APRIL, 1928

ST. NICHOLAS

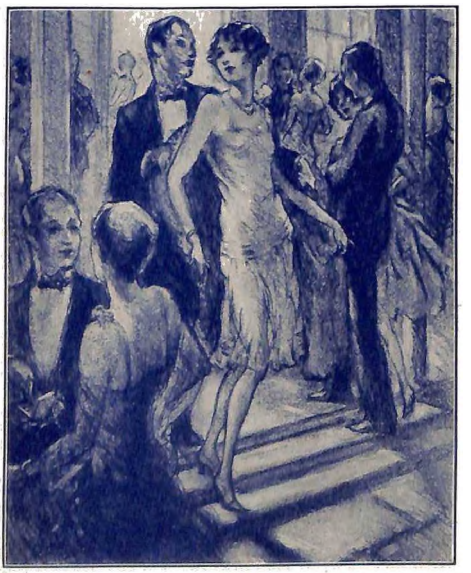
COMRADES OF THE KEY

A New Book by
RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "Barry Locke: Half Back," etc.

A story of a boy's adventures on Runpun Key, a dot of an island off the Florida coast. Here lived the Cosden squatter family. Little Peter, blue eyed, slim and barefoot, was happy when he fished with his father, but during the long hours of play when he had only his make-believe pirate companions, Peter did so long for a playmate, a companion, with whom he could explore the island and collect the treasures of the sea. Then one day, after an unusually violent storm, little Peter, playing pirate all alone found a dory washed up on the shore and in it an unconscious child. No parents for the child were found for several years, and the story is of the adventures of these two likable youngsters. Then came the Florida boom, strange people, a palatial yacht, the parents of the child, and a problem in ethics for a youngster to decide. *Illustrated.* $1.75

GIPSY FORTUNES



By DOROTHY GREVE JARNAGIN

A book for girls about an interesting group of young people who have many diverse and sometimes conflicting interests. The story has a lovely southern setting and opens on a high note of prophecy. Gipsy Glasgow, Class Prophet, amazes her classmates when she stands before them at the high school graduation festivities, dressed in gipsy costume, and, with awesome voice and appropriate seriousness, reads to them the fortunes and developments of their lives which they may expect in after days. So well has she studied their types, and such interesting and diversified careers does she predict for these ambitious young people, that almost are they convinced that her prophecies will come true. Then the story develops through an amazing series of unusual episodes, and proves with almost uncanny accuracy the truth of those high school prophecies. *Illustrated.* $2.00

THE CENTURY CO. — *Publishers of Enduring Books*

The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

GEORGE F. THOMSON, *Editor*

VOL. LV — No. 6

CONTENTS *for* APRIL, 1928

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

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The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

FEATURES *for* NEXT MONTH *and* TO COME

Tommy Dane and the Yaqui — **A. GROVE DAY**

A kind deed is remembered by a bandit chief.

The Croix de Guerre — **LESLIE QUIRK**

Knowledge, even of what we ourselves want, is a *relative* matter — relative to the experience we have had.

Red Sweaters — **MARGUERITE ASPINWALL**

Young ladies, when you intend to be brave, be sure to dress properly for it.

The Best Policy — **CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER**

Boys, let this be a lesson.

Raghu, the Son of a Cook — **D. G. MUKERJI**

Mr. Mukerji's magic pen weaves a spell around the story of a persevering boy.

Navy Divers — **ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL**

Commander Turnbull gives us a glimpse behind the scenes (as well as beneath the surface) of one feature of life in the navy.

Between the Covers of Many Books — **FLORENCE MILNER**

A review of the Spring books that you will want to read, by one who knows.

Dreams of Camp!

APRIL, MAY, JUNE — summer vacation drawing nearer and nearer. And then golden days at Camp!

If you are fond of swimming, sailing, golfing, horse-back riding, canoeing, archery, tennis, hiking, woodcraft, or fishing, attend a good camp this summer.

If you are interested in dramatics, dancing, music, arts and crafts, or manual training, encourage your talent at a good camp this summer.

Camp means two months of freedom and comfort doing the things you want to do.

Picture to yourselves the delight of awakening in one of these wonderful play-places with days ahead full of out-door activities under trained counselors who are only interested in your welfare, happiness and enjoyment. What picturesque memories these days in camp will give you for all the years to come!

The well-conducted camps give our boys and girls an all-around training, making them better fit to cope with later life — mentally, morally and physically.

Do Not Let Yourself Be Disappointed This Summer

Plan now to attend a good camp. Make your arrangements at an early date. Write to the Directors and find out more about the camps that appeal to you the most. Do not delay for the camps are filling up and you do not want to be left out.

In the following pages you will find listed a great many of our splendid camps. Choose *your* camp now. If you need assistance in making a decision, it will be a pleasure to help you. Your request will receive our prompt and careful attention.

Lillian R. Matlaw

ST. NICHOLAS SCHOOL AND CAMP SERVICE

353 Fourth Avenue , , , , , New York City

Classified Camp Directory

of Announcements Appearing in This Number

For Girls	For Boys
California	
Santa Barbara	
Colorado	
Kinnikinnik	
Rocky Mountain	
Connecticut	
Chinqueka	Cadaho
Cornucopia	Lantern Hill
Juanita	Red Cottage
Mystic	Saugatuck
Red Cottage	Senape
	Wonposet
Illinois	
Orchard Hill	Orchard Hill
Indiana	
	Culver
Kentucky	
Trail's End	
Maine	
Abena	Conesca
Bendito	Great Oaks
Eggemoggin	Maine-New Brunswick Aqua Tour
Lin-E-Kin Bay	
Moosehead	Maranacook
Overlook	Moosehead
Sebowisha	Wild-Croft
Taik-Ur-Eez	Wildmere
Wawenock-Owaissa	Winnecook
Wichitee	Winnecowett
Maryland	
	Gunston
Massachusetts	
Cotuit	Mohawk Lodges
Cowasset	Mon-O-Moy
Kendall	Namequoit
Knollmere	Rimrock Farm
Maricopa	Skylark
Mayflower	Spyglass Hill
Quanset	Wampanoag
Rimrock Farm	Waziyata
Sea Pines	
Spyglass Hill	
Watatic	
Yokum	

For Girls	For Boys
Michigan	
Arbutus	Crystal Lake
Interlochen	Fairwood
Kairphree	Penn Loch
Osoha-of-the-Dunes	Tosebo
Pottawottamie	
Wanalda Woods	
Minnesota	
Holiday	
New Hampshire	
Allegro	Ossipee
Interlaken	Penacook
Oahe	Pine Acres
Ogontz	Weedigowasa
Pine Knoll	
Sargent	
Tall Pines	
Waukeela	
Wotanda	
New Jersey	
Dune-by-the-Sea	Ocean Wave
New Mexico	
	Los Alamos Ranch
New York	
Dunes	Chautauqua
Lauderdale	Chenango-on-Otsego
Moss Lake	Dart's
Ok-A-To-Mi	Fire Place Lodge
Owaissa	Forest Lake
Tekakwetha	Greenkill
Twanekotah	Hilltop
	Lancewood
	Little Bear
	Mombasha
	St. John's
	Tonde
North Carolina	
Dellwood	
Junaluska	
Nikwasi	
Pennsylvania	
Oneka	Dan Beard
Owaissa	Lenape
Paupac	Maplewood
Pine Tree	Olde Mille Lodge

For Girls	For Boys
Pennsylvania (continued)	
Poch-A-Wachne	Pocono
Red Wing	Pocono Pines
Wa-Wa-Na-Sa	Red Cloud
	Romopauk
	Shohola
	Wa-Wa-Na-Sa
Rhode Island	
Sea Line	
Tennessee	
	Whooppee
Vermont	
Aloha	Kahagon
Brown Ledge	Kill Kare
Farwell	St. Ann's
Killooleet	
Marbury	
Neshobe	
Teela-Wooket	
Wihakowi	
Wynona	
Wyoda	
Virginia	
Lake Pocahontas	
Washington	
	Wonderland
West Virginia	
	Terra Alta
Wisconsin	
Bryn Afon	Adventure Island
Osoha	St. John's
Sandstone	
Canada	
Hermit Thrush	Annapolis Royal
	Mooswa
	Ottertrail
	Owl Head
Abroad	
Cathedral and Castle Tour	Biking Tours

ST. NICHOLAS School and Camp Service is at your disposal at all times to help you regarding your camp problems. In this issue, you will find listed some of the finest camps in the country. The problem of which camp to attend is not always an easy one. If you are perplexed, let us help you. The coupon below is for your convenience. We will be glad to assist you without charge.

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S.N. 4-28

Name .....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

Do you wish a Camp? ..... or a School? .....

In what part of the country? .....

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

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

Summer Camps for Girls

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On Pleasant Bay

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Learn to sail at Quanset. Racing in safe Pleasant Bay with Cape Cod skipper. Canoeing, salt water swimming, riding, all sports. Strong organization of able counsellors. Scientific health building. Medical supervision. Nimicutts 5–11. Quansets 12–18.

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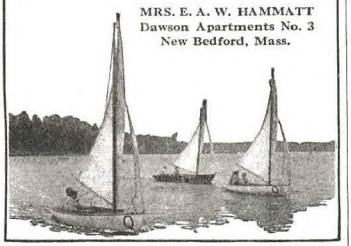

Wätatic

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Accessible from New York and Boston. 1200 feet above sea level. Invigorating air. All water sports under careful supervision. Hikes, mountain trips. Sleeping bungalows. Individual attention. Excellent staff. Wholesome surroundings. **FREE Horseback Riding.** No extras.

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Vacation Club for older girls

Mrs. Albert Sloper, Director
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THE TEELA-WOOKET CAMPS

The Horseback Camps *No Extras*

Dear Peggy:

Dad told me at breakfast that I can go back to Teela-Wooket this summer! And mother spoke up and suggested that I get you to go with me. Tell Aunt Clara that it will be the most wonderful summer of your whole life.

You'll adore the girls — girls from out West and down South and all over New England — just the sort you know and like at home. And the life at Teela-Wooket is thrilling from the bugle for plunge in the morning to the stories and music around a roaring fire at night.

I know you want to perfect your golf game, and you'll have a marvelous opportunity. The course at Teela-Wooket was laid out by Stiles & Van Kleek, the golf architects who planned our course at home.

But Peggy, of all the things you'll learn, nothing will be as wonderful as horseback riding. Wait till you see yourself in a scarlet hat and tie, a blue middy, and snappy tan breeches, riding over the trails in the Green Mountains, singing, "Teela-Wooket comes swinging along," to the jingle of bits and the beat of steel-shod hoofs. "Spotty" is my favorite horse; although "Honey Girl" has a host of admirers. Golf, tennis and swimming are all right, but a golf ball can't look at you with big friendly brown eyes, nor can a tennis racquet whinny a welcome and rub its soft nose against your cheek.

Last of all comes Field Day, which means . . . the Horse Show . . . the tournaments . . . exhibitions . . . matches . . . and the final banquet, when lights are low and everybody anxiously awaits the announcement of the honor girls.

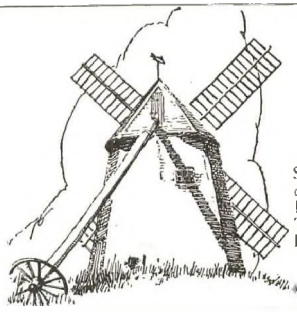
If Aunt Clara and Uncle Rob knew how wonderful it all is they wouldn't let you stay away! Let me hear as soon as you know you can go.

Lovingly,
MARION.

P. S. Write Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Massachusetts, for catalog and information concerning The Teela-Wooket Camps in the Green Mountains at Roxbury, Vermont. Your brother would like Camp Idlewild for boys. It's under the same management.

Everybody learns to swim

Golf instruction is free



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Sailing and all salt-water sports. Still water canoeing and swimming. Arts and crafts. Dramatics. Dancing. Athletics. Archery. Trips. Interviews arranged in New York and Boston. For Booklet, address:

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14th Season *Write for booklet*

WYNONA CAMP
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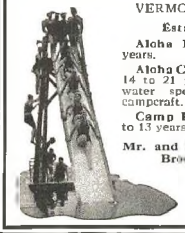
The Aloha Camps
VERMONT



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Aloha Hive, girls 8 to 13 years.

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Camp Lanakila for boys 8 to 13 years.

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Brookline, Mass.

Booklets on request

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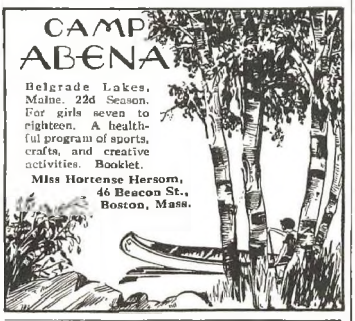

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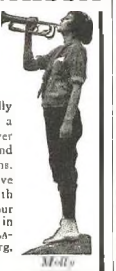

Molly

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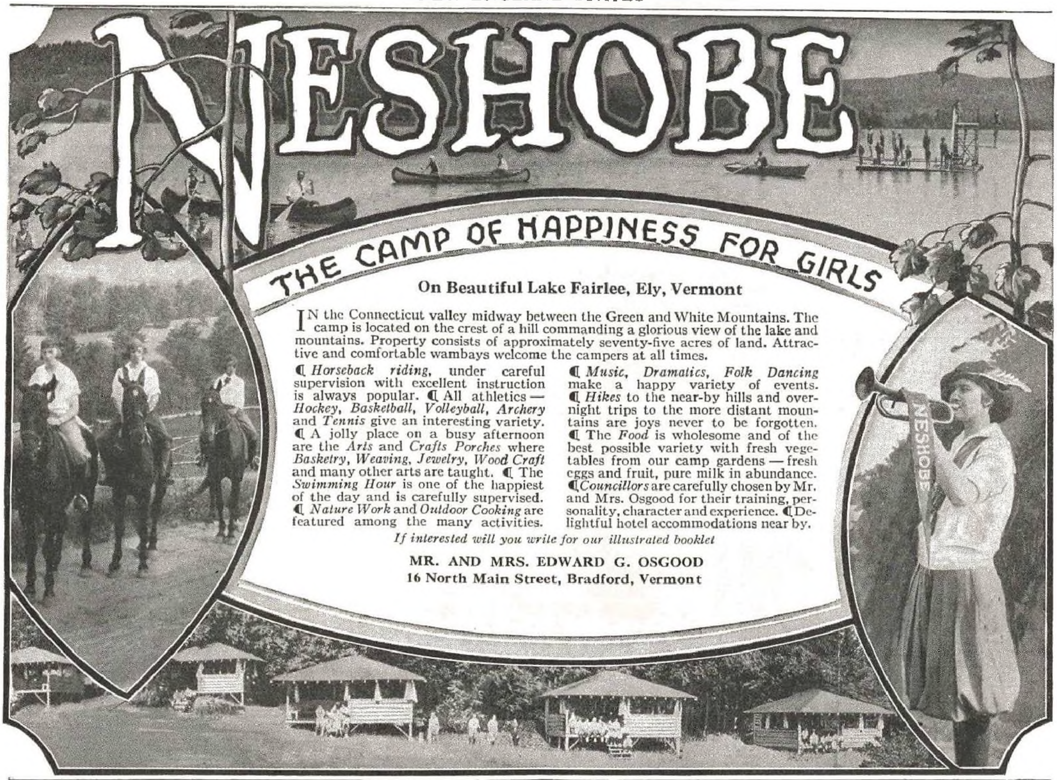
Accommodations for Parents. Booklet.
Mrs. C. W. Ledley, Glen Ridge, N. J.

NEW ENGLAND STATES



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Separate Camps: Junior—Senior—Club

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AN EXHILARATING game of tennis . . . a cold plunge in the lake . . . an hour around a crackling fire . . . a wholesome out-of-doors summer.

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NEW ENGLAND STATES

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Miss Jobe's salt water camp for girls, Juniors and Seniors 8-18. Half-way between New York and Boston, on the New England Coast. All land and water sports. Crafts. Specializing in Life Saving, Dancing, Riding. Day and moonlight trips in Northern Light. Camping trips to Mystic Island. Personally conducted by **Mrs. Carl Akeley** (Mary L. Jobe), who contributes her unusual experience in British Columbia and Africa. Booklet.

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Camp Mystic owns the Northern Light, 65 passenger 60 HP. 54 feet over all — speed 20 miles an hour

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A Camp of Distinction for Girls

In famous Chocorua region of White Mountains. Location, buildings, equipment unexcelled. New sport field and tennis courts. Specialties — camp-craft and canoeing, aquatics, handcrafts, dramatics, riding, mountain and canoe trips. Special woodcraft and junior departments. A unique program adaptable to needs of the individual girl. Honor system built around the "three W's." Fascinating 40-page booklet on request. Address:

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Start of weekly picnic

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On Kennebec Point in view of the Atlantic. Balsam trees add fragrance and health. Large, airy cabins. Recreation Hall for dramatics, dancing, games. Fine white sand beach with special instruction in swimming and life-saving. Weekly trips to nearby points of interest. Write for illustrated catalog.

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Free Horseback Riding. Tuition $320.
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Here is a camp with an *idea*.

Its girls return home not only more healthy and more skillful, but in possession of a new and vital experience in the art of living.

Enrollment positively limited to 40.
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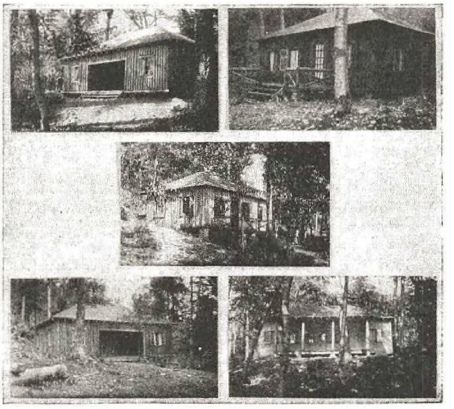

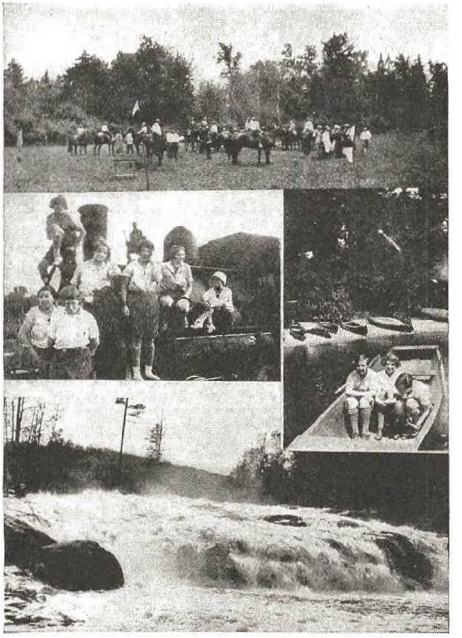

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Summer Camps for Boys

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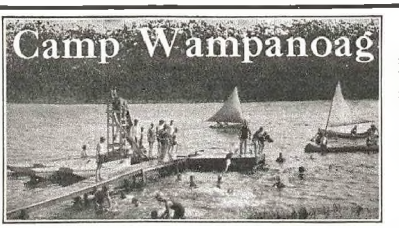

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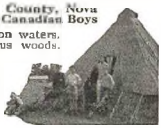

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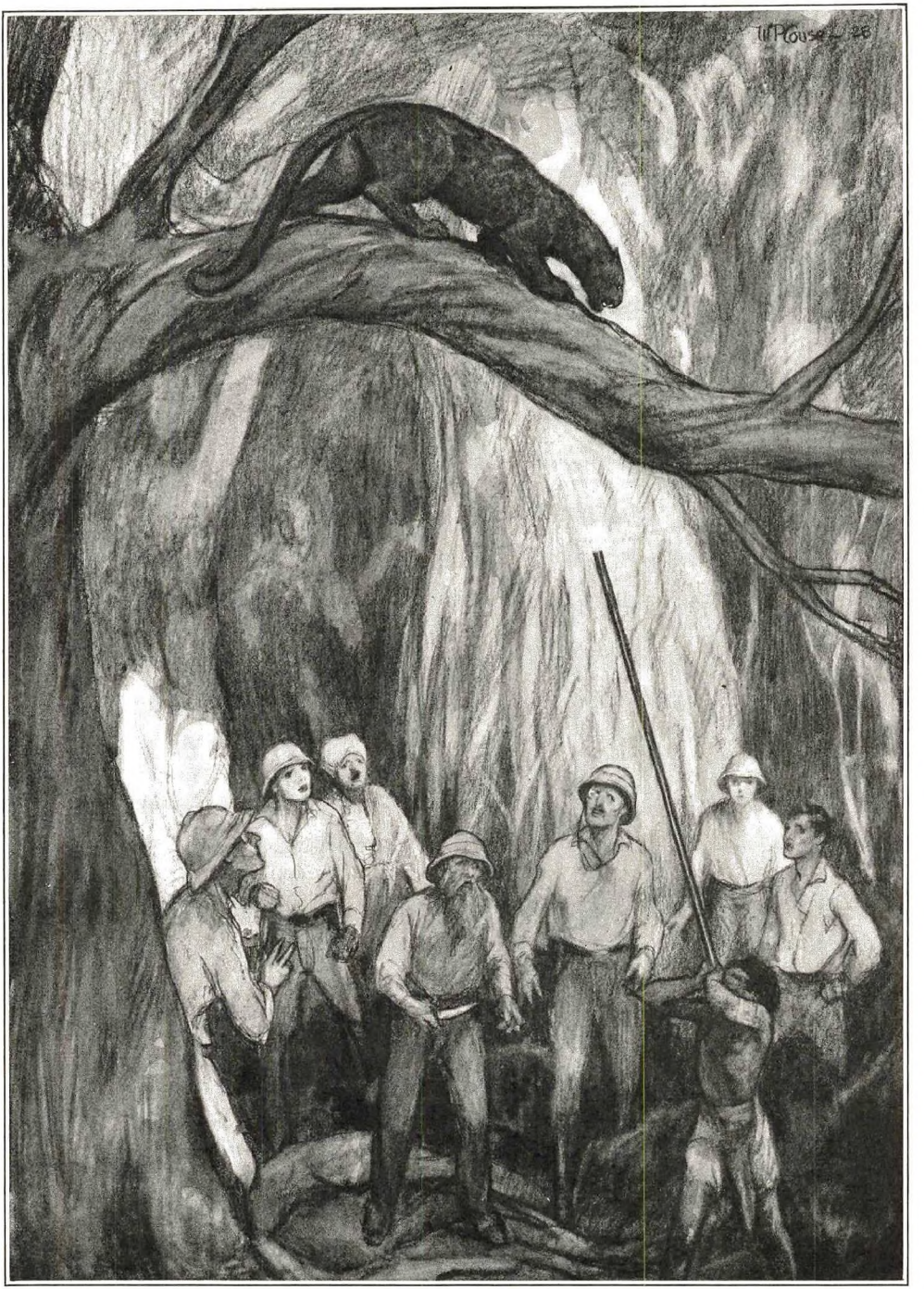

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AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE SNAKE-BLOOD RUBY." DRAWN BY W. P. COUSE

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. LV April, 1928 No. 6

THE FAST DROP

By MERRITT PARMELEE ALLEN

Author of "The Ghost of the Glimmerglass," etc.

EVERY ONE knew when Howland High came to bat in the last of the eighth that it would not be necessary for them to finish the ninth. The score was 10 to 4 in their favor, and their opponents were discouraged. Little Mudge, first up, singled and from first waved gaily to Chipman, who had followed him to the plate.

"Show me the way to go home, Chip," he shouted, and the crowd laughed.

Chip nodded and was digging in his toes, when he got the signal from Mr. Dean, the coach, to sacrifice. He bit his lips in anger. What was the use of sacrificing when the game was as good as won? Didn't a fellow have his own batting average to think of once in a while? The coach was an old granny to be always playing safe whether it was necessary or not. A sacrifice might be the logical play but—

"Come on, Chip," some one in the stand roared. "Wallop the cover off it."

Chip tingled from head to foot, for that was what he loved, to hear his name in the mouth of the crowd. It was breath to his nostrils, and made him giddy with pride. He had heard it often that day, for he had pitched an unusually good game for a high-school boy; but he wanted to hear it again, hear it thundered to the sky as he tore off a four-base hit. Never mind the coach for once, there was no glory in a sacrifice, and glory was what Chip wanted.

So he swung at the first one with all his might, swung and hit squarely. It did not occur to him that his decision could be wrong, for he had made it himself, and he thought very well of himself just then. As he rounded first he saw two fielders running back. Some one shouted to him, but he did not listen. It must be a home run, and he swept on, driving Mudge, who seemed to be lagging, ahead of him. And then in another second he realized that he was all wrong, that the ball had been caught, was going back to first, that he and Mudge were both out.

Yet, they won the game, and in the general rejoicing he hoped that his blunder would be overlooked. He even went so far as to think that, because of his pitching record, the coach would pass over his breach of discipline. That evening he basked in the praise of his team-mates and the fellows about town, and went home inflated to the point where he thought himself so important to the team that the coach would not dare criticize him.

It was a simple case of "big head" that sometimes attacks the best of fellows, but Mr. Dean did not stand in awe of it.

"Chip," he asked the next day, getting the boy alone in a corner of the dressing-room, "did you misunderstand my signal to sacrifice yesterday?"

Chip looked away and then back. "No, sir. I thought I could knock out a homer."

"With the lead we had, there was no need of taking a chance."

"I didn't see the need of sacrificing."

"Now you do."

"Yes—as it turned out. Still, it didn't make any difference."

"That is not the point," the coach said firmly. "One of the worst habits a ball-player can form is that of taking chances. Take one some time when it doesn't matter and you will take the next one at a time when it does matter. It makes you unreliable and breaks up the team-work."

"Team-work isn't all there is to a game," Chip returned.

"It is a large share."

"There wouldn't be team-work without individuals."

"The greatest individual players are strong on team-work."

"All the same, they keep an eye on their own batting averages."

"They play the game for all they are worth, and the averages take care of themselves." The coach was talking earnestly. "Don't get it into your head that Cobb or Ruth or Walter Johnson or any of the other big ones don't play for their team first. Otherwise they wouldn't be where they are. A fellow who won't pull with the others and put the good of the team first is never admired—he is cheap."

Chip was silly enough to take the criticism too personally and to resent it. He went away angry and nursed the notion that the coach was "riding him." As a matter of fact, the discipline had galled him all the season, though he tried to make out that it was not discipline at all, but only "smartness" on Mr. Dean's part.

Under the old coach, a middle-aged English teacher, Chip had played on the team two years without any of this burdensome authority hanging over him. In those days a fellow could play the game about as he pleased, as long as he kept within the bounds of the rule-book. There had been a semblance of team-work, but it depended on the whims of the players. Usually, each one had swung as hard as he could at any ball that looked good to him, had fielded his position as he thought best, and had trusted the rest to luck. Then it had been fun, but now it was work. The young coach, who was on the field in uniform every minute of practice, had shelved the old happy-go-lucky way of playing, and put in its place a tight, keen game that kept every one thinking like a final examination in Latin. A fellow could no longer bat to suit himself, but must be governed by the men on bases, the ability of those to follow, the position of the fielders, and diverse other factors. The fielders were not allowed to cover the lot collectively with a vague hope that among them they would somehow stop a majority of the balls; each man had his work cut out for him, and if he failed there was no "passing the buck." And one and all, they got their orders from the coach.

Chip, who because of his natural pitching ability had always had his own way on the team, now found himself as strictly accountable as the others, and it chafed him. He had too much sense to demand openly more privileges than the other fellows, though he felt that he had more reason to complain. His main grievance was the ban that Mr. Dean had placed on his fast drop. The drop in itself was not all that such a drop should be, but Chip believed that by working hard he could master it. The coach agreed with that, but he forbade the attempt on the grounds that no young pitcher's arm should be subjected to such a strain. "There is too much jerk and snap in throwing a curve of that kind," he insisted. "Put it off until next year or, better still, until you get to college. Concentrate on controlling your straight ball and vary it with your out-curve and your slow drop. That is enough for any high-school pitcher." And he stuck to it. Chip seethed. A straight ball, an out, a slow drop,—anybody could throw those simple things. But he wanted to be more than just anybody; he wanted to be a marvel, one that would keep the stands roaring with enthusiasm. He wanted to practise that fast drop until it made him famous, the most talked of high-school pitcher in the country. And now he was forbidden to try it for fear of the effect it might have on his arm in the future. The new coach seemed possessed with the idea that he was preparing his boys for work years ahead instead of for this season's games. Chip's ambition was to be a college pitcher, but he could see no reason why that should interfere with his present style of playing. And the more he brooded over it the sorer he got.

"'NO; YOUR COACH WILL BE TO BLAME. THAT'S WHY HE'S NOT GOING TO LET YOU USE IT'"

The next afternoon was exceptionally fine, and a number of students went out to watch practice. Some of them, including several girls, gathered behind the back-stop and watched Chip put them over to his catcher, Dave West.

"Oh!" one of the girls cried, as an out broke nicely in front of the plate. "I didn't know curves were jumpy like that. What makes them?"

The boy beside her laughed. "Chip makes 'em. He knows how to handle a baseball. Watch him."

It was music to Chip's ears. He sent over a fast straight one, another out, a careless slow drop, and then put all his steam into the forbidden fast drop.

"Oh!" The girl clapped her hands. "I never saw one like that before."

"Great stuff!" one fellow cried, and all the spectators were enthusiastic, for it was a good one, the best of its kind Chip had ever thrown.

"You know what the orders are," West said in an undertone.

The pitcher glanced at the outfield, where Mr. Dean was giving some pointers in bunting to three freshmen, then back at his admirers behind the plate.

"You won't squeal if I work on it some," he said.

"Of course I won't squeal," West said shortly. "But it won't do your arm any good."

"Don't worry about my arm," Chip snapped.

But at the next pitch he could not help noticing a tiny stab of pain on the outside of his throwing arm just below the shoulder. It angered him and he threw harder than ever until the coach came in and started batting practice.

Coming out of the gymnasium an hour later, Mr. Dean fell into step with him. "I hate to speak of it again," he began mildly, "but it is poor policy to keep on using that fast drop."

Chip flushed but put up a bold front. "I am improving on it," he said.

"I noticed that from where I was in the field," Mr. Dean remarked. He squeezed the boy's right shoulder and felt him wince. "Sore, eh?"

"A little—perhaps."

The coach nodded. "I have told you before that a growing arm can't stand too many curves. A fast drop, especially, requires a snap that bothers even a seasoned arm."

"I'll toughen to it," Chip said carelessly.

"You may, but the chances are ten to one that you will 'burn out' your arm instead, so that in later years when you need it the most it will lay down on you."

"I'm not worrying about the years to come," Chip said impatiently. "I want to win this season's games, most of all the Galeston one. That's what we all want and," he hesitated and then shot out, "that's what you are expected to help us do."

The coach smiled slowly. "There is more to it than that."

"What more?"

"Well, I am hired to look after the physical welfare of you fellows. There is nothing said about winning games."

"Don't you care about winning?"

"Certainly. But it is not my main object."

"What is?"

"To teach you what I can about playing ball, and to keep you from hurting yourselves."

"Oh, you make me tired!" Chip burst out. "We're not babies."

The coach continued, "I want to see you in faster company some day. When you get to college you won't have a burned-out arm, if I can help it. That's why I want you to lay off that fast drop for a year or two."

"Just when I've got it where I can handle it!" Chip flushed angrily. "Just when people are beginning to talk about it!"

"Never mind what people say. Look ahead two or three years and be sensible, Chip."

"I'm going to use that fast drop whenever I want to. If it hurts me, I'll be to blame."

"No; your coach will be to blame. That's why he is not going to let you use it."

"I will use it!" Chip's eyes flashed.

"Not for a while yet." Mr. Dean's voice had an edge.

"Then I won't play on the team."

"Very well. We shall miss you, but we will do our best to get along without you, if we must."

"All right. Try it," Chip cried in a rage, and turned down a side street.

Before he had gone ten steps he had a vague feeling that he had made a fool of himself, but he would not go back. Even the next day when Mr. Dean tried to patch it up with him he told him flatly that unless he could pitch as he wanted to he would not pitch at all. It was utterly senseless, thus to lay down the law to a coach, and it was done in a way that nettled Mr. Dean, who was prepared to meet the boy more than half way and allow him to make limited use of the fast drop, depending on the condition of his arm. But Chip's attitude blocked any move of that kind. He would not play at all unless he could play his own way, which would be fatal to the harmony of the team and to the authority which is every coach's right; so there was nothing to do but go on without him.

During the days that followed, Chip was surprised to find that his bolt had not upset the team. The fellows missed him, they said so honestly, but they gave no sign of breaking up merely because he was not there. He had planned on becoming something of a martyr, but those plans fell through. There was no excitement. Very quietly the team backed the coach, and outsiders followed suit; so both in school and out Chip got little of the sympathy he had expected. He put up a stiff front and sulked as steadfastly in his tent as ever Achilles did, but there was no fun in it. There was not one who did not want him back on the team; yet, at the same time, there was not one who was seriously upset by his absence. They simply let him sulk, and plugged on their way as best they could, which made Achilles very uncomfortable.

But there was no dodging the fact that the team was handicapped without him, for he was a pitcher such as few high schools have. It was for that very reason, if he could only have realized it, that Mr. Dean refused to let him "burn out" his arm now and spoil his excellent chances for a college career. Nothing like that would ever happen to Avery, the second-string pitcher. He was a stocky, bullet-headed youngster, who played with desperate earnestness and little else. He had considerable speed whenever he tried a slow ball, and a very good inshoot when the occasion demanded an out; but aside from that he was quite unreliable. He did his best, which was all that could be expected but far less than was desired.

The Saturday after the trouble, Avery lost the game 7 to 1. Chip watched it from the stands and found a selfish satisfaction in the thought that if he had been in the box it would not have happened. If some one had only called for him as the Pirate fans used to call for Cuyler, he would have been the happiest self-made martyr in the world; but no one mentioned his name, and his ego began to slump. The next two or three days he hung around the field during practice, and the slump continued. Mr. Dean and

"IT WAS A WHIRLWIND ATTACK, ALL RIGHT"

the fellows were friendly enough, but they were too busy to pay much attention to him. Occasionally they paused to talk to him about the weather or some other inane topic; but he might have been a doddering alumnus for all they mentioned the possibility of his getting back in the game. He could not stand that and fell to taking walks after school, throwing stones at a mark as he went along, for he was itching to be in motion again.

The next game, an out-of-town one, was also lost. Chip did not see it, as he spent the afternoon working in his father's garden—and thinking. He thought more when he learned that the boys had made fourteen errors in the game. Any one could see by that what Avery's pitching was doing to things. No team can hold together behind such a pitcher. And next week was the Galeston game, the climax of the season. In its present form, Howland would be only a joke on that day; but Chip knew that he could make them play ball again. And, strangely enough, he realized it without self-consciousness. He no longer wanted to be in the game for the sake of hearing his name shouted by the crowd; he wanted to be in it to help his team win. He longed for the chatter of his mates behind him, the feel of the earth under his spikes, the salt tang of sweat in his mouth, the sense of fighting for his school.

With none of his old swagger, he rang Mr. Dean's door-bell and followed him into the little sitting-room, where they were alone. Only those two knew what was said there, but each seemed very well satisfied with the other when Chip left an hour later.

It will be many a day before those who saw it stop talking about the Howland-Galeston game that was played at Galeston the next Saturday. From the first pitched ball to the last it was as taut as a bow-string. The locals had had an almost perfect season and were brimming with confidence, which is sometimes a dangerous thing; while the visitors were fighting like tigers to regain their good name, which is also a dangerous thing—for the other side. During the past week they had rallied magnificently around Chip, coming out of their slump with a snap that showed how great was their confidence in him. And he was doing his best to justify it. With but one thought in the world,—to repair the damage he had done,—he was fighting as he had never fought before. Nothing more had been said about the fast drop, it was not necessary, for he realized the folly of using it when so much depended on his arm. His arm? By the new light in which he saw things it seemed to him that his arm and all the rest of him belonged to the school, at least for that afternoon.

The score stood 3 to 3 at the beginning of the eighth inning. Every run had been hard earned, and the teams faced each other grimly, each respecting the other's strength and summoning every resource of mind and muscle to outdo it. Then came a bit of real ball-playing on Howland's part; a stolen base, a bunt, and two singles, all so nicely timed that they netted a run without the loss of a man. 4 to 3 in Howland's favor.

But Galeston was not defeated yet. They would never have been the team they were if one man among them had learned to think of quitting. With three hits and a run against him in that inning and no one out, Wilbur, the Galeston pitcher, grinned cheerfully as West came to bat, and West had earned the "clean-up" position on the batting list by his stick prowess. The Howland crowd yelled encouragement as their big catcher gripped his bat, roared as he swung and hit, and subsided abruptly when the long fly settled in the center-fielder's glove. West strolled back from first and passed the word to the coach that Wilbur's fast one was slowing up, which, in such a crisis, meant that he was tiring. It was to be expected, for he had been working furiously from the start, using as many curves as a big-leaguer, which is something few school-boy arms can stand. And while they were thinking about his infirmities, he shot one over to first like greased lightning and caught Gray off.

Tough luck, but such things happen. Under the circumstances, the best thing for Pike, next up, to do was to try for a hit somewhere near first, but far enough away so he could beat it to the bag and advance Bell to third. The fielders thought the same and moved over. The battery did some thinking and decided to try him on slow balls, in the hope that he would swing too soon and send any possible hit to the left, where it would be easier to play it on Bell. The first one loafed over for a called strike. Pike swung nervously at the next one and realized that he was a quarter of an hour, more or less, too early.

"IT SEEMED TO WEST THAT CHIP, AS HE WOUND UP, WAS SOME MODERN JOVE PREPARING TO HURL A THUNDERBOLT"

Then came a ball, even slower than the others. A second and a third seemed to float past like toy balloons. It would be easy to slam one if it came within reach and the next one probably would, as Wilbur would rather risk a hit than a pass. Thus thinking of slow balls, Pike got set for the last pitch. It came like an arrow. He lost one fatal instant in judging its speed, then swung—too late. Wilbur deserved the hand he got as he came in from the field.

With their one-run lead the Howlanders took the field in high spirits, even turning a handspring or two to show how they felt about it. Chip wasted no energy in that way, for his work was cut out for him. Full of fight, on their own grounds, with the top of their batting-order coming up, there was every indication of a Galeston rally. "They're wild Indians!" Mr. Dean had whispered. "You must hold 'em, boy!" As Chip stepped into the box he glanced around the field and was thankful for those eight good men to back him up. He put over a few to West to test his arm, found it all right, and faced Ranny, his opponents' lanky right fielder. He had a reputation for safe singles, but Chip and West had studied him closely and found that his weakness was for fast, high ones. It now took just five of that kind to send him back to the bench. He was followed by Ross, who hit to short and reached the bag just one eighteen millionth part of an inch ahead of the throw, according to Bell. There were two things that Hammond, next up, would try to do, either attempt a smashing hit, or bunt. It seemed to the battery that it would be the former, in the hope of pushing Ross home or at least to third where another hit would tie the score. They tried him on a fast one, for he was a trifle slow on the swing, but the fraction of a second later West saw it was to be a bunt. Another fraction of a second, and it was rolling in home-plate territory. But West knew how to handle bunts. Like a shot he was after it, and in a series of motions so fast that they seemed to be but one, he passed it, turned toward first, snatched the ball, and threw without an instant's loss, getting his man. It was a play that drew applause from both sides of the field.

In the meantime Ross had gone down to second. There was still a chance of tying the score, if Giles, already at the plate, could get a long, safe hit. And Giles was also a "clean-up" hitter. "Take no chances," Mr. Dean signaled. "Don't give him a hit if you can help it." And West added, "He bites best at fast ones." So Chip burned one over—a foul. A second foul. West asked to have the next one farther out, but it went too far—a ball. Another ball. Three balls! A tenseness gripped every one. If this man walked and the next one hit, the game might be lost right there. The same might happen if he hit. "Ease up," West suggested. Chip shook his head. Three times Giles had all but taken fast ones. Another, if faster, would get him. But the faster they were the farther out they went. Chip considered that and decided that for some reason, probably some little fault in his delivery, their very speed pulled them out. He made some rapid calculations, then gathered himself, and hurled with all his might straight at the batter. It was not a curve, but like an arrow it shot in a true slant from his hand over the plate for the last strike.

"How is your arm?" the coach asked anxiously, when Chip reached the bench.

"All right."

"Seven terrific shots like that, late in the game, is a stiff test." Mr. Dean put his fingers on the boy's shoulder muscles and found them firm and steady. "Great stuff!" he said.

The first of that ninth inning was less of a credit to the Howland team than any other period of the game. They did not relax because of any sense of security, for a one-run lead is

(*Continued on page 498*)

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

By J. E. CONNER

IT is wonderful, in the tropics, to watch the beginning of the rainy season. It is the opening of spring, and it comes with the gradualness of a seasonal change, with no going backward till six months later. There is a finality in the advance from dryness to wetness, a sharpness of demarcation that forbids you to associate the rain with the weather.

It is the middle of April or a little later, let us say, in French Indo-China, at a point some ten degrees north of the equator. The long dry season has baked the soil to the hardness of the highway. You would need a pick rather than a spade to dig holes in the ground anywhere. The sun is directly overhead, and the rays thereof, when reflected from your white garments, dazzle the eyes like the sun itself. To go bareheaded is to invite a dizziness, then an itching scalp, then a headache,then blindness, insensibility—in a word, sun-stroke and sudden death. And it takes but a short time to do the mischief, so beware. Even the natives, protected by their thick mop of coarse, black hair, keep to the shade; and your rickshaw man knows on which side of the street the trees are growing. Don't forget, at the peril of your life, that your sun-helmet is a life preserver, and that a black hat is worse than nothing at all. Day after day the end of the dry season draws to a close, while you bake or fry in the parching heat of the sun. You wish for the rain, even though you know that it will be still hotter when it does come, and that instead of baking, you will be stewing and suffocating in a hot vapor-bath. Oh well, anything for a change—let's stew awhile. The evaporation will give some relief.

And what of the grasses and trees and other vegetation in a time like this? Grasses, weeds, and all the humbler forms have well-nigh vanished, with nothing much left but the roots and root-stocks. The trees stand dressed in their last season's foliage, harsh and rustling, except the few deciduous species like our own. Out in the jungle it is difficult for the tiger and the leopard to hide themselves, and still more difficult for the deer to find food enough to keep alive. Now is the time for the rubber plantations to be well guarded, for the deer will strip the trees of the thick milky leaves as high as they can reach.

But the change of season is at hand—the almanac tells you that—and you search the skies for a sign of the welcome clouds. All in vain, for there is nothing that you recognize as a bringer of relief. Over in the east, to be sure, there is a dark rim like a range of low-lying hills that you hadn't noticed before. Next day you notice it again at the same hour, and are a little surprised to see that your range of hills has grown somewhat—just a little higher and less like hills. Look for it again the following day and you will see that it is still higher, and as the days pass it rises higher yet, like a gigantic cover of a meat-tray rising from one horizon, to close by and by over the whole landscape, shutting you in from the sun. But it retreats every night when the sun disappears, only to repeat the performance the following day, beginning a little earlier and reaching a little farther. About the time it reaches the zenith some fresh, moist drops fall sizzling down to spatter in the dust and to be drunk up eagerly, instantly, by the thirsty soil. To-morrow we may expect at least a sprinkle, and sure enough, we get it. The next day it is a shower—no, it is only a drizzle, a prelude to the shower that comes the following day, and the torrential downpours that come thereafter. At first the moisture seems to disappear instantly into the waiting earth. Then come the days after the soil has taken its toll, when the air becomes steamy like a Turkish bath. Your well-starched clothes become limp and clammy, the salt can not be shaken out of salt-cellars, but must be spread like butter, with a knife. You can not use blotting-paper because the paper itself is already full of moisture, and it spreads the ink instead of taking it up. Ants, beetles and mosquitoes, and all sorts and conditions of insect life make merry with your discomfitures; and the tree-toad invades your home and sings with irritating contentment. And all this time the heat is increasing and you wonder if you really can live through it. However, there is some solace, for occasionally the evaporation affords relief, even though it is but a momentary respite; and the punka, pulled by a slow but tireless native, swings back and forth overhead, cooling you far better than any electric fan.

And now what is happening in the vegetable world? Only behold it and marvel at the miracle. No sooner is the wet season actually under way and the plants assured that they shall not die of thirst, when the greatest activity is evident everywhere. The tamarind-trees, whose thick green foliage has become almost black with age, begin to show little spots of a bright, fresh green on the tips of their twigs. Immediately a shower of another sort begins, a shower of dark green tamarind-leaves, crowded off the tips of the twigs to make room for those pushing, vigorous youngsters in haste to take their places. The fresh green spots spread downward and the shower of leaves increases, and every breeze sprinkles the earth with the cast-off clothes of the tamarind, hastening to put on its fresh green dress.

The "flamboyant," or "flame of the forest," or fire-tree—call it which you like—stands with its gaunt pallid limbs of enormous size and strength, defying the laws of gravitation, and not a leaf to conceal its nakedness. It responds to the touch of moisture, not with leaves as does the tamarind, but first with those great fiery red blossoms spread over its expansive periphery, a scarlet blanket of living bloom. Its robe of becoming green is an afterthought. No one who has seen that royal robe which the flamboyant puts on to welcome the spring can ever forget it.

In like manner the frangipani, a shrub some fifteen feet in height, produces on the tips of its blunt finger-ends—for that is just what its twigs look like—a cluster of tubes of the waxiest white, and a dab of buttery yellow in their depths. But the fragrance it produces and gives off gratis to all the winds that blow that way—well, one shrub will make its presence known when in full bloom as far as those same winds can travel.

Meantime what of the humbler weeds and grasses, those earth children that had to hide their diminished heads from the too fervent sun. Go with me into the jungle after two weeks of rain, and I promise you that you will not know the place you saw only a fortnight earlier. The trees and shrubs have bedecked themselves in livid green, and you will be hindered at every step by the rank growth springing from the earth, a carpet of weeds and grasses. So at last the deer has plenty of forage, the tiger plenty of concealment from which to stalk them, and the glad earth is thirsty no more. The rain has come.

FOR PEACE and CONCORD

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE
and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

"WHEN I grow up, I'm going to marry the governor of the Colony and wear naught meaner than satin." Reflect Davis smoothed her faded linsey-woolsey, as if already she felt the suavity of silk beneath her fingers.

"Then you'll have to be a high Tory, and we'll none of us play with you," little Sally Saunders piped.

"This foolishness of Tories and Patriots—of Sons of Liberty and Loyal Friends of King George—will all be forgotten long ere I'm a woman," Reflect asserted. "I've heard my father say so many a time."

"While my father says his ancestors came here in search not of wealth or worldly gear but of liberty of conscience, and if that is now denied us, he'll fight for it till he drops—and so will I and my family after me."

The children sent up a shout of laughter at this, for the speaker, Job Doughty, was a fat boy of no more than twelve years and noted for the placidity of his disposition.

"Doughty's his name and doughty his deeds—in the future!" Cyrus Davis said scoffingly. "Meanwhile, let's play at soldiers."

"No, Indians," Reflect amended. "I'll be the beautiful maiden about to be carried away captive, and one of you shall rescue me."

"Let Verity Wythe be the beautiful maiden. She's much prettier than you," Reflect's candid brother suggested.

"Verity doubtless has work to do within doors." Reflect usually was kind to Verity. Now Cyrus had touched her vanity and she did not stop to think that she was being cruel and that there were tears in the eyes of the bound girl as she turned and ran to the house. Indeed, Verity's morning tasks were done, and she was now at liberty to play. It was the fear that Reflect did not want her that had hurried her away.

Her position in the household was peculiar. Her father was a hunter and fur-trader. For years he had taken his motherless child with him on his trapping expeditions, carrying her on his back when she was little and, later, proud of her strength and endurance when she had grown able to follow at his side and help him with his traps and deadfalls.

Then, on one of his returns to civilization, the good people of Concord had pointed out to David Wythe that Verity was a daughter, not a son, and should be given the benefit of such womanly education as their town afforded. Unwillingly he had yielded to the conviction that they were right, and when next he departed for the woods, he left behind him his rebellious and weeping daughter, and in the hands of the minister, a supply of money to pay his child's expenses until the date of his return, the time for which came and went, while from David Wythe there was no word.

Verity, entirely taken up with her fears for her father's safety, had given no thought to the practical fact that she must continue to eat and live even though the funds for her support had been exhausted. The woman with whom she had been placed, however, was not one to lose sight of realities. As a paying guest, the widow Dunning had been willing to be responsible for Verity, but she was not troubled with a tender heart and felt in no way bound to maintain the girl without ample recompense.

"'Tis no belief of mine that her father ever meant to come back," she said to the minister. "He's settled the chit on us for the town to support."

"I pray you to be more charitable, mistress!" Mr. Emerson protested. "Wythe only left the maid here at our insistence. I greatly fear he has met with ill-hap."

"Say naught of that to Verity, or she will be off into the woods to hunt for him," Mrs. Dunning warned him hastily. "She's somewhat tamed from what she was at the start; only, having no wholesome fear of the wilderness such as our town-bred children confess, she would never stay contented an she thought he was endangered."

"True," the minister nodded his head. "She is a valiant child."

"That she is," Mrs. Dunning wagged her cap in assent. "Not to call her bold. But I'm a lone widow woman with little substance to fill one mouth, let alone two. I tell you plainly I cannot be answerable for her keep an there is no more money forthcoming."

"I shall take the matter under advisement," the minister promised. "I see your difficulty, and doubtless a subscription, circulated around the town by the girl, will bring pledges to the full amount of her small expenses."

And doubtless it would have, had Verity fallen in with the plan. When it was broached to her, she had first reddened, then paled alarmingly. She could not humble herself to beg, nor did she think her father would wish her to do so. She did not, however, need to be told that his continued absence was alarming. Indeed she would have been off after him long before had she had any idea of the route he had traveled. This he had carefully concealed from her, fearing that in her first revolt against the restraints of life in a New England village, she might be tempted to run away to follow him if she were aware of his destination.

Verity knew to the full the hopelessness of attempting to trace him after the lapse of even a short time. Now that the snows of the second winter were on the land, it was nothing short of impossible. She must stay in Concord in the forlorn hope that he might yet return. Silently she laid the paper on the table between them and looked up at the minister, suffering beyond her years in her eyes.

"What is it, my child?" he asked anxiously. "You must own that it is only equitable that all in the town contribute each his mite to your support, rather than that the whole expense should fall on one household."

"Sir, I see no reason that all or any should pay my expenses. My father will defray them—"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Emerson cut in hastily, having long given David Wythe up for lost; "assuredly—but, till his return, you must be fed—"

"And I am a lusty feeder," Verity acknowledged sadly. "I restrain my appetite, so that I am ever hungry. I sometimes think that could I but eat my fill just once, I should never be so empty again."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Emerson said again. He had heard whispers of the parsimony of Mrs. Dunning even when she was being well paid for Verity's keep; but he did not feel it fitting to discuss his elder parishioner with the young girl: "Since this plan is distasteful to you, have you any other to suggest?"

"Two," Verity smiled. "The plan I like the better you will at once reject. I am skilled in woodcraft as any Indian. I should prefer to go into the woods as my father did, and earn my own living trapping."

"Impossible!" Mr. Emerson sputtered. "Out of the question! A young girl, alone? We will not discuss it. Clearly 'tis impossible."

"Said I not that you would reject this plan? There remains then my second thought: I have been here now for over a year under an exacting task-mistress. I am not the useless maid I was. I can go as a servant for my keep."

Mr. Emerson looked at her with a full appreciation of the quality of a pride that preferred to work even as a menial rather than to live on charity.

"You realize that, at your age, you will have to be bound out?"

"Aye," Verity answered unhesitatingly. "I beg that you will receive this money for my father and pay Mistress Dunning aught that is her due. I would not be beholden to her for one crust. One event only I ask you to arrange for. Should my father return, he must be privileged to buy back my services."

"My child, surely, in these circumstances, no one would deny a parent such a right."

"Perchance not," Verity answered. "At all events, let us run no risk but have it wrote down in the bond."

Thus it had been settled, and Verity had been bound out in the family of Israel Davis where she was as happy as she could ever be in such a position. Cyrus liked her and befriended her on every occasion; Reflect was indifferent; the younger children were no part of her work; indeed Verity saw surprisingly little of them. Mr. Emerson had selected this household because Mrs. Davis was a kindly woman, but she was too absorbed in the rearing of her own numerous brood to bestow much thought on her youngest handmaid. Consequently, while Verity now had plenty of food for her body, her affections continued to be starved, and on Cyrus alone did she bestow her friendship.

The lad felt that Reflect's thoughtlessness had hurt Verity, and ere long he left the others at their play to seek her out. He found her seated on the step at the kitchen door, her face supported on her hands, staring out at the landscape that now, in April, although the day was warm, showed few of the signs of spring.

"HE FOUND HER SEATED ON THE STEP AT THE KITCHEN DOOR, STARING AT THE LANDSCAPE"

"What think you of all this talk of oppressive British soldiery?" he asked, slipping down on the step beside her. His wish was more to divert the girl's thoughts than to discuss the politics of the day, although, like most boys of fourteen at that date, he was something of a politician.

"I think of it not at all," Verity answered listlessly. "I've no love for a king I've never seen. I've less love for a country that separates me from my father. Whatever comes is no concern of mine. Nor do I mean to mix in it."

"Why Verity Wythe!" exclaimed Cyrus, surprised and beginning to find himself more of a patriot than he had suspected: "You astound me. Dost mean to say you would make no move to hold your town against invaders?"

"Not I!" Verity declared. "Concord is no town of mine. I'm here against my will, alone and quite unfriended. Why should I meddle in what concerns me not?"

She got up in response to a summons from the kitchen and turned to go in, leaving Cyrus quite dismayed at such wrongheadedness.

"'SHOULD THE BRITISH COME THIS WAY, HE MIGHT CALL OUT FOR HELP,' SHE SUGGESTED"

"At all events, Miss," he called after her, "there's one thing you said that's not entire truth; for how can you be unfriended when you have *me?*"

Verity did not answer this, but just before she closed the door, turned and gave Cyrus a strange, trembling little smile.

Bedtime came early for all in the town. A light in a window later than ten o'clock was almost certain evidence of illness in the house, candles and good whale-oil both costing money.

At two o'clock the next morning Verity was awakened by the mad galloping of a horse which was checked almost beneath her window.

"Within there!" a man's voice bawled. "The regulars are coming to seize our stores. Sound the alarm. To arms! To arms!"

In an instant as it seemed, the sleeping town woke to vigorous life.

Not quite knowing why she did so, Verity hurried on her clothing, hearing the while the slamming of doors and the footfalls of men running swiftly to the meeting-house, the bell of which was soon sending peal on peal across the country to warn all who heard it that there was danger afoot.

When she went downstairs it was to find others of the household before her, and all vastly excited.

"William Dawes and Paul Revere, the silversmith, who made my grandam's candle-sticks, have been taken by the British," Reflect told her, anxious to spread the news.

Verity saw in this no excuse for waking a whole town from its sleep, and turned to go upstairs again.

"If they've done no wrong, doubtless they'll loose them shortly," she said with a huge yawn.

"Call it wrong or right, they have roused Lexington and warned Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock that troops are on the way to punish them for their patriotism." Reflect was proud of her superior knowledge.

"An these messengers were captured, how is it Concord is alarmed?"

"Dr. Prescott was with them. He had been visiting in Lexington and was too quick for the soldiers. When they tried to stay him, he leaped his

horse over a stone wall and galloped here across country. He is my idea of a brave man!" Cyrus was greatly stirred. "I would there were something *I* could do—"

"There is!" His father, who had just come in, interrupted him grimly. "There's work for all hands. We must hide our provisions, both for peace and war. You are too young to carry a musket, Cyrus, but you can be useful in driving oxen and drawing our provender to safety. You maids, too, are stout enough to prove your patriotism. Carry the goods out into the wood-lots and conceal them under the slashings." Mr. Davis was busily filling his powder-horn and ball-pouch while he talked, and ran out through the doorway on his last words. Reflect followed him importantly, saying:

"I'll to the barn and arm myself with an ox-goad."

"Come on, Verity! You and I will have out our dun oxen. Between us, we'll keep them trotting," Cyrus cried.

But Verity hung back.

"I told you this was none of my war," she said, stubbornly. "Why should I take sides in it?"

Cyrus stared at her in amazement.

"Does it not make your blood boil to have soldiers sent among us for pillage? Are we not free men that what has been paid for with hard-earned money is to be taken away from us at the will of King George's hirelings?"

"How do I know they mean to take aught?"

"I've no time to argle-bargle!" Cyrus interrupted almost angrily. "An you won't help, I'll make shift without you. But even Mr. Emerson is under arms, and 'tis my belief your own father would be ashamed of you were he here."

He left her standing as if stunned by his words. At last she turned and went silently upstairs. There was work in plenty to be done in the house. The young children, who had been awakened by the clanging of the alarm bell, had run to the windows expecting the spectacle of a fire, and now must be coaxed back to their warm beds. The bed-chambers must be set to rights. Mrs. Davis was nowhere to be seen, nor was the dairy-maid, nor Hannah, the stout wench who did the heavy work of the family. Single-handed, Verity put room after room in order and had breakfast ready to set on the fire when the approach of daylight again wakened the little children. These were helped with their dressing, a task that was unfamiliar but which was gotten through at last, when she marshaled them downstairs to find that their father and mother had returned and were deep in consultation, while Hannah was busy heating the breakfast.

"Guards have been set to watch the approaches to the town. There is no doubt that the regulars have been sent against us to arrest Hancock and Samuel Adams at Lexington; and to seize our small store of powder and cannon here," Mr. Davis told his wife.

"How can we be sure, at this distance from Boston, that such is their intention? I'm certain that Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams are worthy citizens." Mrs. Davis was twisting her apron in her fingers nervously, loth to credit that the peace of the countryside was to be shattered.

"To seize those gentlemen is to deny all of us the right to free speech, since that is their only offending," her husband told her firmly. "As to how we know, the signal that this movement was afoot was flashed from the North Church steeple in Boston, and an attempt was made to arrest Revere ere he passed Charlestown Neck—what's that?" Mr. Davis leaped from his seat and ran from the house, while all within fell silent, straining their ears to hear, but hearing nothing. The master of the house returned shortly.

"No one without heard aught," he said. "They can't conceive that I did. Yet I tell you that my ears have been keen since childhood, and I distinctly caught the crackle of a volley fired by trained men, not by our irregulars."

Verity said nothing, but, woods-child that she was, she too had noted a faint echo of the *feu de joie* fired at Lexington to celebrate a short-lived and unworthy triumph.

Mr. Davis swallowed a hasty breakfast and prepared to return to his duty with the minute-men.

"Have ready a good pot of soup for any who lack food," he said, on leaving; "for the rest, Hannah and you had better return to your task of hastening the removal of the supplies."

Reflect and Sue, the dairy-maid, had come in, eaten, and gone again; but when Mrs. Davis gave the order to clear away, Cyrus had not been fed, and Verity hesitated.

"You did well to stay here and have a care over the house and children," Mrs. Davis said, tightening her apron-strings and setting her cap more firmly on her head.

"Her's able," Hannah grunted in compliment. "Did as much as I could—or more!"

Verity flushed with pleasure at this commendation. Praise was a commodity of which the Widow Dunning had been very chary.

"Cyrus has not come to his breakfast," she hinted with a look toward the table. "Think you he has fed elsewhere?"

"'Tis unlikely," his mother replied. "The lads to-day are keyed to such a pitch of patriotism I doubt if they give a thought to their stomachs for once in life." She pulled up her netted mitts and prepared to go forth.

"He will fall ill an he goes empty," Verity cried. "You know the headaches he takes."

"True," Mrs. Davis paused. "Hannah must come with me. When the outposts send word the British are at hand, we will return and carry the little ones with us into the hills. Have ready a basket of food for us. There's a mutton-ham in the larder . . . You hear me, children? You are none of you to venture without the palings till Mother comes for you. But you, Verity, once you have set the soup-kettle at the fire, do you clap together some slices of bread with meat between and take them to Cyrus."

"Where shall I find him?" Verity asked.

"We are filling the carts with valuables and sending them to the woods. I fancy Cyrus is hauling to our own lot, the way to which he knows best. Should I see him, I'll send him here."

Mrs. Davis and Hannah hurried away to join the excited throng of workers. Verity set to work briskly, but what with preparing the meal to be eaten in the open, and feeding sundry of the minute-men who now came seeking something to stay their appetites, she had not finished clearing away the meal when the two women came rushing back with news that the approach of the regulars was reported.

"Leave the work and come." Mrs. Davis had seized the baby on one arm and under the other she cherished a bundle containing her scraps of silver: one tankard, a snuffers, two candle-

WEALTH

By MARIAN HURD McNEELY

"Are we rich?" I asked my dad.
"Of course we are!" said he;
"We 've got a new harmonica,
And squirrels in our tree;
We have a Plan that no one knows,
A fire when the north wind blows,
And fifty feet of rubber hose.
We 're mighty *rich," said he.*

cups, half a dozen teaspoons, a snuff-box, and tinder-case, wrapped about with a blanket; while the children, beginning to be alarmed they knew not why, clung either to her skirts or Hannah's. "Reflect has gone ahead with her young cousins."

"And Cyrus?" Verity asked.

"Drat the boy!" his mother exclaimed. "He should have let me know where he is. But all the lads are thinking themselves men now that there's fighting in the wind."

"Hurry, Dame Davis!" a neighbor called in passing. "I've word that our defenders are falling back before the regulars."

With a smothered exclamation, Mrs. Davis dropped her cherished silver, seized another of her little ones and, calling the rest to follow, joined the stampede into the hills.

Verity helped Hannah gather together the fallen silver, and handed her the basket of food which she had packed.

"Do you take these," she said; "I'm going to warn Cyrus of what is toward. Should he return with the oxen now, the soldiers would be able to follow his tracks and find all he has hidden."

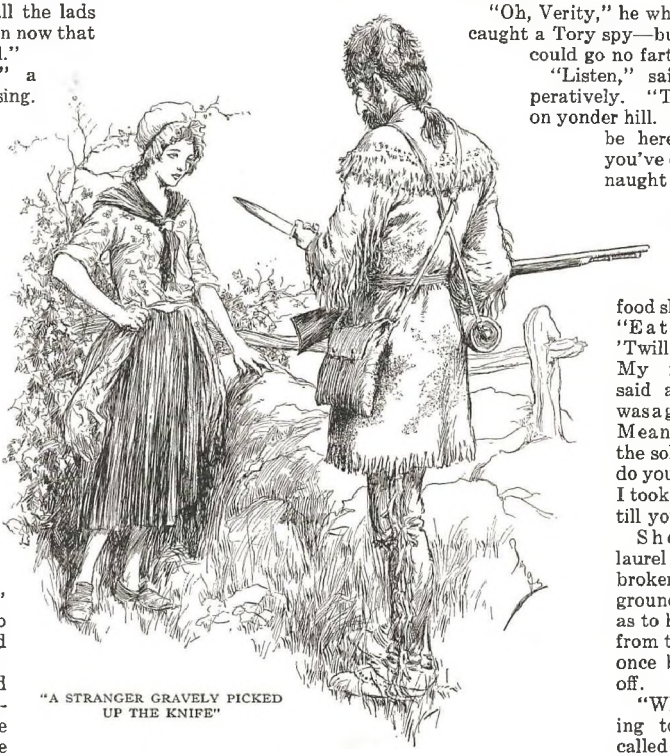
"Will ye be runnin' into danger?" Hannah asked kindly.

"Not I!" Verity assured her. "I'm almost an Indian in training. I'll take to the woods should there be a need, while these town-bred, foreign soldiers will no doubt stick to the main road."

Hannah and the children who clung to her moved away, while Verity cast a glance around. It grieved her housewifely spirit to leave her work undone, but she felt it imperative that she should warn Cyrus of the nearness of the soldiery, so she snatched up the bread and meat she had ready and made off without a backward look. She, poor child, had no treasures to save, not so much as one least thin silver spoon, her most cherished possession being an old, worn hunting-knife of her father's, which hung at her waist.

She hurried forward, possessed by a sudden joy. Was she not free and in the open? Almost she sang as she went onward lightly and soon was outside the town. Yet, of a sudden, she brought up with a start of dismay. Ahead of her, topping a hill scarce more than a quarter of a mile distant, the sun was glinting on the silver of bayonets and the scarlet of British uniforms.

Instinctively, as a deer might leap to shelter, Verity vaulted a stone wall and crept onward in its shadow. She was not far from the gap in the fence where the turn was made through the bar-way to reach the wood-lot. When she found this opening, her heart sank in dismay. It was so plain, so entirely plain that many carts had passed in that way recently. The earth, out of which the frost was coming, was scored deep with wheel tracks. Since the British had elected to come by this back road, they could hardly miss such obvious signs of the business that had been toward all morning. What could she do to obliterate the traces? She was examining the lay of the land with a puckered brow when she was startled by a deep groan. Out in the field under a stunted juniper, a spot she had taken for a rock shifted slightly, and she recognized the gray homespun of Cyrus's jacket.



"A STRANGER GRAVELY PICKED UP THE KNIFE"

The soldiers were still on the far hilltop. Plainly a halt had been called, either to rest the men or for reconnaissance. Praying that the delay might be a long one, Verity stamped on a bush of laurel and snapped it off. Holding this over her as a screen in case their field should, haply, be under observation, she crept across until she was at the boy's side.

"Cyrus!" she cried, aghast at his pale cheeks and shut eyes. At the sound of her voice, however, he lifted his lids.

"Oh, Verity," he whispered. "I've caught a Tory spy—but I'm hurt. I could go no farther."

"Listen," said Verity, imperatively. "The British are on yonder hill. They're like to be here shortly. All you've done will go for naught an I cannot hide the ruts your cart has cut." She handed him the packet of food she had brought. "Eat something. 'Twill hearten you. My father always said a full stomach was a good comforter. Meanwhile, should the soldiers come by, do you lie still. Even I took you for a stone till you moved."

She stuck the laurel bush she had broken off into the ground in such a way as to hide him better from the lane, and at once began to crawl off.

"What are you going to do?" Cyrus called after her, but she, in her haste to get away, vouchsafed no answer.

At the bar-way into the field she seized upon one of the rails and with it pried such of the stones as she could move from the wall down into the opening, letting them fall as they would so long as they effaced the cart tracks. She cared not that she lowered the wall at either side, although she repaired such gaps in a measure with the rails; but her operation was still incomplete when she glanced at the far hill to find that the soldiers were in motion. Straightway she ceased her work on the stones and feverishly broke with her feet or cut with her knife the laurel and other bushes bordering the wall, which she set in the ground among the fallen rocks so that they appeared to be growing, thus hiding the new gashes in the ground.

The rattling of accoutrements and tramp of marching feet at last warned

her to desist, and, silent as a shadow, she vanished into the underbrush at the edge of the field, crawling close to the stone fence, from which position she could not see the road but watched anxiously to assure herself that Cyrus made no betraying movement. Minutes now passed like hours, but in tending traps and deadfalls for her father, Verity had learned patience. Finally, after the last straggler with a blistered heel had limped by, she waited for what she calculated as a full five minutes; then, wriggling along the fence toward the highest point of the land, she raised up slowly and took an observation in each direction. There were no soldiers in sight. Already they must be entering Concord to find private houses deserted and the tavern locked against them. Relieved of fear from that quarter, at least for the moment, Verity ran back to Cyrus. The boy sat up at her approach, making no attempt to rise.

"I think my leg is broken," he explained. "But as I trapped a spy and perchance saved all the stores which were carried hither from our house and Colonel Barrett's, I'm not complaining. The way of it was this: The last load I brought out here had few packages but heavy. We had been warned the time was short, and I did not stop to think how I was to get them off the cart and under cover, but made off as fast as I could, stirring the oxen to their best pace. Well, when I reached the wood, I couldn't budge 'em—the packages, I mean—so I was in a pickle; I knew I was needed back to carry away other things. Mayhap my plan was silly—it came to me that I had plenty of rawhide thongs and that if I couldn't lift the boxes, it might be possible to fasten them to a tree and pull the cart out from under them."

"That was an idea," Verity said. "Could you do it?"

"I don't know," Cyrus acknowledged. "I'd only begun to arrange things when I had my accident. First, I fastened a rawhide from the lashings of a box to the tree, then I thought that if I could tip it ever so slightly, it would make the packet more unsteady and the easier to slip out from under, so I set another rawhide under one side where fortunately the floor of the cart was uneven, and I climbed up into the tree with the idea of using a limb to lift the box in the direction I wanted. It sounds silly when I try to explain what I was hoping to do—you see, I was sort of desperate. Once up in the tree, I caught sight of the British redcoats on the hill yonder, and I own I sat and gaped at them, for plainly there was no longer any haste about what I did and I was well hid in the wood. There was not time to make another trip to town, so there I perched, kind of tired at the end of my job, when all at once I was aware of something moving in the fern and bushes beneath me. It was a man, and he was crawling from spot to spot where I had hidden kegs and boxes, counting them and writing out a list of all he found."

"The man was a spy!"

"Aye," Cyrus said. "I saw at once that 'twas the Tory, Job Hands. I couldn't think what to do. It was only a question of seconds till he must see me and I knew not what desperate measures he might take against me rather than be denounced to the town, where there was much talk this morning of the small mercy they would mete out to informers. Still less did I know how to cope with a man of his strength."

"What did you do?" Verity could hardly wait to hear.

"To be honest, I don't know that I did anything. Mayhap 'twas all chance. The man crept directly under me. He was not surprised to see the oxen. It was to be expected that all animals would be driven off to safety. What did surprise him were my rawhide lashings. He plainly could make neither head nor tail of them when he stopped and looked them over. And then it happened, and truly, Verity, I can't tell you at this moment whether the limb broke or whether I jumped on top of him. At all events I landed on his head with my stout new hobnailed boots and stunned him. Before he came to his senses, I had him trussed up tighter than I ever dared truss an Indian captive in our play. I had his pistol too—and it was ready primed, Verity. I hid it in the rocks back a way. I was trying to crawl to the village when you found me."

Verity jumped to her feet.

"Where are you going?" Cyrus asked.

"To fetch the doctor for you," the girl answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "I have no skill with broken bones."

"You can't go back to the town," Cyrus said quietly. "The enemy has fired it."

Verity cast one quick glance in the direction of his pointing finger, then sank down on the ground as if overcome.

After a moment or two, however, she rose again, determinedly.

"I shall go and see for myself," she declared. "With most of the housewives hurried from the town, a fire may be accidental. Grease may have cooked over—anything! At least we have heard no gunshots." Even as she spoke, shots rang out in the distance, a desultory scattering as if fired at random, then a full-throated volley. There was a moment's silence, when there came a reply in kind.

"Those last were our men," Cyrus declared. "There is a difference in the sound of their muskets."

Verity nodded agreement, and the two faced each other, white-lipped and tense, waiting for the echo of more shots, which did not come. Then again the girl prepared for action.

"You're too near the road here," she said. "I must manage to draw you further back."

"Only one leg is hurt. I'll make shift to hop along, if you'll lend me your shoulder for a crutch."

"I wonder is there aught I could do for your poor leg? If it were an arm, now, it could be carried in a sling—"

"A sling would be a help," Cyrus owned. "The hurt is between knee and ankle, and it makes me feel queer when I joggle it."

"It's grown so hot you've no need for your muffler. We'll knot it over my arm and slip your leg through the loop. I'll hold that arm firm around your waist and you can support yourself on my shoulders."

In this way the two traversed the stony upland pastures and reached the shelter of the wood, having reclaimed the Tory's pistol on the way. But movement increased the pain of the lad's injury, and he was glad to come to rest. Verity was interested in the very thorough way his prisoner was tied up, but one fact she noted as unsatisfactory. He was not gagged, an omission she mentioned to Cyrus.

"Should the British come this way, he might call out to them," she suggested.

"He *would*, you mean," the Tory snarled.

"Then the thing for you to do is to kill him should you see a redcoat," the girl told Cyrus quite calmly, making reassuring faces the while to advise him that her purpose was not really so bloodthirsty.

"Oh, I really couldn't!" Cyrus cried.

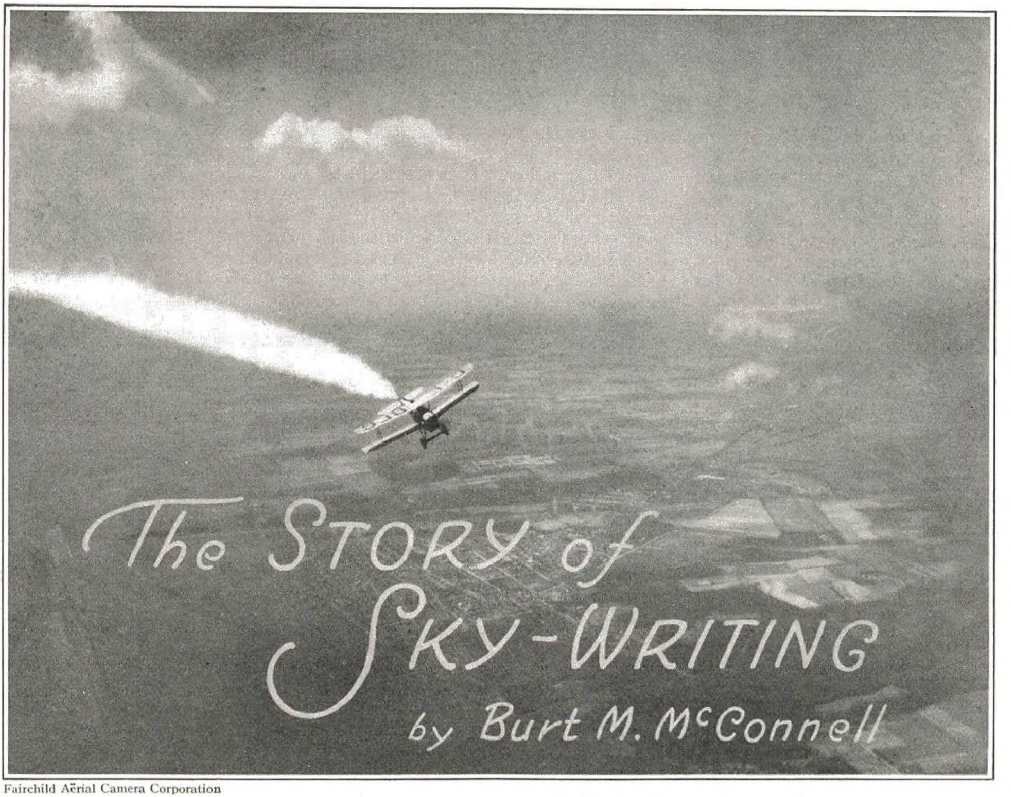
"'Tis war," declared Verity, again trying to make the boy see that her intention was to intimidate their prisoner.

Cyrus however could not be made to understand.

"I don't like war!" he exclaimed, feelingly. "From this day on, I'll stand with you, Verity. I am a man of peace."

"Well, you can pretend you're going to shoot him, can't you?" Verity

(*Continued on page 496*)



Fairchild Aërial Camera Corporation

TWO thousand years ago man had risen high enough to carve hieroglyphics on the top of Cleopatra's Needle. The twentieth century found him putting up electric letters on the roofs of buildings. Now comes the celestial bill-poster, with an airplane for a fountain-pen, the blue sky for a background, and white smoke as a writing medium. The man who has reached the highest position—considered from every angle—among the world's "ad" writers, is Major "Jack" Savage, of London, New York, and Paris. Incidentally, he is the only "ad" writer who ever gave the present chronicler a physical pain in the neck.

It came about in this manner. One day last October, I came out of a sky-scraper in the uptown district of New York to find Fifth Avenue crowded as thickly with people as it was the day Lindbergh arrived from Paris. They were gazing skyward at what seemed to be an intoxicated comet with a trail of white smoke. Unlike a well-behaved comet, with its graceful arc, this phenomenon apparently was bent on twisting its tail into as many kinks as possible. The business of the greatest city in the world came to a standstill. Street-cars were stopped while crews and passengers alighted to watch this amazing spectacle. Traffic policemen for the moment forgot their duties. Automobile drivers, their eyes bent heavenward, ignored the signals. Pedestrians bumped into one another—and continued on without apology, their eyes staring into the sky. Office-workers forgot their lunch, as they leaned out of a thousand windows.

From the comparative safety of the doorway I stared, too. There, before my eyes, two miles in the air, on the greatest of sign-boards, appeared a great circular "O," a mile in diameter. It was the final letter of "RODEO." The promoters of the Wild West riding and roping exhibition then at Madison Square Garden apparently considered it good business to spend a thousand dollars for this form of advertising.

Here, it seemed to me, was a good story. How did they do it? How had sky-writing been evolved, and by whom? What kind of airplane did they use to make those swift and accurate maneuvers two miles above the earth? Who were the pilots? With these questions on the tip of my tongue, I sought the secretary of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, just around the corner. And he told me that the office of the Sky-writing Corporation of America was in the very building I had just left!

By this time the "RODEO" had drifted a mile to the eastward, and the crowd had scattered. Policemen had unscrambled the traffic, and the city was back again on an even keel. Within ten minutes I was talking with the man who makes the sky-writing wheels go 'round in the United States—Mr. Allen J. Cameron.

"How is it done?" I asked him.

"Well, in the first place, the smoke used in our work is produced by a secret formula worked out by Major Savage just after the war. It is made by two chemicals, which are fed simultaneously into a heated chamber. The apparatus is built into the

fuselage of the plane, with the outlet at the rudder. It requires about 7,000,000 cubic feet of smoke to form a single letter, so the sky-writing plane must leave the ground with two hundred pounds of chemicals on board. As a rule, the capital letters are written about a mile high—or long—and the small letters about half as large. Sometimes, however, a customer wants his letters two miles long—and we aim to please. We use white smoke because it stands out in bold relief against a blue sky; but we also have produced red, green, and yellow letters. The smoke is so dense that, under favorable weather conditions, the "sign" may be carried, practically intact, ten or twenty miles."

"How does the pilot know just where to cross his 't's' and dot his 'i's'?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, the pilot has before him, when he takes off, a chart of the loops and curves which form the word he is to write on the sky. The only unusual thing about it is that it is written backward, so that the people on the ground, and not the angels, will see it correctly. The planes we use are British SE-5A fighters, equipped with Hispana-Suiza engines of 200 horse-power. These planes are so small that a pilot is obliged to 'ease himself into the cockpit with a shoehorn.' But these fighting ships can climb to an altitude of two miles in twelve minutes, and fly at the rate of 135 miles an hour."

"What is the most difficult letter to write in the sky?" I asked.

"A capital 'E,' because of the many right-angle turns required. A capital 'Z,' on the other hand, is easy to trace in letters of smoke. That is, it is easy for a good sky-penman; there are good and bad sky-writers, just as there are good and bad penmen. Many an excellent pilot is a 'washout' as a sky-writer."

Through the necessity of making sharp vertical banks, Immelman turns, and other maneuvers required in sky-writing, a pilot must perform in less time than it takes to read this sentence,—once in approximately every nine seconds,—some of the most intricate acrobatic stunts known in aviation. He must be guided entirely by his chart, for, while the letters of smoke stand out quite clearly from the ground, two miles below, it is almost impossible for him, flying on a level with the letters, to get any idea of their form. The job of making the letters uniform in size, spacing them properly, and lining them up correctly, is a difficult one.

The sky-writing pilots go about their hazardous business in a rather bored way. They carry on in the same skilled, efficient, systematic manner that a well-trained sign-painter or bricklayer performs his duties. Their work is carried on at such a great altitude that their tiny airplanes barely can be seen, except when the wings flash in the sun. The capital letters which they etch on the greatest of "blackboards" with a crayon of smoke are about seven times the height of the Woolworth Building, and a mere dot over an "i" is as large as the average city block. A word of eight letters may stretch across the firmament for a distance of about five miles, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet is visible to the naked eye within a radius of fifty miles. The pilot often finds it necessary to fly fifteen miles in writing a single word. He may have to fly a couple of miles to cross a "t" or dot an "i." Most of the "shows" are put on by former "war-birds."

The first real demonstration of sky-writing in the United States brought Mr. Cameron's corporation two contracts which called for a total of 1500 flights, and the payment of a million and a half dollars. Since then these celestial bill-posters have spread their letters of smoke over a territory from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego; and from Seattle to Miami.

What of the men who actually do the work? Captain Cyril Turner, British war-flier and winner of the Distinguished Flying Cross, was the first man successfully to demonstrate sky-writing, under Major Savage's direction.

"What does it feel like to spatter the sky with smoke-words?" I asked Captain Turner, who is in his early thirties, and sports an aggressive little tuft of a mustache.

"O-oh, about like any other kind of work, I guess. Perhaps a little more difficult than most. First, there is the machine to think of. Our engine must turn the propeller over at the rate of two thousand revolutions a minute. Even then we lose fifty feet in altitude while writing each letter, although this is not noticeable from the ground. But if the motor should slow down to nineteen hundred revolutions a minute, we would drop an additional thousand feet while writing one word, and this would ruin the show. We write on a horizontal plane, and not up and down, as it seems to the person on the ground. The steadiest air currents, we find, are at a height of two miles, so we operate at that altitude. That is also a safe height; if the engine should "die" over a big city, we could turn the nose of the plane downward and glide as much as twelve miles to a landing-place. Fortunately,"—and here the Captain knocked on wood,—"we have put on hundreds of shows, and haven't as yet had a serious accident."

"Once you are in the air, you must be as busy as the proverbial paper-hanger," I suggested.

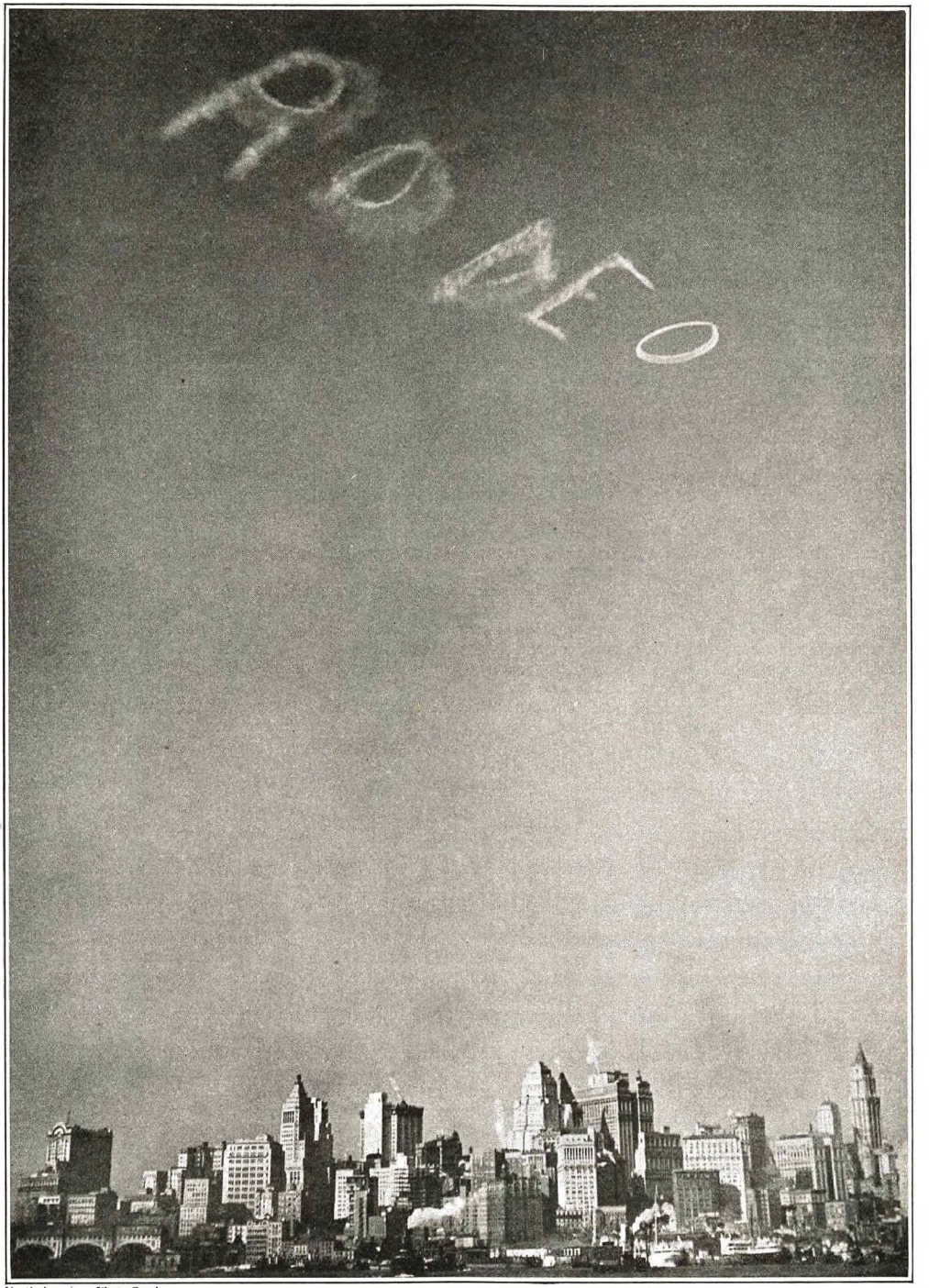
"Busier," declared Captain Turner. "A sky-writer really needs four eyes—one for the chart, one for the city over which he is flying, one for the sun, and one for the wind. He also must keep an eye on the instrument-board of the plane, and whatever eyes he has left should keep tab on the smoke-dials, the flow-feeders, the chemical gage, and the adjustment valves. Still another eye must be kept on the clock, for we allow just so many seconds for each stroke or letter. And, of course, the pilot must see that the smoke-trigger is working properly, so that the right amount is ejected.

"While he is doing all this, the pilot flies by instinct. He must choose the position from which to start his first letter with full regard to the direction and velocity of the wind, the position of the sun, the area the 'sign' is to cover, and the corresponding location of the greatest number of spectators. And he must write backward; don't forget that. So, you see, the sky-writer must think of his chart, his engine, his oil-pressure gage, his altimeter, his clock, and half a dozen other mechanisms—all at the same time. The smoke-producing apparatus must be kept belching out a quarter of a million cubic feet of smoke a second; less than this would make the letters too thin, while a greater amount would be dangerous because of the high temperature and increased pressure."

Major Savage, the inventor of sky-writing, is immensely proud of his pilots. He is also proud, one gathers, of the organization, which has grown within a few years from a strictly one-man proposition to a corporation with branch offices in the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

Major Savage, who is not yet forty, learned airplane construction and flying back in 1908. A few years later, with Captain Hucks, he went about England giving exhibitions in a second-hand airplane that no one in his proper senses would venture to fly to-day. When the startling news of Pégoud's loop-the-loop exploit "broke," Major Savage, realizing the new maneuver's enormous exhibition value, and wishing to add it to his bag of tricks, rushed over to France to study Pégoud in actual flight. Returning to England, he mastered the loop. With Captain Hucks and several student aviators, he toured England, giving exhibitions of looping,

(*Continued on page 491*)



North American Photo Service

"TWO MILES IN THE AIR, ON THE GREATEST OF SIGN-BOARDS, APPEARED THE WORD 'RODEO'"

THOSE CARELESS KINCAIDS

By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

Author of "Chokecherry Island," "The Hall With Doors," etc.

CHAPTER XI

MYRTLE TO THE RESCUE

"YOU and the kid get into the boat now before he gets lost again, and we'll go over to Drummond," commanded Briggs. The Kincaids' unmistakable affection for their charge he felt to be an extenuating circumstance, and yet it did not prove them innocent. Kidnappers might, especially if they were of the gentler sex, become attached to the objects of their crimes. Of course, as Clif had pointed out, if he had disappeared it would have meant an even more serious charge against them.

Delight stared at him haughtily, too disgusted for words with the whole situation, but Rosemary thought of a loophole of escape.

"Oh please, won't you take us down to our camp first? I'm sure I could find some letters from Johnny's mother which would prove we didn't kidnap him."

Clif shifted uneasy eyes from his idol, the trooper, to the girls. This might be just a dodge of theirs to escape. If they did, that reward would slip through his grasp. With it would go the six-tube radio set and everything!

"Look here!" he said hoarsely. "You ain't going to fall for that, are you? You're going to take them right to the sheriff?"

"Oh, you shut up!" replied Briggs sharply. This was a queer job Clif had dragged him into. He hated to think these girls were criminals. If the little boy hadn't been exactly the age and coloring of the kidnapped John Anderson, and if the kidnappers had not seemed slender youths who might easily have been girls in disguise, and if the affair had not taken place on the very day in which the girls had arrived in Ojibwa in the curtained Ford, with a crying child, he would have been convinced that he was on the wrong trail. He had come off in such a hurry, owing to Clif's urgency, that he hadn't even had time to inquire what sort of person this Miss Parsons whom they were staying with, was. If anybody could vouch for her, that might help matters. And yet it mightn't either. Lots of the recent crimes reported in the papers had been committed by swell youngsters batty in the upper story. That dark-haired one certainly talked flighty!

All this was going through Briggs's mind as he stood there glowering sternly at the group, just a nice boy in a trooper's uniform, awfully embarrassed! But Clif's butting in that way got his goat.

"You better lay off advising me till I ask you, Clif Sparks!" he said. "Think I'm scared a couple of girls will get away from me, hey? 'Course I'll take 'em to their camp if they wanta go. If they got anything to show they ain't the parties we want, why, so much to the good."

Clif looked as if he did not think so at all, but did not dare make further protest. The five of them got into his motor-boat. At the same time the two patrolmen embarked their prisoners and sped off in an opposite direction to Victoria Bay. The island was left deserted, and the Kincaids felt that as far as they were concerned it could always remain so!

Clif's boat must have been better than it looked, for, though it slid and staggered, it kept a straight course against the angry rollers which were the aftermath of the storm. The girls and Johnny huddled under the rubber blanket which Briggs politely tucked about them. Johnny went to sleep, and the Kincaids said little for fear of waking him. Instead, they threw what they hoped were blasting glances at the perfidious Clifford, who chewed gum and steered the boat from the side in an unmoved fashion.

"We've come back to camp all sorts of ways," said Rosemary mournfully, "but I never thought it would be under armed guard!"

"I'm afraid this will put the finishing touch to Cousin Florence," replied Delight. "She's probably about wild with anxiety. Wilma will have told her how we went off just before the thunder-storm in this monster's boat!"

"Good heavens, there are people on the piazza!" exclaimed Rosemary, as they neared their camp. "What can we do? If we could only hide!"

But this was impossible.

"Well, girls!" cried Cousin Florence, as the bedraggled girls and their escorts reluctantly approached the piazza, "here you are at last! We were just wondering what had become of you! Did you row over to Ojibwa to get the mail? And where is Wilma? Isn't it delightful, I ran across the Schuyler girls who were shopping in Crescent, and their mother let them come home to spend the night with us! I see Clifford brought you back! I hope he has a great big piece of ice for us!"

Rosemary gave a wild chortle. Delight said nothing, but deposited the imperfectly awakened Johnny on the lounge, where he blinked crossly and seemed in two minds as to whether to continue his nap or have a good howl instead.

"Sit down and tell us what you have been doing!" said Miss Florence brightly, and added to Clifford, who seemed oddly inclined, she thought, to linger near them, "You and your friend will find the ice-tongs on a nail by the kitchen door."

Trooper Briggs touched his cap.

"I'm no ice-man, lady. I'm a State trooper, and I come to investigate the case of this here boy."

"Investigate Johnny!" exclaimed Miss Parsons, greatly surprised, and turning to look at the sleepy child. "Why, what is there to investigate about him?" Her ever-sensitive conscience instantly brought to her mind possible causes of complaint. "Of course," she apologized, "his knees look dreadful, but we can't prevent his skinning them. Those yellow stains are iodine we put on. We take the best care of him possible—"

"Yes'm," said Briggs.

"Do you mean," Miss Parsons went on, "that the State thinks he ought to be quarantined?"

"I ain't no health officer," said Briggs. "All I want to know is—"

"I can't think who has complained," continued Miss Parsons. "When I think how I've worried over his meals, and about his getting junket—"

"I ain't interested in junkets or any of them contagious diseases," interrupted Briggs impatiently. "I keep telling you, they ain't in my department. All I want to know is, has or has not this child been kidnapped?"

"Kidnapped?" echoed Miss Parsons faintly. "Johnny kidnapped?"

"Kidnapped?" exclaimed the Schuylers, who till now had sat in a sort of trance, looking from one to another of the newly arrived group as if they were actors giving a play. "Kidnapped! How thrilling!"

Johnny decided in favor of a cry and began to whimper distressingly.

"It ain't so thrilling to land in State's prison," remarked the trooper

dryly. "I'd certainly be glad, ma'am," (he addressed himself to Miss Parsons) "if you could furnish proof that the boy ain't been kidnapped. Perhaps you'll tell me his name and where he came from."

"John Seymour," answered Miss Parsons. "And he comes, I believe, from Waterford."

"Any proof of that?"

"Proof? Er—not exactly. My young friends here told me. I was not with them when they got him."

"What day did they bring him here?"

"Let me see. I think—yes, I am sure it was last Thursday. I remember it distinctly because my maid left the next day, and that was Friday. I remember thinking it unlucky. Oh girls, do stop Johnny crying! It's impossible to straighten out this little misunderstanding with such a din going on!"

Delight and Rosemary tried in vain to stop the tumult.

"Thursday the eighteenth, the day the Anderson boy was taken!" said Clif triumphantly. "Would any kid yell like that if he was with his own folks or friends of theirs? I guess not!"

"Kids don't yell by rule, I don't think," replied Briggs impatiently. "You say you got letters from his mother?" he reminded Rosemary.

"I—I think so," replied Rosemary, the loud voice in which she was obliged to speak not entirely concealing the feeling of uncertainty that possessed her. On the way down she had had a misgiving about what she had done with those letters. "I did have them inside in the desk."

"I guess I'll have to ask the whole party to step inside while she looks," said Briggs, not taking any chances with this bevy of feminine persons, harmless as they looked. He herded them politely enough through the door. Johnny, finding himself deserted, set up a new series of howls of a still more poignant quality.

Rosemary wildly rummaged in the desk. All she found of any immediate value was one gum-drop in a paper bag, which was passed out to Johnny. An instant quiet followed. "I'm afraid," confessed Rosemary, "that the letters got burned up in the fireplace one cool evening."

"Then I've got to take you and your sister and the kid over to the Drummond jail till this thing is cleared up one way or another," said Briggs gruffly. "I don't know as letters would have let you out anyway. They might be forged. Clif's boat ain't big enough to hold the whole bunch of you, but I warn the rest of you ladies you're liable to be looked up later as accomplices, and it ain't any use for you to try to get over to Canada, because you'll be caught, as sure as they're immigration officers along the whole border."

"Do you realize," interrupted Miss Parsons in an indignant tone, "that I am Miss Florence Parsons of Crescent; that my father, now deceased, was one of the most prominent insurance agents in the northern part of the State; that the girls whom you are arresting are the children of my personal friends; and that these young ladies are the daughters of John W. Schuyler of New York?"

"There's black sheep in every family," returned Briggs. "Come on, now, we gotta get started."

"I want another gum-drop! I want my supper! I want to go to bed!" lamented Johnny.

"You and Clifford Sparks are big brutes!" scolded Delight, almost beside herself. "To torment this poor tired baby, taking him out in the storm again without his supper."

"You'd oughta have thought of

"'I'M NO ICE-MAN, LADY. I'M A STATE TROOPER AND I COME TO INVESTIGATE THE CASE OF THIS BOY'"

that sort of thing before you snitched him away from his folks!"

"Oh, please leave them and take me and my sister instead!" begged Sylvia Schuyler romantically, to the unmitigated astonishment of everybody, but especially the Kincaids. "What is it you call people who do that sort of thing? Hostages! Let us be hostages! It would be such an experience for us to spend a night in jail!"

"Awfully jolly!" exclaimed the supposedly phlegmatic Jane.

Briggs looked at them coldly and wearily. He had had about enough for one day of baffling young females! "No, you don't get away with a neat little plan like that! Take you, and let the real kidnappers escape! You must think I'm dumb! Come on, now, you two and the kid. Get ready!"

"Oh, all right!" said Rosemary resignedly. "Here, lamb, let me put on your sweater."

"I want my supper!" wailed Johnny, squirming and fighting off the proffered garment. "I don't want to go any place else. I want my supper right straight away!"

"I got his supper all ready!" announced an unexpected voice. It belonged to none other than Myrtle, who came out of the cottage as placidly as if she had never left their service, bearing a tray. "You want I should give it to him right now? He sounds most starved. Why, hello, Frank Briggs! I thought it looked like you, but I couldn't hardly believe it. What you doing here? We ain't got a drop of boot-leg on the premises, I kin swear to it!"

Briggs looked very much astonished. "Myrtle Wells! I didn't know you was with these people. It ain't any place for you!"

"It ain't? I'd like to know why not, Frank Briggs!" said Myrtle indignantly, passing the tray to the thankful Delight, who proceeded to feed Johnny without ceremony, as quickly as possible. "I'd like to know since when you gotta right to criticize places I work at! I tell you right here and now I like this place the best I got yet! It may not have as much class to it as the houses up at Victoria Bay, but the hours and the work are a lot easier, and Miss Parsons is real congenial!"

"Oh, Myrtle!" murmured Miss Parsons, touched almost to tears. The perfect maid would not talk this way, and she would wear a white cap and apron, against which Myrtle kicked like a steer, but it was so lovely to have the girl approve of her! She could have shouted for joy when she stepped off the boat and found her there! If only this silly trooper had not turned up and spoiled everything!

"You mean to say you're working here?" asked Briggs.

"Of course I am!"

"You know anything about this bunch?"

"Of course I do!" replied Myrtle indignantly. "They're every one of them my personal friends!"

Briggs looked shaken, and Clif, in a panic, ventured, "I'll bet she don't know a thing about 'em. They've paid her to shield 'em. Can she prove they didn't kidnap the boy?"

"Kidnap that boy there?" exclaimed Myrtle incredulously. "Kidnap Johnny? Is that the bright idea you got in your bean, you and Frank Briggs? Just let me tell you something! Who ever heard of a child being kidnapped that had brung along with him eight sailor-suits and as many socks and changes of underclothes, a pair of rubbers that ain't never twice in the same place, blocks that I've picked up from every corner of this cottage, a truck and a fire-engine, and three screw-drivers that he takes to bed with him! You tell me about a child that's kidnapped with those, and I'll tell you the people that took him ought to have a reward!"

"Well," said the trooper weakly, removing his cap and scratching his head, "things like that has some weight. If they'd only mentioned 'em—"

"Weight!" exclaimed Myrtle. "I should say they had, the blocks and truck and fire engine especially! And as if they wasn't enough, he fills the house with rocks and pieces of plumbing! But take him all in all, he's a cute little feller, and a lot of company when you get used to looking where you step every minute! But he ain't the child that was kidnapped, Frank Briggs, because I've read about that child, and he was picked up off the street two blocks away from his home, and it stands to reason they wouldn't have gone back to his house nor stopped to shop either, even if they could have bought him eight sailor-suits, partly worn at that, and a lot of blocks, and three screw-drivers—"

"No, no," said Briggs. "It don't sound sensible. Well, I guess there's been a mistake made, ladies, and I'm sorry if we've put you out any. It was this bright lad Clif that misled me. I've known Myrtle all my life because we were both raised in Drummond, and what she says, goes. I'm glad she's cleared you, because it's more of a job than I care for to take a lot of ladies to jail. Good-by, and excuse us for troubling you."

"Don't mention it!" said Miss Parsons, relieved and gracious.

"We're so awfully disappointed, though!" mourned Sylvia Schuyler.

"A regular washout!" commented Jane.

Clifford, as he reluctantly turned to go, cast upon the group, upon the Kincaids especially, a malevolent gaze. It said plainly that, though luck had been in their favor this time, on the next occasion they would not get off so easily. Just let him catch them as bobbed-haired bandits robbing a bank, for instance!

Rosemary flared like tinder at the look.

"Just a moment, Officer!" she exclaimed. "Isn't there some way I can lodge a complaint against Clifford Sparks for luring us off under false pretenses and leaving us on that island to be shot by the immigration officers, or take cold, or something? I think his motor-boat license ought to be taken away from him, anyway."

Briggs, who was as provoked at Clifford as she, for having led him off on this wild goose chase, responded, "There's nothing to prevent you writing to the department about it."

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Clifford, greatly alarmed, "you wouldn't do a mean thing like that, would you?"

"Well, aside from being responsible for all the annoyance we've had, I don't think you ought to be allowed to pester everybody you see with a child!"

"But I won't!" promised Clifford. "I'm off this case for good. Honest! I won't use my boat on it no more. All I'll use it for is bringing ice to people that need it, and things like that."

Miss Parsons coughed and made mysterious signals to Rosemary. "A roast!" she was heard to murmur. "Ice-cream sometimes! Never pays to be vindictive!"

Rosemary turned to Clifford.

"You're let off if you keep to your agreement about the ice," she said severely.

"You bet I will!" promised Clif, and fled after Briggs.

CHAPTER XII

WHERE IS WILMA?

"MYRTLE, you're a wonder!" exclaimed Delight.

"You certainly are!" agreed Rosemary.

"I ain't did nothing," disclaimed Myrtle, smiling, however, with a justifiable touch of pride. "That Frank Briggs! He thinks he's the whole show, since he got made a trooper. I guess he won't try being fresh around here very soon again. You folks must be half starved. The rest of your supper ain't ready.

"'WHAT WAS THAT WHITE THING ON THE ROCKS?'"

though. I'm boilin' string-beans, and they act like they'd been picked a week ago Sunday."

"We can wait," said Miss Parsons. "But perhaps you won't mind, Myrtle, if we have a little tea meanwhile. Miss Wilma will attend to it. But where is Wilma, girls? You haven't told me."

"Wilma? Haven't you seen her?" asked the Kincaids. "She must be somewhere around. She didn't go with us in the boat."

"I haven't laid eyes on her since I returned," replied Wilma's aunt.

"She was walking home through the woods when we left," said Rosemary, recalling with a guilty feeling her mischievous misrendering of Wilma's name, and of how hurt the owner of it had looked. Wilma had been absolutely right in cautioning them not to go, and especially not to take Johnny! And in return her feelings had been offended! Could she still be angry, and hiding somewhere?

"Will you make tea, Delight? I'll look for her!" exclaimed Rosemary.

She went upstairs. The door of Wilma's room was open, and she entered. Everything was as usual, in perfect order, except for one detail. The bed had been hastily torn apart, and one sheet was missing. For a girl of Wilma's tidy habits, this was astonishing. Looking thoughtful, Rosemary went downstairs and, slipping out of the back door, began a search of the premises.

No sign of her back there. Rosemary walked down to the shore. What was that white thing on the rocks? None other than the sheet, crumpled up carelessly, wet with spray, and stained with lichen. Rosemary picked it up. One end was fastened to a broken flagstaff which Rosemary remembered noticing among other odds and ends in the boat-house.

Then the disasters of the day were not finished! Or if it were not a disaster, it was enough to make Rosemary feel very apprehensive. What could Wilma have been doing with that sheet but using it as a signal of distress? Perhaps those highly suspicious characters from the houseboat had come down and frightened her! Perhaps they had—oh, it was too dreadful to think of! But what had become of her? And who had she been signaling? A passing boat? Or the boys at Huckleberry? Rosemary remembered how disapproving Wilma had looked at the bare idea of the Kincaids' doing such a thing! It would be a desperate occasion indeed that would drive her to do so!

Rosemary thought she had better not keep this new anxiety to herself. Perhaps the others could suggest something. She burst in upon them at tea with her discovery. Delight was as amazed and worried as she; the Schuylers' thrilled look said, "What, more excitement?" Miss Parsons, her mind almost completely taken up with her tea pouring, showed only mild bewilderment.

"Wilma left a sheet on the rocks, you say? I can't imagine! You don't suppose she was trying to wash it? She would know I would be very much opposed to her doing such heavy washing. Will nobody have a second cup of tea? Perhaps we had better—" she paused, for her audience had disappeared.

Miss Parsons more sedately followed them to the shore.

"Why, it's one of my *new* sheets!" she discovered, much distressed. "And all wet and stained. Do you really think Wilma left it here? So unlike her! And you say she was signaling with it, girls? Why, I'm sure such a thing would never enter her head! And whom should she signal, pray?"

"Look!" exclaimed Rosemary.

"There's somebody crossing the river in a canoe."

Against the economical lemon-and-green color-scheme of a cold sunset, attended by little gray woolly clouds with dazzling gold edges, a solitary paddler bobbed up and down on the sea which grew more stormily purple as the light waned. If he had not possessed both skill and strong muscles, he would certainly have been swamped by the waves; but he cleverly allowed them to glance under his craft at an oblique angle instead of breaking over it broadside. As he drew near them, it was Jane Schuyler who first hailed him.

"Why, Sam Marsh, of all people in the world! What do you think you're doing?"

"Taking my evening exercise, Jane."

Somewhat out of breath, the sunburned boy from Huckleberry Island steered his canoe into the lee of the rocks.

"You must like to take it in an eggshell. Oh, do you know the Kincaids and—"

"Well, rather!" Sam, in his evident distraction, did not wait for the introduction to Miss Parsons which Jane had on the tip of her tongue. "I came over," he addressed them, "to see if you'd seen anything of Phil."

"No," they replied. "We've been away all afternoon."

Sam looked disappointed.

"I was marooned on the Canadian shore during the storm," he went on, "and when I got back, I found a note from him pinned to the tent, saying he had gone over here in answer to a signal."

"Then it *must* have been Wilma that signaled him!"

"Impossible!" interrupted Miss Parsons. "Jane, will you kindly—er—"

Jane murmured an introduction. The words, "my cousin" were distinguishable.

"Impossible that my niece was signaling your friend," went on Miss Parsons, for the sake of completing her sentence, but with a softened effect, brought about undoubtedly by the word "cousin" as spoken by Jane. "Unless," she added, "she was acquainted with him."

"I don't really know about that," said Sam tactfully. "Probably she was. Phil knows a whole raft of—I mean, any number of girls."

Cousin Florence looked appeased, but still mystified.

"Very strange!" she remarked. "And where do you think they are now?"

"That's what gets me!" replied Sam. "Haven't you any idea where she *would* want to go?" He turned to the Kincaids.

"Not the faintest," replied Delight. "Unless—" she paused, struck by a new idea, "she was worried—"

"By those people on the houseboat, the sneak-thieves, you mean?" broke in Rosemary.

"No, no," said Delight. "I mean, worried about *us*."

"Oh, I never thought of that!"

"You know how devoted she is to Johnny, and there we were, for all she knew, out in that little boat in the storm. And when we didn't come back—"

"That would be the sort of thing she would get excited about!" agreed Rosemary. "But do you suppose she really would go off in this sea to look for us?"

Cousin Florence interrupted. Far from being distressed, her thoughts were dwelling pleasantly on the social aspects of the case.

"Well, well, Wilma has stolen a march on you girls!" was her comment, and it was plainly to be seen that she regarded her niece's supposed acquisition of a beau who was a friend of a cousin of the Schuylers' as decidedly a feather in her cap. "She'll be back soon, no doubt. She never stays out late. In the meantime, Mr. Marsh, do land and have some supper with us. I'd like to wait for the others, but I hardly dare to. My cook is quite a tyrant, really!" And Miss Parsons beamed proudly.

Sam accepted her invitation.

"Don't say anything about this to Miss Parsons," he confided in Rosemary as they followed the others, "but the fact is, I'm worried about the *Huck*. Phil would never have taken her out this afternoon if he hadn't thought it necessary. We ran on a shoal this morning, and sprang a good-sized leak."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Rosemary. "You don't think they'll sink?"

"No, no!" he replied hastily. "But they'll probably be awfully wet, and your friend will have to bail like sixty. They might possibly have to put in somewhere—"

Rosemary repeated what Sam had told her to the other girls after Miss Parsons had gone into the house to see about supper.

"I can't grasp it!" stated Delight, incredulously. "Do you think Wilma would really have the nerve to go off in a leaky boat in a storm to look us up? She's frightened to death of the water!"

"But why else *should* she go?"

"If she did, it's positively heroic!"

"But any of you would do anything down here!" cried Sylvia Schuyler intensely. "I knew it the minute we saw you all the other day—"

"You did?" exclaimed Rosemary, astonished. "You were thinking that about us at the tea?"

"Oh yes! That's why I was so quiet!" replied Sylvia, in a gush of sudden confidence such as shy persons occasionally show. "I was frightened to death of you. And Jane was too!"

"No, I wasn't frightened," put in Jane. "But I'm such an awful duffer at making conversation. Sam here can tell you that!"

"That's right. Talking isn't old Jane's strong point, but she's a good scout anyhow," said Sam affectionately.

The Kincaids felt secretly ashamed of their snap judgment of the "Schuyler Stuck-ups"!

"Johnny is such a precious!" said Sylvia. "Wasn't he funny about the skunks? I could have died with laughter, only I was afraid you would be shocked at me. I don't wonder if Miss Wood thought he was in danger she should go off to rescue him. But Phil Grant is an awfully good sailor. Even if they do have trouble with the boat, he'll find some way of managing. Sh! Here comes Miss Parsons. Please tell us, Sam, what are you and Phil doing down here anyway? We understood you were with your family at Bar Harbor."

"That was our little plot. We realized we were so popular that if any of the crowd knew we were on the river we wouldn't have a chance to bone to make up a condition or two that the old faculty wished on us. And then we've been getting hardened up for a trip in the Canadian Rockies we plan to take later in the summer."

"How interesting!" approved Miss Parsons. "I do think it's so nice for boys to camp out. I've been telling the girls I wish they knew some campers. And now won't you come in to supper? We will save some for Wilma and your friend . . . I'm so glad that Wilma is having a little outing for once," she continued, after the eatables had been distributed. "Dear Wilma is so inclined to hang back from anything that might give her pleasure. She has had very little social life of her own, on account of having sacrificed herself so much for her younger brothers and sisters."

"Do tell us about that, Cousin Florence," begged Rosemary. "Once when I started asking Wilma about her family, you hushed me up and Wilma looked as if she were going to cry, and since then I haven't dared inquire a word about them."

"Yes," said Miss Parsons. "I remember the occasion you refer to.

(*Continued on page 494*)

THE SCHOOL IN THE VALLEY

A Chapter from A Boy's Life of John Burroughs

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Author of "Highlands and Hollows," "Beyond the Pasture Bars," etc.

I HAVE heard, but not on good authority, that John's mother could neither read nor write. That can hardly be. She went to school when a girl, and was smart enough to marry her teacher, Chauncey Burroughs, when she was nineteen. She had had a bookless girlhood, that is sure. She lived a bookless life, and that is sure, though several of her son's books were published before she died. If she could read and write there is no evidence of it, not even of her ever having read one of her own boy's books, or of her ever having written him a letter. He says that she was fond of a childish poem of his called "My Brother's Farm," which she framed and hung in the parlor. She must have been able to read this. Not to be able to read or write would have been so extraordinary for the mother of a great writer, as certainly to have been mentioned, at least, in her son's journal. John was deeply devoted to his mother. There are a great many references to her in his journal; yet none that I have seen tells us she could neither read nor write, though he does say, "Mother, I think, never read a page of anything."

Be that as it may, she was John's mother, and therefore important and deeply interesting to us. She probably did not teach John how to spell C-A-T, nor how to dot his I's and cross his T's. She probably did not read to him before the winter fireplace the good great books, such as "Mother Goose" and "Pilgrim's Progress," books which every child should know from his mother. And that's a pity. Such a pity! He tried to make up for it later in life. But no man can be a child again, and make up for the mistakes and failures of his parents. There was some excuse, however, for John's mother. I have known mothers who could read and write *easily*, and who had only one child, and who lived in a city flat and had a servant, yet who never read the good, great books aloud before the winter fire. Such mothers can never be excused nor forgiven.

With John's mother it was a little bit like this: ten children for one thing, and usually no "hired help"—in the house, I mean. Ten children are not so many as twelve, but they are a million times as many as one. Ten to feed and clothe and wash and spank and dose with castor oil! Ten! (Please pause, and try to count up ten in terms of teethings, whooping-coughs, runny noses, lost buttons, broken shoe-strings, slate pencils, squabbles, stubbed toes, bee stings, and stone-bruises!) Ten! And their father made eleven! And the hired man twelve! And the relatives, the devouring relatives, who came and ate by the week (as they always do in the country)—they made a round million. At least they would have seemed like a million to me if I had been Amy Kelly Burroughs, the wife and mother, chief cook and housekeeper for all of this rabble.

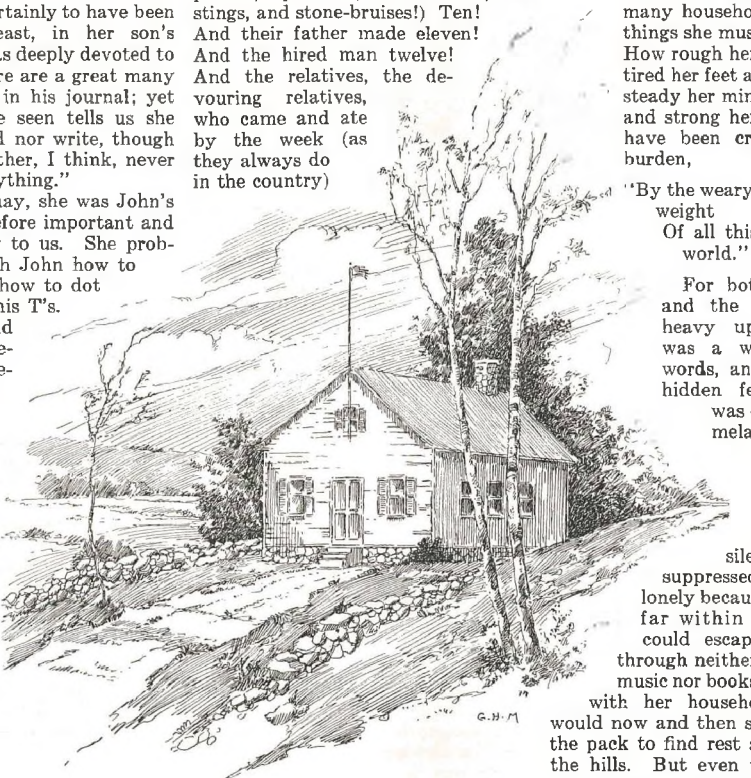
I said "ten children for *one* thing." There were several other things: washing, ironing, sweeping, bedmaking, spinning, weaving, bleaching, dying, cutting, sewing, knitting, mending, darning, milking, buttermaking, sugar-making, cheese-making, candle-dipping, apple- and pumpkin-drying, ash-leaching, soap-boiling, rag-carpet weaving, berry-picking, canning and preserving . . .

If she didn't read to little John was it her fault?

She did not know much about books, nor about the vast world beyond the stone-wall boundaries of the mountain farm. But how many household and human things she must have known! How rough her hands! How tired her feet at night! How steady her mind! How deep and strong her spirit, not to have been crushed by the burden,

"By the weary and the heavy weight
Of all this unintelligible world."

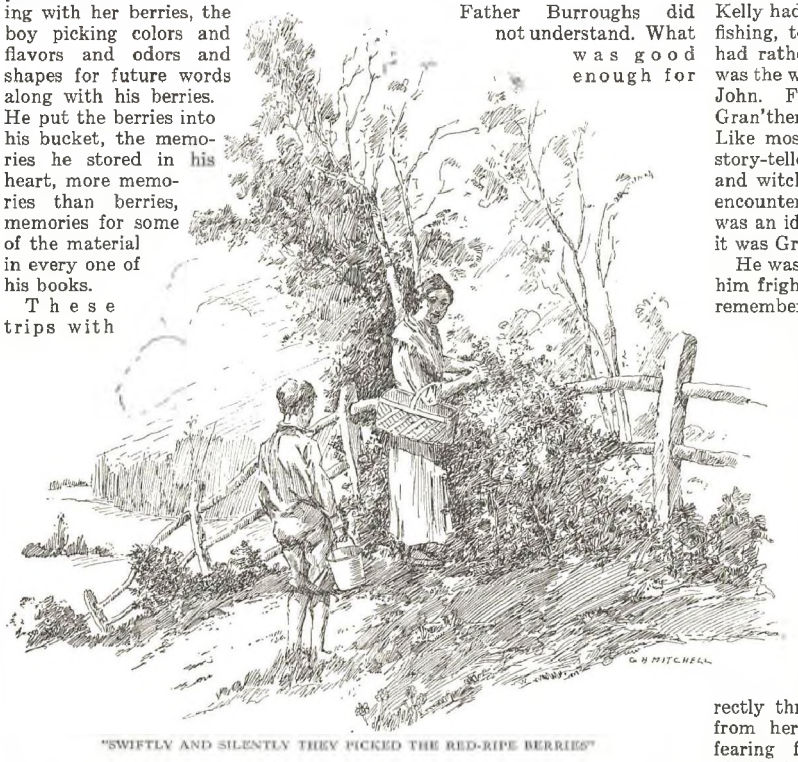
For both the burden and the mystery were heavy upon her. She was a woman of few words, and of deep and hidden feelings. There was ever a touch of melancholy about her. Energetic, generous, kindly, neighborly, she was a shy, silent, withdrawn, suppressed woman, and lonely because she dwelt so far within herself. She could escape from it all through neither company nor music nor books; but, hurrying with her household work, she would now and then slip from under the pack to find rest and healing on the hills. But even then she must gather greens, or pick wild berries.



"THE LITTLE SCHOOL-HOUSE DOWN BY HARDSCRABBLE CREEK"

Little John went with her on many of these excursions. Swiftly and silently they picked the red-ripe berries, the tired woman picking rest and peace and understanding with her berries, the boy picking colors and flavors and odors and shapes for future words along with his berries. He put the berries into his bucket, the memories he stored in his heart, more memories than berries, memories for some of the material in every one of his books.

These trips with his mother to the pastures and meadows deeply impressed the child. He did not get what she got out of them because of lack of years and experience. Mother and son were much alike, however, her touch of melancholy his, her love of nature, her brooding, sensitive, introspective mind his also.



"SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY THEY PICKED THE RED-RIPE BERRIES"

Perhaps, too, she gave him a little more love and help than she did the others. Perhaps he gave her more in return, was a little more responsive than the other children. She was nearly twenty-nine years old when this seventh child, John, was born; and she seems to have felt vaguely a difference between him and the others. Anyhow, either because he returned more, or because he claimed more of her affection, he apparently got more of it than the others.

He must have been different as a little child from the others, as he was different in manhood from them. His father saw no difference, except an objectionable difference. They were farmers, and why not? Farming was the right thing for his children; and all of the children except John thought so, too. But John, unlike the others, wanted books, and time to read them, and time to brood over them.

Father Burroughs did not understand. What was good enough for the others ought to be good enough for John. Books? Education? Nonsense! The Burroughses had always been farmers, except the one who was hanged in Salem, Massachusetts as a wizard in 1692, and a certain Stephen Burroughs, born in 1729, who was a great astronomer, and Dr. John Burroughs, a cousin, who was a graduate of Yale and a college president. All farmers! Little John must stop pestering for books and schooling. Such waste of time and money would spoil him for the farm.

Other fathers, besides father Burroughs, have so spoken; and other silent mothers, besides mother Burroughs, have quietly interceded for their sons. John never got his fill of either books or schooling, but what he did get he owed entirely to the deeper insight and insistence of his mother.

John's mother's people, the Kellys, like the Burroughses, had been farmers without particular education. His grandfather, Edmund Kelly, was an Irishman, and there is always something hopeful in that. Besides, he was a soldier. When the Revolutionary War broke out he enlisted as a lad of fourteen under Washington, and put in that terrible winter with him at Valley Forge. Grandfather Kelly had soldiering in his blood, and fishing, too. But not farming. He had rather fish than hoe—and that was the way it was with his grandson, John. Farming never appealed to Gran'ther Kelly, but he loved trout. Like most fishermen he was a born story-teller. He believed in spooks and witches, and had many a weird encounter with them. If ever there was an ideal grandfather for a writer it was Gran'ther Kelly.

He was very fond of John and kept him frightened half to death. John remembered him as a little man in an army uniform (he fought in the War of 1812, also), a dreaming, idling man with a big, capable wife; a man who had rather fight than work, rather fish than farm, and who had rather argue and tell a story than do anything else in the world. He was a great reader of the Bible, the only book he had to read.

Seeing Gran'ther Kelly makes his grandson John seem not so strange. Everything has a beginning, even the writer. A good deal of John the writer came directly through his brooding mother from her idling, dreaming, goblin-fearing father. John was always afraid of the dark. The spooks of his grandfather Kelly were every shying about the edge of the dusky woods. The wistful, impractical, half melancholic mind of his grandfather was John's mind. There is a comforting logic in all nature. Good writers are few, but they are not freaks. When Gran'ther Kelly died at the ripe age of 88, he left his wife and nine living children, eighty-four grandchildren, and one hundred and two great-grandchildren. One of these one hundred and ninety-five descendants was John the writer. Nature works hard to produce the writer, but when she does make one it is reassuring to notice that she does not make him out of absolutely nothing.

Speaking of his mother, years later, John wrote: "Whatever is most valuable in my books comes from her; the background of feeling, of pity, of love. . . . I owe my mother my temperament, my love of nature. . . . In her line were dreamers and fishermen and hunters." Just so. Perhaps he could not prove it, but it was the right thing for him to say—for any boy to say about his mother. And

usually, I think, it is the scientific truth.

A boy's father is important, too. Chauncey Burroughs, John's father, had been a country school-teacher, but education, then as now, while concerned with reading, for one thing, did not always seem concerned with reading books. A farmer, and the son of a farmer, of pioneer stock, Chauncey Burroughs had all of the homely virtues of an honest, hard-working farmer, but no graces of any kind. He was intensely, narrowly religious, a regular Bible debater and fierce fighter for the Lord, especially with his Methodist neighbors, being himself a Hard-Shell Baptist. "A fond husband, a kind father, a good neighbor, a worthy citizen, and a consistent member of the church," is the way his son describes him. He was candid, brusque, quick-tempered, tender-hearted, and as simple as a child.

He never did understand his son John. But how could he? Neither he, nor his father before him, nor yet his father's father, had ever raised anything on their farms quite like John. When you sow wheat you expect wheat. When you sow farmers you expect farmers. But here was a queer hill of beans! Instead of horses, this child took to books! Instead of a farm, he wanted a library! Instead of doing something useful, he wanted to go to school and write! What wrong had his parents done to deserve such a son?

Of course, he went to school, just as most American children did as long ago as that. But Mr. Burroughs, Senior, was not one who would exactly mortgage his farm to send his son John to college. Johnny started off as soon as the law allowed for the little stone school-house down by Hardscrabble Creek where he studied for two summer sessions. More than seventy-five years later when I stood looking at that little stone school-house, and thought of the small farm-boy trudging down over the hill-road with his books to his first teacher, I could not help but wonder at what was here beginning. How little the teacher knew that day of all that was being put into her hand!

After the Hardscrabble school he went until he was twelve for the summer sessions over to West Settlement. After that he went to school in winter. Here at the West Settlement school was another Roxbury boy by the name of Jay—Jay Gould. The big world has heard from him too. As long ago as then, boys had to write

(*Continued on page 498*)

"FARMING NEVER APPEALED TO GRAN'THER KELLY, BUT HE LOVED TROUT"

GOMPHIDIOUS RHODOXANTHUS

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

AS I strolled along the meadow, on the outposts of the wood,
One delightful summer morning, suddenly before me stood
An extremely stocky fellow—and such garb you never saw!
Cap to foot, he was as gorgeous as the average macaw.

He's not very often met with, and I paused at once and said,
"Greetings, greetings, little comrade!"—for his cap was deeply red—
"I'm extremely glad to see you: bless me, what a handsome chap!"
And you'll be surprised to hear it, but he never touched his cap!

"Have we met before?" he asked me, with a most repellent port.
"Oh, I think so, but too seldom!" was my courteous retort.
"I believe I've had that pleasure even on this very spot.
Let me see, you are Gomphidious Rhodoxanthus, are you not?"

It was futile to deny it, so he calmly looked at me;
As I bent to view him closely, he admitted, "I am he!"
So I lifted him expertly (where he stood is slightly damp),
And with every due precaution I conveyed him back to camp.

And the pretty lass who met me asked at once, "What have you there?"
"Oh, Gomphidious Rhodoxanthus!" said I, with a casual air.
"Are you *swearing?*" she demanded. "And what is it, anyhow?"
"Just a mushroom," I informed her. "Let's prepare and cook it now!"

MAROONED!

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY I. W. TABER

THE SNAKE-BLOOD RUBY

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Inca Emerald," "The Red Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER IV

THE DEATH-TRAP

THAT night after the tiger-hunt, when the adventurers were alone once more in their wing of the great palace, old Jud made them tell the story of the day's hunting over and over again.

"If I'd only been there," he murmured. "Think of young Joe here, who usually can't hit a balloon at ten feet, killing a tiger at the first shot."

"I'm here to say that Joe's shooting is good enough for me," said Fred emphatically.

"It ought to be," agreed Jud. "If it hadn't been for him that tiger would have taken you for a long ride—inside. Good shootin' is hittin' the right thing at the right time, and that's what Joe did. Still—I wish I'd been there."

"Never you mind, Jud," said Joe teasingly, "we'll let you kill the White Tiger—if you can hit him."

"No," spoke up Fred. "The White One's mine." And every one laughed for Fred's shooting was even worse than Joe's.

Will awoke early the next morning while it was still dark. As he lay staring out through the stone lattice beside his bed, a blue haze began to show in the east above the midnight-green of the jungle. Then a great host of flamingos came flapping and soaring high above the massed trees, so high that they caught the rays of the sun long before it had risen above the horizon and showed against the dark sky like birds of fire. Then brilliant flowers began to shine like stars here and there through the mist that shrouded the jungle.

As the sun rose, so did the rest of the adventurers; and as they were sitting together after an early breakfast, Prince Rahman joined the party. For once he seemed strangely serious.

"Why is it, O heaven-born," inquired Captain Vincton, "that thy face is grave as midnight in the jungle instead of being radiant like unto the rising sun?"

The rotund prince smiled in spite of himself.

"Thy tongue scattereth flowers, O Tuan," he answered, "but I have bad news for thee. Among the hunters of the jungle have I made inquiries and I find that the White One has left his haunts here and has gone to Ghost Mountain whither no hunter dares go."

"Why not?" inquired the captain.

"They believe that he who climbs the sides of that dark mountain when the White One is there will himself become a tiger," explained the prince.

"Surely none but fools will believe that men can be changed into beasts," exclaimed Professor Ditson.

The prince looked at him strangely for a moment.

"There be happenings in the East of which even thy wisdom knows nothing," he said at last. "That a man can take the shape of a wild beast, we of the East believe. I myself have heard a tiger caught in a pit at early dark, who roared and growled all night long; yet when dawn came there was only a naked man there. He was a stranger to us all and entreated that we release him, saying that while journeying alone he had fallen in by a mischance. Yet he could not explain why he should be traveling naked at night through the jungle. Moreover," went on Rahman, lowering his voice, "the eyes of the man gleamed green in the dark of the pit when that we delayed to free him."

"What happened to him?" inquired Captain Vincton, as the prince came to a full stop.

"I know not," said Rahman indifferently. "The men whose cattle a tiger had killed were very wroth. Other business called me away but it seemed to me as I went that I heard a shot; nor did any one ever see that naked man again."

Professor Ditson snorted indignantly.

"The poor fellow was the victim of an ignorant superstition," he said. "It seems impossible that a man of education like yourself can believe such nonsense."

"Seeing is believing," replied Rahman, pausing.

The boys crowded around him scenting a story.

"Shoot, Prince," urged Jud, bustling up, "I'll stand by you. Whatever you tell can't be worse than some of those whoppers the Perfesser used to give us about snakes."

"Once when that I was younger and thinner," began the prince, "the sultan who reigned before this one, sent me to a village a day and a night distant to take a man charged with witchcraft and murder. We found him in his own hut, a dark, sullen, fierce-eyed one who refused to make any answer to the charges brought against him. Accordingly we bound him and led him forth with his accusers to stand trial before the rajah.

"The first night of our journey we tied our prisoner to a tree. He spoke only once, but his words so terrified even my own men that no one of them would come near him even bound as he was."

"What was it that he said?" inquired Will curiously.

"He told us that we should guard him closely, for at midnight he would change himself into one of the striped folk, burst his bonds, and avenge the insult which had been put upon him," replied the prince.

"After we had supped," continued Rahman, "I arranged that my men should take turns in guarding him until morning and went to my tent and fell asleep. Toward midnight I was awakened by fearful screams and sprang to my feet just as one of the guards hurried in to awaken me. 'Come, quick, O chief,' he babbled. 'The witch-man works his magic.'

"Even as he spoke, from where the men were grouped came the coughing roar of a great striped one, that sound which no man born of woman can imitate, which seems to start from underground and rise and swell until it shakes the very jungle." And Rahman stopped and wiped his forehead as he remembered the scene.

"The night was dark," he went on after a moment, "but the fire flared high and I could see the men grouped in a ring around the tree to which the prisoner was bound, but there were no weapons in their hands and their bodies were shaking. I ran to them and as I joined their circle I saw before me the face of the prisoner; and the eyes of him were not the eyes of a man, but green and dreadful—nor could I look away from them. As I stared, he opened his mouth in which showed fangs rather than teeth and again came the dreadful roar which I had heard in my tent.

"Then as I stood there, O wise men of the West," continued the prince solemnly, "the body of him began to change and before my very eyes the form of the man melted and merged into a vast figure, and the next moment there stood before us snarling and raging at the rope which bound him, such a striped one as I have never seen before or since. At the sight my blood changed to water, my

knees bent under me; nor could I even draw my kris from my belt. Even as we watched, the great beast gnawed asunder the ropes which bound him and with one last roar which left us like dead men, he sprang into the jungle and disappeared.

"The next morning we made the best of our way back to the village and told the sultan what had happened and showed him the gnawed and severed ropes. He, being Eastern-born, believed; and a week later news came that a man-eater had come to the village where the wizard had lived and had killed some of those who had borne witness against him."

There was a silence after this story of the were-tiger.

"How do you account for that, Perfesser?" asked Jud softly.

"Mass hypnotism," returned Professor Ditson scornfully. "I have seen it many a time among native races whose witch-doctors and jugglers and magicians have learned how to hypnotize a crowd so that they see the things which they wish them to see.

"I remember," he went on, "when I was on a collecting trip in British East Africa that I stayed with a tribe who had a sacred fig-tree that must have been a thousand years old. Once the witch-doctor of the tribe gathered them all together about a great fire which he had built near the tree and told them that by reason of their sins the tree had fallen. They all began to wail and weep, for every man, woman, and child within the circle of the firelight saw the fig-tree lying prostrate on the ground. Then the witch-doctor went through a number of incantations and very slowly they saw the great trunk begin to rise until once more it was growing as before. The whole thing," concluded the professor, "was of course an arrant fraud."

"But how do you know it was?" protested Jud. "Everybody there saw him do it."

"Because," retorted the professor, "everybody there didn't see him do it. I stood outside the circle and kept my eyes away from the fire and was not hypnotized with the others. The tree stood as it had stood for ten centuries."

"How do you account for the gnawed ropes and the man-eater at the village in Rahman's story?" inquired Captain Vincton.

"The man had a knife hidden about him and he was cutting the rope at the time that the hypnotized crowd saw a tiger gnawing them," explained Professor Ditson, patiently. "As for the coming of the man-eater to the village, that was mere chance."

Captain Vincton shook his head doubtfully.

"Maybe," he said.

It was Rahman who had the last and deciding word in the discussion.

"Whether that which I have seen be magic or make-believe matters not," he said. "I have seen. Others too have seen. There is no man but what will believe his own eyes and his own ears. There is no argument nor threat nor reward which will persuade the hunters of my people to go with thee to Ghost Mountain."

The faces of all the party showed their disappointment.

"If then all the people of your nation are afraid to go with us to Ghost Mountain, what do you suggest that we do?" inquired Captain Vincton after a pause.

"I said not that none of them would go," corrected the prince quietly. "I am afraid, yet will I go to show thee, O Tuan, that one of my blood will do anything which thou darest do."

A little chorus of exclamations ran like applause through the group.

"Stout fellow," said Captain Vincton.

"Good egg," exclaimed Fred.

"I hope to tell you the prince is all right," said Will admiringly, poking Jud in the ribs.

"He ain't scared to say that he's afraid either," replied that worthy.

Rahman's round face was all smiles at these sincere compliments of his friends.

"I only hope that I may be able to live up to the large and splendid words which I have spoken," he said modestly. "When that I was young I was a man of my hands, but now that I am old and fat it is easier to speak brave words than to do brave deeds."

"Old," scoffed Jud, "why you ain't so old as I be and I'm right in my prime." And the little man wagged his gray beard and looked at Rahman fiercely as though daring the prince to contradict him.

"We must needs travel fast and far," said the latter tactfully changing the subject, "nor do I know the way well. I have secured bearers who have been with me on many a long and dangerous journey before and will follow me even to Ghost Mountain. All the hunters, however, have departed into the jungle on other expeditions, fearing the wrath of the sultan when he learns that they dared not guide us to the haunted mountain. Before they left, however, the best of them told me of a trail to follow which at the last leads to the river side. There we will meet a mighty hunter of the Negrit folk who will guide us."

"What are Negrits?" inquired Will curiously.

"A race of little black people," explained the prince. "They be the oldest folk in all this land. Long before we Malays came and even before those brown jungle dwellers, the Sakai, found their way down the rivers, the Negrits lived here. They know the innermost depths of the jungle as one may know his own house, and therein they fear neither beast, man, nor devil."

A little later the party was on the march. A few rods beyond the village and the depths of the jungle closed in upon them, and it was as if the world of men from which they came had disappeared forever. Around them were only dim green depths while vast trees, which were old before men ever came to that country, towered overhead and shut out the sky. The air had that steamy, spicy fragrance of the deep jungle which one never forgets and always longs to know again.

Then, as they moved forward in single file, ahead of them across the narrow trail crawled an enormous centipede. At the sight, Rahman's brown face seemed actually to become gray as if dusted over with ashes.

"Ah me," he exclaimed, thrusting out his arms, palms up with a gesture of despair. "Only once before in all my life has such an omen of evil crossed my path. A double misfortune came to me then and will come to us now."

"Nonsense," said Professor Ditson reassuringly, "it's only a fine example of a very ordinary insect. Once safe in my specimen-case and he'll do you no harm."

"Touch him not, O heaven-born," exclaimed Rahman, gripping one of the learned scientist's gaunt arms.

"Careful there, Perfesser," warned Jud, seizing him by the other arm. "Them centipedes are the pizenest critters that crawl."

Even as he spoke the centipede crept off into the bushes and escaped. Professor Ditson was much disappointed.

"The centipede is never deadly and only the front pair of its claws are venomous," he said crossly. "After this, kindly never interfere with me when I am trying to collect a specimen."

Rahman shook his head. "The jointed one is gone," he said, "but he leaves misfortunes behind him as we shall find."

The sun was westering down the sky when Fred suddenly heard from the middle of a clump of elephant-grass a little whimpering noise as if

"HE WAS NOT SIX FEET FROM HIS FRIENDS, YET THEY SEEMED POWERLESS TO HELP HIM"

some baby of the jungle were sobbing quietly. The boy parted the grass stalks and there blinking in the sudden sunlight stood a tiny sun-bear, hardly six inches high, lacquer-black with a perfect orange circle on his sturdy little chest. Probably the mother of the little cub had been killed, and he was starting life in the jungle by himself and found it a lonesome affair. Fred picked the wanderer up and the beastling buried his head in the boy's shoulder and looked at him trustingly out of a pair of bright brown eyes. From that day Teddy, as Fred at once christened the little bear, and his young master were inseparable. He would trot close behind the boy hour after hour. When he was tired he would sit down and whimper like a hurt child until Fred put him on his back where he would perch, his comical round face peering over Fred's shoulder as they traveled.

The next day by the cool of the afternoon the adventurers came to a place where the trail branched. One fork ran almost due north and the other south.

"Beyond here I have never gone," said Rahman. "Once before I came as far as this but took the north fork. Our way leads south toward the river."

As they started along the unknown path a tragopan, that bird of the Far East, flitted before them, beautiful beyond imagining, all orange and gold and brown and black, sprinkled with whole constellations of silver stars. Through a gap in the trees they caught sight of a mountaintop like a great sapphire clear cut against the sky, while pearl-gray monkeys watched the little party from the tree-tops and great hornbills flew overhead with a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind.

Suddenly the trees dropped away from the trail and before them lay a great expanse of sand showing gleams of silver and opal in the fading light. Captain Vincton who happened to be in the lead, started to cross, but Rahman held him back.

"Wait," he said. "Some great danger threatens us."

"What is it?" inquired the captain calmly.

"I know not," returned the prince uneasily, "yet there is something here of evil. We who are jungle-born sense a danger before we see it."

By this time the others had come up and peered here and there among the bushes lest some lurking leopard or coiled python might be near; but there was nothing to be seen.

"There ain't nothing wrong," said Jud at last. "I'll go across with my gun ready and if anything turns up I'll be ready for it."

"No, no," said Rahman hoarsely holding him back. "Not yet. Some deadly danger awaits us just ahead. I feel it and yet I know not what it can be."

Even as he spoke the little sun-bear came trotting along the trail and ran on ahead of Fred. Then as one of its tiny paws touched the silver sand it gave a whimper of fear and turned back.

"He knows," said Rahman.

It would have been well for Fred if he had heeded the warning of his pet. Hearing Teddy's whimper of terror, he stepped out on the bare sand to see what was frightening him. Even as he did so it was as if the ground had

opened beneath his feet, so swiftly did the sand sink under his weight. In a second he was above his ankles. Trying vainly to drag his feet out he sank to his knees. He was not six feet from his friends, yet they seemed powerless to help him; and the boy's face whitened as he sank more and more swiftly until almost before they realized what had happened the sand was up to his waist.

"Quicksand," barked out Will, remembering the one they had met in Akatan during the quest for the Blue Pearl. "Hold my legs some one and we'll make a human chain. Quick, quick."

Even as he spoke Will stretched out at full length and locked both hands under Fred's arms just above his waist. At the same time Joe wound his long sinewy arms around Will's knees, the captain did the same for Joe, while the prince, Jud, and Professor Ditson made up the last links of that living chain.

"Now, all together, heave," shouted Will, and with a tremendous effort every one there pulled desperately in this tug of war with death. For a moment it seemed as if they had lost. There was a sucking sound as if the quicksand were smacking its lips and Fred sank deeper until Will's locked hands were out of sight beneath the sand. Once again the whole company heaved mightily and Fred stopped sinking.

"Now, all together, pull," shouted Will.

"Pull," bellowed Jud from where he stood, tugging with every ounce of muscle in his wiry frame.

"Pull," shouted the prince to the bearers who had come up and seized hold of the anchor men. "Lazy apes, decayed durians, pull!"

"Pull," grunted Captain Vincton, heaving back with every muscle in his bent body taut and hard as steel.

Joe said nothing but grunted as every atom of his strength went into this last effort. Slowly, very slowly the fatal depths yielded up their prey. Inch by inch the boy's body moved toward the solid ground until with a last jerk he shot out so quickly that all of his friends fell over backward in a kicking, struggling, shouting heap.

"Whew!" said Will, mopping his forehead, "that was a close call."

"Fool that I am," said Rahman. "How could I have misunderstood. The guides told me to beware of the 'sand devil' but I thought that they meant the crocodiles which lurk around the banks of the river toward which we are journeying."

"I, too, should have known," said Professor Ditson. "Just as the cub put his foot in the sand I saw it change color, which should have showed me that it was in solution."

"It was nobody's fault but my own," panted Fred, "and nobody could have worked quicker and better than you all did. You saved my life, and I'll never forget it or any one of you here."

An hour later and the little party reached the banks of a river which wound its way through the jungle like some vast brown snake. Not far from the water's edge grew a huge wild fig-tree. Following the directions which he had received from his hunters, Rahman searched among its roots and drew out a great club made of some dark, heavy wood. With this he beat upon the trunk of the tree a series of strokes which echoed like thunder through the jungle, and then stopped and waited expectantly.

Suddenly there was a faint rustle among the bushes near the trail, and like a phantom the figure of a tiny, black gnome of a man, scarcely four feet high stood before them. He wore short drawers and a wide girdle of woven bark, and had the high cheek-bones and beak-like nose of his race, while beneath shaggy brows his eyes glittered like crumbs of black glass. In one hand he held a blow-pipe, that strange weapon of his people, a hollow bamboo tube nearly ten feet long; in his belt he carried a store of slivers of bamboo some fifteen inches long and sharp as needles. The point of each was smeared with a poison distilled from the resin of the ipolo-tree, which has the deadly property of almost instantly contracting the muscles of the heart and causing the death of the man or beast into whose veins it is injected. At the butt end of each dart was an elliptical piece of light wood which steadied its flight like the feathers on an arrow.

Jud was especially taken with the newcomer.

"He looks exactly like that colored lad, old Hen Pine, who went with us after the Inca Emerald, seen through the big end of a telescope," he confided to Will.

The little man gazed around at the party impassively and although he understood English and could speak that language haltingly, showed no signs of recognition until Rahman informed the others that his name was Kulop. At the word he acknowledged the introduction by a sudden flashing smile which showed his white teeth and transformed his whole face. Then he turned and spoke rapidly to Rahman in his own language, waving his small arms toward the other members of the party. The prince grinned broadly as he listened.

"The chief here likes your looks," he translated. "He gives to you the freedom of the jungle and takes you under his protection."

At his words the tiny black man drew himself up and stretched out his hand toward them so majestically that even Rahman, who knew him of old, could not keep from laughing.

Kulop gazed around at the circle of grinning faces and it was evident that his feelings were hurt, for he stopped smiling and an expression of sullen dignity came over his face. Rahman was starting to explain to him that no offense had been intended when he was suddenly interrupted by the actions of a troop of langoors, those large, handsome brown monkeys with long tails and black faces, which follow hunting-parties through the jungle. Those monkeys never fail to advertise the presence of the two enemies whom they most fear, the tiger and the leopard.

Accordingly when the langoor troop suddenly began all together to click with their tongues, the prince stopped speaking and all the jungle-bred members of the party searched the near-by trees and bushes with their eyes for the unknown foe whom the monkey aloft had discovered.

Simultaneously the prince, Captain Vincton, and the Negrit caught sight of a dark ominous form lying along the limb of a tree almost directly overhead, and recognized the figure of a black leopard, one of the most dangerous beasts of the inner jungle.

Lurking in the tree-tops a leopard will often spring into the very midst of a hunting-party and use his deadly claws and teeth with such raging speed and ferocity as to take a heavy toll of the hunters before he can be killed.

In the dusk of the tree-top the fierce eyes of the beast gleamed like strange jewels from out of the gloom. His sleek body was crouched and taut. Beneath his ivory-black skin, against which rosettes showed faintly like the pattern in watered silk, his great muscles quivered for the spring.

For once even Captain Vincton, and that veteran hunter, Jud Adams, were caught napping. The going through the thick jungle had been so difficult that the hunters had turned their guns over to the bearers and, except for the knives at their belts, were without weapons—all save one.

As they stood still fearing lest the fierce beast above them spring at their first move, the little black chief raised his blow-gun slowly, as the minute-hand of a clock, toward the crouching figure above. He stood

(*Continued on page 492*)

"KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER"

By ROANE FLEMING BYRNES

IT was glorious in the swamp forest. Spring had come early. Already the willows and the cypress-trees had turned a pale green; frogs were croaking in full chorus in cool, muddy hollows and summer ducks were mating. You could see them swimming about in pairs on the shallow waters of Willow Lake. And the trout and barfish were striking splendidly, making little, bubbly rings on the lake's still surface—it was going to be a fine fishing season.

But Tonio was going away; he was leaving the swamp for the first time in the eleven years of his life, leaving just at the time he liked best, when the spring sun had warmed the waters of the swimming-hole in Mill's Bayou and the soft-shell turtles were laying their eggs on the sand-bar. Tonio loved to hunt the eggs and dig them up—they made fine soup. But he had to leave; there was no help for it. The levee could not hold much longer. Another week, another day maybe, and all of the swamp country would be under water; the swift current of the Mississippi would be rushing through the forest. Even the birds and the snakes would have to seek refuge in the hills.

Tonio and his family were going up to Natchez to the refugee camp. For days they had been packing, trying to make up their minds what to take and what to leave. It was hard to decide, for what was left was almost certain to be lost. They had built a platform near the ceiling in their house and had put on it all of the furniture and household goods which the wagon could not hold. Maybe it would be there when they returned after the overflow; maybe it would be floating in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico.

The mules they would hitch to the wagon which was to take them up to town. Francis, Tonio's older brother, could ride Jackson, the old white horse, and drive the cow, the calf, and the young steer ahead of him. The sow and her litter had been killed and the meat salted; they would take it to town if there was room in the wagon. As to the vegetable garden, the cornfield, and the cotton-patch, the river would just have to take them—there was nothing to do about it.

Tonio was pulling the chicken-coop through the woods in the little wagon. He was taking the chickens to his grandfather, for the old man had refused to leave the swamp. "The high water's not going to drown me," he told his daughter—Tonio's mother. "If the water gets too high in my house, I'll go to the platform I've built in the big cypress. I've got some corn-meal, and I can fish; I'll be better off here than in town. I'm too old to travel." And he could eat up the chickens day by day; it would be better than to let them drown or starve in the loft.

Tonio had begged to stay with his grandfather. "No, you must go," the old man told him. "You have never been in town; you will see all sorts of things. The cathedral is there and you must go to mass. Here is a dollar I've been saving, you can spend it in town. Perhaps you could buy me, cheap, a little picture of the Virgin or the Crucifixion. I've gotten to be a regular old heathen living so long here in the woods."

Next day they all set off in the wagon. They wore their best clothes; they had on shoes and collars, and the girls had colored ribbons on their hats. Tonio sat stiff on the bottom of the wagon; he wouldn't look at anybody. A long, swaying piece of moss caught on his hat as they passed through a thicket and dragged it off onto the wagon floor.

"Tonio, pick up your good hat; it's getting all dirty!" cried his mother. "Look up, boy, and answer when I speak to you!"

"My collar's chokin' me," muttered Tonio. Then he turned his back on the others. They were going away; he was leaving the woods and the Willow Lake and his little boat, his little pirogue, which he kept hidden in a willow clump. His shoes hurt his feet, his throat ached, his eyes burned; the rocking-chair kept bumping against him. He shut his eyes and huddled down in the wagon.

Clank, clank went the wagon over the ruts and cypress roots; *puff, puff* went the old white horse that Francis rode—it had the heaves. Slowly they made their way through the woods; they had not yet come to any sort of a road.

Jerk, bump! The wagon stopped. Francis, who had ridden ahead, came galloping back, old Jackson puffing like a steam-engine.

"The water, the water!" cried Francis. "It's coming in all around us! The levee must have broken!"

They all sat still staring around them, making no motion to get out of the wagon. This was something they had not expected. They were too late; they had lost too much time packing; now they would lose most of what they had packed.

Francis jumped off the horse. "Hurry!" he cried. "We can make some sort of a raft out of the wagon floor and save lots of the things!"

And presently, when the water closed in about them, closed slowly because they were far from the break, the raft was made and the family was on it.

"Francis, you ride Jackson; Tony, you get on one of the mules—see if you boys can't get the stock to the levee," directed Mr. Applewhite.

"Let me take my rocking-chair on

the raft," urged Mrs. Applewhite. "You know, Frank, father made it for me the year Francis was born!"

They started slowly off, Mr. Applewhite poling the raft through the trees, Francis and Tonio trying to drive the frightened animals toward the levee. The ragged pile of their belongings, left behind on the ground, was covered little by little by the water. The stovepipe stayed clear last of all; they could see it sticking up above the water until the trees came between.

It was dark when they reached the levee. Francis had managed to get Jackson there, but the cows and the mules were gone. The family huddled down on their soggy bedclothes and waited through the night.

Morning brought help. Motorboats arrived filled with refugees from the levee below the break. There was room in the boats for the Applewhites and their clothes and bedclothes, but nothing else. They chugged off up the river, leaving old Jackson standing on the levee waving his tail and gazing fixedly after them; beside him was the rocking-chair, rocking gently to and fro in the river breeze.

Natchez. A harbor full of boats, big and little; confusion, crowds of people on the dock; a walk up a muddy slope, then rows of shining automobiles. The refugees were to ride in the automobiles, it seemed. Tonio hung back; the car was all lined with pretty cloth and he was covered with mud. "Get in, my boy," said the lady who was driving the car, and she patted him on the shoulder. Tonio looked at her in wonder; she was dressed like a little girl, with short skirts and short hair.

They drove through the town in a sort of procession, through streets where the lights were so bright they made your eyes water, and where there were crowds of people all about, hopping out of the way of the automobiles.

At last they came to the camp on the edge of town—rows and rows of brown tents, and more lights and more people. Then the refugees were given supper.

"I never ate a better meal!" exclaimed Francis. But Tonio could not eat; his throat had closed tight.

Days and weeks passed. Mr. Applewhite and Francis got work on the docks. Tonio wanted a job, too, but he was too young; nobody wanted to hire him. There were hundreds of children at the camp and he and his sisters played and sat around with them; but it seemed to Tonio that he was somebody else. A weight was pressing down on his head, he felt dull and heavy; and when he spoke, he sounded strange to himself.

Mrs. Applewhite was well satisfied.

"My husband and my son, Francis, both have jobs and are doing nicely," she told her next door neighbor in the tent city. "I don't think we'll go back to the swamp any more—even after the water goes down. When the camp breaks up, we will get some rooms in town. The schools are fine I hear, and Tonio can sell newspapers in the evenings. And later on the girls can get jobs in the ten-cent store. It'll be better than living in the woods—the woods are hard on a woman."

Tonio felt a sort of sickening wave pass over him; his knees trembled. So they were not going back to the swamp! He had never dreamed of this! They were going to stay in town! He would spend the rest of his life in town; houses closing in about him; people, people everywhere he turned, crowding thick on every side. He couldn't stand it. He wouldn't stand it! He would run off back to the swamp, to his grandfather!

Suddenly his head cleared a little; he felt better. He wondered he hadn't thought of this before. He would go this very day! There was no reason to put off; he would go at once! He knew exactly what to do; he had learned a few tricks since he had been in town.

As soon as he had eaten his twelve o'clock dinner, he jammed a sandwich in his pocket and slipped through the wire fence at the back of the camp. There was no guard except at the gate, and no one paid the slightest attention to him. Then he made his way through a little wood of second-growth pine to the highroad and hailed a passing motor-car.

"Please give me a lift to town, Mister!"

"All right, get on the running board and hold tight!"

In no time they had whirled into Natchez. The driver put Tonio out on the bluffs at the top of the ferry hill. Tonio thanked him politely and started down the hill. So far it had all been too easy! He began to feel better, and he was just a little bit proud of himself—he knew how to get about town even if he had been raised in the woods!

At the bottom of the hill there were the same crowds as before, black and white, ragged and well-dressed, coming and going on the ferry-boats and the government fleet. No one noticed Tonio—there were plenty of small boys about—but he must be very careful not to run into his father or Francis! He dodged around among some piles of sand-bags and barrels of provisions which were stacked on the dock, while he waited for a boat he had heard his father and Francis talk about. It was called the *Agnes*, and every afternoon it made a trip down the river, stopping at Cypress Point, a landing just a few miles below the swamp where Tonio lived.

Soon Tonio espied the *Agnes;* its name was written along its side in big, black letters—Tonio could read; his grandfather had taught him. Some negroes came along and began to load the sand-bags and the barrels on board the *Agnes;* and while they were rushing about, it was easy for the boy to slip on unobserved. He hid himself behind some sacks at the stern of the boat.

Then the *Agnes* started down the river. The great stern-wheel went round and round, sending off a glittering spray—it looked beautiful against the golden sunset. Tonio climbed up on top of a pile of sacks. The breeze blew all over him; the weight on his head seemed to lift; he was feeling better and better.

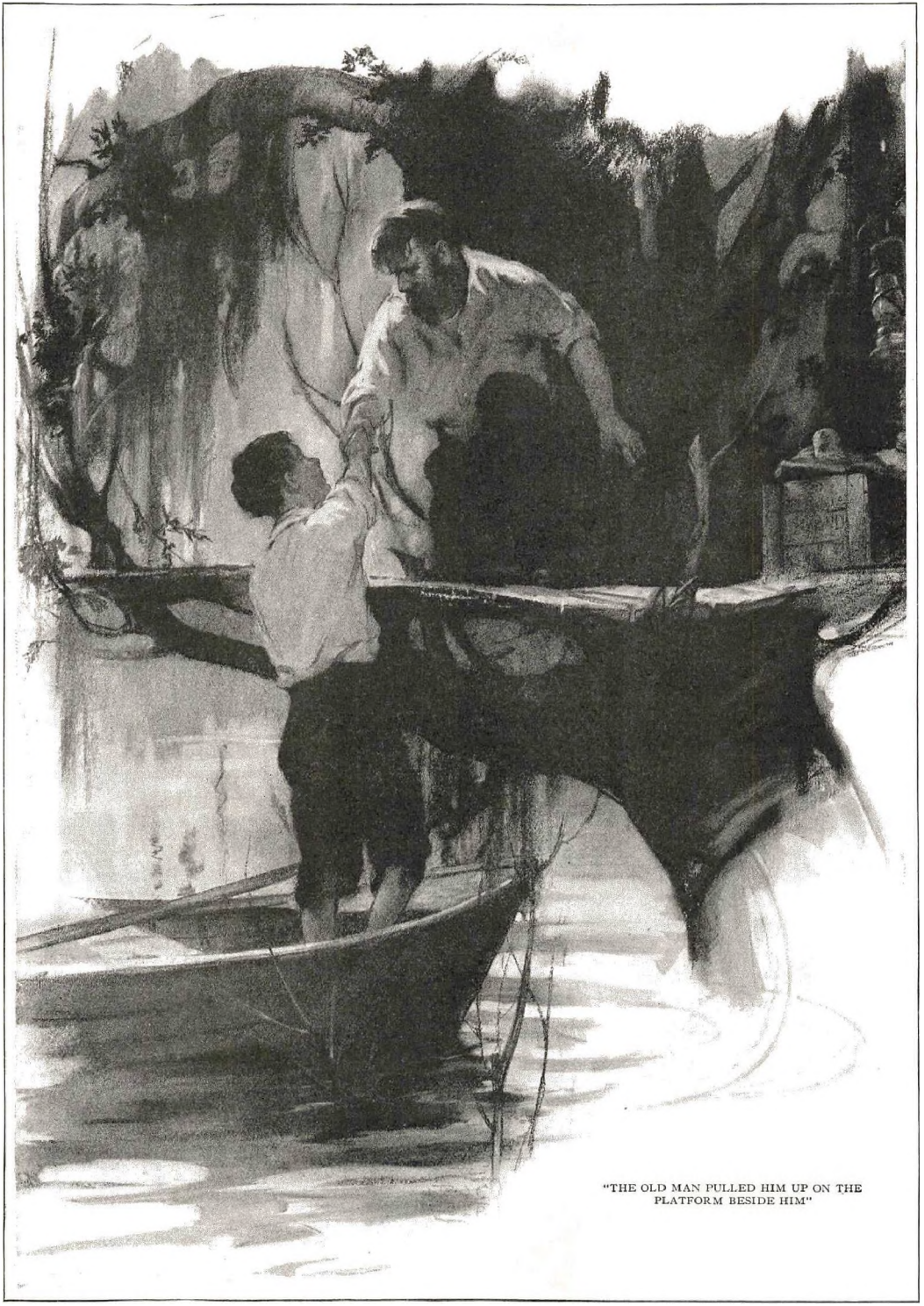
They were going down the river and it was ever so much faster than the trip up had been. Tonio was surprised at how quickly they got to Cypress Point; he had thought of it as at the other end of the world from Natchez. After all it was not so very far! Once more it was curiously easy for him to slip about unnoticed. The levee was crowded with men who were staying in the little overflowed town to guard their possessions. All of the houses were under water to their second stories, and the streets were full of skiffs and pirogues. There were a number of little boats tied along the inside of the levee. Tonio got boldly into one of these, picked up the oars and pushed off with a practised hand.

"Where are you going, boy?" some one called to him.

"To see my grandfather!" he called back truthfully, and then he rowed with might and main through the town and out toward the fields and woods. But no one followed him; a boy in a skiff was no uncommon sight at Cypress Point.

And now he was out of town and in the open fields; the water was like a great sea about him, and there was not a sound but the dripping of his oars. Beyond were the woods. Tonio made haste to get to them before the sun set. He was not afraid; he knew his way about the swamp as well as the coons and the possums, but he wanted to see it all again before the light had faded from the sky.

At last he was there; the skiff scraped against the trunks of the ancient trees, the gray moss swept



"THE OLD MAN PULLED HIM UP ON THE PLATFORM BESIDE HIM"

about his shoulders, clinging to him; the deep woods closed about him. Tonio drew a long breath; then he snatched open his shirt at the neck and took off his shoes. He shook his head; the iron weight was gone. He was free; he was at home.

An hour later he had reached his grandfather's house. The house was under water almost to the top of the roof; but the old man was there, frying fish, on a platform in the big cypress-tree. He was cooking over a little charcoal-burner. Tonio did not know how hungry he was until he smelled the fish. He tied his boat to a limb of the cypress and looked at his grandfather. "I've come back," he said.

The old man pulled him up on the platform beside him.

"Well," he remarked, "I'm sure glad to see you! I've been kinder hankerin' for a little company here lately; I ain't seen anybody for more than a week. Where are all the others? Your paw and your maw and the rest of you children?"

"They ain't comin' back," said Tonio. "They are goin' to live in town for good! But I don't want to live there. I ran away; I've come to stay with you."

The old man looked at him a long time.

"Well," he said at last, "I reckon you can stay; but if they won't let you, you know I'll have to send you back! We'll send a letter to your maw to-morrow by the *Agnes*. She'll be scared to death about you before then; but we can't help it. I reckon they'll let you stay here with me, but I dunno! Why didn't you like it in town?"

"It was so lonesome," said Tonio. "Looked like I couldn't stand it. There ain't nothin' to do in town."

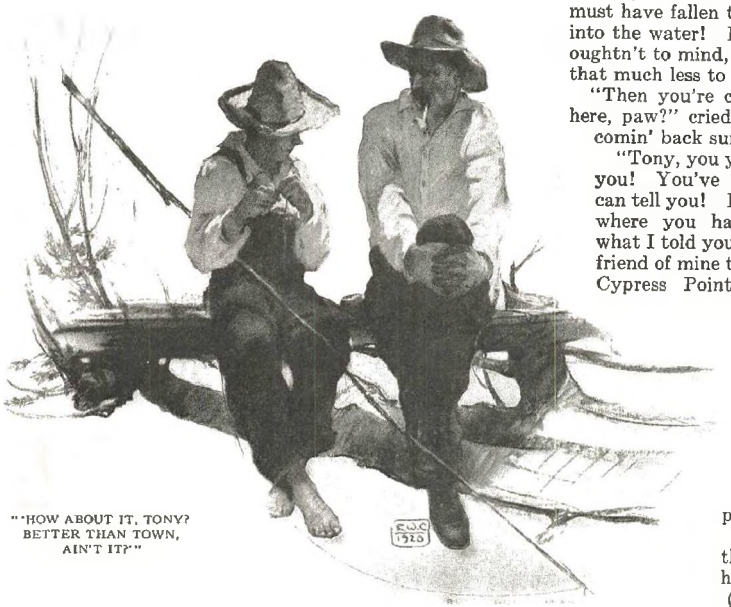
There was plenty to do on the platform in the big cypress-tree. When they had eaten the fish the old man gave Tonio a potato to bake in the ashes of the burner. "I'm goin' light on them 'taters—there ain't many of 'em left now," he told him. "But you can have one bein' as you've come so far to-day."

Then they scraped together the fragments of their meal and put them in a little heap in a fork of the cypress-tree. Instantly four rabbits and three squirrels came down from somewhere in the tree and scrambled eagerly for their supper.

"They've been here ever since the overflow," said the old man. "I reckon the rabbits would er died if I hadn't fed 'em. I figured I might have to eat 'em if the worse came to the worst! But now I know I couldn't do it,—we've gotten to be old friends! You better smother down them ashes, so's they'll be hot in the morning, Tony—matches are scarce as hen's teeth 'round here; I don't want to have to use any more'n I can help!"

They sat down together on the platform. While his grandfather smoked, Tonio leaned over the edge of the floor and dipped the pots and pans in the water below him. Then he washed his face and hands. Around them, the boy and the old man, hung the heavy silence of the drowned forest. All at once there came the piercing cry of the great horned owl —hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!

"There's the hoot-owl, grandpaw!" cried Tony joyfully. "Just listen to him! Everything ain't drownded yet!"



"'HOW ABOUT IT, TONY? BETTER THAN TOWN, AIN'T IT?'"

"No, there's a few critters left—sure there are! A mocking-bird and a bluejay come around here every day and I feed 'em. They're just as tame! And there's plenty of snakes about!" He chuckled. "I found one in my bed last night, a moccasin, so you keep a sharp eye out for 'em! And we'd better go on over to the barn to bed now 'fore it gets pitch dark. I'll row us this time, 'cause you don't know your way so well yet 'round these trees. In the mawnin', first thing, we'll write that letter to your maw!"

They slept in the loft of the barn, which was just above the water line and was crowded with all of the old man's belongings. Tonio was fixed very comfortably on a long box with a quilt. Next morning, bright and early, they wrote the letter to Mrs. Applewhite; but before they could start off in the skiff for Cypress Point to mail it, they saw another boat coming to them through the woods. When it drew alongside the platform, Tonio's heart sank. The occupant of the boat was his father. But Mr. Applewhite hardly noticed the runaway.

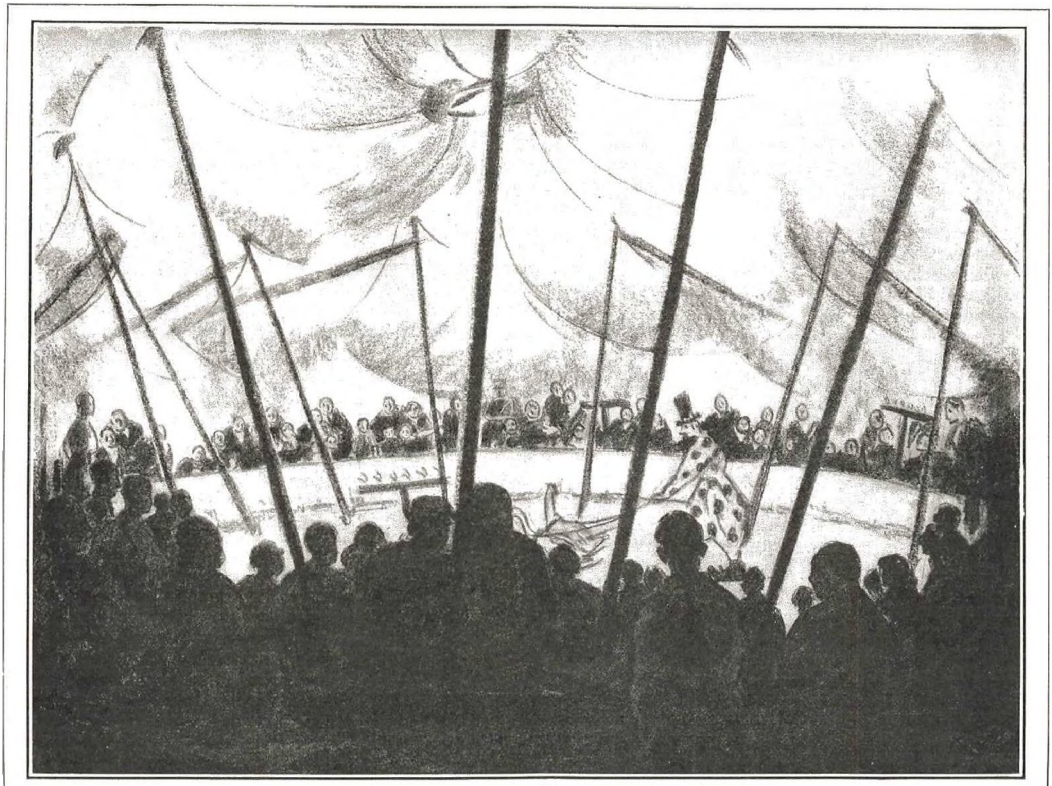
"My, but it's good to be back home again!" he exclaimed as he scrambled up beside them and shook hands with his father-in-law. "I had forgotten how good it was! I stopped by our place on my way here, and I see the house has washed off the foundations, but luckily it caught in a willow clump and didn't float off down the river!" He laughed heartily. "I'm afraid though, that some of the furniture must have fallen through the bottom into the water! I'll tell my wife she oughtn't to mind, because she'll have that much less to clean up!"

"Then you're comin' back to live here, paw?" cried Tonio. "Are you comin' back sure 'nough?"

"Tony, you young rascal, is that you! You've led me a chase, I can tell you! But I knew right off where you had gone to—that's what I told your maw! So I got a friend of mine to bring me down to Cypress Point in his gas-boat! Your maw's scared stiff about you!" He tweaked Tonio's ear. "Well sir," to the old man, "how's everything around these parts since we left?"

"Well, there is one thing you'll be glad to hear—old Jackson's

(*Cont. on page 495*)



"THE ANIMAL-TAMER APPEARS, DRIVING TWO GEESE BEFORE HIM"

"IT'S CIRCUS TIME IN NORMANDY"

By HELEN McAUSLAN

HAVE you ever wondered whether the children in France go to a three-ringed circus in their town, and whether they drink pink lemonade and eat pop-corn, and buy purple and red balloons, and give peanuts to the elephants, or watch with wide-opened eyes the lion-tamer put his animals through their tricks, in and out big hoops, while the band fills the tent with sound? Well, I've often wondered myself; and so, when I walked down the main square of a little sea-coast town in the north of France, and saw at one end of it, near the village church, a round, covered tent just like our circus tents, I hailed the nearest boy and put the question; and he said "*Mais, oui.*" It was a traveling circus, and this was its first day here, and the performance was to begin at 8.30 that same evening.

Our room in the inn faced the circus; and, looking out of the window, I saw the crowd collecting, drifting around and coming back to the entrance. The children, all of them, wear heavy shoes with large nail-heads in the soles; they clatter as their little feet run up and down the cobble-stones in advancing and retreating waves of sound. There were some "dressed-up" ones, with wide white hats and yellow jackets something like what we wear to go to Sunday-school; but there were more who just wore their everyday dresses, and unless you have seen them, or pictures of them, I don't think you can guess what the boys wear. If you were a boy ten years old you would strongly object if your mother tried to get you to wear an apron, wouldn't you? But over here, grown-up boys go around with black aprons and blue ones; sometimes they have black and white striped blouses underneath, sometimes they wear dresses like your sister's of blue and white cotton materials. It only means that a stranger like myself often has to look twice to see whether it's a boy or a girl who is passing me.

Over here, they have daylight-saving time, so it was still light when the entrance door opened and the people started to go in. The sign read something like this: "First, Second, and Third Row," so you see it wasn't a large three-ringed circus as we have. It all took place in one ring, and the seats were arranged in three rows. We took the last row, so we could see all that went on and watch the people as well as the performers. Inside we found the lights were made by gas-tanks that look like the tanks we use in our country to fill up with gas the balloons we

carry. But they didn't have any balloons. Instead, they used the gas to connect with long gas-brackets with half a dozen jets on each one—like this *000000*—and they were placed at the four sides, and near the band in the corner. This is a country place, you know, and circuses don't come here very often; so every one always goes; no one wants to miss it. Opposite us we saw a farmer and his wife, with a baby not quite big enough to walk, and his bigger brother on the bench beside him. In front of us was a row of boys who went up in sizes like steps; right next to us were a lot of big boys, farmers most of them. All around were old men and women, then some rows of pretty girls. Now all the heads turn around, for three *soldats* are coming in. They are in brown uniforms; at the left is one in the blue and red French colors. The trumpet plays and the drum is being thumped, for the circus will not start until the tent is almost full.

We know now that we are not going to see the same things that we have in America, for we have been looking around and we cannot find any animals; no camels or trained seals, no elephants or Wild West outfit; and we do not see any trapezes. But we feel that something good is going to happen. The crowd is getting more and more excited. The band is playing louder and louder, and at last *Bang!* goes the big drum, and the leader in the red silk shirt and black sash runs into the center of the circus. He holds up his hands and cries, "*Attention!*" "*Le premier numéro*—" The first number is a dance by *une petite enfant.* A little girl *très charmante* with black bobbed hair, and rose-colored acrobatic costume, dances into the center of the tent. She is carrying a wand and she moves through a dance I never saw in our country. You have seen pictures of pages as they were about the time of King Arthur's Court and the Round Table? That is what she looked like, as she kept time to the music. She followed the introduction by vaulting on the table in the center, and then bending herself backward and forward, in and out, around and underneath! That is the only way I can express the various movements she went through; maybe this quick sketch will make plain some of her contortions, as she picked a handkerchief up with her teeth "*comme ça.*" All the people clapped and called "*Brava*" when she ran off the stage.

Now came a figure familiar to us—a clown—and he looked about like ones you've seen turning handsprings, stumbling over his own feet, and making witty wise-cracks at the expense of his fellow performers. I couldn't always understand what he said, but it must have pleased the people, because the boys next to us were laughing so hard that I was almost afraid the bench would be unseated. It only rested on a small narrow clothes-horse. *Les soldats* on our left have their faces cracking with grins continuously; across the way we see men slapping each other on the back to emphasize a witticism. Now another lady comes on the stage and dances with the cymbals, now the clown tries to do the same, and only succeeds in frightening himself with the clicking cymbals and trips until he has to take off his huge shoes. Then he gives us some really good acrobatic stunts; he jumps over one, two, then three chairs continuously.

But are we going to see any animals at all? That is what we wonder. Yes, there they come. We strain our necks and see the animal-tamer appear with his long whip; but what has he with him? Then we almost burst with laughter, and the crowd as well, for he is driving two geese before him and they, apparently, are his trained performers. But do you know how intelligent the animals are? We had no idea that they had brains any larger than an apple-seed. On the contrary. For at the command of their tamer they marched and countermarched, they jumped over a hurdle, and went under it, keeping in line, two by two. They received hearty applause and laughter, and skipped off with the plaudits of all ringing in their ears. We hope they received a good supper of corn.

It is beginning to be late. We have been treated to some playing with musical glasses and some more acrobatic stunts. We have had a solo from a musical dog (?) and we have applauded the clown again.

Now they are selling chances on a bottle of wine, the highest number wins, and as each man draws his pink slip out of the hat he calls out the number. Great excitement. This takes quite a while and our attention rather wanders while it is going on.

Now for the grand finale. The leader of the circus adds a bandana handkerchief to his attire and thus transforms himself into a Wild West man. He is going to give us some fancy shooting. The target is set up, and we see that it is an apparatus looking like small organ pipes, six in all, about two inches in diameter. First there is a space above these pipes, and there a tiny white disk is placed, and shooting from different positions the performer picks off the mark. He fires straight from the shoulder, then holding the gun with one hand, then lying on his back on a chair, then holding the gun upside down at the height of his head. Simultaneously the gun spits out flame, the crack on the target is heard, and the mark falls. Lastly, he takes two guns and fires six times from each, striking the pipes in such an order that he plays musical chimes.

He has given a pretty exhibition of marksmanship, and when he turns smiling to the crowd and drops lightly the word *Tiens!* the applause is deafening. Then, *c'est fini*—it is finished. It remains for us to move with the crowd slowly out of the tent and outside into the quiet square. The town does not have electric lights and we have the impression of stepping from a lighted place into a silent, dark, cold outdoors. Dim outlines of roofs and queer-shaped chimneys are around us; at the entrance there is only a flickering lantern; here and there the glow of cigarettes. No stars, no lighted windows, save a tiny one at the end of a row of stores, for almost all the town has been at the circus, and any one who stayed at home has gone to bed long ago. Stumbling across the street to our inn, we sleepily have a glass of cider —for they don't drink water in these parts; and then up to bed. The children will dream of the circus to-night and so may we, for it was *bon.*

THIS AND THAT

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

MARY McGuire's our cook, you know;
And Bridget McCann, our neighbor,
Does whatever she finds to do,
And lives by honest labor;
And every morning when she comes
To help about the dairy,
"A foine day *this!*" says Bridget McCann,
"It is *that!*" answers Mary.

It may be June, or it may be March
With sleet and wild winds blowing,
Whether it's warm and bright and fair,
Or whether it's cold and snowing,
Bridget McCann comes bouncing in,
Her cheeks as red as a cherry,
And, "A foine day *this!*" she always says,
"It is *that!*" answers Mary.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRASS KEY

By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL

Author of "The Little Great Lady," "Patsy's Brother," etc.

CHANGE was coming to Redneath Hall. The old squire who had lived sometimes foolishly, but always generously, was dying, and Roderic, his son, never foolish and never generous, would soon take his place.

Redneath Hall, which had been built by a Rivington in fifteen hundred and forty and occupied by a Rivington ever since, would be sold, for Roderic Rivington was not a man to spend his every penny on mending miles of fences and hundreds of chimney-pots, so he said.

"It's the poor lady across the way I'm sorry for," observed Mrs. Millercote, the postmistress, to Betsy, her daughter, who was housemaid at the Hall. They glanced across the village street to the old brick wall which hid the glories of the Dower House garden from the passer-by. "She'll never be let to stop at the Dower House when the old gentleman is gone." Mrs. Millercote shook her head.

Even Hamish, who was only fourteen, knew what she meant. Roderic and Gerald Rivington had loved the same lady, and when she had chosen Gerald, Roderic's love had turned to hate. He had tried to prevent his father from lending the Dower House to her when her husband was killed in the war.

"Mr. Roderic's master at the Hall already," Betsy told them. "The old squire is that afraid of him he dare not speak a word or write a letter without Mr. Roderic says he may. I've heard them talking, many's the time, and so has Mr. Bennett. The old squire has made a new will, with Mr. Roderic at his elbow when it was written, and all he's left to poor Mrs. Rivington is what's in the Dower House and not a penny of cash, so Mr. Bennett says." Mr. Bennett was butler at the Hall and a great man in Redneath Village.

"And the old squire loves little Miss Sheila better than anything in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Millercote indignantly. "And no wonder!" she added, her face yielding to its kindly lines once more.

Hamish was thinking of these things as he swept the smooth grass of the lawns at Redneath Hall. He was garden boy and loved his job, because the trees of the park were so tall, and the shadows they cast so still and deep, and because the seedlings he was allowed to water sometimes were so frail, and would make such a glory of red, yellow, blue, and mauve in a few weeks' time.

Sometimes he was sent down to help the gardener at the Dower House, and this he loved better than anything, for if flowers were beautiful things to serve, Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila were still more beautiful. Mrs. Rivington was tall and supple like a young tree, and Miss Sheila was golden and rosy and gay like a flower. They used to work side by side in the Dower House garden and things that would not grow at the Hall, grew for them. The gardener said this was because the Hall gardens caught the east wind, but Hamish knew better than that.

As he swept the lawns on the terrace, the thought that Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila might have to leave the Dower House made a bruise on his heart, so he felt sick and tired and moved slowly instead of briskly, as was his habit.

It was then that he heard a tapping sound. A woodpecker so early? No, it came from the house. He looked up at the row of windows which stretched along the flagged terrace, and saw the face of the old squire, who was peering eagerly at him and tapping gently with his finger on the glass. As Hamish looked, the squire beckoned urgently, and cast a glance over his shoulder into the room behind. Hamish obeyed the summons.

It was easy to step to the side of the invalid-chair on which the old man lay, for the windows reached to the floor and were unlatched.

"You're a good boy, I know you," whispered the old gentleman. "Can you keep a secret?"

Hamish nodded. It seemed to him he was always keeping secrets, though they were secrets no one seemed to want to know.

"Then take this," and the squire reached out a withered hand, folding Hamish's fingers over something hard and cold. "Keep it till I've gone and —I don't *like* the cherry blossoms swept off the lawn—I *like* to see them there"—the tone had changed to a querulous whine—"Go away and take your broom with you."

Hamish's glance followed that of the sick man, and saw Roderic Rivington standing in the doorway, reminding Hamish of a watchful spider.

"Is that you, Roderic?" the squire asked, raising his head and screwing up his eyes like a man who sees with difficulty. "I've told you before I *like* to see the cherry blossoms on the lawn." He spoke peevishly.

"It is very untidy, Father," Roderic said. Then he added sharply, "Why are you alone? That new nurse is useless." He turned to Hamish. "You can go," he ordered, "and leave the cherry blossoms where they are—for the present."

Hamish went, his broom in one hand, while the other was clasped tightly over something he dared not examine yet. The old gardener met him on the lawn and, speaking a sharp word about loiterers, sent him to help another man who was weeding the rose garden. Hopkins trusted no lad of fourteen to earn a full day's pay of his own accord. Even at five o'clock when he was released, two other boys walked back to the village with him, and he dared not arouse curiosity by taking an unusual way. At home his mother sent him into the shop to wait on customers as soon as he had had his tea, and it was not until after supper that he took his bedroom candle and climbed the steep staircase to the tiny room in the eaves where he slept alone.

His heart beat fast as he drew from his pocket the object the squire had given him. It was a big brass key and was not at all like any key Hamish had ever handled before. He felt sure it did not unlock any such thing as a bedroom door nor an ordinary drawer where useful garments were kept. Some one had spent loving pains on its workmanship, for the brass of its handle end was hammered into an intricate pattern for no reason except to please the eye. "It must belong to something beautiful," thought Hamish, "or it would not have been made so beautifully itself." He tried to imagine the door or the drawer it might unlock, but could not. He pictured something dark, dignified, and unfamiliar.

"I'll find out what the squire wants me to do. I swear I will!" he vowed.

He hung the key around his neck with a piece of tape before he undressed quickly and got into bed, for he knew if his mother saw a light under the door, she would come in to ask why the candle still burned. He had just begun to dream when he was awakened by the sound of a slamming gate, and the voice of his sister Betsy, under his window. "Let me in," she called softly, for to shout in the village street at night was something one of the Millercote family would never do. "I've something to tell Mother."

Hamish, half dressed, hurried through his mother's room, waking her with a word, and went down to open the shop door. Betsy brushed past him, and breathing heavily in her haste and excitement, mounted the stairs. Leaning against the footrail of the bedstead she gave her news.

"The squire's gone," she said; "passed away an hour ago, and no one with him at the last but the hired nurse from London. Mr. Roderic's squire at Redneath now and the Lord only knows what'll happen to us all!" and Betsy drew out a large handkerchief and wept luxuriously into it, while Mrs. Millercote ejaculated, "Tut—Tut. "Who'd have thought it would come that sudden! Well—the Lord's Will be done—only I'm sorry for the poor lady across the way!"

Hamish raised his hand and pressed it over the place where the heavy key lay, warmed against his flesh. There was no one now to explain why it was there.

THE Dower House was empty and for sale. So was Redneath Hall, but it was the Dower House, with its upper windows staring vacantly down all day long on the village street, that made Hamish feel as if the sun had set for good, without a moon to glorify the night.

He was working in the Dower House garden on a June day when the roses were putting forth their sweetest scent and colors for the lady and the little girl who had planted and pruned them. He had been told to tidy up, for a gentleman was coming to see the house that day. Hamish hated the gentleman, and the expectant, blossoming garden asked him questions he could not bear to answer.

When he had done his work in the front garden, he went around the corner of the house to the lawn where Mrs. Rivington used to have her tea served under the mulberry tree on such afternoons as these.

The flowers Mrs. Rivington loved best were planted here where the windows of her sitting-room could look down on them. A Banksia rose climbed to the sill, wreathing the lattice with a profusion of tiny yellow blossoms, but, as if in dismay at finding the room empty, it had slipped from its place, and a branch trailed on the air, in danger of being broken by its own weight.

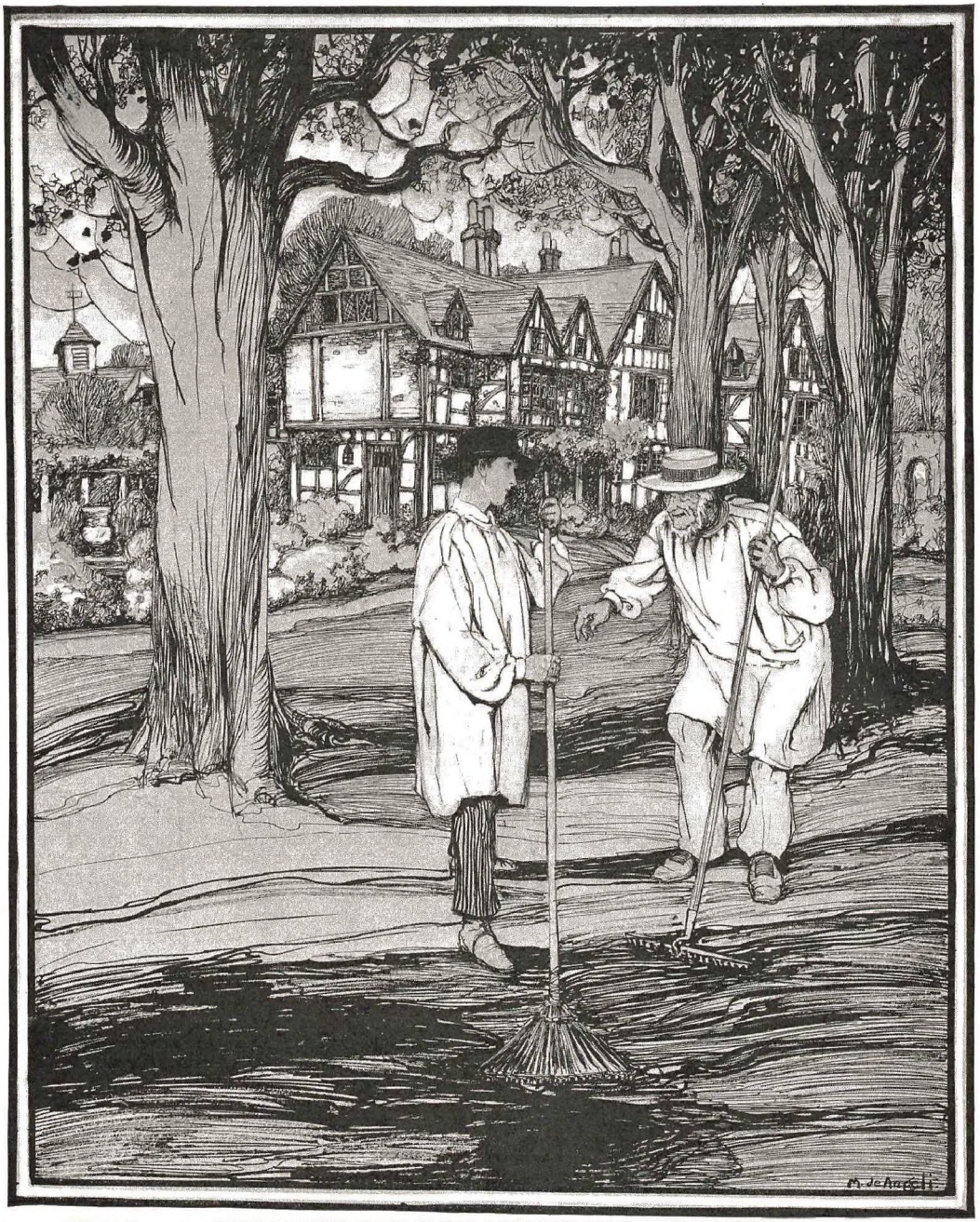
Hamish brought a ladder and climbed up to replace it. A window had been left open to air the room and, better to reach the loose tape by which the branch had been fastened, he put his foot over the sill and stood within the room.

He glanced about him with awe and remembered that Mrs. Rivington had told him once how the little yellow roses peeped over her window-sill and lightened the dull business of writing letters and paying bills. The old squire used to come and sit with her there in the days before he was taken ill, and while Mr. Roderic was still away in the embassy of some foreign court. Hamish had seen the old squire looking down at him while he worked among the flowers.

As he looked at the room with its rich and foreign furniture, its sunshiny carpet, and deep fireplace, his heart beat faster, for, standing opposite him, was a cabinet of black lacquer, tall, dignified, and strange, its two doors closed and locked, and in the ornamental scroll of the lockwork there was no key!

He was before the cabinet in a moment—tugging at the string around his neck until the key was in his hand. He thrust it into the lock and turned it. The door swung forward an inch or so, unlocked, and at the same moment the sound of the front door-bell startled him. He locked the cabinet and went back to the window, fastening the rose with hands that shook. He was still excited when he climbed out on the ladder, stopped to pick up his twine and knife, and put a foot down to feel for the next rung. He may have set the ladder carelessly, or his balance may have been untrue, but in any case the ladder slipped under his weight, and moving to save himself, he dropped his tools, grasped vainly at the sill, and fell with the ladder, down, measureless distances, till at last he lay huddled and unconscious among the roses beside the mulberry tree.

"IT never rains but it pours," Mrs. Millercote remarked with as much impressiveness as if no one had ever made the observation before. "First there's the upset at Redneath, and poor Mrs. Rivington turned out of her natural home, and now there's Betsy here accused of taking a pack of old letters that don't belong to her, and she out of a situation and not going to



"HOPKINS TRUSTED NO LAD TO EARN A FULL DAY'S PAY ON HIS OWN ACCORD"

take one till her name's clear as the name of Millercote's been for as long as the name of Rivington itself, and as if that wasn't enough, Hamish falling off a ladder and getting cushion." Mrs. Millercote meant concussion. She paused, raised hands and eyes heavenward, and reiterated, "I've always said it; it never rains but it pours! How many stamps do you want Mr. Trewick, and how is your little Susan getting on with the mumps?" So Mrs. Millercote, who was a sympathetic soul by nature, would pass from her own trouble to those of others, and find a moment's distraction, for in truth, misfortune seemed to have dealt her undeserved blows.

The entire village was indignant at the slur cast on the name of Betsy

Millercote by the insinuation that she was responsible for the disappearance of a collection of letters which were Rivington heirlooms. These letters signed by great Elizabethans,—one by the Virgin Queen herself,—had hung, framed, in the library inside a locked case, but the library had been out of use for many years and was swathed in sheets of dust, the case in question being covered with green baize to prevent the writing from fading further than it must, and it was only after the old squire's death that the theft had been discovered. The letters had been cut out of their frames and removed, and the case relocked, the key being in its usual place in the squire's safe. Poor, cheerful Betsy did not know how to live under such a suspicion.

As for Hamish, the chief thing in life was a headache. If he moved it ached, if he thought it ached, if he breathed it ached, and if he spoke it ceased to be a head at all and became a fierce menagerie of quarrelsome, biting demons. He lay in a darkened room, and a doctor came and went, and came again; carts drove by his window to torment him, and children's voices started the machinery in his throbbing brain. Betsy walked across the floor in the next room and he wanted to scream at her not to do it; days passed that might have been months, minutes, or hundreds of years, for all he knew or cared.

On the day when he began, with great caution, to lift his head from the pillow, the sounds from the street outside made him curious enough to ask his mother what was going on.

"Why it's the sale at the Dower House," Mrs. Millercote answered, "to be sure!"

Hamish dropped his head back on the pillow, feeling weak and faint. A sale. The cabinet. The key. What was it he must remember?

"Mother," he said urgently, "I want you to go to the sale and tell me who buys the black cabinet from Mrs. Rivington's own room. Will you? Promise me you will."

Mrs. Millercote soothed him.

"Well, I did think of slipping over to see how things go for the poor lady," she answered.

"It's funny what notions the boy got in his head," she told Betsy, later. "I hope that cushion isn't going to make him queer. He always was a bit queer—wanting to be a gardener instead of coming into the shop. Being out all weathers—and a mere laboring man—instead of a tradesman under a dry roof like his father before him, and all because he likes flowers, he says!" Mrs. Millercote put on her hat, trying to shake her head at the same time, but was not successful. Returning from the sale a little later, she was even more puzzled.

"Now that's a funny thing," she said to Betsy, and Hamish heard every word, for they were talking in his mother's room. "There wasn't a thing sold for more than twenty pounds except that very cabinet Hamish wanted to know about and that was bid for by a London man, and who do you think bid against him—yes—and got it in the end too, and paid one hundred and fifty pounds for it if you'll believe me!"

"My land!" Betsy ejaculated. "All that? Whoever was it, Mother?"

"Mr. Roderic himself!" cried Mrs. Millercote. "He didn't bid for another thing but that. And he went straight off to get Jenkins to cart the cabinet to London for him, but Jenkins couldn't do it till to-morrow. Seems he's in a big hurry."

Hamish lay there struggling to think—thoughts came in plenty but they would not connect with one another. The key. The cabinet. Mr. Roderic. Mrs. Rivington. His fall. The old squire. Pictures of people and things danced tantalizingly before him, tiring him out but refusing to make sense. Then Betsy said something which helped.

"Well—anyway—that's a tidy little bit of money for Mrs. Rivington. Nothing else in the Dower House was worth much and it's all she's got."

"It's all she's got!"

The words rang in the boy's head repeating themselves again and again. The key lay on his breast, for he had asked for it as soon as he could speak, and Mrs. Millercote, who was used to her son, though she did not understand him, had given it to him without a question. Lying there, moving when he moved, it would not let him forget.

"Take it—keep it till I'm gone—and then—" then what? The face of the old squire—the fear in his eyes as Mr. Roderic opened the door—the cabinet, standing there holding its secret,—the key, slipping into the lock,—Hamish saw these pictures one by one. He saw others: Mr. Roderic taking the cabinet away, opening it, gloating over something he found there, something that belonged to Mrs. Rivington because it had been in the house at the squire's death, but something she would never know had been there. At last Hamish understood.

He understood, but what could he do? Mrs. Rivington was abroad. No one else had any right to examine the cabinet, except Mr. Roderic himself, and to-morrow would be too late. There was only Hamish to do anything and only to-night in which to do it, and he was weak and in pain.

He had dreamed often of doing something heroic for Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila—rescuing them from a burning house; stopping a runaway horse; attacking a burglar—nothing was too much to do for them. But he had never thought of risking more than injury to his body. To force his way into the Dower House by night and search the cabinet was a greater risk than that.

Tears of weakness gathered in his eyes and splashed on the pillow. The ideas of fever began to mingle with those of fact. He thought the old squire came and looked at him reproachfully, and that Mr. Roderic stood laughing at them both.

He surely slept, for suddenly he was awake, so certain of what he must do that his bare feet were on the floor before he knew he had moved. It was night, but he must be very quiet, for his mother and Betsy were sleeping on the other side of the door. He dressed quickly and dropped from his low window to the grass below. The village street was silent and no lights showed. It must be late, Hamish thought, for the moon was high to help his purpose.

He crossed the road as quickly as a rabbit, and, scaling the Dower House wall, was in the garden. The lavender was in bloom and its spiced fragrance encouraged him like a friendly voice.

To find a way into the house was the most difficult part of his task, for the caretaker locked up before she went home at night. Hamish tried in vain to discover an unlatched window or unlocked door. Then a memory served him. Just before the squire's death he recalled taking a message to the carpenter for Mrs. Rivington about the latch on the bath-room window, which had broken. If he could only reach it, he'd see if it might not have been forgotten in the excitement of recent events.

He was obliged to climb to the top of a small porch, on which the window looked, but Hamish was accustomed to such feats, and to-night he seemed unusually agile. Upon reaching the sloping roof, with little effort he pushed at the glass with his fingers. He seemed to move with the miraculous ease one has in a dream.

The window was locked, and as he crouched there, waves of deadly discouragement swept over him. So far everything had been done quickly and easily, but now he had to think and scheme, and he could not. Instead he pictured the torch of the village constable throwing its light

along the silent windows, finding him perched in full view. He would never be able to explain. The name of Millercote would be forever disgraced. He would be put in prison, and there were no flowers there.

As he shivered at these thoughts, his fears seemed to materialize, for the light of an electric torch sprang out in the darkness, not outside in the street, but below him in the garden. The light danced along the borders against the wall of the house, and settled on a window just below the porch where Hamish cowered.

It was switched off, on again, and off. There were sounds from below and some one was using a tool on the latch of the window. Presently the sash was raised, and Hamish heard a scrambling and the dropping of feet on the hardwood floor within the house. The light showed more dimly and was gone, but there remained the open window, and all Hamish's courage flowed back to him. Who was it who dared enter the Dower House by night in such stealth, and what did he want? Hamish meant to know.

Slipping gently down the pillar of the little porch, he scrambled in at the window. He had no torch but knew the house well, for he had often brought wood in from the shed and placed it in the boxes in the sitting-rooms, and at such times he had looked about him. Mrs. Rivington's own room was just at the head of the stairs, and, listening, he heard the sound of steps there.

He wore no shoes and moved without a sound after the intruder. He heard the latch click in the door of Mrs. Rivington's room. Hamish crouched in the passage and found the keyhole. He could hear some one moving about with no great caution. The curtain rings shivered across the pole and the blind was moving down. Then the light showed, and there came a sound of scratching, followed by a curse. Whoever it was was trying to open the cabinet, and now in a second, Hamish knew him: Mr. Roderic, the new squire!

"STANDING OPPOSITE HIM WAS A CABINET OF BLACK LACQUER, TALL, DIGNIFIED, AND STRANGE"

Then Hamish knew he had guessed rightly. Something was here—something Mr. Roderic could not wait until to-morrow to find—something that belonged to Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila—something the old squire had hidden there so successfully that his son had only now discovered the place.

It was too late to stop him, unless—

Fear had gone, and in its place was the single purpose which alone succeeds. Hamish gently turned the knob of the door. The man at the cabinet moved abruptly at the sound, as the door swung inward. The man moved toward it, and Hamish suddenly knew he, too, feared detection,

(*Continued on page 497*)

FLOWER GARDENS IN THE AIR

By HAZEL HANKINSON

SKY clouds there are of rose and white, petal-like, with shiny linings; rainbows appear after showers with colors mingled like great-grandmother's old-fashioned nosegays; many a sunset shows the gorgeous reds and yellows of a spring tulip-bed —any of these a poet might call "gardens in the air." But real gardens of genuine flowers, too, grow overhead. Often it is difficult to see them—they are so high. Or their beauty is so modestly hidden, it is unnoticed. Yet during many months of the year different gardens of flowers can be seen in the air. And each one is delightfully unlike all the rest.

In March or early April looms a distant splash of scarlet shining in the sunlight against the soft blue of the sky. Or it may be nearer against a background of wee opening leaves on early-waking trees. A mist of tiny red bells this garden seems from any spot beneath it. And those who are able to climb the steps into its aerial pathways will find there rows of clustered blossoms with never a leaf in sight. All of the flowers have petals of crimson, but some of the "bells" hold in their centers slender clappers of yellow which give them an orange tint. Neither twig nor branch nor leaf nor stalk are ever allowed to hide the glory of these flowers. For these gardens are the proud possessions of the red maple.

At about the time the home gardens of the maples are most enjoyable, a purple flush begins to look down from the tops of the elms. It is a sign that this tree, too, is beginning to dress up its dooryard. Many folks think the elm does not care for flowers and never cultivates them. But before the elm-leaves in their crisp little skirts are ready for their coming-out party, flowers in the elm's roof-garden have been blooming for several days. The leaves are indeed obliged to hurry with their preparations if they wish the flowers to remain as decorations for their party. And sometimes the tiny red-brown blossoms like delicate fringe have actually gone to seed before the leaves arrive.

Look to the poplars and the aspens and the willows for true hanging gardens. Tasseled flowers, long and short, like the tails of Angora cats and kittens, fairly crowd the branching pathways, and their warm-looking furriness seems a very fitting garden adornment for a season when winter snows have scarcely yet been whisked away. Very early, alders and birches, too, hang out tasseled blossoms, brownish and fuzzy, along their garden paths; and these add to the air a mystery like that of "baby's-breath" in gardens on the ground.

At the time when the bud-babies are just waking on most woodland trees in the North, a blossom-bed of soft white reveals itself among them. It often stands alone in its mystic beauty, and the bare branches of the trees near by serve to make greater the charm. It is the Juneberry's tree-garden in all its feathery fluff which in time will furnish delicious hand-outs of crimson fruit for the birds who by tens and twenties come to chat on the garden seats. Ten days or two weeks before the violets peep out, this birds' paradise is blooming freely, and those who would see it in all its splendor must go to the woods in time.

When it's early spring in the South, the flowering dogwood's blossoming pathways begin to lure folks with their magic. Hence, many a bouquet has too often been torn away with harm to the garden's attractiveness. If these gifts are carefully cut from the spots where they are thickest, no injury is done; but too many times, eager folks who think they love flowers will strip such a garden of its beauty. And if something is not done about it, we are told, there will be no dogwood at all for any one to enjoy. Nature plays a charming little trick in the case of the dogwood garden, for the white stars with four notched points are not blossoms at all; they are but beautiful guards for the real flowers in the center—those clustered bits of green. But be that as it may, the effect of each spray is delightful, and when seen from a distance in early spring, the whole flowering dogwood garden appears like a huge bouquet.

In the zigzag tangles of the hawthorns' gardens, birds love to build their summer homes. The passes are merely leafy green at first, but while the feathered babies are still too young to go outside their own dooryards, the gardens become perfect bowers of whiteness or pinkness, and fragrance. What a spot for a birds' May-party!

While many gardens are gay and riotous like those of the haws, producing flowers where they will, a few have conventional borders with flowers arranged in fixed designs. Slender little leaves of the larch open their eyes upon a happy sight in May. Two kinds of flowers make up the larch-tree's formal garden. Little knob-like blossoms covered with yellow powder nestle at intervals along the twigs; while tiny, opening roses of deep pink and green are scattered regularly in between. Larch-tree gardens cannot be enjoyed from a distance. A "close-up" is necessary to see at its best the larch-tree's work of art.

The glory of a Red or Norway pine flower garden, or that of the Douglas spruce, is best seen from above. Lucky is the boy or girl whose home has one of these gardens where it can be seen from an upper window. Red pines have clusters of short tassels, deep scarlet in color. From above, each cluster looks like a gorgeous crimson rose. These roses do not last long, however, and the tree-garden must be closely watched in early spring in order to catch a glimpse of them before they wither and fade.

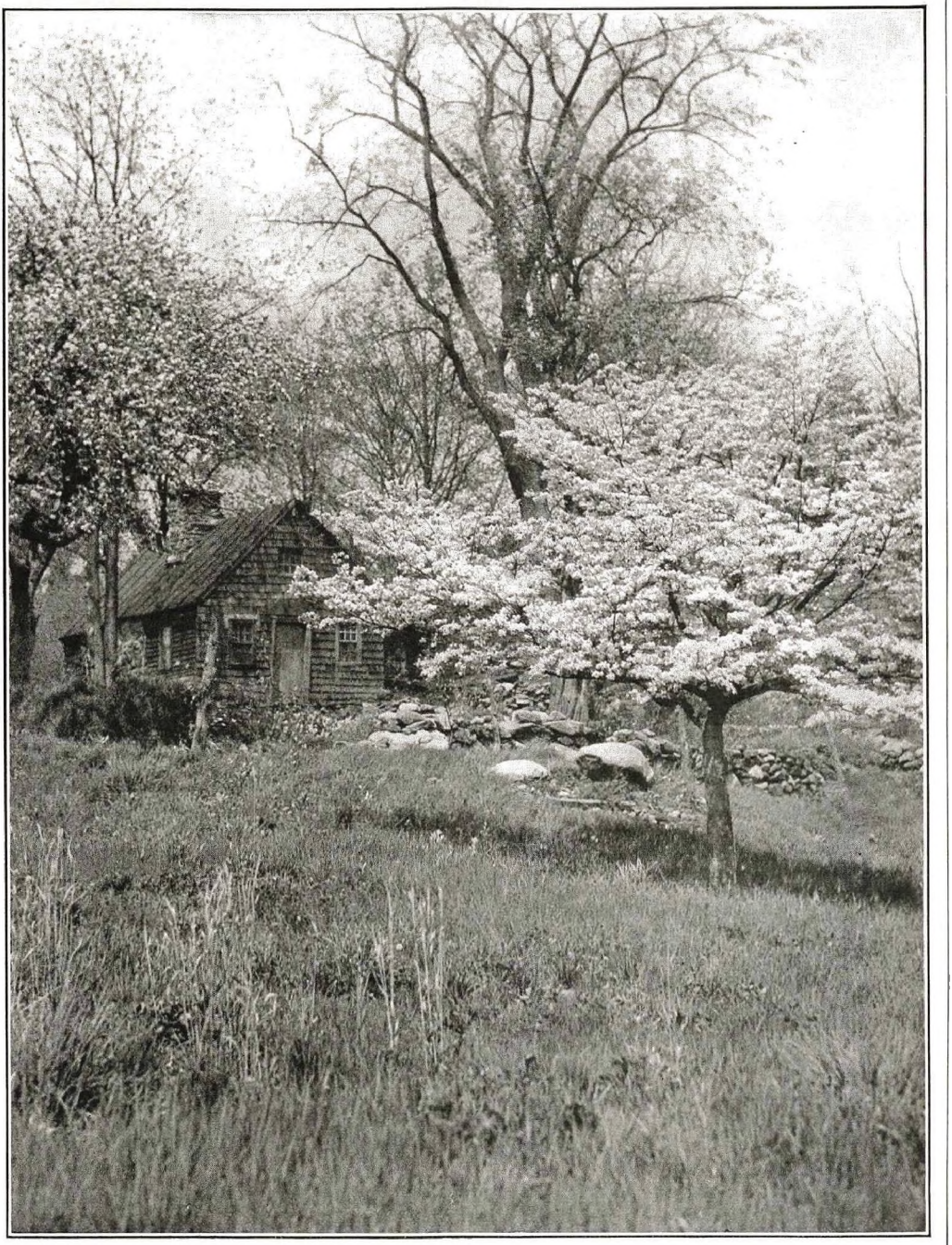
Magnificent as the Red pine garden is, it cannot outstrip that of the Douglas spruce in beauty. This garden, too, glows with dark red flowers against the needle leaves, but its fullest charm lies in its great drooping blossoms, bluish-green and purple, their petal-like scales red-tipped. No garden anywhere can boast a handsomer sight!

Not long after these earlier plots of flowers have bloomed, redbuds display their airy beds of dainty sweet peas. Redbud has one of the most surprising gardens of any of the trees. Little rose-pink and purple sweet peas suddenly spring up not only where the leaves are expected, but also along the curving pathways of the branches. Contrary to the ways of most tree-gardens, too, the flowers appear even on the bare trunk in an astonishing manner, like blossoms pushing their way through on a bleak mountain-side.

Most folks object to fruits that lead a wild life, but the "wild roses" of the air which grow on apple- and crab- and plum- and cherry-trees with never a hand to tame them have no sweeter rivals in all America. White and rose and pink, sometimes two or more shades and hues on the same tree—these gardens are the choice Edens of country roads and fields.

There is as much of the spice of

(*Continued on page 498*)



WHEN SPRING COMES TO NEW ENGLAND

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. WARREN BOYER

AHEAD OF THE TOMAHAWK

By PHŒBE FINLEY

ON the third day of April, 1840, David Lawrence and his son, John, found themselves floating down the wide Columbia in a canoe, guided by Tamahas, a faithful old Indian, on their way home to the Mission at Tum Water, the Indian name for the Willamette Falls. Tamahas had warned them against the dangers of the return trip.

"No take," he had said, but since they had persisted, he decided to accompany them.

So on the previous day John and his father had left Fort Vancouver, that great trading mart of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Oregon territory. Thither an occasional ship from the States brought provisions and crude necessities for which it received furs from the pioneers and trappers of this vast region; thither must the members of the different mission settlements in Oregon journey to get food and mail, and thither must they repair silently and in haste for shelter and protection when the red man suspected the gods of the white man of working him evil.

The fort stood in a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Columbia, ninety miles from the sea. It was well fortified with a strong palisade of fir posts sharpened at the top, thick, riveted gates in front and rear with brass padlocks and heavy keys, and a dark forbidding three-story log tower forming a support at the northwest corner and well supplied with portholes and cannon. Within the fort were two courts, around which were arranged the officers' dwellings, apartments for clerks, storehouses, and workshops. Near the rear gate stood the school-house, and opposite the main entrance was the chief factor's or governor's home, a white, two-story building. Several hundred yards below the fort on the bank of the river in a small village of wooden huts, lived the Hudson's Bay Company's servants.

Now as the three glided on, either side of the river presenting a rough, wild, and mountainous aspect, their thoughts turned to the possible danger before them.

"Last year Indian fight over there—" Dr. Lawrence followed the gaze of Tamahas. "Big battle between Chinook and Tillamook warriors."

"Yes, I remember." The missionary shuddered.

After several hours, the canoe turned into the turbid waters of the Willamette. The river was high and the current strong, so they made slow headway up-stream.

"Father, you said as soon as we got home with provisions from the fort, I could go up the Tualitin River with Tamahas and trap beaver," broke in John. "I'm not afraid of hostile Indians. If I can get six pelts it will make just enough, with what I've got, to pay for my passage to Boston. But this is my last chance because the season will soon be over and the boat sails the last of May."

John had decided to become a minister like his father, but he had found that at least two years' schooling in the East was necessary. The captain of the *May D'acre* had promised him passage to Boston for certain odd jobs about the boat, plus twenty-five beaver pelts. John was elated at this offer, and even more so at going off alone in the woods with the Indian guide.

Suddenly it began to rain and hail. The storm continued during the afternoon and the traveling became extremely disagreeable, but there was no alternative. They paddled silently through the falling sleet until it began to grow dusk. Arriving at a small promontory covered with a dense fir forest, the voyagers commenced making preparations for a stormy night. They were thoroughly drenched, and large drops from the spreading branches of the trees, as they were shaken with the wind, fell in showers upon them.

With flint, steel, and powder, they soon had the woods about illuminated with a cheery fire, and John sat in the warmth eating his supper of dried meat, bread, and hot tea. He was awed and fascinated by the great wilderness all around him. The mystery of it! This was life!

After supper they managed to partially dry their blankets and skins, and spreading them on the wet ground, lay down to rest. The cracking of twigs, the howling of wolves, and the hoot of a big owl disturbed their sleep. The discussion of the previous day had sunk deeply into John's mind. He was soon caught in the toils of a hideous dream. Indians circled stealthily about him, tomahawks raised. The stillness petrified him. He tried to scream for help, but no sound came forth. He must certainly burst a blood-vessel in his effort to make his father hear him.

Then suddenly he lay quiet, sweat trickling from his brow. Gradually he realized he was no longer dreaming but was wide awake and still shaking with fear as he opened his eyes. For several moments he lay very still trying to collect his thoughts. Then from near by came a throaty whisper, and a dark form stood looking down upon him.

"Me kill?" The gutteral growl could come from none but an Indian. Was John still dreaming? Before he could answer this, another form crept up and gazed down at him, hatred and contempt in his glance. Then John knew this was no dream. Would they kill him and his father and even Tamahas? He opened his mouth to warn his father, but the words of the second Indian stopped him.

"No kill this time. Next time scalp."

John closed his eyes because he thought he was going to faint, and upon opening them found no one in sight; all he could hear was his father's breathing. For a long time he was afraid to move, but nothing happened. When morning came, he decided not to mention the incident of the night. It would only worry his father.

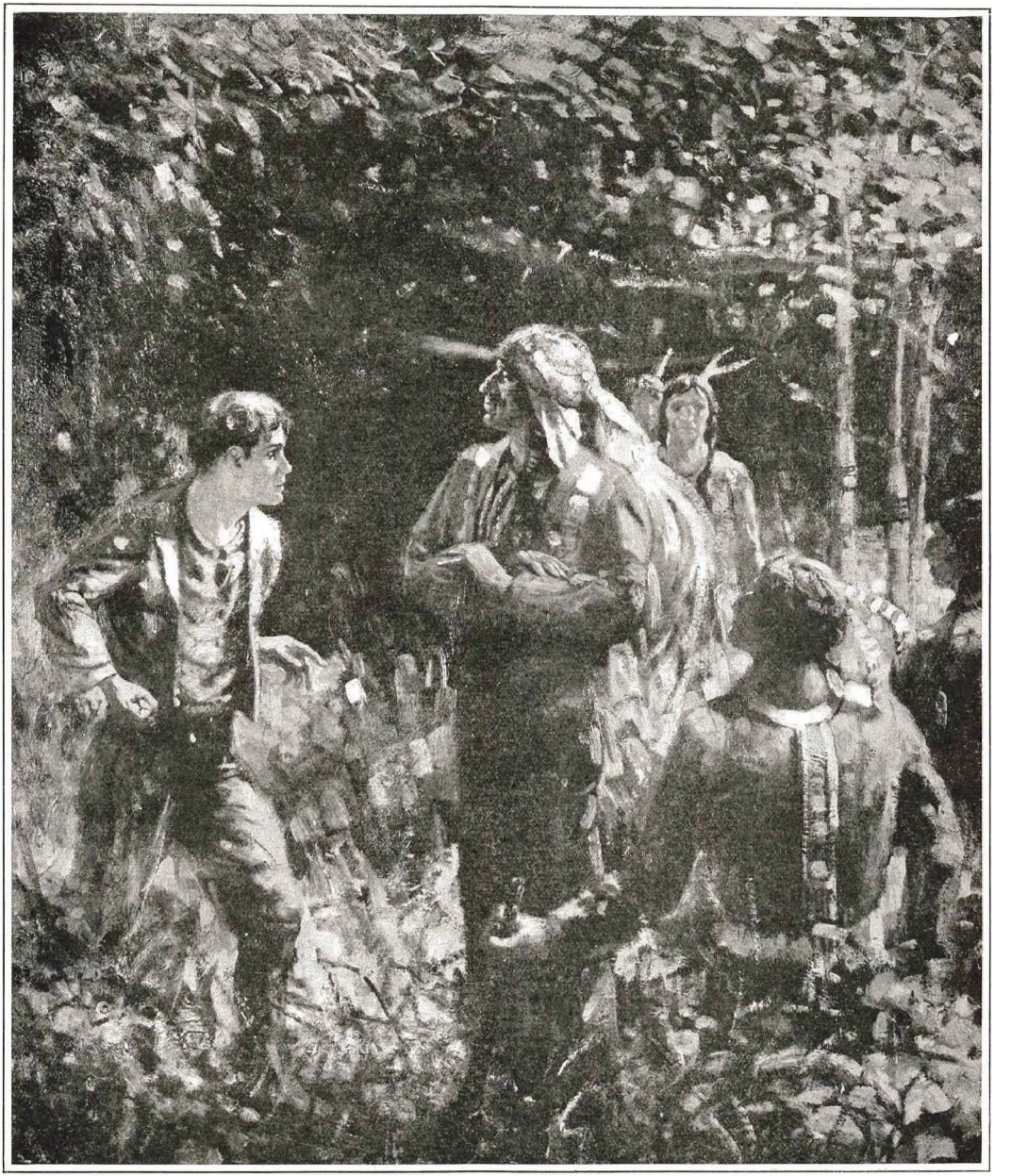
The canoe reached the Willamette Falls late in the afternoon of the next day. As John sprang ashore, he gazed at the sight before him. Little bow-legged Chinook children, with wedge-shaped heads and goggle-eyes, rolled in the sand. Could any one look upon these elfish little creatures, with their distorted faces, and not shudder?

"Why are their heads so flat?" asked John.

"New pappooses wrapped in moss. Heads pressed down with cedar bark and tightly tied to boards," replied Tamahas.

John made no reply. He realized the uselessness of arguing against the cruelty of such a custom.

The next morning he persisted in making preparations for his beaver hunt. His experience of the night made him somewhat reluctant to leave the safety of the mission, but ambition for an education was strong and he was not afraid. Although warned the woods about Tum Water were alive with treacherous savages, he and the Indian guide started into the wilderness with packs on their backs. His father stood in the doorway, a worried expression darkening his face.



"THE SILENCE REMAINED UNBROKEN, AS RED MAN STUDIED WHITE MAN, AND WHITE MAN STUDIED RED MAN"

"The hours will tantalize us until you return, my son."

During the following weeks, good luck attended the efforts of John and his guide. When at last they decided to return to the mission, John had the pelts of seven large beavers—one more than the required number. Perhaps he had escaped all trouble with the Indians. Evidently they were busy watching one another in a different region. The two pitched their lean-to on the bank of the Tualitin within a little distance of a thicket, so that if attacked they could retreat to it, defend themselves, and protect their property. And now, as he and Tamahas packed their belongings, he thought of the pleasure it would afford his father. He looked at the beaver skins hanging outside. Almost fearing to let them out of his sight, he stepped out to examine them once more, his fingers caressing the velvety fur. Suddenly intuition warned him he was not alone. Oh well, Tamahas was honest. He again smoothed the silken hides. There was a movement, and the guide was at his side. John looked up inquiringly, his face blanch-

ing. Fifteen feet behind them stood six Indians, of whom John judged the leading one to be the chief. His fantastic dress was composed of skin breeches, a striped shirt, and scarlet coat. His head-dress was a cotton handkerchief thrown loosely over his head, a cap of otter skin over the handkerchief, and a long plume of white horse tail fastened with savage taste on top of the cap. The other savages were without noteworthy peculiarities.

For several minutes the silence remained unbroken, as red man studied white man and white man studied red man. Then the chief began to talk slowly and distinctly, but John could not understand a word. Tamahas came to the boy's rescue.

"He says, 'Those beavers no belong to you. You trap on red man's hunting-ground, and take red man's beavers.'"

A sickening sensation seized John. So they wanted his skins, did they? He turned angrily to the chief.

"But I caught those beavers! They're mine. This is a free country."

Tamahas translated to the chief, his face retaining its stolid expression. The chief turned and with his arm, made a sweeping gesture. Again Tamahas conveyed the meaning to John.

"He says, 'No free land. Land all belong to Chief Camaspelo. Beaver belong to Camaspelo. Many white men come in and drive out Indians and use their hunting-grounds. Camaspelo hate white man.'"

"But I've got to have these! They mean my education." John was becoming desperate. He stepped in front of the skins, but the chief perceived his intention and motioned to two of his followers. They moved toward the skins, while John backed up and protected the pelts with his arms. His mouth became a straight, grim line. Lose those skins when he was ready to start home? Never! Instantly a cruel gleam flashed from the chief's eyes, otherwise he stood calmly with an immobile face. From his lips issued a gutteral command and two Indians stepped quickly around John to pin his arms behind him. John drew back and made a sudden movement to strike the chief but Tamahas was quicker in preventing him. He shoved John into the lean-to, knocking him over. The two Indians stared a moment at him and then took the skins from the racks. The chief moved slowly toward John with a menacing air and for half a minute looked at him; then muttering something, with an ugly grin, he turned, and led the way into the woods.

When John looked up, Tamahas was standing over him.

"You heap big fool. Chief kill quick. Much mad. We go home. Not safe to trap more beaver."

The Indian moved away, but John's thoughts were on his lost pelts. Where was his trip back to the States now? This loss would put it off for another year. Tamahas was already taking down the lean-to, and John got up dumbly and began to help him.

With their packs on their backs, they reached the mission at the Falls after dark that night. Dr. Lawrence heard the story of John's ill luck with concern. John courageously went to work at odd jobs around the mission, even though he had given up the hope of sailing down the Columbia on this year's boat for the States.

Soon the Indian tribes from all the surrounding country came straggling in to fish: Cayuses, Flatheads, Klikitats, Wascos, Molales, Calapooyas, Tillamooks, Chinooks, and Clatsops. Groups of tepees appeared here and there among the trees on the riverbanks and squaws worked busily carrying great bundles on their bent backs. They set up the tall poles, fastened together in a point at the top. Around these, they deftly stretched the great hides they had been sewing together for many moons. By the latter part of April, the Indian encampment on the banks numbered perhaps a thousand, ready for the run of Chinook salmon that the first of May always brought. The river pulsed with the silver horde as the salmon pushed their way up and up to the spawning beds at the heads of the inland streams. Coming to the great falls of the Willamette, the fish fought and leaped from one pool to another till they ascended the barrier and made their way beyond. These fish furnished the winter food-supply of dried salmon for many tribes.

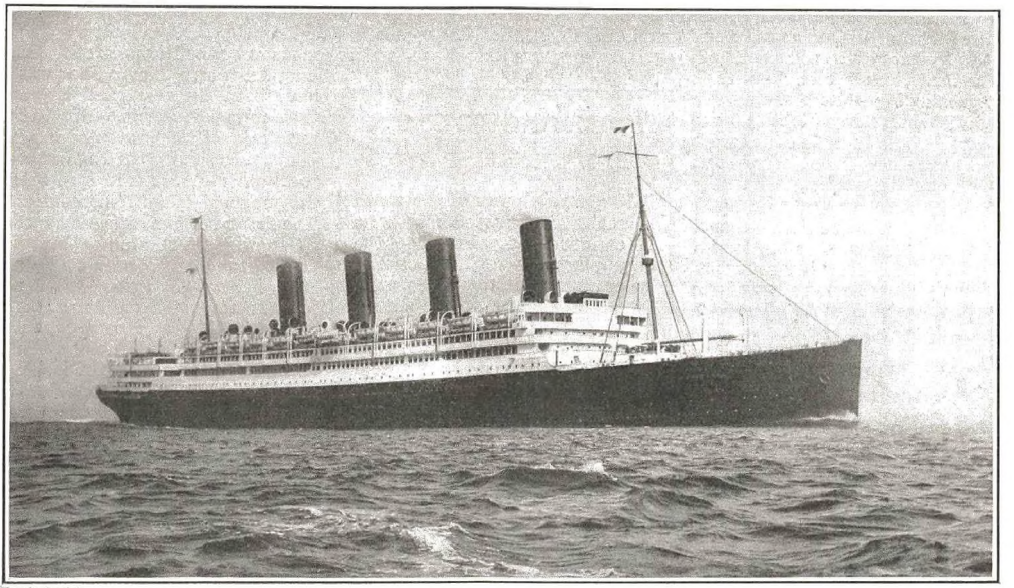
It was a peaceful evening scene while John stood on the bank looking across. From the picturesque tepees the smoke curled lazily up through the trees, for it was supper time. The contented children and dogs played here and there. On the opposite side of the river, silhouetted against the red glow of the setting sun, stood the motionless form of an Indian. Six or seven feet below the rock on which he stood a milky whirlpool churned. His hands grasped a long pole that extended down into the water and as a fish swam against his pole, the Indian jerked quickly, catching it with the sharp hook which detached itself from the pole, but was held by a cord higher up. Thus the salmon was played and finally pulled out of the water. Then the fisherman resumed his statuesque pose. Several minutes passed. Again the action was repeated, but this time John could see that the red man was having a hard time to pull in his salmon. As the fish was drawn above the surface of the water, John gasped. By its size he judged the monster to weigh fifty or sixty pounds.

Suddenly in mid-air the huge salmon made a last desperate flop, and losing his precarious footing on the slippery rock, the Indian was jerked outward, his pole flying from his hands. In a moment he sank beneath the hissing waters of the eddy. Knowing that all savages were good swimmers, yet perceiving that the red man had struck the rocks when he fell, John waited breathlessly for his head to appear. In a moment it came up out toward the middle of the river. But what was the matter with him? In spite of his heroic efforts, he was making no headway toward shore and looked as though he were fast sinking. Something was wrong.

John turned to look for some way to aid the drowning Indian. A canoe lay on the beach, and seizing this, he dragged it down to the edge and leaped in. Realizing that the current would soon carry the Indian past him, John paddled rapidly down the river and then swung out toward the middle. Soon the struggling form whirled close to the canoe. John yelled to the Indian as he leaned over the side of the canoe to snatch at his clothes, while a long, brown arm appeared and a convulsive hand clutched the canoe. As the Indian's weight centered on the edge of the light craft, it turned turtle and John found himself struggling in the water beside him. Instantly he threw one arm across the overturned canoe and with the other, grabbed the Indian by the collar. Down stream they went, borne along by the swirling water. John could not swim nor help himself, burdened as he was with the helpless Indian. The canoe and the current must bear him where they would. He glanced across the surface of the water at either bank. Not a boat nor a human being was in sight to help, and they were fast approaching some rapids where the current pulled fiercely around a bend and jagged rocks projected straight into their path. Horrified by the danger ahead and hampered as he was by the Indian, John could do nothing. He was fast becoming exhausted and his grip on the Indian was growing weaker. He glanced hurriedly at the red man. Something held his gaze.

"Where have I seen that face?" thought John.

(*Continued on page 500*)



Edwin Levick

THE S. S. "AQUITANIA" HEADING OUT TO SEA

"OUTWARD BOUND"

By CORNELIUS BRETT BOOCOCK

NEW YORK HARBOR on almost any Saturday morning is a sight well worth seeing. For it is then that most of the great steamers cast away from their piers and plow ruggedly down the harbor on their way to sea and thence to foreign ports.

Let us, before we look at the harbor, visit a pier of a great steamship that sails at ten o'clock. As we near the pier on West Street we see the huge funnels and masts shoving their heads above the surrounding buildings on the docks, and as we go up in the elevator to an upper deck of the pier we get a glance at the knife-like prow of the ship itself, which rises perpendicularly from the water to a height of thirty or forty feet. "How," we ask ourselves, "could a wave mount that bow and crash on the deck above?" Surely a natural question. But there are many travelers who have seen that the North Atlantic, when it gets seriously down to business in a winter storm, can produce waves big enough to mount almost anything.

As we leave the elevator and walk out on the dock, we see countless people wandering toward the gang-planks: passengers themselves, buoyant, gay, and happy at the thought of the trip before them, friends to see them off, stewards from the ship carrying luggage aboard—all go toward making a spirited picture. Donkey-engines chug merrily, cranes swing from ship to pier and back again, pouring trunks and express freight into the hold, while messengers arrive, laden with flowers, books, and candy for the passengers.

Finally, a bugle blows or a gong sounds on the ship. "All ashore that are going ashore." The lines are cast off, the gang-planks hauled on the pier, and yet the ship does not move. We find ourselves with hundreds of others at the end of the dock on a promenade overlooking the river. Only the stern and third-class quarters of the ship are visible.

At last, a man who has been standing on a pier-head with a red flag, changes it for a white one and signals to an officer on the after bridge of the ship. The river is clear. Then the air is torn by the deep, bass, vibrant steam-whistle. Again it blows and again, stirring something within us that makes our spines tingle. Then, scarcely apparent at first, the monster craft begins to move. Slowly, then more rapidly, she backs out from her berth. The promenade-deck comes to view lined with waving passengers. A last-minute messenger arrives with a huge bouquet just as she is clear of the dock. With her rudder hard to port, the great ship backs upstream while three or four busy, puffing little tugs, with their noses against the bow, try to push her around. She is straight at last; the tugs retire and she stops backing. Her screws churn the water into foam, and then, getting steerageway slowly, she heads down the bay to the sea.

A wonderful sight; but it happens a score of times every Saturday and often throughout the week. As we watch our ship sail, there are others getting ready to cast away from their piers up and down the river.

Now that we have seen what happens at sailing-time, let us make a quick trip to the Battery and board a boat of the Municipal Ferry for Staten Island. It is about eleven o'clock, so we should see some of the greatest liners. On the trip down the bay we see "our ship" passing through the Narrows in the distance.

Near at hand we are impressed with the regular heavy harbor traffic. Tugs with tows and lighters, small coastal freighters, a schooner, excursion-boats, plow along on their way, pushing big white bow-waves in front of them. They "toot" at one another. "We 'll pass to starboard," says a little tug to a ferry-boat. "*Toot,*" replies the ferry, "that suits me."

But where are the transatlantic liners that we really came out to see? We shall see them on our return as they are now just backing away from their berths. But look! There is the *Orizaba* coming out of the East River on her way to Havana. A fine ship she is, and proud of a wonderful war record when she transported thousands of American soldiers overseas. And there's the *Zacapa,* a Great White Fleet boat, bound for the West Indies, to return with millions of bananas.

We pass the Statue of Liberty and almost feel that we are headed for a trip to Europe ourselves. A long, low tanker pushes out from Bayonne on her way to the oil-fields of Texas or Mexico. But soon, instead of heading out the Narrows, we are disappointed as the ferry heads for her slip at St. George. We dash ashore with the crowd, turn around, and, dropping our nickel in the slot, scramble aboard again. In another ten minutes we are returning to the Battery and New York. And now we see the great Saturday-morning parade of liners approaching us.

The leader is the *Fort Victoria,* with her one black funnel striped with red. Bermuda ahead, we surmise. Behind her comes the *Rotterdam* of the Holland-America Line, a beautiful ship that has long been the pride of the Dutch merchant fleet. She is followed by a big four-stacker. We adjust our binoculars and recognize the brilliant scarlet-and-black stacks of the Cunard Line.

The *Aquitania,* sure enough! We should have recognized her from her high deck-houses, as the *Mauretania,* which she resembles in many respects, is very much lower. We see a cloud of steam rise from her forward funnel, then another; but it is several seconds before we hear her deep voice. To our surprise, our ferry-boat replies with two falsetto toots. They have agreed to pass to port. That such a great ship should deign to notice us is an interesting thought, and we approach with a new sense of importance. The giant stem of the *Aquitania* cuts the water, which breaks away in a graceful fold farther astern. Her brass shines, her white gleams as she steams serenely by. We wave, while a few blasé passengers look down with boredom. The snub nose of the ferry splashes against the waves that she pulls after her. As she passes we look ahead and see the *Majestic.*

We notice that she is different from the *Aquitania* in many respects. Although she is slightly larger in every detail, she carries her size gracefully and with a certain dignity. Huge and massive though she is, she looks able. The three yellow stacks topped with black—the house-marking of the White Star Line—project above her deck-houses. She dwarfs everything in the harbor but the *Aquitania.*

The *Majestic* was built by the Germans to be the *Bismarck* of the Hamburg-American Line. She was to have been the third and largest of their tremendous trio. But the uncertainties of war prevented her from joining her sisters, the *Imperator* and the *Vaterland,* which in turn became the property of different companies. The *Imperator* is now the *Berengaria,* a Cunarder. The *Vaterland,* interned at the beginning of the World War in 1914, became the *Leviathan* when we joined forces with the Allies. After a sensational war record, when she often transported as many as 10,000 American soldiers at a time, she was completely renovated and placed in passenger service as flag-ship of the United States Line.

But what manner of ship follows the *Majestic* so closely? We notice her snug bridge masts and one short funnel, painted red, white, and blue. We adjust our glasses and see the Stars and Stripes flying from her taffrail and realize with excitement that it is the *President Roosevelt*—that hero ship, which stood by the sinking *Antinoë* in the worst of winter storms and rescued her crew after days of exhausting and life-giving effort. We want to shout and cheer, for seldom has a deed of bravery so electrified the world. But she has had her cheers and is now just a good faithful liner leaving New York at regular intervals for foreign ports.

We can see one-, two-, three-, and four-stackers; German, French, and Italian ships up the river, under way or just backing upstream before straightening out for the ocean journey. But our ferry is about to land and we have seen the greatest of them.

The Woolworth Building is considered a wonder. But there are perhaps a half dozen ships which, if stood on end, would be higher than New York's greatest skyscraper. And these ships, despite their tremendous size, propel themselves across thousands of miles of turbulent water at a speed often as great as thirty miles an hour.

Representing, as they do, a century's hard work and experiment in the development of ocean carriers, these ships stand to-day as a symbol of man's conquest of the seas. It is a far cry from the *Savannah,* the first ship equipped with a steam-engine to cross the Atlantic, to the *Leviathan.* Between these two extremes in marine architecture come many ships famous in their day, each adding some innovation and improvement which, when put together, make the modern liner.

SWIMMING POSTMEN

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

IN different parts of the world mails are conveyed in all sorts of curious ways. Probably the only place where the postmen swim with the letters is the small island of Niuafu of the Tongo group of the south Pacific. The island is completely surrounded by dangerous coral-reefs and treacherous ocean currents, and it is impossible for a boat of any size to make a near approach. Intercourse between the small white population of the island and the outside world is limited, but, once a month, there comes the mail-steamer from New Zealand. The boat waits a good two miles from the island with letters for delivery; as well, too, it is ready to collect any missives that may be waiting for dispatch. When the mail-boat comes in sight, the native postmen start swimming toward it. The leading man carries a short stick with a cleft at the end; in this cleft are the letters for the outgoing mail. When the swimmer reaches the side of the steamer, a seaman lowers a bucket, and into this the letters are dropped. Soon after a large, sealed biscuit-tin is lowered into the water. This contains the ingoing mail. Very cleverly the native swimmers steer the floating tin to the shore. Sometimes their job is not easy, for the wind and the tide may be against them. Sooner or later, however, the tin is safely landed on the beach and then the letters are delivered to their owners. This novel way of handling the necessary mails has been in operation for a number of years, and, on no single occasion, has a packet of letters been lost.

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE

By FLOYD L. DARROW

A "CRADLE OF STORMS"

IF I were to ask you to locate the coldest portions of the earth, I am sure many of you would place them at the North and South Poles. They are the most remote points from the equator, and there the sun's rays are least direct. Still, Professor William H. Hobbs, Director of the University of Michigan-Hobbs Greenland Expedition, now in the far North to study weather conditions, tells us that the coldest spot on our planet is probably at the distant center of the Antarctic Continent, and the second coldest place is at the center of the Continent of Greenland, a perpetual "cradle of storms." This perennial source of bitterly cold winds, always blowing outward, is 1300 miles from the North Pole; and so, since any direction from the Pole is south, farthest north does not mean greatest cold. Even in June the temperature of the air over the center of the great ice-covering of Greenland falls to 30 degrees below zero, and in winter it is much colder.

Although quite contrary to our previous notions, Professor Hobbs tells us that "in the interior of British America and Siberia it is certainly much colder in the winter than it is at the same time at the North Pole." One would never suspect that a winter wind blowing from the North Pole would bring warmer weather to the northern portions of these countries, while a south wind from the interior of the continent is the forerunner of extreme cold. Yet, such is true.

Courtesy of Professor William H. Hobbs

THREE OF THE PARTY IN WINTER COSTUME

For two seasons, Professor Hobbs has directed the University of Michigan Expeditions to southwest Greenland. The first, that of 1926, was for the purpose of planning the larger expedition of the present season and the one to follow in 1928–29. In describing the expedition now in Greenland, Professor Hobbs says, "We started out with full equipment to set up a weather station on one of the mountains far in and close to the border of the great ice-cap. There are no trees in Greenland except the little willows and birches, which are low shrubs, and so we had to take with us everything which was needed to build our hut. All our stores we transferred to a little schooner with a motor, and on this we made our way down the coast to ascend the great Söndre Strömfjord, at the head of which we planned to make our camp and erect the weather station. Crowded on this little craft we ran into one of the worst storms on the Greenland Coast in many years and were driven for shelter to a little inlet, which fortunately was not too far away. Here we were storm-bound for an entire week, but finally we were able to proceed; and on the second day of July (1927) with a fair wind behind, we sailed up the beautiful fjord one hundred and twenty miles from the sea. Arrived at its

Courtesy of Professor William H. Hobbs

A WEATHER CAMP ON THE ICE-CAP

Courtesy of Professor William H. Hobbs

A REST ON THE LONG TREK TO THE INLAND ICE

head, we found a suitable site for our camp and began the arduous work of landing our stores. A very desirable mountaintop for our weather station was close at hand, and as soon as our camp had become established we began carrying the lumber and other equipment necessary for construction of the hut up the slopes of the mountain to the top. This heavy labor kept us employed for several weeks, but at last it was accomplished and the hut so far advanced that on July 20 we were able to begin our scientific observations, both with the usual instruments of weather stations and further with a daily balloon sent up to study the winds aloft."

THE REPAIR-SHOPS AND DRY-DOCK OF THE CANAL ZONE AT BALBOA ON THE PACIFIC COAST

One of the first and most important tasks was to get the wireless equipment into working order, for no one in these days likes to be isolated long from the centers of civilization. Between the short-wave station established there and a similar one on the campus of the University of Michigan, radio messages pass to and fro almost daily.

On January 14, two of the party under the leadership of Mr. Bangsted, an experienced Arctic explorer, set out with a team of dogs over the great frozen wastes of snow and ice to penetrate to the very birthplace of the fierce storms which sweep constantly from the interior of the Greenland Continent. There, they will study first-hand the "secret of the winds," and, when they return, their story, containing much of scientific interest, will be sent by radio to the rest of the world.

The terrific undertaking of crossing the Greenland ice-cap has been accomplished several times—first in 1888 by Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, again four years later by Admiral Peary, and in 1913 by Swiss and Danish explorers. Such crossings must be made by sled, all the food and equipment, both for men and animals, having to be carried. Dogs are usually the burden-bearers, but the Danish explorer, Koch, employed Icelandic ponies.

Day after day, animals and men climb steadily up the long slope leading to the interior, and always in the face of bitter winds and driving snow. It is idle to wait for the passing of these blizzards. They never pass. In this land of storms, there is no other kind of weather, except in the broad central area. There the winds drop away, the air becomes calm, and the cold is intense, the temperature being as low at midday as at midnight. Here originate the winds, which continually blow outward. The movements of the high upper clouds show that the air at those altitudes moves inward, in the opposite direction to that on the surface, and then quietly settles over the central area; from here it rushes seaward, ever seaward, gathering strength as it goes and dealing impartially to every point of the compass weather of the bitterest sort. Beyond this central region, the explorer finds the wind at his back and the slope away from him. Putting sails on his sleds, he can now slide for great distances with speed almost that of an express-train.

It is the wind and weather conditions originating in this coldest spot of the northern hemisphere that the present expedition seeks to explore. Fraught with hardship and often peril, it is the love of knowledge for its own sake which prompts such an undertaking and inspires its leaders.

A radio message received at the University of Michigan on January 21 told of the birth, five days earlier, of a storm of intense violence originating at the center of the great ice-cap. The wind velocity reached the terrific rate of 120 miles an hour, and the barometric pressure at the edges of this vast whirlpool of air fell to one of the lowest points on record. In the cyclonic storms which sometimes work such havoc in tropic regions, the air-pressure is greatest at the margins and least in the center. On the contrary, in these Greenland storms, known as anticyclones, the conditions of air-pressure are reversed. Over the center of calm, the cold air from above settles, its temperature rising as it does so, and then spreads outward toward the regions of lower pressure, which extend to great distances on every side. Twice during this storm the radio mast went down, but was each time reërected despite the fury of the blizzard.

THE AMERICAN SUEZ

THE recent death of General George W. Goethals fixes the attention of our own and other nations upon the growing importance in world affairs of the great waterway constructed under his masterly direction and leadership.

As early as 1924, the traffic through the Panama Canal exceeded that through the Suez, and last year reached the largest proportions at any time since its opening to world commerce in 1914. To-day, the Canal is one of the greatest arteries of peaceful trade to be found anywhere in the world. Already it has proved its vast importance to the Latin-American republics and to the States of our own Pacific coast, as well as to Europe and the Orient. Designed primarily as a military measure, this monument to the engineering genius of General Goethals promises to have a far wider and lasting influence in promoting relations of friendly intercourse among nations than any usefulness in time of war.

Of the total yearly traffic through the Canal, about forty per cent is carried by American ships from one American port to another. This traffic for last year equaled the entire tonnage of 1922. From our Pacific coast come oil, lumber, ores, canned goods, dried fruits, hides, and other products. The return cargoes are not as great. Still, last year more than a million tons of iron and steel, as well as many other commodities, passed westward through the Canal. Already, it is predicted that in fifteen or twenty years the traffic demands upon the Canal will exceed its capacity and that it will be necessary either to broaden and deepen it or to build another canal in Nicaragua.

As you know, a ship, in passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, rises through the famous Gatun locks to Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above sea-level, the largest artificial lake in the world. Thence, it proceeds a distance of nearly thirty-two miles, passing toward the western end through the mammoth Culebra cut to Pedro Miguel and finally descending to the level of the Pacific by means of the Miraflores locks. When the time comes to enlarge the Canal, it is thought by some that it will be found best to abandon the lock system and construct a sea-level waterway from ocean to ocean.

Of course, the building of the Panama Canal is a marvelous illustration of applied science in these modern times. The world will never forget that it was the sanitation work of Major General William C. Gorgas, medical officer of the Canal Zone, which, by eliminating fevers and other tropical plagues, insured healthful living conditions for the thousands of men and women whose skill and labor brought the great undertaking to a successful conclusion. The manifold uses of electricity, steam-power, explosives, concrete, compressed air, and the marvelous machines are scientific aspects of the work which need only to be mentioned. Without them, this engineering feat, whose period of accomplishment was but seven years, a year less than had been anticipated, would still be but a dream.

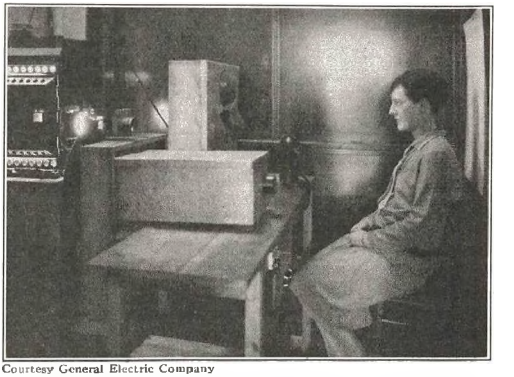
Were you to visit Balboa, the Pacific terminal of the Canal, you would discover that the march of applied science as a chief factor in successful operations has never ceased. There are located the immense repair-shops and dry-dock of the Canal Zone. This hive of industry fairly bristles with machine-shops, foundries, boiler-works, compressed-air and electrically driven machinery, forging presses, oxyacetylene, electric, and thermit welding equipment, traveling cranes, planing mill and carpenter-shops and much more. The storehouses provide vast quantities of materials for repair work of every description. The floor space of the machine-shop alone covers 68,180 square feet. A similar plant, though of much smaller proportions, is located at Cristóbal on the Atlantic coast.

And back of it all stands the personality of a great man. Born in Brooklyn in 1858 of Dutch parentage, George W. Goethals won an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1880, second in his class. He entered the engineering branch of the service and in the next quarter of a century so distinguished himself in the solving of difficult problems associated with river, harbor, and canal work that when President Roosevelt in 1907 cast about for an army engineer to place in charge of the work at Panama, his choice inevitably fell on Goethals. Brilliant engineers, both from Europe and America, had preceded him and failed. But no such word as *fail* was to be found in Goethals' vocabulary. Obstacles and catastrophes which would have crushed the spirit of a less determined man never baffled him. His wide knowledge, his intimate acquaintance with every detail, and his genius for administration have become a tradition in army circles.

Courtesy of the General Electric Company

(RIGHT) AN ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. MCFARLAN MOORE, INVENTOR OF THE NEON TUBE, WHICH HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND, AND (LEFT) THE COPY, AS SENT BY RADIO

The approachableness of the man was one of the most distinguishing traits of this very human engineer. No one whose cause was just ever failed to gain admission to his presence. Chief engineer, governor, and judge, for seven years he ruled the Isthmus as a benevolent despot. Universally known as "The Colonel," every man, woman, and child in the Canal Zone came to love him. His monument is written in their hearts as well as in the great work which he, with their help, accomplished. Whatever may be the future of the Canal, his memory will ever be cherished.



Courtesy General Electric Company

A CLOSE-UP OF THE TELEVISION TRANSMITTER, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS

TELEVISION AGAIN

Less than a year ago, the world was thrilled by the announcement that television, the transmission of the human voice and the image of the speaker at the same time, had been achieved. This was accomplished both by wire and through the ether. So rapid has progress since been that television is now entering the home. A few weeks ago, in Schenectady, New York, the General Electric Company gave a demonstration of the first "home television set." Invited guests, standing before an instrument closely resembling a phonograph in appearance, saw the moving images and heard the voices of actors in the laboratories several miles away. A smile, the flash of an eye, and a smoke ring were clearly painted on the screen in the small aperture in the front of the television cabinet. At the same time, through the loudspeaker came the voice of the one performing. Real as life, evidence of wonderful progress, big with future promise, this demonstration made a profound impression upon all who saw it.

This latest advance in radio triumphs is the work of Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson and his assistants in the General Electric laboratories. The principles of the invention are essentially the same as those employed in the wire demonstration of television between Washington and New York in the spring of 1927.

At the transmitting end, one finds

a disc with spiral holes, known as the scanning disc. This is turned by a small motor and makes eighteen revolutions a second. Through this disc a beam of light is projected upon the individual or object whose image is being transmitted. Back and forth from top to bottom, this beam of light traces over the entire object at the rate of eighteen times a second. The light reflected from the object will of course vary in intensity, or brightness, with the color and nature of the material at any particular point. White will reflect much light, dark colors little.

Now, this reflected light falls upon photo-electric cells, and as you know the current flowing from such a cell depends upon the intensity of the light falling upon it. If this is strong, the current is relatively large, if weak, the current is small. And such a cell is exceedingly sensitive to the slightest change in light intensity. It is the very heart of the transmitting system.

The current flowing from these cells, and varying precisely as do the lights and shades of the object being transmitted, is amplified and put upon the ether by a short-wave transmitter in the usual way. Although accustomed as we have been for years to the thought that these ether waves will bear with remarkable fidelity speech and music, there is something almost uncanny in this idea of ether pictures. Just think of it—waves traveling with the velocity of light and carrying the impress in every detail of a human face!

At the receiving end, these electric waves in the ether must be translated into light waves. That was the problem confronting the experimenters. How was it to be done? Well, the waves were received by the antennæ and amplified in the usual way. Up to that point the receiving apparatus is like that of an ordinary radio receiving set. But, for the loud speaker a lamp filled with the rare gas neon is substituted. The particular type of lamp used in this demonstration was invented by Dr. McFarlan Moore of the General Electric laboratories. Now, just as the photo-electric cell is the heart of the sending mechanism, so the neon lamp is the key to the television receiver. It receives the amplified current and in doing so the intensity of its light varies precisely as does the changing current. In other words, the varying intensity of the light coming from the lamp is exactly the same as that reflected from the distant object.

The final step is easy. This varying light is passed through a scanning disc just like that used in transmission, and revolving at the same speed. Thus you see that a beam of light may be made to trace itself back and forth over the screen in the small aperture of the television set just as the other beam of light traced over the object being transmitted. The result is a life-like picture, either still or moving. And now the mystery has vanished.

That, in the no distant future, radio progress will make possible sight as well as sound in every home is no longer a fantastic dream. Indeed, it seems to be almost at hand.

Following close upon the heels of this triumph, came the announcement that radio television had spanned the Atlantic. John L. Baird, a young Scotch inventor who has worked alone, without the aid of great laboratories, seems to have succeeded in sending from his London laboratory more or less perfect images and reproducing them in Hartsdale, near New York City. Doubtless, in years to come, this event will take rank with Marconi's inauguration of transatlantic wireless just at the beginning of the present century. Baird accomplished this with the use of only two kilowatts of electric power. With larger quantities, there would seem to be little limit to what may be achieved. Surely, we stand at the beginning of a new day in communication. And in honoring this young Scotsman we must not forget that he was the first to obtain substantial results in television over any considerable distance.

RADIO PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE HOME

ALMOST simultaneously with the announcement of home television came press reports that work of Dr. Alexanderson had also made possible the reception in the home of radio broadcasted photographs. A high-frequency note, reproduced in receiving sets tuned to WEAF as a sort of squeal and lasting for ninety seconds, was the outward evidence of this picture transmission. The distance covered was twenty-five miles, and the picture was received in the home of Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, of New York City.

As you can readily see, the explanation of the radio transmission of photographs is quite similar to that of television as just described. The underlying principles are the same in both. In this case, the photograph is wrapped about a rotating cylinder, upon which the beam of light from the revolving disc is made to play. Here, too, we have the photo-electric cell and the neon lamp. At the receiving end, the varying beam of light is made to trace itself over a sheet of photographic paper wrapped on another rotating cylinder contained in a light-tight box.

The paper is immediately removed from the cylinder and developed just as any other negative is. When this process comes into general use, every one who wishes to benefit from it will have to become an amateur photographer.

One thing seems certain. Neither television nor the broadcasting of photographs will revolutionize the present radio receiving sets. The newer apparatus will be attached to these sets just as a loud-speaker is to-day.

Standing close to these great events, I am sure many of us feel as did Mayor Walker of New York, when he said just after the broadcasting of his photograph, "I am inclined to think that scientists have proved man is destined to conquer the elements. We believed that manifestation was at hand when Lindbergh, with a non-stop transatlantic flight, found himself in the field at Le Bourget, France, but to-day it is beyond the comprehension of him who talks to you, too stupendous, indeed, to conceive that this mere mechanical instrument into which I speak for the moment, can carry the picture of an individual and register it at some miles distant. This is a great day. It is a day of rejoicing for science and for humanity." And his words were carried to the ends of the earth.

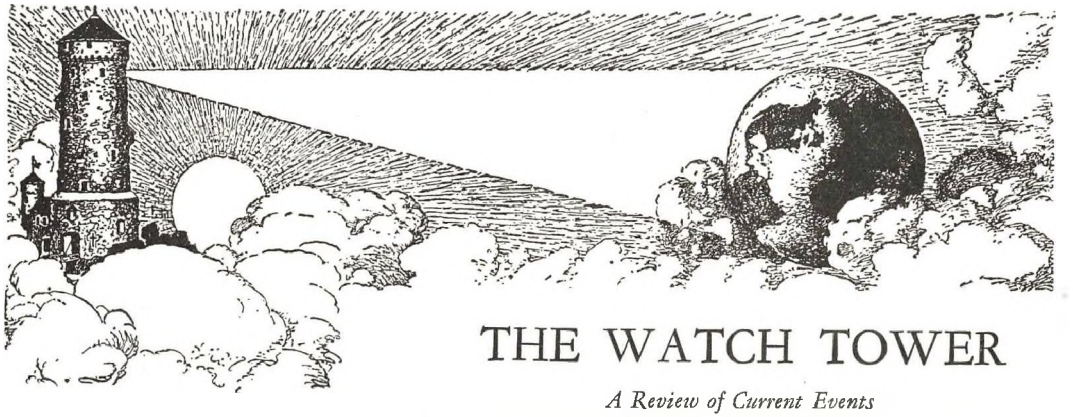
Edouard Belin in France, Professor Max Dieckmann in Germany, and others in Europe have also done notable work in this field. And the art is still in its infancy. What the youth of our own and other lands may live to see, no man dare predict.

It is gratifying to know that soon after the announcement of these achievements, Dr. Alexanderson was awarded the John Ericsson Medal for "outstanding contributions to the field of electrical engineering."

WAR ON THE COMMON COLD

WHY should science make war on the common cold? The reasons are many. This widespread malady is responsible for more working days lost to industry and causes a greater financial loss than any other single form of illness. It is the commonest of human ailments. The many varieties of the common cold, ranging all the way from a slight indisposition to influenza and the pneumonias in their early stages, cause more deaths than any other infectious disease. Practically nothing is known about the cause of the common cold, and the medical profession is in possession

(*Continued on page 500*)



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON *and* THE EDITORS

THE MONTH ABROAD

THE Sixth Pan-American Conference, which opened under such auspicious circumstances with the visit of President Coolidge to Havana, came to an end on February 20. The delegates of the twenty-one republics of the new world, after five weeks of labor in committees and subcommittees, bade farewell to each other and to Cuba, and went their several ways.

The Pan-American Conference

They had accomplished much. The Latin-American countries adopted a code of private-international law without a dissenting voice. The United States was unable to join in this action because the subjects dealt with are within the jurisdiction of the separate States and not that of the national government. Of perhaps greater importance was the treaty on commercial aviation. Transoceanic flying is still in the experimental stage. Its commercial possibilities have yet to be developed. But flying over land is an actuality, and its expansion is of the greatest importance both to the United States and to the republics to the south of us. All were eager to make a treaty for its regulation. There was but one hitch in these proceedings. The United States was desirous of protecting the Panama Canal and its naval bases against the possibility of air attack. This provision was soon agreed upon, however, and the treaty was signed.

Numerous other matters in the field of intellectual cooperation, sanitation, and consular regulations were successfully disposed of. A special conference on arbitration was provided for; and last, but not least, the Pan-American Union, with its immeasurable usefulness to the American States, was placed upon a more enduring foundation.

ON one important point agreement was not reached. Salvador insisted upon a provision in the international law code, forbidding any state to intervene in the internal affairs of any other state under any circumstances. Mr. Hughes, for the United States, in-

The Spirit of Pan-Americanism

THE EAGLE IS NOT A DOMESTIC BIRD
William Addison Ireland, in the Columbus "Dispatch"

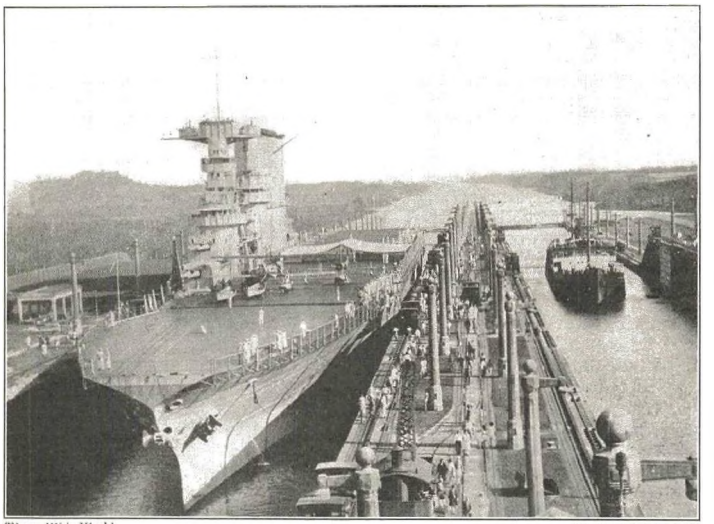
LEADING THE ORCHESTRA WOULD BE A RELIEF TO HOOVER
B. R. Thomas in the Detroit "News"

sisted with equal firmness that states had duties as well as rights, and that when they failed in such duties as the protection of foreigners and their property, other states could intervene to protect their citizens.

The point at issue was a well-established principle of international law under which we have intervened in Hayti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and other Caribbean countries. The opponents of this policy of the United States wanted to prevent us from intervening under similar circumstances in the future. The matter was freely and frankly discussed from all angles.

It appeared that the overwhelming majority of the Latin-American states agreed with the view of the United States.

This question of intervention has been the outstanding difference between the United States and its southern neighbors. It has been the great impediment to the growth of the Pan-American idea. A frank discussion in which the objections to it were brought out and in which the purposes of the United States were set forth perhaps more clearly and more convincingly than ever before, resulted in a new understanding of our policy and a new appreciation of the essential unity of the American world.



Times Wide World *See notes 474 and 477*

THE U. S. S. SARATOGA "SQUEEZING" THROUGH THE CANAL

MR. HUGHES' statement of the attitude of the United States bids fair to become classic and to serve long as a text in our dealings with the other countries of this hemisphere: "One hundred years ago we declared the policy that all the American republics should be recognized in their independence. We have given our arms and our blood for the independence of the American republics, and are always ready to do so. I yield to none in the establishment of the ideal of sovereignty and independence for every one of the republics from the greatest to the smallest. And I have the right, speaking here on behalf of the Delegation of the United States, to declare the policy of my country. I join readily in the resolution of the Delegation of Mexico against aggression. We want no aggression. We want no aggression against ourselves, and we cherish no thought of aggression against anybody else. We desire to respect the rights of every country and to have the rights of our own country equally respected. We do not wish the territory of any American republic. We do not wish to govern any American republic. We do not wish to intervene in the affairs of any American republic. We simply wish peace and order and stability, and recognition of honest rights properly acquired, so that this hemisphere may not only be the hemisphere of peace but the hemisphere of international justice."

The Policy of the United States

WHILE Mr. Hughes with his earnestness and sincerity was creating new understanding between the two continents, another messenger of peace arrived from the United States. Lindbergh had flown first to Mexico; then on down through Central America, visiting the capital of each republic as he went; then across through Columbia and Venezuela; then up through the West Indies to Porto Rico; and finally across Santo Domingo and Hayti to Cuba. He landed at Havana in the midst of the Conference and seemed to give embodiment to Mr. Hughes' spirit of good-will.

The Flight of the Eagle

Lindbergh has probably received more honors than any other American who ever lived. And none was ever more unspoiled by them. He has sat with presidents and kings, and received the adulation of uncounted multitudes. Yet he sticks to his policy of "long flights and short speeches" and never departs from the subject he knows—flying.

His recent exploit has effectively killed the epithet of "Lucky." There was room to claim that luck played its part in his transatlantic flight. But in the even more difficult flight around the Caribbean, where he traveled over unknown land and crossed lofty mountain-ranges and landed at place after place on scheduled time, it became very apparent that luck was a small factor in his success. He simply knows his business.

And he has blazed the trail for a new era of aerial commerce in the regions he covered. Communications are slow and undependable now, but Lindbergh's latest flight should spur the builders of air-lines to establish new services which will draw still closer the ties that bind us to our American neighbors. Thus Lindbergh, too, is an apostle of Pan-Americanism.

The Navy in Politics

IN a country as highly developed politically as ours, where every citizen is expected to take part in all decisions of importance, it is probably to be expected that most questions will get into "politics." Yet we may perhaps look forward with some longing to the time when we as a people shall be able to discuss public questions without so many of us running to extremes.

The present navy program is an example. There is some difference even among responsible officials as to just how large the program should be. Such differences are desirable and result in careful decisions. But it is regrettable that so much public clamor should be made by the extremists. We have on one hand those who want "incomparably the greatest navy in the world." For the most part these are jingoes and warmongers. On the other hand we have the equally absurd contention

that we should reduce the navy to uselessness. These are for the most part people who have big hearts and active tongues and no knowledge whatever of the conditions which should govern the size of a navy or its numerous needs.

The truth lies somewhere between these two groups and their vehemence and volubility at the extremes helps us little to discover just where. That the navy needs expansion in some classes of ships seems obvious. Just how far this expansion should go, depends upon the fleets of other nations and our relations with them as well as upon our own absolute needs. It is a matter for serious and careful study, not for the vociferous application of abstract formulas.

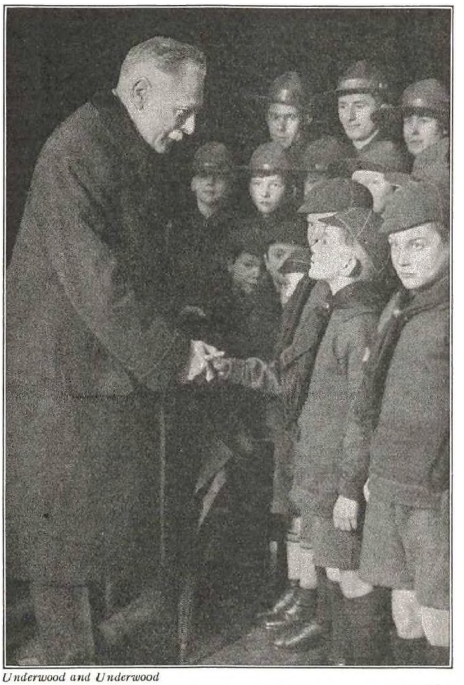
H. K. N.

HAIG AND ASQUITH

ENGLAND has recently lost two of her war leaders—Field-Marshal Earl Haig and Herbert Asquith, former prime minister, who was known in his later years as the Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

Haig succeeded Sir John French as the commander of the British forces in 1915, while Asquith was the head of the government in the first bitter months of the struggle. To Haig came acclaim and distinction after the war; to Asquith retirement, a title, and the leadership of a "lost cause," Liberalism. Lloyd George, his successor, went down to defeat at the hands of Labor, and the party was split, the majority of its members drifting either to the party then in power, or to the Conservatives, who now hold the reins. Some observers doubt the revival of the Liberals—they feel that life and thought has so changed in this post-war period that it falls in one or the other of the extremes, rather than the broader, milder, Liberal course.

Haig bore his honors and laurels with modesty, and devoted his thought and energy after the peace to his veterans, particularly those who were wounded, ill, and forgotten. Haig was a great soldier, a man of character and determination. He personified the bull-dog tenacity so often attributed to the British, and it was this grim determination that held the Allied line in the dark days of 1918. His career in the army was brilliant and his rise rapid. He served with Kitchener in the Sudan, won knighthood in the Boer War, finally broke the Hindenburg Line in the Great War, and came home a field-marshal, an earl, and to a greeting the like of which no man had received in England since the days of Wellington.



Underwood and Underwood
EARL HAIG'S LAST PICTURE SHOWS HIM GREETING A GROUP OF BOY SCOUTS

THE MONTH AT HOME

Oil still troubles the waters

INVESTIGATION, rather than legislation, fairly describes the activities of the present Congress. Bills may be going through the hopper and emerging as laws, but if so, they are minor ones. Senator Walsh failed, however, in his desire to investigate the public utilities, and the matter of inquiring into their methods has been handed to the Federal Trade Commission.

The oil scandals are still on the boards, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has lent his presence and persuasion to the Senate Committee in an effort to clear up some of the mess. Teapot Dome has been back in the hands of the Government for some time, but it would seem that the fastening of the guilt would take forever and a day. Harry F. Sinclair has been held in contempt of the Senate, and now by the Court, for the "shadowing" of the jury which was trying him and Albert B. Fall. With nine months of jail sentences hanging over his head, Sinclair still breathes the free air; at least he was *outside* the bars when this was written (March 1). And a great many, who believe that for the rich man the door of a jail is like the eye of a needle, never expect to see him serve his "time." The law does offer loop-holes and cleverly concealed exits for those who can employ

Times Wide World
THE FRENCH FLIERS OFFICIALLY WELCOMED IN WASHINGTON. LEFT TO RIGHT: JOSEPH LEBRIX, AMBASSADOR CLAUDET, DIEUDONNE COSTES, AND DWIGHT DAVIS, SECRETARY OF WAR

able and expensive counsel to discover them, but justice ought to be free and fair for all citizens.

They are eager to run

SECRETARY HOOVER has come out definitely as a candidate, having filed his name in the Presidential primaries in Ohio. The voting here is scheduled for April, so you will know, soon after you read this, whether he or Senator Willis has the Buckeye delegation. Mr. Hoover also has been afforded opportunities to express himself on prohibition and flood relief, and so far has walked warily through the questions. Perhaps, while seeking the nomination, one needs to be a politician, or at least to act like one.

Lowden, of Illinois, has recently had some encouragement from Iowa, where he won the majority of the delegates to the State Republican Convention. General Dawes is still playing the part of Vice-President, which is self-effacing; but in the end it may be the wisest course.

Nothing particularly new has developed in the Democratic ranks. True, Senator James A. Reed has been touring the South and Southwest in the interests of party harmony, but the role does not fit him as well as it might. President Wilson never considered him a harmonious member; in fact, he once characterized him as a "marplot." Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, predicted, in a recent address, that either Governor Smith or Governor Ritchie would be the Democratic nominee. And Texas, which is to be host of the Convention, has a candidate to offer for the Vice-Presidency—Governor Moody, who succeeded the Ferguson family.

In the air, here and there

THE roll of pathfinders of the air grows apace. In February, Washington and New York had the pleasure and honor of welcoming two French fliers, Costes and Lebrix. They likewise linked Paris and New York by air, but by a different and longer route than Lindbergh used. Their journey is compactly described in the New York "World," from which we quote the following:

"The Breguet machine, named for Nungesser and Coli, has traveled 70,000 miles in all. It has recently traveled 23,000 miles over four continents to reach New York from Paris. Its speed, for an air cruiser, is remarkable. Its stability is of record. Costes and Lebrix have flown in it 2115 miles from Africa to Brazil. They have crossed the Andes at 20,000 feet. They have dropped to the highest landing-field in the world, La Paz, 13,000 feet above sea-level, and risen again in spite of the rarefaction of the air. They made one flight of 900 miles with an improvised propeller. "The *Nungesser-Coli* has been seen in Rio, in Buenos Ayres; in Chili, Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, Ecuador; in Caracas, Mexico City, New Orleans, Washington. It crossed the track of the *Spirit of St. Louis* in Panama. North and south of the equator, Costes and Lebrix have torn their way through the storms of all four seasons of the year. They have been pathfinders where plane never flew before."

Lindbergh is home again after his nine-thousand-mile flight to fifteen countries in Central America and the Caribbean. Since his return, further suggestions have been made that he give up flying. He evidently shares none of the fears of his well-wishers, for he continues on his way, clocking off his various air journeys with the ease and regularity of a limited. More to the point, we think, would be the cancelling of dinners and receptions. Flying will not use him up, but speeches, parades, and extra-course meals may.

From "down under" comes news, too, of a remarkable flight by an Australian pilot, Bert Hinkler, from England to Port Darwin, in fifteen and a half days; and now the "lighter-than-air" people can raise a shout, for the *Los Angeles* flew the 2200 miles from Lakehurst to the Panama Canal in forty hours. It was the longest non-stop flight for the ship since she was flown to the United States from Germany.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

THERE is one test of the worth of a piece of literature that people have come to consider final—and that is the "test of time." A poem that is quoted by every one to-day, but is lost to-morrow, obviously lacks some quality possessed by the poem that is passed on from generation to generation. And it is on this test of time that the works of William Shakespeare have proved their immortal quality. The name of Shakespeare is to-day synonymous with the best, and in spite of the vast amount of work being turned out every day, the author of "King Lear" remains supreme.

In memory of this master, and in an effort to preserve the great inheritance which he passed on, the Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford-on-Avon is being rebuilt after the terrible fire of March 6, 1926. In this theater the plays we all know so well will be perpetuated throughout the ages—fresh and living. America has been called upon to give one million of the two and a half million dollars necessary for this projected memorial. A small amount indeed! For this will be a temple—a temple of art—in which will be housed the very spirit of the bard who, to those who know his works, will always be the "Modern Elizabethan."

FROM statistics taken in a few theaters of one city during 1926, it was estimated that of the ninety million people who go to the movies every week, in this country, seven and a quarter million are children. In New York City the child-attendance was eight per cent. It would be interesting, indeed, to know how many of these got any constructive ideas from the movies they saw. The number would certainly be small, for two obvious reasons, which might be summed up as follows: "If you sow live seeds on barren soil, your crop will be small. But, if you sow dead seeds on barren soil, your crop will be smaller."

IN behalf of the industry (sometimes misquoted "art"), however, the Department of Commerce at Washington has added "The Story of Petroleum," "The Story of Iron," and "The Story of the Fabrication of Copper" to a series of forty-six motion-picture films. These films are loaned, free of charge except for payment of postage, to schools, colleges, miners' unions, and other organizations interested in public welfare. As an example of the ground covered, "The Story of Copper" is in four parts—mining, milling, smelting, and refining—each of which may be shown by itself.

This wonderful series of moving-pictures will certainly play its important part toward spreading knowledge of, and, therefore, interest in, our basic industries, and as a result, a lessening of error and waste brought about by new inventions and better methods.

A FINE goal for those who enter college was recently exemplified by Bruce Caldwell, of Yale. One of the most prominent back-field stars in the country during the past football season, and a star on the Yale baseball team, Caldwell has nevertheless managed to keep his scholastic average above eighty throughout his college career, and an average of eighty-six was his remarkable record during the fall of 1926 and the spring of 1927. It is rare that one finds such a balance between prowess on the athletic field and in the classroom, and

(*Continued on page 493*)

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THE OLD MASTER

BY IRVING ASHKENAZY (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member. Cash Award*)

GIUSSEPPE sits on the sunny square
With his fiddle, his cup, and his coat, threadbare,
And on his breast is tied the sign
In three-inch letters, "I AM BLIND."

His violin's squeak sounds thin, as when
A sick mouse squeals in a mad lion's den;
And from morn to night, the whole day long,
He fiddles to the heedless throng.

When it's eight o'clock by St. Paul's gong,
Giusseppe taps his way along
To a ragged alley down Bowery way
(Four flights up, two rooms this way).

He stacks the pennies row on row
And feels their height and thickness, slow;
Pay for the noise doled day by day;
Dross for the dross of each squeak, each bray.

Then out of the darkness and the gloom—
Filling the silence of his room . . . .

The neighbors, waking, listen, charmed,
To silver notes in gold embalmed.
Children of a poet's brain,
Music of the purest strain!

Oh, yes, there's gold in Giusseppe's heart
Too precious for the common mart.
He sells his dross for copper cold,
But for himself he keeps the gold.

THE FAR HORIZON

BY FLORENCE VIRGINIA HUSTON (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1925*)

GOD made a picture, bright and fair, one night,
And tinted it with colors from on high,—
Flashes of crimson, blue, and golden light,—
And placed it in the waiting western sky.

A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY ELINORE KAGY, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1927)

A careless zephyr moved the rosy cloud,
That veiled this masterpiece of God's great hand,
And all the earth with beauty was endowed,
As twilight slowly drifted o'er the land.

O, God, that picture of the dying sun,
Is living in my heart, and is to me
A promise, that when here my work is done,
I'll find behind Thy picture, rest, and Thee.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

(*A True Story*)

BY ELEANOR LIND (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member. First Cash Award*)

THIS is an experience which my father had during the time that he was in Alaska, in the early days when the gold fever was running high.

He left Circle City with a team of five husky dogs and a sled to carry the supplies. He was headed for a stampede down the Yukon River to a gold strike at the head of the Chandalar River, seventy-five miles north of an Indian village known as Fort Yukon, just inside of the arctic circle.

It was just after dusk on an extremely cold and stormy night and he was traveling over the ice of the frozen Yukon River. The mail was being carried from Nome to Dawson by sleigh, and he was endeavoring to pick up the trail made in the ice by the sleigh runners. He was walking ahead of the dog-team, looking directly down for the marks of the runners. As he was about to take the next step ahead, he saw before him what he thought, at first glance, was sand which had drifted over the ice—but in place of this, it was the open water of the river! It is a well-known fact that the Yukon cuts through from underneath in very short notice, as the swift current is continually changing.

Fortunately, he took another glance before stepping ahead, thus saving himself from certain death in the icy waters of the swiftly-flowing current, which would have carried him under the ice immediately, a fate which had befallen many others.

The fact remains that that particular ride in the night was a very memorable one which Father will never forget.

THE FAR HORIZON

BY CHARLOTTE LA RUE (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1927*)

THE "Far Horizon"—empty words!
A meaningless phrase from the mouth of a fool.

Oh, I used to dream of lands beyond.
I used to watch the graying west,
And dream that dreams might be fulfilled;
I used to watch the pinking east,
And think of worlds to conquer.
The autumn once could stir my blood,
The moons of spring could make me wonder—once.

But now I live in disillusionment;
The dreams are gone.
The earth is beautiful—
But what does beauty matter?
The sun is bright—
But brightness is not all.
For I have wandered far, and searched in vain.
Nowhere can I escape from my own littleness.

The "Far Horizon"—empty words!
A meaningless phrase from the mouth of a fool.

BY NANCY TUCKER WILSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER. FIRST CASH AWARD)

BY ELIZABETH FREEMAN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

IN THE SUNSHINE

BLUE PICTURE

BY FRANCES ESTELLA ARMSTRONG (AGE 15)

(Honor Member. Cash Award)

THERE had been no sunset . . . only
Light blue streaks across a darker sky.
White flakes were in the air and on the ground.
Trees were stiff shadows rising
To entangle the wild wind . . .

Some one walked on the frozen road,
His footsteps—small dark shadows behind him.
The white petals of the air caressed his face . . .
The wild wind whispered . . .

A sound!
Out of the wilderness of falling flakes it came to him.
Quickly turning,
His blue eyes found—
Dark pines framing
A young girl leaning out her casement;
Chestnut curls, held by a blue bow, tossed in the wind;
Blue eyes seeking some one in the storm;
Wistful face—soft in a blue light's glow.
Quietly she waited . . .
Her blue eyes questioning the troubled snow.

SURPRISED. BY ELSPETH MONTGOMERY, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

The wild wind parted the white flakes.
She saw him . . .
And stretched forth her arms and whispered something . . .

The figure in the storm seemed a statue,
But conflict was in his heart.
The sunset had understood;
It had given him this beautiful picture,
Beautiful blue picture,
Last blue picture . . .

Sadly he turned and continued his way.
One last look . . . no . . .
His blue eyes were blurred.

Softly the wind fluttered something at his feet.
Stooping, he caught up a blue ribbon—
Token from that beautiful blue picture . . .
The wild wind understood.

RIDES IN THE NIGHT

BY SYDNEY MACQUIVEY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

RIDES in the night? How many there are, and were! Romantic rides; mythical rides; historical rides; rides to tell of coming danger; rides to bring news of a great victory.

All the world knows of the romantic lovers who elope in the night. It has been the theme for many a song and story.

Rides that stand out in legends are the "Rides of the Valkyrie," and "Tam O'Shanter's Ride."

A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY VELMA D. WHIPPLE, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1928)

Browning tells us "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." That was a famous ride indeed—the tidings of a great victory being brought to the people of Aix by the three gallant horsemen.

In our own history we have "Paul Revere's Ride"—the "fate of a nation was riding that night."

Then, more important yet, to the country, but not so well known, is Caesar Rodney's ride. The Declaration of Independence lacked one vote for the passing, and Rodney, in Delaware, rode all night to get to Philadelphia in time to cast his.

Now, because of the modern inventions, there is no need for all these rides to tell of danger, or to bring news. But still, our news is brought by planes, through the night, over dangerous mountains. Lighted by great search-lights, the planes find the way to bring news, and to keep the States linked together to make the country we are now.

But most romantic of all is Lindbergh's famous ride to Paris. He flew all day and night and arrived in Paris late the next night, bringing with him a message of good-will to the people of Paris. Now, "Lindy's" ride is famous the world over.

THE FAR HORIZON

BY JUANITA BITTER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I SEE at the far horizon,
Away in the deep blue sea,
A craft and a viking fisher
Who's hurrying home to me.

SURPRISED. BY PAUL SEMROW, AGE 15

He stands with his head thrown windward,
His back up against the gale;
He tugs with the strength of seamen
At ropes which hold the sail.

His craft plunges through the billows
Obeying his each command;
The waves are his faithful sailors
Who carry him safe to land.

Yet—though he is king of storm-winds
My sea-tiger's face seems stern.
O silence that voice that tells me
My fisher shall not return!

But one can not reign forever.
Each summer shall die in fall,
And even my lone sea-tiger
Must answer the ocean's call.

I watch the far-off horizon,
But only my heart can see
The form of my viking fisher
Who's hurrying home to me.

A HEADING FOR APRIL—DUCKY WEATHER. BY BARBARA FERGUSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY MARIE ISABELLA McHENRY (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1924)

A LONG time ago, when the world was young, Talah, the Aztec, was guardian of his chief's treasures—a post of honor, for the treasures were many and valuable. The greatest of all was a heavy chain of gold, set with emeralds.

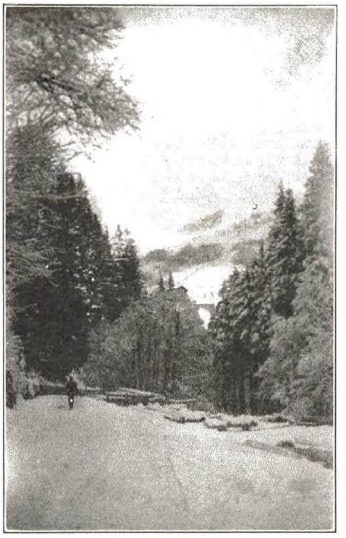
One night when the moon was high overhead, the monstrous bird called "The Thief" came down from the sky. It threw Talah aside with one sweep of its wings, and snatched up the chief's emerald chain. But as he fell, Talah caught the bird's tail, and he, too, was carried away when it flew.

As he looked down, Talah could see rivers, lakes, and mountains sliding by in the moonlight, and still the bird flew on. The wind was so strong that it nearly tore him from his hold on the feathers, and the earth was very far below.

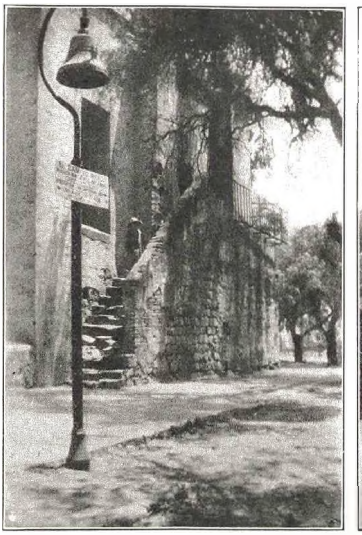
At last the bird came to its homeland in the sky, and settled down on the blue grass. It dropped the emerald chain and went to sleep. Then Talah took the chain and bound it about his waist, and again caught hold of the bird's tail.

The moon sank lower and lower as he waited. When it had gone, the bird woke and flew downward. The strain on Talah's arms was intense, for now the heavy chain was hanging from them, and the wind seemed stronger than ever. In the gray light of dawn he saw huts and temples, and, at last, his own chief's palace. The bird came down before it and tried to enter the gate. The guards frightened it away, but Talah was safe on the ground.

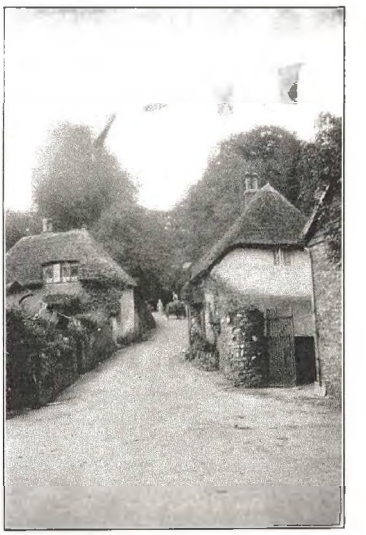
"The Thief" never returned, and Talah was honored all his life because of that night's ride.



BY KATHRYN WARD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



SAN GABRIEL MISSION. BY EVELYN CROSS, AGE 13
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1927)



BY MARY APPLETON, AGE 13

IN THE SUNSHINE

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

(A True Story)

BY LOYAL FRISBIE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

FOR thirty years, the "Tribune" had never missed an issue. And now a three-day storm, ending in a hurricane, had blown down the electric lines, putting the plant out of business. So the men decided to drive to the nearest town that had electric current, and print the paper there.

This was the worst storm in many years, and the roads were blocked by trees and telephone-poles that had been blown down, and were all cut up into ruts.

It was dark when the men—three automobile loads of them—started. In the first car were Daddy and other executives. The second car contained reporters, with their typewriters. And last, but not least, came the printers. They had barely got started when the lights on the middle car failed, and as it was pitch-dark, the man driving that car had to depend on Daddy's lights. Suddenly, Daddy saw a fallen tree loom up ahead of him, so he swerved into the ditch and back onto the road on the other side of the tree. The man driving the next car didn't see the tree until he had almost run into it. He jammed on the brakes, and the car spun around twice but didn't tip over. Several times the men had to stop and remove trees before they could pass.

Finally, they reached a city forty miles from home, only to find that there was no electricity there either. They drove back to a town fifteen miles nearer home. Here there was electricity, as well as one linotype machine, a small flat-bed press, and enough paper-stock for five thousand abbreviated papers. But even that was an edition, so, six years later, the "Tribune" can still truthfully say that it has never missed an issue.

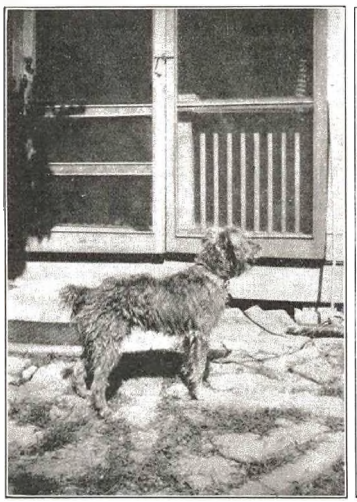
A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

As Paul Revere might have told the story

BY RUTH ELEANOR DIXON (AGE 13)

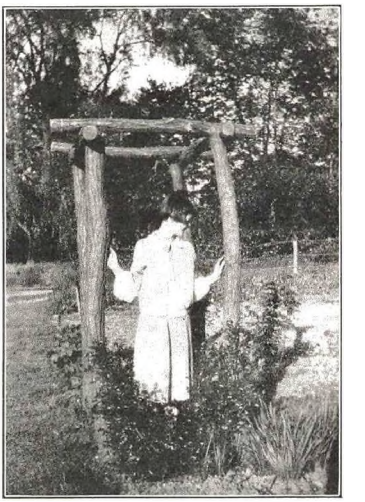
(Silver Badge)

A BRISK breeze was blowing in from the bay, salty and cold, and I wound my muffler tighter around my neck. I could



IN THE SUNSHINE. BY JOAN ROSÉ, AGE 13

AFTER THE SNOW. BY MAY COOK, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



IN THE SUNSHINE. BY GRACE POWELL, AGE 14

hear the waves slapping against the sides of the man-of-war as she lay at anchor.

I examined the girths again, impatiently awaiting the signal. Suddenly one light showed! I jumped on "Freedom." The second came. I touched spurs to my horse and rode furiously to Medford, wondering if Dawes' black mare could keep "Freedom's" pace.

Just below the fork in the road a couple of fellows in dragoon's uniform stopped me. They were not really suspicious, and seeing my chance, I wheeled "Freedom" into the woods toward the Winter Hill Road. As it was only April, the alders were still bare, and showed stark in the moonlight. The dry beeches crackled alarmingly as I skirted the road to the old powder-house.

The alarm was spread around Medford, and before one o'clock I was pounding on the door of the Cooper Tavern in Arlington Center.

At the "Three Fiddlers" in Lexington I waited for Major Prescott and Dawes to go on to Concord with me, for the British were on the watch by this time.

The innkeeper's old grandfather said, "By gorry! If I can't fight I'll make bullets to fight with," and we left him hunting pewter to melt into bullets.

Two miles beyond Lexington, in a thickly wooded spot, we were set upon by a party of grenadiers. Major Prescott spurred over a wall toward Concord, but Dawes and I were captured. I signaled Dawes to fall down as if hurt. He understood, and did so. My guard turned, and I dashed into the woods.

Just as the first volley was fired, I stumbled into Lexington. After the skirmish I started out to hunt "Freedom," but I never again found the faithful friend of my long, night ride.

LOLITA

BY ERIKA HEINECKE (AGE 16)

(Honor Member. Cash Award)

Her snapping black eyes I shall never forget.
They shone with a dazzling light.
In glorious profusion her jet-black hair,
As she danced through the Spanish night.
Danced to the sound of the castanets—
They went to my head like wine—
Wreathed and swayed, and ever fixed
Her burning gaze on mine.

Carelessly then she flung to me
A glowing, crimson rose,
Red as the blood that through her veins
With throbbing measure flows.
Once more she whirled on nimble feet,
Then swift as a winged dart,
Out of my life Lolita danced,
And carried away my heart.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE

BY FRANK B. FREIDEL, JR. (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It was midnight. Young John Baker heard the clock strike as he lay awake on his bed in the attic, when suddenly there was a roaring, rushing sound. Could it be the rain so early in the year?

He sprang to the window and looked. It was not the rain. Far from it. It was the much-feared grass fire which ruined California farmers' hopes for success. For days the dry grass around San Quitos had been baked and browned under the hot California sun, and now some motorist had dropped a lighted cigarette, and the grass was on fire!

A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY RUTH PATTERSON, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER. CASH AWARD)

John jumped out of bed, hurriedly dressed, and awakening his father to save the house, he rushed outside. Not even stopping to hitch up old Mary, the plow-horse, he rode bareback as fast as he could so as to warn the neighbors over the next ridge.

He raced along, but the flames went faster. It was a race between life and death. Life won. He jumped from his horse and ran toward the house, shouting as he went. The hired men ran out with sacks and brooms, fighting the flames, which was hard work.

John again mounted, and rode on and on, warning farmers of the peril, until he came to the town of San Quitos, where several volunteer fire-departments and about half the population set out for the fire, armed for action with sacks, shovels, and brooms.

When John got back to his house, the next day, he found it safe, but the barn was burned. The good news was that the fire had been stopped before reaching the oil-tanks, having cut a swath over a mile wide and twenty miles long.

SURPRISED. BY MARY SIGNE PILBLAD, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1928)

THE FAR HORIZON

BY THOREAU ELIZABETH RAYMOND (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

At morn, I look'd across the sky,
And saw the sun:
I dreamed I left this present sphere:
I saw the earth; 'twas new.
I saw a figure merging forth; 'twas Man!
I saw the empires of an Oriental world
Rise and fall. Mine eyes were veiled, and then
I felt a breath of pure air; 'twas Hellas.
She conquered, and made herself supreme.
Pericles appeared, and all the world shone gold.
O, 'twas the Golden Age of Man!

A cloud rolled downward from the north,
A conqueror came and killed fair Greece,
Yet killed but to sustain the growing life.
Hellas lay shattered, her soul was now another's.

My picture died, and rose again.
'Twas Caesar's realm; 'twas Rome, the mighty.
Again, I saw the cloud descend; life was crushed.

Dead Age, thou art our teacher!
This be thy golden lesson:
All life must be but as a sacrifice
Unto the new and better thought and heart.
Humbly I bow to thee, most ancient ruins,
For through thee has come my life.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY SALLIE FREEMAN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member. First Cash Award)

The winter moon shone through a snow-steeped window, across the floor, up the length of a bed, and finally rested lightly on a shock of red-brown hair. Two dark, mischievous eyes gleamed as they peered through the dusky shadows upon the other occupant of the room. The owner of the red-brown hair and mischievous eyes slid quietly from his bed and crept across the floor. He slipped into a big overcoat and a pair of high boots, and stepped out into the snow-bound world, barnwards. For was not Spiky, their captured porcupine, sleeping there? And would it not make a delightful bedfellow for brother Dave? Yes, delightful!

It was dark, very dark. Suddenly something hit him a sharp blow across the shins, and with a yelp of pain, he fell forward. Then a rush of wind bore down upon him, and he found himself flying across the snow at a terrifyingly increasing rate. When he recovered his breath he realized that he was prone upon Dave's sled, clutching it for all he was worth! Something black and menacing loomed up, growing larger each quickening minute. With a supreme effort Tim forced his chilled and benumbed hands upon the steering-bar. A tree flashed by, but another loomed up close ahead. Wildly —frantically, Tim swished and swirled down the slope. Then with breath-taking suddenness he felt the earth give way beneath him, as he shot through the air, skimming over the tree-tops of a deep gully. He hugged the sled in a death grip, his eyes wide with terror. Then the earth rose up alarmingly and devoured sled and all. The next moment Tim climbed weakly from an enormous drift, and the wild night ride was over! Trembling and stumbling, he finally reached home. And to this day it is the wonder of his family why Tim took such a strong and sudden dislike to Spiky.

AMBITION

BY DORIS SAHL (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member. First Cash Award*)

AMBITION traveled on a raven's wing,
And hastened through the greatness of the sky,
And downward swooped; then hesitatingly,
Passed me by.
I mused beneath the shadow of an oak,
Gazed on ambition with regretful mien,
And sadly watched the raven disappear
Into a dream.

I lay upon a verdant, mossy slope;
I heard the brooklet ripple, and, anon,
I watched the distant, tumbling waterfall
Sweep down and on.
A strain of music floated through the leaves,
And, wafted in the breeze, was onward blown,
While each sweet note, poured from some joyful heart,
Played havoc with the taut strings of my own.

And soon a man, with frenzied eye and wild,
Passed on a fleet and foam-bespattered steed,
Chasing the bird who tauntingly flew on
At goading speed.
They passed: I lost myself in dreams,
And wandered through the brush, and loved the sky;
And fervently I thanked the jetty bird
Who passed me by.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY BETTY COLWELL (AGE 11)

'TWAS a terrible ride, and I'll never forget it! Mother, Father, my brother, and I were returning from Nova Scotia. As we went aboard the ship, Daddy asked a sailor about the weather. "It's going to be pretty bad," he answered. And he was right. We were no sooner out of Halifax Harbor and in the open ocean than we found ourselves on the edge of a hurricane. The waves grew bigger and bigger, and from my station at the port-hole I could see them with huge, open mouths as if ready to swallow us. Our ship would ride up and up, until it seemed that she would never come down, then with a tremendous pitch, she would plunge into the trough of the next wave. All the sailors were up, trying to launch the life-boats, but it was impossible, and

AFTER THE SNOW. BY ALDEN COCHRAN, AGE 14

four men were injured in the attempt. In the middle of the night the rudder became jammed, but it was finally released. Twice the captain gave up hope.

Back in Halifax our boat was reported lost, and that was certainly true. Everything in our state-room that was movable banged from side to side with every roll of the ship. Lying in our bunks, we had to hold on to keep from falling out. In the galley, the huge chopping-block broke loose and demolished everything in its path, including dishes and even the cook-stove, so that no cooked food could be served the next day.

As dawn broke and our position was determined by radio, we found we were twenty miles out to sea, and far off our course. We arrived in Boston twenty-four hours late, all safe and sound, but I doubt if any one on that boat will ever forget that terrible ride in the night.

THE FAR HORIZON

BY MARY TOLMAN (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1927*)

Do all things meet beyond that line of opalescence?
Where sailed the clouds of yesterday?
Are old, forgotten memories collected there
Beyond the blue?
Are old years sent there to be made over?
Where have aged thoughts gone?
Who knows what lies for human eyes,
Beyond the far horizon?

THE FAR HORIZON

BY JANE COLLINS (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

"WHAT am de far horizon?"
Asked Susie of brudder Joe.
"Why, stupid, ain't you ever heard?
Dat's sumpin' you aughta know."

"De white man say dat it's
De fardest you can see,
But if you ask me whut it am
I'll tell you differently."

"He also say beyond it
Am just a lota space,
But I can tell you better'n dat,
To me it's de jumpin' off place!"

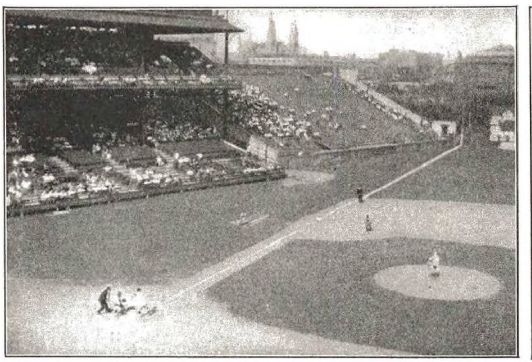
A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY STURGES D. DORRANCE, JR. (AGE 14)

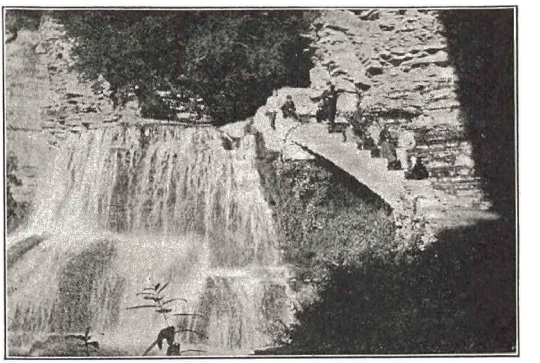
(*Honor Member. Cash Award*)

WITH a full-throated roar, the last stentorian tones of the mail-plane dies away to a monotonous drone as it is trundled out to the long runway, blazing with light from the beacons which encircle the field. The motor is idling, the mechanics relax; every one seems to be waiting. Soon two small lights appear in the darkness and grow larger and larger. Just as the field clock booms out the hour of midnight, a second plane skims close to the ground and lands smoothly on the hard-packed earth. It taxies to the end of the field, where the mail-bags are thrown into waiting arms which load them into the fresh carrier. As quickly as its companion came, the second plane roars across the field, and dim lights of the town glide away under its very wing-tips. Below, a stream weaves its course to the sea, and the lights of small craft are barely discernible. Occasional cars creep along the roads like small pin-points of light in the darkness, and the rails of a railroad gleam like twin lines of radiance in the dark and shadowy moonlight. A train rushes along under the plane, but its progress is so slow that it is soon left behind, its locomotive puffing sparks out into the night. A large town is passed, and faint lights show that it is sleeping. There are great beacons to mark the course of the air mail, and a frequent farm-house is visible. More small towns, and then the railroad again shows through the darkness, with its passing fast fliers and slow freights. Now a farm-house and then a lake . . .

Far off to the north the lights of a great city illuminate the sky, and toward this



BY ANNE HAMILTON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1927)



BY LETA A. MEEKER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

IN THE SUNSHINE

the great plane slowly swings around like a huge moth. The night air is chilly, the great engine sputters once, and then resumes its regular rhythm, showing that all the cylinders are working in perfect unison.

The beacons of a flying field become visible. The plane gently noses down in a spiral dive, and comes to rest on the smooth ground, quivering like a living thing after a glorious night's run.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY WILLIAM GRAY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

JACK and Bill Brown lived on a ranch near the town of Cowley, with their folks. They lived twenty miles out from the trading-post, and the roads were the worst possible.

Jack and Bill were fifteen and sixteen years of age, respectively. They planned to take Dad's old auto and go to town that night to show the town dudes their car, because it was one of the first that had been produced.

Bill was the only one who knew how to manage and control this "height of luxury," as they called it. They reached the car-shed and were winding the miserable thing with all their might. Jack couldn't start it, so Bill tried, when suddenly something kicked him and he felt a dreadful pain in his arm just above the wrist.

He ran to the house, followed by Jack, and found that his arm was broken. His folks hurriedly adjusted their wraps and ran down to the shed to get the car, and, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, they got the stubborn thing headed for town, Jack holding on to the steering-wheel, while his mother, sitting in the rear seat, tried to comfort Bill, and do a little back-seat driving.

The old car came down the narrow road in a spell of convulsions. About half-way to town the thing refused to go unless some one held the "gooser" out. Jack's

A SURPRISE. BY MARY MCKENZIE HILL, AGE 14

father took it upon himself to lie on the front fender and keep choking it. As they came in to the town, the constable of Cowley thought they were a band of robbers, and when his command "halt" was unheeded, let fly a missile from his revolver, which took Mr. Brown's hat sailing off into a ditch. Jack knew he was nearing the doctor's office, so he turned off the motor—he didn't know how to stop it—and they coasted the rest of the way. Bill was hurriedly rushed inside, and after several hysterical yells, his arm was replaced in its natural position. The nightmare was over.

THE FAR HORIZON

BY KATHARINE LYON DUNLOP (AGE 10)

ONE lovely evening as I lay
On Fire Island's beach of sand,
I saw the lighthouse, old and gray,
Above its narrow strip of land . . .

On the horizon far again I see
The sunset's glow upon the sky.
And many ships sail steadily,
And graceful sea-gulls fly so high.

A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY HENRY MERKIN, AGE 13

The ships come here from far away
Laden with cargoes that we need.
They'll soon be sailing up the bay,
And they will help to clothe and feed.

And fairy ships I dream about
On that horizon dim and far.
It's growing late, the moon is out
And brightly gleams the evening star.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY CATHERINE BENSON (AGE 12)

IN 1927 we lived at the post of Fort Riley, Kansas, which is situated at the fork of two rivers, the Smoky Hill and Republican. Here is located the school for cavalry officers.

Toward the end of the officer's school-year, which lasts nine months, a night ride was held and a prize offered. The idea was this: Each officer was provided with a map, and on it a route was marked for him to follow. At various points there were stations where the officer had to stop and receive instructions. The one getting to the starting-point first won the prize—a silver cup.

Well, so far, so good. But troubles began when the men started. Many could not find the stations. Some were completely lost, while others traveled till the "wee sma' hours" of the morning.

It was great sport for the spectators, and many an officer got the "horse-laugh" when he sheepishly came in about seven o'clock the next morning.

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY MARJORIE MCLERIE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Is there any place in the world where a ride in the night would compare with one in June on the Grand Canal of Venice? The gay carnival air of the lantern-decked gondolas, the soft voices of the Venetians, and the music of their accompanying guitars and mandolins floating over the water, the almost phantom-like black gondolas gliding about in the darkness, the clear southern sky, with its big, round moon, and its bright stars—it's all Venice at night! The paths of multi-colored lights shine on dark waters and the high steel prow of the long, slim gondola glints in the moonlight. The stately marble palaces rise dimly out of the water. Shouts of laughter mingled with strains of music are heard while passing the great lamp-lit St. Mark's Square, for there many people are enjoying glaces, in the cool of the evening.

It is growing late as we leave our gondola. The lights are fewer, but Venice is still abroad. Gondolas glide about and an occasional burst of song reaches our ears.

We linger in the square, enchanted with the soft loveliness of the night. The bells of the clock-tower sound midnight. We reluctantly give a last glance at the cathedral, the tall, graceful Campanile, the Doge's palace, and silently walk to our hotel.

Venice, beautiful Queen of the Adriatic, we bid you adieu!

THE RIDE IN THE NIGHT

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, JR. (AGE 11)

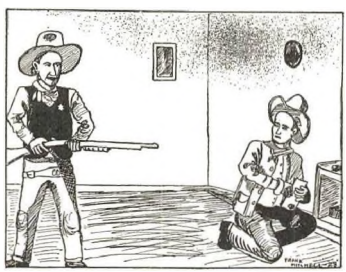
IT was a very cold night. Dr. Smith and his wife were sitting comfortably by their fire in a snug little house outside of the town of Bainsburg, New Hampshire. Dr. Smith had worked very hard all that day, visiting his patients, and when he got back he was very tired. After his supper he had buried himself in his newspaper.

About nine o'clock the telephone rang and Mrs. Smith hastened to answer it. It proved to be from Dr. Smith's brother, who told them that his wife lay unconscious and needed a doctor. Would Dr. Smith be kind enough to come over and see her? The town John Smith lived in was ten miles distant, but because of brotherly love Dr. Smith took this long night ride.

A NIGHT'S RIDE

BY ROBERT MERRIAM (AGE 9)

IT was the night of May twenty-first, 1927. It was foggy. Lindbergh was almost half-way across the Atlantic Ocean. Lindy would just get through one fog, when he would strike another. It was very hard to see ahead. Sometimes he was very low, and sometimes very high,



SURPRISED. BY FRANK MITCHELL, AGE 16

for he was trying to see through the fog. It was getting very dark. The moon and stars were just appearing. After they came out it was a little easier to tell directions. Sometimes Lindy could see the white icebergs. The fog kept up all night. Lindy's night ride was not very pleasant. When it seemed as if a long, long time had passed, it began to get lighter and lighter.

The next night about ten o'clock New York time, a great silver bird came out of the sky and circled over a flying field and a great mob. Lindbergh had conquered the Atlantic Ocean!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 337

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Eleanor Lind** (age 17), California; **Sallie Freeman** (age 17), California; **Sturges D. Dorrance, Jr.**, New York City. Gold Badge, **Marie Isabella McHenry** (age 17), Michigan. Silver Badges, **Sydney Macquivey** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Loyal Frisbie** (age 12), Florida; **Ruth Eleanor Dixon** (age 13), California; **Frank B. Freidel, Jr.** (age 11), California; **William Gray** (age 15), Kansas; **Marjorie McLerie** (age 15), Illinois.

VERSE. Cash Awards for Honor Members, **Irving Ashkenazy** (age 17), Florida; **Frances Estella Armstrong** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Erika Heinecke** (age 16), New Jersey; **Doris Sahl** (age 14), Connecticut. Gold Badges, **Florence Virginia Huston** (age 16), California; **Charlotte La Rue** (age 16), Wisconsin; **Mary Tolman** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Juanita Bitter** (age 16), Wisconsin; **Thoreau Elizabeth Raymond** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Jane Collins** (age 11), Colorado.

DRAWINGS. Cash Award for Honor Member, **Ruth Patterson** (age 17), Oregon. Gold Badges, **Elinore Kagy** (age 16), Colorado; **Mary Signe Pilblad** (age 16), New York; **Velma D. Whipple** (age 16), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Barbara Ferguson** (age 14), Maine; **Elspeth Montgomery** (age 13), Wisconsin; **Elizabeth E. King** (age 13), Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Cash Award for Honor Member, **Nancy Tucker Wilson** (age 15), Virginia. Gold Badges, **Anne Hamilton** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Evelyn Cross** (age 13), California. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth Freeman** (age 14), Oregon; **Leta A. Meeker** (age 14), New York; **Kathryn Ward** (age 13), Switzerland; **May Cook** (age 15), Colorado.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Cash Prize, **Cary W. Aal** (age 17), District of Columbia. Silver Badges, **Jack Robinson** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Josephine Clark** (age 13), Colorado.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold Badge, **Effie K. Douglas** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Adelaide Rice** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Doris J. Ballenberg** (age 13), New York.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Rita E. Phelan
Lucile Spofford
Dorothy Fahey
Helen Beal
Raymond Foulds, Jr.
Muriel E. Roberts
Ruth E. Woodbury
Louise Skipper
S. Jean Hoffmeier
Ellen D. Reid
Embry S. Cowan
Arthur B. Schlesinger
Billy Lee
Jane H. Walterhouse

VERSE

Elizabeth Boehm
Betty Evans
Madeleine Fales
Nancy Sloan
Jeanne C. Curtis
Mary G. Powell
Doris M. Crandall
Mary M. deBest
Elizabeth Brainerd
Kathryn J. Lewis
Vesta K. Nickerson
Cynthia Corlett
Arden Fisher
Margaret B. Fuller
Mary S. Hawling
Barbara H. Schulze
Elizabeth Dodge
Lois R. Patton
Dorothy E. Mullowney
Martha Chesley
Marjorie DeGraff
Helen W. Siebenthal
Brenda Green
M. J. Dooher
Ann L. Gorsuch

DRAWINGS

Ruth Millif
Jane T. Johnson
Barbara Danielsen
Janice Holland
Peggy C. Pilblad
Carol Colver
Velma Dickson
Marit M. Coxe
Betty Devereux
Polly Lumbard
Margaret Law
Dorothy M. Harris
Ainigriu Teidnoc
Louise Edwards
Constance Robinson
Adolph Appleton
Caroline Bradley
Arthur Davis
Grace Somers

PHOTOGRAPHS

Catherine Street
Edith Friedman
Elinor E. Turner
Nelson E. Spurling
Dorothy Hunt
Hunting Davis
Effie K. Douglas
Jean F. Hollister
Louise Meneely
Ruth H. Davison
James Morwood
Stanton Carleton
Joan Edwards
Eugene Shubert
William Price

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work was deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Elizabeth Merriam
Betty Fleming
Laura Heermance
Carol Durham
Jane Baymore
Gertrude McC. Marsh
Harriet F. Heiman
Alberta Carter
Doris Bettman
Ariel McNinch
Ruth Leiser
Lucile Brackney
Constance R. Pultz
Zetta P. Thomas
Ellen T. French
Elizabeth Merriam
Lewis A. Dexter
Mary A. Lanman
Marian Story
Betty Baymore
Martha Judkins
Elizabeth Marting
Malcolm Davies
Janet C. Morgan
Marjorie Garnett
Louise Byles
Henry K. Cahn

VERSE

Elaine S. France
Elizabeth R. Lehman
Priscilla Metcalf
Mary A. Lenk
Betty Bennett
Ruth McNally
Louise Merrick
Catharine Whitehorn
Elinor Goodspeed
A. Jean Wallace
Frances E. Turner
Christine Kempton, Jr.
Frank Syreuiez
Ruth M. Gillespie
Robert Ridgway
Jessie Noonoy
Elvira Dilger
Louise Kandera
Marie Hesselbach
Mary Goode
Susan Breul
Dorothy Jans
Rosemary Barber
Evelyn W. Boehm
Margaret F. Simpson
Nora Hammerfahr
David T. Brown
Robert F. Erskine
Dorothy D. Hamburger
Dorothy Dickson
Charlotte Jones
Mary G. Blunt
Jean Gordon

DRAWINGS

Joan de Forest Brush
Irene Weise
Harriet E. Comstock
Margaret S. Morris
Ruth Eastmond
Elise Tuckerman
Katie Watanabe
Doris Rogers
Eleanore Tiedemann
Inez Broome
Nancy Braun
John McD. Hale
Ralph Feigenbaum
Elizabeth L. Mead
Adrienne Starkey
Dickie Sarkesian
Harriet S. Whitcher
Ruth Schlegel
Virginia Brown
Miriam Henderson
Theressa A. Danhof
Virginia P. Getty
Juliana L. Morgan
Penelope Wilson
Helen J. Harding
Dorothy Winemiller
Jean Webb
B. P. Schoyer
Herman Lazarus
Katharine McIlroy
Margaret L. Heger
Ethel Olson
Jane Gibbs
Lillian H. Marsh
Mary E. Hoermann
Helen Pease
Mary C. Moneure
Ruth Soule
Marie E. Levenson

PHOTOGRAPHS

Virginia Helm
John P. Causey
Frances L. Burnett
Anna K. Bootes
Rebecca P. Ritter
Nancy Harrison
Marjory A. Stehl
Estelle R. Hepburn
Alida Wilson
Betty A. Magruder
Louise Flynn
Laura Wellman
Virginia Lewis
Jacqueline Perry
Josephine E. Leavenworth
Edward Ethell
Josephine M. Walsh
Sue W. Bradley
Gretchen Watson
Emily J. Pitcairn
Dorothy Brodeur
Page C. Huidekoper
Barbara Bliss
Eleanor Conde
Mary K. Myers
Martha Rogers
Fidelia Bettes
Helen J. Millen
Margaret Hixon
Frank Woodruff
Lois Williams
Julia Wagner
Marseline Saliers
Marie B. White
Louise Johnson
Faith Travis
John L. Harman
Elizabeth Stratte
Emily R. Claflin
Jeanetta Danhof
Robert G. Lewis
Mortimer Lewis
John H. Hines
Lillian W. Requa
Robert A. Elder, Jr.
Mary E. Green
Ronald Busse
Frederick Haase
Richard H. Murphy
Mary Conde

PUZZLES

Barbara Daskam
Horace Frame, Jr.
Lois Lyon
Alfred Satterthwaite
George D. Beal, Jr.
Marianne Jones
Bradford K. McGaw
Suzanne Litter Virginia Lackemacher
Martha E. Groff
Mary B. Ketcham
Jean Longland
Agnes M. Cohen
Dorothy Kientz
Emily F. Simmons
Churchill Freshman
Ann Archer
Dorothea Rose
Queenie Byles
Sam R. Canterman
Beatrice Kessler
Mary M. Reimbold

A HEADING FOR APRIL. BY ELIZABETH E. KING, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

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. 340

Competition No. 340 will close **May 1.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.** Badges and cash prizes sent one month later. Honor Members may choose their own subjects.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"Harbors of Memory."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"The Merest Chance."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"An Unexpected Meeting."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"Helping,"** or **"A Heading for July."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full. Cross-word puzzles by Honor Members are eligible for cash prizes.

Puzzle Answers. For the best three sets of answers to this month's puzzles, silver or gold badges will be awarded, under the League rules, though the names of all solvers will be duly listed.

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

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how much I love your magazine. I have been taking you for two years and a half, and I storm and bother every one if you don't come on time. When you come I am an angel until I finish you (which doesn't take very long). I live in San Francisco, but am in New York after a trip to Europe.

I don't see many letters from my city, so I will tell you something about it. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, and ships from all over the Far East come to it. We have the famous Golden Gate, which leads out into the Pacific, and many parks and amusements.

I hope to continue to get you until I am ninety years old—and then some. So I hope you continue with those marvelous stories.

Your devoted reader,
DORIS CLAYBURGH (AGE 11).

GENEVA, N. Y.

DEAREST OLD ST. NICK: I don't know what I would do without you! I have been out of school this term and if I hadn't had you I should have died. I only wish you would come oftener, and that there were more of you for me to gloat over.

Daddy had some old copies of you, and I have read and reread them.

I like "Twinkle, Little Movie Star" the best of any of your stories.

Your devotedest reader,
MARY R. MAXWELL (AGE 10).

PORTLAND, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now about six or seven years. I enjoy you immensely. What interests me most in you are the stories by Augusta Huiell Seaman, THE LEAGUE, THE LETTER-BOX, and THE WATCH TOWER.

Portland is nationally known for the Annual Rose Festivals. Rose-Festival Week is taken up with parades—a floral and a Merrykana one,—a pageant, Rosaria, dances in the parks, and the crowning of the queen.

There are many, many interesting places to visit near Portland. The wonderful Columbia River Highway runs from Portland through wondrous tunnels, by enchanting waterfalls, past stone cliffs, and always beside the stately river, the Columbia. The mountains, Mt. Hood, Mt. Ranier, and Mt. St. Helens, tower up as a background for the city. There are winter sports at Mt. Hood, and people from all over the continent come to admire its snow-crested peak. Then there are the miles and miles of timberlands, the wonderfully beautiful flowerbeds that flaunt in the spring and summer with rare flowers, the spacious parks in the city, and the majestic river which flows through the heart of it, the Willamette.

I am a senior at Lincoln High School. Every day seems to have more pleasure in it, at school and at home. We have lots of fun in Portland, and I hope nobody still thinks that the West is wild and woolly.

The best success to you!

Your interested reader,
NELLIE VEYSEY.

MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICK: I look forward every month to the next number of my favorite magazine. I have taken you ever since 1918—ten years—so I feel as if you are an old and treasured friend. I like all your stories and articles. I especially like your articles on aviation, and I think the LEAGUE is great!

I am starting an unusual hobby, and I wonder if any of your subscribers would help me. I am making a collection of number-plates, and, as I haven't been collecting them for long, I have only Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire. I don't care what number or year the plates are. You have subscribers from all the States and countries, and if any of them would send me a number-plate I would pay the postage. I also collect stamps, so to any one who sent me a number-plate I would send some of my duplicate stamps, if they collect stamps; or if they had any other hobbies I would help them if I could.

I admire Colonel Lindbergh very much (who doesn't?) and liked your articles and pictures of him. I first heard of him through you, when you printed a picture of him as a member of the Caterpillar Club. I saw Colonel Lindbergh in Boston this summer and it was one of my most exciting minutes to get a glimpse of him riding up Beacon Street on the turned-down top of a car. I think he has done much toward preserving our much-needed peace. For certainly another war would be the most terrible event possible. It would wipe out millions and millions of people. Don't you think it has smoothed over many difficulties to have such a tactful man as Colonel Lindbergh visiting many different countries?

I wish you a very long lifetime of prosperity.

Your appreciative reader,
HOPE WILLIAMS (AGE 16).

HAVANA, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know you would like to hear of President Coolidge's visit to Havana, and, being a member of the LEAGUE, I thought I would write it up for you.

His arrival here at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, January 15, was heralded to the public by the booming of the guns from Cabanas Fort, the blowing of the whistles of the steamships and tugs in Havana Harbor, and the tooting of automobile horns throughout the city. President Coolidge was given a warm and most enthusiastic reception.

Relations between Cuba and the United States—between Cubans and Americans—have always been of the most friendly character. The spirit of brotherhood which is felt for the United States and which was so enthusiastically demonstrated Sunday is nothing new.

The atmosphere of Havana's reception was different from anything in Calvin Coolidge's experience. Here fifty thousand temperamental Latins rained welcomes, bravoes, and blessings that came from their hearts on the man who to them is the incarnation of American idealism and valiant action. Calvin Coolidge, to Cuba, means the United States. Coolidge, seen from the Cuban angle, is a composite picture of Roosevelt, Wilson, and Lindbergh. And as such he was welcomed. And he responded nobly to this spirit of the Cuban people and expanded and blossomed into a human, lovable character, who, given the opportunity, would duplicate the spectacular feats of his predecessors, and yet not lose his own admirable personality. People who thought they knew President Coolidge, through long association, scarcely recognized the affable and enthusiastic person who, seated beside President Machado of Cuba, waved and bowed to the multitude that lined the streets between the landing spot, Capitania Esplanade, and the Presidential Palace. And we all thought Mrs. Coolidge perfectly lovely, smiling and waving her hand. I knew how she loved animals, so I decided to hold my parrot on my hand (as he is so tame, and runs and plays around with us as if he were a dog). So as she was smiling at me I held the parrot farther out. She said, "A parrot," and turned to tell Mrs. Machado, who sat beside her. Then she thought, "She will not understand me, as she knows no English," but she had seen her motion and looked up and smiled, too, at polly.

The *Texas* anchored beside the buoy that marks the spot where the ill-fated United States battle-ship, *Maine*, suffered the catastrophe that in 1898 brought about the Spanish-American War and gave Cuba her freedom. What a sight it was to us Americans to see all those fine ships coming in.

The narrow streets of old Havana, lined with soldiers at attention, left scant room for spectators, yet from sidewalks and balconies came showers of roses upon the passing dignitaries. When the procession turned into the new "Avenue of Missions," five hundred feet wide, President Coolidge caught his first glimpse of the palace that was to be his home for the duration of his stay, and that contrasts in its magnificence with the simplicity of the White House at Washington. I am sure they were so well pleased with it here that they will return again soon.

Our next great day will be when Lindy comes.

Sincerely yours,
ELEANORE CONDE (AGE 13).

ONANCOCK, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've been taking ST. NICHOLAS for a year now, but I've never had the courage to write to you. Letter-writing, you see, isn't my favorite sport.

Nearly all the letters begin by saying that they have never seen a letter in the LETTER-BOX from their part of the country. I haven't seen one from mine; I'm afraid no one on the Shore takes you but me.

I live on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Some boys and girls might think that means the eastern part of the State, but it doesn't. The Eastern Shore is the name of a peninsula, consisting of the eastern shores of Maryland, all of Delaware, and some of Virginia. The whole is called "Delmarva." Most of the towns here have interesting Indian names. The

name of the town I live in, Onancock, means "foggy." Some of the other names are, Accomac, Chesapeake City, Chincoteague, Kiptopke, Pocomoke, Wachapreague, Pongoteague, Assateague, Chesconesex, Machipongo, and Nassawadox. The "teague" endings mean "near the water."

Wishing you much success in the future,

Devotedly,

DENISON LAWS.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Doesn't aviation interest you lots? It does me. Every time I hear a plane, I run to the roof like mad. We visited the Ford Industrial Exposition and saw the plane in which Mrs. Lindbergh flew to Mexico City. I had no idea it was such a gigantic affair. They had a little wooden platform by the windows, and there were lines of people waiting to look in. It was all gray inside, with silver-painted wicker-chairs. It looked as though it would make three of the *Spirit of St. Louis*.

As I read this letter over it does not seem nearly so affectionate as some of the letters, but if I haven't written it, you may be sure I feel as affectionate toward you as the others, perhaps more, if that be possible!

Sincerely,

CATHERINE C. CARMODY (AGE 13).

ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I subscribed to you for several years when I lived in Elba, Alabama. So it seemed like welcoming an old friend when I found you in the mail-box a day or so before Christmas. I think you are one of the nicest gifts I received, because you last all year, and I can't grow tired of you or lose you or any such thing as that.

I am a junior in high school and have attended school in Orlando for two terms. I like the school here much better than I did the one at home, because at home we had such a small one that we didn't even have an annual. Here we have an annual, a school paper (weekly), "The Orange and White," and a school magazine, "Tiger Tales."

I went to a summer camp last summer. There I found copies of ST. NICHOLAS in the library. Every time I finished one I would feel blue, because there was not another there to begin.

I think "Those Careless Kincaids" is quite amusing, and so true to life. "The Snake-Blood Ruby" also promises quite a bit of excitement. I read "The Red Diamond," so I feel that I am acquainted with the characters. I noted with pleasure that there were some jokes in the last issue. I wish there were an entire page of them, and if there are many more readers like me, I think you will have a "Just for Fun" page just like you have a "Riddle-Box."

With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

LUCY SANDERS (AGE 15).

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you for a present this Christmas, and I enjoy you more than words could tell.

My daddy is an officer in the Navy Medical Corps, and we came here in July, 1927. As we have been here before, during the years 1920–23, I am thoroughly acquainted with the country. Port au Prince is a city of about 200,000, and the population is made up chiefly of negroes, French descendants, Europeans, and Americans.

There are many interesting buildings and also a large park, which is the chief congregating place of the Haitians. Of all the many interesting scenes, I think the caye, or native hut, is the most picturesque, with its quaint thatched roof of dried palms, and its baked clay walls sometimes painted pink or blue. The better class Haitians have frame houses, with huge shutters in place of glass. Palm-trees, banana-trees, and native shrubs, all go to make the tropical scene more attractive.

There is an American club, and also an annex, where tennis, cards, dancing, and swimming are the chief items of interest. We have, also, an American school, with an attendance of about ninety-five pupils —quite a few for Haiti.

I live in a large house, in the district of Port au Prince, that has a lovely basin (pronounced bassan), or swimming-pool, and we have two horses. There are many good trails, the best known being the Cactus Trail. I go riding every afternoon, and just can hardly keep out of the saddle.

Molly Clinton, whose letter was published in your December issue, is a great chum of mine. This is her second time in Haiti, too.

I hope I have not written a tiresome letter, but you are worthy of the longest letter I could ever scribble.

Your affectionate reader,

ELSA MELHORN (AGE 13).

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICK: I received you this Christmas as a present. However, this is not the first I have seen of you, as I have read nearly all of my father's bound St. Nicks, that he had when he was a boy. And my brother took you while we were in China, where we lived for three years.

As you see, we live in Rome now. We have very few Americans, that is to say, people who live here. Of course we have plenty of tourists. I have only seen Mussolini once (in life), and that was at the grand parade on the fifth anniversary of his march on Rome. I suppose you know all about him. At any rate, I will tell you what I know in as brief a way as possible:

Benito Mussolini was an innkeeper's son, a peasant. His wife was a maid in that inn, the daughter of a widowed peasant. Mussolini was exiled from Italy for talking and writing against the government. You see, he was a bolshevist then. He also made trouble in Switzerland. When he saw what bolshevism had done to Russia, he went back to Italy, gathered his friends around him, and organized the "Fascisti," or "black-jackets," as they are often called because of their uniform. It was then that he made his march on Rome. He now protects the king, and upholds the government he tried to destroy. Italy has never been as prosperous as now. So, as you see, he has raised Italy from a tottering government to one of the strongest, steadiest kingdoms in Europe. Most Italians love Mussolini, but of course he has political enemies. I can hardly see how he can have enemies, in view of the good he has done Italy. If you could have seen Italy five years ago—the streets full of beggars, the roads bad, the people quarreling among themselves, men hardly able to earn enough to keep themselves alive, money bad, and Italy, on the whole, very near a fate like Russia's—then, when you had seen that, you could appreciate Mussolini and the wonderful change he has brought.

Your ever interested reader,

CATHERINE L. POMEROY (AGE 11).

WEST POINT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year that I have subscribed to you, and already I have grown to like you more and more as you come each month.

My father being an army officer, it has been my privilege to see an unusually large part of the world. Before I was three years old I had traveled fifty thousand miles.

When Daddy was sent on foreign service, we traveled from Galveston, Texas, into the Gulf of Mexico, to the Caribbean Sea, through the Panama Canal, into the broad Pacific. From there the transport *Buford* took us to the Philippines, where we were stationed three years. I had a Filipino governess and also a Chinese one. After our detail was up there, we went to China, Korea, Siberia, Japan, and Hawaii; and then back to America. Daddy has been stationed all over the United States, and now we are on a four-year detail at West Point.

West Point is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, about fifty miles above New York City. Here the United States Military Academy is located, where young men of America are trained to be officers in the army. There are many stately old buildings, built on the English style, and covered with English ivy. Among them are Cullum Hall, where the cadets have dances; the riding hall, which is the largest in the world; the beautiful cadet chapel; the academic building, and many others. In the woods, there are many bridle-paths and cool springs.

The cadets participate in all sports. This year was the first time I had ever seen an Army-Navy football game, and you may be sure I was mighty glad when we won.

In the gymnasium, there is a large swimming-pool, where I go to swim almost every day in the summer-time. Also tennis-courts are provided for the cadets. For children who enjoy athletics, this is just the place, for there is riding, swimming, tennis, and basket-ball.

Hoping that you will continue to give other children pleasure and happiness, I remain,

A very fond reader,

MARY HOBSON (AGE 13).

STANTON, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are three noticeable faults of yours, and I must scold you severely for them. First, you don't come often enough; second, you aren't large enough; and third, the stories, articles, and different departments in you are so delicious and appetizing that I immediately devour them when you come. Then I can scarcely wait until you come again. Let's have no more of this!

Jolly old Saint Nick! You are a companion and a pal. I really believe it was you who cured me when I had tonsilitis. As I read you the dreary hours slipped away unheeded. And I was really angry at you because you seemed to "melt in my mouth"—there was not enough of you. But there! I must quit scolding.

The weather here is so like spring that I wish it were here, even though the coasting season has just begun.

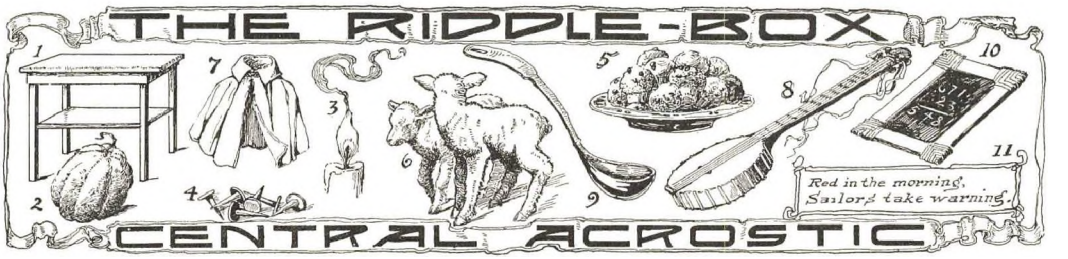
Saint Nicholas, you are, in Latin, "Rex in omne"—in English, "King over all."

No one ever writes to you from Stanton, so I decided I would, so as to let you know that Stanton appreciates you as much as Chicago or New York.

Heaps of love for your charming magazine.

A loving reader,

LILLIAN GOODWILL.

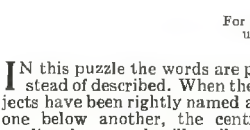


For the best three sets of answers to the following puzzles, silver or gold badges will be awarded, under the League rules (see page 487), though the names of all solvers will be duly listed.

IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects have been rightly named and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to April 14, 1360, when hailstones are said to have killed horses and men.

A WORD PEAK

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

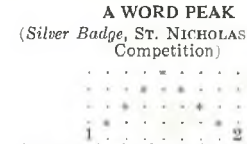


ACROSS: 1. A short, heavy stick. 2. Lengthened. 3. Continued. 4. Slightly acid. 5. A collection of literary papers pertaining to America.

Peak, from 1 to 2, the highest point in the western hemisphere.

JOSEPHINE CLARK (AGE 13).

OBLIQUE PUZZLE



In solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In horse. 2. A new weapon of military defense. 3. To hurry. 4. A hard substance. 5. A small hallway. 6. Mistake. 7. Contrivances to couple oxen when working. 8. To allude. 9. A portable chair. 10. A black bird. 11. At no time. 12. A snare. 13. In horse.

HENRY C. BARDIS (AGE 13).

A GRECIAN KING'S MOVE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

1 M	2 I	3 P	4 H	5 D	6 I	7 A	8 S
9 E	10 S	11 T	12 S	13 I	14 R	15 U	16 E
17 H	18 O	19 C	20 E	21 I	22 P	23 I	24 D
25 T	26 S	27 E	28 L	29 E	30 A	31 S	32 E
33 R	34 A	35 T	36 D	37 S	38 C	39 H	40 Y
41 C	42 O	43 T	44 S	45 E	46 U	47 L	48 E
49 S	50 S	51 H	52 O	53 M	54 S	55 X	56 N
57 E	58 N	59 E	60 N	61 O	62 H	63 P	64 O

By beginning at a certain letter and following the king's move in chess (which is one square at a time in any direction) and using every letter once, the names of seven illustrious Greeks may be spelled out. One was a famous orator, one a philosopher, one a statesman and soldier, one a sculptor, two were tragic poets, and one conducted a famous retreat. The path from one name to another is continuous.

JACK ROBINSON (AGE 13).

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in the following words so as to make four new words which will form a word-square:

PORE, PAID, RATE, TIDE

GEORGE KELLEY (AGE 15).

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose constructed and make a lady. ANSWER: made, dame.

In the same way transpose

1. A body of water, and make a kind of cabbage.
2. Duration, and make a paragraph.
3. The stem of a marsh grass, and make an animal.
4. To acquire by labor, and make close at hand.
5. A ditch, and make a tiny particle.
6. A shapeless mass, and make a fruit.
7. A hard substance, and make black.
8. One in the charge of a guardian, and make to picture.

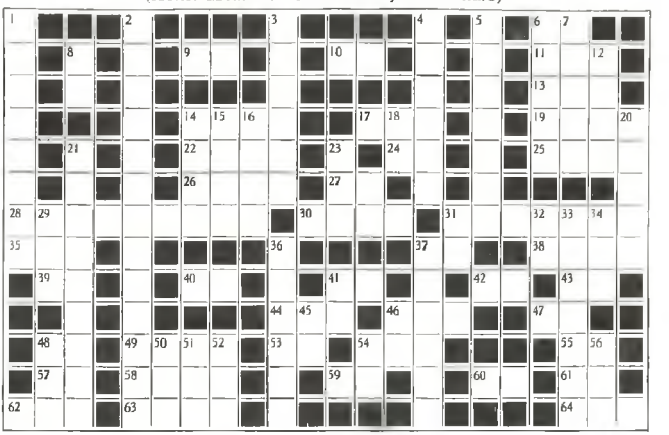
When these words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the eight new words will spell the name of a fine story by Stevenson.

LORNA LIVERMORE (AGE 11).

AN APRIL CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

BY CARY W. AAL (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member. Cash Award, Two Dollars*)



ACROSS

6. Post-Village (abbr.)
9. An article
10. A pronoun
11. An edge
13. Entire
14. A Mexican laborer
17. A membranous pouch
19. A poor part of a city
22. To leave out
24. A pronoun
25. The Wise Men
26. A flower
27. To depart
28. A district
30. To weary
31. A violent attack
35. Before
37. General Manager (abbr.)
38. A card with three spots
39. A verb
40. To perform
41. King of Bashan
42. A pronoun
43. To depart
44. A common metal
46. To observe slyly
47. A pronoun
48. Cornell University (abbr.)
49. Cognomen
53. A State (abbr.)
54. Achieved
55. A State (abbr.)
57. Ourselves
58. The highest point
59. A verb
60. Ninety
61. An association (abbr.)
62. To disclose (poetic)
63. A cotton lace
64. An evergreen

DOWN

1. To wave
2. Without restrictions
3. Refined and elegant
4. A small bundle
5. Fresh, soft winds
6. A viscous substance
7. A fine country house
8. Thus
12. A stopper
13. Entire
14. A Mexican laborer
15. A Mohammedan prince
16. Greasy
18. A verb
20. Indistinct
21. A bat
23. Personality
29. Epoch
31. A verb
32. A preposition
33. Great need
34. A constellation
36. A substance turned red by acids
37. To gather and store
41. Above
45. A mythological maiden changed to a heifer
46. An Italian river
48. A drinking vessel
50. To mimic
51. Human beings
52. On the outside (prefix)
54. A pronoun
56. The mother deer

(*Answers to February puzzles will be found on page 503*)

THE STORY OF SKY-WRITING

(Continued from page 440)

which is really a simple maneuver as we know it to-day. But it was quite thrilling then, and the tour netted the two pioneers $150,000. This they invested in a plant for building airplanes. When Great Britain went to war, in 1914, their equipment and machines were turned over intact to the government, and both partners in the enterprise went in for active flying duty.

The smoke-writing idea came to Major Savage three years later, but it was not until after the war that he found it possible to carry out his experiments. He made progress, with the aid of Captains Hucks and Turner and a small band of faithful mechanics. But expenses were heavy, and he soon found himself handicapped for lack of funds. Nor would the banks loan him money. Several of his airplane-manufacturing friends had grown wealthy during the war, but it was impossible to obtain either moral or financial aid from them; the plan was too visionary, they said. The Major tried the government, pointing out the value of his discovery in war, but the government was not impressed. Finally, when Major Savage was at the end of his resources, Lord Northcliffe engaged him to write the name of his chief London newspaper, the *Daily Mail*, in the sky.

"The Northcliffe contract was signed just in time," said Major Savage recently. "I was absolutely 'broke,' as you say in America. The first show was put on at the Derby race-course. Two million people were on and around the course, and we began our 'stunt' during the wait that precedes the historic race. Every face in the great throng, which included the King and Queen of England, was turned up to the sky, and the pilot had barely written the first three letters, D-A-I-, when every one present caught the idea, and a tumultuous shout of 'Daily Mail' burst from a million throats. The advertising manager of the paper immediately signed other contracts, so we put seven pilots through a course of training. Then we came to the United States. Eventually, we intend to plaster the sky of every country in the world with letters of smoke. Just how much success our pilots will have with Chinese and Japanese, however, is more than I can say."

THE SNAKE-BLOOD RUBY

(*Continued from page 454*)

with elbows out and level with his ears, his body leaning slightly forward from the hips like a statuette of ebony, while his clasped hands gripped the long bamboo just below the mouth-piece. Suddenly the slow-moving tube came to a halt and the tiny, gleaming palm-squirrel tooth, which served as a sight, rested motionless, outlined against the dark form above. The mouth of the Negrit puckered, his cheeks were drawn in, while his keen wild eyes met unflinchingly the glare of those stars of death above.

"*Pit*," said the blow-pipe, and through the air the dart shot with incredible speed and buried itself clear to the hilt in the silken skin just below the crouching leopard's left fore-paw. At the sting of the little shaft the great beast, almost as large as a tigress, snarled murderously. Then, as the men below drew their knives desperately and braced themselves for a fight to the death, the glare in the fierce eyes of the leopard dimmed and faded, and with a long wailing scream the dark beast sprang straight up into the air and landed in their midst, dead before he struck the ground.

It was Captain Vincton who spoke first. As he looked down at the fierce teeth and claws of the motionless body and realized what dreadful havoc they would have wrought among the little group which stood about him, he drew a deep breath.

"Topping fine work, I call it," he said, adjusting his monocle, which he wore even in the jungle, and staring admiringly at the little man before him.

It was Rahman, however, who best met the situation. As Kulop stood before them, one foot on the dead leopard's head and his blow-gun still gripped in both of his small hands, the prince bowed before him with the same salaam with which he approached his cousin, the sultan.

One by one every member of the party followed his example. Once again Kulop's somber face broke into a flashing smile, and a little later, led by him, the hunters and their bearers were on their way to Ghost Mountain by hidden paths and secret trails known only to the Negrit chieftain.

(*To be continued*)

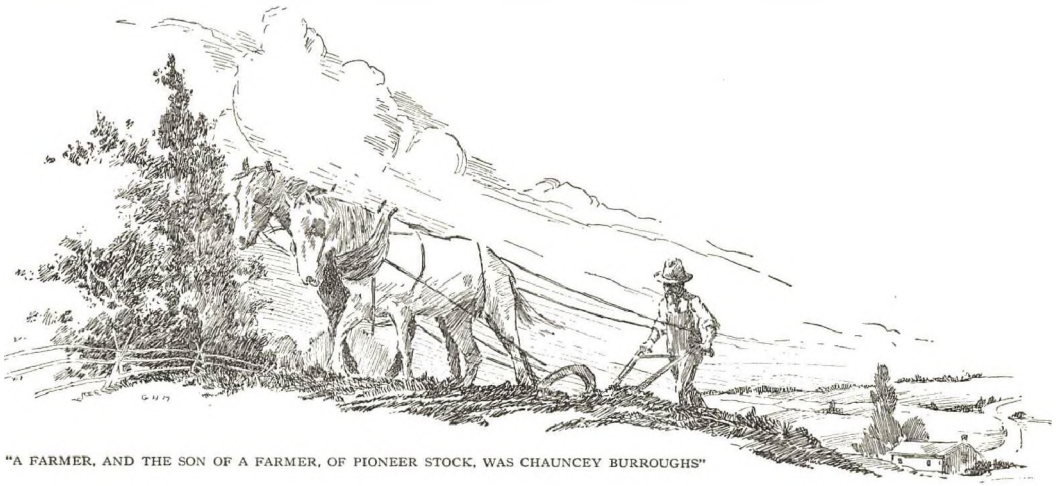
THE SCHOOL IN THE VALLEY

(*Continued from page 449*)

compositions in school. Johnny Burroughs didn't like the job, but Jay Gould did; and in order to save Johnny from being kept after school, Jay, at least once, helped him do some rimed writing. On another occasion young Jay was short of money, and Johnny helped him out by buying two books from him. Jay kept the money and invested it. Johnny kept the books and wrote more to go with them. Boys are boys, and that is sure, but when they grow up they are different.

John was now about fifteen years old. Few boys in school to-day can quite realize how little actual school training this farm-boy had had. He was naturally good in mathematics, and after much begging on his part at home, with much help on his mother's part, he was allowed to buy a grammar and an algebra. That was very important, for civilization seems to be founded on algebra. But another thing quite as important had happened—John had begun to read. Not out of a Primer, as a lesson,—of course not; he was far past that. But out of the grammar and out of books as literature. For if civilization is founded upon algebra, it is made understandable by literature; and an education, really, is the ability to read.

Among other books from the school library he took out one on Arabia and one on George Washington. Keep those in mind. They are significant of others to follow, and of a course of reading, which, if it did not make good the boy's scanty schooling, did give to him much more than many a boy of this day and age gets out of his college course.



"A FARMER, AND THE SON OF A FARMER, OF PIONEER STOCK, WAS CHAUNCEY BURROUGHS"

THE WATCH TOWER

(Continued from page 480)

as we "take off our hats" to Bruce Caldwell, we also thank him—thank him for showing us the way.

THROUGH the work of the National Association of Audubon Societies, 15,702 Junior Bird Clubs, having a total membership of 489,017, have been formed in New York. The object of the campaign is "to cultivate in the mind of the youth of the land a better appreciation of the value of wild bird life to mankind." Samples of pictures by America's leading artists, as well as methods for the study of birds are sent to teachers and group leaders.

This is a step in the right direction. There is nothing more interesting or absorbing than to dip into the mysteries of nature. And among her many mysterious ways, a top-rung position must be given to the "way of a bird."

THE management of the Cubs, Chicago's member of the national baseball major league, recently announced that during the 1927 season their ball-team averaged thirty-five and one-half baseballs per game at home—making a total for the season of 2775.

Many a sand-lot ball-team wishes the Cubs would donate one out of every hundred balls they use to the Saturday afternoon and Sunday "championship" games, but their wish is probably more than counterbalanced by the fervent prayers of hard-working housewives, whose rising bread or hardening pie-crusts have—even with the present one-ball-a-season average of most sand-lot teams—too often been ruined by the appearance of a swift-flying baseball through the closed kitchen window.

THE American Green Cross is doing its part toward helping forest preservation by the use of "living Christmas trees." The living tree can not only be used again on the following year, but it is a much less dangerous fire-producer than a dead, dry one. Thus the heavy toll on our forests is lessened to a very appreciable degree.

This is only one of the many things the American Green Cross is doing toward educating people's minds to the value of trees. April 22–28 is "American Forest Week," and during those days special campaigns will be launched all over the country to help people realize that the tree is a member of our modern social life whose welfare and preservation we cannot afford to slight in the least degree.

A. G. L.

THOSE CARELESS KINCAIDS

(*Continued from page 446*)

Mr. Marsh, you're sure you have plenty of everything? Jane? Sylvia? I've been wondering," she went on, after being reassured that no one was in danger of starving, "how to give you and Delight an inkling of the situation. Because I've been hoping that somehow you could get Wilma to feel differently about things. But you were always so busy, there never seemed a chance to have a little talk with you, and then I really did not know if you would be interested—"

Rosemary, at least, felt a sudden pang of remorse. She knew just the impression they must have given Miss Florence—always busy about their own affairs and impatient of Wilma's slowness and general negativeness. Perhaps Cousin Florence had even guessed they were scornful of her own fussiness.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said quickly. "We would like to hear about Wilma, anything you'd care to tell us!" She thought of Wilma out there on the water in a leaky boat, timid Wilma, risking real danger to look for them and Johnny! How staunchly Wilma had stood by them in their "kidnapping" of Johnny, once they had taken the step. And she had looked out for him far more than they had, ever since! Indeed, she did more than her share of the work all the time, and without making any fuss about it, either!

"Why, we think Wilma is a peach!" said Rosemary fervently. "Don't we, Delight?"

"Yes," said Delight, after an instant's pause, and in rather a surprised way. "Yes, I believe—she certainly is!"

"A most awfully good sort," said Jane Schuyler, "but tremendously reserved, she struck me. Very hard to get to know her, I imagine."

"Yes, she *is* very reserved," replied Cousin Florence. "So often I've begged her to be chatty and gay like other girls, but somehow the more I said about it, the less she seemed able to. It's strange, isn't it?"

Sam bluntly voiced the opinion of all of them when he remarked, "Well, I know how it is when my people keep at me to be so and so. I just naturally have to be the other thing. Maybe if you told your niece to shut up, she'd blossom into a wonderful talker!"

Miss Parsons was much struck by this suggestion.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Marsh? Of course you young people understand one another. Do you think, though, that I had better—that I must say, 'Shut up'? Don't you think I might use a more roundabout expression?"

"Ring off!" suggested Sam.

"Try another station," said Delight.

"Don't be such a chatterbox!" contributed Rosemary.

"I like that. Don't be such a chatterbox!" approved Miss Parsons. She repeated the phrase to herself softly, to fix it in her memory.

"Please tell us more about Wilma," begged Rosemary.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

"THOSE careless Kincaids" are Delight and Rosemary, boarding-school girls whose parents believe in giving them as much liberty as possible, in order that they may develop self-reliance. An invitation for the girls arrives from an old friend of their mother's, Miss Florence Parsons, to visit her at a cottage on the St. Lawrence. They decide to accept. Arriving at the cottage, the girls are delighted with the location, but find their hostess a decidedly fussy person, and her niece, Wilma Wood, a girl of their own age, disappointingly negative. Miss Parsons is much excited over some fashionable young friends of hers, the Schuyler girls, whom she expects to call; but when their boat arrives, it contains only the Schuyler's engineer and the maids, come to invite Miss Parsons' maid, Myrtle, to a dance. Delight and Rosemary go rowing in the evening, and have a narrow escape from being run down by a large steamer in the darkness. They are rescued just in time by two boys in a motor-boat, who are camping on a neighboring island. Next day the Kincaids rent a Ford and call on a married cousin. They return with her five-year-old boy, whom they are rescuing from exposure to whooping-cough. Johnny's activities annoy Myrtle so that she leaves. Tired of the work involved by Miss Florence's elaborate meals, the Kincaids plan a "cafeteria" lunch. On their way to the Bay to get provisions, they turn aside to investigate supposed sneak-thieves who are suspected to have stolen things from their rescuers, Phil Grant and Sam Marsh. Rosemary sees her field-glasses near the "thieves'" camp and snatches them. Fleeing to escape the "thieves," the girls are nearly mired and return to the cottage covered with mud and without provisions. As formal friends of Miss Florence have come to lunch, the ensuing affair is almost tragic! But more serious trouble comes when the Kincaids and Johnny are abandoned on a deserted island by Clif, the ice-boy, whose invitation to go fishing they have accepted. Taking refuge in the island cottage during a storm, they discover villainous looking persons lurking in the cellar. Rushing out, they hear shots, a boat lands, the two men in it question them closely. Clif returns with a State Trooper. The Kincaids learn that they are suspected first, of attempting unlawful entry as aliens, and second, of kidnapping Johnny. During the excitement Johnny disappears, and after an agonizing search is discovered in the most dangerous place possible.

"Certainly, my dear. Delight, will you pass the biscuits? Wilma's mother," went on Miss Parsons, "died six years ago, when Wilma was twelve. You know how conscientious Wilma is; she immediately took upon herself the responsibility for all the younger children. Really, she was more serious about it than a grown person would have been. They are nice children, but a very lively lot, up to all sorts of mischief, and Wilma had her hands full trying to keep them out of it. She was always telling them not to climb trees, or skate on thin ice, or play with rough children—"

"Of course! That's why she's Wilma Wouldn't!" cried Rosemary. Then, as Miss Parsons looked at her in a puzzled way, she blushed.

"Just a silly nickname!" she murmured ashamedly.

"But why doesn't Wilma want to talk about her family?" queried Delight. "I should think she would, if they're her main interest."

"Because things have changed so in the last year. Six months ago her father married again, quite unexpectedly, a very charming girl with lots of money. Before that, the family never had enough to be really comfortable."

"How nice! But do you mean that she and Wilma do not get on?"

"I wouldn't like to say that," hesitated Miss Parsons.

"Or isn't she kind to the children?" questioned Rosemary.

"She's lovely to them. They adore her! She gives them the best times! She can do it easily, with her money and easy-going disposition. You see, she hardly ever worries or tells them not to do things. She is sending the older ones to college and boarding-school. She pets the younger ones and spoils them!"

"And so Wilma is out of her job!" exclaimed Rosemary.

"Poor girl!" said Delight. "I can see it would be trying. To have your family not need you any more, when you'd worked so hard for them! But can't she get interested in something else?"

"Of course my reason for having her up here is so that she can make new friends and enjoy herself," said Wilma's aunt.

"The trouble is, Wilma is never so miserable as when she's trying to enjoy herself. How about her going to college?"

"She never found time to study to prepare for it. And anyhow, her talent seems to be a domestic one."

"Then—" began Rosemary, but at that moment Sam, who was nearest the door, said "Hush!" In the pause that followed, the sound of a motor-boat was perceptible. Looking out, they saw, for a moment, a light on the waves. Then it disappeared. But the chugging continued. They heard a faint hail. Lighting a lantern, they all hurried down to the dock. Yes, they could just see a small dark hull approaching. The *Huck!* Phil was steering, by the intermittent light of a torch, and that other person who every now and then poured a dipperful of water over the side—yes, it really was Wilma!

(To be concluded)

"KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER"

(Continued from page 458)

all right. He's pretty thin, but he's better of the heaves. You'll find him over yonder on the levee. And the little calf wasn't drownded either! She got in to the levee by herself some way or ruther. Pretty smart of her I thought—you ought to see how she's grown! And I found daughter's old rocking-chair sittin' on the levee and I mended it while I was layin' around here doin' nothin'. It's in the loft."

"Fine, fine!" exclaimed Mr. Applewhite. "Maw sure will be glad to hear that! It'll make her feel more like comin' home! As soon as the water's gone, we'll fix the house over. This time we'll build her up high on a good foundation! And I reckon it won't be too late to work up a little crop this year with old Jackson. We can smear in a little. And I think maybe I can get hold of a mule in Natchez. There's a lot of 'em been lost from the high water and put in the pound 'til called for. But a heap of 'em ain't goin' to be called for! I reckon they'll give me one—or I can get one cheap! It'll have to be pretty cheap, too! There won't be much money 'round here for a year or so! Lucky thing the fishin' is so good and worms is free!" He laughed again. "My but it's good to be home!" He sat down on the platform and drew out his pipe. "This is something like!" he added. "How about it, Tony? Better than town, ain't it?"

Tonio sat beside him making a fish-hook out of a bent pin.

"It was too lonesome in town, paw," he answered, as he watched the mosquitoes dance away on the edge of the cloud of tobacco smoke.

FOR PEACE AND CONCORD

(*Continued from page 438*)

whispered, much annoyed at such denseness. "I don't think I could gag him so that he couldn't make any noise. And the British may come back."

"Don't you believe they are going to stop in Concord?" Cyrus asked.

"They would not burn the town if they meant to live in it," the girl said, wisely. "I don't imagine it would be a good place for them. Between the river and the hills, they'd be hemmed in. Anyhow, I'm going to spy out what they're up to."

This time she was really off, and when she returned it was with news:

"So far, there's little harm done in the village," she announced. "They've stolen food, mostly, and spoiled what they could not use. There are no houses burned. The smoke was from the wooden cannon wheels, the liberty-pole and some wooden utensils. The court-house did catch fire, but Mistress Moulton put it out single-handed, and, if 'twas set, they were 'shamed to fire it again. But 'tis a sad day for some. Your father's cousin, Captain Isaac Davis, from over Acton way, was killed outright at the first volley, and there are others dead on both sides."

"Are there British soldiers slaughtered?" the tory demanded. "'Tis treasonous—outrageous—"

"'Tis outrageous that they should have been sent to invade a peaceful countryside!" Verity turned on him. "As you will agree, Master Hands, when you set eyes on your house. Being told it was a good Tory's, they said: 'Tories' lying tongues brought us to this pass!' And they did not spare it, Master Hands."

"I would I could have been there to see," Cyrus spoke, regretfully.

"The British Colonel Smith—or it might be Major Pitcairn, I knew not how to tell them apart—is marching and countermarching his men about the town, to make a great show. He is wasting time that is worth more than money to him, for, if he is to escape, he must move swiftly."

"What is your meaning?" asked Cyrus.

For answer, Verity parted the branches so that he could look over the country.

"You can see the minute-men swarming from all directions."

"I see none." Cyrus's tone was disappointed.

"Then you must take my word for it that they are there. And the British know something of it, for here they come at the double—and not at ease as they marched in to the town, but with flanking parties thrown out on either hand—'tis well you moved back here, Cyrus."

"Aye," the lad answered, craning his neck to look out between the branches of hemlock and laurel. "They would have found me for sure now that they have spread out beyond the stone walls."

Both boy and girl had forgotten the Tory in their excitement, and the man bided his time. From where he was lying, he could not watch the on-coming soldiers. When they had passed before, although he had caught echoes of their passing, he had held silent because he had made sure only Colonials would make use of this back road. Now he was forced to judge of their nearness by what the others said. And, fortunately for them, in his eagerness he cried out too soon:

"This way, British!" he yelled. "Help, help!"

"Set the pistol to his head, Cyrus," Verity said.

But Cyrus held back: "It might go off," he muttered.

"Give it to me then," Verity snapped, measuring the distance to the advancing men with her eyes.

"Don't you understand, it might go off!" Cyrus protested, holding tightly to the weapon.

In another moment the soldiers would draw level with them—and then Verity remembered her hunting-knife. With a bound she was at the side of the captive and had set it to his throat.

"If you so much as whisper, you know what to expect," she said.

And so the British passed.

When the last one was hidden by the dip in the land, Verity cast the weapon from her and burst into tears.

"Hey day, what's come to the brave lassie?" a man's voice asked. "Never did I see a needful deed more smartly done."

A stranger, dressed in hunting shirt, breeches, and moccasins of dressed deerskin, and armed with a long rifle, gravely picked up the knife and made to hand it back to her; but Verity made no move to take it from him, although she sat up and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"I do not call it brave to threat to murder an unarmed man," she said with a sob. "Yet I had to keep him silent. I don't know why I cried unless 'twas from rage that Cyrus is such a zany he doth not seem to know that a pistol from which he has spilled the priming will not go off."

"Exactly," the hunter agreed gravely. "An empty pan or wet powder are alike useless, and I understand that this was an affair between Cyrus and you, and open to friendly settlement, while the altercation that is going on out there—" he waved a hand toward the open—"is but the beginning of greater things. I would gladly join myself to these," he continued to point to the fields, and the children saw to their surprise that each clump of laurel or juniper, each rock, each tree, each stone wall was now serving to cover the movements of minute-men who silently and relentlessly were following the enemies of their liberty and peace.

"I am here but by chance," the man continued; "having stepped aside to oblige a friend by conveying a packet to his daughter, who lives in the town yonder. Were I to fall in this fracas, which is unlikely, still accidents have befallen even skilled hunters, this might fail of reaching her hand did I carry it with me. I wonder do you know the maid, and will you perchance deliver this, leaving me free to let fly a shot or two in the good cause?"

He held out a packet, wrapped in birch-bark, plainly inscribed, *For Verity Wythe at Concord in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.*

"But that is me!" cried Verity. "Ask Cyrus—or no! 'Tis my father's knife you hold in your hand. His name is burned into the haft. Oh, where is my father? And is he well?"

"He's well," the hunter answered. "His letter doubtless tells you all . . . Now I am on my way to strike a blow for peace, and, when I see your father, I shall tell him he has a daughter to be proud of." His moccasined feet making no noise, he slipped between the trees and was gone before she could say another word.

Verity, her precious packet clasped to her, moved off in the opposite direction.

"Where are you going?" Cyrus asked. He was feeling very humble. He wanted to tell Verity that he, too, admired her courage, and knew her father would be proud of her, but, boy-like, he did not quite know how to go about it.

Verity paused and looked back at him.

"Why—to get you a doctor, to be sure," she said, "and to see what has come to the soup. 'Tis my hope that we are done with war here in Concord."

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRASS KEY

(*Continued from page 465*)

and that was why he did not put on his light. The boy led away from the room, softly descending the stairs. The man followed. Once Hamish had to cross a strip of moonlight, but he doubled his long figure and crept over it, a huddled unrecognizable shape. The man behind him quickened his steps with a low exclamation. Hamish grinned in the darkness. This was a lark. He knew the Dower House better than his pursuer. He led along a stone passage where no moonlight penetrated. The man behind him stumbled and in desperation felt for his torch, but just here three shallow steps led to a cloak-room door, and these were the undoing of Mr. Roderic. Just as the light flashed, his foot caught the edge of the step, and he balanced for a second, a grotesque figure in the dancing shadows, and fell headlong, while Hamish with a swoop, caught up the torch, fled through the door, locked it on the far side, was through a second door, and back at the staircase before Mr. Roderic had regained his feet.

There was no time to lose if he was to search the cabinet before Mr. Roderic could reach him, although he had the advantage now since the electric torch was in his hand. He ran up the stairs and was before the cabinet, fitting the key in the lock, when he heard steps below. Mr. Roderic was feeling for the staircase, but cautiously, for how did he know who was with him in the house or what his purpose might be?

The door of the cabinet swung open. Within was a nest of drawers —dozens of drawers it seemed to Hamish, as he pulled out one after another. There were steps on the stairs as he opened the last one of all. Empty? No, something was here. Hamish's hopes rose high, only to sink again when he saw that the contents of the drawer were only some papers. There was no time to look farther. He thrust the drawer into place, and locked the cabinet just as the door of the room opened and a voice said, "Is any one there?"

Hamish crept along the wall. He heard Mr. Roderic move forward.

"Who is there!" demanded the voice sharply.

Hamish slipped behind the curtains, while the rings on the rods made a scraping sound. The man took a long step forward. Hamish slid out in the darkness, within reach of his arm. When the curtains were swept apart and the blind raised, the moonlight fell full on a gently closing door.

Poor Mrs. Millercote really did not know what things were coming to. Here was Hamish not to be left alone in his bed at night without turning queer and getting out of the window and being found at daybreak in a high fever sitting among the snapdragons in the garden! Then there was the wild story of the missing letters being found in a jar in the Dower House drawing-room—the jar having been bought by a friend of Mrs. Rivington and sent her as a present. This was true, for Mrs. Rivington had come herself to tell Mrs. Millercote that Betsy was no longer under suspicion.

"There is no doubt that the squire meant me to have the letters," Mrs. Rivington explained. "He said little things to several people which prove it. They may make me quite a rich person after all!"

But Hamish was told none of these things, because the doctor said he must not be excited, and he dared ask no questions, though he wondered night and day if the papers had been found in the hiding-place into which he had thrust them.

So it was that on the first day when he was allowed to sit at his window, he looked out and saw Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila planting bulbs in the Dower House garden.

"Oh—yes—" explained Mrs. Millercote. "Them letters has made them rich again, and Mrs. Rivington bought the Dower House and Mr. Roderic's going away. Betsy's going to be housemaid, and Mrs. Rivington wants you to be garden boy, so I said you would. I always did say it never rains but it pours. Now don't you get excited, Hamish, or that cushion'll be coming back."

So Hamish sat by the window and watched Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sheila tuck in the bulbs for their winter sleep, and Miss Sheila looked up, saw him, and waved her hand.

SOMETHING TO ANTICIPATE

It will be good news to those who have enjoyed "The Mystery of the Brass Key" (and who hasn't?) to learn that Mrs. Campbell has sent us another story, a tale of the Highlands of Scotland, a country she knows so well. It is called "The Road," and it is a treat you shall have in an early number.—Editor.

FLOWER GARDENS IN THE AIR

(Continued from page 466)

variety among tree-garden plots as among those which grow closer to earth. Mountain ashes display round beds of pure white flowers, each with a border of dark green foliage. There are many of these circular blossom-beds in each tree-garden. Later, they change to generous patches of orange berries to delight the winter birds when snow hides all the dainties on the ground. Horse-chestnuts arrange pyramids of splendid blossom cups among their leaves. In the depths of each white cup are splashes of red and yellow. If these flowers were not so numerous, they would surely be the orchids of the air! While in many ways the buckeyes follow in the footsteps of their horse-chestnut cousins, they have not the same exquisite taste for decorating their dooryards with handsome flowers in May.

Presently, some time after the redbud blossoms have faded, other gardens of sweet peas appear. Clammy locusts raise pink peas only, and the black and honey locusts raise white peas for beautifying their garden rows. In long sprays the blossoms hang high among the lace-like leaves, while their perfume reaches down to earth.

Who ever heard of a hanging tulip bed? When along in June you discover brilliant yellow tulips swaying their orange-banded cups in the air, you have found one. It is then that the tulip-tree's garden is at its height. Bees always hold community fairs in these gardens, and their buzzes of joy can be heard in the vicinity of all the refreshment stands.

Basswoods or lindens, too, have genuine "honey camps." When fragrant little stars rise out of pale green blades in July, each tree hangs out her signs. "Bees welcome," "Park here," her advertisements read, and the winged tourists quickly turn in at the gate to revel in and to carry away the sweetness of the "honey camp." One could not well see the basswood's garden from an airplane; the magic of its creamy blossoms and rich perfume is most enchanting from underneath the tree.

As you walk beneath catalpa-trees in late June or during July, little ruffled cornucopias will be flung at your feet. This tree loves to share the treasures of her garden before they are completely spoiled, and she scatters her blossoms all about. Catalpa garden flowers are cream in color, their depths flecked with purple and yellow. And their fragrance is spread far and wide.

No tree adapts its garden to the landscape better than the much-loved chestnut which holds up feathery plumes near harvest time. From green to pale gold the colors change; and a wonderful harmony with fields of grain and yellowing stubbles is revealed to those who allow their eyes to feast upon this beauty.

All summer long the witch-hazel's little tree is merely a garden of green. But when crisp October and November days have come and most other gardens are asleep for the winter, the whole surface of this strange tree bursts into yellow-threaded bloom. True Hallowe'en blossoms are they. For four petals on each and every flower wave wildly about like a witch's streaming hair. While upon the autumn breeze hangs a pleasing scent, as though from a fairy garden.

Blossom-time in tree-land gardens lasts nearly all the year. From February to late November, somewhere there are gardens in the air. And some of the alders and pussy-willows even in the midst of winter are prepared to make a hasty showing if warm spring-like breezes call to them. Thus the aërial garden calender is complete, with now a plot of blossoms here, now a patch of flowers there, for the happiness of all who must live upon the ground.

THE FAST DROP

(Continued from page 431)

the smallest possible advantage; in fact they did not relax at all, they were simply out of luck. For example, there was Kelvin who struck out because an insect got in his eye and blurred his vision. Then there was Mudge who for three years had never got more than a Texas leaguer, but who that day got a beautiful long drive that would have added two runs if Ranny had not been playing in deep right field, against the orders of his coach and all the dictates of common sense. But the saddest of all was the

case of Robbins, who reached third after two stolen bases and then died there because Bell put up a miserable little foul to the catcher. It was heartbreaking, but a part of the game.

And so they went into the last of the ninth, with the Galeston team raging like nine wild animals and cheered on by every throat in the great home crowd. There was a battle ahead. Chip knew it, knew that if he and his mates could hold that one-run lead in the face of the coming offensive it would be their greatest victory. He was tired, for he had been on his toes every minute of the game; but his head was clear and his arm was in good shape. In the back of his mind he was thanking the coach for compelling him to abandon the fast drop, for if he had used it, there would now be a pain in his shoulder, and a sore arm is a poor weapon with which to meet a last-minute rally.

Around the field the players had taken their positions quickly, chattering encouragement to the pitcher. The crowd was yelling out of pure anticipation. Hovey, the tall Galeston left-fielder, leaped to the plate, waving his bat like a war-club. He missed the first, passed the second, hit the third to short right and beat it to the bag. Almost before he was there Martin had followed him to the plate and stood jumping up and down waiting for his turn at the ball. Between him and the bench two other men were swinging bats. It was a whirlwind attack, all right. The tension was tightening second by second. West was expecting a bunt or a steal, and was ready to spring from behind the plate, but two balls and a strike were called and Hovey still loafed at first, making many motions but not attempting to get away. Another strike shot over and he did not start. Short and second, who had gone up on their toes with the pitch, dropped back on their heels, but just as West started to return the ball Hovey broke for second like a flash. It was an instant before the catcher could get set for the throw; then he snapped it overhand and a foot above Chip's head. It was fast, but a trifle high, and before the second baseman could get down with it Hovey slid under him, safe.

A successful steal is always inspiring to the rest of the team and that one may have sharpened Martin's eye, for he hit the next one to short right for a single, and Hovey went to third. This was a ball game. Another hit would tie things up. The crowd came to its feet with a roar. It seemed probable that Ozark, the weasel-like short-stop who was already dancing at the plate, would try to hit a long fly which, even if caught would score Hovey. So West motioned the fielders back and agreed to Chip's signaled suggestion to keep the ball low where Ozark could not get his bat under it. It was sound in theory, but it is hard to pitch low to a small batter. The first two were high, but balls; and in concentrating on the next one Chip relaxed his speed a little. Consequently Ozark connected. It was a terrific drive, shoulder high and slightly to the right. It hardly seemed possible that Chip could have seen the ball, so fast did it travel, but he leaped sidewise from his box with his gloved hand extended and knocked the ball down, meeting it with an impact that spun him half around in the air. Hovey, who had a good lead, had started with the crack and was half-way home when he saw what had happened. Nine men in ten would have slid for it and been out, but nine men in ten do not combine a chain-lightning mind and body, as Hovey did. Digging in his spikes as Chip threw home, he wheeled, and before West could get the ball and snap it to third he slid into the bag. A run had been prevented, but no one had been put out and Ozark had reached first.

No one down, and the bases loaded! Almost any kind of a hit would mean a tied score; and if that happened, if the break came, it was almost sure that another run would be added and the game lost. Chip did not hear the terrific din of the crowd. He glanced at Mr. Dean and saw the coach standing helpless, unable to aid him. He saw West, calm as ever, crouching behind Wilbur, who was already at the plate, and calling for a fast one. Automatically he obeyed and saw the umpire's hand go out for a strike. It happened a second time. And a third time. Chip was not troubled by the thought that Wilbur, like most pitchers, was a weak hitter, and that Jones, who followed him, was far different. A sudden desperate calmness had settled upon him. He was conscious of nothing except that West was calling for that same fast, straight ball. He put it over with every ounce of his strength behind it, as true as a rifle bullet. Strike one! Again—strike two! Once more—strike three!

As Ranny, head of Galeston's batting list, stepped to the plate West, too, lost consciousness of the pandemonium about him. He saw the coach standing white-faced under the strain. He saw every player on the field so tense as to be almost rigid. He saw his pitcher waiting quietly. He wanted to give that

pitcher a bear-hug, but he scarcely dared look at him for fear the spell would be broken. On that boy hung the game. Could he stand the pace just a little longer? West was wise beyond his years. "Use your own judgment," he signaled and settled to receive the throw.

It came, that same fast one, only faster.

"Strike one!"

Name of Walter Johnson, what speed! West almost staggered under the impact.

"Strike two!"

It seemed to West that Chip, as he wound up the next time, was some modern Jove preparing to hurl a thunderbolt. To this day the big catcher cannot remember receiving the ball, for before it reached him he knew it was another strike, that the batter was out, the game over. Three men had been fanned on nine pitched balls! No wonder he went crazy with the rest of them.

That evening an excited newspaper man asked Chip to what he attributed his victory.

"My fast drop," the boy answered.

"But I was behind the backstop and didn't see any fast drop."

"I didn't use it." Chip smiled.

The reporter stared. "I don't see—"

"Because I didn't use it my arm was in shape for those last nine fast balls."

"I don't quite understand."

"I didn't until the game was over. But Mr. Dean knew all about it weeks ago. Talk to him. He won the game."

AHEAD OF THE TOMAHAWK

(*Continued from page 470*)

Suddenly raging fury gripped him. The whole sickening picture flashed before his eyes: an Indian chief in buckskin breeches and red coat standing before him on the banks of the Tualatin, and his own precious beaver skins disappearing into the woods. And here he was saving that rascal's life—perhaps even giving his own life in the attempt! John's body stiffened. Every fiber urged him to let loose. Let the Indian drown, but his fingers refused to obey. The Indian was helpless—dying.

"I'll get even with him when he's well, but I'm no coward!" gritted John. He looked up. An exclamation formed on his lips but was never uttered. There was a crash! The canoe splintered and spun around. A gurgling eddy seized the two figures and boiled them off to one side.

Some minutes later John found himself in shallow water, swishing toward a sandy beach beyond the turn. He dragged the limp form of the savage after him as he waded out. Within a few minutes the red man raised himself on his elbow and looked around. John saw that his right arm was broken. They gazed into each other's faces. A glint appeared in the Indian's half-shut eyes.

"Ugh! Beaver stealer!" grunted the savage.

"I'd like to break your neck, Camaspelo!" The boy looked the Indian in the eye for a moment, turned on his heel and walked rapidly up the river-bank out of sight.

The next morning, on his door-step, John found twelve splendid beaver skins. The old savage was a *real* chief after all.

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 476*)

of no certain cure. Reasons enough are these, I am sure you will grant.

Of course, we often attribute colds to chills, wet feet, drafts, unusual exposure, and much more. Still, the Eskimo constantly meets with all these dangers, and yet he seldom takes cold—unless he is so thoughtless as to take a journey into the haunts of civilization. Then, he falls a victim. The cold seems to be a disease of crowded centers of population and a temperate climate.

But what about the "war" on the cold? Well, the Chemical Foundation in New York has just made a gift of $195,000 to Johns Hopkins University for a five-year campaign to discover everything possible about the cause and cure of this infectious dis-

ease. The grant is to be known as "The John J. Abel Fund for Research on the Common Cold." This honor is in recognition of the important researches of Dr. Abel on the secretions of the ductless glands. In this work, every branch of science will be called into service. The problem will be attacked vigorously from all angles. Discoveries made by one group of workers will immediately be placed at the disposal of each of the other groups. From this scientific teamwork, it is expected that progress will be rapid and certain. It is by no means a visionary dream to hope that before many more years pass by the common cold will be as much a conquered disease as are smallpox, typhoid fever, and diphtheria to-day.

One of the first objectives of this battle with disease will be to discover the particular microbe or species of microbes responsible for the more severe types of colds. However, scientists do not think that every cold is due to some insidious germ. For instance, the quite disagreeable form of a cold in which the nose runs freely, the eyes smart, and one feels thoroughly miserable is probably not due to an invasion of organisms. But those types which affect the respiratory organs and often lead to influenza or pneumonia undoubtedly are. When scientists have isolated these infectious enemies of human health, and learned how they originate and under what conditions they thrive and multiply, the first step will have been taken toward the discovery of a specific remedy which will deal to them the knock-out blow.

Should this work be crowned with brilliant success, it will confer incalculable benefits upon millions of sufferers, and result in economic savings of vast proportions.

A RETURN OF WILD LIFE

EVERY boy and girl who loves wild life, and that, I am sure, is all of you, will be glad to know that many of the noble animals who once claimed large portions of this continent for their own are now coming back. The most complete and accurate game census ever taken has recently been completed by the United States Forest Service under the direction of Will Barnes. Over a five-year period, he has shown that the deer in the national forests alone have increased from 452,555 to 605,964. Forests are reclaiming the abandoned farms of New England, and with them are coming deer. From a mere handful of twenty-five or thirty animals, the bison herd of the Yellowstone Park has grown to eight hundred. In this country and Canada, it is estimated that there are in all sixteen thousand of these former monarchs of the ranges. This census shows that the pronghorn antelope has increased from 2394 at the beginning of the period, to 7094. Moose have nearly doubled. So have mountain goats.

While the conditions for a return of bird-life are not so favorable, particularly in the West, and disease is taking a large toll of some species, more attention is being given to their well-being. To offset to some extent the disappearance of breeding and resting places, owing to the drainage of lakes and ponds in the reclamation of Western lands, the Upper Mississippi Refuge, extending over some three hundred miles, near Wabasha, Minnesota, has been established. This vast area of swamp and marshland will afford a breeding ground for fish and fur-bearing animals as well as for birds.

The chief reason for this welcome return of wild life is the pressure of public opinion in preventing the continued wholesale slaughter of game animals and birds.

INTERESTING ITEMS

BEFORE you read this, John L. Baird, the young Scotch pioneer in television, will undoubtedly have demonstrated in New York with his invisible-ray machine. This is an invention which allows people on the ground to see an airplane, for instance, although the pilot does not know that he is being observed. In front of an ordinary search-light, a screen is placed. This screen filters out of the light passing through it all but what are known as the infra-red rays, rays of longer wave-length just preceding the visible red in the spectrum. These rays will pierce fog and clouds and, although their reflection from the airplane or other reflecting surface is invisible to the human eye, this reflection may be caught by the "electric eye" of Baird's invention and magnified on a screen for direct observation. In time of war, such a device may be of great usefulness in anti-aircraft work.

THE Coast Guard cutters *Modoc* and *Mojave* have recently been equipped with distance-finding apparatus. The method depends upon the difference in speeds with which radio signals travel through the ether and sound signals through the water. The former are instantaneous, while the speed of the latter is about 4800 feet per second. Signals are sent simultaneously by each method and the interval between receiving them is automatically measured at some distant point, as at a lighthouse. The distance of the ship can then be at once calculated.

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.

BOYS AND GIRLS

ARE you interested in saving stamps? It is a really fascinating pastime, and one that will give a lot of valuable information.

If you want to get started write one of the stamp dealers advertising in these pages, and he will be glad to send you some stamps, catalogue, etc.

NEW ISSUES

SAN MARINO—The little republic of San Marino bordering on Italy, was founded in the fourth century by Marinus, a religious stone-mason who had crossed the Adriatic from Dalmatia, where he hoped to escape the persecution of the Christians under the Roman emperors, by seeking refuge upon Mount Titano, and in the remote solitude of its summit he founded a Christian hermitage. The activities of Marinus attracted many pilgrims, and as a result of his good works he was rewarded by the owner of the land surrounding the mountain, who made a gift to him of the territory, which has since that time remained the independent state of San Marino. Eight centuries later, Saint Francis of Assisi visited this little republic, and, no doubt his teachings are partly responsible for the continued independence of the inhabitants.

A CUBAN AIR-MAIL STAMP WITH LINDBERGH SURPRINT

A NEW LITHUANIAN STAMP AND A FINNISH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

San Marino has just issued a series of four stamps in honor of Saint Francis, the two lower values—50 centesimi and 1.25 lire—showing the Church of Capucini, whereas the two larger denominations—2.50 lire and 5 lire—represent the death of Saint Francis.

Since this republic first issued stamps in 1877, the emissions have been produced in Italy. This new series, however, along with the stamps described a few months ago, were made in London.

CUBA celebrated the arrival of Colonel Lindbergh by the issue of an air-mail stamp in red, instead of blue as heretofore, and surcharged it in black, "Lindbergh Febrero 1928." One of our readers, Philip A. Estebanez, favors us with a copy of this stamp.

FINLAND, in December, celebrated the tenth anniversary of its freedom from Russia, and its existence as a republic. Two stamps—a 1½ mark purple and 2 mark blue—have been issued in honor of the event. We are told that the issue was small, and the stamps, which were good for postage until March sixth, were sold in a short time.

A STAMP FROM RAROTONGA

AUSTRALIA—
The Australian-British possessions of Aitutaki, Niue, Penrhyn, and Rarotonga have just issued new 2½ pence stamps with blue borders and colored centers, depicting a native, with palm trees and a water-fall in the background. Two of the colonies have also issued 4 pence stamps showing a native scene with a boat in the foreground.

BELGIUM comes forward again with a charity set consisting of five values, from 25 centimes to 5 francs inclusive. These are all sold in excess of face value, the additional amount being devoted to charitable purposes.

A BELGIAN CHARITY STAMP

LITHUANIA has recently placed on sale a series of three stamps showing a warrior on horseback. These are printed in two colors and consist of a 1, 3, and 5 litai.

TWO SAN MARINO STAMPS AND A BRITISH COLONIAL

HOW TO HOUSE A COLLECTION

ONE of the questions confronting the new collector is how to keep his stamps in presentable condition and so mount them that they may be readily displayed. An album showing spaces for most of the stamps costs from two to four dollars or more, and it is not always convenient to purchase one of these. If the smaller sixty-cent album, which has spaces for but few varieties, is not satisfactory, it is suggested that a blank copy-book be purchased, and the names of the countries written at the top of the page. In this way the collector can arrange pages for the stamps at hand, rather than have numerous pages without varieties upon them. If the collector has artistic ability, he can readily rule spaces for the stamps desired, and they may be made into attractive designs, instead of being arranged in the regular order of one stamp after the other. All stamps should be mounted by means of hinges, which may be obtained from any of our advertisers, as it may be necessary later on to either move them to a new album, or replace them by better copies, and if the stamps are stuck flat by means of paste, this is difficult and may result in their becoming damaged.

I would suggest that the young collector disregard entirely the subject of watermarks, papers, and perforations, and be guided entirely by designs and colors. After he has acquired a general knowledge. these further details become more interesting, whereas at the beginning they are confusing.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

A USED stamp may be just as valuable as an unused one, and in some cases worth considerably more. This question cannot be answered "yes" or "no," without referring to a specific variety. ¶The early stamps of Russia should not be soaked in water, as the colors are fugitive and readily dissolved. ¶W. F. Rigby—11 North Road, N. E. Valley, Dunedin, New Zealand—writes that he would be glad to exchange with our readers. ¶Approval selections are made up by dealers, and mounted either on sheets or booklets with prices below. These may be obtained by responsible readers, and it is expected that a report be made for any stamps purchased within ten days of their receipt. When mention is made of a 25% or 50% discount, a dealer is referring to the standard catalogue price, from which he quotes the discount mentioned. Dealers also make up approval selections in accordance with the specific requirements of the collector. In such a case, the collector informs the dealer as to exactly what varieties he desires, or specifies the countries in which he is interested. This, as a rule, is the more satisfactory way of adding to one's collection, for he receives only the items he desires.

THE RIDDLE-BOX

(Continued from page 490)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Lady Day. 1. Lance. 2. Anvil. 3. Doves. 4. Yards. 5. Dunce. 6. Acorn. 7. Yacht.

ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Los Angeles; 3 to 4, California. Cross-words: 1. Lincoln. 2. Oranges. 3. Skillet. 4. Arizona. 5. Norfolk. 6. Georgia. 7. Everest. 8. Luncher. 9. Engines. 10. Spanish.

STATE PUZZLE. Initials, Pennsylvania. From 1 to 10, Harrisburg; 11 to 18, Keystone; 19 to 46, Virtue, Liberty and Independence. Cross-words: 1. Pegasus. 2. Evening. 3. Nucleus. 4. Narrate. 5. Synonym. 6. Yankees. 7. Librate. 8. Vitiate. 9. Aphonia. 10. Nourish. 11. Iberian. 12. Addenda.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. St. Patrick's Day. 1. Taste. 2. Patch. 3. Pepin. 4. Alack. 5. Cater. 6. Scrub. 7. Skill. 8. Sacks. 9. Cakes. 10. Basin. 11. Older. 12. Crate. 13. Slyly.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. Art, row, two. II. Toe, oar, era. III. Ochre, chain, haunt, rinse, enter. IV. Woe, our, ere. V. Roe, owe, eel.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. Re.

CLASSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Leonidas.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Repentance is being sorry enough to stop."

ZIGZAG. Hawthorne. 1. Horse. 2. Fable. 3. Jewel. 4. State. 5. Watch. 6. Gloom. 7. First. 8. Snake. 9. Elect.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Initials, Rembrandt. Begin at 3, Raphael; 19, Edison; 27, Mendelssohn; 15, Botticelli; 47, Rubens; 38, Addison; 57, Newton; 53, Dante; 54, Titian.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than April 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 487) and give answers *in full* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Effie K. Douglas—Adelaide Rice—Doris Jeanne Ballenberg—Alice Hasbrook—Helen H. McIver.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from "The Three R's," 10—Catharine Whitburn, 9—Joan E. Bader, 9—Beatrice Kessler, 9—Frederick Townsend, 9—Mary Byles, 8—Catharine Hoffmeier, 7—Ruth Fielden, 6—Janette Gibson, 4—Gertrude E. Smith, 3—Howard Simpson, 3—Harmony Harper, 3—Esther Rosengarten, 3—Shirley Briggs, 3—Betty Ruth, 2—Joan Fairley, 2—Amy Hamburger, 2—Tolie Owen, 1.

"What's all the shouting for?"

"Barbour has written another story and it's beginning in the May ST. NICHOLAS."

Good news! Yes, and more of it. The title is "Substitute Jimmy." Yes, that means football, but a lot more, too. This is the neatest plot Barbour has produced in many moons, and you will be hard put to tell where the said *James* will turn up next.

What's more, the illustrations are by Charles Lassell, and if you don't believe that he knows boys, look at the inquiring chap in the upper right. (If you "inquired" too much, he might give you an upper right, at that, though he's really good-natured and quite a hand at rhymes).

This May number is going to be full of good stuff — Barbour, Scoville, and the final chapter of "Those Careless Kincaids," in which all mysteries are cleared up once and for all. Also, a *Tommy Dane* story, one of Marguerite Aspinwall's, an article on the cattle country, with a "roping" cover by Louis Lundean. He knows his ropes and horses, too, and you'll be putting the cover on your wall — or we'll miss our guess.

If we haven't said enough to make you want the May number, you are simply beyond hope. But if you are half as "bright" as we think you are, you will sign this coupon *tout suite.* It happens to read for "one year," but we'll guarantee all twelve will be as good as this May number — as good as the one you have in your hand, in fact.

THE CENTURY CO. S.N. 4-28
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

I enclose a check (or send me a bill) for $4.00 for one year's subscription ($6.50 for two years) to THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, beginning with the May issue. To be sent to:

Name ..... *Street* .....

City ..... *State* .....

There is an Aristocracy in America!

DOES this statement sound un-American?—let's see what the dictionary thinks about it.

> "Aristocracy . . . those regarded as superior to the rest of the community,—in rank, *fortune*, or *intellect*."

"In *fortune*, or *intellect!*" . . . *Who* buy the smartest cars, and wear the most appropriate clothing? . . . *Who* educate their children at greatest cost? . . . *Who* travel for pleasure? . . . *Who* read the best books? . . . *Who* equip their homes most completely? . . . *Who* learn the ways of a new generation from their children? . . . and *whose* social position makes them the leaders of thought and action in their community?

Yes!—this highly intelligent, extraordinarily prosperous class exists,—and has great introductory power. *There is an aristocracy in America.*

St. Nicholas Families Incomes

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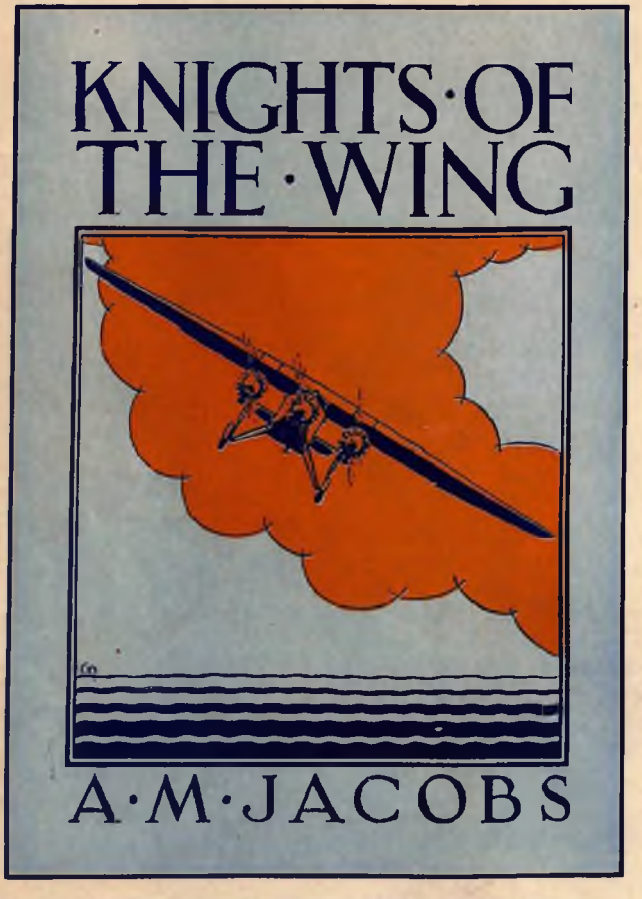

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