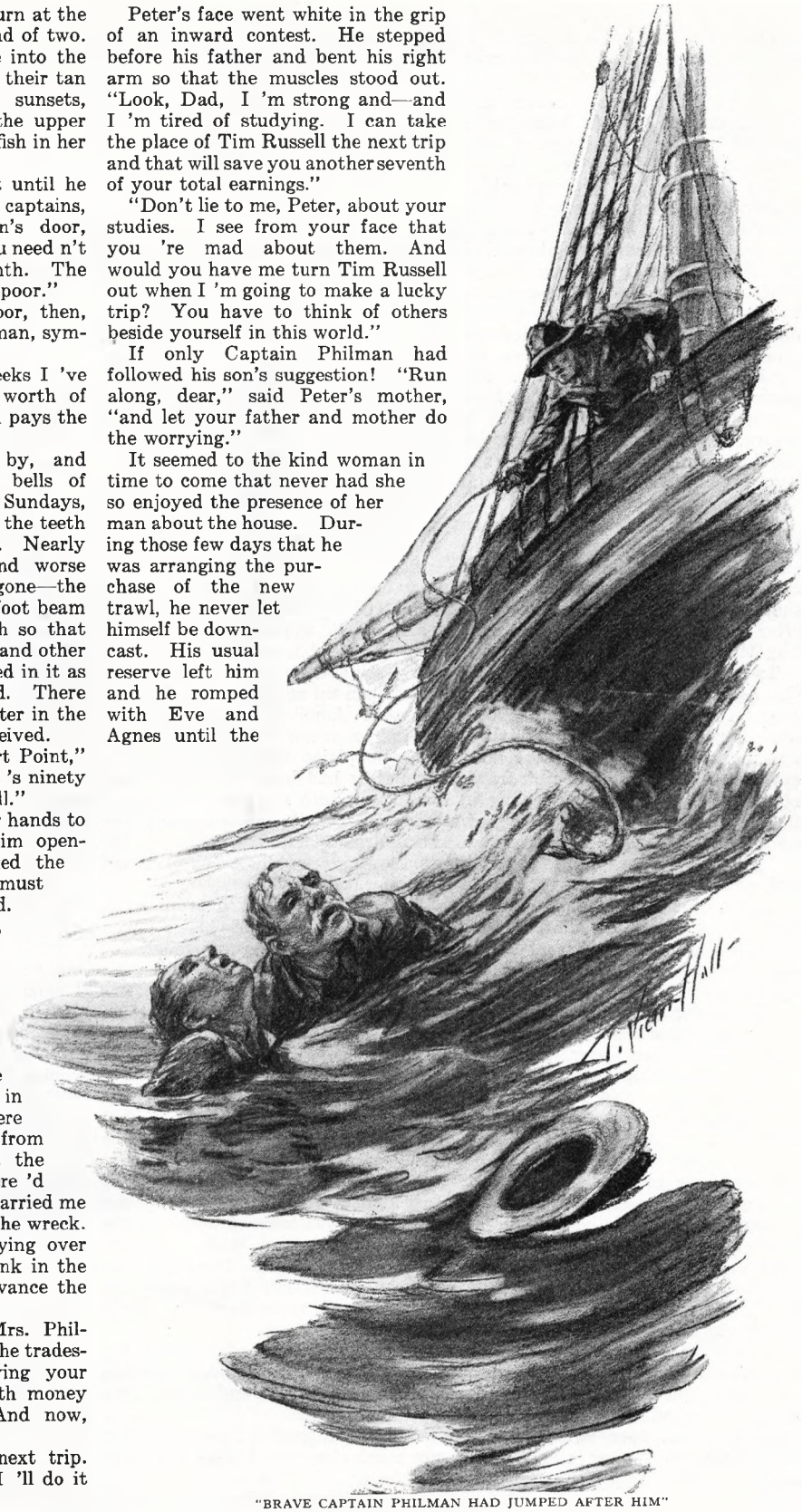
"Make a record catch next trip. I 've done it before, and I 'll do it again."

Peter's face went white in the grip of an inward contest. He stepped before his father and bent his right arm so that the muscles stood out. "Look, Dad, I 'm strong and—and I 'm tired of studying. I can take the place of Tim Russell the next trip and that will save you another seventh of your total earnings."

"Don't lie to me, Peter, about your studies. I see from your face that you 're mad about them. And would you have me turn Tim Russell out when I 'm going to make a lucky trip? You have to think of others beside yourself in this world."

If only Captain Philman had followed his son's suggestion! "Run along, dear," said Peter's mother, "and let your father and mother do the worrying."

It seemed to the kind woman in time to come that never had she so enjoyed the presence of her man about the house. During those few days that he was arranging the purchase of the new trawl, he never let himself be downcast. His usual reserve left him and he romped with Eve and Agnes until the



"BRAVE CAPTAIN PHILMAN HAD JUMPED AFTER HIM"

house rang with their laughter. In the evening when old Grandpa Philman came up to chat, the two men talked long and cheerfully of the good times they had been through, and for all one could tell from Harry Philman's manner, he was already owner of a fleet of trawlers.

But the hour of his leave-taking came and went and the fingers of fear clutched at Mrs. Philman's heart as she stood in her doorway and watched the *Lady* swing buoyantly out of Torbay to the fishing-grounds. Peter's mother was the wife and daughter of fishermen and knew the cruelty of the sea. She knew the forebodings that women have. She knew the emptiness of houses from which the men have gone, never to return. She stepped back through the doorway and clutched Agnes and Eve to her, thanking heaven that they were girls.

Many times before, Mrs. Philman had had her forebodings, and when Harry had come home safe as usual, she had been the happier because of them. Laughter is always gayer after tears, and past worries are soon forgotten.

Two weeks went by and in came the *Lady* with a load of sole—and Captain Harry. Again the old fears were laughed aside, and again there was money for the tradesmen. But not enough to pay for the new trawl, nor to remove a growing feeling in Peter's mind that he too would grow up to be a fisherman.

Then the *Lady* once more took sail and spring was in the air. The green grass on the Downs gave promise that the dangers of winter-fishing were past, and, as Mrs. Philman waved good-by to the speeding *Lady*, her heart was light. Harry was a good provider and a courageous soul. Peril would pass him by.

And yet, a week later, when Tim Russell walked up alone from the wharf, her heart told her what had happened. Not the details of the disaster, but the fact that Harry would never again come home. Haltingly, he told his story. Feet, covered with the slime of fish, had betrayed him, and he had fallen overboard. Unable to swim, he had sunk in the icy water, grabbing and clutching at the *Lady*'s slippery sides. Harry Philman—brave Captain Harry—had jumped after him dragging him to the surface, and while Clive Henley, the third member of the crew, was hauling Tim to the deck, Harry had silently disappeared. They were all poor swimmers and with their heavy clothes and boots, could n't stay up long. It was fisherman's luck.

There was a family-gathering after the funeral service had been spoken; aunts and sisters who retasted the bitterness of grief. There were now left only two men of the family—Grandpa Philman and Peter, and these two, the father and the son of the fisherman who had been lost at sea, kept a grip on themselves, and decided that the *Lady* must not be sold.

"I 'm still a young man," said grandpa, his red face with its wide cheek-bones set and firm, "and if my eyes are n't what they used to be, then you, Peter, can sail along of me. We 'll take the *Lady* out."

"And we 'll make her pay her way," said Peter. "I told—I told Father the other day that I was tired of schooling and wanted to be a fisherman. He would n't believe me, but—"

"No more do I believe you, son," said grandpa. "Life is hard, but we 'll keep working for the schooling."

So off they sailed on the brightest of May days—Tim, who had n't wanted to go, Clive, Peter and old Captain Philman at the wheel, the years dropping off him as he felt the roll of the sea and saw Dartmouth monument open up around Berry Head in the old familiar way. The last boats in reported that near Portland Bill the plaice were more plentiful than they had been in years. May was the month for them and prices were still high. So eastward the *Lady* drove, and Tim fired up the donkey-engine while Clive arranged the trawl on deck.

Peter, who had lived around the Brixham trawlers all his thirteen years and had accompanied his father on several summer voyages, was no stranger to the business of bottom-fishing. So when there was steam up on the donkey and the fishing-grounds were reached, he helped Tim swing the forty-foot beam of finest elm outboard and lower the trawl to the sea, taking care that the netting went clear, and that the bridle hauled true from opposite ends of the beam. Then as the *Lady* jogged across the wind and against the tide, Clive lowered away on the heavy towing-warp, and the trawl sank out of sight. Watching the last bubble break, Peter asked his grandfather if there were any wrecks around there.

"They did n't torpedo boats in my time, so I don't know," said Grandpa Philman, "but Clive and Tim say the bottom 's clear."

"Then," suggested Peter, "there 's not much chance of fouling our trawl and losing it?"

"I should n't think so, boy, but it never pays to be too sure." The old man laid a hand upon the towing-warp and translated the message that its vibrations gave him. "The trawl is towing proper on the bottom, and a good, clean ground it is."

"If we did lose the trawl," persisted Peter, "would the bank let us have money to buy a new one?"

"Now there indeed 's a question! Your dad had to let them get their hooks into him when the last trawl was lost. If the bank sets up for another one, they 'll well nigh own the *Lady*."

"What would we do if they took her, Grandpa?"

"I 'm not saying, son. This is a hard life, and widows and children before now have had to get along on nothing when the fishermen don't come home."

Grandpa Philman could see that the responsibility of caring for his family was weighing on Peter's mind—that and the almost extinguished hope that the *Lady* would be successful enough to let him get his education. And grandpa, being a wise old man, despite the comic appearance of his white chin-whiskers under his apple-red cheeks, changed the subject.

At a snail's pace they worked against the swiftly rushing tide, while steamers and sail-boats went about their business. The hours passed and Captain Philman, stumping up and down the deck, decided at last that the time was ripe for hauling.

"From the feel of the warp," said he, "we 've got a load, and if it ain't all starfish and other scruff, there 'll be a hundred pounds sterling on the end of the line when we haul it in. . . . No, lad, don't let your eyes pop out. Fishing ain't as easy as that. I 'm counting in the cost of the trawl."

"Oh," said Peter. "I thought you must be crazy."

"Not me. Heave slowly Clive, young feller. We work carefully with gear we ain't yet paid for."

Peter's eyes followed the warp, snaking up from the channel's bottom and dripping a stream of water as it wound around the drum, but his ears likewise were busy. What was that hum in the air that he could hear even above the coughing of the donkey-engine? Oh, an airplane bound probably from Southampton to St. Peterport. What an easy life, he thought, on looking up and seeing the plane swoop by overhead. And yet she was flying low, and the motor seemed at times to miss. Perhaps they had their troubles too. Even so, he 'd swap an hour of fishing for a minute of flying.

"'Vast heaving," cried Grandpa

(*Continued on page 932*)

EMIR FEISAL WATCHING THE BATTLE AT MAAN

THE WHITE KING OF THE ARABS

Part III—A Boy's Life of Colonel Lawrence

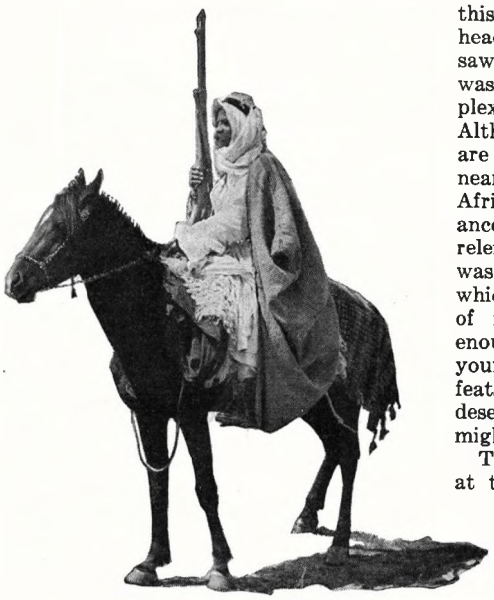
By LOWELL THOMAS

Author of "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond the Khyber Pass," etc.

YOUNG LAWRENCE and his Arabs had just captured Akaba, the ancient seaport of King Solomon, when I got the chance to go to Arabia. Accompanied by a staff of motion-picture camera men, I had been with the Allied armies on the western front and in Italy for about a year. Harry Chase, a camera man, was my chief assistant. And now we were to have the greatest adventure of our lives, the opportunity of going down to Arabia to see Lawrence and his desert warriors.

It was shortly after the first advance made by Sir Edmund Allenby, who had recently arrived in Egypt to take command of the British and Allied forces, that I met Lawrence. After Allenby had taken Jerusalem, he sent for Lawrence.

When Lawrence came in from the desert to meet Allenby in Jerusalem, I happened to be walking along one of those narrow winding streets of the Holy City. Suddenly the swarm of people in the bazaar parted to let a group of Arabs go through. One of these was a little man dressed in more beautiful robes than the others. In the desert all true Bedouins have beards and no youth is supposed to be full-grown until he has one. But this man was clean shaven. As his head-dress, or *kuffeih*, blew back, I saw he was fair-haired; also that he was blue-eyed and had a light complexion despite the coat of tan. Although of the white race, the Arabs are swarthy, some of them being nearly as black as the inhabitants of Africa, because they and all of their ancestors have been burned by the relentless sun. This blond Arab also was wearing a curved gold sword which marked him as being some one of importance. I had heard just enough rumor about a mysterious young man who was performing great feats away out in the little-known desert country to suspect that this might be he.



ONE OF LAWRENCE'S ARAB CHIEFS

The military governor of Jerusalem at this time was the same Ronald Storrs, now General Storrs, who had made the trip to Arabia some months before when Lawrence went down there on his leave of absence. So I called

on Governor Storrs and asked him if he could tell me about the interesting man who had passed me in the bazaar. He smiled, opened the door into an adjoining room, and there, sitting in a chair, was my "Arab." General Storrs introduced him with words that have since been used throughout the world in describing the man I now met:

"I want you to meet Colonel Thomas Lawrence, the Uncrowned King of Arabia."

Lawrence shook hands rather shyly, saying little. I noticed he had been reading a pamphlet on archæology so I thought that might be the safest subject to converse about. The few attempts that I made to question him about his Arab army and his adventures in the desert got me nowhere. I saw he was modest when it came to talking about his own achievements so I stuck to archæology. My newspaper training caused me to sense the fact that here was a remarkable man, and here, if I could only get it, might be a true story as amazing as any of the tales in the Arabian Nights. I didn't know how I was going to go about it but I was quite sure that sooner or later I'd have it.

I learned that Lawrence was only going to be in Palestine for about two more days, so I told him that I would like to go back to Arabia with him. He said he believed it would be impossible, and that he was afraid Allenby would not be willing.

Then Lawrence disappeared into the blue again and for some days I made no headway with my hazy plan of getting to Arabia. About this time his Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, brother of the late King Edward, and uncle of King George, arrived in Palestine as the representative of the king. He came out to present the king's thanks and congratulations to Allenby and his army for their magnificent work in freeing southern Palestine and in liberating Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other sacred places from the Turkish yoke.

The duke wanted to decorate Lawrence too, but he heard of this and ran away. Before the duke returned to Egypt on his way home, Sir Edmund, now Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, invited me to come to lunch with him and the duke. This took place at Ramleh, where Richard the Lion-Hearted and his crusader knights had camped when they were fighting to drive the Saracens from the Holy Land centuries before. It seemed to me that this luncheon was an excellent opportunity to broach the subject of Lawrence and the fighting in Arabia, to Allenby. So I asked him point blank if he would mind telling me just who Lawrence was, what he had done, and why the Arab revolution was being kept so much a secret. Allenby then told me that he had wanted the Arabs in the Turkish army to think the revolt they had started at Medina was purely an

COLONEL LAWRENCE

Arab affair. But he said that the fighting had been so successful and that Lawrence had already accomplished so much it was no longer necessary to keep it a secret. Then to my delight he added that if I wanted to go to Arabia he would arrange it. Of course I jumped at the offer and within a few days Chase and I were on our way back across the Sinai Desert, bound for the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the romantic land of the Arabian Nights!

After the capture of Akaba, Lawrence saw that a far greater opportunity to help Britain and her Allies win the World War now lay ahead of him. His dream was to build up a still more formidable desert army, and to get the British government to send down enough supplies at least to help take care of that force until he and Allenby could drive the Turks out of Palestine and Syria; Lawrence had practically driven them out of Holy Arabia.

The officer in Cairo who took the greatest interest in the Arab War was General Clayton. Both Allenby and Clayton saw Lawrence was a genius, so they backed him to the limit, giving him a free hand. But to stage a campaign on the scale that young Lawrence now had in mind involved more than simply rounding up a few thousand Arab warriors and dashing off to attack the Turks.

Lawrence's dream was to drive the Turks out of some forty thousand square miles of territory. This meant a super-raid such as had not been staged in Arabia for nearly a thousand years. It also meant that the Arab forces would have to drive the Turks out of one section and then hold that region while chasing them out of some other, so Lawrence saw he must really have two armies—one made up of regular troops on foot, and the other of his irregular Bedouin warriors on their camels and horses. It would take nearly all of his time to look after the Bedouins, so General Clayton sent down a regular army officer to organize an auxiliary infantry force. This man was another Irishman, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. Joyce.

During the months while Colonel Joyce was organizing the regular army, Colonel Lawrence devoted himself to winning more friends among the Bedouin tribes and to leading his men on spectacular raids. But his chief pastime was blowing up trains. During the war Lawrence probably destroyed more enemy property than any one man. He finally became the world's greatest train-wrecker. This was one of his ways of keeping his men supplied with food and whenever he needed more flour or ammunition, he would simply go over and waylay a Turkish train on its way down to Medina.

To Lawrence there were few more interesting sights than to see a train load of Turkish soldiers and supplies going into the air when a mine was set off. He called this little pastime of his "planting tulips."

One evening he started off in the direction of the Turkish railway at the head of his column of picked brigands. After riding for two nights by moonlight, over a region almost as barren as any on this planet, the raiders arrived at a ridge of low hills from the crest of which they could look down on the railway line. Lawrence gave a signal, and the Bedouins slid off the humps of their camels and left them at the foot of the hills, out of sight. For eight hours they crouched there watching the patrols that went up and down the line at regular intervals.

At midday, when he knew that the Turks would be taking their usual siesta, Lawrence slipped down to the line alone. He walked barefoot in order to leave as light depressions on the ground as possible. Picking out

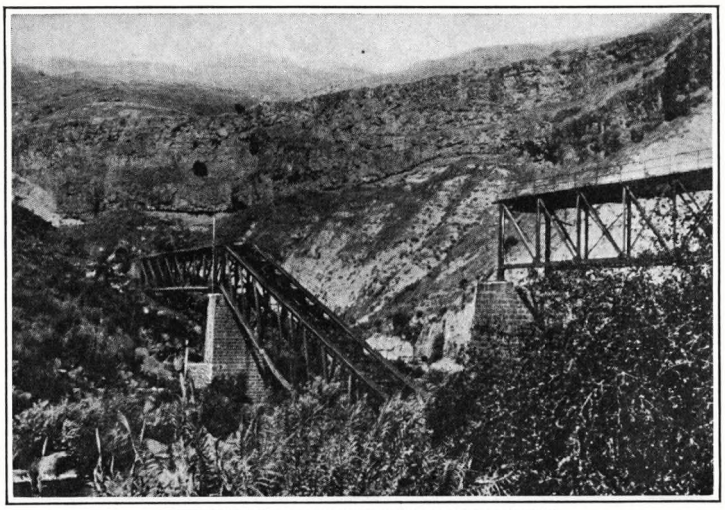
a spot he thought would be a good place for planting a tulip, he started digging a hole between the ties. Then into the hole he placed an extra heavy charge of blasting gelatine, and T.N.T.

After setting his mine, pushing the detonators into the dynamite, and connecting the electric wires, he carefully filled in the rest of the hole with earth and when it was leveled took a camel's-hair brush and artistically smoothed the ground so no one could tell it had been touched. Then he walked backward down the line for many yards, sweeping out his tracks with the camel's-hair brush and his robe, at the same time burying the wires. Leaving the line, he continued burying them until he was up the hillside several hundred yards away from the mine.

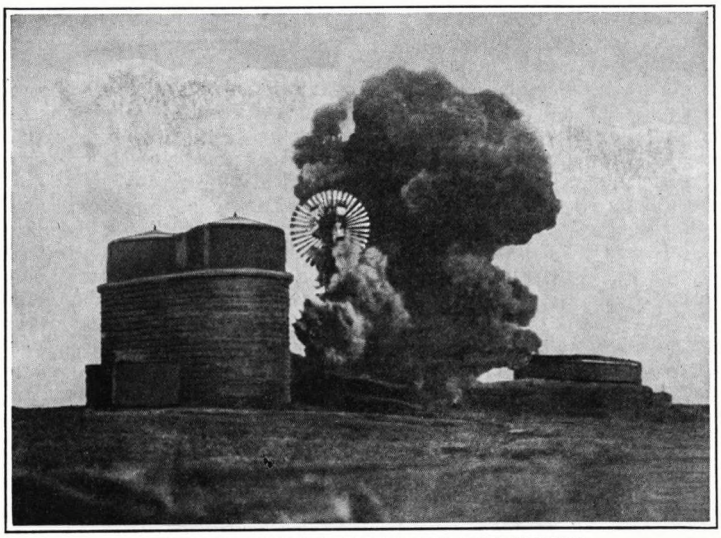
After a little while a train appeared coming slowly around a bend. It was a mixed train with both freight and passenger cars. Guards were riding on top of the cars and others were inside looking out through loopholes. When it drew near the fatal spot, the guards saw nothing more to arouse their suspicion than what appeared to be a lone Arab shepherd with his staff, squatting among the rocks.

Not until the front wheels of the engine had passed over his tulip did he touch it off. Then, as his Arabs lay just over the brow of the hill, waiting breathlessly, he sent the electric current into the gelatine. An enormous black cloud of smoke and dust arose. For a moment it shut off all view of the train. The engine was lifted bodily from the track and broken squarely in two. The boiler exploded, and with a loud clatter. A shower of iron and steel rose high in the air, many pieces coming down several hundred yards away. In addition to stores of food and ammunition, this train was carrying several hundred Turkish soldiers on their way to join the forces under General Fakhri Pasha, in Medina. As they poured out of the train, the Arabs up in the rocks raked them with their rifle fire.

By this time a rumor had reached the Turkish army that a mysterious young Englishman was leading the Arabs, so the Turks and Germans had offered a reward of many thousands of dollars to any one who would capture Lawrence, dead or alive. Some of the Turkish officers apparently thought this might be the mystery man. So they started toward him; but before they had covered many paces, he whipped out his revolver and used it with such effect that there was little danger of his falling prisoner on that day.



A RESULT OF LAWRENCE'S "TULIP PLANTING"



A "TULIP" EXPLODING AT THE MUDAWARA STATION

During the entire campaign, he dynamited some seventy-nine Turkish bridges, as well as many trains. So famous did Lawrence become as a train wrecker, that Turkish officers in Damascus willingly paid double price for seats in the last coach, because they had heard he nearly always touched off his tulips under the engine. He did this, of course, in order to prevent an engine from uncoupling and racing on to the next station for reinforcements. . . .

From now on Lawrence's forces became the right wing of Allenby's army. The British crusaders fighting in Palestine had freed the southern half of the Holy Land, and their front line stretched across from the Mediterranean Sea coast to Jerusalem, Jericho, and on into the little-known Arabian Desert where Lawrence and his wild followers were raiding.

Allenby had taken Jerusalem, but the sacred city of Nazareth, the hills around the Sea of Galilee, and the whole of Syria, still remained in the hands of the Turks. So the war with the Turks was a long way from completion.

There were two ways of winning the final victory. One was to fight the Turks back, mile by mile; the other, to try a bold stroke and clear them out with one fell swoop. Allenby decided to take the big chance.

AN ARAB BATTERY IN ACTION BEFORE DAMASCUS

He made this daring decision partly because he knew he could depend on the youth down in Arabia to give him timely help.

Allenby ordered the drive for September, though he knew he would not be able to get his raw troops trained well enough by then.

But he might possibly make up for the weakness and inexperience of his men by depending considerably on Lawrence, and working some trick on the enemy. What kind of trick? Well, it was to be something like the feint a boxer makes when he shoots out with one hand, as if he were going to hit you with it, and then quick as a flash hauls off and hits you with the other.

On the right of Allenby's line, over toward the desert, was the River Jordan, which runs into the Dead Sea. It lies in a famous valley, the valley where John baptized Christ. Up a valley is the usual way for an army to advance. Generally speaking, you don't march along the hilltops. The Turks would expect him to make his main push up the Jordan. So Allenby decided to trick them into thinking that such was exactly what he proposed doing.

He gave them a kind of imitation motion-picture of an army getting ready for a big drive up the Jordan, and shifted all his camel hospitals to the Jordan Valley. In Egypt were hundreds of worn-out tents which he had sent up and pitched along the banks of the sacred river. Ten thousand horse-blankets were thrown over bushes in the valley and tied up to look like lines of horses. He arranged every sort of fake that his officers could think of; consequently when the Turkish and German planes flew over, the enemy airmen would look down and rush back to headquarters with the news that a big army, ready to fight its way up the Valley of the Jordan, had assembled north of Jericho. All in all it was the biggest hoax put over since the Greeks captured Troy with the aid of the famous Wooden Horse.

Lawrence, of course, had an important share in preparing this gigantic camouflage. He sent some of his most prominent sheiks to the country around Damascus with about $35,000 in gold, to buy barley. The sheiks bought barley recklessly in every town and village. The Turks knew that Lawrence's Bedouin cavalry could not use up such vast quantities of grain, hence they supposed it surely must be intended for large forces of Allenby's cavalry—that army in the Valley of the Jordan!

Then Lawrence set out to attack the Turkish garrison at Mudawara, on the Damascus-Medina railway, not far from the Dead Sea and Jordan. There was a lively fight for twenty minutes—nothing particularly savage, just a feint to make the Turks think the big attack was coming in that territory. Lawrence, himself, led his Arabs against Amman, just east of the Jordan—another feint.

In a short time the Turks were sure the Jordan Valley must be swarming with Allenby's soldiers. Lawrence now spread the rumor that he and his Arabs were going to attack Deraah, an important railway-junction just south of Damascus. A push against this town would seem like a part of the fake attack up the Jordan. As a matter of fact, he really did intend to take Deraah. The cutting of the railroad there would put the Turks in something of a fix when the real attack was made on the other side of the line. Why did Lawrence spread the news of what he really intended to do? It was a kind of double deception. The Turks would believe that any report so generally spread about, which everybody had heard, had been sent out to fool them. They would surmise that Deraah was just the place that Lawrence did *not* intend to attack. Then Lawrence, pretending the greatest secrecy, told a few chosen people that he was going to make a raid against Amman, a town some distance from Deraah. He knew that some of the people to

whom he gave this *very* confidential information would babble. They did. First the Turks got the general loud rumor that Deraah would be attacked and then the confidential news that it was not Deraah but Amman. You can guess which of the two reports they believed. They prepared to defend Amman.

Lawrence's plan was to swing far out across the unmapped desert, away around the eastern end of the Turkish line, and cut around against Deraah from the rear. In the course of this manœuver a curious fight took place. Ever heard of horsemen sinking a fleet? Well that was what happened.

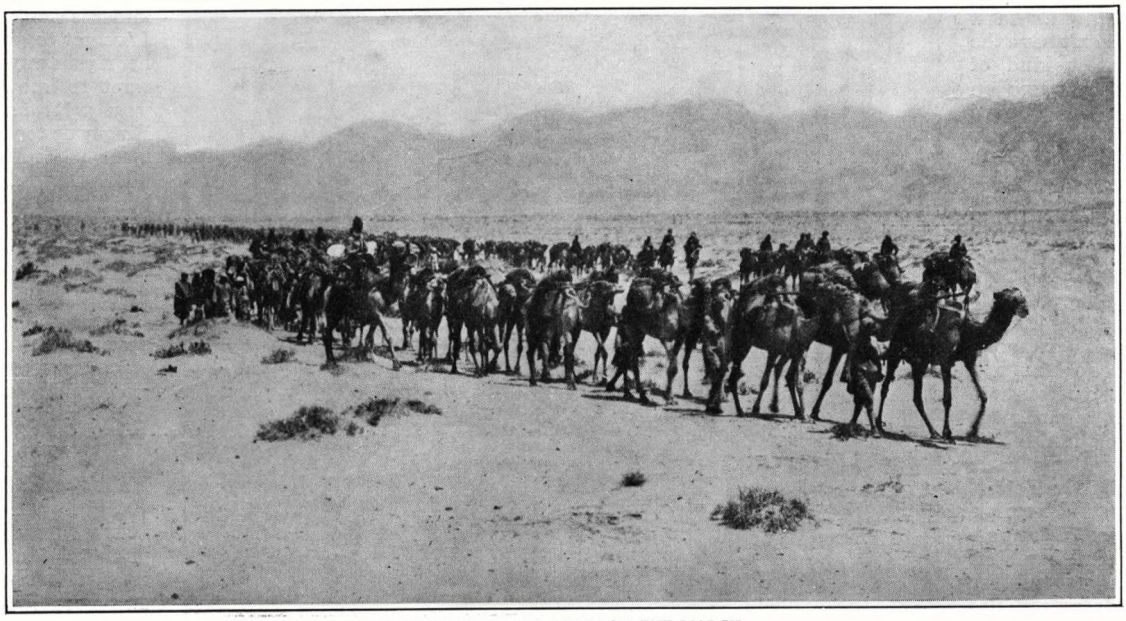
At a town on the Dead Sea, not far from the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the Turks had a naval base. It was the headquarters of their Dead Sea fleet. The fleet consisted of a few ancient tubs and several motor-driven craft armed with light guns. These "battleships" were moored near shore. The officers were having breakfast in a Turkish mess near by and hadn't any idea that enemies were around. But a small squad of Lawrence's Arabs led by Abu Irgeig, came along slyly to take a look at the navy. They saw at a glance the decks were deserted, save for a few sentries, so the Arabs got off their horses, made a sudden rush, and clambered aboard like Barbary corsairs. They scuttled the boats, got back to their horses, and were off across the desert before the amazed Turkish officers knew what it was about. The Dead Sea fleet was sunk!

Lawrence's little army having got near Deraah, the next step was to cut the railroad to keep reinforcements from being sent up. The young Englishman used the armored cars he had with him. One fine day these war autos whizzed down the railroad track and captured a Turkish post before the astonished defenders were aware that any enemies were near. Close at hand was a fine bridge which had been built by Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan. Lawrence scampered out along the trestle and placed three tulips, each containing a hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton, one at either end of the bridge and one at the middle. He touched them off, and with a great boom, the bridge crashed down. Back to the armored cars he and his men dashed, and then away for more adventure. Five miles north they surprised another railroad post and captured the soldiers. Lawrence then blew up another bridge, ripped up six hundred pairs of rails, thereby thoroughly crippling the railroad line, and called it a day.

The little Arab army took a position on the top of a high promontory from which he could clearly see Deraah four miles away. Through his field-glasses Lawrence could pick out nine enemy airplanes on the flying field. The presence of the attacking force was now known, and the German aviators proceeded to make things hot for them. They circled overhead, dived and swooped, and dropped bombs, at the same time raking the Arabs with their machine-guns. The Bedouins tried to fire back at the war birds with rifles and light cannon, but that had little effect. However, Lawrence had more with him than horses, camels and a few armored cars—he had one antiquated old airplane, piloted by Captain Junor. With bombs and machine-guns the German air squadron was busy at it overhead when Junor, in his ancient bus, sailed right into the middle of them. The German machines were more than a match for him, and the men on the ground anxiously watched the air fight over the Arabian Desert.

There were eight enemy planes, four two-seaters and four scout-machines. Junor cruised right through them and kept going, the enemy planes turning after him, as he led the whole "circus" westward. They all disappeared and Lawrence and his men wondered sadly what would become of poor Junor and his ramshackle bus. But twenty minutes later Junor came tearing back with the enemy still at his heels and shooting at him. He signaled to Lawrence that he was out of gas and would have to land, and came down safely within fifty yards of the Arabs. The old plane turned over on its back, gave a chug and "passed out." A German machine swooped down at it, and dropped a bomb. A direct hit! Lawrence saw his one airplane go up in a cloud of sand and kindling wood, but luckily the pilot had jumped out of

(*Continued on page 937*)



LAWRENCE'S ARAB ARMY ON THE MARCH

THE BENTONS' BOARDERS

By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

"BOARDERS are the most unreasonable people," complained Sylvia Benton to her brother Dick, as they were returning from the village with some groceries needed for supper. "The way some of them act, you 'd think that animals were put in the world just to annoy them!"

"But you can't expect everybody to feel the same way about pets that you do," Dick, who was fifteen, two years her senior, reminded her. "Maybe if you were a city stenog who had blown in most of her salary on a lot of nice new dresses for vacation, you would n't want a muddy pup jumping all over you; or if you were near-sighted, like old Mr. Thompson, you 'd hate to have cats wherever you stepped and be obliged to feel in every chair for one before you sat down."

"But I would n't have nervous prostration like Miss Finch, over a dear little garter-snake, or poke frogs with sticks, or throw stones at a tame chipmunk like Joe Peters!" objected Sylvia. "It just seems as if I could n't have the quietest kind of pet anywhere on the place without some boarder's making trouble for him."

"They don't know any better," was Dick's charitable explanation.

"I suppose they don't, but they 're awfully tiresome! There has n't been a person here this summer as much fun as the puppy and cats; as for the Peters' boy, I 'd rather have a wasp around than him! And yet mother made us promise not to have any pets while the boarders are here!"

"She 's so busy, she just can't stand any extra work, and animals don't pay board, you know!" Dick reminded her.

"No, so *Doctor Doolittle* found," regretted his sister. "But Dick, some people do make a living out of them. Think of that silver-fox farm at Willow that we visited with the Carlsons last week. They say that man is selling his foxes to other breeders all the time. I do wish we could buy some and start a ranch of our own. Would n't it be exciting?"

"It would! But the most exciting part would be getting the money to begin. A good pair of silver foxes cost about fifteen hundred dollars, I heard."

"You don't mean it! I had no idea they were so expensive. Why, that farmer up there had twenty pairs, at least. How did he ever get the money?"

"There are some New York people backing him, he told me. He 's only the manager."

"What a nice job!" said Sylvia. "I should adore taking care of those darling little foxes. Oh, by the way, let 's stop here a minute and give one of these cookies to Ringey!" For she had caught sight of a particular friend of hers—Ringey, the tame coon—just climbing up the pole to his lofty dwelling somewhat larger than a bird-house. As Sylvia walked toward him, calling softly, Mrs. Blake, Ringey's owner, opened her front door and beckoned to her.

"'NOW YOU 'VE GONE AND DONE IT,' SAID DICK"

"You 're just the ones I wanted to see," she exclaimed. "I 've been trying to get you on the phone. My sister in Herkimer is sick, and I 've got to go to her right away. I want to know if you will take Ringey up to your place while I 'm gone. My neighbor usually takes care of him, but she 's away, and I can't leave him here alone."

Sylvia and Dick exchanged a glance in which excitement and regret were mingled.

"Oh, Mrs. Blake," said Sylvia, "I 'm so sorry, but we promised Mother we would n't have any more pets at all while the

boarders are here. She says running a boarding-house is all right, and keeping pets is all right, but the two don't mix."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Blake. "What shall I do? I was so sure you 'd take him. I planned to leave him at your house before I went to the station. Oh my, there 's the taxi already. I wish I had time to speak to your mother. You could keep him in your barn, you know, and he need n't be a bit of trouble to her or the boarders. I expect to be back in a day or two."

"Dick," said Sylvia, "I do think we ought to take him!"

Dick looked doubtful, but Mrs. Blake caught at Sylvia's words.

"I 'd be so much obliged if you would. He knows you, and you 're so wonderful with animals! I 'd feel perfectly easy about him."

"Time to start, Mis' Blake," warned the taxi-driver.

"So it is! I guess you 'd better drive me right to the station, and then you can come back and take the Bentons up to their place with the coon. Come here, Ringey!" She unfastened the coon's chain and handed it to Sylvia. "Be a good boy, and do what Sylvia tells you!" The coon, as if he understood, turned his comical little pointed face with its black mask towards Sylvia, and his bright eyes twinkled. He came nosing up to her, looking for another cooky.

"You darling thing!" cried Sylvia, cuddling him on her lap, as the taxi drove away.

"Now you 've gone and done it," said Dick. "What will Mother say? After you 'd promised!"

"Oh Dick, how could I help it? I can put him in the barn, as she said. I don't see why even Miss Finch would mind a coon in the barn! But come to think of it, I won't let the boarders know about him at all. That Joe Peters would be sure to tease him."

"You 'll tell Mother, won't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Sylvia thoughtfully. "I 'll have to tell Mother."

The taxi-man returned and Sylvia climbed in, the coon in her arms. He seemed to enjoy the ride, peering out of the window as if to notice every landmark. Dick sat in front with the driver, Tom Burke, an old acquaintance.

"Suppose you ain't seen anything of a stolen fox out your way?" the latter inquired. "I hear there 's been one stolen from the Silver-Fox Farm at Willow. Best fox they had,—worth a thousand dollars, somebody said."

"No indeed!" exclaimed Dick. "Have they any idea who stole it?"

"I dunno. Whoever 't is, is probably in Canady by this time. They had a car, of course. Took the fox at night—nobody saw them. Must have doped him to get him off so quietly."

They had reached the Bentons' place on the outskirts of the Adirondack village, with the woods back of it, and Sylvia asked the driver to stop at their big, red barn, now empty of all but a flivver. It was some distance from the house, and there were no boarders in sight, most of them having gone off on an all-day excursion to a lake where there was splendid fishing. Sylvia carried Ringey inside the barn. He was delighted to have such a big place to explore, and went sniffing about in a most interested manner. Sylvia did not think it necessary to fasten his chain, but shut the door on him, and went to the house to find her mother.

"'RATS?' QUERIED JANE, UNCERTAINLY"

The latter was in the kitchen, and as soon as her daughter reached the spot, she saw that it was no moment to break, however gently, the news of another responsibility, for everything was going wrong. The cream for the ice-cream had turned sour, Lena, the helper, was cross with a toothache, and Lester Perkins, the neighbor who supplied them with vegetables from his farm when their own were not sufficient, had not brought over the green corn as he had promised.

"Will you ask Dick to go up there and find out what is the matter?" said Mrs. Benton. "I 'm counting on that corn for supper. It 's too provoking about the cream. Get me four eggs, Sylvia, please, and start beating them. I 'll have to make another dessert. And after you do that, will you cut up the string-beans?"

Sylvia set to work. Presently the sound of a car made her look up.

"Mother, here are some strangers."

"Go and see who they are, will you, please?"

Sylvia departed. In a moment she was back again.

"It 's an elderly man and a girl about my age or maybe younger. They want to know if we 've seen anything of two men who had an accident in their car on the Pike road a little way beyond here. They say the car is still there, but the men have disappeared. They thought they might have come here for something."

"No, I have n't seen them," replied Mrs. Benton. Sylvia took the message, shortly returning.

"They think they must have been picked up by another car. They were in a hurry to get somewhere, I guess. These people—the old gentleman and the girl—seem quite discouraged at not finding them. The old gentleman is telephoning, and the girl wants to know if it is near our supper-time, and if we could give them supper. She says they 've been tearing 'round all day without anything to eat, and she 's about famished. She does n't care what happens—she 's got to have some food."

"Dear me, she sounds pretty bad," said Mrs. Benton, laughing. "Why yes, they can have supper here. It 's almost ready, if only Dick would come with the corn," but as she spoke, Dick appeared.

"What made you take so long?" inquired his mother. "And why did n't Lester bring it?"

"He was busy," replied Dick, who seemed excited. "Say, Mother, what do you suppose—" But his mother had taken the corn from him and vanished in the direction of the kitchen. Dick turned to Sylvia. "Say, Syl, can you keep a secret?"

"You know I can," replied his sister.

"Lester—" began Dick, but just then the new girl guest entered the dining-room.

"What time is supper?" she inquired. Sylvia had opened her mouth to answer, when Miss Finch, the nervous boarder, in a great flurry, rushed in, closely followed by Joe Peters, a big, blustering boy of twelve. Joe was the first to return from the fishing expedition, but Miss Finch had been home all afternoon, resting, as the Bentons supposed, in her room.

"Sylvia!" cried Miss Finch. "Dick! There 's some large animal in the barn! I went there to get a pair of gloves I left in your car, when I saw it moving about in the hay-loft! I did n't stay to look closer, I can tell you, but hurried out as fast as I could and shut the door after me. What can it be? It was bigger than a cat, and it did n't move like a dog. Could it be a lynx or something dangerous?"

"Gee, I wish Dad would let me have a gun!" exclaimed Joe. "I 'd fix it!"

"What kind of fur did it have?" cried the new girl. "Let 's go see it!" She turned eagerly to Dick and Sylvia, and a look of surprise crossed her face as she noticed their hesitation.

"A large animal in the barn?" said Mrs. Benton, who had come in with a pile of plates, while Miss Finch was talking. "Oh, I do think you must be mistaken!" She was well aware of the excitability of her boarder. "It was just a shadow," she went on soothingly.

"It was n't, I 'm sure it was n't; I saw its eyes plainly," insisted Miss Finch. "It had sort of a black face."

"Oh, do let 's look!" insisted the new girl.

"Sure, let 's!" exclaimed Joe Peters. "Wait till I get a big stick. I can prob'ly kill it!"

"You won't do any such thing!" cried Sylvia. She immediately felt her alarm was giving her secret away, and checked herself. "It may only be a cat who wandered in, and I 'm not going to have you kill any cats in our barn, Joe Peters! Can he, Mother?"

"Supper is ready," replied her mother, striking the gong. "You 'd better all sit down and eat and not worry about animals!" She spoke with the decision of a housekeeper who has worked hard to get a good meal on the table, and does n't want it spoiled by cooling. Besides, she was quite sure Miss Finch had imagined the whole thing.

"Sylvia, the large table is so crowded, I 'm going to put you at a little table here with Miss—" She looked at the new arrival.

"Witherspoon," said the latter. "My name is Jane Witherspoon." She remained standing, looking doubtfully at Sylvia and her mother. "Don't you just want to see what it is?" she insisted. But Sylvia had sat down, and unfolding her napkin, shook her head.

"'IT GOT AWAY!' EXCLAIMED JANE, 'NOW I HOPE YOU 'RE SATISFIED'"

Mrs. Benton was showing the old gentleman his seat. He was Mr. Witherspoon, Jane's grandfather, possibly about sixty-five or so, but not decrepit by any means, though a trifle hard of hearing. He looked like a man who could still carry on a flourishing business and be a good golfer.

"I hope you don't mind my putting your grand-daughter at another table," apologized Mrs. Benton. "This table is crowded, and girls like being together."

Sylvia was not sure whether they always did or not. She was afraid Jane Witherspoon would begin talking about that animal in the barn, she had seemed so extraordinarily interested in the very idea of one. And Jane's conversation did take just the turn she feared.

"Let 's you and I go out to the barn after supper and look around," said Jane confidentially. "We won't let *him* know." She glanced at Joe, and Sylvia, to her surprise, felt that the newcomer did not like his attitude toward animals any better than she herself did. But, all the same, Sylvia did not want to take anybody out there before she had had a chance to tell her mother about the coon. She searched her brain for an excuse, and soon found one.

"Why, all right," she began hesitantly, "that is, if you 're not afraid of rats!"

"Rats?" queried Jane, uncertainly.

"Yes," said Sylvia. "Of course there are a good many rats in the barn, and they become more lively after dark. When I had cats, they kept them down, but now—" Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, preferring to leave the effect to her hearer's imagination, which must have promptly supplied details, for Jane looked uncomfortable.

They rose from the table. Dick, finishing his meal before the rest of them, vanished in the mysterious way boys have. Jane took her grandfather's arm and hurried him out to a secluded nook on the piazza.

"I guess that about the rats will hold her for a while!" thought Sylvia. She gave a hasty glance around, and seeing that no one was in the room, collected bread and butter, a couple of ears of corn, and other things which she thought might appeal to the coon, and wrapping them in paper napkins stuffed them in the pockets of her dress. She had planned to take him his supper right after her own, but recent events had rendered this dangerous. Still, she might possibly get to the barn by a back way. She went into the living-room to reconnoiter. The two married couples were playing bridge, and Miss Finch was knitting; Joe Peters was out on

the croquet ground with the stenographers, and the Witherspoons were nowhere in sight. Sylvia went quietly to a window which opened upon the piazza, and as she paused there, she heard some one talking.

"But she does act very queer, Grandfather! She evidently is determined we sha'n't go near the barn. Trying to frighten me with rats! I asked the boarder who told us about the animal in the barn if she 'd ever seen any rats there, and she had a fit at the bare idea! She said if she 'd ever seen or heard of a single rat on the place, she would n't have stayed a minute! You don't suppose—" Jane's voice was lowered somewhat.

"It does n't seem possible," said her grandfather.

"But she does act so strangely! Both the brother, and mother too, don't want us to go out there."

"It will do no harm to watch them," said Mr. Witherspoon.

Sylvia had heard enough. She was full of indignation. Of all pestiferous, interfering people, these Witherspoons were the worst! What business was it of theirs what she had in the barn? But evidently they were the kind who wanted to find out anything they were n't supposed to know. No harm to watch them, indeed! A fine thing, if they, the Bentons, had to be watched, in their own home! And in the meantime, there was poor Ringey, lonely and hungry, and she simply could not go to him. Where was Dick? It was awfully provoking of him to disappear upon this, of all evenings. Just then Mr. Witherspoon re-entered the sitting-room. He would like, he told Mrs. Benton, to spend the night there, if she could put them up. Mrs. Benton replied that she would be glad to. In which feeling her daughter did not concur.

Sylvia resolved to wait until the Witherspoons and the other boarders had gone to bed, and then steal out to feed her new pet. She went upstairs again to her room and lay down, for she was tired; and in a short time, fell asleep. When she awoke, the moon was shining brightly in her window. She looked at her wrist-watch. Half past eleven. Surely all the boarders would be safely housed by now. Softly she opened her door. Yes, the house was dark; the coast seemed clear. Should she wake Dick or not? Better not. He had the room next to Mr. Witherspoon's, and the partitions were thin. Sylvia took the corn, and stole downstairs.

"'I 'M GLAD IT DID GET AWAY!' SAID SYLVIA DEFIANTLY"

She opened the screen door softly, and as she did so, heard a sound like the distant bark of a dog; only it was not quite like a dog's bark, either; it sounded more wild and weird. It seemed to come from the woods near by. But Sylvia did not pause to wonder what it could be, for she was anxious to reach the barn and feed the coon.

Soon she was there. Opening the barn door she called, "Ringey!"

There was a whimper of pleasure and a soft thud as the coon jumped from the top of a pile of barrels and boxes he had been exploring and came ambling towards her. Sylvia stroked his soft fur and offered him the corn. He snatched at it with his hand-like paws, and turned his head from one side to the other as if looking for something. Sylvia knew what he wanted. Water! No right-minded coon, of course, would eat his food without washing it. So she got him the half-full pail which stood by the radiator of the car, and had just set it down, when, looking towards a small window set high in the side of the barn, through which the moonlight was streaming, to her astonishment she saw a face. It was a face which, till that afternoon, she had never seen before in all her life, but one that was now all too familiar—the face of Jane Witherspoon.

It was too much! Sylvia walked over to the window, which was minus part of a pane.

"Snooper!" she exclaimed indignantly.

Jane teetered—she seemed to be standing on some sort of wobbly support—but continued to peer past Sylvia into the barn. The coon, however, had been all the time in the shadow, and had now retreated to the hay-loft, where she could not possibly see him. Sylvia, mounting on a chair, saw that Jane was not unaccompanied. Mr. Witherspoon was out there. He had his hand cupped to his ear, to hear what was going on.

"What 'd she say, Jane?" he was inquiring.

"She called me a snooper," replied Jane aggrievedly.

"Thinks you 're a trooper, eh?" Mr. Witherspoon, unaware that he could be heard, chuckled. He added something that sounded like "Guilty conscience!"

"Will you kindly take yourself away from that window?" Sylvia requested the girl boarder.

"No," replied Jane, "I won't! Not until I know what you 've got in there!"

Sylvia looked in despair at Jane's determined face. She had never in her life met such a girl. She had thought Joe Peters a pest, but then, Joe stayed in bed at night, where he belonged! No use to say "None of your business," or any of those things, to her! If she did n't let her in the barn—and she would n't do that,—for Sylvia could be stubborn too—

(*Continued on page 926*)

TWO BOYS CLIMB MONT BLANC

by

Orville H. Emmons

MONT BLANC, as most of you know, is the highest mountain in Europe. It can be ascended only by the north and northeast slopes. The three countries of France, Italy, and Switzerland come together on the top of it. The Italian side of Mont Blanc is impassable to climbers, on account of the perilous cliffs and precipices. The Swiss side was given up because it was too steep. So the ascension was left to the French side. The town of Chamonix claims to be the only place from which the great mountain can be climbed. It is sometimes known as Chamonix-Mont Blanc.

Last summer, my brother Arthur and I had done some rock-climbing in the Dolomites. Encouraged by this, we went to Chamonix to try snow-climbing. Arthur was fifteen while I was only thirteen, and when we said we wanted to climb Mont Blanc, people said it was a mountain to be climbed only by sturdy men.

In August, the time of year we wanted to go up, many of the best guides are taken by other climbers. But our hotel concierge found two men, one a guide and the other a porter, whom we liked. A porter was necessary to carry the food and extra clothing. Being cousins, they enjoyed going together. They had just come down from an ascent with another party.

They offered to come the day before we wished to start to see our equipment, and they then told us that what we each needed would be covered by the list that follows: a woolen shirt; a warm sweater; a pair of roll-puttees; a pair of thick woolen gloves; a heavy felt hat; and a pair of intensely dark snow-glasses; all these things were in addition to our heavy hob-nailed boots and ice-axes.

The guide suggested food to eat the second day of the climb, which consisted of bread, conserves, chocolate, butter, biscuits, and cheese. After procuring all this we felt prepared to start, although the guide said that we must take a little rum in case of mountain-sickness.

LE MONT BLANC—

The day of the climb the family rose at five-thirty to find a beautiful clear day, and after a small breakfast Arthur and I started with the guides for the railroad station. We took the train to the small town of Les Bossons, from where we began to climb right up a ridge of Mont Blanc. It was a gently-sloping ridge, but the climbing made us quite hot, so we stopped at the hut from which one may start on to the great masses of ice which form the glacier of Les Bossons. A few days before, Arthur and I had crossed the glacier at this point.

When cooled off, we started with three other parties;—making about twelve people in all,—and after a long, hard climb we came to the hut of the "Pyramides" where we had lunch. An omelette and a bottle of lemonade made a hearty enough lunch for us, though, of course, the guides had more.

The guides spoke no English and we were obliged to speak French to them, but our French was too limited for much conversation.

The next stretch of walking was rather hot and uninteresting except when we arrived at a great rock, cracked by the frost years ago. Our porter pointed out a small cave and told us that the first man to climb Mont Blanc had spent a night at this

LORD OF AVALANCHE AND TEMPEST

PEN-AND-INK ILLUSTRATIONS

by

Thornton Oakley

sheltered rock. After that, we arrived very soon at a place where the trail goes on to the glacier. At that point, the guides tied the ropes around us for the glacier climbing. We then needed our dark glasses as the glare was terrible.

About an hour's walking brought us to the little hut of Grands-Mulets, situated on a spur of rock six thousand feet above the valley. We were to spend the night here. It had taken us five hours to reach this. According to the register in the hut, we had tied the record. We ordered another omelette and more lemonade for "the snow-water would make us sick" as the guides said.

Now, not to be complaining, but just to show how things could be, I will tell of some of our discomforts. When we were dumped into our little room, my eye caught sight of the bedclothes. They were perfectly horrible. About the best thing to compare them with was burlap sacking. I turned my pillow-case inside out, and Arthur did the same, but even then we slept in our hats.

The food for supper was better, but pretty bad at that. We had very weak soup and a dried-up chop with some maddening string-beans with the strings in them, and lastly some dried, or preserved, fruit. That, with some bread two weeks old, they called a meal. Of course we realized that all food was brought up on the backs of men, so we kept cheerful.

We spent the afternoon back of the hut dozing around on some big rocks, watching small avalanches, and signaling to our parents who were ten miles away. We did this by reflecting the sun with a pocket-mirror; first getting an object a few feet away in line with the distant place, then, reflecting the sun on this, we moved the mirror slightly back and forth to hit the distant destination. It seemed curious to us that these mountaineering people should not know this little stunt. In fact was it so new to them that all the guides and occupants of the hut came out to see us signal. Before starting, we had agreed to signal about three-thirty that afternoon. I was lying on a rock when I saw the first flash from "La Flégère" and I knew it must be Mother and Father. We signaled back to let them know we were safely there. Incidentally, we found afterwards they received thirty-five of our flashes.

As we were lying around, one of the guides shouted "La-la," and the same instant there was a terrific boom which rang through all of the mountain. I jumped to my feet just in time to see a chunk of snow as big as a house come crashing over a precipice and smash into small pieces.

After supper we went outside to see the Alpine Glow. The storm that had been collecting that afternoon on the mountain-range across the valley made a great bank of cloud. However it did not cover us, and we were able to see the top of Mont Blanc. The glow of the sun on the snow was a wonderful, bright pink. A break in the storm-cloud permitted us to see the sun, as it sank slowly down behind a distant purple range.

We did not finish supper until after nine, and, as we were told that we should be waked at one o'clock and would start before two, we had good reason to want to sleep.

In the early morning the guide came and banged away at our door until we answered. It seemed as if we had just got to sleep when he came.

The whole hut was shaking as people got up and dressed. After a painfully slim breakfast, our party, with five other parties, started. The others took lanterns, but we did not bother with one as the moon was so bright. It was a half-moon and very beautiful on the snow.

Looking across the valley at the tops of the different mountains, which poked out of the silvery mist, we saw the moonbeams gleaming on patches of snow, and way down in the valley below us we could see the lights of Chamonix and the colored bulbs of the gay casino. Everything seemed so peaceful and still in the crisp, night air.

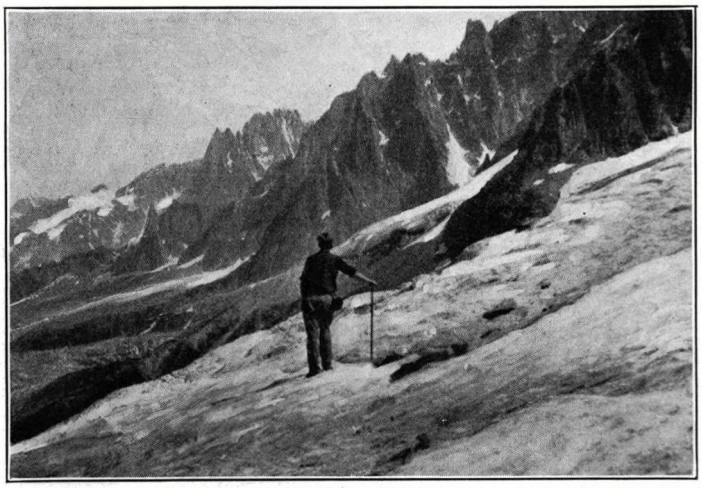
All roped together, we plodded along. Although we had started last, after the first mile and a half, we lead all but one party. Once, we walked into the shadow of a great, peaked rock. We felt the icy air from the deep crevasses until we passed into the moonlight again.

About four o'clock in the morning came the light-yellow glow of the sun. As the minutes passed on, the stars faded out of the cloudless sky before the fast approaching dawn. From yellow, the glow turned a pink, which soon was touched with red.

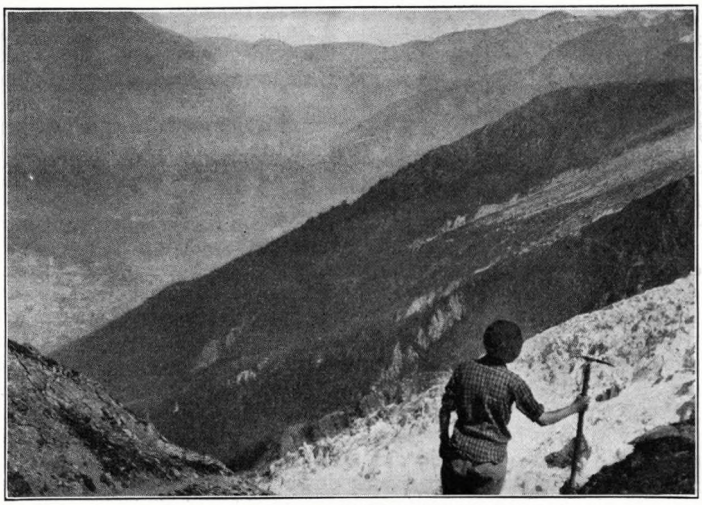
When the sun was taking the place of the moon, the real test of Mont Blanc came. It was now seven o'clock, and, with the exception of one rest of three or four minutes, we had been plodding along ever since a quarter to two. We were tired, and to make it worse, the cold was now intense. For one hour my feet had been getting colder and colder, until I feared I should have to stop and give up. My feet were not only painful, but my hands were aching so that I could scarcely hold my ice-ax. Finally, to my comfort, my feet became numb but my hands still ached.

We had been coming up a great valley which is called the Grand-Plateau. Afterward, I called that valley warm, compared to the rest of the trip up. When we were a hundred yards from the top of the next ridge, we suddenly ran into the greatest hindrance of the whole trip. This was the wind, a gale never to be forgotten by Arthur and me. I have never in my life felt such an icy blast. It went right through our sweaters. We pulled our Brittany fisherman's hats down over our ears and necks, wondering whether we should be frozen before we reached the summit.

At the Vallot Hut we stopped to eat some food. It might have been called a breakfast. I felt so uncomfortable I could eat little, but I did make away with some biscuits. Here the guides left their packs and gave us some prunes to put in our pockets.



THE AIGUILLES OF CHAMONIX



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE VALLÉE DE CHAMONIX

When we were about to start, we saw one party, the closest behind us, come staggering up. I recognized them to be an American, with a Spanish friend. When I saw the American later, he told me his friend had given out at this hut. Near the summit, when I was coming down I again passed him. He appeared to be crying with the cold, and he asked me how much farther it was to the top. He said he could do but a few yards more. I think he probably had a touch of mountain-sickness.

After about half an hour of steep climbing on the ridge, we came to the worst part of our trip. This was a stretch of trail a quarter of a mile long, on a ridge two to three feet wide. One misstep might send four people hurling through space. The guide said that if one slipped the only way to save all would be for the man next him to jump the other way, which would tend to balance. This would take as much courage as jumping from an airplane at a height of three or four miles. If one fell to the right he would slide down a snow-chute to go sailing about three thousand feet through the air, and land in Italy. If he fell to the left he would slide a few hundred feet to a fine cliff and from there, keep flying through space till he landed in a section of crevasses, then one or two hundred feet more to

the icy bottom. We had this nice thought in mind while we were crossing the ridge.

Our feet being numbed made it extremely dangerous. In climbing, one generally feels whether his foothold is good, but now we could not do this. A few days before when the snow was soft, some parties had gone over the trail, leaving deep foot-prints. These froze, making the way rough, so that with no feeling in our feet, we had the great chance of turning our ankles or stumbling.

The wind blowing there was truly fierce. We could n't just relax and lean against it—for it came in sudden gusts.

At last, to our relief, the end of the ridge came. A short walk brought us to some rather steeper grades. After putting these behind us, we had but a little distance to cover. It was rather disappointing sometimes when we came up the side of a small ridge thinking it was the top of the mountain only to see the real top above us.

And then at last we were up! 16,000 feet!

We had sort of expected to see some elaborate landmark, or pole, on the top, but instead was only the wind-blown, everlasting snow. The top was as bleak as a snow-field in the northland. I looked down on our long, tedious route, and I felt a conqueror—indeed, I was.

The atmosphere around the top was so thin it was quite difficult to breathe comfortably and easily. The view was rather disappointing to us, as we had expected to be able to see for hundreds of miles, in every direction. The early morning was only fairly clear, though everything at the foot of the mountain was distinct. We could see France, a great plain, covered with tiny villages and some forests. Far off over a great valley we saw the Jura Mountains, a distance of sixty miles. At the foot of the southwestern side is a basin-like valley. This was filled with a dense mist. From the basin is a cañon which leads to the Vallée de Chamonix, in which Chamonix is located. The mist was slowly coming up this valley, and we thought it would cover Chamonix itself, but it came to a stop before it reached that town.

We could endure but ten minutes on the top, after which, still tied together, we took a last look around and started down. We passed one or two other parties coming up. As we got further down we made better and faster time. We crossed the unpleasant ridge and arrived at the Vallot Hut. We could not go into this hut as it is a private place, but we stopped on a big rock near by to eat a little food and to rest. The guides put their packs on again and we started down an easy slope. At first our pace was a brisk walk, then it increased to a trot, and finally we were running just as fast as we possibly could. We passed two more parties going up. There was one party that I think must have failed, as they were descending before us. We raced by them and stopped on the Little-Plateau. By now we were really hot, so hot that we took off our sweaters and hats. I felt fine, for I was really warm and comfortable again.

ON TOP THE MOUNTAIN—ONE OF THE PORTERS, ARTHUR, AND THE AUTHOR

Continually, we had to relieve the air-pressure in our ears by swallowing. We were descending at such a rate that we could feel the pressure on our whole bodies. Also the air was changing to a heavier and better quality for breathing.

Now we were coming to the more dangerous part of descent. This was a section of crevasses. Having passed it in the moonlight, it looked quite different now in broad daylight.

As we came to the edge of a very small plateau, our trail led down an icy bank. We were going very carefully down this steep slope, but not carefully enough, for the front guide, or porter slipped and I, who was following him, was jerked off my feet very rudely. Arthur and the rear guide luckily saw him go, and they held us both by anchoring with their ice-axes until we were able to get to our feet. If they had not seen us go, we should all have gone sliding down the slope toward a crevasse. The crevasse was not as bad as some we had seen, but we could not see the bottom and that was plenty bad enough. In order to get back to the trail we were obliged to cut steps in the ice with our axes.

After that, we went a little more slowly and carefully. In some places the parties of previous days had left tracks in the snow in the form of shutes. We put our two feet in these troughs and the front guide said "ready" and we all went sliding down the chute at a time-saving speed. These were as we wound in and out of the great crevasses, making our way down to the Grands-Mulets Hut.

Arriving at the hut at noon we had some bottled lemonade. It was good and we needed it, for we were very thirsty. After a rest in the hut, and before starting, we paid our bill. It was reasonable considering that everything must be brought up on the backs of men.

I have dwelt almost entirely on the hardships and discomforts of our expedition. I shall now tell some of the excitements and joys of the trip. For one thing we knew that every step was taking us toward our goal. Climbing Mont Blanc gave us a great satisfaction of knowing we were able to conquer the largest. Then all the time the views were getting more beautiful and we were looking forward to the marvelous outlook from the top.

Also, our guides were very nice. They watched carefully after our comfort, or at least as much as they could. They never were provoked with our meager French, which generally could not be understood. Then they were willing to stop in safe places for photographs and, sometimes, would go out of their way to pose for us. In every way they were obliging.

We again set off for Chamonix. The guides said we should probably arrive back at our hotel

(*Continued on page 931*)

THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Secret of Tate's Beach," etc.

CHAPTER IX

A CONFERENCE WITH COOSAW

IT was the ensuing morning, Sunday, and Grandma Fletcher and Naomi had just returned from a call on Cousin Frances, whose sprained ankle confined her to her bed, after her dramatic adventure of the day before. When Grandma Fletcher had disappeared into the kitchen to superintend Hagar with the Sunday dinner, Naomi was captured and led away by the three other young people and guided down to a secluded nook below the bluff where they could be well out of sight of the house. There they seated her on an old overturned boat and out from beneath it Ronny pulled something which he laid in her lap.

"Time you got a squint at this!" he announced. "There has n't been a minute to show it to you till this morning, and then you had to go off calling on that old lady who made such a nuisance of herself yesterday." His tone was rather injured and Naomi giggled unfeelingly.

"Well, I could n't help myself, could I?" she inquired. "Grandma wanted to go and see her, of course, and it was only decent for me to go too, and ask how she was. And besides, if you knew what I know, you would n't think she 'd made quite so much of a nuisance of herself yesterday as you do. Poor thing! she could n't very well help it, anyhow."

"What do you know?" they demanded in chorus.

"I want to look at this first, and then I 'll tell you," was all she would reply, turning over the heavy metal disk in her lap and regarding curiously the markings on its face. Ronny had patiently cleaned and scoured it the night before, and its markings were now easily deciphered.

"No doubt about its being *our* dial, is there!" marveled Naomi. "Here 's the motto around the edge in those queer old English letters: '*My shadow marks the appointed hour. None other doth the secret hold.*' I wish we knew what that meant!"

"Well, we 're going to find out!" declared Ronny, with such positiveness that they all in one breath demanded, "How?"

"I ain't doped that out yet," he replied; "but we 've made the biggest step yet in finding it at all. And if it had n't been for that old hurricane, maybe we never would have. *Somebody* buried it there, and I 'd give my hat to know who did. It may have been old Coosaw,—I somehow think he 's the likeliest one,—and then again he may n't know a thing about it. But I 'm going to find that out before I 'm many days older. One thing I 'm dead certain of, though—the secret, whatever it is, has to do with *this* part of the sun-dial and not the shaft that 's lying out on the bank. Why? They left that part there and did n't care any more about it, and this part they took all the trouble to hide so carefully. Simple, ain't it?"

"But, Ronny," questioned Naomi, "what *can* be so mysterious about this? It 's just a solid piece of metal—bronze, I should think—about an inch thick, engraved on one side with the time marks and motto, and with the pointer to throw the shadow attached. Just to look at it, the thing is about as *un*mysterious as any object I ever saw!"

"What 's 'the appointed hour'? That 's what I 'd like to know," demanded Ronny. "The motto 's mysterious if nothing else is. I 'm going to try my wits on that for a while. And, meantime, we 'd better keep this hidden somewhere. Later on, we might ask your Grandma about it; but not just yet. But say, Naomi, I thought you had something to tell us, too?"

"Yes, I was just wondering when you 'd all think to ask about it," smiled Naomi. "It 's pretty near as important as this sun-dial, too, I reckon. It happened yesterday, when you-all left me alone with Cousin Frances in that big old room of Pettigrew's Folly. Missouri had got her comfortable with some blankets and had gone back to the cabin to make her a cup of hot tea, leaving me alone with her. I think she must have half fainted from the pain in her ankle as she lay there on the mattress, for her eyes were closed and her face was very white and the hand I held was very cold. Suddenly she opened those big black eyes and looked around in a dazed sort of way and muttered, '*Bolton*, are you here?'

"You can imagine I just fairly jumped when she said that name. But I leaned over her and asked if she wanted any one specially. She stared at me a minute and I don't think she recognized me at all. Then she sort of did and answered: 'It—it made me think of some one I knew very well, years and years ago—being here, in this old house. It was the last time I ever saw him—here.'

"And then I made up my mind on the instant that I was n't going to let this chance slip, so I just boldly asked her right out, 'Was it *Bolton Lawrence*, Cousin Frances?' She lifted herself right up and stared at me, though it must have hurt her ankle awfully to do it. 'How did you know?' she groaned, as she fell back.

"I told her I did n't know, but I had heard the name, and when she said 'Bolton,' I thought it must be the same person. 'Well, it was,' she answered. 'I can't imagine where you ever heard the name, for no one ever mentions it around here. I—I was engaged to him at one time—when I was a very young girl—before the war. It was a secret—we had not announced it and nobody knew. But I suddenly discovered—he was a Yankee sympathizer. I could n't bear it and I broke the engagement. He—he went away—north—right afterward. No one here ever saw him again. I—I don't know why I 'm telling you this. I—feel very weak—I hardly know what I 'm saying.' And then she sort of slipped off in another half-conscious spell. I rubbed her hands and bathed her face; but she did n't speak again till Missouri brought the tea, and then she seemed to have forgotten all about what

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

WHEN Ronny and Leila Speer, Northerners, came to the little South Carolina town of Burton with their father to purchase an old plantation as a winter home, they struck the trail of a curious mystery centering around beautiful, half-ruined "Pettigrew's Folly," which their father considers buying. This secret had originally been discovered by Enid and Naomi Fletcher at whose home the Speers are staying. A secret room in the old house containing a chest of law-books, and a broken sun-dial on the lawn are deeply concerned in the mystery, which seems to involve the question of the ownership of the old place.

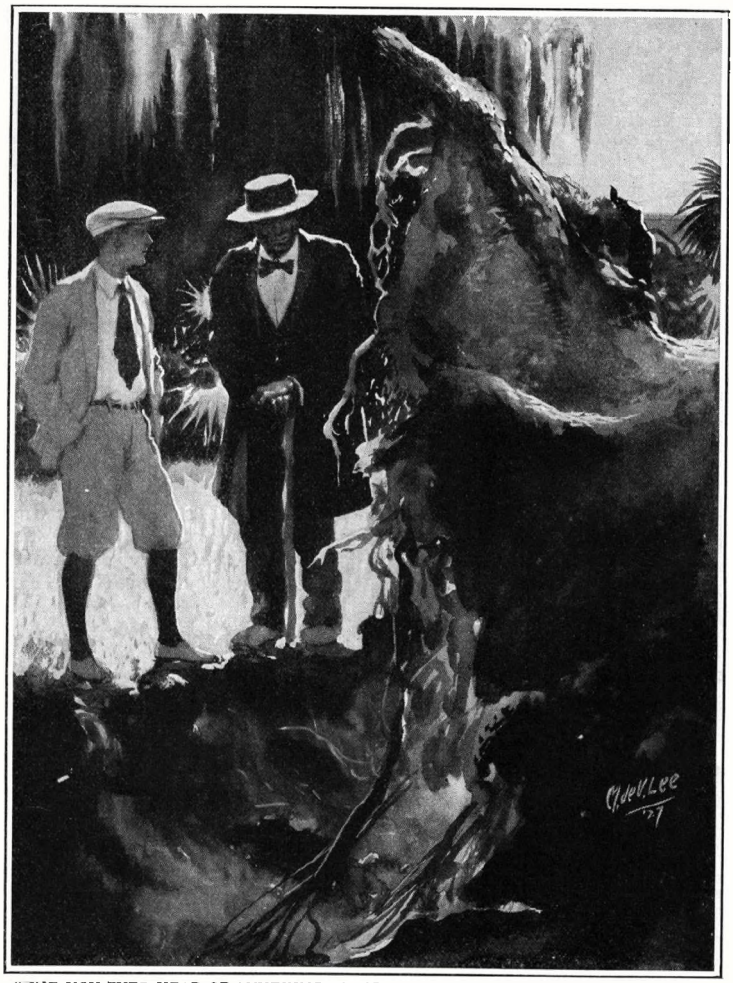
The four young people set themselves to work out the solution of the riddle. Ronny's idea is that all signs point to the face of the dial as containing the answer. But the face of the dial has been missing for years and they cannot find a trace of its whereabouts. Then, after a terrific storm, one day, they discover something at the foot of an uprooted live-oak on the bank of the river, which proves to be none other than the long-missing dial face.

she 'd said and did n't mention it again. And, of course, neither did I. That 's all."

"Whew-w-w!" breathed Ronny, pursing his lips in a prolonged whistle. "I 'll have to hand it to you, Naomi; you made as big a discovery as we did with the dial—bigger, in some ways. I begin to see daylight on a whole lot of things that were as thick as mud before. Now I got a scheme. I 'm going to ride out to Pettigrew's Folly all by my lonesome this afternoon and have a chin with old Coosaw, if you girls 'll lend me one of the ponies. Don't ask me what I 'm going to dig out. Just wait till I get back!"

And at that moment they heard the tinkle of Grandma's bell announcing that dinner was on the table.

True to his plan, Ronny saddled Spot that afternoon, and while the girls were all lounging on the veranda in couch-hammock and easy-chairs and Grandma Fletcher was taking a nap, he cantered away through the pine-barrens toward Pettigrew's Folly. When he reached the grounds of the old mansion, however, he did not halt as usual by the veranda steps, but ambled around toward the "quarters" and old Coosaw's cabin.



"DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYTHING BEING BURIED BY THE ROOTS OF THIS TREE?" RONNY DEMANDED QUIETLY"

Before he had quite reached there, however, he halted in the shelter of some japonica bushes that screened the path, peered through the branches at the scene before him, and listened. It was a typical Sunday afternoon scene in the colored quarters that he saw through the branches. Before the door of the little lopsided whitewashed cabin sat Coosaw and Missouri and their assembled progeny to the third and fourth generation. All were decked in the bright-colored, crude finery that they always donned for the day. Missouri's head was wound with a striped blue bandana turban instead of the usual weekly white one. Old Coosaw had on an ancient suit of black, several sizes too large for him. Around them were grouped their sons, daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who occupied the other tumble-down cabins in the row. And from the group there floated out the wild, sweet strains of a "spiritual," the sacred melody so dear to the negro heart:

"Ah wanta clim' up Jacob's ladder, one ob des days!
Ebery little rung is anudder step higher, one ob des days!"

Ronny listened with an ecstatic expression on his pale little face, for he dearly loved music, and these weird and melodious strains particularly appealed to him. Not till the last note had ceased did he emerge from the screen of bushes and reveal himself to the group.

"Hello, Coosaw!" he greeted the old colored man who rose courteously to receive him. "Don't get up—any of you. Go on with the singing, won't you? I love to hear it, and I came up hoping you 'd be singing—like the first day we saw you here. You don't mind my sitting here and listening, do you?"

The old man assured him they would all be delighted to go on, if it entertained him, and asked what special spiritual he would care to hear.

"Sing that one about 'Dry bones,' won't you?" begged Ronny. "That 's a crackajack, all right!"

And so the dark chorus, led by Coosaw's tenor, still strong and sweet, broke into the melodious swing:

"Dry bones in de valley, ma-a-h Lord!
Whut yo' gwine do wid des dry bones, ma-a-h Lord?"

And after that they gave him "Deep River," "Get on Boa'd dat Royal Vessel," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and a number of others that were new to the boy. And when the curious concert was over and they had all drifted away to their respective cabins except a few round-eyed little black youngsters, and even Missouri had gone inside, Ronny was at last left alone with Coosaw. It was then that Ronny opened up the subject that was nearest to his thoughts by asking the old man if he had seen the great tree that had been torn from its moorings at the edge of the bluff by the storm of the day before. Coosaw admitted that one of his sons had reported the fact to him, but that he had not yet gone to see it himself. Ronny suggested that they should walk over and survey the ruins, and Coosaw politely agreed and accompanied him.

"Dat wus a fine ol' tree!" sighed Coosaw, surveying the ruins; "a

gran' ol' tree. Been yer sence long befo' de mansion wuz built. Ah hates to see dat tree gone."

Ronny watched the old darky with veiled, but keenly speculative, attention while he was talking. He was trying to gage just how much Coosaw knew or was trying to hide about matters connected with this tree. Suddenly the boy decided on a bold move.

"Did you ever hear of anything being buried by the roots of this tree, Coosaw?" he demanded quietly.

The colored man gazed at him with a startled look. Then he shook his head and turned to stare once more into the excavation.

"No, sah! No, sah! How come yo' ask sich a question as dat? Ah ain't nebber hyah no sich fool t'ing as dat—somepin buried by dish tree! Whut yo' mean, Mistah Ronny?"

But the keen-eyed boy had learned one thing he wanted to know in that first, startled, questioning look of Coosaw. He pursued his line of attack with a sure-handed insistence that would have been worthy of his successful father.

"No use trying to bluff me, Coosaw," he went on, still with that quiet, mature assurance in his air. "I know a whole lot more about this affair than you think, and so do the girls. We found the top of that old sun-dial here ourselves yesterday and took it home. And we all have it pretty well doped out that you knew it was here—probably hid it here yourself with the help of Mrs. Pettigrew, the night you and she took the sun-dial to pieces."

It was a wild shot and Ronny knew it; but it had an astounding effect on the old colored man. His kinky gray wool seemed to rise from his head, his eyes bulged in their sockets, and his chin fairly trembled as he stammered shakily, "How—how you know dat, Mistah Ronny?"

"Because I 've got my eyes and my brains about me," vouchsafed the boy. "Did n't you come here yesterday after the storm and try to find that dial face?" Coosaw nodded miserably. "I guessed as much," said Ronny. "And did n't you and Mrs. Pettigrew hide it here that night so many years ago?" he went on relentlessly.

Poor Coosaw was aware by this time that it was useless to try to conceal things any longer. "Ah—Ah did it mahself," he admitted. "Miss Lucill', she done tol' me to bury hit dar, an' she watch me while Ah dig it deep so no one nebber fin' hit. Ah cain't reckon how yo'-all foun' hit out, but dat 's de truf, Mistah Ronny!"

"I know it is," said Ronny. "And while you 're about it you might as well tell me the rest, because it may help straighten out a whole lot of things that are kind o' mixed up now. I figure you 'd rather tell it to me than to my dad, would n't you,—or maybe to the judge in a court?"

This last was another wild shot; but its effect on Coosaw was even more tremendous than the other.

"Oh, Mistah Ronny, Ah 'll tell yo' eberyt'ing, Ah sho will, only doan yo' go tellin' on me to yo' daddy nor no jedges! Miss Lucill' she done mek me promise Ah ain't nebber tell whut happen dat night, an' Ah ain't nebber would, only yo' done foun' it all out anyhow."

"Well, you 'd better get it off your chest right away," agreed Ronny. "Come along over where we can sit down and talk comfortably. We 'll sit on that old marble sun-dial shaft by the river, farther along, 'cause we would n't likely be interrupted there. And just remember this, Coosaw: my father 's aimin' to buy this place, and if he does, he 's likely to keep you and Missouri around here and give you plenty to do—and all your folks too. So it might be a good idea to make a clean breast of it and get the thing straightened out. Kind o' be more comfortable for you all. Get me?"

Coosaw nodded again and they made their way to the marble pillar, prone on the edge of the bluff. And for an hour or more, the two sat there, absorbed in the strange conference, till, by the level rays of the sun across the river, Ronny was warned that he should be making his departure. And when he and the old colored man had coralled Spot, and Ronny was astride of the pony, he turned to Coosaw and remarked:

"You 're a good old sport, Coosaw; I have to hand it to you! You won't regret what you 've told me to-day. Keep it under your hat, though, and don't let on to another soul yet what 's up. So long!"

And he galloped away toward the pine-barrens, the old darky gazing after him in half-scared, half-admiring amazement.

CHAPTER X

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

WHEN Ronny turned in at Grandma Fletcher's gate, he was met by Enid, who came flying out at his approach.

"You 'll never guess what 's happened!" she cried, as he flung his leg over the saddle. "Your father 's come back!"

"What?" he shouted. "Dad? Golly, this *is* a surprise! When did he come?"

"Just a little while ago. He got in to Savannah this afternoon, by train, and drove right out. He has a young man with him—a Mr. Carter."

"Gee whiz! Did he bring Alan down too? That 's his secretary. He 's a jim-dandy, Alan is! I 'm awful fond of him. He used to be my tutor. Let 's hurry in."

They went into the house, and Ronny had a joyful and demonstrative reunion with his father and the young secretary, Alan Carter, a quiet, bright-eyed young fellow who seemed to have a real affection for the boy. Mr. Speer declared that he had returned to settle up matters finally and definitely in regard to Pettigrew's Folly and had found it advisable to bring his secretary to assist in that and some other complicated business dealings he was having in the South. He expressed himself as very much pleased with Ronny's improvement in health during his absence and congratulated Grandma Fletcher and the girls on their careful guardianship of his two children.

It was not till later in the evening, when supper was over, Grandma Fletcher out spending an hour with her next-door neighbor, and Mr. Speer and his secretary closeted in one of the bedrooms discussing business, that Ronny had a chance to have a conference with the girls. They were drawn up as usual around the open fire when Ronny electrified them all by announcing:

"Well, I hit something pretty deep this afternoon. Old Coosaw 's confessed all he knows to me, and if this is all true, I figure we 've got to make a change in our tactics and get some outside advice in this business. I don't know how you feel about it, Naomi and Enid, for it was your secret to begin with and you 've got the say-so about it, but I strongly advise taking Alan into this. He 's a good sport, all right, and he knows a lot and I 'd trust what he says as soon as if it was Dad."

"But why not tell your father right away?" suggested Naomi. "After all, he 's the one that 's going to buy the place and he ought to know if there 's anything unusual about it."

"That 's true, too," said Ronny; "but I happen to know that Dad 's about up to his eyes in a whole lot of things down here that have n't so much as a speaking acquaintance with this. But Alan 'll be keen about it, and I know you 're going to like him. Shall we take him into this?"

"Why, if things are as you say," agreed Naomi, "I really don't see that

"'YOU FUNNY CHILDREN!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'WHY DID N'T YOU COME TO ME SOONER WITH ALL THIS?'"

we can do anything else. But, Ronny, do tell us what you discovered from Coosaw. We 're dying to know! You certainly did better than Enid or I could if you got anything out of him!"

"I got the whole thing out of him," declared Ronny, "or at least as much as he knows." He first described how he had led old Coosaw to "give himself away," and then went on: "First I asked him if he knew there was any secret about the sundial, and he said yes, Miss Lucill' had told him she had discovered that there was something strange about it and had asked him one night to help her take it to pieces and see if there was anything hidden in it somewhere. He said it was an awful piece of work to get it apart. They worked half the night with a cold-chisel and hammer and crowbar, trying to get the old thing dislocated; but finally it came apart and Miss Lucill' poked all about it, but could n't find anything in its insides at all, and so they just left it lying around. And then I said I supposed he and Miss Lucill' buried the other part, and asked him just why they decided to do that.

"And right there I discovered that something was queer about the way that old fellow was acting. He sort of got confused and hesitated and got mixed up in what he was saying, and I cottoned right to it that he was n't telling me the straight story after all; or at least, that he was holding something back. He evidently did n't trust me completely, even yet. So I said: 'Look here, Coosaw, you 're holding out on me. Better hand me the straight goods, for it 'll all come out in the wash, you know, and if you have n't told it right, it 'll be the worse for you!'

"He finally admitted to me that Miss Lucill' had n't had anything to do with the burying of the dial plate. He 'd done that all himself, after she 'd gone back to the house and gone to bed. He took the dial and dug a deep hole by the live-oak and buried it and never told a soul, then nor since, that he 'd done it. He said Miss Lucill' was curious about its disappearance for a while after and asked many questions of him; but he 'd always pretended he did n't know anything about it, and she finally forgot it, anyway. Evidently she 'd never attached much importance to that top part and so was n't concerned about its loss. The war had opened in the meantime and she was too much occupied with other matters."

"But why should Coosaw go and bury it himself so mysteriously?" demanded Enid. "I don't understand that at all."

"Neither did I," asserted Ronny, "and I put it right up to him. And there was where I got an entirely different twist on the whole matter. Coosaw just plain did n't want to tell me at first. He hedged a lot, and then he finally said it was because he thought that whatever secret there was about the dial was—must be—in the top part, and he thought it ought n't to be lost, as it probably

would be if it were left kicking around and the 'quarter' youngsters got hold of it and perhaps dropped it in the river. That sounded pretty thin to me, so I asked him, if he thought that, why did n't he tell Miss Lucill' and let her take care of it? Why did he go hide it that way and keep it a secret even from her?

"That got him. He saw he could n't get around it any other way so he blurted out that he himself knew something about the dial and he did n't want Miss Lucill' to know it. 'Why not?' I put it up to him. And his answer quite surprised me. It was, 'Because she 'd spoil everything!' Can you beat that? I asked him, of course, what it was she would have spoiled, and he said he did n't know, but it was something about 'Mr. Randolph.' I said to him, 'Coosaw, tell me straight—how do you know all this?' And he just shook as he answered, and said it was because his old father had told him so. I asked him was that Scipio, and he nodded. Then I asked when had Scipio told him, and he said, just before the old man died. It seems he lived about two months after the judge, but he was never well after the accident and finally died too from the effects of it, so Coosaw said. He must have had something on his mind for he made Coosaw promise he 'd never tell the secret and then warned him to guard the top of that sun-dial, as there was something in it that would affect 'Marse Randolph.' Scipio said he did n't dare say more except that the old judge had confided to him something for his son and warned him that no one but 'Marse Randolph' was to receive it. Scipio told Coosaw that if 'Marse Randolph' —ever came back to Cotesworth Hall, he (Coosaw) was to tell him what Scipio had said and to 'look out for the sun-dial'—whatever that meant.

"Coosaw was a boy at the time, but he never forgot his father's warning, and waited month after month for Randolph to come. But, as we know, Randolph never set foot in Cotesworth Hall again and finally went to the war and was killed. Then Coosaw did n't know what to do. The property had passed into the hands of Mrs. Pettigrew; Randolph's daughter (your grandmother) was a little girl living in another part of the State, and, as far as Coosaw knew, she had nothing to do with the affair, anyway, so he forgot all about it in the years that followed and simply left the sun-dial face where it was. He says he never thought of it again till the storm uprooted that old tree yesterday. Then he remembered the old dial face and went to see if it had come to light. When he did n't find it, he thought that probably it had fallen into the river, which is pretty deep right there, and intended to drag for it sometime, just to satisfy his own curiosity.

Then I asked him why he 's never in all these years, spoken of the matter to your grandma, Mrs. Fletcher, here. He said: 'Why, Mistah Ronny, why for I tell dat to Miss Cordelia? She only l'il gal den. She ain't know 'bout sech t'ings. Dat all long ago.' Oh, yes—and I asked him, besides, if he had ever heard what was the trouble between Mr. Randolph and his father, the judge. Coosaw said, 'I ain't know fo' sho'—I only li'l chap at de time.' But he did admit that Scipio had told him the old judge was right mad at his son for deliberately going off somewhere and being away the day they had the big meeting under Secession Oak. Randolph never would explain why he was away nor what he was doing, and so the judge just jumped to the conclusion that he was a Yankee sympathizer. He said the father and son disputed about it for a long time, and it nearly broke the old judge's heart, because he thought so much of his son. Then the judge met with that accident and they never did clear up the matter.

"Then I asked Coosaw if he 'd ever heard of a Bolton Lawrence around here. And right there I got the shock of my life, for he said: 'Fo' sho'! Marse Bolton Lawrence, he de cousin ob Miss Harriet Stepney, de jedge's second wife! His home 'way off over near Yemassee, but he often visit here for weeks at a time. Miss Harriet she right fond of him, but de ol' jedge he ain't like him so much.' And Coosaw ended by saying Bolton Lawrence disappeared about the time the war broke out and was never seen around here again—said it was rumored he 'd gone North.

"Well, that was about all I got out of the old man; but I leave it to you if we have n't got a pretty little puzzle here now, and about all the pieces on the table, at that!"

"Ronny," began Naomi, when the boy had finished, "you 're right in thinking it 's high time we consulted some one else about all this. It was all very well to have it for a secret and pretend we were detectives unearthing a mystery and all that, at first, but the thing is too serious to be hidden any longer. If your father were n't going right off to Florida to-morrow, I 'd say to tell him; but since you think he won't want to be bothered about it, we 'd better tell Mr. Carter about it right away—to-night, if possible. And here 's something else. I think we had better tell it all to Grandma, too, and see if she can throw any light on the matter. She has never wanted to talk about her father and the affair of his not inheriting Pettigrew's Folly, because it is evidently a rather painful subject to her. But now I 'm sure the time has come when she ought to know all we 've discovered. It can't do her any harm, and it might clear up the muddle. Shall we tell them both to-night? I 'm for not waiting another minute."

"You 're dead right!" declared Ronny, thoughtfully.

"And here comes Grandma now," added Enid. "I hear her step on the back porch."

The next moment Grandma Fletcher entered, dusting her hands together in her usual characteristic gesture as she approached the fire. "My, but the evening 's cool!" she exclaimed. "These spring nights are more like winter, even when the days are warm."

"Grandma," began Naomi, with a meaning glance at the others, "we 've something very important to tell you and we don't want you to be surprised at what we 're going to say—"

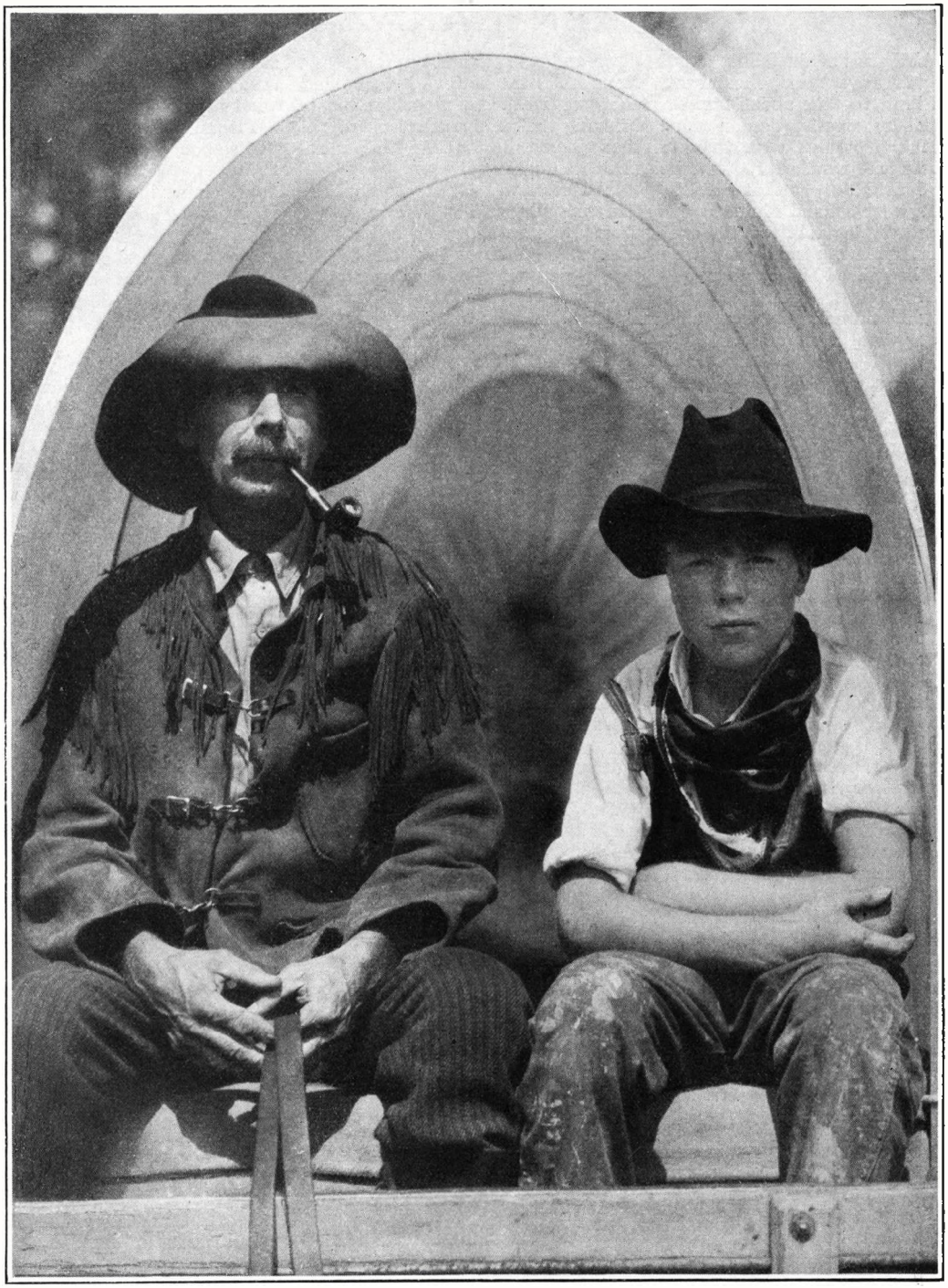
"What 's the matter?" interrupted the old lady, her tiny figure suddenly stiffening belligerently. "That possum has n't caught another one of my chickens, has it, while I was away?"

"No, no!" laughed Naomi, "Nothing like that. It 's something to do with Pettigrew's Folly and a curious thing we discovered about the old sun-dial there. We 'll tell you the whole story, and afterward we hope you 'll help us out if *you* know anything that would clear up the mystery."

And while Naomi quietly recounted all the curious train of events that had led them to their present position, the little old lady listened, her white head leaning on her hand, her blue eyes fixed on the leaping flames. And she made not a word of comment throughout the tale, though she flinched perceptibly a number of times when the story touched her own affairs too nearly. When Naomi had finished with the description of Ronny's adventure of the afternoon, she sat up straight with an air of keen excitement.

"You funny children!" she exclaimed. "Why did n't you come to me sooner with all this? I might have helped you out long ago, though, I must say, there are some gaps here that even I can't fill in. I *am* sensitive about that old affair of my father's, but it 's only because

(*Continued on page 924*)



A YOUNG MAN TAKING HORACE GREELEY'S ADVICE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

"Sting Me!"

by KEN NAKAZAWA

FLEAMI was again telling about his great adventure. Fleami was not the kind to talk about himself, being a modest tree-frog, and nothing was further from his wish than to brag about the wonderful things he had n't done. But, at that time, he was living with a band of murderous toads, and the big talk was the only thing that saved him from being eaten up. So, he peaked his shoulders and spread his elbows, looking as fierce as he could, and began to narrate his encounter with a monstrous stag-beetle.

"He was a big fellow," he said; "twice as big as any of you. And he charged, swinging his seven-spiked great pincers. I hopped aside, and then . . ."

This thrilling tale was cut short by Morror, who stepped from among the row of listeners. Morror was the leader of the band, who had six hundred great lumps on his back and treacherous brains in his spiked head.

"We hate to interrupt you," he said; "but, if it 's all the same to you, we 'd like to hear about the fight you had with the black hornets. That 's one of the most interesting stories we have ever heard, and we 'd be much obliged, if you 'd tell it again."

Fleami was puzzled, but, as far as he could see, there was no foul motive behind the request. So he repeated the story, describing how big those hornets were, and what long and sharp stings they had, and how, by using the trick he had learned from the magician of the hill, he had defeated them all.

"That 's how I whipped the black hornets," he said. "Now, let me finish the story I started to tell."

"No, you won't!" a voice roared behind him. "You are n't going to tell any more of those cursed lies!"

Fleami looked back, and his heart leaped to his throat, for there he saw a swarm of black hornets who were glaring at him, murder in their eyes. While he was staring in horror, the hornets moved forward, forming a black circle around him. Then one of them spoke.

"You impudent little flea! How dare you insult our race? Lie down; we are going to sting you so full of holes that you 'll look like a torn spider web," and they all bared their stings —the long, sharp stings with a drop of poison trembling at the base of every one.

Fleami's first impulse was to get down on his knees and beg for mercy. Remembering, however, that such show of weakness would result in bringing the jeers and attack of the toads, he decided to take the punishment unflinchingly.

"All right," he said. "You can sting me all you like. I am ready." Then, because he was a brave little creature, he managed to smile. "Be careful you don't break your stings," he added. "My skin is terribly hard."

When one goes to hit a fellow, and the fellow, instead of running away, or fighting back, calmly stretches his neck and tells the one to hit him and hit him hard, the one becomes suspicious. Naturally, Fleami's perfect willingness to be stung made the hornets feel uneasy. They exchanged a whispered conversation among themselves and finally one asked:

"You said you used a trick you had learned from the magician of the hill. What kind of trick was that?"

This gave Fleami a great idea. "Perhaps," he thought, "I can scare them so they won't dare sting me." He shook his head with a mysterious smile.

"I can't tell you," he said, "because the magician told me not to say anything about it until I get stung. You just sting me—as hard as you can—and you will find out."

This made the hornets still more uneasy, and again they began to whisper among themselves.

"Come on!" Fleami urged. "Why don't you sting me? I can't wait all day. I am a busy frog."

Still the hornets made no motion to sting him.

"Gosh, you are a funny bunch," Fleami laughed, now certain of the success of his scheme. "You are here to sting me, and I am ready to be stung, yet you stand there, and do nothing but gossip. I 've never heard the like of it." He yawned several times. "That settles it. I am going to leave you. I have a lot to do." He got up and started to retreat in glory.

"Wait!" a hornet called. "We don't know what that trick is; but since, as you said, we are here to sting you, and you are ready to be stung, we are going to sting, and see what happens."

"MORROR WAS THE LEADER OF THE BAND"

Fleami gasped, swallowed, laughed. "It 's about time you did it," he said. "Now, be very, very careful, and don't blame me for what happens." He crouched down, and watched them shake their stings and draw them in, in preparation to strike. "They are nice stings you have," he said. "Let 's see how deep they can go. Careful, now! See that you don't hurt yourselves."

"Come on, everybody," said the hornets. "Don't be afraid of him. He is just bluffing. Now, all together, one—two—three!"

Fleami flattened down and bit his mouth, waiting for the touch of the deadly stings, but nothing happened; and, as he still waited, he heard the hornets say to one another, "Why did n't you sting?" "Why did n't *you* sting?" and secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Say," he demanded, "what are you doing? No more fooling, now. How can I show my trick if you don't sting?"

"Aw, quit fussing," the hornets retorted. "We will sting you yet."

There was more whispering and, by and by, a number of hornets backed away, leaving the three biggest ones around Fleami.

"What 's the matter?" asked Fleami. "Getting cold feet?"

"Hold your tongue!" cried one of the three. "They are n't afraid of you. They are stepping out because they think we three are enough to do the job."

"Oh, that 's it, eh?" said Fleami. "Well, maybe you can. You can try anyhow. There 's nothing like trying." Again he crouched down and waited. He did n't hold his breath, however, or bite his mouth, because now he was quite sure he would not be stung. He even chuckled when the hornets began to repeat, "Now, all together, one—two—three," for he thought of what a good laugh his friends would have over this incident. "Just think of it!" he said to himself. "A whole bunch of hornets getting bluffed by a tiny tree-frog!"

This chuckle, however, did n't last very long, because the moment the signal went off, he felt the burning touch of three stings on his back. Fleami yelled and jumped. He was a

(*Continued on page 934*)

The Blue Bandeau

by Aline Havard

DORIS ANDREWS was seated at her dressing-table, leisurely fitting a blue velvet bandeau around her blonde bobbed head, when her mother called her to the telephone. "It 's Kenneth," Mrs. Andrews said, when Doris, clutching her kimono and the slipping velvet band, went most impatiently to answer.

"Hello, Ken!—No, I 'm not ready—it 's not even eight o'clock—Oh, the dance begins at eight instead of eight-thirty? Well, I can't start yet awhile, so you 'll have to be late for once in your life—All right, come on around. I won't be long."

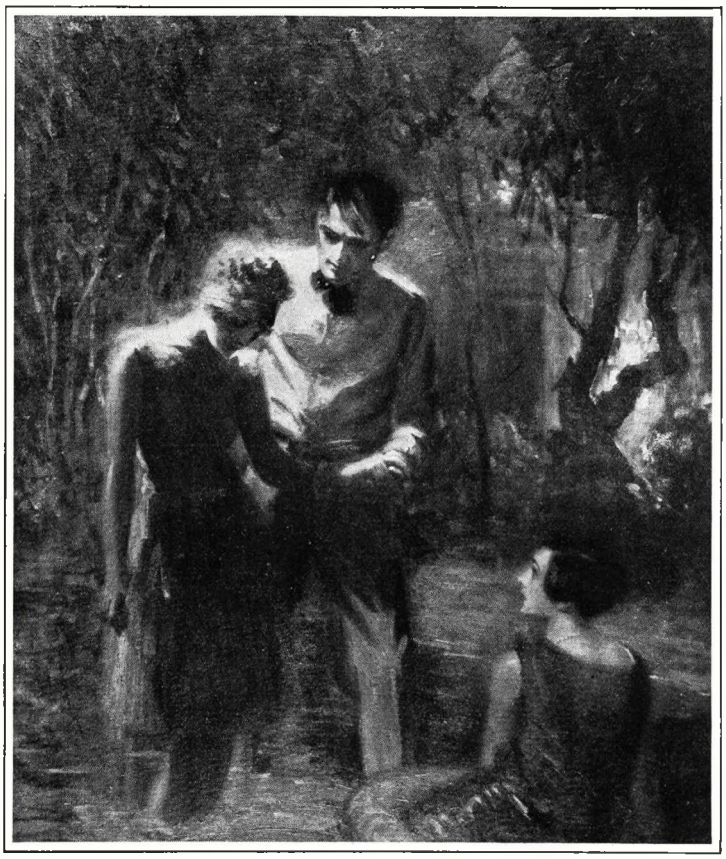
"Why are you so short with him?" asked Mrs. Andrews, following Doris back into her room. "It 's good-natured of him not to want you to be late at the club—since he 's not fond of dancing."

"Help me put my dress over my head, will you, Mother? That 's it—thanks." This safely accomplished, Doris answered, "I did n't mean to be short with him; but you 've no idea how tiresome a cautious person can be! It 's just as you say, he does n't care for dancing, but he can't bear to get anywhere late—even to a place he does n't want to go to. I think punctuality can be overdone."

"Not by you," laughed Mrs. Andrews, as she smoothed down the petal-shaped panels of her daughter's organdie skirt.

"Oh, Mother, I 'm not so bad," Doris protested, taking another look at the blue bandeau in the mirror. "What if we are half an hour late at the club? It 's not like going to church."

"No, but I 've noticed that people who are always a little late make a lot of trouble. It 's really just as easy to be on time."



"'YOU 'RE HURT, DEE! YOU NEVER TOLD!'"

"Well, I 'll do my best," said Doris; but it was eight-thirty when she and Kenneth Winton left the Andrews's camp in Kenneth's roadster for the five-mile drive to the lake. Doris had promised to stop for her friend Ella Carter, and by the time Ella had been picked up, the clock beside the speedometer marked quarter to nine.

"Reason why I hurried you, Dee," Kenneth remarked, in his calm, even tone, "was that to-night at the club we 're to have the Royal Ticonderoga Orchestra—"

"Not really!" exclaimed Ella, delighted. "Why, they 're simply great—what luck!"

"But they can't stay after eleven, so they consented to come at eight instead of eight-thirty—"

"Why did n't you say all this when you telephoned, Ken?" asked Doris, reproachfully. "I hate missing any of that wonderful dance-music."

"You did n't seem anxious to hear what I did say," observed Kenneth, with a faint chuckle. "You hung up on me in the middle of a word."

"I 'm sorry! We 'll just have to make up time somehow. I know what—let 's cut off through Mohawk Woods; that 'll save us a mile."

Kenneth said slowly, "Adirondack woods don't make very safe night driving—you know that."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, what 's a fox or a rabbit or two—or even a wildcat? I guess we can outrun them! Come on, Ken; it 's after nine now. I know it 's all my fault, but let 's do what we can."

"Please, Ken," Ella besought him. "Don't make us miss half the dance because Doris was a poke. Here I am dressed up in a brand new crêpe de chine—"

"And I 've got on a blue bandeau that would knock you cold! That 's what made me cross at the telephone, Ken. I was in the middle of putting it round my golden locks."

Kenneth turned off the road most reluctantly. Heavy summer foliage overhung the narrow lane the car now entered, and owls hooted out of the greenwood.

"Nice and spooky in here, is n't it?" said Doris, with a shiver. "I love risking things—I like getting to a place just in the nick of time, along with people who started an hour before I did!"

"Fine—if you can do it," said Kenneth, unmoved. "Trouble is, I always notice—I 'm only a plodder, anyhow—that if you start on time you 're more likely to get there. Stupid, but true."

The girls laughed at him. "Why," said Doris, loftily, "have n't you read about battles won and great deeds accomplished by people who had

everything against them—who just rushed around at the last minute and made up time?"

"Sure," Kenneth admitted. "But I 've read about battles lost and great deeds missed because no one got there on time. I expect General Gordon, for instance, when he was shut up in Khartum, wished like thunder the relief party had started a little earlier. Hello, it 's dark in here, is n't it? Hope my lights keep on working."

"We 're near the lake," said Ella. "We 'll be out of the woods in a few minutes."

The car ran slowly along the woodland road, its lights tunneling a golden lane through the deep gloom. The closely overhanging trees sighed and murmured; rabbits fled across the car's path and night birds chirped sleepily. Kenneth peered through the trees to see if he could glimpse the lake.

"Look! Look!" cried Doris, suddenly.

No one had time to look very closely. The headlights for an instant revealed a lithe, crouching form upon a low pine-bough, and the gleam of two great yellow eyes. The next, the wildcat, bewildered by the lights and voices, gave a flying leap from the limb. Nobody knew where it meant to jump, but it landed full in the car, on Kenneth's shoulders. In the shock of the beast's descent upon him,—feeling its hot, gasping breath, the rip of his coat under its claws,—Kenneth gave the wheel a convulsive turn. The wildcat leaped off and vanished, but the car, swerving from the road, plunged down the wooded slope and stopped with a terrific jar when its bumper struck full against two stout young beech-trees.

"Doris! Ella! Where are you?" shouted Kenneth, when he realized the girls were no longer at his side. The engine was stalled; the lights were out. Kenneth leaped from the car and began feeling among the trees by the vague light of a young moon sifting through the branches.

"I 'm—all right," said Doris, rising up beside him. "We got—bounced out when the car—struck. Where 's Ella?"

"Here I am," said a faint voice.

In another second Kenneth and Doris were by Ella's side, helping her to sit up and deluging her with questions. "I 'm—not much hurt," she said, getting to her feet. "Ouch! It 's my ankle. I can't step on it."

"Wait till I find my flash-light," said Kenneth, unsteadily. "Sure you 're not more hurt, Ella? Gee, I was a fool! But that beastly wildcat—what became of it, anyhow?"

"It ran off," said Doris. "Oh, Father 's told me again and again that wildcats go crazy when lights strike them—and I knew how many there were in these woods! But I never thought of one landing on top of us like that! Do you think you can walk to the car, Ella? If not, we can carry you."

"Walk to the car?" broke in Kenneth. "Lot of good that 'll do! Oh, the car 's not much hurt, but I can't get it clear of these trees and back it up the slope without daylight and another car to tow me. We have a three-mile walk to take before we 'll meet any one."

"I can't do it, Ken!" moaned Ella, limping one painful step over the rough ground. "You 'll have to go for help."

"And leave you two here alone? How about the wildcat?"

There was a moment's dazed silence. In the quiet there came to the young people's ears a faint burst of dance-music wafted across the lake. "Hello, we 're almost opposite the club-house," said Kenneth. "I wish the wind was n't our way and the lake over half a mile wide. If I go for help, I sha' n't get it nearer than Silverbridge—there are n't any cars on the Mohawk Road at night. To cut on around the lake is nearer, of course, but the road 's so dark and twisty I 'd lose time." As he spoke, a sudden rustling in the undergrowth made all three catch their breaths. "I expect that beast is hanging round, but he won't come up to you—"

"Only I 'll most likely die of fright thinking he will!" exclaimed Ella. "Look here, Ken, I *won't* be left here—whatever else happens!" Her voice shook a little. She was a delicate girl, unused to hardship or exposure, and lately recovered from a long illness.

Doris said quickly, "Ken we 'll have to cross the lake."

"Swim more than half a mile?" asked Kenneth, astonished. "You and I could manage that, Dee, but how can you think that Ella—especially with her bad ankle—"

"I don't mean swim, exactly, but sort of ease ourselves across with life-preservers—"

"Life-preservers! Where are they coming from? Oh, I get you! That 's a thought! Cheer up, Ella, things are brightening. Hold my flash-light, Dee, while I dig out some tools."

"What does he mean?" groaned Ella, sitting on the cold ground and clasping her throbbing ankle in her hands.

"The tires, don't you see? His front ones blew out when the car struck—but the rear ones are most likely all right, and he has a spare. With those to float us we 'll paddle over to the club as safe as anything. We 'll leave our capes and slippers in the car—"

"We 'll win the battle yet—we 'll do a great deed!" declaimed Kenneth, as, with Doris to light him, he took a look at his rear tires. She was too cast down for any retorts and stood by in silence. "What have you got to be so glum about, Dee?" he reproached her—more, she guessed, for Ella's benefit than for her own. "Here we are going to the dance—a little late, perhaps, but that shows what bold blades we are—in a most original manner, not tamely driving up on time, with dry clothes and a new blue bandeau on our hair."

"We 're not at the club yet," said Doris, who seemed to have changed sides in the argument.

"These rear tires will be the dickens to get off," Kenneth muttered. "It 's really inner tubes we want—not shoes. And I think I 've enough spare tubes under the car seat. Throw the light for'ard, mate."

After a good deal of rummaging among tools and chains, he found one new tube and a couple of patched ones. With a hand pump he and Doris set about inflating the three "life-preservers."

"I think it 's this tube that has the leaky valve," remarked Kenneth, after a few minutes' vigorous pumping. "That would n't be so good, would it?—too much like a comic movie. It does n't leak now, but I 'll tie it up with my handkerchief to make sure. Now we 're all set. I 'll take these three to the water's edge, then come back, and we 'll carry Ella down."

Though Ella was slight, she was tall, and the rough, wooded slope seemed a long way to Doris when she bore her share of the burden to the lake shore. When Ella was lowered into the lake's moonlit shallows, Kenneth put the inflated new tube over her head and helped her wriggle into deep water. On the far shore glowed the bright lights of the club-house.

"Ouch, it 's cold!" sighed Ella. "I 'd almost rather stay with the wildcat—but it would take Ken hours to fetch help!"

"If we make a good spurt, we 'll be over in no time," said Doris, floating her own tube as she spoke and putting one arm over it. "Think what this means to Ken, Ella—he 'll be only an hour late, after all."

Kenneth flashed her a quick glance. He thought her voice oddly shaky for so flippant a speech. All three were now in the water, Doris and Kenneth swimming one on each side

of Ella and pushing her along. They could not see each other's face by the moon's faint gleam, nor could Kenneth make anything of Doris's bent, velvet-circled head. He answered her with would-be lightness: "If we 're only an hour late, I can stand it. Don't try to swim, Ella. We 'll shove you along like a water-ball."

He had discarded coat and shoes, the girls' light dresses impeded them little, and the water was not very cold once the swimmers got well into it. But Ella's throbbing ankle made her unable to exert herself, and the others had to tow her along at a snail's pace, the moonlit ripples plashing around their shoulders, the tubes bobbing against their necks. This would have been well enough if, after ten minutes' progress, Kenneth had not felt an alarming lack of buoyancy in his life-preserver and a succession of airy bubbles tickling his chin.

"Would n't you know it?" he growled disgustedly. "I never counted on this tube that it did n't let me down! I even tied up its valve—"

"Is it going flat?" asked Doris, and again Kenneth caught a tremor in her tone, though she went on confidently enough: "You can hang on to mine, Ken. We 're nearly there."

"Nearly there!" echoed Ella, in the exasperation of pain and weakness. "It does n't look to me as if we 'd gained a foot!"

Kenneth's tube was now a limp handful of rubber. He let it go, but did not accept Doris's offer, continuing to swim alongside Ella, one hand at her back. They were almost half-way across the lake.

"Funny," said Doris, "how when you 're in the middle of an adventure it 's not thrilling. It 's just wet and chilly and tiresome."

"Is that where we 've come to in one short evening?" said Kenneth. "You sound like a story in a reader: 'And so, ever after this, little Doris was always the first one at school, and had her cape and hood hung up before the other scholars—' "

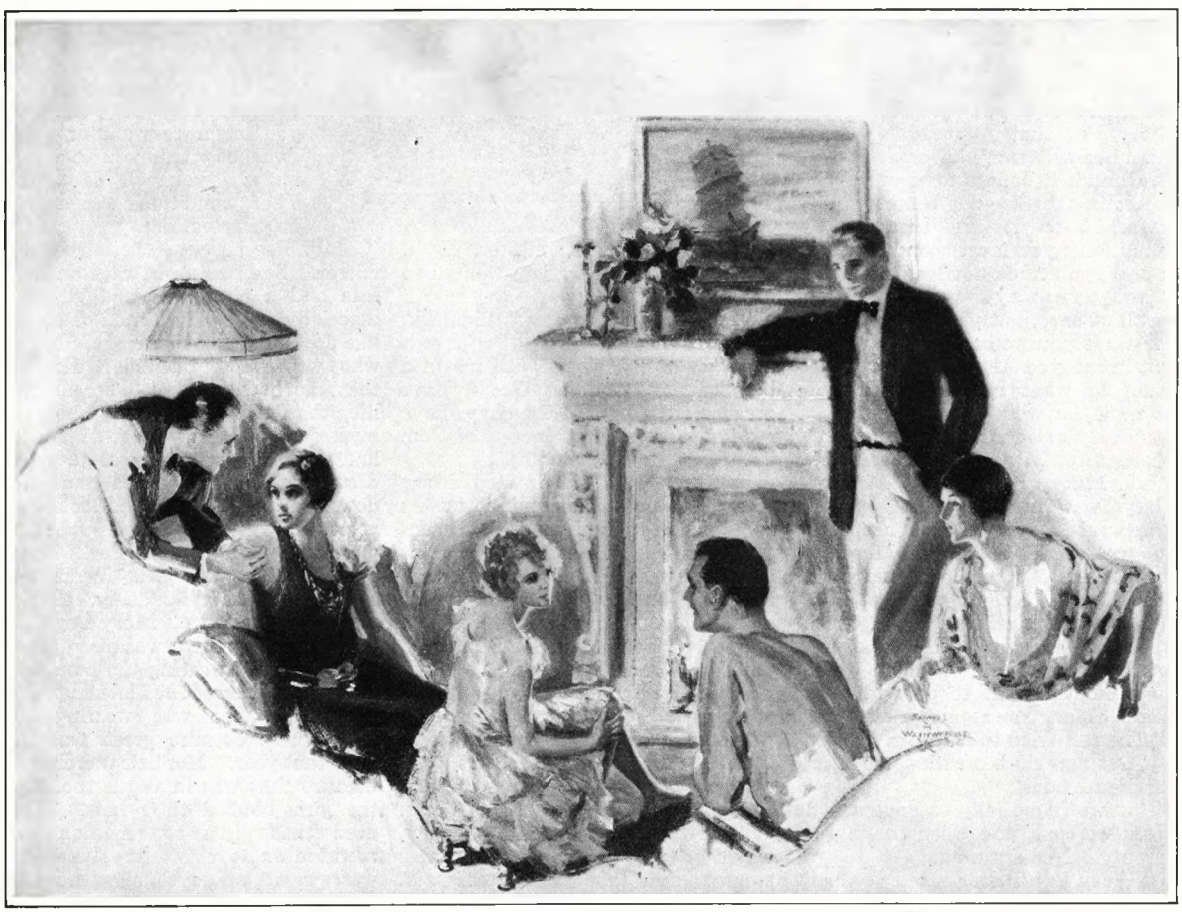
"'—had got the inner tubes off from over their heads,' " finished Doris. "I wish the lake weed would stop twining around my ankles! We might have a dance when we get to the club, Ken,—representing Neptune with mermaid. The "Ticonderoga News" will write us up—'Odd Doings among our Summer Visitors. New Yorkers Swim to Dance.' "

Ella giggled, forgetting her pain for a moment. Kenneth smiled, but not in amusement at Doris's nonsense. He knew well enough she did not feel like joking. It was hard work pushing Ella through the choppy water, and this part of the lake was thick with submerged grasses. His own arms began to ache, and in another minute just what he had vaguely dreaded did actually happen—Doris's tube began to leak around its patch and was soon quite useless. Kenneth gave her a questioning glance, his fixed gaze asking plainly: "How are things? Tell me the truth."

But Doris either felt safe or chose to pretend so. She let the deflated tube go, and swam steadily along at Ella's side, looking now and then toward the club-house whose lights shone some hundred yards ahead.

"They might hear us shout if that Ticonderoga orchestra was n't squealing on a hundred saxophones!" muttered Kenneth, uncertain whether to waste precious breath in cries.

(*Continued on page 933*)



"'IT WAS ALL MY FAULT,' SHE SAID. 'I MADE KEN TURN OFF THE HIGHROAD'"

A Girl Who Discovered Herself

by BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "TRAIL'S END," "THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO," ETC.

ALL the Grays were thrilled at Mary Peg's good fortune. All the Grays were also surprised. Who ever would have imagined a thing like that happening to Mary Peg!

Mary Peg was fifteen. In a big, jolly, clever, more or less boisterous family, Mary Peg was quiet and inconspicuous. You seldom missed Mary Peg if she was absent; you seldom noticed her if she was present. Mary Peg's three sisters, Linda and Joyce and Irene, were remarkable girls. Linda was pretty. Joyce was clever. Irene was jolly. Mary Peg was not conspicuously anything in those lines. When you saw Linda, you called Mary Peg plain. When you heard Joyce, you thought Mary Peg dull. When you were with Irene, you found Mary Peg quiet.

And yet it was to Mary Peg that Aunt Margaret's letter had come. It was to Mary Peg that Aunt Margaret had written: "I have put five hundred dollars to your credit in the Shagput Bank. Attached to it are three conditions: you must spend it within a year; you must not lend it or give it away; you may spend it in driblets or all at once, but you must spend it for what you yourself really want—not what you think you ought to want or what somebody tells you to want, but what you *do* want."

A very extraordinary letter. But then, Aunt Margaret was eccentric. And Mary Peg—Mary Margaret Gray was her baptismal name—was Aunt Margaret's namesake. Still, it was rash of Aunt Margaret. Father and Mother both thought so. How much better, thought Mary Peg's brothers and sisters, if one of them had had the disposition of that money. Any one of them would have known what to do with it at once. Mary Peg seemed a bit dazed.

The rest tried to help her.

"Get new clothes with some of it," advised Linda.

"It would be jolly to have a little Ford we could use when the big car is busy," Ned suggested.

"Mary Peg 's not sixteen yet," put in Joyce.

"MARY PEG SURVEYED HERSELF IN THE MIRROR"

"That would n't matter. I 'd chauffe you wherever you wanted to go, Mary Peg."

"Look here, Mary Peg," said Jack, who was nearest Mary Peg's own age, "go into business with me in a broadcasting station. We 'd have great sport. Lots of the chaps have receiving sets, but none of 'em broadcast around here."

Ten-year-old Tom invited Mary Peg to collaborate with him in raising rabbits. For days Tom had conversed largely in terms of a rabbit catalogue, whose minimum dealt with a hundred and forty-four for so much, whose maximum soared into high finance. "You start with a hundred and forty-four," said Tom. "It 's a bargain, really. And you 'll be getting good returns on your money."

"Take a summer course somewhere," advised Joyce. "If you put your money into your mind, you can eat your cake and have it too. What *I 'd* do, if I had that money, would be to go over to the island this summer and take lessons of C. J. Merriman." Joyce handled a clever brush and C. J. Merriman was an artist.

"Well, *I 'd* go to Europe," said Irene. "I 'd find somebody whom I could travel with. These summer student rates are cheap. And I 'd go as far and see just as much as five hundred would let me. I 'd have one grand, big, glorious bat on it."

"You would n't get far on five hundred," objected Ned.

"I 'd get *somewhere*," said Irene, "if I had only a couple of weeks out of it."

No, Mary Peg did not lack for suggestions. The only difficulty was they were all suggestions that fitted somebody else. They did not fit Mary Peg. Yet they swayed her. She listened, and in her secret heart liked them all. That was the trouble with Mary Peg—she seemed to have no "line" of her own. But had n't Aunt Margaret written, "not what you think you ought to want or what somebody tells you to want, but what you really *do* want?" That condition was Mary Peg's salvation.

Mary Peg surveyed herself in the mirror. She saw a girl with an oval face and a clear pallor, a girl not especially pretty like Linda or clever like Joyce or jolly like Irene. A girl who was—what was she? For all that she had lived with her all her life, that girl was nothing short of mysterious to Mary Peg. The girl had short-cut hair and wore a green dress and her hat was a hand-me-down from Linda. It had looked so pretty on Linda that it was disappointing on Mary Peg. Mary Peg stared at the girl. What was she really like? Suddenly, as she stared, it dawned on Mary Peg that the girl in the mirror was masquerading. She was wearing the hand-me-down hat because it *had* looked pretty on Linda. She was wearing the green dress because green was the style that year. Her hair was clipped because that was in vogue too. All the girls bobbed their hair. Why, even that girl's conversation was modeled on Joyce's talk. When she was away from Joyce, she tended to talk like Joyce. It was a good model.

And she tended to laugh like Irene. *That* was a good model too.

Mary Peg stared and stared, trying to see through the face in the mirror, the colors and lines reflected there. "What *are* you like?" she asked aloud. "What do you want, anyway?"

The girl had nothing to say. She just stared back at Mary Peg, dumb and uncertain, but curious and hopeful.

Then Mary Peg took a great decision. "I 'm not going to be in a hurry," she said. "I 'm going to wait till I find out something I really do want."

"You 'd better not wait too long," said Joyce. "Then, like as not, you 'll do something you really *don't* want at all, in the end."

Mary Peg *had n't* much mind of her own. She never had had. She never would have. The family had always suspected it. This proved it. Aunt Margaret's money was wasted on a girl who did n't know what she wanted. If it had been any other member of the family, the money would have been, if not spent by now, as good as spent. Its spending would have been all planned out.

Not that the young Grays let Mary Peg's windfall alone after the first excitement. Of course, Mary Peg must have the say-so as to where it went; but there was no harm in helping her to make up her mind, was there? The family persisted in trying to help Mary Peg come to a decision. They persisted for weeks, even for months.

"You might do this with it, Mary Peg."

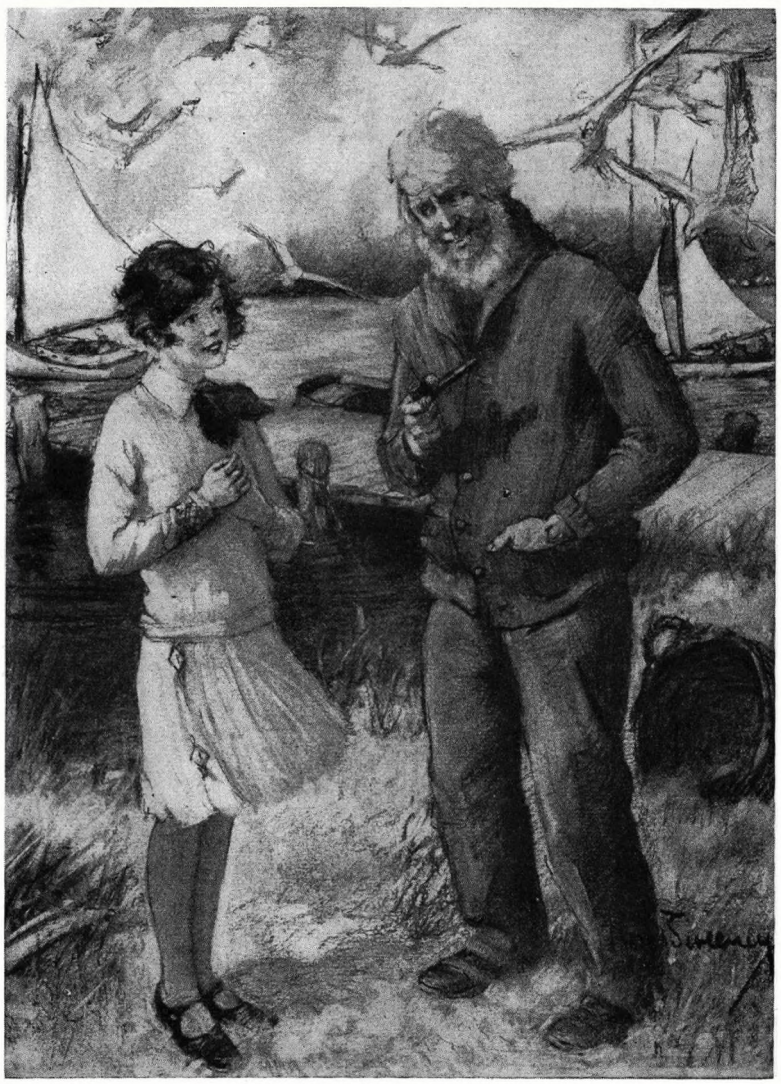
"You might do that."

Mary Peg did nothing.

That was in itself rather amazing. Mary Peg had always appeared to be a susceptible person. You had had only to say, "Come on, Mary Peg, let 's do this." Or, "Not that color, Mary Peg. This is the dress for you." Or, "Don't say you like that record, Mary Peg; the tune is perfectly stupid!" Mary Peg's opinions, like her clothes and manners, had tended to reflect the likings of the person who went shopping with her or talked last with her. Now this was not entirely stupidity on Mary Peg's part. It was due largely to the fact that she admired her family, and her family had, all of them, very pronounced opinions and knew what was what. Mary Peg had found it very easy to have none of her own, but to absorb like a little sponge, and give out what she had absorbed when you pressed her.

Now— Well, Mary Peg actually chose a white hat when Linda recommended a pink one. Of course, it was a fact that, if Mary Peg had a pink hat, Linda could borrow it and Linda already had a white hat of her own. But neither girl spoke of that. Mary Peg merely said, "I think, Mother, I like the white one." And Linda said a bit ungraciously, "Well, of course, it 's your hat." Which, of course, it was. So that was that. But it was in the annals of the Gray family a bit unusual.

If the hat had been an isolated instance— But it was n't. Mary Peg flatly contradicted Joyce one day when she said she was thrilled by a certain book, then a "best seller." "I found it dull," said Mary Peg.



"'I WANT TO BUY A SAIL-BOAT, CAPTAIN,' SHE SAID. 'AND I WANT TO LEARN TO SAIL IT MYSELF'"

And she declined an invitation of the Treadwells to go motoring because, as she told Irene, the Treadwell boy bored her.

"He drives a nice car, and if you don't take up with invitations when you get them, you 'll soon cease to be asked," said Irene, sagely.

"Does n't he bore you?" demanded Mary Peg.

"I go for the ride," said Irene.

"That Treadwell crowd is n't much fun for me," said Mary Peg.

"Mary Peg is beginning to wake up," said Mother to Father. "She is getting to have opinions of her own and not be a little echo. I wonder whether that was what Margaret had in mind. Mary Peg is discovering herself."

"I don't see that she acts much different," said Father.

"It shows in little ways."

"Well, well, I must say, I thought Margaret did a foolish thing with her money."

"The child has n't spent any of it yet. It 's rather a good sign, I think, that she is taking her time."

Summer came and the Grays took flight, as was their habit, for the shore. It was a pleasant shore. There were fir-clad ledges, rocks green with bayberry and juniper. There was a little harbor near the mouth of a tide-water river. There were islands and inlets and the sea. Beyond the sea was Spain.

There were many young people in the summer colony that skirted the fishing-village. A steam-yacht lay at anchor in the little harbor. Gasoline launches plied across the blue water. Plenty of boating-parties put out from the landings and *chug-chugged* to picnics, clam-bakes, and sports of one kind and another. The young people were thrilled by the story of Mary Peg's present.

"And you have n't spent a cent yet? Oh, Mary Peg, how can you?"

"I 'd have seen the last of it in a week."

"Don't wait too long. You 'll get such a habit, you *can't* spend it."

Mary Peg said nothing, but she could feel something stirring in her, the wings of a desire. She was beginning to sense something she really wanted. Up on the ledges looking out to sea watching sails pass, she could feel it. Down on the wharf among the fisher-boats, she felt it. Mary Peg waited. She waited to be sure, quite sure. Not that she had *not* really been sure from the first stirring of the idea in her head. But it was fun to hug the idea for a bit, to play with it. Then too, Mary Peg had inquiries to make. She must be quite certain she could carry out her project before she suggested it.

Three months before, Mary Peg would have been too shy, too uncertain of her own powers, to have dared such a thing. Now she wanted something very much. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted it. Mary Peg picked her man carefully. He was old and hardy and his cheeks were like rosy apples. Father liked him. Father had said he was the best man on that part of the coast. Mary Peg entrusted her commission to "Cap'n Jo."

She thought it best to be frank. She told him about Aunt Margaret's present. "I want to buy a sail-boat, captain," she said. "And I want to learn to sail it myself. I 'll have to save a little to keep it in order at first. Maybe after a while I can make it pay for itself. But I 've got just five hundred to put into the boat and learning and everything. Is it enough? Not a big boat, you know—something I can manage myself."

"Ever sailed a boat?"

"No," said Mary Peg. "And of course I 'll have to get Father's and Mother's permission. But before I ask them, I want to know what I 'm doing. Five hundred seems like a lot, but I presume it is n't much when you 're buying boats. Mr. Jefferson's *Penguin* cost him twelve hundred; but that 's a big one and he got her fifteen years ago and I heard him say he could n't duplicate her now for three times the price."

"That 's so," said Cap'n Jo. "You want to handle a sail, do you?" He eyed the girl. "Why not get one of these things they call put-puts? It 's easier."

"I don't want anything easy."

"Gasoline now—they 're all usin' it."

"I want to skim the water like a bird," said Mary Peg, "without a noise."

"Sailin' takes judgment and skill."

"Could n't I learn?"

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said the captain. "You get your father's permission to come aboard my boat and we 'll try out sailin' a bit before you decide on buyin'."

Go out with Cap'n Jo? Surely. Cap'n Jo was as staunch and safe as his seas. Permission was readily had. Then Mary Peg *was* busy.

"She 's got some notion in her head," said Joyce.

"She has n't spent a cent of that money yet!" lamented Linda. "It 's wasted on Peg. I could have told Aunt Margaret it would be."

"Mary Peg 's getting pretty," said Ned.

"Pretty!"

"Just watch her."

"Father," said Mary Peg, "I 've decided what to do with my money. I want to buy a sail-boat of my own. Cap'n Jo knows of one he thinks I can learn to handle. Its owner is selling because he wants a bigger boat. We 've figured I can buy and operate and keep her a year on my five hundred."

Father eyed Mary Peg closely. She spoke with brevity, clearness, and decision. What he saw seemed to satisfy him. All he said was, "Sure, Peg?"

"Sure."

"I 'll talk with Cap'n Jo."

The family was far less brief in its comment when the fact became known that Mary Peg was about to become the owner of a sail-boat.

"Get a put-put," advised Joyce.

"If you made it a launch, we could all go out."

"What will you do when the wind dies down?"

"You 're crazy, Peg. A sail-boat 's work."

The private feeling, publicly and vociferously expressed, was just that. Peg *was* crazy. The family talked and talked. Was n't it the day of gasoline? Wind was gone out. Peg listened and said little.

"We don't even touch her," said Joyce.

"She 'll be sorry when her money 's gone," prophesied Irene.

"She can sell—maybe."

Only Jack said, "I 'll go out with you sometimes."

"Thank you," said Peg.

Where was the absorbent, pliable, easily swayed girl that had been? Peg's brothers and sisters never knew how, now and then, she quailed inside. How was it possible she could be right to withstand them? Was n't she being a pig, after all? Would she rather— But no, the sentence in Aunt Margaret's letter, "Not what you ought to want or what somebody else tells you to want, but what you do want," and the urge in her own heart held her.

The transfer was accomplished. Mary Peg owned a boat. She christened it *The Mackerel Gull* and called it *The Gull* for short. Mary Peg was happy.

Mary Peg had never been so happy before. Why, she had never dreamed what it was like to be so happy! Mary Peg contented her mother by wearing a life-jacket. And she could swim. She had n't been to the shore so many summers of her life without learning that art. But now she was no longer to be a fish. She could fly, scudding over the water.

Time? Of course it took time. "The jolly thing is, I 'll never wear out the fun of learning how." Work? Of course it was work. "Work is fun when you like what you 're doing," said Mary Peg. She even liked to row across the bay when the wind left *The Mackerel Gull* becalmed. But that was not all. Mary Peg liked to scrub the *Gull*. She liked—yes, she liked—what some people call "drudgery." Mary Peg did not find it drudgery to keep her boat shipshape.

But she found that it took all sorts of things she did n't know she had in her to learn to handle her boat. It took quick wit and decision, courage and self-control. Not that Mary Peg thought of it as requiring and developing these qualities. She called it learning to sail. She would have opened her eyes in astonishment had

you used any such words. But she would have agreed that the mastery of a sail-boat was n't lazy work. The tussles Mary Peg had with *The Gull* before the mere rudiments of sailing became second nature to her, so that she acted without conscious thought! The first time Mary Peg was out alone—will she ever forget it? And then the emergencies! Her first squall. The feeling of loneliness and helplessness, the threat of panic. The sense of confidence that grew in her as wit and courage worked and *The Gull* responded, responded to her brain and hand, and outrode the freakish wind. Not over-confidence. Wind and water saw to that. Mastery lay in doing the right thing at the right time. Mary Peg, by doing it, learned how. It gave her poise. The more trouble she got into, the more she learned. She began to depend on herself to make decisions that worked.

Mary Peg and *The Gull* were inseparable companions. They loitered together up and down the wooded shores. They tacked back and forth across the bay. Where *The Gull's* white wing filled to the wind, Mary Peg in bathing-suit and life-jacket lived out happy days. Jack often sailed with her.

"You know," Jack told his father, "Mary Peg did a pretty good thing, after all, in putting her money into that boat. You don't really know her till you see Mary Peg in *The Gull*."

"Mary Peg did n't put her money into a boat," said Father. "She put it into resource and courage, a steady head and a strong arm and a quick eye. It takes skill to sail a boat. She and *The Gull* play the game out together. They play with wind and tide and weather, and they look to me like the making of a winning team."

Jack rather wished he had n't persuaded Father to let him go in with Ted Brainerd and the Beane boys last year on a put-put. After all, was n't Mary Peg's the better sport? Mary Peg was happy. It did n't matter now that she was the one indifferent member of an unusual family. Nothing mattered, with the sheet of *The Gull* in her hand. How they loafed across a lazy sea! How they ran before a wind! How they danced, Mary Peg and *The Gull*, over the crested waves! The sun kissed Mary Peg's hair into bright curls. Her color deepened. Her eyes sparkled. She was still rather silent ashore, but her speech, when she spoke, had gained in decision and independence. She and *The Gull* were at ease together. Why bother about such matters as a lack of beauty and brains and popularity? Nice, of course, and desirable. But if you had n't them, you had n't them. No use trying to pretend you were somebody you were not, whether Linda or Joyce or Irene. Sailing with *The Gull* had given Mary Peg a taste for facts. Now she did n't try to blink them. She accepted them and let them go at that. She was n't in the least the sort of person her older sisters were. Why, Linda and Joyce and Irene would never in the wide world, one or all of them, be caught, day in, day out, messing around in a boat like *The Gull*—any boat, in fact. They were n't built that way. They were n't really in love with boats and the wind and salt spray and a flapping sail.

"THEN SHE HELD MARY PEG OFF AND LOOKED AT HER"

Mary Peg remembered quite clearly the exact spot in the bay where the realization suddenly struck her of what she had almost missed. Herself! Her very own self! She might never have known what she really was like, what she really could love, if it had n't been for Aunt Margaret's letter. She might always have tried to make herself over by her sisters' models, to fit herself into their habits. Such a narrow squeak!

"Some one at the house to see you," said Jack, as Mary Peg rowed ashore.

"To see me? Who is it?"

"Go up and you 'll find out."

"Every cent of it into a boat," she heard Joyce say as she came up.

(*Continued on page 933*)

THE FENCE OF THE REALM

By BERTON BRALEY

Author of "The Enchanted Flivver"

OF course it isn't a fence, but I had to have a title, didn't I? It's a wall. *The* Wall. The Great, Great Wall!

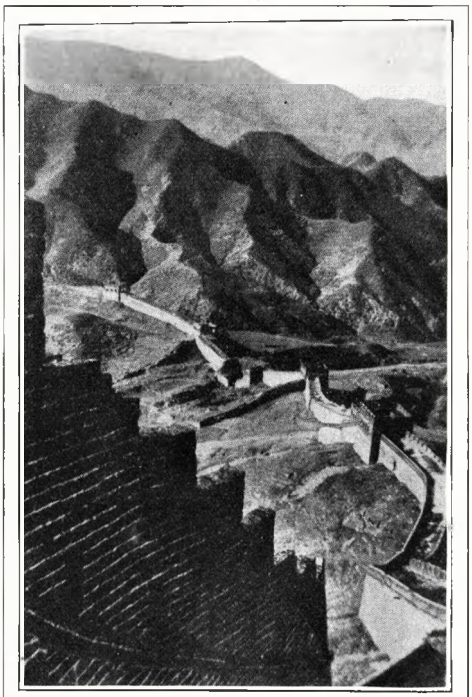
I've been to China and I really must tell you about it. About the Wall, I mean. I could tell you all about China, too,—I was there a month,—but it would take me years and years. So this will be about the Great Wall.

There's no use going to China unless you see the Wall. You can skip a heap of sight-seeing, but if you don't "do" the Wall, you practically "ain't been nowhere, ain't seen nuthin', don't know nuthin'."

I took in the Wall as a stern duty. I didn't want to go there, I was having a beautiful time in Peking, but to return without having seen the Wall would be like coming back from a trip to New York and confessing that you hadn't seen the Woolworth Building.

I went like the galley-slave, scourged to his labor, and I got one of the greatest thrills of my forty or more thrillable years! The Great Wall is a knock-out!

As a piece of sheer grandeur and immensity, it puts you on the mat not for a mere ten seconds but for the duration of your visit.



"THE GREAT WALL IS A KNOCK-OUT!"

I suppose I'd seen hundreds of photographs of the Wall climbing, crawling and sprawling over the hills; and, of course I'd read from childhood, in my histories and geographies, of its length, height, and thickness. But every photograph I'd ever seen gave the impression that these hills were rugged and bare, but not particularly steep. In reality they're mountains—craggy, precipitous, almost unscaleable, shouldering their enormous bulk against the sky, and up the steepest of their slopes, along the sharpest and roughest and highest of their battlements, climbs the Great Wall.

It clambers up thirty-five, forty, and sixty per cent grades with its masses of masonry, and on these precipitous declivities its top is cut into thousands of steps, so that its one-time guardians—and to-day its tourists and hordes of souvenir peddlers—could climb or descend between watch-towers spaced every two hundred yards.

The highest ridges and the most inaccessible buttresses are the easiest to defend. To make them impregnable, the Chinese built this huge structure of masonry and dirt along them. More than a thousand years ago, without steam-power, and with only the crudest of mechanical appliances, they flung up this battlement of earth, fourteen feet thick, forty feet high, surfaced with four-foot stone blocks, and crowned with watch-towers twenty, thirty, and forty feet square and forty, sixty, to eighty feet high; stretching, also, over mighty mountains, across immense plains, for fifteen hundred miles between China and Mongolia. And they built it in fifteen years—a hundred miles a year!

I don't know what dynasty built this wall, although I think it was the Han. But whoever it was, the builder could say, in Kipling's phrase, "After me cometh a builder," and be reasonably confident that the builder who came after, wasn't going to snatch any bouquet from him who erected the Great Wall.

As to the coolies—the millions of coolies, by whose sweat and toil dirt was heaped on dirt and stone on stone that China might be protected from the Mongols, and this monument of mighty days remain—they received no bouquets. On their backs and shoulders they bore the material for this structure, on their backs and shoulders was borne all the magnificence of Han, Ming, and Manchu, as on their backs and shoulders to-day rests the weight of China. They are sons of some Chinese Martha who failed to choose "the better part." Sons who, without hope, without inspiration, without anything but insufficient food and verminous housing, nevertheless make the dream they cannot share come true.

One is not lonely on the Great Wall. No mandarin of old, inspecting the section under his guardianship, could be more fully supplied with a retinue than is the visitor. After the tough little donkey with you on his back has scrambled and scrabbled his way up to the Wall, you begin to acquire an entourage. In my case the original group comprised three peddlers of Mongolian "cash" (ancient, or supposedly ancient copper or brass coins ranging in size from that of a nickel to that of a saucer, and shaped variously round, square, oblong and oval, or in the semblance of a dagger or a scimitar). These coins, hung on strings, jingled and jangled as my peddlers shook them before me, the prices they asked descending as we ascended the wall. Then there were two peddlers of Mongol buttons, one seller of Buddhas, an itinerant merchant of Tartar images, and seven or eight ragged small boys.

Half-way to the tower toward which I was climbing, an enterprising Chinaman had set up a refreshment and tea stand under an awning, the tables being flat flags from the roadway of the Wall, and the seats similar slabs. But there was a breeze, and the awning shut off the hot sun, and I drank my own soda and ate my own lunch. No wise man takes chances on Chinese food or drink in out-of-the-way places. My retinue settled down about me and watched each mouthful I ate and each drink I drank, as Chinese, whether waiters or mere spectators, always do.

(*Continued on page 935*)

TWINKLE, LITTLE MOVIE STAR

By LORRAINE MAYNARD

CHAPTER XI

SCAMP'S CHANCE

"BRAVO! She 's coming around!" cried Perry's voice, far, far away. Snatches of other voices pierced through the padded cloud on which Vivi seemed to float, but she felt too blissfully lazy even to question them. "What a miracle!" she heard some one say, and others kept repeating, "Caught under the ledge of rocks like that—why, she was nearly swept out by the tide! If—" Was that Mother crying?

Vivi peeped a trifle. There was the red lamp-shade, hot with light inside, and the windows making two black oblongs on the bedroom wall! "I must have had a long nap," she murmured in confusion.

"Darling! My precious!" Kisses and warm faces close to her face. Vivi wondered. What was it they reminded her of? Oh, yes! another face —a jelly face— "Mother! Mother!" she screamed, remembering at last, "don't let him come near me!"

"Hush, darling, you 're safe with us here now. Whom do you mean?"

"T-the octopus!"

"But, darling, Mr. Octopus only held you up until the others came. He had the longest arms, so of course he reached you first. Mr. Jerome and Perry both jumped in to—"

"How do you feel?" spoke up Mr. Jerome's voice, strangely husky. "I 'm pretty bad myself, just worrying about you, Toots! If there 'd been any bones broken—"

Another scream. Vivi could n't shake off a sense of nightmare. "Don't let him set my bones, Mother!" she begged.

"What?"

"You told me he—Mr. Octopus—is a bone-setter now!"

"There, there, darling, of course; but don't be frightened. Nobody 's going to touch your bones! Lie still and rest, so those dreadful bruises—" Mother's head slipped along the pillow beside Vivi's and her voice shook as she exclaimed: "Oh, darling, I thought—we all did—that you would never— Oh, Vivi! It was my fault! I was a thoughtless, foolish mother to let you go into that dangerous place without me,—to let you wear that flying harness so many weeks when it hurt you so—"

But Vivi's memory was coming back.

"Scamp!" she cried, snatching at her mother; "oh, where 's Scamp? Did he get drowned, too?"

"No siree!" cut in Perry's boyish voice again. "Scamp 's chasing lightning-bugs down on the lawn this minute."

Vivi closed her eyes and sighed in relief. Then a warm cup was held to her lips and her head raised, gently, from behind. She overheard the word, "Doctor."

"What? Who is it?"

"Hush, don't try to talk, darling. The doctor says you must be very quiet or it may be a—a long time before—"

Tiptoeing squeaks retreated down the hall and the room grew darker in the corners. "If we only had more light, I could study my spelling," she murmured, half aloud. "If I had even a candle,—some of my daddy's candles . . ."

"What 's that?" asked Mother, quickly, coming close to Vivi's side once more. "What did you say, darling? Did you—did I—hear you call for—Daddy?"

Vivi turned her head on the pillow. It was the only part of her that did n't seem asleep, but was excited inside. Had n't she been longing and waiting and hoping for ages and ages that Daddy would come, just as Mother always said he would, when his invention was finished—

"I 've been so worried," Mother was saying, "trying to get word to him before he reads the papers—"

Vivi glanced up in surprise. "Will it be in the papers, about me?"

"Of course. I knew he 'd be terribly upset, so I—I sent for him, and he 's coming, Vivi!"

Vivi screwed an astonished smile. A thousand delightful questions crowded to her lips, but Mother turned to answer a knock on the door. Mrs. Coonan, the landlady, wanted her advice about something for dinner, and Mrs. Corelli went out with her.

There was no use pinching—Vivi could n't feel anything, even hours later when she seemed quite out of the dream. But that was because of the medicine, Mother explained, for she might have been very sore indeed, without it. Yet to think that her own daddy was coming at last still seemed more like a dream, and she fretted. "Oh, Mother, don't you *wonder*—"

Scamp came in next morning and circled round and round her bed with puzzled eyes. He sat down at the foot, finally, and rested his long nose through the white iron bars, while people fussed about in the room; but when they stepped for a minute into the hall outside, he snooped along the counterpane to Vivi's head and reached a comforting tongue to her cheek. Then Perry and the extra girls and even the crew would come in to shake hands with her, and say how sorry they were, and that they hoped she would get better soon. Vivi assured them all that she felt "fine."

It did not seem as though she could have been asleep again; but the windows were dull, like mist, when she glanced over to find that Scamp had gone. And instead, there was a man standing by the bed. Vivi's heart thumped. She did n't dare look up.

"Well, Toots—"

"Oh, it 's you!" She choked back the lump in her throat. Only Mr. Jerome!

The director leaned down and coughed toward his ear. "I 've just come in to say good-by."

"Good-by! But—but don't I go with you?" Vivi discovered, as she attempted to sit upright, that she

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

VIVI CORELLI, the favorite young star of the Pleiades Picture Company is distressed because Mr. Solomon, a disagreeable director, says she is growing too big to act in "Silvershell" and postpones the production. Scamp, a trick police-dog and Vivi's beloved companion, interrupts an interview between Vivi, President Grimshaw, and a new little girl, Denys O'Dale, who was to take Vivi's place; but Denys is so terrified by the dog that Vivi is chosen to play the part of *Little Red Riding-Hood* instead. Meanwhile, Ben the cameraman tries out a new light called the Corelli candles, which her mother supposes are named after Vivi. She is amazed to learn from Papa Bopp, an old carpenter, that they are the invention of Vivi's father, who has been away working so long on electrical experiments that Vivi cannot remember him. Vivi is delighted at the prospect of his return, now that he is at last successful. Mr. Jerome, Scamp's owner, comes back to direct "Silvershell" before Vivi's contract expires. She wears under her mermaid costume a flying harness which does not fit, but she makes no complaint, and Scamp is dressed as a lobster. The picture progresses smoothly until, in the last scenes in the grotto lake, Scamp accidentally causes Vivi to fall overboard from the swan-boat. Hampered by her mermaid's fish-tail, and lame from wearing the flying harness, she cannot swim, but an actor playing the part of an octopus pulls her out, unconscious.

was no longer lying free in bed, but had been strapped on a board like a papoose! And her legs were wrapped in white strips of gauze,—gauze puttees,—so they looked like the old-fashioned kind of lead-pencils that you had to sharpen by unpeeling them. She tried to wiggle her toes, but they seemed too far off.

"Oh, dear, they don't work properly!" she apologized, meeting Mr. Jerome's sympathetic eyes. "Is that why I have to stay here?" She could see it was. "Well, I sha' n't mind, though," she continued, "because then, later, I 'll know just how to act if ever I have to play the part of a little girl who—" She broke off, remembering her unrenewed contract, and gulped. "Is—is everybody going home?"

The director hitched a chair closer to the bed and sat down. "The extra girls and crew will come with me. Perry 's going to stay on another day to clean up after us and pay the bills." He coughed again and added, "Er—a—Scamp can wait over with Perry."

Something in the way Mr. Jerome turned his head away reminded Vivi of the talk they had had on the train, and the memory kept her from speaking. If only she were able to make Mr. Jerome a definite offer for the dog; but she had no idea of how much money in the bank belonged to her, and if her two weeks' advance salary had n't come. "Has there been any letter for me, sir?" she asked recklessly, since time was so short. "From the company, I mean? I 've been expecting a—a yellow envelop and it 's nothing that needs to be read to me. I know all about it."

The director looked relieved. "No," he said, "there has n't been any such envelop. Everybody 's been wiring to find out what happened to you, and how. Ray Randolph, the publicity man, and the news reporters hatched up a hectic tale between them, and President Grimshaw was distressed over the whole affair. He 's always been interested in you, Vivi, aside from your work, and he—well, he 's particularly anxious that you should have no worries just at this time."

"Oh!" Then this, Vivi imagined, must be the reason why no yellow envelop, with its polite notice that her services would no longer be required, had been sent her.

"He wants you and your mother to stay on up here, at the company's expense, until you are well enough to return to town," continued the director. "That may be another week or ten days, I suppose, and I hope it 'll give you a chance to enjoy the country a little before—you come back. In view of your accident, Mr. Grimshaw is making no exact plans for—for the future, or, I should say, he wants you to get on your feet first—"

"What day is it, please?" interrupted Vivi, her voice low.

"It 's—it 's just a Saturday."

"I mean what number is it?" she persisted.

"The thirty-first, the last of August," said Mr. Jerome, gently.

Vivi's hand crept out from under the covers. "Well, then, good-by, sir," she whispered, recognizing that date as the end. "Thank you for letting Scamp stay—" She halted, seeing Mr. Jerome's face grow red.

"Good-by, Toots," he replied gruffly. "I 'm deucedly sorry to leave you like this—"

"Maybe I 'll bounce right back into shape," she encouraged.

"Oh, I don't mean entirely because of the accident!" exclaimed the director, with unaccustomed fervor. "That 's part of the game, perhaps; but you 've been playing a losing game, child, in outgrowing your job! Don't blame yourself for *that*, Vivi! No notice has been sent you because it 's unnecessary with a contract that expires on a certain date, like yours. And you 're going to have lots of fine offers when you 're big enough for grown-up parts. Just at present you 're in between, too long-legged for a baby, and yet, with your cherub face, you are n't old enough to play the ingénue. But that 's certainly no fault of yours, now, is it?"

Shocked by his frankness, Vivi could only stammer, "H-has any one told Mother?" She had tried so hard to keep Mother from fretting.

"Not that I know of!" answered Mr. Jerome. "I don't think any one would discuss such a thing with her. She 's fiercely proud of your success in the movies, you know, and her heart has been set on your 'career,'—but all that was *before* the accident, remember. She 's had a horrible scare, now, Vivi, and I should n't be surprised if, with a little urging, she 'd be reconciled, almost willing, to have you quit—"

"Quit!" The word gave Vivi a new idea. It suggested a possible way to spare Mother's feelings even yet.

"You 've been a real leading lady," went on the director, with grave emphasis, "and all these ups and downs may prove helpful, later on, I trust, whatever you—do—"

Suddenly Vivi buried her face. "I w-would n't care so much, only I—oh, I don't want to leave you and Scamp and everybody at the studio—" she broke off with a smothered wail.

"We sha' n't be at the studio," said Mr. Jerome, quietly.

"What!"

"We 're leaving the Pleiades Company, Vivi, and starting work for a new firm within a few weeks. Scamp landed the new contract. His cleverness made such a hit these people want to star him, alone, in his own pictures, to be written especially for him. They believe he 'll become the greatest dog star on the screen, and of course you understand what a splendid opportunity that is—"

"Oh! Oh! Indeed I do!" cried Vivi, unsteadily, lifting her face with a sense of almost motherly pride. "Why, it 's perfectly wonderful! It means he must be the smartest, bravest dog in all the world!" She drew a deep breath and looked past Mr. Jerome. "Think of Scamp being starred, all by himself! Then millions of people will be loving him, and wishing they knew him, and he 'll go on and on, doing his tricks, and I can watch him, over and over again, in every single picture, no matter wherever *I* am—!" She dropped back. It made her weak to realize that Mr. Jerome's arrangement left no room for her own private hope to keep the dog herself. But Scamp simply could not be deprived of his well-deserved success, his chance at a bigger and brighter future. "So he 'll be famous, soon now," she finished slowly, almost to herself, "and, of course, it would n't be fair for anybody to—to take him away from the movies—"

"Well, you see, Toots," Mr. Jerome assured her with extreme kindness, "he *is* a professional, and he 's made a big name for himself with the public. So while I can direct him and he 's still young enough to enjoy his work, it seems—"

Vivi clutched the director's arm. "Oh," she demanded in consternation, "Scamp won't grow up any more, too, will he?"

Mr. Jerome's firm mouth twitched. "No, Vivi, he 's full grown."

"And you 'll be right with him, all the time?"

"Yes, Vivi. You—you understand how it is now, don't you?"

She nodded, looking past him again. "I guess—that 's the best."

"I 'm going to keep in touch with you regularly," Mr. Jerome hurried on to say, "and tell you how he 's getting along in his new job. Then perhaps you 'll let me hear from you, too? I—wish you would." He hesitated. "You must excuse me, Toots; I 'd no business to talk about your

affairs like this, to-day, but—sometimes I can't help remembering that you 're only a kid—" He stumbled up, patted the bedclothes, and coughed again, noisily. "Get well now," he finished abruptly.

Giving himself a shake, Mr. Jerome turned and stalked out, whistling, as if to call Scamp to follow him. Vivi lay thinking for a long time after Mr. Jerome left her.

The problem of how she could manage to buy and care for Scamp no longer troubled her, for, although she had never faced it squarely, the thought of taking him to school, or of leaving him alone with Mother in the apartment, had never seemed quite clear to her,—or quite possible. Somehow, it was good to know that he would keep on making pictures. Scamp had been so much a part of her professional life that now, while he was still working, she would not feel so cut off from it herself.

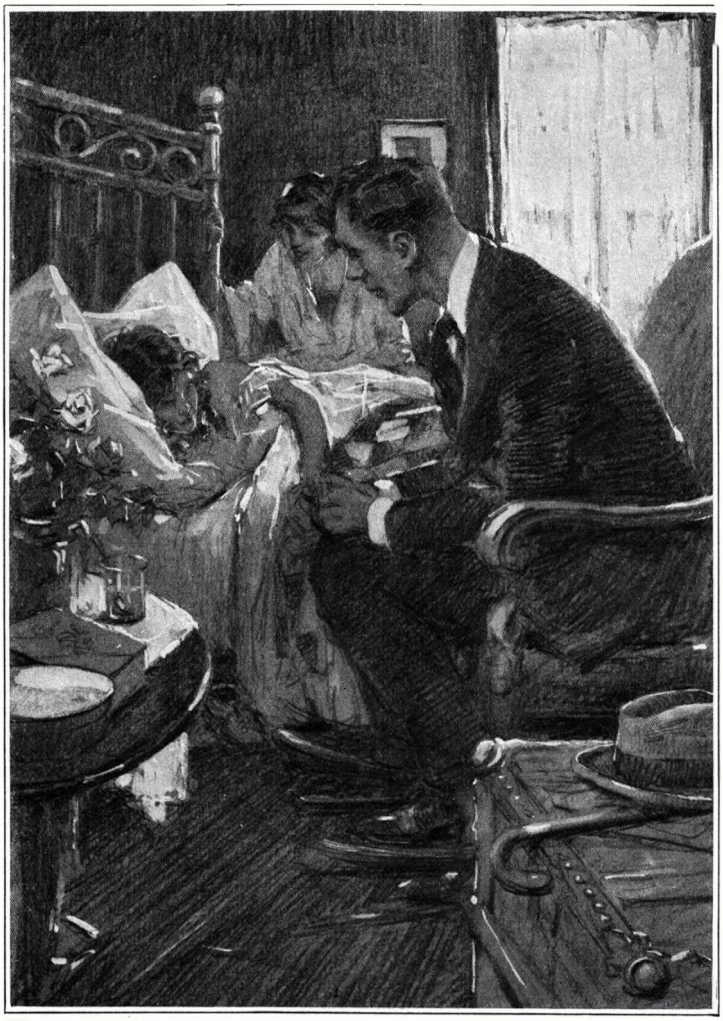
At the same time, the prospect of returning to the studio when neither Mr. Jerome or Scamp would be there made *that* remote possibility appear far less attractive. It could never be the same place without them. She certainly would not want to go back under Mr. Solomon's irritable direction; but, of course, Denys O'Dale was working for him. Oh, indeed, Vivi was not nearly so sorry to be leaving now! Her only fear was for her mother's disappointment.

Mr. Jerome left on the late afternoon train. Vivi gazed through the open window as the puffs of smoke spurted up from the engine and dissolved across the darkening blue sky outside, while Scamp, crouched by her bed, followed the path of them with his nose and then sneezed, as if he thought they must be dust.

"It 's because he 's got so much imagination," explained Vivi.

"Perry 'll be bringing your supper in a few minutes, darling," said her mother, fluttering about the room. "Do try and eat something so you 'll be all ready to talk with Daddy—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Vivi, brightening. "What 'll I say to him?"



"'I SHOULD N'T THINK SO MUCH PRETENDING ALL THE TIME WOULD BE GOOD FOR A PERSON,' SAID DADDY"

"There, there, just be your sweet self, darling!" Mother stooped to tie the pink ribbon in Vivi's nightgown. "He 'll be here soon." She lost the end of the ribbon and, with her hair-pin, had to run it all around the neck again.

A whack at the door made Vivi's heart stand still. Then Perry waltzed in, balancing a tray high on the palm of one hand. "Chase yourself, Scamp!" he growled, side-stepping the dog who had trotted across to him. "None of your jumps, sir. This is for Vivi. Beef broth with a whole alphabet in it, made out of noodles! How 's that for a young lady who likes spelling? And behold, Mrs. Coonan's chilli sauce over fifty-seven baked beans—count 'em! And what else do you think? Pop-overs that pop! Honest. Try one!" He slammed the tray on a low table and tied a red-checked napkin high over Vivi's nose, covering her mouth, like a Turkish woman's veil.

But Vivi could n't joke back with him to-night—not on the last day of August! However, the noodle letters *were* a certain novelty, and she sipped her broth with great care. She could n't find any "V's," so at last she took a long drink and swallowed everything, hoping that the letters might digest themselves into words if let alone. Then she fed the cooling pop-overs to Scamp, who did n't give them half a chance to pop. Vivi guessed he was already practising to be a star.

Crestfallen, Perry took the tray. "I 'll toddle down to the post-office before it closes. Want to come, Scamp?"

Scamp's ears spiked up, though he pounced playfully about the floor, cuffing at a tiny object that held his attention.

"What 's he got there?" asked Mother.

"Dunno.—Bring it here!"

But Scamp still kept sniffing and turning with his nose the something too small for him to lift, so Perry's hand darted under the dog's tongue and rescued it. "Aw, it 's nothing but a spangle. In this dusk it looked kind o' shiny, like a dime." He started to toss it into the waste-basket, when Vivi stopped him. "Oh, please, Perry, give it to me! It 's off my fish-tail costume and I want to—to keep it."

Perry shook it on to her hand, a small tinsel scale, with a needle hole through the center. "See," she declared happily, "it 's like a little truly silver shell! I 'll string it on a silk thread and then when—and then it 'll be my very—best—necklace."

Mother lit the red lamp, after Perry and Scamp went out, and placed a rocking-chair, that rocked on its own track, by Vivi's bed. "The train 's in!" she announced eagerly, as she lowered the window-shade. And when footsteps jarred the porch, a few minutes later, she gave a glad cry and rushed down the hall to the stairs. Vivi held her breath and drew the sheet level with her eyes. Tight in one fist she could feel the sharp, round edges of her silver spangle—all that was left to her as a souvenir of "Silvershell."

CHAPTER XII

MORE SURPRISES

As he filled the doorway, Daddy looked young and handsome, even though his dark hair was rumpled and his suit somewhat creased, as if from his long train-trip. He wore a reddish necktie and carried a hat, and Vivi had n't time to notice anything else before he exclaimed, "Vivi! Is this—Vivi?" And then his words all came jumbled, he had so much to ask, and to tell!

Vivi thought, "But he is n't any more used to me than I am to him!" so when he came to bend over her she cried out with surprise and delight, "Why, your eyes take after mine, don't they?"

Daddy opened his wide, laughing, and sank down in the chair. He seemed gayer and more care-free than Mother, who hovered there by his side, and astonishingly young. "I 'd meant to bring you a doll," he began apologetically, "and then I did n't know whether you still played with such—"

"Oh no," Vivi informed him. "I don't have time."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, there 'd be lots of time, really, between scenes," she replied with prim seriousness; "but you see, if I fooled with toys, I would n't have my mind on my work, and then the scenes might not match and it would turn out what Mr. Jerome calls 'a bad sequence.'"

"I see," said Daddy, wrinkling his forehead. He turned to question Mother about the studio, recalling the days when he had worked there himself, and explained to her some of the troubles he had encountered in patenting his invention. They had so much to talk over that Vivi listened eagerly until, downstairs, a screen door banged shut. A faint bleating told her that Scamp had caught his tail in it. He often did. She glanced up, distressed. "Oh—that 's my dog—"

"He 's stopped. It 's all right now," soothed Mother.

"He 's not really mine," Vivi told Daddy; "but I 've worked with him so long I sort of pretend—"

Daddy smiled, then shifted uneasily. "I—I should n't think so much pretending all the time would be good for a person—" He broke off, and Vivi's gaze flitted in the other direction, toward the red lamp-shade of tucked silk, filled with light. Suddenly it reminded her of the studio "broiling irons," the lamps of red bars. She exclaimed, "Oh, we like the Corelli Candles ever 'n ever so much—the company does, I mean!" Surely Daddy ought to be pleased to know this. "Ben and all the other cameramen use them," she rushed on, "and when I heard that you invented them I wanted to write, to congratulate you, but—you see—"

"Yes?" Daddy's strangely familiar eyes took on a hurt expression as he inquired, "Well, why did n't you?"

Vivi was greatly embarrassed. She hesitated, and Mother answered for her. "She could n't. She 's only beginning to learn to read and write. She does n't know how, yet—except a few words—and her name."

Daddy frowned at the floor and did not appear at all comforted by this excuse, even when Vivi added feebly, "It 's true."

Abruptly he returned to the subject of his work, telling Mother how the new lights were earning money, more than he had ever been able to make on any patent before. Vivi blinked in astonishment at this remark and, realizing the opportunity it gave her, cried out, "Oh, then, if I—if anything happened so I could n't earn *my* salary, do you think, just for a change, that *you* could take care of Mother—next month?"

"Next month!" Daddy reared his chair back on its track and stopped with a squeak. "Why, of course, Vivi! That 's partly what I came for, to talk over, I mean—" He paused awkwardly, as though not knowing how to present his plan, and then stumbled on, "I 'm aware I 've been mighty little help to your mother or you in the past. I—I could n't be. And as long as I had n't enough money to support the two of you myself, I had no right to object to your earning your own living, Vivi—" He stopped, planted both feet firmly on the floor and resumed, "But first, let 's hear about your success."

So Vivi told him about her work in pictures, the nicest things, and then, when he requested it, about the accident. His brow clouded again while he listened, and he got up to see the gauze puttees wound around Vivi's ankles. Before she had half described to him how it all happened he interrupted. "That 's enough," and slumped back in his chair. He looked older now. His hands dropped heavily to his knees, and his eyes kept seeking Mother's. It seemed as though the two of them were whispering back and forth, but Vivi could n't hear them *say* a word.

"The accident and—and everything connected with it has been a great shock to me," Mother murmured tremulously, at last.

"Vivi looks as if she 's been under a long strain, too," said Daddy, shaking his head. "Of course, I 'm not used to running her affairs, but I don't just see the sense in her taking any more chances—" He turned to Mother. "I can offer you both a home, and from what I hear, it seems as if Vivi needs to go to school more than anything else, right now—"

"And keep her health," put in Mother, softly.

"Yes, and play with other children, so she can develop more—more naturally—" Daddy broke off again to consult Mother in another long, whispered conversation.

"But—but what do you want to do with me?" begged Vivi, finding this suspense unbearable.

"Well—er—" stammered Daddy, "the fact is, Vivi, we 've got to do the right thing by you, before it 's too late. In one way, perhaps, you 'll be sorry, but—" he reached out an unsteady hand and touched her hair, "your Mother and I want you to—"

At that moment Perry thrust his head in the door. "Got a letter!" he announced.

"Yellow?" gulped Vivi, panic-stricken.

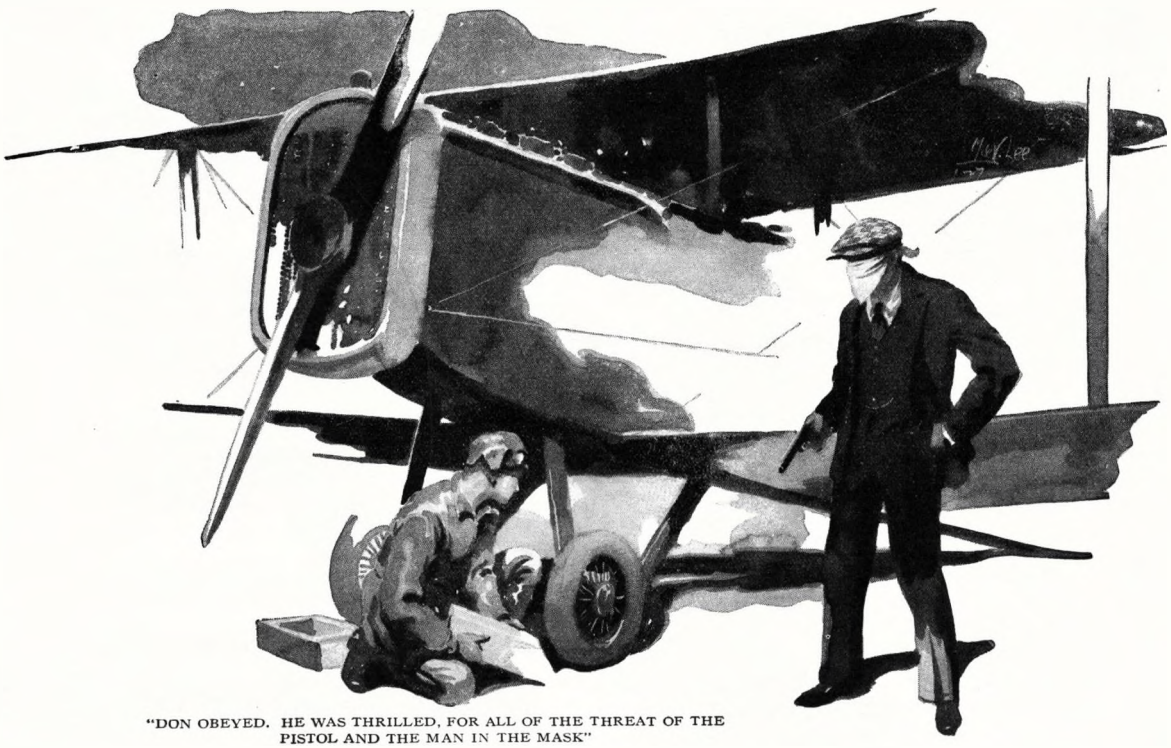
"Nope!" Perry grinned, excusing himself for the interruption, and continued blithely, "Did n't you ever hear of a '*red*-letter day'? Well, to-morrow will be it! Mr. Jerome writes that he 's sending you a very special surprise—a sort of token of his admiration— Keep cool, honey! I 'm not going to tell, but you 'll know what it is—to-morrow!"

All the while Daddy sat there, waiting, his anxious eyes on Vivi's face, as though he were deeply concerned to know how she would answer his half-spoken request.

(To be concluded)

Into the Darkness

by ARTHUR J. BURKS



"DON OBEYED. HE WAS THRILLED, FOR ALL OF THE THREAT OF THE PISTOL AND THE MAN IN THE MASK"

DON RYAN had two hobbies, both of them commendable ones: he loved airplanes, from strut to tail-piece, and he liked to read detective stories. He was quite a criminologist, in a way, with a firm faith in the deductive method of fathoming the exploits of criminals as practised by the immortal *Sherlock Holmes*. Two hobbies widely at variance, you will say; but are they? It requires a keen mind to build airplanes and fly them, and it requires a keen mind to take a bit of cigar ashes and tell the police what sort of a criminal to hunt for. For the airplane part of it, Don was gaining actual experience in the San Diego School for Flying; but he was forced to satisfy his craving for vicarious adventures among criminals by reading voraciously such books and magazines as dealt with the subject in such a way as to merit his attention. He had no use for cheap heroics, inside books or out of them, and the "dime-novel" detective story, with its artificial curtain at the end of each chapter, appealed to him not at all. Not true to life, he told himself, dismissing them as trivial. Men like *Sherlock Holmes* were few and far between, and lesser criminologists were unworthy of emulation.

From which it may be seen that Don Ryan, with all his eighteen years, had something to learn. Even the dare-devil has his place in crime detection, as Don was soon to learn.

It was ten o'clock at the flying-field, and employees of the school and the budding fliers had long since gone home. It was Don's night to remain on watch at the field, for besides teaching likely young men how to fly, the San Diego school also built airplanes for the use of other organizations all over the United States, and a new plane, which had been flown for the first time that day, had been left outside the hangar, covered with a huge tarpaulin, because there was no room for it inside. New hangars were being built, but they were not yet ready, so a man had to remain on watch.

Why? People are curious about planes, and an unguarded airplane is subject to all sorts of indignities. Besides, San Diego is close to the Mexican border and—well, it was best to be on the safe side. So Don Ryan remained at the field, and, with his feet propped on the table in the school office, divided his time between learned treatises on aëronautics and the vivid imaginings of fiction writers. All unknown to Don, adventure was moving toward him swiftly, coming on silent feet through the night from the heart of San Diego.

Don was reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles" for perhaps the tenth time—and finding it just as weird and hair-raising as he had found it on first perusal, which, you 'll admit, is saying something. He had just reached that place where the baying of the hound comes rolling across the moors through the fog, chilling the listeners to the marrow of their bones, when—

There came a creaking sound from the direction of the closed door!

Don raised his head slowly, a chill creeping along his spine. The sound, coming on the heels of the weird passage he had just read, was enough to cause a slight chill! It required a real effort of will for him to twist his head far enough around to see the door. Then he froze in his place, and something of his courage came back. The sound from outside had suggested something unknown, something mysterious, and therefore terrifying.

But that which met his gaze was something tangible, and the natural courage which was promising to make Don Ryan a flier among fliers, came forward to stiffen him.

Slowly the door-knob moved, turning. It stopped and, inch by inch, the door swung noiselessly open. Who or what was beyond it, attempting such noiseless entrance? Don's heart was pounding in his breast. But realizing that the unknown person outside believed himself not yet discovered, Don forced his eyes unconcernedly back to his book. But his thoughts were racing, and he could n't have told, to save him, what the text was which he seemed so carefully noting.

When a breeze came in, a cool swirl about his body, Don paid no heed. But his ears were alert, and he knew that some one had entered on tiptoe. Still he refused to look up. He sensed, rather than heard, the slither of footsteps across the floor.

"Look at me!" snapped a voice.

Don raised his head, apparently startled half out of his wits. Don saw at once that the man who faced him was broader and taller than he,—no chance for an argument there, even had Don thought of offering one in the face of the snub-nosed automatic held unwaveringly in the outstretched hand of the intruder. The latter, moreover, wore a handkerchief about his face, so that, because his cap was pulled low over his forehead, only his piercing black eyes were visible.

"Keep your hands up!" continued the unknown. "Get to your feet and move back away from that table!"

Don, his mind in a turmoil of questioning, busy with thoughts of escape from a surprising predicament, did as he was bidden.

The intruder moved to the table, keeping Don covered, and searched the drawer for a weapon. None was forthcoming. Then the man noted the book Don had been reading, which lay face downward before Don's chair. The fact that Don had taken the time to mark his place should have warned the man—but it did n't.

"Ever fly solo?" demanded the man in the mask.

Don's answer was prompt, and his heart was leaping at what the question portended.

"Yes," he replied. "Half dozen times or so."

"Ever fly at night?"

"Yes; but I did n't take the stick."

"Well you 'll have to do it to-night. I 'm desperate. I—well, it does n't matter what I did; but the police are after me, and in a few minutes they 'll know I came this way. What kind of a plane is that outside the hangar?"

"De Haviland."

"Come on, then; I have n't a moment to waste."

Under threat of the unwavering pistol, Don had no choice but to obey; but as he preceded the man through the door he wondered how he could prevent the escape of the confessed lawbreaker and, at the same time, save the airplane he was being ordered to fly. An idea came to him. One man would have to pull the prop. The masked man would have to do that—and what was to prevent Don from giving her full gun as soon as the motor caught and running the fellow down? Might hit him with a wing, at least. Not much of a plan; but it was the first to offer itself. The masked man, however, had brains of his own.

"Get in the forward cockpit and fix your instruments," he said softly; "and keep your head in sight. If you duck down, I 'll fire through the center of the cockpit. When you 're all set, get down and chock the trucks, pull the prop, and climb back in. No, put the chocks under now."

Don obeyed. He was thrilled, for all the threat of the pistol and the man in the mask. He 'd never flown at night and was getting his chance—not precisely as he fancied himself getting it, true; but this was better, really, for if he could fly successfully, and manage to prevent the escape of the criminal besides, it would be a big step for him as a flier. It would prove to his teachers that he was a lad of promise.

The tarpaulin was cast from the plane, the trucks chocked. Don did exactly as he was bidden. He knew that the man would not hesitate to fire if his suspicions were aroused.

"Don't dawdle!" said the masked man, sharply. "Pull her through every time. She ought to catch the first or second time. She flew just before sundown, and should n't be cold yet."

Knew something about airplanes, too, Don thought. He 'd remember that. And he understood why the man was hurrying him. From the direction of San Diego, down Barnett Avenue, came the continuous wailing of a police siren. The police were hot on the trail. When Don climbed into the forward cockpit the masked man was right at his heels. No chance to get away from him by using full throttle. He already had one hand on the cowling, while the other held that ominous weapon almost against Don's back. The motors were spitting nicely. Both took their seats. Don was almost holding his breath as he slipped the straps of his parachute, which had been left in the seat, over his shoulders and fastened the snaps. He expected that the unknown would order him to fly without the chute. But the man was too eager to be gone, apparently, and spoke only to urge Don to greater speed. Don settled in his place, made his tests, ducked his head to listen for a second to the motors—and then gave her full gun suddenly, so that the trucks jumped the blocks. Don kept the big plane moving. Over his shoulder he glanced about the field. The wind was from the west. He swerved to the left in a wide circle and, his heart pounding with excitement, hurled the big plane down the field, into the teeth of the wind. He held the stick forward until the tail was up, gave her full gun, and lifted her from the field as smoothly as a veteran flier would have done. He circled the field once for altitude, and looked down. Lights were coming onto the field from Barnett Avenue. The police had arrived—just too late!

The altimeter said five hundred feet, and the needle was climbing. The new plane behaved wonderfully. Her motors sang sweet music in the ears of the flier, who loved all airplanes. He was alone in space, flying into darkness, with a desperate man in the after cockpit, who would not hesitate to shoot. Don grinned widely to himself. *Would* the man shoot, after all? Who, then, would fly the plane? Don had the advantage now; but what good was it? He looked back. The masked man was crouched low in his cockpit, but he was n't looking at Don. He was looking down at the field they had just left, a thousand feet below now, and shaking his fist at the lights which had stopped before the office. Don grinned again. He knew something, did Don. If the man had entered the office with a rush, it might all have been different. His stealthy entrance would prove his undoing, if—

Don was still looking down. When the lights described a great curve away from the office, moved out to Barnett Avenue again, and turned, Don uttered a shout of satisfaction—but nobody heard the shout, and the wind which now sang through the struts and braces drove the shout back down Don's throat, all but choking him. The police car, with a motor-cycle leading the way, was following Barnett Avenue *away* from San Diego. Don settled down then to the business of flying. So far, so good.

He felt a tap on the shoulder. He looked back. The man in the mask

"THE WORLD WENT TOPSYTURVY FOR A MOMENT AS THE CHUTE OPENED"

was no longer masked. He had dropped all pretense at hiding his identity now, which was a bad omen. It seemed to shout to Don the fact that the man no longer had reason to fear him. The man pointed into the south, toward Mexico. Don shook his head. He had no desire to fly toward Mexico. Bad business, at any time—a missing motor, with no place to land. And how did the fugitive intend to quit the plane? Had n't thought of that, probably. But Don had been trained to think of such things—and he had been in Mexico. No safe place to land, even in daylight, and Don had never landed at night. He rather doubted his ability to make a safe landing, even on the field he knew so well. It was well, he told himself, that the masked man had n't forbidden him to don his parachute. Don had never jumped, either—and when this thought suddenly forced itself into his mind, he looked down again. He did n't like the prospect. But every flier had to have a first time—and present-day parachutes invariably opened. If his did n't— He 'd get credit for trying, anyway.

The man in the after cockpit tapped his shoulder again. Don turned. The command to head into the south was now punctuated by the waving of the snub-nosed weapon. Don lifted her suddenly, cut his engines for a moment so that the man might hear him, and leaned far back. He shouted:

"If you shoot, you won't have a pilot, remember that! Going out to sea and come back, so can glide to landing-place other side Tia Juana without being heard. Wind 'll help!"

The man nodded, lowering his weapon. Don looked down again. A black streak, moving all too slowly, with a moving dot ahead of it, also moving slowly, was entering Chatsworth Boulevard, en route to Ocean Beach. Don wondered if the fugitive had noticed. The police car and the motor-cycle were running without lights. Don nodded his head with satisfaction. The fugitive, not knowing what to look for, had probably lost track of his pursuers. And then they were on the ground, going fifty—sixty at the most—miles per hour, while he was traveling all of ninety. He had probably dismissed pursuers from his scheme of escape. But Don had n't.

He had cut his engine in again and was lifting her—just enough to be little noticed—just enough to reduce speed for the plan he had in mind. The ground below them seemed to be standing still. Mission Beach and Pacific Beach were straight ahead. A couple of miles probably, though they seemed right below. Don lifted her again, steeply. He felt the muzzle of that weapon against his back. He turned. His passenger was gripping the cowling fiercely with one hand, and the hand which held the weapon was shaking. Don grinned at the fugitive and leveled the plane; but he had caused a few more seconds' delay.

"He thought I was going to loop," Don told himself with an inward chuckle, "and spill him out. Nope, my friend, you get your chance, though I 'll admit it 's a slim one. Wonder what you 've done—something terrible, by the chances you are taking—worth the chances *I* am taking!"

Don looked down again. He saw the car and the motor-cycle. They were turning into West Point Loma Boulevard, Ocean Beach, taking a short cut. They were approaching the bridge which led to Mission Beach. They were making time—desperate, probably. This fellow 's capture must be a vital necessity.

Don held the plane level and pointed her straight into the west, toward the broad Pacific Ocean, which lay, like a vast painting, motionless and silent, almost below. A mile ahead, but it did n't appear so far. A minute or two more. He gave her the gun, gaining speed swiftly. He chanced a swift glance over his shoulder. His passenger still had him covered, but he was taking it easy now and glancing at intervals into the south. Clear of Point Loma, Don thought, the man expected him to turn and head south. Don grinned. Pacific Beach was right below, and a little to the north. The broad sandy space between the bridge, which the police had now cleared, and Pacific Beach was directly below.

Don hesitated no longer. He who hesitates is lost—especially in parachute jumping. He cut the throttle, lifted her nose slightly, held her—and saw the whitecaps breaking straight below.

Then he went over, head foremost! The fugitive had n't a chance to prevent him—it was done too quickly. Don had gone over with his finger on the rip-cord ring. He felt the rush of air against his down-plunging body like something hard resisting his dive. He counted three, slowly—and pulled the ring. The world went topsyturvy for a moment as the chute opened—and carried him downward, oscillating to and fro like a huge human pendulum. Don looked up, around the side of the life-saving umbrella. There was the plane. He could see it. Its nose was still pointed seaward; but the flight of the great De Haviland was erratic and it was losing altitude rapidly—but moving seaward.

Then Don forgot the plane in his own necessity. He himself was going to land in the ocean. He pulled down on the shrouds, spilling the wind, so that, for a brief space, his plunge was plummet-like; but he would miss the ocean now, probably. He gulped—and pulled the shrouds again, to miss a house toward whose top he was plunging.

The plane struck first. Don saw it. It struck a comber head on, and thrust its tail high in the air. If the fugitive would only stay with the plane, now—

Then Don struck the sand, and the wind in the chute dragged him several yards. But he was unhurt, and exultant. Too bad to hurt the plane, but what else was there to do? He could n't have landed safely, anyway, probably, and the reward might go a long way toward repairing the plane.

Don released himself and ran to the beach. The police were ahead of him, and two of them were already many yards from shore, in a rowboat they had commandeered from the beach before the house Don had all but struck in his jump. They were making good time toward the foundering plane.

Don spoke to one of the police. "What 's he wanted for?"

"Robbed the San Diego National," replied the officer. He put forth his hand and Don clasped it. "I 'm Sergeant Flattery," he continued, "how did he get off in that plane?"

"Forced me at the point of a pistol," replied Don.

"But if he had his pistol on you, Ryan," ejaculated Flattery, "how in the world did you get a chance to write that note telling us what to do?"

"He took too long to open the door," said Don, enigmatically.

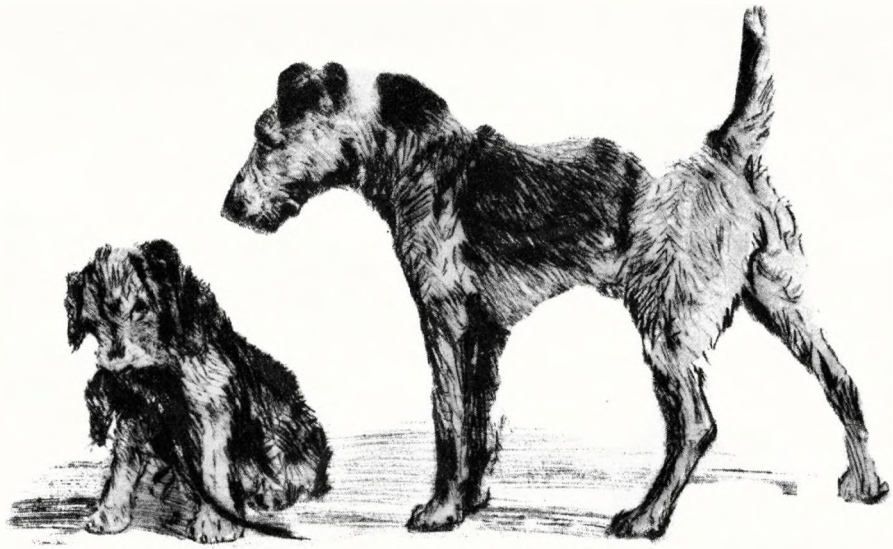
Flattery grunted. The boat grounded and the officers came ashore with their prisoner, who was groaning loudly.

Flattery turned back to Don. "I don't get you, Ryan," he said. "What do you mean, 'he took too long to open the door'?"

"He sneaked in. I saw the knob turning, and wrote the note!"

"But how did you know beforehand what he would want?"

"Why would a man come to a flying-field in the dead of night and sneak into a lighted office?" retorted Don. "I put two and two together, and wrote the note. I might have been wrong, of course—say, sergeant, did you ever hear of *Sherlock Holmes?*"



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CAUGHT OR FOUND?
FROM AN ETCHING BY DIANA THORNE

ACOMA—THE SKY CITY

By DERIC NUSBAUM

Author of "Deric in Mesa Verde"

WE first saw Laguna when the sun was going down. It certainly was beautiful with its rose-tinted houses silhouetted against the sky.

We drove up to the pueblo. The governor was the first man we met. He spoke English very well, and told us that we were free to go about, but that before we could see the inside of the church we would have to call on Father Schuster, the priest in charge of the churches of Laguna and Acoma.

From then until dark we spent looking for the priest. We finally learned from the trader that he had gone to visit the sick at a settlement in the mountains; also that he often went to the other two Laguna pueblos.

The Laguna people live in three villages and on many small farms. The governor told us that in 1926 the census showed that there were 1901 people in the Laguna tribe. It differs from the others in that it is made up of branches of practically all the Pueblo Indians.

While searching for Father Schuster, we went over the pueblo. The church is on the summit of the low hill on which Laguna is built. The houses crowding around it are partly of sandstone and partly of adobe. The more modern ones are plastered with a light clay, and metal roofs are beginning to be used. The old part of the pueblo is being gradually abandoned for farms in the valley. Many of the old houses are vacant. Plaster is chipping off, windows are out, and the houses are in a pretty dilapidated condition.

We spent the night at the little hotel near the railroad station of New Laguna. Dad knew Mr. Eckerman, and they talked about old times. Mrs. Eckerman's mother was a Laguna woman. She was very nice, and pretty, and got us the best kind of a supper.

They called us early the next morning, and we started for Acoma. Our good weather had deserted us. Clouds gathered, and a high wind made driving rather uncomfortable; but it was nothing to what we struck when we came to the sandy stretch near the Enchanted Mesa. We went through the best sand-storm I have ever seen.

The Enchanted Mesa or Katzimo (the Accursed) as the Indians call it, is one of the highest, and by far the most imposing, of the numerous sheer, rocky, isolated mesas in that part of the country. The old men of Acoma say that at one time their ancestors lived on the top of it. Their only way of getting up to it was a series of hand- and foot-holds cut in a leaning pillar of rock by the side of the cliff. Then, as now, they had to come down to the floor of the valley to work their little farms. One summer, when all of the people except three old women were busy cultivating their fields, a great storm came up, and lightning struck the column of rock, and the stone ladder, their only means of ascent, was destroyed. After that they built Acoma.

Not many years ago there was quite a discussion as to whether or not the story was true. Professor Libbey, of Princeton University, was the first white man to climb the mesa, but it took him three days. He had a lot of life-saving apparatus shipped out and hauled to the foot of the cliff. It was the kind they use when getting people off a wrecked vessel. His mortar did manage to shoot a line over one point of the mesa, and he was pulled up to the top in a boatswain's chair. He had little reward for all of this labor, as he said that he did not find a thing up there.

Then Mr. Hodge, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, came out

from Washington and, with the help of a few Indians and several light ladders, got to the top in three hours. Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the writer who had told the legend in one of his books, "Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo" went up also, and they both found the traces of occupation.

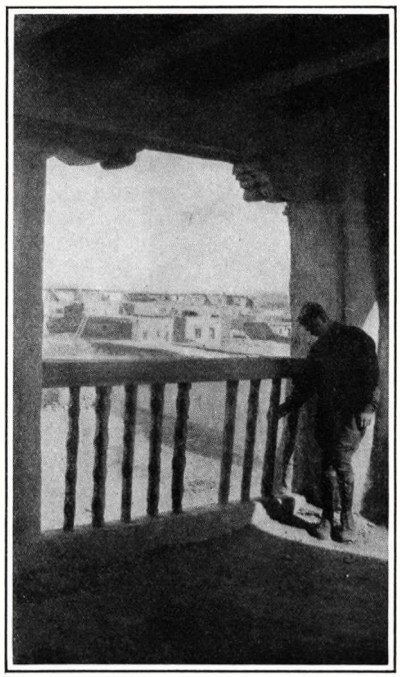
I was crazy to go up, but as we did n't have ladders or life-saving apparatus we could n't make it. I certainly want to go back some day and climb it.

On the plain around the Enchanted Mesa there were many Indian-ponies grazing. They were the fattest Indian-ponies that I have ever seen. There did n't seem to be much for them to eat; just a few weeds and some yellow berries. They were the same kind of berries that the clowns of San Felipe wore strung together around their necks in place of beads.

As we approached the Pueblo of Acoma we could barely see it on the top of the great rock mesa. It is probably the oldest of the "modern" Indian villages, and was similar to what it is to-day when the first Spaniards came into the country. The Indians have never been very friendly to the white man, and they take a pride in living high up in their sky city.

When we reached the base of the huge rock, the wind was so strong we could hardly move against it. The sand stung our faces, and it was all that we could do to keep our eyes open enough to see the trail. We finally climbed up the big sand-dune to the bottom of the old steps. It was a good thing that we were accustomed to climbing the cliffs in Mesa Verde, or we would have had difficulty in making it in that storm. The trail led up a narrow trough, between two great slabs of rock. In one place a boulder formed a regular roof over the steps, or the hand- and foot-holds, that the Indians had chipped out of the rock. In other places, they had used cedar for supports when there was nothing else.

The people of Acoma keep their horses and wagons in little shelters at the foot of the mesa, and they carry almost everything up on their backs. As they have chopped down every tree for miles around, they have to go some distance for fire-wood and, of course, that has to be hauled up too. We were told that another trail had lately been built, and they could get burros over it. That would certainly be a great help.



LOOKING TOWARD ACOMA FROM THE CLOISTER OF THE CHURCH

As we got to the top of the trail, it seemed as though we had slipped back several centuries. A man was calling at the top of his voice as he walked down the street that faced us. Other men came out of the near-by houses, each one carrying a long broom made of bundles of branches tied together. They all hurried off in the opposite direction, and we followed them. We finally met a young woman, and we asked her what it was all about.

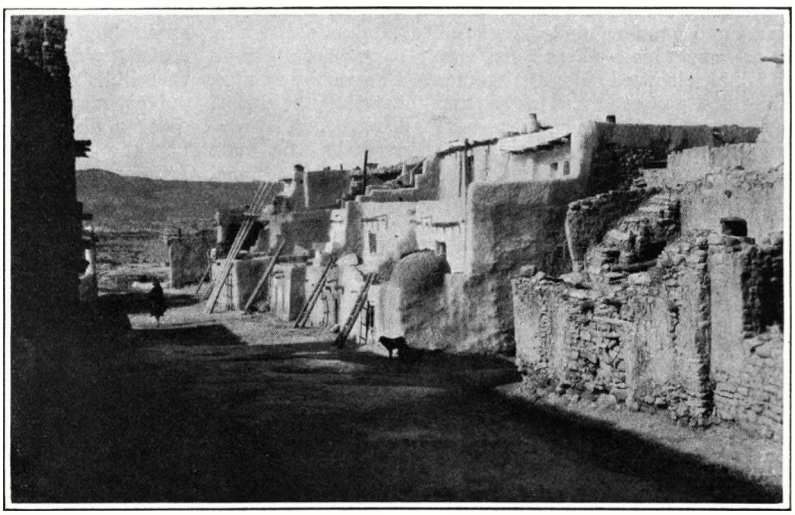
"In two days we give big dance," she said. "The governor send man to tell all men to meet him in dance court. Then they clean up."

We went on to the dance court and found the men all talking to the governor and the head men of the pueblo. Sure enough, they were to sweep the streets and everything in sight.

We spoke to the governor and, through an interpreter, he asked us to stay over and see the dance. We told him that we would like to, but could n't. Then we asked if we might go around and see the pueblo and the church. He wanted to know where we had come from, and when we said Mesa Verde, he wanted to hear all about the ruins.

We must have talked to them for an hour, and the old men were awfully pleased when Mother told them one of the old legends. They got excited and all talked at once. They usually charge people a dollar apiece to go around the pueblo, and five dollars for taking pictures, but they would n't take a thing from us, saying that we were friends.

The Pueblo of Acoma looks just about as it did three hundred years ago. There are many three-story houses, and the way they are built is very picturesque. Big ladders go from the street to the first roof, and smaller ones are used to reach the upper houses. In some of them they still use large, thin flakes of crystallized gypsum for window-panes, just as they did before they knew anything about window-glass. In some of the rooms we noticed beautifully carved roof-beams, and Dad said that they had been taken from the old mission.



A STREET IN ACOMA

After going up and down the two fine streets, we walked over to the church. This is not only the largest and one of the best of the old Span-

ish Missions, but it is the most wonderful one because everything that went into its construction had to be hauled up the steep trail by the Indians.

There is no earth on the top of the great rock of Acoma. The Indians carried up enough earth to make the adobes, or sun-dried bricks, to build the church and cloisters. As it is an enormous building, it took countless trips from the valley three hundred and fifty feet below. With the heavy packs on their backs it must have been dreadful work. The roof timbers are forty feet long and over a foot thick. They had to bring them twenty miles, as there are no large trees near Acoma. They had neither horses nor wagons, and they had to carry and drag them all the way.

The interior of the church was interesting, but the painting of Saint Joseph was the best part of it, and we learned the story about it when we returned to Laguna and saw Father Schuster.

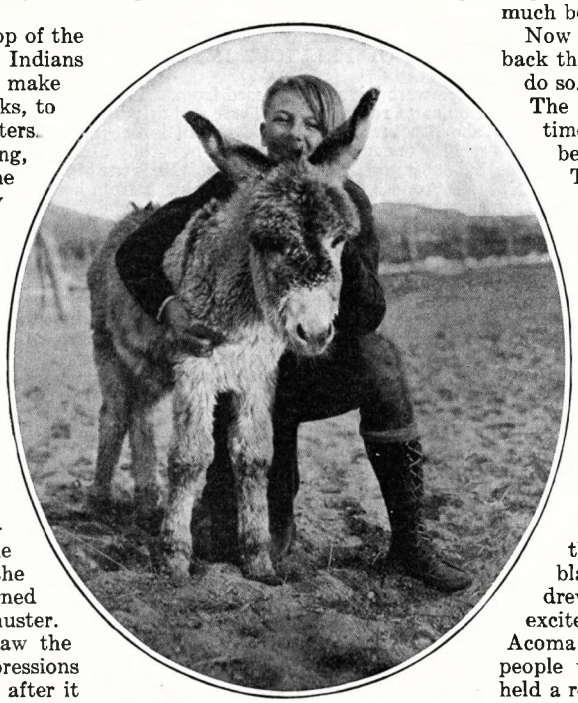
As we were leaving, we saw the water-holes. In natural depressions in the rock the water is held after it rains or snows. This is Acoma's only water-supply. If this fails they have to pack water up their steep trail.

Acoma is the finest of all the pueblos and the sand-storm helped make it seem more unreal than ever. Some of the others are larger and some of the people are more friendly, but certainly the little city on the big rock is the most impressive.

When we got back to Laguna, Father Schuster was there. He showed us the inside of the church. It has Indian designs painted all along the walls. The altar and sides, as well as a kind of canopy over the top of it, are covered with skins on which have been painted flowers, animals, saints, and about everything imaginable.

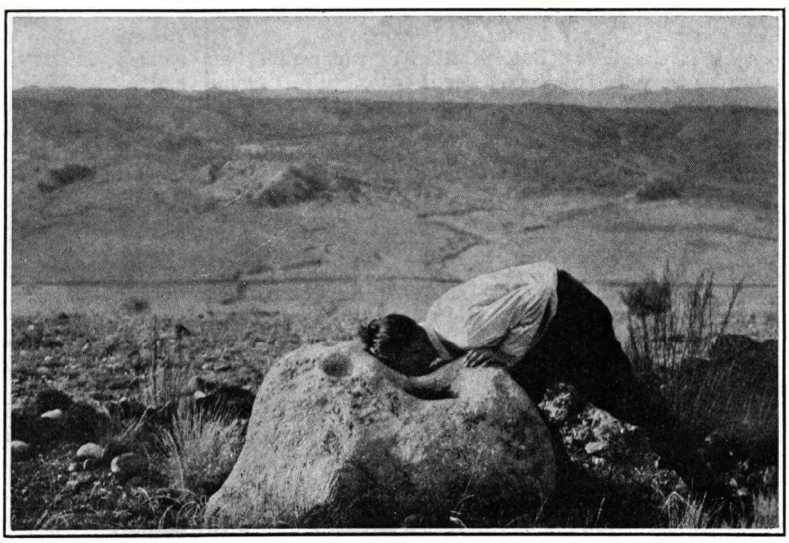
It was there that Father Schuster told us about the Saint Joseph in the church of Acoma.

The people of Acoma were prosperous and rich and happy, but the Pueblo of Laguna, though much larger, was unfortunate. The crops had failed, the people were ill, and everything went wrong with them. They did n't know what was the matter, and they believed that the possession of the picture of Saint Joseph was the cause of Acoma's good fortune. So the old men of Laguna got together and decided to ask Acoma to lend them the painting. Messengers were sent, and their request was granted. There was great rejoicing and, strangely enough, the people of Laguna began to be happy and have much better luck.



DERIC WITH A ROCKY MOUNTAIN "CANARY"

Now when the time came to give back the painting, Laguna refused to do so. That almost started a war. The priest living at Acoma at the time said that the dispute should be decided by the will of God. They all agreed and set a day for the great event. The Laguna Indians were to bring the painting back to Acoma. The place was decorated as for a feast-day and, in front of the church, the old priest was waiting for them. He had a big jar, and into it he threw a number of pieces of paper on one of which was a little rough drawing of the picture of Saint Joseph. He had two little girls, one from each pueblo, draw the papers from the jar. First the one from Laguna drew a blank, then the one from Acoma drew a blank. The people grew excited and, finally, when the Acoma child drew the picture, the people were so delighted that they held a regular dance. Then the people of Laguna seemed to join in the celebration, but while all of the village was feasting and dancing several men from Laguna went into the church, took the picture, and carried it back to Laguna. When this was discovered, the Indians prepared for trouble, but again the priest intervened and got them to let the courts decide the case. It was even taken up to the Supreme Court and is one of the famous cases on New Mexican records. The Pueblo of Acoma won and the Saint Joseph was taken home! In our "civilized" world, such a refusal would have been sufficient to start a war. I can imagine the feeling that would be fanned into flame by our newspapers and movies. But this took place in a strange, naïve civilization, perched on what has been called "the most interesting rock in the world."



DERIC TAKES A DRINK FROM A WATER-HOLE

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 recovering her line, she discovers a box, and sends Nat for a boat. While he is still seeking one, a storm arises. When, successful, he finally returns, but she is gone. Returning to the wharf, 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, having returned home, is wakened at night by strangers who bring a masked girl, Tanis Arms, to place in her care. Rid of his German, Nat sleeps in the 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. After the younger ones are a-bed, Sally brings out her mysterious box. Search as they will, they can find no opening. Finally, Tanis suggests a magic word—"Philip"—and a drawer opens. This contains uncut diamonds. Ann, meanwhile, has been spying on them. She plans to investigate for herself. She feigns a headache, when they are all berrying, and Sally sends her home with Fern, the youngest child. She shuts Fern out, and gets the box out of its secret place, but can make nothing of it. Fern peeps through the window and, when Ann goes away, scrambles in to examine it for herself.

From New York, within the enemy lines, come letters for Tanis. Their chief interest lies in the fact that Philip had left the city on receipt of Tanis's first letter and had not since been heard from. This, to them, implies some mishap. Sally hires a horse and drives to see her mother and enlist her help. Tanis and the little ones go to meet Sally. Ann, left alone again, pursues her study of the box when a man pokes his head in the window. He is one of the original thieves. Ann tries to hide it, but he takes it from her and makes off.

Sally has put the children in the chaise but while they go to return the nag, Tanis waits by the roadside with the basketful of food she has brought. A voice from the hedge warns her not to look around. Her basket is seized, its contents emptied, and her assailant makes off. At the dock Nat, tired of fishing, hears the voice of the man who had held him up again demanding, of another boatman, to be taken over the river. Believing this German to be dangerous, Nat intervenes to save his friend and upsets the stranger into the river. The boatman sends Nat for the constable, but the German convinces him that he is the injured one till Nat claims ownership of the basket. The German says he bought it from Sally, but professes willingness to give it to the boy, after he has taken from it a parcel roughly wrapped in his waistcoat. Nat vows the basket was his mother's, and fearing the man may have taken it by force, the men take him to the Good cottage. There Ann declares he has stolen the box, and they find it in his arms. It is returned to Sally, and the German is landed in jail; but now its discovery is town talk. That night the evacuation of the Jerseys by the British is celebrated. Nat overhears certain talk of a man who is obviously a Tory. Later this same man singles him out, tells him he is the owner of the box his sister has, and that he will come for it in the morning. He says his name is Philip Cheyne.

CHAPTER XXI

A CLAIMANT FOR THE CASKET

AT the Tory's utterance of that name Nat was conscious of a shock.

So this was Philip Cheyne, the lover for whose coming Primrose was waiting with such unfaltering faith! No wonder her Uncle Richard had refused his consent to a match with such as he.

The lad hurried home, his mind in a tumult of anxiety and uncertainty as to the course he ought to pursue. He climbed through the buttery window, but, in his haste and nervousness, he let the sash slip, so that it closed behind him with more noise than he would have wished. Groping his way through the kitchen, he heard a faint gasp close to the door which opened near the staircase, and at once he whispered, "Is that you, Sal?"

"Oh!" Sally whispered back, in a vastly relieved tone, "'t is you, Nat. I feared a robber, come for the jewel-case."

"Nonsense!" the lad spoke reassuringly. "The German 's safe in jail. I have much to consult you about, Sal. Huddle on some clothes and come up to my room."

"We can talk here," Sally objected.

"I don't want Primrose to hear."

"She 's sleeping soundly."

"She may wake."

"Aye, and so may Peter."

"That 's of no moment, by comparison." Nat spoke impatiently, for in truth he was anxious to unload his anxieties on Sally. "'T is Primrose who must hear no word of what I have to tell you now."

After saying which, the boy in his bare feet went silently and swiftly upstairs to his own room, where his sister hurried to join him a few moments later.

"Now," she said, "out with it! Why must we be secret from Primrose?"

The lad told his tale as briefly as possible, while Sally stared at him with a face of horror.

"But, Nat," she whispered, "an what you say is true, Philip Cheyne was in the town that night when poor Primrose fell in a swoon because he had failed to meet her. I cannot make head or tail of such a story."

"The man should know his own name," Nat insisted.

"Art sure it was Philip Cheyne he said? Or can there be two Philip Cheynes?" the girl asked, her brow puckered over the problem. "Perchance this is—"

"Oh, Sal, 't is small use to deceive ourselves," Nat interrupted, made impatient by his sympathy for Tanis. "'T is plain Primrose was befooled. Her uncle knew at a glance what sort of villain they had to deal with. 'T was doubtless the old man's money he was after. To have the girl, with naught save love to bind the bargain, was not to this fellow's taste."

Sally, too, feared that this was the truth and found no words to combat his argument.

"What are we to do?" she asked.

"That 's what I don't know," Nat answered. "'T is for you to decide. Primrose must meet him, an he comes here. Mayhap it would be best for me to take the man his box to-morrow and so prevent his visiting you."

At once Sally was up in arms. "'T is not his box!" she cried. "Think you a person who cannot be trusted in one thing is to be trusted in another? Never!" Then a sudden inspiration came to her. "I see it all!" she exclaimed. "This wretch is not the owner of the treasure, but a confederate of this hateful German! It comes to my mind he told Ann there were three beside himself."

Nat wagged his head approvingly. "Mayhap you 've hit it, Sal," he agreed. "I could not a-bear the rascal from the first. But how are you to get out of giving him the box?"

"I 'll ask him to prove that it is his by opening it before me. And then, when he sees all safe, I 'll demand that he place it in the hands of the authorities till his claims can be passed on."

Nat laughed derisively. "Show it to him and you 'll be left mourning like Ann. My fine gentleman will

steal it out of your hands and be off."

"He might," Sally acknowledged. "Well then, I shall just stand on my rights and say I cannot risk handing it over to any claimant, but shall myself put the box in the hands of the proper authorities, leaving the matter to be decided by them."

"Shall I carry that message to him, then?" Nat asked.

Sally sat silent for some time, considering this point.

"How I wish Mom were home!" she said with a sigh. "'T was her instant thought, Nat, that Primrose's lover was a villain. She was sorry for her, very sorry, and promised to do what she could to find some news of this Philip Cheyne; but she did tell me that when a sweet maid set her heart on a wretch it was sometimes in the order of a nervous sickness, which a shock might cure; and 't is in my mind that Primrose is too proud a lady to let herself waste her thoughts on one who hath treated her so contemptuously. Indeed, it is her right to see him and learn the truth. The knowledge that he hath been in the town since the very day she came may be just the medicine she needeth to send her home to stay with Uncle Rick. This man shall make his visit to-morrow."

She got up and, opening the door preparatory to going down to bed, stood with the latch-string in her hand as Nat halted her.

"Wait but a minute, Sal. There 's another side to this affair that troubleth me. Think you we have no duty if we know of Tories in this our town while the troops are passing through?"

Sally gave thought to this, then shook her head in the darkness.

"Nay, Nat," she said, "we know naught *of a certainty*. The constable to-day, zaney though he is, showed us that it needs more than an accusation to deprive any of their liberty. We 'd better hold our tongues between our teeth." Then she went downstairs to her bed, and Nat went to his, while Peter slept soundly on like the healthy child he was.

As much, however, could not be said of Ann. She had not been asleep when the excitement had started in the town and had called down to Sally more than once for permission to dress and run out to see the fun.

This being refused, at the last sharply, for Sally did not wish the other children to be disturbed by her importunities, she had sat at her window and sulked, looking longingly at the glow of the bonfires, had watched Nat recross the grass to the house, had heard the fall of the window-sash, and then the murmur of the low-toned colloquy between her brother and sister. Her door was open a crack and her ears were sharp. She even heard the pad of Nat's bare feet on the stair. When Sally joined him in his room, her curiosity grew; but she could make naught of their consultation till Sally opened the door to go away. Then their conversation about Tories started her patriot blood to boiling.

There was no doubt in her mind of the name of the Tory in question. Primrose it must be, else would they not have crept upstairs in the dark to make sure that she should not overhear them. The strange girl had always been one of their council before. Her brother and sister might both of them fear to take any step to protect their army, but Ann swelled with pride to think that she was bolder.

She began then to arrange in her own mind the causes she had for suspecting Primrose and found them rather distressingly scanty. The girl had an English lover and had fled from a patriot home. She had arrived mysteriously by night, and it was since her coming that General Washington's army had moved to Middlebrook. Since then what had happened? Sullivan's division had retired from Princeton to the Delaware. Why had not Howe's army followed? Clearly because they had been warned by spies in Trenton that it would be unsafe to do so. There had been much talk of this, and it was not hard for the girl to convince herself that one of those spies lived in their very house. Ann would have liked to stay awake all night, nursing her just indignation; but after all, she was little more than twelve years old, and she dropped off to sleep.

She woke in the morning with her mind as fully made up on action as if she had spent the night in planning it. Nat was patriotic. At least, he was when he was away from Sally, who in turn was loyal when not under the influence of Primrose; but as things were now, it was useless to expect help from either of them. Ann meant to make the accusation herself. However, she felt that it would carry more weight if it was backed up by a grown person. Her answer to this was Aunt Charity.

This aunt was her dead father's sister, whose husband had but lately gone to join the patriot army. She had a number of children and had been kept more closely at home since her husband's departure. Even so, she had seen Primrose several times, and, urged on by an inordinate curiosity, had striven unsuccessfully to pry into the girl's past. Tanis had put her off politely with vague or laughing answers, which had left her with an uneasy sense of being played with and not held at her true importance in the community. Ann knew that Aunt Charity's tongue had done some wagging already, and she was shrewd enough to appreciate the fact that her mother had a much more solid reputation for worth than her flighty aunt.

One who lived under Dame Good's protection was held above suspicion; but Ann could point out that this girl had come to them on a nicely chosen night when her mother had just left to take charge of a most tedious case.

Her daily tasks finished, Ann skipped off, armed with permission from Sally to visit Aunt Charity, her head full of visions of herself as a benefactor of the American armies, having discovered unaided one of their enemy's most dangerous spies.

The older girls went on with their work untroubled by her departure. Ann was at the unfortunate age when she held herself above playing with the younger ones, who consequently got on more happily without her, while the elder three felt as much removed from her as she did from the little children.

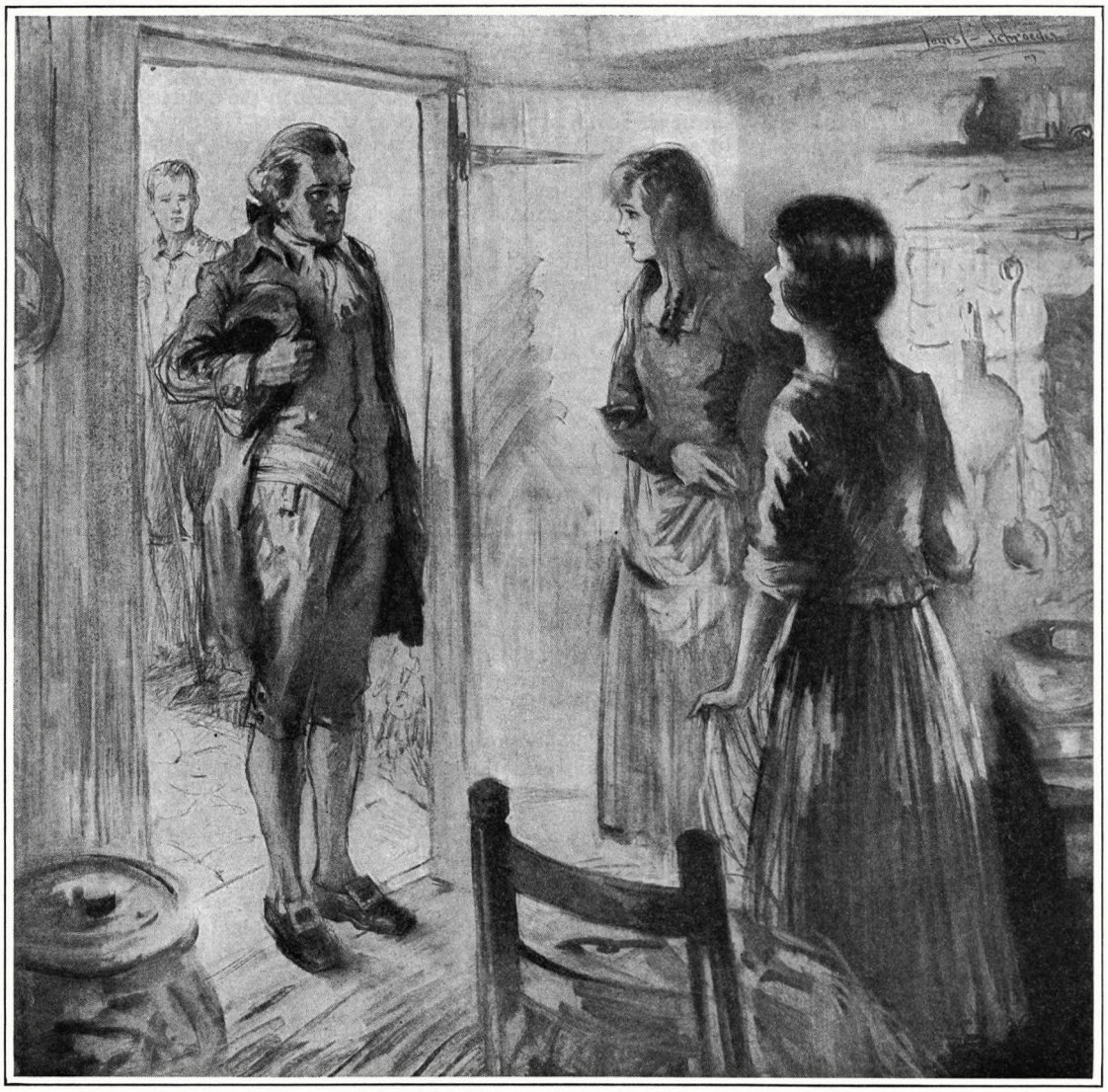
There was cloth to be spun for their next winter's clothing, and Sally was teaching Tanis the way of it. She was examining the stretch on the loom when a quick, firm step sounded outside, and Sally's heart turned to ice within her.

Tanis had been unconscious of aught impending, but all morning Sally had known this interview to be hanging over her, and fearing greatly what might follow when Tanis was confronted with her spurious lover. Secretly, she had made ready all that might be of use in her mother's store of restoratives and stimulants, and had begged Nat to work in the garden within call should she need help after Tanis was made acquainted with her lover's perfidy.

Outside, the visitor hailed Nat. "I see I 'm come to the right place, my lad," he said. "Is your sister within?"

"Aye," Nat answered, shouldering his hoe and joining the caller on the little flower-bordered path. "Just step to the door there and you 'll doubtless see her."

Even while he was speaking, he began hoeing and weeding around the peonies, bluebells, and lupins, as though that were his business of the moment. Really, he had come from the vegetable patch armed with a stout hoe, which he considered as serviceable a weapon as an oar, ready



"'YOU SAY THE BOX IS YOURS? WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU TO OFFER OF YOUR OWNERSHIP?' ASKED SALLY"

to act as support or defense should Sally need him.

"There 's a sad knot here," said Sally to Tanis, bending over the weaving, her heart threatening to choke her with its heavy beating. "Will you, dear, see who is coming?" Some words that she had meant to say anent the undetermined length of her mother's engagement died in her throat, and she turned to watch the meeting of her friend with her erstwhile lover. Nat, too, stopped his weeding and stared, motionless as if changed to stone. He saw Primrose, sweet and unruffled, come to the doorstep where the stranger awaited her; saw her, a corner of her apron in her hand, drop a country curtsey with a quizzical smile on her lips. Then he heard the voice of the visitor, suave and ceremonious, as he doffed his hat.

"I take it I am speaking to Mistress Sally Good?"

The hoe fell from Nat's hand in his sheer amazement. This man was Philip Cheyne, yet he did not know his own sweetheart when he met her face to face! Nat rubbed his eyes with the back of a dusty hand. What explanation could there be now?

Meanwhile, Tanis was answering the inquiry politely. She was entirely in ignorance of the man's errand, Sally not having dared to trust herself to tell a part lest some chance question should leave her on the brink of confessing the whole.

"I 'm not Sally Good," Tanis said, "but I live here and can answer any question for her."

"I doubt that," the Tory smiled approval of such a pretty girl; "but I shall test it. I 'm come to claim my property. The box the young miss found belongs to me."

Sally, in the background, had a space of time to marvel over the situation. Clearly, this was the man who said his name was Philip Cheyne. Equally clearly, he did not know Tanis nor she him, so that, be his statements what they might, he was not Philip Cheyne at all. To what new mystery this might point Sally had not time to think; but to one thing she had made up her mind

before the visitor arrived. She was doubly determined on it now. The man who was deceitful on one count could not be trusted on another. Nothing should persuade her to give up the box to such an one. So now she came forward till she stood at Tanis's side.

"I 'm Sally Good," she said. "You say the box is yours? What proof have you to offer of your ownership? 'T is plain aught so valuable must not be lightly passed from hand to hand. Another claimant might come later to require it of me."

"Refer such to me! Refer such to me, young lady!"

"And if, perchance, you were elsewhere?"

"I 'll give you a receipt in form for both box and contents, the list of which is one of my surest proofs."

"You will open the box and show me the contents?"

The man's eyes shifted. Their bold gaze no longer met hers.

"I will—an the mechanism hath not been tampered with. You must know that this box is a most curious toy, and should these thieves have tried to force it, it may for the moment be out of order."

"The story-teller!" thought Sally. "He can no more open it than can we. I don't believe it belongeth to him at all."

Aloud she said, giving him a beaming smile: "Then you are quite sure to get your box back when the courts award it to you. Meanwhile, you will be glad to know it is in safe keeping, where the most accomplished thief would fail to find it."

For one moment the action of the Tory seemed to be in doubt, and Nat repossessed himself of his hoe. Then the man, without a word, turned, hat in hand, and walked down the path and down the lane. Had Nat followed him further, he would have seen that he went, without wavering in his course, directly to the jail. That young gentleman, however, was standing gently scratching his head with his hoe handle.

"Had it not been so dark last night," he mused, "even such a zaney as I must needs have seen that this fellow had no black mole at the nick of his lip!"

CHAPTER XXII

DAME GOOD'S PATIENT

THE man was hardly out of sight ere Sally, having settled Tanis at her loom again, rushed out of the house and threw herself upon Nat.

"Oh," she half sobbed, "oh, I 'm so glad! It would have been tragical had Tanis set her heart on such a man. But what do you make of his story now, Nat?"

Nat, somewhat embarrassed by Sally's unusual demonstration, wriggled in her grasp. "I make of it naught I did not make before," he said stolidly. "Let go of me Sal. Should any pass, they 'll think you crazed."

"Don't you see," Sally relinquished her hold on his neck and shook him impatiently by the arm, "we have here a new mystery? 'T is my belief we should have council from older heads than ours. Oh, if Mom were only home! She might persuade Primrose that it is best to take the whole matter before the authorities."

"What hath Primrose to do with it?" Nat asked agape. "Why can't we say that this man is a dangerous character, passing under a false name?"

"We can," returned Sally, scornfully, "and our only proof of it is that Primrose did n't know him. He might as easily say that he was not accountable for a gay young man who used his honest name to win a girl's heart and leave her lamenting."

Nat devoted some thought to this. "For that matter," he said at last, "Primrose might be able to prove naught, either. This fellow who never turned up—did she in fact know his family, or aught more of him than he himself told her?"

Sally in turn took thought on this aspect of the case. "In sooth I believe you 're right!" she said with a sigh. "She met her Philip Cheyne on a visit to New York. He was a young man attached to neither party, and that is almost all she has ever told me about him; although I 've never pressed her, feeling that the affair was too sad an one for her."

"This much you might get out of her without arousing any suspicions in her mind," Nat suggested. "Did Philip Cheyne speak of any relatives? Had he, perchance, a cousin of the same name?"

Sally considered this new proposition from all sides. "That I can find out easily and soon," she declared. "Do you work at the flower beds beneath the window by the loom. 'T is open and you 'll hear all she saith."

His sister went into the house and Nat hurried to the position she had indicated. Sally's first remark was one of praise for her friend's quickness in learning the art of weaving.

"Your Philip will find you quite a useful person," she ended, by way of introducing Mr. Cheyne's name into the conversation.

Tanis had stopped her work, her hands in her lap.

"Aye, I 'm more useful than of old," she said; then of a sudden, as if from an overcharged heart, "Sally, do you really believe I 'll ever see him again?" This cry had such pain in it that Sally hesitated, a lump in her throat.

"Remember, I knew him not," she ventured at last. "At first I often doubted; but your faith seemed so perfect a thing that it won me over. I believed with you. Yet, as the days go by, I think it more and more strange that no word hath come, and it seems to me that it may be that we did wrong in neglecting to set on foot proper inquiries."

"Are we to advertise in the journals?" Tanis asked bitterly. "'Lost! A Lover Weareth his own hair heavily powdered. Hath a brown skin, black brows and a mole at the corner of his mouth; and a very taking way with him. Had on, when last seen, a coat of Paris velvet, a worked waistcoat, and a hat without cockade. A reward not exceeding three pounds, three shillings and thrippence will be paid by his last lady-love.'" She stopped, tears glittering in her eyes.

"Nay, then," said Sally, realizing her friend's pain, "this was my thought: if he felt himself falling ill,—of a fever or such like,—he would naturally go to any relatives he might have, who would see that he should receive the needed care?"

"Philip had no relatives in this country, unless mayhap a cousin, a rackety young man, not one to nurse the sick, who had left England in disgrace. It was to search him out that Phil came to America. He thought that he had been hardly used in the matter of an inheritance, and looked to find him in New York and set him straight. But he could get no trace of him, and—and he found me instead."

"Did you say that his name was the same as Philip's?" Sally interrupted.

"Yes," Sally started and so, outside the window, did Nat. "His name is Cheyne."

"How funny that there should be two Philip Cheynes." Sally spoke innocently. She had so understood Tanis, who hastened to set her right.

"I did not say there were two Philips. His cousin's name is Peregrine."

"Where is this cousin?" Sally persisted. "He might have some information could we but communicate with him."

"I don't know where he is," Tanis answered. "I told you Philip had failed to find him up to the time I last saw him."

"Still, we might learn something of him if we only had the money to pay for a private inquiry."

"But I have money. Quantities of

(*Continued on page 928*)

Wide World Photos
THE START OF SOUTH AFRICA'S GREATEST DIAMOND RUSH. MORE THAN 25,000 CONTESTANTS RACED TO FILE CLAIMS

"ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

By JOSEPH LEEMING

WORK was over for the day and the diamond-diggers of the Premier mine were shouldering their picks and hurrying off toward their homes. It had been a day just like many another spent at the mine, but the superintendent, a man named Wells, had had the feeling something big was going to happen; that there would be a big find, or that a specially rich bed of clay would be opened up. Still, nothing had happened, and he was taking a last look around before trudging away after his men, feeling a trifle crestfallen and disappointed at the failure of his "hunch," when suddenly his eye was caught by something white and sparkling that projected from a little hummock of the blue diamond-clay. As the rays of the setting sun touched it, it blazed and glittered like fire. In a moment, he had seized a pick and was digging furiously away at the loose earth that surrounded what proved to be an exceptionally large stone. Soon it was freed from the ground and Wells held it in his hand. He had never seen such a tremendous diamond before and was almost dazed by his discovery. Clutching it tightly, he ran at full speed to the office of the mine. Bursting through the door he showed his find to the manager who was even more excited and astonished than Wells. The stone was put on the scales and weighed, and the next day the news was flashed over the wires that the biggest diamond the world had ever known had been discovered.

This stone was christened the "Cullinan Diamond," being named in honor of the man who had had the courage and foresight to stake his last penny on the possibilities that he believed were latent in the Premier mine. It measured about four inches in length, by two and one half inches in depth, and about two inches wide, or almost the same size as a man's fist; and it weighed approximately 1⅓ pounds.

By the law of the Transvaal, in which province the Premier mine is located, a duty of sixty per cent of the value of all diamonds found, is paid to the government. When the officials heard of the Cullinan Diamond, however, they at once purchased the remaining forty per cent interest of the mine owners, and presented the marvelous jewel to King Edward VII on the occasion of his sixty-sixth birthday, November 9, 1907.

There was considerable discussion as to the best and safest means of shipping the great stone from Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, to London, but the following plan was ultimately decided upon. A dummy package, supposed to contain the diamond, was taken under heavy guard and with a certain amount of publicity, to Cape Town and thence to Southampton. At the same time the real diamond was securely done up, insured for two and a half million dollars, and sent to England by registered mail at a cost of less than a dollar and thirty cents. Though many thieves may have schemed to get their fingers on the diamond while it was in transit, none of them succeeded, and the greatest gem in the world reached London safely and was duly presented to the king.

Hope of finding another such stone as the Cullinan, or of at least making a modest fortune from the digging of smaller stones, lead, early in March of this year, 1927, to the most spectacular rush for treasure that the world has ever witnessed. A new diamond-field, reputed to contain at least $5,000,000 worth of precious stones, was discovered by a farmer at Grasfontein in the Transvaal, and prospectors and fortune-hunters by the thousands gathered from near and far to participate in the rush. For, according to the laws of South Africa, whenever a farmer finds a certain amount of diamonds on his property, the mining commissioners proclaim a rush. This means that everybody who wishes to may take part in a race for the diamond-field and stake out a claim—the first-comers getting the most promising claims, and the slower runners taking whatever is left by the time they arrive.

The race for the Grasfontein farm was first scheduled to take place late in February, and 17,000 men gathered

at the starting-line three miles distant from the field. Among the racers were a number of professional sprinters who had been hired by the powerful diamond syndicates. The presence of these trained athletes angered many of the older prospectors, and twenty minutes before the race was scheduled to start, 1200 of these infuriated men burst through the police-cordon and rushed for Grasfontein, where they staked out the best claims. The Commissioner of Mines, however, declared these doings illegal; all the claims were nullified, and another race was announced for March 4.

When the day arrived, the crowd at the starting-line had swelled to 25,000 persons. Not all of them were men, for a number of women had decided to take their chances in the mad stampede hoping to obtain one of the claims and, perhaps, make a fortune as a result. It was a desperate hope, but one well worth the effort.

The signal for the start was to be made at the stroke of noon, by hauling down a Union Jack floating at the top of a fifty-foot flagpole. All morning the grueling sun beat down on the excited crowd whose members chafed at the delay and struggled with one another to get the most advantageous positions. Shortly before noon, the Mining Commissioner began to read the proclamation declaring the new diamond-field to be thrown open. As he came to the concluding words: "God save the King," the sun reached the meridian, the Union Jack fluttered to earth and the racers for fortune were off.

They stretched along the starting-line for two miles, in a solid mass. Dust clouds rolled to the skies as they dashed out and across the burning veldt, yelling with excitement. Soon the swiftest darted ahead, leaving the main body of the pack to stumble on as best it could beneath the sweltering sun, throats choking with dust. Many were forced to slow down to a walk; others, with visions of future wealth calling to them, ran as they had never run before. Within an hour the rush was over; all the claims were staked out, and some of the fortunate ones had already commenced to dig.

It is probable that this will be the last of the great diamond-rushes, for sentiment against them has been increasing, and the mining commissioners are expected to do away with this method of opening new fields to prospectors. More and more, the mining of diamonds is coming under control of the great syndicates who own the important mines, and the individual digger is being driven from the field.

The Premier mine, from which the Cullinan Diamond was taken, is the largest in the world, though it is not as famous as the De Beers group of mines located a few hundred miles to the southward at Kimberley. Diamonds are found in what are known as "pipes," which are really the cylindrical craters of extinct volcanoes. These pipes are filled with a hard, blue clay, and it is in this clay that the precious stones are hidden, having been created ages ago during some tremendous volcanic convulsion.

The pipe which forms the Premier mine is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and the blue clay with which it is filled, contains thousands upon thousands of diamonds; for, up to the present, the workings have penetrated only a few hundred feet below the surface. This means that the surface has barely been scratched, as the Kimberley pipe has been mined to a depth of over three thousand feet, and the De Beers mine is more than two thousand feet deep, yet the diamonds still occur with as great frequency as when operations were first started over half a century ago.

The first diamonds were discovered in South Africa in 1867, and like many another epoch-making event, their finding was largely accidental. Some Dutch children, playing on the banks of the Orange River, were attracted by a shiny stone which was lying in the gravel, and taking it home to their mother, she in turn showed it to a friendly farmer and neighbor named Van Niekirk. He at once offered to buy it from her, believing that it might have some value but never realizing for an instant that it was a diamond. The woman, however, thinking the stone worthless, was glad to give it to him. A short time afterward, Van Niekirk showed it to a trader named O'Reilly, who was staying with him overnight and O'Reilly proposed that he should try to sell it when he reached a town, and if he succeeded, divide the profits with Van Niekirk. Every one who saw the stone ridiculed the idea of its having any value, but finally he got in touch with Dr. W. G. Atherstone who identified it as a diamond, and a short while after, Sir Philip Wodehouse purchased it for twenty-five hundred dollars, one half of which O'Reilly promptly turned over to his friend Van Niekirk.

Two years later Van Niekirk heard that another sparkling stone had been picked up by a Hottentot boy who worked on a near-by farm. He immediately went over to examine it, was convinced that it was another diamond, and, to the boy's astonishment, offered to buy it of him for five hundred sheep, ten oxen, and a horse, worth in all about two thousand dollars. The Hottentot lad was delighted at his sudden wealth, but Van Niekirk was even more pleased when he sold his find to a dealer for fifty-six thousand dollars. This stone, which weighed eighty-three and one half carats, is still considered to be the most beautiful diamond ever mined in South Africa and has been christened the "Star of South Africa."

When news of these two finds went abroad, the rush for diamonds began in earnest. From every part of the world, prospectors flocked to the banks of the Orange and Vaal rivers

STRIKE GOLD IN A CITY

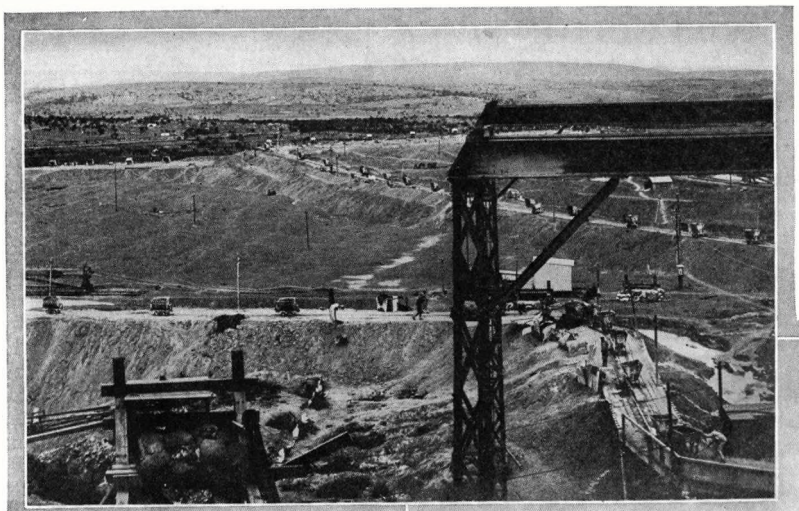
By S. LEONARD BASTIN

A SENSATIONAL discovery of gold right in the heart of the city, has been brought to light in Melbourne, Australia. While digging out the ground for the foundations of a house, a workman struck a glittering piece of ore that proved, upon examination, to be a nugget of nearly pure gold. Later digging disclosed further fragments in the soil and, as may be imagined, the owner of the land was not long in staking out a claim.

In this locality, the excitement has been intense and people have been hard at work digging in their backyards, but no fresh gold-bearing area has been discovered.

It is suggested that the owner of the plot where the first nugget was picked up, had satisfied himself that the pieces secured were fragments from a very large reef which will yield a huge amount of the valuable metal. It is also pointed out that on many occasions fragments of gold have been picked up in Australia, and that often these have not been associated with any very heavy deposits. A certain amount of gold had already been secured from the Melbourne site, but whether deeper digging will reveal larger quantities of the metal, remains to be seen.

by the thousands, and before long, the town of Kimberley became the diamond-center of the world. Here, grouped close together, are the five wonderful diamond-pipes: the Kimberley, the De Beers, the Wesselton, the Bulfontein, and the Dutoitspan,—which, previous to the opening of the Premier mine in 1902, produced



Ewing Galloway

CAR-LINE APPROACHES TO THE WASHING-GEAR OF THE PREMIER DIAMOND MINE NEAR PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA

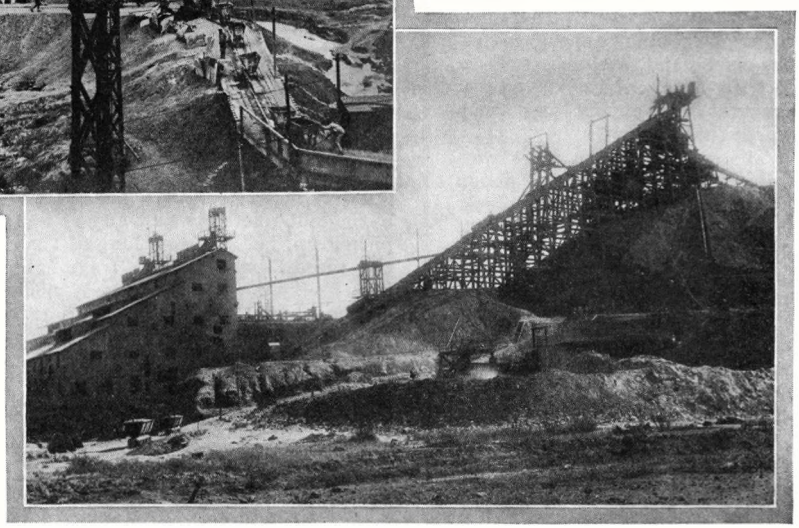
85 per cent of the world's output of diamonds. Over one thousand million dollars' worth of diamonds have been taken out of these mines already, and they are still yielding about forty million dollars' worth of precious stones a year, but the exploitation of new fields has so increased the total world output, that the South African mines at present produce only 35 per cent of the diamonds mined each year in all parts of the world.

The newer diamond-fields, which have attracted thousands of prospectors and adventurers, are located in Angola (Portuguese West Africa), the Gold Coast, the Belgian Congo, and British Guiana. The transportation difficulties encountered in getting the stones to the sea-coast from the interior of some of these wild and jungle-covered countries are enormous. In the Belgian Congo, the problem has been solved, to some extent, by the use of airplanes which carry their priceless cargoes for many miles over the trackless wilderness. An air service is being considered in British Guiana as well, for the only means of reaching the sea-coast at present is by way of the Mazaruni River, a trip of from twenty to twenty-six days, which involves the passage of numerous cataracts in any one of which the light boats are in danger of capsizing with the resultant loss of their valuable freight.

To watch the working of a great diamond-mine such as one of those at Kimberley, is among the most interesting sights in the world. At a short distance from the pipe which contains the blue clay, a wide shaft is sunk into the ground, and from this shaft tunnels lead into the diamond-bearing earth within the pipe. The uppermost tunnel is forty feet below the surface, the second one is forty feet further towards the center of the earth, and other tunnels are cut through the rock farther down, each one forty feet from the one above it. In the Dutoitspan mine there are thirty-eight miles of these underground tunnels, the lowest one being about eight hundred feet from the surface.

In the pipe itself are a number of deep shafts which extend from top to bottom and adjoin the tunnels. When the diamond-clay is loosened by blasting, it is loaded into little cars which are then drawn along the tunnel to one of these shafts where their contents are dumped out and fall to the very bottom. From here it is hoisted to the surface where it is put in other cars which carry it to the "weathering floors." These are simply wide fields, often covering an area of four or five thousand acres, where the ground has been rolled perfectly smooth and hard. The blue earth containing the diamonds which is as hard as a rock when it first comes from the mine, is spread out here and left to weather for a year or more in order to soften, for it would be impossible to separate the diamonds from it in this condition.

The weathering fields are actual acres of real diamonds. There may be as much as thirty or forty million dollars' worth of precious stones spread on the ground at one time—hundreds of bushel-baskets full of dazzling gems, if one could only see them, but that is impossible for they are hidden away in the hard lumps of clay. It is equally as impossible for any one to get near the diamonds as it is to detect their presence in the blue earth. Every field is surrounded by two high barbed-wire fences, about thirty feet apart, each of which is highly charged with electricity. Should any one attempt to climb over, he would be instantly electrocuted. Between these fences are stationed armed guards who are always on hand in case the electric current should fail.



Ewing Galloway

THE PULSATOR AND MUD HOIST AT THE KIMBERLEY MINE

After the clay has weathered for a year or more, it is taken to the washing-machines. There is usually a certain amount that has not been sufficiently softened by the long exposure to the elements, and this has to be put in powerful crushers that crumble the hard lumps to powder without injuring the diamonds im-

(*Continued on page 930*)

CHUCK BLUE OF STERLING

By GEORGE B. CHADWICK

CHAPTER XII

CHUCK GOES BACK TO COLLEGE

IT was the middle of the afternoon and Chuck was on his way from Hixby's to the post-office to get the three o'clock mail. He was walking along at a good pace, down the familiar street, when his eye was caught by a maple-tree. The leaves on its topmost branches were turning red—a signal that autumn was on its way.

The fall of the year! Ever since Chuck had been a small boy it had meant football to him. At first, a rough-and-tumble game with an ill-assorted crew at grammar school, then the more orderly routine of practice and scheduled games at the Sayville Academy, and finally Sterling and the wonder of making the college team. But no more football now—just work.

He sighed. Practice was starting that very day at Sterling. Right now, as he was walking down the Sayville street, the fellows would be out on the varsity field, those chosen to come back for early practice, and he was n't there!

He could see them in his mind's eye, the backs taking their turn at punting, then lined up for starts, a forward-passing drill, a long string of players lined up to take their turn at dummy tackling—all the details of fundamental drill that the first day's practice session would bring forth.

Well, not for him, Chuck sadly reflected. He 'd have to forget about it. But he could n't—a tang of autumn was in the air and his body fairly ached for the active combat of it all.

He went into the post-office and took the store mail out of Hixby's box; then he looked in his own box. A letter was there. It was from Hap and bore the Sterlington postmark. He tore open the envelop eagerly.

I just got here a few hours ago (the letter began). All set for practice to-morrow.

Your note reached me at Hatchett's Island yesterday. It was a blow, actually to hear that you 're not coming back, but I think you know that it must have been in my mind that maybe it would happen that way, because— Well, you see, you 'd told me something about your affairs at home.

I 'm ever so glad about one thing—that your mother seems to be getting along all right.

The first thing I thought to do when I 'd finished reading what you wrote, was to make tracks for Sayville and drag you forcibly to college—some crazy fool idea like that. But I knew well enough I could n't persuade you. And then I knew I did n't even want to try. You 're doing what you 've got to do, I suppose, and it would n't have been a fair proposition for me to try it.

I was coming to see you anyhow—then I decided I would n't. We 'd get talking football and college and it would n't be any fun for you—or me either. But I 'm going to hop on a train some Saturday night, a little later and spend Sunday with you.

Kinney was all gloom when I saw him to-day and we talked about your not coming back—but what 's the use of reciting all that?

I don't know what I 'll do about a room-mate. I hate to have to think about it. Probably end up by living alone. I 'll stick up a dummy somewhere and call it you.

To put it frankly, Chuck, you 're the best friend I 've got, and, doggone you, I wish you were back—

Oh, well—this is a long letter for me, and it does n't say much—not at all what I started out to say. But you know how I don't love to write letters.

Just the same, I 'm going to keep you posted on things here.

So long,

H

As a matter of fact, the letter did say a lot to Chuck, and he went back to Hixby's in a much happier frame of mind. The world was n't so bad after all when you had a friend like Hap.

And not only Hap, but Bess. Chuck went up to the Tildens' that night for dinner. Later, he and Bess took a spin in her car, then came back, turned on the radio, and danced.

Real friends meant a lot, Chuck thought, as he walked down the Tilden hill on his way home. It took something disagreeable to come into your life to make you see it as a—well, as a reality, not a theory.

He had finally had it out with his mother, and had been adamant about not returning to Sterling. She saw that there was no use to talk further and gave it up with a sigh.

A few days passed, and one noon Chuck came home to find his mother downstairs. A touch of color played upon her cheeks, and her eyes were bright and smiling.

"Well, this *is* a surprise!" he exclaimed. "How come?"

"I 'm so much better," Mrs. Blue answered. "Nurse told me I could come down to-day and have lunch with you."

"Hoo-ray!" cried Chuck. "Get up and dance with me—we 'll celebrate."

His mother laughed. "Not yet—but soon."

"When you 're good and well," said Chuck. "I 'll get a job in New Harbor. I could take the bus in and out. And then after I 've had some real business experience, maybe we 'll move to New York, so that I can startle the world down in Wall Street. Let 's be millionaires!"

Day-dreams to amuse her, to cheer her up, Mrs. Blue knew; but she also knew that there were bound to be plenty of opportunities for a boy like Chuck. He 'd do well, splendidly, some day, she proudly thought.

The Autumn term at Sterling had begun. It was the first day of lectures and classes—Chuck did n't have to look at the calendar to know that. And again he was on his way to the post-office; but this time his day's work was over. He was simply going to drop in for his own and his mother's evening mail.

Probably only the New Harbor "Evening Sun"—usually that was all that came at night. Then he 'd make tracks for home and dinner.

But to his surprise he found two letters in the box, both for him and both from Sterlington. The first had the stamp of the dean's office up in the corner—probably something to

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, the dream finally comes true and Chuck finds himself a freshman at Sterling. Oliver and Bess Tilden, whose father is one of the summer residents of Sayville, had been friendly with Chuck in their younger days. Oliver, Chuck, and Hap Holmes, a friend of Oliver's, all enter the same class at Sterling. The three make the football team. Christmas is a jolly time for Chuck, with the Tildens including him in their parties, and he saves one of Bess's friends from drowning. The 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 Chuck distinguishes himself by recovering Bess's lost hand-bag. Soon after fraternity initiation, Chuck is called home by the illness of his mother, but returns to college in time to get into the Weymouth baseball game. Hap comes to Sayville for a day with Chuck during vacation, and they take Bess and Constance for a picnic in a motor-boat. They are caught in a fog and crash into a barge. They finally reach shore, little the worse for the adventure. Later Chuck and Hap take a long canoe trip, and Chuck returns home a few days before his mother is taken to the hospital for an operation.

do with his having left college—he 'd already had one regretful note from the dean in regard to it. The other must be from one of the fellows—he 'd open that first.

It was from Oliver, a good long letter, full of talk about the team and general college happenings. Chuck felt pleased—it certainly was white of Oliver to take the trouble to write to him. Then he opened the other letter. He read it through, on down to the end, hardly realizing what it said. Then his eyes went to the top of the sheet and he read it over again. Then suddenly he let out a whoop and started home on a run.

Old Bill Caulkins happened to be standing in front of the post-office, and as Chuck rushed past he nearly toppled the old man over. Old Bill gave a jump, then cocked his head around and looked at the flying boy.

"Wal, I 'll be swanned," he said aloud, then turned to a man near by. "Ef I had n't a ben pretty spry, that boy 'd 'a' sent me sprawlin'."

Chuck tore down the lane to his house and into the sitting room to his mother. "Read it! read it!" he cried, as he waved the dean's letter before her.

Mrs. Blue took the letter. "My spectacles," she exclaimed and looked around, "find them, Chuck. But tell me first—what is it all about?"

"No—read it!" cried Chuck, hunting for the spectacles. Finally he found them on the table right by his mother's side and leaned over the back of her chair as she adjusted them. The letter began:

As you probably know, Sterling College has a number of scholarships open for its students. They are given, first of all, for excellence in scholarship, but also for character and for the general deportment of a student in the outside activities of the college.

One of these scholarships was awarded in June to William Champian, of your class. Champian, however, has notified us that he cannot return to college. The Committee on Awards has therefore met and has determined to offer this scholarship to you.

I trust, Blue, that this will solve your problem, and that you will come back to us. Your freshman-year record was admirable. You, I know, would continue to be a credit to the college, and Sterling has much to offer you these next three years.

Then followed details of the scholarship. It meant that Chuck's college expenses would fully, though modestly, be met.

Mrs. Blue looked up at her son. Tears were in her eyes. "Will you go?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother," he said. "I 'll write the dean now."

He went into the study and wrote his acceptance. Then he came back to the dining-room for dinner and dashed through it—he was nervous, excited; he could n't sit still.

"I 'll have to walk it off," he told his mother. "I 'll come back to earth pretty soon." He gave her a hug and a kiss and went out.

He mailed his letter, then tramped down the river road. It was moonlight, and he walked along exhilarated. But a sudden thought struck him and he started on a trot back to the house. As he clattered in, Mrs. Blue looked up from beside the sitting-room table, where she was reading.

"Gracious!" she said. "Back on earth so soon?"

"Where 's my football?" Chuck asked, then added, without waiting for an answer, "I know," and made for the hall closet, where the football had lain forgotten for several weeks.

To his practice ground behind the house he went. It was light enough to see, and he poised the ball and dropped it. Forward it shot, straight as a die, and landed far up on the roof of the barn, his makeshift goal-posts.

He practised drop kicks for half an hour, and not all of his tries went as well as that first one. Still he was doing pretty well. Then he tried some punts, kicking the ball far down the field, chasing it, and kicking it back again. And after that he banged the barn door for a while with forward passes.

"Woof, I 'm tired!" he finally thought. "Wonder if it will hurt to fall on the ball?"

He tried it; the ground was soft and it did n't jar him.

"Enough for to-night," he thought and scrambled to his feet and made for the house and the telephone. He called for the telegraph office.

"Take a telegram," he said. "'Hap Holmes'—no—I mean Lester—'Lester Holmes—Sterling College, Sterlington, Mass.' Got it? Here 's the rest. 'Faculty has offered me a scholarship. I 'm coming back. Chuck.'"

He rang off, thought for a moment, then rang up the telegraph office again, and sent the same message to Kinney, the football coach.

He rang off again, then, with a grin at himself, he took the receiver off once more and called up Bess.

"I 'm coming to see you, right now," he said. "It 's late, but never mind. Something exciting to tell you." And before she had a chance to ask what the something was, he had put the telephone down and was out of the house and on his way.

Bess at her end of the line stood for a moment, puzzled.

"Well!" she thought, "what a rush he 's in." Then she guessed what it was, though she had n't the faintest idea what circumstance had brought it about. She went out to the porch to wait for him, greeted him radiantly, and listened with eager interest as he told her all about it.

The next day a telegram came from Hap, then one from Dan. And still they came, one from Kinney telling him to hurry and get back, and finally one from Oliver.

They pleased Chuck—those telegrams; they gave him a feeling of rightful pride. And his grin broadened and as each new one came he read it to his mother.

He arranged his affairs quickly—in fact, there was little to arrange. His mother would be able to get back to her work before many weeks. The trained nurse had already left and Mrs. Blue now had one of the village girls in each day to help. As far as that was concerned, Chuck felt quite free to leave.

As for Mr. Hixby, he was greatly pleased when he heard about the scholarship. "You can leave the store any time you want to, Chuck," he said. "And remember now, don't disappoint us. We 'll be listening in on that Weymouth game again. The folks here in Sayville will be expectin' you to make another touchdown."

"I 'll kick two goals from the field, instead," Chuck answered with a grin. "How 's that?"

"Good 's far as it goes," said Hixby. "But there 's more solid meat, somehow, to runnin' with the ball. Sort of takes more get-up and go."

"All right," Chuck agreed. "I 'll make a ninety-yard run for a touchdown. That ought to satisfy you—it 's pretty near as long as you can make 'em."

And so, as on a September day the year before, Chuck found himself once more on the train, speeding along to Sterling College. But this time he was no longer a wondering, nervous freshman, but a sophomore, hardened to the ways of college.

Hap and Dan met him as the train rolled into the Sterlington station, just before noon. They pounded him on the back, then shook him joyfully by the hand.

"You 're to come immediately to the training-table for lunch. Kinney's orders," said Hap. "Here, I 'll carry your bag." He took hold of it and lugged it from Chuck's grasp.

"What can I carry?" asked Dan. "Where 's your overcoat?"

"In my trunk," Chuck answered.

"Got to carry something on this auspicious occasion," said Dan. "I know—your hat."

He put up his hand and carefully took Chuck's hat from his head. And all the way down the street, through the campus, and on to the Gamma Delta fraternity house, he solemnly carried it.

At the training-table the fellows gave Chuck a noisy welcome, and shortly after lunch he went to the locker-room to get ready for the afternoon practice.

How familiar it all seemed! He looked around—somehow he felt as if he belonged there. Well-known faces, well-known forms; Dutch Logan's hulking shoulders; Tommy Lane's (this year's captain) nose that always got scraped; Black Prouty, one of the rubbers, hanging solicitously around; the trainer fitting him out with shoes, a uniform; coaches wandering around, talking to this player and that in the same old pre-practice manner.

It was Friday and on the next day came the first of the season's games. Chuck would n't get into this first one, and in practice that afternoon he was given only a light work-out. Mostly he was kept at kicking, both drop kicks and punts.

"The work you put in during the summer, Chuck, has counted," Kinney told him. "You 're getting those drops off a lot quicker than you did last spring. And your punts have greater length. I 'm going to alternate you with Oliver at kicking. I want to develop, in every possible way, the threat you 're going to be this year."

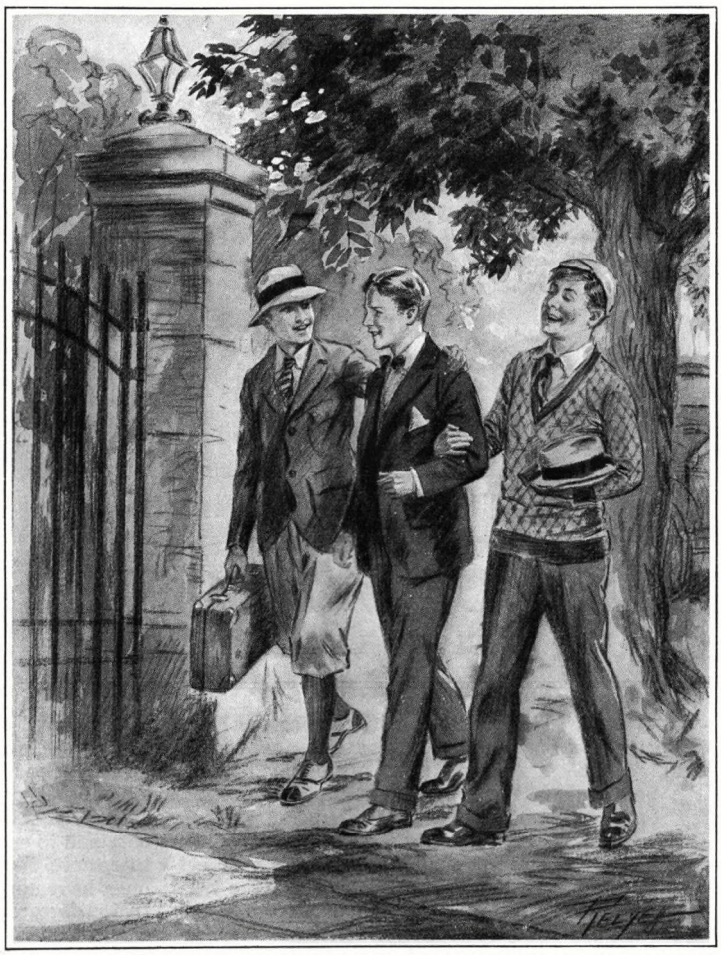
The trainer was standing near and Kinney called to him.

"I want that ankle bound, every day," he said, pointing down at Chuck's leg. "Chuck wrote me last summer that it was all right, but I don't want to take any chances."

Late that week he got into some scrimmages. That meant that he 'd be used part of the time in Saturday's game, the second of the season.

He was n't put in at first, not until the start of the second quarter. As he ran out on the field a cheer-leader jumped in front of the stands.

"A long cheer for Chuck Blue!" he cried; and the cheer rang out, followed by a prolonged clapping of hands.



"'YOU 'RE TO COME IMMEDIATELY TO THE TRAINING-TABLE FOR LUNCH. KINNEY'S ORDERS,' SAID HAP"

The college was glad to have Chuck back again.

The game was a comparatively easy one. Sterling had already scored once, a touchdown in the first quarter. Now, as the second quarter began, they had the ball near the middle of the field.

Five yards by Oliver, three by Chuck; a short forward pass, Oliver to Hap, and eight yards more—an easy first down. A series of rushes, and another first down. The next play, a wide end run,—not much ground gained; but it brought the ball over near the center of the field, laterally. Second down and eight to go. Chuck dropped back.

"Is he going to try a drop kick?" Dan, up in the stands, queried to the fellow beside him. "Seems foolish. Only second down. We could go on for a touchdown, easily."

"Drop kick—nothing!" the other replied; "a forward pass."

But it was n't a forward pass, nor yet a run. The ball came back to Chuck, a nice pass from the center, and he kicked it. Straight and true down the field it went and over the middle of the cross-bar—a thirty-five-yard drop kick!

Kinney, on the side-lines, smiled with pleasure. His instructions had been to have Chuck try for a field-goal at the first opportunity. He wanted to see how he 'd come through with it in an actual game. He noted with satisfaction that Chuck had n't been flustered. He had got the ball away surely and quickly, yet without letting himself be hurried—a beautiful kick!

The opposing team kicked off. An exchange of punts, and Sterling again started down the field. Simple plays, off-tackle runs, plunges through the line. Two first downs, and they were in the opponents' territory.

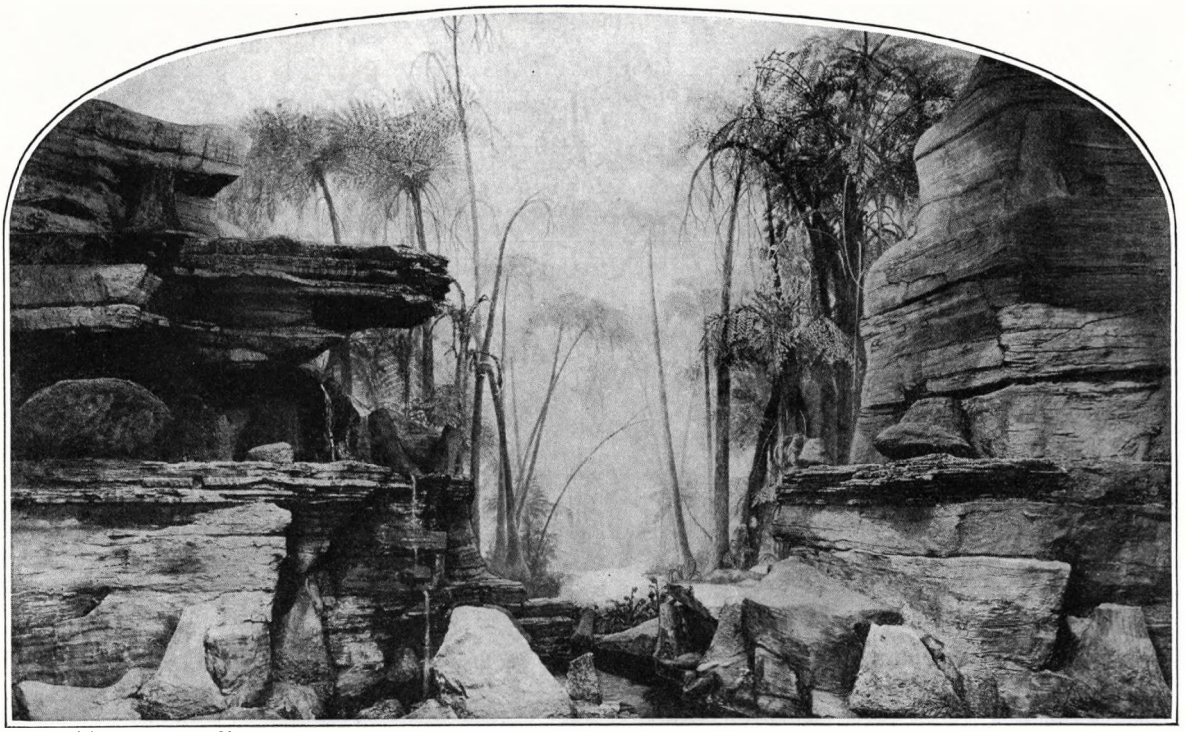
A few more plays and they reached the thirty-yard line. Then Chuck again dropped back.

"Another drop kick," said the fellow sitting beside Dan. "I guess Kinney wants to work Blue a lot at that."

But for the second time he was wrong. The ball came to Chuck from center, but he did n't kick; he ran to the left a step or two, then whipped a pass 'way over to the right. Hap was racing down the field. He was there to meet the ball, caught it, and started for the goal.

The opponents, not over alert, had expected another try at goal. As a

(*Continued on page 934*)



Courtesy of the New York State Museum

THE GILBOA FOREST RESTORATION

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE

By FLOYD L. DARROW

THE OLDEST PETRIFIED FOREST

WERE you to visit the New York State Museum at Albany, you would see the beautiful restoration of an ancient forest, which flourished near the present site of the little village of Gilboa, in the Catskill Mountains, many millions of years ago—long before the coal beds were laid down, and when the highest form of life existing upon this planet was the fish. More than a half century ago, in the autumn of 1869, a terrific storm swept the Schoharie Valley, tearing out bridges, roadbeds, and culverts, and, in the mad rush of the waters, exposing to view in numerous places the bed-rock of the valley sides. When the storm had passed, curious-minded individuals observed what appeared to be the standing stumps of fossil trees all at the same level and changed to solid stone, or petrified, as we say. These specimens soon attracted the attention of scientists both in this country and abroad, and they were transferred to the State Museum.

Later, in 1897 and again in 1920, more petrified tree stumps were discovered, but at a higher level and farther to the south. Hundreds of standing stumps of primeval forests have been found at three distinct levels, and in each instance, these stumps were standing on a dark-colored shale rock, which was evidently the mud into which the trees struck their roots and from which they drew their nourishment. One of the largest of these specimens has a diameter of three and a half feet at the base and is twenty-two inches high. Numerous fossils of the bark of these trees, as well as roots and bits of foliage, have been preserved and most important of all, their actual seeds, discovered. In one instance a stump was found with long, radiating roots still attached and most of these finds have been made in connection with extensive quarrying operations. A huge dam, which is now being constructed by the City of New York, will soon convert this whole valley in the vicinity of Gilboa, into a reservoir for water-supply, thus submerging, possibly forever, this treasure-ground of geologic exploration.

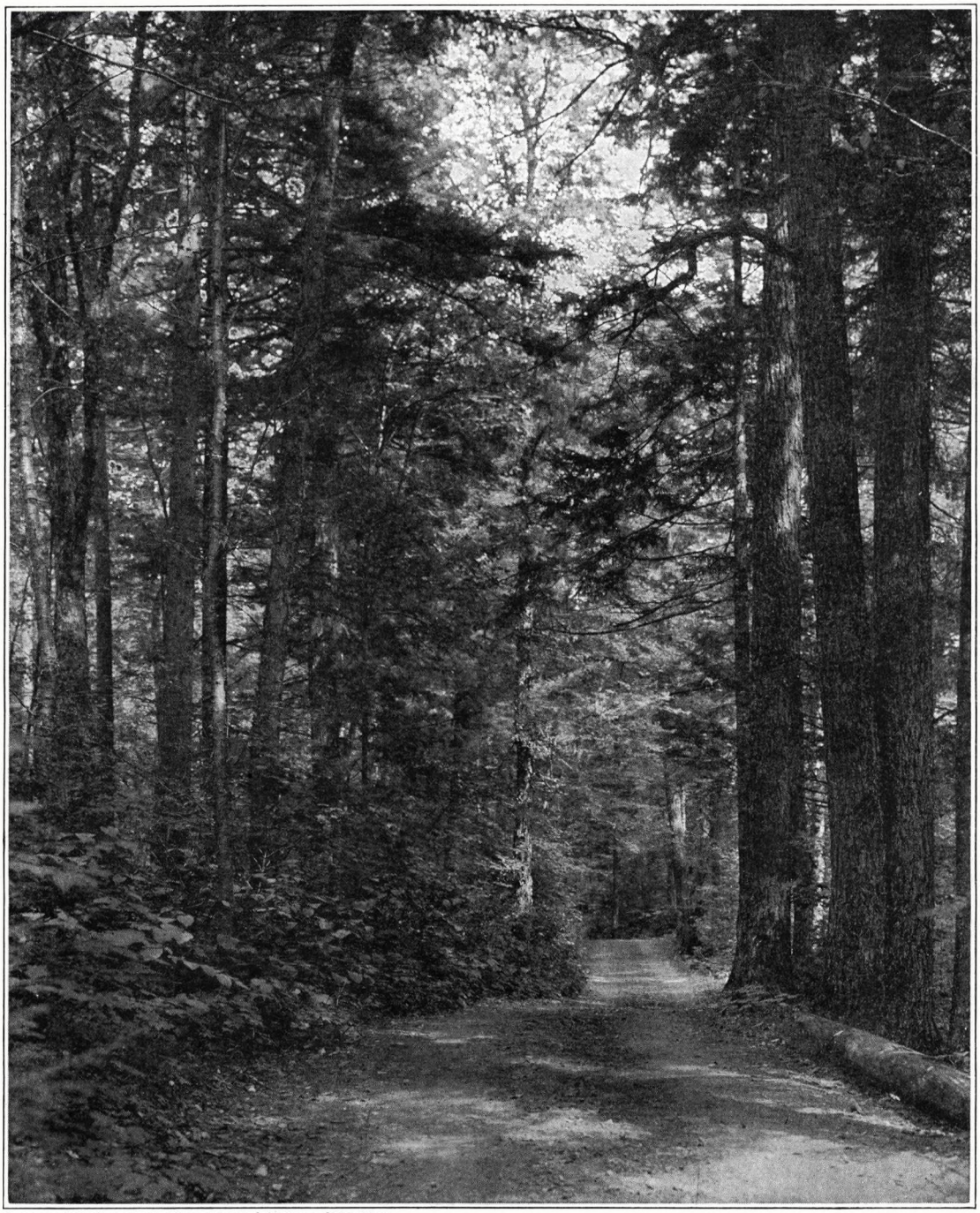
But happily a generous collection of these fossils has been preserved, and sufficient knowledge of the geologic conditions of this, the world's oldest petrified forest, has been obtained to enable the State Museum to restore the scenes much as they must have appeared in ancient times. In the foreground of this exhibit the observer sees a reproduction of the rock strata as they undoubtedly were, with the fossil stumps at the three levels. On either side are life-sized reproductions of the trees, and in the background is a painting which shows the forest as it probably looked in far-off times. No one who has seen those fossils of trees which lived and flourished millions and millions of years ago, can doubt the record of the rocks.

OUR FORESTS

AND now let us pass quickly over these millions of years, from the forests of early geologic ages, to those which directly concern us. Not long ago, I motored through the heart of the Adirondack forest preserve, a distance of one hundred and fifty

miles. For miles and miles at a stretch, our road wound through a region almost untouched by civilization. Not a sign of a habitation greeted the eye. Time and again we passed some beautiful little lake, entirely surrounded by forest, and toward nightfall, a deer crossed our path, foxes ran through the underbrush which skirted the highway, and the shaggy form and shining eyeballs of what appeared to be a bear was seen in the distance. Who has not heard this "call of the wild"? And who is not eager to preserve and enlarge these forest areas?

For many years certain far-sighted citizens have been interested in our forests, and now the interest is becoming more general, but it is none too soon. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock there were in this country, eight hundred million acres of untouched forest land. To-



Courtesy of the Conservation Department of the State of New York

A ROAD IN THE ADIRONDACK FOREST PRESERVE

day, we have left but one hundred and thirty-eight million, and each year sees the number grow less. Let us see what is being done to prevent a treeless America.

In a recent newspaper, I noticed the announcement of a great national arboretum, a place for the cultivation of trees, to be established in the shadow of the capitol at Washington. It will cover 800 acres at the start, and in time may be expanded to 2000. There, trees from every state in the Union and in fact from all over the world, will be planted, this area becoming a great research laboratory where scientists will study in every way, their culture. New varieties will be bred and in time grown more rapidly than with the aid of nature. It may be that they can develop a timber tree which will grow to maturity in fifty years instead of eighty, as is required in the wild state. Experiments will show how to grow hardier trees and it is even thought that trees having a particular grain of wood may be almost grown to order. This arboretum will afford a vast amount of information for the landscape gardener, for in it will be grown all possible varieties of ornamental trees, shrubs, plants, and vines. Here, too, will be provided a great refuge for the hundreds of thousands of birds which annually migrate north and south. This great garden is bound to become one of the most delightful haunts of our country, and from the lessons learned there, people of future generations, even more than we, will reap a bountiful harvest.

In Chautauqua County, New York, the very county in which I now happen to be writing, has recently been established under the auspices of the United States Forest Service, with a special officer in charge, the first county forestry program for the purpose of reforesting idle farmlands. It is planned to plant trees upon 120,000 acres of such waste land in this county alone. Last year 256,000 trees were planted, making a total since 1909, of 684,000, and in New York State, 96,000,000 young trees have been planted since 1901. But this is only a beginning, and yet, it is one of the things which the country must do, if our forests are not to disappear.

Every year we are taking 26,000,000,000 feet of lumber from the forests and growing only 6,000,000,000 in return. Still, we have in the United States 463,000,000 acres of waste land which could be devoted to the growing of timber. We must learn to cultivate this vast acreage and to grow crops of trees, just as we grow other crops. In forty to sixty years, the lumber and wood on this now unused land, would be worth from $300 to $500 an acre. But right there is the trouble. Few of us will live long enough to harvest the crop. Some are now setting out trees for the sake of their children, but it is through counties, cities, and states that this vast work must be carried on. Europe solved the problem many generations ago. America must do so now, not twenty-five or fifty years from now, but to-day! And in this work *you* can have a part.

Our forests continually struggle against a swarm of enemies. The United States Department of Agriculture tells us that the chestnut, long the most important of eastern hardwoods, is a doomed tree. The ravages of a chestnut blight, from which there seems to be no escape, have marked it for early destruction. A few decades more, it will be extinct. Still, there is a silver lining to this dark cloud, for the gaps in the chestnut ranks are being filled with such hardy and valuable trees as the oaks, hickories, and white ash. But unfortunately these substitutes will yield no chestnuts for squirrels and boys and girls.

Only last week a call went forth from the New York Department of Forestry for assistance in its war upon the gipsy-moth. At present, the depredations of this enemy are confined largely to New England. The battle-line runs from Montreal, along the Hudson River, to New York City, but already this pest has crossed the Hudson and is headed westward. Unless checked, this peril will sweep the country, doing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of damage. The moth is white-winged, and its deposits "resemble light-brown felt or masses of fine, light-brown silk fiber." Campers and automobilists are urged to destroy these. Deposited in tent or baggage, the eggs of this insect may be quickly carried long distances to unaffected forests.

The tent-caterpillar strips many trees of leaves, and sometimes does damage to all vegetation in its path. On parts of Long Island the wild cherry-trees have been entirely stripped this very year, and in the national forests of Montana, 160 men in the Forest Service have been engaged in fighting the pine beetle, which for several years has been destroying immense quantities of timber.

You know the danger from forest fires. Every year they destroy in this country an area larger than the state of Maryland. The money loss is $20,000,000, but the forests are priceless. Money cannot restore them in a generation. For each seven feet of lumber taken from our forests, one foot is lost by fire. In addition, millions of young trees are killed and the fertility of the soil destroyed. Fire is the greatest single menace to our forest lands. Between 1916 and 1920, 160,000 fires were reported. I cannot tell you here of the fire protection rendered by our Forest Service. Sometimes monotonous, often thrilling and fraught with peril, it is one of the most important branches of the Service. These fires are started largely through the carelessness of campers, hunters, and automobilists. Lightning and railroads, too, account for many.

Our national forests are becoming the people's pleasure-grounds. It is estimated that in 1926 there were probably more than ten million visitors to them. They contain about 700 public camp-grounds, 12,000 miles of roads, and 45,000 miles of trails, while here in the heart of nature, in the silence of great spaces, our vanishing wild life finds a safe retreat. Without them, too, would disappear the game fish of mountain streams, and indeed with the passing of the forests, would go the rivers and streams with their abundant water-power, for it is the roots of trees and the dense underbrush and deep humus which retain the rainfall in the ground, only gradually giving it out as a constant source of supply, and thus preventing swollen water-courses and disastrous floods.

The removal of forests destroys vast areas of land through soil erosion. Hugh H. Bennett, of the U. S. Bureau of Soils, has recently told us that this loss amounts in this country to thirteen million acres. Each year soil erosion, due to running water not held in check by forest vegetation, removes from our agricultural lands more than twenty times as much plant food as the crops themselves use. This loss by preventable erosion is put at $200,000,000 annually. Mr. Bennett states that "Over the United States, erosion in one day moves soil material exceeding the weight of all the car-loadings and all the freight entering and leaving the ports of North America for a period of twelve months." Vast areas, once protected by near-by forests, have been made permanently unfit for agriculture. In one county of the South, more than ninety thousand acres, formerly growing cotton and corn, have been made waste. Gullied, scarred, and denuded, this land represents a total loss. But a wise use of our forests and a gradual cutting of the timber,

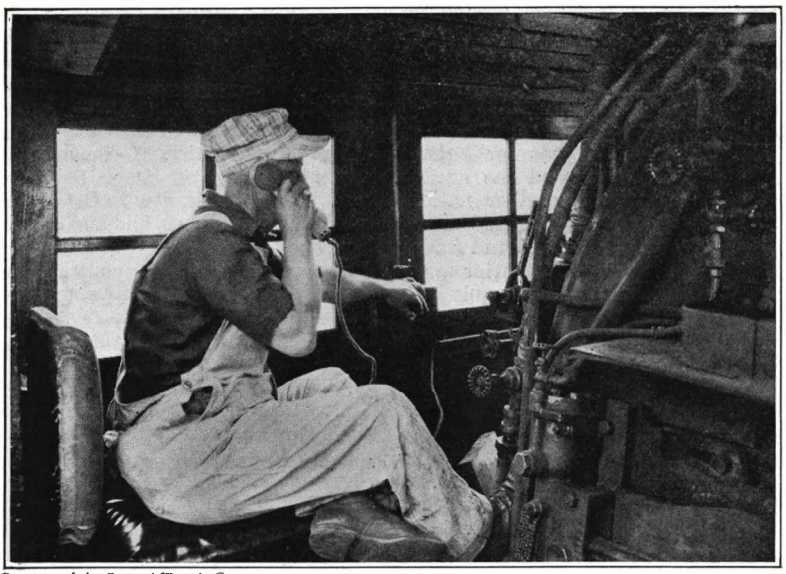
rather than its wholesale destruction, would have prevented these unsightly blemishes upon our landscapes and this irreparable injury to our country's natural resources.

In the use of lumber, there is a prodigious waste. Arthur D. Little, of Boston, a nationally-known expert in this field, states that 65 per cent of the lumber cut each year is wasted. The manufacturer of hickory handles buys two tons of lumber and makes from it only 400 pounds of handles. The requirement that all lumber shall be in even lengths is a menace. If a log is thirteen feet long, one foot is cut off and burned. Pieces of lumber less than six feet in length are burned under the boilers of the mill, as waste. Men cannot seem to learn that the days of abundant timber are gone.

As you know, news-print paper is manufactured from wood-pulp. It has been a constantly growing problem to provide an adequate supply of wood for this purpose.

To insure the forests which this country cannot do without, we must make war upon all insect pests, exercise the utmost watchfulness against fire, apply the wisest judgment in the cutting and use of timber, and plant trees by the million on idle and unproductive lands.

Courtesy of the United States Forest Service
AN ERODED SLOPE, A RESULT OF DEFORESTATION



Courtesy of the General Electric Co.
A FIREMAN OPERATING AN AUTOMATIC RADIO-TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER IN A LOCOMOTIVE CAB

WIRELESS TRAIN CONTROL

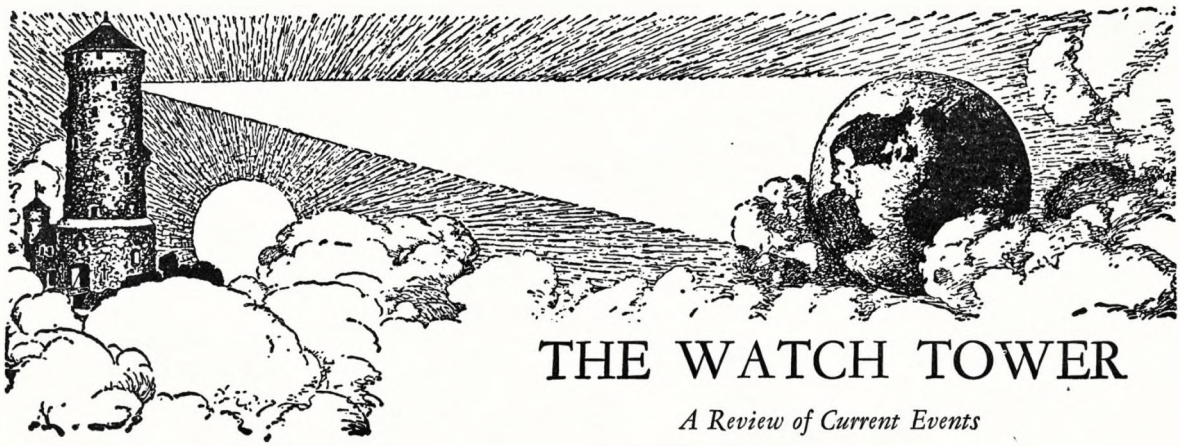
THE wireless control of trains is here. A few weeks ago, at Schenectady, N. Y., an engineer in the cab of his locomotive, talked with a brakeman sitting in the caboose of the train a mile and a quarter away, and they conversed as easily as though they had been talking by ordinary telephone. Still, this was by wireless. Both caboose and locomotive were equipped with a transmitter and receiver. On each was a double antenna, one for transmitting and one for receiving. If, for instance, the conductor wishes to talk to the engineer, he simply removes the receiver and presses a button. This causes a howling sound in the reproducer in the cab, and the engineer answers as in ordinary telephoning.

This application of radio to railroading, made by the General Electric Company, will be most useful on long trains consisting of 70 to 125 cars. On such trains, with conductor and engineer separated by nearly a mile of cars, there is no certain means of communication. Whistle and flare lights, on curved tracks and in bad weather, often fail. Then, the conductor must send a brakeman over the top of the train or stop it by pulling the conductor-valve. Such delays are dangerous and costly.

But radio communication will avoid all this. This application of wireless, too, will result in a more prompt and efficient movement of trains, and greater dispatch in the handling of cars in the yards. Already, the New York Central is installing the system, and, within a short time, it will have been given thorough tests under all conditions of service.

PROTECTION AGAINST POISON-IVY

IN closing, let me say that if you ever have occasion to go into a poison-ivy country, protect yourself in advance by applying to the skin a five per cent solution of ferric chloride in a fifty per cent mixture of glycerin and water. Scientists in the Field Museum in Chicago have found that this preparation will afford complete protection. If you are so unfortunate as to become poisoned with this plant, or with poison-oak or sumac, apply a diluted solution of potassium permanganate. This will relieve the itching and oxidize the poison. Of the scores of remedies, this is the most efficient.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

HOW BIG SHOULD A NAVY BE?

THE more important an international conference may be, the more difficult the task of completing its work. Each government has some points on which it is willing to debate freely, some on which it expects to surrender, and some on which it has no intention of yielding, whatever happens. A certain amount of argument is to be expected at the start just by way of making the parties acquainted with one another's real desires and purposes.

In the early stages, the conference will be like two boxers "feeling each other out," as the saying is, before settling down to real work.

Gradually the skirmishing becomes a little hotter. The real battle draws nearer and soon the big guns come into action. The delegates get down to real business, and there is a struggle. It is to be assumed that they have a common purpose, else they would not be here at all, but it is very difficult to find that common factor, the points on which they can agree.

But it was a real step ahead when President Coolidge was able to arrange a conference with England, Japan and America, after the League of Nations had been unable to assemble all the European major powers for a powwow. That project fell through because it was planned to discuss the whole question of military power, armies as well as navies, and it was too large an order. The Coolidge conference was on a different footing, as it merely proposed to extend to smaller ships the agreement made by the three powers at the Washington Conference for battle-ships.

At the beginning of July, things were going smoothly at Geneva. A tentative agreement had been reached on destroyers and smaller surface craft, and the delegates were ready to talk about submarines. Then it came out that France was interested in submarines, and planned to exceed all nations in them. This caused quite a bit of excitement, and other matters were quickly waived aside by the argument which sprang up over cruiser strength. It began to look like a test of will power between W. C. Bridgeman, head of the British delegation, and Mr. Gibson, head of the American.

England's stand was for British supremacy; she insisted she needed more ships than any other nation. The United States insisted upon equality between England and America, and it was a pretty bitter argument. Finally, England quit her contention for a tonnage of 600,000, when Mr. Gibson showed that if it were to become a ship-building contest between the two countries, we could outbuild England. This was a little shaky, I should say, because it is always hard to get Congress to appropriate money for navy building. Then a limit of 400,000 tons for cruisers was considered, and Japan urged adoption of the American figure, 250,000.

Finally, Mr. Gibson compromised, with an offer to O. K. a program including eighteen cruisers of 10,000 tons each, and enough of not more than 7,500 tons each to bring the total to 400,000 tons. So the delegations had used up their bargaining margins, and had come right down to business.

On July 11, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, said it was inconceivable that there should be a warship-building race between England and the United States, and that war was outlawed in the hearts of the two peoples, which is better stuff than the squabbling over tonnages—but the tonnages have to be debated and settled, if war is really to be outlawed.

OUR FRIEND CANADA

IN July, Canada celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Stamps were issued to commemorate the occasion. Beacon-fires were lighted in a chain crossing the continent. There were "big doings" in the cities. Colonel Lindbergh, hopping off from Selfridge Field, near Detroit, flew to Ottawa in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and had a great reception.

One of the snappiest contrasts in history is made by Canada and the United States in their relations to the British Empire. We fought our way out of it. Canada stayed in. Probably Britain's experience with the United States was the leading factor in Canada's retention in the Empire, with an ever-growing degree of self-government.

In the War of 1812, American troops went into Canada and took a licking. General Hull surrendered with his force of about two thousand men. General Winfield Scott, at Lundy's Lane, fought what our history text-books call a draw. Neither side won a decisive victory, but the Yanks soon marched back over the border, so it's only fair to say the British got the best of it. For more than a century, however, there has been unbroken peace all along the border.

In 1869, there was some talk at

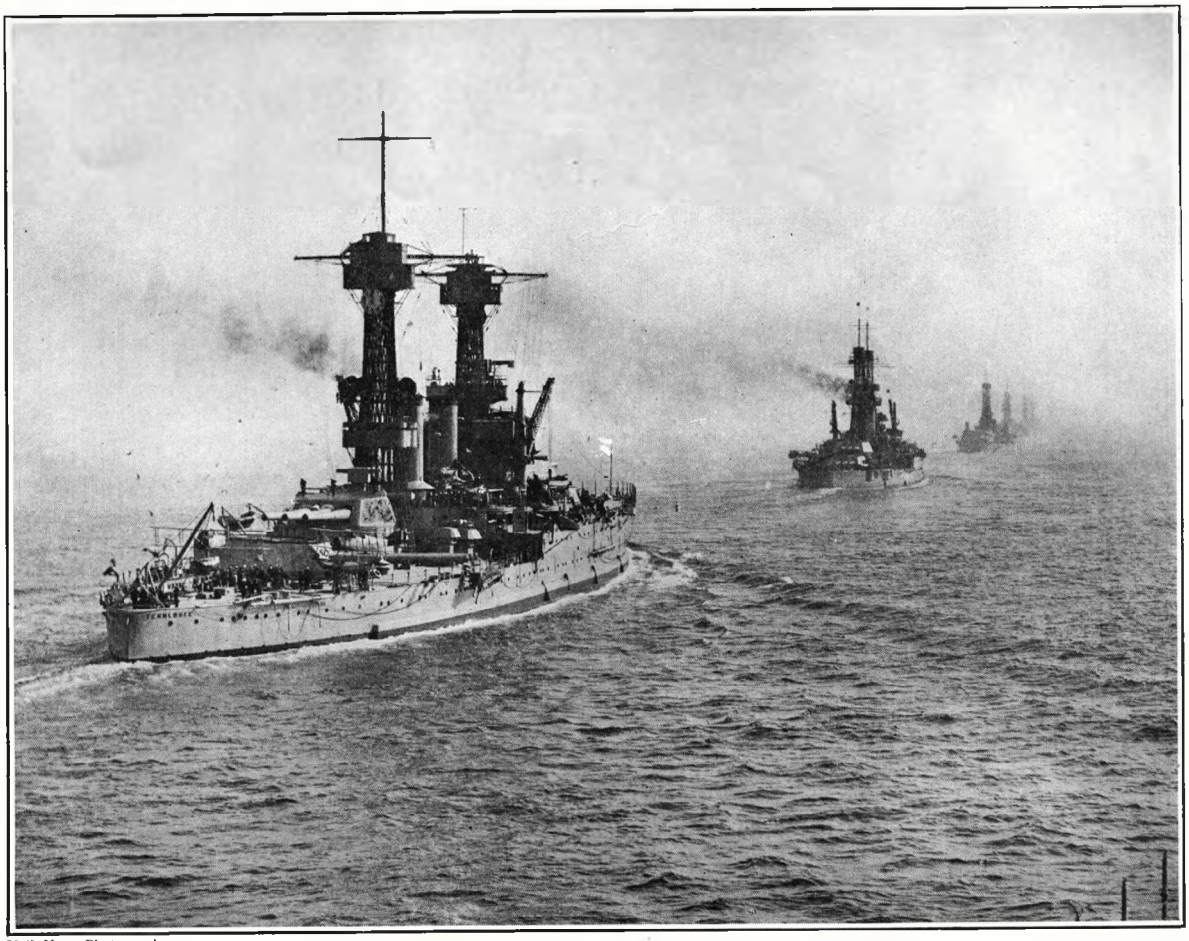
Washington of Canada's being annexed to the United States. Such talk has been repeated several times, but there are two good reasons why nothing ever comes of it. First, the people of Canada don't like the idea. Second, we don't like it, either.

In 1910, another plan for closer relations between the countries popped up. President Taft was authorized by Congress to enter into a reciprocity treaty with Canada; that is, the United States would let Canadian lumber, paper, and wheat cross the border free, or at lowered rates of duty, in return for which Canada would permit our agricultural implements to go into the Dominion the same way. But Canada rejected the proposition.

A century of peace, with nothing to disagree about, would be nice, but no special credit to the nations. To preserve peace through a century with fairly frequent clashes of interest, is a most praiseworthy feat.

Canada's men and our men were partners in the World War. Their rivalry was friendly. The gallant Canadians were among the first to be engaged in battle, and their war record was brilliant. With their backs to the sea, they stopped the rush for Calais. And we don't believe they begrudge our boys any of the praise they gained later.

May that "century of peace" grow into a long row of centuries!



U. S. Navy Photograph

THE ATLANTIC FLEET LEAVING THE HARBOR GUANTANAMO FOR NEW YORK

LONDON AND CAIRO

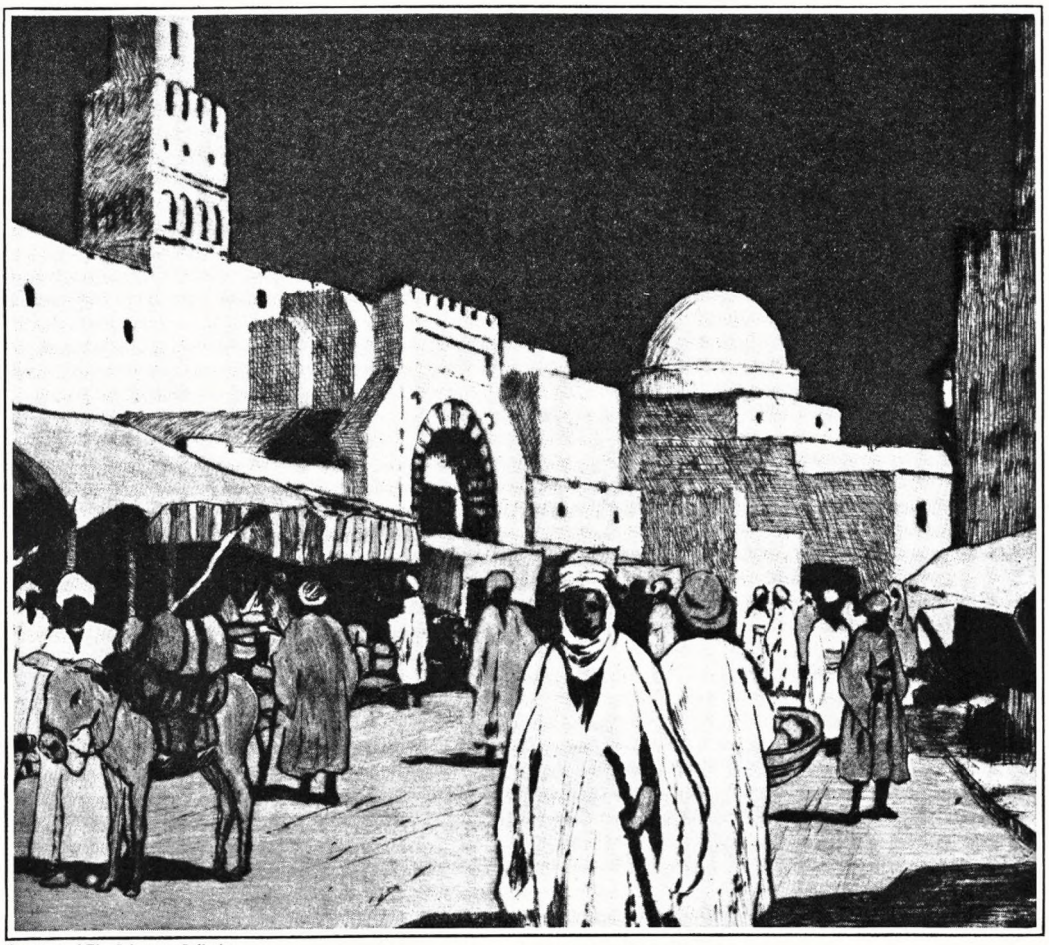
LATE in the spring, the strained relations between England and Egypt became rather seriously unpleasant. British warships were ordered to Alexandria, as if to remind the Egyptians of England's military strength. The trouble came from the endeavor of Egyptian nationalists, chafing under British control, to strengthen the native army. It was natural enough for England to resent and resist such a movement.

Zaghlul Pasha is the leader of the nationalists, those who desire home rule, self-government by the Egyptians, and a restriction of British authority. A year ago, King Fuad caused a general election to be held, hoping that the nationalist movement would be checked; but the election worked the other way. The supporters of Zaghlul won most of the places in the Egyptian parliament. Britain made it known that she would not "stand for" a cabinet composed of Zaghlul's men, unless they would express acceptance of the terms on which partial independence was given to Egypt in 1922—a British garrison at Cairo, British troops to guard the Suez Canal, and British privileges in the Sudan to be continued. As the followers of Zaghlul refused to do this, a cabinet representing the minority in parliament was set up.

Zaghlul was playing politics. Things could work out right for him in either of two ways. First, England might gradually come to disregard his earlier actions and permit him to form a cabinet. Second, he might achieve enough advance, step by step, to satisfy the nationalists. But the moderates in his party were not strong enough to dictate to the extremists, and this spring the latter made a demand for native control of the army. The situation was de-

scribed as a crisis, but the weeks passed with everybody marking time and waiting to see if anything would happen. Nothing did happen.

While all this was going on, our tyranny in Egypt would have few friends in America. But in this particular instance, it looks to us as though England's policy were fair enough; a two-sided policy.



Courtesy of The Schwartz Galleries

A BAZAAR IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS
FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR L. PATTISON

minister in Egypt, Dr. Morton Howell, on the eve of returning to America, was honored by many Egyptians in public office. It was said Dr. Howell was well liked by the Egyptians, both the "plain people" and those in official circles.

The British contention was that as England accepts responsibility for protecting Egypt's frontiers, it was not only fair but necessary for her to officer the Egyptian army with her own men.

She asserted that this was to Egypt's own advantage, as it would increase the efficiency of the forces. And right there we should say the Egyptian nationalists showed poor judgment in opposing the British. British

AUSTRIA IS HUNGRY

THERE were bad times in Austria this summer and they were described in the news' dispatches as a Red revolt.

On July 18, word came that the trouble was practically over. Vienna was said to be calm again, with the government in control.

There was talk about the danger of Italy's taking a hand in the situation, likewise much talk about Austria's seeking annexation to Germany. Well, Austria has political troubles, sure enough, but the basic fact is that the people are hungry. They want more work, more money, more food, consequently the best politics for Austria is that which brings business into the land.

THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE IN SOUTH DAKOTA

WHEN the President decided to spend his vacation in the West, the politicians began figuring out what effect it would have on the presidential campaign next year. To them, everything is measured by value in votes. The western republicans have been restless; La Follette and the other insurgents came from western states. Would the President win enough good-will in the West to bring party harmony back in full measure?

An important question, asked by those who thought more of national prosperity than of party advancement was, "Would President Coolidge be able to get in touch with the farmers, and find a way to give them the help for which they looked to Uncle Sam?" Farm relief was one of the fighting subjects in the last Con-

gress, and the McNary-Haugen bill had been vetoed by the President, who said he was in sympathy with its aims but could not approve the methods by which it sought to accomplish them.

For some time after the Coolidges took up their residence in the summer White House in South Dakota, there was much talk about the President and the farmers getting together, talking things over, and planning ways and means to obtain passage for a new farm-relief law. But as the weeks passed, it became evident that the farmers had not forgotten their troubles, but were looking ahead to the Seventieth Congress for action which the Sixty-ninth failed to produce.

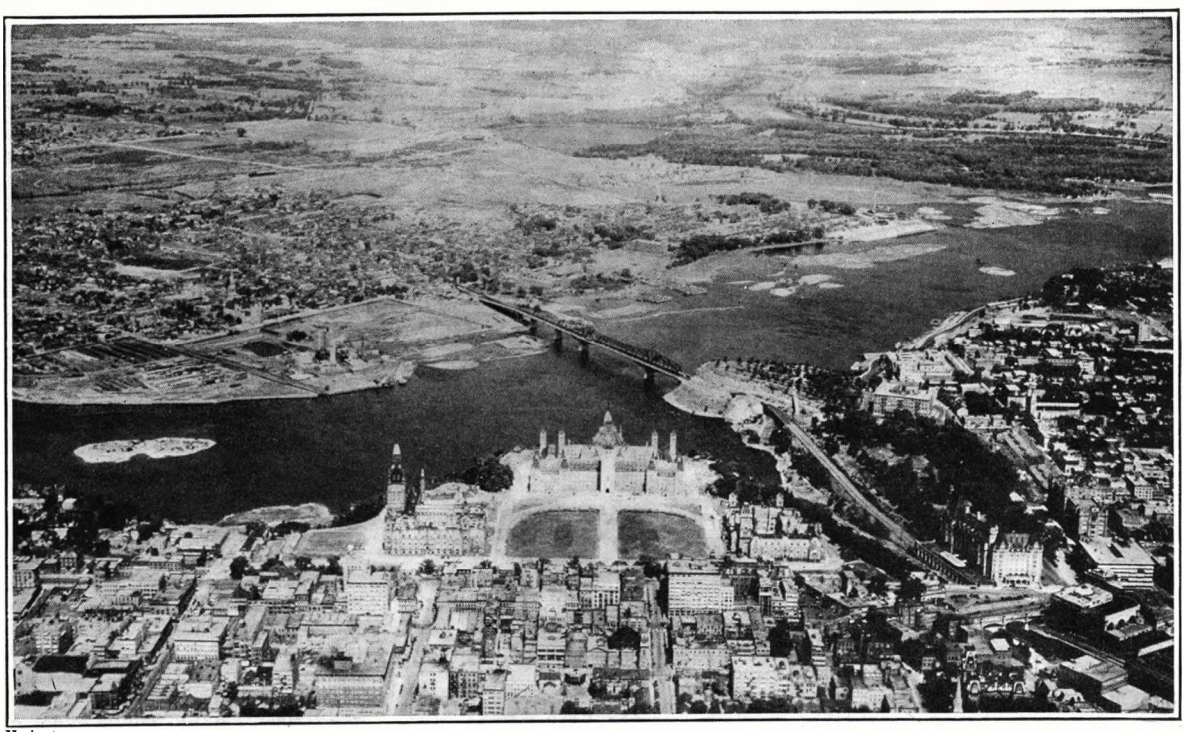
Wide World
PRESIDENT COOLIDGE GREETS THE STUDENTS AT AN INDIAN SCHOOL IN SOUTH DAKOTA

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Treaty of Versailles placed North Slesvig under Danish control. It is represented in the Danish Parliament by seven delegates, but Germans are trying to gain economic leadership there by lending money to farmers. There is a society which combats this plan; its motto is, "Danish Lands in Danish Hands." The fear that Germany is trying to regain North Slesvig may or may not be justified. The farmers must rather enjoy the rivalry, which makes it easy for them to find money to run the farms.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha went to Constantinople, rode through a fifty-mile lane of cheering subjects,—or, rather, citizens of the Turkish Republic,—and announced that "Turkey will continue to advance along the path of social and political development, guided by the light of science and civilization"—and immediately the newspaper correspondents began to predict Turkish leadership in a new union of Asiatic states. So it will be necessary to watch Kemal Pasha more closely than ever.

In July, Spanish forces took Bab Taza by storm. Yes, Spain still has money and men to spend in fighting the Riffs. This was a final, clean-up campaign, it was said.



Herbert
AN AIR VIEW OF OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA

RADIO DEPARTMENT

A ONE-TUBE MIDGET SET OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES

Little set uses crystal for detector while tube acts as radio and audio amplifier. Is known as the "All-Amax Junior"

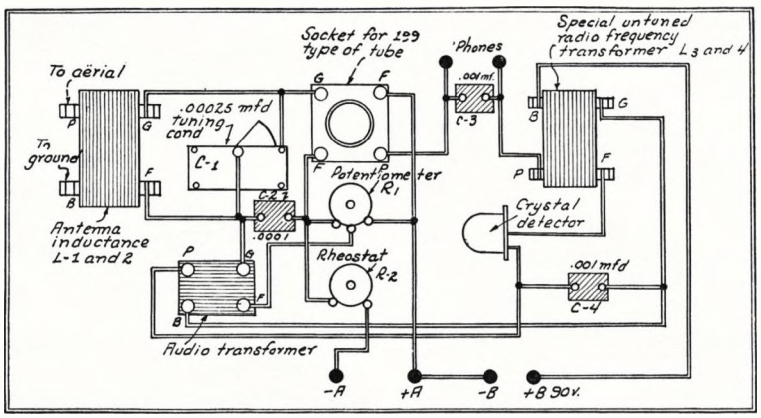
By W. F. CROSBY

ONE of the most interesting little sets which has come to notice recently has been assembled by the writer, and it most certainly will interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who like to make up sets. This particular outfit is sold in semi-finished state; that is, every part is placed in position on the base-board and panel, and the only work necessary to complete it is to put the wiring in place, the tube in the socket, and connect the batteries, aërial, and ground.

It uses only one vacuum-tube, and in this particular outfit the design is for a tube of the 199 variety where, on the socket, the grid and plate connections are at opposite corners as shown in Figure 1. If any of the new UX types are used, it will be necessary to change the wiring here slightly because the plate and grid connections are side by side. For use with a storage-battery tube of the UX or UV variety, it is necessary to make another change in the apparatus used. This will be the untuned radio-frequency transformer, marked L-3 and L-4. As shown, this instrument is especially designed for the 199 type of tube and for the other kinds it is necessary to use a different transformer.

The circuit is one of the variety of reflex by which one tube is made to do the work of two, and therefore we find that even in a set as small as this we have one stage of radio-frequency amplification detector and one stage of audio amplification. A crystal is used as the detector, and if a good one is secured it will stay in adjustment and will work exceptionally well. If necessary a vacuum-tube may be used here, but this will make the set larger and will complicate it slightly.

The equipment itself is very well made, the transformers being incased in chocolate-colored composition which entirely covers the wiring, only the binding-posts showing, and these clearly marked as to what wires should be connected to them. The tuning condenser, C-1, is of small size and takes up but very little room, and the rheostat and potentiometer are of extremely interesting construction.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE VARIOUS PARTS IN THEIR RELATIVE POSITIONS, WIRED AND READY FOR RECEIVING. ONE OF THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN BUILDING A RADIO SET IS TO KEEP ALL WIRES AS SHORT AS POSSIBLE

The set is not supposed to give loud-speaker reception, but it will most certainly deliver a loud signal in the head-receivers, and on near-by powerful broadcast stations it will work a speaker but, of course, not at full capacity.

Tinned bus-bar wire is furnished for wiring the set, and, if it is placed carefully and kept in straight lines, the completed outfit will look well. Binding-posts for the head-receivers are located on the face of the panel, while across the back of the base-board comes a composition strip on which are placed the four binding-posts used to make the battery connections. The aërial- and ground-connections are made directly on the molded cover of the antenna inductance, L-1 and L-2, these binding-posts being marked P and B respectively.

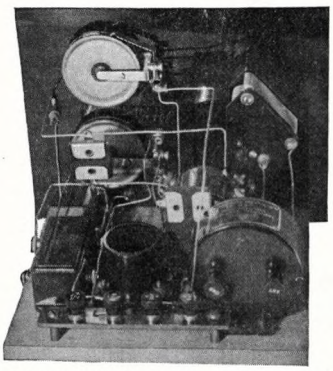
On the other side of this antenna-inductance cover will be found two more binding-posts marked G and F, the G-post having a wire run from here to the G on the socket with a wire taken off it anywhere in its length which runs to the fixed or stationary plates of the tuning condenser. This connection is important, for if you get this wire running to the rotary plates, the set will change tune when you put your hand near it.

It is best, at this point, to complete the filament or A-battery circuit by starting at the binding-post marked positive or A-plus and running a wire from here to one of the F terminals on the tube socket. A branch is taken off this wire so that another wire may be run to one of the outside terminals on the potentiometer. This instrument is used to balance the circuit, and has three binding-posts or connections on it. The one in the center runs to the contact arm while the two outside ones are connected directly across the A-battery wires as shown. The resistance of the instrument will prevent a short-circuit on the A-battery and it should be not less than 200 ohms and not more than 400.

The negative or minus side of the A-battery circuit starts at the

binding-post which is so marked and is wired thence to one of the two binding-posts on the rheostat, R-2. The remaining binding-post on this instrument is then wired to the other post marked F on the socket for the vacuum-tube. This wire, on the way to the socket, also has a branch wire taken from it which runs to the other outside binding-post on the potentiometer, R-1. The center binding-post on this same instrument is then connected to the post marked F on the audio-transformer. The rheostat, when turned completely off, will shut off the A-battery circuit entirely, and there is no need for a battery switch.

Now refer to the post on the tube



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BACK OF THE SET, IN THIS CASE WIRED FOR A STANDARD BASE-TUBE. THE DIAGRAMS ARE SHOWN WITH A SOCKET SUITABLE FOR THE SMALLER DRY-CELL TUBE ONLY

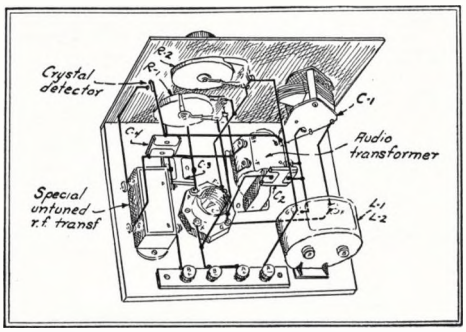
socket marked P for plate. A wire is run from this to one of the binding-posts to which the head-receivers will be connected later on, and from the remaining one of these posts a wire will be run to the post marked P on the special untuned radio-frequency transformer, L-3 and L-4. Between the two binding-posts a fixed condenser of .001 microfarad capacity will be connected as shown.

From the post marked B on the untuned radio-frequency transformer a wire is run directly to the binding-post, where the batteries are connected, marked B-positive, 90 volts. The negative B-post is then connected to the positive A-post.

Again going back to the untuned radio-frequency transformer, it will be seen that there are two more binding-posts left vacant. The one marked G is connected with a wire to the post marked B on the audio-transformer while the one marked F is simply connected to one of the two terminals on the crystal detector, it makes no difference which one. The other side of this crystal detector is then connected to the post marked P on the audio-transformer and between this wire and the one just previously described, we have another fixed condenser, .001 microfarad capacity, connected as shown. This is C-4.

The only connection remaining is the one which runs from G on the audio-transformer to F on the antenna inductance and also to the rotary plates of the tuning condenser C-1. A small fixed condenser of .0001 microfarad capacity is connected between this wire and the negative side of the filament or A-battery circuit as shown.

This completes the wiring, the theory of the circuit being, in simple language, something like this: the signal comes in to the antenna inductance and through the agency of the tuning condenser the desired station is picked out and this minute current is impressed on the grid of the tube. From here it goes to the untuned radio-frequency transformer where it is amplified and passed to the crystal where detection takes place. From here the signal, now at audible frequency is passed back again to the tube through the agency of the audio-transformer, the tube acting on it again and passing the greatly amplified signal to the head-receivers where we hear it. Up to the point of detection, the signal is not within the range of hearing and although it passes through the head-receivers twice, we hear it only once. Of course the whole action is practically instantaneous for the action takes place at something like 186,000 miles a second!

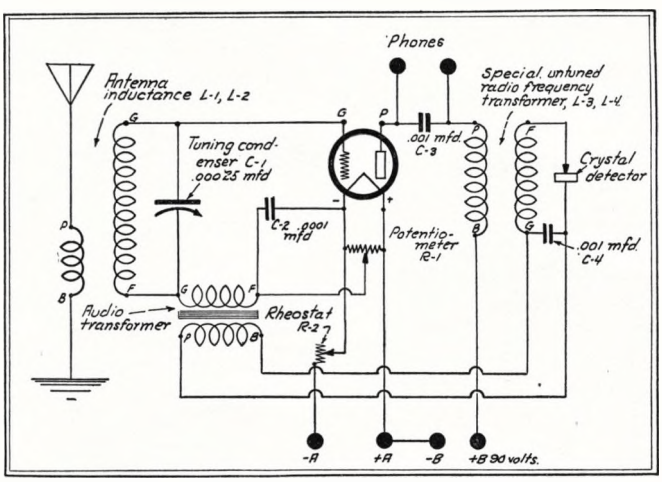


THIS PEN-AND-INK DRAWING SHOWS THE BACK OF THE SET WITH EACH WIRE IN PLACE. THE SET IS ASSEMBLED LIKE THIS WHEN YOU RECEIVE IT, ONLY THE WIRE BEING NECESSARY FOR COMPLETION

Using a tube of the 199 variety, the battery voltage as given for the tube is three, but by connecting three ordinary dry cells in the usual series arrangement, we have a total of four and a half volts. The rheostat resistance will take care of the excess voltage and as long as it is not turned on too far, there will be no danger. However, do not burn the filament any brighter than you have to, even though it does not burn out, for such a procedure will sooner or later cause the tube to become inactive even though it still lights up. Since the tube only draws an extremely small amperage, three dry cells will last a considerable length of time before they are used up.

Connect the A-batteries first and put the tube in the socket. Try the rheostat by turning it on slowly and watching the tube's filament. It should only light up at a dull red glow and in some of them, it is extremely hard to see unless the set is in a darkened place. If the tube does not light up, go over all the wiring and see what you have omitted *before* you connect the B-batteries, for there may be a short-circuit which will ruin the tube.

(*Continued on page 935*)



THE SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM GIVES THE VALUES OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS AND ALSO THE SIMPLICITY OF WIRING

The St. Nicholas Quiz

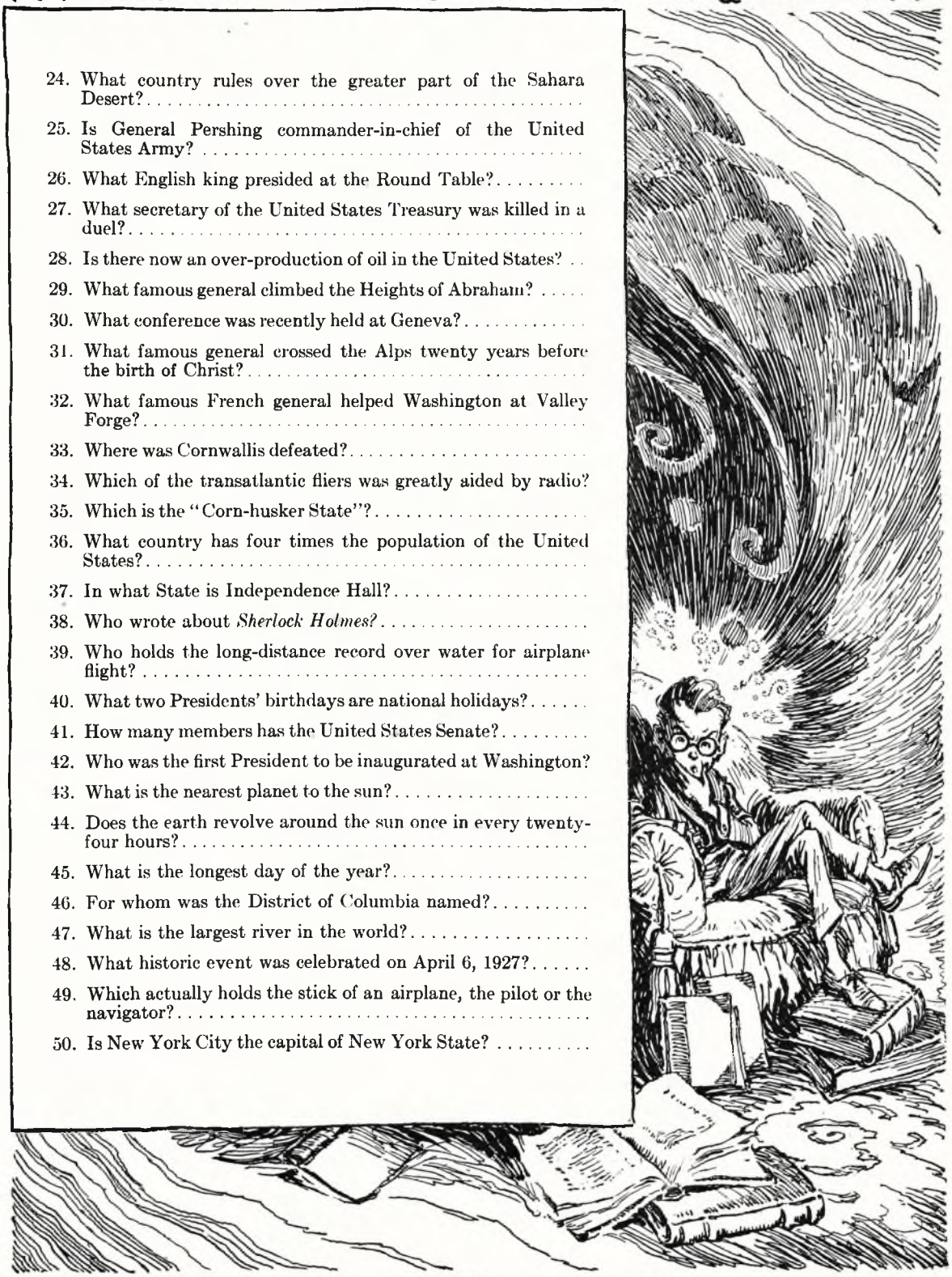
IV

WE are pleased to see interest in the ST. NICHOLAS QUIZ keep up at so keen a pitch. Letters are received in every mail asking for answers to one or more of the previous lists. You can doubtless answer the fifty questions given here, but if you wish to check your results, we shall be glad to send you the answers. Send a two-cent stamp with your request to "The Question and Answer Department of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE," 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Write your name and address clearly.

1. Who was William Frederick Cody?
2. Was Washington in command at Bunker Hill?
3. What one book is chiefly responsible for the literary fame of Lewis Carroll?
4. Whose coronation occurred on Christmas day 800 A.D.?
5. Does America own any land in Africa?
6. In what poem does the shooting of an albatross occur?
7. Who lost a race because of three golden apples?
8. Who was the first European to see the Pacific Ocean?
9. What is botany?
10. Where did the *America* make its forced landing?
11. Which is the smallest North American bird?
12. In what State did President Coolidge spend his summer vacation this year?
13. What have the following in common: W. J. Travers, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen?
14. What precious stone will cut glass?
15. How many stripes are there in the American flag?
16. Do cocoanuts grow in the ground?
17. Do wolves hibernate?
18. Where is Cape Hatteras?
19. In what country is Calcutta?
20. Were the transatlantic airplanes of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd all monoplanes?
21. Name the islands in the West Indies.
22. What is the largest country in the world?
23. For what are the Shetland Islands famous?

The St. Nicholas Quiz

24. What country rules over the greater part of the Sahara Desert?
25. Is General Pershing commander-in-chief of the United States Army?
26. What English king presided at the Round Table?
27. What secretary of the United States Treasury was killed in a duel?
28. Is there now an over-production of oil in the United States?
29. What famous general climbed the Heights of Abraham?
30. What conference was recently held at Geneva?
31. What famous general crossed the Alps twenty years before the birth of Christ?
32. What famous French general helped Washington at Valley Forge?
33. Where was Cornwallis defeated?
34. Which of the transatlantic fliers was greatly aided by radio?
35. Which is the "Corn-husker State"?
36. What country has four times the population of the United States?
37. In what State is Independence Hall?
38. Who wrote about *Sherlock Holmes?*
39. Who holds the long-distance record over water for airplane flight?
40. What two Presidents' birthdays are national holidays?
41. How many members has the United States Senate?
42. Who was the first President to be inaugurated at Washington?
43. What is the nearest planet to the sun?
44. Does the earth revolve around the sun once in every twenty-four hours?
45. What is the longest day of the year?
46. For whom was the District of Columbia named?
47. What is the largest river in the world?
48. What historic event was celebrated on April 6, 1927?
49. Which actually holds the stick of an airplane, the pilot or the navigator?
50. Is New York City the capital of New York State?



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER. BY JEAN ENGLE, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

LAST month our eager contributors crowded our Introduction out of the LEAGUE. This time they have left us only a paragraph. We are offering no complaint, for it is easier to read what our Leaguers write than it is our own copy.

The subject for verse this month is one that was suggested by a member, in response to our request. More of these will be used later. Now for another hint: Our photographers would do well, we think, to tell us where and when their pictures were taken, particularly if they are of some historic or scenic spots, or some foreign places of unusual interest. When possible, this information will be used in the captions for the pictures in the League pages.

A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER. BY KATHERINE WADE CHURCHILL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1927)

BIRTHDAY SONG

BY HONOR C. McCUSKER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member. Cash Award, Five Dollars*)

OPEN to me are the gates of the world,
Open the roads and the moors and the sea;
Like to a leaf by an autumn wind whirled,
I will go journeying, joyous and free.

Singing I'll go to the ends of the earth,
Lifting my head to the wind and the rain,
One with the sky and the sun in my mirth,
Laughing at danger, and trouble, and pain.

I am the master, the ruler, the king,
Mine are the roads and the moors and the sea;
I will go swift as a gull on the wing,
Voyaging, dreaming, joyously free.

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

BY ELINOR BLOUNT (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1926*)

THE crowd was in a fever of excitement, for in five minutes the steeplechase which would decide the fastest horse in the state, would be run off. The betting was six to one in favor of "Boy Blue," who had won the races in the past two years. If he won this race Mr. Lockwell, his owner, would become the permanent possessor of the Manning Cup, a prize sought by all horse owners.

Mr. Lockwell sat comfortably in his seat contemplating Boy Blue's chances of winning. Why shouldn't he win? Wasn't he the acknowledged champion of the state by all who knew anything about horses?

Ah! Here they come! First Boy Blue stepping proudly along, then the others coming up and falling into line.

Bang! Simultaneously the horses leaped forward. Down the track they swept, Boy Blue leading. Over the first jump, the favorite took it beautifully. On down the course Boy Blue fled.

But what's this? The second horse, a huge black beast, was slowly catching up. Faster he came and now Boy Blue's jockey heard the pounding of his feet on the turf. Over the hedge leaped the favorite, and half-a-jump behind came the other. Around the curve they swept, the black at the leader's flank. One more jump, double hedge and water—up and over they landed neck and neck. Down the track they tore, and with a final sprint, the black leaped over the finish a length ahead of Boy Blue.

The grandstand went wild. Boy Blue was beaten! The program read, "Storm King" ridden by D. Martin.

Mr. Lockwell bustled his way through the crowd and met horse and rider at the gate.

"Hello, Dad," greeted the jockey. "I thought I'd show Boy Blue a pair of heels. Storm King is the colt you gave me three years ago. You said he was a weakling and would never race."

Mr. Lockwell looked into the grinning face of Don Martin Lockwell.

THE DREAM PEDDLER

BY E. ROMNEY WHEELER (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member. Second Cash Award, Three Dollars*)

A TINY figure leaping o'er
The moors and hummocks gray,
A tiny bag flung o'er his back,
Just at the close of day.

'Tis seldom that I catch a glimpse
Of this wee man at dusk,
For well he loves the shadowed nooks,
Nor peeps forth 'til he must.

A goblin he, with beard of snow,
He peers from style and mould,
Until the grown ups go to bed,
Whene'er his wares are sold.

For in his sack he carries dreams
To peddle on his way,
An Indian prince he'll make of you,
With but a kiss for pay.

So watch you at the fall of dusk,
Behind the pots and mounds,
Mayhap you'll catch him, but, I fear,
He's very seldom found.

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

BY BETTY BAYMORE (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member. First Cash Award, Two Dollars*)

THE spotlight was centered on the speaker's face. It was the only illumination in the building. The speaker, a colored man, was reciting "The Battle of the Marne." It was thrilling, sad, appealing! The audience was tense; high-strung. They were fighting the battle with him, in spirit.

He left the stage bowing, smiling. The lights were on, but the spell remained. No better time could have been chosen for the announcement—"The Surprise of the Day"—to be made. The audience was just in the right mood to do it justice. Of course, it was a coincidence that it came at such an apropos time. Suddenly the announcer shouted, "Lindbergh reached Paris at 4:21!"

The spectators in the theater went wild. They clapped, shouted, hurrahed! The orchestra played the "Stars and Stripes," and away in the distance could be heard the whistles, the bells, the shouts and the cries of a joyful, hysterical city. Lindbergh had won! He had achieved the deed that older, *wiser* heads had failed to accomplish.

I pictured him in my mind. I saw him flying in his monoplane across the deep. I thought of that night—that long, lonely night—when he was speeding on, on, to where? No one knew. Perhaps into the great Atlantic, or—

How good the daylight must have looked to him! And Erin's emerald shores! He knew then that it only

BY RUTH W. WILLIAMS, AGE 16

BY HELEN JANORY, AGE 14

BY JANE COVENTRY, AGE 12

remained for him to conquer; the greatest danger was over.

The landing at Paris! All night he had ridden with only the rumble of his engine and the roar of the Atlantic, to break the solitude of the vast sky. And now—now he found himself the hero of the world. The whole universe was offering him tribute. He, the little known, reckless air-pilot. "Lucky?" Oh no, it was not luck, but pluck that conquered.

I was overcome. Big tears ran down my cheeks. I went from the theater into the bright daylight unthinking, unseeing, trance-like. He was really there! To the honor of America! To the honor of St. Louis! To the honor of himself!

THE DREAM PEDDLER

BY HELEN FELTON (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1925)

PIPING, piping, piping far,
Tunes whose sweetness naught can mar;
Piping so that at each note,
Newer glories seem to float.
A mazy mass of visions grand,
Of kings and queens of high command.
Comes the peddler
Of all dreams.

Round his neck in fond embrace,
Falls a scarf of silver lace;
Perched on head with curls abloom,
A velvet cap with saucy plume.
Across his coat gay colors romp,
For he's the lord of pride and pomp,
Gallant peddler
Of all dreams.

His no need for heavy pack,
(Though surely *wares* he does not lack)
For when upon his pipe he blows,
An endless stream of fancy flows,
Of which the world asks night and day,
For there's no price but Time to pay,
Pipes the peddler
Of all dreams.

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

(A True Story)

BY MARY SELDEN HELM (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE levee had broken! For two days everybody in town worked frantically to build a protecting levee and everybody in the country worked night and day to store up grain, tools, furniture, send away cattle, and build boats. Negroes came in cars, wagons, on mules and on foot, bringing their belongings.

On the afternoon of the second day, Daddy, Mother, and baby, with a box of two hundred chickens, trunks, grips, and boxes of eggs, came to get me to go to a town above the break. I had been staying in town to attend school as we had been flooded for ten days by rain-water.

The town was all confusion, conflicting reports coming in over the radio about the height of the water in other towns that had already been flooded. We, like others, were very anxious to reach high ground. Most people had depended on a protection levee of loose dirt three feet high, to withstand the mighty waters of the Mississippi.

We made as good time as possible, but a few miles out of town we met the water, already crossing the road. There was nothing to do but turn back. As we drove into town, the little protection levee which had held back the water all day, broke. Water came rushing down the road, but we managed to reach a friend's house, just in time.

Daddy drove the car up on the railroad, and the chickens were put on top of a shed in the back yard. The water rose a foot the first three minutes, another foot the next five, and after that more slowly. In three hours it was in the house, and the next morning, was two feet deep,—five feet higher than the protection levee. Fortunately, we were provided with enough food, which I had rushed up-stairs in a waste-basket, the last minute.

Our home in the country is on the bend of a large stream, making the current so swift that it is impossible for a man to stand in six inches of water, much less six feet. Our property was wrecked, negro cabins ruined, barns destroyed, and the house badly damaged. After a week in the home of our friends, we came in a motor-boat to my aunt's house. Destruction and ruin marked everything! Sometimes we were obliged to bend our heads, in order to miss hitting the telephone wires, but we were exceedingly grateful to have a place to go, for we were far better off than some people, who lost everything they possessed.

THE DREAM PEDDLER

BY MARTHA CHESLEY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1927)

HE comes at the end of the day,
As the shadows begin to fall,
As the stars come peeping one by one
And the crickets begin to call.

He comes in the restful hour,
As the little children sleep,
He stays not long in any place,
Just stops to take a peep.

To the children he brings such wonderful dreams,
Some of wee fairies and elves,
Others of terrible giants he sings,
And monsters that swallow themselves.

Perhaps we may purchase a beautiful dream
From this friendly old peddler true,
We may dream again of the happy hours
Spent under a sky of blue.

WADDLES

(A True Story)

BY SUSAN JOHNSTONE (AGE 13)

(Honor Member. First Cash Award, Two Dollars)

IT happened on Staten Island, in the autumn of the year 1882. The grapes had ripened, and many were so ripe they had fallen from the vines to the ground, and had become fermented in the sun.

Waddles, a duck who had one little duckling, saw them and decided to try one. She seemed to find it very good, so she called her duckling whose name was Doodles, and then began to devour them as fast as she could. Doodles must have got a sour one to begin with, as he didn't eat another, but ran off chasing a butterfly, while Waddles kept on eating just as fast as she could. She would walk off a little way deciding she had had enough, but found the grapes so much to her liking, that she went back again and again, for more. Finally, she ate so many, she became intoxicated. She went staggering along, running into things, and finally turned over on her back, and there she lay, not able to get up, with her feet paddling back and forth lazily in the air.

Doodles had caught and eaten several butterflies by this time, and had come back to find his mother, but when he saw her on her back, with her feet stuck up in the air, moving slowly back and forth, he was not at all sure it was his mother, and ran off, almost tumbling over himself, as his head was turned toward Waddles.

After watching her for sometime, he decided it must be his mother, and concluded she was in trouble, so he quacked, and quacked, and quacked, calling for help the best he knew how.

After a while, some one heard Doodles, and came out to see what was the matter, and when he saw Waddles on her back, he turned her right side up again. Waddles was far from normal, but she managed to stagger along, her duckling following her.

Doodles stopped quacking now, and they both went off quite contented.

BY RUTH DAVISON, AGE 17. SECOND CASH AWARD, THREE DOLLARS

BY VIRGINIA TITUS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1923)

OUTDOORS

THE DREAM PEDDLER

BY MARGARET ALTA JENSEN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1927)

DUSKY shadows kiss the western sky,
And one by one its rosy colors die;
Till all is left in gown of darkling light,
And then the lady moon steals into night.

I saw it from my bed of fragrant pine,
And watched the twinkling mass of star drops shine;
Then came the peddler with his fancy dream,
And gave me one in firelight's golden gleam.

And then I sank into a restful sleep,
Nor heard him go on silken tread nor leap;
And so I dreamed a dream of summer days,
With brassy colored sun and gilded rays.

But then my fire flared forth a golden spark,
And woke me in the silence of the dark;
Then bits of wispy air around me spun,
Which also vanished, as my dream had done.

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

BY ELLEN D. REID (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1926)

THE minister droned the scripture. The people around me sat in rapt attention. Meekly I tried to follow their virtuous example, but my flitting eyes, despite my vain efforts to the contrary, fixed themselves on the great out-of-doors. There the snow lay like rows and rows of

A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER. BY RUTH PATTERSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)

linen. Coasting down a hill were several gaily clad children. How I envied them! I brought my truant thoughts from their rambles to the Bible reading. These words struck my ear: "As the sun goeth forth in his might so—" I heard no more, for the full meaning of the phrase struck me head on.

The sun was coming out in his might! What destruction might it do? The snow! My coasting! What was I to do? How I wished that I might become an angel, which I knew to be far from possible, considering my reception of saintly words, and fly through the window! From then on I was deaf to the

BY BERENICE PURCELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1927)

minister's pounding and declaring, why? Was not the snow melting?

In my mind, which must have been moved by a strange frenzy, I saw myself, extremely hot with my winter clothing, standing all alone on a patch of snow, while my trusty sled was resting beside me on the bare ground. The sun shone brightly. As I stood there the last bit of snow, which was my stand, dissolved from beneath my yearning person. I was left standing on verdantly green grass.

After this nightmare of a reverie, I had given up hope of the termination of the service; but to my surprise the benediction was pronounced and with one wild leap, I was out of my seat. When I arrived at the door I had the greatest surprise of that day. There was some snow left!

AUTUMN

BY MARY SAUNDERS HAWLING (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Cash Award, Five Dollars)

NOW Autumn reigns, and the glowing trees
Are gaily tossed by an impish breeze;
The fruit is ripe, and the waving grain
Is tasseled gold on the wind-swept plain.

The sky is blue, and the clouds are made
Like ships that pass in a great parade;
The ocean laughs, and the dancing foam
Shines, wrought with jewels, on its blue-green home.

The goldenrod has its head raised high
To breathe the wind that is rushing by;
The asters, gay in the fair sunlight,
Are dressed in purple and blue and white.

I love them all—all the grain and trees,
The sky, the clouds, and the happy breeze;
The ocean, too, and the flowers gay—
I love the whole of an Autumn day!

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

(A True Story)

BY MORTIMER H. SINGER (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1927)

ONE day at camp, last summer, a few of the boys with a councillor started out on a hike. We started, pleasantly, on a side road and after a mile or two of walking, we came to a broad road. We were feeling ambitious so we decided to see where it led to.

It was hot, and after walking several miles, we began to get tired, but some of the more optimistic fellows suggested that the road probably ended at the next turn. After eight more next turns we gave it up and started back.

When we began to think of the long, hot, dreary miles that were between us and camp, we didn't feel half so ambitious as when we started out. Then some one discovered a side road which led directly to camp and we turned down it.

After awhile the road suddenly curved outward away from camp. As all of these side roads soon cross some main road or end at some lake, we decided to keep ahead. The road then began to curve in every possible direction till we hardly knew if we'd ever land anywhere, when all of a sudden we saw a farm about a quarter of a mile ahead.

We thought we'd never reach it, but soon we passed it and came out on a road on the edge of a lake. We surely had a pleasant surprise when we recognized it as a road we often took on short hikes.

THE MOUNTAIN GOD: ANGUS OG

(Written after reading "The Crock of Gold" by James Stephens)

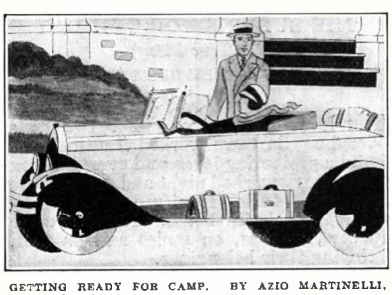
BY RUTH BRANNING (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Second Cash Award, Three Dollars)

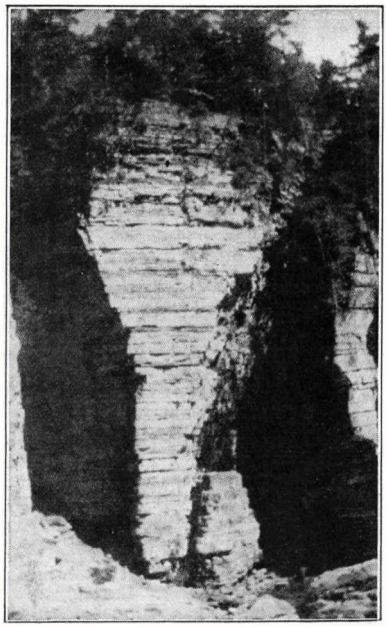
THERE is a god on the mountain high;
He smiles like the morn when the buds awake,
And his head is circled by birds that fly,
And his every kiss does a new bird make.
Like blossoms of gold his hair hangs down,
His eyes are dancing and fair and mild,
His face, the face of a joyous child,
With always a smile and never a frown.

There is a god on the mountain high,
And instead of speech to his lips comes song,
And his crown is made from the birds that fly,
And he weeps sad tears for a whole world's wrong.
From a center of sweetness his voice comes sweet,
His body, slender and white and young,
And to him no ageing dust has clung,
For he is as swift as the wind is fleet.

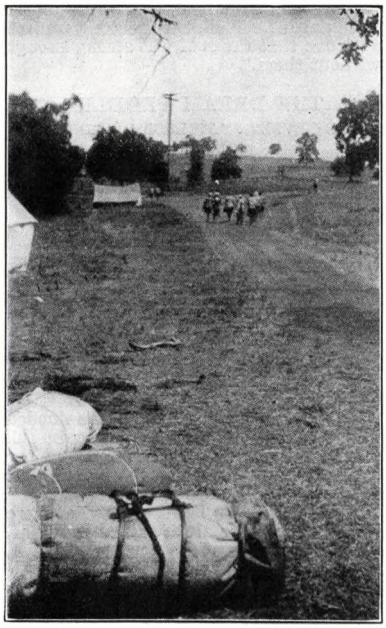
There is a god on the mountain high,
Who weeps for the sad when the night has come,
And around his head the winged birds fly,
And he hears them sing and the wild bees hum.
He is a god on the hill above,
Where're he treads, there a flower springs,
When he kisses a bird, that bird takes wings,
Infinite Joy, he is called, and Love.



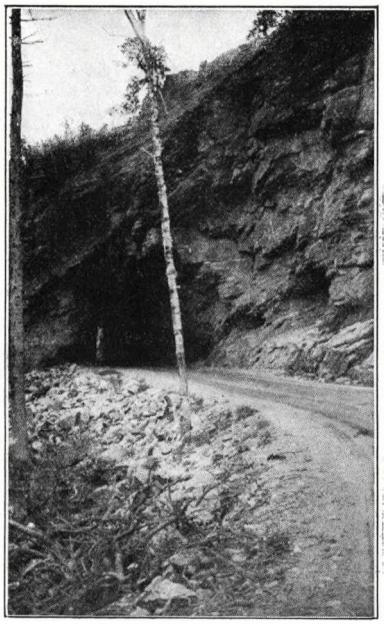
GETTING READY FOR CAMP. BY AZIO MARTINELLI, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)



BY MARY MORGAN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

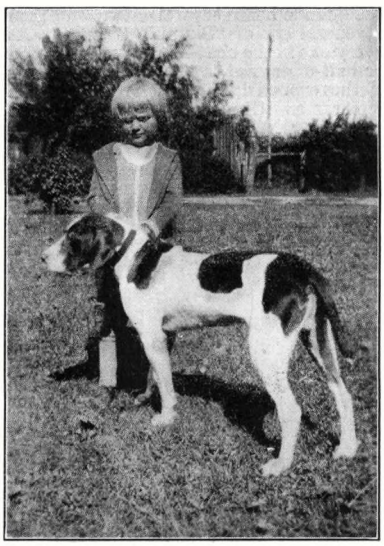


BY FANNIE S. HECK, AGE 14

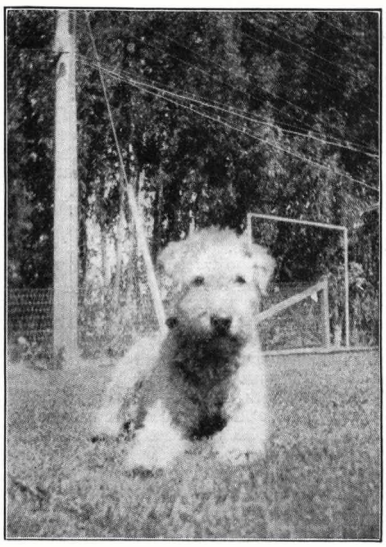


BY VIRGINIA SWORD, AGE 16

BY BEATRICE VON BAUR, AGE 14

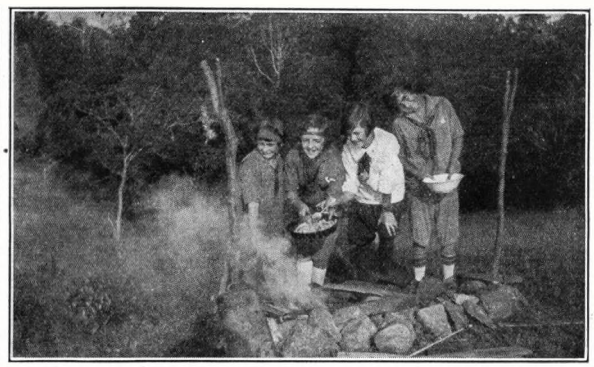


BY ANNE WILLIAMS, AGE 10



BY CHARITY B. HARRIS, AGE 12

BY MARGOT BELDEN, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD, TWO DOLLARS)



BY VIRGINIA WRAY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

OUTDOORS

OUTDOORS. BY RICHARD HARRIS, JR., AGE 13

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

BY COLONY KINSLEY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MANY centuries ago a very prominent architect was designing a cathedral under the direction of a committee of the church. After a few years of hard work, the plans were completed. They were of the Gothic architecture, and the architect was sure that they would meet with the approval of the committee in every particular, which they did in all except one. The committee thought that the roof should have more supports and so they insisted on having pillars. In vain the architect tried to prove the worthlessness of them. In consequence, there arose a long and lengthy argument, but finally the architect gave in. The cathedral was many years in being erected, but the committee still believed that the pillars were needed, so they were put in.

Several years after the cathedral had been erected, and both the committee and the architect had passed away, a strange thing was discovered. One day when some laborers were mending the roof, their attention was attracted by the sudden exclamation of surprise from the foreman. They rushed to the ladder on which he was inspecting the roof, but could see nothing. The foreman ordered certain laborers to set up ladders to look at the tops of all the pillars. To the surprise of the men they found that all the pillars were three inches from the roof.

"I know why that is," said one of the older men.

"Why?" questioned every one.

"Did you ever hear why these pillars were put in? Well, the architect wanted to prove that the roof was strong enough without them."

GETTING READY FOR CAMP. BY LOU ANNA ROLLINS, AGE 17

THE DREAM PEDDLER

BY EVELYN PATTERSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A VENDOR of joy and sorrow,
Of peace to the weary and sad;
Of visions of loved ones long vanished,
Of home to the wanderer glad;
A vendor of bubbles that vanish away—
Is the peddler of dreams.

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

(A True Story)

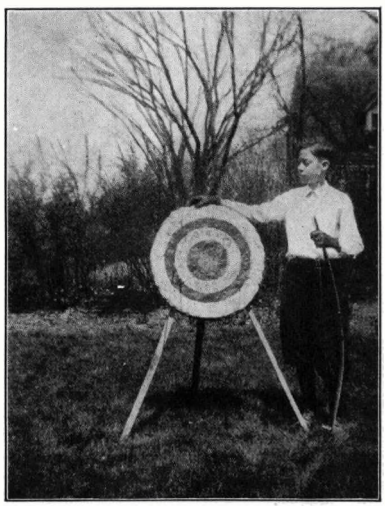
BY GEORGE EDWARDS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ON the shores of a little lake in the wooded part of Michigan, a picnic was in full swing. Dinner had been eaten and the foot races run and every one agreed that the picnic was a huge success.

I happened to be there by a mere chance, as I have always lived in Texas, but was visiting some cousins of mine, and we wandered over to the festival.

Now in the afternoon, swimming races were to be held, and as those for the men came first, they went into a little tumbled-down boat-house to dress. After about two or three minutes had elapsed, we on the outside heard several shouts and then a general cry of "Skunk! Skunk!" As every one in the boat-house was undressed or half-undressed, a general scramble for clothes ensued during which we heard such remarks as "Gimme my shirt!" "These are my pants!" "Oh! Lord, what an



OUTDOORS. BY JEAN F. HOLLISTER, AGE 16

odor!" and "Sic 'em! Tom," as a dog had now come on the scene.

Then men and boys began to tumble out of that boat-house wearing maybe one garment or so, belonging to some one else, and noses were held tightly.

Tom, the dog, finally succeeded in killing the skunk and her brood, as it was afterward discovered that this skunk had a den of quite cute and very smelly little ones housed under an old boat.

The picnic seemed to have lost some of its zest after that, and soon it broke up. But Tom, the skunk killer, was not tolerated by polite society for several weeks.

GETTING READY FOR CAMP. BY CATHERINE MARRIOTT, AGE 13

THE SURPRISE OF THE DAY

(A True Story)

BY ALTHEA NOBLE (AGE 9)

LAST fall I was given for my birthday two baby kittens which I named Ike and Mike. They were exactly alike, both coal-black without a white hair on them. When they were almost half grown, Mike ran away. We thought he would soon be back, but after he was gone for about two weeks and didn't come back, we gave him up for lost. Ike seemed to miss his brother Mike even more than we did, and went about the house crying like a baby all the time.

A month went by and still Mike did not come back. One day my mother went to a bridge party and the lady who was her partner, suddenly said:

"I had the sweetest little cat at my house, that I found crying on my doorstep; he has been living with me for more than a month, and yesterday I had to take him to the Bide-A-Wee Home for cats and dogs and chickens."

My mother was interested at once, and after questioning the lady, said,

"I think that cat is our lost one, and to-morrow I'll go over and see about it."

Sure enough it turned out to be Mike. With the greatest joy we brought him home, and Ike's surprise soon turned to joy, and since then they have hardly been out of each other's sight.

OUTDOORS. BY ESTELLE R. HEPBURN, AGE 15

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 330

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Betty Baymore** (age 13), Ohio; **Susan Johnstone** (age 13), Connecticut. Gold Badges, **Elinor Blount** (age 15), New Jersey; **Ellen D. Reid** (age 15), New York; **Mortimer H. Singer** (age 13), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Mary Selden Helm** (age 13), Mississippi; **Colony Kinsley** (age 13), New York; **George Edwards** (age 12), Texas.

VERSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Honor C. McCusker** (age 17), Rhode Island; **E. Romney Wheeler** (age 16), New York; **Mary Saunders Hawling** (age 16), New Jersey; **Ruth Branning** (age 16), Pennsylvania. Gold Badges, **Helen Felton** (age 16), Connecticut; **Martha Chesley** (age 14), Maine; **Margaret Alta Jensen** (age 14), Utah. Silver Badge, **Evelyn Patterson** (age 15), Illinois.

DRAWINGS. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Ruth Patterson** (age 17), Oregon; **Azio Martinelli** (age 13), New Jersey. Gold Badges, **Berenice Purcell** (age 14), Missouri; **Richard Brown** (age 16), California; **Katherine Wade Churchill** (age 15), Connecticut. Silver Badge, **Jean Engle** (age 14), New Jersey.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Margot Belden** (age 12), Wyoming; **Ruth Davison** (age 17), Iowa. Gold Badge, **Virginia Titus** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Virginia Wray** (age 13), New York; **Mary Morgan** (age 17), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Allan B. Temple** (age 12), Massachusetts. Silver Badge, **Marcia Satterthwaite** (age 11), Connecticut.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Joe R. Richards** (age 13), Pennsylvania.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted:

GETTING READY FOR CAMP. BY RICHARD BROWN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1927)

PROSE

Constance Cartmell
Dorothy J. Furnish
Zetta E. Thomas
Julia Duncan
Julia L. Acheson
Jane Culbertson
Constance R. Pultz
Sarah Faunt Le Roy
Delphine Seabold
Elinor E. Bramhall
Ruth E. Brown
Olive Weeks

Carroll M. Borgman
Ruth Hepburn
Vivien H. Moore
Dorothy M. Compton
Sallie Freeman
Mary A. Lenk
Mildred Barish
Betty Burner
Adèle R. Wilson
Catherine Paschal
Allison Hulscher
Ruth E. Woodbury
Hilda Robins

VERSE

Mary G. Powell
Marjorie Paige
Muredach Dooher
Bernice Gibbs
Eleanor S. Burgess
Erika Heinecke
Mary Scott
Jeanne C. Curtis
Edith W. McAllister
Grace Bartlett
Louise A. Whitaker
Doris V. Lecky
Betty Evans
Pamela Campbell
Richard M. Fox
Helen Fisher
Carol May Kulp
Jean Peters
Margaret H. Thurlow
Faith Lee Fitch
Elizabeth Morgan
Ann L. Gorsuch

Clara L. Whitney
Catharine Whitehorn
Frances E. Armstrong
Sturges D. Dorrance, Jr.
Helen Felton
William Wallace
Alice Davis
Dorothy M. Fay
Frederick Lang
Gladys Larsen
Florence Hutchinson
Marion Merrill
Elizabeth Fitzhugh
Elinor H. Clapp
Marianna Neighbour
Jacinta Burton
Clare W. Davis

DRAWINGS

Virginia L. Scott
Ethel Olson
Ruth Eastmond
Elizabeth Falter
Gladys E. Melcher
Maria M. Coze
Loren L. Davis
Constance Robinson
Margaret S. Morris
Velma Dickson
Helen J. Noel
Mary W. Skinner
Ruth Warde
Esther Hill
Elizabeth March
Denice H. Greene
Isabella H. Lee
Eleanor Tiedemann
Marian Pratt
Elinore Kagy
Ruth Milliff
Elizabeth Edmunds
Margery Griffen

PHOTOGRAPHS

Edith Neftel
Vincent H. Whitney
Lee Newcomer
Eldredge C. Pier
Helen Thomas
Ernest Rockwell
Jeanne Taylor
Robert W. Rempfer
Jean Hastings
Louise Meneely
James Morwood
Franklin Miller
Beleita Bedford
Margaret Kaser
Jeanne Kehrlein
Mary Robbins
Augusta E. Hare
Josephyn N. Hudson
Ellen Le Sure
Charlotte Jones
Priscilla White
Eleanor Berkley
Mary H. Estey
Hannah E. Greeley
Anne Hutchins
Sue W. Bradley
Margaret Rempfer

HONOR ROLL

A list of those whose work was deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Elisabeth Farr
Adeline E. Miller
Margaret Berry
Marie I. McHenry
Marion Beach
Jane Baymore
Esther R. Lehman
Elizabeth Feasenden
Elizabeth A. Manshart
Lucille Lechhoefer
Christine Kempton, Jr.
Mary M. Deasy
Florence Greey
Dorothea Warren
Clara L. Deasy
Elnora Hekking
Marjory Morgan
Helen Kirkpatrick
Catherine Fogassey
Janet Leech
Isabella Alrich
Josephine Thompson
Edine M. Shaver
Betty Soule
Martha Chew
Barbara J. Bredin
Jean E. Bredin

VERSE

Elise W. Woodward
Elizabeth Topping
Frances Eldredge
Phyllis Johnson
Katharine L. Dunlop
Marie V. Quay
Elsie Warner
Joan Collingwood
Winifred Ross
Barbara Ferguson
Ruth Sherman
Elaine S. France
Maxine R. Levin
Elizabeth V. Moore
Jean Adams
Richard Martin
Ruth Wentworth
Anne W. King
Winifred Strayer
Thoreau E. Raymond
Lucrece Bradford
Howard Freedman
Doris M. Crandall
Virginia Schueller
Dorothy Evelyn Abbott
Ethel Galler
H. Francis Bailey

DRAWINGS

Richard Goldman
Katherine Adams
Matsuko Kawakami
Gretchen Fuhrmann
Nancy Carter
Charlotte Brown
Louise Paulson
Barbara Wiersteiner
Bettie Herzberg
Dorothea Howes
Alice M. Butts
Bonnye A. Dunlop
Mary Sargent
Pauline Harrington
Martha O. Whitaker
Sylvia Lee
Betsy Holland
Ethel Edison
Rosamond Callan
Anne Donnelly
Elisabeth M. Russell
Helen Cecil
Elinor E. Turner
Elizabeth L. Mead
Betty Brittingham
Dorothy A. Davega
Katharine T. Conneen

PHOTOGRAPHS

Alice L. Hoffman
Betty Slaughter
Elizabeth Dougherty
Bush Elkins
Josephine Walsh
Lillias Davis
Grace C. Pease
Dorothy Stewart
John Gribbel
Laura M. Smith
Helen Wetherbee
Judith Carlock
Frederick A. Pau
Ellen Hooker
Dorothy Scullery
Arthur Collins
Margaret Hopper
Lucy Prescott
Zoe R. Bunten
Virginia Carr
Louise Lewis
Doris Ballenberg
Neva Hecker
Joyce Maupin
Camille Solomon
Virginia Brenton

PUZZLES

Stephen S. Marvin
Allan Temple
Barbara L. Warner
Margaret Ross
Ellen R. Newell
Ann Coyle
M. Frances Rice
Lewis A. Dexter
M. Margaret Cornelius

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live." Its emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, is popular with earnest young folks and is widely recognized as a great artistic, educational factor in the life of American girls and boys. It 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, second, and third drawings, photographs, or written contributions published in the LEAGUE. If in verse, the *first* may run to thirty lines; if in prose, to 350 words; the *second*, verse to 36 lines, prose to 400 words; the *third*, verse to 40 lines, prose to 500 words.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 333

Competition No. 333 will close **October 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 **December.** Badges and cash prizes sent one month later. Honor Members may choose their own subjects.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"The Heart of the Year."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Christmas Adventure."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"Pleasant Memories."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"A Mistake,"** or **"A Heading for December."**

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

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the '90's, when I was younger, my chief delight was in reading ST. NICHOLAS. When I had accumulated copies for five years my mother had them bound for me and had my name "engrossed" on the front of each book. There were ten books, each containing six copies of ST. NICHOLAS. These I now have up in the attic, much worn from my own children's handling, yet, nevertheless, none the less interesting, and I often find myself reading something up there in the quiet!

One thing that has prompted me to write you at this time is an article that appeared in the issue for April, 1896, entitled "About Flying Machines." It is now more than interesting, considering the wonderful advance that has been made in "flying machines" since that time. On page 449 appears "an imaginary airship of the balloon type." I well remember, at that time my wonder at it all, and yet, it has come to pass. I am now living about nine miles from Lakehurst where the hangar for the present dirigible, *Los Angeles*, is located. We have been there many times and gazed in admiration, mixed with a bit of awe, at the ill-fated *Shenandoah*. It is not an uncommon sight now to see the beautiful *Los Angeles* cruising about, and it is indeed very beautiful to see her (for that is the correct nautical term) returning to her hangar after dark. Silhouetted against the dark sky, with lights aglow, she resembles a huge fish sailing in the sky. Nearly every fine day, and sometimes several times a day, we hear the roar of the motor of the *J-3*, and run out to see it flying over the house. Truly, times have changed since 1896!

I well remember the time when the first automobiles appeared. My grandfather, then well along in years, and now passed on, used to shake his head and refer to Mother Shipton's prophecy regarding "horseless carriages" and predict that the end of the world was near. He did not live to see either airships or know of submarines—and the end is not yet! What will be next?

Sincerely, one who is still interested in ST. NICHOLAS,
VIRGINIA WATSON REEVE (Mrs. R. H.)

PRINCETON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I received the beautiful Silver Badge, and wish to thank you very much for it. I am very fascinated with it, and am surely proud to be able to own something connected with the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. I was also very proud that you accepted the picture, as it was the rear view of Nassau Hall, which is the main building of Princeton University.

Around the cannon, which is shown in the foreground of the picture, are held every June the Cannon Exercises. This is part of the Class Day program of the graduating class, when an officer of the class places a white rose on the cannon for each of the members who has died during the four years.

In the front of the building there are four or five steps leading to the main entrance; on each side of these is a bronze tiger. The Senior Class holds *Senior Singing* on these steps for about two weeks before commencement. The graduation exercises are also held here, if the weather is clear. You can see how much Nassau Hall is used around Commencement time, but it is also used many other times during the college year. One of the chief events is the bonfire which is piled around the cannon to celebrate the victory, if Princeton is victorious in the Yale-Princeton football game.

I wish to thank you once more for the lovely badge. It has certainly inspired me to send in more contributions to THE LEAGUE.

Yours sincerely,
FLORENCE GREEN.

HANCOCK, N. H.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: About the first of every month, if anybody calls out "Here comes the mail-man!" there is a mad rush for the door to see who can get there first and see if dear old ST. NICHOLAS has come. It really is mine, but everybody loves to read it, even Dad. You can be sure also that I am allowed to devour every bit of you before the others do, unless they want to read quietly with me, because you see everybody wants you all at once.

I have been wanting to write you for a long time and tell you how much I appreciate you, but I didn't really have time, although I would have gladly taken it if I could have. But you see, we go south to Florida in the winter, and north to New Hampshire in the summer, and it always takes time. Finding that you neither had a letter from Florida nor New Hampshire, I am trying to represent them both, and send you this little letter of appreciation.

You can't imagine what a lovely companion you were coming up on the boat. I had just received my June issue, and I literally devoured everything in you.

I must tell you about a funny incident that occurred at school one day. One of my strictest teachers was in charge of study hall. As I had nothing to do (study), I started reading ST. NICHOLAS. She noticed the cover and asked me to come to her, which I did immediately. "Oh!" she said, when I showed it to her, "if you are reading *that* it's perfectly all right!" and with that sent me back to my seat.

I love your continued stories, especially "Treasure-Trove" and "Twinkle, Little Movie Star." I love all the stories in you, and as I receive you every year for a Christmas present from my brother William, I hope to enjoy you for at least another year.

Your devoted reader,
JEAN HASTINGS (AGE 14).

WESTON, W. VA.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: Every time I pick you up—and especially toward the first of the month—I feel tempted to write and tell you what a treasure-trove I think you are. Now I've yielded to temptation, and this is the result. All the superlatives in this language of ours couldn't compliment you enough. You're wonderful, ST. NICHOLAS, and I love every bit of you!

There never have been very many letters in you from West Virginia, and I wonder if your other readers know what a beautiful State it really is. All the people aren't "hill-billies"; in fact, there aren't many real mountain people left. The coal-mining goes on almost exclusively in the southern part of the State, so around here, in the central part, everything is as clear and fresh-looking as one could wish. The most wonderful thing in my State, however, is the mountains. No one yet has ever been able to describe them, and I won't try. They must be seen to be appreciated.

Some of the loveliest scenery in West Virginia is found just five miles from here, at Jackson's Mill, the boyhood home of "Stonewall" Jackson. Now it has been turned into the State Camp for the "Four H" boys and girls. You had an article in the July, 1925, number about club work that I enjoyed so much! I'm a club girl myself, though I don't live in the country. Every summer we go there and have the most marvelous times. Each county in our State is building or has already built a cottage for its members, and there's a huge stone dining-hall that's a replica of Mt. Vernon. In front of it is a large concrete swimming pool. An assembly hall and the old mill where Jackson worked complete the buildings. In addition, we have an Indian council-circle in the woods (Ernest Thompson Seton, who was there for a month last summer, called it the best in America), and a quiet little knoll where we have vespers and pageants. It's wonderful, ST. NICHOLAS, and I wish you could print a detailed account of it sometime.

Yours affectionately,
VIRGINIA STANARD.

ANDERSON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we cannot boast of having taken you for years, this is certainly one family where you are appreciated. There are four members of this family group, grandmother, mother, father, and I, and you are read by every one. So, you see, you bring pleasure from fourteen to sixty-five.

Not long ago I happened to be in the home of one of my teachers at high school, and my glance was caught and held by your familiar name. There, in the bookcase, were several bound volumes of you, bearing the names of my teacher and her older brother. Both are grown, and the boy is married. There are grandchildren nearly old enough to enjoy you.

I live near Fort Hill, South Carolina, the home of John C. Calhoun and Clemson College. If you could visit the home of the great statesman, this is what you would see: a huge white mansion, built in the style of "befo' de war," surmounting a grass-covered knoll. The small hill abounds in ancient trees, one group of which is a blooming poplar and an immense holly, grown together. This holly is, possibly, one of the largest in existence.

Entering the house by the side porch, you would probably be greeted by Miss Calhoun or her sister, Mrs. Shiver. Both of these southern gentlewomen bear a great resemblance to their distinguished ancestor. Much to your disappointment, you would be allowed to enter only one room—a chamber which was the dining-room of the Calhouns. Perhaps the most interesting relic in this room is the heavily carved chair, trimmed in red cloth, with a footstool to match, presented to Calhoun by King Leopold III of Belgium, who acquired the Belgian Congo. An object of more interest to Americans is the horse-hair sofa given to the orator by George Washington. The eagle on the American dollar is the same as the one carved on this. The drop-leaf dining-table and chairs used by the Calhouns, the sideboard, a skin robe, present of an Indian chief to Calhoun, and Mrs. Calhoun's piano, one of

the very first to be brought over from England, are all to be seen here. An item of particular interest to the women is an immense wardrobe, planned by and built for Mrs. Calhoun, which surpasses anything modern in space-saving. A few more relics of less interest are kept here.

Finally, taking a reluctant departure, you could visit the study of Mr. Calhoun, a short distance from the house. This small white building has lost much of its charm since being wired and used as a woman's exchange! Then, as you walked away from the home of the famous statesman, you would probably "come to earth," and visit Clemson College, built on the former Calhoun plantation, given to the State by Thomas G. Clemson, Calhoun's son-in-law.

Here's to you, SAINT NICHOLAS! Long may you live, and may you bring to our grandchildren's grandchildren the joy you have brought to us!

Sincerely,
RITA L. HORTON.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Armenian girl, but I was born in Constantinople. We came to the States in September, 1922. I did not know one word of English, but in about six months I learned the language.

I graduated from the public school in June (1927) and now I go to junior high-school. I know when my lessons get harder you are going to help me through with THE WATCH TOWER.

I do not miss one copy of you. Sometimes I get you in the library, and sometimes I buy you. Soon I am going to subscribe to you.

I like THE LEAGUE, THE LETTER-BOX, and the serial stories best. Augusta Huiell Seaman is my favorite author and I love all her stories.

Your loving reader,
SOPHIE TERZIAN (AGE 11).

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As an example of the outburst of enthusiasm I feel for your magazine, I wish to state that nearly every month, on the day on which I receive ST. NICHOLAS, I compose a letter to you which extols your magazine's virtues in no indifferent style. As an unimportant addition, I tell you that those letters are never mailed!

The July issue came this morning, and though I have had only a glance at its cover (very striking) I must express my joy at seeing it again.

I generally dislike stories of the usual juvenile type, but I have enjoyed "The Secret of Tate's Beach," "Dorothea's Double," and "Chuck Blue of Sterling" very much. The short stories are excellent and have won the approval of Daddy, who reads them with as much interest as his "Northwestern Miller," "Industry Illustrated," and "Factory." THE LEAGUE is splendid!

Those articles on sports in the June number interested and discouraged me greatly. I was considerably daunted by the article on the well-known players we have, but was sent off to the tennis-courts again by Mother, who read it too, and knew the cause of my foolish discouragement. So now I have regained my interest, and chase slippery little balls about a hot tennis-court once more.

I sincerely hope for your continued success.

MARY NYE BELL.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I féel as if I couldn't get along without you. You are the best friend I have, although I haven't had you very long. There isn't another magazine like you in the whole world!—but I must go on with the letter, because I could write a book complimenting you.

Last semester our eighth-grade English class was studying magazines. We were asked to suggest a good magazine. Of course I mentioned you. I was the only subscriber in the class, and they didn't seem to know anything about you; so I told them about the many interesting departments and the extremely good stories. We were given several days to look over the magazines that were mentioned. Then we voted on what we considered the ideal magazine. You got it unanimously. Since then everybody is talking about what a nice magazine you are. Sometimes I feel like saying, "I told you so."

Always your devoted reader,
WHITFIELD COBB, JR. (AGE 12).

MADISON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you for a little less than a year, but I already love you dearly. You have only one fault, and that is an e-*nor*-mous one—you don't come often enough!

My father took you when he was a boy, but you were destroyed when his home was burned. I am very sorry, for I love to read the bound volumes of you, although you have made much improvement since then.

I have not seen any one represented from Wisconsin in THE LEAGUE or THE LETTER-BOX, so I thought I would try to remedy that. We have twenty-eight children in this block, counting both sides of the street, so I have no lack of playmates. When we first moved out here, six years ago, there was no house within a block of us. Since then the neighborhood has grown into a small town, the streets have been paved, and the country has been taken away from us.

I think you may be interested to know that we have, in Madison, a little over fifteen hundred dogs, and as there are about fifty thousand people, that is doing pretty well, don't you think so?

Well, I do not want to bore you, so I will close now. Wishing you many, many, many years of prosperity and success with the coming generations, I am,

Yours truly,
MARJORIE LEONARD.

THE RIDDLE-BOX

OBLIQUE PUZZLE

In solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has eighteen cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Latvia. 2. Before. 3. Stale. 4. A musical study. 5. To evoke. 6. Brilliancy. 7. Ardent. 8. Lukewarm. 9. Ascends. 10. A warehouse. 11. Sedate. 12. General direction. 13. Wanders. 14. A merrymaking. 15. An East Indian soldier. 16. Faithful. 17. A kind of sweet potato. 18. In Latvia.

MARY KISSAM (AGE 13).

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city on the Tigris. 2. A famous city of Spain. 3. A seaport of Spain. 4. A southern country of Asia. 5. A seaport of China. 6. A seaport on the Black Sea.

JEAN F. BENSWANGER (AGE 13).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in saxophone, but not in banjo;
My second in banjo, but not in violin;
My third is in violin, but not in dulcimer;
My fourth is in dulcimer, but not in cello;
My fifth is in cello, but not in piccolo;
My sixth is in piccolo, but not in piano.
My whole was a famous composer.

ROSEMARY JUDD (AGE 12).

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will name a poet and another row of letters will name one of his most popular poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stagger. 2. Engraves. 3. A number. 4. To eat slowly. 5. Annually. 6. A place for the instruction of children. 7. To resist. 8. A small cloth, useful when dining.

BARBARA WENDELL (AGE 11),
League Member.

WORD-PUZZLE

I am a word of six letters meaning to rebound; take away one letter and I am a weight; take out another, and I mean at one time; another, and I am a unit; another, and I am above; another, and I am nothing.

ROBERT KONIKOW (AGE 13).

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Behead and curtail an offense and leave edge. ANSWER: C-rim-e.

In a similar way, behead and curtail:

1. To lessen, and leave an animal.
2. Ponders, and leave utility.
3. A shore-bird, and leave to pinch.
4. Pares, and leave relations.
5. The hair on a man's face, and leave part of the head.
6. Clan, and leave a certain bone.

7. An inclined trough, and leave a hovel.

8. Weary, and leave anger.

9. A sorrowful poem, and leave part of a table.

10. Dreary, and leave a meadow.

When these words have been rightly guessed, beheaded, and curtailed, the initials of the ten three-letter words will spell a battle, commemorated in June.

MARY S. CHURCH (AGE 12).

DIAMONDS

I. 1. In Watch Tower. 2. The cry of a lamb. 3. To guard. 4. To perform. 5. In Watch Tower.

II. 1. In Watch Tower. 2. Peppery. 3. A tall structure. 4. A number. 5. In Watch Tower.

LEONARD C. WATROUS (AGE 12).

LETTER ADDITIONS

Add one letter at the beginning of each of the following words so as to make seven new words. The letters to be added spell the name of a famous young American.

1. Aid. 2. Ran. 3. One. 4. Art. 5. Ran. 6. Mit. 7. Asp. 8. Ash. 9. And.

DAVID S. BOWER (AGE 14).

SOME FAMOUS NAMES

53	–	–	94	17	5	66
–	–	8	14	43	49	29
–	3	100	–	–	88	–
–	34	80	96	23	–	10
–	75	90	2	82	95	–
7	33	44	51	9	20	64
–	48	65	73	85	55	78
16	70	22	101	69	61	97
–	57	86	27	45	11	93
54	71	18	36	72	26	63
46	12	83	15	62	–	89
81	42	30	74	13	38	–
35	4	99	77	58	79	56
25	28	37	76	6	52	–
40	84	68	60	91	31	59
57	47	87	21	39	–	24
32	98	50	92	1	41	19

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The subject of Dr. Holmes' finest poem. 2. To amaze. 3. A cyclorama. 4. Antiquated. 5. A game played with a ball and a long, racket-like implement. 6. Performed. 7. Of average merit. 8. Jade. 9. Made white. 10. Forgetfulness. 11. To sail a ship scientifically. 12. Haughty. 13. The quality of being piquant. 14. To convert into alkali. 15. Halite. 16. A machine for threshing. 17. To make bold.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of the "Little Corporal." The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 10 spell the name of a man who mistook windmills for giants; from 11 to 20, a long poem by an American writer; from 21 to 34, a famous detective in fiction; from 35 to 41, Scott's most famous hero; from 42 to 48, the Lion-hearted; from 49 to 53, a famous band leader; from 54 to 59, the poet who wrote "Thanatopsis"; from 60 to 67, a military leader of the Pilgrims; from 68 to 74, an author who writes of India; from 75 to 78, an American orator; from 79 to 86, another name for the "Little Corporal"; from 87 to 97, a poetic name for Ireland; from 98 to 101, the man who fought with Hamilton.

EDNA ZITA SUPPLEE (AGE 15),
Honor Member.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In the above numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-three letters, is a valuable bit of encouragement from the pen of Thomas Carlyle.

WORD-SQUARE

1. In the smallest degree. 2. A large bird. 3. To conform. 4. A mixture of snow and rain. 5. Part of a comb.

DOROTHY KIENTZ (AGE 15).

ENDLESS CHAIN

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

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 sixteenth name will be the first two letters of the first name. The words are not of the same length.

1. An American city, famous for its university. 2. A city on a lake of the same name, in Switzerland. 3. A Chilean seaport. 4. The town in which Tasso was born. 5. A large Canadian city. 6. A city of Kansas. 7. The capital of Baden. 8. A city of Montana. 9. A large Italian city. 10. The city of the Krupp factories. 11. A small city in New Jersey. 12. A seaport on the Black Sea. 13. A Spanish city. 14. An Egyptian city. 15. An Italian city. 16. The birthplace of Mohammed.

MARCIA SATTERTHWAITE (AGE 11).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a welcome holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Papal ambassador. 2. Performing. 3. Chatter. 4. A leopard-like animal. 5. A burrowing rodent. 6. A sharp, pointed weapon. 7. A reckoning-table with sliding balls. 8. A color.

LILLIAN SCHMIDT (AGE 14).

A WARLIKE KING'S MOVE

(*Gold Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1 S	2 L	3 A	4 A	5 N	6 N	7 Y	8 R	9 K	10 T
11 I	12 N	13 N	14 D	15 M	16 T	17 W	18 O	19 O	20 T
21 O	22 G	23 G	24 E	25 R	26 E	27 O	28 W	29 O	30 E
31 L	32 G	33 O	34 T	35 R	36 R	37 K	38 N	39 C	40 N
41 D	42 R	43 A	44 H	45 A	46 A	47 N	48 B	49 B	50 N
51 O	52 C	53 L	54 I	55 S	56 H	57 U	58 R	59 I	60 R
61 O	62 C	63 L	64 A	65 I	66 T	67 P	68 E	69 N	70 A
71 N	72 E	73 R	74 T	75 T	76 N	77 U	78 M	79 N	80 I
81 N	82 N	83 N	84 I	85 N	86 M	87 O	88 O	89 W	90 D
91 T	92 O	93 K	94 G	95 S	96 U	97 O	98 N	99 M	100 Y

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square, as in the king's move in chess. When the moves have been rightly made, there can be spelled out the names of eleven famous battles of the Revolutionary War. The path from one word to another is continuous.

ALLAN B. TEMPLE (AGE 12).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

AN OMITTED VOWEL. Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws. It came from Arkansas.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Isaac Newton. 1. Shr-ink-ing. 2. Sen-sit-ive. 3. Unh-allow-ing. 4. Unf-alter-ing. 5. Cro-cod-ile. 6. Pic-nick-ing. 7. Her-edit-ary. 8. Tri-wee-kly. 9. Con-tract-ing. 10. Err-one-ous. 11. Unk-now-ing.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Consider the postage-stamp; it achieves success by its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there." J. R. MILLER.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. United States. 2. Esther. 3. Era. 4. Raven. 5. Endive. 6. Verdun. 7. Universe. 8. Secret. 9. Etna. 10. Nautilus. 11. Usage. 12. General. 13. Alamo. 14. Mollusk. 15. Skeleton. 16. Onrush. 17. Shun.

WORD-SQUARES. I. Taste, ashen, shunt, tenor, entry. II. Tiger, irate, Gatun, etude, renew.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. Con 1. Seed. 2. Seal. 3. Seat. 4. Cord. 5. Cur. 6. Fur. 7. Sign. 8. Sole. 9. Spire. 10. Tent.

LETTER ADDITIONS. Formosa.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lindbergh.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. G, art, grown, two, n. II. N, mat, named, ten, d. III. N, top, noted, pen, d. IV. D, arc, dream, eat, m.

BIRD CHARADES. 1. Spar-row. 2. King-let. 3. Nut-hatch. 4. Meadow-lark. 5. Blue-jay. 6. Cross-bill. 7. Turk-ey. 8. Mar-tin.

ZIGZAG. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Cross-words: 1. Ontario. 2. Blunder. 3. Railway. 4. Harvest. 5. Retreat. 6. Gathers. 7. Sparrow. 8. Kitchen. 9. Spinner. 10. Fiddles. 11. Cheaper. 12. Clothed. 13. Leisure. 14. Cherish. 15. Brother. 16. England. 17. Pyramid. 18. Carrier. 19. Indians.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Venice. 1. Evil, vile. 2. Time, emit. 3. Mane, name. 4. Dice, iced. 5. Race, care. 6. Seat, east.

GEOGRAPHICAL KING'S MOVE. St. Nicholas. Begin at 51, Spain; 49, Tunis; 26, Nicaragua; 3, Italy; 6, Canada; 27, Hungary; 8, Oman; 31, Latvia; 40, Argentina; 54, Scotland.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than September 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 919) and give answers *in full* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Joe R. Reichard—Helen H. McIver—"The Three R's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Alfred W. Satterthwaite, 11—Catherine Whitehorn, 6—Jane Osborn, 5—Jeanette Gibson, 4—Neva Hecker, 3—Elinor Dobke, 3—C. Greene, Treasurer, 1—M. Margaret Cornelius, 1—Sadie Ballinger, 1.

Make the "BREAK" count for you!

THE breaks of the game. How often they completely change the whole outlook. A slip off balance—a ball bounding backwards—a fumbled punt . . . and there you have stark defeat turned into glorious victory. Luck . . some people call it. But *is* it really just luck?

Take that memorable game between Kiwaski Prep and Barron School. Two minutes to play—Kiwaski 7, Barron 3. Kiwaski has the ball on Barron's 10 yard line. Signals! The Kiwaski backfield shifts. The ball twists back. And off right tackle goes the Kiwaski fullback. He's clear! And just then he trips and falls. A break! The ball squirts out of his arms . . . and into the eager grasp of Dave Jordan, Barron's captain . . .

And next second Jordan is streaking up the field—every fibre and muscle straining to evade the pursuit of the Kiwaski backs. They reach him, and tackle—just as Jordan, with a final desperate effort, lunges for the goal line. He's over! Touchdown! A game won. A champion crowned. And everybody says "The breaks won for Barron" . . . Nonsense!

Dave Jordan won for Barron. He got a break—yes, but it took the daring, the skill, and the vital burst of swift energy to turn the break to his advantage—to cross the goal with the winning touchdown.

Credit Dave! He made the break count!

In any game you play you're bound to get some breaks. Will *you* be able to take advantage of them? It all depends . . .

It depends on your energy, your vitality, your keenness of mind and muscle. Dave had them! He developed them—just as you can. It's a matter of building up your body rightly.

To be fully healthy—to be physically fit, your body requires certain vital elements. And your body gets these elements from the foods you eat. How important then, that *what* you eat gives your body *what* it requires!

No one food gives your body all the essential vital elements. Some contribute much. Others contribute little. The wise person chooses those foods which contribute the most.

Grape-Nuts is a food for fellows who value good condition, if ever there was one! For Grape-Nuts supplies to your body dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates. These produce heat and energy. It provides iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts gives you an admirably balanced ration—contributing to your body a splendid variety of vital elements. And Grape-Nuts certainly has a great flavor. Made of wheat and malted barley, it gives you all the tangy deliciousness of Nature's golden grains. A host of American boys eat it every day.

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If you haven't tried Grape-Nuts yet, you've missed a real treat. Have your mother get a package from the grocer today, or accept the free offer below.

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G—ST. N. 9-27

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THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL

(*Continued from page 870*)

I 'm tired of the gossip and talk in this little town, that never lets an affair like that drop.

"My father, Randolph Cotesworth, told me a good deal about all this before he went off to the war and I never saw him again. I was only a child, not more than twelve, but he was a lonely man and made a great companion of me. My mother had died when I was a baby, and I was all he had. We were living then at his plantation up near Orangeburg. I remember he said that so long as he lived, he would never enter his old home, Cotesworth Hall, again, nor even the town of Burton. He detested his father's second wife, who was now dead and the reason for this detestation he once confided to me.

"The judge had, rather late in life, married this Harriet Stepney, a woman much younger than himself, and she had immediately taken a deep dislike to his son, then a young man of nineteen or twenty. The dislike was mutual and they tried to keep out of each other's way as much as possible. Of course, all this greatly distressed the old judge, and my father tried to hide it as far as he could. Harriet had a cousin who frequently visited the house, a young man named Bolton Lawrence. He seemed rather a pleasant fellow and Randolph took a liking to him, though the old judge, for some reason or other, did n't—said there was something about him he could n't trust.

"At any rate, the friendship between the two young men flourished, and several times Randolph, my father, went off to visit Bolton at his home near Yemassee. There my father met a sister of Bolton's, Anita Lawrence, a beautiful young girl with whom he became deeply infatuated. But, fortunately or unfortunately for him, Anita did not return his affection except to regard him as a pleasant friend. Then, he said, he was foolish enough to confide the affair to Bolton and beg him to intercede for him with Anita. Bolton promised to do his best.

"It was on a night a month or two later that Bolton came to Cotesworth Hall unexpectedly, drew Randolph aside, and said that his sister had at last confessed she did care for Randolph, and had consented to a secret wedding on the following day. She wished it to be secret because she felt certain that neither the old judge nor his wife would approve of it for a while. Bolton said that if they were to reach his home the next day, they must start at once.

"My father was very happy, of course, but had one objection to starting so soon—the next day was to be the occasion of the great meeting under Secession Oak, and he felt in duty bound to be on hand for it. Bolton however, represented that his sister knew nothing about that, and that she had made her preparations for the wedding and would be hurt and indignant if Randolph were n't there at the time appointed.

"Well, that settled my father, of course. Between the two duties, he felt the greater was to Anita, and, with the optimism of youth, was sure he could explain things to his father afterward. He and Bolton set out on their all-night ride, but early in the morning, Bolton's horse shied at something and threw him. He seemed to have injured his back, and declared he could not travel any further that day, but would remain at a plantation near by for a few days and then get a carriage to go the rest of the way home. Meantime, he begged Randolph to go on, as his sister would expect him and would not understand the delay.

"Randolph went on alone, came to the home of Anita Lawrence, and reported Bolton's accident. But he had not been in the house five minutes before he found he had been the victim of a cruel ruse. Anita had not the faintest intention of marrying him, nor did she appear to know a thing about the whole plan. She declared it must be an unkind practical joke of her brother's, as Bolton knew perfectly well she had been engaged for some time.

"Of course, my father was wildly indignant at the way he had been treated and threatened to go back and punish the brother as he deserved. But the girl begged and pleaded with him so hard to keep the matter a secret that at last he consented.

"It is n't necessary to detail the complication he found himself in when he got back, I reckon. The old judge was furious and demanded explanations—and, of course, there were no explanations forthcoming. Randolph longed beyond anything else to meet Bolton and tell him what he thought of him. But he learned that Bolton had already gone North, to New York, for hospital treatment he had said. Randolph himself never believed that the man had any serious injury and that the whole thing was only a scheme to get away. But he racked his brains in vain to think of any reason Bolton could have had for such an elaborate deception. There seemed to be none, and Randolph went on about his usual affairs, very unhappy in his home, under a cloud with his fellow-townsmen because of his absence from the Secession Oak meeting, but hoping always that the incident would blow over and that he would be reconciled with his father.

"But he never was. The months went on in this unhappy way till my father could no longer bear the atmosphere of his home and went away on a long hunting and fishing trip to the distant swamps of the Combahee River. He went alone and left no word as to when he would be back. And it was while he was away that the judge made the trip to Beaufort with Scipio and had the fatal accident when he was returning. The judge died two days later from his injuries. I understand that they sent a slave off to the Combahee to try and find Randolph, but he was not successful in the search and returned without him. As a matter of fact, Randolph did not return till several weeks later and knew nothing of his father's death till he reached Burton. There he learned the news, and added to his grief was the shock of discovering that Cotesworth Hall had, by the terms of his father's will, been left to the wife. It was too much for my father. He turned his horse about and rode out of the town and never put foot in it or his former home again.

"By the terms of his father's will, he had inherited two other plantations in a distant part of the State and to one of these near Orangeburg he retired to live. A year or two afterward he married an Orangeburg girl and when she died and left him with a small daughter, which was myself, he lived the life of a recluse on his plantation till the war came and he went off and was killed. I was brought up afterward by relatives in Orangeburg. That 's his story."

Grandma sat back with a sigh when she had finished this long account.

"But, Grandma, what about the judge's wife and Miss Lucilla Pettigrew and all the rest?" demanded Enid, eagerly.

"Ah," sighed the old lady, "that 's quite another part of the story!"

(*To be concluded*)

THE BENTONS' BOARDERS

(*Continued from page 861*)

Jane and her grandfather would probably stay there talking all night, and Sylvia's mother, whose room was on that side of the house, would certainly wake up and come to find out what was the matter. This was exactly what Sylvia did not want to happen! Again the latter thought quickly. If she could only frighten this self-appointed investigator!

"There *is* an animal here," announced Sylvia. "It 's walking around the hay-loft. It walks just like a bear!" (Coons do walk like bears, with flat hind feet; she had often noticed it.)

Jane's face disappeared from the window. Sylvia could hear her repeating the news to Mr. Witherspoon. But the latter's sixty-five years inclined him to be skeptical.

"You are right, Jane," he was saying. "She 's concealing something. If she thinks it 's a bear, why does she stay in there with it? She 's not an animal-trainer. This is a boarding-house, not a menagerie."

"Tell him," exclaimed Sylvia vehemently, "tell him I wish it was n't a boarding-house! I 'd rather have wild animals than boarders, any day!"

Jane told him.

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Witherspoon satirically. "Perhaps you have a good reason for your preference."

"I certainly have!" Sylvia volleyed back, thinking that one reason—no, two—stood right before her.

A sound struck their ears above the chirping of the katydids—the weird bark which Sylvia had been aware of earlier. Even Mr. Witherspoon heard it.

"Where did that come from?" said Jane, turning her head. "Those woods, certainly!"

"I thought it came from the woods before," said Mr. Witherspoon. "You remember I told you."

"But what *is* in the barn, then?" asked Jane in bewilderment.

Just then all of them saw a figure emerge from the shadow of the pines. It came swiftly toward them, and soon Sylvia to her amazement, knew it was Dick. Then he was not in bed, after all. What was he doing, still out? He did not notice the Witherspoons until he got almost there. When he did, he stopped abruptly.

"Do you know anything about that fox?" demanded Mr. Witherspoon, seizing Dick by the coat-sleeve.

"Fox?" said Dick, almost too innocently.

"Show me where it is!" commanded Mr. Witherspoon. "Show me!"

"I can't do that!" said Dick.

"Then I 'll go myself. Jane, where are you?" But Jane had already disappeared. Mr. Witherspoon started off in the direction of the woods at a surprisingly quick pace for such an old gentleman.

Sylvia joined her brother outside the barn. "Dick, what is he talking about? Did he say fox? What 's he all excited about, anyhow?"

"Listen, Sylvia," said Dick hurriedly. "He and the girl must belong to the gang that stole the silver fox from the Willow Fox Farm. Those two men whose car was wrecked up the road hid the fox in the woods, in a cage, of course, before they disappeared. They must have meant to come back later to-night and get it. Or else they sent these people. But in the meantime, Lester Perkins found it. When I went up there to get the corn he told me about it, and he and I carried the fox, cage and all, up back of his place and hid it, till we can find out whom it really belongs to. It 's a little beauty! But we just noticed the trap needs fixing, and he did n't have the right tools, so I came back here to get some. And now these people are after it! Run quick, Syl,—call up the Silver-Fox Farm and tell them about it. Ask them to send help right away, if they think it 's theirs! I 'm going back now to warn Lester." After dashing into the barn to get a tool, Dick also disappeared.

Sylvia flew for the house and the telephone. Entering quietly, she lifted the receiver when, as she did so, she was astonished to hear some one already speaking over the upstairs telephone. That Jane Witherspoon!

"The fox is in the woods near the Benton House at Edwardsville!" Sylvia heard her say excitedly. "The people here know all about it! The boy has been hiding it, while the girl lured us out to the barn and talked about having a bear! Send somebody quickly!"

The receiver clicked. Jane had finished. In a moment Sylvia, watching from the back of the hall, saw her flit out of the front door. Sylvia tried to get Central. But before the latter answered, a hand gripped her shoulder.

"Sylvia Benton, whom are you telephoning at this time of night? Is the house on fire? What *is* the matter?" It was Sylvia's thoroughly-alarmed mother.

Sylvia made a warning gesture with her free hand. "Sh! Central, give me—"

"Mrs. Benton!" Miss Finch, becurled and wrappered, appeared upon the staircase landing—a picture of apprehension. "I could n't help hearing what that Witherspoon girl said. That Sylvia had a bear in the barn she was about to turn loose! You know what I saw! After that snake, I believe she 'd try to train anything."

"Is this the Silver-Fox Farm at Willow?" Sylvia's voice interrupted, speaking into the telephone. "Has one of your foxes been stolen? Yes, it 's in the woods near the Benton House, Edwardsville. Two of the thieves were just here, this minute—"

"Where?" cried Miss Finch. "Where are they now?" Which was worse, bears or thieves? Oh, if she had only chosen a safer boarding-place!

"Send help quickly!" Sylvia finished.

"Sylvia, if you don't tell me what this is all about," said Mrs. Benton, as her daughter replaced the receiver on the hook, "I—I 'll—spank you!"

"Of course I 'll tell you, Mother. Only I do want to go out in the woods and help hunt for it."

A new idea struck Mrs. Benton. She shook her daughter gently. "Are you sure you 're not having a nightmare?"

"No, I 'm not! I 'm as wide awake as anything. I went out to the barn after everybody was asleep to feed the—the—" Sylvia stopped suddenly, looking very guilty. In the excitement she had forgotten her broken promise.

"She *has* a bear!" cried Miss Finch.

"I have n't either. I just said it *walked* like a bear! I was trying to frighten the Witherspoons!"

"Mrs. Benton," cried Miss Finch indignantly, "I will not stay here if you let her go on this way, frightening us all out of our senses."

"I don't frighten everybody," retorted Sylvia. "Just people that ought to be frightened, like the Witherspoons!"

"Sylvia, what *has* got into you? What do you mean by talking in that way about that nice old gentleman and that sweet little girl? Oh!"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of the nice old gentleman and the sweet little girl in the doorway. They hardly lived up to their descriptions. What a state they were in! Mr. Witherspoon was minus a collar and tie, his hair wild, his face

red and angry, and huge holes gaped in his golf-stockings. Breathless, he sank into the nearest chair and glared at all of them. Jane had lost an entire sleeve from her frock, and there were long red scratches on her face and arms. Just after them appeared Dick, looking worn out and much disappointed.

"It got away!" cried Jane. "It broke the cage and got away! Now I hope you 're satisfied!" She spoke to Sylvia.

"What did?" cried an anxious voice from upstairs. Miss Finch, the soul of propriety, had retreated out of sight but not out of hearing. "Where did it go? Oh, do shut that door, somebody!"

"I 'm glad it did get away!" said Sylvia defiantly. "If it had n't, you 'd have stolen it again, I suppose!"

"Stolen it!" cried Jane. "Stolen it! Our own silver fox, the best one in Grandfather's and my fox farm at Willow! What are you talking about? It was the men who used to work for us that stole it—the ones whose trail we 'd been following all day, until we came to their wrecked car in the ditch."

"Wait, let 's get this straight," cried Dick. "Do you mean to say you and your grandfather really own the Willow Fox Farm?"

"Of course we do. Don't we, Grandfather? He gave me a half interest in it on my last birthday. Everybody up at Willow knows us."

Mr. Witherspoon nodded corroboration. He was still too done up to speak.

"Gee, I 'm sorry!" cried Dick. "That is, I 'm sorry the fox got away. Lester Perkins and I did our best, but we did n't notice the cage had sprung a leak, and the fox's teeth must have done the rest. We may find him yet, though."

"The men from the fox farm are coming, they can hunt for it," said Jane, beginning to be appeased. She looked at Sylvia, and suddenly both the girls broke into giggles.

"I telephoned them too! You did n't know that! I said the thieves —I meant you—were staying with us. They 'll arrive armed to the teeth, like a rescue party in the movies!" chortled Sylvia.

"Never mind! I said worse things about you!" Jane wiped the tears from her eyes. "Why—why—" she began laughing again. "Why did you try to frighten us with rats and bears, and what *did* you have in the barn?"

"Sh!" Sylvia looked at her mother guiltily. "I promised not to have pets, and then somebody *would* park their coon with me! It 's Mrs. Blake's coon, Mother. May I keep him in the barn for just a day or two?"

"Did n't I tell you?" inquired the voice from the upper region. "Next time, I hope you 'll believe me. A coon! Are they dangerous?"

"Sylvia," said her mother, a trifle dazed by all that had happened, "I hope, when you are a little older, you can get a job at a zoölogical garden. You 'd be more useful there, it seems to me, than you ever will be around a boarding-house!"

"She likes wild animals better than boarders; she told us so," said Mr. Witherspoon, with a gleam in his eye that was not altogether one of resentment.

Again Sylvia thought quickly. "I like wild animals better than some boarders," she announced, "but not better than boarders who like wild animals themselves!"

TREASURE-TROVE

(*Continued from page 895*)

it." Tanis turned on her bench, surprised. "No lack of money will stay us."

"You *had* money, doubtless, more than you needed, as a gift from your uncle," Sally said gently; "but since you have left him, it would be wise to use what remains to you sparingly. You see, you might need it to take you to Philip, should he be lying ill anywhere."

"Is that why you are so loath to take from me more than my bare expenses?" Tanis smiled up at her friend. "You can alter that now, then, for you are quite mistaken. I am very rich in my own right and have full control of my money, nor need to wait till I come of age for that. Only in the matter of my marriage hath my uncle any authority. An his consent is refused, I am to wait till I am twenty-one, forsooth. That was why I ran away. I was not minded to hobble to the altar on a cane."

This nonsense forced a laugh from Sally, although she had just heard torn to flinders the theory expounded by both her mother and Nat and was increasingly sure that the only answer left to their problem was that Philip Cheyne had met with a serious, if not a fatal mishap.

"Mom hath many friends. It may be that she will have great news for us when we hear from her. And now I 'll go on with the weaving."

"Nay," said Tanis, "'t is time I learned perseverance. Do you go outside and oversee the little ones at their play. If you think what I am doing is passable, I 'll set myself a stint to weave daily. I 'm better off when I do not sit about and mope."

"Tanis," said Sally, gravely, using a name that had not passed her lips for long, "do you not think you might be better off an you return to Arms Crossing? In your uncle's great house there must be so much more to employ you than in this cottage."

Tanis shook her head. "That 's your mistake, Sally dear. Were you there, doubtless your busy hands would find tasks a-plenty. I 'm used to having all such done for me. You 'd laugh an I told you how I worried at my clothes and hair when first I came here, for very shame lest you should see I had ne'er before so much as tied a shoe for myself or turned a stocking. Don't send me away. Here I have the children. Ann doth not love me, but the four small ones do. They fill a corner of my heart to keep it from shriveling."

"There 's your uncle—"

"Aye, there 's Uncle Rick. I 'll not deny he loves me and I him. But he 's a man of substance whose advice is much sought after. Just now, with the war going merrily, he will be busy and rarely at Arms Crossing. He cannot miss me much at present."

"'T is for you to decide." Sally was much in earnest. "To tell true, I know not how I ever got along without you, with Mom away. Yet 't is your happiness we must consult. I would not wish to act a selfish part."

"You 'll never be selfish, Sally. You 're too much the big sister for that. Why, you have taken care of me, even as you said you would, although I am years the elder." Tanis reached out and clasped Sally's hand affectionately. "Now go you to the children and I 'll to work. 'T is settled I 'm to stay here until your mother returns, anyway."

Sally went straight to Nat.

"It beats me," he said simply, without waiting for questions. "I fear the young man is dead."

"How I wish Mom were home!" Sally repeated again her usual wish. "'T will be terrible when Primrose really loses hope. You should have seen her face just now."

"I heard her voice," said Nat, briefly, as he turned away.

FERN'S Lamby had reached the omnivorous age, and the gillyflowers and lady's-slippers in the borders had begun to suffer from her appetite, so that it had become necessary to tether her, which she, being used to her liberty, resented very much. However, she was moved at certain times of the day from one point in the garden to another, lest the herbage grow too short for her cropping. And on such occasions, either Sally or Nat must superintend this transfer, which was accompanied with many a flourish of heels by the lamb and many a bolt for freedom, such as the little children could scarce have restrained although they were always highly excited spectators.

This afternoon Sally undertook to make the shift and was amazed in the midst of the usual excitement to have the children leave her in a body.

At the gate was a roomy old chaise out of which her mother was at that moment descending ponderously; but it was not her mother's solid and familiar form that held Sally's eyes. Led by the lamb, which was straining at its rope, she stumbled forward as if in a trance. The colored servant, who had followed behind on a riding horse, got down and went to her mother's assistance just as that worthy woman reached firm ground, only to be engulfed by a wave composed of Lamby and children.

Bringing up close beside the chaise, Sally stood speechless, gazing, gazing at a second occupant. This was a young man, frail, white, propped by several pillows, and with bandages swathed around his head.

He was smiling at the welcome Dame Good was receiving, even while his eyes were searching everywhere, and beside the nick of his lip was a small black mole set like a patch.

"She 's within, Philip," the girl whispered, all unthinking how strange was such an address to one she had never seen before.

But Philip was no more one to stand on ceremony than was Sally.

"Help me down," he whispered back, with a watchful eye on Dame Good, who might forbid such exertion. "I 'll go to her."

With the old colored serving-man on one side, Sally on the other, he managed to walk as far as the door.

"Tanis!" they heard, then "Philip!" in answer, and they turned away.

Dame Good was watching them, her arms akimbo.

"And to think," she said, "no earlier than yesterday, that same young man could scarce lift head from pillow and could not remember his own name. Faith, Sally, I 'd begun to wonder if he ever would, when along came you—and Mistress Penniman and I soon knit the threads you gave us into a whole, pieced out with the little we knew already."

"So this is your young lady, ill of a hectic!" Sally exclaimed reproachfully.

"Aye," acknowledged Dame Good, primming her mouth, "'t was safer so; for see you, we knew not what manner of man Mistress Penniman had found on the journey back from Morristown, lying by the roadside."

"Who had found?" Sally asked.

"Mistress Penniman, to be sure," her mother replied testily. "She picked him up, bound up his head with strips from her own petticoat, and drove home with him. Then, when she saw that it was like to be a long case, she sent for me. How did we know he was not a spy? An having sat up nights with him and worked to keep the breath in his body, she was not minded to hand him over to an hangman of either kidney

—and no more was I, though I call you to witness that we are both sound patriots."

"Truly," Sally spoke gaily, "Tanis was right when she said her young man had a way with him."

"That he hath!" Dame Good acclaimed heartily. "In sooth, it would have made any female of sensibility shed tears to see him day after day trying to remember, trying to unravel the story that was tangled up somewhere in his poor, jarred brain. Over and over again he would whisper, 'I was to meet her—but where?' Then, 'Tanis! Tanis!' till I thought I would be crazed myself by the constant repetition of it. 'T was this mixture of forgetfulness and remembrance that threw him back each time he came to consciousness. Your visit was a favor straight from Providence, Sal."

"How so?"

"'T was one of his good days. He was stronger. There was no doubt of that; but he was forever throwing away his gains through puzzling his poor brains that were not fit for puzzles. After you had left, and I 'd talked the matter over with Mistress Penniman, I went to him and said, said I, 'You can stop your fretting, Master Philip Cheyne. Your sweetheart is in Trenton, where she will stand fast till you are ready to join her. So take your draft and go to sleep, for all is well with you and yours.'"

"And he took it?"

"He did naught of the sort," Dame Good returned dryly. "He overset it on the worked coverlet and my nice clean apron, trying to get out of bed—to walk to Trenton belike! But 't was as if the news had poured life into him. And now there 's been enough of love-making. I 'll go put my patient between the sheets."

At this Sally was aghast. "But Mom, where 's he to sleep?" she asked.

Dame Good at once appreciated the domestic crisis.

"You and your Primrose Jones can have your own room. The little ones will trouble nobody, although we 'll set their trundle-bed in a corner of the kitchen. I 'll have a pallet at my patient's door to be within call. Ann 's the only one unprovided for. Where is she?"

"She 's at Aunt Charity's."

"Then do you make a parcel of clothes for her and send Peter to Charity's with it and a message that it will be vastly obliging an she will give Ann bed and board till such time as I am rid of my present patient. Mark my words, with his new nurse, it will not be long."

On this she entered the kitchen, to be met at once by Tanis, who came forward shyly only, after one look into her good, kind face, to throw her arms around her neck.

"I cannot thank you," the girl murmured, her voice broken, "and I never knew my mother. But when I 've thought of her, she has seemed to have a face like yours."

"My deary, my deary, that 's thanks enough," Dame Good crooned. "From now on I shall feel as if I had another daughter. And now your young man must be made to lie down."

"Yes, yes," said Tanis, nervously, "we must not let him waste his strength. . . . Is he really growing stronger? To me he looketh as weak as a new-born kitten."

"Good lack, you should have seen him two days gone, without ambition to so much as turn over in bed! I tell thee the man is a miracle!" Dame Good exclaimed, and forthwith set about her preparations to return her patient to bed.

Once there, and fed with a nourishing broth of Mistress Penniman's concocting, she relented so far as to let Tanis sit beside him, whereupon he drifted into a happy sleep.

When he awoke he declared he felt himself a new man; and finding him free of fever and vastly hungry, the good woman agreed that, clad in his dressing-gown and slippers, he should sit for half an hour before the fire and take his supper in company.

Tanis had refrained from all questions as to how he came by his hurt, but while Sally cleared the table and Dame Good enjoyed the pleasure of putting her babies to bed, Philip began to relate all he could remember of what had befallen him.

"You know I told you I had possessions, but no land," he began. "I sent to England for a fortune, although I had vowed to touch it only under certain circumstances, because it was due to you, my dearest, to prove to your guardian that I was not a mean-spirited fortune-hunter. The very day that it reached me, came also your letter. In New York, I had finally made up my mind which side of this political quarrel I wished to espouse. I went first to Morristown to see General Washington to offer my services."

"Philip!" cried Tanis. "Now will Uncle Rick be a happy man."

Philip smiled and went on. "'T was not altogether for your sake, Tanis. I cannot claim that. 'T was because I felt that this people deserved to be free. His Excellency received me kindly. I am to have a commission. Then, tarrying not, I set out for Tren-

ton on horseback. I had time enough, but I dreaded lest you should come up-river earlier than you said. Also, I wanted a day or so to make various arrangements. Some miles from Morristown, in a hilly country, I came upon a man lying stretched across the road in a pool of blood. Not stopping to think how he had met with such an injury, I leaped from my horse, turning its reins over its head, and ran to the wounded man's assistance. As I bent over him, his arms came up and clamped around me, holding me as in a vise, while a thundering blow descended on my head. Strange as it may seem, my first thought was not of foul play, but that my horse had become entangled in the reins and had lashed out and kicked me. However, glancing up through the blood that was running into my eyes, I recognized one at least of the men who had attacked me. It was a rascally Austrian valet of mine, who, I had reason to believe, had already attempted my life on my way home from India. Then I was again beaten over the head. That is all I know certainly of my own knowledge; but Mistress Penniman assures me that I was dragged into the bushes and left for dead, after being robbed of all I carried, even to my papers and portmanteau of clothing. Also dust had been thrown on the blood that had stopped me and there was no other wounded man to be seen; so, as I remember how strong was that victim's clasp, I can see naught in it but a very carefully planned and successful ambush. And now I am come back to you almost the pauper your uncle thought me, Tanis."

"What care I? You are here and safe. But what was this treasure you lost?"

(To be concluded)

"It was a box—a most curious box. There 's a long story attached to it; but it contained a great fortune in jewels."

"And the story connected therewith you 're by no means going to recount now, young sir." Dame Good came bustling in, looking for signs such as fevered cheeks. "It must be kept for to-morrow."

Tanis whispered excitedly to Sally.

"The box! The box! 'T is Philip's, I 'm sure!"

With all speed Sally brought it. "'T was stolen from us by a German thief for the space of a day; but we got it again," she explained happily.

"Now how came you by this at all?" Phil asked. "'T is well nigh miraculous!" While he spoke his fingers seemed to play lightly over the surface of the casket. Then he pressed his hands, palm downward, upon it, and four little drawers sprang out,—all absolutely empty!

"ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

(Continued from page 898)

bedded in them. The mass of clay is then washed to get rid of the loose earth, and what is left after this process is the gravel which contains the diamonds. Usually more than a hundred loads of clay have to be washed to obtain one load of this precious gravel.

Now comes the crucial point of the whole proceeding—the separation of the diamonds from the stones and chips with which they are almost inextricably mixed up. The gravel is first put into a "hopper," out of which it is allowed to drop, a little at a time, on to a table that is covered with a layer of sticky grease. Over the grease a steady flow of water, which carries off the gravel, is kept moving, while the heavier diamonds drop down into the grease which clings to them as a miser clings to his gold. When a certain amount of gravel has been dropped upon a table, the grease is carefully scraped off and put in a perforated steel container which is then submerged in a vat of boiling water. The heat melts the grease, which rises to the top of the water, leaving the diamonds behind. When the containers are opened, out tumble scores upon scores of diamonds, all of which are promptly sorted, cleaned and made ready for marketing.

Most of the world's diamonds are sent to Antwerp or Amsterdam to be cut and polished, for in these cities the art of diamond-cutting has been practiced for centuries, and the secrets have been handed down through generations of families of workers. Formerly a knife was used to cleave the stones apart, but now diamond cuts diamond, a revolving disk of phosphor-bronze impregnated with diamond-dust splitting the stone into the required shape. The diamond to be cut is clamped in a tiny vise and held against the disk which spins so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its revolutions.

In polishing diamonds, the methods first adopted in the sixteenth century are still in use. The diamond is held in a vise, while a revolving steel disk covered with diamond-dust is brushed against it, gently but steadily, until the maximum of brilliancy has been obtained. Infinite patience and skill are required, for a properly cut diamond has fifty-eight facets, each one of which must be carefully and painstakingly shaped and polished, and a slight slip of the hand or eye might cause irreparable damage.

In the large diamond-polishing establishments, one of the most interesting sights is the master polisher and his class of apprentices. On one side of a long bench sit the veteran workers, while across from them sit the apprentices with eyes and ears open, watching the skilful handling of the whirling disks, listening for hints, and helping out with the minor details of the work. For two years the apprentices sit at the bench, watching and learning, before they are allowed to actually polish a diamond, and four or five years more must pass before they are permitted to do all the work connected with polishing a precious stone without the supervision of a master hand.

What a diamond gains in brilliancy through being polished, it looses in size, for nearly half of a stone is cut and polished away before it is ready for market. For many years the dust that was ground off in the factories was regarded as valueless, but in recent years a great many uses have been found for it in various industries, and now it is carefully gathered up and sold.

America is the world's greatest buyer of diamonds, three quarters of all the diamonds produced starting their long journeys from the mines and ending them in this country. Each year we purchase $75,000,000 worth of "sparklers" or almost a quarter of a million dollars' worth every day. While the larger part of these purchases consists of cut stones to be used as jewelry, there are a great many imperfect diamonds which are imported for use in industry and are made into lathe-tools, diamond dies for wire-drawing, diamond drills and glass-cutting implements. The use of diamonds in these ways not only speeds up manufacturing processes, but at the same time improves the quality and accuracy of many manufactured products.

TWO BOYS CLIMB MONT BLANC

(*Continued from page 865*)

about three or four o'clock, although we were not expected to arrive before six that evening.

We made a quick descent to the Pyramides Hut and stopped an hour for lunch. I was glad to rest, for my legs were quite tired. After a fairly hearty dinner we were off again. This bit of trail was through larch-woods, and it seemed good to get back to timber-line. We went swiftly down, taking all the short cuts.

We stopped for about five minutes at Les Bossons Hut and then the guides took us straight down the mountain-side on a little game-trail, crossing the main trail on its switch-backs. At the railroad station we bought our tickets, and in about ten minutes a train for Chamonix came along.

On arriving in Chamonix the guides went with us to our hotel. We passed the office of the Touring Club de France, of which Arthur and I are now members. I stopped in to see the man in charge, M. Benard, who was a friend of mine. He became so excited to learn I had actually gone to the top of Mont Blanc, that he kissed me on both cheeks.

When I had first met him I told him we wanted to ascend Mont Blanc. He only thought we were very silly to think of such a foolish thing; two boys, thirteen and fifteen, climbing where men have failed. Some men, who overheard us, thought our idea ridiculous. But now that we had succeeded he was excited and ran outside to get some friends to come and see me. They all began talking such a volume of French that I was bewildered. Then a small crowd collected and I decided it was time to leave.

Arthur, meanwhile, had gone on with the guides to the hotel. On arriving there we found Mother and Father very much surprised because we had arrived so early.

As soon as the guides had left, Father took us to the Guides' Office of Chamonix and asked for certificates to show that we had really climbed to the top of Mont Blanc. We found our own guides there. Soon we had arranged to have two certificates sent home. They were large, with a fine picture of Mont Blanc on each. They had the signatures of our guides and that of the chief guide of Chamonix.

That morning, while we were climbing, Mother and Father had been watching us through a large telescope. One paid a few cents and the man found people climbing for one to see. Mother told him she had two sons up there and that she wanted to see them. She also said that it was a party of four. As the man found three parties of four, she had to see them all. One party looked like us and she and Father recognized us from the way we placed our feet.

After hot baths, and clean clothes, we felt quite fit, and that evening, in spite of our strenuous climbing day, we wanted to see more climbing in the movies. This was an exceptionally good picture of rock-climbing, showing the ascension of one of the pinnacles of Chamonix.

I will say that the next morning was spent mostly in sleeping.

Upon rising, I expected hardly to be able to walk, but I only found my left leg to be stiff, and two toes hurt quite badly from being frosted.

We had been well prepared for this expedition by the walking we had done all our lives. At the ages of eight and six we were able to go twenty miles a day on trails in Glacier National Park, and not get tired.

A day later, when we were leaving Chamonix for Geneva, I felt as though in leaving Mont Blanc I was saying good-by to an old friend. As the train twisted and turned down the valley, we thought each view would be the last, but no, always we would come in sight of it again.

Finally, we ran into more open country and very slowly the "Massif de Mont Blanc" faded away into the mist and was lost from sight. Left behind us was one of the great things in my life!

THE HONORABLE PETER

(*Continued from page 852*)

Philman, "and Peter, stop star-gazing and stand by to get the trawl aboard."

The donkey-engine ceased its clatter and the sputtering drone of the plane hit the quiet air. Despite the important business of the minute, all hands looked aloft, and at that moment the plane, its wings like burnished silver, suddenly dipped and wavered, and, as the motor stopped, plunged downward to the sea. A wide, high splash and the machine rested on the surface, lightly as a duck upon a lake. But now a man ran out to the extremity of one wing and despite his weight there, the other wing began to sink.

"They 're going down, Grandpa!" exclaimed Peter. "Quick, let 's get over there!"

"With this weight overside, we could n't move a cable-length before they sank," returned the captain. "Let somebody else rescue them that 's quicker than we are."

"But look," cried the boy. "There 's not a boat in sight except that steamer to westward, and she 's too far off to see the plane. We 're not a mile away. We 've got to do something."

"We could cut the trawl adrift," said the old man, slowly. "It 's been done before in time of need."

"No," cried Peter, "let 's get the fish aboard."

"That takes minutes—many of 'em—and if we 're going, seconds is what we need. Look, lad. My eyes are dim, but do you see a lady there and maybe a little boy? The plane is sinking fast."

Peter saw and his heart throbbed. Not another thought did he give to the value of the fish or the thrice more valuable trawl. He could think only of his father, sinking beneath the waves because men were too busy to save him. With a leap he seized an ax and hacked savagely at the warp.

Once, twice, and in the twinkling of an eye the heavy strands parted. Down sank the trawl and the waves closed over it. "Lee ho," shouted Peter with the knightly ardor of a crusader, "trim sheets and sail her."

Close-hauled and flying, the *Lady* tore across the sea, the only vessel in the entire crowded channel near enough to rescue those on the fast-sinking plane. The pilot, watching them coming, waved his hat and cheered, and the woman, who now seemed large and tearful, wiped her eyes and fluttered her handkerchief.

Into the wind the *Lady* came, fairly brushing the shipwrecked plane as she lost her way. Then, with a heave and a cheer for the fat woman, one for her son, and a third for the pilot, the last of them stepped to the fisherman's deck, as the waves swallowed up the plane.

For a moment all was praise and thanksgiving, and then a destroyer hove alongside and an officer with a magaphone politely offered to take the victims in to Portland and tactlessly said that if they had stayed afloat a little longer he would have had the honor of picking them up.

And then when Peter was asking himself if he had n't acted too hastily, if an older "man" would n't have buoyed the trawl before cutting it adrift,—when these thoughts were turning over in the turmoil of the poor lad's mind,—Mrs. Everard Smythe of Smytheville, U. S. A., as she introduced herself, offered Grandpa Philman ten pounds for the time he had lost. A princely sum if you balanced it against fifteen minutes of the working day, but not much compared to the value of an abandoned trawl, and entirely unacceptable when lives had been saved. Peter turned smoldering eyes on the bedraggled, florid lady and hated her with a hatred that he did n't know was in him.

Then the offer of a gold sovereign to buy himself a train of cars, and the moment of blasting fury when he took it and hurled it overboard. Never before had Peter been insulted and never again would he feel so miserable. To be tipped twenty bob when he had thrown away a career! Peter, man though he was, hid his face and cried with rage.

Two weeks came and went and then a stranger wearing the insignia of the Royal Air Force walked up the hill to the Philmans' house.

"I 've been attending to matters at the bank," said he when Peter's mother greeted him, "and I am happy to tell you that the *Lady* is clear of all debts. Here is the receipted bill."

"But who are you and what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Philman.

"My name is Allan," said the airman. "Peter saved my life when my plane sank. Where is he now?"

Peter's mother looked down the street. "Coming," she replied. "The *Lady* is just in."

The airman went jauntily down the street and he and the boy walked back, arm in arm.

"You threw away the woman's gold-piece," Allan was saying, "because you did n't want to be tipped. Is that it?"

"I—I think so," said Peter.

"But if I tell you that I value my life at more than one pound, that you saved it for me, and that I want to pay you back by seeing you through your education, what then?"

"I did n't do anything that anybody would n't have done. I—"

"Nonsense," said the airman, his eyes twinkling. "I 've asked about you down the street, and you cut away your nets. . . . Here, Mrs. Philman, let me make you acquainted with your son, the honorable Peter Philman, future naval architect."

JUST FOR FUN

PLAY IT WITH TOOTH-PICKS?

Coach: Did your father send you that book on indoor golf?

Student: No; he must have thought I was going in for English sports, because he sent me an instruction manual for Cricket on the Hearth, written by a Mr. Dickens. When I have time, I'll glance through it.

AN EQUINE BEVERAGE?

Betty: Father is very absent-minded.

Dotty: I know it. The other day he asked for a heather mixture at the soda fountain.

POOR DOGGIE

Dentist's Wife: I thought you were very much against filling and crowning the teeth of blue-ribbon dogs. Yet you have consented to pull an aching tooth for Mrs. Van Am's bulldog.

Dentist: Ah, my dear, have you forgotten? That dog bit me last summer.

SPORTS

Farmer: I think I'll do a little fencing this morning.

Farmer's Wife: I think we had better attend to our squash.

QUITE TRUE

Admirer: I suppose your stories just flow from your pen.

Author (thinking of his fountain pen): Sometimes the whole blamed story comes out at once.

FOR GREATER VOLUME

Fond Mother: Waldo is rather weak.

Absent-minded Physician: Put 135 volts of B-battery on him, and tighten up all his connections.

THE BLUE BANDEAU

(*Continued from page 875*)

"We never guessed—when we were so thrilled to have the Royals here—that we 'd soon wish they were—just the old radio," Doris panted. "Look—see the couples dancing? The lights blink as they pass."

"Selfish things—can't they look out and see us?" Kenneth grumbled. "They probably do see us, but they think we 're barrels or sea-gulls."

That last hundred yards seemed to Doris the longest distance she had ever swum. She dared not risk a shout, lest strength and courage go with it, and the dancers turn deaf ears. When her feet touched the beach her cry of relief was more like a groan as she sank down in the shallows.

Ella hung, panting, over her life-preserver, and Doris struggled to her feet to give her a shove inshore. She felt Kenneth clutch her hand and saw his eyes fixed on the torn, drenched silk stocking that clung to her blood-stained, swollen knee. "You 're hurt, Dee! You never told!"

Doris dully nodded. "Got—sort of banged, when we were thrown out. Here they come from the club—now that we don't need them."

The young dancers came pouring down the beach, shouting out astonished questions. They promptly lifted Ella up and enveloped her in some one's wool cape. Kenneth and another boy helped Doris limp painfully up the slope to where the famous Royals were playing to a deserted ball-room. A bright fire burned in the club hall. Before this the weary, shivering swimmers sank gratefully down and tried to stem the torrent of inquiries.

"It could n't be an accident—you did n't just happen into the lake with a spare tube around Ella's neck!"

"We went through Mohawk Woods," Kenneth began, "and a wild-cat perched on my shoulder—"

"No fooling! Tell the truth!" cried incredulous voices.

"That 's the truth," said Doris, weakly. She pulled off her soaked, flopping blue bandeau and surveyed its ruin. "A wildcat jumped on him, and clawed him, too, and he gave the wheel a quick swerve—"

"I 'll bet he did! I 'd have done worse than that!"

"And the car went off the road—"

"And dumped you all into the lake with inner tubes around your necks!" finished one imaginative listener.

"Not quite," grinned Kenneth; "but the result was the same. The girls thought they 'd rather cross the lake than stay alone with an acrobatic wildcat. We 'd have worked it nicely if only the tubes had played the game. When they collapsed we sort of felt we 'd got into Lake Erie by mistake."

Doris gave a deep sigh. The fire's pleasant warmth was drying her, she felt less pain in her knee, and Ella had been carried off to have her ankle bandaged. "It was all my fault," she said, blinking at the flames. "I made Ken turn off the highroad—after making us late in starting—"

"And Ken does hate to be late!" put in a girl who had witnessed many an argument between Doris and Kenneth on this subject.

This time, however, Doris failed to acquiesce. "He stands it mighty well!" she said quickly, and turned a bright, friendly look to the boy's tired face.

A GIRL WHO DISCOVERED HERSELF

(*Continued from page 879*)

"But you can't deny she 's making the boat work," drawled Ned's voice.

A lady sat in a big wicker chair, a lady with a glass of iced tea in her hand. Mary Peg gave one leap. The lady was lost in a great hug. The iced tea crashed on the floor.

Linda would n't have done it, or Joyce, or Irene. Mary Peg would n't have done it if she had n't been taken so by surprise. Mary Peg squeezed Aunt Margaret and apologized and laughed and cried a little in one breath.

"I 'm glad you did it," said Aunt Margaret, spurning the pieces. "I 'd begun to think you never could."

Then she held Mary Peg off and looked and looked at her, flushed and shining-eyed and resolute and chagrined and happy all at once.

"Now," said Aunt Margaret, "I 've seen my namesake. Praise be! You 've got a good firm grip, child. When will you take me out in *The Gull*, Mary Peg?"

"Now — to-night — to-morrow — when I 've scrubbed her."

"Scrub nothing!" said the lady. "We 'll make it now."

CHUCK BLUE OF STERLING

(*Continued from page 901*)

result, no one was anywhere near Hap and he galloped swiftly over for a touchdown.

A substitute now ran out to take Chuck's place, and as Chuck came off the field the college students in the stands rose up and again wholeheartedly applauded him.

Kinney stepped up to him. "That will do for you to-day," he said. "You got that kick off splendidly—a nice pass, too." He put his hand on Chuck's shoulder and gave him a pat. "I 'm glad you 're back, young man."

That evening Chuck and Hap and Dan were sitting out on the steps of the Gamma Delta house.

"I feel sentimental!" said Dan, with what he intended for a sigh. "Here we are, three old pals, reunited. —But it still amazes me that I should pal around with two such famous athletes." He laughed. "You ought to have heard them talking about you in the stands to-day—both of you."

"Oh, quit your kidding!" said Hap.

"Kidding! Me!" exclaimed Dan. "Don't you like these fulsome words of praise I 'm giving you?"

"I don't care one way or the other," said Hap. He looked off thoughtfully. "I 've been thinking as we 've been sitting here—and you have too, you old mut," he gave Dan a nudge, "how nice it is to have Chuck back."

"Well, was n't I saying that very thing myself?" said Dan. "Three old pals, reunited—that 's us."

Oliver just then came swinging along. They called to him and he came up and sat down beside them.

"A little congratulatory meeting," said Dan. "We 're patting ourselves on the back, Hap and I, that Chuck is here once more among us—right here in the flesh, in his personable self."

"You can pat me on the back, too," said Oliver. Then he added slowly, "College would n't be the same without you, Chuck, really it would n't. Bess always told me—even when we were kids, that you were—well, she said 'a thoroughbred.' But it took me some time, I 'm afraid, to let myself find it out."

Chuck was embarrassed. He thought he ought to say something, but all he could think of was a trite:

"Well, I guess I 'm gladder than anybody that I 'm back."

THE END

"STING ME!"

(*Continued from page 872*)

champion high jumper, and after making a beautiful arch over the sunflower near by, he landed on his back on a rough-surfaced rock. Ordinarily, he would have landed on his feet, but the hornets had made him lose his balance. He lay there a few moments, bearing the pain of the stings and by and by heard a smothered voice coming from under him: "Let me out! Let me out!"

This was followed by another: "Let me out too; I am dying!"

"Oh, my head!" moaned still another voice. "It 's smashed to pieces!"

Fleami rolled over and looked at the ones under him. There he saw the three hornets flattened and writhing in pain. One was massaging his head, one his back, while still another was trying to straighten up his bent sting. And they were all crying, great tears splashing from their eyes. In a moment Fleami knew what had happened. He laughed in great joy and relief and, jumping to his feet, faced the rest of the hornets.

"This is one of the tricks I learned," he cried. "If you want to see another, just come and sting me."

There was silence. Finally, one of the hornets stepped out and spoke to him.

"You beat us, Fleami, and we are proud to be beaten by a fighter like you. If you will permit us to remove our injured friends, we won't trouble you again."

While some of the hornets were picking up the wounded ones, the others, who had been whispering to one another, suddenly spread their wings and flew straight toward the toads. "Let 's get after them!" they cried as they went. "They are the ones who set us on to this."

The last thing Fleami saw, as he left the toad-land, was Morror, who was whirling like a crazy top to shake off the hornets from his warty back.

A ONE-TUBE MIDGET

(*Continued from page 911*)

When you are certain, then take two forty-five volt B-batteries and with a short length of wire connect the positive terminal of one battery to the negative terminal of the other. The two remaining terminals, one on each battery, will be connected as follows. The negative or minus one, to the negative B binding-post on the strip at the back of the set, while the positive terminal will be wired to the post marked B-positive, 90 volts.

For aërial, use a single wire from 60 to 100 feet in length, run in a straight line and as high and clear of surrounding objects as possible. If the aërial is too long, you will be apt to pick up more interference, and if it is too short and low you will not receive over any distance and even the strength of local signals will be somewhat reduced.

The amount of energy picked up by this aërial is extremely small, and since it is always trying to take the shortest path to ground, the wire will have to be well insulated wherever it is apt to come into contact with any other material. Leakage can take place even in dry weather and if there is enough of it, the set will be seriously affected.

The ground should be just as carefully made as the aërial. The best type of ground is a wire wrapped around the cold water-pipe after the pipe has been thoroughly cleaned and made shiny. If you so desire you may use a copper ground clamp which will give an even better contact with the pipe after it has been cleaned.

Of course, under some conditions it is not possible to connect to such a ground as this, and when this happens, care should be used to see that there is a good connection to some other body of metal which will make contact. One arrangement is to solder the wire to chicken-wire which should be buried about a foot or so underground, preferably where it is damp. The chicken-wire should be not less than fifteen feet in length, and longer if possible. Other bodies of metal may be used such as old hot-water boilers, wash-boilers and similar articles, but try to secure all the metal possible so that there will be a big surface, thus ensuring contact.

With ground and aërial as well as batteries all connected to the set, the next step is to wire the head-'phones to the proper binding-posts and with the receivers over your ears, turn the rheostat on slowly, at the same time turning the tuning condenser to a point where either a whistle or faint music may be heard. Then adjust the crystal detector until it is on a sensitive spot and readjust the rheostat and the tuning dial until the signal is loudest. The crystal detector should not be handled so that the crystal itself comes into contact with your fingers, and you will probably find the most sensitive spots nearest the edges. Once set, it may be left indefinitely so long as it is not shaken too violently. Be sure that each time you finish using the set the rheostat is turned all the way off so that the batteries will not be wasted.

For the name of the manufacturer of this set, send your name and address and a two-cent stamp to the Radio Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE FENCE OF THE REALM

(*Continued from page 880*)

When once more I started on my climb to the summit tower, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the railroad station at the top of the pass, my entourage rose and followed or preceded me, jingling their cash, rattling their images, exhibiting their buttons, and reducing their prices. Indefatigably they stuck by me as I panted upwards, and when I finally reached the top, blocked all embrasures through which I might attempt to look out on Mongolia before or China behind me, and I had to shove them aside to get any view at all.

It was from this summit tower that the impressiveness of the Wall struck me hardest. From it I could see miles of the structure, stretching along crags and precipices where it seemed even a sure-footed burro could hardly hold his equilibrium.

Another tourist joined me, and breathing hard, looked out over the mountains, and traced the Wall out of sight over a peak higher than the one we were on. His puffing gradually subsided and he turned to me.

"Some Wall!" he said, raptly.

"Some Wall" is right!

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.

THE STAMPS OF THE NETHERLANDS

A NEW STAMP FOR THE DUTCH COLONY IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE Netherlands, more familiarly known as Holland, has just issued a series of postage-stamps showing portraits of the royal family. This series, which consists of but five stamps of low denominations, brings to mind the fact that The Netherlands is one of the few countries that can be completed by the amateur philatelist, with but little expenditure involved. If we omit one or two of the scarcer varieties and disregard the perforations, the remaining stamps are all inexpensive. Then too, stamps of high denomination are never issued by this country, so the face value is not a consideration of importance.

The first issue of stamps appeared in 1852, and showed a portrait of William III who had ascended the throne three years before. There are three values to the series, 5c, 10c, and 15c, which remained in use for eight years. In 1864 a second series consisting of the same denominations and showing a different portrait of the king, made its appearance. This issue remained in use but three years, when it was superseded by a series consisting of three additional values, 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, and 50c. This emmission also shows King William, but this time he is facing to the left instead of the right, as heretofore. The highest denomination was printed in gold, the first stamp that I recall that has appeared in this color. This variety was somewhat plentiful here a few years back, but of late, it has become difficult to pick up a satisfactory specimen. These stamps appear with several different combinations of perforations, due to the fact that the postal demands had become more extensive, and the manufacturers found it necessary to use several perforating machines.

THE DUTCH RED CROSS STAMP

Later, in 1869, lower denominations were added to the series mainly for use on newspapers, and these additions consisted of, ½c, and 1c in both black and green, 1½c, 2c, and 2½c. These stamps, instead of bearing the usual portrait of the king, showed a coat of arms of the kingdom.

A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

In 1872, a further issue was placed on sale, showing a similar but smaller portrait of the king, and with this series two new values appeared for the first time: a 12½c and a 2 gulden 50c, for use on heavier mail. The lower denominations previously issued were continued in use and were not replaced until 1876, when the lower values were changed, the coat of arms being replaced by figures of value. These stamps were used until the death of the king in 1890, although in 1888, three additional denominations were placed on sale to meet special postal rates—7½c, 22½c, and 1 gulden.

William III died in 1890, in his seventy-third year, and was succeeded by his daughter Wilhelmina, under the regency of Queen Emma, a former Princess of Walbeck-Pyrmont. Queen Emma was the second wife of William III, his first wife and two sons having died previously.

A few months after the ascension of the young ten-year-old queen to the throne, a new issue of postage-stamps bearing her portrait appeared, and in addition to the previous denominations, a 5 gulden variety was added to the series. This issue remained in general use until the young queen became eighteen years of age and assumed the reins of the government. This occasion was honored by the issuing of a special coronation series, showing the eighteen-year-old queen with crown. The higher denominations were somewhat larger than the lower. The demand for a larger denomination made necessary the issuing of a 10 gulden stamp in 1905. This corresponds to a four dollar stamp in this country, as a gulden is valued at approximately forty cents.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HOLLAND

In 1907, The Netherlands for the first time honored, by means of its postage-stamps, some one not of the reigning family. A series of three stamps was issued to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the famous naval activities of Admiral de Ruyter. These stamps did not replace the regular series, but were used concurrently with them.

The year 1913 was the hundredth anniversary of the ruling of The Netherlands by the House of Orange-Nassau,

COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CUBAN INDEPENDENCE

and a jubilee series of unusual design appeared, showing the portraits of the three Williams, together with Queen Wilhelmina. This series remained in use but a short time, and several of the stamps are somewhat scarce.

From 1914 on, numerous varieties have appeared, mostly showing a portrait of the queen, facing the left. Several surcharged issues were made in order that the older, and uncalled-for varieties, could be used at the new rates. A series of eleven stamps, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of Queen Wilhelmina, made its appearance in Amsterdam in 1923. Several of the denominations show the queen seated on the throne, while others show a profile portrait.

Holland is the first and only country that has issued a series of marine-insurance stamps. Beginning with 1923, and each year following, a special series of stamps has been issued for charitable purposes. A wonderful lot of postage-due stamps rounds out the collection. If type varieties are disregarded, and most collectors go in for the main varieties only, these are not difficult to get together.

NEW ISSUES

THE NETHERLANDS has placed on sale a series of five stamps, 2c in red, showing a portrait of William III, former king; 3c in green, Queen Emma, consort and mother of the present queen; 5c in indigo, with portrait of Prince Henry of Mecklenburg, husband of Queen Wilhelmina, whom she married in 1901; 7c ultramarine, with portrait of Queen Wilhelmina; and a 15c in red and blue, showing a red cross with doves of peace.

These were issued to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of the Red Cross, and are sold at a premium, the extra amount going to this society. The 5c was issued previous to the other denominations, to raise funds for the victims of a recent cyclone.

SURINAME, the Dutch Colony in South America, gives to the philatelic world a new series of postage-stamps, showing a front-face portrait of Queen Wilhelmina.

CUBA has issued a 25c rectangular variety in violet, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Cuban independence. Within the center, we find the coat of arms, with allegorical female figures on either side, depicting peace and progress. The dates 1902–1927, are shown in the upper corners.

CANADA—Five new stamps, commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the Confederation, have made their appearance. A 1c orange showing a portrait of MacDonald, 2c green picturing the assembled fathers of the Confederation, 3c red view of the Parliament buildings, 5c purple portrait of Laurier, 12c blue, map of Canada, and 20c red-orange, showing the five stages of mail transportation: railroad, dog-team, air-mail, horses, and steamer.

UNITED STATES—Two new 2-cent stamps were issued on August 3, one commemorating the Burgoyne campaign, and the other the Battle of Bennington, as well as the Vermont Sesquicentennial. Both stamps are printed in red. The former shows the surrender of Burgoyne, while the latter shows a White Mountain boy with a coon-skin cap.

THE WHITE KING OF THE ARABS

(Continued from page 857)

his seat and rushed away a few moments before. The only part of his machine that was not destroyed was the Lewis machine-gun. Within half an hour Junor had transferred it to a Ford truck and was tearing around outside of Deraah shooting at the Turks with tracer bullets.

The air battle was scarcely over when Lawrence was on his way to join a detachment he had sent to cut the main telegraph-line between Palestine and Syria. This was tremendously important. If the attempt succeeded, it would break the one line of communication between the Turkish armies and their base. It succeeded all right. Lawrence marched along the railroad toward Palestine, right in the heart of the enemy country.

Lawrence's army of Arabs was hanging around Deraah, trying to take the city. The Turks were becoming greatly alarmed for the city was important as the center of railway communication. They simply had to hold it! And, besides, they thought that Lawrence's army was beginning what was to be Allenby's big push up the Jordan Valley. They concentrated the main body of their soldiers in that section, to hold Deraah and block the supposed advance. That weakened the other parts of their line. Allenby's real advance was at the extreme opposite end!

Instead of sending his right wing up the Jordan, all of his attacking forces were concentrated on his left wing, away over by the Mediterranean Sea. When the big smash came, the British went over the top

THE WHITE KING OF THE ARABS

(*Continued from page 937*)

along the section near the seaport of Jaffa. They easily broke through the thin screen of Turks, and, once they were through, there were no enemy forces in the rear of the line to stop them.

So swift and unexpected was the advance, that Allenby's men were in important towns far back of the line before the Turkish commanders ever dreamed of it. When the important railway junction at Afuleh was captured with its huge depots for stores, the Turkish motor-trucks kept rumbling into the town, never knowing that it was in the hands of the British. They came in a steady stream, drawing up to the supply station, while a British officer stood and directed them as if he were some very polite German traffic cop:

"This way, please," he called to the drivers, one after another, and the trucks pulled over to the places where he directed them, and only then did they learn they had run straight into the enemy's hands.

Six hours after Allenby's men were in Afuleh, a German airplane came flying over and landed. Two men got out and walked over to headquarters to report. They were bringing orders from Von Hindenburg to Liman von Sanders, the German commander of the Turks. It was only when they saw British uniforms at headquarters that they guessed what had happened.

During this time Lawrence and his Arabs were still in front of Deraah. The young English scholar was raiding far and wide, blowing up sections of railroad. This made it hard for the Turks to move their soldiers; meanwhile Allenby's army kept hammering from the south. Lawrence's job now was to keep the Turks busy in his section, and do what he could to stop their retreat when Allenby came swinging up.

The Turks had nine airplanes near Deraah, and they were playing the very dickens against the young archæologist's Arabs, for day after day they flew out and dropped bombs on the Bedouins. Lawrence got a machine and flew over to Allenby asking him to send several fighting planes to drive off the Germans, so Allenby gave him three Bristol fighters. One of the pilots was a Captain Ross Smith, who later was to become famous for being the first man ever to fly from England to Australia. The Bristol fighters were better machines than those the Turks had, and soon put a stop to the German aviators' habit of bombing the Arabs.

One morning, while Lawrence and his aviators were having breakfast together, a Turkish plane came over. One of the British pilots immediately jumped into his plane and took off from the level field of sand. Up he went after the enemy, and the Turkish plane tried to get away, but the Bristol fighter was much faster, caught up and pumped machine-gun bullets in a steady stream till the enemy fell in flames. The English aviator then returned and finished his porridge, which had been kept hot for him. He had started to eat his marmalade, when another enemy war-bird appeared. The same British pilot went up after him, but this time the Turk was too cunning. He made away at once.

The Turks in Deraah still held the town, and Lawrence decided to force them out of it by throwing his army of Arabs across the line between Deraah and Damascus. That was the way by which the Turks would have to retreat, for seeing they were in danger of being surrounded, they'd have to clear out as fast as they could. At the head of his camel corps he made a swift march and swept down on the railroad between Deraah and Damascus. This was a point where he had blown up the line on one of his previous raids, but the Turks worked furiously and had repaired it. The railroad had been opened for trains just on the previous day, and Lawrence now planted a huge crop of "tulips," blowing up ties and tracks once again, and making a thorough job of it. Six complete trains were pent up in Deraah. The Turks, feeling that their line of retreat was threatened by the camel corps, immediately marched out of Deraah to fight their way through, while Lawrence and his Arabs were scouting the country, picking up what Turks they could.

An airplane dropped him a message saying it had sighted two columns of Turks. One, six thousand strong, was coming from Deraah—it was the force that was retreating from that town—the other was of two thousand men approaching from another direction. Lawrence decided the latter was about his size. He sent an order for his forces of Arab foot-soldiers to hurry up, and had his horsemen hang around the flanks of the Turkish column to annoy it.

That day the Arabs entered Deraah.

The whole force of Turks was now in flight before Allenby's advancing columns. The regiments that had gone through over at Jaffa on the Mediterranean continued their rapid advance and threatened to round up the enemy's armies. Lawrence and his Arabs were along the line of the retreating fugitives. They kept striking, always, falling upon every detachment not too large for their strength, cutting off supplies and harassing the retreat in every way. Lawrence led his force to the outskirts of Damascus. The city was a sea of flame, and explosions sounded everywhere for the Turks were clearing out and burning their stores.

At sunset Lawrence, in the Rolls Royce which had served him so well in his fighting, drove into Damascus. Allenby's troops had not yet come up and the twenty-nine-year-old scholar, who was the commander-in-chief of the greatest army that had been raised in Arabia for five hundred years, was master of the ancient Arabian capital. The entire population lined the streets to look at the slight young man dressed in the garb of a Prince of Mecca. Knowing they were at last freed from the Turkish yoke, they shouted his name and Emir Feisal's in a joyous chorus. For ten miles along the streets of the oldest city in the world, the crowds gave the boyish-looking Englishman one of the greatest ovations any mortal has ever received.

With the capture of Damascus, the Arab war came to an end. In a few more days the Turks threw down their arms and asked for peace. Lawrence stayed in Damascus long enough to organize a temporary government for Emir Feisal who afterwards was made King of Syria. Then he modestly withdrew and went home to England, declining all honors that were heaped upon him such as the Victoria Cross, a commission as a general, and even knighthood.

He was now nearly thirty years of age, having been only twenty-six when the war began. But in this time he had raised an army, driven the Turks from Arabia, assisted Allenby in freeing Palestine and Syria, and had helped make two kings and one sultan—surely an achievement unequaled in all modern history!

This concludes the story of the "revolt in the desert." As a sequel, we shall print, in the October number, a brief article by Mr. Thomas, "Lawrence Still a Man of Mystery." EDITOR.

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to speed the rainy days and quiet hours of your boys and girls at home. Selected books for young people, bearing the Century imprint and chosen because of their good story structure, the verisimilitude of their scenes, and the vitality of their characters.

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