OCTOBER, 1923

ST. NICHOLAS

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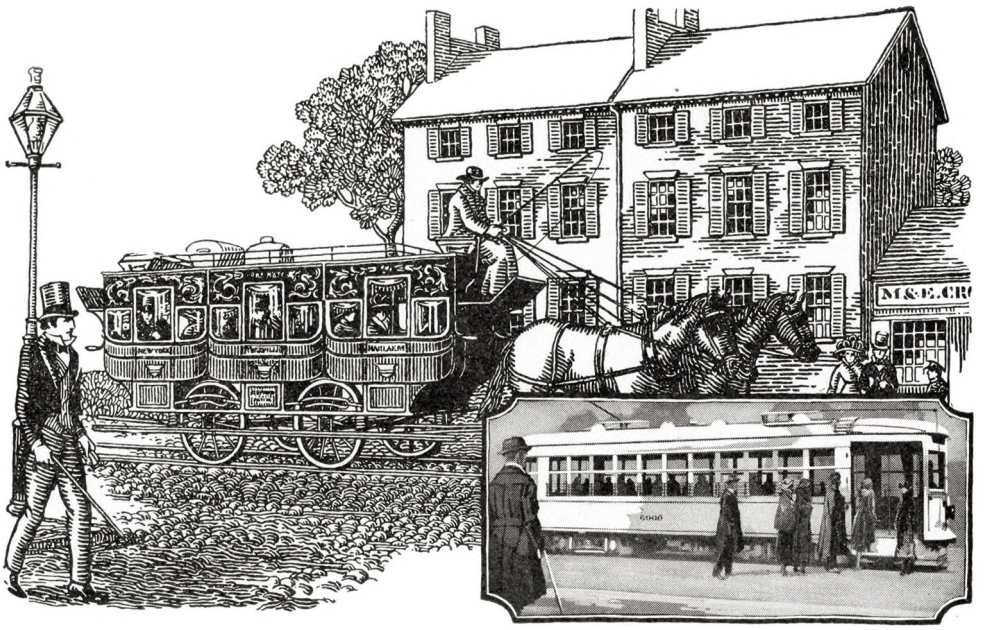
THE CENTURY AND ST. NICHOLAS



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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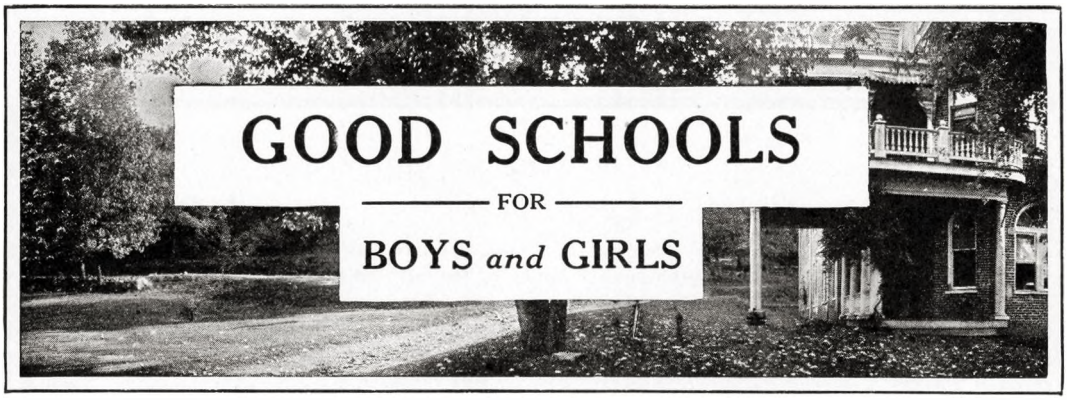

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WHEN I come in in the morning to find many letters from our ST. NICHOLAS readers, asking me to help choose a military school for this boy, an art school for that girl, boarding schools of every variety, schools of music—every sort of school, I have the very definite feeling that I am receiving a charming lot of personal callers who are good enough to confide in me and ask my help.

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Camps

"IT WAS DON CRISTÓVAL COLÓN, ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. L OCTOBER, 1923 No. 12

HE was tall and lean and lanky. His arms and legs were thin and wiry, and he could twist them about in such surprising ways that people called him The Spider. His real name was Juan—Juan Bonilla, but only from Padre Josito did he ever hear that. He had no father and mother. Both of them had died when he was a baby,—a niño, as they say in Spain,—and there were neither brothers nor sisters. He was just a street boy of Seville. Yet he was happy, because he had his dreams.

Often, as he drowsed in the doorway in front of the low, arcaded tavern of the Golden Ball in the Calle de Sierpas, where José Sanchez let him have a bed of straw in the cellar, he forgot he was a beggar and saw himself as a great personage. Sometimes he was rich as Señor Armando Nuñes, the mayor, who on feast-days drove along the street in a fine carriage and scattered coins to the poor. Sometimes he was a man of even more importance than that, a grandee with a title to his name, garmented in velvet all bedecked with glittering braid. Not for him would there be a lifetime of loitering about alleys—he would go forth on the path of adventure when he became a man. He would rescue a princess from a robber-besieged castle, or save the queen when an attacking army swept over the land, and then the king would make him a knight.

Yes, life would be bright as the pure gold of the medal of valor that gleamed on the breast of Don Felípo Arguello, Seville's most loudly heralded hero, who less than a twelvemonth before had kept King Ferdinand from death by flood. He too had been a street boy, and

in years gone by had had his scanty board and keep from the same warm-hearted men and women who were giving Juan his. Now he was a cavalier with a fine estate, a house of stucco that lifted towers like stained alabaster above the greenery of a park that sloped to the Guadalquiver, where magnolias, Arabian peppers, and myrtle made a paradise for nightingales. Because of his bravery, existence had become a blessed thing for him, for the Spaniards of that day said—and believed— "Whom the gods love owns a house in Seville." Juan too would be valorous and deserving and have a house in Seville. In picturing the joyous future he forgot the hardships of the present, the rags, the cheerless cellar, the scanty food, and taunts because of his angularity that made up the sum of his days. In the fabric spun out of his fancy he was all that he wished to be.

It was more than four hundred years ago, in the moon of March, year of Our Lord 1493, and Spain was agog with excitement, for only a few days before the impossible had happened. The Italian, Cristoforo Colombo,—or Cristóval Colón, as the Spaniards called him,—had put into the port of Palos on his return voyage from the Indies; and when word went forth that he was really arrived, even the most skeptical among the populace declared that now anything might come to pass. Many years had this dreaming Italian abode in Portugal before he went to Spain, filling the ears of the people with a wild tale that the world was round, and that, to reach the countries of the East, one could get to them most speedily by sailing west. Much had they laughed at his words, and loudly the folk in the street had jeered him, as they believed one deserved to be who had such ludicrous notions. But among the hills of Andalusia slept a tiny monastery called La Rabida, where lived a good friar by the name of Juan Perez, who, when he heard the theory from Cristóval believed in it. This man, being in high favor with the queen, sent a letter to Her Most Christian Majesty Isabella, and when she read it and talked with the glowing-eyed stranger, she also believed.

Thus it happened, through a train of divers events, that after almost fourteen years of delay and disappointment and unceasing effort, Cristóval Colón—Columbus as the English-speaking world knows him—sailed from Palos with three small ships to get to the land of Ind, or go with his barks to the ocean caves and lie forgotten till the end of time.

The multitude who watched the departure, with the exception of a few who were thought wild as he was, wondered if madness had seized the queen and some merchants of Palos who had finally agreed to finance the expedition. They thought it would have been better to have thrown the coins into the street and made a great feast-day than to give gold of the realm toward a lunatic's undertaking. But with the same calm assurance with which the Italian had faced their majesties with his appeal, he spread sail into the unknown. Now he was come back, not empty handed, not crestfallen and bent under the bitterness of disappointment, but successful, triumphant, bearing not only tales of a vast, rich region beyond the western ocean, but gold, spices, and a train of dusky savages such as dwelt in the distant isles. He brought proof beyond dispute that he had been there.

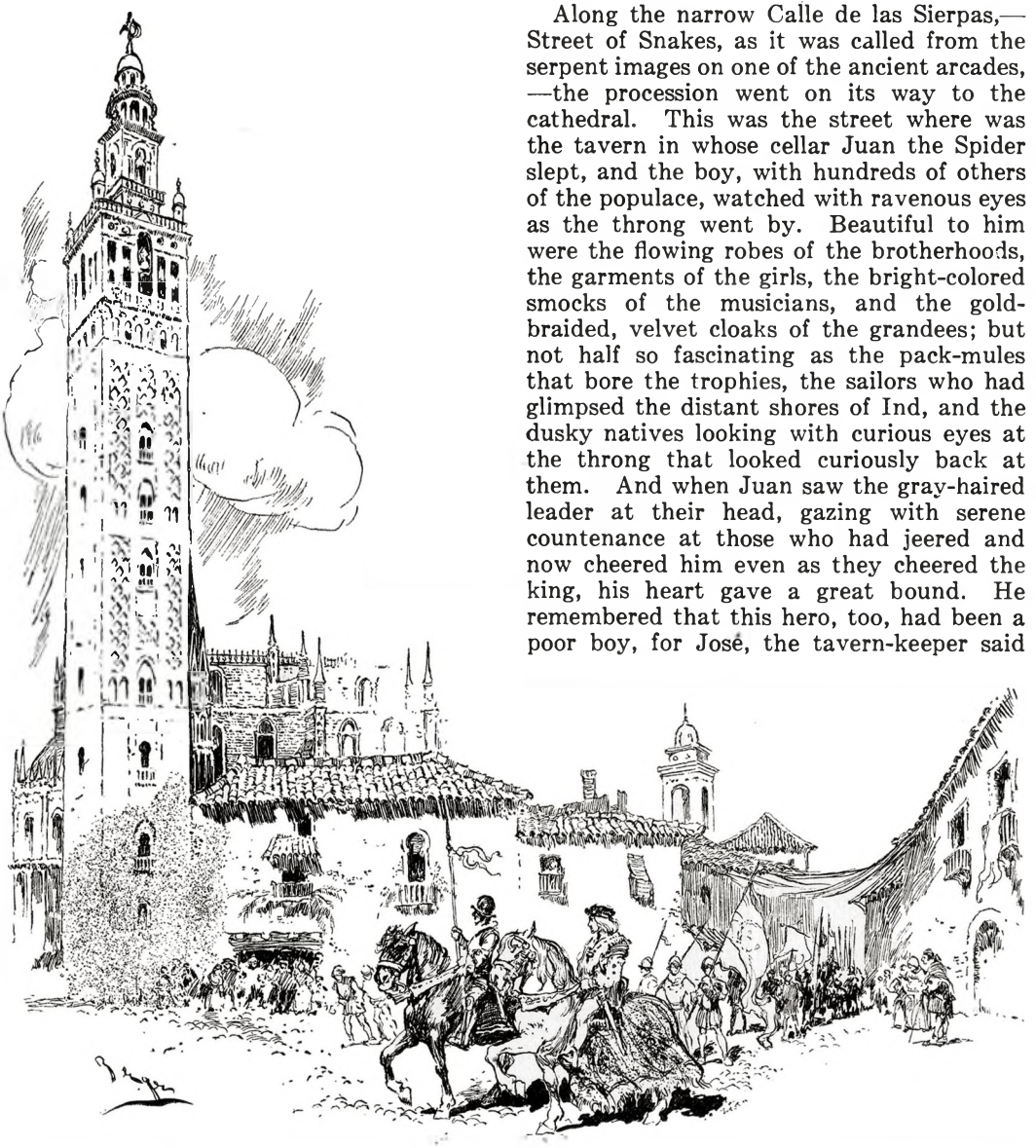
As loudly as the people had clamored in disapproval when he sailed away, they now clamored in admiration that he had returned. Instead of being "The Crazy Italian," he was now Don Cristóval Colón, a hero, the great Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and when he appeared before them they hailed him as a king. Verily the impossible had happened. Henceforth they would believe anything might come to pass.

It was Palm Sunday, and in old Seville that was the day of days of all the year. Almost a week before, the galleons of Columbus had put into the port of Palos, and there, abandoning the vessels, the crew had started overland across the plains of Andalusia and mountains of Granada to Seville, on the way to Barcelona, where the king and queen were then abiding. It was a picturesque cavalcade that traversed the Spanish south country—brown-faced sailors who had gone forth with fear and murmuring, now boastful and a-thrill with the thought of a great achievement, pack-mules bearing treasure from the far realm, and copper-skinned creatures the like of which never had been seen in Europe, their heads adorned with feathers, and bows and arrows in their hands. Such was the array that made up the train of the navigator as it moved toward Seville.

All along the way, shepherds left their flocks, vine-dressers their vineyards, and peasants their fields that they might see; and now, as the procession filed in through

the gates of the city, there were cries and cheers such as Seville never had heard. Always on Palm Sunday the city had a great procession, for that was the beginning of Semana Santa, or Holy Week, and all the religious brotherhoods, girls white veiled and white robed, town officials, musicians, and a stately retinue of grandees marched and carried palm branches in commemoration of the time when Jesus went into Jerusalem and some of the multitude spread their garments in the way and others cut branches from the trees to make a path for Him. And now to the colorful group of other Palm Sundays was added the train of Don Cristóval, the great admiral.

Along the narrow Calle de las Sierpas,—Street of Snakes, as it was called from the serpent images on one of the ancient arcades,—the procession went on its way to the cathedral. This was the street where was the tavern in whose cellar Juan the Spider slept, and the boy, with hundreds of others of the populace, watched with ravenous eyes as the throng went by. Beautiful to him were the flowing robes of the brotherhoods, the garments of the girls, the bright-colored smocks of the musicians, and the gold-braided, velvet cloaks of the grandees; but not half so fascinating as the pack-mules that bore the trophies, the sailors who had glimpsed the distant shores of Ind, and the dusky natives looking with curious eyes at the throng that looked curiously back at them. And when Juan saw the gray-haired leader at their head, gazing with serene countenance at those who had jeered and now cheered him even as they cheered the king, his heart gave a great bound. He remembered that this hero, too, had been a poor boy, for José, the tavern-keeper said that in Genoa, where he was born, his father was but a humble wool-comber, and many were the times he had gone hungry before the hour of his triumph came. Then the street urchin made up his mind. He too would be a sailor. He would go across unknown oceans like Don Cristóval, and bring



"THERE WERE CRIES AND CHEERS SUCH AS SEVILLE NEVER HAD HEARD"

back spoils of far voyages. And when he was tired of sailing he would have a house in Seville.

That night the Calle de las Sierpas glowed with color and light. Always it was an animated spot, for in it were the best shops and taverns of Seville, and it was the favorite evening promenade. But never had it witnessed such a sight as the one it witnessed now, when the wit of the city met to talk about the return of the voyagers, and the sailors themselves, land hungry after weeks upon the ocean, babbled boastfully about their experiences to crowds gathered at the tavern tables. Juan never had been so interested in his life as now, squatting in the doorway of the Golden Ball and listening to yarns of the mariners.

"JUAN BONILLA—JUST A STREET BOY OF SEVILLE"

Suddenly the figure of a tall man in a dark cloak came down the street and halted before him. His hat drooped low over his eyes, so the boy could not see his face, and the spot where he stood was so shadowy the glimpse of his figure was incomplete.

"I seek the house of the Widow Sanchez," he said in a deep, well modulated voice. "Does it happen you can tell me where to find her?"

Juan knew every dweller in the Calle de las Sierpas and exactly where he lived.

"To be sure," he answered pleasantly; " 't is five doors down the street in the arcade beyond the chandler's shop. I 'll show you the way with a right good will."

They stepped from the tavern entrance and moved along the street that was bright with torches and lanterns carried by promenaders.

" 'T is here," the boy spoke, as he halted some fifty yards beyond the tavern. "Widow Sanchez lives in the cellar under the baker's shop."

"I thank you much," the stranger answered. "Maria Corto, the mother of one of my sailors, dwells with her. The poor youth died on the voyage to the Indies, and I would speak a few words of comfort to her before I depart from Seville. Take this," he added, as he held out a copper coin; " 't will buy you a sweet cake for the Easter celebration."

Juan's heart gave a joyful bound. By the words of the stranger and the view of his face obtained at that moment by the light from the lantern of a passing wayfarer, he knew this was the man he had seen riding at the head of the procession in the morning. It was Don Cristóval Colón, Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

A wave of admiration swept over the boy, and of gratitude that it had been his privilege to speak with the hero.

"Nay, sire!" he exclaimed, as he pushed back the coin, "I can take no pay. 'T is glory enough to guide you to the door."

The kindly faced navigator looked at him in surprise.

"You mean—" he questioned.

"I mean you are greater than the king to me. You have sailed to far lands, as I intend to do some day."

Perhaps the eagerness in Juan's tones that so unmistakably spoke the yearning of his soul recalled to Don Cristóval his own boyhood in Genoa, when he too dreamed of ships and distant regions, while his father declared he must be a wool-comber. At any rate, it seemed that for the moment the visit to the mother of the sailor was forgotten, for he said in a low voice, "Come, walk with me and tell me of your dreams."

They swung into the laughing line of promenaders, and, as they sauntered along, the Spider told of his life and hopes. The mariner listened attentively and exclaimed: " 'T is a fine ambition, boy. I will pray God to help you realize it."

Then he said good night and went to the house of the widow, while Juan felt that he walked on air as he went back to the tavern.

THREE days passed. Still the train of Don Cristóval waited in Seville, that after the long march from Palos the men might be well rested before setting out for Barcelona. The admiral had become a familiar figure in the streets and plazas, and whenever he appeared people hailed him with wild acclamations.

Especially was his presence a delight to the boys, who crowded around him asking questions about the regions and people he had beheld. And he seemed never to tire of answering them.

Juan was seldom to be found at the tavern now. All day, and far into the evening, he shadowed the man who once had been poor as himself, but was great and honored now because of his achievements. He trudged beside him whenever he walked alone, while, if he rode or had companions, the boy was close behind. And when Don Cristóval was not to be found in the thoroughfares, Juan went to the castle that had been set aside for the returned navigator during his sojourn in Seville and lounged there, sometimes for hours, hoping he would appear. He had only one thought these days—of the man who had gone forth unafraid while half the world jeered and the other half trembled, and who had come back bearing the fruit of success. *He* would do that too, sometime.

Wednesday morning came, and as on all the days of Holy Week, the populace of Seville moved in and out of the churches. As the throng poured from the cathedral at the end of the noonday service a sudden, excited murmur rose. A courier in royal livery came seeking Don Cristóval, for the admiral was deeply religious and during his stay in Seville spent many hours in thanksgiving for the success that had crowned his voyage; and when servitors at the castle said he had gone to worship, the man sped to the cathedral, for there could be no delay about delivering the message he carried. He bore a letter from their Most Christian Majesties, Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile.

"From the King and Queen to Don Cristóval Colón, Their Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies," the missive read. Then, after many words of praise for what he had done, they added:

> We desire that you make the utmost haste you can in your journey, and see whether you can do anything in Seville, or the other places you may visit, to advance your return to the countries you have discovered; for the summer is already commenced and the season for returning to those regions will soon elapse.
>
> Done here at Barcelona the thirtieth day of March, ninety-three.
>
> I THE KING. I THE QUEEN.

The eyes of the navigator glowed. That was what he had hoped for, a return voyage to the distant lands. But until he had word with the sovereigns, he knew not if they would permit it. Now he was glad indeed. Even as he left the cathedral he was formulating plans, and, before an hour elapsed, had begun making arrangements for an early sailing.

Juan Bonilla's dream of sailing came true. That afternoon, as he waited at the castle gate, the gray-haired mariner came out and smiled at him.

"Wouldst go on this voyage with me?" he said by way of greeting. "Verily I believe I can make of thee an excellent sailor."

For a minute the boy could not answer. He was too full of joy for speech. Would he go? Not all the treasure of Spain could keep him back!

Then in deep gratitude he spoke, "Aye, sire, and faithfully will I serve thee in whatever thou dost ask."

Four centuries have gone since that day in the year of Our Lord 1493, and in that time millions of youths have dreamed, even as Juan dreamed, of faring forth on the path of adventure. But not one in the multitude has had a more colorful or thrilling fulfilment of his dreams than that street boy of Seville.

On the twenty-fifth day of September, again the fleet of Don Cristóval put out from the port of Palos, this time with seventeen vessels and fifteen hundred men, each of whom had clamored to go, instead of being forced by the sovereigns, as was the case before; and Juan was with them. In doing the duties of a sailor, his long legs and arms, which had made him the butt of many tongues in Seville, served him well indeed; and because he used both head and heart with them, he became such a useful member of the crew that he received never a word from the admiral save one of approval. He saw the hills, the streams, and densely wooded valleys of the realm the Spaniards called Hispaniola, which they believed to be part of the land of Ind, and when he went back to Seville he took marvelous stories. Three voyages he made under command of the great navigator, whom he loved with deep loyalty, and when, because of jealous tongues and conditions over which he had no control, Don Cristóval lost favor with both sovereigns and people, and the honors that had been heaped upon him so lavishly were withheld, Juan felt as if his heart would break. Stanchly he upheld him until the loved commander died. Then he defended his memory.

Juan Bonilla was a man of thirty now, a seasoned, experienced sailor; and though he continued to sail, he was unhappy, for to him no other commander was like the admiral. So after a while he set about making a place

for himself on land. But the sea called. Even though the chief he had almost worshiped could no longer pilot a fleet, he knew there were lands out yonder that the eyes of white men had never beheld. There were streams and cliffs and coves as yet uncharted, and thoughts of them haunted him. No matter how much he lamented the loss of the great leader, he must still sail, and he knew, if Don Cristóval could speak, that would be exactly what he would want him to do—go on with the work of discovery and adding to the world's knowledge.

Juan did. Although he believed he was never again to embark with a navigator dauntless as the admiral, he knew there was one sailor in the world who was a close second to his dead friend and leader. He was a Portugese named Fernão de Magalhães, and already had won renown because of expeditions in the service of his country. But because he found his sovereign unappreciative and unwilling to equip him with ships and crews that were needed for his work of discovery, he went to Spain, and Charles the Fifth, who was then the reigning monarch, hailed his arrival as a great opportunity. He supplied Fernão with a fleet to go in search of a passage to the Moluccas, for the man was able and daring and had almost as much of a passion for navigating as the Italian had had. Juan believed that here was one with whom it would be a delight to sail.

He offered his services, was accepted, and found to be an able navigator, and on the long journey into the west was one of the most valued officers of the fleet. We know this from the words of Fernão's own diary.

They sailed thousands of leagues farther than ever Don Cristóval had gone. They reached the Brazilian coast, moved down along South America and threaded a narrow passage whose surf never had been broken save by boats of natives. This neck of water still bears Fernão's name, but we call it by the English translation, Magellan, for in our tongue the commander is Ferdinand Magellan. Then up and across the Pacific to the Philippines, where Magellan was killed in a battle with the natives.

There was much trouble here, for some of the sailors, who even as far back as the Brazilian coast had threatened mutiny, aroused the natives to help them. They seized command and declared they would turn the fleet back to Spain. But Juan Sebastian del Cano, one of Magellan's chief lieutenants, Juan Bonilla, and others who were loyal, succeeded in overcoming the uprising. They placed Del Cano in command and set out, determined to take the fleet on its westerly course, as the chief had meant them to do. No matter what the danger or hardship, the Spider worked hand in hand with him, for he believed that to do anything else would be treason to the memory of the Great Admiral.

When finally they reached Spain by way of the Cape of Good Hope, they had gone entirely around the world. They had made the first circumnavigation of the globe and proved unmistakably that the earth is not flat, as, until the time of Columbus, many men believed it to be. History gives full credit for this achievement, as it should, to Ferdinand Magellan. But when one delves into some of the time-stained records that are still to be seen in the libraries and museums of Spain, he cannot but wonder just how much of the credit of this first circumnavigation belongs to Juan Bonilla the street boy, who was trained as a mariner by the Great Admiral, and how different might have been the outcome of it all had he not sailed.

And those records state also that, because of his part in the undertaking, the king gave Juan an estate that bordered the Guadalquiver, and an income sufficient to provide for ten times his needs as long as he lived. So, when he was too old for sea-going, he dwelt in his own house in Seville, as he had dreamed of doing when he was a ragged, hungry urchin lounging in the sunshine of the Calle de las Sierpas and sleeping in the cellar under the tavern of the Golden Ball.

A TURN IN THE ROAD

(Being Chapter X of the Autobiography, "My Garden of Memory")

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press comes the sorrowful announcement of the death, in England, of Kate Douglas Wiggin, that gifted author and radiant personality whose name and fame are dear to legions of readers on both sides of the sea. In common with all who knew her as a friend, they mourn the loss of this "many-sided woman, of intense humanity and unfailing charm"; and among those by whom she will be most sadly missed are a host of ST. NICHOLAS readers, old and young.

Grown-up subscribers to this magazine will recall with pleasure her serial story, "Polly Oliver's Problem," which first appeared in these pages. And only a few months ago, in a characteristic letter, she heartily accorded permission to publish here, in advance of the issue of the book, the following chapter from her forthcoming autobiography, "My Garden of Memory"—because this chapter has a special interest for all readers of this magazine, for a reason that will appear in the text itself. To say more would be to spoil the effect of an incident in this engaging narrative that will surprise and delight readers, of yesterday as well as to-day, who cherish a devoted allegiance both to Kate Douglas Wiggin and to ST. NICHOLAS. We must needs record our gratitude to her and her publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, for allowing us to borrow the chapter, and also the great pride that the magazine naturally takes in having played a welcome part in the romantic episode of real life which its chief participant has here set forth in her own inimitable way. The beloved author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Rebecca," and so many other popular books was but nineteen at the time she describes; but what she did as a girl of nineteen foreshadowed in no small degree the imperishable service for which she will always be held in grateful esteem and affectionate remembrance by a world of readers as well as by countless kindergarten teachers and pupils. And her unique account of that youthful experience may well prove an inspiration to many eager or aspiring young folk who even now may be facing "a turn in the road."

The scene changes now, and it is quite time that it should—high time that something should happen. My life had been as simple, as free from adventures, as uneventful, as a girl's life could be, up to this moment. If nothing had occurred to change it, I might have continued to be a rather lively and versatile young person of uncatalogued tendencies. As a matter of fact, I was still in the egg stage, although quite unaware of it until circumstances broke the shell; but when things began to happen they happened hard and fast, as if to make up for lost time.

My family arrived in Santa Barbara on the crest of a "land boom." They did not observe that it was the "crest," for very few persons were observing either ebb or high tides closely; they were too busily occupied in planning for the acquisition of somewhat sudden, though legitimate, fortunes, small or large according to the sums invested. There seemed nothing very speculative about the boom, and most certainly nothing that resembled gambling. The security appeared as solid as the earth itself. Mr. A. would buy a few feet of ground on Monday for a hundred dollars, and sell it on Wednesday for two hundred. Mr. B. would purchase a thousand acres or so in April and, cutting them up into large and small ranches, make a fortune on the enterprise in a few months. The climate of Santa Barbara, its mountains. its sea-bathing, its soil, in which you stuck a rootless sprig of something and after the first rains found it clambering audaciously into your bedroom window, its college, its churches, its Mission, its inevitable displacement of all other health and pleasure resorts on the map—these subjects of conversation assailed the ear on every side. They were tolerably new then, and were at least approximately true; although when the excitement subsided, there were perhaps as many land-poor as land-rich in local society.

The land-poor ones had not bought at the right moment, at the right price, or in the right quarter. My father and mother had joyously and hopefully put their entire substance into land, buying plots here and there, with and without buildings, and on the usual terms of a substantial sum in cash and the remainder on mortgage. When nearly all the choice land was in possession of this particular body of enthusiastic purchasers, my father, in despair at finding anything else to buy, purchased a drug-store on the main street for several thousand dollars, the universal opinion being that its speedy sale would place us in the millionaire set. He made up his mind to be firm, not to throw it away at five times what he paid for it, but to hold it. . . .

I remember little of all this land-buying business, being interested in youth's own affairs and hearing nothing but optimism on every side. I must record now one fact that,

judged by the confidences of my contemporaries, seems unusual. I had never once heard money-matters mentioned in our household from childhood up to this moment —never any talk about income; never a word of debts, credits, hopes, fears, economies, or extravagances. We were never told to save, and never given presents that seemed to indicate riches; the whole subject of finance was left untouched. My mother in her first widowhood had a comfortable living income on which to support herself, my little sister, and me. This inheritance came from her father; and if he had not, with truly Rooseveltian fervor, furnished fourteen children as heirs-at-law, or if he had not retired from business at forty, his less acquisitive grandchildren might have been quite well-to-do in this year of our Lord 1923.

My stepfather's practice supplied the rest of the annual budget (if there ever was a budget, which I very much doubt), and, as I say, there was an extraordinary lack of discussion as to ways and means. . . .

So, into the hopeful, contented, wholly untrained, and, I fear, unbusinesslike family, there came my stepfather's death after only a few days' illness. It occurred when the ebb tide of that particular land speculation was only too obvious, the fortunate and far-seeing buyers having departed with their legitimate gains, while a couple of hundred disappointed ones were left behind to regret their too enthusiastic, ill-selected, and promiscuous purchases. Within a year the growth of the town had veered in an unexpected direction, and we were among those who had not prophesied discreetly.

To be left with many parcels of unsalable land, all mortgaged, as was the invariable custom, the mortgages to be paid out of the profits that never came; to be left with our own cottage, horses, carriages, harnesses, and household effects in peril because of the lack of income —all this is disagreeable enough; but to be encumbered with a drug-store and two clerks needing continual advice and skilled superintendence as well as salary, this was tragedy. A widow with two youthful daughters and a boy of twelve might well despair, and she did.

Even the drug-store cat ran away—a handsome Maltese tabby who lazily reclined near the ornamental jar of roseate liquid in the window, attracting much notice, but, as I remember, no custom! She must have been intelligent and, having heard no doubt that rats desert a sinking ship, she forsook our sinking drug-store and went to one farther down the street, curling herself disloyally, but effectively, around a blue jar, fully as becoming as the pink one.

My mother was downhearted, but we were not, and we managed to keep up her courage. O blessed youth! Nothing matters very much, when, if ill fortune seems to be transiently present, good fortune is sure to be just smiling around the corner! At sixteen, eighteen, twenty, life is all ahead, glowing with rosy possibilities.

The undeclared motto of some people is "Expect nothing and you 'll never be disappointed." Ours was, "Expect everything and some of it happens!" With us, poverty had its humorous side! In the first place, when we discovered that there was less than two hundred dollars in the bank and that interest on mortgages was to be paid regularly (out of nothing), we were sure that something must happen shortly to end what seemed a highly colored melodrama.

We were three thousand miles from relations, and there were no vulgarly rich ones to extricate us from our formidable difficulties. We did not suffer agonies over seeing our lands go one by one for the mortgages; we did not weep when horses and carriages were sold; we still had a mortgaged roof, food, and our feet; but if these had been suddenly removed, I confess we might have been brought to reason. My sister, just out of Santa Barbara College, gave two French and Spanish lessons a week at a rate per hour which I do not dare quote because it will seem to show that as a family we were high-grade imbeciles; whereas, we were considered to be above the ordinary intelligence.

My first attempt at adding to the depleted treasury came when the young rector of the Episcopal church called on a certain Monday night to see if I would play the church organ for fifteen dollars a month. I accepted the offer cheerfully and thought it unwise to mention that I had never touched the keys of an organ, reflecting that the first Sunday was five days away and that I at least could always read simple music at sight and play piano accompaniments. I took the key of the church that same evening and issued from the front door of my house at nine the next morning, a full-fledged organist.

The instrument was a large cabinet-organ with two banks of keys, and pedals. I confined myself to one bank and three stops on my début the following Sunday, and I did not use the pedals save when, in my agony of ner-

vousness, I stepped on one by mistake. The hymns and anthems gave me little trouble, as there was an excellent and sympathetic unsalaried choir, but the preludes, postludes, and voluntaries were a source of great anxiety at first. I could not read difficult music quickly and attend to the two banks of keys, the stops, and the blowing of the instrument at the same time, so I improvised for the most part, and worked up old melodies, as I had been accustomed from childhood to do on the piano. One Sunday, being quite bereft of ecclesiastical themes, I wandered half unconsciously into the old Scotch ballad, "Charley is my darling." I reverently disguised it, I thought, by changing the time, diverting its majors into minors and vice versa, and weaving into it fragments of other themes, until it became, to my mind, as sacred a composition as I ever heard. Nevertheless, the rector, after receiving and depositing the offering, gave me a passing glance that spoke volumes. I hid my blazing face behind the hymn-books and "played out" the congregation to an impassioned rendition of "Oh! for the wings of a dove!" No one in the choir or in the pews had noted my lapse in piety, but the young rector was a singer and had recognized an old favorite. The next morning came a note saying, "My dear Miss Kate, I am very fond of Charley, but think perhaps he had better be left at home on Sundays."

While we were eating up the horses and carriages and harnesses, I wrote a story partially based upon an experience occurring during the winter that I was a boarding pupil at the Gorham Female Seminary. . . .

The thing was called "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," and was sent as soon as finished to the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE in New York. Weeks passed, running into months. I called daily at the post-office, but was not really surprised that I received no answer. I thought little of the story and wondered I had had the impertinence to offer it in so high a quarter. One dreary day of the first autumn rains I made my usual call at the post-office, a little more grown-up and practical than I had been before, for I had heard that morning of an entirely new and unknown fatality called "taxes." I had been so carefully brought up that, when a thing was due, it never occurred to me that there was anything to do save pay it; the only question was—how?

The angelic being disguised momentarily as a postmaster handed me an envelop, not knowing that he was the "master of my fate, the captain of my soul." It had ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, 33 East 17 St., N. Y. printed on it, and acted like any ordinary letter, but, on being opened by trembling fingers, disclosed an acceptance of "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," which was to be printed in three instalments, and a check fluttered to the ground beside me. I had never seen a check before, but I picked it up and departed eagerly to a secluded spot to find that it appeared to call for a payment of a dollar and fifty cents, which I thought was fair value for a first effort, though inadequate for taxes. Concentrated scrutiny gave me the idea after a moment that it was perhaps for fifteen dollars, though that seemed a large amount for my services to art. I continued to study it, arithmetic being my weak point and ciphers particularly distracting; but I could read and understand written words, and my eyes finally slipped to the plain statement that one hundred and fifty dollars was to be paid me by the misguided, the extravagant, the romantic editor of the ST. NICHOLAS. (Dear Mary Mapes Dodge, of blessed memory!)

I ran home like a whirlwind and entered the sitting-room, saying breathlessly, but without a smile, "The ST. NICHOLAS has answered me."

"Of course they would n't take it!" sighed my sister.

"Ye-es," I allowed, "they took it!"

"Why, I call that glorious, to have it printed at all! Did they pay anything?" asked my mother.

"Ye-es, something!"

"Never mind if it is n't much, dear," said my mother, "It shows they liked it."

"Was it as much as five dollars?" my sister asked.

"More."

"More than ten?"

"More."

"Than twenty-five?"

Gently, slowly, tirelessly they raised the sum, and I answered; until suddenly my strength left me, and shrieking; "One hundred and fifty!" I flung myself sobbing on the sofa, while my mother and sister wept in unison.

"We must frame the check and hang it on the wall!" said my sister, wiping her eyes. (She knew even less of checks than I did!)

"Then we don't get the money," I answered, sagaciously.

"Well, it must never be spent on common

things like food!" said my mother who, in turn, wiped away her tears.

"Certainly not!" exclaimed my sister. "A monument in the back yard is the only picturesque and proper thing."

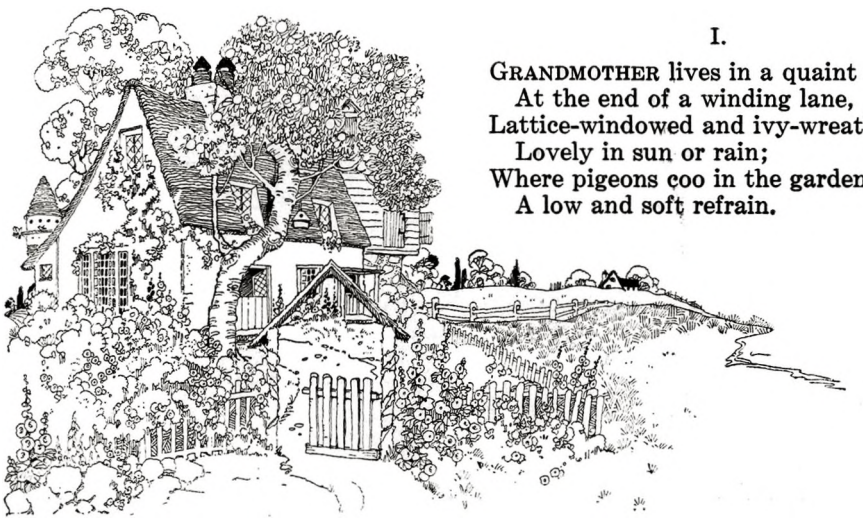
There never was any monument erected to that check, or to any succeeding one; but something strange happened about this sudden and successful breaking into authorship. It ought to have been either the beginning of a long line of similar successes or a "flash in the pan," a happy accident, followed by many failures. What really occurred was something in which I now take infinite pride, though at the time it seemed merely sensible. I thought, quite soberly, the rest of the week about the whole affair—the comparatively short time in which I had written the story, its speedy acceptance, its generous recompense. Manifestly the right and obvious thing was to sit down and write another and then another, and maintain my responsibility as the head of the family; but I found to my surprise that I had nothing in particular to write about—no themes, no convictions, no powerful urge to express myself, no background of culture, no experience, no knowledge of human nature! What was there in me, I thought, out of which to make a successful author? Nothing! The right thing for me was to learn to do something well, to have a profession of some sort; not one requiring long study and apprenticeship, for that was impossible under the circumstances, but a modest vocation. What should it be? Teaching of some sort was one of the obvious channels of activity; but how could I teach when I possessed so little knowledge. The younger the children, the less book-learning I should need, but, on the other hand, the more wisdom. How should I gain this indispensable asset?

Well, there is no use in denying it! Happiness, good fortune, or, at all events, opportunity for service is always just around the corner, perhaps only waiting for the signal that each human creature must give for himself. I was not conscious of giving any signal, but presently my vocation was calling, calling to me; at first in tones I could not understand, but that gradually grew intelligible. The call came unexpectedly, but the moment I really heard and comprehended it, I answered,—all eagerness and gratitude and joy,—but the vocation was not authorship!

Sometimes we pray that we may sing, and have to sweep! My "call" was not to write books; but hidden in it, all unsuspected, was the experience of life and sympathy with human nature, without which the best book is but waste paper.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

By EDITH D. OSBORNE



I.

GRANDMOTHER lives in a quaint old house
At the end of a winding lane,
Lattice-windowed and ivy-wreathed,
Lovely in sun or rain;
Where pigeons coo in the garden close
A low and soft refrain.

II.

Grandmother's house is quiet and cool
On the hottest summer day;
Cool and dim the long hallways are
Where the shadows hide and play,
Sweet with the scent of lavender
And of old things stored away.

III.

Grandfather sailed on many a sea
In his ship the *Nancy Bell*,
And there 's many a treasure in
Grandmother's house,
Carving, curio, shell;
And a story belonging to every one,
That Grandmother has to tell.

IV.

Beads from the islands of the South,
Pearls from the Orient,
An elephant's tusk, and a Persian shawl,
Vials with odors blent,
An ivory fan, and the Chinese shoe
Of a lady of high descent.

V.

Grandmother's kitchen— Ah! there 's a spot
To dream about all life long!
With its gleam and sheen of copper and brass
And the tea-kettle's drowsy song;
With its smell of baking gingerbread
And spices fragrant and strong.

VI.

Time goes softly in Grandmother's house,
With its old-world, peaceful air,
"*Tick-tock, tick-tock*," says the old Dutch clock
From its place on the winding stair,
And the long calm hours, like the notes of a psalm,
Glide by in the stillness there.

THE MIRACULOUS CRUISE OF THE "AVATAR"

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

(COMPILER'S NOTE: The accompanying log must speak for itself, and the editor of the original manuscript prefers not to enter here into the facts of its origin. As the document will suggest to the discerning reader, it seems to be a product of the modern popularity of phrases and catch-words and the universal desire of the American youth to belong to some other time than the present—plus, perhaps, an appreciation of Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee." The reader should be reminded, moreover, that fiction is frequently stranger than truth. A. F. L.)

I TAKE up this diary for the first time since my high-school days, because the strangest of all possible occurrences has befallen me. Even now, after twenty-four hours, I am so excited that I can scarcely write. And yet, while the events happened, I was calm enough. My parents say that, for a boy in his late teens, I am far too mathematical and too little imaginative, so I could not have imagined these experiences.

Last evening I took my sister to the movies, and then saw her on the train for the country, where our parents are spending the week-end. On the way back from Penn Station, I ran over in my mind the educational picture I had seen. It was Einstein's theory of the relativity of time and space, put in graphic form. I had been most interested by a picture of the years flying away from the earth like mile-stones. The caption had explained that, if we could move faster than light, we should catch up with past years.

"There," I thought, as I walked along, "is an idea worth studying. If I could combine Einstein's theory with our delightful old Coué's formula for getting better and better in every way, I could place myself wherever I wanted to be in the earth's history. And, for every-day practical purposes, I could, for example, dodge back half an hour, so that I would be on time for trains."

Following this line of thought,—for we had had to run to catch the 10:22,—I started composing a formula in my mind:

> Day and night, with the speed of light
> I grow younger and younger.

This did not have quite the right swing, although it followed Coué's formula very closely, and I rearranged it and spoke it aloud, thus:

> "Day or night, faster than light,
> I overtake time at my pleasure."

Just before uttering this couplet, I had chanced to look at one of those imposing sidewalk clocks that they used to erect in the days when New York had time to look at the time, and I had read the hour as 10:29. I remember that distinctly. Now, having walked past the clock, I glanced over my shoulder at the reverse face and saw that it read 10:00.

"That 's funny," I thought, forgetting all about my unspoken wish to be half an hour earlier. "Why should the two faces of the clock be thirty minutes apart?" I retraced my steps and to my astonishment saw that the uptown face read 10:01. So did the downtown face. But my watch said 10:30.

I stepped up to a stranger. "Pardon me," I said. "Will you tell me the time?"

"I 'll tell you where you can tell for yourself," he replied. "Look above you."

"But," I said, "what time was it by that clock two minutes ago?"

"What do you take me for, an arithmetic teacher?" he asked indignantly. "It was two minutes earlier than it is now."

"But," I expostulated, "when I looked at that clock two minutes ago it was exactly ten-twenty-nine. And now it 's—"

"Now it 's time for me to go," said the stranger, nervously. "I 'd advise you to go to an oculist and have those 'specs' of yours examined. Good night."

He walked rapidly away, as if he thought I was crazy. I thought so too. But in thirty minutes, most of which I spent dodging back and forth under that sidewalk clock to make sure that my eyes had n't deceived me, the time was again 10:30, and I began to have an inkling of my miraculous power. By merely thinking of the amount of time that I had wanted to overtake, and then by saying the perfected formula aloud, I had projected myself backward and had re-lived half an hour. I did n't feel half an hour older, or younger, but then one does n't feel old by half-hours.

Walking on toward home, on a street in the lower twenties, I decided to put the formula to a more severe test and go back fifty years. Aloud, I said the formula:

> "Day or night, faster than light,
> I overtake time at my pleasure."

The electric lights disappeared and were replaced by old-fashioned gas-lamps. The houses were much the same, but newer, and here and there was a vacant lot. Not more than a dozen persons were abroad, although, a moment before uttering the incantation, I had noticed a crowd of men gathered around a soap-box orator. Seeing a flash of white on the sidewalk, I stooped and picked up a newspaper. I carried it to the nearest light and read, "The Sun, New York, May 4, 1873."

Once again I almost refused to believe the evidence of my eyes. I examined my clothes. They were twentieth-century clothes, and my shoes were the shoes I had worn for two weeks. I was unchanged and so was everything belonging to me.

But the scene about me was unmistakably New York in the early seventies. And yet I could not truthfully say that New York had changed. Rather, it was New York before it *had* changed. I can state the circumstance less confusingly in this way: If there had been a moving-picture "location" with a reproduction of a New York street in 1923 and another reproduction of the same street in 1873; and if I had sauntered from one to the other, the transition would have been the same. I would have been the same, my clothes would have been the same, the street in each case would have been the same, but the effect would have been different.

Being absorbed in puzzling the situation out, I turned into Broadway, where there were more people stirring. In fact, there was a crowd, and it did n't take me long to see that I was becoming the center of it. One small boy shrilled, "Hey, Four-eyes!" and another shouted, "Pipe the lid!" They referred respectively, but disrespectfully, to my tortoise-shell spectacles, and my pearl-gray fedora.

A young man, wearing a most flamboyant costume consisting of low-crowned black derby, open collar and flowing tie, wide-shouldered cutaway, brocade waistcoat, and high-waisted trousers said to a friend, "What funny sights you do see in New York!"

And he meant me. I said, "If you think I 'm funny, you ought to look in a mirror. You 're fifty years behind the times."

I thought this was a telling shot; but some one else cried out, "He must be the man from the moon." Then the whole crowd laughed and started to close in on me. But with that I ducked and ran. Somebody on the outskirts, who had n't the least idea of what was happening, called out, "Stop thief!" and in a few seconds it seemed as if everybody in New York was on my heels. I ran and ran, wishing like sixty that I had stayed in 1923, and wondering how to get back there. Inspiration came to my aid, and I recited the formula backward just as a burly officer's hand was about to close on my collar. I found myself again in 1923, and narrowly escaping death under the wheels of a flivver, which seemed natural enough.

So much for that experience. When I got to my home near Gramercy Park, finding the house empty, for the servants had also gone to the country, I felt like experimenting again. This time, I thought, I would go back a hundred years, at which period, perhaps, the inhabitants of New York would be less inclined to poke fun at innocent strangers. Again I said:

> "Day or night, faster than light,
> I overtake time at my pleasure."

In the dead stillness of the house there was a remarkable swishing noise, and instantly the lights went out. I started to call central on the telephone, but could get no answer. So, realizing that it was no fun being a hundred years early in the pitch blackness, I went to bed.

By morning I felt that I must have dreamed the events of the evening before, but when I got up to close the window in my room I nearly fell into the lake. What lake? Why the lake that used to be in the vicinity of Gramercy Park a hundred years ago. Again my distant surroundings had changed, but the same law which had applied to my eye-glasses and my clothes, when I went back fifty years, had applied also to my house when I made this last change—all my belongings had been carried back with me.

This gave me a very pleasant feeling. I now had a base of supplies, as it were, and could go out and mingle with the natives as a reputable householder. I would tell them who would be the next President and when the subway would be built, and win great distinction as a prophet.

As I thought this over, however, I remembered that I am a little shaky on history, and decided instead to ask them for first-hand gossip about their times. There is a young friend of mine named Williams who is always talking about the greatness of his ancestors a hundred years ago, and I thought I should like some inside information.

But again I was disappointed. Some time passed in dressing and getting breakfast, and when I at length waded out into the lake, which surrounded the house, and started to swim ashore, I saw dozens of people running toward me from all directions, pointing at our house and yelling excitedly to one another. When they caught sight of me they turned and ran just as hard in the opposite direction.

Looking back over my shoulder at our respectable brownstone front set up in the middle of a lake, I had to admit that it was enough to scare an old-fashioned man to death, and I concluded that I should have no success in mingling with the natives. I came back into the house, wondering what to do next.

While I was so meditating I was startled by a cannon shot. I ran again to the front door, saw a company of artillery in their quaint blue-and-buff uniforms pointing a field-piece at me, and heard a prosperous, aldermanish individual shout: "I don't care who he is or how he got there. He and it can't squat down in the middle of my lake. Fire until he surrenders."

"'WHO CUT THE HOLE IN MY GALLEY DECK?' HE SHOUTED" (SEE PAGE 1251)

I gave them no time to force me to a surrender. While the gunner was ramming home the ball I recited my formula backward and found myself again in the twentieth century.

Of course, I shall repeat this remarkable experience again, but I see already that I shall have to do it in such a way that I shall not be conspicuous to every one who sees me.

NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1923.

THE family are back from the country, but I have told them nothing about my remarkable adventures. Nevertheless, I have been thinking about them, and have decided that the best way to go back through the centuries is to buy a boat and put to sea in it before repeating my incantation. The sea remains the same from year to year, and I could go and come on it in 1800 as easily as I can to-day.

I am going to ask my father this evening to buy an old submarine-chaser for me and let me fit it out for a two-months' cruise. He made another fortune in the Street last week and is feeling pretty generous.

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1923.

WELL, I have put in such a busy two weeks, fitting out my sub-chaser with guns, depth-bombs, and ammunition, that I have not had time to write this log. But now I am ready to put to sea on the *Avatar*, as I have named the boat, and can devote a moment to literature.

My plans nearly miscarried to-day, and I had a nerve-wracking minute. However, my good luck saved me from disaster and I shall be more careful in future. We were all standing on the deck of the *Avatar*—Williams, Worthington, Rycken, Suydam, Van Nostrand, Fullerton, and the whole group of fifteen friends who make up my amateur crew—and for the first time I explained to them the object of our adventure. They were impressed or incredulous, each according to his nature.

Williams, whom I have mentioned before as being particularly proud of his ancestry, said that he would like nothing better than to steer the chaser up to the wharf of his ancestral plantations in Virginia. He asked me what the incantation was.

I said, "I have been coming to that, because I think we should all say it together in order to go back properly. It is:

"Day or night, faster than light,
I overtake time at my pleasure."

Instantly there was the swishing noise that I had heard before, and I found that instead of being tied to a dock near Riverside Drive, the *Avatar* was heeled over in a garden-patch. Evidently the river had been dredged before the dock was built.

What the year was, I do not know, for I had not had any definite date in mind when I pronounced the formula. But from the cut of the clothes of my crew, I judged it to be about 1750. I looked at the crew more closely and was amazed to see that they were not my friends at all. Having failed to utter the incantation, they were still in the twentieth century, and these boys whom I saw about me were their reincarnated eighteenth-century ancestors.

This was an eye-opener to me, but there could be no mistake about the facial resemblances. Charles Rycken, for instance, was his ancestor Henry Rycken, whose portrait I had often seen in my friend's home. And Williams, my snobbish friend! Instead of the immaculate dandy of to-day, I saw a long-forgotten ancestor, clad in tatters, with all his belongings wrapped up in a red bandana hankerchief. What was all this about Virginia plantations?

Then, before this collection of ancestors could speak or move, I jumped myself back to the present, finding the chaser rolling violently in the swell of a passing river steamer.

My friends were again with me in the flesh, and I asked them whether anything unusual had happened.

"No," said Williams. "You looked a moment ago as if you had been scared out of a year's growth. What did you think had happened?"

"Nothing," I replied. "Do you remember the formula?"

"Yes," said Worthington. "It 's like this:

"Day or night, faster than light,
I overtake time at my pleasure."

The others repeated it after him, individually and in groups, and nothing whatever happened. Said one: "I think this is all bunk. We 're still in 1923."

"You are indeed," I replied, thankful that I alone had the power to transport us back. "But when you recite that couplet with *me*, you 'll go back fast enough."

Although they all doubted me to a greater or less extent, they agreed to join me on the *Avatar* to-morrow. I am waiting for the cook, who is to be the only paid member of our crew. I hope and believe that when my friends repeat the incantation with me, they, and not their ancestors, will man the good ship *Avatar*.

NEW YORK TO BOSTON, MAY 31, 1813.
ON BOARD THE *Avatar*.

MY hopes have been realized, and we are now back in the War of 1812. At the conclusion of our cruise I shall probably write a book and give free rein to my emotions and sensations in this remarkable affair, but now I must stick to facts.

This morning my crew joined me, including the cook, who showed up at the last minute. We got under way from the dock immediately, with gasolene and water-tanks full; provisions, ammunition, and everything aboard. When we were in mid-river I mustered the crew and informed them that we were about to go back.

Said the cook, who is—or was—an impudent fellow, "What do you want to go back for now that you 've just started?"

I patiently explained to him what I meant, and wrote out the formula that he was to say out loud with us when I gave the word.

"CANNED GOODS HE ALWAYS OPENS WITH A HATCHET" (SEE PAGE 1251)

After waiting a few moments I said, "Now all together; one, two, three, 'Day and night,' etc." Everybody recited with me, except the cook, who said: "What? Me say them silly woids? Not much!"

The result was as might have been expected. Instead of the man I hired, we now have on board an ancient, piratical-looking man, with his hair in a pigtail, and with a wooden leg. But he is not dismayed by his novel surroundings, and already has cut a hole in the galley floor to put his peg-leg into so that he can stand up in a seaway. His manners are somewhat archaic, I must say, but I believe he will make a useful addition to the crew.

The rest of the men are as I have known them—intrepid, resourceful, and enthu-

siastic, and we all look forward to our encounter of to-morrow. We plan to assist the United States frigate *Chesapeake* in her battle with the British frigate *Shannon*, and strike a blow for American freedom on the high seas.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, JUNE 1, 1813.
ON BOARD THE *Avatar*.

WE have experienced the misfortunes of war, but have conducted ourselves like sailors. What more can I say?

This morning we arrived in Massachusetts Bay, having come around Cape Cod, because no work has been done on the canal since General George Washington started it a few years ago. I had planned to intervene in the historic sea-fight between the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* and H. M. S. *Shannon*, and we had no more than come abreast of the northern point of Cape Cod than we sighted the famous British frigate. Her snowy sails, billowing out in the morning sunlight, gave her an appearance of great beauty, and I could scarce believe that her intentions were sinister.

"'SAY, BILL, WE 'VE SIMPLY GOT TO HELP THIS GIRL'" (SEE PAGE 1252)

The sensations of my crew were beyond description, and I myself was conscious of a feeling of tremendous elation at seeing an old-time man-of-war in the very height of her glory—but this was no time for emotion. I at once ordered my crew to man our three-inch semi-automatic gun and stand by to fire at my command. Then I steered my vessel up to within hail of the British frigate, broke out our glorious American colors (whose forty-eight stars must have surprised the Britishers), and cried:

"Will you surrender before I blow you out of the water?"

"Never!" roared Captain Broke, the valiant commander of the *Shannon*. "Not while British hearts beat and British guns speak do we strike our flag!"

"Spoken like a hero!" I cried, obliged in spite of myself to do honor to his bravery; "but take the consequences."

Thereupon I ran to our gun, trained it on the amidship section of the British frigate, and fired one round of high explosive. To my surprise, for I am reputed a good shot with all fire-arms, the shot went wild; and to my consternation I discovered that my gun had failed to return to the firing position. Recoiling with the shot, it had jammed, and another round in the recoil position would have torn it from the deck fastenings, and perhaps killed half my men.

Overcome with remorse, I gave the order to withdraw from the scene of the action, for it would be a three-hour job to overhaul the gun and restore it to service. This bloodless episode in the unwritten annals of American history may well be termed the tragedy of unpreparedness. Before we were again ready for action, the *Shannon*, disregarding us, had sailed on and accomplished the defeat of the *Chesapeake*.

BOUND FOR THE CARIBBEAN SEA,
JUNE 5, 1669.

ACCUSTOMED as I am by now to my extraordinary powers, I cannot look at the above date line without wonder. And yet, in a sense, all is perfectly natural. Following our unsuccessful attack on the *Shannon*, my crew urged me to transport them back to a period of history not quite so tame.

"We might," said Williams, whom I have made my first mate, "attack the entire

British navy and fight it to a standstill, once you get a little practice in aiming; because all we have to do, with our superiority of range, is to stand by and pick the ships off one by one. But there is no satisfaction in wanton bloodshed. Then, ho! for the Spanish Main, pirates, and pieces of eight."

I immediately fell in with this suggestion. When we had left Cape Cod behind us and were once more in deep water I assembled my crew on deck and declared: "Men, we are now about to go back to the year 1669 to encounter buccaneers. Say with me, as one man, 'Day or night,' and so on."

The formula spoken, I found no change in my friends or in the appearance of the chaser, but up from the galley came the cook, whom I had quite forgotten. He was in a towering rage. More than that, he was a towering giant of six-feet-four, with red beard, and with hands as big as the ham which he flourished in one of them like a shillalah. Having failed to utter the formula, the cook had once more changed to an earlier ancestor.

"I 'll have the blood of the man who cut the hole in my galley deck," he shouted. "I 'm no peg-leg, nor never will be."

I looked at his legs, and saw that he had the usual number. "You will be some day, my good man," I declared. "In the meantime, drop that ham and return to your culinary duties."

"Never!" he shouted. "Not while I 'm the strongest man on this hooker and can lick all of you put together."

"Look at this," I said calmly, drawing my automatic pistol from its holster. Two seagulls circled in air above us. I fired twice and the birds fluttered to the water.

The man looked in amazement. "All of us," I declared, "are dead shots, using supernatural weapons that you will never see elsewhere in your lifetime. Obey me, and I shall treat you with what fairness you seem to merit. Otherwise—" I shrugged my shoulders, and, with a third shot, flicked into the air a bunch of sargasso-weed floating a hundred yards away. "Otherwise," I concluded, "you might get yourself into trouble."

This exhibition of markmanship was sufficient to subdue a man accustomed only to smooth-bore pistols, and the cook has been a docile being since. His style in cooking is a little odd, savoring of the dark ages, but we have acquainted him with our canned goods, which he always opens with a hatchet, and are faring rather well.

I am now anxious to have a scrap with Captain Henry Morgan, the most resourceful of all pirates, and see how he fares against twentieth-century chivalry and seamanship.

SOUTH OF CUBA, JUNE 10, 1669.
ON BOARD THE *Avatar*.

FOR days we have been slowly rolling down our latitude under clear skies on a smooth

"THE PIRATE PERPETRATED A FOUL, PERFIDIOUS DEED" (SEE PAGE 1253)

sea, and at last we have caught up with the Romantic Age. This day, a little before noon, we sighted a burning ship, her spars cockbilled, her sails in tatters, and ran alongside. Her decks were in wild disorder, her boats were stove in in their cradles, and from her fore-hatch issued smoke and the pitiful cries of a woman.

With Williams I leaped abroad the brig, and, while the rest of my crew manned the handy-billy and directed a stream of water against the burning ship, we dropped into the hold. There, in the bright light of our electric lantern, we saw a beautiful Spanish maiden, beside herself with grief.

But with a lithe spring, I was near her and with kind words I allayed her fears. In a few minutes she told us in perfect English that she had been outward bound from Spain on the brig *Santa Maria*, in company with her father. Her brother

was to have met the brig in his sloop near the spot where we were at the moment; but instead, the pirate ship of Captain Morgan had given pursuit, captured the brig, and made all hands walk the plank, setting fire to the ship on his departure. She herself had escaped capture only by hiding in the very bottom of the brig until the pirates had gone. It had been her sole remaining hope that, if she could extinguish the fire, her brother might find her before she had been blown to sea.

Drawing Williams aside, I whispered: "Say, Bill, we 've simply got to help this girl. If we go back only a day, we can meet Morgan before he has had time to attack this Spanish brig. It will save a lot of trouble looking for him, and we can blow him sky-high. What say?"

"Fine idea!" said Williams, and, waving good-by to the señorita, we jumped back aboard our own craft.

To my crew I explained our new move, and in unison we shouted out the magic words. To-day became the day before, the empty brig was again peopled with living Spanish sailors, and we directed all our energies to diverting the attention of the pirate ship to ourselves. She, the pirate, came booming down the trade, her decks black with men, her captain high on the poop, shouting taunts at the *Santa Maria*. It did not take him long to change his tune, however.

Drawing away from the side of the brig, we clapped on full speed and crossed the bow of the pirate. With the men at gun-quarters and all in readiness, for repairs had long since been made and we were trained to the minute, I stood on the bridge and shouted to Morgan, "Heave to, or take the consequences!"

"THEY SNEEZED AND COUGHED, UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE ASSAULT OF THIS MODERN DEVICE"

A derisive yell greeted my demand. I now ordered Worthington, whom I had trained to handle the gun-crew, "Fire at will and bring the mainmast about his ears!"

The first sharp crack of our gun brought consternation to the faces of the pirates. The second carried havoc to their ship. There had been riflemen in her tops, and these, with flying splinters and tackle, came hurtling to the deck.

But Morgan was a brave man—I will say that for him. Another pirate might have changed his course and sailed away for dear life. Morgan, in a towering rage, brought up the helm and put after us. I immediately slowed down to lure him away from the *Santa Maria*. Soon the pirate gained on us, and in another moment the water around us was dotted with solid shot. I drew ahead a

little to get out of his range, for I had the advantage of speed, and ordered Worthington to aim twixt wind and water. I did not like to take advantage of Morgan, pirate though he was, by using high explosive, and so I paid him back with the solid coin he gave us.

For a time the fight raged, the pirate being riddled with shot, now in the hull and now the rigging, and the *Avatar* dancing ahead out of harm's way. But now the pirate perpetrated a foul, perfidious deed. He lowered the black flag, with its skull and crossbones, and hoisted colors of milky white. Recognizing this flag of surrender, we put about and ran alongside.

"Do you surrender?" I cried, to avoid trickery.

"Never!" shouted Morgan; and as he spoke, a dozen of his men bounded over the high bulwark and to the deck of the chaser. Like a flash, I pulled the engine indicator to full speed astern, and as we backed away from the pirate I jumped from the bridge and joined the mêlée on our deck, fire-extinguisher in my hand. If the fight had been merely brawn against brawn, it might have gone hard with my poor American lads, but I darted here and there wherever the

"'TELL ME,' SAID I, 'WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

occasion demanded, squirting the liquid of the extinguisher among the pirates. They, hapless villains, sneezed and coughed, and rubbed their eyes, unable to withstand the assault of this modern device. Five minutes later our deck was clear, and we were counting up our injuries.

I now resolved on bringing into play my most deadly weapon. It was a drastic thing to do; but where treachery had been shown, I could ill afford to be merciful. Commending my men for their bravery and sending them back to their stations, I ordered full

"THE COOK NUDGED ME RESPECTFULLY"
(SEE PAGE 1255)

speed ahead on all three engines, and again laid a course to cross the bow of the pirate. She—or he—had again hoisted the black flag and was bearing down fast with intent to ram us.

Entering the hail of cannon and rifle bullets that sputtered from her sides and rigging, we ran across the pirate's bow and dropped a TNT depth charge, set to explode at forty feet. The depth charge is a weapon best used against submarines, but that it is effective as well against surface craft was attested by the hideous results of its explosion. The pirate literally burst asunder, wreckage covering the water in all directions, the cries of the victims almost striking pity to the heart.

We did the best we could for the poor fellows, but that was little. Only Captain Morgan himself and one other man were picked up from the hungry sea. Knowing Captain Morgan's reputation for treachery, I trussed him to another depth charge and stationed a man beside him to let go the bomb if he attempted any mischief. With

that I turned my attention to the other rescued man.

"And who may you be?" I inquired.

"A Cuban planter, sir—Juarez by name," he replied in English. "I was taken prisoner and my sloop was burned by that inhuman wretch."

"Do you happen to know a lady bound from Barcelona on the brig *Santa Maria?*"

"Aye, I do," he returned, mournfully. "Hast seen aught of her?"

"I have n't seen her since to-morrow," I explained, "and I doubt if she will recognize me to-day, but there lies the *Santa Maria* with the lady aboard."

So saying, I directed our course for the brig and soon laid her alongside. No use of my attempting to effect introductions between Juarez and his sister. As soon as they sighted each other they went into transports of Spanish joy, and had never a thought for the brave men who had rescued them from death and worse. But I heard her telling him of the horrible dream she had had in which she had seen them in a losing fight with pirates, and their father walking the plank.

Thereupon we left them and stood away for further adventures. The captain of the brig offered his thanks before we left, and promised us a silver service through his Spanish Majesty's good graces when next he returned to Barcelona. But I had my eye on Captain Morgan, and had other ways in mind for getting my gold and silver.

GONAIVES BAY, HISPANIOLA, JUNE 10, 1669.
ON BOARD THE *Avatar.*

THE fact that yesterday we went back only a day is rather confusing. I am not sure whether to-day is yesterday or to-morrow, but expect that this will be straightened out when we return to the future.

Following our departure from the side of the *Santa Maria*, I strode aft to where Captain Morgan lay tied to the depth charge, and fixed him with my most imperious gaze.

"Tell me," said I, "where your treasure is —your gold, your doubloons, your plate, your pieces of eight."

If I had expected the pirate to quail before my glance, I was disappointed. He attempted to ease his bonds so that he might be more comfortable, and replied: "Gone to Davy Jones's locker with my good ship the *Golden Hind.* How did you blow her up, by the way?"

"With the mate to that depth-bomb that you are tied to," I declared significantly. "It is set to explode in water at forty feet. Woe to him that goes overboard with it!"

The pirate paid no attention to my threat. "What makes this boat go?" he asked.

"You could n't possibly understand," I told him. "But it can go fast enough to take us to London in a few days." (This was a justifiable exaggeration.) "How would you like to be haled before the admiralty court for your many crimes?"

"I should not like it at all," replied the pirate, uncomfortably, and I could see that my suggestion had shaken his nerve, "so I will make a proposition to you. Give me my liberty and one of these depth-bombs, and I 'll show you where the Spanish plate-fleet is. With your ship you can attack it and have all the riches of the world for your own."

"It is impossible for me to resort to piracy," I declared. "None of my crew are yet out of college and I cannot set them such a bad example."

The pirate thought a moment. "Very well," he said, "if you have scruples of this kind, I will show you a cave on an island near Hispaniola where pearls are as thick as alligators' teeth, and gold carpets the ground like dandelions. Do you agree to the bargain?"

"I do," I replied, releasing him from his bonds and grasping his mighty hand.

Following his directions, we laid a course for Hispaniola, which is shown as Hayti on the charts, and arrived in the protected cove of a desolate island of which the shore rose perpendicularly. There was a narrow beach with a winding path leading upward to a cave in the cliff's face.

"There," said Morgan, "is where the treasure lies. Put me ashore with my depth-bomb, and I will depart peaceably, leaving you in possession of the riches of the world."

Captive though he was, he yet spoke with the voice of authority.

I ordered our life-boat into the water and personally lent a hand in ferrying the depth-charge ashore. What Morgan wanted with it, I did not stop to inquire. Sufficient to me that we were exchanging it for wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. I write it to my shame that I did not apprehend the extent of his iniquity, and restrained those of my crew who would have kept him under guard until the jewels were found.

Hoisting the heavy bomb to his massive

shoulders, Morgan toiled up the steep ascent, while we stood on the shore or on the deck of the *Avatar* and watched him.

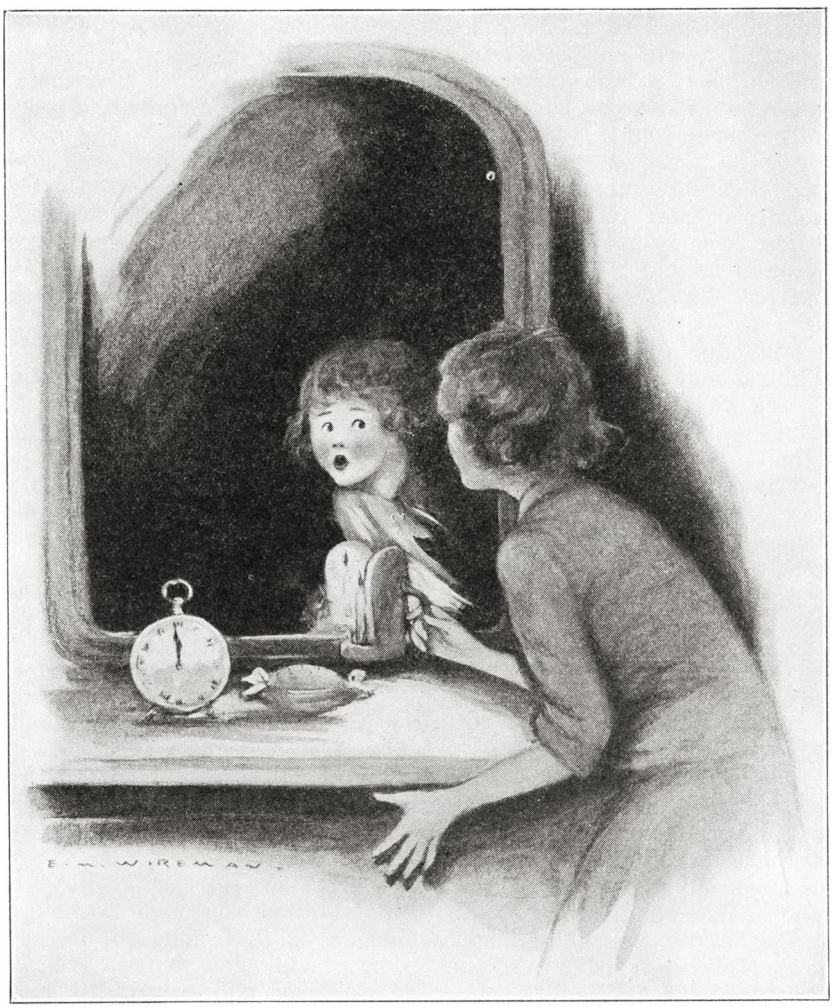
The cook nudged me respectfully. "I have sailed under Morgan," he declared, "and I know his wickedness. He plans some fresh outrage."

"Nonsense," I replied, "he is one against seventeen of us and can do nothing." But even as I spoke, the pirate turned at the summit of the cliff, raised the depth-charge aloft, and hurled it at the little vessel far below him.

"Take that, you infants in arms!" he shouted. The engine of death came hurtling through space, striking a projecting ledge, and bounding into the water beside the *Avatar*. In the clear water I saw it sink down, ten feet, twenty, thirty feet, until it seemed no larger than a tomato-can—forty feet! The crew stood petrified in their tracks, but I—I—

"Treacherous brute!" I shouted to Morgan, "you did not pull the safety-pin. It can't explode!" And with a bullet from my automatic I sent his hat flying into air. He turned and dashed out of sight. Though we searched the island for him, and explored the cave to its farthest recesses, we found neither Morgan nor his treasure.

(To be concluded)



"AT TWELVE O'CLOCK ON HALLOWE'EN ONE'S FUTURE HUSBAND MAY BE SEEN"

FOLLOW THE BALL!

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," "Nid and Nod," etc.

RETURNING to Holman's School in September for his senior year, Joe Kenton joined Gus Billings in Number 10 Puffer. His room-mate of last year had gone, and Joe was very glad to accept the invitation of the big, good-natured football captain to share his quarters. As Joe had become baseball captain in the spring, Number 10 Puffer now held the unique distinction of housing the leaders of the two major sports. Fall baseball practice began the second day after the term opened, and Joe was busy from the start, so busy that he had no time to take much cognizance of the football situation. To be sure, Gus talked about it frequently, but Joe's attention was scarcely more than perfunctory, since his own problems were numerous. Then one evening Gus sprang a surprise.

"How much longer are you going to waste your time with that bunch of morons?" he asked. "Moron" was a new word in Gus's vocabulary, and he loved it!

"Morons, Gus? Why, I 'm not on the eleven!"

"No, but you ought to be. Look here. We were talking about you this afternoon, Rusty and I, and we decided you 'd have to come out."

"Play football? Not on your life! I 've got my hands full as it is. You and your coach want to forget it."

"Now listen, Joe. We 're short of men, as you know—"

"First I 've heard of it," said the other, suspiciously.

"Because you have n't listened to a word I 've been saying the last three weeks. We 've got a punk lot of back-field stuff, and we need more. We—"

"Much obliged!"

"Need more men, I mean. You 've played two years, and you know a lot more football than some of those morons that are after back-field positions. You 'd be a lot of use out there, Joe. What about it?"

"But I can't! Who would look after the baseball gang? Besides, you know mighty well I 'm no football *artiste*. I proved that long ago. Last fall—"

"You got your letter, did n't you?"

"Yes, but I did n't deserve it. Rusty just took pity on me. I 'd sat on the bench so long—"

"Shut up. Rusty says you 'd probably make it this year if you tried hard. After all, experience is what counts. And you sure can run, old scout, and you 're as hard to catch as a—as a flea!"

"Yes, and I can mix signals better than a French chef can mix a salad! I 'm just a plain nitwit at football, old dear, and you ought to know it—Rusty, too. I 'd do anything to oblige you, Gustavus, but my duty is to the baseball team for the next three weeks or so. Consequently—"

"Let Charley Prince look after the team. What 's fall baseball practice amount to, anyway? The job does n't need you and we do."

"But what 's the big idea? I don't get it at all, Gus. You 've got Dave Hearn and Johnny Sawyer for half-backs, and, I suppose, half a dozen others, have n't you? Why pick on poor me?"

"Sure, we 've got Dave and Johnny and a new guy named Leary. And that 's all we have got. The others are a total loss. You can't run a team all season with just three half-backs. We need a couple more, and you 're one of 'em. When do you start?"

"I don't start, you old idiot. I tell you I can't."

"Bet you do," said Gus, untroubled.

"Well, I 'll bet I don't!" Joe found his place in the book he had been studying and then added apologetically, "I 'm sorry, Gus, but you see how it is."

"I thought you liked football," said Gus. "You were crazy about it last year."

"I do like it. I 'm still crazy about it, even if I 've proved to myself and every one else that I can't play it, but—"

"And now, when you 're practically certain of making the team, you quit cold!"

"Practically cer— How do you get that way, Gus?"

"Well, are n't you? You 're baseball captain, and you ought to know what that means. If I 'd gone out for the nine last spring, don't you suppose I 'd have found a place, even if I was fairly punk? Surest thing you know! Just because I was football captain. Any coach will stretch a point

to place a fellow who 's captain of another sport. Rusty as good as said this afternoon that you 'd get placed if you came out. Of course, that does n't mean you 'd play all the time, but you 'd get a fair show and you 'd be certain of playing against Munson for awhile, anyway."

"I call that a pretty sick business," replied Joe, disgustedly. "And if you think it always works, just you try for the nine next spring. You 'll have a fat chance of making it unless you can play real ball, Gus!"

Gus shrugged. "I sha'n't be captain next spring; but if I were, and you left it to your coach, I 'd make it, I guess."

"Well, I don't want a place on the football team that I can't earn. And you can tell Rusty so, too. I 'm not coming out; but if I did, I would n't take favors like that. It—it 's crazy!"

"Well, don't get excited," said Gus, soothingly. "We 'll let you earn your place."

"You bet you will—when you get the chance!"

Joe, a bit ruffled, returned to his studying. Gus smiled tolerantly as he drew his own books toward him. Two days later Joe reported for football.

There seemed no way out of it. The coach appealed to several of the leading members of the baseball team and convinced them that Captain Kenton was badly needed on the gridiron. Then he talked to Joe. Rusty was a forceful talker, even if his vocabulary was n't extensive, and at the end of ten minutes he had Joe teetering; and when the latter, having exhausted all the objections he could think of, fell back on Charley Prince and the others of the last-year crowd for support, they utterly deserted him. Charley even expressed astonishment that Joe should hesitate for an instant. He said it was a matter of patriotism, a call to the colors, and a lot more, and Joe surrendered. Charley took over the running of the nine, and Joe, delighted as soon as he was thoroughly convinced, donned canvas again.

Thus far, Holman's had traveled a rough path. She had played three games and lost two. The single victory had toppled Center Hill by a score of 23 to 0; but Center Hill was n't particularly strong and it was difficult to offer her overthrow as convincing proof that the Light Green was a good enough team to triumph over Munson in November. It was just after the Center Hill game that Joe joined his fortunes with the eleven and proceeded to do his bit. It was n't much of a bit at first, for he was football stale and it took him several days to get back into the old ruts. He felt himself something of an imposter, too, although his old team-mates welcomed him heartily, until, in the Mills game, he showed during the twenty minutes or so that he took part that he was certainly a no worse half-back than the other substitutes. Holman's won without great effort, 19 to 0, and afterward Gus tried to tell Joe that the latter had played a corking game. But Joe would n't have it.

"Talk sense!" he protested. "With you and Barrows boxing that end, I could n't help getting around it. And I mighty near got the signals mixed again. If Leary had n't started a split-second before I could get off, I 'd have gummed the old game for certain. No, Gus, I 'm no pigskin marvel. I love the pesky old game, and I 'll play it as long as you can stand me, but I have n't any—any delusions of greatness."

"I don't say you 're a wonder," demurred Gus; "but you got away fast and clean today and you follow the ball. And I sure like that, Joe. I 'm a prune at it myself. I never can keep my eyes on the old leather, and I 've missed more tackles than enough just for that reason. Yes, sir, you certainly hound the pigskin, Joseph!"

"Oh, well, I 'm glad there 's one thing I can do, but that does n't make me a player. Some fellows have football intelligence, Gus, and some have n't. And I 'm one of the 'have n'ts'."

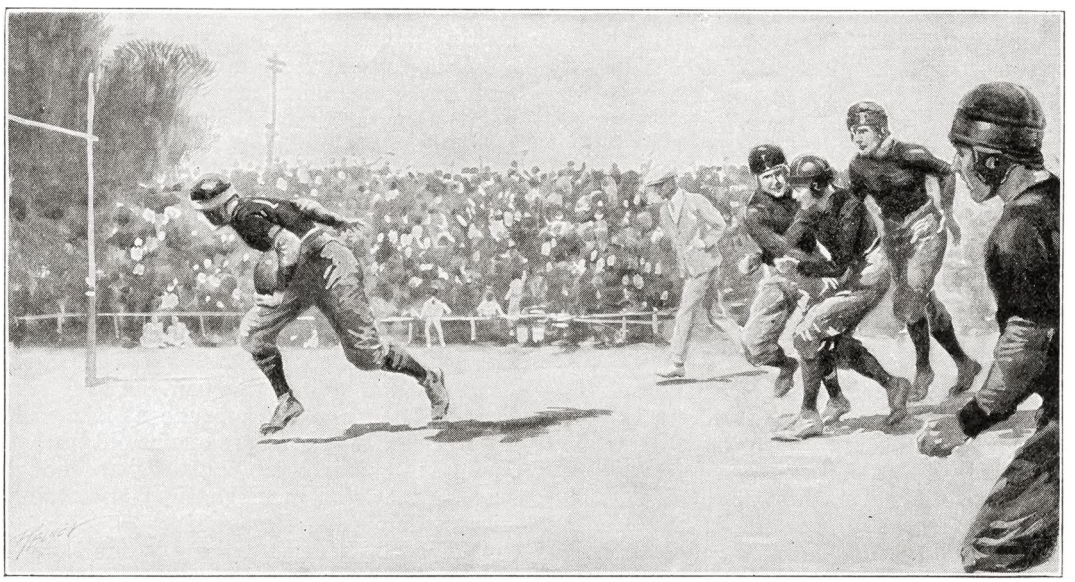
"Well, keep the old shirt on. You 're doing fine. I would n't wonder if Rusty used you a good deal against Munson. They 're sort of slow this year, and you ought to be able to get going once, at least; and when you do get started you 're hard to stop."

The Mills game marked the end of the preliminary season. Four contests remained—the last, that against Munson. One thing that worried all who dared hope for a victory over the Blue-and-Gold was the fact that in all the seventeen years that Holman's and Munson had met on the gridiron, never had the former won two successive contests. Munson had twice beaten her rival two years running, but such glory had yet to fall to Holman's. Holman's had won last autumn, and while there was, of course, absolutely nothing in this superstition stuff—well, there it was! Even Captain Gus, who had as little imagination as any one could have, was secretly oppressed; al-

though publicly, if any one referred to the subject, he laughed scornfully and declared that fellows who put any faith in that sort of dope were morons!

What Rusty thought no one knew. Rusty kept right on working hard with such material as Fate had willed him, a dogged, determined, generally cheerful Rusty, who was well liked by all hands and who, knowing what his charges did n't know, was working

The Louisburg game was a tragedy for both the team and for Joe. The team was badly beaten,—16 to 3 was the deplorable score,—and Joe pulled a "boner" of the worst sort when, instead of going outside tackle as he should, he dashed into the center-guard hole ahead of the full-back, who was carrying the ball, with the result that the Light Green sustained a three-yard loss and failed of her distance. He partially



"WHEN HE CROSSED THE GOAL-LINE, HE WAS VIRTUALLY UNATTENDED" (SEE PAGE 1260)

for more than a victory over the ancient rival. What he knew and the fellows did n't —or, if they did know, had forgotten—was that his four-year term as coach expired this fall, and that since, like any general, he was judged by results, whether his contract was renewed would depend a very great deal on whether Holman's or Munson emerged from the fast-approaching battle with the long end of the score. During Rusty's régime the Light Green had lost two Munson games and won one; and although Rusty might well have cited extenuating circumstances to account for the first defeat, he realized fully that another reversal would probably send him looking for a new position. So the little coach worked hard, perhaps harder than he ever had worked, and with material that, to say the best of it, was only average. If he had had last year's team, Rusty would n't have worried much, but he had n't. What he had was only little more than half as good as last year's, and so, not infrequently, Rusty did worry. Few knew it.

redeemed himself later by catching the pigskin when it bounded from Barrow's hands after a forward pass, but he laid that to luck and found no comfort. Defensively, he was not at all bad; in fact, he made three or four tackles that were barely short of brilliant; and it is doubtful if the coach was dissatisfied with Joe when he pulled him out at the end of the quarter in favor of the steadier Hearn. But that evening Joe sought Rusty in the village.

"I 'm no good," he announced, "and I might as well quit. When I started I said I did n't want the job unless I could earn it, and I have n't."

"What are you trying to do?" asked Rusty. "Resign?"

"Yes, before I 'm fired."

"Well, your resignation is n't accepted, Kenton."

Joe observed the other in puzzlement. "But—but I 'm in earnest!" he protested. "It 's mighty fine of you to be willing to put up with me, but I don't want you to think

that you 've got to—that is, that you 're under any obligation to keep me, Rusty."

"Obligation? What are you talking about, Kenton? I don't get you at all."

"Why, what I mean is— Why, you know that if I was n't baseball captain, I 'd have been let out two weeks ago," answered Joe. "Well, I don't want to play football bad enough to keep my place by favor, and so—"

"Oh, that 's it," interrupted Rusty. "I get you now. So you think I 'm nursing you along because you 're baseball captain, eh?"

"Well," answered Joe, smiling, but uneasy because of a sudden setting of Rusty's face, "it 's done, is n't it?"

Rusty shook his head, his mouth drawn to a grim line.

"Not this fall, Kenton," he said.

Joe stared back a moment, and then, as Rusty said no more, laughed perplexedly. "Well—" he began vaguely.

"When you are n't any more use to the team, Kenton," announced the coach, quietly, "I 'll tell you. But you wait until I do. If every one of that bunch who played ragged this afternoon came to me and resigned, I would n't have any team to-morrow. Good night."

Joe, still perplexed, although greatly relieved, went back and reported the conversation to Gus. Gus called him a moron.

A week later Holman's came back and played a very decent game against the State Aggies team of husky, rangy veterans. She was beaten, but only by a matter of two inches. Which is to say that if Brill's second attempt at a goal after touchdown had sent the pigskin two inches higher, it would have bounded over the bar instead of under. As it was, the final score was 14 to 13; and as Holman's had never hoped for better than a tied score, the contest was hailed as a virtual victory. Joe played fairly well during the twenty-odd minutes that he was in—rather better on defense than on attack, although he did get away once for a twelve-yard run that for the moment made him look almost like a real football player. One thing he did do to the king's taste—and Gus's—was to follow the ball; which accounted for the fact that he had several fine tackles to his credit. Joe was not a little set up that evening, although he tried not to let the fact be known. Gus, who was in a jovial and expansive mood as a result of having more than outplayed his opponent, insisted that Joe was every bit as good as Hearn and "a blamed sight better than all the other subs!" Joe was pleased, but sprinkled quite a quantity of salt on the avowal.

There was a week of extremely hard work before the Wagnalls game. Rusty called always for speed and more speed. You simply could n't satisfy him, it seemed; and when practice was over, the walk to the gymnasium was ten miles long! But the Light Green certainly showed improvement by the end of that week. Plays went off more smoothly and a lot faster, and it did seem as though the team had at last really found itself. In the Wagnalls game, Joe made his first touchdown, slipping around his own right end behind the entire backfield and getting free when Sawyer, playing right half, dumped the opposing end. Joe started his run from the enemy's twenty-seven and had no opposition, once past the line, save from the Wagnalls quarter. Joe outguessed that youth very neatly and eluded a desperate tackle, taking the ball over for the second score of the game, to the plaudits of the Holman rooters. The game was one-sided from the start, and the home team hung up five touchdowns for a grand total of 34 points while Wagnalls was scoring 7. Joe stayed in a full half and, save that he once got his signals twisted, comported himself very well. Even his one lapse went unpenalized since, more by luck than skill, he got enough ground to make it first down again.

Then, almost before any one realized it, it was Thursday and the last work was over and nothing was left to do save sit tight and await the big adventure.

On Saturday, Munson arrived in numbers with cheers and songs and waving blue-and-gold banners. At two o'clock she kicked off, and Sanford, the Holman's quarter, fumbled the ball on his sixteen yards and an enemy end fell on it. Munson put the touchdown over in just seven plays. Holman's was so appalled by the initial disaster that her efforts to stop the enemy were pathetic. Munson missed the goal, and the Light Green adherents took what comfort they might. But Holman's worked out of her daze presently and stopped another advance of the Blue-and-Gold and then took the offensive herself. That was in the second period. Twice she reached Munson's thirty-yard line—the first time to lose the ball on downs when a scant yard was needed, and the second time to attempt a field-goal

from the thirty-six. Brill, the big full-back, booted the ball far short. If the Munson team was as slow as Gus had predicted it would be, the fact was n't evident in that first half. Nor was the Light Green backfield exactly dazzling in its speed. An unbiased observer would have said perhaps that neither team was playing more than half the game it was capable of. Joe, who was by no means unbiased, and who watched the first two periods from the bench, observed practically the same thing to his left-hand neighbor. The half ended without more scoring, the ball Munson's in midfield.

In the locker-room, with half-time almost gone, Rusty talked straight from the shoulder. He had finished with criticism, with instruction. What he said was "old stuff," but it sounded new and wonderful, and some of the new fellows swallowed lumps and clenched their hands and set their young mouths sternly. Rusty did n't get "sloppy," but he certainly sent them back to the battle fighting-hot.

As I 've said before, there was more in it for Rusty than a mere victory over the hereditary enemy, and any man who won't fight hard for his job does n't deserve to hold it!

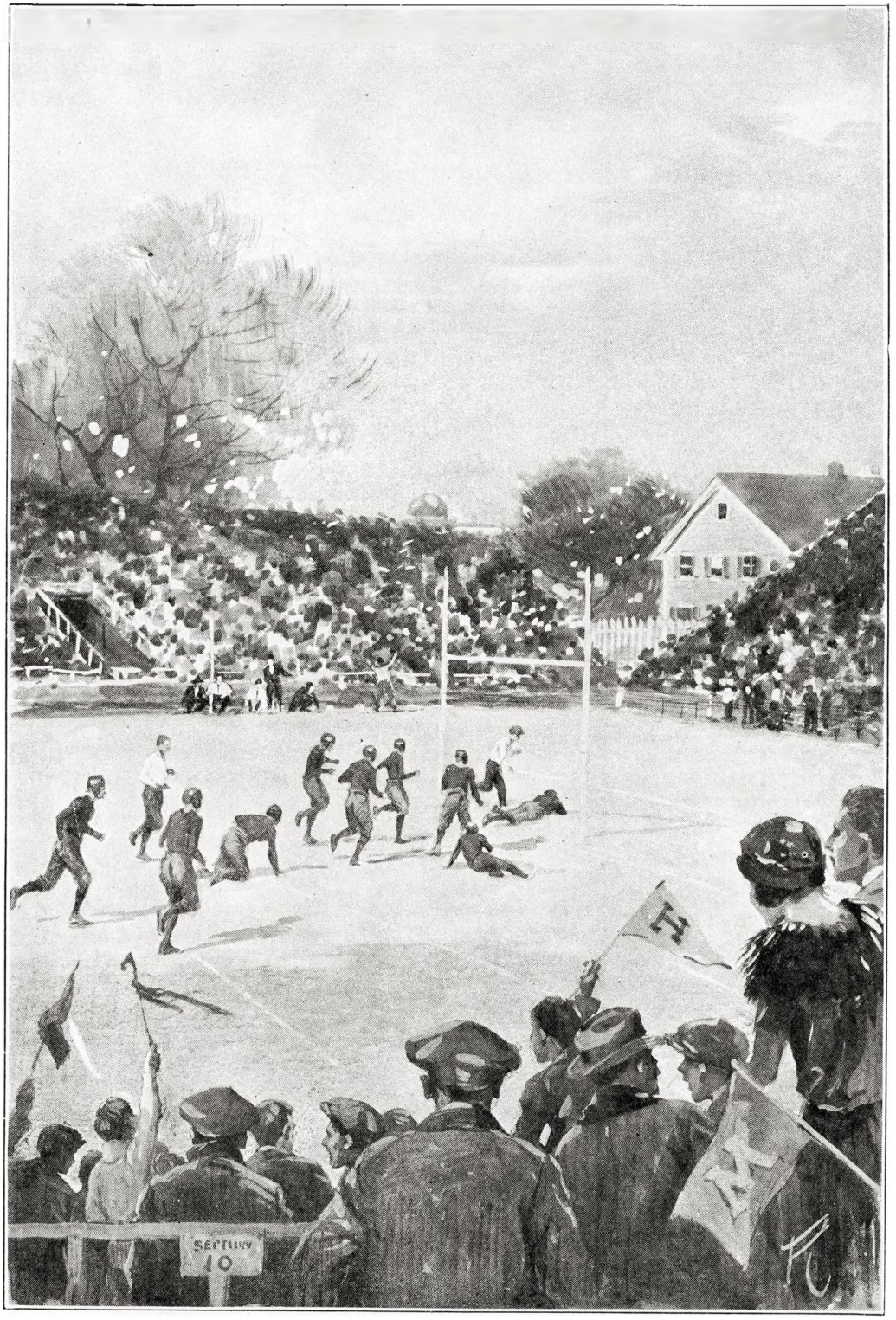
Joe took Hearn's place at left half, and Sawyer went in at right instead of Leary. Slim Porter, who had been removed in the first period after some one had stepped ungently on his nose, was reinstated, well taped of countenance. Otherwise, the line-up was the same as had ended the first half. It took four minutes for Holman's to recover the pigskin after the kick-off. Then Sawyer pulled down a punt and was toppled over on his twenty-one yards after a six-yard dash. Holman's played better ball then and played it faster. Sanford abandoned his safety-first policy and called for plays that were ordinarily held back for desperate moments. For a time they went well, for Munson found it hard to realize that the enemy had really cut loose from the former old-style "hit-the-wall" plays. When she awoke, Holman's was on her thirty-five-yards and still coming. But nothing came of that advance in the end. Some one was caught off-side and the invader was set back five yards. Then Hap Ferris made a low pass to Sawyer, and the best Sawyer could do was make it safe for an eight-yard loss. In the end, Brill again tried a place-kick and again failed, and the ball was Munson's on her twenty.

Joe had taken his share of the work and had been as successful as Sawyer; but his gains had been short. Getting away from the Munson secondary defense was not an easy feat. Always he was nabbed after three yards or four, or, as on one memorable occasion, seven. The third quarter wore toward its end without more scoring. Once Munson tried a desperate drop-kick from the thirty-two yards, but it went wide. With four minutes of that third period left, however, the unexpected happened.

Munson had slipped in two substitutes, a right guard and a left half-back, and, not to be outdone, Rusty had responded by replacing Ferris with Halliday at center. Hap had been used rather roughly, if one judged by appearances! Munson had the ball on Holman's forty-two yards on second down when the unexpected came to pass. She had made a scant two past Captain Gus, and now she was evidently aiming at the same place. But the new half-back, fresh from the bench, a rangy, tow-headed lad just oozing enthusiasm, muffed the pass. There was a frenzied shriek of *"Ball! Ball!"* and a wild scramble at the left of the enemy line. Then Joe ducked through on the other side, past a guard whose attention had momentarily strayed, gathered the trickling oval up from under the feet of the enemy and—went back again!

Going back was a masterpiece of subtle strategy, for he was aided by the selfsame guard who, finding an enemy inside his territory, promptly thrust him toward whence he had come, failing to observe until too late the fact that the enemy was taking the ball with him! Once free of the guard's attentions, Joe dug his cleats and left the locality just as fast as his legs would let him, which was quite fast. When the lost ball was at last discovered, which was within a much shorter period of time than has been consumed in telling of it, it was well on its way toward the Munson goal-line. Joe had cleared the enemy right end unchallenged. Confusion and pandemonium reigned, and twenty-one players and at least two officials did their level best to catch up with Joe. But that was a rather hopeless undertaking, for Joe had secured a fine start. When he crossed the goal-line, after a brisk dash of fifty-odd yards, he was virtually unattended. There was a great deal of shouting going on as Joe breathlessly placed the pigskin on the ground and draped himself about it.

Various green-stockinged youths pounded



JOE MAKES HIS WINNING TOUCH-DOWN (SEE PAGE 1263)

or squeezed from Joe's body what little breath remained in it, and then Gus had his go and babbled something about "following-the-ball-I'll-say-so-what-do-you-know-about-it-you-old-thief-eh!" And all the while he whanged Joe on the back and grinned from ear to ear. Then comparative silence fell while Brill tried to boot the pigskin over the bar for a much-needed one point, and the Munson crowd came charging through and spoiled the whole business! That was disappointing, but at least the score was even and there was still another period. Joe was glad when the quarter ended a minute later, for he could rinse out his mouth at the water-pail and get some air back into his lungs.

Ten minutes later, or maybe eleven,—I am speaking of playing and not elapsed time,—it had become generally accepted that 6 to 6 was to be the final score of that game. Each side was trying hard to be philosophical and keep in sight the fact that a tied score was better any day than a defeat. One thing had been shown very conclusively, which was that, eliminating accidents, neither team was able to score against the other. Each might advance the ball to its opponent's thirty-five or even thirty, but beyond that point there was no going. Of course, accidents had happened and might happen again, but one could n't depend on it. Since the last period had started, there had been several fumbles and near fumbles, for each team was now leavened with second- and third-string players, but the resultant advantages to the opponent had been slight. There had been penalties inflicted, too, but they had been inflicted impartially. As far as present results went, Holman's and Munson were just where they had been when they started—absolutely even. Some fifty-five minutes of playing time had brought advantage to neither the Light Green nor the Blue-and-Gold.

Joe was still in, and so was Sawyer; but Brill had gone and Sanford had gone and there were two substitutes on the ends and three strange backs between them. Both teams were still fighting hard and desperately, but they were slowing up fast. Under Clinker's leadership, Holman's lacked its former aggressiveness, and even Gus's husky imploring could n't put speed into the Light Green. There was a good deal of punting now and many rather hopeless attempts at forward passes. Most of the latter grounded, but finally Clinker did get a short heave over the center of the line to his right end and the latter made a half-dozen strides before he was obliterated. That put the ball on Munson's forty-eight. Joe tried a run outside his own left tackle and was stopped, and Sawyer got three through the center. Then Sawyer failed to gain and Norman, who had taken Brill's job, punted over the goal-line. Some one proclaimed three minutes to play as Munson lined up on her twenty. One easily stopped plunge at the left of center, and Munson booted from her ten-yard line. It was a short punt and it went out at the thirty-seven. The Holman's stands came to life again with a hoarse cheer of triumph. Norman got a scant yard and Sawyer took two. Then Joe scampered wide around his right and added two more before he was run out of bounds. It was fourth down and, since Norman was no field-goal kicker, he punted from near the forty. By some freak of fortune the ball went the whole way and again fell behind the goal-line, and again Munson touched it back and brought it out to her twenty. The time-keeper said one minute and forty seconds.

Well, much may happen in one and two thirds minutes, and in this particular one and two thirds minutes much did. Munson decided to take no risk, and her left half went back to kicking position. Very, very desperately Holman's strove to break through and block that punt; but just as desperately the Blue-and-Gold line held her off. Yet the Holman's determination had its effect. The enemy center passed low and the punter was hurried. The ball went high in the air and there a vagrant breeze took it and wafted it back toward the Munson goal. When it descended it was no farther from where it had begun its flight than the twenty-five-yard line. It was Clinker who claimed it, although half the Holman's players might have caught it as easily. The Munson ends, indeed most of the Munson team, were waiting to down the catcher. Which was friend and which was enemy was very hard to determine in that moment. Then the ball came down, lazily, turning end over end. Clinker stepped back a foot or so, ready to seize it and plunge ahead. Perhaps he thought too much of the plunge and not enough of the catch, for the ball came down not into his hands, but against his shoulder. From there it arched to the left, well out of the congested district, on a ten-yard flight.

Joe had been watching the ball quite as attentively as any one,—perhaps more at-

tentively, since watching the ball had become something of a habit with him,—but he had not pushed into the mêlée. Instead, he was well to the left of it, and from there he was better able to follow the ball's supplementary flight. Consequently, when he saw it coming in his direction he met it half-way. He did n't have to fight for its possession, for the nearest claimant was fully three yards distant when he wrapped his hands about it. Between him and the goal lay some twenty-seven yards and, theoretically speaking, eleven enemies. Actually, only about half that number were in position to dispute his passage, but they were earnest and determined, and Joe's work was cut out for him. He side-stepped one, and then another. One of his own team disposed of a third, and then Joe was dodging this way and that, now perilously close to the side-line, but always going ahead and putting one white streak after another behind him.

He was close to the ten when disaster almost overtook him in the shape of a hurtling Munson lineman. If the enemy had come at him with less haste, the result might have been different. As it was, the Munson fellow's idea appeared to be to knock Joe flat by the force of the concussion and make his tackle afterward. That is where he made his mistake, for, although they met and Joe staggered from the impact, the latter avoided more than half the force of the other's body by spinning on his heel. There was one second of suspense after that when Joe felt a hand at his ankle, but he was able to pull away before the clutching fingers found a hold. Then the enemy was all about him, it seemed, and he had the ball against the pit of his stomach, his head down and his feet pushing the last few yards of trampled turf behind him. The truth is that, at the end, there were far more friends than foes around him, and that Joe's final heroic effort to cross the line was made with Gus Billings fairly butting him on! But cross it he did, and that is the main thing!

And while Holman's went crazy with joy and flocked, dancing and cavorting, along the side-line, while Joe fought for breath that would n't come, while cheers for the Light Green assaulted the sky, Norman, who had seldom if ever kicked a goal in all his life, just because no one cared whether he succeeded or did n't, sent the pigskin over the bar as if the game depended on it!

There were many happy persons around school that evening. There was the whole student body in general, and there were the members of the team in particular. And then there was Gus, who declared a great many times that any one who had ever said that Joe was n't a great football player was nothing more or less than a moron! Because, no matter how good a guy was, if he did n't follow the ball—

And, of course, there was Joe himself, who, while giving luck its due, still dared to take a little credit for what had happened.

And then there was Rusty.

AN AUTUMN DAY

On such a day of singing blue
The maddest, gladdest dreams come true!
I know, because the maple-trees
Have turned a redder, golder hue,
And every keen, smoke-scented breeze
Thrills me with hinted mysteries.
I know, for heaven was never spanned
With fleeter, whiter clouds than these!
On such a day each road is planned
To lead to some enchanted land;
Each turning meets expectancy.
The signs I read on every hand.
I know by autumn's wizardry
On such a day the world can be
Only a great glad dream for me—
Only a great glad dream for me!

Eleanore Myers Jewett.

MOONSHINE

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," "The Blue Pearl," "The Inca Emerald," etc.

MOONSHINE was a spotted tabby. There are red tabbies and gray tabbies, both of which are striped like tigers. Moonshine, however, looked like a leopard, with her fur of yellow lake blotched with black, with curious overtones of saffron and orange-copper which at dusk merged into a glow of pale gold. She had a thick tail and pricked-up ears, while her pads and the tip of her nose were shrimp-pink and her eyes the color of amber, changing to emerald-green at night.

"AS THE GREAT RAT RUSHED AT HER SHE SPRANG STRAIGHT UP"

Like all tabbies, Moonshine numbered a bay lynx among her far-away ancestors, from whom she inherited her great size and weight—besides other characteristics not so apparent.

All that Betty Cassatt, her fifteen-year-old owner, knew of her pedigree was a single glimpse of Moonshine's mother. One winter afternoon in New York, as she reached the steps of her house on her way home from school, she saw a laughing crowd at a near-by corner held back by a huge policeman, while across the avenue, with arched tail and head erect, in front of a tangle of traffic, paced a magnificent cat carrying in her mouth a tiny yellow kitten. Mrs. Cassatt had long been a patroness of the cat show, and Betty knew enough about cats to recognize the stranger as one of the "orange cats" which come from Venice, whither, in the days of the Doges, they had been brought from Egypt. This one might well have been the lineal descendant of Bouhake, that proud cat who wore golden ear-rings and whose sculptured figure still sits at the stone feet of King Hana in dead Thebes. As Betty watched her, the great cat reached the sidewalk with her kitten still held in her mouth. Then, to Betty's surprise, she moved sedately up the steps and, dropping her baby at the girl's feet, vanished like a ghost.

From that day, Moonshine, as the foundling had been named, became one of the best-loved of Betty's many pets up at "Runaway," Colonel Cassatt's country-house in the Berkshires. From a fuzzy little ball of gold, she grew into a magnificent cat. Only in temperament did her mistress consider her to be lacking.

"She 's too amiable and lazy to be interesting," Betty confided to her father one day in early October when the air tasted of frost. "All she cares for is to be comfortable."

"I 'm not so sure," said the colonel, looking long into Moonshine's half-shut, golden eyes with the green gleam in their depths. "She may surprise us yet. Sometimes these sleepy-looking people are great adventurers at heart."

"No fear!" returned Betty, a little scornfully. "Moonshine spends most of her time sleeping on this veranda, and her idea of a great adventure is to parade once across the lawn and back. If you are n't careful, old dear," she went on, stroking the great cat's silky frill until she purred drowsily, "you 'll get so fat and puffy that you won't be able to walk at all."

As they talked, the sun went down in a smoke of crimson and gold. Beyond the stone gates of the outer wall the tawny pink poverty-grass rippled down the bare slope to the edge of Blacksnake Swamp. On the crest of the Cobble, the sugar-maples showed peach red and yellow ocher; the white ashes, vinous purple; the birches, honey yellow; while on the lower slopes, the stag-horn sumacs were old-gold and dragon's-blood red. Under the frost, even the leaves of the common pokeberry showed carmine purple above and Tyrian rose beneath, and the cat-brier wore pure scarlet.

As the rim of the sun touched the horizon, there sounded from above, like drops of molten silver, the contralto sky-notes of bluebirds flocking for their journey southward. The thickets were full of the clicking notes of juncos and the flutter of their white skirts; while here and there, veerys flitted through the woods like tawny shadows. A wood-frog sounded his fall-note and a single white tree-cricket chirped, the last of a vast chorus. Then from the woods came that saddest of all bird-notes, the wail of a screech-owl, like the cry of a little lost child. Betty shivered suddenly.

"Let 's have Sasaki make a fire in the living-room," she said, starting up suddenly. "Moonshine, you big lazy thing, come in where it 's warm."

The great cat blinked sleepily and dropped her head on her fore paws.

"Sleep there, then!" said her mistress, a little petulantly. "That 's all your life is, anyway—sleeping and eating."

One by one the stars of autumn shone out. Ice-blue Vega of the Lyre, white Altair, between her guard-stars, Algol, the demon-star, and a myriad of others flamed and flared in the black-violet sky. As the hours passed, the fires in hall and living-room died down. One by one, lights showed for a time in the upper windows and then went out. A wind of the night rattled the blinds and was gone, while, in the stillness of the dark, through quiet meadows and under silent trees, a tide of life ebbed and flowed and passed, as the wild-folk came out to live and love and die in this their day.

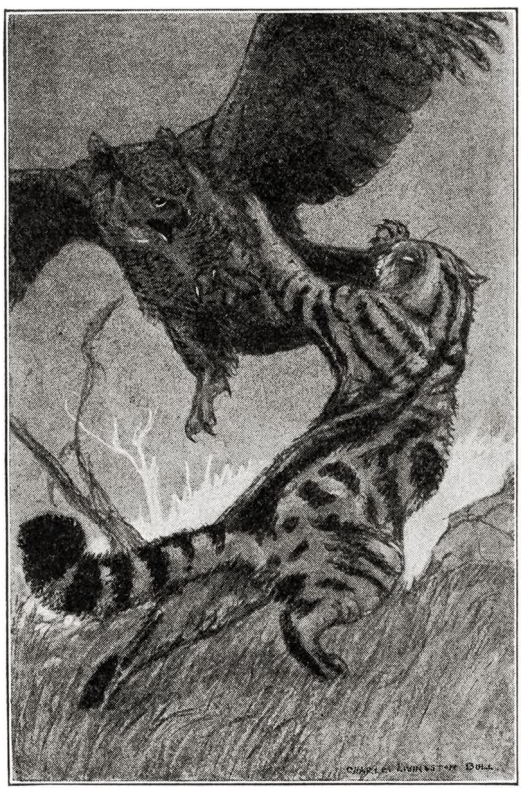
In the very mid of the night, Moonshine awoke and, in another second, was standing in the starlight, a very different animal from the one who had slept all day, curled up in a golden ball in the rocking-chair. Vibrant with fierce life, she stretched and tested every muscle in her lithe, strong body, and unsheathed and sank one set after another of curved, keen claws deep into the rag rug, while steel-strong muscles writhed like snakes under her silken skin and her wide-open eyes burned like green flame. Then, with a bound, she leaped from the floor to the edge of an oak settle that stood near the outer door of the porch. Walking along its back until she reached the door, she stretched out at full length until both her padded fore paws rested on the knob of the door, and, pushing with one paw and pulling with the other, she turned the knob as quickly and quietly as any human could have done.

"SHE STEPPED ASIDE WHILE A BLACK-AND-WHITE FIGURE WADDLED PAST"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

A moment later she was racing down the long slope of the lawn in a series of swift bounds. As the great cat reached the center of the lawn, she almost ran into a chestnut-brown animal, with gray-brown cheeks, which measured a good two feet from the tip of its snubby nose to the end of its flattened, naked tail, the hall-mark of the muskrat, the largest of all the rat-people. This one, a mile from water, was a fierce old male, on one of those strange pilgrimages across country

which muskrats often make by night in the autumn. On such excursions they will attack any one they meet, man or beast, and no ordinary cat will risk an encounter with such a desperate fighter.

Moonshine, however, was not an ordinary cat. As the great rat rushed at her with a snarling squeal, she sprang straight up a full three feet from the ground and, whirling in mid air, landed crouched on her opponent's



"SHE RIPPED HIS PADDED SIDES WITH LIGHTNING CLAWS"

back, where she drove crooked claws through the glossy fur and sank her four white daggers deep into its neck. Against such an attack, the muskrat struggled and snapped in vain. In another minute, the deadly teeth of the cat had pierced its spinal cord and the last battle of the old fighter was over. With hungry growls, under the midnight sky, Moonshine fed full on the rich dark meat of her kill, and the taste of blood seemed to make her even more a fierce, vibrant creature of the night.

Out through the great stone gates and across the pasture beyond she flashed, until she checked her stride at the edge of the woods, where a mist rose to meet her like a ghost. As always, the woods seemed to be waiting, and Moonshine knew that much might happen in that forest which stretched clear to the top of Rattlesnake Mountain, a long five miles away. Stealthily, craftily, she crept without a sound along a tiny trail, winnowing the air before her through the mesh of her wonderful nostrils which, for the wild-folk, are eyes and ears combined. Once she stepped aside and waited while a sniffing black-and-white figure, with a magnificent pompom of a tail, waddled past. Long ago Moonshine had learned that the unhasting skunk always has the right of way. Deeper in the woods, the path skirted the bank of a stream which flowed through a tracery of deep lavender shadows and showed all dusky silver against black masses of hemlocks.

Suddenly, from the dead top of a blighted chestnut, came a dreadful voice—"*Whoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo!*" it sounded, and a black shadow drifted down toward Moonshine, from the midst of which, like orange fire, gleamed the eyes of that death-in-the-dark, the great horned owl. A second later that owl had the surprise of his long and blood-stained life. House-cats who strayed into the woods by night, according to his simple creed, were lawful and easy prey. Yet as he swooped down upon this one, it flashed out from under his clutching talons, twice as large as any tame cat had a right to be, and, springing into the air with a snarl of fury, ripped his padded sides with lightning claws and just missed securing a death-grip in the flesh beneath. Snapping his beak like a pistol-shot, the great owl glided indignantly away, while Moonshine, her white teeth showing in the starlight, gazed after him as she rubbed clinging bits of down off her pink pads.

Well up the mountain-side, cunningly hidden among the roots of a great beech-tree, was a dry, roomy burrow lined with soft grass. Moonshine had a reason for reaching that burrow as rapidly as possible. To be exact, there were two reasons, soft, warm, fuzzy ones, with reddish-gray fur, all marbled with gold blotches. All day long these children of the wild had slept, rolled up in round balls of fur, but now they were waiting impatiently for their mother and their dinner. Wherefore Moonshine sped along the trail as fast as the rule of the forest would allow. Safety first is the law of long life among the wild-folk, as among their human brethren, and one who hurries through the

woods without taking time to heed the messages which the wind brings is apt to stop living abruptly.

Suddenly, something appeared in the trail ahead which stung the hastening mother into a burst of frantic speed. It seemed nothing more alarming than the print of two tiny, bare, baby feet. Yet even before she sighted them, her instantaneous nostrils had told her that those prints had been made by a racoon, whose hind-paw tracks imitate his flat-footed cousin the bear. Disregarding any possible prowlers of the night, or the traps which humankind are apt to sow along game trails, the great cat raced like a mad thing under the silent stars, and her lithe form, luminous in the dark as a will-o'-the-wisp, reached the burrow almost as soon as the old racoon, who had been hunting leisurely ahead of her—almost, but not quite.

Akin to the bear, a racoon also shows in his funny, foxy face that he is related to those great weasels, the martin, the wolverine, and the fisher, and, when occasion offers, the blood of the weasel-folk shows in his strange, blended nature. To-night, the nostrils of this one told him that such an occasion was at hand, and just as Moonshine arrived, he had entered the short tunnel which led to the burrow among the beech roots. Only the blood and breeding of the two kittens within saved their lives. They had never been out under the sky, nor, indeed, had their eyes been opened for long, yet an infallible instinct told them that death was at their door. Another instinct, equally deep and inherited from fierce and grim ancestors on both sides of their house, roused them to meet death fighting. As the racoon thrust its way into the burrow, the soft fur on the back of each kitten stood up, their tiny ears flattened, their short tails puffed, and with fierce little snarls, they both clawed with all their small might at the sniffing, pointed muzzle before them. Not expecting any such reception, the racoon drew back.

Just as he was about to return, he heard in the distance, like an echo to the kittens' growls, a snarling screech of concentrated rage. In a second it had risen in a shrill crescendo as, with the swift and terrible rush of the cat-folk, the maddened mother neared the den. The racoon is among the wisest of the wild-folk, and this one showed his wisdom by backing out of that burrow with a speed which one who had seen him enter would never have suspected that he possessed. The racoon is a willing fighter, cool and fierce and stubborn, but he always prefers to fight in the open rather than in a cramped burrow. Quick as this one had been, he was none too quick. Even as he reached the outer air, a mottled, gold-yellow fury flashed at him. There are only two or three of the wild-folk who care to risk a battle with a full-grown racoon. The sight of this one, however, coming out from her burrow, maddened Moonshine beyond even the thought of fear, and a hot tide of mingled love and rage swept away every thought from her fierce brain except to save her kittens, or, if she had come too late, to kill their killer.

"TEN FEET AWAY, SHE LAUNCHED HERSELF THROUGH THE AIR"

Ten feet away, she launched herself through the air like a leopard, trying, as would that far-away ancestor, for the back-grip of her tribe. So sudden and swift was her spring, that few of the wild-folk could have avoided it. The racoon, however, was one of those few. Perfectly balanced on all four feet, he shifted, and slipped her lead, like the trained boxer that he was, so that the pounce of those armed paws missed him by

an inch, and the cat landed by his side instead of on his back. That inch was as good as a mile to the racoon. There was a flash of his fore paw, which looked curiously like a tiny human hand, save for the sharp claws, and immediately a long crimson weal showed the length of Moonshine's side.

Bounding like a ball, the great cat sprang again at the racoon; but again he was not there, and once more she received another stinging slash which ran the whole length of her back. Fighting for any lesser stake, she might have retreated from the cool and deadly counters of her imperturbable opponent, yet that night she never even felt the pain of her wounds. Once more she rushed, this time herself striking a double blow with both paws quite as swiftly as the racoon had done, and with far keener and deadlier claws. The racoon side-stepped one slash, but the other landed. For a second, all five claws of the cat's left fore paw clutched deep in the loose, grizzled fur.

It was enough. With the speed of light, Moonshine rushed into the clinch for which she had been striving, sank another sickle-like set of talons in the racoon's back, and tried with all her teeth for the fatal throat-hold. The gray fighter dropped his head, and two sets of fierce teeth snicked harmlessly against each other, while, with human hands and beast claws, he gripped her throat chokingly. Tooth for tooth, the fight was an even one, and although the crooked claws of the cat were sunk deep into the racoon's back and shoulder, yet his were fixed in a punishing grip on her throat.

Then it was that Moonshine brought to bear the last terrible resort of her family. While the racoon stood flat on the soles of his wedge-shaped hind feet, the cat swung her weight clear from the ground and delivered an eviscerating double slash with her raking hind claws. It was well for the coon that he wore loose, shaggy fur and was able, even in the clinch, to swing his unprotected breast slightly to one side, or the fight would have ended then and there as far as he was concerned. As it was, those ten crooked similars played havoc even with his tough body. Churring deep in his throat, he braced his human hands against the golden body before him and, twisting mightily, broke clear from the clinch. For a second, panting, bleeding, the two fighters faced each other. Suddenly, from the burrow beyond, there sounded two plaintive meows. They were not loud, but they meant more to Moonshine than any sound on earth, for they told her that both of her kittens were unharmed and —hungry. Involuntarily she turned toward them.

The racoon was perfectly willing to call the battle a draw. There was plenty of food in the woods, and it was clear to his cool brain that a pair of kittens was not worth a fight to the death. Accordingly, looking very fierce and growling deep to indicate what terrible things he would have done if the fight had gone on, he lurched into a near-by thicket. Not until he was out of sight did Moonshine enter her burrow. There she cuddled and nursed and licked her babies, and, like human mothers, doubtless decided that they were the most wonderful in the world. Then, rolled up in a round, warm ball, all three slept out the rest of the night.

At daybreak she dressed her wounds and made her toilet and that of her kittens all with that pink, swift tongue which the cat-folk use for comb, brush, sponge, and salve. When the sun was well up and all prowlers of the night had gone back to bed, she led her family away from their birthplace, never to return. That morning the Cassatts heard a loud mew at the veranda door.

"That 's lazy old Moonshine," said Betty. "All night long she 's slept in her chair. Now she 'll drink her milk and go to bed again."

As the colonel opened the door, in marched Moonshine, sleek, imperturbable, with half-shut, golden eyes, purring as she came. Close behind her moved side by side two gray kittens, marbled and flecked with red and gold. As Colonel Cassatt stared at them incredulously he saw that they had tiny pricked-up ears, that their tails were short, with broken black barrings and white tips, and that, instead of mewing, they growled deep in their little throats, standing stiffly and sternly the while on out spread legs.

"I told you Moonshine would surprise us yet," he remarked to Betty, as he bent down to examine the new arrivals. "Those kittens of hers are of the wildcat breed, and Moonshine must have brought them up clear over on Rattlesnake Mountain. No wonder she used to sleep all day. It looks, too, as if last night," he went on, examining the long raw furrows down her sleek sides, "she had put up a tremendous fight for her babies."

Betty knelt down and put her arms around the great cat's lithe body and looked long into her half-closed, inscrutable eyes.

"I apologize, you deceitful old darling," she whispered.

THE GNARLY APPLE-TREE

By EDITH LAQUELLE

TALL trees, green trees, reaching to the sky,
Dark in silhouette they stand, with leaves that swirl and fly;
Oak and elm and maple, birches on a hill,
Pine and fir and poplar, with branches never still.
But of all the trees on this green earth,
No matter where it be,
Best of all the trees, I love
The gnarly apple-tree!

Fragrant in the springtime with blossoms pink and white,
Clad in fairy garments then for the bees' delight;
Summer clothes the twisted boughs in a cloak of green,
And, among the shadows, pale young fruit is seen.
When in fall the golden fruit
Reddens in the sun,
Every bough its treasure holds,
Some for every one.
Gold and crimson honeyed globes,
Mellow as can be,
Oh, best of all the trees, I love
The gnarled old apple-tree!

When King Winter blows his horn
Over dales and hills,
Sit close beside a roaring fire
With a book that thrills,
And place a dish of apples near;
That 's joy for you and me—
To read and eat the mellow fruit
Of the gnarled old apple-tree!

ON THE TRESTLE

By F. LOVELL COOMBS

WHEN the Mountain Express, rounding a rocky slope, suddenly put on brakes and stopped, the passengers, in the day-coach at least, showed no signs of uneasiness. "Probably it was a case of hot-box." Then from up ahead came the crack of a pistol, followed by a rippling volley.

In a moment the coach was in an uproar. Women screamed, children cried; men thrust their heads from open windows—and drew them back hastily. Some of the passengers began hurriedly concealing pocketbooks and watches.

The forward door was flung open, and a tall, handkerchief-masked figure appeared. In each hand was a pointing revolver.

A sharp voice brought instant quiet:

"Ladies will not be molested. Men, place your money, watches, and jewelry on the seat beside you, then hands up!"

In the seat nearest to the bandit sat a sturdy lad of perhaps fifteen in the uniform of a Boy Scout. The bandit's eyes fastened upon him.

"Scout, here is a chance for a good turn," he said ironically. "Take up the collection—in your hat."

On first hearing the pistol shots Ted Bradley's sensations had not been altogether unpleasant. A real hold-up! A sure-enough adventure with train robbers! What a yarn to tell the other fellows in the troop!

But now, with the tall bandit facing him, the handkerchief-covered face, the cold, level eyes, above all, the order to help the man in his looting—Ted felt the color leave his face.

Brought up in the western foot-hills, the son of an old railroad man, Ted had none of the compunction of the Easterner about raising his hands when faced, defenseless, with a pistol muzzle. But this was different—to be asked, as a Scout, in uniform, to assist in a robbery.

Ted knew in a moment that he could not do it. He lowered his hands, clenched them at his side, and stiffened back against the seat. He was pale and frightened, but his mouth was set.

"I can't," he said.

The bandit took a quick step nearer and thrust one of the deadly muzzles against Ted's cheek.

"You get up, and get up quick!"

Sharing the seat with Ted was a stout, middle-aged traveling man, with whom Ted had struck up a pleasant train friendship. The traveler came to his aid.

"Come, don't ask the lad to dishonor his uniform," he remonstrated. "That 's not playing a man's game. If some one must take up the collection, I 'll do it." He rose.

A vicious jab of the bandit's pistol thrust the traveler back into his seat.

"What I say goes, Scout or no Scout," the hold-up man snapped. "If you try to butt in—"

The bandit did not finish. With a plunge that almost threw him to the floor, the train abruptly started. At the same instant there came distant shouts, and a volley of pistol-shots.

The bandit spun on his heel and in a flash was at the door, and out. Some of the passengers cheered and sprang to the windows. Others threw themselves beneath the seats for cover from stray bullets.

Ted glanced at his companion, the stout traveler, and breathed a boyish "Gee!" of relief. "I sure was scared," he confessed.

The drummer leaned back and shook with laughter. "Scared nothing, you plucky little rooster!" he chuckled. "And he could have picked you up in one hand! You 're all right, son!"

As Ted colored, confused, the train moved on at increased speed and the shadow of the high mountain cut gave place to light. Then the train rumbled out upon a trestle. A moment after, above the noise of the engine, there came the crash of an explosion. Almost simultaneously, screeching air-brakes clutched the wheels beneath the day-coach. They gripped hard, and the train again slid to a dead stop.

Once more startled passengers were peering from the window. The commercial traveler thrust his head out. He drew back slowly, with a puzzled exclamation.

"If I don't guess wrong, our hold-up friends have played another card and have got us this time," he remarked. "There is a pile of rock over the rails just beyond the far end of the bridge—blown down from the side of the cut. There must be a bullion shipment on the train," he added. "The

shooting on our side is coming from one of the express-cars."

The coach door opened and a brakeman came hurrying through. In his hand was a rifle. To a bombardment of questions, he replied merely that there was nothing to be alarmed about. He disappeared and closed the rear door.

The traveler again thrust his head from the window, this time looking toward the rear of the train. As he did so, there was the distant report of a rifle. He drew back promptly.

"They are running down the track after us," he explained. "It looks as though they have us, son."

"Won't the train crew be able to keep them off the trestle?" Ted questioned.

"They should be able to, at that," the drummer agreed. "We 'll see in a minute or so."

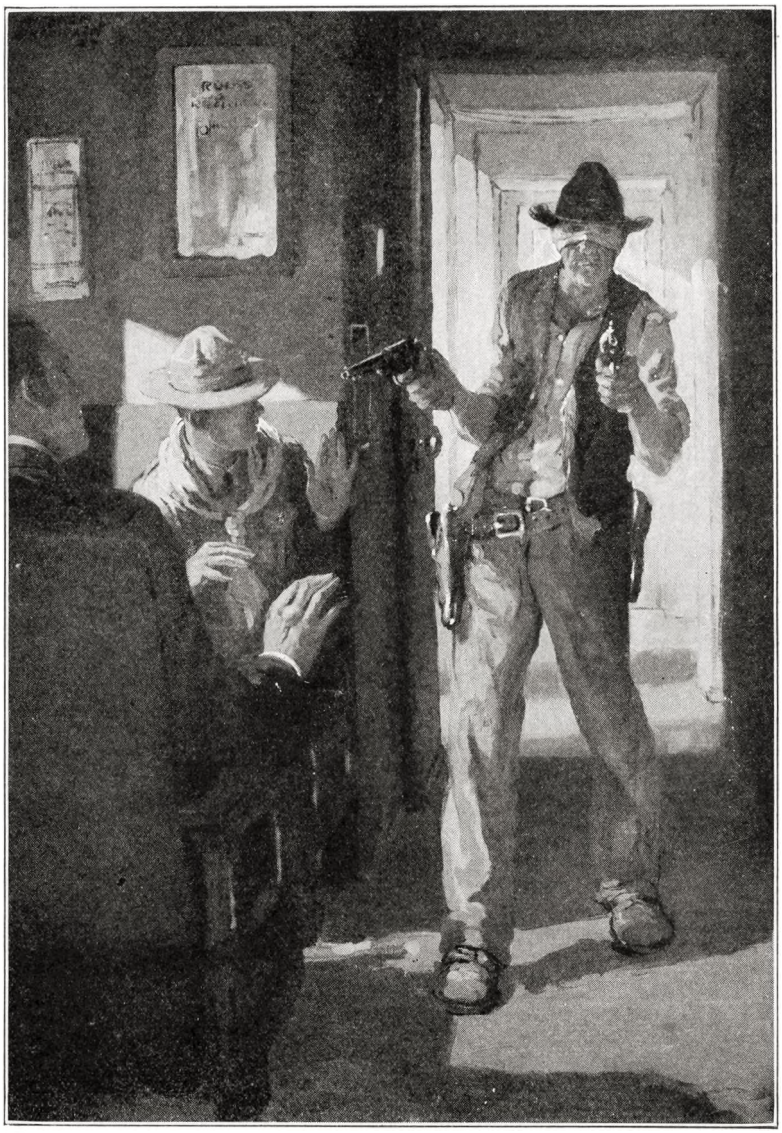
That the train crew was to make the effort was apparently indicated a few moments after, when the near coach door again opened and two express messengers, each armed with a rifle, came hurrying through. They had disappeared but a few minutes when from the rear of the train came a burst of rifle and pistol firing. The whine of several bullets past the open car windows caused a general ducking of heads. The shooting ceased, and there was an interval of strained quiet. The silence was broken by an echoing shout from across the ravine:

"We have the train blocked by fallen rock on the other side of the gorge. On this side we have the block-signal system cut. In twenty-five minutes the second section of the train will be along. What she will do to you people out on the trestle will be a pity — unless you let us get what we want from the express-car. It 's up to you!"

There was a chorus of horrified cries in the day-coach. A number of passengers leaped to their feet, the traveler among them.

"Come on, lad," he exclaimed. "Let us drop from the train and get off the trestle, quick!"

Ted Bradley sprang to his feet, and the traveler pushed him ahead toward the car door. They were on the threshold when



"THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND A HANDKERCHIEF-MASKED FIGURE APPEARED"

Ted slowed up and looked back over his shoulder.

"But, say, Mr. Lawrence, we—we can't go first! There are some women and children all alone!"

Promptly the drummer turned about. "Kick me, son!" he apologized, and led the way back into the car.

Ten minutes later the Scout and the drummer were supporting along the narrow footway that followed the dizzy edge of the trestle a frightened elderly woman and a little girl, the last of the passengers from the day-coach.

They were near the end of the bridge when Ted suddenly halted to study a cross-arm, secured to an extended sleeper of the bridge, and carrying half a score of telegraph-wires.

"Why has n't some one thought of that? Why did n't *I* think of it!"

The low exclamation caused the drummer, ahead of him, to pause and turn.

"Think of what, Scout?"

"Cutting in on one of those telegraph-wires, and getting word back to the next station, or to the division despatcher."

"Are you a telegrapher?"

"Yes."

"But you have n't a telegraph instrument with you?"

"No. But there must be some way. Go ahead, sir; I 'll try and think of a plan."

With their charges, they safely reached the eastern side of the ravine and joined the crowd of passengers gathered near the rock-fall that blocked the rails.

"Well, have you struck an idea, my boy?" questioned the drummer.

"Yes, sir, I think I have," was Ted's answer. "Will you come back with me to the nearest coach and help try it out?"

"Can't we do it here?"

"The hold-up men might see us. If they did, they would shoot."

"Go ahead," agreed the traveler. "We are taking a big risk, with the other train coming; but I am with you, son."

Forthwith the two started back on the dizzy walk along the edge of the trestle.

As they neared the towering form of the big mountain engine, the engineer swung down from the cab steps. He was followed by the conductor.

The drummer addressed the latter, "Have you found a way of stopping the second section of the train?"

The conductor shook his head grimly. "I am afraid they have us this time. We will have to 'hands-up' to save the other train."

"The lad here has an idea. He is a young telegrapher."

Conductor and engineer turned quickly toward Ted.

"I am the son of the agent at Hopewood," Ted explained. "I am an operator. I believe I can cut in on one of these wires here, and get off a message."

"Have you telegraph instruments?"

"No, but I think I can do it without. I did a stunt like that once for fun."

The conductor whipped out his watch. "Could you do it in ten minutes?"

"Yes, if you will give me a hand."

"Go ahead, and be quick. What do you need?"

"First, a galvanized fire-pail, to make a smudge-fire in—to make a smoke-screen. If the bandits see us at the wires, they 'll shoot."

"I 'll fix that in two shakes," said the engineer, and climbed back into the engine.

"Have you a coil of wire of any kind?" Ted called after him.

"I 've some radio aërial wire. I 'm taking a coil home to my lad," the engineer replied.

"Just the thing!" Ted responded.

The engineer disappeared, reappeared, and tossed down a coil of bright new copper wire.

"Just the thing," Ted repeated. "Now, sir, if you will take one end," he said to the conductor, deftly loosening the coil as he spoke, "and take it back until you are opposite the next cross-arm—"

The conductor was off as rapidly as Ted could pay out the wire.

The engineer sprang down the cab steps, two pails of heavily smoking waste in his hands.

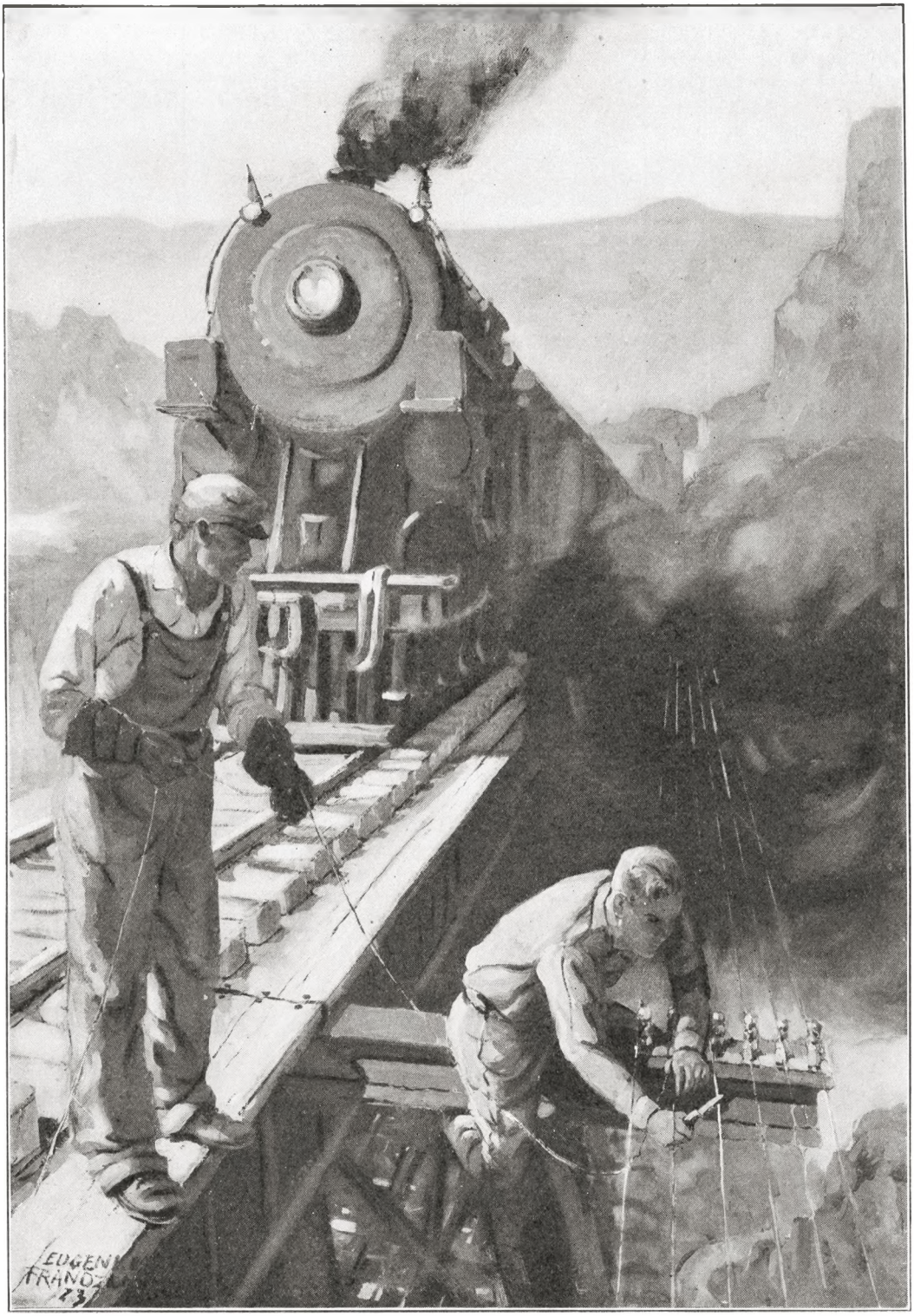
"Where do you want them?" he asked.

Ted cast a glance at the direction taken by the smoke.

"Back under the end of the tender, please."

The engineer placed the pails as directed. In a few moments the stream of black smoke had made a diagonal wall from the tender outward across the cluster of telegraph-wires.

Meantime Ted, with one end of the aërial wire secured about his arm, and with his scout knife between his teeth, was crawling out on the projecting sleeper that carried the nearest cross-arm. For a moment the sheer dizzy drop beneath him shook his courage. But he resolutely steadied him-



"TED BEGAN ENERGETICALLY FILING THROUGH THE TELEGRAPH WIRE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

self, crawled on, and reached the arm. A moment's work sufficed to twist the aërial wire snugly about the nearest telegraph-wire, close to the arm-pin. That done, Ted caught the knife from his mouth, and with the file on the back of the open blade began energetically filing through the telegraph-wire a foot away on the opposite side of the pin.

The telegraph-wire was copper, and the small, but keen, file ate into it rapidly. With a sharp "*ping!*" the wire parted. As the long end went skittering below, Ted, with a quick move, grasped the remaining short end, bent it back, and secured it about the insulator.

A moment later he was back on the trestle, hastening along the narrow footway to where the conductor stood with the other end of the aërial, opposite the next cross-arm. The conductor handed Ted his end of the wire. Ted wound it about his elbow and scrambled out to the cross-arm. The wire he had cut at the first arm here hung straight below him. With a few twists he secured the aërial to this wire, beside the pin.

The aërial wire then bridged the cut he had made in the telegraph-line.

He scrambled back to the trestle. "Now we will go back to the engine, sir," he said, and preceded the conductor at a run over the bridge stringers.

At the engine, Ted picked up the aërial wire. He carried it to the front of the locomotive and seated himself on the pilot frame. As the conductor, engineer, and the drummer hastily joined him, to watch, he again produced his scout knife, opened the file blade, and began cutting through the aërial wire.

The wire parted. Ted dropped the knife beside him. With a quick movement, he gave one end of the wire a turn over his left hand, then placed the hand firmly on his knee. The other end of the wire he held, pen-fashion, in his right hand.

Carefully poising it, and adjusting his wrist to an easy, rocking movement, he began tapping one wire upon the other.

"But how do you know any one will hear you?" the conductor objected.

Ted paused for an instant. "This line is No. 16, one of the most used of all the wires. Some one is sure to be on it, and hear me. I broke in with '99'—'clear the line!'—then called the despatcher. What shall I say?"

"Say: 'Dawson, DX—First 68 held up by bandits on trestle east of Crest. Signal system west is cut and rails east of trestle blocked. Stop Second 68 at Crest. Sending message with cut wires from trestle. No telegraph instruments; can't hear reply. Peterson.'"

In straining silence the three men stood and watched while the lad slowly and carefully tapped off the message with his strangely improvised key.

"I 'm going to send it three times," Ted remarked, when he had finished. In continuing silence he did so.

"But if we don't know for certain that the despatcher or the operator at Crest has heard it," exclaimed the conductor, as Ted finally held the two wire ends together, and rested his hand, "how are we to know what to expect? If the other train is not stopped at Crest, it 's sure death to her passengers unless we make a deal with the bandits so that they will allow the block-signal to work!"

"I 'll get you an acknowledgment," said Ted, confidently.

Resuming his tapping, he sent: "99—99—99! I have no relay or sounder. DX or CR, if you got my message, open your key for a minute, then make six H's. Now!"

"If they heard me, they are going to make six 'dot' letters," Ted explained, "and with the heavy current used on this wire, I can feel the 'make and break' through my tongue."

While the three men watched, the lad placed one of the wire ends in his mouth, beneath his tongue, and with the other touched his tongue's tip.

It was a scene that a casual observer would have studied with profound puzzlement—the boy on the cow-catcher with the two ends of wire in his mouth; standing over him, watching breathlessly, the uniformed conductor, the engineer in his overalls, and the fashionably attired commercial traveler.

As confident as was Ted, from experiments at home, that the sensitive nerves of his tongue would register the "kick" each time the current in the wire was broken by the distant telegraph-key, the gravity of the situation held him nervously tense.

The heavy seconds passed—five—ten—fifteen—

Sharply it came, like the prick of a needle: Kick—kick—kick—kick!

Ted's eyes and face flashed the news. But he made a warning gesture as the conductor uttered a cry and reached forward to seize his hand. They must be absolutely sure.

Again it began: Kick—kick—kick—kick! Kick—kick—kick—kick!—in the

four dots of the Morse letter H. There was no doubt—they *were* absolutely sure now. The message had been heard!

FIFTEEN minutes later the puzzled bandits, unable to understand the holding out of the train crew in such a situation, ceased a discussion to listen sharply. Distinctly from the west came the whistle of a locomotive—the long single whistle for a stop.

"It 's all off! They 've got word out somehow!" exploded the angry leader. And with a final volley at the stalled train, the band was running up the mountain slope, and disappeared in the thick woods.

Had they suspected that the "somehow" was the work of a fifteen-year-old boy, undoubtedly they would have paused to send several additional volleys into the bullion-carrying train on the trestle.

USING BREAD TO MAKE WATCHES AND SPIDER'S THREAD TO MEASURE SUN-SPOTS

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

ALTHOUGH the custom is very old, few people realize that bread is extensively used in the making of watches. From very early times it has been the practice of watchmakers to employ a dough made by kneading fresh bread with water to remove foreign matters from the parts of time-keepers. Curiously enough, there is no known substance which will so completely free the small parts of a watch from oil and chips of metal as bread dough. After rubbing with the dough, the metal is absolutely clean. Every other substance which has been tried tends to leave some of its own fragments on the metal. One of the world's largest watch factories uses fifty loaves of bread a day for this sole purpose.

To the astronomer, the threads which certain kinds of spiders weave are of the utmost value. They are used for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and movements of the stars, and no substitute for them has yet been found.

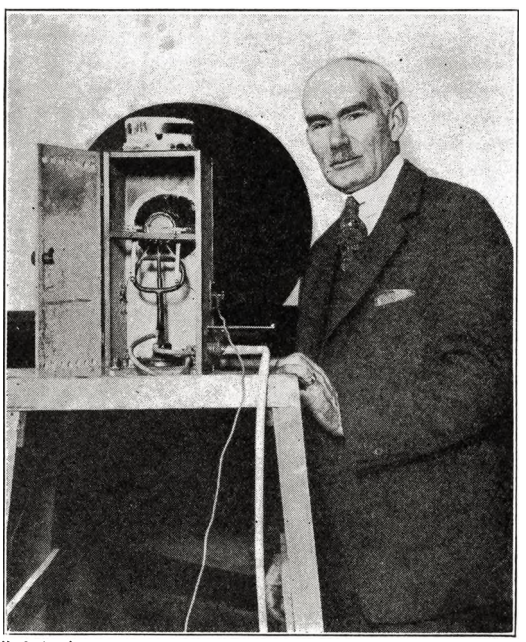
The minute strands of this spider's thread are remarkably fine, not exceeding one fifth to one seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter. In comparison, the thread of a silkworm is thick and clumsy. It is not only the fineness of the spider's thread which makes it so useful, for, in addition, it is amazingly durable. Spider threads can endure great variations in temperature without undergoing any change. In measuring sun-spots, when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepieces are cracked, the spider thread will be uninjured.

THE SPEAKING FLAME—A STARTLING WONDER OF SCIENCE

How a gas flame may be made to quiver and leap when a bow is drawn across the strings of a violin, and how this is being utilized in radio

By ALFRED M. CADDELL

Of all the remarkable achievements about which you have lately heard, would you believe that you could talk to a candle flame, a gas flame, or an electric arc and have your voice faithfully reproduced over a telephone



P. & A. photo

LEE DE FOREST, AND A NEAR VIEW OF HIS THERMO-MICROPHONE, ATTACHED TO THE SMALL END OF A MEGAPHONE

wire, or by radio? Or would you believe that, at the chirp of a sparrow or the rustle of a silk dress, a column of smoke could be raised or lowered or that a gas flame would quiver? Such things seem almost incredible, and yet they are being done in scientific laboratories and in the radio broadcasting stations. And strange as the phenomena at first may seem, it is nevertheless strictly in accordance with a fundamental principle of nature—the law of vibrations.

Almost every one knows something about vibrations. The thunder roars, and there is a rumbling in the ground; a motor-truck or a heavy train passes by, and the windows rattle in your home. The rain falls on the leaves, the impact setting up little sound-waves that reach your ears. You speak, and you feel the vibrations of your voice; and when a tightly drawn wire is struck, as in the piano, it vibrates and sets up a beautiful musical tone. And you may have felt the vibrations of an electric current or observed the vibrational flutter of an electric light.

Vibrations! Speak of vibrations and you speak of a great law that is the basis of all the phenomena of the universe. All life is rhythmic vibration. From the energy of the atom, to the twinkling of a giant star; from the material, to the non-material; and beyond, into the higher realms of electricity, light, and possibly thought and life, there is the same manifestation of vibrating, pulsating energy. And what is meant by pulsating energy may be aptly illustrated by the well-known action of the pendulum in an old-fashioned clock.

To the right, to the left, the pendulum swings to and fro in precise mechanical rhythm. When it reaches the height of its swing on either side, a little cog slips in the clock, you hear a tick, and the energy of the spring makes it swing toward the opposite side again. Back and forth it travels, receiving energy at the height of its swing to send it on its way—energy that corresponds to a rhythmic hammer-blow.

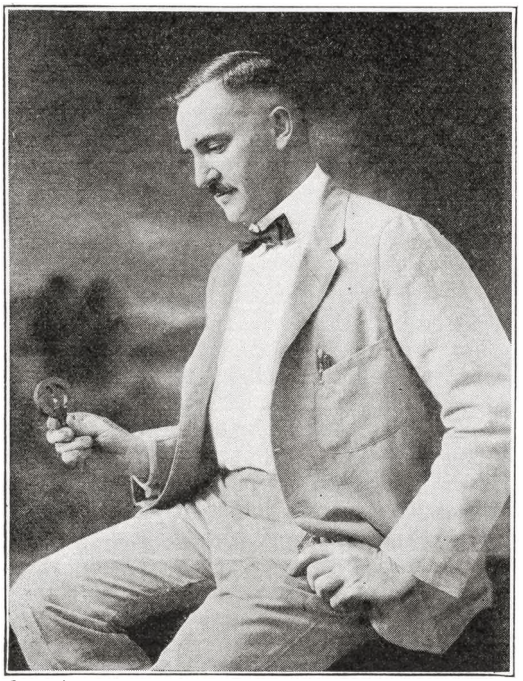
In like manner do the little, but frequent, pulsations of sound, or other energy, delivered at rhythmic beats, affect other energies or bodies of matter. For everything, whether it is a radio wave, a gas flame, a wooden structure, or a piece of metal—everything vibrates at a rate and in a manner peculiar to itself.

To illustrate the effect that certain vibrations have on bodies possessing similar vibrations or energy-beats, let us recall the story of the fiddler who applied this law of harmonic vibration in his own peculiar way.

Once upon a time, as the ancient story goes, a fiddler, who had been thrown out of the castle of a prince, sat down near the bridge over the moat and proceeded to "fiddle down the bridge." Drawing his

bow across the strings of the violin, he produced a note that caused the structure to rumble and quiver. Continuing this same note in proper rhythmic beats, the bridge soon began to sway. And, like a pendulum increasing in its swing, the bridge was made to increase its rhythmic beat until finally, to the great satisfaction of the fiddler and the utter dismay of the prince, it collapsed and fell into the moat.

Again, let us perform a similar experiment with two violins, or two musical instruments of any kind that have been tuned to the same pitch. Tune the E string of two violins to the same number of vibrations per second and place them in different corners of the room. Now draw the bow across the E string of one violin, and to your amazement, if both instruments are tuned alike, you will discover that both will render the same note. The vibrations of one E string, or the rhythmic beats, will affect the E string of the



Westinghouse photo

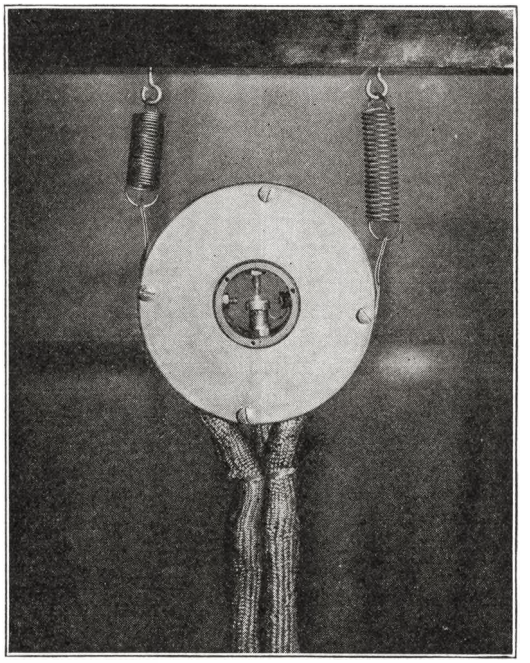
DR. PHILLIPS THOMAS, INVENTOR OF THE GLOW TRANSMITTER, HOLDING THE INNER SECTION OF THE DEVICE

second instrument and cause it similarly to vibrate.

But what effect has sound vibrations on flames or on the glow of an electric arc?

Tyndall, the celebrated English physicist, conducted many interesting experiments with flames. He mounted siren whistles before various sizes and shapes of flames; he talked to the flames, sang to them, and had musical instruments played before them. Describing one of his unique experiments, he says:

The most marvelous flame hitherto discovered is now before you. It issues from the single orifice of a steatite [soapstone] burner and reaches a



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A VIEW OF THE COMPLETE GLOW TRANSMITTER, SHOWING CONNECTIONS FOR BROADCASTING

height of twenty-four inches. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When I shake this bunch of keys the flame is violently agitated, and emits a loud roar. I cannot walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of my boot sets it in violent commotion. The crumpling or tearing of a bit of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress does the same. It is startled by the patter of a raindrop. I hold a watch near the flame—nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame. The winding of a watch also produces tumult. The twitter of a distant sparrow shakes the flame down. From a distance of thirty yards I have chirruped to this flame and caused it to fall and roar.

But coming down through the decades, we find other scientists have been busy in the laboratory. For one thing, radiotelephony has been born—man has succeeded in talking electrically without the need of a wire to conduct the current of electricity. And many amateurs as well are trying to discover the secrets of radio.

Let us seek out one of these amateurs, one

whose trail was destined soon to blaze across the field of radio—Lee De Forest. We find him in a small furnished room, laboring among spark-coils, detectors, and similar apparatus. In a closet a few feet away he has an oscillator which he works by pulling a string to throw on the switch when he wants to test out his receiving-set. He pulls the string and makes a few adjustments. Above him, flooding the room with light, is a Welsbach gas-mantle. Suddenly he observes that, when his spark-coil is oscillating, the light flares up and down. He too has found that a flame would respond to sound beats, that when vibrations equal to those of the flame are rhythmically produced, the flame gives answering pulsations.

Moreover, De Forest knew he could make a flame vibrate in tune with the vibrations of his voice, just as Tyndall had done before him. But where Tyndall's experiments had been limited to scientific observation, De

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A SINGER BROADCASTING BY MEANS OF A GLOW TRANSMITTER

Forest conceived the idea of utilizing the flame to superimpose voice vibrations on electrical vibrations which could be transmitted as telephonic speech. Whereupon the "speaking flame" came into being, a flame in which were the ends of two wires and at which he talked and held conversation over the telephone as you do when talking to a friend over the wire.

But it was not until the broadcasting era of radio dawned upon the world a little more than two years ago that the "speaking flame," or what is known as the "thermo-microphone," came into its own.

Radio broadcasting is quite different from transmitting speech over the ordinary telephone. For one thing, the telephone is used almost entirely for transmitting speech. You talk into it, but you do not favor your friends with singing or other musical performances—high tones are seldom heard. But radio broadcasting embraces music to a very large degree—music of the violoncello, flute, violin, piano—indeed, the tones and overtones of thirty or more different instruments are sometimes broadcasted simultaneously over the radiophone!

To begin with, in order to superimpose sound vibrations on electrical vibrations—that is, pattern the electric current in the telephone circuit by varying the intensity of its flow—a vibrating member is the first essential. In the ordinary type of desk telephone, this vibrating member can be seen just inside the mouthpiece—that thin round piece of metal called the diaphragm. This diaphragm has a natural elasticity or "period of vibration" of its own, and it will vibrate best when sound vibrations that match its vibrations are delivered against it. But it will not vibrate to sounds that are either of too high a pitch or too low. For instance, it proved inadequate when it came to vibrating with the vibrations of the piano, which has a range from 27.2 up to 4138.4 vibrations per second. The bass notes jumbled together in a sort of growl, the middle notes were tinny, and if the soprano notes were broadcasted at all, they were usually inharmonious mixtures of shrills and squeaks. New microphones with new diaphragms had to be developed. Wood, tin, lead, and other diaphragms have been tried. But any kind of material diaphragm is rather limited in its vibrational range, and so engineers have turned to the more sensitive means of modulating an electrical current—that of the thermo-microphone.

If you are interested in watching a laboratory experiment, come with me to Dr. De Forest's workshop and get an insight into the marvels of thermo-microphones—that is, one type of them. We enter a room filled with burners and jets, telephone-receivers, wires, and horns. The doctor is walking around the room, about twenty feet away from a horn, and talking—to whom? We go into another room and find an assistant doing the same thing—they are speaking to each other. We ask to listen in on the con-

versation and put a pair of 'phones on our ears. And lo, what clearness of speech! Why, it seems as though the doctor were speaking to us face to face, every vibration of his voice falling distinctly on our ears. He is speaking in a natural tone, and the sound of his voice is being blown against a flame—that 's all.

We will examine that flame. It is only an ordinary bat-wing gas flame that vibrates up and down when you speak to it! Inserted in the flame are two electrodes, or terminals of an electric circuit, through which there flows a telephonic current. The doctor tells us that when the flame vibrates in tune with the voice, the current varies in intensity, the same as in an ordinary telephonic circuit. But it varies very much more accurately, registering sound vibrations with absolute fidelity.

"The whole thing is a matter of pressure," he says, "or rather, variable pressures—pressures that make themselves instantly felt and just as quickly withdraw their impressions. Perfect reproduction of sound impulses up to several thousand vibrations per second have been obtained by this type of thermo-microphone, distinctive musical overtones being heard as is possible in no other way. It is these overtones that make for the quality and harmony of music. Middle C of the piano, for instance, has a pitch of 262 vibrations per second. How is it possible to produce a 262-vibration note on the violin or French horn and still have it vary in its tone from the 262-vibration piano note? The answer lies in the musical overtone inherent in each type of instrument, and the possibility of transmitting them by the sensitive thermo-microphone."

Looking around the laboratory, one could see evidences of many other experiments—thermo-microphones of the Bunsen-burner design and the oxyacetylene-flame design; of those made by the electric arc and several others. But Dr. De Forest assures us that the bat-wing gas flame has given the best results, reproducing voice and music with a clearness unsurpassed by any telephonic means.

Another type of thermo-microphone has also been put to successful use—the glow transmitter developed by Dr. Phillips Thomas, of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories. Dr. Thomas has demonstrated that a high-pressure, low-current electrical discharge between two electrodes in air may be modulated by sound impulses striking upon it. The transmitter looks like a large watch-case, the front and back of which are protected by fine wire gauze. When the current is turned on, a glow surrounds one of the electrodes, and this glow is very sensitive to sound. The telephonic current, of which the glow is a part, is thus made to vary in intensity and conveys the patterns of speech to the radio waves which eventually carry them to our aërials.

Westinghouse photo

THE NEW "GLOW TRANSMITTER" READY FOR BROADCASTING, THE SOUND IMPULSES ENTERING THE SMALL PERFORATIONS IN THE CENTER AND IMPINGING UPON THE GLOW INSIDE, THEREBY TRANSLATING SOUND IMPULSES INTO ELECTRIC SPEECH

And thermo-microphones may some day be put to various other uses. Owing to their extreme sensitiveness of sound and wide range of response, they should prove particularly adaptable to dictographs and other devices employed for the detection and reproduction of sound. They may become the silent watchmen of the night, picking up the sound of burglars and warning police headquarters. And, too, the medical world may wish to add them to its instruments of science, detecting the vibrations of the bodily organs, an unfailing index of both health and disease. And who knows but what the fire-departments of the future may turn the response of flame against itself and thereby subdue it by the vibrations of sound, as did Tyndall in his famous experiments? Indeed, speaking flames or thermo-microphones, although still in the cradle of science, promise to become valuable members of our ever-expanding scientific family.

TRANQUILLITY HOUSE

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Mystery at Number Six," "The Boarded-up House," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

WHEN Connie Curtis fell downstairs at lovely old Tranquillity House and put her foot through the paneling at the bottom, she unwittingly brought to light a mystery. For in that hole, her sister Elspeth discovered an old teakwood chest that had plainly lain there for years. Uncle Benham, the dear old Quaker proprietor of the house, was much upset over the find, but refused to tell them anything about it. So did his valet, Tomkins, who later repaired and painted the woodwork. And his secretary, Mr. Cookson, who had been away at the time it happened, seemed strangely disturbed by the accident. The Sunday after, Uncle Benham, alone in his room examining the chest, was taken mysteriously ill and had to be removed to a hospital in Philadelphia, leaving Elspeth to lock the chest and its contents away in his closet. That same night, very late, Mr. Cookson made a secret and curious attempt to explore the window-seat by unscrewing the top; and the girls, who had discovered him at it, were certain he was somehow mixed up in the mystery. Next day, Elspeth, unknown to him, removed the contents of the chest (documents, letters, and an old velvet case) to her own home next door and locked it in a bureau drawer. That same afternoon, she saw Mr. Cookson making his way from a little cemetery plot beyond Tranquillity and near the river, and going off with a large parcel under his arm. But curiously enough, his footsteps in the snow led only from the plot in the direction he was going and there were none from Tranquillity *to* the cemetery, though he had just left the house. That afternoon, Elspeth had an interview with the old colored cook Beulah, who had been in Mr. Benham's service for years, and learned from her that Mr. Benham had once had a twin brother, Ashbel, of whom he was very fond, but who had mysteriously disappeared one night and was never heard of again. Mr. Benham had commanded that his name and the incident should never be mentioned. In putting back the letters in the chest, Elspeth had happened to see one which began, "Dear Twin Brother," and the girls now came to the conclusion that they ought to read this letter in order to help solve the mystery for their uncle, since he was ill. They did so, and discovered that it was from the absent brother, saying that he was then ill in India and about to die. He had suddenly lost his memory, on that night he disappeared so long ago, and had never recovered it till a short time before he wrote. How he had been able to leave Tranquillity unseen, he could not tell; he found he had been living in India as a missionary, under the name of Campbell Mason, for twenty years. He had married, in the meantime, lost his wife, and was now about to leave his two little twin sons unprotected and alone. He asked his brother to forgive his apparent desertion and to provide for his children. He also spoke of the teakwood chest, which he seemed to remember having intended to take away and leaving, after all, in a secret passage somewhere about the house. The letter was unfinished, the rest of it having disappeared—where, the girls did not know.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEXT MOVE

WE literally did not sleep one wink that night. Connie said she did n't care, because she could take naps during the day; but it was harder on me, as I had to go to school no matter what happened, and I 'd had so much excitement already that I felt almost like a nervous wreck. However, we were too absorbed in the new developments to think about it or care much.

"I tell you, something has got to be *done* about this!" declared Connie, toward morning. "I 'm helpless, with this ankle, so we 'll have to depend on you."

"But what can *I* do?" I demanded in despair. "And what *is* there to do, anyway? Until Uncle gets better, if he only does, I don't see that we can do a thing!"

"If we were to wait for that," decided Connie, "it might be too late to do anything —and think of those two poor little boys!"

"Did I tell you the date on this letter?" I suddenly interrupted. "It is fully ten years ago that it was written!"

Connie fell back on the pillow in sheer amazement. "Ten years ago?" she murmured, trying to convince herself she 'd heard it right. "Why—why, Elspeth, if that 's so, they 're—they 're grown *men* by this time! And where can they be now?"

"Don't ask me!" I sighed. "But here 's the biggest poser of all—and I never thought of it till this minute. How—*how* did that letter ever come to be in the *chest*— of all places? It was sent to Uncle—ten years ago—and at that time the chest must have been missing,— Uncle said himself the thing had been missing for a number of years,— and when it was found it must have been in some entirely different place—certainly that little place under the window is never a secret passage—and—and—"

But I was too breathless to go on. And Connie finished it for me by supplementing,

"And Mr. Cookson knew where it was—and Uncle never knew anything about it—the letter, I mean—till the other day!"

In the pale gray light of dawn, Connie sat up in bed and gripped my fingers. "We 've struck it at last!" she whispered. "Old Cookson knew about that letter—and the chest—and Uncle *never* did! It 's as plain as daylight—that part of it—to me now. How it came to be so, I can't imagine, but what else can we think?"

"And when Uncle found it out at last, on Sunday, the shock was too much for him and brought on this attack. And maybe he will never recover—and—and—what then?" I added. Suddenly an idea came to me and I faced Connie with this question: "Do you suppose, if Uncle were to know about those two boys, his own nephews, and could hear that they were all right and that he could perhaps see them sometime, that it would help his recovery?"

"I 'm certain it would," declared Connie. "But how in the world are we going to find out such a thing—after all these years? India 's a big place and it 's awfully far away, and they may not even be there any more. They may be dead, too, for all we know."

"We could write—to some one out there, could n't we?" I ventured. "Are n't there generally officials of some kind in all those foreign places who can give you information about things like that? I 've always rather thought that was what consuls and people like that were for. Why could n't we write to the consul at Arcot, perhaps?"

"Do you realize that it might take *months* to get a reply—by mail?" demanded Connie. "And by that time it might be much too late to help Uncle. Your idea of asking a consul or some one like that is good, but we 've got to do it in some quicker way. How about a cablegram?"

"That would cost an awful lot of money," I said, "especially if we have to send money for a reply—which we 'd probably have to do if we expected to get an answer. It might be forty or fifty dollars—perhaps more. And we can't get it—unless we use our savings-bank money. I 've forty dollars and you have nearly as much."

"Well, I 'm glad enough to!" cried Connie, generously. "And I 'm sure Mother and Daddy would approve if we could only tell them. It 's fortunate we have n't put it in the bank yet, for we 'd have an awful lot of trouble getting it out. Daddy was going to take it to Philadelphia next week. Now, you 'll have to make an excuse to go to Philadelphia the minute you can get away—to-morrow afternoon, or rather, *this* afternoon (for it 's morning now!) and make some inquiries and send off that cablegram. Then we 'll feel that at least we 've done everything we can to help matters along. I 'll never have a minute's peace till we have."

I was overwhelmed at the responsibility and did n't have the first idea how to go about it; but we decided that I could ask Mother if I could go in after school to the city to take Uncle some flowers at the hospital, and then I could do the other errand on the way. Connie advised me to ask at the cable office just how it would be best to find out about any one in such a distant place and how much it would cost and whom to ask for the information. She thought we had better ask if they knew what had happened to a Mr. Campbell Mason who was ill there about ten years ago, and also if his two sons were still in that city. As he had said he was keeping that name to avoid confusion, it would be of little use to inquire for him under his other. On the reply we got, if we did get any, would depend the next step we would take.

By that time it was nearly seven o'clock and I decided to get up right away, as it was impossible to get any sleep. Miss Carstair telephoned the hospital shortly after and learned that Uncle was still about the same. There had been no change and would be none, the doctor said, till something brought about the second stage, and that would either cure him or have the opposite effect. They said it would be all right for him to see visitors, provided it was not any one who would excite or disturb him. So Miss Carstair thought I could safely go there and take him some flowers, as I told her I 'd like to do. That much settled, I ate a hasty breakfast and ran over home to tell Mother my plan for the day—at least, about going to the hospital.

Mother approved of taking the flowers to Uncle and so, while getting ready for school, I prepared to go to the city. I took the money that Connie and I had been saving since Christmas to put in the bank accounts we 've both had since we were babies. I somehow felt guilty in doing this, even though I was perfectly sure Daddy and Mother would approve if they knew what we were using it for—if I could only tell them.

It was late that afternoon when I returned, and after stopping to see Mother for a few moments, I ran away at once to Tranquillity. I found Connie in a perfect fever of expectation to see me and hear my news, but Miss Carstair was so constantly on hand that I could not do more than nod an "All right!" to Connie till after dinner. Then, as Connie declared she was sleepy and had n't slept very well the night before,—which was entirely true!—she thought she 'd better be ready for bed early. At last we were left alone and had a chance to unburden our minds to each other.

First, I told Connie about my visit to the hospital. It had not been so very satisfactory. I saw Uncle for just a moment, and of course he could not say a word. He looked very unnatural lying there in that narrow white bed in a strange room. I gave him the flowers and all our love and knelt and kissed him on the forehead. I thought his wonderful blue eyes, which were still just the same, followed me with something like a question constantly in them. But it may have been only my imagination. I was rather glad to leave quickly, it all made me feel so bad.

Then came the matter of the cablegram. I was dreadfully puzzled how to go about that; but it, too, was made easy for me by a very kind clerk in the office to whom I explained as much as I could of my difficulty. She looked up all she could find as to how we should go about it, and helped me to word a short message to the proper authorities in Arcot, India, and arranged to have a reply sent to me at home, C. O. D., or whatever they call it. She told me it might be a couple of days before I heard anything, if I did even then, as it might take some time to hunt up the information. After it came, she was to hold the message at the office and telephone me that it was there, so that no one else would get it.

"I 'm sure I don't know what Mother will think if she gets word, when I 'm not there, that a message from India has come for me, but I can't worry about that now. I 'm just doing the best I can!" I ended.

"You 've certainly done splendidly, Elspeth!" Connie declared. "And now I 'll tell you about my afternoon, which has n't been wasted, even if I did have to spend it sitting in a chair in this room with my game foot bolstered upon a pillow and footstool. Mother came over for a little while and brought Ralph, while Miss Carstair took her walk. But after she went, I had a lot of time to myself, which I pretended to spend absorbed in a book; but in reality I was thinking this whole thing out and piecing together a lot of things we have n't had time to consider in the puzzle.

"It 's a pity we both missed having a chance to talk to Tomkins. I thought you might see him at the hospital; but as luck would have it, he took that very time to come out here and get some things for Uncle. Just when he was in and around the house, Mother was visiting me, so of course I did n't have the ghost of a chance to speak to Tomkins about the chest. I know he went to that closet where Uncle had it, for I heard him fussing with the lock and finally opening it with his pass-key. What he must have thought when the chest was n't there, I can't imagine. He did just put his head in my door to ask how I was, but that was all. Then he went away. It was very provoking to have it happen so.

"But now I want to tell you a few things I 've thought out that we have n't given any attention to at all as yet. To begin with, there 's that matter of the secret passage. We know there 's one in the house—somewhere—and old Cookson knows it too, and has known it a long time, I imagine. I remember Daddy saying once that many of the old colonial houses in these parts had secret passages connected with them that led to the outside somewhere. They were made and used in the time of the Revolution to help escapes from the enemy and things like that. But none of us ever knew there was one in Tranquillity. But do you know one thing? I 've made a pretty correct guess as to where *one* end of that secret passage is located!— Can you imagine?"

I stared at her in bewilderment. "Of course not! I have n't had a chance to do any exploring lately—and you know it. Where *do* you think it can be—and why?"

"You goose! you 're the one who really discovered it!" she retorted, chuckling. "It 's somewhere in or near the little cemetery where you saw Cookson appearing so strangely yesterday. How else can you possibly explain that there were no footprints leading up to the plot? He has found it—and has been using it frequently!"

It certainly takes Connie to reason a thing like that out! She 'd make a splendid detective. I should n't have thought of it in a million years. That was the explanation beyond a shadow of doubt. But where

could the other end be? That was something still more mysterious and I said so.

"Somewhere in the house, naturally—perhaps in the cellar. But we 'll find that out yet—never you fear!" declared Connie. "That 's going to be *your job!*"

"Mine?" I exclaimed, aghast at the program she had mapped out for me.

"Certainly! I can't hunt for it in the state I 'm in, and it *must* be found! There 's no telling what old Cookson may be up to, and he 's evidently using that secret passage for some reason that means no good to Uncle. Therefore we 've got to discover it and track him down."

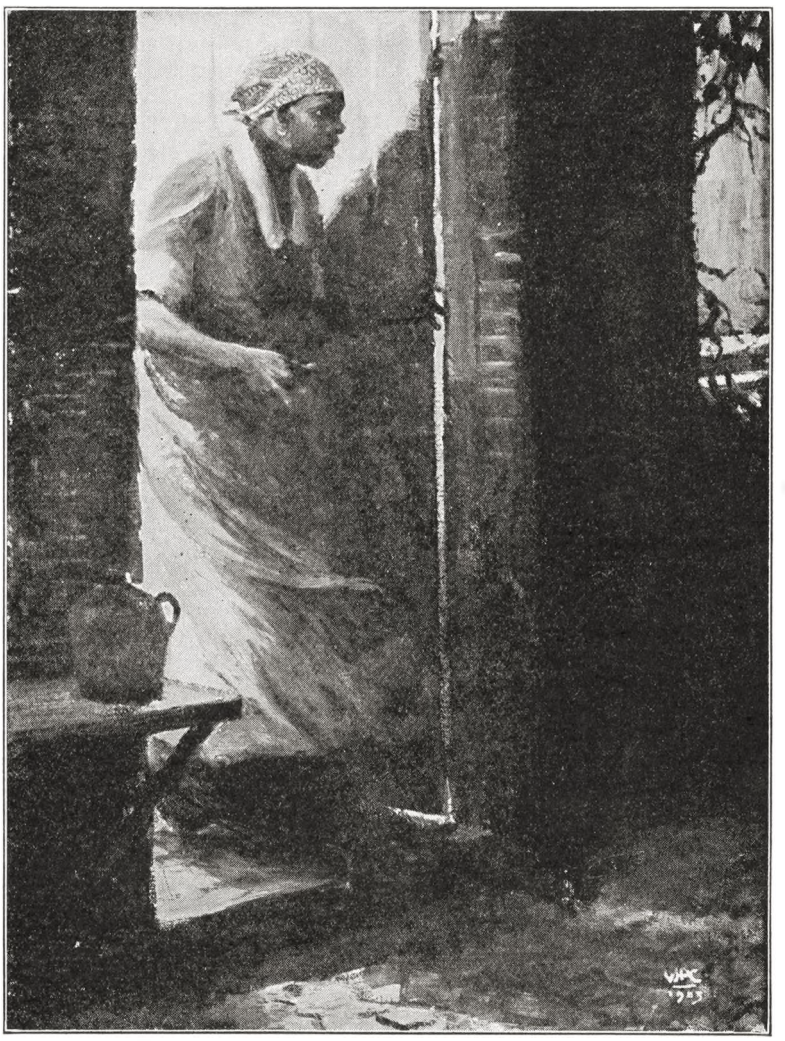
"Have you heard or seen anything of him to-day?" I asked.

"Not a sign or a sound," said Connie. "Miss Carstair told me he said at breakfast that he would be away in the city over night and went off immediately after. He told her he was terribly busy, as he had everything on his hands, now that Uncle was unable to attend to anything. I 'm not wasting any sympathy on him. I 'm only curious to know what his object is, in all this nice muddle he 's brought on Uncle!"

"How do you know he 's brought anything on Uncle?" I asked curiously. "You seem very sure of things."

"I *am* sure of them!" she insisted. "I have a brain and I 'm not afraid to use it. I can see one thing plainly,—and it 's another thing I 've reasoned out by myself this afternoon,—Uncle never saw that letter till the other day. But Mr. Cookson did—and he 's the one that hid it away all these years. Don't ask me why!—that 's something I have n't settled yet. When we find that out, we 'll have the key to the whole thing.

"But now there are two things that you 've got to do, Elspeth. You 've got to trail old Cookson till you find out about that secret passage—somehow. And you 've got to bring over the rest of those papers and things to-morrow and we 'll examine them. I 've been thinking it out that maybe there 's another clue we 're missing by not searching through the rest of them. Now don't begin to have the shudders and think we ought not to. We 've done the worst we could do in reading that letter. And it turned out to be just the right thing. Any-



"BEULAH STOOD GAZING AFTER ME IN A MIXTURE OF CURIOSITY AND FEAR"
(SEE PAGE 1286)

thing else can't begin to be as dreadful! You bring them all over to-morrow!"

CHAPTER X

TRAILING MR. COOKSON

THE remainder of the events in this strange affair happened so rapidly that they seemed fairly to tumble over one another. It is hard to write about them in their proper order. But in the meantime, before they began to deluge us, we had nearly twenty-four hours of actual peace—and I, for one, was extremely thankful for it. In the first place, Connie and I had the only real night's sleep that we 'd been able to get for several days. I imagine that I, at least, was too completely exhausted to be kept awake by *anything* that night. If any strange doings went on about Tranquillity, we did n't know it.

We awoke next morning very much refreshed and better able to "grapple with things," as Connie expressed it. She rather wanted me to bring over those papers before I went to school and even suggested it. Said she could be examining them when she was alone. But I shut down on *that* very promptly, reminding her how helpless she was at present and how quite impossible it would be for her to conceal them from Miss Carstair. So she agreed to wait patiently till we could be alone that night. I was a good deal worried as to whether I 'd receive any answer to the cablegram that day and what would happen if it should come while I was away. However, as I 'd taken my chances on that, I had to abide by it.

I had a quiet day in school and came home prepared to get the rest of the papers that had been in the teakwood chest, and that queer old velvet case we 'd never opened, and examine everything that afternoon with Connie while Miss Carstair was out. But right there I struck an unexpected snag. When I got to our house, Mother told me that she was very much in need of me that afternoon and had telephoned Miss Carstair to see if it could n't be arranged that I stay at home for the afternoon and go over about dinner-time instead. Miss Carstair had replied that the arrangement would suit her exactly, as she had been very anxious to go in to Philadelphia to dinner with a friend. She would stay with Connie for the afternoon and would leave just before dinner-time, not to return till later in the evening. She said she knew that I could get Connie ready for bed as she was so much better.

So it had to be; and, after all, perhaps it was just as well, I thought, as I amused Baby Ralph while Mother had a long-needed rest and outing. Connie and I would probably have more time together alone that evening because of the change. While Mother was out, I got the papers and the velvet case together and tied them up in a bundle, so that there would be no difficulty about getting them over to Connie, and at half past five I was hurrying over to Tranquillity with the bundle under my arm, devoutly hoping I would not meet Mr. Cookson on the way.

Connie reported that nothing of any interest had happened that day, except that Cookson had returned late in the afternoon and she had heard him around at intervals. We decided that we would have supper together up in Connie's room, as I had no notion of dining alone with Mr. Cookson downstairs. Beulah was in a good humor and delighted to serve us up there, so we had a very cozy meal. It all seemed very tranquil and calm and serene, that hour or so, but it was the last quiet interval we were to know for some time to come!

After supper was over and Beulah had taken away the tray, Connie proposed that we begin on the papers at once. I was just about to open the package when a sudden thought struck Connie.

"I heard old Cookson at the telephone just before you came in," she informed me. "You know the telephone stand is in the hall and the door was open and his side of the conversation was perfectly plain. I think it was the hospital he had, for he kept saying; 'Yes, yes! No better? Ah—you don't say! *Too* bad! No—ah!—no. I don't know—er—yes—I 'll look for it. Where did you say?— Oh, very well! I 'll call you up. Good-by!' Now, Elspeth, what do you suppose he meant by those remarks?"

"Who was telephoning him?" I asked.

"I 'm sure it was Tomkins, though I did n't hear the first of it, he spoke so low. But it has just occurred to me that perhaps Tomkins might have been asking him about that chest. You know, when he was here, he did n't find it in the closet and maybe he was worried and thinks Mr. Cookson took it, or something like that. Can you explain it any other way?"

"No, I can't, but I still don't see what we can do about it," I replied.

"Well, I do. I 've just had a sudden in-

spiration! Connie, I believe Tomkins knows a lot about this matter—more than any one else except Uncle himself. Don't you remember what he told you once? He was with Uncle when all this happened. He ought to know what we are doing. You go downstairs and use the telephone in Uncle's study and get Tomkins at the hospital and tell him to come here *at once!* We can't get hold of him a minute too soon!"

"But just suppose Mr. Cookson should be in there—or in the library?" I quavered.

"Wait till he gets out, then!" commanded Connie.

"But suppose he should come in while I 'm doing it?" I still objected.

"Oh, he 'll think you 're calling up home, or something like that," she remarked. "You can make your remarks sound as if that were it. And if he should by any chance come to the one in the hall and try to 'listen in,' I 'll call down to you and pretend I need you awfully right away. So you 'll be warned. Now go and do it at once, so you can catch Tomkins before he goes out!"

It was certainly unfortunate that Connie's accident made all the difficult tasks fall to me, for I 'm not naturally as brave or resourceful as she is. She would have gone about these things with positive joy, whereas it was torture to me, and the nervous strain of anticipating that something might go wrong was enough to give me brain fever. However, I went downstairs and found Mr. Cookson writing in the library, so I made the excuse of looking for a book and came up again.

We spent a hectic half-hour after that, waiting for him to leave. I did not dare use the upstairs one for fear he might be listening in downstairs and we not know it. We were so anxious that we could n't even settle ourselves to go over the papers, but finally we heard him come up and go to his room. Then, although there were many chances that he might not stay there, I ran down and got the hospital on the wire. Tomkins was just going out, but fortunately I caught him in time and asked him to come over to Tranquillity at the earliest possible minute that very night. And I was relieved to pieces to hear him say he would. I had just hung up the receiver, when in walked Mr. Cookson and, to my amazement, he had the same bundle in his arms that I had seen him carrying two days before when I met him near the river. I had the presence of mind not to act surprised, but he, who had evidently not been expecting to see me there, was so completely taken by surprise that he nearly dropped the parcel in his astonishment. I never stopped to exchange a word with him, however, but ran up to Connie as fast as I could.

"You 've *got* to see what he 's doing!" she commanded, when I 'd whispered to her what had happened. "It won't do to let him escape this time. You trail him—right now! And if Tomkins comes, I 'll tell him what you 're doing!"

"But what shall I— " I was beginning, when Connie simply shooed me from the room and I had to go. I had no choice from that moment, but tiptoed down at once and through the living-room to the library door. What would happen if old Cookson came out suddenly and found me, I had no time to consider. I listened there by the door for as much as five minutes, I 'm certain, but there was not a sound inside. This puzzled me, as I was positive he had not come out while I was upstairs that last time. So, gathering up all the courage I possessed, I pushed open the door and peeped in.

The room was empty!

I hurried through it into the study beyond, determined that, if he were there, I 'd make some kind of an excuse for this invasion. But the study was also empty. A door from that room opened into the hall, as did the library. There was no other exit. I should certainly have heard him if he had come out of either door. What was the meaning of it all?

Unable to solve the riddle, I flew up to Connie with it, but it did n't take *her* an instant to find the answer.

"There 's only one answer—he 's got into the secret passage somehow or other. It must open into the library or study somewhere!" she cried.

"But what shall I do now? How am I to find it? I might hunt all night!" said I, in calm despair.

"You *can't* find this end of it—but you know where the other is!" she retorted. "Get a wrap on at once—get Uncle's electric torch and hurry out there to the river. You have n't a minute to lose! He must have been gone some time now!"

"But, good gracious, Connie! What *do* you expect me to do if I should see him? I have no right to be following him! I can't demand that he explain everything to me! This is simply ridiculous!"

"You can keep him talking there on some

pretext or other till Tomkins gets here. He ought to get here in a short time now, for he took the roadster back with him to-day and would, no doubt, come in that. He 'll make the fastest time he can,—you can bank on that,—after your message. Now go!" she commanded. "I 'll send Tomkins out to I 've got to—for a certain reason; but if you should hear me call or see anything happen to me, you just run to my house and get help—as fast as you can. Will you do that?"

She looked at me as if she thought me crazy—as well she might! But I gave her

"THE SEAT WAS ENTIRELY UPRIGHT WHEN A HEAD CAME INTO VIEW" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

you the minute he gets here. You have n't anything to be afraid of!"

Well, I went. I snatched up my big coat and tam, tore down to the library and got the electric torch, and then out through the kitchen and back entrance. Beulah was rather amazed to see me come flying through.

"Whar yo' gwine dis time o' night, chile?" she demanded. "Doan' yo' try goin' ober home by dat back way—'tain't safe, no how —past dat ol' graveyard! Dey's *hants* dere, honey, sho's yo' born!" A sudden idea came to me at her words.

"Beulah!" I cried, clutching her arm. "Are you willing to do something for me,—something awfully important,—and for Uncle too, most of all? If so, you stand here at the door and keep watch up toward the old cemetery; you can see me plainly, for it 's bright moonlight. I 'm going there—no chance to answer, for I had n't time to argue about it, and sped away along the path toward the river. Beulah stood gazing after me in a mixture of curiosity and fear, but I knew well that wild horses would n't drive her indoors after what I 'd said, and I began to feel quite safe. With Beulah watching and Tomkins soon to appear on the scene, I had little to fear.

When I got to the plot with the big old tree in the middle and the quaint stone bench under it, I halted, for there was absolutely nothing and no one unusual in sight. The river wound away like a band of silver, a crust of light snow glittered in the moonlight, and the tree branches creaked in the chilly wind. But there was nothing else. If this were the end of the secret passage, there was nothing to indicate it.

How was I to know whether Mr. Cookson

had already got out of this end of the passage or was yet to come, or, for that matter, were coming at all? One thing I felt sure of—if he had already come out and got away before my coming, certainly I ought to find traces of it in the light, crisp snow. But look as I might, no recent footsteps, except my own, showed anywhere in the vicinity. I could see Beulah standing in the doorway of the back porch staring after me, and the sight encouraged me to remain.

Nor had I the least notion just where the opening (if there *were* an opening) from the secret passage would be, though I somehow suspected that it must be inside the plot, if anywhere. So, standing myself just outside the low box hedge, I kept my eyes fixed on the whole enclosure—and waited. And as moment after moment slipped by, I began to feel more and more discouraged and cold—and foolish! I had just decided that it was nonsense to wait any longer, when a slight grating sound reached me. And then, staring straight in front of me, I beheld the seat of the old stone bench slowly and almost noiselessly rising to an upright position, lifted by a hand and an arm in a dark sleeve, plainly visible in the moonlight!

With a great effort, I kept back the cry that almost broke from me and stood watching the amazing sight. The seat was entirely upright when a head came into view—an unmistakable head of stiff gray hair and the black, gimlet-like eyes—old Cookson's! For just one moment more the hand and arm and head continued to rise in the effort to lift the seat upward. Then the black eyes caught sight of me standing there outside the hedge staring fascinated at the performance—and a singular thing happened!

There was a low gasp of astonishment and a crash. The head and arm disappeared, and the seat fell back into its original position with a slam!

(To be concluded)

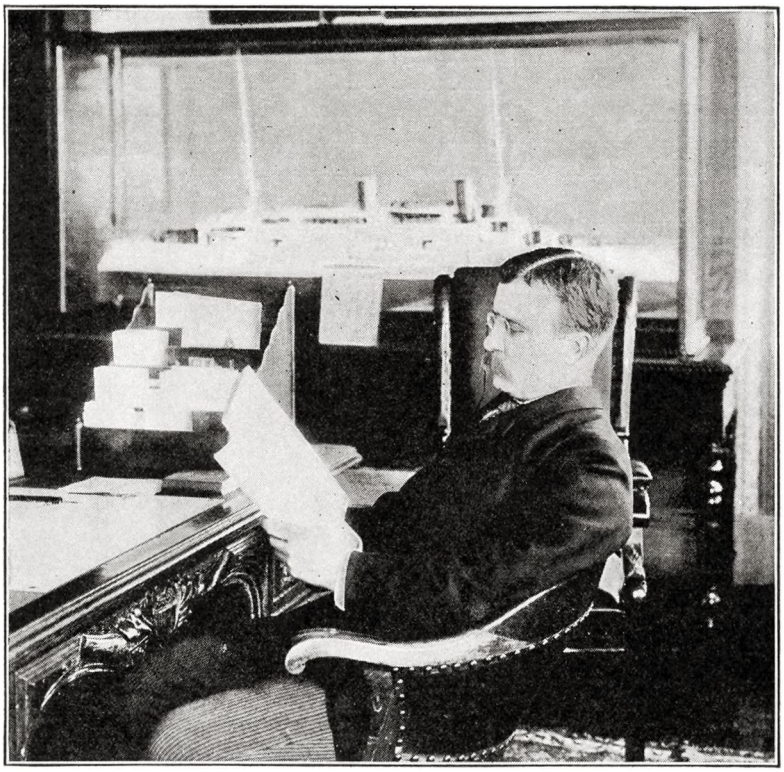
BONFIRE DAYS

By GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

Ho! for the leaves that eddy down,
Crumpled yellow and withered brown,
Hither and yonder and up the street
And trampled under the passing feet;
Swirling, billowing, drifting by,
With a whisper soft and a rustling sigh,
Starting aloft to windy ways,
Telling the coming of bonfire days.

Ho! for the rakes that young hands wield,
Gathering leaves from far afield,
Heaping them high and wide and long,
For the scurry of feet, the snatch of song,
And the flurrying gust that all the while
Swishes the edge of the big, brown pile,
Ready to leap to a crackling blaze—
Ho! for the joys of bonfire days.

Ho! for the blue-gray smoke that curls
Suddenly skyward, then unfurls
A wide, dim mantle above the flare
Of the red flame's flash and the white flame's glare—
A blue-gray mantle that floats afar
Through the half-bare trees where the last leaves are,
And bears in its folds of gossamer haze
The pungent tang of the bonfire days.



Photograph by Bertc and Pullis

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—MARCH, 1898

WHAT ROOSEVELT DID FOR THE AMERICAN NAVY

By EX-COMMANDER ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

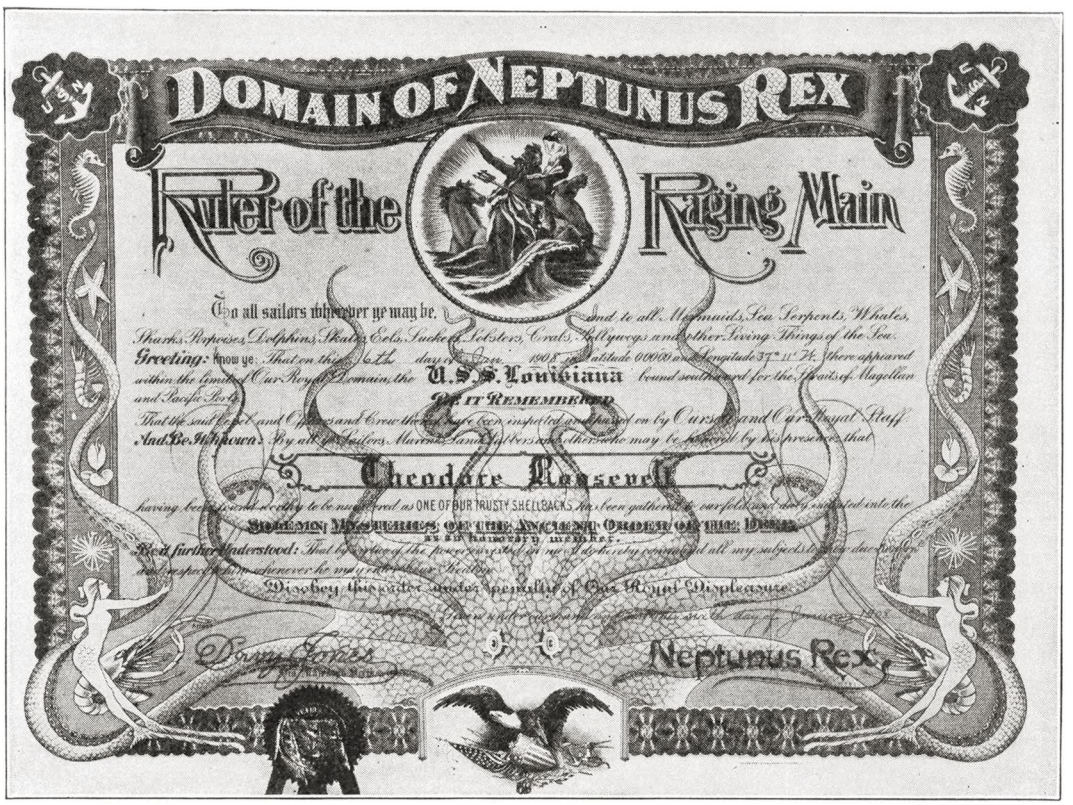
AMONG all the great government departments, there was none that was of greater interest to President Roosevelt than the navy. To begin with, he believed firmly in our national need of a navy; he felt that, without a well-organized, well-trained navy, we could never take our proper place among the Powers of the world; and he was determined to leave nothing undone that might enable us to take that place. His whole career proves this.

It was as assistant secretary of the navy that Colonel Roosevelt, as he is, perhaps, best known, first became closely associated with the service. In that capacity, he was serving at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and he immediately made himself felt. John D. Long, then secretary, thought his assistant a little too vigorous, sometimes a little too hasty—he has said so in his writings. But the truth was that Roosevelt, then as always, had to be "at" something. He could never sit idle; he was always for the straightforward, spirited attack—and he very much wanted to lead that attack in person.

This quality was largely what lifted him out of his chair in a Washington office and sent him off to Cuba with the famous Rough Riders and that other great American, Leonard Wood. He was simply forced to get nearer the scene of real action. His fine record as a soldier and a leader is a well-known matter of history.

But going into the army does not seem to have made him lose interest in the navy. If it did, then all that interest returned to him when he came back to Washington as Vice-President and, after Mr. McKinley's death, President. Then he became a real builder of the navy, a strong supporter of the naval appropriations which were asked of Congress,

and a very warm friend to every officer and enlisted man in the service. As nearly every one now knows, it was President Roosevelt who backed Admiral Sims, then a lieutenant-commander, and his followers in their efforts and their fight for better naval gunnery. Without that backing, and the great changes and improvements that came of it, our navy's shooting to-day might be no better than it was at the battle of Santiago—about two hits in a hundred shots, perhaps. As it was, the gunners came to realize the importance of keeping a gun always pointed at the target, instead of trying to find the target quickly when the ship rolled; inventors, such as Admiral Fiske, for example, became interested in designing better telescope-sights, better methods of training—that is, swinging—the big guns, and elevating or depressing them, so as to



THE PRESIDENT, WHEN HE CROSSED THE LINE, QUALIFIED FOR FATHER NEPTUNE'S OFFICIAL CREDENTIALS

between squadrons of the same fleet became the keen thing that it has been ever since.

President Roosevelt has been spoken of as carrying a "big stick." Translating this into his naval policy, it meant something like this: It would be a pity ever to have to shoot at an enemy ship. But, if you do have to shoot, then you must shoot well. For the ship that makes the most hits with each gun in every minute will be the ship that wins the fight! Or, as the President himself put it, "The only shots that count are those that hit!" That sentence has been a great slogan of our navy ever since. Out of that competition in gunnery, due so largely to Roosevelt, came competition in steam engineering, in economies of all kinds, in sport, in all the different ways that ships can compete with one another for that coveted yearly prize, the Battle Efficiency Pennant, which is flown by the best all-around ship in the fleet.

make it possible for the gunners to keep on the target; the quality of the ammunition was improved; and, as perhaps the most important step of all, the spirit of competition between gun-crews in the same ship, between ships of the same squadron, and

One of the greatest difficulties to be met by those who want to build and train a proper navy is to find out, first, what the nation expects the navy to do. In other

words, a naval policy should depend upon the national policy, which must be decided upon before even the wisest heads can settle what is best for the navy. If these two policies do go along together, then the navy is the strongest possible argument for peace —indeed, peace, or the desire for it, is one of the true reasons for any navy's existence. We have the best possible example of that in the British Empire, where the national and the naval policies, working together, kept the peace of Europe for so many years. Most of us, too, can remember the part played by the British fleet, almost without firing a shot, in the last war; while many think that Germany, if she had really appreciated that fleet, never would have started the war at all. President Roosevelt's policies were based upon similar ideas.

It is a matter of history that Germany, during Roosevelt's administration, planned to send warships to Venezuela, to force a settlement of a disagreement between the two countries. The President, thinking of the Monroe Doctrine, promptly told the German ambassador in Washington that the United States would not allow Germany to do this. The kaiser's representative thought that the President was not in earnest, probably thought that no one would dare to defy his own imperial master. But Mr. Roosevelt gave the ambassador no time to think about that. He merely announced bluntly that Admiral Dewey, then off South America with his ships, had already been sent orders to lie off Venezuela and prepare for possible action with the German ships! Within twenty-four hours, Germany had, "for reasons of humanity," decided to arbitrate her question with Venezuela, which was the very thing the President had asked Germany to do in the first place. So Roosevelt won his point by using the navy, not to fire a shot, but merely to show that he meant what he said and that he was *already prepared* to prove it. After that, Germany never had any doubts whether or not he was in earnest.

Colonel Roosevelt was a very strong believer in naval tradition. He felt that the navy should, as far as possible, be handed down to the care of those who had been born and raised in it, or near it. To carry out this idea, he did all he could.

By law, the President was allowed to appoint a certain number of young men to be midshipmen at the Naval Academy. The object of this law was to provide appointments for the sons of naval officers who, because they are being constantly ordered about, all over the world, seldom have any permanent home and, therefore, no proper representation in Congress. Since they cannot, as a rule, get one of the appointments allowed to Congressmen, and consequently much mixed up with politics, this law gives some young men a chance to follow their fathers' profession. Because President Roosevelt believed that naval traditions could best be passed on in this way, he made a point of sticking to the spirit of the law. But he went still farther. Very often, when he had appointed the son of an officer, he would send for him to talk to him about the navy and its record, to urge him to work hard and pass the entrance examinations, because he would be not only the son of an officer, but also the personal representative of the President of the United States. Roosevelt's wonderful way of getting close to any one he talked with, and the tremendous force of what we call his "personality," made it simply impossible for any youngster to come away from an interview like that without believing that nothing could stop him from getting into the Naval Academy, or from staying in after he got there.

The biggest naval feature of President Roosevelt's career was his sending the battleship fleet on a cruise around the world. For this, if for nothing else, he would live forever in the memory of the navy and the nation.

In 1906 and 1907, there was rather more than the usual talk of a clash between our country and Japan. This is something that seems to come up, every little while, just as it did at the time of the recent Naval Conference in Washington. But in the two years mentioned, one of the questions of the hour was that of California's law excluding Japanese immigrants. It was, in fact, a time when there might easily have been a serious disagreement, if not an actual war.

Thus the President's idea of sending our fleet on such a cruise had plenty of national significance, as well as the finest sort of training and educational possibilities. It was just as well to show the world, and, incidentally, Japan, that we had a fleet and that it was able to move. The whole cruise was to be a friendly one, of course, but the object lesson was plainly there and, as always, the President believed in showing that the United States was prepared for an emergency.

A great many advisers opposed the Presi-

dent's plan. They saw so many difficulties in the way. It would, they said, be quite impossible for the different ships to keep always together; some would break down, which would be a national disgrace. Again, these opponents protested that the problem of having enough coal—all the ships were

In December, 1907, the President had overridden every objection to sending the battle-ships. Indeed, he had decided, after finding that the destroyers had every confidence in their own ability to make the journey, and that they were all keen to go, that he would send some of the little fellows

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE RECORD-BREAKING GUN'S-CREW FROM THE BATTLE-SHIP "MISSOURI"

coal-burners—meet the fleet at the different ports could not be solved because we had no merchant ships to carry the coal. Finally, it was suggested that it would be bad policy to send the fleet so far from the Atlantic Coast of our country.

To the first objection, President Roosevelt replied that he had complete faith in the naval personnel. Officers and men, he declared, would see to it that the ships kept going, for they would be keyed up and on their mettle every minute. As for the coal question, he was satisfied that money could arrange that. Enough money was available to get the fleet half-way round the world; he would send it that far, and leave it to Congress to get the fleet back! As for policy, the President was convinced that he knew best about that.

as well. So, reviewed by the President on the *Mayflower* and escorted by destroyers, the big ships sailed from Hampton Roads on the first long "leg" to Trinidad.

From that first moment the great cruise was a success. Beginning with the commander-in-chief, the famous Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans, and going down through all the ranks and ratings, there was nothing but enthusiasm. Most of the officers, and by far the larger part of the crews, were young,—the average age was something less than twenty-two,—and the majority had never before crossed the line, as sailormen call the equator. To them all, it was a thoroughly interesting experience. In Trinidad, that quaint bit of transplanted East Indies, Christmas day was spent, chiefly in rowing races and playing baseball

in a temperature of about ninety degrees. Rio de Janeiro came next, with its magnificent harbor, second to none in the world, its broad streets and its mixture of Spanish and Portugese natives, its new and different customs and manners. Buenos Aires was possible only for the destroyers, as the city lies on a river too shallow for battle-ships. But an Argentine squadron met our fleet off the coast, exchanged salutes, and escorted the American ships for some miles.

In the famous Straits of Magellan, the fleet anchored off Punta Arenas—Sandy Point—on the lower end of Chile, a sort of "jumping-off place," where no one asks any questions about another's past life. An interesting thing about that anchorage was that it was virtually in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Darkness did not shut down until about midnight, and when the fleet got underway to leave, it was two o'clock in the morning, yet such broad daylight that the flagship used flag signals instead of lights!

Passing through the Straits gave most of the fleet a first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean. Up the west coast the ships steamed, going into the harbor of Valparaiso, swinging a big circle and coming out again, a stay just long enough to give a glimpse of the city and, on a hillside, the mass of people dressed in white and so arranged as to spell "Welcome." One thing of interest was that it was in this same harbor that Admiral Evans, years before, had upheld American rights in a delicate international matter.

In Callao, the port of Lima, Peru, the fleet spent some time. Visiting parties were taken over the Little Infernillo, the famous hanging railway bridges in the mountains; a day or two was devoted to special bull-fights, which, needless to say, did not make any great appeal to the American sailors, who had rather have seen a ball game; in fact, Peru outdid itself in efforts to entertain its guests. As the fleet was in Callao on Washington's Birthday, on which day a number of official visits were exchanged between the dignitaries afloat and ashore, so many salutes were fired, including the one to General Washington, at noon, that all records for the number of saluting guns fired in a day were broken!

In the Gulf of California, the fleet held its target-practice. Then it visited half a dozen California, Washington, and Oregon ports before sailing for Honolulu, where a delightful fortnight was spent in the interesting and beautiful Hawaiian group.

The next run was the longest of the cruise—eighteen days down to New Zealand. An incident of this run was the stopping of the whole fleet, almost exactly on the equator, to wait for the *Minnesota*, which had been left behind in Honolulu to follow with mail for the fleet. It was quite as if the ships had been tied up to the line, while they lowered boats and sent to the *Minnesota* for the welcome mail-bags.

In New Zealand, as in the Australian ports of Sydney and Melbourne, next on the list, nothing like the visit of our fleet had ever been known. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants was perfectly tremendous and quite unexpected in its volume. Everything that could be thought of, in the way of entertainment, was done or given, until to the Americans, most of whom had thought of Australia, rather vaguely, as a pink map in the geography, with, perhaps, the picture of a kangaroo and a boomerang, the huge continent, really about as big as the United States, seemed a second home.

From Australia, the ships, with a short stop at Manila, in our own Philippine Islands, were divided between China and Japan. It was then that some of the real significance of the cruise began to be appreciated. For nothing could have excelled the Japanese welcome. Every moment of the time was laid out in receptions, garden-parties, sight-seeing trips, dinners, and Japanese theaters. In Tokio, carriages were provided for each of the American ships, decorated with Japanese and American flags, driven by men in red-white-and-blue costumes, and marked with the name of the particular ship. Thousands of Japanese school-children, gathered in a public park, sang, in English, "The Star-Spangled Banner!" It made one wonder how long it would take as many of our own children to learn to sing, in their language, a national air for the Japanese. Another interesting thing about the children was that, whenever American sailors rode down the streets in rickshaws, little fellows of five or six years rushed out from the sidewalks, shouting "*Banzai!*" the Japanese word for "Hurrah!" It was said that all this was ordered, long before, by the Japanese Government, but it was very hard to believe that it was not spontaneous. Certainly, President Roosevelt's idea was fully justified, for nothing could have seemed less possible than a quarrel between Japan and America, and there can be no doubt that our fleet in the

harbor of Yokahama looked far more impressive than it could look seven or eight thousand miles away, or as printed pictures in a book. Talk of trouble with Japan, for the time at least, was forgotten.

After another stop at Manila, for more target-practice, the fleet went on its way along the southern coast of Asia, stopping at Colombo, in Ceylon, to visit the tea plantations and the interesting city of Kandy, up in the hills. The next leg was across the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal, after which the ships split up, to stop individually at a number of Mediterranean ports, such as Naples, Villefranche, Marseilles, and others, to come together again, finally, under the shadow of the huge British fortress of Gibraltar. This was the last stop before crossing the Atlantic. Just fourteen months after it had started, and again upon Washington's Birthday, the fleet came into Hampton Roads, to be reviewed by President Roosevelt. The record was perfect. Not a ship had ever delayed the fleet an hour beyond its schedule and the American Government had received nothing but the highest praise for the fleet and its personnel from every country that had been visited.

What was more important, besides the impression created by our ships, was the effect of the cruise upon the men of the navy. A thousand lessons had been learned; all the younger officers had had wonderful opportunities to handle the big ships in the open sea where inexperience could do no harm; mechanics had undertaken and completed repairs which had been thought possible only at a navy-yard, while the ships were underway; and, finally, the education for all concerned, which came from seeing so many new countries and so many different peoples, would in itself have made the cruise worth while. For all this, the navy and the nation had to thank President Roosevelt. There can be no doubt that, because of his plan, and his putting it through, our fleet had reached a point of efficiency never before attained. Indeed, there are many who believe that, with allowances for new instruments which have been developed in the last few years, our fleet, man for man and ship for ship, and also as a unit, has never been so efficient since.

President Roosevelt's whole career, and particularly his use of the "first line of defense," the navy, shows his belief that the way to secure peace is by maintaining the nation's strong and dignified position in the world, by saying what America means in unmistakable terms which we are prepared to support. To-day, he would no doubt agree to the limitation of naval armament because it stops international competition in building bigger and faster ships and because of the saving of the taxpayer's money. But he would certainly insist, as every citizen should, that, whatever the *size* of the navy, there should be no question of the first quality of such ships as it does possess, or of the high efficiency of its officers and men. He would keep the navy—and the nation—true to its best traditions.

A COLONIAL AUTOMOBILE

ONE of Oliver Evans's great steam-engines stood at Ninth and Market Streets for six long months. It had broken down and would go no farther. This was a good while back, though, long before the post-office building and those tremendous department-stores, which now occupy that section of Philadelphia were ever thought of. The engine was said to have been made to go beneath the water and dig out river-beds, docks, and shoals. Under its own steam it had come, mind you, all the way from the workshop on Vine Street clear to Ninth and Market. To those of our wondering ancestors who had the temerity to linger along the route, it must have been a queer sight indeed—this very first automobile (and submarine at that)—this steam-power device of Oliver Evans, the Vine Street blacksmith, who did such strange things in the city of Penn so many years ago.

Much of the present-day steam invention in the United States may trace its beginning to this early Philadelphia citizen, who so thoroughly understood the workings of steam-power that he applied it to wagons; although they do say certain British inventors laid claim to being parents of the idea.

In 1781, Evans publicly stated that he could drive wagons by steam, and this

brought down upon him the laughter of all sturdy colonial Philadelphians. As a matter of fact, he went so far as to wager three thousand dollars that he could "make a carriage run on a level road against the swiftest horse to be found." Of course nobody took him up—no doubt, because the scientific men of the times considered him a rattle-brain and hooted at his ridiculous idea.

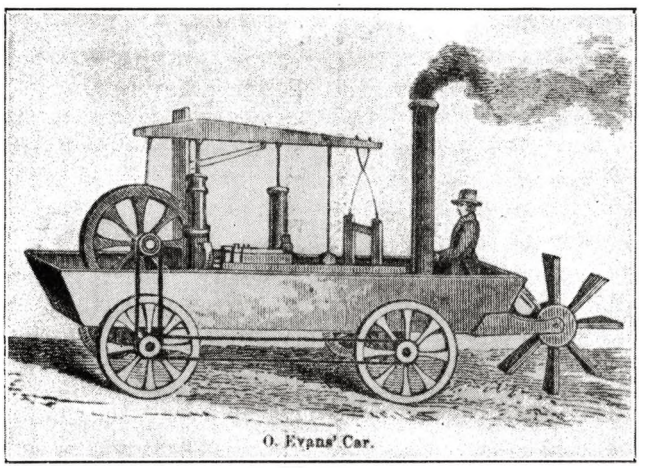


PLATE FROM THE 1850 EDITION OF "ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA AND PENNSYLVANIA"

Nevertheless, Oliver Evans certainly foresaw the future of transportation development if ever any man did. He was even courageous enough to state his views to the newspapers, a fact borne out by "The New York Commercial Advertiser," in the columns of which were published, some time prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century, Evans's declarations in regard to the possibilities of steam-power. And here are the declarations:

"The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam-engines at fifteen to twenty miles an hour!

"A carriage will leave Washington in the morning, and passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup in New York, on the same day!

"Railways will be laid, of wood or iron, or on smooth paths of broken stone or gravel, to travel as well by night as day!

"A steam-engine will draw a carriage one hundred and eighty miles in twelve hours—or engines will drive boats ten or twelve miles an hour!"

It appears that this Philadelphia inventor was first induced to notice the powerful expansion of vapor when a friend filled a musket-barrel with water, then plugged it and heated the butt-end in Oliver's forge. The marvelous possibilities of the thing had fluttered about in the blacksmith's brain as early as the period of the Revolution—and with it all he passed for years unpatronized. Oliver Evans, however, was not a man to be easily put down. Not he! Finding no one willing to promote his views for a steam-wagon, he decided it would probably be more profitable to himself were he first to apply his power to mills for grinding grain, plaster of Paris, and the like, figuring that the faith of the public in his other idea would follow in due course. So he procured his patent accordingly.

In 1804, he planned a machine for cleaning the docks along the Delaware River, and very wisely built it in a large flat-bottomed scow, in which he already had put a steam-engine. The whole arrangement was approved by the Philadelphia Board of Health, just as he had expected; and shrewd Oliver, having proceeded thus far, concluded that here would be a fine opportunity to show the public how his engine could propel a carriage on land, as well as a boat on water. He therefore set his scow upon wheels; and although the axles were only wood and bore a weight equal to two hundred barrels of flour (a mighty burden in those days), away went the whole thing from the Vine Street workshop, along the streets of Philadelphia out to the Schuylkill River.

Having run his strange car by steam-power that far, there he launched it, attached paddle-wheels at the stern, and puffed in triumph down the Schuylkill and then up the Delaware to Philadelphia, stopping amid great shouts of enthusiasm on the part of a multitude of spectators who had assembled along the wharves to be in time to see him blown up in the air—a disaster which did not occur, however.

Even after seeing the demonstration, the public did not offer to buy stock in the enterprise. No one would believe in Oliver. Nor had any of them vision enough to imagine the future worth of his idea. So he died poor and neglected.

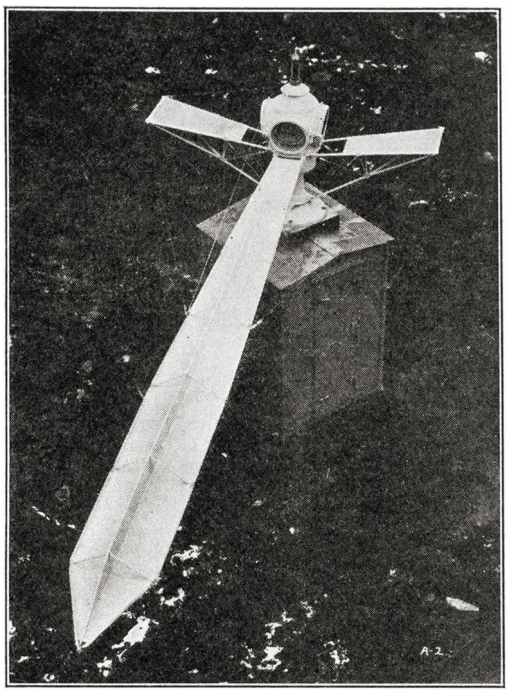
He was possessed of a great brain, but alas! like many other inventors, he was about fifty years ahead of the times.

Herbert Logan Clevenger.

A GROUND WIND-INDICATOR FOR NIGHT FLYING

By GEORGE F. PAUL

ANY invention that helps the aviator to make a safe landing at night is of great importance in the development of night flying. To this end, there has been worked out a unique invention known as the ground wind-indicator, which gives the aviator both the direction of the wind and the location of the field. In order that it may not interfere with landing, it is erected just off of the actual flying-field, the limits of which are indicated by smaller, flashing beacon-lights. All are operated on the same principles as marine beacons and lighthouses. They are automatic, and will burn for a period of several months without requiring any attention.



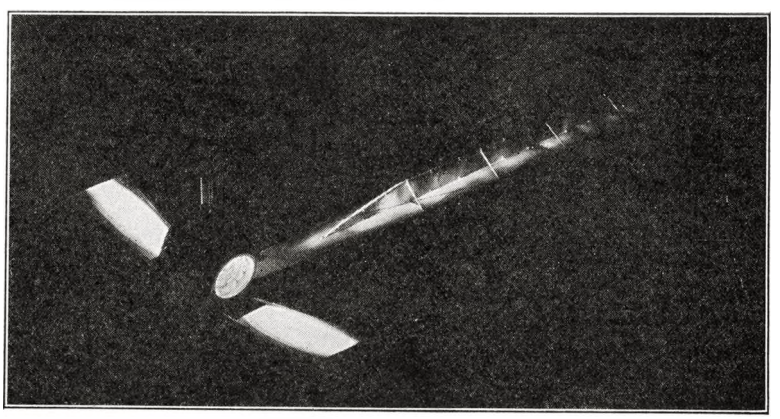
A DAY VIEW, SHOWING THE SUN-VALVE ON TOP

Several novel features are embodied in the ground wind-indicator. It is built in the form of a letter T, according to the style internationally agreed upon for the indication of landing zones. It can thus serve both as a day and a night indicator. In shape it looks like a small aëroplane. It rotates automatically, so that it will always be headed to the wind.

The direction that the ground wind-indicator is pointing can be distinguished by the aviator while he is still at a distance of several miles from the landing-field. A uniform plan can be followed of having the ground-indicator always placed in a certain direction from the flying-field, which will also help to guide the flier.

This indicator may be called a combination of marine lighthouse and dummy aëroplane with aluminum wings or vanes. It is equipped with an ingenious device called a "sun-valve." This automatically turns it off in the daytime, and, at the approach of night, turns it on. It is by the use of a similar device that marine lights off the coast of Alaska have, in many instances, been kept operating for two years without any attention.

If the mails are to travel at night, not only the landing-fields must be indicated, but the pathway as well. The Government has recently made such a pathway for the planes. When the first day-and-night flight was made in August, pilots flew 885 miles from dusk to dawn, and every foot of the way was lighted with beacons ranging from five thousand to five million candlepower.



AT NIGHT THE INDICATOR FORMS A LIGHTED "T" TO GUIDE THE FLIER

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Luck of Denewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. A mysterious note signed "E. P. U.," dropped on the floor, warns of danger on the road to General Washington, one of the visitors. Patty's father is taken prisoner in mistake for Washington by the British Major Tarlton, who brings him to Springhill, the Abbotts' home, on the way to the British camp. Patty contrives her father's escape and, after the British officers leave, finds on the floor a continental dollar-bill, inside of which is concealed a cipher message. She hides it in an old rag doll which she takes with her when, her father having sailed for France, she goes to her Tory aunt in Philadelphia. She and her cousin Rosalie, who look very much alike, become friends. Major Tarlton arrives, seeking the message that was in the continental dollar. Patty refuses to give it up. Then she discovers that the rag doll has disappeared, and is convinced that Rosalie has taken it and is a British spy. She escapes from her aunt's house, and a message signed "E. P. U." directs her to go to her uncle John Abbott, who has long been estranged from her father. He grudgingly agrees to give her shelter and while there, she encounters a red-headed deaf-and-dumb boy, who seems to be connected with the mysterious E. P. U. The Americans are defeated at the Brandywine, and Sir William Howe's army occupies Philadelphia. Her aunt calls, demanding the cipher message, which puzzles Patty, because she thinks Rosalie has it. Later she finds a strange note from E. P. U. Major Tarlton is quartered on Patty's uncle. E. P. U. posts news to hearten the townsfolk. Patty thinks that her uncle is in the secret. Her aunt again calls and tells her of her father's shipwreck, but Rosalie runs back to say that he was rescued. Patty's brother, an officer in Washington's army, comes into the city disguised as a Quaker. He sees Patty, and promises to return. The next day, however, she is virtually a prisoner in her uncle's house under British guard. Val, on coming back, is trapped in the cellar, but Patty contrives to hide him in her own room at the top of the house until he can escape and rejoin the army. They discuss "E. P. U." and the lost message. Then one afternoon Patty finds Major Tarlton entertaining a little girl visitor, at a make-believe tea-party, with the lost doll on his knee. Patty secures the doll and recovers the message. Val and Patty decipher it and find it tells of a treasure hidden at Trenton. Val determines to go and seek it; if he fails, Patty must try. A message comes from Rosalie asking that Patty impersonate her and go in Rosalie's coach armed with a passport with which she can leave the city. Just as Val is about to escape from the house with her, disguised as a British officer, Lord Fairbrook enters and they fight a duel in a locked room. Rosalie arrives and the girls listen outside. Val wins, and both he and Rosalie urge Patty to go on at once in the coach, leaving her cousin to help Val escape. Patty goes reluctantly, and thinks her doubt of Rosalie justified when she is arrested, and ordered to British headquarters.

CHAPTER XXIII

SIR WILLIAM SPEAKS

I CAME to a realization of my surroundings when the coach halted at the order of the guard and I looked out to find that we had stopped at a fine mansion, before which a sentry paced back and forth. I recognized it at once as the house in which Sir William Howe was living, and I knew that I was to be taken before the commander of the British forces. I was bidden to alight, and, once out of the coach, the sergeant led me within without delay. Several men in uniform were standing about, and there was a deal of saluting; but we were evidently expected, and I was shown into a small back room which communicated with a large one at the front of the house by means of mahogany doors, one leaf of which stood ajar.

My guide told me to sit, and then remained beside me at attention.

Through the open doorway I heard voices which, when I had recovered a little from my confusion, came to me clear and plain.

"And I tell you, Sir William, that the whole tale is false!" said a female voice, which I recognized as that of my Aunt Augusta.

"Nay, madam," came the answer, and I recognized Major Tarlton speaking, "I can show you good proof of what I say. Indeed, we have the farmer who was her go-between."

"But 't is absurd, sir," said Aunt Augusta, violently. "Absurd! Major Tarlton seeks an easy way to repair his reputation for astuteness. Surely, Sir William, you do not believe any such dished-up tale as this."

A man made answer, and I was certain that this must be the British commander.

"And why should I not, Madam Roberts?" he returned, in any but a genial voice. "Major Tarlton has convinced me that what he says is true. And let me tell you, madam, punishment shall be meted out as it deserves. Think you I shall be complacent, seeing what has happened? Nay, madam, hanging were none too much!"

My heart sank like lead. What had I done to deserve hanging? It must be that my

aunt had invented some tale about me and made pretense of defending me, that she might not be thought an unnatural relative.

"Sir William," she now replied, "Major Tarlton seeks any palliation of his clumsy errors. As far back as last June he bungled our plan to capture Washington, and at the same time he lost the secret message concerning the gold at Trenton. Since then, he has sought vainly to find an excuse for his stupidity, and so hits on this false accusation. I tell you, Sir William, it is not to be credited. It is impossible of belief, no matter what seeming evidence Major Tarlton may have gathered together to bolster his trumpery charge."

"Enough, madam, enough!" came the voice of Sir William, angrily. "Think not to avoid the issue by abusing Major Tarlton, in whom, I tell you plainly, I have every confidence. In the matter you speak of, which occurred last June, what were the facts? The plan was known to those in your household and two of my officers. Think you 't was one of these gentlemen who betrayed us?"

"They 're famous gossips, like enough to talk, sir," my aunt answered, with no lack of spirit.

"Aye, but they had no chance, madam," he declared. "The plot was hatched in your house. It was your own scheme. How you learned of Mr. Washington's movements, I know not; but he was warned, madam, and that warning could have come but from one source."

"There is no proof that he was warned, Sir William," my aunt answered. "It might easily be that he changed his plans and decided not to go into Philadelphia by the Gloucester road. But if indeed he were warned, that warning served him ill, for Major Tarlton came up with the rebel general and let him slip through his fingers. Are we to be blamed that your orders are badly executed? Is that a reason for shouting traitor and spy? Nay, sir, rather is it a cause for sending this fine major back to England in disgrace."

"But that was only the beginning of the business, madam," Tarlton's voice now broke in irritably. "There has not been one matter upon which we have set our hearts that has not in some way gone astray when you were cognizant of it. All through the winter—"

"Aye," Sir William's voice took up the tale. "All this winter what has happened? I have caused certain news to be spread abroad to the end that these stiff-necked rebels should lose heart; and to confound my plans, the truth is hung upon the very trees. We would have it believed that General Washington lost his army at Germantown. We noised it about that he was dead. We hid the news of General Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga and of the treaty Dr. Franklin made with the French. To what end, madam? The truth was posted in the park for all to see. On the heels of any event that would keep the rebels of the city in good cheer, came word of it, in spite of our best endeavors. Again and again warnings have been sent of our plans, and secrets that have been known to but three or four have reached our enemies ere we could strike. In all these cases, madam, the facts were in your hands and we were betrayed."

"Do you accuse me, Sir William Howe?" cried my aunt, at the top of her voice. "Shame upon you, sir! When you know I have risked all that I have out of loyalty to the king!" And although I could not see her, I could fancy that she shook her stick in his face.

"I say not, madam, that you personally are responsible," General Howe answered. "If I thought that, I would not waste words on you. But we know who this person is who signs E. P. U. to the communications that have upheld the spirit of the city, and we mean to deal out justice regardless of where it strikes."

For a moment, by reason of my wonderment, I lost what was being said. Could it be that they believed that I was E. P. U.? I could have laughed aloud at the thought.

"Listen, madam," Major Tarlton cut in, "for long I have suspected who this E. P. U. is, and have seen to it that the person was watched; but the proofs were not easy come by. At length, however, certain circumstances seemed to point to a secret connection between your house and the one in which I live. Your daughter, madam, was far too deeply interested in the fortunes of my young hostess. You will remember her pleading to have the guards removed. Well, that and other occurrences set me thinking, and at length,—a day or two ago, in fact,—I let it slip out that the young lady was under suspicion, to see what action Miss Rosalie would take. What I expected came to pass. An application was made for a pass through our lines, and permission was given by a certain route, over the Middle Ferry, in

fact. To-day it was to be used, was used, indeed; but never for a moment was the lady out of sight of my men. And when she crossed the ferry and there was no doubt she was trying to effect her escape, she was brought back. Doubtless, madam, you will agree that something is amiss when Miss Rosalie Roberts tries to flee the city."

"I do not believe any such tale!" cried my Aunt Augusta, while I sat in a daze, slowly realizing the revelation that was shaping itself in my mind. Rosalie was the one sought! She was E. P. U.!

"Would you believe it were I to bring Mistress Rosalie here?" the major asked coolly.

"But she never tried to leave the city," Aunt Augusta insisted. "'T is some trick you are playing."

Major Tarlton stepped to the door, glanced in at me, and then beckoned the sergeant to accompany him.

"Here is the soldier who arrested your daughter, madam," I heard him say, as the two stepped beyond my sight. "Sergeant, did you stop a coach a mile the other side of the Middle Ferry?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer.

"And was there a young lady in the coach?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she have a pass numbered 360 permitting her to go through the lines?"

"Here it is, sir," the sergeant answered, and I heard the rustle of a paper as it changed hands. "I took it from the young lady myself, sir."

"And where is she now, sergeant?"

"In the next room, sir."

"Rosalie in there!" cried my aunt. "No, no, no! It cannot be!" I heard her limp toward the door and I rose to my feet.

She came rushing into the room, Sir William Howe and Major Tarlton behind her, and for a space she, too, was deceived and stood speechless, believing me to be her daughter.

"Rosalie!" she cried at last in an imploring voice, "tell me that they speak falsely. That you are no spy, nor traitor to your king!"

They waited, evidently expecting me to speak, but I had naught to say and held my peace.

"I take it you are convinced, madam," Major Tarlton said evenly.

"And as to you, miss," Sir William Howe was addressing me angrily, "think not to escape your responsibility because you are a maid. No, no! I 'll see to it that you are punished as you deserve. Spy!"

Something about me had drawn Aunt Augusta's eye, and, as Sir William finished his threat, she burst into a loud peal of laughter, covering her very real relief.

"That is not my daughter!" she exclaimed. "Out of this pretty kettle of fish you have netted my rebel niece. That girl is Patty Abbott. Call *her* spy, an you like; I 'll not deny it."

"'T is impossible!" cried Major Tarlton; but he looked closely at me, and I could not avoid a smile nor hide the merriment in my eyes. So he, too, knew me and realized the mistake that had been made.

"Who are you, miss?" demanded Sir William.

"I am Patty Abbott, sir," I replied.

"We 've been fooled!" Major Tarlton shouted. "How came you by that pass, Miss Patty?"

"'T was given me by my cousin, sir," I said.

"Why should you need a pass?" he asked.

"To leave the city with," I answered promptly. "My brother is an officer in General Washington's army."

"And what happened to Mistress Rosalie Roberts?"

"That I do not know, sir," I declared truthfully, though I hoped that I might make a good guess. "Have you inquired for her at her home?"

No notice of this question was taken, which, indeed was only intended to be annoying, and the inquisition might have continued farther had we not been startled by Lord Fairbrook, who burst into the room, seeming as well as ever and very far from dead, as I had thought him. He saw me and stopped abruptly, giving scant attention to the others.

"So here is where you are, Miss Rosalie," he cried. "A pretty business, upon my word, ma'am! Where 's the Quaker?"

I was glad that his lordship was not dead, but I was by no means wishful to have him question me too closely about the events before and after his fight with Val, so I hurried to answer him.

"What Quaker do you speak of, Lord Fairbrook?" I inquired indifferently, sounding much like my cousin in my own ears.

"But you were there, Miss Rosalie."

"I 'm not Rosalie Roberts, but Patty Abbott, sir," I assured him, at which his face changed laughably, and his eyes widened.

"'T is all too true, Algernon," Major Tarlton informed him. "We were all befooled by this likeness; but what has happened to you?"

"'Fore gad, I'm not sure I know," his lordship began. "Being splashed at a crossing, I went back to the house of a sudden to change my coat, and Miss Rosalie opened the door for me, most polite and gracious. But on the stairs stood a Quaker, with a British hat on his head, egad, a cloak over his arm and, would you believe it? a sword in his hand. 'A pretty Quaker!' thinks I, and, pulling out my own weapon, up I go after him, he having started back at sight of me. He whips into a room and I follow, bidding him yield. But no, this Quaker is all for fighting, and so we 're at it hammer and tongs. You should have felt his wrist. Like iron—and a Quaker! We fought all over the room, and I was besting him when, as luck would have it, I tripped over a fallen chair, bumped my head, and knew naught more for I can't say how long. When I came to myself, the Quaker was gone and Miss Rosalie also. That 's my story, and, instead of a spy captured, I 've naught to show but a broken head."

"'THANK YOU, SIR WILLIAM,' I ANSWERED, AND MADE HIM MY BEST CURTSY"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Now Lord Fairbrook told his story with so humorous a manner, and with a face so woebegone, that all, save Aunt Augusta, burst out laughing.

"Egad! you may laugh," he cried; "but had you had my luck and my broken head to boot, you 'd be more like to weep."

"And, while we laugh, the girl is escaping the city!" Sir William exclaimed suddenly. "Go, Tarlton, and order the roads closed. See that the lines are drawn tight and let no one out. We must have her. Fairbrook, are you fit for duty?"

"Aye, Sir William, and I 'd like well the chance to come up with that Quaker again," was the ready answer. "He could fight, I 'll say that for him; yet, but for that chair I stumbled on, he 'd have been a prisoner."

"Then go with Tarlton and see to it that the girl and the spy you talk of are caught," was the order; and the two gentlemen saluted and left on the run.

"And now, madam," said Sir William, turning on my aunt, "I think hereafter we shall carry on this little war without your help. Good day to you."

Aunt Augusta drew herself up and showed not at all that she was beaten.

"I shall find my daughter at home, Sir William, and shall expect ample apology for the treatment I have received at your hands. Give you good day, sir." She curtsied and left the room with her head held high, I must say that she carried it off with spirit; but from a glimpse I had of her face, I think she knew that she would not find Rosalie when she arrived at her house.

For a moment or two Sir William stood looking thoughtfully at the floor, then he lifted his head and regarded me. Our eyes met, and though there was a gleam of understanding to be read in his glance, I was still upon my guard.

"Well, miss," he said, at length, "what is to be done with you?"

"Indeed, Sir William," I returned, "seeing that I am here against my will, and for no cause, and find myself unwelcome, perchance I 'd better be going."

A smile twitched the corners of his mouth; but he frowned severely.

"You know you attempted to leave the city against my special orders?" he suggested. "We cannot allow our authority to be treated with contempt, miss."

"Nay, Sir William, no one told me *you* wished me to stay," I replied meekly. "I knew not that you gave a thought to my existence."

"Oh, did you not?" he retorted, laughing outright. "You rebel ladies are far too innocent and clever. Had you won to your brother in Mr. Washington's army, you would have told no secrets of our forces. Oh no!"

"Seeing that I know naught of them, Sir William, how could I?" I answered, for once setting a lock upon my tongue, since I longed to say, but did not, that I would get small thanks for stale news, anyhow.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "I cannot hold you prisoner for looking like your cousin, so run along home with you. I have my own notions of what went on, but I think we need not talk of them, since they are but notions! So off with you, Miss Patty."

"Thank you, Sir William," I answered, and made him the best curtsy of which I was capable.

He smiled and bowed very low, with his hand upon his heart. A moment later I was out of the house and hurrying back to Front Street, wondering if I should hear aught of Rosalie or Val there.

CHAPTER XXIV

E PLURIBUS UNUM

It was several weeks, however, before I knew definitely that Val and Rosalie had escaped through the British lines.

As the days passed and no mention of the matter was made by either Major Tarlton or Lord Fairbrook, my feeling of certainty grew, for, had they been captured, I should have had word of it from one or other of our guests. But they came and went as before, and the scene at Sir William's was never referred to.

Then one evening in June, the sixteenth, to be exact, Major Tarlton called me in his office and, to my surprise, I saw a soldier busy packing papers and books in boxes and there was an air of hasty preparations being pushed forward.

"What is it?" I asked, looking about me.

"Can you keep a secret for a day?" Major Tarlton asked with a smile.

"If I must, I think you know I can," I answered.

"You must if you wish to know what is going on," he returned lightly.

"Then I will," I replied, "being very curious."

And he told me that the British army was going away early the next morning and that Philadelphia would at last be free of the enemy. "But 't is only for a time, Miss Patty," he ended. "We shall be back when the war is over."

"And in Boston, too, doubtless; but only as guests of the United States of America, Major Tarlton," I answered, with a fine air of triumph; for it seemed to me that the departure of the British from our capital must herald our winning of the war. I little guessed how much longer it was fated to drag on.

"Nay, be not too sure of that," the major said with a laugh. "We shall have a general soon who will not be content to sit still. But enough of that. 'T is of something personal I wish to talk. Think you it is possible to forget that we are enemies for five minutes?"

"If you but wore another uniform, Major Tarlton, I should be glad to be friends forever," I told him.

"Ah, but that cannot be," he returned. "Still, for five minutes, let us pretend that I wear no uniform and that one who has been a guest in this house, no matter how unwelcome, would like to say thank you for the hospitality he has received."

Now it was true that Major Tarlton and Lord Fairbrook had had it in their power to make their stay in Front Street much less pleasant than it had been. Never for a moment had they been aught but considerate of our feelings and convenience. They had not presumed to order any of us about, and, in so far as was possible in the circumstances, they had acted with scrupulous regard for our comfort. Besides, they had shielded us from much of the annoyance that other patriots had suffered from the overcrowding of their homes. For that I was grateful, and told Major Tarlton that we were sincerely appreciative of his thoughtfulness.

"If we were n't enemies," I said at the end, "I should be sorry you and Lord Fairbrook were going away."

"Now that is kind," he told me heartily, "and we shall always remember our stay in Philadelphia, for I am sure that never again shall we find such pleasant surroundings in the colonies."

Long before we were up the next morning the British army had left Philadelphia, and there was great rejoicing among those who had suffered from the insolence of their Tory neighbors, these having in many cases treated them worse than had the enemy soldiery. I learned later that Aunt Augusta had been among the Tory gentry who had fled the city by ship, and when the opportunity came she sailed for England with Mr. Roberts.

But on these things I dwelt little at the time, for, during the morning Val came clattering up to the house to assure us that all was well with him.

"I can stop but a moment!" he cried. "We are searching the city for lazy redcoats and have found several already."

"But you can tell me how you and Rosalie fared and what has happened since you left me," I insisted. "That at least you can do ere you go."

"Nothing did happen, really," he answered. "Wilkinson took us through the lines without any trouble. We crossed the river ere nightfall and left Rosalie with friends. She is now in Trenton, and the gold is already spent on our soldiers."

"Then you found it!" I cried delightedly.

"Aye, in Peter Smith's root-cellar," he answered. "It was there, just as we guessed it would be. Now I must be off. I 'll come back to dinner, an you 'll have me. See to it that it 's a good one. I 'm as hungry as a bear."

"But what of Wilkinson?" I called after him.

"He has his heart's desire. He 's in our army," came the answer.

I told Uncle John about Val, not knowing exactly how he would relish the news that he had harbored an unknown guest, nor how he would receive another unbidden one. But I might have spared myself the pains. My uncle has lost much of his shyness and welcomed Val with a right good will.

"I think, sir," he said, with assumed gruffness, "that you are owing me a bill for board in this house."

"You shall have it, Uncle, when I get my back pay," Val answered laughingly. "I hope you don't need it soon, sir, for there is no telling when I shall see coin again."

It was quite a gay meal, and I noticed joyfully that Uncle John liked Val at first sight.

Toward the end of the meal my uncle asked a question that made my heart jump with pleasure, for I had cherished a secret wish and this seemed to hint at its fulfilment.

"Know you aught of your father, my boy?" he inquired suddenly.

"He should be here almost any time now," Val answered. "I know not when he left France, but I 'm sure he would not delay after he had finished his business."

Nothing further was said. Uncle John went on with his meal, but that he should ask the question gave me courage to hope.

A day or two later I was walking along Chestnut Street, one of a cheering crowd of citizens who could not yet restrain their rejoicing that the enemy was gone, when my eyes were attracted by a man half a head taller than most of his fellows, shouldering his way toward me. A second glance showed me that it was Father, and in another moment I was in his arms, caring not who was there to see.

"Father!" I cried, "Father, you are back safe and sound."

Tears were in my eyes, and he was too much moved for speech, but the pressure of his arms told of his joy at seeing me.

"I went to look for you at your Aunt Augusta's" he said at length. "The house was closed, which left me somewhat troubled about you."

"Let us get out of the press," I said, "and I 'll tell you what has come to pass."

"Where are you living, Patty?" he asked a few moments later, when we were in a quieter street and could feel ourselves alone.

"I 'm at Uncle John's," I told him.

He stopped short and looked at me as if he could n't believe his ears.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded, frowning angrily.

"Aunt Augusta locked me in my room," I began, and, as we strolled along, I told him all that had befallen me from the night I left Springhill.

"And so, Father, I found a home where I think I am loved, and I would that you would go there with me."

"Nay, I cannot enter that house, Patty," he said almost violently.

"But why?"

"Because of what your uncle said many years ago."

"Did you hear him say it?" I asked.

"Nay, your Aunt Augusta told me—"

"But how do you know that my aunt told the truth?" I broke in. "Mrs Brisket says Mistress Roberts was ever ready to make trouble between you and, seeing that she seized Springhill in your absence and showed herself no friend to you or yours, how can you still put trust in her?"

He thought a moment, then, with a toss of his head, he turned.

"Come," he said, and together we walked to Front Street almost in silence.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the house and, as I hoped, Uncle John was already there. We went into the library and found him sitting in his usual chair with a book in his hand. At our entrance he looked up with a quick smile for me, but at sight of Father he lowered his head.

For a full minute there was silence, and I trembled a little for the outcome, but at last Father spoke in a voice low with suppressed emotion.

"John," he began, "I vowed over twenty years ago never to set foot across the threshold of this house nor to speak to you. That vow I have broken, seeing that I owe you thanks for your care of Patty."

Uncle John kept his eyes upon the floor and for a moment there was no sound, while I feared that what I had most hoped for was not to be; but suddenly he raised his head and met Father's glance.

"Will," he said, and his voice had a note of softness in it that I had never heard, "you and I have been two fools, ready to believe all the lies that were told us by tale-bearers and ill-wishers; but what is past is past. Your daughter has brought a ray of sunshine into the house of a miserable old man and warmed it for him." He rose suddenly to his feet, his head held high. "For Patty's sake, I would that we were friends again, and there 's my hand on it!"

He held it out and Father grasped it eagerly. From my eyes the tears were falling fast as I watched these two strong men brought again to friendship and brotherly love; but it was no place for me. Without a word I slipped quietly away and left them to heal the wound kept open so many years.

Only one thing was needed to make my happiness complete. I wanted to see Rosalie, and one bright day as I stood by the window she came along the street toward the house, and beside her, staggering under the weight of a portmantle, was the red-headed boy.

I flew to the door to welcome her, and in a moment she was in my arms.

"Oh, Rosalie!" I cried, "I have so longed to see you!"

She said nothing, but stood back to look at me, seeming a little timid.

"Do you know?" she questioned shyly.

"I know that you are E. P. U. and the best friend I ever had," I exclaimed. "You 're wonderful, Rosalie, and I am filled with shame that ever I doubted you."

She took me in her arms at that and gave me a huge hug.

"Had you not doubted me, I should have thought myself a poor actress," she returned with a laugh. "I wanted you to believe as you did. That is what every one believed, otherwise I should have been of small use. But you saved me, Patty. Major Tarlton nearly had me." She laughed again. "Faith I should have liked well to have been there when he made the discovery that *you* were n't *me*."

I took her into the library while we talked and talked and talked. The boy sat watching us his eyes sparkling.

"You see, Patty," Rosalie explained, "I had a fine chance to know what was going on in the British army. Mother was full of it, and we had officers coming and going all the time; but the moment I was found out, my usefulness was ended."

"But, Rosalie, what made you send me that message to come here?" I demanded. "How could you know I was going to escape from your house?"

"I had arranged all that," she replied smiling. "Mrs. McDonald is n't just what you think her. It was her niece's husband who brought me news of what went

on in our army. Little Barbary, her niece's daughter—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted.

"Well, the little one carried the messages, and I had them posted here and there, so that all the city should learn the news."

"And Mrs. McDonald helped you?" I cried aghast. "Oh, I am sorry now that I pushed her so hard!"

"So was she," Rosalie said laughingly. "She would have let you slip out of the door without a protest; but it was much better as it was. She had a lame knee to show Mother."

"Poor Mrs. McDonald," I mourned. Then another question came into my mind, demanding an answer. "'T was you who searched my portmantle?"

"To be sure it was," my cousin told me frankly. "I wanted to get that message, an I could, ere Mother found it. I knew they would go to any length to obtain it, and I meant to be there first. But you had hid it too well."

"Oh, Rosalie!" I cried, suddenly remembering; "Val said he met you on the street. Did you not recognize him?"

"That I did, and I was greatly worried when I learned that they had set a guard on your house," she replied. "I thought that he was harbored there."

"And it was you who urged that the guards be taken away? You saved his life, Rosalie."

"He saved mine when he took me out of the city," she said gaily; "besides, it was easy enough. I laughed at them for locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, for it was plain you had had every chance to rid yourself of their bothersome message."

"Aye, had I had it," I agreed.

So we talked, and I asked a hundred questions to which I had already guessed the answers.

"And it was this boy here, with the red hair, who ran your errands and posted up your messages," I said, finally.

"Yes, it was Jimmy," Rosalie replied. "No one ever suspected him. And he 's a real patriot," she added, giving the boy a smile. "He not only carried messages, but he learned a vast deal from the British."

"How was that possible?" I asked, much surprised at this statement. "Being deaf and dumb, I don't see how he could find out aught of value."

I noted a meaning glance pass between my cousin and the boy, then, to my great amazement, Rosalie nodded and he looked at me.

"But I can hear," he announced, grinning broadly.

"And you can speak!" I exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"You see," said Rosalie, "as everybody believed him deaf and dumb they were vastly careless what they said in his presence. Jimmy was always at hand to carry messages for the British officers and was quite a favorite at Sir William Howe's headquarters, where everybody petted him because they were sorry for his affliction."

"Oh, I see," I murmured, still scarce believing what I had heard. "And was it you who came to Springhill to warn Mr. Washington against the Gloucester road?"

"Oh yes, miss," was the ready answer; "and I was that startled to see you there in the kitchen I was like to forget I was dumb. I thought it was an empty room. I did n't want anybody to see me, you understand."

"So Uncle John had no hand in the matter," I said.

"Did you suspect him?" Rosalie asked, greatly surprised.

"Yes," I told her. "He had such a good explanation of what E. P. U. stood for."

"He should have had," she answered, "for it was his idea. He, my dear Patty, furnished the sinews of war. He paid the piper, though even he did not know those who did the work."

"Then he was always a patriot?" I asked.

"One of the staunchest," Rosalie declared.

Again we talked and asked questions innumerable till supper-time drew near and Uncle John walked into the house, to come upon us in the library.

"Ah," he said, at sight of Rosalie, "you have n't left the town with your mother and the other Tory ladies, I see."

"Nay," answered Rosalie, "the British would n't have me even if I wished to go—and our house is shut and Mrs. McDonald gone to her niece."

"So you stay here!" cried Uncle John. "Two girls are just twice as nice as one."

"Indeed they are!" I cried.

"And where did this youngster come from and who is he?" Uncle John asked.

Jimmy spoke for himself.

"I? I come from here, there and everywhere. I 'm what you might call E Pluribus Unum E. P. U. sir!"

THE END

LADY LUCY'S LEMON PIES

A Ballad of Cookery & Magic

BY CHARLES F. LESTER

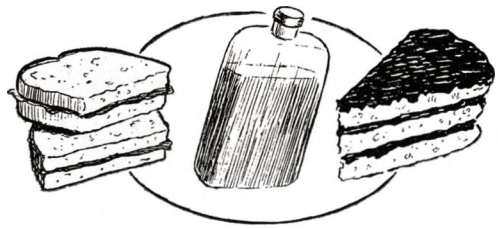
WITH a crimson-covered cook-book Lady Lucy sadly sat.
(A ballad *has* to start *somehow*, and this one starts like that.)
A mixing-spoon was in her hand and in her eye a tear.
Anon she sighed, "Alackaday!" Anon she cried, "Oh, dear!"

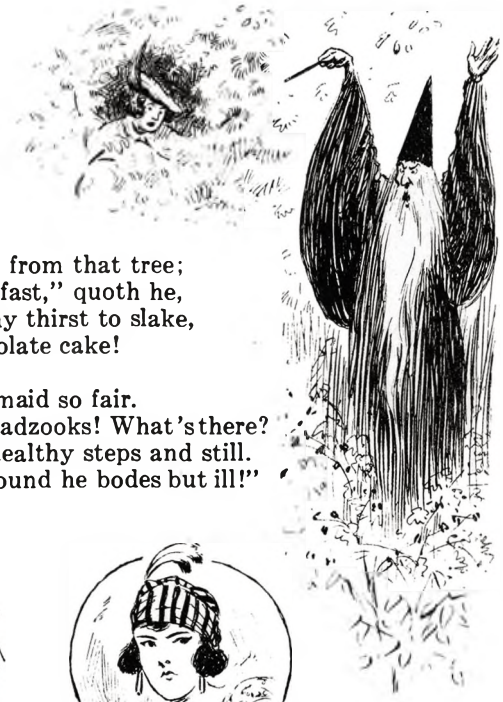
Be it known that Lady Lucy was competing for the prize
The king had offered for the most delicious lemon pies,
The first two pies the maid had made had made her somewhat sad,
And when the third at last came forth, 't was absolutely *bad!*

Alack! Alas! A lass so lachrymose it 's sad to view!
The sight excites my sympathy—there 's just one thing to do:
We'll change the scene—and, presto! pop! Pray, what is this we see?
Gadzooks! A wood—and good Sir Guy descending from a tree!

(You see, the limb he sat on broke.) He sprang up, not a whit
The worse for wear (although, of course, he felt cast down a bit).
Quoth he, "I 've found my way again, and so I 'd best be gone.
I 'll certainly be better off, the faster I get on."

Sir Guy was hunting wampuses, and, finding he was lost,
Climbed the tree to get his bearings, and succeeded (at some cost).
(Here 's a picture of a wampus—pretty creature, is it not?)
Our hero did n't get one—but he did get very hot.





"The witches' cave lies nor'-sou'-west; I saw it from that tree;
So thither I will bend my steps and break my fast," quoth he,
"I 've two nice fat ham sandwiches, and tea my thirst to slake,
And, crowning all, a slice of Lady Lucy's chocolate cake!

"'T is easy to believe such fare was made by maid so fair.
I would her pies might win the prize—but, soft! Gadzooks! What's there?
I 'll see!" He stooped and softly stole with stealthy steps and still.
"Ha! Zounds! 'T is Ziz the Wizard! I 'll be bound he bodes but ill!"

Lady Wanda

Now, the wily Lady Wanda, who was wild to win the prize,
But knew she could n't hope to beat the Lady Lucy's pies,
Had promised Ziz a bag of gold to spoil them with a spell;
(And well we wot, the wicked plot was working wondrous well.)

The spell that Ziz was wizzing with must be repeated thrice;
But he stuttered so atrociously, he 'd only said it twice;
And as he opened wide his mouth, a final breath to take,
He found it filled completely with a chunk of chocolate cake!

He sputtered and he stuttered, but he uttered not a word;
(In fact, the third instalment of that spell was never heard.)
And half an hour later, with triumph in her eye,
Lady Lucy from her oven pulled—a *perfect* lemon pie!

Of course, next day, fair Lucy won the prize (as was her due),
And ere that night (I'm sure you 've guessed!) Sir Guy had won one, too.
And now we need a final rhyme; suppose we make it "*bliss*."
(A ballad *has* to end *some*how, and this one ends like this!)

THE VANISHED RIDERS

By ALFRED POWERS

"THE Umpqua Indians did n't know what to make of it. Here, leading north, were the tracks of a shod horse, which all at once, as if by sudden inclination, turned into the door of this old deserted stable by the roadside. Down this way, leading south, was another row of shod-hoof marks, left there, as it could be seen, by a running horse. It had rained the night before, and since then the road had been untraveled except by these two strange horses, which plainly marked the muddied earth with their passage. The two rows of tracks met and mingled just outside the stable door and entered together."

All the while he talked, the old Oregon pioneer walked back and forth, and traced out with his cane where once two rows of hoofprints had converged, like the point of a printer's bracket, at the threshold of this ancient stable. I had given this old man a lift in my car and had set him down here at his request. I found myself still lingering in response to his invitation "to stop a minute and hear about some history connected with this old barn."

He had justified his acceptance of a ride with the explanation that he was sixty-seven. The stable, though probably not so old, showed even more the ravages of time. Only a few of the ancient shakes clung to the roof, with the support of rusted nails; the rest had fallen through to the floor where they lay in decaying heaps, or, having slid over the eaves, formed a rotting talus against the outer sides. The logs of the walls and gables, once straight and strong, now sagged in the middle, like a much used foot-plank over a brook. It had never had a window; its only opening was a doorway, now made lopsided by the leaning walls and from which the door was missing. The structure had plainly served no useful purpose for many years and was fast approaching utter ruin.

It undoubtedly dated back far enough to have "some history connected with it." The old pioneer, however, only whetted my curiosity without satisfying it, as he kept on talking about the two horses, carrying riders as yet unmentioned, who, for some reason as yet unexplained, had taken refuge together or had met in conflict in that forsaken building.

"The tracks met here," he continued, "and went into the stable and never came out again."

These U-shaped prints, which he discussed with such persistency and vividness, had indented a pioneer wagon-trail a full half-century before. Now, leading north and south, was the gleaming pavement of the Pacific Highway. Automobiles sped by in both directions while the old frontiersman talked about this dilapidated stable and a pioneer road muddied by a rain of fifty years ago and scarred by speeding horse-feet urged on by some great necessity.

"Who were the riders of the two horses?" I asked.

"Did I say there were two horses?" he inquired. "It looked like there were two, and the Indians thought there were two. But there was only one."

"Then there was only one rider," I said. "Who was he and what was he doing here?"

"No, there were two riders," he corrected me. "You see," he explained, with obstinate repetition, "the Indians found two rows of tracks leading into the stable and none leading out, and they found the stable empty. It was more than those Umpquas could understand. They were up a stump," he concluded idiomatically.

"Sir," I interposed, "I am fully as much up a stump as those Indians were. You have told me about the horse's tracks and have mentioned that there were two riders, but you have not told me how they came to be there or what happened to them."

"I am sorry," he apologized. "I am getting old. I thought I had told you all that. Well, when Joe Abernathy was seventeen years old he quit working in Ed Ryan's blacksmith shop in Jacksonville, Oregon, and started north on horseback with Steve McCully, who was three years younger."

"Will you excuse me a moment?" I requested. Meaning to stop only for a little while, I had left my car standing on the edge of the pavement. I moved it out of the way

of traffic and returned eagerly enough to hear how the decaying stable, the horse tracks, and the Umpqua Indians had played so long remembered a part in the travels of Joe Abernathy, blacksmith, and his companion, Steve McCully.

It is not because I do not remember it all exactly as the old man told it to me, but for the sake of greater directness, that I am venturing to put down parts of it in my own words.

On September 18, 1869, Joe Abernathy celebrated his seventeenth birthday by nailing four new shoes on the feet of his black horse in preparation for a journey.

He wore a buckskin apron and a blue cotton shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up above muscles that were rounded and hardened by sixteen months' work in Ed Ryan's blacksmith shop. His legs formed a vise for each upturned foot of the horse as he fastened the protective rim of steel to the pared and evened hoof. When the shoeing was finished, the black shook his mane and stood speculatively on his new footing, while Ed Ryan came from his forge to look upon the result with pride. The work had been done with the exactness of a clerk fitting a lady's slipper. Hoof and iron edging met as smoothly as the handle and metal butt of a carving-knife.

"Joe," said the old blacksmith, still looking at the black horse so perfectly shod, "when you started to work for me and I saw how naturally handy you was, I said I would make you one of the best horseshoers in Oregon. And, Joe, I 've done what I said I 'd do."

To the boy, there came a swift picture of the shoes on many horses' feet. He saw them furnishing a hold on the steep slopes of the Coast Range and striking sparks in rocky passes. Roads all over southern Oregon were trampled by shoes from Ed Ryan's blacksmith shop. Praise was good from such a master.

"Some day, Mr. Ryan," Joe replied, "I hope I can shoe a horse as well as you can and do it as fast."

"As well now, Joe," declared the blacksmith, "but maybe not quite so fast. I sure hate to lose you, Joe. The two of us have shod a lot of horses and could shoe a lot more. But you 'll have full charge of your uncle's blacksmith shop in Roseburg and I reckon you 're wise in goin'. But if you ever want a job, you know where to come. I hope you and Steve McCully have a good trip. By beginnin' on him when he 's fourteen, you ought to make a good blacksmith out of him. He seems like a promisin' boy. You 're lucky to be takin' him with you, for most boys around Jacksonville want to hunt for gold, and you can't get them interested in anything else. But even in a minin' country, minin' ain't the only way to make money. You know that, Joe."

Joe knew very well. He doubted whether any of the boys near his own age, who dug for gold and scorned him for working in a blacksmith shop, had as much. He was starting north in the morning with a new and shiny revolver, his horse and saddle, and $500 in money.

It was not a bad stake for a seventeen-year-old boy to be taking with him; but just now he was homesick for all that he was leaving behind. It was not easy to go away from the old blacksmith shop with its familiar smells of burning coal, heated iron, and horses' hoofs trimmed for the shoeing, and with its pleasant sounds of hammers ringing on steel, the bellows blowing, and the sizzling of red-hot iron thrown in the tub to cool. Reluctantly he said good-by to Ed Ryan and led his horse out into the unkempt streets of Jacksonville.

The mining-town was quiet in slumber when the two boys rode out of it early the next morning, Joe's black horse and the sorrel horse of Steve McCully jogging along at a fox trot toward the north. It was a hundred miles to Roseburg, and they expected to reach it in two days' travel. The surrounding hills were wrapped in fog as they followed down the Rogue River valley. Above was not a clear sky, with the fading stars of dawn, but a solid scum of cloud.

"I 'm afraid we 'll have rain before we get to Roseburg," predicted Joe.

Settlements were thick enough at first. Dogs ran out barking at them and calves were bawling for their morning milk. The log cabins and clearings continued, but with less frequency, until they came, shortly after noon, to the Rogue River ferry.

As they rode their horses off the boat on the north side of the river, a group of Indian bucks, riding bareback, were waiting to get on.

"*Klahowya sikhs?*" [How do you do?] said the boys, in Chinook greeting.

"*Klahowya,*" gutturally returned two of the men. They were a group of friendly Rogue River Indians. The boys wished that their road might have kept in the territory

of this tribe, but it now swung away from the Rogue, over mountain ridges without settlements, toward the upper stretches of the Umpqua River.

The Umpquas, while not recently in hostile outbreak, were sullen and resentful. Their territory, at no time hospitable, at any time might become unsafe, especially for small parties. Young Split-Ear, their chief, was no friend to the white man. Some months before, a cavalry officer had arrested him for stealing, and this indignity had festered in his revengeful heart. Joe, having heard of this in the blacksmith shop from travelers, occasionally fingered the handle of his new revolver.

"I wish I had a gun, too," voiced Steve, as they descended toward the head of the Umpqua cañon.

The day, since morning, even on the hills, had remained sunless and dark, but here in this cañon the fog either had not lifted or had settled down again; and added gloom was given by the steep slopes, clothed with somber firs, that rose high on either hand.

"Do you think we 'll meet any Umpquas down there?" asked Steve.

None appeared, but they saw a bear and two deer. The bear was eating elderberries by an efficient method all his own, drawing with his paws the heavy bunches sidewise through his opened mouth, stripping off the berries through his teeth, and letting the rich juices pour pleasantly down his gullet. The deer—a doe and a large fawn—lifted dripping muzzles from the cold current of the river, surveyed them for a moment, and fled up the slopes through the brush.

This was an unfrequented road, and as they penetrated down the cañon, they met no white man, and they were not disturbed by sight or signs of Indians. They became aware, however, of the increased threat in the weather. The clouds had darkened. There was a smell of rain in the air. Subdued rumblings of thunder rolled along the cañon walls. Soon the fog around them thickened to a mist.

"This will be a regular rain before morning," prophesied Joe, at camping-time. "We 'd better make a 'shanty'."

They built a brush-fire beside a big fir log. Then, scraping away the coals, they spread a mattress of fir boughs over the area of earth thus made dry and warm. With slender poles and stakes cut with their hatchet, they made a lean-to, the lower end resting against the log and backed by it, the front end higher and left open. They thatched the roof with bark and boughs, and with boughs also weatherproofed the sides. They threw their saddles back against the log for pillows, and over the soft and odorous flooring they spread their saddle-blankets and the two additional covers that they had brought along. Their bed was ready—and it claimed them soon after supper.

In the night a timber-wolf howled in long crescendo. He was answered and silenced by a cougar that screamed from some distant ravine. Neither animal cried again, but Steve, sleepless on his side of the bed, heard constantly the rush of the river, the horses cropping grass on the other side of the log, and the heavy drip of rain.

"Joe," he inquired after a while, "are you awake?"

"Yes. What 's the matter?"

"Do you think the Umpquas will bother us to-night."

"No. They would have showed up long before this. It 's several miles down the river to their camps. They live in a big valley down there. We 'll see them to-morrow, but they won't disturb us to-night."

"Have you got your pistol handy?" persisted Steve, not wholly reassured.

"Yes. It 's right here under my head. Forget about the Indians, Steve, and go to sleep."

They were up and on the road early. They had spent a dry and comparatively comfortable night in their shanty, but all around were evidences of the heavy rain that had fallen. Puddles stood in the road, the river was muddied, and the overhanging bushes drenched them as they rode along. Now, however, the rain had ceased, and the sun was shining bright when, two hours later, they emerged from the cañon.

A small valley opened ahead of them. A half-mile farther on, the walls of this contracted again, but revealed, through the pass, a great valley stretching broadly on either side of the river. The valley was a peneplain, dotted with rounded knolls, from behind one of which, perhaps two miles away, the boys saw a thin shaft of smoke arising.

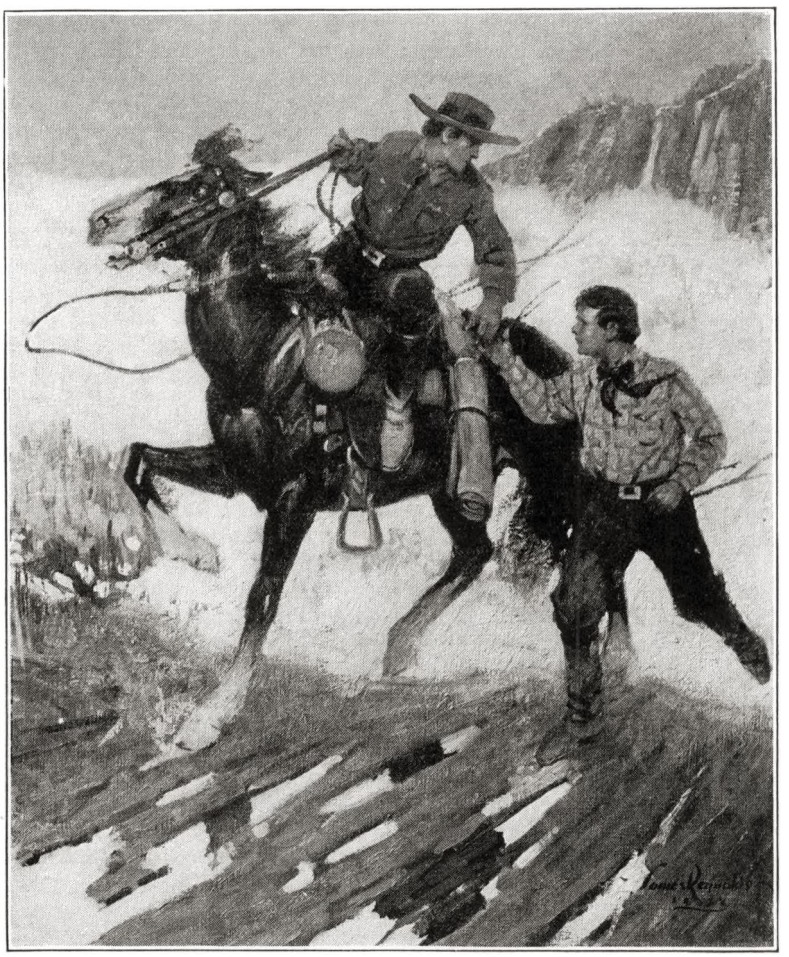
"They 're just getting breakfast," observed Joe. "It 's lucky they 're off the road a good ways. Maybe we can get by without their noticing us. I hope so."

Watching that distant column of smoke through the pass, they failed to see immediately a more disturbing exhibit closer

at hand—five moving objects along the hill, among the bushes, not far away from the pass itself.

Steve was the first to catch sight of them. "Look, Joe! Three bucks and two squaws up there on the hill."

"Yes, I see them," Joe replied. "They 've got baskets and seem to be gathering something. What is it? The berries must be all gone. Is it hazel-nuts? They 're probably friendly, but just the same, I wish there was some way to give them a wide berth."



"'HERE, GET ON BEHIND ME. WE 'VE GOT TO HURRY'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

He sized up the geography, hoping to find some way to avoid passing along at the foot of that hill. But there was no way. The river swerved in and this point jutted out to meet it, the last closing-in of the cañon wall before it gave back and made room for the broad and fertile valley beyond.

"Let 's stop a minute, Steve," Joe suggested. "You get down and pretend you 're tightening your saddle-girth. While I 'm waiting for you, I 'll have a chance to look them over. We don't want to let them know we 're suspicious or afraid."

At this manœuver on the part of the boys, the Indians, who had been looking at them, all turned unconcernedly to picking among the bushes, gathering whatever fruit was the object of their harvest.

"I 'd like to go by there at a run," Joe admitted, "but we 'd better not. We 'll just keep this trot. They probably won't bother us. I don't believe they 're armed. I 'll keep the pistol here on the left side of the horse where they can't see it, but handy—mighty handy—in case I need it."

As they approached the point, Joe riding on the exposed side of the road, the Indians continued to pick what the boys could now see were hazel-nuts—all except one squaw, who neglected her work to stare at them. The boys felt, somehow, though without particular reason, that there was evil intent in her observation.

Joe, however, called up to her: "*Klahowya sikhs?*"

"*Klahowya*," she replied.

The boys kept riding, but the old squaw was hastening with sprawling steps and leaps down the steep hillside, making motions that she wanted them to stop and carrying a basket as she came.

"Wants to trade us her hazel-nuts, I suppose," said Joe. "Well, I 'll stop and buy them; but you 'd better ride on, Steve, so you 'll be out of the way if the bucks on the hillside begin to act up. I don't like that squaw's actio s, but you keep going, Steve, and I 'll se t she wants."

The squaw continued her awkward descent of the hill, but Steve had not gone ten yards before Joe saw a quick and sinister move on the part of the bucks. All three of them stooped suddenly among the thick undergrowth that concealed them to their waists. That stoop was but momentary. In concert, like men in physical drill, they sprang erect, with shafted bows in their hands.

"Run, run for your life!" Joe shouted to Steve.

But Steve, at sight of the bows outstretching toward him, stopped in uncertainty and fear. "Joe," he cried in panic, "I 'm coming back to where you are!"

"No, no!" urged Joe. "I 'm coming, too. Run, run for your life!"

As he spoke he brought his pistol into aim up the hillside. At sight of this, the betraying squaw threw up her hands with a scream. But it was not at her he aimed. He fired, and the straightened arm of a buck went limp and the bow dropped from his hands. He fired a second time and a third. Though both shots missed, they caused fear and flight.

But too late. Two swift arrows had already descended. The sorrel, bearing Steve, was running now, urged on by pain and anguish, with an arrow buried in his neck. Joe, following at full speed, emptied his revolver as he went.

Just beyond the pass, the sorrel, leaving a stream of blood behind him, began to slow up and stumble, then went to his knees and rolled to his side, kicking in agony and struggling with broken gurgles for the breath that was shut off by the arrow in his throat.

Even as Steve freed himself without injury from the fallen and dying horse, Joe, halting alongside, pulled a foot from a stirrup and reached down his hands to him. "Here, get on behind me. We 've got to hurry."

And the black, carrying both boys, needed no urging.

They looked back upon the receding scene of their conflict and their loss. The Indians, the squaws outdistanced, were hastening away in flight, or as swift couriers to set a camp in pursuit. Nothing was left at the pass except the prostrate bulk in the roadway, not yet entirely still.

"He is n't dead yet," sobbed Steve. "That awful arrow!"

Time was precious; it was everything. But Joe, tears in his eyes also, turned around, reloaded the pistol back, and put the sorrel out of his pain. The report brought a look, but no pause, from the Indians, who were still fleeing—fleeing toward the column of smoke beyond the knoll.

"They 'll rouse the whole camp," said Joe. "It won't take this bunch long, the way they are heeling it now, to get there and tell their story. They would n't be in such a big rush if they did n't mean to get a lot of men and follow us. A big party of bucks will be on our trail, and I hate to think what will happen to us if they overtake us. It may take them a little while to catch their ponies. May be we 've got an hour's start. But we have n't any time to lose."

They were not losing any time. Even as Joe voiced his certainty of pursuit by the Indians, the black, discharging his great responsibility for speed, was taking the road with desperate urgency.

Steve, seated behind the saddle, with legs hanging over heaving flanks, served as sentinel. Each time he looked back, he did so with dread. As yet, however, he saw no distant signs of their pursuers.

The soaked earth impeded the speeding feet of the horse, which slung mud from his lifted hoofs and with his shoes branded the road with deep and ragged indentations. Steve wished that those tracks that were dropped by the racing feet and that lay in a long line behind them, were not quite so plain. Should they seek refuge by turning off the road, that trail of vivid tramplings would betray them. They could be followed as easily as a rabbit's tracks in the snow.

Joe, looking back at intervals, did not fail to see the tracks. They stimulated him to thought, also. But they were different thoughts from Steve's. Some vague recollection was stirring in his mind of a man somewhere to whom similar tracks had been not a hindrance, but a help.

A log cabin loomed up ahead. Joe had heard of this and knew that it was deserted—that it was a barn once used by express-riders, but now empty and forsaken. It was no longer a shelter for horses or the stopping-place for white men from whom help could be expected. As he approached it, he meant to ride by.

Then, suddenly, that recollection became articulate—the chronicled flight, in olden days, of a horseman out of London.

He slowed up his horse and reined him into the open door of the vacant stable.

"What are we coming in here for?" excitedly cried Steve.

"We 're going to stay here a little while," said Joe.

"With the Indians maybe not an hour behind us?" demanded Steve. "We can't fight them in here. This is n't any good for a fort. There are cracks between the logs. There is n't any window, no way out except this single door, and if they guarded it, they could keep us here forever. We 'll be killed if we stay here."

Joe made no further reply to Steve's objections, but, without loss of time, busied himself rummaging among the old litter of the stable floor and in the moldy stalls.

He found a box filled with rusty bolts, nuts, nails, and other odds and ends of hardware. Sifting through this miscellany, he picked out a quantity of horseshoe nails and an old file.

He then took his hatchet out of a saddlebag.

"ANOTHER ROW OF TRACKS CAME FROM THE NORTH AND LIKEWISE ENTERED THE STABLE"

SURE enough, a little over an hour later, a score of Indians approached the stable, riding full speed down the road. Their leader, when he saw the tracks turn into the building, reined up with a suddenness that set his pony on his haunches. His followers, piled into a congested group by their momentum, reined up after him.

The leader, a big man whose right ear was split like a marked calf's, pointed toward the stable and dismounted. It was Split-Ear, and the others, sliding from their ponies, gathered about him for his instructions. At his command, they scattered and, at a safe distance, encircled the stable. A few had rifles. The rest had bows. Almost immediately one returned in excitement to report a discovery. Beckoning the chief to follow him, he pointed along the road to where another row of tracks came in solitary emphasis from the north and likewise entered the stable.

This gave things a different color for the savages. The chief rubbed the cleft lobes of his ear in thought. Then he held up two fingers. The sign, in silence, was passed around the circle. No word was spoken, but they all knew that two horses were in the stable.

The door was closed. The cracks were

not wide enough to reveal the interior from such a distance. They knew that the besieged inclosure contained a black horse and two boys, one of them armed with a pistol. But who was this rider that had joined them from the north?

No sounds came to them—no sign of life or activity from behind the walls. The impressionable ground, carefully examined, had recorded no escape by foot or horse. They were in there—these two boys and the unknown horseman. But why did n't they make some show of defense? Why did they keep such silence that even their horses shared it?

At last Split-Ear fired into the door. Every Indian raised his rifle or put arrow to his bow, ready for the conflict. But there was no answering shot—no movement—no sound.

Another wait. Then one Indian, preferring risk to longer suspense, ran up to the stable, and, using the door as a shield, leaned cautiously over and peered through a crack. He gave a bewildered exclamation. There was no horse in the stable—no boy—no man! The building was empty!

He motioned to the others, and they came running up, eyes to cracks, confirming the utter emptiness of the stable.

They looked at each other in amazement and wonder. They went back to the road. Along it still lay the same signs that pointed to the same conclusions. Coming from the south and circling into the stable were the tracks of the horse that had carried the boys. These tracks further up the road were mixed with the tracks of their own ponies, but traceable even there, because they were made with metal shoes.

Coming from the north, unmixed with other tramplings, still trailed that other horse's hoofprints down the road, from which they curved to enter the stable.

From these conclusive proofs, unchanged and exactly as they had found them at first, they looked in bewilderment at the cabin, unoccupied by horse or rider.

Once more in the wet earth they searched for signs going out of the stable; but once more they found none. No horse had left that building since the rain; yet certainly two had entered. And now the building was empty.

There was only the one door. There was no other opening through which a horse or even a man could go.

This disappearance was impossible. Yet it had actually taken place. They were baffled by a problem they could not solve, by a mystery they could not explain, by a paradox no power was given them to understand. They mounted their ponies and rode back to camp like men who have beheld a miracle.

ABOUT half past ten that night, two boys knocked at the door of a darkened house in Roseburg.

"Who is it?" sleepily asked a voice from within.

"It 's me—Joe. We 're here, Uncle Frank. Steve is with me. Where do you want us to put our horse?"

"I 'll be there and show you as soon as I get some clothes on. I 'll bring a lantern."

The boys walked with him toward the barn, leading the black. "Where 's your other horse?" he asked.

"We 've just got one horse now," said Joe.

Joe removed the saddle and hung it up on a peg, while his uncle, from the abundance in the barn, brought a bucket of threshed oats and filled the manger with hay. Then, by the light of the lantern that set on the floor, he noticed for the first time the feet of the horse.

"Why," he exclaimed, "his shoes are on hind part before. He 's shod backwards. I don't understand."

"We did it to escape from the Umpquas," Joe explained. "They killed Steve's horse this morning. I shot one and broke his arm. A whole pack of them followed us. We stopped in the deserted stable back there and I changed the horse's shoes, like I read once in a history book of a man doing."

His uncle lifted up one front foot of the eating black and looked at the shoe, the two calked heels of which projected toward the front.

"Pretty good idea!" he said approvingly. "The horse goes one way, but his tracks show he has gone exactly the opposite way."

"That 's it," agreed Joe. "When we rode out of that stable it looked like we had gone in. The tracks showed that two horses went in and that none left, and yet the Indians found us gone. I expect they are still wondering how it all happened."

"TRINKETS FROM HOME"

By ETHEL COMSTOCK BRIDGMAN

JEAN THOMAS, one of the girls at Miss Allen's school, had just been home for a week-end. She had left school late on Friday afternoon, traveled to Wilton, Connecticut, a few miles away, and returned to school early on Sunday evening. That had given her two nights and almost two days at home. Week-ends were granted by Miss Allen as a sort of reward for value received. To achieve one, a girl must wholly merit it. She must, to be exact, average a certain percentage in her monthly marks before she could even expect this particular privilege.

Jean Thomas, at this the middle of her third school year, had to her credit the memory of a generous accumulation of week-ends spent happily with her devoted family—the family being her father and mother, her big brother Bill, already through Yale, and her little brother Tommy Thomas at home.

Jean had acquired the reputation at Miss Allen's of being "awfully nice," and good fun enough if she would only let herself go—if she would get over some of that shyness and forget herself. Every one liked her, though they thought her a bit of a "prod." They felt they would like her a whole lot better if they could know her better.

Her room-mate, Virginia Hunt, admired her tremendously, though she was frank in admitting that Jean was "beyond" her, for all the world like her brother Page who nearly died of fright every time he saw a girl.

Other girls, knowing the frivolous Virginia, could quite easily understand why Jean was beyond her; but they had considerable difficulty in accounting for the warm friendship between them. Virginia lived in New York City surrounded by a life so gay that her sensible mother, greatly disapproving and sorely tried, looked upon boarding-school as the only solution of this very difficult problem.

Fate, or perhaps it was Miss Allen's clever way of doing things, had seen to it that these two girls should become room-mates, one from a small country town, the other from the big city. Their friendship had grown steadily from the first, though Soapsuds—her real name was Sophia Sudman—always said that they were "no more alike than a tame dove and a wildcat"—it being clearly understood, of course, that Jean was the dove and Virginia the wildcat.

But to go back to Jean on her arrival after this particular week-end at home. She had left school on Friday lightly armed with a small suitcase,—almost a dressing-case,—and she returned to school on Sunday night heavily laden with one of those big double automobile leather affairs, obviously heavy. This she had had carried to her room by Fred, who "drove for the school," and deposited carefully on her bed.

"Good gracious, Jean!" Virginia had exclaimed, "what sort of a wardrobe have you brought back? Shall I help you unpack?" She was dying of curiosity.

Jean had blushed furiously, looked enormously self-conscious, and replied:

"No wardrobe at all, Jin. Just a few—a few trinkets I brought from home. I won't unpack till after supper."

Then they had gone down to supper together, Jean quiet,—but "kind of held in," as Virginia afterward described her,—her room-mate mystified completely.

"Have a good time, Jean?" asked a chorus of girls, more as a form of welcome than a question, to which Jean, to their infinite surprise, responded airily:

"Oh, fair. Got home too late for anything special Friday night. Just a little victrola dance with some of the old crowd staying for supper afterward."

The girls stared at her stupidly. She continued:

"Saturday was n't so bad, though. A man I 've known—for some time," she looked fixedly at the table-cloth, her voice trembling, "took me motoring all the afternoon, and that night another awfully nice chap took me to the movies. What made it really exciting," she added, "was that Mother did n't know anything about it. We simply went, that 's all—Constance Talmadge—I 've forgotten the name of the picture. Later we stopped in for a bite," she finished abruptly.

The girls were struck dumb. Jean Thomas—two boys,—"men" and "chaps," she called them,—a victrola dance with supper after it, motoring with one "man," the

movies with another "chap" with a "bite" after it! And all this was only "fair"—Jean Thomas!

Virginia was stunned to absolute silence. Supper over, she managed to gasp: "My, you must be tired, Jean! Let 's unpack."

Jean did the unpacking, and Virginia sat near by, fairly astonished. From the depths of that enormous affair Jean took forth amazing things, slowly, one by one, making light comments now and then.

For the most part, they were picture-frames filled with photographs of care-free looking youths. One was in football get-up; another clasped a mandolin to his heart. There were innumerable profiles, of varying curves and angles. One soulful young man wore large boned spectacles. There were three or four groups of young men in summer attire, one a satisfied-looking tennis player, racket in hand, another seated in a canoe, paddle poised in mid air, still another in a white belted bathing-suit, muscles bulging. And there were numerous trophies, too—small footballs, flags, balloons.

These Jean arranged tastefully about the room, on her hitherto bare chiffonier, her unadorned dressing-table, over lean spots on her share of the wall space. Virginia watched her, speechless, fascinated. She did not offer to help. She could not. Meanwhile, Jean rattled on.

"Will Taylor—you know him, famous football end. Mat Wiley— My, how that boy can play the mandolin! Wenty Palmer—he 'll be famous some day. You must have read some of his stuff. Dick Powell—played Tilden and gave him an awfully close run. Ben West—life-saver last summer, college chap, earning his way through Princeton."

The others were just "terribly attractive men I know," and the groups were "some of the crowd." Last of all Jean displayed the head and shoulders of a handsome male in khaki, a pair of silver bars on each shoulder, and entirely surrounded by a vast expanse of silver frame. This she carried tenderly to her desk.

"Captain Mahlon Price," she volunteered, and, ignoring the open-mouthed Virginia, she gave the elaborate affair a place of particular honor.

"I think the most of him," she remarked.

Just then the desk light fell on a small object pinned to Jean's frock—to a spot exactly above the region of her heart, as nearly as the girl could judge.

"What 's that?" Virginia asked breathlessly—"that pin?"

Jean glanced down at the small black-and-gold object, then answered carelessly:

"That? Oh, that 's *his* Psi-U pin. I think a good deal of it."

Completely awed, and not a little worried, Virginia managed to make her escape from the room. Following the sound of voices, she scuttled down the corridor and burst into Soapsud's room, sinking into an empty wing-chair. The girls gathered about her excitedly.

"Bring me to, girls! Pinch me! My mind is leaving me," she panted.

"Your what?" asked Connie Rogers, rudely—a pointless comment which met with no response in the midst of this unusual scene. Then Virginia told her story to an appreciative audience.

"Have you lost your health, dear, or just mislaid it somewhere?" inquired Soapsuds, anxiously.

"Why, you can't drag her to a dance!" said Rennie Martin; "and I saw her absolutely pale that time Ruth West's brother was here for Sunday dinner and Ruth introduced him to her."

"When I asked her about the junior prom this year, she said she was n't going," added Frances Gardiner, excitedly.

"Yes, yes, I know all that!" agreed the dazed Virginia; "and whenever I have begged her to visit me in New York, she has always had some excuse. I told her I wished she 'd come if it was only to sit off in a corner with Page somewhere, where they could blush and suffer together. She would n't go home with me, and, of course, Page would rather be drawn and quartered than ever come here."

"Try her again, Jinny," urged Betty Trask, who knew the Hunt family well. "I should think they 'd be wonderfully congenial. Page makes me tired—president of the sophomore class, varsity quarter-back, and a perfectly stunning six-foot baby that trembles like a leaf at the sight of a petticoat."

"I know—I know!" groaned Virginia. "It 's awful. I 've done my best."

Amplified reports of this new Jean spread rapidly. By the end of a week, all her friends and most of her casual acquaintances had examined the famous collection of photographs more or less minutely—depending upon their individual opportunities. Toward Jean, they assumed an attitude of

unconscious awe, which was largely increased by the undercurrent of mystery connected with the whole affair. Jean volunteered no explanation, and no one questioned her.

"JEAN DID THE UNPACKING, AND VIRGINIA SAT NEAR BY, FAIRLY ASTONISHED"

In the course of time Virginia, to her surprise, discovered that she had earned a week-end. She saw it bright upon her horizon early in April and, with high hopes, she approached her room-mate.

"Do you suppose," she asked, "that we could work things so that 'little Miss Allen' would give us an extra day—a Monday? I have almost nothing important on Mondays. I could save my week-end till the end of the month and make it cover Monday and Mayday. That would give me four days at home, and maybe— Oh, Jean, would you come home with me?"

Jean, running true to form, rebelled at once. Anything for an excuse. Meet those people! Visit strangers!

"Oh, I don't see how I could get off," she began.

"Piffle!" snapped Virginia. "You know you have an extra day coming to you. And there must be something you ought to do in New York—some shopping, or something." Then she faced her room-mate and flared out: "Now see here, Jean, you can't play that shy game on me any longer. You 've been telling me for years how you 'd hate to meet Page. Does that excuse still hold?" and she flourished her arm with a comprehensive wave about Jean's side of the room. Jean was equal to the occasion.

"I 'll write home to-night; and if Miss Allen will let us do it, I 'll come," she finished.

And so it came about that the two girls left Haverford on the last Friday in April bound for the Grand Central Station. Virginia, racing up the long platform toward the open gate and seeing her mother's face behind the outstretched rope, paid but little heed to her guest, who came trailing behind.

Mrs. Hunt welcomed both girls warmly, and they followed her to the waiting car.

"Page drove me down," she explained. "He 's waiting outside in the car across Vanderbilt Avenue."

"There he is—I see him!" cried Virginia, and she motioned to him to wait. "Come on," she called to her mother and Jean.

Reaching the car first, she whispered hurriedly to the two hundred pounds sitting by the wheel.

"For goodness' sake, Page, brace up and be a man! You 'll love Jean, and she 's crazy to meet you. She seems frightfully shy, but the men all fall for her." Then she looked back in time to see her mother and Jean cut off by the traffic and she gathered steam.

"Page, you just ought to see the slathers of men's pictures she has in our room and the millions of flags, footballs and things they 've given her."

The traffic cleared and Mrs. Hunt and Jean approached.

"Heaven help me!" groaned the handsome six-footer.

"I *will* be brave!" murmured Jean Thomas, as she caught sight of the man at the wheel. That was Jinny's brother Page! She recognized him by his picture. There was no escape.

"Jean, this is Page. Now you two might as well make the best of a bad situation." Tact was not Virginia's strong point. "Hop in front, Jean, and you and Page can thrash things out together. Personally, I want a word with Mrs. Hunt."

While Page was assisting the trembling Jean into the front seat, his sister was scrambling in beside her mother.

"All set?" she called. "Come on, then, let 's go—anywhere for a drive before we go home. We 've loads of time before dinner." Then she whispered to her mother behind her hand, "Jean 's shy to begin with, but she 's a heart-breaker for fair"; then added aloud: "Let 's show off Fifth Avenue to Jean, Page, and then strike over to Riverside Drive and follow the river a way. You don't have to lecture to her on the Public Library, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grant's Tomb, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, and the Palisades. Just point them out and show her anything else that comes handy," she finished lamely, and promptly forgot the occupants of the front seat entirely, plunging deep into personal matters with her mother.

Looking back on that first drive on the front seat with Page Hunt, Jean had to confess she enjoyed it. Conscious of the fact that Jinny's brother was painfully shy and presumably in agony, like herself, she exerted herself to the utmost to play her part and thus relieve the strained situation. Page did his best,—he liked Jean tremendously,—but, manlike, his attempts at conversation were not particularly graceful.

During the four days which followed, there was little in the way of entertainment which Mrs. Hunt did not plan for her household. The first night they were taken to see "Whispering Wires" by Mr. Hunt, who had long been anxious for a good excuse to go himself. Saturday was a perfect day. Mrs. Hunt filled the big car with young people, not to mention an enormous luncheon of stuffed eggs, fried chicken, potato salad and French pastries, and Page drove them out into the country, Long Island, for the day. Additional young people came to dinner that night, and later they danced at home, Jean and Virginia hearing the very newest records for the first time. Sunday morning the family about filled an entire pew at St. Thomas's, and after dinner Mrs. Hunt suggested a walk in Central Park.

"You don't have to come, Page, if you don't want to, old dear," remarked his sister, generously. "You 've been a perfect peach. Bob and Jack are coming along and we 'll let you out."

Page looked crossly at his sister.

"Guess I 'll go along, too. Course, if you and Jean don't want me—"

"Merciful goodness, but you appreciate a little kindness from your sister, don't you!" retorted Virginia. "Come on, but I 'll never try to help you out again."

So Page went. He even visited the animal houses, at Jean's request, and bought peanuts to feed the bears on the upper level. In fact, he did n't seem to be having a bad time at all. As for Jean, she was in the seventh heaven. Everything was new to her and she almost forgot how shy she was.

Virginia was delighted. "Now I see why all the Wilton boys adore Jean so," she thought to herself. "I can see how she collected those photographs and the Psi-U pin."

Monday the girls "did the shops," and in the evening were invited to a box-party. After the performance something happened. The bomb fell—and with a dreadful explosion—in this way.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were still out, when Jean, Virginia, and Page arrived home, and the young people found a delicious cold supper awaiting them, which they consumed with gratifying zeal.

Gazing lovingly at a turkey sandwich, Page remarked casually: "Sorry you won't be here next Sunday, girls. I 've an awfully good friend I 'm going to put up for the week-end. You 'd like him, I know—Mahlon Price. Saw active service overseas—a captain in the artillery and one fine man. Why, what 's the matter? See a ghost, both of you? Why so spooky?"

"'WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEAR?' SHE FINISHED, LOOKING AT HER GUEST IN ALARM"

"Mahlon Price!" shrieked Virginia. "Mahlon Price? Captain? Why, that 's—What is the matter, dear," she finished, looking at her guest in alarm. "Are you ill?"

Jean said nothing. She appeared to be suffering from a combination of high fever and an exaggerated case of lockjaw. She put down her glass of milk weakly and looked helplessly at the other.

"Jean, Jean, what is it?" gasped Jinny, and her brother rose to his feet and looked wildly about for help.

Jean was shy, but she was no coward, and she knew her hour had come. She squared her shoulders and then said: "Now, don't interrupt me. I 've got to get this out of my system, and you can think anything you want of me. If it 's the worst, I won't blame you. Jinny, ever since I went to Miss Allen's I 've felt it was all wrong that I did n't have any boy friends like the rest of the girls. I 've always been ready to drop with fright when one spoke to me, though I was wild with envy every time I heard the girls telling about all their admirers and showing off photographs, dance-programs, and things like that. When Ruth West trotted out that fraternity pin and stuck it on her chest, I really suffered."

"Jean!" gasped Jinny.

"Yes, I know. You would n't understand. My brothers have always teased me and told me I had no pep and made me actually cry with self-consciousness. I just could n't stand it. So, last time I went

home, I collected all the photographs of my big brother's friends—those I thought he would n't miss—and a lot of souvenirs I found stuck away in queer places, and brought them all back to school. I did n't say a word that was n't literally true. Mahlon Price is my cousin and I do like him best—mostly because I don't know any of the others. And don't you tell him, Page. He 'd be sure to tell Bill. I told the truth at supper that night, too, Jinny. Those two boys that took me motoring and to the movies were Bill and Tommy, and I did go in somewhere after the picture for a bite—I went home."

Then she unfastened the Psi-U pin and pointed to the engraving on the back.

"William T. Thomas. Yale '95."

"It 's Dad's," she admitted shamelessly. "I found it in his upper draw in a little old box with an elastic around it. I did n't think he 'd miss it; but I 'm going to send it back. O, dear, dear! what a fool I 've been and what do you think of me?" she sobbed. "I wanted terribly to ask some one to the prom, but I did n't dare," she finished.

Virginia "came to" first. She put her arms around poor Jean and held her close, scowling ferociously at her brother over the girl's bowed head. "Don't you dare tell," she pantomimed viciously. But Page only said, in a bewildered sort of way, "Well, can you trump that!"

Virginia was closeted with the dressmaker all the next morning, and Page took Jean for a drive. They stopped at the Forty-fifth Street post-office at the girl's request.

"Please register this for me, Page," she said briefly. "It 's Dad's pin."

The day was fine and they drove through the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens.

"I 've had a wonderful time, Page," Jean said suddenly, "and I hope you and Jinny don't hate me."

Then Page—the shy Page—blurted out: "Forget that, please. Would you do something for me? Ever since Jin went to Miss Allen's I 've wanted to get there for a prom, but she never knew it. If you had n't any one else in mind, would you ask me? I really can dance and I 'd be no end set up. And, Jean," he stumbled on,—then he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket,—"this Alpha-Delt pin of mine—course it 's not much good and all that, but maybe I would n't be proud as Punch if you 'd park it somewhere. Will you?"

"Oh, Page, you 're a dear!" Jean managed to say. "You 're all Jinny said and a lot more and—why, you 're not shy at all!"

"You 're right!" he announced exultantly. "I don't see where Jin got that shy stuff."

HOW JACK WON THE BLUE RIBBON

By CAROLINE BIRD PARKER

It was a lazy afternoon in July, and I had just enough ambition to keep a rocking-chair moving slightly and to feast my eyes on the dancing waves of the lake that stretched away into a mile of blue and silver. I heard a little rustle below, and leaning over the rail of the porch, I saw the boy who waited on me in the dining-room stretching his full six feet on the grass, and a nondescript white dog lying asleep near him.

"Where did you get your blue-ribbon pup?" I asked.

No reply; but the boy flushed, and his eyes flashed a glance that did not augur well for the continuation of a friendship that I was anxious to hold, as I had discovered that this was no ordinary chap.

I had learned from one of the guests in the hotel that my young friend and his brother were working their way through college, that their father had died suddenly a few years ago, and that there was very little money for the boys and their mother to live on, certainly not enough to complete the education which she was determined her sons should have.

I might have known that the boy and the dog were chums, for they were almost inseparable companions, and the tactless words were no sooner out of my mouth than I sincerely regretted having blundered. I tried to open conversation in other directions, but with little success.

But youth is generous with the faults of older people, and after a little the boy sat very erect and said; "I will show you that

this particular 'pup,' as you call him, has something better than looks. He has real gray matter in his head." And he put the dog through a course of tricks that would have brought a round of applause from a metropolitan audience. I tried to make mine as enthusiastic as possible, and I was partially restored to favor.

Just then several boys and girls came along and called, "Come along out on the lake, Slim," and they were off, with the dog trotting behind his master.

Having nothing better to do, I "just set," as we New Englanders say, and the sun went down and the lake turned into a beautiful rose, and the twilight came, and the moon should have come up to make a perfect ending; but it did n't, because it was on duty in China that night.

After the lake had quite disappeared and there was just a big black spot where it had been, I joined a group of people and we talked about—not much in particular, as we are inclined to do on a hot summer night, and I found myself bragging a little about my new acquaintance, the boy's dog.

Suddenly, a series of sharp, agonized barks were heard out in the hole that had been the lake, and a white streak came dashing up to us from the shore. A very wet white dog rushed around and around us, screaming in dog language; "Hurry up, you stupids! Can't you move?"

"The boy is in trouble," I said, and we all hurried to a boat. Only two of us could go, and, as most of us were women, the cook was chosen as the oarsman, and I was allowed to accompany him, because I begged very hard to do so, feeling that I owed it to the dog to do all that I could to help the brave little fellow.

The boat was soon off, and the dog swam out a little way, and then back again, barking all the time; but a different kind of bark now, for he knew that we were doing our best to help him. As soon as we were well under way, he ceased barking and took a straight line for the other shore. Although the night was dark, he never deviated from his course, and his little white head was the only guide that we had.

We had rowed about a quarter of a mile when we heard cries for help, and we knew that we must not lose a minute. The cook proved that he was as expert with the oars as he was in the kitchen, and he fairly made the boat leap through the water. Jack managed to keep just a little ahead. He took us straight to the spot where the boy and his companions had been thrown into the water by the sudden springing of a leak in the motor-boat in which they had gone out. The boat went down in a few seconds, leaving the entire party at the mercy of the water and a full quarter of a mile from the nearest shore.

The boys could swim, and so could all of the girls except two. Our boy was a crack swimmer, and the proud possessor of two medals, and immediately went to the rescue of the girls who could not take care of themselves. But alas; they became panic-stricken and unwittingly did all they could not only to drown themselves, but to drag the boy down. He might have been able to manage one; but two struggling girls were almost too much for him, and he could only try to keep them afloat until help came. How he managed to save them both was a marvel to all of us.

Thanks to Jack, we reached the spot just in time, for the boy was quite exhausted when we pulled the girls into the boat. When we reached for him, he could not give us any help, for he had fainted and almost slipped away from us. And the dog—well, he was just paddling around, not making a bit of fuss, but waiting patiently until some one should have time to rescue him. He was nearly "all in," but when he saw his young master, he knew that his work was not finished. He lay down beside him—and whined and whimpered, looking from one of us to the other, and saying as plainly as possible, "Why does n't he speak to me? Can't you do something about it?"

We did all that we could; but we could not bring the boy back to life until we had him in the little hospital in the village.

A few days of nursing and care made the boy quite well again, but both he and Jack had to endure a good deal of lionizing, which the boy cordially disliked.

On the morning after the rescue, I took Jack for a walk through the village and we stopped at the store. Jack came out with the bluest ribbon that the town afforded around his neck, and it was tied in a smashing bow which gave him quite a rollicking appearance. I took the dog to the boy's bedside, and neither of us spoke, though Jack did all that he could to call attention to his new decoration. The boy just gave one of his inimitable grins, and his eyes said, "Oh, all right, if you think it is necessary; but I knew it all the time!"

GOING DOWN-GRADE THIS LOCOMOTIVE GENERATES ELECTRICITY

LOCOMOTIVES THAT ACT AS POWER-PLANTS

By C. M. RIPLEY

If you ever travel over the C. M. & St. P. electrified railroad from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, be sure and have a visit with the engineer. When the train stops at some of the way-stations in the Rocky Mountain district, go out and inspect that wonderful locomotive that adds so much to the ease and safety and comfort of your high climb, a mile above the level of the sea, as you ascend the Rocky Mountains.

And this locomotive is worth looking at. It 's worthy of anybody's thought for many reasons, particularly because of the wonderful feature of "regenerative braking." For, on the down grades, every electric locomotive on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad changes into a power-plant—it generates electricity and pumps it back into the trolley-wires. Thus the power of gravity is again made useful to mankind.

In fact, as these trains go down the mountain hour after hour, they do not put on the brakes at all. The engineer throws the regenerative brake-lever. This sends an electric message which changes all of the motors into dynamos at his bidding. Then, instead of taking 4000 horse-power out of the trolley-wire, this locomotive power-plant *pumps into the wires two to three thousand horse-power for hours at a time* as the train steadily glides down either side of the continental divide.

In the old days, they put on the brakes to check the speed of the train on the down grades. Frequently, the brakes would become so hot that it would be necessary to stop the train to give the brakes and shoes a chance to cool off. The value of the metal worn off the brake-shoes was $72,000 per year,—just for the shoes,—not counting the car-wheels that would crack from the excess heat. Now, the force of gravity, instead of destroying the brake-shoes, is converted into useful power by the motors, and the "juice" flows up through the trolley into the wire. This "by-product power" is used

either to pull another train up the mountain at some other place on the line, or it flows back into the power-company's line, and is used by factories, mines, and even residential customers of the power-company. Just think what it means—that the energy which used to burn up brake-shoes is now being used by Mrs. Jones to iron her husband's shirt in some town in Montana, or by Mr. Brown in Idaho to toast bread on the breakfast-table.

How much value this feature of "by-product" power is to the railroad is shown by the following figures, average for four years' operation.

On only one of the Rocky Mountain divisions, 220 miles long, 11.3% of the total power requirements was supplied by regenerative braking—average for the past four years. Expressing this in terms of the household meter, the amount of electricity "reclaimed" from the power of gravity was 6,750,000 kilowatt hours. If this were sold at $.10 per kilowatt hour, it would bring $675,000.

All this energy was saved from the "scrap-pile" by brilliant engineering. And it is such engineering as this that helps to serve and please the customer and extend the field of the electrical industry.

The first part of the road to be electrified was that over the Rocky Mountains. It proved such a great success, that the other mountain division, that crossing the Cascade Mountains, has likewise been electrified. This makes a total of 660 miles of road-bed and nearly a thousand miles of track which have been transformed.

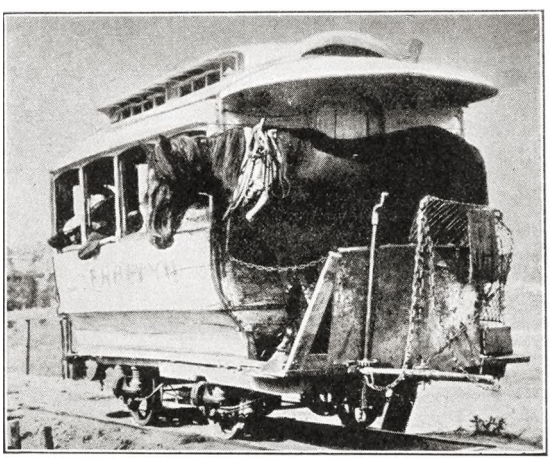
A tourist can now view the grandeur of the Rockies and the Cascades without fear of getting a cinder in his eye, and the route has proved so clean that special open-air observation-cars have been built by the railroad company, so that the passengers can look up and around, instead of merely looking out of screened or closed windows. Thus electricity has made it possible more thoroughly to enjoy the beauties of nature.

During the winter period, the electric locomotives have shown themselves especially serviceable. Delays that were formerly due to low temperatures have now been eliminated. In the mountains, where deep snows cause trouble, electrical operation has proved more reliable than steam.

Under electrical operation, the locomotives, instead of being changed at the end of each division, of approximately 110 miles, can remain in service continually, with a slight inspection at the two ends of the electrified territory or until called into shop for general inspection or repairing.

During the first few months of operation, the late Mr. C. A. Goodnow, vice-president of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, in charge of electrification, said:

"Our electrification has been tested by the worst winter in the memory of modern railroaders. There were times when every steam locomotive in the Rocky Mountain district was frozen; but the electric locomotive went right along. Electrification has in every way exceeded our expectations. This is so not only with respect to the tonnage handled and mileage made, but also the regularity of operation."



OLD DOBBIN, THE "HORSE POWER" UPHILL, IS A PASSENGER GOING DOWN

OUT OF DOORS AND IN

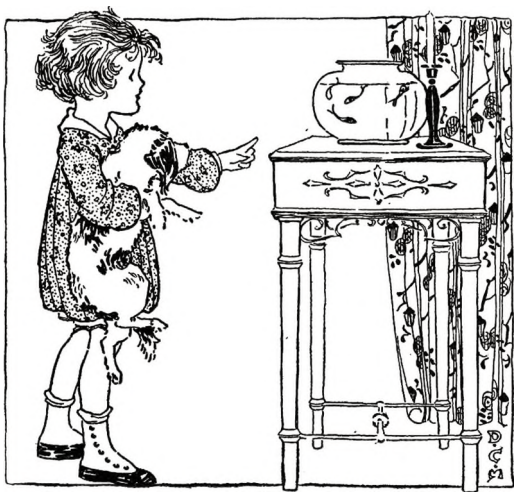
By MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

THE ORGAN MAN

THE monkey jumps with nimble feet
To grab a penny in the street;
Then peanuts, or a bit of cake,
Politely from your hand he 'll take;
And he can dance and tip his cap,
And likes it when the children clap.
But Italy was once his home—
I wonder was he glad to come?

SPENDING THE NIGHT

As my dear playmate Katie Lee
Came once to spend the day with me,
I went with her to spend the night—
And felt just fine while it was light.



They got me ready for the trip,
Tooth-brush, comb, nightie, in a grip.

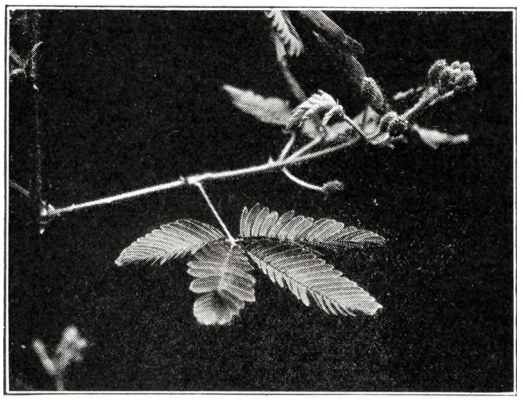
But when I heard the froggies croak,
I felt as if I 'd almost choke,
  Or maybe smother.
  I wanted Mother!
I said good-by to Katie Lee
And reached home just in time for tea.

GOLDFISH

At school we children *learn* to swim;
  But pup and goldfish *know*.
I wear a bathing-suit so trim;
  But they jump in just so.
Pup shakes the water from his ears,
But fish are always wet—poor dears!

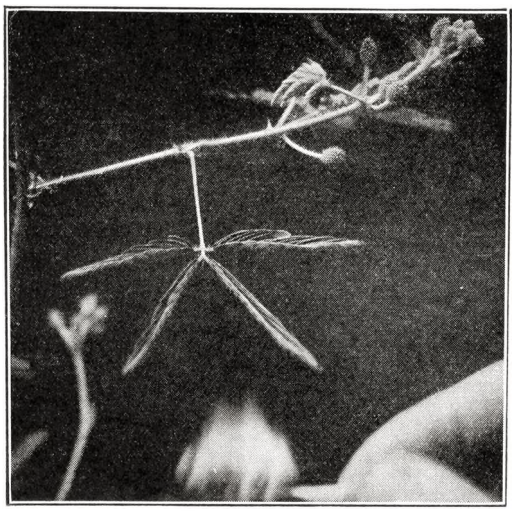
CAN A PLANT FEEL PAIN?

SOME very interesting experiments have recently been carried out in connection with



LEAF OF SENSITIVE-PLANT, NORMAL POSITION

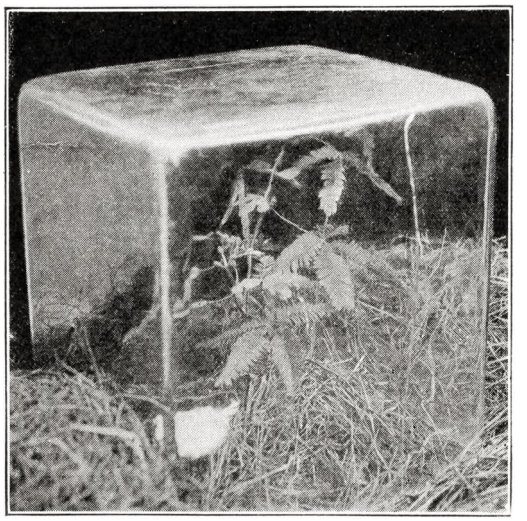
the well-known sensitive-plant. The habits of this plant are so remarkable that no one can ever witness its behavior without astonishment. When the young foliage is in a healthy state, it is only needful to touch it with the tip of the finger to bring about the closing of the leaflets and the drooping of the



THE SAME BRANCH, EXPOSED TO SUDDEN HEAT

stalk. Even a breath of cold air will make the plant huddle itself together, while a sudden jolt brings such a quick collapse that one might be excused for thinking that the specimen had been badly frightened. It has been known for some time that the sensitive-plant is easily affected by the fumes of chloroform, and the special experiments already mentioned were carried out to discover whether, when the plant was unconscious (if one may use the word), it still continued to feel.

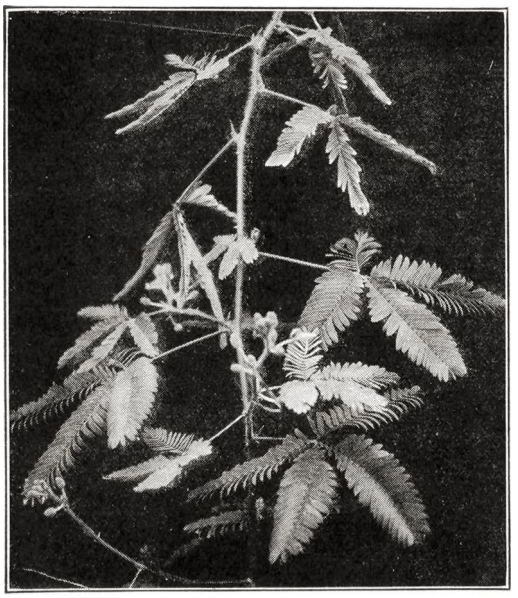
The first thing was to show the effect of a rush of hot air on the leaf of a healthy plant. A piece of wadding was soaked in spirit, and



EXPOSED TO THE FUMES OF CHLOROFORM

this was then set alight and rapidly passed for a moment under the leaf. It should be borne in mind that the leaf was not touched in any way by the flame, yet the whiff of hot air was quite enough to make the leaflets close up. Indeed, the plant shrank as if it were in pain.

It was now decided to give the plant chloroform, and this was how the strange business was carried out. A large piece of wadding was soaked in chloroform and placed beside the plant, both being then quickly covered with a glass shade. After about half an hour, it was noticed that the leaves of the plant began to droop; in a short time the whole plant seemed to go to sleep. Evidently it was completely under the influence of the anæsthetic. Finally the plant was tested in various ways. A touch pro-



BEFORE THE CHLOROFORM TOOK EFFECT

AFTER THE CHLOROFORM TOOK EFFECT

duced no change. Hot air had no effect on the sleeping foliage; even when the flame was allowed to touch the tip of the leaf, there was no shrinking. Indeed, it was exactly like experimenting with an animal which had been chloroformed.

One wonders whether this curious plant does really feel pain. Perhaps plants are not capable of the sensation in quite the way that we understand the word, but certainly, when roughly handled, the sensitive-plant shows very plainly that it does not like the treatment.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

SLIDING DOWNHILL ON THE AIR

ONE of the most exhilarating form of sport in the world is sliding downhill over a smooth surface, such as a well-packed bed of hard snow; and that it is enjoyed by grown-ups as well as by young folk, is proved by the popularity of sledding and tobogganing at such popular winter resorts as Davos, in Switzerland.

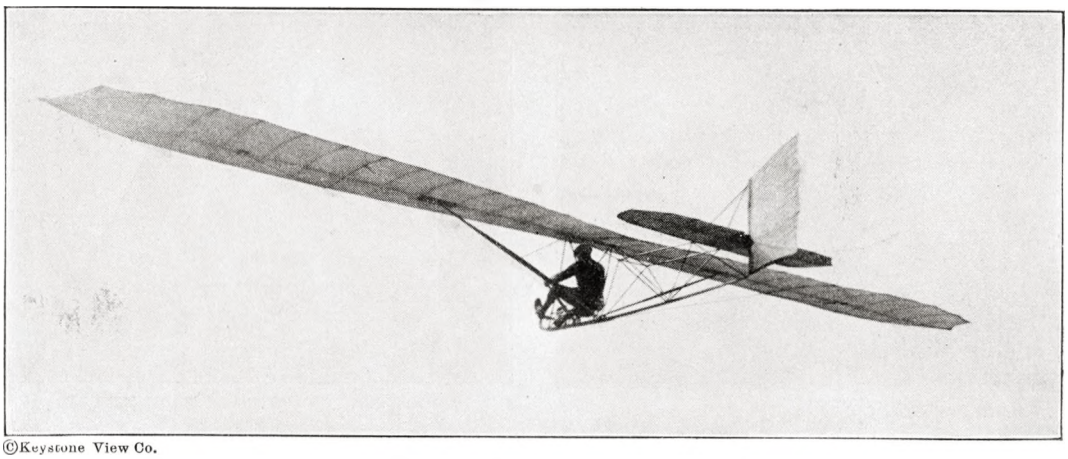
But more delightful, perhaps, is sliding down the air, where there is nothing to mar the smoothness of the surface. This sort of sliding is usually called gliding, and is accomplished by means of a device with wings, called a glider. While simple forms of gliders have been used for many years, the sport of gliding, or sail-planing, to use a more recent term, has recently taken a tremendous spurt, especially in Germany where, by the terms of the armistice, they are forbidden to build power-planes for a term of years and have, therefore, devoted themselves to the development of gliders or sail-planes, which are operated without a motor.

Strictly speaking, a glider is merely launched into the air from an elevation and comes gradually down until it reaches the ground. But whereas a sled must be dragged to the top of the hill by some power —such as willing arms— before it can slide down again, a glider has the advantage that it may be lifted to a height equal to that of its starting-point, or even greater, in case it strikes an ascending air-current, or "up winds," as they are often called.

The farther the glider progresses through still air, starting from a given height, before it touches the earth, the more efficient it is said to be, since, obviously, if, of two gliders which take off from the top of the same hill, one, for example, goes twice as far as the other, the latter has twice as great an efficiency. Glider pilots express this fact by saying that the gliding efficiency depends upon the ratio between the height of the take-off and the length of the flight in calm air. Suppose, for instance, that the gliding efficiency is in the ratio of 1 to 5; then if the take-off, or start, is made from the top of a hill 300 feet high, the machine will travel for 1500 feet before reaching the ground, provided it is neither helped nor hindered by the

wind. Only a few years ago this ratio was considered excellent, but gliders have been so much improved that some have attained the remarkable ratio of 1 to 20. Such a glider, starting from the same point, would travel 6000 feet—over a mile!—before it came to rest.

men holding the glider in place let go of it, and the tightly stretched cables and the pull of the crews upon them impart a forward motion which successfully launches the machine. The cables are so arranged that they are detached as soon as the glider is well in the air.



AVIATOR H. P. HENTZEN MAKING HIS RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT OF THREE HOURS AND TEN MINUTES IN THE "VAMPYR"

The greater the efficiency of a glider, the greater the chance it has of striking an up wind, which will cause it to rise so as to give it virtually a fresh start. Or it may strike a horizontal wind which will carry it forward for a considerable distance. A skilful pilot is able to take advantage of these winds so as to stay in the air a long time. The art of thus remaining aloft is properly called soaring or sail-planing. The motion of the machine resembles very closely that of the great soaring birds, such as the albatross and the sea-gull, the eagle, the vulture, and the buzzard.

A glider, to be efficient, must be comparatively light and built so as to pass through the air with as little resistance as possible. While many models have been devised, the best results have been obtained by a study of the soaring birds.

The character of the terrain, of course, plays an important part both in the take-off of the glider and the manœuver of landing, smooth ground being much better than rough in both cases. The glider is usually launched by means of a device called a *sandow*, consisting of two long, elastic cables which are made fast to the glider before it starts. The glider is held down while three or four men take hold of each cable and run in the direction of the take-off. At a given moment, the

Because it is lighter, the landing of a glider is less likely to be attended with danger than in the case of a power-driven plane.

While the chief present interest in sail-planing is as a sport, several practical uses are already presenting themselves. Chief of these is the value this comparatively small, inexpensive, and safe craft possesses as a means for studying and charting the currents in that great ocean of air which surrounds us. This science is still in its infancy, but it is undoubtedly destined to be as useful to the sailors of the air as the study of ocean currents is to the mariners of the sea. It has also been proposed that gliders be used to make landings from dirigibles, just as boats are launched from ocean liners.

The question of the terrain, that is, the territory over which the flights are made, is extremely important, since the pilot must be familiar not only with the general character of the prevailing winds, but must also know where he may expect to find the upward currents, to take advantage of which is one of his chief aims. But these air-currents, of course, depend largely upon the conformation of the ground beneath and its character. For example, bare rock or sand will naturally become much hotter than ground covered with turf, with growing crops, or with trees, and the hotter the ground, of course, the hot-

ter the air above it, so that one may expect an upward flow of heated air over naked tracts of earth. Again, the number and arrangement of the hills and valleys found in the terrain exert a marked influence upon all air-currents, for every obstruction will cause the air to flow upward. Finally, the presence of bodies of water affects the humidity of a region and, as we all know, humidity is a very important factor in atmospheric conditions, since moist air is lighter than dry air.

Important meets for testing gliders were held in 1922 in France, Germany, and England. The first sensation to be produced was when pilot Martens, of the Hanover Technical School, stayed aloft in the sail-plane *Vampyr* for about an hour. A few days later, Hentzen, another student of the same school, doubled this record, and soon after trebled it by remaining aloft for three hours, ten minutes. Since then an English flier has done still better.

M. TEVIS.

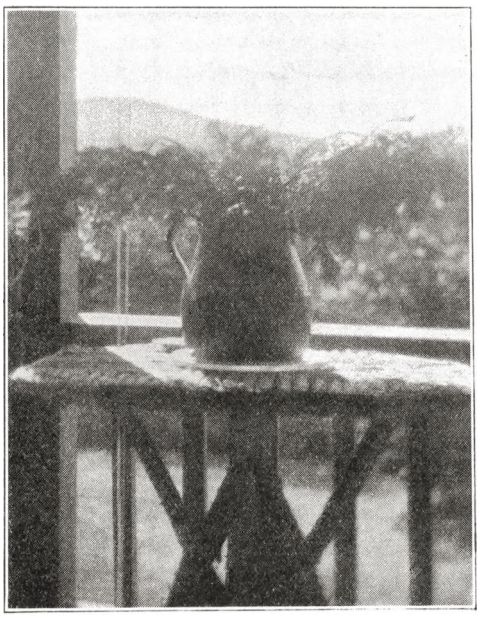
THE JUNCOS OF "YARROW"

ALL the readers of ST. NICHOLAS cherish the memory of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, a lover of children and birds and all that is beautiful. Well, the scene of the story I am going to tell you was once her home in Onteora, high among the Catskill hills. She named it "Yarrow," from a little white flower which grows all about the house and fields near by. She loved this home, and every one that knew her loved her.

There is a little dark-gray bird, smaller than a sparrow, with yellow beak and light-gray breast, called a "junco," or "snowbird" for the reason that he stays in the north through the winter snows when most of the other birds have flown to warmer climes. On a July day, this past summer, two short branches of hemlock were placed in a tall stone jug in the center of the piazza at Yarrow, where there was constant passing, and no one dreamed that a shy little bird would choose such a busy place and limited space to build her nest. But a little junco did, and day and night sat there, keeping four tiny eggs warm, only leaving long enough to get some food and then hurrying back.

On July 19, little Father Junco, who had kept watch all the time, flew about in such a state of excitement that we knew something important had happened. Sure enough, when the mother bird flew off we discovered a tiny, breathing spot in the bottom of the nest—the first baby bird, that had just come from the shell. The same day there was another, and then the third. The fourth egg did not mature and disappeared from the nest. The father and mother flew busily back and forth with food for their babies, which they dropped from their beaks into the wide-open mouths.

It is not often that one can come so close to a bird family, and to watch their ways was most interesting. They became very tame, and, if we approached the table softly, did not



THE HEMLOCK BRANCHES ON THE PORCH AT "YARROW," IN WHICH THE JUNCOS BUILT THEIR NEST

fly away. The parent birds took the food we placed there for them not only for themselves, but for the babies, who grew stronger every day and, by the 28th of July, were covered with little soft, fluffy feathers.

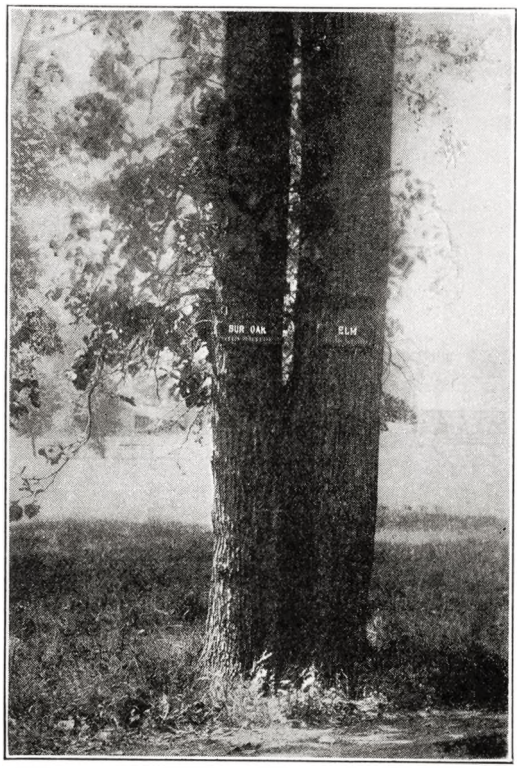
A curious thing to note was the enlarging of the nest to make more room for the growing birds. The mother and father pulled out the closely woven straws and stretched the nest to a much larger size. The food they seemed to like best for the young ones was bread soaked in milk or cornbread and cereal. The father and mother like canary-seed, carefully picking out the white seeds from the black. On July 31, the three birdlings, one after another, stretched their little wings and flew away from "Yarrow," and after two days we lost sight of them, though the parents come back often for the seed we keep in the old place they know so well.

We shall miss the little family and always feel grateful for the confidence they showed in us by building the nest amid the tiny branches almost within our front door. Let us hope they will live and thrive through the long winter.

S. N. B.

AN OAK AND AN ELM FORM A REMARKABLE TWIN TREE

NATURE sometimes gives her trees extraordinary forms of growth, but perhaps the most remarkable yet discovered, and which



THE STRANGE UNION OF TWO VARIETIES OF TREES INTO A SINGLE GROWTH

is not known to have a counterpart anywhere in the world, is a "twin" tree, an oak and an elm grown together, which stands on the island occupied by the government arsenal near Rock Island, Illinois. When the trees were slender striplings they evidently grew up very close together, and, in time, their trunks, to a height of six feet, merged into one. Above this height, each trunk bears its own peculiar bark and foliage, while the joint trunk is covered with what appears to be a blend of the two barks. How the peculiar formation came about is not known, since the trees are estimated to be almost a hundred years old. It is possible, however, that the Indians who once camped on the island might have had something to do with it, either by accident or design.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

ARTIFICIAL DEVICES FOR ANIMALS

ARTIFICIAL limbs are successfully used by dumb animals. Frequently a well-beloved and valuable dog meets with an accident that makes it necessary to amputate the leg. An artificial leg is adjusted, and the animal apparently suffers little inconvenience. A celebrated cow recently was provided with an artificial leg. "Not a week passes," declares a specialist, "without a pet dog or cat being brought to us for the insertion of a glass eye; and for a time we had in our care a fine horse, which, having put its shoulder out of joint, had to live with the limb in a plaster cast until the tissues had regained their normal strength and the animal could walk without artificial aid."

In Bohemia, when geese are driven long distances to market, they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore-footed.

Even more useful than shoes for geese are the spectacles worn by the cows that feed on the Russian steppes, a region where the snow lies for six months in the year. These cattle pick up a living from the tufts of grass that crop up out of the snow. The sun shines so dazzlingly upon the white surface that many of the animals formerly suffered from snow-blindness. It occurred to an ingenious and humane person that this situation might be remedied; so he at once experimented in the manufacture of smoke-colored spectacles that might be adjusted to cattle. The result was successful, and the animals were saved much suffering.

MARY PAULA CHAPMAN.

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE NEW PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is now pretty well established in the office to which he acceded when President Harding died. The first nervousness with which the country regarded the transfer of the Chief Magistracy has worn off, and the prediction of Mr. Coolidge's father— "He did fairly well as governor, and I expect he 'll do fairly well as President"—is being justified in experience. The fact that such a change has disturbed the country so little is a credit both to it and to the President.

Mr. Coolidge was named as the Republican party's Vice-Presidential candidate in 1920. It is now known that the Republican managers had another prominent senator in mind for the position, but there was a spontaneous movement among the delegates in favor of Coolidge for second place on the ticket; and they were specially conscious of the fact, too, that the selection might be as important as that of the Presidential candidate. Mr. Wilson had had his breakdown in 1919, and the possibility of such an end to Mr. Harding's service was vividly present in the minds of many. The wisdom of their choice has been abundantly demonstrated by the event.

Mr. Coolidge's Presidency gives him peculiar responsibility, and gives the country special reasons to stand by him patiently

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PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

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MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

and loyally. As to the inevitable talk about his possible desire to use his new position to strengthen a campaign to make him the Republican candidate in the 1924 election, is it not altogether likely that he is quite too busy to give much personal attention to that interesting matter?

TRADE IN THE PACIFIC

SINCE 1914, our trade in the Pacific lands has been multiplied by three. A commercial report states that it now constitutes one fifth of the nation's trade. In 1922, the total value of goods sold to and bought from these countries was one and one half billion dollars.

From Japan we bought $354,000,000 worth of goods. Of this value, $291,000,000 was in silk. Japan is buying from us increasing quantities of iron and steel. Our trade with China was only half as great in total value as that with Japan, but included a greater variety of articles. We have always imported large quantities of vegetable oils from China, but the tariff tax on such imports has made a great change in this trade, and the only part of it that continues is our importation of nut oil, used in the manufacture of varnish. This particular product carries no import duty.

Before the war, Japan and China bought most of their steel and iron from Great Britain, while Germany, Belgium, and the United States trailed. Now, however, this country gets something like one third of this trade.

This increased commercial activity in the Pacific lands means that our legislators and our statesmen will need special intelligence and special alertness to make the best of our opportunities without creating any feeling of distrust or resentment among other nations used to trading in that part of the world.

HOW RADICAL IS AMERICA?

IN August, the American Bar Association's Committee on American Citizenship published a report to be submitted at the association's annual convention at Minneapolis the last week of that month. This report was based on the statement that "Thoughtful men have become alarmed at the inroads on our Constitution and threatened changes in our government."

Conservative progressivism is the American idea. In its spirit, America was made; and in that spirit it grew to greatness and passed many crises. We have never been afraid of new things just because they were new, and we have not made changes merely for the sake of change. We have taken our tests and problems as they came, and have always found the "American idea" good enough.

But of late, America has had special need for old-fashioned Yankee "hoss sense," because, as the population crowds into the cities, the problems of production and distribution become more pressing; because we share in the difficulties of catching up in the world's business after the war years, devoted to destruction; and because our social, industrial, and economic conditions are changing. We need to stand steady, to work hard, and be satisfied with life as we have to live it —doing whatever we can to make it better, but not complaining because everything is n't just the way we should like to have it.

We have a great, prosperous country—so prosperous that other nations envy us. It is only a short step from envy to hatred. We do not want to be hated; therefore we must be careful to give no cause for such a feeling on the part of those who ought to be our friends. If we do not show that we have earned our prosperity, that we deserve it and mean to use it for the good of the world, we are not going to get along very well. And the way to show these things is, to manage our own affairs with justice and wisdom; to prove that we still possess the good sense that made America great.

Now, the committee of the American Bar Association finds that there are a million and a half radicals in America to-day. We do not mean that there are so many persons who indulge in loose talk merely— who are discontented and wish they had shorter work-days and bigger pay. We do mean that there are many, many persons who are restless, dissatisfied with the way our government works, and actually ready to take part in an effort to revolutionize our system. They attack the Constitution, they assail the courts, and they would like to see changes made not by constitutional methods, but by force.

It is difficult to imagine the radicals standing still long enough to be counted—or, at least, to be counted only once per individual. But the committee says there are some four hundred newspapers and magazines devoted to radical propaganda, with some five million readers! And the national association of lawyers is not likely to make such state-

ments without pretty good reason to believe them correct.

In November of 1924, we shall have a national election. It will be a severe test of our national good sense. Undoubtedly, the majority of Americans are still devoted to the ideals of conservative progressivism. But conservatives do not vote as eagerly as the discontented do. They are much more likely to leave things to take care of themselves. The people who want change will be voting for the candidates who promise it. There will be need of every thoughtful voter's ballot.

Boys and girls who read THE WATCH TOWER are not voters. Does that "let them out"? Not a bit of it! Boys and girls who are Watch Tower readers are good Americans. We love our country; we want to see her faithful to the ideals to which she has been devoted from the first day of her history. And if the Watch Tower boys and girls will study and think, they will find it possible to make their influence powerful. Study the candidates and the party platforms. Follow the political news, day by day—and use your brains in reaching a decision as to what you really believe will be best for America.

The farmers, the workers in mine and mill and factory, on the railroads and in the stores and offices—they all have special desires. How can we strike the fairest balance to take care of the broad, general public interest, and give each part of it the fairest opportunity?

A FRIENDLY MAN

PRESIDENT HARDING'S death occurred just when the September WATCH TOWER was about to be printed, and it was impossible for us to review his life and work. Such a review would be untimely now; but we would like to say a word or two about the President to whom the nation paid so impressive a tribute of respect and affection.

Mr. Harding gave the country just what it needed in those first years after the war—calm, steady leadership along the path of "the return to normalcy." Cherishing America's independence, he refused to enter into "entangling alliances," yet favored participation in the World Court as a means of preserving international peace.

The quality that distinguished him as a man, friendliness, marked his administration of the Federal Government. He wanted America to "be friends" with other nations; he wanted Americans to be friends with each other—employers with workers, the Government with the governed. He did all he could for the care of disabled veterans, but opposed the national bonus because his financial advisors told him that it would cause economic disturbances. We are not

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"A FRIENDLY MAN"

so much inclined to say that he was a great President and a good man, as to call him a great man and a good President.

Of all the pictures of President Harding, there is none that we like quite so much as the one we print this month. It shows Warren Gamaliel Harding as a friend of Young America. And friendliness was the foundation of his true-blue character.

GERMANY'S NEW PILOT

CHANCELLOR CUNO'S resignation gave Germany a chance to take a fresh start. Chancellor Stresemann, his successor, had spoken in favor of a policy of fulfilment; that is, of German effort to pay for the restoration of

devastated France. Like Dr. Cuno, however, he resented the actions of the French in the Ruhr.

In his inaugural address to the Reichstag, the national legislature, the new chancellor declared that Germany would insist on the release of every German citizen who had been imprisoned by the French force of occupation in the Ruhr and on restoration of the rights given to Germany by the Versailles Treaty. But France occupied the Ruhr under the terms of the treaty, as a penalty for failure in German reparation payments.

Dr. Stresemann faced a tough problem in the Ruhr situation, and another, perhaps still more difficult, at home. When he came into office, there were violent outbreaks by the communists, with rioting here and there and an attempt at a general strike in Berlin. But bolshevism cannot flourish among the hard-working and intelligent German people as it has flourished in Russia, where agitators work upon the ignorant and sluggish peasants. Still, the danger was vividly real, in those August days; and Dr. Stresemann's first great task was to convince the people that his government would do all that could be done to give them a clear track ahead on the road to renewed prosperity.

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DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN

His responsibility and his opportunity were tremendous. Courage and wisdom equal to them would, it seemed to us, have caused him to break away from the long-tried and quite fruitless aims and methods of his predecessors, and to ask Prime Minister Baldwin and Premier Poincaré to meet him somewhere, personally, and talk things over.

Senator Smoot, chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, returning from Europe in mid-August, said that Germany should be made to pay "to the very limit" of her treaty obligations, and that she could pay. Senator Smoot is a competent observer in such matters, and his opinion deserves complete respect and a good deal of confidence.

For our part, we believe that the severity of the French action, while painful,—to France as well as to others,—is justified. We think England, trying to find the easy way out, has made it harder for everybody. And we think the German leaders, the industrial leaders, have not played fair with the German people. We believe that Germany could buckle down to business, as France did in 1871, pay her bills, and get through with it in a few years.

We certainly should be glad to see a leader arise in Germany who could help the German people to such a pleasing conclusion of the long series of troubles into which they were shoved by their war-crazy imperial rulers.

TOO MUCH WHEAT

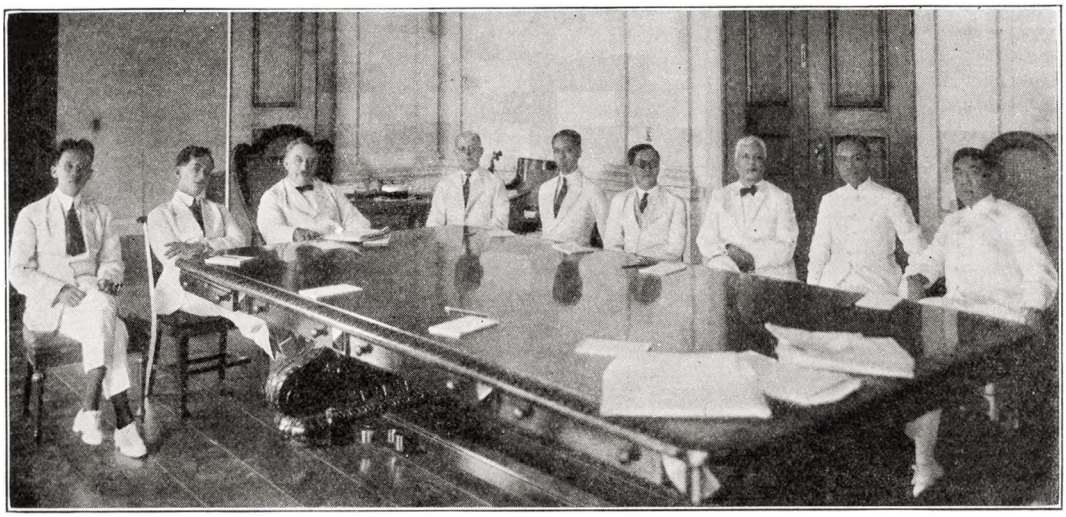
THE very first article I wrote for THE WATCH TOWER, ages ago,—back in the fall of 1917, to be more exact,—was about the bumper corn-crop of that year. We tried to imagine all that year's crop of corn baked up into one gigantic johnny-cake, or made into a monstrous bowl of cornmeal mush—or some such fantastic, but enlightening, conceit. And now there is a bumper wheat-crop, and—the farmers are unhappy.

Some newspaper editorial writers have suggested that a policy of "isolation" is responsible for the trouble in the wheat-fields. But it happens that other countries have a heavy yield of grain this year, and foreign markets are not in pressing need of an extraordinary supply from America.

So much wheat has been grown that there is an excess over the country's present need. When there is an abundant supply of anything, the price goes down. Sellers have to take less per unit, in order to dispose of their stocks. Much of this year's wheat will be stored, and the farmer who sells a larger number of bushels at a lower price is not in such a bad fix, after all.

How politics can be blamed for the present state of affairs is beyond us. If some of our farmer boy and girl friends can explain it, we shall be glad to hear from them. To us, it seems as though the situation in regard to wheat is much like that of gasolene—overproduction leading to price reduction. Of course, there is the problem of farm-hands to harvest the crop—and other difficulties a-plenty.

But for our part, we do not believe the American farmer is half as unhappy as the politicians make him look. He has comforts



GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD AND THE RECENTLY RESIGNED PHILIPPINE COUNCIL OF STATE

and conveniences his father never dreamed of. He has his troubles, and thrives on them. He is altogether too good an American to get mixed up with the Reds and rebels. He works hard, and he wants fair play.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

ONE of the first great problems of the Coolidge administration was that of the country's coal-supply for the winter of 1923–24. All summer the operators and miners of the anthracite field had been discussing means and measures for the settlement of their disagreement on working hours, wages, and so on. And the discussions had been painfully fruitless. A pretty severe test for a new President, for the nation was sure to look to him for relief. And it was comforting to find that Mr. Coolidge, though too wise to act in haste, was not afraid to speak out plainly in behalf of the public welfare.

WATCH the Philippines. Has the time come, or is it nearly here, for the keeping of our pledge that the islands would be granted independence when the people were ready for self-government? Many of the Filipinos think the pledge should be fulfilled now. It is a difficult question. It would be wrong to keep them if they are really ready for independence, and wrong to turn them adrift if they are not.

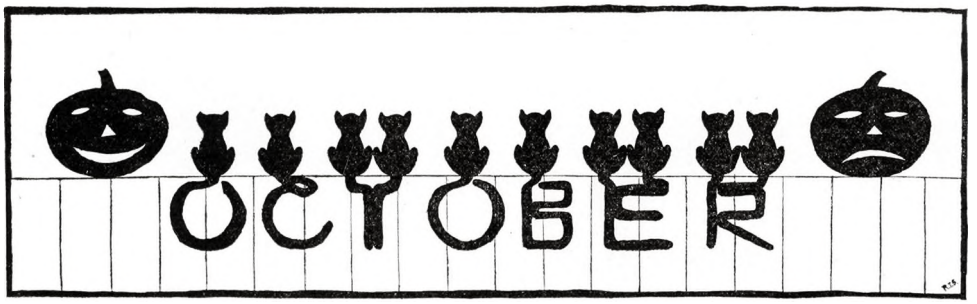
PARIS, which still lights its streets almost entirely with gas, instead of electricity, is preparing to celebrate next year the hundredth anniversary of the gas street-lighting system. The lights were first installed in 1824. In 1922 Paris, with about 3,000,000 population, used 250,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electric current for all purposes, while New York, with a population almost twice as great, used nearly five billion kilowatt-hours.

FORMER Russian Ambassador Bakhmetieff said at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, during the summer, that the Russian peasants are fighting for the right to own the land they cultivate. When the great mass of Russian peasantry wakes up, the communist rulers will be near the end of their rope, and that great rich country will begin to enjoy the prosperity it ought to have.

CUBA borrowed fifty million dollars from Uncle Sam in the spring of this year to help her out of financial and economic difficulties. In the summer the Cuban legislature passed a resolution condemning the United States Government for "interference" in the island's domestic affairs. Secretary Hughes called General Crowder, our Government's representative at Havana, to Washington for a conference. It looked as though Cuba's promises, made when she wanted the money, had been pretty quickly forgotten.

Important note on the country's progress: We are just coming down off Baseball Mountain, and getting ready to climb Football Hill.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY RUTH TANGIER SMITH, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER)

OUR good Saint flatters himself that while his magazine is celebrating the passing of its half-century mark this month, his LEAGUE trails proudly along and has almost reached the *quarter*-of-a-century mile-post. For in another year it will be twenty-five years old! And a truly triumphant career both magazine and LEAGUE have had.

As to this month's contributions, the pictorial display is of a gratifying variety and of almost uniform excellence. It was good to see the familiar rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated so cleverly by our young artists, and we wish we had room for a much greater number of the drawings than is here presented, for all were ingenious and many of them delightfully decorative. This was true also of the sketches for "A Heading for October," as the selected specimens will testify. And in the field of the camera-lovers, it seems to us that we have seldom had the good fortune to receive within a single month a collection of prints that, as a whole, was more artistic and original than this October budget.

Needless to say, the verses, stories, and essays furnished by our young poets and prose-writers are, as usual, highly creditable to their authors and to the LEAGUE. And so, with hearty thanks to all the contributors of the month, we Leaguers, rejoicing that we are all on board, salute the good ship ST. NICHOLAS, which, *next* month, will be outward bound upon its second fifty-year voyage, with all sails set and pennants flying.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 283

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Laura Strunk** (age 16), Florida; **Carrie Louise Alden** (age 12), Illinois. Silver Badges, **Jessie Hughes** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Ruth McLean Mattfeld** (age 14), New York; **Josephine MacLaren** (age 13), California; **Sarah Powell** (age 15), Canada.

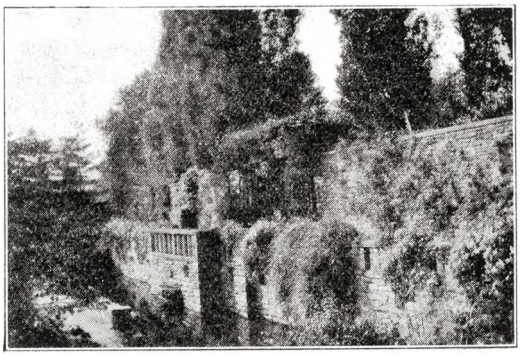
VERSE. Gold Badges, **Lillian D. Thomas** (age 14), Tennessee; **Margaret Gott** (age 15), Pa. Silver Badges, **Constance MacDougall** (age 14), Maine; **Margaret Montgomery** (age 14), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Floyd Flint** (age 15), Washington; **Mary Kimball** (age 15), Missouri. Silver Badges, **Mary Hawke** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Susan Guild** (age 13), California.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Ellen Day** (age 13), France. Silver Badges, **John Garth** (age 13), California; **Sally Harrison** (age 10), Virginia; **Ella Dukes** (age 16), California; **Florence E. Neal** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Frances Dooner** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Priestley** (age 14), California; **Quita Woodward** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Robert V. C. Whitehead, Jr.** (age 14), New Jersey; **Alys Wenzel** (age 12), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Dorothy N. Teulon** (age 14), California; **Mildred Cohen** (age 14), New Jersey.

BY ALYS WENZEL, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



BY QUITA WOODWARD, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"IN THE SUNSHINE"

AUTUMN'S GOLD

BY LILLIAN D. THOMAS (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1923)

OH, the fragrant sweetness of a calm, autumnal noon,
When all the earth and nature with the heavens are in tune.
The golden sunbeams filter through the yellow leaves above;
We hear the chipmunk's chatter and the song of cooing dove.

Across the waving wheat-field the bob-white whistles clear;
In corn-field over yonder shines the pumpkin's golden sphere.
From a patch of dying clover comes the drone of bumblebee,
And then to drooping sunflower and goldenrod darts he.

As the autumnal afternoon is fading into night,
The sinking sun casts mellow glow of red and yellow light;
Then Midas-touched seems everything, mountain, wood, and rill,
As slowly that great golden ball drops down behind the hill.

Lo! in the east the harvest moon beyond the pines gleams white,
And, as the darkness deepens, is changed to richer light.
Thus, as we watch, the autumn day, whose gold had seemed so bright,
At last fades out, and stars look down upon the crystal night.

THE PIONEER

BY LAURA STRUNK (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1923)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE READERS, although you have read many short stories, have you ever stopped to consider the originator of this popular form of fiction? The originator, or founder, of the short story, Washington Irving, is one of the great outstanding figures in American literature as the pioneer in the art of short-story writing.

I say that Washington Irving may be so regarded, for he was the first person to write anything resembling a short story. His short prose is not composed of stories, but merely of sketches and tales, told in a rambling fashion, with here and there patches of wonderful descriptions. Washington Irving's short prose is far different from Poe's and Hawthorne's, as his sketches and tales were merely forerunners of the others'.

It has been said that a man's work is the product of his own life. To show that such is the case with Washington Irving's, it is best that I give a brief summary of his travels, so that you may see where he obtained the settings and subject-matter for his short prose works. During his youth, he roved and rambled over the country bordering upon the picturesque Hudson, little thinking then that he would use those same scenes in his best known tales, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." By living in England seventeen years, he became acquainted with English customs, as he showed in "The Christmas Dinner" and "Christmas Eve." Also, the time spent in Spain was not wasted, for there he got material with which to write "The Alhambra"—sketches which delight every one.

THE CHALLENGE

BY MERLE MARGARET ELSWORTH (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

A CANARY sat in his gilt wire cage,
And dined on bird-seed, delicate food.
His singing it was quite the rage
Among the birds of the neighborhood.
For he could whistle and he could trill;
He sang all day, and he sang with a will;
And it was the caged bird's usual whim
To challenge all birds to equal him.

"A SUBJECT FROM MOTHER GOOSE." BY MARY KIMBALL, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1922)

One day, high over the housetops flew
A bird quite strange, with a song quite new;
It had broader wings than old Caw the crow,
And it sang with a humming soft and low.

The canary chirped, the canary trilled,
With his voice the neighborhood was filled;
He challenged the stranger, "Sing like me!"
And after a moment he saw in glee
The bird retreating over the hill,
While its strange low humming grew faint, then still.
The canary called to the birds, "You see!
That stranger never could equal me!"

But the stranger went to its nest at home,
In the Anacostia aërodrome.
The canary's challenge it never had heard—
For, you see, 't was an airplane, not a bird.

A PIONEER

BY CARRIE LOUISE ALDEN (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1923)

IN the North Sea is a small island belonging to Holland. It is now very beautiful; but it was once barren, and pirates lived there who plundered the ships that were wrecked near by, killing any survivors who managed to get to the island. So the Dutch sent Mr. Bok, Edward Bok's grandfather, to the island to be its mayor and stop the lawlessness.

He succeeded in getting rid of the pirates, but when he asked his council to appropriate money for trees, they refused, because they did n't think that trees could grow in such a barren place. Mr. Bok thought that "a place was ugly only because it was not beautiful," and planted trees himself. They *did* grow, and birds blown out

to sea in storms found shelter in them and stayed on the island. Among these were a pair of nightingales. They built their nest, and soon there were babies. The family grew until there were so many that the island was called "The Island of Nightingales." It became a favorite place with bird-lovers.

A famous artist took his pupils there every year, for he thought that they could n't find a lovelier scene anywhere. And all because that brave pioneer mayor believed that "a place was ugly only because it was not beautiful."

AUTUMN'S GOLD

BY JEAN VALENTINER (AGE 12)

THE summer days are fading,
And autumn has begun;
The goldenrod is blooming;
Leaves are falling one by one.
In the fields the corn has ripened,
And the nuts are dropping down;
While the pumpkin lends its yellow
To the crimson and the brown.
On the trees the paw-paws mellow;
And the nights grow chill and cold.
When the sun slips down at even
It smiles on autumn's gold.

THE PIONEER

BY SHIRLEY WHITE (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

ONCE upon a time there lived six mice. Five of these were prudent mice. One was otherwise. His name was Jeremiah Wiggle Mouse. He heeded no warning and would plunge recklessly into danger. All the obedient mice, however, were fond of Jerry. They would do anything he told them, and he often led them into very dangerous places. But he had a way of always leading them home again.

These mice lived happily for a long time. Then came Jerry's birthday. He desired to celebrate it by an expedition to the top of the refrigerator. The others were astonished, but three agreed to follow him.

At dawn, upon his birthday, Jerry and the others set out. Jerry went first, of course, for he was the pioneer. The three followed. The way was precipitous. Often those behind gave themselves up for lost—not so Jeremiah Wiggle!

Finally all reached the top of the refrigerater. It had been a perilous journey, but the view at the top was worth the climb. Could they not see all the way from the stove to the window-sill?

What was that which Jerry spied? It was a round, red object. It had several round doors. Its inmates were evidently cordial, for the doors stood open, and within—real cheese!! What a feast for hungry mice! Jeremiah took the lead, a pioneer always. He stole up to the little house and put his nose in a little way. He took a step forward. He took hold of the cheese.

SNAP!! Alas for Jeremiah! He had not heeded warnings about mouse-traps, and once too often he had been reckless! The other mice took warning by the fate of their pioneer, and all lived unto a discreet old age.

AUTUMN'S GOLD

BY MARGARET GOTT (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1923)

THE leaves have fallen one by one;
The summer, warm and fair, is gone;
The year is old.
But now a rich reward awaits,
A wondrous gift from heaven's gates—
'T is autumn's gold.

The golden leaves of golden fall,
The goldenrod so bright and tall,
I love to hold;
The golden fruit on every tree,
The golden grain so dear to me—
Fair autumn's gold!

The spring brings with it flowers sweet;
We trilliums and arbutus greet;
'T is wealth untold!
But of her gifts so bright and fair,
To me none ever can compare
With autumn's gold.

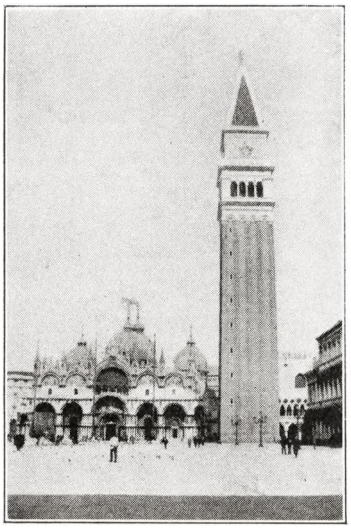
The summers bring their flowers and bees;
The winters, bare and cheerless trees
With snow enfold;
But fairer far than all the rest,
The seasons' gift I love the best
Is autumn's gold.

BY MARY HAWKE, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

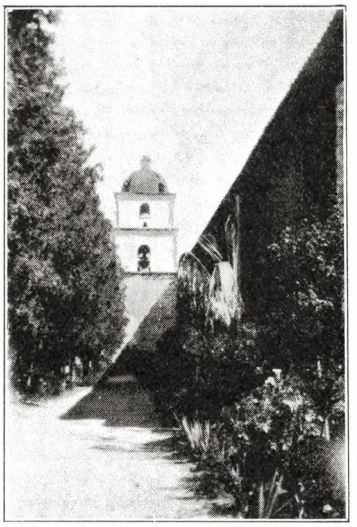
BY MARTHA A. EVERETT, AGE 14
(HONOR MEMBER)

BY SUSAN GUILD, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

"A SUBJECT FROM MOTHER GOOSE"

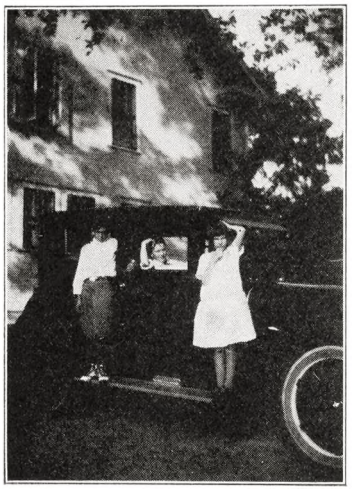


BY ELLEN DAY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1923)

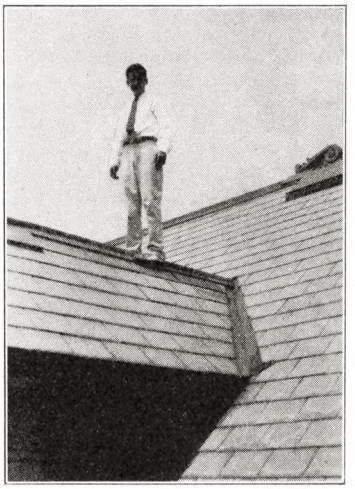


BY ELIZABETH PRIESTLEY, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

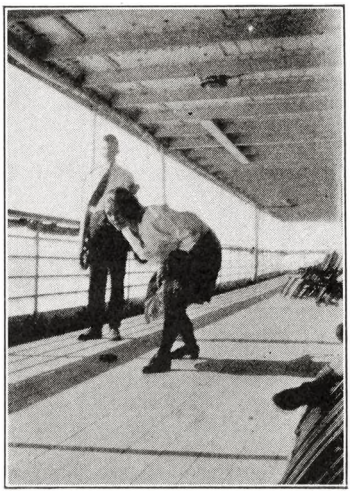
BY JOHN GARTH, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)



BY HELEN NEWSON, AGE 14

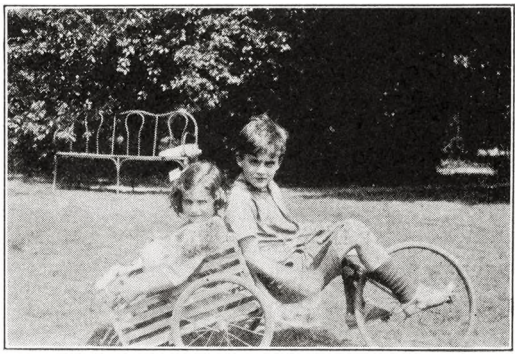


BY ROBERT V. C. WHITEHEAD, JR., AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)



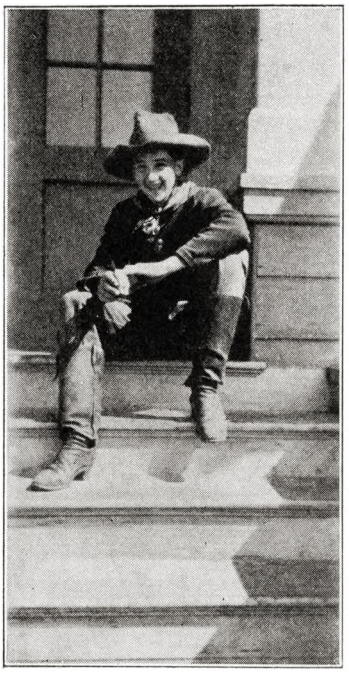
BY VIRGINIA T. BOYD, AGE 12

BY MARGARET ARMS, AGE 13

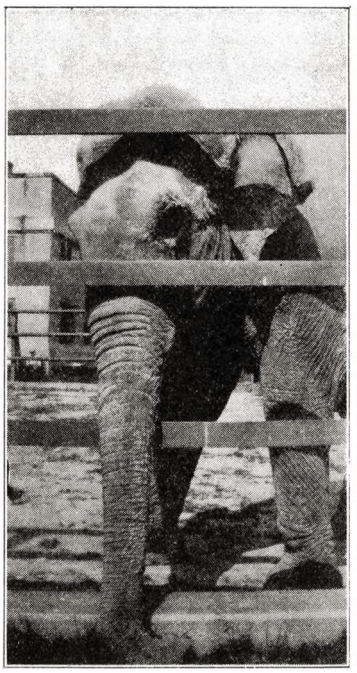


BY ELEANOR STONINGTON, AGE 12

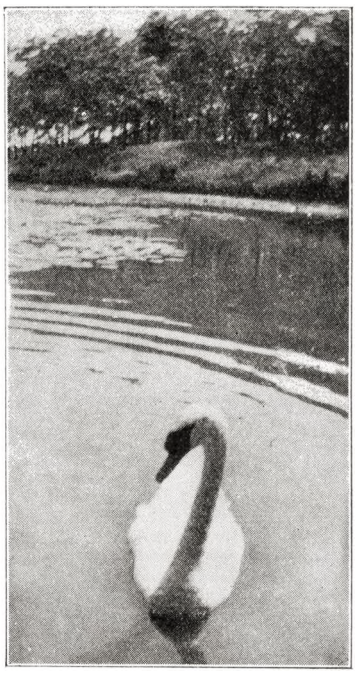
"IN THE SUNSHINE"



BY ELLA DUKES, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)



BY FLORENCE E. NEAL, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



BY FRANCES DOONER, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"IN THE SUNSHINE"

THE PIONEER

BY JESSIE HUGHES (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

CAUTIOUSLY the wolf made his way through the deep tangle of the forest. He had gone forth to seek a new dwelling-place, for hunters relentlessly pursued the wolf-pack until the animals realized that a new home must be found.

The journey was a perilous trip, beset with numerous dangers; but the wolf, alert and ever on guard, advanced, keeping the underbrush between him and prying eyes.

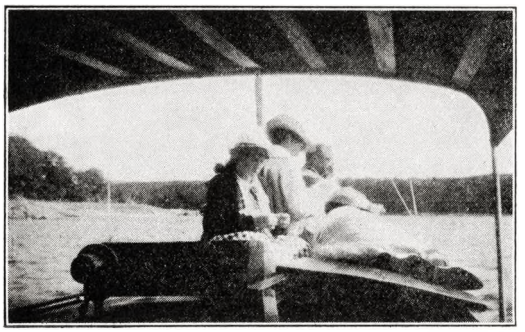
Soon he emerged from the forest and found himself on a steep mountain overlooking a fertile valley. What a perfect habitation for the wolf-pack! Ingress, however, was impossible, for boulders strewed the steep declivity of the mountain-side.

Bang! A bullet sped close to the wolf. Instantly he ran for shelter. Yet somehow he miscalculated the direction, the attack confusing him. Straight toward the precipice he ran. Too late he saw his blunder and tried in vain to regain his footing. Over the bank he fell with futile struggling.

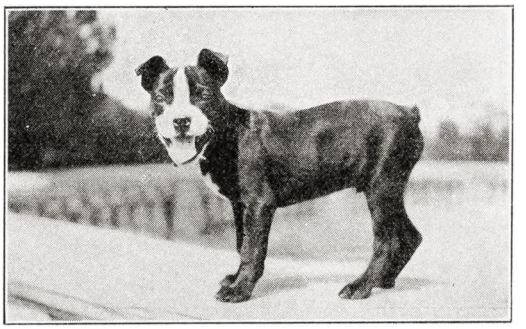
But he did not fall far. A narrow shelf, hidden by rocks, stopped his descent. After making sure that he was unhurt, he turned his attention to a manner of escape. That was easy; a tiny path stretched before him and, following it, he was soon in the valley.

Before him stretched a thick wood—indeed, a perfect habitation; but how could access be gained from above? He turned back to the shelf and there found a trail branching from the path that led to the summit of the mountain. The entrance was hidden by bushes, and he knew that man would never trouble the paradise below.

And that night a pack of wolves crept silently to the secret path, led by the pioneer.



BY ELOISE ANDREWS, AGE 15



BY E. HARRIETT WEAVER, AGE 15

"IN THE SUNSHINE"

THE CHALLENGE

BY CONSTANCE MACDOUGALL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE crescent moon, like a treasure-ship,
Sped on through a cloudy sea,
Till up from the ocean's farthest wave
Came a breath of mystery.
It came from the land where the wild winds dwell,
And the wind, in flashing light,
Defied the moon to sail her course
In safety through the night.

The wild winds swept across the sea,
Four brothers true were they,
Free vassals of the storm-king's will,
They rushed upon their way.
The moon ship sailed in splendor bright.
"I 'll ride the waves," laughed she,
"No wind can whip my friendly clouds,
Into an angry sea."

The storm-king lashed his eager steeds,
Till thunder split the sky;
He churned the clouds to a silver froth,
But still the moon sailed by.
She reached the storm-tossed rim, and sank
Victorious 'neath the wave.
Oh, shine again some stiller eve,
My moon ship, bright and brave!

THE PIONEER

BY RUTH McLEAN MATTFELD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

NOWADAYS little thought is given to our famous frontiersmen who crossed the mountains, defeated the Indians, and made the Mississippi River the first western boundary of the United States.

Such a hero was Daniel Boone. Born in Pennsylvania in 1735, his parents moved to North Carolina. There he was married. A few years later one of Boone's hunter friends, coming back from a journey across the Cumberland Mountains, told of the beauty of the land beyond —its hills and valleys full of game. Boone was anxious to go.

He, his family, and five companions, after climbing over mountains, fording rivers, and making their way through pathless forests, reached Kentucky—the land of salt springs, cane-brakes, and blue-grass—after many adventures. His greatest misfortune was the death of his son, who was shot by the Indians.

At the age of sixty, while Washington was still President, and after he had seen Kentucky become a State, Daniel Boone and his faithful wife made the long journey into what is now Missouri. He saw the region pass from Spain to France, and from France to the United States. At the age of eighty-two he was still a hunter. He saw Missouri preparing to enter the Union as the twenty-fourth State. He died in 1820 at the age of eighty-six.

Years afterward, remembering the great deeds of one of our noblest pioneers, Kentucky brought his body to its capital city and buried it with great honors.

For it was the pioneer, with his staunch courage and constant struggles over gigantic obstacles, who unselfishly opened the Golden West to his fellowmen for the advancement of his country.

"THE PIONEER"

BY JOSEPHINE MACLAREN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN Orville and Wilbur Wright first began their experiments in aëroplaning, people called them dreamers and advised their friends not to invest money in this new enterprise. Even while they were running a bicycle repair-shop they were quietly experimenting.

They early realized that the automobile was the father of the aëroplane, and when the explosive engine was perfected it paved the way for our modern aëroplane.

They worked on their gliders and found the mistakes that the men before them had made, and invented the flexing wing-tips. These, and the use of the gasolene motor, made it possible for them to fly successfully in 1903.

Almost at once their ideas were adopted by a Frenchman, who used them on a monoplane, but he would have been unable to do anything without the Wrights' discoveries.

Now, when we read of the wonderful record-breaking transcontinental flight which was recently made, we must remember that nothing could have been done without these brothers who early saw the possibilities of the aëroplane and worked on it for years—the pioneers of aviation.

BY FLOYD FLINT, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1922)

AUTUMN'S GOLD

BY MARGARET MONTGOMERY (AGE 14)

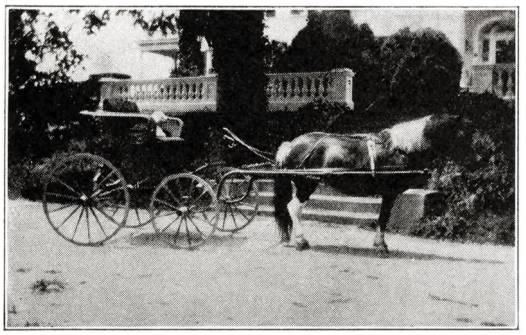
(Silver Badge)

A SUNBEAM slipped to earth one day
And nestled in the grass;
It lay there till along that way
The fairies chanced to pass.

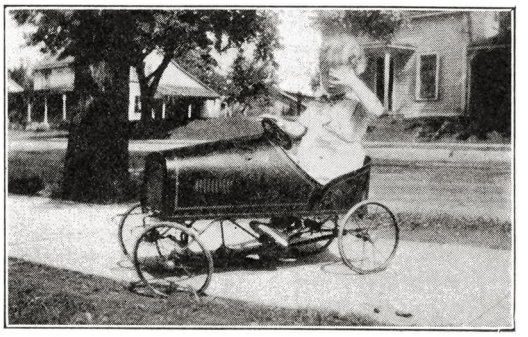
And there the wee folk found it,
That gold so soft and bright,
They quickly gathered round it,
That sunbeam clear and light.

And then they took it up and made
A flower fair to see;
That 's why it has the sun's own shade
In unstained purity

And next they chose (or so I 'm told)
A sweet and simple name,—
One worthy of this autumn gold,—
It "goldenrod" became.



BY SALLY HARRISON, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE)



BY RUTH LACHNER, AGE 10

"IN THE SUNSHINE"

OUR WARBLER—A PRAIRIE PIONEER

BY SARAH POWELL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

On our Saskatchewan prairies, and more especially in Weyburn, my home town, where only in late years has a tree ceased to be a very expensive luxury, a bird nesting in a tree has been unheard of. But two years ago, in one of our little ash-trees, a tiny yellow bird built its nest. We were delighted, you might say thrilled, and during the succeeding months we watched with interest the new-found friends who had seen fit to make their home in one of our trees.

We searched through a bird book and discovered that their name was Mr. and Mrs. Nashville Warbler. A dear little family of three was reared under the ever watchful eyes of the father and mother. One of the youngsters was killed by an accident at the time that it was learning to fly. The other two, I hope, are still living happily.

Robins have since condescended to nest around the neighborhood in vines, but there will always be a soft spot in our hearts for our little warblers, who were the real pioneers.

A PIONEER

BY ELEANOR ANN MILLS (AGE 11)

When Mrs. Enos Mills first crossed the prairies from Indiana to Kansas early in the nineteenth century with her husband, she had no idea of the part she was to play as an early pioneer. They first erected on the bank of a stream a rude log cabin, in which they lived for nearly a year. Later they built themselves a neat little farm-house on top of a friendly hill.

With a team of oxen and a home-made plow, they broke the prairie for miles around. Much of the prairie was cultivated, but even more was plowed to form a safeguard against the raging prairie fires. They also made a wagon-track from the stream to their farm-house. This crude wagon-road later became part of a national highway.

When the gold rush came in 1849, "Mother Mills" packed up the belongings of both her husband and herself and prepared once more to cross the prairies in a covered wagon. Many times they passed herds of buffalo so large that they could not pass through them, but had to drive the oxen around them. After four years of fruitless search, they returned to Kansas. On their homeward journey Grandfather fell sick, leaving to "Mother Mills" the driving of the team.

One night Grandfather Mills wanted biscuits. While Mother Mills was cooking, some Indians, attracted by the camp-fire, gathered around her and became very much interested in the "pale-face bread." Turning around to take the biscuits from the pan she had removed from the fire a few seconds before, Mother Mills found that the biscuits and the Indians had silently departed. A second batch proved more successful.

Last spring Mrs. Ann Mills died of influenza, after doing her bit in building up the great West.

"A SUBJECT FROM MOTHER GOOSE." BY MARJORIE E. ROOT, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Margaret Mackprang
Elizabeth Evans Hughes
Elinor E. Bramhall
Henry Hayman
Mabel Metcalfe
Elizabeth Zalesky
Lucy M. Clark
Dorothy Lyons
Blanche L. Cunningham
Alice M. Fairfax
Shirley Waehler
Helen Malin
John Allen
Betty Scherf
Polly Henry
Lilla Train
Lucia G. Allyn
Lucille Phillips
Elliot Turner
Josephine Parke
Mary McGarvey
Phoebe R. Harding
Elise Betty Kanders
Hortense Bunker
Lenora G. Parsons
Jessica Hills

VERSE

Evelyn Craw
Eva Titman
Valerie Noé
Barbara Simison
Esther Walcott
Harry D. Harmon
Katherine Plummer
Dorothy Guild
Emmy L. Mally
Sylvia L. Edgington
Marjorie Thayer
Dorothea Griesbach
Brenda Green
Emily Baker
Elizabeth Morison
Ruth Waldo
Elinor Godfrey
Elinor Coleman
Rosalis Vander Stucken
Edith O. Howell
Elizabeth Brainerd
Ralph Waterbury
Georgene Stowers
Margaret Haley
Nora Fortson
Maxine Wiley
Clover Miles
Eileen A. McMahon
Froncie Wood
Ruth Pierce Fuller
Elinor N. Cobb
Charlotte Louise Groom

DRAWINGS

Mary E. Stonington
Kathleen Murray
May Shackleton
Jane Hintze

Dorothy Slayton *Zama Shriver* *Lewis Howell*
Ellen L. Carpenter *Virginia Snedeker* *Mary H. Williams*
Catherine Shedd *Doris Hatch* *Sylvia Levi*
Eudora A. Welty *Hymie Kruger* *Portia Little*
Norman Hallock *Clarence McLaughlin*
Rosamond Lane

PHOTOGRAPHS

Lalia B. Simison *Mary B. Thompson* *Natalene Halliday*
Marie C. O'Brien *Catherine Driscoll* *Helen Black*
Farell E. G. Hall *Lawrence Firestone* *Helen R. Post*
Elisabeth L. Matters *Josephine G. Paret* *Jessie C. Sammis*
Anna C. Mudge *Katherine V. Peake* *Laura Bonney, Jr.*
Marjorie Barter *Martha Blackwelder* *L. O. Field*

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Betty Lou Massingale
Mary North
Carol L. Levene
Mary Stevenson
Laura E. Heine
Mary R. Haslett
Allyn Gordon
Elizabeth Newby
Ruth Thompson
Katherine Svartwont
Justine Foote
Margaret A. Durick
Ruth L. Warren
Jane Guild
Margaret L. Griffith
Jean E. Gilborne
Dorothy Deyo
Mildred E. Stauffer
Regina Wiley
Avery Weiswasser
Elizabeth M. Taney
Ruth L. Marks
Helen Greene
Mary A. Taylor
Drexel J. Appleford
Marjorie Paige
Doris Lucinger
Brainard Bell
Eleanor J. Blum
Houston McKissick
Barbara Bentley

Ruth Le Claire
Marcelyn Lichty
Marian Dunlop
Vera Chachareff
Alma Booker
Mary S. Brewster
Elisabeth Muir
Evelyn Walston
Robert Cressey
Louise Schultz
Dorothy Nye
Isabell J. Fickes

Miriam Bruce Sturgis Wilson
Janet B. McAfee
Helen H. Loeffler
Martha Mannon
Kathleen Andrews
Virginia H. Davis
Catherine C. Defriez
Josephine Secler
Marigold Lindelof
Beatrice Hoyt

BY ELIZABETH B. ROOSA, AGE 13

VERSE

Aline G. Wechsler
Alice Farwell
Nancy S. Seely
Frances Cochrane
Jane M. Colyer
Nancy Hodgkin
Dorothy L. Smith
Marian L. Gann
Frances Hardison
Virginia Dewey
Evelyn Renk
Frederick Fendig
Evelyn A. Sidman
Helen Calvocoressi
Paul Freyberg
Mary A. McKinstry
Isabelle Robinson
Margaret Hoffmann
May Henry
Elizabeth Sutherland
Jean Edwards
Elizabeth Livermore
Mary Rumely
Charlotte Laughlin
Frances Luce
Virginia G. Fortiner
Rosalie Shaw
Heloise Green
Emeline G. Jones
Anna B. Nisbet
Florence Binswanger

Frances Winfield
Dorothy J. Harnish
Helen Bryan
Beryl G. Caldwell
Myra A. Sobel
Lloyd Brinck
Alfred Kramm

Jessie V. Gilbert
Forrest Oaks
Margaret Proctor
Astrid H. Arnoldson
Virginia B. Grifling
Elsa von Gontard
Martha Condit
Priscilla Crosby
Lucia Martin
Elizabeth Cope
Ruth Fallon
John Roche
Alfred Mills
Roy Hutchins
Alice Newburg
Martha Terry

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marie Ruben
Carol Shriver
Margaret McKinney
Fred B. Loeffler
Martha J. Burke
Elizabeth Goodrich
Caroline G. Thompson
Natalie Pulsifer
Alice A. Bragdon
Eleanor Willey
Marjorie C. Goldberg
Louise W. Trowbridge
Charles D. Hodges
Marian Morgan
Loring Siegener
Elizabeth Siegener
Gwendolyn Weber
Nadezhda Iungerich
Rachel P. Lane
Ruth Mulford
Ellen Forsyth
Janet Morris
Arlene Holmes
Catherine Howell
Evelyn Holtsmark

PUZZLES

Agnes Brodie
Phillis K. Brill
Virginia Apgar
Yvonne G. Cameron
Charles H. Wiley
Martha Johnson
Allan D. Langerfeld
Ruth M. Kuehs
Alice Johnson
Lorraine Morgan
Patricia Harrison
Mary G. Hannahs
Gerard G. Cameron
Doris Bader
Katherine Walker
Eleanor Castles
Marie U. Crammer
Dorothy C. Stevens

DRAWINGS

Eleanor M. Piece
Mary S. Bryan
Anna Arnold
Elizabeth Gast

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."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 287

Competition No. 287, will close **November** 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 **February**. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, **"A Masterpiece,"** or **"His Masterpiece."**

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, **"A Great Occasion."**

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, **"A Family Favorite."**

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, **"Expectation,"** or **"A Heading for February."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

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 "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

BARTON, VT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is another letter from a devoted and enthusiastic reader of ST. NICHOLAS. I like it the best of any magazine I know of. There are splendid stories, and many of great educational value. The only trouble is that it should be twice as long, twice as wide, twice as thick, and should come every week. There should especially be a great deal more room for the LEAGUE and several pages more for THE LETTER-BOX. How interesting it is to hear from girls and boys in foreign countries!

I agree with Miss Katherine Slee in saying that everything in you is loved.

We keep copies of ST. NICHOLAS on nearly every table. Every one who comes to the house usually picks one up and reads an interesting story from beginning to end. They sometimes ask if they may borrow them, and very soon they return, saying, "My! they are so interesting! Could I take another?" That is really the way my sister and I learned about you.

One thing that makes ST. NICHOLAS so attractive is the lovely covers. I thought the cover for July was very appropriate.

If I should name all the stories I like, I should fill several pages of the magazine, so all I can say now is that they are all fine.

I live near Crystal Lake. In the summer we swim and go canoeing and boating. There are cottages on the east side of the lake where many campers spend the summer. There are lovely mountains here. We are very near Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Hor. I have been to the summit of Mt. Mansfield, the highest mountain in Vermont. In the winter we skate and have all sorts of winter sports, including a toboggan-shute. The many high hills of course give fine skiing and sliding. Snow-shoes are also used a great deal.

Wishing you all possible future success, I remain,

Your enthusiastic reader,
WINIFRED WEBSTER.

ON BOARD S. S. *Majestic*.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years and will take you for many more years to come.

I live in California, but now I am on my way to Europe in the biggest boat in the world, called the *Majestic*. We are staying sixteen months. My brother and I are going to boarding-school in Switzerland this winter, and we are having you sent to us at school.

Your loving friend,
PATSY ROOS (AGE 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: If you could have seen me when you arrived yesterday! I was already at the table when Dad came home for lunch. He said just three words—"It has come." I looked blank for a minute, and then I jumped up, banging all the doors I found on my passage, and rushed along the corridor like mad until I found You! So you see how much you are awaited in my house!

I have lived here three years now and belong to a dandy club of American girls, called the A. E. S. Club—Aimer et Servir (To love and to serve). We are about twelve in number, and we range from thirteen to sixteen. In our yearly entertainment this year, which is always for the benefit of the poor children of Paris who need to be sent to the country, we raised over four hundred dollars. Is not that fine?

From your adoring reader,
ALICE W. EARLEY.

HAVANA, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was born in Mexico, which I do not remember at all, as I left there when I was only two years old. I lived in New York five years, and we have been living in Cuba four years.

I go to an American school, and at graduation the upper classes gave the play of Shakespeare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was very funny.

Though it is an American school, we have Cuban teachers, excepting the principal. Here they call the teachers by their first names, such as Anita, Lucita, and Ana. I was quite surprised at that. I could not say Anita at first—I said, "Miss Anita." But I soon got used to calling my teacher by her first name.

The thing we miss most in Cuba is books; but you are the life-saver every month, and I do not know what I should do without you.

Your admiring reader,
LOUISE KRAFT (AGE 11).

ROXBURY, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do think you are the best magazine ever written, and I enjoy every single copy of you. I have taken you for five years, and before that my father took you, and before that my grandmother took you, under the name of "Our Young Folks." I have bound copies of those early magazines, and I certainly think ST. NICHOLAS is a great improvement on the old magazine. They had no LEAGUE in "Our Young Folks."

I am living in Connecticut on a great big farm of three hundred acres. I have a pony and it is great fun to ride her, for sometimes she is very naughty and turns round and round and tries to go home, and one has to use a lot of force and coaxing to make her go ahead.

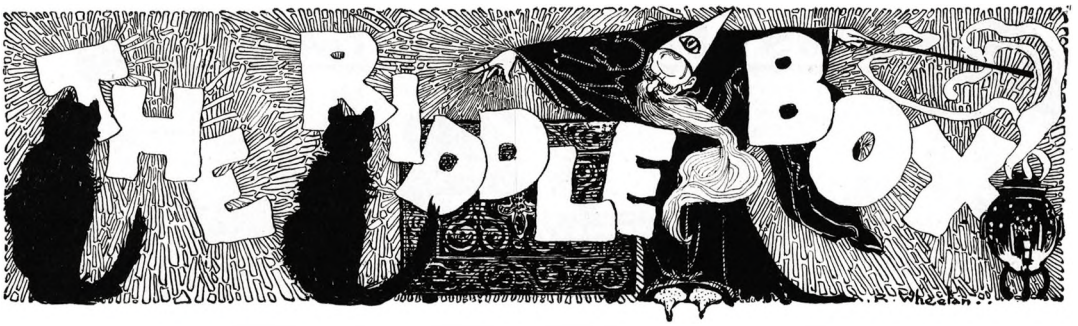
This is a little poem I made up one night when I was outdoors:

NIGHT

O Night, so sweetly soft and still,
But for the singing whip-poor-will;
So dark, but for the fireflies
That flash like jewels before our eyes,
And for the Mother Moon on high,
With her star children in the sky.
O Night, thy solemn stillness may
Put restless minds at peace till day,
And then, from out the slumb'rous deep,
They go refreshed by their sweet sleep.

I will always remain your devoted reader and admirer,

EUNICE CLARK.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

CHARADE. Win-some.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Goldenrod. Cross-words: 1. Pagan. 2. Cloth. 3. Kilts. 4. Cadet. 5. Fleet. 6. Dance. 7. Farce. 8. Crowd. 9. Laddle.

SOME CURIOUS CITIES. 1. Phoenix. 2. Bismarck. 3. Victoria. 4. Columbus. 5. St. Paul. 6. Buffalo. 7. Lincoln. 8. Concord. 9. Montgomery. 10. St. Louis.

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS. Thirty days hath September, April, June and November.

ZIGZAG. Samuel Adams. 1. Sandal. 2. Farmer. 3. Domino. 4. Minuet. 5. Fencer. 6. Barrel. 7. Beggar. 8. Candle. 9. Craddle. 10. Umpire. 11. Spider.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLE. Primals, Labor Day. From 1 to 6, school; 7 to 11, books; 12 to 18, teacher; 19 to 22, work; 23 to 27, study. Cross-words: 1. Lashes. 2. Assort. 3. Broken. 4. Orchid. 5. Robert. 6. Docked. 7. Audrey. 8. Yellow.

PI. Each morning in our pasture,
Before the sun is up,
The fairies churn the milkweed
To fill the buttercup.

The housewife winds the four-o'clock,
And then each little gnome
Gets out a little goldenrod
And drives the cowslips home.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Beethoven. 2. Enter. 3. Error. 4. Orange. 5. Geography. 6. Hyacinth. 7. Theme. 8. Meddle. 9. Lead. 10. Advise. 11. Severe. 12. Relate. 13. Teacher. 14. Erase. 15. Seldom. 16. Omit. 17. Italian. 18. Andes. 19. Escape. 20. Pear. 21. Arrange. 22. Gear. 23. Arrive. 24. Veal. 25. Alpha. 26. Haven. 27. Endure. 28. Read. 29. Adobe.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Shelley; third row, "Adonais." Cross-words: 1. Seam. 2. Hide. 3. Ebon. 4. Line. 5. Lear. 6. Emit. 7. Yest.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Centrals, Columbus. I. 1. C. 2. Fog. 3. Cocoa. 4. Got. 5. A. II. 1. A. 2. Abt. 3. About. 4. Tub. 5. T. III. 1. T. 2. Cat. 3. Tales. 4. Ten. 5. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Doe. 3. South. 4. Etc. 5. H. V. 1. H. 2. Dot. 3. Homes. 4. Tea. 5. S. VI. 1. S. 2. Tap. 3. Sable. 4. Ply. 5. E. VII. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erupt. 4. Ape. 5. T. VIII. 1. T. 2. Baa. 3. Taste. 4. Ate. 5. E.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than October 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 1341) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from "The Three R's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Elinor E. De Voe, 8—Winifred Stahly, 8—Elizabeth Tong, 8—Ruth Abelson, 8—Helen H. McIver, 8—Emilie Dow Ewers, 8—Dorothy Lebow, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Gertrude R. Jasper, 8—Cornelia M. Metz, 8—Jay L. Leyda, 8—The Days, 8—Charles and Helen Palmer, 7—"Bear's Den Camp," 7—Emil von Dessonneck, 7—Valerie Tower, 7—Helen Blackwood, 7—John S. Davenport, 6—Kingsbury H. Davis, 6—Eleanor Church, 6—Betty H. Shaw, 6—Osborn Cooke, 6—Virginia Apgar, 6—Jeannette P. Caldwell, 6—M. and M. McDougall, 5—Glee Durand, 5—Dorothea Vernon, 5—Dorothy N. Teulon, 5—Betty Seeds, 4—Katherine Ross, 4—Margaret Ross, 4—Dolores Waugh, 4—Jane Sullivan, 3—Margaret E. Tinley, 3—Priscilla Merrill, 3—Alice Winston, 3—Catherine Durant, 3—Elizabeth Lundy, 2—Cicely Dibblee, 2—Vera Chachareff, 2—Ruth Benham, 2—Louise H. Riker, 2—J. E. Butcher, 1—E. Dilworth, 1—G. Roper, 1—M. E. Snow, 1—"Hilltop," 1—E. Page, 1—G. Clapp, 1—J. Weinberg, 1—J. Luther, 1.

AN ARTIST'S ACROSTIC

8 * . . . * 5
. * . . 4 * .
9 * . . 2 * 6
. * . . . *10
. * . . 7 * .
3 * . 11 . * 1

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A raised bank in a garden. 2. Sharp-cornered. 3. Part of a debt unpaid, though due. 4. Woeful. 5. An eye specialist. 6. A figure having many angles and many sides.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the two rows of letters represented by stars, reading downward, will spell the name of a great artist. The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 6 and from 7 to 11 will spell the city and country in which he was born.

DORIS GOLDBERG (age 12), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. To employ. 2. To entreat. 3. A long fish.

II. 1. A bag. 2. A masculine name. 3. A staff. 4. A joint of the body.

CAROLYN TROY (age 7), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of sixty-eight letters and form a two-line quotation from Shakespeare.

My 67-50-42-33 is want. My 20-11-39-64 is contemptible. My 54-16-25-9-28 is part of a river. My 5-61-31-2-13 is a pronoun. My 23-52-27-47-45 is an inn of the better class. My 51-7-21-19-36-68 is an intimate and congenial associate. My 59-10-66-14-57-62 was the beloved of Pyramus. My 41-6-3-48-18-55 is a package. My 38-44-34-60-35-40 is a city of China. My 22-26-58-17-24-46-29 is a short growth. My 49-8-53-12-1-43-65 is a lifting machine. My 30-63-15-56-4-32-37 is earthly.

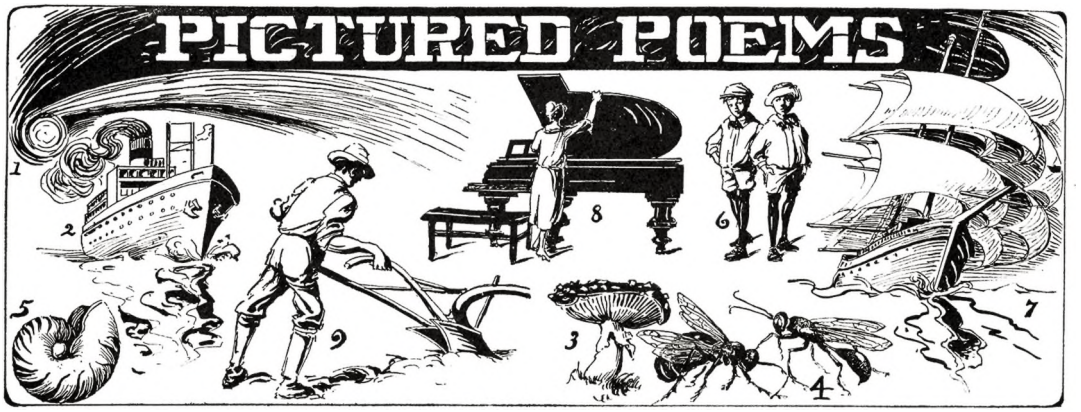
MONA MORGAN, *Honor Member.*

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

. . . I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND
. . . . . DIAMOND: 1. In learn. 2.
. . . . . A snare. 3. At no time. 4.
. . . . . A beverage. 5. In learn.
. . . II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND
. . . . . DIAMOND: 1. In learn. 2.
. . . . . Through. 3. Kingly. 4.
. . . . . Inexperienced. 5. In learn.
. . . III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND
DIAMOND: 1. In learn. 2. Tiny. 3. A carousal. 4. A curious fish. 5. In learn.

IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learn. 2. Tint. 3. A sudden thrust. 4. Often on the breakfast table. 5. In learn.

RUTH M. KUCHS (age 12), *League Member.*



In the above illustration the names of nine poems are pictured. All the poems are by the same writer. What are the poems and who is their author?

A GEOGRAPHICAL ALPHABET

The twenty-six names which form the answer are all of the same length, and their initials form the alphabet.

1. A continent.
2. The province of which Calcutta is capital.
3. An island in the Indian Ocean.
4. A city of Colorado.
5. A continent.
6. A country of Europe.
7. A country of Europe.
8. A city of Montana.
9. A group of islands belonging to Greece.
10. A large town in Alaska.
11. A province of Persia.
12. A famous city.
13. A city of Russia.
14. A Western state.
15. A city of Russia.
16. A country of Asia.
17. A city of Canada.
18. An island belonging to Turkey.
19. An island belonging to Italy.
20. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
21. A division of Ireland.
22. The capital of Austria.
23. The capital of Poland.
24. A river of Greece.
25. An Asiatic sea.
26. A city of Switzerland.

BETTY DERING (age 11), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a fabulous creature.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mischievous spirit. 2. A vegetable. 3. Discord. 4. A fabulous creature. 5. Ordinary. 6. An individual.

CHARLES H. WILEY (age 11), *League Member.*

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the seventh word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are of equal length.

1. To go in. 2. To obliterate. 3. A kind of chair. 4. To fish. 5. To depart. 6. Mercenary. 7. Foreign.

BETSY WILDER (age 8), *League Member.*

BROKEN NAMES

The names of certain cities have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, thirteen names will appear.

Or, lis, ton, ca, na, rich, del, ans, ver, les, bos, any, nea, lis, chi, burg, a, new, an, char, den, pitts, mond, phil, go, tren, po, min, ton, pe, phia, ka, ton, po, le, to, alb.

MARY SCOTT (age 13), *League Member.*

A HOLIDAY ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and finals will each name a merry time.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To make fast. 2. An agreeable odor. 3. Flat. 4. Faithful to a cause or principle. 5. A river of northern Italy. 6. A woman whose husband has died. 7. Flushed with confidence. 8. To expunge. 9. A month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

MILDRED COHAN (age 14).

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

When the letters of the following words have been rightly transposed, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a fine city.

EXAMPLE: Change meek to an edible substance. ANSWER: tame, meat.

1. Change a family to solicitude.
2. Change warmth to aversion.
3. Change a feminine name to a host.
4. Change the couch of a wild beast to a shore-inhabiting bird.
5. Change a narration to tardy.
6. Change a restoration to health to a color.
7. Change a mark of punctuation to a fish.
8. Change recent to a kind of duck.
9. Change to wander to above.
10. Change dispatched to an abode.

DOROTHY N. TEULON (age 14).

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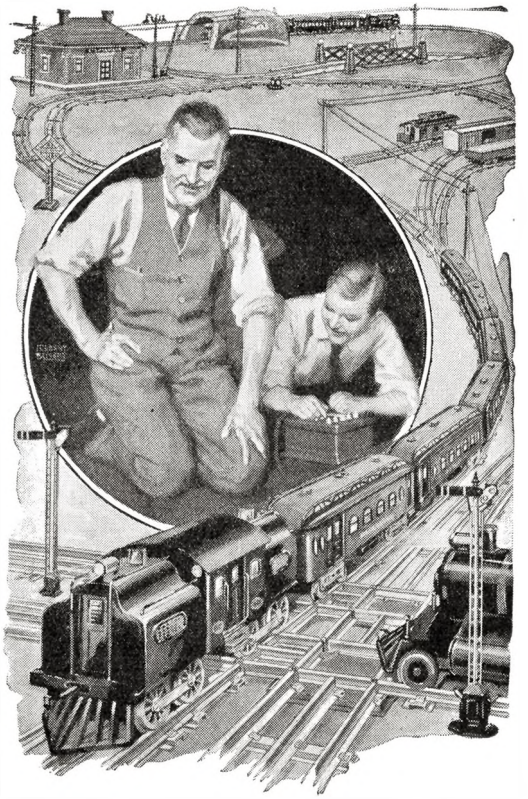

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WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

Name.....	Name.....
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
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(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)	(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the Column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.

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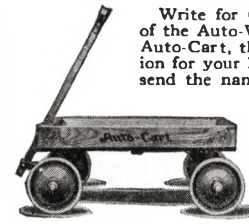

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

WE wish to introduce to our readers three designs of a new airplane series which comes to us from Switzerland (Helvetia). These stamps are very striking, and to appreciate them fully one should see them in all the glory of their coloring. The 15-centimes is large enough in design to show plainly in the illustration. The figure of value is very conspicuous, and so is the swiftly moving airplane. And one can easily read the word "Helvetia" just below the range of snow-capped

Alpine heights. But listen. The figure of value, the flying-machine, and the name of the country are yellow-green in color upon a background of red. The snow-clad mountain peaks are, naturally, white. As you can readily imagine, it is a very unusual combination. But the 40-centimes is even more startling. Yet, strangely enough, every boy to whom we have shown this googly-eyed monster has instantly fallen in love with it. Of course, you can at once see the helmeted and begoggled driver in his machine. In the lower left corner appear yet more snowy peaks, while in the upper left corner appear the numerals "40" in the "ring" of the continental postboy's horn. The stamp is printed in purple, and is a strong bit of color. The third design is that of the 50-centimes. We must confess that this suits our sober taste far better than its livelier predecessors. The groundwork of the stamp is entirely gray-black, while the numerals in the two upper corners and the word Helvetia at the bottom are in white upon a red background. The airplane is clearly visible above the name. In the center of each of the many scrolls of the groundwork is what appears to be a star. At first glance we thought these *were* stars and that the aëroplane was supposed to be sailing against the background of the night sky. But closer examination showed that they are not stars at all, but tiny copies of the well-known cross of Switzerland.

THE NEW LAW

RECENTLY we wrote an article on the new law relative to illustrating the various postage-stamps of our own and foreign countries. In that article we rejoiced over the passage of the law, and predicted that because of it the collecting of United States stamps would be greatly simplified for beginners; that the coming editions of albums and catalogues would carry helpful illustrations of those stamps which for so many years have perplexed and bothered all of us. We have seen copies of the latest National Album, and it has many pages devoted to such pictures. The "Advance Sheets" of the Catalogue for 1924 show these same helpful illustrations. Not only this, but we learn that the publishers of the National Album and the Standard Catalogue have on sale at a very moderate price a "Booklet of Illustrations," covering all United States postage-stamps, also the parcel-post issues, officials, carriers, special deliveries, dues, envelops, and revenues, covering, in fact, the entire field as listed in the Catalogue. It seems to us that this publication will meet with a large demand. Those who have the older albums will find this booklet an invaluable aid. Of course, those who have purchased the latest album, and those who order a copy of the catalogue each year will not have the same need for the little pamphlet.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ THE question of prices of stamps frequently arises. In the stamp trade the "Standard Catalogue" is the recognized authority. It is quite a thick, big book, giving the prices of practically all stamps that have been issued. It can be purchased from any one of our advertisers. Usually, the maker of an approval-sheet prices each stamp at the catalogue quotation, and then gives a discount from that price. You will see "approvals" advertised at 50 per cent. discount. This means that the stamps are offered to the purchaser at just half the price listed in the catalogue. It is well to own a catalogue, not only because of the help it gives in identifying and locating stamps, but also in order to verify the prices marked on the approval-sheets sent out by the different dealers. ¶The word Eesti on a stamp signifies that it comes from Esthonia, and will be found in Scott's Catalogue under that heading. ¶We have recently had sent us for identification many stamps from Ukrainia and Western Ukrainia. These stamps are striking in appearance and low in price. Evidently many of them are finding their way into the hands of younger collectors through the medium of approval-sheets, packets, or sets. For general information, we will say

(*Concluded on second page following*)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

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(Continued on next page)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Concluded from second preceding page*)

that if our readers come into possession of a stamp where the alphabet is not our own, they should look carefully at the design and see if anywhere in it, or in the surcharge, there is the device of a trident or three-ponged spear. If so, the stamp probably comes from one or the other of the Ukraines, as the trident is a national emblem in these countries. ¶One of our readers has a stamp "which is inscribed at the top, Magyar Posta; and at the bottom, 40 Filler. The central design shows a man in a heavy coat traveling in the snow." The word "Magyar" shows at once that the stamp is from Hungary. This is a most useful bit of information for the beginner to remember, for the issues of Hungarian stamps are many and cheap, and most young collectors acquire them readily. Associate "Magyar" and "Hungary" in your mind, and it will save you much trouble and worry. This particular stamp is one of a series of charity stamps. There are three stamps in the series. Each has two values—one value representing its availibility for postage, the other, that portion of its selling value which is devoted to charity. This stamp showing the soldier in the snow was sold at the post-office for one krone, 40 fillers. The postal value is 40 fillers, the charity value is one krone. The amount reserved for charity was supposed to be for the amelioration of the condition of Hungarian soldiers who were prisoners in Siberia. ¶There are many stamps which do not bear the name of the issuing country. Undoubtedly the most important of these is Great Britain. She was the first country to issue stamps, yet never has issued a set bearing her name. We do not know why this is. Possibly it is political. Perhaps the stamp-issuing authorities thought that a name-bearing stamp might not be so acceptable to the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh. Or there may have been other reasons for the omission of the national name. While, of course, such stamps are a puzzle to the beginner, he soon learns how to identify them. A stamp where the value is in pence or shillings, the currency in use in Great Britain, at once suggests that country. The portraits of Victoria or of Edward or of George soon become familiar and help to locate the stamp. ¶To satisfy the thirst for knowledge of one of our younger readers, we will say that the first postage-stamp was issued by Great Britain in May, 1840. No other country followed her example until July, 1843, when Brazil issued her first set. The first general issue of the United States appeared in August, 1847, and consisted of two stamps. This issue remained in use until July, 1851. During this time the five-cent value with head of Franklin appeared in several shades of brown, and the ten-cent value (Washington) in shades of black. Previous to this general or governmental issue, there had been a number of semi-official stamps issued by the postmasters of certain cities for their own convenience, yet generally recognized at their face-value in all the other post-offices. And, too, there had been many stamps of a "local" nature issued by express companies and the like.

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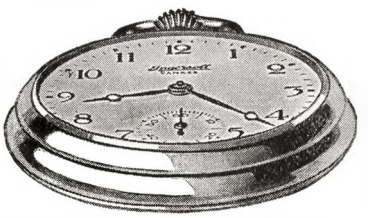

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is the Greatest Joy of Life. Only the robust, vigorous and healthy can enjoy life to its fullest. The complaining, ailing, sickly ones are unhappy, discontented, dejected, failures.
For 25 years I have been making people well through Strongfortism. I have helped tens of thousands to become strong. No matter what ails you, write me fully about it, and I will prove to you I can help you.
The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in my wonderful FREE BOOK *"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."*
Send a ten cent piece (one dime) to cover postage.

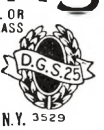
LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1206 Strongfort Institute Newark, N. J.

STRONGFORTISM

CLASS PINS

FREE CATALOG GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLUB AND NUMBER IN CLASS

Either pin illustrated made with any 3 letters and 2 figures, 1 or 2 colors enamel, Silver plate, 25¢ ea., $2.50 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., $4.00 doz. Write for catalog of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.



3409

Bastian Bros. Co. 539 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N.Y. 3529

DISPLAY THE CURIOS

Fasten them to the walls, without injuring paper, plaster, or woodwork, by using

MOORE PUSH-PINS

Glass Heads — Steel Points

Moore Push-less Hangers

"The Hanger with the Twist"

10c pkts. Sold everywhere. In Canada 15c.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

"AD"VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

The Black Sea. Chapter X

IN through the grim and dingy jaws of beetling cliffs that led into the Black Sea — deadly black — our IVORY heroes sped. The old Typhoon was *furious* to have his tail insulted, so consequently lots more rage and fuss from him resulted. Now this is just exactly what our little heroes knew would help them in the cleansing task they'd set themselves to do.

Said Gnif, "He thinks he's adding to our natural lot of troubles, when really he is stirring up fine IVORY SOAP-suds bubbles. Now watch, my hearties—mind your eyes! Let Typhy blow and fuss. You'll shortly see how naturally he does our work for us."

And so it was. That Typhoon raged with added pep and power; he dashed all 'round the big Black Sea at sixty miles an hour. With IVORY SOAP hitched to his tail he whirled with all his might so that Black Sea was soon transformed to soap-suds, foamy white. Those soap-suds washed the grimy cliffs, as 'round and 'round he dashed, they cleansed the beaches and the capes as up and down they splashed. Those soap-suds cleansed ten thousand Turks, "unspeakable" before, who happened to be plundering along the Black Sea shore. Whenever that old Typhoon tried from raging to desist, our heroes gave his haughty tail an *extra* little twist. And thus they kept him to his task; he didn't dare to shirk, for, if he *did*, Gnif promptly gave his tail a warning *jerk*.

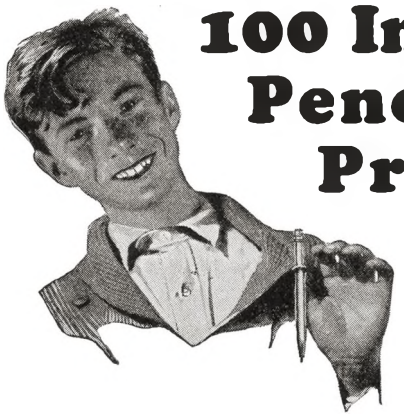
At last the sea was pure and clean, its waters clear and starry. Then old Typhoon apologized and said, "I'm *very* sorry!"

"You are excused," our heroes cried, "and we sincerely hope you realize *we* represent the GOOD of IVORY SOAP."

"Farewell, brave heroes," Typhoon sighed, "most *humbly* yours I am." With these few words he disappeared as gently as a lamb.

So little Readers, you must see,
That IVORY SOAP can be,
A friend in need, a friend indeed,
In each emergency.

$300 CASH and 100 Ingersoll Pencils in Prizes



Wesley Barry, starring in Warner Bros. Classics of the Screen, discovered there's no pencil like the Ingersoll.

See what you can discover about the INGERSOLL PENCIL, and win a CASH PRIZE.

First Prize **$100.**—Second Prize **$75.**—Third Prize **$50.** 113 prizes in all.

Five prizes of $10. each, five prizes of $5. each, and fifty Ingersoll Dollar Pencils and fifty Featherweight Ingersoll Pencils.

The world is progressing. The unfit always gives way to the fit. The automobile has replaced the ox-cart—the railroads have taken the place of covered wagons. The world is always waiting for something better—something that saves time—and money—and labor. The best letter telling why the Ingersoll Pencil will do away with wood pencils—why the Ingersoll is the superior mechanical pencil—wins **First Prize.**

How to Win First Prize of $100.

Read every word of this advertisement—then go to the nearest dealer showing Wesley Barry and his Ingersoll chum and ask to see an Ingersoll Pencil, and ask him to show you all its good points.

Then write us a letter telling why the Ingersoll Pencil is best for school use, and how much cheaper it is, by the year, than wood pencils.

Rules of Contest

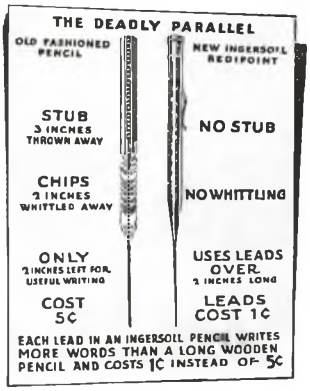
Letters must be under 300 words in length. Any boy or girl under 17 years may compete. Write on one side of paper. State age, grade, name of school, and home address. Write your name in full. Letters must be in our St. Paul office on or before October 31, 1923.

Winners will be announced in the December issue of this magazine. Prizes will be mailed before Christmas.

Important

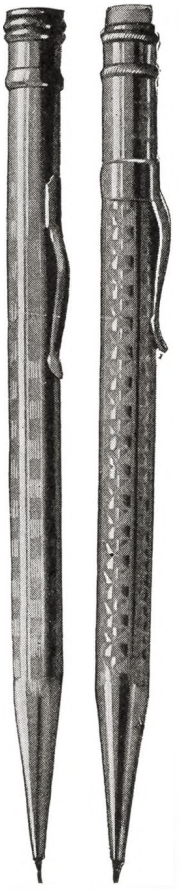
The Ingersoll Pencil is guaranteed. A new pencil if it gets out of order. Ask your teacher why the Ingersoll Pencil is best for school use. Get busy now and learn all you can about the Ingersoll Pencil and you'll have time to make a lot of discoveries, and write a winning letter.

INGERSOLL REDIPOINT COMPANY, Inc.
1384 Quality Park, St. Paul, Minn.
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO



Ten long leads for 10c. Also thin colored leads for all Ingersoll Pencils.

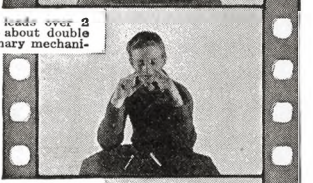
1. How Wesley discovers that the old fashioned wood pencil is as far behind the times as the horse car.



Long model, rolled silver, with clip, and eraser under cap, **$1.00**

Student's Featherweight, perfectly balanced, clip and eraser, **50c**

2. Reloads with a pull and push—no long winded turning.

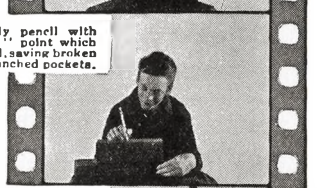


3. Ingersoll leads over 2 inches long—about double those of ordinary mechanical pencils.

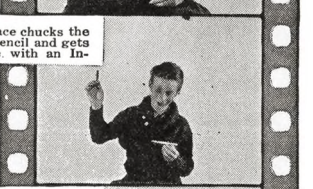
4. Space for 15 extra leads—which will write more words than 16 long wood pencils.

5. End to end these 16 leads measure over a yard and no stubs, muss or sharpening.

6. Wesley says, "She turns out and in. Who'd want a flivver that wouldn't back up?"



7. The only pencil with "push back" point which sheathes lead, saving broken points and punched pockets.



8. Freckle Face chucks the old wooden pencil and gets down to date with an Ingersoll.

9. "Some pencil, Mr. Ingersoll."

10. Off to school with the pride of the pencil world.

remember:
this chewing gum makes a hit even in Baffin Land

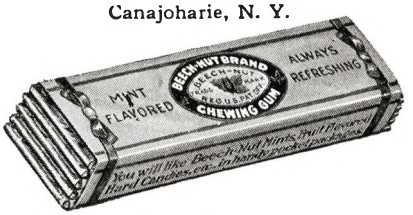
WE'VE just received a letter from Mr. Donald MacMillan, of the MacMillan Arctic Association. Mr. MacMillan carried a quantity of Beech-Nut Chewing Gum and Mints with him on his last Arctic Expedition. Listen to what he has to say about them:

"The Beech-Nut Gum and Mints carried north on the Baffin Land Expedition in 1921 were very much enjoyed by the members of the expedition and by the Baffin Land Eskimos. On the long sledge trails gum is highly prized to alleviate thirst for we get no water from morning to night. Beech-Nut seemed to fill the bill entirely."

We always contend that everyone likes Beech-Nut Chewing Gum and Mints—and it tickles us to think that we are right, even to the Baffin Land Eskimos.

And folks all around you—engaged in sustained work or play—get the same comfort from Beech-Nut Chewing Gum as the explorers did on the long sledge trails. Professional ball players, for instance. Try it yourself during the next hard baseball or football game. Or any time at all, for that matter.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.



Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

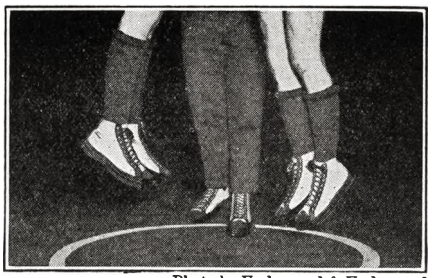


Photo by Underwood & Underwood
"Jumping Center"

Where an inch more spring
makes a difference in the score

That extra spring at the tip-off — how important it is! A matter of only an inch or two, yet it may decide whole championships.

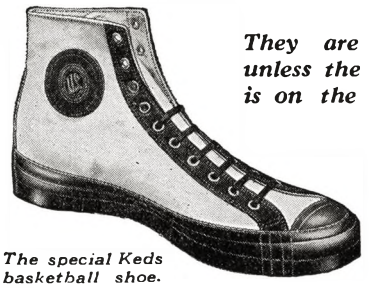
That's why Keds are made with soles of live, springy rubber — rubber that helps put added power into every leap or jump.

Basketball players on many of the championship college teams are wearing the special Keds basketball shoe today. They like not only the extra spring that Keds give, but their unique floor-gripping features. Exhaustive tests have shown that no other basketball shoe has as great non-slip power.

When you get your sport shoes this season — get the shoes athletic leaders are using. Remember — the name Keds is on every real Keds shoe. It is put there so that you can always tell Keds from other shoes that may, at first glance, *look* like Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. S-6, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe.

The special Keds basketball shoe. Its tough, springy sole grips the smoothest floor. One of the many Keds athletic models.

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and ***all*** other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them ***all***. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should ***like*** to have.

Signed.....

First of all I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
(Advertised in the.....number of St. Nicholas)
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Signed.....

First of all I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

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What to do with this page

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would most like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the issue of ST. NICHOLAS in which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention.

Studies of the Rabbit by Dan Smith

How the rabbit can leap! His long, strong legs carry him over the ground with great speed.

There Goes the Record!

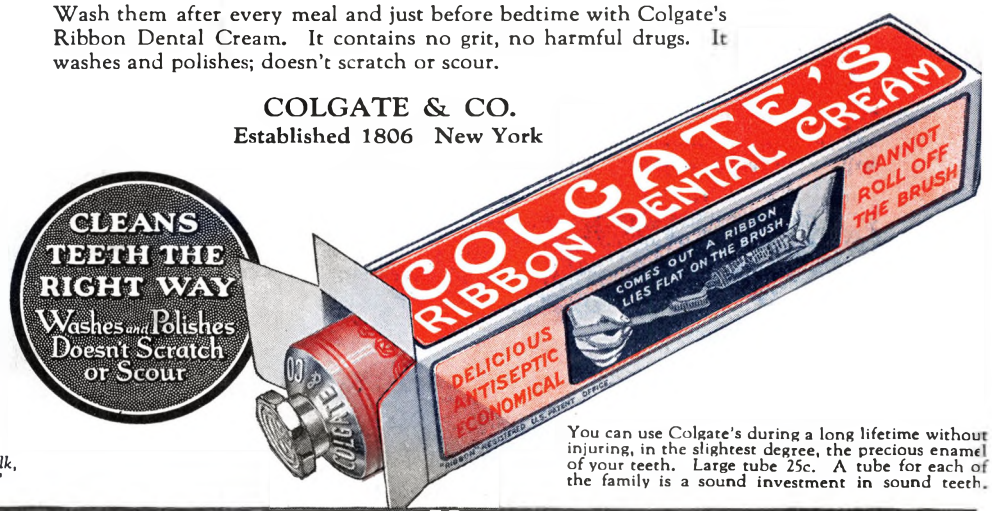
The world's record for the running broad jump is 25 feet and 3 inches.
Held by Ned Gourdin, Harvard.

You may be a natural born "jumpin' jack-rabbit"—but if you want to be in a class with the *real* broad jumpers, *take good care of your teeth.* The fellow who holds the record usually has fine healthy teeth.

You jump, run and do everything better when you're healthy. Poor teeth are a drain on health and strength, because you can't chew well with poor teeth. If food isn't properly chewed it can't be properly digested. So be sure to keep your teeth clean and sound.

Wash them after every meal and just before bedtime with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It contains no grit, no harmful drugs. It washes and polishes; doesn't scratch or scour.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806 New York



If your wisdom teeth could talk, they'd say "Use Colgate's"

You can use Colgate's during a long lifetime without injuring, in the slightest degree, the precious enamel of your teeth. Large tube 25c. A tube for each of the family is a sound investment in sound teeth.

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture